

## Stick Figures

Those sticks the taut lean triceps hold, are taller and fatter,
Steady on hay-haired growth retarted heads,
Abdomen and cheeks, concave mirrors of their daily meal platter,
For generations, their loss doesn't count, living or dead

The arguments on normal standards of ours vs the West,
For BMI, Hb and for general well being,
End in 10 grams-"I do not care", 9 - a 'maybe' heard at best,
Small is not stunted, it is genetics per our short-sighted art of seeing.

The AI broadcast from ivory towers,
Vitamin A, bananas or eggs be given or not,
A million parched eyes wait for such showers,
While subsidized and junk foods can be easily bought.

Fortified rice, wheat or maize and sugar rations for them Diverse, organic, hefty portions for us, In a 100 years many nation heights have grown by 20 c m And of theirs, barely any plus.

The TB bacteria laugh silently,

"Health industrialists are to conquer us by year 2025 to 30!

People! How can we leave these hungry mines of bounty,

Where 2 square meals a day, unimaginable and wages, if they come, deplorable?"

"Oh! The happy-go-lucky poor, they are slim and trim. They eat pure free food and breathe fresh air." Chatter in 'parties' of the unduly privileged portrays grim, As a frail pregnant cleaner scurries invisible to their stare.

- Vasu R. (Primary Care Physician)