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Bipul Banerjee
India

Buried

Layer by layer they
Piled hurts and traumas
Pushing me deftly
I am now buried in myself
Deep down
The surface is now
Landscaped by masks of
Fake exhilarations
Irrigated by the salts of
Tears bulging off
Irritated sights.
While you visit
The site and move around
Would you be patient enough
To excavate deep and
Reveal the real me
Expose my murky shades
To tantalizing bright sunlight
That may dry the debris
Blow off the cobwebs of
Memoirs
And instil life again
To the fossils that have
Been left to mercy of
Time to decay ?

Satyam Kumar
Bihar, Begusarai, India

O, Soul!

O Soul! Get prepared for the Annual Exam;
Life is short and you have to blot;
A lot of spiritual demand for the annual exam.
Give up echoes of energy vibration,

In the depth of heart and head,
A lot of debt, have to pay back,
Let's get prepared for the annual exam.
Give up penta-sin ,be a human,

Aloof the outer edge, dive into inner love,
Deeds done will be product in the super world,
The infinitive time is in wait for your pious-soul,
Let's purify our soul & get prepared for the annual exam.

Failure is cowardice, a blind dice,
Positive effort is success, a blind price,
Cover your soul with a ray of good works,
O soul! Get prepared to burn the bad karma,
And for the annual exam,
Let's be in peace ,blessed forever.
Om Shanti!!
Om Shanti!!

Sabulal.G.
Thiruvananthapuram (India)

Soul Stall

You flew me in here, son
In orphanage for old aged
From far away States
Quoting climate as reason

They feed us well, thanks
Like animals, birds, pets
Kept in captivity for sale
Slaughtered, live or in group.

Once inside shelves cooked
Mouth-watered you call them
Beef, mutton, veals
Game, pork and chicken.

You call us mom, daddy
Papa, mamma, grand-pa
Choosing a name tasty
To suit your occasion.

Whereas, the sad plight, feel of
Those animals, birds, us
In remainder of life here
Remain the same, a shame

Balachandran Nair C.S.
India

Goodbye Songs

My mind roam around like a mosquito
Which dig for protein in others' blood
I suffer lot to sustain family good
Mosquito still spare a few good,

Spare man or in-laws I never would.
You know only female mosquito bite
Similar, women bite only when desperate
Mos bite for not food, to lay eggs
I fight to survive, stand on own legs

Mos use pair of stylets to suck
I use insults as bayonets to strike
Mos spit saliva to smoothen skin
I use human right to protect kin

Mos aim mostly ankles, bacteria bank
I aim due share he dumped in bank
Allergic they splat mosquito on palm
Arrogant my spouse abuse, do all harm

Mos know it could get killed in action
I know so many suicide deaths in Nation
Mos still sing beautiful GOOD-BYE songs
Myself yearn for solution to my cranks.

....bala....

Sakeena Jabeen
Kashmir(Pulwama)India

Vicious Joy

A little flower
Yet to bloom
Red in cheeks. With glittering eye
Jocular in tongue too.
Was not aware where she heading?
Rared in lap of nature
Where she dwells in ignorant bliss.
Suddenly gripped by double backed beasts.
Yet unknown to her
What is there in their mind?
First duped her with some sweet juice
After then went on wrong.
There she shrieked all-in-vain
Until their vicious joy.
Thought then ACT is over
Left bruised and naked in wild
As it occurred a natural one.
After spotting a bruised flower
Alarm rang but low in tune.
Alas! For unknown reason
Actors of vicious joy
Still in romantic frenzy.

Aasma Shaheen

Jammu, India.

I was the solely woman in love

With him Dark-age commenced,
 and dragged me with reverence,
 Capable of looking at the world and in search of everything-
 the strong, confident woman of young.
 For me, it was just ludicrous,
 For me, it was portent.
 As I knew, my time was ephemeron,
 As I knew, not even a single desire was vain and no request was futile.
 This cold war had brought one good thing for me:
 It was him!
 And one bad:
 It was the fear of losing him!
 Drew cloak more tightly around him,
 As cold, relentless wind was blowing with grim.
 There is a bridge between the visible and invisible.
 I could see lights of town over horizon,
 and waves on the shore.
 Just in thoughts! He might find the new better-half,
 But he'd never love anyone as he loved me a lot.
 Because, I was his other-half.
 And yet no life was the same as other,
 But I wanted to accompany him into the next life.
 I proved to be a good guide,
 As I visited those world before he arrived.
 My eyes were growing dull and yet retained the same peculiar charm,
 That had first drawn him towards me.
 He never told me about his love ever,
 But he was my greatest lover forever.
 It was his utter confidence in this fragile creature,
 Whose life was fading faster.
 Wake up: said a voice, which I had never heard before,
 Someone was pulling my left wrist with divine force.
 Took me, in different world,
 Which I had never before beheld.
 I wanted to go back, needed him to know that,
 How much I loved him.
 Alas! Ironic fate.
 I loved him before I met him,
 Because I was the solely woman in love
 With him.

Ratikanta Samal
Jaipur, India

A SPEECHLESS CHILD

She could utter nothing
Sitting beside her mother.
But sobbed and sobbed,
Seeing the people gathered.

Looking at each other
People were speechless.
How could they console,
Poor child was helpless.

She was never known
What was the death like.
She sees her mother's sleep,
Had seen her many times alike.

Her mother wakes up
Happily gluts her
Pulls to the lap and pampers
But a change this time sure.

Calls her mother , weeps
Reclines on her mother's chest.
Tries to eat some breast milk
To satiate herself finding the breast.

Mother would never wake up
It's beyond her imagination.
She believes in God,
Hopeful for getting affection.

Asmita Sawhney
India

'Silence speaks'

Her innocence now shut upon the world
Pity the flight of childhood furled
She soars with angels her guard
The fate brought her to the pen of a bard

A face of death such she held
Prayed to heaven when devil beheld
Voice that sang of dreams and fairy lands
Silenced forever by satanic hands

To what shall I plead or cry not
A grave war for existing I've fought
Every fallen breath turns a blazing Star
Guiding through the doom strengthening me for war
Me tongue sound often dim and mellow
But awakens the hell my spirit's bellow

Imrana Tak
 Jammu & Kashmir
 India

Social anxiety

Judgmental glares
 follow every turning head
 as my name is called
 Loud and clear.
 It leaves my ears ringing
 & my legs go weak.
 But I make an effort.

Somehow i stand,
 and walk towards the stage.
 Right now, my heart desires to shatter my ribs
 And escape into a black hole
 Its beats, loud and fast
 must be audible to the whole room
 My demons are having a laugh right now
 They mock at my audacity for even showing up
 Each bone in my body is cursing me
 And begging me to take off
 Take flight
 Fade
 Disappear

The voices begin again
 "I am embarrassing myself"
 "They're all better than me"
 "I don't have what it takes"
 "I am inadequate"

Again, I make an effort.
 Standing on the stage,
 I take deep breaths
 And fill my struggling lungs
 with much needed oxygen.
 I raise my eyes and go through
 The known and unknown faces in the crowd
 They all look like judgmental robots

Again, I make an effort
 I try to produce a sound
 through my quivering lips.
 It's hard to utter complete sentences

while looking at them.
I lower my head and speak to the ground,
opening and closing my perspiring fists.
It's easier like this.

Occasionally I lift my head
only to welcome a new rush of adrenaline.
It's hard to let go of my social anxiety
since it doesn't let go of me.
It has become integral to me
like the color of my skin.

In this cold room full of masses,
I long for the warmth and comfort of my four walled room.
My safe haven
Where I don't have to make one effort after another
Where I am not surrounded by these judgmental faces
Where I do not embarrass myself
Where there is no one better than me
Where I do not worry about my inadequacy
Where I have what it takes.

Hassen Gara.
Tunisian

My First Love

I still reminisce the first time we met
Moments I will treasure and never forget
You ensnared my mind, filled it with delight
With you, it was love at first sight

A love so unexpected and sweet
I have never felt so complete
A love , roaring like a flood
Regenerating the cells of my blood

Like a little fall of rain
This love washed away my pain
Into my world of gloominess
You brought light and happiness

In me I let the flame grow
To be more alive, brighten up and glow
There is nothing like first love
It took me higher than stars above

**EDUCATIONAL EVOLUTION: THOUGH THE PLAY
AND MYTH OF *PYGMALION* BY G.B. SHAW**

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Abstract :**EDUCATIONAL EVOLUTION: READING THROUGH THE MYTH AND PLAY OF *PYGMALION* BY G.B. SHAW**

Pygmalion is a play by George Bernard Shaw, named after a Greek mythological figure. There have been many Academic discussions, Critical analysis, and evaluation of various aspects of the play over the past many years. This paper intends to investigate the play from the perspective of Antonio Gramsci's essay "The Organization of the Education and Culture" and analyzing the perspectives of Education, Feminism, Marxism, and Life force theories with the concept. Antonio Gramsci advocates the idea that the education system can help all members of the society equally. Education system targets to engrave, govern, Intellectual, analytical and Ruminative qualities in the citizens with basic generosity. Education is a systematic and a theoretical process, students of different "classes" will come out of this system. We can't propound idea of an education system that prescribes linear education to the participants of various classes. This linear education system will assist the 'elite class' with the skill to govern and other classes to 'earn'. Thus 'Curriculum and policy' are the soul for attaining the goal of education system, that must encourage all the students to discover the skills to 'govern and earn', within the same education system.

Gramsci in his essays, does not support the idea that education can be the tool to bring changes in the culture, but he prescribed the notion that the education system can help in enhancing a culture, towards its growth in the modern world. This notion is prominently used in G .B. Shaw's play *Pygmalion*, where Professor Higgins provide ' vocational schooling' that can assist Elizza to have the job of flower selling in any shop of the town.

Gramsci further emphasizes that the education system should focuses on to discover the elementary ethics and values of 'humanism' and to attain 'humanism', moral independence and self-mastery is necessary. Professor Higgins via his self-mastery over phonetics was able to assist Elizza to enhance her culture.

EDUCATIONAL EVOLUTION: THOUGH THE PLAY AND MYTH OF *PYGMALION* BY G.B. SHAW

"Education must be not only a transmission
Of culture but also a provider of Alternative
Views of world and strengthener of the

Will to explore them.”¹

Pygmalion² is a play by George Bernard Shaw, named after a Greek mythological figure.

It was first presented on stage to the public in 1913. There have been many Academic discussions, Critical analysis, and evaluation of various aspects of the play over the past many years. This paper intends to investigate the play from the perspective of Antonio Gramsci’s essay “The Organization of the Education and Culture” and analyzing the perspectives of Education, Feminism, Marxism, Male Gaze and Life force theories with the concept. Antonio Gramsci advocates the idea to formulate the education system that can help all members of the society equally. Education system targets to engrave, govern, Intellectual, analytical and Ruminative qualities in the citizens with basic generosity. Education is a systematic and a theoretical process, students of different “classes” will come out of this system. We can’t propound idea of an education system that prescribes linear education to the participants of various classes. This linear education system will assist the ‘elite class’ with the skill to govern and other classes to ‘earn’. Thus ‘Curriculum and policy’ are the soul for attaining the goal of education system, that must encourage all the students to discover the skills to ‘govern and earn’, within the same education system.

Gramsci in his essays, does not support the idea that education can be the tool to bring changes in the culture, but he prescribed the notion that the education system can help in enhancing a culture, towards its growth in the modern world. This notion is prominently used in G .B. Shaw’s play Pygmalion, where Professor Higgins provide ‘vocational schooling’ that can assist her to have the job of flower selling in any shop of the town.

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1. From Jerome Burner

² From Greek Myth

independence and self-mastery is necessary. Professor Higgins via his self-mastery over phonetics was able to assist Elizza to enhance her culture.

A common basic education system creates a proper balance in society and to formulate growth in a society and culture. Imparting of vocational skill is must not only for theelite class but for all classes. Through this vocationalisation of education women can have their own identity; it also supports the idea of feminism.

Gramsci's system envisions the future as does the Life Force theory. An educational system proclaims the idea to develop an atmosphere for the future generation with parity. This parity is in co-relation with prosperity of the united society.

The myth of Pygmalion and statue is derived from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 10.

It was penned down in 10A.D. in *Metamorphoses*, Ovid introduced the sculptor named Pygmalion, who could sculpt anything with such perfection that seems to be real. His surroundings was his only flaw, prostitutes who had no morals used there.

Disgusted by their shameful behavior, he decided to sculpt the ideal figure of a woman. Out of irony, with the only features of her beauty, he named the statue Galatea. Anyone who eyed the statue could not believe that it was not real. The statue was the first example of complete perfection. Numerous people saw the statue just to have a glance of the marvelous piece of beauty. Pygmalion himself was very ecstatic by his creation that he could not resist himself to fall in love with his own perfect piece of art. He prays to Aphrodite (Venus) to convert his creation into a living being and the Goddess of Love and Beauty granted him his wish and gave his creation Galatea a life. After which both Pygmalion and Galatea wedded happily. This Greek mythological story is taken into consideration by G.B. Shaw in his play titled 'Pygmalion'. In Shaw's play the character of Professor Higgins molded a flower girl, Elizza to a high class lady with the necessary accent, value of ethics with the help of

his knowledge of [phonetics](#) . The transformed Elizza is the creation of the Professor, who is symbolized as the sculptor of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* i.e. Pygmalion here. Higgins used all his knowledge of phonetics and education to prove that with 'proper education, culture can be enhanced'. Here emphasis is given over education by G. B. Shaw who makes clear interpretation for readers, education can be a basic systematic tool to govern, run, direct and transform the society towards betterment.

Antonio Gramsci emphasises in his essay, "The Organization of Education and of Culture", about education, education system and culture and the effects thereof. These elements enable the formation of a ruminative society which is not based on unethical paradoxical norms and orthodox ideology. Elizza the girl of **cockney** was molded into a lady of the Elite class with all the manners required so that she can pass off as one. Education here is the major factor of her new enumeration. This assisted her to pursue any field she wants to go to. Education gave her the confidence to deal with society and how to make an argument for herself and most importantly education gave her confidence to flaunt her beauty. The personality of that girl was enhanced that's what Gramsci seeks in an education system. A linear education system which allows to learn how to 'govern and earn' at the same time it also enhances the culture and improves the morals of the individual in particular and the society in general. G. B. Shaw justifies the ideas of Gramsci with his character of Professor Higgins, who achieved great results by his dedicated teaching to Elizza. Shaw is the creator of Theatre of Ideas. Among his sixty plays, Pygmalion is one of the most admired plays which supports the idea of evaluation of society. The admiration of public indicates that readers too agree that changes are needed. Change through education can be the life setting instrument to fill all the left over gaps of life. The education system should

be on common grounds that lead all strata of society and can facilitate them with utmost faith.

“A Woman who utters depressing and disgusting sounds
Has no right to be anywhere – no right to live. Remember that
You are human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate
Speech : that your native language is the language of Shakespeare
And Milton and Bible, and do not sit there coming like
A Billion Pigeon.”³(Act 1, 206).

From the above statement, we can infer that phonetic transformation is the basis of social transformation. Evolution and progress of women is frame work of the plot without any argument i.e. evolution as a Duchess from a lower class flower seller. Professor Higgins stands as a God, father or creator, and the woman as a pupil needs to be corrected. The woman in this play is shown inferior in comparison to man. In the very first act, it can easily be inferred that Note taker man and Pickering belong to high class society due to their apparel, body language and way of talking. In contrast to this, Elizza, the flower girl shown in dilapidate condition with the cockney slang. Inferior behavior towards Elizza shows the ideology of man that lacks the sense of equality and equal rights. Elizza is treated as a slave or object by both the men, making their ‘bet’ more important than the emotions of a girl.

Professor Higgins treats Elizza like a criminal. He tortures her emotionally, mentally and physically. Just to make his words proven that he have given to Pickering, during the bragging of his self-mastery over phonetics. After all the tormenting experiences Elizza does not loose her heart and ‘kept learning to enhance’ her personality and

³ Pygmalion, G. B. Shaw 1913.

culture. It sets an example among the society, that woman from a lower class can become a Duchess or can inculcate the standard and features of a Duchess. Elizza after acquiring all the features of high class, came out of the ball without being recognized by anyone there. This annoyed Higgins and he loses his interest over his emotions. This ignorance shook Elizza's score but her determined nature made her bold enough to "scold Higgins". Her behavior Higgins only goes to determine Gramsci's theory of Education where she develops the skill of 'govern and earn'. Thus education can be the key factor to bring a new hope in society that indulges a perspective that a formula can also be the representation of society and it does not make any complications but resolves it.

Thus both Gramsci's concept of linear education system and G. B. Shaw's idea of enhancing culture through proper education can work together towards women empowerment. To give equal honor, respect and acceptance that can boost up the men's perspective that knowledge and education can be a tool to new possible statistical growth to evolve. Education being the major cause for statistic growth of Elizza, who was reborn as a different character at the end of the play. Her mindset was awakened and felt she deserves the acceptance and happiness. Elizza's dedication helps her succeed and being taught by Higgins, lead to her maturity and great fortune and happiness.

" But you have no idea how frightfully interesting

It is to like a human being and change her quiet a different

Human being by creating a new speech for her.

It's filling up the deepest gulf that separates class

From class and soul from soul.”⁴ (Higgins , act 3)

Karl Mark and Fredrick Engels propounded the philosophy of politics and manners which is based upon the ideas of the ‘class struggles’ are guidelines to understand the evitable development from bourgeois to classless section of the society.

Karl Marx and Engels are the propounders of the Marxist concept, and both classified the society into bourgeois and labor class. Bourgeois is the minority class which is dominant and they are the ones who formulate the rules and regulations. Labor classes were the minorities. In between both, these classes are specimen also exists which is the middle class. They are an amalgamation of both bourgeois class and labor class. Shaw’s Pygmalion is a good example of all these classes, where a flower girl of the lower class and noble man of high class meets and creates a middle class girl by reforming Eliza.

The characters of the play can be categorized according to these three classes – Higgins, Pickering, Freddy and Mrs. Higgins can be taken into the upper class or high class. Mrs. Pierce in middle class and Eliza and Alfred Doolittle are low class.

Higgins represents the ideal Marxist character, who was very comfortable in exploiting the lower classes, whereas Pickering is a very gentle and kind character who gave respect to Eliza by calling her ‘Miss’. Higgins was totally opposite or the ideal figure of Marxist stereotype of hedonism, greed and manipulation, who exploit lower classes like Eliza. He was not bothered about the emotions of Eliza and he was not even aware of the fact that in what condition he was putting the fate of Eliza.

⁴From speech of Higgins, Pygmalion, play by G. B. Shaw, Act 3.

“Well when i have done with her, we can threw her back into gutter,
and then it will be her own business again.”⁵ (act 2)

What future holds to Elizza after the last party, does not bother Higgins, which shows Higgins as avaricious, heartless and Marxist bourgeoisie.

“you are no gentleman , you are not, to talk of such things. I am a good girl; and i know what the like of you are, i do.”⁶ (act 2)

Throughout the play Elizza tries to be very polite, humble and well mannered. she does not want to give any chance to anyone where she could be exploited which is surely a lower class trait. They are always conscious about their behavior among the people of higher classes. She always seeks sympathy and extra attention from people which Higgins does not like and calls her sympathy gaining attitude a “poppy-trick”. ‘Appearance’ also is an important characteristic in “Pygmalion”. Man can be identified with a single glance by his appearance. High class people do cover themselves with formal apparel, extra attentive mannerism on the table and the body language. Pickering is one who is always polite and is the typical stereotype genre of high class society.

Elizza in the horse race scene was not good with her language and accent, she was not in control over her selection of words. But nobody gets the clue that Elizza is from the lower class because she was well dressed. It is a trait found in high class people that they judge people through external appearances not with internal qualities.

Alfred Doolittle belongs to the lower class category, but he acts and talks like a middle class person. But his ‘Appearance’ lets him down. At the end of the play Higgins was shocked with Alfred’s dress because he was not looking like a lower

⁵ Act 2, Pygmalion, G. B. Shaw.

⁶ Act 2, Pygmalion, G. B. Shaw.

class person. The above mentioned description about Elizza and Alfred, indicate that appearances matter, which happens to be a 'Marxist attitude'.

Language is used as a tool to separate classes, similar to how appearances are used.

Language and accent help us create a mental image of a person. In order to show Elizza as a lower class girl, she has given a 'Cockney accent' and one who is not blessed with mannerism and acceptance in society. Pickering and Higgins had a very calm and polite way of talking which shows that they belong to the higher class.

Higgins act of note taking assures the readers that he is an educated person or a person of high rank. In the play he talks rudely with Elizza and tortures her emotionally and physically. He always mocks her that she does not deserve to be the part of his society.

Appearance, body-language, education, knowledge, accent, behavior and variation in thoughts, all these elements were being used by Shaw to differentiate between these classes and he calls it a "Love story in five acts" which is a mocking comment.

Higgins is shown heartless, hedonist and a fearless person which is typically bourgeois. In the beginning, Elizza is shown as a lower class girl with an accent to match along with low mannerism but in the end she turns the situation and starts behaving like a high class woman and scolds Higgins for his brutal behavior that gives an image of a bold and robust woman.

Gramsci's essay "The organization of education and of culture" and Shaw's 'Pygmalion' both proposed the debatable concept that education may lead to social change. There are two ideologies, one which thinks that a person from a particular section of the society will always belong to it, and second believes that education can transform a person and he/she can behave like a member of the higher class of society; Characters of Elizza and Alfred showcase both of these ideologies. Both the

characters were changed specially Elizza with her dedication for learning. The education system should be flexible and easy to access that can assist persons every class of society, gender, and there should not be any restriction to education, it should be open for everyone.

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Bhanu Pratap Khajuria
India, J&K

'Ilaa'

Close to the city of Paithan, in a small village called Sauvira gram which lay along the banks of the great river Godavari, lived a woman named Ilaa. Being cotton farmers, her family was well to do, but not among the richest in their area. It was the harvest season, and cotton had to be picked from the plants. The wholesalers and traders from Paithan would be arriving in just a few weeks, carrying gold and goods for barter. They would exchange what they carried for the cotton that the farmers grew. The bales of cotton had to be ready in time. Work was at its peak!

But Ilaa was not to be found in the fields. She wasn't working. Instead she was sitting by the banks of the great river Godavari.

'I am sick of this!' she grunted loudly while she swung the next stone into the river.

In her late Twenties she was a mother to two children but somewhere deep inside she still was a child herself. The ripples had vanished when she again threw a stone into the calm Godavari. It was her favourite pastime. The banks of the mighty river were the only place where that child came out.

'All the time it is us! Who works in the farm, WE do! Who harvests the cotton, WE do! Who makes bales out of them, WE do! And when all is done who goes home to make the food, rear the child, prepare the bed and all that bullshit, WE do! And what do WE get, nothing, not even applause.' And she threw all the pebbles in her hand into the river, a rain of them, disturbing the calm, to make it resonate with the wrath inside her.

'It has always been like this Ilaa, the sooner you understand the better for you' replied Vaisakha politely, drained of her energy. *'The more you grunt the more hard it will become for you, you are a woman, and it is what women have been doing ever since'* she added.

'I wish I would have been a man instead. Vaisakha only if you know, how much I long to be a man' She mumbled.

'And then Ilaa, what would you do, the same thing your husband does? Would you?' asked Vaisakha.

'Ilaa, here you are, it's time to get back in the farms, the month is already ending, in the first week of next month Trades will be here and we don't want to miss that, do we?' shouted Shiva, her husband, from across the field behind her.

The conversation died there. Both of them, hurriedly, moved back to the source of the sound. Ilaa draped in a beautiful, multicoloured village made Sari, of the pure cotton they harvested, walked briskly up to her husband. *'Yes, we don't'* she replied and passed her husband still standing there and started to move towards their own farm, slowly coming into the sight with every step she furthered.

That day Ilaa found it hard to work in the farms. The ripe cotton plants, overflowing with cotton, waiting to be hand-picked, together extending to as far as the sight could transverse, looked like a sea of foam, where Ilaa was lost, bent at her back, concentrating to curb her thoughts and to pick the cotton and place it into the basket along her side. The question asked by Vaisakha haunted her the whole day. *'What would she do if she was a man'*

Walking back along with her husband, she entered the village, Sauvira gram was a small village, but beautifully cut into small blocks of houses encircling the inner

blocks of sparsely built houses, with no walls or fences to demarcate. The centre of the village which was also the main centre of activities was quite that day. The old pekul tree and the scaffold underneath, the evening table for the elderly people of the village where they spent most of their time talking to each other was empty. The village women who used to pass these old men muttering to their own gossip to fetch water from the well had finished their work in the early morning. Children, who whistled and ran around with sticks balancing and pushing the wheels, who after four o'clock usually poured in from every street, some with their little sticks for gullie-danda, some with socks stuffed with clothes for mithu-gram, breaking the dullness of the day with their hues and cries were sitting inside their homes. It was late and only people who went to the farms were returning home with loads of cotton; their day's toil.

Both her children were already asleep when they entered the home. It was natural for the villagers, the old grandmothers, would take care of the children, while the young mothers went to the farms along with their male counterparts to harvest the cotton.

The question that day made her keenly observe the characters of a male and a female. Subconsciously she knew everything, but for the first time her conscious mind was analysing the notions.

The two months, August and February, were the only two months of the year, when the people would retire into the bed and sleep without love-making. August was the sowing month and February was the harvesting month, the hard-work made them tired, so much so that once they hit the bedding, they slept.

The next few days Ilaa didn't go to the Godavari. Her inner conflict against her own self made her efforts to grasp the notion of male-hood more sublime. Vaisakha owned the next farm to her's. During the meal hours they sat together along with their husbands.

'It was not 'ever since' or 'always' Vaisakha, it used to be different earlier. Women were respected and treated equal to men, and sometime even superior in some senses.' She said while gulping down her chapatti. *'In the Ancient times, when the Satavahanas ruled, women were educated, they took part in Religious functions, and they were consulted for decisions, unlike today.'* She added.

'So now you want to go back to ancient times Ilaa' replied Vaisakha teasingly.

'NO! Neither do i want to be a man, nor i want to go to the ancient times, but can't i remain a woman and the times, these very times become like the ancient ones. Don't i have a right to enjoy, to rejoice, to rest, to sleep, to love, to be whatever i want to, to do whatever i wish to, without asking for somebody's permission, without being accountable, like men, like my husband.'

'Now that's a very grand thing, Ilaa, can't you live in reality, can't you be like us. Don't you think we, enjoy, we rejoice, we sleep or whatever you were saying, don't we do all those things. We do, its just that we are destined to be what we are. Women, you know, are so weak and so not-men-like, that they have to be protected and cared for, and looked after, and for all that we have to at least serve our men with all our hearts. Can you imagine, if not for men, where would we go, what will become of us' She said and stated to rise to go back to the farms.

'So, that is what you think? Vaisakha why don't we ask the women of the village and see what they all think? And should we be having equal treatment as men, should we be having equal rights, or we deserve to be what we are? What do you say?' A spark of activity flamed in her eyes as she spoke.

In her mind she was playing the whole scene, the way she will go to every women, ask them about how they feel, the way she will then try to influence them, try to tell them that they are much better than what they are being treated.

To Vaisakha the idea felt somewhat dumb, but the possibility and hope that she might deserve to be what Ilaa says, kindled in her a curiosity.

They decided to confront the women individually and gather the views, in the early morning at the well, when they went to collect the water.

As the pressure to harvest the cotton and to make bales out of them was taking a toll on the men, the women became the cushions to their anger. Whenever a thing went wrong, they would vent out their anger on women. If the food was late, if it was cold, or too hot, if the bed was hard, or too soft, everything out of context for men was a mistake deliberately made by women.

Shiva and Ilaa came back earlier that day. Their farm was harvested completely, the whole raw material was assembled at the room besides their house. The yield that year was fine, and the quality good. They were left with the processing only. A few traders had already set up their tents along the right banks of Godavari, just a few miles away. The next day a few of them would cross over and arrive at Piathan and in a few more days, the markets will become filled with cotton and other goods.

Ilaa was thinking of her conversation with her husband a few weeks ago. She had asked her husband to take some gold in return for the cotton for her, and the rest he can take whatever he wishes. That day she was happy. But today it meant something different. She had to ask her husband for what she needs, she had no will of her own. The idea again pushed her into a deep gorge, where she was in darkness and the questions of her existence, her freedom, her wishes poked fun at her.

The next morning she went to the well, awaiting the great discussion she had planned to have with other women. Vaisakha came a few moments later, and soon women from the village started to pour in from different directions.

The past few days had changed Ilaa a lot from a talkative, young housewife, she had become a contemplative and wise woman. The inner awakening and the shirt conversations with Vaisakha topped with the recent behaviour of men around her, she had observed and analysed a lot. She was getting herself ready to start a conversation with the village women.

'Namastey, Mamta Didi, Radhadidi. Me and Vaisakha were talking about you people yesterday' She went up to two of the women.

'Namastey, Ilaa, about us, why in the god's name would your highness remember us, what do you need from us poor' they joked.

'Arey, its nothing like that actually we were discussing about our rights and freedom and wishes and feeling, about how we, the women are treated, about how we should be treated, and i wanted to know what do you all think about it' she said loudly, attracting the other nearby women. Now everybody was gathered around her and Vaisakha.

'Dont you want to be treated like men, live like them, do what you wish, get what you want from the traders for yourself.' She added.

'Have you gone mad Ilaa, we are women, how can we live and be like men, and we do get what we want' replied Radha.

'We are women. We have to live like women. We can't compare ourselves to men.' Added Mamta.

'And how can we do trade by ourselves, we can't, we never can do, we don't know how to do' replied another woman.

'We do equal work, in fact we do more work than men, we go to farms, we carry the loads, we come back home, prepare the food while the men rest, we clean the house while the men rest, we do a lot of things while they laze in their beds, but then, we are women and you say we are weak. We bear the child and have all the pain, we feed him on our milk, we raise him up into a man, but then we are women and you say we are weak. Without us the men cannot survive for a single day, they depend on us for every other thing and we give them all we have, but then, we are women and you say we are weak.' She said increasing the intensity of her pith with every progressing word. Everyone was ears to her.

Nobody replied. A moment of silence engulfed the atmosphere.

'We deserve to be respected, we deserve to be treated equal to men, we have the right to live, and to live the way we want, to enjoy, to sleep, to rejoice, to play, to work, to be free, to be like men when we are in actual more hard-working and industrious than men' She emphasised.

'But how is that possible, how can that happen' asked one of the ladies.

'Today you just think about what i told you, and tell me tomorrow morning if i was right, do we deserve to be treated equal of not, do we have rights or not, and then i will tell you how and what to do' she said while making her way towards the well, to pull out water.

That day Ilaa felt somewhat relieved of the inner turmoil. At least she was not the only one who thought about freedom and equality, inside every woman somewhere, there was a germ, a germ to be free and be respected. The new question now weeded her mind. The 'how' and 'what' now seemed to be a lot difficult than she thought. She devised a plan to ask men for their demand to be treated equal and respected. She planned to protest in a new manner.

That evening it was announced that day after tomorrow, people of Sauvிரagram will go to Paithan to sell the cotton. Shiva was happy with the yield and hoped for a large barter that year.

The next morning Ilaa told her plan to the women folk and told them to do as she said. That day Sauvிரagram saw what it never had expected. Collectively the women denied the men the keys to the storehouses; they told them that they won't allow them to sell the cotton. And if they try to force, they will burn the yield. Confused, the men asked what had happened to them all of a sudden. Every one of them was told to assemble at the central ground, where Ilaa spoke to the men about their demands. She asked for a 50% share in the selling, to mark the equal treatment, that the women be treated with respect and given freedom. She advocated for all the women, and told men to look upon their ancestors and learn from them how to treat women.

Plagued by superior ego and dignity the men beat the women and the keys were snatched. That day for Ilaa and other women, and for Sauvிரagram, brought a new dawn, it sowed the seeds of demand for rights, it united the women, it inculcated into them a desire to be free and treated equal, which up till now was just an absurdity.

Fidoic
India,J&K

The Abandoned Diary at the Coffee House!

It was the darkest of the nights. It was darkest of the times. I sat sipping the same old coffee near the same old portico! Outside! The third time! The light of the loggia highlighted every breath I gave out. It was cold! Winter cold! The coffee was getting colder by the time. The steams have stopped coming out of the cup now. Inside my room, the lights were off, except the little table lamp I kept on the study table. It was an old wooden lamp my father gave me when I was preparing for my interim examinations. I had scratched my name with a pin in its base. The lamp was lightening up an open diary directly underneath it. The lines were shining. I know, when I came out, they were.

I couldn't write more so I left to make a coffee for myself. They say it's a healthy drink from china. And Alexander Pope once said coffee makes the politicians wise! I don't know if that was a satire or not. The coffee did not give me any strength to complete the diary. So I had to come out and sit here in the portico in this cold night. Colder and darker than ever! I was wondering what I can write in the diary. But then how can I, it does not belongs to me. I found this diary in the coffee house today. The table which I took, the chair besides it, there it was, on it.

April sky has all the colours that a landscape lover dreams of, a perfect blend of yellow, orange and blue. At this time of the day the sun starts disappearing and the joggers and health freaks are abundant in the park. A lush green rose park in the south of Delhi, a refugee from day's pollution and extravagant noises of the traffic, is a small park, no more than a half a kilometre in radius. Most of this park is a spontaneous, uncontrolled growth of trees, not maintained by anyone other than the Mother Nature herself, a small section in the front is where the roses are, giving it the name of a rose park. The best thing about the park is the presence of peacocks which fly down from the adjoining Deer Park. The park is separated by a road from yet another park, famously known as the Deer Park, which is the home to a few hundred deer. It also houses three other small areas, one for ducks, one for rabbits and one for lovers. It is also just half a kilometre in radius, the path through these two parks connect Hauz Khas to Green Park. The road that separates the two parks leads to Hauz Khas Kila (Fort), an ideal place for lovers who find corners in the old ruins of the fort made during the Khilji Dynasty's reign. The park also hosts a lake, although weeded and dirty, but the back drop of the jungle area gives the lake a cool aura for sun gazers. At the intersection of these three places is a parking lot where people can park their cars and then there is a market full of café's and bars. In this overcrowded area there is a small place, an exhibition gallery where modern art is always on the display. It is a very less frequented area. This is a perfectly misappropriated place in such a romantic area. The paintings have been unchanged from last 6 months. Nothing new has been added except a few new books in the book section of the exhibition, which is cleaned every 5th day off the dust for not

even a single contact with the books is made. I had made it a habit of visiting this place every Friday evening and after having a look at the paintings I went straight to the Starbucks cafe for a coffee.

And it was the Starbucks where I found this diary.

It belonged to a girl. She was a nice little girl, dressed in pink frock, maybe 15 or 16; her hair fell up to her waist. Pink cheeks to match her dress and a round face like the little girl on the soap opera. Purple clips in her hair to hold them back from falling on her face. The pink colour was in strong contrast to the dullness of her face.

She sat in the Starbuck cafe, sipping her coffee and staring out of the window. The bloodstained knife lay next to her handbag, covered with her blue silk scarf. Her gaze was continuous as if waiting for something. The stained knife seemed an alien possession to her calm and serene composure. Her innocent beauty made it hard for me to take off my eyes from her face. For a moment our eyes met and she smiled at me, I obliged by the same.

As I sat on the softly cushioned chair with a cup of cappuccino, scribbling in my own journal, a burst of vitriol was heard at the entrance. The sweet and musical atmosphere of the Starbuck cafe evaporated, and the scarcely populated cafe, now was looking towards the treacherous person yelling and now searching for somebody in the cafe.

The then calm and serene girl now jumped at the sight of him, grabbed hold of the knife still covered with her blue scarf. After the person entered the cafe a couple followed looking horribly shocked. There were two policemen accompanying them and a lady police officer.

The couple ran towards the now frightened girl still hiding the knife behind her back. The man, might be in his early forties, slapped her and shouted a single word so loud that the whole cafe resonated with its sound; 'Why?' The woman stayed, leaning onto the round pillar, tears now perambulated her cheeks, gathered at her chin and then dropped to the wooden flooring of Starbuck. The little girl replied with a calm smile.

There was a moment of silence. Everything was still. The lady officer now came to the girl with handcuffs to which she politely brought her hands forward keeping the knife on the table and producing her hands to embrace her fate.

The other policemen now took all the things from her possession, her bag, her scarf and the blood-stained knife. As she was passing the lady she smiled, a smile that gave an air of winning, as if she had succeeded in something. A few moments later she was escorted out of the cafe, everything went back to normal, that's a metro life, you see and clap and enjoy and ignore and then get back to what you were doing.

Though the incident occupied my thought for quite a long time and made me look back to the place she was sitting, as if she was still there, sitting and smiling it soon passed. As I was done with my writing and coffee, I started to gather my belonging and go back home, when I saw a notebook lying on the chair, next to where the girl was sitting.

Curiously, I went to fetch it up. It belonged to the girl. It remained unnoticed to the policemen, who unknowingly left it there. The thought of giving it to the police didn't even cross my mind, and like a founders keepers object, I kept it in my bag.

I took a metro home. It was a one hour journey. A lot of through processes amalgamated to a single unified stream of consciousness. I knew not who she was or what she had done but the contrast between her innocent appearance and the obvious peccant she had done was something distraught. I was now concentrating on the three smiles of the little girl. The first was the one she gave me, a smile so calm yet peregrine as if hiding something deep under, a mask to mask and at the same time instating careless forage towards the strangers. The second was her smile as an answer to the person who slapped her, it was a smile she held as if mocking the person, insulting his valour and injuring his pride. The third was to the women leaning onto the pillar, it was a smile that gave solace to the women, conveying the satisfaction of the deed she had committed and at the same time portraying the pride the little girl had.

I was occupied in a lot of important thing, but my head came bouncing back to the girl. As an avid traveller I have developed a habit of meeting new people, knowing their stories and learning something new form every experience. This habit had made me curious enough to indulge into the life of others.

Three hours later I came home dropped the diary on the study table and went outside the room to have something to eat. A toast of butter clad bread with a cup of tea! And I read the slip posted on the fridge! "Honey, I'll be late take the dinner!" with nothing to do I went to surf the Pandora's Box I had found in the café. A diary! Of a young girl.

The first page was inscribed with "KEEP OUT! PERSONAL." And with the curiosity of a little kid who does what he is told not to do I flipped to the starting pages of the diary. And there I was reading her personal life. A story of 18 pages! A story of 11 days! With every new sentence I was more absorbed into her story. I could see what a nice little girl Alex was. I could feel her; I lived her life through her diary. And then her last page was incomplete and then I came to have my coffee!

I thought of completing it but couldn't find the words and this is my third coffee and my struggle for the words continues!

Her last page was....

....."and now I can't tell it to any of my friends. My parents have told not to tell it to anybody! They said, "What will the church think?" "Are you glad you didn't get pregnant?" "He is married, what were you thinking?" "Why did you stay there when you knew what would happen?" "It doesn't matter how you feel, he said he was sorry and it is over?" "Why didn't you just avoid him?" "Now go into your room and stay there"..... but they don't how much pain it is to be get raped!.....

Sabeeha Shaheen
India.J&K

'The girl next door'

It was in the mid-summer when we met for the first time. Unornamented and unadorned, she looked meek and gorgeous. Her black almond shaped eyes were looking at the arrival of a new guest, a new member into the apartment. The very first time when I saw her face, it was lost. We greeted, exchanged handshakes with a smile.

Of course, She was going to be the "girl next door" for the two consecutive years of my post-graduation. I love meeting people; especially because everyone you meet has a story to tell and stories fascinate me. Days passed, we mixed up and talks began to flare. I was curious to know the girl who was buried behind this smiling face.

Abstruse though, she was in her late twenties. Emaciated frame, parched hair, leaden face and outdated apparel had added at least 10 years to her appearance. Even though she was only 28, she was grown into an old woman. She had a laugh that can be heard miles away, yet she was silenced. Her face had lost its youthfulness. Evening walks, shikara rides, shopping, eating, talking, even reading elifshafak and orhanpamuk, my university life with her was the most exciting and memorable part. We learned, unlearned together. She was the joy of my life. Then one day we were having coffee and talking about how education plays an incredible role in one's life, when a frisson of discomfort passed across her face, so subtle as to be almost unnoticeable.

But I noticed. I asked. She hesitated, unsure what to say or didn't want to say. Her voice trailing off, uncontrollable hiccups and a loud cry said it all. She was under a dark cloud. Parental favoritism has always been painful for less favoured children, even more painful when it encompasses your love for education. She was little when quarrels would erupt in her house on her education. Education is every child's right. It is a basic need; in her case it was different. She was never allowed to have a choice, to study what she wants to. She fought, faced multiple rejections. Her own family became an obstacle, never supported and permitted her to get education. Her desperation to survive, leaving her with no other choice but to surrender herself. She tried, failed. She tried again. Until she conquer. It was she who fought and freed herself from the shackles of pain, suppression, abhorrence and patriarchy. After the pain ended, pleasure began to fly. Her determination and love for education opened the doors to unexpected opportunities, she is living her dream. She is pursuing PhD but the pain, the misery, the hatred she endured lives with her and will continue to. We live in a society where boy education is preferred over girl education, even if the boy fails to score well. Girls are often left out if the family fails to allocate enough resources to education. I was raised by a father who made sure both me and my brother gets same kind of attention and education. Everybody isn't alike. It is important to realize by depriving her of education we keep her blind folded, empty

and unfulfilled. She relinquishes her true essence, her rationality suffers and only chaos prevails.

It is time to see beyond those traditions and prejudices that encouraged us to shortchange girls. Education provides eyes to men and women altogether. Educate her; she will make this world a better place to live.

UNDERSTANDING Government Education System: Problems and solutions

Bupinder Singh 'Fidoic'
India,J&K

“Education is simply the soul of a society as it passes from one generation to another.” – G. K. Chesterton

Literally, Education means the imparting and acquiring of knowledge through teaching and learning, especially at a school or similar institution. Politically it's a Fundamental right provided to us by our Constitution. Economically, it is one of the most flourishing businesses with low investment and high return and with an ever increasing market. It is an enterprise; a public and private sector enterprise.

We have seen government trying its best to enhance the quality of government schools. A number of steps have been taken and several of them have been successful. Despite all the planning and money spent, the quality of education has declined over the years.

Highly qualified staff has been selected through rigorous examinations and interviews. Capable and honest officers see to it that the schools function properly. Despite these the quality is validly low. There ought to be a mole somewhere?

Let us examine a few of these policies meant to improve the government school.

Mid-Day Meals. It is an attempt to increase the attendance and admission intake of the schools by luring in the poor people by providing free-meals as bait. Though it is a nice and effective initiative and serves its purpose it has no other role in education system. A good deal of money is involved in the scheme which leads to several scams, some big and some small. Fake admission and attendance records have been maintained by a number of schools to extort money from the government scheme.

NO-failure upto class 8th:-One of the main culprit schemes of government schools. Every student up to Class 8th is given a pink-slip into the next class, no matter what. Whether he comes to school or not, whether he studies or not, whether he is capable enough or not, if his details are existent on the school register, no matter fake, he is bound to pass under this scheme. The scheme is a trick of government to increase on papers the literacy rate of the state. The main problem with this scheme is if you know u can do a thing in easier way why would you try the harder way.

Parameters of Quality:-You measure a fish by its ability to fly. It will fail. The government schools emphasise on such hollow parameters which instead of vouching for the quality become its main hindrance. A teacher is bound to reach on time, he has to make a teacher's diary and lesson plans, he has to leave the school on time and he has to complete the syllabus on time. Now this seems good.

A teacher is not accountable for what he does in the school, he just has to come and leave on time, rest of the time he can kill the time. Lesson plans and diary are a way to convince the officials that they come prepared and that the course work is running as per schedule. Nobody knows if they are genuine or fake.

To ensure this the government has a power to stop the pay of the teacher who has poor results. This is somewhat better. Witty, isn't it. No student fails as a policy and therefore every teacher have a 100% pass percentage of his students. Wow! And as far as Board Examinations (8th) are concerned it is a big Hoax. Corruption is a boon! A necessary evil.

Carter G. Woodson once said "For me, education means to inspire people to live more abundantly, to learn to begin with life as they find it and make it better."

The System:- To run this defunct educational process an efficient system is already in place. A primary/middle school is looked after by a Headmaster. A number of middle schools form a cluster which further associate under a higher-secondary school as its cluster head. All these schools in a Zone are directly under Zonal Education officer. All the zones of a District report to a Chief Education Officer who intern is answerable directly to Director Education. Honesty at its core the system works properly. Pun intended.

So everything is summed up when we compare a government school student with a student from a primary school.

Talking of Government Schools, on an average 95% of class 8th students cannot comprehend a paragraph of English and are unable to solve the basic numeracy question. They have poor scientific and general knowledge. Most of them are not even able to understand and converse in Urdu.

With recent news of a teacher who was not able to formulate an essay on COW and their leave application gone all wrong, only a minor fraction of teachers are unworthy of being a teacher. More than 93% of teacher recruited in past 10 years are highly educated and have a strong hold on their respective subjects. The general line teachers are capable enough to teach any subject up to class 8th. So where does the problem lie?

Analysis the problem.

"Education...has produced a vast population able to read but unable to distinguish what is worth reading." says G. M. Trevelyan.

Education is a give and take business. A student is a product of hard-work of not just the teacher but also the parent. It's a 60-40 game with 60% development at home and 40% at school. Why do you think a student of private school performs better than a government one? To put it simply a private school student's parent pays 5000-12000% more fee than a government school teacher, he is more actively involved with the progress of the student, he forces his ward to study at home, he even gets him tutored at a coaching centre, he gets him new and clean clothes, he visits the school at PTM's and the list goes on and on. Not even one of this is met by the parents of a government school student's parent.

Second and more importantly a flawed evaluation system for both students and teacher can bring good results. To understand this we have to go with an example and prove this by the contradictory theory.

Our evaluation system is based on either unit-term examination system or continuous and comprehensive evaluation (CCE) system. Ask a teacher about CCE and he will only be able to give its full-form and a faint and quaint idea of it. Both the systems in a government school are on papers. A student who knows nothing about basic numeracy passes with high marks in maths. Same goes for other subjects. There are a few reasons for this. First a fake examination held, with every student getting pass marks without even appearing in the exams. Second, even if the examination is held, it is just a formality to make students fear and think that there in reality exists a system of education at a building they call school. Thirdly, a teacher who fears about his pay being held because of poor results is willing to pay to get his students through the 8th boards. Lastly and most importantly, lack of accountability.

A teacher sets the examination question paper according to what he has taught, giving full regards to the prescribed formats or syllabus, then he helps the students to secure pass marks and at the end of it he checks the paper to ensure that every student of his

class has passed with at-least 60% or more. Now this is something worth checking, isn't it?

Inadequate buildings and infrastructure. Most of the government school have building with just a few rooms and as a result the classes are shared with more than two classes sitting in a single room causing continuous disturbance to one another. Students sit on mats in 80% of middle schools.

The Solution.

“Spoon feeding in the long run teaches us nothing but the shape of the spoon” were the words of E.M.Forster

After careful analysis and research the solution to this highly flawed and quality ridden education system comes out that a complex and a completely new framework be made.

Parent-teacher interactions have to be increased. The best possible way is to send the ward home to bring his parent every once in a while where student's assessment can be given to them. Government aided psychological session for orientation of parents should be held with collaboration with Panchayats.

Corruption cells within the department should be made. What can be done should be done without money and what cannot be done should not be done with money.

A shift from syllabus-oriented teaching to learning-oriented teaching is must. New syllabus be formulated based on learning of students, with a freedom provided to the teacher to practice the best suitable method he deems appropriate. A time bound but flexible leaning objective needs to take over the rigid sheet of syllabus provided at the start of the session. This is a small duration method to reform the teaching system. Once the results are obtained the changes can be rolled back with the following changes.

A new evaluation system should be enforced where all the examinations for all the classes are held externally. A question paper set and evaluated by the Board, based on the format and syllabus provided by the examination authority for all the unit and term examinations. By externally we can mean an outsourcing private agency. If a teacher has to teach for someone else to check his progress he would not compromise on the quality. A third-party evaluation system can work wonders provided they are not also corrupt and malice.

Building and infrastructure upgrade where every class has a separate room. Mats will do for the moment.

A Model School: A dream.

This school has about 13 teachers and around 100 students. Adequate number of classrooms where every class is in a separate room and teacher can teach without disturbance. More importance is given to practical learning. The teachers are not bound to complete the lesson in a said duration but the headmaster needs the student not to learn the question and answers but to understand the lesson so that he can himself solve the questions. Once a month parents come to check the progress of their children. No fake admissions or attendance are kept and mid-day meal is served in the best possible way. At the end of the said duration an external agency comes to evaluate the progress of the school and examinations are held which not only evaluate the student but also the teacher. Remedial classes are held if needed. Infrastructure is adequate and the students are competent with their peers from private schools.

A lot of mud-slinging has been done with the government teachers, who are thrown, blindfolded and hands tied behind their backs, into a dark room and are told to find a way out by bumping their heads into the walls. The system if changed or even if instated with strictness, government teacher can prove to be the most important asset to the state and community. As always said Teachers are the builders of the nation, but what can a builder do without an architect, labour and raw-material.

“A Literary revolt in the writing of Kamla Das in Indian English writing”

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ABSTRACT:

Writing in English has been continuing much more prior to Kamla Das but what made her more demanding and much popular among all the Indian English Poets or writer is her contradiction with self. She boldly writes about sexual approach in marital life in a male- dominated society or it is proper to say a patriarchal one. Kamala Das (1934–2009) is one of the pioneer confessional poet in Indian English writing in the same vein like her American counterparts like Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton. She suffered a mismatched marital life like Sylvia Plath or better to say T.S.Eliot in terms of Wasteland which was a production of non-fitting martial life leads her also toward writing and later her writings reflects the social disparity, sexual oppression, Individualism and self freedom in the point of view of a woman.

She wrote in two languages the one is Malyalam and the other is English and the one which can be tangibly seen in her writing when she says:

“I am Indian, very brown, born in Malabar,

I speak three languages, write in

Two, dream in one”.

Despite having dissatisfaction of her personal life and frustration she grew a suicidal tendency for her life but It was the act of writing poems which helped her to get out of that claustrophobic situation and to release her problems through the living words and got happiness in her world of words that she wove. Poems gave her a therapeutic relief and a way to live life in between her contradicting situations.

KEYWORDS: Confessional poetry, Self Freedom, ID crisis, sex, Indian writing in English,

Introduction:

Kamala Surayya (31 March 1934 – 31 May 2009), popularly known by her one-time pen name Madhavikutty and married name Kamala Das, was an English poet as well as a leading Malayalam author from Kerala, India. She was very popular in Kerala for her short stories and autobiography while her oeuvre in English, written under the name Kamala Das, is noted for the poems and explicit autobiography. She was also a columnist and wrote on diverse topics including women's issues, child care, politics. She was born in a conservative Hindu Nair family having royal ancestry. She converted to Islam on December 11, 1999, at the age of 65 and assumed the name Kamala Surayya. She died at the age of 75 on 31st of May 2009 in Pune.

She was brought up in an artistic auro where she felt all ignored and unaffected by love and affection which later speculated her and made her unmixed in others. At a very early age she was married with an older relative which was the end of her emotional growth and her happy life and a starting of being introvert which cause emotional and sexual problems she felt herself only the object of carnal desire which can be seen in her writing.. Her style of writing is free from sign, pattern and other set format of literature. Kamla Das broke with conventions in her personal life as well in her writing. she had extramarital affairs with men and women and refused to identify herself as a feminist. In 1999 she converted to Islam, renaming herself Kamala Suraiya.

Although It is not easy to draw a clear picture from the shifting textual ground of Kamla Das yet to contemplate about her writing in search of a language shows the impressions of her childhood or say a kind of inability of decision that compels her to say:

“Don't write in English, they said, English is
Not your mother-tongue. Why not leave
Me alone, critics, friends, visiting cousins,
Every one of you?”

But it is her determination that takes her out from the confusions of thoughts to choose the language that makes her comfortable to write or to speak it also reveals a social barrier of the language of her time.

“The language I speak,
Becomes mine, its distortions, its queernesses
All mine, mine alone.”

She appears to be preoccupied with love and sex since she did not find any solace instead faced herself as an object of carnal love and isolated from the emotion she was having during her marital life. She wrote:

“Every morning I told myself that I must raise myself from the desolation of m life
and escape,
Escape, escape into another life and into another country”.

She was the first Indian woman in English writing who revolts and retorts this male dominated system through her writings. She was much aware of the politics of her time and knew how the world is ruled by the male. She has memorized the names of few politicians and reminds that how India is kept in male hands.

The poetry of Kamala Das gives a very less evidence to have been subjected to the

recovery of wholeness rather than self concerned as a fiction of circumstances and sexual humiliations. Her voice was distinctly feminine intoning the organic mission of her female self's longing for love contrasting her statement of being not feminist. She has a crude manifestations in her voice which was presented through persona in her prose writings

she was found on writing the consistent attention to female sexual life and detailed intimate process of love making due to which she was for a decade demised because she wrote on the topics like coming of age and sexual yearnings of a woman. Which was a taboo of the time.

She wrote in her poem *The Looking Glass*:

*“notice the perfection of his limbs, his eyes reddening under
shower, the shy walk across the bathroom floor,
dropping towels, and the jerky way he
urinates, All the fond details that make
Him male and your only man. Gift him all,
Gift him what makes you woman, the scent of
Long hair, the musk of sweat between the breasts,
The warm shock of menstrual blood, and all your
endless female hungers.”*

Kamla Das has also touched homosexuality in her writing. In *MY Story*, she writes about her husband and his friend when they meet they act like lovers and celebrate her birthday in a room. She wonders that what two men could possibly do together shoving his wife out in a bedroom. After marriage, a woman wants her husband to show some compassion and love to her instead locking her in bedroom. But at the same time a contradiction can be seen in her writing and thus she is found in between two dual thoughts

*“ He did not beat me
But my sad woman-body felt so beaten.
The weight of my breasts and womb crushed me.
I shrank Pitifully. “*

There is another aspects of Das is that she also wrote about the rejected community of the society with a great importance and perspective. She provides a concrete observations to identify the unseen and trodden community who are also sufferer of ID crisis the poem such as “The Dance of the Eunuchs,” that is feminine arch poetic self encountered.

her self encountered realization in Calcutta was the awareness of the hollowness in her writing:

‘the heart an empty cistern, waiting for long hours’.

she as a poet strongly committed to the carnal world and always attempts to identify love with physical emptiness which was the attempts to redefine her own sustain relationship.

It was her suffering and dissatisfaction that keeps her moving from one arm to another or from one bed to another in her style of expression.

she writes in “The Wild Bougainville.”

“yearned for a man from another town.....then, by and by

It was her suffering that led her to seek place in another’s arm to knock at another’s door –

“...Readers were witnessed to a different form of writing in Introduction that was concerned with the question of human identity, and was related to the urges predicament of encountering a problem: “What am I?” Das has presented a rebellion voice against conventional hypocrisy of the society.

Kamla Das once was in interview, she herself said, "I always wanted love, and if you don't get it within your home, you stray a little" Das, according to many others has never tried to identify herself with any particular approach of feminist activities.

With her having many unfold aspects as a writer, a woman, a wife and above all a mother, Kamala Suraiyya Das has been credited as one of the few writers who understood feminism to the core and writes true to the best.

Kamla Das lived all detached and aloof in her worlds with feelings of aloofness and yet maintained her inner voice she always felt that poetry meant studying life and its objectivity in a very realistic approach of life having brutal experience of different spheres.

she in search of ‘I’ admits that like men she is also a sinner and a saint, beloved and betrayed. She has no difference in joy and pains like men and emancipates herself to the level of ‘I’. It reflects her identity crisis in the circumstances she was in.

She writes:

I am sinner,

I am saint, I am the beloved and the

Betrayed. I have no joys that are not yours, no

Aches which are not yours. I too call myself I.

She experiences having desire to meet the man who desires a woman to quench his lust and as a woman desires love from a man. Here, she is talking about his identity in the patriarchal society in view of feminist perspective. She wants the answers of that

‘I’ which is the male-ego that gives him liberty to do whatever he likes. Therefore, this aspect of Das can be understood that she had a desire to have self freedom or more to say liberty to do what she intends to do as she did in her later life.

Her writings touched the different aspects that a woman longs for her identity, freedom, sexual satisfaction and the most important is liberty to expression. She was known for her frank and explicit expression. She leaves behind a legacy that is hard to be fulfilled, a legacy where she could touch human heart with her lucid and charming style and great range of words.

Her open and strict style of writing on female sexuality, free from any sense of guilt, infused her writing with power, freedom, self expression and the most important her confession of what she feels about even her personal indulgences thus she marked her as an iconoclast in her generation.

The world of poetry and prose will remind her for her true writing.

Happy Reading!!

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MORAL CORRUPTION: Through a literary lens.

Seerat Baji
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INTRODUCTION:

Moral corruption is one of the major global issues that are being faced by the world community in today's times. Be it in the economic sphere, political sphere or social sphere; Moral corruption is leading to the complete deterioration of the society on the whole. It is only the moral values which enable us to see the difference between right and wrong. These values keep us intact to the very essence of humanity which otherwise goes haywire with the high tech. development, the digital world and the faster modes of transport.

The human resource which is considered to be the greatest of all the resources turns out to be a mere burden when it gets corrupted on the moral grounds. As a great French philosopher, Albert Camus, once said, "A man without morals is like a wild beast plundering this earth and bringing anarchy everywhere."

IN PRACTISE SINCE AGES:

Since times in memorial, we have witnessed, how this corruption has paved way to all the other malpractices, which exist in the world. History is replete with many such examples. If we go back to the medieval English Literature, in 'The Canterbury Tales' which is the magnum opus of Geoffrey Chaucer, we find that how this moral corruption made the people of church totally self-centred, thus, drastically effecting the whole society of 14th century England.

When life becomes completely dependent on materialistic pleasures, the contentment vanishes like it never existed. It is also evident from F. Scott Fitzgerald's outstanding novel, 'The Great Gatsby', written in 1925, where the author very beautifully explains how the 'American Dream' is shattered by the moral corruption of people. For the lead female, Daisy, he says that "Her voice is full of money". This shows the level of desperation she holds for wealth, which eventually leads her astray. In fact, the ultimate fall of the Gatsby himself, is a result of the immoral acts being performed for the sake of materialistic growth.

Even, in 20th century, Adolf Hitler ordering his men to torture and execute Jewish people, is another reckless example of moral corruption. And all this also applies in today's world, as we witness everything being exploited around us on the name of money and muscle power.

This issue is so serious that, in 2015, John Hawkins, an American writer, wrote for his country that "Our country's lack of morality has real consequences that are capable of eventually sinking us as a nation."

CURRENT SCENARIO AND CONSEQUENCES:

Today, we live in a world where all that matters is to reach the pinnacle, then, be it at the stake of anything. We are more focussed on getting namesake qualifications, while, we lack to understand that education is not only to get aware, it is to get

awakened. We are drifting away from the basic ethics and morals, thus, bringing ruin and destruction. Every now and then, we hear about rapes, murders, theft, mob lynching, communal riots and what not. If we critically look into all this chaos, we realize that all this is somewhere guided by the loss of moral values. There is human trafficking. The most devastating aspect is that many of them are used for prostitution, pornography, crime and armed conflict, hazardous child labour and ultimately domestic servants. 'Money Mantra' has become our greatest temptation and for this one can go to any extent.

We also find this in Chapter 9 of a book written by, former RA&W Chief, A.S.Dulat, "Kashmir- The Vajpayee Years", that how money forces people to shift their loyalties so easily. The abandoning of our elders into the old age homes, the insurmountable corruption, dirty politics and biased media are all various forms of moral corruption only. The human beings have turned into mere economic beings and education system has become just a financial institution. According to a 2018 UN based report, the 'Happiness and Peace Index' of India is decreasing with each passing year, which is another consequence of social discontentment caused by the moral corruption.

The modern materialistic world raises our standard of living but declines our standard of life i.e. the value of life. The colleges and universities have become battle grounds where the young minds are being swayed by the waves of different political and religious ideologies. As a result of which, our well educated youth is indulging into malpractices and many of them even join terrorist organizations. The social media is used in a very destructive manner and the life and peace of people is put to risk on the name of trivial feuds. Friends have betrayed friends. It has promoted identity crises and the value of human relationships is lost. The sick, the destitute, the old folks have been subjected to inhuman violence.

The compassionate connection between individuals is no more seen and hefty bank accounts are given way more importance than the actual asset of social contentment. Life has become a mere stage where everybody is busy in show casing his worth in terms of wealth. The beauty of togetherness seems to be a distant dream for all of us in today's ever-competing world.

WAY FORWARD:

The seed of evil germinates in a heart that has lost its grip of the basic ethics and values of humanity. While, the one who stands firm on the moral ground won't ever leave the right path, no matter how many digressions he comes across. Take for example, the character of Nick Caraway in 'The Great Gatsby', sets an example of honesty and dignity amidst grave situation of immorality.

Each member of the society is required to do its bit. The moral education needs to be given more importance. Value based complete education should be our goal. The time is now to tighten our hold on our ethical and moral values if we really wish to make this world a better place to live. For these are the guiding beacons and steering virtues of human existence without which mankind would revert back to stone age and barbarianism.

As Leo Tolstoy, a Great Russian writer, once said, “How can one be well, when he/she suffers morally?”

“Is frailty thy name is a woman? No even Shakespeare who penned these lines portrayed strong women to break the patriarchal myths”

Sarrah
India, New Delhi

When noted playwright William Shakespeare wrote “Frailty thy name is a woman”, it was a window to what 16th-century writers perceived women to be. The most quoted quote appears in Shakespeare’s masterpiece Hamlet when in a soliloquy the protagonist Hamlet denounces his mother’s remarriage immediately after the mysterious death of his father. Frailty thy name is a woman has been used by Shakespeare to describe women of being fickle minded and weak.

One may or may not agree with the Elizabethan star about his portrayal of women, but the fact remains that the English literature has been dominated by men writers and the portrayal of women in literature was undoubtedly biased.

In the earlier times when Geoffrey Chaucer penned his Canterbury Tales to sixteenth-century dominated by the likes of William Shakespeare and Christopher Marlow, the women were considered as a mere adage to men. We can blame it on the fact that in the ancient world, literacy was strictly limited to men and even female foeticide was prevalent because the majority of those who could write were men. During the era of Renaissance, the era of Reformation and the Victorian era, there was an unending debate over the roles of women. The women were considered physically weaker and nothing less than household commodities. Even to John Donne, it is famously said that “To Donne, women were not a Goddess, but a creature, desirable indeed, but not adorable”.

However, during the times of Shakespeare, a change was visible as William Shakespeare was ahead of his times. His character portrayed by strong women ventured out of their homes during crisis situations. Little doubt, Shakespeare’s representation of women has become a topic of scholarly interest and animated discussions in academic circles worldwide. His characters like Ophelia in Hamlet and Cleopatra in Antony and Cleopatra enjoy a wide range of capabilities and quirky traits like candidness of Cordelia, the sharp wit of Beatrice and the intellect of Portia and utter ruthlessness of Lady Macbeth. His women characters are intelligent, humorous and independent. In his later years, Shakespeare had become a champion of feminism and has portrayed a number of powerful, mighty women characters through the women occupying positions of power are frequently portrayed as capricious and highly corruptible like men. The women character in Shakespeare could defy the prevalent system and even their parents. For instance, in both Othello and Romeo and Juliet, women even defy their fathers as well as the society and its customs. His women characters are witty, warm, jovial, delightful, friendly and amiable. Shakespeare’s character Isabella refused to give in to the threats of a rapist-seduction. A tragic heroine like Desdemona, for example, chooses Othello and defends her

choice. Her combination of special feminine traits and qualities makes the critics praise her.

Women were advised to achieve economic and political independence. William Shakespeare by creating amiable, confident and independent thinking women insisted on their personal freedom. Shakespeare lived at a time in the sixteenth century, when Queen Elizabeth-I, who remained spinster whole her life, adorned the English throne, a genius of Shakespeare's caliber must have been influenced by this extraordinary scenario. Queen Elizabeth's life signaled a woman's potential for greatness in a predominantly patriarchal society. Surely, Shakespeare's women characters had a certain dominance, confidence, ooze, and vitality and were way ahead of conventional stereotypes of femininity of those days. Little doubt the state of Elizabethan women was better than that of their predecessors all thanks to the work done by writers like William Shakespeare in the 16th-century literature. We may disagree with Shakespeare for his lines "frailty thy name is a woman" but his later portrayal of women characters changes the entire perception about him and he can be dubbed as a feminist in the times of male chauvinism.

“Joyful Teaching Strategies for the Constructivist Classroom-The Coordinated Effort in English Language Teaching In Schools”.

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ABSTRACT:-

English Language Teaching in the school level had been an area of experiments and applied with various pedagogical approaches and methods. Many of the new methods and practices have dominated and taken place of old or traditional methods of classroom teaching due to various factors. The reason is-"Learning Language naturally from the environment is effective and effortless ".

This paper will focus on the "Derivative" Learning which is the combination of instructional and non-instructional and experiential methods like:-

- The process of following Discourses like conversation,Description, rhymes/Poems/songs,Letters,Dramas,Slogans/Placards, Narrative story, Write up/Feature articles etc.
- The process of reading and learning.
- Grasping from experiences and exposure in conversations.
- The correlation between language proficiency.
- How to link language skills with intelligence functions.
- Use of ICT in English Language Teaching.

This kind of Transactional process of English Language Teaching will definitely strike as an acceleration tool where student is allowed to learn from:-

1. From Teacher-Instructional method.
2. From ICT-A.V aids, e-learning:Non-Instructional methods
3. Independent Learning during conversations and communication activities:
written and orally both- Experiential method.

KEYWORDS:- Derivative Learning, Pedagogical approaches, Instructional method, Non-Instructional method and experiential method.

INTRODUCTION:-

English Language Teaching in the school aims at effective Teaching Strategies for the Constructivist classrooms with imparting information and provides a context for theory, memory expressions through practical teaching by various discourse orientated pedagogical approaches and develop the skill of experimentation, observations, reasoning and logical inputs.

English Language Teaching is often criticized for being too prescribed, lacking in language fluency and proficiency even after more than schooling of ten years.

To bring in desirable behavioral changes in Learning ELT among the learner's of School level, the teachers have to adopt innovative methods and approaches in the teaching. It has been experimented by many academicians that student grasp English Language concepts better through "derivative" learning by TLMS, Practical works of discourse practices, demonstrations such as Role-playing, skit, conversations, project work, etc ,the usage of technology like ICT, etc otherwise they find school activities full and dreary and hence cause them to low-achievers in English Language acquisition. In this context ,innovative techniques for teaching ELT concepts in the learner's that means infusing attitude and English Language spirit among them.

ELT aims at making children capable of becoming productive and useful members of society as English language is needed for higher Education, jobs etc. knowledge skills and attitudes are built through Learning experiences and opportunities created for learner's in School.

It is in the classroom that learners can analyze and evaluate their experiences, learn to doubt, to question, to investigate and to think independently In English language.

Globalization in every sphere of society have important implications for education and English language is the main source of communication throughout the world in larger

context so along with traditional methods of classroom Teaching, ELT should be done naturally with the students by making them practice them through Rhymes/Poem, articles, story, write-up etc activities such that they gain experiences by conversation in English

OBJECTIVES:-

1. To understand the importance of effective teaching Strategies in ELT in the classroom for school children.
2. To understand the Discourse oriented pedagogy like conversation, Description, Rhymes, write-ups etc.
3. To understand about Teaching Learning Processes of Discourse oriented pedagogy so as to how to make the students understand the concepts of ELT in a practical and useful way.
4. To know about ELT and its features in secondary level students.
5. To understand advantages of Discourse oriented pedagogy.
6. To teach ELT by instructional methods and non-instructional methods and experimental methods.
7. To link the English language skills (LSRW) intelligence function in school children
8. Use of e-learning, ICT, etc for taking up ELT classes.

METHODS AND PROCEDURES:-

English Language Teaching discourses will be taught in

1. Transactional process by the means of teacher(instructional method).
2. From ICT, A.V aids, e-learn(non-instructional method).
3. Independent Learning by students both orally and in written form(experiential method)
4. ELT focuses on written or spoken communication development of basic skills in language learning listening, speaking, reading and writing. Learning experience should be continued. English language learning experiences should be targeted to provide the learner sufficient scope for the integration of basic skills in their English language acquisition process.

“Method” emphasizes that Learning is not Teaching it natures learner’s curiosity supports co-operation and collaborative learning ensures the transaction of English through integration of various skills of a language the most natural way and bridges the gap between so called “good” and bad performers of language. A student of secondary class should be able to communicate ideas easily and effectively in English.

RESULTS AND DISCUSSION:-

- Discourse-oriented pedagogy can be adapted to suite any level of learner. The plot is to be selected taking into consideration of the nature of learner’s and their cognitive ecology.
- The role of teachers in this method of ELT is minimal, students are taken individual space for English Language acquisition.
- Alphabet, word, sentences, phrases are not presented in isolation, they are integrated in various Transactional methods.
- This type of independent learning is in conformity with the whole language philosophy
- .The focus is on the process of ELT and not on the product
- It is important to realize the 21st century classrooms demands and students aspirations. We need to bring learning to people instead of people to learning to people instead of people to learning. To apply the different methods will

definitely result in better ELT approaches.

CONCLUSION & IMPLICATION OF THE STUDY

English language teaching with various pedagogical approaches and methods are effective and effortless which leads to “derivative” learning by adopting the transaction method of approach in ELT. It’s discussed that students learn easily and perform better and acquire the English Language skills of LSRW rather than just audio (Teacher centered).

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Bupinder Singh is a Teacher by profession but a writer by passion. He has published his work across a number of magazines and journals like The Week, The Big Round Table, Unlost, Eccolinguistics among many others. He is the Founder of Unfound Artists a platform for undiscovered artists. He also performs his spoken poetry.



Zombies

“ Cemetery with no bones but only flesh,
 an urn full of cotton with decomposed walls,
 Beads of lapiz lazuli and of wood,
 stone sliced splinters stocked in pits.
 Skeletal fossil imprints, excavated in entirety,
 wallowed in amber and quartz.
 Dogs and sheep burried along
 and some painted lustrous screen with copper
 handle,
 Burnt brick barrage to encompass it all.
 Surrounded by elaborate granaries and public
 baths,
 uncluttered streets along squared houses.
 The land may be of dead but
 zombies walk here in peace now.
 People with pride and prejudice,
 scorned with indignation and disdain,



caught up in bizarrerie of click-baits,
adorned with gold and diamonds,
branded with the finest haute' couture,
impoverished with riches,
unrelated to their genealogy,
chasing the Cosmopolitan sun,
wax-winged Icarus lookalikes,
with flying dreams buried,
caged besides their altars,
self-immolating aspirations walk,
the cluttered street of heavenly mansions
surrounded by disposal pits of accumulated toxic
left-overs.

The land may not be of the dead, still zombies walk
here in peace now.