



A
Stranger

LURKS IN MY BRAIN

BOB D' COSTA

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E-book, 1st edition 2015

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eISBN 978-1-63323-413-0

Print ISBN 978-1-63323-414-7

Published by www.booksmango.com (under licence from Whatabook Poetry)

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bob D'Costa: Poet, author educationist and creative writing instructor, he is a maverick who elopes with travel, honeymoons with fractured sunsets and sleeps with dusk but is married to words. With four books of poems and two novels in paperback, as well as three in ebook form, he is published in national as well as international journals. Bob has been compared by Late K. A. Abbas to Walt Whitman, Lorca, Pablo Neruda, Majaz, Mayakovsky, Sardar Jaffri and Faiz Ahmed Faiz. Even to Bob Dylan by Rosemary C. Wilkinson, the general Secretary of World Academy of Arts and Culture, California from where he was honored with an Honorary D. Litt.

Bob's books

Poems: *A Brutal Sunset, The Ten Commandments, Gods on Earth, Dark Roots.*

Novels, paperback: *Love and Life in a Changing City, Lost.*

Novels, e-book: *No New Mail but Mail from a New Girl. Bruce and Rachnee... diary entry of lovers after death. Love Story of Bruce and Rachnee. Lost.*

Giving poetry readings at gatherings at home and abroad, Bob takes writers for retreats in the lap of nature. Besides being a member of Asia Pacific Writers and Translators as well as of FOSWAL, the Apex body of SAARC, Bob is the founder and Editor of Whatabook, a publishing house and also heads its creative and poetry team.

Some of these poems have appeared in international journals. Many have been read out at poetry gatherings

and international literature festivals at home and abroad. And also in bars, and cafes and classrooms. At street corners over clay cups of chai. At groups in bus stops while locking eyes with women.

The walls of my study have also lent a patient ear to some of these poems.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Team Whatabook, that is, members of the advisory board, Shahzad Firdaus, Tim Tomlinson, Liz Packer, Bhavna Khemlani, editor, Antara Banerjee and creative team, Soumyadev Bose and Supriyo Roy.

DEDICATION

A poet has two hearts,
And here I have Pablo and Sucheta

WHO RAPED AND KILLED THE 23 YEAR OLD?

Who raped and killed the 23 year old?
Not I the bus with the tinted glass said
I'm only an ordinary machine and I'm set
To take passengers up and down the road.

Who raped and killed the 23 year old?
Not I, Mr. Time just casually said
I only came at fifteen past ten
She was fated to use me instead.

Who raped and killed the 23 year old?
Not I said the girl's beautiful smile
I only went with her all the while
She stepped in and out of the movie hall.

Who raped and killed the 23 year old?
Not I said her soft and tender age
I had been growing with her all the time
I wasn't aware I was so vulnerable?

Who raped and killed the 23 year old?
Not I said the dark and wintry night
What all can I actually do
If people take advantage of me and not you.

Who raped and killed the 23 year old?
What can we do the rapists said
If we are not taught values at all
So don't point your finger at us
Instead point them at our elders strong and tall.

Who raped and killed the 23 year old?
Don't blame us said the country's laws
We are only born to be sleeping away
And stuffed into office cupboards of old.
Don't blame us repeated the country's laws
It was actually destiny's fault
And so it was only God's will
Thus it wasn't us who did it at all.

(This poem was read out at the SAARC Festival of Literature, March 2013 in Agra. It was also read out in Allen Park, Park Street, on a religious gathering of religious heads post Nirbhaya's death. It also found a place in the Literature Meet of AP Writers and Translators in Bangkok, 2012)