The Robbers

In this revered domain
Two brands of robbers co-exist
The one live in a groove and move in a band
They arm themselves with dangerous weapons
And rob innocent people at the point of a gun
Looting and plundering banks and wares
Snatching cars from helpless travelers
And scurrying away with their loots
While tears and blood of their victims flood the aggrieved earth.
With their fatty loots they live like princes.

The other is the silent one
Who rules and reigns in the office
With fashionable and prohibitive suits
Long-tailed ties and shiny shoes
In air-conditioned offices
He arms himself with a potent pen
And loots and plunders the common purse
Milking the cow's udder desert-dry
And with a telephone call and a trip
Syphons and carts away the treasure to strange banks
And with pious ecstasy sits in judgement
Against the scape-goats.

These are the glorified salt of this domain
The potential parasites
The lice that dine with the hair
The pious bed-bugs silent as night thieves
The chameleons who live as paupers here
And live as princes there
These brood of vipers
Breeding here and there like a horde of flies.

With our amalgamated breaths in sieves
We will smoke you out from your dens
We will uproot the weeds sandwiching the crops in the farm
We will eliminate this leopard devouring our goats
And terrorizing the fowls in their pen
So that we will for once
Live in peace in this battered homestead
Peopled with thieves in saintly gabs
And tortoises in bowdy hats
That plague this defiled domain