

## Professor

Vibhu Vasudev  
Poet

You're beautiful but terrible.  
Your conclusions and reasons  
Are from a world of dead scholars.  
(Finding navigation through  
the death of their great worlds)

And you dear professor,  
Doesn't profess but enable.  
Set the stage and check the lights  
For unimportant supporting characters as well.

To feel a bit enamoured,  
even loved; which you shall always disguise as your fondness.  
Pretend as your human virtue of reaching out,  
redefining friendships and  
redefining love.

You, the clever man of history and theory,  
Is happy to see your disciples perform on stages you set.  
An orgasm indeed,  
when they adhere to the unities of life, friendship and politics.

And you who stay as the detached spectator,  
enjoying the spectacular spectacle of the circus you orchestrate,  
you can't help but feel drawn to reach out more and know more and do more.

You key them with questions that they're still virgins to,  
just like the man who died of hemlock.  
You touch them at their folded arm's shoulder;  
enabling twinkling tingles on the ear and cheek bones.

Telling them about revolutions and values to question by themselves.  
Only after you ensure that you get back home within half hour after working hours.  
Job is indeed well done!  
You set them on paths of rivers channelling into million tributaries and their beds begin to  
vary from riverine to alluvial and to clay.

Each in a bay that have become their own claim,  
Forgetting meanings of harmony and coequality.  
They all carry the weight of skies, believing in oneself to be the torch bearers in between  
tomorrow's evils.  
Where each political is a personal.  
And the mighty professor stands at the middle of the audience, single-minded.

The professor now views a world  
of incoherence for him to scoff.  
He questions theories he had posited and provokes more thought!

With great expectation of meaning.  
Making rabid dogs go on loose.  
Amidst the crushing chaos,  
who shall emerge polished for him to compare with an old lapis Lazuli.

The threads professor laid  
got spooled into a vision of infinite channels.  
culminating to form a sea that's unable to see.  
But continues to rise as the ocean always does,  
For the tear of its waves to fall on his lower lip  
and the for the salt to cut his ulcers that have widened with smoke.

His relentless manuscripts of time and love, have now dropped all pronouns and addresses  
the lord.

While the sea he made waves and waves,  
witnessing his undying labour promoting step by step.

Now at crossroads and  
staring at the glare of the evanescent appearances,  
Of the mighty lord!  
The professor gets guarded by gyring apparitions of time's towns.

He is meddled with mails and  
Poked with pins, where he now struggles to remain astute and sane.  
But at the end of each day, he forgot not to remain open-eyed,  
for the sea breeze to tingle some stones on the ducts of his salty eye's well.  
Ensuring his vision and outpour to be clear.  
He waits until the knots he tied learn.