



The Line That Holds

A poem by members of New Acropolis, Pune, invoking the spirit of a philosopher, a warrior for a new and better world...an Acropolitan.

In the scorching heat of middle Greece,
In the narrow pass of Thermopylae,
300 Spartan warriors marched forth,
To face the thousands and millions to come...

Filled with fidelity for their country in their hearts,
They chose to stand strong and bold,
They chose the virtue of responsibility,
And with shields and spears, they moved forth.

Our love for Philosophy, and the ideals missing in the world,
Drives us to bring this spirit, and take the responsibility that we can hold.
With the convictions on the path, and inner freedom that we all found,
The resolve in our hearts, keeps growing strong and strong.

The root of the Spartan bravery lies, in their phalanx on the field,
Where each brother stands, shoulder to shoulder protected by their shield.
A mystical glue, binds them as ONE,
For they were many, and yet were ONE.

In the camaraderie of philosophers, and seekers that we are,
The secret to remember is that, I am not alone, but many we are.
Men of silver must work in groups; then they shine against the odds.
For it is us who form this phalanx, and be the line that holds.

Carrying this strength as our shields, let us remember what the Spartans said:
"This is my shield. I bear it before me into battle,
But it is not mine alone. It protects my brother on my left. It protects my city.
I will never let my brother out of its shadow, nor my city out of its shelter."