

Creative Writing

A Thought at Dawn

** Alo Sircar*

Little treasures;
Little triumphs;
Small, glowing pleasures;
And the rattling rough –
These are my life's stuff.
And from these I carefully preserve
Just about enough
Of the bright lit joys I deserve –
From bend to bend;
And from things with effort earned –
I hope to keep to the end
Tiny morsels of joy
With striving gained;
And not let worries annoy
And lead me down the murky alleys
Of relentless gloom –
My dole of ecstasies I honour,
Rather than brood my way to doom.