

The Map and the Termites' Fangs

translated by Associate Professor Surapeepan Chatraporn

Look at that! The map of the nation, remnants nibbled and gnawed by fangs,
Gnawed and nibbled till incomplete and indented by the gang.
The perforated paper, incomplete and indented, like a clue to a treasure trove,
Looks so dry, brittle and breakable, termites stealthily biting and eating till all broke.

With our carelessness and recklessness, termites mustered and mobilized their troops,
scrambled and struggled for bits and pieces till all is torn and tattered.
Vicious and vile, vile and vicious termites thrive in glory all over territory,
Pulling and plucking, plucking and pulling till totally torn and tattered in all counties.

With our carelessness, recklessness and negligence, not searching and not sweeping.
Termites gobbled and gulped paper tearing it in bits and pieces.
Vicious and vile, vile and vicious termites ruin the nation in creeping,
Mobilizing their troops and parading in full force, glorious power in governing.

Termites, the chewing breed, from whither did thou take thy origin and arise?
With thy fangs and jaws, sharp, spiky, piercing and blade biting?
How on earth did the army of termites arise? Who created the army in disguise?
Termites' army, so exceedingly arrogant, haughty and daring.

Destroy mountains and take soil to pile up thy homes with endeavor,
or take soil from open ground and mound and carry it here.
Or the vista reflects a careful selection of only fertile soil so dear,
Or reflects no conscience, no remorse, no pondering whatsoever.

More like transporting and transferring a vicious and vile campsite.

Allow the army of fangs to tour and travel in sight alright.

Treading, trampling, crushing causing a clamorous war, glorified.

Arrogance and insolence like a king ruling the earth and the sky.

Look at that! Termites pulling and plucking the map in all directions.

Everlasting, unending, undying and enduring termites of aggression.

Continuously and fully seeing these termites, we get too used to the sight.

Continuously seeing the nation pitifully torn and tattered, we get too used to the sight.

Wasn't it us who carried the nest and created these termites?

Wasn't it us who allow them to flock and throng, throng and flock in full size?

We who are careless, heedless, negligent and not concentrating.

We who are witless and mindless, straying from dharma and moral teachings.

When we abandon balance, values, faith and morals,

Termites climb and clamber, chewing, chasing and crushing all.

When solely guided and geared by monetary accounts,

we suffer decline deceived by termites' guile, denounced.

When having a right and not realizing the value of the right,

But seeing bribery and bait as sweet and juicy.

Surrendering to lies, lying and lures happily.

Termites enclose and encircle, biting liberty and freedom with all their might.

I will hold fast to my beloved map.

Preserve and love honor, glory, dignity and my right overwhelmingly.

Preserve independence and adhere to a faith only

in the path of fairness, justice and righteousness unrelentingly.

I will care of my beloved and treasured home and workplace.

Realize and apply the text of banishment to efface.

Let the love of freedom and independence take its grace

to annihilate all termites from our beloved land, leaving no trace.

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