

**O. P. Arora**

(Poet, novelist and short story writer, Ekta Apartments, Paschim Vihar, New Delhi-110063)

**The Divine Painter**

The divine painter  
the pristine painter  
not only paints clouds  
in splendid shapes and hues  
fascinating, fearful, fanciful  
beauty, hidden or nude, graceful  
but also paints the earth  
with love and colours, no dearth...

His colours and brushes sublime  
uses both beauty and grime  
creates billions of fascinating toys  
superb and sweet, sharing the joys  
throws them into the cauldron  
of struggle and strife, want and deprivation...

Everyone so interesting, so intent  
every face, similar yet different  
everyone's mind, a super computer  
and his heart, passions' mixer  
both love and hate, jealousy and empathy  
greed and lust, compassion and charity...

He can be a devil par excellence  
could be a saint, without any pretence...

He has painted a unique world  
despite pain universal, pleasure abounds  
despite desperation, hope hounds  
despite the dark, gloomy today

dangles tomorrow like the fruit of May...

Strange world He has painted  
enigma indeed, man has not yet fainted  
no, his attachment, rather passionate  
despite hovering over his head death's mandate...  
Benevolent to the core, gifts with tact  
full freedom to choose and act  
but so dubious this freedom of choice  
whatever be his choice, loses his voice...  
Nothing permanent, least of all happiness  
whatever he craves, results in stress  
and yet man must be a slave of his desires  
his paints must fade, Time's power wires...

Like a beloved street juggler  
He plays on his kettledrum  
and brings out another painting  
unique, ever-fresh, more fascinating  
than the ones found fit for the archives...

He sits amused in His throne  
watches them play at their games  
of love and hate, and their stains  
interferes only when the earth strains...