

Thus Spake the Godman's Lover

Basudhara Roy*

They flock in hundreds
to listen to you,
And catch a glimpse
of your godly face.

I come too.
Not to feed on the stream of thy grace
But on the mystique of your eyes
Deep as the ocean, and inscrutable.
And your warm breath
As I string flowers into garlands by your side.

You turn upon all
With that unchanging half smile
And your one saintly look
That assures and dispels.
Assures love and dispels doubt
Confirming your sway over every soul.

But my special God, you do not fool me.
Do you not, as they caress your feet
With sandalwood, rosewater and milk
And gently stroke thy palm, fingers and nails
Feel a quickening of flesh,
A speeding of human blood in your holy veins?

Bhagawan to all, are you not even human?
That grand triumph over your senses,
Who certifies the distinction?
Or do you, in sheer guile, play false?
Consuming touch as you do
Flowers, incense, and *prasaad*?

Even the obsequious maids
That oil and plait my jasmine-scented hair into thick braids,
Leave me tinged with the flush of grateful pleasure.
How then, can your benign smile,
Be not disturbed,
By even a tremor of warm humanity?

My life in the flesh

Yours in the soul
Is a split deceiving to behold.
God in human form, man beyond man
You must give the lie
To either your being or your name.

Your coldness astounds.
Your words melt into thin air.
Coming to thee in love,
I retreat.
For your life, I discern
Is a study in love's fabrication.

Your grand godly love
Can quench not my spirit.
Content to remain human, my eyes, skin, breath
Demand communion
With a more urgent reality.
Adieu my godman, less than man!

Adieu!

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