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VERSES OF VIRTUE

NOTE: In the below story, I have included greed and wrath as the sins

THE WAR OF WISDOM.

The sun on top of my head pierces its rays through my fragile body deep enough to expose the horrible scars paved through my thick skin. I can barely hold myself onto this bloodshed battlefield while swinging my razor-sharp sword through those never-ending enemies marching through the raising dust. I wonder why I am in such a place, why I am fighting against my exhausted will, why I am still finding something even when I know I lost this battle a long time ago.

Humans are strange enough to dig their own graveyard even after knowing that our fates are tied to those invisible emotions rolling around our weak souls. I thought may be i could change this world with the wrath burning through my veins, maybe one day I could bring peace to my friends who always played along with me, maybe one day I could use my greed to seek freedom for my clan, but things don't turn around the way we steer them.

The wrath blazing through my armored chest can only shed some extra blood, but what is the point of my greed of killing my enemies and capturing them when I never got a chance of saving my friends. What did I accomplish at the end of the day other than those corpses of my friends lying around my cold-blooded body?

We lose different types of wars every day in our life no matter how hard we push ourselves, but what's important is the realization of our sins, of those little things like greed, wrath which could only tear apart some extra souls.

I lost this battle not to those trying to strike my body into pieces but to myself, who was blindfolded by those little sins that I committed to open the gates of death for my friends. But one day, I will make sure to wake my friends from their beds of death and allow them to rest their tiny little souls on my weak shoulder of wisdom.