

Haikus

Jishnu Venkataraman

Here, a criminal
is righteously hanged. There,
a good father dies.

The fool cuts the tree,
the wise bask in its wisdom,
the tree lives and dies.

The sword is mighty,
the pen is mightier; the
tongue is absolute.

The foolish worship,
the ignorant pry and doubt,
the wise man accepts.

Justice in war is
as brittle as the small world's
illusion of peace.

As the priest chants hymns,
the warheads rain; God gives no
respite or solace.