

Unto Excelsis, You Youth of Tomorrow

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Oh! Heavenly Creation!
Salute thee Aesthetic Narration
Of Uncreated folks, Spell bound like yolks,
Sheathed in Caryola minds,
Gifted in talents to bind,

Ducked with arts, appearing God's Little darts;
Creative in Wilderness, Supportive with tenderness,
To thee! The Nation depends !
To thee! People's Narration Expands,

Divine in fruitful spirit,
A Wine in mirthful burrets,
A Food in a Familyhood
Every child to a Parenthood!

With you a Horizon
Without you a Marathon!
Tilted with guts,
Words, with never buts !

You Stand to Claim,
As your Nation Boldly proclaims
It is you, with Peoples' Views!
Born to scratch, Evils, Thatched !

Only Soul to feed Earth's bowl;
Heart of Valour, Minds of Flavours,

Nothing without you " A Youth".

A Gift and Guilt of Life

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The day of its birth christened with Senators' oil
Each hour a lure of sweet melody coils,
Every minute engrossed with the ripples of joy;
Passing day and night in the horizon of breakable toys!

Weeks crumbled in rapid steps;
Welcoming the Dutiful months set in umpteen depths:
The coldest walk of the oldest years,
Bringing fearful threats with temporary cheers;

The courtship of Joy and sorrow
Friendship of boy and girly sparrow;
Building blocks of family darts!
Marching in flocks; wedded in parts;

Surviving faultless battles!
Cleaving reckless tattles;
A Fool, today, A Tool Tomorrow
A Prayer for Human boldness!

Punishment of inhuman cruelty;
What a zeal with virtues' gift!
Only a kneel, to Abbas' statue in guilt'.