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MOTHER

a poetic tribute to my mom

Mother

A Poetic Tribute to My Mom

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Dedication

To

Our Loving Mother & Dadi

09/09/2023 – 13:44 pm

my mother

Maxim Gorky's Mother

06/06/2023 - 12:43 pm

Life & death

AC environs of Sagar Ratna - a South Indian restaurant

newly opened

inaugural 15% discount

not a soul inside

except for the waiters & other employees

at the counter

the tune of a sad old Hindi song

wafting through the restaurant

my mother in a nearby hospital

critically ill

her last spoken words this morning

things have gotten complicated

a question rankling my mind

ever since she was admitted to the hospital

can a Marxist have a class approach

to his dying mother

06/06/2023 - 14:04 pm

critically ill in CCU
my mom scratches
the side of her temple
covered with grey hair

06/06/2023 -17:50 pm

critically ill mom -

while having tea in a South Indian restaurant

near the hospital

a waiter does the moonwalk

06/06/2023 – 18:16 pm

पंचकूला का एक महंगा निजी अस्पताल

इस अस्पताल में पैसे वाले लोगों का तांता लगा रहता है

और जहाँ दो चार पेड़ पौधे लगे हुए हैं

वहां परिंदो का भी

तांता लगा रहता है

मगर गरीब लोग

इस अस्पताल के सामने

फटकते भी नहीं

09/06/2023 - 12:12 pm

cool June evening
critically ill mom in the CCU -
the bright lights of a liquor store
remind me of the proverbial paradise

09/07/2023 - 20:51pm

critically ill mom
she tells my elder brother
that she has lived a long life
& yet...

10/07/2023 - 15:32 pm

in a semi-conscious state
in the private ward
my mom murmurs the names
of her long dead friends
but her mind skipped
to utter the name of Uma-
a 10-yr-old domestic worker from Tamil Nadu
who brought succour to her for years
Uma cooked food
cleaned the house
massaged her legs

there were scores of such Umas
in her life
whom she did not remember

10/07/2023 - 15:51 pm

in the ICU
visiting my sick mother -
there is a deep silence between us
I remember the day she told me
“do not turn your daughter
into a class- conscious Marxist”

10/07/2023 - 22:01 pm

to whom shall I now complain about the world?

to whom shall I now take my personal grudges?

with whom now would I discuss the world affairs?

with whom now would I discuss the Punjab issues?

11/07/2023 - 10:13am

with my mom's death
now the old Hindi songs
would be even more sad
they would hold million times
more pain & grief
but those very songs
would now give me the strength
to struggle for a better world
& love the working class even more

11/07/2023 - 15:32 pm

fifteen minutes before

I am to be ejected

out of the CCU

my mom summoning all her strength

speaks in a loud voice

"beta, hold my hand tightly and don't go away"

11/07/2023 - 17:29 pm

through sheer grit & hard work

she made sure I did not get a glimpse of hell

but at the same time

alas! I could also never get a glimpse of paradise

12/07/2023 - 16:28 pm

ailing mom
the whatsApp DP
of all grandchildren
with their grandmother

13/07/2023 - 21:09 pm

well- off estranged brothers
beside their dying mom
& the folk story of a dying father
trying to explain to his sons
with the help of sticks
united we stand, divided we fall

14/07/2023, 20:41 pm

gravely ill mom
'touch wood' the most
used word in the family

16/07/2023- 18:31pm

July late afternoon
sitting in the backyard
with our mom
mynahs hiding in the litchi tree
singing
decades ago my grandmother
used to shoo away crows
who according to Hindu folklore
were harbingers of death

16/07/2023 - 19:37 pm

July evening
in the backyard
gathered around our sick mom
an old pug also seeks attention

01/08/2023 - 18:13 pm

in the end

how her life would be measured?

by the amount of struggle she did in life?

by the amount of fun she had in life?

how successful her children turned out to be?

or how much hope she was able to give

to the poor people to live

& triumph over adversity?

07/08/2023 - 16:37 pm

no more morning tea
with the morning newspaper
no more discussing national politics
no more discussing the world affairs
no more talk of the latest Maoist attack
on paramilitary forces with my father
no more gazing at the blossoming roses
no more evening tea
no more discussing the family affairs

07/08/2023 -16:54 pm

this world governed by money
my mom has perhaps not forgotten
her long years of struggle
on her death bed she still worries
about her mounting medical bills

07/08/2023 - 17:00 pm

the long years of her struggle

the long years of her youngest son's struggle

by the time success had kissed his youngest son's feet

& it was the time to savour life

it was too late

the death was already knocking at her door

09/08/2023 - 16:54 pm

the visit of her bosom friend
my mom gets a new mantra
‘Ram naam satya hai’

12/07/2023 - 11:53 am

in nature
when flowers reach their end stage
their petals fall off
old roses whither
then nature gives birth
to new roses
old season gives way to new season
trees are again covered by leaves
day follows night
night follows day
thus endlessly nature keeps
on weaving wonders
but in life
when a mother dies
she is never replaced by a new mother

01/08/2023 - 19:34 pm

Oh! this yearning for immortality
in humans
when lesser animals & birds
fall to the ground without murmur

10/08/2023 - 20:15 pm

words of my mom
when my daughter is sick
are not less than a medicine
"don't worry, beta.
she'll be fine"

11/08/2023 - 09:44 am

raining on the day
of my mother's funeral
my father worries
If enough people would come or not
to attend her funeral

11/08/2023 - 09:47 am

becoming Brahmin for a day -
on the religious ceremony
for my mother's funeral
the priest asks me to wear
the sacred thread around my chest
from the left side

12/08/2023 - 12:47 pm

I knew my mom had friends
but only at her funeral I got to know
a crowd followed her

[14/08/2023 - 07:49 am

the years of struggle

when my mom kept money plant* in her room

& a cobra skin** in an envelope

hidden deep in her almirah

*Many believe that growing a money plant in the house attracts wealth. Hence, the name money plant. As per Vastu, it wards off negative energy creating room for positive energy. Vastu experts suggest keeping a money plant in the house helps remove financial obstacles and brings prosperity & good luck.

**Ditto for the cobra skin

14/08/2023 - 09:55 am

my mom's death

gives me a new perspective on the well-off people

I discover even the class enemies

of the working class have humanity

14/08/2023 - 11:38 am

mom, you have closed your eyes

you can no longer experience this beautiful world

a world which is deeply unjust also

now you have gone to the heavens

a land of infinite peace

prosperity and fairness

when you are reborn

bring back to the earth

from the heavens

a revolutionary commitment

in place of your reformism

to create on earth a heaven

which for thousands of years has been a hell

14/08/2023 - 12:36 pm

The fate of my mom
is intertwined with the fate
of Hindu civilization
my mom's name will live
as long as Hindu civilization lives
we have etched her name
with glowing tributes
in the “pothi” of our family panda

14/08/2023 - 13:38 pm

rejoice

my mother's life was not as short

as that of a cherry blossom

it was long

and she was as beautiful as a cherry blossom

whom everyone admired

not for a fleeting moment

as in the case of cherry blossoms

but for a long time

14/08/2023 - 17:58 pm

I am sad at my mom's death

but I am still more sad

that all her life she never choose the right side

she ever remained a liberal

she never crossed the frontline

over to the Red side

though they repeatedly announced

that they needed a soldier like her

15/08/2023 - 12:37 pm

Haridwar is the right place
to achieve moksha
from worldly bondage
mom, you have also achieved moksha
you know what hell Haridwar is -
an India in miniature
who would like to live in this hell
in its present state

15/08/2023 - 14:44 pm

I know you will return
to earth
you just look for once
at Edvard Munch's Scream
this is the state I am in
if The God exists
& He is benevolent

is he not?
he will help us
in our reunion

15/08/2023 - 15:52 pm

her poignant words
just a few weeks before she died
“I have fallen behind you all”

15/08/2023 - 17:17 pm

my mom was a liberal

& she had no firm stand in politics

but when it came to her health

she was on the side of Allopathy versus Ayurveda

In the end she became a martyr to Allopathy

15/08/2023 - 17:18

a paradox
I know my mom better now
that she is no more
than when she was alive

15/08/2023 - 18:18 pm

only mothers can divine
years ago she had told me
you will miss me the most

& now drinking in a beer bar
on a TV channel TV Beats
a semi- nude song
while I try to write poems on my deceased mother

16/08/2023 - 10:46 pm

I have one deep regret
that will always remain with me
we never had a heart to heart talk
about matters that matter the most
the cares of this world
had stunted our minds
& tied our tongues

16/08/2023 - 11:05 am

when you passed away
glowing tributes were paid to you
by your admirers
I wonder if similar tributes are paid
to workers when they die
who literally build this world

17/08/2023 - 09:41 am

mummy, with you gone
your real face
now has been replaced
by a garlanded photo of yours
it is a poor consolation

17/08/2023 - 13:28 pm

my mom also had a few sublime moments
in her life

like the occasional waving of the Red Flag
during street protests
a stage production against the Vietnam
war
the dreams of a revolution in India

a visit to the Soviet paradise
joyful moments with Soviet artistes
when they used to visit the city
slogans of long live Indo-Soviet friendship
occasional watching of Soviet war movies
which inspired in me an enthusiasm for
heroic deeds
alas! all these finer moments
were a chimera

17/08/2023 - 15:11 pm

बाबूमोशाय जिंदगी बड़ी होनी चाहिए, लंबी नहीं

my mother's big & long life

both

17/08/2023 - 15:30 pm

my mom’s garden won't turn into wilderness

just before she passed away

she had passed the baton to the young

now the garden will bloom

under the care of the daughter- in- law of the house

19/08/2023 - 21:22 pm

she is no more among the living

but the word 'mom'

& her name 'Sumitra' still retain the same strength

as when she was alive

24/08/2023 - 12:47 pm

my frantic kisses
on the cold lips of my mom
tender moments I never had
when she was alive

03/09/2023 – 18:26 pm

with you gone
what an emptiness in life!
just imagine what mayhem would ensue
If we were to take away
the last hope in God
from the masses?!

14/09/2023- 11:25 pm

home sweet home
no more as sweet as it was before
now that you are gone

14/09/2023 – 12:12 pm

gone are the days forever
when I would enter the house
from outside
& hear your voice:
“beta, roti?”

15/09/2023 – 10:39 am

mom, a few things have
changed ever since you left us

no more I eat fruits as I used to before
I have reduced my daily intake of water
I have become a little careless about my health

& in my own heart
I have now finally accepted
the inevitability of my own death

08/09/2023 – 13:55 pm

in India's context
when the lady of the house dies
then to judge her objectively
it is better to ask the working class
& the daughter-in-law
who all served her loyally
as to who she was in real life

22/09/2023 - 10:49 am

in the end

there were not many memorable moments

there were some, perhaps

but now time has buried those memories

mostly, it was a bare struggle for existence

22/09/2023 - 11:12 am

it is the final end

total obliteration

even the clever priests know

they now charge hefty fee not for the
revival of the dead body

but for the last rites

22/09/2023 - 11:40 am

life is given but once

& relatively for a short time

but the tax to the priests is given for eternity

like 'pitru pooja'*

Pitru pooja mainly involves doing Tarpana and Pinda Danam to three preceding generations of ancestors. Pitru pooja is also done for family members who have died before reaching their old age. Doing Pitru pooja makes sure the ancestors' souls get mukthi.

25/09/2023 - 16:44 pm

in real terms
when our mother fed us
& she fed us till her last days
she unknowingly
taught us historical materialism

for only on a full stomach
a human being can philosophize

29/09/2023 - 21:31 pm

farewell mother

some day

I will also join you in Haridwar & together with you

fertilize the fields with our mortal remains

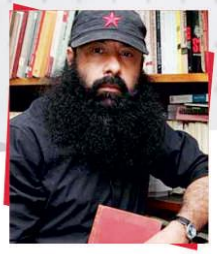
the land

which is the cradle of Indian civilization

25/08/2023 - 11:54 am

no matter how much we loved you
but the Taj Mahal
can only be built
by the rich
who suck the blood
of the poor

about author



Manu Kant was born at Patiala, Punjab but brought up and educated in Chandigarh. He also lived in the erstwhile USSR from where he did his post-graduation in TV journalism from the prestigious Lomonosov Moscow State University, Moscow in 1993. Manu is also a freelance journalist & his articles have appeared in the Tribune, Chandigarh, The Indian Express, Pioneer & Kolkata based weekly Frontier.

Manu Kant is not only a poet of India's working class but also a satirist. His satire includes not only poetry but also prose. But above all, Manu is a Marxist & has a big collection of rare Marxist books. Manu Kant has so far penned 13 poetry books. His last book was a satire on NATO's war on Russia titled 'The Mad Mad Mad West'.

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