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CHAINS VS INK

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They etched walls between hues,
Drenched history in pigments of power.
Still, words sneak through iron hurdles,
Carrying ripples of those in shackles.
Poetry is not merely a whisper—
But a thunder in the palms of the oppressed.
It will only be the ink that bleeds through time,
Inscribing liberty in a restricted tongue.
Let poems raze the barriers they drew,
Let verses shatter the bondage they wrought.
For lyrics are the hues of resistance,
With their rhythms not to be erased.



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