YOUR POEM-----

The daily visit of the Sweeper,   
Pushing the cart with dust bins.....  
What a welcome sight;   
Soon the garbage;   
Will be out of sight! !   
The smelling bin  
Left overnight   
Foul smelling sin! !   
  
The potent group this  
With each area;   
Each four street.....  
Under that smiling,   
middle aged woman's rule.....  
  
Caps having 'OUR DREAM CLEAN INDIA'  
I love to see this woman;   
To me It represents many tearful days  
When I wished and dreamed  
Of clean India  
With rich civic sense  
  
That I need not feel sad  
I live in this place  
Where the stagnant water  
Between plots, With clogged drainage  
With plastic papers  
Green and pink  
Bloat, float and stink......  
  
Where the muddy waters reflect the Sun...  
The shine is refracted blue, green......  
The bulbous water hyacinth float  
The white Lotus with green pair of leaves,   
Humble float, In groups  
As if it were a seating arrangement  
Waiting for the goddess of knowledge  
To arrive, sit and play her slim and slender fingers  
To evoke an enchanting magic! !   
  
I watch the lady doing her daily duty...  
It is her cap that lights hope  
In my paranoid self;   
I smile....a wee bit secretly....  
'OUR DREAM CLEAN INDIA'  
The spreading dream.....  
In every Indian heart.....  
A promise kept in every ward  
Under the Corporation's rule.....  
Fulfilling the promise,   
To make our dreams come true! !   
'CIVIC SENSE' enhanced.......