

அசல்

21.3.1933. S. Krishnan.

அசல் - 1 (அபிதானகல்தம்)

THE IDEAL

(Sonnet)

No. 40 (b)
15.12.70
p. 152

A gloom all round in no wise thinner than
The gloom within, legs faltering prevent
All progress forward, or to stupor lent
Stand still, or e'en face whence the trail began.

The mind is sunk in impotence, or rent
By howling factions each on self intent
Shows every phase of misery known to man.
The hands themselves have lost their cunning, bent
To servile tasks; all hearing's at an end.

'Tis then Thou shinest, Ideal! O where ran
The stupor of the limbs, or whither sent
Hath vanished all the turbulence of mind.
All life is once more worship, and I find
The world is all a song of ravishment.

S. Krishna,

KAVASSERI, 21-3-1933.

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