

A Crying Soul

She was as childish, as someone could be

But great in her thoughts

What if, she is no more

Do not blame her, but me

I was dumb and deaf, but not blind

I could not hear her screams, but can see her plight

I cannot speak, but can imagine, how was she before this took place

She was an innocent girl, naive of the cruelty of the world

Today, she is no more

It is not her who was raped and killed

It was me who died

It was not a woman who lost her life

But the soul of humanity

The humanity will never be in peace until

That soul is crying

She is crying

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