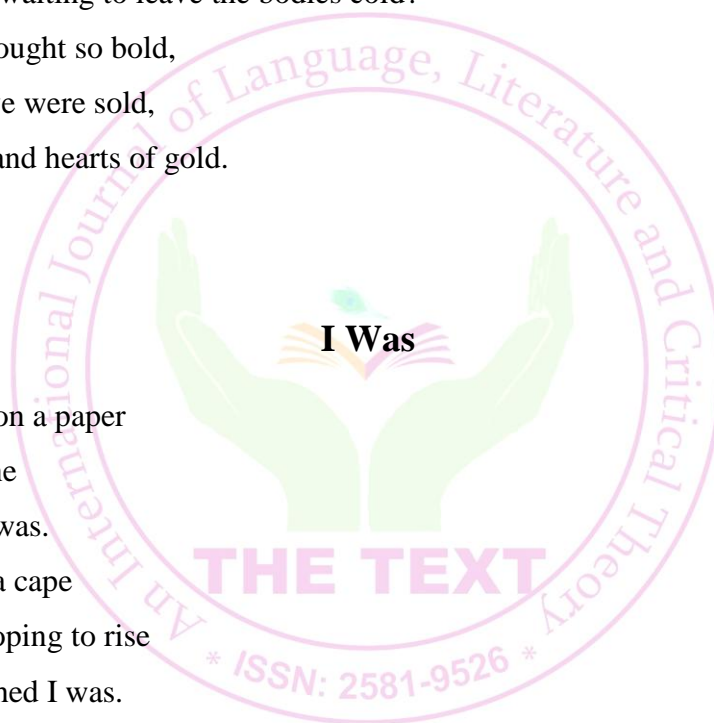


## What are We?

A.A  
Hyderabad

Are we all just stories to be told?  
A suspense waiting to unfold.  
Are we the secrets that we hold?  
A collective of impressions & thoughts many-fold.  
Are we an other batch fresh out of society's mould?  
Or are we the souls waiting to leave the bodies cold?  
Oh! But i think a thought so bold,  
We aren't the lies we were sold,  
But nerves of steel and hearts of gold.

I wrote my dreams on a paper  
folded it, into a plane  
gone in the wind it was.  
I wore my pride as a cape  
jumped of a cliff, hoping to rise  
hit the ground, crushed I was.  
I hid my pain within the words  
written in rhymes, many a times  
heartbroken I was.



## **Anger**

**A.A**  
Hyderabad

A beautiful memory turned into poison

**Anger.**

Dreams crushed like pieces of fruit in a blender

**Anger.**

As her head hit the wall, pain became her prison

**Anger.**

The red in his eyes, the blood on his hands

**Anger.**

Her skull shattered, her heart stopped

**Anger.**

Her body dropped, her eyes wide open.

**Anger.**

He looked at her, she didn't .

He spoke to her, she didn't .

He lived, she didn't .

Twenty years later,

Still behind the bars, he calls for her.

Hoping it was all a dream, alas! It wasn't

A moment of anger, ended her life

A monster to which, he lost his wife

**Anger.**

