

(4)

On my way to my prayer that day  
You appeared before me, child,  
Like the embodiment of aberration.  
You bent -- not to touch my feet  
But to pull out your pistol.  
You showered on my chest  
Flowers of burning lead.  
Distressed by your impotency,  
Your blindness, your conceit,  
I ~~was~~ cried out 'Hai Ram!'

Today when you, having made,  
Through your duplicity,  
All my achievements your own,  
Cruelly rejoice over your triumph;  
When you have ground into pulp  
Those masses in the Indian villages  
With whom I strove to be one;  
And, with that clay, created  
A breed of human devils who see  
Lies <sup>as</sup> ~~as~~ good sense, and greed as devotion;  
And when, on occasion, you ceremonially  
Shower lead bullets of flowers  
On my body long laid to rest,  
My soul, which has conquered anger,

~~It pours forth its eternal rage:~~  
Pours forth its eternal rage: 'Hai Ram!'  
~~It pours forth its eternal rage:~~