

CREATIVE WRITING

THE ERA

A beautiful day, with a common ray
To fill the zest in our way
Keep calm and be pure
Never loss the fertility of the tray.

Go higher but be affixed with the very soil
Dignity should maintain in the coil
Pour your thoughts, make a toil
The life is precious not a trial.

Sons become lovers and darkness is in every heart,
The Sun rising is a tough task
Death is proud and fate imparts
But we don't retreat because of our mask.

The shadow is here, The shadow is there
Paradise has lost in contemporary years
Prufrock is coy and Gerontion fears
The Coy Mistress completely disappears.

Lamia has formulated the next part
Prothalmion strikes deeper than dart
Madam sosostri is pefect in her art
But Yashodhra travells in her own cart.

The miracle takes place but we need signs!
Trivial demands! and go to shrine.
There is Almighty, here is crime
Pope suggests...
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian divine.

Magic and wisdom are combined here
Divinity is lost, human are in fear,
The way of world has changed its dress
This is the time to play A Game of Chess.

The land is wasted! where is Byzantium ?
Eliot attains eternity, Yeats is in equilibrium
Here is Tiger there is Sphnix
But one thing is clear, The Second Coming is fixed.

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