

Death And Rebirth Of K.O.A.

Today we have plunged in deep sorrow
And mourn the passing away of K.O.A.
The fraternity that gave us sustenance, spirit, and soul.

They sullied, humiliated, and cut asunder the honor of K.O.A.,
The mother that irrigated our roots and nourished our brotherhood
8,000 miles away from Khirbhavani.

They ruthlessly trampled its mission,
Demonically clobbered its bye-laws,
Members insulted members,
Leaders threatened each other,
Truth was asphyxiated by a welter of lies,
Fake peaceniks screamed to make their names,
All to hide and protect some mala fide operatives and actions.

Today K.O.A's soul heaves in pain unnamable,
Its founders lie low in sorrow and shame,
Its volunteer stalwarts have rolled down their sleeves,
All rue the demise of K.O.A.

But K.O.A. is not yet dead,
After every death there is a rebirth,
After every defeat there is a clarion call for a new beginning,
A new K.O.A. will rise from the ashes of the old,
In which its detractors will have no stake,
New leadership will lead truthfully and selflessly,
New bylaws will prevent insurgency and anarchy,
Our old visions will be revived.

Generations to come our progeny will acclaim and admire
Our courage to fight KOA's disintegration
And rebuild it as a lasting gift to them.

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