



03

**BREATHING ECO-MYTHICAL FURY**

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It was when my eyes fell  
downwards on the vast brook  
whose barricaded flow  
of water running under broke  
the spell cast on my eyes  
Phew, what a piteous vantage!  
“When will the Gandhari in all of us unblindfold?”  
Now, bespectacled, lucid and in-depth, the view held  
its claustrophobic whereabouts.  
Algal congestion: slimy gossamer patches glared  
the debris slashing at each  
cut doors and windows: non-biodegradable to peek.  
from the terrace itself, Despair flashed  
a brook by mere name  
crooked and constrained its path  
no longer swayed serpentine.  
  
A traumatised noise belched yon  
from its diarrhoeic belly: congealed horror!  
amoebiasis of the soil and water  
frozen constipation, perhaps?



puking excess bouts  
unattended since  
like a stinking patient recumbent  
on the deathbed, regurgitations groaned.

“Agni Bhagawan will scorch all of us down,  
Lo and behold! setting funeral torches ablaze  
No-body can be reclaimed high  
To this very ground, our ashes low  
Will mingle adverse and disperse!”

Yon, the green glow hissed to me  
sparkling a little queer, mailed  
a coded message popping  
its head of vengeance hell-bent;  
hearing, it pricked my bosom, too!  
for I have done nothing to save  
or allay their muted pain.

When I fastened my sight  
“Eco-horror” yawned and danced in the night!  
Bleary, scrubbing my eyes dazed  
midst goons of invisible terror!  
at the centre of the vacant plot  
“How did I come? Who dropped?”  
barren, leafless and infertile vastness stretched across  
his giant private part, castrated and discarded



incarnadine blood, intimidating gore!

A lilt somersaulted kicking

my unprepared womb

" If that were your blood

Would you have abandoned so?"

and the voice harrumphed

with a grainy, sedimentary huff

pipled like a man-woman

jolting out of its punctured

cosmogonic Adam's apple;

" In the margins, we stray

Soulless bodies orbodiless souls?

What are we, and how awful it is to be!

The way we are, the way we were not meant to be.

So unnaturally ostracised in our own

The natural plot, the inhumane mass

Usurpsthrones from us, the fallen old!"

"Where is Dwaita, Advaita, none!

Nobody exists faithful to the other!

This is Kaliyuga, is it not?"

Defrocked Ministers: five elements

Earth, water, fire, air and space

*Panchabhuta* in the all-pervading Nature

heavily Vedantized

since time immemorial



when peace governed  
once upon a time, a utopian planet..."

"God-gifted territories  
not for the un-godly totalitarians  
to build such colossal regimes  
crowning themselves kings and queens;  
architectural, digital, urbanising rural  
while enslaving us, clowning our kith and kin!  
from spewing fertilisers, insecticides and pesticides  
to sow high-yielding variety seeds (HYV's)  
and mass slaughtering of non-human species  
above and beyond land and water  
disrupting the ecological balance.  
on the streets, in the houses and the fields  
harbingers of uncountable sins!  
How do you still call them- human beings?"

The Earth that fostered us  
is a Transgendered creation;  
a hijra, an aravan, a thirunangai, a khwaja sira.  
amazingly, an amalgam of a man and a woman  
a Divine Man and an equally Divine Woman  
A God and a Goddess commingled alike,  
but nobody noticed that. Why?



*Literary Cognizance*  
ISSN- 2395-7522 (Online) Imp. Fact.6.21 (IIJF)  
An International Refereed / Peer Reviewed  
e - Journal of English Language, Literature & Criticism  
Vol.- V, Issue- 3, December 2024



The Earth once a masculine prince,  
colonised, decolonised and re-colonized by neo-liberals,  
dethroned, now stands feminine  
like an *abalanaari*, powerless,  
oppressed by urbanisedcyborgs like us all  
half Indian, half European, phew!What not!

Only undernourished, parboiled philosophies haunt  
the cellars of our unconscious strata  
what religion, what caste, what scriptures have we all lost?  
Neither the orthodox nor the heterodox schools  
nipped it in our buds on time  
and punished neither of us perpetrators.  
what have we become, but  
Eco-criminals decked up in plastic and silver.

The machines throw bossy commands,  
and we dutifully surrender, un-becoming.  
Gaudy attires, flashy ornaments,iPads and whatnot!  
the swagger of ultra-modern culture  
drives our breakfast, lunch and dinner  
at home, at work, on vacation  
by poolsides, gardens and islands;

“Turn on the A.C.; it’s getting hotter!”

“Grab those light covers; we need them for our bins!”

“A pack of cigarettes and a hoard of thosefancy bottles

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For our picnicking and trekking uphill...”

“Whither is the green dominion when decadence supreme  
Negative growth all over the globe;  
Homes and tons of loans for them, no homes for us non-humans!  
Nobody controls!”  
In and out the whole nine yards it's littered;  
Our thoughts, actions and nature are corrupted.

God gave the Word to me!  
I am one of those who can listen and act a little,  
and what he proffered must not surprise all of us on the dot;  
Time, Time, Time shall conquer us all, uproot our limbs off!  
for the *Kumbakarna* deep asleep in *Draupadi's* breast  
shall be up anytime and metamorphose mythically  
into the unshakeable triumvirate  
*Ravana- Duryodhana- Shakuni* and guzzle up  
all ignorant humanity if we don't restore  
our Transgender Earth Consciousness, the Aravan Consciousness  
God hath passed down to us,  
Supreme Knowledge,  
yet by contrived oversight,  
we have dumped, abandoned and Otherized  
the transgender alien.  
we let the stinging daggers of heat  
seductively poison the man-woman body.



Invisibly, our Earth has been sweating  
mindboggling gallons of blood-loaded  
with carbon, plastic and much more  
micro and macro disastrous miscellaneous  
how do we disentangle and save the entirety?

Split wires, incessant message-signals  
tangling pell-mell in tall official houses  
yon a massive prism cutting perilous rays has wrecked  
seizures of an unnameable kind!  
green doctors have diagnosed and prescribed,  
yet medicines have failed  
to sprout miracles,  
for humans in cunning bloom have ploughed  
their dirty hands again.

White voices and white noises collide  
in the deep corporate trenches  
only machines extemporise politically and reign  
where ingrate hearts pump blood  
in chambers clogged with boorish sickness.  
the body of earth; former feminine  
wears masculinised, a rusty coat,  
confident of its monstrous future. Blimey!



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**To Cite the Poem: I, Naganandhini. "Breathing Eco-Mythical Fury."** Literary Cognizance, V - 3 (December, 2024): 07-14. Web.

