

## **Ramapuram Beach**

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This is an uncrowded shore of the Ramapuram Beach  
And I am sitting in a fisherman's deserted boat  
After his morning practices of nautical harvest  
This fisherman perhaps is dreaming in his weary sleep  
He knows some unknown tourists will come and go  
But hardly think of this visitor of his life's tussle;

Evening is slowly spreading over the day; Waves are thriving  
Fishermen are returning to their belonging shores  
Their children are at home; Some of them - near the beach  
I have seen them with their mothers solving fish traps and  
Collecting captured fishes for their life and future  
And have no mocking behavior like rich men who;

Usually wear gold rings on their hand fingers  
These have small hopes in this brackish water and  
Take pleasure in the practice of going and coming inside this sea  
They hardly done with their schooling and almost neglected  
So fine-looking in their sea life with silent struggle for lives  
And the voice of city-politics is unheard here.

What if I would not have visited here?  
What if others for their fun coming here?  
What if She could not listen me from here?

What if this Bay of Bengal roaring here?

What if this world does not know what I mean here?

What if this day is done with these thoughts here?

16 March 2021

