

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Peace Marketplace

Aadhya Krishna · Wednesday, February 12th, 2020

We're living in times where everything has a marketplace. There's hardly a human interaction that does not have an online or offline marketplace. In all of these, is there a place for "PEACE"? Look no further, the number one business is concerning the selling of PEACE, pseudo gurus, religion, et al have their own doctrines and even a dollar or timeline attached to it. In some moments of deep thoughts on this, I was inspired to pen down a poem about a person seeking peace in the marketplace we call Religion. Why "The Peace Marketplace"? Well, people follow a religion or seek God first for a transaction, kind of a trade.

So, when does a person really go to a marketplace of any sorts? You got it, when you are low on supplies and have a certain need.

Seeking divine peace today is a business where one would need to go, stand in front of a temple of sorts, a building and put out an order as if it will be fulfilled and delivered just like your online shopping experience, maybe even in one to two hours if you may please. So then, isn't it a marketplace where the quantum of "Peace" is being sold to the highest bidder.

This kind of trade is usually for more money, a good spouse, health, success, job, a holiday or that new gadget or even a lottery of greed. The person in our writing is at this market where people are cutting flowers off the trees, painting photos, calling the handmade creations gods and worshipping the picture. This is also the place where one hermit stands on one foot and the other on his head for years to obtain a favor from you-know-who.

The person in the poem is walking through these various shops selling everything else but "peace". So, rather lost he sees all these "other" businesses in this marketplace but none really for "Peace". His heart is dejected he doesn't understand what he can barter to buy himself some peace, joy and some internal rest. Will fasting or pouring milk on a stone buy him this "peace". He ends with an open question to the reader, where then is this true "Peace Marketplace"?

The Peace Marketplace

I have tried and did climb the mountains
Offered sheep and the blood of bulls,
Broken flowers, castrated fruits,
Hoping these will exchange
And tender me, peace change.

The flowers on death-row withered,
Plucked, pulled, plummeted
The fruits too obviously tethered,
Cut off from the tree,
By seasons they only withered

Standing on a foot,
Sometimes all twisted up,
Being entangled, I was told
The circus, would lift my soul up.

So, tell me today, what from yesterday
Could, should I do tomorrow,
What can I exchange, tender, trade or barter.
To buy that peace, a lasting moment together,
Joy, victory, a healthy life,
Rest from being a bumbling bee,
Oh, how do I be, the peaceful fruitful tree?

Do I burn a few more hives?
Choke nerves on threads,
Get an artist to paint a deity that gives weedy vibes,
Or sculpt me gods of evil and others I know not, to pray,
Maybe don't eat, on certain days.

This market too has its crash,
Peace, pawned this way doesn't last.
Moments of the outside,
What is seen, ruled by the unseen,
The peace from the marketplace,
time stamped for a second,
day or days, doesn't last.

Where then? Where is that place?
The true peace marketplace.



A fruit seller at a marketplace (Artwork by Aadhya, 2014)

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