

## Barren

Tanishka Jain

Half-cut trees like carved gravestones  
Roots twisting deep inside, shriveled to the core  
Tangled like souls fused wrong,  
With only sunken layers to be stripped away,  
And the hands that cut these branches  
Will thereupon rest here someday  
As death comes unto death  
Someday, not far away, on these barren lands  
Ashes and dust and bones, scattered over golden sands...