THE COLD WITHIN

I shivered

And felt the glacially bitter winter.

My hands were numb

My feet praying for

a lukewarm summery charm.

But my heart was warm

scorching in rage.

For to this time I had remembered

Some people who enjoyed blowers and heaters

And spent warm tropical nights.

Struck in my mind, was a silhouette of an old man

And his sons and daughters in tattered garments

And from the shredded cloaks of lineage, one could see

what impoverishment had brought.

The room felt comforting

When I realized their sufferings.

What once seemed small and harsh,

Now felt like a gentle balm.

My hands felt life again

My feet thanked for the summery charm

The room sensed heaters and blowers

And the blanket gave me enough warmth.

But my heart felt cold

as if battling the coldness outside at night.

And though the warmth embraced my body,

My heart still wandered,

In the winter of their plight.

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Class : XD

2024-25 Batch