

Impact Factor: 8.67

ISSN:0976-8165



THE CRITERION

AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

Bi-Monthly Peer-Reviewed eJournal

16 YEARS OF OPEN ACCESS

VOL. 16 ISSUE-1, FEBRUARY 2025

Editor-In-Chief: **Dr. Vishwanath Bite**
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ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

www.galaxyimrj.com

If Only Peace Could Be Borrowed

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1

IF ONLY PEACE COULD BE BORROWED

They were efficient.

Both their soldiers and their bombs.

I saw a whole house collapsed.

A freshly shattered one.

As I could see a bleeding leg,

Left all alone to bleed with neat polished boot.

The owner of the missing left leg,

Must be dressed for a meeting,

A meeting for peace talk, thought I.

And I could hear the cry of a mother,

Agonizing was her cry,

As she was searching her toddler

In the pile of her crumbled house.

And I saw the rescuers rushing to the spot

Doctors and first aids helped many,

The placed smelled of pain, panic and blood.

Amidst these calamities,

I saw a wild yellow flower,
Dancing to the rhythm
Of the wind or the bombs
Know not I
All I know is this,
Every petal of that wild flower
Was brimming with peace
Untouched by the enemies.

IF ONLY PEACE COULD BE BORROWED

2.

Winning a battle
Is not as happy as,
Winning a match.
B'cause you must have,
Lost a few hundred of your troop too.

You don't get a championship,
Or a Cup,
Which you can take
And run around with shouts of joy
Even if you try,
You might stumble,
On dead ones lying,
Of whom nobody knows.

You cannot cherish it,
As a memory of you victory.
B'cause the fear stained stare,
Of you foe,

Frightened at your excellent aims,
And awed at you hands,
For they marvelled with the guns.

And these terrorized eyes
Might sneak into your room
At the darkest hour
And might plead
For a glass of wine
Or might quietly look at you,
Who is at ease with life.

Winning wars,
Can never bring happiness.

Bio:

Dr. Annie Vimala D is currently working as Assistant professor of English at SRM Institute of Science and Technology, Kattankulathur, Tamil Nadu, India. She has been writing poems from a very young age. She writes both in her mother tongue, Tamil and in English. A passionate reader and a very expressive writer. She writes under her pen name Annie Sandra.