**Castling on the Brink of a Blank Verse**

-Aadityaamlan Panda

Applauded, amidst the dazzling frenzy,  
The puppeteer, drawing his fervent first, doth gently caress:  
His pliant pawns, moulded with care;  
When engulfed in impenetrable obscurity,  
His hinder sight sensitises his sanity, his satire.  
  
His humility heralds humongous hubris,  
An assertion acknowledged, the fearless fear to say:  
"My demeanour, my pawns' destiny, devise",  
In dignity worth high, he hovers astray,  
The vanity yearns for listeners to live, patrons to survive,  
As the vacillating time veils his day.  
Heaved back to incipit, befuddled at the brink.  
  
Sewn meticulously by their mantled reason,  
The ignorant sapiens slate their fortune;  
A scheme more fragile than a Danaid's wing.  
Sabotaging every fellow being at the crossing;  
In lieu, stride swiftly to their very sepulchre:  
Mindlessly castling every futile manoeuvre!  
For rationally restrained by chaotic ties,  
Life is naught but bland blank verse.