

The Allegory of the Cave

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i. The Creation

Severely did the boredom grow
The gods wanted to rid the sameness
Rifts had punished the two brothers
And escaped the other two –
War took a new mask, and
Little did Prometheus know, he was the victim
Of Epimetheus' negligence in creating man.
A lump of clay, naked – with nothing
No hoofs, no claws, no speed, no strength
Yet, a creature that turned powerful,
Trampling on other creations, man grew.
Call it the first fall or just folly –
Serpent, then, only grew to tempt man in every way.

ii. Sing, O Muse

Sing, O Muse, thee who dwell on Mount Helicon,
Epic poetry is thine province – Calliope, sing.
The gift to mankind, bards know well –
That poetry is the sister of prophecy.
Menoetius was thrown into the dungeons,
And Atlas bore the burden of the heavens for eternity,
Flawed ever are the largest Titans, they showed sadness –
Rid Lady Macbeth of the eternal bloodspot –
Forgive Hephaestus for his naivety to Aphrodite,
Yudhishtira too, for gambling away Draupadi,
Let Brutus lament over Caesar's *et tu brute* –
And may Rama seize his princely status.
True sadness inspires poets to their greatest works,
Sweet Muse, let the heavens weep with sadness
At the plaintive melody of your daughters and sons.

iii. Yoga of Action

The influence of *gunas* reflect in thee
 Actions speak for the *yogis* –
 While knowledge is yet another path in the *vedas*
 Gods are in plenty, but the rule remains thus
 Came like a bolt of lightning, darkness illuminated,
 It was called intelligence –
 And with it, came speech to humans
 Caliban turned the Master's tool to curse the Master.
 A limbo in mind fell upon all,
 For a state beyond action –
 Could neither be attained by abstaining from action,
 Nor by renunciation.
 Who else, but Son of Kunti can better teach us?
 The yoga of action is a must,
 And one who cheats is a hypocrite.

iv. Karma

What goes around comes around –
 This body is the field of activity,
 And one who knows this field
 Is the knower of the field.
 Wealth changed the raven's colour,
 From white to black,
 A bitter reward for the bearer of bitter tidings.
 Zeus or Jesus or Allah or Krushna?
 All commence their actions to their fates –
 Made from a lump of clay, we fell
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall –
 A fall that chided the man's first disobedience!
Karma snares, grinning white in teeth.

v. Doomsday

Slaves of time are we,
 It is now the era, to reinstate orderliness
 To restore *dharma*, to reward and reprimand.
 A figure is bound to rise,
 From the belly of a hugely coiled serpent –
 Gods of vengeance and wrath appear before us,
 Beasts of fury and fire come forth –

Blight our souls for eternity,
And lay us down on the banks of styx
Nothing more than a foul river of the dead.
A wasteland with just a heap of broken images,
Reverie after reverie set in flames -
A Faustus lies deep within us,
Too late to regret and repent –
The deed is sealed, and the soul is sucked
Devils dance to the tune of our stupidity,
While we make deeper graves for our fall.