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The Dark Horse

They come to see me every day,
Engage in conversation,
Pet me softly, though I don't quite get it.
Yet, I enjoy their chatter.
I can't speak much,
But I chuckle when they chuckle.
I stand when they stand,
I sit when they sit,
And I laugh...
They laugh alongside me,
I feel happy.
At least someone is talking to me.

Some days, they bring new faces,
Who inquire about things
That I don't comprehend,
But I laugh when they laugh.
I stand when they stand,
I sit when they sit,
And I laugh...
Then they laugh,
And I laugh,
We share a moment of joy together.
Isn't that friendship?
Exchanging smiles and laughter.

Today, when they visited,

They asked me to retrieve something from the police officer's pocket.

He was also our friend, they claimed.

Another companion to converse with.

They laughed, and I laughed,

Though nervous, I went to do it.

I wanted to see my friends smile and laugh.

I would do it for them.

The policeman didn't find it funny.

I wonder why.

He petted me,

Not gently, I'm certain,

Because it hurt.

He asked me questions I didn't grasp,

So I laughed, as I usually do,

But he slapped me.

I couldn't laugh anymore.

My friends ran away,

I wonder if they laughed.

The rickshaw driver noticed me,

He spoke with the policeman.

The officer let me go,

Before leaving he remarked,

Poor boy, they aren't your friends,

They laugh at you, not with you.

I didn't understand his words,

So I laughed.

Chacha advised me to avoid my friends,

But I don't mind,

At least they talk to me.

I can't say much,

But I laugh when they laugh.

I stand when they stand,

I sit when they sit,
And I laugh...

The next day, my friends came back,
They asked me what happened yesterday,
I told them,
And they laughed,
I laughed along with them.
At least they talk to me.

One day, I spotted one of my friends alone,
On a street,
Being chased by a man.
She wasn't laughing.
I observed and wondered,
What could I do to make her laugh?
Then I remembered,
Sometimes my friends tossed stones at me,
And they laughed,
I laughed,
They laughed with me.
I picked up stones and threw them at that man,
He yelled,
A crowd gathered.
I laughed,
But no one else did,
Neither did my friend.
She cried and embraced me,
Thanked me,
Then smiled,
I laughed.

I wonder why she didn't laugh today.
Chacha sighed and said- "That's my boy, a dark horse."