



Glittering Love

(An Eleventh Collection of Poems)

by

S. L. Peeran

Published by:

BIZZ BUZZ

No.2, 1st Cross, Kalidasa Layout, Srinagar
Bangalore - 560 050. INDIA

Glittering Love, Eleventh Collection of poems authored by S. L. Peeran, 513, CPWD Quarters, 27th Main, 13th Cross, HSR Layout, Bangalore - 560 034 and published by BIZZ-BUZZ at No.2, 1st Cross, Kalidasa Layout, Srinagar, Bangalore - 560 050, Karnataka, INDIA

© : Author

First Edition : October 2008

ISBN :

**Price : Rs.50/-
US \$ 5**

Printed at :

**Publisher : BIZZ BUZZ,
2, 1st Cross, Kalidas Layout,
Srinagar, Bangalore - 560 050.
Karnataka, INDIA**

Dedicated
to
All THE Teachers of
the
World

INTRODUCTION

"Good wine", says Shakespeare, needs no bushes"; so also a collection of fine poems requires no frills of a superfluous 'Foreword' or 'Introduction' by some motivationally "acclaimed scholar" or literary critic. To S. L. Peeran, however, custom seems to outweigh the immortal bard's sane suggestion. To be fair to him, though it is also true that Shakespeare was obliged, in deference to convention, to admit gingerly in the same breath, "Yet to good wine they use good bushes". Accordingly, in spite of his well received ten previous collections of good poetry, Peeran wishes me to play the customary encomium doling 'brand ambassador' of his latest collection *Glittering Love*. So, as a token of my appreciation of his laudable labor of love, I have to function as the 'herald' of the new arrival. But I must hasten to add that this reluctant role in no way implies any self-delusion of celebrity or connoisseurship.

I cannot claim for Peeran, in Shakespeare idiom, the label "the poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling" - frenzy, in fact, is alien to his talent and temper - but I do feel in his verse the gentle glow of winter - sun bathing nature in its luxuriant warmth. Neither is he a poet of "emotion recollected in tranquility"; for tranquil moods are his second nature, and he records serenely his impressions and sensations in their natural freshness - at once of peculiar poetic asset and an intellectual deficit. For instant utterance often precludes due maturing of thought and finer fashioning of idiom. His natural poetic sensibility, however, generally outbalances the debit. A typical feature of his earlier anthologies is the strong undercurrent of a central theme in each collection. For example, one is struck by the recurrence of the theme of Time atomized into moments in (*In Golden Time*), or mystical spaces (*In Call from the Unknown*, or in *New Frontiers*), or the exploration of the inner self in *In Golden Moments*, *In Silent Moment*, *The Sacred Moment* or *Light* (*In The Fountain of Hope*). Of course, occasionally, some of the themes secure and criss-cross in various collections, but the dominant theme remains undiluted.

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 the 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 and 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-e-Arabi (d.1240 A.D) "My heart is capable of every form I A cloister of the monk I A temple for idols, I A pasture for gazelles, the votary's kaabah I". 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 closed doors I Of my heart, eyes and ears I". 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 my body and dry the skin,I So wherefrom comes the Friend's call? I

Humanism is the secular version of Sufism, and the two are inseparably intertwined. Peeran flinches at the sight of human suffering. His compassion for a former acquaintance now in rags spurs his hospitality in spite of their present social disparity (compassion). This feeling of human kindness extends to unknown beggars too ('Lost Thoughts') and famished, landless labourers ('Birth of Violence') the concern for social justice soon matures into the desire for political amelioration and patriotism, and the poet recalls with sorrow the outrages of Ghories, Ghaznavies, Lodies, the British, the French and the Portugese on the Indian soil.

Peeran's treatment of love is many sided. On occasions he celebrates the natural love between man and woman, sometimes even exposing the abuse and deprivation of women by their unscrupulous 'butter-fly lovers'. Not infrequently this produces self deprecating, bruised female psyche pathetically whining:

"Frailty is my name, I am brittle
.I can only break into pieces like glass"
(Broken Pieces')

possibly, moved by some actual incident, Peeran packs into these lines the irony and despair bottled up for centuries in the female mind. Likewise, the 'Betrayal' aptly exposes the lurking fear of conjugal insecurity of wives apprehensive of whimsical vulnerability of their husbands to the charms of some younger seductress. In the true Bhakti tradition Peeran's maiden lovers invariably open the love colloquy, and sometimes this 'mundane love', ever conjures a blessed mood (as in the 'Blessed Love' OR 'Refresh Your Soul')

Glimpses of touching familial or friendly love also intersperse some poems in this anthology. A loving father's anxiety and welling childhood memories of his bright son on the eve of his voyage for higher studies abroad ripple through the piece 'For A New Life' as do the tender remembrances of a fond and loving elder sister (in 'Ever Cheer for Us') the dirge on the sudden death of an uncle in the midst of festive celebrations on his elevation to the High Court Bench apparently bewails a personal loss, but at a deeper level its underlines the evanescence and tragedy of life in general. Apart from recalling some significant episodes from his personal life - e.g. the Chinese aggression in 'Fall in line'- Peeran offers an overview of his career in a couple of poems. The calendar of his life ('My Life') -each pair of two months symbolizing an important biographical phase - is innovative in character faintly reminiscent of Edmund Spenser's (d.1599) pioneering work Shepherd's Calendar. But Peeran's poem closes on an optimistic belief in the continuity of life:

"Roses in Nov-December will bear seeds
For the next generation to sprout and grows"

Peeran responds sensitively to the surrounding social reality. The irony of scarcity in the midst of plenty stings his conscience, and the deteriorating Indian ethos and economy strikes him piquantly. Ameliorative political steps have failed, and farmers' suicides are mounting up. Consumerism has contaminated our traditional values.

"Today market rules the roost; new fashions,
High taxes, shooting prices booming economy"
(Booming Economy')

Dwindling agriculture and vanishing old values necessitate large scale demography dislocation. It forebodes an impending doom. This reversal of traditional order breeds corruption and crime ('Birth of Violence'). Some of these poems are patently anti-urban in nature, deriving from the poet's concern for the modern man's fatal indifference to ecology. This also reminds Peeran of the deterioration of his own metropolitan town:

"Now garden - city with salubrious weather,
Is a home for sloth's, nitwits, drug peddlers."
(Jaunts of Pleasure')

Though now out of vogue in Japan, the country of its organ, HAIKU gained notable currency in the west during the inter - war years under inspiration of Ezra Pound (d.1972). but Indo - Anglian poets do not seem to have taken kindly to it. Peeran, however, stands apart in this regard, and the present volume contains a century of haikus of rather uneven quality. The genre specializes in the use of sharp, concrete images derived usually from natural phenomena.

Some of these haikus fulfill this condition successfully, though this may not be said about their syllabic structure. A couple of the more notable pieces are sampled below:

"Great wall of China
Fortified cities with stone
Push the enemy back."

OR

"Moon, solar eclipses
A sign of floods, destruction"
Or superstition."

OR

"Croaking of the frogs
Thunder, Lightning in dark clouds,
A welcome shower. "

OR

"Streaming like sea - weeds
Labor pain to crusted earth
Earthquake destroys man."

Without succumbing to nostalgia, Peeran makes no secret of his partiality to the past, yet he does not romanticize his memories. He is a humanist to the core, and he reacts equally sharply to inequities at home and unjust wars abroad, especially the outrageous tragedy enacted by Anglo - American allies in Iraq and Afghanistan. His range of concerns may be rather limited, but his sincerity and universal love largely compensate for the default. Apt use of allusions from the Hindu pantheon and Quranic I Biblical sources enhance the effect and appeal of his poetry. He has the natural gift of distilling poetry from happenings and observations of everyday life, which reveals his human approach to man and nature. Robert Frost (d.1963), the renowned American poet, once remarked that a poem begins in delight and ends in wisdom. Opinions may differ about Peeran's verses opening the casement of delight, but doubtlessly they sparkle with the Light of Love - the ultimate reach of true Wisdom.

ALIGARH
14th April, 2009

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PREFACE

S. L. Peeran is a maestro in Indian English poetry and he has created a symphony of rhythmic words in his eleventh poetry collection. He has made this volume radiant with the preaching of Sai Baba, Lord Buddha, Jesus Christ, Mohammed Iqbal and he, an aalim (learned person) has flowed the nur (light) and Elm (knowledge) by his mighty pen. Through 'Glittering Love' he has forced us to ponder on the dismal chaos, as to where we are headed? In this volume he has simply preached us on diverse topics. Vibrating Un-Al-Haq (God is one and supreme), he has called this materialistic race and progress as futile. Some of his poems in this volume are reminiscences of his youth. In this poetic odyssey he has taken us from love to atom bombs and blasts. He has presented the Message of Islam to purify our feeling and thoughts. There is extravaganza of haikus in the last part of this volume as well.

Dr. Peeran seems to me to be a person of encyclopedic knowledge and with his midas touch; his words have become more appropriate and meaningful. In the poem entitled 'Sadism' he has mocked at our modern approach of murder, to dissect, to create doubts on the Almighty or doing unnecessary experiments to know the mystery of life. Through his poem 'Mock Drills' he has raised the lack of sensuousness and sympathy among the human being, Running in this blind materialistic race we have lost our senses and prudence. Through this panorama of modern man, he has tried to show the real path of humanism. His verses have the elements of Wordsworthian love of nature, Gurudev Rabindranath Tagor's mysticism. When we wander in his verses he appears to us as a yogi, a sufi or a saint, who is adamant to take us safe from this dark tunnel to the bliss of Allah (God). He has pangs to meet his beloved who is infinite. In the poem 'Love's Pangs' he has created the aura of Sufism. He teaches us the powers of meditation and purity of heart, in such poems as 'Refresh your soul' and 'O! Solitude'. Through his images, symbols and rhythmic words he has created magic to hypnotize in the heat of low values and morals. Dr. Peeran who is a Sufi by heart calls the Almighty to save all of us. In his poem 'Love forever and ever' he writes;

O My Lord! Save me from,
The temptations of this world,
From its guilt and glamour,
From its slippery path

He provides the preaching of Sabar (patience) in my words,

Sabar

Control of anger,
Creating of grace,
Out of materialist race,
Helping the poor with good pace,
Arising of conscience,

All human's conference,

He yearns to meet his Almighty in his poem "Glory for Thee"

My bones are creaking and shaky,
My eyes have now become blurred,
My voice has become choked,
Your signs all around are amazing

He has chiseled every word to make it an elixir of spirituality. The spiritual fervor runs throughout the volume. Dr. Peeran has synthesized the Hindu - Muslim culture and presented himself as an apostle of communal harmony. Religion is not for discord, but it should be our refuge from our daily problems. Love and compassion is all that is important.

In the poem 'Into Oblivion' he sings;

Let me now drink the wine of love,
 To go into oblivion like a dove.
 His imagery from nature is marvelous, just like in the poem 'Save Me' he calls;
 Let me not be dew to the morning sun,
 Or butter to a heated cauldron,
 A knave to a squint eye,
 A target to an evil villain

He has made spiritualism and preaching's from Islam, Hindu and other religions so simple that these flow spontaneously without any effort and the reader glows by their spiritual bliss. Love is the foundation stone of all philosophical thoughts and it glitters throughout this volume, in the poem 'Music of Life, he says;
 Love and affection to be instilled,
 Heart with music and song to be filled.

This poet maestro has made love and music our food of life which prevents us from becoming a 'Hamlet'. Dr. Peeran is the supreme ruler in the territory of humanity. He calls the progress of modern man as futile and forces us to read and think,
 When will this madness stop?
 For, brutal killings, rape and plunder
 Of olden times of conquerors, ruthless,
 Savages, have again now be born
 (Unheard Voices)

I am certain that this volume will stir our mentality of Mammonism and force us to think about passion, compassion, brotherhood and secularism.

The poet is quite successful in his Bhagirath efforts to make all tributaries of spiritualism a giant Ganges. I am certain that this volume will prove a landmark in the history of Indian -English poetry. I do hope many more volumes flow from his pen which will prove mightier than swords.

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Fore-Word

Here I am presenting my eleventh collection of poems "Glittering love". 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 event occurs. True poetry thus leads us beyond the personal towards an even more immediate yet greater awareness. It brings about an awakening; and enriching of our nature."

And proceeding to cite some specimens of poetry which according to him accomplished this, the speaker quoted among others some of Shri Peeran's verses. Can there be a better tribute paid to a poet?

Shri Peeran is a delectable fusion of a serene elevated soul with the sensitivity and sensuousness of an aesthetic being. A genuine reverence and wonder for Nature and an all-enveloping love run through all his utterances. With moving faith he voices his fervent hope:

*Somewhere, someone, someday
Will sow the seeds of affection*

To bloom as fragrant flowers

To fill the gardens of love.

And further concluded by saying Poet Peeran is a mellowed individual, in consuming love with life with all its beauty - and yes, its ugliness as well. A haiku of his speaks of a moth:

A candle flickers

A moth circumambulates, burns

In ever deep love.

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

Dr. Gordon Hindley 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 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 of 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 Secred Movment'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."

The above observation of poets and large number of reviewers is the testimony of my humble work. I cannot claim to be 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 the beloved teachers of the world.

I am grateful to Dr. (Prof.) Masood ul Hasan for penning a profound introduction to this humble work and to Dr. Ram Sharma for penning a preface. I am grateful to Sri M. S. Venkataramaiah for publishing this work.

Bangalore:
21.04.2009

Dr. S. L. Peeran

To Own a little flat

O, this desire to own a little flat,
In a cozy corner of our salubrious city.
Of two bed room and a sit-out,
With gas connection and supply of water.

To have wardrobes and book shelves,
And a micro-oven, fridge, washing machine.
A maid-servant for day long work,
To clear, sweep hearth and floor.

Oh, I am tired of this power cuts!
This traffic snarls and dusty weather.
This rising cost of living, sparse living,
And dwindling resources and "I O U's".

And I am praying to God and saints.
Making vows and holy pilgrimages.
For a little flat, to have as my own -
To be away from hub and rub of the day.

A Voice in Oblivion

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

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

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

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

Knock Out

I wish I could give him a
Mohd. Ali's knock out punch.
Use my striker to send
The queen to the pouch.
Checkmate the crown.
My adversary thinks
Of himself, as a holy cow.
Looks at me with a squint eye.
Casts aspersions on my person.
Spreads a word that I am –
“mentally seems abnormal”!
When I am daily presiding
As a deity of justice.
Handing down decisions,
With my even hand,
Without any fear or favour.

Soliloquy!

In the middle of the night,
In the deadly chilly winter.
We wake up to warm ourselves.
The fury of the day rises up,
To make me deliver a monologue.
A haranguing philosophical soliloquy.
I turn to sleep being proud,
Of my native wisdom unleashed.
After a lapse of time, I forget.
But my better half seizes,
An opportunity to hit me back
With choicest expletive for
Boring her with long abuses,
Drilling and filling her mind
With molten lava and scum.

Urge to harm

As Children we were very cruel
With insects, garden lizards, dogs
And many plants and animals.
We would kill them for our sports.

Whenever we found a colony
Of red stinging ants,
We would all gather around
The ant hills, pour kerosene and set fire.

We would catch butterflies
To feed frogs, tie strings
To busy bee and play with it
Kill housefly with fly swat.

Street dogs were target of
Our missiles-sharp stones.
Our cricket bats and hockey sticks
Were weapons to kill garden lizards.

In school,college,university.
We would dissect animals
To learn more about their system,
To learn about mystry of life

As grown ups, our urge
To harm has not diminished any more.

Token of Love and Affection

Mourning was indeed deep
For my Uncle, a Judge in
The High Court suddenly died,
Without any sign of illness.

We were all partying, enjoying
With his wife and children
On his elevation and becoming a 'Justice'.
When cruel hand of fate snatched him from us.

We wept all through the night.
Read Holy Scriptures, counted rosary.
Carried his bier to Mosque,
Where hundreds gathered for his prayers.

Mourners carried his bier on shoulders,
To his resting place and offered
Fistful of earth, when placed in grave,
As a token of love and affection.

Shrill Whistles

My moustached Uncle, a Colonel
From Indian Army would come,
On an annual holiday, every year.
Spend his time leisurely all through.

Finding us sleeping till late hours,
Of the day, he would create a racket.
On one such occasion, I hurried up
And went walking to the Civil Court.

Fully dressed in uniform of black
Coat, black tie, white pant and shirt.
Of course, without any files for work.
Those were my days of juniorship.

As I entered the Court premises,
I found to my dismay, it was deserted.
Seeing me, street urchins sent in a
Roar of laughter and shrill whistles.

It was a second saturday
And Courts were on a holiday.

Umpteen Sacrifices

My parents kept talking about
The sacrifices done by them.
To bring up seven daughters,
Three sons and umpteen grandchildren.

They had to forego their pleasures,
Cut the corners here and there.
Ration us, put us to labour,
To make both ends meet.

Year after year, my mother
Bore five daughters, hoping for a son.
Then me, then my younger brother.
They didn't stop till two more daughters followed.

My mother by then had become aenemic.
My father was down with paralysis.
And they spoke of umpteen
Sacrifices and hardship, they underwent.

Charming Betrayal

Now the ice cold chilly winds
Have began to blow fiercely.
My humble dwelling is inundated.
There is no hearth of fire to warm me.

O my beloved! You have deserted me.
My tearful pleas doesn't melt your
Stony heart, my torn conditions
Doesn't bring pity in your being.

I gave my all, health, wealth,
Cheer, happiness, talent, all in all
To you, for over three decades.
You tore me asunder for your pleasures.

Now, that other married woman
Has crossed my way, you have fallen
For her youthful charms and beauty.
Mirror of my heart has now broken to pieces.

The Curses, the Curses

The Iranians, the great Persians,
 The oldest of the civilizations.
 Once Persian language was household
 One, in all the Muslim countries.

The great Moulana's "Masnavi",
 The great Sadi, Jami, Hafeez's poetry.
 Their beauty, art and literature
 Fascinated the world of Islam.

They passionately love the "Ahle Bait"
 And the twelve Imam, the sheites.
 For Iranians, the Arabs are their dead enemies.
 Saddam unleashed a range of terror,

With chemical bombs, waged war for seven years.
 The Great Imam Ayatulla Khomeini, a great Sheite
 Cursed for the destruction of Iraqis –
 Through the hands of their own friends.

Saddam invaded Kuwait, planned to seize
 Their oil fields, coveted their wealth,
 Plundered, looted, ravished them.
 Gloated and enjoyed the brutish impulse.

The Yankies; the brothers in arms,
 The bedmates, friends, solicitors
 Of the Saudies, the wahabies,
 The uncouth religious bigots.

At their instance, marched

With all their might, pelf, power,
Destroyed, ravished, reduced to rumbles,
The Modern State of Iraq. Saddam hanged.

The curses, the curses of the Iranies
Have come true, have come true.
“You reap what you sow!”
“One who takes to sword, dies by sword”.

The Yankies and their comrades
Are jubilant, they have plundered.
“Eye for Eye, tooth for tooth”, but –
Beware! Beware! of the Curses, the Curses.

“Ahle Bait”: Household of Prophet Mohammad (PBUH)

In Ever Bliss

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

What More?

What was specially created for them!

A garden of Eden, to dwell and enjoy.

Suddenly disappeared like a morning dew.

Is Satan, a ruse? Were they puppets?

Adam, a mirror image of the Lord, the Worshipful.

Eve created from Adam's rib, a conjoined twin.

A handsome youth, who had not been suckled.

Eve, a beautiful nymph, fully grown up.

What a transformation on biting the forbidden fruit?

Inherent libido overpowering them.

Unabashedly discovering the hidden pleasures.

Lustily seeking and cupping each other.

A storm overtook them, wrath unleashed.

Mercilessly thrown asunder, painful separation

Despised, hated, angels shunning them.

At last, after shedding oceanic tears, reunion.

Adam and Eve, our parents, carrying within

Five races of humanity and civilizations.

Million years of evolution to evolve into man.

Now, what more is in store for you.

Love and death

The magicians of the Pharaoh thought it fit
To die in his hands, than to forsake Moses.
They accepted the Lord of Moses and Aaron;
On their defeat in their magical art.

Sumaiya, the first woman martyr of Islam,
Was dismembered for forsaking idolatry;
At the hands of her cruel master
Abu Jahal, instead of losing the love of Prophet.

Love changes the heart and the mind,
Melts the whole being like a candle.
Emitting light to glorify the Lord
The darkness fades, spreading fragrance.

Love calls for a great sacrifice,
And the sacrifice is to die.

Fall in Line

After the 1962 Chinese invasion,
NCC was made compulsory,
In schools and colleges.
I was a lad just joined college.
In 1965, to be enrolled in NCC.
For three years, I was taught
To “fall in line”, “attention”,
“Stand at ease”, “march forward”,
“Right about turn”, “look forward”,
“Look side wards”, “Double up”.
We were given 303 rifles.
Forbidden to point it to any one.
“Salaami Shaasth”, with rifles.
That is, to give “rifle salute”.
We were to wear uniform of khaki,
With black boots and cap with feathers.
After the parade, a token of 0.40 paise,
To take Tiffin in college canteen.
Days have passed and years too.
But the training of “fall in line”, remains.

No More Burst of Colours

A sweep takes away centuries

Old love of labour, nurtured,

Taken care, to please the eyes.

To give shade and protect nature.

No more lovely trees to stand like canopy

Flowering season, bereft of joy to all.

Now expansion of roads, footpaths,

For metro-rail, for easing traffic congestion.

Concrete jungles squeezing the lung space.

Destroying environment, aroma of

Arcadian sweetness and bliss.

We are mute spectators to change.

Sweet melody of birds, no more.

No more, the burst of colours.

Music of Life

Can we fault our ancestors,
In creating heaven and hell?
In the belief of a Super Being !
Of Angels on our shoulders !

How were we to create
Social order? Practice good
Shun evil, do charity,
Maintain culture and civility?

Tyranny and man-made barriers
Were to be dislodged.
Equality and justice required,
To be imbibed, practiced.

Love and affection to be instilled.
Hearts with music and song to be filled.

Bullied

Why blame the Ghories, The Ghaznavies,
The Khiljies, The Thuglaqs, The Lodies,
The Mughals, The British, The French,
The Portuguese and The Dutch ?

You were too courteous, mild,
Well mannered, hospitable, kind,
Welcoming and gracious;
You entertained them with spices, gold.

You opened your arms and doors,
Shared with them your culture, goodness.
Shared everything you possessed.
Oblivious of their evil intentions.

It was so easy for them to captivate,
Enslave, overrule and bully you.

Toil for Food

There are large number of people,

Without bread, butter, jam.

Equally there are large number,

Who want to steal other's bread.

Do we need to supplicate,

To the Lord for a morsel of food?

Like loan applications processed,

In the banks for farmer's loan.

In countries with huge grasslands,

Food is aplenty to dumb it in sea;

Than distribute it to poor countries.

Markets rule the roost, these times.

“Early bird catches the worm”,

But Man has to toil for his food.

A woeful prediction

An astrologer of repute, peered
 Through my horoscope and found
 The giver of life – The Sanjeeveni –
 The Lord of poetry and beauty,
 In the company of its deadliest
 Enemy, the Lord of “Vidya” and “knowledge”
 He sighed and remarked that both
 Are in the House of Communication, writing.
 But the Lord of poetry is also Twelvth Lord.
 And also the Lord of the Seventh.
 She is in the company of a “neecha”
 There are no redeeming features!
 The shadowy dark planet of suspicion
 Is in the house of “putrasthana”!
 A bad omen, your thinking is blurred.
 You can never be a successful poet!

“Neecha” : debilitated planet

“Putrasthana” : House of ancestors

Free from all

He has kept His doors open
All the time, every where.
In many forms and shapes.
Big vacant halls, cathedrals,
Temples with deities, idols.

But my mind is free.
No more of these closed
Door ideas and fashions.
I am free from all taboos.

Sometimes, I vend fruits,
Flowers, agar, scents, for
Those who enter these portals.
But I simply ignore their calls.

Sometimes, I dig the earth,
Build these houses of worship.
Decorate the deities and walls.
I smile and laugh at all of them.

Ever cheer for us

O My Chand apa! My full moon.

Sister throwing luminous light,

On all your younger siblings.

Caring us like a mother, a matron.

Forgoing your young joys and cheers.

Changing nappy of the youngest,

Washing clothes of all the ones.

Keeping the hearth warm and clean.

Taking tiffin carriers to the school.

Gathering all of us during meal time.

Sometimes you would be late to school.

Only to receive scolding from teachers.

Now you are away in another land.

But O Chand apa, you are ever cheer for us.

Booming Economy

60's were considered as hard times,

With economy being down, spiraling prices.

With wars, Chinese invasion of Tibet.

War with Pakies at Western borders.

Instability in the Congress party,

With great Nehru being dead and gone;

And his little frail daughter,

The goddess of fire at helm of affairs.

Bank nationalization, suicides of goldsmiths.

Abolition of privy purses, press gagged.

Then in seventies followed the emergency,

Again war with Pakis, birth of Bangla.

But all said and done, in 60's

The price of fine rice at 0.80 paise.

Mutton at Rs.2.50 per kg, so also petrol.

Villages undisturbed, more peace than now.

Today market rules the roost; new fashions.

High taxes, shooting prices, booming economy!

Passing Time

When one is consigned to dust,

Or on pyre, reduced to ashes.

Gone with it, the name and fame.

None to remember or sing his praise.

Posterity retains in its bosom,

Names of godly and saintly persons.

Rama, Sita, Krishna, Buddha, Mahavira,

Christ, Mohammad, Avatars, Prophets.

Few among philosophers, poets, scientists,

Social reformers and luminaries.

Masses are like floods and cyclones.

They get washed away forever.

None to remember the ordinary, the rustics.

Fragrance melts like ice, everything passes.

Cultural Change

I ran into a neorich man's wife.

Who has now a bob cut hair style.

Learnt to flash diamond rings.

Drives a saloon A-C big car.

Talks of her holidays to Paris, London.

Bangkok, Jakarta and holy pilgrimages too!

Her wild experiences; her picnics.

Her crushes, marketing in big malls.

Oh! She can speak about charity balls;

Sufi music at high clubs, dance parties!

Her husband playing golf with pipe in mouth.

Long morning walks with doberman.

Pandit Sankar's music, visit to Ravi's ashram.

Participating in marathon walks, race horses.

She is all in all, always light humoured.

Enjoys loaf's and lamb soup, chicken tikkas.

Talks of gourmets; variety being spice of life.

Neorich are good specimens of cultural change!

Decaying Times

They say that when you rub two dry sticks,

You get fire for the hearth, to cook

The dead poultry, fish endless menu.

You are what you eat and drink.

Are we free, when we dance to our tunes.

We swim in the back brackish waters.

We look for enormous talents.

To find ways and means to earn our bread.

I noticed foreign couples sitting on

Mausoleums of old forgotten kings,

And saints of yester years, smoking

Ganja and cigarettes, some standing on them.

This middle age years are like

Sinking stone in still deep waters.

Aching from head to toe, with

Haunting dreams and indecisiveness.

The Devil is free to be in everyone's bed.

The passing Time unbothered of decay around.

Stimulants

There were times, when we were brief-less lawyers,
Moving from one court to another to watch,
The proceedings and trial taking place.
Overawed by the clinical precision of the counsels.

There were times, when we left the court premises,
For want of work, to visit theatres and shops.
Would watch cricket matches and TV serials.
Would gossip on all and sundry matters.

There were times when we were short of time.
We worked and worked, slogged and slogged.
Sometimes going hungry, thirsty and tired.
Without any income but performing our duty.

There were times money flowed aplenty.
Invigorating and stimulating us fully.

Moments of Joys

The day breaks with multi-coloured lights.

Releasing you from the clutches of dreams,

Which holds your heart to ransom.

Causing pain to your mindless thoughts.

Aha! The fresh morning breeze cools you.

The hot beaming tea invigorates you.

The morning newspaper thrills you.

The prayers following nourishes your hopes.

As the sun lets down its cruel beams.

The day becomes weary and harsh.

The creaky bones, the burning stomach.

The parching throat, yearns and yearns.

You slip in the mire or fly in the air.

You look for moments of exhilaration and joys.

New Found thing joys

What a joy one gets to find lost things !

The benumbing pain vanishes forever.

You hold on to the found thing to your heart.

Lest it falls and breaks you apart.

It's not a new found joy to vanish.

In the thin air like morning dew.

The heavy pent up feelings gets released.

Lightens the body and frees the mind.

The found thing becomes a joy forever.

Its beauty is enhanced and becomes dear.

The dreamy eyes clutches to it closely.

Lest it again is lost forever.

Words are not enough to express joys.

They are hidden truths waiting to be mined.

Mock Drills

The frequents news of bomb blasts
In several cities of Iraq and Afghan.
News of death of men of all ages,
Has suddenly woken up for our police.

Now and then, they hold seminars,
Exhibitions, mock blasts and drills.
To make aware the sleepy public
Of unforeseen catastrophies.

Along the busy streets and roads
Unmindful, men driving cars,
Riding scooters, motorcycles.
School children with bags hanging
Over their shoulders, running to home.

Household women carrying baskets Full of
vegetables, fruits and beans.
Nothing shakes the ground below the feet.
All is at peace in this silicon city.

Whither Modern Man ?

I wonder why modern man should not
Follow Christ in letter and spirit?
Give up drinking wine, alcohol.
Refrain from eating pork, ham !

Not go on dancing with other women.
Scantily dressed in bikinis, skirts.
Modern nations should show restrain
Not go on invading other nations.

Christ was a humble soul,
Without a comb or slippers to wear
Opposed money changers and usury.
Blessed the poor, orphan, sick, hungry.

Now marriages are on rocks.
Unwedded mothers, single mothers.
Broken homes, juvenile delinquents.
Destitution, prostitution, humiliation.

Can we dream of universal
Brotherhood, man befriending man!

Compassionate Act

It was time for my meeting with bigwigs.
He came to my office in a shattered
Condition, with disheveled long hairs,
In dirty, shabby and torn clothes.

It was an embarrassment for me.
But my long childhood relationship
Could not shove him out of my way.
My heart melted, I took him home.

My wife was shocked, so also my children.
I gave him a bath, a fresh pair of clothes.
A good hearty meal and medicine.
He slept like a log of wood.

Oblivious of his long arduous journey,
From deep south to the tip of north.
A ticketless traveller as a vagabond.
But reached the arms of a long lost friend.

Compassion oozing out of hearts and Being
Overcoming the barriers of the cruel society.

My Life

The Jan - Feb of my life faced
Many a teething problems.
March - April saw the rise
Of Sun with bright sunshine.
May - June, the mid summers
Of life, I had to sweat and fume.
July - Aug were of growth of
Inner potentialities.
Real battles were fought
With all my inner strength,
Ingenuity and I took all
Failures and success in its stride.
I am now seeing the declining sun
Throwing weak beams of light.
Sept - Oct were for gathering of fruits.
Roses in November - December will bear seeds
For the next generation to sprout and grow.
Let the Sun set allow the Moon
To throw its luminous and cool light
To ever shine in my eternal darkness.

Shining Truth

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

Balance and harmony

Have I come here with predestiny
Written on my forehead, and lines
Neatly drawn on my palm ?
The planetary positions determining
My fate every minute and second!
Or, I am to keep constant vigil
On my inherent weaknesses;
The elements of good and bad,
To shun what hurts others at large
Adopt what makes me and others
Together happy, content, fulfilling.
Do I need to struggle against
My carnal needs and desires?
To create a balance and harmony!

Lord's Love

Isn't it a wonder to find birds.
Building intricate nests to lay eggs.
Migrating from one place to another
So also fishes from one sea to other.

A new born sucks milk from breasts.
Ants live in colonies in harmony.
'Birds of same feather flock together'
So also a bee sucks nectar for honey.

Nature is full of wonders to ponder.
Man gives his all in all to overcome.
Burdens, illnesses and obstacles,
To achieve success for himself and mankind.

O Lord! Your mystery surrounds us.
Your love and care is profound for us.

Growing waist and diminishing balance

Only thing that progressed for a decade,
From my forty-eight birthday is my waistline.
A good growth of ten inches only. Added with
Diabetics, lumbar spondylitis ,
Painful neck, knee and joints besides B.P.
A strict regimentation of food habits,
Daily walks, exercises but short of sleep.
A setting in of sun, declining age.
Customs and manners losing its shine and polish.
Dwindling bank balance adding to
Irritable nerves and bowels. Cracks
And fissures in domestic happiness.
Eye sight under constant strain and stress.
Life losing its hope, charm and happiness.

Lost in Thoughts

On a cold foggy wintry night,
Curled up like a pussy cat,
In a double quilt and a blanket.
You wake up on the knock on the door.

An emancipated, leucodermic
Old haggarded beggar shivering,
Seeking some warmth, some love,
A most precious commodity costlier than gold.

You hurl choicest epithets and bang the door.
But sleep takes a flight, the face, the old face
Of the beggar haunts you throughout night.
The guilt hits your face hard and harder.

You rationalize, blame the beggar's fate.
And for not saving for the rainy day.

Shackles of Slavery

Our gods have now become mightier !

The deities are now installed in Banks,
In cassinoes, clubs, theatres, and malls.

We make our daily offerings to our deities.

Our chariots are newer and newer.

Our horses are pure breeds, robust,
Healthy out beating the Arab ones.

We are proud owners of our stables.

Splendour, spectra and might on lease.

Sparkling jewelry finds bare body for display.

In every corner you find a priest for rituals.

Newer and newer customs and rituals in offering.

Adding to the never ending ones in a row.

Do we need a Ghaznavi, Ghoris and Ghenzies,

To teach us, to break the shackles of slavery?

To make us realize our sins, our taboos, our fetishes.

How love and happiness ?

You need many gardeners to turn
Fallow lands to pleasant gardens.
The plants of various varieties
Need to be tended, watered.
Prevent it from pests, weeds
To make it lovely for connoisseurs.

You need able masters of love
To turn stupid ones to able,
Efficient and capable people,
Who can build our Nation to strength.
It is so true in art or politics.
In every sphere of our lives,
Talent, labour and capital
Are triplets for creating strong
Societies, coupled with humanity,
Love and compassion for happiness.

Unheard Voices

The voices of all those hundreds.
World over, who died in bomb blasts,
Will it be heard by the living?
Will it be remembered and sung?

When will this madness stop?
For, brutal killings, rape and plunder
Of olden times of conquerors, ruthless
Savages, have again now reborn.

The march of time to modernity
Is bereft of culture and refinement.
Values held steadfast to welcome
New age, new times are withering.

O Lord! Show Thy Mercy on Thy Creatures
Let the Time sing songs of peace, harmony.

Gardens of bliss

The marriage hardly lasted for few years.

The charm, the love, the pleasures came to rocks.

The smiles withered, daily bickering,

Disturbing the domestic happiness.

Interfering in-laws, taking sides.

Ruining any chances of peace.

New borns made to face traumas.

Torn between the selfish parents.

Modern times robbing leisure.

Adding demands, stress to living.

Breaking the harmony of society.

Ushering in sickness and madness.

Love needs sacrifice and patience,

To create lovely garden of bliss.

To Close Forever

There is a good old saying-
That for the grown ups,
The elderly and the aged,
The twilight zones closes faster.

The broad bright day light.
Does not offer much joys.
The cheers were of yester years,
Good old memories to haunt.

Night no longer offers dreams,
The stars no longer twinkle.
The full Moon leaves only shadows,
The creaking bones only pain.

What is left now is only meditation.
To train the eyes to close forever.

Final break

All these created things - buildings,
Roads, factories, houses, gardens,
Will all remain, so also the music
The dance, the gourmets, the theatres.

But the scenes, the actors, the script
Will change, we keep moving
Away from these set of surroundings
To another, for creating new stories.

We keep marching, keep enacting
For others to watch, to draw lessons.
Now and then, scenes after scenes keep changing
With actors moving up and down in exhilaration

We, the men of clay, mud and soil
Like puppets will break away one day after the toil.

Jaunts for pleasure

A mute witness to all those turmoils at New Delhi
With Chopras, Natwars, Agarwals, Telgis
And all sorts of Lals, Rams, Jains and Sharmas
Making a mess of the whole thing in five stars.

In Chennai, red wine followed like river koovam
With Ashoks, Kumars and Satyams
Even the last post and bed lamps were not
Spared, all finding a place in Burma Market

Babus, Ashas lighting jyoties all over India,
Moving heither, theither with Menons for company.
Calling all and sundry to join their band wagon.
Bringing the house on the heads of idiots.

Now garden city with salubrious weather,
Is a home for sloths, Nitwits, drug peddlers.

O Friendship !

Ah my friend! Come let us share our values,
That has grown over the years in thick and thin,
With abiding interest, we have clinged to each other
To sail the boat of life in smooth waters.

Whenever the ship has been in turbulence,
O my friend you are by my side to give strength.
When roses and petals have rained, I hugged you.
O my friend, I have shed tears on your shoulders.

'A friend in need is friend indeed'.
You have proved the idiom a million times.
Let the bonds of this friendship strengthen day by day,
Let's move hand in hand in unfathomed Times.

O Heavenly Love! Forsake us not on judgment day.
Show clemency for the sake of our true friendship.

Low Status

I always looked for some transformation
To take in me, when I studied in a
Brahmin school, when boys and girls
Ate only curds, rice and rasam.

Never gave a thought for 'kababs'
And eggs except milk and more milk,
Dal and spices and pickles.
Maths, Chemistry and Physics.

They wore thick spectacles, looking
More than their age, some with tuft
We were fish out of water,
Only to be teased and pushed to back bench.

Nothing impressive in Christian schools either.
We were butt of jokes - "Allah's Company"
Friends from low castes were better off,
With special privileges, spoon fed.

Same rigmarole followed in every walk of life.
"Karma theory", a good excuse for low status.

Lights of Love

Now, everyone wish to join the 'band wagon',
In spitting at the other, in calling "bull shit".
No one is willing to clean the Aegean's stable.
Nor in lending a helping hand to Mother Teresas.

Millions woeful plights and painful voices of the oppressed
Does not rend the unconcerned blue sky.
Bleeding hearts watch mutely and helplessly,
Sanity's feeble voice gets drowned in the cacophony.

Self proclaimed Messiahs cry hoarse, gets exhausted,
In labeling and picking holes in every one.
Oblivious of the accumulated silt in their rear backyard,
March of Time bringing fissures in the living.

Yet, there is hope, there are millions of tiny suns
Lighting in the frail hearts, lights of love.

Watery grave

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

Broken Pieces

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

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

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

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

Talak : Divorce

Safe Shores

I need to open widely the closed doors
Of my heart, eyes and ears
To see the effulgence of My Master.
How and when plagues my mind?

Shall I be in the company of saints,
Rishies, Yogis, Sants and Sufies.
Can I hope to get that light?
Which enlightens the dark being.

Can I be able to get a candle?
A match sticks to light it.
Can it glow forever in storms, tempests.
I need a soul with fragrance & perfumes.

Oh! The Times don't auger good tides.
To set the ship to sail for safe shores.

Social Change

All surrounding villages have vanished.

Population surging in the cities.

Without basic amenities and water.

Without sanitation, housing comforts.

Men, women and children lying on footpaths

The rhythm of the city life is disturbed.

A civilization broken-up, dismayed.

Even Heaven watches helplessly the chaos.

Who would now grow the food grains.

Vegetables, granaries diminished.

Animal husbandry, poultry no more.

No more is left the charm of rural life.

Now, make way for huge electronic cities.

But be prepared for upheavals, Nature's Wrath.

For a New Life*

There is a memorable day to be etched
In the mind for ever and ever, never
To be forgotten, but to be remembered.
The day was full of anxious moments.

Past memories gush, back and forth For
me, when I looked forward to see The
bony fellow to come to see the light
Of the day, to be delivered by his mother.

As a toddler, a source of ever pleasure -
When he started lisping numbers, words.
Climbing on my back, refusing to come down.
Seen him, slowing climbing the stairs of life.

Today at 3 A.M in morning, he leaves us.
To reach another shore to start life anew.

** On departure of younger son to UK for higher studies.*

“Insha Allah”

For sufies “Insha Allah” are words of certainty.
 A faith expressed with full vigour, marked
 With love for the Lord, to honour the commitment.
 Except ‘Act Majoris’, may prevent its performance.

But for my friends, well wishers and others,
 It is a cover, a ruse, an excuse,
 To explain their inability to keep the word.
 To blame the fate for its non-performance.

A heart with colourful designs, cunning,
 Crafty, crooked takes shelter in ‘Insha Allah’.
 But a heart with blessings, softness of butter,
 Is full of concern for fulfillment of words given.

These days ‘Insha Allah’, uttered at drop of hat.
 With unkept promises, being good at that.

“Insha Allah” : If Allah (God) wills

Flood of Tears

Just after a year of my wedding
I left my home with my expectant wife.
To set up my own house for peace.
My mother then was flooded with tears and tears.

We moved to New Delhi to find a different culture.
After a long stay, we moved to Chennai,
With change of schools for our children.
To find new language, new culture, new place.

Then back to our salubrious home town.
Again to live on our own in a flat.
But, frequenting to see my aged mother.
At last, she came to live with us in her last days.

Now, when my children have moved out.
I find my wife flooded with tears and tears.

Birth of violence

To be a landlord or an owner
Is to assume belligerent,
And angry attitude, being stiff,
And to assume police powers.

To protect and safeguard
His land, chattels and property rights.
Lest trespassers, squatters
Would break the law, to loot and rob.

And forcibly occupy the land.
Abduct the chattel and cattle.
Would cause mischief by causing harm.
Thus, one's ego would become super one.

Leading to clash of personalities,
Offence, harm; thus, violence is born.

Adjust in Life

For some, I found that mere possession
Of a small torch is sufficient
For finding a way in the darkness of life.
For some even flood lights are not sufficient.

For some, I found that little love
Is sufficient to light their hearts.
While for some Lord's multiple Grace
Is not sufficient to enlighten their hearts.

For some modest living is sufficient
To find happiness in this life.
While for some even goldmine
Is not enough for a peaceful life.

Life is a mixture of adjustment and compromises.
Fight failures to overcome hurdles and pains.

Lamentation of a sick mind

Lo! I am sick of mind and heart Unable
to bear the burdens of life. Unable to
bear the vagaries of weather.
Unable to bear the rigmorale of living.

Oh! How this cruel world views me.
On slightest pretext I am chained
In this asylum, where I am with
Similar placed persons wailing like me.

For us the world is mad, mad and madder.
It is hungry for more and more work.
Rushing daily in sick hurry, quickening
Its space day by day endlessly.

I hardly sleep or eat but my mind and tongue
Endlessly talks, looks at things in a queer way!

Whiff of Fragrance

There is something growing and sparkling
Around us all the time day in and day out.
Though we are aging reaching the horizon.
But the life is steaming, jetting now and then.

We have to stand like a sentry without movement,
Day in and day out carryout the same rigmorale.
Oblivious of the good, our presence makes to others.
We are like a canopy, a shading tree.

The bubbling life is for the young and growing.
We need to stand alone and watch them,
Protect them, succor them, greet them.
Be a source of joy and happiness to them.

We have to pass like a cool flowing streams.
Allow the youngsters to enjoy the whiff of fragrance.

Free from all

When saints, yogis and sufies shun life.

They in fact are giving up ownership, over lordship

Over chattel and property, over persons, things.

They give up the angry and belligerent attitude.

They have nothing to take, nothing to give.

They are above all material pleasures.

Freed themselves of worldly wants and desires.

So that their heart sparkles bright.

They have unburdened their baggage. Without

savings or bank accounts, purse. Neither they

need to give nor to take anything. Their

relationship is platonic with the world.

Their heart and mind is free from the world.

So that they concentrate on that Being.

A test and a trial

My desire for high qualifications
Were denied to me, I was humbled.
I was put on mat in a simple job.
Though I belonged to big wigs, higher ups.

My spouse was from a cultured background
Sans pretences, wealth, pomp and show.
I begot umpteen children, some crippled.
Poverty stared at my face, life listless.

I need to cross through fire," agnipariksha".
I was laid down with umpteen diseases.
Now and then falling sick, being bedridden.
I stood firm, calm, cool like a statute.

I faced carcinoma, death beckoning.
I was freed from all, lightened to meet my Lord.

More sinned Against

Ah! My beloved, it has taken ages
To make my sigh, my tears of blood
To impress you of my genuine love.
I had to face insurmountable troubles.

My lamentations provoked my rivals
To create more hurdles on my way.
My beloved's unconcern towards me,
Gave my adversaries a handle to tease me.

I wish I lived in parching deserts.
In loneliness, and like Sita lament on my fate.
That was also denied, I was exposed.
To vultures to peck at me day and night.

My sin was to pronounce my love to you.
My shamble condition only betrayed me, to be sinned.

Love's Secret

Let this love's battle continue to its end.
Then be silent sans any exhibition.
Let the drumming attract a motley crowd.
To heckle or clap on our open show.

Let canards be spread by our enemies.
Let gossips gain in its propensity.
Let stories be written with twisted facts.
Let heaven fall on my bear head.

O My Love! Let this war continue.
Let my rivals grudge in the end.
That you did love me in your heart.
Though you hid the secret from all.

In the curtains of shadows on moonless night.
We shall meet in secrecy to share our moments.

Beauty never to wane

The seasons beauty has dawned with fragrance anew.
Shinning Sun melting the crusty ice.
Full Moon throwing its beam on lovers.
Bare body show on seashore to thrill.

The bearer pouring forth wine in silvery cups.
Youthful charm dancing to scintillating music.
Jewelery in all its finery on its display.
Bridal couples flaunting beauty everywhere.

Alas! My Beloved's unconcern towards me.
My rivals heckling and pinpricks.
Are worst than Saturn's pangs and sorrows.
What more punishment is in store for me?

Let me be looted of my finery and beauty.
But my love to you will never wane.

Hidden Love

My rivals, strong and powerful ones, with stings,
Want me to prove my love to my absent.
Beloved, unseen invisible though present
My inner eyes perceive Him every moment.

But my enemies suffer from partial blindness.
Hearing impaired, mind bogged down.
For them the powerful beams of the Sun.
The coolness of the Moon satiates them.

The beauty of Nature has captivated them.
But my Beloved is hidden in veils of curtains.
I have torn every sheet covering the secrets,
To reach the bottomless pit of love.

His lasting spell has gladdened my heart.
Let my secrets of love remain hidden forever.

Love's Pangs

I had forgotten all about the Beloved's glance.
A depth of feeling of love had aroused
In my heart, over-flooding my being.
I had asked the cup bearer to fill my cup.

My mind had lost its bearing, balance,
I was termed 'a good for nothing fellow'.
I was fettered in ring of shimmering flame.
It took ages to overcome the love's pangs.

Now, when the wounds have healed.
The storms and tsunamis had subsided.
The seasons had changed to fragrance.
You again have come to peck the old wounds.

O Love! Fill my heart with joy's of love.
Now, do not forsake and leave me in distress.

Fragrance in the air

I learnt after a long trial of love,
That my Beloved's glance awakens.
A stony heart to make it melt like a candle.
The whole being bleeds with wounds.

The endless pangs of the love.
The parching throat, the dried out tongue.
The grief and sadness clutching the heart.
Left me in desert like a wingless bird.

The endless anguishes and sufferings,
Reached its zenith to touch the horizon;
Overwhelming sorrows sans any cure.
My lamentations never reached your ears.

O My Beloved! My body turned to sandalwood,
To burn, to leave its fragrance in the air.

Love's unconcern

Let's sing songs of love and beauty.
Let them shine in all its splendour.
Let effulgence grip the tiny heart.
Let excitement hold the mind and body.

These pleasures are sure to wane,
Into oblivion, never to return.
In the shadows are waiting the pangs.
To uncoil the being like a deadly snake.

Love's path is dubious and slippery.
It has swallowed millions of stray hearts.
My tears of blood have not turned
My beloved's heart benign .

Love only turns one to madness, sadness.
To forsake the world forever and ever.

Blessed Love

I know when my beloved took me to joyride.
To joys of seven star hotels in swimsuits.
Loaded me with gifts and kisses.
Displayed before my eyes beauties of the world.

Touched my being with pleasures aplenty.
Dined and wined, enjoyed every company.
My beauty slowly waned, so also my figure.
I lost the twinkle in my sparkling eyes.

My beloved's roving eyes enslaved other
Sprouting beauties and figures of excellence.
I was thrown away as garbage.
As a dirty linen, as a rotten egg.

O my love, my heart is a burning cauldron.
My mundane love has now turned to blessed one.

Griefs and sorrows

Sorrows are lasting to bind the human hearts.

Griefs are to seek comfort and solace.

Joys and mirths separates one another.

Individuals seek it with their lovers.

Rarely does happiness dwell in crowds

Or among Prophets, seers, poets, musicians.

The ignorants with empty hearts seek

For temporal pleasures, which wanes.

Great works of Architects - Taj, Konark

Are the sweat and labour of unsung

Heroes, who lay down their puny lives

For a few pennies paid by their masters.

Oh! Sorrows are the sap of the trees.

In it dwells the spirits of the lovely.

O Solitude !

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

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

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

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

Refresh your soul

Come come, let's open our hearts to heaven.
To the light, to flood our hearts and system.
To enlighten our soul with higher spirits,
With love and affection, to change our fate.

Let's not be afraid of our strongest critics.
Who make target of our condition.
Who are not afraid to speak ill of us.
Who attack us day in and day out.

Let's hear the music of purest love. Let's
sing songs to delight our beloved. Let's
repeat His Name a million times. Let the
fragrance of love spread all over.

Let each morning bring us fresh tidings.
Let each night refresh our soul.

Save Me

Let me not be a dew to the morning sun.

A butter to a heated cauldron.

A knave to a squint eye.

A target to an evil villain.

Let me be a fragrance of a rose.

A whiff of fresh and cool air.

To delight the swollen hearts.

To cheer dejected lovers.

Let my love not wither in dry weather.

Let my wishes not get crusted like ice.

Let me not lose my sight weeping for lost love.

Let my love not be a target of attack.

O My Beloved ! Save me from my adversaries.

Protect me from all the evils of the World.

Evil Fate

This is all about the battle of love.
One wants to prove he is feather fine.
More attractive, more beautiful than the other.
Causing hate, jealousy in each other's heart.

These wars, these terrorism, these killings
Manifest our greed and self love.
Our love for ourselves is overwhelming.
And lands itself in self destruction.

We wish to show our might and terror.
Target our adversaries to subjugate them.
To cause annoyance and million hurts.
To break the heart to smithereens.

To love is to open flood gates of attack.
To love is to seek for an evil fate.

Shadowless

I am a living Buddha, a Mahavira.
In the modern sense, in modern life.
When I sit in deep meditation,
I have no link with this ugly world.

My mind and heart is crystal clear.
Free from meandering and wanton desires.
Freed from clutches of worldly bickerings.
I have nothing to give, nothing to take.

I am like a thin air, a whiff of perfume.
To melt like an ice, to evaporate like steam.
I am calmness, I am tranquility.
I have no presence, no personality.

I walk lightly, my steps are featherlite.
My speech butter like, I am shadowless.

“Sare Jahan Se Acha”

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

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

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

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

Into Oblivion

A gush of feeling overflowing the being.
A desire unfulfilled yet yearning.
A dismay at unquenched joys.
Ah! What a moment for retiring?

My heart, mind, soul at the doorstep of beloved.
There are welcoming signs, a fresh air.
Bidding me to enter the doors unasked.
Yet my system fails like electricity.

O ! My beloved forgive me for my lapses.
For my failure to respond to your feelings.
To reach Eden at your bidding.
To fetch the fruit to relieve your aches.

Let me now drink the wine of love.
To go into oblivion like a dove.

Love's ways are funny

In this battle field of life, my love
Is busy, ever busy to prepare
To tease me, tear me and taunt me.
To be fool me in the face of adversary.

I cannot remain aloof and alone,
Away from life's bickerings.
Every wave drags me from the shore,
Into the tumult and storm of the sea.

Life's goal gets disturbed and go amiss.
I become a tool in the hands of the fate.
I cannot go and live in desolation.
Nor built my abode in isolation.

Love's pangs and sorrows are many.
A trial, a test, though it looks funny.

Tales of Woe

The songs my letters sing daily.
Are to delight my beloved gaily.
To put my love to joys and mirth.
But my voice is hoarse, not stately.

The heaven is left with no other choice,
But to pick my humble dwelling
And abode to strike it with its lightning.
Every time to reduce it to ashes.

My struggle to built a lovely nest
Fails, when storms and tornadoes
Wash it away and away every time
My struggle continues each time, in failure.

I shall continue to sing my tale of woes.
Till the doors of heaven opens up to me.

Test of strength

Come, let's built our nests
On such tallest trees and branches,
Where eagles shall also fail
To reach and disturb us.

Let's defy the storms and gales.
Let's deny the lightning
A chance to burn our dwellings
And to push us to oblivion.

What more can my love
Do, but to face these tests.
I shall stand stead fasts,
Show my strength in patience.

Let my beloved boast in the end
That my love stood trial of strength.

Peace at last

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

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

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

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

Self Expression

The Beauty of my Beloved Lord,
Which wants to express itself,
In million ways and methods.
In nature there is brilliance.

What uniqueness on this Mother Earth?
The living and the non-living
The precious stones and the jewelry
The fruits, flowers, bees and insects.

O Lord! Grant me the inner eye.
That light to see through all things.
To enlighten my mind and soul.
To refresh my inner self every day.

Let my faith in Thee be steadfast.
Not loose my foothold to get lost forever.

Pinning for Thee

My adversaries are jealous of me.
They are many and everywhere.
My Beloved has blessed me
With scores of talents and goodness.

When I am gone into nothingness.
There will be nothing for them,
To quarrel about, to fight with me.
They will sit in a corner to lament.

Life is short, Time is fleeting.
Nature's beauty is enormous.
Every morn, every evening
Brings forth something new to marvel.

O Beloved ! Show me the path of love.
Let me lay down my life pinning for Thee.

Glory for Thee

Ah ! Thy Glory is much praised.
Much more is Thy beauty to pine.
Time is fleeting, so also my age,
Withering my youth but Your love be.

The fire that is kindled in my heart,
Burns my eyes, my body, self,
Pinning for Thee all the time.
Yearning for illumination of every part.

My bones are creaking and shaky.
My eyes have now become blurred.
My voice has become chocked.
Your signs around are amazing.

My spirit yearns to join Thee.
To shed this mortal coil for Thee.

Million praises

The burnt out ashes are immersed.
In the free flowing rivers,
The Ganges and in the Cauvery.
In the belief of merges in Thee.

My dead body would be consigned.
To the dust forever and ever,
To mingle and to turn to dust.
In the belief of rebirth in "Qiyamat".

O! The Tremendous and the Mighty
The Gracious and the Merciful.
Millions are created every time.
To pine for Thee, for Your Glory.

Grant me that eye, that heart.
To see and feel for Thy praise.

"Qiyamat" - doomsday

Immersion

All my self-seeK is self-delusion.
I hear the songs of my own defeat.
I am like a silent sea sans storms.
The silence around reminds of You.

Oh! I wish I was a flower.
To set fragrance for insects.
For infatuate lovers to pluck,
To be in plait or in vases.

I bow before You all the time.
Hoping for Your Grace, Your Love,
With which, I am surrounded.
May my love for You never wane.

O My Lord ! Have pity on me.
For I am immersed in Your love.

Glittering Love

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

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

My every cell in my body,
Feels the heat, feels for Him
The merciful and the bountiful,
Plays His tunes in my veins.

O! The Greatest of the Great.
Let everyone see my love for You.

Love forever and ever

When Eve found the elixir
And Adam fell in love.
Lord, you were angry. To
Banish him from your presence.

But your Mercy saved Adam.
Eve was forgiven, yet was
To carry the burden and
Humiliation forever and ever.

O My Lord ! Save me from
The temptations of this world.
From its glit and glamour.
From its slippery path.

O My Lord ! Bless me
With love forever and ever.

Advent of Islam

The four squared walled house
 Known from ages as 'KAABA'
 'God's House', built in memory
 Of One Supreme God, Allah.

By Father Abraham and son
 Ismaeel, in Bakka later
 Came to be known as Mecca.
 For centuries adored, loved, worshipped.

Circumambulation around it
 For seven times and to the safa
 And Marwa, nearby hillock.
 In memory of Hajira, mother of Ismaeel.

As times passed the worship of Allah
 The one Supreme God was forgotten.
 Idolatry took its place in Kaaba.
 Three hundred and sixty idols placed therein.

Then arose in sixth century A.D.
 A man of impeccable character
 Known to Arabs as 'The Truthful'
 'The Trustworthy', Muhammad*

When he reached forty years of his age
 Gabriel the Arch Angel brought
 Message from Allah, The Holy Quran
 To be continued for next twenty-two years.

In peaceful ways Muhammad*
Spread Allah's message of monotheism
To shun the practice of idol worship
To unite and live in brotherhood.

To shun all evil practices -
To bury female child, break bonds.
To give up fornication, adultery.
Live in purity and in peace.

Muhammad* and his followers
Attacked day-in and day-out
Tortured, Sumaiya first women
To be murdered in brutal way.

His followers migrated to Abyssinia
Meccans followed them to complain
To their king but king Negus
Shows compassion and protects them.

For ten long years, Muhammad*
Spreads his message peacefully
Bearing all hardships, pain
Agony and untold sufferings.

Allah permits him to migrate
To Yasrib, later to be named
As Madina, Prophet's town.
Those people protected and loved him.

Battles after battles fought
Between Allah's beloved, the Muslims
The followers of Islam with idolaters
To wrest control of Mecca, the Kaaba.

Where pilgrims gathered once
In a year for Haj to visit
Kaaba and to circumbulate
To sacrifice animals as done by Abraham.

The practice of Abraham and Ismaeel.
Polluted, mingled with idolatry.
All evil practices gathered around
Kaaba, by tribes of Mecca, The Qureesh.

The first battle of Badr I gave victory
To Muslims, but battle of Uhad
Fought fiercely, many Muslim
Martyred, Muhammad* injured.

As times passed, Treaty of Hudaibia
Signed between idolaters and Muslims
A peace treaty, no war pact for
Ten years. A clear victory for Muslims.

The following year, the first Haj
Performed by Muslim at Mecca
The idolaters vacate Mecca
To allow Muslims to circumambulate

Muhammad*, on camel's back
 Does not dismount but
 Circumulate Kaaba, The House
 Of Allah, The one and only God.

The following year Mecca
 Falls to Muslims, Idolatry
 Shunned, all Meccans embrace
 Islam, the religion of peace and love.

Millions and Millions of Muslims
 Every year perform Haj
 At Mecca to face Kaaba
 The House of Lord, The Allah.

II Message

Millions and Millions assemble
 At Mount Arfat, The Mountain
 Of Mercy to pray for forgiveness
 For eternal blessings from Allah.

Mina, Muzdaliffa, are other
 Holy places, where pilgrims
 Gather, halt to complete the
 Rituals of Abraham and Ismaeel.

The oneness of Lord, the Beneficent
 The Merciful is proclaimed
 Muslims world over face Kaaba
 Five times day-in and night-out.

To pray, to bow and kneel down
To lift both the hands to seek
Allah's help, in supplication
For His Mercy, His Help, for Goodness

Holy Quran is the message of Allah.
Prophet's words are pearls of wisdom
For guidance, for solace for peace
For leading Mankind to straight paths.

Among the teachings is to treat
All the men and women
As brothers and sisters
And to treat the neighbour as your own

To seek refuge from the path
And ways of the Devil, The Shaitan
To shun the diabolic nature
Of man, to conquer your own self.

To realize your own soul.
And purify your own inner self.
To find remedies to all inner evils.
To exert in patient at all times.

Be honest, truthful and lead a pure life.
A virtuous life which leads to heaven.
To overcome evil and paths of Hell.
To seek Allah's company day-in and day-out.

Life is transient, Time passes away.
Good deeds remain forever and ever.
Be good to self and to one and all.
Make life a bed of roses.

Show mercy, mercy will be shown to you.
Forget and forgive a wrong done.
Amend and compromise in every way.
Strengthen your bonds day in and day out.

Keep your hairs combed, teeth's brushed.
Body clean, wash yourself well and good.
Abulate and stand in prayers.
Observe silence, purify speech, talk less.

Be kind in talk, walk softly on earth.
Keep penance, perform all duties
Lovingly for sake of Allah, the Great.
Seek award for deeds done in life hereafter.

Respect the dead, send prayers for them.
Respect parents, love them in old age.
Respect teachers, pray for their wellbeing.
Respect leaders, obey them and be loyal.

Purify your heart, make it golden.
Be regular in charity to the poor,
To the wayfarer, beggars, travelers.
Feed one and all from your daily food.

Pray at all times, tune your mind
Heart and soul to Allah, alone.
Keep fast in the month of Ramzan.
Invite the familiar, and unfamiliar to dine with you.

Once in life time make the holy
Pilgrimage to Mecca, Medina.
Perform Haj in white unsewn
Shroud, think and bow before Allah.

Seek forgiveness for all past sins,
Committed knowingly, unknowingly
Take a vow to lead a pure life.
To live like a perfect human being.

Shun all abominations, all obscenity.
Respect women of all ages, keep
Your eyes down, do not stare them.
Let women remain in purdah to save virtue.

Do not spy on others, do not over hear
Conversation, do not doubt your brother.
Do not be jealous, shun covetousness, greed.
Adopt patience, the mother of virtue.

Be humble, the first lesson of humility.
Read and learn, acquire wisdom.
But be humble in all manners.
And ways, seek the path of goodness.

Do not curse anyone nor to the Time.
Accept all sorrows with fortitude.
Maintain your promises and your word.
Honour all commitments and contracts.

Not to slender, defame, backbite,
Blackmail, speak ill of others.
Carry tales, break-in conversation.
Scheme with others, conspire.

Be straightforward in all dealings.
Do not hoard for higher profits.
Do not cheat anyone in any business.
Respect your customer as your brother.

Protect the weak, meek and the orphan.
The impoverished and the poor.
Be always just and render justice.
Earn through the sweat of the brow.

Not to kill or create dissention.
In the God's land among people.
Not to disturb the peace and love.
Not to destroy the tranquility.

Usury and charging interest
On borrowers, completely prohibited.
So also alcohol and intoxicants.
Gambling and games of chance.

Taking predictions and astrology
Palmistry and other predictive
Subjects are all prohibited.
All times are good from God.

Depend totally on the Allah
And lay full faith on Him
For all your needs and
Seek His Bounty and His Grace

Allah permitted slaughter of animals
For food only when His name is uttered
But prohibited blood, carrion, dead
Animals, carnivorous and unhoofed ones.

Birds which prey on other birds. And
crawling animals like snakes,
Scorpions, insects were prohibited
Except sea animals with gills like fishes.

To protect the environment.
The animal and the fauna.
The plants, trees and plantations.
Make the habitation beautiful.

Think of your relatives and friends.
At all times, unite them with love.
Let love be the guiding force of all.
At all times love one and love all.

Send 'Darood-o-Salam', greetings to Prophet
And his descendents, respect virtuous,
Saints and godly people, pray for them.
Pray for all the people of the world.

**** Peace be upon him***

Haiku

There is a silence
 Between long cry of cuckoo
 Love separated

~~

Knife with sharp edges
 Cut to pieces at both ends
 Broken hearts don't meet

~~

Intricate designs
 To marvel at the Beauty
 Of a Master Hand

~~

Beauty at display
 Multi million flowers, plants
 Of floral designs

~~

Thunder and storms, snow
 Cry of a dear anguished heart
 To chill mind and soul

~~

Our philosophers
 To ever create hopes in mind
 Astrologers sing

~~

Great Wall of China
 Fortified cities with stones
 Push the enemy back

~~

Pleasure of living
This scientific advancement
Terror at the door

~~

Birds feathers clipped,
Many attempts at suicide
Search for the Master

~~

Those failures in life
Shedding oceanic tears
Prepare land to plow

~~

Be so practical
Search for wisdom in green life
Keep memories fresh

~~

Extravagance
Live in debts, borrowed jewels
To get drowned in life

~~

Ignorance is bliss
Cross all borders of ethics
Live a way ward life

~~

Became real head strong
Like a tall Himalayan
Get ruined like Hitler

~~

Seek joys to the brim
Become ever borrower
Face storms tempests, ruin

Sorrows are cream of life

A lonely bird in garden

To regenerate

~~

Bodies ruination

Setting in of the old age

Nature's way of life

~~

Gushing of water

Inundation of small lakes

Houses in turmoil

~~

Moon, Solar eclipses

A sign of floods, destruction

Or superstition

~~

Anger, jealousy

Inner tsunami of Soul

To cause destruction

~~

Night mosquitoes bites

Chicken gunia, malaria

Fills doctors coffers

~~

Mutton biryani

Fish, chicken, other sea foods

To ruin the sound health

~~

Classical music

Love, precious commodity

A rarity now

Sound sleep and good night
 Not for poet philosophers
 Thinking makes them mad

~~

Croaking of the frogs
 Thunder, lightening in dark clouds
 A welcome shower

~~

Sufies seldom sleep
 Meditation in the night
 Enlightenment of soul

~~

Marriage on the rocks
 Anger, inner jealousy
 Barriers for love

~~

Inner tsunami
 Never befriend a cheat, thief
 For your destruction

~~

A kind smiling face
 A golden heart with good mind
 A gift of Nature

~~

Push love to desert
 Ruin lovely marriage
 Live in parching lands

~~

Commit countless sins
 Destruction of human mind
 Wait for divine wrath

Omens in the sky
haley's comet in the night
Sign of divine wrath

~~

Soul's repentation
Countless sins and evil ways
Purify the mind

~~

Pleasures disappoint
Return of prodigal son
Now turn a new leaf

~~

Farmer, sons of soil
Cultivates crops for mankind
Driven to suicide

~~

Rose in the garden
Sufies with pure crystal mind
Saints to guide mankind

~~

Are dinosaurs real
Seek Metamorphosed fossil
To learn history

~~

Streaming like sea weed
Labour pain to crusted earth
Earthquake destroys man

~~

With terror in hands
Minds with evil thoughts and deeds
Devil incarnate

Cut stones from mountains
 Ruin the trees of the forest
 Divine writ follows

~~

Birds plumes are now clipped
 Spirit of freedom in the cage
 Love destroyed for now

~~

Sound sleep betrays poets
 To gargle our sweet poetry
 Like full moon shed light

~~

River of life flows clear
 Sea weeds obstructs its clear path
 Divinity works

~~

Accidental death
 An earthquake for dependants
 Sorrows for ever

~~

Thorns in the path ways
 To create hurdles to soft feet
 To add suffering

~~

You sweat for sweet dates
 Lonely camel in desert
 To find peace, solace

~~

Sun rises in east
 Fresh early morning sweet Winds
 Million hands start work

Roses fade in night
Coolness disappears in day
When marriage at rocks

~~

Put controls to mind
When faced with storms, wind, lightning
Silence is golden

~~

Snow melts in mountains
Every dog has his own day
Joys not for ever

~~

Sing songs of the birds
Dance to the tunes of Nature
For joys and pleasure

~~

Brittle mirror breaks
Every piece reflects its light
Each has his own path

~~

Babylonization
Cacophony of small birds
Slippery snow paths

~~

Appear in dreams clear
Dear plant a kiss in my thoughts
Fragrance spreads in soul

~~

Skies without rainbows
No sweet roses in garden
Love faded forever

Colourful buntings
 In the midst of joys and mirth
 Onset of monsoon

~~

Life in bonhomie
 Failure of electricity
 A blanket of gloom

~~

The stadium is full
 The football game in full swing
 Calamity falls

~~

Let the faces glow
 Prepare the floor for dancing
 Let love to enter

~~

Life in quagmire, thorns
 Purify the mind and heart
 Lovely rose will bloom

~~

Mad rush of the world
 Mind in crashing situation
 Look for serene face

~~

Shun your duality
 May joys bubble in the heart?
 Sing songs for the Lord

~~

Enemies falsity
 Rumours turning friends to foes
 Patience is virtue

Destructive thinking
Mind and Soul playing berserk
Do meditation

~~

Roof on head falls down
Soul in grief, pangs sorrows
Seek help from the Lord

~~

Sheets covering sins
Glowing lamps drive out darkness
Enlighten yourselves

~~

Modern Marriages
Penny saved for ages tossed
Carry pain in heart

~~

Days of pomp, glory
Pageantry, pleasures
Materialism

~~

Rhythm of life swings
Long wait for dreams to come true
Look for fresh pastures

~~

When you could get fire
On rubbing of this dried sticks
Warm hearts instill love

~~

Melt away like ice
End anguishes, endless pain
Look for Lord in heart

Life's charms are withdrawn

Failure of electricity

You are destitute

~~

Mausoleums of Saints

Glorify your inner self

Draw inspiration

~~

None original

We are puppets in Lord's hand

Now dance to His tunes

~~

While tracing old paths

For ancient light of wisdom

Deadly snakes obstruct

~~

Wheel of life moving

Hands of clock turns round and round

Process of aging

~~

Cherish noble souls

They are gift to the mankind

To shower blessings

~~

When peace has prevailed

Dark threatening clouds have waned

Why have nuclear bombs?

~~

Villages emptied.

Lands are fallow, lakes dried up

Drought drive farmers mad

Knowledge is power
 My Guru, kindred spirit
 To enlighten me

~~

Many mouths to feed
 Poverty knocks at the door
 With umpteen children

~~

My god, avatar
 Would die before my own eyes
 Life, transitory

~~

Style and age is man
 Plans, ideas, wonders around
 Man to live in peace

~~

Imaginary
 Nymphs, caressing cuddling me
 Kama gets aroused

~~

Mercy at the door
 Master for lowly beings
 To help destitute

~~

Let war, disease cease
 Friendship, peace tranquility
 To expand bosom

~~

Last leg of journey
 Reaching the sky, twilight zone
 To merge with the Lord

Bitterest enemies
Are forgotten monuments
Peace has now prevailed

~~

Men with genius
More intellengesia
Egos come to clash

~~

Fingers in all pies
Cynical people around
To spoil laid gardens

~~

Jealous enemy
Put a stop to bickerings
To buy peace quickly

~~

Search for peace in life!
My dreams busted like bubble
I was left forlorn

~~

I, enthusiastic
But my dreams were in fire, smoke
Roses are withered

~~

Glow on a child's face
Brings cheers, laughter to mother
Beauty refreshes

~~

Fingers play on drum
Sounds of music makes one gay
Laughter good for health

Beauty and fame shines
Love is jewel for both eyes
Life is full of joys

~~

My adversaries
Attach my body and soul
Self realization

~~

Cause for stress and strain
Attachment to body, soul
Get released from bonds

~~

This long life journey
Passing through mountains, rivers
Safely reaching shores.

~~

Fierce competition
Fights in the battle of life
Few reach shores safely

~~

End of the battle
There is nothing to quarrel
We smile and shake hands

~~

End battles of life
Unburden baggage of life
To reach shores safely

~~

Dawn of a new world
The greatest joy for new born
To suck mother's milk

Mother's lap and love
Embracing enfolding light
Of Divine Master.

~~

You see Divine Love
In the lap of Mother Earth
Bears food for hungry.

~~

Master indulgent
Allows His child to do mischief
A Divine 'leela'

~~

Nature at its work
Divine with trillion eyes, hands
Man woman for love

~~

A Divine 'leela'
Village inundated
Floods causing fury

~~