

The Coming of Freedom

It was night when freedom came at last, and
we have remained in
the dark.

For a quarter century have we groped
at the wheels to reach
this brink.

The leaders' loss of nerve—and faith—had made them
fall for flawed instant
power.

When occasions had favoured, petulance
rejected the proffered
hand.

And this, albeit they had been roundly warned
by a Tiresias—
Seer.

But they were harrassed men in a hurry
to get past the last
hurdle.

Did the maiming of the Mother matter?
There were compulsive
reasons!

Was the threat of a holocaust nothing?
They didn't want to be
bothered.

To out the knot of the "Two Nations" myth,
Frankenstein was sprung
to life.

There were vague fears of subterranean
rumblings they refused
to heed.

A long well-adjusted communal web
felt the scissors'
brutal touch.

But the slit, o'erflowing the line, wounded
the human fabric
entire.

'twas thus the midnight "tryst with Destiny"
unleashed such terror and
tears:

Desecrated hearths and homesteads seized and
security come to
nought;

Masses of uprooted humanity
cast across, like rubbish
heaps;

Numberless mutilated, massacred,
to feed fanatic
frenzy;

Tens of thousands driven to ruins, pavements,
temples, mosques, and drainage
pipes;

Splintered families, broken homes and hearts,
and friendship foully
mangled;

The blessed feminine — insulted and
injured, and crushed under
jeeps;

Virgins and wives waylaid, and brutalised
into benumbed
survival;

The cry of widows, orphans, the wail of
the criminally
betrayed.

The mark of politicised man's misdeeds
was more bestial than
beasts'.

The screams of innocence were heard in vain,
and blood flowed to stain
the earth.

Insensate Fury with Asuric hands
revelled in that
Inferno.

The Mother of Sorrows surveyed the scene
with renewed fear and
trembling.

R. R.

We're in the Dog-House

(In a new Delhi land scandal, it is revealed land
has been bought and registered by dogs—News)

Doggone it! What a disgrace
For our inept human race
In the business of land-buying
The canine's entered and is trying
To outbid man—and we confess
The dogs have met with some success!

Will these doggies sell their land?
Or on it build some mansions grand?
Nof to live in, but to rent
To some human dame or gent?

(Who'll have to behave especially if
Their landlord is a huge Mastiff!)

If this trend continues then
What will happen to us men?
We'll have Alsations or Danes (Great)
Buying and selling Real Estate!
Then not a dog's chance will there be
For the likes of you or me!

Tail-piece

Nasty question: We'd like to know
How did these doggies make their 'dough'?

LEONARA

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