

Metanoia

Ashwagrānta Patrī *

The sweet carbon dioxide the leaf emitted last
overcomes Pegasus with acute nostalgia.
How can he, then, forget the promise of her oxygen
that elixired his gasping brain?

She split herself to provide him wings
far better than that of Daedalus', and promised him not to leave ...
Content-in-form, and form-in-content,
often two-in-one, symbiosised.

Time breathes in and breathes out; and with it
were passing Autumns, and Winters
one by one; she overcame all the temptations, and
clung stronger and stronger to Pegasus, quite contrarily.

Yes. Contrarily. The spring was the cruellest time
when, in April, came Mephistopheles,
who metamorphosed her into an insect. Thus, tempted into 'light'
she desymbiosised herself from Pegasus and plunged into the burning lake.

Pegasus, aware of the doom, tried to stop the fall of both
but failed. In the utmost bottom, fire burns fire and emits light
only to make the darkness visible. The leaf, silent,
continues taking selfies as if language is a superfluous event.

Then, Pegasus found himself in Heaven only to discover
a ladder, and on its highest rung, his lost wings

being metamorphosed into Diotima preaching
the cerebral appreciation of universal beauty.

“Oh my dear Diotima,” emitted Pegasus’ doleful eyes,
“You, at long last, realised we are but NOTHING; only what exists is
our endless quest for the intangible.” Diotima agreed, and uttered,
“let’s get symbiosised again to make a meaningful whole”...

And then, to his sorrow, Pegasus wakes up from his dream and discovers themselves
in the same burning lake separated by a huge gate. It has been closed on Diotima’s part.

Pegasus, out to create a new world, and not to thwart anyone’s plan,
is calling out, “Please open the gate. Can you hear my cries, Diotima?”

Pegasus is waiting. What was a mere dream-in-sleep
is now his only dream-in-reality to pursue, doggedly.

And, now
the rest is on Diotima’s free will.

Resurrection

One may wonder why there is no flow. But
the blunder was on the part of the Muse who
undervalued symbiosis, and left the Hippocrene
her Pegasus made for her.

Now the Pegasus is sick
because the Hippocrene is dry; the spring is dry
because of the structuralist law—the whole begets the parts and vice versa.
The fountain has stopped receiving inspiration from the poets who

drink its water no more
because the Muse has left it.

And the charming water evaporated
not to heaven, but fell as snow
upon the Wasteland
only to blanch the green Muse.

Now it is winter when desymbiosis reaches its height.
And, quite contrarily, the spring was the cruellest season.
But, Pegasus is determined to execute
the absolute law of dialectics—the negation of negation, and turn
the ensuing spring into the most inspiring one.

* Ashwagrānta Patrī

Ashwagrānta Patrī writes poetry in Bangla and English. When lexicon in the whole corpus of a language falls short, he coins potential neology out of different morphemes required to express his ideas. Here, too, he has converted a noun to a verb, e.g. *elixir*|-ed <*elixired*> ('Metanoia'); derived a verb out of an existing noun, e.g. *symbiosis*|-ed <*symbiosised*> ('Metanoia'); derived an antonym, *de*-/symbiosis <*desymbiosis*> ('Resurrection'); however, the verbalisation <*desymbiosised*> ('Metanoia') out of the nominal neology created by him (<*desymbiosis*>) is most conspicuous. The themes of his poetry are multidimensional with the interpretation and reinterpretation of different cultures and mythologies. With his poems, the readers can easily immerse themselves in their personal emotions, while connecting to some other deeper, universal and eternal truth.