

***Peace is my mission, Love is my passion
but
War is my vision***

I am taken to my bed at night. I guess and guess --- I guess till I am led to a dreamland to dream of my much destined land. A beautiful town has developed with broad spotless road so cleanly shaved. Shopping malls and Big Bazaar give a graceful look to the town. Bridges have helped the town to remain free from traffic jam. Kids are taken to their school with great care. Farmers no longer require land to be cultivated as they are employed in factory at the end of the town. IT park stands at the other end with its height of status and sophistication. The apartments approach the sky with pride to kiss the heaven. The dream ensures me of my sense of security and prosperity.

I wake up in the morning to take my morning walk. I walk and walk--- I walk with the river that flows quietly. Suddenly she whispers to me to cross over. I move to the other side of the river to meet a big crowd of pale looking hungry people. I am told that they have come from the other side. They lost their land. They are short of food, shelter and cloth. So they agitate. I want to know who are the people whom I met on the other side. "They are our close kin; they have come from Bihar, from Kolkata and from all corners of our country." The reply came. I am surprised to ask. "How they happen to be your close kin ?" "They are our close kin because we both are prisoners--- we are prisoners of hunger and distress and they are prisoners of SEZ. They are denied to talk, to see and to hear". I am back to my sense to realize what they say. Surely SEZ means foreign land --- a prison where they are captives. It is a foreign land within home land.

I have come to know, I am surprised to know and I am led to know that there is a foreign land within the home land. Hunger prevails in homeland but it is met in plenty there. I realize why my dream is lost in daytime to cover me under the cloud of uncertainty and insecurity.

I hear and hear--- I am made to give heed to a tale, the tale that tells me of capitalism, a paradise lost to the patented Marxists of Bengal --- the patent received from WTO.

I am told and I am told --- I am told to be taught that paradise of capitalism will be regained under the stewardship of honourable president Bush. Mr Bush has kindled the light of democracy, I am told. And I am further told to know that Tata is our master to lead us to the road of freedom under the umbrella of globalization. Saleem is a friend in need---- in need of making money. So he is a friend indeed. President Bush is to be honoured with Bharat Ratna and Tata with Padma Bhusanam. And Saalim? Surely Budha Ratna.

I learn and I learn---- I am taught to learn that if one opposes, he is sure to be taught a lesson ---- lesson of Dumdum, lesson of Gurgaon, lesson of Mumbai, lesson of Gujrat. I am further made to learn that if one is hungry, he must not cry. I am taught to learn that if one is unemployed, he should enroll himself with the party, if one is a tout, he must find shelter to his master. I have further been made to learn how to come to power and

then become a dictator. Democracy is a means and dictatorship is the end. It is the dictatorship of the people, by the people and for the people, I am taught to learn.

I know and I know---- I am made to know that one who was the dog of Tojo yesterday is turned to be a patriot to-day; one who was autocrat yesterday is democrat to-day. One who was democrat is communal to-day. I am again taught to know that one who goes to Singur is outsider and in Nandigram, he is surely a Maoist.

I look and I look --- I keep on looking to see Tapasi to be raped and murdered. I am made to see Rijwanur to be forced to homicide; I further look to see the peasant hanged himself. I look to see the factory built on the grave of martyr. I watch and watch---- I watch the march of grey along the heart of green.

I feel and I feel ---- I am pained to feel, I am shocked to and I am terrorized to feel while watching the terror proceedings in Gujrat and Nandigram . I am traumatized to feel, a feeling of cold horror flows in my body. I feel and I am ashamed to feel the shame of assault on my daughter, the insult caused to womanhood. I feel the cruelty of hunger, I feel the warm touch of the fire of the look of old mothers of Manipur Nandigram Gujrat and Kalinganagar with hatred. I feel the tragedy of loneliness of our beloved banished poetess.

I touch, I touch the feet--- I touch the feet of mother Kiswar Jahan to feel the presence of Rijwanur in me. I touch the grave of martyr to be tied with his Oath. I touch and I touch the body of my raped daughter. Every touch of mine brings a different feeling. I am mourned with sorrow; tears in my eyes make my vision hazy. I burst into tears. The touch murmurs with a feeling of anger and hatred. The warm feeling of this anger helps me to stand on my own feet; the feeling aspires me to live with dignity. I get the strength to identify the truth as truth. I refuse to accept the lies as truth. The feeling of divine truth touches my heart.

I say but I am denied to say, I say but I am scared to say, I say and I dare to say---I dare to say that what is told is a myth; It is a false promise of industrialization that is not development but maldevelopment. Such industrialization causes collapse of nature; it snatches the livelihood of peasants. It makes the rich richer. Such industrialization breeds the abuses of consumerism; it takes the country to submit to militarism. Our kids are swayed with consumerism. They craze for their own luxury, they get bogged in selfish "rationality". They do not aspire for the welfare of all. They only want for themselves.

I fear and I fear to die----but I die in fear, I die in shame and I die in hatred. I die many times before my death. I overcome--- I overcome the fear to die my last death to fight against terror--- terror of starvation, terror of genocide and terror of consumerism.

I beg and I beg --- I beg for peace, I beg for happiness and I beg for non-violence. But beggar's bowl is filled with violence, with cruelty and with hatred.

My mission is peace, my passion is love but my vision is war--- an unjust war imposed on us.

To end with my mission, to live with my passion and to vision the end of unjust war, a just war has to be fought.