

Vol. 8, Issue-II (April 2017)

ISSN: 0976-8165

THE CRITERION

An International Journal in English

Bi-monthly, Peer-Reviewed, Open Access eJournal



UGC Approved Journal [Arts and Humanities, Sr. No. 40]

Editor-In-Chief - Dr. Vishwanath Bite

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ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

www.galaxyimrj.com

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.'