

The Agony of a Broken Unripened Cherry (A Poem)

A tale of the weeping cherry
Snatched unripe
Devoured by a vulture
Eaten amidst dead rats
Eaten without the owner's consent

A tale of teary eye
Seen what it ought not to
But can it lose its vision for seeing the worst?
Is there a limit to worst?
Can a weeping eye be sapped dry?

A tale of a broken Promise
Broken by the callousness of a ferocious mind
Broken by a mere gift of biscuit
A cherry charry cake

And the door is unlocked
By a ferocious wind
Unlocked so forcefully
Unlocked without the mother's key
When the owner isn't aware
But what does the unlocker seek?
That isn't along Abakaliki street

And the flower
Yet to bloom
Has been plucked
Destroyed even when it could bloom
What will the wasteful trespasser do with its broken petals
What happens to the Gardener's eagle eye?

A broken soul
A broken Promise
A broken dream
A broken innocence of a girl
Broken by an uninvited cruel Trespasser who lacks sense of judgement as to which flower is yet
to bloom and which has bloomed and withered

Gardners
Guide your flower pots
For vultures loom the sky

The Uninvited Trespasser

Stalking to dive in when the Gardener's eagle eye is shut

To pluck the petals of the beautiful yet to bloom roses while it's tenderly

Yet he pulls so wickedly

A wicked pull to hinder its growth

blossoming of the flower Should be every Gardner's envy

Only the blossoming flower understands the difficulty of the clipped petals and broken stems

A bitter truth

A sad reality no Gardner can tolerate

Keep your Gardner's eagle's eye open

Don't shut it

Not even to a known butterfly

For even a butterfly

Can envy the blossoming of the beautiful roses

And turn to caterpillar to crush it's blossoming.

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