

...And it Matters

Ashok Kumar Dash*

When the purple
Flickers in the east
And the first bird
Begins to chirp
It matters –
I see a lamb
Growing into a tiger
And an even plane
Into a rugged mountain.

The school bell chimes
And it matters –
Shakespeare, Einstein,
Plato and Christ
Come out of the grave
In corporal dimension
And then
Melt into the thin air.

The rose blossoms
Into fragrance
And it matters –
A poet is born,
He writes,
He fights,
He dies into the womb of prose.

The thunder roars,
It pours
And it matters –
The music
Fades into noise,
The rhythm
Breaks into tears.
The moon shines
In a golden shrine
And it matters
The love – lorn soul
Dreams not,
Hums not a tune,
The passion
Burns within
In phosphoric flames.

The telephone
Rings on my table
And it matters –
Tranquil soliloquy

Bursts into
Boisterous multitude,
The flight of stairs
Shoots into the dizzy heights.

The dry leaves
Rustle in the forest of night
And it matters –
My prodigious phantom
Slowly but steadily
Seduces my soul
Towards a total consummation.

Grayed into experience
And ravished by years
I search in vain
For a pasture – green and virgin
And the Eternity plays on
Ding dong
Ding dong.

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** Poet and Lecturer in English, Karim City College, Jamshedpur, India*