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## **Five-Personed-God (Earth, Water, Air, Sky, and Fire)**

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Five-Personed-God is the foe,  
To ego prone Waste Landers, giving  
Life to all the creatures, trembling  
The doleful flora and fauna  
From its dry root, patting  
With unified force  
Of Purity and fertility.  
Unbiased, whether poor or rich  
Treat all the species in parity  
With love and affinity in infinity  
From birth to death.  
Lovely lap is celestial abode  
The mother after mother  
That lulls us in celestial lap forever.

Oh! Incest tide is loosed everywhere  
Oh! I find the Oedipus  
Patricide at the crossroads  
Caught in the web of chaos  
With egos and barrenness.  
The mythical Oedipus realised  
Raked off his eyes  
Those are pearls that were his eyes.

Fisher King teach the lessons  
To escape from this barrenness!  
Now, the beauty of humanity,  
As river Ganga, is molested,  
As the ravished nuns at Perilous Chapel.  
Teach lessons of repentance  
Egotistical people  
Ravelling the nuns at Perilous Chapel?

Today at the labyrinth  
Of violence and exploitation  
Selling the chastity  
Choose, we, violence for dirty cause.  
Animals don't ravel you,  
But the upright man in guise of  
False social, scientific, growth.

When Five-Personed- God  
Is over exploited,  
Oh! The Final Coming . . .  
Of not Three-Personed-God, But  
Of Five-Personed-God . . .  
Is at hand . . . sure, at hand . . .  
The huge image to the sky high  
Trembles my sensitive heart  
Under its mighty merciless feet  
With gaze blank  
More pitiless than W.B. Yeats' image.  
All the species are ants before it  
Like scattered Jews.

When it surges and forges  
With its unified perilous force,  
An image of terrific earthquake  
Making the earth topsy-turvy  
Terrified my sensitive heart.  
Oh! True! I see!  
Blood streams on the streets,  
The people in rats' alley  
Wail and the groan under the debris  
Of Bodies half pruned  
Reminding the deadly wars –  
Kalinga, Kurukshetra,  
World wars and cold wars.  
Sure, it's the result of sin.  
Aren't we like *Phonesian sailors*?

After the image of earthquake  
Is hardly over, no . . . persists  
Another image . . . enters, disturbs!  
Oh! My goodness! People dead by water –  
*Those are pearls that were his eyes* –  
Are on the either shoulder  
Of monster-like Tsunami  
In fury cupping the Waste Landers  
Like an unexpected enemy.  
All the pseudo-civilized beings  
Are like the Pharaoh's soldiers  
Replete with the shores at red sea.  
Death by Water is imminent  
With no hope of resurrection.

Oh! What is that fire,  
In the purgatory

Saints purified by fire  
Barging on its blades of fire  
Begetting another blade?  
Is it fire-filled-Tsunami,  
Or Wallow Fire in Arizona  
As vast as the ocean  
As tall as the mythical monster  
Unimaginable to Milton's similes  
Loosing fire-dimmed-tide  
On the modern waste landers?  
Sure! It sweeps leaving scars  
Because . . . In the widening gyre  
*Falcon can't hear the Falconer*  
Sure! Death by Fire is imminent  
Turning, turning, turning . . .  
Burning, burning, burning . . .

Oh! Another image!?  
Tempest, hurricane, tornado  
Pitch dark from sky to earth.  
"Who are you?" I asked in fear  
"Once friend",  
"West wind of Shelley?"  
No . . . Foe, Wild Wind,  
No hope in my touch,  
Last message of Love  
That kills from toe to head  
Of sinned and fall short of glory of God.

Oh! Another image replaced the old  
With Impeccably sonorous thunders.  
"Who are you?" I fumbled.  
"I am the proxy of sky", said.  
"Are you three 'DAs' of Eliot?  
"No Datta  
No Dayadvam  
No Dhamyatha  
Those are obsolete in this barren land".

Oh! This time  
All the five elements together, gyre-like!?  
A big image symbiotic  
With the five qualities  
Heartless, pitiless . . .  
Like Five-Personed-Demon.  
What an image?  
Nothing equals in the earth  
Cupping and crushing sinners  
Devoid of Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity.  
Under its merciless iron feet

Yelling, 'I told, grow close  
Upon the vine (love), but you failed.  
I am to remind you  
Before the Second Coming  
To grow close upon the vine.'