

The Nail

Sugata Sanyal

That night was washed in heavy rain.
I came out of my concrete wall,
where I remain stuck all the time.
That is the job of a Nail, don't you know that?

I am here for many years, forgot the count.
Stuck here in my work cycle,
as you are stuck in your life,
Morning, office, evening, night, morning again.

Once in a while I take leave.
Go for a flight through the night.
It is difficult to feel the pain of a Nail.
These flights through the rain soaked sky
Gives me immense relief.

I have seen prostitutes haggling on rates,
Her small child resting on a car-bonnet,
Under the half-gaze of the pimp,
May be the possible father.
Pimp father is busy lining up the next client.

Saw a body lying on the road-side
Many commenting on its level of inebriation.
But I found that the poor chap has kissed the
dusty road, last good-bye. Long back.
It is funny, this Iron Nail has a soft heart.

**Oh, I forgot, I am a member of the family,
I am the Nail on the wall in Tiku's room.
I have seen Tiku's family fighting useless fight.
But Mumbai and its relentless time machine,
It keeps ticking.**

**Today is running after tomorrow, always,
else the meaningless marathon will be lost.**

**If I get lost in my flight,
If I get removed from the wall,
I will forever loose my loving vigil on Tiku,
I will not be able to see his sleepy half smile.
Please tell him then, I loved him, very much.
Allow me to get on with my flight.
It is still raining heavily.**