

INDIA

India... Motherland of possibility
where black and white magic still breathe.
Fatherland of intense extremism,
still rampant diversity dominates.
Majestic jewel-toned plumages proliferates here.
Ancient history both revered and reviled.
Air perfumed like no other.
Incense, cooking fires, saffron,
the ferocities of life fragrances ignite sensory awareness.

India... gods and goddesses aggrandize.
Maharajahs and moguls magnify.
Fables, demons and spirits mark the ephemeral landscape,
peeking their mystical presence through
cracked crevices and sometimes caverns
of developmental progress.
Elephants, camels, goats, pigs and, of course, sacred cows
street dance with sadus, beggars, gypsies,
hawkers, vendors and tut-tuts.
All in these parts for sale; negotiation only... please.

India... the enormous heart of the existential mother,
struggling for nurture.
The powerful determination of the dogmatic father,
fighting for survival.
Pure soul of hope reflected
in wide eyed stares of women and children.

Deep, dark well of richness funding her ancient core.
The untold potential residing in democratic alliance...
embracing all.

India... only known by being felt.
Spirituality continuously shouting out,
“Awaken...awaken! I am here!”
“Find me there!... and everywhere the eye can behold.”
Senses continuously bombarded.
Moison call the faithful to prayer.
Drums resound in the darkness of night.
Campfires illuminate.
Dark shadowy forms pray or dance or offer themselves
in the names of Vishnu, Ganesha, Durga, Kali...or
simply the oneness of Om...India.