

The Bronze Poet in million march

“Tankbund loo shavaalu maavi,vigrahaalu miivi” said one Telangana poet long back. I felt it more than ever before when I went to Million March to connect myself with the many spirited individuals who are struggling for justice. I saw every woman activist from Telangana walking with self esteem. Spontaneous slogans were echoing like rhythmic drum beat. I started giving slogans along with my friends in full voice. I joined with people who were marching from this end to that end of the Tank Bond with great confidence. Their cheering smiles were glowing like green blades of grass. I melted in their collective gaze for a better society. I sang in a roaring tone. I anticipated this day of collective action. I was intoxicated with the beautiful spirit of my friends. Suddenly, empty bottles and cutting-edged rocks were hitting like hail at the iron block that was molded into a human shape. I shot through the frenzied crowd to the bronze poet. People were shouting, screaming ‘hey-ammaa, go away, go away.....stones...stones’. I struggled to grab the rod from his hands. He asked me ‘who are you to stop me?’”

I said ‘I am your sister, don’t you recognize me!? I am with you all these years, didn’t I?’”

As he continued his work, he said from under the mask, “I don’t know you, how can you call me your brother.... you did not come to rescue me when they were stumping me? When they were crushing my expression...Tell me sister... am I not worth enough of this Iron block which you try to rescue??”

I was startled by his question. I looked up into the frozen iron face of my beloved poet. His eyes were static. His gaze was at the sinking sun behind Buddha. I wanted the bronze poet to say to me that he needs me, I wanted him to say ‘protect me my reader’. But he was quite and peaceful as if he liked being hit. I remembered his words “die.....you worthless beings of rotten bones.....” I saw the iron face that started glowing in patches. The crashing sound of the rod reminded me of the stone crushing sound near our village mango grove, next to the forest. How much I cried when I saw our village rock hill was blasted! How much it pained me to see our forest being destroyed! How cruel was the sound of those giant machines that deafened my ears! When I cried out for my hills, birds, trees, lakes, land, my people.....no one listens to me.....how much destruction.....

“But sister.....I listened to you” said the man in the mask, as if he is reading my thoughts.

“What did you say?” I said surprisingly.

“I said I listened you, that is why I am here”But...

I struggled to say something.

“but you don’t like what I am doing” he said coolly as he broke the bronze statue hand with the book.

“Yes.....I don’t like this, I insist you... stop this”I said with fury.

"why?" he asked without turning his eyes....

"because.....he is our pride"

"To see in death a dream, in the sunset

A golden sadness-such is the poetry,

Humble and immortal, poetry,

Returning like dawn and the sunset"

Don't you know sister; there are some great personalities in each generation in every place who lived their lives up to their values! They are not just ornamental symbols of pride. Don't you know this poet whom you respect so much does not want give up his self respect until his last breath? Don't you know he would not agree to kill his true spirit in the name of "pride"

" he is our dear poet" I corrected.

"So?"

"I don't want to see him dying" ...

Man in the mask laughed

"My dear sister....I wish the same...don't you see....that is what I am doing"

"what.....dismantling him!?"

"noI am liberating this poet from his frozen moment.....I am doing what he wanted, he wants to join us..." he said as he pluck out the pen out of his hand and threw it to the crying crowd "be brave.....Return to life ...oh poet"... Like the hand cuffs released from his hands, poet started moving & rolled down with a thud. Man in the mask turned to me and insisted,

"sister.....take this rod.....liberate the poets.....they are helpless....they want to get back their souls out from these fake pridesI know you are worried that this act might damage our peaceful movement, but sister to stop the destruction we need to create new things... rewrite the history, sister'

An ambulance rushed in with an alarming sound and went away with the same speed. A mother in her rush who stepped on an empty pesticide bottle fell down and with a fury picked the bottle and threw it at the Bronze poet. The bronze poet on the Tank bund road started moving and joined in the million march with the people.

By,

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