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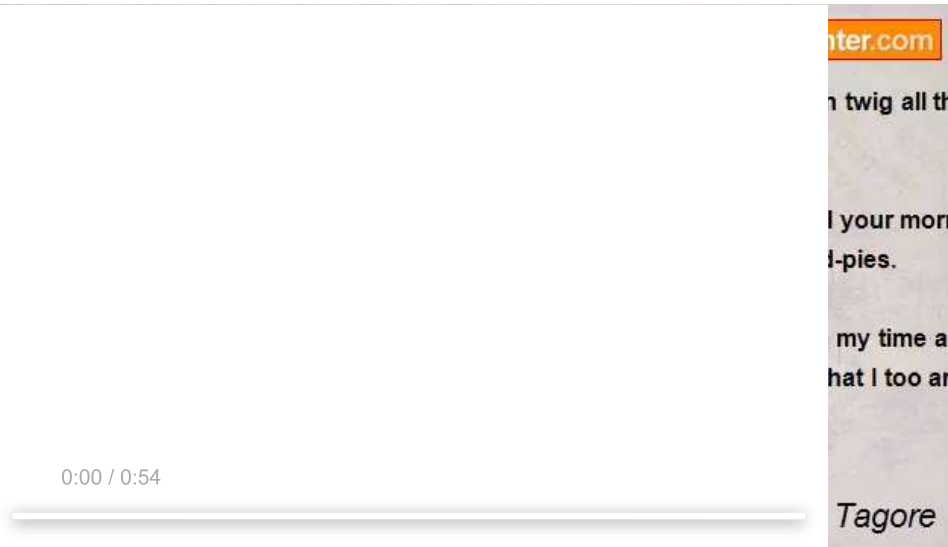
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Poem by Rabindranath Tagore


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Child, how happy you are sitting in the dust, playing with a broken
twig all the morning.
I smile at your play with that little bit of a broken twig.
I am busy with my accounts, adding up figures by the hour.
Perhaps you glance at me and think, "What a stupid game to spoil your morning with!"
Child, I have forgotten the art of being absorbed in sticks and mud-pies.
I seek out costly playthings, and gather lumps of gold and silver.
With whatever you find you create your glad games, I spend both my time and my
strength over things I never can obtain.
In my frail canoe I struggle to cross the sea of desire, and forget that I too am playing a
game.

Poem Submitted: Thursday, January 1, 2004

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