

Madhesi Brothers, Stop Killing Each Other

-By Bijay Raut

(The following poem was inspired by the recent killings in Gaur. The author prays for the souls of those who lost their precious lives in this incident as well as in the past ones.)

Madhesi brothers, how are you?
Few months ago I heard you were rioted by Pahadis in Nepalgunj,
A month later bullets went through your hearts from government police all over,
Now you are killing each other in the name of Maoists and MJF clash,
All I have to say you for now,
Madhesi brothers, stop killing each other.

Was three dozens not enough from police bullets?
That you are adding a couple dozens through your own murder,
MJF kill Maoists, and Maoists kill MJF activists,
At the end of the day, you are the Madhesis who die in blunder,
Can you hear me from here brothers?
Madhesi brothers, stop killing each other.

In the old days of Ranas and Royals,
You were the ones who were suppressed despite being loyal,
Now that Nepal aspire to breathe some fresh air,
Yet your lives are still far from being dear,
You died in the old days,
You die now,
You were killed by others in old days,
Now you kill each other,
Madhesi brothers, stop killing each other.

I hear some mourning outside my door,
Is that you Madhesi brothers?
Your widows wailing in tears for the dear husbands,
Your mothers searching for the teenage sons,
Where would your sisters put the thread of *Rakhi* now?
Where would your old age fathers search for social security now?
You are dead and gone,
But can you take away the crying heart and tearful mourn?
May you lay in peace while we cry in tears,
Madhesi brothers, stop killing each other.

Your rights and dignity have been violated through centuries,
Now is the time to rise up and wake up for your human values,
But what can I say about your petty ignorance?
How can I preach the virtue of unity?
How can I talk about peace and humanity?

When you speak the language of your Maoist comrades,
With guns in your hands and grenades in your pockets,
Madhesi brothers, stop killing each other.

Do I have to remind that you belong to the land of glory?
The land of peaceful Buddha and justful Janak,
Yet you speak the language of guns and bullets,
Your inner fighting will only help your old oppressors,
If you knew this, you wouldn't be killing each other,
Dear Madhesi brothers, please stop killing each other.

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