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LONELY CROWDS

Dr. P. Santhi

*Associate Professor of English,
Kandaswami Kandari's College, Velur,
Tamil Nadu, India*

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Like a bee
shut in a flower
I am sitting
Lonely, lonely
in the pitch dark
much empty room-
brooding over my
loneliness and inactivity.

My arms are active enough
of doings something great!
My legs are strong
to walk any distance!
Mind capable of performing
many things Wonderful!

I am not blind, yet
I cannot see any way
to get away from here.

Beside myself
nobody is here.
My mouth is closed,
tongue tied!
Here is nobody
to talk out my
friendly thoughts.
Oh! How wonderful it would be
to have someone, anyone,
to lean on and confide in.

What hell was it
that put me to inactivity
which led to irresponsibility?



If only a faint,
faint light should guide me,
a tender hand could help me..
I will rush away
into the world,
into the crowd of
thousands of, thousands of
men and women.

But I fear
they too are
Like the dew drops
of a winter morn
lonely, feeling lonely;
Sitting separated,
Forbidden from being united,
yet moving in a crowd.

No matter!
Oh Eternal Light, Where are you?
Come! Come fast
To help me
Drive this darkness out.
Oh Tender Hand!
Come and touch me and hold me,
to guide and take me
Into your world of
Lonely Crowds.



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