

CLEAVAGE - ESCOTE (LA ESCISIÓN)

(21.10.2021)

Relax! Ladies and Gentlemen...

There is a marked cleavage between what you instantly, Pre-assumed about the contents, And what it finally comments!
So, go down a little deeper, and see what it really reveals!

My last month rendezvous with the trans-Himalayan range hills brought Cleavage to the fore, As I watched intently, its core! As the emotions flowed through, Deeper they went to abrupt and give way to a roaring river!

And the river made me ponder not only on its chinks but water! The cleavage of water molecules is not as spontaneous enough, As that dress young bride wore with discreet escote, yet with no symbol of profanity which is so subtle, and adds to the allure! I wish life was divisive, fair and spontaneous, and no way bore!

Thoughts of water brought rain, As it touches the bare land...
It scratches the soil gently bringing joy, despite her pain!
Then starts splitting particles, cleavage them sharply and transform into a woman's brain! So flattering, making a man vain!

Imagine! Cleavage as the cause of building life itself. The fertilised cell undergoes cleavage and segmentation and develops into a blastula. The wonder single-celled zygote becoming a multicellular embryo!

First it creates a young woman with rills, then a lady with gully, Bold enough, yet without sully! As akin to stages of soil erosion where deeper cleavages may prove as dangerous, if not exposed with dignity and without precaution!

And then it struck me strongly... Is the cleavage a divide between, Bare Truth or a Seductive Wrong or the lies that may act as throng!

Isn't it a reflection of the mind set that is hardly able to differentiate between her freedoms and fearest! And always is a challenge to the weaker man to overcome vibe set!

Like any creature on this earth, being mortal, it needs to cleave, It's the quality of disintegration that decides whether it transforms into a diamond, as a rock breach! The rocks or crystals splits in a preferred plane as a beverage In the same manner true slates cleave easily along a cleavage!

Navratris too made me think..... The soil, when mixed with water gets soft texture by the Potter, As he cleaves it up into Durga, a woman known as Dashabhuj!

So Cleavage at first glance may seem profane and gros, But as it transforms n transcends the crass to the heavenly brass! A goddess of ultimate power...
That the religious Indian man prays to as an obedient son, Care and love for wife n daughter, Yet cleaving to the other side when she is 'the other one'!
Alas the cleaving up was fair, Men n women would both then tread with an equal flair!