Human Wrong

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It was a whopping ground
Arid land without a bit of green
And there came a herd of cow
A drove of goat
A flock of sheep
A bunch of pig
They came with intent
To talk about their plight
They were all domesticated
A few of them cleave to no civility
They emulate Homo sapiens

An arrogant cow proclaimed
I’ll be the moderator
Why
Because I’m big
And I drip as much milk
As all goats make in a group

A senior goat with beard bickered
We’re more creative
My lady breeds two kids in one go
Sometimes three or four
So I deserve to be the chair

A healthy swine nodded her head
If reproduction is the need
I proliferate more
But that’s not the point
I am straightforward
We move in straight lines
Even many men imitate us
Like a pig-headed politician
Or a President for life
Sitting tight on the throne says
“I can give you stability”

A somber sheep differed with a dissent
If creation is the condition
Then I’m the natural choice
I produce wool
This is renewable
That’s the sustainability criterion

There was an eminent bull
He was wise and astute
He gazed at all calmly
And said with a sharp tongue
My shit is used by humans
To expiate the sinner
To smear the floor
To grow the flower
To plant the rice
To produce energy
But in the colloquiums
They talk bullshit
And draft declarations
That nobody reads
They need a chair
To keep order with a hammer

Men need a moderator
As they are not civil
They have billion totems
They create borders
They make fences
They produce guns
They erect prisons
They cage women
They kill fetus
They use ballot
Then rig the result
And parley on good governance
This is not the end of the story
They call names
Of their own folks such as
Son of a bitch
Or an ass-hole
Or a snake in the grass
Or a kangaroo court
Or smelling a rat
Or a paper tiger
Or a stalking horse
Or a pig in a poke
Or crocodile tears
They abuse us indeed

There was a poet-philosopher
He affirmed that
Parliament is a pound of pig
Isn’t it proper to say
Senators are worse
Than any filthy being
We don’t have a Senate
Nor we need it
We don’t breed criminals
Hence we don’t need law
Nor any attorney or a judge

Men slaughter us
In the name of Kali
The symbol of power
In the name of God
The most gracious and merciful
Men fix charity dinner
To foster philanthropy
Their carnivorous teeth
Chew, suck, lick and eat
Mutton stew and beef steak
They belch with loud noise
And swear for animal rights

Men starve our kids
To fill their stomach
With our milk
The swindlers smugly say
They’re vegetarian
They don’t eat flesh
Yet they take out our skin
And make footwear
What a hoax
Better leave us alone
And mind your own rights

We are not Homo sapiens
We are innocuous animals
In our lexicon
There is no pimp no whore
No lesbian no gay
No marriage no divorce
No police no prison
No master no servant
No lender no borrower

Some men are kind and caring
They lived with us in the past
Abraham, Jacob and Moses
Krishna, Jesus and Muhammad
They were good shepherds
And brought the message of love

Haven’t you read Sufi poet Rumi
“We’re children of God, his infants
As the Prophet has said
All belong to His family
From mosquito to elephant
All are in His family
And for them He is the best provider”

Look what the Sikhs say
“We are all cattle and
God almighty is our shepherd”
Some men love animals
They have our names
Take the example of John Bull
Or Vincent Fox
Or Alan Lamb
Or Honuman Singh
Once Bill Clinton confessed
“While Hillary is away
I sleep with my dog”
What a lover of the living

In these days men are mean
King Richard was an exception
He had an animal’s heart
The lion-hearted as he was called
Does man has a heart
Humans talk about child abuse
They speak of domestic violence
There is strong connection
Between the two
Where there is physical abuse
Of children and women
There’re records of animal abuse
Humans find it through studies
We don’t need a study

We see abuse of pets and livestock
Even animal lover humans are divided
One group says
Slaughter animals in a humane way
Use them in the circus for profit
But feed them well with love

Our animal rights theory is different
Don’t use us as your property
Don’t trade us as commodity
Don’t use our body to test your drug
And don’t kill us for your food

When you raze a home
Rape a child
Kill your daughter in the womb
You call it beastliness
Don’t you know
Beasts don’t do that
We love each other
We believe in free sex
We don’t fight for that
We have no Troy no Helen
We don’t traffic our kids
To trade their flesh

We don’t yoke others
We don’t need covenants
We don’t need a chair
Nor a presidium
Nor a federation
Nor a secretariat
Nor a parliament
We need land
Grazing land
Land with green grass
Beautiful and bountiful grass
Men are selfish
Mean and wicked
For their greed
We’re in the soup
An they’re in the pink

They’ve seized our land
The green is lost
They are sucking the water
From the womb of the earth
To make turf for golf
With neo-liberal grass
To plant poison to smoke
To create cage to dwell
Oh men listen to us
We need you on our side
You don’t have to be a cop or a lawyer
Or a judge to fight animal cruelty
All you need is the courage
To speak up for those
Who cannot speak for them

Men you have forgotten
What Imam Ghazali said
“Once I was a slave
Lust was my Master
Lust then became my servant
And I became free”
Men if you want freedom
Wipe out your greed
Be kind to us and the earth
Don’t ruin lives and the green

The gracious green is lost
The precious tree is gone
The steppe is a fairy-tale
The prairie is dead forever
The pasture is now police barrack

We want our land back
Our green grassland