



**In
Sacred
Moments**

by S.L. Peeran

About the author

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

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

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

Dedicated
to beloved
Sufies

In Sacred Moments
(A Tenth Collection of Poems)

S. L. Peeran

Published by:

BIZZ BUZZ

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

In Sacred Moments, Tenth 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 : August 2008

ISBN : 81-88699-12-4

Price : Rs.100/-
US \$ 5 [including Airmail Charges]

Printed at : Emporium Printers
Bangalore-5

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

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INTRODUCTION

My beloved and reverend poet brother Dr. S. L. Peeran invited me to offer a few words on his forthcoming 10th new book of poetry titled *In Sacred Moments*. I would like to accept his benign invitation and deem it my honour and pleasure. This 10th book will be celebrated not only the touchstone of poetry, but also will help in cultivating humanistic atmosphere for leading lives in calm and tranquility. Writing about S L Peeran is a delightful task for me though by no means it is an easy assignment to accomplish since earlier Padma Bhushan awardee, editors of different journals/periodicals and professors have already written foreword and introduction for his nine books namely *In Rare Moments*: 2007, *Fountains of Hope*: 2006, *New Frontiers*: 2005, *A Call From The Unknown*: 2003, *In Silent Moments*: 2002, *A Search From Within*: 2002, *A Ray of Light*: 2002, *In Golden Moments*: 2001 and *In Golden Times*: 2000. I am still studying Plato, Aristotle, Addison, Johnson, Richards, Dryden, Arnold, Coleridge, Moulton, Scherer, Warton, and Eliot etc. When I write I want to be true and honest critic. It's my passion to ferret out Excellencies instead of Imperfections. I regard it my principal duty to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, communicate to the world such things as worth their observations.

After flowing straight for a while, most rivers take a sudden turn. Likewise, literature does not invariably follow the straight path; when it takes a turn, that turn is called modern. We call it *jadeed* in Urdu. He represents modern period with modern prevalent maladies and exquisitely forthwith essentially its remedial measures.

Wordsworth expressed in his own style the spirit of delight that he realized in nature. Shelley's was a Platonic contemplation, accompanied by a spirit of revolt against every kind of obstacle, political, religious or otherwise. Keats' poetry was wrought out of the meditation and creation of beauty. And now Peeran's poetry has taken shape because he lived through the tumultuous events of his country's history: internecine turmoil and tribulations such as *Les Fleurs du Mal*. He confronted the violence, anxiety and predicament of the modern moments with an ironic and iconic gaze. Thus *In Sacred Moments* comes into existence. Earlier the English poets with whom we came into contact saw the universe in their own eyes and they moulded it according to their individual desires. The universe of Wordsworth was specially, "Wordsworthian," of Shelley "Shelleyan," of Byron, "Byronic" and now of Peeran "Peeranian". We call it Peeranian because of his self-expression.

Dr. S L Peeran is an English poet, short story writer, editor of the *Sufi World* and winner of numerous accolades. Peeran's prophetic work will be considered seminal in the history of poetry because of its merits. His creative vision engenders symbolically rich corpus and embraces imagination. He is highly

regarded today for his expressiveness and creativity, as well as the philosophical and mystical undercurrents that reside within his work. He is influenced by the Holy Scriptures like the Holy Qur'an wherein the entire code of living is categorically mentioned. He is of course a glorious contemporary luminary will achieve even higher position in the years to come. I think poetry is a gift from God so it attains a new height through his thought, word and structure. What it bears is a source of redemption.

Now the 10th book of Dr. Peeran will shortly be in the hands of readers. During this span of time he has acquired commendable learning, and is blessed with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit; and with a natural elegance, both in his admirable behaviour, his sweet tongue, and his powerful pen. In Sacred Moments reflects his great abilities, learning and virtue, his lots of affection to the people and his country. He appears to be a man of uncanny wisdom, of a unique confidence, of so zeal, and of so governed passions.

It is pen that is unflinching, unconquerable and the eternal weapon of the excellence that has been imparted to Peeran by Almighty because of his unflinching faith in Him. That's why he serves creatures. His 10th book In Sacred Moments is exemplary for his service to human beings through his poetry and a mirror to watch own conducts of life.

The poems in In Sacred Moments are sequentially related, simple but startling, soul searching, pacifying, fecundity in art, literally moving and moulding. Peeran's stalwart eyes are wide open. He diagnoses and prescribes medicines of sublime thoughts to heal wounds caused by so-called human lover and peace keeper. The title page of the book is not only to read but also to watch. The word Sacred is eternal message to pseudo Superpower, self proclaimed highly qualified, cultured and boasting of being economically sound. Two hands joined together, raised before face and from the core of the heart, the worshipper cries before the Almighty who is the Creator of the universe. Rays of light that are emanating from the hands will certainly overcome darkness. Stark gamut of In Sacred Moments may easily be understood by the people who know someone is watching from heaven that creatures are enjoying their lives on His planet. The word Sacred plays an important role in purifying souls. Like saints and sages, Sufi poet Peeran conveys message to the world. This is the essence which permeates from In Sacred Moments.

The pen represents the written form about the creation and the events to be effected in the countless generations from the beginning of the world to its end. Poets and readers must know that the inkpot and the pen have a mystic expression of the source of knowledge.

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.

This book contains 58 poems and among them are 33 consisting of 14 lines. Should we call this type of poem a Sonnet? The word 'sonnet' is a derivation of the Italian 'sonnetto', meaning a little sound or strain. Peeran's poem of 14 lines are neither Petrarchan nor Shakespearean as I do not find in three quatrains, abab, cdcd, efef, gg a form so splendidly used by Shakespeare nor does it have 3 quatrains and a couplet composed in iambic pentameter. Peeran's 14 lines poems are not composed to two parts-the octave, a stanza of eight lines and the sestet a stanza of six. However, it is Peeranian, a perfect flower in the garden of poetry. It excels not only in formal beauty, but also in emotional colour. And it is also expressed in condensed form one feeling, one idea or one emotion.

Moreover, it yokes the idea of Rossetti 'moment's monuments'....
In the poem In Sacred Moments, Peeran draws references from Holy Scriptures "I had broken the 'Lakshman Rekha'; like Adam/Shown jealousy and arrogance like Satan". He knows well God is merciful and beneficent so he advises worshippers to be submissive, and seek mercy in prayers:

*Yet when I am in submission in prayers
I am like a child in the arms of my mother*

*O Lord! Forgive my erring soul and mind
Enlighten the soul to sing paeon to Thee*

Enlighten Soul leads readers as exactly to find Peeran's belief and love for Master. Whatever he is now, is blessings of Lord. Peeran says 'the sun in my heart', 'the moon in my mind' the stars in my eyes' and 'the cool breezes from all sides' have enlightened soul. Unflinching faith brings nearer to God and keeps fire of hell away.

Humility and Submission is a poem wherein he makes people knows the traits of humble man and advises to adopt in their lives. A humble man is truth, simple in manners, talks and dress, gentle in his speech and gait, never harsh to the less fortunate, courteous to parents, relatives, friends, walks with softness, keeps eyes on the ground, never complains of the misfortunes and woes....performs duties cheerfully without complaints.

Peeran portrays the problems and thereby effect on modern man which we find in his poem Dance to the Natures Tunes. He pathetically delineates activities of man from dawn to dusk he is engaged in. Hours is racy, in a hurry, stomach is black furnace, tiny brains ablaze and has to work more to earn livelihood. Every dawn enacts its own drama anew. So helpless with all these problems that compel to make men dance to its own tunes.

He ridicules modern man in Shame Shame and expresses sorrows and indignation with the uncertainties of new generations:

*Shame has abandoned the modern man
Unabashedly uncovers the most secret parts
To ever be in bonhomie pleasures and mirth
Ah! What to come of new generations?*

Now the world has radically changed. The people feel human has turned stony, dagger seems in the laughter, forget and forgiveness hardly exists:

*Charity, the cream of living, has now melted
Forgiveness has flown away to make hearts stony
Volcanic eruptions from within destroys everything
Ah! The times do not augur happy tidings.*

Peeran possesses potential of ascertaining the rhyme or reason of rise and fall of a man. Judge Properly is remarkable in its tone and texture. Will of Divine comes to rescue for the fallen people. If a man suffers or reels some where must judge his own deeds that he is engaged in and act in accordance with the codes laid down by Holy Scriptures:

*Fallen people seldom rise again
Unless Divine Mercy comes to their aid
Vain thoughts disturb clear thinking
Vulgarity, profanity are cause for Man's down fall*

Sorrows in prime of life is a didactic poem in nature. Peeran makes people aware of the fact that it is not easy to get anything under the sun for survival. Thought, action, dedication and perseverance are symbolical words that enable us to reap the harvest. Those who believe in work and labour fortune favours:

*One needs to churn the milk to get butter
Suck the nectar million times for honey
Till, plow and sow for a good harvest
Be smithy to give shape to an iron*

The poem Delights is replete with the examples that have been extracted from the lives and activities of animals, birds and insects. Human being is proud of being supreme in the universe but indulges himself in one of the deadly sins which is 'greed'. It makes man even inferior to animals. We must take lesson from frog, butterfly and ant and be satisfied and contented which is a source of merriment and mirth:

*A frog is happy, if it can catch a butterfly
A butterfly, if it can suck the nectar
An ant, if it can find a grain of sugar
But greedy man needs more and more, to fill.*

It is of immense flabbergasting if people belonging to other religions or communities point fingers to their religion in the sense that Islamic terrorism or Islamic terrorist, or Muslims are fundamentalist it means, a direct and inappropriate attack on belief which hurt feelings and jolt the mind. If someone mistrust honesty and suspect patriotism definitely question does arise as to how the unbearable stigmas become tolerable. Such kind of experiences would have

compelled Peeran to express his bitter experiences in One Humanity. It is a poem of not a continent, not of a religion, not of a country, not of an age or not of a class but for the entire world. Human beings are the creatures of the Creator but Christians, Jews, Hindus or Muslims are the creation of the land. Good or bad, evils or virtues, literate or illiterate, rich or poor, sensible or senseless, criminal or saviour are the ingredients of all religions. Battle of Waterloo and Panipat, World War I and II, Invasion of Kuwait, attack on Twin Towers, Usurp of Iraq in the name of Weapons of Mass Destruction, rains of Daisy Cutter and Guided missiles in Afghanistan, Undue possession of Philistine by Israelis, Demolition of Babri Mosque, Bombay, Bangalore and Ahmedabad serial bomb blasts, genocide in Gujarat etc all these heinous deeds have not been perpetrated by one religion. Peeran knows: "Islam means safety of others". It is not a matter to ignore but ignite and teach a moral lesson so Peeran would have composed this poem for the volatile brain who create chaos and may kindly be read this stanza :

*There are righteous men in every religion
So also disbelievers indulging in "kufr"
Hypocrites, unbelievers, disgruntled lots
Every community has a set of good and bad ones!*

There is no need to move elsewhere to find who is truly a martyr. Just see the poem **Good and Evil**. Peeran asserts that the man who lays down his life for truth is a martyr in the strict sense of the term. But at the same time it must be aware of the significance of truth. Truth is as high as where our thought can't fly and sweet as honey; as lofty as the seventh sky. The protagonist of this poem Mansur Hallaj speaks out "I am truth" only to be guillotined and dismembered. Men are angel and Satan too but the inevitable condition is to ring out the evil and embrace the good. Indeed, to follow the truth requires courage and patience, full of virtuous deed.

A man is proud of being handsome, healthy, wealthy, educated, cultured, and influential and et all but the increase in the micro albumin level in the body structure system causes profound problems that one can understand from the medical reports which has been elucidated in the poem **A Grim Picture**. The slight increase in the micro albumin level disturbs several parameters in the blood and urine. Prohibitory prescription reads as: give up eating chocolates, ice-cream, fruits, sweet-meal, rice, fatty substances, meat and meat products, oily substances, tea, and coffee etc. The doctor says that it is a very serious matter. The patient may go in coma, can lose eyesight and kidney and prone to have heart attack. All efforts such as, a pilgrimage to Ajmer, Shanti Pooja, a visit to Mariamma temple, roots and shoots, vairs, hakims and homeopaths, yogis, swamis went in vain. Just to remember "Call from the unknown is irresistible". Ultimately, horrible death may occur. The poet wants to convey message through this poem is that an earthen man is perishable and life moves and lasts at the will of God. He blesses and takes away.

The central idea of the poem **Whither Peace?** stands for 'there is no peace in mind and life'. Here the poet compares lives of daily-wage earner to the beggar. The predicament of the salaried persons are voluminous and grievous as their pay-packet getting thinner every month with so many cuts and "IOU'S". At every corner devils are lying in wait to fleece, taxmen at the door to tease and even at home wife's greed and lamentations work for the remaining parts. The question comes to the mid of the poet for the solution. Can Gandhism help tide over the situations?

Peeran differentiates between tyrants and prophets in his poem **Tyrants Vs. Prophets**. The king wages wars. He burns the towns to rescue hostages and henchmen and slaughters the opponents mercilessly whereas prophet possesses miracles with Divine powers nevertheless bears the brunt of opponents, enemies and disbelievers and never avenge his adversaries. Prophet, saint and his followers are entirely surrendered to the Master. Humility and sublimity are his hall-marks. His heart is full of mercy. King is a dictator and his mind is obsessed with tyranny. Peeran is fearless when he is giving shape to accumulated ideas. He knows what he is creating is an eternal and a source of salvation.

Like William Blake Peeran is a visionary poet. He finds that to clear the mind and free the soul from darkness is, indeed, a daunting task. The poet propounds reason behind the fact is that now the people are living in a cocoon and in a web of religious and ritualistic life and yearn to look at the cosmos without knowledge.

And in such a periphery the thoughts and images get blurred simply because of their preferred taste of living and queer way of thinking. Here in the fashion of metaphysical poets, Peeran implies scientific reference as 'Like white light breaking into VIBGYOR/On its passing through the prism/Our vision too gives colour to our thoughts/And gets frozen into the vitals of system'. Can we believe Daunting Task is the creation of the surrounding atmosphere he lives in?

Golden Hearts is a criticism of the behaviour and attitude of the so-called religious people who indulge themselves in the construction and demolition of the temple or mosque. These frenzied lots take innocent lives and create nuisance.

They do not know 'where does God reside? Peeran makes people believe that God can't be found in hills, mountains, plains,, temples, mosques, churches, gurudwaras, and synagogues. Why the people are illusionary? Because they have blurred their visions and coloured their thoughts. Abode of God is the sublime and purified golden hearts. Here words '*sublime*' and '*purified*' are sufficient to solve every conflict of ideas. If someone wants to see or have God first of all make their thought sublime and purify souls.

When Peeran goes through news item for purchasing fighter planes he was utterly surprised at the decision of our senseless leaders. The point that strikes to his mind, where is the relevance of purchasing of the Rs 43,000/- crores for fighter planes? Particularly at the time when peace has prevailed.

Enemies have already shaken hands. Hovering dark clouds have disappeared. In such a condition where is the need of fighter planes? There is no need using so huge amount on this catastrophic items. Heart rending suicides by farmers have shaken the nation. Situation is grim. Eyes are still wet. Grief is yet to over and pace of life is yet to recover. Peeran prays to God to prevail good sense to our leaders:

*O Lord! Bless our senseless leaders
Prevent another Bofor's scam
Let our funds be used for irrigation
Save poor populace from being perished.*

The poet says with firm belief that My Guru is matchless. He is unlettered but the Lord has blessed him knowledge and His world. In spite of this blessing, he is innocent, simple, humble, a kindred spirit, peerless in excellence. Despite, never plays tricks and magic. He does not call himself an avatar. The poet's guru passes his days in a thatched roof, open to all, at all hours, sweet in tongue, compassionate with bright twinkling eyes. His message is love, what the Lord like 'To embrace the whole humanity.'

Visiting graves and mausoleums of saints is not blasphemous. It is a kind of prayer and paying tribute to them. Their lives and deeds are inspirational characteristics: humanity, generosity, gentleness, humility, sincerity, benevolence, sweetness, love, affection, compassion, kindness, charity, broad mindedness, learning and wisdom. So much inherent qualities automatically attract man of sense to their graves and mausoleums. To adopt in the daily lives will certainly bring a radical change and will be of immense harmonious in bringing fellow feeling and friendly culture which is the need of the hour.

The fractured human lives, tainted love and warring peace, pricking harmony, flawed fraternity and activities towards self-annihilation that would have made tremendous roads into his vision and most powerful influence which have paved the way for the creation of his poem The Great Upheaval. The words of this poem are well chiseled. His heart bleeds so his poem awakes conscience to make it alive. He makes readers feel his feeling, feeling of the human beings. His sight reaches places and countries where wars are being waged in the name of some pretext and white nations are at its nadir to display their barbarism. What he thinks in his mind comes to the heart and takes shape is something heart rending and beyond from common and average men of caliber and courage.

The Great Upheaval produces inexplicable resonance when I speak it. Peeran is a benign poet who wants to see the welfare of human beings so that life on earth acquire a higher potency and value. You will agree to my view that poetry is life and that a poet's greatness depends upon the greatness of his subject matter. How can we imagine poetry if there is absence of life, love, peace, faith, trust, fraternity, humanity, happiness, prosperity etc.?

The tone and contents pierce the heart. It is picturesque just to imagine, when tears shed, roll on cheeks and severe hunger, tiny toddling crying out for their lost milk, women's tears flood and tempest sighs hiding in purdah (veils) will hopefully ruin the involved lots who are doing so. The opening stanza of the poem is:

*Two lakh sorties by fighter jets
Dropping bombs on a tiny nation
Organised by the great Yankees
With conflagration of white Nations.*

Everyday car bombs and human bombs are killing the innocent, old, children, women and feeble. Where are democrats and republicans? Democracy and liberty are collapsing. Their hollow words strike in different channels and highlighted in prints, in essence, words are just like body without soul, fire without heat, candle without light, sea without waves and a man of heart without feeling. It's a startling revelation of hypocrisy of those powers who claim to remove poverty and talking of establishing peace. Peeran focuses their deeds while removing mask from their face, and find the exact figure:

*The Yankees now drinking gasoline
To quench the desert thirst
Pumping oil to fleets of automobiles
Looting ship loads of wealth with pelf.*

Peeran is hope of hopeless, a messiah of oppressed and exploited one. His endeavour is to vibrate and rejuvenate the dejected and jaded spirit like phoenix. Silver coins, diamond chicks, vulture of the lust, erosion in the trust, hatred flames, vice, malice, fears and fury have gripped and ceased the minds and hearts of the people. Even 90 degree angle seems oblique before the eyes for the developed countries. Hence, in such prevailing conditions and atmosphere Peeran believes in his Master. Peeran imparts a clarion call in the concluding stanza of The Great Upheaval never lose heart:

*O Mother of cities! Do not be dismayed?
You would win, you will bounce back
You have great propensity to overcome
All evils, all dangers, all disasters.*

His view is that the poets are as the true intellectual successor to great thinkers and philosophers such as **Rousseau, Plato, Hugo** and **Locks** etc. as a political and social reformer, and they put across ideas through poems.

He talks of concrete and ever lasting construction of universal peace. It's blunder of the men who believe in the age and in the sophisticated arms of the edge. Understandably appalling and alarming global mass becoming victims of de-humanizing overwhelming problems, anxieties and difficulties have taken unyielding grip over all these remedies, internationally campaign for peace is an open mockery and so called Super power wants the world to turn into bakery. His creation has fragrance, delights the mind, soothes the heart and provides comfort. Many of his lines and verses will become adage. They will pass to posterity like the epigrams of Bacon or the sayings of Solomon. We need to inculcate and imbibe these lines: *'Fools choose paths which angels shun', 'Fallen people seldom rise again', 'Leisurely attempting to do the work with sloth/Brings misery, sorrow in prime of life', 'The dove of the heart should fly forever/With the stalk of olives in its beak', 'When injustice is committed to merited persons/ Then, a sign to welcome grief and pain', 'Dubious ways do not last for long', 'Raise your head above shoulders for success', 'Be smithy to give shape to an iron', and 'Ring out the evils, embrace the good.'*

When Peeran prays and supplicates in sacred moments is to be observed. He completely surrenders before his God. Words 'O Lord', 'O Master', and 'Divine Mercy' are on his tongue. Moreover, his belief and devotion can be found in the following verses:

*O Lord, forgive my erring soul and mind
Enlighten the soul to sing paeon to Thee.*

*O Master, can I have your glimpse
To lift my sagging spirits, an enlighten soul.*

*O Mercy, Protect us from His wrath
Ever submissive to the Lord's call*

The title of all his 10 books bears beautiful words contain dazzling meaning and holy significance. Just have look and imagine in serene mood, 'Silent' moments so it is golden, 'sacred' moments, therefore, it is rare moments. We should search from within, a ray of light appears and spread fountain of hopes. The word sacred and Peeran are reciprocal, appeals to each other.

He speaks to human like one that really believes in humanity and whose business in the world is the most with humanism. In the world of predominantly commercial atmosphere, surrounded by materialistic approach and deeply rooted self-centred apprehension environment wherein Peeran's heart and head work because of his philanthropy vivacity.

He must be known for his sacred sacramental victuals that he offers in In Sacred Moments to the world. This book brings a new intensity of focus to poetry and is among the high-water marks of the present decade.

I believe reader will read, regret and sigh, and wish he were a tree, for then sure he should grow to fruit or shade, at least some bird would trust her household with him, and he would be adjudged just.

His poetry will have greater impact on the activities and behaviour of human beings provided that the people study In Sacred Moments after having holy bath in the Ganges, indelible scars that remind us in the pages of history which have tarnished the images of the Indians will certainly be helpful in averting further degeneration and will help in human lives enjoying on the planet -earth such as souls make merry in heaven!

Dr. Shujaat Hussain
4/771, Friends Colony
Aligarh - 202 003.
U. P.

PREFACE

Here I am presenting my tenth collection of poems "In Sacred Moments". My poetry as described by many of the reviewers has assumed different dimension.

Dr. Krishna Srinivas, Editor-in-Chief "Poet", in his foreword to my work "In Golden Times" had this to say -

"Like Blake, Peeran sees the world in a grain of sand and eternity in an hour. An administrator lispng in numbers may sound strange but Muse in Peeran has blossomed into many-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 self-discovery new grounds 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 of 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 Hussain 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)".

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 Sufies of World. I am grateful to Dr. Shujaat Hussain for penning a profound introduction to this humble work. I am grateful to Sri M. S. Venkataramaiah for publishing this work.

Bangalore : 23.07.2008

Dr. S. L. Peeran

In Sacred Moments

Like a child cuddling in the arms of the mother.
Oblivious of the mischief done the whole day,
To make the mother run around and round.
To make her mad with frenzy and to weep.

I, lost in my thoughts, turn to my Creator.
Oblivious of the umpteen sins committed by me.
I had broken the "Lakshman Rekha"; like Adam.
Shown jealousy and arrogance like Satan.

Yet, when I am in submission in prayers.
I am like a child in the arms of my mother.
O Lord! Forgive my erring soul and mind.
Enlighten the soul to sing paeon to Thee.

Let my sacred moments be dear to me.
Let Thy effulgence shine forever on me.
(Ameen)

Enlighten Soul

I have captured the sun in my heart.
And the moon in my mind.
Now the love for my Master,
Will never wane nor get lost.

The stars in my eyes twinkle.
The cool breeze from all sides,
Adds to my hopes and dreams.
The skyline is lit with twilight.

Life which was measureless and dull.
Has now enlivened and found pace.
The shadows are waning away.
Love is now a perfumed garden.

O Master, Can I have your glimpse.
To lift my sagging spirits, enlighten soul.

Heavenly abode

Human being is designed to perfectly
Face nature and its vicissitudes.
To perfectly harmonize to the vagaries of its weather.
So also all plants and animals

Perfectly adopt to the environment
And to the seasonal changes
Does such an environment and living
Exist for human beings in Heavenly abodes?
Living creatures inhale, exhale and have
The process of assimilation

And excretion besides procreation.
Heaven is a place bereft of an
Earthly environment and earthly bodies.
The astral bodies and spirits dwell therein.

The presence of rivers of honey,
Milk, cooked fowls, wine and hoories
Appear to be an allegorical reference.

If they exist then earthly environment
And earthly existence should also exist,
Which is not possible.

To exist in heaven there have
To be different astral conditions
With different living conditions.
What is explained in Holy Scriptures

Is an allurement for human beings
To fear Almighty Allah and to
Await for His Judgment.
The divine retribution and awards
Does happen in human existence also.

"Jamal" - Beautiful

The creator of the universe is "Jamal" - Beautiful.
The entire cosmos is delicately and wonderfully designed.
The creator has blessed us
With knowledge and understanding
To slowly grasp His Beauty and utter
His Praise day in and day out.

The Mercy enveloping us is the Light
Of Hz Mustafa (SAS) which Allah created
before the creation came into existence.
In this light (Noor) there is crystalline purity and effulgence.
Allah and His angels are sending
Their blessings to Hz Al Ameen (SAS) and He commands
Us to send our million salutations to Hz Al Sadiq (SAS).

Satan the accursed has originated from Allah.

He is darkness and evil.

While light of Hz Al Ameen is purity.
Satan is million miles away
From the purest of the pure soul,
Who has no shadow.
Hz Prophet (SAS) said that
his Satan has become mussalman.
Hz Prophet (SAS) is the light of the universe
And in every cell of our being
And in every atom of the universe
This Divine Light of Hz Prophet (SAS) is hidden.
By sending unlimited Salams and "Darood-e-shariff",
We will be enlightening ourselves.
"Light upon Light", "Noor un alla Noor".
May the purest rays of light enlighten our beings.

Humility and Submission

Only those who submit with humility to the Lord
Will free themselves from pride, anger and ego.
The Satan has promised not to trouble the humble.
What are the characteristics of a humble man?
He is truthful, simple in manners, talks and dress.
He is gentle to the core in his speech and gait.
He is never harsh to the less fortunate ones.
He is courteous to his parents, relatives, friends.
He walks with softness with eyes on the ground.
He never complains of his misfortunes and woes.
He is always thankful for the Bounties received.
He is pleasing to all to whom he addresses.
He is full of self control with twinkle in his eyes.
He is patient and exherts himself to maintain it.
He recognizes the good done to him by one and all.
He performs his duties cheerfully without complaints.

Fragrance Amiss

His heart is an over-loaded bus,
Hardly any place even on the top.
Even the footboard is filled up.
Ah! How to find a place therein?

Mind is bogged down, eyes blurred,
Thinking clouded, voice choked
Heavy baggage on the frail shoulders,
Hanging head, hardly able to lift and see.

The way is long but cannot move further,
Heavy breathing and palpitating.
Unable to hold on to the life line.
Such are our brothers of faith.

How to find love and affection?
Its fragrance and sweet smell is amiss!

Dance to the Nature's tunes

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

Shame Shame

Where there is light, there is darkness.
On one side of globe glows the sun,
While on the other shines the moon.
None are denied winds for the sails.

We have gained stupendous knowledge,
But in the process have lost Faith.
The light burning in hearts has popped off.
We, in ever darkness, amidst tomes of books.

Shame has abandoned the modern Man.
Unabashedly uncovers the most secret parts.
To ever be in bonhomie, pleasures and mirth.
Ah! What to come of new generations?

The glowing lamps have uncovered darkness.
White sheets covering sins are now exposed.
Nothing is hidden, everything is bare.
O Mercy! Protect us from His Wrath.

Silver lining

When the confidence of an honest man is lost.
The world crumbles like a pack of cards.
Promises made, need to be kept up,
For eternal flow of perennial springs.

Charity, the cream of living, has now melted.
Forgiveness has flown away to make hearts stony.
Volcanic eruptions from within destroys everything.
Ah! The times do not auger happy tidings.

Yet, man sees silver lining in dark clouds.
A saint is born as a savior,
When humanity is at the brink of disaster.
Fall of Hitlers is triumph for freedom.

The dove of the heart should fly forever.
With the stalk of olives in its beak.

Judge Properly

You need to read the weather,
Before you play with your kite.
For strong winds is sure to break
The strings you hold, to tear it down.

Fallen people seldom raise again
Unless Divine Mercy comes to their aid.
Vain thoughts disturb clear thinking.
Vulgarity, profanity are cause for Man's down fall.

Look beyond the horizons for rainbows.
Raise your head above shoulders for success.

A wise change

Darkness reminds of light,
But not the other way round.
Light, a precious gift from Mercy.
Hurry! Enlighten your black soul.

A wise man avoids dangers, pit-falls.
Fools choose paths which angels shun.
Play games as per their clear rules.
Dubious ways does not last for long.

Being in damning hurry always
Ruins the diet and charming life.
People who live in full measure,
Regret later when time changes.

When injustice is committed to merited persons.
Then, a sign to welcome grief and pain.

Sorrows in prime of life

He is childish besides being foolish.
Unable to understand the rigmarole of life.
Unable to hold on to the lifeline seriously.
Unable to make any life aims and goals.

The comforts provided by his cozy home,
Over indulgence of his loving parents,
Has left him in mirth and joys.
He needs to gratify his senses everyday.
He needs to churn the milk to get butter.
Suck the nectar million times for honey.
Till, plow and sow for a good harvest.
Be smithy to give shape to an iron.

Leisurely attempting to do the work with sloth.
Brings misery, sorrows in prime of life.

Rejuvenate the lost dreams

Oh! This long wait for fulfillment of dreams.
Umpteen obstacles to disturb rhythm of life.
Passing time hardly shows mercy, latitude.
Dwindling hopes setting pathos on the Journey.

A ray of heavenly light uplifting sagging spirits.
Cosmic signals rejuvenating the living.
Saintly persons infusing new light to lookup.
A new gait, new experience, a fresh breath.

An elevated mind for fresh pastures.
To bring twinkle to the saddened eyes.
To fly and soar like a skylark in the sky.
To lasso the passing clouds for joys.

A being lit up with love and warmth,
Unburdens the baggage for smooth sails.

Delights

A frog is happy, if it can catch a butterfly.
A butterfly, if it can suck the nectar.
An ant, if it can find a grain of sugar.
But greedy man needs more and more, to fill.

None is willing to lose their freedom.
For a loaf of bread or a spoon of honey,
However grave the living brings poverty.
Sunrise - set, the rainbows are source of mirth, Joys.

So long as light spreads its silvery wings.
Every being delights in the living.
Fresh morning dews, winds, fresh flowers.
To exhilarate mind. Destiny at doorstep,

To drag everyone to expose their talents.
In terms of Master's intricate designs.

One humanity

There are righteous men in every religion.
So also disbelievers indulging in "kufir"
Hypocrites, unbelievers, disgruntled lots.
Every community has a set of good and bad ones!

God-fearing, law-abiding people of all hues
Humble, kind with sympathy in heart
Treading on the earth with softness.
Bereft of haughtiness, pride and ego.

Such are the men of peace and love.
They are good citizens of the world.
Respecting men of all religions.
Sharing the sorrows and those of less fortunate.

Such are the virtuous with heart of gold.
Who bring humanity into one fold.

Final Sacrifice

A shattered being with million wounds.
Purified heart shred to pieces.
Undertakes to visit the House of Lord.
Suffering from Love of the Mercy.

The pilgrim in white unsewn garments
Of two pieces, one above, one below to wrap.
Dishevelled hair, bare-foot in sweltering heat.
Unmindful of the vagaries of desert life.

Places his whole being on the altar,
And pleads the heavenly abode-on-earth,
To accept the nectars of love and
Release the soul to soar up above the world.

Mercy's Open Arms accepts the sacrifice
Sacred serene transformation in service.

Ever submissive

He is a man of love, unspoken, unheard.
Calmness descending from his being.
Silent like a cool free-flowing streams.
Welcoming with open arms men of all hues.

With sparkling eyes and welcoming smiles.
With graceful gait and soft spokenness.
With gentlemanly manners and lovely looks.
With butter words and pleasing speech.

With warmth in heart for one and all.
Ever submissive to the Lord's call.

Brighten Life

Some Great mind is behind all,
With meticulous designs and plans.
Unfolds it, day and night for all.
Each one like ants follows its call.

Million hands each day and night.
Carry-out the command as directed.
The economy's wheels keeps moving.
Good, ugly, bad is His doing.

One who withstands the vagaries,
With patience, fortitude being steadfast.
For them nature protects with savories.
Memories video-graphs the events of past.

Let each struggle bring smiles day-by-day.
Let yearnings and hopes brighten the ways.

No more past dreams

Gone in to the oblivion,
Away from the culture,
And civilization, as
His name brings a shudder.

There was a time,
When he was a cheerful lad.
Full of life and blossoming.
None cared for his faith.

Now he is counted
Among the ones, who
Terrorize taking up to arms.
To threaten and kill his mates.

Good and Evil

One who lays down his life,
For Truth, is truly a martyr.
Life cannot be bargained
When bare-chest receives bullets.

A Mahatma is born as a saviour
Dies with Name of Lord on his lips.
To remind the sunken humanity,
That truth shall shine forever.

A puny man of purity and love.
Is made to drink hemlock.
Great Man died on the cross,
To wash the sins of humanity.

"I am Truth", proclaimed Mansur Hallaj.
Only to be guillotined and dismembered.
O Man! Thou art angel and Satan too.
Ring out the evil, embrace the good.

A Grim Picture

The family doctor grimly peered
Through the medical reports.
And exclaimed that the micro albumin
Level has increased. Several
Parameters in the blood and urine
Are disturbed. He quickly took
The blood-pressure again and again.
A puzzled look on his face,
Sent a smile on my face.
"Look"! He said in a serious tone,
"You need to give up eating chocolates,
Ice-cream, fruits, sweet-meat, rice
Fatty-substances, meat and meat-products
Oily substances, no biscuits with sugar in it
Tea, coffee, milk plain sans sugar.
Eat only boiled vegetables with chapattis
And salt-free food without spices
You need to walk morn. even. for an hour"
He said again and again, "It is a serious
Matter", "You may go in coma, lose your

Eyesight, kidneys, may have heart attack".
"Ultimately you may have death horrible".
My friends on hearing this grave news.
Suggested I make a pilgrimage to Ajmer.
Some said I do Shanti-pooja, some
Asked me to go to Mariyamma temple.
Our Desi doctor assured quick relief
With roots, shoots, leave's decoction, though
Bitter like poison but said to be effective.
Our v aids, hakims and homeopaths
Were ready with their prescriptions.
Our yogis, swamies with "asanas",
Poojas to perpetuate every deity and gods.
Ah life! Your pleasures are plenty.
Let me live to the full and to the brim.
I am a teetotaler and strict vegetarian,
Athletic, what not? Yet the shrill
Call from the unknown is irresistible.
None can stop it, when it stoops down
To collect me in both its arms.
To take me to oblivion forever.

Whither Peace ?

Two square-meals assured to hamalies.
They sweat and fume, lift heavy-weights.
Sleep doesn't betray them nor good health.
They don't lament for what they don't possess.

A beggar gets his fill, so also a daily-wage earner.
The salaried persons keep their fingers crossed.
Pay-packet gets thinner and thinner every month,
With so many cuts and "IOU's".

With a devil at every corner to fleece.
Hungry taxmen at the door to tease.
House wife's greed and lamentations.
Currency's shortage mar's life's delectations.

Drought, loans driving farmers to suicides.
Can Gandhism help tide over the situations?

Tyrants Vs. Prophets

Some kings need to wage wars;
Burn the towns to rescue
The hostages and henchmen;
They slaughter the opponents mercilessly.

Prophets though blessed with miracles,
Divine powers; yet bear the brunt
Of opponents, enemies and disbelievers.
They never avenge their adversaries.

Prophets, saints and their followers,
Are totally surrendered to the Master.
Humility and sublimity are their hall-marks.
With golden heart full of mercy.

While tyranny grips the minds of dictators.
They pursue good people like predators.

Daunting Task

Living in a cocoon and in a web
Of religious and ritualistic life,
We yearn to look at the cosmos
Sans scientific knowledge and clear vision.

The thoughts, images gets blurred.
Due to our preferred taste of living.
And forced understanding in an
Oblique and queer way of thinking.

Like white light breaking into VIBGYOR.
On its passing through the prism;
Our vision too gives colour to our thoughts,
And gets frozen into the vitals of system.

To clear the mind and free the soul
From darkness is indeed a daunting task.

Golden Hearts

We have blurred our visions,
Coloured our thoughts with
Quixotic ideas. Now we want
To give a fight like Arjuna.
To reach an imaginary goal;
Closing our minds and eyes,
And crying at the dense darkness
Oblivious of march of Time to a new era.
The Great One's have said: God can't be found
In hills, mountains, plains and in Temples,
Mosque, churches, gurudwaras and synagogues,
But only in sublime, purified golden hearts.

Opposites differ

What is a crime for some,
While it is a vocation for others.

What is a sin for some,
While it is an entertainment for others.

What is a food for some,
While it is a poison for others.

What is a meaning for some,
While it is a nonsense for others.

What is a joy for some,
While it is abhorrence for others.

What is excellence for some,
While it is mediocre for others.

What is good news for some,
While it is bad news for others.

Destiny turning tables

When all the life's charms are withdrawn,
Like sudden failure of electricity.
All licences granted for joys are cancelled.
You would discover yourself as a destitute.

Despondent, looking askance, desolate.
None to your support or a helping hand.
Once familiar faces disappearing like clouds.
Your own town and city turning stranger.

You would feel the sweltering heat above.
With your feet losing its grip.
Drops of sweat on your brow.
Dried out tongue sticking out.

Now you realize the iron hand of destiny.
Pulling you out of mirth; turning tables.

Republic-day celebration

The trumpets have gained strength day-by-day.
Blowing full-throat, elephants also joining.
The cheering crowd adding to the gaiety.
An occasion to celebrate the festivities.
This time Rastrapathiji has decided to wear
Colourful headgear and silk-achken.
Multiple dances by school-girls.
Tableaus of various states moving stately.
March-past by soldiers accompanied by drums.
Sound of music and Shahnayee rending the air.
Air-force planes displaying air shows.
The national flag unfurls showering rose petals.
VIP enclosures packed with dignitaries.
A solemn occasion to celebrate Republic Day.

Zenith of Inner Peace

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

Say Something

We have something to say
Everyday on our encounters.
On our experiences.
On our observations.
On our success.
On our defeats.
On our bickerings.
On our silences.
On our boredoms.
On our free time.
On our obstacles.
On our tiring journey.
On our frustrations.
On our dejections.
For release of tensions.
Or for our delectations.

Saga of life

These are the days of pomp and glory.
Pageantry, mirth and pleasures,
Before and after the wedding-day.
Groom and bride's people join to celebrate.

Penny saved for decades are tossed.
Spinned and squandered on all.
Or borrow to spend, to suffer later.
Carrying pain in heart with forced smiles.

For some, weddings are God sent
Opportunities to loot the bride's parents.
Make them go crazy and berserk,
And wallow at their own plight.

Birth to marriages and then to the end.
Is a saga and that is life !

Mis-belief

They all appeared at my door.
Looking askance and puzzled.
Someone told them at the party
On my absence that I am C.P.

Eyebrows, forehead knitted with worry.
I sensed their anxiety and pain.
I put up a show of a dying-man.
Only to add to their discomfort.

It was quite a melodrama.
Hysterical cries, hugs and hiccups.
Clinging my shoulders and body.
As if I am about to slip down.

It took quite a time for everyone,
To heave a sigh of relief and for smiles.

C.P: Cancer Patient

Saints and Rishis

"Chased by celestial beings.
The sun hid in my heart.
The moon in my mind.
And stars in my eyes.

Nor Tsunamis, nor quakes.
Nor tornados nor storms.
Could now shake me.
I am planted firm in cosmos.

Beauty and luster flow through my eyes.
Million lights beam through my self.
Fire from my tongue can burn my enemies.
Nothing is hidden from my gaze"

Such were the claims of the Saints and Rishis.
Can we hope to have their glimpse now?

Fall of Curtain

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

Embrace me

Today, when the evening was drawing close.
The cuckoo's cooing and repeated call.
Drew in my bosom a ring for my dear.
Her long absence has made my life listless.

The setting sun throwing a curtain on memories.
The inky sky covered with dark clouds,
Without any silver lining and shine,
Without any rainbows, gardens without flowers.

Ah! My dear! Plant a kiss in my thoughts.
Let fragrance spread in my soul.
Appear in my dreams with cheers.
To lighten my sorrows and grief's.

Do not fade away like crayons.
O dear, come and embrace me.

News item Rs.43000 crores for fighter planes

Senseless Leaders

When peace has prevailed.
Enemies have shaken hands.
Dark clouds have all waned.
Now, where is the need for fighter planes?

Drought has driven farmers
To suicides, death horrible.
Lands are fallow, lakes dried up.
Villages are getting emptied.

O Lord! Bless our senseless leaders.
Prevent another Bofor's scam.
Let our funds be used for irrigation.
Save poor populace from being perished.

Can we hope for our granaries to be filled?
Let Grace of Divine leave us thrilled.

My Guru

Yes, I have my Guru.
Who is blessed.
Who is innocent.
Although unlettered.

But the Lord
Has opened His
Knowledge and His
World on my Guru.

My Guru is a kindred spirit.
He has no peer.
To equal his excellence.
His is matchless.

My Guru does not
Show tricks and magic.
Does not call himself as an avatar,
But is a simple, humble person.

My guru lives in a thatched roof.
Open to all, at all hours.
Sweet in tongue, gentle and kind.
Compassionate to the core,
With bright twinkling eyes.

My Guru's message is love,
To embrace the whole humanity.

Zest for Life

Those were the Times, people
With unperturbed, pure minds;
And hearts of gold, with sweetness
On their tongue and pleasant manners.

With umpteen children of ten or more.
Joint house holds with large kitchen.
Generous, hospital able to the core.
Welcoming one and all in their fold.

They would pledge their ornament,
To buy ration to feed their guests.
Ungrudgingly live a jolly life.
Simple they were without strife.

My father in those days retired
After a long stint in a humble job.
Satisfied, happy though none to support him
But with paltry princely sum as pension.

He would cycle leisurely to his favourite places.
Spend cheerfully his free time with friends.
Oblivious of the changing Times,
Ousting out the kindred spirits from hearts.

One fine day, after quitting cigarettes
For over a decade and more;
He developed sore throat and choked voice.
It was deadly carcinoma of throat.

He won't give up the lively spirit,
Nor his enthusiasm to live sportingly.
Welcoming smilingly all his clan,
Entertaining them joyfully, heartily.

Slowly the crippling enemy overpowered him.
Though gasping for breath in oxygen tent.
But his eyes would twinkle every moment.
He won't give up being courteous to a fault.

As the time grew closer to choke his life.
He would mutter that he is prepared
To meet this Maker with conscience clear.
Blessing every one in lighter vein.

Carcinoma could put an end to him,
But it couldn't overpower his zest for life.

Frenzied Press

Kafeel, Sabeel and Abdulla.
Brothers in arm to terrorise
The world of non-believers,
But failed in their attempts.

The Indian press had made
Them heroes by carrying
News day in and day out.
Through out the pages.

A frenzied response
Of the press has helped
The heroes in achieving
Their aim in creating fear,

In the minds of all the populace,
They deserve contempt, ignore them.
More you pitch up their news.
The more happy is their lot.

Kafeel, Sabeel, Abdulla: alleged terrorist at Glasgow, UK

Quatrains

When you could get fire
On rubbing of two dried sticks;
Why can't love be instilled,
In the warm hearts of two persons.

*** *** ***

When our adversaries cause us
Untold anguish and endless pain.
We curse them and wish they
Melt away like an ice.

*** *** ****

How to know Him?

The fingers play on flute.
On sitar, guitar.
On drums.
Creating scintillating music.

The fingers weave cloths, knit
Sweaters, cane chairs.
The fingers hold and pound
The gold to fine jewelry.

Million things come
Into existence from
The fingers and the hands.
To marvel and wonder.

Can the created things,
Fathom the creators?
Realize how He is?
Can we know Him by His creation?

Mingle for Ever

The hands of the clock,
Keeps turning round and round.
The wheels keep moving.
The planets around the Sun.

There is a point, a kaaba.
Around which every thing
Circumambulates.
Like a moth around a flame.

O my Love! Let me turn
My heart around You.
Let my self pine for You.
Let me mingle in Your Light.

Life's caravan moves and moves.
Destiny takes me to the shores of Love.

Adoring Saints

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

The Great Upheaval

Two lakh sorties by fighter jets.
Dropping bombs on a tiny nation.
Organized by the great Yankees,
With conflagration of white Nations.

Millions migrating to the neighbouring
Countries with their kith and kin.
Facing a great upheaval. An
Old civilization broken-up to smithereens.

Everyday car bombs killing hundreds
An assumed dictator now hanged!
Democracy and liberty shutting eyes
With a white strip, tripping the balance.

The Yankees now drinking gasoline
To quench the desert thirst.
Pumping oil to fleets of automobiles.
Looting ship loads of wealth with pelf.

Tiny toddlings crying out for their lost milk.
Women in purdah hiding shame and pain.
Whither justice! Man the marauder,
Destroying the peace of the globe.

O Baghdad! Your ancient beauty,
Now ravished and plundered.
Innocents killed and buried unsung.

Whither peace? The arrow has pierced the dove.

When Ghengis Khan pillaged you, ages ago,
You stood firm and conquered him.
The Mongols were subdued and converted.
Now are Yankees going to wear white caps?

O Mother of cities! Do not be dismayed?
You would win, you will bounce back.
You have great propensity to overcome
All evils, all dangers, all disasters.

Fallen Idols

I couldn't believe that my idols,
My god, my avatar, my ideals;
Could one day, right before my eyes
Would die, and would be consigned to dust.

The earth under my feet slipped.
I felt like falling in a bottomless pit.
The ground lost its gravity.
Like a meteorite, I fell in the space.

The stars that had gathered in my heart.
To ever throw their beams of light.
Have lost their luster and way.
The gloom has darkened the empty spaces.

Can life again offer those charms?
Can withering age restore the calm?

'See Saw'

Our job typist occupying the same seat
For over two decades and more,
Diligently working daily for his bread.
Many of his ilk follow his routine.

A few in millions, who have "Raja Yoga"
In their horoscopes, with exaltation
Of planets and good "Gojara" movements
Enjoy life to the brim, with all comforts.

Everyday good happening to them.
They have "midas touch" and golden tongue.
Traveling all over the globe, places.
Mirth and pleasures surrounding them.

'Style is the man', so also style is age.
Multiple ideas and plans materializing.
Creating wonders around and weaving
Minds of men for better living.

Men in search of new horizons and rainbows.
Seldom do they see in their lives sorrows.

"Raja Yoga": Ruling combination of planets in Natal Chart.
"Gojara" : Planetary movements as per Natal Chart.

Fulfillment

Those imaginary nymphs caressing me,
Cuddling, embracing and sucking my lips.
Arousing my dormant sleepy 'kama'.
A flush, gushing fountains and frenzied response.

Ah! What a release of tension?
A solace, peace and tranquility.
Sleep, deep sleep taking over.
A wave of passion and love passing over.

A calm sea after the mighty storm.
Now lay merged on the dead shore.
Seashells lay back in silence.
A thin blanket of coolness covering the body.

Life is a mixture of love, hope and volcanic eruptions
Ultimately to fizzle out after fruition.

Unlimited Joy and Happiness for 2007

O Master, Thou have been compassionate
And Merciful to your lowly beings.
Who are bereft of any strength.
Who are helpless and destitute.

O Master, Thou are loving at all times.
Year after year, the generosity increases.
New discoveries, new inventions, new light
Dawning on mankind, is Thy Grace.

O Master, let peace and tranquility
Prevail over the erring souls.
Let the constricted bosoms expand.
Let the war and disease cease.

O Master, Let the New Year 2007
Bring unlimited Joy and Happiness.

O Master !

Wherever Your Name is uttered.
I am there, sans malice
In my heart and mind.

In whatever Form,
You are worshipped
I adore and love You.

O My Master, do not
Forsake and shun me.
My heart is a honey-combed love.

Let me bow my head
Before You forever and ever.

O Bangalore !

Those were the homes with large courtyards.
For the Indian sparrows to peck at rice.
For the sun to shine bright in houses.
For the huge canopy trees for shadows.

O Bangalore ! You were truly a garden city.
With hundreds of tanks, lakes and circles.
You were the cleanest city with jasmine, roses.
Lalbagh, Cubbon park being connoisseur to eyes.

Salubrious climate attracting tourists.
Each locality with its own speciality.
Huge playgrounds to each school.
Serenity and calmness prevailing all over.

Pollution, squalor and slums unheard off.
A city of theatres, clubs, hotels for pleasure.
A city divided for British residents, Anglo-Indians.
Another part of old Bangalore with forts, palaces.

Those were the good old days
Of "Tangas" and "Jhatkas"
Horse driven carriages without seats.
Bed made of grass to spread the feet.

Horse and carts decorated.
Drivers in high spirit in jolly mood.
Calling sweet names to the horses,
Yet whipping hard to make them run.

Bangalore administered both by British,
And by the Mysore Maharaja.
People courteous to the core.
Its university attracting pupils from all over.

A mini-India with varied people,
Of all places, caste and creed.
With plenty of Temples, Churches, Mosques,
With Dargas of Saints and holy people.

A place with jewelry shops of class.
Each shopping street with its speciality.
A place where talent of men mingled
With the beauty of the nature.

Nothingness

What is the fate of the prolific poet
After all he has said is done?
Like Nissim Eszekiel with Alzheimer
Disease, forsaken in an unknown hospital,
Uncared, unsung, forgotten, lost.
There can only be One Tagore in an era.
Wait for a million years or so
For a Mahatma to liberate from slavery.
We are like rock pebbles on an
Abandoned shore, in a lost island.
A poet with a fresh breeze, a
Fresh breath, a vision, longings,
Can hope to be heard for a while
And fade away into nothingness.

Waning Away

The last leg of journey,
Reaching the twilight zone.
Shadows and curtain,
Of darkness falling.
Arrogance and self melting.
Living with regrets, reminisces.
Zest for life receding.
Memory becoming their enemy.
Fading, creating illusions.
Movement enchained.
Glued to chairs and beds.
Fragrance of rose waning away.

Unsung Heroes

I have marched passed
My bitterest enemies.
And now they are old,
Forgotten monuments.
They are to me unsung heroes.

Yes there were times,
When we extolled each other,
Praised and appreciated.
Quarreled, ending in bickerings.

Now times have passed,
So also seasons, diaries entered.
Memories fading, clearing dark clouds.
Though the surgical marks are reminders.

Passions and anger wrench our hearts.
To make my body and soul, our dead enemies.

Paradise

Ah! Think of the times
When the entire humanity
Will think alike, speak
One tongue, one language.
All of the mankind
Are united in their purpose
Moving in one direction.
Enjoying the pleasures equally.
Shedding pain and grief.
Focusing on ONE GREAT BEING.
That could be the utopia,
A garden of bliss and paradise.

Charming 2008

The longing heart, the raging passions,
The burning desires and high ambitions,
The long sufferings and agonizing moments.
The slippery path and the passing time.

Let us now turn our calendar.
And welcome the New Shining Sun.
With hopes of love and affection.
With cheers in heart and lofty ideals

Let us make way for charming 2008
To thrill us, whole year round.

Celestial Love

The muezzin calls out from the high turret
The faithfuls to join in the prayers,
Five times in a day and night;
A reminder of the transience of Time.

So does the chanting in the temples.
The ringing of the bells in Churches.
The ever existing Lord is unseen,
Hidden in the veils and curtains.

A voice emerges in silence of heart,
And when the mind is in stillness.
To guide man to the light of knowledge.
To open windows for fresh breath.

Love is submerged in blood, in veins.
It needs to be kindled to make it flow.

My Best half

My better half does all that is required
To be done, to keep me cheerful.
Run errands to fetch household items.
Keeps the house spick and span.

Rings up to doctor to get me medicine.
Protects me from cold, fever, ailments.
Provides hot water in chilly season.
Every moment stands in my service.

But commands me not to chew pan
No cigarette, beedi or beer.
No game of cards with friends around.
Be like a solitary bird on a tree.

The choice of clothings to wear is not mine.
All matching of shirts and ties are her's.
I need to maintain table manners.
Follow the regimen to eat, what is provided.

My better half has now become best half.
Outshines everyone to provide a cozy world.
But I need to shell down currency everyday.
Keep her in good cheers all the time.

My movements are restrained, glances stilled.
Enchained, mere dreams remain unfulfilled.

Cringing Times

My voice is now choked
I can no longer roar
And thunder, nor I can
Show my red eyes.

My children have grown
Taller than me, my wife
Is emboldened, no more dumb,
Subdued and cringing.

My wings are clipped.
I am a wingless bird;
Without sharp beak or teeth;
With sore feet, crippled.
Now I have to crouch,
For anything and everything.

S. L. Peeran's Publications

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

About the Author

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

His first work "In Golden Times" was published by "The Home of Letters", Bhubaneswar. The work has been well received by critics and poets. Reviewing for 'METVERSE MUSE' Dr. A. H. Tak says, "S. L. Peeran sounds to me like Tennyson, reflecting the restless spirit of his progressive age and Ale . Pope, voicing the artificiality of his contemporary society, particularly expression of grief, love and hope. Like Pope, he most often expresses much a personal as a social spirit. His poetry is an excellent mirror which . the social, political, moral and religious trends and tendencies of his times"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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