

THE GIRL ON THE STREET

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She walks through traffic with a tray of pain,
balancing hunger beneath the rain.
Her eyes are clouds that never rest,
her dreams are small birds inside her chest.

She should be learning to read and write,
not chasing coins from dawn to night.
The city roars, but no one hears
a child's soft cry behind her tears.

They call her the girl who sells,
but who will buy the story she tells?
Each shout of "pure water" is a plea,
a whisper of what her life could be.

She counts her profits, not her years,
she carries hope but hides her fears.
Each step she takes on burning ground
is a promise lost, a future drowned.

Leaders speak in golden tones,
while children sleep on broken stones.
What worth is wealth when hearts are cold?
What use is power if dreams are sold?

Her tray is light, her spirit worn,
a flower struggling through the thorn.
Yet even in her weary eyes,
a spark of sunrise never dies.

Lift her story, let it be known,
no child should wander life alone.
Bring her back to books and song,
where tender hearts and dreams belong.