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Life's Kaleidoscope

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I am no stranger to life's vagaries.
I have seen life blossom
In garbage vats beside maternity homes.
The chuckles, the gurgles, the half-lisp'd words,
The dust and phlegm-smeared dimples
On faces that proclaim poverty
And celebrate innocence. I have seen them all.
I have also seen life travel by
Framed in windows of airconditioned chauffeur-driven sedans.
Gini and Johny on their way to kindergarten
Peer out awe-struck, a tad jealously –
At their happy nameless street friends
Whom they would never meet, or play with.
I wonder which life is merrier?
I – with my burden of knowledge
About society, people, education, politics –
Can only stare and look askance'
For I know no answers.
The hell-fire that crackles eerily alike
At the prince and the pauper dead cold –
Is one of life's equivocator,
And doesn't spare young or old.
The corpse lying prostrate on the ground

Beyond the comfort of warmth,
Beyond love, life or flowers,
Where does it now belong?
I am no stranger to life's vagaries –
I have seen it since I was old.
I have seen how russet sunshine
Blends into the night's gray cold.