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.......