

A prayer for my City

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(inspired by the desolate streets during Covid -19 Lockdown)



Give back the city bursting at its seams

That bustling, jostling, honking mess

Where everyday men laid siege to distant dreams

Where silence clamored for a moment's respite

Where cheering friends breathed life into weary nights

Give back the pavements without an inch to walk

The shops that claimed that heavens could be bought

Dazed weary and wounded , It was still a city that would heal

Give back the city that still could breathe....

Of what use these vacant parks and deserted roads ,

The silence that wails louder than shattered hopes....

Of what use my faith and your believes

If they can't give back my friends

who said they would never leave;

Enough of these helpless wails that no one hears

Enough of death's stench so hard to bear

Enough of smiles being snatched by treacherous masks

Let our friendships again be our only shields

Give back the scented rain, the fragrant breeze

Let children again scream with delightful glee

Let blessings fall in a heavenly downpour

Oh God let my city be alive once more.....