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Karna

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O dear Karna Was it your varna?

That made you fall.

In that marriage hall.

Whose was the fault, Was it the people who did the assault? Was it the Drona, who didn't consider you his student? Giving your heart the first-ever dent.

Or, was it the Parshurama Whom you did do the pranama. Or, was it the Bhisma who insulted you And didn't recognize your vibrant hue.

Or, was it Kunti your mother Who considered you as the other? Or, was it the Sun god who was constantly seeing you as the odd?

Or, was it the fate That brought you only hate. Or, was it the Dwarkadheesh



Who couldn't protect your seesh?

No dear Karna It was not the varna. It was the poison of the society That caused you anxiety.

The pain continues to exist Many like Bhim are trying to resist. But unfortunately every day some Karna Becomes a victim due to his varna.

About the Author:

Battula Sneha is a determined girl pursuing her M.A. in English. She loves to read both fiction and non-fiction. But above all, she loves to reinterpret the existing ideas by adding a fresh take to them. The aim of her poetry is to point out the evils of society that continue to exist despite of the fact that times are changing.