

The Imperfect World

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Why is there so much pain for children who are differently abled?

Why are they tormented and constantly being labeled?

Its reflection is on their parents who silently bear the brunt

Punishing and blaming themselves subconsciously all the time.

There's a new wound inflicted by a wayside stranger

They are caught unaware and it's a sharp shooting stab.

Are they not God's creation, however imperfect they may be?

Why is this imperfect world indifferent to another's sorrow?

The world's a woven mattress, each thread vital to the mesh

Each fibre small, big, thick, thin, coloured, plain make the perfect weave.

The world's a finished canvas, each splash vital

The reds, the yellows, the blues and the browns, make the perfect hues.

Let's weave the world together, blend, care, love

Let's merge all the colours, shades, perceptions

Let's blend the differently abled with all of us

Make a world more Humane and less Imperfect.