

THE TERRORIST

Much had he terrorized
The neighborhood !

No good looking
Married, Unmarried or widowed woman
Could escape
From his clutches

Estranged from his parents
He just compelled them
To call him 'Son'

The mother, though, begged so much
The father did not come
To identify the dead body today

My bullets killed
And my hands put him in the grave

But while hurling stones and abuses
People hardly thought
He was no more a terrorist
But a corpse !