



A WEIRD FUSION

I often perceive a fusion of contrasting melodies
resonating through the air:
one emanating from a brothel-
coarse and base, while the other rises
from a temple, sacred and serene.
Somehow, these contrasting strains intertwine
amplifying each other's essence
until they blend harmoniously,
as though their contents weave into a singular fabric,
released in tandem-
it's as if Satan himself were navigating
the celestial currents, indistinguishable
from the divine realm,
blurring the lines between id and superego,
evil and good, forging an unexpected alliance.
Are we, then, spiritual entities,
descendants of the divine realm,
or are we the progeny of darkness,
born from infernal depths?

Finally, an epiphany dawns upon me:
life encompasses an infinite array of disparities
and complexities, all seamlessly interwoven.
Contemplating the intricate tapestry
of human spirituality and sensuality,
their intermingling sparks a continuous journey,
leading one to fathom the profound
mysteries of existence-
the enigmatic synthesis of id, ego, and superego,
and the inexplicable connection and interaction
between angel, human, and devil.
Is this convoluted interplay of vice and virtue,
woven into the fabric of existence-
a flaw in God's design or a calculated masterstroke?

Dr. Dalip Khetarpal, a renowned writer, poet, critic, and co-founder of *Afflatus Creation*, needs no introduction. Author of several books of English poetry and a treatise on medical science, he has recently presented an epitome of profound thought in his poem *A Weird Fusion*, published in *Poetcrit* (July–Dec 2023). A close friend of mine, Dr. Khetarpal is known for his cheerful demeanor. When I called to congratulate him, he jubilantly quipped—recalling the days he stayed at my house in Kolkata—that it was my inspiration that fueled his writing. Joking aside, the poem carries a deep philosophical message that, in my view, deserves a closer examination. In this poem stated above, Khetarpal describes "a fusion of contrasting melodies resonating through the air," juxtaposing the coarse melody of a brothel with the serene harmony of a temple. This



contrast reflects the dualities of life: the brothel symbolizes physical desire and earthly indulgence, while the temple represents spiritual elevation and divine aspiration. Both exist to fulfill human needs but in markedly different ways—one offering transient gratification, the other aiming to inspire transcendence.

The poet raises an intriguing question: Can these seemingly opposing forces blend harmoniously? He suggests that divergent strains of human experience intertwine, forming a "singular fabric." This synthesis, he implies, is possible only when the forces of good and evil—represented by the id and superego—align. In Freudian terms, the id embodies primal instincts and desires, while the superego reflects moral conscience shaped by societal norms. When the boundaries between these two states blur, Khetarpal ponders whether humanity is "descendants of the divine realm" or "progeny of darkness, born from infernal depths." Unable to reach a definitive conclusion, he instead turns to an epiphany: the realization that life's journey is an intricate blend of disparities and complexities, woven together in the great mystery of existence.

Khetarpal's poem delves further into the "mysterious synthesis of id, ego, and superego," with the ego mediating between unconscious desires and moral conscience. Poetry itself, he argues, serves as a social and creative act, channeling these inner impulses into a form that influences both society and the individual. By referencing "the intricate tapestry of human spirituality and sensuality,"

Khetarpal highlights the interconnectedness of our physical urges and higher aspirations, suggesting that poetry—and art in general—bridges these dimensions.

The poet's reflections resonate with Freud's theory that human activity is rooted in the libido, or the desire for satisfaction. At the same time, Khetarpal acknowledges humanity's belief in a higher power, juxtaposing divine grace with primal instincts. He captures this duality in the lines, "And the inexplicable connection between Angel, human, and devil," portraying the perpetual interplay of vice and virtue. Humans, situated between these opposing forces, must choose which to embrace. Both angelic and devilish impulses are woven into the same fabric of existence.

In conclusion, Dr. Khetarpal poses a profound question: Does this duality reflect a flaw in God's design or a deliberate masterpiece? He suggests that life offers two contrasting paths—one coarse and earthly, the other serene and sacred—and it is up to each individual to discern their path. While God may have created humanity with free will, the responsibility for one's choices and actions lies with the individual. Humanity, as God's greatest creation, must navigate life without divine intervention, shaping its destiny through its own decisions.

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