

COVENANT

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The air has been infiltrated with the stench of anger.
In its eddies swirls the injustice of unattainable answers.
In the upward rush of dust particles, vengeful inequality deceives
humanity and stains clouds black.

The turbulent, chaotic movements of mounting pressures explode
heavily laden ethnocentric prejudices.
It spews forth the doom of life on earth.
In the bombardment of cutting droplets comes the appeasement of
mounted hatreds.

But in the shelling comes the slaughter of innocence.
The reality is that with the sweetness of revenge there lingers a dormant
stench of damnation.

The heart throb of monsoons—the pulsating ebb and flow of despair
and hope, the torrential storm followed by the promise of
sunlight—will continue.
And oh how reassuring the colors of the rainbow.

