

FOND OF EATING GENERATIONS AND RACES

Trout no more seen
Frolicking among the waves
Of the Krishaganga¹ flowing by

They have hidden themselves
Behind the cold ice blocks,
Under the rocks
Or in the holes of some old fallen tree

They have been frightened
Not by the lightening and thunder,
Landslide or avalanche
Nor did they take alarm
From the nets & fishing rods
Of the fishermen and travellers

These small fish, from their tiny wombs
Leave out progeny
To perpetuate their kind
And thus goes on
The game, the tradition
And the frolicking too

They have, this time, been frightened
By the demon
Who is heard to be fond of
Eating generations and races