

The monsoon. Not soon enough.
It hangs in the Arab Sea as punishment
For men's misdeeds – shall we be gender just
Say women's crimes as well?

The monsoon. God's hand
Over India, showering largesse
Here, there, somewhere never.
Men's parched throats must be raised
To resist politic evil, the easy patronage
Of sharing of seats, money.

The monsoon. Waits our decision.
In the sea off the Malabar coast
Where spare white-clothed men
And girls in clouds of long black hair
Await the sting of rain
Sparkling green under the dusty Asian brown.

We think the Gods are sheltered from our evil
Secret under canopies of dust
But hungry children are heard like shots
Around the world, noted in stats
Drawn in charts, talked about
In talk shows, serenely dismissed
In commissions of rights.

The monsoon hangs in the sea.
Its rain needs to feed the people,
Not grow the fat of the rich.