**BLACK MARKET**

I was so happy during the world war

Having a gala time, robbing and looting some one or other

With high prices selling Kerosene, rice and sugar

Creating artificial shortages to cheat my neighbour.

Tins of kerosene mixed with water I sold

Hundreds of rice bags mixed with stones I rolled Mostly and easily wives of seaferers were cheated Without consideration rich and poor were looted.

War ended, but no change in my ways

People cursed me through all my days

But my soul rejoiced and my heart craved

Such conditions to prevail I earnestly prayed.

But alas! The prices of rice and wheat came down crashing

Sugar and kerosene prices also were decreasing

My soaring black market business was shattering

Forcing me to settle for a new way of living.

Dealing with European goods earned no much profit

Exporting liquor was an option misfit

Pork prices soaring, piggery was the only way

To earn quick money day by day.

**Melquiades Rodrigues**