**AFRIKANDER**

After working for five years in Africa Took leave and landed in India. Without a single penny in my pocket I got down in Goa from the steamer All my wealth I had squandered filling the pockets of the Mumbai club bartender.

I always showed off with my Kashmiri suit And with a tin of cigars From my pocket only the cover of my cheque book popped out That was enough to lure the would be father-in-law for a drink.

Whatever may be, I received many proposals My exuberant Kashmiri suit attracted them all Some believed that I have piles of African currency Whatever may be I was promised I would get ten to fifteen thousand as dowry.

Nobody inquired about my job, thank God

Any increase in my salary I would have not got. I will not return to Africa if I get a good dowry As a bad remark has made my job risky.

I am enjoying my life at the cost of prospective brides I will live in Goa till miseries leave my side. If I am getting everything on platter, it’s not fault of mine If girls fall for me, it’s not my sin, everything is fine.

**Melquiades Rodrigues**

“Afrikander” => A Goan returned from Africa