



THE COUPDEGRACE OF MESSIAH

He stood there alone. The black night produced no stars. Nothing was visible in the vague light. There, in the meadowy sand, pearls and shells made coffins for some unknown souls. The pander wished for a jail delivery. But the dark room engulfed him to its eternity.

"What I've been for" - The peevished heart blamed him for the same lines, that he has been repeating for more than ten years.

"You'll get what you deserve" - He was told. What will be the judgement? 'I am waiting for you my fate!' The voice echoed without any noise. forever...

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The 'daybreaking alarm' made him to wake ^{up} from the dreams. Someone called. But didn't understand who were they. ^{Might} ~~May~~ be a stranger. Little else. He walked to the dawn.

PROGRAMME
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She was squinting ~~at~~ him as ^{if} she couldn't see him. The smiling breeze wandered for the fragrance. But it found nowhere. Because, it had stolen by some others, the strangers of the west!

"Where've you going? You are losing your Spring. Next is the blizzard."

- But no ears waited for the 'sweetness', the melody.

"I don't care, and I don't want." The saucy wind blew, more faster more stronger than ever before. It dashed into the woods. Darkness made canopy over it. The bells went on ringing for the night.

The whistle of the phone stimulated him. The blinking eyes searched for more networks, more webs.

"Hey, do you know ~~what's~~ the difference between the 'heroin' and the 'heroine'?"

"Yeah, e. The E creates access to both"

The rust coloured fluid muttered something. No one heard. It slowly began to dissolve in the blood. The entire veins, nerves whimpered in pain. And the spiders went on weaving nets.

When the nod took him, he started his journey. The 'filled syringes' made weapons for him, to tackle the catastrophe, to make him the 'winner'.



The red rivers began to flow endlessly. His body had accepted the change. The rusty fluid had absorbed the drops of milk, that drew the pictures of beauty in him. But he couldn't understand. He only heard the doggerel, and he waited for more lives.

The flags reduced to dust. It pierced into the bones, those were sleeping under the earth. They got angry, and became the tornado, to vanish the darkness. But failed. They couldn't withstand the pincer movement.

"we played, and we won" - Someone roared, with great joy.

The broken bangles flew through the blood, silently, without any hope...

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"My Lord, please help me. It's unbearable." - The gangling voice begged. But no one heard. Suddenly a white light appeared before him. He stared at its eyes. The eyes looked back, without any feeling.

'Yes. It was the nun, the so-called virgin Mary.' "Why're you sobbing" - Someone asked. "I've lost my son. Someone stole him" - she said.

Then an array of light rays came, with melting eyes. He watched it without any joy.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Don't you know me? I am your son. I know ~~nothing~~. I know nothing except what ~~though~~ ~~has~~ taught me!"

"Bravo! is this what I did teach you?"

He had no answer.

"If you wrong us, shall we not take revenge?"

The voice echoed in vacuum. Then he remembered how he became the Pandora's box, then only he identified him.

The dark soul stood still, then dived into the black ambit, alone . . .
