

My Mother's Hut **Kalyan Guha***

Hey! I have hewn the field,
The rough palms of my hands
And the spade did till the soil
On the mountain slope
For making the hard crust
To smithereens;
The buckets of water were sprinkled
On the dry and thirsty field
The soaking smell of watered soil
Made me crazy
As relishing the first day of rain.

Hey! I feel proud to see
My own field, made of my sweat.
I look far beyond my sight
To the distant horizon
Where the scorching sun
Scourges the innocent surface
Of the earth, my mother.
I am not the last son
But many among millions
Of sons and daughters.

Hey! I have planted the marigolds
Yellow and fresh marigolds
To rinse my small hut
Near the field, near my own soil
With golden hue
Like the King's palace.

Hey! I am the king
In my own kingdom.
Hey! do you listen
To my soliloquy?

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