

***YOUR LOGIC IS MAN'S LOGIC***

**By pramila khadun**

O God, your logic is no longer man's logic.

You say something and man says something else.

When You say every man's blood is red,

Man says, 'And yet, the body is not the same.'

He finds reasons to justify his thinking,

Where fair skin is fairer than dark skin,

Where black is more beautiful than white,

Where royal blood is better than common blood

And where status is governed by money.

When You find beauty in the paddy fields of Bihar,

The mighty Brahmaputra in Assam,

The glittering dew drops on grass,

Poets who have revolutionized

The architecture of poetry,

Great mathematicians like Archmedes,

Copernicius, Socrates who were philosophers

Par excellence and shook man's thinking,

Man finds beauty in glittering gold,

The fashionable shoes and clothes,

The jingling coins, the bundles of notes,

Big-breasted women with neither substance

Nor a touch of spirituality,

Laughing in a morally disorganized civilization.

O God, lead us to that way, that path,

Where men blossom like flowers,

Where the garden is the same

Though the colors of flowers different,

Where we are provided by an impetus

To become beautifully whole ourselves,

Where vulnerability and fragility

Are filtered to release man's real identity,

Where life is not threatened

For speaking the mind,

Where all men are brothers

And where your logic is man's logic.

**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.