

DURGA PUJA

Srinjay Chakravarti

This festive night, above the pandal
The breeze is waving flag and bunting.
The air is filled with hymnal chorus:
The priests, sonorous with their chanting.

A cloud of smoke from lamps and candles
Tonight haloes the Golden Goddess.
Her crown of gems, Her metal armor:
The lights are glinting off Her bodice.

She stares at us: the Primal Mother:
Her three eyes burning, bright and steady.
Her painted pupils cut through vapor—
This musk of incense, strong and heady.

To Ma, we know, we kneel and pray;
Her formless form this image of clay.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 5 No. 1 2008