

## **Dalip Khetarpal**

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### **Implosion/ Explosion**

Explosion is common

And tangible

So perceptible.

Implosion is more common

But intangible,

So imperceptible.

Man's unvoiced speech

Or his sub-vocal articulation,

Resulting into aphasia,

Resulting further

Into repressed sorrows and agonies

Often build up pressure

In his psyche,

Frantically struggling

To rush out.

Loquacious eyes try to release them

But are still

A poor outlet.

Man also comprehends not

The subtly rich, deep and complex

Language of eyes.

While blockage

Of strong passions and emotions

Leads to painfully silent implosion,  
Release, to often feuding explosion.

Implosion unseen  
Begets losses, often psycho--somatic;  
Explosion seen,  
Begets losses often only somatic. Pathetically, man's acute organic syndrome  
And low level of consciousness  
Is conscious  
Only of the visible,  
Of the lesser  
And not the greater dangers  
Mankind is beset with.

Our vision needs revision,  
Our insight deeper sight  
To open human ears  
To the inward groan  
And excruciating pangs  
Of the writhing humanity  
And dispel its quietly gnawing pain  
To save it  
From its impending  
Cataclysmic end.

## A Weird Fusion

I often perceive a fusion of contrasting melodies  
    resonating through the air:  
    one emanating from a brothel-  
coarse and base, while the other rises  
    from a temple, sacred and serene.  
Somehow, these contrasting strains intertwine  
    amplifying each other's essence  
    until they blend harmoniously,  
as though their contents weave into a singular fabric,  
    released in tandem-  
it's as if Satan himself were navigating  
the celestial currents, indistinguishable  
    from the divine realm,  
blurring the lines between id and superego,  
evil and good, forging an unexpected alliance.  
Are we, then, spiritual entities,  
    descendants of the divine realm,  
or are we the progeny of darkness,  
    born from infernal depths?

Finally, an epiphany dawns upon me:  
life encompasses an infinite array of disparities  
and complexities, all seamlessly interwoven.  
Contemplating the intricate tapestry  
of human spirituality and sensuality,  
their intermingling sparks a continuous journey,

leading one to fathom the profound  
mysteries of existence-  
the enigmatic synthesis of id, ego, and superego,  
and the inexplicable connection and interaction  
between angel, human, and devil.  
Is this convoluted interplay of vice and virtue,  
woven into the fabric of existence-  
a flaw in God's design or a calculated masterstroke?