

Who Had Spoiled The Show?

Poems

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Muzzle the ape, that
bleeds the tall tree,
tearing apart the blue birds.
I saw it coming.

I was overwrought; watching a
beheading- of the innocent,
in the town square.
People standing in queues to
grab the voodoos.

When you will end my woes
basking in the glory of blood?

O god, take away my chips,
my papers,
my pen.

I am tired of this deceit of man.
Everybody walks like a saint
on the holy banks
where flows the river of tears.