

(POEM)
STILL BECOMING SKY

A bird in me still learning to fly

A bird in me still learning to fly,

despite the wings that left him

Unanswered and only alive,

even he knows the answer,

hard to accept

waits for someone to tell a lie

His friends suggest, "grow some feathers, fly with us high in the sky"

some hold his hand and say, "you deserve a try".

So he's still trying so that

I could fly, the bird in me still

learning to fly.

RIYA KUMARI SINGH
ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT

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