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The Sail of Atman

Pitambar Behera
Ph.D. in Linguistics,
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi, India**.**

My bygone days of reminiscences

heave a sigh of despair and disentanglement,

shed sobs before me,

urge for my foul-ups to correct.

I entered, entered & entered

into the slough of despondency;

albeit the brunt impacts on my bruised soul

and eternal damnation's call for urgency.

It hits, it pricks, it stinks.

It ascended deep into the unfathomable ooze. Retreating

Damned souls counseled him to do so

But he was firm, adamant, quite obstinating.

Bitter tasted sweet and sweet bitter.

Without knowing the know how

he got bewitched by her ephemeral coquettishness

and turned up the same place under Alice's shadow.

The finality for nothing tempted me

To urge before my Tripple θ.

Atman made himself soporific instead of denouncement

like Schopenhaurian visions.