

Rescue of Sisyphus

Divyansh Srivastava | Poetry

I chanced upon, what seemed bizarre ;

A land here never lay before ;

I couldn't stall i had come so far ;

I went about to grasp some more.

A needle's was a roaring cry;

Stillness was never so deafening ;

To spot a soul i did so try ;

I wished i stopped caring

To where the petty eye could see;

The land embraced the sky azure ;

The stretch of earth terrified me;

Was petrified, i couldn't be more sure;

A tree stood out, a mammoth tree ;

Its shade made be shiver;

A perched dove looked down at me ;

My eyes didn't flinch a sliver;

She sat upon a twig so small;

Spoke to me in a brittle tone;

Up the tree she made me crawl;

An ardent trier, i did not groan.

I stretched so hard and reached so high;

She seemed so close, a foot apart;

But all i did was utter a sigh;

For she had risen with a sudden start;

She hopped around to a higher branch;

I cursed her for luring me in;

But toward her again did i march;

To let go would be a sin.

When apparated there a monkey of sorts;

Offered me his only nut;

Furiously i threw it back,i could not halt;

I couldn't see that he was hurt.

There again i reached close;

There again she hopped away;

To be defeated was a bitter dose;

So i leaped upon her as my last fray.

For a moment in the mid-sky;

It all seemed lost, all hopes ploughed;

But my insolent mind was about to cry;

For the worst was what happened now

As the air served as a perfect ground;

I discovered a blatant truth;

From up there,the land around;

Seemed so serene, so pure.

A huge expanse of longitude;

With trees as melon seeds;

I was wrong before, this wasn't crude;
It was the missing piece perfection needs.

I shoved the bitterness down my throat;
For i had chased what was never mine;
I let myself fall in a mould;
And ignored the bright sunshine

And now whilst i plunged low;
I cursed myself for not halting;
For if i had just turned and looked;
A beautiful world was awaiting.

In the moment of sheer panic;
A rope appeared from thin air;
I tried to grab it like a manic,
In a fit of misery and despair.

There and then i thanked th'Almighty;
Then looked up to Him to hail;
Two eyes looked down back at me;
The rope, it seemed, was the monkey's tail.