**CINERASTASIS**

O sage of greyed wisdom,

Through psalms of ataraxia thou ardently amalgamate,

The wrath of Phoebus, Monsoon’s conceit.

With occult tenor, thou solemnly sedate,

The veins’ ensanguined courses’ rhythm,

Slackening bile surge, leveraging phlegm,

Precising but pervading the preach to progress.

The dazzling flakes of a splintered lens,

Strewn on the fringes of thine mane,

Fumed on thy very countenance,

Serenely sophisticate the sight of every man,

The vagueness of day renders vision vivid,

Barring reason from the treason of Cupid.

When perverse brooks of prolepsis,

Are frozen and forced to inspect,

Whether in veracity, they strode,

The streams they respect.

Where mettle and magnanimity coalesce,

And put into quarries of queries thereby.

-Aadityaamlan Panda