The Indicted Healthpost

by Shrawan Mukarung

During the conflict
The landowners who had entered the city
Returned to the village
And donated land.

The youths who had gone to Arab
Opened institutes
And sent economic aid.

Stones, soil, wood and water
The village gathered,
The villagers
Gave their labour.

An NGO
Added a roof of shining tin.

Through a sense of duty,
Dr Suryanath returned from Europe,
For love of the village, Sister Chandrakumari
Returned from the city.

Unable to be defeated,
By request the faith healer Tarabahadur
Became a health assistant.

With the school,
The PCO
And the police post
It stood—the indicted healthpost.
With joy
They wept—the old people,
They leapt—the young people,
They danced—the children.
But in the district town
He became angry—the CDO,
They became speechless—the VDC secretaries,
They became enraged—the old contractors
And the fraternal organisations of the main party.

Is that village a different country?
Does that village not need a government?

At the centre
There is tension between two assembly members,
Because
The constitution still has to be made,
Socialism still has to be interpreted,
Communism has yet to arrive.

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