

Contemporary Concerns and Beyond

Books by the Same Author:

Poetry

- *Winged Reason* (A Collection of Poems), Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Write Son, Write* (A Collection of Poems), Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Multicultural Symphony* (A Collection of Poems), Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Abheepsa: Kavita Sangrah* (K. V. Dominic's translated poems in Hindi), Authorspress, New Delhi.

Short Story

- *Who is Responsible?—A Collection of Short Stories*, Authorspress, New Delhi.

Critical/Edited Books

- *Postcolonial Readings in Indo-Anglian Literature*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Stephen Gill's Poetry: A Panorama World Peace*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Discourses on Contemporary Indian English Poets*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Critical Perspectives on the Poetry of R. K. Singh, D. C. Chambial and I. K. Sharma*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Discourses on Five Indian Poets in English: Keki N. Daruwalla, Shiv K. Kumar, Pronab Kumar Majumder, Syed Ameeruddin and Aju Mukhopadhyay*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Concepts and Contexts of Diasporic Literature of India*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Changing Face of Women in Literature: The Flaming Spirit*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Studies on Six Indian Poets in English: Jayanta Mahapatra, Hazara Singh, P C K Prem, Gopikrishnan Kottoor, Manas Bakshi, Chandramoni Narayanaswamy*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
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- *Sarojini Sahoo's Feminine Reflections*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Indian Literatures in English: New Directions, Newer Possibilities*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Multicultural Studies on three Nobel Laureates—Rabindranath Tagore, Toni Morrison & Alice Munro*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Environmental Literature: Research Papers and Poems*, Authorspress, New Delhi.
- *Selected Short Stories in Contemporary Indo-Anglian Literature*, Sarup Book Publishers, New Delhi.
- *Pathos in the Short Stories of Rabindranath Tagore*, Sarup Book Publishers, New Delhi.
- *Studies in Contemporary Canadian Literature*, Sarup Book Publishers, New Delhi.
- *Critical Studies on Contemporary Indian English Women Writers*, Sarup Book Publishers, New Delhi.
- *Multicultural Literature of India: A Critical Evaluation of Contemporary Regional Literatures*, Viking Publishers, Jaipur.
- *World English Fiction: Bridging Oneness*, Viking Publishers, Jaipur.

Published Books on K. V. Dominic's Poetry

- *Philosophical Musings for a Meaningful Life: An Analysis of K. V. Dominic's Poems*. Ed. Dr. S. Kumaran, Modern History Press, MI, USA.
- *K. V. Dominic Essential Readings and Study Guide*. Ed. Victor R. Volkman, Modern History Press, MI, USA.
- *Write My Son, Write—Text and Interpretations*. By Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. E-book, Modern History Press, MI, USA.

Contemporary Concerns and Beyond

K. V. Dominic



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Preface

It is with great happiness that I am presenting before you my sixth collection of poems after *Winged Reason* (Authorspress, New Delhi, 2010), *Write Son, Write* (Gnosis, New Delhi, 2011), *Multicultural Symphony* (Gnosis, New Delhi, 2014), *Abbeepsa* (Authorspress, New Delhi, 2016) and *K. V. Dominic Essential Readings and Study Guide* (Modern History Press, MI, USA, 2016). As the title reveals, the major theme dealt in the poems of this book is contemporary issues and concerns.

Let me state that I have adopted a poetic style of my own and I never try to imitate any predecessor or contemporary poet. Initially I had an apprehension if my poems and the style would be accepted by the readers. But the two dozen reviews and comments I received from renowned professors, poets and critics for the very first collection *Winged Reason* removed all fears in me and gave me boost to write more and more and thus came out the other collections in quick succession. When my poems and critiques on them were accepted warmly by the American publishing house Modern History Press and the poems were included in the syllabus of South Asian Studies in the universities of USA and UK, I have become more aware and confident that my poetry can go deep into the minds of readers, young and old.

There are 38 poems in this collection which were composed in 18 months from 2014. Variety is one of the charms of my poetry and I have dealt with innumerable

topics and incidents in this collection. The topics range from problems, tortures and tragedies of the marginalized like women, beggars, transgender, children, the old, and issues of war and peace, nature, environment, vasudhaiva kutumbakam, tribute to farmers and soldiers, philosophical thoughts, karma, spirituality, social issues and criticism, haiku etc.

Before winding up my preface let me express my deep gratitude to my bosom friend as well as world renowned publisher, Shri. Sudarshan Kcherry for taking this book for publication. He has already published twenty titles of mine. He is such a unique personality, full of wisdom, philosophy and compassion, that one will be enticed to publish more and more from his publishing house. God bless him for the selfless service he has been rendering to the academic and writing community. Wishing all lovers of poetry an enjoyable navigation through the book,

Affectionately,

K. V. Dominic

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Salute to Farmers!

Farming, noblest of all calling
Most terrestrial and natural
Innocent human beings beckoned
by mother earth to dig out
treasures from her infinite chest
Farmers gently hunt out using
spades, ploughs, harrows etc.
Wicked mafia sons suck her blood
Inject venoms to her veins
and even rape her to death
How pleasurable farming is!
Getting up early morning
farmers are allured by plants
just like their own children
Their eyes are bathed in happiness
when they find plants' growth
leaf after leaf and flower after flower
and fruit after fruit getting to ripen
Their eyes are drowned in tears
when they find beloved plants
withered or dead by bad weather
Farmers, feeders of a nation
less remembered gratefully
or least honoured and rewarded
Always praying for the mercy of God
Risking drought and flood
they have only tales of tears

Outcome of their sweat
looted by the mafias
and they starve and cultivate
to feed the nation's parasites
Numbers of their suicides
increase year after year
Let's salute our farmers for they
are the backbones of our nation

A Cremator's Struggle for Existence

Where man fears to occupy
a woman performs bravely!
Seleena Michael aged fifty one
lone cremator of Thrukkakkara
Municipal public crematorium
Cremating average twenty bodies monthly
Life with corpses for more than five years!
Two little daughters her assistants
Husband deserted a score year back
Then started life as housemaid
which ultimately led to role of a cremator
Taken this horrendous work on contract base
Will get Rs. 1500 for each corpse
of which 550 remitted to municipal office
Deducting cost of burning fuels
gets 450 for her dreadful work
Cremation takes three to six hours
Medicine addict bodies need longer hours
Kith and kin of body leave
once cremation fuel is ignited
Heat and fume of burning body
Explosive sounds of crushing bones
Dreading darkness of deep night
None but burning body as companion
But no force can dissuade her
firm determination to voyage life.

* Based on *The Mathrubhumi* report on 26 July 2015

Aboobaker, Poor Patients' Saviour*

Aboobaker runs an old medical shop in Ponnani
Poor patients flood there with prescriptions
No name board but known well in four districts
Medicines worth rupees fifty thousand
given free to average hundred patients everyday
Selfless humane service for more than thirty years
Collects sample medicines during free time
from doctors, hospitals and distributors
Closed his profitable hardware shop and
chose this as his divine vocation
Lives happily with his service minded wife
Has already won many awards for his great service.

* Based on *The Mathrubhumi* Sunday supplement report of 3 March 2016. Ponnani is a place in Northern Kerala.

An Airport Made of Tears*

Proposed Aranmula International Airport
A dream project of private construction group
Intends to construct airport city in 3000 acres
Eighty percent land paddy fields and wet lands
Rice and fish can earn four hundred crores per year
Runway being constructed over tributary of Pamba
will lead to flood in river during monsoon
Razing of four hills for filling wet lands
leading to water shortage and loss of biodiversity
Will affect serenity and sanctity of Parthasarathy temple
Three thousand poor families to be evicted
But they are not willing to leave
their sustaining lands, jobs and houses

Fake development policy of the State
Dancing to tunes of billionaire corporate
An airport totally unnecessary
Two international airports on either side
Two hours drive will take you there
Selfish discontent inhumane millionaires
insist on flying from the poor's chest
Got sanction from Sate through foul means
Already filled hundreds of acres of paddy fields
Destroyed hundreds of species of fish, snakes,
amphibians, valuable plants and micro-organisms
Fled thousands of birds both air and water

Aranmula people are on indefinite satyagraha
Protest against merciless State and corporate
Young and old they clamour in unison

“We will never leave our houses and lands
Where will we go and how will we live?
We can’t leave our rich heritage village,
our Parthasarathy temple and holy groves
Let their armed force shoot us all
and construct airport over our corpses.”
Their elected government has betrayed them
The government pleads for the corporate
Ignores the pleas of opposition parties
Pooh-poohs warnings of environmentalists
Innocent villagers lulled by music of birds and hymns
Waken up again by heavenly symphony
And eased by gentle strokes of breeze in day time
are destined to bear day and night
piercing drones of planes one after other

Beware, Maoists are never born
They are made where injustice rules

- * Arnamura is a Hindu heritage village in southern part of Kerala. The place is internationally known for Parthasarathy Temple, Holy Snake Boats and boat race, Arnamura Mirror and holy river Pamba. The poem was composed on 28 February 2014 and recited at the main auditorium of Pondicherry Central University on 20th March 2014 before leading English poets, writers and professors from all parts of the country. The project had to be cancelled in 2015 since the Supreme Court of India ratified the order of National Green Tribunal Verdict declaring Arnamura Airport Project as violating all environmental requirements. Consequently, Govt. of India withdrew its sanction for the Airport. The Left Democratic Front government of Kerala which was elected to power in 2016 is planning to revert the site to paddy fields.

Beggars and Animals

God's own children beggars
legitimate heirs to the planet
ousted by their own siblings
live by laws of Nature
flow by the flow of the system
like birds and flies in the sky
animals on land and fish in water
never sow, reap or store for morrow
minimum dress for body's need
seldom bathe seldom wash
nature protects them
from common diseases
no shelter from cold, rain or mosquitoes
but sleep with family on shops' verandahs
sound sleep rid of morrow's worries
get up early morning roused by birds
share their breakfast bread
with fellow beings crows and dogs
then seek for their food for the day
just as other beings do on the planet

Brahman's Leela

Everything comes out of nothing
And goes back again to nothing
And this cycle goes on
Started from time immemorial
And continues eternal
All Brahman's Leela
Brahman full of perfections
Hence no purpose in creation
Nothing to be obtained by creation
Spontaneous creation of universe
Leela, Leela, Brahman's blissful sport
Precipitates pain as well as joy
He who learns it, least affected
Has neither joy nor sorrow
Remains in heaven on earth

Child Trafficking

National Crime Records Bureau's
distressing, shocking revelation:
A child just disappear overnight
every eight minutes!
Children taken from their homes
and sold in markets
just like cows or goats!
Sold for bonded labour!
Amputated, blinded,
defaced with acid for begging!
Sexual exploitation
from the tender age of five!
Young girls made sex slaves
and forced prostitution!
Organs of children sold
and earn thousands!
Kidnapped children and
those sold by their parents!
Abject poverty compels parents
to leave their darlings
with bleeding hearts
and shaking hands!
Traffickers beguile them
with hollow promises
Believe their kids are driven
to secure happy homes
Forty thousand children
abducted in India every year!

Twelve thousand women
and fifty thousand children
trafficked for sex trade from
neighbouring countries every year!
India bears three lakh child beggars!
Forty four thousand children
fall into gangs' clutches every year!
How can man be cruel like this!
Non-human beings always
love their offsprings and
protect them from all dangers
Human being refined being
proves often debased being!

Circus Rani, Queen of Woes

Circus Rani aged twenty eight
the real queen of Rainbow Circus Company
Born to poor Christian parents
of North-Eastern State of Meghalaya
Abject poverty compelled mother
to sell her to Circus company
at the tender age of only ten
Her father died of AIDS
when she was only eight
Mother too showed positive
Younger siblings three more
Mother left the world fifteen years back
Whereabouts of siblings now unknown
Rani has now none in the world
When she performs flying trapeze
she takes it as her life's dangling
Her tight rope walking, Aerial hoop acrobatics
Equilibristics and Acrobalance
Wheel of death and Globe of death
give her no joy though spectators are delighted
Long thirteen years spent in tents
Tent is her world and their inmates her fellow beings
Each one has a tragic tale to tell
But who to listen to than one's own tent mates?
World likes only their smiling face
So too boss of the circus company
Rani's beauty has been waning
Age can't be controlled

She knows she will have to say goodbye
when the body can't be agile and supple
Where will she go and who will take her as bride?
Such burning answerless questions
wound her as she performs each her skill

Departure without Any Label

Once dead what are we?
Aren't corpse as of other beings?
Impartial Creator knows no difference
Human beings siblings of Other beings
Who does funeral rites for dogs and cats?
Jivatma goes to Paramatma unawares
Why then all these nonsense for human beings?
Thousands spent for soul's rest in peace!
Bribing Creator through fraud clergy?
Gullible laity tempted and snared
I don't want my body exploited
Be a burden to my kith and kin
There shall be no prayers or rites
Nor burial in churchyard or ugly vault
Let it be burned up at public crematorium
I came to this earth without any label
Labels then crush me like octopus
Allow me to depart without any label

Eating Gives Bliss

When eater gets sensual pleasure
feeder gets eternal bliss
How blissful are mothers
seeing their children gulping!
Equal bliss we experience
when our cats and dogs
finish their plates so fast
Same is the bliss we get
when we feed cattle and birds
or a hungry beggar in house
Isn't this the state of heaven
and why should we seek it elsewhere?

Ecological Debt Day

Ecological Debt Day
Alias Earth Overshoot Day
Falls on 13 August in 2015
Was on 23 December in 1970
Our needs now amount to
Resources of 1.5 earth
And by the mid century
we need two earths
Man's insatiable thirst for
more comforts and luxuries
ignores and disregards
reserve for future generation
Renewable resources and
carbon sequestration
the only remedy for
earth's early overshoot

Flower Vendor

Flower vendor Soundira Rajan
Surrounded by flowers of dozen varieties
Rose, marigold, dahlia, daffodil,
jasmine, chrysanthemum, daisy, tulip
Dawn to night intoxicated by fragrance
Eyes bathed in alluring colours
Those pretty tempting flowers
Nature's bounties for human minds
Balm for burning minds young and old
stimuli for amorous outburst
But unwelcome guests for Soundira Rajan
Jasmine garlands he makes for brides
remind him painfully of his unmarried daughter
Still remains single at thirty two
Arch villain dowry stands as stumbling block
Wreaths he makes with trembling hands
reminiscent of his spouse bed-ridden with cancer

Hut in the River*

Low caste mother and her three daughters
destined to live in a hut they made in river
Piling wooden posts in the running water
Suma has done such hazardous feat
to save herself and her daughters from
liquor-drug-addict husband's torture
A wooden plank bridge links them to land
Eldest daughter Surya a diabetic patient
Second daughter Ramya degree student
Youngest Aathira in Higher Secondary school
Suma works in shrimp factory during day time
and with daughters net fish in evening
A female family staggers so for survival
nowhere else but in God's own country Kerala!

* Based on *The Mathrubhumi* report on 2 June 2016

I can Hear the Groan of Mother Earth

I can hear the groan of mother earth
being raped by her own beloved human sons
Having sucked all milk from her mountain breasts
quarry deep out of construction mania

I can hear her shriek for help
when they cut each her vein
and drain all brooks and rivers

Can't you hear your mother's wail
when they pluck her hair after hair
felling trees and plants which protect them?

I can hear the scream of elephants, tigers,
Boars, snakes and all wild animals
when they drive them from their homes
and starve to death by burning forests

I can hear the death cry of bird after bird
when they cut their feeding trees
to make their selfish life more luxurious

Man, can't you hear those tremors of curses
hurled on you by endangered animals, birds and plants?
Man, I can hear mother earth cursing you
As Gandhari did long back to Lord Krishna

Karma is Akarma

*Karma** has *Akarma***
Akarma has *Karma*
One who knows it
reigns kingdom of wisdom
He alone does real *Karmas*
Karma belongs to senses
Senses part of *Prakruti*§
Atma† does no *Karma*
Hence *Karma* is *Akarma*

* *Karma* means action, work or deed.

** *Akarma* means inaction.

§ *Prakruti* means “nature” or “primal motive force.”

† *Atma* means mind, soul, spirit or psyche

Lessons from Fruit Trees

Nature is the best teacher
Modest and humble man
learns eternal truths from it
Plants and trees exhilarated
when flowers are born
Beautiful colours and
sweet smelling petals
make plants most pretty
and attract variety of flies
and even human beings
But after a few days
with no reluctance but joy
they shed these beauties
to give birth to fruits:
the ultimate fulfilment
of their simple lives
Same is the case of human life
a voyage to its terminus

Mahadeva Prasad, Saviour of Deserted Girls*

Sukrutam Gardens
deserted girls haven
Twenty five abandoned inmates
between six and seventeen
Mahadeva Prasad bachelor of forty
their father and brother
Managing trustee of Sukrutam
Started this shelter in rented house
Later bought 2.5 acres at Kozhikode
selling his family share
and built a house in it
getting help from his friends
Organized trustee with his friends
Girls studying in various schools
Prasad would try his best
to get them employed
and married off to loving husbands
Udaya, a trustee member
is their caring loving mother
Coming back from schools
they do farming in their compound
or learn lessons of cooking
Elder ones take care younger ones
They are no more orphans
Sukrutam is no doubt
a home of love and happiness

* Based on *The Mathrubhumi* report on 18 May 2014.

Maternal Attachment

Who can measure mother's immaculate love?
He can measure quantity of oceanic water
He can number the stars on blue sky
How much a mother lives for her child!
How much she pains and grieves for her offspring!
How much she bore carrying her/him in womb!
How much a mother sacrifices for her baby!
For feeding it her milk several times a day
how much she sacrifices controlling her food!
How she spends her sleepless nights
feeding and rocking when it goes crying and crying!
When mothers burn out thus for their babies
fathers lead a less tense tiresome life
Lesser time they spend with newborn babies
I feel guilt of learning this too late for recompense
How much my mother loved and lived for me!
How much she grieved, pained, fed, worked,
even starved and spent sleepless nights
watching eagerly each my movement
savouring gaily my growth day after day
From zero I have grown to this stature
I want to express ma my gratitude
Just to give her a kiss on her forehead
as return for her thousands of kisses
Alas! She left me five years back
not waiting for any returns from me

Compared to my wife's pains and struggles
nourishing my daughter and son in infancy
mine were negligibly less
They both are grown up now
and daughter has become a mother
Still my wife's sufferings continue
Her sleepless nights have come back
caring daughter and child with pleasure
while I sleep cozy unperturbed by infant's cry
How shall I define mother's love?
No lexicon term can convey it
Inexpressible, indefinable, unfathomable
immaculate, eternal and divine is maternal love!

Mother India, I Weep...

Mother India, you used to get up
full of vigour and thrill
roused by Sun your God
But angered by your ungrateful sons
He wakes you now with sweating rays
Trees, forests, hills,
rivers, lakes and wet lands
bathed you in refreshing rain
Maintained healthy temperature
Your wicked sons shaved off
plants and trees that cooled your body
Where are those mounds and hills?
Where are those wet lands and fields?
They levelled to build skyscrapers
and overburden you like Atlas
Seeing you lamenting helplessly
Mother India, I weep...

We used to wake up greeted by
music of birds like crows and cuckoos
Nature's hymns at dawn to the Creator
Gone are those birds and music now
Dins from temples, churches and mosques
Hymns to gods who never demand
Gods are pleased by karmas alone
Sattvic karmas, which your children seldom do
Hours wasted on rituals and rites
Then engaged in tamasic, rajasic karmas
Seeing our people's incorrigible actions
Mother India, I weep...

When you were enslaved by
foreign kings and empires
Looted your wealth and
trampled exemplary culture
Your valiant sons and daughters
fought against them
shedding their blood and
even sacrificing their lives
For them love of motherland
was the first and foremost feeling
Your plight is worse now Mother
Your politician sons suck your blood
Rape you and even attempt matricide
They shoot arrows and you lie bleeding
Unlike Bhishma lying on bed of arrows
could choose time of his death
you are dying inch by inch day after day
Most of your children are weak and helpless
to resist these villains' heinous assault
Seeing you writhing and crying for help
Mother India, I weep...

Murukan, God of Beggars*

Nothing gives greater happiness
than living for the poor
Prophets' lives are examples
Murugan, youth at Kochi city
aided by his MBA wife
lives for beggars and the wretched
Picks them day after day
from streets in his auto rickshaw
Shelters them in his own made one room hut
Bitter childhood, father plantation labourer
Deserted jobless mother and children
Family shifted to city slums
Murugan fought with dogs
for kitchen garbage from hotels
Br. Mavurus took him
to Don Bosco children's home
Stayed there for eight years
Learned to read and write
Coming out to street again
struggled for sustenance
Did all kinds of menial jobs
Determined to save his people
Made an organization for tramps
The first in the world
for vagrants on streets
Br. Mavurus funded him
for his one room shelter and auto rickshaw

Could save five thousand beggars
lepers, lunatics, drunkards, bed-ridden,
deserted mothers, blinded, amputated kids
Sought meanings to their tortured lives
Got President's award for his divine service
True, Murugan reigns as God in hundreds' minds

* Based on the report in *The Mathrubhumi* on 11 May 2014

Nadarajan, the Ideal Neighbour*

Nadarajan aged seventy two
staying in a hut of polythene sheet
in Pothupara village of Konni Taluk in Kerala
Ekes out living by sharpening kitchen knives
Lone fighter against granite quarry mafia
which grabbed neighbouring lands
menacing people of quarry's dangers
Nadarajan determined to save the village
and never to yield to mafia's threats
Decided to distribute his fifty cents
among ten poor landless families
The Western Ghats Protection Council
identified ten beneficiaries
on request from benevolent Nadarajan
Nadarajan's exalted exemplary action
is the real Karma which can motivate
in the thickly populated exploited State

* Based on the news report in *The Hindu* on 16 June 2014

None is Born Free

Man is never born free
Born with the genes
of his ancestors—
animal world
plant world and
micro-organic world
Ninety nine percent
of our ancestral
species extinct
Numbering five billion
Current species only
ten to fourteen million
of which just one million
known and documented
Aren't we human beings
just a drop in the
ocean of total life?
How can one predict
One's trait and character?

Parental Duty

What right have parents on their children?
What right has man on this universe?
Are we the cause of the existence?
This flow has started time immemorial
Aren't we just bubbles of that great flow?
You can't rein the flow of the system
But simply flow like an autumn leaf
Why then concern too much of your offspring?
Never dig your grave as Dhritarashtra did
Best is to be models to your children
Leading lives of dharma and karma

Parents Deserted

Stunned by reports in newspapers
Parents in eighties and nineties
needing bed rest and medication
admitted in hospitals by children
When asked to pay medicine bills
desert them and disappear for ever
Some are dropped on roadsides
Some even in thick forests
lonesome and prey for wild animals
How can offspring be so ungrateful!
Bore them for nine months in womb
Breastfed for a year or more
Turned blood to sweat and even starving
nurtured with food, clothes and education
Sought hard for their employment
Found suitable partners for their marriage
Looked after their tots
when they went for work
Old and weak when such parents
need support from their children
how can they be treated as burden?
How can they be spat out like curry leaves?
Deserting them is like selling cattle
when they are old and useless
to the slaughterhouses of Kerala
Beware! Life is a vicious cycle
Today's children tomorrow's parents!

Servants Assume Masters

In democratic government
people are masters and
bureaucrats servants
Applicants and petitioners
ought to be welcome
seated and requested
“What shall I do for you Sir/Madam?”
But what happens in our country
shames us and startles world
Masters request servants
“Sir, what shall I do for you?”
It’s our curse here
bribes and graft rule service

Shinu's Marathon for Charity*

Eighth marathon for bachelor Shinu
A humanitarian youth of twenty eight
A vegetable vendor from Trivandrum
Not a contest for any trophy
Solo race for charity fund raise
Twenty three children and
sixty grownups wait for his return
Their treatment and survival
depend on the money he earns
Already earned and spent
twenty two lakh rupees for
sixty patients last seven years
Crossing seven districts
he has entered now Idukki district
His target is six lakh rupees
“None be denied treatment
due to lack of money,” he says
Souls like Shinu are the saving
grace of this inhumane world
who props it from eternal doom

* Based on the report in *The Mathrubhumi* on 31 July 2014

Tearful Exodus

What a touching photograph on newspaper
Weeping mother holding her three year old crying son
Has to leave her darling to her relatives there
And migrate with her husband
and two daughters to Mumbai
seeking some jobs for their survival
Fourteen hours journey by bus
from that tribal village of 'Telangana
It's a regular pathetic sight, paper reports
Hundreds have fled already
leaving houses, lands and livestock
Severe drought and unbearable heat
and their sustaining land is of no use
Dug many bore wells but no trace of water
Simple innocent people who
did no harm to nature and environment
learned only to flow with the system
like autumn leaves on brooks
or formless clouds in the sky
Alas, they have become victims of
nature's annihilating human villains
who turned fertile lands to arid wastelands
and then lead luxurious lives in AC rooms
and bathe in swimming pools in metro cities
When miserable farmers in thousands
make tearful exodus for their survival
criminal billionaires fly abroad
seeking refuge from government's arrest
for evading tax and keeping trillions of
black money in foreign non taxable banks

Transgender Techie Begging for Survival

Kiran Sakhi, post graduate in computer science
begging on New Delhi streets for survival
and applying for job company after company
Lost her job two years back for reasons unreasonable
Is it offence or sin revealing one's identity?
She was bold enough to tell the world her sex
The company posted her accepting her third gender
Became a laughing stock to her junior colleagues
Had to resign her job within a few months
To make both ends meet she did sex work
begging and all such unpleasant acts
Hijra community protects her under their wings
But they are the lot destined to choose sex work
or beg on streets to appease their hunger
Supreme Court legally approved their third gender
It's duty of government to treat them equals
Make reservations for their education and employment
It's duty of citizens to love them as siblings
and protect them from all exploitations

Tribute to SAI Sanctuary*

Dr. Anil Malhotra, aged 75 from Pune
and his wife Pamela, aged 64 from New Jersey
Owners of the only private wildlife sanctuary in India
Married in 1976 at the age of 37 and 26
And honeymoon at Hawaii Island in Pacific
Bought some forest area and built a house
Thus lived there in lap of nature for ten years
Decided not to have their offspring since
earth is too much tortured by human beings
Had to return to India since Anil's father was sinking
Felt burning reality of destruction of India's forests
Pledged to devote life for forestry and protection
Sold property of Hawaii and bought fifty five
acres of barren land in Kodagu district of Karnataka
Made it wild forest and built a house to live in
Then went on buying adjacent lands from farmers
helping them in repaying their debts
Fifty five acres of barren land now grew to
three hundred acres of wild forest
It 's a haven for animals like Bengal Tiger, sambhar
Asian elephants, hyena, wild boar, leopards etc.
Over 300 species of birds visit sanctuary
The couple takes bountiful nature as mother
and she shall not be pained by her children
They proclaim to the world through life that
the land we got from ancestors
should be given back, if not bettered,
to the future generation to survive

They propagate the message that
forest needs animals and animals
help forests in regeneration
Let's salute these great guardians
and their SAI sanctuary which is
a noble initiative to save animals

* SAI is the abbreviation of Save Animals Initiative

Tribute to Siachen Martyrs

What a heart-bleeding eye-flooding
scene on the front page of newspaper!
Four month old daughter Meenakshi
shown her father's frozen dead body!
Lance Naik B. Sudheesh meeting
his darling lone daughter for the first time!
Alas neither of them identifies each other!
What a depressing sobbing sight for mass assembled!
Tsunami of groans, laments, weeps and sighs!
Youth of twenty nine, Sudheesh had planned
to visit home on leave after a month
Could come a month before immersing all in tears!
Married Shalu, degree student three years back
Thus sacrificed his life for the nation along with
nine others in Siachen Glacier at Indo-Pak border
Were buried under thirty feet huge avalanche
Bodies could be recovered only after seven days
Thousands are still patrolling there
ready to die for their nation any moment
Siachen Glacier highest battle field on earth
Twenty thousand feet above sea level
Lowest temperature minus fifty degree
Average winter snowfall thousand cubic meters
Nothing lives there except Indo-Pak soldiers
Indian army controls area since 1984
More than two thousand soldiers
sacrificed precious lives for India and Pakistan

When hundred and fifty crores people
cozily sleep with family in both the countries
thousands of young lives are compelled to leave their family
to fight with merciless climate for no reason or gain
When thousands die of hunger everyday on either side
hundreds of millions are spent on this vulnerable place
Whose craze it is? For whom it is? People's welfare?
People aren't iron-hearted to see their patriots
suffer so sorely and sacrifice their precious lives
Let dove of peace fly over Indo-Pak borders
nay, borders of each and every nation
God, kindly sow seeds of peace, love and
compassion in the minds of all nations' heads

*Tyagi**

An ideal *Tyagi* renounces
rewards of one's *Karma***
Karma's output of
happiness, grief or
blend of both
Tyagi gets *Brahm Sakshatkar*§
Same outcome of a *tapasvi*†
He possesses bare necessities
just to continue his existence

* The word *Tyagi* is derived from Sanskrit which means "one who has renounced or sacrificed."

** *Karma* means action or deed.

§ *Brahm Sakshatkar* means realization of God.

† *Tapasvi* means hermit or ascetic.

Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam

Laws of *Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam*
eternal laws of the planet
Meant for humans and non humans
But rational human beings never care
Violators everywhere
and abiding very few
No government to enforce laws
All animals have fellow feelings
Carnivores prey not for thrill
but for existence
But man kills man not for food
Intelligence makes him narrow
His irrational divisions of classes—
colour, caste, religion,
language, politics, nation
demote love and promote hate
When millions die of hunger
trillions spent for armaments
Selfish thirst for comforts and luxuries
devastated ecology and
flow of the system
When we eat our food
cooked in our kitchen or
bought from supermarkets
we never think of that star
one fifty millions kilometers away
showering light and energy
on plants which feed us
as well as animals on earth

Human world always dependent of
plant world and animal world
Extinction of any species
affects our own survival
Damages done to ecology
can't be remedied singular
Needs collective efforts of nations
Let's hence abide by the eternal
laws of *Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam*

Venkatachalam, Saviour of the Old*

Fed up of your old parents who
fed you till they became old and weak?
Nuisance for your cozy privacy life?
Want to dispose them like old cattle
but afraid of legal consequences?
You may call Mr. Venkatachalam
the home nurse who showers love
and selfless service on old and deserted
Nearing sixty he has completed
silver jubilee of 24x7 service
Going from patients to patients
homes to homes and towns to towns
Seldom visits his own wife and children
Parents deserted, starved and tortured
by their own blood born selfish children
take him as their loving son
and he consoles them back
when they weep and wail
“Aren’t I with you always?”
He feeds them, bathes them,
sits by them day and night
Lulls them by the songs they like
and finally helps them
enter their Father’s abode peacefully
Venkatachalam sets an example
to new gen cut-throat children:
how to be humane to their loving parents

* Based on the newspaper report in *The Mathrubhumi* on 27 July 2014

What is Karma?

“What is Karma?”

Joseph, youth of twenty
asked his parish priest, Fr. Francis.

“Great question!” Fr. Francis answered.

“When one learns its answers
and applies it on life

becomes wise and jnani.

Our Indian philosophy
richest mine of any such riddle.

Three types of karmas:

Tamasik, Rajasik, Satvik.”

“Kindly explain, Father.”

“Speech and deeds not caring result,
minding not feelings and emotions,
just like the action of a terrorist
is Tamasik, which you shall never do.

Words and actions

done to please oneself
fall under selfish Rajasik karma.

Words and deeds

done to serve others
are selfless Satvik karma
which makes you a saint.”

“How can one be Satvik, Father,
when Greed is chasing like a monster?”

“Tapas can drive any Greed;
need not go to the Himalayas;
meditation in one’s room is enough.

Satvik karma bears no stamp of the doer;
it's purified action emitted like a ray.
Once done the doer shall never remember;
never expect return from beneficiary;
not even grateful words or look.
Satvik person overcomes emotions;
negative emotions of anger, apathy,
conceit, despair, doubt, envy,
fear, greed, guilt and hate,
never dare enter one's mind.
Loves all objects of universe;
animate and inanimate;
animal world and plant world.
Learns the truth 'aham brahmasmi'
'I am the infinite reality.'
Thus attains realization of life."
Fr. Francis enlightened Joseph's mind.
"Thanks a lot Father for
showing me the right path."

What is Spirituality?

What is spirituality?

Worshipping God

in abstract terms

and spending time

in temples, mosques,

churches, synagogues,

gurudwaras, etc., or

doing real services

through words and actions

to your fellow beings

including non human

and plant world?

Methodists think God likes

the latter and

loathes former

Women Denied Justice

Eighth March, International Women's Day
Women remembered and honoured every year
Commendable practice started long back in 1975
Gender equality proud slogan of 2016
Fifty percent of my compatriots are women
Women Reservation Bill still in freezer
Bill demands only thirty three percent in Lok Sabha
and all legislative assemblies of the States
Patriarchy plays its regular villainous role
Women's reservation only twelve percent
in this largest democracy of world
Neighbouring Islam country
Bangladesh has twenty percent
Pakistan too twenty percent
Even Taliban has twenty eight
Asian countries total is eighteen
And India has only thirteenth place
Europe reserves twenty four
Whereas African country Rwanda sixty three
And my own most literate State Kerala
humiliates us with only five percent

Salute to Soldiers

Let's salute our soldiers
who protect us from perils
Unlike other beings
human beings' enemies
are human beings
Most selfish being on earth
Result is rivalry and hostility
No country can survive
without military defence
Hence soldiers reckoned
precious children of nation
Their lives pledged for the state
Ever ready to sacrifice lives
Proud to be martyrs of the country
Disciplined and systematic life
Honest and highly patriotic
National emotions conquer
domestic attachments
Extreme weather never
pulls back from duties
Ever vigilant day and night
to make millions of their compatriots
lead happy peaceful life
Hence let's salute our soldiers
who serve as our saviours

Haiku

Jackfruit longs for mellow:
can serve as feast
to birds and squirrels



Teachers shunned by students:
couldn't serve as models
and conquer their minds



Rains reluctant to descend:
no shrubs and trees
to welcome their arrival



Elephants kill mahouts:
man has no right
to torture them



Children become obese:
artificial hormonal food
and lack of physical exercise



Tigers enter villages:
how will they survive
when forests are encroached?



Twinkling stars remind human beings
Smile, weep not, SLEEP
Learn from non human beings



Stray dogs multiply:
Beastly man throws away
offsprings of pets on roads



Cauliflowers weep:
bathed in insecticides
flies don't kiss them



Why didn't wash your dish, daughter?
If mama could do it,
why can't you then, dear papa?



Cattle thank God:
their traffics on trucks are blocked
Gluttons of beef weep



Infant's innocent smile:
Smiles at nothing
Finds beauty everywhere



Stray dogs' begging
look at human beings:
Have mercy on us



Starry sky reminds man:
How little you know of universe
Be humble and modest



Blazing sun warns man:
You dig your own grave
I am not responsible



Younger generation
asks elder generation:
How will we live on earth?



Mother earth tells
selfish human beings:
Let other beings also live



Other beings remind humans:
We too have equal rights
to live on this planet



Flowers plead human beings:
Please don't pluck us
We live for all beings



Cows pray to humans:
You may milk and drink
But leave enough for our calves

