

Tomorrow and the city

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*Scores of dreams, lost and found,
Charms of famous streets and malls abound,
The modern, the flash side by side with,
Slums and potholed roads in store,
That's how, through words, I sketch Bangalore.*

*People throng from places far and wide.
Not a day goes by without a fight.
Of lazy days and garden greens,
Tech haven, silicon and steel.
Old world charm, with the python of traffic jams to snare
Anxiety and hurry leaves patience thread bare.*

*Grown too big for its boots,
This little whiz kid among cities
Falter not, let it not lose the warmth in its roots.
What else is a city, apart from the nature of its denizens?
The melting pot of culture and traditions.
The cosmopolitan aura, the literary upbeat, spoilt only by
Recent language crazy seditions ...*

*Loved by its populace the city lives till ages, expanding and
Gaining recognition world wide.
Underneath get trampled the lives of the downtrodden,
For which we have no answer in our mammoth encyclopedias.
A lack of civic sense and apathy from the stinking rich,
As nauseating as the traffic outside and which,
Could choke the city of gardens beyond recognition, with crime.
The haves and the have-nots poles apart.
The chasm of this divide does not auger well for a city for long.*

*Singing paeans in praise is not enough today,
As tomorrow threatens to rip apart the day.
Having given us all it can, now tired, drenched in sweat,
Crying in pain, exploited, abused, assaulted and stricken,
Add the agony of felled trees, what destiny hath met?
Lose not the way, in this mindlessness galore,
Think how and what we can give back, Bangalore ...*