



Intellectual Terrorism

by Sudhir K. Arora

A tempest sweeps
over the globe
spreading the vicious seeds
which become saplings
that grow guns for robots
that are connected with religious and political wires
in the name of Light leading to Heaven
that is simply a carrot on a stick
cast by various shops that vie with others.

The shops have thrown a virus into air
that affects the intellectuals
who have forgotten the values
for which they got heights

The intellectuals become dwarfs
in the poisonous cages
that hypnotise them to the extent
that they begin to fall from the heights
without being aware of their fall.

The virus worsens their intellects
and turns them into intellectual terrorists
more dangerous than the real ones.

The land is not the land
The mind is the real land

A war cry
for possessing this land
fertile enough to grow
the crops of terror and hatred

Who pollutes?
Who gains what?

The wires are unseen, so is the wirer

Why is pen dipped in the poisonous ink?

The pen is the healer, not the killer
It is itself a wire that connects all
All into one

The inner sound is lost
somewhere in the cacophony
that tunes the naked dance
on the global stage

Where is the being?
Where is Being of beings?
BEING is not in the shops
Being is within
the shrine within from where
flows the river of milk
embracing all with love
while singing the song of
vasudev kutumbakam

Brief Bio:

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