

Undying Angst

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The woman in the blue sari
draped hurriedly across her chest
stood on streets waiting for her child to come
home.

The times were uncertain.
It was an age of angry men,
of political instability,
of the war of words and worlds.

She didn't care much though
of melting glaciers or plastic accumulating
in the wide seas.

The land
she stood on had seen wars and violence before.

The rest could be taken care of by others.

She cared about her child coming home,
safe.

There was always the danger of men ...
She could think of so many brutal acts.
The world had become a cruel space
for her child.

She stood there thinking
someday, all this cruelty has to end!
She wanted peace!
A passer-by waved and she smiled back
pretending all is fine with her world.
Her cruel world!

She sees her child walking towards her.
The woman in the blue sari
embraces the little girl.
For a moment, there is peace.
The dusk casts away the light
but the woman in the blue sari
knows
that dawn will bring the light back
with all its worries.