

Unshackled

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In my glass confine
books are my soul's solace
i flap pages like a caged bird
a solitary reaper wandering
amongst them like a lonely cloud
reclaiming my past in them
pretending I was the ancient mariner

The Emperor's New Clothes
infused my childhood
with magic spindle weaving my thoughts
in new exotic clothes
absorbing the fabrics of life around

With élan, I wished to be the lad
who stood and shrieked
my emperor has no clothes

Robin Hood and his merry men
captured my teen fancy
for adventures of a hero in unheroic land
who robbed the wealthy and fed the pauper
With ardor, I longed to be the youth
who seized his freedom from his king
and was merry again

Tragedy of Hamlet
wrenched my innocent heart display of feigned madness
vexed my existence

oh, to be or not to be

I dreamt to be a man
who feared not
to see the mousetrap again
Twisted as Oliver
in Dicken's fantasy
i travelled to many worlds
clowned as emperor and hero
until true quest wrenched
my soul
now I seek my umbilical cord

Like Heaney I dig
to unearth my *Purana*¹
unshackling outer bonds
and search like Fiji Lal
for his mythic king

Entrapped once
like Alice in wonderland
now child no more
all I long for is
to be myself
know the inner world
break free of this glass confine
and sing my own song

¹ Puraan- the Indian puranas are the extant legendary lore depicting the aspects of life with a unique flavor.