

Echoes of War, Whispers of Wisdom

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A Collection of Poems

K. V. Dominic



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(A Collection of Poems)

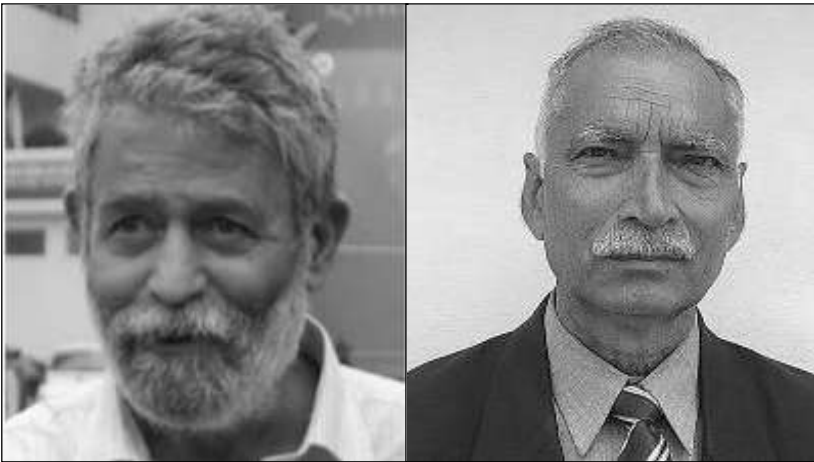
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Dedicated to



Dr. Rameshchandra Mukhopadhyaya

(11 Feb. 1947 – 04 Aug. 2024)

Dr. D C Chambial

(29 Sept. 1950 – 19 Nov. 2024)

Preface

Glad to share with you my 9th collection of poems in English. This book contains 38 poems composed from March 2024. It took a longer duration to bring out this collection since I have been concentrating more on short fiction during the period. Unlike many other poets my poems are more objective than subjective, more intellectual than imaginary and emotive. Reason plays upper hand in my poems. I give more importance to content than style. Imparting good values and messages through poetry and short stories is my prime objective. Repetition is boring and finding out new topics and themes is challenging. That is one reason why I am not able to compose poems frequently.

The main themes and topics I have dealt with in this book are: tributes to Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya and Dr. D. C. Chambial, Nature and environmental concerns, Palestine-Israel war, concept of new year, philosophical pursuits, role models, love, climate change, new gen protests, compassion, humanism etc. There are 10 war poems in this collection, particularly on Israel-Palestine war that is still going on now. Hence the title of the book 'Echoes of War'.

This book is dedicated to Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya and Dr. D. C. Chambial who were senior members of our GIEWEC family as well as so close to me as my elder brothers.

Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya, M A (Triple), M Phil, PhD, (Born on 11.02.1947 – Died on 04.08.2024) was a retired college teacher residing at Belur Math, Howrah, West Bengal, India. A multilingual writer (English, Bengali, Sanskrit and Pali), and philosopher, he has authored nearly 100 books on different subjects. He was like an elder brother and mentor to me, so loving and compassionate. Dr. Mukhopadhyaya was the first great scholar and critic to research my poetry that resulted in the publication of three brilliant critical books from the USA and then an edited critical anthology from Authorspress, New Delhi.

Prof. Dr. D. C. Chambial was born on 29 September 1950 at Kangra, Himachal Pradesh, India. He took his M.A., M. Phil and PhD in English Language and Literature from Himachal Pradesh University, India. Chambial has thirty nine years of teaching experience in UG and PG level and he retired as Professor of English from SCVB Govt. College, Palampur,

Himachal Pradesh in 2008. He has authored and published 15 collections of poems and two books of criticism on the poetry of Krishna Srinivas and Shiv K. Kumar. Many critical articles and research dissertations have appeared on his poetry and many are working on his poetry for M Phil and PhD degrees besides a UGC project. D. C. Chambial is familiar to the academic circles in India and the West not only as a poet but also as an editor par excellence. As the editor of *Poetcrit*, established in 1988, he has been serving the established and emerging writers of India and abroad by exposing their vibrant thoughts and passions to the readers all over the world. Hundreds of scholars are indebted to him for their PhD degrees by way of materials of their theses as well as publication of their papers as requirements of the degree. Innumerable college/university teachers have been getting promotions as Readers and Professors by their publications in *Poetcrit*. Pranaam to the great souls!

Before winding up let me express my deep gratitude to my dearest publisher and friend Sudarshan Kcherry jee for accepting this book for publication from his renowned publishing house, Authorspress, New Delhi.

K. V. Dominic

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Tribute to Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya*

The beacon has extinguished
Served half a century guiding hundreds of ships
swaying in tempestuous ocean

The captain has departed
harbouring thousands of sailors
to the shore of knowledge

The Guru was called back
leaving hundreds of his disciples and scholars
in the abyss of deep sorrow and gloom

He was a walking encyclopaedia
Guided research scholars in various disciplines
Critiqued hundreds of research papers on
all genres of literature and philosophy

Humble and simple to the core
never strove for fame and recognitions
Accessible to anyone who needed his help
Day and night he was available to all

Literary enterprises he has pioneered –
Underground Literature publishing house,
Platform journal, Sefirah what's app group
All have come to a standstill now.

Dear Ramesh Sir, the void you have created
will remain ever burning in our minds
And those sweet moments with you
will drag us to more sadness day after day



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D C Chambial – A Poetic Tribute*

Daring to start a poetry journal alone
 Challenging agonies on its thorny path
 Chambial ji, you drove your poets' caravan
 Hoping to promote Indian English poetry
 Analyzing poems of contemporary writers
 Making history in journals on poetry
 Being a brilliant poet and critic par excellence
 Illuminated our poetry to entire world
 Amassing all energy fighting against ailments
 Lived a selfless life committed to poetry



* *Prof. Dr. D. C. Chambial was born on 29 September 1950 at Kangra, Himachal Pradesh, India. He took his M.A., M. Phil and PhD in English Language and Literature from Himachal Pradesh University, India. Chambial has thirty nine years of teaching experience in UG and PG level and he retired as Professor of English from SCVB Govt. College, Palampur, Himachal Pradesh in 2008. He has authored and published 15 collections of poems and two books of criticism on the poetry. As the editor of Poetcrit, established in 1988, he has been serving the established and emerging writers of India and abroad by exposing their vibrant thoughts and passions to the readers all over the world.*

Autocracy

Leave your country soon
A PM orders to millions
Or bombs will shatter you to pieces
And incessant bombing continues

Shut your mouth
Stop your support and sympathy
Or will be deported from our state
President orders foreign students



Humanity has Lost its Conscience

What has happened to humanity!
When millions of a nation are
driven from their homeland,
starved to death besides
killing more than sixty five thousand
innocent people in two years,
very few to protest or condemn it
This indifference is pathetic and deplorable

Religions are man-made
and the Creator has no religion
The concept of chosen people of God
is irrational and absurd
How can God the father, epitome of love
discriminate His children?
Israelites, Arabs, Indians, and all
human beings on earth are His children
Children killed and starving in Gaza
are to be seen as our own children
It's our own siblings who are fleeing
from their houses and
gunned down from behind



Hunger cries tear hearts (haiku)

Hunger cries tear hearts
Thousands in Gaza shelter
Camps cry for kindness

Millions beg for crumbs
While rich throw their excess waste
Mother Earth sheds tears

Most starve, a few cheers
How can it be justified?
Way of cruel world



Joy for ever turning to tears for ever

Sweet smiling faces of kids –
Newborns, infants, toddlers
Magnetic to eyes of all
Hard to detract
Lovelier than all flowers
Exhilarated sun adds their charm
As Keats says they are joy for ever

Those innocent kids at Gaza
Shattered to pieces by bombs
Moon hid her face with dark clouds
Sights of scattered heads, hands, legs
In blood-pool make us tears for ever



Missile on School

War crazy iron hearted rulers,
How could you bomb to death
170 plus innocent students in school?
Had your children been in that school
would you have dared to send the missile?
Children are innocent everywhere
They are beauties and joy forever

Sons of darkness,
You have extinguished light of knowledge
Can't you hear the wails of students
searching for their school,
searching for their classmates?



Humankind has lost its kindness

Humankind has lost its kindness
It has lost all humaneness
It is deaf and blind to atrocities going on
When hundreds of innocent women and children
are shot down or bombed everyday
how can humanity be indifferent?
More than thirty thousand civilians
Majority women and children
have been killed in Palestine
by Israel forces in five months
How can humanity be blind to
violations of human rights there?
What right has Israel to kill
those innocent civilians of Palestine?
A million Palestinians have lost their houses
Those who sought shelter in Gaza hospitals
have been bombed and killed
Even those starving women and children
who crowded to get UN aid
were shot down by Israel forces
More than a million are starving there
even eating cattle feeds
and drinking filthy water
Rulers of all powerful nations
have lost their conscience and empathy
They are led by selfish business motive
Humankind has lost its kindness



Missiles as toys

Shrapnel of missiles
Strange toys for kids
Innocent ones from tents
never knew those toys
burnt to death hundreds
of their kith and kin

Vulture rulers who play with missiles,
haven't you prick of conscience?
Destroy those arms and ammunition
Be humane and stop this war



War and Peace

Tempests of wars and violence
have broken wings of doves –
harbingers of peace on earth
Hundreds of doves have sacrificed their lives
Warmonger rulers of world are vultures
eager to tear bodies of innocents
Jungle rule of might is right
prevails even now in homo sapiens

Exploiting patriotic feelings of citizens
vicious rulers hush up protests of wars
and win support and applause for massacres
killing thousands of innocent civilians

Cold blooded indifference of us
Least felt when hundreds
of innocent children and women are
bombed to death or maimed everyday
It happens far away and
it's not our kith or kin, we justify
Protest against wars is seldom seen
We have lost our concern for fellow beings
Unless we feel those murders as our own
humans will never be humane

Of trillions spent on war every year
not even ten percent is needed
to wipe out poverty from the world
and fill the planet with happiness and peace
Sadly, we can only dream of such bliss
For, wars are nothing but weapon business



Wails of mothers

Billions mourn today crucifixion of Jesus
Do penance in several ways
But very few heed to the wails of
innocent mothers in Holy Land
with their killed children on laps
Bombed most mercilessly by Israel



War against children

Households waste over
one billion meals a day
while over 800 million
cry for a square meal!

Thousands of children in Gaza
queue for hours to get a loaf of bread
Their only dream is to get a piece of bread!

Children killed in the world
in four years is 12193
while in Gaza the number
is 12300 in less than six months!

It's a war against children as UN states
Terribly tortured children in Gaza
long to die as UNICEF reports

Infants die of feed of milk
since their mothers are killed
Pointing to bruised dead body
of dear brother eighteen months' old
Alma asks indifferent world:
"What crime has he done?"
What for is UN Security council and its
resolution for immediate ceasefire?
Alas! world is ruled by might
and might is right in this civilized world!



Advent of Monsoon

global warming alarm
boiling seas cry aloud
thick clouds celebrate
violent applause with
lightning and thunder
heavy rain day and night
plants and trees dance
birds chirp, flies flutter
thirsty lands quench
rich celebrate monsoon
sleepless nights for poor
on sloppy hills and angry beaches



Ahimsa

Leave it child
Kill not the ant
Trample not again
Look how it struggles
It never bites you
Why then kill it?
If an elephant comes
And tries to trample on you
Won't you scream
And beg for life?
Same it happens here
Poor ant begs
To spare its life
All are God's children
How He loves you
So He loves ant



Anke Gowda, gateway to knowledge*

Anke Gowda, aged seventy five
His house at Mysuru's Haralahalli village
A rare treasure of two million books
Consisting of half a million rare foreign books
Some 5000 dictionaries in various languages
Destination for researchers, students and writers
Even civil service aspirants and Supreme Court judges
No membership fee or admission charge
"Anyone can come, read and gain knowledge"

Gowda began collecting books at the age of 20
while working as a bus conductor
Left the job to take MA in Kannada Literature
Worked for three decades in sugar factory
Most of his earnings went for buying books
Even sold his property in Mysuru
Got full support from his wife and son
to fulfill his lifelong passion
No doubt, Anke Gowda enjoys heavenly bliss



*(*The data is based on the Mathrubhumi News on 2nd September 2025)*

Bunyan Tree & Happy New Year

“Why are humans, most intelligent,
concerned of time in their life?
They greet each other good morning,
good afternoon, good evening
Today they greet happy new year.
In this infinite universe
how absurd is time and space!”
The immortal bunyan tree pondered.
She is sacred to human beings
who rest beneath her canopy leaves.
She has no death and enlarges her empire
rooting down from each branch.
She is a haven to innumerable birds and animals
and also to vagabonds and rishis.
“How idiot is a human being!” she thinks
“Always worried and sad and never content.
No meaning in his greetings;
empty words like din of a drum.
Those birds and animals are happy like me
Never bothered of time or age
Least concerned of death and departure
When one greets good morning
thousands face bad mornings,
fighting against poverty and sickness
or frightened of tortures and wars”



Celestial Mercy

Birds' cries for water
pierced clouds' hearts
and they burst into tears

Winter shrieks of animals
melted sun's heart
and emitted warm rays

Morning sun to
shivering refugees in tents
"Come out children
I will hug you"



Death with his Chariot

At last Death came with his chariot
to relieve our dearest old Professor
of his brain dead unconscious stage
in hospital for more than three months
With his benign right hand he lifted
the patient to his chariot
On his way back he found
a young vibrant Professor taking rest
after some sporting activity in college
With his malign left hand
Death dragged him to his chariot
leaving us all in endless tears



Note: The reference is to the awaited demise of Prof. E. D. Sebastain (79), Retired Professor of Physics of Newman College, Thodupuzha, Keralam, India (service was his motto) and to that of Prof. James V. George (38), Asst. Professor of Commerce, S. H. College, Thevara, Kochi, Keralam, India who died of cardiac arrest. Both the demises took place on 11th September 2024.

Dr. Ravi Kannan, Saviour of Sick

God the Father beckoned his son
Dr Ravi Kannan, surgeon of Adayar Cancer Institute
to serve the poor at Silchar, Assam
A State resided by poor tribals
All addicts to the use of tobacco
Both young and old, male and female
Several thousand cancer patients
Very few doctors and hospitals to treat
Dr Kannan could make miracle at Silchar
Won hearts of people rich and poor
Built hospital for cancer treatment
More than 3000 patients get treatment every year
just charging only 500 rupees from a patient
The doctor practices this great principle:
“Opportunities and talents are rarely given
Those who have, should share it with others”
World recognised his heavenly services
Honoured him with Padmasree in 2020
and Asian Nobel Ramon Magsaysay Award in 2023



El Nino and Climate Change

Who is responsible for El Nino?
Human beings? No.
Has been there for thousands of years
Recurrs in two to seven years
Pacific Ocean's warm surface water
Causes floods in Peru
Droughts in India and Australia
Warmer winter in Canada
Humans make this phenomenon worse
Greenhouse gases made Pacific
One degree warmer now
than hundred years back
Result is hotter heat waves
and more intense rain
Hence arrest global warming
Save human race, animal world,
Plant world and our planet itself



Haiku of present scenario

Gone those golden days
sun rays hugged, opened eyelids
Drenched in sweat we wake now

Gone those golden days
cuckoos' songs strike morning alarm
Trees, birds seldom found

Gone those golden days
democracy people's rule
Tyranny's its name



Haiku on Creator

Cosmic Creator
Reveal us how all began
Is it just cyclic?

How old this cosmos?
Beyond our concept of time?
Will it end one day?

Are you a concept
Or entity with body
Or Paramatma?

Present or absent
I love your presence everywhere
In beings and non beings



Honeybee and Flower

How sweet is your kiss, dear honeybee!
I am tickled when your tongue slides into my mouth
Same is my excitement, dear flower
How smooth and charming is your face!
Sweet moments of joy for both of us
But once I go back to my house
all my happiness and spirit is lost
The pollen and nectar I sucked from you
are food and energy for us and our babies
We store them in the hives we laboriously make
as to feed our family in winter
when you flowers are no more
But cruel man plucks our house,
steals all honey and kills our babies

Our lives are for other beings, dear bee
It's you who pollinate flower to flower
resulting food for humans and other beings
I am destined to die serving my mission
Of all beings humans are the cruellest
Exploitative and most ungrateful



I am part of the universe

Longing for sleep past midnight
Try my best to tie my mind to a pin
But it rotates like the fan
Spins like the planet I lie upon
And like universe that spins faster
Reminds me I am part of the universe



Irrational Discriminations

Cool down, son
Put your weapon down
Your own siblings they are
No caste or religion for Creator
Caste and religion man-made

Cool down, son
Put your weapon down
Black and White climatic
All are God's children
Racial discrimination man's creation



Kunjiraman's compassion lottery

Kunjiraman aged 75
Dawn to dusk sells lottery tickets
Not to feed his family
But to feed many unfortunate ones
seeking medical help
at Chokkad palliative clinic
He buys food items
to be sent to poor patients' houses
He also meets the salary
of a nurse who cares them
At this old age he gets
rare happiness and bliss
no rich can experience



**Based on the Mathrubhoomi report of 22nd December 2025. Chokkad is in Keralam, India.*

Lament on a 500 rupee note

How soiled is this 500 rupee note
just received from the ATM?
Born in 2020 where all has it travelled?
Thousands of hands it passed through
Mostly from shops to shops
As your face is imprinted there, Mahatma
what all scenes you had to witness!
How much you had to weep!

Might be it passed from a poor mother
to get medicine for her bedridden child
It might have gone from an old widow's
petty welfare pension to buy rice and vegetables
Might be it given by a poor patient
to a greedy doctor as consultation fee
Might be the wage an old man got
for his daylong tiresome work in the farm
It might also be a magnanimous tip
given by a billionaire in a five star bar
Might be an offering to the deity
given by a poor woman
for her husband's speedy recovery
It might be a small bribe to the Secretary
to get birth certificate from Panchayat
Might be the price of a liquor bottle
paid by a labourer in liquor shop
A lazy man might have used it
to try his luck in a lottery shop

And what am I to use this note for?
Let me try to wipe out tears on Mahatma's face
I will give it to a begging woman
to feed her starving family



Let's celebrate with Nature!

Let's celebrate with Nature!
Monsoon has arrived!
What a symphony outside!
Drenched and exhilarated
plants dance swaying leaves
Raindrops play various beats
on Nature's multiple drums
Bathing in rain birds chirp and fly
(Many have died in summer
not getting water and food)
Crows, mynas, bulbuls, robins
tailorbirds, drongos, treepies
play the symphony of bassoon
flute, violin, guitar, piano
trumpet, saxophone, sitar
organ, accordion, harp
Why don't we join Nature
with our children bathing in rain
and dancing with the plants
and singing with the birds' band?



Mamma, who is my father?

“Mamma, who is my father?”
“Your father is no more, Arjun;
died before you were born.
Jaidev was his name.”
“Why then my classmates
abuse me as bastard?
Their parents told them
my mom was raped in train
and I was born a bastard.
Am I a bastard mamma,
Tell me the truth.” Arjun cried.
“No, my child” she started crying
“Is it true you were raped in train?”
“True, my son, me and hundreds of
women were raped while our family
fled for life to Kolkata from Dhaka
When our State was partitioned
they killed your father and brothers”
Tears flowed like streams over her cheeks
“How better if you killed
when I was born.
I am a bastard doomed to live”
Screaming loud he ran out to the road.



My love to you

I never say "I love you dear"
But I can't smile if you don't smile
When tears flow from your eyes
I can't control my eyes
I can't eat when you don't eat
I can't sleep if you don't sleep
When you are sick on bed
I can't leave you desolate
And I am there nursing you
I reflect in your eyes and
You reflect in my eyes
I reside in your heart and
You reside in my heart
Then why should my lips utter
"I love you darling"?



New Gen Protests

Gen-Y, Gen-Z, Gen-Alpha, Gen-Beta
Generations struggle and fight to survive
Old gens made this planet wasteland
Exploited least bothered of their successors
Showered hollow promises and dreams
And made new gens work for it day and night
Corruption, nepotism, bribery hallmarks of rulers
Seek religions' help to inject superstitions
And blind new gens from scientific thoughts
But how long can they be cheated?
They will revolt as is found in Nepal, Sri Lanka,
Bangladesh, Delhi and many other places



Non-believers more virtuous than believers

Believers have their gods who protect
Gods will forgive sins they commit
Confessions and penance will redeem them
Indirectly a licence to live as one likes
Non-believers have none to protect them
Neither gods nor society around
Hence more virtuous, kind and compassionate



On a visit to Singapore

Enchanted by the beauty
and wonders of Singapore
I visited it with my family
Singapore is in diamond shape
East to west just 50 kilometres
North to South 27 kilometres
Total area only 744 kilometres
A charming diamond in every sense

6.21 million people living in
multi storeyed apartments and no villas
Permanent residents just above half a million
Multicultural nation with 74 percent Chinese,
13 percent natives Malay, Indians 9 percent
and the rest from all over the world
A country with no beggars and all employed
Fifth highest per capita income
in the world with \$ 107000
Compared to India's \$ 2813 ranking 149
and China's \$ 14874 ranking 73

Coming to wonders and beauties
Roads with no dust, parks with no waste
Spitting on roads and public places punishable
SkyPark infinity pool view with light show at night
Supertree grove with cloud forest dome
Half fish half lion Merlion statue 8 metres high,
the national symbol of Singapore
Universal Studio with eight zones
with world's tallest duelling coaster
Huge 4D rides, revenge of the mummy,
Despicable Me Minion Mayhem
Singapore Flyer the giant
observation wheel at Marina Bay
Second tallest wheel in the world
165 metres high and

taking 30 minutes per rotation
Singapore oceanarium
with 45 million litres of water
With more than one lakh animals
of more than 1000 species
Singapore zoo the best in Asia
Charming Botanic gardens and Birds Paradise
including vast area for King Penguins
Amazing exhibition of predators on wings
Many more beauties we saw for four days
Mr. Mohan the superb guide taught us
the history, culture and tradition of Singapore

Returning home I was sad thinking about
when will my country rise to that level.
If population is the problem how could
China make such advancements?



On a visit to Malaysia

Having finished Singapore trip
we landed at Malaysia
Malaysia consists of two parts:
Peninsular Malaysia and East Malaysia
divided by South China Sea
Compared to India only one by tenth in size
Population 33 million, majority Muslims
Got independence from the British in 1957
Singapore was part of it but
left due to race politics in 1965
Multi-ethnic country with 70% Malay,
22% Chinese and 6.5% Indians
Upper Middle income Islamic country
with secular law and no discrimination to non-Muslims
Third richest country in South East Asia
Per capita income a year is Malaysian Ringgit 61900
Equal to Indian Rupees 12.6 lakhs
Whereas India's per capita income is ₹2.2 lakhs

Coming to main attractions:
Petronas Twin Towers, 451 metres high
Tallest twin tower in the world
Batu Caves, the Hindu temple in cave with 272 steps
Lord Murugan's golden statue at entrance
World's tallest Murugan statue, 140 feet tall
Merdeka or Independence Square,
the most historic ground in Malaysia
Kuala Lumpur Tower, 7th tallest tower in the world
with revolving restaurant at 282 metres high
Tugu Negera, Malaysia national monument
Single piece bronze statue 15 metres high
dedicated to soldiers who died for Malaysian freedom
FIRST WORLD HOTEL at Genting Highlands
World's largest hotel with 7,351 rooms
Casino, theme parks, shopping malls all inside
Elevation 1800 metres above sea level

Nine storeyed Chinese Buddhist Pagoda
at Genting Highlands 1400 metres above sea level
Mr. Edward, the brilliant guide showed us
all historic places and monuments
and explained very well like a teacher



Red Sun Sets – Lal Salaam V S!*

Fidel Castro of Kerala
V S Achuthanandan is no more
Ideal communist and champion of the masses
His fight for the poor, downtrodden and marginalised
comes to an end at 102
But the polestar can't die and will continue to guide
to fight against injustice, discrimination and inequality

'Vee eS' people fondly call him
Masses greet him
"Kanne Karale Vee Esse!"
(our eye and lever Vee Esse!)
A fighter from his childhood
Fought against struggles of life
Mother died of small pox
when he was just four
Father died when he was eleven
Struggled for just a meal a day
Stopped education at seventh class
Started working in his brother's tailor shop
and then in coir factory
He organised coir workers
to protest against exploitation
and harsh working conditions
Thus began his engagement with
communist movement in Kerala
1946 October turning point in V S life
C P Ramaswamy Iyer, Diwan of
Travancore princely state
dissented to join the Indian Union
Wanted to have American model
The communists in Travancore opposed it
Shouting slogans "American model in Arabian Sea!"
The diwan's forces gunned down
hundreds of labourers and communists
at Punnappra and neighbouring village Vayalar

V S was caught by police
Thrust bayonet at his foot in prison
Thinking that he was dead shifted for burial
Seeing movements admitted in hospital
Having recovered he fled for hidden life

More than five years he was in prison
Suffered a lot of tortures from police
Protest and strike was part of his life
He continued it even when he was the CM
Wherever injustice, exploitation and corruption were found
he was there amassing people against it
fought against land mafia who encroached forests
championed women's causes and exploitation against them
He was a fighter against communalism and religious fundamentalism



* *Velikkakathu Sankaran Achuthanandan, also known by his initials VS, was an Indian communist politician, independence activist, Marxist theoretician, writer and statesman who was the Chief Minister of Kerala from 2006 to 2011. He died on 21 July 21, 2025.*

Salute to ‘Two-Rupee Doctor’*

Dr A K Rairu Gopal, (80)

‘Two-Rupee doctor’ of Kannur, Kerala

Bade goodbye to his 1.8 million patients

They all mourned at their saviour’s departure

He was enlightened by his doctor-father’s advice:

“If your aim is to make money,

you can do any other job;

but if you choose to become a doctor,

do it to serve”

For more than fifty years

he treated poor patients

from early morning charging

only two rupee consultation fee

Prescribed only high quality, low priced medicine

Even gave free medicine

to those who couldn’t afford to buy

Dr Gopal is an exemplary model

to all doctors who charge huge fees

for their few minutes’ consultations



* Dr A K Rairu Gopal died on 2nd August 2025.

Sleeplessness

Sleep's departure at 2 am
Total dejection
"Don't be dejected" superego reminded
"Your sleeplessness is seldom
Think of millions' insomnia
No sleep for atoms in your body
If they sleep you are no more
No sleep for the planet you live on
And sun and all celestial bodies
You being kin to other beings
lead natural life as others do
and your slumber won't be disturbed"



Will Westwind bring dreams? (Haiku)

Will Westwind bring dreams
Freedom to criticize rule
Cry against corruption?

Will Westwind bring dreams
Jobs for youth and redeem pride
happiness in homes?

Will Westwind bring dreams
Woman goes out without fear
Deemed equal to men?

Will Westwind bring dreams
Breeze of secularism
drown superstitions?

