

## Antistrophe to the Cynic

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At times I think we are too wrapped up  
in the false gossamer of defeatism -  
we are human, therefore imperfect, the wise ones  
say over tepid coffee.  
And yet the cripple drags himself along the pavement,  
a ragged rickety child on his back.  
We accept life's lies like the lurid commercials on TV –  
inevitable, omnipresent, an open invitation to be fooled.  
And we throw ourselves into the pitfalls of complacency  
and blame it all on deities without name.  
I wish sometimes you'd take off those technicolour glasses  
and see the world in all its starkness -  
its grey forests, mockingbirds,  
burnt brick walls, frothing seas,  
its aqueducts and miry glens,  
sleeping swans and smoky winds -  
and then reflect upon how art survived amidst this ruin.  
And maybe I'm wrong and it's all maya,  
but I dare you to look into my eyes  
as our fingers converse beneath the copper-tinted sky  
and tell me that it isn't real -  
that you didn't just feel the start of something beautiful.