

## WAR

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The river begs you  
Not to make her an accomplice.  
Her cheeks and ears are tinted  
From the shame  
Of holding the lifeless sanctuaries  
Which would never squint at the morning sun again.  
Nature's silence is for mourning,  
Not to condemn protesting.  
When will you see  
You are in the slaughterhouse too,  
But not as the butcher?  
How many wounds  
Do you have to leave on someone else, before you find your own?  
The poison you lace your sword with,  
Glides into bloodlines  
And the scar you craft today,  
Will make your children flinch tomorrow.  
It is that simple-  
The price you pay for the glory which isn't even your own.  
When you become the reason  
For someone's sorrow,  
Do you know who you fight for?  
Would the crown fight for you too?  
How will you breathe  
When will you finally swim up to the shore?  
As you lie on the socks,  
A puddle of pride and regret,  
You'll hear the angels crying  
And when you gain enough courage

To open your eyes,  
You'll see God holding the body  
Of the man you had to kill.  
Will you shudder then?  
The sky will furrow her brows at you,  
Hoping to find a trace of humility;  
But how do you live your life on land now,  
When you have been held under water since birth?  
As your chapter rolls into the last line,  
Will you let go of the sword  
And realize you were never  
Going to have your own story?

### **ABOUT THE POET**

Soumee Bhaumik is passionate about reading and writing poetry. She has published in several international journals of repute and is the winner of Fr. George Hess Literary Competition, 2022, M.P. Birla Smarak Kosh Award, 2023, The Telegraph 18 Under 18 Awards, 2024.