

GREEN DESERT!

Rettavayal S Krishnaswamy

I writhe in pain as if a skinned snake,
Even after a good showers I feel stinking,
After a heavy meal I feel hungry,
Inside the heavy walls and
In the company of commandos I feel insecure,
I'm in my full attire yet I feel nude,
I'm educated on anything and everything
Yet I feel ignorant to the core,
I'm in a planet of a seven billion Yet I feel all alone,
I know at least a language from each Continent yet,
I talk to none for anything
I'm the modern Midas!
Blessed with everything but for peace,
Am I not a green desert?

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