

MUSINGS

THE HELL FIRE

Oh! The scores of human figures;
caged, slated and clogged against each other,
like the litters of waste in a sack.

The odorous stifling bodies,
crushing ,knocking and deporting each other,
like the frenzied camels;
tumbling the baby begs,
in a hysterical race,
in lands of Arabia.

The faces carry the eternal curse, the
eyes wear the punished guilt, the tongues
display the thorny parch, the legs trot
forever splayed. A hungry race! A thirsty
race!

Eh! Where are the prophets of peace,
the philosophies of the East?
Where do I get the eternal bliss?
No faith calleth me.
No cross bears.
No love holds me in embrace.

The hell fire engulfs me.
Shall dust in me return to dust?
Nay, I shall rise again from the ashes,
To self I retreat.
And in self I shall find,
the abode of reigning peace.