

Poem about a pit latrine telling its agony

In the quiet earth where shadows play,
A tale unfolds of dismay and decay.
In humble corners, where odors twine,
Lies a pit latrine, forgotten, confined.

Oh, wretched pit, with walls so bare,
A silent witness to the burden you bear.
In the depths below, where darkness swells,
Echoes the agony your sorrow tells.

Built with bricks, a mockery of grace,
You stand alone in this desolate space.
Beneath the open sky, where stars once
gleamed,
Now haunted by the filth, where dreams are
deemed.

The daily burdens, a weight you bear,
As human needs turn into your despair.
With every flush and heavy sigh,
You cradle waste, unable to defy.

Through scorching sun and chilling rain,
You endure the strain, the silent pain.
Decaying secrets buried deep,
In your embrace, a secret you keep.

Oh, pit latrine, misunderstood,
In your stillness, tales of anguish are stood.
The constant battle with stench and strife,
A chronicle etched in the fabric of life.

Yet, amidst the darkness, a whisper lingers,
Of untold stories and resilient fingers.
For in your depths, a lesson resides,
Of resilience and strength that often hides.

So, pit latrine, though your tale be grim,
In your agony, let hope begin.
For in the soil, where sorrows fade,
A chance for renewal, a promise made.