

The Precious Stone

By : **Shekhar Srivastava**

I was just sitting in a park without any work.I saw a boy coming and crying.I said him to sit but he ignored.Then,his daddy came.The poem tells that we should help poor and needy persons without any hesitation.



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I was sitting in a park on a deserted bench,
Suddenly came a boy and started to speak French.
'Sit on the bench' I said.
He turned and shook his head.
Suddenly came his daddy,
In his hand , there was a candy.
He said, 'Come here my son,
In home there will be fun.'
He shook his head,
And ran under the shed.
I don't know that why the child was sad,
But I thought that he was fully mad.
The child walked away after turning around,
But suddenly, he stopped after listening his mummy's sound.
There was a beautiful scene of sunset,
And the child was fully wet.
He was writing something on the paper such as mad,
But he was looking very sad.
As I realized that his mother could not hear,
I tried to run from there because of great fear.
I tried to run from there also because it was family matter,
I realized that they were poor and his father was a hatter.
Before going from there , I gave something to them,
They were happy after seeing that it was a gem .

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