

1-1-2014

## This Poem Has No Name

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### Recommended Citation

Manusukhani, Leela (2014) "This Poem Has No Name," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 11 , Article 27.  
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol11/iss1/27>

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### Author Bio

I hope to do something involving Industrial Ecology in the future.

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Horns shout every second  
Car alarms scream each hour  
Only birds break the astounding silence  
Crickets chirp a few times a day

Pollution clogs your throat  
Dust makes the visible invisible  
Clean air lets you breath easily  
Your eyes can see for miles

Millions wander the streets  
Fruit and flower men tap on taxi windows  
One step onto the driveway  
And not a soul can be heard

Buildings and structures clog the streets  
While dirt shuffles around your feet  
Trees can be seen across acres  
Highways give route to deserted land

Layers of fabric dangle off women's' shoulders  
Sandals protect the dirty feet of men  
Girls sport as little as possible  
Aggressive sneakers are donned by men

Millions bustle  
People hide in their cars and houses

India  
The United States of America