

Hari Nair

Nero Fiddled While Rome Burned

When golden Ichor flew
And burnt was the hallowed ground
Did the Leopard run
To the Eagle?

Burnt was her flesh
And bones saw day
Her only crime was concern
And Nero fiddled while Rome burned

She was a Golden Child
Young, Naïve and innocent
Cupid was a Cherub thought she
Yet Satan had she loved

The love was never love
She was never a human born

She was a woman
Meant to be his,
Or so said he.

The Cherub turned Satan
Beelzebub in the flesh
As her flesh red turned
Nero fiddled while Rome burned

Where was the Eagle when
The Ichor was thrown?
Where was the Leopard when
She needed him most?
She was a puppet in their midst
A face that could launch
A thousand ships

Paris was wounded but
Ashen had turned
His dreams of love and sympathy
The Ichor he threw
Did bring his tomb
And Nero fiddled while burned Rome.



Born in the year 1996 in Kerala, **Hari Nair** writes under the nom de plume Krishnan. He started writing poetry at the age of 16 and holds a Master's Degree in English Literature from The English and Foreign Languages University, Shillong.

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