

## *Why these rumours about me?*

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Because I committed a just offence,  
That of loving another human without a fence,  
Oh! It isn't a just offence, it is a crime,  
The heinous crime, a kind of grim one.  
Forget not to tell me, I have betrayed trust.  
That's why these rumours about me.

Because I never talked to them so politely,  
For I used to regard things so lightly,  
Never I talked out of love to them.  
I growled at them, much like in a wartime game,  
I dropped my courtesy, my manners, my ethics.  
That's why these rumours about me.

Because I obeyed not their command,  
For obedience leads away from reprimand.  
The amount of loyalty is judged by the degree of submissiveness,  
Not of innocence, not of humbleness but only of orderliness.  
I never abided by their calls; told only lies  
Now I feel why these rumours about me.

Because I climbed to mountain's cliff,  
With heavy hearts; hopeless about life and its beliefs,  
Yelling, shouting, crying my hearts out, I said  
I don't deserve a life, for they said  
Life is only for them who are happy and gay  
Oh! That's why these rumours about me.

Because full of remorse at the cliff, I cried  
"Forgive me for whatever I did, whenever I lied",  
I called out to the Lord, "Accept my apology, my Master",  
For I plunged myself into the air, memories flashing back thereafter  
I have committed a sin; I thought and thought during the fall  
Alas! I realized why was these rumours about me.

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*This poem is based on personal experiences being a human being. It is dedicated to my parents who form the true spectators to this situation, the chaos which surrounds me, my mind and my existence as a whole. I surmise that they remained the torchbearers to my progress, my marching ahead and rather the thorns that lay dispersed in my path. 'They' refers to my own generators – my parents - who mean something so priceless to me that I won't bear to be stripped of.*

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