

# **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.
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- *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 State 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

