

TO THE SHUNNED ONE

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As dawn rises to spread your light, blessings, over one and all, we your children
descend in cages into long tunnels of darkness. Our day is night, lit with the
flashlight from comrades, like stars enkindling comradeship, little drops of grace
in hell of death knells.

Darkness never goes, but stays along the staleness of the night before; borne in
breath, wear and smelly air of coal corridors.

Nostalgia for us is old, with diggers of gold we are the miners fueling the lust for
fuel, for the greedy ones who grow by tricks and profits propagating philosophies,
terminating ecology callus of the diminishing biosphere.

Dark patches on our lung black-lung, and bloody saliva spits from our tongue, our
children learn in dust filled misery, inherited destiny. Born of mate, in shanties of
hate. from women we beat each night, before we fornicate.

Strip the fantasy and you will see, the miner in boot turned to brute swallowed in
the tradition of subjugation and subaltern deprivation. *This vine is no
Clementine*¹.

Three generations ago our living lands they stole, to create holes for growth of
some and tinker sums. When all is gone they talk of change meaning Climate
Change, through promises, programmes, codes called ‘partners for change’.

From deep pits, crevices in our mind we see you our dear One, shun by powers
who wrapped in luxury and fantasy of marketing technology wrap you too away
from reality. *Might that can hide sunlight must be right.*

They call us native in same lingo they talk of you as the alternative. Your wind
your heat, your light your waves are still theirs as possibilities not necessities, for
greed not a need of practice for social justice. What’s civil ‘ant evil if it’s
profitable. That’s the possibility they mean when today they talk of Corporate
Social Responsibility.

You voiceless One, like me whose thought and voice is ignored, you Great One,
you Only One, you our giver of all we have and are, hear us at this hour join me
and me and me us little stars, miners afar for possibility of sanity and
biodiversity.

¹ From the old miners song ‘O my darling Clemintine’