

In the Mind of a Child Apprentice

~~~ Athira Raj

This morning too,  
Before the sun,  
He hiked to the *Dhaba*.

Same orders, same shouts,  
Full of heartless abuse and inhuman taunts,  
The seven-year-old began his routine.

Cleaning, moping, carrying loads;  
Washing vessels and dusting menu boards.

Yet, a torrent of abuse and incoherence,  
Unbearable words, like piercing arrows from a bow.  
They pinch the heart and bring forth tears.

Who cares about the tears?  
Who cares about the soul?

Sometimes traumatic,  
Erupting like molten lava from a volcano top.  
Thundering like the gale which never seems to stop.  
But all within himself.

His thoughts just fly,  
Worrying about: will he ever reach the sky?

After the inner conflicts for a moment,  
He gets back to his work,  
Leaving all his hopes behind.

~~~ Athira Raj is young poet with a passionate drive to influence the world through her emotional writings.