

Fire of Apocalypse: Pralay Jwala

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Introduction

With the incantatory power of ancient epics and the raw urgency of contemporary witness, these verses forge gold from pain, turning chains into weapons, despair into blazing resolve. The dictator's neon courts, toxic workplaces, and bursting economic bubbles dissolve before the alchemical fire of awakened masses. Yet beneath the thunder of uprising pulses a deeper tenderness: the warm hand held in another's, the rooted peace of soil after storm, the inner flame that outlasts every empire. This is not mere protest poetry; it is a liturgy of liberation, where suffering is transfigured into sacred fury and the republic is washed clean in its own purifying blaze. Bengali translation has been provided at the end of the book.

Chapter 1: The Throne of Harassment

*For nine long years we faced this howling storm,
While shadowed dictators made dark the norm.
We smell the rusted iron of their throne,
While crimson flesh is ground into the bone.
But hear sweet Krishna's flute—a silver sound,
To burn the golden palace to the ground!
You pinned our bruised legs, told us we must stand,
But youth will rise to take this vibrant land.
We forge bright gold from this relentless pain,
And wash the country of its scarlet stain.*

Chapter 2: The Trick of the Chains

*They take our silver and they take our peace,
And order that our loud, bright protests cease.
My ration card and gas fire snatched away,
Leaving the scent of ash and cold decay.
But wearing these black chains is just a feint,
To shatter your regime without restraint.
We wear your clinking shackles with a smile,
To break your neon courts of bitter guile.
We march as one to end this fascist greed,
And watch the arrogant dictators bleed!*

Chapter 3: The Awakening of Rudra

*Our ministers, in robes of velvet fuss,
Demand our sparkling money, paid by us.
The bitter scent of hunger taints their lips,
While cracking laws like heavy, leather whips.
But Rudra wakes within the amber dust,
To crush your glowing temples of blind lust.
The roaring workers in the dawn awake,
And cause your hollow, marble halls to quake.
You taught us that our hands were just for giving,
Now face the fierce, loud uprising of the living!*

Chapter 4: The Flame of Destruction

*I stood alone in shadows for the denied,
While rulers tried to strip away my pride.
You told me my loud voice would make me less,
And forced the grey-clad workers into stress.
But Nataraj begins his blazing dance,
To snap the nation from its silent trance.
The scent of smoke sweeps fast across the land,
With cracking, absolute ruin in demand.
If we were born with weakness just to fall,
We also have the spark to burn it all!*

Chapter 5: The Blood-Mark of the Youth

*My ration card turned blank, a faded null,
By rulers wrapped in purple, cold and dull.
You tried to teach my starving soul to empty,
While smelling feasts of your bright, stolen plenty.
But we will paint the red mark on our brow,
And shout a fierce, apocalyptic vow!
The rebel youth in gleaming waves arise,
With blazing comets in their amber eyes.
The alchemy of searing, copper cold,
Will shatter your dictatorial hold!*

Chapter 6: The Journey of the Rebel

*I sought a bright start on a sunlit shore,
But sneering racism met me at the door.
Abused in spice-filled markets, noisy street,
They thought my bruised soul would accept defeat.
But I am the loud tempest, lightning storm,
That shatters the tyrant's grey, oppressive form!
My ringing name breaks shackles that would bind,
Unleashing the bright fire of a rebel mind.
I stand as a warrior, fearless and free,
To drown this regime in a blood-red sea!*