A mistaken prayer, a false offering SHAMIT BAGCHI

Distant thunder, heavy rain A little pleasure, a lot of pain Soothing music, playing in some faraway place Now reap the seeds of disgrace.

A heavy shadow, the misty plain A bunch of men with a fresh plan, again The steaming cups of tea, sound of prayers A scheme gets resolved in the mind of the slayers.

> The exact spot, a foolproof game, The desperate bunch has no name. Full of invective, bubbling with poison, They accuse the leaders, they say, "We have to get this undone !"

"You have soiled, our hallowed world, So we will soak you, in your own blood, We will stab you again and again and again" A stream of blood flows, gushing down the drain.

Another stream of the crying, await A good night's sleep, will never come again. A deathly silence, a nervous wait, Staying alive but going insane. Distant thunder, heavy rain, flailing arms, Outbursts of grief, and immense pain.

A few days of peace pervades; they cannot tolerate which; Cannot bear the arrival of blissful beauty in the valley Seems like a time of peace, memories of strife, left behind, very far, Or is it ceaseless, an elusive, perpetual war ? A greater cause ? To break any form of human civilization ? To tread on the path of sheer destruction ? What dark desires, what martyrdom they seek ? Of atrocious, savage, barbarians they reek.

Is this what their blind doctrine teaches ? Everything sacred, the basic sanctity of human life that it breaches. Killing at ease, playing with flames How on earth do we stop their games ?

> Distant thunder, heavy rain A little pleasure, a lot of pain Melancholy music, playing in some faraway place Now reap the seeds of disgrace.

The dormant, uneasy earth, shakes, The sleeping bride, awakes, To never rise again. Boulders rushing down, the earth caves in. The bunch of men were asleep, some drunk, now dead. Nature has given a verdict, it has said: "You wanted to spread your scourge all over the place, Now reap the very seeds of disgrace."