

## **I Flow Because I Must: Thus Speaks Ganga**

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### **Introduction: The Dialogue Across Eternity**

Music and poetry have long demanded answers from the silent earth. Decades ago, the legendary bard Bhupen Hazarika stood before the mighty currents of the Ganges and asked a question that echoed through the collective consciousness of a wounded land: *Oh Ganga, seeing the fall of humanity, why do you flow so silently?"*

This collection of poetry is the River's definitive, devastating answer.

The following pages pull back the veil of the material world through the eyes of Chunmun Singh, a silent yogi seeking dissolution on the rain-slicked, stone steps of Triveni Ghat. Under the cold, unblinking ivory eye of a bruised-blue moon, the river reveals herself not as the serene, passive mother of colorful calendar art, but as a terrifying tapestry of awe and terror. She is two thousand five hundred kilometers of liquid memory, woven from dark water and the blinding orange heat of a thousand burning pyres.

She bears the weight of ten thousand years of human frailty. Her skin carries the pockmarks of 1857's musket balls and the iridescent, violet-green chemical burns of modern tanneries. Her breath is thick with the scent of wet earth, the sharp, metallic tang of spilled blood, and the cloying, sweet rot of decaying marigolds.

When the poet accuses her of indifference, she answers not with the deafening crash of thunder, but by turning her mirror-surface toward humanity itself. These nineteen poems are her testimony—a sweeping tide that washes over the ashes of fallen empires, the broken oaths of kings, and the soundless screams of the unborn. She speaks to remind us that the mantra of a thousand storms does not live in her emerald currents, but in the dormant, smoldering courage of our own chests.

*I am Ganga, eternal wanderer between blinding white snow and the  
jade-green sea,  
Breathing the scent of wet pine, I answer thee not in the deafening  
crack of thunder,*

*But in the quiet, liquid murmur of my ceaseless, turquoise tide.  
You summon me with the copper-scented cries of fallen men,  
With the piercing ache of a thousand winters' frost-blue silence—  
Yet I flow, reflecting the golden dawn. I must flow.  
For flow is the pulsing rhythm of life, and stagnancy the rotting  
stench of death.*

*Should I still my azure veins even for a breath,  
The fish that gleam like flashing silver prayers beneath my rippling  
breast  
Would gasp into the heavy air and perish in the sun-baked tomb of  
my embrace.*

*The stark white heron, the clicking grey dolphin, the unseen worlds  
that drink my rhythmic pulse—  
All would crumble to pale, soundless dust.*

*And you, my children on the clay-red banks, who wash the musk of  
sweat and sorrow in my waters,  
Would hear your yellowed fields crack like brittle parchment,  
Your smog-choked cities gasping, choking on their own acrid thirst.*

*I carry vibrant, sapphire life in my arteries; to halt is to silently  
murder multitudes.*

*You accuse me of cold indifference to humanity's bruised and bloody  
fall—*

*To the blackening rape of conscience, the sharp, shrieking murder  
of mercy.*

*O seeker smelling of sweet camphor and ash, I am no judge draped  
in bright saffron robes,*

*No avenging deity with a steel-flashing trident raised beneath the  
violet lightning.*

*I am river—merely a sweeping, emerald river.*

*I wash what is given: the grey, smoky ashes of the dead,*

*The salty tears of widows, the heavy musk of laborers, the bright  
crimson blood of the betrayed.*

*But the iron-scented blade that spills that blood?  
The trembling hand that steals from the hollow-eyed hungry?  
The heart grown cold with corruption's bitter, white frost?  
These echoes and shadows are yours. Yours alone.*

*Look upon your own fractured reflection in my starlit, mirror-  
surface.*

*Indians, you say? Corrupt as the muddy, sulfur-choked monsoon  
drains,*

*Lazy as the pink lotus drooping in the blinding midday heat,  
Devoid of empathy's warm, crackling fire.*

*Even the gods, it seems, have wearied of kindling such damp,  
smoke-heavy wood.*

*I have seen jeweled empires rise and rot along my silty shores—  
Maurya, Gupta, Mughal, British—a parade of scarlet coats and  
glittering swords,*

*Each leaving the rust-red silt of glory and the clinking coins of  
greed.*

*Yet I flowed, deep and dark, through them all,  
Carrying both the sweet-scented hymns of saints and the spitting  
curses of tyrants*

*To the same vast, roaring, indigo ocean.*

*I am not your golden savior, nor your bruised and battered  
scapegoat.*

*I am the ancient, churning artery of this wounded, dust-brown land,  
Bearing the heavy, groaning weight of ten thousand years  
Without the fanfare of brass trumpets or the scent of jasmine at a  
coronation.*

*If you seek the howling, thunderous mantra of a thousand storms,*

*It lives not in my silver current, but in the quiet embers of your  
dormant will.*

*Rise, then. Shatter the clanking iron chains of self you forged.  
Awaken the collective soul that slumbers in the violet shadows.*

*Strike the resounding Kurukshetra drum within your chests,  
And let new, blazing heroes be born—not from my cool, deep  
waters,*

*But from the bright, consuming fire of your own forgotten courage.*

*I shall keep flowing, shimmering under the pale moon.  
Through your weeping lamentations and the ringing bells of your  
triumphs,  
Through the dark sludge of your shame and the clear, sweet spring  
of your redemption.*

*For that is my dharma—pure as dawn, unbroken, eternal.*

*Drink the cool, earthen draft from me if you will.*

*But do not ask my emerald waves to fight your bloody wars.  
The battle for India's soul, amidst the scent of burning shores,  
Was never mine to wage, nor meant to settle human scores.*

*Look to the fire in your chest, where the ancient lion roars,  
It is yours, and it has always been yours.*

## **I. The Womb and the War**

*I am Ganga, born of a blinding white ice womb, my clear waters  
laughing over smooth stones.*

*Yet you dragged me into the Great War, where the copper-scented  
blood of eighteen akshauhinis soaked the earth's bones.*

*Priests in dazzling white dammed my spirit, binding me with ringing  
mantras for a victory bath.*