

## 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 sosostris 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.

**Purushottam**

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