The Truth of Ink

Biddappa M. A.

"Is there any merit?" I asked with force
"Else I wouldn't take credit" came a voice tad course
Print it with joy, for the news is for sure
Said the caller in coy and words so pure

I ran my press throughout the night
Printing the expose, rest nowhere in sight
Come morning, I realised the fact
I was a victim, of a well thought tact

The news was as false as ocean in the sand
I was left with a bumf and a caller in hand
"Sorry for that" he said with a shrug
"Well from a distance, I felt it was a hug"

A lawsuit was soon to follow in line
It was meant to be a news just fine
With comments and hoardings making me a clown
I was left with my secrets and sources to drown

Truth be told, I did try
To correct or atleast rectify
Like a fish caught in a net
I was trapped in a maze, too well set

Then come tomorrow, the stage was new
For a storm, freshly created in the dew
The winds changed as the phone bells rang
With novel news the voices sang

Gone were the days of the news of a hug
Folks were keen to know about a thug
The world changed at a spanking pace
And hence I joined the changing race

Truth and perceptions go hand in hand
Always mimicking drawings on the sand
Great are the efforts to realise a dream
Only for the waves to wipe the slate clean
About the Poet:

Biddappa. M.A. is a student pursuing Master of Arts in English Literature at St. Joseph’s College, Bangalore. He is a keen and passionate writer who believes that creative expression plays a pivotal role in initiating a positive change in society. His preferred mode of manifestation of observations and experiences include poems and short stories. The poet’s writings envisage an array of perspectives which he believes, is a seminal path to decrypt the secrets of life.