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## **Falling**

Titiksha Singhal

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Houses burned, hearts turned to beast,

Leaps of red-yellow and orange digs the streets.

In this pit of fire

I am falling.

Heads slaughtered, children murdered,

Goats being snatched of lives in numbers.

For the faith of religion, in such deeds,

I am falling.

Girls looted, women hooted,

Beauty being snatched of its honor in some corner.

For the sake of manners

I am falling.

Gold snatched, homes patched with terror

Blood-shots heard across the sheds of closed ears.

In the shadows of liberty

I am falling.

Buildings collapse, plains crash

Seas, on mountains, boisterously splash.

Along with the trees and sky

I am falling.

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I build, I pray, I destroy, I slay,
I remove my guilt in front of stones and clay.

In the abyss of darkness

I am falling.