

THE LOST CHILD OF INDIA

Tightly curled up in a ball like a hedgehog this lost child of India awaits his fate.
Unlike a hedgehog he has no spines to protect himself from harm, and the life he will come to hate.
He was born to suffer to lack any human rights.
To witness abuse at home, the violence, the fights.
But to flee such torment has born him no fruit.
For now forsaken he must steal or loot.
Easy pickings for drug dealers or peadophiles, this child will not blossom with time like a flower of India ought to.
Instead he will fight rat or bird for food, and walk bare footed without sock or shoe.
Delhi railway station the gateway to new beginnings sees men and women hurrying past.
In bright sarees the women glisten in the sunlight.
And men carrying their precious bundles create a sight.
Each train is loaded with passengers on their way to somewhere new.
But this child may disappear completely from view.
What then for the destiny of this young boy, and the hundreds of others that will tread the same path as he.
Chasing rainbows, and a fantasy of how life would be.
He may survive, he may not, his life a wreckage, his dreams no more.
No key to happiness or front door.
For only when a flower is fed and cherished will that flower grow.
To reach heights like a sunflower, to travel onwards like the rivers that flow.
For now this thin child will live like an animal that exists in the wild.
And seek some charity, compassion, and care.
From any grown adult that's willing to share.
Then when the daytime turns into night.
This child of India will find a quiet corner and curl up out of sight!

Christine Stafford.