

# These Sweet Tears

Through and through water slipped,  
Over wretched feathers and broken beaks  
And drank in the fleeting bliss  
Those animals, who for water, had to plead,  
And so spilled the water over lean leaves,  
On the crooked trunks and upright flowers,  
Sank into soil, and over the breached kaleidoscope  
Made of droplets that are scattered over the sky.  
Why, the rainfall welcomes, and rejoices everyone,  
A sweet tear of God; how the beautiful lakes get born.  
Breathed in the fresh smell, of a pond anew;  
A deer who had forgot the colour of water,  
And he forgets more and more — the more he drinks in,  
His senses still remain parched with only the taste of dirt, forever omnipresent.  
Welcomed the new trees, the dark, brooding ones,  
Pouring out smoke to the sky, but better than the sun,  
That scorches bare feet, and makes it hard to walk  
But who to tell them, the loss of water, was the factory buildings' faults?  
None to tell that trees are meant to be green,  
And none a trunk is made of hollow concrete.  
So soon the water tastes of remains of old apples,  
And a taste curious and thirsty eyes couldn't put a name to  
Cried a mother, her tears, more pleasant than the water  
That the dark river in front of them had to offer.

But they called it their holy sanctuary, the pearl-white river that flows,  
And drains in the lake they all seem to go,  
To taste the purity and the holiness they promised  
But all felt to a small life was an acidic death's kiss.  
They drink in the water, and drink so do they,  
But the humans don't fall sick, and die as animals may,  
The animals that cry just for something truly pure  
And not just chemicals in a single drop.  
But who are they to fight with, when humans also fight,  
For the purity they promised, if they abide  
To sink in the river, and take a holy bath  
But the journey to the river removed their faith in God.  
Love all, love everyone, do deeds so sweet  
But where's the love when a dying animal is at the mercy of their feet?  
Is this what they hoped for? A cleanse river that flows?  
Because if it were, this river has nothing to bestow  
This shrine doesn't hold cleanliness, they promised they'd taste,  
When they take a sip of it from their hands,  
But couldn't take a second sip, because they faltered  
When they saw an afloat plastic on their holy altar.  
So who do we fight for, and against whom,  
When sick are everyone's senses by these rotten streams;  
Still lingers the taste of death and acidic death,  
Because heaven-sent isn't this water that lands at their feet,  
They chose this water, but still they scream:  
This is not the water we want, not the one we need;  
...When a dog even drinks mud right after this street.