

Contemporary Literary Review India

Print ISSN 2250-3366 | Online ISSN 2394-6075



Vol. 9, No. 1 CLRI Feb 2022

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For Whom?

A sudden gust of wind
unwinding the locked tufts
of grass and of bright gulmohars
glistening amid the green branches.
Cherry-red lips moistened
with some drizzles longing
Holy waters flowing ceaselessly
to slake everyone's thirst
the gongs and bells ever ringing
to spread peace and prosperity

but for whom?

They say nothing moves
without your order, O Lord!
The sharp eyes of the photographer
Famished, his furtive glances absurd
The fancy of the poet cheats
him of all his images fainting
gasping breathlessly for want of oxygen
milling crowds begging for spaces
both in hospice and in burial grounds
a belated coupon uselessly earned
but for whom?

No priests can awaken the dying mortals
losing their hopes before a virus
depleting mankind of their taste and smell
your messenger could forbid, O Lord!
Could all your sons foresee your cruel commands?
Depriving millions of wearing their newly stitched dress
designed to celebrate yearly festivities
failing their promises to their kids
dreaming for a covetous career
craving for years to continue the generational cycles
but for whom?

It's time for prayer again, O Lord!

Open your eyes and see the venom

Your agents have spread through winds.

How can you loosen your hold upon the world?
You promised of health, harmony and happiness
Devoid of caste, colour and creed
The pet phrases of a handful of messiahs
Safeguarding their undivided reign.
No more are seen waiting for your cruel commands
Yet you stand with muted breath
but for whom?

Messiah

The vast stretches of land watch silently the atrocities perpetrated on lambs every day in the cave under caveats at entry and exit points.

The day time gravity- a mere covering bristles sacred hymns to hide cruelties mixing kindness with equal measure triumphing over worldly passions under a façade of gentle smile.

There reigns an undivided peace making way for the hissing serpent to slough and slander away for its innocent prey, unaware of the worldly game.

The gentle bite --- a sudden jerk a livid look—all in vain.

And there stood a simpering soul wearing white-- like white lies

Lo! The messiah had come.

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