Fetching for the words to write,

I got thought of that night,

The grief of mine called by the ego of thine,

Killed all the moments which I thrive like wine,

‘Bad people go to hell’ I was told,

But you break that rule as you do frequent,

‘People like you make this world a hell’ I behold.

I am happy as you are not my part,

Thanks for all these words I got.

--- Yashraj