



About Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



---

ISSN 2278-9529

**Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal**  
[www.galaxyimrj.com](http://www.galaxyimrj.com)

## Renuka and Parasuram

A.P.Govindankutty

Water-filled earthen pitcher  
Balanced on her waist,  
Her left hand around its neck,  
Renuka, on her way back,  
After her morning dip in the river,  
To the Ashram, on the right bank of Narmada,  
Saw, a little upstream,  
Young men and women of the warrior tribe,  
Playing naked in the flowing waters.

Coals of desire,  
Yet not dead in her heart,  
Reddened at the sight,  
Like her still youthful cheeks,  
Heart throbbing, heaving a sigh,  
She couldn't pull back her eyes  
From the frolics of the lusty, playful youth,  
Her body became taut,  
Toes digging into the sand,  
A rush of blood turned her body warm  
And wet with secretions of irrepressible desire,  
A river of desire gushing through her;  
Ere she knew what was happening  
The pitcher fell down,  
Broke into several pieces,  
Like her own dreams and desires.

Wedded to a sage  
Of rigorous penance  
And extreme self-control,  
For him she was just a vessel  
To plant his seed, at chosen time,  
To beget sons, four in all;  
The sacrificial fire  
Of her ever-burning desire  
Left to smoulder,  
In the holy fire-holder,  
Her body aching for a caress,  
Blood slowly turning cold,  
Sleep sitting reluctantly on her eye-lids,  
Her nights were indeed long.

Pitcher broken,  
She walked as if in a dream,  
Her gait gained a sexy sway,  
Face lit up, like a red lotus  
Kissed open by soft rays of rising sun,  
Skin glowing, eyes dancing,  
Blushing now and then,  
She reached the Ashram;  
The sage measured her  
From head to toe,  
Could see she stood before him  
Embodiment of carnal desire.

The sage then called  
His grown up sons,  
One by one,  
Asked them to quench her lust,  
The first three refused,  
Said they wouldn't commit the sin,  
But the fourth, Rama, said  
He would do it, though sin,  
As ordered by his father,  
Killing in his mind  
The idea she was his mother.

From the moment Rama was told  
It was her Kshatriya lineage  
That made her burn with desire,  
In him raged hatred towards them,  
He went around and decimated them,  
Such was his sense of guilt  
He offered oblations to her mother  
With their blood  
And himself remained celebrate  
Rest of his life.