

The Song of the Unsung

Under the breeze of Neem, He stood positive, watching the play;
Face against the light grills covered the playground;
Is it Cricket? His legs swift in the clay;
Anxiety, longing, despondency covered him sound !(1)



Connect cloth of edges jagged; conceived an idea;
Took housefire sticks mom brought from forest;
Materialize the playground; closed up with panacea;
Ball, stump, bat became ready with his long, long crest!(2)



Played First ball: Oh! pasted cloth ball; the fabric is torn;
Tried often and often; stumps set off to sticks;
Bat turned firework with mom's beat reminded the churn;
Punching with a click, brought the clay with water in drips!(3)



Swift the clay ball with sticky bat and his shoulder with pat;
Half a meter distance; it shucked the shoes; of wayfarer;
Tears in his eyes; Fear in his mind; dance in his legs; faint to be flat;
Guilt on his face, He walked behind the Rambler!(4)



Oh! How many balls, bats and stumps? was it a toyshop?;
It was a kids play heaven and a playtime paradise;
Got items of cricket in a child's playland with a tree of hope;
Vagabond left him behind, reciting the song of sunrise! (5)



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