

The TREETH of the Plant Kingdom

And God said: "*Fiat lux* – Let there be Light." And then She said: "Let there be Chloroqueen (Chlorophyll) to make sugar (and fat)." The God then added microbes to nitrogenate the CHO of sugar and fat. She then fashioned all animals that innately obey rhythms without and within. Finally the God foisted manes = mind on a primate to make a human, an act She is regretting ever since. Sequentially and scientifically God placed the plant kingdom atop the microbial and the animal kingdoms. PLANTS are the First Denizens of Mother Earth. We are right at the bottom.

A British wit wryly remarked that the English people, not being particularly spiritual, had had to have some idea of eternity, so they invented the game of cricket, that could last full 5 days and yet fail to produce any result. Our ancients however had a saner idea of eternity, and they saw it in a tree – calm, serene, gigantic, all good, no bads, and capable of being alive and swinging for thousands of years. So they took tree as the never-changing Treeth, which then got modified as Truth. One can philosophically conclude that the truth on Earth is a tree and all its variations. The Earth would be better called, not terrestrium, but treestrium.

Life's only license to survive on the solar planet called earth is the presence of chlorophyll that rules the roost, albeit most silently, and may we say, most sufferingly. Strange as it may seem, the chlorophyllated-algae floating on river/sea water is 3 times more productive of the Earth's oxygen, and as efficient in initiating the food chain. Chlorophyll's limitation of not including N₂ in its synthetic genius is offset by the humble microbes that thus deserve class II status. Next appear the animals. We humans truly are class IV but we ignorantly and therefore arrogantly behave as if we are the Lords well

above any class I. And every life form is paying a price for the chlorophyll-deprivation that man is plaguing the Earth with.

Mankind is paranoid, a state pampered by the medicos. Each human/animal is endowed on all the exposed skin/mucosal surfaces with a rich mantle of symbiotic microbes that defend against uncomfortable microbes and manufacture quite a few vitamins. For every of the 100 000 000 000 000 cells that comprise a human, there are at least 10 times more microbes that serve mankind. We must worship plants; we should not deny our worship and gratitude to the humble microbes. Paul Davis' recent classic 'The Fifth Miracle' makes it clear that mankind has descended from a single microbe. Why should we not worship our parents?

In an age steeped in anthropocentric utilitarianism, there is no escape cataloguing the "uses/benefits" mankind finds in the Plant Kingdom. Alphonse Karr, bored with our seeming learnedness through botanical names aphorized: "Botany is the art of insulting flowers in Greek and Latin." The botanical kingdom is beautiful kingdom whose arresting riots of colors/shapes/aromas/tastes outclasses all the Aishwarya Rais and Marilyn Monroes. (Strange that below the chin, a Mehtarani and Madhuri Dixit can be depressingly alike, and ordinary!) Trees greatest function is to rivet the tender, fragile topsoil to the subterranean rock, against the forces of wind and water. A tree is a tireless air-conditioner, a ceaseless oxygen cylinder, a prolific food giver and ready enough to be hacked by you to provide to you fuel on one hand and furniture on the other. The proliferation of monstrous mosques, churches, temples and synagogues betray mankind's misplaced faith in a God that truly resides in trees. Either we make up now or the world will never be.

Jagdish Chandra Bose showed that plants pulsate with life. In fact, they are far too sensitive as compared to animal crudeness. They sing, dance, communicate, forget



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and forgive. They are God incarnate. It needed Khalil Gibran to declare that "Trees are the poetry that the Earth writes on the sky." And then he hastened to add: "We fell the trees to produce paper so that we can express our emptiness on it." Each dam – Narmada being the recent example – submerged a few million trees at least. May be that is our way of encroaching the earth by destroying her most vulnerable denizens.

The Ayurvedacharyas, the Allopaths, and of course the Homeopaths need not be told that the plant bristles with nutrients, supplements and drugs of all sorts for all the ailments that the pathies keep on discovering and listing. A single seed, too tiny to be even seen, can contain an

entire jungle, or cereal supply for the whole world. The sugar manufactured by the leaves every year exceeds in dollar-value the total business turnover of the whole world. The efficiency of man-made machine is less than one. The plant machine has efficiency million times greater than any junk produced by Japan or Germany.

We must end with Blake's urging that we all ought to see the Heaven in a wild flower. Take all Bill Gates/ Ambani money and try to make a flower growing next to your gutter. You will fail. That little nobody's darling in a God mocking at your gold, jewels, diamonds, Mercedes and mansions. Mankind, be kind and wake up. The Plants are your living Gods. □

Meeting the Botanical Children

It was the festival season. Mother Materia Medica wished to meet the Botanical citizen of Homoeo nagar. The citizens were at home and some of them like *Bryonia* who talked by sinuses were at their offices. Music was being played. *Crocus* was making merry by singing and laughing. *Sabina* was uncomfortable with music and wished it could stop. *Hyoscyamus* was vulgar in her expressions going round with hardly any clothes and non-chalantly scratching her genitals and stretching voluptuously. *Arnica* had played dandiya the whole night and her body was sore and bruised. Even the bed was feeling hard and hurting her. *Millefolium* fell down while playing dandiya and had a deep cut on his head. The wound was sutured but was still bleeding. *Zingiber* had diarrhoea. He had eaten lots of melon and drank impure water. The sweet freak *Lycopodium* had lots of warm Gulab jamuns by her side. The spice merchant *Nux-vomica* was scolding his receptionist poor *Staphysagria*. She was late by 10-

15 minutes. The punctual and industrious *Nux* did not like this. *Staph* felt humiliated and insulted. She could not utter a single word. Later *Cocculus*, the nurse revealed that *Staph* had severe cystitis last night as it was her honeymoon night. *Cocculus* was feeling weak as she stayed awake all that night to nurse her.

Agnus-castus the casanova who looked older than his age, was talking about his repeated gonorrhoea and impotency to *Caladium* who revealed that even he was sailing in the same boat as *Agnus* because he had no orgasm during embrace. Miss *Origanum* could barely focus on her chores, so strong was the urge to masturbate.

Baby *Pulsatilla*, the window raiser was sitting next to the open window on her mother's lap and was asking "Mummy do you love me"? Alarm clock *Cedron* had severe chills. *Veratrum-alb* appended from nowhere and started tearing his clothes. He was wandering aimlessly. *Mimosa* the touch-me-not was totally indolent and indifferent to what was happening in the surrounding.

Mother Materia Medica considered this to be grave and immediately sought the appointment of an eminent homoeopath. □



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