

COMFORT

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He is a middle aged man,
And is found raiding his neighbour's farm,
Looking for some stealthy profit.
There comes a mad rush,
Seems holding a worthy agenda for next few weeks.

The curious crow stopped one;
To grasp his tone.
Hearing "a grey cow stumbles into the well",
He praises its bold attempt to swim,
Till he catches 'grey' again.

Then panicking he cried,
Taking that referred one to be his own breed,
"Oh poor one! Is there none to save us?"
Leaving his busy business aside,
He ran cursing the rimless built of the well.

Gapping the gaping crowd,
He throws his welling eyes into the well,
Only to witness he is still in the laps of fortune,
And not any way linked with the thing in the well.
But he still isn't enjoying the show.

He cried,
“Make haste, make haste. I say make haste.
Take that filthy thing out,
Before it spoils MY water”.
Then he comforts the grieving one,
To whom actually the cow belongs,

“Lucky one!
Saved of your labor to make fat free dairy,
And licensed to distribute,
Well proportioned milk forever”.