

## **THE MIRACLE**

**Vijayalaxmi Potu**

Life is a strange thing,  
The strangest perhaps.  
Always the unexpected happens.

When I think I am in a majestic castle,  
I realize after a moment, that it is momentary.  
The castle vanishes and I stand  
In deserted sand dunes of utter solitude.

When I run for fresh water springs,  
I find an illusory mirage.

When the whole world around me  
Opposes for what I am,  
And as I bow my head in utter depression,  
A never foreseen soothing voice lifts my soul  
Up from a never seen territory.

As I build around me  
An iron fort of inaccessibility,  
Some unanticipated care envelopes me;  
My fort, like a sun-hit snow peak  
Dwindles into lakes and rivers of enormous love.  
When I want to die for the misfortunes,  
Strangers rush in to show the showered blessings.  
What more is a miracle to envisage  
The divinity in humanity!

**Acknowledgement:**

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