

# ARMAGEDDON



Original poetry by

Ami J. Sanghvi

Copyright

Armageddon

*Author copyright © 2019 Ami J. Sanghvi*

*First paperback edition published: February 27, 2019*

*First digital edition published: April 4, 2019*



## DEDICATION

My second poetry collection goes out to my creative and philosophical idol, John Milton, and to all my readers who wish we lived in a kinder and more genuine world.

You're not alone. This place is killing me, too.



## CONTENTS

CHAMPAGNE.....	7
EMPRESS.....	8
DEFERENCE.....	9
FEMME ERASURE.....	10
PAIS.....	11



## PREFACE

**Human beings are curious things.** For a species which perpetually glorifies goodness, **we tend to be an awfully crooked folk.** This isn't to say all human beings are terrible; I've found a handful of good-hearted people in my life thus far. However, I find them to be the exception more so than the norm. Every day, I step out into the world and find myself greeted by manipulation, greed, ignorance, and other terribly sinister things. The result is that I have almost entirely lost my faith in mankind [and this great thing we like to call "*humanity*" ... for some reason unbeknownst to me]. When I still believed in *us*, I was constantly proven incorrect. Now, after learning to anticipate the worst, I find that people almost always live up to my expectations by being consistent in their cruelty and excessive in their self-serving natures.

There's this part of me that wants to give the world another chance - I think I'm silly for even possessing such a sector in the first place. Either way, I cannot move forward until I organize and process my current sentiments. That's how *Armageddon* came to be. After publishing my first poetry book, *Amaranthine*, back in December, I found that I still had close to seven years of unpublished poetry accumulating in my personal archives; they were, essentially, decomposing into oblivion as a result of my blatant disregard for them. I didn't want to go through them, but I knew I had to. And, sure enough, I discovered that my cynical view of the human race actually dates back further than I ever would've guessed; I've been writing about our corrupted existence since I was just seventeen years old.

***Armageddon* represents the battle of good versus evil as I see it in this world and in my own life.** If you look closely, you'll find that the number of poems depicting malevolence in this book strongly outweigh those representing virtue. This is intentional; I strongly believe that, in this moment, **wickedness is winning in the war against goodness.** I've been reprimanded time and time again for my "pessimist" views, but unless I come across something sturdy and convincing enough to make me believe otherwise, I have to use my knowledge of the world to remain guarded. If I don't, I'm simply foolish for not learning from my experiences.

There are four poems in this book that I should introduce you to before setting you free to read my dystopian verses; **these poems are "Genus," "Tribus, et Tribus," "As Satan Devours Bones", and "Ad John".** I wouldn't really expect anyone to understand where I'm going in these without at least

some context, so please bear with me while I dole out their background in this preface.

You may notice how, in this poetry book, I occasionally allude to John Milton. He's my favorite writer of all time, and his work has majorly influenced my worldview. **"Genus" and "Tribus, et Tribus" are both poetic commentaries on the concepts and themes behind his poetry.** "Genus" is a take on the outdated obsession with female "purity". Chastity, as it applies to women, rears its head here and there in Milton's writing; I adore the man and his works, but I felt the need to call attention to his portrayals of females [and their virtue] in both *Comus* and *Paradise Lost*. Did God's influence, which Milton claimed propelled him to write *Paradise Lost* in the first place, lead him to regard females with more or less respect than he did when he wrote *Comus*? My opinion on this has changed more than once over the years and, in that, my interpretation of "Genus" has too. Regardless, "Genus" is similar to many other poems in this book in that it embraces feminism and sheds light on the unfairness and hypocrisy with which this world treats women.

Meanwhile, "Tribus, et Tribus" tackles a broader topic; using the Holy Trinity (God, the Son, and the Holy Spirit) and Milton's "Unholy Trinity" from *Paradise Lost* (Satan, Death, and Sin), this poem strives to expose the way humans hide under a guise of righteousness while simultaneously indulging in rather depraved existences. "Tribus, et Tribus" elaborates on Milton's applications of these trio members as parallels of one another (God/Satan, the Son/Death, the Holy Spirit/Sin). I *really* enjoyed writing this one.

"As Satan Devours Bones" is another poem I have to introduce here. Although I had Milton's Satan (*Paradise Lost*) in mind when I wrote this Petrarchan sonnet (I wrote this for a homework assignment four years ago, and I'm not ashamed to say I struggled with iambic pentameter while composing it), this poem is also jampacked with other classic references to *King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*, a collection of tales I hold dear, and stories from Greek Mythology, which are always all too fascinating. The truth behind these allusions is simply that I wanted to make a point to a professor I was constantly at odds with... but I'd like to think that maybe, just maybe, they added something more to the piece. This sonnet also contains themes of womanhood and maternity; as a young woman, these topics become more and more intriguing to me as I age. Primarily, however, "As Satan Devours Bones" touches on the horrors female sexual assault survivors undergo during these violent act(s) and in the aftermath(s).

In the composition of this piece, I left the prospect of absolute emotional connection up to my readers. You can intertwine yourself in between the lines if you wish, but it's also written such that you can observe it from the sidelines. That's up to you. The purpose of this sonnet is to lay out the facts of what survivors must face after such a terrible experience. This includes fear, defensiveness, brokenness, faithlessness, and an inability to restore themselves.



You may be asking why on Earth I would ever write such a dark Petrarchan sonnet when they are generally meant to be beautiful or romantic. Well, even though I generally detest the state of our world on a more human basis, the creative person which dwells in my soul can't exist unless she observes and appreciates the aesthetics of our harsh reality. Many things in this world are not bright or positive; many are dark and sinister instead. It would be a great, artistic injustice to limit Petrarchan sonnets to optimistic portrayals alone. Poetry does not always have to be bright and positive; it can be dark and sinister, too. Maybe this sonnet will have a more drastic effect on women, survivors, and lovers of classic, European literature, but I believe anyone can unsheathe its message for themselves if they're willing to. "As Satan Devours Bones" is honest and, even though I'm a skeptic, I'd like to believe that blatant authenticity is still worth something in this day and age.

Finally, "Ad John", which you'll find towards the end of the book, is a tribute to Milton; it's my way of thanking him for all he's done for literature, for writers, and, on a more personal level, for me. He's the one who made me passionate about the internal and external battles humans must fight between good and evil, as well as the topic of fate versus freewill. **Are humans inherently good or evil? Are humans destined to be good or evil, or is it a choice we make for ourselves? I have my own answers to these questions, but that doesn't stop me from wondering.**

I must also add how Milton's writing and concepts are divine in themselves. I would not be the person or the writer I am today without his influence. That's why this book is named *Armageddon*; **it's all about good and evil**, and even though it's written by a Hindu and Jain author, it's also a hopeful offspring of Milton's Christian- and mythological-themed works. **They've taught me so much; I can never fully express my gratitude.**

Now that I've offered some background for "Genus," "Tribus, et Tribus," "As Satan Devours Bones", and "Ad John", I think I can finally set you free to journey through these pages. I like to think that the rest of the poems speak for themselves, but I apologize in advance if they don't. In fact, the last few poems describe a type of dark, romantic love that will probably seem odd to you in the context of this predominantly dystopian book. **I promise you they belong here**; it may not be obvious why, but I'm leaving that up to your interpretation. I even pulled them from *Amaranthine* at the last minute because, in some way, **I just knew they were meant for *Armageddon* instead.**

**It's extremely arduous to believe in a race of creatures that is *so* capable of such heinous things.** Human beings lie, manipulate, possess,

attack, steal, rape, kill, etc. **Our path is one of destruction;** if you don't believe me, just ask Mother Earth. **We destroy everything we touch.**

That's why *Armageddon* goes out to all of you - to John Milton, who I pray exists more joyously in his death than he ever did in his life, and to everyone who's needlessly suffered at the hands of evil in our world. I'm so sorry humanity isn't better. I'm so sorry that **wherever there's love, there's also so much hate.** It shouldn't be this way.

**This one's for you, my darling misfits.** Here's a little something to soften your suffering.



# ARMAGEDDON

by

**Ami J. Sanghvi**



## CHAMPAGNE

The Sky wept sparkling  
Champagne.

Human,  
We drained the gold  
From her veins.

## EMPRESS

After dining on my  
Pumping,  
Thumping, and  
Ever-treacherous heart,  
The Empress dons  
My gleaming blood,  
Scorching paint  
On her ravishing  
Smirk.

My claret is  
The vibrant, red lipstick  
Which artlessly escorts  
Her couture,  
And echoes crimson  
Against her beaming halo.

This lionized Empress is  
Our sole heiress of  
The Beautiful,  
The Brutal, and  
The Blasé  
In this demonic dynasty  
Where rules are feigned  
And Anarchy reigns.

## DEFERENCE

I am fortunate  
To have these words,  
This written language,  
To drape around myself  
When I am submerged  
In my bleakest  
And loneliest hours.

Expression is no twin  
To hope,  
But it is cloak enough  
To keep me snug  
As dawn defers  
To dusk.



## FEMME ERASURE

Do not erase us from this narrative  
Like some cheap, dry-erase ink  
Simply because we leave pink imprints  
On the women we kiss,  
And because our skirts twirl for queens  
Who make our cores twist.

## NAILS

I once had ravishing talons,  
Acrylic, elongated, and barbed:  
Classic emblems  
Of ferocious femininity.

I swore by them  
And flourished them proudly,  
Until the day came  
When I traded them in  
For bleeding,  
Bruising,  
And boxing gloves.

I recall the thawing, the grating,  
The mutilated chunks  
Of what had once been,  
The final hour before that  
Plastered, pastel pink  
Glistened no more.

I rebuilt my talons,  
Mangled by the age of plastic,  
Nursing the nails  
Given to me by nature  
Back to life.

I behold them now  
Tough, dismantled, imperfect,  
And I espy how  
My raging womanhood  
Never came down  
To the polish on my nails.



# ARMAGEDDON

by  
**Ami J. Sanghvi**



If you enjoyed this sample, consider pre-ordering your digital copy of *Armageddon* today! The **Kindle** version is currently available for pre-ordering at just \$2.99, but once it's officially released on **April 4, 2019**, it'll cost \$5.99. Save \$3 just by pre-ordering! **The paperback release date is currently set for February 27, 2019.**

Ami J. Sanghvi's first poetry book, *Amaranthine*, is also available for purchase in both **digital** and **paperback** formats! Visit [bloodinkandroses.com](http://bloodinkandroses.com) for further purchasing information (*Amaranthine* is available in several countries).

If you want to stay connected, **Ami J. Sanghvi can also be found on Instagram (@bloodinkandroses) and Twitter (@blood\_ink\_roses).** To be added to the e-mail subscriber list and receive newsletters, book updates, and discount information, just shoot an email over to [amijsanghviwriting@gmail.com](mailto:amijsanghviwriting@gmail.com).

THANK YOU FOR READING!

## TSUNAMI

You parted your lips  
To devour me,  
And havoc surged out,  
Gushing  
From the gorge  
Between your jaws,  
Thrashing against me,  
Septic tides barbaric  
Contra this jaded flesh,  
Purging me and my skin  
Of all our convictions.

You were a tsunami  
Hell-bent on slaughtering  
Swallowing,  
And entombing  
The cosmos.  
Nevertheless,  
I,  
An ardent inferno,  
Mistook your crests  
For love.

Poem from “Amaranthine”,  
by Ami J. Sanghvi



---

# AMARANTHINE

---

A Poetry Collection by  
**AMI J. SANGHVI**

---