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Frozen Wings

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Lecturer In English
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Absurd is the life
Through the alleys of which is heard
The cravings of being loved.
Curious might have been Burns when mused:
'O My love's like a red red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O My love's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune'.
He could find love in June
He could find love in tune.
It needs June to be loved in
It needs tune to be melodious with

What else could be the fate of a bird
That was born in mid-winter's night.
Ah! the grinding chill left the tongue halting
The head was oft submerged in the feathers
The frozen wings could never sight the heights
By virtue of cumbersome snowflakes.
The whole truth was kept under a white shroud.
To gauge the 'life force',
The bird turns introvert;
Takes the beak beneath the bosom,
Listens to an unending symphony of heart
That wishes to sound audible
Through the means of body, mind and soul
The means that are always there,
But overshadowed by the clouds of winter.

No sun, no moon, no stars visible.
Fated to be the offsprings of chill,
They want to speak, they want to share
For God's sake release the sun
For God's sake release the moon
They beg for their June
They beg for their tune.