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## Dalit Nostalgia

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When memory of my Dalit past gyrates  
Echoed my heart with heavy beats,  
The pen in my hand turns to be a sword  
To annihilate the atrocities I faced.

When I shake hand with aristocrats  
Reminds me the atrocities I faced and  
The blood scars on my palms.  
When people throw flowers at me  
Reminds me the stones hurled by Manu's offspring.  
When festschrift is read by someone  
Reminds me the scathing remarks of Manu.  
When myriads of flowers fall on my head  
Reminds me a heavy hailstorm in my past.  
When I sit on palatial official chair  
Reminds me my place abandoned in school.  
When the fragrance replete with my office room  
Reminds me the stink of my body as a child.  
When people stand before me for alms  
Reminds me my mother's stretched arms for alms.  
When the employees salute me in my office  
Reminds me my father's folded hands at the landlords.  
When I sit on the decked chair  
Reminds me the astride sit on the back of buffalo.  
When the water is served in the lavish glass  
Reminds me the glass system in the village and  
Recalls my knelt knees with

Stretched Palms for water.

When I see the waste food in the dustbin

Reminds me how I begged and starved.

When invited into the temple

Reminds me how I was debarred from temple.

When I wear costly shoes

Reminds me my bare feet.

When I go by car

Reminds me the bullock cart.

Education has become Moses for Dalits!

Transforms the situations topsy-turvy.