

# The March of History -

Mahakavi Sri Sri

Where is there a reason for pride  
Looking at any nation's story?  
All history of human glory  
Is man against man, in glory strife.  
    All man's history is exploitation,  
    Oppression, killing and getting killed;  
    Each history of every nation  
    Is written in blood on war fields spilt.  
All history of every nation  
Is ghastly, ghostly vain narration!  
It is poor men's tears and toilers' sweat!  
It is stone received in lieu of bread!  
    Strong races enslaved the weaker ones;  
    Killers posing as kings ascended thrones!  
    All earth is sorely battle - scarred;  
    All the past, it is drenched in tears or  
blood!  
History stinks with the flesh to the dead,  
Echoes the groans of the helpless poor;  
The course of history plots the road  
Of men displaced - uprooted brood.  
    Inequity and selfishness  
    Wickedness, envy, rivalry  
    In assured names and cunning ways  
    Determined the trends of history.  
Chenghis Khan and Tamerlaine,  
Ghory, Ghazni, Nadir shah  
Or Sikander, never mind,  
Everyone is a murderer!  
    Vikings, Huns and Persians,  
    Pindaris, Thugs and all their tribe  
    Erected in moments out of sense  
    A bridge of swords on the river of time.  
In those dark ages of ignorance,  
By unknown forces, blindly led,  
Groping their way in boundless greed  
In frenzied hunger did men advance.  
    They were sure of their grandeur,  
    Believed they were the lords of earth,  
    And built great empires by the score,  
    Enacting laws of doubtful worth.  
When other forces rose, those laws  
These empires fell like houses of cards!  
History was born in the painful throes  
Of clashing classes dire opposed!  
    This fraud that is going on for long,  
    High - handedness of the men of might,  
    The many tricks of the moneyed throng  
    Shall halt, must stop, it is check - mate.  
A social order, way of life  
That sanctions man to rob a man,

Keeps races in perpetual strife  
Shall cease to be, must go anon.  
    Czech miner, Chinese rickshaw - hand,  
    Irish sailor and all small fry,  
    All the oppressed of the land  
    Proclaim the truth of history.  
Zulu, negro, Hottentot,  
Black, brown, white and yellow men  
With voices raised in unison  
Announce their real historic let.  
    Not this battle lost and won,  
    Not that kingdom come and gone,  
    Nor the dates, nor documents  
    Shall make any historic sense.  
Not this queen's sweet romance,  
Not that seige's vast expense,  
Nor old records and chronicles  
Shall meet any historic bills.  
    Dig up reality, so long little - known,  
    Lost in the dark depths of history!  
    Give us those stories so holy, so hoary,  
    The truth that could never be suppressed  
by men!  
In the civilization of the Nile  
What was the lot of the common folks?  
While raising the beautiful Taj Mahal  
Who were the coolies that carried the rocks?  
    In the great imperial wars  
    How brave were the common men?  
    Not the Rajah's palanquin  
    Whose were the shoulders that bore the  
scars?  
In Taxila and Pataliputra,  
Harappa and Mohenjo - Daro,  
What were people's joy and sorrow?  
What Art was theirs? How was their Shastra?  
    On the Mediterranean shore  
    And in the caves of Magnon,  
    What was there for Man in store,  
    In the time that was long a gone?  
In the History's dusk and dawn  
How has Mankind blossomed forth?  
What is it and where and when  
Have men achieved to prove their worth?  
    What Art, Literature, Science and songs  
    In the Creation's cosmic dance?  
    To drink what Light is Man athirst  
    What is his dream? And what conquest?

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