



POEM

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THE PERFECT HUMAN BEING

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In the crossroads of another nation, refugees sleep without closing their eyes

Why should I bother, who are they to you?

I am safe in my haven, the raindrops outside, frogs croaking outside

I am not outside, I am inside, as always

In some distant lands, innocent children die, starving

Why should I bother, who are they to you?

I have my organic, fresh farm grown oranges, sweet and sour at times

I am well fed, not hungry, as always

In some lonely streets women are stripped naked in the name of honour

Why should I bother, who are they to you?



I am wearing my corset right now and a cupboard suffocated with clothes

I am well dressed, not naked , as always

In some obscure portions on the globe, people die out of thirst

Why should I bother, who are they to you?

I have my water filter, 24x7 clean , pure water at my request

I have water, I am not thirsty, as always

In some unknown places in the world, men are torched alive

Why should I bother, who are they to you?

I am in a multi-speciality hospital, lights on, flowers withering, waiting for death

I have a place to live and die, as always

In some obsolete pathways, someone's blood flows black in colour?

Why should I bother, who are they to you?

I have nothing in me to bleed,no blood, no water, no love –nothing,

As always...As always

Now I think----I have become the—

The—The Perfect Human Being