

THE CATAPULT OF TIME

poetry by

Raja Karthikeya

EMESCO

Acknowledgements

What is a poem? Why do words arranged in a certain order, painting a picture that only the mind's eye can see, touch so many of us?

Is it because a poem is a reflection of the undertow of the human soul or is it perhaps because a poem represents the very crest of the tsunami of our emotions? Perhaps it is both. In this small volume which captures my verse over 30 years, I have tried to convey all that I have felt and experienced, all that I was touched by and all that I aspired to reach. I hope you the reader will forgive some of the verse for breaking with conventions of cadence and meter. For these poems are an earnest effort from inside to break free of the rules of the world outside. I hope they bring you as much joy as they did to me.

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The Catapult of Time

He stares at me from the rock
An edifice of stately stature
Enclaving sunny days and nights
With solid Grecian grandeur.
Enshrouded in starlit nights
And romantic ecstasies of yore
He speaks of vicious brethren
And midnights of bloody gore.
Of brutal might and despotic power
Phobics of rebellion he bred
Of lovely charming concubines
And scheming swords in bed.
Of manacled hands
And strategic courtships
Of bought loyalties
And treacherous friendships.
Of haunting battles
And lilting tunes of lyres
Of costly atonements
For diplomatic quagmires.
Of empty granaries
But bursting treasuries
He conveys eloquent
Of fairy tales cut short on earth
And bleeding purple hearts.
Fractured lives
Stuck together by honour
Golden veils



On domestic pallor.
Chivalrous men of valour
Whose names ring
In the echelons of immortality
And those unknown soldiers
Forgotten for all their bravery.
He stands unmoved
Against the zephyrs of change
Stoic, immune to grief
Tears and pain
And like a phoenix
Rises to glory
Again, and again
Ageless in time, he stands
A place in my heart, he commands.

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