

Wadi: Sabarmati Retold

Pull over! Hang your lousy brow
Cast a tacit phantom bow.

Who goes? Pair of scarlet feet
Pantomiming Labor Greet,

Granules, sand, white vestige -
Salt and water, Rest and siege.

Softly murder hostage wheat
Dampen favor, plot, defeat.

On and on the song of light
Blissful tremble, "Salt Revive"!

Retain honor, wrest pillage
Pollute dawn and tackle rage

Fret the cunning, damp the cage
Of wooden cargo, salt and sage.

Render loss of honeycombs
Trickling low and planting stones

Jesting with the mines ahead,
A child of ethics turns; in dread

The tearful frost gallops forth
To trample horror, topple growth.

Yet you send a rueful smile,
For death travels a hundred mile.

A sheet of red, a cast of blue
Gruesome metal, gallant crew.

You stop to spread a garland true,
A shroud of salt - "Old Matthew".

Way above the resting Sun,
A cloud of burning cots are turned.

The Flakes of grain on bolting trains
An endless stream of weathered names -

You heard the freshet rot before,
A castigated treble bore

The corpus smoked, a dying Brute
Yet salt of wound is Salt for Truth.