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Tree

Jitendra Kumar Bharti

All the roots have rotten from inside,
The soil turned thin couldn't hold the hand,
And the plain is turning into a desert island.
There is neither water nor sea tide,
How the tall tree will stand for a longer time,
As poetry becomes charmless without rhyme,
All the ominous fall from the heaven at a time.
Giant storms shook the roots again,
O soil, be calm, nothing to do but wait to rain,
Summer is no longer winter will be again.
I am what life made me so,
O tree, not you only, I also.

Introduction to the Poet:

Jitendra Kumar Bharti is an emerging poet who started his writing career with Urdu poetry. At present, he is pursuing his Ph.D. on Indian folklore from Lucknow University, Lucknow and working as English lecturer at Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya, Mizoram. Most of his poems are about present scenario. He believes in the poetic theories of his master Thomas Stearns Eliot. The present poem is the best example based on his master's theory of Impersonality.