



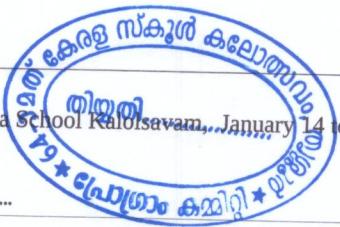
SD ON

Waiting for sleep's hug,
I crawled over the bed.
When clock ticked twelve
the anxiety kicked in.
Who am I? Who else am I?
Not for the right or this night.
Just for me, who care me most?

Am I just a random girl,
who follows the new trend?
Am I just a lunatic,
who always chase the social eye?
Am I just a peoples pleaser,
who just lost herself?

For 'the man' who dragged her
to the court of royal but not loyal,
I am the fire that burned him down.
Oh my queen, who is pure as fire; I'm
A girl who loves your beauty.

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



The woman who adores your power.....

Oh my King, my lord and God.....
I am the cry of silence.....
The footstep of a girl that pounds;
fast when the eyes of devil
that chase her down from a night
to every traumatic night.....

The blue light of escape.....
traped her down again.....
She scrolled over and over,
until the adrenaline stricked.....
'Welcome to the land of diversity,
the land now yours, welcome sir!'

That man who sneeze on gold
will melt in beauty of Taj Mahal.....
Never see the slum that's already 'covered up'.....
Oh my me, how can't I say,
I am the rage in the arm of native orphane.....

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf.)



No one ever see or hear,

The rebel in the arm of native orphanes
whose sweat that watered the 'man's' plant
I am the protest, that lies,
in the every drop of their blood,
Against the one they choosed,
may be forced to accept,

I am this that and all
each and every dust in world.

No!, I am not a chapter like this
in a very old text book.

Then who am I? Who?

Sometimes, the mirror even lies.

Not 'I' but 'we'

We are the endless shades within me.

Just a self obsessed girl,
who knows nothing, but to talk!

But I will be we,

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



The only thing I know even in delusion

I am always whatever I love

Whatever I hate and so on

I am my home, my town,

my nation, my world

At last I am even you,

who is still searching for you

She took a selfie, clear even in dark

Not for flying emojis as always

And quoted '# still searching

time to know me # This world

for me my nation # my love

my life # so on