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True or False

Atul Chandra Sarkar
U.P., India

We talk of Truth,
Naked, fabric-less exposures,
Hard-earned discoveries
For better comprehension;
Strangely, Truth though eternal,
Is not ceaselessly acceptable,
'Coz masks and lies,
Are really fascinating and magnetic,
The cause of our fascination,
The reason of our adoration;

Just stop for a moment to think:
Should you have ever
Fallen in love with me,
For the first time after
Having seen my X-ray plate:
My skull without the cross,
The bones, the teeth,
Joint spaces,
Abnormalities,
A defective heart,
A shrinking kidney,
Tobacco-smoked lungs;

Or my Ultrasound portrayal:
Organs, structures,
Flow of blood and fluids,
Nerves and veins,
Long and short,
Red, blue and greenish,
Straight and clustered,
Broad and narrow,
Into and through,
Coves and crevices,
brazenly visual,
To the 3-D eye,
From top to toe,
Queer, mind-boggling,
Apparently unintelligible,

Hideous too;

Should you have settled with me,
Had lenses shown you
My transformation,
Two or more decades hence:
Dried out, shriveled, shrunk,
Wrinkled and scarred;

Or just an encoded
DNA riddle,
Or a labelled
Viscera-mystery?

Never, yes never!

Love is what the eyes behold:
Façade holistic,
Proportionate, balanced,
Appealing, at times tempting,
Yet a mirage,
A camouflage,
A charismatic deception;

Know 'I' what I am:
More than my fleeting outside,
More than my entrails inside,
I am earth
When you feel my flesh,
I am water
When you hear my blood-flow,
I am space
When you look into my eyes,
I am air
When we exchange breath,
I am fire
When you feel my warmth,
Yes, I am matter
When you touch me,
I am Mind
When you understand me,
I am Light,
When you uncover me,
I am you,
When you discover me!

A repository-vehicle
Of good-bad deeds
Travelling through eons
To quench the thirst
To finally mingle,
Therein from whence
We emerge:
The One,
The Only,
The Plural in the Single!