



Poetry

1. VOLCANO

Life —

an urge to go
to deeper recesses
but annulling force
of buoyancy doesn't relax
until volcano erupts.
Agastya gone to south
weary Vindhya await
in dolorous hope of return.
t gushes to satiate
heat of the soil,

enthraling melody simmers
on the waves:
it is mermaid.
Quest is over.
Storm is calm.
~*~*~*~

2. THE RIVER AND THE BOAT

**Last month
she was weak and tender,
yet did not let me ford;
the boat ferried me
to the other shore.**

**Now, she is he
and I fear to ford;
the boat ferries me
to the other shore.**

**River chameleon
of self; boat engenders
faith and hope.**

~*~*~*~

3. PERISHING MAN

**As I dare peep out
through the window,
eyes reel
at the sight of a whirligig
nourishing
in the lee of pythons ...
Headless bodies
march in
a mute procession
leading to a maze ...
Terrible cries follow
in an uproar
without human shores.
Numberless snakes
leave holes in Siberia
to live in cities ...
Strange! Can't shut eyes.
Ignorance and greed ...**

Perishing Man?

~*~*~*~

4. THIS PROMISING AGE

**In this antagonistic society
contradictions
tend to become acute
with unsympathetic attitude.
Civilization cannot reverse gears
nor present to past.
What, then, do we expect
in this jungle
of automation?
Vats-man is captive,
machines instruct,
calculate and infer
achievements
of Homo sapiens.
Bits of reality
concatenated together give rise
to a new set of ideas.
What other role awaits
insignificant cog
in this robot culture
where soul defies
the principle of metempsychosis?
and enters into
wires, screws, transistors,
magnets and diaphragms
to help, interpret and amuse?
Where has gone
logic of inventive thought?
Fissures of cerebrum dive deep**

into the waves
of computers and genetic code
in a venture
to unriddle the skein.
Estranged soul entangles itself
in the criss-cross of vibrations.
Entirely new features prop up
The land nourished by
Synthetic culture and ideals.
Plethora demoniac
descends down on the earth
like a beam
to impregnate
the abortive eye;
compassions, pity, sympathy
face retreat
before hypocrisy and cynicism
Eros – the fairest –
dominates the Murdoch's scene
where human crucibles
boil and transpire
and fall down with rain
promiscuously indiscernible
like a chemical whole.
Nature has been cruel
to the honest individual.
Painful cries rend
the sky and ocean alike
on the pitiless planet
where to do ill is the sole delight.
Can clouds save any more
the blistering skin,
breeze balm
the parched mind,

the marmorial wind
stop the bleeding
of throbbing heart?
Thoughts peal in echoes
and defile the flow
of one serene and tranquil idea
Amazon deep and Mississippi long
and bound to leave
as clearly as one can
without having any kinds
to hand the sores of misery.
Individual bound
to lose moral identity
on the verge of catastrophe.
Ordinary time flows into
Bhrigu time.
Unknowingly centuries know
yet feel not so.
What is time?
Who cannot tell?

All know. Yet nobody knows.
In this affluent society
watch and sit, sit and watch
before the signaling knob;
morn to eve, eve to morn
sometimes
on the cross-roads of crises
minutes are stretching longer
than hours and days;
years contracted to seconds.
Passions degenerated into
mechanized smiles
while coming and going

lips frigid to flowery kisses
inside the tube.

Brooks and parks
mysteriously disappeared
in the forced isolation
as glass aquaria stepped
into a room of hundredth
storey steel-house.

The unique individual
steadily disappears
at the hapless fate of RNA
and the soil is ready
for a bumper crop of deformities.

A business-minded mother
decides to be pregnant
for those who do not want
to lose their shape.

Neuromycin frees the brain
from habitual reflexes
and switches off reaction
and drops blank
unconscious schizoid problems
of unreal schizoid individuals
of this promising age

DC Chambial