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# If Only Peace Could Be Borrowed

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ISSN: 0976-8165

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#### 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 1.

And I could hear the cry of a mother,

Agonizing was her cry,

As she was searching her toddler

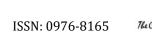
In the pile of her crumbled house.

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,



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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 thise terrorized eyes

Might sneak into your room

At the darkest hour

And might plead

For a glass of wine

Or might quitely look at you,

Who is at ease with life.

Winning wars,

Can never bring happines.

### 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.