

Subject: Glimpses of Kerala

2113

# THE GREEN SOUL

A piece from the upper lips of Almighty - The upper lip,  
was once placed to kiss the Arabian sea.

Where the hardest battle of culture nurtured.  
Land of fellows, who set the planet wondered.

The queen upper lips, love from soils,  
Makes one utter - GOD'S OWN COUNTRY.

Thousands and thousands of hands arise,  
like coconut trees, rivers add,

Sun's retreating march at the mountains.

Together rolled with the ethnic love.

Gives one delicious feast.

As fed by the Mighty.

Something of terror, came to gnaw  
To devastate, hand of devil.

"I, the simplest life, to murder  
the wonder creativity, I the NIPAH

The hand holds, weaps, tightens

Aghast! was pulled to the quagmire of death.

The icy purple altar awaiting  
and the magma spreads. But,  
the desire, the obstinate desire to  
fight, laid hope of nourishment  
Green lips again to smile, delighted,  
some sort of tranquilizer was installed.

Mysterious tremor, recharged, that morning,  
thunder announced alarms for the sun.

The ~~Returning~~ returning march unseen,  
the deadly clouds <sup>raised</sup> ~~swayed~~ like mobile might

In a while missiles of water dropped.

The green lips soaked, cells dispersing.

Lives drowned, magma water weeps  
the neck and killing in silence.

Destruction all over, water on masks,  
ready for the wall to touch the mountains.

Fellows screaming, no helping hands

Here the man sword of beaveress moulded

The sceptre and crown tumbled down  
to touch the scythe and spade  
wall of religious inequity, was shooked.

Creatures of red blood existed.

Rich-poor, high-low, fair-dark went with lava waters  
Everyone was kindred spirits

Delicious spirit of unity  
Succoured the land to sunrise  
Now to begin at the roots, and  
ready to smash, any spell  
just the strength of hands  
that resist the black magic of evil.  
It's the HAND OF GOD.