

Tamizh Ponni

## A STUNNING VISUAL

In the wake of the rain, I glimpsed a magic  
That lit up the world with flare and frolic  
Rubbing my eyes, I gaped in awe  
Across the skies as murky clouds moved  
Violet brought in the vivacity

Through tons of tints, smooth and slinky  
Indigo glitzed it all up with radiance  
While lucid lights dyed the vapoury lenses  
Blue's brilliance shined so bold  
Azure and Sapphire; cyan in fold  
Green was glossy with lustrous shine  
Gleaming and glowing; fair and fine  
Yellow's golden flash, envied the rich  
Holding them colours by an invisible stitch  
Orange's beams were soft and slight  
Painting the space with a gaudy patch  
Thanks to Red and its jazzy hues  
The sky blushed like a deep red rose  
Trimming the clouds with vivid bows  
Their origin and end, nobody knows.

## OUTCAST

How do I live a perfect life?  
Amidst this fight to survive  
Can't it be black and white?  
These grey areas are getting hostile  
One mislaid tile on the floor  
Is already giving them an eyesore  
Even the purest halogen couldn't kill  
All the carnal pathogens in full  
Is anything truly flawless or faultless?  
Every so often, it all becomes a mess  
While the world is busy conditioning  
All the tiny little heads in the academy  
Criminals preaching and preying  
Upon the stages; among the flock  
Of clueless sheep lapping up  
The colourful lies flooding them  
As I observed it all for a while  
With endless doubts and ambiguity  
I wondered who these saints were  
To decide what's right or wrong  
To judge what's lawful and not  
Sorry folks,  
I couldn't fit the moulds  
And forgot to follow the books  
I was getting very busy  
Emulating my beliefs,  
Embracing my defects  
Paying no heed  
To the intentions of the world  
Not really knowing  
I was an outcast in the making.