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Elixir

Mrinal Kanti Ghosh

- The children of a parched civilization we are; We cannot come too close, Nor we can go too far. We are lonelier than a hot summer noon;
- From under the darkness of quilt
- We hunt the silver moon!

The intellectuals are subjugating every ghat For some idle gossip; All the frogs are waiting For the golden ship. Every fox is hired to howl For Right's sake; And the kingfishers are shedding tears Over the torrid lake!

Tongueful of morality-'I am as smooth as pebble,' And pocketful of cogency-'I am the rebel.' In every traffic The miasma of stale underwear; The ox of righteousness is licking The plate of some dozing beggar, Or someone's arse; Life becomes a farce!

I have the elixir of life... Drink the Lethe or the Hippocrene. Then again I'll serenade a dream... You and I goofing around a sybarite stream, An Elysian wind twinkling on your hair, You become the colour of butterfly Left at my fingertip. I take a breath, long, quiet and deep; Smiles seraphic...You dazzle a morn... A beautiful revolution is born!