

The Time is Now
Suhasini B. Srihari*

A battle that has gone too far,
Bemoaning the death of watersheds
Came the dreariness of life's mirage.
Doling forcefully whatever was left -
Eye to eye, tears were dried,
Flow of emotions remained but as a phrase.
Grinning at the devastated lands and skies,
Humans came forth blind to future, and
Illness of the business and luxury veiled them.
Jacks have had it, and so did the panths
Kites hovered while warning the coming of the storm
Leos and tygs trespassed into their lands -
More like cantering down the aisle,
Not afraid to make a conquer anymore,
Open fields were in the making of the bet.
Plethora of flocks, prides and groups walked before them,
Questioning the cause for the destruction of their homes.
Raging at these new rules, they took a wrong call -
Slaughtering the remains of what balanced nature,
Tearing them apart into clothes, accessories and medicines -
Until they surrendered to the beast's illogical thirst of power.
Versatility was not in the weak's nature,
Willing suspension of strength proved much to their loss -
X-ess was the price to be paid,
Yet obsequious remains the weak to this day -
Zipped at the sight of extinction of their friends.

**M. Phil Scholar, Jain University, Bangalore, Karnataka*