

Shaikh Mahum Nayyar 3L

Poem Information

Theme: Loyalty

Title: **Down with The Durian**

Poem:

I walk up to my kitchen cupboard,
And fling it open to find myself
Face to face with The Durian Lord.
He stands mighty on the shelf.

I pull Him out, shaking slightly,
And place Him carefully on the dish.
Leafy green skin glowing brightly.
"This is the time!" is my only wish.

Why did I want to do this?
To rebel against authority?
Tried and tried, but couldn't resist.
I had finally realized my inability.

Guilt and regret.
Pressure and stress.
The feeling of fret.
Uncertain of success

My knuckles, white.
I grip my knife.
Blade light
I land my first slice.

The Durian King
Lies bruised on the plate.
Its juices oozing,
As it meets its fate.

The heart not feeling any regret.
The King is not perfect at all.
He has a disastrous defect,
And so my devotedness begins to fall.

The Durian King in a thorny suit
Smelling of an old stiff sock.
I make my way into the fruit
Organs powdery as chaffy chalk.

Victory tastes creamy and sweet.
My loyalty can last only so long.
I've broken free. What a feat!
Something else must take over the throne.

It's a new day.
No longer a grapple.
Shining tall on the tray ...
The Golden Pineapple!