

Evergreen Pastures

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Selected Poems
of
S. L. Peeran



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*Dedicated to
my sweet dear Grand Son
Raihaan Syed Peeran (Dadu Budhan)*

PREFACE

I am presenting to my readers selection of poetry from my fourteen poetry books comprising of 1255 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 now under publication. It is difficult for me to select and make choice of poems for this collection as all poems are from my point of view requires merit and selection. However I have excluded poems on God, Islam, Prophets and poems on positive and negative traits of man. 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 the publishers for accepting my work for publication.

S.L.Peeran

Bengaluru

www.slpeeran.wikidot.com

slpeeran@gmail.com

INTRODUCTION

Here I am presenting 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 “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 lispng 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 “Turmoils 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 sometime 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 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 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*:

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 forward 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

E.Mail: slpeeran@gmail.com

Visit: www.slpeeran.wikidot.com

Bangalore, India

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IN GOLDEN TIMES
SELECTED POEMS

LOVE'S MANY FACETS

As a seed seeks a safe place to hide
Till it gains the strength to sprout and grow
Hearts that are weak or marred by frailties
Need LOVE to make them strong and pure.

Love lives in souls lofty and true
And shuns the mighty and haughty,
Love can never find a place
In hearts that are hard and stony.

Love shines and sparkles in speech
Never adopting a harsh tone.
In songs sung with a melodious voice,
It reflects itself and is amply shown.

Though Love spells special passion for youth,
Its magic hold entranced, in its spell,
People of all ages – young and old,
Neither age nor customs its glory can dim,

In Love, sympathy flows like a stream
Gushing and flowing with ecstasy,
Like magical springs emitting milk and honey,
Love oozes from hearts that are kindly.

Though sad and painful the pangs of love,
We are told that sweet they are,
And that, not to have loved at all,
To love and lose, it's better far!



TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

O my little daughter, look up and smile!
Our journey measures but just another mile.

Sweet are those who always look for love;
Speak softly and be gentle like a dove.

Be brave and bright, with sparkling eyes,
And shine like a star in the dark skies.

May a thousand lights of learning enrich your mind?
With clear vision and measured steps, your way may you find?

Let all that you do, with grace be done;
This is the way Dame Dignity can be won.

Arise from slumber and conquer Life's thunder
With melodious joy and laughter make Life a wonder.

With absolute Truth, Heaven can be sought;
Of fruits of disharmony, partake not.

For company, look to the Sun, Stars and Moon,
May they shower on you friendship's boon!

With sweet flowery eyes lit with love,
My dearest, seek benign blessings from HIM above.



O! TRUTH!

O long-awaited Truth!
Descend from heaven above
And shower on me Thy mercy and Thy love.
My failings have stamped on me their black-mark;
Please light up my conscience, gloomy and dark.

Self-pity has enveloped my whole being
And blinded my eyes, preventing me from seeing
The path of growth and, in others, belief.
From my shortcomings help me find relief.

Whenever my anger roars and thunders,
It makes me commit all sorts of blunders!
It crumbles my will to do good deeds,
Makes me look small, and to shame it leads!

O Truth, pure and ever sublime,
To drive away my passions and guilt, tell 'Time',
Cool my senses and light up my mind
So that a home in my heart, LOVE may find.



WOONG TRUTH

Truth being crystal clear,
Needs no eulogy or praise,
Its effulgence and brightness it showers
On loving and compassionate souls.

Truth pursued with sincerity and humility
Showers its spiritual grace and bliss.
Truth is complete only with Love,
Compassion, Mercy, Charity and Justice.

Truth is eternal and surpasses
All barriers and is beyond nothingness.
Truth is infinite and dwells in hearts
Pure and simple, humble and kind.



DESERTED LOVE

Sorrows have befallen me like thunder,
A – Sudden like a bolt from the blue,
Gone the sweet smile and charming face;
No more your grace can I view.

Soul-stirring music has vanished;
Twinkles in the eyes have gone.
Bereft of your love, with a frown on my face
I am left alone, forlorn.

Looks and touches soft and silky,
Throbbing hearts at every meeting,
And long, loving talks have all ceased.
Your love has been but ‘flirting’ – fleeting.

O Love! Why did you desert me?
Under scalding Sun? I’m parched and thirsty,
But no more there’s shade, no more rain,
And no more songs of birds to greet me.



PANGS OF SEPARATION

On lonely morning walks, the pangs of separation,
Evoking faint feelings of his yester-love,
And recalling to his mind their long love talks,
Fills the lonely lad with melancholy.

His broken heart sings songs of love no more;
No more does he dream of a charm filled life;
Flowers no more seen to emit fragrance;
The garden around seems full of prickly thorns.

With sweet murmurings, panting and heaving all gone,
Even the cool breeze, full moon and twinkling stars seem
frozen.

The desolate lover is left cold, shivering and dazed
For, for him, Life no longer holds the promise of love.



THE WINTER OF LIFE

A blanket of snow envelops the mountain,
And covers the valley with a white curtain,
Naked trees sans greenery on the ground
Mourn the loss of life around.

The sweetly singing nightingale
And the cuckoo, with its melodious cooing,
Have fled, chased by the icy gale –
The onset of somber winter heralding.

Spring and summer's brilliant sunshine
No more is present upon the skyline.
The cold chill makes our bodies shiver;
We need hot coffee to warm up our liver.

Nature, ravished, in deep slumber lies,
Frozen river waters no longer rise
Or flow majestically. Flowers have all faded,
Their brilliant colors are now all jaded.

Nature, of all its beauty shorn,
Proves that all the things that are born
On earth, must one day meet their doom,
The winter of life soon ceases to bloom.



POLITICIANS

Words of politicians are like changing sand dunes,
Slippery and swift like a speeding train –
Always restless, creating melodrama,
And making promises hollow and vague!

When they fume, the flames set ablaze forests!
When they fret, valleys seem to be in frost!
When they laugh, even ghosts take fright!
When they weep, even sleep takes flight!

Deceptive are their faces, like a mirage,
Hiding the traits of diabolic figures.
With eyes trained to spot prey, like eagles,
They wear whites to cover black souls within!



NATURE

Heaps of boulders form the mountains;
Relentless tears of somber, dark clouds
Threaten to form streams, rivulets
And rivers, to plunge into the ocean.

Trees with branch-umbrellas stand sentry
On greenery carpets, to save them for grazers.
Shrubs swing their tops of wild flowers
To attract butterflies to mate with them.

Imagination takes wings and soars
To realms of oblivion and ecstasy.
But Nature awaits not one's retirement
To leisurely reflect and write its story.



LAWYERS

In black flowing gowns, with white bands and collars,
With sharp eyes wherein cunningness abounds,
Holding briefs in hands and moving around,
They assume the bearing of learned scholars!

There's more sound than sense in what they argue –
Fumbling with 'My Lord', 'Your Honor' at every breath!
Twisting words forcefully, but awrily, with stealth,
They bore the judges with their long tongues!

For the citing of precedents to make a point,
Lawyers bring along their big fat books,
Into which no one has the time to look!
In the end, their clients they badly disappoint!

Then why come to court to lose your time and money?
It's better you yourself your own actions judge
Instead of suffering ignominy at Court, through your grudge,
Legal fights leave behind no taste of honey!



BEAUTY IN STONE

Enticed by the marble's beauty, men employ
This stone, various ornaments and monuments to make –
Covering this Nature's gift to an everlasting joy,
Heavenwards our souls to lift and take.

The Moon, reflected by this marble-mirror
With what effulgence of beauty shows its face!
The glory of Allah, too – to mitigate man's terror –
And grandeur of the Lord, on this stone, leaves their trace.

See how the inlaid precious stones, serene –
Gems like rubies and diamonds of brilliant sheen –
Cast their dazzle on the smooth marble green!
There are pearls as well, gifted by crystal streams.

At the crest are golden domes with silvery lining,
Bedecked by chandeliers made of crystal,
The countless mirrors of glass on the walls are shining –
Reflecting spectacular splendor no story can tell!

But had it not been for the unseen humble hands
That had transformed marble into monuments with rich
carvings;
It would have lain unseen forever on barren lands.
So, let's thank them for enabling our souls to take wings.

Fired by Nature's boundless colorful grandeur,
Our spirit longs to imitate it in art,
In visual arts or those meant for the ear,
Nature plays an indispensable part.



TO A FALLEN SOLDIER

O battle-fatigued Soldier,
 Shattered is your being,
Weary of war and gun-powder
 For you had seen many dying.

From fear of death and suffering
 You yourself are now free,
You're free from human failings
 And fellow-man's tyranny.

You've conquered greed and passion
 And achieved glorious grandeur
By dying for your nation,
 Your soul shines with splendor.



WIDOWHOOD

Behind that beautiful face is a wrecked mind,
 Round eyes silent like full moon
Forlorn looks, love lost, memories left behind,
 Oblivious of mental state & worldly boon.

Cruel fate has snatched joys from her;
 What was once dear is lost forever.
Prime of life is without its pristine glory,
 Widowhood has its own gloomy story.



A SAVIOUR

He feels sad, with people
Surrounding, craving for favors
Relating tales of woes, of pathos
And grief. He is adulated as being
A savior, a Saint, a Redeemer.
He is aware of the weaknesses of a being.
The fear of wrath of the Divine drives him
To be in the midst of his creatures,
Who look up to miracles
From purified souls. He radiates
The effulgence of the sun, the
Brilliance of the Moon, the calmness
And depth of the ocean, the fragrance
Of a Rose. The ecstasy of
Communion with the Divine,
Has released him from human
Bondage & sufferings of the soul.
From the depth of his heart, he
Calls out, “Allah Malik”,
Have mercy on your beings”.



DAMNED MAN

The sorrows of the blind world afflict me,
Drowning me in an ocean of deep pathos.
Blood of humans' flows like a stream of water;
Cries of pain and anguish rend the still air,
Like dust of storm, sins of man rise upwards.
The wondrous blue sky is darkened with grief,
The holiness and aura of man is damned,
Stars no longer twinkle to charm one's eye.
The Sun and Moon lie eclipsed to mourn the loss
Of God's creation, destroyed by selfish man.



ADVICE TO DEAR SON

Never be an uninvited guest, dear son:

Unexpected visits will be relished by none.

But courteous be to one who calls on you,

Although unasked or at an hour undue.

Be cautious while expressing your own opinion

For they may lead to wrong conclusions.

Blind criticism is a sure way to lose your friends,

In bitter sorrow your arguments may end.

The eldest child of Virtue is Patience

And the golden means to Peace is Silence.

On your visiting a house, when they open the door,

Greet them with word "Peace be yours".

Be kind and gentle to one and all,

So that your hosts may treasure your call.



OUR SHATTERED DREAMS

Now we have come to the end of the road,
To a dead end on a steep cliff,
Our voices no more do charm each other,
Nor do our eyes meet with pleasure,
Our looks are scornful, wild with passion,
Anger, wrath, spite and vengeance.
Though deep down in our hearts, when calm,
We regret, we weep and long to embrace
Each other and realize our sweet dreams,
There's no meeting ground at all –
Nothing in common; no emotional bond,
The fragrant flower of love has withered;
The binding cord of Love is broken.
We can sing together in chorus no longer;
Our voices are out of harmony.
Our steps don't keep pace anymore;
So no more can we walk together,
Our aims & priorities are now different
Our motives, hope & dreams are different
We stand in different planes & parallels;
We are uniquely, inherently different.
There's no compelling force that can
Persuade us to make peace
With each other or re-unite us.



BLESS ME

Oh! If only I could dream of Thee
 And see Thy beauty and effulgence,
Thy charm, Thy benign look, Thy smile,
 To relieve me of my pain and anguish,
My despondency and perplexity,
 That has left my life so shattered!
O sweet one; O Thou deliverer
 From all miseries and calamities!
O Thou most compassionate one,
 O haven of peace and tranquility!
Bless me, enlighten my dark soul,
 Redeem me from all vicissitudes,
Guide me to a life of bliss,
 Of solace and contentment.
I have heard, O Eternal Lord,
 Thou showiest Thy choicest blessings
Upon all Thy chosen ones.
 Let me, then, be one of them.



IN THE NETHER WORLD

Where will you search for me
 When I'm gone to the Nether World?
In my old shoes in the attic,
 In my torn and tattered clothes
Or in the not so worn-out suits and ties,
 Which remind you of the rare occasions?
Specially worn by me to please you?
 Now they'll not part with you,
Having become your precious antiques?
 Or will you keep searching for me
In my photographs in the album
 Or the big sized colored one on the wall
With adoring eyes and wearing a smile
 Haunting you with loving memories?
Or will you search and search for me
 In my diaries full of accounts of our love,
Our meetings & quarrels, travels & expenses,
 Our hopes & disappointments, our pains & pleasures?
Or in my love songs and my letters
 Carefully preserved in dusty files,
Or in my collection of books which had bored you?
 You had hated it whenever I held it,
For you had yearned to be held in my arms.
 They now bring uncontrollable, ceaseless tears?
Whenever you prepare a special meal
 Or steaming tea of my special brand,

Or cut a fruit of choicest sweetness,
 Old memories haunt you and you wish
You were with me in the dust & soil,
 No more wishing to keep body & soul together?



TOIL AND SOIL

He toiled from morn till late in the night,
 Without any rest, day after day.
Ignoring his own needs, every paisa
 In his savings-box he would carefully lay.
Year after year his savings grew –
 Enough to give his daughter away
In marriage. In a grand manner,
 The wedding place on a fine day.
Music and dance, flowers and finery
 Greeted the 'baraat' all the way.
Silver, gold and other items
 Of the dowry were arranged in fine array,
As demand after demand was being made,
 Each was met in every way.
But as each demand was being met,
 The groom had more and more to say.
To his growing greed there was no end,
 The bride's poor father, sick and grey,
No longer able to bow and bend,
 Finally had to call it a day.
Calling on the gods to help his daughter,
 Down he fell and lifeless lay,
Ended, thus, his lifelong toil –
 Enabling the groom to bury him in the soil.



TOTAL SURRENDER

I love HIM, respect HIM and honor HIM;
Each breath of mine is spent in His service.
Day and night merge and I slave forever
Out of dedication, love of Labor.
Neither vagaries of weather, ill health
Nor desires, nor slumber can deter me.
With deep devotion, I burn the Candle
Of my life at His feet in total surrender.
I have no complains, demands, compulsions,
No grievances, grief, or pain.
Undoubtedly, I am captured by HIM;
I am now left with no will of my own.
My Master's service is my main motto
I wish I were a dog to befriend HIM.



PRICELESS PRESENT

O my dear soul – mate!
I wished I could give you
A lasting, lovely present
Which is precious and priceless
Not available even
In the grandest of treasuries
Of mighty Kings and Nawabs.

I looked and looked around,
Searched & searched all places.
At last I found it just
Within my own heart.
It is my lasting Love.



OH! DREAMLESS SLEEP

What, you want me to go back
 And resume the life I left?
I bartered my griefs & sorrows,
 My anguishes, pain & sufferings
For peace, bliss and happiness
 By giving up survival's struggle,
I let my sails to take me
 Wherever lay my destiny.
My heart stopped throbbing,
 My eyes shedding tears
Of separation from my loved ones,
 From all pleasures and longings.
I let my being be beaten,
 Patted, kissed or kicked.
I allowed my self – respect
 To be spat upon,
My ego humiliated and
 Destroyed. Yet again
The stresses and strains, turmoils
 And torments of my mind,
Amorous, lustful thoughts
 And covetous desires & feelings
Keep swelling up, tempting me
 Every now and then.
Not wavering, I stood my ground
 And stubbornly bore the brunt

Now I have become
 The butt of everyone's joke,
The neo-rich calling me
 An odd, foolish man.
Now don't beg me, my dear
 To slip down once again,
Loosen my firm grip,
 My tight hold on 'kama'.
I pray, let the evening
 Set with calmness descending
And birds chirping to lull me
 Into sleeping soundly,
Deeply & dreamless
 Till eternity.



BURY THE HACHET

Let the dying, decaying, perishing
Icons, myths, idols and superstitions
Of 'Kama', evil, devilish fetishes
Lie destroyed, buried in oblivion.

Let the bygone heroes, warriors,
Chariots, swords, 'trishuls' & armoury
Lie buried deep for ever
In Mother Earth, our protector.

Let not the dinosaurs be resurrected
Nor Genghis & Hulagu be revived.
Let the planet live in Buddha's tranquility,
Ashoka's peace & Mahavira's Ahimsa.

Let the nobility of heart prevail;
Buy not the arguments of renewal
Of past stormy tempests & holocausts.
Let the Sun's effulgence shine forever.



HAIKU

Earth microscopic
Sun a speck in galaxy
Man invisible

◆◆◆

Life in sea's turmoil
Feelings of desolation
Men in search of peace.

◆◆◆

The prime of our youth
Is like budding of flowers
Fragrance in the air.

◆◆◆

It is sandy earth
Turned to glistening mirror
Of rare purity.

◆◆◆

In solar system
Seven planets moving around
Harmonic dictum.

◆◆◆

Patience is virtue
A silent prayer of man
Sweet fruits, as labor.



Cosmic rays in air
Transmitting love, affection
For humanity.



My silent hours spent
In pangs of separation
Hoping for merge.



Love is every lasting
For those who die in deep grief
Destroying their self.



I cried bitterly
To seek Thy sweet countenance
Fragrance merge in air.



Pathos in my blood
Gushing forth like restless stream
To merge with Thy self.

◆◆◆

O! My Beloved
Show me Thy sweet Effulgence
I am in anguish!

◆◆◆

I shall die, when called
Summon me, O my sweet ONE
My life is for You.

◆◆◆

I burn in Thy love
Leaving my ashes for you
Holy Communion.

◆◆◆

Sun, Moon, Stars, Planets
Ever in search of Thy self
O love show Thy Face.

◆◆◆

Burn, burn, O my love
My heart is ready to burst
To receive Thy Grace.



I am always drunk
In ever pure intoxicant
That takes me to Love.



My heart burns in Love
Celestial beings watch me
And call me a fool.



A rose among thorn
Is more pleasing to the eyes
It has more value.



To relieve tension
Roses, roses all the way
For all occasions.



Gulmohar among roses
Is more lovely and pleasing
Poetry in flowers.



How could you fly now?
With wings of love clipped for ever
Mother earth for me.



Colorful rainbow
On the horizon of love
To keep heart cheerful.



Champaks sweet fragrance
Reminder of eternal love
Mother Teresa.



Flow of tranquil stream
Calmness begets mental peace
A living Buddha



TANKA

Do not call me mad
My love is for all to see
Unabashed, I cry
When Adam, Eve cast away
Where do you stand, O Peeran!

◆◆◆

O, blackened sinner!
Darker than the burnt charcoal
Bury your face in earth
Hide your dark soul in white sheets
You are unfit for my love!

◆◆◆

A smile on the face
A sure way to Supreme bliss
Purity of mind
Diamonds sparkling in colors

◆◆◆

Holed up like a rat
Like a hermit in a cage
In meditation
To reach pinnacle of peace
A great man in the making.

◆◆◆

Great men seldom weep
Like tigers they show their strength
Standing like statues
On the pedestal of love
To conquer the hearts of men.

◆◆◆

Poets emotional
Sooth music in sheer poetry
To console the heart
Nature's voice reflect in poems
Glory to the Divine self.



IN GOLDEN MOMENTS
SELECTED POEMS

DEEP SLEEP

The dark recess of the night,
Leaves a silent mystery around.
Nature's activity takes to flight.
Deep Sleep everywhere abounds.

O Sleep! You are the elixir to troubled hearts.
Blanket of darkness balm their spirits.
Deep slumber plays its wonderful part,
Their sufferings recede, pain departs.

Dark nights, cold or warm, all year round.
Bring respite to soldiers and workers,
Upon their arms rest their heads on ground,
Seeks heaven's blessing on them to shower.

Nature at night dips in deep silence.
In complete rest they go in trance.
In meditation reach peace in penance,
But, black deeds of evil men leave no trace.



CHILL PENURY AND POVERTY

Sense of duty wakes up one from slumber.

 With drowsy eyes, heavy head, parching tongue;
Tossing in bed gets up, with a murmur,
 At dawn to carry out heavy loads of work.

The hut, is bereft of amenities,

 Gropes his way in dark for the call of nature.
Dirty, unclean, sans water even for tea.
 Unblessed with luxuries of life.

With troubled-heart, severe aches or deep pain.

 He has to work, with diseases many.
None to share his woes; to unburden his strain.
 He lives with half filled stomach, sans, money.

At his work place with hard labor groans

 He weeps in thunder, lightning sans light.
Under cruel fate's burden he moans
 To bear all grudges, sans future bright.

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.

They merely yearn for a cozy bed at night fall,
 To sleep peacefully with stomach full,
In hot summer, for cool breeze to blow,
 To lessen grief, seek relief from mosquitoes.

Zestful life eludes them; so also songs and mirth.
 The evil eye casts a spell unbearable.
Can they hope to gain strength and girth?
 Does the rich see their life miserable?

The fine silk, refined clothes, jewellery shorn,
 Bereft of joy, thrill of beauty of gem.
For all luxuries, they sigh and yearn!
 Perfumes, fragrance and scents shun them.

With passion wild they dip in mire
 With loose tongue, uttering profanity,
Bad mannered, infamy infused like fire.
 They are men of strife and impetuosity.

In the impoverished poor rustic –
 What is common in them is not so, in the rich,
Is chill penury a gift to perish?
 Does sorrow hold them in its grip tragic?

The pangs of sufferings, pathos and grief;
Disease, filth, and squalor surround them.
Trials and tribulations are long, not brief.
They succumb to die, unheard, unsung.

Is there any redemption for them?
Can love, care and charity from the rich –
Bring culture, harmony, progress to them?
To make their world, an abode of peace!



A SOMBRE LIFE

The mourners were led past the mighty, who lies dead.
Women with white 'dupattas' over their head,
Some with black ones covering their gloomy face,
Looking for Lord's Mercy and His Grace.

Grim faced sentries stand in attention!
Still eerie silence fills the air.
An occasional cough, a choked voice
Disturbs the somberness in the air.

Tragedy brings forth streaming tears,
The grief is overwhelming, beyond description –
Relatives wipe their eyes with white-kerchiefs;
For the death has struck their dear one.

The fragrance of sweet flowers fills the air;
The strong smell of 'agar' reminds of God the Holy,
Leaving grieving faces all around in solemnity.
Strangers look askance with bewildered looks!

The sad and melancholic music shakes the soul;
It brings forth grief and mourners are left dazed.
Does destiny hold the will of man in iron grip?
For icy death breaks man's strength and grit!

Man is over indulgent with temper of strife.
Does God send messengers of death?
To remind erring man of His power
To make him realize about the meaning of life!

Life shakes the gay and puts them at bay.
The black shiny hair turns to grey.
The desire to live and enjoy life departs
With the Maker of man having the last say!



A LONG-CHERISHED DESIRE

For long I had cherished a desire
To meet and mingle with your youth.
For, once a chance had passed me by
To look into your eyes and say "I love you".

That day had arrived a bit too late:
Your beauty had fled from your face.
With your wrinkles and eyes desolate,
Life had not left you any grace.

Oh! But is not love eternal?
Does beauty lie in mere looks?
Shame on you for keeping external
Charms alone in your 'good books'.

The mingling of souls is a need indeed.
Their warm hug will darkness erase;
And make love's expression a good deed.
Let not evil eyes spot the embrace.



A PASSERBY

Simple humble man sits by the road side,
Day in and day out in all seasons.
Selling wares, which destiny has designed
For him, to face multitude's tide.
World whirls around him all the time.
Young and old men and women walk around him.
Rich and poor, high and low, strong and weak.
Pass every day by his humble station.
Life teaches him not to barter his senses.
To be kind and be full of freshness.
To keep his face radiating, life simple.
Sits quiet from sunrise till stars twinkle.
Every day is zestless, sans joys and mirth,
Sans shelter to shade his poor head.
All desires, attachments, pains and pleasures
Have vanished, enlightening his soul,
Time creates history in his presence.
Oblivious of kings, who live close by
The clock ticks its moments by and by.
For, a passerby, who just passes by.



ON SUMMER HEAT

Sweltering heat, the summer brings,
Day and night people sweat all through, with
Parching tongue, severe aches and burning eyes.
Shortage of water, electricity, adds to their woes.

Chill water, ice-creams, fruit juices, in great demand,
But cool breeze would seldom blow.
Clothes to wear are made for summer special,
To move about bare, no one minds.

Skies are clear, with shining Moon, twinkling stars,
The lakes are cool for hundreds to take a swim,
Cool breeze of night, chirping of birds in morning,
All add to cheers of festive mood all around.

Activity everywhere increases many times.
With special trains for tourists to move
In every nook and corner games being played.
With multi-colored flowers blooming

Aged ones with long walks, and boring talks,
On night fall telling stories of past years;
Children listening in awe and wonder.
With curiosity and intense interest.

The mango fruits, beverages and juices,
Are in plenty for all, old and young,
Special pickles to taste for watering tongue
Rich and poor, all join together to have fun.

Summer season is for mirth and laughter,
With tourist coming to visit palaces.
Beggars hounding them from place to place,
Bad water making them sick and foul.

Endless scorching sun beats every one,
At last, all cry out for rain.
Gathering dark clouds bring cheer to all.
Sweet water from Heaven cools all that burns.



A HUMAN HEART

The wilderness and arid desert,
 With life scarce and dryness all around.
The deadly silence and burning sun,
 Leave a parching tongue with looks wild.

The dangers are grave indeed,
 Deadly snakes with fangs sharp.
A threat to man sans protectives
 When exposed to nature, bare.

A sacred heart is a pleasure to keep,
 In it dwells light to illumine the mind.
Filled with faith and hope on Almighty
 And seeks Grace and Mercy from dangers many.

The gushing springs with endless fountains,
 Makes the land fertile and enriches it.
Man with love and kind hearts,
 Creates fruits of good deeds, for all to enjoy.



A MYSTIC SPELL

Calm serene face with pretty looks,
 Long flowing hairs fluttering in air.
Jewellery in all its finery –
 Holding out promises of great bliss!
Bewitching smiles with lusty eyes,
 Unnerves youths in their prime.
Shining passions all over,
 With erotic music endless in time.
Mystic power lays its grasp on youth,
 Shrill voice throws a spell on them.
Swaying their bodies rhythmically,
 And spasmodic jerks to sounds of music.
Pretty woman enthuses man to dance to her tune.
 To enjoy changing seasons and lovely streams.



ENLIGHTENMENT

Dread of supernatural lurks at bottom of heart,
 Bringing forth fear and horror
But, courage and bravery overcome them all.
 Man should not succumb and fall.
Evil eye casts its mighty spell,
 Which can crush stones to pieces.
Heart with sound faith, purifies the mind,
 To withstand the fiendish force.
Peace and contentment are divine gifts,
 To a tortured mind and soul.
Being sustained in submission
 Will fetch peace in humility.
A mind that glimmers with enlightened thought
 From it ignorance and fear take flight.
Knowledge and learning are powers,
 To strengthen the soul, to make beings bright.



‘YAMA’ FOR DESTRUCTION

We look for fair-mindedness all around
But it has become a mirage these days!
Blood thirsty monsters in men are found
To break the society’s civilized bonds.

Justice is shrouded in a black coffin.
Mudslinging is today’s politics.
A sane voice is lost in the din.
Rich men’s shoes everyone licks.

Men and Nature are at cross roads.
Both are now left for destruction.
Atlas is shedding his heavy load.
To enable ‘YAMA’ to complete his function.



SAVAGE INSTINCTS

The Sun disappeared, lonely night in sight.
Benign Moon did not desert me,
To shed a little light on my dark soul.
White Moon nestled in thick layers of clouds,
Gathering storms to beset grief in me.
My life boat in shambles, I, in self doubt,
Caught in an ocean, in a violent turmoil.
Lingering hopes to reach the mother soil.
Buried in tempest of furious waters.
Powerful sucking force swallowing me.
The desire to give in was magnetic.
But, savage instincts to survive prevailed!



MOTHER'S LOVE

I want the sweetness and honey of love.
For I am disgusted with my loneliness.
My fair beauty has grown in you,
In it, you dwell with your light and charm.

O! Mother! How can you be forgotten?
In deep slumber, I get your lovely dreams.
Like a child, I cuddle in your gentle arms.
To rejuvenate, my life with warmth and love.



YOUTHFUL TIMES

Indignation and doggedness of the youth.
Make every action and utterance uncouth.
Like a snake, they are so soft to touch, but
With fangs deep and poison in the mouth.

Clamoring for might and power.
Thundering at every step, without light.
Sans smiles and fragrance of flower.
Chaos ranges, sans concern for other's plight.

Flexing every muscle to fight with arms.
Without fearing death and pangs of pain.
Quick in temper, set to revenge and cause harm.
Boasting of Herculean strength, with disdain.

Sowing oats wildly without a sense of shame.
Riotous nature and passion's poesy;
And all their actions bring them infamy.
Youthful arrogance defies the Hands of Mercy.



DIVINE MOTHER

O' Mother divine! You are a virgin dove.
Of virtues, righteousness, purity.
You have nurtured faith, courage, sacred love,
For the selfless sincere humanity.

O' sweet daughter of a humble chosen one!
With heart of gold, lovely hands of Mercy,
Feeding hungry rags, lepers with milk and bun.
Though, thankless world has gone mad and crazy!

You cuddled in your arms, the dying souls.
Receiving them with cheer and smile on face,
Though, they never aspired for heavenly goals,
Yet, sparkling divinity charmed them with grace.



BRIDE FOR LYNCHING

You promised her the Moon,
Showed her heaven in your palm.
Eloped with her merrily at noon.
Like eruption of storm without calm.

You derived pleasure on plucking a rose.
But, fragrance was not to last forever.
For one addicted to opium's dose,
Roving eyes seek more, when urge stirs.

Withered, cast off, pealed now decayed
Her ceaseless tears, can't take away the stench.
Robbed of jewels of hopes and love betrayed
Delusions dashed. Now in her bridal dress for lynch.



YOUTHFUL PLEASURES

Fiery youth possessed with ideas bright,
 Enthusiasm, zeal packed like sticks in a match box.
Set to blaze heaven high and destroy.
 Reject the order of the old and the ancient
Uttering profanity and swearing words
 Sway to the moods like grass in wild wind,
Quick of temper and set for revenge,
Their blood boils like flames of forest.
Female beauty in all its fashions,
 Sets itself to capture youth.
To enslave them with charming face,
 With pretty looks, and songs of nightingale.
Pleasures of flesh corrupts the youth,
 Bewitching damsels set after them,
To captivate with their cunningness,
 Oily craft, sweet tongue and silky touch.

DAMAGED HEARTS

Only the poor suffer from storms, thunder and lightning
The tempest, the fire that destroys –
Their dwellings, their hut and their belongings
Again and again, and yet again.

Only the oppressed face the bullets, lathes,
Gas chambers, killings of their innocents.
They are mute witnesses to the annihilation
Of their culture, their language and monuments.

Only the heart can bear the pangs of separation
From the loved ones, dear ones and related ones.
Only to suffer immeasurably and inconsolably;
The damages, ravished, destructions of the TIMES.



AH SHALIMAR!

The beautiful 'shalimar' garden.
A jewel of heaven on Earth.
It was here, here and here.
Now, flows a river of blood, a burial ground.

The golden bird i.e. my Bharat!
My India, my Indus, my beloved Hindustan
Wearing borrowed jewels in chains
Around the neck and shackles of debt.

Now, drowned in sea of hatred,
Scams, 'hawalas' and black money.
Filthy rich with tainted evil deeds,
Of treachery, designs of cunningness,
Crookedness galore, illumined minds in disarray.

Salubrious places with peace and tranquility;
Now, polluted with smog and suffocation.
Stony hearts en coiled with deadly snakes ;
Poisonous tongues spitting fiery thunder.



DISFIGURING

Withering age, camouflaged in cosmetics.
With 'hairdo style' of 'Shahnaz beauty parlor'.
Is like expecting fragrance from plastic flowers.
Is it done for preservation of self esteem?

For some, thinking has narrowed to a point of zero.
For some, old age makes one shy away from reality.
Isn't gathering of dark clouds, for elude to gloom?
Don't storms and cyclones devastate the country?

Alas! Now, Mahatma Gandhi on postal stamps!
Every day disfigured instead of being remembered!



MY FALLEN IDOLS

All my heroes, idols and icons,
On pedestals of marble and silver.
Studded with precious diamonds and gems.
With crowns of glittering gold and platinum.

Washed daily with milk and honey.
Bedecked with morning's fresh fragrant jasmine.
Lovely red and pink roses, lotuses and champaks
Atmosphere is filled with burning agar and perfumes.

My heart throbs with million beats,
Of love, awe, wonder and admiration.
At the colossal brilliance and glamour,
My eyes twinkle with splendor.

A lightning of Truth in a shining armor,
Slays the secret veils, tearing it to pieces.
Now lie on floor, my destroyed icons;
Myths, taboos, falsehood, lie shattered.

My eyes blinded with beams of Effulgence
Heart is exposed and thrown asunder –
Into million pieces of shining mirror.
Now, each speck reflecting the Grandeur of the Lord!



SHORT VERSE

1. The growing
Social inequality
Beckons man
To his doom.
2. Sun shines
For ever
on minds
pure and simple.
3. Sun rises and
Sun sets
Life moves on
Process of ageing.
4. True love
Is mingling
of souls
For ever
In ageless
Time.
5. Crime,
Is love
Gone berserk
Jealousy
And hatred
At its worst

6. We beg
To differ
On God –
Almighty –
For we are
In self doubt!

7. Silence
is a symbol
of Nature,
Being
In peace
And tranquility.

8. Betrayal
Of friends
In need
And deed,
Symptoms
Of self-love.

9. Parliament
In animated suspension
Or parties in bargain
for seat of power.

10. Competition
For College Seats
Rush
For courses
To increase
Matrimonial market.

11. Increase in
Intelligence
And brain power
Threat to life
World peace,
Love and brotherhood.

11. Increase in
Intelligence
And brain power
Threat to life
World peace,
Love and brotherhood.

12. Music, songs,
Mirth and Joys,
And laughter
Passions and lust
Invitation –
To stress and strain.

13. Patience
And fortitude
In thick
And thin
Fragrance of Roses,
Prick of thorns.

14. Perfumes
And scents –
Fragrance in the air,
The burning of agar –
A reminder,
Of the beloved.

15. A still
Atmosphere
Slight drizzle
And sunshine
Wait for
Emergence of rainbow.

16. Jealousy
And hatred
In mind
Hard hearted and cruel
A sure way
To doors of Hell.

17. Love and affection
Sacrifice and Charity
Single minded devotion
A sure way to Supreme Bliss.

18. Matrimonial discord
Bride burning
And divorces.
Hatred and superego.
At their worst.

19. Myth,
And Superstition
Distorted lie
Made to appear as Truth.

20. Plurality of gods
Idol worship
Mind's ingenuity
And creativity.

A RAY OF LIGHT
SELECTED POEMS

A RAY OF LIGHT – “HAJ”

“KAABA” – (House of God)

Oh! What a marvelous symbol, it is!
Attracting millions and trillions of people
Of all hues, from all parts of the globe
Whirling around, circumambulating, cringing.

In a mere white clear unsewn garb;
With open head, bare feet, with freshness around
Oblivious of all the worldly states attained.
Mind fixed on only ONE the GREAT ONE.

Hearts outpourings, relentless streams of tears
Disheveled hair, in total surrender
To burn the soul in deep piety
In ever submission to seek HIS Grace.

Love’s crystalline purity, in a ray of light
Showering beauty, illumining the soul bright.



“*HAIJ*”: Annual pilgrimage to Mecca Saudi Arabia by Muslim pilgrims.

LOVE HAS NO CAUSE

Love has no cause, rhyme or reason
A spring emerges from pure hearts
To flow through twinkling eyes.
And minds meet in a glimpse,
And yearn for coupling together.
To merge and be one in solitude
Without any noise and disturbance
Without any dispute and turbulence
Without any pollution and pangs.
Without any mundane urges and demands.
With ever and ever sweet feelings
With longings to be one at all times.



AH, CALLOUSNESS!

Ah! The heaviness of the heart
The dullness of the mind
The numbness of the senses
The impassivity and inertia
The lack of public sense
Of one and all, the rich and poor
Literate, illiterate, young and old
Indiscriminate, men and women.
All today have lost their sense of shame!
A sense of concern for public cause –
“Each for all, all for each”
Is a mere idiom and a slogan!
Utter public nuisance committed.
Unabashedly, openly on roads –
All walls pasted with posters –
Garbage dumped all over, unconcernedly.
Electric poles, cables, road cuttings
Muddy potholes, open man holes.
Wandering abandoned animals on streets
Children bitten by rabies infected dogs.
Overloaded buses, trains, rashly driven lorries
Ticketless travelers, clinging and hanging on steps
Indiscriminate traffic, cyclists, cars, carts,
Creating jams, pollution, noise and din.
Overflowing patients in hospitals, callous doctors
Govt. officials working with indifference, unconcern.

Police turning their face away pocketing “mamools”.
Doctored meters, harassed housewives.
Soaring prices, a cheat at every street corner,
To skin, peal and make a meal of you.



BLOOM FOR DOOM

Cherry blossom in full bloom
A mild shower and a quick breeze
Bring down all the flowers
To cover the age old grave below.

Fragrance fills the still air
Sweet scent pervades the place.
The fallen flowers yearn to be one,
To cheerfully bloom again on the tree.

Now the sweetness melts,
Slowly, by and by to stench.
Unto dust the lovely flowers
Mingle, to be one with the dead.

All that blooms in colors
In various hues and pretty petals
To please the eyes and bring joy to mind
To attract the bees, flies and birds.

Alas, an unkind blowing wind
A sudden sharp shower of mad rain
Ends all the visible beauty
Ha! So short, is a charming life!

Fallen flowers lament and grieve
Though, may partake in the joyous
Occasions of various festivities
Or join in grief of the bereaved.

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



SAINT WORSHIP

It is true that the saint is dead
Buried, mingled and has become
One with the soil, dust unto dust
He was one like us to pass by.

It is also true, that person
Faced all the human weakness
Body aches, pains, diseases,
Squalor, poverty, hunger, privation.

But the saint was a person
Par excellence, brilliant spiritually
Great in thoughts, deeds and virtues
He was personification of all kindness.

Nature bestowed on him rare gifts
He sparkled like a fine cut diamond
We pay respects to his purified soul,
And sing paeans to Lord, the Benefactor.



AH CONSCIENCE!

“Listen to your inner “voice of conscience”
Quite often advised by one and all.
In these days of turmoil and strife
With a cheat around each corner
With men with pelf and power,
Behaving like beasts and devils
Even they repeat the same term
Even Hitler acted as per “Conscience”
To liquidate millions of ethnic Jews.
The white’s rule over blacks and brown,
Was justified on the “Voice of Conscience”
A rebel leader speaks of “Conscience Vote”
In saffron or in red, they demolish
Ravish, kill, loot all in the name of “Conscience”.



ACTS OF COMPASSION

Sanctimonious sacrifices of animals
Done on the altar of Ever living Deity.
In a fulfillment of a command or vow
Or as a sacred act of obedience
Is it today a sign and symbol
Of pelf and power, of show and ego?
A bleeding heart with humility
Love, compassion, shudders in fear,
Of the Omnipotent and Omnipresent,
Who is ever watchful of all our deeds.
It is neither the meat nor the chops
That pleases the God, but only love,
For His creation and His creatures,
And acts of compassion that pleases HIM.



MAGNETIC ATTRACTION

I know you have a charming face,
A beautiful and a beaming one.
An attractive and a captivating one,
A magnetic and a loving one.

I know that, I don't remember,
Your name, my memory fails me.
But, the very thought of yours
Brings a million fold of joy in me.

I know you are Faceless, Nameless
Formless, Unfathomable, Inconceivable
Yet, I know you, yet I know you.
Yet I feel Your love, Your Grace.

Look! How the bliss and ecstasy
Erupt in me, thrill me, make me jump
Yearnings, hopes and longings to meet You
To see You, to mingle with You, forever.

Oh! A tinkling in me, a twinkling in eyes.
And million cells in me get pulled towards Your Love.



MY TEARS OF BLOOD

My golden temple, my Sufi shrines
My dargas of illustrious saints
Of Sufis of love and harmony
Now in hands of Genghis and Ravans.

My temple of love, of devotion
Of awe and inspiration of hopes
Of mercy, compassion and justice
Now in hands of 'Rakshasas' and hyenas.

'Prasad', 'Taburruk', talisman, 'Rodrashrees'
Charms of luck, fortune and good health
Commercialized, taxed and polluted
Secret 'Zikrs', 'mantras' debased, vulgarized.

Oh! Lord of Mercy, snatch not Thy Grace
My heart has melted, I am robbed
Of my precious jewels of love
My tears of devotion and bliss are now in blood!



END OF AHIMSA

The triumphant march, sound of bugles
Of freedom, liberty, sovereignty and peace
Now lay shattered heart broken
Devastated, crestfallen, in terrible misery

Chill penury and justice burdened
Soaring sky rocketing prices
Of consumer items, now blood is cheaper.
Hungry child searches for food in dust bins

Where is the birth of golden times?
Promise of enlightened soul, illumined mind
Of pen in hand instead of fireworks in tiny fingers
To hang on pillar the pest and the swine?

Where is the promise to turn sober?
To unite, to sing songs of harmony
Of love and affection, of an era of Ahimsa,
Promise of land of honey and milk, aplenty?



LEAD ME TO LIGHT

Lead me to the light, O Lord –
For deep darkness surrounds me
Blinded with none to show me the way.
That leads me to safety and your gardens.
With thorny paths, marshy lands, shallow pits
Bitterness, cruel ways of tricky world
O Lord! I seek Thy beaming light.
For I am desolate and I yearn for Thee.
Storms and tempests, cyclones and lightning
Thunder, tornadoes, with grave situations
Fears abounding with enemies surrounding
Without any protection or help from anyone
O Lord! The Merciful and Beneficent
Show clemency, protect me, love me!



DESTROY THE BALANCE

The ecological balance, needs to be retained
To keep harmony; and nature to protect its beauty
Man, the marauder, selfish with pelf
Destroys animals, frogs, snakes for his pleasure.
Disturbs the water table, with concrete jungles
Pollutes the rivers with effluents and chemicals.
Letting dangerous gases and fumes in the air.
Unconcernedly puts his wealth to destructive use.
The greenery, forests, the hillocks and lakes,
Whither now! The scenic beauty has waned,
Man creates more sound than light to gleam
Devils in men's garb to destroy the world.
The mahatmas, rishies, peers and sadhus,
Have all joined with their trishuls and rosary.
High flying god men, surrounded by saffron
White, red and green to add colors' to them.
Law makers, their guardians, men of justice
Have all lined up to disturb the rule of law.



BEINGS PAR EXCELLENCE

They are all men of great insight.
Foresight, hind sight with a third eye
All acquired thro ages of learning
Under great masters, with discipline,
After years of contemplation and meditation.
A shining halo surrounds their being.
With magnetism oozing out from every cell
Ecstasy from every particle of their being emitted
With glowing glimmering brilliant eyes,
With equanimity; patience and calmness.
Men, who lend their ears, but not their voices
With deep knowledge of men and matters.
They have become saints sans pomposity,
And turned themselves to human's par excellence
To twinkle like a star, shed light like Sun, Moon.
The whole world bows down before their greatness.
Their mind is full of wisdom and magnanimity
Even Nature submits to their pure will.
Without an iota of ego, desire left in them
Divinity dawning, effacing their self.



HANDLE HER WITH CARE

She is flesh and blood with zest, zeal
Enthusiasm bubbling in her
With desires, rhyme and reason
With delicacy, taste and beauty
With dreams of a lovely garden
With flowers to grow aplenty
With fragrance and scent spreading
With charms and sense of humor
With sweetness or bitterness
With jealousy aplenty, gossipy
That is a woman with frailty
Inhuman, it is to ravish or desert her.
Respect her sensibilities and intellect
Handle her like delicate china
Lest she break under rough handing
And life loses all its joy and mirth.



WAILING BABY

Cry baby cry wail and weep
For hunger has been very deep
You cry for milk and for bread
Your poor mother is away for work
There is none to shed a tear
Nor share a pint of white milk.
Cry baby cry, wail and weep
For pangs of hunger are very deep
The merciless sky doesn't look at you.
Nor the rich like to share their food with you,
They drive you away from their doors.
They keep ferocious dogs, to frighten you.
Cry baby cry wail and weep.
There is none to put you to sleep.



STAY AWAY FROM PLACES OF STRIFE

Ah! They want to build a house for the Lord.
On the ruins of a bygone temple
By using the same materials and stones
Those were once adored and worshipped.

But they wish to deface the Lord's Face
For Lord is faceless, but is He sightless?
Every action is accounted and recorded
Does God reside in a house of sand and stones?

Broken hearts can seldom be mended
On ruins of temples, a curse lies,
For the Lord's name had been defiled
Angels fear to tread such a ground.

A place of strife sans divine love
Sans sound hearts with grace
Sans twinkling eyes with tears
Sans pure minds lit with lights.

Away, away from such desolate places
Those were ruins that divided men from men.



WHO AM I?

Is there a world beyond the five senses?
Beyond perception, thoughts, ideas –
Beyond imaginations and fantasies
Beyond your own consciousness?

What is it you ought to know by this –
“Who am I – discover your own self?”
Is yourself, a complex inner psyche?
Of conglomeration of composite cultures?
Learning to meet situations of life
Learning to live a successful life.

Are you to discover your inner strength
Inner weakness, inner potential
Your mirth, pleasures and joys
Your sorrows, platitudes and griefs?

Is it to raise yourself by deep meditation
Seeking release from attachments
A composed mind sans sensations
Transcending frontiers of time and space

And see universe in a grain of sand
And raise yourself above your selfish self!



LIFE IS A WAR

Life is like going to a mighty war.
You need to choose strong sturdy soldiers.
Give them the best of physical training,
To combat, with strategic support.

You need best of arms and ammunition.
Should study the topography of the territory.
Get to know every move and detail of enemy.
Like a hawk, should keep a keen watch.

Every moment to be scanned, studied.
Every detail meticulously worked out.
Ever ready to meet any eventuality.
Ever ready to overcome failures, disaster.

Life calls for dedication, sincerity, devotion.
Perfect in drill, turn out and in smartness
Perfect in intelligence gathering and spying.
Victory is for those, who fight with stoic courage.



A LADY IN PANTS

The femininity has vanished
She has become boyish
With tight pants and shirts
Sans brassieres and panties
Sans ear rings, bangles
Sans plait and decorative eyebrows
With masculine manners
With a cudgel in hand in uniform
Marching past the huge crowds
Waving furiously screaming
Bringing the traffic to a halt
Oh! She is a lady constable!



REACH BOTTOMLESS PIT

You create sweet dreams and mirages,
And seek them in hard course of life
Like a gullible fellow, trust, one and all,
With euphoric feelings of being in utopia
Oblivious of pit falls many with quicksand
In experience sans maturity and enlightenment.
Being a dashing debonair with impetuosity,
Dance to the tunes played by one and all
All the big plans and ideas would melt.
When stark reality dawns with its sword.
Sans armor and mastery over martial arts.
You became your own prisoner to be sliced.
Mercy is a fine embodiment and a virtue.
Whose threads get woven from learning and guidance.
It would be too late in the evening of your life.
To seek it with the best of your times having withered.



HAIKU

A womb bears a child
Into the world of woes
Weeps eternally.

◆◆◆

Singing birds don't weep
Jokers, fools, tickle laughter
Light hearted moments.

◆◆◆

Sing songs for ever
In the form of sweet music
Love, ever lasting

◆◆◆

Seasons keep changing
Sing songs for mirth and pleasure
Life is short and sweet.

◆◆◆

Sun beams grow and bloom
A place for love, style and grace
A house amidst dreams.

◆◆◆

Heaven's blessings, charms
Sun shines in every season
For hearts, soft and warm.

◆◆◆

In light, shade and rain
Life's daily chores do not stop
Still waters run deep.

◆◆◆

Love's success story
Sacrifice in tears and joys
Ends on happy note.

◆◆◆

Childhood dreams emerge
When life is on tenterhooks
To pine for new fronts.

◆◆◆

A lamp emits light
For eyes having sparkling sight
To show you the way.

◆◆◆

Sun is burning hot
Come soon in shadows of life
Choose a banyan tree.

◆◆◆

Broken strings don't play
Do not pollute lovely streams
Broken glass doesn't mend.

◆◆◆

Sorrows afflict man
To darken the ever blue sky
Like solar eclipse.

◆◆◆

Finger prints won't lie
Truth is sharp silvery sword
Chops the head of flies.

◆◆◆

My senses go numb
On female child deflowered
Devil in men's garb

◆◆◆

A chilly moment
On parting ways of lovers
Crisis for children.



A sparkling diamond
A fair voluptuous lady
For amorous thoughts.



TANKA

Rare Love

Love has no barriers
Every stone is not diamond
Beauty is hidden
Pearls are not in open streams
True and sincere love is rare.



To Achieve Rare Beauty

It needs to be mined
Gems, gold, diamond is treasure
It is rarely found.
Sparkling beauty is precious
To possess it, one needs strength.



Par Excellence

Refined in manners
Men of beauty are like gems
They are rarely found
They are men, par excellence
Fortune doesn't smile on all.



To Pass-by

Behold the beauty
Soon, by and by you will find
That youth vanishes
Life's pleasures are to pass by
Look for SOMETHING permanent.



A SEARCH FROM WITHIN
SELECTED POEMS

TIMES DO NOT AUGUR WELL

Oh! What does the time augur and prophesy
 With a child of two, made to get up at five
 On a cold wintry day, in shorts, at bus stop
 With a load of books on his back, head uncovered.

A mere child, who ought to cuddle in mother's lap
 Lisp numbers and playfully grow in granny's arms
 Climb on the back of aunties, uncles and grandpa
 Ought to sleep and weep, play and leap, day by day.

Ought to watch nature's play, the sunset and rise
 The changing seasons, the colorful flowers and buds
 Look around for animals and plants, rivers and floods
 Sing songs of melody, play and play in muddy soil.

Ought to climb trees, crawl on sandy ground
 Dance to the tunes, jump up and down
 Ought to be carefree, move freely with all and sundry
 Watch and learn the colorful festivals of various hues.

Oh! Times what have you made of my child
 Abused twenty times, rushed in traffic to school
 From morning five to evening five, without play and mirth
 Nor joys or cheers, to watch walls, with a teacher strict.



PEACE AT LAST

Suddenly, I noticed that petrol, electricity, timber
Coal and Gas scarce with boards displaced, all over
That it is NO LONGER available anywhere
In Mother Earth, it is found no more.

Water in dams' dried-up, nuclear fuel exhausted
All means to drive energy are lost for ever
The wheel of life coming to a grinding halt, at last
All that took to maddening rush have come to frost.

Where are the Arab horses and their steeds?
The bullocks and their carts, the heifer and the oxen
Elephants and the ships of the desert, the lonely camels
Ponies, lazy donkeys, assess and alert dogs?

Overnight concrete jungles are turned to graveyards
Populace stranded in towering blocks, suffocated
Millions in desert lands struck with thunder
Icy, freezing, deaths hands passing all over.

Forlorn streets ringing misery and poverty descending
Rich and mighty in gory deaths, rolling in filth
Plague, pestilence, cholera and poxes spreading
Hell let loose, life overnight coming to a full circle.

Blessed are the poor rustic, the Bedouins
Men with tough muscles exposed to hard labor
Women in chill penury with rough coarse hands
To live eternally in peace, harmony and as saviors.



OVERCOME HURDLES

He just wants to sleep like a beggar
And wake up one day as a king
Isn't he dreaming, fantasizing
In an opium state, in delirium?

If you want to be holy, then follow God's path
If you need riches, you need to work hard
If you need to illumine your mind, study
If you need to attain fame, serve humanity.

You need to be steadfast and be patient
You need to weather storms and cyclones
You need to face droughts and hunger
You need to overcome desire for pelf and pomp
We need to have a golden heart to achieve wonders
We need to look straight, with clear vision for eminence.



‘POOJAS AND HOMAS’ FOR ‘SHANTHI’

Shadows of “drishti” befall on all that is good or bad
 Everyone is surrounded by situations both comic and grave.
 One goes round and round like a whirlpool
 On what, he thinks to be blessed and sacred.

Every Indian, with pain in heart, looks for blessings all around.
 He follows tradition and superstitions to receive “punya”.
 Serves “daridra narayana”, to save himself from evil eye.
 He is afraid of ‘Sani drishti’, which pursues one and all.

Propitiates every god, to seek blessings and grace.
 Visits Holy places, temples to perform ‘Shanti pooja.’
 ‘Homas’, to drive away the evil ‘karma’, to gain peace
 Tonsures his head, fasts on ‘ekadesi’ to seek happiness.

Receives ‘prasada’ and ‘kumkum’ as a blessing
 Offers ‘pinda’ for the departed ones for solace and moksha.



DEATH OF CLOSE ONES

When a close kin dies, a part of us dies
The departed soul leaves behind fond memories
We are dazed with damaged psyche and dreams
It is this death in us, which makes us weep.

Death of parents, brothers, sisters and loved ones
Our own blood loss, a great loss, a colossal one
What is lost is lost forever, never to regain
Joys, cheers, happiness wane and grief sets in.

A huge tree with branches many and a canopy
With fall of branches, tree is left with bare trunk
A bare vase without decoration of flowers
Sand dunes in a parching desert without shade.

Loved ones are our gardens, our rivers
Our scenic beauty, our delight and cool stream
While death takes them away for ever
The inner light is spent and darkness dawns.



DAWN OF MADNESS

There he sat day in and day out
All through the dark somber night
Brooding over the colossal loss
Of his life's savings and hard work.

A heavy storm, a cyclone, a whirlwind
Washed away his family, et al.
He has no tears left to shed any more
Clouds have now become barren, so is his land.

Where does he now go, with none around
Strangers in whites approach him every day
To sympathize and promise him of a hey day
Is it shroud or bier, he saw in his delusion?

He would let out a wild cackle aloud
At times he would let out a shrill cry
He would run hither and thither
Dance and deliriously laugh at one and all.



DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

The lovely maiden filled with fairy dreams,
Of being held in the arms of a handsome macho,
To move in rich finery of silk and gold
And lead a life of luxury and pleasure.

She catches a glimpse of such a youthful one.
Love sick and hungry to fall a prey at a glance.
Make all overtures to attract and gather attention.
Exuberance and her dazzling beauty traps him.

Her heart filled with hopes of love to be deep.
But hollowed dreams are mirages to vanish.
She is betrayed, her despair is grave,
Brazen lover has found new pastures to graze.

Enticed by youthful charm, she pursued her wild senses.
Now robbed of all virtues, she is left dazed.
A world has fallen, like Sita left to fend for herself
Oh! Why does she exist to face the ugly storms?

Autumn sets in, all fresh leaves have fallen and she is bare.
Dark somber clouds with thunder and lightning have gathered.
Twinkling stars and Moon's beam are not to be seen.
Ship wrecked, like Crusoe, left marooned in desolate island.



A DECEPTIVE LADY

She peeps into my eyes intensely
And attempts to read my mind closely
Cleverly puts up a face of innocence
Laughs and jokes and creates hopes falsely.

Every move and body movements, she observes
An intelligent woman, with gifted sense
A ring-master for some, an enticer for few
Plays with her mannerism and tunes.

She knows that art to draw sympathy
To confuse matters and to create fears
At times aggressive, at times polite
She can be cold, sarcastic and cruel.

She has an uncanny art to divert
The attention, create storms with lies
A perfect actor depicting all images
Emotions; but a deceptive lady.



I AM A WIND

I am that wind blowing softly, gently
Giving life, happiness, joy to all
I help sail the ships to shores
Glide the clouds to float, to rain

I sustain fire to glow wondrously
Can blow it off or spread it wildly
I help birds to glide in air smoothly
To chirp, sing songs melodiously

I can create tempests, hurricane
To topple trees, buildings and ships
I can go berserk causing tornado
To destroy, to avenge, as Divine wrath

O Mankind! Don't pollute my air
My being is sustained in pure freshness.



DUST UNTO DUST

I am the soil, the mud, sand, the dust.
With all the ninety-nine elements.
I give strength to all beings.
Clouds hover to give me protection.

With my pull, man could stand on me.
Plants get rooted in me firmly.
Fire, air, water, elements have joined me
To sustain life on this glowing planet.

I am the Mother to all the creatures.
From me grow all the foods and fodder.
Rivers flow, Mountains stand erect on me
Jungles abound, man cultivates gardens.

From my dust arises every dear life.
To dust shall all return for ever?



I GRIEVE FOR THEE

The silvery dome, the glass chandeliers
The marble green and woolen carpets
The muezzin's call and faithfull's zeal
The echoing sounds of prayers around.

My grieving spirit and bleeding heart
My shattered being and longings apart
My quivering lips and flowing tears
Pangs of separation, soul can't bear.

My torn condition, betrays me
My mourning is deep, none can see
Men in perfumed dress detest me
I am pushed and pulled with all the glee.

My poor heart is broken to pieces
Now I grieve and sing praises for thee.



PRAISE – WORTHY

I have roamed and roamed
In all four quarters of the globe
And found to my dismay and grief
That all the beauties are to wane.

Take away all my treasures and wealth
My glories and achievements
My eminence, names and fame
Leave me alone with my soul's yearnings.

My grieves are many and sorrows aplenty
With simple dwelling and humble living
But my soul's yearning have never waned
My beloved's name is always on lips.

Let me sing paeans for thee
Send glories and praise for thee.



GLORY OF HEAVENS

The light of seven heavens and seven glories
Have dawned and glorified the dark souls
The accursed has taken to flight
Everlasting fragrance has filled the air.
My beloved's compassion in a glowing armor
With shining sword of bliss and ecstasy
Has slashed the face of boastfulness
Shame has taken a flight and purity has dawned.
The cup of contentment and satiety is full
Misery and wretchedness have vanished
Chains of slavery, shackles of ignorance
Charms of myths are shattered to pieces.
My heart has throbbed a million yearnings
My eyes have gleamed the glory of Heavens.



BEAUTY OF PRAISED ONE

The life's clock is ticking fast
The age of my life is wearing out
The light of the day is being spent
The gloom of darkness is about to dawn.

The birds and butterflies are returning home
Cattle and herds have stopped grazing
Crickets and grasshoppers are now silent
Stars in the sky have begun to twinkle.

My heart's yearnings have grown heavier
Longing and sighs are deeper and deeper
Flow of tears is unabated and clear
My love's treasures are pure and simple.

My praised one's grace is about to gleam
Beauty and effulgence to shine forever.



BURNT MY CANDLE

I dug and dug in parching deserts
Till I reached the streams below
I filled my bucket of love
With cool waters to quench my beloved's thirst.
I cultivated dry and parching lands
Irrigated them with my sweat and tears
I picked the choicest fragrant roses
The sweetest fruits for my beloved to taste.
I wove and wove a finest cloth,
With designs and decorations of various hues.
Bedecked with jewels and precious stones
To present as gifts for my beloved to wear.
I yearned and yearned with hopes and longings.
Burnt my candle of life for my beloved's grace.



SLAVE FOR EVER

The dark clouds hover with thunder
Lightening with storms and cyclones
My pangs of heart and throbbing
And flooding my eyes with tears and tears.

Let every bit and particle of myself
Burn and burn with flashes to ashes
Let every glimmer of my hopes and longings
Turn into fragrance for my beloved.
O my beloved! I have sung thy praise
In parching deserts and snowy mountains

In deep ravines and salty; oceans
In dark nights and dreary seasons.
My love for thee will never wane
I slave and slave gladly for thy grace.



TO PRAISED ONE

O my beloved! Look how your thoughts
Make me crouch and cringe
My lips quiver, when I utter thy name
I salute you million times, peace on thee.

Like a bright Venus in the dark sky
Full moon throws brilliance on us
Sun's effulgence brightens all beings
My beloved's glory has enlightened all souls.

O my beloved! You are praised by all
Millions have shed tears of love for thee.
You are our succor, our benefactor
Our redeemer, reliever and deliverer.

Let Lord shower His choicest blessings
On our beloved, our protector
Our friend, our guide our savior
My salutations, my deep loves to thee.



MY LAST WISH

When my time comes to shed this mortal coil
To close my eyes forever and to breathe the last
To straighten the body, hands and legs
Then, let me sigh with thy name on my lips.

I yearn for thy glance and a glimpse
For a reflection of thy effulgence
For your sweet fragrance and sweetness
Let me place my soul at thy holy feet.

O praised one, the deliverer of all souls
Let my tears of love be my humble gift
Let me present thee, with my stricken heart
With its wounds and pangs of separation.

O my beloved! I yearned for thee all my life
Now, I lie immersed deep in your thoughts.



MY BELOVED'S GRACE

My eyes gleamed, my heart throbbbed
I found my lost hopes, my grieves waned
My soul soared, my spirits enlivened
I was a lost sheep, now I found my way.

The lightning and thunder, the storms and wind
Have now cleared, the bright sun is up
The buds have bloomed and petals spread
The rainbows are clear on the horizon of love.

My thoughts are gripped, my lips mutter
With the glimpse and name of my beloved
O my beloved! Let Heavens choicest blessings
Peace and grace fall million times on thee.

Let thy glory be sung by all for ever
Let all thy seekers receive thy grace.



MY MOTHER

My mother took away all
My grieves, sorrows and pathos
Protected me from parching
Sun, drenched in rain and storms.
Protected me from shivering
Covered me with blankets for warmth
My mother went hungry and thirsty
To feed me, suffered aplenty.

Prayed and prayed for grace
And love to befall me
My mother sucked away
All the poison from my
Decaying body, so that I
Can live in peace and happiness.



REMEMBERING MOTHER

When you are left exposed
Unprotected, unsheltered
In the parching sun
When you are left in jungles

Infested with deadly snakes
Hyenas and dangerous beings
When you are left alone
To drown in the storms

Cyclones and tempests
When you are left alone
To shiver unprotected in
Cold wintry and snowy nights

You remember and call
Your mother to return again
To shower those kisses and fond love.



ZEROS GAIN VALUE

We are all millions of zeros
But, all of us lining together
Besides that GREAT ONLY ONE
Have gained a great value.

That GREAT ONE is all ALONE
But we millions of zeros
By praising and singing paeans
For THAT ONE has gained glory.

Many petals are held by a SINGLE
Stalk, to form a beautiful flower
For nectar and fragrance
To delight everyone with its beauty.

Love emits sweet scent
For everyone to enjoy its bliss.



JUST TO PLEASE YOU

Just to make you happy and joyful
I broke all my oaths and honors
I abandoned all my hopes and yearnings
I strayed away from all my lovely paths.

Just to give you solace and consolation
I abandoned all my dreams and plans
I gave up my lucrative avocations
My friends, my companions, my life.

Just to show my loyalty and love to you
I sacrificed all my sweet pleasures
My sleep, my joys and my happiness
I accepted all humiliations and sorrows.

Just to see you smile and smile
Just to please you, to love you.



A STREET BOY

My home is an open landscape
And canopied by the blue sky
I lead a free life sans fanfare
Without a cozy bed or a curtain
I rest my head upon my arm
And lie where I find peace
My friend, my best friend
Doggie, follow and lies with me
He protects me from men and beasts,
Loves me and plays with me.
I find food left over everywhere
Sometimes, I scramble in dustbin
I find joy, happiness and peace
I play and play with all my heart.
Wherever I go, I am looked down
Except my dear Stars and silent Moon
Who shed light on me all the time
And kind wind, blows quietly on me.



BOAT WITHOUT SAILS

There was a time; he used to love me so much
He would smile and smile, laugh and laugh with me
He wouldn't eat anything without me
He wouldn't enjoy anything without me.

There was a time he would be awake all night
With million pleasures and joys aplenty
With kisses and kisses, and tears of love
With dreams and dreams to yearn about.

There was a time; he would miss me a lot
Search around and wait and wait for me
Would go hungry and thirsty for me
Would jump at every ring and tinkle.

Now, I am forsaken for better love
My shadows create a stench in him
My love is shattered, dreams thrown asunder
I am desolate, a boat without sails.



FOR A MORSEL MEAL

I am a dead soul, having died ages ago
A skeleton moving hither and thither
Without any flesh and blood in me
With sunken eyes, hollowed cheeks, dead pan face.

Joys and pleasures, sorrows and pains
Summer or winter, sultry heat or wintry cold
Leaves no effect, nor charm nor a glow
I live to die every day and rise to die.

Storms and cyclones, tempests and tornadoes
Have blown away all my wishes and hopes
Washed away my humble dwelling and hut
Gone with the wind, my family and belongings.

I am robbed of all my meager wealth
Now, I slog and slog like an ass, day and night
I stay awake all the night to keep vigil
To serve the rich and mighty, for a morsel meal.



A MODERN YOUTH

The youth of these times, a modern one
Sweeps the contours and webs of ignorance
Wears modern costumes and dances to tunes
Defies tradition and is passionate
Shuns orthodoxy but with a mercurial mind
Imaginative, casual takes things easy
Is comical, yet clumsy and corrupt
Coward, though smart and silver tongued
Sways along with the wind, a weather cock
With amorous thoughts and voluptuous feelings
Greed for money, ever looking for opportunities
Scant respect for elders, nor concern for the young
Drinks like a fish, smokes like a chimney
With dashing speed in vehicles to crash to death.

O youth! Turn, turn and look beyond
Shun desires and achieve passionless splendor.



LIBERATION

Our loving spirits soar and lift
To greater lofty heights
Beyond the subtle feelings
Beyond the realms of consciousness
On the repetition of Thy Holy name.
On the repetition of Thy beloved name
The serene and composed natural scenery
Add to the delights of the heart
The sweet fragrance of the flowers
Filling in the air, brings peace within
Calmness descends, desires take a flight
You plunge in a vast ocean of nothingness
Space with galaxies of stars and luminous moon
Rainbows and colorful splendor of sun.
Chirping of birds, sweet flowing streams
Beauty around you, opens up your inner eye
Ecstasy and joy are beyond any limits.
Shackles of 'karma' get broken, to liberate you.



REPENT AT LEISURE

Ah! Can I go back to that time?
When I wronged my friend and hurt him
To make amends and befriend him
To forget that moment and create cheer.

Ah! Can I go back to that moment?
When I got angry beyond limits
And let my tongue lash severely
Caused severe wounds left them hurt.

Ah! Can I go back to that second?
When greed overtook me and I succumbed
I betrayed trust and tricked my friend
Oh! How can I erase the blot in soul?

In a flash of fleeting moments
In a second before a flicker of eyelid
A decision in impulse is delivered
Which leaves, me in stupor, to regret at leisure.



DAILY SUPPLICATION

Enthralled was I, by your soft melodious voice
In the early dawn, when birds were chirping
Beauty spread on the vast sky's canvas
Reflecting splendors and spectacular colors.

Your benign presence was realized by me
On the bud's spreading petals emitting fragrance
Bees collecting nectars, birds nestling and singing
Thou art seen everywhere, O Faceless One!

Day in and day out, I yearn for Thee
My worship shall be eternal for Thee
I adore Thee, I am captivated and captured
I begin my daily supplication in Thy name.

Now my goals are set, my mind is clear
My sails are ready to take me forever
Beyond the horizons, to touch the zenith
To take me to the rainbows of love.

My burning love, my zeal, my hopes
My dreams, my yearnings will not fail me
Thou shalt guide me forever and ever
To reach the shores of ecstasy and bliss.



SAVE YOUR HEARTS

Save your heart and soul's light
Being blown away by fierce winds
Unfriendly storms and deadly tempests
Darkness always prevails below a lamp.

Sincere friends, you seldom find
Who cherish in their green memories
The love and sacrifices of every kind
And maintain the lovely events in diaries.

There are robbers on your trail
To rob your fruits of knowledge
And jewels of glittering gleam
To storm your bastions and strike you dead.

Do you remember the pangs of Arjun
The jealous brothers of Joseph
Trials and tribulations of Rama
And how Judas betrayed, Jesus to be crucified.



AN ILLUMINED SOUL

Every moment is becoming past
Mingling with times and history
Bygones be bygones, past is past
Words slipping from lips can't come back.

Deep down in yourself, a feeling
Of remorse, repulsion, regrets
Of acts disapproved and shunned
Is beginning of a change in you.

A new experience, a fresh breath
A new life, a new lease
A change of mind, a change of heart
A new discovery for better living.

A new learning, a new growing
An expansion of vision, a new light
A glow within, a new consciousness
Ever forgiving an illumined soul.



A DEVILISH SELF

The devil, our shadow, our mischievous slave
An ingenious one, an innovator, creative.
Our own inverted selfish egoistic self
Always arguing within, with show and pelf.
Controverting, stubborn, digging heels, hot headed
A glutton, careless and ruthless, to be dreaded
Deep in learning with a scurrilous pen
Long fiery tongue, a common kind among men
Merciless with a heart of stone and polluted mind
Creating dissension, confusion of every kind
Disobedient, forgetful, unholy and irreligious
Changing sides, a turncoat, liar and ambiguous
Unmindful of other's concerns always hurting
Like chameleon changing colors, deceptive and sinning.



HAIKU

Come, come my lover
Do sing songs of harmony
To thrill my still heart.

◆◆◆

Walking on the sands
Leaving a mark on the Times
Life glows on and on.

◆◆◆

You are in quicksand
Surrounded by thorns, prickles
Life thrown in shambles.

◆◆◆

Deep meditation.
It is purification
Self-realization

◆◆◆

The sheer joys of life
Are mirages, dreams untrue
To fade away soon.

◆◆◆

Birds chirping on trees
During seasons round the year
To spread love to all.

◆◆◆

Songs the letters sing
To delight the child in school
And make him learned.

◆◆◆

Tender leaf, flowers
Home for so many insects
Harmonious living.

◆◆◆

Cobwebs in the house
Corrosions of the dull minds
Grave yard for living.

◆◆◆

Champak's sweet fragrance
Reminder of eternal love
Mother Teresa.

◆◆◆

Burning sweet agar
Reminder of Divine love
Celestial Beings.



Love is sacrifice
Thousand trips of honey bees.
To collect nectar.



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



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



I am a sweet rose
To be a garland or wreath
Friend, in joy or grief.



For life's ups and downs
Are but waves on an ocean
Dive deep for pure pearls.



Shun life's emotions
With calm patience delve within
To seek inner peace.



Happiness eludes
Chase rainbows on the skies
Try lasso a cloud?



IN SILENT MOMENTS

SELECTED POEMS

IN SILENT MOMENTS

In silent moments, thoughts would fly
Hither and thither, blankly in space
Crashing on the walls, on clocks
Dashing to the ground, the wavering dreams.

In silent moments, flashes of images
Of past, present and of future fears
Like titans, clashing, sparking
Lightning, thunder and shocks.

In silent moments, creeping depression
Running down the brain to heart
To the entire being and system
Freezing and laying icy hands all over.



THY INSCRUTABLE WAYS

Thy voice is eternal ever living
 Spoken umpteen times
 In melody and sung in unison
 Through apparent chaos and confusion!

Each babel to lisp Thy numbers
 Thou teachest us different programs
 To play a variety of melodies
 With unique harmony; to sustain a system.

What terror, what thunder and lightning?
 What bloodshed, what screams, what cries?
 What miseries and woes and pains?
 What sufferings in delusions and storms?

Ah, the ONE who gives joys and ecstasies
 Happiness and pleasures, mirth and laughter
 Wealth and show, glamour and glitter
 Fills my soul, with pangs of separation.

O Master! Enough is enough
 Seen have I Thy game, found Thy ways
 In my hidden mirror thro' my inner eye
 Liberate me now, to freedom, to fly
 And merge in you forever.



SOUL PANGS

Is a crisis a panacea for sins?
To open up the heaven's door
To receive the soul's pangs
To broaden and enlighten the mind.

Burn, burn, let flame engulf all
Take within Arjuna's pangs
Buddha's lofty thoughts,
Christ's bleeding heart

Abraham's sacrifices,
Joseph's patience.
Moses' righteousness,
Mohammad's blessings.

O Soul! Yearn for the beloved's glance
Let your tears be your sacred gift
Let your wounds speak your love
Silently bear the thorns in your path.

A lover's million throbs and sighs
Outshines the sparkle of gems
Sandalwood burns to emit fragrance
And leaves its sweetness for all.



PUPPETRY

Thou playest puppetry with us!
Holding strings in Thy fingers
And making to dance to Thy tunes
O Dear! How strange are Thy doings!

Who holds these strings and why?
O stranger! Strange are Thy ways.
Show us Thy effulgence and Face
Let us, slaves, know our Master.

What a trick Thou playest on us!
We play our role and game
Unaware though. that the strings are held by Thee
And simply utter. what is scripted.

Ah! What a gamble, what a show'
For all to think that I played the part
That I did this and did that
Did I do myself, when Thine hands held the control?

Ingrained in all, is Thy genetic code
A programme, a system fed in us
Remotely, unknown, the scenes get enacted,
While the Master devices His own ways!



SOMEDAY LOVE WILL THRIVE

Somewhere, someone, some day
Will hear my lonely sad voice
Filled with melancholy and grief
Which touches the deepest core of the heart.

Somewhere, someone, some day
Will sing my songs of pathos
Filled with melody and sweetness
To heal the wounds of the heart.

Somewhere, someone, some day
Will create new chimes and rhythm
To thrill the sullen heart
To enliven the dull spirits.

Somewhere, someone, some day
Will sow the seeds of affection
To bloom as fragrant flowers
To fill the gardens of love.

O heart don't be dismayed
About ill-will, or tempers frayed.



A CRY OF A VICTIM FOR PEACE!

Wounds of my heart burn my being
With crud actions of our adversaries
What in human treatment? Wicked!
Torturous hell created with terror!!
Causing destruction to the jewel of my Nation!
Ha! Thy hand wending for peace
But, lo, hiding within arms in sleeves.
With double talk. hypocrisy and lie.
Thou tallest for talks to resolve the tic
To unknot the historical jinx of yore
With impious desires coveting my lot
Look! How Thou counsellest for restraint from war
While hiding in your bosom, venom.
With evil designs. by Thy sermons
Letting rivers of blood of innocent beings
To chill the hearts of weaklings
Peace, a heavenly bliss, needs nectars of love
Shun Thy enmity and illumine Thy heart
With lofty ideals of “Ahimisa” and “Dharma”,
To recreate a paradise on earth, here, here!.



SWEET AS EVER

She is a mere worshipper of virtue
Hidden behind the curtain of show
Superficiality, without sentiments
Dressed, bedecked with artificial gems.

Gleefully singing songs of yesteryears
Floating like butterfly in her dreams
To suck nectar from every flower
Stings her adversary like a bee.

Even in her aged widowhood
Her charming grace doesn't diminish
With a twinkle in her lovely eyes
She relates youthful tales of pleasure.

A rose spreads its fragrance in the air
Even when crushed, dissolved in water
Rubbed on a stick or in perfumes
It smells as sweet as ever.



WHEN THE HEART TURNS TO A STONE

When might and terror take hold of him
When justice is flayed and is lost
When humaneness is totally surrendered
When harshness overcomes that person
When the hurt turns to a stone
When love and affection bid bye to him
When charity has lost all its meaning
When sympathy is shunned and given up
When shame deserts that person
When kindness refuses to accompany him
When mercy and compassion fly away
When sin becomes a simple game for him
When awe and wonder do not strike him
When he refuses to communicate with nature
When he refuses to forgive his fellow men
When he refuses to respect the aged and elders
When prayer and repentance do not appeal to him
When he refuses to bow before the Almighty.
He is lost in a purgatory blinds.



PANACEA FOR ILLS

A mind with crystalline purity
Sharpness of a shining sword
With soaring imagination
And capacity to pierce the dark veils

Such a mind filled with knowledge
Having panoramic view of the world
Of affairs of men and matters
And capacity to perceive the trends

Such a colossal mind with insight, depth
With foresight, wisdom and intelligence
A rare gift and a boon to mankind
To salvage men from the abyss of misery

A mind without fear, bias and prejudice
Just, with compassion, with strength of steel
A born leader of men, a genius
A cosmic scientist, a panacea for ills.



BACK TO FOLD WITH ZEST

The ancient man continues to live in us
With a dub in hand, bare skin, long claws
Unkempt, unclean, polluted, uncivilized
Barbarous, man eater, crud and wicked.

He can't be at peace, with himself, for long
Up to mischief for one thing or the other
Needs to hunt for food, fight for a place
Grab a lass to deflower, at any moment

He needs symbols, idols, icons to ward off
His fears, to take courage, to gain strength
A bully, hot headed, accursed
With fire in belly, blood shot eyes, terror.

He covets other's mate, steals at a wink
Stinks, faithless, a cheat, a moron
March of time has made a full circle
Man, now has returned to his fold with zest.



UPLIFTING LOVE

Whose visitations troubled my mind
Whose visitations gave me pleasure
Like thunder lightning on a stormy night
Like songs of robin blue, nightingale.

She served me nobly with love and songs
While I frowned, with scorn chastised her,
Her everlasting beauty captivated me
Enslaved me, alas I felt crippled.

Ultimate victory to love after pangs,
Sufferings. misery facing tempests
A rose among thorns to fill fragrance
A rainbow to cheer a sulking heart.

Whose curses and evil eye troubled my mind
Whose blessings and prayers cheered my heart
Paths of love strewn with joys and pains
Gift of nature to uplift man.



THE ULTIMATE REFUGE

When the swords are out
And you are required
To pass through untrodden path
Without help from friends and well wishers.

When the bugles have been blown
And your enemies are out
To skin you up without mercy.
You, without any armory.

When the dark clouds hover
Without any silver lining
With gathering storms and tempests
Lightning, thunder and tornadoes.

When your heart has melted
And courage has given in.
It is time for fortitude
To seek Mercy, Grace and Divine Help.



SOULFUL MELODIES

O beloved come, come.
Let us mingle together,
And engage in Divine talk.
In exuberance and ecstasy.

Your beauty and grace.
Delicacy, courtesy, sweetness.
Friendliness and cheer,
Have opened my heart to Love.

Let us together, sing songs.
To welcome the spring,
With flowers scattering fragrance.
To enliven the spirit with thoughts divine.

Let us cry out music,
Of the sublime soul;
Which lifts us from mere mirth;
And leads us to the far beyond.



ETERNALLY WEEP

O love! Thou art a passing cloud.
Light weight, soft like silk, pure like gold.
Pleasant in sight and with fragrance.
But you cannot be chained!

O love! Thou art an illusion.
To create sensations and feelings.
Mirages and dreams, to wander about.
To sulk and get drowned, in Thee.

O love! Thou art a magic.
To enthrall and thrill with joys.
To please the soul, or enrapture the body.
To soar higher and higher in the sky.

O love! Thou art gloomy and dark.
When without silver lining to enliven,
Pathos and grief you unleash,
In vain, to eternally weep.



ECSTASY

Every moment of bliss, ecstasy,
Is a golden moment, a monument.
Surpassing Himalayan heights of glory.
Million years of chanting and praying!

A moth circumambulates, burns in flames.
A supreme sacrifice on the altar of love.
Lightning reducing to ashes Mount Sinai.
Moses merging in splendor of the Supreme.

Mohammad's ascension to the Throne
On 'Lailathul Qadar' in a flash
A glorious and a golden moment.
A 'Midas touch' turns dust to gold.

A sigh of a dancing dervish!
With a heart glittering with love
With tattered clothes, disheveled hair
Soul purified for final merger, O Lord!



AMIDST SURROUNDING MYSTERIES

Like tumult, waves rise and slash on shores
To peter out, tamed, to merge with sand,
Again to rise from the sea as a fresh tide.
Friends, relatives, create storms in tea cup.

Sip it, lick it, gulp it, throw it away.
In these days of plastic age;
They make more din than emit light.
Life, though full of mystery, is passive.

Men change like seasons and dresses.
Fading memories washing away all deeds.
Favors received forgotten, like dipping sun.
To live in eternal darkness, sans sight.

For some, love is mirage, deceptive.
For some, love is an oasis in desert.
For some, love is supreme sacrifice
On the altar of Ever living, for Grace.



INNER PEACE

Look to the inner voice
Its light is eternal
Its joys are multiple
Its grace is divine
It is soothing and pleasing
Its voice is melodious
It has motherly concern and care
It knows your anguish and pain
Listen to it
Sit in silence
In meditation
In calm stillness
Close your eyes
In your heart – recite –
“La illaha ill Allah
Mohammadur Rasool Allah
Allah hu hu Allah, hu hu
Allah hu hu Allah hu hu”.



SHARING LOVE

Love a divine spark, hidden in depths of heart
For man to cherish. till death doth him apart
To give meaning to life, and life after
A binder and a coagulator.

Love is sacrifice and sacrifice is to die
A sincere attempt to give up every lie
The inner being gets effaced for the Beloved
Immersed in thoughts, drunk in His breath.

Where love lets lovely springs to flow
In its bottom lies dormant sorrow
To creep up and let streams of tears
On sad thoughts, for love to share.

A bleeding heart bears gems within
To emit rays of hopes, to wash off sin.



TO A LOST SON

Someone is waiting for you all distraught!
With rears in eyes, pain in heart
With absent smiles, worried face
Wrinkles on forehead, disheveled hair.

Return now dear son, return soon!
Sun rises, sun sets without its sheen
The lovely spring has lost its gleam
With you away, it's darkness at noon.

Springs of love will never dry
Creamy milk will never lose its taste
The honey its sweetness, rose its fragrance
Oh dear son! Come someone is waiting for you.



NEW WORLD ORDER

The seed bears within, the plant of a rose
Or a plant bearing a fruit sour.
So also a person born is heavenly,
Or carries traits to lead him to hell.
What is inherent gets explicit?
You express what you absorb?
A drop of manna dew can bring life.
On a soft soil, which can beat it.
On barren soil nothing grows.
For a cherishable life. enrich souls.
Multitudes of nationals. are now variously reacting,
With different stances leading to a New World order
Utterly unknown till now



BIRTH AND GROWTH FOR TOTAL MERGER

I

Emerged from a being
With a command
In a genetic code
In an invisible form
Floating down the canal
To merge with another form
In a lightning speed
In a universe of womb
With a perfect union
Made for each other
In a tight embrace
In a total merger
To evolve and glow
With precision riming
To emerge as myself
Carrying within millions
Of years of history
With a destiny
Written on my brow
With lines of fare
Needy drawn on palm
To clutch to breast
To suckle and grow
With a feeble cry

II

Then a yawn
Then a smile
Then a giggle
To mumble and jumble
To crawl and lisp
To jump and play

To be care free
To watch the nature
Marvel its wonders
Ponder on mystery
Learn and write
Develop discerning eye
Grow in strength
Falter and flounder
Let the opportunities fly by
Merge in mirth and pleasure
Mingle with the culture
Get swayed by superstitions
Be carried away
By waves and waves
Of confounding confusions
With babelisation.
Rebel against old times
Create new pastures
With strength and adventure

III

Overpower the weak
Loot and plunder
Quarrel and fight
Compromise and compound
Or grow magnanimous
Or turn hostile
Create forces
Of destruction
Of terror
Or of construction
For well-being
For social welfare.
Sorrows and afflictions
Miseries and woes
Poverty and sufferings
Get disillusioned
And frustrated
With disgust and distrust
Withdraw from hub and rub
Renounce the world
Return to the shell
Back into the cocoon
In hibernation
For liberation
To be in trauma

IV

In deep meditation
Emerge enlightened
To glow like a lamp
With a halo
And shine like attar
For ever and eves
Till eternity lasts.
Or merge in soil
Dust unto dust
In deep Fathoms
Of eternal darkness
In damnation
In eternal fire
To cleanse the soul
To rid its darkness
For it to illumine
With light and color
For total merger
With Supreme Being
In total bliss and ecstasy.



HAIKU

Play the soulful tunes
In gathering of illumined
For bliss, ecstasy.



Songs the letters sing
Rendering melodious tunes
For rapturous mood.



The cawing of crows
Ever remains in darkness
Black is beautiful



Silence is golden
In the din of pollution
Soaring gold prices



A lovely widow
A lady in white saree
Without a tilak



Dancing daffodils
Blooming in lovely seasons
To enliven spirits.



At Hiroshima
Destruction of innocents
Burning inferno!



Humanity weeps at
A mad scientist's creation
Atom bombs, cloning.



Hold the pans even
With judicial decorum
Save democracy.



Hang panties, brassiere
On the balcony's clothes lines?
For amorous thoughts



Wife at grocer's shop
With hubby's full pay packet
Weep for the whole month!

◆◆◆

Tears, with choking voice,
Plead for a morsel of food,
Earthquake shakes rich man

◆◆◆

Sinners of the world
Shake your greasy hands in joy
Sun is coming down

◆◆◆

Tightly bolt the door
Let secrets remain within
Prevent evil eye!

◆◆◆

Dead man tell no tales
Circumstances speak louder
Fossiled history!

◆◆◆

At her winking eye
Lightning, thunder pass
To engulf in mirth.

◆◆◆

Treacherous woman!
Dancing to every one's tunes
Dexterous fingers.

◆◆◆

Chivalrous man
One who plucks the honey comb
Goes to honeymoon.

◆◆◆

Damsel in distress!
A dashing young debonair.
Roving eyes on birds.

◆◆◆

Those bewitching smiles
Disarm me to yearn for her,
A mere ray of hope.

◆◆◆

Rare moments of life
They are rare and far between
To increase suffering.

◆◆◆

Shut the door quickly
My dream girl in my bed room
A passing shadow.

◆◆◆

Life is a mirage
Storms blowing dry leaves and twigs
To oblivion.

◆◆◆

The onset of youth
The eternal fire brewing
Yearning for the flesh.

◆◆◆

Parents in night clubs
Teenagers in dancing halls
Pubs for more taxes

◆◆◆

Salute the soldier
Who lays down the arms for peace
Victory to the love!

◆◆◆

Water every where
Nature in terrible mood
Man in helpless state!

◆◆◆

Life boat in shambles
Tumultuous waves on sea
Ray of hope persists.

◆◆◆

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

◆◆◆

Love is sacrifice
Perturbation of love's heart
Roses amidst thorn.

◆◆◆

What a paradox?
Wondrous human mind kills
Man, Nature and Love.



TANKA

Futile Search

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



Crescent

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



Holy Cross

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



Lord Shankaracharya

Master of Yoga
Lord Shankaracharya
Vedas and Gita
With deep penance and in trance;
Realised the inner soul.



Prophet Moses

The Ten Commandments
Are Ten pillars of Beauty
Truth is beautiful
For mankind to live in peace
Without any strife and war.



Sikhism

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



Ahimsa

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



Melody For Painful Hearts

Songs the letters sing,
Soulful melodies, thrills hearts
With pathos and grief
When lost in turbulent sea
Amidst life's grave situations.



Untold Story

Faces loom pretty
Eyes with expressions many
Filled with tears and joys.
Hide within untold story
Nature's work is a wonder!



Lively Life

Life sways, pass through storms
Tumultuous waves swinging it.
Violently shaken.
Steady. calm, avoiding ridges
Weathers storms, reaches shores safely.



Passerby

A calm passerby
Faces all seasons of life;
Cheerfully withers,
Selling wares to one and all
Courteous, pleasant to hagglers.



Mystic Power

Calm face, pretty looks,
Long flowing beautiful hair
With fine jewellery.
Bewitching smile, unnerves grooms;
Mystic power holding tight.



Reach Heights

Voices, sound in mind,
Images dancing to its tune.
Is it Master's voice?
A call from the unknown realm.
To reach to oblivion.



A CALL FROM THE UNKNOWN
SELECTED POEMS

REBIRTH

A sudden cloud burst
A storm and a cyclone
To carry away a populace
Wholesale to infinity.
A well scripted plot
On a wall paper
Is wiped out and erased.
To leave a mere white sheet
A scroll clean and beautiful.
Like a full moon shining white,
Covered by a thin layer of clouds.
The brilliant bright light
Is blanketed by a netted fabric
And the light pouring forth from within
As though passing through a waterfall.
A life lost and suddenly
Submerged in the deluge
Regains again to relive
Like emerging from Noah's ark.
The seed of Adam sprouts for rebirth.



SUCK THE MANNA

A long gifted boon
Is being placed on the altar
Of the ever living
As a sacrifice for acceptance.
So as to enable
The cherished memories
To continue to be filmed
For being screened
On a beautiful white screen
To be seen again and again
To relish the moments
Lived in dedication
In utmost fulfillment,
Of a vow of love.
Of obedience and performance
Of servitude and discipline
O Deity of love, Thou unseen
Yet showers Thy bounty
Through umpteen ways
For devotees to suck and lick;
The manna, dew and honey.



A WINK AT MIDNIGHT

Oh! This awakening
Is a short lived and
Like waking up
From a bad dream.
In the middle of the night.
With still droopy sleepy eyes.
To fall back to sleep again.
On a full moon night,
The birds, the cuckoo, and crows,
The owl and bats wake up.
To let out a shrill cry
At the flood light,
Piercing their sleepy eyes.
To let out in one breath
To shake them up
A siren to the sleepy world
To fall back again,
In deep slumber
Till the real lasting
Bright sunny light
Wakes them up fully
For a day
Of joy and ecstasy.



INTENSE LOVE

Ah! What a reminder
Of your intense love
Of the burning warmth
Of your compassion and glory.
When I broke my arm
When steel clips were fixed
When diabetics was tackled
When my heart attacks were controlled
When my arthritis was attended
When my failing eyes got vision.
I loved you, I remembered you.
You were my Succor, my Redeemer



MY RELIGION

Yes, I do have a religion
I do practice it
Say my 'Namaz'
Turn towards 'Kaaba'
Recite 'Kalima',
Do 'Zikr'
Observe 'fasting'
Give 'Fitra', 'zakat'
Yearn for circumambulation
Around the Holy 'Kaaba'
But my rites, my symbols,
Are acts of love
To foster oneness
To increase my yearnings
To look upon mankind,
As children of Adam, and Eve
Not for creating apathy
Discernment and Distraction
For cataclysmic schism
For disharmony and strife

LIGHT UPON LIGHT – “NOOR”

Lord the Magnificent, the Brilliant
The light of the universe and the world
Profusely oozing out all through
Luminously brightening all around
From chandeliers, lamps, bulbs
From Sun, Moon, Stars, Meteorites
Cosmos lit with His munificence
Utter His name, enlighten, thy soul
Mind, eyes, sparkle, Lo behold!
Light upon light, for final merger.



THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

In the beginning was His name
The holy of the Holiest name
To remain for Eternity as ONE
The sole Ruler, Creator, the DESTRUCTOR
To withdraw with a command
When the mothers would throw away their suckling
When one will not care for the other
When the sun would come down
When the stars would be thrown asunder
When the mountains would melt and scatter
When a shrill cry will end humanity
When all would be called for judgment
When the Great Book would be opened
When all the actions recorded are read
When the scales are weighed and justice done
When everyone would get their due share
When the virtuous would cross the bridge
When the bridge would be thinner than a hair
And sharper than the shining sword.
When the God fearing would pass like lightning
When the evil doers would fall in the abyss.
When they would be given hot boiling water to drink
When the hell fire will engulf the corrupt.
When surely the day of reckoning would dawn.



LEFT OUT

Meandering thoughts with confusion,
A feeling of despondency gripping the mind
And you find being stuck in quicksand
Or glued to a sofa cum bed for ever.
You yearn for a goal, an impetus, a jerk,
A charm, like you felt on your first love
When you felt the thrill of riding a bike
On your winning a medallion in a race.
You feel weary, like a left over meal
Or a sour milk you can't now reverse
Your attitudes, your feelings, your losses
For, the Times have passed and you are left out.



BLACK STONE

Let me kiss the Black stone
The stone that has stood from Time
Immemorial, from antiquity
Preserved by that Great Prophet
Abraham, installed on the walls
Of the Holy House of the God
Kaaba, at Mekka, Arabia
To beckon seekers to press their lips.
That Black Stone, on which
My beloved Prophet, The Praiseworthy
Planted his lips with kisses
In fond remembrances
In deep love
In acknowledgement
Of the Greatness of the Lord
Of both the Worlds
The Merciful and the Beneficent.



PEACE WITHIN

One has to undergo severe
Mental and physical sufferings
Agony and turmoil in life
Before arriving at the Truth
A testing time, a period
Of severe anguish and pain.
On arriving at the Truth
You reach the stream
Of fresh, soothing waters
To quench the thirst
To gain moments of
Ecstasy, joy and Supreme –
Bliss, to bring peace within
And enlighten the dark soul.



AH! RELATIVES

Look, we are shunned, hated and despised
We are taunted, an easy target for jest and fun
For those are ones, who are rolling in wealth
Desires and luxury. Some of them with pride of learning.
We learn secrets of life through bitter fruits of experience?
We yearn for love, for solace, comfort from relatives
It remains a mere wish, a dream, a mirage
To disappear and melt away like clouds.
Ah relatives! Our own blood, flowers of same garden
You are endowed with deep propensity to cause hurt!
To make us weep and carry wounds all over
That doesn't heal, but bleed, to leave pain, and agony?



LADY FATHIMA

What a lovely lady she is!
Angelic with wings of love
To take you along in the sky
To touch the horizons of ecstasy
Colorful roses emitting fragrance
Sweetness spreading in the air
Our lovely Lady's benign smile
Charming features display eminence.
O Lady Fathima! May the Choicest
Blessings of the Seven Heavens
Shower on thy pleasantness
On Thy Holy soul forever.



OH PRAISE!

One day praise bloomed
To shower its flowers
On a man full of vanity,
With pelf and power.
It passed by a humble man
With head down, in prayers
Who took no notice; therefore,
Praise bowed and left him calm.
But vanity, on flowers being showered
Soared sky high like a kite.
When the wind blew hard
It dashed and broke its crown.
Men of dust, on praise
Raise themselves in air
Creating smog and dust
Which none can bear.



GLASS HOUSE

My body is of shining glass
And heart a glistening mirror
It reflects the splendors
And cosmic rays and colors.
I am a glass house
Do not throw stones at me
Even if you have any grouse
For, I reflect whatever I see
Men may lie, women may lie
But my mirror speaks the truth.



OUR OWN ENEMY

Our greatest enemy is ourselves
Our beliefs, our rites, our icons
Our behavior, our taboos
Our superstitions, our manners
Our ego, our anger, our jealousies
Our lust, our desires, our hates
Let us cast away, break away
From these shackles and chains
Release our hearts from them
To enable the springs of love
To flow, to glow and gush
Life always has a glimmer of hope
A warmth of innocence, and is also
Just, compassionate and merciful.



INNER VOICE

I felt shattered, broken
Friendless, a destitute
Crippled with torn sails
With contemptuous smiles
And scornful looks
Teasing and tearing me.
I looked all around for help
My distress call ignored
Left in storms and tempests
My frail body shivering in cold
When I lost hopes from all
A divine voice gave strength and guided me.



BLISS AMIDST POVERTY

Ah! We are impoverished
Poor wretched souls
With dwellings, which
Despise the rich
Our bodies smell
With unkempt hair
Torn patched clothes
Diseased bodies.
But world's riches do not
Tempt us to steal
Nor our anger to kill
Nor jealousy to harm.
A divine light dwells
In our hearts
To console, give solace
To be at peace and in bliss.



INDIAN SERVICES

They have achieved their goal
After years of study and competition
Proudly they move about with chins ups
As public servants of Indian Services.
Dressed in saffari or blazer suit,
Move in ambassador cars red light atop
Menial servants and public humbling before them,
Receiving as gifts 'Bagpiper' and 'Royal Salute'.
Now, they have achieved full freedom
From study of classics, philosophy and poetry
No more they need to meditate and pray
Life is full of bonhomie and charm.
They are welcomed in all Five-Star
Hotels, Golf Club, Service Club and Race Club
With wife, mistress or girl friends
They are the envy of all dear and near ones.



DEATH'S TRUMPET

Now, the death's trumpet has been blown
The brilliant blue sky has turned red
Soil barren, parched with cracks
Stony hearts, demoniac fingers on Nuclear buttons.
Arise, awake, stop the demons
Oh! Sleepy faded mahatmas
Rishis, peers, sadhus, swamies
Your ego bloated with pelf and haughtiness?
You have all provoked the Angels
The God of Mercy and Compassion
Is shedding tears in grief and pathos
At the sufferings of millions in yokes.
Alas, alas, the time is lost
The white dove with stalk of peace
Now engaged with wings clipped
The road of peace lies drowned in sea of turmoil.



ALAS, MY NEEM!

Homes with 'tulsi' plant for luck and prosperity
Turmeric and 'kumkum' for benevolence
Tamarind, 'pudinah' spices for health
Honey, milk, butter and curd for purity.
Ah! My elixir Neem, now all foreign brands
Our Vaid's shed tears in melancholia
For our ancient system has turned synthetic
Now, we have entered an age of plastic.
Alas, Alas, where is the dawn's "bhairavi"
The love filled Mira's and Kabir's 'bhajans'
Sonorous 'Muezzin's call for peace
The ring of bells for cheer and happiness.
My brothers, up in arms with might and power
Hissing, spewing fire and brimstones
Provoking Devas, 'Ashuras' and Archangels
Now, 'Yama' is ready for destruction.



DREAMS

Dreams, dreams and dreams
For you need to dream in this life
They are the signs of your self
Patterning, designing, focussing
Visualising hopes, tensions releasing
Fears, angers, anxieties and tribulations,
Disappointments, compulsions
Taking shape into fantasies
Dreams are psychiatrist's tools
To uncover your hidden self
To pry into your unconscious pranks
Dreams are spiritualist's lessons
To measure your inner self
Dreams are lover's inner self
Dreams are lover's yearnings and nightmares.



JUSTICE DONE

The clock strikes in the morning daily ten
I bow in Court and start to pen
The daily routine has surely begun
To hear cases and cases of alleged sin
Where there has been injustice done
It is corrected there and then
Where there is a wrong done
By law breakers with all their impunity
Mighty lawyers cannot save actions punitive
Punishment stringent is imposed without immunity
Thus every wrong doer is brought to book
Though justice takes its own time to look.



EARLY MORNING DAWNS

You know the black crow the wretched bird
Without any beauty of colors or a pleasing note
But it is the first to give a call to wake you up
The 'Koel' joins in and lets out a shrill cry.
Oh! It is too early to get up
You cover up, curl up and go back to sleep
More crows join to lend support; the sparrows
Squirrels too, sing in chorus to beckon the light.
The darkness recedes slowly and steadily
Morning wind flows softly and lightly
The petals of sweet jasmine, rose, champak, gulmohar
Slowly open their budding eyes, emitting fragrance.
The grasshopper, cricket, the ants and the honey bee
Make a beeline to collect the dew and the manna
The cow moos, dogs bark and the horses neigh
All join to dance, sing in chorus to welcome the light
The milk man is ready to milk the cow
Farmers pick up the plough to till and sow
Woodcutter, the axe to collect the fire wood
Newspaper boy readies his cycle to go around.
Poojaris, muezzins, padres begin worship
Musicians with instruments to sound their notes and 'Ragas'
Housewives are first to light the 'deepa' to gods
Sleepy children unwillingly are pulled out of bed.
Our Civil servant, the lazy goon, the sloth
In a daze, he rolls in his bed like a royal one

Late night drinks are yet to wear off,
The morning coffee in his bed is too early for him.
Life begins for every one with hustle and bustle
Serpentine queues and lines, you see everywhere
Maddening rush heavy traffic sprays smog in the air
The beauty of nature slowly begins to fade.



SATURN “SHANI”

I am pathos and grief, in its depth
It flows smoothly in my veins
I emit its pangs and its breath
My being is sustained in its grains.
Thunder and lightning, storms and tempest
Caused by me to work havoc
Like Atlas, I carry over my shoulders
The sorrows and miseries of the planet
I am that Saturn, the dreaded
With rings around for the accursed.



LIE FLAT

At times, a feeling of revolt and tumults in the chest
With fiery eyes and throbbing heart
Blood moving like lightning in the veins
Head bursting with shots from torpedoes.
A momentary eruption like passing clouds
On the ego being hurt, self respect humiliated
Injustice hurled and your lawful dues snatched
And abuses, lies heaped on coverless head.
You fall on the ground like a torn kite
Bursting like balloon and you lie flat
You have neither the strength nor the will
To rise up and lift yourself above the circumstance.



DAILY HAWKER

The hawker passes by everyone's house
Daily bawling out again and again yet again
Though none may buy, yet he has no grouse
He lives on hopes, to make one day gain
By selling his wares to rich or poor
Uniform in courtesy for one and all
Moves about tireless from door to door
Cheerful and content in his duty's call
Sings his own songs till life wears
Unburdens his soul and hardship bares.



ALAS! WOMAN!

Cuddled lovingly in mother's arm
Wistfully playing with sisters
In the care of grand mother's
Aunts, cousins and 'ayahs', galore.
Nursed affectionately, kisses aplenty
Taught alphabets, numbers, words
Manners, culture and of God, the Holy
Oh Mother, sisters, aunts, grannies
Thou were my cradle of love.
Shying away in school from girl mates
Not casting eyes on sprouting beauties
Nor prying into their deep secrets,
In their world of woes and miseries.
The soothing lullabies, the 'bhajans',
Love songs of Latha, Asha and Suraiya
The exquisite beauty of actresses
Bridal dresses, silks, jewellery and bangles.
Tasteful gourmets, 'biryanies', 'jullabies'
The art, dance, music and fun
Beauty in their eyes, eyebrow, plait
All created versions of marvelous nobility.
Reality dawned one day on my unexposed
Young mind, ever protected like Siddhartha.
On exposed to truth, I felt repulsed
The face of widowhood covered within a sea of torment.
Shockwaves shattered me on watching woman

In 'pardah', they hide their shame, misery
Despondencies grip their mute lives
Vultures around to peel their bodies
Like bullocks, bitches, goats, heifers,
Beaten, sloughed, robbed and ravished
Degraded, weather beaten and distraught
Oh woman! Thou a mother, now ploughed.
Men are devil incarnates though,
To fill fire in the belly of women
Cow dung, broomsticks, sickles in their hands
Iron shackles in legs and cudgels around their neck.
O Adam! You blame her for your sin!
Degrade her to hell, eat her flesh
Swim in her blood, make fire of her bones
Bury a baby girl and hang a pretty house wife!



DISAPPEARANCE OF A SON

Sudden disappearance
Of an only charming son
Dawn of youth or moments
Of rashness and revolt?
A colt bolting away speedily
Vanishing in a flash
Causing lightning and thunder
And cataclysmic shocks.
Unconcerned of traumas
Of laying icy hands
On the warm throbbing hearts
To let unabated streams of tears.
Causing pangs of separation
Agony and mental stress
To a perfect ideal couple
Who were the envy of every eye.
Setting a gloomy darkness
Eerie and uncanny silence
A moonless night without
Twinkling stars, dashing hopes.
Oh! life now on tenter hooks
Choking throat with pebbles and thorns.



ABSENCE OF A FRIEND

Streaks of brilliance at dawn
Splashing on the blue canvas
Multi colors of various hues
Brightening and cheering life.
O my friend, your absence
At this hour of tinkling music
Birds chirping, cool breeze
Spreading fragrance all over.
Has spelt darkness and gloom
Life taking a tumble without glory
Charm is missing from beauty
O my friend, where are you?



O LOVE!

O love! Are thou a commodity
To be bargained for sale or purchase
Or brought to attention by command
Can you be demanded as a blessing?
Can you be booked for indiscretion
Charged for overstepping limits
Beheaded like Mansur Hallaj or Sarmad
Or crucified like Jesus for loving?
O love! Can you be sweet, yet sour?
Can love bear malice or ill repute?
Does it have thousand frailties?
To be burnt like a pretty house wife?
O love! Why do you call for proof?
For severe test and 'agni pariksha'
Aren't you boisterous like turbulent sea?
You have created these turmoils, for what?



MOTHER'S TEARS

These unrelenting stream of tears
From the eyes of a mother
A matron, a picture of holiness
Compassion, love and care.
On the loss of an only son
A young charming youth in prime
A paradigm in every one's eye
With hopes of brilliance and eminence.
These tears are real pearls and gems
Shed from the bottom of the heart
Saved from the womb and crystallised from blood
Milky tears are cloud burst of pathos and grief.
Oh! The darling now is a sparkling star
To shine and shine in the dark skies
Forever and ever till timeless eternity
Mother's tears are an ocean of love.



SOUL OUTPOURINGS

When the soul gets entangled
In webs of sharp wires, in tenterhooks
In pangs of conscience
When the soul gets caught
Between the evil's delight
And body's pleasures
When the soul gets entrapped
In the guilt of grave sins
And in the troubled mind
When the soul gets anguished
At the sorrows and pains
At the destruction of good
It is the time for the soul
To sing, pray and meditate
On the Higher Being for solace and grace.



ALAS INDIANNESS!

Ah! you are throwing stones at me
Carrying cudgels around with black caps
Demanding from me return of honor
Of ancestors of bygone eras.
Demolishing with fervor and zeal
Some dilapidated centuries old
Heritage, to assuage false pride
And exposing shamelessly your cowardice!
Challenging my Indianness, seeking
Restoration of my ancient sudra name
Crying hoarse of my changed identity,
Now, proclaiming your supremacy!
Alas! Where is the Buddha's middle path
Mahavira's ahimsa, love and grace
Ashoka's charity, Rama's valor
Krishna's truthfulness, Nanak's brotherhood?
Parched soil is burning farmer's toil
Floods and cyclones are drowning millions
Our enemies' fingers are on nuclear buttons
While our Nationalism is being foiled!



O' SPIRIT

The spirit blown into muddy clay
Brought to life by a command!
To glow in the heart and mind
To illumine the being with wisdom.
Ah! what a difference a spirit makes?
A lowly creature with faults many
With the characteristics of the fauna
Now, raised to the pedestal of the heavenly.
The wretchedness of the world around
Sways the wayward from the straight path
To stray in the jungle, to fall a prey,
To get lost for ever and go astray.
O' spirit! Glow, glow like a candle
Flicker not in the stormy winds
Let your light spread all around
Keep straight the balance of the mind.



REACH CLEAR CONSCIENCE

Deep within a desire
Caught in its web
To free itself and to fly
Takes a shape of beauty
In the lovely dream.
Lures you, to hunt for it
In reality, it takes shape
To captivate and enslave
To lead you to quicksand
And finally to grave.
Question the desire?
Quickly subside the eruptions.
See the inner light, enrich yourselves
With illuminations and wisdom
To drive away the witches of darkness.
The fresh streams, lovely pearls
Fragrances floating in the air
With clear paths, a thrill
To a conscience clear,
On reaching enlightenment, soul gets enthralled.



A DISTANT CALL

A distant call from the unknown
Emanating from deep within
To lift you from mire and mirth
And inspire you to deep meditation.
Expanding moments stretching themselves
Beyond the boundaries of space and time
Touching the horizon and infinity
Mind with lightning speed, illuminating.
Consciousness awakened, soul enlightened
Spreading colorful wings of all hues
Like a peacock to dance and charm
And to sing like a nightingale.
You float like a lovely butterfly
Like pleasant lotus unfolding petals
Like rose to spread fragrance
And like banyan tree to spread its branches.



NEW FRONTIERS

SELECTED POEMS

BROKEN MIRRORS

The skies rained tears of ice that night,
When my blossoming love was betrayed.
I felt my body torn apart, I felt so cold
Dazed, world fallen asunder, for me to live.
Ah! How I dreamt of love flowering.
Into multi-color rain bowed roses
Of sweet fragrance filling the air.
To captivate, capture and enslave my beloved.
That was dearly a mirage,
Dry passing clouds over parched lands.
Love betrayed is worst than 'Agni Pariksha'
For mortals, it is a shattered mirror.
Lovely face splintered into thousand images,
With varied in expression, sans pity and love.



FAITH

Where do you find faith?
In mosques, in temples
In mausoleums, in churches
In synagogue, in gurudwaras
In chantings, in rituals
In singing, in dancing
In merry, in joys
In mirth and pleasures
In possession of wealth
In name, fame, success
In giving up world
And pleasures and attachments
In silence, in meditations.
In prayers, in acts of charity.

Isn't faith like fragrance?
Unseen though can be felt.
Like invisible wind
That touches you although unseen.

Isn't faith, a mere belief?
In the unknown in the supernatural
That is pure and sublime
That is truthful and just
It is that which sees and judges

That who loves and cares
That Omnipresent – but invisible
The one who kindles the heart
Look within yourselves and find – Him.



WOEFUL TALES

Woeful tales of miseries and sufferings
Of torture, humiliations and desolation
Of destruction of homes, crops and plunder
Who will lend their ears to hear them?

Driven away from homes, separated,
From loved ones, dear ones, cared ones
From the whole world
Who will now share a loving heart?

In newfound lands, amidst strangers
New surroundings and new culture
Divided by race, color and language
In these silent zones, who will lend a hand?

Shattered are the lovely dreams and uprooted
Oceans are now on fire, who will quench the thirst?
To whom shall they render their tragic tunes?
How to revive the dead spirits? How to redeem them?



A NEW MESSAGE

From the ruins of bygone times
A message rings in my ears
Lo, how will you revive
The down trodden
Uprooted, destroyed
Mauled, annihilated cultures?

How will you revive the dead spirits?
Enthuse new life in present times
Drive away lethargy, inertia
Wild passions and uncouth wishes?

The Heaven thus spoke:
'Enliven the spirits, with aims
And ambitions of open minds
Allow new light to enter yourselves
Drive away darkness
Unite frontiers of love
Under able leadership
With love, zeal, enthusiasm
You can create a real new world,
That is not an Utopia,
But, where you fulfill your dreams?'



TO TORTURED SOULS

Tyranny, terror and torture
Millions sent to gas chambers
Burnt alive, slaughtered, killed,
Driven away ruthlessly, mercilessly.

Who will now light the torches?
To wash the sins of the pitch darkness
Who will now create new homes
New schools for young minds?

Under open skies, at Nature's mercy
In biting cold and fatal disease
Icy frozen hands of death
Touch the brave weather beaten ones.

Who will now shower love and sympathy?
Pity, mercy and forgiveness?
Who will unite the parting souls and the bodies?
Who will bless the tortured souls?



EGO TO ZERO

He can never understand,
The sweetness of the smile.
Remaining calm with patience,
With a glow on a radiating face.

To thrill the heart million times,
With yearning love of the universe
To charm oneself with the beauty of Nature
To feel one and merge with the ocean.

Every moment of time carries its own sign.
Cosmic signals enlighten the mind.
Opening up inner eye to see beyond.
To set the sails to reach the horizon.

Ah ego! You make everyone a big zero
You need to be subdued, to see the light within.



ALAS! MIGHTY TERROR!

The crimson yellow ball of flame.
The smoke, the ashes, the dust
The towering inferno, the catastrophe,
The deafening crash of air-crafts.

The tallest tower of the might on globe
Crumbling down like a pack of cards,
Lo, the free flying pigeon of peace
Caught in fire, turning to ashes.

Thousands of morning daisies.
Roses, sunflowers, all withering away.
Under the great debris, crushed
Black turbaned terror burning fragrant garden.

The darkened sky eclipsing the glorious sun.
Darkness engulfing the onset of New Millennium.



STRIKE OF TERROR AND GRIEF

One terror, one bloodshed, one storm
Is followed by another tornado. another inferno.
The storms of blood flowing in men's veins
Streak of fire within, needs to be kindled.

When great titans, big guns, hotheads –
'Defenders of free world all over the Mother Earth'
Clash with the 'Defenders of the solemn faiths',
The result is bombardment and destruction.

Outbreak of pestilence, diseases, flood of refugees
The jewel of peace, shattered to smithereens.
Humanity thrown asunder everywhere.
Garden of love turned to sandy dunes.
The firm grip of vise holding tight.

Squeezing out the last drop of blood and tear.
Man cannot change what is destined?



A MAN OF TRUTH

You need to accept a Man of Truth
Of Ahimsa, free from 'kama'
From the mad rush and the glitter
Of the world and its mirth.
Who is at peace with himself
With his surroundings and life
Who can read the Times, its complexities
Its rig morale, its deception and tricks
Who can sincerely without ostentatious,
Able to see through your problems.
And give a sane, wise, counsel
To relieve you from mirth and girth.
And show you the path and gift a torch,
And grant a boon to walk with success.



A QUEER LADY

There is a streak of madness
In what all she does,
Is it genius
Or idiosyncrasy?

Sometimes the melody of her songs
Is ecstatic and thrilling
Like cool sea breeze
Taking us to the delightful shores.

Sometimes her wrath and anger,
Her behavior and conduct.
Makes us wonder, whether the earth
Is about to face a quake.

Sometimes the sweetness of her voice,
The pleasantness and delicacy.
Surpasses the Monolisa's smile.
'A face to launch thousand ships'.



MY FAIR LADY

Oh! My lady takes away
Much of my attention.
I need to be all ears to her,
When she is chattering
At her beck and call all the time,
To run errands to fetch her things.
Not a moment, I can spare,
To my other love, poetry,
Envious of my holding books.
Pulls the blanket off me.
Splashes cold water on my face.
Giggles on seeing me out of place.
But showers her kisses and love.
When I enjoy her dishes.



TAME THE WILD CAT

She was ice to my burning fire.
Torrential rain to my thunder.
Sweet like honey, soft like butter,
To my harsh and bitter words.
Sailing smoothly in the boisterous sea.
Unmindful of the many dangers.
Grinning like a new moon.
With tears in the sparkling eyes
Carrying a whiff of fresh morning breeze.
Sweet scented fragrance of cheering roses.
Handling me like a steaming tea.
My roaring anger stings like a bee
I had to purr like a tame pussy cat
When she places her cheeks on my velvety hat.



REBIRTH

Born as a high brow, as a god's child
To live a virtuous ascetic life
But temptations from myriad colors
Drew me to the bosom of mirth
Drowning myself in passions and pleasures
I broke the seal of civilized life.
To exhibit my ancient instincts.
But sorrows bound me to the cycle of rebirth.
To be reborn as a mongrel.
To be attached to my master
To show my fidelity and friendship
My alertness and my loyalty
To be kicked, spitted and shooed
To wag my tail at his beck and call
To please my master at all times.
To differentiate between friend and foe.
To bear with patience, hunger and thirst
To be fearless and to attack the adversary
I live a dog's life to seek redemption,
For my past sins, to attain 'moksha'.



POOR RUSTICS

Oh! I am an uncouth rustic
Sans knowledge, illumined mind
Uttering profanity, manner less
Deliriously laughing with gaudy jokes

But mind you, sir, I am steadfast
Truthful to the hilt, simpleton
Sans show, pomposity, gibberish
Mindful of my business and my work.

Thou I am a poverty ridden hag
But I lit in my heart candles of love
To share our woes, mirth and laughter
To help each other in need and adversary.

We work together with our crude hands
Sweat and toil, bleed day in and day out
On farms, factories, lifting loads and garbage
Run trains, taxis, autos, all and sundry

We don't loot but bear hunger and thirst
Thou shelter less, sans water electricity and medicines.
Our fate and condition is destined, we accept.
Only a poet's pen can write about us.



THUS ROAMS “DARIDRA NARAYANA”

When ‘Daridra Narayana’ roams the towns
 Villages, cities of our beloved country,
 Unlike ‘Midas Touch’, his feet would turn
 Every place topsy turvy, chill penury
 Enveloping citizens, spreading plague
 Cholera, dysentery and floods inundating
 Grilling, grinding, teasing and suffocating
 Dashing all hopes with dreams fading.
 Mile long lined buckets to fetch water
 From tankers by rich and sundry.
 The dreaded Saturn with its evil eye,
 Refusing to accept the ‘Shanthi pooja’
 The ‘Rahu’, ‘Ketu’ and ‘Kuja’ unleashing terror.
 The Mighty ‘Guru’, ‘Ravi’, ‘Chandra’, ‘Sukra’, ‘Budha’
 Tuning away their faces pitilessly
 Men and dogs scramble for food in dust bins
 Naked children willowing for a pint of milk
 While men in whites, saffron looting the country’s wealth.



MY GOOD OLD FRIEND

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 aarti –
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
As if to say. I am everywhere.
Adorning different dresses and manners
Muttering in different tongues the same Name.



AH! GUJARAT!

Those innocent eyes luster lost,
Forlorn sad with dashed hopes, dreams.
Tears dried up, mind benumbed
Now, left as orphans, by arsonists.

What wrong had they done?
For the parents and homes
To be burnt in the carnage.
Godra and while of Gujarat in turmoil

Defenders of faith in Khaki,
With spears, swords and bombs.
With new slogans 'blood for blood'
Ah, Mahatma! Whither ahimsa!

'Kutb's' and 'Taj's minars' struck
Pride of Bharat, now lay shattered!



LAMENT OF A SHADY TREE

When the wood alter stuck his axe
On the huge umbrella shaded tree
I left the pain in my desolate heart
And it bled with severe pain.
The wounded tree's sorrow filled tears
Flowed through my grief filled eyes
The Tree spoke through me its tale
To the heatless wood cutter.
O you tyrant! Stop your merciless strikes
Stop hitting and wounding me with your axe
Don't cut me down and maul me.
For my Lord has breathed life in me,
With love and pitiful care
I am made up of every element
The glorious sun sheds its light on me
The clouds hover in sky with soft winds
To shower the peals of water for me
My roots deep, find the streams below
To nourish and nurture me
I glow and grow in light and shade.
My beloved Lord has protected me
From evil men and dangerous animals.
Oh! Now you heartless woodcutter
Look how mercilessly I am being cut down
O Tyrant! Know, I am loved by my Lord
Do realize what would pass on my beloved.

My growth with flush full branches many
With my ever greenery and blooming flowers
My swinging and fluttering
Creating currents of sweet flowing air
My ever flourishing branched umbrella
My ever green and golden leaves
My fragrant and blossoming flowers
My ever exuberant barked branches
Is a source of joy and ecstasy
For the entire teeming humanity
I bear the parching and fierce sun
The thunder and lightning cannot destroy me
I stand pray fully in ever bliss and love
Steadfast, firmly and deeply rooted in the soil.
The twinkling stars throw their glow on me
The moon flashes its luminous light on me
I bear severe droughts and famine
For I am blessed with my Lord's Grace
Oh you heartless woodcutter! Know you
The birds of various hues sing songs for me
My sigh and tears from dark somber clouds
Thunder, lightning strikes and if rains
My branches shelter squirrels, birds, crows
Peacocks, insects, warns aplenty.
All are joyful and play mirthful tunes
That pleases the lonesome lover

O you tyrant! Strike not with face at me
I bleed and shed tears at your treachery
You know how much love and music
Fragrance and scent I bear within
To delight the entire world
We trees create an environment.
I feed the hungry animals with my leaves
My shade protects a tired traveler
Poets compose poems and eulogize me
I am friend of all, all embrace me
My fruits are food for one and all
Birds, insects, worms, men and animals
All depend in my leaves, flowers and fruits
I am unconcerned with stones thrown at me
I feel happy to bear the aunt of the school boys
O heartless tyrant! Know you and understand
My love has enlightened dear souls
My every being and every cell bear love
My loaves have magical remedies
To cure, enliven, cherish sick bodies.
My dried leaves bear elixir for diseases.
My bark, my gum, my resins
All are beneficial to the mankind
Scientists & 'Vaid's' do research on me
My varied colorful ever fragrant flowers
Join you all every occasion

My nectar is for honey and scents
 And to please the soreful eyes for ever
 Sans me there is no wedding function
 My flowers join in every celebration, festivity

In joy and grief, I am your friend
 My flowers bring you succor and solace
 I am a companion of dead ones
 Men of all hues In grief hug me tight
 I am a bier end rest with you in grave
 I remind you of the everlasting love
 I am a friend of ascetics and lovers
 I am with living as well as with the dead
 My twigs and branches create lilting music
 All the musical instruments, I create for you
 I bear within the fire and the flames
 My charged breath cleanses the elements.
 My trunk and branches cleanses the elements.
 Furniture, boats, ships ad carts.
 You make several instruments out of me
 I am useful as a pen, a gad, a stool
 I am that table and chair for your judge
 I am the gallows for yaw criminals
 I am a cudgel, a rod to spoil the child
 I am a companion for the old and the infirm
 They walk holding my stick

I bear rubber for you tyres and tubes
My multiple bearing emerges from my love.
My Lord's compassion flows through me
O pitiless, heartless woodcutter!
I am for paper for pen, for stand
For students for wiling and reading
O You fool I support from axe too!
You cut me to pieces mercilessly
O murderer, you are sans pity for children
For their innocence, for their sweetness
They put swings on my strong branches
They play hide and seek; Jump with joy
You make ornamental boxes out of me
You store your treasure and grains in it
Look what my Lord's love has turned me
My every being is for benefit of all
O you fool! Know that I turn to coal
I get decayed to form mineral oil
You get petrol, diesel, plastic, tar.
I am giver of all you benefits
My sweet love turns to cotton fiber
I turn into a wheel to spin cloth for you
I hide your shame and beautify you.
I protect your body, I serve you.
O you betrayer! I am grace of your Lord
His Mercy is bestowed through me

Know well that you are a disgrace
You by destroying me is harming yourself
You are destroying your culture, music.
You are your own stark enemy
O you fool! Listen and bear my words
For great sages, ascetics and saints
All have sat under me to meditate
To reach to the pinnacle of peace.
Now by cutting me down
You are destroying universal peace.



HAIKU

Brotherhood of world
Crushed, burnt in America
In the name of Islam



The towering hell
The black turban of terror
Strikes at the world peace.



The jewel of peace
Now shattered to smithereens
Alas, black terror!



The burring tower
Brought down by men of terror
Of Might, now humbled.



The pigeon of peace
Its wings burnt by terrorist
Humanity weeps.



Early morning rose
Got crushed under the debris
Banish black terror

◆◆◆

A Crow sings its songs
But none listens to it
Unsweet melodies.

◆◆◆

Dilly dallying
Wavering mind sans calmness
Tempests, storms in sea.

◆◆◆

High voltage current
Anger burns all that is good
Show mercy on self.

◆◆◆

Seasons change clockwise.
Suns and Moon play hide and seek
Fashions set the tunes.

◆◆◆

Flowers emit scent.
Amorous thoughts grips the mind
Sparkling charm in youth.

◆◆◆

Sharpen tongue to fight
Pick personal axe to grind
Cut friends to pieces.

◆◆◆

Man in high places
White snow on high altitudes
Melt in hot seasons

◆◆◆

Demands of dowry
Baby weeps, mother is dead
Milk dried forever.

◆◆◆

Clasp crowning glory
White the sun is shining high
Churn and enjoy cream.

◆◆◆

Love can't be bargained.
It is a priceless treasure
Weigh not it in pains.



Gifts are never spurned.
What is blessed thro' one's good heart.
It is to charm the mind.



FOUNTAINS OF HOPES

SELECTED POEMS

PAST SHADOWS

The dead past with haunting memories.
Like a steam engine, shunting up and down
Whistling, jetting out smoke and sparks
Screaming its sirens and horns
Slowly and steadily overwhelming
The consciousness, the jittery mind.
The silence in the air like an old lady
Cringing, cowering setting ennui.
The listless journey's pace at snail speed
In a rickety bullock cart, with jingling bells.
The shallow paths with muddy pot holes, thorns
Living in quagmire with dull surroundings.
Day and night pause, to look back
And watch the dark shadows melting away.



GLITTERING LOVE

The threshold of love,
Glimmers like a twilight.
Separating the light and darkness.
A horizon where sky meets an ocean.
A shore between land and a sea.
Like a stream passing through a parching land.
Let me bow and place my brow,
On the altar, where love oozes.
My thousand supplications on pulpit melt
And passes into oblivion sans acceptance.
But a single glance and glimpse
Of love, surpasses the dreary moments.



PASS ON

I wish I melt away like an ice.
Evaporate like steam in the thin air,
On the orange sun shining bright.
Then be a stone in a running stream.

Let me be a pilgrim in a caravan.
To pass on to the antiquity.
In a white shroud to eternal obscurity.
Then limp like a blind beggar in typhoon.

Night's canopy has spread like a vampire's wings.
Lightning hardly brightens the pathways.
Breathless silence standing still in snaking streets.
My whooping cough disturbs the darkness around.

Chimneys are all choked, hearths cold.
Granaries empty, ponds, rivers parched.
Sickle, axe, plough lying in a corner.
Hungry children's cry rends the chill air.



COOL STREAMS

There was a time when I found him
Calm, and serene sans tension.
I took it to be his weakness,
His inability to be zestful

Today, when I look back.
I do feel that I was wrong.
He was always cool
To the turbulent surroundings.

He knew one thing, perhaps, that
To strive for something unusual.
For hopes, to touch the zenith,
Are mere mirages and clouds to melt

My son tells me what I spoke
To my loving dad, in my teens.
My ranting, hooting, shouting
Hardly stirred the silent flowing streams.



RAINING FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

The big mighty brothers, with fiery eyes;
Along with their hefty bully younger ones.
March with their forces and fighters.
To rob the riches and treasure of their brother.
To loot, ravish, plunder his home, family.
To let rivers of blood, scorch and burn
All the perfumed gardens of love.
The jewel of peace is shattered
To smithereens. The mirror
Reflecting splendor and glory
Lay in pieces. Mourning is deep.
The blue canopy is turned red.
Father in heaven, mother by his side.
Weep for lost sanity and equanimity.
Terror turns to vanquish a dictator.
But snatches the twinkle from tiny tots.
The suckling ones are roasted alive.
Tender ones are rolled down.
Lovely roses are left to dry in parched lands.
O Heaven! Where is Thy promised Mercy?
Thou art Stupendous and Tremendous!
Does Thou destroy what Thou create?



DIVE DOWN

My deep sub-conscious mind,
Drenched with millennium
Thoughts of my fore-bearers,
Of their desultory living in parched lands.
Unmindful of the blistering fiery sun.
Of pangs of hunger, bare-bodied.
The deep hidden hood strikes,
Whenever heavenly pleasures surrounds –
To make me oblivious of the pussy wounds;
Of the marshy thorny paths.
The soaring skylark dives down,
To be hunted and encaged.
The short lived freedom, mirth and joys,
Gets drowned in mire.



ABSENCE RINGS

Roses in December hasn't bloomed.
Stillness in the air is chilling.
Dense fog has choked the visibility.
Ah! Where now the warmth of my beloved?

My throbs and fire in my bosom.
My longings in my heart.
My searching, tearful eyes,
Pierces the dark veil for a glimpse.

Spring has dawned sans fragrance.
The gardens are all desolate.
The nightingale's sweet songs are missing.
My beloved's absence adds to my woes.



SLIPPERY LOVE

Yes, we sing tearful songs.
Songs to cheer the desolate heart.
But the passing shadows,
Eclipse the bright round one.
The dark clouds have all melted.
Where now the silvery lining?
The burning candles are to pop out.
To leave me in darkness and in silence.
Whither the fragrance of rose?
That once caused ripples in me.
The torturous path of slippery love,
With deceptive face is to give blues or fragrance.



DISMAL FUTURE

The volcanic eruptions
Have melted the warm
Relationships bridging gaps.
Now thrown on the blistering
Sandy deserts to face storms.
The shady trees giving shelter,
Fragrant flowers, fruits and breeze.
Are all dried up forever.
Ozone layer and water table
Have evaporated, to expose
Me and my surroundings
To torturous situations.
To ever weep and curse,
Our dismal destiny



AMIDST VULTURES

She had just crossed her youth.
Happily licking the honey of charm,
With budding blooming flowers around.
Enjoying the fragrance and the calm.

As sudden as smiles came to her,
It vanished like morning dew.
Left her exposed to the blistering sun.
Sans shelter or a kerchief to dry her tears.

The roots that gave her sap suddenly dried up.
The brimming well with fresh water,
The flowing rivers and the springs,
All chose to stop flowing for ever for her.

Destiny's iron hands have snatched her purdah.
Now, she is exposed to vultures.



BELLS OF OBLIVION

When in a desolate state,
I lie down and watch the ceiling.
The swirling fan brings to my mind,
The feeling of making a long train journey.
Life begins to take a tumble.
I feel being glued to a seat.
Watching scenes after scenes,
Of hills, rivers, deserts, forests, plains,
Streams, bridges, fields, stations and stations.
The jittery train nervously moving ahead.
Slowly covering the journey mile by mile.
Umpteen co-passengers, hawkers, befriending.
Hour after Hour pass into night and day
The journey continuously ringing bells of oblivion.



MERA BHARAT MAHAN

I am not going to speak
About the disasters
Cyclones, Havoc,
Terrorism and Corruption
Nor
Of our past glory
Of famous rule of Akbar
Of architecture of Taj Mahal
Of Temples of Konark
Nor
Of the modern India
Of improvements in city life
Of reigning bureaucracy
Of roads, dams and bridges
Nor
Of per capital income
Of agricultural output
Of factories, defense production
Of population explosion, birth control
But
Let me speak
Of our unity in diversity
Of our spiritual values, diverse literature.
Of our religious tolerance
Of our spicy foods, films, music & dance.

Of our colorful dresses, head gears.
O! Bharat Mahan
Thou have lived from antiquity
Thou shall live for eternity.



FOUNTAINS OF HOPES

Oh! If only could I sow stars,
Moons on the galaxies, where,
Now is littered with blood.
Bring in silence to the turbulent floods.
To the love starved generations,
Only could I sow rainbows, roses.
Create founts in the flaming deserts.
Bring fragrance to the decaying souls.
Where now the scintillating music?
The cheers, charms, the lullabies.
For sweet dreams, hopes to linger,
The dazzling sun has burnt the gardens.
Let's find shores bereft of saline waters.
A place where brimstones don't rain.



A CRY IN MISERY

The silence of the valleys
Have come to greet me.
The icy mute tombs beckon me
The chilly winds of snow bound mountains
Enwrap me, to shudder for warmth, comfort.
I cry, wail, and weep for a flame, pepper, salt
For a pint of milk, sugar and sauce
But the sun has gone into the hiding
The thick fog has chocked the visibility
I am a friendless destitute.
O Heaven! Let Thy Mercy dawn
To snuff out the breath to a state of stillness
Oh! What a mystery? Misery forsakes the miser,
While blues and black surround me.



TOGETHER WE BLOOMED

We boarded for a long arduous journey.
Waltzing through starry space, crossing
Fiery seas, deep oceans, flowing rivers,
Barren hills snowy peak mountains.
Passing over flaming trackless deserts.
Landed to stay in an ancient city.
Where sturdy warriors met with shining swords.
Where bloody battles were fought and kingdoms lost.
Where monuments were built and gardens laid.
Where lengthy debates held and poetry flowed.
Where saints, sages met for inner growth.
Sooner and later the throbbing metropolis,
Engulfed us, took us in its mighty arms.
Put us on a high pedestal, where men
With learned length and thundering sound.
Enamored us with lightening speed, the flowing wisdom.
Showered their shiny pearls gathered from fathomless seas.
Spread the fragrance, scent from chosen perfumes.
To draw from our bosoms just rulings.
Let memories remain green forever and ever.



O 'TALIBAN'

Compassion that should ooze from the heart.
But hatred like hemlock does the body apart.
You call them 'Kafir' bound for hell.
While you grow opium to sell.
Brotherhood, a parochial term, you practice.
For your own selfish needs as a tactic.
Woman you marry, to divorce to remarry.
To chain, enslave and make her carry
Woes, keep in seclusion, pardah for ever.
Darkness surrounds you, when you desert her.
You cut hands, stone a sinner to death.
Whither love for humanity on this earth?
Soul rending music does not stir you.
O 'Taliban'! Shun violence, acquire world view.



RECORDED MOMENTS

I turned the pages of my life, my diaries
The recorded events, old albums, collections.
There were moments of exhilarations in darkness and light.
Enchantment with fragrances, melting mirages, hopes.

Hysteric laments on passing away of dear ones.
Haunting dreams of forlorn love, lost promises.
Glimmering unions, passionless splendors,
Erotic songs, secret messages to weave hearts with love.

Childhood fantasies withering away like a rose.
Life passing through a checkered board, on snake & ladder.
A game played with dice, hide and seek, ice pice,
Colorful marbles, kites flown in gusty winds.

Heart beats rhythmically, unmindful of changing times.
But mind records all and all, to yearn and recall.



SILENCES

There was silence, an uncanny weird one.
A chilly moment, blood curdling, freezing.
Darkness, shadows falling on life's melodies.
Songs of happiness melting away in agony.

I was passing through deserted cities
Where people defecate in open fields.
Discordant notes emerging from dark souls.
Mute monuments being witness to calamities.

Love forsaken to deserted islands.
Sea shells on shores hiding pain.
The crushed dreams wailing in loneliness.
Distant desperate eyes watch silence in melancholy.

Rishies, yogis, mahatmas meditate in silence.
To go higher up in secret galleries to meet the Divine.



MIGHTY FEAR

Fear like a mighty venomous snake,
Coils my past memory.
To block my pristine sight.
To create illusions, deliriums.
To drown the sharp intelligence,
In the fathomless ocean of darkness.
Creating obstructions to perceive
The unknown, the unfathomable.
I am caught in the web of prayers.
To get released from darkness of fear;
Which clings to my body like leeches,
To freeze my soul and numb my feelings.
I yearn to fly like a free skylark.
Flirt from flower to flower like a butterfly.
To suck the nectar, to spread fragrance.
To tranquilize my heart, subside the storms within.



TRANSFORMATION

My heart is enveloped with blanket of pathos
Blood curdling life experiences mingled with pain
Has choked my voice, clouded my thinking
Hidden in my bosom are bleeding dreams.

Universal lamentation on freezing of Jews
In gas chambers; nations splintered
Everyday somewhere Godra enacted
Fires burning children; chained insane persons.

Temples of peace shattered in earth rattling quakes
Gandhies, Luther King, Kennedy assassinated
Can fires be doused, to raise gardens of love?
Bring twinkle in tiny eyes; a smiling Theresa.

Let's weave hearts with virtues of love
Transform rivers of blood to milk of human kindness.



HAPPY TIMES

'Those days of corporeal punishments are no more.
No more you need to cut the hands for theft.
Stone to death for adultery, hang a petty thief.
Nor hit a child on head or on buttocks.

Mercy from heaven has descended to harbor love.
To ring the bosoms and drive away the fears.
To illumine hearts and minds for greater freedom.
Liberty is now on march to unite man and man.

Tyranny has taken a flight, cruelty has vanished.
The pans of justice are held even for everyone.
Peace prevails to soothen the eyes and hearts.
The gardens of love and affection are sweet.

Lets wipe the tears of sorrows from every eye,
Let none go to bed hungry, live bare sans clothes.



WAR & PEACE

How many widows, orphans, old people
Must have wept, cried in pain and in distress.
When enemies overran, to wreck vengeance,
To destroy, ravage, rape and plunder.

Those were the days with no doctors around.
Sans orthopedic aids to put wounded
On crutches. Crippled soldiers maimed.
Cruelty at its worst, sans humanity.

Has the times changed now for the better?
When tyranny leaves its own trial of sorrow,
Humane face of mankind torn by horror.
Be shaming Prophets, Sages and Saints.

Ushering in blindness, lameness, hunger, death.
Terror, war, strife tears peace to shreds.



SHUT THE TRAP

If I utter the Truth,
Like Mansoor Hallaj, my fate
Would end up, like millions.
Who lose the game
Before it begins.

Do I need to accept
The much said fact
That “We are all puppets
In the Hands of the Master
Who designs His own game”.

Or do I dare the storms.
The waves and the currents.
And get lost like a Salmon.

Or do I give myself in.
Like a dried leaf.
To be taken to oblivion.
No, I shall stand my ground.

What If I am taken as a novice,
A loud mouth, a baseless vessel.
A hollowed trunk, a trumpeter,
A Charlie, a buffoon, a mad cap?

Do I need to take a lesson or two?
From the bygone pages of history
Of bloodshed, animosity, hatred
And shut my trap as a goon!



DREAMS FOR MERGER

The sweet dreams, the unpolluted ones,
One clings, to draw daily succor from
That cherishes one another, binds like a glue
And attachments to strengthen the frail hearts.
The lovely maiden in her imagination,
Swirls with her lover, dreams of merger.
The widow piously preserves her memories,
Lamenting daily on the loss of joys and glees.
A dear bosom friend fosters loyalty,
as flowers spread fragrances around.
A child clings to the mother like a creeper,
And sweet love that enjoins one another.
For, intimacy of souls is deep indeed!
To bring hearts, minds and bodies closer & closer.



TEARS, TEARS, TEARS

Tsunami, Tsunami, Tsunami.
O! You are a bolt from the blue.
A tidal wave to sweep the coastal line.
To drown the young and the old.
Cataclysmic traumas to one and all.
Tearful mourning, heart rending scenes.
Those who came to you, O Shore! for joy,
You have taken them away in your bosom,
Forever for us to shed tears.
You have beaten man black and blue
To make us realize the transience
Of time, and all that is created
To wither, crumble and melt away,
Away to oblivion, never to reappear.



CHILLY MOMENT

The black-hooded clown with scepter and crown.
On a dark weird night of silence.
Knocks the heavily guarded
Mosaic tiled home.
Decorated with chandeliers and marble.
On the cozy cushioned bed lay
His victim gasping for breath.
A damsel of rare beauty,
Clinging him like a creeper.
The guards hypnotized fall apart.
The doors flung open in a flash
Of a moment to make way
For the king of chillness, to collect
His booty, the spirit of his crippled victim.
The pleading damsel's agony nor the
Wealth in exchange would please the vampire.
With lightning speed, he collects the dark soul
And disappears into nothingness.



COLD WAVES

When someone dear departs.
The mood of mourners flashes not
Eclectic joys but splashes chill
Cold icy waves of tears and cries.
Hiccups, fainting, uncontrolled, unabated.
Outbursts of deep affectional traumas.
The blue sky, the white clouds,
The multicolored roses turn themselves
Grisly and somber reminding
Of the ONE, who has set
This wheel of life to churn
Grease not cream, to oil itself.
Oh! Look, how all assemble, cuddle,
Shake, furtively, forgetting
Bitterness, coming closer, hugging.
Seeking each other to console.
To lift the sagging spirits.
And offer to the departed soul
Handful of soil, as blanket of love,
To cover the womb of silence.



HAIKU

Piercing sunny light
Illumining the dark souls
Beware of darkness

◆◆◆

The fast train
Bull on tracks
Black crow flies

◆◆◆

The moth flirts around
The flickering candle
Withering petals

◆◆◆

Eagles fly swiftly
Raises mushroom clouds from ground
Pregnant woman aborts

◆◆◆

The trackless desert
The silence of the valleys
Lone moon in dark sky

◆◆◆

Fresh autumnal green
Reflects the splendor of sun
For the soul to gleam

❖❖❖

A dew on a leaf
To melt away soon in air
On first glimpse of rays.

❖❖❖

IN RARE MOMENTS
SELECTED POEMS

LONGINGS

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

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

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

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



THE END

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

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

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

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



OH! DEADLY SILENCE!

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

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

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

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



ON TOP OF THE WORLD

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



SWEETENED LOVE

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

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

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



SUMMER BLUES

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



NOTHING TO BEAT

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



TAKE AWAY

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

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

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

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



CURRENCY – SOLE ENEMY

Go to the public bath to pay service tax.
Now the barber, beauty-parlor demand cuts.
Let's share "fifty-fifty", the taxman is at the door.
There is no need for safety-lockers these days.

My wedding-suit is not spared by the laundry.
Say "Namaz" at "Mandappam" then fleece him.
The Tirupathi "Ladoo" as "Prasad" is also squeezed.
The net is widening with shark like teeth.

"Let's adjust", let's adjust" is the wholesome cry
"Cut the corners, here", "Cut it there, anywhere"
Mistaken identity has become bane of the day!
Who will be dragged next by the collar? Keep fingers crossed!

The sole-enemy of the day is money.
The bull in the market is currency.



REACH “MOKSHA”

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

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

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

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



O! SWEET MOTHER

You are the whisper of the leaves,
As I walk down the garden,
You are the smell of fragrance,
In my freshly-laundered clothes.
You are the cool hand on my brow,
When I am sick and unwell.
You are pearl in my tear-drop.
You are my first love and affection.
You are my barometer and senses,
You are my breath and health.
You are life-star to guide me forever.



CLOSING CHAPTER

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



TWINKLING EYES

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



DESOLATE DAMSEL

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

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

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

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



YOUR GLANCE

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

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

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

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



MASTER'S GLORY

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

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

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

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



SWEET NIGHT

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

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

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

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



A RARE GIFT

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

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

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

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



RARE MOMENTS

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

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

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

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



NATURES WAYS

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

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

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

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



JUSTICE DONE

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



HAIKU

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

◆◆◆

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

◆◆◆

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

◆◆◆

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

◆◆◆

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



IN SACRED MOMENTS

SELECTED POEMS

IN SACRED MOMENTS

Like a child cuddling in the arms of the mother.
Oblivious of the mischief done the whole day,
To make the mother run around and round.
To make her mad with frenzy and to weep.
I, lost in my thoughts, turn to my Creator.
Oblivious of the umpteen sins committed by me.
I had broken the “Lakshman Rekha”; like Adam.
Shown jealousy and arrogance like Satan.
Yet, when I am in submission in prayers.
I am like a child in the arms of my mother.
O Lord! Forgive my erring soul and mind.
Enlighten the soul to sing paeon to Thee.
Let my sacred moments be dear to me.
Let Thy effulgence shine forever on me.
(Amen)



ENLIGHTEN SOUL

I have captured the sun in my heart.
And the moon in my mind.
Now the love for my Master,
Will never wane nor get lost.
The stars in my eyes twinkle.
The cool breeze from all sides,
Adds to my hopes and dreams.
The skyline is lit with twilight.
Life which was measureless and dull.
Has now enlivened and found pace.
The shadows are waning away.
Love is now a perfumed garden.
O Master, Can I have your glimpse.
To lift my sagging spirits, enlighten soul.



DANCE TO THE NATURE'S TUNES

Every morning hour is racy, in damning hurry.
The shiny magnetic sun gives a shrill cry.
The burning stomach is a black furnace.
Setting the body and tiny brains ablaze.
To make early hungry birds to catch the worms.
Fancy, what the maid and house wife would do?
Fire! Fire is lit through glowing gas, fire wood.
You need abundant heat to quench the hunger.
Till the soil to grow more and more.
Work and do more work for economy.
Every dawn enacts its own drama anew.
To make men to dance to its own tunes.



ZENITH OF INNER PEACE

While trying to retrace old
Ancient path of wisdom.
You find on the way, deadly
Venomous creatures, snakes.
To obstruct your path.
To distract your mind.
To disturb your peace.
To destroy your tranquility.
To disable your efforts.
To discourage your lively spirits.
You need to concentrate on your
Goals with single-minded devotion.
When you overcome all your hurdles,
You reach the zenith of inner-peace.



SAINTS AND RISHIS

“Chased by celestial beings.
The sun hid in my heart.
The moon in my mind.
And stars in my eyes.
Nor Tsunamis, nor quakes.
Nor tornados nor storms.
Could now shake me.
I am planted firm in cosmos.
Beauty and luster flow through my eyes.
Million lights beam through myself.
Fire from my tongue can burn my enemies.
Nothing is hidden from my gaze”
Such were the claims of the Saints and Rishis.
Can we hope to have their glimpse now?



FALL OF CURTAIN

Our buddies bring back good old memories.
Invigorating like tea and coffee.
Accompanied by tasty biscuits, chips.
Talking about by-gone times,
About old flames and body pleasures.
Missed opportunities, ill-luck, bad omens.
Repeating again and again about changed times.
And we becoming misfits, as left outs.
Some among us have passed away,
Leaving a vacuum like a chopped tree.
Some are crippled without any memory.
Some are famous high flyers.
A long silence drops suddenly.
Like a curtain after close of show.



EMBRACE ME

Today, when the evening was drawing close.
The cuckoo's cooing and repeated call.
Drew in my bosom a ring for my dear.
Her long absence has made my life listless.
The setting sun throwing a curtain on memories.
The inky sky covered with dark clouds,
Without any silver lining and shine,
Without any rainbows, gardens without flowers.
Ah! My dear! Plant a kiss in my thoughts.
Let fragrance spread in my soul.
Appear in my dreams with cheers.
To lighten my sorrows and grief's.
Do not fade away like crayons.
O dear, come and embrace me.



ADORING SAINTS

By visiting the graves,
Mausoleums of saints.
We draw inspiration.
From their lives and works.
Their humanity, generosity.
Their culture, gentleness.
Their humility, sincerity.
Their godliness, simplicity.
Their silence, benevolence.
Their calmness, sweetness.
Their love and affection.
Their kindness, compassion.
Their charity, benevolence.
Their broad mindedness, vision.
Their learning and wisdom.



THE GREAT UPHEAVAL

Two lakh sorties by fighter jets.
Dropping bombs on a tiny nation.
Organized by the great Yankees,
With conflagration of white Nations.
Millions migrating to the neighboring
Countries with their kith and kin.
Facing a great upheaval. An
Old civilization broken-up to smithereens.
Everyday car bombs killing hundreds
An assumed dictator now hanged!
Democracy and liberty shutting eyes
With a white strip, tripping the balance.
The Yankees now drinking gasoline
To quench the desert thirst.
Pumping oil to fleets of automobiles.
Looting ship loads of wealth with pelf.
Tiny toddlers crying out for their lost milk.
Women in purdah hiding shame and pain.
Whither justice! Man the marauder,
Destroying the peace of the globe.
O Baghdad! Your ancient beauty,
Now ravished and plundered.
Innocents killed and buried unsung.
Whither peace? The arrow has pierced the dove.
When Ghengis Khan pillaged you, ages ago,
You stood firm and conquered him.

The Mongols were subdued and converted.
Now are Yankees going to wear white caps?
O Mother of cities! Do not be dismayed?
You would win, you will bounce back.
You have great propensity to overcome
All evils, all dangers, all disasters.



FALLEN IDOLS

I couldn't believe that my idols,
My god, my avatar, my ideals;
Could one day, right before my eyes
Would die, and would be consigned to dust.
The earth under my feet slipped.
I felt like falling in a bottomless pit.
The ground lost its gravity.
Like a meteorite, I fell in the space.
The stars that had gathered in my heart.
To ever throw their beams of light.
Have lost their luster and way.
The gloom has darkened the empty spaces.
Can life again offer those charms?
Can withering age restore the calm?



MY BEST HALF

My better half does all that is required
To be done, to keep me cheerful.
Run errands to fetch household items.
Keeps the house spick and span.
Rings up to doctor to get me medicine.
Protects me from cold, fever, ailments.
Provides hot water in chilly season.
Every moment stands in my service.
But commands me not to chew pan
No cigarette, beedi or beer.
No game of cards with friends around.
Be like a solitary bird on a tree.
The choice of clothings to wear is not mine.
All matching of shirts and ties are her's.
I need to maintain table manners.
Follow the regimen to eat, what is provided.
My better half has now become best half.
Outshines everyone to provide a cozy world.
But I need to shell down currency every day.
Keep her in good cheers all the time.
My movements are restrained, glances stilled.
Enchained, mere dreams remain unfulfilled.



GLITTERING LOVE

SELECTED POEMS

A VOICE IN OBLIVION

Sheets of cold icy rain benumbs me,
Sends a shudder in my person.
I look around for some shelter;
For a warm hearth for protection.

I run for cover to hide my hoary head.
Ah! This fly-over is my canopy!
Like a weary traveler, I lean against its pillar,
To escape from gushing waters, fierce wind.

I howl but my voice is stifled.
I lie on the mud and weep.
Oh! This sunken humanity is merciless.
None to give me a blanket for warmth.

I see a poster on the walls around,
Of a 'hand', promising heaven on earth.



IN UNDYING BLISS

The mind, when it imagines,
When it dreams very often,
It is like watching
A television serial.
If only I could see Thee
In the form of Lord Krishna,
To tell me that I am Kamadhenu.
In the form of Lord Ibrahim, to overcome
The ordeals of test of Love.
In the form of Moses, to tell me,
That I can overcome my enemies.
In the form of Lord Jesus, to overcome
The failures, sickness and misery.
In the form of Lord Mohammad,
To bless and grant me benediction,
To ever live in bliss, joy, happiness.



CULTURAL CHANGE

I ran into a neo rich man's wife.
Who has now a bob cut hair style.
Learnt to flash diamond rings.
Drives a saloon A-C big car.

Talks of her holidays to Paris, London.
Bangkok, Jakarta and holy pilgrimages too!
Her wild experiences; her picnics.
Her crushes, marketing in big malls.

Oh! She can speak about charity balls;
Sufi music at high clubs, dance parties!
Her husband playing golf with pipe in mouth.
Long morning walks with doberman.

Pandit Sankar's music, visit to Ravi's ashram.
Participating in marathon walks, race horses.
She is all in all, always light humored.
Enjoys loaf's and lamb soup, chicken 'tikkas'.

Talks of gourmets; variety being spice of life.
Neo rich are good specimens of cultural change!



DECAYING TIMES

They say that when you rub two dry sticks,
You get fire for the hearth, to cook
The dead poultry, fish endless menu.
You are what you eat and drink.

Are we free, when we dance to our tunes.
We swim in the back brackish waters.
We look for enormous talents.
To find ways and means to earn our bread.

I noticed foreign couples sitting on
Mausoleums of old forgotten kings,
And saints of yester years, smoking
Ganja and cigarettes, some standing on them.

This middle age years are like
Sinking stone in still deep waters.
Aching from head to toe, with
Haunting dreams and indecisiveness.

The Devil is free to be in everyone's bed.
The passing Time unbothered of decay around.



MOMENTS OF JOYS

The day breaks with multi-colored lights.
Releasing you from the clutches of dreams,
Which holds your heart to ransom.
Causing pain to your mindless thoughts.

Aha! The fresh morning breeze cools you.
The hot beaming tea invigorates you.
The morning newspaper thrills you.
The prayers following nourishes your hopes.

As the Sun lets down its cruel beams.
The day becomes weary and harsh.
The creaky bones, the burning stomach.
The parching throat yearns and yearns.

You slip in the mire or fly in the air.
You look for moments of exhilaration and joys.



SHINING TRUTH

Am I a brazen pot
To go ringing on and on
In long harangues, when struck,
To continue to sound till
A hand is put on me.
Do I ring and sing
To please my own ears.
Yes, when I am with you all
I tend to be foolish in a crowd.
But when I am alone,
In retrospect, I turn to my
Goodness, my innate calmness,
And to patience, to have a glimpse
Of the Truth, the naked Shining Truth.



WATERY GRAVE

The bilious water laden clouds
Have busted continuously, to make
The pregnant crust of the Earth
To deliver floods in many parts
Of our poor, already shattered country.
Our homes and lands are inundated.
We are now driven to seek shelter
Atop trees, caves, abandoned forts.
Our turbaned leader with white lady in tilak
Watches us down our misery
From a flying machine, sitting cozily.
Oh Lord! Is this flood your promised Mercy
To deliver us from our selfish politicians,
Fleeing Taxmen, squeezing businessmen
Looting soldiers and policemen, dacoits.
We've found watery grave sans Noah's Ark.



BROKEN PIECES

I looked for you all over the places
Of pleasures, of sports, of games,
In the search light of my mind.
Your absence everywhere, pained me.

You left me with triple words of “Talak”.
Before I could gather my wits, you were gone.
O Love! Why did you betray me?
Left me to parch in the desert of life.

The daily perfumes and fragrances
Have vanished, now I am left to stench
Ah! Why do I live? I wish I perish.
Then suffocate in this purdah all my life.

Frailty is my name, I am brittle.
I can only break into pieces like glass.



* *Talak*: Divorce

GRIEFS AND SORROWS

Sorrows are lasting to bind the human hearts.
Griefs are to seek comfort and solace.
Joys and mirths separate one another.
Individuals seek it with their lovers.

Rarely does happiness dwell in crowds
Or among Prophets, seers, poets, musicians.
The ignorant with empty hearts seek
For temporal pleasures, which wanes.

Great works of Architects – Taj, Konark
Are the sweat and labor of unsung
Heroes, who lay down their puny lives
For a few pennies paid by their masters.

Oh! Sorrows are the sap of the trees.
In it dwells the spirits of the lovely.



O SOLITUDE!

O Solitude! You reside in the hearts
Of Saints, Rishies, Yogis and Prophets.
In the empty hearts of poets, musicians,
Whose tiny fingers write great works of Art.

O Solitude! You seek company
In the lonely hearts of the lovers,
Whose grace, music, romance and love
Have woven stories, legends to sigh.

Sorrows reside in the temples of silence.
In the towers of excellence and beauty.
To sparkle and glow like Venus
Like full Moon to shed pure light.

Sorrows walk and trample thorns.
To enable joys to walk on roses.



“SARE JAHAN SE ACHA”

Can we hope to see the reoccurrence
Of those golden days of milk and honey,
When the whole Nation rose up as one,
Under the leadership of our Great Mahatma?

When sincerity, honesty and purity were hallmarks.
When truthful life was to be tread by all.
When simplicity and sublimity marked our lives.
When high thinking controlled the minds.

When religious bickering was forgotten.
When Hindu, Muslims marched hand in hand.
When “Sare Jahan Se Acha” and “Jai Hind” was played.
When “Tsware Allah” was on everyone’s lip.

When the term ‘Harijan’, “Children of God” was coined.
When barriers of caste were broken to pieces.



PEACE AT LAST

Now, my relationship has grown thicker.
More thicker than the blood of clan.
The bonds are now unbreakable.
The links are strong like steel.

The jealous heaven is getting ready
To break our love for each other.
It is preparing a mighty fire.
To burn and melt the steely links.

Like Namrood put Abraham in fire.
Like Pharoah put Moses to test.
Like Pharsies put Jesus to cross.
Like Quresh drive away Mohammed.

These threats of war and clamour.
Is sure to end at last in peace.



GLITTERING LOVE

I have already been chosen.
By my Lord for His Glory.
For my tongue to praise Him.
Million times day in, day out.

No one including His deadly enemy,
The Satan, can shake.
My faith, my belief, my love.
In my Unseen Glorious Divine.

My every cell in my body,
Feels the heat, feels for Him
The merciful and the bountiful,
Plays His tunes in my veins.

O! The Greatest of the Great.
Let everyone see my love for You.



HAIKU

There is a silence
Between long cry of cuckoo
Love separated

◆◆◆

Intricate designs
To marvel at the Beauty
Of a Master Hand

◆◆◆

Beauty at display
Multimillion flowers, plants
Of floral designs

◆◆◆

Croaking of the frogs
Thunder, lightning in the dark clouds
A welcome shower

◆◆◆

Marriage on the rocks
Anger, inner jealousy
Barriers for love

◆◆◆

Inner tsunami
Never befriend a cheat, thief
For your destruction

◆◆◆

A kind smiling face
A golden heart with good mind
A gift of Nature

◆◆◆

Streaming like sea weed Labor
pain to crusted earth Earthquake destroys man

◆◆◆

With terror in hands
Minds with evil thoughts and deeds
Devil incarnate

◆◆◆

Streaming like sea weed
Labor pain to crusted earth
Earthquake destroys man

◆◆◆

With terror in hands
Minds with evil thoughts and deeds
Devil incarnate

Inner tsunami
Never befriend a cheat, thief
For your destruction



GARDEN OF BLISS
SELECTED POEMS

THE ENDLESS JOURNEY

Oh! This long endless journey.
Endless till times eternity.
Zest and zeal, quest to know
The inquisitiveness, marvelous.

To discover the cell, the chromosomes,
The DNA, the genes, the structure,
The atom, the neutrons, the protons.
The dimensions of the hidden energy.

To know about the vast expanding universe
The endless space, the black hole
The big bang, the vacuum, the spots
The shrinking stars, the vanishing suns

To know within one's own self
The intricate mechanism of inner being.
The consciousness, the id, ego, super ego.
The significance of symbols, the signs.

The hidden meaning in dreams.
The various planetary positions.
The mystery of their movements.
Their influences, spectacular dimensions.

The spinning earth, the moving Moon,
The crust, mountains, volcanoes,
Rivers, seas, oceans, seasons,
Plants, animals and their genera's.

The origins of species, their extinction.
The survival of the fittest, their strengths.
Ever evolving, ever growing, changing.
The mysteries of particles, germs, viruses.

The pathology of various diseases.
Its prevention and control, its cure.
The nano technology, the bio-chemistry.
The marvels of medical sciences.

The arrival of the computer age.
The digital cameras, tele age.
The cell phones, the gadgets.
Million inventions for daily comforts.

Man an ever marvel, a mystery.
Dogmas, religions, strata of society
Struggle within, economical, social,
Fights, quarrels, deadly wars.

Man is devil to himself.
Enemy of own self, of his neighbor.
Man a friend, a father, a guide, a saint.
Man an ever enigma, a paradox.



NEW CREED

It is place where children
Cannot play their ball.
Nor rose can bloom to
Fill the place with its fragrance.
But only sand dunes
And mirages and oasis.
Yet great minds have leisurely
Walked there leaving foot prints.
And in a sleepy rocky cave
A mystic Prophet had pondered
On the sky filled stars.
And measured the distance
Between the heaven and the earth
To ring in a new message
Of high sounding rhythmic rhetoric.
To fill the minarets,
And make armies run
On the sleepy populace.
With a new found creed.
You cannot ask any more
Of the wine that takes you
To trance or to the same cave,
For peace and meditation, which
No longer rings a fresh breeze.
Now men fill their glass cabinets
With antique pieces and of art
And walls with color boards
Painted by Picasso and Hussain.



NO MORE LIGHT

A place which gave birth
To the man, who regained
The lost paradise now
Mans the saber toothed tiger,
To swallow the new born.
Every new orange light
Glittering the sandy dunes
Makes the blood thinner;
In that small date palm filled
Oasis in the mirror of whose water
Moves the star filled sky.
Where melting dreams are visible.
The steely birds dropping fire and brim stone.
To bring a change in visions
Of young tiny tots, who play
With toy guns, roaming about
As David to hunt for Goliath.
There are no candles to burn there.
But fresh olive oil 'diyas' to brighten
Pathways of the battered building.



OUR PARADISE

This is the ancient land
Where hides of goddess cow
Once holy, is now turned to leather.
The fine shinny shoes for convent schools.
The bones are crushed for gelatin.
To be mixed as an elixir in chocolate
Vitaminised drinks for strength.
The fat is turned to lard.
For pretty women ladies to paint their lips.

This is holy land
Where the coffers are filled
With taxes on hooch, toddy
Filled in tyre tubes, muddy pots.
Wine flows like Ganges and Cauvery.
You get free tickets to watch
“Jai ho” and to vote for the hand.
Every “neta” promises paradise
On this earth, here, here.



ANOTHER FALL

After the first fall from the paradise to earth
A long innings of mirth, joy and pleasure.
Saga of sorrows and then withering away.
Then the gathering of all the souls.
Then this walk on an invisible line drawn
Sharper than sword, thinner than hair.
You need to walk over it.
Below the line, the fire of abyss.
You are sure to fall as you carry
A huge baggage on your back.
But the one, who took the daily chores
As a walk on a thin string
Having practiced well enough,
They would fly on a winged white horse
To reach the heavenly abode.



CREATE LEGENDS

We need to create legends
Of great men doing penance
In caves on highest peak
Of tallest mountains.
Where the spear lightning
Cuts the grey fluffy clouds.
And rain tumbles down
In tornadoes, with crescendo.
Where huge pine trees shivers
Their centurion trunks and
Chill enters your creaky bones.
Where you grow red berries,
That are roasted, grounded
And made into coffee powder.
To boil in hot steamy water.
You slowly sip its bitter taste.
And blow tobacco rolled in paper.
You need to create stories
Of miracles happening suddenly;
In cold December nights and
Also when sweltering Sun sends
Down its beams to strip you
During hot summer days.
You need to hoist green, orange,
Saffron flags and tie
Strips of cloth on sacred trees.

You need to create myths,
To draw crowds, to instill faith.
To ease the wheels of life.
To move forward easily.



TOURIST JAUNTS

This is an ancient temple town,
Where tourists arrive in cars,
In limousines, in lorries, motorcycles.
Carrying cameras with zoom lenses'
Anxious to capture ancient
Stones cut to shapes of all hues
In their videos. Young sprouting
Beauties move about in egg shaped
Dark glasses, in short jazzy skirts
'T' shirts and tight pants.
In one corner, a skeletal looking
Man with tuft, stripped with colors
A white thread across his bare body,
Burning agar, camphor, muttering
An age old bygone days forgotten
Language, attempting to create holiness.
While new age kids swarming like locusts.
Licking ice creams cones, lollipops.
This is a place, where beggars hound,
Fleecing the whites in shorts, some bare chested.
This is a place, where angels once roamed around.



BANISH TERROR*

The black turbaned terror has eloped
With the red crimson dipping Sun,
Leaving a trail of sorrow and grief.
Mumbaikars! You are not alone in pain.

The hidden coward has broken the barriers
Of Security to chill the hearts of millions.
Awake, arise to banish terror from the world.
Now the gods are awakened to avenge!

Before being destroyed, God makes one insane.
Our adversary has let loose mad dogs.
You reap what you sow, O men of clay.
The flames in heart, mind needs to be chilled.

Let's blow the trumpet of peace and love.
March hand in hand to wipe tears from every eye.



* On terror attack in Mumbai on 26.11.2008 killing 180 innocent people and injuring more than 300

ABANDONED RAG PICKER

The freezing chilling penury,
In all its glory has engulfed me.
I am in rags and I pick rags.
I am a rag picker, in matted hair
Perfumes have betrayed me, I stink.
I carry a huge bundle on my back.

Whither compassion, sympathy and pity for me?
Except my companion, my pet doggy,
Who walks with me and wags its tail.
Sleeps where I lie down on the benign earth.
Men, women, children look aghast at me.
My anguishes, pains, agony are deep.
My hunger, my pangs my sufferings are many.
Love has betrayed me, I am abandoned by all.



CHANGING SCENARIOS

The heavy over cast sky.
The frequent solar, lunar eclipses,
Suggest that destiny's iron hand
Has kept color of blood
In store for mosquitoes to swarm.

The hand that rocks the cradle.
The lotus that decorates the vase,
The sickle that clears the crops.
The umpteen symbols, cymbals
Are drumming up to create stories.

Our 'Slum dog millionaire' could create
Fantasies on the silver screen.
Our children in tattered linens
Are satisfied with peanuts
And poppy seeds, and pebbles,
And to play with "gilly danda"
Century, Country club and 'Bowring Institute'
Are hosting "Sufi music" cultural fetes.
Bob cut ladies with manicured nails,
Painted lips are occupying front seats.
During recession, it is time now for relaxation.



LONG TIRING JOURNEY*

The out of breath steam engine
With several long bogies
Has at last reached puffing and jetting
The end of the wry station.
The initial journal was a joy.
Then exiting, then exhilarating,
Then tiring, hoping after hope,
That the rusting train comes to a stop.

The long journey had its
Adventures, its marvels,
Its breakdowns, its hiccups.
Passing through dried river beds
Burning sand dunes, oasis,
Jungles with sweet scented flowers.
Sometimes the aged train chugging
Shunting up and down.
Sometimes it would get derailed.
Breaking the lovely dreams.
There were times when the whistling train
Would stop abruptly midway.
The full white full Moon shining
Making us all walk in its light.
To forget those moments, when
Unexpected stops in sweltering
Heat without cool water or even cucumbers

Would create nightmares and scare.
Now at last we have reached the end,
The weary destination, to rest,
To recoup, to look up for fresh dreams.



* On the eve of my seeking voluntary retirement.

CITY SLUMS NIGHT MARES.

They are all unlettered masses.
Living in places without sanitation.
In thatched roof, broken tiled homes.
They walk to far off places
To fetch a pail of muddy water.
On foot paths are lined with worn out
Clothings washed arranged, for sale.
In another corner elderly men selling
Old rusted goods, hammers, sickles,
Used and broken TV sets, electrical parts.
Scrap items, retrieved doors, windows
From old dilapidated buildings.
In another corner of the snaky streets
Children buy toffees, berries,
Ice candies, marbles and colorful kites.
No one sells dreams in these
Tiny streets, where dogs and cats roam
Freely and the wings of pigeons are clipped.
Beggars sleep on pavements, in deserted homes.



ENDLESS WAIT

The biggest wave carried you to the top of the mountain
You forgot to change your loose "T" shirt
And shorts to colorful suit and jazzy tie.
The show light no longer turns on you.
I am waiting anxiously to hear
The news that should give me peace.
Oh! I cannot wait endlessly now.
Let me at least consult our astrologer,
Or our tarot reader, or our mystic
Friend who with his clairvoyance,
Read the unseen happenings,
That unfold day in and day out.
When the twilight zone lights up
The sleepy eyes brings you in my dreams.



HOW THINGS MERGE

Before the dark heavy laden clouds gather.
Before the mothers, grandmothers pick up
Umbrellas to rush to schools to bring children home.
Before the shoppers hurry to load their wares in their cars.
Before the wearied daily workers rush to complete their jobs.
Before the shiny Sun hides behind the clouds.
There is a quiet moment for one to listen to music.
There is a quiet moment for one to listen to music.
The ecstatic cries of footballers on the ground.
The temple bells ringing, the priest muttering.
There is meeting and partings of joys and pains.
There is blossoming and withering of flowers.
There is brimming of life and closing chapters.
Then there is cloud burst heavy monsoon rains,
The inundating rivers washing away everything.



“AAM AADMI”

Ah! That ease, leisure and comfort
And cozy life, with swarms of mosquitoes
To suck our blood. With marshy land with thorns.
Living subdued under the whites or under
Those wheat faced bearded people with ‘Jhubbas’,
Appears to us to be more of comfort
Of yore, than this mirthful period of
Supposed freedom and slippery joys.
We the rustics are now goaded
With intoxicating white milk and paper currency.
The colored posters with a hand, or
The one with a lotus, or another
With a women carrying bundle of hay, or
Other umpteen symbols, all promising
Heavenly “manna,” “dew” and honey on
This tiny invisible Earth, leisurely moving
Around the fiery, pitiless Sun in this cosmos.
We were all humbled ones drunk with
Umpteen myths and harmless superstitions.
Now replaced with filthy stories
On the silvery screen displaying skinny girls,
Colorful actions creating unhealthy
Desires, making us Satanic.
To put up diabolic, scary actions.
Our peaceful, surroundings now replaced
By motorized, mechanized life.

Quickening our pace with more speed,
With unheard deadly viral flue. Aids
Chicken guinea, hepatitis. Swine flu,
Carcinoma of umpteen types, lung
Shattering pollution; diseases burning our eyes
With industrial fumes and toxins.
Maiming us in our sleep, wakefulness.
Our turbaned leader with white lady besides
Creating illusions and a false paradise.
Promising our “aam aadmi” again of
Those days of leisure, comforts and joys.



* “*Aam aadmi*”: Common man.

APPEASE DEITIES

Oh! The ever demanding deities
 Call for daily offerings at their altars.
 Always threatening to burn down
 The homes, villages, towns
 To turn you to apes and what not!
 Offerings, when made with full love,
 The deities promise to turn your
 Hardened hearts like rocks to softness
 Of butter, to emit pure light.
 The high profile priests, now in latest
 Fashions, up to date with modern gadgets,
 Cell phones, astrological charts, ever busy
 At beck and call, at fixed price,
 To recite in monotonous tone
 The ancient scriptures, to appease gods.
 Ever ready to create new regulations,
 New predictions, “vastu”, “homas’.
 To bring cheer to the desolate hearts.
 Making promises of deities being appeased.
 And they being kept in good humor.
 So also the “Shaani’ god, the “Rahu”,
 “Ketu”, and “Kuja”, perform “Japams.”
 .To change evil constellations and bad omens.
 But all in all to be performed and done
 Only when their palms are greased nicely.



ENJOY THE SACCHARINE SWEETNESS*

I have found new joys, yesteryears
Deep scars are healed, I need to keep
My flag flying, hold my head high.
My legs are no longer in deep shallow waters.
I found firm ground. The sky is clear.
The light around me is pleasant.
The breeze brings me sweet fragrance.
The horses of carriages have found freedom.
I don't need any more voyages, journeys.
What lies ahead is an abode of temptress.
A dancing daffodil, a seductress.
What lies ahead is a slippery path.
A path to rinse away the saccharine sweetness.
A place with deep hidden gloom,
With a cup of hemlock and misery.
My heart is no longer of a lion.
My head is no longer with youthful brashness.
Now, I anchor my ship in this land of legends.
Where wounded soldiers get healed for joys.
Let's enjoy the sweetness of the days ahead.



* On my not moving to Mumbai on transfer.

I BREAK MY JOURNEY*

Now it is time for me to say goodbye!
The halting caravans moves
To find new pastures, new shores.
But I leave it to proceed, I now stay put.
My journey has ended, I have found
Candles, “diyas”, to light my humble dwelling.
I have near me a small well,
A spring with fresh flowing water.
Nearby is a mountain with herbs
And roots to drive away the fret and fever.
The day breaks with pleasant odors.
Night fall brings the Moon’s light.
The stars throw their bright spears.
The ship that sails has found a shore.
No more the back breaking journeys.
The hounding dogs and fear of their bites.
No more fears of unborn tomorrows,
Or unhealing wounds of yesteryears.
Today for me is with perfumes of roses.
The fragrance to last till I go to deep sleep.



* On my taking VRS from govt. service.

HOPE AFTER HOPE

In bygone rusting times of venomous
King cobras crawling freely, moving
About with deep poisonous fangs,
Striking at will saber toothed
Tigers tearing apart Herculean
Wrestlers. There arose a bare footed
Heavenly cherished charming soul;
Without any protective or weapons.
With his sweet melodious voice;
With his soothing, becalming message
Of love and care; arousing
Pity, sympathy among mighty and strong.
For compassion to miserable, suppressed
And down trodden wretched ones.
It was then that Heaven also
Showered “manna”, “salva” and dew.
Shackles of slavery were shattered.
Scavengers were freed from loads
Of night soil being carried on their head.
The Grace, Mercy of Ever Powerful
Sun; the coolness of Moon, the bright
Twinkling spearful light stars,
All showered their effulgence.
Ah! Can we yearn for such
Spirited charming angelic men,
To return to this terror ridden
World, to turn it again into gardens
Of bliss, tranquility and peace.



DIVINE WISDOM

When the Truth dawns with its
Multiple colors at the twilight zone,
With its armory and shinning sword;
The rustic, the mundane delight in calling
Its overtures as a gimmick, mere magic.

When the Truth with its sonorous,
Melodious voice enchants the
Onlookers, they watch its play and dance
And call it as a sheer poetry.

When the Reality sings its own tunes,
To drive away the eternal darkness,
To enlighten the dark souls and mind,
The foolish call it as a mere rhetoric.

When the words of learned length
And mighty effulgence astound
The semiliterate, they pronounce it
As divine wisdom unfolded around.



O SIDDHARTHA

O my Siddhartha! My darling my sweet one.
How I longed for you? How my love uncoiled
When my eyes met yours, your eyes were longing
For something unknown, your anguishes, pain

Unresolved, you had million questions in your mind.
I put my hands around your neck, your back.
Met your lips with mine, the suppleness was gone.
You said you loved me, but loved something unknown more.

One fine morning you vanished like a thin air
Leaving my bed cold and the whole palace was rocked
The golden palanquins were stationary
So also the mighty horses and carriages.

You left the high and mighty empire for jungles.
To meditate, contemplate on the obscurity.
To find answers to your ever puzzling mind.
To quench the thirst for knowledge of the unknown.

O my darling Siddhartha! Misery and suffering moved you.
Sorrows of the world burnt your heart, rend your mind.
You sought solutions to the suffering mankind.
Your deep meditation, silence of mind found answers.

You found deep attachments to desires and ambitions
Are the cause for unhappiness, sorrow, disarray.
Right conduct, right action, right speech, right thought
And eight fold paths would relieve man of his soul's burden.

You showed man kind to relieve inner conflicts,
Inner burdens and ways to avoid sins.
To achieve happiness, bliss and 'Nirvana.'
To be ever light in body, mind and soul.



THE BEST HALF

One thing I found after three decades
Of marriage is that it is impossible
To befriend and console your best half.
It is impossible to satisfy all her
Urges, fancies, fantasies, dreams.
All the time she has one complain
Or other, one grouse or another.
All the silks, gold, wealth you showered
On her goes in vain, in drain.
She has imaginary grievances,
Grouses, umpteen complains on sundry matters
She questions your intentions, your loyalty,
Your faith, your words of honor.
She is always doubting, putting you
To test and 'agni pariksha'.
Shame abandons her, unabashedly
She curses you. But she prides for being
A good captain to sail you to shores,
In all your most difficult times.
Saved you from clutches of agony and pain.



HAIKU

Ring in and ring out
To bring cosmic harmony
All march hand in hand

◆◆◆

Life is a riddle
A most ugly situation
Brings storms, tsunamis

◆◆◆

Walk on thorns, pebbles
Limited understanding
Life in misery

◆◆◆

The shells on the shore
Reminds of the mollusk's life
Man a grain on sand

◆◆◆

A leaf on the waves
Glides quietly along the shore
Souls meet the Divine

◆◆◆

Lovely for joy
The fragrance of spring flowers
Cheers desolate hearts.



A gift from Nature
Blossoms of coffee flowers
To warm the body.



Songs are in my heart
Let fingers move on the flute
Music makes me sing



Air water sand storms
Lightening reduces to ashes
The ego of man



Horizons of life
Curtain to reflect colors
Sing songs of joys, cheers



Gift from God, the Great
A rich mind with common sense
Brings peace to the world

Lifelong 'Sadhana'
In search of a truthful life
Mahatma Gandhi



ETERNAL QUEST

SELECTED POEMS

LIFE'S WONDERS

We falter, flounder and fall flat at every step.
Only the Divine Grace helps us on our way,
To rise us up again; to further carry on
Our daily chores, doings and dealings.
Unseen hands work for our well being.
Our well wishers save us from adversaries.
Our sixth sense creates wonders for us.
Life is full of mysteries and charms.
Daily acquisition of knowledge,
Enlightens our soul, being and nourishes it.
Our mind gets lit with grandeur.
The future opens up to brightness.
We need protectives and life guards,
To save us from drowning in the sea of woes.



DEPTHS OF ABYSS

Oh! This illusive seeking
After the slippery worldly chairs;
That has rolled many a hoary heads,
Down to the deepest ravines;
Unsung, unheard in the silent zones.
From the pulpits raises a voice-
“Cast the world aside, yea abandon it”.
But this fire in the hungry burning belly,
These waves of imaginations running riot,
The sweat nightingale’s voice, the charms of beauty,
The fragrance of roses, Arabian perfumes.
Raising high temptations, tryst with destiny.
To scale snowy peaks to hoist the flag.
To dive in the deepest oceans,
To pick the sparkling pearls,
To dig the bowels of earth for yellow metal,
The glittering diamonds, sparkling gems.
These challenges make many reach
The oasis in a dry, sultry desert.
But for many, depths of abyss is the home.



TORN KITE

My weary and wasted heart laments,
Weeps wails and cries from ages long.
Before my time bids me, I yearn for it.
Day in and day out to merge in Thee.
I found my dreams empty and hollow,
The mirages vanished in wasted sand dunes.
Withering age has now caught my shoulders.
No more toils, no more yearnings and joys.
When Sun was high, gardens laid,
When fragrance spread, perfumes in air,
I was enchained in life's rigmaroles.
Seasons have changed, but I in disarray.
Yesterday is dead, tomorrow is yet to be born.
I seek closing chapter, for, my life's kite is torn.



HOW TO REACH INNER PEACE?

The inner light that cherishes the soul
Is a celestial gift for a fortunate few.
It flickers to give daily strength,
To face the onslaught of storms tempests.
Faith in the divine beings, good persons
Brings succor and lights up the way.
Sorrows, despondency, disappointments wanes,
And magnetic pull of beyond raises hopes.
The inner conflicts and duality in mind
Should end, to reach the inner core of peace.
Millions yearn for self effacement
And to see the Face of the Lord.
Only a fortunate blessed in an era
Reach the heavenly fruit of Sainthood.



WHAT WISDOM?

Nobody dare question them what wisdom
Lay in visiting the red zones unarmed.
Where Frankenstein is waiting with fangs
And long nails to tear them apart.
The secret of the heaven is yet to unravel.
The mystery, hiding pitilessly;
In the sand dunes, which still carries
The foot prints of the Messenger of Peace.
Now women are going to be with dried
Breasts, holding skinny bony babies.
Ever lamenting, beating bare chests.
Oceanic waves singing sad eulogies.
Statue of liberty in far off land
Holding torch of hope and peace, vainly



THRILL THE HEARTS

A word which will shine like a sparkling diamond.
Like a pearl, pure as glittering white.
Which has an extra ordinary
Strength of ten lions, of Hercules.
To break the shackles of slavery.
To bring freedom from chill penury.
A word that can mould itself
In any crucible to become panacea.
A word that can create images
To move and melt hard hearts to soft butter.
A word joining with another in golden thread.
A long poem to sing and thrill the hearts.
A jewellery on a bare beautiful neck
To ever please one who relishes it.



ONCE MORE

Once more we get thrilled watching a beautiful scene.
Once more we ask for rehearsal of acting on a stage.
Once more we shout for repeating the goal.
Once more we clamor for hitting a sixer.
Once more we yearn for joys to dawn.
Once more we seek for grief to wane.
Once more we want the spring to bring flowers.
Once more we look for summer to shine.
Once more we chance to meet the youthly charm.
Once more we need the days of milk and honey.
Once more we aspire for lovely dreams to fulfill.
Once more we pray for moment of truth to appear.
Once more we linger for hopes to greet us.
Once more we dance when happiness fills our hearts.



ON REACHING PEACE

We will speak about primordial times.
Of the man living in caves, forests, plains
Facing nature's wrath, its plays with light and shade.
Its idiosyncrasies, its fickleness, its snares.
About darkness and fears surrounding it.
About eclipse about stars and their influences.
Of being possessed by evil spirits.
Of myth, mythologies, fictions of imaginations.
Of strong devouring the weak, of subjugation.
Of exploitation, of lies, blunders, shams.
Humbugs, loots, plunders, rapines, killings.
Of all those men seeking peace.
For release from pain, sorrows, desires.
From lust, anger, jealousy, foolishness.
We will speak of enlightenment
Of freedom from evil, of goodness,
Of virtue, of straight paths.
Of Truth, Ahimsa, release from bonds.
From attachments, of 'Moksha'
Of peace, serenity and tranquility.



NATURE'S BETRAYAL

This summer has been severe and harsh
With acute water shortage. The king
Of fruit has failed to come to market.
The water red melon juicy, delicious
Has rotten in the fields, so also cucumbers.
The severe heat has cracked the fields.
Dark heavy clouds have formed with thunder,
Giving hopes. The drinking water, milk
Will again flow and wells will swell.
But dry stormy winds drift clouds away,
Only to dash the lingering fond hope
Of hungry farmers, who are on the verge
Of suicides. The bankers are holding
Their throats to squeeze it to recover loans.
Are droughts, floods nature's wrath and fury
To erring mankind for their corrections?



MY GOD

My God is different. He isn't with a long trunk,
Or with a long tail born to wind goddess.
My God is different. He doesn't call for killing
Those who doesn't accept His authority.
My God is different. He isn't the one
Who abandons wife, for being abducted.
My God is different. He is not dancing
With thousand lovers, copulating in Brindavan.
My God is different. He doesn't ask me
Not to be friend another one of my species.
My God is different. He doesn't want me
To throw my spouse with triple "Talak"
My God is good one, very very much sane.
Always here and there helping every one.



ANCIENT UNCOUTHNESS

Our ancient barbaric lore of million years
Continues to work in our subconscious.
Where millennium years of cultural breeding
Fails, it erupts within with all its force.
The ineptitudes, the inborn waywardness,
Uncivilized mind, the illegitimacy
Of living, the have not deprived feeling
Breaks the barriers of refinement.
The sexual urges grips the mind,
Pleasures offered by the taste buds,
The numbness, high feelings of intoxicants,
Breaks the sobriety of civilized ways.
Green snake within, burning passions, greed,
Hatred, stroke the fire within for violence.



EVER LASTINGNESS

I have not lost hope in present day chaos.
After a few showers, I notice at most
Barren dry parching soil turning green.
The listless life sprouts again alive.
The dry leaf less trees and stems
Again come to life with blossoming
Flowers and leaves to invite fauna
To suck its nectar, pluck it for plaits.
Life I find everlasting, going
On and on endlessly, despite loss
And gain, a game of chess and draught,
A snake and ladder, but reaching the goal.
The rising and waning moon, sparking stars,
The moving planets, the sun restores life.



VASTNESS IN SELF

I look up at the vast great universe
With million twinkling stars, which have shed light,
Million light years ago, may be burnt by now.
Universe is expanding day by day.
Our solar system is a mere speck.
The tiny dark earth is invisible.
Where do I stand in such a big 'Maya'?
But our ego is bigger universe.
The light of this bright burning shining sun.
The spectacular marvelous Nature
Sprouting everlasting beautiful things.
Lifting the imagination of our mind.
Creativity works wonders in our self,
Makes us feel great in this vast universe.



BROKEN WINGS

The brokered peace was again disturbed
By tumults and endless pain.
The tired mended broken wings bleed.
A lovely peaceful pigeon is encaged.
Inner sorrows rise within with all force
As an angry ocean to create tsunamis.
Washing away all that was built
From ages long by bleeding hands.
O Peace! You are an angelic light.
Eclipsed by green jealous Saturn.
The 'Daridra Narayana' plays his part.
To rend to pieces soothing hearts apart.
Insinile despots are on rampage.
Destroying freedom with tanks and bullets.



WHAT A COLOSSAL CHANGE?

Till a few decades ago, your ancestors
Were riding on camels over the sand dunes,
With parching tongues, blisters in legs
Head gears covered by clothes to protect
From the blistering cruel fierce sun.
Suddenly the white man appeared like an angle
For you with lovely dreams to turn the sand dunes
You started marveling at the gushing of oil,
From the bowels of your golden sand,
The white man turned your fortunes
Today you have enormous, fabulous
Wealth flowing like the streams of black gold
You have now lost your humility
Your utmost sincerity and simplicity.
Your parched lands have been turned
To blossoming and blooming gardens.
Again the famed Arabian perfumes
Are adorned by sexy belly dancers
You own AC Salon, Mercedes cars
Your profuse, enormous wealth has upset
Your minds and ways of wise living,
With all the pleasures of the world.
Your mothers, sisters and wives
Are shedding tears of blood.
Hiding within enormous pain in their 'purdah'
You are changing your partners like bed coverings

Your instincts to gambling, alcoholism
Sex perversions, evil ways have turned
The land of refined living to another
Your hot headedness, puffed up feeling
Arrogance has become a bane.
O you followers of Messenger of Peace!
Turn a new leaf shun violence,
Waywardness, adopt moderate living.
Be logical, loyal to your own soul
Bring world peace and brotherhood.



TAMING OF THE SHREW

“Patience is mother of virtue”
But when tortured, humiliated,
Harassed, taunted, betrayed,
The suppressed voice becomes a tsunami.
To raise from within like cyclonic floods,
To wash away the bitterest enemy
Armed to the teeth to suck blood
Like vampire or swarming mosquitoes.
The lethal weapons get blunted,
When faced with angst of suppressed souls.
The voiceless, faceless suffering
Humanity gets strength of Hercules.
Armless, teeth less, yet the strength
Of rising tides can tame the violent shrew.



SILENT RUSTICS

The burning hearts, the bleeding hands.
The weary body, the creaking bones
The diseased cancerous lungs
In all seasons, they need to work,
From sunrise to the rising moon.
Only the sounds of the wailing sea,
The cacophony of birds, barking dogs,
Join them in their grievous sighs!
They never look up to the galaxy,
For they are unaware of the waning hopes.
To kindle fire in their dead bosoms.
They are the rustling rustics,
Whose voice is suppressed to become mystics.



NEW FOUND WAVES AND JOYS

We change with the rising tides.
With the glorious sun shedding new light.
With golden crescent grinning in twilight.
With shinning Venus beckoning to fresh hopes
The irresistible call from the unknown
Was given by a truthful shinning soul.
To release us from the bondage of ages.
To liberate us from shackles of slavery.
We submitted to the unrelenting message,
Whose call was sonorous, melodious.
Moving us to tears and melting our story heart
A new wave rose from the sleepy shores.
To carry us to the fathoms of measureless sea
To enable us to pick pearls from enclosed shells.



BREAKING THE IRON SHACKLES

We sailed on the rising tides.
On the waves of million voices.
Only to land on the threshold
Of a dying passion ridden despot.
Who wielded weapons of every kind.
Opening brimstones and fire on us,
With all force to cow us down,
Our deep suppressed ageless voice
Found new hopes to tame the shrew.
To subdue the tsunamis, angry waves.
Though blood flowed like swollen rivers
Our undaunting spirits found liberty.
Breaking the shackles of slavery.



IN HIS ARMS

I wondered and wondered and my wonder grew.
As to what must have crossed his stilled mind,
When it was announced about cancer,
This would slowly and steadily engulf him.

I noticed calmness slowly besetting him.
Peace and solace enveloping him.
His movements were measured.
His love and grace increasing day by day.

As time passed the recuperating pain,
The breathlessness, weakness gripping him.
He was put in an oxygen tent.
Yet he didn't lose those sweet smiles.

As the end came nearer and nearer,
My father lay surrendered in His Arms.



SHE

She is always at my beck and call.
Without shadow of doubt trusting me.
Following me like a sheep. I a shepherd.
Caring for my well being, and my feelings.
Though she is the mistress of the house,
But whenever I thunder, she would meekly surrender.
She nursed the children, a banyan tree.
Protected them, raised them to good heights.
In all my anguishes, pains, troubled times
She was a beacon of light, an ointment.
Giving me solace, comfort and sane advice.
Helping my ship to anchor in safe shores.
She is a blessings, a balm in troubled times.
In cheer and adversary, she is my best half.



OUT OF TUNE MELODIES

Who will listen to out of tune melodies?
From old antique, rusted gramophones.
The younger ones will run away, they will
Call me “oldie, you are not one of us.”
If I sing their tune, they will again
Chide me, of trying to ape them.
As we grow older, our voice gets
Miffed and silenced. We are
No longer in the league and
Matches. Nobody listens to our
Commentary, with shaky voice,
Stammering and slow measured tone.
Today, we need to be with the times.
Rocky music, jazzy clothes or
Skimpy dresses; heavy make up
Or in casuals; in denim pants
With “T” shirts with advertisements
Printed on it or with slogans.
Long matted hairs with stylish
Sunglasses. Every season has its own
Fruits and juices. No one tastes
Out of season insipid fruits.
Oldies are like discarded clothes,
Out of fashion and like garbage.
Fit to be sent to shelter homes
Or to be neglected, ignored.



SHADOW LESS EXISTENCE

We are left on the empty platform.
The train has departed on dot.
We are late and have missed it.
We will not get refund for the tickets.
We talk of something, we haven't seen.
The milk, honey, 'hurries' in paradise,
Which becomes a reality for departed souls.
Who have been judged right and rewarded.
Those who have not fallen in line
Can't even think of it. For them
All sorts of threats are meted out.
A very ugly situation, dry and sullen.
These thoughts are like full moon
In the cloudless dark sky.
Its light will fade away
When Sun throws its powerful beams.



ETERNAL QUEST

In this earthly world, there is morning,
And twilight of evening.
The dusk and dawn.
The twinkling of the stars.
The crescent and the full moon.
The dust, the storm, the rain.
The changing of the seasons,
Whirling of the wind.
Fluttering of the birds.
Sweet songs of the nightingale.
The fauna and the flora.
The desert, the jungles
Snowy mountains, gushing rivers,
The angry sea, the calm oceans.
All this is a gift to man.
To retain it or flounder it.
To flourish with goodness
Or destroy it with evil.
The cosmos, the universe
With millions of shining suns.
With their own revolving planets
Somewhere in some universe
Maybe a kindred spirit
Hoping like us to meet the Creator!



AGONY OF SEPARATION

O my Beloved! Give me the cup of honeyed drink
That shall put me to eternal deep sleep.
Neither the sounds of trumpets on the day of reckoning;
Nor the genie of the ring and lamp of Aladdin;
Shall be able to wake me up from the slumber.
I have no deeds to plead for heaven.
Nor I played with evil to walk into abyss.
I have moved all through in straight lines.
While my adversaries have paced parallels.
Never to meet, to shake hands or for bear hugs.
Like Brutus, I have been stabbed several times.
My lips quiver, my heart bleeds, now I look up
To Thee, to relieve me from pangs of separation.
O Beloved! Merge in me now here, here!



LOST LOVE

When opportunities knock at the door
And a person is mending his back fence.
Or in drowsy sleep, lazing about freely,
Unmindful to receive it with concern.
Then the Time will carry it away forever.
Regretting it in leisure, yearning it, to come back.
A golden treasure looted by ruffians,
Will ever remain elusive and lost forever.
A torn kite in rough weather, doesn't mend.
Shallow barren lands, submerged, doesn't yield.
A satellite, rocket lost in direction.
A ship wrecked marooned in deserted island.
Talented seek for opportunities, to grab it
With both hands, to hug it, embrace it, love it.



OUR CHILDREN

Our Children are our blood, our bones.
Our life line, our cream and butter.
If they are happy, it makes us happier.
If they are sad, it makes us sadder.
Every breath, we look for their joys.
They are like green leaves to a tree;
Feathers to a bird, a rose in a vase.
A lamp in the darkness to set aglow.
Our children are like cool streams
To parching lands and gardens.
Warm Sun shine on a wintry day.
Full Moon and shining Stars on a dark night.
They are light for our yearning eyes.
Fragrance and love to our deserted hearts.



LOVE BETRAYED

Here resides a sorrowful Saturn.
Never changing his dress or bathing.
Wretchedness surrounds and besides
Spreading a ring of dust around him.
Weaker sections yearning fragrance, honey.
There is no glittering lights to welcome them
Nor flash bulbs to capture their memories.
Literary moments escaping their dark minds.
Queer are the ways of sorrows to afflict me.
Friends adulating, praising, appreciating.
But lo one day suddenly with fangs deep,
Striking me aplenty with glee.
Tears and tears flooding my benign being
Love betrayed is to lose garden of bliss



A PRAYER

O Lord! Treat me as the meanest
Of Your creatures, humblest
Amongst the mankind.
Let me be dust under the feet of Holy men.
O Lord! Let Thy love engulf me.
Enlighten my mind million times.
Lead me to the truthful paths.
Strengthen my resolve to serve Thee.
O Lord! Forgive all my sins.
Bless my parents, my siblings.
Bless all your creatures.
Let love increase & hatred freeze.
O Lord! Accept my thanks for bounties received.
Let peace prevail and wars cease.



QUATRAINS

Life is a bloody battlefield.
Fight when you should with all force.
Broker peace when you must.
Lie low when the tides are high.

◆◆◆

Quran is crystal clear reasonableness.
Not magic chicanery to win hearts.
With darkness, deaf ears, blind eyes.
Knowledge is a prism to throw rainbow colors.

◆◆◆

Nature has provided two hands and legs.
For one is not sufficient to clap.
Brotherhood brings in solace, peace.
Happiness needs to be nurtured.

◆◆◆

Hypocrisy is of dual nature.
One with deep goodness inside.
Due to torture, compromise outside.
While another is other way round.

◆◆◆

Roses in December bring hopes
For fresh stream of life anew.
To spread fragrance in air afresh.
Life is a mixture of shade and light



A drop separated yearns to join the ocean
To mingle and drown in nothingness.
Multitudes spring in myriad rain bowed colors
Alas all merge to make a silvery screen.



Every fragrant rose to delight
Has a thorn to prick to bleed.
From marshy waters springs a lotus
All that glitters is not precious stones



Days will pass, months and seasons
But my love to you will never wane.
My spirits will enliven, my smiles will increase.
Love and love alone will cherish my soul.



Yesterday is dead, today is alive
Make most of it in a good way
To allow tomorrow to arrive any way
In a bright and a surer way.



Yesterdays were full of pains & sorrows
You resisted evil, walked in straight way
Today has come to you in a better way
Keep your goodness, let tomorrow be gay.



Sow not evils in the sand of time
For it sprouts into a thorny plant
To give fruits of bitter taste
You reap what you sow today.



HAIKU

A bare standing tree
Remove your moral breeding
A man of jungle

◆◆◆

Birds in cold winter
Shudder, fly to warmer places
For their survival

◆◆◆

Birds of same feather
Flock together, unity
Peace prevails in them

◆◆◆

Socialization
Clean jungle within and thorns
For fragrance

◆◆◆

Stinking poverty
Some say we are not grateful
You, not generous.

◆◆◆

We need large spaces
In peoples crowd living
Festivals, relief.



The lingering past
Reminds of our lovely friends
Fragrances of roses.



Heaven splits, rainfalls
Water swells in dams
To irrigate, generate.



Unnatural deaths
Incessant streams of tears
Sorrows bind the heart



EVERGREEN PASTURES

SELECTED POEMS

PRECIOUS MOMENTS

Those moments when the doors are flung open
The deity is washed, draped with silken clothes
Bedecked with flowers, the 'aarti' making rounds
The 'teerta' and 'prasad' distributed

Those moments when prayer call is given
Ablutions performed, supplications made.
When both the hands are lifted for prayers
When with depth of heart, a wish whispered.

When the bells chime, cymbals clamped
When worshippers murmur, chant
When tears flow unceasingly
Then the grace from Heaven overwhelms

Love is felt, moments become precious
Life is charming, peace prevails.



BEAUTY IN NATURE

I always wondered as a child
As to why there couldn't have been
Peaceful propagation of the religions
As to why there has to be so much
Violence, sex, hatred, divorce.
As to why there couldn't be peace
Among all sections of people
Without discrimination, prejudice
Ah! Childish innocence, realizing
Simple basic truths and beauty of life!
Love and affection are most beautiful
Flowers in the gardens of life
Live and let live like plants, animals,
Let beauty of Nature engulf us.



MEET JOY OF HEAVEN

We feel like doing something
Where nothing is there or exists
In a vacuum filed chamber
Like astronauts travelling to Moon.

Where none exists to capture
Our moments to picturize it
Where devil or god doesn't 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, tranquility

Where consciousness expands
Where mind meets joys of heaven



A SPIRIT

- A spirit of inner illumination, vision.
- A spirit of knowledge, enlightenment.
- A spirit of domineering and over powering.
- A spirit of persuasion and passion.
- A spirit of sacrifice and generosity.
- A spirit of spirit and aggressiveness.
- A spirit of righteousness, patience and tolerance.
- A spirit of fore thought, to foresee future.
- A spirit of commanding, seeking obedience.
- A spirit of love, affection and compassion.
- A spirit of forgiveness, give and take.
- A spirit of compromise, camaraderie.
- A spirit of togetherness and brotherhood.
- A spirit of fellowship and companionship.
- A spirit of sociability, affinity and team spirit.



* All are features of a great Prophet, a leader of men.

HEART RENDING MOMENTS

When wickedness and cruelty seizes heart
And love, affection abandons man.
When compassion and mercy says goodbye.
The result is catastrophic, volcanic.
Nature turns truant and cruel too.
When devilish acts seizes mind.
Godliness disappears from soul.
When snaky green greed envelops the being,
And violence roams the streets.
Ahimsa is given a goby.
When poverty grips the land
And with fields lying fallow.
Then pain, sorrows and affliction
Surrounds suffering humanity.



LOST IN NOTHINGNESS

When you reach the stage of Highest
Consciousness and Glory
You reach the stage of your own
In significance; you have reached
The stage of Nothingness.
You are lost and merged in the
Greatest Being. Everything around you
Is a mere dust and nothing more?
You are lost to yourself and to the world.
The world is a speck in your eyes.
You cannot return any more.
Tsunamis of mind have come to rest.



ENDLESS LOVE

Love, a celestial gift
Hidden in the bottom of the heart
Oozes out through eyes,
Face and body actions.
Lips quiver, body embraces
Stillness surrounds,
Solace, peace dawns.
Life is charming.
Twinkling stars throwing
Spears of love matched
By full Moon spreading light
To envelop the beings.
Red rose spreading fragrance.



A PRAYER FOR PEACE

Glory is like teacher writing on black board.
To get erased soon leaving a blank space.
Lovely flowers are plucked by evil hands
And well raised gardens destroyed by devil.
My butterfly heart melts down on raised passions.
On burning of lovely towns and cities.
Life balancing on the edge of the knife.
Like the universe entering black hole.
Oh! This terrorism in Middle East.
Is it going to be end of the world?
O Angle of Peace descend down on Earth
Let Mother's milk of kindness not dry down.
Let saints and sages multiply again.
Let us raise roses of peace for all.



GARDEN OF LOVE

Garden of love raised by Lord
For our happiness and eternal joy.
Not to be wasted and raised down.
Let it remain ever green with fragrance.
Nature provides food and honey
For one and all to satiate our taste.
To fondle us, to cheer us, to love us.
Let it not be spoilt by green jealousy.
Let the white pigeon spread love.
Let our soul achieve bliss forever.
Singing birds welcoming bridal beauty.
For dawn of Grace from Eternal lord.
Let heavenly Beauty and Love encompass all.
To drive away violence from our midst.



YEARNINGS

When the moon was full, stars twinkling
A cool breeze blowing to charm.
You promised to meet me.
To hold my hands, to steal a kiss.
A hug, sweet longings to mingle.
But, I kept silently looking
Your way as time clicked by.
The wakeful owl, hooting, fluttering
Disturbing the eerie silence.
Poking fun on my anxious face.
I longed and longed till morning dawned.
My beloved's thoughts won't wane.
O my beloved! My heart filled love
Is brimming, yearning for you.



ENDLESS DESIRE

O my love, my candle of hope.
You have deprived me of a chance
To befriend you, to cross your threshold.
To have a glimpse and a glance
Of your beauteous charming face.
To raise my hopes and love.
Oh! Unknown, unlettered faces
Could stealthily steal your glance.
Filling their hearts with joy.
A pleasure filled mind to dream.
A true lover's fate to bemoan.
To lament, to let a cry and sigh!
To suffer pain, woes silently.
My longings won't wane till life ends.



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 eye 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.



HUMBLING SELF

Peacock with its colorful tale and fan,
Being king of birds, prides, chases
The crow left over eater away.
From a remote hamlet, a spark
Raises from the dust, sky high.
Becomes a star in the galaxy.
The pure bred shining Moon
Proud of its luminous light
Chides the shining star
“Thou shall not speak of heaven
Thou art of low dusty born”

The heaven is ablaze with protest
The ‘Surya’ with blazing light
Shuts the Moon’s rays to naught.
The twinkling stars shed a tear.

So, my Indianness, my tales
Of remote heritage takes a tumble.
Before puritans, I am humbled.



IF ONLY.....

If only you fill my heart with love and love.
If only you return my love with many smiles.
If only seasons change with showers of flowers.
If only truth triumphs and falsehood seizes.
If only bright Sun shines on a cold wintry day.
If only we could set sail to shores of beauty
And waste not a moment in vain talks and quarrels.
If only we can raise like phoenix for peace
And let bygones be bygones, forget and forgive.
If only we can wipe tears of grief and loss.
And raise hopes for multiple gifts and cheers.
If only we can inspire desolate hearts
With courage and will to face hardships.
Life is worth living to share moments of joys.



HOW TO SOW SEEDS OF LOVE?

Oh! What can I give to win Dame Love?
To conquer hate and win hearts
To display my glittering heart
Sparkling with compassion
Which I hope to disarm those
Who carry venom and weapons.
Can I be that Buddha to win Asoka?
To spread Ahimsa, like Gandhi,
Mandela and Martin Luther King.
Oh! If I can wipe tears of widows orphans.
Of maimed ones, of shattered beings.
Of homeless facing stormy weathers.
Oh! Can I kindle faith in love and in sharing.
To create founts of hope and cheers.
Oh! If only I can help someone,
Who has Magic wand to turn sorrows to joys.



READERS RESPONSES...

I enjoyed the poems you have penned. They flow like pure mountain stream which enriches minds and nourishes souls. What comment can I make? I can only say that I cherish them and read and reflect on the soulful themes you have so gracefully sung from your heart. Thank you very much, and I am eternally grateful to you for sharing with me your inspirational insight for my edification.

With love and deepest regards.

Ramprakash (IFS)Retired

Former Conservator of Forest

Member Managing Committee, Indian Institute of World Culture



Evergreen Pastures by S. L. Peeran is a collection of deep poems that will stir the spiritual side of the readers. This collection of mystical poems comes straight from the mind, heart and soul of the poet. The poems follow the life of the poet and are definitive expression of the timeline of his own journey of transformation. Once read, Peeran Sir's poems often cannot be forgotten. The cloister to the intrinsic evergreen pastures opens up after reading this volume; one will definitely undergo a spiritual catharsis. His poems of spiritual substance captivate, inspire and transform. *Evergreen Pastures* will captivate your mind, inspire your heart, and transform your soul.

Chitra Lele,

Software Consultant, Award-winning Poet and

Record-setting Author of 11 books, including

The 6 Spheres of Life, Ignite the Inner Spark,

Waltz to the Future, Organizational Democracy and many more

S.L. Peeran is a versatile character with tremendous talent of writing poetry of multicolor and melody. He has composed many beautiful and meaningful books of poetry touching almost all aspects of life. In evergreen pastures I am lot attracted by Loves many facets, a great poem. The words, love has strength and can make weak and frail hearts grow, sprout in pure form, great vision. He further says love is not oppressed by custom or age. It oozes out from the hearts that are kindly. Lovely words. Peeran ji has portrayed clear picture of a widow, the pain she hides in the heart. In the poem truth he says truth is eternal and complete with love. Truth is infinite it dwells in hearts pure, shows the spiritual sight of the poet. Poet Peeran calls love a priceless present, very true, very true and shows the depth in knowledge of life. I call him a shining star with soft bright light beautifying land with sweet words having meaning grand I wish his poetry be taken cognizance of and rewarded greatly.

Adil Afzal Sheik,
Poet, Writer



Incidentally I am now responding to your Greetings and also complimenting you on your prolific poetic work. The poems are quite soul-stirring. I fully share the sentiments expressed in the responses from your numerous friends.

Regards.

K.Sankararaman (IRS) Retired
Former Member Customs,
Excise and Service Tax Appellate Tribunal, New Delhi



Evergreen Pastures – An Appreciation: I am very happy to learn that my esteemed former colleague Dr. S.L. Peeran is bringing out an anthology of his poems under the title, *Evergreen Pastures*. In fact,

these poems are selections from his poems already published under various titles over the last 15 years. I have the pleasure of knowing him ever since I joined the Customs, Excise and Service Tax Appellate Tribunal, Bangalore in 2004. Apart from being an able and brilliant judicial member of CESTAT, Dr. Peeran is a well-acclaimed poet. His output of poetry in English is indeed prodigious. He had a way with words. In his poetry, one finds an easy flow of language and his choice of words impart both musically and profundity of thought to his creations. His Muse bestows ever her favors on him with great inspiration.

This anthology contains 322 poems dealing with varied themes. However, the recurrent themes of Love stand out. It is no surprise to those of us who know him as a profound Sufi Mystic whose very life breath is the Love of the All Merciful Allah. Dr. Peeran is a keen observer of the world around him. So we find him writing on an assortment of other themes. The spiritual aridity of our days troubles him. His anguish, one can feel. Simple living and high thinking is what he wants. Those who know him realize that he is not an empty preacher exhorting others with dos and don'ts. but one who lives true to his own highest standards. His erudition and mastery of other subjects are revealed in his writings.

Going through his poetry is a verifiable spiritual journey, transporting us from the mundane to the divine, from the banal to the sublime. His works have been reviewed favorably by eminent scholars. Students have taken up his works for doctoral dissertations. I deem it a great privilege to know him from close quarters. May God grant him many more years of creative life for the benefit of our society. People like Dr. Peeran are the real salt of the earth.

T K Jayaraman IRS (Retired)

Former Member technical CESTAT

11/12/2015

Bangalore