Dear Sachas,

This Day too will Pass...

Dizziness, nausea, breathlessness...

In the morning's
glossy sheets of the day,
the colourful maps of my country
blur my vision.

Rich businesses celebrate
for super profits
with discount offers
ranging up to ninety percent.

The GDP is set to take the plunge
this quarter to all time high,
oficial estimates foretell.
The markets hear in
one loud and fierce voice
on the holy day.

Outside the high walls
of my state's abode,
the destitute children
in uniforms of half-nakedness
asking for alms
parade round the islands
of busy traffic with flags of patriotism
made in China
in their wretched and delicate hands,
it's reported.
Dizziness, nausea, breathlessness...

The prison doctor has a question:
"Are you taking the capsules every morning?"
Thundering shards of pain throw up
dusty storms in my shaky eyes:
He completes the check-up:
"Your B.P. is under control,
nothing to worry:

The prosecutor tells the Honble Court:
"His vitals are stable at present?"
The defence counsel raises his voice,
"Which of his vital organs are stable
and for how long since each one?"

Dizziness, nausea, breathlessness...

The economists of the regime
point out "Markets are charged
with animal spirits;
even as half the people
squirm in distress.

Amazon, Flipkart
Sorry, Walmart,
Hindustan Liver,
I mean, Uniliver UK,
Thomas Cook,
Facebook,
Alibaba, Oppo,
Google, Apple,
OnePlus, PayTM,
Sony, Samsung,
Microsoft, BigBasket,
BigBazaar, TCS, Jaguar,
Honda, Tata, Bata
Reliance Defence, etc.
announce special offers
in flying colours of three
on the column occasion.

The nation thrives
in colourful commercials.

The demagogue declares
in flowery oration,
"This nation is not made;
it was born in times immemorial—
the oldest nation on the Earth,
the largest democracy in the world...",
the radio blurted.

Inside my God's abode,
sacred pakodas come
from His blessed kitchen at 9:30 am,
oily and brown,
but fundamentally entreprenuerial
in look and make
like the ones made
by nation's unemployed self-employed
outside the rail or bus stations
or on pavements, perfectly
made in India.

Cellpage
Dizziness, nausea, breathlessness...

Doctors' advice against oily foods
comes to my mind.

My pancreas ails
like eighteen other vitals.

But you shan't refuse
independence day pakoras
lest you be counted for sedition.

like your caste,
you can never deny your nationalism.

outside the main gates
guards salute honouring
a large flag preceded
and followed by Bollywood songs
of patriotism flourishing
from loudspeakers.

Dizziness, nausea, breathlessness...

It's a holiday for free people.
But inside, it's early lock-up
like on every public holiday
or feverish festival.

Special dinner is served at 1:30 pm,
oil-rich aaloo gosht
with eighteen hours
of lock-up to follow.

I retreat to the glossy sheets...
of celebration in the day's newspapers
lying down quietly
in my diseased cell
infested with hopes of tomorrow.
This day too will pass...

Dizziness, nausea, breathlessness...

15 August 2018.