

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. S.L. Peeran, Judicial Member of Customs, Excise and Gold (Control) Appellate Tribunal, Chennai, is also a poet composing poems in English and Urdu. He has since published six volumes of his collections in English : (i) *In Golden Times*, published by The Home of Letters (India), Bhubaneswar (ii) *In Golden Moments*, published by BIZZ BUZZ, Bangalore (iii) *A Search From Within*, published by The Home of Letters (India), Bhubaneswar (iv) *A Ray of Light*, published by BIZZ BUZZ, Bangalore (v) *In Silent Moments*, published by The Home of Letters (India) Bhubaneswar (vi) *A Call From The Unknown*, published by BIZZ BUZZ, Bangalore.

Now, "*New Frontiers*" is being published. Dr. Peeran has still to his credit one more unpublished work '*Dancing Daffodils*', awaiting publication. Many of the poems from these works have already appeared in many anthologies, poetry magazines & journals.

S. L. Peeran's poetical works have been well acknowledged for his sophisticated and matured thoughts, and for the poems being reflective, meditative, descriptive of nature and characterization of human nature and throwing light on the human nature and growth.

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

An administrator lisp in numbers may sound strange but Muse in Peeran has blossomed into many splendoured exuberance. He writes HAIKU and TANKA with illumed vision. There is inner vibrancy, a matchless verbal incantation in his lyrics ! They have deep poignancy. And there is passionate naturalness in all he writes".

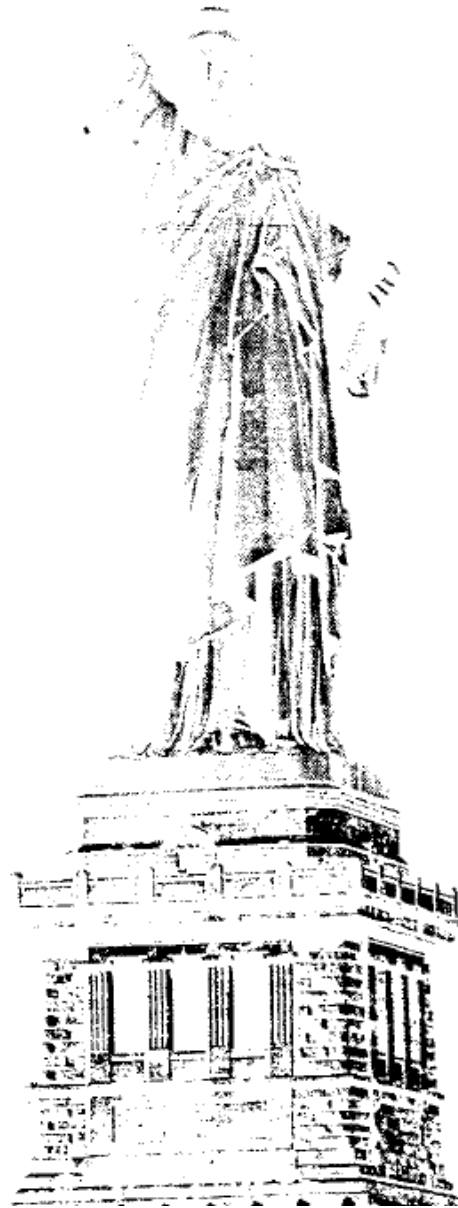
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ABI, U.S.A. and IBC, Cambridge have included the name of Dr. Peeran in their biographical works.

The International University of Contemporary Studies, Washington DC, USA conferred "Doctor of Philosophy in Literature" on Peeran. Poets International, Bangalore, has also nominated the author as "Best Poet for 2003."

- HOLI

NEW FRONTIERS



S. L. Peeran

NEW FRONTIERS • by S. L. Peeran

NEW FRONTIERS

(a collection of poems)

S. L. PEERAN



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BHUBANESWAR

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Dedicated to

**My Children :
Syeda Sumiaya Fathima
A. K. Syed Taj Peeran
Syed Maqdam Peeran**

FOREWORD

Poetry is an expression of strong feelings that gets unleashed from within as an insuppressible energy. Poet uses words to express himself as clearly as possible, as simple and effectively as he could, using metaphor or simile or syntax. Brevity compresses the thought and usage of images, symbolism makes the contents of the chosen subject powerful.

A poet evolves his own mode of expression through words. Words play an important role in writing poetry in the language of poet's choice like the paint and brush for a painter, the voice for a singer, the body movement and facial expressions for a dancer.

Poets who master the art of using words see even what letter a word has as various letters have quite different emotional connotations - s shows hatred, t disgust, l and v soft affection.

If the poet knows the craft of writing poetry in various structural forms and different styles of expression, then he chooses one and makes his poetry not only classically melodious but also universally accepted pattern.

The command over the language and the experience of life helps the poet inculcate powerful insights in his poetry as and when a thought or a chain of thoughts on a particular theme flashes to him layer after layer like the layers of sunlight. Above them all, inspiration triggers a poet's imagination and takes him beyond oblivion or makes him fly across the realms of fantasy.

If the poet possesses the power of intuition, consciously or unconsciously he chooses such words which imbibe magical effect in the minds of the readers or shall we say in the minds of the hearers ?

S. L. Peeran is bi-lingual poet. He writes in Urdu and in English very effectively. He is yet another Poets International's discovery. Years ago, when I found his poetry in Urdu thought-provoking, a casual suggestion was made to him to write in English for worldwide readership. He immediately switched over to English and wrote hundreds of poems and acquired a distinction of an author of six books of poetry so far !

I was rather delighted and honoured, when he requested me to write the Foreword to his seventh volume "New Frontiers". I have been reading and publishing his poems, in 'Poets International', right from the day he started writing poetry in English. 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.

His poetry in this particular volume covers a very wide range of subjects portraying not only life's vicissitudes, persons of myriad colours,

master and servant relationship, dawn of enlightenment, ego to zero, but also love and unspoken words.

He is a keen observer, and analyses the spoken words whenever he meets men who matters :

*No, he isn't a crazy man or ill of mind
He is too conscious and perfectly sane
He is on a high intellectual plane
With a broad prophetic vision.*

Life is learning and knowledge is power. The poet reveals how to discover new vistas:

*To discover new vistas of knowledge,
To work and tread on fresh paths,
To lay in calmness, when storm blows
And for patience and virtues to overwhelm you.*

Speaking about evil people who hide truth, the poet says:

*The truth is hidden, camouflaged
I am likened to chameleon, changing colours
Some call me a croton plant sans flowers
Some compare me to a vicious snake.*

His attempt in writing Japanese traditional verses such as 'Haiku' and 'Tanka' deserves appreciation.

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

This haiku has not only 17 syllables in 5,7,5 form but also has zen element in it. In addition, the usage of symbolic words such as 'high places', 'snow', 'melt' has made the contents more meaningful.

Likewise, the tanka too is written structurally perfect and the content in each of the tanka is powerful:

*Spring time is playtime
Fragrance emitting in air
To cheer frozen hearts.
Roses, roses everywhere
Delight the hearts of lovers.*

I hope the readers will find this book very interesting and mesmerizing from beginning till end.

Dr. M. Fakhruddin
Editor : Poets International
www.poets-international.com

PREFACE

Here I am presenting my seventh collection of poems "*New Frontiers*". My poetry as described by many of the reviewers has assumed different dimension and 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 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

brilliance. They have deep poignancy. And there is passionate naturalness in all he writes."

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 suffistic 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 to 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 frustations 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 emphasises 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; an enrichening 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!"

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 ~~of~~^{to} whom I am extremely grateful.

I am dedicating this work to my Children, Sumiaya, Taj and Maqdam. I am also grateful to my beloved mother and my wife Tasmia for encouraging me to carry on this work.

I am grateful to Dr. M. Fakhruddin, Editor, Poets International, Bangalore, for penning a profound Foreword to my humble seventh collection.

Date: 7.8.2002

S. L. PEERAN

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LOST GENIUS

Oh! His grief and woes are oceanic deep
Quite different from ordinary anguishes
It is too difficult for one to understand
Pathos and distress reaching its zenith
No, he isn't a crazy man or ill
He is too conscious and sane
He is on a high intellectual plane
With a broad prophetic vision.
With an insight reaching infinity
He has clear solutions for all ills.
But his brethren hardly understand him.
They are sans sight, hearing or mind.
They can't see, imagine or hear
How can they change anew?
To eternally transform a new Nation
Lo! A genius is born in a wrong time.

BROKEN MIRRORS

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

LOVE AND KINDNESS

The wretchedness, the pangs of hunger
With griefs of dreamy meaningless life
Diseased body with dried out tongue.
Tattered cloths, with infirmity gripping all over.

Give ^hem from your loving heart,
And soul sans ostentation
And show of pelf and power. But kindness
Is hidden hand of Mercy, a 'Midas touch'.

It should drizzle on fertile lands,
To yield multiple joys and ecstasy.
But showmanship is flooding
To destroy even the crusted earth.

Soothing words coupled with charity,
Are balm to the bleeding wounded hearts.
It tickles like jingle bells ringing in a deserted soul,
Kindling peace all over in battle field of life.

IN NOTHINGNESS

To grow blooming gardens in your inner self,
To spread fragrance all over
To fill sweet scent in the air,
And to make the eyes to twinkle like stars.

To enlighten the whole being.
To be charming with smiles always
To disarm your enemy and worst foe,
To change the tides in your favour.

To discover new vistas of knowledge.
To tread on fresh paths.
To lay in calmness, when storm blows
And for patience and virtues to overwhelm you.

The only golden rule
To shun being enemy of your own soul.
To rule over your own self with controls
Is to drown passions and anger in nothingness.

FAITH

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

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

Isn't faith, a mere belief?
In the unknown
In the supernatural
That is pure and sublime
That is truthful and just
IT is that which sees and judges
That Who loves and cares
That Omnipresent - but invisible
The one who kindles the heart
Look within yourselves and find - Him.

A KNAVE

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

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

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

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

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EXPOSE YOURSELF

Let us go down the memory's lane.
Deep inside the consciousness
Discover all our hidden secrets
Our deep prejudices, bias and hatreds.

Let us recall all our joys and mirths
Sorrows, successes, achievements
Events, our quarrels, squabbles, fights
Our impressions of people and life.

Let us etch ourselves each of these memories.
In the form of symbols, icons, idols.
Picturise, paint these scenes
To get a clearer view.

Its colour, its shade its reality,
To know your own self, its pranks,
Let the inner images, ideals, thoughts,
Memories get reflected in the mirror.

WOEFUL TALES

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

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

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

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

A NEW MESSAGE

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

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

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

TO TORTURED SOULS

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

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

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

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

SOFTEN HEARTS FOR TRANQUILITY

Lo, strangers, unknowns
Have become my sympathies
While my bosom friends
Peck and heckle me.
They get malicious pleasure
In teasing and taunting me,
In counting on my weaknesses,
On prying on my services

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

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

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

ADIEU LOVE

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

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

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

When time comes
To shun the mortal coil
To en-shroud it
In the coffin.

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

SEEK THEM FOR GHOSTLY STORES

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

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

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

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

DEAD WOOD

Life has^t pass thro' narrow ravines
Crossing barriers of deep darkness.
Like a thread passing thro' an eye of a needle
You get squeezed, rolled up, hung on a cloth-line.

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

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

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

A PERSON OF MYRAID COLOURS

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

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

But my admirers exaggerate
Create myths, idolise, fantisise
I am made a 'phantom', a 'tarzan'
Some call me a good samaritan.

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

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

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

REMEMBERING AN ELDER SISTER

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

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

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

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

Her love casting in us as sweet memory.
To charm and enthrall us for ever.
Although separated from us and far beyond seas.
Her love engulfing the tiny island of ourselves.

UNSPOKEN WORDS

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

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

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

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

MASTER AND SERVANT

Each one of us have
Our own galaxies
They are satellites
With our sun.
They reflect the splendour
Of the everlasting light.
When the darkness descends,
The cold moon without habitation,
Moves round and round its master.
Waxes and wanes again and again.
To create time, a path to tread
Both the master and the servant
Work in unison and in harmony
To create unlimited and unseen seasons
For man to reflect and ponder upon.

BLESSED HEARTS AMIDST LIFE'S CHAOS

There is entry and exit every where,
In a home, school, college and office
In public conveyances and transport
It is found in every walk of life.

You breath in and breath out.
For the soul to burn and gleam.
Joys and laughter alternating,
With grief, woes and sorrows.

Like light following night
Seasons changing with birds chirping.
Life for every one is full of surprises.
A calm day is followed by thunder, lightning.

Blessed are the men with light of wisdom
With clear paths to tread softly
With sweet words and serene mind.
Without malice in their lovely hearts.

TREASUREFUL LIFE

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

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

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

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

DAWN OF ENLIGHTENMENT

"Forty" said my Master, when I was in teens.
You should cross forty summers of life.
And undergo its vicissitudes
You should cross bridges, rivers and storms.

The senses should fail, eyes glitter
The ears should sharpen and tongue loose its taste
The swiftness should slow down
Calmness should descend upon you like dusk drawing.

The mirth and pleasures should wane.
The burning sun should descend.
The heavy monsoon downpour should end
The rashness of your youth should decline.

Then the tranquil moon will shine
The cool breeze from the sea would blow
To soothe the senses and balm the wounds
The Inner Light will spread all around.

The being will burn with brightness
Mind canvas will be filled with beauty of Nature.

LIFE IS TO ITS BRIM

I am free like a bird, I can fly.
I am free like a fish, I can swim.
I am free like a gypsy, I can roam.
I can walk, I can talk, I can dance.

I am unhindered without sorrows
Sanguine relationships gives me succour
Multitude work with joy to make me happy
I get anything I like for a song.

Seasons change to summer or autumn
Rain or monsoon, chill or heat
Cataclysmic storms or thunderbolts
I sail smoothly to reach my shores.

My sails are strong, so are my oars.
I pin hopes and lay my faith
On that unseen Etemal Harmony
Which fills life to the brim.

CHANGING TIDES

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

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

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

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

EGO TO ZERO

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

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

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

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

ALAS! MIGHTY TERROR!

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

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

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

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

STRIKE OF TERROR AND GRIEF

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

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

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

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

LACK OF WILL TO LIVE

The souls that can't take to wings
To fly in the heavenly paths.
The senses that are numbed,
Insensitive to the ravishes of Times.
Lacking drive and inertia,
And contentment and fulfillment,
And secured feelings
Prevent to foresee the future.
Blind and blocking and sealing their minds
Blinding their eyes from seeing.
The ears blocked and clogged
The heart doesn't have yearning for love.
The music hardly stirs their soul,
The colourful rainbows and changing seasons.
The Nature's beauty and fragrance of flowers,
Are all simply to wane, before their eyes.
As if they have nothing to live and yearn for.
Life drifts in the fathomless ocean without oars.

LET THEM SLEEP

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

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

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

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

BLAME

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

STRANGE ARE THE WAYS

What a marvel it is?
A strange paradox.
What an irony of fate?
A quagmire.
Men, women of all hues
Rushing where "angels fear to tread"
Soothsayers, astrologers
Charlatans, tricksters.
Who make a show of themselves
By reading men's future.
Some promising to change it
By granting amulets and charms
A talisman, and 'Mantra' - a remedy
To the perplexities of life,
And to relieve you from its grind -
All in exchange for a big fortune.

A MAN OF TRUTH

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

A QUEER LADY

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

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

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

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

LIFE SNUFFING OUT

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

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

On watching the flowing streams, the feeling grows,
Petals reverberating with splendid colours.
Birds of all hues and colours singing.
Sad and lovely songs, perching on branches.

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

SHEER CALLOUSNESS

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

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

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

WINGS TO SOUR

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

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

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

CHEERLESS MOMENTS

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

YEARN FOR LOST GLORY

Oh brother! There were good old times.
When we laughed and wept together.
Wrapped in the same tattered blankets.
Played together and shared our meals.
You grew to be a hero with health and pride.
My needs were meager though urgent,
You turned your face and spat on me.
You didn't care a dime nor spared a coin for me
While you squandered your money on all and sundry
Danced to the tunes of friends and foes,
But gave dagger's look at hungry faces.
Fun past has now waned and declined.
Seasons have passed, aged has withered
Now, you pine for childhood times to return!

SHRINE IN THE DARK SKIES

In search of peace, of Greater self,
One leaves his home, kith and kin
Wanders from place to place, aimlessly,
Like a vagabond, but finds only a mirage.
The vision vanishes living the seeker in lurch.
Confused, confounded, helpless, despondent.
Stick to your own threshold, your sojourn.
Look within yourselves to enlighten your being.
Seekers are finders, while sailing in deep ocean.
Curb the meandering mind to stillness.
Unperturbed with pin pricks of friends and foes,
Swim deeply in the depths of your Oceanic self.
And search for pearls of wisdom inside.
Let your eyes twinkle like stars in dark skies.

MY FAIR LADY

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

TAME THE WILD CAT

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

DEVIL SPEAKS

In my anger and frustration
I bawled out again and again
"Am I a satan, a devil
To be stoned, to be driven away".

Lo! I heard the Satan speak-
"I am never driven away
By men or women; friend or foe.
I am welcomed with folded hands.
By men in white and black.
In saffron, in green.
In yellow, in orange.
To learn from me.
Every trick from my bag.
I grant my grace to them.
On their assurance to follow me.
To cheat them by showing
Heaven in my palms".

RAIN AND RIVERS

I am a cool running stream
A torrential rainfall
A waterfall
From great heights.

A few people from the world
From humanity every growing
Dip in me, wash themselves.
Cleanse themselves and benefit by being pure.

A few curse me
For washing away
Their crops and homes
Hutments, tenements.

A few revere me
Worship me, please me.
A few wash
Their dirty linen in me.
And achieve heaven.

O GREENED ONE

For a few I am a devil.
For a few I am an angel.
But I am none of them.
I am but a human being.

I have coloured myself
In myriad colours
Camouflaged with roles.
Enacted to please and displease.

I am loud mouthed.
Yet show my grace
To one who loves me;
Chooses to accept me.

I leave my footsteps
On the sands of Time
Renew my clarion's call
Whenever men are in disarray.

TO SAY YES OR NO

My mind wavers,
Between yes and no.
My good old relationship-
Of sweet memories,
Of good old times.
Makes my mind say Yes
We will meet, have fun.
Mix and ring our bells.

But, the changed times
Loss of camaraderie
Brotherhood and love
Assumption of overlordship
Of increase of jealousies
Of bitterness at brinkmanship
Makes my mind say No
Why not we postpone our meeting.

MULTIFOLD LOVE

I never knew that the things
Would move up and down
And ultimately leave me
High and dry with you.

Times have changed
Seasons come and pass.
But my love for you,
Will remain every fresh.

Sing songs with mirth,
Be happy with love.
Be one with Nature
Let Heaven, shower blessings from above

Shine like pearls glitter like gold
Let our love multiply many fold.

MISSING LOVE

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

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

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

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

WELCOMING 2002

Days and months tuned myriad songs
End of the year took away shadows long
Now usher in a splendid new one
Welcome the glorious bright sun.

Life moves on a slippery path
Yet each struggle passes away.
The dreary moments of Time are over
A brilliant success awaits you.

Let our yearning, hopes
Brighten the way with lights
With freshness of mind and spirit
To increase smiles day by day.

Let the onset of the NEW YEAR
Drive away all our dark FEARS.

LET'S JOIN HANDS

I am from the West
Having come to the East
To unite together
The North and the South.

Let the currents
Causing ripples ever,
Subside to calmness
To bring happiness.

Let none face me.
Let me not encounter
Stony dead walls.
Nor show my back,

To friends and foes,
To well wishers,
To strangers.
To my kith and kin.

GRAZE ON FRESH GREEN PASTURES

A new twilight is born to show
Black is beautiful and
All that glitters is gold
For it is a five star wedding.

All the guests are in their fine
With pomp, show and pop dance
With a thick coat of 'ponds'
And lips smacked red
'Bob Cut' style sans -
Jasmines, roses and champak
Without myriad colours of 'kumkums'
And silk brocheted sarees.
Indian khadi and simplicity shunned
Looked down is 'kurta, pyjama and shawls',
Deplored as outdated and rustic.

So much for tradition and culture!
Now, graze the fresh green pastures.

REBIRTH

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

BLACK AND WHITE

Millions of fruits bear seeds
But only a lucky few
Get the sand beds
To sprout and grow

So also love's spring
Sprouts and flows
Only in rare hearts
That sparkle white.

Darkness surrounds
Bottom of a lamp
Haloed saints spread light
But stony hearts gain not.

Loud mouths suffer
For their croaking
To attract snakes
To gulp them down.

WISHFUL THINKING

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

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

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

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

SURRENDER FOR JOYS

A tip of the iceberg.
A tip of the nib of the pen.
A tip of the sacred place.
Where resides the joys of pleasure.
A point of infinity of love
Of faith, of purity, of piety.
Circle round from a centre.
To create a cube, a 'kaaba'
A place of attraction, attention.
Like a flame attracting moths
To whirl round and round.
To surrender and lay down life.

CONSOLATION

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

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

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

WONDERFUL PLACE

I wish to work in a place
Where wrongs are not noticed.
Nor it is exemplified
Where compassion prevails.

Let there be no kingly rule.
Nor an autocrat holding a rod.
Nor a fool be fooling around
Nor a knight in arms.

Where light from all sides
Shed its glimmer and shine.
Where brilliance is noticed.
And hard work is rewarded.

Let there be streams of joys flowing
Let there be creams of virtue growing.

SEASONAL CHANGES

Sheets of rain blinding sight
Morning fog and smog is too thick
Aircrafts grounded, can't take flight
Mind is clogged to make it sick.

The thick clouds and wisps of smoke -
Deter the birds to take to wings.
The chill blowing cold wave
Freezes the passions, the fire within.

Mountains are covered with snow
Wrapped up in sparkling white sheets
Dazzling the eyes with its glare
The poor cuckoo is chased by the icy gale.

Life's parameters get changed
With seasons playing its own tune.

WEEP AND YELL

I walked and walked miles and miles
To see people with some smiles
But the chill penury on the country side
Couldn't bring the nation any pride.
Poor rustics with tattered cloths
Lingering and tottering with their goats
Parching land yearning for rain
But dry clouds pass and wane
The shining sun blows hot air around
To melt the mountain's lava on the ground
Nature turns truant and cruel
To make men weep and yell.
To avenge for causing havoc on earth
And for being corrupt from the birth.

A SPOIL SPORT

He is feeling sad, wrought
A vise like grip around his neck
Squeezing and making a pulp.
His imagination going riot.
All the missed goals linger
Making faces, teasing him
When all are celebrating
Joking, feeling elated and happy
On one of them gaining success,
But this man clumsily shakes
With blushed reddened face.
Sans cheers, a thorn among roses
Playing out of tune melodies
To foul the weather and pollute joys.

PLAY HARMONIOUS CHIMES

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

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

When the sails are smooth
When the winds blow quietly
When the sun shines brightly
When the seasons passby happily

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

POOR RUSTICS

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

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

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

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

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

THUS ROAMS "DALIDRA NARAYANA"

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

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND

Once in a deep sleep, I dreamt
Being in a mosque, flooded with lights
A bearded turbaned moulvi
Leading prayers and piteously seeking Grace

I later walked out and passed through
A temple full of worshipers
The same moulvi, now I found him
As a poojari, placing aarti -
In a moment, I found myself
In a church, the padri dressed
In long whites, placing candles
On the altar and doing service
In a flash, I recognised him.
So did he. He smiled and
Waved his hand in familiarity
As if to say, I am every where.
Adorning different dresses and manners
Muttering in different tongues the same Name.

HASTE MAKES WASTE

His actions were all more defensive
Than to cause hurt or offence
But the timings of his acts were such
That he was pronounced "guilty" by all.

Untimely rash actions cause pains and ripples
To leave him to regret in leisure.
The results that cropped up expose his weakness
Now, he needs to protect himself vainly.

He was negligent and allowed things to pass
Mounting criticism brought him infamy
He chose his innocent subordinates
To pass the blame, to peg his coat
But it rebounded, for him to explain.

He remained mum and dumb, to save his skin
When he turned cynic, he had to bear the brunt.

DRIED UP

Staring blankly on the inner walls
Looking for faces and shadows
How can I get the sweet sleep
While my thoughts fly afar
The stillness of the night around
Creates an eerie silence and fright.
How can I expect sweet melodies,
When life is in shambles and in blues?
The love's rose has now withered
I sit still in silence, in a darkened room
The pangs of love have broken my heart
Its magic has dried me up fully.

OUR COMMON PHILOSOPHER

Oh! They are our common philosophers!
You may find them as co-passengers
During long train or in bus journey.
Singing their own tunes, sweet to their ears.
You may find them while waiting for the barber
Or for the unsure bus in the stand.
Who are prepared to track the road to home.
To give company to share the 'desi' spun philosophy,
They would talk on the country's ills
And why mobocracy has taken over and democracy has failed
They see the urgency of a tyrannical rule
A dictator to wield a rod to straighten the affairs
Drawing a dim picture of our country men
Showing great leaders as buffoons
Running down ministers and politicians
And gullible people who vote for them.

END OF TYRANNY

Ah! How free and happy we all feel
On the death of our dear adversary
a big snob, who hurt and harassed us,
Humiliated us, at any and every
Opportunity, run downed us.
Snatched away our daily bread
Left us to stick out our dried tongue
Made us curse with pain in heart
Now, we don't have to shed tears - anymore
Feel life a burden and its fragrance missing
Glory be to Heavens, who put us to test.
To enable us to enjoy sweet melodies
And breath the free air with freshness
To move about now with lightened heart.

IMPRISONED

Is friendship imprisonment?
You were free like a bird
To fly into oblivion in open space
Now your wings are clipped
You are gripped and stuck in mire
Of love and acquaintance
In the affections and obligations
In the sorrows and tears
Of the meetings and partings
Of complains and quarrels
You were a free flowing river
A vast blue waveless ocean
Now you are encapsulated
Encircled, entrapped, chained for ever.

THE CLOSING CHAPTER

Like a shadow closing in on the setting of the sun
On the fading of the flowers and waning of fragrance
You come in my dreams and peck my brain
To wrench sorrow in my heart and mind
The twilight zone is mingling of light and shade
With multicolours flashing on the horizon
So is the march of life reaching the middle age.
The decline to the old age is a closing chapter.
The ripples and waves searching the shores.
Tames itself to Peter out silently
Oh! My beloved! Let out my love
From my bosom, as a flash of light.

UNWORTHY JOYS

The joys emanating from completion of duty
After undergoing trials and sufferings
Pains, woes mingling in the soil
To bear crops, trees with flowers and fruits.

Such joys are earned with sweat
Of the brow, with severe toil
To create ever lasting happiness.
Such joys are cream of life.

Unearned joys are stolen property
Unworthy of respect, can't be relished.

AH! GUJARAT!

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

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

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

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

NATURE'S BOUNTY

Millions sleep calmly and soundly
To wake up at dawn with freshness
Not an ant dare bite any one
Encapsulated, protected like cocoons.

Desires cherished in deep memories
Unwashed by day's vicissitudes
Or night's deep slumber's rest
Ideas flow like streams, to fulfill.

Life though with lasting pain and woes;
But the will of man overcomes it.
To present happiness, joy to relish
Like fresh streak of morning's light.

Millions of species of fauna and flora
Beget from nature; food, water to nourish.

REALISE TIME AND DISCOVER NATURE

Every moment of life, you got to live in it.
Experience it, feel it, react with it.
The moments of joy or sorrows can't be bought
Or sold or simply withered away.

Life can't be made to fly like a bird
Or pass like a wind or a wave of a sea
Nor you can squeeze the life out
For life is continuous, endless till eternity.

You got to face the ups and downs of life
Its vicissitudes, its seasons, its mirth.
Learn to tune your body, mind and system
You got to drink its wine to relish its taste.

You just can't expect others to perform for you
You need to discover, what nature presents.

LAUNCH SHIPS

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

SMOOTH SAILS

Before the flowers wither and falls down
And loose its fragrance for ever.
Let me pour forth my sweetest songs
With melody to be played on flute of life
To thrill the sullen and saddest hearts
To bring them joys and smiles on faces.
Before the evening closes and darkness falls
When silence reigns in every nook and corner
Let me pour in the silvery cut glasses
The sweetest, purest drinks of all times.
That thrills the heart, enlightens the mind
Brings a twinkle in the bright eyes
Let laughter, the best medicine reign
Let the times sails smoothly for ever.

FAKIRS

Chill penury begets pain and shame to them
But their minds are crystal clear like diamond
Profound thoughts overflowing and oozing out
Like fountain and mighty water falls
Creating gardens to bear fragrant flowers
Their wingless souls are sans pangs of suffering
Glittering gold and currency through enriching,
But to ennoble the mind, it seldom helps.
When soul and mind dampens and meanders
Poverty pinches and living does become hard.
Faceless, nameless and homeless, they ever be.
As "Fakirs" and "dervishes", they move about free.

AN UTOPIA

What some one carries a magic wand?
To turn man to super man
What some one carries a 'Midas' touch
To turn all and sundry to gold
What some one carries an elixir?
To cure all the ills of mankind.
What some one carries a panacea?
To solve all the riddles of life
Oh! I wonder, how that world would be?
Sans the pangs of sorrow, tears and cries.
An Utopia of dreams and hopes
Where I suppose only angels can live!

ON REACHING SHORES

On a long lonely sea voyage
I longed to see the light-house.
To reach the shores of joys.
To live amidst plains and streams.
To enliven the spirit with fragrance,
Of roses, jasmine and champek
To enthrall in the beauty of nature.
To mingle in the soil and dust.
To raise gardens of fruits and nuts.
To drown in the hub and dub of life
But on reaching the safe shores,
My hopes and wishes waned like mirages.
Its paths were strewn with thorns and rocks.
With sandy dunes and parching lands.

FORTUNATE FEW

It is a fortunate few
Who happen to see
Miracles happening
In their joyful life.
They carry a silvery tongue
And a Midas touch
The strength of Hercules
And wisdom of Solomon.
With a heart of gold
With love and affection
To share joys and woes
With one and all, poor and rich.
To be a succour to the needy
Always ready to lend a helping hand.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

What is required to be done
At a right moment or time.
If not done, even for fun
it leaves a mark fine

A gap, a hole, a vacuum,
To regret in leisure for long.
What is past is past, the tune
Never to return to sing a song.

When opportunities come at the door
Be always ready to dance on floor

RED BOX

The red box at the door steps.
With magnetic pulls
To create ripples and waves
For an ever anxious poetic mind.

Day in and day out
A poet waits for his post
To come from a far
To delight his lonely heart

Ever looking for poetry journals
To see his poems therein
But when it disappoints
He waits for another to cheer

The red box at the post office
Welcomes a poet and a lover
To drop a poem, a love letter
To deliver it to waiting hands

CRYSTAL GLASS

Love is like a crystal glass
To hold the intoxicating divine wine
That sends us to raptures
To ecstasy and limitless joys.

When you are drunk and senseless
And fall to the hard ground
With a resounding big thud
To go into deep slumber.

The crystal glass falls on the ground
To break into many tiny pieces
Each piece reflecting, the glory,
The splendor of the Divine light.

O Love! Thou art a magic
You break the glass and the heart too !

REDEEM FROM TURMOILS

Life's turmoils are bitter and sad.
To wrench the soul and heart.
To fill within griefs and melancholy.
To confuse the mind with puzzles.
But a heart yearning for love,
pure and sublime reaches peace.
Love breaks the shackles of slavery,
And releases one from drudgery.
A lovely feeling to uplift oneself emerges
To take to oblivion and remove selfish urges.
To sow the seeds of love to bear fruits.
One needs to soften the hearts with trust.
O love! With Thy tenderness and softness
Release my pangs, mirth and courteousness

MINGLE FOR EVER

Sing songs of the nightingale
Let joyful tunes delight the heart
The sweetest thoughts of my absent beloved
Has sent a ripple, in my blood.
Like a lovely cuckoo's shrill cry
Unable to bear the pangs of separation
The melody of a desolate heart
Rings melancholy and pains apart.
Oh beloved ! Every moment lengthens shadows
Come soon, let's us fly like doves
To reach the zenith of peace and calmness
To mingle for every in cheerfulness
To live in the nest on a tallest tree
For ever released from pains and be free.

SEEK QUIETITUDE

Alas ! With turmoils in the mind,
One tries to seek solitude.
In the quite of the hills.
Is like a rudderless ship in storms.

The heat, pains and sorrows
Need to be reduced
To a point of zero
The passion's fire to be stilled.

The silence of moon-lit night
Should reign in the mind.
With the needle of love
Pointing towards the heaven

To rhythmical breath
To the beats of the heart
It is then the peace prevails.
Smoothly and steadily the ship sails.

LAMENT OF A SHADY TREE

When the wood cutter stuck his axe
On the huge umbrella shaded tree
I felt the pain in my desolate heart
And it bled with severe pain.
The wounded tree's sorrow filled tears
Flowed through my grief filled eyes
The Tree spoke through me its tale
To the heartless wood cutter.
O you tyrant ! Stop your merciless strikes
Stop hitting and wounding me with your axe
Don't cut me down and maul me.
For my Lord has breathed life in me,
With love and pitiful care
I am made up of every element
The glorious sun sheds its light on me
The clouds hover in sky with soft winds
To shower the pearls of water for me
My roots deep, find the streams below
To nourish and nurture me
I glow and grow in light and shade.
My beloved Lord has protected me
From evil men and dangerous animals.
Oh! Now you heartless woodcutter
Look how mercilessly I am being cut down
O Tyrant! Know, I am loved by my Lord
Do realise what would pass on my beloved.
My growth with flushfull branches many
With my ever greenery and blooming flowers
My swinging and flutterings
Creating currents of sweet flowing air
My ever flourishing branched umbrella
My ever green and golden leaves
My fragrant and blossoming flowers
My ever exuberant barked branches
is a source of joy and ecstasy
For the entire teeming humanity
I bear the parching and fierce sun
The thunder and lightening cannot destroy me
I stand prayfully in ever bliss and love
Steadfast, firmly and deeply rooted in the soil

The twinkling stars throw their glow on me
The moon flashes its luminous light on me
I bear severe droughts and famine
For I am blessed with my Lord's Grace
Oh you heartless woodcutter ! Know you
The birds of various hues sing songs for me
My sigh and tears from dark somber clouds
Thunder, lightening strikes and it rains
My branches shelter squirrels, birds, crows
Peacocks, insects, worms aplenty.
All are joyful and play mirthful tunes
That pleases the lonesome lover
O you tyrant ! strike not with force at me
I bleed and shed tears at your treachery
You know how much love and music
Fragrance and scent I bear within
To delight the entire world
We trees create an environment.
I feed the hungry animals with my leaves
My shade protects a tired traveller
Poets compose poems and eulogize me
I am friend of all, all embrace me
My fruits are food for one and all
Birds, insects, worms, men and animals
All depend in my leaves, flowers and fruits
I am unconcerned with stones thrown at me
I feel happy to bear the brunt of the school boys
O heartless tyrant ! Know you and understand
My love has enlightened dear souls
My every being and every cell bears love
My leaves have magical remedies
To cure, enliven, cherish sick bodies.
My dried leaves bear elixir for diseases.
My bark, my gum, my resins
All are beneficial to the mankind
Scientists & 'Vaid's' do research on me
My varied colourful ever fragrant flowers
Join you all in every occasion
My nectar is for honey and scents
And to please the soreful eyes for ever
Sans me there is no wedding function
My flowers join in every celebration, festivity

NEW FRONTIERS

In joy and grief, I am your friend
My flowers bring you succor and solace
I am a companion of dead ones
Men of all hues in grief hug me tight
I am a bier and rest with you in grave
I remind you of the ever lasting love
I am a friend of ascetics and lovers
I am with living as well as with the dead.
My twigs and branches create lilting music
All the musical instruments, I create for you
I bear within the fire and the flames
My charged breath cleanses the elements.
My trunk and branches cleanses the elements.
Furniture, boats, ships and carts.
You make several instruments out of me
I am useful as a pen, a stand, a stool
I am that table and chair for your judge
I am the gallows for your criminals
I am a cudgel, a rod to spoil the child
I am a companion for the old and the infirm
They walk holding my stick
I bear rubber for your tyres and tubes
My multiple bearing emerge from my love.
My Lord's compassion flows through me
Oh pitiless, heartless woodcutter !
I am for paper for pen, for stand
For students for writing and reading
Oh! You fool ! support from axe too !
You cut me to pieces mercilessly
O murderer, you are sans pity for children
For their innocence, for their sweetness
They put swings on my strong branches
They play hide and seek; Jump with joy
You make ornamental boxes out of me
You store your treasure and grains in it.
Look what, my Lord's love has turned me
My every being is for benefit of all
O you Fool! Know that I turn to coal
I get decayed to form mineral oil
You get petrol, diesel, plastic, tar.
I am giver of all your benefits
My sweet love turns to cotton fibre

I turn into a wheel to spin cloth for you
I hide your shame and beautify you.
I protect your body, I serve you.
O you betrayer! I am grace of your Lord
His Mercy is bestowed through me
Know well that you are a disgrace
You by destroying me is harming yourself
You are destroying your culture, music.
You are your own stark enemy
O you Fool ! Listen and bear my words
For great sages, ascetics and saints
All have sat under me to meditate
To reach to the pinnacle of peace.
Now by cutting me down
You are destroying universal peace.

FILL YOUR SOUL WITH PERFUMES

In the mirror of divine heart reflects love,
Shinning like a sparking, dazzling diamond.
Men of straw make false promises,
Of stealing the thunder and lightning.
Shedding crocodile tears, exhibiting false love.
Slippery, vanishing at testing times.
Greed make them totally blind
They turn green on seeing our wealth,
The truthful illumined minds
Shed light to glorious paths ?
They shower roses and jasmines all over
To fill the empty souls with fragrance of peace.

BETRAY YOURSELF

The grey matter filled with ideas many
Works with full heart and muscles for gain
Accumulates gold, silver and money
To enjoy to the brim, name and fame

The master brain is the main kingpin
Its minister-advisor is the heart
Its general in command is the lungs
Its strategic security is the kidneys

Each of the organs support the system
To carry out the functions of the state
In an orderly manner and minds commands
The body functions in an unison.

The power of the mind is great indeed
It carries a whip and rules the system
To gain power, pelf and wealth in abundance
Misuses the entire body system; tears them.

Makes the body, muscles over work
With gluttony over feeds to spoil the stomach
Sweetens the tooth for its decay and fall
Stress and strain pierces the pancreas

Over indulges in the pleasures
Of the body and in organs of procreation
Disturbs the rhythm of sleep and rest
Dancing to the tunes of mirth and joys

The first to raise the banner of revolt
Against the tyrannical rule of the mind
Is the stomach and the intestines
Who carry the essential services of the body.

The Scavengers, the Janitors join in.
To break the grit and power of the mind
To set in ulcers and diabetics.
To corrode the system with disaster.

S. L. Peeran

The pancreas, the kidneys and the liver
Joining in the cause with thunder, the lightning
Break the strength of the mighty mind
Conspire together to invite the minister heart.

To join in the fight against the colossal power
Of mind's greed, tyranny and oppression
To destroy the rank and file of the system
To allow the ruffins, thugs to rob the wealth

Men in white garb are first to land
To reassure the mind to give relief
And their helping hand to tame
The system, to bring orderliness.

But not before they get gold in return
From the treasury, accumulated
By the clever mind, who denied,
The body system of their dues.

Thus the grabbed gold bereft,
The pharmacies loot the silver
Bank balance begins to dwindle
When general-lung, and minister-heart betray.

The power and pelf of the mind and brain
Loose out to the all out war declared
By its own disgruntled government
Its army of organs and systems.

They all bore a massive grudge against
The ill mind, a greedy and miserably one
Who threw the advice of minister heart
And refused to give fresh breath to general lungs

Thus, the minister and the general
Betray the confidence of the Brain
To make it suffer in agony
For corroding the system by ill acts.

The corridors of power are thrown open
To marauders, plunders and thugs

NEW FRONTIERS

Who loot the treasury of health and wealth
On promise of putting the derailed system in order

The engine, one day fails to function
Bereft of the services of the entire organs
Sans peace, wealthy, power and pelf
The mighty mind collapses to breath out the last.

Whatever treasure left by the king of the system.
Would be dug out from its treasury & vaults
To be used for burning on pyre the bones
The organs, who destroyed, by betrayal.

A sound mind in sound body
Keeps the blues, the whites and blacks away
To relish the life with bliss
And to live a sober gainful life.

SELFISH ACTS

We move in different directions
Like a weather cock, hither and thither
Ever prepared to lose our precious
Happiness, health, time and money
For a short or long temporal gains
Unmindful of consequences
Of losing dear sanguine relationships
Filial bonds, prestige and honour
Isn't this like walking on mire, slippery soil,
A calamitous act for self destruction.

OUR CAPITAL CITY

In the back drop of imposing 'Rashtrapathi Bhavan'
A reminder of regalia and majestic past.
Broad avenue roads leading to it
With blossoming trees of various hues.

Still calmness transcending all around
With occasional cars atop red lights
Speeding away sirening, piloted by police
In motor cycles, jeeps and cars.

South block housing the MPs residences
Commandos tottering with automatic weapons
Eerie silence creating dreadful thoughts
Fear crossing my mind, on my first landing.

My heart writhing with pain
Haunting memories of my home town
Where all and sundry move freely
Enjoying life to its brim with plump.

Here, New Delhi, which moves orderly
Every school with fleets of colourful buses
Children in umpteen uniforms up and ready
Smartly waiting at bus stops at six in morning.

Huge colonies for civil servants
Stretching miles and miles lined with trees
All closeted, tight fistied with clogged minds
Stillness ringing in residential areas.

Ah! My garden city Bangalore
Thou away from me, far away
But images flooding my mind
Bringing tears and a lump in my throat.

I look for good cafes for 'Masala Dosais'
For my South India Coffee and "vadas"
For 'Mysore Paks', ears yearn for classical music.
To watch mingling of culture, noise and din.

NEW FRONTIERS

In Delhi, you feel being held in captivity
A huge concentration camp spread out
With glamour and artificiality spooking out
Nauseating with cheats and humbugs around.

Where is the simplicity and honesty?
Civil servants, lawyers and courts
Functioning as if being in 'fairy lands'
Nothing moves unless you grease the palms.

You are an odd man in the lot
Who should have lived in some bygone era
Than to enforce Justice with even hands
Alas! A feeling of repulsion envelops you.

At every corner, you find a refugee
From some corner of the country
Begging for a coin to make a living
While our 'Babus' move in mercedes.

A jinx encapsulates the Mogul city
With superstition ruling the roost
Rumours afloat every now and then
Men with crazy mentality, dull drudgery.

A city with a millennium history
Shades of all religions, Temples, Dargas
Mausoleums, regalia, gardens spread out
Reminding of wars, destruction, oppression.

Connought place, a place for bargain
So also chandni chowk', darya ganj
Every 'Nagar', 'bagh' with its own shopping enclaves,
Where prices boom to bring you to doom.

'Appu Ghar', 'Purana Khila' 'Teen Murthi'
Lodhi Garden, Parliamentary house
Red Fort, Jumma Masjid, Lotus Temple
Zoo, Museum, India Gate, Jantar Mantar.

'Phoolwalon Ki Sayer', 'Ram Naomi'
Holi and Nanak's birthday

S. L. Peeran

All celebrated with colour and gaiety
Our capital city is unique in every way.

New Delhi, Old Delhi, places trans-jamuna
All sight seeing places vexes you
But millions of faces of all shades
Sing our National Anthem and 'Vande Mataram'.

When soldiers march to show their might
When tanks roll and tableaux move gaily
When school children display their colours
On the Republic and Independence days

HEAVEN'S MERCY

When the wind blows free
And the ship sets sails
On the calmness of the sea
Turmoils wane and bliss prevails

When the heat of the body
And the passion's poesy
Cools down and mind sets to study
Heaven, then, bestows mercy.

TESTING LOVE

I shall test my luck today
Oh! Let me subjugate myself first
For I slip and fall at smallest pretext
I shall dig my heels to stand steadfast.
Her mere stare bring sweat on my brow.
I shall not fear, I shall look straight in her eye.
Though her roar brings my heart to my mouth
Let me stand fearless, grinding my teeth.
My love gets ruined, lie in dust.
But surely, I shall someday win her heart.

HAIKU

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

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

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

The burning tower
Brought down by men of terror
Of Might, Now humbled.

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

Early morning rose
Got crushed under the debris
Banish black terror!

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

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

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

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

NEW FRONTIERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TANKA

LOVE

Love is eternal
And itself is infinite
One who touches it
Touches the Merciful Lord
Express your thanks, gratitude.

SPRING TIME

Spring time is playtime
Fragrance emitting in air
To cheer frozen hearts
Roses, roses every where
Delight the heart of lovers.

QUATRAINS

A kind word spoken
Is a gem, a diamond
To adore in the memory
Sparkle, glow and illuminate.

Share love with each other
With multiple joys and pleasures
Its pearls and roses
To enrobe the being with happiness.

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