Weary Walkers

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Atop of my cozy house
Glaring on to the streets
I saw your footprints
Footprints of your return journey
Those imprints take me back
To the signatures of development
Created by you for us
Malls, buildings, temples and highways
Remain noticed, but you go unnoticed
Into the invisible mode of scaffolding
With bewildered pain in eyes and
Rashes on your skin, lining up for food
Like a herd of animals
Snatching away your rights
Ignoring yourself respects
Pooh poohing your dignity
And skill with low wages
Maintaining the momentum
Without an iota of opposition
As sole breadwinners among your kith and kins
Growth of our state, relied on your sweat
Labeling as Bengali omnipresent in each micro terrain
Once pandemic came
We wished your return
Demolition of your slums to make way for
Personifying you as guest labourers
Your public display of aggression
To reach your natives
Exposed the scorching relationships
That we had with you
Our works in predicament
As you started walking back
Your absence will be felt
Your footsteps are haunting
With an untold apology