

## 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 !