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Ambiguity

Perveiz Ali

Shouldn't I be proud
Of being a politician,
Taking an oath of common welfare?
Neither my fault nor of my intelligence,
That my inherited traits are my guide,
To deceit, treason and clandestinity.

Shouldn't I be proud
Of being a news reporter,
Calling spade a spade, my aim?
But how can honesty pay my way,
Twisting reality, in broad day light,
Skillful in the art of illusion, a shining star.

Shouldn't I be proud
Of being a bureaucrat
Responsible to strengthen the peoples' bond?
With a machinery to dispense powers,
How blessed I am to have a great portfolio,
But used to scare those who I am supposed to serve.

Should I be proud
Of being a security agent,
To guard my fellow citizens from threat?
Instead my presence unnerved them,
As my masters wish to cut them down,
My hand the trigger to their guns.