

WONDER TREE

By Binod Mishra

Right in the corner of the sprawling structure

Stands mute----- a mango tree

Where gather people of all sorts

Who sit, talk and slurp numberless cups of tea

Sometimes with samosas, pakoras and burgers

Reliving their sweet and sour experiences

Under the accursed tree,

They call the wonder tree.

The wonder tree gets relieved only at night,

Its feeble branches creak.

It grumbles at its dusty leaves

Once so green and full of life

Yet no signs of fruition.

Its root getting entrenched day by day

not giving it a belonging, a mere fragmentation

in a world where it shelters and is yet unsheltered.

The wonder tree--- a sign of civilized world
ponders over growth and development
ensnared by pills and phials
Stunting man's reproductive faculty.
The wonder tree laments the thinning populace,
which regaled even in her barren state—
a second wife wed only to fill the gap
And not to bear her own children.

Bio

Dr. Binod Mishra, an Associate Professor of English in the department of HSS, IIT Patna, Bihar, is a bi-lingual poet. He has contributed his poems and articles to various journals and anthologies. He has authored several books and edited ten anthologies. His poetry collection *Silent Steps and Other Poems* has brought good response. Presently he is the Editor-in-Chief of *Indian Journal of English Studies*. He can be contacted at mishra.binod@gmail.com