

MY BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD HEART

By Pramila Khadun

My childhood heart grew only in size
With a plethora of poetic thoughts.
In nature, it remained delicate
Like gossamer wings of the butterfly.
The river behind my hut knows it,
So do the sore-footed camels in the desert,
The mysterious desert that keeps
Enfolding truth in millions hues different.
My heart knows but layers of love,
Turning my pen to a brush sometimes
And my brush to a pen at other times.
The rays of the sun, unfiltered
Warms it early morning when the
Scholars erudite write about life
And the various riddles of existence,
With precision unflinching and clarity luminous.
With freshened elan, it drowns itself everyday
In the ocean of compassion
Where soul-raising sights come to the surface
Setting my imagination ablaze
With the thoughts that have been
Gestating in my mind for a long time indeed.
My heart has never been geared to success,
Name or fame, riches or luxuries.
It lives in the present, in the moment

More precisely, never surrendering to
The foul or the foolish, evil or devil.
Keep beating my beautiful childhood heart,
Beat gracefully in spirits high and purity artistic.

A RENAISSANCE

Rather than a thousand pleasures
Is that one pain that brings liberation
From the shackles of attachment and pride,
Ignorance and indifference, violence and disturbance.

Corona, the pandemic of the century,
Came not only to inflict pain
But most importantly, it surged as an eye-opener,
Arousing collective consciousness
That all of us are one, whether black or white
And though our variations of pain and suffering
May swing widely on the pendulum of emotions,
We all cry in pain, we all depend on others
In the same way others depend on us for relief,
Echoing the Hindu concept of Satyam, ShivamSunderam.

We, as avant-gardiste of our times
Cannot allow our minds to play old thoughts.
Our unrelenting passion for humanity's progress
Must glow like paint on canvas,
The gleaming light that stands on man's path
Will never leave man like old trash or recycled garbage.

Man's evolution must not lead to man's degeneration.

This is what Corona teaches us

In the depth of our heart and the layers of our soul.

While the columns of smoke rise

Like falcons flapping their wings

For the great heights with graceful composure,

We ease our troubled hearts

And pray for man's unity, for peace and for love.

Prayers have powers, conclusively, incisively.

Man, master of his mind

With knowledge of all kinds

Beneath a balanced Yin and Yang

Lost the games he so intelligently played.

It is believed that encountering difficulties

Is the most humbling and inspiring experience

And Corona taught us all not to marvel on our riches

But to focus on diseases and disorders

Of the world where life is a cacophony.

Now, each and every individual across the globe

Is walking like a lion, sure of himself,

Cautious, commanding respect

With clear-sightedness powerful enough

To enlighten our lucid and luminous insights

And all our weaknesses are falling like Autumn leaves.

Our fake ideologies and philosophies are evaporating

Leaving behind men and women with beautiful minds.

There is beauty in adversity where one learns
Perseverance, forbearance and endurance pared to perfection.
However painful an experience may be,
Ultimately, it crystallizes into blissful memories.
Humanity was not meant to race frenetically
At the cost of devastating, bombing, killing
Leaving us in a spaghetti-like tangle of frustration.
Corona came, saw and conquered all hearts.
Nobody wants neck-to-neck competition,
Locked horns, hunger, poverty and pain,
Separation and suppression,
Inadequacies and inequities.

Corona has shaken up the world
Awakening the pristine beauty of man's mind.
Together, man is showing his deep concern
For a peaceful world where there is justice
And his commitment to global security will never waver,
Where all men live like brothers
And women are pushed forward to get what they deserve,
Where governments are free from corruption and nepotism,
Where children grow safely and smile softly,
Where animals are loved and cared for
And nature flourishes in abundance.

Corona has revolutionized society
Forging a Renaissance serendipitous.
In rapturous delight, we whisper to each other

That we stood the test of time
And that a divisive and demoralized world
Is a past we forgot long time back.
Nestled in nature's bosom, in amiable light,
We move ahead with unconditional love and support
Singing to our heart's content,
Experiencing a transcendental moment
About a new world called 'Love and Compassion.'

BIO:

Pramila Khadun is a poetess from the island of Mauritius. She holds a degree in Food Science from S.N.D.T Women's University, Pune, India and a Post Graduate Certificate in Education(P.G.C.E) from the Mauritius Institute of Education. She had been Head of Department of Food Studies Department at Modern College and part time lecturer at the Mauritius Institute of Education. Her first poem, 'Open me the gates of a world different' appeared in S.N.D.T University magazine which won the best article prize.