MIGRANCY DURING THE PANDEMIC

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“I have seen hundreds of men come by on the road an’ on the ranches, with their bindles on their back an’ that same damn thing in their heads . . . every damn one of ’em’s got a little piece of land in his head. An’ never a God damn one of ’em ever gets it. Just like heaven. Ever’body wants a little piece of land’. I read plenty of books out here. Nobody never gets to heaven, and nobody gets no land.” ~ John Steinbeck

The coronavirus has been like a devastating peril over one of the most developing nations of the world. The economic losses have not been weighed as much since The Great Depression of 1929. The monetary funds of each family have crippled down to peanuts in contrast to what they were before this disaster. In the midst of all this, we often do seem to forget something.

Their pain and loss outnumber every single one of us privileged individuals. The redundant policies of the government have worsened the situation with all the devastation which has already been caused due to COVID-19.   The toilers are facing the worst of it all. As mentioned earlier - the governmental policies are thoroughly ineffective and redundant and they seem to be of no help at all.

While we lie down comfortably on that beautifully padded mattress - worrying about our decreasing bank balances, the workers, utterly helpless, have set out on the street and the vision is - to reach home, somehow.  The baby on their arms, too young to understand the entire ordeal is crying. What has she done to face this?

They can just hope.

As they hope for that blink of light at the end of the tunnel, the most loquacious prime minister to ever exist sits in his office with that eerie silence, which remains overshadowed by fancy policies which intend to ably indicate the zeal of the hegemony to increase their fan following (elections are nothing short of a quintessential reality show).