

POEM

Shoeshine boy

Squatting on the busy pavement
Waiting for his lucky moment
There he sat, with youthful grace
A tale of woe, on his face
With gleaming eyes, around he glanced
Not the jostling crowd that passed
But the feet, that ambled by
Are they shod with shoes that shine?
Or, do they need a polish fine
With hungry eyes, he tried to spy
Sir, shall I shine your shoes? He pleads
With eager eyes, that glow like beads;
For, the precious coins, he needs
As several mouths, he toils and feeds
Young in age, but on his back

He carries, the burden of the earth
Does he dream, when work is slack?
Or sign and yearn, for little mirth
Though, tragedy struck, his legs that tread
On his face, some pluck, I read:
Beside him lay, his tools and crutch
With one sturdy leg, he does as much
To be, a butt of pity, is no great fun
But, he never blamed, The Mighty One
Do we? Guide, hands, that spurns charity?
But with abundant skills, fights poverty
Do we humans, care or try?
To wipe, a soul's, melancholy cry.

- N. Mukthar

