

What to create?

What to create,
The artist of today's times;
Past, future and present
are in imminent danger.
A watch on history!
Threat to the present (times)!
Warning on future (times)!

Then what the poet should create?
Write lullabies!
And beware, they too should be educative!
The pedagogy too like that
as the rule(r) desires;
Not the one that shows truth
or reveals the reality, and
the mound of the garbage
that's hidden with great efforts
becomes visible to the common persons.

N ... no. It can't be,
The sun rises, is banned to be said,
the earth revolves around,
and the sun-god appears at regular intervals,
the sky is blue – cannot be said.
The earth is flat on the poles, never say,
there's dark in the space, don't say;
religion is bigger than science,
caste larger than humanity ,
the chaos of nativity is above the nation
geography is bigger than the country
the numbers outdo the constitution.

The point of power is biggest of all,
don't run behind the supreme truth,
realize the contemporary truth.
What if you are an artist?
Would oppose the Superman?
Learn your limitations.

And yet, if you don't agree,
you will be marginalized.
forget to get something,
you will lose
what you are (and *what* you are!)
and if you try to be a rebel
(I'm telling you already)
you will be butchered.
Open your eyes and see,
if you come in the way of the nation
either you go to jail
or you will be killed.

What did you say?
The religion of the artist!!!
The definition of religion
is what we want to teach you.
Should we come to teach
or you would come on your own.

Then what do the artist/poet/writer do
when
the veins feel tensed,
the flow of blood bursts in the arteries
hammers keep striking in the mind,
peace of mind becomes difficult
something boils within,
the lava pushes hard to come out,
and if you resist for long,
things come out with an explosion,
all the disagreements gather up
to become the spark of a rebellion.

Ah! Seems like the poet has gone crazy.
Tell him to go around hills and jungles.
The world is full of beauty –
Go, fall in love with somebody,
compose something romantic,
please his heart and other's too.
This rebel that has entered in
somehow
spit it out and rid it of.

Some words are formidable, infectious too.
Better keep a safe distance from them.
Come to the *darabaar*,
make some ad songs,
everyone is SILENT, they'll be happy.
Why does he need
to blow the trumpet of bizarre change?

And yet, if
he doesn't listen, despite
temptation and teachings,
then better he be treated for mental illness,
in the interest of the nation;
the king has made
many clinics with modern machines;
free medication be administered there
to such a great artist.

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