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Page 158-161

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Traffic

I see the red light And I stop With every one Stopping beside me.

I check my face In the mirror. It appears older Every time I look. I throw a curse or two To the people, To the crowd, And to the traffic.

While the scorching heat Slaps my face, I see some lad Cleaning the window shields.

> Perhaps he wanted Just twenty bucks And I just had to say Oh! Life sucks.

From the corner Of the street, I hear something, something Like a groaning stomach.

Amidst loud horns and heat I wonder, How can I hear Hunger In the street. I drop my helmet's shield And close my eyes And hear warning whistles, Angry silencers.

I then hear The groaning stomach Growing louder, and Louder and louder

I open my eyes And see the beggar And the boy, coming Towards me, together.

I reach for my wallet And see every vehicle Moving again, And I move too Leaving everything behind.



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Kumar Sawan was born and brought up in Lucknow. He is currently pursuing his Master's in English Literature from Lucknow University.



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