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The Origin of Life

Pramod Rastogi Emeritus Professor, Swiss Federal Institute of Technology Lausanne (EPFL), CH-1015 Lausanne, Switzerland.

After The Origin of the World, 1866, Oil on canvas, Gustave Courbet

A museum enshrined in paintings Allows the human to defy time By giving him a window into the life His tribe lived in centuries past. It is a niche where poetry is woven Into the masterpieces on display -Like a choir's mesmerizing rendition of emotions In the face of divine horizons.

Relayed by each brush stroke is compassion Harvested by fiercely proud peasants In the hazy grey and dusky landscapes Of mowed fields and sheaves of wheat. On show are promiscuous scenes, and those On the slow rise of political aristocracy. The exposure of life under crosses and angels Puts in a flow the sounds of religion.

In full display is the willful malevolence Lying low in the cruelty of reformation. Captured are the flocks of unrest In the heat of lingering revolutions, And in the decapitation of kings. In the wreckage and build-up of new orders



The legacy of nature is palpable, And a feel for a life lived in those times.

Glory to the blushes of nature supreme, Lush and angelic, born from touches Cloudy and sublime, all under its clime. Walls full of paintings put awe to shame. The canvas on *The Origin of the World* says It all, through a string of heavenly verses That have outpaced time's narrative As life continues to spin around its origin.