

## *Being A Hindu*

*There is something in being a Hindu  
The worship moves with moon the and the sun  
With the trees, the animals, the rivers, the seas  
There is something godly in every living being.*

*The monsoon roars and splashes  
Gods Indra and Varun fume and lash  
Throw bolts of lightning and awaken  
Every pore in soil and seed  
Putting in new life to sustain the old.*

*The rain falls by the stars  
The farmer tills and plants  
The seas roar, boil and tumble  
Fish are left to breed and flourish.*

*Monsoon continues, waters rise  
Fill rivers, streams and holes  
Reptiles escape and seek refuge  
Are welcome and worshipped.*

*Every tree, blade of grass  
Every twig, herb, root and leaf  
Has a message and holds a brief  
Where every human ailment can find relief.*

*And yet thought was polluted  
Reasoning was convoluted  
To claim toilers as lowly  
While idlers were heavenly.*

*The eternal cycle of Karma  
Was a lot of adharmā  
To enslave the lowly  
And uphold the unholy.*

*All is not lost  
Awaken and hearken  
Raise the lowest from his toil  
Help him to his feet  
To stand up and walk tall  
In full splendour.*

*God lives not in stones  
Not in temples, mosques or churches  
He lives in the hearts of living beings.*

*Awakened Hindu, you have a message  
The world has to listen.*

**Gilbert Lobo**