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THE FIVE SCENES OF AN ACT OF A POEM IN THE DAW

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I

(Stage directions:

Humans get up, do or do not do things, keep themselves busy, sleep until dawn or noon obligatory as a part of a routine, craving for freedom to enslave the elusive unseen unthinking unfeeling crustaeon soul, the goal of life is to live anyway and avoid death in a slapdash fashion. Humans are born with a 'we' and die with an 'I.'

The stage is a room filled with people divided on many issues nationally, rationally, passionately and fashionably. They have gathered to divide in a group reflecting a hydra-like tendency towards immorality.

The sartorial choice is unbranded though a white cloth that is usually used to wrap a dead body is strongly advisable because it is usually unbranded, and is available in almost all the places in this world except on trees.

On a table a computerized gadget is placed which changes every second people have thronged at it as if reminding of a service centre of a mobile company. Their faces are exuberant with a desire which is absent from the luxuriance of Nature. They do not talk to each other; they are busy with their own smart phones which connect people. They are heard talking but it is not clear what is being said by them.)

We have vast tracks of virgin territory,
Wild gardens, with desert flowers blooming
And waiting to bloom inside us too
We have creatures fierce and fanatic
And birds as mild as sparrows
And the reptiles that crawl in the deeps unseen
We have pearls hidden in the oyster too
We have Eldorado and the sameness of hell too
We have power of passion and the contours of depression too
We have the pleasure of life and the treasure of death too

We have the haves and the have-nots of a global village too
Waiting on the shores of the digital divide

II

(Stage directions:

A human being is seen in a state of soliloquy. He seems to hide his desire with his flamboyance and the gift of the gab. He is carrying a copy of George Orwell's famous essay, "Politics and the English Language." He is heard muttering that he does not want to work but he wants the dough. He pretends that he is standing on a sea shore. He seems to be swimming on the shore with a life-belt bequeathed to him from his grandfather. But he thinks that he is in deep waters. The buoyancy of the blue liquid of the sea seems to maintain his bravado and bolster the people who are basking in the sun on the beaches. They have hidden their glances behind the books they seem to be reading. Their books can be used as magic carpets but their desires and dreams are writ in water; they are not like leaves growing upward on a tree. They seem to be very rational creatures.)

We can swim and come back to shore and we can be drowned too
There is no chariot; it is the ordinary stool of time
This seems like a chariot
To the eyes vying for triumph and success
It is a magic carpet of time that flies with our desires and dreams

III

(Stage directions:

A human in shelter, clothed and fed by fate; time-conscious, technology-friendly, ecosophical, plastic-polemical, self-centered humanist and non-committal preferred to be called a dude, as innocent as a Dodo!)

Onto which I am ready in a suit and a pair of shoes and a tie
And the post-breakfast time is before me
I am between the breakfast and the departing time
I am between the ready and the get up and go
And land in a cabin,
And ensconced in a chair cribbed and confined
I am between freedom and craving
That will give independence from the dough
From the strain of possessions and the surplus of desire

IV

(Stage-directions:

A tree stands on a bare stage with a 'Thank You' painted on each leaf. The human is deaf to the roar of greetings. He takes it as a face value; a routine matter; a response of habitual behaviorism.)

You were riding a magic carpet
.....And the valley greeted you with deep echo
.....And the river flowed hidden beneath the sands,
....And the mountain echoed back thank you...you...you

V

(Stage-directions:

A human with a book. Engrossed. The mob with i-pad looks at him with utter amazement. It is a singular mob in its singular imagination which see the human as a tortoise turning the pages of a book with fingers, slowly and steadily, in both water and land, in the sea and on the shore, sub-humanly consuming the words withdrawing itself into a shell.)

.....And I gather dates in my palm
And move further within the boundaries of my feet:
Like a tortoise emerging slowly on the surface
Of a crag slow and steady
But surely not to win a race!

(The curtain falls! The curtain rises!)



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