

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

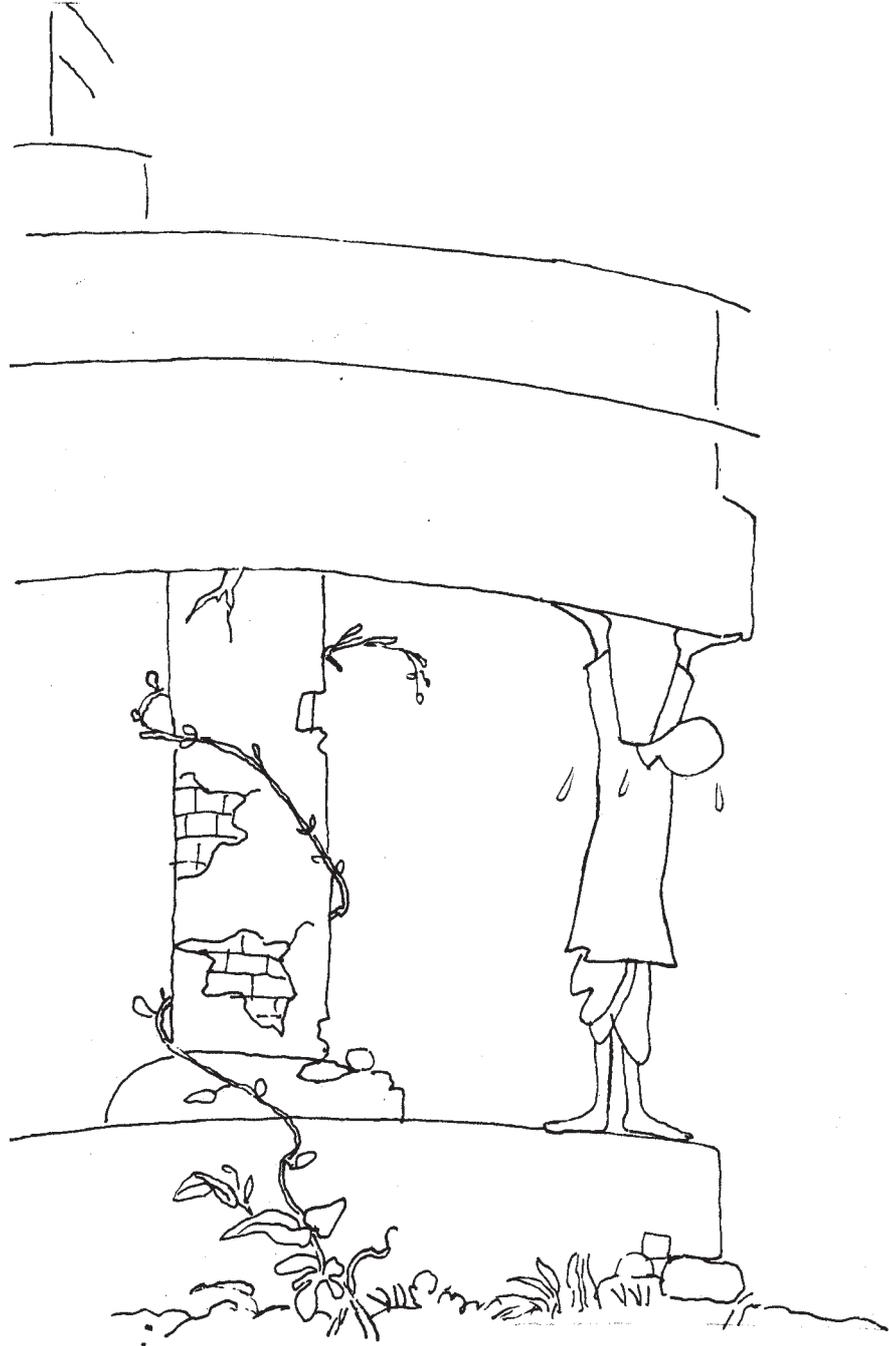
• P. S. DEODHAR •

Art
Shyam Joshi

Tech Publications

Dedication

*The Common Man,
who is being ruled over and carries the burden of
Functional Anarchy that we, the elite, acknowledge as
Indian Democracy*



MOTIVATION

I spent four years in Delhi, the Capital, from 1985 till the end of the Rajiv rule, in December 1989. The memories of those years make me sad. Sad, because I progressively realised that the ever widening gap between what we can be as a nation and what we are, would never be bridged because of the way Delhi operated. Sad to notice that a whole nation has remained chained; and under the oppressive rule by a system even after being liberated 45 years ago. Sad because public servants continued to rule over the ryot. Even the victimised seemed to derive a strange pleasure in victimising others. Sad, as there were no role models any more for our youngsters to look up to. Sad & also mad that the solutions were either illusive or the system aborted the few, that I could offer. Sad also that the Capital was so different from the country. Almost no one appeared to be concerned about nation building. Bureaucrats were busy with their careers and the politicians preoccupied with retaining or regaining their chairs. Everyone appeared self centred, insecure and insensitive. The most painful part is that things continue to remain unchanged.

My stay in the capital was educative. It made me learn to be tolerant. To survive here, one has to develop tolerance for hypocrisy, for lies, for stupidity, for delays, for wasted time and money. It was amazing to see, how so many well read, accomplished and competent individuals could together be so foolish and counter-productive. It also helped me watch the 'system' from close quarters. I could feel its vice-like grip over everything that could have become our tools of development. I occasionally saw even a well meaning bureaucrat himself becoming a victim of the accused system. My four years in the capital were indeed, a punishment. I call it the 'Capital Punishment'. It is strange however that such confinement also helps one to search inside, meditate and think, think positive.

While in Delhi, I held an impressive title. For that, I was respected by some, feared by some, envied by some and hated by others. Most of them however did not know that the position was essentially an empty title; for, so it was created by the system lords. The title however, had a shadow power. Even though I hated to wield it, its possession helped me to watch the drama from close quarters and to learn first hand how the Government works or rather avoids to work. There were people with no 'title' but very effective in doing what they wished just with a shadow power. I was amused to find that, the players of the game were greatly confused by simple honesty. Truth was strange to them. My decision to search and look for only the solutions and ignore the surroundings, however, proved to be rewarding.

Three years have passed since. The system has taken its toll. Rajiv reached the point of no return and is gone forever. A friend is lost. I am back in Bombay at my old desk. Yet I deeply, and probably pointlessly, still worry about where we are going and where we should have been.

The lines I have written in this book reflect that mood and mirror sentiments of many of my friends. Their responses have given me the courage to put these thoughts before you. Many amongst the senior bureaucrats, who, I hold in great esteem, also share my disappointments. There is nothing personal against anyone. In fact that precisely is the problem before us. The system is faceless. It allows one to generate files & notings which cannot be faulted and yet its sum total spells disaster. The System enables everyone not only to avoid any blame but also enables everyone to blame everyone else. What else then can one do but indulge in poetry?

I am presenting here some of the anguish and the pain that I felt during those years and which I continue to feel. It's intensity is debilitating and all consuming.

Shyam Joshi is an accomplished and acclaimed artist and cartoonist with a firm grip on his pen. He has given a charming expression to my concepts of embellishing the lines with lyrical sketches.

I cannot end without appreciating the tolerance and ungrudging acceptance by Ami, of my wild endeavours and long absence hurting our togetherness.

Ramnarayan Patroji is, in any case indispensable.

Finally it was Bapusaheb who not only persuaded me to publish 'Capital Punishment' but also readily agreed to write a foreword to it. Throughout my stay in Delhi, Shri Sathe has emboldened me to say what must be said and encouraged me to move forward and be positive.

FOREWORD

Shri Vasant Sathe

'Capital Punishment' is a book of poems written by Shri Prabhu Deodhar over a period mainly during his stay in Delhi, the capital of India, where he spent four years during an important period of late Rajiv Gandhi's tenure as Prime Minister from 1985-89. Basically, Shri P.S. Deodhar is an expert in the field of electronics and mass communication and is essentially a man of science. But every scientist does not necessarily have only a scientific temper. Shri Deodhar combines in him a rational scientific temper with every sensitive humanitarian heart. It is the second aspect of sensitivity to injustice created by the system, of which organised society becomes slave, that has influenced these poems of Shri. P.S. Deodhar.

Being a Technocrat and inspired by the vision of changing the society with the help of the growing techniques of communication, Shri Deodhar had found a common wave-length with late Rajiv Gandhi, who also had been fired by the imagination and vision of taking India into the twenty-first century as a modern nation, standing at par with the best in the world. Rajiv, therefore, took the help of men like Shri P.S. Deodhar, Shri Sam Pitroda and others in his mission for a new technological revolution. But, very soon these Technocrats as well as the late young Prime Minister Rajiv realised the stranglehold which the status-quoist bureaucratic machinery had on the entire administrative system. The system was so rigid and wooden that it nearly became impossible to implement even simple progressive plans. This, naturally, resulted in a sense of suffocation and frustration. All these experiences find their expression in these poems. It is this feeling of strangulation to creative endeavour which Shri Deodhar has described aptly as 'Capital Punishment'.

The readers would find most of the poems not only of contemporary interest but describing the feeling of a man dealing with the Government at the highest level. In the very first chapter about 'The Vision That Isn't' the poet says,

"But if this new tech
fails to enrich the lives
of our rural folks
& enhance their work & art
or if it just grooms
the keyboard baby
out of our rural lads
putting them in city slums
chasing dreams & fads,
its no technology
it's an apology
to our wisdom".

He laments in the next poem about distant vision and says about our television,

"But the Doordarshan,
our own distant vision,
is more distant
with less of vision".

Having dealt with how the electronic media should be put to the service of the rural people and also the urban poor as a basic objective of modern technology, we find in the next chapter his lament about the frustrating rigidity of the bureaucratic system.

He beautifully expresses the feeling which is the common experience of everyone when he says in his poem 'Smile File & Wait',

"Smile, file & wait,
wait long enough
for the enthusiasm
to wear,
for the patience
to exhaust,
for the memory
to fade,
for the technology
to be obsolete,

for the person
to be transferred!
Everything by them
gets resolved!
Some babu keeps
Feeding the files,
and the Nation
drags along,
with a limp,
as the 'Smiling Waiters'
play with finesse
their filing game!"

Shri Deodhar comments about the tax system & about a new 'Megacorp' as well. His poems entitles 'Dollar Bhushan', 'Power Game' are all commentary on a system that has led to the 'great security scam', which is an example of the disease of wide-spread corruption.

In the following chapters 'Caged Within' and 'In Solitary Confinement', we find the Poet expressing himself and his hope that goodness can still prevail and dreams of the noble minds could still be achieved. In the poem 'Dream Merchant' he says,

"Let's Dream, my friends
of better things
clever clues to rewarding life,
adding to comforts by
dreaming of solutions
leading to a fuller life.
Dream! Indeed it is
A nurturing force.
Come on, let's forge
a determined force,
because,
it is one thing to dream
and altogether another
to make it real.
Only the dreams of
the men who act,
a dextrous lot
could deliver reality
working hard
and working smart."

In the chapter 'The Journey of the Captive', the poet has given expression to his feelings about great leaders in whose contact he had come, like, Smt. Indira Gandhi and Rajiv Gandhi. We find them in his poems 'Inheritance', 'Growing Up' and others. While describing Rajiv in the poem 'No Sure Cure', the description of young Rajiv when he took over as Prime Minister, is so apt and beautiful. Shri Deodhar says,

"Sad & Serene
he looked every inch
a prince charming.
Swan in the midst of
political crows,
sleepy opportunists!
& uninspiring halfwits!
In that face
they saw a ray of hope
some one who might
give the nation a rare scope,
to wipe out the corruption
& snap the unholy bond
between the crime and
the politics of slime."

But having lost this young leader, we find Shri Deodhar in his characteristic manner commenting on the helpless passivity of our people hoping for the arrival of some great supreme leader. And in the poem titled 'Wanted – A Great Leader' he says,

Strangely,
the Japanese never needed
anyone to lead –
no super leader for them
to built the nation
making its success
a sensation.
Nor do the Germans
anymore find
need for Hitler's kind;
ordinary leaders are
making miracles
uniting the nation
without commotion.
But in our Mother India,
Country of brown masters
& brown slaves,
we kid ourselves.
Without a super leader
We all shiver & shudder
Like orphaned imbeciles”.

This book of Poems thus is an expression of anguish and anger of an honest, sincere and technically competent person who while criticising the faults in our system wants to stir the conscience of our people to stand on their own feet with a sense of self-respect and self-confidence to build a strong, united and modern India. I wish to congratulate Shri Deodhar for this beautiful book of poems which makes not only interesting but a moving and inspiring piece of literature.

28.12.92

Vasant Sathe

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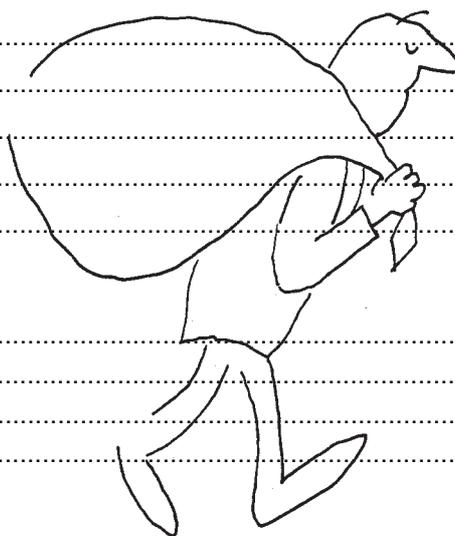
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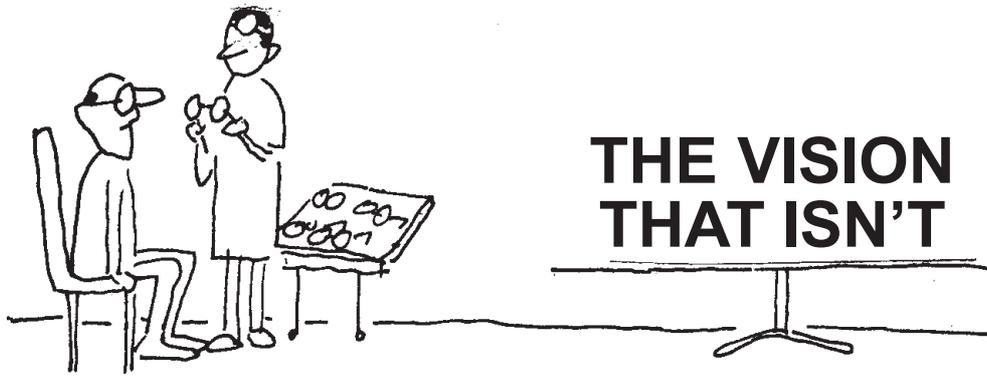
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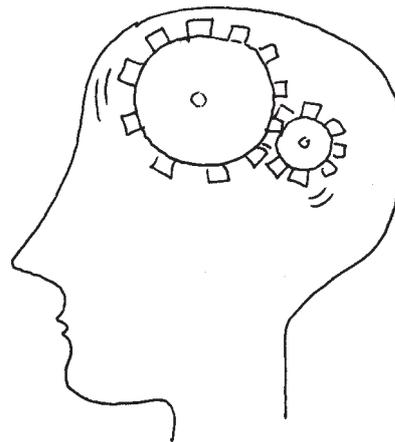


A CHALLENGE TO WISDOM

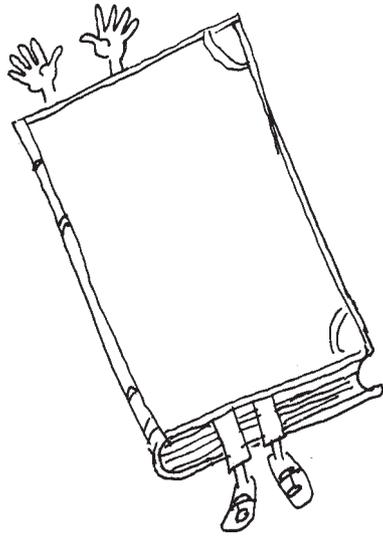
What's the use of
Any data to me,
if it can't collate
into some information?
And, is the information any good
If it adds not
To my knowledge base?
and is my knowledge
of any consequence
if it overwhelms & clouds
the wisdom within or
does not lead to action?

T.S. Eliot asks
In pages of 'The Rock'
"where is the life,
we have lost in living?"
Let's wait & think
Allow the idea to sink;

Our rural folksy life,
and its culture
is almost immortal,
having far outlived
our fickle urban craze,
the kingdoms, the empires
the invaders & what not!
Of what use then,
is the info-tech
if it can't make me
a better farmer
or a better weaver
or a skilled carpenter
in my own environment?



Many talk today
of Education Technology.
We, the city bred,
Enthusiastic & earnest
Are at it with
missionary zeal & zest.
But if this new tech
fails to enrich the lives
of our rural folks
& enhance their work & art
or if it just grooms
the keyboard Babu
out of our rural lads
putting them in city slums
chasing dreams & fads,
it's not technology
it's an apology
to our wisdom.



DISTANT VISION

"The most awesome Godless force"
Paddy Chyersky chose to call it.

Indeed TV is a force,
but whether it is
awesome or Godless,
shall depend on
the men behind the steering,
their vision & their bearing!

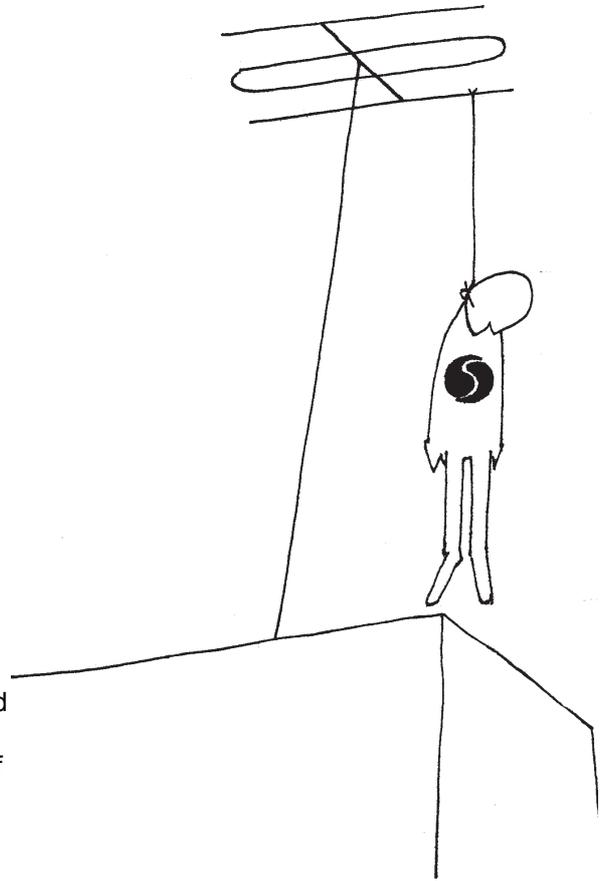
Idiot box, you may call it,
But it does manage minds,
Influencing our work,
play and food
and, of course, our fun!

Styles & fashions
Fads & even fears,
It's the Television
that puts them in gears!

But the Doordarshan
our own distant vision,
is more distant
with less of vision.

Sad & disillusioned,
The creative & the envisioned
Are dumped in closets
in the suffocating company of
Bureaucratic skeletons!
For a long time now,
the images we make
have been, at best,
well intended but naïve
interspread with
middleclass morality,
& at worst,
uninspiring & dull
frivolous and even mindless!
For some time now,
we are digging a grave,
turning our television
into a plug-in weapon,
to aid a political kill!

But let us remember,
in the hands
of the crude
& the cussed
this country-grenade
might explode
a moment too soon
hurting not just the one,
but all who stand around!



These are sad times indeed,
and perhaps confusing,
Because, on one hand,
There are joyous wonders
As we reach the very core,
Wishing to divest
Power to the poor
and on the other,
displaying insensitivity,
towards the new media
that could build for us,
a nation unified & sound!

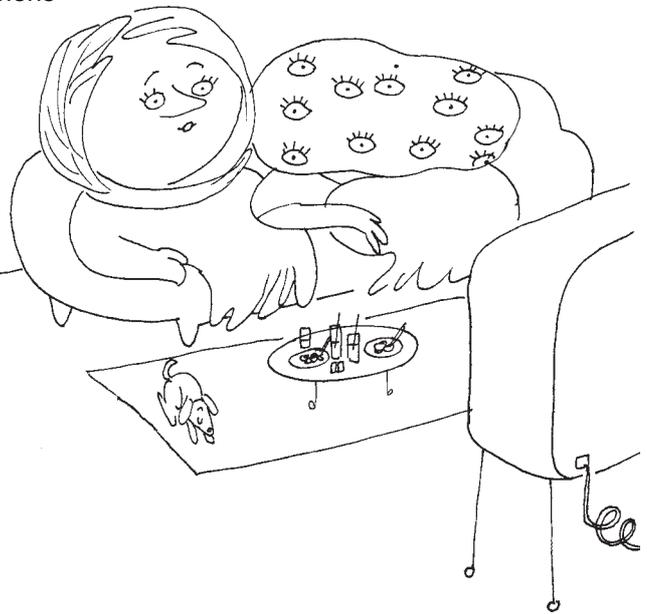
Credibility & trust
are hard to come by!
Glass vessels they are
& indeed, brittle as much!
Oh! Friend, be courageous,
please keep awake,
Eternal Vigilance
on every front
is 'the price of liberty'!

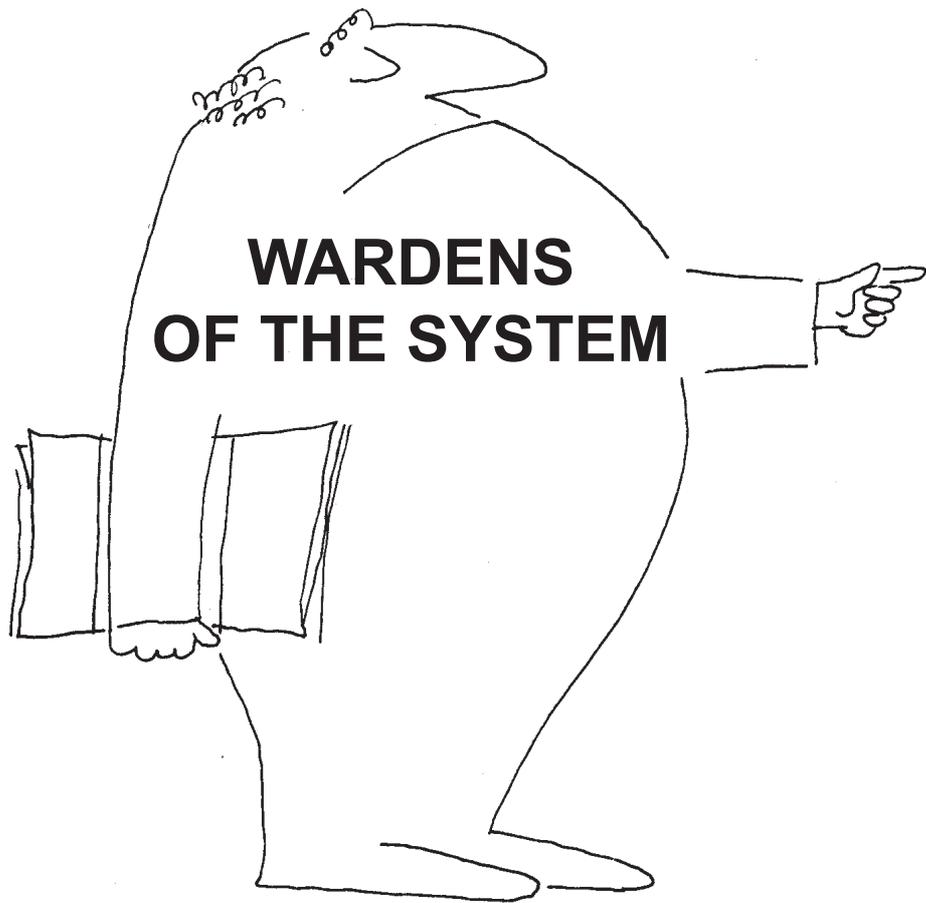
POTATOES & CABBAGES

Slowly but surely
all humans will turn
into potatoes,
with as many eyes
as the channels on the 'box'
and appropriately develop
lots and lots of carbo
around the bulging self.
The TV addicts will
soon start looking
like layers of Amul
spread over a sofa set!
Some of us, the crazy ones,
want people to make Tele-video
a learning medium,
wanting them to think
& even to respond!
But we have been told
By cynical intellectuals
that the modern homo sapiens
is a Televisionary!

He watches TV or Video
Just to avoid thinking.
It is too much work
To be responsive,
& be bothered with
applying his mind.
Why should he rather not
gather the chums & chat
or simply concentrate
on the comics
or the gossips
in glossy mags?

Then it struck me
that these literate rich,
their life well stitched
are already in a ditch.
They have little use
for any information to enrich!
To know 'how'
and to know 'why'
That's the need
of illiterate Bharat
of an inquisitive farmer,
a village artisan
or any rural Insan.
Brain of our own
self-proclaimed intellectuals,
aping the West,
may soon, however,
resemble a cabbage,
with lots of fluffy foliage
like memorised information
sans wisdom,
a mere storehouse
of impotent knowledge.





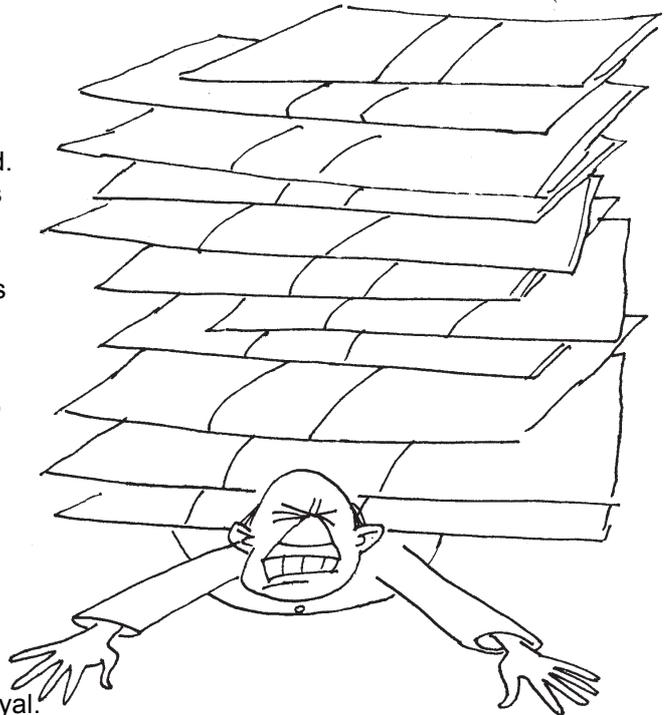
SMILE FILE & WAIT

“That’s a very good idea”
“Prepare a detailed scheme”
said the boss,
wearing that winning smile!

The gentle grip and
the warm handshake
was sending me
on a trip!
And then, like someone
Possessed
I began my work
with zeal & zest
pushing my men
to do their best
demanding nothing less
than the finest!

With our efforts full steam
prepare we did
a proposal, a plan
comprehensive, clear,
neat and well-knit
A worthy document
well researched & vivid
founded on figures
and revealing facts!
Everyone working on it
thoughtfully adding
this and also that!

On a landmark day
We were ready
with our document
impressive & well bound.
Our joy knew no bounds
as we heard him say
‘Very Good’
a reward that pleased us
like nothing else could!
Then silently came
a comment benign,
‘Give it to my Secretary’
Never could I fathom,
what those words
really implied.
At that moment
in that room
I could never
forsee the doom!
After that,
Started the treatment royal.
A query was always
Answered promptly
With a toothy smile
‘We are looking into it!’



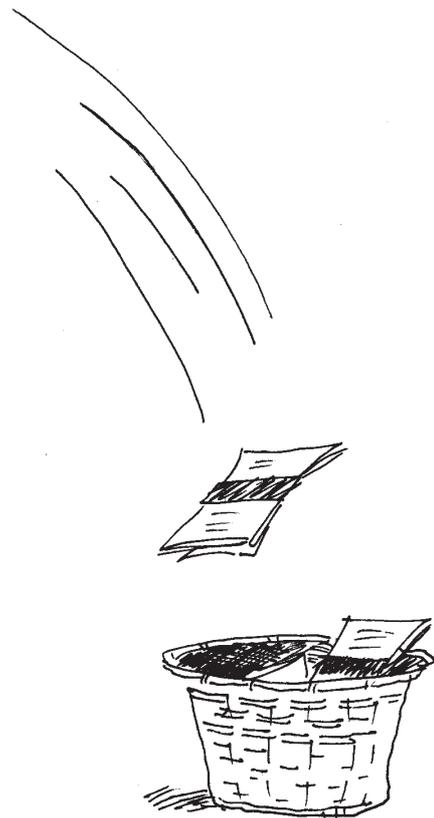
Several months passed
and a few days more
the whole suspense was
making me sore!
I took to pen
& wrote a plaint
knowing not then
all was in vain!

As the worldly wisdom
Turned me sober
Uncomfortable anxiety
Replaced my anger!
I realised soon
One could never fight
The bureaucratic might
& never to lose sight
that power is ever right!

I consoled myself
'Patience can never go wrong'
File treatment had begun,
Never reject
Never contradict
simply administer
a babu treatment
Operation-Plain-Neglect

Smile, file & wait,
Wait long enough
for the enthusiasm
to wear,
for the patience
to exhaust,
for the memory
to fade,
for the technology
to be obsolete,
for the person
to be transferred!

Everything by then
gets resolved!
some babu keeps
feeding the files,
and the Nation
drags along,
with a limp,
as the 'Smiling Waiters'
play with finesse
their filing game!

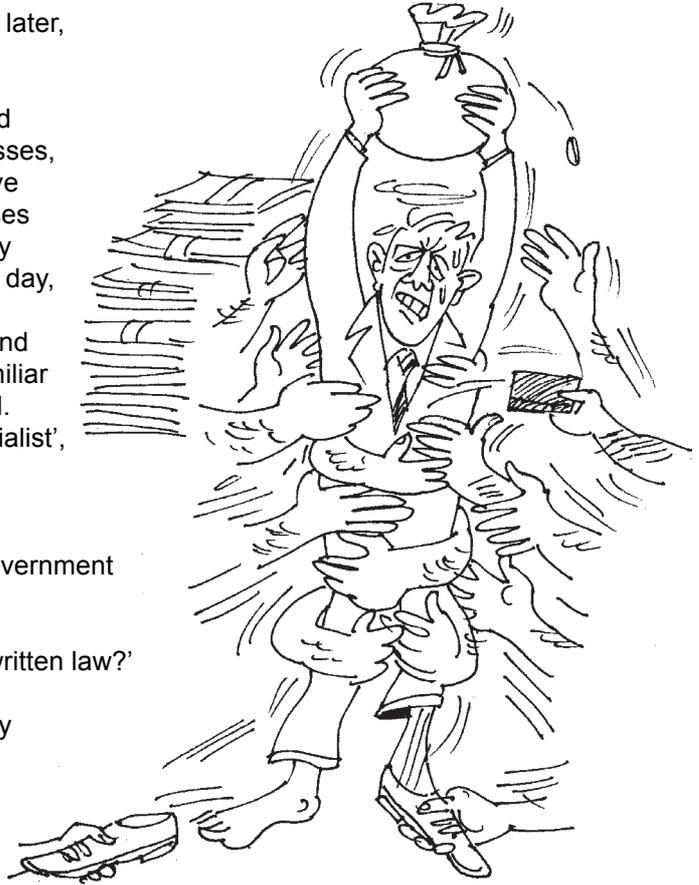


TAXES & DUES

Since I started this S.S.I
it was difficult to know why,
I see more inspectors a day
than customers in a month!
There was one this morning
computing the sales tax
another one arrived little later,
to catch me using FAX!

One just left, investigated
Our environmental excesses,
the Government, I believe
must suspect all successes
I became very very angry
when an inspector, other day,
demanded a bribe.
He too was shocked to find
that I was actually unfamiliar
with creatures of his kind.
'You, Small Time industrialist',
roared the inspector,
'do you really believe
that you could get away
by merely paying the Government
their taxes in full?
How do you forget me?
'Don't you know the unwritten law?'
only part of our salary
is from the Govt. treasury
You provide the butter
with that, the bread
will taste better!
Then on, any matter
Can slip through
without any flutter.

Then one day,
my old man
Scolded me at home.
Said he, 'Why don't you pay
all the inspectors dues
and remit taxes
before the Govt. sues.
Thank your start, Sonny,
our taxes are rather high
but these Sarkari Angels
merely ask a percentile charge
Why get upset?
Look back into our history
& thank the God Almighty
that today's public servants
once paid, never grouse,
unlike their historic cousins,
never demand
your daughter & spouse!
So, don't you ever wail.
All our taxes & dues
are yet only in cash
and that too
on a small scale!

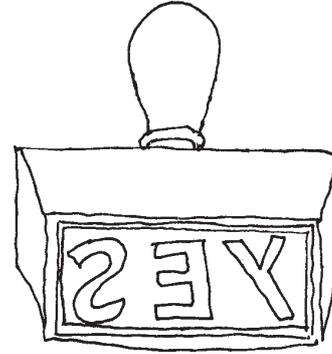


ALL IS WELL SIR

All is well, Sir
People are happy
& very contented
Prices are stable
Army strong & able!

All is well, Sir
Young brides are safe
Not even one burnt
Dowry is not in sight,
No more Sati stunt!

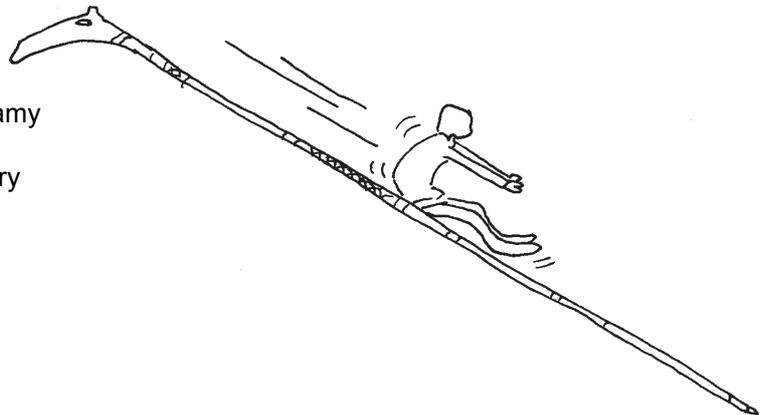
All is well, Sir
Hindus-Muslims
move together
hand in hand
what's Khalistan
none even knows
& to Shivsainiks,
Muslims are no foes!



Please Sir,
could you sign here,
Oh, here is the pen Sir,
no, Sir, not there,
on this dotted line!
Oh, what's this file?
No, nothing special Sir,
it's strategic import!
My Mother's
grandson's firm
helping the Nation
with urgent import
as a precaution!
Wise diplomatic move,
isn't it Sir!

All is well, Sir
Collectors & Magistrates
Are all in place
Law & order inland
Is under the grip
Of a firm hand
Politically we now have
Indeed a strong base

One last thing, Sir
I am planning
to move Gunduswamy
from Finance
to Animal Husbandry
No sir,
He is 54 batch
There is no
Supercession.
No problem!
All is well, Sir



MEGACORP

In Delhi, I stumbled upon
A mighty megacorp,
Whose only capital
Is its close grip over
Delhi, The Capital.

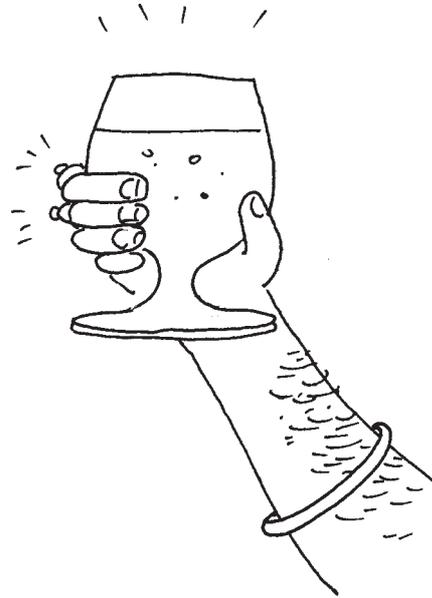
It has, on its Board
A few top bureaucrats
& some politicians,
old crooks & young brats,
A horde of Govt. babus,
middle level saabs
and Society biwis
are its shareholders.
Some retired Generals
& lesser Militia men
and, of course,
superannuated technocrats
& some pretty young things
are the commission agents.

Megacorp board is mighty ;
handles that move the Govt.
it has on its payroll
greedymen with masks
playing important role
bartering nations' soul
They have sprawling mansions,
fabulous farm houses,
Comfy candos,
All always available
For deals small or big
At a price
Anything they would dig or rig.

Their clients
Are even mightier,
big names in trade,
Industrialists, business magnates,
some have yuppies,
business school grade
from Harvard or Yale
hired to deliver
& never to fail.

These myopic pygmies
are affluent but blind
money & profiteering
only things on their mind
samples of human race
normally hard to find.
Megacorp men,
Complement well,
Smooth operators
courteous and competent
with uncanny knack
to survive and
an ability to revive
even the dead.

Megacorp, nameless
And faceless may it be,
Is a force to reckon
with a turnover,
someone said,
in excess of
thousands of crores!



DOLLAR BHUSHAN

I feel rather foolish
these days,
My friends laugh at me,
Certain Money Matters
are indeed
beyond my comprehension!

Would I have paid
all the taxes on time
taking care to keep
my accounts Tinopal clean,
had I recognised that
Our Mai Baap Sarkar,
every now and then
HAS to accommodate
politicians & friends,
bureaucratic brown saabs
and buddy business men,
by announcing
amnesty to all tax dodgers
& help the lot to legalise
or otherwise regularise
their secret earnings
made in disguise.

The current one is
A master stroke indeed.

With 'Hawala' legalised
& corruption regularised,
Donors of Dollars
are being honoured as
our country's saviours,
as the economic rescuers,
with a taxfree regime!

My sons say sullenly,
Dad, Aap ne to jhak mari
Itni sari tax bhari
Had you evaded taxes
worth millions you paid,
used your 'contacts' &
avoided possible IT raid,
joined the gansters
and brought in sacksful
of crisp green bills,
it's possible,
on the 26th Jan,
you could have been
decorated with
a 'Dollar Bhushan'!



POWER GAME

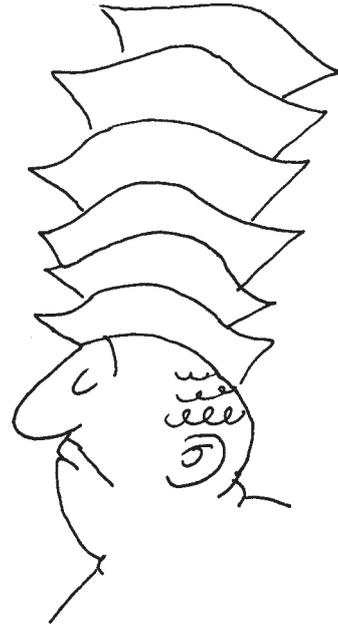
Politician, the leper,
With his thick
Desensitised skin
Will, once again,
Wear his wide grin
& be at our door step,
with some new ploy to win,
He plans to be 'there'
with fraud, foul & mean!

Decaying nation shudders
as its callous corrupt leaders
gang up their brigades
for a thuggery game.
Hold people to ransom
without a trace of shame

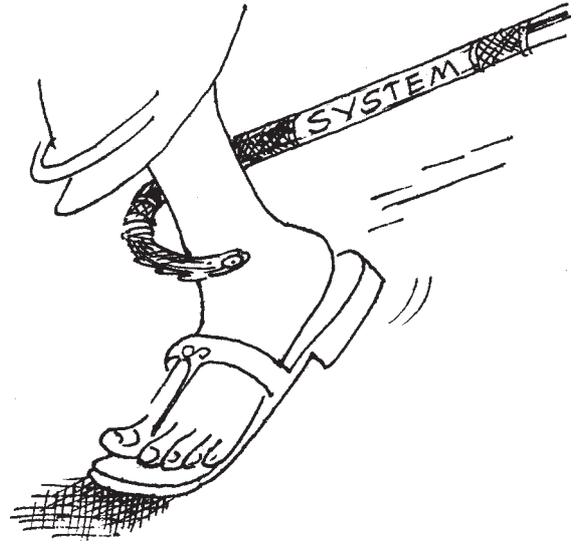
in the backrooms of
their sprawling Sarkari bungalows,
they hatch plots,
forge dubious alliances,
betray old friends
& design schemes so insane
that even Al Pacino will
hand his head in shame!

Strong stable nation
has to be, now
a forgotten notion
we, unmistakably,
seem to hasten towards
an undeserved doom,
as the mafia conspires
to seat on
that prize 'chair'
a friendly political goon!

A divided nation
drags through chaos
people without the present,
or the future,
are provoked
to live in the past.
Simple met & women are
Confused & totally aghast
While, the thoughtfals
are at a loss;
What's in store?
who would remove
the albatross?



It's irony indeed,
While the desensitised skins
& the thick skulls
donning the party caps
red, white, blue or green
are very keen
to rule after the win,
The real bosses,
who never face an election
or move up the ladder
without serious selection,
are in full control
of every function.
Either head or tail,
it is they
who would win
and rule
without fail!



MY LORD

Almighty Bureaucracy
daughter of British legacy
step-mother of democracy
thrives on the inadequacy
of our own political anarchy.

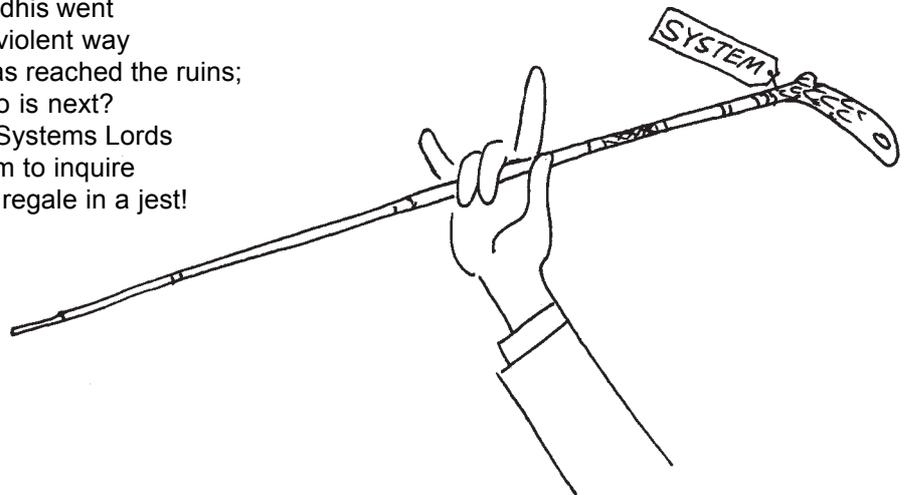
Almighty bureaucracy
talks of meritocracy
but is cunning & dicey.
Dispassionate & unmoved,
it loves the authority
bordering autocracy
serving sermons
with utter hypocrisy.

Looking obedient & servile
Bureaucracy hides its smile
When, in a Don Quixote style,
Proud politicians pronounce
systemic overhaul
to make the administration
responsive & agile,
Even the God knows,
in India, that is Bharat,
such ideas are futile.

Almighty bureaucracy
knows from inside
how to divide
or engineer a tide
& watch the slide
of political reformists
into oblivion.

Politicians may come
& politicians may go,
Almighty bureaucracy
Enjoys perpetuity
& continued prosperity.

Gandhis went
the violent way
Rajas reached the ruins;
'Who is next?
the Systems Lords
seem to inquire
and regale in a jest!



MEERA BHARAT MAHAAN

For a country
with a dying spirit
it is quite natural
to live in the past
and bask in its glory
it's no wonder, therefore,
that the politicians crafty
would turn to
our old star cast –
- Shivaji or Netaji,
Panditji or Bapuji
or some cleverer ones
skillfully use
the awesome grip of religion
promising the bliss.

Also it helps to give
slogans of pride
in our hefty heritage
or to brag about
our glorious greats.

That's a sure way
to fill the present hollow
luring gullible millions
to blindly follow.
'Mera Bharat Mahaan'
is a good TV P.R.
Appealing visual
well crafted images
soulful rhythms
striking the inner chords
forcing a surge of adrenalin
causing a caressing high.

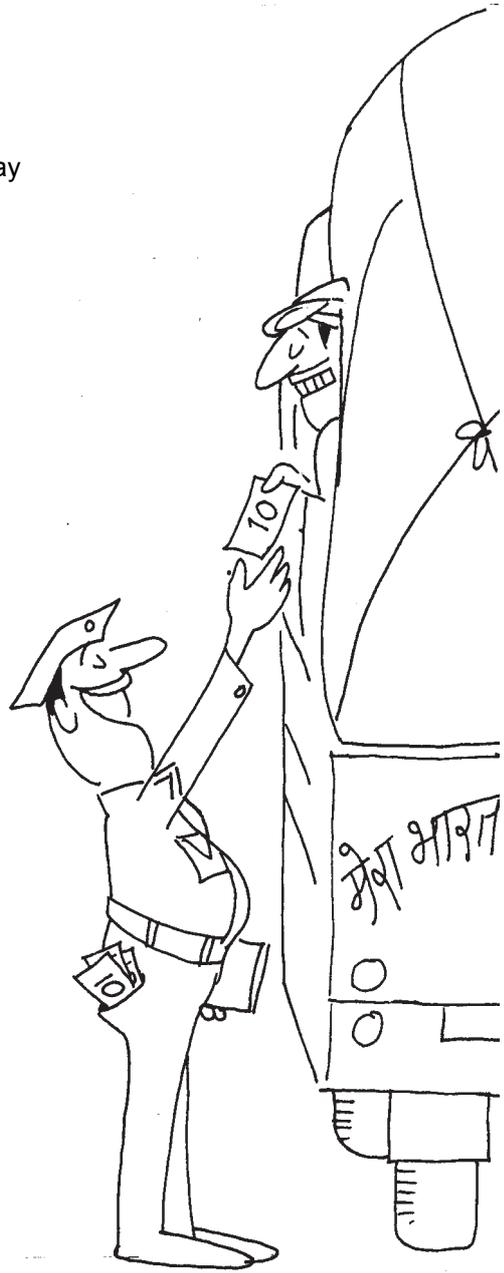
For those few, however,
who live in the present
and work for the future,
it is all a cultured trash
an emotional hogwash
craftily concocted
to whitewash & hide
our impotent inaction
our failure to deliver
a promising present –
a positive & creative present
vibrant & proud present.

The present that could
have our shining past
as a glorious backdrop.
highlighting our actions
and achievements of today!

Mera Bharat Mahaan
may be a historic fact

but for a Habitants of India today
it brings no 'shaan'
nor, for it all,
we deserve any 'sammaan'.
In a country of nepotism,
greed, insensitivity,
casteism, and fanaticism,
How dare we say
'Mera Bharat Mahaan'?

"Turn off that TV please
for the present
let me do some work".



DELHI DRAG

Dullness has settled
deep pessimism & fear
choke the pores.
But, somewhere deep within
I know its time
to roll up the sleeves
and hold the bull by the horn.

Shouldn't one step out
and bring to book
these bunch of crooks
and opportunist thugs?

Fortunately the nation progresses
by the hardwork of commoners –
simple men raising no banners
nor throwing any spanners
in the wheels of the chariot.

As I moved through the field
energizing & lush green,
wobbling around in a cart
thrilled by the morning chill,
I felt deep within,
the Green Revolution was
no New Delhi creation
it was the sustained action
of men who spat on hands
and took a fresh hold
on the hull and
moved forward.

Nothing comes simply to us
hardwork, sincere efforts,
vigilant mind no hocus-pocus.
Nation's progress
is no election poster
Or a promise by
some vile imposter
in the garb of a patriot.
Creating wealth
by making toys or trucks
or writing music or
by building bridges,
seldom has
any relation to politics
or 'climate' of Delhi.
Nations survive on
men & women
who soil their hands
and toil in the field.

So why not
dispense with Delhi,
the citadel of
corrupting power
and energy sapping
of parasites who live
on commissions
and positions ?



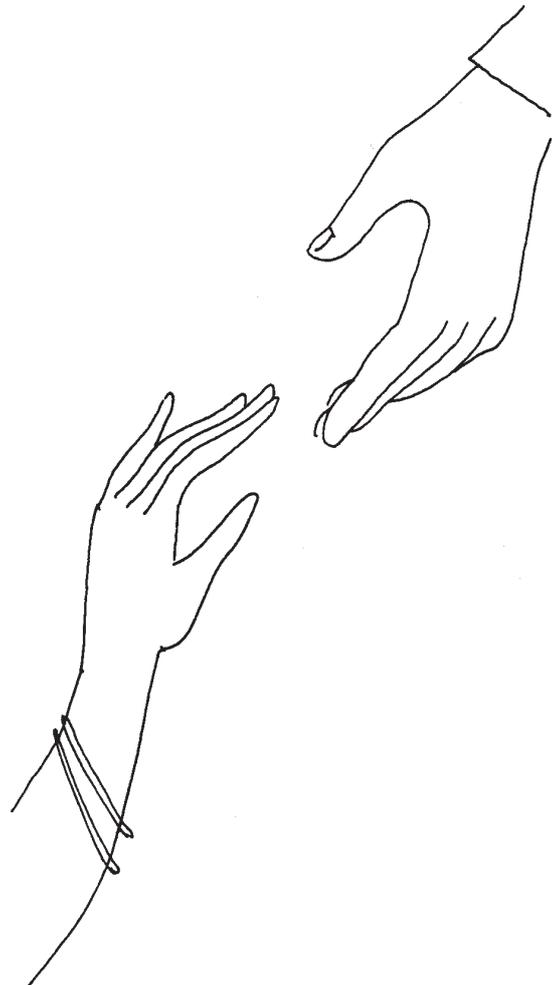


HOW ?

With you dear,
I wish to share all
joys and sorrow
strengths & weaknesses
hopes & fears
successes & failures;
share with you
the intimate feelings
with deep honesty
and transparency.

But
fear holds me back
fear of rejection
fear of my own anger
fear of humiliation
fear of losing you
fear of being left alone
so instead
I manipulate,
Intimidate and
Induce guilt in you.

I know for the love
to blossom again
to let it remain
exciting & vibrant
intense & honest
we must share
but how ?
I don't know.

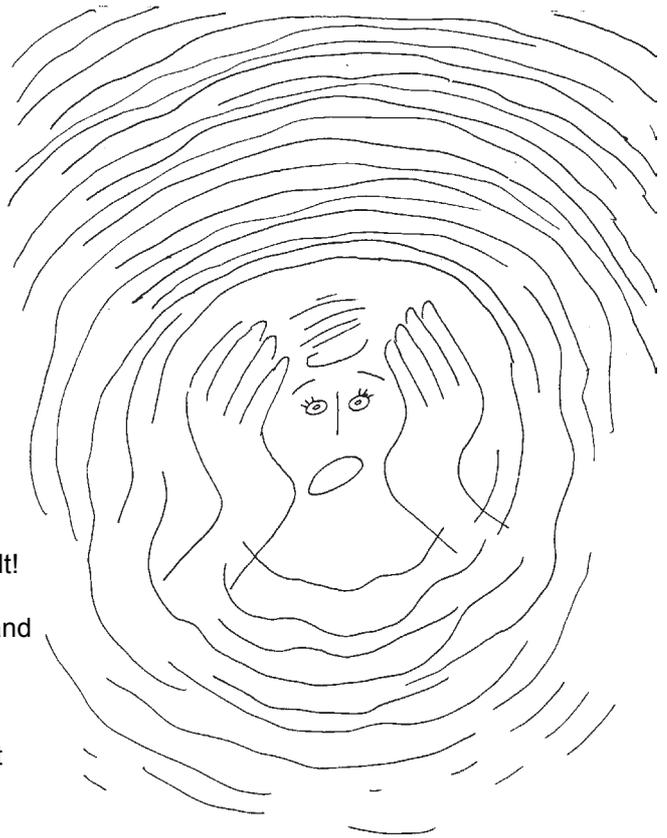


NIGHTMARE

Nightmares, I know
are nasty, nagging
futile, and very fearful!
I have witnesses
you shuddering from them
even on, a quiet night!
So when am not around
there is guilt about
feeling like a thief,
stealing the time away
leaving you alone
when nightmare strikes!
Listless I get
not ever knowing
how to respond to the guilt
risking togetherness we built!
Can I disband myself
and get across this quick sand
regaining the horizon lost
to unify the life!

But the most awesome guilt
And the weird chilling fear
is that, the dreams
themselves have now stopped
feelings themselves are trapped!
A futile faith, a fantasy
Has possessed me,
Invading the privacy
& enveloping my very
existence!

This I must fight
& give it a break
because something
very precious
is at stake.

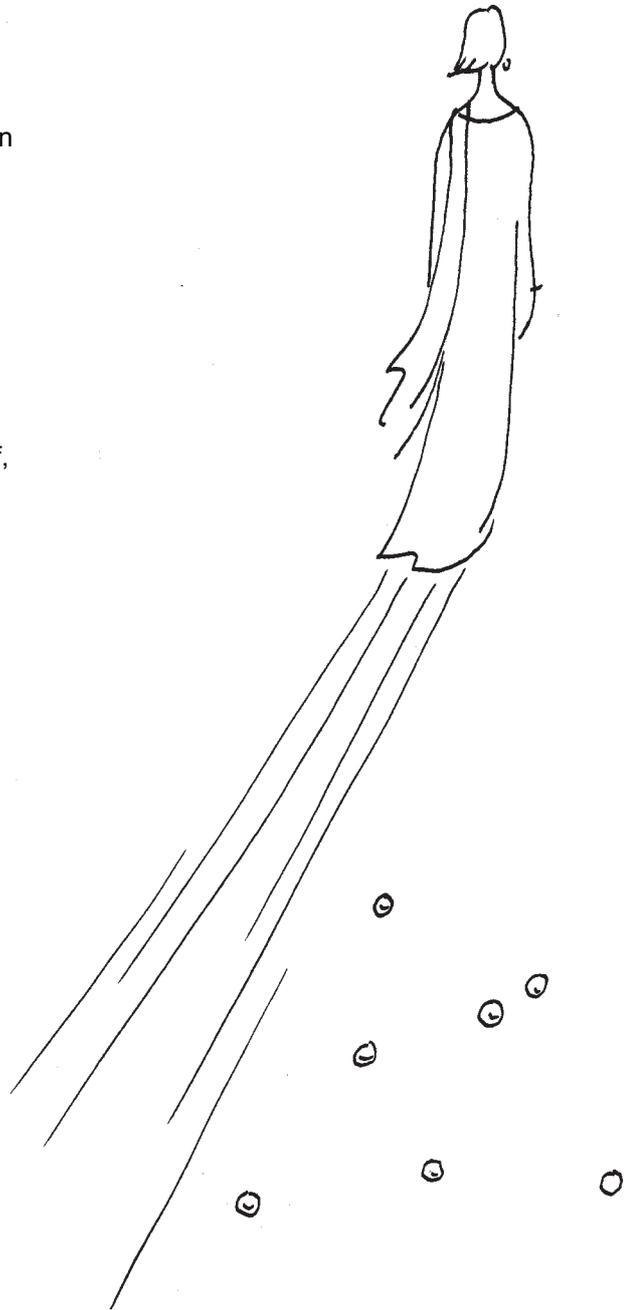


LOST

We met
long long ago
but, I,
with my alter ego,
let you go.....
When I snapped
that thread
of togetherness
& mutual fondness,
holding the pearls
of shared moments
I never noticed,
those pearls rolling down
From your crown,
into the dust
of my selfish lust!

We indeed met
long long ago,
but I,
with my ego,
let you go.....
So involved with myself,
I didn't notice
your sadness & pain
or your loneliness
as you waited behind
caring & kind.
Locked inside a cage
I myself built,
With lunatic lust
& pointless pride,
I never realised
I foolishly lost
my own guide.

I am still
painfully picking
those lost beads
scattered around
looking for a thread;
pitiable effort indeed
to recast the past
& to relive
what is lost



SMILE MEMOIR

The Boeing was full
the evening boring & dull
Then, like a nymph descending
along she came
with a sudden smile!
That look, that smile
placed the face
in my memory file!

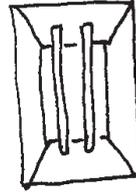
Memories were fading
but one day again
a golden chain shines
around the neck
of that Vendor of Smiles!

Looking up from a book
'Love, Medicine & Miracle'
there I find again
the pair of eyes
with a familiar twinkle
offering chocolates,
sweets and the smile!
The contents of the book
churned my soul inside
spreading sad gloom
as I read of cancer doom
It was then
that broad benign smile
took the sadness away,
even if, just for a while!

Life was eating days away
And, in a routine way
Time kept flying
Like I did, on Indian Airline!
One one very chilly morning,
When two obnoxious
Fat businessmen
On either side of
my middle seat
were giving me an angry fit;
suddenly came a warm cup
of steaming coffee
with that knowing smile
like the way it could come
from none else!

That was many flights ago
I still keep moving, in & out
but there never has been
another encounter
with that smile of renown.
What is left now is
commonly known IA frown!
The face has faded & turned
into an ancient fresco
but that simple smile
somehow is yet fresh
in my cluttered mind!
For reasons unknown
Memories of mental bonds
Seem to be more durable
Than those of the flesh!





IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

THE TRANSIENT

The lights are glittering
lending depth to this dark night
mighty men in their slumber
ever so vulnerable,
With a flick of switch
darkness will pervade
all around!

Pride, pomp, Presidency
Powerful premierships
Are, in real, so fickle;
One single hit
Or a cracker on a flight
Is enough to tumble
A mighty Moghul

What are we fighting;
Injustice?
Cruelty?
Inhumanness?
Aren't all these
mere expressions
of someone's weakness?

No one can
always be right,
or achieve anything
with a pointless fight.
Let's now lose the sight
What wise every knew,
'what is transient
is never the truth'!



CONTINUED EDUCATION

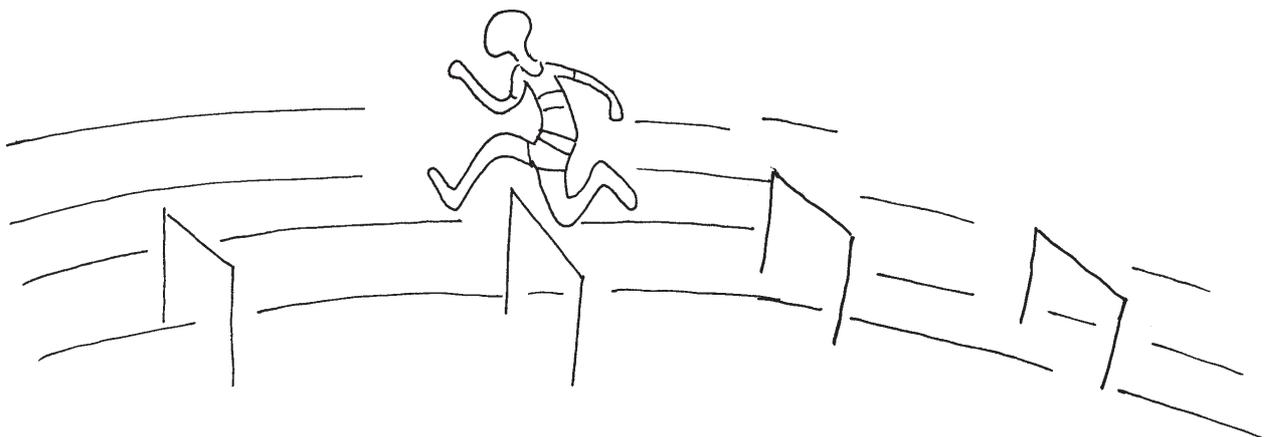
Every tomorrow is my exam
leading me to a degree
better than I am!
No formulae to mug
nor any text to learn by rote
this exam involves
facing the challenges,
bringing forth my best
& working with a zest.

This sleeplessness
could help me harness
thoughts within,
gathering myself together
and stop disasters
which could have been
if only emotions
were to prime
my actions to win.

Today prepares us
for tomorrow
helping to learn
to live with sorrow.
Unfathomable happenings
have taught us long ago,
probability of failures
leaves no room for
arrogance or ego!

My successes today
have a backdrop of
failures of yesterday,
it tempers the celebration
tutoring me gently
to rejoice in moderation.

Tomorrow is my Exam.
If I remain calm,
Syncing my thoughts
With words & deeds,
It would indeed
Turn any exam
Into a grand slam!



NEW MATHS

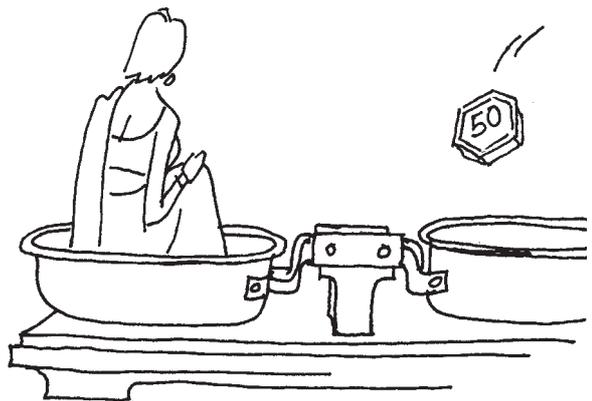
One science
that has been
turned into an art
is the new maths
of relationships.

There are equations
in a friendship
checks & balances
in a kinship,
debits and credits,
in a relationship,
gifts and discounts
in a worship!

Calculated relationship,
measured love and
matching gifts,
all reflect
pettiness & imprudence
yet one cloaks them with
affectionate warmth,
cheating oneself
hoping to give the lie
some credence.

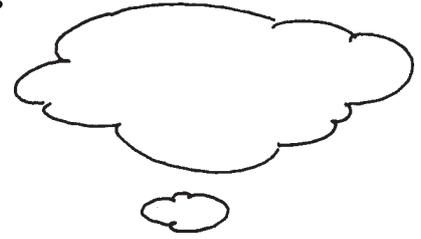
It may be new to me
but the equations,
proportions & calculations,
for time immemorial
have worked always
in managing relations!

Accountants of
relationship
believe in the delusion
of having struck gold
but they know not
that their crafted
balance sheets
will always be decoded
by the audit of
their own mind.



I LOVE PRIDE

I love Pride
Pride that helps little ones
grow & blossom
and be a force!



I love pride
Pride that angers
And pushes one
To work hard
& show results!

I love Pride
Pride that makes one glow
& endear oneself
as a challenger
a confident winner!

I love Pride
Pride that does not consume
That hurts none
& that turns
no one off!

I love pride
Pride on which
Nations survive
Pride that turns
weaklings into workhorses
& timids into teamsters!

I love Pride
Pride in you
even if it spells
to me a personal loss
so long it helps you
to forge ahead
& be a winner!

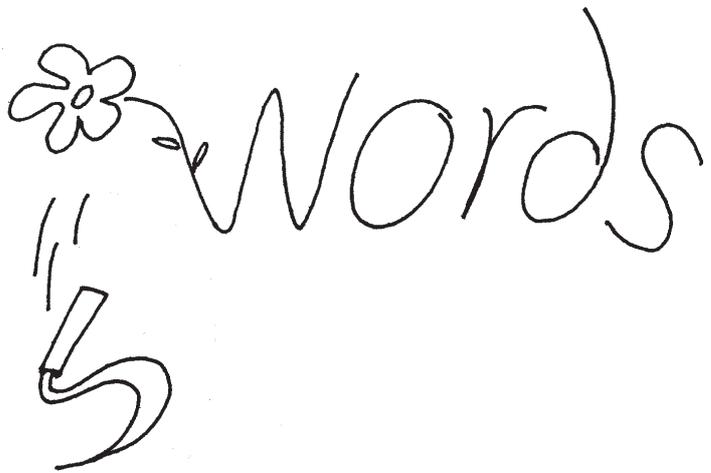
I love Pride
Pride that motivates
& sets one up
to perform, and deliver!



(S)WORDS !

'Words are weapons
use them with caution'
Wisdom like this
often dawns after
an ebb of passion.
Silence is golden
We are often told.
For the cautions, the cool
and the crook & bold
it is indeed the rule of gold.

Words become weapons
as our wagging tongues
lash with languor
the growing lads,
poor ageing moms
or dependent dads.
But what's that
fleshy movable
mouth organ
that whispers
the love jargon?
The one that's
Silky smooth &
Sounding sooth?
The one that
Invigorates,
Enthuses,
& encourages?
They indeed are
The words, not (s)words.



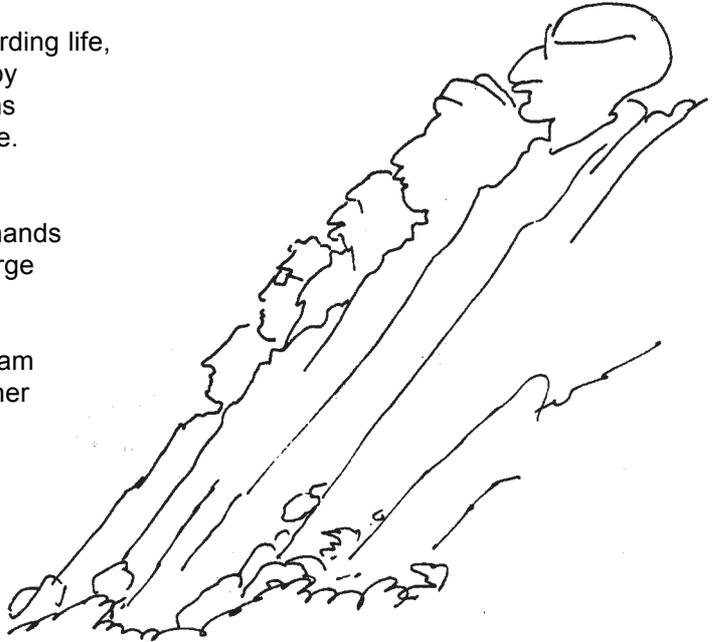
Carved on my mind
is a question benign.
Why is the vocal chord
placed in between
the head & the heart?
Could it be
to remind us
to route the words
from the heart
through one's brain
before we start
or tell us to balance
our temper short
with a cool thought,
before throwing
our verbal dart?

The way we are built,
anatomically speaking,
when we swallow
we can't shout!
or spill out
our angry bout!
so my friends
I am learning
to swallow anger
That way, may be
one can live longer!

DREAM MERCHANT

Oh my friends, engineers,
dexterous buddies,
Let's dream!
Victor Hugo said thus,
"There is nothing like dream
to create the future".

Let's dream, my friends
of better things
clever clues to rewarding life,
adding to comforts by
dreaming of solutions
leading to a fuller life.
Dream! Indeed it is
a nurturing force.
Come on, let's join hands
and together let's forge
a determined force,
because,
it is one thing to dream
and altogether another
to make it real.
Only the dreams of
the men who act,
a dextrous lot
could deliver reality
working hard
and working smart.



Our babu scientists
breed scientific papers
by the ream, but
rarely ever dream a dream
that's bursting at the seams
to deliver answers.
Forty four years and
five thousand crores after,
the poor souls,
our scientific 'talents'
are as barren as
desert lands
Not a single product,
no unique invention
that would make one
a proud Indian !

Someone called me
the other day
a dream Merchant!
I would love to be one
and be in touch
with tomorrow.
While I have
a few dreams to sell,
my young friends,
I want to buy many
from you & you
and also you.
Dreams of today
are the realities
of tomorrow!

ADMIRATION

I love those who get deeply
involved,
& admire those committed
to a noble cause.

I love clean, bright
& the beautiful
the boisterous & the bountiful

I love the scholars
Who wear the scholarship
With dignity & point
Knowledge turning them
Gentle & wise

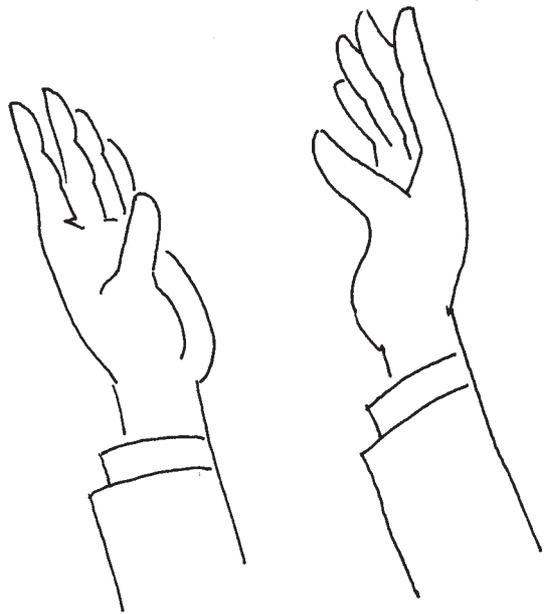
I love innocence,
childlike simplicity,
and uncluttered mind
specially in grownups
of a mature kind.

I like the bold
& courageous
the adventurous
The risk takers,
Who live to the hilt

I love the gentle
the tender and tranquil
the caring souls
silent, sincere,
the quiet queens
& the kings of heart.

I love those
who hit hard,
jump the highest
run the fastest
swim the swiftest
and yet are
simple and modest

I envy those
who live full
and die bold



RELATIONSHIP

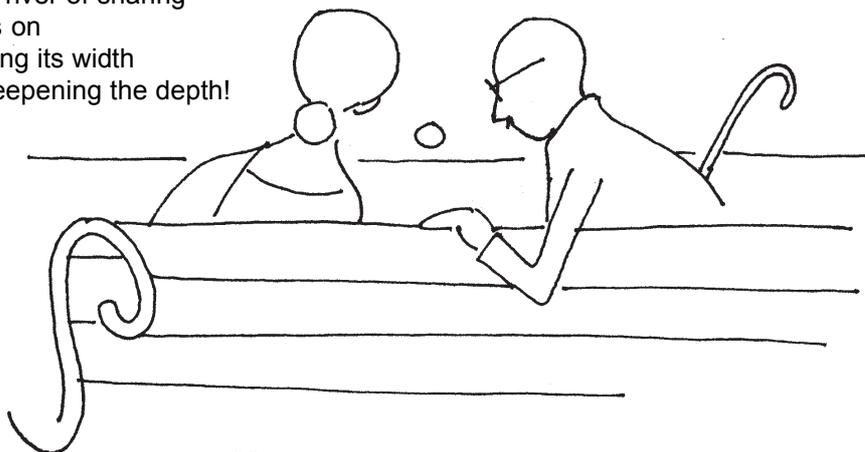
It's not simple
for anyone to tinker
with a relationship
especially when,
one knows not
what's the want-
giving, taking or
abundant sharing!

Often a relationship
just happens.
an acquaintance blossoms
into a friendship,
suddenly like a
flushing syphon,
as concern deepens,
fondness ripens
& sharing widens!

Relationship,
when young
has an excitement
of discovering &
exploring each other
& also the restlessness
befitting the youth.

Like a river,
It might spring
And speedily rush
Down the mountain slopes,
Gathering streams
Of experiences
New
& learning to flow
together as they grow!

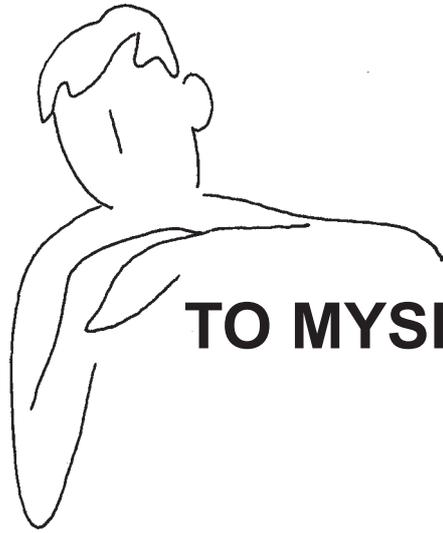
Also like the river,
it slows
as it reaches
the pains of
maturity.
Mutual respect
gives the confidence
to each other.
as the river of sharing
moves on
widening its width
and deepening the depth!



Then starts the time
of abundant share
giving away love
till nothing is left
To worry any more.

Let the water flow
Its natural course
From high to low.
Let the greens grow,
let it sprout slow,
That way,
one needn't bend
the nature's trend
Life, by itself,
will later show
its endurance
or the end!

Relationship is
no burden then
It's a responsibility
for each other
not a transaction
between the two.



TO MYSELF

THE CLOWN

Do you want to see
the most enlightened
Joker in this town
Resembling a circus clown?
Someone who is handing around
watching the absurd
without a frown?

Mentally naked
The only thing he wears
Is a title
And his authority
A mere shadow!

Like a rapacious coward,
he loves the authority
over the weak
and the helpless!
But, knows he not,
just a prick of a pin
will deflate the ego
or a nod from the top
will rub the title off
just like
when the light
is removed
shadows vanish

Position might give him
a gown or a crown
but inside,
he is a mere clown.



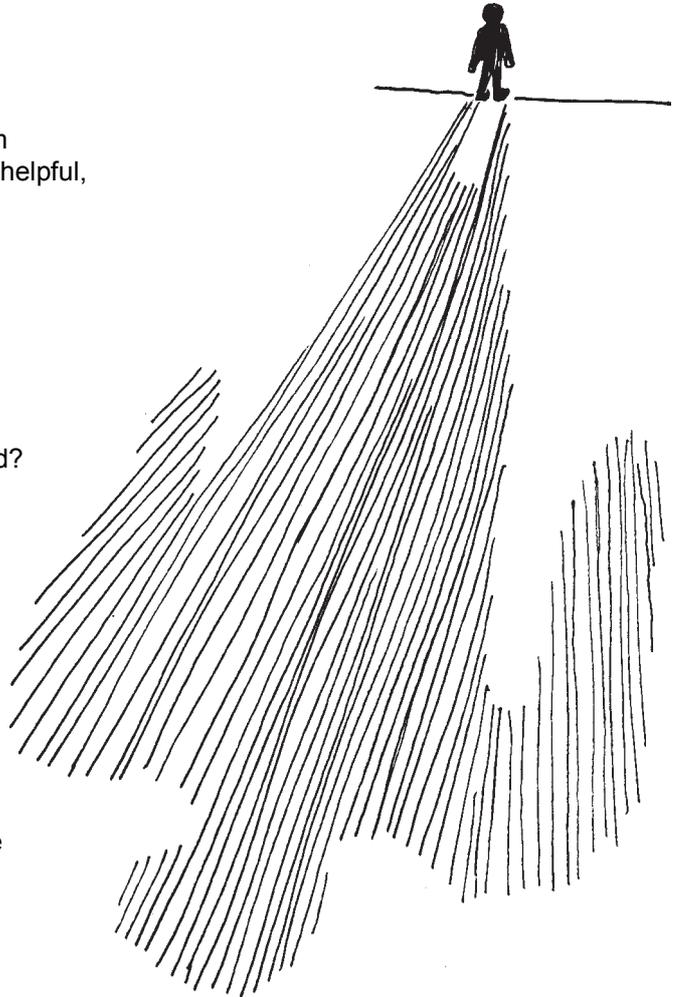
STRANGE ANIMAL

A strange animal indeed
this man, with his
capacity to think
and to comprehend
is yet
driven by sentiments
What a man.....

Oh! Of course
there is this pride;
of he being great,
of being human & warm
of being considerate & helpful,
Ultimately however
he bares himself
merely as an impulsive
sentimentalist:
getting disappointed
by even a non-event!
A strange person.....

Is he being manipulated?
Of course, not!
considered inferior?
Being used? Never!
Or may be
it is just he himself
giving the signals
of being so,
of being untrustworthy,
even undependable.
Merely a small man
with a big shadow
someone who can't see
the way others can
a Myopic indeed!

Some people, really,
never learn
Why can't they remain
detached within,
while being
attached without?
Strange animals!



MATURITY

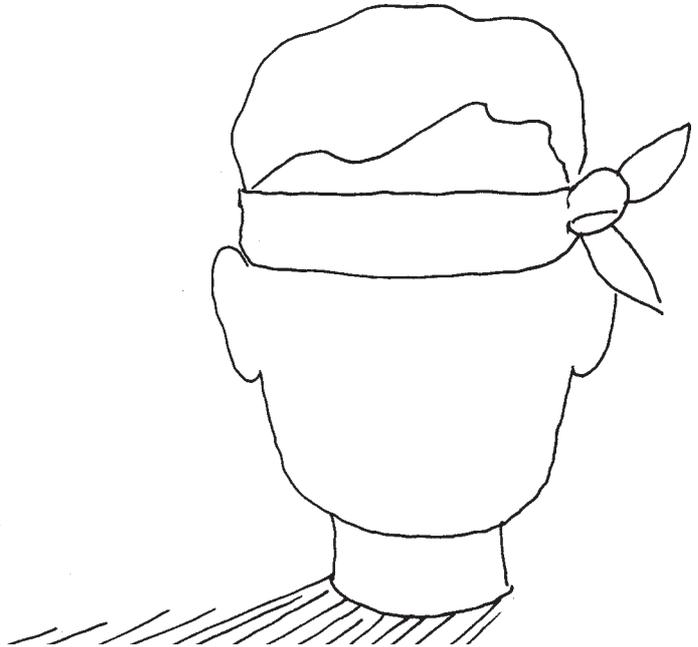
I 'matured'
When I learn
Not to intervene,
Turn my face
& walk away
even when I saw
the weak & helpless
being butchered
tortured & killed.

I 'matured'
no sooner could I
explain & convince myself
why not to reach
to provocation
tolerate injustice
and
'for a larger good'
passively accept
arrogant exploitation

I 'matured'
When greed
Blinded my sight
And selfishness killed
My will to fight.

I found Maturity
blunted my intensity,
life's drive,
& vivacious vitality.

I son died
a mature human
unsung, unwept
leaving no trace
of my being.



LESS THAN FULL

I feel incomplete
And a wee bit inadequate
So many things missing
& so many yet sticking!

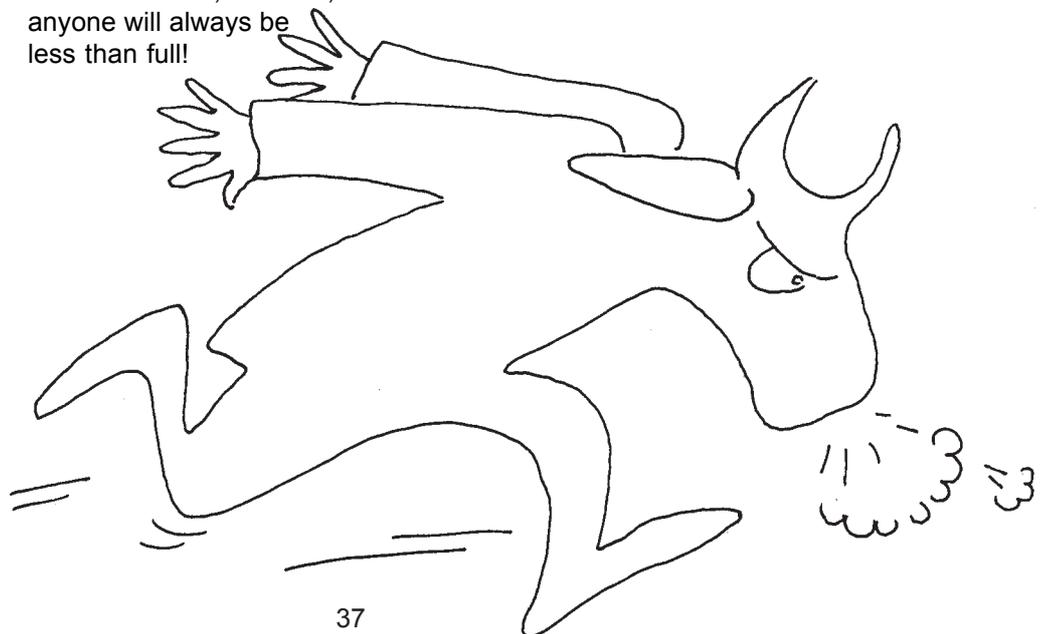
Anger, intolerance and
impatience in excess
have always been
road blocks to success!

Knowledge can be acquired
& experience gained
but it's the wisdom
that remains elusive,
without the virtues
of compassion & restraint!

The search is always on
for the wisdom
that dispels the fear
& emancipates the 'informed'
but important of all,
I realise now
restraint & patience
are just the first two rungs
of the ladder
that leads to wisdom!

Free mind, clear vision
No passion
but compassion
oh, for Christ's sake,
Won't I need
patience too
to reach the deck?

Nothing, I am now sure,
can be achieved
by charging like a bull
and being like one.
without wisdom, it's clear,
anyone will always be
less than full!



SHADOW

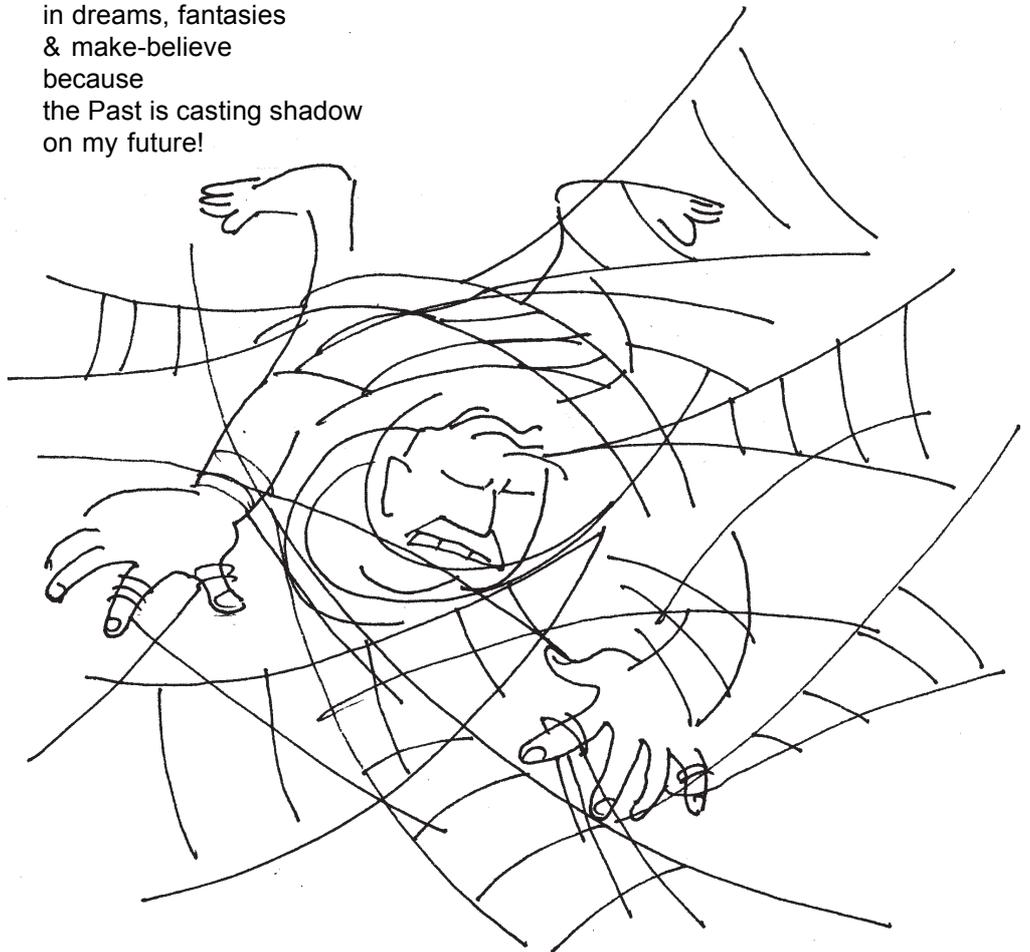
The past is casting shadows
On the future:
& as if to aid it,
the present is prosaic,
mundane & uninspiring!

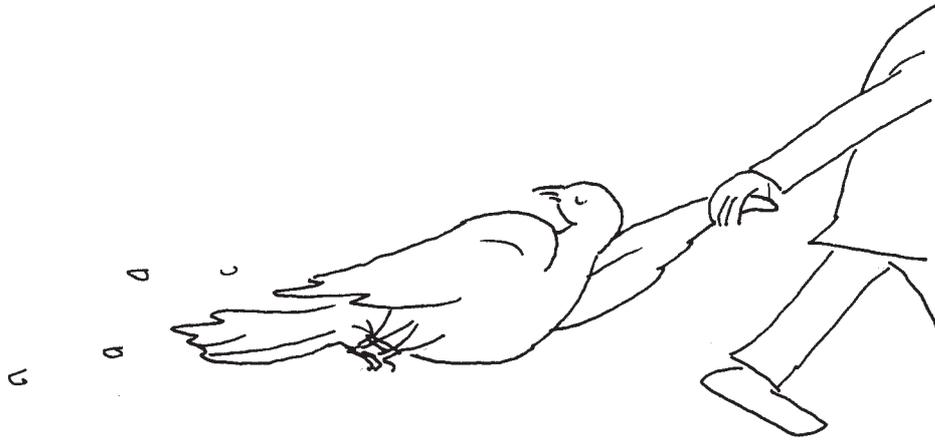
All my relations,
My near & dear ones
Know me by my past
Dotted with immaturity
Which I can't ever wipe!

The naked familiarity
Polluted with bias
& misunderstanding
is too cluttered and
getting beyond me!

Even in my love
Those little blunders
Keep intruding –
Unknowingly, vaguely
& sadly,
dampening the feelings
diluting the intensity!

In my 'present'
I, therefore, love
to live
in dreams, fantasies
& make-believe
because
the Past is casting shadow
on my future!





THE JOURNEY OF THE CAPTIVE

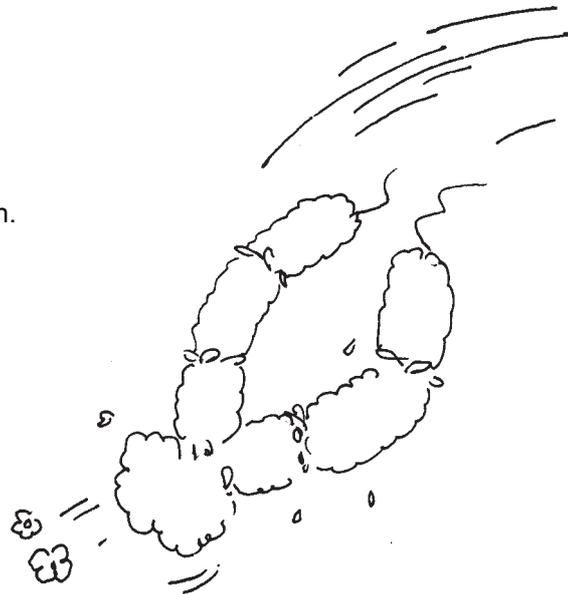
THE JOURNEY

A. Inheritance

She, his mother,
reigned supreme.
A great performer,
with a rare gene!
The only daughter
of the superstar,
a confident fighter,
intense, philosophical,
romantic & theatrical!
Seventeen years each,
they cherished a dream
Glorious performance it was
with adorable intensity!
Both cherished ideals lofty,
blending them with beauty,
with Intellectual's pastime
of dreaming equality,
universal justice
and global peace!



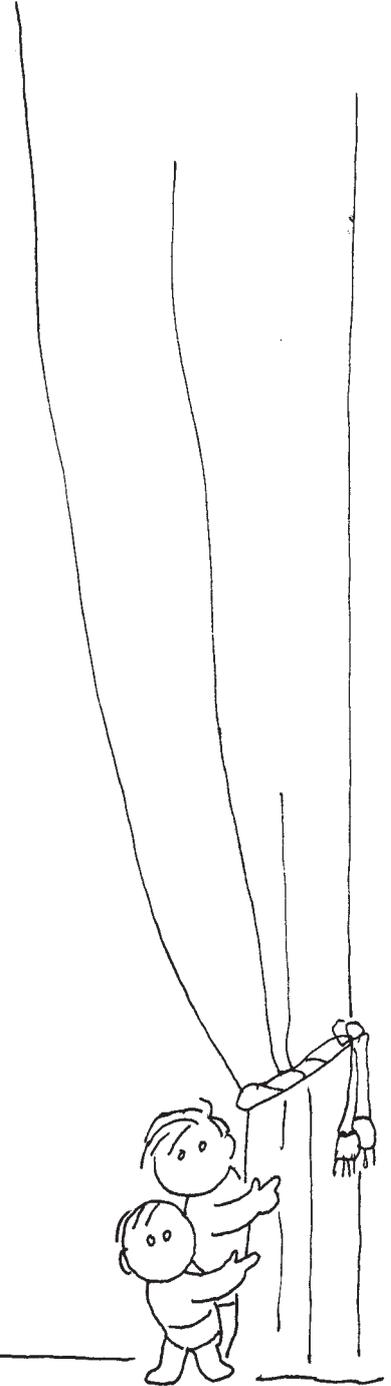
Both, the father & the fil
served the stage
lovingly,
selflessly,
firmly,
shrewdly
and carved out
for themselves,
a coveted place
on that biggest stage,
the World.
Rural audience
was her great fan
as she skilfully controlled
her spineless political clan.
Everyone endorsed,
and proudly
acclaimed;
in her troupe
she was the only man!



B. Growing Up

On the back stage,
were growing
her two little cubs.
Life they lived
in the greenroom unique
chiselled their mind
grooming them to be
two of different kind!
They watched together
the actors, small & big
in crazy costumes & wigs.
All suspicious of one another
indulging often, in nasty digs!
From their seats in the Wings
the two witnessed
the drama unfolding.
Law, justice, equality
catchy dialogues unending;
songs of peace & tranquility,
some soulful singing!

Then, back in the greenroom,
they saw the real thing.
Performers unmasked;
glamourless, sans the paint.
Some looked exhausted,
some with faces drained.
Some bootleggers, they noticed
& scheming scoundrels too,
hiding well
behind the masks respectful.
Some were known giants;
people of great intellect
mature & thoughtful
Some not so bold,
timid, acting as are told,
some jealous, envious & cold.
Some angry & biased
& some made out of Gold.
It was an education,
Both saw so much, so close
that none else could
ever imagine or disclose!



C. Living & Learning

One Sunny day
The elder stepped out
Into the world, real
lively and congenial.
Unlike the stage,
he found
it neither had
the front,
not the rear!
He looked all around
and saw everyone
uniquely engaged
in conducting life-
some more successfully
& some others less.
City bred & educated moved
in technological wonder
& sons of the soil,
steering through instinct
in their magical splendour

Some, blissfully ignorant
rested in material opulence.
Some, rich in thought,
enjoyed divine obeisance.
Some struggled with a smile,
living in poverty with defiance.
The people were busy
stitching one day to another!
He watched it all
with great delight
never had he seen
such exciting sights
of angry street fights,
men battling for rights,
it was earthy & bright.
Anger & intense passion,
Sentimental love,
Nobility & compassion
Gradually changed
His life's impression!

He was creating
around himself
a brave new world,
as he learnt soon
the passionate art of
living, loving & learning,
giving him rare insights
into the depth of human minds
so difficult to fathom!

He took off
like a bird uncaged
majestically flying around
learning to risk & share
freedom and fresh air!
Broken away from
the suffocating political scene
he overviewed
the great land beneath
draped in a
romantic bridal green!-

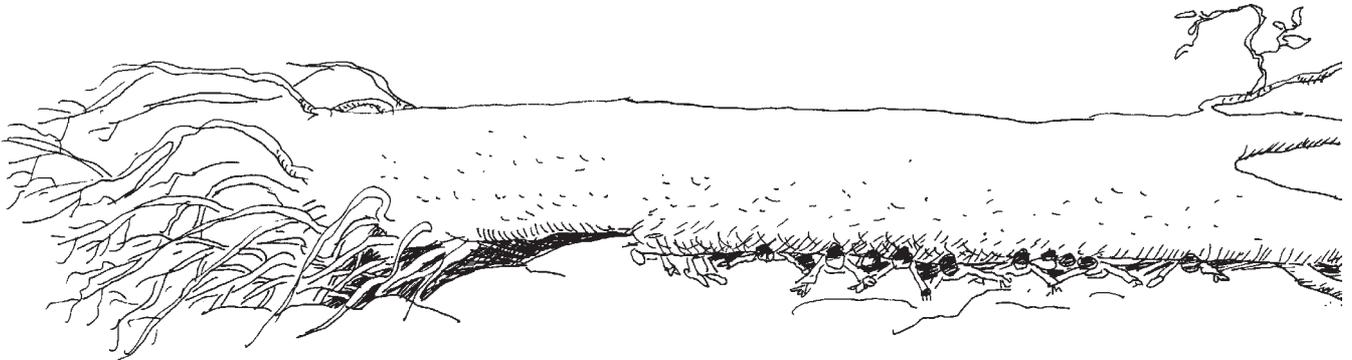
The clay
was getting moulded
in a new cast;
with no links to the past
roasted and toughened
by real life's blast!
The young man
soon turned into
a prince charming
good looking, gentle,
with mannerisms disarming!
Yet, surprisingly,
almost none noticed
the young commoner
as he shouldered thru'
the streets,
& the check
as if hiding
behind shyness, modesty
and common sense.

All those proved to be
the learning days
of hearing, seeing
& feeling
all of which later pays!
Experience & upbringing
turned him into a man,
disarming, soft-spoken,
kind & compassionate,
& yet somewhere
within him
was the solid steel
of a bright sword
in a velvety scabbard
of his gentle shell!
those were the days
my friend,
of freedom & fresh air
of dispelling the despair
of friendship & care!

D. Destiny at Work

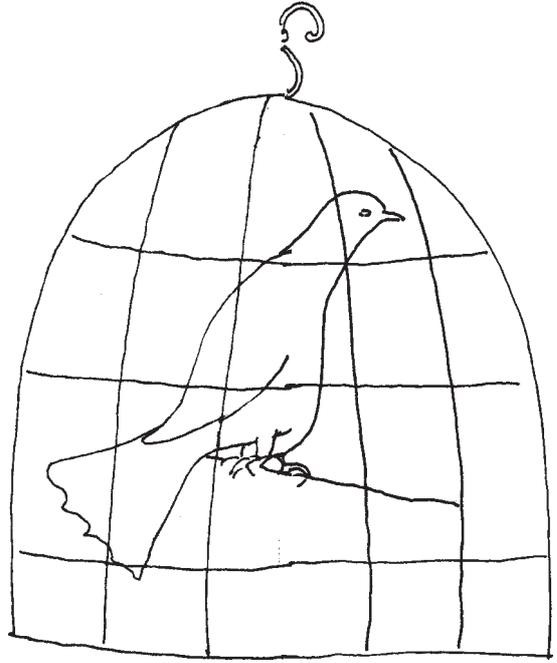
Then all too sudden
the curtain went down.
the Younger one,
who stayed behind
acting, tough,
helping his mother
over the rough,
suddenly crashed down!
Close on the heel
came another disaster
when the queen herself
fell to a design sinister!
within hours,
on that fateful day,
the 'theatre'
burst at its seam
all the vile and
the vicious vitriol
flooded the streets,
endangering the people
leading to chaos & din.

A very precious life
Was nipped in the bud!
Intense anger fomented
& gave way to a strong
sentimental flood
uncontrolled mobs,
and also
the clever crooks,
drew a lot of
innocent blood.
Elsewhere began
the stage intrigue
which lasted not long.
The ego of the despots
claiming the chair
burst without a bang
All 'Hands' unanimously went up,
like a theatre grand
lifting the Prince up
to take command!



E. The Captive

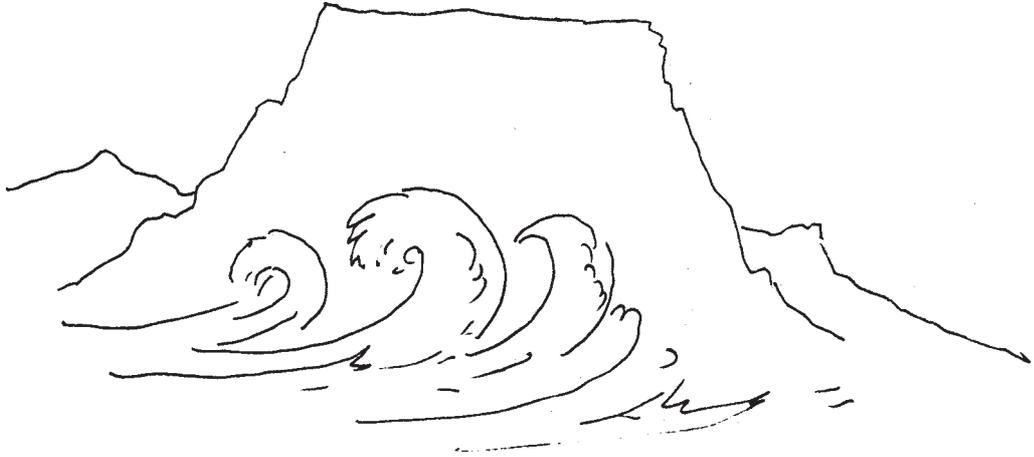
Very next day
the Prince went
into the golden prison
No more aerial sights
of east turning crimson!
Stage had turned into
a security prison
anyone dare pass by
could be tried
for treason!
The product,
roasted
& toughened
by real life's blast,
was being remoulded
in a new hot cast-
A die, specially made,
by the theatre artisans
of great disrepute,
cunning, crude & shrewd.



The young man,
once a liberated bird,
was often defiant,
Severe security meant
living in captivity,
hurting mobility &
forcing disability.
Grooming the children
without their childhood
was an absurdity!
But there he was,
with the same warmth,
the winning smile
and the witty style.
One could, yet,
occasionally glimpse
the shimmering steel
of the sword half-drawn
next moment, however,
prevailed the familiar calm!

The loving tutor
Was gone too soon!
The lantern that
lit the path was
snatched by the goons,
interrupting the
unique apprenticeship,
making one depend on
frivolous friendship.
And yet, like a rock,
Undisturbed & unswayed,
he faced the onslaught,
of disruptive tidal waves,
and shattered the hopes
of cunning men in caves!

Those early days
of freedom & fresh air
that had given an insight
in ordinary people's lives
helped him to find
and fight the brutal battles
winning them all at the end.

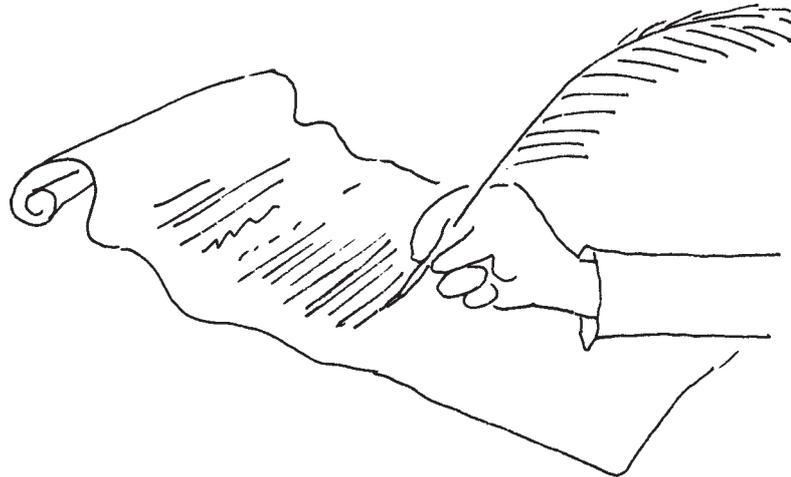


F. Compass Stuck

The guarding group,
as in the past,
is breaking the vital
feedback loop,
causing
oscillations spurious,
leading the leader
into a piping hot soup!
Loudmouths & leeches
create the breaches
flooding the ground
with reckless words
leading to deadly hitches,
hurting badly, the plans
to take the people
from rags to riches
let's forget not
a historical thought
opponents are visible
traitors are not.
And then
there are buddies
who melt away
like a summer snow
on sighting
any tempting dough,
these guys are
worse than a foe.

G. Show will go on

The show will go on.
It neither has the beginning
nor the end.
Calling it immense Journey'.
Loren Eiseley observes
"We move on,
continuous & relentless,
winding our own way,
moulding, growing
& remodifying
our defined course"
But lest we forget,
in our journey
we perform acts
we can never re-do
and we go along paths
we can never retrace.
Let's be awake
& be consciously alive,
we are today writing
tomorrow's history.



NEW DEAL

What's the deal?
six and a half crores?
whether it's spice or rice,
at a right price
we shall put a royal seal
on any good deal.

After all, we are the friends,
we can always bend
any law, if we see
crores at the other end.
'His' reputation or image
notwithstanding!
Why not?
It is our upbringing
Dwivedi does it
Trivedi is in it &
Chaturvedi does it too!

Commision is so common,
it's a normal business here.
My uncle lives on it
& his chacha too
Half of the Country's wealthy
have thrived on it
with blessings from the top.
You, dear friend,
are a strange fellow indeed,
immature and naïve.
With friends like us around,
Why did you have to claim
That there was none?
Creating unnecessary headaches
For yourself and us too!

'NO SURE CURE'

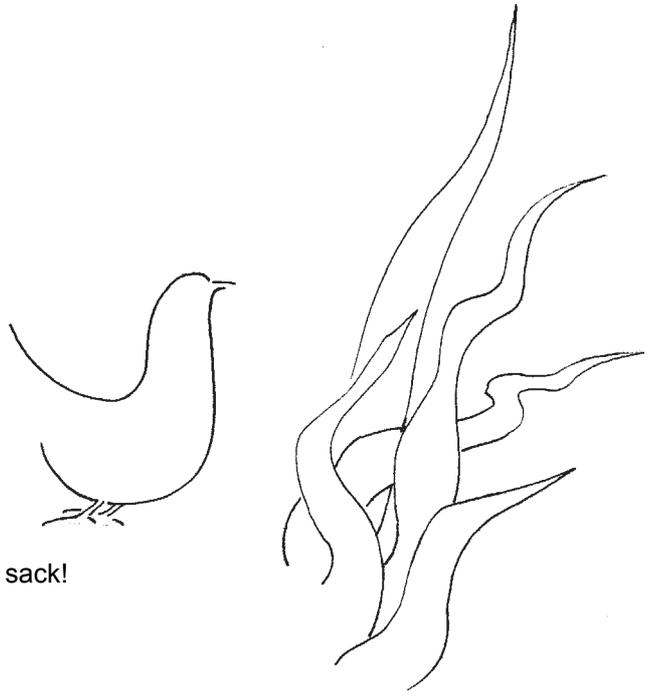
On that fateful evening,
in the twilight
His handsome face,
lit by her flaming pyre
appeared like
a clean sheet,
uncluttered & pure,
Answer at last,
people thought,
for country's cure.

The man, everyone felt,
was no pushy brat but
a thorough-bred compatriot.
deep within, one believed
democracy would
now be on the right track,
political interference
no one would ever back
no culprit would escape
without severe flak
& everyone corrupt
was bound to get the instant sack!

As they say
through the dying flames
his sad face,
a deep empathy
towards the man
was no surprise.

Sad & serene
he looked every inch
a prince charming.
Swan in the midst of
political crows,
sleepy opportunists
& uninspiring halfwits!
In that face
they saw a ray of hope
someone who might
give the nation a rare scope,
to wipe out the corruption
& snap the unholy bond
between the crime and
the politics of slime.

Sick of the politics
infested with
slowly rot,
that evening, they thought,
li him, we have got
someone to
get rid of the rot!



But he was he;
not what, in their mind,
they wanted him to be!
they forced on him,
an ideal image
hoping he could comply.
But how could he?

Expectations unearthly
always end
in disillusionment
and in misery.
Can one live in
castles built in air?
Should we, the dreamers
blame him?

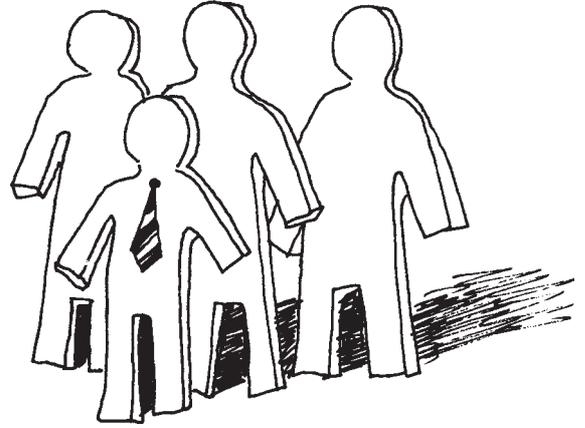
Only illusions
result from any magic;
believing in them
is unfortunate & tragic.
One thing is sure,
no one has
any sure cure!



FRIENDLY ADVISORS

My dear friend,
why are you trying
to be a Manager?
You just continue to be
a charming leader,
Manage, we will!

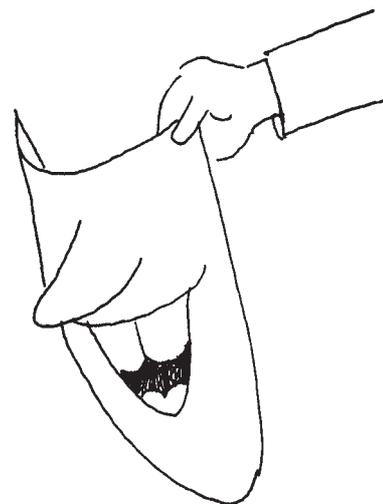
And why haven't you
changed to being a leader?
You still are gentle,
restrained and refined
Look around at others,
Potbellied, smug, unmoved
You are so unlike!
How can our rural folks
& we, the mine leaders
identify with your image



My dear friend,
please wear this mask,
Come, let's play-act.
Remember, here no one
can be a leader
unless one has sacrificed
or has an image
of suffering a great deal.
If you are so relaxed
& appear so comfortable
our entire leadership
feels very uncomfortable!

We want a leader
on the fighting front
facing the firing squad.
We shall all keep
close behind you (so that)
in case the squad fails,
we shall be there!

These terrorists risk
their lives for nothing,
with your friends
doing what they are
with such a great finesse
they needn't fire a shot.
To hurt you badly
aren't friends enough?



WAKE UP

Dark stains of corruption
are spreading around
under the white cloak
of a clean image

Be weary of courtiers, friend
they are mortgaging
the future of the land
for petty personal gains
Inflated expectations
encouraged by them
in the past years,
has fuelled the passions.

Halo effect is dimming,
what was found larger than life
is being cut to size
Sense it soon, my friend,
Let's not be oblivious
to the thunder storm
gathering on the horizon.
The virus of pessimism
is engulfing the nation
You can do it, I know
you have challenged the
current order in politics
of power brokers & bookies;
don't hesitate anymore
or be baffled,
odds are still
favourable to you

Friends are the foes
Get up and
get at them
Rootless they are,
corroded by money
Vanity & loose tongue,
We can't be
insensitive to the
concerns that matter
to the common people
Respond to them.
Observe, understand and
care for their travail

Your gentle smile
and a steely determination
can still do it.



WANTED – A GREAT LEADER

We need a leader
to lead our leaders;
political leaders
social leaders
labour leaders
business leaders,
religious leaders,
South Indian leaders
North Indian leaders,
Gulli leaders &
the bully leaders!

There is a dire need
for an illustrious leader
whom leaders won't swallow
& whom people could follow!
A dynamic, intense &
Competent leader,
Who would decentralise
Rather than centralise
Who would
Work through networks
Than promote hierarchies;
Behave stateless,
Becoming equinear
To the north & the south
To the east & the west;

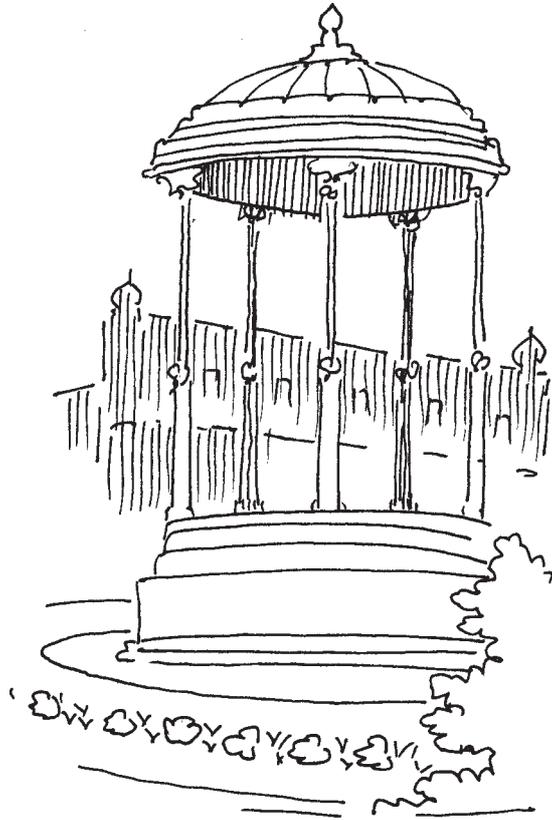
The hunt is on
for a Supremo
who would
promote self help
than dole out
institutional help
Who would
Harness hightech
making it a vehicle
for rapid development.

Strangely,
the Japanese never needed
anyone to lead-
no super leader for them
to build the nation
making its success
a sensation.
Nor do the Germans
anymore find
need for Hitler's kind;
ordinary leaders are
making miracles
uniting the nation
without commotion.

But in our Mother India,
country of brown masters
& brown slaves,
we kid ourselves,
Without a super leader
we all shiver & shudder.
like orphaned imbeciles.

If you, my Lord
can't reincarnate
there will be
neither salvation
nor a redeemer!

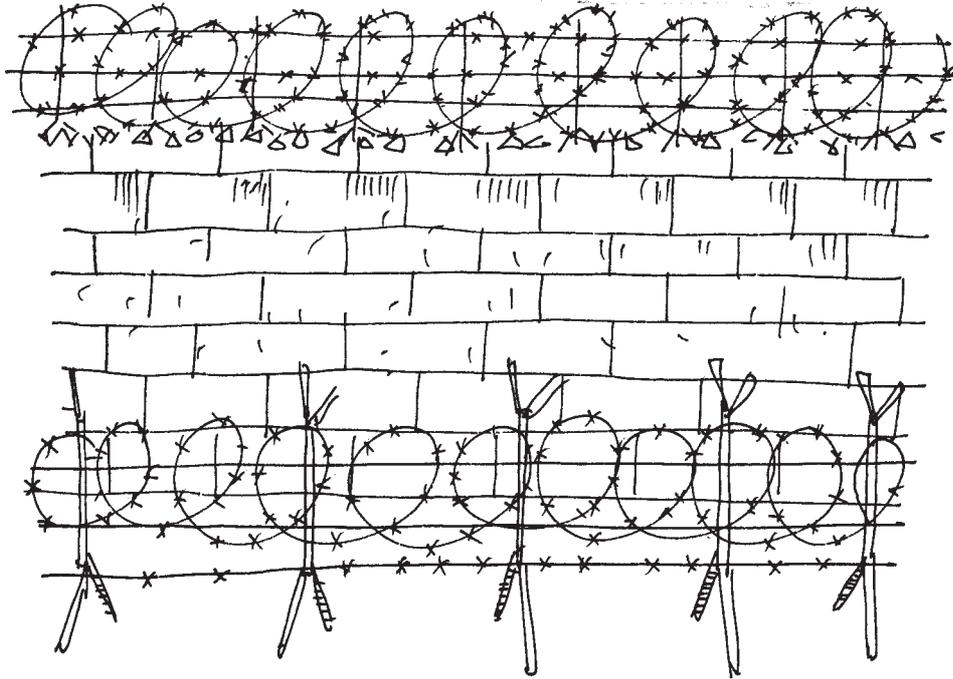
Oh! the Superstar,
Where art thou ?



ANXIOUS DAYS

How true, how very true
the new 'India' crew
will need an experienced pilot
with a better flight plan
matured skill and
determination to go on & on
we would need our man
with a crew that's new
those with words few
with better diplomacy,
empathy and wisdom.
Some with imagination
and with a correct vision.
He certainly doesn't need
wise cracking yuppies
& those with a mental skew
send them out without fear
with a foot-print on the rear
Its month of May
a merry month of May,
month of mangoes
cherries and alphonsos.
But, in 1991, for India
Its 'May' or 'Maynot'
None can say
how far is the doom's day
or whether it will bring,
as we all pray,
a joyous June Day
when all sing and dance
with abundant gay-
Let's pray, Let's pray
for a sharp opinion sway,
for our stateless pilot,
to offer a better action play.

BEYOND THE WALL



SURPRISE

Thoughtless men
fought a war
fury & fire
annihilated all
sparing not
even a blade of grass!

Poor Green Pastures,
before they knew
turned dead & brown,
like an animal
led to the altar
they became
unintended martyrs

Why this premature kill,
they wondered,
when
Winter, the killer
was months away!



FLASH BACK

You want me
To give it straight
Narrate it
Chronologically!

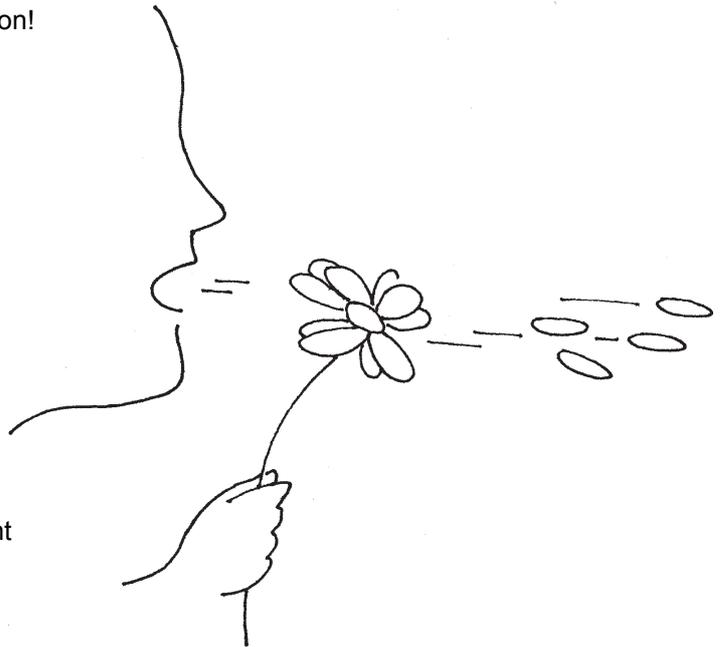
But when
The whole world around
Is upside down
'the end', on occasions
creeps in
even before the beginning!

Continuity & coordination
gives way
to cognitive confusion!

But fear not,
I can resort to
Flashback!

Disorderly order
that takes me
much farther
as a story teller!

It's a pity
bygone is bygone
and one can't
flashback,
turn the clock back
to relive the moment
that one so
cherished!



THE PACK YOU SHUFFLE

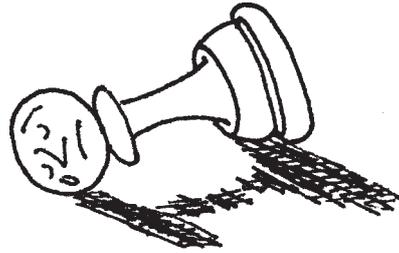
Pride & prejudice
happiness & sorrow
anger & love
do these sentiments matter
when 'You' strike?

You allow us
to believe
in our might
& feed the ego
by allowing us to win
an occasional fight!

But the real insight
we get
when You shake up
& announce
forget me not
I, the supremo!

Like all the strong
You rarely hit
but when You do,
you make us sit
And make us think.

Young or old
timid or bold
fast moving
or on hold,
we are mere pawns
it's Your hand
that turns us cold.
It's Your game
that always tames
all our aims!
Oh, Almighty!



'GOD's GIFT

Midway on my
Constitutional walk,
As I reach the hill top,
A bungalow nameplate
Announces 'God's Gift'.
I say humbly, 'Ya!'
And smile to myself.

Being alive
Is worthwhile
If one could smile,
Keep agile,
Control the bile
& walk tall
till the last mile;
without forgetting
that our being
is just an idea
and, therefore,
as dreamy
& as Fragile!

