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Avenger

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This morning
while holding a cup of tea in my hand
I am trying to find the reasons.
I am trying to find the reasons
of my rebellious temperament which has been
a cause of concern for many
and has often disturbed my cool.
I am trying to find out
why all helpless people
become the nucleus of my observations?
Why do I think about them with a fire in me?
Why do I think for long about all that can be done
to mitigate their pain.
I am neither a messiah nor a super hero.
Yes, I am neither of the two.
Yet, why can't I take crap, even a little bit?
Why every battered soul that I come across
or that I hear about or that I read about
takes my peace away?
Yes, takes my peace away.
Why can't I shut up like others do?
Why can't I mind my own business and ignore, just ignore?
Why can't I bear, just bear
like many others do?
Why do I see Nirbhaya in every girl
teased and tormented by some wretched?
Why do I feel like beating

such wretched monsters to death.
Yes, instantly, that too without a second thought?
Why can't I take dishonesty?
Why can't I take it as the way of the world?
I on the contrary roar like a famished tiger.
I roar ferociously, really ferociously and get scary for many.
Why do I want all the taps nurturing injustice to run dry?
Run absolutely dry.
Why do the arrogant self centered egoists get on my nerves?
Why do I without delay want to tell them bluntly,
yes, bluntly that I do not like their faces?
I am thinking and wondering
if all this is because of some streak of madness in me
or a kind of obsessive compulsive disorder
that compels me to react in the same manner repeatedly
and that too without any remorse.
I am thinking that may be
it is there because I am an egoist
who has a sense of self righteousness.
No, this is not the reason says my mind.
Then why do I carry this rebellious stuff wherever I go.
Today, I am going to find the reasons
of my strange temperament.
After struggling hard
finally, I have found the reasons.
I am like this because
I am a poet.
A poet is bound to be like this.
A real poet is bound to be a visionary.
I am bound to be sensitive, hyper sensitive and react.
It comes naturally to me.

God has sent me with a purpose.
I am not here just to eat, drink, live and die.
I am bound to think beyond myself at times.
In the process I lose my identity
and become one
with the sufferer, the weak, the exploited.
And on regaining my consciousness
I become a strong mouthpiece
for the many whose voices are muffled.
But I am a poet, not Hercules
If you really wish to unburden me
of the pain that I bear
take a bit of it.
Join me.
Bring forth the avenger in you.
Really, I sometimes get worked up
While thinking, thinking and thinking.
You too think beyond yourself at times.
You too think beyond yourself at times.