

Crows Everywhere . . .

By: Radhika Patel

(A poem translated from Gujarātī into English)

For centuries, crows were already black;
But, there was happiness— even in ‘blackness’.
There was no regret due to hue.
Nor existed any kind of proverbial clue:
“Crows . . . everywhere black, always!!”
One crow fabricated a false case;
He coloured himself with a white shade.
As a God, he kept on being worshipped in the whole community.
But, during the first shower of monsoon itself the colour faded.
A fraud crow brought disgrace to whole community:

Crows are everywhere black, always . . . !!
Having been sad by this saying excessively,
One crow did a penance rigorously;
And received— a ‘white’ boon . . . !!
Being blessed with a boon— he came to community.
But who will accept?
The community took him under control absolutely;
He was made half-dead nearly, drowning into water frequently;
Nevertheless, the colour remained white exceptionally . . . !!
His skin was taken off, subsequently,
And he turned into eventually—
A ‘red crow’
Black are not all crows, inevitably . . . !!

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