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The 'X' Chromosome

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The shoots unperturbed, Air unable to provide a gush Sprinkle of water, Rather a concrete floor raised, Hard enough, unpenetrable From the above, so the hands could reach Them! Tend them! Soft touch of the blade Would never be seen again! In both processes! Reap and relish, Would never you be able to. You! The 'ex' chromosome Of the society. Though the apt form never concurred Not cautious of the reckless 'Why'. Who abandoned, banned, The easy, quiet, tranquil state of your enchanting peace To vulgarize it, Bind in chains. In the dismal black Inferno. One day will devastate, reck, to restore the skill, Finesse to mould and design the world The 'Y' couldn't understand Is unable to. The magic seedlings concealed beneath the burga, The freedom of expression, not pale though, Even the chilly pudges couldn't bestow upon you, The pangs of nasty enshrouds, Obscured from the world. Unaware, that one day, The bean stalks would reach the Heaven

The Eternal Nirvana The celestial city of all The demeaned 'X' chromosomes. And that would be the day of ecstasy Blissful contentment of what not all The Seventh Heaven, The Cloud Nine.

Not like the rye seeds, since the times immemorial Buried deep under the concrete jungle.