

Body of Blessings

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The days pass by
Without our noticing
Like wayward children
Who hardly allow us
Scope to register
The fascistic tick-tock
Of the powermonger clock.

I try to steal
Some hoarded seconds
To savour the beauty
Of the immediate
All gains and loses
Come in pairs
Like sunrises and sunsets.

I prayed to Lord Martand
In the ruins of Anantnag
A prayer that fuelled my journey
From Jannat to The Land's End
I asked each fir and palm tree
“What is the meaning of life?”
They told me to worship beauty.

I felt the warmth of divinity
Hands folded before Mother Meenakshi
I knew the generous Trimurthi
In the salt air of Kanyakumari
Blessed by the Sangam
Of three oceans that shun war
This beatitude is all that is me and mine.