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Religion

A. P. Govindankutty

To traverse the terrain of life
With its stones and thorns,
Its steep ascends and deep descents,
Its creeks and crevices,
Its fords difficult to cross,
Its deserts and mirages,
its storm and calm,
its darkness, its light, its opacity,
Man leans on God as a prop.
With this prop as the central pillar

Religions build super-structures,
Fortify them with impervious insulations,
And imprison man inside them,
Not letting him move on to find his way,
Muffling his voice, blurring his vision ,
And fogging his intellect.