

The Locked-down Burg

With lockdown over the world, And no throng gathering around, Birds singing in clear skies, Was ones dominated sooty smokes.

Humans locked, the crows too small, No signs of life, none at all, Amidst this the nature heals, That's what impeccable rills reveal.

Humans trapped in their home, Now freely can animals roam, Where ones the jalopy was found, Now only strays surround.

The boy, capsulated in his house, Sees the world through the tinted casement, Sees the playground where he used to play, Is daunted with emptiness all day.

The boy dreams of going, Outdoors to play, But vicious virus, Haunts all the day.

Factories closed, business slammed, Down goes the economy, Forests getting greener day-by-day, And alas, there is no one to recognise!

Now, when the world is at rest, It's time to hold a bit and reflect, Time to think and act with wit, And control his cataclysmic and catastrophic acts.

-Pathak, Shourya