

*poetry by DR. RAM SHARMA*

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**AFTER SHOWERS**

A short while ago,  
There was the zingling of showers,  
Water was everywhere,  
Now the pouring of rain has stopped,  
The sun has come out,  
From the dark tunnel of clouds,  
Drops are dancing wayward,  
Children are full of rendezvous-frenzy,  
It looks silence,  
After dark tensions and lightning

**CREEPING SAPLINGS**

In our orchards,  
The childhood is creeping,  
We are burdening,  
Them,  
With our ambitions  
We are expecting too much,  
Our cruelties are increasing day by day,  
The childhood is disappearing,  
Save childhood