

*THE CARDINAL'S AGONY AND OTHER POEMS*

By Pramila Khadun

We looked at the dust spewing out of the mine  
And thought of all the sweat dripping  
For a handful of glittering gold  
Which mesmerizes poor earthlings.

Birds' feathers get lacerated by winds mild  
And miners' hands get injured in rocky crevices  
When he digs and digs until with saddened wonder  
He sees the yellow metal in earth's womb.

While the pulley of the well-shaft creaked  
And the breeze fanned our evanescent lips  
That were uttering iridescent words,  
We were teasing each other with wit savage  
When suddenly an incomprehensible sadness  
Covered us like a mist when we heard  
A distant cry of miners trapped in the mine.

My heaving bosom could not be quietened.  
With bated breath, we rushed to the spot,  
Goosebumps on skin, heart shriveled, eyes moist,  
Life shackled, we sought for help  
While a cardinal was flitting by  
Pushing his mind beyond limits  
About how it could save the miners.

*AUTISTIC DIVINE BEINGS*

When I see some people's indifference  
To autistic divine beings,  
It makes my head reel.  
Therefore, I make use of the healing  
Power of Arts, poetry, more precisely  
To act as Archmedes' fulcrum  
To move those immovable hearts.

The world cannot forever be lost  
In celebrations exultant in  
An explosion of multidimensional emotions  
Leaving certain equations of life unsolved.

Look at those autistic divine beings,  
Arms stretching out for cuddles,  
Without judging you by your creed or color.  
They need you, your love, not your pity.  
They may not be great painters  
And yet, they are miniaturists producing  
Small works of art and musicians  
Creating mellifluous music in sweet tones.

Take those sacred beings into your folds,  
Comprehending their minds and their hearts  
Like a sonata melting, enrapturing you.  
Just think for a while  
That our bodies are made

As of similar material and our souls

Related with unbreakable strands.

Kiss them, hug them, touch them,

Let their positive energy flow to you,

Altruistic and friendly, they lead you

To groundbreaking discoveries,

Unfurling your wings to fly

To those heights where love

The law of life prevails.

### **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.