

ON YOUR TURN!

As we put to woes' river
Our life's boat
How strong had flexed muscles!
How red was in arms' the blood!
It seemed just the couple of strokes
The boat would rush across
So it never came though.

Every stream had unforeseen turbulences
Oarmen were some unlearned
Oaring too some untried
Now draw whatever inference
Make whichever accusation
River remains same
Same too the boat.
You say now
What is to be done?
How do we get across?

When we saw in our own breast
This nation's wounds
High faith in Vedas
Many a mantra on finger tip
It appeared lo! Just in
A matter of days
All the misery would go
All wounds would heal
It came not though so
For, our ailments were chronic
Vedas missed on diagnosis
And quack resorts proved futile.

Now draw whatever inference
Make whatever accusation
Breast is same
Same the wound
Now you say, on your turn
What is to be done?
How is to heal this wound?

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