

I have all the Answers but no Solution!

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I asked my father
When Sikhs would unite,
He smiled at me and said
First let them finish their fight.
Then I asked my father
When we would be One,
He smiled back and said
Just go on seeing the fun.
So I asked my father
Whether he loved his community
While confirming the same he added
If only they had some unity.
I asked my father
Why Sikhs were divided
He shook his head in despair and said
Fortunately or unfortunately, they are all
well provided
I asked my father
Why we don't love each other
He looked at me with sorrowful eyes
and remarked
Because we don't consider each other a
brother
Then I asked my father
Why Sikhs were cutting their hair and
losing identity
He seemed perplexed himself and said
That's because they don't care for their
very entity
I asked my father
Why beards were being shorn
He got lost in thought and muttered
Because their disappearance is not
being mourned
When I asked my father
Why there were so many Gurudwaras
He said we were fighters
And needed more Akharas
I asked my father

Why Sikh politicians were blind
That was an easy question for him
For where do we find politicians in their
right mind
I asked my father
Whether it was not the duty of our
Granthis
He said they could only try
But fail to give any guarantees
So I asked my father
If some of the Sikhs were really not
Sikhs
He looked back solemnly and confirmed
Unfortunately, those some are spiritually
sick
Then I told my father
I feel like crying
He too shed a tear
And started sighing
So I asked my father
Is there hope, is there any scope
He shook his head in despair and
exclaimed
I'm afraid - NO
When I asked my father
I had this desire
He looked back at me in wonder and
said
There is no harm to aspire
When I told my father
I wish to try
He looked back at me and said
It won't happen till you die
But I requested my father
To wish me luck
He said he would and asked
Will you be able to sort out all the
muck?
When I asked my father
Whether I would succeed
He encouraged me by saying
At least you would have sown the seed
So I would now like to ask my brothers
and sisters
When others cut your hair
You rise in revolt
But when you cut them on your own

Don't you find any fault?
When Dalers and Bhajjis
Are accepted by Sikh society
Who can help the community?
Not even the Almighty!
When a Sikh dies
He is consigned to the flames
But when his identity expires
Is there no shame?
A Sikh without his Kesh
Is like a man without a face
A Sikh without his beard
Is like a warrior who is scared!
This is the state of Sikhs today
I have to say, with utter dismay
But all I can do is hope and pray
That wisdom would dawn on them -
some day
What else can I say, what else can I do
To infuse into my people, something
new
To sieve the chaff from their mental
stew
And revive our Sikhi, like the fresh
m o r n i n g
dew.

