



LETTERS

- 'First past the post' system a mockery
- BN: Sit with MIC, Hindraf and listen
- Hindraf wouldn't exist if NEP remained true
- Non-bumis not expecting handouts
- Let Penang be groundswell for change
- Ballot box the way to break nepotism
- Co-op movement heading towards doom
- End BN rule - not just weaken it
- The Balaams and Jonahs of Malaysia
- Take note Pak Lah, S'pore is multi-ethnic

NEWS

- Unopposed: BN wins 9 seats, PAS 1
- PM kicks off 13-day polls campaign
- Objections all and sundry
- On the campaign trail
- Penang: Independents spring forth
- Khairy takes on PKR for Rembau
- Sungai Siput: 'Tis the season of upsets?
- Samy's 13 days
- Lembah Pantai: Izzah's induction of fire
- Kepong: Of fanfare and simplicity

COLUMNS

- Time for the pork barrel
- What might have been if Malaysia Boleh
- Have Christians learned the costly lesson?
- The KJ brand family business
- Another BN illection
- Lies, lies and more lies!
- Mandate of heaven this nation awaits
- The erosion of democracy
- May 13, Feb 14
- Girl friends and girlfriends

OPINIONS

- Our values and the coming polls
- 2008 equals 1986?
- Of blockheads, buffoons and bigots (Part 2)

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A Mothers' Day poem

Anushka Anastasia Solomon | May 14, 07 5:32pm

For Mukthar Mai/Bachual Haton/Yours and Mine

*"I told her to fight. Someone has to be the first drop of rain."
"Adika Adika, ammiyum navarum/Pound! Pound! Even the grinding stone shall be moved.*

Beyond the fence
Beyond the ocean
Beyond the sea of men, our fathers, brothers, husbands, uncles,
even sons...
Beyond the governments
Beyond the seven continents

Seek Justice.
If it is not found in the hands of a man
It shall surely be found in the hands of a God.

*"I told her to fight. Someone has to be the first drop of rain."
"Adika, Adika, ammiyum navarum/Pound! Pound! Even the grinding stone shall be moved.*

In memory of mothers, blue hydrangeas, and Hallmark cards are not enough
Clustered on its' pretty flowerhead that panacea for all our troubles in Asia
and the Middle East, even here in the US, is it only one day we call her 'mother'?
Has money, that devil, the root of which is evil, robbed you of common sense?
shed you of conscience?

*"I told her to fight. Someone has to be the first drop of rain."
"Adika, Adika, ammiyum navarum/Pound! Pound! Even the grinding stone shall be moved.*

Mother, that proper noun for Mukthar Mai's mother, yours and mine
Like rice, Like bread, like rice, like bread, like rice, like bread
The first of all the words said in your mouth and mine

*"I told her to fight. Someone has to be the first drop of rain."
"Adika, Adika, ammiyum navarum/Pound! Pound! Even the grinding stone shall be moved.*

May it fall on the head of the President of Pakistan
May it fall on the heads of nations
May it fall on the head of every man born of a mother
May it fall on the head of every man born of a mother
May it fall on the heads of nations
May it fall on the head of every man born of a mother

Seek Justice
If it is not found in the hands of a man
It shall surely be found in the hands of a God

*"I told her to fight. Someone has to be the first drop of rain."
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- Caretaker gov't: logic and the law
- Botox and body-snatching (Part 2)
- Botox and body-snatching (Pt 1)

Beyond the fence
 Beyond the ocean
 Beyond the sea of men, our fathers, brothers, husbands, uncles,
 even sons...
 Beyond the governments
 Beyond the seven continents

Listen.

"I told her to fight. Someone has to be the first drop of rain."
 "Adika, Adika, ammiyum navarum/Pound! Pound! Even the
 grinding stone shall be moved.

Is there now a man among you who is literate?

Anushka Anastasia Solomon is a Malaysian-Tamil writer and poet in exile. Her chapbook, Please, God, Don't Let Me Write Like A Woman, is scheduled for release later this year.

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