

# 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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Translation by Michael Hutt]