A Poem on a Poet

Kedar Joshi
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By Kedar Joshi

One day

England shall shed the tears of humiliation and blood
to pay for Her crime against
brave and promising men and women,
especially those who revolted against her obnoxious injustices
and were thrown into the dungeons of the Cellular Jail.
Her shameless, abominable, and hypocritical imperialism
scourged Savarkar for 11 years,
who was one of the greatest poetic minds
who ever walked this planet,
but who was given the walls
of a dark and gruesome prison cell
to write his musings and poems;
where the malnourished, overworked, and mortified prisoner,
in the prime of his youth,
had to spend his nights in the company of urine and faeces,
an ardent spirit dwelling into a helpless body,
which was fed with worms and waste,
and was forced to work like a beast
for His Majesty the King and His white, winsome subjects.