

THE MUTE

Every fourth day was she seen
Carrying her two-three year old
Pleading with the doctor
For the treatment of his speechlessness
She hated the word 'mute' really

The doctor , like the mother,
Nursed the hope
Even though a prattle
'Ammi' would come forth

And just the other day
Shrieks and cries filled the whole hamlet
As the bomb those wicked hands threw
Blasted!

Even the tongue-tied 'mute'
For the first and the last time,
Screamed out 'A-m-m-i-----sss'