

# Red 'Terrorist' Answers White Terrorist

By Ahuti

Against the white terror you spread

*sans* notice

through my settlement

Before your rule

having given notice

openly present

I am a 'terrorist'

murder me if you can!

After sniffing the fragrance

of flaming revenge ablaze

atop the graves

of my mother

father

grandmother

grandfather,

generation upon generation of my lineage

after spreading the ashes

of yearnings

for a beautiful life

I've come

Today I've not come

to ask for a thing

I've come to stir up

an earthquake of terror

in your heavenly joy

I am the 'terrorist' of your heaven

murder me if you can!

Under your empire

my father never begged

your Narayanhiti palace [palace of the Nepali monarchy]

never begged  
    the pearl-studded glittering crown of your line  
never begged for my mother  
    the diamond-studded ring  
    of your wife's ring finger

To build a Taj Mahal  
    upon the fresh blood of slaves  
    in memory of a stale love

is not the custom of my lineage

But this was begged

    laying prostrate before you  
one hot meal, one warm shelter  
a fistful of happy sighs, dying a carefree breath  
for me the cost of cheap sandals  
for little sister cheap cough syrup  
for mother rough homespun

    to cloak her body  
in this world  
    a small free life  
    as the part of human beings!

After spilling buckets  
    of sweat and blood

did my father not retain  
    this much right?

Under your great 'democracy'

    I never requested

        your Singhadarbar [formerly a palace of the Rana autocracy; now houses the parliament]

never requested

    the boudoirs of your summer and winter concubines

never requested

    your retainers' landed estates

never requested

    your expensive cars

    the classrooms of your childrens' foreign schools

the dance club where your daughter prances

    was never requested

never requested

deeds to five star hotels or beer factories

five storey buildings or bottles of liquor

never requested for my wife

your wife's pearl necklace

never requested

the nipple of the wet-nurse

that streamed milk to your children

To let out our children for rearing

is not the custom of my lineage!

But this was requested

palms pressed together

a yoke of bullocks and a cowshed

a strip of earth to turn and a plough

work and a shelter to keep body and soul together

cheap copy and pen for the children

cheap salve for the wife's cracked feet

small liberated life free of the debt of the poor

After giving over to your rule

all of life's creations

did I not retain

this much right?

But time after time

every time

after the gracious entreaty of my lineage/

after my quiet request

I had to pass

crying sleepless hungry nights

with my little daughter

I had to measure

laboured breathing

of a son suffocated by pneumonia

had to endure

sighs in the eyes of couples

whose love perpetual anguish has crushed

Forever and a day

at the hearth of my lineage

I've endured

hopes severed in youth

Forever and a day I've carried

laid prostrate by endless hopes

laid flat by endless kicks

the cold corpses of kin/

blood-soaked cold cold corpses!

But today

all requests are at an end

Not one

plea of mine for mercy

lies before you now

Make all preparations!

gather explosives, leg-irons, handcuffs or loaded rifles

make speeches, conspire, propagandize fully against me

Laying down all requests

I've come to murder you

come to murder your beautiful 'democracy'

come to challenge your god

who would write the fate of my lineage

After sniffing the fragrance

of flaming revenge ablaze

atop the graves

of generation upon generation of my lineage

after spreading the ashes

of yearnings

for a beautiful life

I've come

For all time

my lineage is the 'terrorist' of your heaven

Murder my lineage if you can!