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# THE EXPRESSION

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*Editor-in-Chief : Dr. Bijender Singh*

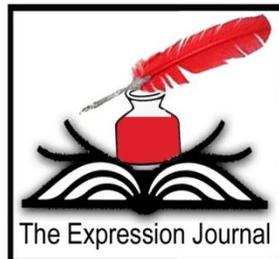
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# The Expression: An International Multidisciplinary e-Journal

(A Peer Reviewed and Indexed Journal with Impact Factor 1.854)

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## **THE UNTOUCHABLE NOSTALGIA**

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### **Poem**

When Dalit past childhood gyrates in heart  
The pen in my hand turns to be a sword  
To annihilate the atrocities I faced.  
Shake hand with aristocrats  
Wakes up the blood scars on my palms.  
When people throw flowers at me  
Reminds stones hurled by Manu's offspring.  
When festschrift is read  
Every epithet (arrow) hurts my heart.  
When copious flowers fall on my head  
I feel a heavy hailstorm.  
When I sit on palatial office chair  
I recollect my place abandoned in school.  
As fragrance replete with my office room  
I smell the unwashed stink of body as a child.  
When people stand before me for alms  
I recall my mother's stretched arms for the wage.  
As the employees salute me  
I recall my father's folded hands at the landlords.  
As I sit on the dais

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I think of the astride sit on the back of buffalo.  
When the fruit juice is served  
I think of the untouchable glass in the village.  
I look at the mineral water served  
I recall the knelt down knees  
And my starving tongue,  
Palms up above the head, for water.  
When I see the waste food in the dustbin  
I recall how I begged the thresholds for food.  
When I look at the temple in my office room  
Moves in my mind how I debarred  
From the Hindu temples.  
I wear costly shoes  
That reminds the clay-sticky shoes to my bare feet.  
When I go by car  
I recalled the shoulder of my father.  
Why were those atrocities?  
Where are they today?  
Education is the messiah today.  
Educate! Agitate! Organize!

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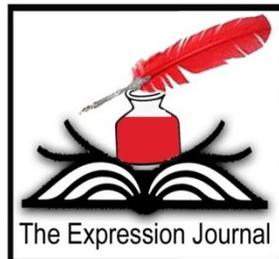
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## **THE NOSTALGIA OF SOULS UNDER THE TOMB**

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Nellore, Andhra Pradesh, India**

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### **Poem**

I, like a dead soul, though living, feel  
Birth and Death akin to a Day and Night  
Born as divine twins  
Untouched by none, and felt by none  
As the divine spirit unseen.

I, like Tiresias, voice the voice of the souls.  
For souls the tomb is the Purgatory,  
The Hell, or the Heaven for souls.  
Every soul is nostalgic  
Beneath the tomb  
Stubborn hankers to tell,  
'I have been tarving alone,  
For years together. Dig me up'.

I move to the tomb of a Brahmin  
And put my palm on the tomb  
It curses, 'Ye! Untouchable! Don't touch.  
Oh! Lord Brahma!

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I feel the untouchable hand on my tomb.  
Where did I come from?  
From the head of Brahma!!  
The untouchable ghoulish dog, keep away!  
You have the power to dig my tomb,  
And bar my birth again as Manu's offspring!

I move to the wife of the Brahmin  
I caress the womb under the tomb  
It wails, 'I was untouchable, like you,  
As a peripheral being, and as a neglected sex  
From the thousands of years.  
I feel your merciful touch  
Which I never had by my clan  
Prone to male domination.  
Consider the women equal to men'.  
I show empathy to the deceased soul.  
How painful her life is!

I staggered to the tomb of a warrior (Ksyathriya)  
And stand before it with a great reverence  
It says, 'Who are you?  
I say, 'Human being'.  
It asks, 'I do mean your caste'.  
I say, 'Untouchable'.  
It curses, 'Hey, dog, don't touch my tomb.  
If you touch, my laurels will go in vain.  
You are not a part of the human race'.  
I go ahead with awkward reverence  
With pain filled heart.

I dolefully move to the tomb of a Vysya  
And caress it with lots of love  
It chants, 'I was born from the naval of Brahma.  
Are you my sibling?'  
I say, 'No'.  
It says, 'Don't touch me. I want to reborn as Vysya.  
If you touch, I'll get the rebirth as stray dog or pig'.

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I move to the tomb of a Shudra,  
An aristocrat, a politician.  
I try to touch. It says, 'Stop!  
I am a politician. I can smell your stink.  
Don't touch my head, but sit at my feet.  
You don't deserve to sit at my head.  
I am eager to born as politician again.  
I do grab more money  
By using the flaws of democracy.  
Don't touch!  
I'll forego the birth as politician'.

I go ahead with tear-filled eyes  
Find a skull with teeth agape  
Jeering at my low birth  
Humiliation surrounded me like Wi-Fi  
With sonorous ghostly yells.  
Awkward! Awful!

On the way back  
I touch an ostracised tomb.  
The blades of the tomb  
Drenched in the ocean of tears.  
I ask the soul, Why the tears?  
It says, 'Those are the tears of joy  
I am happy under the tomb.  
Touch me, and hug me.  
Because, I don't want rebirth.  
I am an untouchable.  
I don't want to expose to the inhuman world again.  
Under the tomb is heaven for me.  
Don't go away, touch me,  
And leave me rest. . . Leave me my rest!'

I, like Tiresias, voice the voice of the souls  
Go to a tomb of a prostitute  
And caress the head to hear its confession  
It says, 'Oh! My fellow being! None has come

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To listen to my confession,  
But to add the number to this graveyard.  
What is the use of souls,  
Who have come on Satan's back?  
Anyway, I travel to heaven  
By confessing my sins  
As I experienced many men  
I tell you, my fellow being,  
Don't believe in the uncertain Second Birth,  
As Hindu religion professes  
But contemplate how you die,  
And what did you give to the society,  
Regardless of caste, creed, and money?  
O Jesus! When is Your Second Coming?  
When do you listen to our pains?  
When does your trumpet blow?  
Come now, dig the tomb, and wake me up.  
Dig me up with the blades of equality.  
I'll show my heart singed in the Purgatory.  
This time you will find me sleeping alone,  
Dig me up with the spade-blade of mercy'.

Lay not fuss  
On birth, and death  
As Horsemen (Jesus) pass by!