



*Napoleon!*

*~ Atharva Rewalkar*

O Napoleon! Thy glory lies in thy sword  
which needs to shine endlessly.  
mays't I try to luminate it in every word  
to honour the grace that glistens spotlessly



Be it Toulone, Austerlitz or Eylau,  
Victory belong'd to the most deserving  
Those strategies made by thou  
that still get the Russians unnerving



A revolution can be neither made  
nor can be brought to rest.

Napoleon! Thou were the one who stay'd  
and fought hard for the French interest.



But with every inch of the land  
being captured by thy Armies,  
thou lost large swaths of land  
of "her" love and imagined ecstasies.



Twas other's Recognition that prevail'd  
over the power of thy love,  
Josephine cried; Her voice was curtail'd  
that still hovers in the heavens above



Tis the tale of every warrior  
Cloaked in his personal demon,  
Leading to wantoning of the saviour  
And his image in the eyes of Frenchmen



Still Napoleon! Thy sword lies unsheath'd  
covered in glory and valour.  
Stories of thy love and grace bequeath'd  
as thy sword glistens in the tricolour

