

Seeds of repentance

Once a man, once a farmer.
As simple was his life
young and gumptious.
Took a hoe, then plough.
One day, took by old and insolent men,
To foster their prejudice.

Promised wages to wage.
Promised acclaim to succumb.
Blinded by power and paper
Goes away from his abode, his home.
To go to a the abode of blood flood souls.

He regrets,
The land he sickled, he missed
The land he killed, he wanted to forget.
hands once filled with soil, now is washed with
blood.

The soul that fed, now reaps souls.
He knew, no water can wash the blood
What's done is done, and the blood will not be
silenced
Until he died.

He would die and go back to the ground he once
ploughed
Once a man, once a farmer.



-by Yadunaath Surendran