

Lessons from a Black Crow

- Pushpa V.K.

A sparrow in the bush chirped, why my nest trampled.
A rabbit in the den wailed who dug out the furrows
A pigeon on the terrace cooed why these skyscrapers.
A rape victim whimpered in kerala, why some smother a child.
A nation of 74 millions sobbed why religion smother us?
A teardrop in the black eyes fell by white hands,
A poor clothed in shabby rags by rich in glittering robes
Oh! God! Where are the saints, miracles and prophets?
Moving around, I just can't see and sit silent any more
My turbulent heart stopped roaring, wrapped by a light
The pain subsided, knowing blood is red for all
The crow lesson, concord lone saves impending doom.
Nirvana is within, path to ecstasy, heal for all howls!
Let us all gallop into the galaxy of light.

Dr. Pushpa V.K.

Professor of English

Azad University

Ahwaz, Kuzhstan State

Iran