

Poem

INFANT AND GOD ARE ANTONYMS

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INFANT AND GOD ARE ANTONYMS

Everyone believes, infant and God

Are identical in all aspects. Is it true?

An infant speaks;

You called me fetus: a messenger from Almighty.

Believed me; senseless, innocence and holiness.

Inside the womb, I was capable of understanding

All the languages, senses, sensations and even vibrations.

Heard your conversations; afraid of coming out.

You threatened; this world is full of horror; becoming

Unfit place to live. War, treachery, starvation, abusing

Children and women etc. I believed my mom alone.

She taught me a lot. I smelled her perspiration, feelings

Sufferings etc. When I was born, everything was 'new' to me.

Your word, behavior, love, dressing, food and care.

When grew up, discriminated good and bad, light and dark,

Love and aversion. As a baby everything was completely new,

Full of anxiety and ecstasy. Loved everyone, everything

But not now. Polluted completely by knowledge and

Society. Always wearing a mask to live; misplaced my

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Originality somewhere else. Always carrying a little
Excrement both in my mind and body. Your living style
Has taught me cunningness, selfishness, ego,
Faithlessness, arrogance, hopeless attitude, merciless
Approach towards the down trodden, flattery,
Non ethical earning, nasty worries, hasty approach
And what not? Better to be a child again with innocent
Attitude, continuous adaptation, tireless learning,
Doubtless faith on my dear and near ones:
Everything has gone away. Maturity has given
Me stress and fear. Vigor on property and not
On prosperity. Do you agree me?

God speaks:

To me **nothing is new**, everything sustains in disguise.
I predict all your activities and proceedings. But patiently
Waiting to realize yourself. I have created this universe
To live and enjoy; but you spoil yourself, kill your
Valuable energy and attitude. Nothing is big
Or small. For me no discrimination in any aspect.
I keep everything under control. Tsunami, earthquake,
Flood, volcano etc. are my deadly weapons to control.
I never allow anyone to carry anything
In birth and death. This land has everything;
Simply utilize and be happy. But you people add
More and more wealth, accumulate properties.
I insist to add grace to soul but you add
Something else. I teach through your failures,
Pains, insults, degrades, disappointments etc.
But you treat me as a businessman and dealer
Through your prayers and dealings. Some of you



Earn in the name of Almighty too. What a pity!?

You create a big circle to show your power
And vigor on me. I like only simplicity
Not atrocity. I never demand alms but
Dedicated mind full of faith and hope. I demand
Nothing but pure love on me. I am your everything.
Deal me and treat me as you like but with hope.
I do not have agents. But you have unbounded
Faith on them. Still I expect real love and
Little concentration on me. You may choose any
Path to reach me. Everyone is unique. Everything
Is beautiful. Do not compare anything with anything.
Anyone with anyone. You are just recorded cassettes.
Believe me, have faith on me. This universe is
Very old. I am common to every creature. When
All the other creatures never violate Nature's law
You people always trying to violate my calm setup.
I teach you through natural disasters but you
People believe machines than me. Your
Life is a circle. **Nothing is new** in this universe.
Every new thing is just the other form of old ones.
Do not try to discover me or invent me.
I sustain in silence and pure love. Do not
Search me outside; I am within you. Still you want
To know me deeper; I am nothing but 'Experience'.