

TO THE STUBBORN SPOT!

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O stubborn black spot smeared on forefinger,
Lone witness of the franchise one did cast!
Apart from a blot that on my nail does linger,
I doubt you as a dirty blemish on our nation vast!

O unanticipated fortune of every unknown life!
By you rose wicked pope of confessional chamber,
The dacoit of every helpless wallowed in strife
With a Machiavellian smile on the lip like ember,
The guzzler of the destitute's each wretched pus,
The swollen-bellied one with "legitimate pillage"
With a folded fist of sheer junk and fuss
Clad in veil that does shroud an ugly visage!

In politics' amniotic womb you did some cocoon.
You let 'em born, grown to be wayward and lout,
Letting 'em mine exploitation's mounts in noon,
And nothing but ballooned reveries to breathe out!

O rung of every abrupt and wanton altitude,
The latchkey of every treasury to get looted!
Each promise becomes blotted out that wooed
As sluggish as thy tinge fades, gets obliterated.

O mark that made my pinkish nail hideous,
Don't you think why I did not you efface?
Nothing let you be ensconced, oh the odious
Other than that you are legal right of each face,
And that you may make the nation nicely sail.
But I'd have erased you, let you be dethroned
If you were misplaced anywhere but on the nail.
But I really find my apprehensions NOT misplaced!