

Verses of Virtue | Poem Submission  
Theme – Wrath

Trapped in Wrath Till I Die.  
(An Acrostic Poem)

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The mighty flanks of warriors, in their gleaming armours with their  
gleaming horses,  
Roused fear in all men, but I,  
As nothing could counter the rage that stormed my heart,  
Pervasive than the terror of bloodshed, heavier than the stench of the  
dead,  
Pitter-patter danced my anger, that simmered at the flood of injustice  
rained upon me,  
Even though born a prince, with the blood of Kuru warriors,  
Denounced I was, for I was raised by a charioteer among *sutas*.

In my shoulders, the monster of fury danced, scorching my skin more  
than the Sun had caressed,  
No armour felt heavier than the iron I wear today, for today I know the  
end of the long drawn war shall be addressed.

“Mothers! Daughters! Sisters! Wives!” I declared as my chariot lit the  
way, “Women of all men, today. I declare, will be the end of this war!  
wipe your tears and send your sons with saffron on their foreheads!  
today shall be the end!”  
years of guilt and weight had saddled the shoulders of women, these  
women who saw countless warriors die in the last two weeks, and my  
fury shall be their hope even if it’s pretend.

What use is my anger, if it's burning cannot be warmth for others, and this, this shall be my last charity,

Riding for Arjuna I call for him, my voice shattering across the clamour of weapons I scream, "Come, meet your death, Partha!"

And my anger tastes me back, it's tongue tinged in the light of the one conversation my mother had had no shame in proclaiming my parity,

Tainted with vengeance my words echoed back, slithering to the root of all my pain - my birth mother's apparent shame,

Her pride for her son, Partha, was it as great as the shame she bore for me?

Then wouldn't my vengeance for her most favourite son, Partha, the only one who is called after her given name, Pritha, be so poetically just?

I shall drive my anger into the arrows that I shoot at his handsome & prideful, his utterly privileged form,

Like the contempt of Lord Shiva that made the dance of destruction drive fear into the hearts of all things that breathed,

Like the mighty crows that watch for our death and push for their vengeance, my arrows shall fall.

In the future they may call me many names, but for now, I shall kill Partha in my rage and bring this war to an end; Partha-antha - the end of Partha sounds about fine.

Delving deep into my kindling anger, I hunted for further fury,

In this rage I shall burn, and he shall burn with me,

"Enough hiding Partha!" I cried and this time, his chariot stopped in front of me.

**Explanation:** It is an acrostic poem. All capital letters at the beginning of every line put together read, "Trapped in Wrath till I Die." When we give in to the sin of wrath, we lose sense of ourself. Karna's scattered statements about his anger and vengeance as he opens the scene of his war, gives us a glimpse of the mind of someone who is angry. Their thoughts are not linear in fashion. They revel in their anger and burn in their rage eventually consuming themselves & trapping themselves in it usually by a very vague understanding of justice.