

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

By Viren Lobo

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*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 Grizzly bear

An ode to the Grizzly 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 Grizzly 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 Grizzly bear does not exist?
Do you know the answer?
Write in.

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

Cheers to the Grizzly 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
Dusshera 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 21st 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

Killing 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 skewes

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 throbbed
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 117th birthday (25th 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 (6th 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

