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## The Almighty



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He is nothing but a universal shade,  
Nobody knows by which that's made;  
Being everglade that does not fade,  
Remains ever with the pomp ahead.

People call him by the number of name,  
But it is the fact that he is the same;  
He is omni-present, scient and potent,  
So He can never be made negligent.

He is everlasting and evergreen,  
Even then He is never seen;  
By Wordsworth, He is in nature,  
Shakespeare gets, He is in literature.

Hermit states, He is just like a preacher,  
But, scholar asserts, He is a great teacher;  
In Keats' opinion, He is the imagination of love,  
That may be compared to a snow-white dove.

Terpsichore says, He is the spirit of dance,  
While by a fighter He is a powerful lance;  
In fact, He is everything that is meaningful,  
And there is nothing that is hard or harmful.

For a saint, He is an alarm of salvation,  
But for a devil, He is a means of damnation;

A madman feels, He is a sort of fool,  
While for a wise He is snow like cool.

He is the creator of the whole universe,  
Who knows, at what time, He may reverse;  
In a flock of birds He is not a tearing kite,  
In animals, He doesn't have lion like bite.

No doubt, He is similar to a granite stone,  
By which can be broken any hard bone;  
In the field of medicine, He is a devoted doctor,  
While in education, He is a dedicated master.

Science says: He is a modern age,  
That has the power of uranium rays;  
Milton cites, His ways are always right,  
So, He is admired ever with sprite.

By Shaw, He is drawn as a dramatist,  
Within Michelangelo, He is an artist;  
Considering agriculture, He is a farmer,  
Through an ironsmith, He is a warmer.

Truly, He is a matter of refined religion,  
But not by names divergent division;  
Really, He is a glad and glorious light,  
That has the spring of extreme delight.

For a patient He is a pain-relieving pill,  
Honesty hits: He is a source of goodwill;  
He does not have for anyone fear,  
Thus, He is for all perpetual dear.

By Ted Hughes, He may be the spirit of a beast,  
But, a glutton finds Him in a delicious feast;  
Yeats searches Him in his beloved, Maud,  
For Hamlet, He may be a thing of entire odd.

Tennyson generates Him in Ulysses and Lotus-Eater,  
But a common man cries, He is a human race beater;  
Nonetheless, I think, 'The Almighty is God',  
That can't be compared to any Maud or odd.

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