

Scattered Gems

Scattered Gems

Selected Poems of
S.L. Peeran



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Dedicated to all my dear friends and Poets

PREFACE

I am presenting to my readers my third selection of poetry from my fifteen poetry books comprising of 1275 poems, 722 Haiku, 107 Tanka, 87 Quatrains and 47 short verses. The works are *In Golden Times*, 2000 (Holi Bhubaneswar), *In Golden Moments*, 2001 (Bizz Buzz Bangalore), *A Ray of Light*, 2002 (Bizz buzz), *A Search From Within*, 2002 (Holi), *In Silent Moments*, 2002 (Holi), *A Call from the Unknown*, 2003 (Bizz Buzz), *New Frontiers*, 2005 (Holi), *Fountains of Hopes*, 2006 (Bizz Buzz), *In Rare Moments*, 2007 (Bizz Buzz), *In Sacred Moments*, 2008 (Bizz Buzz), *Glittering Love*, 2009 (Bizz Buzz), *Garden of Bliss*, 2011(Bizz Buzz), *Eternal Quest*, 2014 (Bizz Buzz), *Evergreen Pastures* (Authorspress), this was collection from all works, so also *Perfumed Garden of Love* (Authorspress). It is difficult for me to select and make choice of poems for this collection also as all poems are from my point of view requires merit and selection. In *Scattered Gems*, there are 335 poems including Haiku, Tanka, Quatrains and short verse. I pray in future some scholar will be able to make a better choice for future publication. I hope and pray my work will be relished by readers, academics and scholars alike.

I am thankful to Authorspress for accepting my work for publication.

S.L. Peeran, Bengaluru
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INTRODUCTION

Here I am presenting my second selection from the collection of my poetry. My poetry as described by many of the reviewers has assumed different dimension.

Dr. Krishna Srinivas editor-in-chief of *Poet* in his 'Foreword' to my work *In Golden Times* had this to say:

“Like Blake, Peeran sees the world in a grain of sand and eternity in an hour. An administrator lisping in numbers may sound strange but Muse in Peeran has blossomed into many splendored exuberance in this collection of poems – *In Golden Times*. Every moment of Time is a mountain. Invisible, magical realities beyond our senses float out of the unconscious, when the boundaries between the self and world are crossed. It opens expanded moments. The poet dives into these moments – one with nature, its darkness and mystery. Thus poems gleam as magical chalices, reality winking at the brim. Here in this collection, there is a self-discovery new ground to liberate emotions”.

And further penned –

“He writes Haiku and Tanka with illumined vision. There is inner vibrancy, a matchless verbal incantation in his lyrics! They gleam as flames, intense and fine. They have visible brilliance. They have deep poignancy. And there is passionate naturalness in all he writes.”

Dr. (Mrs.) S. Radhamani in her 'Foreword' to my work *In Golden Moments* had this to say:

“I consider it my fortuitous and fortunate occasion of privilege and memorable opportunity to write a 'Foreword' to poetical collections titled, *In Golden Moments* by S. L. Peeran. S. L. Peeran's *In Golden Moments* comprising 103 poems indeed is a

compendium of his profound observation of so much of wide themes such as Love, Death, Sleep, Penury, Loneliness, Isolation, Ennui, God, Godliness, Etc. At a time when materialism is rampant, selfishness is taking luminous proportions, S. L. Peeran, analyses in a lucid manner simultaneously the crude stark realities perpetrated by the stigma of the society on the down-trodden and oppressed:

“Life is meaningless for the wretched;
 They lack sense and strength to fight or revolt
 Multitudes suffer with them, parched
 None possesses a will to change or to bolt”
 (“Chill Penury and Poverty”)

His poems bring to light avidly the poet’s keen sense of observation, which lead to sententious remarks.

“...But black deeds of evil men, leave no trace.”

Dr. Iftikhar Husain Rizvi D. Lit., Editor Canopy has described in his ‘Foreword’ to my work *A Search from Within* as:

“S. L. Peeran is a poet with a mission. Having unshakable faith in God, he believes that darkness will disappear, sorrows will vanish and goodness will shine forever. It is not that he is not conscious of the darkness around, of the evil expanding its boundaries, of terrorism showing its demon-like teeth and of the destructive forces hovering around. However, he is sure, like Browning, that “God’s in heaven” and if all is not right with the world, it will be right soon. He believes in the supremacy of the Supreme Being, in His mercy and His call for the merger of the soul. God is ‘Divine Light, Mercy and Compassion. The poet’s faith in mysticism, Sufi-ism and spiritualism has confirmed him as a poet of faith and hope, a poet with a healing touch and a reminder to man of his duty towards himself, life, world, faith and God. His poetry is the poetry of man and of all embracing shades of life. His Haiku poems present life in various shades and they cover life from end to end – love, peace, politics, fragrance, flowers, birds, tears, money, wine, time, dreams,

aspirations, hopes, man woman relationship, injustice, courage, all figure in his Haiku. Here is 'God's plenty'.

While Dr. C. L. Khatri, editor of *Cyber Literature*, in his 'foreword' to my work *A Ray of Light* writes:

"It has been my pleasure to go through S. L. Peeran's manuscript of 'A Ray of Light' and to pen down my personal response to it more as a reader than as a critic. S. L. Peeran is a seasoned poet with a clear vision of life, unsoiled, unaffected by the western cultural onslaught. In this anthology as in his earlier ones he comes out as one of the few poets in Indian English poetry who has overcome the lingering wasteland sensibilities looming large around us. Certainly the Sufist impact on him keeps him smiling in his lines of verse. Even in a poem like "Turmoil's of Life" the final note is of triumph. In this volume calm, serene and brooding atmosphere prevails upon the occasional sentimental outburst of anger and protest with an ultimate optimism.Peeran is essentially a poet of faith, love, compassion and inner wisdom. The present anthology is an exploration of light with a Sufist mission to spread the light of the finer sensibilities imbued in our religions. In this way poetry serves as his vehicle."

Shri Srinivasa Rangaswami in his 'Foreword' to my work *In Silent Moments* had these words to say –

"Shri S. L. Peeran, a Judicial Member of the Customs, Excise & Gold (Control) Appellate Tribunal, is a fascinating combination of a humane, God-loving soul of rare refinement of sensitivity, suffused with Sufistic thought and enriched and mellowed by wide experience of life, garnered from a habit of deep reflection and detached observation especially from the vantage point of his high judicial office. "Seek peace, love, goodwill/In calm stillness of the night / Deep meditation", says Shri Peeran somewhere. In *Silent Moments* obviously is the outcome of such meditation, when the mind is stilled and deep truths glow, from the depths of one's being, on the horizon.

Poetry is an incantation of the soul, celebration of the abiding varieties of our human existence. It mirrors a perception of the world peculiar of each poet. What invests

the present collection of Shri Peeran's poetry with special significance is the exciting fact that it affords us a glimpse of its author's unique, colorful creative presence. Poetry is not merely putting together some clever lines. It is, like falling in love, a serious and blissful proposition. And, Peeran's poetry is born out of the confrontation of his whole being with Reality – with the luminous truths of life as well as its seamier manifestations. As the poet himself says, his poems are born from inner turmoils, inner sorrows, inner questionings, inner joys, inner frustrations and ecstasies.

Speaking at a seminar in Bangalore years ago, poet Gordon Hindley observed:

“I define poetry as that utterance which, apparently presenting a particular – an individual – thing or event, in fact emphasizes the universal experience within which the particular thing or event occurs. True poetry thus leads us beyond the personal towards an even more immediate yet greater awareness. It brings about an awakening; and enriching of our nature.”

And proceeding to cite some specimens of poetry which according to him accomplished this, the speaker quoted among others some of Shri Peeran's verses. Can there be a better tribute paid to a poet? Shri Peeran is a delectable fusion of a serene elevated soul with the sensitivity and sensuousness of an aesthetic being. A genuine reverence and wonder for Nature and an all-enveloping love run through all his utterances. With moving faith he voices his fervent hope:

“Somewhere, someone, someday
Will sow the seeds of affection
To bloom as fragrant flowers
To fill the gardens of love.”

And further concluded by saying:

“Poet Peeran is a mellowed individual, in consuming love with life with all its beauty – and yes, its ugliness as well. A haiku of his speaks of a moth:

A candle flickers
 A moth circumambulates, burns
 In ever deep love.

One is left wondering whether Poet Peeran here is not speaking of himself.”

Dr. Gordon Hindley in his review of *A Search from Within* writes:

“S. L. Peeran is a worthy Lakshana or sign post of the best in all of us and in Indian English writing.”

While Bernard Jackson in his review of *Golden Moments* writes:

“A delightful collection by a writer who combines sincerity with craftsmanship – a fine command of English!”

Dr. D. C. Chambial (editor, poet, critic) in his ‘Foreword’ to my eighth collection of poems *Fountains of Hopes* writes:

“The poems are topical in consonance with the mood of the poet at its best in his moments of imaginative gleamings from the moods of the inspired world. The poet partakes them with his readers: it is here a poet moves into the minds of his readers and lets them experience, for themselves, the same joy and sorrow, hope and despair that he has felt in his moments of ecstasy.”

Dr. M. Fakruddin, editor of *Poet International* in his ‘Foreword’ to seventh collection of poems *New Frontiers* writes:

“S. L. Peeran is a bilingual poet. He writes in Urdu and in English very effectively. You can easily find Sufism in his verses. He has carved out a style for himself. His expressions are very simple but powerful. The usage of syntax and rhyme scheme in his poems created an impact in the minds of the readers. Naturally, he gives more importance to the content than the structural form while expressing his thoughts.”

In his ‘Foreword’ to the ninth collection of poems *In Rare Moments* Dr. Krishna Srinivas, editor of *Poet* says:

“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.”

Dr. C. Anna Latha Devi in her ‘Introduction’ of my ninth collection of poems *In Rare Moments* writes:

“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. Mathew 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 “Peeransique”, (if I am permitted to use the term)”.

Dr. Shujaat Hussain observes *In Sacred Moments*, as follows:

“Dr. S. L. Peeran is a kind of poet having enchanting appeal of a poetic melody with seriousness of the meaning and reality of the thought. He is a particular sort of poet who indulges in useful and upgrading expressions that lead and arouse healthy passions that favors the art of poetry. Dr. Peeran is so much engrossed in perception of poetry that he composes poetry in praise of God, the truth and condemns falsehood and all sort of evils that delude man from right thinking. The English Sufi poet Peeran is to be known for *In Sacred Moment*, a monument of excellent rhetoric which dexterously combines experience and demonstration of the way to salvation. Some devotional poems therein combine a homely familiarity with religious experience and fervor and a reverent sense of its magnificence. His verse is marked by virility of thought, decency of tone, precision of language, metrical versatility, and profound piercing feeling. His verses are thought so worthy to be preserved.

Many of the poems have different rhyme schemes, and variations of lines within stanzas. His individuality magnifies his stature among Peeran's peers in the realm of poetry."

Dr. (Prof) Masood ul Hasan Former Dean of English Aligarh Muslim University in his 'Introduction' to the eleventh collection *Glittering Love* has this to say:

"The present volume focuses on the twin and mutually complementary themes of Love and luminosity – the core of Islamic mysticism too. Naturally, notes of tolerance *and suleh-e-kul* (equal respect and peace for all creeds) predominate for example' the poem "Free from All" opens on this note;

"He has kept his doors open
All the time, everywhere
In many forms and shapes.
Big vacant halls, cathedrals,
Temples with deities. Idols."

In this complex, pluralistic Indian ethos the relevance and value of this spiritual Dimension can hardly be overstated. But Peeran's debt to the great Sufis' endearing. Openness of mind spiritual legacy is evident and in accord with his own spiritual lineage and leanings. The above-quoted lines remind us of a few verses of the great Andalusian Sufi, Ibn-Arabi (d.1240 A.D) "My heart is capable of every form / A cloister of the monk / a temple for idols, / A pasture for gazelles, the votary's kaabah/". True, gnosis illumines Peeran's poem 'Shining Truth', and love for mankind at large figures prominently in 'Balance and Harmony.' The same universal love runs through the piece 'Safe Shores' announcing the protagonists resolve "to open widely the close doors / Of my heart, eyes and ears/". The shared spiritual virtues of "Saints, Rishies, Yogis and Prophets" are acknowledged liberally in the poem 'O Solitude' and several other pieces – a much needed balm for the creed – corroded modern man. Spiritual love also forms the core of the poems like. "Refresh Your Soul," "Into oblivion" and "Self-Expression", or 'immersion'. Similarly the title piece 'Glittering Love' throbs with devotion for the Divine Beloved;

“My every cell in my body
 Feels the heat, feels for him
 The Merciful and the Bountiful
 Plays His tunes in my veins”

These lines recall the flute’s fancy in Rumi’s (d, 1275 (Mathnavi that may be rendered into English as Dry my veins, dry body and dry my skin, / So wherefrom comes the Friend’s call? / Humanism is the secular version of Sufism, and the two are inseparably intertwined. Peeran flinches at the sight of human suffering”

Dr (Prof) Masood Ul Hasan in his article “The Sanctified Muse of S.L. Peeran” concludes;

“Peeran enjoys the distinction of being the only Indo-Anglian Poet consistently producing Sufic verse of considerable merit. His work promises to retain its freshness and appeal for many years to come.”

Patricia Prime concluded her review of *Glittering Love* as:

“I am delighted to declare that this is an excellent collection of poems. Peeran is a hugely skilful wordsmith, and his careful technique always creates meaning. His language is of such freshness and richness of allusion that one willingly makes the effort to untangle the complex connotation of a line or phrase. It is exciting to see a poet walk this line, exhibiting as he does a vigor and freshness of imagination that delights the heart and lifts the spirit.”

Patricia Prime reviewing *Garden of Bliss* has this to say:

“S.L. Peeran has been celebrated for his poetic imagery, his social, political and moral alertness; his uncanny ability to make the ordinary extraordinary; and, not least, a humor all his own. Gathering much of his material from the minutiae of Indian philosophy, religion and culture, Peeran matches meditation on spiritual concerns and the weight of history with a nimble wit, shifting to moments of clear vision and intense poetic revelation”.

And further concludes:

“In these heartfelt poems, Peeran’s deep meditations and self-knowledge are evidence of his ongoing spirituality and longing for peace and tranquility in the world. It is a sobering collection as we see the poet examining the contemporary scene, comparing it with what has passed and seeking change in an imperfect world.

While the poems in *Garden of Bliss* are moving and compassionate, they do seek answers to the problems that beset us all in this ever-changing, disturbing world.”

Patricia Prime in her ‘Foreword’ to *Eternal Quest* writes:

S.L. Peeran’s collection, *Eternal Quest*, exhibits a mature, thoughtful voice. The poems are skilled and well-crafted. There is a deep love of the worlds of nature and the imagination, which is not sentimental but knowledgeable and perceptive.

The more I read, the more I felt that most of the poems actually create a kind of halfway house, halfway between the security of the imagination and the presence of the real world. Peeran writes lyrics about people, places and ideas that no matter how lucid they are – and they always are – rarely do they lose that element of mystery, that sense of the numinous, which is inseparable from the best poetry: the sense of something beyond the sense of what is there. In his poems he is able to detach himself from the stress and conflict of the everyday world to connect with his innermost self. In his poems he is able to bear witness to the uninterrupted flow of events of the external world. His poems chronicle his observations and communications between this world and his thoughts and ideas. In Peeran’s writing he also engages with serious political concerns underscored with deeply personal experiences. The world ‘out there’ of unrest, injustice and conflict is not something to be compartmentalised but co-exists with the domestic on equal terms. A flower or a childhood memory blossoms next to the horrors of conflict. He is not a poet to shy away from life but pushes language into its face until it screams.

Poetry happens along the divide between thinking and dreaming, so what better medium with which to address the equally pervasive duality of things as they are versus things as we wish to see them: the It and the I which humanism has tried to equate with objectivity and subjectivity; science has no more codified the universal It than religion has the universal I. So here we are, in the poetry of S.L. Peeran, a master poet, master of the interstice: the paradox that is our own cause and effect.

Here is where we leave the innocent world for the world of moral responsibility.

Certainly, *Eternal Quest*, is a strong collection. Characteristically, serious in mood, formally assured, wide-ranging in references and exploratory, the poems may indeed be read as variations upon frames, stopping places, ideas and meanings in a continuing journey. This is the travel or re-tracing, and the possibilities of discovery remain open.

The above observation of poets and large number of reviewers is the testimony of my humble work. I cannot claim to be a poet of a very high standard or of merit. My humble collection has drawn attention of reviewers, poets, Sufis and large number of my friends to whom I am extremely grateful.

S.L. Peeran, Bengaluru
www.slpeeran.wikidot.com

S.L. PEERAN'S POETRY: A BODY OF ASPIRATION AND INSPIRATION

– Dr. Suresh Chandra Pande

Although S. L. Peeran bloomed belatedly in the field of Indian English Poetry, yet he has given away a gradual & prolific growth. His appearance with 13 poetry Collections is of no meager importance. Enconced in a high comfortable & commendable bureaucratic discipline with illustrious family lineage going back to the column of the Maharaja of Mysore, S. L. Peeran like Raja Rao endeavors to convey in a language not his own the spirit that is his own. What is more like Kamala Das the distortions, the queerness & the Indianness of English is to him as human as humanity itself. That is why the bulk of Peeran's poetry shows him a human speaking to humanity on humanism. Truly speaking, English essentially being the language of intellectual make up cannot effortlessly convey with much precision the spiritual plane. Though thus endowed with distinguished literary upbringing he appears at times more or less dull, drab & prosaic. Compared to the poets who form a close identical literary peer group. Peeran stands apart & is different in approach & outlook. The charm of his poetry lies in an extended outcrop of spiritual consciousness. Peeran is basically a Sufi poet. Sufism simply is a science – a process of discovering the divine perfection which already is in man. Sufis so lays maximum stress on spiritual environment: On *Wahdatulwujood* – oneness of being. Likewise they prefer to travel in the company of spiritual masters called *Mursid* or *Guru*. This Sufi lore brings him closer to philosophers & mystics of times of yore. Besides, to keep

man at par with his maker by indoctrinating virtues such as truth, love, faith, charity, harmony, peace & freedom etc., forms the moral fiber of his poetry. Being didactic he at once preaches to provide profound truths. The subjective aspect of the poet acknowledges full non-conformity with contemporary mode of living & social set of connections. That is why Peeran seems to give vent to ire & displays extraordinary sense of discontentment & disapproval. Every now & then he becomes visible to advocate spiritually upright & practically viable moral truths. Above all to enlighten his readers & to generate the much needed buzz for displaying variety, multiplicity & heterogeneity.

S.L. Peeran's poetry displays an earnest eagerness & concern for the welfare of human beings as it takes the readers straightway into the web of spiritual awareness. Indeed his is a self-confessional mode which provides a significant constituent to bring him closer to Allah. That is why he seems to have emerged with a mission. The mission being change-Change in an already decaying, rotting & worsening civilization. In such an attempt the poet nowhere appears heuristic. The cavalcade of his poems further keeps the readers agile & reflective. As a matter of fact the bulk of his poems not only assuage the ailing society but also offers sweet & soar concoctions of love. Love human as well as divine. In this attempt the ageing conscience of the poet apprehends sardonic sense of irony. It is to liberate the infirm & the destitute. A unique mode of looking into dissent, feud, persecution, maltreatment & torment. In portraying such negative traits the poet uses a new vocabulary which indeed is an innovative contribution to English speaking world. The tone is often gentle, supple, benign or melancholic. Though at times the irony becomes sharp & pungent yet the balance amicably maintained salvages him from endangering the

existence of man. To spiritually unfed & uninitiated masses his poetry imparts like first rate successful maestro a symphony of peace & goodwill. As a whole his probing mind explores multiple vistas of human concern & consternation. His poems being an outcome of confrontation with stark realities of life in society conspicuously exemplify deadly, fatal, toxic, lethal & unhealthy situations insecure & insular around him. That is why his voice fabulously yet ferociously disintegrates & explodes at the gradual deterioration of sanctimonious & self-righteous values. Herein his holier than thou attitude brings him closer to the philosophy & theology of Sufism.

The existing panorama of Contemporary Indian English Poetry is under the shadow of doom & gloom. On behalf of scholars, critics, media & publication houses there is insufficient acknowledgement of new & emerging poets. Researchers also appear more inclined to work on well-established poets. So we get less or scanty recognition of new poets by Indian or international readers. As far as S.L. Peeran is concerned his roots are well established. All 13 poetry collections have been reviewed by critics of extraordinary competence both at home & abroad. Reviews appear often regularly. Full-fledged articles have forced readers to go through his poetry collections at least for one more time. One M.Phil dissertation (and one Ph.D.) has been published. Much more is in offing-yet to come out. Coming to wind up Peeran truly takes us beyond the personal towards the immediate yet more greater awareness. The awareness of life & times imparting us a feel, a touch & a vibration at once impulsively reflective & interpretative of his milieu & roots. His fortitude & gratitude further push forth a sensitive, sane & sensible artistic critique unique in impeccability & crispness verily fresh, frosty & nippy displaying uncommon wit &

tempting imagery. Above all his tender gestures & meditative curves lend an ornate & flowery touch to his poems. A treat & a feast to all thoughtful readers.

However the outstanding & pragmatic aspect of Peeran's poetry is the frequent use of syntactic variety in verse forms. The presence of syntactic features such as – dislocation, elaboration, fragmentation & regularity etc., provide assistance in deciphering the diction & technique of his poetry. This quality is also noticeable amply in English & American poetry. Besides most of his poems are narrations in third person pronoun. The poet appears more nominal than verbal. The nominalization of finite verbs not only lends charm to his impersonality but also imparts esoteric, static & technical touch to his poems. As the poet talks more in notions & less in facts the employment of archaic & uncommon words acts like nut & bolt in the edifice of his poems. Abstract qualities are either personified as human individuals or anthropomorphized, the lexical device of reiteration & colloquial cohesions further enhance the grandeur & ardor of his poetry. Deviations occurs when semantically incompatible words are brought together. Consonantal & multi-segmental bands appear to reflect the split & disjointed sensibility & psyche of the poet. Traces of vowel phonemes & alliterations further embellish Peeran's art of poetry & poetics. The punctuation & other English language lexicons are up to the mark. Even so discerning readers & critics cannot find slightest traces of fault & flaw in his poetic compositions.

In defining the black soul found playing humbug in socio-political circles S.L. Peeran creates a complete contrast with his literary counterparts like D.C. Chambial & O.P. Bhatnagar because of inner wisdom. In Satanic or chaotic world Man predisposed to create illusion & false paradise, his

crookedness & gullibility forms the theme or thesis of his major poems. The poet good humouredly makes use of biting wit penchant & trenchant at least to offer meaning to a meaningless world. Besides his innate relation to the sacred & the consecrated carries familiar readers beyond all point of views. This change known as spiritual makeover has no further scope for emotional, intellectual, psychological or religious bondage. It is a fair play of liberty & autonomy beyond all logical arguments directly leading to total submission at the feet of GOD. Herein the poet seems to rejoice & celebrate at the divine play like Kabir & Amir Khusro. If truth be told Peeran is a poet on holy ground – a pilgrim whose peregrinations dive deep into TAQWA – piety, love, compassion, humanity & faith in goodness. Many of his verse lines will indubitably pass on to posterity as adages & epigrams like aphorisms of Bacon or sayings of Solomon. Instead of romanticizing he aims at humanizing his archetypes. Here indeed is God's plenty. An avid reader of his poems without doubt claims for a readaholic attitude while the wise counsels of the poet are witness to his workaholic proclivity. Almost everywhere from first to last the reverberating undertone seems cognizing Spiritual consciousness. His talent & tenacity further reveal extraordinary logic, insight & precision notwithstanding his cynical & whimsical propensity, viz –

O Let us not now worry of the other world
 The unseen hereafter of the purgatory blinds
 Of rivers of honey, milk and “Hoories”
 Of that one day being to our thousand days.³

Undoubtedly Peeran very succinctly awakens us to the meaning & purpose of human existence & its ultimate destination. His poems are true responses to various situations of life such as – falling ethical values, ethnic

commotion, cultural confusion, hybridity & decaying, putrefying civilization etc. Besides like a true but sensitive observer the poet observes various manifestations of omnipresent being to redeem mankind in a mystifying paradox. Why a person of Peeran's caliber is inclined to write or why he writes? The poet himself conveys the reply –

How can I keep silence?
 When my mind is tortured
 With bitterness on watching
 Throttling of good sense
 And man slipping into utter darkness ⁴

It is this quality which makes Peeran a significant & promising poet of our times. In ontological order of Indian philosophy Peeran comes in evenly balanced terminology with theological systems of belief in Karma Yoga, Visisthadvaita & Prapatti. One & the same maxim criss-cross the framework in various poetry collections. However, the predominant theme is Sufism & Suleh-e-Kul. The dust of darkness that has accumulated over the years needs to be brushed away by the gentle, soothing, fresh & enlivening breeze of divine love. This notion of paramount consequence & significance amply illustrates often highlights the spiritual practices which enable the applicant to attain a state of oneness with the divine. Being prolific Peeran's poetry in its consolidated & substantial form further puts on pedestal his craft as though a substitute for religion. The Haikus both in "The Garden Of Bliss" & "Eternal Quest"⁵ at places glow with like Will-O-The-Wisp. To sum up one can say that Peeran's poetry is not a prayer but a comportment of it.

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SPIRITUALITY IN THE POETRY OF S.L. PEERAN

– Dr. Lilly Fernandes

This research paper is written and submitted by Dr. Lilly Fernandes, Associate Professor, Department of English, Al Jouf University, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. The paper has been down loaded from internet.

Introduction

The works of many contemporary Indian English poets remain unexposed even today. The growth of Indian poetry has been abrogated, as it has not been given the appreciation and recognition it deserves by local readers, media and academicians (Roy, 2012). Studies are still being carried out on the works of eminent poets like Nissim Ezekiel, Kamala Das, Jayant Mahapatra and A.K. Ramanujan (Dodiya, 2000). In addition, no initiatives have been taken to acknowledge and encourage some less known poets who despite their creative ability and poetic sense have been subjected to politics and elimination. Hence, the present study is an earnest effort to recognize one such contemporary poet who has not been popularized by well-known critics. S.L. Peeran is one such poet and the focus of our discussion will be on his works. Peeran is well acknowledged for his work as a Sufi and Spiritual poet. He had emphasized the need for religious pursuit of mankind, but also indicates that mere following of religious principles without application will not lead to salvation (Prasad, 2011). Peeran has been celebrated to be a poet whose focus is on the cradle of spiritualism. His works

are centered around the faith of religious tolerance. Through his poems he promotes the need for the growth of spirituality among men. His works add new dimensions to Indian Spiritual writing by promoting Sufi style of writing. R.K. Singh calls him the ultimate spiritual poet,

“He is a firm believer in God, family and humanity. He stands for values like humanity, tolerance, love, truth, faith charity, respect, justice, freedom, peace, harmony, unity of God and mankind, promotion of education and culture and love of nature.”

Life and Works of S.L. Peeran

S.L. Peeran being a Sufi, brings out spirituality and religion in his poetry, at the same time he is careful in emphasizing that religion is a tool that propagates humanity. His readers looked up to him for idealistic and spiritual reflections in his poems which have the potential to make a man devoid of his follies, vices and mundane attachments. S.L. Peeran is a bilingual poet who has written in both English and Urdu (Prasad, 2011).

S.L. Peeran hails from a renowned lineage of Persian, Arabic and Urdu scholars and poets belonging to the erstwhile Mysore State. His great grandfather was a well-known owner of the title ‘Siraj-ul Ulma’ (Sun among Scholars) and for his notable services to the state, he was given the title “Moin-ul-vizarath” (Pillar of Ministry) which he received from the late Mysore Maharaja. S.L. Peeran’s father who was an engineer was also Sajjada-Nishin of the Mosque, Saint Hz-Qader Awaliya in Srirangapatna.

S.L. Peeran had an extensive college education, starting from a Bachelor’s degree in Natural Sciences from St. Joseph’s College, Bangalore in 1969, Bachelors in law from Govt. law

college, Bangalore and finally went to National Institute of Social Science for a Post Graduate Diploma in Social Service Administration (Khatri and Sudhir, 2007). His first occupation was, Labour Welfare and Personnel Officer at an industry, after which he switched to providing consultation for industrial law and personal management. In 1976, he started practicing law under the auspices of Justice Sri. P. Viswanatha Shetty, (retired Judge of High Court of Karnataka). His experience as a lawyer was instrumental in rendering him a competent teacher in Havanur Law College, Bangalore. In the year 1989, S.L. Peeran was chosen the Member-Judicial of Customs, Excise & Gold (Control) Appellate Tribunal, New Delhi in 1989 as a reward for his successful career as a lawyer. Ten years later, in March 1998, S.L. Peeran was transferred to the Chennai Bench. Later on, he was transferred to Bangalore again in 2004 and in 2009 July, he requested and was granted a voluntary retirement.

S.L. Peeran's involvement in Sufism was immense, including human growth and development as well as poetry writing in English and Urdu. He was also a writer by choice and his first book was "The Essence of Islam & Sufism & its Impact on India" published in New Delhi in 1998. The poet's initial poems were in Urdu in the beginning of 1997 and at the end of that year, he started writing English poems as well (Prasad, 2011). It is noteworthy that, S.L. Peeran despite starting his writing career late at the age of 48. He has produced eleven volumes of poetry which has been much appreciated in the literary world. In Golden Times (2000), In Golden Moments (2002), A Search From Within (2002), A Ray of Light (2002), In Silent Moment (2002), A Call From Unknown (2003), New Frontiers (2005), Fountains of Hope (2006), In Rare Moments (2007), In Sacred Moments (2008) and Glittering

Love (2009) are the poetry compositions published by Peeran.

“Fountains of Hope” is one of his remarkable works in which his emotions and ideas of philosophy of life have been portrayed with much significance. It is apparent that his views and thoughts expressed in this poem are based on his inferences of life from his experiences. His in-depth idea of life and the subtle variations depicted in his words are capable of capturing the reader’s attention completely. His words have the unique ability to drift a reader to a world that he saw through his eyes as a writer. The poet has a special gift of delving deep into unexplored faces of life and bringing out meaningful analogies entwined with creativity. In addition his poems use simple but charming words that are perceivable for any reader who understands the language.

Mr. S.V. Ramachandra Rao has revealed a crucial aspect of S.L. Peeran’s poetry saying.

“..... struggle between hopes and despairs are not the only mainstream of the exceptional collection of poems. The various hues, moods, anguishes, hopes, disappointments, joys of union sorrow of parting and separation and other aspects of romantic and other types of love occur on and off the book, proving the poet to be an ardent devotee and genuine votary of love. This is one of his important poetic strengths and the poignant lines sometimes cause much contemplation and often bring tears to the reader’s eye.

S.L. Peeran’s Views on Importance of Spirituality in Poetry

S.L. Peeran uses some simple yet significant words to describe the mystic law of the entire universe. Some of these words are ‘*eternity, horizon of time without beginning, wonder of life, and aspect of the eternal*’. Poets have a profound sense of everything they see, hear and feel and try to relate them to the truth and

law of life which subsequently they pour out in the form of creative words (Hasan, 2007 pg 17).

This is why the poet has the ability to help readers who have a closed mind and experiencing a psychological imbalance to open up to the world and observe obstacles as minute entities in the long scheme of life. The theory of the expanding universe conveys the idea of positivity, courage, joy, compassion and willpower rather than ego and selfishness. Most poets venture the avenue of poetry that transcends this truth to the weak and lead them to a path of rejuvenation.

When the mind becomes clear and his pathways leading to positivity are reconnected to the realization of universal truth of life, the closed part of heart should ideally take efforts to instill thoughts of good will, promote it and root it to eternity (Peeran, 1998). As a result, empathy, compassion, ability to restrain from negative deeds will return and become inevitable characteristics of humans. In accordance as the, ego shrinks, he broadens his horizon and shares good will, starting from immediate associates, family, community, groups, ethnicity and finally humanity and nature in general (Peeran, 2007).

Peeran was of the view that spreading good will is evidently the best and most constructive way to regain the lost bonding between families, society and nature. A poetic and creative heart constantly works to oppose negative forces that break bonds between humans, nature and the greater universe. Further, it fights the Satan of the mind that provokes violence, prejudice and greed (Yaravintelimath et al., 1995). Good will abolishes negative energies of the society and focuses on depriving fellow humans of these negative forces. Nonviolence, compassion and trust as demonstrated by

Mahatma Gandhi are the best evidence of effect of spreading good will. It is also necessary to promote mutual understanding and empathy towards others to expand the path of goodness and demolish the evils of the society (Gokak, 1975). S.L. Peeran further attributes that a poetic heart naturally harbours these qualities and that is why they have the ability to express the greatness of the all-pervasive universe, write words that relates with common man and help him see the world as an extensive platform of scope.

Themes of Spirituality in the Poem of S.L. Peeran

Peeran's poetry features are often mistaken as mystic, but it is in truth spiritual. He talks about the truth of life which may convey a mystical sense, for common man fails to see the world in the truest sense (Peeran, 2002). He describes inherent qualities of man like mercy and compassion which is lost when man becomes a slave to earthy resources or is influenced by such affected humans beside him. This is when he seeks help from God and builds a trust which gradually takes him back on track.

The predominance of Sufism and spirituality in Peeran's works gives it a healing touch offering hope and faith. His words remind man of his duties, innate qualities and the path to progress not only as an individual but for the goodness of the world as a whole. His poems have a meditative property at the same time meaningful, predominantly reflecting human nature and his growth.

Each one of us have
 Our own galaxies
 They are satellites
 With our sun.
 They reflect the splendor
 Of the everlasting light.

When the darkness descends
 The cold moon without habitation
 Moves round and round it master
 Waxes and wanes again and again
 To create time, a path to tread
 Both the master and the servant
 Work in unison and in harmony
 To create unlimited and unseen seasons
 For man to reflect and ponder upon

(Peeran, 2002)

These poems are different from philosophical preaching in that they are not previously quoted truth but truth as a cleansing for the human mind. Perhaps, a definitive line cannot be marked but these poems are of the nature that makes a reader exclaim “Aha!” it is a kind of realization that may have been known but not realized or viewed in the described perspective. In philosophical words, his poems are an awakening from ones slumber. His poems are however cannot be classified as intellectual.

S.L. Peeran’s poems vividly express that he is a religious person with great respect and faith in God. He mentions that his faith in God and his plentiful blessings humbles him and helps him in times of troubles. The poet also appreciates the existence of God in times of happiness which he describes in the poem “Grace” from the volume “In Rare Moment”.

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

(Peeran 2003)

All religious faiths revolve around the concept of God and Peeran’s faith in Islam is no different. He depicts his strong

faith in Allah/God in many of his works. In the poem “All Round Welfare”, Peeran evidently respects and embraces the goodness of all religions and despite the differences in ways of worship, people of all faiths prostrate at God’s feet to get His blessings. “Allah’s Bounty” is one poem where he directly seeks the blessings of Allah whose mercy he believes is boundless. He often uses words like – O Lord, ‘O Master and Divine Mercy which shows his fullest involvement and belief in the Almighty.

O Master, can I have your glimpse
 To lift my sagging spirits an enlighten soul,
 His firm belief in Almighty is also evident in these lines –
 When I lost hopes form all
 A divine voice gave strength and guided me.

(Peeran 2005, pg 12)

S.L. Peeran is an ardent follower of Islam and strongly believes that preaching Islam is the way to cleanse the world of its evils and spread brotherhood. Accordingly, in one of his poems he narrates the birth of Prophet Mohammad.

A star was born, a light shone.
 A manifestation of the ultimate Truth.
 Purity in shinning dress dawning,
 To cleanse and illumine the universe.
 To take humanity to Zenith of peace.
 To open the floodgates of knowledge.
 To unite man and man in a single bond.
 To liberate the destitute, infirm, oppressed.

His poems follow that spiritual transformation is different from philosophical transformation and his poems are focused on spiritual transformations. He is not influenced by intellectual ideas or doctrines rather he is guided by religion and humanity. His poems are devoid of criticisms of any other religion though he is a devout Muslim. He attempts to

describe the goodness he perceives from other religions and sees it in relation to teachings of Islam itself. Such an endeavor was the poem “My Good Old Friend.” In this poem he avers that people’s faith is differentiated only by the way they pray, dress and manners but the belief in one ultimate God remains common.

Once in a deep sleep, I dreamt
 Being in a mosque, flooded with lights
 A bearded turbaned moulvi
 Leading prayers and piteously seeking grace
 I later walked out and passed through
 A temple full of worshipers
 The same moulvi, now I found him
 As a poojari, placing artees
 In a moment, I found myself
 In a church, the padri dressed
 In long whites, placing candles
 On the altar and doing service
 In a flash, I recognized him
 So did he. He smiled and
 Waved his hand in familiarity
 Adorning different dresses and manners
 Muttering in different tongue the same name.

(Peeran 2002, pg 12)

Through his poems Peeran promotes the idea that ultimate spirituality involves being enraptured by the love of God. In the following poem “What is Khulus”, Peeran promotes spirituality in promoting the virtues of humbleness leading to godliness.

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 ostentation without pride,
 prejudice. He does put but 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
 humor. He is not angry
 But jolly and extremely good,
 good and good full of love.

Peeran as a believer in Sufism and Spirituality promotes his work with faith and hope. His works have a healing touch and serve as a constant reminder that man should have duty towards himself, his family, his society and ultimately his faith.

Conclusion

S.L. Peeran stands out among other contemporary English poets in his way of expressing his beliefs embracing spirituality and Sufism. He retains the credit of being the only Indo-Anglican poet who writes Sufi verses in a fashion agreeable to readers across all barriers. His poems are not only intensified on God but also describe practical issues faced such as social and environmental problems. But, the ideas, reflections, imagery, style, creativity, figure of speech and personification predominantly revolve around Sufism. Most of his poems delineate the aspects of Sufism.

On reviewing the works of S.L. Peeran extensively, it is evident that the poet has completely immersed his thoughts in Sufism by reflecting which, through his poems, believes that love for mankind, humanity, compassion and trust can be spread. S.L. Peeran through his poems reflects the

significance of religious tolerance, promotes faith which is how the world can become a second heaven free of negativity, evil and ego (Prasad, 2011). He advocates establishing good relationship with fellowmen by positive communication and spreading of love and peace. It is Peeran's belief that his spirituality and practice of Sufism that has lead him to write poetry which is why his strong notions and faith in Sufism is depicted in his poems "Time" and "Again". Peeran's poems are for all class of people, emphasizing on the prime factors that are endangered in the world today – peace, humanity and growth; this he elicits in his poems in a descriptive and intuitive fashion and ultimately play a role in the spiritual transformation of the reader.

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Selected Poems from
In Golden Times

SIMPLICITY

Isn't Simplicity Divinity profound?
In it is sincerity found.
Shining Truth radiates its glory;
Its lustrous light tells its own story.

It admits not an iota of lie;
It lets not calmness ever die,
It gives Tranquility its due,
And patience is its main virtue.

Profound it is in goodness,
And quick in its forgiveness.
Steady and straight is its path,
Its thoughts, in purity take a bath.

All promises made, it keeps up,
With knowledge it fills its cup.
Simplicity is humble and modest
But never bows to pride's behest.

It always remains without fear
To everyone it's always dear.



MAN'S AMBITION

The turmoil of the sea upsets sailing ships,
Even strong sailors cannot make their trip
Over the mighty, turbulent and boisterous sea,
Nature keeps its secrets under lock and key,
Ambitious man only proves his vanity
By trying to mount the moon, while marring the beauty
Of the Universe in many diverse ways
In order to give a glitter to the rays
Of his own selfish desires and hopes.
He forgets there's neither need nor any scope
For him to render Nature completely tame,
He himself will be crippled and turn lame
Should he try to bully Nature unduly?
For she can become defiant and unruly
And turn the tables on him. Then, to his sorrow,
With his future at stake, man may see no morrow.



SIN

Sin! O man, sin!
Let desires raise obstructions
To goodness. Rent out your mind
To Satan to cause your destruction!

Sin! O man, sin!
Let your tribe increase
And become one of tin!
May peace always decrease!

Sin! O man, sin!
Let Earth lose its beauty
And sanity be lost in the din!
May angels weep over your insanity!



LOVED ONES

We both came from the same womb
We both drank from the same breast
We played together, together bloomed;
We had turn hearts in our chests.

Separated now you are, and wealthy
The world's pleasures are at your door,
Your desires grow more and more,
Your mind has become unclean, dirty.

Your flirtations and secrets are out,
With a 'don't care' attitude you move about,
With pelf and pride, anger and ego
Forgetting what you were a while ago.



A CORRUPT PERSON

He amasses wealth with both hands,
 A corrupt person to the very core,
With umpteen bad habits, he drinks
 Like a fish, womanizer and gambler,
He dresses gaudily and flaunts his money,
 Having high connections, he calls the shots,
Foul mouthed and quickly angered,
 He uses power to liquidate adversaries,
He makes a great show of wealth,
 Without the least qualms or conscience.
A corrupt person of such a kind
 Is a contagious disease threatening mankind!



A CLOSED – DOOR MEETING!

Being held is a ‘closed – door’ meeting
Of a high level, of big – wigs –
Of national significance and utmost importance
To the security and safety of the country,
Stenos, peons, usherers and bodyguards,
In hushed tones are re-discussing
The audible, loud, heated debates
At the supposed secret, ‘closed – door’ meeting!
Cameras are flashing away in glory!
Every Tom, Dick and Harry
Is relaying information to friends and foes!
Files marked ‘Secret’ or ‘Top Secret’
Make their way into the corridors,
And information therein is exchanged for a fortune!



K A A B A

Kaaba is a symbol
Of love and brotherhood,
Of sacrifice and submission,
Of forgiving and forgetting,
Of oneness and unity,
Of friendship, of bond
With Almighty Allah
The Beloved, the Loved,
The Merciful, the Beneficent,
The Gracious, the Forgiving.



A BORN MAHATMA

A Mahatma is an institution
Of culture, good breeding and nobility.
He's always a treasured gift to his nation –
A gentle person of integrity.

Love is stocked in his noble soul
For the well-being of man and nature
He moves steadily towards the goal;
Profoundly learned, he's a good teacher.

Determination is his weapon main,
Patient in failure, humble in success,
He seeks not flattery nor ever grows vain;
The more his fame, his pride is the less.

Among the nobles he's a prince,
A sparkling sun among the scholars,
Of Right and Virtue bold in defense,
He's broad in vision with a mind secular.



A BORN LEADER

It was the crying need of the times that projected him;
A find, blessed with all good qualities by nature –
To sail with the wind or against it whenever necessary,
To read the pulse of the people and to respect their
sentiment,
To distance adversaries, to act tough with scoundrels,
To be generous to friends, to tap available talent,
To make amends or compromise whenever due,
To fight when it's a must and lie low in bad times,
To let the rein loose or pull it tight when required –
A born leader with good quality of head and heart,
A courageous man with a tough and iron will.



TIMES SHALL CHANGE

There are times when we may have to lie low,
When desire and pleasure should be made to go slow.
Often like beasts behave rich men;
Hardly any sense can be driven into them.
Fired by passion they lose their sense;
Anger makes the oppressors denser,
But pangs of conscience soon make them weep;
They then yearn to shun life and eternally sleep,
So, times do also change like the seasons;
Evil shall give way to goodness and reason,
Where reason falters, patience should prevail,
Life's ship should be decked with HOPE as its sail.



RETAIN YOUR INDIVIDUALITY

You should always retain your own
Personality and individuality
And not get overawed by the glitter
And glamour of another person.
Nor should you lose yourself in the
Tempestuous, overbearing personality
Of a 'big-brother' bearlike and bullish.
After a time, when life becomes difficult
To be carried on with such bullies,
You'll find you have no identity left,
With which to create a niche for yourself.
You would have become useless and ruined.



FLIGHT TO THOUSAND LIGHTS

The aches & pains of daily living drowns
 One's senses as though in a deep trance.
Sprightly thoughts soon spring from furrows of frowns;
 Like colts & fillies they begin to prance!
A call from the pathless realms now cheers,
 Like soft, soothing music, the deafened ears.
Yearnings erupt to be with lost dears
 And souls take wings to join the peers.
Pangs of grief soon loosen their hold
 To ease the spirit, to take flight,
And clear the mind of dark clouds, to unfold
 Ecstatic bliss with its thousand lights.



HIS GRACE

With His Grace I could have a glance
At His effulgence, which left me in a trance.

His face radiates His divine glory,
His beneficence, His might and mercy.

My being is enveloped with his compassion,
Every particle in me is His creation.

He dwells in me serenely,
Life glows in me sweetly & calmly.

Songs flow from my lips in praise of His love,
Which He showers on us from Heaven above.



GRACEFUL LOOKS

Thy graceful looks, gentle manners, sweet melodious voice,
Even the powerful and the strong can easily subdue.
Unarmed thou art but disarmest the bravest!
Thy sweet smile melts stony hearts and benumbs the
shameless,
It slays Guilt, reducing its armor to an ageing tile.



BEAUTY AND LOVE

Beauty enraptures and captures the attention of youth,
And fills their cups with ecstasy and supreme bliss.
With sweet fragrance of flowers, it evokes a thousand yearings –
Amorous thoughts in mind, twinkle in eyes and love-songs on
lips.
It lifts the lover above the pains and sufferings of life,
And raises his mind to lofty heights, soaring heavenward.
Lov's radiating rays purify souls and endow minds with peace.



MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS

Shattered are the dreams!
The past & present are gone.
Darkness sets at noon!
A marriage 'made in heaven'
Is now on the rocks!
The fragrance of rose
Is converted to stench
As love turns sour –
Like milk to yoghurt!



DOWN TRODDED

God has assigned her an unenviable task
Of being a humble sweeper, a street woman.
What is your role towards such a creature?
To look down upon and down tread her
Or to show compassion and work for her uplift.



FRIENDSHIP – INFATUATION – LOVE

With nervous laughs and occasional flirting,
Their Friendship grew into Infatuation,
Adding a sparkle to their eyes
And filling their lives with new elation.

Soon shorn of all its glittering shine,
Infatuation's dazzling crown of gold
Metamorphosed to a flowery garland –
With love, their necks together, to hold.



HAIKU

Fundamentalist
Quite a serious business please
Social menace.



It is society
Within a great society
Wheels within giant wheels.



For you we do not
Exist anymore isn't it
Keep your distance please.



Peaceful harmony
A must for humanity
And economy.



Rejoice every day
In act of charity
Make hay while sun shines.



A close door meeting
Of worlds powerful leaders
To end nuclear war.



Roses, Roses dear
Just for sweet remembrances
For my love to bear.



Sun shows effulgence
On humble, poor and mighty
Nature shows Lord's Eminence.



Might and right do fight
But, do not transgress His love
For Peace would take flight.



Beauty shows its face
To charm, sooth melancholy
Nature reflects Grace.



Greenery all around
Nature shows its own glory
Impress profound.



Show of ego's strength
Is to face catastrophe
Grief & Loss at length.



Art is more pleasing
To connoisseur of beauty
For time is fleeting.



Gambling tendency
A sure way to lose money
Health and happiness.



Source of poverty!
A large number of children
Plague on society.



Growing vehicles
Is adding to the traffic
A noise pollution.



Flowery language
Rhyme and Rhythm in poetry
Sheer music to ears.



Buried in deep earth
Ashamed to show my face, Lord
Eternal sinner.



My humble prayer
Expose me not on dooms day
My face is darkened!



The heart is empty
Without any love for my Lord
It is disgraceful!



Douse the fire gently
Find peace by ending quarrels
Before milk turns sour.



Generate good will
For heaven's sake save your souls
Save from destruction.



That eternal fire
Erupts now and then to burn
Reduce self, to ashes



TANKA

Like waves and waves
 Storming the mind of a poet
 Imaginations
 Penning poems with gems, diamonds
 A garden of rare beauty.



Road roller rolls road
 Stones, jelly, sand and tar crushed
 Problems squeezes man
 Miseries befalling like
 Lightning, storms striking earth.



Silence is golden
 When soul soars out of body
 And lips are sealed
 Move about like silent Moon
 Monuments shine forever.



Child sparks innocence
 Being father of the man
 A white dove of peace
 For, new born ushers in change
 A bright star in galaxy.



The lamentations
The overwhelming sorrows,
Grief, on the death of
The Father of the Nation
Will remain as a legend.



Ever corruption
From mother's womb to the grave
Is from birth to death
Creation to destruction
Event in perpetuity.



Cloning of a child
A scientific invention
Of ingenious minds
For destruction of culture
A dare devil incarnate.



Compassionately
Your servant seeking blessings
Forever a slave
Sincerely seeking Your Grace
For perpetual happiness.



Is Pen a weapon
 To make a child literate
 To dip in learning
 Enlighten the mind & soul
 Reach pinnacle of success.



Contemporary
 History of present times
 Twist & turns of lies
 To form a great monument
 Mystery novel in making.



Inspirational
 Music of the ageless times
 Candle of the life
 To enlighten heart & soul
 And soar to heavenly goal.



Interpretation
 Of various Religious Texts
 Babilisation
 Confounding mystery of Times
 Forever remain confused.



Selected Poems from
In Golden Moments

WONDER WHITE

Glittering white clothes in summer shine.
Crystal clear water shakes dust and stain.
Makes it spotlessly clean, with aroma,
Like a heaven's ray of light serene.

Uniformed sailors in glistening white.
Marching past, to watch, is a glorious sight.
Glowing art, to create wondrous act.
To keep us all in a harmonious pact.

Wearer of white looks always fine.
To display sheer beauty every time.
Forget not the humble washer man,
Who labors to make the white, sparkle!



OLD AGE

The path of glory has a steady decline;
All that goes up has to come down one day;
The dazzling sun, on its descent loses its shine;
On reaching old age, man too withers away.

The erstwhile radiant face looks now forlorn,
All signs of beauty and youthfulness are gone.
Memory fades, his hands and legs tremble,
Sleep evades him, making him toss and tumble.

Death lingers, wearing many faces;
Every minute, a part of his youth is lost.
Life withdraws from him all its graces
And burdens him with medicines' cost.

Walking-stick is companion every morn:
Without it, he cannot take long walks
Nor enjoy, nature's scenes of dusk and dawn.
His friends no more meet him for long-drawn talks.

Searching faces appear every day
Just to guess how much longer he'll live.
"Die soon, allow us to get your wealth" they say!
Alas, old-age shakes man's age-old beliefs.



NATURE

Every flower speaks of a grand design,
 That goes beyond the worldly.
Every leaf reveals symmetry
 Reflecting the glory of nature.
Every tree reflects the passing time,
 Nature – ever on search for a greater grandeur.



MY FACE

My face reminds my friend, Raman,
Of marauders, with Swords
In one hand, and Holy book in another,
Racing wildly on horses,
Destroying temples, trampling and looting.

My face reminds my friend, Nair.
Of poverty, disease, illiteracy and squalor,
Calls me names, teases me,
Looks upon me with contempt and hate!

My face reminds my friend, Ashok,
Of Taj Mahal, beautiful Mogul gardens,
Paintings, Music, Art and Literature,
Refinement, manners and aristocracy.

My face reminds my friend Lala,
Of Sufis, pious people,
With rosary and shining eyes,
Compassion, Mercy, Love and Brotherhood.
So! What am I..... alone, all alone!



A WOMAN

Is Woman a commodity?
Or a hosiery?
Can you not admire her beauty?
Her bravery and calm.
Instead, you dispossess her virtues,
Her charm, gait and property.
Hark! you cannot look down or lower
Her image, status or ravish her!



THOSE SILENT HOURS

My silent lonely hours –
Were filled with thoughts
Of yester years' pleasures and pains.
Meetings and partings, of thoughts,
Of gains and losses, of regrets.
My silent lonely hours –
Were filled with eerie silence;
Sound of revolving fan,
Songs of birds and cawing of crows.
To give me company and solace.
My silent lonely hours –
Were filled with fears,
Of poverty and disease,
Rejection and death
Forsaken friendship with eyes in tears.



MAN, THE DESTROYER

Your arguments are triggering
 Passions, hate, anger.
Uncontrolled emotions, smashing
 All social norms. You, a destroyer.
Of values, customs, ethics and morals.
 A Volcano from Mother Earth erupting.
To avenge the destruction of Natural
 Surroundings, of peaceful valleys, everything
Beautiful, assiduously built over ages.
 Now, the perishing, decaying
To form vicious gas, the damage
 To suburb, humanity is earth shaking.
O Man! You a vice-regent on earth, protect
 The Nature's beauty, to enrich good living!



MIND'S SECRETS

A mind filled with business details
Of loss and gain and bank balance.
Ever on lookout for more customers.
Perceives the secrets of trade parlance.

A mind filled with Godly thoughts.
Ever humbles itself before Eternal Being.
Purifies the soul with rays serene.
To perceive the secrets of Superior Being.



PAINS & PLEASURES

Sorrow bids me to her bosom
To offer me her sour milk.
A medicine to a satiated ego.
To turn pain to endless joys.

A bee turns nectar to honey
With hard work day in, day out.
Efforts and pains are to pass by.
While pleasures derived are to marvel about.



ON A SUMMER DAY

As I was moving on a road on a summer day.

I found 'flame of forest' in full bloom every way.
Like dazzling sun in its mighty colors.

Taking forms like petals for beauty to display.
Nature's festivity enlivens all in existence.

Each plant with its fragrant flowers in May.
Gulmohar in yellow dress, Roses in red skirt

Chrysanthemum in velvety gown, to say –
To every other flower, to cheer up and smile,
And dance to tunes of Nature on a bright day.



A DISTANT CRY

To feel and enjoy the beauty
Is a distant and a far cry.
For, I have just opened my eyes.
With sprouting desires and being shy.

More, I see fashions around.
More the yearnings grow in me.
Cupid's eye falling on me.
Feelings of love grow and abound.

I took a plunge in to the sea of love,
Only to be drowned in emotions.
I realized too late that beauty
Was only skin deep and to wane.



BLACK DEEDS AND LOVE

I gloriously wrote about all my
 Achievements on a black board.
An unseen hand erased all,
 Leaving only the black board.
In my body, I carry a dark soul,
 Over and above is a black sky,
In a dark, stormy night, Nature
 Threatens to strike with
Lightning and thunder.
 To burn and drown the people,
With evil deeds and acts.
 Moon lights a halo over
Saints with white shining hairs.
 Twinkling of stars for bright eyes.
For those who yearn to look up to
 The Lord, with humility and love.



LONGING FOR SWEET DEATH

I can feel the burden of life's grill,
 On your old age, with still
Heavy burden on your shoulders.

 I can't bear to see tear-filled eyes.
Which reflect the pains and sorrows
 Of past pleasure, future fears and
Pangs of separation from loved dears.

 Time clicks slowly, sucking marrow
From your bones, reducing strength.

 Strange feelings, eerie silence making it clear,
The futility of listless living, longing for death
 To be sweet, painless, when it comes near.



AT TWILIGHT ZONE

Twilight throws spectacular colors
Of multiple treat to twinkling eyes.
Birds chirping, calmness descending
Everything is at ease and world slowly
Whirling to a halt. A full stop,
To all the day's activity.
The burning sun's energy lights up,
The universe with all its inner force.
Stirs to activity in harmonious ways.
Divinely adding meaning to all its endeavors.
Nightfall is receding of life force,
To deep sleep, rest and to reinvigorate.
Life's cycle whirls round and round.
Churning good, bad, ugly and beautiful.



A DISAPPOINTED LIFE

Life is a disillusionment for some, while
Shadowy and changing for others.
For some meaningful, sometimes, purposeless.
Day in and day out, it is the same routine.
For a few, it throws challenges around,
Adventurous. Every day to feel new experience
At their door. Pulls them in all directions,
To enable them to meet people of varied hues,
In umpteen avocations. All feelings mingling.
To create a society of love and hate, for everyone.



A SECULAR PERSON!

A highly religious person,
 Superstitious, a believer in astrology
In omens and amulets. Visits temples
 Dargas, churches, gurdwaras.
Prays to every deva & devata.
 Regularly fasts on 'ekadasi', offers
Prasadams to every deity. Seeks
 Solace from sadhus, saints, seers, fakirs.
Participates in every pooja function
 Is a member of umpteen committees, for
Upkeep of religious rites and rituals.
 A very secular person indeed!



A DANGEROUS PERSON

Cunning like a fox, more poisonous than a snake,
A sly person. Though with benign looks,
Sympathetic and kind eyes. But,
Heart filled with hatred, cruel and ruthless.
Always showing concern, praising others with silvery tongue.
But ready to mislead and gobble the wealth of others.
Untrustworthy, but never allows a slip for others to know.
Secretive, well dressed and mannered. Show of
Religion, with a caste mark and being a 'god fearing' person.
Beware! Never befriend him, a dangerous person!



DISGUSTING

Tall, balding with hollow cheeks,
 Square faced, deep furrows below eyes.
Moving and shaking his hands furtively
 Fidgeting, restless with hungry looks.
Smacking lips with long tongue, on seeing
 Fairer sex, throwing lustful glances wildly.
Egoistic dreams, boastful, dropping names
 Of big and sundry. Creating impression of
Knowing everything, of holding high bank balance,
 Owning cars of latest model, being fashionable.
Speaks of being a Good Samaritan,
 In distress, showing chivalry to damsel
Expects the high and low to look up to him.
 He is a snob, a bore, foolish, simply disgusting person!



A TIME SERVER

He talks of high ideals and simple living.

 In evening, spends his time in Service Club.

With a glass of Whisky and Scotch.

 An expensive cigarette, a game of bridge or rummy

With stakes for every point.

 He is a connoisseur of everything best.

Appreciates beauty, and art

 Takes delight in music and dance

All, at the cost of favor seekers,

 Friends, bootlickers and time servers!



A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

He is a man of iron-will

Firm in mind, soft in heart,

Agile, active and restless

Bold and quick in decisions.

Forces his enemies to silence.

Surrounded by friends, always helpful

To distressed, moved by poverty

And sorrows of mankind. Makes

Amends quickly. Loving, never hurtful

Tolerant and God fearing. Social and cheerful.

Generous, magnanimous and sympathetic.

He is a man of words, keeps his promise.

A citizen of the world.



IMMENSE FAITH

You are born in a circumstance,
 In a caste, in a class.
You are born in an environment
 You are born in a parentage.
You either carry a stigma or a silver spoon.
 Society makes a way for you to change,
Or it mars your chances for growth and wellbeing,
 Or leads you to the path of destruction?
Before you can learn to choose
 Between right or wrong, evil and good,
You are already in a strait-jacket.
 But the faith in the power of
Divine i.e. in your own inner strength.
 To overcome evil and change to
Good, can surely bring a change.
 For that, you need immense faith.
Faith in yourselves, Faith in
 Goodness, Faith, that you
Can change and change for better.



THE SAGA OF UNSUNG HEROS

The wondrous Taj, the magnificent Konark.
The imposing Red fort, the Khajuraho temples.
Bear testimony to our Indian Architecture
Million coarse hands. The toil and the blood;
The tears and sorrows. The loot of the wealth
Of the humble farmers, banyas, petty chiefs.
All have gone to create wonders of the World.
The saga of the mute suppressed is unsung.



A 'SARDAR' AMONG HIS PEERS

He is a person born with a silver spoon
An aristo, of high-brow and creamy layer
Brought up with delicacy and good groom.
Classy, trendy and he is a time server.

He needs to keep all his fears away.
Avoids poverty-ridden relatives,
They are 'sore thumbs' pricking him day by day.
A false pride puts up his nose in his prime.

He is a 'Sardar' among his peers.
Shedding company of people low born.
Priding on his lineage, and of being seers.
A person of fiery tongue and looks of scorn.



MAN'S INSTINCTS

Miseries make one sombre,
Moods reflective and changing.
Gripping the mind with melancholia.
And overcome by grief like tumultuous sea.
Mark the golden sun on dawn,
Turning fierce and churning,
Burning the desert sand.
The full fury of monsoon,
Hurricane, tempest and storm,
Destroying all the beauty of Nature.
Does man's instincts and emotions,
Reflect Nature's glory, its seasons
Floods, whirlwinds and myriad colours?
Does man's humaneness match his ignominy
Shame, tyranny and oppression?
Does the deep power of harmony,
And a spirit to create joys and hopes,
Bring meaning in man's life?



LOVE AND BE LOVED

Love forsaken, I am, for what? I do not know?
Man, no longer exists in vacuum,
Without zest, zeal and enthusiasm.
Love and be loved, sans expectations,
Condemnations, differences and jealousies
Petty mindedness, taunts and criticism.
Raise yourself above ego and selfishness.
So as to remain calm and peaceful.
And to achieve virtues of a good living.
Otherwise, life would be meaningless.
A colossal waste of daily living.
With concrete jungles around you.
With articles of plastic and empty vessels.
With jarring music and noise pollution.
With junk food and tasteless fruits.
With baser elements raising their hood.



SHORT VERSE

1. Parents sacrifice,
Their today.
To make children's
Tomorrow happy.
....
2. Solar Eclipse
Time for reflection.
Mind bound
In superstition.
3. A hasty decision,
quick temper,
Fiery speech
To repent at leisure.
....
4. Self-confession
And remorse
Cleans heart of guilt
A sure way to Success.
....
5. A benign look
Pat on back
A hug,
Turns away my anger.
....

6. A pinch of Love
a silken touch
Stirs,
The Soul
To great heights.
....
7. Roses, Roses
All the way,
Show of love
For the soul
To sway.
And be gay.
....
8. Make feast,
for moments pleasure.
But love,
To live forever.
....
9. Love
Without
Embrace
Climax.
Hypocrisy
At its best.
....
10. Lovers,
Meet in embrace.
reach climax
Mingling,
Of Souls
For Oneness.
....

11. Moth moves,
Towards light
Owl and Snakes,
Towards darkness
A good shepherd
Guards the herd.
....
12. Mecca and Kabba
beckon one
To life of love
Oneness
And brotherhood,
For man to display
....
13. 'Muezzins',
Calls for prayers
To sinew
Brotherhood
Practice of grace
And spiritualism.
....
14. Mathematics
And Computers
A mind –
Boggling exercise.
Science and creativity
At its zenith.
....

15. Might
And Right
went out
To fight.
Man and Man,
Crossed swords.
....
16. Mother's Love
Is all embracing
Nature's spirits
At display
Cosmic harmony
At discount.
....
17. Tea party,
At Moghul gardens
Then,
Heavy rain!
What,
A discordant note?
....
18. Deepavali,
Festival of light,
Color
And sound
Money burns,
While you churn.
....

19. We offer
Handful of flowers,
To the departed Soul
Lifelong,
Gratitude,
To console our hearts.

....

20. A wrong practice,
Of Religion
Of Caste practices
And Customs –
A sure path
To destruction.

....

21. The grave
Does not accept,
A living being
which has a dark soul.

....

22. Cosmos,
Is expanding
So is mind
A unique union.

....



Selected Poems from
A Ray of Light

A TRIBUTE TO A TEACHER

A teacher is a beacon of light
Like a luminous lamp beaming bright
Enlightening the dull, insipid minds,
With knowledge of every kind.

An embodiment of love and affection
Taking personal care with deep devotion
Sacrifices pleasures to give all he knows
So that the mind of the pupil grows

In return, a teacher, seeks good wishes
To see the youths, practice, what he preaches
Like a lovely stream with endless flow of milk and honey
Bring silver lining to dark clouds gives poor his money.

Gentle in manners, courteous, with gifts of virtue
Brings peace and teaches violence to eschew.

But, what blooms today, tomorrow has to fade,
Wither and fall on ground and get buried
To mingle in earth, as manure
To nourish and nurture, new life.



BIOGRAPHIES

The cream of life churned out of culture
Years of subjugation to its duty's call.
Finesse acquired and achieved in art of living
Refinement in manners, silvery tongue
Pleasing demeanor, charming gait.
Measured walk with dignity and grace
Spreading colorful beautiful wings.
To thrill the eyes and bring joys to mind
Avoiding ridges, sharp bends, marshy pathways.
Purity dawning in shining white.
Without stumbling in the long distant walks,
On the sands of life, leaving sweet memories
For humanity to speak and talk often,
To record the events in biographies.



MOMENTEUS SECONDS

Every second is momentous
Every breath is fresh and new
To usher in a flash a ray of light.
Every throb of heart is a renewed life.

Every day is a day of reckoning
Every dawn brings anew a new chapter
A new beginning, a new career
To make or mar or remain constant.

Every dusk is the closing of a chapter
Every sleep is death, a passing away
Into oblivion, to dream a new life.
To create new frontiers to scale.

Every emotion is an eruption
From deep within as a fountain
To elevate the self to Higher Being
Or to mar the soul to dark being.



CHARITY IN VAIN

Even if you have mountains of wealth,
Sans talents, skills and cultured self;
Wretched mind, dark soul won't shine.
Lofty mind and character is a must.

Thousand years' poverty and wretchedness
Degradation, stinking values
Sans education and brilliance of mind
Can't be remedied even if, wealth showers.

Civilization, culture is a slow process
Of growth, nourished and nurtured,
With good justice, rule of law
Guided by men of virtue and purity.

My bleeding heart goes out for the poor
To bring succor to the suffering.
But change should come from within;
Otherwise my charity would go down in vain.



JOYS AND SORROWS

Happiness and joy get expressed
Profusely, exuberantly, cheerfully.
A humor is born, which is contagious.
To lighten all and make them laugh.

While sorrows are turmoil,
Storms, tempests and tornadoes
Blues to drive one and all
To the brink of disaster.

Life is full of light and shade.
Joys and sorrows intertwine
Like seasons to change from time to time
To make a full circle complete.

Mind is a colossus of emotions
Thinking and brooding adds to woes
Emotions emanating from heart
Enlighten the being or depress it.



DIVINE WELL

A thirsty wanderer in a sandy desert
In search of an oasis and a secret stream
Roamed about hither and thither
On his lonely mute ship of the desert.

On the way, he met a Bedouin of yore;
Who knew every inch of the sultry place
The parching tongue seeking water to quench,
Begged the old fellow, to show the place.

The clever old fellow, did keep his secret
But feigned ignorance and looked askance
Lamented his condition and showed his dry tongue.
The fellow traveler begged him for a pint of water.

Benevolence overcame the old dirty rouge.
Took oath and promise to keep the bower secret.
Through a circuitous, meandering route, took him
And lo! It turned out to be the well of “Zam Zam”.



* “Zam Zam” – A Holy spring near “Kaaba” in Mecca.

REACH A FULL CIRCLE

As a child, still lisping lullabies
Learnt to shred the paper to pieces
Thro' wailing, weeping, shedding tears,
Learnt to be naughty, knitty, gritty.

As a boy, learnt to be mischievous
Like "Dennis the menace", a nuisance,
To neighbors, with sibling rivalry
Teasing girls, playing monkey tricks.

As a man, learnt to be cunning
A Satan in all his doings and acting
Plays tricks in all his avocations
Either as a con-man or a common man.

A gentleman is rare to find indeed,
When the world is whirling
In mirth, joys and pleasures
Where is the time for meditation?

As an aged person, becomes infirm
A burden on family and society
With umpteen complaints and woes
Now reaps, what he sowed as a child.



VICTORY MASTER OF HINDUSTAN (VEERAPAN)

My whole being has turned hostile to me!
 Why should anyone show mercy to me?
 My mind meanders, goes berserk and awry –
 My tongue lashes acerbic abuses and words.

My heart covets and carries malice
 I carry gall in my entire system.
 My hands are deft, slimy and bloody.
 Body oily, shiny, muscular, with strength.

My cunningness, dare devilry is legendary
 My terror tactics, my stealth, my movements
 Can outwit, your most foxy sleuths,
 None dare capture and make captive of me.

I have out beaten chambal raja Gabbar Singh,
 Rani Phoolan Devi; Robinhoods of any ghats!
 I fool the police and the armed forces!
 Modern gadgets can't trace even my hair.

Men in pelf and power beg mercy from me.
 Men in chill penury seek succor from me.
 My reign is supreme like a Sultan's
 I am named "Master of Victory" in Hindustan.



TO SAFEST SHORES

His better half had played the greatest role
To change the course of his listless life
His refined manners and courteous nature
His gentleness and plain simplicity
Deterred him from questioning her wise counsel.
Implicitly, he obeyed and acted by her.
At her bidding, he turned a new leaf
She, a sensible gentle dove, captivated him.
In anguish and pain, while in midst of storms
She stood like a rock, calmly guided him,
Soothed his ruffled feelings strengthened him.
Dispelled his fears, encouraged him.
An able guide, philosopher, a good listener
Saved for a rainy day, thrifty, content.
He could weather storms and tempests
And lead the ship of life to safest shores.



HANDS OF JUSTICE

The fragrance of sweet rose,
 Jasmine, champak and lotus
 Songs of nightingale, dance of peacock
 The peace of gardens and jungles, where now?

Everything lies in stench, in disharmony
 Veerapans, Haji Mastans, Gabbar Singhs galore
 Plunder the skins of snakes and hides of tigers
 Destroy the sandalwood trees, teak and timber.

Diamond and dollars swallowed as pills for export.
 Hid stones, rags, shown as computers, garments
 For unlawful gains to take 'draw backs' and tax benefits
 To grease the palms and enjoy the loot.

Vulgarity displayed as charm and beauty
 Fallen women move about as paragons of virtue
 Serve junk food, Kentucky chicken and pizza
 With ham, fry vegetables in beef tallow.

Oh Times! Do shut my eyes quickly.
 My hands shudder for justice.



TOTAL NUMBNESS

Let all my senses be numbed,
Eyes pretend sans sight, Ears sans hearing,
Tongue sans taste, nose sans smell,
Mind sans its thinking, heart its feelings.

Let my body, hands and feet
Become stony sans sensations.
Let me not feel the sorrows, pain,
Joys, mirth, pleasures of the world.

Let me not any more cry, weep,
Shout, grieve, lose temper
Laugh, at all the murky things,
Happenings, around the senseless world.

Let me not be attracted, pulled
By the fascinating things
Attractive beauty and advertisements
Towards delusions and delights of the world.



OVER ZEALOUS PERSON

Oh! He is an overzealous person
More overbearing than the senseless ruler
Commands a bizarre contingent
With modern gadgets and weaponry.

For distinction and ascendancy
Arrests ruthlessly every 'Tom, Dick and Harry'
Gives them a good third degree treatment
Makes a pulp of them to extract a confession.

Makes a hero of himself, for decoration
Creating waves after waves on white screen
With flashing bulbs all around him
Lo! a chivalrous dashing debonair officer.

To crush smuggling, adulteration,
Decoity, rape, murder, extortion.
But, when the cases comes up for hearing,
He cuts a sorry figure, at the mess created.



MODERN LIVING

Science is for self-preservation
As well as for self-destruction
While modern medicine has been a
Boon to heal mankind
But inventions and discoveries,
Of electricity, radium, rays, machines
Automobiles, ships and aircraft
Have added to comforts of daily living

But the modern weaponry
For men's own destruction
With chemical compounds
Bombs, missiles, rockets
Nuclear weapons for annihilation
Have added to man's woes
Stress, strain, distress and pain.

Modern living has destroyed values
Fragrance withering away in domestic life.
With spread of AIDS, unwedded mothers
With abortions and illegitimacy growing
With gays, hetero and homo sexuality
Legalized sans ethics and morals,
Whither culture and rule of law?
Oh, whither those golden times with milk and honey
Life spent with joys, pleasures and harmony?



REVENGE BY SEA AND SKY

The sea and deep oceans
Have been beaten
Black and blue
With bruises aplenty
Vomiting waves and waves
Its bulging stomach
Gets upset to cause
Storms, cyclones, tempests
To take revenge on ruthless man,
For attempting repeatedly
To tame its waves
And dip deep into its treasures!

The sky has turned red
On man shooting at it with –
Rockets, missiles and fireworks.
It is beaten black and blue
Causing solar and lunar eclipses
To cause magnetic explosions
To send down meteorites, asteroids
To cause huge craters,
To upset atmosphere.
To dry clouds, to prevent rains.



MONEY MATTERS

Everyone yearns for money and more money
Everyone is concerned, worried and conscious
Of the value of money, adopts means to have more.
One's status is measured in terms of money

Men stoop to any level to acquire wealth and glory
Pelf and power, glitter with glamour, create wonders.
Everyone touches the feet of power and wealth
Unabashedly gives up morals and values.

Doubling of currency; lottery rackets, lucky dips
Dig the pockets, save in chit funds, to lose it.
Share market brings tears, money vanishes in the air
Magnetic hands pulling it from Banks.

Money fulfills your dreams, marry thrice,
Have mistresses, go bohemian, drink like a fish
Squander wealth in races, gambling and in fun
Make a show of it in charity to achieve fame.



FEARFUL THOUGHTS

Is the fear, the cause
For your senseless mania
Of being dispossessed
By a more stronger one –
Of your virtues, beauty
Freedom, wealth, happiness
Of your mate, kith and kin
Land, garden and things.

Is the fear the cause
For your weaponry
Of harm, destruction
Of loot and plunder
To avenge and destroy
To range supreme?

To take up to strife
To indiscriminately kill
To turn out to be a terrorist
To become a fundamentalist.



FOR YOUR SELFISH SELF

Some reflective thoughts crossed my puzzled mind
On watching harmonious cosmic grace
Call it divine or human ingenuity
Or age old systems crystallized
For human needs to be satiated
Yet, they are wonders to marvel about
See, how the morning dawns in beauty
With milkman milking cows daily
Spontaneously there is supply of milk at door.
At click of switch, current flows.
Million hands and minds go out
To work in unison for your joys, bliss.
A shrill painful loud cry at dark night
Would send shivers and jolts down the spines.
Neighbors would rush out to offer help
Unmindful of harm and their own safety.
Who is holding this unseen magic wand
To create this global wonders for selfish man
At your beck and call at your service
For rich, poor, young, old, they get what they want?



TO WITHER AWAY

They don't mind losing all that they have.
For they have taken a senseless challenge.
They can't retrace their foolish steps.
Come what may let heavens fall on them.
They won't yield from their stubborn stand.
They would as well lay down their lives.
They won't yield to any amicable solution
That would bring a lasting peace.
It is a fight to the last finish.
One of them should wither away
That is the way, they have chosen to fight.
Good or bad. They should stand or sink,
Unfortunate, though it is to say
Stubbornness brings selfish man to bay!



KINGS AMONG GANGS

They have a say in every matter
For every one seeks their counsel
Whether one likes it or not, perforce,
They should have their way and say.
They carry an air of importance
For being ruthless men of position.
Not an iota of sense, they possess
Yet, they wrestle and dispossess.
They should have their daily “mamools”.
Or else they will take out their tools.
They sport gaudy dresses, wear dark glasses
With a kerchief around their robust neck
They move about in their Matador vans
To make it known, they are kings among gangs.



YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER

“Sorry, I can’t attend to your work” they say
They are in a great urgency and hurry
They are already packed up, ready to go
Though the office time is far from over
You beg and plead with them for mercy
Citing umpteen reasons to get the work done
You are on thorns, pins, with relentless tears
But pity doesn’t show on their face any more.
They won’t budge nor make a move; grim faced.
They are only making pretence to leave
A tout approaches and whispers in your ear
A green note from purse, brings smiles on their faces
And they keep repeating, why you delayed them,
“Times are hard, you should have known better”.



PRETENTIONS

They show their strength to one and all
Barking out, kicking around, making noise.
More din than creating any light.
They are men with very poor insight.
With amnesia and little grasp.
Refusing to recognize their own patrons.
Moving around with pelf and show.
In white, saffron, red, or yellow.
When the time comes to approach men
They crawl, cringe and fall at their feet
Making umpteen promises to raise hopes
Gullible men yield to their piteous pleas.
When the work is done they vanish,
And pretend as if they don't know them.



WEED THEM OUT

“Give me a chance, I will show what I am”
A common phrase heard from all
When the time comes and gives a call.
They vanish, disappear like a golf ball.
Men of clay only bray like asses.
Vanity makes them fly like kite and balloon.
Only to vanish in the thin air.
Like dew, they evaporate in the Sun’s glare.
Those who believe and trust their sense.
Fool themselves with their nonsense.
Unfit they are like square pegs in round holes.
For they only stand before you for doles.
Piteous pleadings for mercy to be shown.
Water them not lest weeds are grown.
Pluck them and cast them out to die
For such men live for treachery and to lie.



WHAT BENEFITS DO I DERIVE

They ask “what benefits do I derive
To support their cause and action?”
Do I get “punya”, blessings
From heaven for doing the deeds?
Do I get recognition, reward
Acceptance, name and fame?
Does the contribution of my share
Of money, get publicity?
Will I be called to centre stage
And my charity announced?
Will I be in a position to share
Company with tug guns?
What worth is it to support
A dying art, an unknown artist?
Is it worth the trouble to spend money?
On poor wretched beggars and fools?
Who am I to change the course
Of their destiny and their “karma”?



SULTANS OF PRESENT DAY

For them living in a large palatial house
In aristocracy in style with wealth
Is the only known way of living a life
To keep their thoughts secretive, tightlipped.

Aren't they a choosy class by themselves?
With umpteen airs, with costly habits
Expressed in fancy, rich and gaudy dress
With select friends of high society.

They walk with soft feet –
Soaring high with silvery wings
Bedecked with gems, pearls, diamonds and silks
Tapping to the tunes of classical music.

They sever ties with poor rustic commoners
Marked with subtlety and sublimity



DECEPTIVE LOVE

O sweet honeyed love!
From milk of kindness
From the mother's breast
To suckle sweet love.
O sweet and sour love!
From the siblings
With kith and kin
Play and fight, while you grow.
O sweet and deceptive love!
Attractive like flowers
With fragrances in the air
Raising mirth and joy.
O sweet and erotic love!
Nectar overflowing
Lips quivering
To mingle and merge
With perfumes, refinement, being trendy
They move about as Sultans of present day.



BEACON OF LIGHT

Even prophets had to struggle in their lives
Face mob attacks, jeers, humiliations
Privations, hunger poverty and strife.
Some laid down their lives in their heavenly cause.

Patience had been their main virtue.
They would gulp down their anger and wrath.
Withstand tortures, pain caused to them.
Incarceration, banishment from people.
After years of struggle against all odds.
Prophets, saints, holy men and great ones,
Would achieve their objective to free man,
From bundle of evils and sins.

For us mortal men of clay with weakness,
Surrounded by evils, sin and darkness
The lives of prophets, Holy saints and the like,
Should act as beacon of light for guidance.



INSINCERITY

Isn't insincerity a sin and callousness?
Utter negligence and carelessness
Unconcerned in one's own personal safety –
Or of the wellbeing of others
Acting rashly with high handedness
Sans logic, rhyme or consciousness
Allowing matters to drift to decay
Time has absolutely no value for them
Heedless of good counsel and advice.
Neither punishment nor pain straightens them
They are always on the wrong paths
To cause harm and loss to everyone.



HAIKU

Religion brings strife
Rituals are not piety
Love purifies mind.



Light chases darkness
Silvery clouds glimmer life
Man lives on sweet hopes.



A revolving fan
Life has become a machine
A speeding race car.



Fascists sweep the polls
A shudder passes my spine
Dawn of gloomy times.



Death of only son
Parents life in dry desert
Under parching sun.



Life on tenterhooks
On desertion of husband
Marriage on the rocks.



Mahatma Gandhi
Simplicity breeds contempt
In this modern age!



An X-ray, cat scan
Bare shocking revelations
Of inside story!



Politician
A foxy, cunning, sly mind
To ruin the careers.



Significantly –
The race horses have bolted –
A punter's nightmare!



Build shopping complex
Display imported items
Loot the common man.



Gateway of India
Mumbai – a city of joy
Millions live in slums.



Humor, gift of gab –
Laughter is best medicine
Chase away doctor.



Lunch time is rest time
Rejuvenate and feel fresh
For lovely evening.



Salute a soldier
An un-remembered hero
Pride of the Nation.



A frog leaps in pond,
Straight in the mouth of snake
For a hearty meal!



Bold youth flies and bolts –
Juvenile delinquency
Straight to Remand Home.



Beautiful damsels –
A pub life gives a good kick
Youth, charm vanishes.



Civilization
A theatre of daily life
Screens action packed scenes.



A lion roars, snores
Create scare to animals
King of the forest.



Scams and inquiries
Are ripples in the tea cups
To be forgotten.



Icy conditions
A hot shower in bath room
A refreshing change.



A smooth ride in car
On top revolving red light
A deceptive face.



Milky glass windows
A dim light burning inside
Young girls undressing.



Express train delayed
Frowning faces on platform
Passengers sweating.



Examination

A real life test for students
A lump in the throat.



Show attracts misery
A thief enters wealthy house
A flame attracts moth.



Mercy to kind men –
Show concessions to tyrants
Risk your wealth and life.



Drive on known highways
Thick jungles are infested
Dangers, aplenty.



To catch the full Moon
You need strong silvery wings.
To fly in sweet dreams.



Your ever remembrance
Wakes me in middle of night
To play soft music.



Waves sweeping the feet
Cool wind singing in the ear
Your sweet voice, face, floats.



Our first honeymoon
Memory gets recorded
In trees and gardens.



Our action speaks all –
Our future gets reflected
On faces of friends.



I yearn for your smiles
To cheer my sad, lonely heart
Pray, come in my dreams.



My love gets distanced
My dreams float on the sea waves
Recede from the shores.



You sweat for a shrub
Bud blooms to be a flower
To be snatched away.



Clean the jaundiced eyes
Brush off cobwebs from the mind
Thorough gentleman.



Men in might, power
Haughtiness of vulgar heights
Show of vanity.



Saffronisation
A bloom of lotus flower
In a marshy land.



A single living –
Dashing of charm of good life
Solitary wolf.



Thunderous applause
On marvelous achievement
Olympic champion.



Grapes are very sour
Those who do not put effort
Cry eternally.



Graze cows to mulch milk
Riches do not grow on trees
Churn to get butter.



TANKA

World's mirth is for all
Every heart filled with desire
Resolves to seek it
But those who hear Divine call
Are rid of desire.



A heart filled with love
A call comes from Divine
To shun the life's coil
They become one with Nature
To emit nature's beauty.



Seek thou shalt find it
The fragrance scent and beauty
But one needs patience
Divine life is not for all
One needs to be virtuous.



Knowledge is power
Charity begins at home
Clean your mind and heart
In the sweet garden of life
Fill with love and affection.



Life is not so cheap
You need to dig wells to quench
Thirst and grow gardens
To achieve life's ambition
One needs to work hard and slog.



Selected Poems from
In Search From Within

ATTAIN PIETY

From a blot of clot is created life
With sustained energy from dear mother
Systematically, all features are born
Nature's command flows in a being.

Do you know whence you came?
Do you remember your early years?
Weren't you innocent with all childish acts?
Before you could decipher, what was right or wrong?

Flow, flow like a lovely crystal stream
Be not polluted and corrupted
Let innocence reign with simplicity
Let not life's vicissitudes break sincerity.

Can a corrupt soul attain refinement?
Can hands with blood be cleaned?
Can gluttony be shunned for purity?
Can desire for wealth and show be given up?

Remember Ashoka shunning war with Kalinga
Siddhartha attained moksha on detachment
Mohammed united mankind with brotherhood
Gandhi achieved Truth by struggle.

Repent and turn a new leaf again
Vow to lead a life of Ahimsa and Truth
Sacrifice pleasures and live in humility
Piety is a sure way to attain salvation.



SANITY

The hardships in daily living without
 Much skill and talents to confront it
 The darker inner being without any light
 Leaves one to grope about without flight.

Behold! Love is the elixir of life
 To drive the pathos and pangs of strife
 Though difficult to hold and grasp it
 By hope, faith, devotion, mind gets lit.

Sing daily the celestial songs of love
 At first, the heavy storms prevent the sails
 You need to nurture the plant to grow in you
 By years of hard toil, Love subdues the trials.

Grief and loss are means to purify the heart
 To burn the unwanted desires and to set apart
 From the 'Kaaba' of inner being humility
 To submit daily in supplication, to achieve sublimity.

Banish from the being the desire for pelf
 Power, wealth, lust, women and children'
 And lofty idea to migrate to gulf
 Which creates a mirage for you, to run and run.

Years of submission with devotion of Love
 Release the heart from pangs of pain
 And set free from 'kama', the dove
 Wisdom and knowledge dawn, to make you same.



COMPLAIN, TO WHOSE AVAIL!

Let me become silent
At peace with every one
Tolerate gravest
Provocation and pin pricks.

Let me not complain
Or raise any grouse
Grievance or express
Any inconvenience.

All systems work in
Tedium, in disharmony
Are at loggerheads
In conflict, without let up.

Let me bear the discordant
Chimes, out of tune melodies
Watch disarray, display of wrath
Confusion and chaos unabated.

What cannot be cured
Surely, ought to be endured?
Let me not add to the
Overstrained, overflowing complaint book.



WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE

I am in sea, in ocean, in rivers
In well, in underground deep earth
I flow swiftly, calmly, at times with force
I create waves and mighty storms
I can topple, I can swallow
I quench thirst, I clean and cleanse
I irrigate the soil, I bring life
I am strength, I am gain, I am loss
I turn to steam, clouds, snow, I form rain
I help everyone, I am worshipped
For men and beast for plants and earth,
For one and all, I carry blessings.
I am in crystalline pure state,
But men and animals pollute me.
I turn fierce and become vengeful.
Not a drop to drink, do I give.
I cause drought and create famine.
I uproot plants, houses and jungles.
Beware, I am THAT ONE, who is everywhere.
Weep, cry and shed tears, I am there.



YEARNINGS OF A SOUL

Today, I fed my soul with pathos and grief
With desolation; pangs of separation
From my beloved is nerve shattering
A mighty blow, effacing myself.

The wonders around me are distractions
They create more pains and sufferings
For my Beloved's absence is biting
These sensations cause graveness.

As dusk falls and darkness descends
The chirping of birds and cawing of crows
The dullness in surroundings all around
And slowness of life, cause oppression.

O, my Beloved, open up yourself
Let my love reach you many folds
Do you know, how I yearn for Thee
Seek Thy loving Eyes for a glimpse.



SHOW THY GLIMPSE

My heart's pangs, sighs and grieving
My million throbs and sleepless nights
My sunken eyes and hallow cheeks
My sorrows and pathos are proof of thy love.

My tears turned red, they fell on sand
And lo they turned into rubies
I wept and wept for ages and ages
I burnt and burnt in love of my beloved.

O my beloved! My throat is now sore
I no longer can sing thy praise
My yearning soul is now ready to soar
Let my flickering candle have thy grace.

O praised one! O the glory of Heaven!
Light of everlasting soul, bless me, bless me
My last dying wish and yearning
Is to heave and leave this coil, with thy glimpse.



O DELICATE HEART

O delicate heart don't move about
In parching sun and sandy desert
Where deadly and poisonous snakes
Scorpions have infested aplenty.

O delicate heart, you reflect
In your mirror, the grace
Of your loving beloved
Let not shadows and darkness befall.

O delicate heart don't part
With your precious gems
Jewels, fragrances, perfumes
Of love to one and all.

O delicate heart don't panic
Grieve much with pathos
Sorrows and pangs of separation
Shed tears of love for one and all.



MELTING DREAMS

You showed me glittering
Shining gold in your palm
Promised me riches
With life of milk and honey.

You made me dream
Of lovely springs
Cool streams with
Gardens aplenty.

You played soothing
Music to my ears
To fall a prey to
Your selfish desires.

Now you have deserted
Me in quick sand
The rainbows have disappeared
From the horizon of love.



O CHOSEN ONE

O chosen one! I place my loving heart
At thy holy feet, my fierce loyalty
My burning faith, my zeal, my sincerity
My enthusiasm, my sound mind.

O chosen one! I shall not waver
In my duty's call, in my devotion
In my supplication from the commands
Of the Holy Book; in thy pleasure.

O chosen one! The springs of Love
Have purified me; the burning
Spirits have cleansed me
Now, I am ready to soar, to fly.

O the perfect one! Thou shall forsake
Me not, on the day of the judgment!
Thou shall grant me thy grace
May Heavenly blessings shower on thee. (Amen)



A RARE GIFT

O the noble one, the chosen one
The simple one, the brave one
The magnanimous one, the loving one
The great one, the unblemished one

What shall I present thee, as a gift
That shall be a rare one, a precious one
That shall be acceptable one to thee
That shall bring thy grace and love.

O the benefactor of all the treasures
I searched all the world and myself
I could not find a more humble one
Then, my tears of love, my throbs and grieves.

O the succor, the most virtuous
The most humblest and the attained one
The most enlightened, the light of the universe
Accept me, accept me and my humble self.



PRAYER FOR TRANQUILLITY

O the praised one, the chosen one
The purified and the sublime soul
The cherished one, the protected one
The privileged one, the gracious one.

How shall I please thee, O loved one
With my weary condition and wretchedness
With my chill penury and hollowed nature
With my empty head and dark soul.

O the enlightened soul, the guided one
Show me the path of enlightenment
Illumine my mind with million lights
Bring me ecstasy and supreme bliss.

O my deliverer, O my redeemer
Protect me on all sides and be with me
Let thy glimmer of hope, cherish me
Let peace prevail and tranquility descends.



SEEK AND YOU SHALL FIND

There was furor everywhere
About my finding a cup bearer
In the town's dingy tavern
To pour love in my empty cup.

His drinks intoxicate me
Dances and sets tunes for me
There is none of his kind
Anywhere around the globe.

Tears of repentance flow unabated
Heart throbs a million times
Seek, for you shall find
Doors of love are always open!

Piercing glances of my beloved
Has opened the flood gates
Of love and enlightenment
Heart thrills with sweet melodies.



BELOVED'S PRESENCE

O beloved your presence and love
Have thrilled the heart a million times
Your dazzling beauty has created warmth
And fragrant flowers have bloomed.

Oceanic love has flowed from heart
Waves and waves of affection touching the shores
Unbounded happiness and joys multiplied
Melodies sung to gladden the soul.

Twinkling stars far beyond the longing heart
Luminous Moon shedding eternal light
Lightens the journey towards the goal
All is reflecting the grandeur of the Divine.

My heart is a sweetened honeycomb
For my love has now taken wings to soar
My conscience is now crystal clear
For many a hopeful ships to sail smoothly.



SINCERITY

Sincerity touches the heart
Touches every one indeed
Touches infinity surely
Sincerity is pure and simple.

It has no choice
It shows no undue favor
It has no prejudice
It has no hate.

Sincerity is for all
Sincerity is everything
Good and sublime
Sincerity is rare in its kind.

It has no beginning
It has no end
It flows and flows
Like a crystal clear stream.



AH! MEN OF PIETY

I trusted and believed in their saffron robes
Awe and wonder on seeing piety on aged faces
With long flowing white beards, green turbans
With rosary in hand, muttering His name on lips.

It took a long time to discover, to my dismay
That they were as much human and men of clay
With gluttony and love for pleasure, with roving eyes
To catch a glimpse of beauty of vulnerable ones.

They create a wonder by showing a trick or two
Predict your future, with the help of stars
Read your mind, hypnotize and mesmerize you
Gullible men and women beg and pray for relief.

They show pity to widows and orphans
Scare the rich of oncoming calamities
Speak of hell and heaven to poor and knave
But, their greed for money wouldn't wane.



DESTROY YOURSELF

O blackened sinner with corrupt soul
Relegate yourself to lowest being
Burn your filthy flesh and bones forever.
Let its ashes be thrown asunder.

You have polluted the air and water
Turned lovely jungles to sandy deserts
Robbed bowels of earth of all its jewels
Your perpetual desires have ruined gardens.

Your gluttony has not satiated you
Made a meal of birds and all animals
Have killed elephants for ivory and tusks
Skinned tigers, lions and snakes for pleasure.

Now your fingers are on nuclear buttons
Destroy yourselves, for the time has come
For the sun, moon and stars to bid bye
And leave you to parch, decay and freeze.



LIGHTEN YOURSELF

The constant cawing of the crows
Barking of dogs and braying of asses
Are all unpleasant and jarring to ears
Unlike the sight of angelic swans and peacocks.

Aesthetic things give joy and bliss
Sweet scented roses, jasmine
Champak, please all times
Silence emits its own fragrance.

Sweet flowing streams reflects their own beauty
On merger with salty seas and oceans
Loses their identity and sweetness
A saint loses halo amidst “goddess”.

Darkness begets darkness and gloom
Light begets light and joys
An enlightened soul sans sins shines
Takes wings to soar higher and higher.



O BEARER

O Bearer! Thou art never tried of serving
Every table you attend with manners pleasing
Courteous, with a bow, you always serve
The guests carry memories to preserve.

O Bearer! Thou art so neat and clean
You fill the cup to cheer the spirits
Everyone yearns to gleam, to be seen
You present the joys, which destiny writes.

O Bearer! You are ever charming
Pleasant to everyone, who pays the bill,
Observe table manners and courtesy lasting
To them, you satisfy without being ill.

O Bearer! You give Your Heart and Soul
To a dear friend in words and deed
And help them, to reach their goal
You are loving and ever Great indeed.

JOIN HANDS TOGETHER

Let us build barriers
Bridges, dams, to prevent
The tumultuous rivers
Overpowering, the populace.

Let us work together
Join hand in hand
In chorus, in harmony
To face the violent storms.

Let us all gather
During grief and loss
To mourn our departed
And pray for their souls.

Let us all sing songs
Of love and affection
Oneness and brotherhood
To maintain our lovely gardens.



FIRE OF 'KAMA'

How difficult it is to capture 'kama' in us
The evil eye roving all over for a glimpse
The urges erupting like a volcano
The seething anger to destroy opposition.

To eat like a glutton, to drink like a fish
To hover over every beauty and flower
To rob riches and ennoble with eminence
To lay traps, act slyly to end competition.

Tongue twisting, lashing, back biting at goodness
Turning green at our neighbors' richness.
Playing foul to spoil our brother's progress
Ruining gardens of love by our covetousness.

O inner dark one, lie low and be quiet
Till bones come apart and fire of 'kama' envelopes.



A BETRAYER

He was provoking him, creating a wind
Spreading rumors and suspicion
Putting his adversary to defense
To confusion, tension and annoyance.

He was waiting for a spark to fly
For a word to be misspelt
For a slip of tongue
For an error of judgment.

This person in whites of low values
Can dip to any level, change colors'
Befriend enemies with his silvery tongue
Stab them in the back, to achieve his ends.

Guard yourselves from heavenly wrath
Let not your inner dark one betray you.



CHEER UP

Paint a beautiful scenery of life
Hang the picture on the wall,
Lie on the couch comfortably
And gaze and gaze at it, to enjoy.

Pine for all your lovely desires
Chase the rainbows in the sky
Fly like birds and sing like cuckoo
Swim like a duck and live a free life.

Drive out all the dreary feelings
Light in the corner of your cozy heart
A flame of love to create lighter moments
With a glimmer in your eye, pass by.

Let not the frightful dreams
Cover you with darkness of gloom.



SPRING TIME

It is spring time, a blooming time.
Time for fragrance in the air.
For sweetness to thrill and cheer.
Joys multiple in youthful prime.

Sing songs of mirth and joy.
Dance to the tunes of the times.
Amorous thoughts grip charming boy.
Wheels of life move in chime.

Spring time is festival time.
Silk and jewelry bedeck the bride.
Fashions aplenty for all to pride.
Cautions thrown without caring for the dime.



HOPES FOR GRIEF

Hopes are mirages and rainbows
Melting snow, vanishing vapors
Steam, fumes and passing clouds
Birds of passage, to perch here and there.

Hopes, longings are unfulfilled dreams.
Try and change seasons and weather
Catch the moon, soar like eagle
Gain access to nuclear bombs!

Hopes are like days in a calendar
Second and minute hands on a clock
They keep changing and fluttering
Soul's companions to live, to seek joy.

Hopes and longings are fuel for fire
To create pangs, pathos, grief, for stricken heart.



SONGS OF INNOCENCE

The crow, the scavenger, the cunning bird
With cool eyes and dark wings
Caws and caws morn till even
Hardly does joys it brings.

The spirited cuckoo, the sweet nightingale
The dancing peacock and angelic swans
The singing robin and perching sparrows
Are delights to heart and pleasing to eyes.

Songs of innocence sung by a child
Beautiful damsels swirl in joy
Love and beauty illumine the mind
Soothing music thrills the boy.

You dwell in a hut or in a palatial place
The joyful spirit and loving heart are the same.



MERCY AND COMPASSION

When I was in dreary condition
Having lost all hopes and in disillusion
Despondency gripping me all over
Cast away from doors of friends and foes

A voice from beyond reached my ears
Awake, arise, my doors are open
Reach me with your loving heart
I shall receive you with open arms.

A shattered being with million wounds
Grief aplenty with stricken heart
Soul dipped in desolation, pathos
Now sparkled with joys and there I stood

To receive the Grace from the Merciful
Whose compassion envelopes a dear soul.



MIND

The mind, the human mind of every kind
On birth soft like a pudding, growing
Tougher and tougher, yet remaining silken
Iron melts, stone cut to smithereens pieces
The mind, crystal clear, reflecting rainbows
Multi-color dimensional of various hues
Kernel in a nut, but toughened, strengthened
Like a diamond, a graphite, unyielding
Unbending, unbreakable, with profoundness
To outreach beyond infinity and still beyond
The very mind like a swine falling
In gutters, rolling in filth and decaying
You need a diamond to cut another
One kind meets the other of like one
Either to befriend or turn to a foe
To join and shake hands or to wrestle.



CHILDHOOD LOVE

Go back, go back to the love,
You found in the sweet childhood.
The lullabies and the kisses,
The hugging and the patting.
The caressing and the outpourings.
The over-indulgences and the over-bearings.
Love showered aplenty by all means.
You cried for love, wept for love.
Yearned love, demanded love.
Oh! Childhood's lovely dreams.
Your crawling, lisping, blurring
Infused love, innocence emitted love.
Love, thou, are the child of man.
Pure, unspoilt flowing with blessings.



TRUTH OPPOSED TO LIES

Lies, lies, tissues of lies gleam
Coloring, twisting, manipulating
The facts, images, things as really seen.
Creating myths, exaggerating.
To the cake of falsehood
For taste, adding spices and icing
Soaring beyond limits, imagining.
Dressed up, fashionable and dreaming
Lies look quite impressive with their show.
Boastful, creating sensations of their own making.
Tongue twisting and camouflaging.
Here and there, half-truths, projecting
Truth, the naked truth, the bitter truth
Opposed to deception, in glory always shining.



TIME – “KAAL”

Look, how Time is created infinitely
Sun with its effulgence creating life
Earth and Moon on their run, day by day,
With light and shadow alternating
Mind, with its secrets within
A seed bearing the germs to grow and glow
How a day breaks the sleep, world whirls
Afresh, it starts again with a keen memory
Sleep, the elixir, removes stress and strain
But, what is ingrained continues to flow
Endlessly individuals perform, what is destined
Interact, churn and burn, and get perfected
A wonderful cycle, keeps moving on and on
In multiple colors', with various hues, forever.



GRANT THY GRACE

Let me present million supplications
For your single grace and glance
Goodness, if any earned in mortal life
I present thee humbly for acceptance.

Grant me a glimpse of radiating face
I sacrifice life for your effulgence
Ah! My hopes and yearnings have lost flight
My last drop of blood flows in silence.

My eyes shed tears in separation
For seeking a charming smile and fragrance
Peace be on thee, my salutations
My love is sincere and not pretence.



BLOODY LOVE

Oh! Why does this lonely night approach?
With darkness and still silence around
Increasing the yearnings and longings
Sleep takes a flight, to stir within.
The lost hopes, to prevent dreams to occur
To take away the hub and dub of dreary life
The head splits asunder with throbs and aches
The heart pounds like hammering of blacksmith.
O my lost love! Enough is enough
Take away these sighs and breaths.
My mutterings, chatterings, my pangs
Have now turned to shining sharp swords
To cause wounds all over my puny body
To bleed love, for everyone to glare.



BREATH IN AND BREATH OUT^{5*}

Go deep down in your self
Close your eyes, sit erect
Take deep breath in and out
Fix the focus of your, mind's eyes.
In between your brows
Inhale and exhale deeply
Your thoughts shouldn't waver
But remain still, on breath,
Slowly and steadily calmness descends
A freshness appears, with deep inhales.
Let the fierce sun of the mind set
Let peace dawn and soul soar higher



ZENITH

My body, my heart, my eyes
Have all burnt and burnt in Thy love
My breath is now charged, like fire
My fears have all now weaned.
I yearn for Thy effulgence to shine
On my inner most corners of soul
Let Thy light glow and brighten it
And ecstasy quench the thirst forever
Let the storms get fully subsided
To allow calmness to descend with serenity
Full Moon sheds its light gloriously
Let the blissful moments, reach their zenith.



HAIKU

A game of cricket
Gentlemen play in the whites
Bookies black money.



Eagle soars in sky
With hawkish eyes on its prey
Small birds make good meal.



Sailing ships on sea
Face turbulence and tempest
Courage combats fear.



Lilly white Roses
Seek purity in friendship
Mother's love to child



Sharpened shinning sword
Sleepy youth turned to soldier
To make the king rich.



Black is beautiful
Dark crows sing celestial songs
In early morning.



Watch changing seasons
Clock of life moves on and on
Mind turns magnetic.



Ever humble yourself
To seek fortunes from the Lord
Shine like a diamond.



Florence Nightingale
Sweet honeyed silvery tongue
Queen of hearts for poor.



Farmers, sons of soil
Sail smoothly in all seasons
Eternally green.



Smiths, iron masters
Blacken their face, while at work
To create shining steel.



Dairying, farming
Soiling both your hands in dung
Enjoy fruits, butter.



Through might and terror
Salmons swim against currents
To perish unsung.



Songs of Nightingale
Ring love in hearts of lovers
For eternal life.



Mahatma Gandhi
Harbinger of love and peace
Father of Nation.



Hell, a place of fire
A residence of dark souls
Ever damnation.



Before the sun's dawn
Early morning's silent prayers
Minds get purified.



Carpet of greenery
A garden laid in beauty
For marvelous eyes.



Lonely stony heart
Kingly minaret of pride
Place for pain and gloom.



Song, wine and women
Perfumes and scents for pleasure
Drown yourself in pelf.



Wisdom rarely dawns
On a mind full of pleasure
Eternal sinner.



Borrow and create loans
Eternally live in bliss
To end life in shame.



Science and holy Books
Reap the harvest of wisdom
Shine like Moon and Stars.



Sleep of delusion
Opium and marijuana
Destruction of self.



Calm light of wisdom
Descends on minds purified
To shine forever.



Listen to soul's call
Sing songs of joy, ecstasy
Light up your knowledge.



Grief, melancholia
Sour fruits of soul's ignorance
Gloom, inner turmoil.



Fill your consciousness
Heights of spiritual wisdom
For merger with Love.



Awake, your being
Rising sun dispels darkness
Light purifies soul.



Earthly desires gleam
Beckons you to mirth pleasure
Soul gets caught in thorns.



Burden your being
With loot of poor man's money
Come to grief quickly.



Experience in life
Spectrum of past and present
Throws multiple light.



Eternal good deeds
Live in present for wisdom
Make hay while sun shines.



Get drowned in ego
Attachment to daily life.
For unhappiness.



Sins nailed on the cross
Lord Jesus resurrected
Live eternally.



Love yearns good beings
Creates a Kabba in your heart
For joys to emerge.



Gold, hidden treasure
Good people like roots get merged
To bear flowers, fruits.



While swans fly in air
Treat of beauty to the eyes
Is joy forever.



Company of saints
A touch of rare purity
Cleans heart and mind.



O devotee fly
Bird of life sings Holy names
To reach ecstasy.



Eclipse shadows light
Do not worship your mistakes
Sins do not bring joys.



A guilty conscience
Is a sure sign of success
Now, turn a new leaf.



Roses emerge bright
Festival or funeral
Daily they sing songs.



Recite holy Names
Wisdom to purify life
For soul to soar high.



Shun bad company
Rose of self-realization
Through control of self.



Clarity of mind
A thousand blossoms of soul
From purified life.



Love gleams through the eyes
Spread inner sweet rose's petals
Fragrance in the air.



Evil or goodness
Rise above life's dualities
Seek Eternal Being.



You dream of success
Fear from the dreaded Saturn
Life, a mere fiction!



Seek sincerity
Approach wisdom, with goodness
To feel Divine's joys.



Fear not worldly life
Pleasures lead to inner joy
For men of wisdom.



Life's disappointments
Or fleeting rich, victories
Are mind's illusions.



To realize your self
Set goals for realization
Merge like stream in sea.



Unburden your soul
Let mad, mad world go to hell
Save yourselves from crimes.



Live moderate life
Shun richness & poverty
Float like sweet lotus.



Selection from
In Silent Moments

WASH YOUR SINS

Images of fond memories
Float on the walls staring me
Sweet songs of yesteryears
Revive the mirth and pleasures.

Where now the solemn oaths?
Vows of perpetual bliss
Now, I carry pangs
And desolation in my heart!

Ah! The pleasures of the world
Were momentary in haste to flee
My candle of hope flickers
Gloomy darkness surrounds me.

The sneers and jeers of adversaries
Strike my stricken heart
Like a wound from shining sword
Lo! A punishment for my passions brief.

The flowing streams of Ganges and “Zam Zam”,
Godly rivers can they wash off my sins?



NATURE GOOD SAMARITAN

Nature doesn't betray those:
Who are loyal and true
Who are trustworthy
Who are humble and honest
Who are kind and affectionate
Who keep their words and promises
Who are silent and golden
Who are simple and sincere
Who are soft and melodious
Who are compassionate and charitable
Who do not over step their limits
Who do not swear and bear grudge
Who do not back bite and covet
Who observe the rules of the game
Who observe fairplay and are just
Who are magnanimous and forgiving
Who are grateful and contented
Who are patient and tolerant
Who are thankful and merciful
Who are loving and sweet
Who obey, perform duty as sacrifice.



DESIRE AND FANTASIES

Does every desire, unmatched with reality
Become a cause for frustration and anger?
Does it lead to disharmony?
Does it lead to unhappiness and misery?

Is not the attachment to desires?
The sole cause of discontentment
Unreined, unbridled, unchained desires
A source for leading man to grief!

Desires are temporary passions
An eruption of emotions and feelings
For a pleasure and a gratification
For a joy and a passing glee.

Fantasies and dreams are unreal
Dwell not in them, it is a mirage.
Can you catch a cloud or air?
Desires, fantasies, dreams are to pass by.



DESTINY – ‘KARMA-MOKSHA’

Does man live on fervent hopes and dreams?
 Does life revolve on needs for existence?
 Either way, to find peace and solace
 One needs to look within for realisation.

To eat more than your need is gluttony
 To eat to appease hunger brings satisfaction
 To earn to live, is to fulfill your “Karma” (Destiny).

Only reality is birth and death
 In both there is certainty.
 Harmony or disharmony, good or bad.
 Right or wrong are terms to define good living.

Life’s vicissitudes are multiple.
 Rein in evil desires and streamline good ones.
 A right balance in daily living
 Is an art. Thus, civilize to achieve ‘Moksha’.



SILENT ZONE

Reaching me with open arms
Like a distant train, whistling
Slowly and steadily creeping
Its signals touching me, all over.

The longings and yearnings
Pace by pace increasing
Ears attentive to distant call
Heart's throb calming down.

My taste buds loosening
Thinking narrowing
Blinking at blank space
With vacant looks.

My arms and legs
Motionless, zest less
Body drooping
Silence overtaking.



DAY AND NIGHT

The morning breeze whiffs past me
Blowing sweet melodious tunes
To tinkle dreams and lull me
Further to sleep, inhaling fresh air.

Bright yellow round luminous Sun
Shining at dawn, piercing light
Creeping inside my bed room
Kissing and whispering to wake me up.

Chirping birds, singing gleefully
Rendering notes, joining in chorus.
Time ever tickling me, to remind
Of waiting duties at door step.

A lovely day of the season
Passes with daily chores, performed well
Enters dusk and twilight to close the day.
Night with eerie silence lulls me to sleep.



LOST HOPES AND NATURE'S FINERY

When I see sky touching the sea
I move my ship of hope towards it
But only to find it receding away.
The expanding horizon dashes my hopes.

My sufferings leave a trail of sorrow
My sagging spirit utters a sigh
The pain mingles with sad thoughts
And plays a tune to lull the heart.

Nature's green finery all around me
Is it to fulfill my longings and hopes?
Though rainbows appear briefly and vanish
Yet its colours are lovely for one to see.

Gale and storms bring turbulence and lightening
To plough and sow to reap the harvest
You need to sweat from dawn till dusk.
Without fire, can you cook the broth?



RUDDER OF FAITH

Oh! He is a man full of ideas,
Energy and bubbling with life
Every sound and minute, he swears
Pursues ideas to reach the endless goals.

I walk on the sands of life.
With empty hands and head
Watching my foot prints erased
By the waves of the angry sea.

Name, fame and glory are Nature's gifts
For men born with silver spoon.
With umpteen opportunities at their door.
To make a choice leisurely at will.

Men with torn sails and broken ships
Can't hope to overcome tides of the seas.
To reach safe shores you need a sound Captain.
Who can read the weather
and hold fast their rudder of faith.



AGELESS TIME

Was Time created to serve Man?
Movements of Earth, Moon and Planets
To create seasons and shape the destiny
Of each man and woman differently.

Hours pass in peace and calmness
Unperturbed sleep in serene nights,
But streak of brilliance and colorful dawn
Unfolds for each, a golden morn.

Heavenly plot unfolds its acts and scenes
Drama played with ease and naturalness
In a flash, exhilaration in another pathos.
Life's circle moves on with clock wise precision.

Prophesies, oracles, predictions
Chapter by chapter reveal themselves
A perfect play on mighty screen.
Is Time created to serve Man?



THOUGHTS PERENNIAL

Thoughts are perennial
Eruptions and emissions
From the crystal mind
Of light and wisdom
Reflections and impressions
Gathered by the soul
From the experiences
Of daily living
Of daily mingling
From inner turmoils
From inner sorrows
From inner questionings
From inner joys
From inner ecstasies
From fantasies and frustrations
From dreams and illusions
From depressions
And disillusionments
From meanderings and meditations



COMMUNICATION

Words are poor media
Of inner thoughts
Of inner feelings
Of your imagination
You wish you could
Communicate
Like a calm sea
Like a silent Moon
Like a morning breeze
Like a twilight
Like a twinkling star
Like a Mona Lisa painting
Like a beautiful rainbow on skyline
Like a singing nightingale
Like a daffodil, a rose
Like a painting of last supper
Like a “Maryada Purushotham”
Like a “Sachi dananda”
Like a “Laila tul Qadar”



MYRAID LIFE

Is life a flickering candle?
To face every now and then
Vicissitudes of listless living
Squalor, disease and filth!

Is life lightning and thunder?
To crumble, burn and destroy
The gardens of lovely relations
When greed, anger overwhelms?

Is a life storms, tempests
Cyclones to wash away
Forever the civilization,
When man challenges nature?

Is life earth shaking quake?
To raze to ground
The temples and place of worship
To destroy the heartless man?



PROTECTION FROM MISERY

There was a time, when we were
Walking through roads.
Meeting familiar faces charming us
Now, thrown far away from them.

Memory slips, mist gathers
Corroding the mind, burning the vision
Time and again, events envelop.
Confusing names, throwing dark shadows.

Either walking in straight line or zigzag
On slippery path or on thorny untrodden one
Fulfilling dreams or facing disappointments
Despondency gripping the mind.

Despair and grinding poverty
Dashing all hopes and dreams.
Divine Grace the sole celestial gift
Is a protective canopy from misery.



WHY ALL THIS?

Poverty smells obnoxiously,
Stinks putrefying, decaying.
An environmental threat.
A cause for grief for Mankind!

Opulence, splendor, wealthy rich!
Wrecks the mind, consciousness and soul.
Corrupting values, customs, and themes.
Creating Nuclear weapons for destructions

And fashion shows with bare bottoms!
Chill penury bares all for all to see.
Ah! Hiroshima, Bosnia, Sudan!
In all, dare devilry; a test for endurance.

Look, look O Merciful! Why all this
Sorry state when you are known
To be just, kind, compassionate
Beneficent and Merciful!



BEAUTY IN NATURE

The wintry chill freezes my bones and marrow
I shudder to think of it in summer.
When the heat boils and my sweat flows
I think of cool spring with scented flowers.

All colors merge to form white curtain
To reappear on it as a rainbow.
To delight the hearts for certain.
To honor Sun and rain with a bow.

Mind and heart admire nature's beauty
Eyes, ears to marvel its sound and music.
Night and day dance hand in hand in gaiety
Time spreads its arms, turn the clock to click.

Sun, Moon and Stars throw luminous light
Earth moves round and round for season's flight.



A PARODOX OF LIGHT AND SHADE

Morn even. I burn the candle of hope
Stricken heart swells tears in eyes.
The scenic beauty around though captivating
And melodies fill the air solemnly.

O! The Unseen Cosmic Hearer
Why does thou offer
Hemlock to Thy devotee
To mar life with vicissitudes.

Full many pleasures pass my way
But lingering pathos are thorns
A myriad jinx to contain mirth
Lo! A paradox of light and shade.

A cloudless sky, blistering Sun
Parching tongue add woes to grief.



MELTING HEART

When the morning's gloss
Kissed the night's pathos
Tears of love filled
The greenery and grass
With gleaming gems
Pearls tiny and small
On each leaf's blade
On stalks and barks
To share its sorrow
And spread its music
With birds of all hues
Chirping and singing.
When beams of light
Enfolds its shine
The dew's heart melts
And mingles with the soil.



DEMANDS OF DEATH

Death caused by bullet received in chest
Murderer's knife or thro' a hand man's noose.
They dare to welcome it with open breast
Don't have any thing in life to chose.

Life is dear for the rich and mighty
For them, Apollo comes down to offer elixir
At the cost of fortune, without being thrifty
Alas! The candle burns at both ends brighter.

Men in chill penury, distress and pain
Call out for sweet death to end misery.
Life's paradox leaves its own strain.
At every breath demands wealth from treasury.



CROWNING GLORY

Virtuous men are held by stings
Of divine love and blessings
To remain as pearls and rubies
In the glittering necklace.

The glowing crown of divinity
Adorns on enlightened beings.
In them flows heavenly music
To thrill the loving spirits.

Life led with righteous living.
In humility and servitude,
In patience and contentment.
Enjoys honey and fruits of heaven.



WITH SEARCHING EYES

Why do I stand in this state?
Before death lays its icy, chilly hands!
Threatens, makes faces, a lot
Day in and day out, unleashing pains,
Woes, casting long shadows at noon!
In dreams, projecting bloody walls,
With green fresh creepers over it
With tasteless fruits, with pungent odor.
Now, caravans of all co-pilgrims departed
Leaving me, alone in sandy lonely desert.
Look! See! How much I yearn for Thee
With pathless journey before me, limitless-
A mirage, I with parching tongue
And searching eyes, long and long for Thee.



BLESS ME

Wake up your being with right energy
Instill in you the enlightened spirit
Illumine your mind with lofty thoughts
Digress not from the awakened “Kundalini”.
Flow like a perennial sweet spring.
Let, in every glance love dwell.
Every step be in glorious path.
Stray not from the flowing streams.
May you be blessed forever.
Let Heaven’s glory fall on you.



WHEN CHILL WINDS BLOWS

Lo! Life, when dull and drab
Cold like frozen season
With fading misty light
With gusty feelings receding
With eyes losing their sparkle
And cheeks their dimple
With chill flowing winds
Biting and causing wounds
With heart covered with numbness
Then love is crippled and dimmed.



NEVER TO MEET

O we move in opposites.
In parallel lines, never to meet.
Love shunned is paradise lost.
To add to life's burdens and cost.
Like cancerous malignant cells,
Spreading, casting death's spell.
O! Solitude! Lost forever in din
When man commits more and more sin.
Life's parallels don't meet!
Surrender for peace at Master's feet.



HAIKU

Mogul Sultanate
 Shines till date in Taj Mahal
 Beautiful-Mumtaz,



Chinese tea party
 'Ikebana', fashion show,
 To welcome a guest



Sun rises, sun sets
 Sun flower blooms every day
 Without scent, fragrance.



A cassia tree
 Standing tall and high in peers
 Bear's life's elixir.



Mahatma Gandhi
 Glory of Himalayas
 Pride of the Nation



Eat apple a day
Charity begins at home
Send doctor away



Stormy Parliament
Signs of anarchy and strife
For fascism



Tailor-made shirts, pants
A way of elite's pleasure
In the modern age



Hang panties, brassieres
On the balcony's clothes lines
For amorous thoughts.



In mating season
A cuckoo's call to its mate
With deadly silence



Silence, solitude
A sure way to end journey
Pavilion end



Do not rub noses
Mingle in tightest embrace
Let fountains gush forth.



Look within your shell
Strings of hoary bygones
Biting memory.



TANKA

Onset of darkness,
Dipping orange sun at sea
Men in sailing boats
Search for elixir of life
Trying to touch horizon



Onset of crescent
On parching sandy desert
Where sins aplenty
An illumined mind with clear soul
Pronounced the whole Truth.



Washerman clens cloths
In which dirt, sweat aplenty
A crystal clear soul
Needs no god men for sermons
Empty vessels make more noise.



Holy cross at Rome
Holy pope with scepter
Guides the hearts of men
Where Christ dwells in humble hearts.
To purify mind and soul.



Master of yoga
 Lord Shankaracharya
 Vedas and Gita
 With deep penance and in trance
 Realized the inner soul.



The ten commandments
 Are ten pillars of beauty
 Truth is beautiful
 For mankind to live in peace
 Without strife and war.



Guru Nanakji
 With disciple Mardana
 A Muslim Fakir
 Travelled the whole world for Truth
 To illumine disarrayed men.



Lord Mahavira
 Thou art a realized soul
 For humanity
 To teach Truthful Ahimsa,
 Austerity, clean business.



Selections from
A Call From The Unknown

WASHED OUT

When times don't augur well for you
When you have no godfather
When you have no rich legacy
Then, all your wishes would melt away.

You may have talent and merit
But without wings and sails
You may not be able to soar
To reach heights of glory.

When times don't augur well
Even mighty men have great fall
Storms and tempests bring deluge
And wash away all the glories of life.



WORN OUT POEMS AND OLD FRIENDS

Several thoughts have gleamed my mental screen
Floating images, colorful ideas for a good poem
Words would flow smoothly and spontaneously
While I am dreaming; in sweet sleep.

The shrill Cuckoo's songs, the cawing of crows
The twinkling sound of milkman's cycle, wakes me up
My poem vanishes in thin air of the morning
Hardly can I recall the fancy of the theme.

When the idea of the poem rolls back
It is like a moth eaten tattered book
A rusted iron railing, an over worn patched dress
It can neither be mended nor molded for expression.

Old childhood friends are antique pieces
They emerge like poems in dreams to vanish
They have neither zest nor zeal nor enthusiasm
Except to relate woes and pains of yester years.



AN UNSTEADY PERSON

He is having a wavering mind
With a panoramic view of the world
With ideas aplenty and interest many
Mercurial in nature, shifting like sand.

One day he would talk on one thing
The next day would dwell on another
Contradictions and confusions galore
A mixture of good, bad and ugly.

With zeal he would pick up one work
But leave it half way undone
As he would be attracted to a new one
He never concentrates on one to reach perfection.

He has come to be known to one and all
As a jack of all but master of none'
He would be ready at every one's beck and call
A peculiar character for jest and fun.



CHANGING SEASONS

Season of lovely spring
With colorful flowers of hues
Pleasant for eyes to view
For fragrance and honey.

Season of warm summer
For fruits and juices
For pickles and jams
For joys and mirth.

Season of storms and rain
Lightning and thunder
To plough and sow
To work and serve.

Season of wintry cold
For warmth and love
To care and share
With guest and rest.



TOTAL DARKNESS

Brick over brick, layer over layer
Multi-storied huge sky scrappers
Roads and highways, without greenery
Fast trains with passengers clinging.

Expanded vast humanity
Dwindling resources, with increasing
Arms arsenal, without
Any safety valve for peace.

In this blind world, with fool's around
The dark one's unable to think
To soar, to fly, to reach higher planes
Blinded in disillusion, with pelf and show.

Nuclear, atomic power in such hands.
Is a threat to humanity
To the peace and happiness,
To plunge man into total darkness.



A VICTIM IN HIS OWN CAGE

In moments of ecstasy and joys
When all caution and care
Are thrown to the winds
A stab from the loved ones.

Ah! What a perfect stab?
At the bottom of the heart
Where lays the longings
Dreams and jeweled love.

Like a nun robbed of her flower –
A fresh spring polluted –
Suckling child snatched away
Like being left in a parching desert.

Oh dear ones! Beware! A hunter gets hunted
To become a victim in his own cage.



MAN OF LOVE

I should have sailed
Alone, all alone
All by myself
With my own dreams.

I should have trodden
My own lonely path
All by myself
With my clear thoughts.

I should have faced
The storms and tempests
All by myself
Without calling for help in distress.

I should have been
The lone ranger
The lone adventurer
The lone man of love.



SCARE CROW

I am a scare – crow withstanding
Vagaries of unkindly weather
Scaring away the crows, birds
And evil eye that destroy the crops.

I don't complain or weep
Or grieve over my condition
I have no one for company
Nor a home for comfort.

I do my duty silently
Grinning all the while
Spreading both my arms
And standing on the pole.



COURAGE OF CONVICTION

Isn't it difficult to hold on?
To decisions and resolutions
Taken by us, sworn by us
To remain steadfast, to standby.

A little storm, a windy weather
A sultry day, in desolation
In distress, in pain and sorrow
We flounder and break our promises.

Let's throw this garb of hypocrisy
This glib and oily art
To please and displease persons
Oh! Isn't it difficult to remain simple?

To walk in straight line
To swim against currents
To fly in stormy weathers
One needs courage of conviction.



STARS THAT SHINE FOR EVER

Millions appear as meteorites
Shine for a while with a long tail
And disappear from the horizon
Of life and merge in darkness.

Millions yearn to glow like a lamp
To burn and emit light in their huts
But destiny leaves them in darkness
They grope their way to falter again and again.

Millions burn day in and day out
Like a candle from both ends
Without leaving for any one even ashes
For merger in the Holy waters.

A few in millions twinkle in the dark sky
To emerge at the fall of dusk every day
To emit light to guide
Their fellow men to straight paths.



A ROCK

My friend was like a rock, a cave
In which I took refuge
Rested, comforted, solaced
I felt protected and armed.

My weak feeble body
Would feel strong
My shattered nerves
Would regain its composure.

Like a bird, I would
Perch on his strong body
Feel light, rid of my weight
Of my burdens
Of my worries
Of my weaknesses.

My journey would appear
To have sailed smoothly
To shores, reached destination
Weathering storms and tempests.



FREEZING WEATHER

Searching for lost glories
For regaining name and fame
For the lost voice of nightingale
For the lost youth and charm

Is like searching for wealth
In dustbins and in garbage
For rain during thick of summer
And sunny weather in deep winter

Life is full of dreams
Unfulfilled like mirages
To disappear like clouds
On a hot summer day.



WEAVE FABRIC

There can't be resistance
To severe life currents
Compelling circumstances
That changes the course of living

A fall of big banyan tree
Deprives many living creatures
Of umpteen utilities they derive
And the lives that flourish around it.

Life is like 'three ring circus'
Jumblings and jugglery around
Those who survive are like threads
That weave fabrics of utility.



HUMILIATE MAN

A wound in the stomach
An ulcer in the mouth
Parching and splitting headache
On a wedding feast day.

Torrential rain, flooded streets
Leaky houses sans tarpaulins
Without supply of electricity
And all communications snapped.

A famous actor abducted by a bandit
Sudden strike, chaos and bedlam
All essential commodities disappear
Sans medicines or first aid for sufferers.

A personal calamity or a communal
Disharmony or break down of law
And order, or force majors
Calamity reigns supreme to humble man.



ACCIDENT CLAIMS

The accidental deaths in gruesome ways on roads,
Rail accidents, earthquakes, drownings, catastrophes,
Massive deaths in cyclones, police firings and riots
Death in the hospitals due to fate or negligence of doctors.

Mangled bodies with limbs and organs ripped apart
Tragic deaths befalling those, who do not dare
Unlike soldiers, who kiss death to become heroes
Whose families are protected and taken every care.

Call it fortune or misfortune, some survive
To suffer untold hardships, paralyzed
Maimed, handicapped, fleeced by doctors, lawyers, all
A trauma to them and their families forever to bear.

A little injury though not lasting or grave,
But sufferings exaggerated and tall claims made
Feigned illness, disability pronounced
For larger share in hefty insurance or accidents' claim.

Strange are the ways of Nature indeed
While for some, it is tragedy in real sense
While for others, it is a stroke of boon
But vultures around to fleece their fortunes.



DARE ME

Has one dared to swim in an ocean?
Or in deep sea infested with sharks
In gushing rivers with severe currents
During gale, thunder, storms and tornadoes
Dared to climb steep snowy mountains
Braved the dreaded tigers in deep jungles.

Man has braved for space odyssey
To land on moon, mars and journey beyond
But failed to catch Veerappan, the dreaded bandit
End rigging, horse trading, scams, water shortage.

Noble men in search of elixir and utopias
Puritans in vain look for righteousness
Recluse and ascetics search for bliss
And our humble citizens for a peaceful living.



GRACE OF MOUNTAINS

I am a rat holed up in a mountain
Which is mighty, strong for everyone to see
To a humble creature like me
It acts as a protective curtain.

Ascetics do penance for peace here
Fierce tigers also seek shelter
Jungles are for every one so dear
Grace of Mountains charms everyone.

Life is precious, you can't kill
Even if I am small and tiny
All have empty stomachs to fill
Twinkling stars, though specks are bright.

Oh! Mountain, you are really great
Everyone seeks your eternal beauty.



ENGLISH MAN – THE WHITE ONE

We met him after a long, long search
 Now, we acquire his legacy, manners and culture
 His rhymes and rhythm his syntax and poesy
 Gone are the powers of mighty and kings of stature.

Oh, he is that white man, the English man
 Who lived here in India, in our Bharat
 Upturned this land and its people
 Drew from its bowels gold, and ivory.

Infused learning, discipline and righteousness
 Value for time and drove out lethargy
 Made us look for future but not in Heaven
 Or in myths or in superstitions.

Turned the wild, shrew and the uncouth
 Into gentlemen to move about in style
 Made hot headed to look straight and clear
 Rekindled the spirits of vagabond and the fool.

The Hindu worships the power of the Sun
 While Muslim negates polytheism and idols, he shuns
 Might and glory of India lay in hands of both
 Mutual respect is freedom, success it brings forth.

The white man succeeded in turning the affairs bright
 Individuality he retained, yet infused dignity and poise
 Respect for self and established right
 A welfare state for well-being of all.

Meeting the Englishman was nostalgic one
A history to remember of the glorious past
For the stupendous efforts and the works done
To cherish the legacy, though time flies fast.



EVER IN SEARCH

My mind is ever in search
Of my dear lost loved one
Through my mind's search beam
Looking all over the world
In a flash penetrating deep woods.
In another moment in all markets
My mind chases each and every clue
To uncover the possibility
Of my loved one hidden from me
In some nook and corner
Of an unknown secret place
Hidden away from every eye
O! My beloved, my darling
Come and meet my longing eyes.



MY SUNKEN EYES

My chattering mind, unstoppable
My eye's longings, unabated
My heart's throbbing, continuous
O my beloved, turn to me, my love!
Every breath is charged now –
Blood is fired in flames
Now it has turned blue.
O my love, look at me, O beloved!
I search for you in every corner
I rush, where angels fear to tread
Every mirage is a hope dashed
Dawn and dusk are pangs of love
My love will never wane in dullness
My sunken eyes yearn and yearn for Thee.



PREFER MAD WORLD

I looked out of the window –
I found empty space
A total void, a screen
A white curtain spread all over.

A chilly silence, icy moments
Pathos and grief overwhelming
Millions have passed this path
This path of graveness and stillness.

Let's rush, where birds chirp
With greenery around with fresh breeze
Where life bubbles, culture abounds
Where madness corrupts not the soul.



GOD, WHERE?

Where is the god, you speak about?
 In the ashrams, in temples, in gurudwaras
 In the synagogue, church, in mosque
 In the 'bhajans', 'homas', 'shanthi poojas'?

Where is the god, you speak about?
 In jihad, in passing strictures, in purdah,
 In talisman, in Omens, in superstitions
 In wearing white cap, long cloak, kurta, pyjama
 In 'namaz', in 'zikr', in 'zakat', in 'Haj'?

Where is the god, you speak about?
 In setting up schools, colleges, institutions
 In hospitals, old age homes, orphanages
 In leprosarium, in remand homes, in prisons?

Where is the god, you speak about?
 In slums, squalor, poverty, disease
 In sanyasis, 'devadasis', fakirs, sadhus,
 In riches, in games, in dancing hall, in night clubs?



FLEECE AS THEY PLEASE

Butterfly girls hopping from flower to flower
Sucking nectar emptying the sweetness
Corrupting the soul of the charming youths
To make them dance to their tunes.

Senseless god men holding sway
Over god fearing men of clay
Exploiting in the name of the god
Money, honor, time with glee.

Clever cheats showing heaven in their palms
To rob investors of their small savings
To gobble the same, to seek liquidation
Of their companies; to enjoy the loot.

Glib glitter attracts you all around
This every day “maya”, plots against you
To make you sick and seek health and peace
But, doctors and lawyers fleece as they please.



PRYING INTO SECRECY

Prying into other's secrets
Into their personal world
A pleasurable pastime
Or inquisitive journalism?

Invasion of privacy by gadgets
Eavesdrop, tele-tapping, censor of letters,
Unmindful of inflicting sorrows
Shock waves and shame to them.

Floating rumors maliciously
To arouse jealousy and hatred,
Bring bad blood, misunderstandings
A serious damage to reputation.

Loss of name, fame and nobility
Is a loss of life time's earnings
Legacy gained through ages, ruined
Biography written by perverted minds.



PIERCING WORDS

Those piercing words, razor sharp
Shot with arrows of envy and wrath
Shattering the veil of innocence
Refinement and landing on heart.

In the heart of memory, to remain
Like fangs of deadly snake
To strike now and then, at ease
To break the glistening mirror of heart.

Are these venomous curses rooted
In the painful cavities of oppressed
To shoot out as bullets, when harmed
To lodge in the tyrannical minds?

Are these tenterhooks of words
Of cynicism to merge in blood
To turn milk of kindness to hatred
To erupt now and then for revenge?



HUMBLE LIFE

As I was nursing my charming life
With all the pleasantness, it could present
With all the joy and happiness it could give
Walking with grace, dignity and poise.

Lo! A bolt from the blue struck me
Drowning me in waves and waves
With realities, hard facts of life glaring
With friends turned foes, I, left in desolation.

Running from pillar to post, being of no avail
'Sade Sati', cried the soothsayer!
A period without shade for protection
To roam from door to door for clemency.

Is patience, mother of virtue, the only guide
To temper the ruffled feelings as a balm?
Hard times, grinds the sullen pride
To prepare one to live a humble life.



TIME – THE SHATTERER

You kicked, crashed, broke
The closed doors
Scared the new bride
Made her to cower, to hide her shame.

With impunity threw the morals
Buried the age old traditions
Burnt the love of golden hearts
Before the gleaming shiny eyes.

Stark and chill penury of loved ones
Hardly instilled a ray of mercy
With contempt, you called out – “parasites
Leave my way, away you sloths”.

Time – the shatterer of all egos
With shining sword in hand
Of Justice, is now standing still
To draw every atom of sin from you.



TEARS OF LOVE

Don't you now feel humbled?
Unexpectedly you are bitten
Left all alone, on unbridled path
To tumble and mumble.

The cat is out of the bag!
Unsaddled colt has bolted
Like lightning vanished
In a flash, into oblivion.

Unprepared, you are left
In total darkness, without
Even a torch, a candle and light
Blinded, with sorrows and grief.

Let the accumulated sins
Of past 'karmas', unheavenly
Actions, get washed out
With your tears of love and repentance.



O LORD! SHOW MERCY!

The scam news has now been proclaimed,
Published. The glare of piercing
Light of the glowing screen
Has exposed the naked truth of your corrupt acts.

You have nothing to hide from the public
The shame is exposed totally
Like Adam and Eve, you are now
Searching for a fig leaf, to cover!

Delirious laughter from Satan
Is like sharp arrows and bullets
To strike and wound your heart
You bleed, cry, you tear everything.

Resigned, withdrawn, now
Cringing, bending low; your brow
With furrows touching the ground
Fumbling, O Lord! Show Mercy!



THE SHINING TRUTH

Bubble has now burst
Exposed; you unabashedly
Cry; for your ego is now
Totally dashed and shattered.

Life hitherto was shallow
Without a path strewn
With flowers and fragrance
With sweetness and calmness.

Now, you begin to see stars
In broad day light, darkness surrounding you
You fumble like a black crow
Unable to perch and fly; now caught red handed.

Burn all the glittering show and
Falsehood; break the showy glass house.
Look within your mirror
And see the shining Truth; to redeem yourself.



PERPETUAL BLISS

There weren't any ceremonies
No exchange of garland, or ring
No recitation of 'mantras' or "nikah"
Or exchange of vows or "satta padi".

A flame of passion aroused within,
The sleepy demon inside,
Call it "Satan", who provoked
Instigated, lured them to eat "Eden's apple".

Paradigms of excellence and beauty
Created with loving hands by the Lord
The compassionate, for obedience and faith,
Is now, deflected, distracted, obsessed.

Turned to nymph, bewitching seductress
Arousing the raging passions within, to summon
The strength, to overcome the shame
And perform the act of momentary bliss! Adulterers.



WEAVE FABRIC

There can't be resistance
To severe life currents
Compelling circumstances
That changes the course of living

A fall of big banyan tree
Deprives many living creatures
Of umpteen utilities they derive
And the lives that flourish around it.

Life is like 'three ring circus'
Jumblings and jugglery around
Those who survive are like threads
That weaves fabrics of utility.



Selections from
New Frontiers

A KNAVE

How cruel it is to think of wrongs
With malice at heart
With wickedness in mind
With chicanery and cunningness.

By being sly, secretive
Towards one and all
Just to remain in power,
Position, fame, by hook or by crook.

Creating stratagem, laying traps.
To make enemies of good people.
Bereft of sincerity and honesty.
To cheat any one at a drop of a hat.

To lie, spin tales to mesmerize,
That is a trickster and a knave.



SOFTEN HEARTS FOR TRANQUILITY

Lo, strangers, Unknown
Have become my sympathizers
While my bosom friends
Peck and heckle me.
They get malicious pleasure
In teasing an taunting me.
In counting on my weaknesses.
On prying on my secrets.

Ah! You can't expect
Sweet melodies from crows!

Love is a rare fragrance
That emanates from sweet hearts
Love tolerates, forgives, sympathizes
Shows compassion and is all embracing.

Isn't it a rare spark?
To kindle affection and grace
To bring solace to ruffled feelings
To calm the storms and tempests
And blow fresh breeze
To sooth fallen hearts into blooming flowers



ADIEU LOVE

When the time comes
To shed the colors
The uniform
And the cap.

When the time comes
To lay aside all
The prejudice, bias
Hate and enmity.

When the time comes
To say sorry
For the wrongs done
And to shake hands.

When the time comes
To shed the mortal oil
To en-shroud it
In the coffin.

The only companion
To sing songs to memory
To say adieu,
Will only be love and only love.



SEEK THEM FOR GHOSTLY STORIES

The youth has fled from his age,
Leaving sunken eyes, frozen cheeks
Drooping shoulders with a walking stick.
Heavy glasses on the round face.

Shrinking in size with quivering voice
Failing memory with false dentures
Without charm and sense of humor.
Relating tales of woes and pains.

Alas! Old age is a sore thumb
For the youngsters and teenagers,
Who love to enjoy to the brim,
Sans taunts and jeers from the old buddies.

The only good company for these old souls
Are the pretty smiling toothless children
Who are fond of pulling their beards
And seeking them for ghostly stories.



DEAD WOOD

Life has to pass thro' narrow ravines
Crossing barriers of deep darkness.
Like a thread passing thro' an eye of a needle.
Yet get squeezed, rolled up, hung on the cloth-line.

For years you are encapsulated
Without a ray of light to lit the mind
Without ideas to find solutions to your problems.
Life a living grave, you a dead body.

Efforts for changing tides turn fruitless.
You an unknown rare commodity without buyers.
None even to look at you.
Desolate feelings gripping the mind ceaselessly.

Days and night pass without hopes.
You lie on a dirty couch, your feelings ruffled
Your career and reputation damaged beyond repair
Your heart bleeding and your body becoming dead wood.



A PERSON OF MYRAID COLOURS

I must be a topic of discussion
Among scores of friends and foes
Among strangers and unknowns
On the basis of my work, position.

There may be many private jokes
In circulation, jeers and taunts
Stories and string of tales created
To tickle the high brows to laughter.

The truth is hidden camouflaged.
I am likened to chameleon, changing colors
Some call me a crouton plant.
Some compare me to a slippery snake.

A Moon waxes and wanes,
A thin thread like, a crescent
To grow and glow as a full Moon
And to slowly wane and disappear.

So is the Sun, turning hot slowly,
With piercing flames making you sweat.
But warms your being in chilly weather.
Hence, I too reflect my myriad colours.



REMEMBERING AN ELDER SISTER

She left us for lone and desolate forever
To join her new groom
To forget her youthful joys and pranks
And laughter and days of mirth.

She nursed us, acted as a ringmaster.
Like a lovely maiden, cared and caressed us.
We would fight, defy her haughtiness.
Feel envious on prying eyes stealing her grace.

I was twelve and she in her twenties,
But for us, as kids, she was grown up.
We would climb on her back and pull her plait.
She would carry us to school and bring us back.

Now, she is a part of our memory like a pearl
Hidden in an oyster, a diamond in the stolen crown.
She sparkles within us and comes in our dreams.
She has left an amber and fragrance in us.



UNSPOKEN WORDS

Only the poor and rustic
Only the illiterate, uncouth
Could leave the pages of life
Blank and empty.

They are mute witnesses
To the oppression and suppression
They are without language, signs and symbols.
Without any art of communicate.

The void is like a black hole
Their silence speaks in million words.
Unspoken words leave their own trail.
Like Buddha dangling in solitude.

They limp like ships of the desert
Like Bedouins gazing Nature
Collecting manna and nectar in wilderness
And hiding as pearls in their closed heart.



TREASUREFUL LIFE

Like a bird in the free sky
I move from place to place
Perching from tree to tree
Without a permanent home.

Like gypsies roaming around
From place to place freely
Without a shelter and a home.
Living in a refugee camp.

I am like an exotic plant.
Decorating an empty vase
Without roots and branches.
Giving pleasure to greedy eyes.

I have seen mountains hills
Rivers and seas and oceans deep
Valleys, islands and plains.
Life is full of treasure for me.



CHANGING TIDES

Look, how the time is fleeting away,
With changing colors of the seasons.
With blooming multiple flowers
And withering away soon.

Wishes bolting away like wild horses
Hopes merging with waning rainbows.
Desires washed out by storms
Every moment turning itself to oblivion.

Day after day creating myths
Mass hysteria gripping humanity.
Bohemia setting in Europe and USA,
While religiosity holding the minds of Asia.

A New World order is getting created
With globalization and electronic inventions.
Intermingling of races of all hues,
While, we Indians are bickering on Nationalism.



LET THEM SLEEP

Let the drowsy Nation sleep
Wake not the Frankenstein,
A savage to cut you deep,
To leave a stream of blood.

People without culture
Drenched in poverty.
Nothing grows on heaps of stones.
Illiteracy surrounds this society.

You need natural resources
And enormous talent,
Hard work to fill the coffers.
For fortune to bless every second.

Only a Prophet can shake you from slumber,
And nurture flowers in the hearts of dead people.



BLAME

My friends chose my family and home
My courtesies, my sails, my oars,
To launch their ships
In the huge ocean of business,
With high expectations,
To catch big fishes and whales.
To net profits to fill their coffers
To turn quick riches.
But the weather was rough and foul,
The tides boisterous.
Yet the ship reached the shores safely.
But my friends cursed me
For not bringing them lucky time.
There were times, when they profited sky high,
But, then they boasted on their skills.
Now, when their greed couldn't be met,
They throw the blame on me.



LIFE SNUFFING OUT

Life you call it soul pervading
Burning in every part of the body
It's burden increasing day by day
With the ageing process slowly nibbling in from within.

Sometime, I feel being in an abandoned home.
Where an eerie silence hangs around.
Scaring the soul to soar out of the body.
To find peace among the mute valleys.

On watching the flowing streams, the feeling grows.
Petals reverberating with splendid colors.
Birds of all hues and colors singing,
Sad and lonely songs, perching on branched.

Oh! These pains and aches, bones shrinking.
Squeezing and snuffing out the heavy burden.



SHEER CALLOUSNESS

The mighty wrath of my callous mind.
A burning inferno, a furnace,
To destroy all that has been soothing and kind.
To leave friends and foes high and dry.

I regret and repent
When the best of times are past
And the life has lost its treasures,
With sails torn, leaving me aghast.
My eyes have lost their luster and sight.
The Sun is set, spreading darkness
The cold heart is filled with fright.
Body falling like a dead log.

Birds of all colours have been silenced.
The shining sword of death
Is now hanging over the head.



WINGS TO SOUR

Let us recall to our minds
The fun we had during times
When milk and honey was flowing.
When we were carefree and bohemian.
When youthful joys thrilled us.

Now, when times have passed
Aged has caught us,
The past is a mirage.
A withering passion is like a cloud
And a bird without wings.
Light fading slowly with blurred vision.

We yearn for moments of love to return.
To embrace us, to possess us
In a tight grip with warmth.
To enable the heavy heart to become a feather
And make the soul fly.



CHEERLESS MOMENTS

My friends took me to be –
Peeled skin of a plantain,
Thrown away as an undergarment
And twinkle of the star of the night.
Without the polish and shine of a granite.
Like spoiled food with insipid taste
And over boiled burnt potato.
Like a stinking, decaying garbage.
Like a foul mouthed with bad breath.
My tears are like sewage water.
My sighs and pains and my anguished,
My burning love none can see.
Ageless time can't spare a moment.
For grieves to wane, for the cheers to descend.



MISSING LOVE

I want the warmth of your heart.
The cheer of your lovely face.
The disarming smile from your lips.
The deep hug and your hands around me.

Enwrap me in the blanket of love.
Shower on me your affection.
Let the dark clouds wane
And bright light shine on us.

The morning breeze and the dew
Reminds me of your grace.
Your care, your concern, your charm.
You protect me, enthuse me.

When rainbows flashes on the skies
You are absent and far away.
It draws a feeling of braveness in me.
O my love come soon, come soon.



WISHFUL THINKING

I have always been wishing
To see rainbows on a clear sky
Not mirages to wane dreams
To leave me desolate and dry.

I have always been wishing
To walk in a garden of flowers
Emitting sweet fragrance and scent
With multicolour foliage to please eyes.

I have always been wishing
To get drenched in the drizzle
With laughter and joy
To fill the air with music.

I have always been wishing
To overthrow the burdens of life
Off my shoulders and neck
To walk lightly on straight paths.



CONSOLATION

Is it possible for you to console —?
A grieving heart with its broken mirrors.
A being with a shattered mind.
A soul caught in the thorns of pathos.

Is it possible for you to bring back—?
The joys of the love that has been betrayed
From a young damsel in her prime.
To give the milk of human kindness
To a suckling lisping orphan.
To grow gardens in a war torn country.

Is it possible for you to breathe fresh air?
In a country polluted with corruption.
Deep in mire, sans peace and culture,
Where in every corner, a devil waits to tease.



PLAY HARMONIOUS CHIMES

When one spasmodically jerks and twists
Rhythmically shakes his hands and feet
To the tunes of melodious music
To watch the fun and call it a 'dance'.

While one who furtively shakes moves,
His hands and feet and fidgets
On his imaginary tunes of music.
You watch such actions to call him a 'fool'.

When the sails are smooth
When the winds blow quietly
When the sun shines brightly
When the seasons pass by happily.

To find the life on brighter side.
But 'out of tunes', no one likes.



LAUNCH SHIPS

Let us move our ships of hope
With damaged sails and rudder
Towards the yonder horizon
Where the sky kisses the blue sky
Where the yellow round one dips
Where the twilight zone is visible
Where the shining star sparkles bright
Where the full Moon throws its light
Where the meandering thoughts remain **cal**
Where the cool breeze soothes the nerves
As now, the gardens of life are in ashes
The jewels and gold, no longer glitter.
Let us now launch our ships in deep Ocean.
Like fishermen to sail in deep faith for a prize catch.



Selections from
Fountains of Hopes

LET'S BUILD CASTLES IN DREAMS

I am concerned, worried
With furrows on forehead.
I scratch my head.
Shuffle my thoughts.
I try to stir my imaginations.
But it is horrid, stifled,
Like a dried well in a desert,
Storms, cyclones, nor miseries.
Enthuse me, nothing inspires me.
Is my poetry dead? I mourn, wail,
Weep, cry, and pull my hair.
I sit with a dead pan face.
Twinkle in the eye has waned
With sunken eyes, hollowed cheeks.
O muse cast your dazzling eye.
Let my beloved's charming face,
Delicate hands around me.
Stir waves and waves within me.
To pour forth my love in verse.
To ever live in castles, in dreams.



BLAME WHOM?

Yes, I may not bring sweet memories.
But, bitter ones to boil your blood.
Reddened eyes, hot ears, tremors passing over.
Foamy mouth, stammering tongue, uttering profanity.
Why then this show of brotherhood.
This talk of cordiality and smooth sails.
Of perfumed gardens and glimmering lights.
Oh! This slippery pathways of mire.
Mercuriality of tempers, meandering mind!
Then, why blame Satan for our wrongs?



YELLOW RAIN

Now I look for yellow rain,
To shower on my deserted hut.
To turn it into a castle.
When I was a lonely child,
I begged from my mother,
For a paisa to buy toffee.
She would console me,
And say that my father
Has planted a tree.
That would yield money instead of leaves.
I believed her, waited and waited.
Of late, I begin to wish
For white rain, milky rain, honey rain.
To quench my thorny thirst.
To uplift me from mire.
For blues to wane and flowers to blossom.
O, Heaven! Shower manna forever



EACH FOR ALL

They say what we talk
Gets recorded on rocks
And walls too have ears.

They say our actions
Too gets recorded,
By the angels on shoulders.

They say that trees
Have hidden eyes
And are our watch dogs.

There doesn't seems
To be any more secrecy left.
For today, "each is for all, all for each".



ON A SWELTERING DAY

As I was cycling down the road
On a sweltering mid-summer day.
The eternal Sun bellowing fire and heat,
Melting tar burning the bare foot coolies.

My mind whirling round and round, body sweating.
Yearns for cool wind, icy water to quench my thirst.
The age old rustic unmindful of season's vagaries,
Cultivates cucumbers, watermelons, mangoes.

I watched swirling maidens, scantily dressed.
Teasing my amorous thoughts, pleasing my eyes.
Tinkling love oozes out profusely, to jump with joy.
Caring mothers running after naughty children at play.

The twittering birds of various hues and colors,
Fluttering from branch to branch pecking worms.



FLEETING MOMENTS

While walking on marshy lands barefoot.
While living in sultry seasons.
While floating in surreal dreams.
We yearn for golden times to dawn on us.

Now surrounded by gardens, perfumes.
But the haunting memories flood the canvas.
To add salt, pepper to sweets.
Day and night add varied colors to fleeting moments.



ETERNITY

Timelessness, a void in the cosmic space.
While life moves on in time and seconds.
Mind, heart, soul ticks to Time.
Glorious Sun, the center of Universe,
Pushing planets round and round.
A system to sustain till eternity.



NEW FOUND LIFE

Enclosed around by walls of knowledge.
Like a book worm smelling the dust,
Accumulated within the pages of life.
Stifling and scaring the existence

Nature's beauty, its color, its charm
Receding in one's background.
Away from mind and heart.
Body stiffened like hard-board glued to chair

Eyes fixed on computer, fingers cramped
A new found way, life precipitated.
Silence enveloping, voice lost.
Future fears blanketing hopes, dreams.

Ah, the One who gives beauty to marvel,
Has now opened new wonders to ensnare.



THOUSAND MELODIES

Come, Come, let's create a lovely day.
Fill the spaces and vacuums.
So that this day becomes memorable,
To be etched in memory for long.

Let this day jingle with music.
To be talked about again and again.
To recall to mind the pleasures of this day.
Let the magic of this day forever,
Change the course of our life
And thousand melodies thrill us forever.



PLEASURE AND PAIN

The techni-colored multistarred-flag
Hoisted on the ill-gotten-wealth.
With fun and frolic in bohemian mood.
As if they are conquerors of the whole world.
Like Alexander, Caesar, Hitler and Stalin.
Unmindful of the fate their nations met.

My inner questioning self keeps asking –
Why all this pomp and show and fun?
When everything is to wane and fade away.
But this very self, the inverted one, creates all this.

Who wants to submit to a life of submission?
Away from rancor and strife and pride.
For a little comfort, much pain is wrought!
A streak of pleasure surpasses thousand pangs.



TO A DEPARTED FRIEND

He had made a niche
In the hearts of his fellowmen.
With his light hearted humor.
Sincerely sympathizing with their cause.
Lending his ears and hands to them.
Devotedly working for elevating them.
Like a sweet wind blowing
In hot seasons carrying the fragrance,
Of multi colored roses and jasmines.
He was always around to console.
To join in grief, sorrows and pains.
His only aim was to please
His Lord, win Him through His fellowmen.



TO OURSELVES

We create our own islands,
With our own demarcated boundaries.
Our own satellites and stars,
To go round in its orbits.

We have our own melodies.
To sing our own songs.
To please and soothen our own ears.
We dance to our own tunes.

We create our own Tsunamis, traumas.
Quakes to shake our own foundations,
To uproot ourselves, our culture.
Open up wounds, which don't heal.

Life gives to each one of us
In its own measure, cheers and sorrows.



SPREAD OF POLLUTION

The bridges have all been smashed
What has been built over ages,
Now lay shattered allowing the
Underground rivers of blood to
Flood the cities high Towers.
The black turbaned terror has gone berserk.

Hitlers are now on hunt, to trace
Needles from the hay stack.
To eliminate the germs of small pox
Which has reoccurred again like ghosts.

Hate is wide spread like AIDS,
Hepatitis and sexually transmitted diseases
Where to sow the seeds of love?
When the bed is polluted and marshy!



Selected Poems from
In Rare Moments

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.



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, honor of his adversaries



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.



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
Tazja: Mournful procession taken out to lament the martyrdom of
Prophet's grandson
Panjhas: Icons of silver hand
Mannat: To make a vow, wish
Fateba: Recitation of opening chapter of Holy Quran.

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,
Loses its flare and creases.



MOONLESS NIGHTS

Cozy 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.



O! DESTINY

Search peace in chaos!
Whither tranquility?
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 travelers 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.



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 color,
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 neighbors separated by lawns.
Hedges, a unique island for ourselves.
Our neighborhood 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.
Lispings 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,
Tsunamis, 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.



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.



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 snatch 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.



MEMORY

Memory is a most precious gift to mankind,
Coupled with intelligence. Less intelligent
Persons have poor memory. Loss of memory,
Alas! is a divine disfavor 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.



FLOWING LIFE

Multifaceted life with joys and sorrows.
Grave moments and moments of thrill.
Dancing daffodils and colorful 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.



HAIKU

Lightning and thunder
Crazy sermons on the pulpit
Fundamentalist.



Prowling proud lions
The absolute monarchy
King of the forest.



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



Selected Poems from
In Sacred Moments

A GRIM PICTURE

The family doctor grimly peered
Through the medical reports.
And exclaimed that the micro albumin
Level has increased. Several
Parameters in the blood and urine
Are disturbed. He quickly took
The blood-pressure again and again.
A puzzled look on his face,
Sent a smile on my face.
“Look”! He said in a serious tone,
“You need to give up eating chocolates,
Ice-cream, fruits, sweat-meat, rice
Fatty-substances, meat and meat-products
Oily substances, no biscuits with sugar in it
Tea, coffee, milk plain sans sugar.
Eat only boiled vegetables with chapattis
And salt-free food without spices
You need to walk morn. even. for an hour”
He said again and again, “It is a serious
Matter”, “You may go in coma, lose your
Eyesight, kidneys, may have heart attack”.
“Ultimately you may have death horrible”.
My friends on hearing this grave news.
Suggested I make a pilgrimage to Ajmer.
Some said I do Shanti-pooja, some
Asked me to go to Mariyamma temple.

Our Desi doctor assured quick relief
With roots, shoots, leave's decoction, though
Bitter like poison but said to be effective.
Our vaidis, hakims and homeopaths
Were ready with their prescriptions.
Our yogis, swamis with "asanas",
Poojas to perpetuate every deity and gods.
Ah life! Your pleasures are plenty.
Let me live to the full and to the brim.
I am a teetotaler and strict vegetarian,
Athletic, what not? Yet the shrill
Call from the unknown is irresistible.
None can stop it, when it stoops down
To collect me in both its arms.
To take me to oblivion forever.



OPPOSITES DIFFER

What is a crime for some,
While it is a vocation for others.
What is a sin for some,
While it is an entertainment for others.
What is a food for some,
While it is a poison for others.
What is a meaning for some,
While it is a nonsense for others.
What is a joy for some,
While it is abhorrence for others.
What is excellence for some,
While it is mediocre for others.
What is good news for some,
While it is bad news for others.



DESTINY TURNING TABLES

When all the life's charms are withdrawn,
Like sudden failure of electricity.
All licenses granted for joys are cancelled.
You would discover yourself as a destitute.
Despondent, looking askance, desolate.
None to your support or a helping hand.
Once familiar faces disappearing like clouds.
Your own town and city turning stranger.
You would feel the sweltering heat above.
With your feet losing its grip.
Drops of sweat on your brow.
Dried out tongue sticking out.
Now you realize the iron hand of destiny.
Pulling you out of mirth; turning tables.



REPUBLIC-DAY CELEBRATION

The trumpets have gained strength day-by-day.
Blowing full-throat, elephants also joining.
The cheering crowd adding to the gaiety.
An occasion to celebrate the festivities.
This time Rastrapathiji has decided to wear
Colorful headgear and silk-achken.
Multiple dances by school-girls.
Tableaus of various states moving stately.
March-past by soldiers accompanied by drums.
Sound of music and Shahnayee rending the air.
Air-force planes displaying air shows.
The national flag unfurls showering rose petals.
VIP enclosures packed with dignitaries.
A solemn occasion to celebrate Republic Day.



SAGA OF LIFE

These are the days of pomp and glory.
Pageantry, mirth and pleasures,
Before and after the wedding-day.
Groom and bride's people join to celebrate.
Penny saved for decades are tossed,
Spinned and squandered on all.
Or borrow to spend, to suffer later.
Carrying pain in heart with forced smiles.
For some, weddings are God sent
Opportunities to loot the bride's parents.
Make them go crazy and berserk,
And wallow at their own plight.
Birth to marriages and then to the end.
Is a saga and that is life!



MIS-BELIEF

They all appeared at my door.
Looking askance and puzzled.
Someone told them at the party
On my absence that I am *C.P.*
Eyebrows, forehead knitted with worry.
I sensed their anxiety and pain.
I put up a show of a dying-man.
Only to add to their discomfort.
It was quite a melodrama.
Hysterical cries, hugs and hiccups.
Clinging my shoulders and body.
As if I am about to slip down.
It took quite a time for everyone,
To heave a sigh of relief and for smiles.



News item Rs.43000 crores for fighter planes

C.P.: Cancer Patient

SENSELESS LEADERS

When peace has prevailed.
Enemies have shaken hands.
Dark clouds have all waned.
Now, where is the need for fighter planes?
Drought has driven farmers
To suicides, death horrible.
Lands are fallow, lakes dried up.
Villages are getting emptied.
O Lord! Bless our senseless leaders.
Prevent another Bofor's scam.
Let our funds be used for irrigation.
Save poor populace from being perished.
Can we hope for our granaries to be filled?
Let Grace of Divine leave us thrilled.



MY GURU

Yes, I have my Guru.
Who is blessed.
Who is innocent.
Although unlettered.
But the Lord
Has opened His
Knowledge and His
World on my Guru.
My Guru is a kindred spirit.
He has no peer.
To equal his excellence.
His is matchless.
My Guru does not
Show tricks and magic.
Does not call himself as an avatar,
But is a simple, humble person.
My guru lives in a thatched roof.
Open to all, at all hours.
Sweet in tongue, gentle and kind.
Compassionate to the core,
With bright twinkling eyes.
My Guru's message is love,
To embrace the whole humanity.



ZEST FOR LIFE

Those were the Times, people
With unperturbed, pure minds;
And hearts of gold, with sweetness
On their tongue and pleasant manners.
With umpteen children of ten or more.
Joint households with large kitchen.
Generous, hospital able to the core.
Welcoming one and all in their fold.
They would pledge their ornament,
To buy ration to feed their guests.
Ungrudgingly live a jolly life.
Simple they were without strife.
My father in those days retired
After a long stint in a humble job.
Satisfied, happy though none to support him
But with paltry princely sum as pension.
He would cycle leisurely to his favourite places.
Spend cheerfully his free time with friends.
Oblivious of the changing Times,
Ousting out the kindred spirits from hearts.
One fine day, after quitting cigarettes
For over a decade and more;
He developed sore throat and choked voice.
It was deadly carcinoma of throat.
He won't give up the lively spirit,
Nor his enthusiasm to live sportingly.

Welcoming smilingly all his clan,
Entertaining them joyfully, heartily.
Slowly the crippling enemy overpowered him.
Though gasping for breath in oxygen tent.
But his eyes would twinkle every moment.
He won't give up being courteous to a fault.
As the time grew closer to choke his life.
He would mutter that he is prepared
To meet this Maker with conscience clear.
Blessing everyone in lighter vein.
Carcinoma could put an end to him,
But it couldn't overpower his zest for life.



FRENZIED PRESS

Kafeel, Sabeel and Abdulla.
Brothers in arm to terrorize
The world of non-believers,
But failed in their attempts.
The Indian press had made
Them heroes by carrying
News day in and day out.
Throughout the pages.
A frenzied response
Of the press has helped
The heroes in achieving
Their aim in creating fear,
In the minds of all the populace,
They deserve contempt, ignore them.
More you pitch up their news.
The happier is their lot.



Kafeel, Sabeel, Abdulla. Alleged terrorist at Glasgow, UK

HOW TO KNOW HIM?

The fingers play on flute.
On sitar, guitar.
On drums.
Creating scintillating music.
The fingers weave cloths, knit
Sweaters, cane chairs.
The fingers hold and pound
The gold to fine jewelry.
Million things come
Into existence from
The fingers and the hands.
To marvel and wonder.
Can the created things,
Fathom the creators?
Realize how He is?
Can we know Him by His creation?



MINGLE FOR EVER

The hands of the clock,
Keeps turning round and round.
The wheels keep moving.
The planets around the Sun.
There is a point, a Kaaba.
Around which every thing
Circumambulates.
Like a moth around a flame.
O my Love! Let me turn
My heart around You.
Let myself pine for You.
Let me mingle in Your Light.
Life's caravan moves and moves.
Destiny takes me to the shores of Love.



‘SEE SAW’

Our job typist occupying the same seat
 For over two decades and more,
 Diligently working daily for his bread.
 Many of his **ilks** follow his routine.
 A few in millions, who have “Raja Yoga”
 In their horoscopes, with exaltation
 Of planets and good “Gojara” movements
 Enjoy life to the brim, with all comforts.
 Everyday good happening to them.
 They have “Midas touch” and golden tongue.
 Traveling all over the globe, places.
 Mirth and pleasures surrounding them.
 ‘Style is the man’, so also style is age.
 Multiple ideas and plans materializing.
 Creating wonders around and weaving
 Minds of men for better living.
 Men in search of new horizons and rainbows.
 Seldom do they see in their lives sorrows.



Raja Yoga: Ruling combination of planets in Natal Chart.
Gojara: Planetary movements as per Natal Chart.

FULFILLMENT

Those imaginary nymphs caressing me,
Cuddling, embracing and sucking my lips.
Arousing my dormant sleepy 'kama'.
A flush, gushing fountains and frenzied response.
Ah! What a release of tension?
A solace, peace and tranquility.
Sleep, deep sleep taking over.
A wave of passion and love passing over.
A calm sea after the mighty storm.
Now lay merged on the dead shore.
Seashells lay back in silence.
A thin blanket of coolness covering the body.
Life is a mixture of love, hope and volcanic eruptions
Ultimately to fizzle out after fruition.



O MASTER!

Wherever Your Name is uttered.
I am there, sans malice
In my heart and mind.
In whatever Form,
You are worshipped
I adore and love You.
O My Master, do not
Forsake and shun me.
My heart is a honey-combed love.
Let me bow my head
Before You forever and ever.



O BANGALORE!

Those were the homes with large courtyards.
For the Indian sparrows to peck at rice.
For the Sun to shine bright in houses.
For the huge canopy trees for shadows.
O Bangalore! You were truly a garden city.
With hundreds of tanks, lakes and circles.
You were the cleanest city with jasmine, roses.
Lalbagh, Cubbon Park being connoisseur to eyes.
Salubrious climate attracting tourists.
Each locality with its own speciality.
Huge playgrounds to each school.
Serenity and calmness prevailing all over.
Pollution, squalor and slums unheard off.
A city of theatres, clubs, hotels for pleasure.
A city divided for British residents, Anglo-Indians.
Another part of old Bangalore with forts, palaces.
Those were the good old days
Of “Tangas” and “Jhatkas”
Horse driven carriages without seats.
Bed made of grass to spread the feet.
Horse and carts decorated.
Drivers in high spirit in jolly mood.
Calling sweet names to the horses,
Yet whipping hard to make them run.
Bangalore administered both by British,
And by the Mysore Maharaja.

People courteous to the core.
Its university attracting pupils from all over.
A mini-India with varied people,
Of all places, caste and creed.
With plenty of Temples, Churches, Mosques,
With Dargas of Saints and holy people.
A place with jewelry shops of class.
Each shopping street with its specialty.
A place where talent of men mingled
With the beauty of the nature.



NOTHINGNESS

What is the fate of the prolific poet?
After all he has said is done?
Like Nissim Eszekiel with Alzemer
Disease, forsaken in an unknown hospital,
Uncared, unsung, forgotten, lost.
There can only be One Tagore in an era.
Wait for a million years or so
For a Mahatma to liberate from slavery.
We are like rock pebbles on an
Abandoned shore, in a lost island.
A poet with a fresh breeze, a
Fresh breath, a vision, longings,
Can hope to be heard for a while
And fade away into nothingness.



UNSUNG HEROES

I have marched passed
My bitterest enemies.
And now they are old,
Forgotten monuments.
They are to me unsung heroes.
Yes there were times,
When we extolled each other,
Praised and appreciated.
Quarreled, ending in bickering.
Now times have passed,
So also seasons, diaries entered.
Memories fading, clearing dark clouds.
Though the surgical marks are reminders.
Passions and anger wrench our hearts.
To make my body and soul, our dead enemies.



PARADISE

Ah! Think of the times
When the entire humanity
Will think alike, speak
One tongue, one language.
All of the mankind
Are united in their purpose
Moving in one direction.
Enjoying the pleasures equally.
Shedding pain and grief.
Focusing on ONE GREAT BEING.
That could be the utopia,
A garden of bliss and paradise.



CELESTIAL LOVE

The muezzin calls out from the high turret
The faithful to join in the prayers,
Five times in a day and night;
A reminder of the transience of Time.
So does the chanting in the temples.
The ringing of the bells in Churches.
The ever existing Lord is unseen,
Hidden in the veils and curtains.
A voice emerges in silence of heart,
And when the mind is in stillness.
To guide man to the light of knowledge.
To open windows for fresh breath.
Love is submerged in blood, in veins.
It needs to be kindled to make it flow.



Selected Poems from
Glittering Love

TO OWN A LITTLE FLAT

O, this desire to own a little flat,
In a cozy corner of our salubrious city.
Of two bed room and a sit-out,
With gas connection and supply of water.

To have wardrobes and book shelves,
And a micro-oven, fridge, washing machine.
A maid-servant for day long work,
To clean, sweep hearth and floor.

Oh, I am tired of this power cuts!
This traffic snarls and dusty weather.
This rising cost of living, sparse living,
And dwindling resources and “I O U’s”.

And I am praying to God and saints.
Making vows and holy pilgrimages.
For a little flat, to have as my own –
To be away from hub and rub of the day.



KNOCK OUT

I wish I could give him a
Mohd. Ali's knockout punch.
Use my striker to send
The queen to the pouch.
Checkmate the crown.
My adversary thinks
Of himself, as a holy cow.
Looks at me with a squint eye.
Casts aspersions on my person.
Spreads a word that I am –
“mentally seems abnormal”!
When I am daily presiding
As a deity of justice.
Handing down decisions,
With my even hand,
Without any fear or favor.



SOLILOQUY!

In the middle of the night,
In the deadly chilly winter.
We wake up to warm ourselves.
The fury of the day rises up,
To make me deliver a monologue.

A haranguing philosophical soliloquy.
I turn to sleep being proud,
Of my native wisdom unleashed.
After a lapse of time, I forget.
But my better half seizes,

An opportunity to hit me back
With choicest expletive for
Boring her with long abuses,
Drilling and filling her mind
With molten lava and scum.



SADISM

As Children we were very cruel
With insects, garden lizards, dogs
And many plants and animals.
We would kill them for our sports.

Whenever we found a colony
Of red stinging ants,
We would all gather around
The ant hills pour kerosene and set fire.

We would catch butterflies
To feed frogs, tie strings
To busy bee and play with it
Kill housefly with fly swat.

Street dogs were target of
Our missiles-sharp stones.
Our cricket bats and hockey sticks
Were weapons to kill garden lizards.

In school, college, university,
We would dissect animals
To learn more about their system,
To learn about mystery of life.

As grownups, our urge
To harm has not diminished any more.



TOKEN OF LOVE AND AFFECTION

Mourning was indeed deep
For my uncle, a Judge in
The High Court suddenly died,
Without any sign of illness.

We were all partying, enjoying
With his wife and children
On his elevation and becoming a 'Justice'.
When cruel hand of fate snatched him from us.

We wept all through the night.
Read Holy Scriptures, counted rosary.
Carried his bier to the Mosque,
Where hundreds gathered for his prayers.

Mourners carried his bier on shoulders,
To his resting place and offered
Fistful of earth, when placed in grave,
As a token of love and affection.



SHRILL WHISTLES

My mustached uncle, a Colonel
From Indian Army would come,
On an annual holiday, every year.
Spend his time leisurely all through.

Finding us sleeping till late hours,
Of the day, he would create a racket.
On one such occasion, I hurried up
And went walking to the civil court.

Fully dressed in uniform of black
Coat, black tie, white pants and shirt.
Of course, without any files for work.
Those were my days of junior ship.

As I entered the court premises,
I found to my dismay, it was deserted.
Seeing me, street urchins sent in a
Roar of laughter and shrill whistles.

It was a second Saturday
And courts were on a holiday.



UMPTEEN SACRIFICES

My parents kept talking about
The sacrifices done by them.
To bring up seven daughters,
Three sons and umpteen grandchildren.

They had to forego their pleasures,
Cut the corners here and there.
Ration us, put us to labor,
To make both ends meet.

Year after year, my mother
Bore five daughters, hoping for a son.
Then me, then my younger brother.
They didn't stop till two more daughters followed.

My mother by then had become anemic.
My father was down with paralysis.
And they spoke of umpteen
Sacrifices and hardship, they underwent.



BETRAYAL

Now the ice cold chilly winds
Have begun to blow fiercely.
My humble dwelling is inundated.
There is no hearth of fire to warm me.

O my beloved! You have deserted me.
My tearful plea don't melt your
Stony heart, my torn conditions
Arouse no pity in your being.

I gave my all, health, wealth,
Cheer, happiness, talent, all in all
To you, for over three decades.
You tore me asunder for your pleasures.

Now, that other married woman
Has crossed my way, you have fallen
For her youthful charms and beauty.
Mirror of my heart has now broken to pieces.



THE CURSES, THE CURSES!

The Iranians, the great Persians,
The oldest of the civilizations.
Once Persian language was household
One, in all the Muslim countries.

The great Moulana's "Masnavi",
The great Sadi, Jami, Hafeez's poetry.
Their beauty, art and literature
Fascinated the world of Islam.

They passionately love the "Ahle Bait"
And the twelve Imams, the Shiites.
For Iranians, the Arabs are their dead enemies.
Saddam unleashed a havoc of terror,

With chemical bombs, waged war for seven years.
The Great Imam Ayatulla Khomeini, a great Shiite
Cursed for the destruction of Iraqis –
Through the hands of their own friends.

Saddam invaded Kuwait, planned to seize
Their oil fields, coveted their wealth,
Plundered, looted, ravished them.
Gloated and enjoyed the brutish impulse.

The Yankies; the brothers in arms,
The bedmates, friends, solicitors
Of the Saudies, the wahabies,
The unlettered religious bigots.

At their instance, marched
With all their might, pelf, power,
Destroyed, ravished, reduced to rumbles,
The Modern State of Iraq; Saddam hanged.

The curses, the curses of the Iranians
Have come true, have come true.
“You reap what you sow!”
“One who wields to sword, dies by sword”.

The Yankies and their comrades
Are jubilant, they have plundered.
“Eye for Eye, tooth for tooth”, but –
Beware! Beware! Of the Curses, the Curses!.



FALL IN LINE

After the 1962 Chinese invasion,
NCC was made compulsory,
In schools and colleges.
I was a lad just joined college.
In 1965, to be enrolled in NCC.
For three years, I was taught
To “fall in line”, “attention”,
“Stand at ease”, “march forward”,
“Right about turn”, “look forward”,
“Look side wards”, “Double up”.
We were given. 303 rifles.
Forbidden to point it to anyone.
“Salaami Shaasth”, with rifles.
That is, to give “rifle salute”.
We were to wear uniform of khaki,
With black boots and cap with feathers.
After the parade, a token of 0.40 paise,
To take Tiffin in college canteen.
Days have passed and years too.
But the training of “fall in line”, remains.



NO MORE BURST OF COLOURS

A sweep takes away centuries
Old love of labor, nurtured,
Taken care, to please the eyes.
To give shade and protect nature.

No more lovely trees to stand like canopy
Flowering season, bereft of joy to all.
Now expansion of roads, footpaths,
For metro-rail, for easing traffic congestion.

Concrete jungles squeezing the lung space.
Destroying environment, aroma of
Arcadian sweetness and bliss.
We are mute spectators to change.

Sweet melody of birds, no more.
No more, the burst of colors.



EVER CHEER FOR US

O My Chand Apa! My full moon.
Sister throwing luminous light,
On all your younger siblings.
Caring us like a mother, a matron.

Forgoing your young joys and cheers.
Changing nappy of the youngest,
Washing clothes of all the ones.
Keeping the hearth warm and clean.

Taking Tiffin carriers to the school.
Gathering all of us during meal time.
Sometimes you would be late to school.
Only to receive scolding from teachers.

Now you are away in another land.
But O Chand Apa you are ever cheer for us!



BOOMING ECONOMY

60's were considered as hard times,
With economy being down, spiraling prices.
With wars, Chinese invasion of Tibet.
War with Pakies at Western borders.

Instability in the Congress party,
With great Nehru being dead and gone;
And his little frail daughter,
The goddess of fire at helm of affairs.

Bank nationalization, suicides of goldsmiths.
Abolition of privy purses, press gagged.
Then in seventies followed the emergency,
Again war with Pakis, birth of Bangla.

But all said and done, in 60's
The price of fine rice at 0.80 paise.
Mutton at Rs. 2.50 per kg, so also petrol.
Villages undisturbed, more peace than now.

Today market rules the roost; new fashions.
High taxes, shooting prices, booming economy!



MOCK DRILLS

The frequents news of bomb blasts
In several cities of Iraq and Afghan.
News of death of men of all ages,
Has suddenly woken up our police.

Now and then, they hold seminars,
Exhibitions, mock blasts and drills.
To make aware the sleepy public
Of unforeseen catastrophes.

Along the busy streets and roads
Unmindful, men driving cars,
Riding scooters, motorcycles.
School children with bags hanging
Over their shoulders, running to home.

Household women carrying baskets
Full of vegetables, fruits and beans.
Nothing shakes the ground below the feet.
All is at peace in this silicon city.



COMPASSION

It was time for my meeting with bigwigs.
He came to my office in a shattered
Condition, with disheveled long hairs,
In dirty, shabby and torn clothes.

It was an embarrassment for me.
But my long childhood relationship
Could not shove him out of my way.
My heart melted, I took him home.

My wife was shocked, so also my children.
I gave him a bath, a fresh pair of clothes.
A good hearty meal and medicine.
He slept like a log of wood.

Oblivious of his long arduous journey,
From deep south to the tip of north.
A ticketless traveler as a vagabond.
But reached the arms of a long lost friend.

Compassion oozing out of hearts and being
Overcoming the barriers of the cruel society.



MY LIFE

The Jan-Feb of my life faced
Many a teething problems.
March-April saw the rise
Of Sun with bright sunshine.
May-June, the mid summers
Of life, I had to sweat and fume.
July-Aug were of growth of
Inner potentialities.
Real battles were fought
With all my inner strength,
Ingenuity and I took all
Failures and success in my stride.
I am now seeing the declining sun
Throwing weak beams of light.
Sept-Oct were for gathering of fruits.
Roses in November-December will bear seeds
For the next generation to sprout and grow.
Let the Sun set, allow the Moon
To throw its luminous and cool light
To ever shine in my eternal darkness.



JAUNTS FOR PLEASURE

A mute witness to all those turmoils at New Delhi.
With Chopras, Natwars, Agarwals, Telgies.
And all sorts of Lals, Rams, Jains and Sharmas.
Making a mess of the whole thing in five stars.

In Chennai, red wine followed like river koovam.
With Ashoks, Kumars and Satyams
Even the last post and bed lamps were not
Spared, all finding a place in Burma Market

Babus, Ashas lighting jyoties all over India,
Moving heither, theither with Menons for company.
Calling all and sundry to join their band wagon.
Bringing down the house on the heads of idiots.

Now garden city with salubrious weather,
Is a home for sloths, Nitwits, drugs pedlars.



O FRIENDSHIP!

Ah my friend! Come let us share our values,
That have grown over the years in thick and thin,
With abiding interest, we have clinged to each other
To sail the boat of life in smooth waters.

Whenever the ship was in turbulence,
O my friend you were by my side to give strength.
When roses and petals have rained, I hugged you.
O my friend, I have shed tears on your shoulders.

‘A friend in need is friend indeed’.
You have proved the idiom a million times.
Let the bonds of this friendship strengthen day by day,
Let’s move hand in hand in unfathomed Times.

O Heavenly Love! Forsake us not on judgment day.
Show clemency for the sake of own true friendship.



LOW STATUS

I always looked for some transformation
To betide me, when I studied in a
Brahmin school, when boys and girls
Ate only curds, rice and rasam.

Never gave a thought for 'kababs'
And eggs except milk and more milk,
Dal and spices and pickles.
Maths, Chemistry and Physics.

They wore thick spectacles, looking
More than their age, some with tuft
We were fish out of water,
Only to be teased and pushed to back bench.

Nothing impressive in Christian schools either.
We were butt of jokes – “Allah’s Company”!
Friends from low castes were better off,
With special privileges, spoon fed.

Same rigmarole followed in every walk of life.
“Karma theory”, a good excuse for low status.



SAFE SHORES

I need to open widely the closed doors
Of my heart, eyes and ears
To see the effulgence of My Master.
How and when plagues my mind?

Shall I be in the company of saints,
Rishies, Yogis, Sants and Sufies.
Can I hope to get that light?
Which enlightens the dark being.

Can I be able to get a candle?
A match stick to light it.
Can it glow forever in storms, tempests.
I need a soul with fragrance & perfumes.

Oh! The Times don't auger good tides.
To set the ship to sail for safe shores.



SOCIAL CHANGE

All surrounding villages have vanished.
Population surging in the cities.
Without basic amenities and water.
Without sanitation, housing comforts.

Men, women and children lying on footpaths
The rhythm of the city life is disturbed.
A civilization broken-up, dismayed.
Even Heaven watches helplessly the chaos.

Who would now grow the food grains.
Vegetables, granaries diminished.
Animal husbandry, poultry no more.
No more is left the charm of rural life.

Now, make way for huge electronic cities.
But be prepared for upheavals, Nature's Wrath.



FOR A NEW LIFE*

There is a memorable day to be etched
In the mind forever and ever, never
To be forgotten, but to be remembered.
The day was full of anxious moments.

Past memories gush, back and forth
For me, when I looked forward to see
The bony fellow to come to see the light
Of the day, delivered by his mother.

As a toddler, a source ever of pleasure
When he started lisping numbers, words.
Climbing on my back, refusing to come down.
Seen him, slowly climbing the stairs of life.

Today at 3 A.M. in morning, he leaves us.
To reach another shore to start life anew.



* On departure of younger son to UK for higher studies.

FLOOD OF TEARS

Just after a year of my wedding
I left my home with my expectant wife.
To set up my own house for peace.
My mother then was flooded with tears and tears.

We moved to New Delhi to find a different culture.
After a long stay, we moved to Chennai,
With change of schools for our children.
To find new language, new culture, new place.

Then back to our salubrious home town.
Again to live on our own in a flat.
But, frequenting to see my aged mother.
At last, she came to live with us in her last days.

Now, when my children have moved out.
I find my wife flooded with tears and tears.



MORE SINNED AGAINST

Ah! My beloved, it has taken ages
To make my sigh, my tears of blood
To impress you of my genuine love.
I had to face insurmountable troubles.

My lamentations provoked my rivals
To create more hurdles on my way.
My beloved's unconcern towards me,
Gave my adversaries a handle to tease me.

I wish I lived in parching deserts.
In loneliness, and like Sita I bewail my fate.
That was also denied, I was exposed.
To vultures to peck at me day and night.

My sin was to pronounce my love to you.
My shambles only betrayed me, to further wrongs.



LOVE'S SECRET

Let this love's battle continue to its end.
'Then fall silent sans any fanfare.
Let the drumming attract a motley crowd.
To heckle or clap on our open show.

Let canards be spread by our enemies.
Let gossips gain in malignity.
Let stories be written with twisted facts.
Let heaven fall on my bare head.

O My Love! Let this war continue.
Let my rivals grudge in the end.
That you did love me in your heart.
Though you hid the secret from all.

In the curtains of shadows on moonless night.
We shall meet in secrecy to share our moments.



LOVE'S PANGS

I had forgotten all about the Beloved's glance.
A depth of feeling of love had aroused
In my heart, over-flooding my being.
I had asked the cup bearer to fill my cup.

My mind had lost its bearing, balance,
I was termed 'a good for nothing fellow'.
I was wrapped in a ring of shimmering flame.
It took ages to overcome the love's pangs.

Now, when the wounds have healed.
The storms and tsunamis have subsided.
The seasons have changed to fragrance.
You again have come to peck the old wounds.

O Love! Fill my heart with joys of love.
Now, do not forsake and leave me in distress.



LOVE'S UNCONCERN

Let's sing songs of love and beauty.
Let them shine in all its splendor.
Let effulgence grip the tiny heart.
Let excitement hold the mind and body.

These pleasures are sure to wane,
Into oblivion, never to return.
In the shadows are waiting the pangs.
To coil the being like a deadly snake.

Love's path is dubious and slippery.
It has swallowed millions of stray hearts.
My blood soaked tears have not made
My beloved's heart benign.

Love only turns one to madness, sadness.
To forsake the world forever and ever.



BLESSED LOVE

I know when my beloved took me to joyride.
To joys of seven star hotels in swimsuits.
Loaded me with gifts and kisses.
Displayed before my eyes beauties of the world.

Touched my being with pleasures aplenty.
Dined and wined, enjoyed every company.
My beauty slowly waned, so also my figure.
I lost the twinkle in my sparkling eyes.

My beloved's roving eyes enslaved other
Sprouting beauties and figures of excellence.
I was thrown away as garbage.
As a dirty linen, as a rotten egg.

O my love, my heart is a burning cauldron.
My mundane love has now turned to blessed one.



SAVE ME

Let me not be dew to the morning sun.
Or butter to a heated cauldron.
A knave to a squint eye.
A target to an evil villain.

Let me be the fragrance of a rose.
A whiff of fresh and cool air.
To delight the swollen hearts.
To cheer dejected lovers.

Let my love not wither in dry weather.
Let my wishes not get crusted like ice.
Let me not lose my sight weeping for lost love.
Let my love not be a target of attack.

O My Beloved! Save me from my adversaries.
Protect me from all the evils of the World.



EVIL FATE

This is all about the battle of love.
One wants to prove he is a feather fine.
More attractive, more beautiful than the other.
Causing hate, jealousy in each other's heart.

These wars, terrorism, killings –
Manifest our greed and self-love.
Our love for ourselves is overwhelming.
And lands itself in self-destruction.

We wish to show our might and terror.
Target our adversaries to subjugate them.
To cause annoyance and million hurts.
To break the heart to smithereens.

To love is to open flood gates of attack.
To love is to seek for an evil fate.



INTO OBLIVION

A gush of feeling overflowing the being.
A desire unfulfilled yet yearning.
A dismay at unquenched joys.
Ah! What a moment for retiring?

My heart, mind, soul at the doorstep of beloved.
There are welcoming signs, a fresh air.
Bidding me to enter the doors unasked.
Yet my system fails like electricity.

O! My beloved forgive me for my lapses.
For my failure to respond to your feelings.
To reach Eden at your bidding.
To fetch the fruit to relieve your aches.

Let me now drink the wine of love.
To go into oblivion like a dove.



LOVE'S WAYS ARE FUNNY

In this battle field of life, my love
Is busy, ever busy to prepare
To tease me, tear me and taunt me.
To make befool me in the face of adversary.

I cannot remain aloof and alone,
Away from life's bickerings.
Every wave drags me from the shore,
Into the tumult and storm of the sea.

Life's goal gets disturbed and goes amiss.
I become a tool in the hands of the fate.
I cannot go and live in desolation.
Nor build my abode in isolation.

Love's pangs and sorrows are many.
A trial, a test, though it looks funny.



TALES OF WOE

The songs my letters sing daily.
Are to delight my beloved gaily.
To put my love to joys and mirth.
But my voice is hoarse, not stately.

The heaven is left with no other choice,
But to pick my humble dwelling
And abode to strike it with its lightning.
Every time to reduce it to ashes.

My struggle to build a lovely nest
Fails, when storms and tornadoes
Wash it away and away every time
My struggle leads each time to failure.

I shall continue to sing my tale of woe.
Till the doors of heaven open up to me.



TEST OF STRENGTH

Come, let's build our nests
On such tallest trees and branches,
Where eagles shall also fail
To reach and disturb us.

Let's defy the storms and gales.
Let's deny the lightning
A chance to burn our dwellings
And to push us in to oblivion.

What more can my love
Do, but to face these tests.
I shall stand steadfast,
Show my strength in patience.

Let my beloved boast in the end
That my love stood the trial of strength.



PINING FOR THEE

My adversaries are jealous of me.
They are many and everywhere.
My Beloved has blessed me
With scores of talents and goodness.

When I am gone into nothingness.
There will be nothing for them,
To quarrel about, to fight with me.
They will sit in a corner to lament.

Life is short, Time is fleeting.
Nature's beauty is enormous.
Every morn, every evening
Brings forth something new to marvel.

O Beloved! Show me the path of love.
Let me lay down my life pining for Thee.



IMMERSION

All my self-seeK is self-delusion.
I hear the songs of my own defeat.
I am like a silent sea sans storms.
The silence around reminds of You.

Oh! I wish I were a flower.
To set fragrance all around.
For infatuate lovers to pluck,
And adorn the head or vase

I bow before You all the time.
Hoping for Your Grace, Your Love,
With which, I am surrounded.
May my love for You never wane.

O My Lord! Have pity on me.
For I am immersed in Your love.



HAIKU

Cut stones from mountains
 Ruin the trees of the forest
 Divine writ follows



Birds plumes are now clipped
 Spirit of freedom in the cage
 Love destroyed for now



Sound sleep betrays poets
 To gargle our sweet poetry
 Like full moon shed light



River of life flows clear
 Sea weeds obstruct its clear path
 Divinity works



Accidental death
 An earthquake for dependent
 Sorrows for ever



Thorns in the path ways
To create hurdles to soft feet
To add to suffering



You sweat for sweet dates
Lonely camel in desert
To find peace, solace



Sun rises in east
Fresh early morning sweet Winds
Million hands start work

Roses fade in night
Coolness disappears in day
When marriage at rocks



Put controls to mind
When faced with storms, wind, lightning
Silence is golden



Snow melts in mountains
Every dog has his own day
Joys not for ever



Sing songs of the birds
Dance to the tunes of Nature
For joys and pleasure



Brittle mirror breaks
Every piece reflects its light
Each has its own path



Babylonization
Cacophony of small birds
Slippery snow paths

Appear in dreams clear
Dear plant a kiss in my thoughts
Fragrance spreads in soul



Skies without rainbows
No sweet roses in garden
Love faded forever



Colourful buntings
In the midst of joys and mirth
Onset of monsoon



Life in bonhomie
Failure of electricity
A blanket of gloom



The stadium is full
The football game in full swing
Calamity falls



Let the faces glow
Prepare the floor for dancing
Let love to enter
Life in quagmire, thorns
Purify the mind and heart
Lovely rose will bloom



Mad rush of the world
Mind in crashing situation
Look for serene face



Shun your duality
May joys bubble in the heart?
Sing songs for the Lord



Enemies falsity
Rumours turning friends to foes
Patience is virtue



Destructive thinking
Mind and Soul going berserk
Do meditation



Roof on head falls down
Soul in grief, pangs sorrows
Seek help from the Lord



Sheets covering sins
Glowing lamps drive out darkness
Enlighten yourselves



Modern Marriages
Penny saved for ages tossed
Carry pain in heart



Days of pomp, glory
Pageantry, pleasures
Materialism



Rhythm of life swings
Long wait for dreams to come true
Look for fresh pastures



When you could get fire
On rubbing of the dried sticks
Warm hearts instel love



Melt away like ice
End anguishes, endless pain
Look for Lord in heart



Life's charms are withdrawn
Failure of electricity
You are destitute



Mausoleums of Saints
Glorify your inner self
Draw inspiration



None original
We are puppets in Lord's hand
Now dance to His tunes



While tracing old paths
For ancient light of wisdom
Deadly snakes obstruct



Wheel of life moving
Hands of clock turn round and round
Process of aging



Cherish noble souls
They are gift to the mankind
To shower blessings



When peace has prevailed
Dark threatening clouds have waned
Why have nuclear bombs?



Villages emptied.
Lands are fallow, lakes dried up
Drought drives farmers mad



Knowledge is power
My Guru, kindred spirit
To enlighten me



Many mouths to feed
Poverty knocks at the door
With umpteen children



My god, avatar
Would die before my own eyes
Life, transitory



Style and age is man
Plans, ideas, wonders around
Man to live in peace



Imaginary
Nymphs, caressing cuddling me
Kama gets aroused



Mercy at the door
Master for lowly beings
To help destitute



Let war, disease cease
Friendship, peace tranquility
To expand bosom



Last leg of journey
Reaching the sky, twilight zone
To merge with the Lord



Bitterest enemies
Are forgotten monuments
Peace has now prevailed



Men with genius
More intelligentia
Egos come to clash



Fingers in all pies
Cynical people around
To spoil laid gardens



Jealous enemy
Put a stop to bickering
To buy peace quickly



Search for peace in life!
My dreams busted like bubble
I was left forlorn



I, enthusiastic
But my dreams were in fire, smoke
Roses are withered



Glow on a child's face
Brings cheers, laughter to mother
Beauty refreshes



Fingers play on drum
Sounds of music make one gay
Laughter good for health



Beauty and fame shine
Love is jewel for both eyes
Life is full of joys



My adversaries
Attack my body and soul
Self-realization



Cause for stress and strain
Attachment to body, soul
Get released from bonds



Selections from
Garden of Bliss

A BLOODY BATTLE

The slogans on the walls.
The posters with cryptic message.
The protesting march past.
The shouting rage, the commotion.

The mute spectators.
The silent wielding policeman.
The stranded traffic.
The blowing horns and loudspeakers.

From some corner brick bats,
Stones are showered.
A chaos, confusion.
Firing, bloodshed, deaths..
Mayhem, orderly crowds turn violent.
A peaceful protest turns into a bloody bath.



TRIAL FACED BY A STRUGGLING STUDENT

There were times when pitiless Sun
Had come down on his tiny head.
Parching lands made him put –
Out his dried out tongue.
The hard times, chill penury, made him
Look for any means of livelihood.
Anything that struck his imagination.
He collected old newspapers, bottles,
Scrap from neighborhood, friends, relatives.
Raised poultry, sold eggs, plants.
Canvassed for sale of petty things.
All to educate and to care for his family.
The heavy burden cast on his bony shoulders
Was daunting, burdensome, troublesome.
But the grinding mill of life
Profusely showered wisdom on him.
When the heavy laden clouds,
Lightning and thunder subsided.
Fresh breeze blew, gardens bloomed,
Fragrance spread, cheers abound all around.
Love cherished in bosom, flaming faith,
Eased the journey leading to safe shores.
Each struggle brought renewed vigor.
Every morning brought new hopes.



LOSING SHEEN – LAMENT OF AN AGED PERSON

As I am reaching the horizon.
The fiery Sun is losing its sheen.
The coolness of the night benumbs me.
My days are becoming shorter and shorter.
Sleep hanging for long hours in my eyes.
My bones are creaking, so also my knees.
My glasses are getting thicker and thicker.
Now, no more struggles to reach any goal.
No more need to take care of any one.
What needs to be cared are ailments.
To ring in long daily hours of prayers.
The young energetic consider me as a sage.
With a halo around and a snowy head.
Memory hanging loosely, lost in thoughts.
Stuttering some good old story of lost time.
Oblivious of fast changing fashions.
Day by day crease of my wears waning.
At times, lightning, thunder emanate from me;
Being irritated at small and sundry things.
At times wondering, why the clock is still clicking.
Why the icy chilly hands have not touched me?
Let this innings now come to a close.
Let silences of the cold chamber enclose me.



LOOK BEYOND

Your forlorn memories, clinging to them,
Like a leech is the cause
For your anguishes and pain.
You want the fun and frolic to return.

You are unable to smell fresh
Fragrance of sweet flowers in the air.
The chirping of birds, the rainbows.
The calm weather no longer thrills you.

You are no longer a connoisseur of food.
The songs of nightingales, or of Lata, Asha
Does not thrill you, nor enthuse you.
Your desires and passions disturb you.

Enjoy changing seasons and lovely streams.
Enthuse yourselves with charming dreams.



TO REMEMBER FOR EVER

Whenever I suffered leg pain
I remembered you, you would
Relieve it by pressing my legs.

Whenever I had to go to Sufi meet
I remembered you, you would
Take me in the car to please me.

Whenever I see lawyers
I remember you, you are now
Studying law to be a lawman.

Now I am wearing your ring
To remember my little son
Always and forever and ever.



NIGHT AND DAY

The nights long vigil of darkness and silence
Has slowly made its withdrawal.
But the sleep is still hanging on.
Like a flickering lantern and candle.

Refusing to let go the limping dreams.
Morning dew is spreading its pearls
On the green shade of the leaves.
The chill is dressing up to make an exit.

The smacking lips have left a mark on silvery cups.
Cigarette butts and ashes over flow in ash trays.
Love and lust is taking its flight from beds.
The warmth of the day is shaking off the slumber.

The parting kiss now waits for the light to with draw.
To bring together the tiring bodies on the closing day.



MELODRAMA

Time and withering age are in a great hurry.
Carrying along with them man's created beauty.
The clashing of arms, the changing fashions,
The colossal learning, the tomes of books,
All making an exit with Tsunamis, floods.
Whither Baghdad, Bosnia, Serbia, Sudan, Afghan?
Melting away. Iron, bamboo walls collapsing.
The western economy tumbling down like humpty.
Eastern poverty raising its ugly head.
A flash of heavenly lightning reducing to ashes
The ego, the joy and mirth, the pain and tears.
But the iron will of Man, ragging passions
Raises its hood now and then for slaughter.
Earth ever spinning, enacts its own drama.



GOOD SHEPPARD

The kind good Sheppard roams about
The pastures during day time and sleeps
With his herd during dark night time.
Watches the rising and setting of the Sun;
The thin razor edge Moon slowly growing
Bigger and bigger to full size. Then
Waning slowly. Gazes dark starry nights.
Knows about the sound and smell of days and nights.
His herds are both his friends and companions.
He knows of dangers that befall his flock,
He carries a dream, a most wonderful one.
To lead men to safety on some benign day.
For he has learnt the art to save his flocks from enemies.
He is a good Sheppard, who carries plenty of dreams.



TURN TO CHILL PENURY

When you do not do things,
Which are required to be done,
When things are at your door steps.
Then you would miss the journeying train forever.
The seasons keeps changing.
The water laden clouds wither away.
The lands would lie fallow.
You are faced with an ugly
Poverty, stupidity, foolishness, sickness.
It would be too late to turn the tides.
To change the course of life.
To bring back the lost age,
The life of mirth, joy and laughter
Would ever turn to sadness,
Melancholy and chill penury.
You would limp like a beggar in the lost streets.



FLOODS

On a dark weary night –
When the whole world is asleep,
A deluge; flood gates opened
Oceanic tears from the sky burst forth.
Shrill cry rent the mysteries air.
O Heaven! Why this misery unleashed?
Oh! Is this how rivers, rivulets and lakes
Are formed to join the sea and the ocean.
They surge and swell pulsating,
Throbbing, inundating and taking
Within its bosom all that comes its way.
There is nothing that can resist its fury!

So many nice fables and stories are created
For mankind to bear the tears of gloom.
The dear ones are snatched away
Untimely by cruel fate, leaving
The little tiny tots with only broken toys,
Without any more joys, cheers of sweet ones.



SERENITY

Let's find a place
Where there is no
Imaginary tales of woes,
Of cries of battle;
Or of joys of victory
Or of tiresome journeys
Or of lore's of by gone times
Or of created fiction or myths.

Let's find a place
Full of fragrance of roses
Blossoming lilies, daffodils
Where imagination sours
And rests on the wings of skylark.
Let's find love in twinkling hearts
In rhythmic beat of drums
And in the twinkling eyes of stars.



STORMS WITHIN STORMS

When the mind is dull, stateless,
Senseless, inactive and sad;
A sudden outburst from your
Best half kindles the fire within.

The anima assumes the form of anger;
Jealousy creeping all over the body.
Vehemence overturning the calm self.
A storm brews within the cup of life.

The tongue lashes out brimming fire
Words shooting out as spears, bullets,
Piercing body, heart, soul of the beloved.
A well laid garden is laid in ruins.

A momentary peace is disturbed forever.
Hell within assumes demonic form to shun.
Storms within storms, in other wise calm sea.
A long wait required to restore tranquility.



SAVE YOUR SOULS

When Nature's meticulously arranged affairs
Go haywire with tornadoes, storms, flood,
Lightening, thunder. Tsunamis, burning forest.
Reducing to shambles towns and cities.

It is then the Might, Glory of the Lord
Gets visible, embellished, entrenched in the soul.
The ever ungrateful man cringes before Him.
To seek Grace, for return of joys, happiness.

When the dark clouds melt and pass away
When the flowers bloom, birds chirp, rainbows appear;
The hope returns, the shattered dreams regain poise,
The crippling humanity again restores to normalcy.

The ever niggardly man needs to play his role
In measured ways, to save his soul.



ETERNAL PEACE

For sixty long years,
I had to climb the
Steep cliff, slipping
Falling, struggle
After struggle. At last
Conquered the summit.
The point that touches the sky.
And where I hoisted my flag.
I could take a deep
Breath to view the
Pleasant scenery from
The top of the mountain.
Ah! What a wonderful
Sight. Exquisite and
Marvelous beyond my
Imagination, breathless.
Beauty in all its splendor
Glorious and wonderful.
Now my climb down
Would be in a moment.
No more aspirations.
No more struggles.
No more hopes.
No more dreams.
A deep silence.
A quietude.
A great merger.
For eternal peace.



FIGURATIVE SPEECH

He is a pencil thin fellow
But quite a weighty person.
He holds 'Times of India' in one hand.
While a fashionable umbrella in another.
An odd check coat with colorful tie,
With a golf cap on his head.
With a cigar in his mouth.
Polished shoes, well dressed.
While we are penniless, he is
Supposed to be with a charming
Spent thrift wife and a fashionable
Cute looking daughter studying
In a high status convent school.



SELF ENQUIRY

The universe has arisen from a seed.
Encapsulating within the secret of the Being.
It bursts and sprouts in million colors.
Exhibiting the Effulgence of the Lord.

Angel turned to demon, demon was Archangel.
Man reflecting the angelic, demonic qualities.
All are mingled together as in a seed.
In agnostic is a believer, in believer an agnostic.

A sane man acts eccentric and quirk.
A quirk man becomes genius like Einstein.
Joys, sorrows mingle like creation and eternity.
Millions of chains in cosmos, wheels within wheels.

Ah! What wonders, what amazing things.
A million answers to the enquiry of Self.



QUATRAINS

Life is puzzling maze
So very difficult to reach the centre
The point, the home, the 'Kaaba'
I think only a fortunate few succeed.



Man is a complex being
A few among them indulge
In too many things at the same time.
Spinning a cobweb around them.



Adam and Eve had only one fall
But mankind today is having
Daily fall minute by minute.
None to save them from falling into abyss.



They say don't mix drinks, beverages,
For you may lose your taste buds.
Pleasure and work need to be separated.
Joy and mirth to be distanced afar.



You have to journey the whole world
To know its vagaries and its mirth.
To know its slipperiness and its pitfall.
Only to realize, treasure lies below your own feet.



My beloved's presence makes my house
Smaller, crushing my heart's cymbals.
My glow on face, makes my lover's
Heart jump out to embrace and kiss me.



Fire in hearth to cook our daily meals.
Fire can burn your fingers to peels.
It needs to be handled delicately,
For home keeper a simple deal.



Money is like flame in the palms.
To be handled carefully to bring calm.
Lest extravagancy reduces self to ashes.
For burning pain, it acts as a balm.



If I am rude, you are always lying.
I cut the falsehood by slaying
You call me curt and hurting
I see you shy and cunning.



The first Sunlight announces the onset of a day
For those who program, it is a day of gay.
This has been so from time immemorial.
Works brings fruits and pleasures they say.



What nature leaves imperfect, the art perfects.
Man, a second creator of the world, a prefect
Giving to the world its objective existence.
Consciousness removing all the defects.



Compassion and Mercy is at work all the time.
To save man from happening of the crime,
And the incredible pain and suffering.
To give man joy and laughter in his prime



Selections from
Eternal Quest

WAIT FOR A WHILE

I tell my mate, my siblings,
My children, relatives and friends
That evening of my life
Has begun to dawn, the closing
Chapter is being written, now for
Me is to only marvel at the creation.
At the past zest, zeal, joys
Mirth, pleasures and happiness.
At the close of innings, of pain, regrets,
Sorrows, and at the loss of desired dreams.
Now I would lay down calmly
To reflect and watch at the passing
Past scenes before my yearning eyes.
At the regrets of wrongs done,
For wrong moves at wrong times.
At the missing of the beat of heart,
When things turned topsy turvy.
When ecstasy turned to melancholy.
Now I beg them all not to deride me.
Not to ridicule, make jest and fun
At the mess I create and falter again.
But just bear with me for a little while.



MAKE OTHERS RICH AT OUR COST

News item: Rs.1.26 lakh crore for purchase of fighter planes from Russia; \$400 billion for purchase of business & military equipment from rich countries. Rs. 2.50 lakh crores lost in 2G licences scam & Adarash scam. Crores lost in National Games Scam etc. etc. etc.

Our population is in dire straits,
 In utter poverty with diseases many.
 Spiraling food prices and of medicines.
 Blood is cheaper than essentialities.
 Agricultural lands without irrigation,
 Lying fallow; drought with farmers' suicides.
 Corruption at every level. A thief at every corner.
 Mayhem, crime rate increasing day by day.
 Our enemy country is in shambles,
 Cringing for peace talks and mediation.
 But our selfish leaders are in every scam.
 Trillions of rupees of public money looted.
 Where is the need to spend for military wares?
 To enrich the coffers of rich countries at our cost?



BLIND FOLDED JUSTICE

Sin is the second nature of man.
Goodness being its first and last.
Millions of women with youth and charm,
Yearn for a morsel of food, sparkling dresses;
For a pint of wine, songs and dance.
They are prepared to sell themselves.
To entice, ensnare, entrap youth and
Men with money and desires aplenty.
Millions of hands go out to do hard work.
To make both ends meet honestly.
There are men in myriad colors, jinxed minds,
Who lay traps to steal money at a wink.
Life gets balanced between right and wrong.
Blinded folded justice holding pans evenly.



NO MORE PEACE

'Once a thief is always a thief'.
So is a fool and public men today.
With oceanic desires overwhelming them.
Unmindful of concern and safety of others.
Lay nets to catch the golden fish
And vanish in the thin air with success.
They cast dark shadows on circumstances
Make witnesses dumb, squeeze truth, win cases.
Short lived public memory, gullible;
Reelects them, for their own "Hara Keri".
An ancient land of wisdom, ahimsa.
Slowly metamorphosing to 'martyrstan.'
No more joys and peace of joint families.
No more exists the love of "Buddhistan".



HISTORY AND CIVICS FOR CHILDREN

We are going to teach children.
About martyrdom of Ahimsa.
About Mundra scandal of Nehru era.
About wars and peace with neighbors.
About demolition of Golden Temple.
End of Princely era in Indira's period.
Bofor's scandal, LTTE during Rajeev's period.
Farmers, gold smiths suicides, Sati, about Ayodhya.
During Morarji and Narasimha Rao's period.
Globalisation, junk food, plastic money,
Condoms, AIDS. Hepatitis, high prices, scams
During Manmohan and Sonia's era.
Every period, every era is a saga
Of untold hardship, suffering's "raga".



INDIA OUR LAND

Communal killings, exodus of masses.
Birth of Free India, Pakistan.
Chinese attack, loss of Tibet.
Pakis invasion of Kashmir.
Birth of Bangla Desh under blood bath.
Emergency, death of democracy.
Bank nationalization; end of Privy purses.
End of Landlordism; chaos; murders.
Suicides, droughts, floods, Bhopal's gas tragedy.
Earth quakes, air crashes, test of atom bomb.
Mass uprising, disintegration
Of bigger States and birth of smaller ones.
Road, Rail accidents; end of Family values.
Corruptions, scams, flood gate of Court cases.



HOW TO MEET HIM?

Let us cleanse ourselves
Of all the impurities
The muck, slurry, slush
From the inner soul.
Let us embellish ourselves
Of that, which is adorable to Him.
Love, affection, silence and charity.
Compassion and magnanimity.
Let us be constant in this service.
Work again and again to
Gain His favor and
Cherish Him in the realms of the heart.
Let there be no letup or short comings
In our service, till we meet Him.



MARTYRDOM

When the blue sky turns red, with pitiless sun;
Raining fire, brimstones on the shattered bodies;
Severed limbs, body parts mixed in golden sand,
Where roses and its fragrance doesn't bloom.
The perpetrator's hearts have turned to stones.
Blinded, minds clogged, hiding within
Black souls of Hitlers and Chenghis Khans.
Sans pity, mercy, refusing to ooze out.
Innocent pilgrims while in holy shrines
Of martyrs, now lying in sea of blood.
This is how horrible death calls on them
In cars carrying "Yama's" messengers.
Buddha dangling lonely in the desert,
Silently watching the martyrdom.



Yama: Messenger of death

LOST IN CITY'S DIN

A farm girl from a salubrious village.
Surrounded by gifts of lovely nature.
Being of soil, friendly with pets.
Moves to the humdrum of city life.
Her class fellows evinces keen interest
In her. Befriends her to expose her
To the thrills of western music.
To the charms of dine and dance.
Her gait changes, no more is left
Her humble manners, simplicity takes a flight.
Beauty parlor changes her contours.
Exquisite dresses, perfumes, undo her.
No more does she belong to gentle folks.
A gift of nature is lost in city's din.



SENSELESS POWER*

The blistering unmerciful Sun.
Burning sand dunes, blazing river Nile.
Oceans are now on fire; hearth is dead.
Crystalline water is scarce to quench the thirst.
Million protestors in Tahrir Square.
In one voice rendering the still humid air
Tearing the blue canopy to seek freedom,
From the clutches of an old decaying lion.
The Sphinx mutely watching the tanks.
Men in uniforms freely torturing their guns.
Blood flowing like river in unknown time.
Women clad in scarf's bellowing, crying.
Hungry children clamoring for a pint
Of white glistening milk, for morsel of food.
Ranging chaos spreading like wild fire
Nation is on uprise, broken to smithereens.
The insenile dictator clinging
To the broken chair of senseless power.



*Poem composed before the dictator abandon his post.

PROFUSE BLESSINGS

In the stillness of the lonely night,
When the screeching, honking traffic
Stops and only sound is of revolving
Fan and that of the old stuttering fridge;
I wake up from the deep slumber,
Disturbed by a troubling scary dream.
The drowsy sleep has taken a flight.
I get up and read stale poetry and
The kind Muse in that silent hour
Is pleased to bless me profusely.
My steady mind scans the world and heaven.
The chattering monkey mind takes a rest.
It turns meditative and reminds me
Of multiple graces, many blessings.



RELIVE EVERY DAY AS SCRIPTED

We all gather to witness the show.
The actors on the stage daily
Act as per their script.
Exhibit their talent and depart.
We watch the play to draw strength
To our ideals and return home.
The silence again envelops the night,
Leaving the hope to the twinkling stars.
The whole atmosphere is stilled,
Variety entertainment is no more.
All are asleep with their dreams.
Except the silent moon grinning.
Next morn, the bright sun
Awakes man to replay another show.



GURUJI

He has become orphan for the second time.
On the first occasion, he felt it,
When he lost his mother.
He clinged to his eldest sister.
Later he took his father as a guide.
He felt rudderless when he lost him.
He again found a secured home.
But when he lost his name sake uncle;
He was again in high seas, lost forever.
He needed to stand on his own.
Find strength to find a way
To surround himself with disciples.
Talk of “maya”, indscript language
Of illusions, delusions and hallucinations.



NIRVANA, MOKSHA

One cannot embrace death on its bidding,
But can make efforts to succeed
In dying, before death can call on you.
It is the dying of passions and impulses,
You purify your inner consciousness
Of all negative feelings and emotions,
You reach the shore of a calm sea,
To merge as a drop in the ocean.
To become one with reality.
The truth dawns with its effluence
And you get enlightened, elevated.
The meandering of the monkey mind
Stops and mind becomes calm, tranquil
You achieve a glimpse of 'Nirvana', 'Moksha.'



TURN A LEAF

You want to have large following
Innocent masses, gullible
Who will be carried away
With your mum boo jumbo.
You project your lineage, your descend.
You are very colorfully dressed.
Caps of various hues and colors.
To create an impression of holiness.
You have learnt a trick or two,
To show to your disciples,
That can cure them of their illness,
With your mutterings in a dead language.
You are oblivious of the fact
That your inner self,
Is animalistic, nihilistic.
A clown and a buffoon.
You need education and praise,
You want your ego satisfied,
Your taste buds appeased,
Your palms greased.
Now you need to turn over a new leaf,
Cleansed yourself to glittering white.
Elevate your mind and soul.
Attain purity of highest order.
To enable your soul to sing paeans
To that Master to whom, we all bow.



HOW TO ATTAIN 'MOKSHA', NIRVANA?

Planets wealth in the hands of
Diabolical satanic devilish men
And in genies of various kind
With diabolical designs and means
To loot, crush and destroy
The mute, silent, harmless
Mankind, faceless mankind.
The enormous diabolical, unimaginable
Uncountable wealth in these
Hands of men of tyranny.
To keep in grip the mankind's
Intellectuals, parliamentarians,
Judiciary, law and justice, and men
In all walks of life. Can
One free himself from these forces?
To attain 'moksha' and 'nirvana'



HALL MARKS OF PASSING TIME

Every day a part of our self is lost.
The lavish burning Sun sucking part of life.
Deepening in the soul melancholy.
Unseen grieves stepping in the place of joys.
The childish pranks, youthful gaudy jokes
Makes way for serious manhood.
Devil hoodwinking the slippery man,
Leading him to the pathways of Abyss.
The multi-color twilight graying the hairs.
Beauty of dancing damsels simply wanes.
Bow & arrow of bewitching girls losing its strings.
Sphinx, Taj, Konark mutely watching passing Time.
Indian sparrow extinct, tiger reserves diminishing.
Ozone layer shrinking, hall marks of Time.



FALLEN MEN

Ah! When will this madness end?
Skinny babes in arms of sickly widows.
Wailing and weeping for a pint of milk.
Dark vultures pecking decaying bodies.
Ah! When will this madness end?
Men in dragon net killing each other.
Love starved humanity cracking up.
Lingering hopes vanishing in dark dreams.
Ah! When will this madness end?
Benign heaven is raining tears of blood.
Soaking and choking the pathway of peace.
Injured pigeon afflicted with deadly disease.
Ah! When will this madness end?
Falling Rupee and empty granaries.



ENDLESS WAIT

Neanderthal man is still waiting
The resurrection from the benign God.
To question him about his preying
On the animals for his food.
Like an orphan waiting for love and grace.
Struggling in devastated life, deluge.
Like a young pitiful destitute widow
Thrown to the wolves and 'agni pariksha'.
Like sorrows binding the soul endlessly,
Unlike rainbows quickly disappearing.
AIDS, HIV and Cancer patients losing hope.
Life hanging on sharp razor's edge.
Ancient monuments reminding past glory.
Man searching and longing for little peace!



QUATRAINS

Sincere to the core, honest and true,
 I flowered my way all along.
 The path was strewn with weeds and thorns.
 Today, I retired without having any blues.



With tears of repentance relive your life.
 Make way for tomorrow to arrive.
 Work hard all day long with sweetness.
 Let your future come without sadness.



Don't go to battle field unarmed.
 Your bitterest enemy will slice you.
 Be ever prepared and ready.
 Work hard with Truth and honesty.



“Fools built houses for wise men to live in”
 Let not your adversary destroy you,
 When you are deep in mire.
 Win people's heart with love & be true.



Do not water your enemies with your sympathy
Nor work for their wellbeing.
For they are ever ready to destroy you.
Be cautious, work hard all your way.



Drive away the frowns on your face.
With smiles and smiles and laughter.
Good humor is the best medicine.
To counter tensions of the bitter life.



For one, who sees and accepts Truth,
Is to arrive at the threshold
Of enlightenment and knowledge.
To wash away sins and purify oneself.



The faith in truth, its intensity & rigor
And power to convert and transform hearts,
Cannot be measured by rationality.
It's very sincerity attests to its nature.



Flow of tears from tender loving heart,
Are expression of deep love.
A tender rose is a rare beauty,
Which brings pleasure on its sight.



The pangs of separation from beloved
Is expressed with flow of streams of love.
It shows the tenderness of the heart.
Love is a beautiful flower of life.



Be alert on the mechanization
Of the inner animal, devilish soul
For it is sure to drown you
In mirth, pleasure and sorrows.



It is not enough to recognize
The existence of solitary Truth.
But requires every human heart
To bid for it and embrace it.



Forgiveness is a shining sword
To slash the boastfulness of the enemy.
Love, affection alone can win their hearts.
Dawn of Truth is a defining moment.



Don't idolize the faults in your heart.
Cleanse the same with purity of light.
Let the inner and outer life.
Be for worship of the Great One.



Journey to the 'Kaaba' of your heart,
The centre, the point of love,
From where emits the light.
That encapsulates the being.



Forgiveness is a great virtue.
To unite the hearts in a bond.
From which flows the milk of human kindness.
To nurture humanity in peace.



Only the fearless can weather the storms.
 The stricken humanity succumbs & fall.
 Like Adam & Eve, than to seek His pardon.
 O Lord! Your Grace can save humanity.



Before the wrath of the Lord
 Visit our threshold with its 'namaste,'
 Let us submit and seek His pardon
 Seek forgiveness for the erring humanity.



Today the god men, 'swamis', & 'fakirs'
 In various colorful dresses & headgears
 Have become Robin hoods & Veerappans
 To scare & rob the innocent victims.



The godmen,'sadhus' 'swamis' & 'fakirs'
 Instead of becoming saviors for humanity
 Have become messengers of death.
 Like 'Yama', to carry their booty every day.



What a seizure of soul, body and mind?
When the message dawned on purified soul,
To convey to the waiting humanity.
Purified souls suffer for erring souls.



Large majority of people live in self-doubt.
They are yet to understand the meaning
And purpose of life, the ideals
And straight paths to walk upon.



Those who have a purpose in life,
Have found peace in their hearts.
Gather together, join hands in hands.
Live in harmony, happiness & joy.



Those who get disturbed from straight paths,
Lose peace of mind for a while,
Till they find the path and light.
Love is a good anchor to face storms.



HAIKU

In the silent nights
Twinkling stars and crescent moon
Drowsiness and sleep

First flush of summer
King of fruit comes to market
Sweet juice to quench thirst.



Winter shorn of flowers
Cactus defies all seasons
Fragrance doesn't last.



Honey bee deflowers
And sucks the nectar away
Pleasures of sweet heart.



Meek shall rule the world
Specter and crown shall tumble down
When masses loose fear



On a summer day
Humid air breezes our scalp
Love should live for long



Nature in our self
Stars, moon, sun celestial signs
Untie knots of time



Fragrance in my heart
A petal falls, a bird calls
Dew drops melt away



Seek oceanic love
Lovely dreams out strip measures
Heaven in your eyes



Flowers remove fears
Gush of tears remind of love
When heavy fog lifts.



Greenish encroachment
Inundating marshy lake
Spread of pollution



Feels pain in pleasure
Blossoming flowers are lost
Sadness dawns in heart



Agony in heart
When nightingale sings sad songs
Reminds of lost love



Dusk to dawn curfew
Turturing of guns
Sorrowful silence



Changes in seasons
Beaming sun melts mass of snow
Greenery spreads around



Winter ends blossoms
Trees shed leaves become naked
White snow envelops



Defining moment
When sun rises in horizon
Life begins to shine



Radiation effect
The destroyed nuclear plant
Cruel Tsunami



Selection from
Evergreen Pastures

FOR ONES PLEASURE

I don't wish to snatch
Anyone's pillow or pull
Their blanket for my
Comfort and pleasure.

Let me be with my sorrows.
Like a widow piteously
Preserving her memories,
And guarding her regained virginity.

I have been in side wings,
Watching the happenings
Of the events and dramas
A silent spectator, a bird watcher

Attitudes make or mar a living.
From Ethereal world dawns love and grace.
Imaginations, creativity,
Are twin needs for a sound life.



REDUCED PLEASURES

Oh! There were times when my father
Would buy mangoes in dozens
And in hundreds for few rupees.
Sellers would be in glee to pack in baskets

Now my wife gets only three mangoes
For a high price, to shave only a slice!
One by two, one by three service is common
Measures of coffee served in smaller cups.

Hours of work less but wages higher
Every dawn brings with it, its own woes
Life is a continuous struggle with pains
Gone are the days of princely pleasures.

Every age sings its own songs gaily
Every childhood has its own charms



MYSTERY UNRESOLVED

Needle of suspicious on black turban
But the villain of the piece
Is the new genie, the computer
Misdirecting the line of direction
To mislead, confuse the pilot
The genie whirling the aircraft MH 370
To south pole, to watery icy grave
Man's genius and combined
Humanity's efforts bringing to naught.
A mystery unresolved
Even by soothsayers, mystics
A tiny invisible Earth yet
Revolving, spinning, moving
Slowly around its Master, resolutely.



WINTER THRILLS

The wintry chill fog is slowly withdrawing
Allowing the cheerful summer heat to set in.
The leaves are all falling from the trees,
Making them stand naked for a new dress.

Burst of colorful flowers to spread fragrance.
The nectar for bees, insects and for birds,
For pollination for sweet fruit to bear.
To make humanity enjoy its suppleness.

Skimpy seminude girls and athletes
Enjoy winter cold Olympics.
Frolic and fun capturing minds of youths
Tickling senses and sensuousness.

Love and beauty in all its colorful display
Making lovers mingle and be gay.



A HOME OF OUR OWN

Everyone in the world need a shelter
A cozy home with all found comforts.
However, much you travel world over,
Stay in motels, hotels, private rooms.
Yet, you still keep longing for your home.
A place to give vent to your feelings.
A place for prayers, niche to burn incense.
A place to dine and dance, to entertain.
A place for peace, lazy about like a sloth.
A plank of wood to hold on from sinking.
A place to party with guest and friends.
A place celebrate and lord over.
'Home sweet home' is a good old adage.
To live rear children and leave a legacy.



SOLITUDE IN DARKNESS

What goes on in the darkness
In the invisibility zone
Of silence, is unmatched more profound
More pleasurable with more joys
Kind Muse on winged horse descends
To bless poets with delectable poetry.
Lovers mingle, couples embrace in love
Bringing to delight tiring bodies.
The full Moon shedding bright light
Enlivening the bright soul, cheering spirits.
The blessed sleep comforting bored minds.
Sweet dreams relieving stress and strain.
The holy ones searching peace in solitude.
Nature dips in sleep on fall of darkness.



A FORLORN WISH

You will miss me
When I am gone.
You would come
To my resting place
With handful of flowers
And tears in eyes
To remember me
And my days with you.
Recalling sweet memories.
Feeling pain in heart and soul.
Pining for icy cold hands
To lay on you too.
So that you can also lay
Besides me eternally.



MEET JOYS OF HEAVEN

We feel like doing something
Where nothing is there or exists.
In a vacuum filled chamber
Like astronauts travelling to Moon.

Where none exists to capture
Our moments, to picturise it.
Where devil or god does not exists.
Where fear, suspicion doesn't dwell.

A moment filled with ecstasy
Joy, thrill and moments of excitement.
A total mingling of souls.
Bringing peace, solace and tranquility.

Where consciousness expands.
Where mind meets joys of heaven.



Selections from
Perfumed Garden of Love

SAD YEAR ENDS

O Lord! When will it end?
The traumas, the tears, the hiccups,
The faintings, the lamentations
The endless drowning in the oceans.
O Lord! When will this end?
The missing raptures joys.
The flowing tears of the children.
The snatching of the dear ones.
O Lord! When will this end!
The shock waves, chilling moments
Reminding of parting kisses.
The waving hands and kerchiefs.
O Lord! When will this end!



MISS CHARM OF LIFE

Lamenting on past mishaps
Down falls in this slippery world
Is like walking backwards
And cause cataclysmic grief.
Going back in time in mind
Shakes furtively the daily walk.
Sitting glum like a cave man
Without a strike of light.
Turns one goalless without a future.
Blankly staring the ceiling fan.
Facing walls with endless stream
Of fruitless thoughts, dried tongue.
Then you miss the roses and charm of life
And the beauty the nature presents.



MAKE LIGHT OF AFFAIRS

New Year, new resolutions, new will,
New plans, new path, new clothes
But same old people, same old ways.
Habits die hard, like alcoholic effect.
The spirit evaporates in the thin air.
We are back to the same old ways.
Same mistakes, same rigmaroles.
The whole world moves in the same line.
Accept the seasonal changes, its weather,
Its vagaries, its quirks, its nonsense.
Make light of affairs, this will also pass.
Live for the moment, enjoy each moment.



STALEMATE

What can one think of, imagine?
I guess a poet yearns for recognition
And awards, a few publications
A few certificates, a small gift!

A farmer, a laborer, a mason
For the day to end with a mug of beer.
A sound sleep, dreamless, sans nightmares.
The day to begin without aches and pains.

This chain and circle of events to repeat
Over and over again, always with cheers!
Without hiccups and lamentations
With hurrahs and roses all the way!

But these traffic rushes, this smog,
The pick pockets stalling the joys of life.



MARVELS OF LIFE

Travelling on the same beaten path
With familiar faces, same momentum
But chance meetings, changing the course of life
Bringing roses and fragrances in garden
Escaping from the clutches of khaki shirts,
Avoiding white aprons and black coats.
Reaching the shores of Kanyakumari
To witness the spectacular sunrise.
To Ootycamund, Rishikesh, river Ganges
To climb the mounts of Alps, Effel tower.
Fly around the world in excursion.
For them is heaven on Earth here, here!
Beauty and love, marvels of nature
Opening like buds into exquisite flowers.



INNER PEACE

Speak, write from the bottom of your heart
Full of emotions with clarity, sublime,
Reach the Moon, view the world, the cosmos.
See how insignificant, irrelevant, unknown we are.
But we live with mighty Ego
To conquer the world, to feel Mighty.

Flow like a river on the ground,
Crawl like a snake, be an ant.
Simple, humble and sublime
To reach the inner core of peace.



UNTO DUST

They were all waiting for him
To commit a serious error
To pounce on him, grab him,
Make him wear iron hand cuffs.
To sacrifice him on the stake.
Man requires super human efforts
To master his selfish Ego
To humble himself like dust
All that raises should come done,
“Unto dust he comes from
And unto dust he mingles”
Without a citadel or a marking.
Ashes mingling in running rivers.



NEW AGE POETRY

Our poet editor requires a poem
Cast fresh, like a new baby.
Unpublished, spicy, hot
With 'mirchi masala' like
A poem of Kamala Das explicit,
juicy or R K Singh who
Takes you through his experience.
The poem to be like a precious
Jewel in a nugget, shinning,
Readable, enjoyable, expressive
Well-tuned, figurative, striking
To be mined again and again.
This is not the time and age
For metaphysical poetry of Pope
Or Tennyson or Mathew Arnold.
Wordsworth, Keat and Shelleyian
Are still in vogue but
Considered Victorian, age old
Or Elizabethan. Age withers
Custom stales, lost in din.



LOVE LOST

My love's beauteous glance
And her relics are gifts to me.
Raising all my hopes, rendering
A joyous cry, jumping in ecstasy.
My pains waned, filling my
Heart with happiness and solace.
My dark dwelling lit with light,
But when time came to meet her,
My shabbiness, ugliness
Let me down to step out.
Neither I have youthful charm, nor
Twinkle in my eyes to please her.
Melancholy set-in, I in depressed
State, had to be content
Only with her sweet thoughts
And lament on my ill fate.
No more for me the pleasures
Of love or thrills of meetings.



R K SINGH

R K Singh is a real poet
 Living in an imaginary
 Self-created world
 For he did not opt for
 Pension, oblivious of
 Hiding pain that
 Would crop up with
 Hoary head and creaky bones.

R K Singh is a real post
 Lamenting on the lost libido.
 On his best half losing charm
 And the pleasures of the youth,
 Bemoaning, with white hairs on his chest.

R K Singh is a real poet
 For not being in company
 Of chest beating, wallowing
 And slogan mongering fascists.
 Nor among the rigid white capped
 Bearded goatees with 'jhubbas',
 Nor with those carrying sacrificial cross.

R K Singh is a real poet
 Now, he will hibernate for Nirvana.



PS: on his retirement

PASSION FILLED SUBMITS

There were times when you would
Not part my bare arms
Intertwining my legs and sweetened lips,
Even in the sweltering heat
And biting cold of upper Ganges.
Waiting for every slipping moments
On couch, under sprinkling
Showers, in every hour
Of lengthening light
And with drawing shadows.
Letting out streams of pleasure.
Breathless, panting, heaving
Asking for more and more
Of the Eden's forbidden fruit.
Oblivious of any lurking fears.
Lost and drowning in sanctimonious
Mirth and unseasonal joys.
Ah! My beloved, now the times have passed
Forlorn and in despair,
With disheveled hair,
Senseless, motionless
You would lie like a log of wood.
O! Unfathomable and ageless love!
Where are the lingering songs?
Of yester years and countless
Bewitching smiles and snacking of lips.
Tears of mirth and honeyed
Bareness of conjugal bliss!



YOUR PRESENCE

Your presence made my small house
Look bigger and bigger than ever.
Your smile, your large hands
And bear hugs enlarged my heart.
In this place of obscurity and dullness,
The fragrance of garlands has brought smiles.
The bitter pill of sadness has dissolved
And honeyed taste has sweetened my tongue.
The light has flooded from all sides.
Brightening the pathways of my dingy place.
You spoke through gestures with bright eyes.
Your silence meant million meanings.
Life hitherto listless has turned to joys
By a moment's presence of a Divine Being!



Selections from
Scattered Gems

EVOLUTION

Somewhere from the heaven
Or from the sea or rivers of Earth,
A mysterious zygote came into
Existence with light, splits into two
With all elements in the planet.
One developing gradually as a man
Another with beauty and love as a woman.
Both intertwining, clinging to each other.
Inseparable, passionately attached,
Interacting, mingling with Nature.
Learning from cacophony of birds,
From chattering of monkeys,
From noise and sounds all around,
From the bellowing of winds
And sounds of lightning and thunder
From the rippling of the leaves.

Thoughts and emotions experiencing it
Spelling out words and words
First with gestures and mumblings
Monosyllable to multi syllable
Slowly steadily learning one thing
And another, one step to another.
March of time leaving behind progeny
With all their attainments and history.
The fears, phobias, the superstitions
The uncertainties, hunger and diseases,
Pangs of separation and destruction,

Collective conscious of mankind
Holding on to myths and symbols.
Idolizing them with vigor and zeal,
Waging wars to uphold the credo
Causing destruction and pain.

Man going in deep meditation
Bringing out pearls of wisdom
To humanize, to civilize
To polish the inner being
To find answers to ever puzzling
Intriguing questions and riddles of life.
To view the whole cosmos and being
In a detached manner without passion.
To relieve oneself of pain and suffering.
To feel one with peace and bliss.
To relish the heavenly pleasures
And rid of the miseries of abyss.
Surrounded always by love, affection
With fragrance of garden of bliss.
To reach oblivion with eternal quest
To unravel mystery of time and space.

The seed of innate goodness
Is wrapped in the self of man
Though he struggles to free from pain
And the mystery of destruction.
The overpowering darkness in self

Extinguishes the glow of light
Only in a small measure.
In moments of passion and anger,
Subduing the rationality and wisdom.
Allowing the green snake of jealousy to coil.
Love, overwhelming compassion
Washes off the sins and guilt in self.
To allow lotus, roses and lillies
To bloom, to let out sweet fragrance.
Man needs to cultivate gardens within.
To overcome challenges is to meet it.



WISHFUL LIVING

Will you remember me
When you are with those
Moon eyed 'hoories"
In the garden of bliss
With rivers of milk
And honey and fragrance.
We earthlings would be
Struggling to find meaning
And some way to peace.
You would be oblivious
Of world you lived
In pain and suffering
In woes, misery and dismay.
Ah! Now you are our envy
We would be yearning
To reach you may fail.
Our desires, our callings
May end us in abyss of fire.



LET IT REMAIN SO

You want the barriers, fences and borders
To be removed and land merged.
Carrying images of past holocaust
Of severe cultural differences
And ideologies and way of life
Would not last, the union is brittle.
The cello-tape plastering them
Will melt and they will fall apart.
Like Humpty Dumpty, none to put them again.
Let the mere hand shake and bear hug
Remain with mere smiles and hand waves.
The differing tunes of our songs
Are more delightful than our anthems.



TO RAIHAAN

My soul has turned bright
Bearing wonderful sweet fruit
My little pretty one has arrived
To delight our hearts and bring joys
Laughter and smiles cheer and wonder.
Bearing resemblance to my forebears
Who turned desert to fragrance of gardens
And sweet flowers of heaven above.
My sweet one, my lovely one,
My little dwelling is flooded with lights,
Foreboding luck and fortunes.
To fill the empty heart with love and love.
To turn fallow lands to lovely gardens.
Let heavens choicest blessings
Be on my little grandson Raihaan.
Let him tread the path of saints.



DISCORDS IN MARRIAGE

What does the marriage mean?
When the bed room is not sanctum sanctorum
When the love has flown away
And the crystal heart is splintered.

What does the marriage mean?
When two heads are not on one pillow
When the tongues are lashing
And hands are beating the breast.

What does the marriage mean?
When hungry children wail and weep
And the breast is bereft of milk
And the store room empty of groceries.

What does the marriage mean?
When the golden chain of matrimony is broken
And the pearls of love are thrown asunder
And the path is strewn with pebbles and thorns.



OUTCRY OF A SOUL

It is not so easy to get over
The frustrations of human life!
Though one may speak of
Acquiring silence of mind and heart
But the soul sings its lost songs,
Its pangs of being lost its way,
Of its yearnings to meet its love.
To join and mingle with the lost friend
To finally merge and be with Him.
Body and mind find pleasures to please
Its senses, its tastes, its delights.
But the restless soul is apart
In silence and loneliness.
It cries its bitter and longing songs
Bemoaning and lamenting
On the inner and outer actions
Being displeased all the time
And pricking the conscious severely.



TO COMPLAIN OR NOT

Behind every smile there is sorrow
Behind every laughter there is melancholy
Day is followed by night
Light by darkness
Goodness by evil
Every pain is treated by cure
Severe heat is followed by monsoon rains.

It is the order of Nature to laugh, weep, cry, smile.
To experience pain, joy, to suffer.
To share with one another the woes.
There is a need for a shoulder to weep.
A nail to drive in the coffin.
A floor to dance.
A peg to hang a coat
A best half to share the life.
There are opposites in this beautiful world,
Accept each other lovingly
For
Love and affection are beautiful flowers in the garden of life.



YOUR LOVING PRESENCE

I hear your voice through
The whistling of the leaves.
Your beauty is reflected
In the fragrant flowers
Your light through the beams of Moon
Your blessings through the showers of rain
Your presence through the love of mother.
Your patronage through the guidance of father
O You the Supreme Being!
Your Effulgence is through the Sun
Your strength in the might of lions
And through peaks of mountains
When time summons I will disappear
In the thin air, as clouds
But Your loving presence
Will ever remain, silently, calmly.



WHITHER COMPASSION AND MERCY?

Even if I had become an Angel
You would have shot arrows at me
My effluent light would have shut
Your eyes to see only darkness
You would have yelled at me.
My white wings would create
Shadows on your walls to scare you
My honeyed sweet talk
Would have made you suspicious.
My light walk, my manners
My compassion, my kindness
Would wrench your nerves
You want delight, mirth and show,
Pomp and glory, pleasure and joys.
Whither Compassion and Mercy?
Have they taken flight from men?



YOU IN ME

When they find You
In their mind and heart
In themselves, in lonely
Trackless, sultry dry desert
The water of life is their
To sustain them, to enliven them
The joy of life presents itself
There is no loneliness
No fear, no pain
No past, no future.
They are light, no darkness.
O, You in me. I in you
There is completeness, fullness
Richness, that is paradise.
Hell is when they do not
Find You in themselves.
They are lost in wilderness
In delirium, in pain
Never to return to Your reality.



SING TO HIS TUNES

The mind is filled with effulgent light.
The soul is filled with joy, happiness.
The heart is honey comb, with goodness.
Every thought is crystal clear, pure
Every action is measured, gentle.
Evil is driven away from mind,
Heart and soul, from body and tongue.
Everywhere and all around is love.
Beauty, profusely emerging like fountain
Spreading like fragrance of flowers.
Life like rainbows on horizon,
Fluttering and moving like colorful birds.
Chirping and singing like nightingale.
Every vein in my body becoming strings
Playing music for the Beloved Lord.



GRANTER, BESTOWER

They all speak of sorrows of the heart
 Of the pangs of separation
 Of agony of lost love
 Of mystical feelings
 Of 'I in You and You in me'
 Of mingling of souls.
 Of veins being strings
 To play the music set on tunes
 By the Great Maestro
 The Master holding in His Hands
 The destiny of every soul
 To grant paradise or hell.

The streams of love have sprung
 From depths of my heart and soul.
 There is gush of rivers in my veins.
 The effulgence of light in mind and body
 The rhythmic sound of drums
 And music resounding in me
 To carry on the cosmic dance
 To jump in joy and ecstasy.
 The milk of human kindness
 Has filled the udders, the breasts.
 I am like 'Kamadhenu',
 To feed the hungry seekers.
 O The Giver, the Granter

Your Mercy is profuse
Take me in Your Arms
Like a suckling baby.
O You the Bestower
You have freed my mind
From mysteries and myths
Woven around me for generations,
O the Granter of knowledge
Wisdom and enlightenment.
You have opened up vistas
And oceanic learning
To Your seekers and humble
Souls who seek Your Mercy.



O LOVE MY LOVE

The Great One's have said:
"Open the lock to goodness
In the heart, mind and soul
With compassion and mercy
Forgiveness and Repentance
Illumine your mind with million lights.
Of knowledge of self and of Lord,
Lower your gaze, curb your passions.
Subdue your anger, jealousy
Give up greed and gluttony"

O Lord! Your Sun Shines
Brightly in my mind and soul
Day in and day out
With bright full Moon and twinkling stars
With rivers of love flowing within
With charm and beauty reflecting in,
With sweet melodious voice
Singing Thy praise with glory,
Dancing to the tunes set by You.

O Lord! The Comforter, the Giver
I am in Your arms, in embrace
I am love bitten, enjoying the honey
Milk and every comfort of life.

The creepy bones, the tiring body
Is overwhelmed with ecstasy and joy
Your effulgence, Your love
Is Tremendous, Your remedy
For all my ills is efficacious
You, the Truth, the 'Satya', the 'Huq'
I see You in me all around
Your Majesty and Might is powerful
I have roamed and roamed
All over, You placed petals, roses
All my way, pleasing me all along.
Loving me and caring me.



ETERNAL ONE

Every seeker seeks Your Face
Begs for your Effulgence
To bestow Your Grace and Mercy
O Lord I see Your Face everywhere.
You are nearer than my jugular vein.
Flowing sweetly, gracefully
Majestically riding on the wings
Of love, flowing in my veins
Instilling fire of love in me.
You make my moments a measured one.
You utter through my tongue.
Sees the universe through my eyes.
Brings ecstasy, joy and thrill in me.
The locks and doors of my heart
Are open to receive Your Grace.
Every moment of my passing life
Sings in Your praise, uttering
Your Names, supplicating You.
O The pure One, the Unblemished One
Your love is Eternal, O Ever living One.



RETURN NOW

Sing your songs to delight yourself.
The secrets have been revealed.
The joys have turned majestic.
The beauty and truth unfolded.

The dark ones have closed their eyes
Shut the doors and locked their hearts
Clogged their minds with passion.
Corroded their souls with smug.

Why now complain of darkness
Of moroseness, of chilling effects
Of desultory and thorny paths
Of loneliness and betrayals.

Flush the beings with rivers of milk
Of Divine consciousness.
Instill love and mercy.
Regain the lost paradise, return now.



MIGHT AND GLORY

I am not separate from Him
I am my Beloved's creation
Created by Him, designed by Him
Blown His spirit in me;
Instilled the light of His own beloved
The chosen one, the praised one.
He has made me His vicegerent
Kept me on top of His creations,
To protect His beloved creatures,
His environment, His beings.
I am not alone to be with Him
Millions of His multitudes
Join me like zeros
To stand beside Him
To gain immense value.
My ego melted and got dissolved
On realizing His Might
And Effulgence in and around me.
All call Him by various Names.
Each Name signifies His potency
His Essence, His Quality, His color.
I am humbled with His presence.
I am a small creature.
His love and Grace has overwhelmed me.
O the Great One, the Magnificent One
Your Might and Beauty has filled the universe.
I sing Your songs day and night.

One who loves His most humblest creature
Gets exalted in His presence.
O Lord grant me the humblest nature.
Let my paeans to Thee, find acceptance.
O Lord Your Mercy overwhelms Your wrath.
Forgive all my sins and lapses.
Love as ever, bless me as ever.
Let Your Grace shower on all.



ONSET OF SUMMER

From which ever direction wind comes, let it come.
Let the light diffuse and pierce 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 creeping bones can now move softly, firmly.
Sleepy shivering winter slowly melts away.
Now is the time to receive the guest to dine and dance.

The season changes and the days grow noisy,
As lovers stroll on bikini beaches.
They sail on tumultuous seas.
To discover love, beauty in true colors.

Mirth and pleasure take to cozy beds.
The parameters of life change daily.



WHAT TO ACHIEVE?

Chasing shadows to catch them
Is like trying to lasso clouds
You cannot cup water in your palms.
It slips between your fingers.

Desires are multiple,
You cannot achieve all of them at once.
The world is a snare, a trap
To entice you, to lay you down.
Be away from red lights
And game of chance
From dice and cards
From race horses
And pretty dancing girls.

Defying destiny to reach the top
Is to invite more troubles.
Accept the decree of fate
With patience and goodness.
Then becoming foolish in every eye.
Wisdom lies in silence and solitude.



REKINDLING HOPES

A cry in the wilderness
Is like a dipping golden sun
In the endless yellow sand
With not a blade of grass.
Hopes withering away with endless Time.
I have been an unknown commodity
In the depths of the bowels of earth.
Till I was discovered, mined and polished
And adorned in the crown.
To be admired and yearned.
I shined bright returning
The joys held in the soft hearts.
I am that love kindling the spirits,
To soar higher and higher like a kite.
Free from the vicissitudes of life.
Beauty unfolding wings in all its colors.



MELTING COLD DREAMS

My best of memory tucked away
In old dusty files with messages,
Visiting and greeting cards, love letters,
Letters from my dear and near ones.
My photo albums shows my cute
Little face, face growing bit by bit.
Now turns into a toothless
Wrinkled face, haggard one.
Memory like flashes of lightening
On a dark clouds, thunders,
Creates misty eyes,
Rains hot tears on my cheeks.
Friends and loved ones
Are like dead leaves
From an old shaky tree,
To be mingled in soil forever.
Endless time throws rainbows
On the horizon to melt away.



REFRESHING LIFE

In the silence of my mind
Rings unknown forlorn passions.
I search for a niche in my heart
And a space in my bosom.
To place my best half's love.
To cherish it and lighten it
Like a candle to glow.
The warmth of love raises my hopes.
The pathways are laid with roses,
Filling the air with fragrance.
Love heals, increases my vitality.
I soar heaven wards in ecstasy.
Blossoming new leaves on break of spring,
Refreshes my eyes with its greenery.



WANING PASSIONS

Ah! Do you think I can have you
In my bosom, like I did
Ages ago in my prime
When my passions reigned
And I was head strong
And rash and I danced to your tunes.
Now there are wrinkles on my skin
And your beauty has waned.
Yet you nurture hopes
With twinkle in your eye
You wish I respond
To your dying passions.
O my love has flown away
To yonder unknown place
Where dead are celebrated
With sweet burning agar.



TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

My birth, my existence, my suckling
My growth, my first smile, my first joy
My hugging, kissing, my first love
All came from my mother's womb
From her breast, from her lap.
My first lisping of words, my crawling
My talk, my walk, all from my mom.
My best half lit candle of love in my bosom.
All my hopes, living, my rainbows
Centered around my mom, my best half
My lovely only daughter, my breath
My living is from them all forever.
I place my paeans, joys on their threshold.
O love sing songs of delight, make merry
In their company, in their living and joys.
Let heavens bliss and blessings be on them.



HOLY TIMES

Spring Time is holy time.
Blooming in variety of flowers
For garden of bliss and peace.
It is good Friday, to remember deeply
The crucification of Holy Man
To purify the world of its sins.

Spring Time is holy time.
To celebrate the Easter
Holiness has regenerated
To spread in the Universe
Love, blessings and Grace.



BLOOMING LOVE

The orange setting Sun is dipping low.
Rainbows are slowly disappearing.
Birds are returning to nests.
The herds to their meadows.
The darkness is about to draw in.
My yearnings for my Beloved is increasing,
My throbs, my grieves are endless.
O Love! Show Your glimpse and face.
The faint flickering candle has popped out.
The dark nights diminishes my hopes.
My yearnings to mingle in You
has brought endless tears to shed.
Cold blowing winds cannot cool my heart.
My multiple love will bloom forever.



FOR TASTE OF LIFE

She is the spice of my life
I have to bear all,
The sorrows she pounds
On my hairless head.
She outstrips me and draws
Every moment of joys from me
Yet she bares my tantrums
But I need to surrender
My wallet, my choices
My freedom and my way
Of going along recklessly.
If I need to taste the honey
I need to bear the stings
A rose is accompanied by a thorn.



AN ANGUISHED CRY

Caught between the contrast and the sublime,
Between the pleasures of the self and remorse,
Between the devil and gentle God,
Between the broad heavenly vision
And low disgusting abyss.
My most unruly mischievous self
Revolts within when the blanket of Blessings
Covers my outer selfish self.
It refuses to be subdued,
Wishes to be an odd selfish man.
Projecting an ugly thumb
With a poking, sniffed up nose,
Wallowing on the pussy decaying wounds,
Which refuses to get healed.
Despite best of antibiotics and treatment.
I appeal to the Gracious Love Venus
To grant me Herculean strength
To subdue the ironic inner demon,
Who has spread its tentacles
Like a cancer to destroy myself
And suck every drop of my blood.
And destroy me forever and ever



SELF ILLUMINATION

You refused to be dragged into a dialogue.
The light has refused to dawn on us,
Despite my best efforts to lit candles
Of love in the forlorn, dejected hearts.
Your assumptions about me, my persona
Is based on some deep rooted suspicion,
On hearsay, on your spite, anger;
You were groping in the dark to make sense.
But O love! Deep compassion
Flows like milk, honey in inner self;
Sublime, pure, uncorrupted, fresh
Springs should erupt and reach
The outer self and consciousness
To purify and enlighten the self.
Then the 'Karuna' exhibits itself.
Then the joys and ecstasy of life erupts.
Then the life becomes fulfilling.
Then the self-illumination is complete.



DESERT OF LIFE

What flows in this throbbing heart?
Where rings the bells of love.
Where the tongue wails in remembrance.
Where in my heart, a fervor.
Where in my soul, a passion.
Where in every cell a burning pain.
Where my body burns in love.
O Love! Your loyalty clings in my heart.
Your yearning is my goal.
My desire, to melt in You.
To lay down my life,
Evaporate like a vapor,
Melt like a sweet fragrance.
In this desert of life,
Let my tears of love be my gift to Thee.
I sought everywhere but found You in me.



MERE ILLUSION-MAYA

This world is a prison for me.
Watching from my cell through my eye,
The brilliance and the mystery of the universe;
The colors of various hues, the vegetation;
The wonders and the unknown around me.
My tongue praises the cosmic harmony,
Grace surrounds me, splendor steals my heart.
When I have been captivated by Beauty,
Love raising unique feelings, passions;
When I am subdued, captured and enslaved;
When Angels guard me and surround me;
When Mercy and Benevolence has overwhelmed me;
Then where is Sin and where is seeking pardon?
Visions of paradise, perdition of abyss is mere illusion!



HIS SPLENDOR

So many of His creatures
Are captivated, enslaved,
For our pleasure, our comfort.
If not for His will, how can it be?
We are also captured and ordered
To play the tunes of His choice;
For His pleasure, for His Mercy
For His Benevolence, for His kindness.
This cycle of life revolves continuously.
Why fret and fume? Why wail
For a morsel of food? we strive,
The illusions and Maya gives pain,
Makes us march to the Unknown,
To open new vistas for splendor.



YOU AND ME

O love! If I have been perfected
To be a mirror for Your image
For being loved and for love
Your Divine nature reflecting in me.
Then I need to polish the compunction,
The scum in my heart, beautify my face.
Adore my Self with perfumes, fragrances.
My inner mirror should be reflective,
Like a Moon to shine and glow.
My tongue should glorify You.
I am seized by the pain, the cure is You.
I am a slave, a servant, worthy of You.
You know Yourself, I now nothing.
Your blessings and Benevolence surrounds me.



RIVER IN OCEAN

I heard One, I saw One, I reached One.
I heard the remembrance of the Real.
I saw the lamp of familiarity.
I heard the response of gentleness.
I saw the signet of friendship.
I reached the friendship of Beginningless.
I saw Him in my shining heart
And I lost for Him.
Now I cannot say that it is I.
Nor can I say that it is He.
O world's folk see in me the love of Him.
The radiance of Him glittering in me.
Separate not me with my lover.
The river has now merged in Ocean.



SELF EXAMINATION

I need to escape from angles,
Triangles, Hexagons, Circles
Squares and need to reach the point;
By walking on the straight line.
How bogs my mind? I scratch my head!
Do I need to abandon life?
By renunciation as Buddhist term it.
As 'Sanyasi' to sit under a Banyan tree.
But I am already encircled
With myths, ideologies, with corrupt mind.
My heart is corroded like dead wood
Though not stony yet coarse.
I bereft of imaginations and creativity.
How do I get rid of these illusions?
This 'maya', these desires and attachments.
Can running away to woods help me?
The burning stomach would cry and wail.
My weakening muscles in my arms
May not help me escape the writ of life.
The lightening, thunder, storms may scare me.
I wonder and wonder how Jain munnies
Sanyasies, sadhus, fakirs escape life.
My raging passions though subdued
But the nagging past memories haunts me.
Robbing my mind of solace and peace.
The old steam engine shunting up and down

With loosened bolts and nuts has derailed.
Now I turn inward to empty myself
From that devastating ego, which shuts light
To reach my heart, mind and soul.
What else can I aspire at the end of the journey?
Than for silence of mind and tongue.
To keep aspiring to reach the Great Self.
To whom whole cosmos looks tiny and speck.
Let me now dissolve in the blue canopy
And evaporate like a vapor and cloud.
I stand nude shedding my inner self.
I look up to Thee for Mercy and Grace.



PEACE IN ANCIENT INDIA

What if Islam had taken birth in Ancient India?
In what terms the Holy Scriptures spoken to us?
Would there have been mention of Adam and Eve?
Of Prophets of Israel, of Moses and Jesus?
Of 'Hoories', of Heaven, of abyss and Hell?
Of the Day of Judgment, of gathering of Souls?
Islam would have struggled to bring brotherhood!
To unite man and man in one fold.
To erase casteism, myths, superstitions.
Islam in Mother India means Khwaja Ajmeri,
Khwaja Nizami, Khusro, Baba Fareed,
Sant Kabeer, Baba Budhan.
Fakirs, Sadhus, tambourine, drums,
Divine music, whirling dervishes.
'Urs' celebrations, pilgrimages.
Devotion to Divine Mother Earth, Rivers,
To Mount Kailash, Dwarkanath.
United all gods, goddesses, devis, devas.
Lighting of deyas, burning agars.
Sung songs of love and compassion.



MY MASTERS VOICE

I live for Him, suffer for Him, constantly repeat His name.
He is in myself, my soul, my breath, my veins, my blood.
Who is He? A Creative force, all around me is that force,
In energy, in plants, animals, creatures, the Great Artist.
He creates art, paints lovely scenes, figures through artist.
He gives creativity, imagination to create new things, ideas.
I am not what my great, great grandfather was.
My son, grandson are different, each one for new age.
Music has changed, so has dance and movies.
I see a grand order, a great harmony of my Master.
He calls me to witness His 'Maya', His awe and wonder.
I hear Him through His creation, through songs of birds,
The clarion call from hawkers, from strike of smithies on iron.
O Love! You hear and see me and my actions.
Do not beshame me on the day of Judgment and reckoning.
Let me melt in You, evaporate like vapor in your love.
Let love consume me, single me not from You.
Let Your Mercy and Compassion enlighten me.



O SUFI HALLAJ, SUFI SARMAD

Now the sentence has been passed.
Appeal to all forums rejected,
I have been handed over to the executioner.
Where does my voice reach for justice?
My lamentations, my cry in vain,
My voice gets stifled and silenced.
My body would be torned asunder,
Like that of Sufi Hallaj, Sufi Sarmad.
But later only to be revered
By cherishers of Truth, valuers of humanity.
My grave will be turned into a Mausoleum.
Agar, frankincense will be burnt.
Wishes and offerings would be made,
Strips of cloths would be tied in a nearby tree.
Lovers would hold hands seeking blessings.
Sick would turn up seeking cure.
O Love! Thou destroyer now becomes Cherisher.
I perish in You to be revered.



PARDON AND ILLUMINE ME!

I am that Adam who stood alone,
My eyes transfixed on His feet;
My paramour Eve with tearful eyes.
I am in that state from ages, centuries,
Millenniums, eras, from billion years.
I am that Shiva, that Mahavira,
That Buddha, those Prophets, those Saints.
All emerging from me, I in them.
I was belittled, brought down
From the pedestal of honor,
From prestige, from glory,
To this dismal position till eternity.
Every one of my progeny in every era,
Has been guilty of hate, passion,
Have hanged Truth on the cross,
Have stoned them to death,
Guillotined, bombed, and destroyed.
Yet have not found humility,
To seek pardon for shameful deeds.
O Love! The Cherisher show Thy face,
Thy effulgence to illumine me.



FUTURE OF MODERN MAN

The aboriginals are still in existence
In deep corners of Mother Earth
With their 'Voodoo' dance and drums,
In belief in spirits and dead souls,
Of being possessed of evil spirits
of the forest and jungles.
Oblivious of stories of heaven and hell,
Of origin of Adam and Eve,
Of garden of bliss, moon eyed 'hoories',
Of resurrection, of day of judgment,
Of stories of Abraham, of Prophets,
Of Old and New Testament.
Birth of Modern man in present era
Lost in faith, with dead soul,
Turned away from humaneness,
From compassion and Mercy,
With selfishness, self-centeredness,
Trampling the rights of lowly,
Destroying nature with impudence.
Emptying treasure from the bowels of Earth.
Market and money ruling the roost.
Terrorism of one kind or other
wrenching the hearts of the innocents.
Loss of credulity, credibility.
Love and peace celestial gifts
evaporating in the thin air.

How to regain heavenly paradise here?
Collective conscious of Mankind
steadily slipping into darkness.
O Heavenly Love! Show Thy Mercy
Recapture, the hearts of humanity.



WE AND OUR GODS

We are created beings
Beautiful, marvelous
With positive traits
Of mercy and compassion
Of holiness, purity.
But deep down carrying
The ancient savage man
With instincts to hunt and kill,
Destroy, burn and fill hearts
Of opponents with terror.

We create our own gods
In our fictitious minds,
Bit by bit building
God's nature with stories
Filling our minds with
Fantasy, fancy, imagery.
Our wishes, our desires, fears
Giving shape to the dummy gods.
The brimstones, fire in hearts,
Minds, seeking blessings from gods.

If we could imbibe
Buddha's compassion
Christ's humility
Mohammad's sincerity
Prophets of yore
In our minds and hearts,

We are of God
And God is of us.
Our inner self
Is purified
So are our actions.
But the savage man
In our deep self
Pops up unpleasantly
To destroy well laid
Gardens of blooming flowers
To create a mess of us.

Our love, our compassion
Should reach our inner most
Self, in every cell of being.
God of love and compassion
Should possess us
Encapsulate us
Seize us, arrest us.

Then the shining Truth
Dawns on the mirror
Of pure heart
The crystal clear essence
Of the Lord reflects there from.
Silence of mind and heart
Is reached and achieved.
Calmness and tranquility

Transcends the personality.
Soul gets illumined.
Halo surrounds the being.
Aura increases.
Magnetism captivates.
The goal is reached.



TRUE SELF

The past 'Karmas' haunting you,
Subduing your self
And avenging for past deeds,
Be shaming you.
Evil eye casting its spell,
You feel belittled, ashamed.

Your mercurial nature
Your quick temper
Green eyed jealousy
Over whelming your consciousness.
Passions ranging
Greedy hands laying on everything.

Dissatisfaction in your self
Making you unhappy, sick.

You need to overcome lethargy
Sloth, unsatiable palate.
Struggle every moment
With Dharmic and satvic living
Cream of charity flowing
Through your blessed hands.

Wash your sins with good deeds
Of eternal happiness,
With surrender to Great Self,
By subduing your evil self.

Conquer your animal nature,
Infuse Divinity
In your benign consciousness.
Then the light dawns.
Flood light of knowledge
Flashes in your broad mind.
Illumination in every cell
Of the being is attained.
'Moksha' becomes a reality.
'As-Sakina' and 'Baraka' is attained.



O! MANY FACETED LORD

His splendor is self-standing.
His brilliance is self-sustaining.
His Kingship everlasting.
His splendor is eternal.
His brilliance generous.
His Kingship tremendous.
His splendor is with majesty.
His brilliance with beauty.
His Kingship without decline.
His splendor steals the heart.
His brilliance increases love.
His Kingship has no annihilation.
O the Great One, the Bestower, the Giver.
Mercy and Benevolence surrounds.
We disobey and commit sin of abhorrence.
You pardon us on our repentance.
Let Your peace, tranquility ever remain.
Your love in heart multiple and increase.



READER'S RESPONSES

My brief comments since all other distinguished poets have already written eloquently.

Peeran's Poetry is Sufi Poetry with Spiritual tinge.

He has captured many forms, and the compendium makes vibrant reading.

Peeran's penmanship is brilliant and his command over English is not stretched just to rhyme.

'Saffron Lotus' Life that India will have shortly, and 'Secular Person' being lost in religious over-zeal, forgetting spirituality, caught my attention.

This is a speed world generation. If he were to reduce his longish poems to two or four line poems, Peeran will become the Kabir of English Literature.

I wish him well.

Shanti, Salaam,

Sincerely,

-Dr. Leo Rebello,
World Peace Envoy