



THE 'INHUMAN' BEING

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Sitting alongside the window in my house,
I looked up at the crimson sky.
A view of the freewheeling birds flocking together,
Most instantly caught my eye.
But all at once it pricked my heart
And the beautiful sight kindled a tremendous pang.

Watching the hustle-bustle on earth,
Lit up then – my clogged up pores
With Clarion thus I am all set to state –
The techno-savvy Man has undoubtedly become a plague.

A true Hypocrite and wicked creature is what he is,
To mete out atrocities on the weak is not strenuous.
Fringes this various heinous crimes
Felony on fair sex goes to merciless animal brutal scenes.

For his soul is dead and empty
And his head has all weird strategies.

Brilliantly skilled and dexterous in handling machines,
Yet simpleton he is in comprehending true realities.

Quarrelling and fighting for those issues,
That hardly hold any worth and magnitude.

Terrifying and forcing others to alter their system of beliefs
They are short of intellect to empathise with another species.

Bidding and torturing their own offspring
For money and luxury is the most essential thing.

Shutting their lids over grievous deeds
The so called 'sensitive' ones change in testing times indeed.

Bewildered with these things in my vicinity
I am compelled to think
Evil is the 'quality'
That resides in a human being.