

Case of missing U in HUM

****Priyadarshini Mishra***

H - M , loving *neighbour* ,
Mystic *fountain* in *garden* , they harbor.
Superiority axe battle , featured per bully's dream,
EGO triggered U , as loafs gulped cream .

NOT FAR ARE THE GONE DAYS

Dapper HE in your *crimson rose* , tucked in Bandgala,
Their serene *green* , SHE adorns , for Haritalika .
Do you object on incense filming , *Pooja ki thali or Eid's moon* ?
Haven't they bore loudspeakers , sharing boon ?
As child , she colored me , till feet ,
And it's ME , grabbing at theirs , *Vermicilli* -melodious sweet.
Shared rituals , as Humanyun's *rakshabandhan* ,
To offer Floral sheets at Dargah , perturbed Secularist , run.

TROVE -CRADLE the GEMS , are fountain's point of joy,
Cruel wings of time , "*pointed issue*" turns, war of troy.

Question of their *origin*,
Is ambiguous. as whether a man , we seek , is virgin?
Walking through *region dried*,
As if complaining , heavily HE cried !
Jumbling *trimester* authenticity , hypothetical ,
Similar pinch for voids of spiritual , historical .
Is *roofless, caged* ,who gave us roof ,
WHERE IS HE?-2
I found robbed trove , rhythmless cradle , thrown aloof !

Saviour , guarding in arena so kind,
Now threatened , if HE exist , at gun point.
Aah ha , I found him , hurray! i found our saviour ,
Not in *gems* rather a *Armed Soldier , in forced exile*,
Decoding pointless , stupid battle.

If HIS are , land and sky,
H-M , i offer a treaty without hype or cry.
Leave POINT , place GEMS , left-right,
Let HIM decide , does HE cherished such fight?
H's *marigold*, M's *lily* - plant the bud.
Let new PREAMBLE read.....*NATURE of the GOD, by the GOD and for the*
GOD.....

And if both grow at the disputed POINT, surrender HIM then , your stud.
Fighting for a POINT ! where even molecules are HIS , is a vanity,
Let nature , the caretaker claim land , digging reality.
TROVE and CRADLE could ,make MONUMENT OF HUMANITY , so fantastic ,
Don't clap - 2 , if you find my *sacrilege too romantic !*

Crashing of Hemi's - Sphere

Was 21st estival solstice year,
Flashed worldview in full rear.
Servant lynched , one, once a guiding star,
Gandhari's reversible sex , Hemi's - Sphere , sunk in deep scar.

Bleeding blue , I roar this tale,
A distance beyond , comprehensor scale.

Allow your "Aryabhattachical Mind " readers , to fumble,
What's the cost for being a vocal spectator, on the table of a gamble?
A distance of hardly 700 meters , behind bars from your home , on your
anniversary !
*To a weeping aballa, whom you promised seven lifes , or adding parents salty
drops is also neccessary?*

Hemi, will your vagabond son's 500 earnings for 2 months ,might work out?
Or your brother's bloody and sweaty "bail game " might get you out !
Hasn't your charity to gamblers bore you fruits ?
Haven't you paid absence on daughter's birthday , or the day she garnered on her
boards ,1st academic roots?

Under one blue i fasted , until the jailed bells rung,
Had i been aware of any remedy for your justice , i swear i was ready to smear
any sort of dung.
Hemi - our Gandhari's reversible sex - unfold your blinds , breakthrough the fast ,
There is no virtue to helpless, none is labelled *kalyug's Drhitarashtra !*

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