

Your Scarecrow

Madhab Chandra Jena*

A series of painful mid-noon
passed away...
still I stand there below the open sky.
Protect your paddy crops and
many of your lost lands.
Laughing like before
As you wish
Inside a black hemisphere.
heading with a painted clay pot,
standing there,
year after year ,
never tired never died
you can use or
you can throw
because I am your scarecrow
never tired never died.
standing here,
year after year.

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