

## Gabbarish

by Amlanjyoti Goswami

*Sir, spare me. I have drunk your salt.*

*Then eat my bullet. Said I, Gabbar.*

Children are told tales at night

How I will come round the mountain

And eat them for breakfast.

I measure my fingers.

Eight and a half.

The rest were thrown to the wolves.

So much gibberish in my name.

As if I really was a dacoit in the ravines.

Those city slickers with suitcases and charming suits

Speaking a foreign tongue are the real thieves.

They steal with a smile and you don't even know.

I just keep firing shots in the air

With a broken rifle, which can't even kill birds.

If I learnt how to use a computer,

All the money in the world would be mine.

The only ones left to dream

Would be these hungry stones in my pocket.

Instead they call *me* villain

Reduce me to a name.

I am now a character in a movie. It sells, I am told

More than anything they have sold.

Last time, I told them – those fancy pants- to buzz off

When they were talking about yet another sequel.