

**Gandhi: The Farmer of Freedom**

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The paddy fields were flooded in blood  
For the grains were grilled from drought  
The tightened skin pierced by bones  
Had the scars stitched on the rot  
Freedom is not the lure luxury  
It is to live and breathe in peace  
As did the mahatma said  
To dig oneself from lease  
The scorching sun couldn't soak the throat  
They could do it in violence  
The black hearts of the white men  
Driving the swords on silence  
He ploughed the nation  
Weeding the wild crops of capture  
The farmer of a then bleeding nation  
Who sowed the seeds of freedom