In Purgatory

Kamda Singh Deo

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<th>Poetry history:</th>
<th>Inspired by Joseph Addison's 'the Vision of Mirza'</th>
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<td>Received: 11 August 2016</td>
<td>Up the hills, I can hear Him</td>
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<td>Revised: 14 September 2016</td>
<td>Playing the flute of knowledge.</td>
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<td>Approved: 17 October 2016</td>
<td>Sending its melodious raptures.</td>
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<td>Published: 1 November 2016</td>
<td>Pushing away the dark foliage.</td>
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He exposed to me two worlds.
One Dark and deadly; the other bright.
"Go ahead, choose wisely" He said,
Giving me the power of a moral sight.

My wavering eyes judged both:
The dark showed miserable plight;
The illuminant was full of life.
"The spiritual Dark or the Corporeal Light?"

I chose the one that was alluring,
That any mortal would do.
Perhaps, I lacked a stronger vision
That would pierce the Dark through.

As I made my happy way towards
The blessed cheerful land,
I beheld the sight of the Dark,
Appeared so gentle, so bland.

Something still stuck in there
Taking away a part of the eternal bliss.
I saw a shape, my alter ego
Sobbing in that dark abyss.

I struggled hard to free her.
Of that ego, that unfortunate pride.

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But at last stopped trying, when equal
Equal weren't made from the other side.

God instructs, mortals obey,
Giving them a signal divine.
I am still here, somewhere around, trying
Perhaps, waiting for your sign.
Biography of Author

Kamda Singh Deo is a scholar-researcher of B.A. (Hons) English at Amity University, Lucknow in India.