

Totem's Sanctum

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Upstanding scripture spreads like toxic wind
Space crapping tower stands like alarm in sky
Hundreds of character stand on half broken legs
Rays of colours lost its vibrant and falling one by one.

Silence murmurs its history
Rummer speaks its story; "They are sisters -
Periamma and Chinnamma, died while guarding village
Since then, they have been perceived as Guarding Deities!"

Their temple laid purlieu of city - when Religion
stigma grapple head-to-head inside the city.
Left with farm; right with graveyard
They stood strong for reserved souls.

Small flame breathing hard in thorn straggler
Thicket hands hides from heavenly sight
Broken tomb waiting for its fall
Rustic bells lying dead by hanging high.

Crippled road ends before crumbled floor - where
Dizzying Tridents stood stock-still with bird's nest.
Hindered mud lamps sunken in sand and inside
hanged a board carries donors with highlighted caste.

Copious history cease with ample trust.

“She is your grandmother; she is our guardian
Her power can cure deadly disease; only married
Women and men are allowed” said willowy priest

Entrance leads to narrow borrow - where
Darkness lights fear in heart; He took us
to Chinnamma’s sanctum and lighted camphor;
Unlit borrow filled with overlapping shadows.

Three foot half, half expunged idol stands with sword.
Blood of goat, meat of hen, and cheroot offered as divine.
Ransom paid for willowy; smoke concealed the path
One by one rushed for life and dark holds its reign again.

Food delivered for everyone, after offering to ancestors
who are crawling from branches of Peepal tree.
No gates, no walls; fear and faith protecting them
other Gods !.

History and story speaks about two sisters; who
lived and demised in the land. Is that the
spiritual fear created Tomb and Tower
or their love and affection?

Still, many Totem souls are living unnoticed
for living ancestors and children.