

River

I am the Ganga and I am the longest river in India. The three Vedas gave me so much importance that I became the Holy River. They call me Holy River but put garbage in me. This is not how they should be treating me.

100 years ago I was crystal clear and pure. Now I am black and polluted. People also wash their clothes in me. Oh, I feel so bad. Flowing along the plains I fulfill so many needs for people. I irrigate their farms. Give them food, they raft on my rapids. I love the joyful cries of the children as feel my cold water.

Over the years my pure water has become dirty and poisonous. People call my water Ganga jal and use it for religious purposes but still torture me. Their untreated sewer water flows into me. I also smell. I love the rain tip toeing on me and giving me fresh water. My source is pure but my mouth is impure.

I love my freedom and meandering down the slopes of the Majestic Himalayas. I like changing my course every year. But now people build dams on me. They are heavy and I hate it. I feel sad with the recent Uttarakhand debacle. People's bodies and houses are flowing in me. I feel miserable.

I miss the hundred years ago when I was pure. I wish I could be clean again.

Avya Bhalla V- B