

IMPACT FACTOR: 7.86

ISSN 0976 - 8165



THE CRITERION

AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

— 12th Year of Open Access —

Bi-Monthly Refereed and Peer-Reviewed
Open Access e-Journal

Vol. 12, Issue-3 (June 2021)

Editor-In-Chief : Dr. Vishwanath Bite

Managing Editor : Dr. Madhuri Bite



www.the-criterion.com



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

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

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

EditorialBoard: <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

The Third Coming of Corona

Dr. R Prabhakar

Asst. Professor,
Dept. Of English,
Vikrama Simhapuri Univeristy,
Nellore, Andhra Pradesh, India.

I met the people prone to Corona,
The silent and merciless slayer,
Coming to hospitals
With chaos and sad faces
From cities, towns and villages
As if entering the abbotoirs.
I crossed them with hopeless face
Gibing the Corona parasite, and
Cursing the fatal flaw of
The pseudo-civilized beings:
Negligence, utter negligence.

The mass loitered as dirty pigs and
Chattered as stray dogs
With mask less mouths as
Cultured apes
To please the insatiable senses
At malls, multiplexes, and pubs.
I believe, I believe
The devils were delivered from Hell.
Nothing changed, nothing changed.
Nothing is learnt
From the first phase
Letting perilous Corona to
Pounce and pierce.

I witnessed
A teacher, a preacher,

A farmer, a labourer,
A rich, a poor,
A lawyer, a player,
A politician, a police officer,
A doctor and a researcher were
Consumed by corona,
The insatiable death-monger.

Second by second
Corona mutilates and mutates
Than the change of clouds,
And blades of fire in spree
Pestering the human living
In traumatic and paralytic state.
Too many Corona-deaths
Can shatter the lives.
When the Corona-deaths recede?
May be it is humans' part
Of being vigilant with masks.
As creatures with emotions
Our onus is to wail and wail
On the corpses on the pyre.

Massive Corona-deaths are at hand,
Third coming of corona at hand.
Third coming! Third wave!?
When I hardly carve out
The vast shapeless mysterious image/
My mind boggled.

Somewhere in the Waste Land
It was born like a Phoenix
Like the burning sulphur/
As in Milton's Hell,

Where vast "furnace flam'd
Yet from those flames...
With ever burning
Sulphur unconsumed...
Where rest can never dwell."¹

It moves fast in The Waste Land,
With only thunder, but no water,
Pitiless like the scorching Sun
And storm cloud with rage
To consume from the infant to the old,
Roaring "What branches
Grow out of this stony rubbish?"²
Here, the pseudo-civilized is
"Heap of broken images",²
Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyatha/
Have no place in the barren land.
Except wailing like Sybyl²/
With her (our) stupidity
On the heaps of Corona-corpses

NOTE:

ALLUSIONS:

- (1). Milton's Paradise Lost -Book 1
- (2). T.S. Eliot's The Waste Land.