

## Timeless Meaning

~~~ Anushua Chatterjee

My soul searches for meaning.  
That meaning cannot be told, heard and deciphered.  
It's timeless....  
Arising out of timeless hopes and will continue  
till the time collapses (if it is so)!  
My soul searches for meaning  
As *Ashwathama* is looking for *Kalki*  
to get over the curse of being alive and waiting.

That meaning I am talking about  
Was searched by men from time immeasurable.  
Some told it lies in salvation, for some it's sacrifice.  
I know not what salvation is...  
Is it what *Didi* and *Gogo* searched under the barren tree  
Or Christ found behind the Mulberry bush!  
Does sacrifice mean what *Prufrock* released from his cigar?  
Or *Porphyria* did at the hands of her lover?  
I know not what sacrifice is.  
My soul searches for meaning and meaning.

Is the meaning made of '*panchabhuta*'?  
Or of seven deadly sins?  
I know not for I am in search of meaning.

My voice is struck on the glass of time  
As *Eliot's* Patient-evening " etherized upon a table "  
And my still eyes look at the ageless hermit  
Who meditates upon the piles of ashes  
And foresees how *Kubla* is coming back  
To build his sunny dome with caves of ice.  
I seek an answer from him.  
If he can predict my 'becoming'.

*Vyasa* started my epic that waits for another universe to complete  
For the sages say we live and die in numerous spaces and time.  
I know not what do they mean,  
For I am waiting and waiting and waiting.  
Truth is what *Govinda* told *Parth*?  
Or that Shelley learnt from Skylark's art?  
My heart bleeds for a single light  
to guide my path.  
For I am waiting for the meaning to come.

I am the *Bali*, *Bibhishana*, *Parshuram*;  
I am *Kalki*, *Buddha* and *Radhe-Shyam*!  
I create meanings so that it might be found  
I deceive with meaning so that it may be lost.

I am the forbidden fruit that *Adam* tasted  
I am the *Rakshasas* that *Vishnu* defeated.  
I am the past, the present and a never ending future  
Where time merges and faces get blurred.

Despite the nothing I am the being  
And still in search of my becoming.  
For I only want to know what people call meaning....

~~~ *Anushua Chatterjee is a poet who writes for social transformation and passion.*