

THE CRY

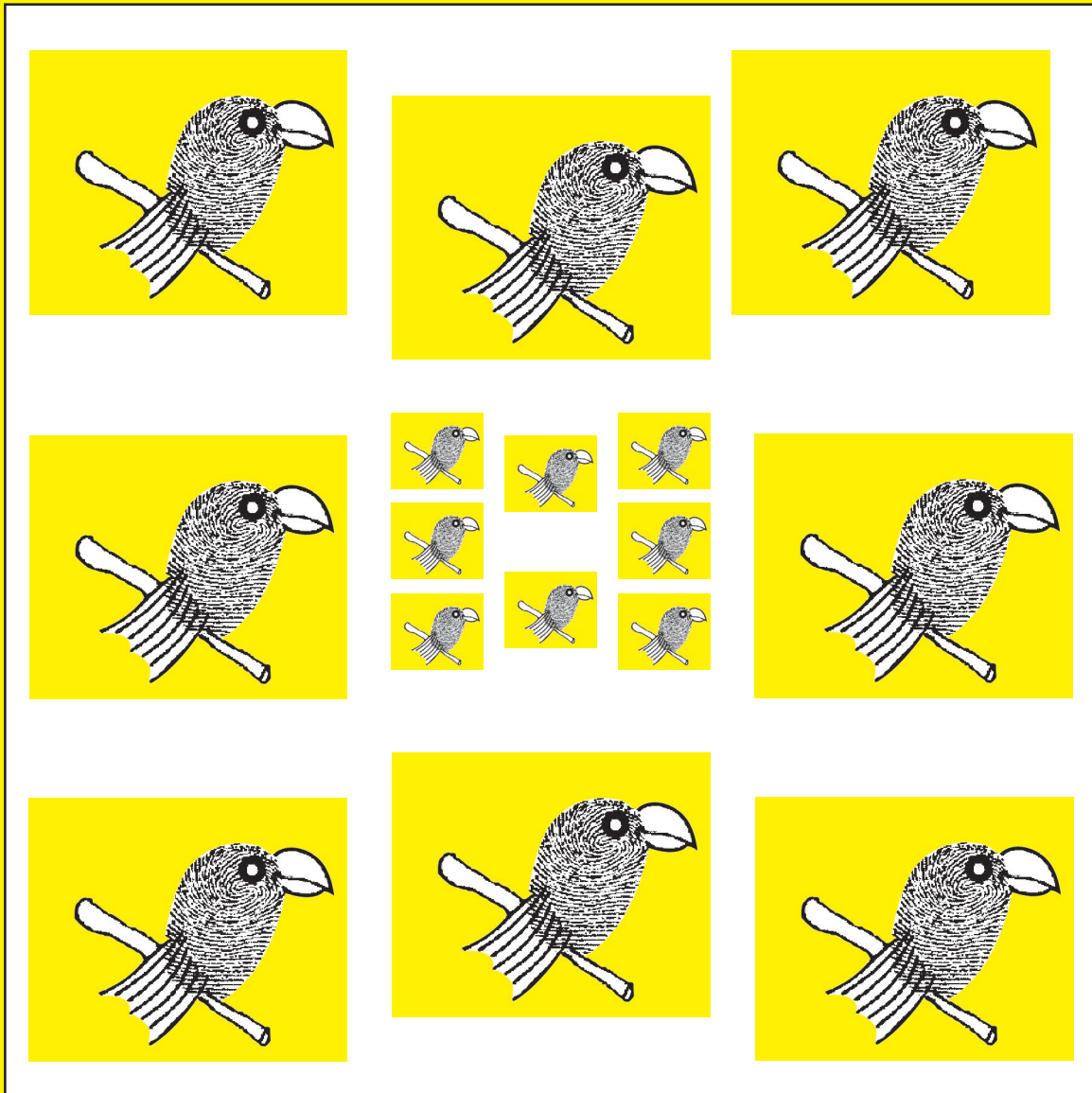
*The cry of an orphan
On the street
Shattered me.
A dark feeling
Which lay hidden, deep inside
Unknown to me, unfurled.
What if, what if
...it was me.*

A WET AFTERNOON

*A wet afternoon
I stand on the hill
Watching the clouds roll by
Birds sit hushed, in anticipation
Branches of the trees are still
As though holding their breath and waiting
For the rain –
Only we are unprepared*

Revive

Learning Network – Feb 2005



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Digantar
Todi Ramjanipura
Jagatpura
Jaipur District
Rajasthan 302017