

The Braying Ass!

What a fool is he, who calls me a braying ass!
What does he know? I have the seeds
(the sprouting seeds) of an epic poet, Mahakavi.
Have I not vomited poetry, suffering from an excess of it,
with an alarming frenzy, frightening the upstart crows?

The upcoming generation, dimming all their dreams,
of a resplendent future, craves to emulate me—
poor, crazy creatures, indeed.

For is it so easy to write verses in four languages—
Marathi, Sanskrit, English, and Hindi?
And that too profusely, with ease, eliciting the applause
of every Tom, Dick, and Harry?

The connoisseurs, the global critics, fear me,
for they will have to concoct a new aesthetics, a new poetics,
to define and describe the magic, the arresting aroma,
of my compositions.

Some say I am the “inheritor of unfulfilled renown,”
despite countless germs of Homer, Virgil, and Dante,
there should be some truth in it.

But what is certain, as certain as death, is the reality
that I, in the present century, am the only poet
who has the genes (maybe artificial) of Milton, Kalidasa,
and Mahadevi Verma.

Wait, dear attentive readers,
one day, all and sundry will howl and scream:

*“Here is a poet, or poet-star,
whose fate or ill-fate, fame or ill-fame,
will ‘echo unto eternity.’”*

(A Satire)
Anonymous

