

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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