

Mattz Johns / Tom Tourvillie

"Blind In Poverty"

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Isn't morning, or isn't night...?

My eyes are open yet,there's no light..

The sounds of congest traffic fill the earth..

The repulsive smells of garbage everywhere...

I hear the empathetic voices,passing by...

but the words have no taste,they don't satisfy,,,,

My stomach, hungers with pain...

Several days, passed, still the same...

Poverty,reveals no mercy any time,

Especially,the disabled, aged and blind...

Poverty,reveals no mercy any time,

Especially,for the disabled, aged and blind...

Lower casts have few opportunities,

Almost none, those who can not see.....

I used to begging,on the over crowded streets...

A stranger's compassion is what I seek...

Even the poor beggars next to me... of not a morsel or
single rupee...

May be I was blessed,no sight yet, but able to hear.

.but the sounds of cries,I know, but not the sight of
tears

My life, not only suffering from birth..

Was it all in vein, or just a curse...

Poverty, reveals no mercy any time,

Especially, the disabled, aged and blind...

Poverty, reveals no mercy any time,

Especially, for the disabled, aged and blind...

Lower casts have few opportunities,

Almost none, those who can not see...

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