

## Blood on the Face

*Longbir Terang*

Innocent voices seeking for their  
constitutional rights  
staging on the road-  
democratic march

holding banners, placards and flags

wherein they endure

unsympathetic charges of  
atrocities-  
pulled, beaten, walloped

in their own soils-  
the homeland where they belong.

The unsparing act from  
administration, law-enforcements  
led no men and women  
express their sentiments

shattering dreams of tribesmen  
who longed for a peaceful-  
Karbi Land.

Amidst detainment, putting behind bars  
an elder man can be seen  
blood flowing on the face  
weak, wounded

a walk of hopelessness,  
a song of suffering,

tears, scars and loss of face.

Non-violence has been corroded,  
washed away by  
priceless drops of blood

the blood of my tribesmen.

## Crumbled

*Longbir Terang*

It begins in reliability-  
words  
ends with scepticism-  
action

where do my arms bear amidst  
mistrust, deception and  
crooked minds?

Fear, is all I got now.

Expectations-  
in the margins  
while hopes are buried  
with no sign of light

though, things that matter,  
are being exchanged with  
counted notes

and holding a worthless  
sold out prestige.

Things that matter  
crumbled the most

and still exist insentient  
for we've already befallen  
into an object of ridicule  
in the eyes of untold spectators.