

Topic : Glimpses of Kerala

~~09~~

## A throwback to the past

2109

The rays of the morning sun was like a crown for the hills of Wayanad, the traveller's paradise I was admired very much by its beauty. (4)

This place is nothing new for me, even then I don't know what made me stuck on this view. It was months ago this paradise was isolated by the crazy play of those water. (8)

I was taken aback for a while to those glimpses of the past of my motherland, Kerala. Those glimpses ranged from the fights of the socialists to the thugs of the blood. (12)

The superior's dominance and the inferior's unity was the very remarkable scene of Kerala's history. Those fights made us walk with our loved ones without fear and difference (16)

The division was the next thing that mattered. It was divided into fourteen somebody named it districts, but even now, even then we are one, the power of togetherness, the Keralites. (20)

To speak and to express ourselves we have a language, Malayalam, our mother tongue our only language. It varied everywhere, from the kids to elders, but even then it is one. (24)

We had our own leaders, our own representatives.  
Someone among them were sincere, somebody was  
corrupted. Even then we had raised, we had improved  
at every circles of daily lifestyles. (28)

We had arised like a sun from the  
illiterate to the most literate - from  
slums we had moved to cities and towns  
Our sisters had their own identity. (32)

Many faught each other in the name of  
sex, caste, religion and even in the name of  
dress they wear. But after all for a  
problem as a whole we were together we are one (36)

When a sudden flood we were together forgetting  
the caste, sex, our fisherman became our soldiers  
even the high officials helped the poor. I  
thank lord for this beauty and the present  
Kerala I have, and for a pleasant morning (41)