

## Dogs

These stray dogs in the streets,  
Begging – an endowment their only treat.  
Curses from others, are their total effects,  
Abuses by the world, are their only assets.  
Neither rest at night, nor joy in the day,  
Filth is their abode, in gutters do they lay.  
If agitated, then turn them on one another,  
A piece of dry bread will do this wonder.  
Expected to be kicked around by every stranger,  
Accustomed to wither away with lingering hunger.

If these poor beasts ever lift up their heads,  
Mankind would, then, forget all deeds of rebellion.  
If they decide, they can own the universe,  
Even chew down the bones of their cruel masters.

Just make them aware of their degradation so deep  
Just make them move their tail that has fallen asleep.

Translated by Sain Sucha