

The Changeover

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Translated by Kalyan Bhattacharya

None talks about him but an assassin
Comes and peeps away every day, stooping
Whom do you belong to
And feathers scattered all around but you exist nowhere
Adamant by removing all traces of the corpse
The fried grains of accounts are vanished.

The river has mingled, so many rivers mingle, all natural
Take it for granted brethren, it's better to take it for granted, this is accurate
Air is nobody's brother or father, it's devoid of mercy and sympathy
We're secretly murdered in the kingdom of bloodshed
We're independent.