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The Fragile Nest

Shivangi Verma

In the land where roots run deep,
Families stand like ancient trees,
Branches intertwined, a promise to keep,
Sheltering all beneath their leaves.

Underneath the verdant canopy,
A nest is woven with tender care,
Soft down and dreams form its tapestry,
A sanctuary from despair.

But the nest, so delicate and light,
Can harbor shadows in its threads,
Dark whispers of the night,
Where love and fear both tread.

The eldest bird, with wings untried,
Is cradled first in warmth and light,
But as it grows, it learns to hide,
From expectations, sharp as night.

The nest, once safe, begins to strain,
Under the weight of dreams imposed,
Love's embrace turns into a chain,
With silent cries left undisclosed.

Parents' voices, stern and cold,
Become the wind that chills the bone,
The nest's embrace, once warm and bold,
Feels like a cage, so alone.

No gentle breeze to lift the wings,
Just storms of judgment, harsh and strong,
The nest, it tightens and it stings,
Where the heart's lament belongs.

In the silence, in the night,
The bird dreams of the open sky,
But feels the nest's unyielding might,
And in its heart, begins to cry.

If the nest could learn to hear,
The fragile bird's unspoken song,
To lift it up, and hold it near,
And help its wings grow strong.

For the nest, though built with love,
Must also learn to let it fly,
To see the sky, vast above,
And trust the wings that touch the sky.

May the nest be soft yet free,
A place where love and dreams entwine,

Where each bird learns its own decree,
And in the sky, together shine.

Bio-note:

Shivangi Verma, Post Graduate student from University of Lucknow, driven by a passion to establish her presence in the literary world. Embracing Margaret Atwood's profound statement that 'at the end, we all become stories,' she is dedicated to unraveling the human experience through literature, seeking insights, empathy, and understanding in the narratives that define us.