

PERSPECTIVES

Elena Ranjan William

We stopped at the village
Because we saw
The rainbow in the sky.
Violet, indigo, blue, green
Yellow. Orange, red
Against a grey, grey sky.

Buses and trucks
Kept roaring past
Rudely interrupting
Belching smoke
On our cameras aiming at
The picture-perfect sky.

Bare-footed little boys
Came running and enjoyed
Five minutes of free drawing
On our dust-covered car.
While their fathers had TV and tea
At the local tea-shop.

As we drove away
I couldn't help noticing
Violet, indigo, blue, green
Yellow, orange, red
Plastic pots lined up
Along the dusty road.

The village women
And their daughters
Waiting, waiting, waiting
Their eyes expectant, hopeful,
Gazing ...not at the rainbow
But at the municipal water tap.