



Hear my Song

I sing to you
songs of joy.
You plug your ears,
to listen to phone.
My wings do break,
yet, you can fly.
Over Atlantic,
the journey you make-
a carbon footprint
worth my life.
With my tears
the ocean swells,
Immune to fears
you ignore to dwell.
A crack in balance
even I can tell,
You hide in a cave
of Nature's grave,
And, behind that veil
you pretend to be safe.

Suruchi Arora