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GENERAL IMPACT FACTOR & More

Shuvam Dewanjee

## God to the Guillotine

Case for frauds and a box of words empty  
With bards in cages, acting like sages  
He comes to lay the stones of bigotry  
To be reviled in history's pages.

The diplomat hid in montane forests  
While the royal carpet reeked of petrol  
The vicious guards taxed pain and made arrests  
People with slit throats were more in control.

Hang those who cry for war till the rope breaks  
Overthrow the masters once saluted  
The people will wage war for their own sake  
Once armed, they will never be defeated.

Terror for one and hope for the other  
A storm's gathering where frondeurs have been  
The leaders face the wall my brother  
It's time we send God to the guillotine.

## The Voiceless Woman

You walk into the room, it's dimly lit  
She's naked and you say who's that woman  
You're confused and she says where is it  
Where's what, she shows you the bills in your hand.

You ask if she's been here for long  
She daren't remember even if she can  
You don't know what's happening all along  
How many have slept here below this fan.

You say how does it feel to be a freak  
To live with tattered sheets and sleeping pills  
She smiles and hands you the relief you seek  
What good is death when it's your touch that kills.

She expects you to leave and settle the check  
No one has respect, they're waiting in line  
But she's drowning in pain up to her neck  
Don't stop now, the safe's filling up just fine.

## Harbinger of Change

He was walking home in his worn-out shoes  
His workplace did not need him anymore  
He knows well he has paid more than his dues  
They wanted money and showed him the door.

He' alive and no longer on their side  
From the bus-stops to universities  
They were alive and kicking in his mind  
With eyes open he soon knew the disease.

He was no more than a puppet for them  
Now free of strings he gathered by the stairs  
Now will he give-up or will he condemn  
Birds chirped change, revolution's in the air.

Why would they care at all how many die?  
It's only a number on a spreadsheet  
They have plenty to spare, they can get by  
Some dead and some dying, they'd never meet.

No matter what they say or what they try  
The veil's gone and no truth, it's all a lie

With your puppets and money try and buy  
Look up, it's freedom written in the sky.

## **Shuvam Dewanjee**

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Shuvam Dewanjee is a writer from Kolkata, West Bengal. Educated in Sociology from Presidency University, Kolkata; he writes in both English and Bengali. His works involve social, political, and literary themes and have been published in various journals and magazines such as Muse India Literary Journal and Golden Cauldron Literary Magazine among others.

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