

# LAND SO FAR-CLOSE TO HEART

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## **Land where meanders settled down years back,**

The lush green mountain rows and brimming rivers,  
It's not just this that causes goose bumps...

Beyond the serenity, what I choose to memorize about my land is the alluring aroma of Thalassery 'Dum Biryani', 'Kannur Kuzhimanthi', 'Malabari Beef Roast', the Sufi Dance and the sad Shayaris we heard about ;and of course the heart throbs of Cannanore, the versatile talents born into the cradle of Kannur to embrace a world of exhilarating feat.

This my land, where I was born, brought up and molded myself with the legends of freedom fighters, communism, the celluloid of cine artists. It's with immense pride that I remember about my district.

Where people care, for no benefits

Where people help, for no returns

Where people fight, for no reasons, that's the problem with my natives, they love blindly, but their hatred becomes fatal.

Its ends in blood sheds, we never forgive unfaithfulness.

Her heart pounds heavily

Her eyes shedding blood

Her ears alert, expectant for yet another bad news

Every time the day breaks with a wild haunted story in the heart of Kannur.

Kannur, the land of many gifted Cine artists, cultural leaders, poets, authors and Award laureus is today the land of bloodsheds.

Land where we hear the Cry of Graves

Land loathed by orphans and widows.

Dawn welcomes the civilians with crime thrillers,  
stories of those brutally killed in the break of dawn  
and stabbed in the wake of dusk.

Oh! Great martyrs of my nation

Let me salute you with pride

For, you shed your final drops

heeding the lament for freedom

and not for the vengeance of bloody politics.

I feel pity when I glance through the recurring  
political barbarism of Kerelites. Cultural leaders,  
Authors and Poets invite the attention of both  
civilians and politicians to bring back peace and  
harmony in Kannur.

Still at the stroke of midnight, political parties  
disguise themselves as violent beasts craving for  
blood. I feel pity for your souls, who were  
slaughtered, you and your party are mortal; it fades  
away with no time.

I wish you were one among those army men killed in an encounter and not in any political violence. If so, the nation would have bowed for your great sacrifice.

My dear friends, who believe in political parties. Never give up your life for the whims of your party.

I Grew up to understand that communism is not mere philosophy, it's a lifestyle. The veteran CPI leader E.Chandrashekarar who passed away very recently is such an eminent example for flawless political life.

When you die, sorry when you are brutally stabbed and ripped off, your Mother weeps to death because she lost you, her son and not a political leader.

She wails,

As the blood thirsty wolves still

processions your body through streets,

When you die,  
You broke those red bangles, the symbol of suhaag.  
You wiped off sindhoor with your blood  
You veiled her with white sari made her widow at  
the age of spring.  
You made eagle-eyed men stare at your wife.  
Your children were orphaned,  
Whom shall they go running for a hug?  
You made people call them bastard.  
You pushed your dear ones to darkness.  
Death curses your departure.  
Those leaders who made you the sacrificial lamb  
would read a eulogy more melancholy which they  
are tired of reading, also for those who were killed  
before you.

Days pass, you will be a framed photo garlanded  
and nailed on the wrecking wall of a party office.

Your immortality falls off as you fall off with the rusted nails.

None would care to put your broken glasses together. But then you will be a wound in the hearts of your beloveds; for your untimely death took away all the glimmer of their lives.

The life of a single human being is worth a million times more than all the property of the richest man on earth.

-Che Guevara-

This is the real essence of communism and not violence and death alarms.

I pray that my district quit violence and worship peace.

Though all these are facts, for me it's the land where we own the famous communist leader of India, Ayillyath Kuttiari Gopalan (A.K.G), E.M.S Namboodiripad, the first chief minister of Kerala ; critic and renowned writer Sri Sukumar

Azheekod, cine artists Sreenivasan, Vineeth Sreenivasan, Kaithapram Damodaran Namboodiri, Manju Warriar and so on..Muzhapillangadu beach is one of the top six driving beaches in the world. It's the land where we keep memories, cultures, and traditions close to heart.

The breezy wings of Payyambalam

The peacefulness of Burnassery lanes

The morning walks through these areas, where we see little cottages with Ivy green and almond blossoms and streaks of sunlight eaves dropping through the daylight walks, it's just spell bound. I owe these only to my sweet land.

The evening light walks with friends is not only to hangout in Capitol Mall, but its again to chill out in Payyambalam beach when the sun is about to kiss the ocean.

I wonder how I'm still alive in some antique land  
with all my memories that tempts me to jump the  
walls of my hostel.

-KRIZTINA TREZA