

Brothers of the Battlefield

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In a Battlefield, we marched
With Guns and Tanks,
With a parching throat,
Longingly searching
Met my foe against me,
He is a man like me.
There is no time to flee!
He was shot in front of me!
He said, "I can't see."
And, What is wrong with him!
He fell down in pain,
Like a drop of rain.
He threw his Gun,
And, thought of his only son!
Blood oozed from his wound,
No hope is found.
Many fell beside him dead!
Like, lying in the coffin bed!
Where is harmony?
You are just like me!

