Alphi Ajosh Y 10

"No title in the soil"

The hills don't ask for permission,

Pouring an ocean onto the fragile ridge,

Until the earth forgot to be solid.

At midnight, the sky broke.

By dawn, the years of living were reduced to minutes.

And finally, the one who spent a lifetime

Carving walls in mud and water, diving human souls by birth and blood, ends up in one common grave.