

Monotony

Someone asked me to pen one on monotony,
Naturally, I sat and wondered: where should this begin?
Should my pen bleed its slothing agony?
Or be the prisoner of its boundless bars?

Some questions are easier asked than answered,
But the most painful ones never manage to reach the cords.
So I can only let my pen bleed to ponder
It's unwalked paths and hope there is an escape!

It's a poet's curse not to rehearse and reiterate,
But to ignite and inspire!
Ignite just enough to see behind those bars!
Inspire just enough to walk with all your scars!

Because deep under very irreparable regrets,
 Every precious drop that ran down your cheek,
Behind every miserable offset,
 And the words that made you weak,
With all the burdens we carry in our bags,
There is a hope, a dream, and a promise!
Because what is left of us when monotony indulges,
But the Hopes we hold,
 Dreams we build,
 And the Promises we carry.
A hope for a better dawn,
A dream to explore the expanse beyond those bars,
A promise to be more kind to tomorrow's you!

-PK