

## WHEN DARK NIGHT RISES

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When dark night rises,  
My body aches  
I have to work hard and hard  
Nobody cares how I feel  
I wait for my visitors  
Some are known and some new  
Some are drunkard  
Some are old  
Some are young, and  
Some are with diseases  
So what?  
Visitors are just visitors.

I have seen many  
And will see many  
Some are of my age  
Some are of my father  
Some are younger to me  
No matter how they are  
I have to serve them with  
Pleasant voice: “Welcome, Sir!”  
I thank to their instinct  
That fills my stomach.

I get a chance to see them closely  
I can see their attire:  
Different clothes-branded and local;  
Different hair styles;  
Different powder;  
Different scent.  
They are all different  
But are with the same instinct.

“What a job!”

“Competitors!” there are with me.  
I have no choice whom to choose  
I should be ready with my trick  
To catch hold a visitor.  
Yes, sometime I enjoy more  
When I get a visitor of my dream.

Anyway, I am prepared to sell  
My stuff when dark night rises.  
I feel pleased  
When my service is done, and  
I offer my visitor again  
To be here: “Sir, come again.”  
“What a job!”  
When dark night rises,  
I become sleepless, and  
My body aches  
So what?  
Everything is fair when  
Gandhi smiles on my note.