

Evening Hunger

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In traffic, thrown into the thralls of hunger.

In my purview, a livestock trailer
ocular slits for ventilation, a dozen waving snouts,
sun rays on bead-like eyes
the stench of the farm
it permeates
grass fed, free-roam
makes no difference

Billboards, pictorial images,
of perspiring patties and salivating mouths
unshakable adverts

Hindus venerate the cow, the Jains as well
a divine symbol

dung, urine, and milk,
ghee and curd,
an all-purpose remedy
panchagavya
the heifer is generous

Discomfort,
and the eyes of privilege
break contact,
for their own sake
meditation is disbanded
by impatient horns
and coarse expletives

And,
sympathetic hands,
raise a perspiring patty
to my salivating mouth,
and nothing is sacred