

Poem: Elegy Written upon the Disenchantment of the World

Jibu Mathew George

No more does eternity dwell in a grain of sand
Piled one upon another in construction sites.
Nor does infinity in a disenchanted land
Forever shorn of its miraculous lights.

Hollow men gaze at deserted shrines and the rood
And speak the flat idiom of perspicacity.
The poet warned: “No more turn aside and brood”¹
For gods had fled out of generosity.

Exorcised too are our other devotions
Which once on our hearts took a majestic ride.
Gallants who disclaim emotions
Have but retained two – envy and pride.

Charmed bodies once caught in magnetic locks
Grope for each other – culture’s automatons.
Collage of images a colossal hoax
Satiates, however, jellied tendons.

Lost is the faith in possible worlds
Lost is the power to return our own anew.
The real and the unreal are to us turds
No doubt, haunting maladies blur our view.

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¹ This is a quotation from William Butler Yeats’ ‘Who Goes with Fergus?’

Disenchantment of the World

Native soil, sweat of the brow,
Like submerged voices, do no more us instruct
For men who labour at the idle plough
Have deemed our lives a mere construct!

Never hark back to any golden hour
Nor bridge hard-won freedom's chasm
But whip our souls in their uneasy bower
Beyond the mock-iconoclasm!