

1985

Poems

Prabhu S. Guptara

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Guptara, Prabhu S., Poems, *Kunapipi*, 7(1), 1985.

Available at: <https://ro.uow.edu.au/kunapipi/vol7/iss1/5>

Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library: research-pubs@uow.edu.au

Poems

Abstract

The Moonies and Questions for the Buddha

23. Annemarie Schimmel, *Mystical Dimensions of Islam* (The University of North Carolina Press, 1975), p. 421.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 421.
25. Of course, *Briefing for a Descent into Hell* is called 'Inner-space fiction' by Lessing herself, 'For there is never anywhere to go but in' (title-page).
26. Angela Carter, *The War of Dreams* (Avon, 1977), p. 1. Subsequent references are to this edition.
27. Mikhail Bakhtin, *op. cit.*, p. 94.
28. Cf. Peter Burke, *Popular Culture in Early Modern Europe* (Harper Torchbooks, 1978), pp. 203, 317.
29. Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism* (Atheneum, Second Printing, 1966), p. 309.
30. Mikhail Bakhtin, *op. cit.*, pp. 96, 94.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 95. It may be added that Rushdie's already mentioned predilection for punning is in accordance with the *parodic* trend in the Menippean satire (cf. Bakhtin, p. 97). *Grimus* is an obvious anagram for *Simurg*, but it may also contain a punning reference to *grimoire*, a manual for magicians!

Prabhu S. Guptara

THE MOONIES

Cheesy grins
 even when embarrassed
 or enraged

answering
 logical questions
 by intuition

believing in an earthly salvation
 by faith in the Reverend Moon

always in little frightened groups,
 making dutiful forays into the crooked world,

slaving eighteen hours per day
selling peanuts and pamphlets

joss-sticks and armaments
and making good money for their master.

QUESTIONS FOR THE BUDDHA

Psyched out or extinguished?
Passed-on or reborn
were you, sir,
or did you find yourself awake?

How do you rate the dividend now
against the risks you took:
is any of us switched on
d'you reckon, to what you were about?

Did your enlightenment perhaps magnetize
and pattern the random iron
of old rebellion
against our scriptures, priests & God?

We burn for your easy peace
inside the kingly palaces you forsook;
or crave the sweat, the blood, the cry
of peace won through to by the anguish
we identify as ours.

Are you a little weary now, Sir,
of the half-smile you've sported
these bitter years?