

SACK OF TORN AND SOILED PAPER

In life, certain moments arrive
Bringing joyful tidings
And the poor also try
To savour the glad moments
To the hilt, with heart and soul.
New Year's Day is such a day
A festival of Bengal.

Whilst busy in browsing the newspaper
Suddenly I heard
Didi, may I take the torn papers, the soiled papers?

Torn and tattered clothes, voice sorrowful
An youth
On New Year's day, from my slumbers
And the cocoon of dormant consciousness I was
awakened

But one question.
The torn paper, the soiled paper
Where life provides only the tattered clothes
And to whom two morsels are heaven
We, who revel on New Year's day
Shall we not be answerable to our conscience?
And in our thoughts
Does the light not shine, or shall it never rise?

This boy with his sack of waste papers
He is also a citizen of the country
He too has democratic rights

And the right to live like a human being
Then, why this deprivation?
The boy and his sack of waste papers
With tattered clothes on his shoulders
One suppressed cry
Throws away the happy moments of the joyful New
Year's day
And shatters it to pieces
There is just one question
Are we also human beings?