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Tapping the Multilingual Resources in India

# BHĀṢĀ SANGAM

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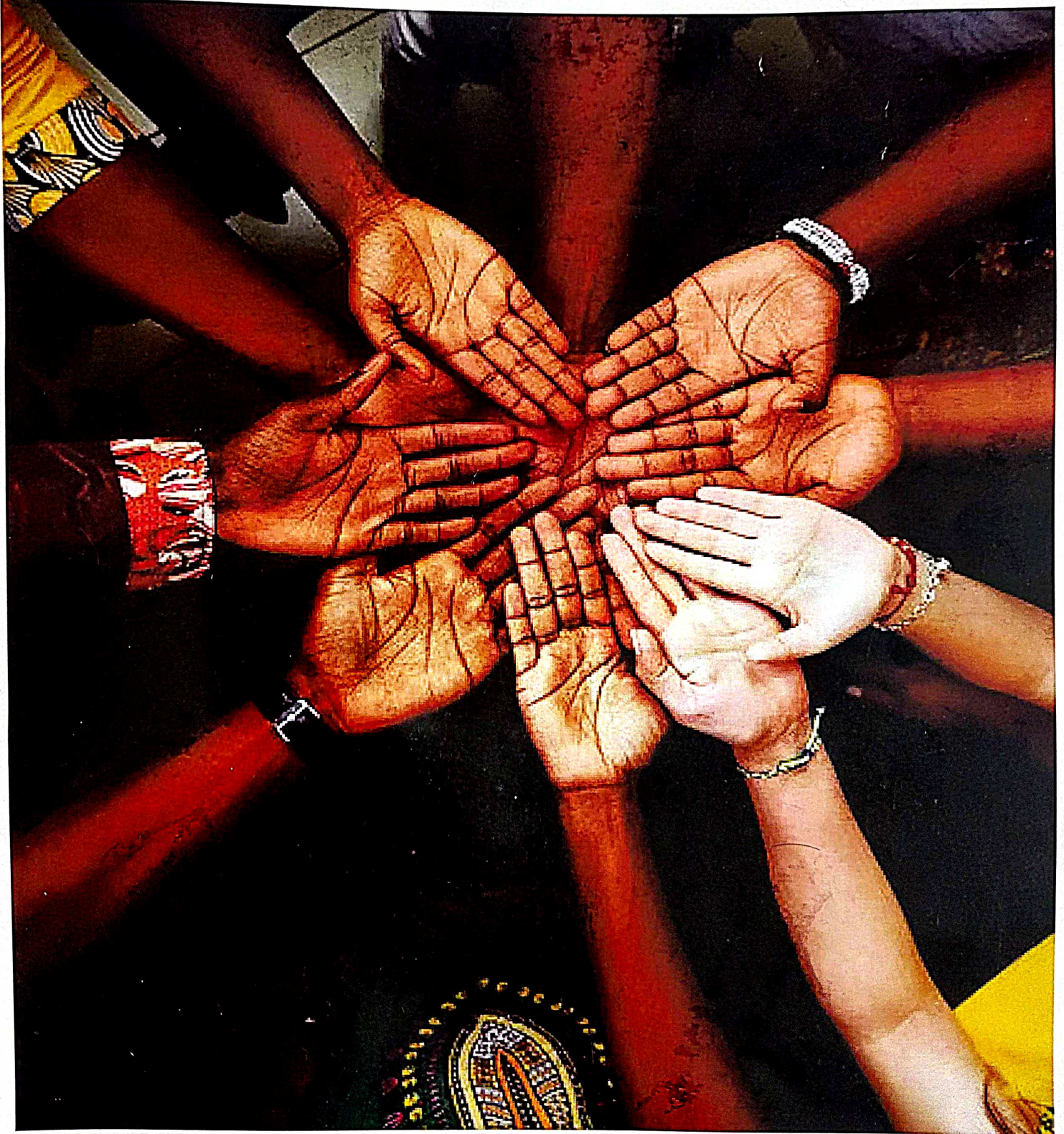
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## An Implore in Earnest

Sutapa Basu

"Save me", cries the Mother  
"My Child Bleeds", pleads the Mother  
Helpless, she cries, she bleeds herself,  
She folds her palms –  
"Bleeds my turban, bleeds my kufi,  
Bleeds my thread, bleeds my cross,  
Bleeds my bangles, bleeds my veil,  
Bleeds my youth at the Hills,  
Bleeding for thee  
Bleeding for me".

She stretches out her white veil  
Painted with blood,  
Pleading for some breath,  
Pleading for the life of her child;  
And the debate goes on.  
No one cares to look at her,  
All are about to gorge on the throne.  
Stealthily trampled the leaders over her breast;  
Ignorant as they are,  
Moved the hurried boots towards the helm,  
Procastinating all her appeals –  
"Wait my son, wait a while,  
Listen to the wails,  
In the plains, in the valleys,  
Wails my daughter,  
Wails my innocent child".

She stops for a moment  
But pants again,  
Asks for a nostrum,  
Yet finds all her pleads in vain.  
Some youth with candles  
Were treading by,  
She thought, some justice awaiting her lot;  
A smile came about her swollen lips,  
But she never knew –  
Some words, some howls, some contests,

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And the justice was lashed out.

Then the Mother stood up,  
Silently cursed her crowned children.  
No one heard her silent say –  
"You my treacherous child  
Never dare to call yourself patriot...."  
She pulled out her veil of love,  
She drowned her adoration,  
She took her spear,  
She took her sword,  
Heralded a war against her crowned children....  
Gave the verdict  
"Bleed yourself, kill yourself,  
Never ask your Mother  
To come and shield you".

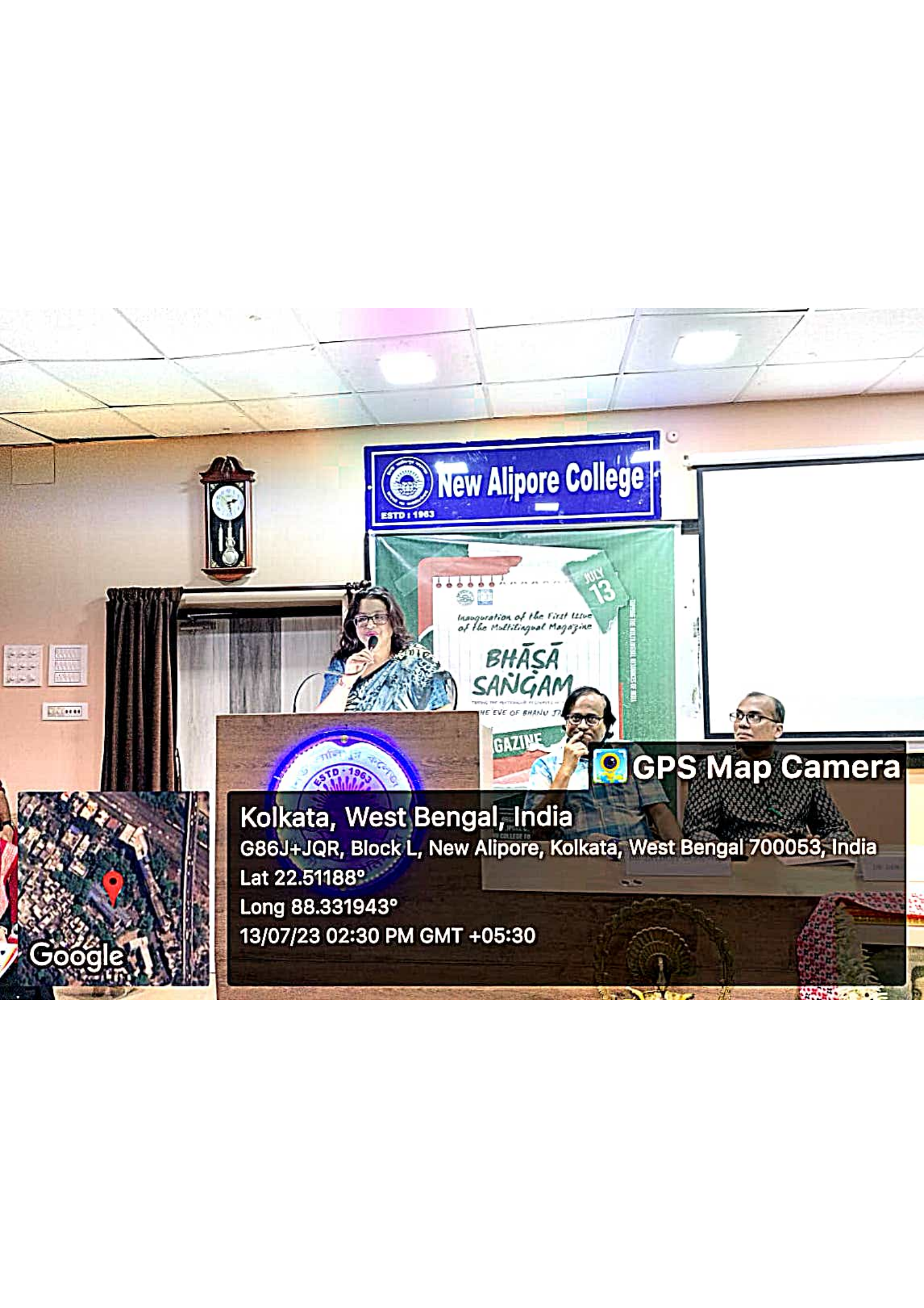
Now rolled the eyes up and down  
Of the wolves filled with envy.

Filled with greed,  
Peering up and down the office  
To find some hidden door  
Out of this chaos.  
They could find no way....  
War followed war, among the friends,  
Filial blood kept on flowing,  
Yet no one kneeled before Her  
And asked for pardon....  
The Curse proved true.

Fatigued, the Mother stood up  
Holding the hands of her injured sons,  
Pleaded, she, once more,  
"I am girdled with emerald,  
I am crowned gold,  
I am the Mother of all,  
Why do you war with colours?  
I am the Mother of my unadorned sons  
I am the Mother of my crowned sons,  
Let my simple sons live and do their jobs  
And not just décor them with garlands....  
Crowned sons, you too live within the decored walls  
For your unadorned brothers are up at the Hills".

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