

Feneena S Mohamed**The Flood**

On steeds of waves,
The waters came.
galloping and splashing
laughing and whistling.
Tossing lives
tossing people
Awakened from
Monsoon stupor.

The bickering child
Pining for its prize;
The land obliged
And the waves seeped in
The water is land
And land water.

The deluge, the flood,
The landslide,
The nightmare.
Blackout.
My God!!!

My fields favourite,
Subdued and submerged.
Whither swam
The tadpoles?

Water, water, water...
The watchman's cabin,
The doorstep and the dome,
The road and the roof.
The sunken hotel.
Goodbye, dear land
Adieu.
The final dirge.

Drought there?
Flood here.

Still politics?

Cows dead?

Pigs dead?

Humans...?

O God

Let there be

No deluge.

Feneena S Mohamed works in the Department of English, Union Christian College, Alwaye. The poem is her attempt to convey the horror of the floods that rocked her small town, Aluva , on the banks of the river Periyar. Caught in an ugly political struggle, the old dam of Mullaperiyar raises issues of safety and security.

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