

Is She Really Sinned

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O, Hamlet,
Forget her,
Who cursed by the sweat of your uncle,
Who swept away by the destiny.

You demand her,
She denied.
You called her,
“FRAILTY”

You loved her,
Only her breasts.
She feeds you.
That may be your root for procrastination.
Not satisfied.
You desired feast.

Think on her,
IS SHE REALLY SINNED?

Revolt

It crawls through the hole,
Breaks the layer of darkness,
Dark blood,
Full of suppressed;
Feelings, desires, disgusts.
The field seems to be empty.
No seeds.
It confused.
Then moving upwards.

Found a bleeding heart.
There is the imprint,
“Making Love without Sin”

Is that possible?
It wondered.
Decided to move towards the brain,
Tempt,
“Eat the Fruit”

Thus,
Became the first
Who revolt against,
HIS rules.