

Wars and other concepts of plague

Apart from my name, I need to be something else.

The color of the world used to be unstained until the wars came.

I wasn't there, but you can tell it in every black and white.

But the air is still enough to get us drunk.

Every poem I write is a scar to every survival

but here we are, finding ourselves alive with the remedy as living.

Yet, you do not allow some country the look of the sky

because a jet can be heading to the home you left.

Some star can be a missile far away.

The hands wrote more lyrics than what the mouth sung.

The world shrinks into the size of our rooms

and we can see our eyes, clearly filled with tears than water.

There is an explosion inside everyone

but how long can we survive our fire?

I am just a long breath in a body,

tend to its bruises and mending them to signatures.

I take brief puffs of air trying not to run out of them quickly.

I want to see the world that was burnt before I got here.

How was alive so much comfortable?

Why weren't colors stolen into pictures?

Have the sun always burnt fire?

Before the missiles grew exhausts, were there any clouds?