

## A VISITOR IN JHARKHAND [2014]

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### **ABSTRACT & KEYWORDS**

*On way to 'Netrahat', from Latehar,  
in Jharkhand....  
Nature is calm,  
The sun is full  
Up and down its craggy boulder terrain  
Upon the road, the rays gleam,  
And then is gone,  
The "Baked and baking Orb" swinging, beat down, the ochre blanched terrain;  
then retreat  
Like soldiers in a petty war...  
The Sal-wood giants, in virgin forests  
Half-drunk with ...serenity, on unsteady foot, move in love with the breeze.  
The resilience of the diurnal round  
Bring thoughts of progress...displacement of natives...creeping disturbances of 'sound and fury'*

### **INTRODUCTION**

#### **Replacement by Concrete Jungles...the Eternal Cycle**

Dulling my spirit with sadness within,  
My Sufi leanings, my voices within, impress  
This world is an illusion.  
Not forever the leaves remain green  
Nor forever rains the monsoon  
Thoughtful must be our actions,

Yet,  
It's written all clear, in unspoken words  
The Natives, Its inhabitants are survivors....  
They have survived by the land and its bounties.....  
Their cottages, thatched, patched with pines  
Picturesquely set, like watercolor drawings  
The plantations indeed seem divine  
The red moraine that carpets, the terrain  
Broken by boulders raw stones of various hues and size  
In shades of the brown refrain  
Ore plateaus, with bauxite jutting out  
In breaks  
As one winds up the road,  
From Latehar to Netrahat  
With armed guards  
In fright of what?  
They say 'Naxalites'  
Infest...  
But to my naked eye  
There is orderly "existence" all around  
Without a single law imposing cop  
People, primitive, plain, pensive puny, punkey and party  
Seen to move about their parchment with their pasting pride  
Yet they say, "fear the Naxals"  
Don't you see through the media and news nerds?  
That, paint them in colors, not pleasing at all  
'Naxals', have 'We' made, of them?  
Deprived them of their lands... livelihood,  
Natives – people fighting for their habitats today

Freedom fighter of tomorrow?

We move on to 'Sunset point',

Through, the bowl-shaped valley...

And,.... then their burst before our eyes;

A forest....a most breath-taking surprise...spread out in miles on a stretch

Virgin White Pear – Blossoms clothing the trees, an endless floating expanse of white, so alive.....so arresting...

Gone is the fear

As the salubrious, fragrance smacks our face...

' COME', I beckon my son, the District Magistrate...

Let's celebrate, the pear-blossom season..

Don't draw plans, don't get threatened, these natives cannot be law and order problems;

Bring confidence in the Natives; your machinery is there for their support

## **CONCLUSIONS**

### **What uses the Beurocracy; Pride in Government files?**

Wise officers fall: a foul their wisdom

Do the good that can be done, YOUNG MAN, you are incomparable,

The world we leave behind;

Only DEEDS, Good or Evil determine, our next placement;

Drive us down to the grave end.

A few days, we may live and seem to prosper.

Who knows, when we will be turned in to the Dust, we came from

'Amidst All Arrogance', the greatest mendacity.....

REMEMBER.....I'm NOTHING.



