

These Children

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The eyes of these children are less bright
Faces less flicker - their ancestors, fathers, and mothers
Are shepherds, salespersons, house cleaners
And seller of fruits and vegetables in bargainers markets

In mornings, their kitchen cups are full of tea;
A few biscuits and loaves of bread in hands
They have small dreams, little laughs,
Normal behaviour and nervous howling

They hardly celebrated their birthdays
Except finding delight in toffees and chocolates
Theirs are cheap rated unbranded sandals, chappals,
Shoes, handkerchiefs school bags and tiffin boxes

Their school dresses are fixed,
Party and ceremonial dresses are less silky
They run barefoot in summer rains,
Though their English lessons are reluctantly done

Their visits to village fairs are cheap and repeatedly buy
Low-cost toys and relish with summer kulfi
Look meek, innocent, and gentle and act brilliantly
On occasions like 'National Days' and 'Festivals.'

In summer holidays - imagine having a visit
On sea beaches and waterfalls and landscape white clouds
Widen on the blue sky and tranquil to feel proudly
Ideals in all hurdles of life; hence, I believe

Nature notes their coming and going
Gathering around common salesmen when school time ends
Now their beauties around the world are locked down in their 'lovely houses'
Streets are noiseless, schools and playgrounds empty

Oh Pitiless Time! Give us back solace of these smiling faces
Their street playing, their school going,
Their joyful fights, mucky jokes, their frenzy dances
And impatience in doing their school home works.

