

## II Salute to Madam Gauri Lankesh— the soul of Greatness

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The country that assassinates its writers and poets Dies inevitably  
of hunger and starvation [1]. --Aristotle

In faith you were an incurable rationalist,

An optimist to the core

You dreamt of wiping out the last traces of poverty from the country

And blot out the tinges of adversity and sadness

Thou wielded a mighty pen that was mightier than sword ----

And your words were like bullet- shelling piercing the chests of hoodlums, hooligans

And so these scoundrels and cowards were frightened to face you.

The communalists, the criminal gangs wearing a cloak of religion pounced upon you

And you fell prey to their sprinkling bullets

To avenge the rajor-sharp tongue of your journalistic pen

At last, the fierce passion of the criminals were appeased by killing you.

---- And not only you.but a galaxy of intellectuals of your ilk; the other honourable

Predecessors were:

Mr Narendra Dabholkar,Mr Gorvind Pansare and Mr M. M Kalburgi

And you fill-up the fourth side of the golden quadrilateral of which you are the youngest and  
the lone female member up to now

Now some prizes, State-honours, some glorious awards

Would be bestowed upon you to cool the wrath and displeasures of the people who love you from the core of hearts

But the criminals would not be traced, or be rightly identified by the powers-that-be

And the topmost echelons of the country's administration, with no positive ,punitive actions to resist such anarchic anti-people activities

Meanwhile, prizes and awards like the Periyar Award (post humous) and prestigious

Anna Politkovskya Awto the cause of freedom, equality and egalitarian ideals.

*Our salute to ALL of you with our heads bowed down.*

### **Reference**

[1] **Subodh Sarkar** a Bengali poet , “Desh”, 02 Oct 2017; page-23

[2] “The Hindu” ; 06 Oct 2017; page-10

[3] “ The Hindu” ; 07 Sep 2017; page-13

## **A flower Bouquet**

**Subrata Bhattacharyya**

“The world is in a very uncertain moment and I would hope all the Nobel prizes would be a force for something positive in the world as it is at the moment” – Kazuo Ishiguro [Nobel Laureate of 2017 in literature]

In my vernacular your first name means good smell

And the last name connotes pleasure, joy and happiness

Thus the full name comes out as “Sugandhaa Anand”

The poem you compose springs from spontaneity,naturalness and beau:ty

Its aroma is very nice and the fragrance that emanates from it

Keep me spellbound ;And to acknowledge it is the reader's bounden duty.

I wish I be conquered and reined by your mighty pen, lovely poems

I wish you conquer me, rein me ever by your feministic creeds;

And final appeal is: please never allow me to be alone for the last remains of the days to come

And lifelong you stand by me as my queen-bee.

I am drawn to you by your genteel appearance, comeliness, and the sophistry of your poetry

Your appeal is not at all sensuous or physical

Rather be it viewed as just sapiosexual

Your image arouses in me the only passion of basorexia.

Long live, madam, sugandhaa Anand,

Long live.