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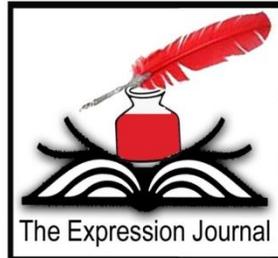


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WHO HEARD ME CRY?
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.....

Born I was where and when?
Remember not!
I do remember my mother, all worn and torn breaking stones and bricks
In the hot scorching sun
Under the umbrella of her little drapery that I was hung in the tree shade.

I grew each day eating left over bread
And some 'eat-ables'
That was thrown out of cars which I and my little kiddie brother polished.
I do remember him growing up sometimes begging alms
And also laughing out loud whenever he felt happy.

We laughed and laughed when we were together!
Today, he is lost somewhere, I don't see him now
With his friends or my mother
He is out of city or gone forever
Remember not!
As days changed into years!

My mother has now started growing old
She breaks a fewer bricks now
Laden with dust and heat overhead.
Still bearing the pangs of suffering that was bestowed on us
I do remember someone saying "Days change"

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But has it ever changed for us?
Remember not!
In the slightest that I construe
Is that life changes for them who know how to change?
But is it not the truth that some children go to school, study, see and believe to change?
Did I ever see the school?
Remember not!

My mother says that things would change for me
And I would not just break stones in the sultry, blazing sun!
What is that exactly, which would bring the change?
For some, it is the same sun that rises everyday!
I cried and cried, for all our miseries
Who heard the cries?
Remember not!

What I see is the stones and bricks everywhere!
That I and other friends of mine, break and break!
From the morn till the evening.
The world looks like no green!
Its all blues and maroons for us!
I see the stones becoming heavy each day
With stones in my heart and my mind!
I can't enjoy the breeze
That once I did with my kiddo brother
Lost as he is!

I cry in front of the almighty
And the ones who come in big cars!
With only a penny or a two in return
Although I work 'hard' with 'stones' and 'bricks'
Is this the result of hard work?
Carved in stones is my destiny.
To go on for ever
Now tears don't roll down my cheeks
I cry and cry alone
For almighty to see
That stones don't cry!

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