**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 Strom.

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