

## Life is a Circle...

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Where are you my merciless Almighty?

Better my womb had been my tomb

Do you know my name, I am called as

‘Orphan’; my pet name is ‘lonely dog’.

My birth place was a dustbin and I am

A stain to the society; my adopted parents

Urged and trained me only in illegal activities

They need money not me; when I knew me for

The first time I was begging along with my

Adopted mum. My cradle was not to shower

Love but to create sympathy yet I know the awfuls

Pain of starvation. I was intoxicated when I was

A boy of five and it still continues. I never

Slept in a lap, never experienced a ‘loved’

Touch or hug. No one embraced me so far.

I am an ill omen to my gipsy group.

I am carefully tuned as an anti-social element

My actions are completely notorious. My body

Is full of scars and scratches. Many a time I

Had been beaten worse than a beast. Still

I am compelled to earn through illegal ways

And means to lead a meaningless survival.

I am not living but counting my days. Tears

And worries become my permanent friends.

I am used and misused by the society  
I married twice once an elder woman  
They loved my body and vigour not my  
Mind or painful love. How is it possible  
    To expect deers in the cunning crowd of  
    Bears. Dog is always a dog where ever it  
    May be. Many a time I tried to escape but  
    In vain. Still I murmur, mutter, pluff and  
Cry for my exploitation. When I began to  
Repent for my mistakes, it was too late. I am  
Eaten by a dangerous disease. No one is there  
Either to nurse or nurture me. Again I am dying  
    As an orphan. When I meet you above  
    My mericiless Lord, love me and hug  
    Me tightly so that I may forget my painful  
    Feelings. Shower your Blessings on me atleast  
    After my death. Will you my Lord?!...

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