

Sleeping Over It All

Years ago in the metropolis of hope

A hill stood behind my home

One day when blasting of the hill began

We raised our voices

My neighbours and I

And we were silenced

Told there was no hill

Look! It's not on the city map!

Till twenty years ago

In the emerging southern metropolis of hope

Where stands the National games Village today

There lay a nurturing lake

My decades old silence prevailed

As it turned to a swamp

The quietude of urbane convenience

Sealed the lakebed with concrete heights

With my city I slept over it all

With my city I slept over it after all!

The flood seeks the voice

That will restore that soil

Resurrect the abandoned earth mother's soul

Render alive the hills once more

Infuse life into the lakes and shores

Banished from the land of the heart

As they lie scattered

Buried in the foundations of our homes

How does a nation sleep over it all?

How does a country sleep over it after all?

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How does a country sleep over it after all?

Through live tears of dead lakes

The deluge of the Earth's blood I struggle to sleep

Through live tears of dead lakes

I struggle but sleep over it after all!

Bewildered we slept at the foothill of the disappearing hill

Bewildered we slept at the foothill of the disappearing hill

I struggle but sleep over it after all!

My neighbours and I

And we were silenced

Twenty years later now

Heavy downpours never fail

To fill my home with monsoon flood

The flood of consequential corruption

The flood of false metro magnificence

Of silent corroding retribution

Through live tears of dead lakes

The deluge of the Earth's blood

I struggle to sleep over it all!

I struggle but sleep over it after all!

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Padmavati Rao

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