On Divorce

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When the voiceless mind is strained
Body around it pitiably get stained
With socially and family isolation, lo!
The thought of divorce luridly glow.

Service to society is dedicated still
As the hot tears on dark pillow spill
And as the blanket of fog does heave
Impulses of our soul press us to leave.

Divorce wife? or mother of kids?
Groping in darkness we close lids
The way of Buddha rudely appears
With bundle of truth it disappears.

As God’s Tests start all around
Our folly slowly springs around
Loneliness of the Jesus on cross
Crept in life, grows sadly gross.

Like satellites we among the stars
Along deserted space with scars
Move; renunciation nothing gains
While introspection kindles pains.

Knowledge from the Vedic books
Like glow-worms flash at brooks
Datta, Dayatwa, Damyata, the trio
Shine as the trident to kill the ego.

Death of ego is the death of I, the cause of clash
But we fail to discern this, why? till we hear splash
Laws and Divorce never in life make faith and love:
String of life that makes a garland of events flow.