

Poetry Series

Pankaj Prasoan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Pankaj Prasoan()

Cheekoo R.I.P.

In the memory of Cheekoo, my dog

There you are lying-in your usual meditative posture
breathless

stiffened limbs

woodened body

you are gone ...gone for ever

to an unknown destination

never to return anymore

....silently.....

leaving us to lament and reminisce your frolics

for the rest of life

...your naughty face

...and sunken eyes

full of pranks

imprinted in our memory for ever...

Pankaj Prasoan

Hills And Pyramids

I love the hills
hills, mountains, and even cliffs
it should be of hill clan
be it Himalayas, Vindhya, Alps, Andes, Kilimanjaro...
or the stunted Dhanghi hill of Dhanbad
i have seen
the sun rising from behind it
for years together
hills and the rising sun
hills and the setting sun
intertwined in my life.
In terrible times too
i have not seen any hill crying, weeping
even when the giant machines are cutting it
even when its existence is threatened
it remains stoic
never complains, grumbles, laments, sobs, weeps
it suffers in silence
lost in itself
-just staring the sky
as if meditating
all day, all night
it never thinks of anything
always quiet
detached
so i wander with a hill in my pocket
once i met an Egyptian
he was carrying a pyramid in his pocket
said he-
pyramids are good
truthful
they never tell about them
they don't have grudge against anyone
they don't take anything from anyone
they only give and give
hills and pyramids very much same
they keep your secret
and good.
Alas! We are not like them! !

Pankaj Prasoan

I Would Come Again, I Promise

i saw the ocean
first time
at Kanyakumari
calm n' quiet
tranquil
till the last edge of the earth
that day
i saw the sea-Arabian Sea
at Kovalam
where its waves were billowing
something ecstatic
unknown to me
enthralled me
then years went by
i saw the sea again
at Chanda shore
suddenly waves ran towards me amok
perhaps to embrace me
hug me
greet me
like lost inamorato found
i too wanted to run into the waves coming from thousands of miles to love me
i was impatient to get inside the sea
sea and me
me and sea
to become one forever
inseparable one
forgetting everything
a heavenly feel and dream
took me in a trance
after i regained composure
the waves had gone away
forever
...sea...!
i am also going
Going away from you
i won't say goodbye to you
i want to come again
i would come again

I promise
how difficult it is to forget you?

Pankaj Prasoan

Let Me Recite You A Poem

Come on
Let me recite you a poem
There are no charming words in it.
Nor there are soft loving words
Nor it shows dreams
Nor it talks sweet
It is very rough
It will agitate you
'cause it tells the truth
Truth, which is very bitter
Truth, which irritates
Truth, which we dislike
This poem is the epic of truth
Truth, which is always being defeated
Victory of bad over good
And truth thrown out n' marginalized
But never surrenders
It is never centrist
It questions
Seeks answers
Never confuses in the maze of words
It solves the knots
Itself suffers- never subjugates
Since centuries
In every age
Since the birth of man
This poem remembers them all
Who died for the truth!

Pankaj Prasoan

Let Us Salute Those Who Wrote The Poetry Of Revolution

Poetry becomes a weapon
Against the tyrants and imperialists
In Tunisia, Egypt and Syria
Yemen, Bahrain and Russia
For those who raised the flag of independence!
Who composed the music of revolution!
In a different note
Against injustice
Against exploitation
Against those who boast-truth will die
It says-truth will always remain alive
Absit reverentia vero
'The truth shouldn't be silenced to spare someone.'
For dignity
Who dreamt of the spring of hope!
Welcome to that intoxicating spring
I salute
We salute
Let's salute those
Who martyred for truth!

Salute the Zanj Rebellion
A series of small revolts
500,000 slaves
Led by Ali Ibn Muhamad
and shook
the mighty, despotic, and debauch empires
from Iran to Iraq
in the ninth century

1579
Salute
Gaspar Yanga
The slave brought from Gabon, Africa
The son of a king of Bara
Led the slave rebellion in Mexico
Alongwith his slave friends

Against the Spaniards
Defeated them
Established the independent town of the slaves
Hundred salutes to Yanga

1712

The inhuman torture of enslaved Africans
Kept under abusive and harsh conditions,
Angered 23 slaves of New York City
They came forward, showed courage
Attacked and killed nine whites by showering bullets
The criminal white colonists
Hired mercenaries
caught seventy blacks
threw 21 rebels on fire-alive!
like poultry on barbecue
Executed one on breaking wheel
It was the first slave rebellion
Salute to those 21 burnt alive

1757

East India Company unleashed a reign of terror
Barbaric inhuman rule
Fakers and Sanyasis (ascetics) couldn't tolerate it
They defied
Took arms
All ascetics- Dushnami Nagas, Madari Sufis
Hindu, Muslims all united
started the early war for India's independence from foreign rule
around Murshidabad and Baikunthapur forests of Jalpaiguri.
150 fakirs were killed
Salute to the Sanyasi- Fakir revolt
Salute to Majnu Shah, Bhabani Pathak, Debi Chaudhurani

1798

Midnapore, Bankura, Jangalmahal
The forest land
The forest dwellers
Adivasis-tribals
Raised their bows and arrows
against the feudal landlords
and British colonialists

who insultingly called them chuars-the mouse-eaters
And called their revolt-chuar rebellion
The Adivasis were brutally killed
Their leader Durjan Singh was murdered
Salute to them

1784

Johar

Salute

Baba Tilka Manjhi!

The first freedom fighter of India
The first warrior against the colonialists
Who launched full scale war-the first war
And wrote the first poem of independence
By bow and arrows
He was killed and hanged in a tree
Salute to him
Whom we have easily forgotten

1787

Salute to the Shays' rebellion

Which gave nightmare to the robber barons

Living leisurely in the rich-dwellings of Massachusetts

1000 Shaysites arrested

Five killed

Rebellion crushed

But it erupted again as people's anger

In 2011

Against the filthy rich area of New York

Reincarnated as Occupy Wall Street movement

Salute to John Woolman

-years before the American Revolution,

who refused to pay taxes spoke out against slavery

And Salute to John Ross - Guwisguwi

The Cherokee chief

who resisted the dispossession of his people,

whose wife died on the Trail of Tears

Salute to Frederick Douglass, who represented the struggle against slavery

Salute to Emma Goldman, who was sent to prison,

Salute to Helen Keller, who fearlessly spoke out against the war

Salute to Fannie Lou Hamer,

evicted from her farm

tortured in prison
after she joined the civil rights movement

1806-1816

The revolutionary flames
Engulfed the sal (Shorea robusta) forests of Midnapore
It kept on burning for ten years
The enemies of people killed those valiants
Achal Sinha and his 200 fellow martyrs
Salute to all of them!

1858

Johar!
Salute! !
Veer Narayan Singh Binjhwar
It was 1856
A great famine swept the forest region of Chhatisgarh
People starved to death
Landlords and merchants of Sonakhan
Stocked in their godowns foodgrain
usurped from the poor
He looted their warehouses
Distributed the food grain among the poor
The feudal and colonialists conspired
Arrested him
And publicly hanged him

1862

Johar
U Kiang Nongbah
After income tax in addition to the house-tax.
Tax was going to be imposed on betel and betel-nut.
Jaintias rose again in a fierce rebellion
The leader, guiding spirit was U Kiang Nongbah
a young man,
He said:
Ka Jingtaitluid ka long ka kyndon ba donkam
tam ha ka jingim U briew bad ka Ri kaba khlem ka jingtaitluid
ym lah tang ban ong ba ka long kaba im
(Freedom is the most important factor of a Human's life
And a country without freedom cannot be claimed to even be alive')
Hundreds of Jaintias were killed

U Kiang Nongbah was betrayed, captured and put to the gallows publicly
From the scaffold he announced prophetically-
'If my face turns east when I die on the rope,
we shall be free again within hundred years,
If it turns west we shall be enslaved forever'
How true was his prophesying!
India became free within a hundred years!

1871

Four Arab slavers with guns
entered the market
in Nyangwe, Congo
1500 people were gathered,
most of them women.
Fired shot after shot
on the terrified fugitives
Six hundred innocent killed
Salute to those who were killed!

1872

British conquered the Jaintia kingdom
The Garo warriors confronted them
spears, swords and shields
the battle was unmatched
it was a battle between haves and have nots
between the exploiters and exploited
young Togan Sangma was the commander of the valiant Garo warriors
he was killed in the war
Salute to Pa Togan Nengminja Sangma.

1885

Johar
Four Murmu brothers
Of an insignificant village-
Bhagnadih, Dumka
All revolutionaries-
Siddhu, Kanhu, Chand, Bhairav
British colonists, money lenders, zamindars
Usurped their land
Disgraced their women
Turned the innocent Santals into slaves
Cheated and insulted Santals
Led by Siddhu, Kanhu, Chand, Bhairav started

Sonthal rebellion
It swept across the Santhal country
Giving nightmare to those criminals
destroyed all semblance of British rule
Those criminals cheatingly
Killed Siddhu, Kanhu, Chand, Bhairav
Killed 10,000 Santals
Crushed the rebellion-
The Hul-revolution
...but the legend of the Santal Rebellion lives on

1891

Manipur was an independent kingdom
It had resisted the British occupation
Manipuri fought to their last breadth
to save their Motherland
Tikandrajit Singh led the patriotic forces
Military General of Manipur Mr. Thangal helped him
Tikenderjit Singh and General Thangal were arrested
then hanged by the British on 13th Aug,1891
Salute to these revolutionaries.

1900

The volcano of revolution erupted
flowing lava
Birsa Munda -Dharti Aba (father of the earth)
Launched the Munda rebellion-ulgulaan
Torching the dikkus(outsiders)
Police stations and churches
Raided the property of moneylenders and zamindars.
Raised the white flag -
The symbol of Birsa Raj
The colonial government was shaken
Munda warriors assembled at Dumbari Hills
The British attacked them
Slaughtered them
Thousands of freedom fighters were killed
Dumabri became Topped Buru-mound of dead
Birsa Munda was captured
Killed in Jail

He was only 25
He was killed
But ulgulaan-
The revolution -continues
Long live ulgulaan
Long live Birsa Munda-Dharti Aba

1921
Revolution spread on the streets of Istanbul
Revolutionary cadre roamed
Mustafa Suphi was their leader
The paid agents of the dictator
Killed him by dagger
And thrown his corpse in the Black Sea
Black Sea became red
Salam to Mustafa Suphi
Marhabaa!
Salute!

22 January 1905
Zdravstvujte
Salute
To the simple soul
priest George Gapon
who was moved to see
the sad plight of workers of
Putilov plant
It was Czar's Russia
Cruel, despot, tyrant, oppressor
Bloody Nicholas II was reigning
He issued the diktat-
Workers would work for hours twelve
On Saturdays ten
He raised the price of everything
Reduced the wages of the workers
Gapon was an innocent man
Thought he-Czar doesn't know this
This is the work of his subordinates
Father Gapon organized the workers
Thousands of workers
Marched towards
The Czar's winter palace

To give a petition
Showering bullets welcomed them
Killing one thousand of them
The workers were silenced
The movement failed
But it fuelled
Gave birth
To that revolution
That wrecked the vicious monarchy of the world

25 October 1907
The revolution
The biggest one of the 19th century
Of workers and peasants
The October revolution
Led by Lenin and Stalin
Red salute to that revolution
In the poetry of revolution new pages were added
Red pages
Russia, China, half of Europe
Cuba, Vietnam, Laos
All became red
Salute to all of them! !

1923
The splinter of freedom
Became a raging forest fire in Andhra Pradesh
Salute to Aluri Sitarama Raju of Chintapalli
gouravinchuta,
Salute to Rampa rebellion

1950
Selamat siang
Salute to Sudisman
Great mobiliser
created
Twenty million defeated persons into
Revolutionary-a dynamic force
In Indonesia
But the revolution failed
Thousands of comrades were massacred
Sudisman was sent to gallows

1952

From the jungles of Kenya
came the slogan
Mzungu Aende Ulaya,
Mwafrika Apate Uhuru
Let the European go back to Europe (Abroad) ,
Let the African regain Independence.
Children, old all thundered-
Uma Uma
get out, get out
-expression of unrestrained emotion
nationalist response to the unfairness and oppression
freedom fighters, the 'Mau Mau'
vowed to free Kenya from colonialism....
the Mau Mau Uprising
Habari!
Salute
to the Kapenguria Six -
Bildad Kaggia, Kung'u Karumba, Jomo Kenyatta,
Fred Kubai, Paul Ngei, and Achieng' Oneko!

17 January 1961

Salute to Patrice Lumumba
The first democratically elected Prime Minister of Congo
Who fought for African identity. Said he:
For a thousand years, you, African, suffered like beast,
Your ashes strewn to the wind that roams the desert.
Your tyrants built the lustrous, magic temples
To preserve your soul, reserve your suffering.
Barbaric right of fist and the white right to a whip,
You had the right to die, you also could weep.
The criminal colonial Belgium
Robbers of the precious copper, gold and uranium of Congo
Conspired with the champion of democracy
-the superpower- US of A
Lumumba was arrested, beaten and tortured
Was lined up against a large tree
Then fired
And killed him
His body was hacked into pieces
Then dissolved into acid filled drum

Shame to those criminals
Who still preach and sing peons of democracy

6 December 1961

Ma'assalama

Goodbye!

Frantz Fanon- a Caribbean Negro
Doctor, social therapist and author
Wrote *The Wretched of the Earth*-
the psychopathology of colonization
the handbook of revolutionaries everywhere
from Ché Guevara in South America
to Steve Biko in South Africa
Said he: colonizers were present in Algeria
simply on military strength
told people to use violence
resistance must be violent
to get independence
salvation lies in people's solidarity
expelled from Algeria
he died of leukemia
in America
didn't see liberated Algeria

11 September 11,1973

In the Chile Stadium

While he was tortured

His fingers were being cut

He wrote the last poem of his life

Which remained unfinished

By the oozing blood of his fingers

-the swan song

Amidst bullet hurled on him

He wrote-

How hard it is to sing

when I must sing of horror.

Silence and screams is the end of my song

Salute to the great soul

Victor Jara

Hasta luego

Victor Jara

12 September 1977

Molo!

Salute! !

Bantu Stephen Biko

martyr of the anti-apartheid movement.

Who gave the slogan 'black is beautiful'

mobilized the youth

started a movement

the 1976 Soweto Uprisings

accelerated the liberation struggle in South Africa

Biko was frequently harassed and detained

The racist regime couldn't tolerate him

He was arrested

chained to a grill at night

left to lie in urine-soaked blankets

He was transported to Pretoria central prison

twelve-hour journey

naked

in the back of a police Land Rover.

he died on the floor of an empty cell in Pretoria Central Prison

as Biko's coffin was lowered into the grave

several thousand black mourners

gathered at his funeral

defying rifles and machine guns

punched the air with clenched fists

shouted 'Power! '

Stephen Biko

Hamba Kahle!

Good bye!

10 November 1995

E n le

Salute

Kenule 'Ken' Beeson Saro Wiwa

Executed with eight friends

For launching non-violent campaign against petrochemical giant Shell

It was dumping petrochemical waste

Degrading the land and water of Ogoniland

Oppressing the Ogoni people of Niger Delta

Ken stood for the oppressed ethnic minorities

to stand up now and fight fearlessly and peacefully for their rights
Shame to Shell
Shame to General Sani Abacha
Hats off to Ken Saro- Wiwa! !

17 December 2010

There was a street vendor named Mohamed Bouazizi,
in small town Sidi Bouzid, Tunisia,
He gave free fruit and vegetables to very poor families
Affectionately he was called Basboosa-the sweet halwa
He himself was poor
Running a family of six siblings
He didn't have a licence.
Police wanted bribe
Municipal staff wanted bribe
Confiscated his wares
Fed up with the harassment and humiliation
he procured a can of gasoline
standing in the middle of traffic,
He shouted 'how do you expect me to make a living? '
He immolated himself alight with a match
He died
5,000 people participated in the funeral procession
the angry crowd chanted 'Farewell, Mohammed,
we will avenge you.
we weep for you today.
we will make those who caused your death weep
Thawrat al-Karamah- Dignity Revolution started
Ultimately called Jasmine Revolution
Jasmine-the national flower of Tunisia
Dethroning the dictator Zine El Abidine Ben Ali
Mohamed Bouazizi
wa 'alaykum is salam!

17 June 2011

Salam -
Yacoub Dahoud of Mauritania
who dared to set fire
himself in Nouakchott
Just in front of the President Palace
he burnt himself for a better Mauritania

where all people will enjoy justice
and revolution descended in the Arab world
in Bahrain
Coalition of February 14 Youth
Hassan Mushaima', Abd al-Jalil Singace, and Ebrahim Sharif,
Zainab al-Khawaja, and his father, Abd al-Hadi al-Khawaja
Ghazi Farhan
Dr Ala'a Shehabi
in Egypt
Salam Asmaa Mahfouz
in Syria
Salam Razan Zaitouna,
In Yemen
Salam Tawakkul Karman
And so on...

October 9,2012

Salam

Salute to 14-year-old Malala Yousafzai,

a student in Mingora in the Swat District of Khyber Pakhtunkhwa province in
Pakistan,

who dared to defy the diktats of the bute, fanatic, obscurantist and terrorist
Taliban:

that no girls could attend school after 15 January 2009

Taliban blew up more than a hundred girls' schools.

In her own way Malala wanted to inform the world about the brutalities going on
against women by extremists.

She wanted to wake up the women of the rural areas of Pakistan to stand up and
defend their due rights.

She hoped to organize the Malala Education Foundation, which would help poor
girls go to school.

She was awarded Pakistan's first National Youth Peace Prize in December 2011

She wrote blogs exposing the dangerous life under Taliban.

She became the enemy number one of Taliban

She was gunned down by those fundamentalists

She was shot in the head

A Taliban gunman shot her as she rode home on a bus after taking an exam

The masked gunman shouted 'Which one of you is Malala? Speak up, otherwise I
will shoot you all',

On her being identified, shot at her.

She was hit with one bullet, which went through her head, neck, and ended in
her shoulder.

The entire world watched it in horror
Malala, in Pashto means 'grief stricken'
She was saved by the doctors

The fire of revolution never subsides
It cannot be subsided
It may remain dormant for a while
Yet it will be burning inside
Its only companion is poetry
Poetry never bends
It always remains
And burns
Sending flames
with the revolution
In the frontline
It still continues
the epic of revolution
still unfinished
no one knows when it will be completed
Till then several new names would be added
in the new blood soaked chapters
Salute to all of them
Salute
And salute...

Pankaj Prasoan

Mother India

Wearing coarse yellow saree*
with red borders
there she goes... Mother India
to work
-she is hungry
she has not taken anything since the morning
only a glass of water...
yet she would build,
construct,
buildings, roads, and dams
she is tired,
sweating
but no more sad
she would get
a few bucks in the evening
and then she would run to the grocer
to get rice
to feed his child
rice and rice water
when the child eats
she is happy
she works whole day
pouring water on the mud and cement
she is sweating
she is careless about her figure
she just covers it with rag
but she feeds her child
milk from her open breast
she does n't have sense of hygiene
or manners
she is an ocean of compassion
her eyes glowing with pity
-her only capital
-heritage
she wants to give to the future generation
hungry, skeletal, mother
-Mother India! ! !

* Sari or saree: A strip of unstitched cloth, worn by females, ranging from four to

nine yards in length that is draped over the body in various styles. It is popular in India, Bangladesh, Nepal, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Bhutan, Burma, and Malaysia.

Pankaj Prasoan

Predators

Sharmajee, sixty -year old
sold medicine
in his small shop

One day he was strolling on the road
there came a rushing bike
or was it uncontrolled car
knocked him down
he fell down
on the pitched road
injuring his skull
making him unconscious

The police came
put him in the van
took him to hospital
left his mobile intact
took the money from his pocket
and fled away

Police is the saviour
helping the people
it is for you, with you
always ready! ! !

Pankaj Prasoan

Still I Belong To History

You won't get my name
In the scrolls of history
yet I belong to history
I am witness to the broken hopes
Shattered desires
Treachery and exploitation of
The human being
I have suffered in silence
I am suffering in silence
I would suffer in silence
Suffering is my destiny
I have suffered all those moments
And have died
Asphyxiated
Slowly...

When the last ice age engulfed the whole world
I was giving the last homage to my dead father
Spreading petals on his corpse
My father suffering from gout
His hands were broken from his childhood days
I was not a Neanderthal
Annihilated by the homo erectus
Simply sufferer of alienation
misfit
In a society of warriors

I was a stone carrier
Ill-paid, hungry, thirsty and weak
Still carrying giant stones on my shoulders
To construct pyramids
To make Pharaoh immortal
To stitch him in the sheets of history...

When the compassionate Joshua –Jesus Christ was being nailed on the cross
I was boiling with anger
But couldn't do anything
No one came with me
Among thousands gathered

Numb
Impotent

When Nero was castrating
the handsome Sporus
after making him a bride
and taking out his eyes
lovely eyes
I stepped alone
to fight the debauch
His sentries caught me
And killed me

When they were beating, throwing stones on Mahveer
I had fallen on the stony road
Sobbing and weeping

When the prophet Hazrat Muhammad
Gave the message of Islam-
Peace and proclaimed-al hamdu Lillah
Praise to God
Thank God!
I joined his small group of
The downtrodden and poor
The ferocious animists pounced upon them
Attacked
Pelted stones
I too was wounded
And killed

When the libraries of Alexandria and Nalanda were burnt
And the books were burned to boil the
water of Hammams (Public bathhouse)
my blood boiled
I wanted to shout-
Don't bury the books
Save them
They contain knowledge of our big brains
But fear made me numb and dumb...

I am a mute spectator of
A coward and decadent society

Where came Buddha,
Mahaveer,
Jesus,
Marx
And Gandhi
The layers of exploitation
Went on affixing day after day...
I am a hidden
Left out hero of the journey through graveyard
Centuries after centuries
So I am a man of history
Though my name has not been mentioned in history
Still I belong to history

Pankaj Prasoan

The Birth Of A Poem

...that day
i was coming from Howrah
to Dhanbad
on the Coalfield Express
in the second class compartment
i saw
an old man appeared from nowhere
in rags
wrinkled face
unkempt hairs
sifting garbage littered on the floor
Eureka!
he found some broken piece of peanuts
oh! how satisfied was he!
The same satisfaction dawned on the face of that little girl
dancing to the sad bitter tunes
coming out of the old, small and broken harmonium her father was playing with
his fatigued fingers.
The train was trembling
making clattering noise in spontaneous rhythm
the girl was dancing
she was wiggling
her laboriously made breasts were swaying
a perfect waltz
tummak tu... tummak tu...
young and old
sitting on the wooden seats cutting jokes with her
and yes
the same satisfaction
i wonder what the parameters of satisfaction came alive on the girl's face
on her yellow symmetry
and red coloured chin...
i was spreading jam on the toast
and an ad splashed on my inward eyes
the ad published in the newspapers of New York, London, Paris
... a bare-all kid with hungry face
A kid from India
with a broken aluminum bowl in front of him
was lamenting and sobbing-

"billions of children are hungry
donate for them something to eat"
The same India
India of the fat bully contractors, billionaires and millionaire officers
flying high
driving high speed cars breaking all barriers
staying in only star ranking hotels
i have seen the milk powder donated from the world
sold in packets for whitening the tea
in the stores of India
and donated clothes being sold at Janpath and Chandini Chowk in New Delhi
while social welfare plans were hatched in Delhi
The purse of the officers was growing big
contractors and brokers were paying for their stay in airconditioned five star
hotels
while on the back side of those hotels
in the garbage bins
the food left over was rotting
and dogs and kids were fighting with each other for the lion's share

A poem was taking birth in me
Does a poem take birth this way?
Probably yes!

Pankaj Prasoan

The Martyrs Of Palojoree

Palojoree is a small village town in Dumka district of Jharkhand, India where in 1980s a massacre happened. The police under the Cong Chief Minister Dr Jagannath Mishra, went berserk and opened fire on hapless armless tribal who had assembled there to demand food. This poem is a tribute to those who died in that anti-people massacre.

The drum kept on beating
Dham...dham...dham..

And thousands empty stomach
came out
Hands on their bellies
From the sad hamlets of the dry hills
Started assembling at Palojoree
On the Dumka-Jamtara Road
The red dawn thickened over the black night.

They had no fear of death
Their only goal was to die
They didn't have anything on
Armless
Not even bow and arrow
Which they carried habitually
Traditionally
They had before them
The example of Siddhu, Kanhu, Chand, Bhairav

...and the government
Committed to remove poverty
Ordered its police
To remove them by force
Ten shots were fired
And a bloody history was created
The first to fell was Girdhari Mandal
Then Barjoo Rai
Then followed Pardhan Murmu,
Sonelal Hembrum

And one who remained unidentified

God-confined within the temples

Remained indifferent

Why should He?

These fate less, hapless people were dying hungry

Their demand was food to eat

They had died since the birth of mankind

So why should he reincarnate as Ram, Krishna or Varah

There was no Ravan, Kans or Hiranyaksh to kill ...?

Their oozing blood scattered on the earth

Which it soaked

As it had taken away Sita

The drum died slowly

Dham...dham...dham...! !

Pankaj Prasoan

This Is Delhi

A mega urban forest
abode of two billion
amused
mesmerised
restless
ruthless
insensitive, impatient people
a hapless metropolis
where everything is purchased
-air, water, relationship
a city -unintelligently expanding
where forcefully pasted
artificially prepared
green patches create awe
where no one hears
almaa, birmaa, holee
or chirpy birds
music and dance are on rent in discos
where whispering
scheming
slowly moving necks
cooing pigeons
millions of pigeons
looking like animated corpse-zombies
holding chains
in bus
metro trains
- an endless caravan of zombies
living on credit cards
and the city thriving on loans
- heat wave from Rajasthan
cold wave from Himachal
and much more-
refugees from Pakistan
Labourers from Bihar and UP
standing crop of agents and brokers
this is the city
which is called Delhi

Vultures

On the open ground lying remote
thousands and thousands of vultures
descended
absorbed
converting cadavers into ribcage
littering the dead marrow and blood
took flight
satisfied
like mythical flying sages
...those thousands of vultures.

The new circle of dogs rushed
joined them
-thin, fat and hairy dogs
-snatching intestines
with their sharp jaws.

When the merry vultures
fled away
dancing
a little cushion of black cloud
enveloped the earth
their enemy-the dogs
slept there on the ground
then the vultures descended
stealthily curled their feathers
...and slept with the dogs.

II

No one knew what happened
that the gala feasts of
vultures and dogs stopped abruptly
corpse eater vultures
bowel plucker teeter-totter dogs
started felling down
dying
the whole ground

became full of their remains
and stench coming out from them
no one remained to eat them
and become happy
corpse after corpse
ah! such a wretched condition of life
...those thousands of vultures

III

The ground dried
skeletons dried
of the animals, dogs, vultures
an eerie silence stretched
but slowly, slowly and slowly
There sneaked in something new
There started -
-coming
-gathering
vultures again
...they were new vultures
the same old story started again
now vultures occupied
the parapets as well
...those thousands of vultures! ! !

Pankaj Prasoan

Waiting For That Poem

I am trying to write a poem
For the last ten years
But have not written a single word
The moment letters try to become a word
Some images emerge
Scuffle with them
Words and images
Images and words and cries emanating from within
Strange and familiar cries of
Farmers
Forest dwellers
Tribals-
Forcibly evicted
Smashed
ravaged
the cries of workers
helpless workers
crushed in the machines of the factories
...and then the letters jumble
...and the words start changing
And three hundred thousand farmers
three hundred thousand farmers-
killed themselves
To save themselves
From an infinite cobweb of exploitation by
The moneylenders
Banks
And the government!
The government formed by their votes
Their suicide change into numbers
The numbers change into insensitive data
Three hundred thousand persons
Human beings
Made of bones, marrow and muscles
Not different from any other living human being
Twenty six letters become insufficient to describe their agony
Words fail
And the poem does not start-
It wears shroud

Three hundred thousand shrouds
And the poem goes silent from carrying this burden
Meanwhile
The looters of the words
Start their game
The government has words
The filthy monstrous rich
Getting richer along with growing inflation
keep the purchased- words
in their safe -deposit box
workers, farmers, forest dwellers
fail to realize
the game of words
the trickery of words
the illusion of words
they don't understand
they don't recognise the words
they know and understand
only hard labour
their capital- only body!
they don't know
where does it go
the blood and sweat they burn
day and night
in the boiling heat of factories and farms?
where does it close for ever in the dark chests
and secret coded lockers in unknown countries?
Poetry goes silent
Three hundred sixty five days
Twenty six letters
Fail to make any equation
They begin to see fearfully-
Singur, Nandigram, Jangalmahal
Dantewada, Gobindpur, Bhatta -Parsaul

And blood sucking Draculas ready in line to swallow
Their farmland, forest, hills...
They are hungry to capture farmland
-to sell high-rise buildings
They are hungry to plunder hills
-to rob stones and minerals
and make them Dadhichi * forcefully

They need forests
-to erect monstrous factories
on the corpse of dumb trees
Displacing the farmers and the tribal from their land
Their own land
Inherited from their ancestors
Forcing them out like wild animals
With baton-charging police
Chasing them out...
The poem is scared
It hides
Poor twenty six letters
-Run away
For fear of becoming a word
The poem is never made
It won't be made
I would remain thinking about it only
With pen freeze in my hand
For the next ten years...
The poem would be written
When the farmers and the workers
Shedding their fear
Shedding their weakness
Unite
Pounce upon
And attack on their behemoth enemies
We would have to join them in that Great War
Coming out of our cogs
sitting on the fence won't do
we would then emerge victorious
that will be the victory of the people
the real victory
a fight to the finish
the decisive battle
the oppressed humanity would win
looters would go away
never to return any more
the words would return
free from captivity
Letters and words
won't remain imprisoned within the rogue data
their meaning would come out

the poem would come out spontaneously
effortlessly
that poem would be vibrant
and pulsating
Let us wait for that poem! !

*Dadhichi: a Hindu mythological sage who donated his bones to form vajra- an indestructible, super-strong weapon of Indra, the chief of Gods.

Pankaj Prasoan

Where Blacks Have No Right To Live Alive

Trayvon Martin
seventeen year old
stepped out of the apartment called Retreat
at Twin Lakes housing complex
he had gone to meet his father, father's girlfriend, and his baby brother
in Sanford, Florida
On February 26
for a bag of Skittles and iced tea
he was wearing Hoodie
Neighborhood Watch leader, George Zimmerman
saw him walking home from the store
he became suspicious
called the police
impatient, he didn't wait for the police
28-year-old Zimmerman shot gunfire
killed Trayvon
his cries for help went in vain
unarmed black teenager
Trayvon was killed
'cause he was a black boy
Zimmerman wasn't a cop
which he wanted to be
police questioned Zimmerman, then released him
he claimed he killed Trayvon in 'self-defense'—
Zimmerman was armed with a handgun,
Trayvon possessed a bag of Skittles and an iced tea can
Trayvon's life didn't matter for him
his dead body was a trophy for him
Zimmerman was not arrested
police relied on him
his version of the gruesome murder
it did background check drug/alcohol test on Trayvon,
not on Zimmerman, the shooter.
Ramarley Graham,
18-year-old
was shot by the police
in the bathroom of his home
in the presence of his grandmother
and 6-year-old brother.

another Black teen,
Jateik Reed beaten
Dane Scott Jr. killed by the police
in high speed chase
all the three were black
the state of Georgia executed Troy Anthony Davis
an innocent African American
The US is a free country
land of equal opportunities
where 2.3 million people are in jails
more than 900,000 of them are Black
-a jailed democracy!

Pankaj Prason

Witness To Shattered Dreams

I am a mute spectator of a cruel, insensitive time spanning thousands of miles.
There are tales of shattered dreams of mankind interwoven with it.

The ever changing
haunting symbols
brutally killed hopes
decorate it.

I have seen the human beings killed in Vietnam, Korea, Congo, Somalia, and
Iraq

-from America to Africa

-Europe to Australia

I have seen the criminals and thugs sucking human blood like leech and then
screaming with joy in their triumphant pride.

I am yet to come out of that gory ambience.

Shivering with fear I am inventing senseless logic to my helplessness.

I have seen dying -a sentenced era.

I timidly roar like Heracles in front of the world

-only in dreams and nightmares.

There too I find myself pitiable.

They come with their usual valour and cut me to pieces.

I fail again

do not recognise my killers.

I return defeated,

bruised,

beaten

drenched in my own oozing blood

tired, helpless

unnamed, and

that too in my own dream...

A number is added on the list of deceased

Pankaj Prasoan