

'Borobudu' Temple

by

Arup Mitra

From the heart of the stone
Expressions of compassion
Emerge like a multi-headed fountain
You are seated on a lotus posture,
Or standing somewhere with your hands
Extended forward to offer
The greatest gift –
Enlightenment-
To the world,
Rotting in misery and passion.

Time could not wash away the grace
Of your presence that the skilful hands
Could successfully curve while raising your statue,
Though rains and the sun left deep marks on your body,
Religious intolerance and invasion
Left you beheaded and deformed
Yet, from the heart of the stone
The voice says, '*Om manipadme hom*',
From the ruins of history echoes
The immortal message of kindness
For the unkind mortals,
Who could not live
And let others live in peace.

Victory
by
Arup Mitra

Stand within the range of my sight
I would need to look up to you when my might
Would claim for a share in your free world -
I would like to be struck deeply by your sword.

Remain in front of my eyes
So that in distress and joy I realize
Your love is flowing over my body and soul
To raise me high above all toll.

Play with me the game of hide and seek
To remove the spell of the clouds thick,
After the exhaustion of a long jogging
In the peace of satiety let me sink.

Let your chariot stand in the southern breeze
As the moment of my existence comes to cease,
Blow your conch shell louder and louder
To signify your success that over me you shower.

[Other poems are compiled in two books: *Awakening* (1998) and *In Search of the Lotus Feet* (2002).]