

# GRACE OF THE LORD SIVA

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by

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When Pandyan king in Madurai ruled  
a flood in Vaigai rose,  
A threat discharged on kingdom's wealth  
and royal glory's pride.  
The kind, aghast at ceaseless rush of  
swelling waters' roar,  
Summoned his court and dwelt on means of  
meeting danger's roots.  
The palace ordered every house to send  
a man for work  
To bunds erect and walls upraise to stem  
the force of tides.  
The rule of law enforced the hardest  
punishment on those  
Who desisted or failed to comply with  
the demand made,  
The rich and poor, strong and weak, and  
every citizen,  
Deputed men to render service as the  
edict went.  
The whole of town and village folk  
did rise to hurry forth  
In labour deemed so emergent to save  
the city's life.  
Lo, everyone, not one is left, from imposed  
force of law's.

So stringent was the order come from  
despot ruler's will.  
An old and weak and poor dame of city's  
corner's hut,

Was also served the notice come, as no one  
was exempt.  
The bending back with feeble eyes moved  
out in open streets  
In search of someone who could work, as  
second she had none.  
When lowest level of support to breaking  
point does move,  
The last of strings that ties to earth the  
soul does break and snap.  
Since all was gone, same body's breath, with  
legal wrath as only friend,  
The aged lady unwittingly summoned 'all'  
to her rescue.  
A little boy from off the road eagerly rushed  
and spoke to her  
To service lend on payment made, a joy and  
grief to her distressed.  
It's joy because someone had come, and grief  
because she had no wealth  
To pay the servant for the work which he  
demanded as his due.  
"I have some cakes of pounded rice, please  
have it as wages I pay,  
No other thing I can afford; if you are  
willing go and work."  
So saddened lady made her point to which he  
gladly did agree,  
And having eaten some of cakes he went to  
labour for the bund.  
When all were hard at rugged labour on the  
banks to raise the walls,  
The little lad just threw some mud and idly

strolled in careless ease.  
While this was bad he made it worse by  
complaining of hunger-thirst,  
And frequently making his way to lady's hut  
for eating cakes.  
The king did notice lethargy and idle play  
of servant sent,  
And on enquiry came to know an old woman had  
sent this boy.  
Casting his glance on work pretentions, irked  
at wilful negligence,  
The king his whip of lashes raised and dealt  
a blow on back of boy.  
Then what happened, who can describe, the atoms  
split their very core,  
And every cell of all creation shook with shock  
of thrash of whip.  
The king who struck was first belaboured with  
the strike of rod  
And felt the pain of blow he dealt on working  
peasant boy.  
The workers all in thousands stretched busy  
in building bunds,  
Did each one feel the hit on back as if  
a stone did roll.  
The hills in tremor showered blasts of earth  
element from their pores,  
And seas rose up in heaving waves as if the  
mountains in them sank.  
Vibrations struck the sun and moon and stars  
in the sky spat tongues of flame,  
Brahma and Vishnu in Their seats and Indra  
felt the sudden quake.  
The boy in play took up a handful of the  
earth from ground,  
And threw it on the gaps of bund which closely  
fixed the walls.  
This in an instant raised the barracks

turning tides away,  
To marvelled looks of all the folks who drudged  
for days and days.  
Lo, wonder this, who is this rustic lad who  
played these pranks  
And struck with wonder everyone who dazed  
beheld what this could be.  
Suddenly in place of that one little  
boyish frame  
Arose the magnificent frame of Siva,  
Almighty  
Who lighted up the firmament as thousand  
suns would rise,  
And blessed the kind and all the people  
with his divine grace.