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The Unburdened Slumber

Upon a pillar, still and high,
A feline form beneath the sky.
Does joy within his spirit bloom?
Or peace reside within his room.

Of silent thought, a tranquil keep,
Where worldly troubles fall asleep?
We watch him there, a wistful sigh,
For lives where cares so lightly lie.

No weight of worry, sharp and keen,
The troubled world, a distant scene.
He knows not of the Bengal's plight,
Where fear descends with fading light.
The amended laws, a bitter sting,
The Hindu hearts that cease to sing.
In Murshidabad, a shadowed place,
Where violence leaves a tear-stained trace.

He dreams not of the borders strained,
Where Indo-Bangladesh, unrestrained
By easy trust, finds paths unclear,
And Chicken Neck holds silent fear.

The hills of Manipur, ablaze,
Through his calm thoughts no anger sways.
No echo of the cries that rise,
Beneath those troubled, northern skies.

Gaza's sorrow, deep and vast,
The cruelties that shadows cast
On lives where hope begins to cease,
Disturb not his serene release.

Nor does he heed the distant gun,
The Russia-Ukraine battle spun,
A web of conflict, pain, and dread,
Unfelt within his furry head.

No tariffs rise to cloud his brow,
No Trumpian storms concern him now.
The China-Pakistan threat, a chill
That grips our land, leaves him still.

He sits, a picture of repose,
While human burden comes and goes.
We yearn for such a simple state,
To dream, to rest, to contemplate,

Untroubled by the world's harsh sound,
On peaceful heights, securely bound.