

The Figure a Poem Makes

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In
a swift
swoop the sharp-eyed
brahminy kite pounced on an unfortunate
mouse so riven between hunger and motherly instinct
that she had come out of her shelter to find food for her little ones.
The mission, now, successfully completed the kite perched on a dead tree
and proceeded to stamp out the resistance from the wriggling rodent
with her kit.
And then ferried the limp lump of meat and laid the table for two
gawky chicks and herself.

A literature student theory imitate, and a wildlifer to boot having
watched the spectacle,
ran his nimble fingers through his untamable hair in an effort to
subdue it.
And asked himself, there being neither net connectivity nor his
professor,

if there was a parallel between the two worlds, the one of the mice
and kites and that of humans? The question tormented him.
So then, he took the matter forward and wrote
an article on the kite as a metaphor
of the predator class in
a capitalist world.

The green horn hadn't noticed a slithering snake,
darting its forked tongue, closing in on the nest.
Marx, who had arrived at the last page
of Orwell's Shooting the Elephant,
sighed in his grave. So much,
said he, for the triangles.
And closed
the book

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