

It's Funny

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Funny how ten dollars looks so big

When we take it to Gurdwara Sahib,

But so small when we take it to the store.

Funny how long 60 minutes is

When we are serving *langar*,

But how short when shopping, playing golf, or watching TV.

Funny how laborious it is

to read a chapter in Sikh history books,

But how easy it is to read 200-300 pages of best selling novel.

Funny how we believe what a person or newspaper says,

But question what the Guru Granth Sahib says!

Funny how we can't think of anything to say when we pray,

But don't have any difficulty thinking of things to gossip about.

Funny how we need weeks to fit a prayer even into our schedule,

But have no problems adjusting for a social event at the last minute!

Funny how we get thrilled when a football game runs overtime,

But complain when a *kirtan* goes beyond schedule.

Funny how people scramble to get a front seat at a sporting event,

But scramble to get a back row at the Gurdwara Sahib!

Funny how difficult it is to share God's words with others,

But how simple it is to spread rumours.

Funny how everyone wants to go to heaven

Provided they don't have to believe, think, say, or do anything!



To our Pakistani Brethren*

Prof. Hazara Singh@

** The poem was written on the eve of Simla Summit between the Prime Minister of India and the President of Pakistan held in the last week of May, 1972.*

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How long will you writhe under fear and hate?

How long will you threaten of fire and sword?

How long will clouds of war hang on our fate?

How long will arms consume our toil and gold?

Oh! pause and ponder, our own flesh and blood.

The same awesomely majestic range of hills

Secure our north from winds fiercely cold

The banks of same winding rivers and rills

Cradles a culture, quite pragmatic and bold.

Oh!pause and ponder, our own flesh and blood.

Favourable tides of legendary Arabian sea

Resonate on our shores from south to west

Thus nature has linked us wherever we see

Then why let ill-will harm us like a pest?

Oh! pause and ponder, our own flesh and blood.

The hymns, we quote, belong to common saints

The songs, we relish, are from the same lore

Why keep harping on mere taunts and taints

Learn to live in peace, quarrelling no more.

Oh! pause and ponder, our own flesh and blood.