

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal

"Poison In The Well"

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Tell me what's gone wrong. I tilt my head there, under the faucet, but when I turn it on -- dry as paper. Call the neighbors. Who's to blame for what's going on? In the dark without a clue I'm just the same as you.

O, they tell us there's poison in the well, that someone's been a bit untidy and there's been a small spill. Not a lot, no, just a drop. But there you are mistaken, you know you are. I wonder just how long they knew our well was poisoned but they let us just drink on.

O, they tell us there's poison in the well, that someone's been a bit untidy and there's been a small spill. All that it amounts to is a tear in a salted sea. Someone's been a bit untidy, they'll have it cleaned up in a week. But the week is over and now it's grown into years since I was told that I should be calm, there's nothing to fear here. But I drank that water for years, my wife and my children.

Tell me, where to now, if your fight for a bearable life can be fought and lost in you backyard? O, don't tell us there's poison in the well, that someone's been a bit untidy, that there's been a small spill. All that it amounts to is a tear in a salted sea. Someone's been a bit untidy, they'll have it cleaned up in a week.

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