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## A Reflection of Home-Truth...

**Kumaara Sukeja**

MIRROR, MIRROR on the wall-Reflector of truth on call?  
You're,incontrovertibly, having a ball--mocking them all,  
Chuckling silently at the absurdities in focus, as a whole  
How fissiparous acts- mindless- of Man has taken its toll.  
Meanwhile,mundanely meandering, he dreams walking tall !

"You've been around for long-- the beginning of Time, or after -?"  
"Heard if not the first-ever Mother's cry-at least, her maiden laughter?"  
Seriously, Heaven didn't send you-you became Man's vaunted homage  
To God, in making, replicating in HIMSELF the Creator's true image--  
But soon,in his heart, truncated the Maker to an inanimate stage !

What do you see whenever he stands proudly facing you ?  
Vexed, you maybe, with his personal charm going askew--  
He, in a grandiose effort, wants to out-smart the Creator  
But, instead, a quirky fate lands him in the Absurd Theater:  
Out-smarted, he cajoles you to amend with excuses new...

In your heart of hearts, you feel,indeed, for the kindred soul, sorry  
But, being the fairest, also know that is not even half the worry  
Deluded, he's reveling in schisms, fragmenting the Virgin Whole  
Denuding the succoring Nature, reducing her to a droplet dole  
But, alas, only you're left to reflect on his imploding damned soul !