



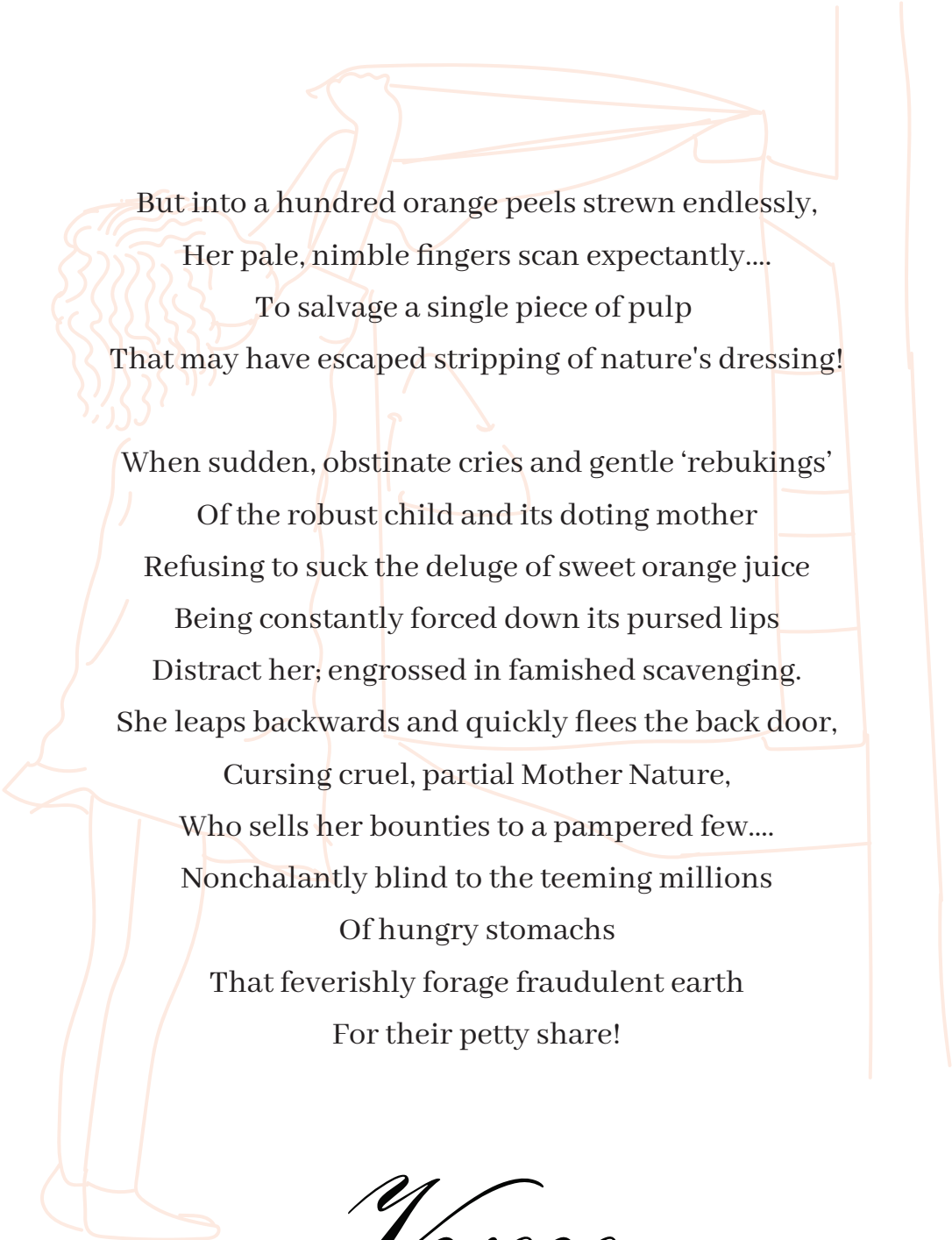
Fruitless Endeavour

Vasanthi Vasudev

Ragged hair falling all over her dusty face,
Anxious eyes glittering above her stained cheeks,
A tiny figure is rummaging hurriedly,
The garbage can at the back door.

Her heart pounds madly,
While little hands work deftly;
Her nervous head revolves fear-struck...
Surveying in a glance, the circumference of her world;
To ensure that no one is spying,
To catch her at the dust-bin, prying;
Searching for a valuable, crowned with rubbish
Or may be for a coin cast away carelessly!





But into a hundred orange peels strewn endlessly,
Her pale, nimble fingers scan expectantly...
To salvage a single piece of pulp
That may have escaped stripping of nature's dressing!

When sudden, obstinate cries and gentle 'rebukings'
Of the robust child and its doting mother
Refusing to suck the deluge of sweet orange juice
Being constantly forced down its pursed lips
Distract her; engrossed in famished scavenging.
She leaps backwards and quickly flees the back door,
Cursing cruel, partial Mother Nature,
Who sells her bounties to a pampered few...
Nonchalantly blind to the teeming millions
Of hungry stomachs
That feverishly forage fraudulent earth
For their petty share!

Verses
BY VASANTHI