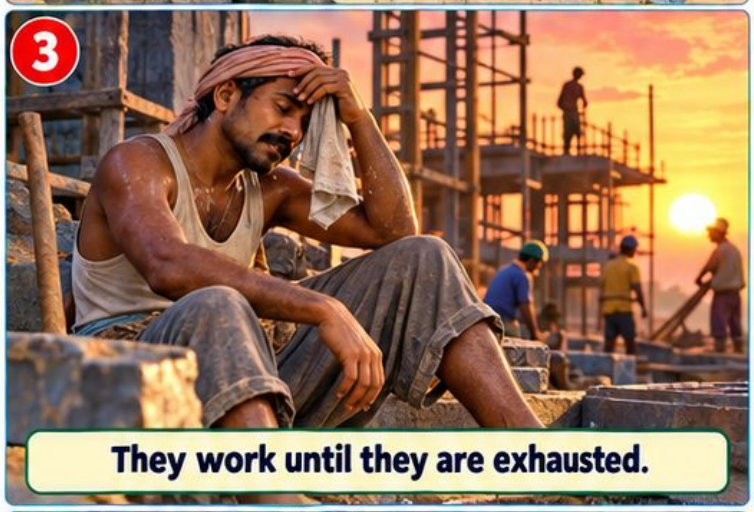














MY PEOPLE WORK HARD, YET THEY SUFFER.


MY PEOPLE
THE PAIN OF POVERTY
POET
DR. SIDDALINGAIAH
POEM
MY PEOPLE


1
They plough the field and sow the seeds.


2
They cut the crops and are baked in the sun.


3
They come home empty-handed.


4
They live in misery, my people.


5
SHOP
They build the shops and raise the bungalows.


6
LOAN
BANK LOAN
INTEREST
BILLS
They get into heavy debts.


THEIR LABOUR BUILDS THE WORLD AROUND US.

















LEARNING CORNER – NEW WORDS FROM THE POEM

