



Easier Roads

Bainapalli Vishal¹

It was all a jungle
where we plucked wildberries,
offered them to our Kuladevi
on the hill,
evenings filled
with sounds of crickets
and little green lanterns
as we walked down
chatting, eating prasadam.

The roads are wider now,
safer, and easier,
the hill barely green,
a layer shedding every season,
cement walls,
bustling streets,
and roaring horns.

But the shrine is nowhere.

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