

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Anand Pisharody*

### **The White Top Weed**

Sixty six years ago, by Mahatma's hand  
Was planted into our sanctified land,  
Fertilized by the smell of sacrifice  
And two centuries of human cries,  
With fervent jubilation - The Democratic Seed,  
With which crept in unnoticed, a pruritic weed.

As the seed sprouted, and begin to grow  
Guarded by planters against all external foes,  
An parasitic enemy kept feeding on our crop,  
Now, popularly recognized as 'White top'.

First, the crop produced excellent yields.  
A golden blush was enjoyed on our fields.  
But, as sand descended, so did its growth,  
Soon, its green lively leaves began to rot.

We searched for moths, external tyrants,  
Authority too blamed the outsiders,  
Keeping us in murk with relevance to this fact  
Hindrance was a flower with its itchy bracts!

Colour that once, of wretched days, freed  
us, slowly transformed into 'Congress Weed'.  
Khaadi, once an attire of peace, so nice,  
Clad noxious scroungers, we absolutely despise!

They sated their greed, ignoring our needs,  
Drinking our blood, on our rights they peed,  
An illness so widespread, synonymous to 'Parth's'  
immortality; but we'll exhibit fire in our hearts  
That'll scorch all the weeds blighting our land,  
It'd happen as we start fighting them hand in hand.

**Searching For My Mother**

'Bharat Maa, O Bharat Maa!'  
I cry, O Mother, dear  
In starve, tears of blood-red wars,  
Your response I can't hear.

Have your lovely breasts dried up?  
For a billion go hungry before  
your eyes, and you only ignore!  
Ignoble ones put good show  
thanks to bosom of whores!

Or has old age weakened your eye-sight?  
Oafs roared up as Rich's 'Laadla',  
And poor who've been misled  
oppressed, tortured by fire of 'Badla',  
Your daughters' lives they tread!

What happened to your brave four arms?  
Your foes and political pimps;  
Have they severed your limbs?  
You stand defenceless like a lark.  
Your chicks search for their ark.

Or have you turned a corpse?  
If so, O Lord, please let us know!  
Let her children bury her body,  
For necrophiliac bribers suck on  
her, let her per savore Eden's glory!

Or are you only a myth, Mother?  
Invention of a great Bengali play,  
Statue, like in temples, brass or clay!  
Fatuous hope it gives like a mirage,  
even swaying us from true 'route to grass'!

If so, it's time, we fight for ourselves.

**Why I Wish To Die**

Toward last flip of my paperback,  
I shall dart with my demilune lips  
To read last book of this Worldly rack  
Absorbing ounces of knowledge there is  
In the Universal library life is.

Quarter of a chiliad moons I've seen,  
Another quarter I'd live to witness,  
By then, my lust for life would wane,  
Parents' motifs shall also be hushed,  
Pink, let 'em honeymoon in bliss!

Never shall I whine o'er life's betrayal,  
I always knew him to be a foe,  
Wary of his blissful portrayal,  
With my trustiest friend shall I go,  
Deserting life, unlike crying goofies!

Aye! Life's offerings are gifts,  
He swindles us of them in the end,  
To offer us to Death as a gift,  
For fresh flesh that he invents,  
Abandoning us to His wish!

So, I'll cycle a morn to end of my path,  
From there would begin anew.  
Friends! Ne'er cry over the aftermath,  
For 'tis my greatest dream to view  
Afterlife. Though you all, I shall miss!

Answer I shall get for that oldest query  
Whether Adn and Nether exist,  
And if God rules o'er those territories.  
Do make sense the human quests  
To shun second, win grace of His?

Also shall I know if Jesus Christ was  
Truly Lord's beloved son or  
Pages of that bulky book spoke farce  
which I read in spite being a bore?  
Could've read thousands of Keats!  
(In the same while)

Exact date of Resurrection I'll know,  
Also what, by Jihad, Lord truly meant!  
(I didn't understand the book completely!)  
If killing humanity will, in Terrorist blows,  
Save them on Day of Resurrection,  
If so or no, preposterous 'tis!

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Or if our creator is a four faced old man?  
Brain with a blue body, on boa lying,  
Looks after joys and sorrows of living clan?  
While with a snake necklace (petrifying)  
Nomad with a tuft, is Deity of Finis?

All answers nearing me each day,  
I pray (to whom?) for my demise,  
With such great knowledge, I may  
Become so supernaturally wise,  
Etch one into immortal poems' list!

**There, Beneath My Feet**

Imploring my mercy  
She lays on the concrete,  
As weak as moths  
Often crushed under my feet!  
Her hair like silk to my palm  
Scalded by cocoons,  
I'll avenge childhood scars  
On this last night jejune.  
Tears dilute rouge  
Brushed upon her cheek,  
Her cries go unheard,  
Justice is what I seek.  
Like a woman during delivery  
She'll cry while I grin.  
Yes! Call me a devil  
For schadenfreude I revel in.

"Why?" asks her eyes,  
I do have a story to tell  
of piled up indignation  
Which today I shall quell!  
Beginning from the beginning,  
I was left forlorn  
By my beautiful mother  
as soon as I was born.  
I was abandoned by my Papa too,  
six was my age,  
To a man who paid him  
some gold for my bondage!  
Ladies! Each bead adorning  
your refulgent silk sari  
tells a tale of numerous  
unfortunates like me!

Silk factory epitomised  
picture of the Nether  
As described to me  
in tales by my Grandmother!  
They chained me, slapped me;  
Oh, I still fear his Hunter!  
Hands like my innocence  
were broiled by gurgling water.  
I worked 17x7 for a few coins  
and one time meal,  
Employer's cosh I suffered,  
whirring silk hushed my squeals.  
Like the room I was in,  
etheric nigritude filled my fate,  
No system, no NGOs ever  
dared to help, coruscate!

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Once in her perambulation  
on a working midnight, my Boss's Mrs  
Nabbed me asleep in tenebrousness,  
Fearful contemplation, thanatopsis!  
Her beloved potbellied son,  
that fucking sadistic hoon,  
Beat me up with his cricket bat,  
My incarnadine sap daubed the moon!  
Thinking I was dead, they threw  
me into the garbage mound.  
I stood up to see my rived flesh  
being fought over by stray hounds.  
I ran, and ran, and ran,  
What pumped into me such energy?  
I misread it to be fear,  
It was just emancipation's gaiety!

I worked in a tea stall for a while,  
Also in a cycle repair shop!  
But amaranthine lucklessness  
Off my palm couldn't be mopped!  
Once for a murder in my locality,  
By roguish sleuths, I was nailed,  
Tortured my frame, peed on me,  
But a juvenile, I couldn't be jailed!  
Thus, I found a way to retaliate,  
make society pay for my agonies.  
I chose this gorgeous lady of the rich  
To experience my deepest worries!  
Now, I'll lacerate her raiment,  
Kiss her succulent, saccharine lips,  
First, I'll immerse my lusty bones,  
then steel into the hole in her hips!

I'll pull out her intestines,  
I'll bite on her mammary gland,  
I'll fill her torn up vagina,  
with stones, and heated sand!  
She'll cry until she faints  
The way I often did as a child.  
The vengeance will be over by then,  
So, I'll sip my tea and sigh!  
The police will nab me a week later,  
I am happy to be arrested and tried.  
As no law in my lawless country  
can penalize a criminal Juvenile!  
A paper so rare in my nation  
My birth certificate will prove my age,  
Themis will (again) close her eyes unable  
to see me leave with a smiling face!

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I'll mock your complete system,  
As it'll stand like a waterless fountain.  
Defeating you all, winning my identity,  
Like a child, I'll dance in the rain!  
As I'm moving closer to her,  
I can see her eyes well up in terror,  
"Why me?" they ask me this time,  
Surprisingly, I've got no answer!  
I look at her blameless face,  
And am stunned to see my inanity!  
"Leave!" I shout at her, "Leave  
Before I lose my humanity, my sanity!"  
She darts past me, still quivering.  
I sip my tea and relax on the concrete,  
Relishing my power in saving a life which  
could've been crushed under my feet!

### LEGEND:

Khadi: spun and hand woven clothes in India  
Parth: an Indian mythological character (one of the 'Pandavas'), who is considered to be an immortal part of our Indian Literature.  
Bharat Maa: Mother India  
Laadla: Beloved Son  
Badla: Revenge  
per favore: Please