



# In Rare Moments

*(A Ninth Collection of Poems)*

*S. L. Peeran*

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*Dedicated to  
all the  
Poetry Lovers*

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*7<sup>th</sup> April 2007*

*Dear Dr. Peeran,*

*Herewith my Foreword.*

*My wife died on 1<sup>st</sup> April - after 73 years of peaceful married life. She has reached God's feet. Her death has not deterred me from Editorial work. I am dedicated to Poetry and why should I be perturbed when I have you, President Kalam, Justice Mohan, Governor Padmanaban and others - to stand by me till my last breath.*

*Ever yours*

*-sd/-  
(Krishna)*

## **POETRY PEERAN**

Poets with Vision experience Eternal Moments.

When senses are renovated and cleansed, poems rise in them like a fountain. Yeats had visitations of supernatural agencies when he wrote poems.

Great Valery combined the calculating precision of a mathematician with the imaginative passion of a poet. He admitted God gave him a line and he constructed his flawless architectural patterns.

Wordsworth experienced his oneness with the nature. Poetry springs from a state of ecstasy - akin to madness. Swift and Johnson wrote poems of enlightenment.

It is from the infinite depth of the Unknown, great poems rise.

The great Victorian Critic E.S. Dallas emphasizing this subterranean World that lies within us brilliantly says - In the darkness of memory, in unbidden suggestions, in trains of thought unwittingly pursued in multiplied waves and currents - all at once flashing and rushing in dreams that cannot be laid, in the nightly rising of the somnambulist, in the clairvoyance of passion, in the force of instinct, in the obscure but certain intuition of spiritual life - we have glimpses of a Great Tide, ebbing and flowing, rippling and rolling and beating about where we can see it.

Poetry needs conscious control. Poet's mind enforces harmony upon the turbid flux of existence. Poet Peeran reveals the power and vitality that streams through the Universe and animates all creation. He chooses his words to act as missiles that will explode in the reader's mind. He weaves himself closer to all that surround him.

Peeran has gained many distinctions and he is the right man to regain what all we have lost. He cries down the crimes and injustices that prevail everywhere today. Like President Kalam and Daisaku Ikeda of Japan, he visions a paradise that will come.

Poetry lovers in the world today face a challenge from technology and poetry is threatened its very existence.

But poetry will not expire. It has conquered all onslaughts and mighty powerful poets have rescued it from a fall.

It is high time poets like Peeran must stand together and fly the flag of Poetry gloriously.

***Now is the right time.***

***Now is the moment to survive and win.***

***Yes it will.***

6<sup>th</sup> April 2007

**Krishna Srinivas**  
President,  
World Poetry Society International  
Chennai - 600042

### **Introduction**

*Poetry as art is a product of the human imagination and deeply, an honouring of the past, a perception of the present and a looking towards the future. It is a means of recording the poet's responses to the world and of bringing his feelings into consciousness so as to define them sharply and share them.*

#### **George Marsh**

Poet Peeran has created a special place for himself in the galaxy of Indian English poetry. It is indeed a pleasure to read Peeran's poems because though long or short, lyric or haiku, they are packed with thoughts to ponder. Matthew Arnold, the great critic of poetry has advocated in his Study of Poetry that there must be perfect blending of "matter and manner" or "subject and style", two essential qualities to make a perfect work of art. These are blended in such a way that Peeran's poems belong to the Great Order of Poetry. Moreover, the poems bear the stamp of Poet Peeran combined with uniqueness which can be termed as "Peeranisque", (if I am permitted to use the term).

As a reviewer of Poet Peeran maiden venture **In Golden Times**, a collection of poems, I claim it my honour and privilege to write an Introduction to his nineth collection of Poems entitled **In Rare Moments**. From the first to the nineth, there is steady growth in the artistic mind of the poet and as a poet, Peeran has mellowed consistently and hence, highlights a balanced view of life and art, which is a rarity in modern poetry. Each poem speaks volumes of the poet, his erudition, his scholarship and his experiences. Above all, I

wonder when the learned Muse from Mount Parnassus inspires Poet Peeran to write for he being a Member-Judicial of an Appellate Tribunal holding high office.

The themes of the poems **In Rare Moments** are varied, but they can be fitted into two main categories, life and religion, the dual phases of Man's existence. The theme of life is subdivided into Man, his reminiscences and the part played by nature. Similarly religion has its subaltern themes like God and Heaven.

Life is precious to every human being. The way one lives it makes life a heaven or hell. In thought provoking poems about life Poet Peeran has drafted the significance, trials and tribulations of life. In the poem "Fight Battles", the poet pens a universal truth that desires and attachments with "wealth and pelf" lead to misery of living causing oceanic tears and harassing hiccups. Though the world is enticing with glitters and groves, man should battle against all oddities of life rather than sinking his head in shame. The Poet says.

*Battles of life is worth being fought  
Than hang the head in shame [.....]*

In "No More" the poet personifies life as a ship and emphasizes the ship of life has reached its shore in spite of storms and tempests. Hence, there is no need to worry for worldly safety and security. Peeran in his own firm way reveals how to "Sustain Life". The secret of sustaining life is only by loving God and prostrating at the feet of the Master. Life has its crashes and hurdles, still the love of God soothes and eases the burden of life.

*A joy ride may end in a crash.  
A soaring kite may dash to the ground  
But the love for the Master sustains  
And eases the burden of life.*

In “Miracles of Life”, the poet spotlights the passage of time and seasons in the journey of life, learning to lisp from mothers and trade from father domesticity and procreation, all miracles of life revolve round the Great Master, a great truth told in a simple way. “Your Glance” expresses the longing for love in life. Life sans love is “sultry and sweaty”. It is like salt in food and adds spice to life. Apparently, the poem may be a yearning for the love of the beloved but in its deeper level it is the poet’s intense sense of longing for God’s grace and glance. Happiness in this life is elusive is illustrated by means of shoreless ocean and sailless ship.

“Longings” speaks of the rift between the poet and his unethereal beloved perhaps God. With interrogations the poet reveals his longing to please his beloved by being the soothing wind, illuminating light, fragrant rose and perfume of Arabia. Like the romantic poet Keats, Poet Peeran too expresses his longing of becoming a nightingale to sing forever songs of delight. With subtle irony, the poet expresses that human form is a mixture of both demonic and angelic qualities. It contains an echo from Wordsworth’s famous poem “Immortality Ode” where he speaks of how a child is born with innate heavenly shine but when it grows and moves towards west, the angelic instinct gets lost in the clash and clamour of the world. It is the wish of poet Peeran to cast aside the brutal instinct

and surrendering completely to the light of God and rise anew like the immortal Phoenix as a spirit, sparkling and glittering with heavenly radiance is expressed in the poem "Rise Again". The poet has high hopes on his fellow-beings and in his far sightedness he visualizes the resurgence of Man. "Our Dogmatic Brothers" presents the faction among men. Division among men is the common factor in modern India. Mostly man forms groups because of religion. The poet feels that killing, dissenting, grouping in the name of religious faith shuns the path of knowledge which leads to the missing of the goal. The poet describes:

*White cap, a symbol of purity, now hides black soul.*

*Our brethren, shunning path of knowledge, missing the goal.*

"Withering Heart" portrays the duality in man; on the one side of the heart, he has love and on the other hatred and grudge lacking the milk of human kindness which results in stone heartedness. Enmity ends in scurrilous writing, spoiling reputation and threatening of murder, as man wears the demonic-hood. The poem "No Way" begins with a very common insignificant trivial incident of itch at the back and unable to reach the exact spot, searching for a sharp pencil or stick to cater to the need which echoes Robert Frost's poems beginning with delight and ending in wisdom. Exactly in the Frostian way, Peeran takes the readers to the rear stage to wear the costumes of our taste to mimic friends, foes and self. After play acting, the actor returns homeward as he is panic stricken chased by phantoms and ghosts. The poet reveals the condition of man and equates him with an actor.

The theme in the poem “Nothing to Beat” is loneliness of man. Through many interrogations the poet is prompting the readers to find an answer for the loneliness. Through uncommon analogies like “*Ulcers in mouth, blisters in foot, bloody tears and scourged skin*”, the poet emphasizes loneliness. Man is lonely like flightless birds amidst hunters. “Shameless” picturises the state of man as a shameless creature. Whether a sower or a withered man, he has no shame to beg or borrow to make both ends meet and finally shame even has deserted him. “Twinkling Eyes” again reflects the state of man at the time of his old age and inability. This poem “Twinkling Eyes” starts with natural objects like moon, stars, cloud and ocean playing hide and seek like man’s condition. His legs and knees weakened, movements restricted, neck collared, back stiffened, vision blurred and so the spirit is dampened. Though there is no one to give solace, a call from Mother Teresa or Florence Nightingale blankets him with love raising his hopes, proving the common dictum “Hope springs eternal in Man’s heart”. “Rise and Fall” presents the way of the world, how man should toil with sweetness and delight because cunning means are sure to be defeated. Peeran wisely expresses:

*Love needs sweetness and salt of life.*

*Artful plumes are sure to fall.*

In the satiric poem “For killing Veerapan” Peeran dexterously employs a sting at the end exactly like Alexander Pope, a well known satirist. Innocent poor suffered due to a moustached man and men in uniform were lured with money. But a nation’s strength lies upon men of honesty and integrity. “What next” laments the state of man when



nature is against him in the form of tsunamis, quakes, tremors, pollutions and floods. It is quite true that currency is the sole enemy of man. Corruption everywhere is the butt of criticism in the poem “Currency – Sole Enemy”. In all places corrupt people yearn for fifty and fifty and no hand is clean. In temples, in laundries, everywhere there is the cry of adjustment. Hence the poet asserts:

*The sole enemy of the day is money.*

*The bull in the market is currency.*

In “Memory” Peeran states that memory is a gift from God and loss of memory is divine disfavour. Adam would not have suffered and sinned if he had not forgotten his promise to the Lord. Man commits mistakes because of failure of memory.

The image of a mother is glorified in the poem “O, Mother”. Every man has an attachment to his mother. The poet glorifies his mother and reveals his love and respect for her. Very fondly, he describes the motherly fragrance and her cool hand on his brow when sick. She is pearl in his tear drop. His first love is his mother and she is breath and health for him. Above all, she is the life star to guide him. In the modern age when children send their parents to old age homes, Peeran is great when he glorifies his mother.

In very few poems, Poet Peeran reminisces on his childhood. The poet brings to limelight his past days in the poem “On Top of the World”, when he had childhood dreams. The poet stands on a mountain peak with his two hands raised heavenwards, watching a foggy star shine in the azure sky with white moonlight. At this juncture, he feels as if he is in nudity before God erasing all foul

thoughts from his mind, dazzled by the radiance of heavenly light. “Flowering Life” reveals how life is multi-faced with joys and sorrows. Rainy seasons please the farmers as their granaries become full. Moreover, lighter moments ease the tensions of life.

Allied with the theme of man and his life is the theme of virtue and vice. God has created Man in his own image as the crown and glory of His Creation, but he has degraded himself as Adam, the first man became a prey to the evil pranks of Satan bringing sin and suffering to the world.

“Anger” is a vice in everyman which often makes him dejected and frustrated. The poet gives a gist of ten common reasons for becoming angry. Some say anger leads to madness. The poet with his Islamic faith seeks Allah’s help for protecting him from getting angry. Another similar vice is lying which forms the core of the poem “Why people lie”. In a comic vein, the poet exempts children and madmen from lying, because they lie without intelligence. But every person with sanity should stand the test of not lying. “Duality” presents another vice of man who is keeping double standards. Only if man surrenders himself at the feet of God, his soul will be purified from the sin of duality.

*[.....] on confused mind polytheism  
sets in as milk turning sour unless boiled.*

Another allied vice is “Jealousy” which started with the jealousy of Satan on the first created man Adam. Peeran pleads that man

should be devoid of this satanic quality. “Oh, Petty Passions” reveals how man’s mind should be freed from petty passions so that his thoughts are elevated to God in order to get His grace. “Flush Out” suggests how to clear the waves in body and mind. Antibiotics or purgatives kill diseases or purify the body and mind should be cleared of the vices with the help of divine grace.

In “What is Khulus”, Peeran points out the virtue of humbleness, proving the dictum “humbleness is godliness”. Humility is praiseworthy and according to the Bible, God is merciful to the humble. A humble person is adorned with simplicity, softness, gentleness and kindness. His speech is “*honeyed tongue*” and “*he is gentle to the core*” and “*extremely good, good and good and full of love*”.

Nature is part and parcel of man’s existence and romantic poets of the ninth century England found pleasure in enjoying and spiritualizing nature. Poet Peeran is also attracted by nature and nature becomes the back cloth for many of his poems in which human activities begin and end. He enjoys personifying nature and makes it a silent spectator or active participant in human actions. The pervading silence in nature is portrayed by poet Peeran in his poem “Oh, Deadly Silence”. The music and melody of several birds including cacophony have become silent. The sounds and horns of screeching vehicles have halted. The varied sounds of lamentations, lathies and firing of guns become silent every night revealing the temporary stoppage of hectic activities, perhaps signifying the deadly silence. “Summer Blues” is a pen portrait of the scenes in summer when birds sing, flowers adorn trees, parching of lands and throats yearning for lemon water, water

melons and cucumber, while jasmines spread fragrance lighting hopes in man. On the other hand in the “Moonless Nights” the poet seeks beauty in nature. He interrogates “Where is beauty?” Life is like nights without moon suggesting hardships, troubles, frowns and stiffness of life. The nectar in life is lost.

As a contrast to moonless nights, the poet longs for “sweet night” in the next poem. The pangs and pains that he has suffered during day can be hidden in the sweetness of the night. His longing is expressed in the opening lines of the poem thus:

*Day time is worst time for me to hide the pain.*

*My senses fail to do any work of profit.*

In the poem “A Rare Gift” the poet spotlights nature’s gift to man that is flowers. Lovely flowers of varied colours are pleasing to the sight and their fragrance is enchanting. Even moths and butterflies, bees and ants suck nectar and help pollination. Flowers, fruits and even colourful leaves of crotons are celestial gift to mankind. In “Nature’s Ways” the poet shows how griefs melt away as time passes on leaving a scar in the memory. The wheel of life turns and turns grinding every painful act to refine and make whole the life of man. It is nature’s way to mix seed in dust and help it to sprout. Similarly nature devises means and ways to relieve pain. Like Wordsworth, Poet Peeran is having faith in nature and its healing effect. Every little object in nature inspires Poet Peeran to give out a world of thought.

“Lingering Past” presents the game of nature. While bees store honey in combs, man steals it to satisfy his gluttony. Throughout the globe, this kind of robbing is going on. Modern culture has robbed the peace of man. The seasonal changes are presented in the poem “Take Away”. Winter passes away enabling the stiff bones to move sleepiness of winter changes giving place to noisy days. Life in the sea changes and fishermen go out fishing. Even the taxman is on the prowl ready to take even the cookies.

The first groups of Peeran’s poems centre on Man, his activities, vices and virtues, his interdependence and his relationship with nature. Poet Peeran with master strokes has drawn pen portraits with apt word images. Death as an end to life is subtly hinted in all the poems. The sting behind the vices may be eye opener to the readers with similar vices. No doubt Peeran’s speculations are the outcome of a matured poet who sees life without fear or favour.

The best poems “In Rare Moments” voice the firm faith of the poet in God and religion forming the second group of poems. He humbles himself at the feet of God seeking His manifold blessings and mercies. His poems are his own loud praises of God. Like the English Metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century, John Donne, George Herbert, Andrew Marvell and others, Poet Peeran too seeks the benevolent blessings of God at times of perils and pains and also shine and joys. He celebrates his wonderful communion with God and all these reveal the poet’s innate goodness and virtues as man. Though he is holding his powerful office and his doctorate degree, he is humble to the core and gentle and humane in his relationship with

fellow beings. His sincerity and honesty in his work, his patience and tolerance in spite of hurdles and illness are rare virtues that God has bestowed upon him.

“Moharrum Tazias” bears a religious tone in its description of the religious procession with people drumming and dancing and calling “*Ya Hussain*” *help, help!*” youth beating their chests, boys with green turbans carrying silver “*panjhas*” and fakirs walking on burning coal. The family tailor Raju, whatever religion he may belong to, waits for this moment to make a vow for the health of his son and for an alliance for his cheeky daughter, revealing the religious tolerance.

In “Illumination” as the title suggests the poet pleads for the showering of light on the self and soul. He hopes that our nation may be lighted so that the darkness of the ages may vanish. The poet asserts:

*You need million suns to lighten our nation.  
To drive away the darkness of the ages.*

“Man Arafa Naf Sahu” is a poem expressing Sufism. As a religious and pious man, the poet expresses his praises to the Great Creator who has meticulously designed the exterior and interior of man with harmony and precision. The more one reflects on God, one is tempted to utter more praises to God.

All religious faiths centre around God. No doubt Poet Peeran also looks upon God (Allah) for his mercies and miracles. Many of his poems witness the firm faith of the poet on God. “All Round Welfare” embraces all religious faiths and reveals the fact that though there are

little variations in the form of worship, all prostrate at the feet of God to be blessed by Him. In the poem “Allah’s Bounty”, he directly invokes his God Allah and seeks his blessings as his bounty is limitless. He is the Great Peeran (using a pun, and reminding his name) who lights the inner and outer being of man. Similarly, poet Peeran through his poems chases away ignorance and darkness of the people at large. His poems clear the cobwebs in the mind and enable to develop faith in God. Effective use of words like “*Peeran O Peer*” “*Allah ta Alla*” lead the poem to heights.

All religions portray God as a symbol of love and mercy. In “What is Love” Peeran pleads for the mercy of God which alone can help man. He raises a question “Where does Allah Reside?”. The whole poem is full of interrogations. Finally he says that God resides in a heart with compassion and total mercy. He is on the truthful tongue and clean charitable hands. He lives in every cell of the body. “Is Allah Everywhere” denotes that God is fathomless. The poem is highly religious and metaphysical. “Master Where” exposes the fact that God is with everyone. Every tongue should praise Him for his kindness through thick and thin. His light illumines the dark soul and so purity dawns and brightens his being.

The poet reflects on God’s grace in the poem “Your Grace”. Though God is invisible, the poet is often reminded of His grace and love. He wants God to guide him on the right path so that he may be detached from worldly attractions. He wants always to be a slave to God.

“Desolate Damsel” is a plea to the torn and tattered woman who are deflowered and left to decay, to turn to the real love of God. Though the earthly lover has betrayed the damsel, God will never betray his children and his portals are always open to one and all. The poem reminds Psalm 27:10 in the Bible. *“When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take care of me”*. “Master’s Glory” suggests the heavenly bliss that the poet feels at his master’s glance. As God’s glance and grace is enough for him he sends “Million Praises” to God. In “O, My Lord” the poet requests God to give him strength to love him. Human qualities like pride, anger and desires should not curtail him from loving God. He very honestly seeks God’s blessings on his parents, teachers and children. In “Be Obedient” he seeks divine protection from evil. In “Great Being” through the image of a football, he expresses his desire to be tied to the Great Being that is God.

The poet feels that it is his bounden duty to seek the mercies of God “Sweetened Love” focuses on God’s mercy as expressed through good men. “Mercy” is celestial gift to the submissive. In “New Life Anew” the poet says though tyrants create troubles, God’s mercy brings new life.

The poet believes in eternal life and also in heaven and hell. In “Reach Moksha”, the poet requests to bridle passion and to achieve eternal peace or Moksha. In the poem “Sakratul Mauth” too he seeks eternal life. In “How to Reach Truth”, truth is compared to a steep mountain, slippery and difficult to climb. Only through the foundation of faith it can be reached. Truth is neither deceptive nor suspicious. It



is hospitable and charitable and quick to forgive. One who is truthful will reach Eternal Light and Lord.

The title poem, I feel needs special mention. “Rare Moments” suggests special or precious moments in one’s life. In the poem the rare moment is the unification of two hearts to form one in the holy matrimony. This is considered as the most “pleasurable and precious experience”. The hearts are not united in wedlock but the two hearts have melted to form one when friends shower fragrant flowers. Such rare moments should be ever fresh in memory, preserved for ages. To the youth “Stealing the heart” will be a rare moment. Couples dancing to the tune of music may be a rare moment for them.

The poet has given a preposition to the phrase Rare Moments, making it **“In Rare Moments”** as the title of his ninth blossom of poetry. I presume, Poet Peeran too would have experienced “Rare Moments” in his life and in those rare moments at office or at home, he would have been inspired to compose poems. Anyway it is my wish that poet Peeran should experience rarest moments in life so that he may write many more bouquets of poems.

The 25 Haikus at the end adorn the collection of poems as small flowers sprinkled at the close of a ceremony. Haikus contain only three lines but carry a world of thought. The first line puts forth an idea, the second line elaborates it and the third line presents the universal truth. The Haikus contain variety of images – of animals, birds, flowers, sun, moon, stars and wind. All the 25 Haikus are crowns to the wise poet Peeran. I mean every word and this is not an exaggeration.

Poet Peeran employs a unique style and technique which can be called “Peeranisque” in order to make his poems impressive and effective. There is an ease and poise in his style and with simple ordinary words he creates beautiful word pictures. For example “*pickle and honey with Ragi-balls*” (No way), “*Moon-eyed hoories*” (Nothing to beat), “*music of life waning into silence*” (What next), and “*Wings of freedom*” (New life anew).

Using interrogations in the poems is a technique used by Peeran. He asks but never gives a reply or expects an answer. All the questions are suggestive and the poet deliberately leaves them to the readers to find answers. The examples are “*Can I be the wind to give you solace? Can I be the fragrance of a rose? Can I be that perfume of Arabia?*” (Longings), “*Are hopes and dreams mere mirages?*” (Rise Again), “*When will the closed door open?*” (Your Glance), and “*Where else can I find paradise?*” (Master’s Glory).

Following the pattern of modern American and Canadian poets, Peeran too makes use of capitals in his poems to stress on important abstract nouns such as TRUTH, LOVE and MERCY. The ending of all the poems is significant because of the depth of thought. Some of the poems end in couplets bearing a universal truth or a wise counsel or a generalized fact.

Examples are:

“*Divinity transcending in its own way*” (Miracles)

“*When man and nature are against you*” (What Next)

“*Who see, hear and are in ever submission*”(Mercy)

**Couplets:**

*There is no loss, no gain, no joy, no pain  
Unburden your baggage, hold fast that Rope”  
(Reflection)*

*O Glory of the heaven and earth!  
Let millions of tongues praise Thee!  
(Million Praises)*

*“Blessed are those who pass away blissfully.  
With His name on the lips and smiles”  
(Sakratul Mauth)*

*“Flowers and fruits and colourful leaves  
Forever a celestial gift for mankind.”  
(A Rare Gift)*

Poet Peeran is dexterous in his use of images. Common, ordinary and insignificant objects become powerful images with the master stroke of the literary artist, and making them apt in their context. For example, “*like a housefly*”, “*Indian mind is like stock exchange*”, “*bull dashing off*”, “*soften like butter*”, and “*summer thought prancing*”. He uses special words related with Islamic faith like Shaitan (devil), Iman (faith) and always refers to Allah, the God of his faith. There are many echoes from the Bible and shadows of the great metaphysical and romantic poets.

To conclude, **In Rare Moments** one finds poems which are really praiseworthy bearing the stamp of poet Peeran. They are indeed

valuable to life. They have deeper levels of meaning and readers can interpret them in their own way. In simple language, Poet Peeran injects deep thoughts. World would have been a second heaven if there is religious tolerance which is found in the poems of Peeran practiced all over the globe. The poet condemns factions and groups of all sorts among men in the name of religion or class but as a humanitarian Peeran advocates comradeship, companionship and fellowship among his fellow beings. The words of our former Prime Minister A. B. Vajpayee apt to quote here:

***“When he puts all his life in the balance  
Judges himself by his own touch stone,  
Adds it, all up, without money -  
What, then, does he say to himself  
That alone has worth, that alone is his truth.”***

25.06.2007

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### **Preface**

My ninth collection of poems is in my reader's hands. I have named it "**In Rare Moments**". I suppose that muse blesses poetry on very few individuals and far less are its appreciators. I dedicate this work to those poetry lovers and appreciative readers, who enjoy reading poetry. Some critics have referred my poems as serious. How serious they are, is for the readers to judge. But the language employed to express my thoughts are simple. My poems reflect and express anyone's daily experience in life. I am sure it would satisfy the taste of many.

I am thankful to the doyen of Indian English poetry Dr. Krishna Srinivas Editor "**Poet**", for being so generous to pen a foreword despite facing a personal loss in losing his beloved wife.

Dr. C. Anna Lata Devi, Professor of English has been profusely generous to write an introduction to my work at my request. Many many thanks to her.

Mr. M. S. Venkataramaiah, Editor Bizz Buzz has again come forward to publish my work. My special thanks to him.

Dear readers, please forgive me for my lapses and on my poor syntax and accept me where I deserve.

**Bangalore**  
07.07.2007

**S. L. Peeran**

## LONGINGS

Whenever your thoughts possess me,  
I turn to your book of poems.  
Your love songs trouble my heart.  
An ache, a sigh, tears of blood.

O! my beloved! Let my grief wash my sins.  
Turn my black soul to lightning white.  
Can I be that wind to give you solace?  
That light to illumine your path ways.

Can I be that fragrance of a rose?  
Can I be that perfume of Arabia?  
O! beloved! Turn me to a nightingale.  
Let me sing songs to delight you forever.

This absence creates mirages and deliriums.  
Drives me to longings and desolate thoughts.

## **RAISE AGAIN**

Animal form in human shape.  
Therein dwell the lowly, heavenly spirit.  
A line demarcating between organic beings  
With unseen angelic spirits.

My instincts, baser elements strike  
Every moment in a brutish way.  
But the illumined light within soothes me.  
The heaven and hell dwell within.

Are hopes and dreams mere mirages?  
To wane in these turbulent times.  
Yet, I dream to a honey-combed heart  
Not to allow it to miss a beat.

I wish I could cast away this jungle within.  
Circumambulate like a moth around the flame.  
To lay down my life in total surrender.  
Raise again like a phoenix, as a glittering spirit.

## **OUR DOGMATIC BROTHERS**

Day in and day out being dogmatic  
Holding on to the profanity and ill feelings.  
Like a housefly aimlessly moving around.  
Oblivious of the harm inflicting on others.

Such are our brothers of salvation.  
Piteously seeking you, your kith and kin,  
To the white minarets building.  
To shun the fashions and the worldliness.  
But holding on to the 'otherliness'.  
Perfecting in duality, ugliness.  
Creating a distance with brothers of other faiths.  
Fantasizing heaven by dubious means.  
Propagating killing infidels as a pious act.  
Dissenting, arguing on petty matters.  
Groping in the darkness with a goaty.  
White cap, a symbol of purity, now hides black soul.  
Our brethren, shunning path of knowledge, missing the goal.



## **THE END**

Indian mind is like a stock exchange.  
Like a bull dashing off in a minute.  
And in the next moment, slipping down.  
Causing misery and burning hearts.

Man's worth is translated in terms of money,  
Poverty, lack of magnetism to attract wealth!  
Buddhism waned away with passing of Ashoka.  
End of Mughal rule, down-trodding of Muslims.

Whither Anglo-Indians? A legacy of British.  
Now, languishing, clamouring for protection.  
All Gandhis facing bullets and air crash.  
Now, Indians yearning to reach the Moon.

Every Nation has a time to reach its end.  
"From dust we come and unto dust we return."

## **OH! DEADLY SILENCE!**

The cooing of the cuckoos  
The shrill cry and cacophony  
Of several birds rending the air,  
Have all fallen silent,  
On darkness enveloping.  
On total withdrawal of illumination.

The sounds of music, the melodious songs,  
The shouts of joy, the cheering of youths,  
Have fallen to silence of graveyards.

The zooming sound of the vehicles,  
The screeching noise of the halting tyres,  
The bellowing horns, the shouting rage,  
The barking dogs, all now in silent zone.

The hiccups, the lamentations,  
The breast-beating, the outcry,  
The slogan-mongering, the wielding lathis,  
The teargas, the firing of guns,  
All melting away into nothingness.  
The Moon is hidden, stars overcast with dark-skies.  
Oh! deadly silence every night overtakes me

## **ON TOP OF THE WORLD**

In the old pocket of the sagging memory  
Are hidden my childhood dreams.  
I stand on the highest mountain peak,  
Raising both my hands heaven-wards.  
To seek the sky and watch  
A foggy star glitters and shines  
In the azure sky and moon lit in white.  
My mind raced with jittery insecurity  
To open up its lid to let out its lie.  
I stand nude before that Eternal Being.  
Let all that is rubbish slogging in mind  
Wane out on this snowy Himalayas.  
Let the illuminating dazzling light,  
Fill my dark and empty shell.

## **SWEETENED LOVE**

The ancient House venerated  
From ages, as cold as an  
Old dilapidated monument.  
Yet beckoning seekers,  
To place their brow  
On the ground.  
In ever submission,  
To press their lips,  
To the Black heavenly stone.

But has He ever dwelled  
And lived in that black cage?

The enlightened heart,  
Where bliss dwells,  
Softened like butter,  
Emits His glory and light.  
Encapsulated by His  
Mercy and sweetened Love.

## **WITHERING HEART**

What is implicit gets explicit.  
A banyan tree hidden in a seed.  
A rose in the bud.  
Love hidden in the heart,  
Oozes out as milk of human kindness.

But his long standing grudge,  
Simmering in the cauldrons,  
Waiting for an opportune time,  
To burst out, to assume demonic form.  
Love withers away never to return.  
To turn humane hearts to stones.

Now, the journey begins on a road,  
Of terror, tortuous routes.  
Frothy mouth, red eyes and ears.  
Fisticulating, threatening to kill,  
By words of mouth or by  
Scurrilous writing, the name,  
Fame, honour of his adversaries

## **SUMMER BLUES**

The yellow sun fights shy during winter,  
And bears out unabashedly during summer.  
Forces everyone to strip and bare their nudity.  
Everything turns shiny and silvery.  
Barring the feet, which turns jet-black, blistering.  
Mango trees bearing the brunt of young fellas.  
Summer thoughts prancing with wickedness.  
Teasing the youth to mischief and playfulness.  
Lands parching, throats yearning for chilly lemon water.  
This summer, bumper-crop of cucumber  
Is a pleasant substitute for water-shortage.  
The tamarind tree has become iconic, a wish-tree.  
Devotees found it near a Darga, to tie strips of cloths.  
In the dark corner of the lamenting soul,  
Hopes lit up like jasmines to spread fragrance.

## **NO WAY**

Neck and shoulder stiffened.  
A sudden itch in the back.  
Hands trying to reach the unreachable spot.  
You search for some sharp pencil,  
Or a stick to scratch, for relief.

Let us go to the back of the stage,  
Put on the costumes of our choice,  
And act on the stage mimicking  
Our adversaries, our friends, ourselves.

The audience should know what is real.  
Then watch the puppets all through their life.  
The pickle and honey should taste well with Ragi-balls.  
Sanity is trying to light lamps in chilly stormy nights.

You try to reach home with Moon giving company.  
Suddenly dark clouds cover the sole companion.  
Eerie sounds around with phantoms in mind,  
Pumps the heart to your mouth, to give legs away.

## **NOTHING TO BEAT**

Being lonely, alone and desolate.  
Everyone wishes to melt away and  
Reach God to question him-  
Where were they at fault?  
Why did the lover desert her in midstream?  
Why was he fired, when he was at creative best?  
Why incarcerated for other's wrong?  
Why become beast of burden for ever?  
Should one carry the curses of yester-life?  
Ulcers in mouth, blisters in foot.  
Tears mingled with blood, skin scourged.  
Be like flightless bird amidst hunters.  
This priestly sermons of heaven and hell  
Of Moon-eyed hoories, streams of milk and honey  
Is like freezing chilly nights sans protectives,  
And burning heat in day with nothing to beat.



## MOHARRUM TAZIAS

The turbaned bearded Moulvi grudging  
 Men and women in tilak and tuft,  
 Joining 'Tazias' in the procession.  
 Bunting of various hues on long sticks.  
 Men painted, tattooed in strips of tigers  
 With tail, hooded with tiger-heads.  
 Dancing around with sickles in hand.  
 Lemon stuck at the edge of the sickle.  
 Ropes tied around their waist like leash,  
 To hold the tiger from prowling, pouncing.  
 The drummers frenziedly beating the drums,  
 On the crowd piously calling out -  
 "Ya Hussain", "Ya Hussain"- help, help!  
 The clarinets feverishly crying out music  
 Young cheering and dancing, unceasingly.  
 The anger and chagrin of the bigots,  
 Fisticulating at the young beating their chests,  
 With sharp knives, weeping and wailing,  
 Green turbaned boys with 'bundana' around waist.  
 Carrying silver "Panjhas" bedecked with flowers.  
 Fakirs exhibiting bravado by walking on burning coal.  
 Good Samaritans sprinkling rose water on all.  
 Our granny had told our family tailor Raju,  
 To wait for this moment, to make  
 A 'Mannat' for the health of his son,  
 And for a groom for his cheeky daughter.  
 Raju holding a tray of sugar-candies  
 Waiting outside his door for the procession  
 To pass to recite 'fateha" and make a vow.

Moharrum : First Lunar month of Islamic calendar

Tazia : mournful procession taken out to lament the martyrdom of Prophet's grandson

Panjhas: icons of silver hand

Mannat: to make a vow, wish

Fateha; Recitation of opening chapter of Holy Quran

## ILLUMINATION

You need to know the benefits of the light,  
And moroseness of being in darkness.  
Unless illumination dawns on the mind,  
And lights up the dark pathways;  
The soul keeps lamenting and languishes.  
Unknown wretchedness gripping the self!

You need an enlightened Man like Buddha.  
A Prophet of immense light, "Noor".  
To take you out of ages of decay  
And make you stand before the Great Effulgence.

You need million Suns to lighten our Nation.  
To drive away the darkness of the ages.

## **FIGHT BATTLES**

Oh! The Great ones have said -  
Get rid of desires and attachments,  
The love that dwells in the frail hearts,  
To cling to wealth and pelf.

Oh! This misery of living.  
The binding sorrows and griefs  
Brings oceanic tears and hiccups  
To shun life; is to throw away baby and tub.

Magnetic pulls of the glittering world.  
Captivating beauty of the Nature around.  
Scintillating music in pleasing sound.  
In mesmerizing song, the being is drowned.

Battles of life are worth being fought.  
Than hang the head in shame and be mocked.

## **ILLUMINE THE DARK SOULS**

Oh! This art of pleasing the fancy of men  
Isn't it slippery to fall in the pen?  
And suffer immeasurably the pain!  
To look into the order of the Nature,  
Brings love to the thing eternal.  
The pursuit of knowledge and joy of understanding  
Lifts the mind to the lofty heights.  
Let's dwell deep in the ocean of self,  
And bring out the gems of purest ray serene.  
Cultivate roses of love for fragrance and perfume.  
Still the mind, free it from its wandering.  
Let the Sun illumine the dark soul.

## **Oh! PETTY PASSIONS**

While trying to free the mind,  
From myths and superstitions,  
They are letting the darkness  
Of ignorance cover their mind.  
In every place, walls adorn clocks,  
Reminding man of the withering age.  
Fortunate few in millions of elites,  
Are lucky to receive His Grace.  
Saturn “Kuja” and this ‘Saade Saati’,  
Appear untimely to spoil the fortunes.  
The cheerful journey gets broken with hiccups.  
The fancies of the world ruining prosperity.  
Petty passion overwhelming the consciousness.  
Belittling the glory and halo of man.

‘Saade Saate’ : Seven and half years of Saturn’s unfavourable period in one’s horoscope.

“Kuja” : Planet Mars

## **DISAPPEARANCES**

Gaps in communications,  
Causing concerns, tensions,  
Turmoils and hiccups,  
Cracks, fissures in relationships.  
The sustained pleasures and joys.  
The smiles, the bear hugs,  
Receding, joining the horizons.  
Disappearing like rainbows.  
What was once a garden of roses,  
Now turned to a marshy thorny land.  
The soft blowing cool breeze,  
Turns to a hot blistering sunny-day.  
Leisurely life in costumes, fashions,  
Looses its flare and creases.

## **MOONLESS NIGHTS**

Cosy comforts of life-  
Leisurely hours passing by.  
Absence of light of learning.  
And cheering music to thrill the heart.  
The heart turns icy cold, stony.  
Smiles vanishing from the face.  
Frowns lighting fires within.  
Driving away the gentle peace.  
Welcoming the stiffness of lips,  
And neck; becoming head strong.  
Joys of life losing its nectar, relish.  
Whither beauty? Nights without Moon, Stars.

**ALL ROUND WELFARE**

There is an economy  
Subsisting, surviving,  
Around a darga, a temple,  
A priest, a Godman.  
From the thread to wear,  
A talisman, a candle  
A 'diya', flowers to adore  
The altar, the fruits  
As 'prasad', the 'mannat',  
The offerings in the 'hundi'.  
The feedings to crows, monkeys,  
Fishes, dogs, rats, beggars,  
All emanating from an idea.  
That God is all Embracing,  
Caring to devotees, who offer  
Submission on the altar  
Of love, seek blessings.  
By sharing both sorrows  
And joys, by giving  
As much as taking  
'Each for all, all for each'  
Bless and be blessed.



## **TAKE AWAY**

From whichever direction wind comes, let it come.  
Let the light diffuse and come through thick fog.  
Let the sea wave mingle with the yellow shore.  
Let the rustling of the leaves charm the senses.

The freezing cold recedes, but slowly, mercifully.  
The creaking bone can now move softly, firmly.  
Now is the time to receive guests, to turn the thought  
Sleepy shivering winter is on its way out.

The roles now get changed with noisy days.  
The overseas travel is like fishermen at Sea.  
To lose the way and land on enemies' shores.  
The parameters of life keeps changing daily.

The taxmen is on the prowl like a tiger.  
To take away even the baked cookies.

## **CURRENCY - SOLE ENEMY**

Go to the public bath to pay service tax.

Now the barber, beauty-parlour demand cuts.

Let's share "fifty-fifty", the taxman is at the door.

There is no need for safety-lockers these days.

My wedding-suit is not spared by the laundry.

Say "Namaz" at "Mandappam" then fleece him.

The Tirupathi "Ladoo" as "Prasad" is also squeezed.

The net is widening with shark like teeth.

"Let's adjust", "Let's adjust" is the wholesome cry

"Cut the corners, here", "Cut it there, anywhere"

Mistaken identity has become bane of the day!

Who will be dragged next by the collar? Keep fingers crossed!

The sole-enemy of the day is money.

The bull in the market is currency.

## **SHAMELESS**

He didn't feel the shame,  
When he was sowing,  
The oats wildly.  
Now after the passage  
Of time and withering age,  
He has no shame,  
Either to beg or borrow  
From one and all,  
To make both-ends meet.  
Even now shame has abandoned him.

### **REACH “MOKSHA”**

The ghost of the mind creating scare;  
Hooting like an owl, flapping, fluttering,  
Its wings, its stare melting all the strength.  
Hypnotizing and benumbing the senses.

Dark fluffy clouds racing across  
The sky as imperious heralds.  
This morning has been different;  
Smelling sun's warmth, budding grass shoots.

The whites in red uniforms, armed;  
Attempting to cow-down the 'Satyagrahis'  
But the puny Mahatma could break  
The shackles of slavery of the ancient land.

Khadi-cap is better than the saffron one.  
Red Rose smells finer than the lotus.  
Bridle the unrelenting passion,  
To achieve eternal peace, 'Moksha'.

## **FLUSH OUT**

Waves of mind distorts  
The crystal-clear waters  
Of the sublime soul.  
Compressing, heating up,  
The contents of the cauldron,  
Of the unbridled desires.

You need to give a dose  
Of antibiotics, purgatives,  
To flush out the disturbing  
Elements in the body and soul.

Love needs an anchor,  
To create a twinkle in the eye.  
For vigorous grace of locomotion.  
To sing paeans for the Divine.

**O! MOTHER**

You are the whisper of the leaves,

As I walk down the garden,

You are the smell of fragrance,

In my freshly-laundered clothes.

You are the cool hand on my brow,

When I am sick and unwell.

You are pearl in my tear-drop.

You are my first love and affection.

You are my barometer and senses,

You are my breath and health.

You are life-star to guide me for ever.

## **O! DESTINY**

Search peace in chaos!  
Whither tranquillity?  
Mangled bodies all over,  
When terror has come to pass.  
Widows and orphans cringe,  
Crawl and weep without sleep.  
There is no extra time to live!  
A hurricane of fire and brim-stone.  
In seconds burns and sweeps;  
The innocent travellers in trains,  
Buses, the passersby.  
O Destiny! Strange are your ways!  
Life's blood pressure and pulse  
Bursting on the tracks.  
Spilling the red wine of life.  
Fountains of hopes and dreams crushed.  
Peel off the skin and bones,  
Of the hidden enemy.  
A coward hides within;  
To enact drama now and then.

## **NO MORE**

I do not need to take  
Any more life insurance  
Policies to protect my family and children.

No more do I need  
To plan and invest, to see  
My money grow more and more.  
Be in ever stress and strain.

No more do I need  
To burn the mid-night oil.  
Be in ever damning hurry.  
Rigmarole of life is over.

Storms and tempests recede.  
The sea lay in calmness.  
Twilight zone is lit in the sky.  
The ship has reached the shore.



## **RISE AND FALL**

You need to hold a broom,  
Or a sickle or a hammer,  
Or a pen or a wheel,  
To earn your daily bread.

You need a bucket or a drum  
To draw the water from the well,  
A river or an ocean.  
Some means to mine the jewels.

Birds need nests to lay eggs.  
Speculate, to lose, what you possess.  
Use credit-cards, never to repay  
Borrow, to lose sleep and weep.

Love needs sweetness and salt of life.  
Artful plumes are sure to fall.

## **CLOSING CHAPTER**

The flame looked like a rose bud.  
A deep golden bud; from its tip  
The flame pointing towards heaven.  
The wick flowed back lay coiled in oil.  
At a distance, from the window,  
The setting Sun was red as blood.  
A thin veil of darkness about to fall.  
The sky cloudy, frogs croaking,  
Jubilant about prospect of rain.  
Fear of flame popping out to plunge me  
In the growing darkness around.  
Time clicking reminding me of destiny.

## **TWINKLING EYES**

The Moon played hide and seek;  
As the clouds kept flowing.  
Stars sparkling as tiny specks.  
Ocean wailing over its inability  
To devour the shore and the land  
The gentle breeze tickling the senses.  
My legs and knees have given away.  
Enchained, movements restricted  
My neck collared, broken.  
The back is stiffened with heavy loads.  
Mind bogged-down, like a broken engine.  
Vision blurred, clouded, like blinding-rain.  
My spirits are dampened like frozen-ice.  
Now, how to draw a line?  
To reach an imaginary goal!  
None to give impetus or solace.  
But a call from the unknown.  
Enraps me in the blanket of love.  
Like Teresa, Florence of Nightingale,  
Raising my hopes, for a twinkling eye.

## **SUSTAIN LIFE**

We all need to build  
Our own constituencies.  
A lamp to shed light  
On our dark pathways.  
Every one is struggling  
To find a place atleast  
In the last seat of a gallery.  
No one would like to miss  
The show, the life offers;  
Pleasures, the senses provide.  
Every one desires to shed the baggage;  
That keeps adding to the shoulders.  
A joy ride may end in a crash.  
A soaring kite may dash to the ground.  
But the love for the Master sustains  
And eases the burden of life.

*News item : Rs. 17.50 crore awarded to STF (Special Task Police Force)*

### **FOR KILLING VEERAPPAN**

The poor suffered immeasurably,  
Under the tyranny of one-man army.  
A law unto himself, with a big moustache.  
Umpteen law-men killed mercilessly.

None had the courage to finish his terror.  
Law protecting men needed to be goaded,  
Enticed and lured for doing their duty.  
While the terror reigned in the jungle.

Such are our ways of National life.  
Petty men in uniforms and colour,  
Bargain for currency to give protection.  
A thief at every corner to steal at a wink.

Nation's strength lies in men of integrity.  
Like Teresa, work for poor sans pomposity.

## **SCRAP IT ALL**

We are neighbours separated by lawns.  
Hedges, a unique island for ourselves.  
Our neighbourhood is a cluster of pigeon holes,  
Sans bonds, flow of love and concern.

In chawls and slums, people cluster together  
With comradeship to fetch a pail of water.  
To wail together when struck with gloom.  
Hunger, thirst, chill penury binds them.

You need to cut the stem for grafting-  
Rivers flow to the sea for mingling-  
The tattoo, thread, talisman, turban, cap,  
To bind men, clog minds, to scrap

Long saga of life passes on to oblivion,  
When call from the unknown comes suddenly.

## **MIRACLES OF LIFE**

The break of dawn, falling of dusk,  
The twilight changing seasons,  
The blowing winds, storms, rain  
Is nothing but a long journey.  
Earth moving on its own axis,  
Going round and round its Master,  
Its satellite, the waxing Moon.  
The galaxies of stars twinkling.  
All creating pulls and pressures.  
My life is nothing but this journey.  
Moving at snail's pace every moment.  
Lisping numbers from Mother.  
Learning trade from Father.  
Domesticating, procreating.  
Daily miracles sustaining life.  
Divinity transcending in its own way.

### **WHAT NEXT ?**

When chaos prevails all around-  
Flow of refugees, violence unabated,  
Tsunamies, Earth quakes, turmoils.  
A new birth amidst war cries.  
Whither peace, culture for good breeding?  
A heart that should cherish love,  
Now nurtures hatred, evil, passion.  
Music of life waning into silence.  
The dust that has clouded the sky,  
Has brought extinction to Indian sparrow.  
What more is in store for you, Man?  
When man and nature are against you.



## **MERCY**

Well enjoined, protected, encapsulated  
With well prepared defences  
Confidently moving around, armed  
None can reach their inner core.

They are not exposed to compassion,  
Neither, they give to others nor they receive.  
Mercy, a Celestial gift is for those soft hearts  
Who see, hear and are in ever submission.

## **NEW LIFE ANEW**

Roots of responsibility  
Wings of freedom  
Rooted out and clipped.  
Ink dried up in pens  
Voice choked, numbed  
Shackles and chains  
All over the populace  
Innocents whipped, gagged.  
Creatures born out  
Of heinous crimes  
Suck blood of children  
Deflower virgins  
Multitudes cryout -  
To overthrow the tyrant.  
When heaven's mercy dawns  
And the dictator is guillotined  
Fresh fragrance in air  
Infuses life anew.

## **ANGER**

Why do we get angry ?

Dejected and frustrated.

Suffer immense pain and sorrow !

Some say it is due to:

--Oversensitive nature!

--It is Allah's anger shown in humans!

--When pride and prejudice is hurt!

--Due to lack of tolerance and patience!

--It is due to injury to ego!

--It is as a result of hard-heartedness.

--due to lack of mercy.

--It is due to being too disciplined.

--It is due to being too moralistic.

--It is due to sexual frustration.

Some say that:

Anger would lead to madness.

Allah says that:

--Before destroying a person He makes him mad.

Anger lead to madness and to destruction.

Let's seek Allah's protection and Mercy.

**MAN ARAFA NAF SAHU**

“Man Arafa Naf Sahu”, “Know your Own self” is the main slogan Of “Tassawuff” (Sufism). The huge Cosmos and the intricate design Of nature is stupendous and Marvellous. This is of the outside the Inner being is equally harmonious and meticulously designed. Despite Our mental confusion, lack of proper understanding and clear logic, The internal system works in perfect Harmony and precision. Million thanks and praises to the Great Creator, Whose bounty is vast and unlimited. First is to see the signs or signature Of Allah in nature, in oneself and His total command over us and our helplessness and despondency. The more we reflect on oneself and on Allah the more praise is uttered by the Tongue and breath.

## ALLAH'S BOUNTY

Allah's bounty is limitless. It is His Mercy and Benevolence that Such a Great Being should bestow His Grace on such Insignificant creatures like us. Are We not thankless souls? Why? Because We lack the inner light, vision and knowledge. It is Hazreth Al Ameen through whom the Light both inner and outer can be achieved with the "Wasila" of our Great "Peeran O Peer"

We need to achieve inner and outer Silence (samt). The mind should stand still and be free from doubts and we should develop Certainty of faith (Huqul Yaqeen), strong will-Power and concentration and total submission to our peers, our Holy Prophet and to Allah ta alla.

*"Wasila" : Intersession*

*"Peeran O Peer" Saint of Baghdad*

## WHAT IS LOVE ?

We are all used to repeat these words  
“We love Allah and His Prophet”. What  
is this Love? When you proclaim  
something as yours, then you find  
many contestants and claimants  
fiercely opposing you. Among them  
is the jealous and hateful. who are these?  
Is it Satan, Man, who? who?  
You get distracted fully and then  
Where is your proclamation of LOVE ?  
Let love be not proclaimed.  
There are armies with latest armory to skin you up.  
Seek only MERCY, Benevolence and Grace.  
It is difficult to challenge that we are  
Of Love and for Love. It is equally  
difficult to achieve love and a great  
problem to call our selves as “Khudam”  
(servants) of “Panjaten” ( Holy Prophet, Hz Ali ,  
Hz Fathima, Hz Hasan and Hz Hussain  
By proclaiming love, we cannot claim  
equality and nearness. It is MERCY alone  
that can help. Let us recite His Names.

## HOW TO REACH THE TRUTH?

Please tell me as to why it is difficult to  
Reach the TRUTH and so easy to lie?  
Truth is a steep mountain, slippery  
And difficult to climb. It requires courage  
Of conviction. Faith is its foundation  
and Certainty is its wheels. Love is  
Its engine and prayers is its petrol.  
It has to confront obstacles, rough  
Weather. It requires sacrifice. It has  
to face hunger and thirst. Sometimes  
it loses face and has to face humiliation,  
insults. TRUTH is let down by one and all.  
It has to stand above like a scare-crow  
in a rice field. TRUTH is always simple  
and most humble. It fulfills all its promises  
and oaths. It is never deceptive neither it  
Camouflages. It is open-minded and open-  
Hearted, never secretive or suspicious. It is  
generous and hospitable and charitable.  
It is quick in forgiveness and in repentance  
It is fearless and crystal-clear. It shed tears for  
Sufferers. One who is truthful reaches ETERNAL  
Light and LORD i.e. Reality.

### WHY PEOPLE LIE ?

Tell me why people lie? Why do they  
Become compulsive liars? It is due to  
FEAR which envelops our being and  
en coils us as a snake. As a child  
you fear your teacher and to escape  
punishment you lie. Allah will not  
ask us but will ask all our hands, tongue,  
For what we have done. They will stand  
against us as a witness. A child is  
Unable to make a difference between right  
and wrong. So also a madman. Hence  
They are exempted from prayers and  
from questioning. So also a person  
in deep sleep. Because at this stage,  
there is no intelligence. Therefore every person  
who is sane should stand the test.  
A "MAJZUB" is totally absorbed in  
His LOVE, for him there is no questioning  
Love is giving full and total attention  
And surrendering yourself to that Person and  
to Him alone. A slave has no personality.  
no rights nothing. Can I be that slave?

*"Majzub" : God-intoxicated person*



## DUALITY

Tell me why there is duality in our minds?  
Why this plurality? This mind playing  
Hide and seek? This confusion between  
Right and wrong, black and white, light  
and darkness. Why do we need a peg  
to hang our coat? A shoulder to weep on,  
And always someone on whom you want  
To unburden your soul? Is it because  
Man is always at daggers drawn? Bitter,  
Cold, sarcastic, angry. His various traits  
Challenge each other, each trait trying  
To claim ascendancy.

The light of wisdom rarely dawns on minds,  
Unless the mind is stilled to ONENESS  
and purified. On confused mind polytheism  
Sets in as milk turning sour unless boiled.  
A Momin is one who controls his mind  
and heart to Allah and His Prophet's path.  
So, for which, you need to practically  
Surrender before a purified soul in this life.

## WHERE DOES ALLAH RESIDE ?

Tell me where does Allah reside?  
 In Kaaba, in Mosque, in Temple, in Church,  
 In Dargas, in Maqbeeras, Where? Where?  
 Does He come to you when you wear  
 Green, black, white, saffron turban  
 With 'Qurkha'? with long beards, long  
 Jhubbas? Does He like you moving  
 About with 'Tasbee' in hand? With  
 Tattoo mark on your brow and all over  
 your body bare? How does He come?  
 Where does He reside? Have you  
 Discovered Him? Have you found Him?  
 How long have you searched for Him?  
 Please give me His address?  
 Know now my dear loving brother that  
 He is in the mind with crystalline purity!  
 He is in the heart with absolute compassion  
 And total MERCY! He is on the TRUTHFUL  
 TONGUE. He is in the eyes with shame.  
 He is on the hands of charity.  
 He is in every cell of body where resides the love of  
 Prophet Muhammad. Every one should  
 become Muhammadi in 'TRUE SPIRIT'

*"Qurkha" : Cloak*

*"Tasbee" : Rosary*

## **WHAT IS KHULUS ?**

I want to know from you as to what  
Is “Khulus” and who is “Muklis”?  
Satan is afraid of “Mukliseens” .  
Those are most humble, God-fearing  
And most simple ones. Is simplicity,  
Sincerity profound? In it humility  
resides and Divinity descends. A sincere  
Person is a most humble person, is  
Without ostentations, without pride,  
prejudice. He does not put on airs,  
he is never arrogant and haughty.  
He walks with softness. His  
speech is honeyed-tongue. He has no  
roughness. He is gentle to the core.  
He is forgiving and does not mind  
taunts, criticism and humiliations.  
He suffers pain, agony with light-  
hearted humour. He is not angry  
But jolly and extremely good,  
good and good and full of love.

## IS ALLAH EVERY WHERE ?

Allah is perfect, A Divine Purified  
 Existing from Beginning to End.  
 Fathomless. "La Mahdood", "La Maqsood"  
 "La Mashood", "La Mojood". None  
 Like Him. Turn towards any side you  
 would find His face "Waji Allah",  
 Whose hand is "Yadu Allah"? To  
 Hold and take allegiance on this  
 "Yadu Allah" is to hold Him.  
 "Yadu Allah" is our Holy Prophet  
 Hold fast to him by constant  
 Remembrance and sending "Darood-o-  
 -Salam". He hears and receives its message  
 "Truth is Beauty, Beauty is Truth"  
 How to achieve Truth? "Annal Huq".  
 If you want light ? move towards it  
 'Light upon Light' "Noor ul Alla Noor"  
 Can you see the effulgence of blazing  
 Sun with naked eyes? You need sun glasses.  
 Who is the sunglass? He in she! She in he!  
 How to find 'oneness? How to merge in  
 Divine Love? Hence search from within.

"La Mahdood", "La Maqsood" } *Attributes to God*  
 "La Mashood", "La Mojood" }  
 "Darood-o-Salam" : *Salutations*  
 "Annal Huq" : *I am Truth*

## **MASTER WHERE?**

Days have passed, nights have passed  
Million breaths have come in and gone out.  
Waves and waves of wavering thoughts  
Pass like waves of stormy angry sea.

Measured the delights of the multiple senses.  
Tasted the manna, honey, milk and “halwa”  
Dipped in Sorrows, pains and sufferings  
Seen the heat, cold, and every season.

Tongue has not stopped the Praise of Him  
Every throb is charged, every pulse glorifies.  
Eyes have slept little, wept and wept for Him  
The icy breeze cools the heat of the love.

O unseen Master! Your Grace is around  
Open my inner eye of my mind and heart.  
Let your vision illumine my dark soul  
Let purity dawn and brighten my being.

## REFLECTION

O! This endless debates and Polemics!  
Meeting pugilists in white “Jhubbas’ in every corner.  
Pleading you to come to “white house” to submit  
With long unkempt beard, yellow teeth, frown on face.

Cheer up my friend, cheer up, smile and smile.  
Let all your blues vanish, fear not Love.  
Love is a celestial gift for doubtless minds  
Still this questioning, chill this arguments.

“I in you,” “You in Me,” Every thing in Me.”  
Evil, bad, ugly, good, Excellence and Beauty.  
Shun the foul smell, perfume your body and soul.  
Like a prism, reflect His colours from your being

There is no loss, no gain, no joy, no pain  
Unburden your baggage, hold fast that Rope!

## **YOUR GRACE**

Lingering thoughts remind me of Your Grace  
Your Love, Your "Karam," Your harmony  
O the Blissful Master, thou art unseen  
But I feel you in Me, in my mind, in eye.

Blow my sails, push my boat of life.  
My rudder of faith is firm, I hold fast.  
Neither storms, nor thunder, nor lightning can shake me.  
I am not on a slippery path. I have my "Khizr".

I detach from attractions, like kite soar up and up.  
I feel buoyant, ecstasy, joy and bliss surround me.  
Flower detach to decorate and delight me.  
In joy and pain, they are friends indeed.

"A friend in need is joy for ever"  
An ever slave is a pleasure for ever.

*"Karam" : Mercy*

*"Khizr" : Guide*

## **DESOLATE DAMSEL**

When lovely woman falters, flounders and fall prey  
To the luscious eyes and charming looks  
And finds too late to get release from the grip  
They are deflowered and left to decay.

They wonder as how to wash the guilt away.  
The dark eye lashes and disheveled hair.  
The nervous gait and flirting moments.  
The withering age and beauty to wane.

Turn, turn, O desolate damsel!  
The real love in Lord you find.  
Never He betrays the one who loves.  
He showers His beauty and His Grace.

His doors are open all the moments.  
He receives every one with open arms.



## **YOUR GLANCE**

Light and shade, cheers and pains!  
This long silence sans any message.  
No ring of bells, no fragrance, no call  
A dryness in weather, sultry and sweaty.

When will the cool breeze blow?  
To cheer the desolate heart!  
When will the closed door open?  
When will the empty soul fill in with love?

A slice of bread, laced with cream.  
A pint of milk with a drop of honey.  
Crispy biscuits with steaming tea.  
Love sans its pleasures is a dried tree.

O my beloved, I yearn for your glance.  
For your effulgence and your Grace.

## **ELUSIVE HAPPINESS**

Happiness is now an elusive bitter pill.  
When in depths of anguish and pain.  
With separation being unbearable.  
O love! do not desert me on rocky paths.

With all goals withering away in oblivion  
With childhood night-mares and fears surrounding  
With self turning my own enemy  
With conceit and ego raising its ugly head.

O! the turmoils of life sans sails!  
Without an anchor, drifting in deep ocean  
Whither shore? Not even a deserted island!  
Come my love, my beloved hold me tight.

Ah! Your presence without any sign or your whiff of air  
Chillness of heart, yearns for your warmth, glory.

## **MASTER'S GLORY**

My master's glance is an intoxicating wine  
Taking me to oblivion and to heavenly abode  
Mirth and pleasures waning away  
My soul soaring up above the world.

O Love! My dearest of the dear!  
You are purest gem of ray serene  
Glimmering thoughts to purify my mind.  
To reflect Thy multiple colours in my soul.

Where else can I find the paradise?  
Your presence itself is a source of wealth  
To lift me from the abyss of fire  
Which was burning me from within

Let the sun shine on me for ever.  
Let the glory and effulgence never dim.

### **MILLION PRAISES**

O! moon of the Moon glowing bright.  
Glow, glow forever with ever shine.  
Stillness of night has put sleep to flight.  
Brightening my soul forever glory.

When you are round and full  
The twinkling stars fade in nothingness.  
The tiresome scorching Sun takes rest  
The cool breeze cheers my soul.

The wandering mind is stilled for you  
My tongue glorifies You million times.  
Your lovely Glance and Grace is enough for me  
All phantoms of mind are stilled to oneness.

O Glory of the heaven and earth!  
Let millions of tongues praise Thee.

## **SWEET NIGHT**

Day time is worst time for me to hide the pain  
My senses fail to do any work of profit.  
My mind, my limbs, my legs give away.  
My pale eyes deeply embedded in socket.

Oh! this day how should I allow it to pass?  
I wait for the night to fall for glory to descend.  
For the rising of the full Moon to shed its glory  
To fill my yearning bosom with its love.

O! love with million pangs and pains  
How sweet are the throbs in the burning heart  
Every breath is charged every pulse glorifies  
O! my Beloved let Thy glance purify me.

The cuckoos' cooing and songs of nightingale  
The cool breeze of morn, evening create yearnings in me

## **LINGERING PAST**

Lingering past hanging on to memory,  
Like leeches sucking the blood.  
How strange is the game of nature?  
Million trips to suck the nectar  
To store in the honey-comb.  
But alas, iron hands snatches it away.  
To satisfy the gluttony of careless man,  
Who is prowling on globe to destroy everything.  
Strange are the ways of the nature.  
Blesses one but to rob and give it to another.  
Modern culture and life, alas has disturbed peace.  
Man in damning hurry with wavering mind.

## JEALOUSY

You know my brother it is the JEALOUSY  
Which is the first sin committed in the  
Presence of Almighty All Gracious Allah  
By His Most favoured learned 'Moulvi-e-  
Mulhut', angel, who turned "Kafir" or  
'Iblis' i.e. 'Shaitan'. His disobedience was  
Due to the ill feelings developed by him  
Towards Adam and due to his claim of superiority.  
He felt that Allah Talla has now  
created some one more dear to HIM.  
And he felt that he has lost his importance  
He could not acknowledge that Allah is  
Great, Gracious and Merciful and a Great,  
Judge, who would not favour one  
Over the other. He (Shaitan) lost  
His self belief i.e. his own IMAN.  
So my brother "Iman" (faith) should  
Be confirmed by "CERTAINTY" (Yaqeen')  
In three ways by seeing, by knowledge, by truth.

*Kafir : Disbeliever*

## MEMORY

Memory is a most precious gift to man kind,  
Coupled with intelligence. Less intelligent  
Persons have poor memory. Loss of memory,  
Alas! is a divine disfavour to an individual  
Had Adam not forgotten his promise to  
His Lord and momentarily fallen prey to his  
Temptation then he would not have suffered.  
But Destiny had already decided for him  
Progeny and worldly abode as a test  
For him and for his descending  
Generations. We fail again and again  
Flounder again and again commit  
Mistakes after mistakes because of  
Failure of memory. See how Brahmins  
Have succeeded. It is because they take  
Every little minute care to preserve  
Their memory and have fashioned their  
Daily living in such a way that  
Memory is preserved and becomes their lasting gift.



## **O! MY LORD**

“Strip off from World by attachments and stand bare before Me”

My Lord! Give me that strength to love you.

To be true to my conscience and my soul.

Let me turn my inner self to you alone.

Let not my desires for self drown me.

Let not pride and anger tease me.

Let not glitter of world distract me.

Let my love be full and complete for you.

O! My Lord! Your Grace and Mercy is full.

Fill my soul with Divine Light.

Let desires and evil take to flight

Let not my senses ever dull.

O! My Lord! Bless my parents, my teachers

Let my progeny walk on straight paths.

### **A RARE GIFT**

Lovely flowers of various hues in my garden.  
Crave me to pluck them and put them in a vase  
To please the eyes and adore everyone.  
Even colourful croton leaves pleases every eye

The spread of fragrance thrills the lover's heart.  
Tickles the senses and love blooms afresh.  
Fragrant flowers are friends on all occasions.  
In joys, mirth, laughter, in pain and sorrow.

Moth and butterflies, bees and ants  
Suck its nectar and pollinate it.  
Help flowers to bear luscious flowers.  
Nature has its ways to spread its beauty.

Flowers and fruits and colourful leaves  
For ever a celestial gift for mankind.

## **SAKRATUL MAUTH**

“Sakratul Mauth”! What is “Sakratul Mauth”?

A Comatose living being sans death.

Death hanging all around the being

But refusing to take it in its arms.

Life is shunning and left to die.

Breathing with great difficulty with hiccups

Eyes fixed on the ceiling, mind bogged down.

Neither life nor death, a curse besets the body.

A myth surrounding the “Sakratul Mauth”

Its mention in all Holy Books of the East.

Said to be God’s displeasure on sinners.

Soul caught in web between life and death.

Blessed are those who pass away blissfully

With His name on their lips and with smiles.

## **RARE MOMENTS**

Ah! That moment, that single moment in life  
A most precious and pleasurable experience.  
When two hearts have melted into one.  
On them are showered fragrant flowers by friends.

Such glorious moments are rare indeed!  
A special moment to preserve in precious memory.  
Blossoming love spreading its charm all around.  
Tickling the young minds to steal the hearts.

Nothing is hidden during the period of mirth and joy.  
Minds and hearts meet lovingly and sweetly.  
A fine moment with everyone adoring with best.  
Glittering jewellery finding a body for display.

Thrilling music to the beat of the drum.  
Making couples to dance to its tunes.

## **GREAT BEING**

Like hockey, cricket, golf, foot ball  
Beaten with sticks, bats and legs.  
Hither and thither the ball moves  
in all directions, giving pleasure,  
To the players and spectators  
But the ball maintains itself  
Nothing affects it, it remains as such  
Fakeers, ascetics face storms, tempests  
With equanimity, smilingly.  
Neither the thorns nor roses affect them.  
The crystal clear mind and pure heart  
Reflects effulgence of the Great Being.

## **BE OBEDIENT**

When the judge hands down the sentence.  
You call out to destiny for fulfilling His Role.  
When gifts are bestowed by friends and strangers.  
You thank Allah for all the favours done.

Allah's face is seen on all the sides.  
He has million eyes and hands  
To create, destroy and change  
The course of nature for benefit of man.

Man, the marauder is also divine.  
The good and evil dwell in him  
Satan ever present to distract him.  
But course of divine protects him.

The good and bad is from Allah alone.  
But man should be ever patient, obedient.

## **FLOWING LIFE**

Multifaced life with joys and sorrows.  
Grave moments and moments of thrill.  
Dancing daffodils and colourful roses  
Adorning vases to please the eyes.

Rainy season to please the farmers.  
To bring unlimited happiness to them.  
Love flourishes when granaries are full.  
Celebrations in every nook and corner.

Fountains of hopes gushing forth all around.  
Men, women, children join in mirth,  
Laughter and glee to glow the hearts.  
Lighter moments eases the burden of life.

Hand of destiny always plays its part.  
To please or displease men or to fall apart.

## **NATURES WAYS**

Unsurmountable griefs of yester years,  
With passage of time, waning away.  
But leaving a scar on the memory  
To obstruct happiness, joys and laughter.

Daily hiccups has made blue-collared  
Chained to miseries and sufferings.  
One wonders why destiny leaves them in blues,  
While white-collared are suffocating with wealth.

The grinding wheel moves and moves.  
Powdering the grains to a fine flour,  
To make tasty bread, biscuits and bun.  
The jeweller pounds gold sheets for fine jewellery.

The seed mingles in dust to sprout again  
Nature devises its own ways to relieve pain.



## **JUSTICE DONE**

The Excellencies excelling -  
The Prince of Darkness.  
The politicians and bureaucrats.  
The petty men and women.  
In damaging and clipping,  
The wings of the Justice.  
Enchaining it, to gratify,  
Their suppressed aged-old  
Feelings of oppression and suppression.  
Carrying within imaginary  
And fictitious ideals.  
A Daniel had to come to  
Judgment, to release the cloistered  
And enchained Justice.  
To balm the injury  
And assuage the ruffled feelings.

## HAIKUS

1

A lonely dog barks  
In the stillness of dark night  
No moon on the sky.

2

Fiery Lightning, rain  
floods take away populace  
Divine writ through sky.

3

Not out of Ocean  
Or from the Seventh Heaven  
A mortal to die.

4

'Manna' and 'Salva'  
A divine gift from heaven  
Virtue begets love.

5

Stillness of the lake  
Throw stones, see ripples around  
Bomb destroys mankind.

6

Rainbows on the sky  
Lovers in deep embrace  
Merger to create love.

7

Cawing of the crow  
Cooing of the nightingale  
Praise be to the Lord.

8

Fresh morning dew, winds  
To exhilarate the mind  
Destiny at door.

9

Glorious sun rise, set  
Light to illumine the earth  
Birds sing songs of love.

10

Fragrance of a rose  
The songs of the nightingale  
To cheer the sad heart.

11

Lightning and thunder  
Crazy sermons on the pulpit  
Fundamentalist.

12

Prowling proud lions  
The absolute monarchy  
King of the forest.

13

A mighty strong arm  
Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
Adopt clever means.

14

Lazy crawling snails  
On the dark lonely sea shore  
Government Servants.

15

I am mad in love  
Every vein has turned sacred  
Honey, divine love.

16

O! spirit of light  
Open my eyes for wonders  
Sun, Moon, Stars make life.

17

Where sea meets the shores  
A spot for lovers to love  
Sick men are loveless.

18

Excessive talents  
More and more money in hand  
Desires ruin the man.

19

Love betrayed is gloom  
Life without its salt, pepper  
Flowers sans fragrance.

20

Grief, tears of love  
Let accumulated sins  
Get washed out with light.

21

Glorious Sun shed light  
Timelessness, void in cosmos  
Mind, heart ticks to time.

22

Floating white grey clouds  
Against backdrop of blue sky  
A skylark soars up.

23

Though water shortage  
Summer brings in sweet mangoes  
Lime water quench thirst.

24

Downpour, heavy rain  
Free flowing stream, river, sea  
A fountain of hope.

25

Hiccup in midlife  
Continuous stream of traffic  
Life full of stress, strain.



### **S. L. Peeran's Publications**

- 1. *Essence of Islam and Sufism and its impact on India 1998.***
- 2. *In Golden Times 2000 - Collection of Poems***
- 3. *In Golden Moments 2001 - Collection of Poems***
- 4. *A Search from Within 2002 - Collection of Poems***
- 5. *A Ray of Light 2002 - Collection of Poems***
- 6. *In Silent Moments 2002 - Collection of Poems***
- 7. *A Call from the Unknown 2003 - Collection of Poems***
- 8. *New Frontiers 2005 - Collection of Poems***
- 9. *Glass House and Other Short Stories 2004 - Short Stories***
- 10. *Fountains of Hopes 2006 - Collection of Poems***
- 11. *Islam and Sufism 2007***

### About the author

Dr. S. L. Peeran, a Judicial Member of Customs, Excise & Service Tax Appellate Tribunal, Bangalore, has emerged on the scene of Indian English Poetry in recent times, with his publication of poems in several poetry journals and anthologies.

His first work "In Golden Times" was published by "The Home of Letters", Bhuvanewar. The work has been well received by critics and poets. Reviewing for 'METVERSE MUSE' Dr. A. H. Tak says, "S. L. Peeran sounds to me more like Tennyson, reflecting the restless spirit of his progressive age and Alexander Pope, voicing the artificiality of his contemporary society, particularly in the expression of grief, love and hope. Like Pope, he most often expresses not so much a personal as a social spirit. His poetry is an excellent mirror which reflects the social, political, moral and religious trends and tendencies of his times".

Dr. R. K. Singh reviewing for 'POET' says that "The poet is critical, philosophical, reflective and interpretative of his milieu and influences. "In Golden Times" offers an overview of the contemporary society besides a view of Peeran's own idealist temper. These reveal the depth and complexity in the poet's vision and literary techniques over the last few years. He appeals to me as one of the few form-conscious Indian English poets with a strong sense of rhythm. And as a pursuer of Truth and Reality of Life, he is socially conscious as well".

In his foreword to *In Golden Times*, Dr. Krishna Srinivas writes, "Like Blake, Peeran sees the world in a grain of sand and Eternity in an hour".

Dr. Srinivasa Rangaswami reviewing his work has this to say, "It is a wholesome spread of noble thoughts and reflections of life and myriad – faced mankind. Poet Peeran is a fascinating combination of a pious, mature, compassionate soul and a sensitive aesthetic being, who sets great store by abiding values of life.

Mr. Gordon Hindley writes, "S.L. Peeran is a worthy Lakshana or sign post of the best in all of us and in the Indian English writing". While Mr. Bernard Jackson writes, "A delightful collection by a writer who combines sincerity with craftsmanship - a fine command of English".

Ms. Patricia Prime opines "New Frontiers" is S.L. Peeran's seventh collection of poems in English, and demonstrates in detail what was already evident – a master hand at the art. It's pretty fine volume of complex and skilful poetry, with a good ear attuned to some fine idea throughout."

Dr. S. L. Peeran has brought out nine collections of poems and a book of short stories.

The International University of Contemporary Studies, Washington, DC, USA conferred "Doctor of Philosophy in Literature" on Peeran.

Poet's International, Bangalore, has also nominated the author as "Best Poet for 2003".