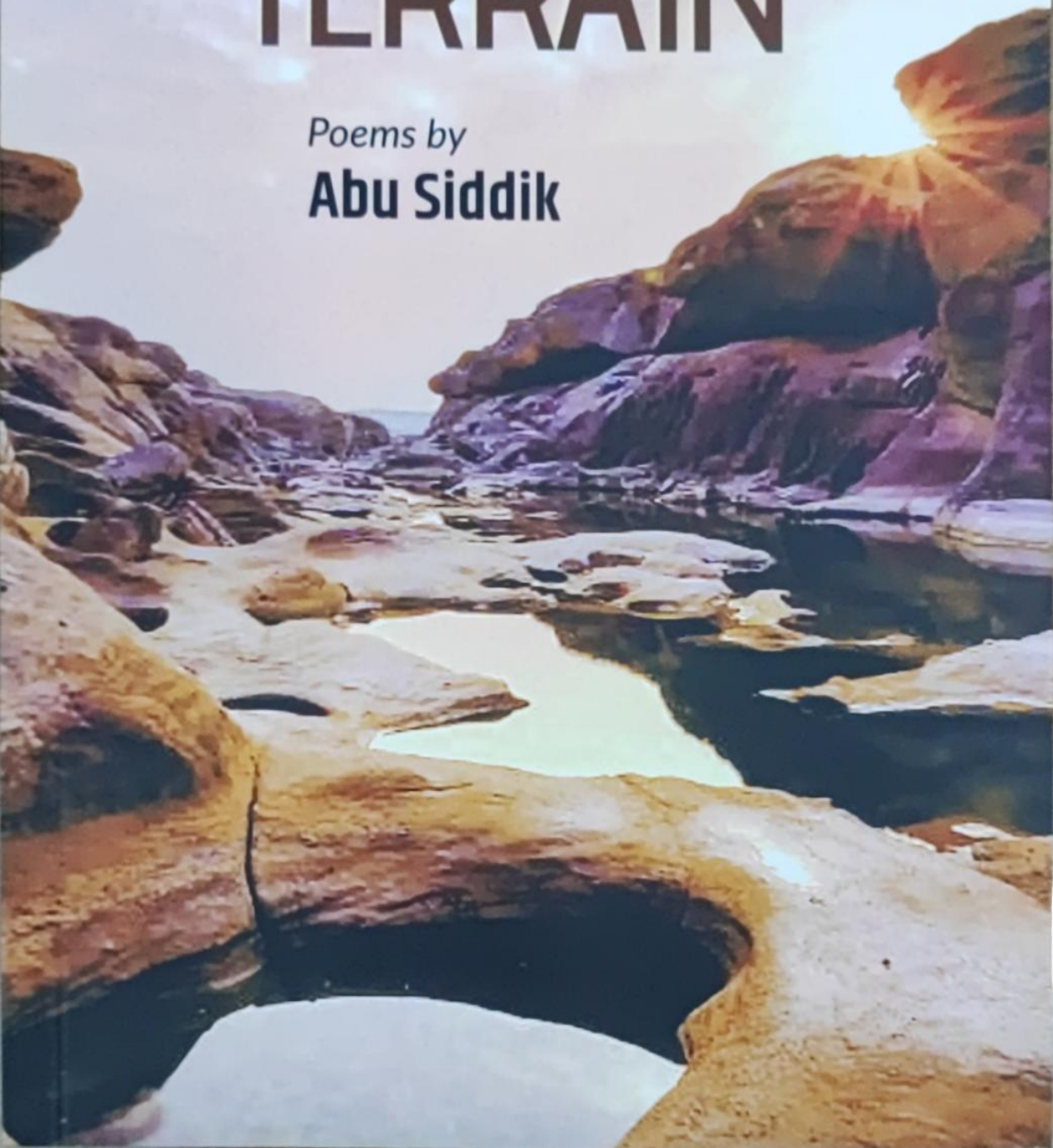




RUGGED TERRAIN

Poems by
Abu Siddik



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A Winter Day in a Forest

Day, bitter cold,
In the forest leafless trees
Stood firm and grim.

No birds sang,
No children cried,
Only a stream sighed half-hidden.

Sun shone for a while,
Twisted twigs basked in glee,
Soon a quilt of dew stole the mirth.

Couples left minutes ago,
Beer bottles, plastic cans,
Soiled paper-bundles guarded the day.

Day died,
A madman, four naked children,
Dogs and langurs clashed for leftovers.

