

Musings on My Shoes

K. V. Dominic

Dear my black leather shoes,

I should prostrate over you

for carrying seventy kilos

for more than two years.

You are relieved only

a few hours at nights.

Yet how little did I

deem your service.

You lifted me from

dust, mud and all such filth.

Seldom did I heed to your

terrible tearful travail:

the way man slaughtered you

to extract your hide.

Off my feet I threw you

out of my vicinity,

displeased with the stench

excreted from my feet.

How can one be crueller than this?

How ungrateful I have been!

Same is the plight of proletariat
They are shoes worn by the rich
Service being complete
they are spat out like curry leaves.
Women too are often treated like shoes
Mothers and wives when old and weak
Become burden to sons and husbands.

Siachen Tragedy

K. V. Dominic

Siachen glacier,
milky white grey hair of Himalaya.
Seventy kilometers long
and height ranging from
four thousand to six thousand metres.
Twinkling by sun, moon and stars
Rarest beauty on earth for the heavens
Winter, winter, winter, forever and ever
Snowfall is thirty five feet;
temperature minus fifty Celsius.
Not a blade of grass grows;
yet world's highest battlefield.
Thousands of soldiers of India and Pakistan

fight with Nature to secure their frontiers.

Billions are spent for their outposts

Siachen glacier feeding several rivers,

irrationally axed and dug,

inviting vagaries of harmless Nature.

Avalanche lodged on seventh April

buried hundred and twenty four soldiers

and eleven civilians under eighty feet snow.

Isn't it high time the governments

stopped challenging benevolent Nature?