

Crying Alone
Nisar Sharfuddin 'Amin'*

Often I wake up in the midnight
And become eagerly attentive
To hear a sob.

I get puzzled when the sob
Is turned into a loud scream.
My pleasant dreams are scattered
And mock at me with the ugliest gaping.

I open the window pane
And also the door plank timidly,
But I find none in the courtyard
And also on the street.

Bearing the bitter sound of cry
I come to ponder over something.

To my utter surprise I do conceive'
That the shriek comes out
From my umbilical cavity.
And I feel unbearable pain
As if detaching from my mother's navel cavity.

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