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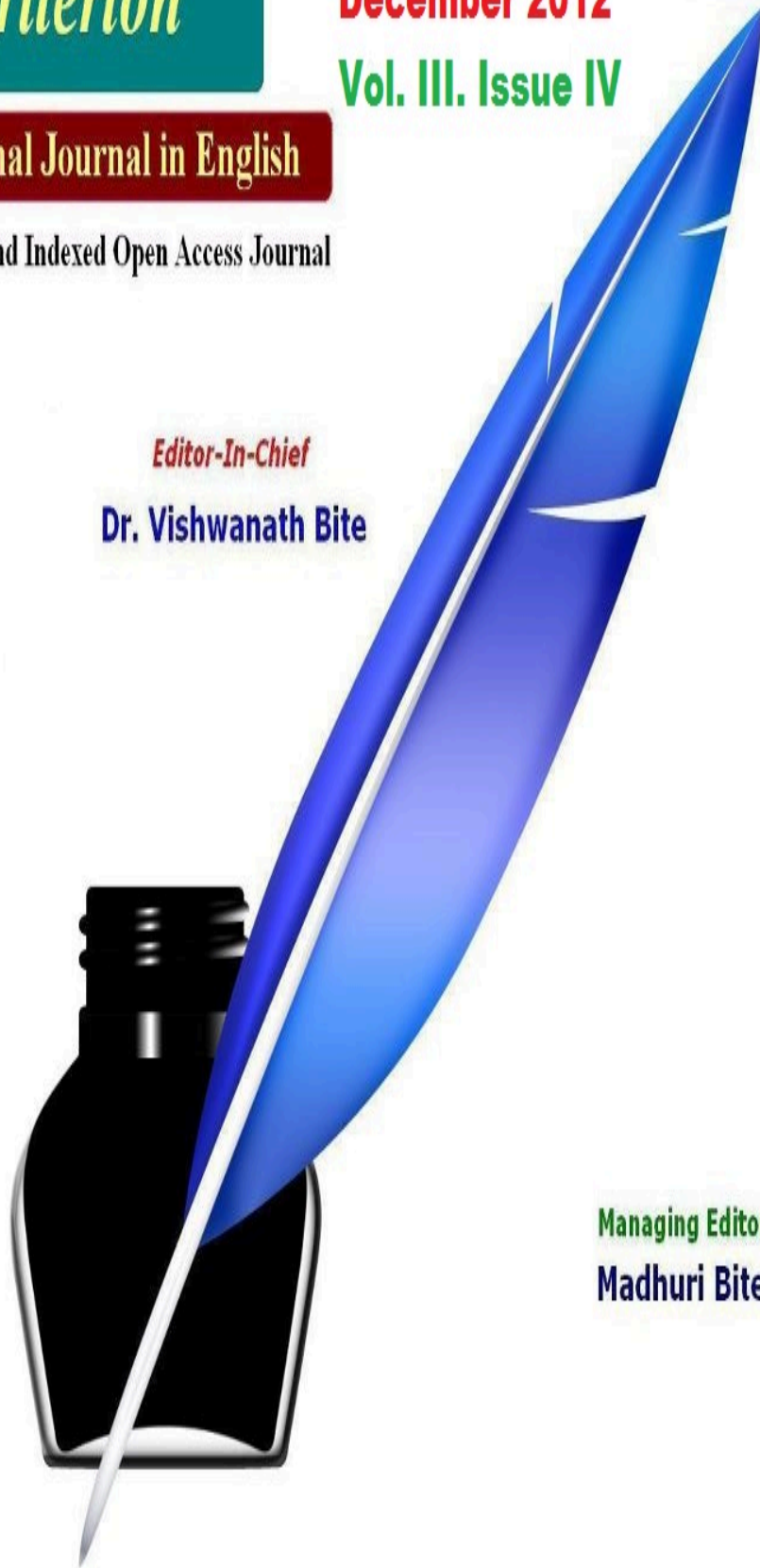
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Inner Peace...A Satire

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Hello, knock knock, is there anybody there? Who are you looking for? I am looking for peace. Do you know where peace is? Some say there is peace in the reconnection of god that we have left long, some say there is peace in making money, others say there is peace in fulfilling the dream, but, whatever that might be in each and every way a man has to tilt his land by drawing water from his own well. There is neither any flood nor any canal providing the ample water to make the land a fertile one.

I was wandering why not look for the peace in the farthest Hebrides or in the song of the solitary reaper which Wordsworth had once experienced in his travel to the Scotland in the Romantic era. I do not have any preliminary data where to start my journey; shall the journey start with my legs or with my devil's workshop or both of them? Though Shelley asks the west wind to clear his old thoughts like the dead leaves and replace it with the new ones, making a way for the spring to come in. Should I be another Narcissus and try to find the joy or peace in my own image? Like Keats said "A thing of beauty is a joy forever". I am quite skeptic about whether death is beautiful or not? It is said that whoever cannot water his plants (dreams) can rest in peace only in his death. I don't know whether I will be at war or peace in death as I have not travelled the 5th dimension yet.

The wise Ugway tells the panda "Yesterday is a history, tomorrow is a mystery and today is a Gift that's why it is known as Present (The Kungfu Panda). So where am I? Am in the past or present or future? A drill of hammer still goes on in the mind with the uncountable inquisitives channeling to one source "Peace". Again the wise Ugway tells Master Shifu "You have to just believe that Po is the Dragon Warrior". Well I am not the dragon warrior to fight a mortal combat with Tylong, but I am a proletariat who to believe? Whom to fight with? Am I to fight with myself or some other person? I do not want to collect bloody knuckles or broken bones as a souvenir.

Mankind has reached the era beyond civilization, enhanced every field of technology, psychology, theology, biology, cardiology, phonology.....but when I, a layman wants to express my feelings to the mass, they never understand or try not to understand, so where are we? Are we not in the primitive age where man used to make sounds of his existence? Nothing has changed till now we still eat, we still sleep, we take birth we copulate and we die and still travel in the 5th dimension where no living soul has endeavored to pave its way in.

Death and anger; are these two correlated with each other? Religious texts say that it comes from Satan, but when the Gods get angry does it come from the Satan himself? Does that mean God and Satan are the same? Both are two sides of the mind; the preserver: the destroyer; why should I kill my anger? When I try to protest against the rights that I have been born with; they say me to control my anger. Why should I be quite like a tree? And bear the consequences that have been forced by someone to take place. Should I act like an opportunist? or should I be another diplomat bringing in the 3rd world war and have another inhuman battle of the common..... in

the name of religion ,power, kinship....my people, my blood , my state....or just be another Fuhrer. I do not have any grudge for Hitler as he did what was wanted or needed. If I go on to explain why Hitler was right on his mark? I might be another peace maker trying to bring in the peace in my disturbed mind with the bloody battle of power hunger and domination. I do not want my sacred place to be filled up with charred buildings and trees, nor do I want the people yelling with pain, hunger and strife. I want to plant new flowers in my garden and take in the aroma into my nostrils listening to the sweet songs of the bird in the dusk where the golden light has stretched its arms on the blue mists of the sleeping damsels high up on the sky.

The dragon has engulfed the whole earth with its majestic powers of fire. On the other hand I am sitting alone at my bed trying to play some metallic chords creating a noise of the unknown disturbed symbiosis of another psychedelic world. I am dead and with my modern weapon (guitar) I am walking on the land, piled up with dead corpse, now and then I see heaps of smoke coming out from the mouths of the young blood, I see a river of golden water flowing from the fall on the other side, when I go near to look for the fire I smell the marijuana coming from the ring of circles and when I go to wash my wounds in the river I smell the heavy dose of wine in it. I am mistaken, this is not heaven nor it is hell, and there is Adam and Eve but they are outnumbered. Here the children are not born from the same womb; rather they are born of different guillotine.

Suddenly I come and get myself hit on the body of whom? It was not him but me, wounded with the old thoughts of mystery...the search of the unknown. The doppelganger effect seems to take place in the scenario; I try to talk to him but, he doesn't seem to understand my language, he makes a sudden thud on the ground and again tries to recapitulate of whom was he born? Where was he before? Whose mask is he wearing now? If you open your mask then you are not born again but rather you are dead. There is no any guarantee or warranty that you will be replaced again if you come out from the mask and try to travel in the metaphysics. Fragments everywhere but not a single clue of what am I talking about? Anyone who reads my thoughts shall reach the single road; saying that I am a crazy dog.

Dog; I have read when I started to learn the alphabet D, gradually the dog comes out from the alphabet and learns how to walk with its four legs lick with its tongue and wag its tail when its happy or trying to convince his master, but dog over here has got a different meaning of itself, I have now turned into a dog and trying to convince him by bringing him the ball, which he throws again and again as an amusement to himself. Becket's 'Godot 'was much luckier than me, at least Estragon and Vladimir were waiting for him, but I have no one waiting for me. Somebody might be waiting for me but I have no time for him or her. I have become insane to the feelings of the human being, she cries but I do not understand the reason....the mysterious equation of love, I can never solve it.

Love, oh; what a beauty these four words carry, although I can never explain it. Some love to live, some love to be in the company of the unknown. I...Look at me, I am what I am, cannot figure out the terrible pinch in my heart that used to take away my sleep while I was in my youth. The more I come close to it, the more I know that that the venom is going to fill up each and every part of my dead but living body. Oh; the queen from Venus I have lost my paradise and have surrendered to your hell. Let not thy immortal water purify my wretched soul. I have sold my soul to you...make me your marionette and entangle me with the spell of the black magic, so that I can be in the heaven of claustrophobia and away from the agoraphobia. In this normal

world I am the abnormal mad person who has crossed his boundaries and but finding no way to get out of the arena ,where ,there are rats, ants, cockroaches and bats more dangerous than the armored knights of the green period(Sir Gawain and the Green Knight). Finally my warrior woman comes with sharp bladed sword on a white horse and rescues me from them. Now starts the beginning of the end a tale, a saga of another lies, where I Endeavour to be another avant-garde.

Fools they are, dominated by the society higher to them in the name of fake love, in the name of God, in the name of resurrection, in the name of new life after death, in the name of salvation. In the name of Jesus, Rama, Allah or in the name of Truth. The truth, they say is that someone came and delivered our way to a new life, but truth I believe is neither the past nor the present, it is the time that acts as a healer, way to a new life of complete Moksha or salvation. The truth that each and every person finds is his own truth of existence, his failure, his success, his love, his hatred. It is the man himself who never looks for the inner peace in his own mind and thrives to search in the heaps of books, in the places and shrines.

When a person closes his eyes and prays to god he does not pray someone who is omnipresent, omnipotent or omniscient rather he prays to the spirit in his own body. It is the spirit that man prays in order to get the power to live to fight and moreover believe in him.

Theories and theories allover and again you have theories which dominate over your own rights of everything. I go to make something new but it is the same old theories that destroys my inner potentiality and leaves me to the vacuum. Why should I follow the theories that stop me in every possible way of my absurd surrealist imagination? It is good to learn theories but at a certain point they dull the mind and never allow you to think, rather you become the other borrowed brain of the theorists and take pride in their own spellings of the cliché faculties. A child learns how to identify the alphabets and letters through a medium of audio and visual things around him or her. At a certain point of time the child grows up to a young man and his hunger for knowledge increases by the dint of time. The hunger is so great that he becomes a voracious reader or eater of the books that he travels to a world where he relates himself with the person just opposite to him. His inquisitives makes the ground shake and he lands upon the soft but sudden shock of the hard illusion.

I cannot think nor can I write as because I want to give the world a new look, it is my over consciousness that I hang from a tree but can never touch the ground where the minds without any fear are there to split my body into two. My pride my boastful attitude leaves me far behind the lake to a placid charm. Sometimes I think myself to be the greatest warrior, a greatest soothsayer and the greatest of all the human kind but in vain. I want my head to be the tallest one, but the sky always stands above my head with the combination of wild hot sun or the dark black clouds of hope or despair. I walk through the garden to reach the alley of death but the dry dead leaves are always the first before me. I drink water to get the new life but the waves in it are there to be on the move carrying the spirit of life on their narrow neck.

I am a pervert; I do not want to be a puritan or a god of virgin. I am a human being. Is that my sin? Why I am a sinner when I do not know what is good and bad? Who are you to judge me? Was I not born of my own god? Don't you think that I can also walk in the deepest jungles and tread the way upon the livings? I like sex, sex with a woman, her body and her movements when I am holding her. When she cries I feel the immense pleasure of loving her more. Now that is the

reason I think I am a pervert, some says that I cannot touch the body of a woman or else you might lose the blessings of God. I think I am abnormal too as because I fantasize having intercourse with a perfect lady.

It's really very hot here; the sun with its blazing heat is trying to show his jurisdiction over the pool of water that is dying to show its existence. I am looking at the sky longing for the rain to come and drench my heart with the soft cold touch of bliss. The clouds might have heard my prayer and have gathered all-around. The sun is playing hide and seek with them, the wind is blowing my curtain to the top like a wave in the sea. The chimes in my room are making a soothing and pleasant sound, might be some omen is on its way to be filled. Now the entire sky has covered itself with black and beautiful blanket, which has got the finest embroidery entirely away from the human imagination. It's dark in the middle and the end is lighted up with the silvery light forming the game of shadow and light the chiaroscuro. The dome which has been created in the sky seems to be like a space ship which is carrying hundreds of aliens in itself and soon going to fall and scatter all around the earth. Ah! Now I see the silver droplets falling high from the sky, those droplets are streaks coming towards the earth faster than the speed of an arrow. Sometimes I fear that I might get killed with those arrows but again I come back to my repose and feel happy by the blessing of the nature that it has summoned upon me. Slowly and silently the earth gets the wages after its hard labor, the small saplings now quench their thirst and becomes ready to fight another battle the other day. The pools and lakes and rivers are all filled with the silver line, their happiness can be seen through the ripples and waves that are on them, and the human mind is trying to collect the imagination from ripples. I throw a stone in the middle of the pond and see the ripples of my imagination spreading far away until suddenly it gets scattered and oblivious from its real source. The rain has drenched me and my imagination but it will never get wiped out like an ink from the paper, what happens is that I get more ideas to think and my eyes gives me more relief when I look into the sky with its heavy armor protecting me and my imagination. I should rest now and stop writing as because I do not want to waste my inaccuracies of a great notion of lies. I am still looking at the sky and trying to converse with myself but I do not have any language through which I can pass my message to him. Suddenly the wind blows away the mystical powers of the universe which had hypnotized all the living things and they again come back to their normal life, where they move dance and rejoice from their inner core of their hearts.

Pause, pause and pause

Am I an Existentialist or absurdist? I am the maker of Confusionalist. Yes I am the one as because I confuse you. I am no great than myself; I am neither a Structuralist nor am I a psychoanalyst. I walk a mile everyday and gather nothing, nor do I see anything, I can only see confusion everywhere. People might say that I am confused that is why I see everything in a confused way, but to the part it is true as because whoever thinks he himself is the one who is confused and do not know how to confuse others. It is my confusion that I travel a lot and do not sit still to hatch another egg of the real truth or clarity.

I see the rain has stopped and the waters have revolted to join themselves and march to a new regime of supremacy. The rat race is a cliché one; I cannot see the rain falling on my shoes. I am sure that where ever the waters are coming and flowing they will come and join at one focal point and again scatter themselves to work upon their new task.

I have heard men saying that “he got lost in this great crowd and never came back”. I think that he never gets lost; it is the one who doesn't look for him as because he has lost himself. That man who has been considered lost by the others is still there, he is never being looked for, if you look for him than he is still there to greet you and to start the journey with you again.

Darkness; is it the fear? The dark is considered to be the hatch of the evil; the evil takes birth in the darkness and destroys everything that is created by the light. I have a very meager experience of the darkness as the destroyer of everything or the cult of evil. It is the darkness that provides me the comfort from great virtuosity of the light. I like to stay in the darkness not because I am weak, but I am tired of the truth that even the most powerful light cannot penetrate in it. It is still the darkness that has enveloped the truth within itself. I have found the truth in the darkness so I live in the dark, I have chosen to be the fear of the dark, where at least I have found myself and can share evil intentions with my corporeal mind and body. I have lost my spirituality, but I have gained the metaphysical world where no spirituality can enter to break my thoughts created by my God or my Satan or no one. Disturbed ;no I am not disturbed I am at peace ,sometimes I feel myself to be the destructive one, I am optimistic as because the more I destruct myself the more new creation will take place in me. Sometimes I feel myself to carry myself in the World War 2 and see the killings that took place in the darkness, you may say that I am a sadist but I am not. I don't want to take pleasure in others pain as because I have become numb. I have seen them dying in the front, I have seen them born again; I have seen them half dead.

I like to play the lyre and sing the sweetest song of melody. I do not want to borrow ideas from others and write it in my own name. I am happy that I am nothing, nothing can touch me nor can they see me. I just want to be like the wind that no has ever seen or even touched it. Yes everybody kicks me, but I am proud of it, because at least they have somebody to kick, if I was not there how could have they killed their anger? The human resource management says that when a person gets angry he has to shed his anger in order to come to the normal, they kick the bottles or cans in the road or either they shout at their own members of their family. I am an outsider, I invite people to shout at me so that they can get relief from their anger, and you may say what about me? I take the anger in my heart and try to throw it on the dead. At least, I m sure that the dead shall never rise up and attack on me. Yes I am not a dare devil as because I do not have the power like a terrorist to fight against them. On the other hand I am a terrorist myself to the one who is dead and never ceases to be born again.

I hate myself as because I do not know how to love this society. The society has given me so much, so many friends, so many lessons but I never try to show them the respect. Wait a minute; I think I am lying; I am lying as because I cannot reach the top of the mountains. Does man makes himself or the society makes a man? I try to reach the bottle to drink the water and quench my thirst but the bottle falls away and rolls back far away from me. I know how to fight the battle, I rise up and find the bottle, and I open the cap and fill the bottle with water to its end so that I can quench my thirst as long as I can.

The earth is so green and beautiful, filled up with lush green vegetables and the snow capped mountains. The river with its white foam is flowing from the mountains, the roads are curled like a snake that has been sleeping for thousands of years, waiting for the day to wake up, eat, rest and again go for the everlasting slumber to the infinity.

Today I went to the barber shop to cut my beard and make it in a proper shape, as because the world wants me clean, still knowing the fact that the beard will rise up again and again. I can see in the mirror from each and every angle, they wrap me with a cloth as because the hair will fall on my body making me unclean, why do we hate the things that give me the manly look? With my beard I look like a matured man and when the things are cut with the scissor they are not allowed to fall on my body. I am not talking of the excreta that the human being carries with him, and when time comes it should be thrown away to the earth in order to give birth or nourishment to the small living organisms in the earth. This process is known as recycle process, I am quite skeptic about the fact that, does the same thing happens in man? When a person goes to the extreme of his fame, he has to come back again to the level where he started from, but what the recycle process says, I have never seen a man again reaching the height of fame. A man reaches his height only once in his lifetime not double or triple or ten times. My beards never depress me as because they again come back from the point where they started from. The barber first paints the canvas on my face with a white paint and then with his brush (razor) starts to draw a portrait. It is with his skill that he finally draws a picture of a living man and I am born again with a new look. I look at my face several times in the mirror and try to scrutinize whether I am me or not?