**‘I Want to be Killed by an Indian Bullet’**

If ever Manipur showed some sign of improving sociopolitical awareness, it was mostly during the Sixties and Seventies. Indeed, one of the principles that guided the growth of organisations harping for the [right to self-determination](http://kapilarambam.blogspot.in/2010/07/land-records.html) was the utter lack of political consciousness.

A PEEK INTO THE PAST     A cursory glance shows that the western concept of nation-states was quite alien, as was the evident from the highly antiquated economic structure of those years. The insufficiency remains the same to this day. However, reality dictates that it is not possible to get struck in a time warp. It was simply impossible to persist in self-acclaimed self sufficiency, which marks the better part of our historical narrative.

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| [‘I Want to be Killed by an Indian Bullet’](https://3.bp.blogspot.com/-uo3CPYAFaq4/UUWJDJ6y5QI/AAAAAAAALYk/vGVm8RuvGEc/s1600/no-indian-bullet.jpg) |
| Image from the [Anonymous ART of Revolution](https://www.facebook.com/pages/Anonymous-ART-of-Revolution/362231420471759) |

Even if we have been making evolutionary footprints in certain areas of sports and performing arts, social growth always demand only the best from the natives, all the time.

On one hand, globalisation started showing its ugly face with colonialism. The deteriorating condition of the society, as a whole, despite the resurrection plan with dubious plans of the new country (read India), was written all over the social face, on the other. The zeitgeist of the time was apparent nowhere but in rising forms of resistance and protest; if not in these issues, then in the rising number of [sleepwalking people](http://kapilarambam.blogspot.in/2011/04/sleepwalkers.html).

A PEN IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A COUNTRY     It was around those years, the social scum gave birth to an art form of social relevance. Previously, it was either a continuation of hollow religious commodities or the romantic creation that developed during the Twenties and Thirties. Then, it was about time, the natives were suffocated by the nagging questions of the society, and unsurprisingly, it was was hard to break free with mild response.

Though we have plunged deeper into the abyss, a poem like *I Want to be Killed by an Indian Bullet* still re-demonstrates the long journey ahead. Seemingly a poem is more important than a country. We cannot ignore the question of nationality still kept open, thanks to the endeavour of successive governments.

THE INDIANS BULLETS FLY THICK AND FAST    Coming to the present day, it is absurd people keep debating about the [Armed Forces (Special Powers) Act](http://kapilarambam.blogspot.in/2013/01/afspa-response-from-theatre-of-absurd.html). A recent attack on security forces in Jammu and Kashmir (on 13 Mar) has prompted again a democratic talking shop discussion on this black law, with the army chief picking up the baton and declaring ‘the time is not ripe’ to repeal it.  
  
[Thangjam Ibopishak](http://kapilarambam.blogspot.in/2012/01/my-buddy-mr-bush.html) would have written this poem while reflecting on the currents of the time. Still, we can see nowadays, despite the accusing eyes, there is very little to expect from the government or the insurgents. It depends entirely on us.  
  
Regardless of the country, the political parties, the conformers and the world as a whole, it lies entirely on our hand to pick up the real baton of living a dignified life, to further improve the sociopolitical awareness. Presumably, it is not hard to ask, for we are not asking to kill and get killed by the Indian bullet, or not even Chinese- or Thai-made, for that matter. All this drivel is just about the love for peace and justice. Nothing more.