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Hathras Satsang

A woman went in reverence,
Touched the dust at Baba's fee,
A tide of followers surged,
A stampede unleashed,
Hundreds trampled in the chaos,
Dreams and lives shattered.
Children left motherless,
Mothers bereft of sons and daughters,
Sisters mourning brothers,
The sorrow endlessly echoes.
Yet Baba, the cause of this calamity,
Slips through the fingers of justice unscathed,
His strength measured not by guilt, but by votes,
A grim testament of our skewed values,
Where power eclipses human life, a tragic imbalance.
Time the great eraser, might blur the tragedy,
But for the families of the dead, the wounds fester,
An agony too deep to fade, a pain etched in their souls,
Visit the grounds of Hathras and hear the whispers of the lost.
Cries of the restless, pleading for justice denied.
Will our leaders value humanity over votes?
Or will the strength of Baba's continue to overshadow,
The cries for retribution, the demand for peace,
In a world where justice is too often a distant dream?
A nation ponders, where morals reside,
In the hearts of the faithful or in the tide of votes,
That decides a leader's fate,

Leaving the wronged to contemplate.

Boredom

Life drags, full and gray---
Nothing stirs the heart
Sleeping, waking, eating, drinking
Endless TV, and a phone's empty glow
Time slips through lifeless fingers.
Once walking in the park
Thrilled me
Debates with fellow seniors
A spark of excitement.
But now, bad health,
Weakness knees
Have stolen that joy.
How can I return
To those vibrant days?
Until then, I endure
A life painted in boredom.
But wait, a robin sings a hopeful tune,
A single bloom unfurls beneath the moon,
Perhaps in quietude, a different beauty lies,
A wellspring yet unseen, in patient, waiting eyes.