

THE SECOND BOMB

As the shooting practice was over
Stealthily, he lifted
Two unexploded blind bombs

The plan was
To have, after many months,
Instead of salt
Some curry with 'roti'¹

Hoping to find valuable metal
He broke one of the bombs
Into many fragments and
Struggled with the other,
For the sake of curry,
Trying to hit it on stones
With a hammer

And then
A stroke of the hammer
And he was blown to pieces!

He had 'roti' before him
But in his venture for curry,
Died hungry

Such penury!