

A day spent in a Government School

Of happy faces
And weak hearts,
There lives a child
Who is curious to learn.

When early in the morning
The sun begins to shine,
And the world begins to whine,
He rushes to school
For his place to learn.

He says your prayers
And happily wears
the identity that it bears,
Only to realize someday
What he was made to learn.

You want to know his past
His religion and his caste,
But tell me ma'am,
How will that help you decide
If he is able to learn ?

I heard you say that he cannot write,
And his answers are often not right,
But how does that matter,
As long as,
he is willing to learn ?

You ask him to stay silent,

And not be so violent,
But do you ever realize that he questions,
Because he wants to learn ?

You used your stick
For his one wrong tick,
But what effort,
did you do today
For his curiosity to learn ?

And if this is how you
Treat a child,
In a way so wild,
I'm sorry to say
You killed a child
Who was curious to learn.

- Shazia Naqvi, 4th Year