

# Surrender

by Dilip Mohapatra (September 2016)



**W**hen I was in class four  
I got my first ever summon  
from poetry  
to appear before it and was  
ordained to write my very first poem  
for the school magazine  
and in my innocence and ignorance  
I searched for some wisdom  
that perhaps was as chaste  
and immaculate as a virgin.

As I ambled on the school lawn  
I trampled on few grass flowers  
crushing them to a pulp  
but there was a sharp pain in my heart  
as if a dagger has just sunk its blade into it  
and off comes out my first ever poem  
talking about the humility of  
the grass flower  
which perhaps was created to be trampled  
and in its death  
giving the soothing satin comfort to  
the painful corns on the calloused feet.

Poetry continues to seek me out  
and always finds me  
wherever I may be  
in whatsoever vocation  
I may be engaged with  
whether while walking aimlessly  
on dilapidated streets  
or sitting under a lone tree  
on the river banks in the small hours

or jostling in an overcrowded local train  
or going in circles on a carousel in a fair  
for I am its chosen boy  
from the day I succumbed to its wish  
and charges me with tasks  
that I so very willingly accomplish.

It eggs me on to take a walk  
on the Milky Way on tight ropes  
sanctified in celestial company  
to dive into the craters of raging volcanoes  
and burn out my dirts  
to take holy dips and explore  
the endless abyss of oceans  
and come out cleansed  
to be blown away by the winds both hot and cold  
in resonance with my breaths.  
It teaches me to see with my eyes blindfolded  
to hear with my ears muffed  
to touch and heal with the fingers of my heart  
to decipher the spirits of my soul  
and continues to summon me

off and on without respite  
and in each of my surrender  
I come out cleaner and purer  
after repeated distillations  
never seeking bail to be set free  
returning to my dreary existence once a while  
expectantly waiting to be summoned  
again and again.

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Dilip Mohapatra (b.1950), a decorated Navy Veteran started writing poems since the seventies . His poems have appeared in many literary journals of repute worldwide. Some of his poems are included in the World Poetry Yearbook, 2013 and 2014 Editions. He has four poetry collections to his credit published by Authorspress India, and one non-fiction, a book of wisdom titled Points to Ponder. He holds two masters degrees, in Physics and in Management Studies. He lives with his wife in Pune. His website may be accessed at [dilipmohapatra.com](http://dilipmohapatra.com).

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