

The Storm

by
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Every year, a new year
Is welcomed by the storm.
Dust all has been washed away,
New leaves have been born.

The wolves of wind go howling by,
The door opened by the storm.
The sun shines bright, all in delight--
At least that has been the norm.

Now this year, a new year
Has received a different kind of storm.
Dread and terror everywhere;
Clusters at home have been formed.

Lives are lost; fear is spread.
Joy replaced by uncertainty.
All united by a common concern:
“What will be of humanity? “

Hearts cannot be consoled,
Loved are lost at this state.
Optimism as of now insensitive
As the curse spreads at a defining rate.

But if we just tend to look
Beyond that which affect thy,
Then we will see, as beautiful as can be
Has once again returned the sky.

The peaks can be seen.
The hunted roam free.
So benefitted are they

By what has harmed me.

Common have often asked,
“When will the storm pass? “
But this curse will not leave as of soon.
As the Hunted’s joy--
Such a finite joy-- is not one here to last.

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