

The Robbers

In this revered domain
 Two brands of robbers co-exist
 The one live in a groove and move in a band
 They arm themselves with dangerous weapons
 And rob innocent people at the point of a gun
 Looting and plundering banks and wares
 Snatching cars from helpless travelers
 And scurrying away with their loots
 While tears and blood of their victims flood the aggrieved earth.
 With their fatty loots they live like princes.

The other is the silent one
 Who rules and reigns in the office
 With fashionable and prohibitive suits
 Long-tailed ties and shiny shoes
 In air-conditioned offices
 He arms himself with a potent pen
 And loots and plunders the common purse
 Milking the cow's udder desert-dry
 And with a telephone call and a trip
 Syphons and carts away the treasure to strange banks
 And with pious ecstasy sits in judgement
 Against the scape-goats.

These are the glorified salt of this domain
 The potential parasites
 The lice that dine with the hair
 The pious bed-bugs silent as night thieves
 The chameleons who live as paupers here
 And live as princes there
 These brood of vipers
 Breeding here and there like a horde of flies.

With our amalgamated breaths in sieves
 We will smoke you out from your dens
 We will uproot the weeds sandwiching the crops in the farm
 We will eliminate this leopard devouring our goats
 And terrorizing the fowls in their pen
 So that we will for once
 Live in peace in this battered homestead
 Peopled with thieves in saintly gabs
 And tortoises in bowdy hats
 That plague this defiled domain