This is what I have felt for a 6 year old child who lost his parents and his little brother in an accident near Dharmapuri, Tamil Nadu.....

The family was on their way back to Bangalore from Kerala and only this child survived the accident......

'Alone in a day ' is all about him.....about what I felt about him....& I foresee a time when the child goes to that old city house......to recite to those rusted walls the tale of how he became Alone in a day......

## Alone in a Day

There stands the boy,

Near the window,

Gazing at the sky;

Not knowing what has happened

With no clue of what's happening

And of no thoughts of what will happen.

Veil, as it is pushed aside

Take his eyes

To the cloud dolls so huge;

The same horse and

the same white sheep

of mammas' story stand still there.

He is just wondering now,

Why he finds this morning different.

He didn't see his mamma yet,

Neither papa, nor his bro

Where have they all gone together

Thinks he, as he looks around.

Neither could he
Find his bag,
Which papa said he would take
To show grandpa, the pictures
Of his city house
From where has he come now.

Then he hears a music,

Not one of the usual kinds,

And down the stairs here he runs

With the zeal to receive

Something new, like a hero

In papa's cartoons.

Two big hands,

Don't know whose

Covers his face,

From behind so tight

And then he sees his real heroes

Lying on the bed, steady and straight.

For the years to come,
And to you, my child,
I give nothing but my words
To recite it, to the rusted walls
Of your old city house,
The tale of how you became,

Alone in a day.....

li.ge.ma