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Story of Being Lost

A celebrated Bengali rhyme “*Haradhana*” by, Jogindronath Sarkar

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Haradhana had ten sons moseyed the village,
One was lost then nine were to release.
Nine sons of Haradhana went to cut wood,
One got slashed but eight were good.
Haradhana’s eight sons whilst having rice,
One died gorging, seven were to rise.
Seven sons of Haradhana went to a pond,
One was sunk, so six were in bond.
Six sons of Haradhana clambered up a tree,
One was slunk then five were free.
Five sons of Haradhana set out by a forest,
Clutched a tiger one and four were the rest.
Four sons of Haradhana were boogieing with joy,
One died slithered then three were coy.
Three sons of Haradhana went to catch fish,
Grabbed one crocodile, two were to wish.
Two sons of Haradhana went to have toad,
One died by snaky venom, other fell in odd.
Haradhana had only son blubbers in the mingle,
None else to be lost; the son set off to the jungle.