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A Helpless Individual

Think of the interlacing Olympic rings,
spirit of union,
just the reverse, signalled by our warring thoughts,
like lamb and tiger, each a different universe,
each proposing different philosophy,
as if circular arrangement of soldiers,
around one,
trapped inside the complex military strategy of life,
a helpless individual.

Mind decides which galaxy is to traverse,
a baby understands,
but when ideologies clash,
like unknown armies in unmapped territories,
how difficult is the decision to a pluridimensional skull,
intricate psyche,
tell me, whom am I to ask, God or a psychologist?

Opposing forces pulling him from a distance beyond unidentified perimeters!
aberrations are quite natural in our age,
that knows no limit to exposure.

Once more I want to be a child,
Yes. That's the point.
Darkness of indecisiveness fears the light that
mother's guidance can ignite.
Like hapless men of disturbed childhood,
our half-learnt life skills fall short to fight pluralism.
Who knows? Great men are equally conflict ridden!

Wise men here show the path,
perhaps deep spirituality can save us.
Therefore, I am at His feet.
No harm if the horse runs across thousand different spheres,
macrocosms,
for it knows where to return.