
The Apocalyptic

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Our planet is en route an eschaton

as per the prediction

of the ancient calendar.

With the drumbeats of Savagery and
Slaughter,

a monster with fiery eyes slouches.

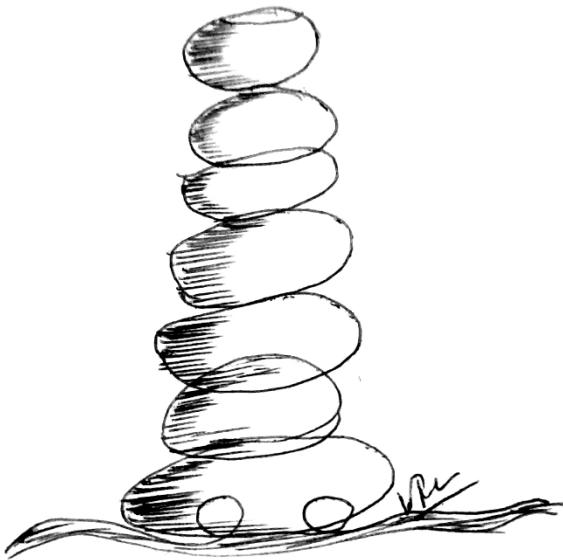
Temperature scales, iceberg melts;

Deluge develops...Noah's arch unseen.

Curse is to come before I de-shell my cage!

Planet collides with planet as

axis and orbit defy the rule of physics.



Seven Deadly Sins surge while

we see a slide-show

of barrel, bloodshed, and broken backbone.

Gods go crazy...crazier than ever.

Earth on a sound sleep never to rise up again.

Quake drifts the plates apart, foreboding

a dire disaster or cataclysmic carnage.

Dream drags Doom's Day decimation;

Apocalypse prowls in search of preys...

Thanatos

I feel a wild wavy worm under my skin;
It saps me of my vital energy.
As the petals of my cognition do not unfurl,
I don a cloak of fatal desire in an erratic way.

I constantly move to attain the unattainable
by dyeing my hair and moustache as I age.
I gaze hither and thither but still in maze as
I travel on Charon's boat in my vision terrible.

Now the worm has stopped its movement;
I drift from this world as I cut engagement...



Sick Flower

Sweet flower, thou art pale and sick;

Thou are the diva of deception.

Leaving me bereft of a conception,

oft-times thou act a maid meek.

Thou come to bedeck my nuptial bed

with dewy desire to initiate a life new.

Again you haughtily hug me in the grave

with thine peers, in colours varied.

Thou do travel in a mystic maze;

I can't grasp thee, O! the queen of camouflage.

