

**A Collage from real life blended with reel life – Collection  
of poems on family, friends and the world at large**

*By Viren Lobo*

An Especioza Trust Production

*Dedicated to: The numerous people who came into my life stamping it with question marks that needed answers,  
one that could not be found in libraries or day to day happenings in society, but rather in an examination of the  
sum total of what many contradictory observations were trying to say.*

## **Poems for friends and colleagues**

## **An ode to the Grizly bear**

An ode to the Grizly Bear  
Whose hackles rise  
When anyone his siblings try to snare.

Like Ustad Tiger he is unaware  
Of human intervention, his lot to restare (restore).  
His growls keep all but the bold at bay  
His family to defend he keeps enemies away.

But alas his habitat is imperiled  
By wise men.  
Wiser than nature.  
And a keeper who believes in science  
But forgetting the source  
Of all human discourse

The Grizly bear loves fish.  
Licking his chops at the savoury meal  
The burbling brooks amidst the mountains touching heaven  
Are home  
For this feast of leaven

A wise man once asked  
What if the Grizly bear does not exist?  
Do you know the answer?  
Write in.

My take  
It is imperative to save the grizly bear  
As with it the family tree crumbles (food chain).  
Is your answer any different ?  
I'd like to know.

Cheers to the Grizly bear  
He will live many many years  
With your support of course !!

## **An ode to the Mountain goat**

An ode to the mountain goat  
Who has been mascot of SPWD since 1985  
My he knew how to make us jive.

This goat even at 75 could climb  
The highest peak  
For yonder to see  
The vast expanse  
Of humanity

And its multifaceted links with nature.  
For of nature it is a part of  
Yet because it has a mind  
Which often forgets the laws  
That govern human kind

So every this way and that  
We see the destruction that is wrought  
By mindless consideration  
For profit on one hand and survival on the other

This mountain goat  
Who once foresaw  
The energy policy of this vast country  
Was tireless in his quest  
For the right kind of development to show its best

Accordingly like Gandhi before him  
He travelled its length and breadth  
Its vast wealth  
To unfathom

Each situation is unique  
Said he  
The local context is important  
To understand

To turn waste into gold  
Or biomass  
As we see

For that he collaborated with Datye  
on WIRP  
And with many others as well  
Does it now ring a bell ?

He painstakingly put all this knowledge together  
At SPWD's Silver jubilee

So that all could have it  
For posterity.

The mountain goat decided that it was now enough  
There are others  
To fill the trough

Yet for me he will remain  
The symbol of all that is nimble  
Never once did he tremble  
At the pile of paper on his table  
By morning it was gone

So to the mountain goat I salute  
As he dances to Lord Krishna's flute  
As the Natraj also gives his bow  
To this proud son we endow

Our hearts and minds  
To fulfill his quest  
That one day  
He may find rest.

## **On the rare frogs in the well**

Sorry Guys I was busy with some frogs in a well  
A very rare breed as my colleagues will tell  
They are classified as RET by IUCN  
First found in Kalpavalli  
My colleague suddenly found them at Panerwa as well  
They have a strange ability  
To croak in unison  
Without rhyme or reason  
Their croaking interferes  
With the work of the industrious ant  
I once told you about  
And the bees as well  
I wondered why?  
It is set at a particular frequency  
And the trigger is the messages these poor creatures get to do their work.  
So I went into the well to set this right  
And guess was there a fight?  
sorry I mixed my metaphors  
This fight was outside the well  
Naushy saw it alright  
Will keep you updated  
For now have set their frequency to another band  
Its called the gang of Vassipore  
I found the code in Drishyam  
You guys must see it too

## **A Conversation at Headquarters**

Group Captain P to Brigadier G  
We are building a shelter for cows care to come and see  
Brigadier G to Group Captain P  
No thanks but would like to have the Ghee  
Group Captain P: That will be ₹5,000/- per Kg.  
Agent X uses it in Chyavanprash ₹ 4,000/ Kg that will be  
Brigadier G: I prefer Chyavanprash then  
Group Captain P: You got yourself a deal Chyavanprash it will be.  
Agent X: For that we need to see. When I will have time to make that is.  
Brigadier G to Agent X: No worries I can wait. This one can be late do we have a date?  
Agent X: A date no but a deal yes. How it will pan out anybody's guess.

## **The Nawab of Junab and his legacy the man eating lion of Gujarat**

Ever heard of the Gir forests, the last bastion of the Asiatic Lion ?

Once this lion strutted from Asia Minor to the Narmada , now the lion lays confined to his bed chamber , the forests of Junagarh .

The recent survey showed that the recent prescription of the reputed battery of doctors from Gandhinagar have worked wonders and the lion could find its own way around Junagarh and in fact even had a look at the sea and partook of its bounty .

The other prescription prepared by a battery of senior consultant doctors from Dehra Dun was however kept in abeyance . Transfer of some lion to forests of Kuno . What a scene there was in Bhopal at this fracas, the hospital administration had vacated 5,000 Saharias from these forests only to find the moustache of the famous man eating lion of Gujarat in their way .

The lions are the pride of Gujarat says he. No way this can be shared with my brothers from MP.

You all know the story how the Nawab had to flee ? Vallabh Bhai Patel the iron man from Gujarat oversaw it. It was the reverse in Kashmir. Shiekh Abdullah opted for India. All enticement failed to convince him that Jagirdar of whatever hue would be different. He had seen his own Raja Hari Singh from close quarters to recognise them from mile .

But the promise of secularism was belied. Divide and rule the age old adage comes true once again. Can the lion and the deer walk together ? Certainly the Maldharis of Junagarh think so. What choice have they . Their animals need grass. And the price of the flesh of one once in a while is a small one to pay ?

Divide and rule !! And what what better way to divide God and rule over his subjects as the recent judgement of Ayodhya has shown . It takes five to be classified as a man eater I was told . How do we count ?

One - Jab ped girta hai tab dharti hilta hai

Two - Newtons third law of motion - every action has an equal an opposite reaction .

And these were when I knew how to count .. How many more to go ??

I heard that the doctors who once prescribed that the domesticated animals of the Saharias would be a menace for the lion and hence their masters need to be evacuated have now decided that in their feral state they would be ideal feed .

When an idea turns into its opposite thats the time to take a break . Thats all folks be back with **more**.

## **Bond and Madame X in Amravati**

Bond to Madame X

The Earthworm of Amravati and Health Care

Health of the soil and health of human beings

Any commonality in the parameters?

Yes James there are.

It your approach to life, healthy living and what it is that sustains

Life on it?

Bond to Madame X

All I know is the pistol in my pocket sustains my life 😊

And the gadgets given to you by Q 🤖

🎯 Smiled James

Lifting his brow

Care to take a walk?

Sure

So both walked through their fields nurtured by Mittal

Whose birthday is today

Madam X

Beautiful she whispered

Look at this soil James

Makes my heart leap

James

And see the corn on the cob

Would love a tasty morsel

Ok let's take some

A little later eating baked corn

That's good. Best corn I have tasted in years

So James the connection between the earthworm of Amravati and Health care you see 😊

Remind me to tell Vinoj

Sure James

Healthy recipes my forte as you know

A sip of pomegranate juice

Watching the sun as it climbed

Bond smiled to himself

That life he thought. 😊

## **The Sloth Bear of Panerwa**

Last sighted with the Bhopa of Panerwa

There are reports of its trudging along through the forests of Polo, Jessore and Balaram.

Expected destination Shoolpaneshwar

An Expert analysis by Madame X indicated that the daily diet of ants had been severely affected by the loss of trees in its habitat

Prescription to remedy this is being suggested.

The Children of North Gujarat have come strongly in its support.

It is expected that the entire stretch will follow shortly.

Competing with man for the honey in the nooks of granled trees and among the rocks

There are times when they both confront each other in a life and death struggle

Dr RT and DFO YLV both have reported incidents where survivors have barely managed to come out alive by the skin of their face literally.

Man Animal living in harmony with nature ?

Not an easy task.

Life and death struggles between the cobra and the mongoose tell the tale.

There's more

Till the cages we do part

Happy New Year

The Bhopa of Panerwa

## **Sloth Bear makes a move**

Sloth Bear had a big area to cover.  
From Mount Abu in Rajasthan to Shoolpaneshwar in Gujarat  
COVID 19 made it easy  
But burning trees for agriculture did not  
Supply of honey and ants became short  
And the forests  
My they were hot  
Sloth bear however undeterred  
On his mission he with the Bhopa conferred  
Safe passage guaranteed  
And honey at Fenai Mata Revakhand when quarantined  
As because there parikramis he would meet  
Sloth Bear all ready to greet  
Having performed a near impossible feat  
Sloth Bear all entreated  
Not to my credit but COVID 19  
Forests were emptied  
Due to the quarantine  
The people would not listen  
Around Sloth Bear they clamoured  
Love it was but looked like he was being hammered  
The Daon intervened  
Bury the hatchet he said  
Cutting the forest not on  
Make sure it's there even when all of you are gone  
So pledge all they did  
To protect and to conserve  
For this is the least that the Sloth Bear deserved

## **The Ant and the Fly**

The Elephant had been disgraced  
Gored his Mahout to death  
So the Ant and the Fly at Keonjhar they met  
Elephant to take to the vet  
Not an ordinary Elephant was he  
One that diverted others did he  
Agricultural fields being destroyed  
Who was Helen of Troy?  
Mining in Badbil the cause  
As forests were lost of course  
Other Elephant routes across Odisha disturbed  
Development had made them perturbed  
Similar stories brewing in Bengal and Jharkhand too  
Other States not far behind in the queue  
So Ant and the Fly at Keonjhar conferred  
Their solution temporarily they deferred  
Larger unity of purpose needed  
Oont to the rescue if cause he heeded.  
Tribals rallied around him  
Death to the Elephant said some  
The Oont said how come?  
Long with the Elephant have you lived  
From where discord in your mid  
☹️ ☹️ ☹️  
Not the Elephant but CFR  
All round development our BDR (mantra)  
So tribal rode the Elephant  
Ant and the fly side by side  
In the forest from their enemies they did hide

## **The story of the Ant and the fly continues**

Buzzing around on his business, the fly encountered the ant once again  
This time the venue was cyberspace  
Somehow Shankar had contrived a gadget to make that possible  
Were they being controlled by a mouse?  
I do not know  
However they did get talking  
Cyclones galore due to warming up of the Indian Ocean  
The face off at the border  
And terrorists making their strikes  
COVID 19 did make our lives easier  
But now the disturbances setting in again  
And the rain  
Schools having restarted  
Calls coming in  
Glitches in the technology  
Resulting in the bin

More prominent than the din  
Some working overtime  
Others just whiling away  
Complaining being the order of the day  
From far away  
The ant and the fly watched  
Interesting thought they  
Hardly a new world after COVID 19  
That they conferred is something to watch out for I guess  
High time we unscramble the mess. 🤔

### **Ant Man and the Nobel Laureate**

The Ant Man meets Nobel Laureates in Economics  
Ant man Abhijit Banerjee and Esther Duflo did meet  
Actually other way round was the greet  
Poor economics study the occasion  
For this liason  
The industrious ant had many a story to tell  
Including one with a tree that fell  
Strong winds and heavy rain there was.  
Rotting roots the cause  
The roots are fundamental to the economy  
And so too for the tree  
It was a story of the 'rich' made poor  
Deprivation from nature was told to be the cure  
Urbanisation and Industrialisation to be sure.  
So dependent on EGS and government subsidy they were  
Corruption and other things made facilities insecure  
So from pillar to post give aways were the lure  
Abhijit and Esther reflected  
Project they constructed  
Ant man their go between  
Seva Mandir the project did house  
And Vidhya Bhawan it's hall it gave without a grouse.  
More on this saga later  
Have enough on my platter

## **Mission the Seed**

Q and Bond - Mission the Seed. Code named XX and XY  
Bond there has been a breach of code says Q  
Where ?  
Kutch border, UPOV treaty violated  
Our research compromised  
Can you have a look Bond ?  
Tell Madame X to have the files ready  
Will be there at 8 am tomorrow  
Fine will tell Moneypenny to do the needful  
You and Madame X on your own now  
Fine, just give me that smart GPS device you had got ready  
Need to get all the coordinates right  
Which way the wind blows you mean Bond.  
That and a look at the water too  
Heard it got contaminated Q  
Radioactive stuff placed at the source Bond  
Difficult to clean up  
Not impossible Q  
Mission impossible Bond  
No it's Mission - The Seed . Code named XX&XY said Bond smiling  
Good luck to you Bond says Q

## **The Accomplice of Black hood and Adnan Khashoggi**

The accomplice of black hood meets Adnan Khashoggi  
The lone rangers eyes altered  
Staring up at him from the newspaper was the Blackhood's accomplice  
Shaking hands with Adnan Khashoggi  
Lone ranger rubbed his eyes  
The stare continued  
A phone call here  
And a phone call there  
Revealed the connection  
The hidden wheels within wheels  
The blank stare of the Adjutant  
The wall of silence to his letters all came pouring back to him.  
The connection bigger than I thought.  
But I cannot be bought  
For now lie low  
To my friends hello.

## **Suicide or Murder**

The broken Hyoid bone  
Scene a room in Dera Saccha Sauda (city: unidentified).  
Lone Ranger investigating  
Bullet holes in the walls  
Shot at point blank range why did the now dead man miss?  
How did the Hyoid bone break ?  
Lone ranger his findings to the top brass reported  
Not enough proof was the reply  
The Lone Ranger duly deported  
Truth contorted  
To the bottom of this resolved he  
No friendly handshake with the powers that be

## **Blackhood and the Lone Ranger**

Lone Ranger on a mission  
After his early morning jog at the park  
Lone ranger did the ropes.  
Thirty feet up  
Something snapped  
The rope had been sawed  
Lone ranger came crashing down  
Fortunately there was grass  
But hyoid bone broke as he tried to brake his fall.  
From out of the corner of his eye lone ranger saw  
Black hood disappearing through the gate  
As Lone Ranger convalesced he vowed  
To the bottom of this he would get

## **Auschwitz and the meeting of souls**

The brief fire that kindled in Auschwitz has lived till today  
As Corona confined me indoors in my home in Nantes  
My eyes roll inwards to 76-78 years ago, Auschwitz, the train carrying passengers rolled in  
Pushed, shoved and kicked by the SS the prisoners to the camp were herded  
As compiling the list of the prisoners was I blue eyes pierced mine  
Aaron the voice seemed to come to me from afar as my heart leaped  
Melodious voice his life did save, five times this role I played  
The lists of people sent to the gas chamber were in my hands  
How that came to be you have to ask the stands  
1944, the Russians entered Poland, we made our plans to escape  
At Warsaw we planned to meet but that was not to be  
75 years later my daughter Hazel got a video call from my other daughter Elaine  
As she it gave it to me, blue eyes pierced mine and time stood still a second time

## **Swami Vikrama and the land of Chettinand**

Swami Vikrama, pardon me. In the land of Chettinand there is small alcove tucked away in its forests.

Rare orchids bloom  
And the peacock shows its plume.  
A small shrine installed  
By forefathers long gone  
A place serene  
And a meet with the queen.  
Queen bee and her honey pot  
It's not the flies who abound  
But the bear who sometimes comes around  
Of its bounty to taste  
Somewhere near Princess LK is making her paste  
From rose petals near the brook  
The sight is beautiful  
Go have a look  
Deer gamboling nearby  
And on Mahua the Bhopa's spirits are high  
Swami Vikrama's darbar is now full  
So to his lecture all get pulled  
Jai Ho Swami Vikrama  
Reverbrated all around  
Then all went still  
As the Swami held all spell bound.

## **For Panchi on her birthday**

A poem for the Panchi whose birthday is today.



The mermaid of the sea  
The bird winging through the air  
This seed takes long to mature I know  
But everything does not grow  
Degrowth is the future  
Of a world in a mess  
How to cure  
Among us you know best  
Like Marie Curie and others before you  
You tried first on yourself  
And then publicised with many books on the shelf  
Mostly PPTs though  
As learning is slow  
Whole brain thinking takes time to show  
So happy birthday once again  
We have nothing more to loose but everything to gain

## **Lungi Dance**

Arulmany and the Lungi dance  
All over Irma he did prance  
Anney Anney  
As his hips did sway  
Crowd gathered to watch  
As Lungi dislodged to his dismay  
Quick to recover was he  
And the crowd clapped with glee  
Anney Anney  
That was not funny  
Honey bunny came to Arul's side  
Money Money



Give me Sunny  
Atul cried  
Sunny Leone I mean  
On Deol am not keen  
So on the garden Arul lay  
Pictures of Sunny flitted through as he passed the day  
From somewhere his buddy Vinoj yelled  
Arul !!  
Out of daydreams Arul snapped  
And the two in Tamil yapped  
Nothing could I follow  
Rest of story will tell tomorrow

## **Kolkatta rendezvous**

The Jat and the Knight  
Met up in Kolkatta  
While one tells stories to the Queen of England  
The other has stories  
From the day after  
The queen left India  
The Kohinoor sits pretty  
While the Knight and the Jat play catch  
Catch up with Ketchup  
And ...  
Be careful  
Some of it might spill  
As some of us exercise the treadmill

## **Golu and the Anaconda**

Golu and the Anaconda

Golu went to the valley of flowers  
Warm greetings he got on his birthday  
From behind the purda that was  
The long long row of flowers I mean  
Eyes met with expectation  
Would the purda disappear one day ?  
For that we need to ask Theresa May  
The Anaconda snaked through Assam  
The Brahmaputra from Jhelum its next sojourn  
How I got there I do not know  
Kamrup and Tejpur is my guess  
As infested with infiltrators they are in a mess  
Into the Bay of Bengal moved the Anaconda  
Wrapping itself around India's coast  
What do you have to say Golu my dost  
Biodiversity is what I love most  
So from the hot spots of the Sundarban  
To those in the Konkan  
Messages travel fast  
And fishers have vowed to fight unto the last  
Forest dwellers too have joined the refrain  
And Pastoralists from Rajasthan, Himachal and Utrakhand too  
Small peasants from everywhere have joined to view  
This spectacle with vigour anew  
Dussehra round the corner soon  
And Ram has already been dreaming of the moon  
Chandrayan 2 became mission impossible  
The bullet train and coastal bridge in Mumbai  
A treat for those who are able

**A dialogue in poetry with my friend Vikram Singh from Irma. He is calling me Padre and me calling him Pedro. The two Teli's are Sudhakar Desai from my batch and Anshu Mallick from the next batch. Their two companies were named the Two big Stars in the Oil sector**

Two Teli's from Irma  
One with football game to boot  
The other excels in his suit  
With artistic renditions from his family in the background  
The world of Oil takes a new meaning.  
Mega stars can be seen from afar  
As they twinkle drop by drop  
Their achievements never stop  
Rock star Sudhakar  
And football star Anshu  
Show that there is more than the Cow moo.  
Amool not the only story an Irman can tell  
The bull that crushes this oil does not have a bell  
It is the Bull run on Dalal Street  
The bear they are not likely to meet  
Cheers to their great feat  
As opponents hollow they beat  
The question that we must ask,  
Dear padre before we in glory begin to bask,  
Value addition of agri products,  
Be it milk,oil or reindeer legs,  
Must ensure benefit to the producer,  
Private capital versus coop ownership,  
Are distributions of capital which differ,  
True equitable growth as the economists see it,  
Is determined by the ownership structure I do submit,  
So be happy,  
Don't quit,  
The cows moo,  
Is different from the squeezed oil ,  
So kindly continue to toil,  
It's all for development of all those unemployed sons of the soil. 🇮🇳  
Dedicated to Sister Lucy.  
Well said Pedro. The prisoner's dilemma  
Do we recognise individual contribution or not ?  
If we do where is the collective ?  
If we do not what is the driving force for the collective  
So dear Pedro the Telis  
For the moment in glory bask  
As we of Oil Fed questions ask  
Oil is not milk  
Only oil not SNF  
So in a book Vandana Shiva wrote  
Soil not Oil

This one petroleum  
Not the butter that make decision makers give largess on a platter  
And make the ...grow fatter.  
The collective can be the crab pulling us down  
Or the individual can be the spur driving us to achieve higher and higher levels of collective  
performance  
Take your pick  
Nota is also an option too  
For now it is the Cows that Moo

## **Belated birthday wishes to Pramod and the Daon**

There is a poem written for Pramod too. Called an ode to the Grisly bear. Probably in 2015.

Doan on his birthday went for a shoot

( Rifle courtesy American Rifleman's Association)

Partridges for his birthday the moot

Through his telescope he noticed grizzly bear

Fishing in the stream

Need to be fair

To fulfill a dream

Thought Doan eyeing a hare

A shot his catch could disturb

And in return only herb

Exuberance need to curb

Partridge can wait

Candid Camera instead

Doan and Grizzly head to head

Selfie not possible from a distance

But close up of Grizzly a chance

Not to be missed thought he

A fine present for the Queen bee

At his bash

And this would be the smash

So Grizzly bear with his prize

The fish in hand as he did rise

Three cheers to Daon and Grizzly

Whose birthdays we belatedly celebrate

And the fizz all of us inebriate

## The Good the bad and the Ugly

☺ 👍 Excellent way for acknowledgement.

We take the good with the bad

All in our stride

Inclusivity the name of game

83-85 had it's moments of fame

Self healing mechanism in place

With stent in the Daon and cage in mine.

Other's too have various implants

Yet life goes on

Young Generation emerging into it's own

Many feats have already been shown

Many more yet to come

As 83-85 one big family it becomes

Am noticing an input or two from PK (PK Ghantayat)

He is certainly taking observations to improve his GK

The Oont too plods along

As Dalai his namesake sings his own song

Atish regales us with History

And regionalism soon part of the family tree.

Regional hubs in Delhi, Mumbai and Hyderabad very strong

Rest of India and Abroad we belong

The Gujjus too sometimes make their

Kolkatta is never in the dark

Bhopal once came to light

As Adivasis cause we too fight

With PRM 83-85 the sun never sets

Though conversations we have all through the night

So to the New Year we welcome

As fighting fit we try to become

## **The Earthworm of Amravati**

Rajiv Mittal with American friend  
To Amravati they went  
Gandul to meet  
Organic to greet  
In the fine overturned mud  
They saw Gandul crawling like blood  
Among many worms was he  
Busier than the Bumble bee  
Soil fine to grind  
Along with leaf it was left behind  
A slow process for sure  
Need to take care of the temperature  
Water and shade were the elements  
That helped to keep it under control  
As Gandul over and under he rolled.  
As Rajiv the refined mud he handled  
Gandul for cover did he scramble  
The American friend was pleased  
Not sign of any disease  
Ready for Rajiv to name his price  
Organic to taste is very nice

## **The Oont from Shekawati**

The Oont from Shekawati has travelled long  
Currently in Bhopal bonds he has made strong.  
This Oont has morphed  
Can also achieve that of a dwarf  
Long strides through the forests of India  
From Thane and Dangs in the West  
To Mizoram and Manipur in the North East  
Also called the tribal stretch  
Catwalk at Bhopal they did  
But before Mary Kom they all skid  
Everyone to her bid  
The Oont lot of water and food did store  
As at the festival there was more  
Forest foods, tribal medicine and the like  
The Oont did declare on the mike.  
Kheep however he imported  
From Haryana it was exported  
The Jat it was who delivered  
At Kolkatta the deal was quivered  
And Bhopal in time it landed  
Before the Oont could be branded  
Once took a ride on this Oont in Barmer  
Bounding over the sands  
With its owner Hamer  
Bus to catch  
The Oont its speed it did match  
What a sight the bus and the Oont  
Hurry up said the hoot  
As the Oont kneeled  
Touch the ground did my heel.  
A wave saying goodbye  
A sea of red turbans watched the fly  
Shekawati is nigh

## **Poems for family**

## Message from Casa Espezioza to Esperanza

From Porvorim Goa  
This message from CASA Espezioza  
To Esperanza  
Is special

The hopes and aspirations of millions of mothers  
Are with you  
As the things you do  
Bring joy!

Like the fresh blossom of spring  
Esperanza reaches out  
To Touch  
The wounded, sick, those in despair, dying

Casa Espezioza  
A home for the autistic  
Looks at these blossoms  
With a eye that is futuristic

As Einstein who had autism said  
You cannot solve a problem in the same way it was created  
So the autistic eye as in Tare Jameen Par say  
There's a new way to see

An nonsense  
Suddenly isn't senseless anymore  
Oh how time flies now  
As I have to say goodbye

All the best for Esperanza  
We hope for a bonanza  
A generation brought up  
With that extra touch of love at Casa Espezioza.

In memory of Dad who once said in a college debate  
Two men looked out of prison bars  
One saw mud the other stars  
I chose the mud  
As it is in my blood  
Wealth from. Waste my father wrote in the 80s  
That life  
What you make it  
Said he  
Compost from dung  
And noise different from the sung  
So life is to celebrate  
And death too

His presence we all felt  
As laughter crossed the Welt  
America, London, Zanzibar and Germany  
Pune, Goa, Bangalore and Udaipur  
The family he united  
Ripples in Canada too  
So to my Dad. I toast  
As he was the host  
In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
Into your hands I commend the one I love most

## **The Gem of St. Patrick's**

SAFFIRE!!

A gem found at St. Patrick's  
One that Francis Lobo left behind  
Wealth from Waste to grind  
As the cats and dogs  
Tore memories asunder  
This Gem did not blunder  
From Bangalore did it thunder  
Waist deep water it was  
yet never say die  
If you have a cause  
Unity in Diversity it said  
So, from other parts of the world  
The echo came too  
India too resonated  
To the rejoinder  
To a past that is passé  
As deep into the sea we look  
For that great cook  
That can still the fires of an empty stomach  
Silivisation has now been revived  
As the GBM today we will survive  
Fond memories live on  
Laden mangoes, guavas, and custard apple  
Did Eve tempt Adam?  
A mystery we cannot fathom  
Work of the Devil  
In the Bible  
Or call for freedom from sin  
And a new revival  
Saffire can you tell?  
As with Martin you will dwell  
Inequality will sign its death knell  
And to freedom we ring the bell

## Remembering Aunty Enid

Though days long gone by might thoughts are nigh  
Of the basketball field where Mum and Aunty Enid  
Their skill demonstrated  
The house in Jhowtala road used to be overflowing  
With Pop and Nana the guests entertaining

Cousins Bridget, Marilyn, Kathleen, Annette and William  
All had their special flavour to regale  
As we the younger ones  
Brought up the tail

Their departure to Canada  
Another house did set up  
And home to all  
Who found their way along with pup

Though name I now do not remember  
It certainly was a family member  
As Aunty Enid's laughter pealed  
And all sorrows healed

The sternness in her voice  
Was part of the deal  
If rules were not followed  
Heel now Heel !

My last memories were of Canada  
Where all I met  
Minus the sorpotel and sanna

Bridget once to the magazine responded  
As on biofuels I propounded  
Ready with editing too  
My resolve to do better it did renew

So Aunty Enid  
Now to you I pray  
And Mum, Dad , Uncle Joe and the rest prepare for your stay  
Your smile will live on I say  
Say Cheese if I may

## **A Prayer for Intercession to my Aunt Rita**

Sister Rita of the Immaculate Heart of Mary  
I ask you to intercede to facilitate Unity  
Among the family  
And in the world as well too  
Very Little I knew you  
As for a life devoted to prayer  
Gave up all you dared  
I remember the time in Marie's house in Delhi we shared  
As sabbatical from the convent you took  
Recover from your illness though not by the book  
The beautiful letters written by you  
An artist's hand in the handwritten text  
Much love and tenderness in them  
And a longing for what came next  
In the end you suffered much  
But for long to God your spirit did not give  
Marie was there with encouragement  
As you struggled against discouragement  
At your convent good times we spent  
As Goa we roamed  
Till our backs were bent  
A very unique experience it was  
Larger family unity the cause  
So to you for strength I pray  
Keep the thread of Unity  
If I may

## **For Yvette**

My Dad's cousin Yvette died of COVID 19 in tragic circumstances  
No bed, Fiola got the last bed available  
No medicine, after much running around an alternative could be administered after two days  
Fiola her daughter was distraught  
Could not do as much for her mother as she liked  
Though with all human effort she tried  
Yvette lived a happy life  
Though one with lot of turmoil within  
The bird that dared to spread her wings  
Leaving her father's dream child  
For two elder sisters to handle  
Yet in a time of distress she too lit the candle  
Hostile take over prevented  
Mater Dei reinvented  
Was it just a life of the ordinary  
Or a life to be evaluated through contrary  
Like Peter at her sister's Edna's funeral she stood  
One of those in the garden of Getsemanie  
Watching silently from afar  
Heart strings pulled  
Family ties stronger and thicker in adversity.

## **Mum on her 21<sup>st</sup> Death Anniversary**

To Nora to whom family mattered  
It's been 21 years since you've been gone  
But remembered today afresh  
As your beloved sister and brother join you  
A family get together in your memory  
On zoom it had to be  
A new form of life and living  
It's called virtual reality  
As technology progresses  
Distance will be measured by the mind as physical gets transgressed  
Across the continents and the seven seas  
As we remember some recipies  
A touch of home  
As across the globe the signal roams.

## **Marina on her birthday**

Marina the queen bee and the honey pot  
Royd Street abuzz  
Marina's birthday today but many moons earlier  
Party in the evening  
And games galore  
With forfeits that can make you blush  
On one such Tim got help from Allison  
Getting away creditably  
Others not so fortunate  
And to the sound of laughter  
Egged on to complete  
Marina the star  
And the two sisters on the piano  
Did raise the bar  
For merriment we did not have to go very far  
The sparkle we can still sometimes see  
Though family responsibilities  
Hit this queen bee  
JC got the honey  
While others sucked their thumbs  
His junior also a JC but with a P  
Reminds of P language  
And the language on tongues  
As French became the in thing  
In the centre of town  
All I could do was to act the clown  
So to Marina on her birthday a toast we raise  
Tough times ahead  
But smile on her face  
As always

## **On the death of U Sydney**

U Sydney and the legacy of 34D Rani Rashmoni Road  
The last of the nine brothers and sisters U Sydney was different from the rest  
Jessops was his show  
And a trip to Dumdum always on the cards  
A Maya the teacher with a stern look stays in my memory  
The trip down memory lane when I visited them both in Kolkata  
Long talks with U Sydney  
Carmel and Rob in on some  
And the bouncy Patty too  
Micheal the self made man  
A chip off the old block  
With many a story to tell  
Nigel met only once  
The sailor man with his own tale  
Knew both my brother's though.  
So bro a silent tear for you as well  
Wishing A Maya all strength this loss to bear  
Happy memories of a life well lived  
U Sydney do send your letters from heaven  
United with your brothers and sisters at last  
The days of suffering is over  
But for those who in this world remain  
We join in their sorrow and pain  
RIP U Sydney  
Your light will shine on  
Vanessa holds it bright  
And the others too.  
The tears we shed will not be few

## To Aunty Iris

Aunty Iris in the eye of a storm  
34D Rani Rashmoni Road  
Aunty Iris was the apple of her father's eye  
And having acquired her mother's skills at cooking  
The transition of the family to 23 Royd Street was pretty smooth  
A house full with laughter dance and song  
One wished we could stay for long  
Later Pune with her sister my mother  
And then Bandra for convenience of the family  
Aunty Iris her all she gave  
The smile on the face  
And the tasty dish  
I did not have to ever fish  
My last talk with her was chirpy  
Did not know that very soon that voice would fall silent  
But even in the silence  
In our minds and hearts she lives forever  
Being called to be with her dear husband John  
Rest my dear, please rest  
Her hand he caught to keep her calm  
It worked like a balm  
To Marina, Allison, Mark , spouses and their children our hearts go out  
Rest in peace Aunty Iris  
The struggle will not go in vain  
As we all are relieved that you are now not in pain  
Yet a silent tear we shed  
As your body departs  
Your spirit will remain  
And so sorrow we disdain. 🙏🙏

## **Anne and the garden at Vatsalya**

Anne, Anne quite Contrary where does your garden grow?  
On the terrace of Vatsalya and below  
With gowar phali, chilli, tomato and so much more  
Lime, Fig, Pomegranate, Curry leaves  
And flowers of various kinds  
Fresh vegetables and fruits and a riot of colour all the time  
Anne, Anne what's cooking today  
Nothing, today is my birthday  
Happy birthday dear  
For one who everyone does care  
Working from morning to night  
Everyone's burden to bear  
So much on your little shoulders  
Is it fair  
Am a elderly  
That is part of being matronly  
An example to set  
Not over the hill as yet  
Young at heart  
And new experiments always ready to start  
The sewing machine  
And the music box  
Also help stress to detox  
So Anne you have many years left  
For doing what you are so adept

### **Three and three make eight**

For my Darling wife on our 33rd Wedding anniversary  
33 make 8. The day our lady was born  
And so to that lady  
Who acted the part of our lady  
And to whom she prays to when under stress  
Of late become a little chirpy  
Like the days when she was young  
Slipping out of the class from under the bench  
Or swinging the swing so high that into a boy's face it smashed on return  
Jumping off that swing from that height.  
But for me it was climbing the phalsa tree  
And sitting in the middle  
Always energetic in the garden  
Looking for what's new  
And of course in the kitchen and at stitching the various experiments  
Like the Croissant bun  
Or the pizza  
Or the nankhatai  
And the patchwork quilts  
The embroidered counterpane  
All in a day's work  
At school the Mother in law  
Looking after the kids  
Quick to the bandage  
When bleeding knees, or other parts presented  
Dose of medicine for those wanted to bunk  
And a lecture for the monk  
VG he is called  
His garden not a bed of roses  
There cauliflower and lettuce too  
The seminarians have their work cut out  
But in Anne they have a friend  
Don't get scared of teddy bear said she  
He is Santa Clause decorating the Christmas tree  
So to this wife of mine I vow  
Fifty we will cross  
And I know that in all those years  
You will never let me forget  
Who is boss  
Happy Anniversary

## **The Star of David and my Mum**

My Mom and the Star of David  
A very poignant scene  
Mom how long since it has been  
A life filled with sacrifice  
To ensure we were free from vice  
Remember the campaign for women's rights in the church you took  
Your steps were never from the book  
Unexpected as they turned out  
They brought variety to every day  
And a change in the way we made out play  
One Second was all it took  
For you to recognise if I was okay  
So today on the 20th year of your death  
We drink to your good health  
Our I mean  
As the corona bursts a spleen  
With you life we have seen

## Genevieve

The perfect Ten  
Born on 28-10-1991  
Four scores of 10  
And in Computer language the binary numbers  
Meaning yes or no  
The whole cyber world built on this  
And yet there is something that is missed  
The holy spirit that breathed life  
And brought into this world by the midwife  
The cry that split the darkness.  
So even as the whiz kid goes buzzing around  
It is the spirit that around it will be found  
Two brothers born on the same day too  
RC or was it CR  
At Amity that was  
And the horse of course  
Yet that was not the one seen on the bourse  
Crime patrol with Beckett  
And the protectors of the Galaxy  
The Producer was born  
As from the past she was torn  
Back to the Future  
A very potent mixture

## **Marie Marie quite contrary**

Marie has come to my house to rest.  
This Lobo's nest will give her what she likes best  
Raindrops on roses  
And whiskers on kittens  
Brown paper packages tied up with strings  
These were a few of her favourite things  
So ...  
When the storm hits  
When the fall shattered her shoulders  
When malaria almost made her die  
From the Lobo's nest the cuckoo flew  
And brought Marie home to renew  
While of Utopia she dreamed  
Socorro was where she laid the cream  
The grotto on top of the hill  
A place where time stands still  
In silence to pray  
For what will make the day  
A brighter one  
As candle we have lit  
For its light to spread  
And darkness to take shelter  
Under it as a bed  
Sleep the tissues do renew  
It sheds it's blessing on not just the chosen few.

## **Carlton, the cat and the consulting couch**

Am waiting for the photo from Carlton  
But in the meantime  
Carlton lying on the couch I see  
And cat perched on top  
Eyes on Marie  
The psychiatrist for free  
Was Carlton consulting Marie or was it the other way around  
From his eyes and the cat it was the other way I will be bound  
Long consultation that  
Got over at three  
In the morning I say  
Yawn..if I may  
Carlton on one his patients he found  
And start early was the lesson he found  
0- 13 says he  
As busy as the bumble bee  
But time Jeanne he did find  
And Erica and Amara too  
Over a cup a coffee  
All this I gleaned  
As Carlton memories of Marie did stream  
Photos of 84 Porvorim from the start to now  
A trip to Goa every time in India did he step  
And talking of those steps there is a shoe in the picture too  
For Marie who his shoes she eyed  
And Carlton ready to oblige when because of shoe she nearly died  
Broke her collar bone did she  
But even on the road as she lay  
The spring in her voice was there  
Help me up it cried  
Long with the physiotherapist Marie struggled  
Yet kept her weakness to herself as Porvorim she daily travelled  
What a fighter was she  
My favourite aunt says me.

**This is a poem, in lieu of introduction to the book  
From 933 to 84 Porvorim**

From 933 to 84 Porvorim the homing pidgeon flew  
Winging its way through different parts of the world  
Mumbai with TISS  
And then Delhi with the UNHCR  
Mogadishu and Geneva  
Flew by and before we knew  
At Brisbane the pidgeon halted  
Time for a change as Jeanne and Carlton were consulted  
So at Candolim the pidgeon finally rested  
Villamar it's wits got tested.  
An ad in the papers caught her eye  
Up the pidgeon jumped Why WhyWhy?  
Letters/ emails flew all around  
And before long consensus was found.  
84 Porvorim to be taken back  
And family to be made intact.

**On the day my aunt Marie's ashes were interned**

It took 20 years for my Dad to learn to make a cup of tea  
But cleaning and washing he did with glee  
With a song on his lips  
And twirling his fair  
Work was a pleasure  
For all who were there  
My mother with a broom stood by  
Whack on the knuckles  
If anyone got high  
Sigh  
Those were the days my friend  
We thought they'd never end  
As we turn over the pages  
With photos supplied by Mark  
Night came by and went  
We forgot it was ever dark  
A bright spark came and went  
Like the shooting star over the horizon  
Lit up many candles  
Before it's short life got spent  
These candles will light many more  
As the world from Villamar is set aglow  
As the cortege to St Inez  
Will slowly wind  
And to ashes to Pune it's new home to find  
The light that Marie has lit  
In each heart a place it will mind

## Marie meets Mama on her Birthday

Into your hands I commend my spirit O Lord  
Into your hands I commend my life  
Mama's birthday is today  
But some premonition made me write the poem early  
There was an urgency  
And Mama guided my hand  
To write those lines  
So that the daughter she loved dearly could go in peace  
Mama you in heaven  
Take care of Marie now  
She needs your loving tender hand in her new abode  
I talked to Elsa yesterday  
When we heard Marie may not last the night  
Something made her sure that she would survive till Mama's birthday.  
Mama's guiding hand through Marie's early years  
And later it was Marie who gave her life meaning after Papa (who was her life passed away)  
Marie the psychologist knew what was best for Mama  
And sure, with her Mama blossomed  
The Sound of Music fills my soul  
And Mary Poppins over the chimney too  
Though my heart breaks  
The words  
"Raindrops on roses  
And whiskers on kittens  
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens  
Brown paper packages tied up with strings  
These are a few of my favorite things'  
Come wafting slowly to me So..  
'When the dog bites  
When the bee stings  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so bad'.  
So it is the smiling singing Marie  
The bold audacious Marie  
The loving, giving Marie  
The Marie sensitive to the needs of my mother  
The Marie who taught us how to make work playful  
The Marie whose high spirits were infectious  
And so when I hear news of her death  
I remember all these wonderful things about her  
And then I don't feel so bad  
Rest in peace Marie  
Your laughter lives forever 😊 🎵  
But a tear for you I shed 😭  
One that will be a raindrop on a rose 🌧️ 🌹  
And then I won't feel so bad 😭 😭 😭  
😊 😊 😊

### **933 Synagogue Street**

As the gate of 933 opened  
A whiff of baking going on we could smell  
I rushed to the Kitchen  
Where on the Wood stove ginger bread was being baked  
Mama with her characteristic smile said  
Baking these for you my dears.  
Hungry mouth broke the biscuits in glee  
Something from Kolkatta we looked forward to  
Mama bring me my milk  
Yelled Papa from the table  
Beating his egg with a patience that caught my eye  
Yes dear came the reply  
And milk soon after  
We settled down to playing with the cats  
One kitten for each of us five  
The house has come alive  
The chicks were running around in the portico behind  
Hours we could spend watching them peck  
An appointment with my Uncle Tom  
Will be back in a sec.

### **A poem for Mama (Amy Lobo)**

Mama make me parathas yelled Francis to his 85 year old mother.  
The parathas came of course without reference to her age  
At the dinner table Mama rolled the food in her mouth savouring the taste  
This has ginger said she while trying to find out what else was there  
The little child Jesus talked of  
Yet obedient like Mary  
Much later I saw another story.  
Written by my father but as told my Marie  
Be around it said  
A powerful message from my grandmother  
Preserved and taken forward by Marie  
True to the teachings of Mother Mary  
So Mama the child and Mama who baked ginger biscuits for us  
Both in my memory  
As time all things toss  
Love being the message not fuss  
And for Marie who Mama's spirit still has kept  
The flame will burn forever  
Our promise to you  
☺ ☺ This smile here means I miss you ☹ ☹  
Have no fear the lord is near  
Will hold in his hand  
All you hold dear

**A poem describing my recent assignment on behalf of the Arij Ryan  
Centre for Wholistic living**

V Dog and the 🐶 took a trip to Bhekadia  
Centre for mentally retarded children  
Amidst the normal  
Makes even the abnormal look normal  
Water problems galore  
But camaraderie took out the sore  
Exams on  
Still buzzing with fun and song  
For some saying goodbye will not be long  
They have finished the Eight  
Soon there will be farewell fete.  
A man from Saurashtra  
Bringing water to Gujarat MP and Maharashtra  
Check dam construction under way  
18 made target 50 ..  
To Complete by May  
Water from Narmada for parched Saurashtra I was told  
Yet to Saurashtra for water I behold!  
Ironies of development I am told  
It's time for me to be bold  
Before we all are pushed into the cold  
So Fenai Mata Revekhand Jaiv Shruti Mandal we activate  
Come alongdon:t hesitate  
The early bird gets the worm  
As we the system overturn

## Remembering my five senior cousins from Canada

William sitting on a stool listening in  
An occasional comment or two blasting in  
And then Bridget who my newsletter once edited  
The eldest of us all  
And special to me for her call  
On my newsletter  
Support to me she did promise  
Which I will hold her to  
The Marilyn whom at Mumbai I did meet  
Along with Donald to I got to greet  
Our short sojourn with A Iris and A Noreen  
Marina and Jean Charles were there too  
A touching scene it was as Anne pleaded her cause  
Kathleen with 'apple of her eye'  
And I remember there were sparks that could fly  
And before I say goodbye  
Annette who being in Vancouver I could not meet  
But her studying to be a Doctor  
To me was quite a great feat  
FRCS I think it was  
The creme de la creme as I knew it to be  
Annette the feat she did accomplish  
And then in far flung Vancouver did vanish  
Volunteering for service in Africa too  
But not for the animals put in the zoo  
And so as this poem I finish  
To Uncle Joe and Aunty Enid  
Whom we all cherish

## **An Ode to my Godmother Therese Enid Braganza**

Born on September 28th  
I met her rather late  
The first meeting rather sedate  
A quiet day at 37 St Patrick's next to our 38  
Carroms with Sunno  
And a shoot with Dinesh  
Got to learn life anew  
For this this I give the Branganza's ( Uncle Victor) their due  
With Chickens too  
We had lovely stew  
Team work from the Branganzas  
With Therese in command the Lobo's too  
Many an hour with my aunt  
Coffee, bread and home made jam  
From the guavas on their tree  
Gauva jelly, pudding and cheese could also be had for free  
My Aunt Therese had a open door  
A Hello to all that popped by  
Te ta Te for those that dropped in  
A breath of sunshine that made the day fine  
Around her home a universe revolved  
And all in her orbit she involved  
Library for children and other treasures too  
Contributed by all but packed with love with effort that was not small  
Many a talk I had  
Small and big  
From the Shooting of Romero  
To the sound of the Bolero  
(Then it was not there but the dog used to bark with glee at the sound of the car returning)  
My imagination she fired  
As first to Cyril and then to Irma I got wired  
A chance to fulfill my hearts desire  
A ring side seat by Jesus' brier  
And then suddenly I learnt  
Therese was my favourite aunt's Godmother too  
What more could I ask for  
We were not at the zoo  
So to Godmother 2 I pray  
For delivery this day  
My Dad in heaven 'Standing up to her'  
To take her blessings, of that I am sure !!

## **Reflections of V Dog**

Sitting on the LOC VDog reflected  
Blood sugar had crossed 560.  
No permission to go for fasting check up  
His fate those of others too.  
Daily badly mutilated corpses brought from the firing line  
If you could call them corpses.  
There were solutions he knew  
And ones which the politicians could find out too!  
The new PM across the border  
Past master of the unplayable ball  
Did not help the situation much  
V Dog shook his head  
Nothing he could do  
But this situation cannot continue  
Time to flush it through and through

## **For Uncle Henry**

As I sit here in Nongstoin Meghalaya  
News of your passing away filters in.  
At first shock I can't believe it And then acceptance of the full life you lived  
Many thoughts fill my mind  
You in a distant parish in Kharagpur  
A source of strength for my mother Nora  
Your smile, your laughter  
The number of languages you knew  
Taking up the cause of Mother Theresa's canonisation  
All come fleeting by and all go  
But one thing sticks on  
God and the Church for you came first  
And with it inspiration in a burst  
I on a mission for Pope Francis  
In the words of Bishop Victor Lyndoh DD.  
Bishop of Nongstoin  
Your blessings on me you will shower  
And to the whole family too  
As the smile on your face  
I see anew.

## **A letter from a granddaughter to her grandmother**

This was a letter by the granddaughter of a great woman whose selfless life made her children what they are . A letter from her granddaughter who was never taught by her father how to love her grandmother but loved her all the same. When all people forgot, the little one did not and put flowers where her grandmother could see them.

The little girl had eyes where no one could see and saw her grandmother weeping at the plight of the house she had taken so much pain and care to make to order.

This little girl had a heart that leapt out of her small frame to reach out and touch so that the house was a home again.

But what happened to that little girl

She met a fat frog in a well who told her .

Don't you know this place is mine ?

I do not live in cleanliness. I survive in the slime .

Do you smoke grass asked the frog to the girl. No I do not .

What !! No culture, don't you know grass can transport you to the nether land.

Yes I do said the girl, but I prefer the land of milk and honey got by the sweat of my brow .

ThTHCh ... you little horror .. get away from me !! How can you tolerate the sight of those wretched things.

The little girl did not say anything but focused on her work.

What are you you filthy .. so and so .. I'll report you to my mother she'll set you right.

So the frog got on to her two fat legs and dialled ..

Yes came the reply .

Don't you know how to bring up your child !! screamed the frog. .. and then proceeded to talk of all the dreadful things the girl had done.

Calmly came back the reply.. I know my little daughter she has been brought up to sweat and toil and earn the fruits of a hard days labour.

You filthy bitch screamed the toad .... watch and wait what I do !!

The mother got worried, phoned the father, father very busy at work, no time for his daughter, called her sister in law and narrated the story of the little old toad who thought she was The Queen of Netherland.

The sister in law listened quietly but disagreed. Sis she is not a toad, she is actually the queen of Netherland and her heart is as pure as gold.. Will talk to her and sort out the wrong impression given by your daughter.

And so the story goes on.. The queen of Netherland apologised to the little girls mother on behalf of the toad .. Whether the toad was real or a figment of the little girls imagination, we do not know, time will tell..

.....

There's lots to tell but keeping for later

..

Aeons later .. Along came Mrs Grumpus .. Bang bang on the little little girl's door.

You filthy swine ... I'll see you out tomorrow and never come back said Mrs Grumpus .. And on on it went, heedless of all that went on .

Till the little girls cousins came and took her away....

....

For another day when we can sit under the clouds and smoke a cigar ... and make twirls of smoke curl up into the air making little ringlets as they go up ..

....

Today an sms was sent by this little girl to her granddad. Maybe you would like to read it too

.

It might make the stiffened Arthritis joints creak again and with a little oiling they might actually begin to work !!!

There is no need to tell where the little girl got the sms from, the message has gone all over the world ..

Its a message that makes the big fat bogie man vanish up in smoke !!

The little girl left the story there .. how shall it end ? On the lines of kaun banega Krorapati you have four choices as of now

- a. More on the unsaid stories in between ?
- b. 50 -50 .
- c. phone a friend.
- d. expert advice

The clock ticks on....

## **Poems and pieces on Politics and Culture**

## Roses in the Sea

### *A search for the fishers of men and women who can change the world*

Roses in the sea comes at a time when the World will be remembering the struggles of Thomas Kocherry, Hari Krishna Debnath and Mathani Saldanha, three leaders of NFF (National Forum of Fishers) who galvanised the small fishers on the coast line of India to resist destruction of the coast line of this country from destruction of trawlers, International fishing vessels and 'development'.

Twenty years ago, on the 21st of November 1997, these leaders convened a conference of fish workers of the world, which gave birth to the World Forum for Fisher People (WFFP). This year too NFF will host the 7th General assembly of WFFP at Delhi from 15th - 21st November. The Campaign One fish from One fish worker has been launched from 21st August 2017. The campaign involves self-respect and confidence of the fishing community in support of the world summit of fisher people.

Preferential access to marine resources, stop bottom trawling, purse seining and destruction of the coast line by unnecessary construction designed to loot the country of its natural resources and the life support systems on which they depend.

It's like looking for roses in the sea!  
But we know that one day  
We will find  
Those roses meant for us.

The blue one, the yellow one, the green one and the red  
With a fragrance all their own  
We can then go to bed (rest)

Floating gently down the river it came  
Bobbing up and down  
As if winking and smiling  
The Elusive call to freedom



## **Women's Rights**

When might is right  
Women's rights  
Comes with a difference  
My mind and body are my own  
With focus on production  
The call of women is reproduction  
Why, for whom, for what is the question?  
Can the slave of man give birth to anything other than a slave?  
Am I my brother's keeper  
Mukesh on Anil Ambani  
And now we have  
Narayan Murthy and Nandan Nilekani  
Equality and equal are different  
Are the finger fingers the same?  
Yet they work in unison  
Ask any mason  
Equality of women  
Is not man's to give  
It is necessity demanded by nature  
If we respond to its call to save the planet that is  
Is it like roses in the sea?  
Time will tell  
Now have to go  
To ring the bell

## **Roses in the sea**

Am looking for the rose  
The one that signifies love  
One that can conquer hate  
I know it won't be a spate  
But it never will be too late  
That will be my date  
With destiny  
It won't be a wait till infinity  
As we face today's reality  
Roses in the sea provides an answer to me  
All the best is my plea

## From 84-85 Porvorim to SSU

A gentle wind carries the scent from 84-85 Porvorim  
Once home to Especioza.  
Her caring ways brought up the Pinto family  
That once resided there

The death of her husband  
Did not let her spirit die  
Instead from inside rose a cry  
My child I shall bring up  
To live with dignity and Saffire

To all parts of the world  
The Pinto family has spread  
The seed that once was dead  
Now has its offspring instead

Yesterday the story of one  
Who brought glory to your name was told  
Of more to come  
It foretold

Looking for roses in the sea I hear  
Not so foolish as the tear  
That trickles from my eyes  
In Joy and Strength  
Not Sadness and Fear

As the butterfly moves from flower to flower  
SSU's message has now reached Goa  
From 84-85 Porvorim it's fragrance will spread  
To a world that never goes to bed



## **On the occasion of Good Friday**

How many more times must Jesus die before (wo)man can be free  
His prayer to Abba, his father  
Your kingdom come, your will be done  
on Earth as in Heaven  
When will this kingdom of love, justice and peace  
Come upon this Earth?  
When will the punishment of the innocent stop  
And the guilty be brought to book?  
Guru Teg Bahadur  
Bhagat Singh and others of the independence struggle  
And in 'free' India too  
The story is repeated in different forms  
And different pretexts  
Yet the essence is the same  
Yet we believe we shall overcome  
As the spirit of freedom inspires us  
Doubts melt away  
That Satan will forever hold sway  
So like Jesus we call on all to celebrate the coming of the new kingdom  
And renew our struggle for the same

## **On the dilemma related to Corona Virus**

To sharpen the curve or flatten it?  
The question is now merely rhetorical  
As flat it is going to be  
The shadows lengthen  
Though now the sense somewhat brightens  
Like the candle does as it reaches the end of road  
Yet this does not stop the hoard  
All above board  
As the economy it corrodes  
Immunising the herd  
Is something that goes unheard  
But take place it will  
Phase 1, Phase 2, Phase 3  
As of lockdown we have our fill  
People tired of being still  
immunity has a price  
And it's not just a plate of rice  
Though the rice bowl with dal  
For many would be quite nice  
No time to test with mice  
So global lab it shall be  
Just check out Djibouti  
Doing pretty well it seems  
Sunshine and fresh air by the reams  
Despite the US and Italy bursting at the seams.  
Cuba has sent out its team  
There are some who at this news beam  
Yet it is the cat who takes the cream  
Siamese  
No Chinese  
Can you learn to say please  
No wanting the Corona more on that chapter when will we shut the door.

## **Marx on his 138th Death Anniversary**

The uncovering of the workings of Capital  
That laid it's functioning bare  
So even today  
As dark clouds loom  
We do not predict doom  
The beacon light still shines  
And new knowledge the secrets of nature too reveal  
This treasure of knowledge has been enriched  
To free from Capitalist shackles is our endeavour  
Your contribution we will remember forever

## On Women's Day

Women's day is about equality of pay  
Equal pay for equal work  
Now it extends to equality per se  
All four fingers and the thumb are not equal  
So what is equality  
It's qualitative not just quantitative  
An attitude to humanity  
Free from patriarchy  
It's a recognition that the current division of labour is not tenable  
One that is based on physical abilities and attributes alone  
Machines have changed all that  
It is a recognition that women are not baby producing machines  
Whose property rights have to be protected by the male  
Quality of life has gone beyond survival  
Theory of survival of the fittest has been disproved  
In the way it is commonly understood  
The ant and elephant have their own niche  
As does the bee and snow leopard  
Without the bee production might be finished  
And mankind too  
So women's day is equality and much much more  
It is putting an end to a life of gore  
To exploitation of man by man  
And woman, children and nature too  
Walls at home and around the world need to be broken  
These in the mind and reflected in actions  
Could it lead to economic contractions  
The spasms akin to child birth  
In a way yes  
Degrowth it is called  
Real growth it represents  
Not the one where hospitals abound  
Or transportation of X from A to B  
And the same X from B to A as well  
Mindless production and exchange  
Dictated by a hidden hand  
One where production from Ethiopia is taken out  
And starving populations depend on doles and largess  
Very much like the story of Kalahandi  
Or Everyone likes a good drought  
The desert it's treasures hides  
As does the forest in a different way  
All lessons we learn  
To properly Celebrate women's day

## Climate Change and the farmer's struggle in India

Greta Greta

Yes Papa

Supporting farmers

Yes Papa

Subverting Indian law

No Papa

Sovereignty of India

What is that Papa

Elected government has the right to rule

No Papa

Right to serve Papa

Okay Greta

What's your take

Sociocracy and right to recall

If anti people

Government falls

Is this for India only Greta

No Papa

Policy for the world to follow Papa

Autonomy and Sovereignty does not mean my right to question suppressed

It is to take on Board

And do what you think best

How so Greta

Not just farmers but people as a whole affected

Whole of Delhi barricaded

Many have nothing to do with the farmers strike

Yet punished due to government arrogance

We know best says they

Even children and the earth have a voice

Signed by Indian Government too

Is the voice of India

Only the voice of a few

## **Response from Priya PM NICP**

(This is in lieu of a response considering the stands taken by NICP)

Greta Greta

What is it dear Priya

We do not need you for our cause Greta

Why so Priya

Sovereignty Greta

We get the government we deserve Greta

So it's up to us to open our mouths

Besides Greta

Yes Priya

Farmers of Punjab burning rice straw Greta

Pollution reaching Delhi Greta

The cancer train from Bhatinda to Bikaner is about Corporate influence on agriculture too

So the malaise is even deeper

We have to find our own answers Greta

Agreed Priya

Think locally act globally is the call

For us it is act locally impact Globally Greta

The farm bill not to our taste

But problems with the agitation too

Want to prop up an unviable system

Anti Nature

And in the long run anti people too

So Greta

Yes Priya

Let us work our own solutions out

Agreed Priya

This is solidarity to the core

Thank you Greta

Unity and struggle our moto

Unity Struggle Unity is progress

## The Milkman of Amul

This milkman is a milk man with a difference  
Not producing the milk  
But ensuring it reaches every doorstep  
The real producers reap the profit  
Unlike when they sold to Polson  
Or other some such dairyman  
The dairy owners of Kaira  
This milkman supported  
The PM once his exploits observed  
Incognito  
The birth to NDDDB it did give  
And distance from Delhi too  
In terms of Nationality  
This milkman had a different hue  
Instead of the slogan Dilli Chalo  
The call of Subhash Chandra Bose  
His call was  
To the village we will go  
The rural manager is but a servant  
Of the crores of dairy producers  
Later oil and other commodities  
Service with finesse was his motto  
Not suffering parrots too  
Yet somehow this tune has slowly changed  
The Corporate piper calls the tune  
We can produce milk on Mars is the cry  
As nature's laws we continue to defy  
Universe is our limit for destruction  
Milk producers and farmers can go to hell  
For the NDDDB we know is that a death knell  
Certainly an Irman without spine  
Is not what we can call fine  
I do not know  
From where I picked up that line  
The milkman and his engineer  
Knew it meaning all right  
As his disciples  
We will not go down without a fight  
So to the milkman of Amul my salute  
We continue to struggle  
For what is right  
Right is might  
Not money or power  
One day this saying we will prove  
Will put my money on the hoof  
Soon this cry will hit the roof

## A conversation on Signal

Signal jammers unlocked but few people know  
Spread the word around  
We can get on with the show  
Tarzan wants more  
But farmers say No More  
A tug of war in place  
Who will come to the fore  
The fear of God in place since COVID 19 has gone  
So expect this to go on long  
Manish Sisodia to the border did go  
To restore basic amenities  
The farmers back on top in UP  
Rest we shall see. 😊😞

The Signal has fallen silent  
What could the reason be 😞  
Jammers placed  
Or disappearing messages  
Without leaving a trace  
The grill working though  
For those that care for tandoor  
Be careful you do not branded with Sashi Tharoor  
The Higgs Boson or God particle is standing still  
No waves possible  
Or attempting the impossible  
In the silence below the seas  
As the ship engines go still  
Noises filter through  
A Dolphin 😞  
Sting ray 😞  
Or Shark 😞  
Here the dogs don't bark  
And one can't find the lark  
Gull soaring high ahead  
Water all around  
It will be awhile  
Before I am homeward bound. 😊

## Principles of Science on the question of big brother listening in

Particle or wave a la De Broglie  
Or Hiesenberg's Uncertainty principle  
Zucky cannot track both  
So observations frame by frame  
Or the moving frame  
Choice to be made each time  
Zucky used to make me suggestions  
Is this what you like ?  
Based on analysis of past data  
Some correlation there of course  
But a future unknown to Zucky  
Who believes in preserving status quo 🤔🤔.  
Witnessed in Delhi on Sandy's birthday  
As sound barrier got breached  
And the rainbow shone over the red fort  
Not without casualties though  
As the body at ITO will show  
Investigations on  
Who is to blame 😞  
Will it be a repeat of Babri and Godhra aftermath  
Or is there something that will fill the broth  
Suspects being rounded up  
Crime cannot go unpunished  
But what is the crime and who committed it still being debated  
A school of continuous learning has been formed  
And the methodology to deal with infinite learning being put in place.  
How to deal with the space between one and zero  
Is that infinite too  
Research on this has been stopped for lack of funds  
Yet the antman exists  
So there is hope still  
That DS will have his fill  
Eternity and nothingness  
Is there something real in between  
Pussy cat pussy cat where have you been  
A story not to be told  
Perhaps if the Signal is good will make a try  
Naat good for Zucky  
And the microwave signals its structure may damage  
So DS across the trees Tarzan swings  
Beating his chest from time to time  
The monkey sena gives him company  
And the parrots too fly along  
Change will come  
Mark my words  
That day will not be long

## Euphoria on the election of Joe Biden

Nikky Haley casts her doubts  
Mere rhetoric  
For a gullible public  
Looking for hope  
On a white screen  
Paint it black  
Help to cut some slack  
No one wants the likes of Trump  
To ever come back  
That was the sentiment for Hitler  
Yet different shades it grew  
There is only one Ace of Trump's in the pack  
But you get to choose  
Red or Black  
And variety there too  
I prefer the joker  
Slips his way in an out  
Waiting for the moment when he can pack some clout  
Does Trump have gout  
Looks like it from his bellow  
Check his blood  
I bet it is yellow  
Watch ypu language boy  
Daon said from the shadows  
Racist to say the least  
Now we are talking I say  
Is this Beauty and the Beast  
History in the make I say  
But more of that another day

## **The census and its implications**

Enumeration of the plants and different species took place in Shalimar recently  
The results not as the centre wanted  
Though they tried to paint it so  
There was evidence of sins being washed away but not quite  
Enough room for the centre to play with the facts as well  
What did emerge quite distinctly though, was that the fact that the red lotus did not survive in  
polluted waters  
Room for the thought for the scientists analyzing the implications  
Though this fact is very well known  
Why was it ignored  
Deliberate was the pronouncement of one  
Disastrous said another  
He pointed out how enemies were beginning to pile up  
The dragon of Shaolin knew its way around it seemed  
Was that the way Shalimar would be redeemed  
Did not seem likely though  
As the gates clanged shut  
Chowkidar did have a way of keeping all engaged  
Elsewhere in the land that was once Jehangir's  
Fires burned outside the city  
Keeping farmers parked in tents warm  
While their anger burned  
Their demands were spurned  
And then a sudden turn around  
A mediator it seems had been found  
Foul cried the farmers  
Impartial was the reply  
Impasse with a bypass so it seemed  
In another corner of the world a vaccine had been tested  
The dragon of Shaolin could now be bested  
The doctors had their doubts  
The power of Capital however does have clout  
Could it with the laws of nature combine  
And provide a solution that replicated the divine  
Mohan looked at his peacock feather  
And wondered who invented leather  
Can the skin be flayed while keeping the animal intact  
Or did different forms of capital now have a pact  
Mohan looked around for a pact of a different kind  
One where the red, yellow and green could live in harmony  
The prism he thought  
A process of triangulation  
Would it get rid of present frustration  
Or simply lead to castration  
Lost in thought Mohan was  
Not lost though was the Cause

## **Where there is hope - Bringing in 2021**

The seed has no more than ten hours been buried  
In a pit specially created  
Watered too  
Sand, mud and manure for aeration and nutrition  
The soil is damp but barren  
What lies beneath can only be surmised  
The hope gene was separated from its GMO cousins  
Those who wanted to crush its spirit  
Supporters of hope were many  
So did not let it die  
Tucked into the seed and wished goodbye  
At the stroke of midnight  
A symbol that might is not always right  
A tender smile can stop its bite  
As dawn of a new year now sees the light  
How long will it take hope to transform itself  
Into love and caring all around  
A strand or two already has been found  
Let us wait for the word to go around  
As bit by bit the strand will it unfold  
Fortune always favours the bold  
Yet the timid have a place as well  
The sermon on the mount does it ring a bell  
Not yet the time to yell  
But the high and mighty can be felled  
Seen in the US about a month ago  
Change that is long lasting is often slow  
Wish you all a HAPPY NEW YEAR  
With HOPE that will conquer all FEAR  
The best for all we hold DEAR

## Burying the seed

Tempered by it's travel across the world the seed is ready to be buried in a little more than 9 hours from now

Was it just the other day the lockdown was announced 🤔

The PM promised everything would be set right in 21 days

But days stretched into months and soon it will be a year.

The camps, agonising queues not just a memory yet

As the virus has used the time it gained to morph itself too

(Wo)Man versus nature

(Wo) Man versus (Wo) Man.

Both with equal ferocity

Impacting differently of course

Immunity acquires different meanings too

Immune to protests for one

Stifling of cries another

In search of the magic vaccine, that will make all troubles go away

This time nature seems wiser

As to healthy life and living (Wo) man is a miser

What will happen now one can only surmise

The economy has done the tail spin

Though the vulture makes sure of its well fed

Dyclofenac has other plans

Vulture numbers plummet too

Survival of the fittest they say

Or knowledge of whom to prey

The vulture looms large around the dying

Even as on the border's of Delhi temperatures are frying

A commendable feat in winter

Humanity is not yet gone

under

Will the curtain of callousness be torn asunder

Onward the six hundred

Even though someone had blundered

How we survived is a cause for wonder.

The treated seed it's burial awaits

A little more than nine hours left

So is there more to the warp and the weft

That will give the seed more than the product of theft

The gene of hope deep inside has been placed

Those that did it will certainly not be disgraced

As the future head on will be faced.

## **Royal Bengal Tigress, CWH and man eaters of Kumaon**

The Royal Bengal Tigress needs definition of CWH but has been branded a man eater  
Will the call be  
Shoot Avni  
Or will she get a reprieve  
The Widows of Sundarban say No  
Others parts of Bengal So So  
From pockets it is go Avni go  
The wheels of fortune turn pretty slow  
Should be go with the flow 🙄  
From Bhangar there comes a call for Liberation  
Not so fast says Noakhali  
The hatred has sunk deep  
So freedom does not get a peep  
What to do 🙄  
Go to sleep 🙄  
Hell no  
Can the lotus and the tiger survive together 🙄  
Possible but not probable yet  
On the possibility you can place your bets.

## **Cry of the Lotus from Shalimar on Christmas Day**

Will anybody tell me the reason why the wetlands are dying when the lotus is blooming  
Do any one of you care what happens when pollution affects the wetlands  
You enjoy the look of the lotus floating on the water  
Yet do you care to see what lies beneath?  
Will this lotus survive ?  
From the Red Fort the lion roars  
Have put all the trouble makers in jail  
And for those that are out have methods to sort them out too  
So no fear for the pollution is under control  
And the water in the pond what about that  
Destruction of forests brings down the mud  
And lack of holding capacity means it gets washed into the sea  
Why is the giant hand of exploitation squeezing the mountains dry  
Global warming melting the snow  
So that the white coloured apron draping these mountains is no longer there  
The mountains laid bare  
No succulent leaves for the mountain goat and the pony  
You call from New Delhi seems phony.  
Don't blame it on COVID  
Or the anti nationals you have put in jail  
They are not the cause of global warming the Corporates are  
Are you in their pocket or they in yours  
Does it matter from where the lion roars  
Yes it does  
The mighty lion that once strode the forests of India  
Is now but a shadow of his former self  
Once the King of the jungle now needs the king's protection  
The fertile soil that once made agriculture prosperous is now barren  
Dependent on man made fertilizer , pesticide and injection of water  
Why this tampering with nature and beating your 56' chest.  
The jungle you own is now in concrete.  
It has already fenced you in.  
The farmer's cry cannot penetrate it's crust  
Even as the economy is driven to dust  
So from the ashes of what was once was civilisation  
A new thought rises on Christmas  
The lotus and the lion we will both protect  
As from your promises you defect.

## **The Nation wants to know**

Navika Navika what's app  
Bollywood did you zap  
All in a flap  
The Nation wants to know  
Navika what did you do to Deepika  
The nation wants to know  
JNU connection  
The anti national hub  
Have put them all in the tub  
The Nation rejoices  
Swara Bhaskar next in line  
When we are done with the list  
All will be fine  
Farmer's agitation  
Is an abberation  
All of it Maya  
Will soon be gone  
As was Shaheen Bagh  
And Bhima Koregaon  
Brahm Satya  
Ram Raj Satya  
Jagat Mithya

## **The scaling of Mount Everest**

The Bhopa Mohan stood on top of Mount Everest  
Durga stood close by  
The mighty mountain had been scaled at last  
This was Durga's dream  
One that never left her after Tosa Maidan  
And standing in the clear stream there.  
An achievement to be cherished forever  
Picking up the snow on Mohan the ball she threw  
A tumble on top of Everest  
Is that something new 🤔  
Well there is the long climb down  
And many stories to be told  
Will watch patiently as they unfold

## The Milk Man of Anand and the Manthan story - An incognito visit by a former PM and other stories

The milkman's first experience of Anand not too good  
Vegetarianism the norm  
The goal however was far from vegetarian  
Corporate exploitation of the dairy farmer to be countered  
A National goal in some way  
Tribhuvandas Patel and other in support in some way  
So milkman started looking for the hay  
Amul was born and later GCMMF and NDDB too  
Funds in kind from a foreign behind it as well  
Across the country there was a ground swell  
Many years later the milkman upped the ante  
Felt the sector better professional deserved  
An example and a standard already set  
Would Irma beat this was the bet ?  
First batch had great stalarts  
Entered the fisheries sector along with many others  
A trend in place  
The alumni did not their mentor disgrace  
Then another path was opened up  
Not just production but development as well  
The tradition of the mentor  
Encourage principled opposition  
And there are a number of examples to this effect  
Will keep out the ripples for now  
They only serve to show how deep the water is  
However a new paradigm has been born  
One that says  
Degrowth is the real growth  
More and more cancer hospitals are a sign that something is wrong  
Time to introspect.  
NDDB importing India's own germplasm from Brazil  
What does this say  
For the true disciple of KU  
This is simply not on  
Though they will certainly recognise its necessity as well  
It is not the germ plasm but the land to be treated  
Dharti mata's global call  
Save me from this rape  
Who is the new Trbhuvandas Patel and who the new KU  
Time will tell  
They have certainly changed we know  
Anand independent of Delhi is now a NO SHOW  
To what extent required and to what extent it will go I do not know  
An alternative to this narrative a must  
Of that I am certain  
The spirit of Irma does not lie in the parrots that tweet  
But in the resistance to the Status quo which is not so sweet

So for KU my heart beats  
He taught me that there was another role professionals can play  
Not a blind kowtowing to the local, National or global  
But one that leaves its own stamp  
The Manthan story sets up the ramp  
Can from milk we a comprehensive rural enterprise make  
For one where overall well being is the take  
Not how much we can sell or how well we bake  
Production for its own sake is fake  
Reproduction and recreation being the test  
For a man like KU  
Only the best.

## On the 150th Birth Anniversary of Lenin

Did the Communist disappear with the iron curtain we question?  
Not true if lessons we have learnt  
Bhangar struggle in West Bengal happened  
And new spark filled the horizon  
Even as Communalism the country burnt  
Shaheen Bagh a beacon light showed  
Till with Corona it was mowed  
Lock down for the country  
In Solidarity for Kashmir many say  
Even as through the Tablighi the RSS try to make hay  
With Corona animals from the wild have been freed  
Even as humans to their homes are tied  
Violence against doctors and nurses in pickets have erupted  
As investigation into Corona they disrupted  
Lakhs poured on to streets in Raipur  
When lockdown was relaxed  
Will Corona be spread  
Many brains are taxed  
Immunity not achieved by lock down says an Epidemiologist  
Not many deaths from Corona - get the gist.  
Unemployment the real uncontrolled epidemic  
As lockdown in solidarity with Kashmir we agree  
One step forward, two steps backward was Lenin's cry  
True as with Corona we all did fry  
When Marxism into darkness did plunge  
To Hegel Lenin turned the blackness to expunge  
The thing in itself a thing for us he cried  
As Mach and Avernius, nothing but rehashed Berkley he did show  
His popularity did grow  
Two tactics in a Social Democracy to Communists in infantile disorder was his call  
As difference in context he did recall  
Even as Rohingya the government hounds  
Bangladeshis are homeward bound  
Article 6 of the Assam accord we promise  
Even as CFR it's essence we miss  
In Gad Chiroli experiment successfully tried  
Lesson across the country we will expand  
As for local self rule in one voice we resound  
Independence for all will soon be found  
Bhagat Singh as his last wish met Lenin  
The spirit of India with it rose  
Even on the gallows his body froze  
The thought that arose  
Cannot die  
Yet need to be made fresh  
I cannot say why

## **On the arrest of Anand Teltumbe**

Even as Corona virus has resulted in convicts and under-trials being released from prison, Anand Teltumbe the grandson in law of Ambedkar has committed a crime heinous enough to be sent to jail.

The issue highlighted by him is the perversion of truth selectively stringing facts together.

A part of the elephant is not the elephant itself.

We are called to join the dots to see the whole picture.

While claiming to be impartial Capitalist law is blind.

Not being able to distinguish between content and intent.

As his arrest is protested across the country, the issue at stake is our concern. Partial and selective truth to justify one's actions and suppression of substantive facts is the cause he asks us to raise our voice in protest against.

Anand Teltumbe will stand out to be counted and the cowards who convict him will be remembered for their attempt at defacing history.

## **On the occasion of Good Friday**

How many more times must Jesus die before (wo)man can be free

His prayer to Abba, his father

Your kingdom come, your will be done

on Earth as in Heaven

When will this kingdom of love, justice and peace

Come upon this Earth?

When will the punishment of the innocent stop

And the guilty be brought to book?

Guru Teg Bahadur

Bhagat Singh and others of the independence struggle

And in 'free' India too

The story is repeated in different forms

And different pretexts

Yet the essence is the same

Yet we believe we shall overcome

As the spirit of freedom inspires us

Doubts melt away

That Satan will forever hold sway

So like Jesus we call on all to celebrate the coming of the new kingdom

And renew our struggle for the same

## On the question of lockdown as a solution for Corona

To sharpen the curve or flatten it?  
The question is now merely rhetorical  
As flat it is going to be  
The shadows lengthen  
Though now the sensex somewhat brightens  
Like the candle does as it reaches the end of road  
Yet this does not stop the hoard  
All above board  
As the economy it corrodes  
Immunising the herd  
Is something that goes unheard  
But take place it will  
Phase 1, Phase 2, Phase 3  
As of lockdown we have our fill  
People tired of being still  
immunity has a price  
And it's not just a plate of rice  
Though the rice bowl with dal  
For many would be quite nice  
No time to test with mice  
So global lab it shall be  
Just check out Djibouti  
Doing pretty well it seems  
Sunshine and fresh air by the reams  
Despite the US and Italy bursting at the seams.  
Cuba has sent out its team  
There are some who at this news beam  
Yet it is the cat who takes the cream  
Siamese  
No Chinese  
Can you learn to say please  
No wanting the Corona more  
On that chapter when will we shut the door. 🙄🙄

## **Corona and unemployment**

Chose between the devil and the deep blue sea  
Die of corona or die of starvation  
Is only one of these the path to my salvation ?  
Corona will invade the world says one  
Immunity to corona will come eventually  
Lock down delays the inevitable  
Slows down the rate of growth  
As from 1 infecting 2.6. the growth is exponential  
Converting it to an arithmetical progression  
Makes the hospital occupancy manageable  
And time for immunity to build  
A global study of the rate of progression  
Being done by the skilled  
As there is no way Corona will be killed  
A major catastrophe is now billed  
Can we make it impotent by clapping ?  
Or by clanging send it packing  
All views prevail  
A we speculate on our travails.  
Man nature struggle takes a new turn  
As for a change our hearts burns  
As Corona, Corona rents the air  
Maat do to the despair

## **On International women's Day**

We salute every woman  
Who dared  
And those who cared  
Day and night for family time they spared  
And then some  
Broke with the traditional division of labour  
And engaged in political space as well  
Equality for all  
Was the call  
Child protection imperative  
If woman were not to be just a derative  
Women's day is this and much much more  
If poverty is to become part of folk lore

## **Carla and her 20/20 vision**

The young baby slowly opened her eyes to the world around  
Mother Jessica peering over her and many others too  
The tickle was felt  
Vision was blurred  
To eyes used to the darkness of the womb  
One where only the mother's warmth could be felt  
And all the shocks too  
There was that rape before her mother eyes  
Carla could feel the stifled scream and the cries of horror and anger that coursed through her  
mother.  
Now a new world opened  
Carla stretched out her curled fingers  
Jessica took them gently into hers  
Carla was reassured  
And soon on her mother's breast she suckled  
While relatives all round chuckled  
How cute  
Was all they could say  
Rest of the world for another day

## Happy New Year

Happy New Year to you all.

May it bring you 😊😊 and 😭😭😭😭 and may sorrow drown with the tears, shed or unshed

As many struggle for their daily bread

2020 vision we look forward to.

Emission cuts and what have you.

Abdul Kalam and the space mission

Been to Mars and the Moon

Ballons advertise the possibilities that be

For now that is enough for me 😊😊

## The Old woman and her lawn

Resting on her rocking chair in the lawn the old woman reflected

How an attack on humanity had been deflected

The tribals of Jharkhand warriors they were

Showed it the door

Never mind they are poor

Resisted the lure

Across the country it stopped the furore

As PM forced to retract

Lest from glitter his aura detract

As from State to State change is made

The Nation as whole slowly but surely transforms

Not the change we want says they

One day we will surely have our say

Internet shutdowns notwithstanding

Message travels from mouth to mouth

The old woman realises her man has got the gout

Won't last long thought she

As the bee flitted from flower to flower

And the dragonfly buzzed somewhere nearby

The old woman wondered whether people had finally caught the lie

Dozing off the old woman dreamt

Her old man somewhere quietly they buried

Her children came and went

The tear from her eye did not spill

The old man had had his fill

Time to pay the bill

## **Feast of the holy family**

The Holy Family across the world united  
And their smiles  
The sorrows blighted  
Humanity was the spirit  
Which in all the fire ignited  
So her heirs can say we dare  
To take on the world  
In which love and hate is twisted and twirled  
Somewhere hope in a corner was curled  
Mauled battered bruised  
After a long and rough cruise  
Across the world through 2019.  
A lot of turmoil it had seen  
As the family rejuvenated  
With the spirit's return  
The last few days of 2019 to burn  
And all despair to spurn  
The wheel of fortune will definitely turn.

## **The story of the peanut farmer**

One became President of America  
The other committed suicide in Anantpur  
Even the peanut has lost its value  
If you know what I mean  
But this peanut is sown by Especioza  
Augustinho Pinto his name  
Be fruitful and multiply  
The name of the game  
So the peanut far and wide it has spread  
As over the world it found its bed  
One came back to 84  
And with it came the Khandan too  
Genetic mutation this peanut created  
Which many have hated  
But the peanut did survive  
And with it will multiply too  
Of the American branch some stories I have heard  
The Indian one is Shengdana  
or Moongphali  
Depending on where you are of course  
This is not a chameleon changing its colour  
But one that to the face gives palour  
I have made peanut butter  
And eaten it in bhel puri as well  
To Rajasthani poha it adds its flavour too  
So to this peanut grown by Especioza  
My gratitude I express  
As onward to solutions I press  
Out comes the oil  
Like balm on troubled waters it flows  
And all troubles to it goes

## **Blessings by the VG of Udaipur**

This seed by the VG of Udaipur was blessed  
As into his hands the seed was pressed  
Father bless this seed I pray  
May it give fruit to all I pray  
Then the VG into the ground the seed did place  
And with the holy waters I did the seed grace  
Be fruitful and multiply said the VG  
As to the heavens his arms upturned  
Down came the rain  
And the beak of the pigeon too  
Alleluiah amen  
Said all around.  
God's blessing he has showered  
We are homeward bound

## Fadnavis cries foul

After withdrawal of corruption case  
The other in which the Chakki would do pissing  
Of Ajit Pawar to the marrow  
The Chameleon changed its colours again  
And Sharad Pawar supremacy regained  
Uddhav Thakrey he blessed  
As the Tiger now will in Maharashtra rule  
The SC too on this did rule  
And turned down the new school  
All this on Constitution day  
In people's name of course  
Yet the horse that people really back  
Is yet to hit the bourse  
Diamond cuts diamond I am told  
And this happened to Hindutva too  
Did the asli cut the nakli  
Only time will tell  
For now it will be Common Minimum Programme  
Long time before all is well

## Observations on the fall

The bloom in the fall sets the stage for the first shoots of spring  
How the year has been spent  
Is the message it brings  
Tuck in for the winter that is to come  
Festivals mark the seasons gone by  
The story of the ant and the fly  
in this case it is a bee  
From both the bear it's mouthful gorges  
As to the caves it slowly trudges  
Energy stored in various forms converted  
The riot of colours  
It's expressions blurted  
The leaves littered all around  
As the bon fires start  
Cosy inside I will be found

## The Chameleon

Political saga in Maharashtra assembly  
Many precedents for posterity  
Big brother pulling many strings  
Even as the Tiger grew wings  
Nephew showed he can sting  
Uncle playing the innocent  
The colour of money or glamour of power  
For now I take a shower

## **Adivasi as prisoners in their own land**

This is the land of our ancestors - We have the right to govern ourselves for our own betterment

Languishing in jail Hembrom thought 🤔

Following on the path of Birsa Munda but no respite yet

Assertion of self identity

This is what you get

He was reminded of Eklavya's thumb again

Guru dakshina as price of progress

From relatives and friends who came to visit

Was told of army pickets all around

Protecting the country from traitors and separatists

Those that dared prevent development

Enrichment of the few who owned the country

And dictated the law to the rest

Tired Hembrom rested

The mountain God new best

Powerless at its own destruction

And disappearance of its followers

The concrete mountain would soon replace

And a new God to mend the disgrace

Climate Change would voice it's fury

So let's leave it for the jury

## FRA in Kashmir

The Forest dwellers of Kashmir rejoice  
Little Roxanne looked at me from behind the trees  
Her smile and suppressed giggles came slowly drifting to me  
Like the gurgling stream near my feet.  
Roxanne had been playing with her friends in the woods  
When suddenly she cast her eyes on me  
A stranger from a country far away  
Her laughter first into suppressed giggles turned  
And then those eyes kept staring  
What in the world was I doing here ?  
Where did I come from ?  
These and many many more questions flitted behind those round staring eyes  
The beauty of the country had me spell bound  
As also the red faced Roxanne  
The biting cold had kissed her cheeks  
A little further I saw  
The ponies grazing too  
The lush green meadows  
And the water splashed here and there in between  
Oh how I wished I could paint  
I picked up my mobile to dial  
But the line was dead  
No possibility of this scene further afield to share  
It would be a long wait for me  
Ten days at least  
I trudged back  
Leaving Roxanne staring after me  
As I neared the village  
I heard a buzz  
From villagers huddled together  
Power plant  
Power cuts  
Roads  
Development  
Foreigners  
Were the words that drifted into my ears with varying degrees of emotion  
Wondered what they meant  
Looked at a paper  
One headline said  
FRA extended to J&K  
The other - Over 100 clearances given in J&K since lockdown  
Mismatch thought I  
My thoughts went back to Roxanne  
And then to the angry villagers  
Did I have a place here ?  
None I could see  
The blue skies looked down on me  
I smiled

A trip well worth it I thought  
Though Freedom for all brought to naught  
From far across the land voices I heard  
Victory for democracy  
The voice of equality

## **Ayodhya Judgement**

Ram Lalla finds a home at last  
After long years in the jungle Ram Lalla returned home  
To find that it had changed dramatically  
His bhakts started their struggle to return Ram back his home  
Very much necessary for his rule to reign Supreme  
Finally they have succeeded  
But how - do not ask me.  
Hanuman Bhakts then went to the darbar to ask  
If it may please your majesty  
Our home destroyed too  
May you use your power and wisdom  
To restore it back to its pristine glory  
Celebrations at Ram Lalla victory going on.  
Will take time to answer the query of his Hanuman Bhakts  
Till then 🙄🙄.  
I wait outside Ram Lalla door.  
Ram Rajya will be brought for sure  
And then under praja pressure will Sita be brought to the test  
Goodness knows  
Ram Lalla knows best.

## On all souls day

Indeed there have been many heart wrenching moments where loved ones have passed away  
Sometimes without managing to wave goodbye  
Many a tear failed to drop  
Even as the heart did stop  
My cousin's Stanley and Sunoo  
Come to mind  
As solace from sorrow I try to find.  
And may the souls find their own way to bind  
The living spirit still free of mind  
To carry on the struggle for the betterment of mankind  
As I pray that they rest in peace  
I watch the sailing of the geese  
Heads bobbing up and down in the water  
God takes care of these  
So to him my spirit I will release

## The dead have strings

Which link us to the past  
They shape the present  
And define the future  
Untying those strings  
Sets the present adrift  
Rootless and aimless  
As from day to day problems we shift  
Each generation something from the past it learns  
And for a better future for all it years  
Yes some strings have to be loosened  
One's that progress delay  
Yet with break and clutch the accelerator goes  
Otherwise into the crowd  
Mayhem it mows  
When to use which is an art  
And with that thought  
From the dead we do part

## **On the Chowkidar and his rights**

Chowkidar to people gathered in front  
Quo warranto - By whose authority do you seek entrance  
By Right of the people of India  
I am part of the people of India too replies the chowkidar  
125 crores appointed me to this post  
So are you answerable to these 125 crores ?  
No AA pay for my needs  
Then move over.  
This house is not yours to protect 🚔👮🏻👮🏻👮🏻

## **Gandhi strangulated by Godse**

As 150 anniversary commemorated Sabarmati with Godse followers have been decorated  
He Ram!!  
I forgive you your trespasses  
But Pragya is adamant  
Godse loves this country says she  
Hate to see it partitioned  
Was his plea  
So then do we love those from Pakistan  
Fellow desh bhakts of what was once Hindustan?  
Ex Pm making visit to Katarpur Sahib  
As memories of this once undivided country get revived.  
Was Gandhi responsible for partition  
Or was it Jinnah ?  
NoTA is my guess  
Why, for an answer do not press  
Bhagat Singh, Subhash Bose and others too did try  
But in the face of "traditional wisdom" all did fry  
For now  
I plea for Unity I will not even try.

## **Love goes bust**

When it gets to lust  
But Luster has me flustered  
In what is called a development cluster  
So now I must muster  
The chalk and duster  
The dust from the moon  
Will blur my view soon  
As Chandrayan 2  
On it lands  
With cheers from the grandstands  
Let's get out the band  
Economic crisis can be temporarily forgotten  
As new soil we touch  
Chandrama we love you very much  
Infrastructure project anew  
Long term returns in view  
For today lets have stew  
And that very familiar brew

## **The case of being penny wise pound foolish**

Kiling the goose that lays the golden eggs in other words  
Or Gauri shaking her head to the offer of marriage and the milk pot falling from her head and breaking  
Attacking the pawn on all cylinders while we let the King and his coterie get away Scot free.  
There are times when the pawn can be exchanged for the queen  
But when ?  
So till then  
Am enjoying this novel form of playing chess  
In virtual reality  
While the money chests  
Are kept tightly closed  
The vagabond who sleeps on the road is free to dream about the soft pillow kept under his head and count the stars that describe his mansion.  
Happy dreams everyone one.  
For me am counting 🕯️ in my sleep

## **On Janmashtami**

Jai Shri Krishna  
Jai Janmasthanami  
Dilchor  
Makhanchor  
Mera Salaam  
Duamangta hu  
Ki aaphameshakhushrahe  
Aur Draupadi jaisetammahila Ko vastraharan se bachaye  
UssejyadaPati Ko Adhikarna de  
Ki vehunkodao pe lagaye.

## **On the National Citizens register**

Starry starry night.  
The sun now shines bright  
On the cattle camps I behold  
As their miseries unfold  
No grass to eat  
Or water to drink  
Gosh the place has begun to stink  
To the slaughter house or Goshala  
Gaurakshaks will decide  
As I my time on the hill nearby abide.

## **A Conversation on What's app on the State of the Indian Economy**

Plank's constant meets Einstein  
 $E=mc^2$   
The conversion factor between matter and energy  
Economy heating up where to invest  
Nano ..or was it Namo  
Nomo!!  
Lobo on the prowl  
Doc heard the howl  
Cried fowl  
The cock crew  
Peter hung his head  
And somewhere someone called give me bread  
None ? Eat cake instead  
Yelled Marie Antoinette  
Guilitone!!

## **Eklavya's thumb and the myth of Akhand Bharat**

Sara Jahan se acha Hindustan Hamara  
Sar katdiya koi baatnahi  
Ravanphir se sir ugayenge  
Article 370 to go and 35 A too  
Population merger  
Will change the colour blue

The deep blue skies of Kashmir I mean  
Will be mixed with saffron and green  
Green the colour of money pumped in by real estate boom  
As Corporate India onto Kashmir zoom  
Will the flowers bloom?

Red will fill the wetlands too  
As terror laid to rest in the snow  
Whippe Gulmarg here I come  
Oceans of blood  
Will make my kingdom come

## **Body Line by Imran Khan**

Sensex down by 610 points and Rupee down by 90p to the \$.  
The foreign hand has struck  
Threat to life and livelihood  
Army rushed to the border  
And Pilgrims issues warning to return  
India strikes back  
Article 35 A the joker  
Do you know how to play poker  
Mehbooba Mufti cries foul  
Be ready to die don't howl  
Get your children on the firing line first  
We'll be there too crackers to burst.  
(Bullets to consume)  
And dead bodies to exhume

## **The Forest Dweller and the Five Trillion economy**

Nathuram Bhil on TV suddenly saw  
PM on powering the economy to 5 Trillion  
Contribution from everybody exhorted he  
Am making my contribution all right he thought  
My lands to be snatched away from me not bought  
Forest Protection the cause  
For a Super power Bharat a price to be paid of course  
Citizens to the rescue the PM cried out without remorse  
A glorious tradition from the time of Eklayva  
Guru Dakshina our Kartavya  
What's in it for me Nathuram reflected  
Insults, abuses and before the Collector I genelected  
Three lakhs per capita was the rough calculation  
At that price no insubordination  
I get zero and my assets turned to zero Nathuram cried  
Out of my sight  
Or my foot you will face  
Beggars like you this great country disgrace  
As Superpowers we now face  
Somewhere in the background TV played on  
Stagnation in Fast Moving Consumer Goods it found  
Nathuram stood rooted to the ground  
Quite obvious this thought he  
Purchasing power now zero as you can see  
Defence purchases and Infrastructure development to be increased  
Fast moving economy not to seize  
Nathuram sneezed  
Dog to eat his tail the idea suddenly breezed  
The condition of the forest too Nathuram wheezed  
The law is impartial or blind  
More on this later we can find  
All are not of the same kind

## **Selfie with sapling**

Will make us come clean  
Mera Bharat Mahan  
Ped lagao Jahan  
Urea chahiyeaurPanibhi  
Urine therapy that will be  
Wealth from waste  
But don't try this with haste  
Nature works in it's own time  
Not in queues do we need to stand in line  
Each has his/ her own footprint  
Washed gently away by the seas after being etched in the sands of time

## Tasleem to Taseer and Bremner too 😊 and Addaab too

Mai arjpharmau  
Khyali pulao  
Khyali pulao hote hue bhi  
Khandaanibaatjachrahahai  
Itihaas ka taarjodnahai  
Nayaitihaas tab rachega  
Jab Sanskritikuchbachega  
Khandaanisahi  
Itihaasvahi  
Khoon se Syahi  
Bhagat Singh, Subash Bose Khandaan Ko karegaradd  
Abhi ham baithege Bad  
Keneeche  
Us galikepeeche  
AyengehamereBaar  
Jab karnahai is paarya us paar  
Phil HAL kenaav par ham baithe  
Patte gin rahahaihamara  
Sara Hindustan Hamara  
Sara Hindustan Hamara  
NamoaurPappubhi  
Didi bhiaur Mayawati  
Maya Jaal me nahiphansnahaihame  
Is paanna me likhrahahailamhe

## The Speed breaker and Garud

Will the Speed breaker just delay Garud during take off.. Or will Garud use it as the launch for Agni.. No Sridevi for the part ( Nagin) but Tapsi or Alia can do the needful differently. Here's how

.Raaziya Shabana ..  
Alu Bukhara ya Makhana  
Yeh Dil mange more  
GaribiHataoYaAmiribadao...  
Ek hi baatnahihai  
Kissa Rafael, Boforski  
YaKafanbandheapnaapna  
Rakhi for Kargil  
And an SuV at Phulwama  
Kyo Mila thaDushmanke Papa?  
MitiChumaDeshkeDushmanki  
AurFirauti mange Kashmir si

## **IELA and the eye of the storm**

Fani comes many years after AILA  
The storm that destroyed 1/2 m people in the Sundarban  
IELA located in Bhubaneswar  
Got hit by FANI  
Roof of stair case blown off in Bhubaneswar  
60 Families stranded in the village  
Training centre located there has become an emergency shelter  
The storm now abating  
But the cost we are still counting  
No proper connectivity yet  
Worried about what to do  
But as saying goes worrying does not help  
An Act of God - Exacerbated by man ?  
This time round better prepared  
Mangroves on the coast would have helped  
And maybe the Dog would not have yelped  
For now we do what we can  
Hope this helps to make a better 'man'  
Woman too..nowadays not always understood  
# Me too from FANI has suffered  
Let's do the uncanny  
Research on the damage by FANI  
That is not very funny  
Satisfying it will be  
As FANI from a roar slowly purrs  
Make sure not to ruffle any furs  
The Government rather well prepared  
Election fever or natural  
Who cares  
For now our own Pradip Ghantayat marshalling all forces  
If we falling short  
Maybe we chip in with other resources!!

## **Dr Strange and the only scenario that would save the world**

Dr Strange looked at various scenarios to save Mother Earth  
And found only one  
Give up The Time Stone  
Time stands still for no man  
There are the tides of time  
Take it and ride the crest  
Leave it and it will beat your breast  
Truth is stranger than fiction  
And reality far beyond what the mind can comprehend  
But what it does comprehend  
Is that truth or fiction  
Of the imagination ??

## **Thanos and the Fist of Fury versus the Statue of Unity**

Full circle complete  
Thanos waited patiently for the glove to be delivered  
Everyone tried their best  
And failed  
Only one option left now  
Dr Strange looked at Iron Man  
He took his cue.  
In a flash the stones were his  
I am Iron man said he as he clicked his fingers  
Thanos disappeared before his eyes  
The effort however took it's toll  
There was however time to bid the goodbyes  
Truth separated from the lies  
And the butterfly from the flies.

## **Quantum physics and the Infinity Stone**

X tends to zero, X tends to infinity  
Difference between the scream and the Sound of music  
Julie Andrews  
Not the thumb screw  
The Ant man showed the way  
While technology was perfected at HAL  
Captain Marvel to the rescue  
When the going got rough  
Prevented things from getting tough  
Thor had his pot belly to take care of  
The end not in sight  
Even as Groot asserted his right  
Watch this space for now  
This is not Captain Marvel's last bow

## **Black Widow lives**

Black widow stood grieving  
Fellow widows to console  
Kashmir, Vidharbha, Sundarban  
Other places too  
Need to move the console  
Be it the war on terror, famine or tiger  
Black Widow found a common denominator  
The Soul stone was her's to possess  
But grief not enough from its location to dispossess  
Black Widow was tired  
Vision had been lost  
Who would count the cost  
To Iron Man she looked  
Statue of Unity or the 56" chest  
United with wife - and child ?  
Iron man appeared to have gone mild  
As rumours of corruption went wild  
What happened to the Black widow?  
End game does not have it all  
Does Tony Stark have a heart  
Which Iron man cannot see at all  
More on this story  
Come again this Fall!!

## **End Game**

6 crores grossed on day one  
And heading for the top of the charts  
Symbolic of where we are at ?  
End of democracy or the dawn of Ram Raj  
For the AamAdmi  
It's still Kaamkaaj  
May day May day  
The lesson from Maharashtra we all have learnt  
As economic unity - regionalism burnt  
Not so now not so now  
Don't upset the Holy Cow  
Constitution or Nandini  
Rafael did sting like a bumble bee  
Surgical strike for Phulwama  
Defeated the machinations of Shakuni Mama  
Amma is gone but Didi breathing fire  
Chowkidar ready to light the pyre  
Whose May 23rd we shall see  
Did we win or lose  
Chances 50 - 50 you see.

## **The Iron Man and the Statue of Liberty**

Iron Man went to NY  
Statue of Liberty to see  
Liberty from the British had become our common destiny  
For one Quo Warranto  
For the other it was the Red Fort Duronto  
The 56" chest Chowkidar  
Was looking for Aam ka Achar  
Aam Chur too  
As the Aamadmi found themselves in the loo  
Swatch Bharat it was called  
And Accha Din they recalled  
Unity in Diversity had been mauled  
Blame it on the Man Eating Tiger  
Yelled the crowd  
Evict them from the jungle  
For crying out loud  
Is this the India for which Iron man was proud  
The Ant Eater from under the dust looked around  
Shambles was what he found  
Jet Airways went a Malya  
And the banks  
Lakhs of crores in NPA to hold in Reliance  
And with Adani in dalliance  
Birla says Tata  
For me it's surprisingly Bata

## **The chowkidar let Kanhimozi and D Raja of the hook..and..The Phoenix rose from the ashes...**

Galli Galli me shor  
Ye Dil mange more  
Mai bhi chowkidar  
And Tum bhi  
Is prashasan se ham ab hue bore  
Badleduniya  
Badle hum  
Bhagadiyachor  
Thikhuamor  
Bharat Mata Ki Jai  
Ganga Mai  
Aur Narmada bhi  
Hua udai

## **The rape of Mother India**

Tattered and torn stood she  
As Corporates looted with glee  
Courtesy the big brother brothel  
Policies that made  
People to throttle  
Forests shorn of their grandeur  
And hydroelectric power stripping rivers of their candour  
As coal to mine  
And electricity to generate  
Divide and rule  
Through campaign of hate  
Foul air to breathe and stinking water to drink  
Many rivers and rivulets on the Brink  
Tapti at Surat being one  
The Bandi being another  
At Jharsugonda sponge iron it's venom spilt  
And Uranium at Jaduguda radiation spits  
The Welcome carpet for foreign capital laid down  
Come and loot  
But give me a gown  
Of mink  
Or will it be Angora leather  
As Krishna has the peacocks feather  
A disappearing breed that  
As also the Azghar  
That feeds on rats  
So an epidemic without the cat  
Poison only solution  
Killing the Vulture too  
And my culture now to be put in a zoo  
Mink gown not on  
The velvet grasslands my song  
And the garlanding forests my sarong  
Washing my face  
From fresh water that in Himalayas melt  
My mangrove belt is priceless too  
Olive Ridley turtle to nest I invite  
And from the drylands millets to take a bite  
Forest dwellers, fishers, pastoralists and the small and traditional farmer  
Together for me will fight  
My energy renewed  
The tribal in the forest  
Wild boar he skewers

## **A belated poem on the occasion of women's day**

Is it only for women mused some?  
How come?  
The question at all  
Equality for all  
That is our call  
A recognition that technological advancement has obliterated  
Differences based on physical attributes  
They have their place though  
As violence on women get's replaced with love  
A love for humanity minus private property  
Accumulation is for a world insecure  
Like camel who in it's hump it stores  
But diversity changes the bores  
The sandalwood tree starts as a parasite  
And from the bee, the bear takes honey  
So women's day too is not about marrying into money  
But assertion of self identity  
One that all around enriches  
And inequality gets bereft of its britches  
So glasses anew  
Let's make fresh stew  
One that the woman can sit back enjoy  
And men stop being coy

## **Suicide bombing and a mother's angst**

It was the thrashing given by the security forces  
Said the father  
Of the militant who into the CRPF his vehicle crashed  
No consolation for one of the victim's mother  
So now will one of my family members take a similar vow  
Militancy to destroy?  
Who shall we kill now ?  
Your son is dead  
Who was the mastermind?  
The one who the militant trained  
Or the one that security left strained  
Fanning anger far and wide  
The anger has two sides  
As higher and higher the temperature soars  
Screams- blood for blood it roars  
The dead have been buried with full honours  
And the nation with their families they weep  
Terror does not let them sleep  
Whose turn will be next to cry  
As time stands still rather than fly  
Time will heal  
But only if new thoughts there past to repeal  
The mother of the victim continued to sob  
As from thought to thought the mind did flop  
Did she have time for the dead militant to weep  
Or for his family from military torture could not sleep?  
Who knows how far and wide thought went  
In the end the mother was spent  
As also died the cries of the well meant.

## **On Valentine's Day**

Many things to many people  
Centred around the theme of love  
A kiss from a miss  
The love of one's life  
The little poem that says it all  
Tender moments to spend  
Forgetting life's other blends  
Make up day for husband and wife  
And for boy and girl  
The first  
But not the last  
Bye or the time will be past

## Passion meets Logic

Passion knows no Logic  
And Logic devoid of passion  
Both quest for truth  
The former without logic blind  
The latter with passion is barren  
So how the two can be wed  
🤔🤔 No answer So brought out a spread instead  
Ma's culinary skills on display  
Treat bordering on the divine  
As water turned to wine  
This just to say Aal is just fine.  
Spirits revived with a bang  
And to my guitar its tune now twangs.

## **Communism is Humanism minus Private Property**

As distinct from Personal property  
The closeness of friends help us to appreciate life and its relationships  
There is Unity in Diversity  
And Diversity in Unity  
When two hearts beat as one  
Their minds may differ  
And when two minds think as one  
Their emotions may vary  
In essence is production for Humanity  
Not for one to fill his Christmas tree  
Production for profit is however the law  
So ride the Tiger one is compelled  
Until Capitalism at it's root is dispelled  
Marx just pointed the way  
Disconnect between production and benefit how sway  
Engles showed how dialectics can correct  
Love and Hate also a dialectic  
Which Engles failed to catch perhaps  
On the 11 Theses of Feurbach Marx later wrote  
When he realised Dialectic could go broke  
Lenin in Empirio criticism dialectic made profound  
Unity in action and freedom to disagree he propound  
Last Will of Lenin needs to be remembered  
Difference between Trotsky and Stalin to dismember  
Comrade Ghosh a weakness in Mao well propounded  
But fear of Individualism got him grounded  
So Bhagat Singh we again revived  
Home grown Marxism to survive  
Fight fundamentalism in Why I am an atheist he propounded  
Dialectic of nature it's call resounded  
Straight line in a curved line and curved line in a straight line  
The point it made well rounded  
As from point to point we go  
Clearing all the snow

## **Sneak Peek 2019 and beyond**

The seed sprouted at last  
On the dawn of 2019 to be precise  
Everything looking very nice  
Snake somewhere around  
Will raise it's head I'll be bound  
And there's the Hare and the Hound  
Coal found in Tiger land  
Even though destroying the forest has been banned  
But Development needs to canned  
And the city it's fan  
So catch me if you can  
Happy New Year man!

## **The Old man and the snake**

The Old man down my street asked me my take  
About the year gone by long as a snake  
It was not fake  
Said I  
Shall we bury the dead  
Said I  
Or give the detailed account watched by the fly  
Accountability  
Gone for a six  
No comment watch Net Flix  
Performance  
Dice is mixed  
\$ and Petrol reached for the skies  
But my friend Govindan caught all the flies  
Predicted the downturn  
As Gandul the soil upturned  
Good show by the youth  
At National Children's Science Congress Bhubaneswar  
Close to the end of the Cold war ?  
Solution to plastic have we  
And many more by the Bumble bee  
A very promising new feature  
As youth their maturity help old wounds suture  
To say more would require a sneak peak into the future

## **The RBI, CBI and the little Fly**

The little Fly  
Flitted between the RBI and the CBI  
Rafael was its name  
And NPA's the game  
Stagnating economy needed a boost  
Lending insecure said most  
Bankers when asked Corporates to host  
Government will stand guarantee said the ghost  
Over my dead body said my Dost  
No need for such heroics whispered the fly  
Resignation will send your message loud and clear  
All will rally for what you hold dear

## Poem on Climate Change

Can we fix it?  
Global warming I mean?  
So warm that a deep dive needed  
To cool the body  
Along with adour ?  
Still better than the odour  
CO 2 colourless and odourless I think  
That's what puts us on the brink  
Productive trees one way  
Acidification of the ocean another  
3.1 billion tons they suck up  
Another 6 billion still  
Equivalent to 2ppm  
280 is the equilibrium threshold  
Scales have tipped we behold  
Time to get out of the mould  
Fortune favours the bold

**Context:** I talked to somebody regarding controlling the Ozone layer. This is because Chlorofluorocarbons have been phased out. On the continued warming what we need to do is get rid of the 6 billion tons surplus Carbon dioxide we are throwing into the atmosphere, reverse the reduction of the cryosphere and prevent the reduction of permafrost among other things. No hope as yet but drastic reduction in CO2 emissions only possible if we can facilitate decentralisation with the help of renewables as a means to drastically reduce transportation and coal based electricity.

## Miriam Khan reporting live from Jalandhar

Combing operation in place  
Terrorist to deface  
No need to find out who they are and where they are staying  
Simply bomb the place.  
Indiscriminate killing and lifting of probable suspects for interrogation  
Rather than solving more terrorist creating  
No use protesting innocence  
Guilty until proven innocent  
Subversion of the law  
No hearing place for such outlaws ?

## **Me too - Will patriarchy now be put in a zoo ?**

For now - Me too is not that clean.  
One question - where have you been ?  
Politics has a role to play  
So you can guess who makes hay  
Yet there is always the silver lining  
As new alignments we see dining  
Not yet a level playing field  
As Sabarimala its story we need to wield  
Both Kathua and Sabarimala had FRA  
Yet people do not hold sway  
Patriarchy still holds equality at bay  
Back to work if I may.

## **To Be or Not to Be**

To die for 'God' and country  
Or what an honour that will be  
To die holding on to a bottle of whisky  
Imagining myself to be King of Tipperary  
Is that honour  
To ravage one's daughter  
For gratification of one's ego  
Is that honour 🤔  
No  
Like the gurgling brook I will be  
Cleansing myself as I trundle along  
Life giving water for thee  
Like the Tree I will be  
Multi canopy type  
For different uses not just hype  
Like the gamboling deer I will be  
Alert to danger  
And searching for food and water as I play along  
Like the Tiger I will be  
Striding with my head against the wind  
Lurking in the darkness, waiting my chance 🤔  
Am I am product of circumstances?  
Or can I make the circumstances  
Be the change I wish to be 🤔  
To change the world need to change myself first  
'Father' for you I thirst  
Searching and Service in Unity  
Yes that will make me Be.

## **A Tale of two worlds**

Women's Empowerment  
Amir Khan style  
Or Women Embodying Empowerment  
The Red book said they  
My body is my own it say  
Reproduction what's that  
Quality of Life without a bat  
In zero lies the hero  
Cancerous growth to go  
Any harm if I'm slow  
Like wine to mature  
And sickness to cure

## **Nimki Mukhiya ke Panchayat ke Samne Saval**

Sarita stared at the empty bottles in front of her  
And then into the recesses of her saree  
Nothing to be found there too!  
Hungry mouths to feed  
And shame hanging over the family  
Her husband Prakash had committed suicide a couple of weeks ago  
Demonetisation had hit the agrarian economy too  
Alka dragged herself into the house  
Bedraggled and distraught  
A home without a father  
It's own lesson the world taught  
Sarita stared in horror  
As Alka bit by bit the story wept  
As both the night through sobbed  
Their brains slowly throbbled  
Come the dawn  
Let go the forlorn  
Head hold high shall we  
Even if hungry we be  
The worm turns everything to dust  
And rain new shoots bring forth from Earth's bust.

## House arrest

Coordinated operation across many States  
The Bandar menace to control  
City terror it became  
As the Bandar lost it's home  
Animal rights activists protested  
No way to treat the Bandar  
They are Mast Kalandar  
Supreme Court intervened  
Yes it's true  
The Bandar cannot be confined to the zoo  
So House arrest it was  
The Senior police officer swore  
We have the evidence said he SC behaviour a mystery  
No conducive to human safety  
A tragedy  
How dare said the judge in return  
Evidence not on table yet  
Gates cannot be shut until this you get  
A sigh of relief from Bandar supporters  
Still some hope for wild life  
Even as the nation is in strife  
Concrete jungle it has become  
As turf wars break the hum drum  
Will it be 56 inches to the tape  
Or the Chimpanzee will get the grape  
There are others too  
The royal tigress of Bengal  
And some more who can answer nature's call  
Free for all ?  
No way  
If the giant Panda has its way.

## **In the land of the valley of flowers**

Abdullah I met  
Face serene  
But stern  
Hiding many a burn  
Third degree as they say  
No time to gasp in dismay  
This is the story of every house  
As with their country they have a grouse  
PhDs abound  
But no jobs to be found  
The pass was once for a month blocked  
Vital provisions denied to the land locked  
We'll wipe you off the face of this earth  
Flies like you there is no dearth  
Yet come pilgrim time  
The ponies are ready  
Their load without pain to carry  
My beloved country when will you learn?  
That to the sun the flower belongs  
Don's beaut to grace  
Not the pistol whose reputation he disgraced  
The lovely meadows I will still enjoy  
Pony rides and the snow  
Sets my heart aglow  
As to the valley of flowers I wave goodbye  
My promise to return weighs nigh

## **The land of Birsa Munda**

As on the mat in the courtyard I slept  
Quietly Hebrum wept  
A gang in uniform with orders to demolish the warp and the weft  
Brutally his house they did destroy  
This is not the story of Helen of Troy  
But in forests of some not so far of land  
As if terrorist they were brand  
We've lived here for centuries wailed Hembrom's wife Sarah  
As they watched in horror a repeat of Sodom and Gomorrah  
To their officers they did claim  
From any remorse he did disdain  
Your lips are sealed yelled he  
Or to jail you will be packed with glee  
One day along came Anil  
Have you heard of FRA pray thee?  
Let's all RTI's file  
To prove the act has been defiled  
Information now awaited  
As the door is now gated

## **Merry Christmas with a difference**

This is from the lost, last and least  
Gandhi's Talisman for change  
As demotenisation changes the way we exchange  
GST is the mantra  
As we learn new lessons from Panchatantra  
Swatantra  
In short Mera Bharat Mahan  
Mai Abhi sirf Lahan  
Sikh Raha hu  
Bharat Mata ki Jai  
Kab honge garibi se Vijay  
Merry Christmas  
Jesus today with the animals as his friends  
As with nature we make amends  
Mother Earth cries out to us  
Does not want us to miss this bus.

## **Love Spat between CM and PM**

Love fest featuring Love hate between CM and PM  
PM's pet dog knows how to bite  
Coincidences date back to former PM too  
PAU documentation talks of fornication  
Illegal relations are now part of mass communication  
Entrepreneurs had better be careful  
Accusations of contract favours  
And RTIs galore  
Are sure causing quite a furore  
PAU has its work cut out  
Overstressed fans to give Diazepam  
The Don as usual is up to the task  
Tailor made solutions  
To suit every occasion

## About the author:



Viren Lobo who was influenced by liberation theology during his college days did an MBA from Institute of Rural Management Anand. He has been working the development sector since he passed out from there in 1985. Employer, employee and other contradictions observed by him during his thirty year stint at Society for Promotion of Wastelands Development (SPWD) forced him to examine the relevance of Marxism as a way of looking at reality in relation to change he sought to bring. During the course of his work covering more than twenty States, he noticed a link between the livelihoods and ecology which he pursued strongly as Executive Director SPWD. The limitations of existing organisations to deal with the complex questions society posed motivated him to set up Institute of Ecology and Livelihood Action as the transition needed to address issues he was looking into at that time. The contradictions arising out of the a series of Bills that were passed during the last five years encouraged him to use the enforced sedentary life imposed on him to use his creativity to write plays. These were the first of a series which have helped serve the purpose of putting on paper the complex dilemma and diverse social opinions he came across.

## About Espocioza Trust:



Espeocioza Trust is named after my great, great grandmother who widowed at an early age brought up her only son Aogustinho (seated in centre). Shortly after a family reunion in December 2013, we got news that the family home at 84 Porvorim had been illegally sold to a builder. My aunt Marie stepped in and after getting the required mandate from the family not only got the family home back but the previous ancestral home of 85 Porvorim as well. Since then it became her project in memory of her widowed great grandmother till her death on her mother Amy Lobo's 117<sup>th</sup> birthday (25<sup>th</sup> July 2019). Since the informal trust set up by her could not achieve fruition I decided to keep the struggle and memories alive by carrying on her mission to bring unity within the family and dedicate the work of the Trust to all widows and single women of the world. My Aunt/Cousin Hazel Cardozo the daughter of Liban Pinto one of the two brothers born on my birthday (6<sup>th</sup> September) has helped me to give this project shape. The other brother Lucian in whose name the house was, also happened to be born on my birthday as well. The spiritual connection and the necessity for me to step in also come from a lot of other quarters which need not be documented here.

Viren Lobo

