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The Wasteland

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Cover Page Footnote

I am foremost grateful to the Fishing Cat for opening my eyes. Also to my partner, Partha Dey without whom I would be lost and especially the people who gave me a chance to see the world and supported my handicapped self. Lastly, my friends especially Subrata Ghosh, Suvrajyoti, Meghna, Ira, Aritra, Mayuresh, Chetana, Jha, Rohit, Zeeshan, Rakesh, Pooja and others I forget to mention for which I will be forgiven! Lastly and only because I believe in saving the best for last, The Cat which has given me a purpose in life, to thee I owe everything.

The Wasteland

The refugee's home — a waste land.
Limited. Tolerant.
Stress. A dark existence.
Hooks of a refugee—clinging on.
A layered warmth.
Composure amidst odds.
No lights at the bends.
Furnaced. Bricked. Cemented!

But not those torches burning bright! No!
Pierced Right Through!

Wasteland, wasteland, wasteland!
Money and Mind Partnerships.
Kin persists in silence—
Not the stepchild though.

The skies yonder—a scarlet minivet—a drunken fly,
The Sun cometh. Silence Revolts.
Immortality to hurrahs and cheers.
Champagne. Sparkling. Money.
Gobbled up into a Black Hole.

Nemesis.
Daily, lonely death and death
Hugs, warmth, a shoulder—
Lost Hope.

Sinking heavy weights.
Goey brown.

We are free
Nostalgic, earthen pots of streams—algal hemmed.
A wet canvas.
A dripping spread
Of green—dense and matted.
The soul heaves into the Earth.

TIASA ADHYA was born in 1986 and lives in India where she conducts research and activism on the fishing cat and its wetland habitat. A scientist by training, Tiasa pursues different forms of communication to bridge the gap between science and the public. She has written over 50 articles to popularize science and ecology. She is also the recipient of a national award in 2016 for her team's innovative approach to conservation.