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Captives to Captivate

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Captives to Captivate

Rita Shankar

In a cradle laden with exotics pillaged from the soil,
Born of society a dead end – an apex of conception,
Society rocks me with her perplexed string and seductive lullaby,
The captive's progress is the future's destruction,
Extolling my destruction unknowingly,
Contingent upon the moving belts and cranks,
I grunt and sniff in the technological air with exultation,
Ebullient as a bull yet threatening its sustainability,
Upon entrance of temple premises,
Sanctity promised as a gift of redemption,
Basking in the mental rebirth for that scintilla in time,
Prophets arising to explain our lives and, mind you, elucidations,
Each a surrogate for the other,
Bowing to Guru Nanak and Swami Vivekananda,
Relenting myself of the onus, of the guilt, of the lie,
Lying somewhere within yet searching without,

External to the corpse is our birth mother,
Also known as the rival to Earth,
Chaotic and as untamed as ever,
Brush down the scruffy mane of the roaring beast,

Thirsty to organize, label, and conquer with
gods' innate knowledge of ruling,
Pensive on the state of no return,
Fulfilling human destiny,
Refusing to mature into oneness with our birth
mother – Nature,
Subconsciously drugged by material wealth,
Survive, derive, and stockpile – tattooed in our
minds,
Exempt from Laws of Life to maintain a brief
life of glory,
Cloning our trail to extinction,
Food supply serving as the target,
Hoarding food, suffering ensues,
Famines abound,
Permission to eliminate competition,
Homogeneity seemingly will prosper,
Resulting in divergence and self-destruction,
To reach our result – ad infinitum growth
Pills rendering us to pedal harder,
Skyrocketing population endures our Earth,
Haves and have-nots proliferate,
With stolen knowledge of gods, discrimination
becomes innate,
Incarnations of power,
Praised be the agriculture to personify our
desires,
Positively feed us back,
Positive feedback to our providers
Pecuniary progress- cheers to our urbanization,
This prison has no nepotism for indigence or
affluence,
Captivated by the illusion of eternity dancing
upon our palms,
Yet *for* eternity – imprisoned behind bars.