

Karachi

Mother nature seems to have voted me out of the party
The trees never find home *in my open arms*, they continue their journey onward
My *inventory* consists of a plethora of dirt,
kick me and you might blind your eyes.

The bumps of man-made structures *give me acne*
the wealthy spots, *my cream*
24 hours, I'll always have *something to do*
Like the busy bee, always buzzing.

I *tug* back those that escaped, *whispering* across 6000 miles, yet directly in your ear,
“*Accept me* for what I am”
That beneath the sheets of filth you sleep on
Lies the mattress of a home.