

Look at the town from here

If you

Look at the town from here:

In concentric circles

– like a jail –

There are walls all around.

Every path – some prisoner's footmarks;

But,

No milestone, destination,

Or a well-wisher's stand.

If someone moves too quickly,

Then one wonders:

Why has there not been

A warning shout to stop?

And,

If someone raises his hand,

Then one ponders:

Why no jingles been heard

From his manacled arms?

Look at the town from here:

In all that crowd –

No person with dignity.

No being with reason.
Every proud man
– enchained as a criminal.
Every pretty maiden
– proclaimed a slave.

Those shadows far away,
Dancing around the lamps!
It is hard to see from here
– an assembly of mourners,
 or a bunch of revellers?
Those colourful images,
Scattered on the walls!
One can not tell from here
– are they blooming flowers,
 or someone's blood smears?

Translated by Sain Sucha