

Brown Soldiers

by

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We, brown soldiers fighting, enduring war,
gave to white with brown bodies and brown cause,
in foreign fields where earth richened brown in our fall.
We gave all in brown labor, brown spices, brown tea,
brown silk, brown ploughs, in a hope they would treat
us as their brown brothers, not just a brown colony.
Yet at the end of two of the world wars,
brown swaraj fell like our hope from our souls,
and in brown soil crushed under their frost it hid,
until white became whiter and at last, brown rose red.