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Singularity of the Plurality

Sandeep Kumar Mishra

As the eyes blink to face the Sun
Life trembles with the lack of air,
The birth never meets the death
As immaterial wants to escape the body
One force guides the other

As the soul is muscle-bound,
Two forces work together, sometimes indifferently
But they needn't exist at a place
The Monism nullifies our lives
As nothing that we do, ultimately survives

No progress or flaws, nothing begins or ends,
World is not like that, world is full of blind fjord,
Never finished, never the same twice
Lost as we hold, always to be regained
Perfection is a fallen fruit
Between that Meaning and the Matter

Our desire to get that supreme state
Plasters each aperture by numb ideal of White
Universal, refusing to allow Division or Dispersal
If man is an image of God, the god disintegrates
Man is man because once he was a beast

Man is crazy with resentment, he is dashed
By good hopes or bad dreams against the world,
But conscious of the joy of things and the power
Of going beyond and above the limits of time

About the Poet:

Sandeep Kumar Mishra is an outsider artist, poet and lecturer in English Literature and Political Science. He runs Kishlaya Outsider Art Academy. He has edited a collection of poems by various poets - Pearls (2002) and written a professional guide book -How to be (2016) and a collection of poems and art - Feel My Heart (2016).