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THE CLAMOR

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Deafening has been the clamor
Life without it is but a shadow of itself
Taking its heaviest battering
On days gone light on this thunder,
Like silence lost in a houseful of applause,
So addicted has life become
On its daily dose of clamor.

I wonder why I rejoice deep within
The loss of clamoring on the days
I go out bicycling on lonely roads
To let my mind trek alone in peace.
Still, while resting under a tree,
In heed to my body's clamor to cease
I hear the clamoring of a flock of crows.

Soothed by the clamor in their notes
I eased out into a sleeping mode
And dreamt of clamor reigning sway
At my home and at my work runway.
At home were my wife and children;
At work were my boss and his boss.
None left me with my dose of peace.

Life has a clamor in its thoughts' shades
Clawed which have their way to debates,

Politicians have love for the clamor,
Markets drown in an endless clamor,
Panelists clamor for a voice.
In this clamor, a mortal life is in peace
Under the candles flickering in a church.