
Democracy or Demon-o-crazy

Its democracy, they say
And every five years,
they come to harp on
caste and creed
and region and religion
Every five years
they come to divide
Not a word they say
on food and shelter
about schools and
about failing health
Not one word they say

Of hope or change
Every five years they come
ask for the votes
and then they disappear
to rule and relish
to return in another five years
Its democracy, they say
Its demon-o-crazy, I say.

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