

### Requiem for a failed calling

I told you, risk, the wanton spoiler is on prowl,  
Ever waiting with ominous intent.  
Abruptly it strikes causing untold misery and ruin,  
Blowing to smithereens life's hopes in an instant.  
I discerned that not by any special intellect  
Nor, for I was more aware and prescient;  
I told you so as my heart did prompt anon,  
For, my mind then was full of peace and love  
Though, you spurned my wit with vehemence anon  
And dubbed me a peddler of despair and doom;  
Risk, you blurted out, is an invention of inclined minds  
And insurance, a concept akin to commercial chicanery.  
You were then drunk with power, pleasures and desires galore  
And hence of no serene disposition  
I told you, events come uninvited and are inexorable  
But their aftermath sure is controllable;  
That a little planning, scheming against the spoiler, saves much misery  
That insurance is such a scheme that saved many from potential penury  
That it's a scheme set on probability theory,  
But, plunged in surfeit of transient pleasures and plentitude,  
You chose to scoff at my earnest suggestion.  
Still I hope, when your mind becomes free and peace returns to halt  
My candid suggestion will find acceptance in your heart.

- K. Govindan