

A Poem about a manual pit latrine emptying person

In shadows cast by the moon's soft glow,
A tale unfolds of a laborer's woe.
Beneath the night, where silence creeps,
A manual emptier, his secret keeps.

Amidst the whispers of rustling leaves,
A guardian of waste, no reprieve.
In the realm of darkness, where odors cling,
A pit latrine emptier begins to sing.

With a bucket in hand, and courage to bear,
He treads through the night, an unnoticed affair.
Down winding alleys, in the village's heart,
He plays his silent, indispensable part.

Through cobblestone paths and narrow streets,
A custodian of filth, where two worlds meet.
A dance with shadows, a relentless chore,
His mission clear, though he longs for more.

For society deems his work unspoken,
A role obscured, in shadows unbroken.
Yet, with every step, a dignity lies,
In the depths of the pit, where humanity sighs.

He toils with purpose, beneath the cloak,
Emptying pits where taboos provoke.
In solitude, he finds strength untold,
A custodian of secrets, a story unfolds.

Beyond the stench and the murky gloom,
A silent hero dispels the doom.
In the manual labor of waste unseen,
He finds resilience, his spirit keen.

For in the depths of the pit's abyss,
Lies a tale of courage, hidden bliss.
A poem of strength, in the darkest night,
A manual pit latrine emptier, out of sight.