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ISSN: 0976-8165

Poverty

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A hungry child in the street not fed with empty stomach with no piece of bread.

In the scorching summer of April and May they have no shelter – no place to stay.

The pavements of the road are their place to stay.

In dust and dirt they strive their way.

No theatres, no movies, no toys to play.

But cheerful and happy they remain whole day.

To earn a penny they struggle and fight. But sleep in peace with a blissful night.

Day and night they toil and strain Still there is none, to hear their pain

They cry or they die

None to bother, it happens why.

It seems they have nothing to lose or gain there birth is a chain of poverty and pain.