Vol. 6 No. 2
This article is from *Sikh Research Journal*, the online peer-reviewed journal of Sikh and Punjabi Studies

Sikh Research Journal *Vol. 6 No. 2 Published: Fall 2021.

http://sikhresearchjournal.org

http://sikhfoundation.org
Six Hundred Farmers Have Died

Gursahiba Gill

You celebrated freedom, an illusion of Independence
A liberation from the shackles of your colonizers
You thumped your proud inflated chests to the beats of a patriotic song
Slight goosebumps, moist eyes and maybe a candle for those who extinguished
their life for the future of your generation’s freedom.

Was your independence served to you on a platter?
Delicately wrapped and covered by a cloche lest the stench of reality pierced your
delusion?

These days the color of saffron outweighs the green.
Freedom is no longer an illusion. It has been diagnosed with late-stage psychosis.

Zaffron grown in Kashmir carries a stronger fragrance, it absorbs a frequently
spotted ‘red’ from the soil.
Barbed wires protect the broken bones of freedom.
In Punjab, you’ll find a torn phulkari shroud concealing the remains of dried
organs, bloodied turbans, lost eyes and muffled screams of mothers.
Faded green ceases to protect the fabric of our emancipation.

They say 600 farmers have died. “Six hundred. That’s all?”, says the minister.
Countless freedom fighters died, what’s 600 compared to that number.
We have no record of the farmers that have died, claims the center.
Countless freedom fighters died unknown, what’s a mere 600 compared to their
number.

They say six hundred farmers have died but it has hardly been nine months of
their struggle.

You still celebrate freedom, a hallucination of Independence
The gifted shackles rest lazily on your ankles
You thump your proud inflated chests to the melody of its weightless bells
Pricking goosebumps, raging eyes and definitely a hate speech to arouse those willing to extinguish this generation’s life.

*Was your independence served to you on a manifesto?*
Delicately wrapped and covered by a cloche lest the stench of reality pierced your delusion?

*Gursahiba Gill* is a writer, poet, theatre artist and a postgraduate in Psychology aspiring to further her career by becoming a clinical psychologist. She is based in Punjab, India. Currently, she is studying Persian at Panjab University and working as a Counsellor and Psychologist volunteer with Himachal Queer Collective.