

## **Brahmachari**

*Khayma Balakrishnan*

Oaths and tiresome promises,  
the brahmacharis of the ithihasas were revered,  
The young Devavrata,  
With looks that could melt a stone,  
His valour well known,  
The path beckoned,  
King, then husband, finally father,  
The son of Ganga, ready to conquer  
Oh fate is but a twisted thing,

Gangeya, with his words, changed destiny  
To never know the touch of a woman,  
The taste of her sweet lips nor smooth skin,  
Never to have a comforting shoulder,  
Nor satiating relieve,

He was now Beeshm of the terrible oath  
An oath even gods couldn't imagine,  
But was it worth it, grandsire?  
To be a brahmachari,  
Unspoken desires, lascivious thought  
all buried within...