

Poem

Cultural Shock

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I lost myself yet again
The question is the human involved
Why not the humanly word itself
Culture; is what they say!

Unable to relate myself to people around
Lost and unfound I feel all bound
Shall I break the chains and fly?
No! Follow the culture is all they cry

They call me a child,
Because I question each word.
Individuality or group thing;
Society, culture is what they sing!

What a human argument to make!
People like me are at stake
Judgments, questions, Pointing fingers.
They say, culture is all that should linger.

Is it a clearly defined? Or just a mere notion
Man-made yet devoid of emotion
Huddles mob, building a cage
For them culture is a sage.