

HUNGER CARVED ON ROAD

Dr. Arjun Jadhav

Professor (Rtd.), Department of English, Fergusson College, Pune, MS, India

I bent by the roadside in 1973,
Hands blistered, heart heavy, hungry and thirsty
On Shevgaon-Newasa's sun-scorched road ,
I dug the earth with a trembling youthful hands .

No songs, no shade, just scorching sun, melancholic wind and
parched stone,
The cries of the belly, a low, dry moan.
Each trench I dug, a silent scream,
For the food I saw only in dream.

No plate, no grain, no warm bhakri,
Only sukadi, dry and scanty.
We chewed on hope, we swallowed pain,
Under the cruel, unyielding reign.

The dust rose up, kissed sweat and skin,
But no god came, no food came in.
We labored on, not for gold or fame,
But to live one more day in hunger's name.

Now years have passed, the road is made,
But in its stones, my footprints stayed.
For I am the one who shaped its path,
With starving soul and silent wrath.



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