Winners

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Of inferno where only are godly people
Heaven of Adam full of commands
Coerce to have the invisible fruit,
Caused to the best or the worst creation
A creation of god they say-
The world moves as he says
God is here god is there
This atom is in you and in me everywhere.
Why? the beggars’ stomach is burning
Laying at the doors of the one
why? a maiden is naked
and the satan win the race
where the omnipotent is handicapped,
history is the evidence of it
their followers are died in a corner
and disobedient enjoys the fruit
abandoned to eat thousand years ago,
they are suffering by his will
again the pundits say
the many falls we give
the more logics they apply.
An endless story running from years and years
The lions win and the goats loose but who fears,
You are god of yourself I say
Survival is a challenge
Winning is life and loose is death,
He who is admired, wins the race
And the rests is thrown inferno
The heave of good- god people
And heal of bad or winners.