

Poems by Dr Dalip Khetarpal

Earthly Morphs Into Ethereal...

I saw a metaphor perfect,
For metamorphosis, for growth,
For life, even after death,
When I saw
A caterpillar morphs
Into a butterfly.

The exquisite transformation
Of stubby, furry crawler
Into a winged beauty,
Into an airborne fairy,
Is not a miracle,
It has a basic biological urge.
There is also a spiritual science, a divine urge
Behind the exquisite transformation
Of an ordinary mundane mortal
Into a saint.

Like a caterpillar
That stuffs itself with leaves
To grow, change and fly
As a butterfly,
An earthly mortal also
Stuffs himself with food divine
To grow and fly
Into ethereal skies,
Much like an angel.

Every earth crawler can rise and fly
To regions ethereal
By simply feeding on diet ethereal,
By turning away from life material,
By refining cruder passions.
But it is hard to relinquish id,
Man's inherent basic constituent,

That keeps him tied down
To things earthly
And prevents him
From heavenly flight,
Making true saints scant.

Smashed in- between-ness

In the womb of melting pot
 Dances meme of sorts;
 Meme that sullies pristine psyche with mire,
 That had also earlier affected our sire,
 That annihilates like wild fire,
 That takes coffin to the bier,
 And some, to the pyre.

Colonialism when leads to hybridized culture
 Reversion then to pristine pre-colonial culture
 Is, for sure, impossible.
 Meme infestation, causing hybridization
 Also breeds domination
 By one culture over the other,
 Breeds split in personality,
 Breeds clashes betwixt
 Calcified traditional parents
 And pliable, but splintered
 modern children, adolescents and adults.
 Globalization that radiate colorful multiculturalism
 Is doubtless, exquisitely multicolored and captivating.
 It also projects the entire world as one family,
 But ironically, has split many families,
 Has created socio-psychological dilemma,
 Dysphoria, psychic pangs,
 Impaired outlook and vision,
 Has put one's country against the other,
 Has robbed one of his innate spirit of nationalism,
 Fervor for patriotism, for e'en one's religion, culture
 And native traditional values.
 Inability to leave one's own culture,
 Failure to adopt the alien new,
 Though badly shaken and madly attracted
 By its razzmatazz,
 Leaves the normal-turned-neurotics
 Suspended painfully
 Between the two opposing cultures
 And spurs them into wooing

The third fabricated surrogate culture
 Wherein gratuitous violence and T V shows,
 Dance, clubs, parties, drink and free sex
 Reign supreme,
 Become their source of existence.
 They may boast of total freedom
 From family home, tradition
 And all social responsibilities,
 But actually lapse into
 Loneliness, rootlessness and desolation.
 Finally, when reality breaks in on
 The third illusive world,
 They are fated to remain
 An aimless, stunned and traumatized gypsy
 Groping in the triangular world
 To which they could neither totally belong
 And from which
 They could neither extricate themselves.

Colonial hangover hangs
 On one's head at times
 E'en sans abandoning one's country.
 Upbringing and infestation of alien culture
 Is enough to hybridize a well-knit person.
 I've seen Westernized boys and girls in Hindu temples,
 Wearing jeans, eating burger, hanging crucified cross
 On the neck, but chanting 'Jai Mata Di', 'Jai Shree Ram'
 And the like
 With abnormal vigor, deafening voice and enthusiasm
 But they sing hymns in praise of Christ in their schools,
 Leading to the clash of different Gods, as it were.
 Gods never actually clash,
 The clash lies within our psyche, our fractured selves
 That generate fractured faith
 Wherefrom pathetically springs even,
 Polarization of Gods.
 When one hand is delusively pulled
 By a strong God of one religion,
 The other by another equally strong,
 One is bound to be torn between two faiths.

Though knowing and believing fully well that
God is one in number,
One still allows subsidiary Gods
To obliterate one's vision
From the main Supreme, Principal God.
Further, one also ironically invests certain powers
With smaller Gods to take decisions on smaller affairs
While the main, for bigger ones.
Is this not a parody of faith and religion?
Man is ironically not even aware
That he is psychologically sheltered and protected
By the God created with his faith.
Strangely, God is also not perhaps, aware
That the endangered species of man
That he created
Would eulogize and worship Him
For his own advantage.
Whatsoever it be,
As enlightened educated beings,
Get enmeshed not
In issues obtrusive and inconclusive,
For the way we live, think and act,
The character we evolve,
Are far more important, meaningful
Productive, beneficial and impactful
Than what we believe in and worship,
Than the atrophied religious values,
Than the calcified social norms,
Than the ideology and philosophy we nurture,
Than all that we imagine, think, feel and see.



Dr Dalip Khetarpal worked as a Lecturer in English at Manchanda Delhi Public College, Delhi. He worked in various capacities, as Lecturer, Senior Lecturer and H .O. D (English) in various academic institutes in Haryana. He was a Dy. Registrar and Joint Director at the Directorate of Technical Education, Haryana, Chandigarh.

Dr Dalip has also started a new genre in the field of poetry, which he would like to call 'psycho-psyhic flints'.

Subscribe to

[Contemporary Literary Review India](#)

– The journal that brings articulate writing for articulate readers.

CLRI welcomes authors and readers to register with us online for free. We encourage you to become a paid member with us also. Paid members are waived off any reading fee to the print edition and get one copy of the print edition free of cost whether their piece is included or not. [Subscriber to CLRI](#)