

UTOPIA

The world wears a face
Interwined with love and hate
A mixture of dirt and grace
Can we go beyond the gate?

Heaven on Earth exists in not a place
The soil is fettered to cruel fate
Devil is well trimmed with lace
Beauty faded day after day.

Painful chains are not loosened but replaced
Tightened belts are here to say
"Hunger resists any charming phrase"
Is the world better today?



In The DISCOTHEQUE

Everyday at dusk they begin to gather here. They come from all walks of life; most of them look very young. Day after day, routine work and boring lectures blunt their interest in a normal life ruled by decorum, yet they are still keen and relish their leisure time. The monotony of daily life is so harsh for these young minds, and a good time is all they need to blow off steam. So they like to be here. The dance hall is in complete darkness. Deafening music surges from the amplifiers and takes possession of their emotions. Ceiling lights are flashing, incessantly flinging bright shafts into every corner of the hall. Hearing the music, they twist their bodies, wave their arms deliriously, and look as if their utmost joy is in this constant movement. Under the cover of vociferous sound and flashing lights, they scream with joy and yell with laughter, leaving behind the tedium and unhappiness of daily life.