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Spectre

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Scene I

To execute a man was a playful music
a kind of nectar,
with an ethereal vanity
it makes people weak.
It finishes if wish to govern,
I knew whoever is
if not, the coronet will be trampled
in a specious land,
as people whisper prayers in lexis hushed.

Scene II

On a stinking white cloak
physicians on attendance,
throw winks around and laugh
and I still wanted to live
and see the conspirators, friends, sons
and women of the harem,
wanting shares in epitaphs after death.
Streets full praying for a long life,
a riddle like a Chinese nod I tried to unravel
to write a poem under strain
I felt, was awful.
I faintly articulated, lips tried
to make circles,
found words flowing out in gushes
like a seasonal rivulet of dirty water.

Scene III

I observe a son closeted with the ministers
and relations in turn
all walk out putting up scared
and wishful faces as a son tells,
write suitable words to be inscribed
as an obituary on the gravestone.
Son thought I was unfit like Zafar
or like a spineless ruler I was forced

to sign papers,
to smother peoples voice
before a dark era of Indian history,
proved dictates of destiny
where men are just string-puppets.

Stunned, I feel totally burnt up
and the soul cries for relief,
in a crowd of cheats infinite
it is alleged as a world phenomenon
and before walking out
son tells not to write a poem,
but a befitting elegy for poetry.

He believes it an idle man's fancy
correct, I knew he is,
for frequent changes in poetic idiom disturb
he often tells.

Scene IV

A wad of notes bulges out of the pocket
as if buying an edit in papers
and I find eyes dripping tears
as a nurse stretches me on the table.

I feel wrinkled face drenched
and hands wet,
as I listen to a limerick dead before birth,
a real verse is difficult I know
in an age of cons and blogs
invading fragilely plastic fingers
while computing is filled with virus.

Scene V

Words on the mobile read, I am dead
'Long live the poet ruler, I hear words
on the table,
while nimble fingers remove diamond rings
and necklace,
and I hear within deafening sounds
as cons get up for the ensuing chaos
quietly I return to present though anguished
to celebrate death.

Scene VI

I take tea silently and stand distressed
before a window,
with a paper in hand and a haiku for a grave,
the document slips out
and falls into a pot-hole,
near a citrus plant growing
in a black sandy soil,
almost a gutter with polythene
littered around.

And next second a long-tailed dog
from a distance appears, sniffs, snuffles
and with a lifted hind-leg pisses
and runs away.

Alas, a funeral song goes down the drain
with the tearful eyes,
a picture of death I had yet to see.

I heave a deep sigh; get up
as I scatter around,
and walk into the dark lanes in little pieces
of memory in search of a man
of verse and distinction
of music and love who died a moment ago.