



THE WILD PARK



I found myself
Confused on the go
Gadding about
Knowing not where to go
I thought I was in
For amusement and mock
But ended agape
In bewilderment and shock.

The lion exceeded
The limits of madness
Ruthlessly ravishing
His little cub lioness
The hyenas' greed
Spared not their own
Their bloody red mouths
Making it all known.

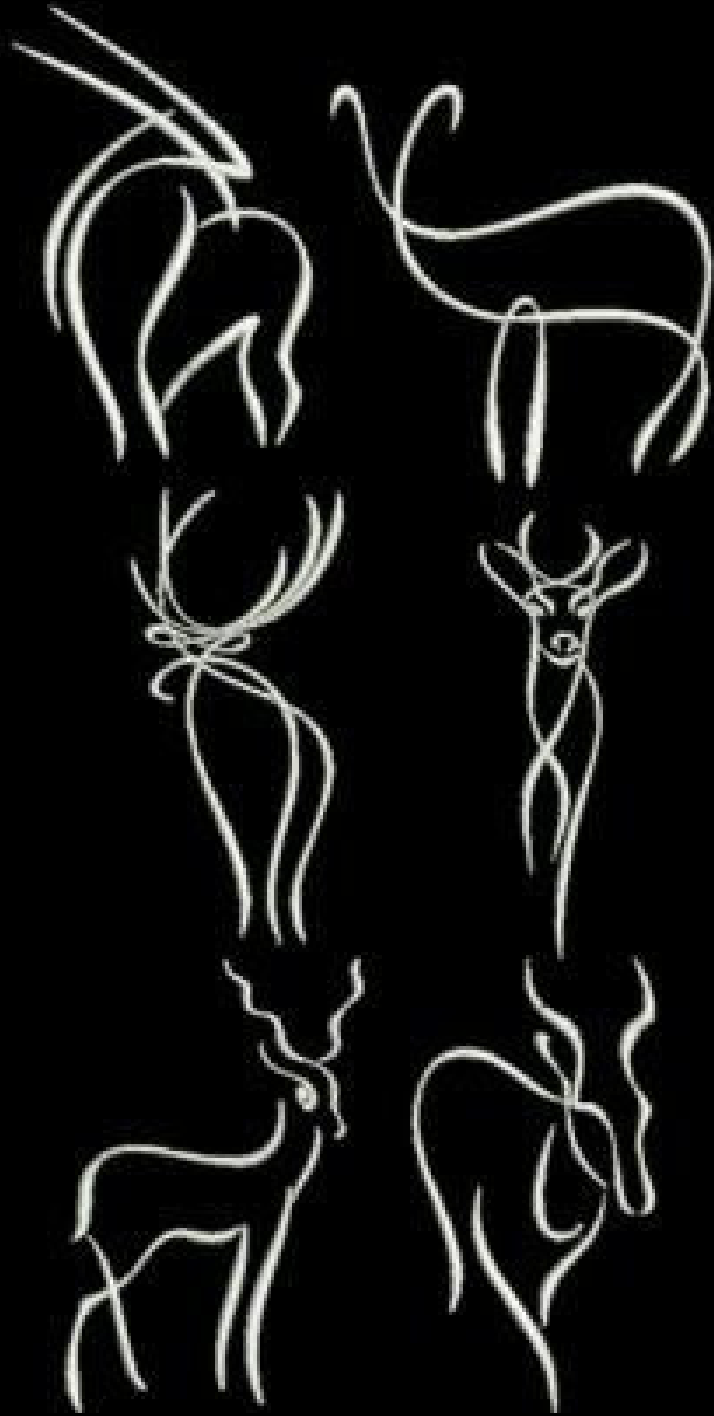




Turning to my right
Were two male pigeons
Chasing after each other
To the dark shady regions
The young baboon behind
Also let out a crunch
As he selfishly mauled
The family banana bunch.

From the land of my slumber
I suddenly woke up
To the land of the living
I quickly sobered up
Then got quite concerned
With this new remark
That this generation
Has become the wild park.





@poetrymonday

SN: PMTWP10