

We are a spectrum
I am hues of pink,
Born that way,
Just as one half of the population;
But we are complete
By hues of blue,
Other half.
I am hues of brown,
Born that way;
But we are beautiful-
Shades from dark to light.
Bodies that are rainbow,
Bodies that are grey
Paired in different shades,
But people in love,
Shaped the same way.
There are shades of prayers;
Some large, some tiny,
All to the same forces,
At heart, Din-i-llahi.
Overtones & undertones
Set by forefathers
Divided by profession
But we are all hard workers,
Equal, united by compassion.
Gold to silver to copper,
Some days, some people
Have one or the other;
But what matter,
It is kindness, that binds us together.
Our words are tinted unlike,
They rise and fall at different paces;
But our eyes speak one language,
Pride written on all our faces.

Dressed in varied ombres
We are bound to certain places
And look native too,
But the smiles we wear
Are mirrored,
A promise we hold true.
Ah, and the food!
An array of different colours,
An army of different tastes,
It brings us all together,
More even, than the fates.
When some places sparkling lights,
Others glowing lanterns,
A festive mood, we share common,
Celebration, in turns.
Such is this country-
Alive in her colours;
Her people, her glory;
How proud we are to say-
We are a spectrum,
Till now and today.