

Leicester GRC 2008 Poem I.

THE LAST DANCE

As the time to rage against the dying of light
Draws near, I begin to close the doors on me
One by one in full knowledge of the pangs of
Nostalgia and longing for what all must be left behind
And mourned in the solitude of my heart.

I get awash with pointless sadness
As I dance as though to celebrate
Perhaps as the rehearsal
Of my own funeral cakewalk,
As if there will be one!

Too much engagement with the nectar of life
When the ebb tide has already set in
May well transform the nectar to hemlock
Although I cannot imagine how
I may have fantasised my life as
Connected to that great Greek philosopher
Who kept asking those who raised questions
The need for answers so as to get the
Innocent to churn up their own wisdom
Mindlessly shoved deep down towards
The bottom of the famed iceberg
From the tip of which arose their half articulated questions.

He well knew that all answers are contained
Within the fragile container
That keeps leaking out its energy
In fixing one's glance on the
Mirror image in the pool
While the Echo, which is in fact
More substantial than the image held dear
As it boards the fast train
To the destination no one is really sure about.

11.35 PM, 5.4.08, Beaumont Hall, Leicester.

Leicester GRC 2008 Poem II

WINDING DOWN

When the fire begins to die
And the chill of the descending night
Gradually burrows in to the bones
It is perhaps time to pack up and
Put away the sneakers and racquets,
The football boots and weights
In the dimly lit attic of life.

It is in those twilight years
The insight vaguely begins to stir
That it may be worth its time
To engage with the ageless Milky Way
And such other unfathomables in one's universe
As a rehearsal for discovering one's being
That one had for so long sought to capture
Within the bony cage of one's head.

Only then, and that also in probability,
It will be possible to engage in exploring
The various meanings of the Being
That seems to be nowhere and everywhere.

What lies ahead is most likely a period of
Figuring out how to convert the microscope
In to a macroscope by holding it upside down
So that salvation is replaced by revelation.

11.55 PM, 8.4.08, Beaumont Hall, Leicester.

Leicester GRC 2008 Poem III

SURVIVORS

(Poem dedicated to Matthieu Daum on his birthday)

Survivors carry the burden of harbouring the survival scenarios
In which they had quite beyond consciousness resisted
Annihilation against insane directives born of
Desires leaking out under a great grey veil of darkness.

Some of them are luckier than others.
But those favours of fortune mostly go unnoticed
If one goes by such example as that of Jonah,
The reluctant messiah. So they choose to moan and mope
Like sulking preteen nascent rebels since they
Place a distance between themselves and the authority
They had quite recently chosen to delegate upwards.
Others seems to chase their tails like the three
Blind mice as though unity in diversity
Blinded them when it came to locating the task.

Surviving repeated experience of death
At one's own or others' hands probably
Makes one keep looking for monsters
Behind offered love, fear gifts as currency of barter and
Choke the flow of adrenaline every now and then.

So they make it their task to choose
The time and territory of death
As though attention and interpretation
Are irrelevant sounds made by a
Reluctant prophet who had spoken to his
Experience of death as love for humankind.

5.30 AM, 10.4.08, Beaumont Hall, Leicester.