

The Adivasi

The adventurers from Europe, with greed
 For gold flashing in their eyes, swooped with guns
 And swords like human hawks on unknown lands.
 Columbus, ignorant of the earth's size
 Named them Indians, the Caribbeans, so they
 Became, North and South Americans.
 Columbus with Bahama Arawaks
 And other tribes of Caribbean islands,
 Cortes in Peru with the Incas,
 The English settlers in America
 With many tribes including the Pequots
 And with many others in Australia
 Following James Cook's visit in the year
 1770, so savagely
 Behaved with all the unarmed innocent
 Adivasis of the foreign lands who welcomed them,
 That made them ride the rough roller coasters
 To embrace sudden death and devastation.
 Original Americans were pushed
 From eastern Atlantic to the western
 Pacific for burial in the ocean.
 A 'Creek' man of more than 100 years old
 With deep sigh about colonizers told
 In about 1829-
 "When he first came over the wide waters
 he was but a little man His legs were cramped
 by sitting long in his big boat and he
 begged for a little land to light his fire on
 But when the white man had (so) warmed himself
 before the Indian's fire and filled himself
 with their hominy, (he) became very large."
 A chief of 'Black Hawk' tribe delivered speech
 In 1832 while surrendering-
 "They poisoned us by their touch we lived in
 danger. We were becoming like them, liars
 and hypocrites, adulterous, lazy
 drones, all takers and no workers."
 Not only all wealth of the land besides gold
 They besieged, African humans they sold
 Who survived after the immense torture
 As slave, to be branded with on breast bare
 Red-hot iron, imprinting the owner's sign.
 Before colonizers sucked Indian wealth
 Barbarous invaders massacred it.
 All such indigenous human beings
 Who were so devastated, sold and killed
 Were cultured and civilized, lived fulfilled.
 It was time for aggression and settlement,
 For crude and scientific development.
 All such broils overlooked, turmoil forgotten,
 In air-conditioned room with push-button
 Comfort, secured by atomic weapons
 Surrounded by all high walled constructions
 A soft-spoken sophisticated man sits;
 He is the epitome of high culture.
 In an age of tense globalization
 All are concerned about prosperity

Forgetting all past political feud
 How over the corpses of tribes wealth made
 In socialist, capitalist countries-
 But still some misguided terrorists shine
 To be handled properly and quelled in time.
 Nothing has stopped, nothing goes unhindered
 Old world of exploitation marches on-
 Extracting wealth from the bowl of earth, sea
 And sky for prosperity, industry;
 The old incorrigible, superstitious
 Adivasis are still reluctant to
 Be evicted. They remain misguided.
 They do not yield even after threatening,
 Conversion and brainwashing: The Rotters.
 But they had their civilization, they
 Have culture and tradition, they defy
 Globalization: their war rages throughout
 The globe; Oil-Timber-War around Peru,
 Amazonian Rainforest, Niger-Delta;
 Mine-War spreads in Papua-Indonesia,
 Phillipines, Niyamagiri hills, India-
 In Chhatisgarh, Jungle Mahal, Anantapur
 There, in Yanomami land, Brazil and
 Manywhere. It seems a desperate strike
 By organized forces is imminent
 The sons of the soils to eliminate-
 From the face of the earth, water and sky.
 They are really helpless, misguided, they
 Hold on to any discredited lot
 Take to arms to survive in their plight.
 A recent photograph in a newspaper-
 Body of a young girl, died in combat
 Carried in a bamboo pole by killers-
 Inspired a similar scene to get flashed
 In memory- it was the corpse of a
 Wild boar hunted for community feast.
 It is ugly to ogle at Jarawas,
 Oldest Andamanese, like beast in cage.
 To declare 'International Day of
 World's Indigenous people' by the highest
 World-body is nothing but puffed up farce.
 It is a clash between civilisations:
 Industrial-technological, man-made
 Against agricultural, forest-bred.
 Globalization cannot destroy all;
 Environment, ecology, human.
 None can evict them, throw them into sea
 What has happened is a stain on human glory.
 People regret now as the last speaker of
 'Bo' language dies or rejoice when a
 New-born is added to Onge tribe.
 Adivasis were the first born on earth
 They have the first claim on it before us,
 Modern civilized. They live in Nature-
 Forest and hills, rivers and animals.
 Everything cannot be exploited, used.
 If they must be removed for any project
 They must agree, must be compensated.
 Be aware man, awake; Honour Nature
 To be honoured by it, to live better.

