

CYBORGS

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What love is that! Apathy, unfelt feelings
What else on the fragile relativity?
Motionless steps, restless inertia
Blood, red and dark clots
Of humanity, bordered beasts unchain'd
Into the Styx of unholy sermons
Words on the verge of nothingness
Spoilt broth, poison'd breath and what!

The dead souls coming out of a mint
Shatter my peace, the scape of worlds
And solemn us into pieces
Of mannerless ecstasy
Of reckless frenzies
Of love full of fire
Of pity emptied of heart

How morale would optimize the center
That of life's being crush'd every moment
In the kitchen mixy
Printed on the desk
Injured on the walls
I SEE THE BULLETS
Walking on the waste streets
Of crowded cities
Of crusaded villages
Of lonely meadows
Amidst unenjoy'd journeys
Unknown destinations
And dreaming insecurities
I SEE THE BOY
Hiding behind the think-tanks

Eyes opened up to the far green fields
Notched with screenshots
Bored with selfies;

The plaintive joy of happiness
Blows in the music of the air
Sounding silently up'n the rainbow of a mind.

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