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Temple of Leave

Priyaranjan Das
Odisha

The first rule in the testament of leave-
leave is not the right...
true, rites indeed
as long as man is man
a son, a father and holy host of relationships,
there are stomach, womb and appendix
Goa, Tazz and Ooty
the desire for leave penetrates deep, very deep.

Inside every brave heart, resides a plebian
the insecurity for anything when looms large
the drive for leave gets just wider
to see the other side of the hedge
or be with the self shutting the eyes
diverting the ear inwards, deeply inward.

Often aspired and much talked about
by the humble minds and duty-bound souls
who are neglected at the very core
others just turn and twist and make revelry,
it seems the former having the merit to allege
at the cunning priest-craft
as the epitome of lies, sleaze and sycophancy
while the medical certificate burns in the pocket
making a hole, an outrageous hole.

Born out of a spirit's wanton desire
on a mortal's sweaty body,
she has a reputation of being
lusty, sensuous and pleasing
compassionate, lovable and caring,
then she asked three places to every king and queen
from the vast realm of organs and organisms
the heart, head and diseased anatomy;
in return she assured her casual and special company
extraordinary companionship;
one can physically have her for long

or swap her with the dearest wish,
ready to nurse six days in vasectomy
thirty days in tubectomy,
in the rarest moment of a blessed time
she will be winking to the baby
or sleeping senseless anesthetized;
she is such an ever young incarnate
man finds her intriguing
by reposing faith, he prostrates before her
for one more prayer and one such wish.

Last night I saw in the TV
thousands are protesting against
a court monitored demolition drive
of a beautifully sculpted Temple of Leave
illegally constructed in the bank of Mahanadi.

XX

A Monologue

I shared everything; you received them with joy,
My name and aspirations: you cared and nurtured.

I shared a bed; you received in your womb.
All the months of vomiting, acidity, tastelessness,
Weaknesses, unfound foul smells; for these and for others,
You never complained. With same smile,
With same joy, you consoled me like always.
With great effort even from the water drained dark womb
You could bring a tender symmetry.
What zeal! With what care!
What a pain! What an effort to make such an angel!

The baby grew up with your constant care
Not that to me you least cared.
You smiled to me, the same smile
With joy to console for my much needed strength,
But when you smiled to him
A glow showered you in every inch
And gradually I became obscure and ancillary.
In the middle of the night
When you are in each other's arm,
The baby receiving your warmth,
Sometimes I wonder

You are taking a revenge of my male ego

Compelling you to share my name

And imposing the aspirations wild.

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