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A RIOTOUS TALE OF SAFFRON, GREEN, AND WHITE: A POSTCOLONIAL PARODY ON THE HYBRID MAYHEM

(A Poem Inspired by Gauri Viswanathan's *Masks of Conquest* and Bill Ashcroft et al.'s *The Empire Writes Back*)

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THEY, who desperately aspired to color our country, Bhārat, in mono-green;
THEY, who exceptionally desired to hear the Quran seep through, percolate,
and rise gargantuan
from every nook and cranny of Bhārat, decimating all that did not cower down.

THEY first unleashed a sweeping assault:

Plundered temples from pillar to post,
mowed down innumerable livelihoods,
slitting a massive multitude apart.

THEY mauled their private parts:

men's and women's, girls' and boys', young and old, one and all!

Colonizing the throats that once vibrated with Om Śāntiḥ Om,
they shamed their indigenous identity marks: language, culture, literature,
knowledge systems, and beliefs.

First, THEY strangled the vocal cords of devabhāṣā, Sanskrit, the language
of the Gods, and artificially inseminated THEIR mongrel forms, straitjacketing them
betwixt.

Then, severing the knot of Śiva-Śakti bhakti implanted in natives, THEY
tattered the religio-cultural fabric.

Disrobing Vākdevi's visionary Vedic Truths embedded in mantrās,
songs, poetry, and drama, THEY tampered with classical literature.

Jumping onto the next, THEY hurled themselves upon sullyng philosophical centers.

THEY reveled in the act of erasing timeless knowledge systems gifted by the
gurukulas, pāṭhaśālās, āśrams, and agrahāras.



Dehumanizing our sacrosanct beliefs, degrading our rites and rituals as diabolical superstitions,

THEY went on to gnaw the inner lining of our very Being-ness, festering it utterly to top their foul plays off.

All was done to replace Rāma-Kṛṣṇa with Inshā-Allāh; well, their mission barely rested.

Then came the star-white, bright fools from Great Britain, who, after surveying the paralyzed idol of our cosmopolitan Bhārat Mātā—relegated to no more than a despoiled specimen, uncannily bleeding in and out—the missionaries repeated the acts of the former, albeit donning the mask of a super-brilliant biologist born to “discover” and “rescue” the fallen bit.

THEY dissected her part by part, inspected through a minuscule magnifying glass, anxiously hogtied her—burnt her not to death’s stake, mind you!—but to watch her wriggle, life-in-death.

Extending the endless tail of her suffering, THEY granted her access to witness myriad molestations springing from the minds, hearts, and bodies of her children.

But the second-rate emperors could never inch closer to the ring of the Sanātani jeevās, for they housed Śiva, Viṣṇu, Gaṇeśa, Skanda, the Daśa Mahāvidyāḥs, and a range of indigenous deities unique to every hill and plain.

Wherever they battled within their hearts and outside with arms, they invoked the Supreme to strengthen them.

How would THEY dare to trespass when the eternal guardian is nobody but Antaryāmin: Śrīman Nārāyaṇa?

Midst the re-denuded masses surrounding Bhārat Mātā, she, the gagged victim, smiled teary-eyed.

Grief withdrew, and though her hands were tied, her eyes beheld the spectacular backlash she prayed for...

Flames rose higher, un-staggering, unflinching; relentless valor marched ahead.



The kṣatriyas deployed themselves against the alien, exotic flames that lacked grey matter.

The Universal flame of Vāsudeva, towering above all in cosmic form, guffawed, shaking the Milky Way.

His one glance was enough!

Running through the reconnaissance of several mental war-grounds, the Song of God, the Bhagavad Gītā, was heard again by the chosen jeevātmās who awakened to rebel with steadfast determination.

What about the massive ravage wrought by the weird green beardos and the fleshy, white, penniless beasts?

Were they too part of Kṛṣṇa's Līlā to test the faith of the devout Indian masses?

Why did He still have to allow THEM to proselytize us in millions?

When Ramzani-Christmassy madness joined hand-in-glove to desecrate Bhārat Mātā's chaste breath, why did Kṛṣṇa not propel the Śiva devotees to fight for Dharma on par with the Kṛṣṇa devotees?

Was ISKCON also part of Kṛṣṇa's Līlā?

Yet permitting the whitewashed sinners to get away with their bloody, consecrated, Christ-veiled, errant justifications for bread and butter? Ugh.

How come, Nārāyaṇa? Why did You let THEM?

THEY injected THEIR innate depravity, transposing dirt onto us, who were already civilized aeons before THEIR Son of God cried in Bethlehem!

O Nārāyaṇa, You bestowed upon us the Vedas, the Rāmāyaṇa, the Mahābhārata, the Purāṇas, the Upaniṣads, and many such divine jewels.

Why did You, O Hayagrīva, let them standardize, secularize, and universalize our sacred troves without Your consent?

Why did You, O Nārasimha, stay calm when Your words passed down through Ṛṣis were misinterpreted, misrepresented, and deleted during translations?

Why did You, O Viṭṭhala, stand with hands akimbo when mārga and deśī were forced to be at loggerheads with each other?



O Paramātmā, You fed us with the light of our Inner Reality, the True bond
that ties the mortals with Immortality.

Yet, it beats me: why did You let THEM pillage, break, and slaughter all of us and
ours?

THEY colonized us wearing the cross of “morality, high culture, intellectual,
and racial superiority.”

The English Literature masquerades conquered us, flashing their pristine Eton ties: alas!
My heart goes out to the extinguished multitude of Western-Enlightened empty shells
that make nothing but noise.

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