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**THE RICKSHAW PULLER**

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**THE RICKSHAW PULLER**

*He was tired,  
his legs ached;  
there was no oil to rub.  
Dinner would be scarce  
and his little child  
would go hungry to bed.  
No money to buy medicine  
to give a night's respite.  
He slept nevertheless  
on the threadbare mattress  
beside his skeletal wife,  
the moonbeams  
peeping through the cracks  
of the bamboo hutment  
mockingly.*

*He lived with his varicose veins;  
veins that became plumper  
with endless walk*

*down the busy streets.  
A little slow he would be  
and the passenger atop would yell-  
faster! Is this a bullock cart  
you lazy oaf!*

*There are rickshaws no more;  
no more the hand-pulled ones.  
The automated ones roar down the roads  
ruling the city  
overruling his livelihood.*



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