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A Night with God

C. Shanmuga Priya

I

I was abed as usual
Thronged with questions in a trice
Is God omnipresent or unpresent?
Is Fate real or unreal?
Is human existence reasonable or unreasonable?
Queries are fed with answers
If one stands disinterested
To behold discrepancies
With empathy and sympathy
Who will solute my queries?

II

Slumber descended on my eyelids
Only to recluse, do they close,
Thoughts still swim
Beneath the sea of mind
Unanswered and unveiled
As the chaotic maladies
Treated by no physician
Gulping by inches, peace and harmony
That rule the heart so far
Who will solute my queries?

III

Someone patted my back
Shaking me off sleep
With just a dazzling light
To be discerned hard with naked eye
“I am God, here, to solute your queries”;
I squeezed my eyes
The vision so distinct then
I wave not, in respect, my hand
Nor did I prostrate
Neither did I worship

IV

I felt Him my chum
So was His cajoling voice



I stumbled to pose questions
He is a mother in piling up replies,
Realizing the anxiety of a child;
“Fate is the beacon
That doth direct the humans on earth
To make their existence
Reasonable and worth-living”,
Emphatic was He.

V

I plunged into argument:
“*Parikshith** succumbed
To a snake in a lemon
He took to heart the sooth-saying,
His doom by snake-bite
Confined himself in a colossal palace
Like a honeycomb with no crevice
The lemon for luncheon had fed within
Unlike *Satan**, a little serpent within
Bit his eyes to hit his life” – halted I.

VI

Fate is indomitable, asserted God.
I bragged of *Savitri**
The woman of chastity, argued with *Yama**
With *Satyavan*'s corpse on soil
Her bosom encompassing
Determination and Confidence
Triumphed the God of Death
By her plead for a boon
With heirs for posterity

VII

The blessing, *Yama* spelt
With unintentional nonchalance
Savitri overpowered *Yama*
Her prudence delineating
The futility to borne children
Without husband topping wife
Yama, tongue-tied, resurrected
Satyavan to enpair *Savitri*
And live ever a happy couple
Brimming with love



VIII

Fate is defeated, said I
Penetrating into God's countenance
For signs of retreat
To be relished at;
God, calmly sermoned
"I rule the minutes of earthly beings
I redeem the souls-good or bad
I write the fate of Fate
It is the fate of Fate
To get defeated

IX

It is the fate of *Parikshith*
To end his life with snake-bite
It is the fate of *Savitri*
To grab her spouse through verbal-fight;
Every human is created
With wonderful reason
To live life in full
That is beyond treason
I am omnipresent to judge
The worth of creations in every budge.

X

My eye lids opened, bewildered, ransacked
The Omnipotent, the Saviour
Of utmost patience doth answered;
Left me with lucid mind
I had no insomniac nights then after,
Dreams none frequented
But serene sleep and peaceful heart
Floating with inner retrospection,
Life is fine as God-given
Man, if good, feels it a Heaven.

Glossary:

Parikshith: A Kuru king during the Vedic period, the grandson of Arjuna and son of Abhimanyu of the Mahabharata. He reached his end due to the curse of a Brahmana. He was



bitten by the Naga king (serpent)Takshaka, the instrument of Fate, from a lemon fruit, however Parikshith confided in a completely closed palace.

Satan: Lucifer, turns into Satan, the head of the fallen angels in the Underworld, comes to tempt Eve in the disguise of an attractive serpent.

Savitri and Satyavan: The loving couple found in Vana Parva (The Book of the Forest)of the Mahabharata. Savitri restored the life of her dead husband Satyavan from the clutches of Yama, the God of Death by her prudence. When Yama promised her a boon, she asked for hundred children for herself and Satyavan. Yama had to awaken her husband from death eventually.

Yama: The God of Death, who takes away the souls of mankind after death.