

Perfumed Garden of Love

Perfumed Garden of Love

(Selected Poems)

S. L. Peeran



AUTHORSPRESS

Worldwide Circulation through Authorspress Global Network

First Published in 2017

by

Authorspress

Q-2A Hauz Khas Enclave, New Delhi-110 016 (India)

Phone: (0) 9818049852

e-mails: authorspress@rediffmail.com; authorspress@hotmail.com

Website: www.authorspressbooks.com

Perfumed Garden of Love

(Selected Poems)

ISBN 978-93-5207-436-5

Copyright © 2017 S.L. Peeran

Disclaimer

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior consent of the author.

Printed in India at Krishna Offset, Shahdara

DEDICATION

This poetical collection is dedicated to my Children:
Sumaiya; Taj and Maqdam
and
my daughter-in-law Asra Abbas

PREFACE

I am presenting to my readers my second selection of poetry from my fifteen poetry books comprising of 1275 poems, 722 Haiku, 107 Tanka, 87 Quatrains and 47 short verses. The works are *In Golden Times* (2000, Holi: Bhubaneswar), *In Golden Moments* (2001, Bizz Buzz: Bangalore), *A Ray of Light* (2002, Bizz buzz), *A Search from Within* (2002, Holi), *In Silent Moments* (2002, Holi), *A Call from the Unknown* (2003, Bizz Buzz), *New Frontiers* (2005, Holi), *Fountains of Hopes* (2006, Bizz Buzz), *In Rare Moments* (2007, Bizz Buzz), *In Sacred Moments*, (2008, Bizz Buzz), *Glittering Love* (2009, Bizz Buzz), *Garden of Bliss* (2011, Bizz Buzz), *Eternal Quest*, (2014, Bizz Buzz), *Evergreen Pastures* (2016, Authorpress), this was collection from all works. It was difficult for me to select and make choice of poems for this collection entitled *Perfumed Garden of Love*. I have included poems on God, Islam, Prophets, nature of man and topical poems. There are 335 poems including Haiku, Tanka, Quatrains and short verse. I pray in future some scholar will be able to make a better choice for future publication. I hope and pray my work will be relished by readers, academics and scholars alike.

I am thankful to the publishers for accepting my work for publication.

S.L.Peeran

Bengaluru

www.slpeeran.wikidot.com

slpeeran@gmail.com

INTRODUCTION

Here I am presenting my second selection from the collection of my poetry. My poetry as described by many of the reviewers has assumed different dimension.

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

“Like Blake, Peeran sees the world in a grain of sand and eternity in an hour.

An administrator lispng in numbers may sound strange but Muse in Peeran has blossomed into many splendored exuberance in this collection of poems – *In Golden Times*. Every moment of Time is a mountain. Invisible, magical realities beyond our senses float out of the unconscious, when the boundaries between the self and world are crossed. It opens expanded moments. The poet dives into these moments – one with nature, its darkness and mystery. Thus poems gleam as magical chalices, reality winking at the brim. Here in this collection, there is a self-discovery new ground to liberate emotions”.

And further penned:

“He writes HAIKU and TANKA with illumined vision. There is inner vibrancy, a matchless verbal incantation in his lyrics! They gleam as flames, intense and fine. They have visible brilliance. They have deep poignancy. And there is passionate naturalness in all he writes.”

Dr. (Mrs.) S. Radhamani in her foreword to my work *In Golden Moments* had this to say:

“I consider it my fortuitous and fortunate occasion of privilege and memorable opportunity to write a foreword to poetical collections titled, *In Golden Moments* by S. L. Peeran. S. L. Peeran’s *In Golden Moments* comprising 103 poems indeed is a compendium of his profound observation of so much of wide themes such as Love, Death, Sleep, Penury, Loneliness, Isolation, Ennui, God, Godliness, Etc. At a time when materialism is rampant, selfishness is taking luminous proportions, S. L. Peeran, analyses in a lucid manner simultaneously the crude stark realities perpetrated by the stigma of the society on the down-trodden and oppressed:

“Life is meaningless for the wretched;
 They lack sense and strength to fight or revolt
 Multitudes suffer with them, parched
 None possesses a will to change or to bolt”
 (“Chill Penury and Poverty”)

His poems bring to light avidly the poet’s keen sense of observation, which lead to sententious remarks.

“...But black deeds of evil men, leave no trace.”

Dr. Iftikhar Husain Rizvi D. Lit., Editor Canopy has described in his Foreword to my work *A Search from Within* as:

“S. L. Peeran is a poet with a mission. Having unshakable faith in God, he believes that darkness will disappear, sorrows will vanish and goodness will shine forever. It is not that he is not conscious of the darkness around, of the evil expanding its boundaries, of terrorism showing its demon-like teeth and of the destructive forces hovering around. However, he is sure, like Browning, that “God’s in heaven” and if all is not right with the world, it will be right soon. He believes in the supremacy of the Supreme

Being, in His mercy and His call for the merger of the soul. God is 'Divine Light, Mercy and Compassion. The poet's faith in mysticism, Sufi-ism and spiritualism has confirmed him as a poet of faith and hope, a poet with a healing touch and a reminder to man of his duty towards himself, life, world, faith and God. His poetry is the poetry of man and of all embracing shades of life. His Haiku poems present life in various shades and they cover life from end to end – love, peace, politics, fragrance, flowers, birds, tears, money, wine, time, dreams, aspirations, hopes, man woman relationship, injustice, courage, all figure in his Haiku. Here is 'God's plenty'.

While Dr. C. L. Khatri Editor of *Cyber Literature* in his Foreword to my work *A Ray of Light* writes:

“It has been my pleasure to go through S. L. Peeran's manuscript of 'A Ray of Light' and to pen down my personal response to it more as a reader than as a critic. S. L. Peeran is a seasoned poet with a clear vision of life, unsoiled, unaffected by the western cultural onslaught. In this anthology as in his earlier ones he comes out as one of the few poets in Indian English poetry who has overcome the lingering wasteland sensibilities looming large around us. Certainly the Sufist impact on him keeps him smiling in his lines of verse. Even in a poem like "Turmoils of Life" the final note is of triumph. In this volume calm, serene and brooding atmosphere prevails upon the occasional sentimental outburst of anger and protest with an ultimate optimism. Peeran is essentially a poet of faith, love, compassion and inner wisdom. The present anthology is an exploration of light with a Sufist mission to spread the light of the finer sensibilities imbued in our religions. In this way poetry serves as his vehicle.”

Shri Srinivasa Rangaswami in his foreword to my work *In Silent Moments* had these words to say:

“Shri S. L. Peeran, a Judicial Member of the Customs, Excise & Gold (Control) Appellate Tribunal, is a fascinating combination of a humane, God-loving soul of rare refinement of sensitivity, suffused with Sufistic thought and enriched and mellowed by wide experience of life, garnered from a habit of deep reflection and detached observation especially from the vantage point of his high judicial office.” Seek peace, love, goodwill/In calm stillness of the night / Deep meditation”, says Shri Peeran somewhere. In *Silent Moments* obviously is the outcome of such meditation, when the mind is stilled and deep truths glow, from the depths of one’s being, on the horizon.

Poetry is an incantation of the soul, celebration of the abiding varieties of our human existence. It mirrors a perception of the world peculiar of each poet. What invests the present collection of Shri Peeran’s poetry with special significance is the exciting fact that it affords us a glimpse of its author’s unique, colorful creative presence. Poetry is not merely putting together some clever lines. It is, like falling in love, a serious and blissful proposition. And, Peeran’s poetry is born out of the confrontation of his whole being with Reality – with the luminous truths of life as well as its seamier manifestations. As the poet himself says, his poems are born from inner turmoils, inner sorrows, inner questionings, inner joys, inner frustrations and ecstasies.

Speaking at a Seminar in Bangalore sometime ago, Poet Gordon Hindley observed:

“I define poetry as that utterance which, apparently presenting a particular – an individual – thing or event, in fact emphasizes the universal experience within which the particular thing or event occurs. True poetry thus leads us beyond the personal towards an even more immediate yet greater awareness. It brings about an awakening; and enriching of our nature.”

And proceeding to cite some specimens of poetry which according to him accomplished this, the speaker quoted among others some of Shri Peeran’s verses. Can there be a better tribute paid to a poet? Shri Peeran is a delectable fusion of a serene elevated soul with the sensitivity and sensuousness of an aesthetic being. A genuine reverence and wonder for Nature and an all-enveloping love run through all his utterances. With moving faith he voices his fervent hope:

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

And further concluded by saying:

“Poet Peeran is a mellowed individual, in consuming love with life with all its beauty – and yes, its ugliness as well. A haiku of his speaks of a moth:

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

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

Dr. Gordon Hindley in his review of *A Search from Within* writes:

“S. L. Peeran is a worthy Lakshana or sign post of the best in all of us and in Indian English writing.”

While Bernard Jackson in his review of *Golden Moments* writes:

“A delightful collection by a writer who combines sincerity with craftsmanship – a fine command of English!”

Dr. D. C. Chambial, editor of *Poet Critic* in his foreword to my eighth collection of poems *Fountains of Hopes* writes:

“The poems are topical in consonance with the mood of the poet at its best in his moments of imaginative gleamings from the moods of the inspired world. The poet partakes them with his readers: it is here a poet moves into the minds of his readers and lets them experience, for themselves, the same joy and sorrow, hope and despair that he has felt in his moments of ecstasy.”

Dr. M. Fakruddin, editor of *Poet International* in his foreword to seventh collection of poems *New Frontiers* writes:

“S. L. Peeran is a bilingual poet. He writes in Urdu and in English very effectively. You can easily find Sufism in his verses. He has carved out a style for himself. His expressions are very simple but powerful. The usage of syntax and rhyme scheme in his poems created an impact in the minds of the readers. Naturally, he gives more importance to the content than the structural form while expressing his thoughts.”

In his foreword to the ninth collection of poems *In Rare Moments* Dr. Krishna Srinivas Editor Poet, says:

“Peeran has gained many distinctions and he is the right man to regain what all we have lost. He cries down the

crimes and injustices that prevail everywhere today. Like President Kalam and Daisaku Ikeda of Japan, he visions a paradise that will come.”

Dr. C. Anna Latha Devi in her introduction of my Ninth Collection of poems *In Rare Moments* writes:

“Poet Peeran has created a special place for himself in the galaxy of Indian English poetry. It is indeed a pleasure to read Peeran’s poems because though long or short, lyric or haiku, they are packed with thoughts to ponder. Mathew Arnold, the great critic of poetry has advocated in his study of poetry that there must be perfect blending of “matter and manner” or subject and style”, two essential qualities to make a perfect work of art. These are blended in such a way that Peeran’s poems belong to the Great Order of Poetry. Moreover, the poems bear the stamp of Poet Peeran combined with uniqueness which can be termed as “Peeransique”, (if I am permitted to use the term)”.

Dr. Shujaat Hussain observes *In Sacred Moments* as follows:

Dr. S. L. Peeran is a kind of poet having enchanting appeal of a poetic melody with seriousness of the meaning and reality of the thought. He is a particular sort of poet who indulges in useful and upgrading expressions that lead and arouse healthy passions that favors the art of poetry. Dr. Peeran is so much engrossed in perception of poetry that he composes poetry in praise of God, the truth and condemns falsehood and all sort of evils that delude man from right thinking. The English Sufi poet Peeran is to be known for *In Sacred Moment*, a monument of excellent rhetoric which dexterously combines experience and demonstration of the way to salvation. Some devotional poems therein combine a homely familiarity with religious

experience and fervor and a reverent sense of its magnificence. His verse is marked by virility of thought, decency of tone, precision of language, metrical versatility, and profound piercing feeling. His verses are thought so worthy to be preserved.

Many of the poems have different rhyme schemes, and variations of lines within stanzas. His individuality magnifies his stature among Peeran's peers in the realm of poetry."

Dr.(Prof) Masood-ul-Hasan Former Dean of English Aligarh Muslim University in his introduction to the eleventh collection *Glittering Love* has this to say:

"The present volume focuses on the twin and mutually complementary themes of Love and luminosity – the core of Islamic mysticism too. Naturally, notes of tolerance and *suleh-e-kul* (equal respect and peace for all creeds) predominate for example' the poem "Free From All" opens on this note;

He has kept his doors open
All the time, everywhere
In many forms and shapes.
Big vacant halls, cathedrals,
Temples with deities. Idols."

In this complex, pluralistic Indian ethos the relevance and value of this spiritual Dimension can hardly be overstated. But Peeran's debt to the great Sufis' endearing. Openness of mind spiritual legacy is evident and in accord with his own spiritual lineage and leanings. The above-quoted lines remind us of a few verses of the great Andalusian Sufi, Ibn-Arabi (d.1240 A.D) "My heart is capable of every form / A cloister of the monk / a temple for idols, / A pasture for gazelles, the votary's kaabah /". True, gnosis

illuminates Peeran's poem 'Shining Truth', and love for mankind at large figures prominently in 'Balance and Harmony.' The same universal love runs through the piece 'Safe Shores' announcing the protagonists resolve "to open widely the close doors / Of my heart, eyes and ears/". The shared spiritual virtues of "Saints, Rishies, Yogis and Prophets" are acknowledged liberally in the poem 'O Solitude' and several other pieces – a much needed balm for the creed – corroded modern man. Spiritual love also forms the core of the poems like "Refresh Your Soul," "Into oblivion" and "Self Expression", or 'immersion'. Similarly the title piece 'Glittering Love' throbs with devotion for the Divine Beloved;

"My every cell in my body
Feels the heat, feels for him
The Merciful and the Bountiful
Plays His tunes in my veins"

These lines recall the flute's fancy in Rumi's (d,1275) (Mathnavi that may be rendered into English as Dry my veins, dry body and dry my skin, / So wherefrom comes the Friend's call? / Humanism is the secular version of Sufism, and the two are inseparably intertwined. Peeran flinches at the sight of human suffering"

Dr (Prof) Masood-ul-Hasan in his article "The Sanctified Muse of S. L. Peeran" concludes;

"Peeran enjoys the distinction of being the only Indo-Englian Poet consistently producing Sufic verse of considerable merit. His work promises to retain its freshness and appeal for many years to come."

Patricia Prime concluded her review of *Glittering Love*:

I am delighted to declare that this is an excellent collection of poems. Peeran is a hugely skilful wordsmith, and his careful technique always creates meaning. His language is of such freshness and richness of allusion that one willingly makes the effort to untangle the complex connotation of a line or phrase. It is exciting to see a poet walk this line, exhibiting as he does a vigor and freshness of imagination that delights the heart and lifts the spirit.”

Patricia Prime reviewing *Garden of Bliss* has this to say:

“S.L. Peeran has been celebrated for his poetic imagery, his social, political and moral alertness; his uncanny ability to make the ordinary extraordinary; and, not least, a humor all his own. Gathering much of his material from the minutiae of Indian philosophy, religion and culture, Peeran matches meditation on spiritual concerns and the weight of history with a nimble wit, shifting to moments of clear vision and intense poetic revelation”.

And further concludes:

“In these heartfelt poems, Peeran’s deep meditations and self-knowledge are evidence of his ongoing spirituality and longing for peace and tranquility in the world. It is a sobering collection as we see the poet examining the contemporary scene, comparing it with what has passed and seeking change in an imperfect world.

While the poems in *Garden of Bliss* are moving and compassionate, they do seek answers to the problems that beset us all in this ever-changing, disturbing world”.

Patricia Prime in her forward to *Eternal Quest* writes:

S.L. Peeran’s collection, *Eternal Quest*, exhibits a mature, thoughtful voice. The poems are skilled and well-crafted. There is a deep love of the worlds of nature and the

imagination, which is not sentimental but knowledgeable and perceptive.

The more I read, the more I felt that most of the poems actually create a kind of halfway house, halfway between the security of the imagination and the presence of the real world. Peeran writes lyrics about people, places and ideas that no matter how lucid they are – and they always are – rarely do they lose that element of mystery, that sense of the numinous, which is inseparable from the best poetry: the sense of something beyond the sense of what is there. In his poems he is able to detach himself from the stress and conflict of the everyday world to connect with his innermost self. In his poems he is able to bear witness to the uninterrupted flow of events of the external world. His poems chronicle his observations and communications between this world and his thoughts and ideas. In Peeran's writing he also engages with serious political concerns underscored with deeply personal experiences. The world 'out there' of unrest, injustice and conflict is not something to be compartmentalised but co-exists with the domestic on equal terms. A flower or a childhood memory blossoms next to the horrors of conflict. He is not a poet to shy away from life but pushes language into its face until it screams.

Poetry happens along the divide between thinking and dreaming, so what better medium with which to address the equally pervasive duality of things as they are versus things as we wish to see them: the It and the I which humanism has tried to equate with objectivity and subjectivity; science has no more codified the universal It than religion has the universal I. So here we are, in the poetry of S.L. Peeran, a master poet, master of the interstice: the paradox that is our own cause and effect.

Here is where we leave the innocent world for the world of moral responsibility.

Certainly, *Eternal Quest* is a strong collection. Characteristically, serious in mood, formally assured, wide-ranging in references and exploratory, the poems may indeed be read as variations upon frames, stopping places, ideas and meanings in a continuing journey. This is the travel or re-tracing, and the possibilities of discovery remain open.

The above observation of poets and large number of reviewers is the testimony of my humble work. I cannot claim to be a poet of a very high standard or of merit. My humble collection has drawn attention of reviewers, poets, Sufis and large number of my friends to whom I am extremely grateful.

S.L. Peeran

E.Mail: slpeeran@gmail.com

Visit: www.slpeeran.wikidot.com

Bengalure, India

CONTENTS

Preface / 7

Introduction / 9

POEMS FROM IN GOLDEN TIMES / 37

1. Love / 39
2. Life Of Man / 40
3. Confusion / 41
4. Graceful Looks / 42
5. Simplicity / 43
6. Man's Ambition / 44
7. Death, The Teacher / 45
8. Might And Right / 47
9. Graceful Living / 48
10. Disarmed / 49
11. The Path To Prayer / 50
12. My Life / 51
13. Wandering Soul / 52
14. Silence / 53
15. The Smile That Relieved Tension / 54
16. I A Crow / 55
17. A Person Of Variety / 56
18. Endles Meeting / 57

19. A Soul That Can Gladden A Thousand Hearts / 58
20. Life's Story / 59
21. A Messiah / 60
22. Golden Times / 61
23. Haiku / 62
24. Tanka / 68

POEMS FROM IN GOLDEN MOMENTS / 71

1. God Who? / 73
2. Friendship / 75
3. Charity / 76
4. A Muezzin's Call / 77
5. Myths / 78
6. At Night Fall / 79
7. An Assassin's Love / 80
8. Storms / 81
9. Eternal Sleep / 82
10. Multifarious Words / 83
11. Fears / 84
12. A Broken Heart / 85
13. Fellow Beings / 86
14. Black Deeds And Love / 87
15. Conflict Of Values / 88
16. Short Verse / 89

POEMS FROM A RAY OF LIGHT / 95

1. Hallmarks For Civilization / 97
2. Lord Ever Merciful, Beneficent / 98
3. Shed Rivers Of Blood / 100
4. Spread Light / 103
5. Childhood Moments / 104
6. A Kind Lady / 105
7. Protection And Safety / 106
8. Free Yourselves / 107
9. A Rare Find / 108
10. Let's Practise / 109
11. A Night Passenger / 110
12. Turmoils Of Life / 111
13. To Be Noticed And Seen / 112
14. A Brief Journey / 113
15. Relax Please / 114
16. Sibling Rivalry / 115
17. Toss And Tumble / 116
18. Prosperity With Deftness / 117
19. Perils And Dangers / 118
20. Whither Pleasures? / 119
21. Man In War And Strife / 120
22. Haiku / 121
23. Tanka / 124

POEMS FROM A SEARCH FROM WITHIN / 129

1. Man Of Nature / 132
2. Trample Your Ego / 133
3. Love Will Thrive / 134
4. Let My Soul Gleam / 135
5. Glory Of Heavens / 136
6. Beauty Of Praised One / 137
7. Purify Ourselves / 138
8. Let Love And Beauty Reign Again / 139
9. A Glimmer Of Hope / 140
10. A Devilish Self / 142
11. Illusions For Ecstasy / 143
12. Holy Springs / 144
13. Let Us Worship / 145
14. Reach The Goal / 146
15. Love For All / 147
16. My Love / 148
17. Turn Magnetic / 149
18. Sing Your Songs / 150
19. Haiku / 151

POEMS FROM IN SILENT MOMENTS / 153

1. Lasting Twinkling Eye / 155
2. This Life / 156
3. A Cry Of A Victim For Peace! / 157

4. Ninety Nine Names / 158
5. Soulful Melodies / 159
6. Eternally Weep / 160
7. Ecstasy / 161
8. Inner Peace / 162
9. Changing Fate / 163
10. Sharing Love / 164
11. Thoughts For The Day / 165
12. Lasting Monuments / 166
13. Haiku / 167

POEMS FROM A CALL FROM THE UNKNOWN / 171

1. Test Of Love / 173
2. Birth Of Moses / 177
3. Birth Of Jesus / 187
4. Birth Of Prophet Mohammed / 193
5. “Meraj” – Ascend To The Throne / 204
6. The Holy Book / 207
7. Oh! Praise! / 208
8. Transience Of Life / 209
9. Let Us Fight Back / 210
10. Heartful Melodies / 211
11. Mercy And Love / 212
12. Smooth Life / 213
13. Creator And Creation / 214

14. Light And Shade / 215
15. Pious Men / 216
16. Angels Of Mercy / 217
17. Purified Soul / 218
18. Birth Of Civilisation / 219
19. Hopes And Dreams / 220
20. O Love! / 221
21. Moments Of Chillness / 222
22. Man A Wonder! / 223
23. Rise Above Yourself / 224
24. O' Spirit / 225
25. Hour By Hour / 226

POEMS FROM NEW FRONTIERS / 227

1. Lost Genius / 229
2. Love And Kindness / 230
3. In Nothingness / 231
4. Expose Yourself / 232
5. Master And Servant / 233
6. Blessed Hearts Amidst Life's Chaos / 234
7. Dawn Of Enlightenment / 235
8. Life Is To Its Brim / 236
9. Lack Of Will To Live / 237
10. A Man Of Truth / 238
11. Shine In The Dark Skies / 239

12. Devil Speaks / 240
13. Unworthy Joys / 241
14. Realise Time And Discover Nature / 242
15. Fakirs / 243
16. Redeem From Turmoils / 244
17. Lament Of A Shady Tree / 245

POEMS FROM FOUNTAINS OF HOPE / 251

1. “Mastani Ma” – The Green One / 253
2. Timeless Age / 255
3. Let’s Us Give A Break / 256
4. Eternal Bliss / 257
5. A Voice Of A Martyr / 258
6. For A Little Happiness / 259
7. A Ray Of Hope / 260
8. Bears Hardship With A Smile / 261
9. O! Tsunami / 262
10. Unseen Hand Of Mercy / 263
11. Withering Moments / 264
12. Modern Times / 265
13. Truth And Beauty / 266
14. Hope For The Lost Ones / 267

POEMS FROM IN RARE MOMENTS / 269

1. Raise Again / 271
2. Illumination / 272

3. Fight Battles / 273
4. Illumine The Dark Souls / 274
5. Flush Out / 275
6. Sustain Life / 276
7. Anger / 277
8. Man Arafa Naf Sahu / 278
9. Allah's Bounty / 279
10. What Is Love? / 280
11. How To Reach The Truth? / 281
12. Why People Lie? / 282
13. Duality / 283
14. Where Does Allah Reside? / 284
15. What Is Khulus? / 285
16. Is Allah Every Where? / 286
17. Master Where? / 287
18. Reflection / 288
19. Grace / 289
20. Elusive Happiness / 290
21. Jealousy / 291
22. O! My Lord / 292
23. Sakratul Mauth / 293
24. Great Being / 294
25. Be Obedient / 295
26. Haiku / 296

POEMS FROM IN SACRED MOMENTS / 297

1. Heavenly Abode / 299
2. "Jameel" – Beautiful / 300
3. Humility And Submission / 301
4. Fragrance Amiss / 302
5. Shame Shame / 303
6. Silver Lining / 304
7. Judge Properly / 305
8. A Wise Change / 306
9. Sorrows In Prime Of Life / 307
10. Rejuvenate The Lost Dreams / 308
11. Delights / 309
12. One Humanity / 310
13. Final Sacrifice / 311
14. Ever Submissive / 312
15. Brighten Life / 313
16. No More Past Dreams / 314
17. Good And Evil / 315
18. Whither Peace? / 316
19. Tyrants Vs. Prophets / 317
20. Daunting Task / 318
21. Golden Hearts / 319

POEMS FROM GLITTERING LOVE / 321

1. In Undying Bliss / 323

2. Love And Death / 324
3. What More? / 325
4. Music Of Life / 326
5. Free From All / 327
6. Passing Time / 328
7. Whither Modern Man? / 329
8. Lord's Love / 330
9. Shackles Of Slavery / 331
10. How Love And Happiness? / 332
11. Unheard Voices / 333
12. Gardens Of Bliss / 334
13. Lights Of Love / 335
14. "Insha Allah" / 336
15. Adjust / 337
16. Whiff Of Fragrance / 338
17. Free From All / 339
18. Love's Secret / 340
19. Beauty Never To Wane / 341
20. Hidden Love / 342
21. Fragrance In The Air / 343
22. O Solitude! / 344
23. Refresh Your Soul / 345
24. Shadow Less / 346
25. Peace At Last / 347

26. Self Expression / 348
27. Glory For Thee / 349
28. Million Praises / 350
29. Glittering Love / 351
30. Love Forever And Ever / 352
31. Advent Of Islam / 353
32. II Message / 357
33. Haiku / 363

POEMS FROM GARDEN OF BLISS / 367

1. He / 369
2. He-Ness / 372
3. Garden Of Bliss / 374
4. The Blessed Prophet – Mercy To The Humanity / 381
5. The Message Of Love / 394
6. A Mercy And Peace To Humanity / 399
7. Light And Mercy / 401
8. Open Foe / 403
9. Abu Bakr A Close Confident Of Prophet / 404
10. Omar The Just, Second Caliph / 406
11. Usman The Charitable And Generous / 408
12. Ali, The Great Imam, Lion Of Islam / 410
13. Zaid A Slave Son Of Mohammed* / 413
14. Reflection Of Each One / 414
15. Fall Of Man / 415

16. The Sufis / 416
17. Love Till Eternity / 417
18. "Namaz" / 421
19. The Endless Journey / 422
20. New Creed / 424
21. No More Light / 425
22. Our Paradise / 426
23. Another Fall / 427
24. Alas Love Lost / 428
25. Elusive Love / 429
26. Hope After Hope / 430
27. How Eternal Bliss / 431
28. Divine Wisdom / 432
29. Unquestionable Faith / 433
30. Shelter Me / 434
31. Prayer For Compassion And Mercy / 435
32. O My Lord / 436
33. Lord's Qualities / 437
34. Prayer For Dawn Of Light / 438
35. Merger In Thee / 439
36. Inner Eye / 440
37. Show Me Thy Face / 441
38. Omens / 442
39. Moksha / 443

40. A Prayer For A Vision / 444
41. Lord's Glance / 445
42. O My Love! / 446
43. To Humanize Man / 447
44. Hold Onto Prayers And Patience / 448

POEMS FROM ETERNAL QUEST / 449

1. Life's Wonders / 451
2. Safe Landing / 452
3. How To Reach Inner Peace? / 453
4. How To Reach Thee? / 454
5. Whither Solace? / 455
6. Charismatic Personality. / 456
7. Torn Kite / 457
8. Infinite Riches / 458
9. Whither Harmony? / 459
10. Transference / 460
11. Open Spaces / 461
12. Out Of Tunes / 462
13. Once More / 463
14. On Reaching Peace / 464
15. Be Ever Prepared / 465
16. My God / 466
17. Ancient Uncouthness / 467
18. Ever Lastingness / 468

19. Sweet Dreams / 469
20. Vastness In Self / 470
21. New Found Waves And Joys / 471
22. In His Arms / 472
23. A Genuine Prayer / 473
24. Bless Me Bless Me / 474
25. Help Me, Help Me / 475
26. Multiple Graces / 476
27. I Seek Your Mercy On My Fellow Men / 477
28. "Laughter The Best Medicine" / 478
29. Ever Gracious / 479
30. Whither Dignified Pure Life? / 480
31. Eternal Quest / 483
32. Fulfillment Of Vows And Prayers / 484
33. Whither Joys And Pleasure For All? / 485
34. Satan And Genies / 486
35. Enlighten Dark Path Ways / 487
36. Devil, The Satan / 488
37. Godly Behavior / 489
38. Agony Of Separation / 490
39. A Prayer / 491
40. Quatrains / 492

POEMS FROM EVERGREEN PASTURES / 495

1. That Purifier / 497

2. What Am I? / 498
3. What He Asked? / 499
4. Whither True Worship? / 500
5. Straight Line Melting / 501
6. Why Labor The Day? / 502
7. A Beginning... / 503
8. True Spirit / 505
9. To Ever Darkness / 506
10. Pluck The Weeds Out Of Garden Of Love / 508
11. Regain Mercy And Love / 510
12. Pebbles And Thorns / 511

POEMS FROM PERFUMED GARDEN OF LOVE / 513

1. Release Me / 515
2. Out Of Wits / 516
3. My God, My God, Why Have You Forsaken Me? / 517
4. My Chains / 519
5. Our Savior Ever Living / 521
6. Enthrall Me / 522
7. In Emptiness / 523
8. Splintered Love / 524
9. Un Holiness / 525
10. T20 Times / 526

Readers Response / 530

**POEMS FROM
IN GOLDEN TIMES**

LOVE

Doubtless mind,
Soul serene,
With Thee beside me
Life is a trifle
Rudder of faith
Cuts off turbulence.

Meandering thoughts
Dampen the spirit,
Shackles of iron
Or walls of brick
Cannot curb or
Prevent LOVE
Pure and sublime.



LIFE OF MAN

In the multi-million faceted theatre of life,
We watch people's actions, their acts of peace or strife,
Eagerly looking for action-packed scenes,
Moments tense and horrific – and we scream!

We are all called upon, our different roles to play;
Short ones or long ones, from day to day.
The scenes may be sweet, emotional, or shows of strength
After angry arguments. We win or lose at length.

Civilization is born to give its people culture –
Music, games, literature, painting or sculpture.
Though it aims at pleasure, it's not devoid of pain,
Disease, filth, corruption, amidst stress and strain.

Often times its all sound and fury without light,
Leaving most of us in a most piteous plight!
When, upon our path, even Nature's wrath descends,
We search for ideas to counter the maladies it sends!

The helpless and the weak, from tyrants expect mercy!
An exit from their miseries they're unable to see,
Though much they ponder how to escape dangers grave,
Some laugh at martyrs who die as heroes brave!



CONFUSION

You need a peg on which to hang a coat,
A nail to be driven into a coffin,
A shoulder to weep on, a floor for dancing
And disarming looks your smiles to win.

The sound of music gives us rapture,
Brings us laughter, joy and mirth,
Nature is blessed with untold beauty,
Through which our soul refinement takes birth.

Man is always at daggers drawn,
Bitter, cold, sarcastic, angry,
His various traits challenge each other,
Trying to claim ascendancy.

The light of wisdom seldom dawns
On confused minds thus disturbed,
A Mahatma is he who gives rein to his
Good traits and keeps the bad ones curbed.



GRACEFUL LOOKS

Thy graceful looks, gentle manners, sweet melodious voice,
Even the powerful and the strong can easily subdue.
Unarmed thou art but disarmest the bravest!
Thy sweet smile melts stony hearts and benumbs the
shameless,
It slays Guilt, reducing its armor to an ageing tile.
Love's radiating rays purify souls and endow minds with peace
Beauty enraptures and captures the attention of youth,
And fills their cups with ecstasy and supreme bliss.
With sweet fragrance of flowers, it evokes a thousand
yearnings –
Amorous thoughts in mind, twinkle in eyes and love-songs on
lips.
It lifts the lover above the pains and sufferings of life,
And raises his mind to lofty heights, soaring heavenward.



SIMPLICITY

Isn't Simplicity Divinity profound?
In it is sincerity found.
Shining Truth radiates its glory;
It's lustrous light tells its own story.

It admits not an iota of lie;
It lets not calmness ever die,
It gives Tranquility its due,
And patience is its main virtue.

Profound it is in goodness,
And quick in its forgiveness.
Steady and straight is its path,
Its thoughts, in purity take a bath.

All promises made, it keeps up,
With knowledge it fills its cup.
Simplicity is humble and modest
But never bows to pride's behest.

It always remains without fear.
To everyone it's always dear.



MAN'S AMBITION

The turmoil of the sea upsets sailing ships,
Even strong sailors cannot make their trip
Over the mighty, turbulent and boisterous sea,
Nature keeps its secrets under lock and key,
Ambitious man only proves his vanity
By trying to mount the moon, while marring the beauty
Of the Universe in many diverse ways
In order to give a glitter to the rays
Of his own selfish desires and hopes.
He forgets there's neither need nor any scope
For him to render Nature completely tame,
He himself will be crippled and turn lame
Should he try to bully Nature unduly,
For she can become defiant and unruly
And turn the tables on him. Then, to his sorrow,
With his future at stake, man may see no morrow.



DEATH, THE TEACHER

Tragedy has struck like a bolt from the blue;
Glory has become a thing of the past.
With this lustier-lost eyes and friends but few,
Their destiny has left them now aghast!

A towering person with might and power,
With passions great and lust terrible –
Whose name would make people tremble –
Now lies on the floor like a faded flower!

Preparations are made for his last journey,
Some mourn, some mask their face with gloom.
He has licked the dust, leaving no legacy,
And his family must now face its doom!

The children's dream of glory sky-high,
Without hard work, has now gone by.
The beauty of the tyrant's wife has fled;
Begetting 'shame', her 'pride' lies dead.

Death is a great leveler and teacher,
The widow is taught what is 'melancholy'.
Wisdom and humility have dawned on her,
She turns to God, with a heart made holy.

One has to create one's own destiny,
To live on other's glory and pride
Will bring none a life of harmony;
Borrowed plumes can't long abide.

Love is ultimate and truth is love,
Sans which man can't reach his goal.
Disapproved is 'pride' by God above,
And Heaven accepts not a corrupt soul.

O Man! Love God and do realize
That all that is created should finally die.
To dust we return, never to rise;
For eternity, there we are destined to lie.



MIGHT AND RIGHT

Might only produces fright
When it loses its balance and control.
Nothing it does is ever right,
When man forgets his God-given role.

Mahatma's and Rishis all remain mum,
Justice has willingly closed its eye.
The weak and the humble remain dumb;
Can't fret or fume or even cry!

Voices of the meek ones are suppressed;
They are hardly allowed to take a fresh breath.
Those that dare are cruelly oppressed
And ruthlessly dealt a painful death.

The rule of the law should be 'Right', not 'Might',
For Right has its balance of Equity,
Overweighed by Goodness, Evil takes flight
And Mercy emerges with equanimity.



GRACEFUL LIVING

Let's walk away from this listless life
to a yonder place where there is no strife,
But is full of peace, solace, serenity –
a place full of nature's beauty,
Where rainbows appear upon the skyline,
where minds meet the joys of the Divine,
Where the art of living is a grace,
Where barriers of religions have no trace.



DISARMED

She was there standing at my door
My dream girl, at last, on my floor!

In looks, she was at her best,
I wished to welcome her as my guest.

But I was looking sheepish;
My manners were only boyish.

With no charm was I armed;
With her smile I was further disarmed.



THE PATH TO PRAYER

He was ever willing to lend his shoulder
To every dejected lover to weep
He was the answer to a myriad fervent hopes
A hallowed path that leads to prayer.

He was ever willing to lend his shoulder
To carry the bier to its resting place
He was both a devotee and a pilgrim
To pass through the concourse to prayer.



MY LIFE

My life is a tattered book
Moth eaten, dusty and torn.
It's a kite with its thread broken,
Knocked down by the stormy wind.
It's a boat sans sails, rudderless,
Facing the turbulent sea.

My life is full of unfulfilled dreams,
With sorrows many mocking at me.



WANDERING SOUL

I wandered & wandered all around,
Like a lost sheep, a trackless star,
With a begging bowl, to collect
Crumbs of knowledge, from door to door.

I've seen ageless Time's misery,
And joy, I've seen its depth and shallowness,
Its glitter and gloom, its rise and fall
Life's a scene of light and shade.



SILENCE

How can I keep my silence
When I see so much of wrong around?
It chills my conscious in moments tense;
Provokes me to utter sayings profound.

How can I keep my silence
When my mind is tortured with bitterness
On watching throttling of good sense;
And Man slipping into utter darkness?

How can I keep my silence
When youth have lost their shame
Age old customs their countenance,
And Nature its beauty, name and fame?



THE SMILE THAT RELIEVED TENSION

My thoughts took me to past
Year's pleasures and times.
It brought into focus of
My mind, the cool & shade
Of your friendship & love
The comfort and solace
Found in your company;
The smile that thrilled
My heart a thousand times
And relieved tension.



I A CROW

I wish I were just a crow
Cawing for my own pleasure,
Flying either high or low –
A simple black creature.

As a crow I don't have to worry
About food, shelter and clothing,
Lose happiness and feel sorry
And live a life of sinning.

Life is both growth and decay
Given to each creature in due measure,
To flourish or flounder day by day,
Simple living makes life a treasure.



A PERSON OF VARIETY

He is quite a marvelous fellow,
Known to be a high-brow –
Bald, fat, with a squint eye,
Deliriously laughing at passersby!

With various delicacies like ‘Dosas’.
Varieties of silks, Vedas, ‘Doshas’,
‘Yoga Kaarakas’ and ‘Sani Dhirishti’,
Quite acquainted he’s said to be.

A smattering knowledge it’s also claimed,
Of all Indian languages he had attained.
Its five thousand years of history
And its cultures too, they say, knows he,
And being an ardent ‘Baba’ devotee,
He visits the mutt of every ‘Swami’.

But he spends his evenings in the Bar,
And drives home at midnight in his car.
His morning walks he has in half-pants,
And after his morning Coffee, he scans
The shares-value in the ‘Financial Express’.
His conversation he does dress
With gaudy jokes and spun-out fables,
Whether at home or office-tables.

He thus his mean mentality exposes
While as an intellectual he poses!
A ‘Rip Van Vinkle’ of the latest kind
He is, as one can easily find!



ENDLES MEETING

We met after ages,
Though we feel we had parted
Just the other day.
The memories are fresh,
Greener than the leaves,
Brighter than the moon light
Clearer than the milky way.
Our love has not withered
Nor the spirit of lively mingling
Has lessened. The twinkle in
The eyes has the same flash.
The fragrance of lovely talks is
Sweeter than the perfumes of Arabia.
Pleasure & joy are pure & sublime.
Oh time! do not flee. Stop forever,
Convert this moment to an eternity.



A SOUL THAT CAN GLADDEN A THOUSAND HEARTS

What an innocent face he has, serene and calm!
Not a glimmer of mischief is visible on his bright
countenance.

His gait is measured and lovely, and comely is his posture,
With childlike laughter and a smile that melts stony hearts,
Not an iota of anger there is, even in trying circumstances,
Always helpful is this soul that can gladden a thousand hearts!



LIFE'S STORY

Life is a tale of meetings and partings,
Of woes, sorrows, and afflictions,
Pleasures, joys, mirth and laughter,
Regrets, repentance, remembrances,
Fading memories, future fears,
Hatred and harrowing experiences,
Hearts' outpourings, mental outbursts,
Trials, turmoil's, tears and tensions,
All recording themselves in the form of
Either prose or poetry.



A MESSIAH

A founder of a great movement is he,
The uplift of his countrymen is dear to his heart,
Schools, Colleges, Hospitals, and Societies,
He struggles to motivate his people to start.
Mingles with all irrespective of class,
And silently works for their betterment
With a glowing face and a flowing beard,
He's well groomed and dressed, though not showy.
A harbinger of peace, amity and friendship,
Is this pious man of sterling character.
He's a man of his word, firm & dedicated
Who loathes to see his people in penury,
Though he is hailed day in and day out
He remains humble despite praise and fame.



GOLDEN TIMES

Oh! can we get back those golden times
When our lives were tuned to harmonious chimes,
When no news was flashed of dowry deaths,
When children went early to cozy beds,
When food and vegetables were a-plenty,
When milk and honey flowed in society?

Oh can we get back those golden times
When melodies sung were sweet sublime,
When education was a source of pleasure,
When days and days passed in leisure,
When science was not meant for destruction,
When human feelings included 'compassion'?

Oh can we get back those golden times
When Peace was amidst us all the time?



HAIKU

On our enemies fall
There was glee & joy galore
Release of tension.



Enough is enough
The line of least resistance
On verge of breaking.



Strong like an iron
Clear like a crystal diamond
Mind is marvelous.



Churning of desires
There is no pleasure in life
Life without a wife.



Marriage is bargain
There is no life without wife
Chains around neck.



Inter caste marriage
A peaceful coexistence
Trend of modern age.



Circumbulation
Around the Holy Kabba
Humble submission



Recite names of God
A silent prayer on lips
As a thanks giving.



I burn in midnight
In love of Thy Beloved
Shedding tears of bliss.



Hear Hear Me seeker!
I shall not open My door
To thankless beings.



O my Beloved
I wish I was never born
Thrown afar from You.



Kindly show Thy Grace
For, your seeker is weeping
In separation.



Life is meaningless
Without Your presence in me
Be with me my Love.



When I am with You
Supreme bliss flows in my blood
Kindly bear with me.



All your beings weep
For You are so Merciful
Forgive all our sins.



Your false claims of love
O Peeran, where is justice!
Satan is in you.



Sins sins I commit
In hopes of Your Love, Mercy
Dared me to transgress.



I shall never love
O Peeran those who dared Me
Now quickly repent.



Turn Thy face in love
O Peeran you shall face wrath
And be forsaken.



Love or be ever damned
Burn yourself in ever Love
Do not forsake Me.



Shake, shake, shake yourself
Of all the worldly desires
And turn to deep Love.



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



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



Why love? My son asks
Candle burns to give light, dear
To show you THE path.



Kindly look at me
I am a forsaken love
Thrown out of Heaven.



My lamentations
Has it not shaken you Lord?
Do not throw me out.



My praises for You
Thou shall always give me Love
I seek Your blessings.



My head is bursting
In splitting headache, fever
Show Thy Grace my Lord.



What is love tell Me?
To be in submission Lord
To receive Thy Grace.



Submit or you die
Love does not bear jealousy
I want my love, Lord!



I heard a loud voice
Peeran, submit or perish
Lord, allow me to Love.



Where is Thy Justice?
Peeran! you are forsaken
You have challenged Me.



My covetousness
Puts me to shame, O my Lord
Show Thy Graciousness.



Maintain silence, please
In prayers, Lord showers Grace
Man to receive peace.



Show mercy, always
So that Mercy shows its face
That is the God's way.



Success touches man
Who humbles himself before Thee
Love grows in His fan.



TANKA

People of all faiths
Masquerading, destroying
In the name of Lord
Beauty of Mother nature
Creating storms after storms.



With wings of angels
Soaring in bliss, ecstasy
Mother Teresa
Thou art angelic beauty
Queen of hearts, succor of poor.



Bubbling like balloon
Charmless men fly in power
Only to burst down
Drowned in corruption & scams
A ship lost in a whirl pool



I am satisfied
With the gifts received from Lord
It is miracle
With the weakness of our minds
We brave the storms of our lives.



What a paradox
Poor in eternal struggle
Rich live in pleasure
Like date palms in dry deserts
While banyan trees spreading shade.



**POEMS FROM
IN GOLDEN MOMENTS**

GOD WHO?

People say merge yourself with God
See God, realize God, follow the path of God!

Who is this God?

Is it possible to see the Effulgence,
The Brilliance, the Everlasting, Overpowering
Beauty, the Mighty and Tremendous, Colossal Power?

Is it possible to bear the Tumult, the
Everlasting Strength and Greatness of the Being,
Who has the power of Creation and Destruction,
God realization simply means.

A path chosen by good people, practicing –
Virtues and everlasting goodness.
Who are peace loving, brotherly and affectionate
Who think of the well-being of others.
Who have concern and love for others
Who place others' needs above their own.
Who feel humble, kind and humane
Who speak softly, forbear and are chaste.
Who have abundance of patience and are forgiving.
Who remain calm, cool and collected.
Who are not cunning, wicked and cruel
Who have compassion for the poor,
Unfortunate, sick and hungry.
Who respect one and all.
Who have the strength to bear the loss.
Who are just, truthful and straightforward.

Who keep their promises and words,
Who are charitable, generous and hospitable,
Who bear in their heart and mind,
Thousand lights of joy and happiness
And feel one with Nature.
Who attain self-realization



FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is like a lily white,
Its fragrance is sweet like honey,
Lasting till times endless sight,
Flowing smoothly like a river;
Without asking from any one money.

Companions have in their bosom
Love aplenty and sun's generosity,
Shining on them tranquility of moon,
Vastness of an ocean for clarity.
Friendship enriches mind and soul.

You look for friends in light and shade.
To share joys, mirth and gaiety
To seek comfort, solace and happiness.
To share woes and enrich hopes.
To stir the ship to safe shores.

Friendship renews bonds to sinew warmth,
Which is hidden in nature's breast.
It instills in mind strength of iron,
To unfold thrill, to tickle sweet dreams,
To reach the zenith of inner peace.



CHARITY

Isn't charity beyond filial relationship?
To cut across all barriers, of colour and race
Beyond self, but with warmth and cheer,
Isn't it like a diamond reflecting glorious colours?

The stillness of night brings eerie silence,
Shrouded in mystery and fears abound.
Life's rumblings draws in its bosom dark clouds,
But, charity shines like a silver lining

Doesn't divinity sparkle in charity?
Its brilliance surrounds saintly beings.
Permeating every aspect of their lives.
Gushing forth from their bosom as love.

Charity purifies mind, enlightens the soul,
And lightens the burden of craving,
The burning greed vanishes from the heart,
Raising goodness to a Divine Path.



A MUEZZIN'S CALL

Night opened her twinkling eyes
With thousands of starry jewels bedecked.
Full Moon throwing luminous light –
Surrounded by indigo blue sky.

The 'Muezzin' calls upon the heaven,
Resonantly proclaiming from high turret,
The words of the All Powerful, Merciful.
For virtuous men with kind hearts to hear.

Watched over by Allah and His Angels,
Piteous men falling on their knees,
With faces turned towards Mecca
Repeating, "God is Ever Great".

Good will, peace and compassion,
Reigns supreme among mankind.
Fellowship increasing many times.
Divine light purifying mind.



MYTHS

Are myths imaginations unleashed?
Wild and fanciful stories of weirdest type.
Dreadful, pure fantasy of rarest kind,
Demon, ghosts, beasts, join, to create horror, fiction?

Is peace stupidity and ignorance refined
Where imagination takes rest
Like a Sea without waves and storms,
Valley without streams and trees?

Are colours, faces and scenes,
A must for an artist?
To create a picture for a pattern to study,
Nature creates changing colours like a chameleon.

Does sound enter mind, create fantasy?
Images dancing to its tune,
Does voice of Master permeate
Nature and enslave man?



AT NIGHT FALL

Orange yellow sun on the skyline,
Bedecked on red curtain of joy,
Birds of all hues chirping and singing,
At twilight zone, to welcome Moon and Stars

Warmth of the day recedes slowly with onset of dusk.
A new world emerges at night fall.
It is the day for nocturnals
To hunt for food and appease hunger!

World beyond world opens for thinkers,
Solitude and silence to meditate on Maker,
But slumber and sleep overtakes the worldly,
Nightfall opens doors for the way-wards.

The spirit wanders in dream world of fancy,
Creating castles for kingly pomp and glory
But soft melodious music raises the soul to –
Heaven on high to merge with the Divine.



AN ASSASSIN'S LOVE

An assassin turned to love,
On mere benign looks cast on him.
He rushed to assassinate the saint,
But, a mere glance, turned him to love.
Oh! Thy sweet melodious voice,
Turns a villain in a flash.
Sending down the spine, Divine rapture,
With peace and calmness transcending,
Let thy holy sanctuary sparkle with Love!
Let thy devotees drink from thy hands!
An elixir, intoxicant Divine wine for ecstasy
To enable them to soar to Heavenly bliss.



STORMS

Dark fiery night, with storms and lightning,
Fury unleashed, mercilessly pouring forth hailstorm,
 Making weird ghostly sounds to unnerve
At every strike of lightning, sending endless fright.

 The joy and bliss the nature presents
Has gone haywire, nature pitilessly weeping,
 Devastation let loose. Mother Nature
In madness, to devour her own creation.

 The rivers in spate, inundating,
Drowning, uprooting, sweeping everything.
 Freezing and placing chilling white sheets
Over all land, valleys and humans.



ETERNAL SLEEP

Dying passions are like receding summer.
Enveloping dark clouds and gathering of storms.
Birth of melancholy and dawn of grief.
Old age is set to welcome eternal sleep.

The silvery lining on the bald head,
Is it a halo to dark deeds?
Thunder and lightning emerging from grey head,
Is it to rain, to enliven a new crop, to grow?

The full Moon's reflection is bright
To throw its silvery light all round,
To shine on monuments and memorials.
To remind man of Eternal Divine Light!



MULTIFARIOUS WORDS

The power of a word is great indeed –
Every word is packed with meaning.
A word of praise, is creativity
And of consolation – regeneration.

A kind word encapsulates charity,
Soft, soothing word, is music.
Harsh words are for disharmony,
To pierce the heart and to bleed.

‘Just words’ are to create a balance.
Foolish ones are for infamy.
Words of blasphemy, are to bring wrath of Heaven;
And profanity to uncivilise a man!

It is the word of God to mankind.
To speak truth, at all times.
And be a man of words or
To remain silent, for it is golden.



FEARS

Unknown fears grip me,
Shadowy figures haunting,
Creating illusions in mind,
Lurking dangers of weirdest kind.

Dark clouds, gathering storms.
Leaky roof, soft soil, creaky windows,
And walls threaten my dwelling,
I tremble at the thought of being homeless.

Soaring prices, falling value of Rupee,
Breakage of epidemic and sudden illness,
Expensive medicines, greedy doctors,
Withering age, fills my life with fear.

Life in city fraught with dangers many,
At every corner some devil asking money.
Time clicks its seconds, beckoning me,
To a hazardous fearful journey!



A BROKEN HEART

It is already written on my heart,
Which is difficult to wash.
Harsh piercing words and curses
Have broken to pieces my heart.

All the Holy waters of Holy springs
Cannot heal the spots of wounds.
The grief and sorrows are deep.
My heart bleeds, but spirit takes wings.

Broken hearts seldom mend,
Does love act as a soothing balm?
To preserve life and to subdue guilt
And to leave the spirit calm!



FELLOW BEINGS

He knew his strength and weakness.
He knew about human failures and hollowness.

He used his strength to harness,
To his advantage, the human shallowness.

He was a jolly good fellow
With plenty of wit and humour.

With a twinkle in his eye
He was a good bed fellow.

He knew the tricks of the trade,
To fool every simpleton
Who would come to him for aid
To mar their fortunes and to make a ton.

Human beings play with their strength and weakness
One counters the other with their inner strength.
One strives to achieve goals at any length.
But succumbs and falls by their own weakness.



BLACK DEEDS AND LOVE

I gloriously wrote about all my
Achievements on a black board.
An unseen hand erased all,
Leaving only the black board.
In my body, I carry a dark soul,
Over and above is a black sky,
In a dark, stormy night, Nature
Threatens to strike with
Lightning and thunder.
To burn and drown the people,
With evil deeds and acts.
Moon lights a halo over
Saints with white shining hairs.
Twinkling of stars for bright eyes.
For those who yearn to look up to
The Lord, with humility and love.



CONFLICT OF VALUES

They talk of old ancient values.
Of decaying nondescript language.
Of pagan ways, rustic, obscure thoughts.
Of million years dead and forgotten heroes.

A young brilliant modern mind,
Is illumined with million lights,
Is organised, sophisticated and cultured.
Systematic, scientific and harmonic.

Now, on threshold of fresh new Era.
Looking beyond the infinite skyline.
They wonder at these forgotten dead souls.
And are perplexed at the obsession with the past.

The pulls and pressures of those bygone ghosts,
With these lively genuine spirits,
Of love, compassion and mercy.
Appears to cause storms, in otherwise, calm sea.



SHORT VERSE

1. Patience

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

2. Perfumes

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

3. A still

Atmosphere
Slight drizzle
And sunshine
Wait for
Emergence of rainbow.

4. Jealousy

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

5. Love and affection

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

6. Matrimonial discord

Bride burning
And divorces.
Hatred and superego.
At their worst.

7. Myth

And Superstition
Distorted lie
Made to appear as Truth.

8. Plurality of gods

Idol worship
Mind's ingenuity
And creativity.

9. Unity in social divergence

Mother of necessity
Man cannot live
In single isolation.

10. Mother of all wars –

Clash of culture,
Religion
And social conflicts.

11. Mother of all virtues –

Patience, tolerance and love
Service to mankind,
For ever.

12. Transcend

Love through eyes
Unspoken words pass by
Spiritual
Experience
Thrills multifold.

13. A clasp of hand

Brotherly,
Embrace
And smile –
Show of Love
Personified.

14. Patience

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

15. Perfumes

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

16. A still

Atmosphere
Slight drizzle
And sunshine
Wait for
Emergence of rainbow.

17. Jealousy

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

18. Love and affection

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

19. Myth

And Superstition
Distorted lie
Made to appear as Truth.

20. Plurality of gods

Idol worship
Mind's ingenuity
And creativity.

22. Unity in social divergence

Mother of necessity
Man cannot live
In single isolation.

23. Mother of all wars –

Clash of culture,
Religion
And social conflicts.

24. Mother of all virtues –

Patience, tolerance and love
Service to mankind,
For ever.

25. A clasp of hand

Brotherly,
Embrace
And smile –
Show of Love
Personified.

**POEMS FROM
A RAY OF LIGHT**

HALLMARKS FOR CIVILIZATION

Is the entire cosmos and universe
 Encapsulated in a huge egg shell?
 Hindus refer it as “Brahma incarnate”
 While Christians say it is “Holy Trinity”
 While Muslims refer as “Light of Mohammad”
 And universe is a creation thro’ His Light (‘Noor’)

A Creator, isn’t He far higher and above all?
 Unfathomable, unknown, incomprehensible!
 Man has realized His distinct nature –
 Attributes thro, His self’s understanding;
 Thro’ the unique harmony seen in nature.

Thro’ cosmic balance, realization of Time.
 Can the Hand that creates, Makes –
 Become one with its own creation?
 Or does it fill itself in this universe
 With His Will, Design and a System?

Social norms, laws, manners, customs,
 Differentiation of right and wrong, just, unjust,
 Morals, immorals, good and bad works
 Aren’t all creations of mind, for harmony?

Songs sung with rhyme, rhythm and music
 Are more pleasing for soul for elevation
 Refinement in living, higher thinking
 Simple living are hallmarks of culture.



LORD EVER MERCIFUL, BENEFICENT

A command received by Adam and Eve,
 Directly from the Lord Almighty
 In the presence of archangels
 Who protested creation of man from clay.
 For they felt, they were part of the light
 And fire, that could destroy man.
 Lord Almighty taught Adam, His Names
 And tested him, in presence of Angels,
 Who were ever in obedient attendance.
 Dumbfounded, they prostrated, seeking pardon.
 Lo, their leader, Archangel, protested,
 Defiant, out of jealousy and pride.
 Refused to yield, cringe, cower before Adam.
 On the pretext of his superiority and knowledge
 On the premise that Adam's race would create
 Dissensions, destructions, bloodshed and sins.
 An angel is pure, in total submission to Lord
 Should he bow before impure men of clay?
 Thus Satan was banished, from Lord's Grace.
 To ever remain as an arch enemy of man.
 To tempt, lure, lead him to commit sin,
 To indulge in sinful, mirth, joy and pleasure.
 To make man to hate man for destruction.
 To covet the neighbor's wife and to steal.
 To commit heinous acts, to be shunned.
 Neither pity nor mercy shall befall such men.
 Thunder, lightning, storms and pestilence
 Should ever pester them to shameless death.
 To hell, they would be thrown by Lord's wrath

This to punish, for befriending, Lord's adversary, the villain.
Who is a confirmed enemy of man.
The Lord, the Merciful and the Beneficent
Though has granted a decree and license
To Satan, to destroy, His creation.
To mislead humanity and lead them to cross roads.
But save those, who are in submission
In humility, serving humanity with sacrifice,
With love, devotion, serve their brethren
To save men from disarray and wrong paths,
Such shall receive Lord's Grace, Mercy,
For ever His door is open to receive them.



SHED RIVERS OF BLOOD

The angels wept and threw down their spears
On the creation of Man, by Allah, the Great
For he was to create, strife and war
Would kill his brethren and create dissensions.

But, Lord spoke of His Mercy and Grace
Of kindling His light in the heart of Man
To soften it with milk of eternal love
To punish the erring with eternal fire

The seeds sprouted to kill each other for sport,
For revenge, for challenge in combat
To prove skills or superiority in strength
Germs of sins got imbibed on creation.

Cain slew his brother Abel for a mate
Thus, the first blood washed on earth
Man turned against man for lust,
Money, land, gardens wealth, revenge.

Adam broke the first commandment,
Lured by Eve, ate the forbidden fruit
Satan obsessed with revenge, sowed jealousy
Envy, hatred, greed, ego in man.

Civilizations past, man beset man
Shed blood in wars, relentlessly
In cold chilly way, mercilessly
Carried the rivals head, as reward

Made crown out of the skull
 A garland and scepter from bones
 Man's deadliest enemy is man himself
 Like wild fire of forests, engulfs all.

Ashoka fought Kalinga war with wrath
 Let streams of blood of his deadly rivals
 But promise of Lord, to fill his heart with light
 Prevailed to turn him to be a savior.

Great Julius Caesar, Antony, Octaerus
 Hercules, Cleopatra, Alexander, the Great
 The great Huns, Mongols, the Tartars
 Arabs, Turks, Mughals, the Nadir Shah.

Turned the map of the globe, topsy turvy
 With gory killings, spilling red blood
 Of mankind, hoarding wealth
 Unleashing brute force, seizing the weak.

Arthur the great, Cromwell, Napoleon the Great
 Nelson, Peter the Great, Wellington the great,
 Clive, Warren Hastings, Wellesley, Victoria the Great
 Held the globe in their tiny hands.

Terror after terror, unleashed on mankind
 Draconian Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Lenin
 Ataturk, Churchill, Eisenhower, Patton, the
 Generals, Admirals, all for laurels.

One race subduing the other in disgrace
Battling for honors in pelf and power
Creating deadly weapons time and again
An Einstein is born to invent atom bombs.

Boundaries are drawn by Arbitrators
Saviors with hearts of gold, for clemency
To save exodus of millions made homeless
Shelter less, separated with barriers, walls.



SPREAD LIGHT

Say, what you want to say –
In a loud and clear way.
Let it be audible to one and all
Let it be a clarion's call.

Let your message be relished.
Let it be for a lasting bliss.
To shift focus of their fixed minds –
From dullness to illumination.

Your life's experiences –
Bitter, sour and tense,
Or sweet, like honey
In rain, sun and shade.

Has taught you wisdom
Shown you God's Kingdom –
To illumine your soul and mind
Lit candles, to spread light around.



CHILDHOOD MOMENTS

Childhood memories flow through the mind
A carefree life, letting out shrill cries.
Jumping up and down, playing all the time.
Giving slip to school, running away from home.

Ah! What jolly times! to tease friends and foes
Lighter moments shared with gaudy jokes
Making faces, mimicking teachers, girls,
Peeping through keyholes to pry into secrets.

Scenes of pleasures, pains and tears.
Jealous, bitter events, of lost chances,
Being cheated in games and sports
All in all, childhood captures lively pictures.

Treasured memories in the deepest spaces
They erupt, now and then and in dreams –
Cousins, aunts, uncles, ‘ayas’, servants,
Brothers, sisters, granny, mummy and daddy!



A KIND LADY

The lotus of her heart opened up
Emitting sweet smelling scent
And fragrance floating in the air
The twinkling eyes sparkling light.

Her gait was lovely and charming
Pleasantness surrounding her
With motherly concerns, heavenly.
Disarming smiles and honeyed tongue.

With open arms receiving one and all
With deep understanding sharing sorrows,
Sharing her meals, with loving manners
A divine lady, a rose among thorns.

A picture of peace, with milk of kindness.
Everyone yearns for her affection.



PROTECTION AND SAFETY

Can you see with naked eyes
The effulgence of the blazing sun?
Can you land on the cold Moon
With your jeans and plain shirt?

Can you handle red hot iron
With your bare simple hands?
Can you create soothing music
Without any instruments?

Can you soar high in wondrous blue sky
Without any silvery wings?
For all and any act or work
You need ability, skill and knowledge.

You need proper protectives
Safe guards and safety valves.
Save your souls, equip yourselves,
You need gum boots to walk on marshy lands.



FREE YOURSELVES

The age old caprice, the bias
The colors given to the mind
The jaundiced eyes, prejudices
Inculcated through ages and times.

From elders, learnt and gathered
Imbibed hatred, absorbed rivalry
Made to believe in inequality of man
Made to believe superior to one and all.

A different life style, walks and gait
A different dress code, hairstyle, beard;
Tuft, or turban or cross or a tilak.
To ever remind and keep the hatred alive.

Shun, erase, remove, recoil from the mind
Purify the heart and glorify it
With recitation of the pure Names of the Lord
To free for ever from shackles of every kind.



A RARE FIND

What a marvelous human mind is?
Creates fantasies, myths and terror
Lies, hypocrisy, deception or fraud
Goes berserk, loses its balance, is mad.

The same mind becomes creative
Of civilisation, culture and music,
Art, literature, science and fiction.
Builds cities, towers and places of worship.

Mind indulges in mirth and pleasure
Passions grip it to unleash their power.
Anger overpowers as fire to destroy.
Pathos and grief overwhelm to subjugate.

A mind pure, simple and crystal clear
Reflects on mysteries of man and nature
Ponders, thinks, evaluates and brings peace
A rational mind with compassion is rare indeed.



LET'S PRACTISE

It is coming straight from my heart,
With a wrench and deep pain;
I need to disclose the whole truth;
Without any bitterness, but with sorrow.
That there is lack of camaraderie
A sense of feeling of give and take.
An innocuous remark, made in fun,
In good old humor, a slight,
Should it be a cause to carry malice,
A ruse to break the bonds of friendship
The harmony, the jovial relationship.
The joys, the bliss, the ecstasy of mingling?
“Love begets Love”, “To err is human –
To forgive is Divine” – Let’s practice.



A NIGHT PASSENGER

A night passenger, who sees only in dark
Like an owl to hoot and scare every one
Moves about stealthily like a black cat
Like a bat and vampire to suck the blood.

Without a trace of his passage, moves
About like a dark shadow, weird
Like a Satan or genie, to create a mess
Confusion, confounding mysteries.

Even an alert sentry, policeman, watchman
A loyal soldier with sharp hawkish eyes
Fails to notice, his clever movements.
Removes treasure like a hair from butter.

Empties the coffer, with greasy hands
Oily tongue, slippery body, swift and clever
In a wink, he disappears, in deep night.
To reappear in morn, in whites or saffron



TURMOILS OF LIFE

To recycle the past into present
To turn the blues of yester years
Into roses and jasmines all the way
To turn the defeats into victory.

Ah! What a thought in pensive mood?
After having lost the battles of life
And the time has passed into oblivion
And the age has now withered away.

Does destiny play its own part?
Are we pawns on the chequered board
To be moved about by an unseen hand
Though, we think, play our part all the way?

Lo! Life's turmoil are varied with blues
With ups and downs and fortunes few
Yet memory lapses, deep sleep, sweet dreams,
Lingering hopes and yearning keeps life going.



TO BE NOTICED AND SEEN

I know very very little
My knowledge is brittle,
With oceans of ink being spent
By scholars, to write what they meant.
I can only muse to myself,
And sing to my satisfaction
Heaven's doors are open to one and all
With open arms, bidding us to come,
With our bosom and minds cleansed
And with humility and love
Knowledge does refine a man
But love kindles a candle
Like a glowworm to gleam
To be noticed and seen.



A BRIEF JOURNEY

Our sojourn on this beautiful planet,
Moving, revolving around the luminous sun
With beautiful moon beaming bright,
With twinkling stars throwing light.

With lovely seasons creating a rare sight,
Our life is filled with mirth
Pleasures, joys, ecstasy and thrill
We jump and play, grow up gay.

We find succor and peace in all our deeds.
We find solace and balm for our pains
We have friends, relatives to help us.
All joining for each of us to make our living.

Ah! This garden of life of love and affection
With fragrance and scents, fruits and honey.
A visit to this world is brief indeed –
To journey as a guest and return to HIM.



RELAX PLEASE

The universe is beautiful with wonders.
Everything is fine like a fiddle.
Every moment is pre-arranged.
Pre-determined, planned meticulously
Without an iota of error or mistake
There is absolute perfection, precision
All working in harmony and balance
Isn't it my weakness, my shortcoming
My inadequacy, my non-fulfillment,
My inability, my incapacity
Which makes me wonder and cry hoarse;
To complain of pain, suffering and woes,
Like an over pampered child with umpteen gifts
Who can't make a choice to play and enjoy.
Oh! If only I could contain my thoughts;
Control my being, and learn to relax.



SIBLING RIVALRY

Ah! This sibling rivalry!
Sans friendship but jealousy
Inseparable like flowing water
Yet gets polluted to stink.
Passengers and strangers
Part ways happily.
Colleagues and friends
Remain together for years.
But, these bloody links
Are fighter cocks
With boiling rages
Like volcanic eruptions
Like shaking earthquakes
Like sudden cyclone, storms.
To rip the daily happiness.
In dreams, lovely ones,
Childhood memories
Fond ones get repeated
For yearnings to meet and mingle.
But growing years fights and quarrels
Favoritism shown to one
Or the other by either parent.
Some receiving more gifts,
More affection, more attention.
Would be a cause
For mental break down.
Oh! Sibling, sweet rivalry
Lie low, rest for a while.

TOSS AND TUMBLE

Slowly and steadily the dusk is falling
Darkness descending with dullness surrounding.
The somber air with fall in temperature,
With all humming, twittering of bird falling in silence.

Slowly and steadily the mist is clearing
The sky littered with million twinkling eyes.
With half-moon grinning, shedding light.
With the lonely owl hooting and bat whirling.

A stray dog, unrelentlessly at shadows, barking,
A graveness in night, a scare is culminating
Chirping noise of insects and shine of glow worm,
With stink of marshy lands filling the air.

A blowing wind creating whistling noise,
The shaking of leaves and branches swirling
A ghostly noise to scare children, while sleeping
A shrill blow of sentry's whistle is disturbing.

A noise of zooming heavy laden lorry,
Suddenly disturbing the sound sleep
With a shudder and a bad dream
To make the aged to toss
And tumble in bed till morning.



PROSPERITY WITH DEFTNESS

Stealthily they moved, calmly and coolly
Not an iota or glimmer of suspicion, they caused.
They needed to avenge an inherited grouse.
With friendly moves, hospitality and sacrifice,
Won the confidence of their adversary.
Looking all the time, to chopping off his head,
Without leaving even a needle of suspicion
After the clever act, expressed unabated grief.
Every shred of evidence was destroyed fully.
Not a circumstance could point to their guilt
Wisest of the wise could only sympathise with them.
Showered praise by one and all for services done.
Thus, avenged with cunningness and deftness.
They could now settle peacefully to enjoy.
The legacy, name, fame and prosperity
To go down in history as benign saviors.



PERILS AND DANGERS

Death is round the corner:
With naked live wires lying on roads
With open uncovered drains and manholes
With speeding reckless red buses
With dangerous rabies affected street dogs
With AIDS spreading like wild fire
With callous quacks and doctors galore
With adulterated liquor and medicines
With chemicals treated, to ripen fruits
With obnoxious gases let in the air
With drinking water being polluted
With Nature's wrath in Earth quakes,
With cyclones, devastation descending
With mid air collisions of air planes.
With unmindful drivers manning trains
With mischievous elements setting fire to slums
With faulty houses built by Housing boards
With overcrowding buses, trains and public ways.
With shameless red-light areas in every locality
With nuclear weapons acquired by every nation
With wars and strife's increasing day to day.



WHITHER PLEASURES?

When the soul in the body is suffering
When every breath is gasped with pain
When every moment has become precious
Where, then, do the desires and ambitions lie?

When the rainbows on the silken sky
Have all faded, with sulking sun.
The drizzle has stopped, clouds have cleared
Where is the scenic beauty to ever charm?

When the heavy monsoon has set in
When the dark storms have gathered
When the angry tempest is blowing
Where is the time to feast and to enjoy?

When the charming love has withered
Fragrance of roses have turned to stench
Marriage is on the heavy rocks
Where are the mirth and pleasures?



MAN IN WAR AND STRIFE

When you are ready to go, dressed up
But, with an uncertainty, in your head
You are endlessly, anxiously waiting
And your journey hasn't started yet.

You need to go miles and miles
You need to reach destinations in time,
But the paths are marshy, weather foul
Your companions weary, sans transport.

You are on rocks, on pins, on thorns
Facing multitudes of tides and storms
You yearn the winds to take you by flight
To reach the realms of bliss and ecstasy.

Though, every one yearns for wishes to be fulfilled
Some shower curses to come true
But, the Nature keeps the balance,
To prevent man to be in war and strife.



HAIKU

Final signature
When deaths' signal touches you
For closing chapter.



Deep introspection
God's last final testament
Has ended in strife



Haj, a last journey
To Mecca and Medina
To wash off your sins.



Communication
By any means, to relish
In clear and loud voice.



Crash courses won't help
Sleepy dull minds seldom think
Souls don't illumine.



A family dispute
Unending quarrels and strife
Sets the house on fire.



Jewellery as chains
Is slavery for richness
To touch the hell's point.



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



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



Rustics sans music
Seek light from enlightened souls
Who burn like candles.



Dead man never speaks
A severed branch do not bloom
Both turn to ashes!



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



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



Beauty is to wane
'All that glitters is not gold'
spend money wisely.



Silk is soft to touch
Every man is not pious
Poverty is gift.



TANKA

1. Patience pays

Exert in patience
Be steadfast in your career
Do your duty well
With all your sincerity
Patience will certainly pay.

2. Work is worship

Life is not easy
Every path is strewn with thorns
You need to clear it
To fill the sand with manure
To raise beautiful gardens.

3. Seek guidance

Don't get misled
If all that glitters is gold
It will be cheaper
Cheap garbage has no value
No one cares for throwaways.

4. Selfish persons

Killjoys are hated
They break the smooth harmony
Create dissensions
To achieve their selfish ends
They keep beating their own drums.

5. Beware of dogs

Beware of suckers
They swarm where there is power
Like ants to sugar
Wealth and treasure attract thieves
Put the board "Beware of Dogs."

6. Secure well

You reap, what you sow,
Bitter trees bear bitter fruits
Toil and sweat pay well
You need scarecrows to drive birds,
Fierce dogs to protect gardens.

7. Gardens for riches

To join the main streams
You need well defined pathways
You need to build dams
To irrigate the parched soils
To grow gardens for riches.

8. Profits

For its smooth working
A well-oiled machinery
A well groomed person
An asset for industry
To reap profits in market.

9.Court Bird

Face adversary
Leave your work, tools to others
You soon face hardship
You will be robbed of peace
Become permanent Court bird.

10.Sharpen wits

Science fiction for all
Sound fantasy gone berserk
Creative minds work
To create thrills and adventure
To sharpen, enthuse dull minds.

11.A recluse

A recluse mystic
Has neither will nor desire
To fill his clean mind
To seek the worldly fortunes
And luxuries of the life.

12.Accountability

Industrious people
Seekers of wealth and money
Worldly position
Need to acquire skill, talents
And accountability.

13.Wonders of the world

Art, architecture
Skills to sharpen mind
Aesthetic beauty
To create wonders of the world
For eyes and mind to marvel.

14.In Jail

Languishing in jail
Iron chains all around me
For stealing a bread
Pain of living is severe
All alone in a desert.

15.Hail Lady Fathima

Lady Fathima
Throws search beams from the Lighthouse
Is beacon of guide
For men of piety, goodness
Sing paecans for Holy Lady.

**POEMS FROM
A SEARCH FROM WITHIN**

A MASTER TO NURTURE LOVE

You need a good seed and soil.
For a good plant to grow.
It needs to be nurtured with toil
Protected, by sweat of the brow.

Love, a celestial gift to mankind
Is a seed of sympathy and goodness
Charm, delicacy and tenderness.
Needs a soft heart and lofty mind.

Good grooming and nurturing character.
Is like refining gold for costly jewellery.
To spin a design and pattern, a master
Of lore is needed, to make you exemplary.



MAN OF NATURE

A man of nature, one mingling and singing
Feeling one with its changing seasons
He had neither wealth, status nor position
But sand was his bed and blue sky, the roof.

Moved in his caravan from place to place
A Bedouin of desert and son of the soil
Free from all vicissitudes of dreary life
Turned muscular, strong and invincible horseman.

Fierce, rugged, stubborn and trusting in his sword
Independent in spirit, strong-willed and just
He could weather any storm and tempest
Being adventurous and victorious in all his battles.

Such were the Arabs infused with a new light
Disciplined by the Great Prophet of the age
With a changed heart and mind, with brotherhood
Charity and compassion, submitting to will of Allah.

Those Arabs of that famed seventh century
Descended on all civilized world with a new spirit
United all mankind, with a rule of law, brotherhood.
Made everyone learn alphabet and turned them Godly.



TRAMBLE YOUR EGO

On a midsummer day
When the sun is above
And your shadow below
What an opportune time
To quell the ego!

When you need to traverse miles and miles
Till the end of the journey, by all means
With ups and down and pitfalls many
You need a clear head, with strong will.



LOVE WILL THRIVE

The wintry fog, the snowy weather
The dry, sultry and parching summers
The stormy cyclones, tempests
The overflowing rivers inundating me.

The drought has created a famine
Not a drop of water to drink
To quench the parching tongue
But my lips haven't failed to sing thy praise.

O my soul, burn and burn
Someday, somewhere, love will thrive.



LET MY SOUL GLEAM

Let me circumambulate Thee
Sing paeans in love of Thee
Like a moth, burn my wings
In my mad love for ever.

My eyes have wept and wept
Slept little, sung thy praise
Glorified Heaven and cursed Satan
Quenched longing's temporary desires.

My every breath is charged
My every throb is grief
Open Thy doors to the yearning soul
Embrace my spirit with both Thy arms.

O Heaven! Shelter this being
With light and glory for soul to gleam.



GLORY OF HEAVENS

The light of seven heavens and seven glories
Have dawned and glorified the dark souls
The accursed has taken to flight
Everlasting fragrance has filled the air.

My beloved's compassion in a glowing armor
With shining sword of bliss and ecstasy
Has slashed the face of boastfulness
Shame has taken a flight and purity has dawned.

The cup of contentment and satiety is full
Misery and wretchedness have vanished.
Chains of slavery, shackles of ignorance.
Charms of myths are shattered to pieces.

My heart has throbbed a million yearnings
My eyes have gleamed the glory of Heavens.



BEAUTY OF PRAISED ONE

The life's clock is ticking fast
The age of my life is wearing out
The light of the day is being spent
The gloom of darkness is about to dawn.
The birds and butterflies are returning home
Cattle and herds have stopped grazing
Crickets and grasshoppers are now silent
Stars in the sky have begun to twinkle.
Beauty and effulgence to shine for ever
My heart's yearnings have grown heavier
Longing and sighs are deeper and deeper
Flow of tears is unabated and clear



PURIFY OURSELVES

Come, come, let us fill our vacuums
In heart, in mind and in our souls
With love, affection and warmth
Illumine with million lights of knowledge.
Let us enliven our sagging spirits
With rhyme and rhythm, with melodies
With cheers and allow them to soar
Higher and higher like a skylark.
Let us dwell deeper and deeper
In the realms of the heart
And bring out treasures to gleam
Our eyes and to enlighten ourselves.
Let us purify ourselves afresh
With the cool streams of love.



LET LOVE AND BEAUTY REIGN AGAIN

Though, I am gripped by sweet longings
Alas, the times don't favor me
Though, my heart yearns aplenty
Alas, the times don't augur well
I burn in love and eyes gleam
Lo, where is the cup bearer and the wine?
Gardens with green meadows and sweet roses galore
Lo, where is the melody of nightingale?
Idols and temples, pulpits and sermons
Oh! Where is the grace of Saint Khwaja?
Ears now long to hear the melody
The poetry of Khusroe and the Kabir
O Times! Set back the clock again
Let love and beauty reign again.



A GLIMMER OF HOPE

The darkness grows and grows into eerie silence
Without the Cold Silent Moon in the blue sky
Twinkling stars are covered with a blanket of dark clouds
Even an owl cannot hoot nor a vampire move.

There is not a glimmer of light
Not even a candle or a smoke in chimney
The hearths are all choked with ashes
The electricity has failed, it is so dark.

The fauna, forest, beast and man in deep slumber
The stillness in the air is scary and somber
Even a ghost in the night is scared to walk
The batteries of the earth cannot throw light.

The Sun, the golden Sun that round one
With its might and power, burning and churning
Slowly and steadily peeps, but, before, heralds
Its trumpet to end the gloom of darkness.

Wakes up the crow, the dark one, the dirty one
The owl, the koel, the cuckoo, to siren
That the king and mighty is on his way
Up, up, you sloth and gluttons.

The muezzin in his shrill voice
Raises, alarm, awake, awake O faithful ones
For the 'Great one's arrival has ended the darkness
The world is aglow with the Light of Mercy.

Kindness, Compassion, Glory and Warmth
Light begets light, candle lights candle
A mighty soul, a Prophet of Light
Trumpets for all the uniqueness.

To be up and sing in chorus and harmony
Rejoice, in the Light of Wisdom
In the learning, in the elevation of mind and soul
The dark one, accursed devil vanishes in thin air.



A DEVILISH SELF

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



ILLUSIONS FOR ECSTASY

Deep reflections on beauty and brains
On fashions, riches and splendors
On all that glitters and shines
Is it all a mirage to pass by?

Do not turn me away, O Lover's villain
Like a strict ring master with a hunter
Do not throw lasso around me
And drag me to pleasures of paradise

Let the reflections of my Master
Shine in the mirror of my heart
I will treasure it for ever
A deep look at it, to pass on to ecstasy.



HOLY SPRINGS

Can pleasures be found in every building?
Or a meaning, illusion or an awe?
A sweet home with memories many
Of past, present and dreams haunting.
A Temple, Church or a Mosque
A place for the Divine to dwell
Reflections of Holy places Kaaba, Kasi
Draw in you an inspiration.
Eruptions of springs to nourish
Bliss, ecstasy, an elixir
For all the grieves, pathos and sins
To wash away and evaporate in thin air.



LET US WORSHIP

For worship or for awe and reverence
Somebody should preside on a high pedestal
Let him be a judge in a black robe
Or a speaker in a house of elected men
Let it be an idol of stone or clay
Or a house of God, a Kaaba or church
Let him be an illumined being, a guru
Or a swami or a sadhu or a 'peer'
Let him be a humble teacher strict
Or a priest simple, with a smile
Let them all remind of journey beyond
Of destiny, of good, bad and of peace
Let them instill harmony and love
A feeling of ONENESS, of bliss.



REACH THE GOAL

O my life, my soul Mate
Leave a design, a decoration
A motif, with gem of a fate
For my pangs and sorrows, a consolation.
O my Peerless Creator of time
Enlighten my being and lighten my soul
To take wings, for I have crossed my prime
Let the sails flow smoothly to my goal.
O my Director of inner being
Show Mercy and Grace, on day of Judgment
Grant me that eye for Your seeing
Let me place my love on Heaven's pavement.
O my Everlasting Love
My every breath is for Thee
Now my soul is a peaceful dove
Accept me O love, accept me



LOVE FOR ALL

Soul, you call it Love and of Love
Universal, as a reflection of ONE
You call it a Great Being, the Creator
Or light emanating as Sustainer
Aren't we, everything, around us from same
Pulsating life, feelings desires and goals
Though race, culture, language may divide us
Love, mirrors same yearnings and hopes for all
We know of it not, more than of a grain
On seashore, its depth, warmth, is too deep
We meet to part, part to meet one and all
But, Love cherished, sustained remains for all.



MY LOVE

Spread my Lover's Name in flowers
Let me draw a picture of HIM in bliss
From the innermost corners of my heart
And blood drawn from veins of love.
Let my pangs, yearnings and longings
Be reflected in my drawings and sketches.
Full Moon's glory wanes from time to time
But my lover's beauty is everlasting.
Bring me that cup of wine
Which keeps me intoxicated forever.
My Love, my dear ONE, thou unseen
You have filled my heart's throbbing.
Let my dreams, illusions and hopes
Be filled with Your glory and your Name.



TURN MAGNETIC

One needs to culture, the mind and the heart.
Gain immense self-control over the tongue.
To achieve the perfection in manners,
Silken thoughts and golden touch emit light,
Like crystal streams to illumine the mind.
Deep silence emerges from meditation,
When doubts and meandering thoughts clear
And lofty love radiates and turns magnetic.
Compassion and mercy grows by leaps and bounds,
Bearing fragrant sweet flowers, for honey.



SING YOUR SONGS

Sing your own songs to yourself, dear
So that the pangs of your heart
Are kept secret and the light of life
Burns therein and grief spreads in your veins
Let the eyes speak your longings
And your sullen cheeks your burnings.
Sing your own songs to yourself dear.
Let your secret love remain one such.
Parching summers, cold winters are tests
Of your yearnings, to merge with your Lover.



HAIKU

Birth by caesarian
Life on snake and ladder board
Candle facing storm.



Atop the fine world
Moments of exhilaration
For a tumble down.



Exaggeration
Words flying with momentum
A myth taking birth



Our shadows on wall
Secret moments of one's life
To be reckoned with.



A roaring lion
Threatening peace of jungle
To make a grand feast.



A generation
Like clear stream flows up and down
To sustain the life.



A saintly person
But talks in many voices
Multifaceted man



Every struggle
Moment of realisation
For my soul to gleam.



Realise yourself
Attain moment of pure bliss
To remain peaceful.



Silence of a man
Is no proof of laziness
Shining silent moon.



Sinner or good man
But both live in harmony
Chip of the same block.



Two sides of a coin
Transmigration of souls
From heaven to hell.



Peace and harmony
Love and affection in man
Flow of lovely streams.



Politician
Speeding 'Rajdhani' on track
Ever in hurry



**POEMS FROM
IN SILENT MOMENTS**

LASTING TWINKLING EYE

I walked and walked
Till the land's end
Reached the shores
Of deep blue sea.

My soul realised that
Knowledge is oceanic
And I had moved
With assumed learning!

Am I not a grain
On the vast sand?
The vast deep ocean
With hidden treasures
Unknown to my drowsy eyes.
My life is a mere flash!

The vast blue canvas
With twinkling stars
Throwing luminous light
For my eyes to marvel
My hands held up above,
How can I reach Thee?
O Mighty and strong
Unknown and unseen
Thou, Eternal Being
Is Everlasting!



THIS LIFE

From the dark recess of the womb
Emerged the new born crying
Helpless, bony and shuddering
To breathe the world's mirth till tomb.

Ah! This place of charm, vigour and pain
With millions of elements, with patterns
A chequer-board for pawns to move for gain
With a beam to glow and to yearn.
A world of sin, sorrow and pleasure

With attractions and distractions for the soul
To look for a living or a lovely treasure
Each finds a way to reach his goal.

Though life becomes burdensome
Yet one clings and yearns to live
Like trees to flower and blossom
And not give up the mortal coil all strive.



A CRY OF A VICTIM FOR PEACE!

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



NINETY NINE NAMES

Realise the Ninety-nine Names
Ninety-nine themes, units and pulses,
Of the Lord surrounding you.
Of the Holy Prophet within you.

The light upon light lights all.
Enlighten your being with it
Repeat the Names on your lips
Inhale Him, to surcharge you.

Let the streams of Love,
Flow within, to cleanse the being.
Let the cream of charity
Flow thro' your hands for goodness.

Purify the mind with crystal thoughts,
Honey-tongued glorify the Lord,
With His guidance tread your path,
Melodious songs thrill your heart.



SOULFUL MELODIES

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

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

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

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



ETERNALLY WEEP

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

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

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

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



ECSTASY

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

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

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

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



INNER PEACE

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



CHANGING FATE

Not an iota of knowledge yet gained
The vastness of cosmos is stupendous
Splendid and spectacular in dimension
Heaven's miracles are for eyes to behold.

But man in order to achieve supremacy
Destroys Nature and spreads wretchedness
And renders himself unfit to live on globe.
Are weak born to live without hope?

Man needs to conquer passions and desires
Through lofty thoughts and simple living
Then, can achieve for himself splendour
And by conscious efforts, greater grandeur.

Meandering thoughts and dialectic debates
And empty dreams can't change fates.



SHARING LOVE

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

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

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

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



THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

Give, while the joys of life are bubbling
Share, while the sun's rays are shining
Love, while the fragrance of flowers fills the air.
Illumine, while the summer of times is clicking
Sing, while the birds of all hues are chirping
Play, while the youth in you is still charming
Pray, while the faith in God is lasting
Say, while the mind is still illuminating
Pay, while the bank account is still growing
Realise, while the soul in body is still existing.



LASTING MONUMENTS

Ah, millions have perished
Yearning for Thee, unsung!
Yet, the beauty and effulgence
The peacock's dance, chirping of birds,
Songs of nightingale, evoke streams of love.
A slippery and misleading path – a trap
Men with might and power, pelf and splendor
With lust aplenty and creativity
Enjoy life to the brim, with mirth
Die regretless, leaving lasting monuments!



HAIKU

We poets are gems
Held in a sparkling necklace
Without scope to fall.



Buy second hand car
Marry a sickly lady
Perpetual trouble.



Pestilence or Earthquake
Catastrophe or God's wrath
To chastise Mankind.



The barking of dogs
Is disquiet in public life
Signs of turmoil, strife.



Braying of donkeys
Signs of fools in paradise
Indianisation.



Sunrise in the East
Onset of nobility
Life in Middle-East.



Everlasting Sun
Churning of life for planets
Circum'bulation.



Mutton 'masala'
Tastes good but ruins my diet!
Be vegetarian.



Strained relationship
Accidents in 'middle life
Strife with charming wife.



Splash ice cream on face
Ready to shake with laughter
Bigger than Oscar.



Doctrinazation
A woman in driver's seat
Life flies in a spin.



A lady in love!
In match plays cupid in hell!
Today's married life.



Saffronization
Be a lotus on water
Religion let loose.



Knock! knock! Who's there?
Timidity in girl's skirt
A sprouting beauty!



Preaching, sermonizing
By those in ever darkness
Search needle in night.



Bliss in married life!
Search for needle in haystack
Out of season fruit.



Silence is golden
In the din of pollution
Soaring gold prices.



Bangalore Transport!
A sure way to destruction
With ever bad roads.



A lovely widow!
A lady in white saree
Without a tilak!



A shaved old lady
Dipping in Holy Ganges
Seek Eternal Grace.



For men of fashion
A lady in red saree
To release tension.



Signal of red light
An area of damnation
Falls like a torn kite



A failure of mission
Apollo thirteen perished
A superstition!



Charming golden times
Bullock cart and cycle age
Without ant strife.



**POEMS FROM
A CALL FROM THE UNKNOWN**

TEST OF LOVE

The tests of love are severe indeed
Its fire is intense and fine
To captivate and overwhelm
Sans duality and distraction.

Love calls for single minded
Devotion, submission for merger.
Love illumines and sparkles
With magnetic attraction.

Abraham, the Patraiah Prophet
Broke the idols carved by his father
Placed the axe on the big one
When questioned pointed to them.

Puzzled at the plurality of gods,
Turned towards sun, moon, stars
Finding them setting discarded them.
Through self enquiry realized the SINGLE ONE.

Faced severe tests from his tribe
A great fire was prepared for him
To be burnt alive for rejecting idols
Stoically and bravely faced the ordeals

Refused the help of Angel Gabriel
Proved his total submission
To the solitary Supreme Lover
To whom he sacrificed his heart

Lo, the deep faith and piety
Reached the Great Loving Self
Whose commands obeys the worlds
Nothing stirs sans His knowledge.

The fire turned to roses fragrant
A soft bed to receive in its lap
The favorite devotee of the Lord
Whose devotion surpassed every one.

Abraham was tested again and again
Even at eighty five, he had no issues
Prayed for Lord's Grace to bestow one
Ismail was born to slave girl Hajira.

But Lord questioned his devotee
To prove his love and devotion
To sacrifice the child and abandon
And turn selflessly to worship Him alone.

Abraham's love was total and complete
Like a full moon to shed its bright light
With all glory and its splendorous shine.
Sans heat and sweat, but to cool the eyes

Abraham did not tarry for a moment.
Took the suckling and the young beauty
To the parching dry desolate desert.
To prove his devotion to Lord, to pass the test.

Thirsty child abandoned under blistering sun.
 To be watched by the angles and Allah.
 A devotional legend to surpass generations.
 To create a Kaaba for the yearning souls.

Hajira, a deep devotee, of Lord the Cherisher.
 Ran helter-skelter upon the hills.
 Fearing vultures would rush back
 To fondle the wailing, weeping child.

Hajira moved from plains to hills
 Searching for a pint of cool water
 To quench the Ismail's thirst
 Looking up to the heaven for divine help.

Divinity surrounds a sincere devotee.
 Like Saturn's rings and satellites
 Like, atmosphere to sustain life
 Lord's Grace dawns morn evening.

Lo, the wailing child's cry moves the heaven
 The thumping foot brings forth a fountain
 A cool stream spurts forth from below.
 A sparkle in the eye, Hajira uttered thanks.

The oozing water was overwhelming
 Flooding, a deluge surrounding.
 Hajira in excitement shouted "Zam Zam"*
 Lo, the flow receded, a miracle from heaven.

Lord the cherisher bestows His bounty
On His simple, sincere devotees
But the Love's fire needs kindling.
To awaken within single minded devotion.



* *Zam Zam*. A spring near Kaaba in Mecca, Saudi Arabia

BIRTH OF MOSES

They gazed and gazed the crystal ball
Drew draws, made calculations
Questioned 'Ra' and found the answers
To ever puzzle and astonish them all.

Lo, the high priests, soothsayers,
Were all perplexed and quizzed
They were certain about their prophesy
Their intuition, their predictions.

From time immemorial, a lore built
Mighty Pharaohs proclaimed as gods.
Worshipped, adored and submitted
To their might, power and pelf.

Now, a birth of a child among slaves
Low Palestinians, uncouth, miserable.
To ever live in abject poverty, penury
To serve the Egyptians, the Masters.

A child to end the tyranny and mighty
To liberate the slaves for ever
To create a nation for freedom
To worship the Unseen, Unfathomable.

King Pharaoh believed in the prophecy
Ordered for massacre of all sucklings
A blood bath followed the command
Innocent lives lost like swirl wind.

The babe was born to be saved
By 'Asiya', the benevolent queen
To be given to Maryam for rearing
A diving grace thus saved Moses.

As the child grew in the laps of royal
A lingering suspicion tortured their minds.
To test the prophesy red hot coals
Were placed as toys before the child.

So pleasing were the rosy hot coals
The child plucked to place it in mouth
Only to burn the lips and tongue
Just to dispel the dark doubts.

Strange are the ways of the Nature
It protects that which needs nurture
From the hands of the ruthless tyrants
To help the meek to inherit and rule.

Its designs are complex and intricate
Yoke of slavery, chill penury
Is a test of endurance, patience
To cure the ills and enlighten the soul.

Slaves in rags sans joys and mirth
Sans eyes lit with sparkle
Sans minds illumined with light
Sans shelter and a cozy home bright.

Fallen fragrant flowers sings
Sad forlorn songs yearning
To be back on the trees
To be ever cheerful with glee.

Picked to be bedecked in plaits
To decorate homes, on altar
To become wreath for bier
To join in grief and in sorrows.

So are the poor wretched
Who create marvels for the rich
Pick pearls from oysters
For crown, rings and necklaces.

Mine gold for refinement
Make jewellery for endearment
Polish the stones for glitter shine
Create chandeliers to spread light.

The humble hands are gifts of nature
Sans them the masters feel helpless
They rule over them with cruelty
To subject them with pain, torture.

The horses, mules, asses, oxen
Cows, heifer, sheep, goats camels
Dogs and pets are all to be cared
They are endeared than the wretched.

Such were the times of tyranny
The Jews lived hopelessly
Praying with all their hearts lovingly
For redemption from the Egyptians

Lo, their sincere prayers
Were answered by the Lord
Of the Universe, the Invisible
The Magnificent and Merciful.

Lord has his own ways
To rejuvenate the dead souls
To refurbish the tortured
To rehabilitate the annihilated.

Jews looked back and wondered
As to how they had lived in pleasure
In glory, in opulence and luxury
Blessed by God of Abraham and Isaac.

How Joseph came to Egypt as a slave.
How he was imprisoned and troubled
How he did penance with righteousness
How he achieved throne thro' struggle.

There were times when Lord showered Grace
When honey and milk flowed aplenty
When they were decreed as chosen race
For their brilliance, intellect and beauty.

Lord made covenants with them,
When He showered manna from Heaven
Lo, they disobeyed, turned rebellious
Now they were captivated to redeem sins.

Their priests, seers, saner elements
Prayed and prayed for Lord's Mercy
For forgiveness and resurrection
For Joseph prophesied, the oncoming Moses.

Joseph's mummy laid waiting, the Redeemer.
From the yoke of subjugation, wrath
To seek for ever Lord's Promised Land
For liberation, for enlightenment to return

The chosen race had seen best of times
Shunned idolatry, worshipped, the SINGLE ONE,
The Sole Ruler of the hearts and minds,
Who pardons and accepts the services done.

But man the marauder, the thankless
Commits wrongs, sins, defies Mercy
Lays thorns in the paths of virtuous
Bends laws for his selfish ends.

Thus, Lord withdrew His favors
To punish the Jews for arrogance
For creating innovations in religion
To associate Lord, with false gods.

With the illuminating light withdrawn
Now the paths lay in darkness
With stench and sickness surrounding
With arms, legs, body in shackles.

The accumulated silt, clogs, and webs
In heart, mind, in acts, need cleaning
To make it simple, humble to sparkle
Wisdom dawns on those who subjects to love.

Ages passed, till the race chosen
Lived in yoke of slavery to learn bitter lessons
Till they realized the Truth, turned a new leaf
Prepared themselves to fallow their Savior.

The Rescuer Moses reared by his future foe
To part with knowledge, learning, wisdom
To a simple humble one's child innocent
Who becomes Pharaoh's apple of the eye.

The youth in Moses bereft of rashness
But instilled in mind, a sense of justice
With a deep conscious to stir from within
To raise to occasions, to rescue the oppressed.

When Moses found two men fighting
In the town of Memphis, a city of Pharaoh
At the hour of the noon-sleep
One of Israelite, another an Egyptian.

Moses intervened but the enemy
Stuck Moses, to unburden ill-will
The devil worked and excited Moses anger
So, Moses hit him hard, to let blood.

A conspiracy lay to trap Moses for revenge
Benevolence protected him, to escape and flee
To a place far away beyond Egypt
To find a shelter in the home of Shoeb

Married Shoeb's daughter and served him long
While Moses mind and heart turned to God
Yearned to mingle and merge in solitude
Thus Moses attained and gained signs of Lord.

A bright fire emanated from the cedar tree
Beckoned Moses to come close to it
Proclaimed him as a Messenger of peace
To turn the wheels of destiny of the fallen race.

Gifted with signs of Lord, the Merciful
The staff of Moses would turn to a serpent
The palm of Moses would shine like an effulgent sun
Moses now was ready to stir his people.

Moses called upon them to a life of righteousness
To shun sins and fulfill the covenants
Sacrifice their beings with lofty ideals
To purify mind and heart for brightness.

Moses teachings created a stir.
Parching land was blessed now with rains
Sudden blossoming of fragrant flowers
Brought life, joys and merriment to Jews.

A new life, a new living, a new gait
A virtuous assertive life of dignity
Heads held high sans impetuosity
Courtesy shown to one & all with sparkling traits.

Aroused jealousy among Egyptians masters
A Council discussed the grave situation
Pharaoh alerted wrath filled his mind
He summoned his seers and magicians.

Moses brought to Pharaoh's presence
Questioned Moses beliefs and his faith
A battle of wits and interplay of Lord's signs
Lo, the staff of Moses turned to python.

In lightening speed swallowed the snakes
Created with trickery and magic from the ropes
By magicians, they out of wonder fell on ground
Submitted to Moses, but perished in Pharaoh's hands.

Pharaoh refused freedom to Jews
Despite pestilence and drought
Floods of blood, swarms of locusts
Frogs and lice couldn't change his mind.

Pharaoh built a tower of might
 To reach to Moses God of virtue
 But to find disgrace, displeasure
 Ultimately to get drowned in the sea.

Thus, Moses led his people to the promised land
 His staff stuck on ground, streams flowed
 His twelve Jewish tribes found each one
 To cultivate and grow in prosperity.

But devil turned their hearts
 To disobedience and faithlessness
 Sameri turned their gold to a calf
 For worship a false idol, for wrath.

Moses returned from Mount Sinai
 After long penance with Tablets
 Of Ten Commandants for guidance
 Alas, his people had turned away from Truth

A severe test from Lord followed
 For Jews turned arrogant, disobedient
 Sought Manna, food, vegetables of heaven
 A stricken heart is sure to perish.

Moses sought Lord's Grace, His Presence
 Mount Sinai couldn't withstand
 Lord's Effulgence and His Glory
 Reduced to ashes, Moses fallen.

Moses took to penance and prayers
To seek forgiveness for his race
Pleading with Lord to restore Grace
Words of wisdom but with no takers

The ever Merciful again blessed Moses people
Were again declared as a chosen one
And made perfect with great ideals,
Prophet Haroon and opulence

But Lord's gifts people squander
Defy Hands of Mercy and Benevolence
Deceit, hypocrisy, lying, falsehood
Are sole elements for man's destruction.



BIRTH OF JESUS

The times were right for the birth
Of the promised Messiah
To again redeem the Jews from Sins
Who were subjugated by Romans.

Divided in tribes and sects
Deep in dialectic dry debates
Steeped in usury, deception
Fraud, crafty cunningness.

Sans love and brotherhood, fairness
The sun had set on Israel
The chosen race had fallen to decay
An empty shell sans Kernel.

The star of Bethlehem was sighted
The wise men of the East followed it
To witness the birth of the “Son of Man”
The “Roohull Allah” “The Massihullah”.

Mary the virgin in severe pain
In total submission with tears flowing
Clinging fists, holding the branch
Of the flowering fragrant tree.

The child had spoken from the womb
Testifying the innocence of Mary
Of her purity and saintliness
Of her virtuous, clean living.

The child spoke from the cradle
Warned humanity to hold their tongues
For the heavenly God had blessed
Virgin Mary with Lord's spirit.

Blown into her by the Angel
Who had boded glad tidings
Mary in fright pleaded innocence
Of none of the man fold touching her.

But the Angles spoke of God's decree
Of a birth of Messiah miraculously
John baptized Jesus for attainment
Devil then led him into wilderness.

For forty days and nights, he fasted
To resist and repel all temptations
To drive away the accursed devil from his midst.
To put the Devil to shame and prove his innocence.

Jesus spoke Man does not live
On bread alone; he lives on
Every word that God utters
"You are not to put God to the test"

Jesus began to proclaim the message!
"Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is upon you"

What a fortune, what a Divine Grace!
That stuck those destitutes
Lepers, blind, the deaf, the possessed,
Who were blessed with the
Touch of that Great Man,
The Messiah, the succor
Who cured, revived, rejuvenate
In the name of the Lord;
The Merciful, the Beneficent, the Compassionate.

Oh! What a pity, what a misery!
For the disbelievers, hypocrites
Who lost faith, the fragrance!
Who missed the message, perfume
Who joined the ranks of sinners
Who jumped into the fire of hell
Who were dead wood and stones
A boat sans sails and a rudder!

Oh! What a miracle! What a transformation
A simple man, dressed as a commoner
Eating with tax gatherers and sinners
A doctor for the sick, Mercy from Heaven

Oh! What a delight and a spectacle!
Fulfilling the wishes of the disciples,
Praying for Heaven to transcend
And spread delicacies on the table
To eat, rejoice and make feast
To ever be thankful and joyous.

Oh! What perfect teachings
Training fishermen as fishers of men
To grace the poor with serene joys
To console the sorrowful
To greet the gentle spirit
With glad tidings of earthly possessions
To promise a land of milk and honey
For the hunger, naked and infirm
To cleanse the heart and mind.
To illumine with million lights
To bless the persecuted and peace makers
The sufferers and the way wards.

Ah! The Truth personified,
In a glowing armor
Of heavenly light and shine
Gentle like dove pure in speech
Soft hearted with enlightened soul.

To present to the humanity
A gift, a boon, a panacea for ills,
To rejoice and unburden grief
To enlighten the minds with purity
To behold beauty in shining eyes
To turn hearts to gold and silver
With a new gait, sweet manners
To refine life, redefine living.
To make you walk in straight paths
“To love your enemy and pray for persecutors”

To live and let live, forget and forgive
To cheerfully submit to the Master
To gather crumbs of joys in the begging bowl
Free your will, gather and fill
Your hearts with honeyed love
To be sheep among the wolves.
To be wary as serpents, innocent as doves.
Oh! What a pity what a tragedy!
For the heartless humanity
To disown, discard, disobey
To crucify on the stake
The messenger of peace and love
Who uttered “Forgive them for they know not”.
Lord, the Merciful, the Magnificent
Raised His beloved to the Heaven
Blessed the apostles, his followers
With Divine grace with bliss
To follow the teachings of the Messiah
By leaving the self behind
With purity of the mind and soul.
By being virtuous in character
By being obedient to the Master
“What God has joined together
Man must not separate
Sell your possessions
And give to the poor
Then you will have riches
In the heavenly paradise
All who take to sword

Die by the sword, shunned,
You reap, what you sow
Always treat others as you like to be treated
Ask and you will receive
Seek and you will find
Knock and the door will be opened
He who seeks finds
A good tree always yield good fruit
And a poor tree, bad fruit
Show mercy, mercy will be shown
Love others, others will love you
Throw not the pearl before swines
For they know not its value
Judge not for you will be judged
Someone slaps on one right cheek,
Turn and offer the left.

So lofty teachings
So great ideals!
For humanity to yearn
And live in peace.



BIRTH OF PROPHET MOHAMMED

On being led to the stakes
Jesus was asked by his followers
Who would come to them
To deliver and liberate them.

Jesus the saviour, the succour
Was being crudely dealt with,
At the hands of his people
Who shunned and accused him.
Now, Lord, wouldn't send
Any more messengers of Jews
For Lord's beloved has been
Made to wear a crown of thorns

Only from the gentiles
Would be raised a Prophet
Who would be akin to Moses
To liberate humanity from abyss.

The Prophet of peace and harmony
Who would unite the people
Of varied colors and hues
To a universal brotherhood.

The world lay in darkness
In steep idolatry and tyranny
With baby girls being buried alive
Sans love, affection and unity.

The Lord of the Universe of seven heavens
Of seven seas, seven oceans
His prophets, angels, books
Desecrated, polluted, corrupted.

Women in sorrow and in chains
Sans rights, treated as chattel
Profanity, vulgarity, unabashedly practiced
So also human sacrifices, rape, and loot.

Poor and wretched sans a succor
Sans equality, freedom and justice
Compassion, and mercy, a rare dove
Orphans, widows lived sans love.

The sacred thread of matrimony
Severed and its pearls thrown asunder
Devil in men's garb on prowl
Genie sucking the blood, swarming around.

Synagogues, churches, and temples
Infested with pests and swine's
Men in wolf's garb with stony hearts
Culture and civilization at an darkest hour

A star was born, a light shone
A manifestation of the ultimate Truth
Purity in shining dress dawning
To cleanse and illumine the universe.

To take humanity to zenith of peace
 To open the floodgates of knowledge
 To unite man and man in a single bond
 To liberate the destitute, infirm, oppressed.

From the clutches of dreadful penury
 To soften the hearts and purify minds
 To make the spirit genteel
 To lay a foundation for equality.

Justice to become a paragon of virtue
 Lord of universe to be adored and obeyed
 Feared, and his laws observed
 His will to prevail over humanity.

A posthumous child, born, reared by foster mother
 Angels visiting and flooding heart with light
 Cleansing it in perfumes and scents
 Protected by a ring of an aura.

A white cloud to give shade
 Forehead shining like a bright light
 The birth foretold by Jesus, the Savior
 Mentioned in Holy Books of the East.

The fire of Zoroastrians extinguished
 The jewels in the crown of Khaiser fell
 The attack by Romans on Mecca
 Through elephants repelled divinely.

The Master the leader of Qureshi
The Trustworthy, Truthful, the Just
Bringing peace among the warring tribals
Uniting them to reconstruct the Kaaba

Virtues, gentle to the poor
Generous and courteous to the core
Lady Khateja the rich widow
Sending expeditions to Syria.

With a rich laden caravan
To trade and barter goods
Ahmed, the gem of a person
Handling the business affairs.

With scrupulous honesty
Captivating the heart of the widow
Enamored with the beauty and sterling
Character of the foretold prophet

Endears her and seeks his hand
In matrimony in bonds of love
Serves him dedicatedly generously
Ahmed, the Qureshi, the succor of the distressed

Opens his heart and treasury to serve them
Ponders on the exquisite beauty of Lord the Cherisher
The Compassionate, The Merciful, The Beneficent
The sole and unique Ruler of the universe.

Shuns idolatry of the Mecca
Intervenes among warring tribals
Mediates, compromises the disputants
Wins hearts laurels and respect.

Ahmed, the chosen, the orphan, the merchant
The Qureshi, the Hashemi, the Meccan
Is accepted as the most virtuous
Man of sterling qualities and piety.

Withdraws from the hub and the rub
Into a cave on the Mount Hira
In deep penance and meditation
To reach higher consciousness.

Lo, one day, when he crossed forty
A light shone in the cave
Gabriel the Angle in the shining white
Commands the praiseworthy Mohammed

To recite and read in the name of the Lord
Mohammed hesitates, pleads ignorance
Gabriel hugs him tight, to enlighten him
Mohammed recites the Holy words of Allah.

“Read in the name of the Lord and Cherisher
who created –
created man, out of a leach like clot
Proclaim! And thy Lord
Is Most Bountiful
The use of the pen”
(S.96: 1-3)

Mohammed rushes home in fever
Asks Lady Khateja to rap him in a blanket
With fright and frozen in chill fear
To be consoled, comforted by the Lady

Gabriel then command Mohammed
“O thou folded
In garments
Stand (to prayer) by night,
But not all night
Half of it –
Or a little less
Or a little more
And recite the Quran
In slow measured rhythmic tones
Soon shall we send down
To that a weighty word”
(S.73 – 1-5)

Thus, the message of the Lord of the Heavens
 Of the universe, is revealed
 Gabriel again and again
 Brings the message to recite and deliver: –

“O thou wrapped up
 (In a mantle)!
 Arise and deliver thy warning
 And thy Lord
 Do you magnify
 And thy garments
 Keep free from stain
 And all abomination shun
 Not expect in giving,
 Any increase (for thyself)
 But, for thy Lord’s (cause)
 Be patient and Constant.”
 (S.74 – 1.7)

The heaven protects Mohammed the Prophet
 The messenger of peace to proclaim Islam
 Preaches his brethren will all gentility
 With love, compassion, and sinew.

Merchants’ slaves destitute women
 Orphans, oppressed, infirm, sick
 Shun idolatry, cleanse themselves
 To pray five times a day

To observe fast for a month
To give charity for the poor
To proclaim and submit to Allah
To worship HIM, the lone Creator.

Who has neither begotten a son, but
Who is the Creator of the universe
Who neither sleeps nor winks
Who is ever Generous, Merciful

Who is Compassionate, Beneficent
Who is ever protective a Friend
Who is a Guide, a Giver
Who is Omnipotent, Omnipresent

Who is Imminent, Eternal
Who is Ever loving, Forgiving
Who is the Master of the day of Judgment
Who calls for account our deeds

Who punishes and rewards
Who grants Mercy, redemption
Who blesses with Heaven for virtuous
Whose wrath is for disobedient

Who punishes niggardly in Hell fire
Who loves men with virtue, patience
Who walk in straight path
Who sing paeans for HIM.

Who take care of aged parents
Who maintain the bond and ties
Of the family and neighbors
Who loves those who forget and forgive.

Who takes care of poor and depressed
Who are ever just and caring
Who opens the heart and breast
To his obedient servants.

With million lights of knowledge
And protects them from the accursed
Who grants victory to His servants
Against adversaries & foes.

Who blesses them from Heaven
With His Bounty and Grace
Who sees, Hears, Grants
Who is a Fashioner; Designer

Who exercises His absolute control
Who is Omniscient, Transcendental
Who grants Supreme Bliss and Ecstasy
Who is full of Forgiveness, the Redeemer.

Who is the Dominator and the Bestower
Who is the Provider and the Opener
Who is the Arbitrator, The Just
Who is the Benevolent, The Tremendous.

Mohammed's message was shunned
Persecuted, harassed, tortured
Emigrated with Abu Baker to Medina
To be welcomed with open arms.

To set up the first Mosque
To regulate the life of his followers
The virtuous, men of piety
With love, affection, endearment

With brotherhood, sacrifice
To be ever obedient and lawful
Granted just laws for peace
Women, aged, children, orphans cared;

Protected, cruelty punished
Marriage institutions saved
Social life regulated
Charity made a way of life.

To pray and fast in the name of the Lord,
To seek, find, merge in the Lord's love
To love and be loved, to be always just
To shun idleness, gluttony, idiosyncrasy

To be ever humble, simple, obedient
To learn, be wise and good to all
To be tolerant, patient, forgiving
To bear with injustice, seek Lord's help

To not wage war or create strife
 To compound and compromise
 To be charitable and compassionate
 To be always just and truthful

Mohammed was attacked by Meccans
 Wars after wars were waged
 Mohammed ever forgiving loving
 Patched bonds of peace.
 Compromise showed generosity

United poor & rich, master & servant
 A new social life, a new gait
 A new learning, of excellence
 Opulence and mirth surrendered

Equality and fraternity patched
 Idolatry banished, black magic banned
 Cruelty, wretchedness vanished
 Promiscuity abolished, anger subdued

Licentiousness removed, women respected
 Crime hither to spread, now unheard
 Charity, generosity, hospitality, civility
 Civic sense, good living, respectability

Gentlemanliness, courtesy, becomes
 A watch word, God fearing instilled
 Man and man united universally
 World brotherhood established for peace.



“MERAJ” – ASCEND TO THE THRONE

The twenty sixth ‘Rajab’, a glorious day
A day in the life of Prophet Mohammed
To glorify and enlighten the universe
When Lord, summoned him to His presence.

Gabriel descended from Heaven with “Buraq”
A shining white horse, with lightening speed
Woke up Prophet, wrapped in the mantle,
Saluted him and conveyed Lord’s greetings

The bed was still warm, the locket and chain
Of the humble dwelling still tinkling
A moment stood still in silence
When Mohammed ascended the Heaven

Gabriel took Prophet to the Rock of Jerusalem
The holiest of holy place on the earth
Where a grand reception was held
Prophets from Adam stood behind him in reverence.

Gabriel led Mohammed to the threshold
Of the Lord’s throne and stood aside
Pleaded Mohammed to enter into Lord’s presence
Beyond lay the effulgence, to burn his wings

Gabriel tarried, bid Mohamed good bye
A chosen, praiseworthy now in His presence
The Immanent Light of the universe
The Omnipotent, The Omnipresent.

Lord asked Mohammed, what gift he brought
 Mohammed offered his tears of love, his services
 His supplications, remembrances
 Pangs of separation and yearnings.

Lord pleased with the sincere answer
 Blessed Peace and Grace on Mohammed
 But, the chosen one sought Grace
 On all the obedient, God fearing souls.

So pleased was Lord, with Mohammed
 That he desired, all his followers
 To recite this conversation
 In their daily supplications, in 'Namaz'.

Ordained, Mohammed's followers
 To recite 'Namaz'; daily prayers
 For fifty times from morn to night
 In praise of the Lord, the cherishes.

A heavy burden cast on shoulders,
 Mohammed descended from Heaven.
 Met Moses on the way below
 To learn that people would disobey.

Humanity had shown disregard
 Disconcern to all Prophets
 Disobeyed the Holy commandments
 How could they bear this onerous task?

Mohammed returned to the Lord's presence
To seek redemption and concessions
For his people may abstain from 'Namaz'
For the burden was heavy to bear

Lord the Merciful did grant
His beloved's wish to reduce
The supplication to be performed,
In a day to at least five times.

Moses skeptical, expressed doubt,
For man has been ever niggardly
To keep the commands of Lord
From the times of Father Adam.

Gabriel waited at the threshold
Of the Heaven in glory and shine
To show the 'Ab-e-kuwsar' the river of bliss
Which Lord had bestowed on Mohammed.

Lord did converse with Mohammed
When Lord allowed Mohammed
To step close to Him with slippers on
Thou He did command Moses to remove it.

Love, the elixir, the honey of life
Takes one to the greatest heights
To mingle and merge in glory
To see the splendor and the Light.



Rajab: Seventh Islamic Lunar month.

THE HOLY BOOK

The Holy Book, the Book of Books
The Mother of all books
A shining light emanating
Words of wisdom sparkling
Those with fear of lord, lurking in heart
Get guidance, which none can part
Love begets love, enthalls beauty
Sing Paeans for Lord Almighty
Guidance to humanity
Purifies the soul and teaches civility.



OH! PRAISE!

One day praise bloomed
To shower its flowers
On a man full of vanity,
With pelf and power.

It passed by a humble man
With head down, in prayers
Who took no notice; therefore,
Praise bowed and left him calm.

But vanity, on flowers being showered
Soared sky high like a kite.
When the wind blew hard
It dashed and broke its crown.

Men of dust, on praise
Raise themselves in air
Creating smog and dust
Which none can bear.



TRANSCIENCE OF LIFE

When I watch ruins of bygone eras
A feeling of sadness and remorse
Engulf me leaving me dazed

Men of might, power and pelf
Monarchs or men of piety
The great and small are no more
Wiped out, unto dust, consigned.

What to come of us, with fleeting
Time, withering age, changing
Seasons, kith and kin passing away
Leaving us in desolate feeling.

Memory of every one waning
History written and re-written
With many scientific inventions
Changing the way of life?



LET US FIGHT BACK

Let us fight back
The tears that well up
Now and then like storms
To flood and corrode the being

Let us fight back
The hatred that fills
The heart and mind
Like fire to engulf it.

Let us fight back
The horrible thoughts
That fills the empty head
To strike the enemy.

Let us fight back
Our selfish indifference
And extend help
To men in distress.



HEARTFUL MELODIES

Give me the notes of the soothing
Melodious music that thrill the heart
A million times, and turns it to love.

Give me the mind that isn't weak
That isn't meek that isn't feeble
That isn't tyrant, that isn't oppressive.

Give me the heart that is soft
That is calm that is crystal clear
That is a mirror reflecting love.

Give me the love, that isn't selfish
That isn't demanding; that isn't jealous
But is ever pure and sublime.



MERCY AND LOVE

You need to remind of MERCY
To overcome fears of unknown
To combat the insurmountable.

Love is a candle of hope
To burn, to show light
Towards eternal life.

You need to stir your ship
In the ocean of life
To the safest shores.



SMOOTH LIFE

The brighter the light
The darker is the shadow
Mightier a person
Greater is his problem
Higher you climb,
Heavier is the pressure
More sincere and truthful a person,
For him, life sets sails smoothly.



CREATOR AND CREATION

Light is brightness and energy
Shadow is dark and dingy
Reflections, unclear and hazy
Of reality, but, not mirror image.

Is Man a mirror image of God?
Or a shadow or a manifestation?
A thing, an object
A machine, can be made
From a figment of a thought brought into reality
But, it cannot be a Creator perse.
Can Creator be perceived through His creation?
You can feel His hand, but not see Him
He is beyond human conception
He is beyond human intelligence.



LIGHT and SHADE

Where there is creation there is destruction
 Where there is life there is death
 Where there is system there is chaos
 Where there is light there is shadow
 Where there is desire there is hatred
 Where there is blessing there is curse
 Where there is illness there is cure
 Where there is health there is disease
 Where there is joy there is grief
 Where there is wealth there is poverty
 Where there is growth there is decay
 Where there is drive there is lethargy
Where there is honesty there is corruption
 Where there is beauty there is ugliness.



PIOUS MEN

Have you seen birds ever stopping in mid flight
Trees moving around, stars coming down
Ghosts appearing in broad day light
Thunder and lightning occurring on a clear sky?

You can't shut the light that pierces
The darkness that surrounds
The changing seasons, the reverberating sounds
The pollution, the disorder, that life presents.

Suddenly virtuous men, saints, prophets appear
In an age full of turmoils, chaos and wars
Like rainbows on dark clouds of pathos
To cheer men and clear minds from grief.

Pious men are beacon of light
A light house of knowledge and will power
To dispel doubt and darkness
To lead men to solace and peace.



ANGELS OF MERCY

O Beloved show Thy effulgence
Thy Mercy, Grace and warmth

Before Thy chilly hands touch my heart
To snuff out its longings and throbs

Let my face glow and be serene
For onlookers to yearn for Thee

Let there be flowers all the way
Fragrance pervading the air.

Let the angels of Mercy with a smile
Receive my soul with both their hands.



PURIFIED SOUL

O Angels of Mercy!
Do take my dark soul
To the furnace of hell
To lighten my darkness.

Dark soul would become red hot
To yearn and long for Thy Mercy
Let Mercy flow like milk
To heal and turn the soul to light.

A purified soul glows bright
Light merges with light
O Angels of Mercy, your Grace
Purifies my dark soul.



BIRTH OF CIVILISATION

How do you calm the stormy tumult
The fiery tempest, and tornadoes
Raging infernos, blasting torpedoes?
Hell let loose, destroying the Beauty
Devastation, destruction, damnation
Is it Mercy's caesarian operation?
To present a clean blackboard, a slate
A fresh white sheet to pen a new script
How wonderful the shining steel sword looks?
A creation through furnace blasting,
Cast, burnt, rolled, beaten and polished.
Bright luminous flame glows on burning
Toil, blood, sweat of hungry millions of slaves
And their sacrifices go to create civilizations.



HOPES AND DREAMS

We need hopes to overcome failures,
Desolate feelings and to turn our blues.
To overcome the bitter taste of defeat;
To maintain the garden of virtues.

We need to dream of rainbows
On the horizon of love and affection
For a better morrow and joys
To retain happiness and harmony.

We need to have courage of conviction
To struggle in the currents of life;
Where dangers and challenges are many;
Where mirages mislead the way wards.

We need to have serenity of mind,
Patience and moral strength to withstand;
The turbulent storms in the sea,
To set the sails safely to the shores.



O LOVE!

O love! Are thou a commodity
To be bargained for sale or purchase
Or brought to attention by command
Can you be demanded as a blessing?

Can you be booked for indiscretion
Charged for overstepping limits
Beheaded like Mansur Hallaj or Sarmad
Or crucified like Jesus for loving?

O love! Can you be sweet, yet sour?
Can love bear malice or ill repute?
Does it have thousand frailties?
To be burnt like a pretty house wife?

O love! Why do you call for proof?
For severe test and 'agni pariksha'
Aren't you boisterous like turbulent sea?
You have created these turmoils, for what?



MOMENTS OF CHILLNESS

Your deep silence oblivious of my presence –
My depths of love, care and sacrifice
My griefs, sorrows and pains
O my love! Don't forsake me.

Thunder and lightning with lashing rain
Deluge and floods; nature's show of compassion
Interplay between heaven and earth
For men to share grief and pain.

But, my dear's silence is an empty void
A prison with walls all around
To stare bluntly at emptiness
Separation and silence are moments of chillness.



MAN A WONDER!

Millions of species of animals
Birds, insects, flies live happily
In nature's beauty, with harmony
Creating a charm and a wonder.

But this Man, living in varied
Societies, with class and caste –
Distinction, with social strata,
Structures, varied faiths and beliefs.

Cannot marvel at the beauty
Cannot learn to live in harmony
Cannot live with love and grace
Cannot take care of lowly destitutes.

You need wealth to live in comfort
You need education to earn your bread
You need talent and skill for a living
O, Man! Thou art a wonder by thyself!



RISE ABOVE YOURSELF

We quiver and cringe in pain
On a bite from a mere mosquito
On a pin prick, when inflicted
With severe headaches and fever.

While our conscience doesn't
Prick nor heart aches, on
Seeing misery, suffering of
Millions of destitutes and sick?

Life's paradoxes are multiple
When faced with threat, we lie
When favours needed, turn hypocrite
When adversary is weak, pounce.

“Think of thy neighbor as thyself”
Though a profound thought, we flounder
Our emotions, prejudices, color our vision
We need to rise above to see – Divine.



O' SPIRIT

The spirit blown into muddy clay
Brought to life by a command!
To glow in the heart and mind
To illumine the being with wisdom.

Ah! what a difference a spirit makes?
A lowly creature with faults many
With the characteristics of the fauna
Now, raised to the pedestal of the heavenly.

The wretchedness of the world around
Sways the wayward from the straight path
To stray in the jungle, to fall a prey,
To get lost forever and go astray.

O' spirit! Glow, glow like a candle
Flicker not in the stormy winds
Let your light spread all around
Keep straight the balance of the mind.



HOUR BY HOUR

During the darkest moments
When the dark clouds hover
When the path is strewn with thorns
When friends like foes are hostile
An hour of trial and test of faith.

When chill penury touches you
When old wounds open up
When you feel let down
When every day miracles don't happen
An hour of patience and fortitude.



**POEMS FROM
NEW FRONTIERS**

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.



LOVE AND KINDNESS

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

Give them 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.



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.



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 everywhere,
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 everyone is full of surprises.
A cairn 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.



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 lose 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 bum 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 succor
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 Eternal Harmony
Which fills life to the brim.



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 dogged.
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.



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 wand 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.



SHINE 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 leaving 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.



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”.

Lot 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’.



UNWORTHY JOYS

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

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

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



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 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.



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 waterfalls
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.



REDEEM FROM TURMOILS

Life's turmoils are bitter and sad.
To wench the soul and heart.
To fill within grieves 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



LAMENT OF A SHADY TREE

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

Creating currents of sweet flowing air
My ever flourishing branched umbrella
 My ever green and golden leaves
 My fragrant and blossoming flowers
 My ever exuberant barked branches
 Is a source of joy and ecstasy
 For the entire teeming humanity
 I bear the parching and fierce sun
The thunder and lightning cannot destroy me
 I stand pray fully in ever bliss and love
Steadfast, firmly and deeply rooted in the soil.
The twinkling stars throw their glow on me
The moon flashes its luminous light on me
 I bear severe droughts and famine
 For I am blessed with my Lord's Grace
 Oh you heartless woodcutter! Know you
The birds of various hues sing songs for me
My sigh and tears from dark somber clouds
 Thunder, lightning strikes and if rains
My branches shelter squirrels, birds, crows
 Peacocks, insects, warns aplenty.
 All are joyful and play mirthful tunes
 That pleases the lonesome lover
O you tyrant! Strike not with 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 traveler
 Poets compose poems and eulogize me
 I am friend of all, all embrace me
 My fruits are food for one and all
 Birds, insects, worms, men and animals
 All depend on 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 bear 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 colorful 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

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 everlasting love
 I am a friend of ascetics and lovers
 I am with living as well as with the dead
 My twigs and branches create lilting music
 All the musical instruments, I create for you
 I bear within the fire and the flames
 My charged breath cleanses the elements.
 My trunk and branches cleanses the elements.
 Furniture, boats, ships ad carts.
 You make several instruments out of me
 I am also 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 you tyres and tubes
 My multiple bearing emerges from my love.
 My Lord's compassion flows through me
 O pitiless, heartless woodcutter!
 I am for paper for pen, for stand
 For students for writing and reading
 O You fool I support from axe too!
 You cut me to pieces mercilessly
 O murderer, you are sans pity for children
 For their innocence, for their sweetness
 They put swings on my strong branches
 They play hide and seek; Jump with joy

You make ornamental boxes out of me
You store your treasure and grains in it
Look what my Lord's love has turned me
My every being is for benefit of all
O you fool! Know that I turn to coal
I get decayed to form mineral oil
You get petrol, diesel, plastic, tar.
I am giver of all you benefits
My sweet love turns to cotton fiber
I turn into a wheel to spin cloth for you
I hide your shame and beautify you.
I protect your body, I serve you.
O you betrayer! I am grace of your Lord
His Mercy is bestowed through me
Know well that you are a disgrace
You by destroying me is harming yourself
You are destroying your culture, music.
You are your own stark enemy
O you fool! Listen and bear my words
For great sages, ascetics and saints
All have sat under me to meditate
To reach to the pinnacle of peace.
Now by cutting me down
You are destroying universal peace.



**POEMS FROM
FOUNTAINS OF HOPE**

“MASTANI MA” – THE GREEN ONE

On a fine summer day, a high profile friend.
 A devotee of an centurion lady saint,
 Took me in his car, to the town of Chittoor,
 Passing through a forest and hilly track.

It was past noon, when we reached the place.
 A mausoleum of white stone, with chambers.
 Masons, Stone cutters were dressing and chipping stones.
 Giving finishing touches and laying the floor.

In a corner sat, the holy one in green kurta pajamas.
 We fell on her lotus feet to seek her blessings.
 She opened her Tiffin carriers and served us
 With sumptuous rice, ‘sambar’, vegetables, pickles.

To all low and high present, she greeted,
 Offered them food with a sweet smile.
 Childlike innocence radiated from her being.
 Though, she has been fasting over half a century.

She spoke softly to say about herself.
 Of her penance on three hundred sixty hills.
 Showed us a room with pebbles of various colors,
 Collected from each hill, where she sat in prayers

She examined my pulse and said, I suffer
 From illnesses, which were unknown to me.
 Of evil effects of foes and black magic.
 Of my inner sorrows, pangs and bitterness.

In low tone, she blessed me with sagely advice.
To be true to Lord and recite His Names.
To love all His creatures with compassion.
To shun being enemy of my own soul.



TIMELESS AGE

Millions of years of life
On planet Earth evolving
From Amoeba to Man
A process repeated in the womb
A replica of a story of evolution.
Enacted in nine months.
Life lived for any length,
Is momentary on Earth, a speck.
The expanding cosmos.
A livid moment in realization,
Enlightenment surpasses Time.



LET'S US GIVE A BREAK

The blistering shining Sun
Throws shadows long, then
You come for a while
To peck me in my moments of silence.
Your soothing words and songs,
Cool my burning wounds and sense.
But such moments are far and few.
Like passing clouds on a summer day.
Let's give a break,
To this unending chain of blues.
Which crop up like a wild grass,
With thorns and weeds around.



ETERNAL BLISS

Millions are pinned down by chill penury.
Bogged down day in and day out,
By rigmarole of daily living,
And concern for daily meal.
The thoughts governing our actions,
Draw succor from inner springs.
The grilling burden is lifted,
And the heavy weight on shoulders is eased,
On the blow of cool breeze from virtues
Of daily actions, which prevent catastrophe.
Life gets measured by the bright
Sunshine of love for Eternal Bliss.



A VOICE OF A MARTYR

What if I have to face,
Storms, tempests, tumults,
Brimstones, brick bats, fire.
I may lose my limb.
My skin may get scourged,
Burnt, maimed, exposed to vultures.
I may be hooted, shunted,
Trampled down and silenced.
I shall dare to save the wings
Of the dove being trapped in thorny net.
Destiny will judge me right one day.
When soft winds blow the sail of the ship of peace.



FOR A LITTLE HAPPINESS

For a pint of happiness and joy,
To discover it in parching soil.
In silent valleys, flaming galaxies.
In the stony hearts, sick minds.
I need to blow up to the winds.
All the cherished aged values.
Burn the twinkle of gleaming eyes.
Break the wailing walls surrounding me.
Pierce the veil protecting me like a canopy.
Walk on the dry trackless desert.
Yet, fragrance is hard to find in marshy lands.
Gathering storms cannot meet the eye of joy.
Fiery passions are infernos to burn the gardens,
To shrink the illusive bliss, ecstasy.



A RAY OF HOPE

Oh! The times have passed.
Age has withered.
The dreams are shattered.
I look up now to Thee,
My Lord, my Succor.
My candle is now to burn out.
Yet I hope, I look up
To the horizons beyond.
To gaze at the twilight,
Where darkness fades,
And light flashes its rays.
Beckons me to reach out.
Oh! I have witnessed times,
When the twinkle of love,
Has faded in the bloody wars.
When the blooming gardens,
Have turned into flaming deserts.
When youth lost its shame.
I look up now for fresh dreams.
To pass on the legacy for a new era.



BEARS HARDSHIP WITH A SMILE

For an atom of a mercy
For a smile, a tender hand around the shoulders.
Is like searching for a rose
In the blistering fiery desert.
A distraught house wife,
A mother with umpteen children
Living in quagmire situations.
Struggles like a “hamali”.
To lift the load on a bare head.
To balance it, to walk
On the slippery marshy grounds.
Ultimate triumph to womanhood
Who bears hardship with a cheerful smile.



O! TSUNAMI

Tsunami! You bear within your bosom
Oceanic tears, you destroy the body,
Heart and rend the mind to pieces.
Sorrows to envelop the beings to chillness.
To leave deadly silences on the shores.
Sea shells hiding pain within their cores.
Conches benumbed, fishing boats topsy turvy.
Blue waters sending across blues to all.
God forgave Adam and blessed him.
While humanity shows compassion to the victims,
Love binds us to elevate the suffering.
Cleanses our beings to heavenly sweetness.
God sends messenger to warn mankind.
What are you. O! cruel Tsunami.



UNSEEN HAND OF MERCY

Each one is a universe by themselves.
Revolving around them their own Sun, Moon
And surrounded by million Stars.
They raise their own multi-colored flags.

Each one is unique with their own individuality.
Yet a unique harmony exists among millions.
Some good taking place all the time,
And nature unfailingly bestowing its bounties.

What if someone doesn't do good to other?
Create panicky, harm and terrorize.
The combined strength of the good
Can subdue any wrong that may arise.

The unseen hand of Mercy and love
Protects its creation from destruction.



WITHERING MOMENTS

When two loving hearts meet.
Age old prejudices and hates
Of color, race and religion would
Melt away like cold frozen ice.
The warmth, the glowing fire within
Bring joy, pleasure, loving memories.
To cherish and make life worth living.
Every moment is an ounce of gold.
Separation breaks the fragile heart
Into pieces like a mirror and glass.
Unabated tears from ocean of feelings,
Washing away forever the sweet memories.
Leaving passing time as a healer, a refreshner.
But ageing withering away zest of life.



MODERN TIMES

Let's keep our hand on our heart
And utter the truth, by being
True to our salt to our Mother India.
The ancient gods are dethroned!
Heaven has faded into mere sky and
Hell a den of pleasures and mirth.
Old dogmas disappearing and melting
Like snow and ozone layer.
Faith and love reaching the nadir.
Lo! Day and night passing by –
Slipping into new zone of modernity.
Mall culture, cell phones, plastic money,
Condoms, junk food, single mothers,
Gays, night dancing girls serving
Wine teasing young minds for fun;
With bonhomie and poppy culture around.



TRUTH AND BEAUTY

The petty men with their power
Control the minds of slavish persons;
 Spreading their tentacles
 And net-work, throwing a web
Around all-encompassing Nature;
 For their whim, their pleasures.
 Can our thoughts, inspirations
Be freed; even from the tyranny of death?
 Can the vision of everlasting goodness
 Descend in our actions, in our lives?
The glitter, the glamour, the magnetic
 Pull of the monstrous evil,
 Makes our desires their victims.
 Let the thoughts, be freed,
From the cults, fetishes, passions.
Let the shining Truth and Beauty
 Capture and enthrall us forever.
To take us beyond the realms of ecstasy.



HOPE FOR THE LOST ONES

The struggle for private happiness.
To achieve temporary desires.
To burn with passion for external things,
To catch the slippery power,
Is the bane of the Modern Man.

Is it possible to conquer fate?
With the ever increasing
Attractions and distractions!
Is it possible to free the mind?
Free it from the wanton tyranny,
That rules the outward life,
Undismayed by the empire of chance?
Tortured by the weariness and pain.
Can we lighten sorrows, grief?
By the balm of sympathy.
To give to sufferers, the oppressed.
The pure joy of a never tiring affection;
To strengthen failing courage.
To instill faith in hours of despair.
Can the spark of divine fire, be kindled
In the hearts, with brave words?

(Thanks to Bertrand Russel "A Free Man's Worship)

**POEMS FROM
IN RARE MOMENTS**

RAISE AGAIN

Animal form in human shape.
Therein dwell the lowly, heavenly spirit.
A line demarcating between organic beings
With unseen angelic spirits.

My instincts, baser elements strike
Every moment in a brutish way.
But the illumined light within soothes me.
The heaven and hell dwell within.

Are hopes and dreams mere mirages
To wane in these turbulent times.
Yet, I dream to a honey-combed heart
Not to allow it to miss a beat.

I wish I could cast away this jungle within.
Circumambulate like a moth around the flame.
To lay down my life in total surrender.
Rise again like a phoenix, as a glittering spirit.



ILLUMINATION

You need to know the benefits of the light,
And moroseness of being in darkness.
Unless illumination dawns on the mind,
And lights up the dark pathways;
The soul keeps lamenting and languishes.
Unknown wretchedness gripping the self!

You need an enlightened Man like Buddha.
A Prophet of immense light, "Noor".
To take you out of ages of decay
And make you stand before the Great Effulgence.

You need million Suns to lighten our Nation.
To drive away the darkness of the ages.



FIGHT BATTLES

Oh! The Great ones have said –
Get rid of desires and attachments,
The love that dwells in the frail hearts,
To cling to wealth and pelf.

Oh! This misery of living
The binding sorrows and grieves
Brings oceanic tears and hiccups
To shun life; is to throw away baby and tub.

Magnetic pulls of the glittering world.
Captivating beauty of the Nature around.
Scintillating music in pleasing sound.
In mesmerizing song, the being is drowned.

Battles of life are worth being fought.
Than hang the head in shame and be mocked.



ILLUMINE THE DARK SOULS

Oh! This art of pleasing the fancy of men
Isn't it slippery to fall in the pen?
And suffer immeasurably the pain!
To look into the order of the Nature,
Brings love to the thing eternal.
The pursuit of knowledge and joy of understanding
Lifts the mind to the lofty heights.
Let's dwell deep in the ocean of self,
And bring out the gems of purest ray serene.
Cultivate roses of love for fragrance and perfume.
Still the mind, free it from its wandering.
Let the Sun illumine the dark soul.



FLUSH OUT

Waves of mind distorts
The crystal-clear waters
Of the sublime soul.
Compressing, heating up,
The contents of the cauldron,
Of the unbridled desires.

You need to give a dose
Of antibiotics, purgatives,
To flush out the disturbing
Elements in the body and soul.

Love needs an anchor,
To create a twinkle in the eye.
For vigorous grace of locomotion.
To sing paeans for the Divine.



SUSTAIN LIFE

We all need to build
Our own constituencies.
A lamp to shed light
On our dark pathways.
Everyone is struggling
To find a place at least
In the last seat of a gallery.
No one would like to miss
The show, the life offers;
Pleasures, the senses provide.
Every one desires to shed the baggage;
That keeps adding to the shoulders.
A joy ride may end in a crash.
A soaring kite may dash to the ground.
But the love for the Master sustains
And eases the burden of life.



ANGER

Why do we get angry?
Dejected and frustrated.
Suffer immense pain and sorrow!
Some say it is due to:
– Oversensitive nature!
– It is Allah’s anger shown in humans!
– When pride and prejudice is hurt!
– Due to lack of tolerance and patience!
– It is due to injury to ego!
– It is as a result of hard-heartedness.
– due to lack of mercy.
– It is due to being too disciplined.
– It is due to being too moralistic.
– It is due to sexual frustration.
Some say that:
Anger would lead to madness.
Allah says that:
– Before destroying a person He makes him mad.
Anger lead to madness and to destruction.
Let’s seek Allah’s protection and Mercy.



MAN ARAFA NAF SAHU

“Man Arafa Naf Sahu”, “Know your
Own self” is the main slogan
Of “Tassawuff” (Sufism). The huge
Cosmos and the intricate design
Of nature is stupendous and
Marvelous. This is of the outside the
Inner being is equally harmonious
And meticulously designed. Despite
Our mental confusion, lack of
Proper understanding and clear logic,
The internal system works in perfect
Harmony and precision. Million thanks
And praises to the Great Creator,
Whose bounty is vast and unlimited.
First is to see the signs or signature
Of Allah in nature, in oneself and
His total command over us and our
Helplessness and despondency. The
More we reflect on oneself and on
Allah the more praise is uttered by the
Tongue and breath.



ALLAH'S BOUNTY

Allah's bounty is limitless. It is His
 Mercy and Benevolence that Such a Great
 Being should bestow His Grace on such
 Insignificant creatures like us. Are
 We not thankless souls? Why? Because
 We lack the inner light, vision and knowledge.
 It is Hazreth Al Ameen through whom
 the Light both inner and outer can be
 achieved with the "Wasila"* of our Great "Peeran O Peer"**

We need to achieve inner and outer
 Silence (samt). The mind should stand still
 and be free from doubts and we should develop
 Certainty of faith (Huqul Yaqeen), strong will –
 Power and concentration and total submission
 To our peers, our Holy Prophet and to Allah ta alla.



* *Wasila*: Intercession

** *Peeran O Peer*: Saint of Baghdad

WHAT IS LOVE?

We are all used to repeat these words
“We love Allah and His Prophet”. What
Is this Love? When you proclaim
Something as yours, then you find
many contestants and claimants
Fiercely opposing you. Among them
Is the jealous and hateful. who are these?
Is it Satan, Man, who? who?
You get distracted fully and then
Where is your proclamation of LOVE?
Let love be not proclaimed.
There are armies with latest armory to skin you up.
Seek only MERCY, Benevolence and Grace.
It is difficult to challenge that we are
Of Love and for Love. It is equally
Difficult to achieve love and a great
Problem to call ourselves as “Khudam”
(Servants) of “Panjaten” (Holy Prophet, Hz Ali,
Hz Fathima, Hz Hasan and Hz Hussain
By proclaiming love, we cannot claim
Equality and nearness. It is MERCY alone
That can help. Let us recite His Names.



HOW TO REACH THE TRUTH?

Please tell me as to why it is difficult to
 Reach the TRUTH and so easy to lie?
 Truth is a steep mountain, slippery
 And difficult to climb. It requires courage
 Of conviction. Faith is its foundation
 And certainty is its wheels. Love is
 Its engine and prayers is its petrol.
 It has to confront obstacles, rough
 Weather. It requires sacrifice. It has
 To face hunger and thirst. Sometimes
 It loses face and has to face humiliation,
 Insults. TRUTH is let down by one and all.
 It has to stand above like a scare-crow
 In a rice field. TRUTH is always simple
 And most humble. It fulfills all its promises
 And oaths. It is never deceptive neither it
 Camouflages. It is open-minded and open –
 Hearted, never secretive or suspicious. It is
 Generous and hospitable and charitable.
 It is quick in forgiveness and in repentance
 It is fearless and crystal-clear. It shed tears for
 Sufferers. One who is truthful reaches
 ETERNAL Light and LORD i.e. Reality.



WHY PEOPLE LIE?

Tell me why people lie? Why do they
 Become compulsive liars? It is due to
 FEAR which envelops our being and
 Coils us as a snake. As a child
 You fear your teacher and to escape
 Punishment you lie. Allah will not
 Ask us but will ask all our hands, tongue,
 For what we have done. They will stand
 Against us as a witness. A child is
 Unable to make a difference between right
 And wrong. So also a madman. Hence
 They are exempted from prayers and
 From questioning. So also a person
 In deep sleep. Because at this stage,
 There is no intelligence. Therefore every person
 Who is sane should stand the test.
 A "MAJZUB"* is totally absorbed in
 His LOVE, for him there is no questioning
 Love is giving full and total attention
 And surrendering yourself to that Person and
 To Him alone. A slave has no personality.
 No rights nothing. Can I be that slave?



* *Majzūb*: God-intoxicated person

DUALITY

Tell me why there is duality in our minds?
 Why this plurality? This mind playing
 Hide and seek? This confusion between
 Right and wrong, black and white, light
 And darkness. Why do we need a peg
 To hang our coat? A shoulder to weep on,
 And always someone on whom you want
 To unburden your soul? Is it because
 Man is always at daggers drawn? Bitter,
 Cold, sarcastic, angry. His various traits
 Challenge each other, each trait trying
 To claim ascendancy.
 The light of wisdom rarely dawns on minds,
 Unless the mind is stilled to ONENESS
 And purified. On confused mind polytheism
 Sets in as milk turning sour unless boiled.
 A Momin is one who controls his mind
 And heart to Allah and His Prophet's path.
 So, for which, you need to practically
 Surrender before a purified soul in this life.



WHERE DOES ALLAH RESIDE?

Tell me where does Allah reside?
In Kaaba, in Mosque, in Temple, in Church,
In Dargas, in Maqbeeras, Where? Where?
Does He come to you when you wear
Green, black, white, saffron turban
With 'Qurkha'?* with long beards, long
Jhubbas? Does He like you moving
About with 'Tasbee'** in hand? With
Tattoo mark on your brow and all over
your body bare? How does He come?
Where does He reside? Have you
Discovered Him? Have you found Him?
How long have you searched for Him?
Please give me His address?
Know now my dear loving brother that
He is in the mind with crystalline purity!
He is in the heart with absolute compassion
And total MERCY! He is on the TRUTHFUL
TONGUE. He is in the eyes with shame.
He is on the hands of charity.
He is in every cell of body where resides the love of
Prophet Muhammad. Everyone should
Become Muhammadi in 'TRUE SPIRIT'



* *Qurkha*. Cloak

** *Tasbee*. Rosary

WHAT IS KHULUS?

I want to know from you as to what
Is “Khulus” and who is “Muklis”?
Satan is afraid of “Mukliseens”.
Those are most humble, God-fearing
And most simple ones. Is simplicity,
Sincerity profound? In it humility
Resides and Divinity descends. A sincere
Person is a most humble person, is
Without ostentations, without pride,
Prejudice. He does not put on airs,
He is never arrogant and haughty.
He walks with softness. His
Speech is honeyed-tongue. He has no
Roughness. He is gentle to the core.
He is forgiving and does not mind
Taunts, criticism and humiliations.
He suffers pain, agony with light –
Hearted humor. He is not angry
But jolly and extremely good,
Good and good and full of love



IS ALLAH EVERY WHERE?

Allah is perfect, A Divine Purified
 Existing from Beginning to End.
 Fathomless. "La Mahdood"*, "La Maqsood"*
 "La Mashood"*, "La Mojood"*. None
 Like Him. Turn towards any side you
 Would find His face "Waji Allah",
 Whose hand is "Yadu Allah"? To
 Hold and take allegiance on this
 "Yadu Allah" is to hold Him.
 "Yadu Allah" is our Holy Prophet
 Hold fast to him by constant
 Remembrance and sending "Darood-o-Salam"**.
 He hears and receives its message
 "Truth is Beauty, Beauty is Truth"
 How to achieve Truth? "Annal Huq."***
 If you want light? Move towards it
 'Light upon Light' "Noor ul Alla Noor"
 Can you see the effulgence of blazing
 Sun with naked eyes? You need sun glasses.
 Who is the sunglass? He in she! She in he!
 How to find 'oneness? How to merge in
 Divine Love? Hence search from within.



* *La Mahdood, La Maqsood, La Mashood, La Mojood*: Attributes of God

** *Darood-o-Salam* : Salutations

*** *Annal Huq*: I am Truth

MASTER WHERE?

Days have passed, nights have passed
Million breaths have come in and gone out.
Waves and waves of wavering thoughts
Pass like waves of stormy angry sea.

Measured the delights of the multiple senses.
Tasted the manna, honey, milk and “halwa”
Dipped in Sorrows, pains and sufferings
Seen the heat, cold, and every season.

Tongue has not stopped the praise of Him
Every throb is charged, every pulse glorifies.
Eyes have slept little, wept and wept for Him
The icy breeze cools the heat of the love.

O unseen Master! Your Grace is around
Open my inner eye of my mind and heart.
Let your vision illumine my dark soul
Let purity dawn and brighten my being.



REFLECTION

O! This endless debates and polemics!
Meeting pugilists in white “Jhubbas’ in every corner.
Pleading you to come to “white house” to submit
With long unkempt beard, yellow teeth, frown on face.

Cheer up my friend, cheer up, smile and smile.
Let all your blues vanish, fear not Love.
Love is a celestial gift for doubtless minds
Still this questioning, chill this arguments.

“I in you,” “You in Me,” Everything in Me.”
Evil, bad, ugly, good, Excellence and Beauty.
Shun the foul smell; perfume your body and soul.
Like a prism, reflect His colors from your being

There is no loss, no gain, no joy, no pain
Unburden your baggage, hold fast that Rope!



GRACE

Lingering thoughts remind me of Your Grace
Your Love, Your “Karam,”* Your harmony
O the Blissful Master, thou art unseen
But I feel you in Me, in my mind, in eye.

Blow my sails, push my boat of life.
My rudder of faith is firm, I hold fast.
Neither storms, nor thunder, nor lightning can shake me.
I am not on a slippery path. I have my “Khizr”**.

I detach from attractions, like kite soar up and up.
I feel buoyant, ecstasy, joy and bliss surround me.
Flower detaches to decorate and delight me.
In joy and pain, they are friends indeed.

“A friend in need is joy forever”
An ever slave is a pleasure forever.



* *Karam*: Mercy

** *Khizr*: Guide

ELUSIVE HAPPINESS

Happiness is now an elusive bitter pill.
When in depths of anguish and pain.
With separation being unbearable.
O love! Do not desert me on rocky paths.

With all goals withering away in oblivion
With childhood night-mares and fears surrounding
With self turning my own enemy
With conceit and ego raising its ugly head.

O! The turmoils of life sans sails!
Without an anchor, drifting in deep ocean
Whither shore? Not even a deserted island!
Come my love, my beloved hold me tight.

Ah! Your presence without any sign or your whiff of air
Chillness of heart yearns for your warmth, glory.



JEALOUSY

You know my brother it is the JEALOUSY
 Which is the first sin committed in the
 Presence of Almighty All Gracious Allah
 By His Most favoured learned 'Moulvi-e-
 Mulkut', angel, who turned "Kafir"* or
 'Iblis' i.e. 'Shaitan'. His disobedience was
 Due to the ill feelings developed by him
 Towards Adam and due to his claim of superiority.
 He felt that Allah Talla has now
 Created some one more dear to HIM.
 And he felt that he has lost his importance
 He could not acknowledge that Allah is
 Great, Gracious and Merciful and a Great,
 Judge, who would not favour one
 Over the other. He (Shaitan) lost
 His self-belief i.e. his own IMAN.
 So my brother "Iman" (faith) should
 Be confirmed by "CERTAINTY" (Yaqeen")
 In three ways by seeing, by knowledge, by truth.



* *Kafir*: Disbeliever

O! MY LORD

“Strip off from World of attachments
And stand bare before Me”
My Lord! Give me that strength to love you.
To be true to my conscience and my soul.
Let me turn my inner self to you alone.

Let not my desires for self drown me.
Let not pride and anger tease me.
Let not glitter of world distract me.
Let my love be full and complete for you.

O! My Lord! Your Grace and Mercy is full.
Fill my soul with Divine Light.
Let desires and evil take to flight
Let not my senses ever dull.

O! My Lord! Bless my parents, my teachers
Let my progeny walk on straight paths.



SAKRATUL MAUTH

“Sakratul Mauth”! What is “Sakratul Mauth”?
A comatose living being sans death.
Death hanging all around the being
But refusing to take it in its arms.

Life is shunning and left to die.
Breathing with great difficulty with hiccups
Eyes fixed on the ceiling, mind bogged down.
Neither life nor death, a curse besets the body.

A myth surrounding the “Sakratul Mauth”
Its mention in all Holy Books of the East.
Said to be God’s displeasure on sinners.
Soul caught in web between life and death.

Blessed are those who pass away blissfully
With His name on their lips and with smiles.



GREAT BEING

Like hockey, cricket, golf, foot ball
Beaten with sticks, bats and legs.
Hither and thither the ball moves
In all directions, giving pleasure,
To the players and spectators
But the ball maintains itself
Nothing affects it, it remains as such
Fakeers, ascetics face storms, tempests
With equanimity, smilingly.
Neither the thorns nor roses affect them.
The crystal clear mind and pure heart
Reflects effulgence of the Great Being.



BE OBEDIENT

When the judge hands down the sentence.
You call out to destiny for fulfilling His Role.
When gifts are bestowed by friends and strangers.
You thank Allah for all the favors done.

Allah's face is seen on all the sides.
He has million eyes and hands
To create, destroy and change
The course of nature for benefit of man.

Man, the marauder is also divine.
The good and evil dwell in him
Satan ever present to distract him.
But course of divine protects him.

The good and bad is from Allah alone.
But man should be ever patient, obedient.



HAIKU

Rainbows on the sky
Lovers in deep embrace
Merger to create love.



Cawing of the crow
Cooing of the nightingale
Praise be to the Lord.



Fresh morning dew, winds
To exhilarate the mind
Destiny at door.



Glorious sun rise, set
Light to illumine the earth
Birds sing songs of love.



Fragrance of a rose
The songs of the nightingale
To cheer the sad heart.



**POEMS FROM
IN SACRED MOMENTS**

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.



“JAMEEL” – BEAUTIFUL

The creator of the universe is “Jameel” – 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 exerts 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!



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 every day.
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 “kufur”
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 into 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.



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.



**POEMS FROM
GLITTERING LOVE**

IN UNDYING BLISS

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



LOVE AND DEATH

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

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

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

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



WHAT MORE?

What was specially created for them!
A Garden of Eden, to dwell and enjoy.
Suddenly disappeared like morning dew.
Is Satan, a ruse? Were they puppets?

Adam a mirror image of the Lord, the Worshipful.
Eve created from Adam's rib, a conjoined twin.
A handsome youth, who had not been suckled.
Eve, a beautiful nymph, fully grown up.

What a transformation on biting the forbidden fruit?
Inherent libido overpowering them.
Unabashedly discovering the hidden pleasures.
Lustily seeking and cupping each other.

A storm overtook them, wrath unleashed.
Mercilessly thrown asunder, painful separation
Despised, hated, angels shunning them.
At last, after shedding oceanic tears, reunion.

Adam and Eve, our parents, carrying within
Five races of humanity and civilizations.
Million years of evolution to evolve into man.
Now, what more is in store for you?



MUSIC OF LIFE

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

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

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

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



FREE FROM ALL

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

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

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

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



PASSING TIME

When one is consigned to dust,
Or on pyre, reduced to ashes.
Gone with it, the name and fame.
None to remember or sing his praise.

Posterity retains in its bosom,
Names of godly and saintly persons.
Rama, Sita, Krishna, Buddha, Mahavira,
Christ, Mohammad, Avatars, Prophets.

Few among philosophers, poets, scientists,
Social reformers and luminaries.
Masses are like floods and cyclones.
They get washed away forever.

None to remember the ordinary, the rustics.
Fragrance melts like ice, everything passes.



WHITHER MODERN MAN?

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

Not go on dancing with other women.
Scantly dressed in bikinis, skirts.
Not go on invading other nations.

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

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

Can we dream of universal?
Brotherhood, man befriending man!



LORD'S LOVE

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

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

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

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



Shackles of Slavery

Our gods have now become mightier!
The deities are now installed in Banks,
In casinos, clubs, theatres, and malls.
We make our daily offerings to our deities.

Our chariots are newer and newer.
Our horses are pure breeds, robust,
Healthy out beating the Arab ones.
We are proud owners of our stables.

Splendor, spectra and might on lease.
Sparkling jewellery finds bare body for display.
In every corner you find a priest for rituals.
Newer and newer customs and rituals in offering.

Adding to the never ending ones in a row.
Do we need a Ghaznavi, Ghoris and Ghenzies,
To teach us, to break the shackles of slavery?
To make us realize our sins, our taboos, our fetishes.



HOW LOVE AND HAPPINESS?

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

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



UNHEARD VOICES

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

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

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

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



GARDENS OF BLISS

The marriage hardly lasted for few years.
The charm, the love, the pleasures came to rocks.
The smiles withered, daily bickering,
Disturbing the domestic happiness.

Interfering in-laws, taking sides.
Ruining any chances of peace.
New borns made to face traumas.
Torn between the selfish parents.

Modern times robbing leisure.
Adding demands, stress to living.
Breaking the harmony of society.
Ushering in sickness and madness.

Love needs sacrifice and patience,
To create lovely garden of bliss.



LIGHTS OF LOVE

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

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

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

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



“INSHA ALLAH”

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

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

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

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



ADJUST

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

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

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

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



WHIFF OF FRAGRANCE

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

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

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

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



FREE FROM ALL

When saints, yogis and Sufis shun life.
They in fact are giving up ownership, over lordship
Over chattel and property, over persons, things.
They give up the angry and belligerent attitude.

They have nothing to take, nothing to give.
They are above all material pleasures.
Freed themselves of worldly wants and desires.
So that their heart sparkles bright.

They have unburdened their baggage.
Without savings or bank accounts, purse.
Neither they need to give nor to take anything.
Their relationship is platonic with the world.

Their heart and mind is free from the world.
So that they concentrate on that Being.



LOVE'S SECRET

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

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

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

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



BEAUTY NEVER TO WANE

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

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

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

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



HIDDEN LOVE

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

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

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

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



FRAGRANCE IN THE AIR

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

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

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

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



O SOLITUDE!

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

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

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

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



REFRESH YOUR SOUL

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

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

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

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



SHADOW LESS

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

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

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

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



PEACE AT LAST

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

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

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

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



SELF EXPRESSION

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

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

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

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



GLORY FOR THEE

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

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

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

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



MILLION PRAISES

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

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

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

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



* *Qiyamat*: Doomsday

GLITTERING LOVE

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

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

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

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



LOVE FOREVER AND EVER

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

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

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

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



ADVENT OF ISLAM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



II MESSAGE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



HAIKU

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



Our philosophers
To ever create hopes in mind
Astrologers sing



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



Pleasure of living
This scientific advancement
Terror at the door



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



Those failures in life
Shedding oceanic tears
Prepare land to plow



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



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



Ignorance is bliss
Cross all borders of ethics
Live a wayward life



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



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



Sorrows are cream of life
A lonely bird in garden
To regenerate



Bodies ruination
Setting in of the old age
Nature's way of life



Gushing of water
Inundation of small lakes
Houses in turmoil



Moon, Solar eclipses
A sign of floods, destruction
Or superstition



Anger, jealousy
Inner tsunami of Soul
To cause destruction



Night mosquitoes bite
Chicken gunia, malaria
Fill doctors coffers



Mutton biryani
Fish, chicken, other sea foods
To ruin the sound health



Classical music
Love, precious commodity
A rarity now



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



**POEMS FROM
GARDEN OF BLISS**

HE

All is matter, matter is all.
 So also 'All is One, One is God'.
 There is no other than Allah.
 There is nothing other than Him.
 In the essences of all
 Contingent beings.
 In all forms, all His
 Creations, He transcends.
 There is nothing other than Him.
 All is He, He is all.
 Everything emanates from His Mercy.
 Yet all His creations are not Him;
 But they are not 'other than Him';
 The world is the showdown
 Of that Supreme Being'
 A reflection of His Effulgence
 The glorified and pure nature
 In man is His Essence.
 He has made the Sun, Moon, Stars
 As His indicator and as witness.
 They indicate Him as His Shadow.
 When He withdraws to Himself
 And the Shadow He has projected
 Than everything that appears
 From Him, goes back to Him.
 For it is He, no one else.
 'From Him it comes, to Him it returns.'
 He is all Merciful, All Compassionate.
 In every particle, in every atom

In every being, in everything
His essence and qualities
Reflect His Being, His Glory.
There is neither contraction
Neither there is a separation.
“He is closer than the Jugular Vein.”
You call Him, He answers your call.

You love him, He loves you.
You adore Him, He adores you.
You put one step in His Direction.
He puts ten steps in your direction.
Mercy begets mercy, Love begets love.
All is in Him, He is all.
The white has multiple colors
The ‘VIBGYOR’, the rainbow.
They all join again to become ONE,
The ‘VIBGYOR’, rainbow disappears
Only the white screen remains.

He is transcendent, Omnipotent.
A banyan tree, a mango tree
Bears within a fruit and seed.
The seed bears within the tree
All emerges from Him.
All multiplicity is illusion
Real essence is only ONE.
Essence is revealed in the forms
Of Names and that multiplicity

Is intended to be witnessed
In the essence of the ONE.
In every object of worship
There is a reflection of the Reality.
Worship Him and turn towards the Reality;
The Real, the Truth, the 'Haqiqa'.
In all the Reality, His light
His 'Noor', Mohammed* is imbibed.
In Mohammed* is His Light, His 'Noor.'



HE-NESS

The Divine God Consciousness
Transcends in all His Creations.
Every particle, cell, microbe, virus,
Bacteria, algae, fungus, plants
Animals, chemicals, materials
And in man, the He-ness exists.
The He-ness encapsulates, envelops
The entire creation and creatures;
There is nothing other than Him.
He is all Alone, yet Omnipresent.
He sees, hears, speaks through
The truthful, with those who are
Merged in Him. Who see Him
In the entire cosmos and creation.
Man is endowed with rationality.
With knowledge, with divine consciousness.
With His Essence and Qualities.
In his genes, His Secrets, to radiate
His Glory, Mercy and Compassion.
To show, Man has been created
In His own image, as a vice gerent
In all His Creation, His essence
His qualities, reflects His Being.
He is Great yet above all.

All Glory be to Him Alone.
The Mover, Sustainer, Ever Existing,
With millions of qualities, essences.
The Wise, the Most Loving, Most Venerable

The Resurrector, the Truth, the Powerful,
The Praise worthy, the Hidden, the Manifest
The First, the Last, above the creation.
Free from want, the Bestower.
The Benefactor, the Enricher, the Light.
The Deviser, the Eternal, The Supplier.
Lover of virtue, Compassionate, Merciful,
The Sovereign, The Pure One, the Just,
The All Hearing, the All seeing,
The most Forgiving. The Judge.
The Knower of innermost secrets.
The Majestic, The Most Powerful,
The Sustainer, The Benevolent
“From Him all come, to Him all returns.”



GARDEN OF BLISS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eve was created from the rib of Adam,
Forever company, with all beauty.
Love and beauty to mingle as one soul.
For pleasure and company for rest and zest.

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

Lord filled Adam with knowledge.
Satan's single minded devotion was shunned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lord in His Compassion, in His mercy,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*Peace be upon him.

THE BLESSED PROPHET – MERCY TO THE HUMANITY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The blistering sun was unbearable
Hajira submitted to the Lord's command
To fulfill the test of Love
To receive the 'Baraka' and Blessing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Abdullah was to be sacrificed as a vow
 Made by Abdul Mutallib, if he discovers
 The lost Zam Zam, the hidden well and treasure
 But the tribe protested when the lad

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Holy Kaaba was rid of all
 Idols, from every home idols

Were broken and destroyed
 All praise be to lord of the universe – Allah



* Peace be upon him

THE MESSAGE OF LOVE

-a-

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

-b-

The Second most crucial message
Is to reveal who the false gods are?
How they are all creations of fiction,

Falsified myths and mythologies
Creation of minds of poets, charlatans,
Humbugs, hypocrites and 'kafireens'
The mini gods, idolized externally
By idols, figures, paintings
Internally in mind by false dreams,
False ideals, away from Reality
The multitudes of gods, goddesses,
Their legends, their stories etched
In the ancient scriptures of Greek
Roman, Indian, Chinese, Buddhist,
Jains, Jews, Christians, Sabaeans
Are all falsity to the core and untrue
To deny and shun their existence
Erase them from worship from the
Mind, heart, thought and action
Destroy the falsehood about them
Recite 'LaIlaha', 'there is no god'
'Illallah' 'other than Allah'

-C-

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

-d-

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

-e-

The Mohammad* the graceful, the beautiful,
 The penitent, the peaceful, the gracious,
 The kind, the benevolent, the true believer,
 The most obedient and surrendered being
 The giver of good tidings, the warner
 The embodiment of Truth and Beauty
 The Trustworthy – The 'Al-Ameen'
 The Truthful – The "Al Sadiq"
 The most sincere, the brave
 The embodiment of all the Ninety nine
 Qualities imbibed enshrined in him
 Practiced, exemplified, set up an
 Example through good conduct for virtuous,
 For truthful, humble and sincere beings
 To accept his leadership, his Prophet hood
 To follow his example, his precepts
 His life, a shadow less person

Divine light reflecting effulgence
A virtuous and a beautiful personality
A great being a loving being
Upholder of Truth and virtues
A giver of divine law
A sage, an adept, an ascetic
A glorious personality, a humble fakir
A light of heaven on earth
A leader, an imam of all prophets
Of all virtuous beings and saints
A revealer of Truth and Reality
A spokesperson of ETERNAL BEING
A God's man, a lovely being
A personification of virtues and goodness
A path breaker of good life
Taught humanity to achieve heaven by good deeds;
By angelic deeds, heavenly deeds
A destroyer of falsity, false gods,
False images, false dreams, false hopes
Upholder of justice, a protector for helpless,
A succor for poor, orphans, and widows
A reliever for underdogs and miserable
A protector for woman, upholder of their rights
Removal of distinction among races, colors and castes
Established World brotherhood
Made man to realize his own inner self
So that man can realize and reach God – Allah



* Peace be upon him

A MERCY AND PEACE TO HUMANITY

From the unknown hidden
 Light of the mystery arose
 The lights of Prophecy
 There is no light among
 Lights that is clearer,
 More existent, more remarkable,
 Nobler, wiser, more
 Just, more sweet, more
 Formidable and more appealing
 Than any among the lights
 And torches to appear as prophets

The more pure primordial
 Light was endowed with a glorious name (Ahmed)
 With a glorified nature (Mohammad*)
 A character glorified as 'Al Ameen (trustworthy),
 Al Sadiq (The Truthful)'
 With ninety nine glorious essences,
 Qualities of mercy, imbibed
 In its seed a glorious plan
 To enfold, encapsulate the
 Entire humanity as Mercy of Lord
 Dazzling, visible, magnificent,
 Brilliant, made more clear
 Powerful, generous and kind
 This light was proclaimed
 Before creation of first man,
 And his substance wholly purified
 The speech prophetic, the knowledge
 Flowing from that deep essence of
 Supernatural Being, the Lord

Of the Universe the Eternal Master
 Lord made him utter words (Iqra)
 The divine truth guided him
 To be a guiding torch
 To the humanity till eternity
 United with God without separation
 “Closer than Jugular vein”
 More closer than “the distance
 Of two shot of the bow”
 The Prophet is “Siraj,” ‘Lamp
 Of Prophethood’; “Muneera”
 (of light) and “Al Insan al Kamil”
 (The perfect Man)
 A mercy and peace to humanity
 God being Truth made him
 Utter words, guaranteed the
 Meaning of the words
 It is the divine Truth
 Guided him in a divine way
 For a divine purpose
 His will was established
 The Lord in him cleans
 The muck and rust in chest
 Of the obedient souls
 Mohammad*, a herald
 Of the Uncreated word
 United with God – Allah
 Without separation, surpassing
 The imaginable, the announcer
 Of the end, the ends of the end



* Peace be upon him

LIGHT AND MERCY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



* *Insan e Kamil*: An example for the mankind

OPEN FOE

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



ABU BAKR A CLOSE CONFIDENT OF PROPHET

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



OMAR THE JUST, SECOND CALIPH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



USMAN THE CHARITABLE AND GENEROUS

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

Prophet gave his beloved daughter
In marriage to him; but she died
Gave another daughter in marriage
Thus he came to known as “Zunnurein”

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

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

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

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

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

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



ALI, THE GREAT IMAM, LION OF ISLAM

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

In every cell of his body, burnt
The being in love for Prophet.
Prophet held him as Aaron
Was to Moses "I am city
Of knowledge, Ali is the gate"
Declared Prophet "I am for Ali,
Ali is for me, "so said Prophet

Ali took Prophet's bed, on the
 Night of flight of Prophet to Medina
 Then Ali walked all the way to
 Medina. Ali grew up
 As a strong, chivalrous, bold
 Person of magnetic personality
 Prophet gave his last most loved
 Daughter Fathima in marriage
 To Ali; thus Ali became Prophet's
 Son in law, a closest confident
 Ali received the knowledge of
 Gnosis, learned in all sacred laws
 Ali showed his bravery, skill
 In all the wars fought by Meccans
 Ali single handedly brought down
 The iron gate of fort Khaiber;
 With love and zeal for Prophet
 The iron gate could not be lifted
 By the strength of eight men
 Thus Ali came to be known as
 "Lion of God", "ShareKhuda"
 Fatima begot two sons through Ali
 Hasan and Hussain, the eyes of Ali
 Most beloved grandchildren of Prophet
 Through them rose the family
 Of Prophet, the 'Syeds'.
 Ali, the governor the general,
 The khazi, the imam, the confident
 Of Prophet, was savior of Islam

He shielded the first three Caliphs
 Ali was their councilor,
 The 'musheer', 'the hand of Allah'
 To protect the insignia of Islam
 Ali became the fourth Caliph
 Ali a pure ascetic, a saint
 A gnosis, scholar a 'khazi',
 A 'hafiz', memorized Quran
 A shadow of Prophet on Earth
 From Ali, the Gnosis and knowledge
 Of the 'Self' was passed on
 From generation to generation
 Ali heads the twelve Imams,
 Who followed him, his descendents,
 The 'Peers' and 'Peerans', the Sufies,
 The knowledge of purest self, gnosis,
 The secret of the inner self
 Passed on from Ali, the Imam,
 The last of the Caliphs
 He was martyred by his enemies
 To bring the curtain of Khilafat down
 The just rule of Islam to an end
 But the knowledge was preserved
 By his descendants, by Sufies
 Ali heads all the Saints of Islam.



ZAID A SLAVE SON OF MOHAMMED*

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

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

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

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

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

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



* Peace be upon him

REFLECTION OF EACH ONE

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

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

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

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



FALL OF MAN

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



THE SUFIS

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



LOVE TILL ETERNITY

They had nothing to lose
 Anyway they had lost
 The garden of bliss
Yes, they did it repeatedly
When the shadows lengthened
Before them and behind them
 And when the stars threw
Their spears and watered them
 And when the cockerels
 Blew their trumpets

Ah! What joys they discovered
 And found it never to lose
For generations, it has not grayed,
Nor lost its sheen and fragrance

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

The brilliance of the day
And labor they sweat for
 Is for a few morsels

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

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

'Taqwa' – Awe of the Lord

When we begin to believe in the
 Existence of the Ever Lasting Being;
 About His Ever Powerful Nature,
 Then our being gets subdued
 A wonder is struck and
 Our being gets humbled
 A fear dawns on our self
 This is the awe of the Lord
 Quran refers to it as “Taqwa”
 One needs to cultivate this awe
 This wonder in the mind and heart
 So as to enable one to be always
 Humble, simple and cultured

The mirror of the heart should get polished
 You should feel enlightened and
 Love should ooze out from every
 Particle of your being, be always light –
 Hearted with a smile on the face
 To achieve the awe and wonder,
 You should submit and surrender to the Lord
 Always and forever and subjugate
 Your inner being to His Commands,
 His Rules and His Regulations
 To shun animal instincts of anger,
 Jealousy, hatred, covetousness, greed,
 Cowardness, lust, selfishness, self centeredness
 To establish morals and develop moral
 Courage, right action, right speech,

Right conduct and adopt right manners
To look beyond the horizons of life
And keep high ideals to achieve bliss,
Happiness and higher learning as your life goal
To submit your body and soul in
Prayers, do acts of charity and
Serve the suffering humanity and mankind
Unite man and man in bonds of love and brotherhood

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



“NAMAZ”

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

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

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

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



THE ENDLESS JOURNEY

Oh! This long endless journey
Endless till times eternity
Zest and zeal, quest to know
The inquisitiveness, marvelous

To discover the cell, the chromosomes,
The DNA, the genes, the structure,
The atom, the neutrons, the protons
The dimensions of the hidden energy

To know about the vast expanding universe
The endless space, the black hole
The big bang, the vacuum, the spots
The shrinking stars, the vanishing suns

To know within one's own self
The intricate mechanism of inner being
The consciousness, the id, ego, super ego
The significance of symbols, the signs

The hidden meaning in dreams
The various planetary positions
The mystery of their movements
Their influences, spectacular dimensions

The spinning earth, the moving Moon,
The crust, mountains, volcanoes,
Rivers, seas, oceans, seasons,
Plants, animals and their genera's

The origins of species, their extinction
The survival of the fittest, their strengths
Ever evolving, ever growing, changing
The mysteries of particles, germs, viruses

The pathology of various diseases
Its prevention and control, its cure
The nano-technology, the bio-chemistry
The marvels of medical sciences

The arrival of the computer age
The digital cameras, tele age
The cell phones, the gadgets
Million inventions for daily comforts

Man an ever marvel, a mystery
Dogmas, religions, strata of society
Struggle within, economical, social,
Fights, quarrels, deadly wars

Man is devil to himself
Enemy of own self, of his neighbor
Man a friend, a father, a guide, a saint
Man an ever enigma, a paradox



NEW CREED

It is place where children
Cannot play their ball
Nor rose can bloom to
Fill the place with its fragrance
But only sand dunes
And mirages and oasis
Yet great minds have leisurely
Walked there leaving foot prints
And in a sleepy rocky cave
A mystic prophet had pondered
On the sky filled stars
And measured the distance
Between the heaven and the earth
To ring in a new message
Of high sounding rhythmic rhetoric
To fill the minarets,
And make armies run
On the sleepy populace
With a new found creed
You cannot ask any more
Of the wine that takes you
To trance or to the same cave,
For peace and meditation, which
No longer rings a fresh breeze
Now men fill their glass cabinets
With antique pieces and of art
And walls with color boards
Painted by Picasso and Hussain.



NO MORE LIGHT

A place which gave birth
To the man, who regained
The lost paradise now
Mans the saber toothed tiger,
To swallow the new born
Every new orange light
Glittering the sandy dunes
Makes the blood thinner;
In that small date palm filled
Oasis in the mirror of whose water
Moves the star filled sky
Where melting dreams are visible
The steely birds dropping fire and brim stone
To bring a change in visions
Of young tiny tots, who play
With toy guns, roaming about
As David to hunt for Goliath
There are no candles to burn there
But fresh olive oil 'diyas' to brighten
Pathways of the battered building.



OUR PARADISE

This is the ancient land
Where hides of goddess cow
Once holy, is now turned to leather
The fine shiny shoes for convent schools
The bones are crushed for gelatin
To be mixed as an elixir in chocolate
Vitaminised drinks for strength
The fat is turned to lard
For pretty women ladies to paint their lips

This is holy land
Where the coffers are filled
With taxes on hooch, toddy
Filled in tyre tubes, muddy pots
Wine flows like Ganges and Cauvery
You get free tickets to watch
“Jai ho” and to vote for the hand
Every “neta” promises paradise
On this earth, here, here.



ANOTHER FALL

After the first fall from the paradise to earth
A long innings of mirth, joy and pleasure
Saga of sorrows and then withering away
Then the gathering of all the souls
Then this walk on an invisible line drawn
Sharper then sword, thinner than hair
You need to walk over it
Below the line, the fire of abyss
You are sure to fall as you carry
A huge baggage on your back
But the one, who took the daily chores
As a walk on a thin string
Having practiced well enough,
They would fly on a winged white horse
To reach the heavenly abode.



ALAS LOVE LOST

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

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

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



ELUSIVE LOVE

They move at their own
Slow snail space
Without rhythm, sense or zeal
Oblivious of the hurry burry of life.

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

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

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



HOPE AFTER HOPE

In bygone rusting times of venomous
King cobras crawling freely, moving
About with deep poisonous fangs,
Striking at will. Saber toothed
Tigers tearing apart Herculean
Wrestlers. There arose a bare footed
Heavenly cherished charming soul;
Without any protective or weapons.
With his sweet melodious voice;
With his soothing, becalming message
Of love and care; arousing
Pity, sympathy among mighty and strong.
For compassion to miserable, suppressed
And down trodden wretched ones.



HOW ETERNAL BLISS

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

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

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

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



DIVINE WISDOM

When the Truth dawns with its
Multiple colors at the twilight zone,
With its armory and shining sword;
The rustic, the mundane delight in calling
Its overtures as a gimmick, mere magic.

When the Truth with its sonorous,
Melodious voice enchants the
Onlookers, they watch its play and dance
And call it as a sheer poetry.

When the Reality sings its own tunes,
To drive away the eternal darkness,
To enlighten the dark souls and mind,
The foolish call it as a mere rhetoric.

When the words of learned length
And mighty effulgence astound
The semiliterate, they pronounce it
As divine wisdom unfolded around.



UNQUESTIONABLE FAITH

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

Moses had felt your effulgence and light
When fire beckoned him to mount Sinai,
And light flashed from the tree
And announced 'I am your Lord'.
Moses dropped his staff down on ground.
He fell in prostration and submitted.

O Lord! You showed Your light for yearning souls,
To purified and glorified hearts.
O Lord! Grant me that inner eye,
To recognize all your signs in Nature.



SHELTER ME

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

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

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

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



PRAYER FOR COMPASSION AND MERCY

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



O MY LORD

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

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

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

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



LORD'S QUALITIES

O! My Lord! I see and recognize
Many positive, negative, good, ugly
Bad qualities in myself, in
My friends and in my enemies.

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

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

O! My Lord! Can I relate these qualities to You.
Or You are above all these qualities and essences?



PRAYER FOR DAWN OF LIGHT

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

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

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

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



MERGER IN THEE

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

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

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

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



INNER EYE

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

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

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

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



SHOW ME THY FACE

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

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

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

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



OMENS

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

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

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

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

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



MOKSHA

O My Lord! The astrologers say that
 The career of a person is determined
 By the natal planetary chart
 At the time of birth, the constellation
 Under which born, the conjunction, aspects
 Exaltations, retrogradation, debilitation
 Of planets and houses they occupy,
 And their regular “gojara”^{*} movements.

O my Lord, my unshakeable faith
 In Thee, my total reliance
 Is sufficient for me, I accept
 Whatever Thy command is!
 For me Thy Love and Grace
 Is paramount. Color me in Thy Color.
 Accept me for merger, for a vision
 For exultation, for jubilation, for ‘moksha’.^{**}



^{*} *Gojara*: Planetary movements in natal chart

^{**} *Moksha*: Final merger

A PRAYER FOR A VISION

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

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

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

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



LORD'S GLANCE

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

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

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

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



* *Ghouse*: Pole among saints

** *Walis*: Saints

O MY LOVE!

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

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

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

O Lord! Let my tongue praise Thee.
Love Thee with all my heart.



TO HUMANIZE MAN

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



HOLD ONTO PRAYERS AND PATIENCE

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

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

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

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



**POEMS FROM
ETERNAL QUEST**

LIFE'S WONDERS

We falter, flounder and fall flat at every step.
Only the Divine Grace helps us on our way,
 To rise us up again; to further carry on
 Our daily chores, doings and dealings.
 Unseen hands work for our well-being.
Our well-wishers save us from adversaries.
 Our sixth sense creates wonders for us.
 Life is full of mysteries and charms.
 Daily acquisition of knowledge,
Enlightens our soul, being and nourishes it.
 Our mind gets lit with grandeur.
 The future opens up to brightness.
 We need protectives and life guards,
To save us from drowning in the sea of woes.



SAFE LANDING

When storms, tempests, tornadoes blow,
The plants, trees and grass, all
Bend completely to save themselves
From being uprooted and destroyed.
To save ourselves from elimination,
Man needs to elevate his mind and soul,
By subduing ego, anger and pride.
Ever humble himself and be simple.
The nature has provided man –
With seeds to cultivate and grow
Grains, fruits, vegetables to satiate hunger.
With stones to build houses, pathways.
Minerals, precious gems for beauty.
Work and worship help sail the ship
Of life to safe shores and ports.



HOW TO REACH INNER PEACE?

The inner light that cherishes the soul
Is a celestial gift for a fortunate few.
It flickers to give daily strength,
To face the onslaught of storms tempests.
Faith in the divine beings, good persons
Brings succor and lights up the way.
Sorrows, despondency, disappointments wanes,
And magnetic pull of beyond raises hopes.
The inner conflicts and duality in mind
Should end, to reach the inner core of peace.
Millions yearn for self effacement
And to see the Face of the Lord.
Only a fortunate blessed in an era.
Reach the heavenly fruit of Sainthood.



HOW TO REACH THEE?

I love, I weep, my heart is deserted.
The fragrance of my love fails to reach my Beloved.
Even the wind has deserted me!
It fails to carry my tale of woes, solitariness.
My counselors advice me, to raise
My lamentations, to tear & shear my coverings.
To beat the drums, to raise a hue & cry.
But my adversaries are ready to shred me to pieces.
My time is not yet up, my journey is long.
The way is weary with prickly thorns.
My thirst is unquenchable, I need
My love to increase, to surmount the troubles.
My maddening inner waves run riot
Night clouded with fears, how shall I reach Thee



WHITHER SOLACE?

My counselor, my doctor, my panacea
Knows the cure for my illnesses.
But He is deaf, dumb and mute.
He wants my lamentations to reach its peak.
So that it can break, all the hopes, desires,
For this deceptive and foolish worldly hordes,
Which cast a heavier burden on my shoulders,
Which have become weak due to weariness, age.
My eyes are tired, with heaviness of sleep.
My heart pangs have increased many folds.
My Beloved's absence makes it more fonder.
I have lost my way, I am in crises.
O Love! Come merge in my every cell.
Enlighten my being for solace, calmness within.



CHARISMATIC PERSONALITY.

My doctor, my curer, my guide,
My friend, my philosopher
Advices me to soften the desires.
While putting the steps in the slippery paths.
'Make hay while the sun shines'.
Keep within your bosoms, the love as a secret.
Bid for your time, secure the locks of treasury.
Then abandon the desire for life, cast world aside,
Let not the troublesome, fickle seasons,
Drougts, storms and tempests wash
Away every leaf and grain of your garden.
Leaving you askance, with a begging bowl.
Let love be full in purified heart.
Shining with a magnetic soul.



TORN KITE

My weary and wasted heart laments,
Weeps wails and cries from ages long.
Before my time bids me, I yearn for it.
Day in and day out to merge in Thee.
I found my dreams empty and hollow,
The mirages vanished in wasted sand dunes.
Withering age has now caught my shoulders.
No more toils, no more yearnings and joys.
When Sun was high, gardens laid,
When fragrance spread, perfumes in air,
I was enchained in life's rigmaroles.
Seasons have changed, but I in disarray.
Yesterday is dead, tomorrow is yet to be born.
I seek closing chapter, for, my life's kite is torn



INFINITE RICHES

World is a huge market, where merchandise
From all over is dumped, for bargain,
Haggling, where Truth gets submerged.
Where love is restricted to a straight.
Narrow path; scarcely admits of looking
Either to the right or to the left.
'Wheresoever you turn, there is the Face of God,'
Is a mere word, restricting the meaning.
Large vistas of knowledge should open
Up the mind like an umbrella;
To admit the light to enter from all sides.
Not restricting to a single path to Lord.
Temptations and distractions hedging the path
To love should be shunned for Infinite Riches



WHITHER HARMONY?

Speed, zest, zeal today is hallmarks for success,
And for one who is street smart in life
But one who is withdrawn, contemplative,
Less competitive, life puts up hurdles.
Many a sorrows visit him daily
For he cannot take life in its stride.
Rushing after evasive, illusionary outer life,
Oblivious of inner perfection and peace,
Being attracted by glamour of tinsel world.
Living beyond their means, then life in shambles
The daily whirlpool pulls them within it
The ultimate dejections and sorrows,
Makes them drown in the sea of woes.
Life has to be balanced to bring in harmony.



TRANSFERENCE

Saintly persons transfer their goodness,
God's blessings and well-being.
To seekers and humble ones.
Goodness diffuses in the being like light.
Pathos and grief can likewise make way,
In the soft hearts of tender ones,
When they are exposed to tragic
Scenes, happenings and occurrences.
All good and bad, positive and negative
Waves are subject to transference.
Expose yourself to good and positive
Waves for your own betterment and good.
Magnetic fields emanating from saintly beings
Has cleansing effect on other beings.



OPEN SPACES

I write love on the shore's sand.
The angry waves erase it.
I write love on the bark of a tree.
The wood cutter brings down the tree.
I write love on the walls.
The graffiti is washed out by the painter.
What we possess we give.
But it is not valued.
Yet some mystery binds us.
It gives meaning for us to love.
These are moments of shared silences.
And the empty world wailing for us.
Our heart is like a red ripe apple.
For anyone or someone to pierce it.



OUT OF TUNES

They are all cattle and beast of burden.
They eat what their masters provide them.
They have no songs of their own to sing,
Nor a thought of deep import
To share their experiences.
They listen week long to harangues.
To the same old tunes and monologues
And submit to those lines of nonsense.
They put on unkept long beards
And wear knee deep 'jubhas'
With colourful caps of all hues.
They speak a language
Unmatched, untuned to present times.
They are unable to sing in chorus
Nor march in harmony of the times.
But they look at the world with a squint eye.



ONCE MORE

Once more we get thrilled watching a beautiful scene.
Once more we ask for rehearsal of acting on a stage.
 Once more we shout for repeating the goal.
 Once more we clamour for hitting a sixer.
 Once more we yearn for joys to dawn.
 Once more we seek for grief to wane.
 Once more we want the spring to bring flowers.
 Once more we look for summer to shine.
Once more we chance to meet the youthly charm.
Once more we need the days of milk and honey.
Once more we aspire for lovely dreams to fulfill.
Once more we pray for moment of truth to appear.
 Once more we linger for hopes to greet us.
Once more we dance when happiness fills our hearts.



ON REACHING PEACE

We will speak about primordial times.
Of the man living in caves, forests, plains
Facing nature's wrath, its plays with light and shade.
Its idiosyncrasies, its fickleness, its snares.
About darkness and fears surrounding it.
About eclipse about stars and their influences.
Of being possessed by evil spirits.
Of myth, mythologies, fictions of imaginations.
Of strong devouring the weak, of subjugation.
Of exploitation, of lies, blunders, shams.
Humbugs, loots, plunders, rapines, killings.
Of all those men seeking peace.
For release from pain, sorrows, desires.
From lust, anger, jealousy, foolishness.
We will speak of enlightenment
Of freedom from evil, of goodness,
Of virtue, of straight paths.
Of Truth, Ahimsa, release from bonds.
From attachments, of 'Moksha'
Of peace, serenity and tranquility.



BE EVER PREPARED

When life presents itself in all its hues,
In all its colours, its ramifications.
Its slipperiness, its cunningness,
Its snares, its camouflages, its traps.
We should be prepared on war footing.
To meet its challenges, its struggles.
Have deep faith and steadfastness
In truth, justice, liberty, freedom.
To walk in straight lines of right and justice.
To ever enlighten ourselves.
With increasing knowledge,
Without malice and hatred in heart.
With clarity of mind, free from prejudices.
With strong will power.
With everlasting goodness.
With ever humbleness and simplicity.
With capacity to forget and forgive.
To ever be prepared to compound and compromise.



MY GOD

My God is different. He isn't with a long trunk,
Or with a long tail born to wind goddess.
My God is different. He doesn't call for killing
Those who doesn't accept His authority.
My God is different. He isn't the one
Who abandons wife, for being abducted.
My God is different. He is not dancing
With thousand lovers, copulating in Brindavan.
My God is different. He doesn't ask me
Not to be friend another one of my species.
My God is different. He doesn't want me
To throw my spouse with triple "Talak"
My God is good one, very very much sane.
Always here and there helping every one.



ANCIENT UNCOUTHNESS

Our ancient barbaric lore of million years
Continues to work in our subconscious.
Where millennium years of cultural breeding
Fails, it erupts within with all its force.
The ineptitudes, the inborn waywardness,
Uncivilized mind, the illegitimacy
Of living, the have not deprived feeling
Breaks the barriers of refinement.
The sexual urges grips the mind,
Pleasures offered by the taste buds,
The numbness, high feelings of intoxicants,
Breaks the sobriety of civilized ways.
Green snake within, burning passions, greed,
Hatred, stroke the fire within for violence.



EVER LASTINGNESS

I have not lost hope in present day chaos.
After a few showers, I notice at most
Barren dry parching soil turning green.
The listless life sprouts again alive.
The dry leaf less trees and stems
Again come to life with blossoming
Flowers and leaves to invite fauna
To suck its nectar, pluck it for plaits.

Life I find everlasting, going
On and on endlessly, despite loss
And gain, a game of chess and draught,
A snake and ladder, but reaching the goal.
The rising and waning moon, sparking stars,
The moving planets, the sun restores life.



SWEET DREAMS

Millions go on pious pilgrimages;
To most holy places at Makka;
To the revered holy river Ganges;
To Kashi; Mount Kailas, Sabri Mallai.
The muck in their dark souls remains.
They try to wash their dirty linens.
They are like foot rugs and dirty carpets.
Ever gathering soil, dirt, dunk and stains.
I shudder to even think of such a visit.
My soul is darkened, seeking haloed light.
I am without a shining golden heart.
It is a mere visual sweet dream for me.
Perhaps one in a millionth poor pilgrim
A humble sublime soul merges in Him.



VASTNESS IN SELF

I look up at the vast great universe
With million twinkling stars, which have shed light,
Million light years ago, may be burnt by now.
Universe is expanding day by day.
Our solar system is a mere speck.
The tiny dark earth is invisible.
Where do I stand in such a big 'Maya'?
But our ego is bigger universe.
The light of this bright burning shining sun.
The spectacular marvelous Nature
Sprouting everlasting beautiful things.
Lifting the imagination of our mind.
Creativity works wonders in our self,
Makes us feel great in this vast universe.



NEW FOUND WAVES AND JOYS

We change with the rising tides.
With the glorious sun shedding new light.
With golden crescent grinning in twilight.
With shining Venus beckoning to fresh hopes
The irresistible call from the unknown
Was given by a truthful shining soul.
To release us from the bondage of ages.
To liberate us from shackles of slavery.
We submitted to the unrelenting message,
Whose call was sonorous, melodious.
Moving us to tears and melting our story heart

A new wave rose from the sleepy shores.
To carry us to the fathoms of measureless sea
To enable us to pick pearls from enclosed shells.



IN HIS ARMS

I wondered and wondered and my wonder grew.
As to what must have crossed his stilled mind,
 When it was announced about cancer,
This would slowly and steadily engulf him.
 I noticed calmness slowly besetting him.
 Peace and solace enveloping him.
 His movements were measured.
His love and grace increasing day by day.
 As time passed the recuperating pain,
The breathlessness, weakness gripping him.
 He was put in an oxygen tent.
 Yet he didn't lose those sweet smiles.
 As the end came nearer and nearer,
My father lay surrendered in His Arms.



A GENUINE PRAYER

O Lord! Lead me to light and straight paths.
Don't leave me in the grip of traitors,
Hypocrites, enemies and despots.
And those on whom Your anger befalls.
O Lord! Befriend me; take me in Your fold.
Enwrap me in your bosom and love,
Cover me with Graces and Your Mercy.
Enrich my mind with thousand lights.
O Lord! I seek those glittering eyes,
From which I can perceive You.
Those ears from which I hear You.
That tongue from which I praise You.
O Lord! Let my best half serve You.
Let my progeny follow right and justice.



BLESS ME BLESS ME

Every individual lovely soul
In any corner of the world,
Due to vagaries of weather
Beaten black and blue again & again.
Swollen, injured grievously hurt
Submits, kneels down before You.
O Lord! don't shun them
For You are Gracious & Kind.
O Lord! Show Your Clemency
To all Your humble creatures
Irrespective of their merit
You soothe the wounded hearts.
O Lord! Let me place my stricken heart
At Your threshold, for blessing.

For I have reached the end of the world.
O Lord! Enlighten me guide me.
Now my heart is a sacred honey comb.
My love is single minded, bless me, bless me.



HELP ME, HELP ME

O Lord! Your love to all is unfailing;
Unfathomable, immeasurable.
Whether one calls on You or not.
You are Gracious and constant.

O Lord! Your servants have gone astray.
Millions have strayed from Your path.
Wayward, blasphemous sinners.

O Lord! You are ever Kind, forgive them.
Forgive all Your erring souls.
Enlighten, soften every heart.
Let the world be a heaven.
A place of blessing and peace.
O Lord! I submit before You.
Help me, help me, to see Your light.



MULTIPLE GRACES

O Lord! There were times when
 Fate had decreed severe tests.
 A childhood of hardship and pain.
 Schooling in a most modest way.
 With meager clothing's and food.
 We found simplest of daily joys
 In playing in sand, stones, kites,
 "Gilli Danda", marbles, hide and seek.
 Being satisfied with mere "anna sambar"
 Homemade pickles and "samosas"
 Gruel from broken rice and pudding.
 The simplest of food gave us joys.
 As we grew, O Lord! You snatch
 From our midst our most loving
 Grandparents, uncles and aunts.
 We were left with a bare tree,
 Without shade, leaves and fruits.
 O Lord! You consoled us always.
 You created hopes and not illusions
 With kind, affectionate, loving,
 Silent parents, playful siblings.
 Surrounded by syncretic culture.
 O Lord! You guided us through
 Most difficult moments of life.
 When we had to pass through
 Every trial and tribulation.
 Your multiple Graces, saved our souls.
 You have satisfied all our needs
 To fill in our bosom thankfulness.
 Gratitude, peace, solace & richness.



I SEEK YOUR MERCY ON MY FELLOW MEN

I had a premonition in my dream.
 I woke up with a violent jerk,
 With dried out tongue and severe headache.
 I applied balm, tied a cloth on my fore head.
 I swallowed medicine. I prayed.
 O Lord! Forgive us, of our sins.
 Grant us Your Mercy and Grace
 On all Your erring humanity.
 Let not the poverty ridden men,
 Already stinking in dirt and filth
 Suffer further misery, on account
 Of Your wrath unleashed through
 Various means of drought, storms,
 Tsunamis, diseases and ultimate
 Death horrible seizing the innocent
 Victims and already weather beaten
 People cringing and crawling for Mercy,
 Seeking Your Grace and Benevolence.
 O Lord! Show Your clemency.
 Let Your Mercy and Grace
 Shower on all peoples of all sections.
 Let the erring humanity
 Be straightened in their affairs.
 O Lord! Send down Your Guidance
 In all the hearts of my fellowmen.



“LAUGHTER THE BEST MEDICINE”

Greater inner disharmony
Makes one to part company
With friends and make foes
Of them, to leave you disappointed.
We need to struggle inside.
Finding meaning in this life.
Relive our dreams, the script
Of daily living needs review.
Constant watch on ourselves,
And putting up a best show
Without wounded hearts,
Surely would bring sweet fruits.
Every attempt & struggle to bring love
In troubling hearts will bring smiles



EVER GRACIOUS

O Lord! It is my own mistakes
Which have brought me troubles,
And others have wronged me,
And driven me to despair!

O Lord! You have shown me
During these most trying periods,
Your utmost Compassion and Kindness,
You have helped me overcome the tests.

O Lord! You have helped me
Sail through the most difficult
Moments of my life.
You have helped me again & again.

O Lord! I can't ask for more.
Your Graciousness has always surrounded me



WHITHER DIGNIFIED PURE LIFE?

These are the disjointed times.
With materialism gripping the minds.
Passion, lust ranging all over.
Anger, greed, jealousy overtaking.
Consumerism is the order of the day.
Every home is filled with gadgets.
Machines have taken over,
And made man a delicate being.
Competition has become a way of life.
The door is wide open for rate race.
Stiff necks, uncouth behavior.
Man bereft of compassion, sympathy.
Usury and high bank interest & charges.
Plastic cards, easy money,
With draw sums by ATMs
Never repay what you borrow.
Jungle ancient man is back
In his fold with thundering zest.
Man has turned against man.
Love and affection withering away.
Promises made are never kept.
Lying, falsehood at drop of the hat.
Hypocrisy ranging the times.
Man changing like chameleon, colors.
Charity the cream of goodness,
Has melted in the thin air.
Beggars have to adopt
Various means to cringe for a coin.
Men with hollow and empty minds,

Stand in prayers with foul thoughts,
 Wavering and satanic mind.
 To make a show of worship.
 Back biting, condemning each other
 Criticism, hankering, leg pulling,
 Has become the order of the day.
 Man has now become enemy of man.
 Man is daggers drawn
 With despicable elements
 Taking over the consciousness.
 Corroding the heart and soul.
 Pilgrimages are more for a fun
 An excursion and a picnic.
 Who is prepared to give up cozy life.
 For search of truth and God.
 Children are made to sing rhymes.
 Made to carry heavy loads of books.
 Lack of ethical and moral training.
 Goaded with chocolates and pampered.
 Millions of marriages on rocks.
 Women treated like chattels.
 Unceremoniously divorced
 With 'triple talak'.
 Arab Sheikhs are rolling in wealth.
 Wealth corrupts absolutely,
 Absolute wealth corrupts absolutely.
 Whither the religion of peace?
 Taliban are growing opium
 With poppy culture and drugs.

Gay lords trotting all over with guns.
 Car bombs destroying culture.
 Whither religious tolerance, kindness.
 Feeling of give and take, good neighbors.
 Bombing prayers meetings in mosques,
 Churches, synagogues and temples.
 “To you, your religion and my, mine”
 Is a mere slogan and trumpet.
 Whither humbleness and submissiveness?
 Quoting scriptures profusely without practicing.
 Religion is a way of humble life.
 To love Lord with all body and soul.
 To clean mind, enlighten spirit.
 Rigorously pray and love mankind.
 To live a virtuous and spiritual life.
 Shunning worldliness, yearning for merger
 Is no sin. To vow for clean life
 Is what a Sufi, godly man, yearns.
 Men in tattered clothing’s, empty hands,
 Tearful eyes, glittering hearts.
 Singing paeans for Lord
 And His Prophet is the goal of their lives.



ETERNAL QUEST

In this earthly world, there is morning,
And twilight of evening.
The dusk and dawn.
The twinkling of the stars.
The crescent and the full moon.
The dust, the storm, the rain.
The changing of the seasons,
Whirling of the wind.
Fluttering of the birds.
Sweet songs of the nightingale.
The fauna and the flora.
The desert, the jungles
Snowy mountains, gushing rivers,
The angry sea, the calm oceans.
All this is a gift to man.
To retain it or flounder it.
To flourish with goodness
Or destroy it with evil.
The cosmos, the universe
With millions of shining suns.
With their own revolving planets
Somewhere in some universe
Maybe a kindred spirit
Hoping like us to meet the Creator!



FULFILLMENT OF VOWS AND PRAYERS

In whatever form one prays.
To whomever one wishes.
To whichever direction one turns.
One who prays to images, stone,
Or to graves of saints.
Or to photographs of gods, goddesses.
Or to god men or holy men.
Or prays in temples, mosques, gurudwaras.
And submits oneself to holy men.
Or meditates deeply every day.
Or chants mantras or does 'Zikr'.
Makes vows and sacrifices.
Visits holy places, churches.
Goes on pilgrimages.
All find peace of mind.
And gets their wishes fulfilled.



WHITHER JOYS AND PLEASURE FOR ALL?

From ancient Time, we have gods
For each and every one of their
Liking of their choice, imaginations,
Of their own fancy and familiarity.
So also today in our modern times
Janitors, cobblers, coolies. man on street,
Farmers, lay men, have no God.
Their daily bread satisfies them.
For million years a poor indigent
Has suffered in umpteen ways.
Gods of intellectuals keep them so.
In ever penury, in ever shame.
Men in opulence, splendor, wealth
Roll in their filthy desires, inequity
Sans mercy, compassion, justice.
Prepared to lose millions for pleasure of dice.
Can we see light in this troubled times.
For equal distribution of all joys, pleasures.



SATAN AND GENIES

For the indigent poor and wretched,
Where is God for them?
And decent living?
Where is the thought for each day?
They are slaves of the wealthy!
Their only need is their daily bread!
To cover their shame, protect
Themselves from blistering Sun and cold.
Oh! This self-created gods of desires.
Are Genie for the intellectuals.
But these genies and satans
Subjugate poor wretched fellows.
And keep them in their grip forever and ever.
Depriving them from basic pleasures



ENLIGHTEN DARK PATH WAYS

When one becomes ever good with compassion
And mercy oozing out for humanity
With forgiveness and blessedness.
He becomes a boon to humanity.
Such a marvelous person
Of illustrious nature with magnanimity
Is mercy personified, a Lord,
A saint, a good man, a panacea.
While a tyrant, a criminal
A wayward, a wretched rich fellow
Is a Satan, genie to create havocs
To destroy, ruin the gardens of love.
Love cherished is a candle of hope.
To enlighten the dark path ways



DEVIL, THE SATAN

The Satan, the devil, the “devva”
The diabolical nature of man
Stole the thunder, the light of the Lord.
Satan, the genie, an open enemy of mankind.
He way lays all the members of mankind
Generates the evils in man, overcomes
The consciousness, dominates
Takes over all the wealth, subjugates man.
He prevents man from humility.
Never allows to practice sublimity.
Nor allows man to be compassionate.
Nor to practice mercy, but makes him passionate.
Provokes man to anger, creates jealousy.
Greed, covetousness to destroy man.



GODLY BEHAVIOR

When the mercy, compassion
Charity, tremendousness
Of the Lord, transcends
In to the divine consciousness
A person of purity of mind
And heart becomes Divine.
He displays Lord's qualities
And humanity gets benefitted.
The tongue of such a person
Utters profound truths.
The eye watches Beauty,
The heart sparkles with love.
The gait changes to innocence.
Christ like behavior becomes explicit.
A Midas touch turns sand to gold.
A healer, a teacher, a Buddha.



AGONY OF SEPARATION

O my Beloved! Give me the cup of honeyed drink
That shall put me to eternal deep sleep.
Neither the sounds of trumpets on the day of reckoning;
Nor the genie of the ring and lamp of Aladdin;
Shall be able to wake me up from the slumber.
I have no deeds to plead for heaven.
Nor I played with evil to walk into abyss.
I have moved all through in straight lines.
While my adversaries have paced parallels.
Never to meet, to shake hands or for bear hugs.
Like Brutus, I have been stabbed several times.
My lips quiver, my heart bleeds, now I look up
To Thee, to relieve me from pangs of separation.
O Beloved! Merge in me now here, here!



A PRAYER

O Lord! Treat me as the meanest
Of Your creatures, humblest
Amongst the mankind.
Let me be dust under the feet of Holy men.
O Lord! Let Thy love engulf me.
Enlighten my mind million times.
Lead me to the truthful paths.
Strengthen my resolve to serve Thee.
O Lord! Forgive all my sins.
Bless my parents, my siblings.
Bless all your creatures.
Let love increase & hatred freeze.
O Lord! Accept my thanks for bounties received.
Let peace prevail and wars cease.



QUATRAINS

Life is like a cricket match
You score runs or get out for nought
You scale heights or get disappointed
You get injured and fail to perform



Hundreds die during pilgrimages
In most holy places
At Makka or Sabri Malai
By stampede or fire, what wisdom lies?



Lips get sealed without movement.
Turn to frost like cold snow,
When the burning lamp inside pops.
Is heat and fire life, coldness, death?



Man has passed through cave age
Stone Age and Iron Age.
Bigoted age with cold symbols.
To an age of enlightenment.



Roses in December bring hopes
For fresh stream of life anew.
To spread fragrance in air afresh.
Life is a mixture of shade and light.



A drop separated yearns to join the ocean.
To mingle and drown in nothingness.
Multitudes spring in myriad rain bowed colours
Alas all merge to make a silvery screen.



Every fragrant rose to delight,
Has a thorn to prick to bleed.
From marshy waters springs a lotus.
All that glitters is not precious stones.



If I need to live I need to pay taxes.
The vagaries of the seasons does not deter me.
The sign of unknown does unnerve me.
But warrants and summons are handcuffs for me.



Sow not evils in the sand of time.
For it sprouts into a thorny plant.
To give fruits of bitter taste.
You reap what you sow today.



Let every day be a new & fresh One.
Forget the past sultry day.
Make best use of today with tears.
For tomorrow will bring you no fears.



Remember not yesterday's battles.
About gory bloodshed & injuries.
Smoothen today with love and affection.
So that tomorrow doesn't bring affliction.



Unmindful of the cruel ways of fate.
I put in heart & soul in my way.
Days, months and years passed by.
Bearing honeyed sweet fruits for me.



I worked hard all my way,
With love and affection in my heart.
Unmindful of sorrows binding me.
My cheerful today is thanks giving for me.



Unmindful of my enemies' mechanizations,
I dedicated every day for my work.
To make it perfect in every way.
Today, I look back with satisfaction.



For one, who sees and accepts Truth,
Is to arrive at the threshold
Of enlightenment and knowledge.
To wash away sins and purify oneself.



**POEMS FROM
EVERGREEN PASTURES**

THAT PURIFIER

He is neither beyond space or mind.
Nor in the Heaven seated on a throne
He is closer than our jugular vein.
In the innermost corner of our heart.

Our planets, a mere blue dot in space.
Our solar system, a white speck
In the milky way, a flash in cosmos.
Man invisible, insignificant.

Our ego, a bloated universe;
Leading us to a slippery path.
To get entrapped, fall and suffer,
Causing cataclysmic pain in being.

Tune in mind to that Eternal light,
That purifies the heart, body & soul



WHAT AM I?

I want to leave my foot prints
On the pathways of time,
But the road is concreted.
The heavy floods take away everything.

Once in a while, I walk in my memory lane,
Only to find dilapidated huts
Occupied by bats and owls
The cobwebs blurring the vision.

My lady sometimes thunders awhile,
When my best friend visits me.
I crouch and cringe look sheepish.
Only my angels can know my feelings.

My moon face waxes and wanes,
Hides itself in the clouds
Loses its shine when sun peeps out
And fades till darkness falls.



WHAT HE ASKED?

He gave you laws to free you from sins.
Not to become its slave
And wrangle in its niceties.
To split hair and argue with it.

He asked you to create wealth
But make him partner in service.
Share the joys in equality.

He asked you to free man
From evil and sufferings
Bring true freedom and joys
Not to war and let blood.

He asked you to be pious
Not promiscuous but respect women.



WHITHER TRUE WORSHIP?

Make show of the worship
With chandeliers and woolen carpets
With AC's, fans and loud speakers
With loud utterings and noise
With placing of flowers, fruits on altars
With show of finery and aromas
Without purity of mind, heart and soul.
Without piety and humility
Without sublimity and sincerity
Without wisdom and truth
Without uttering His Name and words
Without silence and submission.



STRAIGHT LINE MELTING

My straight line gets merged
In the muddy marshy path
Resolved resolutions, idealism
Waning away withering in winds.
Dawn of idiosyncrasy, looking sheepish
In the e-age and internet age.
Blaming Satan for our ill-actions
And passions for wrongs committed.
The will to hold on to the path,
Slips away losing hold on perfection.
Continuous stream of disturbing thoughts
Confusing the mind and utterances.
Embroiding in the conflicts of life.
Fragrances of roses melting in thin air



WHY LABOR THE DAY?

The hunger, the sweat to beat the heat.
The rough hands, brow beaten,
The injured back, hands and legs,
The smelly body, uncombed hairs;
Yet from sunrise to Moon set,
They are reduced to unoiled machines.
Stars hide and do not throw spears on them.
No more honey moon, no more joys.
They need to scrub the stables and pen.
Be city scavengers, lift loads of weight.
Butchers, smithies, scrap dealers, scare crows.
Heaven does not smile nor milk flows.
Labor, labor all the way and day
Keep happiness always at bay.



A BEGINNING...

Invoking the mercy and compassion
 Emanating from the innermost
 Corner of my benign heart,
 Shunning the terror of the mind;
 I begin in that Name,
 Which has enamored Man
 From the beginning of Destiny.
 The Name that has instilled love,
 Beauty and mesmerized billions
 Of soft buttered hearted beings.

The colossal mind that has stored
 The knowledge from antiquity
 And being wonder struck with awe
 At the stupendous cosmos;
 And marveled at the nature.
 Such is the mind creating pleasure and pain.
 Presenting my inner being
 To the supreme Deity, Ever Great
 In ever submission, in servitude
 In humility and in all sincerity.
 Offering in symbolic gesture fruits,
 Flowers, milk, water and honey;
 As a token of my love and sacrifice.
 In sonorous voice, I sing His
 Praise, pay my supplications
 Call upon Him from my inner being
 To save me from all vicissitudes of life.
 Help me in all my endeavors.

Protect me from all my adversaries
O Love! An unblemished one
Hidden in the inner most corner
Of my benign being and soft heart
Envelops me, cover me, blanket me;
Shine and sparkle, create a halo over me.



TRUE SPIRIT

True artists living in good spirits
Undeterred by royalty pomp and show
Act as genuine messenger of peace
Fly in their own realm of consciousness.

Kingship squeezes creativity and love
All their men and horses display splendor.
Devoid of grace, beauty and blessings.
The spirit in all its sincerity and loveliness
Embraces poor sweet sacred hearts
To release them from chains, clutches, shackles
Of desires and sins, glare and attention.

Love and sacrifice, sincerity and humility
Creates its own heavenly wonder for worship.



TO EVER DARKNESS

They are from land of plenty
Where milk and honey flows
With luxury fineries, delicious
Foods, silk and jewelry.
Wealth oozing out from petro –
Dollars, comfort and living.
The arid desert around
Hardly reminds them
Of stark realities of life.
Nor the wisdom of Holy ones.
Domes, sepulchers, the cube
Surrounded by rich carpets,
Artificiality and pomp
Making way all over.
The chill penury of the Asians
Hardly stirs their conscious.
Contempt for wretchedness
Phoo phooing ancient ways.
Spirituality shunned.
Walking with stiff color.
High noses with pride and pelf.

Sudden calamity, when it seizes
Their shocked living
They cringe and cronge
With light of wisdom
Popped out from their mind
And heart turned to stone.
They grope in the dark pathways.

With dried out tongue.
Feeling pebbles and thorns
In the throat; yearning
For the days of mirth
To return and doze
The fire, engulfed
In their decayed being.
Dragging them to abyss.



PLUCK THE WEEDS OUT OF GARDEN OF LOVE

Jehovah does not like the wickedness
Of heart, mind and soul.
He would give a long rope
To repent and turn a new leaf.
If lo! The time is allowed to pass
With hoary head and creaky bones.
The loss is yours and your seeds.
To lose the garden of bliss
And face the holocaust.
Like those white skins with skull caps
Facing the wrath of the hot tempered tyrant
With half cut mustache.
Their fault was only to have remained
In cities with dreams.
With beauty and charms;
With golden spoons in the mouth
And silvery tie pins
And yellow metal cuff links.
They should have left and sailed
The seas to new found land
Discovered by Columbus.

But alas! Only to be turned
To ashes in gas chambers.
The new zealots with black turbans
And shabby beards totting
With stolen weapons
Think big to cross the borders of aliens.

Stealthily brain washing young brigands
To unleash terror on innocent beings.
Wickedness is sure to pass and end soon.
The heavenly Father is goodness full.
He waits for a while to turn
The tables on those wretched souls.

O Humanity! Thou are sparks of Divinity
Thou shall shine with splendors
You would come out victorious.
The dark clouds would pass over.
The ever growing sorrows, melancholy
Would end in sweetened fragrance.
The sun would shine and roses bloom.
The sunken eyes and hollowed cheeks
Would glitter and glow again.
The rivers would flow, soils get enriched.
The granaries will become full.
The pollution and wretchedness would wane.



REGAIN MERCY AND LOVE

The dark soul within having shut
The warm glowing light breaks the frontiers
Of love, affection, ruins gardens of bliss.
The green snake coiling the mind, heart
Perpetuates reprehensible acts
And steals peace solace of humanity
Now Luthers, Gandhies, Mandelas
Terasas should bloom every where
To bring a wind of change to help Mankind
To elevate itself and recreate garden of bliss
O Love! Thou are unfathomable and limitless
Release Thy energies and compassion
To enable the hearts to shine again
To capture, cultivate and enslave
The irascible, insolent and brigands.
Let peace, goodwill range again.



PEBBLES AND THORNS

They decide who should breath freely
Who should be victims of their blast
Who should face their firing squad.
They deceide what shall be spoken
From pulpit or what should be uttered
In the prayers or what should be
Offered to the dead or living.
They decide who should get the ticket
To garden of hoories or who should
Be pushed in the fire of abyss.
Their symbol is dripping sword in blood.
Neither lotus blooms nor roses flourish.
Nor sound of music stirs their soul.
Life is full of pebbles and thorns in their land.



**POEMS FROM
PERFUMED GARDEN OF LOVE**

RELEASE ME

You want to break my silence
On the plea of seeking love from me
I wandered away from the city's din
To yonder places in valleys
And mausoleums of dead saints
To seek peace and silence of mind
When now, I am settled in calmness
You have the propensity to disturb me
Raise and pitch your voice
To seek my attention, to raise passions
To dig heels in obstinacy
To shake me from my quietude.
O Mercy! Release me from the shackles
Of wants and glory, from joys and mirths.
To enable me to seek solitude
To release me from pain and suffering.



OUT OF WITS

No one wants to work in dark nights.
It is so cold, dark and dingy.
Everyone would like to wrap up,
With sound sleep, dreamless, undisturbed.
Sleepless nights are disturbing.
Nights become, then, too long.
Blowing wind and silence is eerie.
Butterfly feelings in stomach.
Aching head and weary images
Causing uneasiness and pain.
It is time for good and bad to mate.
Broad day light separates them.
But still nights are for ghosts
To scare you out of wits.



MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?

You say I should not merely emulate
 The Great Soul but become Him.
 How, you do not say, but puts the idea in me.
 The very idea brings ridicule to me,
 Delirious laughter and scorn
 From the black serpent the evil one;
 Who has coiled every space in me.
 There is no vacuum to fill Him.
 He has neither features nor characteristics.
 You say my features are Divine.
 He dwells in me serenely and calmly.
 But my perturbation unnerves me.
 How can I be Him?
 My shadow is bigger, larger than me.
 The very idea to me is repulsive.
 You say I will have no salvation,
 If I do not be Him. You say:
 That I need to peel of my outer skin,
 Like snake, throw out my outer garments.
 In my nudeness, I reflect Him,
 His Light, His Effulgence.
 My heart should become butterfly.
 Lift the curtains of my eyes.
 Unplug my ears, look around
 Look in; the features would
 Become explicit, it is inherent.
 Oh! I wish I shake off
 All the impurities, wash it off.

Will the milk of human kindness,
Will the pure 'Zam Zam' or Ganges,
Is enough to unsoil my feet?
My heresy is enough to mount on the cross
For my adversary to chop off my head
Should I have to remain on the cross forever?
Dangling between Earth and heaven
Sans pity from my Master, I cry out
My God! My God! Why have you forsaken me?
"Eli, Eli lama sabachthani".



MY CHAINS

I voluntarily accepted the chains of slavery
To remain forever in your bondage
To serve you in presence and in absence
To ever keep you in mind and heart
But lo! Again and again yet again
The lustful thoughts, the desires
Would erupt like spring in desert
Gushing forth and enveloping me
I break the bonds, the chains
Get released from the cage
And fly yonder in liberty
Only to get lost in strange lands
I repent, I make fresh promises
Take oaths and affirmation
But soon the attraction and pleasures
Of the slippery world make me succumb
Lo! This falling and raising
And my lamentation has gone on
Now my senses have failed
My false pride is broken like pitcher
My vanity has vanished
My self is broken and ignored
But your Mercy has saved me
I cry out, humbled and soiled
Oh! My Savior I feel ashamed
My dark self is now enlightened
By your light and effulgence

I was blinded, now I see the way
The path is straight and clear
Let not the pangs of my age
Desert me to break my faith in you.
Let million praises shower on you.



OUR SAVIOR EVER LIVING

Whatever you may label Him
He exists for ever, his supremacy
His everlastingness has to prevail
Death seizes the sacred heart
All have to pass this horrible test
All that is created seizes to exist
Whether you call 'Eli Eli' or not
'He begets not nor begotten'
All have to pass and live in Him
He recalls all that has come
The magic that changes water to wine
The cure of lepers, the revival of dead
Is all through His tongue and hands
The command is His
The Invisible acts
The sorrows, pains is taken by Him
No one else takes our sins
Each one has to account for every deed
He awards or punishes
Each one tastes his fruit of labor



ENTHRALL ME

In the silence of my mind and soul
In the wee hours of my life
The past haunts me like a ghost
Hooting like an owl, screeching like halting tyres
Projecting me on the screen of life
My wickedness, my meanness
My ego my pride, my foolishness
My self-centeredness, my bad planning
Of how I faltered with wrong moves
The lights on the stage dimming
Throwing dark shadows
Pouncing on me throttling me
Holding me by the collar
I get the punches on my nose
I realize the world is slippery
Glittering with the fragrance of a rose
Attractive making a slave of me
Now when the pleasure of the past
Have waned leaving me crippled
The world makes faces at me
Teasing me, making a fool of me
Yet I resist its glamour and glitter
I have realized its tricks, snares.
I watch every step in my crutches
I pray for light to descend
And envelop me, to enthrall me
My faith is strong. Eyes gleaming
I yearn for Thee with all my heart
To breath my last with Thy name on lips.



IN EMPTINESS

When the hot sun is blazing
I find you as a cool shady tree
In the wilderness, but my thirst
Torments me, with long unending way
Before me, covered with thrones and pebbles
I have accepted the challenges
To measure the depths of the ocean
And the distance between earth and heaven
In the marrow of my bones is adventure
I don't carry any empty dreams
Nor I am an empty vessel making noises
O my beloved, your love is enough.
I can scale mountains, cross deserts
I have learnt to catch poisonous snakes
But my vanity and ego are bigger enemies
which can survive the toughest tests
O Beloved bless me with strength
Of Hercules to enslave these evil ones



SPLINTERED LOVE

Time and space has bound me in chains,
In the stocking of the wretchedness;
In the rigmarole of life's vicissitudes;
Though I breathe freely the sweet air.
The joy of child birth, comes after
A spasm, agony and pain.
The milk of human kindness flows thereafter.
Orchards bearing fruits of various hues,
To please the taste and satiate hunger.
But man ever in arms to dispossess,
Enslave his fellow men, and to rule.
Love distances itself from passion's flame.
At sun rise and set, a farmer sings
His lonely melancholic songs,
To drive away his fathomless pain.
Behind a sweet smile of a lovely widow
Lies a torment of measureless unfulfilled
Dreams and splintered bonds of love



UN HOLINESS

In the darkness of the still night
When the moons and the stars are hidden
When the silence roams the dark streets
When the mischief is locked indoor
When the 'khaki' is not watching
When the angels on the shoulders are asleep
When none are present to capture our moments
When our consciousness is oblivious
When the good sense has flown away
When all cautions are thrown to winds
What a moment it is to steal a kiss
From the waiting seductress.
For releasing the fountains of passions.
To drown in the unholy mess of life.



T20 TIMES

When sepoy mutiny broke out
 And the whites gained supremacy
 When the tiger of Mysore
 Had been martyred and slain
 Both Moguls, Marathas and Sikhs
 Had been shattered and slaughtered
 Then grounded in the Indian soil
 The fool hardness of common masses,
 Without a flag and symbol of their own.
 The master gained dominance
 With his faith of cross being spread
 Forcing down the gullet his wine
 Throttling his neck with his tie
 With his century and Bowring clubs
 With his Bishop cottons and Baldwins
 With his Richmond town and Richard town.
 Snatched the purdah of Indian women
 Ravished, rapine and created
 His own Anglo Indians all over
 Dug the bowels of earth for yellow metal
 For the black gold and shining silver
 The spinning wheel and 'khader' cloth
 Was replaced with machined cloths
 With motorized items domineering
 The tiny fingers to fill the gun powder
 With wars looming large all over
 Whites turned to flaming red
 Pillaging towns and villages all around
 Putting under yoke all and sundry

To slavery, to make them slog and slog
 The young minds were filled with nursery rhymes
 Of “Ba Ba black ship have you any wool”
 “Humpty dumpty sat on a wall
 Humpty dumpty had a great fall”

Markets and currency ruled the roost
 Squeezing every drop of blood
 The ‘khazi’ and panchayat raj
 Were turned topsy turvy
 The khaki ruled with sturness
 Beeline queues to seek justice
 ‘Justice delayed is justice denied’
 Became a proverbial utterance.

A great soul arose from the soil
 To stir the nation’s soul and mind
 ‘Swaraj swaraj’ was the cry all over
 Machines and spindle were thrown over
 ‘Charka’ and ‘khader’ became a symbol
 The word ‘harijan’ was coined for dignity
 With ‘Sare jahan se acha’
 And ‘Vande Mataram’
 Being sung in every nook and corner
 When milk and honey started flowing
 When ‘jaggery’ and ‘julaby’ replaced sugar and cakes
 ‘Love for one and love for all’ became the slogan
 The tricolor hoisted on all buildings.

The bigoted slaves of the vanishing whites
 With arrogance and puffed up feelings
 Occupied the Bowring institutes
 Bishop cottons, St Teresas and Richmond towns
 With smattering knowledge of white's language
 Flooding and rushing to occupy chairs
 It is then the justice failed time and again.
 The 'Janwara' sacred white thread
 Turned its color and sacredness
 Taverns and shops were filled with liquor
 The 'bullocks' symbol got replaced with 'hand'
 The 'burning lamp' was changed to 'lotus'
 When bigotry and fanatics took over
 When sycophants ruled the roost
 When real estate goons took over
 When the treasury was plundered
 When scams and loot became common
 When 'Sardars', 'Peers', 'Swamis', 'Raos'
 Became rogues, charlatans and thieves
 Then the fountain of Indian culture
 Started cracking, with bickerings around
 Farmers suicides news filled the columns
 The buttery heart then turned stony.

The great temples of peace and penance
 The mosques and madrasas now in hands
 Of black turbaned wicked souls.
 Chastity, virginity, simplicity
 Now has melted away in the thin air.
 Pride, pelf on display in public places.

Now the time have changed to T20 cricket,
Sports and games no longer gentlemanly.
Green snakes hissing freely.
Consumerism is the order of the day

Pomposity, ugly postures on display
Values and dignity degraded
What was cherished by saints and yogis
Are now in hands of 'Chengis' and 'Hitlers'.



READERS RESPONSE

Let me straightaway say that I am not a particularly keen connoisseur of the poetry genre of literature. Even so, after going through some of your poems, I can instinctively sense your approach of universality in matters of religion. Sufism, as I understand it, takes a very broad view of the principles underlying all religions: universal brotherhood, love, respect and tolerance of others whose views may not correspond to yours – particularly in matters of religion. May I say, in all humility, that it corresponds to my own vision, namely, that it should be the aim and object of all religions to add to the sum total of human happiness and, at all costs, to refrain from adding to the sum total of human misery of which our today's world has plenty and to spare. In sum, universal brotherhood and love. And I see that it is this spirit that informs your poems. And a feel for Mother nature in all her plenty and beauty.

I have listened to Sufi music a few times and have been moved by it though the meanings of the lyrics, mostly in Urdu, have eluded me.

I have read a few of your poems. They are couched in simple language and are straight-from-the-heart stuff.

I am sure this compilation will find warm welcome at the hands of discerning public.

Warm regards,

G.Sankaran IRS (Rtd)

Former President

Customs, Excise and Gold Control Appellate Tribunal,

New Delhi.