

Velan Mudaliar

The Unforgotten Realm

In the realm of absolute love
Roses are indeed not red:
Violets are obviously not shaded
With their cold color of blue.
Love is not tinted with
Man-made metaphors of grace,
Nor is it transparent the way a window
Is to an infinite vortex in space.
Within the realm
Of absolute love
There is only bliss;
Bliss is the saviour of all
That is gentle and sweet,
All that is passionate.

John Thomas

My Society

"Alleluia!" shouted a tense preacher
through A LARGE LOUD SPEAKER.
while the public responded
in spasms like epileptics.
And some said, "They received the holy spirit."

"Give me bread," cried the beggar
with worn-out vocal chords.

But the people's response was
that of the Priests, the Levites.
The beggar left, going hungry,
the poor Carpenter crucified
on yet another hour,
on yet another day.