

Crushed In Blood

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The absence of red hails
bring despondent wrinkles on green faces.

An (un)timely child in womb
silently asserts its right to be safe in tomb.

The fleeting moments of thrill
take a u-turn to thwart heartbeats.

A brainchild of science
plotting with a brainless man
strangles a promising life to death.

Beast-like, man outsmarts in cruelties.



The silent groans for mercy
from the depth of a purely heavenly soul
fall on the indifferent and callous ear drums.

God proposes but man blatantly shouts at.

*Why am I heeded a wanton?
Am I conceived bastard or unprepared?
Aren't children angelic pure?
Are parents devilish cruel?
Isn't killing in blood more than brutish?
What! You stir me for your pleasure!! Oh God!!!*

The voices now grew dead thin.
Their vocal cords being crushed under tablets.
The tender windpipe takes its last.
The helpless cries fail to pierce
The stony hearts of 'brainy' man.

