

No one has died. No one is injured.
There is bloodshed all around.
I silently screamed.
I wonder if you could hear.
I couldn't say.
I wonder if you saw the tears.
I couldn't cry.

No wars have been fought.
But a battle is being lost.

I know your darkness,
That lies behind your closed doors.
That is where I come,
To light the candle of my hopes.

An army of thinkers is marching up to you,
With rose bouquets in their hands.
And I will not be among them.

They are drumming that song,
Which we all wanted to sing.
But we never found the words,
And the quaint tune floated away.

I know not where I will go.
But I will always know the road that goes back to your doors.
The road that meanders,
Through the travesties of our destinies.

Promises weren't made.
Promises haven't been kept.
A graveyard of words lie silent.
They call out to whom?
For us to come back?

Anirbit
24th July 2011