

God's Tribute

A day in the life seems so normal.
Racing around to make ends meet.

But is it fate to conform;
Be pawns in play till infinity?
Questions and doubts seemed out of step.
For a snap was heard and a pop ensued.
The grip loosened, and vision returned.
The world so revered, crumbled; was nude.

A robotic turmoil befell around.
It was a rat race; all hell let loose.
Restrained in a bubble, their ball and chain,
Yet remained blind to their occult abuse.
Fear crept; my mind urged to flee
But my heart stood its ground; fought firm to disagree.
It was a tug-of-war, a game between mind and soul.
To lift or leave was choosing between lilies and coal.

Their bubbles bulletproof, their chains concrete.
Efforts futile over a spell tempered by greed.
An action further would bear no fruit.
It was destiny's oration; they were left to be.
Ready to start a chapter anew, free to chase pavements.
Racing towards the North Star, escaping the life I knew.
The dictator of my person, prepared to pen my book.
Taking the first step of a new life; of God's tribute.

Written and Designed By: Rushdan Firdous
Edited by: Nameer Khalid



A video portraying
'The Great Rat
Race'

