

A Village Woman to a Wage-Earner

She stood among the crowd with shovels,
And at times she stared at us.
I heard complaints from colleagues
About her as arrogant and often being orally too harsh.
We were building our new factory
To complete it timely to rush
On to production; to avail of the opportunities
That was existing and open-in-hand to convert in to cash!

I started to guess
About how difficult among other wage earners was she.
At looks and gestures
She would qualify to be only a moderate village bee!
Dressed in colorful locals
Often seen sweating she would be,
As I watched her with a shovel in arms,
While she was working under the green Indicia tree.

She attracted my attention
As I found her to be very laborious at work
At the close of the day, she would rush to the exit-gate,
As the day and the surrounds would be starting to be dark.
She used to come alone
And I learnt, she had to travel from far but never asked any for a lift
And this was also not a practice in this village
To lend an unknown female with such a gift.

I think, she was suspicious about the people from the city,
Who might tease and disgrace.
And our culture often disapproves free mixing of women
With men at all the working place.
More so when the work is laborious
And unskilled in nature

Such jobs also have demand as they pay in return
At least a minimum, to satisfy a hungry creature.

But her mood softened with time, perhaps after she assessed the surround
And confidence in her started to build.
I noticed the gradual change
In her facial grace that began to shield
Her glared staring at us,
As we were approaching to finish the construction of our factory, to be glad.
She realized much about our aim; the village was in pride and fame
As together, we created them jobs with our sweat and blood!