

Poem: The Fosterer

(This poem is about the suicide of farmers and his struggle to survive.)

It's wrath of nature, its wrath of mankind,
Neither nature nor humanity is kind
I see poor farmer dying espousal death
He is a fosterer but die of hunger
How long an agronomist can bear?
He is dying to end upheaval
No value for his life and his death
Easy to die and many ways to embrace.
He endures the battle to be winner,
But faces mayhem,
It's a wrath of nature and wrath of mankind.
Looking at the skies, for the puddles to gather rain,
The skies emanate anger amid heat or hurricane,
It's the catastrophe of floods or famine,
His flocks in carnage, family in turmoil,
Granaries are full, rodents are enjoying
But a bucolic die ravenous
His families afflicted, no one cares.
His wife stands on the pavements for customers
Has nothing to grieve, its fight to survive,
Can't we be compassionate, can't we be astute.
She is no less than a soldier and he the martyr.
Governments change, Crowns unleash,

Chair break footing above dead
Why to care about the farmers and deaths?
They are worried about their crowns,
Fastening the belts for power to seize
Farmers end affliction, derelict thee plight,
No one decipher families of dead.
Let's forget differences, forget religions... forget swords hanging on our heads...
It's not the cause for the Kings and nobles, Chieftains_and rulers to shed tears;
They are busy in saving their chairs... Let's get up and fight for the fosterer.
I cry for all, shed tears, but why? Who can do better, than me?
He doesn't need empathy and tears, let's be awaken and strive to end fear.
Oh, God, Oh almighty, give me the power,
To unleash thee fear,
Give me power to make rain, or plain,
To end his woes, to make him smile,
I would make it green; I would make it rein,
No one would suffer, no one would weep,
Make Bountiful world to live,