

## **L'One'ly Forbearance**

~~~*Richik Ghosal*

An oblate realm of juxtaposed extremes,  
That's wearied of plentiful nightmares and dreams,  
Most obsessed in calling bloodshed 'Valour',  
Unethical egoism hailed as a perceptive folklore.  
Dampened are some, that are not aligned this way,  
And many more are blotted out to go astray.  
Identities alienated and ideologies scoffed at,  
Stomped upon and tempered at like a boorish cellar rat!

"Speculation! Hark, must be a putrid mime.  
Empathy! Fie, it is some sacrilegious crime!  
Wrathful malice! Made of amiability extreme.  
Congeniality! It is but a nemesis' dream!"  
Is opinionation truly a crystal of downfall?  
Is it some birthright to trample down and brawl?  
Can liberated ideals not persist unhurt?  
Will paragons be unheeded in locutions so curt?

"Down with the grimacing and mutilated mind!  
May disfigured highbrowisms be left behind.  
Let visionary perceptions displace all sorrow,  
Encrypting pedestals for a pristine new morrow.  
May wanderers vanquish the stagnant minds,  
And throw open the turgid, yet latent blinds,  
For carnage is never a triumphant march,  
But more of a surly megalomaniac démarche."

~~~*Richik Ghosal is a political science student who lives in West Bengal, a state on the extreme eastern end of India, in an urban town called Uttarpara.*  
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