

Wretched Dregs of Humanity!

Dr. Qudsi Rizvi

Visiting Faculty, Department of Humanities & Social Sciences, Motilal Nehru National Institute of Technology

Allahabad, (U.P.) India

Today
As I walk past
These slums
Where dregs
Of the luxurious
Wines of pleasures
Cast a condescending look
I remembered
A painting I was drawing
Trying to emerge
The aesthetic footprints
From the sands of the
Sub-conscious mind!
Tattered clothes
Wrapping quite innocently
The urchins of
A destitute but reproductive mother
Beaten and smashed
By the drunkard Master
Of the 'land' ...Drunkard
Was lying in the heap of dirt
And asking for 'comfort'!
Poverty
Accompanied by hunger
Ominously knocked at
But the mother had nothing
Only a few morsels of 'words'

To feed the children
And brimming tears of misery
To drink...she could offer!
A wailing, a piercing cry
Carrying tones of hunger
Held me still... I stopped in front
Of a ramshackle 'shelter'.
A window to their poverty
And the subconscious
Came out
Magnified and projected...in flesh and
Bones...
Yea, their bones
Were lurking
Trying to hide somewhere
Beneath the flimsy layers
Of battered flesh...the wretched
Of the earth were praying
To become One with their Mother!