

I stand before you,
With folded hands,
Thinking you unfold,
The strangle hold of cruel fate.

I stand before you,
Not because you make me rich.
I knew my life is in ditch
And the chances of upliftment remote.

I stand before you with reverence,
Though my survival has no essence,
And the philosophy of life
Is not mature and ripe.

I stand before you,
With numb-ness and shyness.
To hide my level of poverty,
I require my country men's empathy.

I stand before you,
Beg you to infuse courage in me,
And bring down the caste regency,
To pick up the path of transparency.

I stand before you,
Bow my head and body,
Even ready to prostrate,
But not at the cost of my integrity

-- G.C. Rao
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