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Flame and Light

Atul Chandra Sarkar

A petty flame, that's what I am,
My life, a twisted braid,
Of soft cotton strands,
Burning all by itself,
Age makes me fragile,
My body melts,

Dipping my wick
Into the hot wax;

A sudden gust
From somewhere, shall
Snuff me in a jiffy;

Afraid my soul beseeches
My beloved: the wickless,
Flameless, flicker-less,
Shadow-less Light,
Unbound by borders,
To rescue me safely
From human bondage;

Is there anyone who can
Live without his beloved,
So how can I?

The One who defies,
The grasp of signs,
The One whom words,
Cannot enmesh,
Brilliance of million suns,

The blinding dazzle,
Which eyes cannot behold;
The One who illuminates,
The lives of those who seek him,
In wilderness, in forests,
In ice-capped mountains,
In social milieu,
Which dare not deter penance;
O Beloved Light,
Efface my outline,
My identity,
Let your effulgence,
Veil me.