

SUMMER, 2013
VAYAVYA

INDIA¹

Ishan Marvel

India, I give you nothing, for I am nothing.

Two balls and seventeen cigarettes. July 9, 2012.

I'm beginning to enjoy my mind.

But India, when will you fight another war?

When will you use that million-dollar bomb?

I can't write my epic till you do something.

India, when will you stop being a pussy and take off your clothes?

India, when will you be acidic?

When will you meet the eyes of your million Naxalites?

India, why are your bookshops full of shit?

And when will you stop making omelettes for America?

I'm sick of hypocrisies.

When can I go into the supermarket and buy what I need with my big dick?

India, when will you move on to the next world?

Your machinery is too much for me.

You make me feel ashamed of being a saint.

There is no way to end this argument.

I can never get to the point.

I refuse to give up my madness.

India, start pushing, we've had enough of labour.

India, the onions are rising.

I haven't read the newspaper for months, everyday somebody does something bad.

India, I feel sentimental about the Maoists.

I used to be a communist when I was a bachelor; I'm not sorry.

I avoid marijuana everywhere.

¹ An adaptation of Allen Ginsberg's *America*.

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I sit at my desk for days on end and stare at the curtains.

When I go out, I get drunk and never get laid.

My mind is made up, we need some trouble.

You should have seen me reading Freud.

My analysis says I'm perfectly right.

I won't stand for the national anthem.

I have cosmic visions and mystical vibrations.

India, you should be ashamed of the drool when Uncle Obama came over.

I'm undressing you.

Are you going to let our imagination run by Delhi Times?

I'm obsessed by Delhi Times.

I read it every chance I get.

Its pictures tempt with me all the women I can never have.

I read it with my morning cigarette and shit.

It's always telling me about fun.

Businessmen are having fun.

Movie stars are having fun.

Everybody's having fun but me.

It occurs to me that I am India.

I am talking to myself again.

Yoga is rising against me,

I haven't got a chance.

I'd better consider my national resources.

My national resources consist of twelve cigarettes,

Millions of shy genitals,

An unpublished private literature that goes 600 words an hour,

And eight hundred buffoons at the centre.

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I say nothing about my schools, or the millions of underprivileged who live in my public jungles under the light of Zero-Watt bulbs.

I have killed half of Kashmir, the East is next to go.

My ambition is to be President due to the fact that I'm useless.

India, how can I write my grand epic in your silly mood?

I will continue like Salman Khan,

My couplets are as funny as his movies;

More so they're all sexually confused.

India, I will sell you cantos a lakh apiece, ten thousand down on your old canto.

India, I am the BCCI.

When I was thirteen, Ma took me to urban Buddhist groups.

They sold us prayer books for hundred bucks, and the speeches were free and full of faith.

Everybody was sincere and sentimental about prayer.

It was all so sincere you have no idea how much I was brainwashed.

Later, I almost cried when I realized I only wanted to get laid.

Everybody must have been an asshole.

India, you do want to go to war.

India, it's them Pakistanis.

And them Bangladeshis, them Sri Lankans, and them Chinamen. And them Pakistanis.

The Pakistan wants to fuck us dead. The Pakistan's a sex addict.

He wants to take our virgins on our kitchen-tops.

Him wants to grab Kashmir. Him needs a Filmfare. Him wants our grass in Malana.

Her, big bureaucracy running our brothels.

That no good.

Her sucks up to America.

Her need big, black Tam-Brahms.

Him makes us all abuse our wives. Help.

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India, this is quite serious.

This is the impression I get from looking in the television set.

India, is this correct, or am I stoned again?

You'd better get right down to the job.

It's true I diss everything and write dirty rhymes, I'm nearsighted and psychopathic anyway.

India, I'm taking my bruised shoulder off the wheel.
