

OF WAR

-SALMAN SOWDAGAR

War is weird.

When it appeared...

People were feared,

Their eyes were teared,

And with blood, their faces were smeared.

For the world was seared,

And towards hell, it was steered.

War is wrong.

It does not belong,

To a particular throng.

It's not the work of the strong,

But of people who are headlong,

Whose thinking is oblong.

Why should it then be among?

And why do we take it along...

For days, years, lifelong?

It's high time we strike the gong,

And sing a peace song!
