

## Seven Poems

'A human being shouldn't become so spotless/ One should leave a few stains on one's shirt / One should carry on oneself a little bit of sin'

NAMDEO DHASAL



*From Dilip Chitre's translations of Namdeo Dhasal's poems published by Navayana: [Namdeo Dhasal—Poet of the Underworld, Poems 1972-2006](#). A new edition of this book is available at Navayana: A current of Blood*

*From Golpitha, 1972*

### **Man, You Should Explode**

Man, you should explode  
Yourself to bits to start with  
Jive to a savage drum beat  
Smoke hash, smoke ganja  
Chew opium, bite *lalpari*  
Guzzle country booze—if too broke,  
Down a pint of the cheapest *dalda*

Stay tipsy day and night, stay tight round the clock  
Cuss at one and all; swear by his mom's twat, his sister's cunt  
Abuse him, slap him in the cheek, and pummel him...  
Man, you should keep handy a *Rampuri* knife  
A dagger, an axe, a sword, an iron rod, a hockey stick, a bamboo  
You should carry acid bulbs and such things on you  
You should be ready to carve out anybody's innards without batting an eyelid  
Commit murders and kill the sleeping ones  
Turn humans into slaves; whip their arses with a lash  
Cook your beans on their bleeding backsides  
Rob your next-door neighbours, bust banks  
Fuck the mothers of moneylenders and the stinking rich  
Cut the throat of your own kith and kin by conning them; poison them, jinx them  
You should hump anyone's mother or sister anywhere you can  
Engage your dick with every missy you can find, call nobody too old to be screwed  
Call nobody too young, nobody too green to shag, lay them one and all  
Perform gang rapes on stage in the public  
Make whorehouses grow: live on a pimp's cut: cut the women's noses, tits  
Make them ride naked on a donkey through the streets to shame them  
Man, one should dig up roads, yank off bridges  
One should topple down streetlights  
Smash up police stations and railway stations  
One should hurl grenades; one should drop hydrogen bombs to raze  
Literary societies, schools, colleges, hospitals, airports  
One should open the manholes of sewers and throw into them  
Plato, Einstein, Archimedes, Socrates,  
Marx, Ashoka, Hitler, Camus, Sartre, Kafka,  
Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Ezra Pound, Hopkins, Goethe,  
Dostoevsky, Mayakovsky, Maxim Gorky,  
Edison, Madison, Kalidasa, Tukaram, Vyasa, Shakespeare, Jnaneshvar,  
And keep them rotting there with all their words  
One should hang to death the descendents of Jesus, the Paighamber, the Buddha,  
and Vishnu  
One should crumble up temples, churches, mosques, sculptures, museums  
One should blow with cannonballs all priests

And inscribe epigraphs with cloth soaked in their blood  
Man, one should tear off all the pages of all the sacred books in the world  
And give them to people for wiping shit off their arses when done  
Remove sticks from anybody's fence and go in there to shit and piss, and muck it  
up  
Menstruate there, cough out phlegm, sneeze out goo  
Choose what offends one's sense of odour to wind up the show  
Raise hell all over the place from up to down and in between  
Man, you should drink human blood, eat spit roast human flesh, melt human fat  
and drink it  
Smash the bones of your critics' shanks on hard stone blocks to get their marrow  
Wage class wars, caste wars, communal wars, party wars, crusades, world wars  
One should become totally savage, ferocious, and primitive  
One should become devil-may-care and create anarchy  
Launch a campaign for not growing food, kill people all and sundry by starving  
them to death  
Kill oneself too, let disease thrive, make all trees leafless  
Take care that no bird ever sings, man, one should plan to die groaning and  
screaming in pain  
Let all this grow into a tumour to fill the universe, balloon up  
And burst at a nameless time to shrink  
After this all those who survive should stop robbing anyone or making others their  
slaves  
After this they should stop calling one another names white or black, Brahmin,  
Kshatriya, Vaishya, or Shudra;  
Stop creating political parties, stop building property, stop committing  
The crime of not recognising one's kin, not recognising one's mother or sister  
One should regard the sky as one's grandpa, the earth as one's grandma  
And coddled by them everybody should bask in mutual love  
Man, one should act so bright as to make the Sun and the Moon seem pale  
One should share each morsel of food with everyone else, one should compose a  
hymn  
To humanity itself, man, man should sing only the song of man.

Advertisement

\*\*\*

## Speculations On A Shirt

Crossing over a period of painful love-play,

Let's reject the traditional garden of conventions.

Let's change the sex of Eve.

Let's make Adam pregnant.

Let's speculate beyond animal anxieties.

Hell's quagmire.

The Moon acts like a pimp

In the history of human bonds.

The bull of sexual passion masticates

On a disembodied heath.

We sail in a sinking ship

And turn into savages.

Even just plain cloves burn our tongue;

And we are afraid of light.

This is how liberation itself punishes a human being.

A human being shouldn't become so spotless.

One should leave a few stains on one's shirt.

One should carry on oneself a little bit of sin.

\*\*\*

## Cruelty

I am a venereal sore in the private part of language.

The living spirit looking out

of hundreds of thousands of sad, pitiful eyes

Has shaken me.

I am broken by the revolt exploding inside me.

There's no moonlight anywhere;

There's no water anywhere.

A rabid fox is tearing off my flesh with its teeth;

And a terrible venom-like cruelty

Spreads out from my monkey-bone.

Release me from my infernal identity.

Let me fall in love with these stars.

A flowering violet has begun to crawl towards horizons.

An oasis is welling up on a cracked face.  
A cyclone is swirling in irreducible vulvas.  
A cat has commenced combing the hairs of agony.  
The night has created space for my rage.  
A stray dog has started dancing in the window's eye.  
The beak of an ostrich has begun to break open junk.  
An Egyptian carrot is starting to savour physical reality.  
A poem is arousing a corpse from its grave.  
The doors of the self are being swiftly slammed shut.  
There's a current of blood flowing through all pronouns now.  
My day is rising beyond the wall of grammar.  
God's shit falls on the bed of creation.  
Pain and roti are being roasted in the same tandoor's fire.  
The flame of the clothless dwells in mythologies and folklore.  
The rock of whoring is meeting live roots;  
A sigh is standing up on lame legs;  
Satan has started drumming the long hollowness.  
A young green leaf is beginning to swing at the door of desire.  
Frustration's corpse is being sewn up.  
A psychopathic muse is giving a shove to the statue of eternity.  
Dust begins to peel armour.  
The turban of darkness is coming off.  
You, open your eyes: all these are old words.  
The creek is getting filled with a rising tide;  
Breakers are touching the shoreline.

Yet, a venom-like cruelty spreads out from my monkey-bone.

It's clear and limpid: like the waters of the Narmada river.

\*\*\*

### **The Day She Was Gone**

The day she was gone,  
I painted my face black.

I slapped the savage schizophrenic wind hard in its face.  
I picked up small pieces of my life  
And stood naked in front of a cracked mirror.  
I allowed me to wreak vengeance upon myself.  
I stared condescendingly at the Sun and said, 'You screwball!'  
I showered choice curses upon all artists who paint dreams;  
I walked from the East towards the West;  
I picked stones I found on the way and hurled them at myself,  
How boisterously flows this water in its fit of laughter  
Through mountains and gorges.  
What ocean is it seeking to meet?  
Or will it seep  
Into the soil at sea-level?  
Did even I belong to myself?  
I could not even embrace her dead body  
And cry my heart out.  
The day she was gone,  
I painted my face black.

Advertisement

\*\*\*

### **From *Gandu Bagicha*, 1986**

#### **(Arsefuckers Park)**

#### **Arsefuckers Park-1**

There are neither flowers  
Nor leaves;  
Neither trees  
Nor birds.  
All this is mimicry by mercy of His grace:  
Sealed fragrance of musk.  
Thus the chains on one's legs are transformed  
Into music...  
O revealed friend! O gardener!  
What shall I recall?  
Tears flood the soil of your sensibility.  
In the morning and in the evening,

On your sterile field of silence,  
Home Guards perform their drill.  
On some festive day, a pederast politician  
A Councillor preaches here.  
The dancing water-pot of goddess Yellamma.  
And an all-India women's conference...  
Pimps confessing  
To a study group of streetwalkers.  
Politicised crows listening to the proceedings.  
Charas smokers, ganja smokers;  
Pickpockets and thieves.  
A mortal forest in the hurt heart.  
O Arsefuckers Park!  
What sad hour you've chosen  
To strike at my roots.  
Praise and curse;  
Arousal and ears.  
An eternity of darkness  
Lined by a golden shore.  
The deluge and all hell breaking loose;  
And  
Diamond garlands.  
The stigma of concealed love and  
The harried soul;  
The Inferno of lovers' separation and the graveyard of compassion;  
Extreme loneliness and the magic of the frightened;  
Behind every word,  
There's a naked face hidden.  
How can I yoke these slaves of the bed to my plough?  
Arsefuckers Park!  
Your city of insatiable angels.  
I bear a crown of agony on my head;  
A luminous fountain of African anguish;  
A wound has found its home in my heart---  
Even words cannot open its doors.

A bear made of sunbeams is walking around with a banner.  
No complaint can be registered here.  
A wretched derelict of a poet like me  
Starts dancing to corrupted words in a saint's festival.  
There are neither slogans nor shrieks of pain.  
Every face of compassion wears a black veil.  
You are allowing your downtrodden life to swim  
In the hell-water of self-alienation.  
What more can even the trees do now  
Except scratch the armpits of bygone times?  
Let me fill into my eyes  
The darkness in the womb of the soil.  
Allow me to listen to the counterfeit jingle of the coin  
Of my distraught, sleek-necked dreams.  
Allow me just once  
To plaster the cracks in the sky of contemporary anguish.  
Wearing a white shroud,  
A formless silence sleeps in your courtyard.  
And the sarcastic scrawl of the bleeding piles in the alphabetical chart swells up;  
A mottled piglet tries to fondle grass...  
The impotence inherent in good and evil;  
The supernatural fingers caressing tresses of hair;  
Female buffaloes of a high-yielding breed go on a rampage  
In midnight's outburst of ejaculations.  
The master physicians handling them find themselves paralysed.  
In a hall of mirrors there's a chaos of mocking reflections...  
How many images of oneself can one see?  
Horses are being tattooed on my arms.  
The creeping plant of my penis is about to flower.  
Ibsen's Doll is about to get married.  
All this pining is to get out  
Of this circular battle-trap.  
The black truth seeks to ride the tortoise.  
I see you on your moral path with the cataracts and the tear-peals in your  
anguished eyes.



After that, I remember your silent lips;  
The distressed insect of your distorted body  
Getting its wings painted.  
The owl in the hollow of a tree intones its drone.  
And you, you refuse to open the door of your perception.  
Shall I now put on the boot of amazement on my lame foot?  
Shall I now bell the cat?  
Or shall I scrape off this intolerable grotesquery?  
Shall I put out the flame  
That glows between the beginning and the end?

Advertisement

\*\*\*

### **New Delhi, 1985**

The needle probes for the artery;  
Enemies of poetry gather in your city.  
Your town is cursed with power;  
Roses flow in this stream of blood;  
The waters of your Yamuna stand exposed.  
India Gate:  
Over there, the Rashtrapati Bhavan.  
How ruthlessly has this city been combed and groomed!  
White elephants sway at the gate of the past.  
Goldsmiths mould replicas of peacocks.  
Your well-carpentered glory.  
Long Kashmiri carpets are rolled out in your streets.  
Armed regiments on alert;  
The showy itch of culture;  
Wooing guests, dancing before them;  
Parading cavalry;  
Anti-aircraft guns;  
Nuclear missiles to frighten off enemies;  
The President accepting a salute from those hanging between the sky and the earth;  
The Prime Minister shaking hands  
With the glorified blemished.

Bravo!

What a spectacular festival.