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M-26-7

Mrinal Kanti Ghosh

A philanthropist comes to Shalboni,
With crores in his black wallet;
And perching on the top of a Sal tree
Marx sings a ballad.

There will be a big factory-
A huge project indeed!
Everyone is so excited for the new prospect...
There lives an old man also
Who has entered the trees...the trees
That have never given him any promise
But life and living,
And when the cranes cut down the trees,
He feels the pain of being uprooted.

On the Independence Day the kraals
Are broken to let the natives enjoy
Freedom of open field.

Ku Klux Klan...

And the old man has a son,
Young, newly married, searching for privacy
To make love and to procreate.
Months passing, and his search continues...
At last he finds a place.
He says to his wife, "I'm going to Cuba,
What should I bring for you?"
She says, "Only the colours of M-26-7."