

Write My Son, Write
Text and Interpretation
An Exercise in Close Reading

Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya

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A Critique of K. V. Dominic's Poem, *Write My Son, Write*
Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya

Synopsis

Write My Son, Write is K. V. Dominic's longest poem, in 21 sections taken from his collection of poems entitled *Write Son, Write*, published by Gnosis, New Delhi in 2011. It is the manifesto of Dominic's views and philosophies. Dr. Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya's critical analysis of the poem, section by section

The very title of the book of poems, *Write Son Write*, suggests that the poet is proud to introduce himself as the son of his parents. He writes at the command of his father figure or mother figure. This naturally puts forward certain values, such as family, and the command of the head of the family. Besides, the family should continue. The human race should continue. On another level, the word "write" puns with "right." Hence, we may argue that a father figure acknowledges the reflections of the poet, who is proud to introduce himself as the right or correct son of the father figure. In addition, the word "right" might function as a verb. In that case the father figure seems to tell the son poet that he should right wrongs. The title itself thus raises a few questions. First of all, who could be the father figure or the commanding voice? Second, which thoughts of the poet are right? They naturally imply that there are certain thoughts that are not right. But the son's thoughts are right. What could be those thoughts? Third, one wonders what are the wrongs needing to be righted? The first poem of the book is entitled *Write, My Son, Write*. It repeats the title of the book, but the pronoun "my" is added. This shows that the father figure has a sense of possession of the poet.

Part One

My son,
I have a mission
in your creation,
God spoke
to my ears.
Why do you
look up?
Look at the tip
of your pen.
I am the ball
of your pen;
I am the ink
that flows
on the paper.
Write, my son,
write.
Write till
I say stop.

EXPLICATION: The poem opens with the lines—My Son / I have a mission / in your creation / God spoke / to my ears. Any creative activity has some purpose. In other words, the creation is not a *leela* or sport of God. Nor is it fortuitous. Be that as it may, it is a voice from heaven. No wonder the poet looks up. He seeks to find the source of the voice. The voice in response says—why do you look up? Look at the tip of your pen. I am the ink that flows on the paper. Write, my son, Write. Write till I say stop. This is a revelation. This is a *shruti* or voice from God that has been embodied in the Vedas and in the Koran. The first known Anglo-Saxon Christian poet, Caedmon, was an unlettered herdsman. One day he was fast asleep and saw a dream, in which an angel asked Caedmon to sing in praise of God. From that day onward, he began to sing in praise of God, and translated the Bible into the Anglo Saxon language. And here also, the voice of God commands Dominic to write. This shows that the voice of God can be heard even today, in our Godless, materialistic society. However, the voice of God tells the poet that he is the ball of the pen and he is the ink of the pen. In other words, the poet's tool, and his words, are God himself.

This is archetypal imagery. In the ancient myths of India in the puranas and the Mahabharata, God gifted weapons to heroes, enabling them fight the evils in the world. The greatest warrior of the Mahabharata, Arjuna, was blessed with such weapons by the Fire God and Lord Shiva himself. Here, the poet's pen is God himself, and the poet's ink is God himself. When we worship any deity, we worship the weapon also that the deity carries. We worship the trident when we worship Lord Shiva; the trident itself is God. This is a bit of paganism. The pagans see a dryad in every tree and a naiad in every water ripple. The poet's instrument of writing and the ink used are God. Thus the poet is a demigod. Instead of sword and arrows, our poet is blessed with a pen. Well, the pen is mightier than the sword. One wonders whether this weapon for the poet is intended to fight against a sea of troubles. Is it a preparation for an Armageddon in which the poet is supposed to take part to fight the many troubles that ravage our existence?

The pen could be interpreted as the living body. The ink could stand for the blood and the breath of the body. The poet might be likened to the individual soul or the *jivaatman* residing in the body. And the voice from heaven may be the one omnipresent soul or Brahman presiding over existence.

We may grant that the human body and its blood are God, or divine. However, the soul that resides in it does not pay any heed to the will of God. Maybe that is why the activities of the individual soul have created such havoc in our world. God had a purpose in creating the universe. But because of the individual souls residing in the body, because of us, God's designs are being frustrated. This is a world view. God therefore selects the poet, a man among men, and commands him to write until God asks him to stop. Thus the poet here is the chosen seed of God. In ancient times, poets and prophets were deemed as one. A poet is a prophet. In Sanskrit it has been said, "kaviih kraantadarshih."

Part Two

Don't you feel
the symphony
of the universe?
It grieves me that
your species seldom
senses my rhythm.
Plants and animals

dance to my number.

EXPLICATION: The voice of God asks us whether we feel that the universe is a symphony. God asserts that the plants and animals dance through the numbers generated by God. This is a world view, largely supported by the modern string theory of physics. According to string theory, everything whatever that we perceive is a string or a combination of strings. A string is length without width, and it vibrates. This vibration is perceived by us as different shapes and forces. The existence of strings is momentary. Consequently the world is in a flux.

Plants and animals are also vibrations. Plants take material for their food from the soil and, convert them with chlorophyll, using energy from the sun. All animals, even predators, ultimately live on plants. All the activity of the plant world and the animal world are, as it were, dances or vibrations. No wonder that the dance is in harmony with the vibrations all around. And vibrations together are a symphony that remind one of the Overmind rhythm, or Om. The Bible says that in the beginning there was the Word. God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. The primordial word is surely vibration. And it is vibration that made light possible. Light is vibration of the world withal. And it is through light that the universe is visible and perceptible. It is the permutations and combinations of cosmic light that create all thinking things and objects of all thoughts, so say some seers. Since existence is a symphony, every kind of vibration is precise and measured. Therefore, when God says, "Plants and animals dance to my numbers," one is reminded of Pythagoras.

The word "numbers" also means metrical verse. Thus the world of eyes and ears is actually a piece of poetry, and God is the poet. Thus God is the poet of the poets. Here is an aesthetic consideration. Existence is a song, which is basically poetry. However, compared to the myriads of species that people the universe, the sensitivities of human beings are dulled. They do not understand that they are a part of the symphony. God has planned a whole, of which humanity is a significant part, but we are no longer aware of this. So, our God who is our Father and who is the Father of the creation, is grieving. People, who are heedless of the plan of creation, produce discordant notes. No doubt, this seems to expose to view the way we are in discord with creation.

Part Three

There is rhythm
and harmony
in every molecule;
every atom;
every movement;
the majestic tramp
of elephants;
dart of deer;
trot of tiger;
race of rabbit;
lope of leopard;
scud of squirrel;
gallop of horse;
bound of bull;
dash of dog;
flutter of dove;

dart of cormorant;
plunge of kingfisher;
flit of swift;
flap of crow;
swoop of kite;
plummet of eagle;
wing of mynah;
motion of snake;
march of millipede
and centipede;
and movements of
worms and insects.
Rhythm is there
everywhere
and creates
the perpetual
harmony.

EXPLICATION: Part Three of the poem opens with imagery from music: “there is rhythm / and harmony / in every molecule / every atom.” God the Father is the speaker here, and it is he who tells of the underlying rhythm in the show of existence. What is rhythm? A measured flow of words or sounds as determined by long and short or stressed and unstressed syllables. It implies a strong, regular pattern or movement of sound. Also, it reminds us of the highest voice on earth, which announces that “In the beginning, there was Word, and God said, ‘Let there be light.’ And there was light.” The primordial word, or Om, could be called the fountainhead of rhythm. And it is rhythm that has brought forth creation. Rhythm is at the heart of all living bodies. We breathe at regular intervals. Our hearts beat at regular intervals. We undergo rest and motion at regular intervals. And subtle vibratory rhythms animate every cell, every molecule and atom.

The majestic tramp of elephant, dart of deer, trot of tiger, race of rabbit, lope of leopard, swoop of swine, scud of squirrel canter of kangaroo, tear of bear, gallop of horse, bound of bull, dash of dog, flutter of dove, dart of cormorant, plunge of kingfisher, flit of swift, swoop of kite, plummet of eagle, wing of mynah, buzz of bees, drone of mosquito, motion of snake, march of millipede and centipede only testify that rhythm is there everywhere, and creates the perpetual harmony that constitutes existence.

Speech proceeds in time. So, we hear the tramp of the elephant, the trot of the tiger, and the tear of the bear one after another in time. However, time vanishes in the mind’s eye, because of the fast succession of one motion after another, and there are myriads of motions or movements. Thus, poetry that moves in time has turned into a painting of myriads of simultaneous motions, which are manifest in space. This is a great feat in the art of writing poetry. The speech of God, as manifested in the writings of Dominic, lays before our eyes a different dimension of the world, which is not perceptible by the senses. Here, the one dimensional particles of physics such as atoms are replaced by one dimensional strings that have length and no width. These strings vibrate, and propagate, and interact with each other. Different frequencies of vibrations manifest in different rhythms. These have created every living organism, ranging from the bird swift to the centipedes and millipedes, and their respective motions or actions. Any living organism is the function of its unique motion. Without motion or action, be it voluntary or involuntary, a living

organism cannot exist. How often something happens is signified by its frequency! It is an event. And how often the event takes place is signified by its vibrations. And when an event occurs and when it does not constitutes its rhythm. When different notes are struck simultaneously around a melody, it is harmony.

God the Father says that everything is harmony and rhythm. In fact, the lope of leopard, swoop of swine, or the scud of squirrel--each has its own rhythm and its own notes. To create a harmony, there must be a central melody around which these different notes play. And what could be central melody but the Word, Om? Thus, God the Father tells us that the whole of reality is a gigantic web of vibrations; not only that every part of it vibrates, but also that every part is itself made of vibrations. It is these vibrations that have created space. And all of existence is an infinite tapestry of combinations and possibilities made of different rhythms and frequencies. Also, the speech of God has put us amidst this multilayered reality.

On the level of senses, we perceive countless motions. Motions pertain to living organisms of a myriad kinds. And we are amidst the lions and tigers, bulls and buffaloes, snakes and centipedes, being oblivious of our accidental identity as civilized animals living in towns or villages. On another level, motions speak of the sound of music, composed of myriads of notes and rhythms. Human ears can grasp only a few of them. But those sounds we hear only underline the significance of sounds unheard. And God says that this whole, which is infinitude laden in perpetual harmony that baffles the grasp of man, has been planned by Him with a purpose.

Part Four

Write, my son,
write.
How rhythmic
is your body!
Rhythm is there
in your breath;
your heartbeats;
your eyewinks;
your walk and run;
your chew
and munch;
digestion in
your stomach;
your laughter
and your cry;
the words
you speak;
and even
your flatus.
Alas, you never
feel this wonder.

EXPLICATION: The string theory of physics has put forward an emergent worldview. The standard model of particle physics cannot explain gravitation. The protons, electrons, quarks and leptons are true at a certain level, just as the tiger and the lamb are true. But at the bottom of

everything is a string, which both moves and oscillates in many ways. And every animal, the tiger and the panther, is a string to be played on, and one wonders who plays on them! In other words, everything, whatever is a musical instrument in God's hands. This reminds one of the Bhagavad-Gita, which says just that: everything is an instrument in God's hands. The only thing is that we are not aware of the fact. Lord Krishna asks Arjuna to become consciously a means in God's hand. Our poet is fortunate enough to also become a means in God's hand. God wants to communicate his words to mankind through the poet. Arjuna took up arms at the bidding of God to fight a sea of troubles. Dominic wields the pen to write God's words, so that men understand the designs Of God in relation to the world. This is true aesthetics. The true poet is a instrument in God's hand. His writing is impelled by divine inspiration. And every piece of good poetry is a kind of revelation. Revelation in literature is a genre in its own right. The poem, *Write My Son Write*, observes that every beast, every bird, every insect is a string on which God plays to make the harmonious melody that existence is. This is not only true about Nature around us, but is equally true in the case of the human body. In order to practice virtue, one had better first pay attention to one's body, and to the world of matter. It is said in the Sanskrit Scriptures: *Shariram aadyam khalu dharmasaadhanam*. "And what do we find looking at the body?"

Rhythm is there in our breaths and in our heartbeats. A healthy adult breathes twelve to twenty times per minute when at rest. Why do we breathe with regularity? To get oxygen to our cells, so that they can make energy, the resting heart has between sixty to a hundred beats per minute. And these are the beats that serve as the basis of musical beats. So, these are involuntary activities of the body, including the digestive system, the endocrine system, the nervous system, and so on. The stomach secretes acid at regular intervals to break down food into its component parts. The body is a programmed instrument. But how about our running and winking and waiting?

True, we cannot dictate to our involuntary muscles, but we utilise our eyelids, legs and hands at will, don't we? But God says, no. Why? Because there is a rhythm in our every voluntary activity. This even applies to our emotions. We laugh and weep at regular intervals. Everyone is, as it were, Mr Micawber: now in sunshine, now in a shower, now making motions as if we were going to commit suicide, and the next moment we hum a happy tune, exclaiming that something will turn up. Even words are at regular intervals. Even our flatus observes certain rules. That is, nothing is ugly or in bad taste in God's creation. A little child first laughs upon passing flatus. And there is rhythm in every bodily activity of man, be it voluntary or involuntary. A strong, repeated pattern of movement or sound can be called a rhythm, and this rhythm can make us aware of godhead.

But we do not have any time to stand and stare at the rhythm pulsating in our body. Our sensibilities have been dulled. The pattern running through our bodily activities does not evoke wonder in us, which is a pity. And we do not spend any time wondering that an unseen pattern exists in life, and in the body, and in the world of matter. The fourth part of the poem makes us aware of the truths that we already know. It dwells on the significance of very commonplace things in our life, body, and environment, which we are wont to overlook. In God's parole, the commonplace seems to be very significant, beckoning us to hidden truths that are too deep for tears.

Part Five

Write, my son,
write.
Birds and animals play

their assonant keys.
Man alone strikes
discordant notes.
You do hear
the music of birds;
Hoot of owls;
coo of doves;
twitter of sparrows;
cackle of chicken;
cuckoo of cuckoo;
crow of raven;
squawk of parrot;
pipe of skylark;
chatter of magpie;
gobble of turkey;
song of nightingale;
chirp of swallow;
quack of duck;
and crow of cock.
Equally assonant,
the cry of animals.
Bark of dogs;
meow of cats;
bleat of sheep;
bray of donkeys;
roar of lions;
howl of fox;
hiss of snake;
and neigh of horse.

EXPLICATION: The words of God revealed through the poet create a charmed atmosphere. Think of a moment when there are cries of different birds everywhere. The cock crows tu whit tu whoo, the owl cries who who who, the sparrows twitter, the doves coo, the cuckoo cuckoos, and God's plenty is there amid a musical whirlpool of sound. And then another set of sounds show up: the dog's bark, the cat's meow, the snake's hiss, the horse's neigh. The latter set mingles with the former to create a charmed environment that seems to transport us to an intermediate stage of creation, in which the primordial logos, the Word, has broken itself into a myriad notes or modes of communication.

In the beginning, there was the Word, and God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. And it seems that through the words of the poet, Dominic, God names a bird and the bird shows up. Thus, doves, peacocks, cuckoos, parrots and magpies are created one by one, then God creates a different set of notes by naming them one by one. Thus the Word hisses and snakes are there, and the Word neighs and horses are there. This is a fresh creation myth. All these speak of assonant keys. In music, the key speaks of the tonic note, and the chord that suggests a subjective sense of arrival and rest and peace. Assonant keys mean that they repeat vowels, or it can mean vowel rhymes. Did we not feel a kind of peace amidst the crow of ravens, and pipe of skylarks, the roar of lions, and the bleat of sheep? But God is a master musician. He knows that tranquillity

would be more emphasised when there is tension. And hence God, or the Word, introduces a discordant note, and man is there. Yes. Discordant means jarring and incongruous.

But nay, sometimes discordant notes add to the glory of concord. And we can have concord and discord together. Assonant and discordant notes together constitute hip hop, and God, or the Word, is the primordial rapper. While both animals and men have their modes of communication, the human open vocal system and the use of countless symbols has made our cries a discordant note in the gamut of assonant notes of the nonhuman living world. Maybe, on another plane, the human voice is, as it were, out to destroy the harmony of the world. Think of the two global wars, extremism, and the destruction of Nature and environment by humanity. Earlier, God underlined the movement in living thing under the Sun. Everything vibrates. Everything therefore gives a particular note of music. Thus, God seems to underline the verity of the String theory of modern physics.

Part Six

Write, my son,
write.
Living beings and
lifeless objects
all interrelated.
Your existence
depends on others;
all my creations,
useful and beautiful.
It's your pettiness,
viewing things
in different ways,
thinking in opposites;
good and bad,
beautiful and ugly.
snakes, worms,
pests, mosquitoes,
ants, lice, beetles,
centipede, millipede,
cockroach, spider--
all for me, good
and beautiful;
but for you,
bad and ugly.
Your selfish mind
tries to ignore
benefits rendered
by these housemates.

EXPLICATION: This is God the Father speaking through the poet Dominic. It is the Father who objectively fingers human limitations. But he is not an angry Father like Jehovah. And everywhere, there is a kind of love in his speech for us His children. It opens with the fact that

living beings and lifeless objects are interrelated. True. We must play with our so-called lifeless environment.

Earth is the only spaceship we can inhabit. We cannot alight from it to board another. So, we must ensure that our environment is worthy to live in. The poet reveals the voice of God with an unpremeditated art, and a single sentence spoken by God is loaded with great philosophical wealth. God says, "Your existence depends on others." True, this reminds us of the Dependent Origination promulgated by Lord Buddha. In fact, there is no one cause that brings about an effect. Think of a seed. It is not the only cause of a tree. The seed must be healthy. The soil must be fertile. One must see to it that cows and goats do not eat the seedling. The climate should be congenial to the growth of the plant. And so on. If we enquire into the causes and conditions that work behind every cause and condition that helps the plant to grow, and if we consider the causes and conditions of the causes and conditions that bring about the causes and conditions that help the plant to grow, and so on, we will find that the farthest nebula is involved in growing the plant.

Hence, everything and every life is related to everything else, and nothing is independent. Consequently, nothing is superficial or useless in existence. God did not create the beautiful and the ugly. Everything is beautiful with him. God did not create the useful and the useless. Our ignorance forges these binaries. Take snakes for example. They are exceedingly beautiful. In addition, they prey on rodents and insects, controlling their population. Otherwise, rodents and insects would destroy our harvests. Rodents also often chew wires in houses, which may cause a fire. Snake venom helps in the cure of cancer and heart disease. The benefits of other creatures could be equally listed, but that would make our essay too long. God reminds us that snakes, worms, mosquitoes, ants, lice, beetles, centipedes, millipedes, cockroaches, spiders are all beautiful and useful. Only the human ego revels in discriminating the good from the bad. This is ignorance. Ignorance springs from ego. If the ego had vanished from the human mind, we could look upon the world with God's wisdom, love and kindness.

Part Seven

Write, my son,
write.
Your species
can't live alone.
Cattle, sheep,
goats, donkeys,
dogs, cats,
swine, fowl,
I created
for your company;
neither can they
exist without you.
You speak to them
in a strange tongue,
and they reply
in divine speech;
unintelligible,
you scourge and
even kill them.

EXPLICATION: The speech is a rebuke. God the Father rebukes us. But behind the rebuke, His immense love for humanity is evident. At the same time, our Father seems to be sad, because we children do not fulfil the Father's purpose. On one level, it seems that a mortal father is addressing his son, who is not pursuing the right view. On another level, it is God's speech. This is why the poem is a revelation, and at the same time a mortal father's advice, and hence human. These two different notes have been struck in the same speech.

God the Father knows us, His children. We humans are social beings. It is true that many animals have a herd instinct. Birds go in flocks. There is the swarm of bees. But despite that, they are not social beings, not like humans. We cannot exist alone. A child isolated from society cannot survive. Even if it does, it won't learn language, which is one of the essential aspects of humanity.

McIver and Page tell us of a human child who was brought up by tigers. The child only learnt how to grunt. And psychologists like Lacan have proven beyond dispute that it is language that forms the human mind. Because of our dependence on language for our very nature, a human being is a social animal. In other words, a person is completely dependent on society for growth and survival.

Up to this point, what God has told us largely agrees with what our sociologists and psychologists have already discovered. But the omniscient Father cannot stop here. He observes that unless human nature is kept from us, unless we converse with the listed animals. These so-called subhuman species are deemed by people to be inferior to themselves. But God tells us that they speak in divine language in response to the language of humanity.

Many important points are made here. Linguists or sociologists speak of language used to communicate among people. But the goat and the sheep and the donkey are as much part of the human environment as other people are. And human language is not the only requirement for personhood, but our conversation with goats and sheep and donkeys is equally, essentially important. Yes. There are many stories of friendships between people and dogs, and people and horses. However, conversations with snakes or crocodiles do also take place. And God points out that such conversations are essential for becoming human.

This conversation is strange. We are impelled by our vanity think that we have language. True, our language is the language of the mortal. But it is God himself who speaks through animals. The speech of animals form assonants. Since they are divine, they can be approximated in music alone. Think of the twitter of a bird or the roar of a lion. We can understand the language of the bird or a beast only when we hear them with our hearts, because divine speech is never understood by the intellect.

Often, God speaks through thunder. Hence, not everyone can understand God's speech. Not everyone can be the poet. Be that as it may, humanity would not be possible without being able to converse with animals and birds.

Earlier, in part six of the poem, God pointed out the theory of Dependent Origination. But here, God points out how greatly we depend on our colloquy with the animal world. Since, by nature, people abhor to be alone, God has created numerous birds and beasts who give us company. And God says that, unlike human speech, their speech is divine. In other words, the beasts also partake of divinity.

And God laments, addressing us, "You scourge them. You kill them." In other words, God tells us that we whip them and punish them and cause them great suffering. We understand from these four words—you scourge them you kill them—how deeply God suffers when we punish animals and kill them. A sympathetic reader might see with his very eyes the wounds of our

flaying an animal causes in the indeterminate body of God himself. How greatly does God suffer from our behaviour to the animals!

It is our vanity that looks upon animals as subjects to our punishment. Animals should be left free. It is our love and respect for animals that should bind the animals with us. Think of a world where there are no goats and cats. If the pussy cat were not there, children would not grow. If the baa baa black sheep were not there, children would not grow. Our minds are developed because of our conversation with animals. The speech of the animals is divine. Since the language of animals partakes of God, human language sounds strange to the animals. Because from vanity and delusion, the language of people knows how to scourge how to kill. It strikes discordant notes.

Part Eight

Your species
is the latest
of my creations;
evolved after
millions of years
of progressive march.
progression
or regression?
Was my plan
wise or folly?
Doesn't it distress
and boomerang?

EXPLICATION: The eightfold path of Buddhism prescribes the ideal form of life. And we do not know what is in store for us when God utters his eighth sermon. Well, just as seven stands for the seven days of a week, and eight stands for the eighth day or spiritual day that is beyond the seven days, while other plants and animals were created previously, God created man as something that excels all other creations. God recounts that our species, that is homo sapiens, has been created last. It is the result of the progressive march of Nature's toil and evolution persisting through millions of years. Yes, we know that. Our species showed up 200,000 years ago. The first fossils of early modern humans were identified in the year 1868 at the Cro Magnon rocks near the village of Less Eyzies in southwest France.

But God himself doubts whether this has been an instance of progress in the realm of creation. We know full well what provokes doubt in God as to his creation of man--the so called crown and coping stone of creation. One of our finest poets has exclaimed what man has made of man. Think of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Think of terrorist attacks like in Paris. We are destroying Nature as thoughtlessly as little children hitting frogs with pebbles. God the creator did not create different species, particularly homo sapiens, only to obey his bidding. He is not a tyrant to keep His creation in His thrall. He gave humans free will so that we can be the architects of our own fate. Any freedom implies a set of duties with it. But it is a pity that humanity doesn't perform its duties that are implied by the rights to think and act. Our thoughts are always destructive. We are not only committing acts detrimental to our own interest, but also killing other species and annihilating Nature. So, God exclaims:

Progression

or regression
was my plan
wise or folly
Does it distress
and boomerang?

This is a unique situation. Even God, who is the creator of all things, both great and small, is in a dilemma, and confused. God the omni-benevolent does not know whether his creation has been beneficial for itself at all. We dare say that God the Father has never before been represented, in prose or poetry, as one who suffers at our way of life.

Part Nine

I risked a test
in man's brain.
Filled some cells
with seeds
of knowledge.
Alas! Vainglorious
he thinks
the master
of all wisdom;
tries to conquer
the universe:
landed on the moon,
sent satellite
to the Mars;
he takes it
greatest feat!
The Moon and Mars
just two drops
in the ocean of
celestial objects.
Poor creature
knows not
his handicap;
limitations of
his reason.

He defies me,
assumes my position,
haughtily claims
as the noblest
of my creations!
He gives me shape,
and boasts,
embodiment of God!

I breathed in him
celestial values:
happiness, beauty,
peace, love, mercy;
but he fosters
hate and violence;
kills his kith and kin;
shows no mercy
to animals and plants.

EXPLICATION: The ninth part of the poem opens with God's confession that He risked a test in the human brain. This shows that the almighty and all-knowing God also sometimes suspends his omniscience and omnipotence to revel in creative activity. Thus, His every activity is a game for amusing Himself. God filled some cells in the brain with knowledge. This is interesting. The brain is the most interesting part of the human body, which performs billions of functions every nanosecond. The brain has three parts: cerebrum, cerebellum and brainstem. God says that he has filled some cells in the brain with seeds of knowledge. This suggests that God did not sow the seeds of human knowledge all over the brain. In fact, different parts of the cerebrum perform different functions.

The back part of the cerebrum deals with vision, while other parts handle movement, thinking, hearing, touch, etc. So, when God says that he filled some cells with the seeds of knowledge, He only points out that the different parts of the brain have different functions. Knowledge could be defined as understanding information gained by experience. And the seeds of knowledge have been sown by God in some cells. What are these seeds of knowledge, but the unit of reproduction of knowledge? But a seed is not enough to grow a plant. The soil must be fertile. The weather must be congenial. The seeds of knowledge planted by God in the brain cells could not grow properly because of the presence of a toxic chemical: vainglory.

God laments that the vainglorious human has the delusion of being the master of all wisdom. This stunts the growth of the seeds of knowledge. Pride is a secondary emotion. It is a complex one that depends on the opinions of others. Consequently, humanity tries to conquer the universe, has landed on the moon, and sent a satellite to Mars. We look upon these as our greatest achievements. But God smiles on the other side of His face and says that the Moon or Mars that we see in the skies are mere drops in an ocean. Well, we are the inhabitants of the planet Earth, one among the nine planets circurambulating the Sun—a star. This star is one among 200 million stars in a galaxy of 100,000 light-years across. This galaxy is one of hundreds of millions of galaxies that exist in the universe. This is what astronomy states. And indeed the Sun and the Moon and Mars are just drops in the vast ocean of existence. Is ever the possession of three drops of water from an ocean a possession? God observes that humans are just poor creatures who don't know the limitations of reason.

The faculty of reason is supposed to lie in the prefrontal cortex of the brain. But there are other faculties, such as intuition and instinct, residing in other compartments of the brain. Humanity has not nourished them. Hence, we are handicapped by reason, which has its limitations. It is deductive. Given any premise, reason can logically deduce some truths. However, no premise can be universally true, so, overreliance on it leads to half-truths and fragmented knowledge. Does God therefore posit that true knowledge leaps from within and not from without?

Armed with reason like another fallen angel, humanity defies God. We deem ourselves as highest form of creation. But earlier, God had pointed out that humanity is but one among the multitude of His creations. Other animals: snakes, birds, and worms have faculties that man cannot boast of. The snake hibernates. Birds fly. Plants create their own food, using chlorophyll, and with the aid of the Sun and soil. But self-referential emotion or vainglory blinds us to these facts.

God further observes that we give God shape. It is surely a sacrilege when one gives shape to the infinite and the omnipotent. And yet, we cannot grasp the infinite, but only its fragments. God speaks, and we can only hear His voice. This is a symbolic image, which evokes in us the truth that God is our Father, and he is omnipotent and omni-benevolent. However, the next utterance is outstandingly significant. God says that man deems himself as the embodiment of God. Think of the Pharaoh in the Koran who arrogantly claimed to be a god, or think of Joseph Stalin. This is a handicap.

The next stanza is also singularly important. God observes that he breathed such values as happiness, beauty, peace, love and mercy into us people. So, these are among our a priori aspects, which are celestial. So, we have divinity in our potential. Every person is innately happy, and peace-loving and merciful, except that we have been led astray by our reason. We no longer nurture the divinity innate in us. Instead, we are drawn to the world without, impelled by the faculty of our reason. This fosters hate and violence, murder of our kith and kin, and lack of mercy to animals and plants. In short, God who is our Father laments --What has humanity made of itself?

Part Ten

Christmas is your
greatest festival;
greeting each other
peace and happiness;
blackest day for
cattle, fowl and fish;
billions butchered
for your pleasure;
you dine and dance,
sing hymns of peace!
preach gospel of love!
Your happy celebrations:
birthday, marriage,
ordination, jubilee,
feasts and festivals,
doomsday for animals.
Their cries resound
like death knell
and thus you try
dissonance at
my harmony.

Who gave you right

to kill my creations?
The way you torture
fowl and cattle,
bereft food and water,
caged and chained,
gasp in sunlight;
you cut their throat
live to their eyes.
The fish you catch
struggle for breath
and cause your glee.

EXPLICATION: Christmas is the date set aside to celebrate the birth of Christ. It is the day presently following the shortest day of the year. It strikes the knell of departing winter. Christ is the Sun symbol, who resurrects on this day. He is God the Son. He came upon the earth to redeem man in the eyes of God the Father. So, we celebrate the birthday of our saviour. We greet each other, and wish each other peace and happiness on that day. But God tells us that Christmas is the blackest day for the fowls and animals. Billions of them are butchered on that day for our pleasure. God is our Father. He is all love and compassion. How can we ask for mercy from Him? How can we ask God the Son to plead before God the Father for mercy if we do not have mercy for our fellow creatures?

God tells us that we sing and dance; wish peace unto each other while our fellow creatures are being killed. This makes a travesty of our celebration of Christmas. Christmas has been an excuse for the cultivation of cruelty. God the Father describes in telling images how we rejoice when a fish caught up in a net gasps for breath, and how we cut the throats of starved fowls and animals. And the environment is loud with the groans and the screams of the animals when we sing and dance in glee. Earlier, God the Father remonstrated with us for striking dissonance amid assonance that pervades creation. While the rest of the world is wailing, man is making merry. This is the instance of dissonance. It shows that Herod and Nero are archetypes that lurk in humanity.

In other words, however much love and peace we profess, we are Herods and Neroes in the skin of a Christian. Thus, God the Father indirectly reminds us that God the Son pleaded for the redemption of Nero and Herod. But we people are ungrateful. We are out to destroy the creation of the very God the Father whom we solicit for mercy. Although it might seem far-fetched to some, the present reader feels that God the Father here indirectly reminds us that we have not repented for our faithlessness to God. Were we not seduced once upon a time by the Serpent? Did not Dr Faustus, the representative of every person, laugh at damnation in exchange for so called omniscience for a mere 24 years? We revel in hedonism, forgetting God, and forgetting what befell Dr Faustus at the end of his life. We make merry at the cost of the creation of God the Father. What a shame for us! What a pity! Hearing these words, we readers hang our heads in shame. Our ears get red.

Part Eleven

Why don't you
learn from Nature?
Animals and birds

present you models.
Models of pure love,
happiness, hard work,
suffering, kindness,
patience, sharing,
fellowship, gratitude.

EXPLICATION: The number ten is symbolic. It stands for the month from 21 December to 20th January, when Sun resides in Capricorn. Christmas takes place during this time. The way we behave on this merry day only shows how ungrateful we are to our Father, and we tremble. God's wrath might fall upon us. But He is our Father, and He is merciful. Hence in part eleven He tells us, "Why don't you / learn from Nature? / Animals and birds / present you models." We humans deem ourselves the pinnacle of creation. But are we? God tells us that we suffer from a superiority complex. But we are no better than the birds and animals. Rather, we had better learn from birds and animals. This puts in the mind of an Indian reader some verses of *Durgasaptasati*. There, a sage tells us that a bird collects food over and over again throughout the day to feed its young. Once the young learn to fly, they go away. The parent birds do not lament in consequence. But look at people. They bring up their children with the hope that the children will look after them in turn.

Hence, God the Father exhorts us in part eleven of his speech that the birds and animals should be our role models. We should learn from them pure love, happiness, hard work, suffering, kindness, patience, sharing, fellowship, gratitude, etc. God is our Father, but we are not grateful to him. We do not give Him sufficient credit for His creation. We do not have any fellow feeling for the animals and birds who are also created by the very God who has created us. We do not share our attainments with Nature. But Nature shares its wealth with us. Nature shares our joys and sorrows as well. It is in this kindness and self-sacrifice for others, and suffering for others that pure love and happiness can be described. Nature is patient. A man fells a tree, but the tree does not complain.

Part Twelve

Write, my son,
write.
Copy my symphony;
the music
of the universe.
Show your species
their deficiencies;
you can't catch
the musical charm
of gentle breeze;
the melody
of falling leaves
and petals;
the stroking music
of mist and snow;
divine language

of the insect world;
the hugging tone
of flies on flowers;

Part Thirteen

Write, my son
write.
You can't enjoy
the beauty
of lightning
and thunder;
your people think
thunder is my
sword of punishment.
Tell them son,
their celestial Father
never hates;
will never punish;
only showers love
and looks after
His creation.

EXPLICATION: God the Father tells us that we human beings are not capable of appreciating the music of the gentle breeze and the melody of the falling leaves. What is a breeze, but a gentle wind or the breath of the wind. God formed the figure of a man from the dust and breathed life into it, and made a man of the handful of dust. Hence the music of the breeze or the Aeolian tone comes from heaven across our souls. But our sensitivities are dulled and we are not aware of it. Music is built on the interplay of melody, harmony and rhythm. Notes of different pitches constitute melody. And the melody of falling leaves focuses on a philosophy of life that reminds us of the fact that change is the constant of life. Existence is a vast tree. This notion is archetypal. The *Srimadbhagavadgita* dwells on this motif in canto 15:

He who knows the Creation as a Pipal tree with roots in the skies, the abode of the Primeval Being, knows the truth.

The melody of falling leaves reminds us of change at every moment. While there is the breeze, there is the sound of falling leaves, which also reminds us of the destruction of the old. And the stroking music of snowfall. The snow sometimes dampens noise, and sometimes makes it clear and distinct. It creaks and crunches. The sound of mist underlines the aesthetics of silence. The sound of silence turns into a visual reminder that whatever seems discrete is actually a part of a complete whole, the mystery of which cannot be decoded by the human intellect. Mist is in fact a gift from the spiritual realm that impregnates us with emergent thoughts beyond the ken of our science and philosophy.

There are over a million species of insects who share the Earth with us. There is the loud cicada, and there are insects who are, as it were, tongue-tied and dumb. But the Earth is loud with their activity, impelled by instinct. In other words, they do not sing on their own. The sound of the insect world is inspired by God, and is a divine language. And it is mingled with the sound of

insects on flowers. They are often bright and beautiful, as the butterfly who passes through four stages of life. As butterflies, they feed on the nectar of flowers. Thus, there is music, music everywhere. There is music all over existence. God the Father refers to the super-symmetry of string theory. On a plane, the entire world is made of strings. And the different notes thereof constitute a symphony--an elaborate musical composition in four movements in creation, preservation, destruction, and beyond. God the Father complains that humanity seeks to render this orchestra out of tune.

Part Fourteen

Write, my son,
write.
I haven't given
you reason
to learn
all my plans.
I speak to you
and other beings
in diverse tones.
None else shudder
when I speak
through thunder.
The sound of air
produced in breeze,
gale, tempest,
all my diverse notes.
The sound of water
in brooks, rivers
seas, oceans,
also my own scales.
What you hear
is little;
much more lies
beyond your ears.

Part Fifteen

Write, my son,
write.
Your species
needs humility.
You are my own dear
as mosquito is.
The snake you fear;
the pests, insects,
rodents you hate;
virus, worms

and all you dread
are no less
dear to me
than you.
I speak to you
through cuckoo;
I lull you
through owl.

EXPLICATION: God the Father speaks through Dominic. Apparently, the speech of the Father is as lucid as a clear stream. But the other species speak of thoughts too deep for tears. In Part Twelve of his speech, he clearly tells us that existence is an ensemble of fine strings. Each string gives rise to a melody, and the countless melodies together spring forth from the multiverse generates a harmony. Does it not mean that the world of appearance with its perpetual flux is a musical instrument in action, played by God the Father? This is perhaps a fresh creation myth, never attempted before in prose or poetry. This is perhaps an exegesis of the Bible. There are two primordial principles behind the creation, being the musical instrument and God the Father, or the primordial Word, and God the Father. In Indian terms, this could refer to Purusa and Prakriti. Or else, it might remind one of primordial energy and primordial matter.

In response to God's claim that everything in the world is but a part of a harmony, we children might ask: Do not lightning and thunder shatter the harmony of existence? Are they not the jarring notes, tuneless, monotonous and harsh, that show up unexpectedly to upset the concord of existence? God the Father's revelations have roughly the self same mode and style as the Bible. The Psalm 77:18 reads:

Oh Lord! The thud of the thunder was in Your column of air rapidly moving
round and round.
Your lightning lit up the panorama of the contingent world.
The earth shook and shivered in fear.

God the Father answers such misgivings. Do we not enjoy the terrible beauty of thunder and lightning? Here, an aesthetics is hinted at. Whatever is beautiful is good. God says that the lightning is not the flashing sword of God. We the readers imagine that God smiles secretly and assures us that He is all love for us. It suggests in a very subtle way that the notion of eternal perdition is a myth. He is all love. How can he fling his creation into eternal hellfire? God Father tells Dominic. Peace be upon him:

Tell them son,
their celestial Father
never hates;
will never punish;
only showers love
and looks after
His creation.

How is that? Do not the tsunamis and earthquakes shake and shock creation? In the Divine Lay, Lord Krishna asks Arjuna to become no more than a means in the hands of God. Dominic is no more than a means in translating the voice of God. Does not the poet, functioning as a microphone of the voice of God, suggest that thunder is but the sound of a flute that signifies

sudden enlightenment or satori, which transforms our perception of the world in a flash. Existence will then appear to be brimming with God's compassion. Thunderclaps are like coconuts with a hard surface and soft mellifluous kernel.

Yes thunderclaps are sudden, and they cannot be predicted by science. Floods, earthquakes and similar natural calamities cannot be predicted by science. The chaos theory of science frankly admits that Nature is unknown and unknowable. No one can explain how God plays on it. This reminds one of the famous conversation between Einstein and Niels Bohr. While Einstein said that God does not play dice with creation, Bohr observed that we cannot dictate God on how He should play dice with creation. God's thunder here includes both the opposites. He agrees with Niels Bohr that He does not play on Nature to please anyone, but, at the same time, He agrees with Einstein that He cannot destroy his creation. Hence His thunder incorporates both the positive and the negative.

What does thunder say? *Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.* (meaning "give," "compassion," and "control." From T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*). One wonders whether we pay heed to the voice of thunder. God always gives us hints of what could be. Although science cannot predict when a flood or a tsunami will take place, it can read the hints given by God in Nature to tell us which areas are flood prone or earthquake-prone. But do we listen to this? Had we listened to it, we would have evacuated such areas. But are we that civilized? If the people of Japan asked for refuge in China, would they be welcome? If men were civilized enough to read the language of Nature or the musical notes played upon Nature by God, they would understand how God changes the settings of Nature, moment to moment, to provide humans with pleasure, and surprise us.

Part Sixteen

Write, my son,
write.
Teach your folk
their position.
All other beings aware
of their humble position;
only your species
ignorant of his position.
religious mafia,
political mafia,
intellectual mafia,
mislead
your innocent
humble folk.

EXPLICATION: In Part sixteen, God the Father laments that while other creatures ranging from the whale and the elephant to smallest insects, bacilli and viruses know their station and duties in the world, it is a pity that we are not aware of our position and purpose in existence. Just as there are religious mafia, political mafia, and intellectual mafia, so there are people credulous enough to be fooled by these mafias. In fact, God cannot be replaced by anything else and anyone else. He has no peer. But it is a pity that we are not conscious of the truth. We are prey to the sinister influences of religious mafia, political mafia, and intellectual mafia.

In fact, according to God who is our Father, the social institutions that lead us astray are perhaps religion, politics and apolitical, irreligious, intellectual enterprise. This analysis of the social maladies needs closer attention from readers. In part sixteen, God observes that the religious mafia, political mafia and intellectual mafia lead humanity astray. The word “mafia” harks back to Sicilian gangsters who revel in clandestine crime. Any secret group that exerts a sinister influence could be denoted by the word mafia

Part Seventeen

Religious mafia
created thousands of gods.
Creator, creation, creature--
simple enough
to learn the relation.
Myriads of religions,
gods, saints, prophets;
religious mafia needs
them to exploit
innocent laymen.
Heaven and hell
they created
to frighten the masses.
Where is the heaven?
Where is the hell?
They have no answer;
they attribute
to their Creator
all their qualities:
Angry God!
Punishing God!
To appease me
they loot billions
from the laity!
Build palace-like
churches, mosques, temples;
decorate my fake images
with rich ornaments
and gaudy dress;
they misguide laymen;
make them believe
I am fond of flattery;
fond of hymns;
fond of money;
fond of food;
and fond of jewelry.
They never preach
Karma is the best prayer;

work is worship;
service to the poor;
service to the needy;
service to the tortured;
service to animals
and plants and trees
are services to me.
Look at the birds;
look at animals;
look at fishes;
look at plants;
they seek their food;
strike the eternal
note of happiness
and never digress
from the symphony.
The religious mafia
makes laymen blind;
blind in their faith;
they blind their reason;
poor folk, they dance
to their perfidious tones.

EXPLICATION: One wonders, how could there be religious mafia? In part seventeen, God observes how the religious mafia operate. They have created thousands of gods. Well, here it seems that God professes monism. God the Father tells us that there is one God, and there are no other gods. The Semitic religions might interpret the words of the God the Father in the selfsame way. But the present reader is a polytheist. He sees a dryad in every tree, and a water nymph in every water ripple. He does not believe in the monist interpretation of what God the Father says. Those who claim that God is one suppose that God belongs to our world, bound within time and space. Here a chair occupied by, say Dominic, cannot be occupied at the same time by Ramesh. So there could be only one god that can occupy the chair of the omniscient and the omnibenevolent. But does not this notion limit God? In that case, doesn't God suffer from loneliness? The Upanishads assumed one God, Who suffered from loneliness. He cried: "I am alone, and I will be many." *Ekoham vahu syama*.

If God were lonely, he would not be the God we worship. In fact, God the Father whom we are listening to is beyond time and beyond space. There could be an infinite number of infinities there, and they could share the same throne of omniscience, omnipotence and omni-benevolence at the same time. Hence the true nature of God or Gods is beyond our imagination and reasoning. God the Father here tells us that myriads of saints and religions have been toiling hard since time immemorial to unravel the mystery of Creature, Creation and Creator. They have put forward their honest beliefs in this context. God the Father does not deride them. But at the same time, He does not untie the text of reality of God and Gods. It seems that the reality is unknown and unknowable, like the thing in itself. And the reality, being the infinite or a number of infinities, has been described by the saints in infinite ways.

The religious mafias, however, have chosen only one of these descriptions of God, or Gods, or of reality, as the truth. They are logocentric, essentialist and fundamentalist. That is how they

exploit the myriads of religions, gods, saints and prophets to waylay the discourse regarding the reality--God or Gods. And innocent laymen are fooled thereby and led astray. There could be heavens and there could be hells, just as there are Rameswaram and New York. But men can attain these planes only through karma. However, the religious mafias make God or gods in their own image. They love money. So their God or gods love money. They get angry when their desires are thwarted. So their God can be angry as well. They punish people if the latter do not see eye to eye with their objective. So they claim that if God's will is transgressed, God hurls the transgressor into eternal perdition.

Possibly, some scriptures speak in the selfsame way. But that is true on the surface only, in order to deal with human errors. Every religion avows that God is merciful—Rahaman and Rahim. And the all-merciful cannot punish one to eternal hell. In part sixteen, God tells us of political mafia and intellectual mafia. But in part seventeen, God the Father does not allude to political mafia and intellectual mafia. Why not? Because intellectual mafia and political mafia are included within the religious mafia. Think of the political mafias. They also create heavens of socialism, or of a free market world. But what is a market? Unless you are an effective buyer, the market will not let you in. What is socialism, but making the state bigger than the market, and the state is run by all kinds of mafias—coal mafias and mafias of bureaucrats. Be that as it may, it is the intellectuals who create belief systems that are as foolish as religious systems. Faith in such socio-political notions is as engrossing and as soul-killing as the so-called religious discourses. Just as the religious mafias build temples and decorate their gods with jewellery and prescribe many costly rituals to appease God or gods, so the political mafias raise gaudy parliament houses and world trade centres and statues like that of Liberty or Lenin, and drain away public resources in the name of election and democracy.

Our God the Father is anti-intellectual in his style. The intellectual mafia create a chasm between the ruler and the ruled. The religious mafias create a chasm between God and his children, between humanity and creation. Our salvation lies in our service to God's creation. God Himself, in His unadorned language, shatters the cobweb created by words that hide the truth from our view, or the noise created by language so that we may not hear him. In this present poetic treatise, every unlettered person can understand what God says. God's true voice is being heard here, and the true poet only serves as an instrument to make God's voice manifest in language.

Dominic is thus a poet par excellence. God tells us that by raising massive monuments, be it a temple or a church or the White House, these mafias raise awe and fear among us, and loot our money, based on different excuses, and become billionaires. They themselves love flattery, and they ask the masses to flatter God, be it the Christian faith, or democracy, or socialism or the free market. The God they preach to be worshipped is not the real God. God himself tells us that. To hear is to believe. If we believe in what He says, it is through our service to humans, birds, animals, flies, snakes. We are part of the harmony that is creation.

Once harmony with creation is forged, is there any room for sorrow or misery? Do we not achieve our salvation through the attainment of harmony that implies spiritual peace? We are enamoured of God's speech—an epiphenomenon of the Word. Harmony is inherent in Nature. Man's mafia intellect has raised artefacts that shatter the innate harmony of existence. It is man who creates dissonance and noise, so that we cannot hear God's voice immanent in His wonderful creation. We wait with bated breath to hear what more God the Father has to tell us.

Part Eighteen

Write, my son,
write.
I have created man
herbivorous,
like his ancestors,
apes and monkeys.
The religious mafia
spreads its fake ism:
other beings and plants,
all for man's pleasures;
he is the king
of animals and plants.

The universe bears
sufficient food
for human and
nonhuman beings.
All other beings
seek their food.
I haven't given
man licence
to kill other beings
as carnivores do.
Being the creator
I can't bear
the way man
rears, tortures
kills and eats
his domestic animals.

Part Nineteen

Write, my son,
write.
The political mafia
exploits masses;
dictates, strangles
and make them slaves;
imprisons, kills
those questioning
their authority.
It's really shocking
your governments
plunder your people,

fill the exchequers
with trillions
to kill your own men
beyond the borders.
Political mafia
supports corporations,
ignores common folk,
sells land and resources.

EXPLICATION: In part eighteen, God the Father strikes hard at our beliefs and our way of life. He says that he made man herbivorous like his ancestors, the apes and the monkeys. We children can argue with God the Father on this issue. Theoretically, Darwin's contention could be challenged. Why don't men evolve from apes and monkeys today? The Darwinists will tell us that this evolution cannot occur every day. At a time quantum and point quantum, there was mutation in the germ cell of a monkey and the first man was born. Mutations do not occur every day. Mutation is an accident. Well, our point is that if the evolution of man from monkeys or apes has taken place due to mutation, then there must have been mutation in the germ cell of a he monkey and a she monkey at the same time. They must have been in each other's neighbourhood. Both of them must have been the denizens of Scotland. Ha! Ha! But that is asking too much of our imagination. But God the Father does not contradict us. What he wants to say is that it is we who have manufactured the myth that man has evolved from monkeys. If that be the truth, then God the Father argues that genetically man is not carnivorous, but herbivorous.

The civilisation that has created the myth that man has evolved from apes should not revel in killing animals for the pleasure of eating and feasting. So, when certain religious beliefs claim that man is the highest form of life, and God has created the flora and fauna of the earth for his cupidity to feed on, they are wrong. What does that mean? Could we ask God the Father what men should eat where no vegetables are found? Why should God the Father see Eskimos starve to death? No. God the Father does not mean that. What is abandoned by one is often life-giving for another, and there are herbivores and carnivores in Nature. There are endless differences among the plants and animals and insects. Difference is *sine qua non* in creation. Let the tiger burning bright remain what he is. Let the lamb remain what he is.

Once a tiger's belly is full, he is satisfied. Does a bird with a full crop worry? But a person is haunted by cares, and driven by the fake knowledge derived from the tree of knowledge. There is always the fear of tomorrow, and our cupidity goads us to hoard. This false knowledge or Maya distorts the truth of everything. When the first prophet told them that the nonhuman world is for humanity to enjoy, its implications are clear. To enjoy a thing, one has to maintain the thing so that we can enjoy the thing for all time to come. But false knowledge or Maya has goaded people to misinterpret the prophets. Consequently, humanity, in its ignorance and cupidity, is destroying the environment of the earth. Earth is the only spaceship we can inhabit. We cannot alight from it to board on another. But, out of ignorance or false knowledge, people are heedless to the truth that eating meat simply destroys their very shelter. But God the Father does neither preach vegetarianism nor veganism. He says—Don't kill domestic animals. When we rear animals and birds, we cannot but develop empathy and affection for them. But greed in the name of religion or utilitarianism or whatever goads us to kill them for sensuous pleasures. This is horrible. Tomorrow, one could kill one's child or wife or husband for sensuous pleasures as well. Such incidents happen every day. Just peruse the daily newspaper of any date, and you will find the truth of our observation.

God the Father admonishes us for such activities. Maybe He does not state these things explicitly. But we children understand our Father, and we should be aware of what he hints at. In his speech, he hints at alternative economics or green economics. He tells us that there is enough food in Nature for us to live on. Yes, there are nomads who do not prey on animals and who do not take to cultivation, even when they know the art of agriculture. They are close to God. They say that since there are enough roots and fruits to live on, why should they toil for food? And they are right. Anthropologists say that those nomads who live on roots and fruits toil only twelve hours a week, and they have as much calorie intake as the people of the so-called developed countries after a whole day's bone-breaking labour. Thus, every sentence in the speech of God the Father in the poem "Write my Son, Write" is like a flame that dispels the darkness created by our false knowledge, which includes science, economics, nutrition etc. Mark the intimate, fatherly voice of God the Father when He admonishes us—"I cannot bear / the way man rears, tortures / kills and eats / domestic animals." Our way of life is unbearable. But God the Father bears with us!

Part Nineteen

Write, my son,
write.
The political mafia
exploits masses;
dictates, strangles
and make them slaves;
imprisons, kills
those questions
their authority.
It's really shocking
your governments
plunder your people,
fill the exchequers
with trillions
to kill your own men
beyond the borders.
Political mafia
supports corporations,
ignores common folk,
sells land and resources

EXPLICATION: The structure of the poem is curious. At the outset we can hear God the Father from empyrean heights. There, God the Father can see man and Nature together. And He observes how man has created dissonance amidst assonance that presides over Nature. Gradually, the voice comes closer and now it seems that God the Father has descended into our neighbourhood and is focused on what we have made of our world.

He tells us of the political mafia. They exploit the masses. They dictate the masses. They strangle or suppress the masses. They make the masses their slaves. There is nothing beyond the ken of God the Father. He points out that those who question the authority of the mafias are either put into prison or killed. This speech is very significant. We cannot hide anything from

God the Father. He knows what is happening all over the world. Earlier kings ruled with the backing of the theory of divine right. But God the Father does not approve of that. He does not say that. He has not delegated anyone the right to rule man. It appears that God the Father wants that people should rule their community on their own. In other words, he grants us free will and autonomy. It appears that God the Father is all for democracy. Or else He would not charge man with the complaint that the political mafias imprison or kill those who question their authority.

That God the Father is all for democracy does not mean that He approves of democracy in India or in America. The political mafias rule them as they rule in other forms of government. Every government, however, plunders the people, sells land and resources and fill their exchequers with trillions. Trillion means 18 zeroes after the digit one--1,000,000,000,000,000,000. Trillions of dollars mean a fabulous amount of wealth. The mafias amass such fabulous wealth in places like Swiss banks, at the cost of the masses, even in the name of democracy. Democracy implies that the rulers should be chosen by the ruled. But, in fact, an international body of criminals operating with complex and ruthless behaviour code suppresses the masses, strangles their liberty, rigs their votes and forces them to be its bondmen serving its greed for wealth and worldly pleasures! Is this the way that we should misuse the free will granted to us by God the Father?

There is more in the speech of God the Father when he says that the mafias sell the natural resources or land. Land in the language of economics is the free gift of Nature. It is equally gifted to all living beings, including people. How dare humanity possess it exclusively, depriving the equal rights of the cats and the rats and the serpents to land? Unless one has an exclusive possession of a thing, how does he dare to hand over the possession to another? Is it not looting? Here God the Father seems to shoot a sharp shaft of satire at our market-centred economy.

Part Twenty

Intellectual mafia
assumes omniscience;
exploits innocent people;
detracts them
from their Creator;
makes them pessimists;
imposes their
obsolete philosophies.

No difference at all
between religious
and intellectual mafias;
twin sides
of the same coin.”

EXPLICATION: Earlier we argued that the very expression “religious mafia” seemed to include both political mafia and intellectual mafia. But in sections 18 and 19, God the Father dwelled on how political mafias function. The religious mafias, political mafias and intellectual mafias are in league. That is a political thought and philosophy. Religion rests on man’s spiritual cravings. Politics is the science that is focussed on power. Intellectuality is goaded by the thirst for decoding the mystery of the way of the world. But it is a pity that to cover up the illicit

romances, failed economic policy, rising corruption and undercurrent of revolt, the political mafias get themselves surrounded by a band of unscrupulous intellectuals.

History knows that debauchery begins wherever kings are surrounded by immoral intellectuals. They add roseate hues and mellifluous taste to the most selfish agenda of the political mafias, and win over the masses so that they become prey to the cupidity of the political mafia by their own choice. In other words, God the Father opines that if the politicians and the religious men and the intellectuals were separate from one another, there would be freedom in society, and the exploitation of the masses would not take place. God the Father unmasks the intellectual mafias. They claim omniscience, but is omniscience possible for man without God's grace? The vastness of the multiverse in both space and time baffles our imagination.

Our life expectancy here is ephemeral in comparison to the life expectancy of the galaxies and the stars in the firmament. How can we the ephemerals comprehend the multiverse? Hence, a humble person could be an intellectual in the right sense of the term: someone wise who picks up pebbles on the boundless seashore of reality. But feigned intellectuals tied to the apron strings of politicians rule the roost. They claim that they are omniscient. Thus they dismiss the notion of God as fake. And once there is no God, no immortality of the soul, no overseeing power, we are flung into the bottomless pit of pessimism. Since pessimism has been so widespread all over the globe, people revel in thoughtless pleasures. This seeking of pleasure springs from the most obsolete philosophy.

When a baby is just born, it is busy with its body, and engrossed with mere biological needs. The philosophy of babyhood, the most obsolete philosophy, is put forward by the false intellectuals. God the Father says that there is no difference between the intellectual mafia and the religious mafia. The religious mafia are a kind of intellectual mafia giving a locality and name to false gods. The intellectual mafia are a kind of religious mafia projecting false ideologies as sacred to be worshipped by the masses with all devotion. The urge to submit the self to something noble and sublime is innate for us. The religious mafias and intellectual mafias exploit this a priori leaning to feather their own nests.

Part Twenty One

Enough, my son,
enough;
nothing more
to tell your species.
If they heed
they will be saved;
other beings
will be saved;
plants will be saved
and the universe
as such will be saved.

EXPLICATION: Thus the grand speech of God the Father comes to its omega. He says, "Enough my son, / enough." In other words, God the Father points out that we humans have done enough harm to ourselves and to God's creation. We must stop doing harm to ourselves and to the environment. God the Father further says that He has spoken enough to rescue us from our impending doom. In fact God, the Father's speech is an ideal specimen of poetry and the

ecocritics will circumambulate it with dumb reverence. It dwells on religion, political thought, economic thought and philosophy in a nutshell with great lucidity, and economy of words. We had better read it over and over again to correct our thoughts and actions. God is not to blame for our misfortunes. We must think and act in the light of God's speech and build our own fate.

About K.V. Dominic

Dr. K. V. Dominic, English poet, critic, short story writer and editor is a retired professor of the PG & Research Department of English, Newman College, Thodupuzha, Kerala, India. He was born on 13 February 1956 at Kalady, a holy place in Kerala where Adi Sankara, the philosopher who consolidated the doctrine of Advaita Vedanta was born. He took his PhD on the topic "East-West Conflicts in the Novels of R. K. Narayan with Special Reference to *The Vendor of Sweets*, *Waiting for the Mahatma*, *The Painter of Signs* and *The Guide*" from Mahatma Gandhi University, Kottayam, Kerala. In addition to innumerable poems, short stories and critical articles published in national and international journals, he has authored/edited twenty seven books of which four are poetry collections and one short story book.



Prof. Dominic is the Secretary of Guild of Indian English Writers, Editors and Critics (GIEWEC), a non-profitable registered organization having more than two hundred and fifty members mainly consisting of university/college professors, research scholars and professional English writers. Prof. Dominic has conducted several national seminars and workshops all over India. He is a SAARC writer and participant of SAARC literary festivals. He is the Editor and Publisher of the international refereed biannual journal, *International Journal on Multicultural Literature* (IJML) and Editor-in-Chief of the Guild's international refereed biannual journal, *Writers Editors Critics* (WEC). He is also the publisher of the international refereed annual, *New Fiction Journal* (NFJ). International Poets Academy, Chennai conferred on him its highest award LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD in 2009. India Inter-Continental Cultural Association, Chandigarh conferred on him Kafla Inter-continental Award of Honour SAHITYA SHIROMANI in recognition of his contribution in the field of literature at the 10th International Writers' Festival at Trivandrum (Kerala) on 28th December 2014.

An edited book on K. V. Dominic's poetry, consisting of 24 critical papers, an interview and some of his famous poems was published from the American publishing house, Modern History Press on 1 February 2016 under the title *Philosophical Musings for a Meaningful Life: An Analysis of K. V. Dominic's Poems*. The book is edited by Dr. S. Kumaran of Salem, Tamil Nadu. Dominic's poems are going to be included in the syllabus of South Asian Studies in USA and UK and for that purpose a complete collection of his poems along with a few critical articles, under the title *Essential Readings and Study Guide: Poems about Social Justice, Women's Rights, and the Environment* is under print with Modern History Press, USA. Prof. Dominic can be contacted at: Email: prof.kvdominic@gmail.com Web Site: www.profkvdominic.com, Blog: www.profkvdominic.blogspot.in

About the Commentator

Born in 1947 Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya M A (Triple) MPhil, PhD is a retired college teacher now residing at 6/1 Amrita Lal Nath Lane, P O Belur Math, Howrah, West Bengal, India, Pin 711202. A Bilingual writer (English and Bengali), he has been writing on different subjects for the last thirty years. He seeks to retrieve the wealth of poetry when it is a revelation. Dr. Mukhopadhyaya regards K. V. Dominic as a poet of a seer.

Dr Mukhopadhyaya is a soldier of the Underground Poetry Movement in present day Bengali literature. His *Decoding Hidden Face Flower*, a collection of *explicatio de texte* of the avant garde Vietnamese poet Mai Van Phan has been published by the Publishing House of Vietnams Writers Association in 2015. Dr Mukhopdhyaya has been awarded Ashutosh Mukherjee gold medal for writing a treatise on modern Bengali drama

