



## Ashmita Sood

### Love Letters to War

My sky was pink but now perennially grey  
To snuff a hearts warm ember is a child's play  
The only question that you can ask is,"Are you still alive?"  
But our hearts know that sooner or later I'll succumb to the strife.  
Your words of affection now feel like prayers  
And the road not taken lies in infinite snares  
Amidst the dreary hour, my fate unsure,  
These blood-stained love letters, a testament pure.  
Though death may beckon, but memories never fade,

For my heart is a casket which if opened will cascade.  
We slaughter our own kind in a covetous chase,  
Forgetting that a corpse has no religion or race.  
Our love shall not be forgotten even after my demise,  
It is the future's folklore, conveying the truth between the lies.  
A legacy beyond the war and its roar,  
Because love is an evergreen metaphor.

## **Ashmita Sood**

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Ashmita is a second-year student with a keen focus on innovation and growth. She is a prompt learner and an ardent poet.

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