

Insat, Oh! Insat where art thou?  
In void, in minds, in paper pads!  
You'll feel so hurt to hear me throw  
An insult puttin' you out of wits;  
Thou art a spirit non-existent,  
Not having place in physical world;  
Thou art a thought ~~at~~ albeit brilliant;  
Many a thought won't reach our world;  
It's so sad to tell you this,  
But facts are facts, one can't change life.  
Talk we may with powerful lungs,  
About you and babes coming to life,  
Well, talk is good, only a while,  
Real life ~~is~~ needs our sweat of work.

May be in America, you are born,  
Mind, your species have to bloom  
In India dear, awaiting your dawn;  
Don't you think your family'll grow  
Elsewhere 'cause dear Insat bird,  
Who needs you give a calmer thought;  
Men won't do things not in need,  
India needs you, dreams for you,  
But if your children cannot grow  
Within her borders with healthy limbs,  
They will end as thrown foetus  
Unborn and wasted in flow of life

You shout at me, 'oh damn Rajan!  
Stop this gloom, and talks imane,  
Tell me ways to save my babes,  
To grow them with all sturdy limbs.'

I'm not at all prophet of gloom,  
My dear bird I want you to bloom;  
How you're born and breed further  
Depends on Indians workin' for you;  
As they sweat here more 'n more,  
Your blood stream flows with vigour anew;  
If they talk and push papers,  
You'll develop genetic cancers;<sup>2</sup>  
When they toil and work with hands,  
Your children's biceps grows more strong;  
If they work without their heart,  
Just by posing that they are smart,  
Your babes'll get all faulty nerves,  
Lacking unison in thoughts 'n deeds;  
If they are open and learn their best,  
Your little babes'll come with zest,  
If they don't ~~cut~~ <sup>wipe</sup> ~~the~~ backlog all,  
Your children may not stand at all,  
United they should work with love  
For you and country that gave them life;  
Then you'll see your children all,  
With beauty, strength and wisdom all.

- Rajan

oct, 1970