

Life at Kamalapur Rail Station

A photo-essay by **Zahedul I Khan**



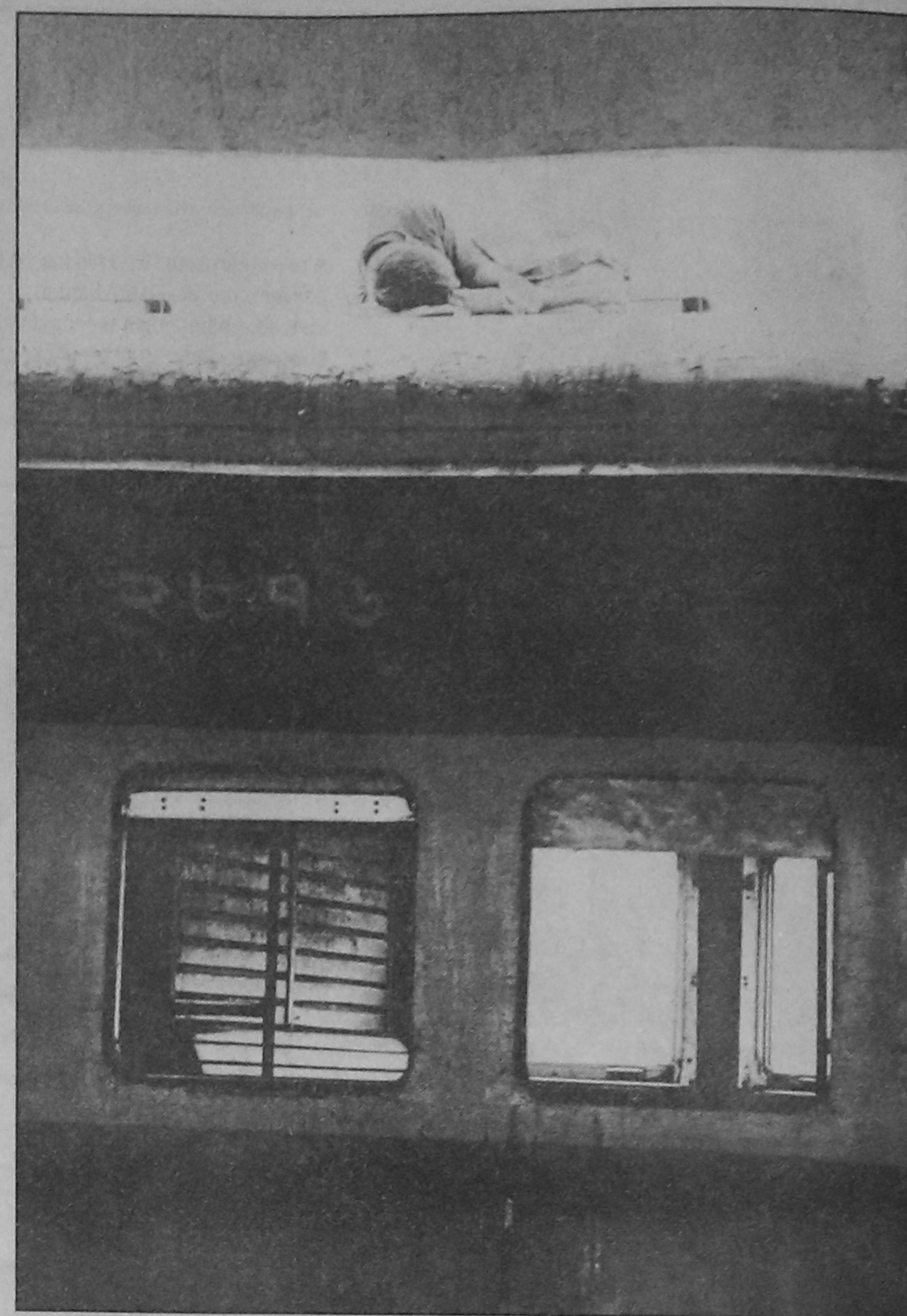
The architectural wonder that is the neglected railway station.



Making most of the waiting at the platform... passengers partake dry titts bits they are carrying.



Homeless labourers crowd a mobile eatery on the platform for a hot lunch they can afford.



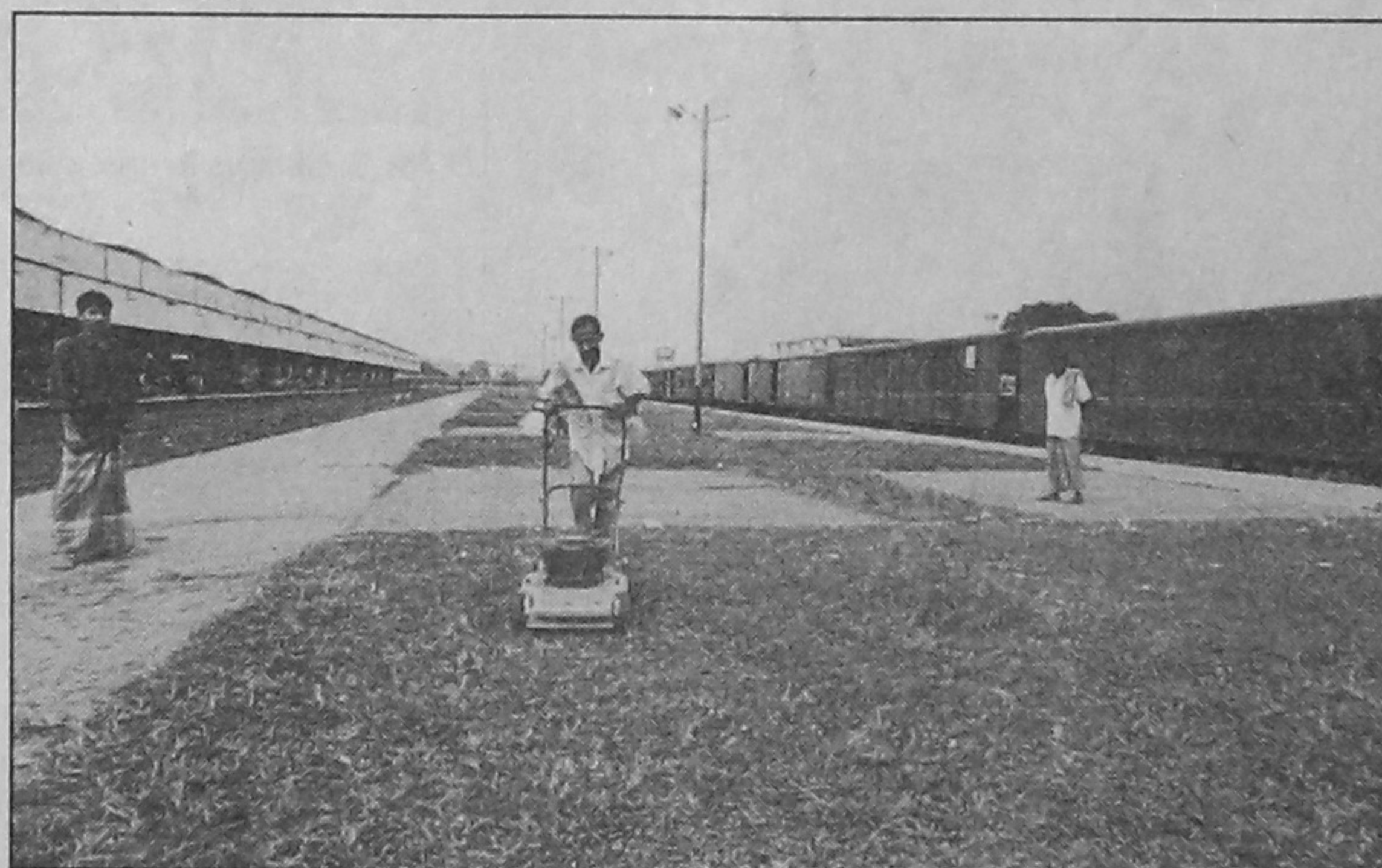
Resting for a while... as time and train both stands still.



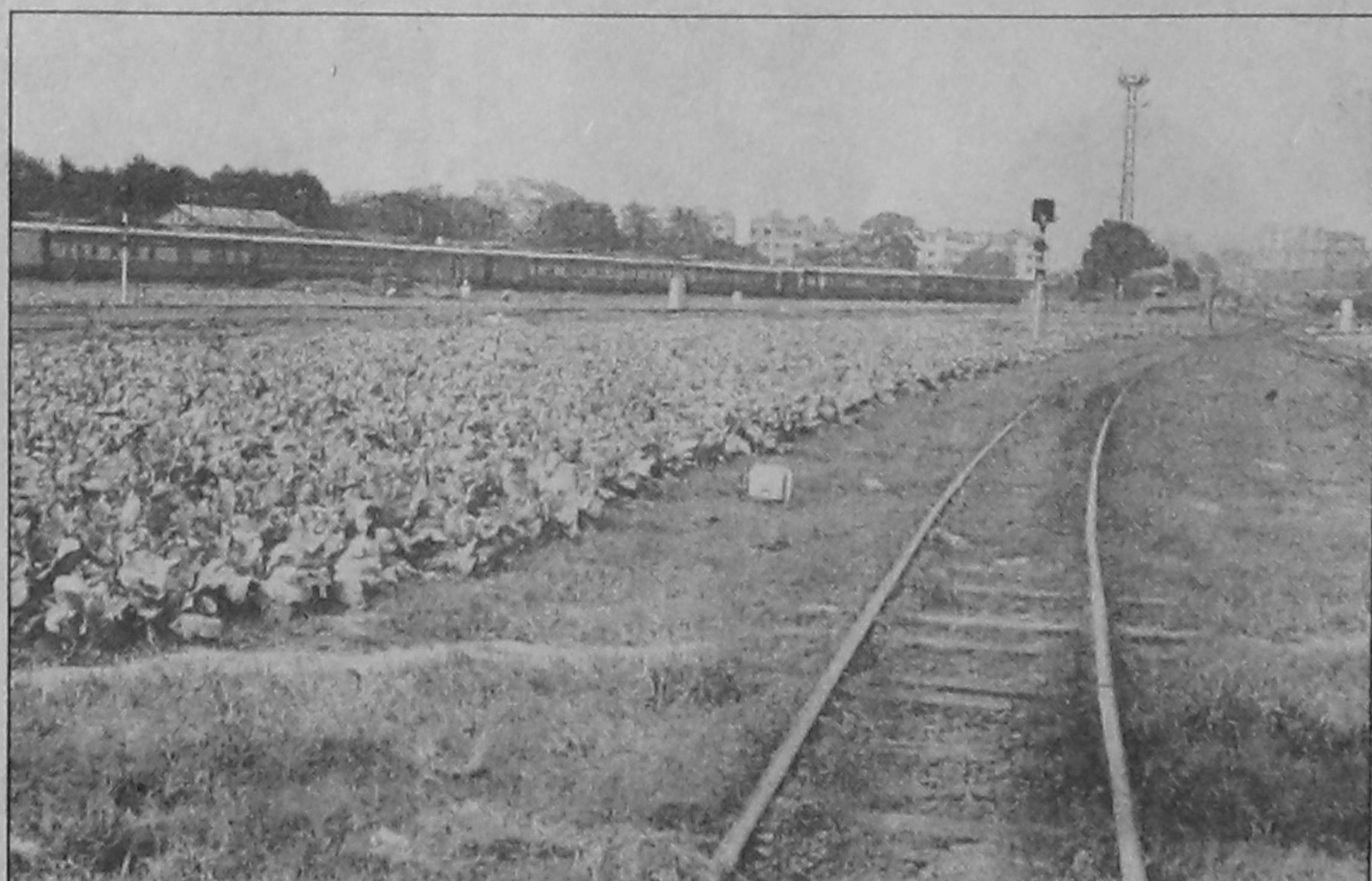
In anticipation of a good day's work, the coolies in red shirts outside the station.



Vagrant women smile in front of old and empty bogies, which provide a shelter to them and many other vagabonds as well.



A man uses an ancient mower to keep the grass patches trim.



A cabbage garden on the premises of the station itself maintained by the Railway staff.



A homeless woman covers her child under her saree and takes a nap in the midday heat.



The baby, the pot, the bedding... a home under the sky



A man gets his ears cleaned, one of many services available on the premises.