

A SONG

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God didn't stratify caste

Monu is the fatal ,

Brought the dark night.

Brahmin, Khatriya, Baishya and Sudra.

It is Monu

Who makes all women as "Sudrani"

We follow the saying.

Man is kicked off by man only.

They say equality is not for Sudra.

Brahmin is at the zenith of our society and

Sudra is at the nadir.

The country suffers and bleeds.

There is no difference in blood

Of a Brahmin and a Sudra.

All tests will prove wrong.

Come, break this caste difference,

Light the lamp of knowledge.

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Your recurring image of tiger runs
in my red nerves,
my youth blooms into a full Rhododendron;
pink and white:
the theme song of my rhythm.

When I touch a silent stone
in the vice-regal palace at Shimla
You sing in me.

My Sad wings twitter
as my body surrenders
in the snow peaks of Rotang.

And I would rather have time to write lines on you ,
though my sad heart die of grieving

your absence.

My mind sits back....

Looks into heaven for manna.