

Garden of Bliss

(A Twelfth Collection of Poems)

by

S. L. Peeran

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Dedicated

To

*MY
PARENTS*

Paper read by Mr. Gordon Hindley, British Poet on 10.3.01 Saturday at the All India Poetry festival – 2001 at Bangalore conducted by “POETS INTERNATIONAL BANGALORE”

I have been given 20 minutes to talk on poetry in English written by Indians. Our Editor & Creator of this festival, our Dr. Mohammed Fakhrudin, has also given the same subject to my dear friend, Dr. Sitaramayya, a teacher of English at post graduate level, and a fine scholar and knower of other disciplines and many ancient languages not excluding our Sanskrit. So, when we look the subject as I see it, and understand it, I can only take refuge in my lack of scholarship and my scientific and engineering skills.

The subject requires that we define poetry, and the nature and use of language. It, therefore, requires that we understand the process of thought, and communication, and our need for both.

I define poetry as that utterance which, apparently presenting a particular - and individual - thing or event, in fact emphasizes the universal experience within which each particular thing or event occurs. True poetry thus leads us beyond the personal towards an even more immediate yet greater awareness: it gives us a glimpse of the whole, and may even tell us just how we can make that greater experience our own. It brings about an awakening; an enriching of our nature.

For me, if it does not do that, it is not poetry.

Our personal awareness is inherent within ourselves. We do not get it from anywhere. It establishes our identity. If I am not aware, I can establish nothing. Awareness also animates, and it allows of judgment. Our best attention to our awareness were therefore prudent.

Next, let us look at communication. We communicate in order to stay alive; therefore what and

how we communicate are important. Communication is the purpose of speech. What we communicate, and our ability to communicate (the art whereby an experience or notion is transferred from one to another) are both important if transference is to be made exactly, with no misapprehension, which is to say: "No error!"

To do this, we must have something to communicate, have some one who wants to know, and a suitable medium. Our medium is speech, made of words ... words which are common to, and so more or less understood by, both the giver and receiver.

It is obvious that, if the giver has nothing or little to say, then language cannot operate at its best (at its most efficient) even if both giver and receiver have a grasp of the meaning of words that is mutually acceptable. We must know what to say and how to say it. Only then and not before can we focus the attention of the receiver precisely, or as near to precision as she or he can get. This is not magic: We have all had good and bad teachers, and so can intuitively distinguish between the true knower (the experienced person) and one who, for one or another reason, is inexact.

This brings us to our experience of ourselves. Our experience of ourselves has two parts. One: - the experience of our own persons, of our being; and two: - our experience of our life as we have lived it... how we have reacted to, and understood, the world about us. This total experience always expresses itself as what we are and do.... language is one of its servants.

So: - If our poetry can say more than prose, it does so because, without fail, it is a post sign set in the particular that points us to the all-encompassing, the universal: it is so-to-say a crystalline and therefore pure and diligently perfected expression of a compacted notion experienced in full.

It follows that whoever and wherever we are, the expression we make - the impression we make on our environment, including others at any given moment of our developing lives cannot exceed the effect of the sum total of our being, as we have experienced it, as we have understood it, and as we have savoured (namely suffered or enjoyed) it.

We can therefore say with the authority of truth that our feelings, our thought, and our experience of our being, are common to us all - we all think and feel and live - and language, one of the means by which we formulate these expressions of our being, is simply their willing or disobedient slave.

When there is something to express, the thought (which has no language of its own), the feeling (which is common to every living creature) and the sense of being (which is most evident in the wise) will find its words, will find its language, and shape it in order to communicate as best it may. The stronger the pressure, the higher the fountain. The greater the flood, the greater the outpouring.

I see no barrier.

For better or worse, this essence - our understood experience - must find the words that its hearers or readers can grasp, and not merely grasp but relish... If this is done, then their mind-set, if only for a moment, will shift: and their conscious centre will be transported from their usual work-a-day preoccupations to a deeper, wider awareness or understanding....' We then say: 'We are uplifted' or 'I have been moved'...

So: - Can Indians achieve this awakening within themselves?

Thus awakened, can they awaken others? Can they do this in English?

I say "Yes!"

I give you some examples. You decide.

Remember: - We are concerned with English, and with poetry. The first pre-requisite is Poets.

I quote from 4 as example.

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 sky is darkened with my grief.
Mans' holiness and aura are now damned:-
And stars no longer shine to charm one's eye.
Oh, God's Creation spoiled by selfish man~-
Both sun and moon, eclipsed, now mourn this loss.
(We will have noted that in every case, each line of springing rhythm is a sentence).

ENTICED by marble's beauty, men employ
This stone for monuments and these they make
Carving from nature's gift a lasting joy:
And, heavenward, our souls, uplifted, wake.

The moon, reflected in this marble mirror,
With what effulgent beauty shows its face...
Glory of Allah, too, mitigating terror.
Grandeur of God, in stone, here we can trace.

See how the precious stones, inlaid, serene
(The rubies and the diamonds of dreams),
Dazzle the cool white marble, and the green,
And there are pearls, the gifts of crystal streams.

High, at the crest, the gold domes, silvered, shining...
Here, chandeliers that glittering dispel
All shadow:--each wall's countless mirrored lining
Reflecting splendours of which none can tell ~

(Then?)

WITH NERVOUS LAUGHS, and occasional flirting,
Their friendship grew into infatuation
Adding a sparkle to their eyes
And filling their lives with new elation.

Soon Shorn of all this glittering sheen,
Dazzling infatuation's crown of gold
Then changed into a flowery garland.
To have, and hold.

(We see, in all this writing, a careful, deep awareness of the human condition, and recognize the signs of a keen if clinical compassion, and a relating of all these to an overall and apparently benevolent presence. by a person who, it is clear, is one of responsibility perhaps in a position of great authority.

Verses by this writer are understood and well received in Britain. I have read them there).

(My second choice of writer, immediately understood in Britain, writes shorter verse. In my opinion the silences between the thoughts are as important as the thoughts themselves):

A FAIRY WORLD is this landscape now.
The sun, an hour high, is yet a moon.
Dream-drenched appear the distant trees.
Most unearthly seems the very dross.

The Mysterious wears the robe of mist.
In the supreme tranquility,
How gently crumble the inner walls...
Is it not the Lord? Listen. Oh listen!

NO LONGER

No longer my tears taste salty.
 They are sweet.
No longer fears swarm round me.
 I am strong.
No longer darkness blinds me with her veil:
 A pure light shines.
No longer life's rose pricks.
 Its thorns have died.
No longer darkness blinds me with her veil.

(In both these writers, we recognise a maturity of spirit - a thinking feeling deep and communicable awareness... In both cases, we, perhaps, can see that this enveloping awareness has been worked for, has been earned: - and can now be expressed freely with both compassion and assurance...

How different is my next writer, who, all life long, has studied the Christian scripture, has fallen in love with it; and so gives out a bountiful harvest:-

the result of scholarship created by this love :)

OH, SOLITUDE, Oh perfect solitude
Of innermost awareness, you prevail--!
Attention rapt in our Lord's fortitude,
My body, mind, and spirit none assail,
So pure the love from His great heart to mine...
Solitary Jacob, once benighted,
Woke from deep sleep to see, at one:-divine,
Heaven and earth: a ladder then united:
Angels were on it, climbing up and down.
Then heaven, opening, shone where he lay
On racks he then collected: - for renown
Building an altar where he came to pray.
Bethel, he named this awesome holy place:
The Gate of Heaven: Entry into Grace.

(Or, again):-

MY LORD, my loving shepherd, gently leads
To lush green pastures where I lay me down,
As may all do who follow Him.-Who heeds
His word beside still waters wears a crown
Of honour as an earned and righteous gift
Hard won by all who face death fearlessly.
The Lord thus blesses; and the blessed may lift
Eyes, heart, and soul, to heaven there to be.
He sets the table; and anoints the head:
His cup of love flows over. .. Blessed are they,
For goodness follows them, by mercy led,
Undeviating, on the Holy way...
Surely this goodness and this mercy His
Within whose house alone salvation is.

(There can be no doubt that, if we are alert from tip to toe, and from our innermost to the tickling of a hair, where there is work in India, and the language understood-work unremitting, consistent, and guided-we have writers enough; and their English will suffice ... And so I close with a few

short verses written by a poet -in my opinion perhaps the greatest lyric poet since Sarojini - whose
bedtime reading was just one book: the Oxford dictionary):-

MOONSCENE:

Smooth, the calm winds blow;
The moon's white sheen
Is overcoming...
--?--
Stillness grows.

Opening buds testlessly shake.
Bees are sleeping;
Passions are maddening--!
Time washes them

Hopes never wither:
The foam and the waves
Bubbles and goes.

HOMESTEAD:

Kept, and surrounded by mountains
Evergrowing into valleys
Of slim dotted trees; growing...
All around me the morning light:

The old spider in the rosebush –
Busy to drink the dew from his web –
This way and that way
Like a hungry dog eating old flesh...

Happiness --! ...
Always growing,
Never stopping:
The morning mists are rising:-

Hide your head in shame.

LIFE:-

I started:-
I saw an old man,
In rags, dying.

I continued:-
I saw a sick child,
Crying.

I saw a dead dog,
Relieved--! ..

I looked away;
I saw pure sunlight:-

Life is so wary
/August/65

AWAKE & RING:

Awake to the glorious morning:
To this washed Sunday;
To the washed gardens;
To the leaves opening
...like a hundred waterways:
To the rain:-

Rain, falling like diamond
And gems,
Onto the well-wet carpet,
The beach:
Hard carpet hard with differing shells,
Like watered desert.

To me,
Birds ring like churchbells,
Like Christians going to church
In golden sunlight.

Sunday
24/1/65

THESE FOUR very different writers have three characteristics in common: Work (unremitting and care filled, each in their different way), the capacity to observe and to convert information into knowledge, and knowledge into experience (or wisdom-to see things in the 'right' perspective), or love (for the art, for their subject matter): love they express as thanksgiving ... so their lives are a sacrifice: a welcomed pilgrimage.

It is a way of life I wholeheartedly recommend.

These writers,
respectively, are - S.
L. Peeran, Member
of the Appellate
Tribunal for
Customs, Excise &
Gold) – Professor B.
K. Sitaramayya,
Mrs. Nancy Rajan (2
years my senior),
and Rahool
Contractor, when
he was 11 and 12.
Unhappily Rahool
died when 20.

PREFACE

Here I am presenting my twelfth collection of poems "Garden of Bliss". 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 lisping in numbers may sound strange but Muse in Peeran has blossomed into many-splendoured 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 mastery. 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 for ever.

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 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, colourful 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 even 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 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 writes "A delightful collection by a writer who combines sincerity with craftsmanship - a fine command of English!"

Dr. D. C. Chambial, Editor Poet Critics, 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 imagination 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 Moment's as follow

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 favours 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 fervour 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 vigour and freshness of imagination that delights the heart and lifts the spirit.”

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.

I am dedicating this humble work to my beloved parents.

I am grateful to Dr. (Prof.) N. P. Singh for penning a profound introduction to this humble work and I am grateful to Sri M. S. Venkataramaiah for publishing this work.

S.L.Peeran

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Bangalore - -2010

1
He

All is matter, matter is all.
So also 'All is One, One is God'.
There is no other than Allah.
There is nothing other than Him.
In the essences of all
Contingent beings.
In all forms, all His
Creations, He transcends.
There is nothing other than Him.
All is He, He is all.
Everything emanates from His Mercy.
Yet all His creations are not Him;
But they are not 'other than Him';
The world is the showdown
Of that Supreme Being.'
A reflection of His Effulgence
The glorified and pure nature
In man is His Essence.
He has made the Sun, Moon, Stars
As His indicator and as witness.
They indicate Him as His Shadow.
When He withdraws to Himself
And the Shadow He has projected
Than everything that appears
From Him, goes back to Him.
For it is He, no one else.
'From Him it comes, to Him it returns.'
He is all Merciful, All Compassionate.
In every particle, in every atom
In every being, in everything
His essence and qualities
Reflect His Being, His Glory.
There is neither contraction
Neither there is a separation.
"He is closer than the Jugular Vein."
You call Him, He answers your call.
You love him, He loves you.
You adore Him, He adores you.
You put one step in His Direction.
He puts ten steps in your direction.
Mercy begets mercy, Love begets love.
All is in Him, He is all.
The white has multiple colors

The 'VIBGYOR', the rainbow.
They all join again to become ONE,
The 'VIBGYOR', rainbow disappears
Only the White screen remains.
He is transcendent, Omnipotent.
A banyan tree, a mango tree
Bears within a fruit and seed.
The seed bears within the tree
All emerges from Him.
All multiplicity is illusion
Real essence is only ONE.
Essence is revealed in the forms
Of Names and that multiplicity
Is intended to be witnessed
In the essence of the ONE.
In every object of worship
There is a reflection of the Reality.
Worship Him and turn towards the Reality;
The Real, the Truth, the 'Haqiqa'.
In all the Reality, His light
His 'Noor', Mohammed* is imbibed.
In Mohammed* is His Light, His 'Noor.'

* Peace be upon him.

2
He-ness

The Divine God Consciousness
Transcends in all His Creations.
Every particle, cell, microbe, virus,
Bacteria, algae, fungus, plants
Animals, chemicals, materials
And in man, the He-ness exists.
The He-ness encapsulates, envelops
The entire creation and creatures;
There is nothing other than Him.’
He is all Alone, yet Omnipresent.
He sees, hears, speaks through
The truthful, with those who are
Merged in Him. Who see Him
In the entire cosmos and creation.
Man is endowed with rationality.
With knowledge, with divine consciousness.
With His Essence and Qualities.
In his genes, His Secrets, to radiate
His Glory, Mercy and Compassion.
To show, Man has been created
In His own image, as a vice gerent
In all His Creation, His essence
His qualities, reflects His Being.
He is Great yet above all.
All Glory be to Him Alone.
The Mover, Sustainer, Ever Existing,
With millions of qualities, essences.
The Wise, the Most Loving, Most Venerable
The Resurrector, the Truth, the Powerful,
The Praise worthy, the Hidden, the Manifest
The First, the Last, above the creation.
Free from want, the Bestower.
The Benefactor, the Enricher, the Light.
The Deviser, the Eternal, The Supplier.
Lover of virtue, Compassionate, Merciful,
The Sovereign, The Pure One, the Just,
The All Hearing, the All seeing,
The most Forgiving. The Judge.
The Knower of innermost secrets.
The Majestic, The Most Powerful,
The Sustainer, The Benevolent
“From Him all come, to Him all returns.”

3 Garden of Bliss

The Great Being all alone whole and Sole.
Sans any partner or 'avatar' or 'son' or guide.
That Being was a hidden secret, unknown.
He desired to express Himself, expose His beauty.

With a command 'Be' (Kun), the whole universe
Came into existence with cosmic harmony.
With complete balance, with orderliness.
Systematic in a measured way.

Beauty in all its splendor, in all its
Magnificence, Munificence, Aesthetic
Overwhelmed the cosmos and universe,
Incredible, fascinating and charming.

The Great Being had created light.
Light upon light, beings from light
Angels, purity in all its glory,
Forever submission and obedience.

The Great Being created beings
From overwhelming fire the Jinnee
The Archangels, & the 'Iblis' the 'moulvi e mulkut.'
Granted them knowledge for prayers.

The Great Being needed someone to love Him.
Adore Him, submit before Him in prayers.
Carry out His commands, His writ.
He wanted to manifest in that being.

He selected elements, fire, water, sand, air.
Blew His soul in that being called him Adam.
The light of Mohammad* shone within this being.
The mirror of Adam reflected the splendor of the Lord.

Lord in him, he in Lord, a true reflection.
So that Lord could marvel at this being.
Love came into existence, to wonder beauty.
Love in beauty, beauty for love, forever.

Eve was created from the rib of Adam,
Forever company, with all beauty.

Love and beauty to mingle as one soul.
For pleasure and company for rest and zest.

Lord desired the angels, arch angels
To submit to Adam, for in Adam
His love sparkled, His beauty manifested.
Angels were innocent, ignorant, protested.

Lord filled Adam with knowledge.
Words of wisdom, made known to Adam.
His qualities, His names, His eminence.
When tested before Angels, Adam praises Lord .

Angels aghast fell in prostration.
But 'Iblis' protested and refused
To bow before Adam and to accept Adam the clay.
Pride and jealousy overtook his being.

'Iblis' became accursed Satan.
An open enemy of Adam and Eve.
Lord banished Satan from His presence.
Satan's single minded devotion was shunned.

Lord permitted Satan on request to tease,
To put to test, way lay, distract Adam.
Adam stood the test, Satan chose Eve,
The weaker sex, beauty succumbed to love.

The desires in heart great multiple;
When Eve tempted Adam to eat the forbidden
Fruit of knowledge, to become immortal.
Thus raised the anger of Lord, banished them

To earth with all the beauty to marvel,
To procreate, to cultivate, to regenerate.
Adam & Eve needed to cleanse themselves
With oceanic tears of repentance, regenerate love.

Love for Lord, for ever submission.
Forever marvel, forever to sing
Paeans and praises for the Lord.
To ponder and gather knowledge.

To cleanse the inner being of animal
Consciousness, to conquer the “kama”,
The lust, the anger, the greed.
The covetousness, the jealousy.

To put the knowledge of inner realization.
To create morals and culture the mind.
Purify the heart of all the muck.
To make it shine like a mirror.

To ever realize the Supreme Soul.
The higher consciousness, the ‘marifa’,
The gnosis, to find Lord’s light in the being.
To enlighten the mind, heart and soul.

To allow the Lord’s breathe to flow
In every single cell of the being.
To love Lord and His beauty.
To ever remain in bliss and joy.

Lord bestowed man with words
Of knowledge, made him learn
Words, alphabets sing his songs.
Feel the Lord in every particle of the universe.

Beauty's wonder stuck the imagination.
Art, painting, music, architecture,
Dance, vocal singing rhythmical in 'ragas.'
Were all works and labor of love.

Man ever in disarray lost his way.
He got confused about the Singleness,
Oneness, Sole ness, Tremendousness of the Lord.
Set up idols to adore, worship and posses.

Lord in His Compassion, in His mercy,
In His ever love of His creation,
Sent His light and words through Prophets,
Saints, men of gnosis and Mahatmas.

Man ever ungrateful, niggardly, quarrelsome.
Questioned everything around him.
Raised disputatious, arguments, wars.
Bloodshed, slavery, domination over weak.

Neither Prophet Noah nor Abraham
Nor Luth nor Joseph nor Moses
Nor Dawood, nor Soloman, nor Jonah
Nor Ilyas, nor Idris, nor Jesus

Could bring all Man-Kind back to the Lord
Of Single Being Unitary and Sole King.
Man in ever impunity, impertinence
Challenges the Lord and His nature.

The love got mingled in wine and women.
In lust and greed, in quarrels and dissentions,
In creation of creeds, sects, caste, class.
In distinction between man and man.

Man put questions, why, when, where and how.
To enquire, to be inquisitive, to discover.
To invent things of necessities to fill
Their homes, with gadgets, equipments.

Men of wisdom and knowledge and discernment,
Always went for self enquiry with questions
Of 'who am I' 'what is my origin',
From 'where I have come', 'Where I am destined.'

The self enquiry led to inner knowledge,
The science of gnosis, of 'karma' of 'tassawuf',
Of 'marifat', of inner consciousness led man
To the Love and Grace of Lord, the Supreme.

The Lord of the souls inspired soul to meditate.
To light in the lamp of the heart with love for His spirit.
This life and the life hereafter were to be illumined
With the Lord's bounty, with flowers, scents, perfumes.

The long journey from birth to death.
From cradle to the grave was marked
With vicissitudes, with trials and tribulation.
A long journey of victory, defeat and loss.

The life appeared like a game of chance.
A game of chess, a 'maya,' of mirth and pleasure,
Of pain and sorrow of attachments and grieves.
A maze, love of Lord to ever remain a secret.

Both the worlds were to disappear.
The babelization of languages.
The cacophony of birds and beast.
The difference of opinions, the dissensions.

Were all to disappear like clouds.
The mountains to lose its footholds.
The material and spiritual worlds to become one.
On the command of the Lord on the Day of Judgment.

The illusions, the fancies, the fantasies,
The myths and mythologies, the superstitions
Will all be exposed and so also falsehood.
Truth, the 'Huq', would triumph, when trumpet is blown

The light upon light, the 'Noor ul ala Noor'.
The 'Al Ameen', the 'Al Sadiq', the resurrecter,
The blessed one would seek benediction
To the yearning souls, the repentants.

Then it would be revealed to all souls,
That in every cell of every being
Was hidden the light of the Lord,
The light of His beloved, the Mohammad*.

All the gathered souls will sing praise.
Will witness the effulgence of the Lord.
All will think, see alike in Oneness.
All will become manifest and clear.

*Peace be upon him.

The Blessed Prophet-Mercy to the Humanity

Lord, the Creator of entire Cosmos
Minerals, plants, animals and last
In the order, was a hidden secret,
According to the sayings of Holy Prophet.

Holy Quran says that Lord gave a
Command 'Be', 'Kun' and low and behold
Emerged His Beauty, the creation
In a systematic order, in harmony.

Holy Prophet says that Lord created
Prophet's light 'Noor' before the creation,
When Lord wanted to reveal Himself
He chose to create Adam with four elements.

Lord blew His breath in the idol of Adam.
He enlightened Adam with the light
Of Mohammed*, with knowledge
And with Lord's attributes and His Names.

Adam was last of the creation,
But first among the Prophets.
Bearing within him the light of Mohammad,*
And seed of the secret of the Lord.

Lord is hidden in the self of Man.
While the light of Mohammed* is enshrined
In the glorious hearts of the believers.
Lord and His angels sent their blessings on Mohammad*

Lord in Holy Quran has pronounced
That He and His angels are constantly
Sending blessings on Holy Mohammad,*
And all the believers should do likewise.

Mohammad* was descendant of Abraham
And His first son Ismail through Hajira.
On Lord's command Hajira and Ismail
Were left in the desert of 'Bacca', Mecca.

The blistering sun was unbearable.
Hajira submitted to the Lord's command.

To fulfill the test of Love.
To receive the 'Baraka' and Blessing.

She ran helter, skelter from mount
Safa and Marwa in search of water
For the thirsty child. Lo and behold
Angel Gabreil bought forth a spring.

The water was overflowing Hajira cried
"ZamZam" ' Stop, Stop'. The gushing water
Slowed down into a well to provide
Water to the thirsty child and the mother.

Slowly caravans came and settled
Around the spring and the well.
Hajira and Ismail and the descendants
Became the guardians, owners of the well.

Abraham visited 'Becca' to enquire
The welfare of his growing son Ismail.
At the command of the Lord.
They built the first house of the Lord.

The House came to be known as 'Kaaba,'
The House of the Lord for His worship.
The Ismail's descendants became the
Keepers of the spring and the 'Kaaba.'

Ismail's descendants multiplied
Into many tribes and more tribes.
All would gather for pilgrimage
Around the Kaaba to worship Lord.

The Prophet Mohammad* was born
In the clan of Quresh in the family
Of Hashim, His grandfather
Rebuilt the Kaaba, found again the lost

Well and spring "ZamZam" and golden gazelle
Which were placed on Safa and Marwa.
Mohammad's* father Abdulla was most
Handsome child of Abdul Mutallib.

Abdullah was to be sacrificed as a vow
Made by Abdul Mutallib, if he discovers
The lost ZamZam, the hidden well and treasure.

But the tribe protested when the lad.

Abdullah was led for sacrifice
To the idols of 'Lat' and 'Manaat'
The tribals had lost the worship
Of One Single Unitary Lord "Allah."

Each tribe found an idol for worship.
Three hundred and sixty idols
Had been placed in the House of Lord.
The tribals were steeply drowned in myths,

Mythologies in superstitions, black magic.
In all untold miseries and offences
Against mankind. Slavery, fetishism
Female child burial was order of the day.

Great civilization had come up in the world.
The Egyptians, Palestinians, Syrians,
Babylonian, Vedic, Roman, Chinese, Iranian
And umpteen of them in the world.

Lord had blessed the descendants
Of Isaac, the son of Abraham
With Scriptures, knowledge, wealth
Beauty, power and miracles.

Each time a Prophet was sent
In the line, in a chain among
The descendants of Jacob, the
Israelites, for guidance.

To remind them of worship
Of One Singular Lord, the Allah.
But Israelites created idols.
Monotheism was lost in antiquity.

The last Prophet of the Israelites
The Messiah, the Jesus, the son of Mary
Was crucified, but Lord raised him
To heaven and replaced another on the cross.

When asked by the companions of Jesus,
When he was led for crucification
As to who would be their Prophet
Jesus replied that Mohammad*

From Arabs will be born as last
Of the Prophets, Mohammad*
The Al-Ameen, the Trustworthy
Mohammed* the Al-Sadiq, the Truthful.

Lord's signs were visible and were clear.
Before the birth of Mohammad*.
Light shone from the forehead
Of his father Abdullah before wedding

With Amina, the blessed mother
Of Prophet Mohammad* the posthumous child.
He was suckled by foster mother
Halima who spoke pure Arabic.

Angels appeared one day when Mohammad*
Was playing with his foster brother
And other children in the valley.
They opened the chest of Mohammad*

Cleaned the heart of all the impurities.
Mohammad* stood in stupor.
Halima was scared, she rushed
To Mecca and handed custody to Amina.

Amina passed away when Mohammad*
Was six years old on the way back
To Mecca from her hometown Yasrib.
Later Yasrib gave shelter to Prophet.

Yasrib came to be known as town
Of Prophet 'Medinat ul Nabi..,'
Long after Prophet's struggle
With his people at Mecca.

Mohammed* was brought up by
His grandfather Abul Mutallib
With great affection and love.
But he left the world shortly.

Mohammad was brought up by
His uncle Abu Talib, a respected leader.
Whose son Ali came later
In custody and care of Mohammad.*

Mohammad* showed his exemplary
Character, never worshiped idols.
Pondered and pondered on the Greatness
Of the Creator of the universe, Allah.

As a merchant was scrupulously
Honest, trustworthy and kept his words,
Promises, deeply concerned of welfare
Of his tribal community and people.

Khadeeja, a virtuous widow, a rich
Merchant's wife entrusted caravans
To Mohammed* for trading in far
And wide places from Mecca.

Mohammad* truthfulness, absolute
Purity of mind, heart and soul
Won the hearts of the entire
Tribal community of Mecca.

Khadeeja was too pleased with Mohammad.*
She was forty and Mohammad* was twenty five.
She offered herself in marriage.
Mohammad* accepted her hand graciously.

The happy couple bore four daughters.
The last Fathima was most beloved
Pretty and resembled Mohammad.*
Later to be wedded with Ali, in Madina.

Mohammad* soon took to a recluse life.
He would withdraw in a cave Hira.
In near by mountains of Mecca,
For deep penance and meditation.

When he had proved in every aspect
His virtuous living, his saintliness
His judiciousness, his perfection
Of manners and became a perfect being.

Then Lord sent Angel Gabriel
When Mohammad* was forty years old,
Sitting in deep meditation in the cave.
Gabriel held tightly Mohammad*

In embrace thrice over, when he
Refused to read what Gabriel said,
As Mohammed* was unlettered
And did not know to read.

Lord sent His first message
Of Prophet hood and Quran
Was dawned on Prophet
In the holy month of Ramadhan.

Mohammed* rushed home in fever.
Asked Khadeeja to cover him with blanket.
Mohammed revealed to her about the message.
Khadeeja unhesitatingly believed every word.

Khadeeja rushed to inform her cousin.
Her cousin knew the Christian
Scriptures which foretold about
The birth of Mohammad* in Arabia.

He consoled Khadeeja and revealed
That Prophets were troubled by their
People with untold hardships
Pain, privation, hunger and thirst.

That Mohammed* would likewise
Be troubled by deeply superstitious
Idolatry people of his tribe.
And he would be driven away.

Mohammed's* closest friend Abu Bakr
Beheld Prophet in great respect
Honor and love, he immediately
Accepted Mohammed* as a Prophet.

When Mohammed invited the tribal
Leaders to his home for a feast
And beaconed them to shun idol
Worship, Mohammed was jeered and laughed.

Mohammad* announce his Prophethood
By gathering all the Meccans.
But they shunned him. Mohammad*
Was troubled, heckled, harassed.

Mohammad* for twelve long years
Lived in Mecca preached
Monotheism and to worship One
Singular Lord of the universe.

Mohammad* called upon Jews,
Christians, Sabians and all tribals.
To unite into one brotherhood.
And pray and bow before Allah.

Revelations after revelations came
From Allah, to reiterate, warn
The people of the dooms day.
Of how the way wards were punished.

Meccans called Mohammad* as a poet,
A charlatan, a magician, a fraud,
A phony and by many other
Nicknames, but Quran vouched

For Mohammad's* purity of Message.
Quran revealed about the creations
Of first man Adam and Eve.
And how he was misled by Satan.

Holy Quran warned humanity
To beware about the Satan, the accursed.
About tyrants, false prophets,
About humbugs and charlatans.

Holy Quran spoke about the mysteries
Of the universe about the creation
Of wonders about many millions
Graces, Mercies, Beneficence of the Lord.

Mohammad* and his followers
Were ostracized, driven away
From their homes, beaten
Black and blue, dismembered.

Prophet counseled patience,
To turn the other cheek.
To be in ever submission.
In humility before the Lord.

Mohammad* sent away a band
Of followers to Abyssinia.
Meccans followed them and complained
To the king, the king found the followers truthful.

He permitted them to stay in Abyssinia.
Gave shelter and protection.
Secretly accept Mohammad*
As a Messenger and last Prophet.

Meccan leaders tried to lure Mohammad*
With wealth, women and kingship.
To subdue him from his preaching.
Prophet was steadfast and strong in faith.

Mohammad* made his nocturnal journey
To heaven with Gabriel on 'Buraq'
The lightning horse to meet Lord.
Meccans refused to believe this truth.

Meccan leaders then decided
To assassinate the holy Prophet.
They all gathered outside his house.
When Lord commanded him to migrate

To Medina, where the people
On hearing about the message
Of the Prophet had accepted
Him and had become converts.

Prophet and his close confident
Friend Abu Bakr, the 'Siddiq'
The truthful, hid for three days in
Cave 'Ghar e soor' to save from cruel Meccans.

Prophet was welcomed with open arms
In Medina, a community of followers
Had already gathered in Medina.
They came to be called as 'Muhajereens.'

The Medinites were called 'Ansars.'
The helpers, the Ansars shared
All their belongings wealth, women.
They became true brothers in faith.

The Prophet's first mosque was built.
All helped in putting up the structure
Adjacent to the Prophet's house.
Where he housed his family.

The Prophet's next ten years
Were riddled with attacks from Meccans.
Led by his uncle Abu Sufian.
Wars after wars were waged.

Allah at last granted full victory.
The Mecca fell to the Prophet.
And his followers, the faithful
Came to be known as Muslims.

The great victory of fall of Mecca
Was foretold by Allah in holy messages.
It was bloodless coup, Meccans
Surrendered and embraced Islam.

The Holy Kaaba was rid of all
Idols, from every home idols
Were broken and destroyed
All praise be to lord of the universe-Allah
* Peace be upon him.

The Message of Love

-a-

The message of Prophet Mohammad*
 Rests on four strong pillars.
 The first pillar is to clear
 The myth and falsity created
 Around Satan, the ' Shaitan', the Jinne.
 By the Jews, Christians and
 Other mythological legends
 Of Greek, Roman, Indian,
 Chinese and other such scriptures.
 To show how Iblis played his
 Part mischievously and how he was
 Banished and expelled from the
 Realms of the Great Being Allah.
 And how 'Iblis', the ' Shaitan' is
 The stark enemy an open foe
 Of mankind and particularly believers.
 To reveal the assurance of 'Shaitan' to Allah.
 That he cannot distract humble servants.
 That he is powerless before surrendered,
 Blissful, tranquil and true lovers of Allah.
 The first message is to expose 'Shaitan'.
 And to reveal how deceptive he is?
 How to shun 'Shaitan'? To expel him
 From thought, mind and in daily actions.

-b-

The Second most crucial message
 Is to reveal who the false gods are?
 How they are all creations of fiction,
 Falsified myths and mythologies.
 Creation of minds of poets, charlatans,
 Humbugs, hypocrites and 'kafireens'!
 The mini gods, idolized externally
 By idols, figures, paintings.
 Internally in mind by false dreams,
 False ideals, away from Reality.
 The multitudes of gods, goddesses,
 Their legends, their stories etched
 In the ancient scriptures of Greek
 Roman, Indian, Chinese, Buddhist,
 Jains, Jews, Christians, Sabaeans

Are all falsity to the core and untrue.
To deny and shun their existence.
Erase them from worship from the
Mind, heart, thought and action.
Destroy the falsehood about them.
Recite 'LaIlaha', 'there is no god'.
'Illallah' 'other than Allah.'

-c-

The third and the most important
Message is to reveal about the REALITY
The TRUTH, the presence of the Omnipotent,
Omnipresent, Eternal, Singular Allah
The God of Compassion, Mercy, Beneficent,
The Tremendous, the Sustainer, closer to Jugular Vein.
The True Beloved, the Magnificent
The Beautiful, the Marvelous, the Awesome.
The True Creator, the ONE, the ONLY ONE
About the truth of Creation , the TRUE GOD.
Who exists and is ever conscious of His Creation.
Who Builds and Destroys, who answers and punishes
Who is Ever Vigilant and created His Creation.
With purpose, to guide the destinies and lives.
Of men, jinnee and all creatures.
To reveal His laws, His Commands.
To reveal His Directions, His love.
To make man a purified being.
A true being, a compassionate being
A loving being, an obedient servant.
To make His earthly being
A befitting being as a vicegerent
To enable him to enjoy his earthly life.
And later his heavenly life as a reward
For his righteous actions on earth.

-d-

The fourth significant message
Is the revelation of pure light,
The 'Noor' of Allah in human form.
The Last of Messengers of Allah.
The most humble, surrendered
Obedient being – the Mohammad*, Peace be upon him
On whom the Creator Allah
And His angels send their greetings, 'Salaams;,
The Salutation, the 'Darood'.

The Mohammad* the graceful, the beautiful,
The penitent, the peaceful, the gracious,
The kind, the benevolent, the true believer,
The most obedient and surrendered being.
The giver of good tidings, the warner.
The embodiment of Truth and Beauty.
The Trustworthy- The 'Al-Ameen'.
The Truthful- The "Al Sadiq".
The most sincerest, the brave.
The embodiment of all the Ninety nine
Qualities imbibed enshrined in him.
Practiced, exemplified, set up an
Example through good conduct for virtuous,
For truthful, humble and sincere beings.
To accept his leadership, his Prophet hood.
To follow his example, his precepts
His life, a shadow less person
A divine light reflecting effulgence
A virtuous and a beautiful personality.
A great being a loving being.
Upholder of Truth and virtues.
A giver of divine law.
A sage, an adept, an ascetic.
A glorious personality, a humble fakir.
A light of heaven on earth.
A leader, an imam of all prophets
Of all virtuous beings and saints.
A revealer of Truth and Reality.
A spokesperson of ETERNAL BEING.
A gods man, a lovely being.
A personification of virtues and goodness.
A path breaker of good life.
Taught humanity to achieve heaven by good deeds;
By angelic deeds, heavenly deeds.
A destroyer of falsity, false gods,
False images, false dreams, false hopes.
Upholder of justice, a protector for helpless,
A succor for poor, orphans, and widows.
A reliever for underdogs and miserable.
A protector for woman, upholder of their rights.
Removal of distinction among races, colors and castes.
Established World brotherhood.
Made man to realize his own inner self.

So that man can realize and reach God – Allah

* Peace be upon him

6

A Mercy and Peace to Humanity

From the unknown hidden
Light of the mystery arose
The lights of Prophecy.
There is no light among
Lights that is clearer,
More existent, more remarkable,
More noble, more wise, more
Just, more sweet, more
Formidable and more appealing
Than any among the lights
And torches to appear as prophets
The more pure primordial
Light was endowed with a glorious name (Ahmed)
With a glorified nature (Mohammad*)
A character glorified as ‘Al Ameen (trustworthy),
Al Sadiq (The Truthful)’
With ninety nine glorious essences,
Qualities of mercy, imbibed
In its seed a glorious plan.
To enfold, encapsulate the
Entire humanity as Mercy of Lord.
Dazzling, visible, magnificent,
Brilliant, made more clear
Powerful, generous and kind.
This light was proclaimed
Before creation of first man,
And his substance wholly purified.
The speech prophetic, the knowledge
Flowing from that deep essence of
Supernatural Being, the Lord
Of the Universe the Eternal Master.
Lord made him utter words (Iqra)
The divine truth guided him.
To be a guiding torch
To the humanity till eternity.
United with God without separation
“Closer than Jugular vein.”
More closer than “the distance

Of two shot of the bow”.
The Prophet is “Siraj,” ‘Lamp
Of Prophethood’; “Muneera”
(of light) and “Al Insan al Kamil”
(The perfect Man)
A mercy and peace to humanity.
God being Truth made him
Utter words, guaranteed the
Meaning of the words.
It is the divine Truth.
Guided him in a divine way.
For a divine purpose.
His will was established.
The Lord in him cleans
The muck and rust in chest
Of the obedient souls.
Mohammad*, a herald
Of the Uncreated word.
United with God- Allah.
Without separation, surpassing
The imaginable, the announcer
Of the end, the ends of the end.

* Peace be upon him

7

Light and Mercy

The Sun, the mother of our universe
Shines with brilliance and effulgence.
The light from it travels and reaches us
In a flicker of our eye lid, with
Speed of millions of light years.

When Sun sets, darkness surrounds us.
Sun and light can it be seen as separate ?
Prophet is light, “Noor”of Allah.
Can Noor and Allah be separated?

In a flash of a moment, in a flicker
Of an eyelid, like light, Prophet
Reached ‘Lord’, when summoned
With that speed of light, all that happened

In the ascension to heaven, to meet Lord.
To merge in Lord, to lead all prophets
As imam in prayers, to witness heaven
And hell, then with flash of lightening

The knowledge was gathered.
The journey was completed.
Light upon light, 'Noor un ala Noor.'
'Noorullah' is effulgence of Allah.

The brilliance of Lord is Prophet.
To shun Prophet is blindness,
One without eyes cannot marvel
The beauty of light of the Sun.

Nor see the brilliance of the Sun.
The eminence of the Sun is Prophet.
Light is pure and shadow less.
Prophet was 'Insan e Kamil', a

Perfect human being, without
An iota of shadow, sinless.
With multiple colors of the light.
With millions of qualities of the light.

An example for the mankind.
A mercy for the humanity.

8

Open Foe

Like Satan, our own created things
Turn hostile and inimical to us.
The more Satan found the pleasures
Of heaven, the fragrances of the gardens
The more Satan became jealous
Of Adam and Eve, to hatch a plan.
And by his hypocrisy and outward
Calm, pretences and make ups
Distracted them and led them to the
Path of evil. To those pleasures
Of body and mind despised by God.
Only to bring a great fall of first Man.
Satan is despised, now our open foe.
Only a humble soul can escape from him.

Fall of Man

Ignorance is bliss.
Knowledge is power,
But its fruits
Forbidden by Lord.
To be eaten by the
First Man, Adam.
But Eve created
From Adam's rib,
Persuades him,
On Satan luring Eve
To taste the forbidden
Fruit of the ' tree of knowledge'.
Adam fails to keep
His word with the Lord.
Both taste the fruit.
Only to lose paradise.
Oceanic tears of repentance,
Brings them back
To the fold of the Lord.
To be forgiven, but left
To face the trials
And tribulations,
The joys and sorrows in life.

10
The Sufies

The Sufies, the “mutaqeens” the truthful
Are those who have attained
In truth, that True Master
Who exits by means of infinite,
Absolute, and colourless existence.
Their whole goal is to negate
All the inner baser instincts,
The inner desires passions.
The inhuman qualities.
And fill their cup
Of their being and life
With divine love, to utter
Forever and ever His deep
Love and sing His songs.

11
Love till Eternity

They had nothing to lose.
Anyway they had lost
The garden of bliss.
Yes, they did it repeatedly
When the shadows lengthened
Before them and behind them.
And when the stars threw
Their spears and watered them.
And when the cockerals
Blew their trumpets. Ah!
What joys they discovered
And found it never to lose
For generations, it has not grayed,
Nor lost its sheen and fragrance.

They never leave any tell tale
Evidence for any one.
Yet it is said that it is
Recorded on the rocks.
And walls too have ears.
The leaves have shinny eyes.
That is what is cited
For the hangman to adjust

The noose around their neck.

The brilliance of the day
And labour they sweat for
Is for a few morsels.
To quench the burning
Furnace in the stomach,
And prevent the raven
From its droppings
On their silvery lined head.
What else can they
Expect from this list less
Life except to hear from
The fellow with a tuft
That they carry the
Wrongs of the past innings.
And from that fellow
With a long 'Jhubba'(kurta)
And flowing unkept
Beard with a white skullcap
That their bones
Are fire woods
To keep the flames burning.

Ah! My beloved forget these
Thoughts and meanderings.
Now fill my cup with that
Exiler that burns my
Inner being to long for You
For ever and ever and ever

12

Abu Bakr a close confident of Prophet

Abu Bakr, a fast bosom dear friend
Of holy Prophet, a childhood pall.
Earnest, truthful, sincere to the core.
Highly mystical and spiritual.

When Prophet returned from mount Hira,
After revelation from the Lord
Through Angel Gabreal, Abu Bakr
When summoned, unhesitantly swore

Allegiance on the hand of the Prophet.
Sacrificed every bit of his self
Stood steady fast, prayed intensely
Released captive slaves, paid ransom.

Many a slaves were freed by him.
Including black slave Bilal,
Who loved Prophet dearly, who
Became the first 'muezzin'.

When Prophet ascended the throne
Of the Lord, in 'Meraj', Abu Bakr
Unhesitatingly believed every word
Of holy Prophet, thus was called 'Siddiq'.

Abu Bakr arranged for Prophet's flight
To Medina, accompanied Prophet
And hid in cave 'Soor' for three days
Before he and Prophet left Medina in full safety.

Abu Bakr sacrificed all his wealth
To Prophet, and declared Allah and Prophet
Are sufficient for him, became an ascetic.
A most loved personality, a seer.

Abu Bakr developed deep bonds with Prophet.
Stood like solid rock in all the wars.
A close confidant gave his loving daughter
Ayesha in marriage to Prophet.

Abu Bakr, consoled the masses on Prophet's
Passing away was declared as first Caliph.

Omar, as a youth, boisterous, chivalrous,
A leader in his own right, a colossal figure.
Deeply entrenched in idol worship in Mecca.
Belonging to Qureish, a respected tribe.

When people started shunning idol worship,
Poor people, slaves flocked to Prophet
His proverbial anger was provoked,
With open sword went to behead Prophet.

On the way learnt about his sister
And her husband's conversion to Islam,
He directed his anger towards them.
Thrashed them till blood oozed out.

His sister and her husband confessed
Of conversion but swore to die as Muslims,
Omar heard the passages of Quran
Recited by them on his insistence.

His heart melted, the truth dawned on him.
He was moved to tears., walked straight
With open sword in his hand to Prophet,
Laid down his arms and embraced Islam.

Omar was bold, uncompromising with idolaters.
His zeal.enthusiasm,his sense of honour.
His power of words, his truthfulness,
Earned him the title of 'Farooq,'the just.

A bold warrior, a terror to vagabonds,
Thugs, thieves.unbelievers and hypocrites.
Learned, with sound common sense.
Protected and shielded Prophet as a rock

Omar gave his daughter Hafsa in marriage
To holy Prophet to strengthen his bonds
His love towards Prophet was unsurpassable.
He became a close confidant of Prophet and Abu Bakr.

Omar succeeded Abu Bakr as second Caliph.
His simplicity, austerity ,sense of justice.
Earned him name , fame and honor.
He implemented divine laws with even hands.

His rule was for a decade and more.
He conquered with his devoted faithfuls,
Many countries and implemented just rule.
Treated every human being with respect, honour.

Omar's wisdom, strategy in wars
Or as a ruler was exemplary.
A great Caliph, a wise person and an ascetic.
A saint and a renowned seer.

Omar had his jealous enemies,
Hypocrites and false men in his army.
For lure of money and to gain power,
He was assassinated, thus he became a martyr.

14

Usman, the charitable and generous

Usman the great, a noble merchant.
Well known for his manners, culture.
His extra ordinary polished behaviour,
Earned him many titles and fame.

Prophet gave his beloved daughter
In marriage to him; but she died.
Gave another daughter in marriage
Thus he came to known as "Zunnirein."

Usman was devoted son in law of Prophet.
Hailing from a most noble tribe and clan.
Unhesitatingly would give largess's
To the cause of Islam, a succor of the poor.

Usman had handsome and delicate features
Memorized Holy Quran and was a compiler.
Thus came to be known as "Jamia e Quran"
A true faithful, reached saint hood.

Usman for his generosity and kindness
Came to be known as 'Usman e Ghani.'
His heart was full of compassion
For poor, orphans, widows and aged.

Usman succeeded as third Caliph.
Lived till old age, learned and deft.
A perfect human being, gentle to the core.
Would recite Holy Quran in sonorous voice.

His kindness, compassion was dear to prophet.
His austerity and piety won many idolaters
To Islam. He was a perfect example.
His rule extended for more than a decade.

He had secret enemies, who went
For his blood. He too was martyred.
In his ripe old age, opening
Flood gates of dissensions and disputation.

15

Ali, the Great Imam, Lion of Islam

Ali, son of Abu Talib. Prophet's uncle
Came into Prophet's custody when
He was eight years old .Prophet
Reared his cousin with deep
Love and affection, giving him the
Best of conduct, imbibing in him
The best of Arab tradition, valor,
Hospitality, generosity and manners.
When Prophet was forty, Gabriel
Brought the message of Islam
In cave in mount Hira,he rushed
Home with fever to announce
To his beloved wife Khatija,
Who accepted the Truth dawned on him.
Ali was eight years old then.
He pledge his allegiance
On Prophet's hand. The journey
To saint hood and imamite began.
Prophet's every word was memorized
Ali became the most learned.
Austere, brave, bold, and chivalrous.
In every cell of his body, burnt
The love for Prophet.
Prophet held him as Aron
Was to Moses."I am city

Of knowledge, Ali is the gate”
Declared Prophet.”I am for Ali,
Ali is for me,”so said Prophet.
Ali took Prophet’s bed, on the
Night of flight of Prophet to Medina.
Then Ali walked all the way to
Medina. Ali grew up
As a strong, chivalrous, bold.
Person of magnetic personality.
Prophet gave his last most loved
Daughter Fathima in marriage
To Ali; thus Ali became Prophet’s
Son in law, a closest confident.
Ali received the knowledge of
Gnosis, learned in all sacred laws.
Ali showed his bravery, skill.
In all the wars fought by Meccans.
Ali single handedly brought down
The iron gate of fort Khaiber;
With love and zeal for Prophet.
The iron gate could not be lifted
By the strength of eight men.
Thus Ali came to be known as
“Lion of God”,”ShareKhuda.”
Fatima begot two sons through Ali
Hasan and Hussain, the eyes of Ali.
Most beloved grand children of Prophet.
Through them rose the family
Of Prophet, the ‘Syeds’
Ali, the governor. The general,
The khazi, the imam, the confident
Of Prophet, was savior of Islam.
He shielded the first three Caliphs.
Ali was their councilor,
The ‘musheer’, ‘ the hand of Allah’
To protect the insignia of Islam
Ali became the fourth Caliph.
Ali a pure ascetic, a saint
A gnosis scholar a ‘khazi’,
A ‘hafiz’, memorized Quran.
A shadow of Prophet on Earth.
From Ali, the Gnosis and knowledge
Of the ‘Self’ was passed on
From generation to generation.
Ali heads the twelve Imams,
Who followed him, his descendents,

The 'Peers' and 'Peerans', the Sufies,
The knowledge of purest self, gnosis,
The secret of the inner self
Passed on from Ali, the Imam,
The last of the Caliphs.
He was martyred by his enemies.
To bring the curtain of Khilafat down.
The just rule of Islam to an end.
But the knowledge was preserved
By his descendants, by Sufies.
Ali heads all the Saints of Islam.

16

Zaid, a slave son of Mohammed*

Zaid was captured and sold as
A slave in the idolatory town of Mecca.
He came in the house hold of Mohammad*.
Mohammed*, the merchant, the 'Al- Ameen'

Treated Zaid with lots of compassion
Kindness and love, as though
Zaid was his own son.
Zaid began to love Mohammad* with all his heart.

Zaid's clan and father learnt
About he being held as a captive slave.
They came with ransom to free him.
To take him back to his country.

But Zaid refused to leave Mohammad.*
Mohammad* declared Zaid as his son.
Then on after Prophethood, Zaid
Was the first slave to embrace Islam.

Zaid would sign as son of Mohammad*.
Even in treaties of war on behalf of Mohammad.*
Zaid the confident. Zaid, the secretary
Zaid a slave, rose to a rank of a general.

Zaid was considered as an adopted son,
Till Lord commanded that there
Shall be no adoption in Islam. From then
On Zaid was not considered as a son.

* Peace be upon him

17

Reflection

Prophet's stark enemy met him on his way,
Called him "the worst person in the world."
Prophet's most beloved companion retorted
"Prophet is the most beautiful person in the world."

Prophet answered them that both spoke the truth.
Bewildered the loved companion asked
Prophet how could both contrary be true,
At the same time spoken of Prophet.

Prophet replied that his glittering heart
Is a polished mirror, which reflects
What ever a person is in it.
The stark enemy's worst condition

Was reflected in his sparkling mirror.
The companion's love was equally reflected.

18

'Taqwa' -Awe of the Lord

When we begin to believe in the
Existence of the Ever Lasting Being;
About His Ever Powerful Nature,
Then our being gets subdued.
A wonder is struck and
Our being gets humbled.
A fear dawns on our self.
This is the awe of the Lord.
Quran refers to it as "Taqwa".
One needs to cultivate this awe.
This wonder in the mind and heart.
So as to enable one to be always
Humble, simple and cultured.
The mirror of the heart should get polished.
You should feel enlightened and
Love should ooze out from every
Particle of your being, be always light-

Hearted with a smile on the face.
To achieve the awe and wonder,
You should submit and surrender to the Lord
Always and forever and subjugate
Your inner being to His Commands,
His Rules and His Regulations.
To shun animal instincts of anger,
Jealousy, hatred, covetousness, greed,
Cowardness, lust, selfishness, self centeredness.
To establish morals and develop moral
Courage, right action, right speech,
Right conduct and adopt right manners.
To look beyond the horizons of life.
And keep high ideals to achieve bliss,
Happiness, and higher learning as your life goal.
To submit your body and soul in
Prayers, do acts of charity and
Serve the suffering humanity and mankind
Unite man and man in bonds of love and brotherhood.

19

"I in Him, He in me"

I am claimed by many.
My mother as her only son.
My father as his heir and successor.
My sister as a beloved brother.
My wife as her sole beloved.
My children as a loving father.
But, I, myself do not belong to any.
My 'Self' is a self which is a traveler,
In the path of the Unknown.
In search of the ONE who has
Put the eternal spirit in me.
I in Him ,He in me.
From Him I have come.
Unto Him, I shall return.

20

“Namaz”

“Namaz” the daily solemn prayers.
Recited day in and day out.
Is to break the violence of the mind.
To seek peace, solace for the soul.

“Namaz,” the daily feature of life,
Is to bridle the carnal passions,
And desires, to help the soul
To enlighten and purify itself.

“Namaz” a link with the Supreme Being,
Is to cleanse the troublesome
Mind and heart of all its
Impurities, to achieve happiness.

“Namaz,” with every ablution
Is cleanliness next to
Godliness, to seek humility,
And to achieve sublimity.

21

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 colour 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.

25

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.

26

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.

27
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 colours
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

A Bloody Battle

The slogans on the walls.
 The posters with cryptic message.
 The protesting march past.
 The shouting rage, the commotion.

The mute spectators.
 The silent wielding policeman.
 The stranded traffic.
 The blowing horns and loudspeakers.

From some corner brick bats,
 Stones are showered.
 A chaos, confusion.
 Firing, blood shed, deaths.

Mayhem, orderly crowds turn violent.
 A peaceful protest turns into a bloody bath.

Welcoming 2009

The twinkling stars on the cold December night.
 Bids adieu to the year of eclipses, sadness.
 And welcomes the rising round golden Sun.
 To usher in a year of joy, fulfillment.

Let the year 2009 bring happiness
 To every single member of humanity.
 Let all join hand in hand to pray
 For world peace, harmony, sublimity.

Let love and affection fill gardens of life.
 Let each one of us gain strength to end strife.

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.

Trial faced by a struggling student

There were times when pitiless Sun
Had come down on his tiny head.
Parching lands made him put-
Out his dried out tongue.

The hard times, chill penury, made him
Look for any means of livelihood.
Any thing that struck his imagination.
He collected old news papers, bottles,

Scrap from neighborhood, friends, relatives.
Raised a poultry, sold eggs, plants.
Canvassed for sale of petty things.
All to educate and to care for his family.

The heavy burden cast on his bony shoulders
Was daunting, burdensome, trouble some.
But the grinding mill of life
Profusely showered wisdom on him.

When the heavy laden clouds,
Lightening and thunder subsided.
Fresh breeze blew, gardens bloomed,
Fragrance spread. Cheers abound all around.

Love cherished in bosom, flaming faith,
Eased the journey leading to safe shores.
Each struggle brought renewed vigor.
Every morning brought new hopes.

Losing Sheen-Lament of an aged person

As I am reaching the horizon.
 The fiery Sun is losing its sheen.
 The coolness of the night benumbs me.
 My days are becoming shorter and shorter.
 Sleep hanging for long hours in my eyes.
 My bones are creaking, so also my knees.
 My glasses are getting thicker and thicker.
 Now, no more struggles to reach any goal.
 No more need to take care of any one.
 What needs to be cared are ailments.
 To ring in long daily hours of prayers.
 The young energetic consider me as a sage.
 With a halo around and a snowy head.
 Memory hanging loosely, lost in thoughts.
 Stuttering some good old story of lost time.
 Oblivious of fast changing fashions.
 Day by day crease of my wears waning.
 At times, lightning, thunder emanate from me;
 Being irritated at small and sundry things.
 At times wondering, why the clock is still clicking.
 Why the icy chilly hands has not touched me?
 Let this innings now come to a close.
 Let silences of the cold chamber enclose me.

Look Beyond

Your forlorn memories, clinging to them,
 Like a leech is the cause
 For your anguishes and pain.
 You want the fun and frolic to return.

You are unable to smell fresh
 Fragrance of sweet flowers in the air.
 The chirping of birds, the rainbows.
 The calm weather no longer thrills you.

You are no longer a connoisseur of food.
 The songs of nightingales, or of Lata, Asha
 Does not thrill you, nor enthuse you.

Your desires and passions disturb you.

Enjoy changing seasons and lovely streams.
Enthuse yourselves with charming dreams.

35

To remember for ever

Whenever I suffered leg pain
I remembered you, you would
Relieve it by pressing my legs.

Whenever I had to go to Sufi meet
I remembered you, you would
Take me in the car to please me.

Whenever I see lawyers
I remember you, you are now
Studying law to be a lawman.

Now I am wearing your ring
To remember my little son
Always and for ever and ever.

36

Night and Day

The nights long vigil of darkness and silence
Has slowly made its withdrawal.
But the sleep is still hanging on.
Like a flickering lantern and candle.

Refusing to let go the limping dreams.
Morning dew is spreading its pearls
On the green shade of the leaves.
The chill is dressing up to make an exit.

The smacking lips have left a mark on silvery cups.
Cigarette butts and ashes over flow in ash trays.
Love and lust is taking its flight from beds.
The warmth of the day is shaking off the slumber.

The parting kiss now waits for the light to with draw.
To bring together the tiring bodies on the closing day.

37

Alas love lost

When love becomes a barren land.
A rocky reptile ridden mountain,
A marshy, slushy hyacinth filled lake.
Without fresh breeze, air and clear waters.
Then heart becomes parched crusty earth.

When intelligent prosperous people
Grab all the pleasures of the world.
The poor ruffians are made to struggle.
It is then the terror clutches the throat
Of the financial capital of wealthy lands.

The poison filled snaky greed, rotten gluttony
The voluptuous lust drowns the best in the world.

38

Melodrama

Time and withering age are in a great hurry.
Carrying along with them man's created beauty.
The clashing of arms, the changing fashions,
The colossal learning, the tomes of books,
All making an exit with Tsunamis, floods.
Whither Baghdad, Bosnia, Serbia, Sudan, Afghan?
Melting away. Iron, bamboo walls collapsing.
The western economy tumbling down like humpty.
Eastern poverty raising its ugly head.
A flash of heavenly lightning reducing to ashes
The ego, the joy and mirth, the pain and tears.
But the iron will of Man, ragging passions
Raises its hood now and then for slaughter.
Earth ever spinning, enacts its own drama.

39

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.

40

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.
Some times it would get derailed.
Breaking the lovely dreams.
There were times when the whistling train
Would stop abruptly midway.
The full white full Moon shinning
Making us all walk in its light.
To forget those moments, when

Unexpected stops in sweltering
Heat with out 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.

41

City slums night mares.

They are all unlettered masses.
Living in places with out 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.

42

Flowers and flowers

In flower market heaps of lovely flowers
Of various colors ,varieties and fragrance.
The flower girls rush on break of light
To gather in their dusty baskets
Sweet scented flowers of all kinds.
Whole day long they make garlands.
Jasmine garlands to bedeck in plaits
Or for the idols to adorn in temples.
Or for the politicians to wear to gleam.
Whole day long the florist makes
Bouquets from fresh roses and
From variety of pleasant fragrant flowers
For happy occasions or for the bereaved.
Flowers and flowers for smiles or tears.

43

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.

44

How things merge

Before the dark heavy laden clouds gather.
Before the mothers, grand mothers 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 quite moment for one to listen to music.
There is a quite moment for one to listen to music.
The ecstatic cries of foot ballers 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.

45
“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 flue,
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.

46

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 humour.
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.

47

Good Shepard

The kind good Shepard roams about
The pastures during day time and sleeps
With his herd during dark night time.
Watches the rising and setting of the Sun;
The thin razor edge Moon slowly growing
Bigger and bigger to full size. Then
Waning slowly. Gazes dark starry nights.
Knows about the sound and smell of days and nights.
His herd are both his friends and companions.
He knows of dangers that befall his flock,
He carries a dream, a most wonderful one.
To lead men to safety on some benign day.
For he has learnt the art to save his flocks from enemies.
He is a good Shepard, who carries plenty of dreams.

48

Turn to chill penury

When you do not do things,
Which are required to be done,
When things are at your door steps.
Then you would miss the journeying train for ever.
The seasons keeps changing.
The water laden clouds wither away.
The lands would lie fallow.
you are faced with an ugly
Poverty, stupidity. foolishness, sickness.
It would be too late to turn the tides.
To change the course of life.
To bring back the lost age,
The life of mirth, joy and laughter
Would ever turn to sadness,
Melancholy and chill penury.
You would limp like a beggar in the lost streets.

Floods

On a dark weary night-
 When the whole world is asleep,
 A deluge; flood gates opened
 Oceanic tears from the sky burst forth.
 Shriill cry rent the mysteries air.
 O Heaven! Why this misery unleashed?
 Oh! Is this how rivers, rivulets and lakes
 Are formed to join the sea and the ocean.
 They surge and swell pulsating,
 Throbbing, inundating and taking
 With in its bosom all that comes its way.
 There is nothing that can resist its fury!

So many nice fables and stories are created
 For mankind to bear the tears of gloom.
 The dear ones are snatched away
 Untimely by cruel fate, leaving
 The little tiny tots with only broken toys,
 With out any more joys, cheers of sweet ones.

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.
 Near by 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.

51

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.

52

A prayer for the New Year 2010.

O These trials and tribulations of life!
While walking on the path to reach Lord.
I slip and fall only to be helped by You.
O my Lord help me cross these barriers.

Let the New Shining Sun of the Year 2010
Bring to my soul Your Compassion, Mercy.
O Lord! Give to every heart peace
And love to befriend man and man.

Let happiness and joy overcome the grieve.
Let light of Lord drive away the darkness.
O Lord! Give to every soul courage
And moral strength to fight devils of mind.

Let the New Year 2010 bring a new chapter
Of forgiveness and to share joys, happiness.

53

Elusive Love

They move at their own
Slow snail space
With out rhythm, sense or zeal
Oblivious of the hurry burry of life.

The thunder nor lightning nor storms
Can wake them from their deep slumber.
The humble village dweller lives
In his own cozy cocoon world.

Only a spark of divine love
Can enthuse their humble dwelling
To raise them from wretchedness
To heights of glory and splendor.

But lo, that elusive warmth of
Charming love doesn't sparkle in their eyes.

54

Serenity

Let's find a place
Where there is no
Imaginary tales of woes,
Of cries of battle;
Or of joys of victory
Or of tiresome journeys
Or of lore's of by gone times
Or of created fiction or myths.

Let's find a place
Full of fragrance of roses
Blossoming lilies, daffodils
Where imagination sours
And rests on the wings of skylark.

Let's find love in twinkling hearts
In rhythmic bear of drums
And in the twinkling eyes of stars.

55

Storms within storms

When the mind is dull, stateless,
Senseless, inactive and sad;
A sudden outburst from your
Best half, kindles the fire within.

The anima assumes the form of anger;
Jealousy creeping all over the body.
Vehemence overturning the calm self.
A storm brews within the cup of life.

The tongue lashes out brimming fire
Words shooting out as spears, bullets,
Piercing body ,heart, .soul of the beloved.
A well laid garden is laid in ruins.

A momentary peace is disturbed forever.
Hell within assumes demonic form to shun.
Storms within storms, in other wise calm sea.
A long wait to restore tranquility.

56

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;
With out 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.

57

Self Deception

Those offering in the form of “prasadam”,
“Tabarruk” to the idols, saintly graves
And on the holy altar, are acts of
Devotion or of deep sincerity?!

Is it to seek panacea to all ills!
To deceive self, to console the ego!
To appease gods, of selfish desires!
Or to drown in self adulation!

For the Sun for all the light it sheds;
So also the Moon, Stars for their shine;
The rivers for its flowing, cleansing
Offerings of thanks of flowers, fruits. ashes, bones!

But not a morsel of food for the rag pickers.
Not a pint of milk to the wailing child.

Save your souls

When Nature's meticulously arranged affairs
 Go haywire with tornadoes, storms, flood,
 Lightening, thunder. Tsunamis, burning forest.
 Reducing to shambles towns and cities.

It is then the Might, Glory of the Lord
 Gets visible, embellished, entrenched in the soul.
 The ever ungrateful man cringes before Him.
 To seek Grace, for return of joys, happiness.

When the dark clouds melt and pass away
 When the flowers bloom, birds chirp, rainbows appear
 The hope returns, the shattered dreams regain poise,
 The crippling humanity again restores to normalcy.

The ever niggardly man needs to play his role
 In measured ways, to save his soul.

How eternal bliss

The gift, the light that shines between two eye brows.
 Is missing or lost for ever, to make them dumb.
 The rare discerning gift, to act or not to act;
 To defend or to attack, to remain silent or protest.

To be patient and to bid for their time.
 To lie low or raise their hood to scare their enemy
 Is absent, the light within is blown away.
 They live in eternal darkness, groping their way.

The slippery path, gliding glaciers, marshy waters
 Attract them daily to slip and fall.
 The Grace should fall like continuous showers of rain.
 Like shining Sun to awaken their consciousness.

That should mark their way to Truth, enlightenment.
 For ever joys, happiness and eternal bliss.

60

Divine Wisdom

When the Truth dawns with its
Multiple colors at the twilight zone,
With its armory and shining 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.

61

Brimful Day

While you were sitting on high pedestal
Moving around in car with red light atop,
You were power drunk, star struck.
Your arrogance, insolence was marked.
You had a fiery temper, sharp tongued
You would hurt and injure the small
And sundry, to your subordinates and all.
You were stiff necked, demonic in nature.

Now you are no longer in power.
It has slipped away beneath your feet.
You are so ordinary, unnoticed, unsung.
Where are those plumes you wore.

Your looks are forlorn, desolate, depressed.
You pine for those brimful days to return.

Eternal Peace

For sixty long years,
I had to climb the
Steep cliff, slipping
Falling, struggle
After struggle. At last
Conquered the summit.
The point that touches the sky.
And where I hoisted my flag.
I could take a deep
Breath to view the
Pleasant scenery from
The top of the mountain.
Ah! What a wonderful
Sight. Exquisite and
Marvelous beyond my
Imagination, breathless.
Beauty in all its splendor
Glorious and wonderful.
Now my climb down
Would be in a moment.
No more aspirations.
No more struggles.
No more hopes.
No more dreams.
A deep silence.
A quietude.
A great merger.
For eternal peace.

Good Old Days

No more blooms the flowers of yesteryears.
 The lost fragrance never to return.
 The good childhood memories fading.
 No more remains the school and the teacher.

Never have been more happier the youthful joys.
 The bohemian laughter and gaudy jokes.
 The fool hardy leisurely lethargic days.
 The care free and never care attitude.

The zestful married life, the banterful honey moon.
 The anxious await of the new arrivals.
 The involved up bringing of the aged parents.

The times have passed leaving creases on the face.
 No more complains on those good old days.

Figurative Speech

He is a pencil thin fellow
 But quite a weighty person.
 He holds 'Times of India' in one hand.
 While a fashionable umbrella in another.
 An odd check coat with colorful tie,
 With a golf cap on his head.
 With a cigar in his mouth.
 Polished shoes, well dressed.
 While we are penniless, he is
 Supposed to be with a charming
 Spent thrift wife and a fashionable
 Cute looking daughter studying
 In a high status convent school.

Good Old Memories

Oh! I have heard him say
 All the gibberish from ages.
 He keeps on repeating the same
 Good old story umpteen times.
 Though it is quite boring for us
 But he takes a malicious pleasure
 While relating the defeat of his
 Enemies and his triumphant victory!
 A glimmer in his eyes while
 Recalling all the minute details.
 He never gets tired to repeat
 The same rig morale of his life.
 Perhaps he has nothing better to say!
 Except to keep alive his memories.

Heard them say

I told you so, didn't I?
 That you would come out
 Triumphantly successfully.
 Not to brood over the losses.

I told you so, didn't I?
 That you do better
 And better than those
 Fools and good for nothing fellows.

I told you so, didn't I?
 Not to cry over the spilt milk
 Not to make haste and waste
 Not to repeat the same old mistakes.

I told you so, didn't I?
 Not to jump to conclusions
 Not to rush to make friends
 Not to wear shabby dress to parties

Who can be leaders?

Today any body and every body
 Can become leaders and captains.
 Not a penny in pocket, yet boastful.
 They have flair with flowery language.

They keep their secrets close to their hearts.
 Tight fisted yet generous, when time comes.
 They are quite dynamic, energetic.
 Always on the move, tireless.

They are quite sincere, truthful.
 When time comes they sacrifice their life.
 They are helpful, cheerful.
 Smart with smiles always so their lips.

What a fall?

They are quite fashionable people.
 Speaking high flown language
 Living in style, quite reserved.
 But when you get occasion
 To interact with them, they
 Appear so ordinary, foolish
 With hardly any depth of
 Understanding and high thinking.
 You would be surprised to know
 That they are hollow and shallow
 They lack common sense and good sense
 And basic. What a poor show
 They make? They are to be
 Pitied. What a sorry state of affairs?!

O Siddhartha

O my Siddhartha! My darling my sweet one.
How I longed for you? How my love encoiled
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 you 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 path 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.

Good came to naught

I found a bag full of gold coins.
I was wonder struck and confused.
How do I use it? I dare not go to police,
For they would grab it themselves.
Shall I enjoy it myself?
My conscious cried hoarse and protested.
No! You shall not! You have not earned it.
I was perplexed. How do I utilize it?

A friend of mine was in great debts.
Every day he would wallow his pains.
About how the creditors were chasing him.
How he was spending sleepless nights.
I called him up. Told him to take the gold coins.
I took an oath from him that he shall pay
Every penny to his creditors.
He promised and took an oath
To discharge all his obligations.

The first thing he did was to host a party
To his large family in a five star hotel.
Bought jewellery for his wife and daughter.
Bought expensive clothings, shoes for all.
As a thanks giving he went for holy
Pilgrimage with his family.
Then to Kashmir to relive the tension.

By then the gold coins dwindled
When a few creditors pressed him for payment.
He discharged a part amount.
Promising for further payment.
He never lost hope.
He knew that destiny was benevolent to him
He would again strike a treasure.
Then he would think of discharging his loans.
All promises made to mere in vain.
The good done came to a naught.
The treasure found was treasure lost!

Unspoilt children of the Nature

They know nothing about heaven and hell.
 About creation of first man and women.
 Their stark enemy, their fall on earth.
 They are simple folks, tending animals.
 Living a tribal life with nature around.
 They know nothing about gods and goddesses.
 About 'Agni pariksha', and all such things.
 They enjoy the Sunrise and Sunset
 They are not worried about small things
 They do not know the cruel ways of life.
 They pass their time gaily and happily.
 Neither they are scared of darkness
 Nor of the shadows or evil spirits.
 They are the unspoilt children of the nature.

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 honour.
 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.

Unquestionable faith

O Lord! I love Thee with all my heart.
 I don't need to dispute your love either.
 Nor like Jiddu Krishnamurthy & their ilk's
 Deny your Mighty presence near my jugular vein.

Moses had felt your effulgence and light
 When fire beckoned him to mount Sinai,
 And light flashed from the tree
 And announced 'I am your Lord'.

Moses dropped his staff down on ground.
 He fell in prostration and submitted.
 O Lord! You showed Your light for yearning souls,
 To purified and glorified hearts.

O Lord! Grant me that inner eye,
 To recognize all your signs in Nature.

Shelter Me

O Lord I don't want to enter
 Into long theological debates
 Like Salafies, or Brahmins
 Or fight like Abu Jehal and Sufian.

Or like Abu Lahab berate Prophet;
 A light, 'Noor' of my Lord.
 A darkened soul, a hard hearted
 Men in disarray are blind to Reality.

O Lord grant me the love of Bilal,
 Of Zaid, of all the companions.
 Grant me the blissful and loving
 Heart of Ali. Fathima and their sons.

O Lord shelter me on the day
 Of Judgement, when Sun comes down.

Prayer for Compassion and Mercy

O Lord, when Sumaiya the first Lady
 Muslim was dismembered and
 Martyred by her cruel master, Abu Jahal,
 For shunning idol worship
 And accepting You as her Lord;
 Her husband Yasser and son Ammar
 Wept and grieved before Prophet.
 Prophet counseled them patience.
 For he fallowed in letter and spirit
 Non violence and 'to turn the other cheek,'
 When enemies and opponents oppressed him,
 When Prophet and his followers were tortured.
 O Lord! Grant us that patience,
 That fortitude and calmness, steadfastness
 Practiced by Prophet and his followers,
 In that idol worshipped town of Mecca.
 To love You and forgive our enemies
 To pray for humanity's well being.
 To turn the hearts of oppressors
 To compassion, mercy and kindness.

O My Lord

O My Lord, a deep sigh emerges
 From bottom of my heart.
 From every cell of my being,
 On Your remembrance, in love.

Your Effulgence is brilliant, blinding,
 Which none can see, but I feel it.
 The blistering desert's Sun out shines, blinds.
 But its image in water is crystal clear.

O My lord, my master's grace is on me.
 I pray for million salutations
 On my master, my holy Prophet,
 Who reflects Your Grace and Mercy.

O my Lord, sail me through all
 The troubled tsunamis, tornadoes and typhoons.

Lord's Qualities

O my Lord, I see and recognize
 Many positives, negatives, good, ugly
 Bad qualities in myself, in
 My friends and in my enemies.

O my Lord, the blistering Sun, Moon, Stars,
 Nature exhibits millions qualities and marvels.
 Are these qualities and marvels Your signs?
 Can You be realized through these essences?

O my Lord, Your light, our holy master
 With his profound and magnetic personality
 Exhibited hundreds of qualities & essences.
 He was mercy to the entire humanity.

O my Lord can I relate these qualities to You.
 Or You are above all these qualities and essences?

Prayer for Dawn of Light

O Lord! You say that I am your vicegerent.
 That your actions work through us.
 O Lord! Choose me to see your
 Light, make me your eye and ear.

Let me speak Your Truth through my tongue.
 Let all Your actions be guided by You.
 Let me Love Thee. Serve Thee as true servant
 Till my last breath, and rely on Thee.

Let songs of love, poetry of love
 Flow through my tongue and pen
 O my Lord! Write my name
 In the list of the most humblest slaves.

O Lord! Let me sigh at the last moment
 With Thy name on my lips, seeing Your light.

Merger in Thee

O my Lord! Are You present in every
 Particle and in every cell of universe?
 Is it Your Light or essence that is present.
 Can you transcend in your creation?

There is such a great cosmic harmony.
 One is linked to the other, a great chain.
 Can one chain delink the whole process?
 But my Lord, I feel Thee in my every pulse.

I feel the whole cosmos in me.
 I feel the unity of Your Being.
 I feel that I am your part of Your Self.
 O my Lord show me thy reality.

Can I merge in Your Great Self.
 Like gushing river in the great ocean?

Self Enquiry

The universe has arisen from a seed.
 Encapsulating within the secret of the Being.
 It bursts and sprouts in million colours.
 Exhibiting the Effulgence of the Lord.

Angel turned to demon, demon was Archangel.
 Man reflecting the angelic, demonic qualities.
 All are mingled together as in a seed.
 In agnostic is a believer, in believer an agnostic.

A sane man acts eccentric and quirk.
 A quirk man becomes genius like Einstein.
 Joys, sorrows mingle like creation and eternity.
 Millions of chains in cosmos, wheels within wheels.

Ah! What wonders, what amazing things.
 A million answers to the enquiry of Self.

81

Inner Eye

O Lord! Is human self Your eye?
To view the entire nature and cosmos.
Is the human glittering heart
A mirror to view Your face?

O Lord! Is this world a mere “maya”,
A mere reflection of Your Effulgence!
Is the entire cosmos a human self?
And human self an entire cosmos

O Lord! Every particle of the mirror
Reflects the glorious light of the Sun
In each atom, the secret of life.
In each gene, the essence of life.

O Lord! Open the inner eye and mind.
To view Your wonders and exalt myself.

82

Show me Thy Face

O Lord Your charming, beautiful face
Is hidden behind the curtains of each matter.
Each one's destiny has imprisoned every one,
From knowing the Reality, that is One.

The chaos in each mind and matter
Creates duality and multiplicity.
Leading to dialectic, polemic debates,
Arguments, fights, dissensions, wars.

All are chained and held up by strings.
Like puppets dance to the tunes of the Unseen.
Although one may play its part to perfection.
Ultimately springs, rivers meeting the ocean.

O Lord, tear all the veils covering me.
Show me Thy face and Effulgence.

Omens

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

O Let us not fear of the unknown fate
 Of those unborn destiny, of things to come.
 O Let us not brood about the unpleasant past.
 Let the present moment bring cheers to us.

There is neither East nor West
 Nor North or South nor “agni mullai”
 Nor there is ‘vaastu’ of bad omens,
 Of left flickering twitching eyelids.

The love one bears in the polished heart
 Throws light on the dark pathways.

“Vaastu”: Science of astrology of construction
 ‘Agnimulai’: Where kitchen should be constructed

Moksha

O my Lord, the astrologers say that
 The career of a person is determined
 By the natal planetary chart
 At the time of birth, the constellation
 Under which born, the conjunction, aspects
 Exaltations, retrogradation, debilitation
 Of planets and houses they occupy,
 And their regular “gojara” movements.
 O my Lord, my unshakeable faith
 In Thee, my total reliance
 Is sufficient for me, I accept
 Whatever Thy command is!
 For me Thy Love and Grace

Is paramount. Colour me in Thy colour.
Accept me for merger, for a vision
For exultation, for jubilation, for “moksha.”

“Gojara”: Planetary movements in natal chart
“Moksha”: Final merger

85

A prayer for a Vision

O Lord! How do I polish my heart’s mirror?
It is covered with material compunction.
How do I get out of my animal self?
How do I perfect myself with divinity?

O Lord! How do I raise myself above body & shoulder?
Reach the heights of glory and light.
Give me the inner vision to see You.
A mind without duality but with Oneness.

Show me a way to quench the fire of hell
Burning in me with passion and anger.
Let light of goodness emit from my soul.
Let fragrance of Your Being emit from me.

O Lord! Let my heart sparkle with love.
Compassion, mercy and benevolence.

86
Lord's Glance

O Lord! Your one glance is enough
To turn a beggar into a mighty king.
Reduce to rumbles a Himalayan mountain.
When Moses sought to see Your Light.
The Mount Sinai was reduced to ashes.

A wealthiest man in the world
Is turned to a begging pauper.
Like all the mighty nawabs, maharajas
Lost their kingdoms and privy purses.

O Lord! When Your consciousness
Is awakened in a glorious saint,
In Prophets, in "Ghouse" and "Walis,"
Their one glance turns sand to gold.

O Lord! Show me the path of Truth.
Place me at the threshold of Your dear friend.

"Ghouse": Pole among saints
"Walis": Saints

O my Love

O my Lord, fill my heart
 With that elixir of life.
 That should empty it
 From the love of this world.

O my Lord, as I am now
 Aging and life is slipping away,
 So also the desire for this world,
 Fill my being with Your Love.

O my Lord, let silence
 Overtake my heart and mind.
 Let the muttering and chattering
 Melt away into the nothingness.

O Lord let my tongue praise Thee.
 Love Thee with all my heart.

To humanize Man

What a great time it was
 When great Prophets Saints
 Mahatmas and Gautams lived.
 When darkness faded
 And light dawned on everyone.
 Except on the niggards and unruly.
 The light continuing to spread
 Around it, the moths swirling.
 Laying down their lives,
 In deep love and affection
 Great civilizations coming
 Into being to humanize man.

Hold onto Prayers and Patience

Prayers make way for good things
To happen in an ordained way.
One needs to put enormous
Efforts, bear troubles, give times

An opportunity to work its way.
It requires sacrifice on one's part.
And to bear the burden of others,
With fortitude and steadfastness.

Patience is the mother of virtue.
One needs to have it at every step.
To hold onto oneself by self control,
Then burst out in anger, jealousy.

A well laid out garden gets destroyed,
If one fails to tend it every moment.

90
Quatrains

Life is puzzling maze
So very difficult to reach the centre
The point, the home, the 'Kaaba'
I think only a fortunate few succeed.

Man is a complex being
A few among them indulge
In too many things at the same time.
Spinning a cobweb around them.

Adam and Eve had only one fall
But mankind today is having
Daily fall minute by minute.
None to save them from falling into abyss.

They say don't mix drinks, beverages,
For you may loose your taste buds.
Pleasure and work need to be separated.
Joy and mirth to be distanced afar.

You have to journey the whole world
To know its vagaries and its mirth.
To know its slipperiness and its pitfall.
Only to realize, treasure lies below your own feet.

My beloved's presence makes my house
Smaller, crushing my heart's cymbals.
My glow on face, makes my lover's
Heart jump out to embrace and kiss me.

Fire in hearth to cook our daily meals.
Fire can burn your fingers to peels.
It needs to be handled delicately,
For home keeper a simple deal.

Money is like flame in the palms.
To be handled carefully to bring calm.
Lest extravagancy reduces self to ashes.
For burning pain, it acts as a balm.

If I am rude, you are always lying.
I cut the falsehood by slaying
You call me curt and hurting
I see you shy and cunning.

The first Sunlight announces the onset of a day
For those who program, it is a day of gay.
This has been so from time immemorial.
Works brings fruits and pleasures they say.

What nature leaves imperfect, the art perfects.
Man, a second creator of the world, a prefect.
Giving to the world its objective existence.
Consciousness removing all the defects.

Compassion and Mercy is at work all the time.
To save man from happening of the crime,
And the incredible pain and suffering.
To give man joy and laughter in his prime

91
Haiku

Corrupted persons
Befriend them at your own cost
They will turn tables

Watch endless Sunset of life
To expanding horizons
To wither away

The earth ever spinning
Creating seasons lovely
Night day to ponder

We move with the earth
To be with its shades, colours
Mind ever spinning

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 colours
Sing songs of joys, cheers

Gift from God, the Great
A rich mind with common sense
Brings peace to the world

Life long 'Sadhana'
In search of a truthful life
Mahatma Gandhi

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.

Garden of Bliss by S.L.Peeran, Bizz Buzz Bangalore, 2010, Price: Rs 100/-, U.S. \$10, U.K 5 Pound, Pages 126

Reviewed by Dr N.P. Singh

Garden of Bliss is the twelfth collection of poems by S.L. Peeran. It consists of 90 poems, 12 Quatrains and 16 Haiku. They revolve around the destiny of man in a changing world. They also stress that man can achieve happiness and salvation through God's grace and mercy. The satanic impulses of lust, greed, anger and jealousy create unrest and discord in the mind of the men and women of our time. They are cut off from the traditional norms of piety, loyalty and fellow feeling. The result is that tensions and conflicts grow enormously and even family, the basic unit of the community is largely devoid of compassion, understanding and goodwill.

There is a new development of realistic self assessment and personal stamp in the latest anthology of S.L. Peeran. "**Long Tiring Journey**" (p.58) is a candid confession of the protagonist's journey of life. The metaphor of "train" has been beautifully used in order to convey the ups and downs of the life of the protagonist - "Sometimes the aged train chugging/shunting up and down,/Sometimes it would get derailed./Breaking the lovely dreams." (p.58) The protagonist's vision at the end of the poem is, however, not devoid of hope - "Now at last we have reached the end, /The weary destination, to rest, /To recoup, to look up for fresh dreams." (p.58). It has to be noted that the poem was written on the eve of the poet's seeking voluntary retirement. In other words, the protagonist voices the dilemma of the poet on the eve of his voluntary retirement.

"**Aam Aadmi**" (p. 62) is a satiric poem focusing our attention on the gullibility of the man on the street and the crookedness of the men who can create - "illusions and a false paradise"- and the lot of the common people remain bad as ever. There is a triumph of realism in the poem.

"**The Best Half**" (p. 83) is, perhaps, the most moving poem in the anthology that examines the institution of marriage in contemporary society. After three decades of companionship, the protagonist finds 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 complaint /or other one grouse or another /All the silks, gold, wealth you showered /on her goes in vain, in drain." (p.83) (italics mine)

It is a sobering thought that even after three decades of friendship and companionship, the protagonist of the poem is as unhappy as Leo Tolstoy was in his marriage. The irony of the title “**The Best Half**” is most trenchant. The wife is not the better half but the best half, yet for the protagonist she is little more than a nagging wife. Her words simply lacerate his heart. “**The Best Half**” is not only the most moving but also the most disturbing poem in the anthology. It is an interrogation of marriage.

In **Siddhartha (p. 80)** the protagonist is Yashodhara, the wife of Siddhartha, that is Gautam Buddha. The protagonist does confess candidly – “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 of mankind/Your deep meditation silence of mind found answers.” (p 80). Yashodhara loses her husband rather early but she does not blame him. She knows Siddhartha has to conquer the world through meditation and self-knowledge. She understands her husband better than a nagging wife.

While the poems in **Garden of Bliss** do raise awkward and disturbing questions (and there are no easy answers), the Quatrain and Haiku do suggest bliss in a grossly imperfect world:

What nature leaves imperfect, the art perfects
Man, a second creator of the world, a perfect
Giving to the world its objective existence.
Consciousness removing all the defects (p.97)
(italics mine)

Life is a riddle
A most ugly situation
Brings storms, tsunamis

Ring in and ring out
To bring cosmic harmony
All march hand in hand
(italics mine) (p. 98)

If men and women, rich and poor, husband and wife, the privileged and the under privileged march hand in hand, if companionship is fully realized, the family and the community would be healthy and the garden of bliss would cease to be a utopia. It would become a reality.

This is the thrust of S.L. Peeran's twelfth anthology **Garden of Bliss**. I recommend the anthology to all those who crave for meaning and purpose in an apparently meaningless world.

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