

Thus Spake Zarathustra

Suhasini B. Srihari*

Zarathustra spake from the mind,
Yocked was he as much as the fools
Xyst were this wise fool's companions
Walked he as if the world turned him down
Vexed enough for not having delivered
Utopian visionary to his kinsmen
Trust was deficient to no degree
Sighed eventually for the loss of man
Raged even more for the loss of mind
Quibbler was his prize for knowing
Prophetic in the ways, he claimed
Orphaned was he left, him and his thoughts
Night after night descended, nothing was better
Men of minds resented the human race
Long after our hero's demise
Kites of love were cut by the thread, the root
Juggling with the one life that man has
In a river of tears was the mankind
Hesitant to break the cocoon of disguise
Gently succumbing to evils around
Falsifying in every action like a mortal
Eden fades away, once again
Deprived is he who remains silent, not survive
Calmly residing in the thoughts and not deed
Beyond the good and evil, heart rises to present
A thought for all, a thought for none.

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**English Lecturer, St. Anne's First Grade College for Women (Degree),
Bangalore, Karnataka, India*