

WHEEL OF TIME

By C L Khatri

It's an old forgotten saying:
'First farming, servile service,
mean business, begging forbidden.'

It's very hard to believe
the son failed in Board exam,
father distributed sweets:
'Thank God, my son will stay back with me
carry on parent's profession.'
Land was their mother.

The wheel of time keeps moving.
I saw farmers selling farmland
to fetch public service for their sons.
Salary is like wife, charm lies in extra.
You can't dream anything decent.
Things take care of themselves.
Eat and let others eat.

Every age discovers its own maxim of life.
An honest man's bread can be
sweeter than a king's cake.
A start up can rule the state
better to be giver than seeker
peasants are poor but provider.

The clock's hand says tic tic...

It's midnight, time to take a flight to London.

Bio

C.L.Khatri, a reputed, perceptive critic and editor of *Cyber Literature* and several anthologies of criticism, is an emerging voice in Indian English poetry. He is a bilingual poet writing in English and Hindi. His four poetry collections in English are *Kargil* (2000), *Ripples in the Lake* (2006), *Two- Minute Silence* (2014) and "For You To Decide". He was awarded Michael Madhusudan Academy Award for his poetry collection *Kargil* in 2002. His poems are widely published, anthologized and translated in different languages in India and abroad.

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