**THE HOMER OF HUMOUR: A FERVENT MORPHOGENESIS**

Born to the fate of Ceres’ heath,

Fostered a form by Hephaestus’ grace,

I persevered the edge of Cronus scythe,

Dwelling the guise and abyss of human race.

My nurture embodies the vacillating Phoebus,

The saga of snug and sunder,

Whose advent empowered my sanguine’s cause,

To thaw the icicles, prospered to the core.

An era of ice obliterated hence.

I thirsted to breed by Aeolus’ praise,

Arousing my choleric self, the patron of phage,

As the inferno scorched Ceres’ trace,

A sustained witness of Vulcan’s rage.

When Phoebus receded in disgrace

Hesperus tactically reared a rebellion,

Preceding my asylum at Pontus’ place,

As the frozen phlegm set in again.

And again, Phoebus stalled their stance,

A course of flame and frost unfurled hence.

In time no thick, was the genesis of man,

The era of skepticism landed in,

As they evolved and thrived in disdain,

Fueling the heat of envy within.

Opting never to mend their sane,

They vowed to imprison the swelter therein.

Exorbitance enshrines extermination thereof.

The frost wouldst never set in again,

As Hades wouldst march at the mourn of melancholia,

Through flames of gore and pain.

Assuring Armageddon ardently attain.

-Aadityaamlan Panda