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## Poems

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## Poems

### **Abstract**

The Moonies and Questions for the Buddha

23. Annemarie Schimmel, *Mystical Dimensions of Islam* (The University of North Carolina Press, 1975), p. 421.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 421.
25. Of course, *Briefing for a Descent into Hell* is called 'Inner-space fiction' by Lessing herself, 'For there is never anywhere to go but in' (title-page).
26. Angela Carter, *The War of Dreams* (Avon, 1977), p. 1. Subsequent references are to this edition.
27. Mikhail Bakhtin, *op. cit.*, p. 94.
28. Cf. Peter Burke, *Popular Culture in Early Modern Europe* (Harper Torchbooks, 1978), pp. 203, 317.
29. Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism* (Atheneum, Second Printing, 1966), p. 309.
30. Mikhail Bakhtin, *op. cit.*, pp. 96, 94.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 95. It may be added that Rushdie's already mentioned predilection for punning is in accordance with the *parodic* trend in the Menippean satire (cf. Bakhtin, p. 97). *Grimus* is an obvious anagram for *Simurg*, but it may also contain a punning reference to *grimoire*, a manual for magicians!

# Prabhu S. Guptara

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## THE MOONIES

Cheesy grins  
even when embarrassed  
or enraged

answering  
logical questions  
by intuition

believing in an earthly salvation  
by faith in the Reverend Moon

always in little frightened groups,  
making dutiful forays into the crooked world,

slaving eighteen hours per day  
selling peanuts and pamphlets

joss-sticks and armaments  
and making good money for their master.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE BUDDHA

Psyched out or extinguished?  
Passed-on or reborn  
were you, sir,  
or did you find yourself awake?

How do you rate the dividend now  
against the risks you took:  
is any of us switched on  
d'you reckon, to what you were about?

Did your enlightenment perhaps magnetize  
and pattern the random iron  
of old rebellion  
against our scriptures, priests & God?

We burn for your easy peace  
inside the kingly palaces you forsook;  
or crave the sweat, the blood, the cry  
of peace won through to by the anguish  
we identify as ours.

Are you a little weary now, Sir,  
of the half-smile you've sported  
these bitter years?