

The Voice of Revolution

An Elegy on the Death of Comrade Jaswanth

Telugu : **PINAKINI**

The death of any comrade
Who dedicated his life force
For the liberation of people,
Drenches us in unfathomed sorrow
As he cannot be substituted by any one.
Oh! Comrade!
Your death is an unbelievable truth to us.
Those oxygen masks prevent us
At least to look at your face for the last time,
News of your death is like a thunderbolt
Johar! Johar! Comrade Jaswanth!
Our throats are parched!
Your metallic tone is ringing in our ears
It seems you are still
Amidst us discussing and explaining
During the intervals of meetings and
in the conference halls.
Standing erect before the mike
You still seem to expose with statistical data
At the tip of your tongue
The exploitation of the comprador and
imperialist forces.
Dear Comrade! You left us
In these dark days of undeclared emergency,
Even in death you followed the footsteps of T.N
Who left us during the emergency.
You left us in the middle of our journey,
You left us the tasks which can be fulfilled only
by a few
We miss you a lot and stay where we are
because of Covid 19
Wiping our uncontrollable tears.
You were in the hearts of masses
We remain clearing our throats,
You turn into slogans on the walls.
Perhaps a little difference only
Between then and now
Totalitarian state then and
Undeclared tyranny now.
Then and now
The crisis is ubiquitous
Globalization of diseases is the novelty of
capitalists
It has the insolence in exporting
even natural disasters
Which make time stand still

Translated by : **K. RAVI BABU**

And In mitigating a crisis with another
crisis.
It is a heart rending truth
That we cannot hear at all from you
The naked facts about politics and
economy
However
We find the commitment of martyrs
In your writings and in the magazines
Run by your generation
With a collective spirit for
revolutionary awareness.
We will follow your tradition
In organizational discipline and integrity.
You along with your mates expressed
solidarity
To Black Panther movement and
anti-Vietnam war.
You were stirred by the war cries of
Naxalbari and Srikakulam
And made you to reach Kondamodalu area
Those movements taught you the
real meaning of education
Made you decide your goal of life and
ideal of life.
Kakinada sea port silently handed over you
to Red Flag
Marxism and Leninism reverberated
Between the compound walls of
Medical College
It bred and brought up skilled
surgeons of society
Among the shrubs of people without
any fanfare.
The refreshing smell of the soil and the
wild air
Rejoiced as you stood firm as a
Professional Revolutionary
In the midst of twists and
turns of the revolution.
As students of a new young generation,
You kept your words
In the legacy of sacrifice.
There is integrity and commitment
In your fifty to sixty years of your

political life as communists.
How many of you are to be remembered?
Memories of how many are to be recorded
Which come as waves after waves
You were brought up by great movements
Which moulded the common into
an uncommon.
You experienced the victories and setbacks
Of great revolutions
You continued your activities by combining
The essence of your experiences and
complexities of practice.
You and Kanu daa handed us over a
scientific review
That we are the heirs to the victories and
the mistakes
Of the erstwhile movements.
As we miss one after the other
Uncontrollable tears flow
And remind us the tasks that we have to fulfill.
In spite of insults and attacks by the foes
You stood firm to the world view
that you believed
Your firmness is a counter challenge
To the new conspiracies of exploiting forces
It demands us to gird up our loins
In this transition stage
As the globe is exploring again
revolutionary forces.