

The Poem

A FIGHTER'S LINES

by Marzuki Ali

I am old and worn
And have lost all my strength
Sufferings
And the history of the fight for independence
Have forced sacrifices
That know no name Or
life

From the wheelchair of the rest of my days
I, body and energy crushed
See and cannot do much
These times are too big a challenge
For the remnants of my crippled years
The net of deceit spread everywhere
Disturbs me

In the name of justice
Wake up and form ranks sons of our ancestor
Be brave
And erect a wall of people
Stand up heirs of our freedom

I have no more voice
It is you now who should speak!

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