

Bhai Kanhiaya

*Jaswinder Singh Chadha**

Yet another battle was fought
In high spirits like the rest
Guru's Sikhs, the soldier saints
swung into action, full of zest
The dazzle dazed the men deployed
The weapons glared in the sun
The battle cries were deafening
Angel of death, hovered on everyone
The swipes of swinging swords
swept swiftly, inflicting fatal blows
The arrows aimed at the enemy
Tore through the wanted foes
Dead and the wounded had fallen
As muskets fired the rounds
Smoke and dust obscured the vision
Heat and blood fouled the ground
Hours later, as the horror settled
The nature was rendered mute
When the peace and quiet returned
The demand for water was acute
Some soldiers had fallen dead

But the wounded needed tending
From the injured and exhausted
The cries for water were unending
There moved a lonesome figure
Amidst the injured and the dead
Bhai Kanhiaya, a Guru's soldier
Served water, round this dread
Deftly, the man drifted around
Nursing the wounded he was tending
You could see him serve them water
Watch him, his tall frame bending
Lost in the love of his Lord
Bhai Kanhiaya served everyone
He served the enemy injured
As he would serve his own brethren
Kanhiaya's strange behaviour
Was brought to the Guru's attention
When the Guru summoned the man
He showed no fear or apprehension
"I did serve them all," he said
"As I didn't see any Sikh or enemy
All I could see in those faces, Lord,
Were You, a picture of Thee"

The Guru smiled for he was pleased

The burden on his mind was eased

Bhai Kanhiya had understood

Whatever is bad and what is good.

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