Sackcloth and Ashes

Debasmita Ganguly

A bloated throat wake me up this morning
Some uncanny resonance with a flash
Mephistopheles at your doorstep. Oh, Faustus!
Leave those scattered contention,
Remnants you found within

Wriggle your path by those thick evenings
Those penetrating rumination,
Those affable agonies vaccinated into my soul
“I hate life being caged”, you said. Oh, Doyen!
Those exasperated thoughts, hefty forebodings

You traded your days for grasping inspiration
The unheard whispers, the clenched up faces,
The worn-out fatigue, the palsied rage
The emotions to switch between. Oh, Master!
The world you gave your own translation.

Some covetous landlord, an appalling life,
A vindictive widow or a self-deluded man
A cob-webbed relation with grey eyes
Coveting shadow dreams. Oh, Swashbuckler!
You captured with discarded strife

Flowering reflection of yours furnished my valise
And made my perception pregnant with musing.
Valediction with sackcloth and ashes,

With a dominion of spirit and impregnable soul, oh, Artisan!

Thou now rest in peace.