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Om!

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Om!

Our lips locked in chant
memory rushed through
meaninglessness of my name
often used as
Incense
to give birth to pregnant faith
understood only through
Scripts
Spoken eons ago
amidst woods of Shlokas, Sutras and Scholarship
blooming like the flowers of
meaningless
now
drinking the warmth of
Theory of Probability.

Om

Was a baby thought
when they brought my destiny
seeded in thorns before I learnt to meditate
with my eyes wide open
before I learnt how to meditate
with my arms
wrapped around the chest
sculpted in hairs
my hands locked in fingers rougher than mine
growing stronger with applied mathematics.

Om!

I brought up my voice

To

pronounce

Shiva and Sa(k)ti

In our metrical union

The essence of

“Us”

speaking peace

powerful to break silence of thunders

and equally timid

to give up

to liberate

to “BE”

“I”

“Him”

“Us”

Simultaneously

Without pause

Without transition

Simultaneously

With “Om!”