The Working Day

Although the rain may be falling,
Though the day may be stifling hot,
In spite of the hardest frost,
Today is a working day,
And so will tomorrow be too.
Men can shorten the working day,
They can make it longer.
But mankind's working day can never have an end.
In orbit beyond orbit men will fly, way out to the cradle of stars.
One day we shall paint all the deserts with spring
And in sunshine shall bathe our own nest!
Let our life not be darkened
For one moment or day
While the stars still are shining above
While fertile seeds swell, embraced by the earth.
Our sphere as the seasons pass by
Is changed and always renewed
The working day of the universe can never end...
Yesterday too, was such a day...
Today, too, is one of them.
And so will be tomorrow—
Working days of our life.
Away with the idly waiting,
Those who mark time toil the holidays
Printed in red on the calendar squares.
For life itself is one long working day
And let it ever be free!

– Vinay Kumar Dubey*

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