

**Metamorphosis**  
by Anjali Nambiar

We are one  
Who entered a burden  
Upon popular sovereignty  
Riding over the odds of a trillion die  
Being rolled by a trillion people  
And all trillion landing on the same side  
But the same black and white philosophy  
Is tabula rasa contained within the dips and dives  
Of that deceivingly smooth surface  
Containing the perfectly positioned marks  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6  
The years that pass and the years that come  
One roll after another  
Unidentified  
Until labeled  
Unpredictable  
Until the formation of sound  
Understanding  
Truth and lie  
Uncertain  
At the fork in the road  
Unbelievable  
Curiosity  
Unceasing  
Until the reaper has won the staring contest  
Nevertheless the die still rolls  
The game must be played  
To fulfill the purpose  
Of escaping the ignorance of the caves  
Where Plato's experiments commenced and concluded  
With the introduction of the vision of blindness  
And enlightenment by the sound of color  
The metamorphosis is complete