

The Burden of Knowing

How am I a better creation than them?
I'm yet to know
Nature abounded them with the innocence of life
The warmth of simplicity
Here I am a tangled web of complexity
They say "*wisdom shall set you free*"
Yet I don't recall how often my feet have touched the wilderness,
Unthinking Unburdened,
Perhaps I'm yet to learn what freedom truly is.
Seldom I ponder over
The brimming wide eyes
The little paws in dirt
Making their ways on the turquoise porch
"Aw" I exclaim!
The feline hath never been mesmerised by its own fur
Any significance to be given.
Or perhaps I'm yet to learn what beauty is?

Wandering through the meadows, the bustling street, the highways, the mountains
Wherever cater its needs
A vagabond yet its own master
Propelling by the doors by dusk sometimes late dawn.

And I sit here in patience as the aging tree witnessing the leaves and its hues throughout the
spring and fall
Wither past living their glory
As my bark hardens further enclosing my tender sap deep within holding onto the roots
In the fear of an approaching grim Storm.

Maybe it's humane to be envious of the unattained and unclaimed parts,
Mourn a little of the tenderness of soul that ignorance gives
With the understanding that Almighty has sought,
I still question
How am I a better creation?

-Sonali Kar