

Golden wings wrap the metropolitan blues,
Interrupting the pooled fortunate slumber.
Night's serene embrace in running telly hues
Blushes with beams upon residential timber.
Despairs are tossed like grub when stale,
Unhindered within the boxed fairytale.

The same globe has but dawns grey,
And nights that shine with mortal raids.
Beds of debris and amenities at bay;
Genocides stifled with privileged shades.
With rancid morsels do the damned folk ask,
"In which glory does your empathy bask?"

In unfeeling wars do the propagandists invest,
As the world scrambles to pick sides.
While the counter to carnage remains token protest,
A family is shelled and an orphaned child hides.
Upon religious grounds do the aloof debate,
Even as humanity surrenders to a morbid fate.

Routine is what tragedy becomes,
For the sentenced aren't entitled to choose.
The echoes of wailings and muffled drums
Fails to deafen the halls of authority abuse.
The parched infant inquires with an empty flask,
"In which glory does your empathy bask?"

From the river to the sea of awaited death
Masses risk their lives for a loaf of bread.
The forlorn unearths rubble with bated breath,
Not names but numbers in a social thread.
While ceasefires demand official submissions,
Innocents are staked in apartheid coalitions.

Hospitals ablaze in channels aplenty,
Yet compasses of fractured morals steadfast.
The unyielding mentor of a war mongering mentee
Remains stoic as the cloudy missiles overcast.
Unsolicited therapy thrives but compassion is a task;
In which glory does your empathy bask?