

THOU ART SENT

Do not approach here, my child.
 There, behind the corner, are playing the grown-ups.
 They are screaming and throwing various things;
 Easily they can harm thee.
 Human beings and animals, do not touch while they play.

Fierce are the games of grown-ups.
 Thy games they do not resemble.
 They are not like a wooden shepherd
 And submissive sheep, with pasted wool.
 Wait— the gamblers will tire,
 The game of the people will end
 And thou shalt go there — where
 Thou art sent.

—*Nicholas Roerich*

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Anandashram, Ramnagar,

KANHANGAD P. O.,

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