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The Heartstrings

Showkat Ahmad Parray

A wave venomous , heinous hysteria
From somewhere exhaled by Hydra,
Stinking the hilarious, enlivening aroma
Of life by this marring-mania.
Where armada and where arena?
All appalling an area,
There's no Athena and no Astraea,
Howling here hyeana and there hyeana,
Would this God's terra,
See a tranquil era!

Would that in the garden Thine,
Pansy, rose, tulip and iris align
With daizy, daffodil , dahlia did pine
To swarm in a gifted bouquet fragrant, fine!
Like a pearl every mote were to shine
And entire empire to enshrine,
In a curia--- rarest and divine!
Where'd become a saint every talking swine!
Would this God's terra,
See a tranquil era!

Oh! Look at their cute craze,

Who erect castles, cast their haze
In our yards and on our ways,
They bluff by baiting that no one lays!
O'pals! But batter these castles and erase
Their jags and then do raise
High heralds of our own days,
As even blues can bog the blaze!

Would this God's terra,

See a tranquil; era!