

MEN IN CAULDRON

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Does it not seem but moments before
When my heart was filled with laughter
And each day with its pleasant morn
Brought flusters in a clatter.

Amidst hilarity... waiting for the call
That transforms, we abandon the armchair in the hall
Fear and excitement grip the heart
Prepare to jump into the melting pot.

In the scene I saw him first
We pleaded others to be alert
The phoenix rises far above and licks the sky
Our Shoes trodded the spot, and again the battle cry.

I hear the feeble shout
I want to fulfill my calling to put the fire out
We surge water till it splashes to Gehenna
It's a battle of eight or nine facing one
Emerging from the battle field we won.

Annihilate the reddish-orange fully
We retire to our armchair finally
thanking God, this time nobody was gulped up by this monster
It's not an end, but a beginning of a new venture.