

mangal

Prisoner's Dilemma

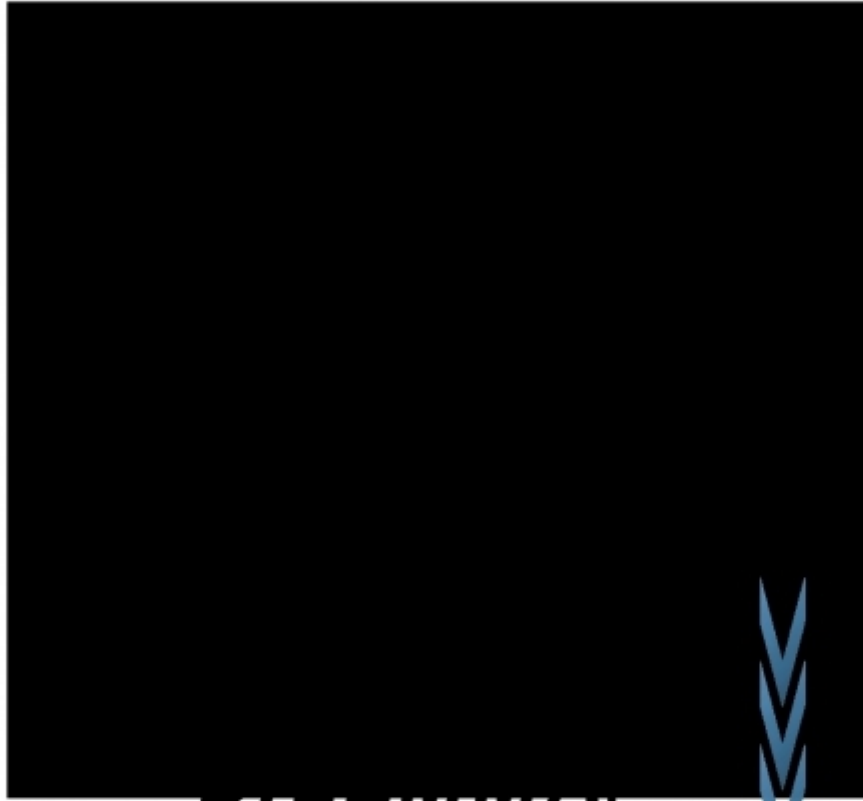
BookRix-Edition

Poetry

mangal

Prisoner's Dilemma

To my readers



By mangal

[INDIA]

[2/28/2010]

Preface

These are some of the poems I wrote a few years back. Others are lost.

These are retained because they were kept in a website & I have the

Copyright under my name(not the BookRix username).

I upload this collection for the readers and expect critical appreciation

from those who read it.

Prisoner's

Dilemma.

*From the deep slumber of
nothingness I crystallized.
Nothingness that
engulfed the entire space,
Only chaotic molecules
at motion random
How they unified! Oh,
what chance they seized!*

Permutation and computation did
they make for umpteen times?
Or had they any purpose
unrealized, any aim coded
Unfolding only what was
programmed, pre-ordained
Leaving no leeway, only minute
ebb and minute flow to showcase.

I rose from the slumber,
imprisoned in serpentine shackle
Knocking at the
cage, knocking, knocking...

Frozen silence gave no
response, returned no echo
Yet I knew, in the womb of
muteness was countless ensemble.
I pace up and down, up and
down every inch of the possible spans
No Morse code, no
meaning, not even faint murmur

*Ever transpires , with
only an unfair coin to toss
And the rules of this game- Heads I
lose tails wins the blind chance.*

Sealing the south wind.

*That this year also south wind will
come*

*With its cool and fragrance
And romantic annals by the mighty
bards,*

Made me worried.

*I was worried not because my
friend*

*The south wind will be embarrassed
By the frown of my other friends
The prudent neighbors who mean
business*

*And put no premium on matters
spontaneous.*

*I was afraid
That my friends, who are dry, mighty and
high,*

*May lose their cool
And seal the southern sky.*

*But when my friend the south wind
came
Others were busy with matters that
mater.*

*The elements did not
Dishevel their baldhead.
My friends sealed their souls,
The souls could not stir.*

This Beginning.

*Is this the beginning, then?
For there is neither light nor darkness,
Only the turgid confusion of a primordial
dawn*

Encounters my vision.

*Men of science, Leaders spiritual,
Nero and Caesar, Brutus too
Pompous silhouettes all,
Lined up, with faces at conflicting sense.*

*Only the shout is unanimous-
Tally-ho! No longer do we wait
for you, the tardy, the lazy, the deficient.
No longer can we restrain the impulse
To take the big leap forward- Tally-ho!*

*Join us, here and now
Or be weeded out, ye the week, the meek!
Little do I know, where the time's arrow
Proposes to land them- those mighty
shadows.*

*Are they, from this start, like their
thousand predecessors,
To end in a whimper, leaving the
stage
To the gregarious, the quarrelsome
potato- eaters?*

The Saddest

tale_ .

*The night was silent
Hours unearthly
Lunar was the*

spell.

Then she unveiled the

saddest *tale,*
Not of the fall of a majestic
empire
Nor of the sadness of a grand
epidemic
Neither that of the famine-
struck
Inviting death by the
peacekeeper;

Or did it encompass them
all?

Under the blue heaven
Amidst the flower-bed
Shining in the moon
She told simply-

"None told me what to do with
this life."

Thirst Unquenched.

*Last night grains of round rain
Fell softly on the eager lips
Of ashen earth.*

*Lust of the ashen earth,
Perched by the scorching March,
Drank in haste.*

*From the lap of avid thirst
Arose the vapors of warm aroma
To trigger my thousand cells.*

*Countless has been the times
When my dry self in brazen sprint
Consumed the tender you.*

*In my ignorance you suffered
Invalid arson, shorn of splendor,
That minced all bliss.*

*If you forgive, if you descend
Again so lightly as ever
In my embrace,*

*I shall twice
Live through all my pains
Till it rains and rains and rains.*

I met her.

*I met her seated in a suburban
train*

*The train was crowded I was
shoved*

*Shoved and pushed, pushed and
pulled*

*On ten-some directions till I
reached*

*Deep dark heart of suburban train.
I froze to a lifeless sandy grain*

*Millions packed in a plastic
bag,*

*A salesman shed his load on
me*

*Spine ached like it was
breaking*

*Lungs craving for air, legs
trembling*

*I stooped to catch a straw and stand.
Bang came a thrust; my entire soul
I found held tight in her caliper
thighs*

*Warm and soft and supple and all
Yet no ripple no rejection too.*

*What girl was this, what girl. . .
bad or worse, bereft of shame
Then I saw her eyes two sparkling
gems-
Glittering mercy from fathomless
depth.*

Freedom.

*Needle of love and reason;
Will restore the whole piece,
Whole piece of the warm word,
Soft and silken, with fresh
fragrance.*

I Want You.

*This evening when the
sky is faint and bright halogen reigns
Do you retain the
will to scale your hundredth floor?
And search the
western sky to meet the evening star,
Witness to
infinite journeys we made through fiery veins.*

*This placid evening
with all the catwalks and soaps you saw
Do you still
have the brazen courage to defy all law?
And recall our*

*parallel days flouting with contempt
Euclid's
ordain so our orbits crossed with passions raw.*

*This lifeless evening
as it proceeds along time's arrow
Do you have
the magic to make it a heady night?
And still not
demand the attention in the morning
But go on
helping the child in need of bone marrow.*

*If so, come on oh dear!
Come on, no longer do I care, no longer
Whether you
have grown wrinkles, crow's foot or whatever
Or feel guilty of
tufts of gray or vision impaired of those
Eyes where we all
competed to dive; I want you, only you, oh dear!*

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