

## **FOND OF EATING GENERATIONS AND RACES**

Trout no more seen  
Frolicking among the waves  
Of the Krishaganga<sup>1</sup> 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