

Perennial Dreams

poems by Pawan Chamling “Kiran”

*Revised Third Edition of translations in English of the collection of poems in Nepali,
“Antaheen Sapanaa, Mero Bipanaa”*

NIRMAN PRAKASHAN

Namchi, South Sikkim
India

By the same author:

Pramvik Kavitaru
Ma Ko Hun?
Damthang - Hijo Ra Aaj
Prativaad
Kranti Ko Pravesh
Mero Sapanako Sikkim(In 3 Volumes)

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Perennial Dreams, collection of poems by Pawan Chamling 'Kiran'

*To
Ash Rani and Ash Bahadur
my beloved parents.*

With love and deep affection

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Pawan Chamling "Kiran"

PREFACE

Sikkim, its many-splendoured beauty and its fine people have always charmed and allured me since I first visited Gangtok more than three decades ago. It attracts me even more today, thanks to the poetry of Pawan Chamling, presently the State's Chief Minister. I have gone through the English translations of his poetry with great interest and admiration. However, it is a matter of deep regret that the language barrier has prevented me from enjoying his writings in their original language – Nepali.

Sadly, the language barrier has also prevented me from acquainting myself with the writings of other great Nepal poets, including Bhanubhakta, Bhupi Sherchan and Agam Singh Giri. However, I am highly pleased that Pawan Chamling has chosen to share his thoughts with a wider audience through the English version. Equally gratifying is his decision to have got Shri P.B. Chakrabarty to render his work into English. Shri Chakrabarty has done a magnificent job, reflecting the poet's deep feelings, thoughts, sensitivity as few others could have done. How much more soul-stirring must be the original poetry?

I have had the pleasure of knowing Pawan Chamling for some time as a young dedicated politician – and of interacting with him both as a member of the 10th Lok Sabha from Darjeeling and as the Editor of *India News and Feature Alliance*. I have all along been impressed by his concern for the common man and his intense desire to recreate heaven on earth. But, I must confess, I have never ever suspected that behind that busy and successful politician is a highly sensitive poet whose heart and soul bleeds as of few others for all those tormented and oppressed by hunger, tyranny and injustice.

Poem after poem reflects Pawan Chamling's idealism and intense suffering for humanity and his resolve to battle against all that is wrong and all that requires to be righted. As his poem "Dawn" reflects the agony and resolve to identify targets and boldly direct his attack:

I am here to sing
A new paean
Here I am to voice
The agony of kindred souls
I hark a message of hope
Salvage what I can from despair.

To strike the right bargain
For the blood, sweat and tears,
The toil the world demands
Am I here
Today and now.

India's age-old Vedic ethos and philosophy that the World is one family, as enshrined in two beautiful Sanskrit words "Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam," is reflected in his short poem entitled, "My Race as Man":

You might have your own race
A genesis you decide to expound
A tribe maybe
Or alienations by caste even
But I belong solely
To the race of Man

Pawan Chamling's spirit soars high through space, reflecting the human being's quest for fulfillment:

Born warm
Thirsting with ambition
It is not thus natural
To sequester this spirit

In dungeons
Oppress or torment
This spirit born free
(*A Human Being*)

The poet does not stop at merely bemoaning the tragic lot of the poor wherein even those who spend a lifetime in gathering cinchona for making quinine and die for lack of money to buy the medicine. He goes further to exhort humanity to erupt and revolt:

The deceptions and the denials
Should no longer have a servile audience
The toil and the struggle
Must be for a purpose now
A change will be harked
A volcano set free
Changing villages, hamlets and homes
And the order the past has bequeathed.
(*Sparking Revolutions*)

Unlike most others, the poet does not rest content with exhortation. He acknowledges his own responsibility and sets himself a clear task:

It is oppressive to be one of many
Another believer played a con
It will have to be a blaze of glory
For me
A brilliant, if momentary streak
That flashes through the sky.
(*Dreamscape*)

Acutely conscious of the political, socialist and welfare jargon, as a politician, the poet spotlights rank hypocrisy, doubletalk and deception that goes with present-day statecraft:

Elaborate hoaxes all
These are tantalizing mirages
Which promise deliverance
And remain perennially beyond.
(*One Story Hounds Another*)

His anger then bursts out like the mighty Brahmaputra in simple but forceful concluding lines of his thought-provoking poem entitled, "With You Alongside, I Look Within":

In panic mode now
The survivors seek
A new survival.

The stark realist in Pawan Chamling comes out loud and clear in another poem entitled "Revolution" even as he reflects on loud advocacy of revolution by various leaders and parties and the hollowness of their slogans:

There is talk of a revolution.

Between sips from overflowing mugs
And bites from lavish luncheons
Escapes a catchy slogan
As opulent as the chair
From where it is scripted.
Revolutions nowadays
Follow a story-board
Much sound, more fury
A watered down plagiarizing
Suited for modern sensibilities.

Appropriately, Pawan Chamling has devoted a poem to the enthralling and unrivalled Khangchendzonga that has attracted millions and millions of tourists to Sikkim and to the Darjeeling Hills, which I had the honour to represent in the Lok Sabha from November 1989 to May 1996. Here too, his sensitive soul is not carried away by the sheer captivating beauty of the world's third highest peak. Instead, he has his own poetic complaint:

It is not as if you can't see
The gloom and sorrow below
You are the Guardian, the Witness
I refuse to believe that you can't see
I fail to understand
Why you won't speak
(*Khangchendzonga*)

All in all, it has been a great pleasure indeed to go through Pawan Chamling's collection of poems time and again – and to pen this preface. I wish him many more years of sensitive, soul-stirring writing – as also as a crusader for greater glory in the service of humanity within Sikkim, India and the wide world beyond.

New Delhi

Inder Jit.

Preface to the first edition

A remarkable poet has burst into the literary firmament of Sikkim. Happily active at the helm of public affairs, this poet has poured his passion into poetry. He is the poet and politician Pawan Chamling.

Chamling has to be placed in a continuum of Nepalese poetry, the exponents of which included Bhanubhakta, Bhupi Sherchan and Agam Singh Giri. Bhanubhakta is generally and traditionally regarded as the first Nepali poet. In a few of his poems, he is seen not as a defeatist, but as a person with an incredible warmth of heart. Bhupi Sherchan's poems trace and discover the root causes for the gradual decay of our society. The themes of his poems take us into the world beneath our sub-conscious mind. He was a genius who focused on the false existence of human beings in society. This insight is the gift of the poet to us.

The poet Agam Singh Giri saw a tragedy in life. Decades of a political and economic exploitation have worked into the organic system of our society and life. But even in such a state people never lose the essence of their culture and natural gifts.

In Pawan Chamling, however, the cause of the tragedy serve to inflame his soul. He is bold, forthright and direct in his attack:

Whenever confronted
By subjugation and denial,
Insensate suffocation of the world in sin
Nightmares that torment humanity,
Searing through our common strands
I am moved to lift up the earth
And smash it against the sky
(*Airy Dreams*)

Life has fallen off the margins
Lost between the furrows, lying unborn on barren tracts.

But life has to be sought out
Revived and rediscovered
Resurrected so that we can live again
(*Life's Harvest*)

Airy Dreams and idle musings are far from the poet's vision. His approach to life is pragmatic:

And then I realize
Even the sky is but a concave void
An airy nothing
That plays tricks on our eyes.
(*Airy Dreams*)

God is to be sought in human hopes and aspirations, trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows – all these are the changing phases of life, the sum total of the whole experience. If God is to be realized, it has to be done via services to humanity.

But I belong solely
To the race of Man
I draw my lineage from the Gods
My domain is in His land
And my voice echoes His word.
(*My Race As Man*)

The poet's faith in the infinitely divine qualities of human beings is the source and fount of his poetic inspiration.

At the height of his poetic mood, Chamling finds reinforcement in natural elements around him. His call to the sacred mountain Khangchendzonga is in a high note of excellence:

You have inspired generations
Play that magic again
Unite the people on your slopes
Remind them that they belong.
Share some of your radiance
Deliver us some strength
Motivate us with a vision
Let us dazzle too
In your celebrated brilliance.
(*Khangchendzonga*)

In conclusion, I would like to note that Mr. P.B. Chakrabarty, endowed with a poetic mind and well known to readers, has admirably succeeded in translating the poems to English. The words and phrases he has selected to use bear tones of modulation, and they often rise to a high pitch to reflect the varied expressions of the original.

B.S. Rai

Gangtok
2.1.1992

Perennial Dreams

Dawn

I am here to sing
A new paean
Here I am to voice
The agony of kindred souls
I hark a message of hope
Salvage what I can from despair.

To strike the right bargain
For the blood, sweat and tears,
The toil the world demands
Am I here
Today and now.

To battle everything that is wrong
To secure everything deserved
Is why I am here
Today and now.

It is easy for me to smile
And even to toil through the tears
Knowing I sing a new tune
And that is why I am here
Today and now.

My Race as Man

You might have your own race
A genesis you decide to expound
A tribe maybe
Or alienations by caste even
But I belong solely
To the race of Man
I draw my lineage from the Gods
My domain is in His land
And my voice echoes His word.

Akashbeli

Entwined in parasitic embrace
The creeper is a vicarious feeder
Growing leafier, turning golden
It has established a pact
And festoons the tree to mark
This one-sided give and take.

It remains in airy rootlessness
Bearing neither fruit nor fragrance
Coiling around the trunk stronger
Filling up with rich sap and growing lively
It grows on, climbs higher.

And now the tragedy
We compare poorly with even this parasite
Living of this earth
We come across even flimsier
Espousing neither identity, nor ambition
The creeper at least climbs.

We cannot even coexist
Neither with the earth, nor others
Nor even our souls
Hollow shells we are
Without roots to dig
Nor horizons to achieve.

Fantasy & Irony

Revolutionaries who marched against tyranny
Have taken on the mantles themselves
They wear the mask now
Ah, what a pity.

Pioneers of their time
They have become barricades now
Blocking thought, strangling aspirations
Ah, the pity of it all.

Queue

My entire life
Has been neatly arranged
In segregated ranks and files
To mark my time, etch my space
Record my presence
Organize my thoughts
Another lifetime passes by
As I stand in queue.

Humanity Weeps

In anguish
Even the Gods weep
Tears following humanity's slide
As intolerance grows contagious
And conquers more lands and minds
Look about
Behind and ahead
And the grief becomes obvious
A swelling torrent of heart-rending wails.

In Battle

Obvious sometimes, and sometimes not so
Intentionally sometimes, and sometimes by instinct
I battle on.
A warfront defined
With my birth
Marked me a soldier
For causes ignored
A flaming vigil I keep
Against a demon primeval
Enemies in disguise engage me
Garbed as justice and powers that be
Their reign I thwart
Their flanks I attack
Their advance I contain.

Airy Dreams

Whenever confronted
By subjugation and denial,
Insensate suffocation of the world in sin
Nightmares that torment humanity,
Searing through our common strands
I am moved to lift up the earth
And smash it against the sky
At least the splatter will then
Be on something immaculate, spotless and serene

And then I realize
Even the sky is but a concave void
An airy nothing
That plays tricks on our eyes.

In God's Land

Every dawn
The sun rises
Marks its trajectory through the day
And sets with the evening
Diffusing its golden glow
Across images and shrines.

But the day remained dark
And the night was deathly cold
Millions hungered through the day

Remained suppressed
Empty, and unclad.

The sky stares blank
Prayers sent up
Dissipate with the haze
Another agonizing day approaches
Another step closer to the final one.

Tears fail to wash
This tragedy that cuts deep
For all this transpires
In God's land, on his watch.

Desire

My prayers for departed comrades
And salutes for the brethren
Who continue to toil
And survive on this earth.

My desire pushes me on
To march ahead and grasp
A grip of the horizon
For the brave souls still unborn
Delivering them to a less restricted future
Fuels my heart on

I desire for simple things
More freedom
More sky
Purer water
Better people
Larger hearts.

Exposing Myths

There used to be a lake
Behind the hills yonder
And then one day
All of a sudden, out of the blue
It burst out and overflowed
Streaming down
And merged with the ocean.
The lake yonder disappeared.

It was a beautiful lake
Its waters were serene
And life used to be at peace
Now,
That lake and those times
Have passed on to the records of myths.

But even before it sought release
The lake was in turmoil
Its fish were waging war
The smaller ones preyed upon
As the larger schools waged wars
And then the lake burst
Purging everything along.

The mythical lake
Is now
An inconsequential drop
That feed the ocean
And the eyes of the people glaze over
With recollections still alive
And the fear of the unknown.

Life's Harvest

Is life a vibrant dream,
A technicolour celebration?
Does life include
In equal measures
Compassion, love and even greed,
Envy, conflict and revolt?
Is life a sluggish on and off stream
Of gain sometimes and sometimes loss?
Is life more than about survival?

All definitions of life have been lost
All records of life scorched beyond recognition
Identities shriveled, histories dissolved
Life has fallen off the margins
Lost between the furrows, lying unborn on barren tracts.

But life has to be sought out
Revived and rediscovered
Resurrected so that we can live again
Its cold pallor warmed
By the fire of a new revolution.

A Human Being

Human life is defined
By activity
Marked by constant change
Of pursuits, of values
Movement
That permeates
Every vein, every flicker
Every fibre
An eternal quest to attain.

Born warm
Thirsting with ambition
It is not thus natural
To sequester this spirit
In dungeons
Oppress or torment
This spirit born free
A companion to the skies
A rider of the winds
A life that seeks purpose
And eventual release.

In conversation with people in disquiet

Wither that land
Of peace
And assured harmony?

Those who seek this promise
March on and search
Strive hard and suffer bitter.

A rebellion for peace
Is an irony that
No longer amuses
Because the revolution continues
Even today.

Peace remains denied
Disquiet permeates the domain
Alienated from each other
And the values they share
A people remain divided in conflict.

But the energies are wasted
Because harmony cannot be beaten out
The revolution has to surge within
Because individuals encompass the world
With the self conquered
There will be no more wars to wage
Peace would have been achieved
And not a drop of blood shed.

The Mission

I am Tendong's summit
I am Maenam
I make the banks
The Rongyou and Rangit waves lap.

I reside in the bustees
Am one with the sweat and blood
That stamp the horizons bleak.

I suffer every indignity
That the people labour under
Their woes are now mine
To suffer and to end
We are together now
In the writing of a new
History.

My debt to my ancestors
I shall repay
Clear my dues with the past
Exorcise the ghosts
And craft
A new home, a new address
For all who deserve a life
Unshackled of servitude and Mai-Baaps.

Reality

On my tunic I wear
Many medals and awards
Each celebrating my heroic servility
My inability to react.

Taking manacles for duty
I have valiantly claimed lives and shed blood
On vain desert sands afar.

My heroism however fails me
When called to the rescue
Of kin in distress.

I have toasted on my own blood
Shriveled my own heart for a trophy
A devilish laugh pierces through
Every time I prick my life.
My own existence lies undefended
No valour in its aid
This soul is now condemned
To the pyre of my own universe
Alight.

A Short Poem

Time stands witness
To the eternal agony
Of denied souls.
The clock ticks on
Under the gaze of tearful eyes.

Many desires and aspirations
Share dilapidation with these huts
Of working people
Labouring towards nothingness.

Omnipotence

My ears cannot perceive the wails
These eyes don't sight the sorrow
No words of solace either
Nothing thaws this heart.

What I have instead
Is a colossal appetite
To consume and to engulf
An insatiable craving
For power.

Vice and virtue
Right and evil
Mere mirages
That mean nothing
For the omnipotence
That I am
The formless
The ethereal
Everlasting.

The Sun's Radiance

We are all scorched
Burning, hapless souls
Curling inside like charred paper
On the final roll
And then ash.

Fire no longer purifies
No longer does it even destroy
Not unless we rise together
Take the plunge and fuel this fire
With a passion that will energise
A revolution to deliver
A fire that will purge
A fiery sun that gives life.

Two Short Verses

1

People
Unable to purchase warmth
To see them through the winters
Snuggle together in a frozen embrace
Breathe their last, unwept and unsung.
The pall bearers measure the steps
To the crematorium and back
Ah, the pity of a wasted life.

2

They have spent a lifetime
Gathering cinchona for quinine
Only to realize in their final moments
That even they cannot afford
The cost of their own labour.
The medicine is beyond their reach.
Is that a frozen laugh I catch
Or just the grimace of a final shudder.

Survival of the Fittest

Millions run on empty stomachs
Competing in the marathon for survival
A select few meanwhile
Are the favoured gluttons
Catching their rest everytime
A famished runner collapses by the wayside.

A Saga of Sorrow

A tempest rages strong
Tormenting, evil and dark
Forcing every home into a cower
Of fear.

The earth itself is sinking
In the morass this storm has unleashed
A collective shiver marks the tearing asunder
Of everything, everyone held dear.

O rebellious youth
At least you should remain true
To the nature of your age, the power of your years
Gather ranks and construct defenses
Pry loose the tempest's grip.

Humanity Must Erupt

For ages they have toiled
Prostrating themselves for development
Submitting instead to denial.

But the tyranny has grown more voracious
No longer slated by mute surrender
It now eyes even the possessions
That survive only in humble homes.

The battle has now spilled over
Mercenaries unleashed to snuff out
Whatever remains of compassion
In hearts or in hearths.

The fuse has been planted
To trigger the largest implosion
The orders are clear
Tear asunder anything that is human.

And so I say comrades
The spinning of the wheel of life
Is now futile
It is time now to rock the boat
And explode.

Sparking Revolutions

Every tear
Feeds the seed
Of a revolt still nascent
But growing in strength
Every fibre of suffering
Strengthens
The muscles that will power
The surge that will spark the seed
To throw shoots and break the ground
And rise.
Along highways
In tea gardens
And cinchona plantations
On terraced fields
And cowsheds
A yearning for freedom
Pulsates
Beats a common call.
The deceptions and the denials
Should no longer have a servile audience
The toil and the struggle
Must be for a purpose now
A change will be harked
A volcano set free
Changing villages, hamlets and homes
And the order the past has bequeathed.

The Lull Before

A brave new world
Is on a slow march
Can you feel it?

Dynamism and rebellion
Are finally getting a say
In the way things should be.

Look:
The hills, hillocks and temples
Although still and voiceless
Witness a change in the making.

Tista's banks are barren
Temples empty
Hills in a static wait
For spring to bloom forth.

These places of worship
Have yearned for long
For a worship with flowers
Some colour, life
The wait has been tiring
Almost driven them senile.

Spring has to burst forth now
Things have to be shaken to life
We have to show some courage
And establish what is right.

Musings

The river banks are arid wastes
Even the stream runs thirsty
We are used to dark nights
But confounded by the pall during daytime.

Under the steam-roller
Everyone craves release, death even
But the hands that grasp at straws
Catch only thorns of deceit.

It is futile to debate virtues and vice
It fails to move anyone
Even the deities now shroud
Hypocrisy behind a spiritual veil.

Vision dissipates into nothingness
Like a farmer's quota of salt
Dissolving in the sacks
During a July downpour.

But take strength my dear
You must learn to smile
I promise a brave embrace
Upon your final death.

Claustrophobia

I am quiet now
Hushed into silence.

No strength in numbers for me
I understand what the thirsty sailors felt.

These numb fingers must stretch out now
Push away the eclipse
Huddle the people together
Thaw this sordid cold.

A new sun
For a new spring
A new hope
To illuminate life anew.

I must not sleep
I must breathe
Claw my out and
Pull others along
Prove
There are aspects
Beyond deceit and guile.

Dreamscape

Recollections of a dream
Keep me smiling through the day
A dream that inspires me
Fuels a keen desire
To share this dream and achieve
The new world it visualises.

It is oppressive to be one of many
Another believer played a con
It will have to be a blaze of glory
For me
A brilliant, if momentary streak
That flashes through the sky.
At least a hope will have gleamed
And if I succeed
A whole new world achieved.

Within

Within me is my shriveled self
Timid and fearful
It resides within and finds new folds
To hide deeper and retreat.

A part of me, it is not unaware
Of the world around and the sufferings
But even as it witnesses its own assassination
It remains unable to speak.

It will neither laugh nor cry
Neither live nor die.

Will it manifest itself
Seek out its self
When the clouds finally part
A new light descends?
Will it appreciate the new dawn?

I think it will
Because the very thought
Triggers a flutter within.

Mind

My mind does not subsist
On this mortal earth
It refuses to partake
The luxuries of
Sophisticated excesses.
It finds refuge instead
In the throb of my heart
Sustained by feelings
Moved by plight
The only pure reside
I could offer
And my mind accept.

One Story Hounds Another

In the Quixotic scribblings,
Blueprints that decide
National plans and policies
I can't even in footnotes find
Provisions for the common people.
Socialism, revolution, development
And social justice
Celebrated slogans and idioms
Cannot accommodate the common voice
In manufactured hand-outs and schemes.

Elaborate hoaxes all
These are tantalizing mirages
Which promise deliverance
And remain perennially beyond.
And life continues
In dingy squalor and naked subservience
In a dilapidated hut
I too survive.

Pushed to a corner
In the shadow of exploitation
I live in constant winter
Blink through an endless night.

Sequestered by decadent ramparts
It's only in poems I can share
The tragic tales that I witness
Of luckless toilers in a hypnotic sway
Charmed by the tunes played out
Satirizing their belief, mocking their grind.

How could this be a true story?
How can such a land exist?

But it does.
Making people deliver
Their own death warrants
Forcing them to join chorus
In their own requiem.

There was change once
But even that groundswell failed
New intentions were voiced
But the intent remained unchanged.

The casualties are piling up now
The stench is becoming unbearable
Wasted lives, broken backs
And collapsed spines
Feed seeds of sin
Nurture poison trees.

The hands must forge a new order
Craft themselves real weapons of change
Stare the sun down and march ahead
Surpass all that has been planned for them.

With You Alongside, I Look Within

Here on the banks of the Brahmaputra
I watch a people drift away
Could they not swim
Nor handle the oars?
My people are drowning
Overpowered by the undertow
Downstream, vultures lie in wait
To pick the bodies clean.
The bones they will spare
For the giant embankment being built
On the river Brahmaputra.

Did a deity curse them?
Innocent lives condemned
For sins from the past
Compensation handed out
In cash
In pittance.

Limp bodies cannot even demand
Their share of the harvest
Nor is even the hut theirs
The only salt they know
Is their own sweat.

This is a dark chapter
A dank sliver of history
A shocking realization
Holy immersions
Prayers at Kamakhya
Served no end
Washed no sins.

So the floods continue
Washing them in
And then flushing them away
Through the mouthfuls of air
Escape urgent prayers
But even the divine deny.

In panic mode now
The survivors seek
A new survival.

Line of Vision

Another weak sun dawns
From a dismal sky's womb
A joyless day begins
Another struggle with despair.

In the frightful void
Empty lives stretch
And reach for the tools
The bier that will carry
The sun to the set.

The funeral sees two lines
On one the bearers slip and fall
On another the masters prepare
Awaiting their turn to plunder
On the margins are the begging bowls
Seeking any alms that will sustain
Another day in ignominy
On more hope to survive.

Survival happens perchance
Living demands much more
It demands of people to rise
Awake and demand a new dawn
Tear the sun out
From the depths into which
It has withdrawn.

Revolution

There is talk of a revolution.

Between sips from overflowing mugs
And bites from lavish luncheons
Escapes a catchy slogan
As opulent as the chair
From where it is scripted.
Revolutions nowadays
Follow a story-board
Much sound, more fury
A watered down plagiarizing
Suited for modern sensibilities.

One template suits all
The text is very simple
All it requires
Is convincing oration
The substance can be confusing.
All that's required
Are soundbytes and visual caps
Who wants a real revolution
When a fake movement
Will suffice.

So long as they believe
That they are part of a revolution
The pent up steam will find
A harmless, inconsequential
Release.

Where are you, O Revolution?
Wither your powerful banner?
Where sounds your trumpet?
Wither your soldiers?

Revolution has been kept busy
Tilling the land, watering the fields
Trapped in uniforms
Concealed in official pens
Burdened with largesse
Unprepared
Even if given a new lease.

Turbid Waters

Aspirations have been fossilized
Trapped and confined
Museum pieces they have become
Finding place only in archives
Of no real purpose anymore
Like this turbid drain
That used to flow free as a river
Once.

I watch its sluggish progress
And see it reflect
The decay that has set in
On what could have been
A dynamic age.

Instead of seeking escape
I watch people embrace
Torpidity and sloth
Refusing to even learn
To swim and stay afloat
They allow themselves
To sink.

The turbid river flows on
Consuming more lands, more lives.

To God

O hero of epochs
Maker of histories
Builder of nations
O divinity in human form

History still records
How you set nations free
How you sacrificed
To ensure a life for them and me
Everything sustains still
On the foundations you established

But look around now
Your labour has been mocked
Your creations cleaved
What you set free has been dammed
Expanses of your creation segregated
Your thoughts abandoned, your vision compromised
The dust you settled with your sweat
Rises and blinds again
And even you no longer realize
The denial that has replaced
The accommodation you had planned.

O God, my beloved god
Raise yourself anew
Fight again
For your freedom and mine.

Battle and War

Battlefields have been marked
In every direction, along every boundary
Between people
Between philosophies.

And because it is a battlefield
It will throw up a victor
The vanquished will be trampled
And then there will be another war
What else can one expect
When a difference is all
That is required
To justify a new field for battle.

The lands wrecked, and homes divided
This battle now wages even in minds
In hearts and on still newer fronts.

Khangchendzonga

It is not as if you can't see
The gloom and sorrow below
You are the Guardian, the Witness
I refuse to believe that you can't see
I fail to understand
Why you won't speak.

You have inspired generations
Play that magic again
Unite the people on your slopes
Remind them that they belong.

Share some of your radiance
Deliver us some strength
Motivate us with a vision
Let us dazzle too
In your celebrated brilliance.

A New Year

This New Year rides in on a victory
This New Year has come with love
This New Year is all encompassing
It harks a message pure