

Will You Be My Iolaus?

In a nine-jaw vice are we braced,
No amount of smashing, clubbing, tearing works,
No cutting either, for the Behemoth looms
Large over life and death,
And its grip, greater than bars of steel,
Like Raktbeej, the more one cuts, the more it proliferates,
Multifarious menace,
A Hydra blots our present,
Threatening to gobble the future altogether.
The web constricts as one struggles,
The fly will be marrow for the spider,
Life reduced to shrivelled, lifeless husks.

Specks of sanity,
Pin-pricks of humanity,
Over a sea of despair,
Not only challenging, but threatening,
Not only dangerous, but lethal,
Not merely long, but never-ending,
Is this battle.
Yet for the dignity of man,
The seige will stand.
Men and women,
Of infinite courage and will,
Undaunted by the Leviathan,
Till the last gasp, will fight!
Champions of Liberty and Justice,

And all that is virtuous in humankind,
Don't give up! Not yet!

But a tenuous mist rolls,
Over the silent, still sea,
Inviting, strange and seductive,
Not too unlike a flytrap.
The water has risen,
Few brave warriors,
Have been devoured,
Dragged down deep,
Their presence stifled,
Their voice snubbed,
Vanquished martyrs!

Is the Goliath too much,
For a David to defeat?
Alone, maybe, yes!
But what say you of many Davids,
As numerous as the Hydra has heads,
Together on a quest to clean
The Augean stables,
Fearless, furious and formidable,
With wills of steel, unshakeable!
Out to burn each Hydra Head,
Out to drag the Leviathan,
Out to birdge the whole wide sea!
When one lifts his lips to the conch,
And soon the very air rings and rattles,

With a unison of call and call,
Like wolves responding,
To a call to hunt,
Majestic, oh majestic.
When one cuts and the other burns,
When Heracles clubs, and Iolaus ignites,
The flames that will dispel,
The blanket of darkness and delusion,
And the slumber of the people,
Shall be broken!
When all will rise against hate,
And division, and intolerance,
And fight the good fight!
Decide then and prepare to fight!
If you will be the Heracles, I'll be your charioteer,
But if I be him, will you be my Iolaus?

- Mehul Rawat, MA English