

## **Some gouge out the eyes of others**

*Basil Fernando*

*A poem written for the 150th anniversary of Rabindranath Tagore*

Cry, Tagore, cry.  
Your nation knows you not.

Yes, they have ceremonies,  
Exhibiting your photos,  
Repeating your songs.  
Talking about the 150th anniversary,  
They may even build  
a temple for you, these days.

But your brain,  
Your voice,  
Your love for the people,  
Your vision for humanity,  
Your dream for your nation,  
That, dear sir, is dead-dead-dead.

Some gouge out the eyes of others.  
During daylight people disappear  
In darkened limousines.  
Blindfolded, they take away people.  
Naked, kneeling in mortuary-like places  
they recall your verses.

Cry, Tagore, cry.  
Your nation knows you not.  
Your poems matter not.  
You are so soon forgotten.  
Yes, truly forgotten.  
Dead-Dead-Dead.