**The Spirit of Nelumbo**

Trapped in a tesseract of shrinking stint,

Traumatised by the tellurian tides’ flair.

I perceive my proximities’ putrefying imprint;

The distal disdain debilitating me to despair.

Eventually I am losing every hope of seeking hope,

Parting denyingly from dreg of dare to cope.

A ray of riddle emanating of no spring,

Startlingly sparks a figurine of faith,

The nature of Nelumbo to nurture craving out of scathing,

To harness hope to emerge of starving sheath;

It forges its fragrance from the stink of scum,

It carves its colour out of mire’s murky foam.

The streak of faith severed my fastened palpebrae:

The death of a delirious dream demarcates the dawn of a dilemmatic day.

-Aadityaamlan Panda