

### **Stone Heart (Poem)**

Down there that day,  
Under the leafless tree  
Sat the lachrymose mother,  
Panic-seized as the red bloody blood  
Over flowed from the bruised walls  
Of the disvirgined virgin.

I heard it was a rape.  
A rape of a future mother  
By the heartless boots owner  
I heard it was dress Superiority.

Meeting me in the midst of thoughts celebrations,  
Where my bruised mind has been electrocuted  
To humanity problem – solution,  
Were the angst and elegiac cries  
Of both the disvirgined virgin  
And the devastated poor mother.

The unpaid wind  
Which scattered the sad news  
Across the many corners of the Earth  
Has driven me back to the root.

In the beginning  
Was the skin war we won.  
Then our next door murderers came:  
Our mothers' spirits merged

With their ancestral ones.  
Then our 'thick' superiors came:  
Our future mothers were battered.  
Then others: sh-sh-sh! They warned;  
So we were walloped.

Who can ignore these  
Except He that feasts in red blood?  
Except He with a heart of stone?  
And that's our superiors' property -  
They have all!

The skin war is over!  
It's time for a total war  
For our battered virgin shall be cleansed.  
May it come so soon the day  
When man's heinous affairs  
Shall come to a perfect still;  
And his stone heart  
Melted like ice.

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