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Alone

Sunayna Pal

I call for my father with lips wet because of tear. He is obviously too far to hear

I call for my mother with a regular chant She wishes that she could come but she can't

I call for my sister with heart full of woe She is away, acting like a foe

I call for my brother with a glimmer of hope He says that he would come if I can't cope

I call for my friends ss they say these relationships don't end They call and chat but the heart does not mend.

No one comes to my aid here I am alone and I fear

Why did I get into such a situation Why did I leave without a thorough investigation

It isn't worth to earn money by leaving your home The town feels heartless and the empty streets that you roam.