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The Prisoners of Andaman

Piya Chakrabarti

The damp, unbricked walls, that stand,
In a vampire's den, an adder's island.
It talks of the men, to keep their faiths,
Who feared not, till met their deaths!
The pitch of the shrieks that roved about there,
The choking gullets, fading eyes, bodies bare.
The ships, which emptied their items galore,
And "bloody men" for the island off-shore.
"Revolution, long live!", they used to shout,
With their mouthful-bloodstream flowing in a pout.
Their hands bore the marks of the chain, the knife,
And eyes of the glutton, devouring their life.
They walked down the dock, barefoot, ashtray,
Their breath was low, eyes blue-grey.
The venomous snake with its violet fangs,
Not a tear in the face of shrill death-pangs.
In a cell, where hope was a shipwreck,
Where colours of the night dispersed and met!

O! The men of the revolution-day,
You live in a story, the old walls say,
In the new flight, the new Earth's smell,
The skylight above, the broad-celled hell.
In the new sea, new air, in a shooting flame,

As the tomorrow, today, knows not your name.

Poet as I am, the woman, the dame,

O! She sings your song, she sings your fame.