

The Capitalist

- Mahakavi Sri Sri

When we perceive
This one man thief
The wealth by us in a collective effort made
And when we shout, dismayed,
'It's unjust, unjust!'
He in a fury bursts
Baying loud: 'it is your Karma, you know it!'
'You've got to bear it, that's all! So keep quiet!'

When we who sweat
From sunrise to sunset
Working without rest like bulls
Are deprived even of a mouthful,
When we in sheer despair
Complain : 'Oh Sir, Oh Sir!
'This is so terrible,
'Utterly so horrible!'
He in reply calmly preaches patience,
Saying loftily: 'That is how the world is fashioned!
'It is all Tradition which you must respect!
'It always has been so, what do you expect?'

And then in the end when we deem it
In great exhaustion the limit
Of our forbearance, our endurance,
The mighty load crushing our existence,
When we pray :
'Show us the way,
'Give us rice,
'Give us an anna or half-anna or a pice,
'We have come to the end of our tether!'
When at last our least hopes are smothered,

When in frustration all of us together
Decide finally to down tools,
He boots us, beats us black and blue
Braying with full throated insistence:
'Violence for sure shall be met with Violence!'

Telugu Original : **SRI SRI**,
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