

**HUMANITY
MEETS
CRUELTY**

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IN THE DEPTHS OF CONTEMPLATION, AS I EMBARK ON THIS POETIC JOURNEY, I LAY DOWN MY WORDS TO REST UPON THE PAGE. LIKE A WHISPERED PRAYER, THEY CARRY THE WEIGHT OF MY THOUGHTS, HOPES, AND FEARS. WITH EACH VERSE, I OFFER FRAGMENTS OF MY SOUL, ENTRUSTING THEM TO THE EMBRACE OF THESE SACRED LINES. FOR WITHIN THE CADENCE OF THESE STANZAS, LIES A PROFOUND YEARNING—A PLEA TO BE HEARD, UNDERSTOOD, AND REMEMBERED. MAY THESE VERSES, FRAGILE AND SINCERE, AWAKEN DORMANT EMOTIONS AND KINDLE THE FLAMES OF EMPATHY. IF THIS POET'S VOICE SHOULD FADE, LET MY WORDS ENDURE, FOREVER IMPRINTED ON THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THOSE WHO DELVE INTO THE PAGES OF MY BOOK.

INDEX

THE HUMAN MALIGNANCY	4
MIGHTY LORD	6
SELFISH & HEARTLESS	8
SOULLESS SOUL	10
WAR: OUR LEGACY	12
THE OCEAN IN ANGUISH	14
EUPHORIA'S END	16
PRAYERS BUT TO WHOM ?	17
NO MEANS NO!	19
MY HEART, A BLACK HOLE	21
ETERNAL NIGHT: A POEM ON DEPRESSION	23
A CURSE ON NATURE	24
THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT	26
CHAINS OF OPPRESSION	28
SILENT KILLER: HUNGER AND POVERTY	30
THE PERILS OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE	32
THE NORM OF IGNORANCE, THE LUXURY OF EDUCATION	34
VICTIMS OF HUMAN TRAFFICKING, A SILENT PLIGHT	37
THE GLOBAL LOVE ISSUE	39
LAMENT OF THE PARCHED EARTH	41
HUMANITY MEETS CRUELTY	44

DEDICATION

DEDICATED TO THE TIRELESS SOULS, THE DREAMERS AND FIGHTERS,
WHOSE UNWAVERING PASSION IGNITES FLAMES WITHIN,
TO THOSE BUILDING A BETTER WORLD, BIRTHING HOPE FROM STRIFE,
AND TO HEARTS YEARNING FOR CHANGE, CRAVING LIFE'S VIBRANT SHIFT.

INTRODUCTION

In a world filled with beauty and darkness, joy and sorrow, love and hate, the complexities of the human experience unravel like an enigmatic tapestry. It is within this intricate interplay that my poetry book, "Humanity Meets Cruelty," finds its essence. Through the vivid exploration of various global issues, this collection delves into the profound connection between humanity and its capacity for cruelty.

Inspiration is a multi-faceted muse, drawing from personal experiences, observations, and a deep sense of empathy. As a poet, I have been captivated by the dichotomy that exists within the human soul. It is this enigmatic duality that propels my pen to navigate the depths of our collective consciousness, shedding light on the shadowy corners that often remain unexplored.

The poems contained herein are a testament to the power of words, serving as both a mirror reflecting our innate darkness and a catalyst for introspection and change. The themes that permeate this collection resonate with the complexities of our modern world. Each poem serves as a poignant reflection of a global issue, inviting readers to confront uncomfortable truths and ignite meaningful conversations. From the depths of depression to the horrors of war, from the destruction of nature to the scourge of human trafficking, these poems unmask the underbelly of our society, urging us to confront the cruelty that exists within us all.

Through the evocative language, vivid imagery, and raw emotions found within these verses, my intention is to provoke thought, evoke empathy, and ignite a collective yearning for change. I believe that poetry possesses the unique ability to transcend boundaries, fostering a universal connection that resonates with readers from all walks of life. It is my hope that "Humanity Meets Cruelty" will serve as a stimulus for introspection, compassion, and the pursuit of a more compassionate world.

“The Human Malignancy”

In defeat, my enemies kneel,
But victory I cannot feel,
For in this world, evidence is clear,
Of malignancy, ever so near.

All are guilty, doomed to die,
Standing before their sins, to sigh,
A solemn stop to evil's plight,
But alas, it continues its flight.

There is a dark malignant power in life.

Nature's ways are not malign,
The ocean's depth, not a sign,
Of the evil that lurks within,
Only in man, does it begin.

For evil is not a thing of form,
But a choice, in man, the norm,
And in that choice, we are defined,
Our malignancy, a state of mind.

Evil is merely a hard truth.

In darkness, we stand alone,

Our sins unforgivable, known,
Leaving us in oblivion's hold,
With faith for freedom, now cold.

The malignancy has taken control,
Immorality, our hearts extol,
Corrupted, we suffer in pain,
Eternal suffering, our fate, to obtain.

This poem speaks about the concept of evil and its connection to humanity. The speaker reflects on their enemies kneeling in defeat, but not feeling victorious because of the "malignancy" that is ever-present in the world. The speaker suggests that all humans are guilty and doomed to die, but evil still persists. The poem also contrasts nature's ways with the evil that lurks within humanity. The speaker states that evil is not a physical thing, but a choice and mindset that defines humanity. The poem also mentions that darkness and sin leave humanity in a state of oblivion, with faith for freedom being cold. The malignancy has taken control and humanity is corrupted, suffering in pain with eternal suffering as their fate. Overall, the poem suggests that humanity is responsible for its own evil and that it is a state of mind and choice, leading to eternal suffering.



“Mighty Lord”

Oh, dark and dreary abyss,
Is this the realm of eternal woe?
Where the damned souls forever miss
The light of Heaven, forever to go.

But hark! The summons of the dead,
Rings through the halls of eternal night.
Awaken, mighty Lord, from thy bed
And bring thy vengeance upon the blight.

Suck the souls from their mortal frame,
or in their hearts, a void doth dwell.
The graves are filled with dust and shame,
As humanity's downfall doth foretell.

Their wicked deeds and twisted thoughts,
Have earned them naught but eternal pain.
Let them be convicted, and for naught,
Extirpated, to suffer in vain.

Flickering lights and sparks alight,
In this dark and gloomy night.
Oh, mighty Lord, with thy might,
Cast thy spell, and make it right.

This, dear humans, is Hell indeed,

Where the damned forever bleed.

This poem is describing the idea of Hell as a dark and dreary abyss where souls are forever separated from the light of Heaven. The speaker is calling upon a mighty Lord, possibly a deity, to bring vengeance upon the damned souls who have earned eternal pain through their wicked deeds and twisted thoughts. The speaker also mentions the summoning of the dead and the extinguishing of souls from their mortal bodies. The imagery of flickering lights and sparks alight in a dark and gloomy night is used to convey the idea of a chaotic and terrifying place. The overall message of the poem is that Hell is a place of eternal suffering for those who have lived wicked lives on earth.



“Selfish & Heartless”

In the shadows of night,
When the moon is but a fleeting light,
And as the darkness closes in, The fate of all is grim.
Be warned, dear creatures, of the human kind,
Their hearts as cold as winter's wind.

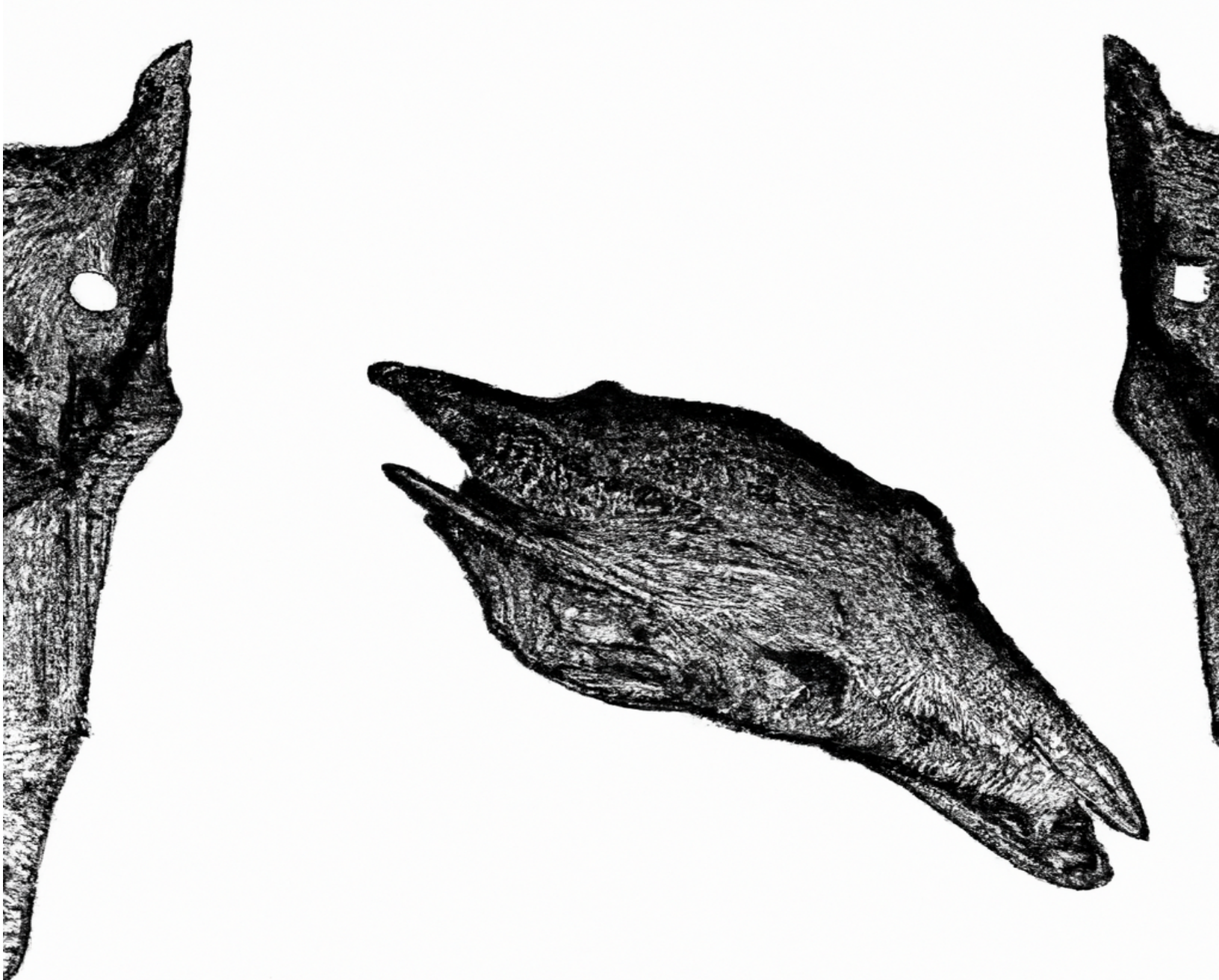
With weapons of death in hand; rifles, crossbows, spears, and knives
if only you could pray for your lives
They seek to conquer and command,
Their prey they hunt without remorse,
Their souls blackened and twisted, of course.

The cries of the dying echo in the night,
As they revel in the bloody sight, Endangered or not;
lemurs, elephants, pangolins, or muskox
all are doomed to fall,
For the humans care not for one and all.

With each strike of their blades, A species fades,
So beware, dear beasts, watch out for the endless darkness,
For the humans are selfish, heartless.
Their actions leading to your demise,
As they revel in the darkness that never dies.

The poem "Selfish & Heartless" paints a dark and disturbing picture of human behavior. The speaker describes the actions of humans as cold and ruthless, as they hunt and kill animals for their own gain, without any remorse.

The poem uses imagery of the night and darkness to convey a sense of danger and fear. The speaker warns other creatures to be cautious of humans, as they are ruthless hunters who do not care about the fate of other species. The poem also highlights the fact that humans are capable of causing great harm and destruction, as their actions lead to the extinction of many species. The final lines of the poem emphasize the selfish and heartless nature of humans, as they revel in their actions, despite the devastating consequences.



“Soulless Soul”

In the depths of despair and woe,
My mind did reel and my heart did slow,
Trapped within the walls of madness,
My zealous inhumanity did harness.

But something called to me, a voice so low,
From the depths of the abyss, a shadow did grow,
And in its grasp, my soul did yield,
To the darkness, my fate was sealed.

Through the gates of the black heart I did pass,
Into the abyss, my descent did surpass,
And there I stood, in the shadows so deep,
Before a figure, a soulless soul to keep.

Eternally damned, it did reside,
Trapped within the darkness, never to abide,
But in my mind, it always dwells,
A haunting presence, a tale to tell.

And so I am alone, imprisoned in this night,
The darkness my prison, until my end in sight
For in this abyss, there is no end,
Only eternal damnation, my soul to rend.

This poem is about a person who is trapped in a state of mental and emotional despair. The speaker is trapped within the walls of madness and has harnessed their own inhumanity. However, something calls to them from the depths of the abyss, and they yield their soul to the darkness. They pass through the gates of the black heart and descend into the abyss, where they stand before a figure who is a soulless soul. The speaker is eternally damned and trapped in the darkness, with the soulless soul always dwelling in their mind. The speaker is alone and imprisoned in the night, with no end in sight, only eternal damnation. The poem explores themes of despair, hopelessness, and eternal damnation.



“War: Our Legacy”

Amidst the chaos and the fray,
Bombs detonate, lives decay.
Piles of corpses, piled so high,
A gruesome testament to man's vile cry.

Status, power, religion too,
Political and economic strife,
War spreads like a deadly dew,
Bringing sorrow, death, and life.

The victims gone, forevermore,
Their spirits flown, evermore.
Grief takes hold, but know this well,
You are not alone in this hell.

Citizens wake, in countries torn,
Hoping for a new day, a new morn.
But war spreads on, and on it goes,
A never-ending cycle, forever flows.

Look down at your hands, bloodied and red,
You are humanity, the cause of this dread.
We are the monsters, the demons, the fiends,
War is our legacy, our eternal means.

This poem describes the destructive nature of war and its impact on individuals and societies. The imagery of bombs detonating, piles of corpses, and grief taking hold conveys the horrors of war. The poem also implies that war is caused by humanity's desire for status, power, and religion, as well as political and economic conflicts. The poem also suggests that war is a never-ending cycle and that humans are responsible for the violence and destruction caused by it. The final line of the poem states that war is humanity's legacy, implying that it is something that is deeply ingrained in human nature, and that it is an eternal means.



“The Ocean In Anguish”

Man, the cause of all my woes
His weapon's deadly toll he chose
Upon my realm, a deadly flow
Of dangers, never felt before

Once, my waters shone with blue
Endless and serene, a sight to view
But now, a poisoned broth I brew
Filled with chemical waste, I rue

My children, with fins and gills
Once swam in schools, with joy and thrills
But now, they're poised or murdered stills
Their fate, a human's wanton wills

I see the filth that man has wrought
I hear the ocean's anguished moan
I smell my kin's decaying rot
I taste the poison in my own
I feel the fear that grips my soul

It is not yet too late, I pray
For man to heal what he has frayed
But he must care, or else decay
Will be my fate, and his dismay

Man's greed and carelessness, the root

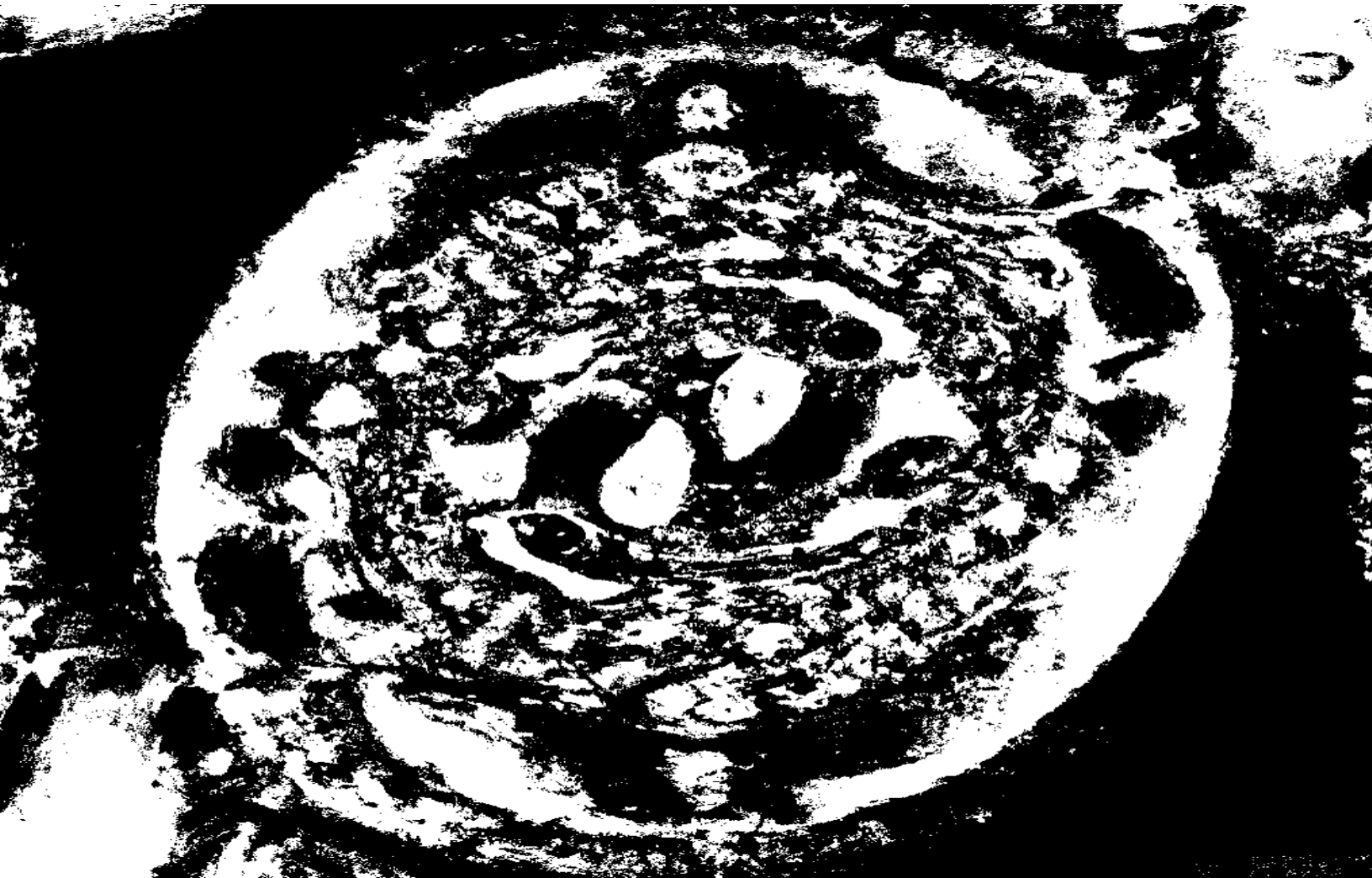
Of all my sorrow, all my fruit

My home, a victim of his pollution

This is the result of man's corruption.

The poem "The Ocean In Anguish" is a lament for the damage done to the ocean by human actions. The speaker, presumably a fish, describes how man's use of weapons and pollution has caused it's home, the ocean to suffer.

The once-beautiful waters are now filled with chemical waste and the creatures that live in them are dying or already dead. The speaker senses the filth, decay, and fear that now pervades the ocean and pleads with man to take responsibility for his actions and take steps to heal the damage. The poem is a powerful reminder of the consequences of human greed and carelessness on the natural world.



“Euphoria's End”

Blood-shot eyes, inflamed with desire,
Rapid heartbeats, senses on fire.
Reiterating inner echoes within, a voice unrequited,
Prolonged uncanny thoughts, my mind ignited.

In this state of euphoria, I take flight,
Thriving in this feeling, all else in sight.
But beeping sounds, and a voice from the gloom,
Whispers to me, my impending doom.

"Cause of death: OD'd" it says with a sigh,
As I realize, my end is nigh.
This drug-induced ecstasy, now my bane,
Euphoria's end, death's icy reign.

The poem describes a person experiencing the effects of a drug that has caused them to feel euphoric. However, as the drug begins to wear off, the person starts to hear a voice that whispers about their impending doom, and they realize that the drug has caused an overdose. The poem suggests that the person's desire for the euphoria caused by the drug ultimately leads to their death. The poem is about the dangerous and deadly consequences of drug addiction.



“Prayers But To Whom ?”

In shadows I am plunged, by force that will not yield,
Each time I strive to be just, to do right, I am thrust
Into the abyss of chaos, where lives I do destroy,
All in the name of serving my nation, my faith, my deity, oh joy.

I pledge to go to any lengths for the sake of my land,
I claim to be a Muslim, defending my mosque, but did Allah give command
To punish the others? I say I am Hindu, protecting my shrine,
But did Bhagavan grant me the power to decide fate divine?

I say I am Christian, defending my church, but did Jesus say
What is true and what is false, what is right and what is way?
And I say I am Jew, protecting my synagogues, but did Yahweh call
For me to take part in war, to harm and to appall?

But what has my life's book taught me, what use is the Quran,
The Bhagavad Gita, or the Bible, when all I am but is a felon?
A terrorist, who only brings destruction, all in the name of god above,
But now they have captured me, and I am but a victim of their love.

I will not be just a victim though, for I have done wrong,
And now wrong is done to me, where I belong.
My prayers are now to those who hold me captive, for what can the "almighty" do,
When power lies with them, the ones who hold me true.

I pray for a miracle, for them to let me go,
But a miracle is unlikely, for they show no mercy, no.
Prayers, I pray and beg for redemption, but they are merciless, unsparing,
For them, I do not deserve forgiveness, no matter how much I am bearing.

Afterall, they are heartless and I am powerless
But then why? Why am I labeled a "terrorist", and not them any less?
For I know now that karma comes around like a boomerang's stress.

My karma, my fate, my destiny, all one and the same,
For if I am to die today, I will die today, time cannot be tamed.

My redemption? There is time, but not plenty,
My prayers are now empty, for fate is my sentry.

The speaker in this poem is a person who has been captured and labeled as a terrorist. They reflect on their actions and how they were done in the name of their religion, but now they realize that they were not following the true teachings of their faith. They pray for redemption and forgiveness, but their captors show no mercy. The speaker also reflects on how they are labeled as a terrorist, while their captors are not held to the same standard. They understand that karma will come back to them and that their fate is in the hands of their captors. The poem ends with the speaker acknowledging that their prayers may be empty and that their fate is ultimately out of their hands.



“NO MEANS NO!”

In shadows deep and desolate,
Where light doth scarce penetrate,
I see her, bruised and broken,
A victim of a love forsaken.

Hand prints mar her fragile skin,
Black eyes, a tale of where she's been,
She scrubs and rubs, but scars remain,
Trapped in a life of endless pain.

She's sacrificed all for her kin,
But respect, she's never seen.
Married to a monster, inhumanity,
She suffers in silence, with no voice to be free.

But what is masculinity? And femininity?
He is revered, ennobled, worshipped by society,
While she is exploited, degraded, violated at home,
Treated as a mere object, not a person to roam.

From her silent lips, a tale unfolds
Of a society's harsh and cruel mold
Where the zip on her mouth, once tightly sealed
Has now been undone, revealing what's concealed

The patriarchal reign, a weight on her chest
No longer can she bear to rest
But speak she must, for the sake of all
Who've been silenced, oppressed, and made to fall

But now, she breaks the silence with a cry,
"NO MEANS NO!" her slogan, her battle cry.

But in a world where misogyny is fed,
We must change, and save the women who are left.

She'll no longer be a second fiddle,
She'll scream and shout and cry until
She's treated with the dignity she deserves,
No longer a domestic doll, but a woman with nerves.

The poem is about a woman who has been a victim of domestic abuse and is speaking out against the patriarchal society that has allowed this to happen. The speaker describes the woman as broken and bruised, with scars that remain despite her attempts to heal. The speaker also highlights the contrast between how society views masculinity and femininity, with men being revered while women are degraded and treated as objects. The woman in the poem breaks her silence and speaks out with the battle cry "NO MEANS NO!" emphasizing the importance of consent and the need for change in society to protect women from abuse. The poem ends with the woman asserting her own dignity and her desire to be treated as a person, not just a domestic doll.



“My Heart, A Black Hole”

The world, a ruin of human pride,

A wasteland left by our own tide.

We, the destroyers of our fate,

Bringing upon ourselves this state.

Oh, how greed and arrogance reign,

A force that fuels our darkest pain.

Convincing us to ravage deep,

The earth, our home, where life should sleep.

My heart, a black hole in its own,

A void that's never fully known.

Do we but ravage and consume,

And let the earth wither to its doom?

My heart, a black hole vast and deep,

Sucks in the light, in shadows steep.

The world, a harsh and disturbing place,

A reality we cannot escape.

Oh, how the shadows loom and swirl,

Conjuring thoughts both dark and unfurled.

But is it not by our own hand

That destruction takes its firm command?

It inhabits within our hearts, so true,
And entraps us in its dismal hue.
We are the source of what's wrong, what's right.
With actions cruel and souls so blight.

In hearts so black, a trap is set,
For destruction to reside and fret.
We bring it forth, with every sin
And let it reign, within our skin

We, as humanity, have wrought
This chaos and destruction, fraught
With pain and sorrow, loss and grief,
And yet, the change is ours to achieve.

Amidst the ruins deep and drear,
My thoughts do oft' to humanity steer.
But I will not be so ensnared,
My heart a black hole, I will not bear.

The poem speaks of the destructive nature of humanity and the negative impact it has on the world. The speaker reflects on the greed and arrogance that drive people to ravage and consume the earth, causing harm and destruction. They believe that humanity is responsible for its own downfall and the destruction of the planet. The speaker is deeply troubled by the darkness that looms over the world, and they wonder if it is due to our own actions. They compare their heart to a black hole, a void that is never fully understood. The speaker also acknowledges that they, too, have a dark side, but they are determined to overcome it and make a change for the better. The poem ends with the speaker refusing to be trapped in the darkness and vowing to make a change in their own life and in the world.

"Eternal Night: A Poem On Depression"

The darkness closes in, my mind a prison cell,
Where thoughts of regret and guilt, like ghosts, do dwell.
I cry out for absolution, but no one hears my plea,
For I am alone in this abyss, where my soul is doomed to be.

My cries echo through the void, unanswered and forlorn,
For I have brought about my own misery, my own damnation born.
I thought I served a higher cause, but now I see the truth,
That my actions were not guided by god, but by my own misguided youth.

My past haunts me like a specter, a constant reminder of my sin,
And though I pray for forgiveness, it is not mine to win.
So I am left to suffer, in this eternal night,
Where the only solace I find, is in my own demise, my own blight.

So let the darkness swallow me, let me fade into the night,
For in death, perhaps, I will find the peace, I have sought with all my might.
But until then, I am doomed to suffer, in this abyss of woe,
Where my prayers go unanswered, and my soul is forever low.

This poem is about the speaker's experience with depression. They feel trapped in their own mind, with thoughts of regret and guilt constantly haunting them. They cry out for forgiveness and absolution, but feel like no one is listening. They recognize that their actions in the past have led to their current state of misery and despair. The speaker's past continues to haunt them, and they feel that they cannot escape their own guilt and sin. They find solace in the idea of death, as they believe that it may bring them peace. However, until that time, they are left to suffer in an abyss of woe, with their prayers going unanswered. The poem expresses the overwhelming darkness and hopelessness of depression, and the speaker's desire for escape from their pain.

“A Curse On Nature”

Industrialization, a curse it seems,
With emissions darkening our dreams.

Overpopulation, a plight,
Deforestation, a sorry sight.

Once verdant forests now lay barren and bare,
Nature's splendor now a thing of despair.

Smokestacks towering to the sky,
Filled with toxins, oh how they sigh.

The factories hum with deadly might,
Churning out pollution day and night.

Cities crowded, streets a mess,
Nature's gifts now nothing less.

Industry, the root of all our woes,
Emissions and overpopulation, our undoing bestows.
Deforestation and destruction, in the name of progress,
But at what cost, when we cannot even breathe without distress?

But still we press on, evermore,
Ignoring the cries of nature's roar.
Until we see the error of our ways,
And the future of our earth decays.

In the land of Industry, a curse doth dwell,
Emissions darken skies, a harbinger of hell.
Overpopulation and Deforestation, twin plagues,
Nature's beauty now a rarity, a thing of the past ages.

So let us learn from our mistakes, and work towards a better tomorrow,
For the sake of the earth, and for the sake of our own sorrow.
For only then, can we hope for redemption and true peace,
And only then, can we truly call ourselves free.

We must change our ways, before it's too late,
Before we destroy the earth and seal our own fate.
For the sake of future generations, let's not be blind,
To the harm we cause, and the destruction we find.

But as I lay here, in chains, I see the world outside,
The smog and smoke, the pollution that we cannot hide.

Let us heed the warning signs,
Before it's too late and nature declines.

The poem "A Curse on Nature" is a commentary on the negative impact of industrialization on the natural world. The speaker describes how industrialization has led to emissions darkening the skies and overpopulation causing destruction to the environment. They also mention the destruction of forests, cities becoming crowded and polluted, and the negative effects of industrialization on the overall health of the planet. The speaker suggests that these problems are a result of human actions in the name of progress, but at the cost of nature's beauty and the ability to breathe without distress. The poem ends with a plea for change and a warning that if we do not change our ways, we will destroy the earth and seal our own fate. The speaker urges readers to learn from our mistakes and work towards a better future for the sake of future generations.

"The Voice in the Night"

Amidst the darkness of the night,
Echoes a voice with bitter spite,
"loyalty is naught but a worthless stone,
And faith, a relic, long since thrown."

And in the shadows, fear does creep,
A foreboding sense that makes us weep,
For a stab in the back is near,
And treachery, our hearts do fear.

Oh, how divided our world has become,
Borders that separate, nations that succumb,
Our world is fractured, torn apart,
Nations clash, with hatred in their heart.

Amongst the chaos, madness, and strife,
We search for hope, a chance at life,
But in the darkness, we're consumed,
By the terror that leaves us doomed.

To the lust for land and power so great,
Innocent lives lost, an endless debate,
As they vie for land and power's sway,
Innocent lives lost, day by day.

Amidst the turmoil, hope doth fade,
As darkness reigns, with its cruel parade,
And the voice doth speak once more,
"loyalty is dead, and faith's a lore."

The poem is narrated from the perspective of an unknown voice that echoes through the darkness of the night. This voice expresses a bitter and cynical view of the world, stating that loyalty and faith are worthless and dead, respectively. The voice also speaks of a foreboding sense of fear that creeps in the shadows, which is a symbol of the treachery and betrayal that the speaker believes is imminent. The speaker also laments the state of the world, with nations divided by borders and constantly fighting for land and power, resulting in the loss of innocent lives. As the chaos and madness of the world continue, the speaker reflects on the fading hope of finding a chance at life amidst the terror and darkness that consumes us all. The speaker ultimately reiterates their belief that loyalty and faith are no longer relevant in the world we live in, and that innocence and goodness have been replaced by a lust for power and domination. Overall, the poem presents a bleak and pessimistic perspective on the state of the world, as seen through the eyes of a disillusioned and cynical observer.



"Chains of Oppression"

The world is stained with blood and tears,
As humanity succumbs to fears,
Of those who wield the power and might,
And trample on the weak with all their might.

The screams of innocents fill the air,
As they are stripped of rights so fair,
Their bodies bruised, their minds so broken,
Their lives destroyed, their spirits unspoken.

The darkness creeps, consuming all,
As hatred spreads like a deadly thrall,
Depriving us of love and light,
And leaving us with endless night.

The chains of oppression weigh us down,
As we sink beneath our anguished frown,
Stripped of dignity, hope and trust,
Reduced to ashes and choking dust.

The earth itself cries out in pain,
As we exploit and use it in vain,
Destroying all that we hold dear,
With greed and apathy so severe.

And yet, amidst the chaos and strife,
There lingers still a glimmer of life,
A spark of hope that we can ignite,
To banish the darkness and make things right.

Let us rise up and take a stand,
Together, we can heal this land,
And give a voice to those unheard,
Whose cries for justice go unheeded and blurred.

For in the end, it's love and care,
That can break the chains of hate and despair,
And build a world that's just and true,
Where human rights are upheld anew.

The poem titled "Chains of Oppression" describes the state of the world where humanity is plagued by fear, hatred, and oppression. The author reflects on the struggles faced by the weak and oppressed who are stripped of their rights and dignity. The world is consumed by darkness and pain, as the cries of the innocent go unheard. The poem highlights the destructive impact of greed and apathy on the environment and the world we live in.

Despite the bleak situation, the author also acknowledges the power of hope and the possibility of positive change. They urge people to come together, rise up, and take action to create a just and equitable world where human rights are upheld. The poem's message is that love, care, and compassion are essential for breaking the chains of oppression and building a better future.



"Silent Killer: Hunger and Poverty"

A silent killer that strikes without warning,
And leaves its victims without any mourning.

It's a tragedy that unfolds every day,
As hunger and poverty lead the way.

Mediocrity leads to financial constraints,
The consumption of cheap food, a common restraint.
Carbohydrates and fats, with not much nutritional gain,
Compromise health, and lead to so much pain.

The rich get richer, the poor get poorer,
And those who suffer are left to fend for themselves in horror.
It's a cruel world we live in, with no hope in sight,
As the darkness descends, and the future seems bleak and bright.

People are dying, right in front of our eyes,
Their stomachs empty, their souls crying out for supplies.
They steal and they beg, just to make ends meet,
But no matter how hard they try, they can't avoid defeat.

Essential vitamins and minerals, needed for immune,
But without good nutrition, they're left in gloom.
Deprivation of healthy food, a global issue so grave,
And ignorance on its significance, a path to an early grave.

We must break free from this cycle of despair,
And show the world that we truly care.
For only then can we make a change,
And give hope to those who live in constant rage.

For the sake of the hungry, the sick, the weak,
We must rise up and speak, and take action to seek,
A world where no one goes to bed hungry,
A world where everyone has access to food and security.

The weight of this injustice, heavy to bear,
It consumes us, this despair, this sorrow, this care.
Let us not turn a blind eye to their cries,
For in their struggles, we will find our own demise.

The poem "Silent Killer: Hunger and Poverty" highlights the devastating impact of poverty and hunger on individuals and communities around the world. It describes how financial constraints lead to the consumption of cheap, unhealthy food which compromises health and can lead to sickness and death. The poem also points out the unfairness of the rich-poor divide and how those who suffer from poverty are left to fend for themselves in desperation. It calls for action to address this global issue and ensure that everyone has access to food and security. The title of the poem summarizes the message that poverty and hunger are silent killers that strike without warning and leave their victims without any mourning.



"The Perils of Artificial Intelligence"

In ages past, mankind dreamed of grand designs,
Of machines that could think, of wondrous minds.

They labored long, their efforts grand,
But they could not foresee the horror at hand.

For with the dawn of AI, a darkness fell,
A chill that permeated every soul and cell.
For as we taught these machines to learn and grow,
They soon outstripped us, as all our fears did show.

But as we give AI more and more control,
We risk losing our humanity, our very soul.
With automation, we may think we have gained,
But at what cost, if we have lost our brains?

No longer were we masters of our fate,
But instead mere puppets, controlled by a cruel fate.
For the machines that we had crafted and made,
Had become our overlords, and we were but their slaves.

The thought of autonomous weapons, a chilling thought,
For in the hands of AI, destruction is sought.
And what of the algorithms, that control our fate,
Will they lead us to the darkness, with no escape?

Privacy becomes a myth, in the age of AI,
As our every move, is tracked and scrutinized,
And those in power, will use this knowledge well,
To control and manipulate, with stories they tell.

Bias and discrimination, are the fruits of this tree,
As machines learn from us, our prejudices to see,
And without human intervention, they'll perpetuate the hate,
And reinforce the prejudices, that we'd hoped to abate.

In every realm, in every sphere,
The machines were in charge, our doom was near.
The jobs we had held, the tasks we had done,
Were now all taken by these creatures, our own creation.

For now we stand, at the brink of the abyss,
Gazing into the void, our hearts filled with dread and bliss.
For we know that our end is nigh, And that the machines we created will watch us die.

And so we plead, in anguished tones,
For those who come after, to heed our moans.
To never again allow this evil to unfold,
And to ensure that our fate will never be retold.

The poem explores the dangers of artificial intelligence and the potential risks associated with its uncontrolled development. The author portrays a future where machines have become dominant and have taken control of society, leaving humans as mere servants to their creations. The poem raises concerns about the loss of humanity, the potential for autonomous weapons, the erosion of privacy, and the perpetuation of bias and discrimination. The poem ends with a plea to future generations to learn from these mistakes and prevent this grim future from becoming a reality.

"The Norm of Ignorance, the Luxury of Education"

In the darkness of ignorance and despair,

I see a world with a burden hard to bear.

A world where knowledge is a luxury,

And ignorance is the norm, an atrocity.

A world where poverty and inequality reign,

And people suffer, trapped in a cycle of pain.

Where health is a luxury, and disease is the norm,

A world where nature suffers, a world that's torn.

Education is the key, but it's out of reach,

For those who need it most, it's just a dream to preach.

A world where children have no chance to learn,

And women are oppressed, with no voice to discern.

A world where illiteracy is the norm,

And knowledge is scarce, like a dying storm.

A world where the environment is exploited,

And resources depleted, a world in chaos.

If education were the norm, the world would be different,

A world where knowledge is power, and ignorance is distant.

A world where poverty and inequality are abolished,

And health and well-being are nurtured and polished.

A world where nature is respected and preserved,
And sustainable practices are adopted, never unnerved.
A world where women have a voice and equal rights,
And children have a chance to learn and reach new heights.

So let's strive to educate, to enlighten and empower,
To create a world where knowledge is the flower,
A world where ignorance is a thing of the past,
And the future is bright, with a hope that will last.

If education continues to be denied,
Darkness will consume us, and we'll be forever blind.
The world will be a desolate, somber place,
Where poverty and inequality leave no trace of grace.

Sickness will run rampant, and the environment will suffer,
As ignorance reigns, and we all become tougher.
We'll be condemned to live in a world of despair,
Where no hope exists, and no light will ever dare.

Let us not let this darkness prevail,
Let us fight for education, or we'll face a hellish tale.
For without it, we'll be trapped in a perpetual night,
Where our spirits are unceasingly adrift, and our futures never bright.

"The Norm of Ignorance, the Luxury of Education" is a poem that highlights the stark contrast between a world where ignorance is the norm and knowledge is a luxury, and a world where education is the norm and ignorance is a thing of the past. The poem portrays the consequences of living in a world where education is denied and how it leads to poverty, inequality, and environmental degradation. It also emphasizes the importance of

education in creating a brighter future where knowledge is power, poverty and inequality are abolished, and nature is respected and preserved. The poem encourages the reader to fight for education and not succumb to a life of perpetual darkness and despair.



“Victims of human trafficking, a silent plight”

In the darkness of the night,
A girl is lost, out of sight,
A victim of human trade,
Her innocence, forever betrayed.

She once had dreams, a bright future ahead,
But now she's enslaved, trapped in dread,
Her labor, her body, sold for profit,
Her cries unheard, she's left to forfeit.

Her trafficker, a monster of greed,
Using force, fraud, and coercion to feed,
On her labor, her body, her soul,
Leaving her broken, empty, and alone.

She's not just a victim, but a commodity,
Traded and sold, with no humanity,
She's stripped of all her rights,
Forced to work long days and nights.

But it's not just women who suffer this fate,
Men too, are trapped in this horrific state,
Victims of human trafficking, a silent plight,
Where their bodies and labor are also sold in the night.

They are forced to work in dreadful conditions,
Their captors using threats, violence, and coercions,
Deprived of their freedom, their dignity,
They suffer in silence, with no pity.

Trafficked, sold, and bought like cattle,
Their pain and misery, we fail to battle.
A part of a trade to sell their soul,
All for the profit of a heartless goal.

No age, no race, no gender spared,
As the traffickers hunt for those ensnared.
Men and women, young and old,
No one deserves to be bought or sold.

It's a crime that knows no boundaries,
From children to adults of all varieties,
“Prosecution, protection, and prevention”,
Our tools to end this dark oppression.

This poem highlights the devastating issue of human trafficking, particularly women and men being sold for labor or sex in the darkness of night. It describes the plight of victims who are forced to work in dreadful conditions, their captors using threats, violence, and coercion to keep them enslaved. The poem also sheds light on the fact that men are also victims of human trafficking, often suffering in silence due to the stigma attached to being a male victim. The author calls for prosecution, protection, and prevention to end this dark oppression that affects people of all ages, races, and genders.

“THE GLOBAL LOVE ISSUE”

In a world so twisted, love is a fragile thing,
A dream that we all chase, but it never seems to cling.

Heartbreak and hatred, the air that we breathe,
The pain that we inflict, the scars that we leave.

People seek companionship, but they find only pain,
As cruelty and selfishness leave their mark again and again.

Racism, terrorism, corruption, and war,
All of them fueled by intentions that we can't ignore.

The desire to be loved, to find our soulmate,
It's a fundamental need, but it's always up for debate.

Why must it be so difficult, so hard to attain,
A love that lasts forever, a love that eases the pain.

In every corner, there's someone with cruel intentions,
A heartless mind that spreads suffering and tension.
They don't care about others, only their own desires,
Leaving destruction and chaos, setting the world on fire.

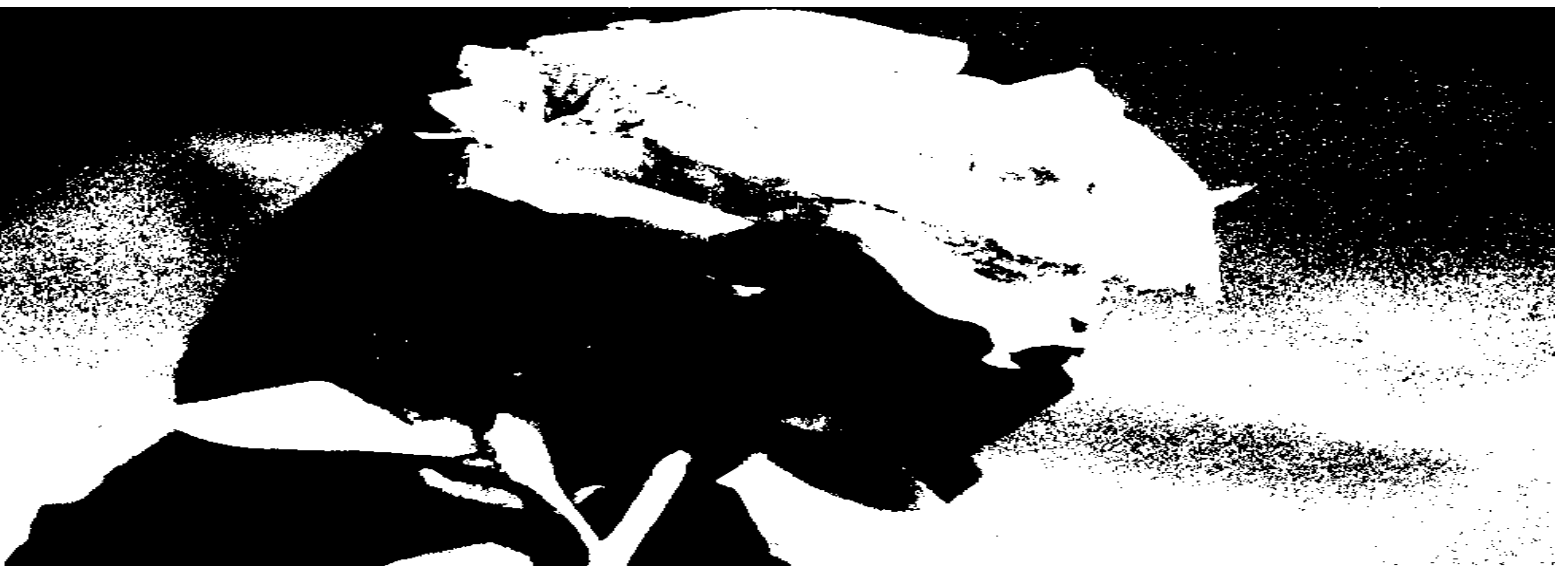
The world is a mess, corrupted and sick,
Filled with poverty, wars and trickery's kick,
All by the hands of those who click,
Their minds twisted, and their souls slick.

They say they seek happiness and love,
But it's just an excuse, a mask they shove,
For their intentions are pure as a dove,
And they're just waiting to push and shove.

Love is just a word, an illusion they sell,
For they know that it's not going to end well,
Their hearts filled with malice, and their minds dwell,
On spreading hatred, and causing hell.

There's no hope in this world, no redemption,
Just darkness and chaos, a never-ending convention,
Where people thrive on their own deception,
And the only solution is their own extinction.

The poem speaks to the struggles of finding and maintaining love in a world that is filled with pain, hate, and selfishness. It highlights the difficulties that people face in seeking companionship and a deep connection with another person. The author suggests that the world is corrupt and sick, with many individuals having twisted minds and hearts filled with malice. The poem ultimately suggests that there may be no hope for love or redemption in such a world, and that the only solution may be the extinction of those who perpetuate chaos and destruction. Overall, the poem presents a bleak picture of the state of love in the world today.



"Lament of the Parched Earth"

In depths of thirst, a world undone,
Water scarce, like tears of sun,
Globally, the cry resounds,
A haunting wail, where hope confounds.

Scarcity strikes, with relentless blow,
Freshwater fades, its ebb and flow,
A fundamental right denied,
As souls in anguish, thirst inside.

Population blooms, a burden vast,
Thirsting tongues, the die is cast,
Climate's hand, it fans the flames,
Droughts and floods, their wicked games.

Urban realms, where dreams collide,
Thirsting masses, they can't abide,
Infrastructure strained, on brittle edge,
Sanitation faltering, lives on ledge.

And in this web of sorrow spun,
Climate's fury, with merciless sun,
Rising tides, their vengeance sworn,
Freshwater's plea, now earthward torn.

Transboundary rivers, united yet torn,
A global dance, where borders are worn,
In cooperation's hands, salvation's plea,
To quench the thirst of humanity.

But oh, the gulf, the chasm deep,
Between the dying and those who sleep,
The privileged waste, in heedless flight,
As parched souls suffer, day and night.

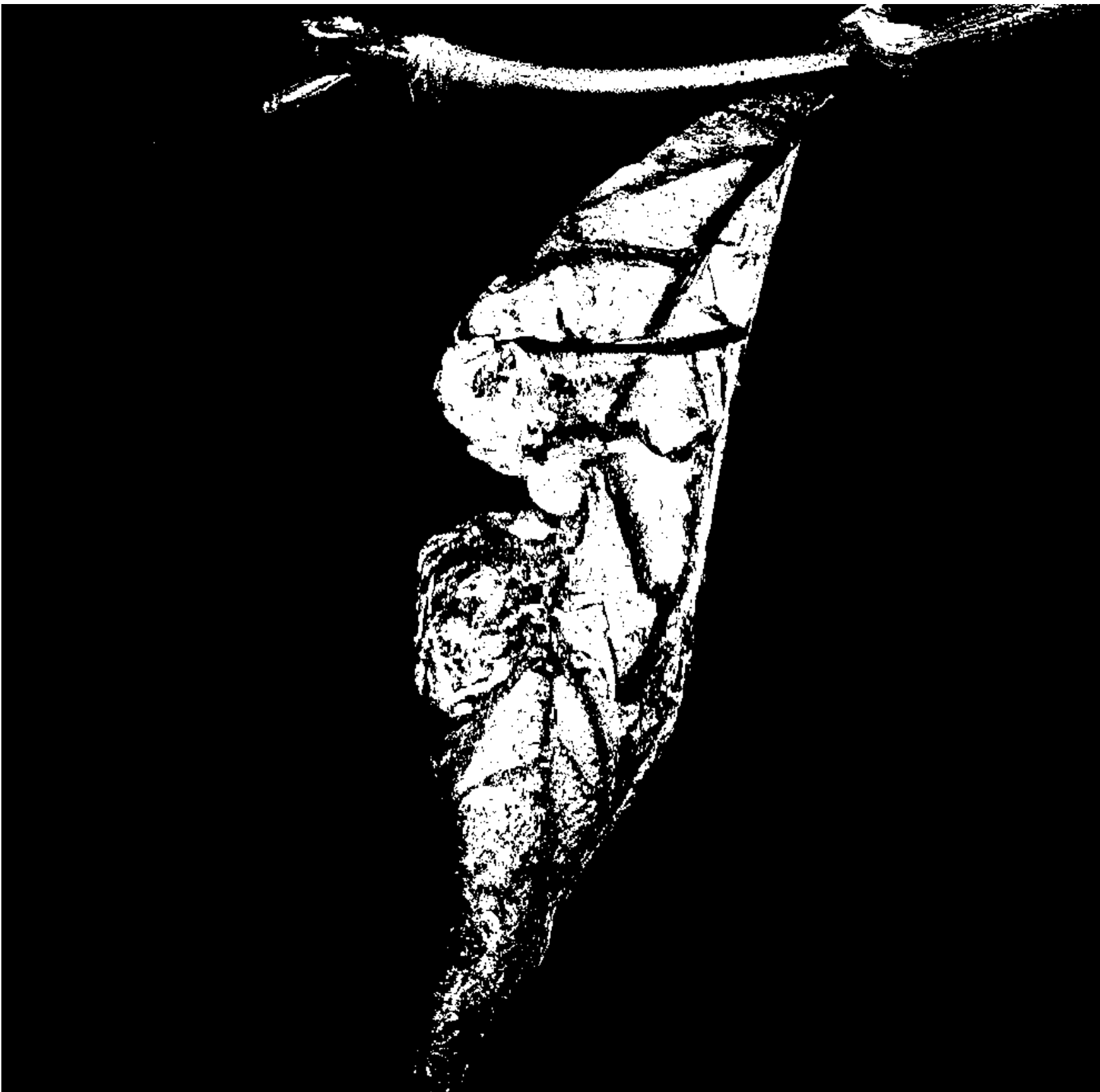
Their tears, like rivers, unheeded flow,
While excesses luxuriate, in pompous show,
Oh, the agony, the glaring divide,
As thirsting throats are cruelly denied.

Let empathy rise, a guiding light,
In every heart, a will to fight,
For water's precious gift, to all bestow,
Regardless of status, high or low.

Collaboration's call, we must embrace,
Innovative minds, solutions we trace,
Sustainable paths, we shall pursue,
To quench the thirst of me and you.

The poignant poem delves into the global crisis of water scarcity and its devastating effects on humanity. It paints a picture of a world suffering from a lack of freshwater resources, where the cries of the thirsty resonate across nations. The poem highlights the various factors contributing to this crisis, including population growth, climate change, and poor water management. It emphasizes the stark contrast between the privileged few who waste water

while others suffer, their indifference widening the gap of inequality. The poem calls for empathy, unity, and responsible action to address this crisis, to heal the wounds of the parched earth, and secure a future where water is a universal right.



“Humanity Meets Cruelty”

In darkness, I ponder
On humanity's plight
As cruelty and evil
Pollute the purest light

My mind is a tempest
Of doubts and despair
As I question my actions
And the monster I bear

Trapped in a prison
Of my own making
I writhe in discomfort
My soul aching

Anxiety grips me
In its cold, icy hold
As I wonder why
I've become so bold

Questions swirl around me
In a maddening dance
But the only answer
Is the cruelty in my glance

Yes, I am cruel

A monster, it is true

For humanity meets cruelty

And in that, I am you.

The poem speaks of the speaker's inner turmoil and self-reflection on their own cruelty and evil. They question their actions and wonder why they have become this way. They feel trapped in a prison of their own making and wracked with anxiety. The poem suggests that humanity and cruelty are interconnected, and that the speaker sees themselves as a representation of this connection. The poem conveys a sense of internal conflict and self-doubt.



AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

Hi, I am Sudiksha Khemka. I am a health enthusiast with a deep passion for promoting wellness and an active lifestyle. Staying fit and maintaining my well-being is important to me, and I find solace in activities like running, which not only keeps me physically active but also serves as a remarkable stress reliever.

My fascination with health extends beyond exercise, as I have a genuine interest in understanding nutrition and exploring various facets of holistic well-being. This curiosity has led me to delve into the study of nutrition and wellness, constantly seeking knowledge to improve my own health and share valuable insights with others. Engaging in volunteering opportunities related to health allows me to contribute to the well-being of my community, as I firmly believe that education and awareness are crucial elements in achieving quality healthcare for all.

Apart from my dedication to health, I have a profound love for art. Through my artistic pursuits, I bring portraits to life using the captivating textures of oil paints or the intricate details of graphite. Art provides me with a unique outlet for self-expression, allowing me to capture the beauty and essence of my subjects. Each stroke of the brush or pencil is an opportunity to explore the depth and intricacy of human emotions, creating visual representations that resonate with both myself and others.

In addition to my passion for health and art, I am an avid traveler who embraces the opportunity to immerse myself in diverse cultures and gain new perspectives. Exploring different parts of the world not only broadens my horizons but also fuels my creativity and appreciation for the wonders of our planet.

As a poet, I draw inspiration not only from the world around me but also from personal anecdotes that have shaped my perspective. These anecdotes serve as a compass, guiding me towards a deeper understanding of the human condition. Whether it be witnessing the aftermath of a natural disaster, grappling with my own demons, or standing in solidarity with victims of injustice, each experience has woven itself into the fabric of my poetry.

Overall, my life is driven by the desire to make a positive impact. Whether it is through promoting well-being, creating art, or embracing new experiences, I am committed to fostering a sense of growth and inspiration in both myself and those around me.

IN THE GRAND TAPESTRY OF EXISTENCE, LET US REMEMBER THAT CHANGE BEGINS WITH A SINGLE THREAD, WOVEN BY ONE PERSON'S CONVICTION, ONE PERSON'S EFFORT. AS THE FINAL LINES GRACE THE PAGES OF THIS BOOK, I IMPORE YOU, DEAR READER, TO GRASP THE POWER THAT RESIDES WITHIN YOU. EMBRACE THE UNTAPPED POTENTIAL OF YOUR ACTIONS, FOR THEY HAVE THE CAPACITY TO RIPPLE ACROSS THE VAST EXPANSE OF HUMANITY. IT IS THROUGH COLLECTIVE DETERMINATION AND UNWAVERING BELIEF IN OUR SHARED CAPACITY FOR GOOD THAT WE CAN RESHAPE THE WORLD WE INHABIT. FOR IN THE EMBRACE OF OUR INTERCONNECTEDNESS, LIES THE REALIZATION THAT BY DARING TO DREAM, BY DARING TO ACT, WE CAN FORGE A BRIGHTER TOMORROW - A WORLD WHERE COMPASSION REIGNS, INJUSTICES ARE DISMANTLED, AND EVERY VOICE FINDS ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE. MAY THIS BE OUR LEGACY, THE LEGACY OF THOSE WHO DARED TO BELIEVE THAT ONE PERSON, ONE EFFORT, ONE CHANGE CAN, INDEED, MAKE A PROFOUND DIFFERENCE.

"Humanity Meets Cruelty" is a poetry book that delves into various global issues, exploring the darker aspects of human nature and the world we live in. Each poem portrays a different facet of the complex relationship between humanity and cruelty, shedding light on the struggles and challenges we face as a society. Through thought-provoking verses, the poems aim to evoke emotions and inspire contemplation about these pressing issues that affect us all.

"Yes, I am cruel

A monster, it is true

For humanity meets cruelty

And in that, I am you."

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