

## **O P Arora**

(O.P. Arora, poet, novelist and short story writer, Ekta Apartments, Paschim Vihar, New Delhi- 110063.)

### **Eternal Darkness**

The world, sages remind,  
mostly infested with the blind,  
like the oxen, folded blind,  
moving in a circle, eternally grind...  
Darkness, their light divine,  
Light, they shun, their hearts shine...  
If you want to be at peace,  
crave a life full of joyous ease,  
hail their darkness, enjoy their disease...  
  
If, irresistibly, you become a teaser,  
disgusted, your mind becomes a thinker,  
your soul cannot enjoy its slumber,  
your natural zeal pushes you as a tinkerer,  
and you dare force-open their eyes—  
Huge difference between light and dark,  
Gaping gap between man and the savage,  
Vast contrast between beauty and ugliness,

Unbridgeable gulf between love and hate,  
Colossal chasm between hope and despair—  
    you will be sadistically stoned to death,  
crucified, poisoned or riddled with bullets...

    Maybe, a gust of wind centuries later  
        you might be crowned a Messiah,  
    a saviour, saint, god or a Mahatma...  
They might open their eyes for a while  
to go back to their darkness with a smile...

## The War

The war, or the power game,  
two hundred days, world's shame...  
Maybe, goes on till the nation's blast,  
or till the piled-up arms last...  
Whenever it ends, survivors' agony...  
Some sadists will wear their victory,  
some will deck their gallantry,  
others' eyes and hearts will mourn  
their loved ones, or their limbs torn,  
man's egocentric callousness  
mostly, they will rear sadness...  
Those who have seen rivers of tears,  
corpses of their own, rotting,  
bodies mutilated, cursing,  
refugees running after the loaves,  
would hear their piercing groans  
in their nightmarish dreams...  
Children saved by the corpses  
Would live through the horror of being human,  
mock at the concepts of love and compassion,  
denounce man, civilization and evolution...