



## The Disillusion

*Prafulla Chandra Sahoo*

Descending from your Shree Mandir  
the deluxe abode  
across the flight of twenty two steps  
to stumble playfully  
in the dusty grand-road  
Oh, Lord of the Universe;  
you are flying butterflies  
in the wintry grey valley  
of down-troddens;  
climbing up, where as,  
on your mighty arms  
and hanging down from your  
*Tahia*, the flowery crown  
hereditary vampires are aspiring  
to buy acres of infinity overhead.

Distributing liberally the bliss  
of *Kaivalya*, the absolute salvation  
to the stampeding seekers  
from the moving chariot  
and pouring down the monsoon frolic  
in their mangroves of salty eye-lids  
Oh, Lord of the Blue-hill;  
you are merrily overlooking  
how most of these feigning recipients  
are, otherwise, harnessing  
wild horses in their wishful forests.

Despite your various incarnations  
on this mundane theatre

to protect the virtuous ones  
and annihilate the evil,  
you seldom shirk  
Oh, Lord Saviour of the down-cast flock;  
to rub shoulders with the simmering sinners  
wiping off their streaming tears,  
patting and guiding them to your  
dream of a paradise on earth,  
every rain-soaked *Asharh*  
once in a year.

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