

Strength

A small child, sans smile
without destination walking mile!
Life without any strategies or protocol,
lives in a shabby cottage near the rail.
Begging alms and searching through the waste boxes.
Trying hard to find the scavenges from some discarded scraps.
Searching hard to find some leftovers for his rumpling stomach to
suffice.
A broken piece of glass shreds his skin in the palms.
Drops of blood drips as tears trickles.
Biting his lips, controlling the pain,
goes on in search of mere scraps.
Finally, on hitting a bag full of sheets and a large piece of dry loaf.
A smile breaks on his face in spite of the pain.
An assurity of getting some dimes lifting up his soul.
Moves on biting the dry loaf, eating in haste.
Running towards the tap he gulps some water and washes his face.
It's still sunny and bright, he starts searching in zest.
For him this is his life in and around the waste.
His strength lies in the hopeful rays!



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