

Lucky

Down at the bottom of the river, the fishes
swirl around his ears. Lucky hunts for gold.
Away from the teeming world of city streets
and crying wives, he meditates on God and his world.

The white man from England tugs twice
on the water-hole of his mask. Simultaneously,
God tugs Lucky. An electric eel, smoothly, snakelike
touches him.

A current moves like lightning
from the back of the eel's head to his ankle.
"Ouch!" is torn from my father's lips. He
swims frantically up towards shore.

Mahadai Das