

## I AM A PEBBLE

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They call me a pebble  
A purposeless piece of stone  
Lying on the roadside.  
Kids kick me around  
Often tearing their own shoes.  
I cry but none  
Seem to feel my pain.

They call me a pebble  
A useless piece of stone  
Having travelled far and wide  
Through traffic and tide  
Bleached by the sun  
Bearing the brunt of cold nights.

They call me a pebble  
Sistered by cobbles  
Lashed by incessant rains  
Day in and day out  
Till the time I cracked  
And was torn to pieces.

They call me a pebble  
Born along with my siblings  
I rolled down,  
Full of dignity  
Into the river bed  
tossed by strong currents of water  
smoothed by its tides.

They call me a pebble  
My siblings and I  
hurled downstream,  
Only to be separated  
And never meet again.  
Some of us were  
Reduced to grains of sand.

Alas! I was left alone  
Among strangers on the river bed

They call me a pebble  
Which stayed put  
On the river bed  
Mutely watching forms of life  
Drift around me.  
Caressed by the sand  
With other distant cousins.

They still call me a pebble  
Shovelling me into a cauldron  
Covering rough terrain.  
Shaking with fear  
Reflecting on a squeaky ride  
Jostling for space with fellows

Unwilling to be tamed  
Feeling rebellious  
I fall out on the road.

They call me a pebble  
Softened by my journey  
I lie in corners of homes  
Balancing with other pebbles  
Whose rough edges  
Only make me feel better  
About my journey.