

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

translated by M. Shahid Alam

Dogs

These are your street dogs, scouring
the city for scraps of food. Suffering
the world's scorn is their legacy;
sticks & stones, their patrimony.

They have no rest by day or night;
raised in filth, their life a blight.
Toss them a bone if they glower:
See how they tear each other.
Branded, poked, gelded, herded;
sick or hungry, trapped and traded.

Once, should these wretches rise up,
Grand old systems will go belly up.
If they wish it, the world is theirs;
If they want it, in days not years.
Just spur the dogs' dormant pride.
Step on the tails: watch how they stride.

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