

## UNREASON EXORCISED

A mild stupor, an illusion, delusion;  
And there it was, having caught me offguard.  
Spreading its tentacles, surrounding me,  
Nibbling at me with its mandibles.

A sure trap, snaring me in;  
Horrified I awoke, drenched in sweat.  
I had allowed it to get close;  
Letting it overpower me.

Its bites had felt like pleasure, not pain, at first,  
As droplets of blood flowed weakening me,  
Infecting me with a delirium,  
Numbing me with anxiety.

Having coaxed it onto myself,  
There was no point in repenting;  
As it had gained double the strength.  
Ready to devour me, not with menace,  
But through its intense sweetness.

There, I stared it in the eye.  
The sword of wisdom, the blade glistening;  
Back in my hands; I drew first blood.  
With one slash of the sword, I decapitated it.

In a moment of incandescent coherency;  
The scorching intensity of wisdom had arrived.  
The object and the agent fading away  
Into oblivion, never to appear again!

SHAMIT BAGCHI