



SHOBHA PRIYA

PRAVEEN KUMAR

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English Poems

PRAVEEN KUMAR

Published Works of Praveen Kumar

Policing for the New Age

Policing the Police

Inside India

Indian Police

Unknown Horizons

Portraits of Passion

Love & Pride

Simply Yours

Divya Belaku

Bhavana

Priya Chaitra Tapasvini

Priya Geethegalu

I'm incomplete, my Love, without you,
Hell or heaven, my Goddess, you are my all –
These poems are lovingly dedicated to
- PRIYA CHAITRA TAPASVINI -
Most Charming and Most Exquisite Wonder
God has ever created

- PK

PREFACE

Love in the love poems of “SHOBHA PRIYA” is modeled after Priya Chaitra Tapasvini—the paragon of sublime conscience and conscious moral rectitude, most charming and most wonderful creation of pure beauty, devotion, love and sacrifice ever born in this world; most perfect and prettiest in all worlds. This volume of poetry is lovingly dedicated to that exquisite wonder God has ever created.

I remember Shobha with profound love and regard for being the strength and inspiration of this and all my literary works and life and coming again in pursuit of the goal. This volume is a small tribute to her resolve transcending all barriers in the second advent.

My son, Pratheek Praveen Kumar is my strength in pursuit of my literary activities and seems like carrying forward the avocation. I thank him for his consistent help. I must confess that it is my father Shree R. D. Suvarna who made me whatever I am now. I would have never ventured in to literary pursuits without his encouragement.

My deep gratitude is also due to my wife, Jayashree, who naturally is the first reader and critic of all my literary compositions apart from being the first effective proofreader. I thank her for all her cooperation. Also, my mother, Smt. B. Sarojini, my sister, Pramodini Ganesh, brother, Nishith Kumar, sister, Asha Narasimha and brother, Sushir Kumar stood behind me in this effort. I record my gratitude to all of them.

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PK

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COMMENTS

NOTHING COUNT TO SOUL TILL HAPPY YOU ARE

Know that you are not yours alone,
More you do belong to one more soul;
Do not ever plunge to the brink of risks
That kills him alive with fears for you.

I want to reach and comfort you,
But, alas, no coach to carry me along;
Nor I know my Goddess curse or bless,
Or ever can I bring her real comfort.

Three years passed by without a hint
And I shudder in tears while think of risks
You dared to face in unfamiliar world;
Thank God, you are safe, without a harm.

Yet, I grieve for the state in isolation you suffer
Unseen by me from this unfathomable length,
Without a backup to fall on in an unnatural fall;
How can I know and reach to have you in arms?

Tears fill eyes, sorrow pervades all soul
While think of helplessness you suffer with;
No, like phoenix I must rise and comfort you,
For nothing count to soul till happy you are.

I CROSS ALL LENGTHS, ALL ODDS, AND REACH

Two souls, minds, hearts and eager bodies
So longing for each can never ever part.

Hardships, tears, any little need?
Please just a call, said he;
I cross all lengths, all odds, and reach
To lend all help beyond my reach
And wipe gentle tears of Goddess of my soul.

Have trust in God, trust divine designs,
Things moved right ahead on divine course
Beyond mortal eyes of you and I,
Destinies ordained all beyond our plans;
All will be all right, but out of right age.

Nothing is there to fear, nothing is there to brood,
Only wait and wait, and I wait, I promise,
Till time dissolves two lost souls to ecstatic One
In everlasting sweet bliss of divine fulfillment.

God called him and chided,
You dog, you seduce your prettiest Soul
By pouring out whatever is within you;
He said, god, I never intend to seduce;
God chided, you pig, you break sacred bond
Your noble Soul is committed to,
To meet own cravings deep within you;
He begged, god, I never want to break;
God shouted, you evil, why you ever force
Your perfect Soul to shattered life of grief
By feeding deep loves to her lovely sweet soul?
He cried, never never I do ever again, that.

WHY HIDE FROM ME

Why hide from me
While one you and I?

While eager to drown
Me with seamless love,
And I'm eager to have it all,
Why this hide and seek
And endless grief to both?

You certainly erred
And dishonest in
Hiding sterling love,
Infusing falsehood;
Untruth brings no peace
And in turmoil we live;

Alas, how a minor streak
Of harmless falsehood
Deluged innocent souls
In endless struggles of grief!

Why alienated yourself
To hide your sterling love?

EVERYTHING IS EVERYWHERE AT ALL TIMES

Wherever you be, however you be,
In this or any other life,
We are always with you,
Sharing your pains,
And every drop of tear you shed.

We are broken pieces of the same soul,
Awaiting divine ordain to conjoin again,
Know that patience always pays.

WE DISSOLVED IN THE OTHER

Young and eager she is, in ultimate grace,
She climbed the ladder a step a day
And knocked the door of my unguarded fort;
I wondered who this winged angel is
On my door steps, for what great game;
Yet, I opened door wide open for her;
She, young and eager, in ultimate grace,
Barged deep inside like the god in haste
And settled herself in ease in a quiet corner.

I entreated her to gentle passions,
Held her heaving bosoms in my shaking hands;
Stripped her wide open to a gorgeous view:
Full, young and round, and hale and sweet like ale;
I sank my whole deep to her soft vale,

Liquesced in soft mounds of irresistible warmth;
She quivered like dry leaves in dulcet thrill,
In swells of sweet passions exploding in limbs;
She was not then her own, her usual quiet soul.

Sweet in gentle moves, she spread all over me,
I held her in my arms; she, me in winding arms;
We dissolved in the other till grew in common bliss
Of desires, deep and thick, and longing for each.

Desires being spent, we lay in gentle peace
With unbound gratitude in heart for each;
She gently turned aside and whispered in ears,
She should leave then and descend to her fate;
I held her hands fast and stood silent for a moment:
We met again each other in deep whispers of eyes,
Our spirit longed for each in unending desires,
For unending bond before time drifts us apart;
Aye, time hears not the rules of the human needs
And she descended step by step and vanished from sight,
Leaving the dulcet dreams of we dissolved in the other.

CRYSTAL GLOW

You are the crystal glow
Of enchanting colours' flow;
Most charming and most wonderful,
Ever born on this Earth.

You remind me of pure light,
Ever so soothingly calm and bright;
You wipe off gloom and light lamp
Of joyous peace in heart and soul.

The quiet halo that enwraps you
Casts spell of happiness all round;
Most glorious blossom of divine fragrance,
You refresh soul and uplift spirit.

You are the Creator's talent's jewel,
You are the beauty's ultimate crown;
You are the cream of the beauty's nectar
In every curve, shape and skin's sheen;

Pretty you are as none else in the world,

Pretty within and pretty without;
You are sheer joy in personal form,
Pure bliss to see and be nearby.

Ripples of charm gently flow from you
And create quiet world of love and joy;
You soothe, console and comfort the soul
And I find in you my fulfillment.

The throbbing core of the beauty you are,
The subtle soul of the beauty's soul;
You please the eyes and light the soul
And transport life to richer heights.

The gentle sweep of sweetness in you,
The lively ripples of endless charm,
The fluid flow of enchanting glow
Carry the shocks of endless joy.

I WENT THERE TO BID HER ADIEU

I went there to bid her adieu
With crying soul and heart falling apart
For life ahead without her lyrics
And called her near with tears in eyes;
Devastated was she, but in composure,
Languorous by grief, but firmed up to face,
She slowly walked to my front
And searched my eyes with lightless eyes.

I locked my soul to nonchalance,
I blocked heart to emotional glance
And looked straight to bid her adieu;
Shaken was she, tears rolled to her cheeks
Though firmed up was she to be unemotional
And lowered dull eyes withered with grief;
She knew my joys, she knew my desires,
She knew what I yearned deep in my soul
And her eyes glittered with infinite sparkles.

I raised my eyes to mouth my words,
Lo, I saw her bosoms uncovered for my feast,
Round and firm, and lovely like full moons,
Spread all over there, crowning over heart,
Bespeaking to my soul, calling me to field;

She saw I saw and thrust them forward
With welcome sunshine glittering in eyes;
Shocked by pleasures, shocked by the spell,
Shocked by elegance those jewels radiate,
I lowered my eyes in awe and joy.

I walked near her, and she welcomed by eyes,
I brushed my hands all over her bosoms,
Over and below, in-between, all over;
I played all over her to soul's contentment
And she abandoned herself to my glorious play;
No holding back once we were caught there,
We were to make up for the separations ahead;
We tied our souls, we tied our hearts,
We tied our minds, we tied our bodies,
We thrust ourselves deeper to the other
Till we blend all over and inseparably merge,
So no time ever again part us from the other.

We were all mad, mad, mad for the other,
No world outside bothered us then;
In surge of passions brimming over limbs,
In contagious heat wrapping our bodies,
Oblivious we were that we were not one,
We played our games in rhythms of one
And rose and fell in most joyous concert,
Giving to the other and filling up the other
And finding our joys in common cause;
We found ourselves in each other's depth,
Where we found ourselves immortally bound,
Where she is my ego; and I am, hers,
Where no existence for us separates from the other;
I held her tight; she, me, like lodestar,
Our souls, minds and bodies closing in cores
And we blended like infinities in ultimate bliss
In each other's fold, never again to part.

FRAGRANT JASMINE

I adore you for your innocence,
For the crystal purities of the morn dew,
For the sterling glow that streams from you;
Simplicity you wear and humility you bear
Shock the senses to natural ways.

You sit on soul like fragrant jasmine,
You touch my soul like velvet feathers;
The warmth you radiate melts all gloom,
Sunshine you spread enwraps my soul
And I transfigure like God in your presence.

You are my peace, you are my grace,
You still disturbance deep in soul;
Tall tides of quiet joy floods my life
While sparkles I see in your eyes
And blooms of smile I trace on lips.

You are gentle queen on noble throne,
You are holy heaven brought on mundane world;
You are refreshing dawn invading long night,
You refresh my world and instill pure joy,
You stir my soul to enlightened heights.

You are pure flame of noble kind,
You spread gentle glow all around you,
You brighten things, brighten soul within
And gently lead self to righteous world
And stir conscience to nobler deeds.

I adore you for your quietude,
The serene awaken ness inherent in you
That blossoms soul, captures heart,
And spreads soft harmony everywhere;
Sunshine you do bring to my gloomy life.

You readily acquiesce within frame,
Gently stand up while things are wrong;
You hurt yourself, never hurt other souls,
Seeking for self is alien in you –
You burn yourself to shed light outward.

You are pure gold, diamond in strength,
You are my soul, the soul of my soul,
You are my drive for perfection;
You spur vitalities and sprout wings
To cover all heaven and hell alike.

YOUNG ROMANCE

Soft lights of his intense eyes

Deluged her firm round beautiful breasts;
The intense desire of his brooding heart
Seized her soft sensitive breasts;
The sheet of sweet joy that caught them both,
Lit their souls, defroze passions;
The flames of warmth that spread like fire,
Hid their cares in sweet abandonment;
The fragrance of beauty on the melody's back
Rode like mad dance from heart to heart.

The shock of joy shook both the loves,
The sweep of sweet warm sensual currents
Squeezed their limbs to a lascivious juice
Of dripping desires and popped dreams;
A new world where none except the loves,
A new world where none except the loves
Live like gods in lonely splendor
Rose from the desires like bright full moon;
She hid her breasts from his poignant eyes
In pride's pregnant pleasant mock shy.

He knew her tricks, he knew her works,
He knew her desires, he knew her pleasures;
Yet, impatient for her mysterious treasures,
His heart begged her for kindness;
His soul aflame sparkled through eyes;
Yet, still in motion and dumb in spite,
He honoured her rules and looked aside;
Her passions stirred, emotions streamed,
In unreserved joy, she uncovered her breasts
For the feast of her love's glowing eyes.

They rolled in pleasure, they heaved in joy;
They were drugged in mad desire for each;
She lived in his joy and he, in her,
They shed their beings to reach each other;
She found her world in him, and he, in her,
The eager loves sought to dissolve in the other;
No fears touched them, no pride or comforts;
Like the sunshine meets the sky in daybreak,
They fused in soft passionate hug
And spread white glow of immortal light.

IN CELESTIAL WINGS

You are my peace and solace,
I know, I am, yours too;
While sky falls over head,
Ground gapes 'neath feet
And inner light fades in shocks of life,
A mere flash of your thoughts
Enlivens my tired soul
And fills me with light, peace and solace,
A giant in new world, I become,
I rise to divine heights in celestial wings.

How I desire to reciprocate
To fill you with light and inner strength
To soothe the ruffled wings
And raise you to divine heights;
But, alas, all is in vain!
Layers of tall barriers stand
And stop signals passing across
And isolated we stand on opposite worlds;
How I reach to wipe away your tears
And fill you with light and inner strength?

Barriers or no barriers, I must cross over
And hold you in arms, light up your soul,
Fill you with strength from my inner core,
Wipe away your tears with my quivering lips
And infuse my warmth all over your height
To see you in spasms burst out in pure joy
To relegate distresses to constant oblivion;
How I yearn to instill hope and confidence in you
That, barriers or no barriers, we never part
And we shall wait, till time comes right.

Time in cycles mangled me too
And I remain not what I was before,
Older and worn-out in life's constant pulls,
Feeble and uncertain of myself now;
But, the flame in my soul always seeks you,
Yearns to reach out and give you solace;
You transcend my limits, transcend my soul,
I forget my distress in your thoughts
And discover my peace in your joy,
For, I'm mere image of you, my beloved.

RAGING FIRE

I was so caught in her fluid spell,
I couldn't move eyes from those lovely rounds,
Those lovely bosoms that blossomed on her;
She caught my ogling, her bosoms swelled,
She tried her best to hide her fires
And pretended not seen my hunger in eyes;
I looked her eyes, transfused passions,
She roused like wild fire caught on raw nerves
And bent on intent to pick something,
Exposing whole spectrum of her wondrous treasures,
And engulfing me in impassioned red-hot desires.

I moved forward and held her in arms
And pressed my lips on her gentle bosoms,
So sweet and soft and velvet-like to mouth;
Gently I pressed, deeper impassionedly pressed
Till my quivering lips met her gentle ribs;
Shut her eyes, she yielded all of her,
And in raging fire, I ravished all of her;
We were all mad and blind to the outer world,
A thousand raging fires were burning us alive
In unbearable pleasures we never thought to exist;
Deeper we thrust to each other's core,
Deeper we desired to dissolve in the other,
Blending our bodies inch after inch;
Lips to lips and bare breast to breast,
We sucked and reached till tired of joy;
Thigh to thigh we sank ourselves
Till we met in the depths of inner core;
We rolled in joy, overwhelmed in pleasures,
We poured our life to the brim of the other.

Encircled like creepers around the other,
We breathed each other, filled each other;
Heart throbs and rhythms running in tandem,
Undiminished desires peaking to new heights,
We lay on each other in peace and solace
While exhausted is body, but raging are passions;
I gently embraced her, pressed lips to lips,
Gratitude for her love swelling in heart,
And we both slipped to slumber of peace and rest.

I'M INCOMPLETE WITHOUT YOU

Day and night, I seek you everywhere,
With light in heart that I meet you;
Years gone by, but you are nowhere,
Yet unextinguished is light, day and night;
I know, our paths must meet some day
On the endless warps and woofs of time.

You are there, as desperate as I am here,
Seek me to reach and blend in my breath
And two souls, minds, hearts, bodies dissolve
Into one to coalesce to an impregnable spark;
For, you know, I'm incomplete without you,
So are you, without my life streaming in you.

You seem nowhere, but everywhere for me,
Within, without, in soul, beyond cosmic reach;
I see you in me, in dreams, hopes, desires, fears,
In farthest limits of my deep joys and pains;
Without you, I am but a dry little stream,
Subdued and vain, torn, sans flush of green.

I feel you beckon me from far away lands,
But alas, I know not where you are, nor
How to reach and build bridges to you;
The calls do stir core, swell my soul
And spawn million wings to fly toward you,
But where should I fly in binding blindness?

Yet awake within, I abide by time,
For, no time can keep us apart forever;
Two souls and minds so longing for each
Must meet and blend some day for sure
To a resplendent glow of celestial flow
And two split halves unite never to part.

Barriers beyond human horizons
Keep us apart for unknown purpose;
Helpless as we are but for deep aches in souls
Yield to burning pan of time's unkindness
And roast us in flames of languor
Till impregnable bond restore us to each.

SHE SPELLS SIMPLICITY

In midst of odds and obstacles,

In the environ of selfish pulls,
She is refreshing as warm bath
After the dogged toil day and night;
In turns and spins of racing world,
In the whorls of smokes of false ends,
She stands out bright and transparent,
Clear and pure like the morning light.

In the seething world of unending strife,
She like true nature soothes all round;
Like pure and fresh lustrous pearls,
Resplendent she shines with inner glow;
Like virgin flowers of the Himalayan heights,
She carries grace and sacred strength
And spreads rare tides of comforting peace
And devolves grandeur by her quiet pace.

She is quiet strength, natural wealth,
Whose simple strides on royal path
Rouses ripples of silent condescendence
'Midst commotions of wild conflicts;
Sheer harmony like the birds on wings,
Sheer poem of the spring's sweet swings,
She reaches and stirs inner chords,
Thaws the frosts of the age-old strife.

Neither left nor right, has she walked straight
In strides as soft as on rose petals' bed;
Each step of her, honey imprint on heart,
Each smile of her, pure nectar for soul;
Each word, a comfort; silence, deep sense,
She spells simplicity in divine elegance;
While transcends discords, she raises world
To profound heights of oneness with all.

She is sweet and pretty within, without,
Nobly sweet and profoundly pretty;
Sweet is sweet, and pretty goes pretty
'Cause she makes sweet, sweet; pretty, pretty;
Simply sheer music of celestial width,
She connects all, and all to the divine
And lights the world with her inner flame
Of lustrous shine and gentle glow.

MY SELFLESS ANGEL

While all was quiet and tired I asleep,
She knocked my door and entered inside;
Half awake, half asleep, I recognized not
And bid her to take spot at vacant floor;
She chose my side and lay side by side,
I ignored faux pas and shut my eyes.

I felt her warmth and arm across,
I lay still lest I disturb her quiet sleep;
Stirred, I wondered who this angel is,
For what great cause, landed at my side;
Is she my long past in future's shiny attire,
Come to meet destinies I sought all life.

At dawn, I was awake and rose from bed,
Curled lay my guest at a far corner;
We spoke not why, I found very sad she was
And she spent all her day in usual chores;
She took her corner and I, my side at night
And lost in deep sleep till I suddenly awake.

I felt her warmth and arm across,
I lay still lest I disturb her quiet sleep;
All day was she distant and deeply sad,
But seeks and shares warmth in night's shade;
A subtle bond inscrutable to mortal eyes,
I could track enwrapping our eager souls.

At dawn, I was awake and rose from bed,
Curled lay my guest at a far corner;
I sought her pardon for deficiencies there;
Her eyes aglow and she, gentle like blooms,
Said, in truth, she sought pardon from me;
I felt, I know her, her pains and pleasures.

She was aglow, whenever I, nearby,
A subtle dear charm pervaded her then;
She bloomed like flower, fragrance I felt,
A divine halo I could feel and touch in her;
A charming tide of joy I brought to her,
She sparkled like gold while I came near by.

Caught by her innocence and noble grace,

I broke my fences and grew close to her;
I knew her joys, yet she moved away from me,
I knew her pains, knew, it ached her soul;
She shunned my words, shunned my shadow,
But never had she thought of vacating my place.

Hurt in soul, I always distanced from her,
I felt her creep in deep humility to my side;
I felt her warmth and arm across,
I lay still lest I disturb her quiet sleep;
At dawn, I was awake and rose from bed,
Curled lay my guest at a far corner.

Years rolled by, my place fell to wastes,
I sought my guest to move to adjacent palace –
Sturdy and strong and spacious in comforts;
Alas, nay she said and lived in wastes;
Great hordes did flock to lead her to palaces,
But she stood like rock 'neath my bleak shadow.

I had only wastes to share with her,
But she found her bliss in those dark wastes;
She had all glories, palaces at her beck,
But she looked not that side, sought none of it;
She found her joy I could not give her
In my barren shadow, sadly bleak and cold.

COSMIC PROBE

Vast is this world,
Vast is its spectrum;
An insignificant speck
In the firmament I am.

Infinite is cosmos,
Deep are its layers;
Deep somewhere I lie
Layers 'neath layers.

Light finds its elements,
Wind finds its space;
You always find my trace
And reach wherever I am.

Broken without you,

Huddled in dark corner,
I always find you, my joy,
Coming back to your home.

I know how hard you struggle,
What length, breadth and depth
You traverse in my search
Before track me at our home.

Thrown to desolate spot,
Helpless I lie in grief;
Lo, you come in bright attire
And I fill to the brim in joy.

I only lie in grief,
You do the entire struggle;
I swell while you reach
And respond in gratitude.

Alas, we slip time and again
And I'm thrown somewhere;
You begin the probe afresh,
How long should it go on?

My pains are very deep
While are we thrown away;
My joys are tall and steep
While you trace and promptly reach.

Why alone you must struggle,
I hide and wait advent,
While both needs each other
To meet our deeper needs?

You are my inner force,
I'm outer sheath;
You make me, me; I, you, you,
We together really are one.

You rip off entire cosmos
In your sacred probe
To track and join me
And bring fulfillment.

You tie all worlds
To swim across all

To track your light
That oft slips somewhere.

Sunk deep in gloom,
I only wait and wait
And spur you to the probe
By the sheer strength of our bond.

SHE IS PURE GOLD

Taller than sky,
Deeper than water
And brighter than fire,
She is subtler than cosmos,
Spark of ether enwrapping all
And the core of primordial force.

She reaches deep within
As the touchstone of divine beauty,
She stirs and cleanses soul
To the purities of the cosmic flame,
She reaches touches and breaches
And shows what life all about is.

She is truth, she is joy,
She is the essence of all beauty,
She is the goal, she is effort,
She is the spur that gives wings,
The wind that lifts to quiet heights,
Where peace and harmony coexist.

Elegance in simplicity is she,
She soothes and calms raging fires;
Creative refrain of confidence,
She spreads pure joy all around;
Pure and fragrant like fresh jasmine,
She is pure gold, diamond's glow.

SOUL BOUND TO SOUL

We are the stream of cosmic force,
The flow of time keeps it apart;
We are the flow of divine light,

The divide of the world sets us apart.

We are the face of the harmonious force,
Discordant notes disturb our tunes;
We are single move of the cosmic thrust,
Imperfections all round pull us apart.

We traverse all worlds, soul bound to soul,
We move all heaven, heart tied to heart;
We light all worlds with divine glow,
Dark shadows oft emerge to retard our flow.

Barriers while stand dividing us,
Unbearable pains cripple both of us;
We yearn to rejoin and force to reach,
But worldly barriers are too strong to breach.

You hibernate in gloom's freezing chill,
I force land like bird of broken wings;
We count moments, count years and ages
To rejoin and blend to natural fulfillment.

Ages we count in futile waiting,
Never once tired or broken of waiting;
We know we are destined to rejoin and live,
We know we are one and destined to blend.

Ages pass waiting for our golden moments,
Patience does wear and tolerance does tear
And ages we waste in futile waiting,
But, comes our time, all is worth of it.

SAPNA

Sapna was her lovely name,
The only daughter of the country's king
Whose world over spread good name and fame
For being kind and ruthless for wrong;
Sapna, the gentle lovely princess,
Fair and tall with gleaming eyes,
Stalked the hallways of the splendid palace
Like colossus of the royal house.

Her bearings, an indomitable grace,
Her presence, forever, gentle fragrance,

That glow, in her form, spellbound all;
Her shapely vales and dulcet dales,
Those pinks of youth like a spring of ale,
Her undulous frame, brimming with charm
Stroked rare joy, full, gay and warm;
Indeed was heaven, to inhaust her all,
Oh, what a celestial spring of joy,
A feminine charm, while lush, can be!

The king and his queen loved the daughter,
More than the moon, his moonlit night;
In the wilderness of life, she was the only succor
To the ageing couple in the majesty's midst;
Not a day they could bear, while Sapna, not near,
Every hour did they fear while her words they couldn't hear,
She was their all; she was soul's soul,
They lived for her joy and yearned for her smile.

Glorious tidings, the royal couple dreamed
For their dear daughter, on the throne, they adorned;
Princes after princes falling for her charms,
Kings for her grace, racing in wild swarms
And Sapna striking summit as the leader of all kings.

Sapna came to youth like god in sweet charms,
Kindest in kind heart and love for all in soul,
Incisive noble mind and sweet refrain in all,
No anger she ever had, no scorn, no reproach,
She was very god, but human in approach;
A beauty in and out, she inspired joy all over,
She showed, not a thorn, but, life, a gentle flower.

One day, leisurely she, strolling on garden paths,
A flower among flowers, 'neath giant colourful wreaths,
Steering thro' ' fragrant breeze, wrapped in silken cloths,
Found a noble man, tending a young green plant;
Young like the pretty princess, intelligent in deep eyes,
Fresh like mom dews, poised, he stirred her heart;
She saw him in innocent charm, eyes met eyes,
Heart spoke to heart and soul entwined to soul,
Their inner warm glows met and engulfed them in whole;
A desire for each deepened their sense of gulf,
A raging fire of longing smothered each sad self,
Though new to each other, lo, they built love's bridge.

He was Prakash, the poet's son.

A dear to the king, an honoured one,
Who, noble and good and gentle to all;
He loved gentle beauty; he loved the nature's bounty,
He loved irresistible charm, pours out of feminine form;
He loved the glow of youth, sparkling, fresh and warm,
He loved lonely souls, rich in inner worths;
He had that rare gift of reaching hearts 'neath
And sifting chaffs and grains from life's messy hearths.

He saw the lovely princess, very Venus in midst of green,
Bespeaking to his heart and splicing with his soul;
A subtle spring of warmth, wrapped him in happy swoon;
Lost to all sense and restraint, he walked to the little queen,
Bent his knees in her front, paid obeisance from his soul,
And said, he works in royal garden;
He sought her orders to carry out by all his eager heart
In entreatment of his reverence, due to royal respect.

Grateful gentle Sapna sought
A rare rose, dangling from a plant
And eager Prakash offered it,
Writ with his love's hymns;
Now, the time to part for them,
For, they were not ordained to love;
Now, the hearts must tear, for,
They could not live so near,
The love-borne hearts turned away
With bitterness creeping in soul.

Princess Sapna astir as she,
Could neither sleep nor keep awake;
A gentle fire engulfed her,
She couldn't call it pain or pleasure;
A dull sweet swell in heart's heart
Tilled her limbs with painful yoke,
Her blank sad eyes fixed at nought,
Languid she lay, still with sad yearnings.

Prakash invaded her soul and mind
And her being's every pore,
He spread his tentacles wide over her
Young and fresh and innocent heart;
Like sunshine he spread,
Like midnight he weighed;
She could bear no more the pain,
She could bear no more the weight,

The princess' dire helplessness
Swelled as streams of tears in eyes.

The king and the queen saw the sour sorrow
Sitting on the face of dear daughter;
Sapna wouldn't say what it were all,
Nor they had any means to know;
Sapna, a happy endearment ever,
Like this sad state, they found her never;
The dear parents would bargain their state
To make their daughter happy and sweet,
The king and queen would upturn all hell
To fulfill dear Sapna's whatever will,
But, alas, Sapna wouldn't anything them tell.

The queen thought to snatch Sapna from her shell
To endearing world outside, expose her soul,
She begged dear Sapna for a leisurely stroll
With her, in royal garden, for a short while;
Reluctant though she was, Sapna followed mother,
Hiding her sorrow 'neath morning fragrant air;
Sunshine couldn't stir, no flowers tempted her,
Cool fresh air, she found drab and squab;
Though she was there, she was not there,
Though with her mother, she was all herself,
Nothing touched her to fill her inner gulf.

Like an arithmetic rule, she shadowed her mother,
Like night following day, a motion followed the other;
Lo, Prakash, she saw, tending a tender tree,
A glut of pleasant lights, ran through her sad soul,
Shone her dull eyes, rose up her withered features,
A thousand blooms blossomed a thousand sweet colours
Deep inside heart's heart and she shook in mild tremors
Of the shock of unearthly unexpected pleasures;
Oblivious who she was and where she was then,
That she was in stroll with the dear mother, queen,
Like a possessed winged angel, beloved Sapna ran
And stood beside the poet's gardener son;
Now, relieved lovely Sapna, of all her oppressive gloom,
All the world's precious joy in face in full bloom.

Prakash saw his adorable Sapna,
Saw the joyous shine in her glittering eyes,
Stood up, he in perfect reverence,
He bowed to her royal reference

And sought her orders for him to obey;
She spoke no words, she made no signs,
But looked to his eyes in stirred passions;
Barriers fell and distances liquesced,
Beings of two souls wide opened their doors;
Passions spread passions,
Desires stirred desires,
They drowned in reciprocal warmth;
Silent though outward, they pined for each,
A common flame of emotion welded them to each;
Neither could they part, nor do each other reach,
Neither could they bridge, nor ever could they breach,
They lost in that eerie aureate dream,
Like a babe lost in a candy's stream
And stood facing each, feeling love's flame.

The queen-mother saw from afar this all
And knew reasons for the daughter's sad soul,
She stalked her honour near young Prakash
And stroked her daughter's quivering sweet frame,
Sought what was the gardener's dear name
And since when his soul knew her lovely daughter;
Prakash said it all with awe and due honour,
Called the princess a goddess, descended on the earth
To grace and bless mortals by her immortal birth;
Brewed like age-old wine, the gracious queen,
Saw for her daughter, the gardener's passion,
Wide like space and deep like time,
Burning his world in celestial rhyme;
Queen knew not how to respond to the tide,
For, the princess scaled high for this lay ride
And the king had plans and she had dreams
For the princess' long future, to be nobler and prime.

Princess Sapna adores you in heart,
Come, and grace the king tonight,
A greater honour, the king may grant
To the beloved of his beloved daughter
Said the queen to the love-drenched lover;
Prakash desired no more honour
Than his Sapna so close and near;
His garden stood next to the royal home,
There he could see her in leisurely roam;
What more for his life, he could desire?
What treasure than this, he could aspire?
Yet, he said yea for Sapna's sake;

Lo, Sapna strayed in her joyous peak
To hear her beloved accede to the tryst
To smoothen their path to love's fulfilling post;
Eyes gleaming in joy, heart thumping wild,
Sapna dear bid adieu, like a comforted child.

The queen mother, deeply sad in heart,
For her dear daughter's lovelorn state;
Neither the queen nor the king could ever meet
To a humble poet's son to be a noble mate
To Sapna, the princess, their love's sole seat;
She whispered the knotty strait to the unsuspecting king
And together they contrived an ingenious plot
To fence passions and sperre the immature bond;
They both firmed up to the task in hand,
Though, for Sapna, the parental hearts did bleed.

Prakash, the poet's son, called on the king at night,
Alas, nowhere, his Sapna was at sight;
He bowed to the king, stood in staid silence,
Seeking ordinance in obedient reverence;
The king saw Prakash, his daughter's sunshine,
Parched was his tongue, within he felt a pain,
Gently quivered his limbs and sweats streamed out,
Never was he so weak, yet he spoke out:
Prakash, dear, the honorable poet's son,
My daughter, princess Sapna, assigns you this mission,
That you enroll in royal infantry
And rise to fit in to royal entry,
My daughter decided to wait till you rise in rank,
She forbade you meeting her, till you meet the goal;
So speaking falsehood, he dismissed the poet's son.

Never Prakash shied a career in war,
But parting from his love, how could he ever bear?
Years in a career in a distant border
How help his steady progress to gentle love's chamber,
Figured not out the humble distraught lover;
How the gentlest queen of his heart's throne
Could throw those severe terms at his sweet soul,
He strove to reason it all, but, alas, in vain;
It was the royal order to follow at all cost,
Though couched in Sapna's name by the royal host;
Prakash pined to meet beloved Sapna at least once,
But, no way for him since the royal forbiddance,
Gloom all the way, Prakash, enrolled in royal force.

Sapna waited all night to hear about his tryst with the king,
With starry eyes in sky and wakeful dreams in wild swing:
The queen-mother next morn came to Sapna's bed,
Fully aware she was, her daughter's anxious state;
Uncertain of own soul, she began her fell part
And said, Prakash, the poet's son, let Sapna dearly down
When the king the previous night, sought him to choose from
Sapna as his bride and an infantry rank for him;
She said, Prakash, the poet's son. Chose not Sapna's hand
And hurried that night itself to join an elite band.

Sapna couldn't it believe, nor she it disbelieve;
A voice inside cried, the things refuse to behave;
Starry eyes hid in clouds, her wakeful dreams shattered,
Tears streamed out as helplessness swelled inside;
How of all, dear Prakash, could reject her and part,
How could her dear Prakash, could be so mean to her in heart,
Sapna brooded alone in uncertain mental state;
No light could light up her, all looked bleak and dull,
No food for her had taste; royal glitters for her were waste,
Loathed she talk and smile and rooted in a dark lonely cell,
Withered her youth and figure, languished mind and soul
In the bottomless steep despair, fogged her life in whole.

She loved to visit the royal garden
And brood where she met face to face her man
And talk aloud her grief in open air
Where he once tended plants with care;
For, the place, for her, was Prakash's symbol,
Visiting that spot was despair's short withdrawal,
A secret storehouse of her hopes and dreams,
A spot from where her nostalgic fancies streamed;
Like temple, she visited it, spent long periods.

A day, she found her Prakash's poet father,
Tending plants like his son in the palace garden;
She stood near him and enquired about his son;
The poet saw the lonely princess, couldn't say who she was,
For, brimmed with tears, his eyes were without shine,
He stared at her and cursed his fate
And said her enquiries came too late;
Entered, his dear son, the royal infantry
To oblige the will, the king had imposed
And killed himself while serving as sentry
As distressed he was, why he couldn't say, he said;

He visited the place where his son loved to toil,
As his last respects to his son's soul;
The broken old poet could speak no more,
With tears in eyes, he attended the garden's chore.

Sapna now knew all the truth 'neath the play,
The games her parents played to throttle her love,
How her sweet love's life was worked like clay
And shattered to oblivion for her royal sake;
Tide gate of remorse took over her soul;
She lured him to her and brought him to that make;
It was her first love and he was her all,
But, plucked was his precious life, the fate's crudest joke;
She and her love for him, conspired for his end,
The albatross of his loss lay on her innocent head;
In pain, her heart broke, her soul cried for him,
A desire to flee the insensitive world
And join her love in another world
And do her all to comfort him there
For the accursed past, both of them share
Seized her soul like a torrential rain;
Her desire to live now ebbed low,
Her life force began to churn slowly,
No passions, no emotions, no grief, no pleasures,
An intense white sunshine warmed her being,
She grew in strength of soul and resolve,
She felt her worldly ties, untie and dissolve.

She entered her abode, where once she was born,
Now, her ties of past and future being shorn,
Like a possessed indifferent soul, she took a little knife,
A hundred intense scenes of her sixteen-year life,
A thousand lovely beings that made her as she was,
Seized her soul and burst out as tears;
She thought of her parents, who gave her all they had,
Her soul prayed god for the parents' pleasant future;
She remembered her Prakash, who gave her his soul,
She knew not for sure, she might meet him ever at all;
She looked then around and saw her own world,
Which she would part forever in a while,
Perchance to dissolve in unknown cosmic clouds
In an unending probe of Prakash's dulcet being;
She slashed her wrist and bled to death,
The pink of her life had faded to pale,
She fell on the floor with no trace of pain,
For, the pain inside was no match for it;

She bled and bled alone and breathed last,
Alas, the world, an infinite beauty, forever lost.

Oh, how a thing of beauty, breeds that much pain!
How gentle love throttles joy, brings misfortunes!
Perchance, the world is yet imperfect for great things,
While like colossus, treads perfection, destruction it brings.

WHILE TIME COMES RIGHT

Years rolled in endless cycles,
Hopes and dreams rolled to the past,
Endless pains stilled deeper in soul
And tears dried up in hapless heart;
Uninvited worlds taunted and gone,
But I untiringly wait in futile watch
And drag myself on time's path.

How far it was, yet how near it is,
Time distances not while pain is true
And I truly smell and feel it all;
Though burned alive, I lived long,
What fell out, I know not where gone,
What yet lives but continues to burn
By bygone memories on tears' pond.

Nothing is lost in cosmic scheme,
Neither you nor I can lose each other;
Day and night along the time's cycles,
I watched awake to find your trace;
Alas, time raced, years rolled in scores,
But, nowhere had I traced my lost soul;
Now, eyes go dim, bright flames go dull.

Oft I feel, at arm's length you are,
Though reach a while, elusive as ever,
You tear out of my world, jump to horizons;
I played your games while blood was hot;
Now tired to the core, a burnt out flame,
No more can I rise from my fallen pit
And cry; bitterly cry for my fallen state.

Long was my life, full of pains,
Though you filled its length, breadth and width;
You were its depth; you were its height,

Every turn here I took on your cause;
Now dusk is on, nightly gloom is ahead
And I prepare for what lies in wait,
Alas, without you, in spite of all watch.

I know, you know not what befell me,
I know, you lost path in cosmic labyrinth;
Past was ruinous, mere dead-end is ahead,
Should all my grief end in this kind?
Yet, a distant glimmer deep in my heart
Distinctly whispers that all is not lost,
Everything will be right while time comes right.

Dawn is on and horizons are alight
And refreshing rays spread far and wide;
Golden glints do play hide and seek,
But the spread of light is longer by hour;
I know it is day, mid-day is not far;
But fears and struggles of endless years
Haunt from within and I shrink in fears.

SHE IS SOUL'S GLOW

She is rose and jasmine in one,
Sweetness of rose
On canvas of jasmine,
Snow like pure always is she;
Glass like bright, transparent,
Crystal pure like morning dew,
Celestial glow, sacred, noble,
Uncontaminated flow of love is she.

Soft as full moon, fierce as noon,
Fresh as early dawn, firm as Polaris,
Sacred flame that sheds light is she;
Like divine hymns, she spells the world
And dawns bliss wherever she is;
She is soul's glow; she is heart's beat,
My conscious flow, she is Being's seat,
Incomplete I go while she is not near.

I yearn to take her to my arms
And hold close to my heart
Till heartbeats meet heart beats
And two souls blend to unite;

I yearn to reach her round bosoms,
Hold in hands and playfully squeeze
Till those true wonders divinely tremble
And blossom her body to open flower.

How much I need her little mouth
Inseparably blend with my own
And madly we seek in inconsolable desire
Each other's mouth, lips and sweet breath
To reach and touch and lick and suck
And gently fuse till heaven's fire
Unite our bodies in common bliss
And we indulge in each, oblivious of world!

She is my joy, she is fulfillment,
She is my end, ultimate salvation;
I cannot be I without joining her,
Nor be complete without meeting her;
She is my light, I am her lamp,
She is my smile, I am her peace;
She and I make sense as one and only one,
So is our goal to unite forever.

I pine for her touch, pine for her warmth,
I pine for her body stirring my soul,
I pine for her looks stir my desires,
And I seize her loyal smile and absorb her within
And act and react and roll and twist
In riot of common joy of meeting our needs;
We are not two then, one and only one,
Rejoined after long long painful wait.

IMPREGNABLE BOND

Memories fade, thoughts recede,
Emotions evaporate like evening sunlight,
A dull ache of stillness pervades
And life wobbles in uncertainties of heart
While we keep away so long from the other.

You flooded my soul, mind and whole
By breaching barriers big and small
And instilled as sole focus of soul
Day and night yourself at my deepest core
Only to fade and recede at this hour?

Distances do drive wedges of unconcern,
Breach bridges, snap ties, dwindle emotions,
But not us, we, bound beyond horizons;
Time takes its toll, but not basic roles,
Our bond is intact, deep, strong and tall.

I dig, dig deep to trace you, my Queen,
But, alas, it is smoke, mere gray smoke,
I find, I land on in lieu, when I look around;
I wonder where have receded and gone
Those intense ripples of pains and joys.

Those lovely frames of lily memories,
Those sweet waves of devout thoughts
As distant dreams now orphan my soul,
And I freeze in pounding sharp ache
In the dreary pit of deep desolation.

I want to reach wherever you are,
Renew memories and intense thoughts
And pack our souls in tight embrace,
That no time or distance ever dare
To part you from me, and me from you.

Memories and thoughts are mere flames
Of the impregnable bond that entwines us;
While you are in me and I am in you
As each other's essence, core and soul,
How anything can ever set us apart?

Come, my darling, come to me,
Come, embrace, and dissolve in me,
And I, forever, dissolve in you;
Let memories fade, thoughts recede,
We stay forever dissolved in the other.

HER SWEET SOUL NEVER HURTS ANY

Gentle like rose petal
And radiant like morning star,
Treads my queen her quiet path,
Hurting not a soul on her course,
Spreading light and peace and grace.

A gentle flame of celestial lamp,
She burns herself to spread light;
Hurtling none and soothing all
Along and around wherever she traverse,
She calms soul, sweetens heart.

Her soul is glow of compassion,
Her heart is flow of benign ness;
She gives herself to accommodate
And invite hell for fairness' sake;
Selfless is my goddess and crystal pure.

Alas, joy for her is a disaster;
Offers she joys on sacrificial altar
To be fair and just to all others;
She runs from grief to more grief,
But never retracts from righteous course.

Unseen is her ilk in this selfish world;
She solely glows with conscience's candescence
Like full moon in full bloom in the dark sky
Of narrow conflicts and immoral infights
That crippled mankind its peace and grace.

I assure, my queen never hurts any,
Nor I hurt any for our sweet sake;
Gives up she her claim rather than snatch,
And in her I for sure doubly recompense,
For I know, her sweet soul never hurts any.

IN NATURE'S CELESTIAL TIE

She sends her signals of unbound love
In little gestures and subtle moves;
An ocean of joys and the crown of life,
She is my soul's gentle queen;

She throws gentle light from her hiding place
And lights the soul with unending hopes;
We meet in the depths of our primordial roots
And entwine in the crevices of the craving souls.

She breathes my soul, I breathe her soul,
Together we fall and rise in the cosmic whole;

I live in her, and she, in me, indivisible ever,
Impregnable and bound in nature's celestial tie.

IN COSMIC CYCLE

Who, on the Earth, sent you here
To rise in my inner horizons
In mad riot of bright colours?
Who, in heaven, invented you
In soft spell of lingering melodies
That fall and rise to my soul's cravings?

You brought bright dawn of dew-fresh hopes
That drenched life in warmth and light
That floods the soul with sweet passions;
You brought thoughts of brooding past
That shook sad Self to supreme joy
That fused us to enduring bond.

You broke from black layers of time
Like full moon from the night clouds
In ecstatic shades of reflective moods
In lightening speed that lights my mind
With floods of pleasure in unending rolls
That cradles self in velvet fluid of love.

The streams of fulsome sensations
You woke in heart in those days
Bind us always in divine cravings
For bondless soft indulgence.

You carried new hopes and fresh fragrance
Across the sea of pitch darkness
And ran over vast stretches of ignorance
To awaken soul to life's sweet musings;
You bore sad tidings to hold what you are
And meet our hearts in element splendors.

We meet to part and part to meet
In cosmic cycle of ceaseless flux
That scours our souls to nature's innocence;
We ride the tides of ruthless time
In timeless love that blends our hearts.

SHE FLOODS MY SOUL

When I saw her alone in soft moonlit glow,
She stirred soul and caught me whole;
Shocked by her gentle divine grace,
I ravished her spell by my eyes
And drank those charms to my brim;
But, inexhaustible was her unbound beauty
And unending was my endearing thirst;
However long I drank, I saw no contentment;
As I drank more, my thirst raised more
And I desired her in my yearning arms,
Desired to blend and fuse in her charm
And rhyme with her soft perfect curves.

Fresh like lush green spring flowers
And live and fragrant and full of colours,
She floods my soul,
Invades sleep and wakeful states;
She shines in my eyes, sprouts in my dreams,
And plays divine music deep within the self;
She spreads soft light and guides me along
To the glorious world of joy and fulfillment;
She is my road, she is my end,
She is the precious jewel I sought all my life.

PARTING RHYMES

Two souls, minds, hearts, bodies
So longing for each, believe me,
Will never never ever part.

Have trust in God,
Give God time to act;
Kindly do not lose heart,
Do not lose hope;
All will be all right
While time comes right.

Be happy always,
Smiling all days;
God bless you always,
Live well, my Goddess.

You are never never alone in this world
In your grief, sorrows and pains.
(God forbid, never it ever comes to you) .

Kindly remember in your grief,
That there is a soul always with you
In all your grief, sorrows and pains,
Sharing your pain
And every drop of tears you shed,
And ever willing to die for his Queen;
Kindly, never never ever forget this truth.

I, for any reason, never angry with my Queen,
I know the predicament my lovely Goddess is in.

“Trust me”, cried I, “trust the divine designs,
I swear on my lovely Goddess, destiny shall shine bright;
All fears and tears just meant to deepen our mutual bonds;
Nothing shall stop me from, bonding to my pretty Queen,
And two souls, minds, hearts and bodies, growing into one
In the endless bliss of hug and kiss of dissolving in the other;
This is divine promise, firm assurance; this is divine verdict,
No forces on Earth can ever it stop, and all forces yield to it”.

Further I said,
“I again swear on my Goddess,
Most charming and most wonderful girl
Ever born on this World,
Nothing is there to fear,
Nothing is there to brood,
Only wait and wait, and I wait
Till time dissolves us two to ecstatic One
In the bliss of divine fulfillment”.

My wife, my life, my goddess,
I'm all yours,
Simply yours,
Yours only, always.

I'm incomplete, my Love, without you,
Hell or heaven, my Goddess, you are my all.

While old, ugly and worn out world sets in the west,
Perfect and young golden worlds rise in the east
To worship my Goddess, most perfect and prettiest in all worlds.

WE LIVE IN HOPES

How deep our bonds
Neither you nor I know,
How far we stretch
To accommodate each
Neither rhyme nor reason
Ever knows.

Steely barriers keep us apart,
Our hearts yet bespeak to each;
Countless years, keeping us afar,
Blunt our fires raging inside,
Our souls yet cry to reach each other.

Though all seems lost, utterly lost,
A subtle spark of hope binds us fast;
In darkness around, from either side,
Sparkles of new dawn visit us both
And we glow in dreams of meeting each.

Dreams are mere dreams
While harsh realities jolt from our sleeps
And we have our share of dips and ups;
Yet, an invisible chord beyond words,
We feel in souls binding our cores.

How long this wait and frustrations?
How long daydreams melting in vain?
How long so bound, yet infinitely far?
Hopes sour nowhere as in frustrations,
Yet, we live in hope, for only hope bonds us.

ON HER

She, is a placid brimful glistening lake
That brings pride to lush green park,
A lively pond of sweet water springs
In endless expanse of salt blue ocean,
A dew's fresh globule in dance on rose,
A warm breeze that flutters the wings of soul.

O, sacred flame that warms my heart,
My thoughts, dreams, hopes and sprite,

Come, light heart's gloom to fluid soft grace,
And dull, gray life to live, sweet passions;
Come; tend my world of love and charm
And drown me in streams of nature's sweet moods.

Love's pure crystals built your heart,
Your passions spread fragrance to distant horizons
And deepen my roots in life's thick charm;
Your innocent, sweet heart spreads music in air
And gleams in eyes and transparent smiles,
It melts all gloom and spreads bright light.

You prod immortal lyrics in soul
And passions dissolve in your immortal charm
And bind me in fragrant, warm hugs;
You, the vital force that moves my soul,
The rhythmic dance of my heart's beats
Guide me along, long evolution's path.

LOVE SONG

O darling of my god-forsaken soul,
Never you ever leave my side;
For, no soul exists, no life exists
Away from one's heart's darling.

You sit in heart with heartbeats
And shine in eyes as heaven's sparkles;
You spread around like a mystic fragrance
And drop in tears of dulcet longing.

In moments of calm reflections,
I build long flights of tearing emotions
To the unknown hole where you sit alone
And transport me to spates of fancies.

Like blue in the sky, you sit always there,
But algate distant and uncertain as ever;
I hear and see and touch you and breathe,
Yet, the pain within, undiminished as ever.

You are my torch of conscience,
A fortress of pride and beauty of joy,
A vast playground of intellectual splay
And a fount of heart's unending warmth.

The confining trammel of time and space
Can never probe enough your depth,
Can never wear away our diamond bond
That shines fulgent like still pole star.

Who divide an ocean, who divides the sky,
Who part the flame of mutual passion?
You sit in that end and I, in this,
With an ocean of emotions churning between.

The flashes of colours, you throw on me,
The dazzles of light, I throw across on you.
In kaleidoscopic arches in the new-moon night,
Hark, how transforms the hell to joyous heaven.

You, the life and death, my joy and grief,
Live within and beyond horizons;
You, far and near, forever and never,
For, you are my light, you are my shadow.

Like a sacred temple, filled with holy hymns,
Like a noble heart, crowned with a wise brain,
You bring subtle height to my simple thoughts,
You stir my soul with joyous quietude.

DISCOVERY

I probe your shades and ripples of passions,
Sty your hills, delve deep to dales,
Fulfill your needs of love and joy
And raise a new world of lonely fulgour
Where you, for me and I, for you
Live like gods of supreme benison.

You bare yourself, bear all my odds
And carry me inside to reach your core,
Where I reach my height with all your warmth
While you give yourself in silent openness;
We meet each other in the innermost layers
And give up us to blend in sweet pleasure.

You broke your fence to let me in
And built a steel ring 'tween us;
You constrained real world, constrained your dreams

To the constricted little world of you and me;
You abjured safe consuetude and past
And walked straight to the beats of heart.

The stir of desires, we have for each,
Roused subtle dreams of wish fulfillment;
We, for each, 'neath the glare of harsh heat
Did hide in the cool of inner comforts
And played a little tricks of graceful love
To sparge our hearts with mutual warmth.

How you sought to heap your gifts on me
And show in abundance your inner charms
And discover me in true shades and hues!
Why you wrought such spell on my inner core
And brought our souls so close to each
That neither death nor life really parts us ever.

No god, no world, we had beyond us,
No joy, no truth, we had beyond us,
We lived a world beyond all worlds,
Where our hearts held the utmost sway;
No customs to bar, no jealousies to block,
No harsh realities to shatter our dreams.

You beckoned me from countless heads
And installed on the most divine throne,
You had in all your lives,
Where I have you at my heart's hests,
In plain form, none dare see you ever,
Where hearts meet, bind souls and blend lives forever.

GULF OF LIFE AND DEATH

It was a sad and sweet rainy day,
Calm, chill, dumb like black clouds;
It was a bad, funless, grim day,
All was dull with unknown forebodings;
Face to face, they sat in silence,
No word to speak, no shine in eyes,
Both blankly stared beyond each other;
No world to smile, no light or sunshine,
They sought each other for hope and comfort
In the eye of high tide of the time's drift.

She stole his sight; him, her in turn,
Their hearts spoke, though they could not;
Chill was too deep to bear for them,
For, they must part, part forever
On divided roads to loathsome future;
How could they part, none of them know,
How could they live, bereft of each?
They met each other in gloom's deep pond
And found rare warmth, exclusive for them
That stirred all cool and thawed their moods.

She threw her dice to defreeze the ice,
To build a bridge through the dreary gulf;
She said, she knows how deep his love is,
As bright, constant as the sun itself;
Yet, sets, rises, the sun in cycles
On eternal course on the nature's dictates;
Who knows, she said, what in store for them
Along the uncertain zigzags of the life,
Some may fill my place by better right
And relegate me soon to oblivion's pits.

When we part, all will be chill and nought,
No more, I, I, nor you, ever you;
I just pass on to the endless sky
And sink, he said, in bottomless death;
She stared at him with breath held a while,
Yes, she said, I too will be lost,
A dead-end I reach and perish forever;
They saw sad gulf, wide open, not far,
Where coursed accursed divided future
To drift them apart to distant horizons.

The air was thick with sad forebodings,
Thick gloom around, blind days ahead;
They knew not how to face and fight
Or yield and part to bleed their hearts;
No glimmer of light inside or outside
To lay their hopes to survive the tides;
Inside, outside, everywhere darkness,
Inside, outside, everywhere darkness,
Life was darkness, death was darkness,
They loved to plunge to death's darkness.

Days rolled like black waves of hell
And tore them apart in distant swirls;

They silently wept and begged for each,
Cried aloud 'neath the deafening waves;
No will they had to swim or float,
Deeper and deep, they sank like dead weights,
In parted worlds of shattered hopes;
A giant wave while washed ashore
Carried the man aland and gone;
On shore, he waited for his love's advent.

Days came, passed, nowhere was she,
No tides whispered her whereabouts;
True to promise, she sank to calm death,
In hope to meet her love somewhere;
He on shore, in the glare of sunshine
Honed for her in impossible esperance,
That she may breakout somewhere some day,
From clouds, horizons, water or air,
Here or there, anywhere, somewhere;
Aye, who bridge the gulf between life and death?

I HEAR HER SING

I hear her sing from far woodland
In joyous solitude in full-moon light,
Her soulful calls in unworldly fluid rhythms
Come across horizons, across thousand stars.

The thick pack of quietude in the night all-round
Carries her passionate song like light slow breeze,
Stars dance to the rhythms, the moon brightly smiles,
Night glitters in the sweet passions of the song.

Divine is pure beauty, immortal, beauty's joy,
Beauty transcends the fences of time and place,
I feel her in the woodland, sing like a winged angel
And spell my being by an eerie magical swell.

The song carries love, the song carries beauty,
Love and beauty carry the song from soul to soul
In passion's incony rhythms across over here,
So the two hearts beat algate in the same rhythms and rhymes.

How far away she may sing, that reaches right me here;
Through the light of the moon or the sparkles of the stars,
Through the dance of the shades of the silvery clouds

Or the flutters of the leaves, she reaches my soul.

The moods of the night sing songs for her,
Numb broods and dreams, deep in the night's woods
Whisper her tunes to being's alert ears
And I see her presence in sweet musical forms.

She sits alone in solitude's splendor
And sings soulful song in natural pleasure,
She fills in songs, in its tunes and rhythms
And reaches all alone, far comers of the world.

Mind, heart and soul blend in her subtle song,
And cross across the vast time and space
And make beauty, beauty and love, simple love,
However far the world may keep them apart.

SHE SMILES FROM A MYSTIC LAND

She smiles from a mystic land,
Blossoms my soul and warms heart
And stirs a whirl of unknown hopes;
She lights a fire of sweet ethereal desires
That consumes darkness,
Numb nerves with pleasant forebodings;
I know not from where I get the beacon,
I know not from where I get the beacon that
Stills disgrace and builds strength
And bounces back my spirit to
Those sweet and fresh childhood days
And bright and innocent irresponsible ways.

Like phoenix, she rises,
Like phoenix, she rises,
Like phoenix, she rises and
Enchants my heart.

Every day and every night that passes
Takes me a step closer to her;
Every thought and pleasure, she brings,
Deepens our bond in timeless care;
Though frameless space distances us,
She, to me and me, to her,
Remain in touch through boundless care;
For, our hearts home the real other,

For, our hearts home the real other
Where we dwell in immortal rest.

She never dies,
She never dies,
She never dies, but,
Lives in my heart.

Unknown hands play hide and seek
And build thick walls of savage fate
That keeps her there and keeps me here;
We meet and part in unknown cycles
Though never part to part altogether;
An immortal chord
Forever binds us through time and space;
Whatever way we part,
We face the other and feel the other
In unending pine and cravings for each;
We seek to rest on the other's side
Where our souls dwell in absolute rest;
We part to meet and meet to part
In ceaseless cycles
Till the twilight of motion meets the stillness of light
In remote horizons of heaven
Where tired birds meet forever,
Never to part again.

Wherever she goes, she must come back,
Wherever she goes, she must come back,
Wherever she goes, she must come home,
Where I wait, however long she may take.

We bear the cycle
In humble submission to the Mother Nature,
We part to meet the fate's ordain
With the hope of serving the goal of the tryst
Though bones crack and heart bleeds in the wait;
Eyes are afar and ears are erect
In tireless search of the inscrutable her,
Who races with time to unknown world,
Far, far from me, though,

She smiles from a mystic land,
She smiles from a mystic land,
She smiles from a mystic land
Forever and ever.

PRISTINE WORLD

Layers 'neath layers, far deep inside,
Breathes an old pristine world
In glassy glow of colorless splendor;
Cool and calm like dusk's twilight,
It breaks wild into passion's riots
In coloury specters when you delve into it.

Far deep in years' myriad layers,
Passions metamorphosed to pure diamonds
Of unmatched sparkles of love and warmth;
Old memories rise through the pores of years
And shock the numb soul with the age-old warmth
And stream out in tears for the long lost age.

The gracious queen of that pristine world
Yet sits in the center of a golden halo
In aureate splendor with a wand in hand
That conjured that word of yore with love;
Now, still like god in time's retreat, is she,
Still embalmed with love's incony fragrance.

You dig each layer and reach the world,
A magic land unfolds with bright colours;
Wherever you look, there is passion,
Wherever you turn, there is fragrance,
Shades and hues of infinite joy
Play a riot in the heaven on the earth.

It is a great world of divine joy
Where divinity spreads in fluid opulence,
Where love cries in unbound joy,
Where love makes world a hive of beauty;
It is here, gods desire to come,
It is here, gods desire to live.

It is a love's sacred temple
Where gods come to worship the queen
Who created the world with her pristine charm
And lord over it all over since then;
The hymns of love and dim temple light
Come across to reach only graceful souls.

No dusts and smokes of forlorn years
Ever ravage her pristine form,
No heats and cracks of swink't life
Ever disturb her unworldly love,
She lives and lives forever and ever
In the old world, in all new worlds too.

ON THE GOLDEN REGAL THRONE

Deep in your soul,
On the golden regal throne,
You endowed me with kingship
On whatever ever you have;
Enthralled by your gifts,
Overwhelmed by its wealth,
I devoted to you myself.

You looked not back thereafter,
Stone after stone and row after row,
Love and trust's temple you raised
Around me in sanctum sanctorum;
So sacred I felt myself,
I rose to God's heights
And bestowed you with devout boons.

Years passed by,
And you blossomed like jasmine;
A thousand princes sought
Your golden regal throne;
A hundred ministers around
Heckled you to select one
And cornered you to oblige one.

You yielded not a whit,
You looked aside with contempt;
While endowed me with kingship,
You refused the throne outside;
I watched the game from afar,
And ordained to move me from the throne
To give you a concerted life.

Silently you wept all that day,
And refused to vacate me from throne;
You moved away step by step,
But, held my kingship and throne intact;

You moved to stark solitude
Of the love and trust's temple you raised
To worship me in sanctum sanctorum.

I knew your love,
But valued your joy;
I knew not love itself is joy;
No joy you have away from me,
No life you see distant from me;
I found how deep and devout you are,
No worlds can stir your faith in me.

You gave me your throne,
You gave kingship over you,
For what great cause, I cannot figure ever;
You stuck to me forever
At considerable sacrifice
To stay as mine all through my soul,
For what great grist, I cannot figure ever.

DIVINE IS MY STATE

When in contempt for what the world did for me,
What talents did it fail and what grace did it cloud,
What noble thoughts it sunk in vile din and sound,
In utter despair, my love, I, for light, seek thee.

What heights did I scale, to what vales was I shown,
What dreams streamed sublime were crushed and blown,
How unkindly was I put down and mercilessly thrown,
When, my love, I recount, you, fill in from horizons.

When the shine in my soul tarnishes from blows,
When the music in heart turns sour and crows,
When deep scars and wounds seize my inner glows,
'Cause of you, holy love, my solace still grows.

How was I mowed, hauled, cursed and blocked,
How my quiet little sail all along the sea rocked,
I recall in grief and deeply scorn my ill fate,
Then, you smile and remind how divine my state is.

You chose me above all as dearest to your soul,
Your honeyed love, my love, instates me above all;
This heavenly gift, divine love, lifts me as a whole,

And grooms me within for all worldly and unworldly call.

You lift my sinking self; bring it to a golden land,
Where golden rays of spring everlastingly blossom mind;
The unworldly boons of your love overwhelms the worldly grief
And readies me to take on ills with smiles and joy in soul.

No dark evils of all the worlds here, above and below,
Wither your love's gold-edged divine glow;
You fill me with such wealth that I, whether high or low,
Need no worldly grace or scope unto me ever flow.

I NEVER REACH YOU

The wheel of time ceaselessly revolves
And I weather away like winter leaves
To rise again like phoenix some day;
No cynosure here or burning fire
To make me constant in pursuit,
Except the footprints you left far back.

Though you left lasting imprints
On the loose sand bed of the fleeting time,
You transcend time, transcend weathering
And deeply embedded within my self,
And light hopes, zeal and joy of life.

I yearn, seek and grope for you
In the dreary chill of the darkness outside;
I scale horizons and search the stars
In the hope of finding you someday
In the far nooks of the distant time;
Though you lurk within, I never reach you,
Never feel the joy of having in me.

Impregnable walls of time and space
Stand 'tween us and keep us apart;
I can't be I nor you, ever you
Without each reaching the other;
How long this unsteady desperate state,
How long we wait for the time of the tryst
That brings us close never again to part?

CELESTIAL MUSIC

Here or there or anywhere she be,
Or near or far or perhaps nowhere,
But, always everywhere, she is, for me,
In me here, there, everywhere forever.

She algate keeps close and consoles me;
I hear in silence her celestial music;
No distance, no walls, no gulf of time,
No vacant heart ever keeps us apart.

No time or space rules her in my world;
Limitless horizon, infinite she is;
She sprouts with spring and spreads with summer
And pours with rain and cools the summer.

She speaks with blue of the stretch of the sky,
She rolls with the waves sweeping over seas;
She swims with the magic of the fragrance of flowers;
She spells with the green Earth endows herself.

I find her lurking in all splendid things,
In all noble deeds, trusts and all human needs,
In love, gentle passions, in all lovely creations,
In truth, devotions and all wonders around us.

She is in heartbeats, in the life giving breath,
In the shine of eyes, in the warmth of smiles,
In joy and grief and needs and fulfillments;
She is my sense, thoughts, passions and soul.

The Sun and the Moon do rise and set every day,
But, she shines constant all along my life;
Seasons do change and ages bring changes,
In all, she alone forever keeps close to my life.

FRAGRANCE

She is always there like fragrance in flowers,
Like fulsome lush juice of ripe sweet fruits,
Like wisdom in words of great holy sages,
Like brightness that sits in the womb of light,
Like truth that speaks through enlightenment.

She surfaces like full moon through clouds
In long intervals, in all her full dazzle,
Like inspirations through tired broken souls,
Like youthful charms hidden in dirty torn rags,
Like filial loves to a dissolute son.

She sits in marrows deep 'neath bones,
She flows in veins with streams of blood,
She sleeps within four walls of my self,
She kicks in heart and charms my soul
And expresses to me through fusion of thoughts.

I seek her advice while caught in muddles,
I seek her guidance to come out of riddles,
I look to her warmth while world cools with chill,
I evoke her love to fill heart with tender hopes
And call her for play while loneliness hurts soul.

Stars may drop or the earth catches fire;
But, she for one always keeps her promise,
She heeds my calls and always at my beck
With magic wand in hand to soothe ruffled self,
Whereon I lay my hopes to fall on in times of gloom.

No infrared vision traces her subtle form,
No intense laser beams can ever reach her place,
No x-ray spawning eyes pierce to detect her;
For, she sits somewhere where, none of them ever reach;
Only I can feel her, see and reach her sometimes.

She is well within me and far outside too,
Like sensations that live inside and outside the mind,
Like sunshine that blaze inside and outside the Sun,
Like deity that sits inside and outside the sanctum sanctorum,
Like beauty that breathes within and outside truth.

While I dig inside, she smiles from outside;
While I spread outside, she giggles from inside;
While I sit in quietude in sad lonely contemplations,
She surfaces from within and rises from outside
And brings solace back by love and kind entreaties.

She keeps on my side in pains and pleasures,
In sunshine of days and glooms of nights,
In chills of winters, in heat-waves of summers,

In innocence of childhood, in ripeness of old age,
In joys of births and sorrows of deaths.

We are one, though distinct as two,
We are two means for the same single end;
With distinct selves, in single heart and mind,
With distinct lives, in single goal and soul,
We remain distinct, for we love each other's distinct being.

WITH LOVE

Who leads to my love,
To the womb of nature's innocence
To the heart of death's dreary kingdom?
She raced to the Moon's dark side
And snatched me from tender light
That glowed my heart with maddening love
And roused innate flame to scorching thirst,
This made my heart her passion's mad riot
And laid the soul on her luscious feet
With sweet glow of love and concern.

A subtle spell of writhing pain
Frosts in heart;
It prods soul to incessant search
Of what a day leads to blissful union
That swells the joy of rare peace and light
In hearts that bled gloom till then.

Aye, who leads me to my love,
To the womb of nature's innocence,
To the heart of death's dreary kingdom?
Life is not life and joy, not joy
And nought in deep vacuum, I am,
If her bright, soft Self illumines not mine;
She throbs my throb and breaths my breath,
She dances in soul and visits as tender breeze,
Comforts tender, gray Self and tired, livid limbs
And soothes pervasive gloom with blurs of misty tears;
Yet, nowhere, she is anywhere,
For, thought immortal she is, mortal is my turbid sight.

MY MORTAL EYES

How much I desire to take you in arms
And hold you tight to my yearning heart!
How much my eyes seek to see you as you are,
Those bring back my joy, solace and comfort!
How much I desire to light your life,
And how much I desire to fill you with fragrance!

Tell me where you hide from my mortal eyes;
I reach far worlds and find you there.

IN CELESTIAL RHYTHM

I was in deep sleep that winter night,
And darkness did freeze the world around;
Not a single star twinkled in the sky,
Not a single streak of light anywhere;
Blind and cold and still, not a thing stirred;
I was living dead like a piece of wood,
Sinking deep in barren lifeless world.

Then she came with nectar in heart,
Warm shine in eyes, honey smile on face,
As bright as the full-moon in a cloudless heaven;
She came near in soft gentle steps,
Godly beauty shone like halo around her;
She reached my world, gently touched my life,
Breath to warm breath, her face fragrantly close,
Heart in rhyme to heart, body comfortably near;
She awakened my soul to the lively morn ahead,
To the warm bright rays of the gentle soft sun,
To the chirpings of birds and the stirrings of light,
To the refreshingly sweet air of the joyous daybreak.

She whispered from her soul to my wildly writ soul,
And infused sprightliness to my indolent life;
She stirred my heart to the nuances of the world,
And warmed my soul to the riots of the life.

She said, she brought potions of love in heart,
She sought me to rip up her sweet self apart
And drink all her potions to my heart's content;
Fresh like dew myself, I reached her eager self,
Held it in both hands, quivering in wild excitement,
Squeezed it hard to my mouth eager in wait

And inhausted every bit till the last single drop.

Thirst quenched, soul content, self in joyous riots,
My heart full with lush love to the brim,
I lowered my eyes to hug her and kiss;
But, alas, what I saw I couldn't trust,
The eager self of my love had dripped life too
To keep alive my joy and stirrings of sunshine;
The godly beauty of love and inexhaustible charm,
Lay still and breathless, alas, in endless sleep.

She came, woke me up, and lit soul with her life;
She sank to dreary darkness to give me light and life,
To give light to my soul and stir me with love;
She lives in me forever in the shine of my soul,
In daybreaks, sunshine and the riots of the life,
In chirpings of birds and stirrings of light,
In whispers of the souls and the sprightliness around,
In rhyme of hearts and the riots of colours,
In every streak of love I find anywhere.

ALONG THE VENNELS OF YORE

When I walk along the vennels of yore,
Strange tides rise and stop me somewhere;
Cool breeze soothes, warmth gladdens heart,
Sunshine awakens soul, fragrance fills air,
Divine sweet music hangs all over there;
I open eyes with the shock of numb joy:
What a sight to see, what a world to be,
Ripples of pleasure in maddening riot,
I see in air, on ground, in clouds,
Knocking my heart to open up to the past.

I see her in the centre with the love's halo around
That lits her face with soft golden light;
Shy is she like fragrant, pretty, white flower,
Yet, firm and fast in love's sweet glamour;
What dance in her eyes, sparkles of thousand stars
Those speak thousand truths of her heart and soul,
What depth in those wells, how intense those flames,
Her eyes stir passions, swell-up innate feelings;
Frames of colored portraits unreel from the past
Like dreams surface from the seat of a broken soul.

She caught me in her eyes, invited to her heart,
I followed her within, to love's Warm Ocean;
I had several charms, held firm in my hands,
I offered her to pick, whatever she thought fit;
She was so shy, you know, she ran, I followed,
I pleaded, I offered, I knew, she desired all;
Yet, she looked aside, pulled out from there afar,
With eager eyes and heart, laid on my open hand,
Like hapless gentle cow, while pulled away from her calf;
She was torn in her love, I could not figure how.

Why this run from me, do I scare you love?
You accept not little charms of my innocent gifts,
I sadly said in pain, to her love-torn self;
She held her back in shock; to me she turned back,
With tears filled eyes, she ran and held my hands;
Oh, speak not thus, darling, you are all for me,
Nothing I care, none scare ever me from you,
Look envious eyes around, to pounce on our love,
Follow us like shadows, wherever we go or hide,
I fear them for our love, bitterly me, she said.

She opened her soft palm, held in stretched hand,
Give me whatever you have, I receive all, she said;
Overjoyed like a child, I gave her all I had
And heaped all my charms on her solicitous palm;
She accepted all of them, like a desert, water drops,
In glittering silent eyes, drenched in love's sacred water;
She inhaled all of them, deep and deep to her soul
In joyous indulgence, dancing all over her face;
She wanted more from me, but I gave her all of me;
She shut her steady eyes and hid me deep inside.

Envies raised heads like snake's thousand hoods
And stood between us with poison spewing eyes;
Give us too your charms, we too need, they said;
She held me close to heart with fear of losing all,
And laid her hapless eyes on me to find my resolve;
I coolly distanced them, you had enough, I said,
Take what reliquia I have, you deserve not more;
Her fear disappeared; she caught a gentle glow,
Her eyes in gratitude, shone like a thousand suns
And held me fast to her for all ages to come.

ACROSS THE GULF

I hear in your heartbeats
Our impregnable bonds loudly speak;
Though deeply mired in different worlds
I hear you whisper across the gulf;
You know not where I wait longing for you,
Nor know how deep is our bond's roots,
Though our hearts rhyme algate with each.

The cadence of life's endless dance
Bridges our lives
And entwines the grief and joy of life;
The rhythmic spring of the life force
Make the world where we long to live,
Where laid our past, where lies our presence,
Where will lie our future in pains and pleasures.

Every beat of heart marches us forward
To a world of everlasting love and trust;
In our heartbeats forever do meet
Two hearts that blend in love for each.

THE TOUCH OF SPRING

Winter yearns for the touch of spring,
Summer longs for rain-bearing clouds,
Tired body pines for eternal rest,
I for one seek the comfort you bring.

While you reach and touch, blossoms my life
And fills my world with colours and fragrance;
You lift my spirit from the dreary cold feel
And quench deep thirst of life meeting life.

I know, you lurk somewhere in horizon
With the warmth you bear always for me;
The gentle care you bear for me,
Let reach my soul and sprout back me to life.

ACROSS THE HILL

She lives there, across the hill,
In a lonely hut, hidden 'neath the wood;

No soul for warmth, anywhere near;
Chill breeze and overcast sky above
That freezes zeal and douse human feel;
The divider hill is as tall as the sky,
No path ever leads to the top of the hill
Nor takes downward, across the hill,
Where awaits her life's warmth and hope,
Like the early dawn that waits for sunshine in the east.

The speck of life in the blanket of green
'Neath the winter sky, searches for a chance
To shed wilderness, to reach wider world,
Where hearts meet, where souls rollick
In the ultimate joy of pure fulfillment;
The road is not long, but full of hurdles:
Thick trees, wild creepers, beasts, wildfires,
Cold waves, hot waves, cyclones, heavy rains
And time's steep slope of fate's divider hill,
How let the lonely soul to pass across to the blissful land?

She is not quiescent, she is not complacent,
Restless is her mind, restless is her heart,
Restlessness is high path to reach genuine rest;
She is a lively glow of unfulfilled cravings,
She is a deep ocean of colourful emotions;
The glow of her desires stirs the stars in the sky,
The force of her passions sweeps across like a tempest;
Wherever she may stand, miles around stir with life,
For, she is a little pack of incony gentle passions
Those make life, life and heaven, great heaven.

Lo, flashes of light, right across the divider hill,
Lo, patches of colours spread bright atop the hill;
The happy sweet stirrings that stir the air across,
The stillness deep in the wilderness, lying low in grace,
The serene simplitude of the bright shades of hues
Raise billows of dreams from across the little heaven
Where she sits like queen in lonely sweet splendor;
Her fragrance in billows, sweetest grace in waves
Fill the world across, with joyous expectations
Of the heaven filling the earth with unearthly soft light.

Warm breeze across the infrangible hill
Carries missives of hope and good tides;
It calms cravings and soothes ruffled souls
And illumines unknown future with warm sunshine,

For, she is the only future; she is the warm sunshine,
The mysterious hill, bathed in indistinct twilight,
Too tall and dull and abstruse to common souls
To conquer and stand atop and absorb all truths
Where darkness and sunshine meet and blend.

She will climb the slopes some day, not far
And disclimb the slope of times for the divine tryst
When the hill no more parts the past and the present,
When her anguish to cross, scales all heights.

TEMPLE OF WORDS

However I endeavor to capture you in words,
Like labour pains, you appear to disappear in cycles;
Like thin streaks of light, you dissolve in thoughts;
I dig in deserts and grope in gulfs
For the next advent of your refreshing self.

Dust and sweat of years
Form thick sheath around you,
Mist of intervening times
Blur your frame deep inside.

The words I frame to hold your charm
Collapse like card-house by sheer weight;
The melodies I garner, fall short to hold
Rich shades of passions that sweeten your thoughts;
No metaphors, no similes equal your height,
No meanings penetrate enough your depths;
The breadth of colours, your image shows up
Leak through weak porous words of songs.
While the winnocks of memory open doors,
I wonder by the splendors you command
With dazzles of colours and soulful music;
Emotions sink to raise ripples of songs
In fresh images of melodious words.

But, alas, the doors are shut by then,
The golden rays of splendors, withdrawn;
Images break and songs go grey,
Dazzles of colours, soulful music recede
And I am left again in blinding darkness.

In distant horizons, behind darkness,

When I see you surface like streaks of dawn,
I sit straight with instruments spread
To evoke and bind you in my songs;
Alas, my songs soon go like a childless cradle.

During high tides in time's cycles,
You bring huge waves in the ocean of soul
That washes the shores of heart and mind
With melodious tunes and passions' foams;
While low tides set on the soul's trough,
All go still and disturbingly calm.

I feel your kicks from the womb of time,
I hear your wails break-out to daylight,
I know your dreams, irrepressible desires,
You carry from those ruins of sweet past;
The music of relics, the patterns of ruins
Break to soft words with the advent of you;
Colours of those days, splendors of passions
Speak in live tunes while you break to lights;
A lasting temple of words and music is built
Where you live with the past and the present for all times.

Those days, so live, must come to life,
Those sweet passions must stream again,
Those rhythms, music, colours and fragrance,
Those gentle charm, that soulful warmth,
Those sad slow tunes that lingered in soul
Must make come-back with reflective quietude
In live sweet words of the poetic world
Where no memory fails, no sprite quails,
No vision blurs, no charm dulls,
Who no times reach and weathering touch.

SHE IS THIRTY, I'M SIXTY

She is thirty, I'm sixty,
A world of thirty is between us;
She is a just blossoming flower,
I'm the withering dried fruit.

She is sweet, golden nectar,
I'm hard, fibrous to taste;
She is luscious, lustrous to sight,
I'm dull, dark shadow of the past.

She is sparkling golden sunshine,
I'm the dusk of the setting sun;
She is full bloom, she is full moon,
I'm the disk of shriveling new moon.

She is pure gold, I'm mere steel,
How thirty and sixty can ever match?
She is live flame, I'm dying flame,
How twain can meet in the same hearth?

Thirty and thirty do make sixty,
But sixty can never add to thirty;
But strange are the ways of cosmic maths,
Thirty and sixty here add to thirty.

She steered herself thro' the space of age
And docked her ship to my dying module;
She gave me boost, injected fuels,
I took off to new worlds on her promise.

A subtle long chord across the age
Bound us tight to intimate bond,
Like milk and honey, we dissolved there
To fulsome broth of love and solace.

No discords we found, no disconcerts,
No mismatch anywhere because of age;
Like fragrance to blossoms, lyrics to music,
We matched the other in our soul and body.

She yearned for me, I longed for her,
But barriers of age did set us apart;
We waited in patience for opportune break
While bonded inseparably in soul and mind.

While slow though steady is nature's process,
We fell and rose in time's uneven tides
And hopes and distresses seized in turns;
But we bore all assaults for each other's sake.

She is thirty, I'm sixty,
A world of thirty is between us;
But strange are the ways of cosmic maths,
Thirty and sixty here add to thirty.

I whispered, she must seek reason
And abandon sixty for the rhyme of thirty:
Thirty and thirty do make sixty,
But sixty can never add to thirty.

She frowned at those discreet thoughts,
Derisively disowned all I said;
Thirty and sixty are for normal worlds,
We, she said, far transcend normal world.

I happily moved on her delicious stream,
Sixty does adding to thirty in souls;
We were conjoined in dreams and spirit,
But, alas, in worlds, as far as ever we were

As time stretched, patience wore,
Impatient we were to meet and conjoin;
Nothing comes out of nothing in this world,
Decided we to take bull by its horns.

Destiny favors those dare to do,
And we decided to dare and resolutely do;
Opportune break we saw while we met
In most inviting sweet solitude.

I yearned to absorb her and hide in soul,
She longed to enthrone me in her soul;
We stretched arms to encircle the other,
Our souls, minds, bodies inseparably fused.

We grew to one, penetrating the other,
Immeasurable joy enwrapping our souls;
We heaved in joy, shrieked in pleasures
In divine fold of most desired one.

So absorbed in the other, we lost our counts,
No heaven or hell bothered any more;
We found our goal, we found fulfillment,
What is next ever never important to us.

YOU ARE LIFE'S SPRING

My streak of hope
Of tied here and now,
My dream of life

Of laid in fulfillment
Is simply you.

You bring me wings
And raise sky high,
You give me visions
Beyond horizons,
Make me worthwhile.

You are my anchor,
You are navigator;
I simply sail along
The width and breadth
On your simple sigh.

No day and night
While you are near,
No pain or pleasure
While you are dear:
All are sheer divine.

I bloom like flower
In your presence,
Soul lights like fire
By your reach,
You are my charm.

You are life's torch
To find my path,
You are conscience
To guide me forth
To our common place.

You are pleasant limits
Of my mischievous games,
You are vast horizons
Of my joyous spirits,
You are life's spring.

You are my truth,
No truth beyond you;
You are my worship,
No worship beyond you,
You are my strength.

Deep within my soul,

All around my halo,
Everywhere in-between,
Far beyond my stretch,
You reside in me.

Sky may fast shrink,
Earth, go in flames,
Sun may go dark –
But, you and I forever
Stay tied in arms.

EVERLASTING JOY

In songs more than stars on night sky
In tunes more than waves in deep sea,
I called you, day and night, for years;
In colours deeper than evening sky,
In canvas larger than high sea,
I fancied you reaching me in wings;
Years rolled like ripe leaves in winter,
The songs withered, tunes smothered
The canvas weathered, colours devalled,
You are still there; I, here.

How thoughtless, vain, self-seeking like fox
Am I to call you from the golden land
Where angels serve and Gods solicit,
To this well of ignorance, and sufferings!
You must be there and I, here,
Like birds in the sky and frogs on earth;
The peace you have in cloudless sky,
The joy you have while fly in cool breeze,
The rhythms you produce while flap your wings,
I feel from here and have them all.

No sad memories, no sweet memories,
No more eyes on unknown horizons
While you play in my world, this very moment
Like sweetness hidden in unripe sour grapes;
No eternal search must strain the soul,
No muddles more on distinct being;
The days of young romance are pregnant yet
As you smile from a land not distant nor mystic
And bygones, not bygones forever any more;
The Sun indeed sets to rise again in the East,

You came like dawn with fresh rays of hope
And spread life-giving bright sunshine,
You gave sweet colours to just upcoming life,
Which are now absorbed to pleasing white glow;
The melodies you produced, the fragrance you spread
Continue to fill and dance in heart,
The feelings you roused, the ripples you raised
Continue to pull the chords of life;
You made this life a dulcet music,
A passionate painting, a sensuous poetry.

The light you brought gives warmth to heart
And flows in veins like electric charge;
I feel wings sprout, I feel on winds,
I feel very high without the Earth's drag;
You gave me strength, you gave confidence
To conquer evil force anywhere on the Earth;
I feel like stars, I feel like bright specks
In sweet spread of the love and trust
You filled in soft world where we did meet
To share our joy of give and take.

You dyed my heart in everlasting beauty,
You dyed my soul in everlasting joy;
The soft, fast beauty and fast, bright joy
In the heat of day, in glooms of night,
In the chills of winter, in clouds of rainy-days,
In the strains of life, in pains of sad tides
Keep self fresh and fragrant as ever;
How the Moon's wane and wax can ever stir his true form?
How the patches of setting Sun eat up the blue of sky?
The lamp you lit scares bad moods far from me.

You spread like space from the Earth to Heaven,
From horizon to horizon in East, West, North, South
With wings as fast and strong as mind;
You watch the Universe by the Sun in day, by the Moon in night
And commune with all by the sparkles of stars;
I feel your breath by the fragrance of flowers;
I feel your moods by the moods of the sky,
The colours of trees and cycles of seasons;
While you pierce all pores and moles of this world,
How can I grieve that you are nowhere?

RECOLLECTIONS

You are still beautiful, you are still bountiful
In evocating thoughts, gentle and noble;
You are still inspiring, you are still enduring
In my grateful soul, you comforted years long.

Barriers of time or barriers of distance
Withered not feelings, our hearts squeezed to splice,
Weathering of life and fortuitous zigzag turns
Torn not bonds, our lives earnestly have sewn.

In the darkness of lonely life, you are my guide,
You breakout from the self, spread sparkles of the hope;
In the maelstrom of rush and brush, you, my love,
Leash-in me to circumspection; guide me, step by step.

Your intense kind eyes, penetrating time's layers,
Rouse my vigil for the righteous course here,
Your yearning intense soul, reaching thro' love,
Awakens my spirit to love's rousing pleasures.

Thro' moon and clouds and birds and stars,
We build our bridges across thousand worlds
To reach each other in breach of rigid natures,
For, beyond the earthly bounds, stalks the love's gentle moulds.

The gentle sweet streams, you prod in recollections,
Of hopes and daydreams, live creeps of confidence,
Of fulfilling intense past and prospective league again,
Make life a vaulting heaven, this world, a joy's holy shrine.

SIMPLY YOURS

I'm simply yours,
Every minute, hour, for endless years
Along the vennels of past, present and future,
I'm simply yours
Like fishes for water,
Birds for wind
And stars all over the sweep of the space,
I'm simply yours,
Yours only always.

Clouds may form without water,
Tides may run without wind,
Times may bubble beyond space;
But, beyond your orbit, sheer nought I'm,
Without a fulcrum to stand on and belong,
Without horizons.

You give me an axis, my horizons,
Wherein I swim in joy of what I am
And make me I, and I'm yours
Of unalloyed mould of heavenly bond
Of shared pains and shared pleasures,
Where age is no constraint
And distance is no bar.

You are my world, my light,
You are my fulfillment,
You are my reason, my meaning,
You are my cause and target,
Wherefore I move all through life.

From the scary womb of pitch darkness,
I feel the streaks of feeble light
Flying at me from horizons you fill;
I hear your beckon,
I madly look to breakout to light
And blend and bond with you forever;
But, shut all round and wings broken,
No glimmer of hope to light my fuse,
I only declare, I'm "Simply Yours".

MY ELUSIVE PRETTY WIFE

You are the bright glow of my eager soul,
You are the live soul of my pregnant whole,
You are the immortal flame of my innate lamp;
You are the placid stream of my endless dreams
That creeps and steams deep in my soul's soul;
You are my languor, my hope, my divine fulfillment.

Passages in layers of yore and inscrutable future
'Twixt the thickly crowded stars' bright laughter
Stand indisputable witness to our divine bond;
Halves of the Creator's same spark we are,
Our path lies together There, here, everywhere

And blends and dissolves us forever in the other.

We are each other's flower and its fragrance,
Moon and moonlight, the evolution's lovely dance
That meets in ourselves our celestial common goal;
I know, I'm incomplete, my love, without you,
Come hell or heaven, my soul, you are my all,
You know that I am, just not I, without your call.

I reach you while you ride beyond stars,
You breach time's horizons to meet my stars;
Our chord knows no time and space's horizons,
Our bond knows no tear of the wears with use;
Like circles never run distal from the center,
We revolve round each like entangled hungry souls.

Come my Queen, come to my languorous arms,
Let's forget all distracting distasteful worlds
In the comforting embrace of each other's folds;
You do bring me true heaven on this very Earth
And transcend my life 'yond the death and birth,
And transform me, love, to an immortal Self.

You are my peace, grace, celestial solace,
Contentment, success, life's enlightened face;
When you are near, I glow like rising Sun,
When away, I grieve, go slow in whirling pain,
For, you are my cause, force, soul and essence,
Because of you and for you, I bear existence.

I yearn to reach and have you all for me
To indulge in soul to soul close interflows,
Limbs to limbs, skin and deep within too;
How I desire to intermingle and dissolve in you,
It is body, not body alone, mind, not mind alone,
But the whole as one to delve deep within you.

You are my only world, cosmos, microcosm too;
In you alone I know to build bridges, discover me;
I am your image, you, mine; we, mirrors of the other
And together we make a perfect lovely world;
My lives are an eternal probe life after life
To seek, search and discover my elusive pretty wife.

PARTING

He opened his innermost door
And she walked straight inside
To the backyard of his inviting heart;
There she sat in front of the fireside
And cooked a broth for his languorous heart
While dwelled in love's heat and light
With pleasantly trickling dulcet warmth;
She cast her lustrous eyes sideways
From where he enjoyed her sedulous swink;
Those eyes met, love roared like sea.

Yet, silent she was, indolent and dull
With tears welling to the brim of eyes
Like layers of cloud impale sunshine;
She turned to him and met him in eyes
With all the gloom, the world can speak of,
Spoke her torments through two dull eyes;
He caught her gloom, his heart came apart,
He brought his heart to dissolve in the grief
That her eyes spoke and embraced her
And sought what made her soul so sad.

A coconut sapling, fate planted for her
On the foot of her home was dry and lifeless;
She found deep love and watered that plant,
She carried it in heart, cared day and night.
Tendered with passion, gave all her love
Till a bright dawn saw it bore life's signs;
It thrilled her and she swelled with joy
When the sapling bore tempting flowers and fruits;
Her joy knew no bounds, her life bloomed too,
She found everywhere color, dance and fragrance.

She had to part from there, alas, the plant bore fruits,
She felt heart broke to leave her dear plant
In uncared rude hands of the savage bad world;
Had I bore him in heart, she insufferably moaned,
To give him away, so that I live forever alone?
These eyes be lost before I part to breach my heart,
I myself leave this world before it occur all,
She wailed in sad tone, covered her sad face,
Imbrued with tears that trickled from red eyes.

He knew her deep pain, for it was his own too,
He knew how hard to wrench apart a true love

That bound so close two souls to entrenchant sweet blend,
That fraught innocent hearts with eager care for each;
The two hearts grieved for their accurst bad fate
That opened up in their front like the hell's horrid gulf
With the loves on either side by the fate's cruel joke;
They stared each across the time's widening gulf
And stared each other like staring a distant star
Till both grew indistinct and dissolved in distant space.

MARCH 29

I bade you grievous farewell on a gut-wrenching day,
And after a long sojourn of thirty-four years
In worlds far beyond all human horizons,
You re-entered my world like goddess in haste,
On an early sweet summer, stood close in my front;
Thirty-four to the dot, that was, since we did part,
And a changed world around and time did take its toll;
My dull eyes did fail, but you did recast our past
And I recollected all in frames as days passed by.

Where were you recondite in those painful years,
Neither you nor I aware, nor aware ever be,
How far or near, how long you flew, unaware,
But I stayed where I was, grieving all days
And found so much old while you re-entered afresh;
You reclaimed me with all fire a soul can possess,
No broken time slot, nor weaker future fares
Nor flares of pride touched you, nor fears of the world,
But, alas, your slot, you found, no more unoccupied.

You balked, I, a sinner, baking alive in pain,
Ran round and round to keep you in humour,
Opened gates to my soul, exposed my real whole;
You, gentle as sweet rose and fragrant as fresh jasmine,
Sweet as pure honey and fresh as morning dew,
Without a whit of rancour, accepted my state as is;
You, soul, mind, heart and body, always wanted me,
But, resolute not to hurt and vacate the occupied slot,
Stayed away in deep pain, biding for far away time.

Road we pursued was uncertain, full of turns and twists,
Thick fog of fears blocked visions of what lay ahead;
We, on the crust of mammoth tides in the ocean of life,
Rose and fell in turns, losing never our faith in other,

Never yielding dreams to the disaster of losing other;
Years rolled by, yet, no signs of us joining forever,
Nor you distance me to set your home in right order;
You stood like polar star, like rock on mountaintop,
Renounced all life's joys in pursuit of common dream.

I had my life full with all its hues, shades, colours,
Feared for my flower losing pink in life's platter,
Solicited and prayed to rebuild lovely days ahead;
But all fell on deaf years; you moved not even a whit,
Chose what you yearned for, or nothing you adore ever;
I, in day and night focus, devoted my all to you;
In two layers I lived, soul, heart and body tied in you,
Yet detached in outer shell, showed a normal life
Till our needs for each met to burst together inwards.

It was like gentle blood flushing all over the body,
As if spring blossoms to end the winter chill,
It was like noon sun showering full moon-glow,
A celestial bloom's fragrance enwrapping all worlds –
Our souls danced in joy, dreams soared to high heavens,
Hearts soaked in colours, bodies blossomed like flowers;
We tied in other's arms, dissolved in the other,
Body clinging to body, joyously we breathed the other,
And dissolved in the other, never again to part ever.

It is our fulfillment, our ultimate attainment,
For what we struggled hard along several worlds
With broken shattered soul, mind and bleeding heart
In endless cycles of life along the time's passage,
Each time coming so close, but always forced to part
And breach our souls further in pining for the other;
How long this cosmic drama, how long shattering pains?
But never had we shrunk from each, from our cosmic bond,
Willingly bore all pains in sacred pursuit of each.

We know our common root, know our common state,
Know our common road, know our common bond,
Our common path ahead to common fulfillment,
Common dissolution as one in common cosmic light;
Though parted we remained long, parted ever cannot be,
For, can light and flame ever be parted for perpetuity?
Time unkind endlessly indeed ground us to helpless pulp
Only to find ourselves in unspeakable bond of strength
And in other's inviting arms, we won our life's end.

Sufferings perforce are long, unkind, and painful all along
And road to attainment algate is insufferably bleak,
While ends are truly high, enduring, lovely and noble;
Run the path and bear pains with unyielding strength,
For, how long and deep are pains, so enduring are the ends,
Know that nothing comes out of nothing in this world;
How long and deep one pine and struggles hard to reach,
So soon and closer it comes, so much sweet is its taste,
Only long and bitter struggle moulds truly timeless bond.

HIDE AND SEEK IS OUR NATURAL GAME

Wherever you be, my love,
You never be far from my world;
However far be, my love,
You never be far from my reach;
Though you set in distant horizons,
I wait endless and join you there;
Though you hide beyond constellations
I seek you on the wings of passions
And pick you from the cosmic hole;
No heat of burning giant balls
Nor the chill of the cosmic darkness
Cross my path of reaching you;
Wherever we may turn and part outward,
Our roots are bound inseparably inward.

We are the eternal playmates
In the spread of the cosmic playground,
Where hide and seek is our natural game;
You run, hide and bid me to seek
And I seek with heart put into the act;
Is it just a play for us?
It is my blood, soul and beats of heart
That keeps me worthwhile in cosmic spread;
Though eyes, blindfold,
Legs, bound and hands, tied,
And thrown to seek you in an unknown field,
Hiding somewhere, you do not see my plight;
Blame me not, I concede I was late,
Late or not, we will meet when time is right.

TIMELESS SONG

You know not what you are for me,
How deep and wide you fill my self,
How bright you light my eyes and soul
And what a swell of joy you instill in me.

Across the pall of unending night,
You send happy signs of love and hope
From the sunny land of lustrous light,
Where you sit like god in stoic charm.

While I fill my soul with joyous snug past
To forget the scars inflicted by fate,
You rise from the heaps of time's gray ash
Like medicated fumes to soothe my strains.

I hear all day, your timeless song
That blends sad past with unbound future
In the nature's subtle rhythms and rhymes
That time-to-time must bring us to meet.

No yearning dissolves in time's cauldron,
No beauty gets lost in the love's horizon,
Beauty must discover its self some day
In rhythms of hearts that beat for each.

You are there and I am here,
We do not know how far we are,
What separate hearts that weep for each;
Yet, I hear you, you, definitely me.

Your songs there, move my soul here,
My songs here, move yours, there,
Our songs a'where, live forever,
For, my songs live in you, yours, in me.

When I live in you, and you, in me,
How you and I are here and there?
Love makes here, there, and there, here
And the hearts in love, everywhere.

I LOVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE

I love you for what you are,
Not for what you ought to be,

Nor for what you some day is;
You, as you are now, here and near,
Is what is dear,
What I desire;
I know you now,
That is how
I love you for all your worth
With a heart that beats and calls you
Now, hear
With a soul that drinks and shares your charm
At this very minute;
I know the past
Of what, you are a part,
What too I loved;
I know not the future
Where you may reach some day,
Nor I bother to know,
For love is just felt,
Neither assessed nor foreseen.

Love sprouts in heart and sits in soul,
Love bounces from soul to light up loved things,
Love lights steady flame of heavenly bliss
And melts all pride and binds loved ones.

Love is pure bliss,
Love is pure feel
Of the loved ones in self and soul,
In eyes and heart,
In flesh and bone to blend to one
And discover forever dulcet wonders;
Love knows neither time nor any place,
Love transcends death;
Love only knows now,
Unending movements of now and here,
Love only knows now,
For, love is real like now and here;
Only love knows what love is -
A flood of sweet emotions
That ravages life, uproots self
To bring loved ones nearer god.

RISE AGAIN IN THE EAST

The sun sets in the West to rise again in the East

As sprightly, lustrous glow in ruddy flood of flames;
He dips to the womb of dreary dark sea
To flood the Earth and Heaven with glassy sunshine next morn
And relume bright hopes on the nature's innocent face;
Spring's mad, mad dance fades to winter's chill breeze
To flush fresh youth in the nature next time
And vesture bridal charm of the green's rousing grace
When spring springs to act in all her mad, mad riots
With bright colours in fast streams in her gentle vital veins.

A parting cannot always be forgone parting of ways,
But often a rousing start of refreshing future meets
Along the incessant path of life's long sojourn
That explores unexplored distant horizons
And thickens old bonds to fresh and lively bounce;
Sturdy, warm, afresh like lustrous North Star,
Day after day and night after night
With calm recollections' thrills
That replenishes timeworn rumples.

Adieu, noble light on immortal mortal face,
Bid you loving farewell with writhing pain within;
Let our soft fibers pass through the nature's grinding teeth
And brook infinite odds along the life's course
That fate ordains for the final meet of souls;
For, only beaten gold makes exquisite piece of art
And only hard work invests life with grace;
Destined are we in nature's painful course
To meet and unite in immortal love's bond.

ETERNAL SEARCH

O, the hymns of my soul,
The warmth of my heart,
I cracked time and split the space,
I dived to sea and rose to sky
In your search.

I pierced night, winnowed light,
I set my guard on all horizons,
I pierced within and spread outside
And searced time from the past to future
In your search.

I chose words, I created worlds

To impale you in poetry's net;
I engaged thoughts, begged wits
To hold you in my eager heart
And bind you to my dreams.

I flew on the wings of birds
And ran with the sun, day and night;
I dug with roots of old trees
And spread to all holes on the earth
To find you there.

The worlds of several sheaths and hues,
Of infinite distance and time gap
Hold us apart somewhere
To blur our sights, to dim insights
And all our search goes in vain.

The nights bring dreamless sleeps,
The days bring fruitless labour
And I end up in open desert;
No bridges, but erratic sandstorms
Bring the search to a grinding halt.

When the self stills and sky clears,
When you peep through the winnocks of time,
New wings sprout, old resolves shout
And I shoot to open sky
To find a door from where I reach you.

Somewhere you are, very far,
Where I don't know;
I need you and you need me, we know;
But, how to reach, we don't know,
Though, we must, some unknown day.

I HEAR ALL DAY YOUR LITTLE WHISPERS

My prettiest flower,
The sweetest little thing I ever found
And the world can ever hope to hold,
I hear all day your little whispers
Though nothing I find harder than knowing you.

You are there wherever I seek,
You are there whenever I need,

You are everywhere though nowhere found;
Though ripples of pain, you are unbound joy,
Though discontentment, you are inner peace,
Though discord, you are sheer harmony,
You are my beauty, my truth and essence.

While alone and dejected and soul cries in pain,
You surface from somewhere and console and soothe
And give strength, courage and resolve to hold fast,
But, nowhere again, unseen while I recover from;
You come and share pain, but hide away from joy,
Though my strength, I know not where you are.

LOVE BIRDS

They brought her there with hands tied,
Wrapped in coarse, torn old sacks
And dumped in front of his shocked eyes;
She was calm and irresistible in charm,
Gentle, sweet, solicitous and kind;
She knew her love, who loved her most,
She loved to be there, where she was brought;
No sack or silk shakes his trust in her;
He raised his head, embraced in eyes
And laid his warmth on her sweet self.

With a bowl of black juice, held in hand,
They danced around her with savage pleasure;
Hands outstretched to disgrace her face
With muddy black juice to dim her charm,
To blunt her spell on his love-filled soul;
They mocked and laughed and pounced on her,
Called her names, poured several shames,
Ugly crow, swarthy lad, her they called;
Hapless, she looked her love with grief,
Her eyes begged him for strength and warmth.

He bore no more his darling's sad state,
He begged them all to spare foul calls;
She is stately queen on the most valiant throne,
On daily rounds in disguise, he said;
He sang her charm that no sack could hold,
He kissed her sweet grace with eager eyes;
No more black juice may cloud the sweet face,
Spare her the travails of a wash, he prayed;

His love-laden plea and bright intense eyes
Cut short those hands from the envious task.

Gratitude shone in her gentle sweet eyes,
Her heart spoke in eyes, her love and care;
She dwelled in his soul and he, in her,
Both dissolved to one in silence in distance;
Their eyes met, their hearts spoke
The common passion that held them in one;
Whatever am I, call me like him,
For, he is my goal, desire, she said;
He swelled in joy for what she said,
For, he too knew her, his life and goal.

They untied her, set to fly to love's world;
She fledged her wings and flew like wind
To love's warm nest in his eager heart;
The two hugged each and danced in joy,
They necked each and looked each
While passions flew from heart to heart
Like long bright flames of divine light;
The birds on wings that reach each other,
Flew high, far, afar to unknown horizons
Where none fence them nor disturb their love.

HER RESOLVE

Caught in the whirls of opposite pulls,
Bound in the whorls of tragic spirals
Of inner needs and outer bindings,
My Queen, I know, is stifled at soul.

Innocent at soul and sensitive at heart,
Never one to hurt a big or small life,
She was brought in rein to make life's choice –
Null your soul or bleed those around you.

Shocked and shaken, my Queen cried at soul –
Does she blight her soul and extinguish its light
And breach her bridge to her kingdom forever,
Or smash the smiles of those milling around.

She knew, her soul, not one, but two,
And repriming it is killing both;
She breathed life and sailed all this length

To seek and light her soul's quiet lamp.

While bound by the world, duties do make calls
And they called their shares at her cost;
How shrink from world and hurt all round,
It bled her heart to hurt all round.

Undecided was she, but her soul was firm,
No way she could again part from soul;
But world sat heavy on her sensitive heart,
How could she backtrack and bleed the world.

She prayed her God for a path around,
She bid time to lose the noose around;
But nothing helped her and events pounced
To force her course on the world's way.

She stuttered and flustered and bitterly cried,
But was calm and quiet in soul of her soul;
She moved her soul's way in quiet solitude
And proved her resolve in midst of world's way.

I'M JUST NOUGHT WITHOUT HER

Sarva Karana Karanam,
Cause of all causes,
Root of all roots,
Source of all sources is she.

She is as tall as sky,
As deep as nought,
As fast as vast space,
She is fire that keeps me alive.

She is my cause and its end,
Passage of life in-between,
The immortal flame of my soul,
She is my sense and fulfillment.

Poise, peace and grace of all,
She is my strength,
She leads me forward
And follows everywhere.

My shadow, my light,

My desire, fulfillment,
My dream, life's cream,
She is soul of my soul.

I revolve around her,
She, around me,
We about each other
And timeless together.

Cynosure of my path,
I thirst for her light,
She fills to my brim
And we rejoice in each other.

Near or very far,
We are together,
We find in each other
Our endless bliss.

She inspires me
To sail onward,
Her whispers to soul
Keep me safe and straight.

I can never be I
Without her light,
She is substance
That constructs my life.

She is that flame
That lights my glow
In pitch darkness
That enwraps me always.

She is my past, endless future,
Precious present besieging now;
Mere a shadow of her spirit,
I'm just nought without her.

MY LOVE

I love her deep and thick,
More than burns my soul's wick;
I adore her whole and still,
More than my graces fill.

She lives in an inner cave
Where easy walk none can have;
Woods and creeps abound there,
Wild beasts, their presence, mark there.

My polar star, bright and clear,
She leads me forth without fear
In blinding nights, dark and dense,
To the dawn of sparkling rinse.

She is my lamp, the inner flame,
The warmth that prods me forth;
She is my rhythm, the perfect rhyme,
The cosmic dance that bounces worth.

The world is a desert without her presence,
A void is life, devoid of essence;
The spin of time, a whine of hollowness,
Cool and dull, whimpers of shallowness.

She brought me halfway here,
But, my home is not yet near;
I need her warmth more than ever,
Her love and care, to lead forever.

Her intense eyes and gentle hands
Invisible though, glide me through time;
Alas, time is short, 'twixt us stands,
And part us all, while time makes claim.

IN CAGE

Young she was, pretty like jasmine,
Fresh, pure, sweet, eager like dawn;
Impaled in nest, she looked for him
Through a tiny foramen, open for her,
Her ears agog for footsteps of him,
Heartbeats and mind unsteady, unkind;
Impatient of time, reasons or rhyme,
She waited for him like a newly wed bride
To lay her self on his eager self
And light her cage with love's sacred lamp.

She heard him come, look outside,

Saw him with fast thumping heartbeats;
Emotions swelled high, streamed to her blood,
Contentment and joy stirred her heart;
Her face lit bright, expectations rose high,
She waited for him, eyes struck on door;
He broke-in like warmth, dissolved in her,
They smiled and spoke small endearments;
I came straight here, dear, he said,
Though you are afar and oblivious of my world.

Oh, no, she said, I know your world,
What you do, when you come and go;
How come, my love, you, bound inside,
Nowhere outside, visible, he said;
She raised her head, smiled at him
With steady sunshine rioting in eyes,
Like love in heart, swelling over eyes;
Bound inside, I, indeed, she said,
In ways of world, in bones and flesh,
Only shallow eyes do see me in cage.

Do you think I am here, she quipped in style,
No doubt, I am here, yet, I am not here,
Except this shell, bound in this cold cage;
I belong not to shell, nor to this cage,
But, wherever you are, wherever you go,
There, I belong algate in mind and sprite,
There follow my soul, breath and heartbeats;
I know while you come, I know while you go,
Even eyes shut, she said by her eyes;
He heard dumb-bound, those entreaties of heart.

His passions swelled high, he spoke not a word,
For, she is too high for all words in this world;
He looked at her with unbound gratitude
With tears of joy, blurring eye-sight;
He spread his arms, gathered her inside,
Held her there, seeking her forever;
She was in cage, it was bad fate,
Neither he nor she could change it in age;
Yet, they remain for each, in cage or outside
In and beyond all subtle time and space.

PARTINGS MEANT TO DEEPEN BOND

Twice did she come to reclaim her world,
Running across stars along celestial path
And roused me from my slothful slumber
Of lethied digressions to common place;
Intense like sun and soft like pure gold,
She stirred my soul to my singular goal,
She seized my mind to fill to the brim,
She invaded my heart to rule it all over
And spelled me with her countless charms.

Each time she came, I metamorphosed,
Each time I shed past and wore new looks
And came up refurbished in celestial glow
Like sun at dawn breaking out of east;
Endless did she run in tangles of paths,
Yet, tired not a whit while reached here,
While broke out from time's dark womb;
While soul is on focus, no labours count,
No obstacles haunt, no hurdles mount.

Whence she came, why she withdrew,
Neither she nor I know, nor ever know;
Her road reaches me, mine always hers,
Criss-cross our paths like tangled creepers,
But leave back mounds of scattered ruins
That dent our souls with pains no time can heal,
No earthly comforts kill, no joy ever steals,
Till again paths cross and we find our heaven
Of common fulfillment, of peace in each other.

She shuttles here and there in turns and twists
In constant focus on my wrecked world;
I stand alone in world always seeking her,
But know not her whereabouts or our hour;
We are divine birds drinking from each other,
We live for the other; we live in the other,
Find light while we meet, go naught while part;
Yet, while hours are long, distance is far,
I recede to slumber of lethied digressions.

Oceans are not oceans without water mass,
Sun is not the sun without his fiery fires,
Sky is not sky without scattered stars,
And I am not I without her in my arms,
Nor she ever is she without my nearness;
But time plays havoc in unlikeliest turns

And shatters our worlds, bleeds our souls;
While bird flies away, I doze away in nest,
It is standstill world for two parted souls.

Twice did she come to reclaim her world,
Running across stars along celestial path
And roused me from my slothful slumber
Of lethied digressions to common place;
What enlightenment, what a bliss she brought,
All worlds blossomed around in sudden spring,
I smelled sweet fragrance rolling towards me,
Spell of divine tunes I felt afloat in sweet air
Whenever she slipped back to reclaim her world.

She is flood of light washing away my gloom,
She is roll of peace soothing shattered soul,
She brings tides of joy filling heart to brim,
She sweeps over life like westerly winds do,
Showers forlorn life with hopes and dreams;
Glow sharing glow, light embracing light,
Water meeting water to grow to larger flow,
Inseparably we are spliced in endless heavenly field,
Partings we suffer meant perchance to deepen bond.

LOVE

She sprang from the time's tapestry,
Like full moon, from the spread of night sky,
And streamed soft light all over him;
She blew over his heart's barrenness
Like the gust of westerly wind do to clouds
And poured sprightly rain of joy.

Rise and fall in time's cycles
In unceasing rhythms is life;
A skyward climb discovers descend,
A fall to a gulf signals upswing;
Rise and fall go hand in hand
To the horrors of love-struck souls;
Unknown hopes and unknown fears
Deepen passions and strengthen bonds.

Dawn and dusk are not far afar
And ill luck struck the love-laden souls;
The lovers met the dusk in dawn

And shattered in pain of parting so soon.

The ill-struck souls lost each other
And felt a fall from heaven to hell;
All beauty was shattered, all joy, lost,
All hope was squeezed; contentment, crushed;
For, love does not wait for time's swing,
But bides on steadfast patient growth,
Day after day, and age after age.

They now sit across the gulf of time
And crave for each other,
Oblivious of what is in store ahead,
For, they see nothing beyond each other.

FROM UNKNOWN HORIZONS

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Splashes like long flames of colourful fireworks;
It flows to me in floods in dazzling shines,
It carries new hopes and warmth from the far away world,
New strength, new insights, new worlds of unknown joy;
The celestial flashes drown my soul in divine force,
A rare pleasing calm dawns on the soul
And all worlds look alike with soft, gentle divine light.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Shakes the Self with shocks of fresh visions,
The flush of bright light fills and cleanses the Self
And spreads inside to wash patches of gloom;
The weightless heart in the ocean of bright sunshine,
In ripples of pleasures that produce sweet divine songs,
Dances in ecstatic madness in wait of what to break in
What are pure joy, beauty and enlightenment.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Breaks like showers and reaches like floods,
No time to breathe, no time to wait and drink;
Like whirlwind, it uproots travails of reasons
And absorbs me head-on like water on sand;
All passions still, but pure streaks of joy
Drip to celestial rhythms in leisurely grace
And I glow as light in communion with light.

The guest of divine light from unknown horizons

Spreads from all sides in single infinite sweep;
It seizes me, dissolves me to universal gentle peace,
Where I am no more I, or anything ever mine,
But, a stream of bright glow, one with everything,
Without height and weight and bonds of time and space;
I swim in the bright light, spread in infinite sky
And feel the joy of Heaven without pull of the Earth.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons,
I see with inner eyes and feel with inner mind;
The swell of new tides, the bell of new moods
Reaches tired soul and raises hopes to new heights;
In the shower of divine light, in the breeze of enlightenment,
The ruffled feelings calm, the storms in self still;
The soul that drinks the divine glow,
No more sinks back to the hell of black passions.

IN SCALDING POT

I know you are in trouble,
Caught in the eye of storm,
Stewed in severe counter pulls,
You know not how to pull out
And stay with what you want.

I gave my hand to help you out,
Go with time stream, I said,
Old, ugly and worn-out set in west,
Young and perfect rise in east;
But, you stick to yours own.

Once caught in the web of life,
Neither you nor I disentangle or waive,
More you come out, more you are caught;
You are in scalding pot, burning hot alive,
But, refuse to give out yours own.

Time is vile now, all may clear soon,
You may come out unscathed and clean
With yours own tucked to inner core;
Barriers and obstacles, but testing grounds
To winnow the chaffs from hard grains.

THAT DAY

He broke-in like breeze with a portrait;
She was there in wait, all in smiles,
With gleaming eyes and thumping heart;
He ignored all, gave her the portrait,
Sought her to mark him from a group;
She held his gift, close to her heart,
Lighted the portrait with flashes of eyes;
Lo, she got him straight, marked him there
And kissed his figure with her velvet touch.

His eyes widened, his heart liquesced,
Her easy marking him shook deep his soul;
He was in her heart; he was in her eyes,
He was in every dropp of blood in her veins;
Her eyes breathed light, her soul breathed joy
While eyes caught him in midst of the group;
Like life to sunshine, soul to sweet notes,
Her heart danced wild in his warm presence;
This is you, she said, this is that you,
Wherever you are, I find you there always.

Oh, how strange, he said in deep wonderment,
I thought, how you try, mark me not;
Me, not you, for all my lives?
How absurd, she wondered at heart;
Engraved in soul, heart, smallest small veins,
You sit deep in me, like the king on a throne;
You fill all me like air, bare space,
My dreams, thoughts, and wakeful hours;
You are my joy, hope; you are pain, pinings,
I am bare nought, without you to stir.

She held the portrait close to her heart
And drank his form to the brim of eyes;
What a gentle shine, what contentment,
Her eyes spread in expression of her heart!
What depth it had, what immortal warmth
That he felt at loss to pierce far enow;
Layers of lives of love and cravings
Coalesced to subtle light in those deep eyes;
No more he could bear the swell of her lure
And submitted him in silent gratitude.

I KNOW HER

I know her
Like the palm of my hand
In all proximities;
I know her moods
In all nuances
Of rise and fall
'Neath the self's ocean;
I sank to her depths,
And ran with passion's streams;
I rose with her sprites
And saw worlds in eyes
Of her pride.

She is pure beauty
That lulls heart and soul
To divine indulgence;
She is noble of heart
And leads to the path of truth
That raises in winged pleasures
To the inner world of peace;
She lights distant horizons
Though still as Polaris,
And fills all worlds with hopes
Of ceaseless sweet musings,
Of supreme awakening.

I see her in invisibles,
I feel her in nothingness;
She pervades days and nights
Like fragrance and innocence;
She rises like holy hymns
In sylvan crystal transparence
And rocks cosmic rhythms
That soothes seething nerves;
She flows in ceaseless streams
And dazzles life all round.

I seek her gentle touch,
She spreads her light a 'where
From subtle nowhere
In benign beneficence;
She runs across the time
For eternal commune of souls,

In ecstatic speck of continual 'now',
What in quantum constitute my whole;
She thirsts for me and me for her
In divine bond,
Where hearts fuse in absolute subtle rhyme.

WE WAIT

You showed like a shooting star and passed out,
And dazzled me awake from soporous state
To sink in darkness while passed out of sight.

I on the visible side of the world,
You hid in invisible side,
An impassable gulf separates us now,
This is how the destiny ordained it;
I wither, fade and fall out some day
And cross the gulf and reach your side;
Till then we wait with deep pain in heart.

IMPREGNABLE DARKNESS

In the womb of deep slumber,
In the arms of unawareness,
Under the blanket of impregnable darkness,
You lie alone like the frozen hopes of a dying man,
Oblivious of the pain and grief doing riot,
Tired and eyes shut to the stabs of grief.

The bond of common pain binds us nearer;
I, on the visible side of the moon,
Find my pains stab in lunar rhythms,
While you, on the invisible side,
Hide from the stabs and wounds of grief
In the slow grind of the loneliness
And run with the time to far horizons.

I know, my cries never reach your ears,
A wall of time stands between us
And deepens our grief and common pain.

IMMORTAL LIGHT

Like a breeze you came, like a whirlwind you fled;
What flood of passions, you brought in-between!
What an immortal joy, you carried on you!
No more I remain what I was till then,
No more I ever cease seeking you, darling,
In things of love and things of joy.

You brought sweet dreams to my barren life,
You carried new life to the dying sprite
While I was hanging alone in mid-air
With floor 'neath feet, too low to land
And heaven above crown, too high to reach;
You broke-in there and comforted me;
Here, all is a mirage and an uncertain wait
Till I find you rise again from distant horizons.

You are an invisible lamp, of divine light
That light life with love, care and trust;
You are the breeze that whispers comfort
Of warmth in lonely still silence;
The dazzle of light you spread around me
Blinds my eyes to the lesser worlds;
You came and you went, but the light persists all over.

Wherever you are, however be far,
I revolve around you in invisible orbit
In midst of the twinkles of countless stars,
Spread over the blank space of long deep sleep,
There nothing stirs, but the streams of immortal light,
You flood me with from unknown horizons.

BYGONES ARE BYGONES

Oh, bygones are bygones
And past never meets future;
The ruins of my dear inner temples
Dissolve in time's ceaseless streams;
Clouds of distance now make indistinct
The priceless strains of joys and pains
That flows outward in time's train
From memory's distant horizons.

A world truer than the transient present,
How can naught be for me!
A world more mine than me myself be,
How can haste to the sight's dark spot!

A breath-taking truth that drenched soul,
Now braves last breath to survive in thoughts
As rolls on the wheels of unending time
In memory's lanes, to oblivious dark side.

Healer, a great, indeed is time
While past is past and the present sits on neck;
Yet, some pasts, too real to be past;
Dealer, a great, indeed is time,
Who strikes steadily in subtle strokes
And blunts sharp edges of the painful past.

The ruddy glow of the magic sunshine
That floods from the past,
No more flutters innate wings,
Nor curdles the soul to foams of bliss;
Thoughts dip to a gulf of void
And indolence seizes tired limbs
And innate dim flame gasps for life.

Indeed, bygones are bygones
And past never meets future.

GENTLE LIGHT

She comes like gentle breeze,
All in flowers,
All demure like a fount of sweet water
With warmth of spring's pleasant sunshine;
Like light white clouds on the clean blue sky,
She spreads all round in joyous passions
With fancy's subtle happy formations;
Like daybreak's sunshine, she spreads in life
And treads deep to the sanctum sanctorum
To light inside the sacred lamp.

Soothing like sleep,
Fragrant like sandal paste,
She calms passions to joyous indolence;
Like shades of banyan tree.

She comforts all sad strains of life
Neath her unending care and concern
That spreads long like an evening's shadow;
Her stop make home, touches dissolves gloom,
Her love looms hopes of peace and deliverance,
She brings rhymes and rhythms to life's prosaic song.

Sixteen or twenty-six,
She is the same like sweet old classics;
Indeed more sweet and deep with time;
Like white warm glow of the passions' colours,
She shines like Sun in benign intensity;
Though distant sometimes, always near,
Though differs sometimes, always agrees;
In warps and woofs of love and craft,
In warps and woofs of strengths and charm,
She builds a bond as hard as diamond.

She is sweet in her sweetness,
She is sweet in her bitterness,
For, she is all sweet at all times;
She warms chill and cools heat
And makes sorrow sweet and excess joy bitter
To guide the life through a healthy rich path
Of eternal peace and contentment;
The eternal vigils she keeps all round
Like gentle light
Lift the soul from desolate gloom.

BLOOMED IN ENDLESS JOY

She adored him like God,
He, her, as his Goddess,
And they lived in happy heaven
In dreams, day-dreams of each
Though events never them brought
To long longed face to face.

They longed for the other
And knew how tied to the other
Though tall fences stood between;
World decreed bonds as odd
Like between her and him
And laid rugged roads ahead.

She cared not the blocks,
He welcomed all odd shocks,
But both worried for the other;
She couldn't see him bleed,
He couldn't see her hurt,
Both sought each other's peace.

They couldn't run from each,
The chord tied them was hard;
They couldn't run for each,
The road ahead, rough ride;
They chose a means to follow:
They neither haste nor part.

Though they evaded rugged road,
Kept distance for the world,
Each other's they keenly remained
In live dreams of the other,
They dissolved in the other
In live longings for the other.

She yearned and cried for him,
Her soul seared from pain;
He lost all sense for world
Without her graceful presence;
Both bled in soul for each,
Both lived hell in real life.
A faint glimmer of hope
From the dark tunnel of pains
Like the rising Sun at dawn
They saw surfacing in horizons;
Pains are not for always,
Joys too the world oft holds.

She couldn't trust her fate,
She got all her's, though late;
It was sheer heaven for him,
A pristine lease of life;
Both raced for the light,
Lest they may forever lose it.

They saw bright glow of light
Enwrapping them together,
They saw pure joy together
In the other's inviting arms;
Soul, mind, heart and body,

They gave themselves to the other.

Like creepers they hugged the other,
So close that bodies ached;
Mouth to mouth, heart and body,
They tasted each other's depths;
Desires grew to newer heights
And they feverishly lost in the other.

Souls so far spoke from afar,
Discovered them in the other;
Hearts seared in pain for each,
Now bloomed in endless joy;
The two now dissolved in the other
Discovered in each their souls.

Road to heaven is never smooth,
Rugged the path, more joy ahead,
No pain is a waste in God's land;
They lived pain, now aglow in joy,
Discovered truth from the love's womb
That nothing in life equals true love.

A PASSING PHASE

Elusive is this world, all is a passing phase,
Neither you nor I, exception to this face;
I shut my eyes when you broke out and surfaced;
I offered not arms to take you to my fold,
I gave you not the joy of warmth and comfort
Of peace and solace of heart meeting heart;
Alas, when I realized all these, you were gone very far.

FORTY YEARS BACK

It was forty years back
You gate-crashed like an impatient guest
To crystal-chaste world of pristine love
With thick slow glow of innocence in soul
And soared like placid spread of daybreak.

It was forty years back,
A guileless gale uprooted my heart

To a world of innocent sweetness
Where hearts melt
To coalesce to huge celestial glow.

It was forty years back
You kissed my brittle Self
And moved within to home your Self
In ceaseless bond of innate tenderness
Across myriad lives.

It was forty years back
You lighted my life
With dazzling sweet colours and rhythms
And unbound springs of inner strengths
That explored and discovered my soul's innards.

SWEET MEMORIES

Sprinkles of sweet memories
Hiding deep 'neath my heart
Open up like a lovely dream;
Beneath the face of pristine charm,
Hovers immortal passion's song
Ardently writ with joy and grief.

Passion for the past gentle Warmth in heart
Reprieves live canvas from the time's womb
Along the long course of life's sweet, salt tears;
Vivid pictures of hope, despair, joy and grief
Ensconce the Self from utter loss and ennui;
Esurient heart delves deep to the skeletons of the past,
Now, numb 'neath the layers of latter deposits,
Keel like winter lakes of Himalayan range
Under the blazing Sun of present realities.
Menseful thoughts of those bright, lovely days
Arraign the course, pursued since then,
Redolent of dry tanks of hot summer.

Joys of joy and joys of grief surface
Sweet memories like broken sweet dreams.

Restituted to the ripples in stars' sparkles,
Deliquesced to invious candescence,
Subtle gentle memories creep in hearts;
United while untied from realities,

Veiled memories lead out of dreary dales;
And I drink memory's indefatigable grace,
Reverential to bones, swear to its dreams;
Nonpareil edifices, the past raised,
Aye hoist life to the halcyon clime.

SAD MEMORIES

Bygones in passion's frames
Race up from the years' layers
In rhythms, once seized my heart;
Each distinct frame disturbs now,
Each prods sad music in soul;
How heart rose and fell in turn
In wild tides of unsteady passions
And found deep roots in soft magic world!

Those days are crystal sharp in eyes
Though smudged in time's dark holes;
The life, attuned to heart and soul
In soft melodies that bloomed dreams,
Stumbled to plunge and dissolve in death
In the fierce flame of disintegration
That fogs my inner peace
And razes heart to dull and gray sloth.

Pains and pleasures in pickaback
Ravage human soul in unending cycles;
No pleasures heal
Incisive wounds inflicted on soul;
Years score as age fails to heal
And the wounds sour in sad melodies
And lull the soul to a numb world
Of sweet dreams and sad memories.

STOP COMING

Like tides, you rise and fall,
Like waves, you sweep the shore
In recurring strokes
To recede again to the watery grave;
You sweep the shore
And level the sand;

No more footprints
On the time's wet floor;
Yet, the game goes on and on
From the known past to unknown future
By the time's sacred law.

You sweep like god in haste
Till you recede to the time's womb;
How long this hide and seek?
How far this unsteady keek?
Why this piggyback
On the cusps of hope and despair?
You either sweep to stay
On the parched sandy shore
Or stop coming
And jetsam all cares to fate;
No more I bear the unsteady passions,
No more I bear the unsteady passions
And the soul cries for peace and sleep.

Life is a long wait of a far dream
Till I sink in unknown horizons,
Life is a long wait of a far dream
Till limbs go dull and being goes still.

MY RESPLENDENT MORNING STAR

She is my little Aphrodite,
My resplendent morning star;
She is my yearning and deepest desire,
She is my bliss, my contentment.

She binds my soul to her little world
And nurses old wounds with deep concerns;
She tends, she mends, and she soothes the soul,
The greatest healer indeed she is.

Fair as full moon in a cloudless sky,
My little Aphrodite of liquid charm
Floods my low-lands of swinging moods,
Whenever I hide in my little hole.

She lights my world with the dawn of hopes
And enchants my heart with her little ways;
Her smiles, the stirs of the colorific spring,

Her words, the rolls of the tides of warmth.

She comes and seizes and mingles like ale
And binds me deep in her innocent charm;
Her dew-like self engulfs my soul
And I lose myself in wet warmth of her.

MIRAGE OF DREAMS

I am not unknown to you, nor ever to me, you are,
Our worlds intermingle in their finest grains;
We match in colours deep inside our hearts,
Music in our souls is concinnous till the end;
We sing the same song though in our own ways,
We walk, run, and hop to the same common goal,
Where lie our hearts and immense common joy;
Yet, why this distance, these impossible walls,
This thick gray smog that dulls our eyes.

I came half the world, alas, you respond not,
You show no signs of raging fire in heart
And sit still and dumb like the Antarctic ice-sheet;
I know the heat you suffer in silence inside,
For, it burns me too to the crevices of bones;
How you bear those bites and put-up stoic face,
For what human grace, you kill sweet instincts
And render a lovely world, a mirage of daydreams,
Where never we ever meet, but go on in wastes of dreams
Till hearts break in pain and the world goes dark.

Alas, though here, you do not reach here,
Alas, though there, you do not belong there;
Why you punish you like this for no worthwhile cause,
And end-up in maelstrom where none ever find joy?
Come out of the mire, fly free in lovely heaven,
Where all is love and beauty, all is pure joy,
Where no divided soul exists nor the pain of opposite pulls;
You are sheer beauty, pure love, perfectitude of joy,
But an embarrassing pain in this incertitude,
For both you and I, caught in love's intense swirls.

You wreck not our world where you truly belong,
It is your world where your grace and beauty lies;
Come out of the alien world where you never really belong,

Where you deceive yourself and deceive us both
And never live like shining angel immortal in my arms.

TEASING ME FROM ACROSS THE FENCE

I know her not a bit,
Nor ever dug to her depths
To explore her dark innards,
Nor climbed to her heights
To probe her breath-taking mysteries.

I stood alone where I belonged
And happily drank whatever she gave:
Sparkles of eyes,
Subtle attentions in million ways,
Floods of sweet passions across the souls
And dreams and daydreams unbound and wild.

In pursuit of what she gave,
I left my safe-haven for far away horizons;
I walked in steady pace,
Love and devotion bespeaking in heart;
Farther I walked, farther she slipped
In unending evasion.

I dragged failing legs farther ahead,
No thought suffered me where I may reach,
Nor ever thought what fate lay ahead;
I just moved ahead,
No strength to stop anywhere,
Nor bounce to take any hop;
I went on in uninspired motion
Till I found her raising walls
And teasing me across the fence.

She called me to jump the wall
And catch her at her sport;
I saw her in her game,
Felt sad for my shame;
I turned back as I must
And trod back where I belong;
The game she played
Oft puzzles my heart;
Though no answers I ever get,
I find her ready algate

With new tricks to lure me out;
She lures and I pursue,
She farther slips and teases from across the fence;
I turn back in shame again
To begin the game afresh.

The game goes on in unending cycles,
Never ever our hearts building a bridge.

PORTRAITS OF PASSION

Life is an eternal triangle
Where two sides spawn the third
And delivers fulfilment;
Caught is my soul 'tween heart and mind,
And churned like curds in a tug of war;
I yield to fate like a prisoner-of-war
And hope an accord 'tween the warring sides
To bring sweet peace and freedom for soul
And settle my fate for both the sides
With heart for heart and mind for mind;
One is in shades, the other, in light
And I am caught 'tween shade and light;
One is past, the other is present
And I am caught 'tween the past and the present
In a tasteless void and mindless welter
In weightless state between two worlds.

I am lost in a feelless ocean,
No fulcrum to revolve around;
I am lost in an endless heaven,
No signboard to guide me along.

The vennels of far sunshine of peace
Play hide and seek through clouds
And rouse me with the patches of the past
In the cool complacency of the present
And I wonder where I am:
In warm sunshine or cool shades?
Gold-edged clouds filter aureate sunshine
And refract to portraits of passion—
Soft woolly poems
Of sweet reflections of turbulent moments;

It is a reflected glory
In contrast to hard realities
That makes life a dream and dream, a life
And me, a torn rag,
Soaked in bitter joy;
Passions drip like blood
And coagulate to unknown words
To paint colourful portraits
Of the twin opposite worlds.

This is how I am today,
This is how I am today,
Neither here, nor there, nowhere,
Yet everywhere, in splintered passions.

The wind of passion and the barriers of reason
Pull apart from sides,
The heat of the past is at the back
And I run forward Like a mad dog,
Eyes shut,
All senses excised from now and here,
Somewhere, I know not where
In hope of meeting the past
In the circular world.

The world revolves round and round
And all the times are eternally bound
In unending cycle of the rise and fall
Where all, influx, yet immobile and still.

Where it all began, where it will lead,
Where the process passes, where it will stop,
I, in blinkers, cannot foretell,
But grope like an amblyope in night;
Warm sunshine hid from sight
Like dusk
Spread gloom around
Till the vennels of warm sunshine
Reappear in horizons
Like divinity opening winnocks
To flush the out darkness within
To the drains of the past.

The night is cool and beautiful,
Calm and still, while all asleep;
Full-moon smiles in reflected verve
And soothes sprained uneasy nerves.

Dawn and sunshine are warm and bright
Like live and eager spirit;
It awakes from the age-old sleep
And fledge the sprite for sky-high rise
To absolute divinity
Of joy, peace and contentment;
Opens up new horizons
Of thrills of explorations
Of new worlds of experience and growth
To supermanhood;
I am neither asleep nor awake,
But in confounded state
Of uncertainties.

Sometimes here, sometimes there,
Always in shuffling feet
Like one on the balancing act;
How long this state,
Uncertain myself
In this wasted exercise?
It all must end someday
And pave a royal way
To the passion's sweet world.

I must patiently wait,
I must patiently wait,
I must patiently wait
For the dawn of the golden age.

POETRY

On what can I invoke your muse,
On life or the nature, on self or stray creatures,
On love or passion, on joy or woe?
On what can I build wordy dreams,

On beauty or valour, on past or future,
On strife or pelf, on angel or devil?

The ocean of mind springs myriad waves,
Each rises like a hill and recedes to its hole
In unending succession, all the time;
What can I hold to impale you in words,
What can I wind with arcane hues
To unwind your charms with the shocks of joy?

You wait on the side-stage to dance to tunes
To enter centre-stage, to create new realms
While I choose right backdropp on the stage for you,
Whatever be the scene for you,
Sad or glad, concrete or abstract
Or bare truths of all life and self.

Whatever I catch, slips like live fish,
Whatever I snatch, alas, thins in air
And raises its head at miles' distance;
All is there, yet nothing anywhere;
All runs like a mirage, ahead of me
Till you delve on it with flutters of muse.

You, the gentle queen on inspiration's throne
In splendours of words, rhythms, colours,
Musics and passions in unending layers;
Come, sit on heart, build bridges to the mind,
Bring light to the eyes to choose a carriage
To carry your muse to gentle souls.

Each thing is subtle, each game inveigles,
Each move is new, each whim has a rhyme
While inner sight spurs to warm up with muse;
Torn rags reveal cosmic game's feat,
Dried leaves reveal evolution's secrets
To eyes those pierce dull mechanical sheath.

You pour live words of myriad hues
In forms and shapes and rhythms and depths
That bind each to create a new world;
Thoughts dance to passion's sweet tunes
And rise to life in distinct words;
Lo, poetry surfaces from discontented soul.

The outside world in the inner cauldron

Sublimates to hot soothing vapour
That lingers in soul like poetic notes;
Trivials of the world, while churned in self,
Coagulate soft and sweet precipitates
That raise this world to enlightenment.

SHINE LIKE THE SUN

Be different, be the jewel of the crown,
Shine like the sun all over the heaven;
Stand up above the mediocre din
And show how high you are deep within;
Spread wide, afar and stand up truly tall;
From the impossible height, look one and all;
When height is true, things do to place themselves fall,
And doors open wide to greatness' gold-lit hall.

The world is rich, full of great things;
While you have steely sturdy wings in you,
You truly fly high and have it all;
You hover over all and reach your call;
Shed small thoughts, look far and wide,
In conviction's noble crest algate you ride;
For heaven's sake, never from truth you hide,
What surfaces from within is the greatness, guide.

Walk like a colossus in the world of dwarfs,
Take dictates algate from the innermost self;
That is honesty, that is the freewill,
That is the only noble route ahead uphill;
Shine like the sun and sparkle like stars,
Majestic like the full moon, tread your course;
Look upward, lay eyes on the far horizons
And spread all over in the gentle cosmic dance.

CONFESSION

Destiny walked me through thorns,
Dragged through rocks, forced through fires,
Led blindfold through wild twists and turns,
Raised up to dropp me deep to hell,
Inflicted deep wounds I never deserved,
I bled, I bled, and I bled lifeless

And destiny poured lime to fill my grave.

I was led in leash where destiny felt fit;
With trust in heart and gentleness of soul,
With faith in god and goodness of world,
I followed the lead to unspeakable grief
Of unbearable pains, of terminal wounds
To spirit and soul, to my pride and ego
And died slow death, desolate and lost.

I thought not destiny so merciless be,
I dreamed not my life so shattered blows;
No wrong I did, in scruples I moved,
I laboured a lot in pursuit of ends;
But destiny threw fires to burn live hopes
And tricked my course to suit its goal
As never I saw it so radical in works.

A lion I lived, but to pack of wolves,
Fate threw me to howl and growl like them
And fight with them for crumbs of flesh;
I bore that fall and lived my share,
I shunned mane and stopped my roar
To find my place and survive in peace;
But destiny had road laid on different course.

Alien as I was, wolves hounded me,
Chased, quarreled and distanced me,
Tore my pride, hurt and wounded me,
Made me an outcast in the wolves' pack;
But ordained to live, I lived that
And met affront from small and big
And lived in pain that tore my soul.

Destiny while pursues, no cruelty matches its
As destiny opens up, no prosperity matches its;
I lived low and quiet within narrow bounds
To shun the vagaries abound all round;
How dare I deceive fate with my easy ways!
Destiny had its tool ready to strike me,
It lifted me high higher only to fell to hell.

I discovered my gifts, I discovered my treasures,
I discovered where lies my innermost pleasure,
And destiny cast that afront at arm's length;
I rose to the sky, I danced with joy,
I found myself in unprecedented high;
No more usual low, no more narrow bounds,
Dreaming huge breaks, I roamed sky high.

Destiny knew time, where and how to strike
And it struck hard with all furious might;
I woke up with rude shock, heard cries around;
All my gifts and treasures I deeply cherished,
I found shattered and thrown all around,
Maimed, disfigured, broken, looted, destroyed,
I found myself broke in losing battleground.

I fell deep to hell, my gifts and treasures broke
And crippled from fate's each merciless stroke;
My confidence broke, but I never gave up hope,
I strived to stand upfront and prove my real worth,
But alas, how to swim upstream against cruel fate?
Yet I swim and swim till my limbs fail
And die on time's lap as a failed soul.

Why me destiny lapped up for the cruel course,
Perchance I never know, nor any other soul;
While showers gentle mercy on good and bad alike,
Destiny struck hard my soul, mind, heart and body
Till I fell lifeless in pain, shame and indignities
And froze in dark womb of utter helplessness
And melted to nothingness in endless darkness.

YOU WILL COME BACK

My dear, when you came here,
I did ask why you came near,
For, your eager steps stirred me not then;
The distance you crossed indeed was long
Of faltering steps of love and smile;
You lighted my soul, stirred dreams,

Roused gentle streams of joy in heart
And sprouted new hopes of life as never;
I indeed found life then an aureate soft light.

Alas, all human joys are short lived;
Why you thought you were unwelcome here
And retracted the path back home?
Wherever you stray, you must come back
And grace the place where you now belong;
Come, dear love, and make this your home
And gladden my soul with your little ways.

BE YOU IN WORDS

When you write,
Put all your weight
Behind it;
Reflectively wait
Till time is right,
For thoughts to sprout
And, then spread net
Of natural words
To catch birds
And bring on grounds
Of rhythms and rhymes.

Write from heart,
Every single thought;
Feel, let thoughts come out
In the garbs of wit;
Bring it out, tightly knit In right outfit;
Furbish each bit
Till self reflects In every word
On its smooth face
In your own pace.

While you write, Interlace with it;
Never be abstract,
Nor lose your sight;
Just involve and sit In midst of it;
Be you in words;
Let your inner worlds

Drive in herds
Your inner crowds
To surface in reflective moods.

Put sweat and blood,
Stream tears in flood,
Churn passions out of mud,
Then write from head;
It be warm and cool
And your own tale,
Real grief and smile,
But detached from a mile
With a selfless gulf
From the turbulence of the self.

WINNOCKS OF BEAUTY

Who is the sculptor, who created this piece?
Who is the creator, who conceived its form,
An object of art that breathes and smiles,
That captures hearts with spell-binding beauty?
In lush flesh and curves, she rouses warmth,
In maddening charm, she drugs the mind;
All that beauty, all worlds can hold,
Why compressed here to create this piece?
How simple men with weak heart and mind
Can resist her endless well of charm?

Every inch and curve, a masterly work,
Every hue and shade, an artistic stroke;
The gleam in eyes, the smile in face,
The youthful warmth all over her body,
The subtle rich rays of love in heart,
Each shocks heart with irresistible thirsts
To drink her charm and drown in day-dreams
And deliquesce to oblivion in ceaseless pleasure;
She is joy, the ultimate beauty,
The divine light that man seeks to reach.

The nectar of beauty flows from all over her,
Be her shapely young curves or fluid motions,
Be the winks of dazzling eyes or bright hues on cheeks,

Be the heaves of lurking breasts or the breath-taking shapely form,
Each is a perfect piece, each is an artistic fulfilment,
Each is perfect contentment of artistic aspirations;
The smooth lustre of her body, the variegated shades
Of rich transparent hues that flower young beauty,
All are lovely winnocks of her fragrant soul
That sits like queen on that beauty's splendid throne.

Hark the perfect rhythms of her concinnous body
That brings rare symphony of divine melodies,
Feel the sweet fragrance of her rich bright soul
That creates rhythms and composes melodies;
Is it the same as that grand celestial beauty?
Is she the live-model of the celestial beauty?
What a fine gentle harmony in her soul and body!
What a rare rhythmic tune within and without!
The sparkles of the eyes and dazzles of the smile
How uncover sweet intense expressions of her soul!

Like a quiet lamp, lit in a dark room,
She draws eyes, heart, mind and desires
And impales in her charm, irresistible to bear;
What a fluid lovely charm, spread in the room!
Where everything dissolves like salt in water!
What is there in the flesh, the colours and the form,
What is behind the sparkles of her gentle skin,
What is in the curves and what is in the charm,
What is in eyes and inviting sweet smiles
That make beauty, beauty and soul, spell-binding sweetness?

Is it joy and beauty dissolved to mould her body?
Is it lustre and love dissolved to create her soul?
Is it grace and music dissolved to compose her whole?
Or, were all of them born from her celestial charm?
She is the world of all desires' fulfilment,
She is the treasure-trove of all artistic pleasures,
The endless fount of feasts of pregnant day-dreams;
Her lurking young riches from sweet hidings tease
The charged imaginations of all beauty-seekers
And she binds the world of love with those lush riches.

She is like a holy temple of beauty,

Where her soul, in holy sanctum sanctorum,
Sits in glory for obeisance of all;
She sends soft lights that blaze in man's heart
And lights new hopes that refreshes his soul;
The glow of beauty that wraps the sculpted piece,
Its cheeks, its lips, hairlines and breasts,
Each is a wonder of the nature's splendours
Like the spring's colours and the winter's blue sky
Or the full-moon's soft touches or the morning's fresh rays.

Her every hair and outline and every eyelash
In its exact place like a sculpted piece,
Her every move and mood and every shade on face
As exactly as it should be in a painter's dream;
Her every graceful curve and every expression
As conceived by a poet in a great epic;
She is a rare beauty where sensuity and classics blend,
Where desires and peace rise hand in hand,
Where the heat and light of enlightenment grips
And the soul glows in divine passions.

RHYTHMS OF LIFE

Wherever be imbalance,
There is nature's dance
Of emotions, evolution and emergence
Of new heights and new horizons.

Wherever be cravings,
There are strivings
To reach higher and wider
And reap nature's fuller subtleties.

Perfection is stillness,
Distance brings motion
That strains strength to pleasant fatigue
With sweet hopes of fresh blooms.

Contentment is quietus,
Discontent is life
That draws being out of shell

To drown in nature's limitless treasures.

Disturbance is sunrise,
Calm peace is sunset;
While one leads to brightness,
The other broods to quite sleep.

Fullness is open sky,
Reachless and characterless;
No shape and shade to stir,
No cloud, no warm breeze to stir.

Spotless white and straight?
It is tasteless twilight;
No warmth, no chill, no smile, no wrath,
No hooks, no crooks, no lively twists.

No urge, no thrust,
No relief of release?
Life is dull, heavy, painful tedium,
A repeat run on a forfairn course.

Nothing it holds?
Nothing it moulds;
Like a layer of sand on a seabed,
It lives itself for existence's sake.

Contentment's thick hide
Hides inner world
From the joys of tumultuous growth
And uncertainties that brighten the life.

The rhythms of life,
The musics of nature,
Shut to the shell of dunny self
That dwells itself in perfectitude.

No dim and dip,

No shocks of sparks,
No maddening dance, no joyous whirls,
But a constant glimmer of dull twilight.

It is neither left,
Nor ever be right;
But algate straight on its path
In a saturnine lightless brood.

Give it some strains,
Bring some features;
Break the white brood of perfectitude,
Drive a hole to let some light inside.

Give twists to straight lines
To create new shapes; .
Guide life through the joy of shocks
Of the nature's strange fitful dance.

Stir the inner pendulum
To pace with time
Along the infinite cosmic clock
With shocks and thrills all along.

Rise and fall is joy,
Light and shade is beauty,
Uncertainties bring hope,
Change infuses health and strength.

Perfection is imperfect,
Imperfection, perfect;
This is how the world is trapped,
This is how life is warped.

Curvatures deviate algate,
It move and meet somewhere,
While in ceaseless isolation run
The lines, straight and featureless.

Incompleteness invites,
Completeness withdraws;
Incompleteness attracts
While completeness cools all warmth.

Imbalance brings beauty,
Imbalance brings taste;
Imbalance gives life strength and form,
Imbalance moves along to a goal.

It be music or dance,
The nature or an artists piece,
Imbalance always sits in womb
To stir passions to artistic mood.

Craving is beauty,
Striving is art;
No beauty or joy lies in fullness,
No dream ever stir in completeness.

No day, without night;
No dream, without desires;
Life is an urge of upward surge,
No rise, if no dip to imperfectitude.

Uncertainty is god,
Uncertainty is youth,
Certainty brings cold old age,
The plateau that falls to desuetude.

MYSTERIOUS WORLD

All over the horizons till eyes can reach
Wherever eyes sweep and hearts peep,
Unbound sufferings and pains keep;
Hunger, disease and uncertainties too deep
And the fear of life in midst of beasts
Make gentle life a living hell;
Why sour potions in the milk of life?

Why pains and pleasures live side by side?
Why grief in joy's womb hides?
Why the wondrous creation and the gentle nature
Bear the faces of ugly strains?
Why vales and hills stand side by side,
Like light and shadow follow each other?
Pain and pleasure here coexist ever,
Grief and joy hug each other;
Is it how the mysterious world evolved,
Where hell and heaven ride together?

Love and beauty here in fear of doom
Wither souls from the natural bloom;
Here, beauty is not beauty, a shadow of ruins,
Here, love is not love, a fear of separation;
Nor innocence, innocence, a chance to ravage,
Nor pure joy, here joy, a foreboding of sorrow,
Rise and height, a sure sign of steep fall;
Are these nature's designs of balance,
Where neither good nor bad prevails forever?
Aye, why not only the good rule the world?

BEYOND COMMON REACH

Inbuilt height, depth and breadth inside,
Light the rare fire of self-confidence;
Deep and calm warmth of trust in self,
Raises lonely soul from the trifles of the world;
One who nestles in own concrete cell
Of warmth and rare impassable treasures,
Least envy the worlds of rise and fall,
Of strife, struggle, rat race and deceit;
He shines on own like the sun in the sky
And subdues nether world with his dazzling light.

The sun has care for all hills, moles and dales,
For the vast deserts and sylvan green lanes
At his great height and endless dazzling prowess;
He is an all-levelling fierce source of might;
He is a self-luminous life-bestower for all;
He touches all the world with no passion stirred
As it reaches him in the nature's patient cycle;
Nothing shakes his world of the rarest rare treasures,

Nothing swells the pride of his luxurious golden shine,
For, he lives on his riches, beyond common reach.

No prism can resolve his candent pure glow,
No chameleonic shifts strain his face;
His lamp streams light in overpowering voltage
That blinds weak eyes to grope for light;
His sack is full with rare magical tools,
His bag is heavy with bright precious stones,
All, in compact pack, inside his golden cage,
Where none have a peek except himself,
Where none have a peek except himself;
He sits in confidence, within, in carefree joy.

The courage of weight that warms inside
Paves the smooth path of calm confidence
Through the gulfs of hell and the heights of paradise;
Strides of grace in dignified pace
Roll the carriage in undisturbed course
To unknown horizons where it sets its goal
While the nether world indulges in internecine fight;
He moves on own like a celestial giant
In measured even pace of own inner force
Till reaches distant goal for all times to come.

Why wait for small gifts while riches sit within?
Why fight for a foot-hold while lord over an imperium?
How shallow dents can move a mammoth imperious giant?
How tiny wavelets can hold a sea's fierce course?
He is a vast ocean, an imperious mountain,
He is an imperium of inexhaustible riches,
He is too tall, vast, deep and bright
To be held in the farthings of an earthly container;
He lives on own, in infinite bright light
And knows the shady world and knows his proud course.

HOLD HEAD HIGH

Walk the path of hills and dales
Like an athlete on a marathon race;
For, ups and downs, a name of the game,
A design to rub vitals and tame.

Whatever you be, always you be,
In the pride of the self that burns inside;
Where you are and how you are, make
A natural route to the self's world.

Rise to the sky and hold head high,
There, none reach you to force you down;
Be hard like rock and pure like gold,
Pursue your path to reach your goal.

Keep eyes wide, ears on all sides,
But thoughts always close to heart,
Stand firm on the ground, rooted deep inside,
Keep away creepers, that obstruct your feet.

No cages impale, no ropes bind,
The self that always knows itself;
Who trusts himself, is own master,
Him, none disturb, all his life.

Sweep like wind and roll like tides
With crystal clear world in sight;
Head on shoulders, stand above all clouds
And hold all the world in own measures.

Light the world with the fire of the self,
Like the sun, who distances all:
Though near, you stay distant and dear
To open your doors at the self's pleasure.

SELF-RESPECT

I sought her all my life,
Crossed hills, jumped gulfs,
Walked through burning flames
To have her on right side.

She comes and goes on random pleasure

Like clouds in a rainy sky;
She dims and lights my uncertain heart
Like the sun in hide and seek.

I revolve around her, like a satellite
To grasp her warm lights;
I dissolve in her fierce charms
To remould in hard hot steel.

She lives in the shell of prejudices
Where soft heart cannot reach;
A lion's fierce heart, she adores,
That sinks to thorns, sheds blood for self.

She is hot fluid like a volcanic fire
That throws fierce flames once in a while;
The white-hot glow of the zeal in soul
Cools like clouds in face of trial.

No blows crack, no heatings mellow,
No heat treatment softens resolves;
I must reach her all days and nights,
For, only her flames light my soul.

A soul that grasps all weak settings,
A heart like steel-spikes to guard the self,
A trust in self in all painful odds-
I need to gain and sustain her.

Her fierce charm lights sullen moods,
Her fierce touch melts frozen ice
To raise a fluid warm world,
Where no fears ride, no responses shirk.

No pride shrinks in her cheerful trough,
No corrosions of basic rights;
Like a gale of sudden uprooting wind,
She carries all, on her wings.

Be with her, whatever you be,
Then you are a king on the throne;
Without her, good old gods too
Line on streets with begging bowls.

Like holy fire, she burns
To consume all shams in flames;

Honest big deeds survive the flare
By hearty response to her.

The road is wild, but a pleasant pursuit
To walk, head held high, in proud respect,
Though hungry beasts with bloody teeth
Wait to pounce and tear her Self.

KNOW YOURSELF

While you know yourself and know your road,
Why balk in fear of unknown hands?
While clear is sight and inside is bright,
Why look for ghosts of doubts and fate?
Road may fall or rise, turn left or right,
But, you are you, a brilliant glow
And traverse gulfs and cross hills:
Not where you walk, but what you are,
Make you, you, the ultimate you;
Cross-roads do come, you choose your route,
Let not illusions oft mislead you;
Inopinate turns may end-up somewhere
Where you reach the brink of the ultimate end;
But, what makes you, you, saves you from all
If you know yourself and know your road.

Lay your step with sound confidence,
Know where feet fall, how deep it mires;
Knowledge is light that flees all fears,
Knowledge is insight that stills all doubts;
While inside is hale with uncontaminated sight,
No diffractions ever reach and touch confidence;
No rise ever raises, nor fall lets down,
For, you are ever you in unresolved glory;
You may reach hill-tops, end up in dales,
Or lose your path in thick dark wilds
And find in midst of savage beasts,
Or lose your head in nebulous cloud,
Or sink in drains or lose in winds;
While you hold rein and know yourself,
You come through unscathed like glitter and gold.

What all you have, none rob you from;

Trust inside and build on that;
An ocean inside waits to burst outside,
Shut your eyes and listen to the roar,
What depth it has, what breadth and length;
What a treasure hides 'neath the human sheath;
A white-hot sun is burning within
That lights thousand worlds if brought outside;
So rich you are, why feel forlorn?
Rise inside, face outside with resolve,
Live from within, with, without as a game
Of intangible world that surrounds us all,
Where we all live in bits, caught in cosmic wind;
Path is infinite, so is the endless time,
Traverse all the worlds with trust inside.

RIGHT PATH

Know yourself, inside, outside;
Hear all to widen what you have,
But, do always, what you must;
Do not make haste, for haste makes waste,
Keep heart and mind in peace to each.

Be in flock, while soul in solitude,
Untouched of foul passion's flood
And wild dance of hoax and deceits;
Walk upright where you must reach,
To beats of the heart that sound right path.

Have your path distant from all,
For, each is distinct in his own right;
Never indulge in copying life styles,
But, bend left and right to cooperate
And acquiesce to notes around you.

Play a simple chess,
Move right piece in appropriate time
With untired sight always on a goal
And heart, shut in a steely cage;
Live in dream, yet, out of dream.

Move on own strength and confidence,
Have clear sight of ups and downs;
Still your self while things go wrong,
Live up to the joy while you go to win;
And enjoy every step of the nature's quirks.

WHO CREATED THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD?

Who created this beautiful world?
What a harmony and perfection!
Who thought this beauty, who brought it out?
Who is he that perfected it?
What matching patterns spawn the wonder?
What concinnous rhythms create this charm?
What is that grand invisible hand
That weaves this beauty with rhythms and patterns
That makes beauty, beauty; a divine music?
What a match of place, time and form
That makes this world a joyous feeling!

Beauty infuses life to the world,
Beauty makes the world to speak and sing,
To awaken soul to the creator's skills
Who gave his rare gifts in abundance.

What brings those hues to youthful glows,
What brings those shapes to enchanting slopes,
What brings gentleness to graceful love,
What brings those grace to ripening age,
What brings brooding beauty to day-break's freshness,
What brings that beauty to the width of the sky,
To the height of hills and depth of seas,
To the shapes of clouds, to the moods of men
In liquid ease and endless abundance
That no more the world is what it is made of,
But a celestial charm of unknown depth.

A subtle music in joyous rhythms,
A pregnant pattern in brilliant colours,
In human forms, in nature's moods,
In fast changing life's variegated hues,
In tides of sea, in tides of life,

Surface to those inner ears and eyes
That keep itself wide open always;
A living rhythm is at work in womb
In hide and seek of light and shadow,
In fall and rise of hills and vales,
In love and hate, in war and peace;
The twinkles of eyes, the gentle smiles,
The blue of the sky, the warm sunshine,
Each is a rich work of a master craftsman.

Day is beauty, night is beauty;
Youth is beauty, old age is beauty;
Desire is beauty, contentment, beauty;
Heart-break is beauty, fulfilment, beauty;
Perfection is beauty, ugliness, beauty;
All are beautiful deep 'neath bones
Like sunrise and sunset or sunshine or rain,
In the magical hands of the master craftsman.

Is this world his own image,
A reflection of his model perfection
Like the pleasures of pleasure and the pleasures of pain
Make the world a divine charm;
Work and leisure, pain and pleasure,
Penury and wealth, life and death
Hand in hand bring harmony to the world;
Mongoose kills snakes; snake, rats,
In living rhythms of life and death;
Beauty, the world breathes, is beyond cause,
Beyond source, beyond course,
That surfaces itself to the joy of all
On the will of the great divine artist.

A speck of dirt, dark spots on the moon
Have the same charm and perfect rhythms;
Tears of pain and tears of pleasure
Have the same simple grace hidden in them;
Like silk-worms that weave soft sheath around,
He builds the world with his own inner charm,
It be a mole or a mountain;
And this we have,
The wondrous world of perfect beauty;
Beauty within and beauty outside,

Beauty between and beauty a'where,
In gentle flesh and youthful forms,
In fall and rise, in rage and patience,
In nature's arts and man's crafts,
In old and new or foul garbage;
For, the creator sits in all of them
And builds a bridge to all hearts and souls.

LAMP

Light your sanctum sanctorum
With a lamp that never blows out;
Deep within the self's space,
Where non but you can ever reach;
The surreal light of the soulful lamp,
The radiant glow of the crystal-pure self
Strains in twilight, if exposed outside.

Keep your lamp in safe shelf
From the violent gust of chill winds
That blow across your backdoor;
A breach in shady backdoor walls
Invites breeze that raps the lamp
To plunge all in a pond of darkness.

The warmth and light of the inner lamp
Like pure sunshine of bright sunlight
Awakens self from the gulf of void;
It shows up new worlds of light and hope,
New truths new beauty that unwrap new world
It shows new paths to strive and reach
The nebulous goal of peace and contentment.

The lamp is yours, yours always,
Deep within your self's space
To light your world, to warm innards
Till defences break, confidence cracks
And spectres of fear and despair invade
And throttle the lamp, out of life.

LET EVERY FLOWER BLOSSOM IN ITS OWN BEAUTY

Let every flower blossom in its own beauty,

Let every soul engage in its own duty,
Let every truth speak in its own bounty;
Let all worlds coalesce in pure grace
Till violence of force mar nature's own pace.

All is in all in nature's cosmic field,
Each is in each in nature's subtle reach;
All are interlinked like plants and seeds
And blossom forth ceaseless in cosmic rhythm
Toward that end where from sprouted space-time.

Nature is beauty in its pristine charm
In harmony with all, within, and calm,
Pure like sunshine, warm like its glow,
And leads all to its goal in moves though slow
In tune with the whole, in tune with all.

Nature is the duty in its basic form,
Devotion is its grain to the cosmic aim;
Steady and ready in every move forward,
It meets every target however be it hard
In consonance with the creative cosmic whole.

Nature is the bounty of its subtle truths,
Of its inner beauty, of its cosmic duty,
Of the bright radiance of its immortal glow
That carries all worlds in a harmonious flow
Till violence of force breach, impart real blow.

THAT POLICE WORLD

Like the morning sun, fresh and bright,
Stalking his path to new awakened world,
Filled with hopes of long day of toil and rest,
Of commotions and peace, of creative unrest—
I entered the new world with dazzle in eyes,
With bounce in strides, music in voice
To a buoyant reception of a thousand dreams.

It was a vast world as far as eyes can see,

Endless horizons around, unfamiliar to me,
Beautiful, yet ugly, no plans or paths etched there,
Though fertile, looked barren, dry and rugged;
Land below, sky above, undistinguishable from afar;
I tried to make sense out of this strange jumble,
For, it is to be my land where I must settle.

Wolfs and jackals in fight abound in the land,
Fighting for crumbs of flesh all days and nights—
Wild howls and shrieks of pulling legs of the other,
Bawls to prey on shreds left away by stronger ones
That live on own strengths and live a majestic life
And stalk all over the land though few, far in-between
And bring happy relief for the mass of filthy canines.

Cloistered in deep brood in my quiet cottage,
Repelled by parasites, enamored by proud lives—
That scattered gold strains on massive mineral rock
Do bring value, dignity, beauty to the giant block—
I sought counsel of those who live on own strengths;
But alas, like a needle in haystack, few, far in-between,
I sold found them nigh anywhere for real strength.

Wolfs and jackals, fighting for crumbs of flesh,
Those abound in the land, howl all day and night,
Smelt my free thoughts and rejection of their breed;
Envious of my state and furious of my right path,
They mobbed my cottage, hauled me in a cruel night,
Before I knew what, they sucked my innocent blood
And preyed on my carcass and fought for every bite.

THE FULLMOON DAY

The moon rose on the vast twilight stage
Like a bride walking-in for the first night tryst;
Twilight in the east caught the jasmine-white riot
Around the huge glow of the giant cosmic lamp;
Divinity flowed all over the earth's crust
And trickled on the world through ethereal layers;
It carried numb dreams, soothed tired souls
While the heavenly milky flow soaked every human mind
With desires for joy and enduring soft warmth.

The golden queen in the stride of royal grace
Ascended heaven with gold dusts splayed
On the fading silk-carpet of the thin sunshine;
As night fell, the nature lit the heavenly lamp
And the world went abright with joy afloat in air;
Cool breeze whispered warmth, night carried a new world,
Bright winnocks of heaven let-out divine light;
The queen of numb joy, strode along the night sky
With popped sloth, left all over the milky path
And the world was awash with pure glow of joy.

Hills and buildings broke out through darkness
'Neath the thick layers of fleeting silver clouds;
Trees and lakes, wet with soft white light
Raised a new world from the nocturnal old world,
Where no more is fiery night, but bright soft delight,
No more is dread, but transpicious transcendent vision
Of what is beauty, what is peace and bliss;
The night is full with beauty's sweet contrasts
Of peace and passions, stillness and motions
With shades and twilights of sensuous quietude!

The moon with full bloom of her bright smiles
Feasted the world with sweet magic all round;
Cool brought warmth and warmth brought cool
While the world was wrapped in full-moon light;
Whirls of sweet madness whispered in air,
Sweet pain of pining was carried from horizons
And the intense joyous brooding hung mind in stillness;
A total joy it was, the nature's road to god
That made the dull earth, a beauty's holy temple,
Once every month from the long lost ages.

AGE IN RUINS

Here, everything is everywhere,
Yet, nothing is anywhere;
Where, all, in front, yet, out of reach.

Nothing come to hands, nothing come to mouth
Though everything is in everybody's range;
All are lost like birds overhead
In blue sky, far distant from rugged rich world;
No pains and pleasures, no passions stir;

All are dry leaves, caught in a whirlpool;
All are sooty smokes of tall black chimney;
All run on hire like a carriage-horse
Whose eyes are bound for straight tiresome sight;
No weight to sink, no wings to fly,
Only strong legs to flee from odds;
Thick colours sit on tasteful light hues;
All are sweat and dirt, spread in hasty heaps,
No freshness anywhere, no leisurely pleasure,
All are fragmented hopes on top of a dazzling world.

Weak heart stills endless desires,
Shineless eyes meet flashes of distant wildfire
That exists only in muddles of tired mind;
All are directionless, uncertain in self,
While all doors are wide open without signboards;
Sunshines, no more warm, full-moon, not cool
From the cage of unfamiliar horizons;
All are tall trees with shallow roots
Whom strong wind can uproot at will.

This is an age of breadth and height,
But no depth, no strength, no inner light.

Smiles brood like a withered flower
And laughs wither like shrieks of a dying man,
While painful moans, like hissing noise of steams,
And joys in short spasms, jump across man's reach
In the inert world where no sparks ignite.

Everything here is disturbingly calm,
Everything here is unexciting game;
None move, but like a wound spring
Eject the leaks of frustrations.

All cracking bones, mere skeletons;
No flesh, no streams of life anywhere,
No bridges, no sparks, no prompt responses;
All are dwarfs, retarded minds,
Who know not how to steer through their worlds
Or vent feelings or tide over their thoughts.

Here, the life is a zigzag puzzle
With random exits and random entries;
Here, the life is a snake and ladder game
Where fall and rise are sheer chance.

Like sand-bed on the side of a roaring sea,
The modern age is dry 'neath wet wind;
The sparkling seashore is plain like white clouds,
No pains, no pleasures, but unending boredom;
Nothing sprouts, nothing penetrates,
All crumbles in shapeless hold;
Visions blur
While smokes hang from disturbed sky
And all live step to step and day to day
In desperate world;
It is a world shattered inside and outside
And no harmony anywhere;
It is sad, still, black, sad ruins
Of a long forgotten rich age
That disheartens in contrast
Where though everything was there, nothing anywhere now.

Man lives in cages everywhere in this age
In dreaded isolation from within and without.

FREE WORLD

Untie leashes, set free to fly,
Rise at will to the limitless sky;
Unbound is space, none fence the path,
Shed barriers, spread to length and breadth;
Where you set feet, there is your world,
Where you set heart, there is free world,
As long as eyes stretch, limitless is bright hope;
Grow fast wings, fly wherever you want,
Look not back and spoil not sport;
Unconstructed is future, design own world
In unbound freedom that waits your call.

Why build tall walls and surround yourself?
Why live in towers and miss fresh air?
Why hide in caves and lose sunshine?
Spread your wings, rise on warm wind,
Swim like fish in deep waters of sea,
New things are ahead, new worlds are ahead,
Unseen wonders, yet to be discovered,
Move on the spur, unchained anywhere;
Open your mind and sweep like wind;

No post to devolve, no fulcrum to revolve;
Have restraintless move in transparent air.

No walls ever made life safe and rich,
No stones round the neck ever brought any weight;
Walls that stop the tides of life-force
Breach and tear delicate wings;
Let life always stream on own free course
As inside inspires and freewill leads ahead;
No fear or swither, no doubts may hold you back,
Let no backyard fence tie down where you are;
Barriers do rise here, there and somewhere,
You rise high and high and fly above all,
You will see how free and lovely all round.

You swim ahead, turn left or right
Or turn backward or rise or fall
To the beats of heart and listen inward,
That is your world, that is free world;
Look outside and you open inside,
You are born free in an open world;
Why bind in leash and build walls around
A square feet of space in fear of unknown?
Fledge feathers, preen wings to reach all place
And spread on will every inch around you,
You find free world, a heaven on the Earth.

Free in will is the ultimate joy,
Beauty, truth, strength and life itself;
Life in free world, a feel of deliverance,
A deep existence, a divine experience;
No wealth, no strength, equal free inside,
No name, no comfort, worth a mean bondage;
Free life is true life, joyous pure life,
A deep absorption to the nature's subtle core,
A living deep, intense like the white-hot sun;
Yield to no bondage, sit within no fence,
Listen to whispers inside and ride with the tide.

YOUR WORLD

Listen to throbs, deep in heart,

To trace your route;
Stretch backbone, stand upright, resolute,
With reason and intuitive light.

The world you build is your world
Where none but you have right to reign,
Where none but you live in confidence
Of peace, grace, grandeur and joy;
It is where you command things.

Have not thoughts, hired in fear
Of power and fury running wild;
For, fear consumes your inner world
And leaves your temples in sad shambles;
Build a fort of invincible spirit
Of interminate vigil and undaunted will
Around your self to stop mean world afar,
Lest, it intrudes your holy world
And spreads like infection
To shatter peace and weaken your reigns.

Intruders scale walls, dig long tunnels
And reach your own world,
Where they fetter your hands and bind your legs,
Where they put out your light and darken your worlds;
Keep open eyes and stop intruders outside
And keep your world pristine clean,
Where you keep awake or sleep at will,
Where you sing and dance as heart dictates
And laugh and weep as feels the soul.

WHERE ARE WE HEADING?

Where are we heading with this crazy run?
To a new world or an imminent end?
Or is this an endless run for the running's sake?
No signboards anywhere
For speeds, turns and distance ahead,
Nor anybody knows the starting-line
From where it all once began.

Twilight spreads on the path of the run
And passionate colours lit the sky,
Long shadows fall ahead of the run;
Is this dawn or dusk, none of us know;
Hollow within, breaks to loud clamours,
Dust and sweat sit on tired faces,
No lights within,
This is an impatient blind run.

Miles and miles we cover a day
And leave behind long-winding roads;
Is this labour worth our sweat,
Does this take us anywhere at all?
Directions are uncertain, destination, uncertain,
Of terminal confusion.

Does this run take back or forth,
Or keep in mad rounds around the self,
Or mark-time on a constant spot?
Endless run weathers freshness,
Cracks endurance and tires sprite;
Miles of roads do wait us ahead,
But, does this run take us anywhere?
Is this evolution's natural cradle?
Do the cracks in our tired souls
Show sudden jumps in the evolution's scale?

None have an answer, none know an answer,
Nor we need to know the celestial secret,
Nor it concerns us for ages to come;
But, we must run, run like all,
As condemned to run from birth to death
As the sports of the grand universal scheme
Which always does what always is right;
Let us run as we must,
With lights within and eyes open
And ears held close to hearts
And souls intact;
Only then we win the evolution's race.

DEIGN NOT

Be it a night of a new moon gloom,
Or a path of myriad roadblocks,
Be it madness or evil game,
While you walk towering high,
Do gods tread sideways and make way for you;
What mortals do, why you brood, walk algate upright.

While you stand head and shoulder above,
While steady in walk and steps never shake,
The thorns 'neath the feet sting you not,
Only spur you to run and reach target;
The specters of fall haunt resolves in you
While you stop your walk in fear of rocky roads;
Roll like a roller and smoothen your route,
Deign not to little things and look algate ahead.

Hurdles and rough roads deter resolves of dwarfs,
Not the firm strides of the regal tall men;
The world is a little thing while you outgrow its shell,
While you stand skyward, free of twists and pulls;
You are then the lord, the world on your feet,
While the world knows that you transcend its limits;
Stand up to the roof-top and walk like a colossus,
Make sure, never ever the world crosses your path.

You walk at your will while you know inside out
And firm in the soul with the trust on own self;
It is not the world you live, but the stride you take counts,
It is not the world you live, but the stride you take counts;
Take the world by its horns and tame with inner strength
And be oblivious of small things while eyes are on cosmic scale.

RETURN OUR BYGONE DAYS

You came to us that day
To share our grief and joy of life;
Our hearts jumped and souls stirred
And made this world a very heaven;
Then we saw sheer joy in whatever we met.

Why you turned your back on us?
Why tracked back your path in haste

And let us sink in the gulf of grief?
We revolve around you in spite of all
And you do, we know, around us,
Waiting for the moment of meeting each other;
How long it would be, we know it not,
However long it be, we keep in wait;
Come soon and return our bygone days
Of joy and hope and unbound spirit;
Our hearts yearn, our souls wait
To take you in arms and hide in us;
Come, our darling, come dearest of all,
Blossom our hearts like never ever before.

BUDDHA

Like the milky glow of Buddha Poornima,
He soaked darkness with soft light
Of knowledge, reason and experience;
Buddha scattered clouds, spread the life's truths
From the infinite depths of the spiritual light.

Compassion moved his sensitive soul,
Decays and despairs unsettled his whole,
Illusions and ignorance soured his heart
To reach upward and know the world
To liberate life from the shackles of pain.

He wove with reason an exquisite fabric
From the warps and woofs of ancient thoughts;
He rose from the ruins of vedic rituals
Like a glorious rose in an unkempt garden
With the fragrance of the joy of deliverance.

The pain of transience and the despair of decay
Begged Siddhartha for light and peace;
Illumination came thro' dedicated meditation,
Wisdom dawned in solitude's calm
And dharma chakra opened horizons.

He tore the skin of complacence
To dip into human experience;

He probed sufferings and fleeting joy
Thro' the rare world of contemplations
And illumed human mind with the pure light of sacred knowledge.

He renounced cravings and affectations
In pursuit of peace and permanence
And stumbled on ultimate deliverance,
In overcoming flux by eight-fold path
That brings soul nearer to eternal goal.

He left his wife, he left his child,
He left palace and love and ease;
For, he loved them all, he loved the world,
He loved comforts, peace and ease,
Free from transience, for all human race.

Tathagatha, the pith of truth and discipline,
The brimful bowl of sacred wisdom,
The fount of all liberated arhatts,
Strung Indian thoughts to a compact diamond strand
To still the struggle of spirit and mind.

His concerted thought, his detached spirit
Pierced grim subtleties of the cosmic order;
In clear doctrines, in suspended judgements,
Buddha illumed the dark secrets of life
And laid the path of liberation.

He dug sufferings, found decay and change,
Billows of change and yawning death;
He dug transience, found causation,
The wheel of law and fatalistic life;
And shed the light of spiritual dawn.

The lamp of soul is a chain of little sparkles,
The self, like a sea, is a succession of waves,
Life is a stream of endless becoming
From birth to death with the miseries of flux
In cycles of causation that hold us in leash.

Living and nonliving, life and being,
Mind and the nature and time and space
Evolve to new forms in continual flux;
Nothing is constant, nothing is permanent,
Change is what the cosmos is all about.

Buddha encountered the sad dance of void
'Neath the sheath of complacent ignorance;
Nothing is real, nothing is forever,
All is fleeting impressions like midnight dreams,
Like a sea, we fancy the fleeting waves.

Buddha sought to withstand the gust of flux,
He saw himself in the middle of a gulf
That caused the present to surface a chain of futures
In succession of sorrows and pains of decay;
He cried for a halt of the kindless wheel.

For the cessation of the ceaseless chain of change,
In nirvana, he found, the supreme tool;
He attained awareness, he sought all his life;
Gouthama, the sakyamuni, found abstinence,
The cure for all the pain and sorrow.

He suffered for all, sacrificed all,
To find the path of deliverance;
He sought and lit the spiritual light
That illumed and liberated self and world
And cast gentle rays on the human race.

UNKNOWN HORIZONS

I know not what I am,
I know not from where I come;
I do not know where I go,
Why I go, or how I go.

Mysterious past and lightless future,
All I know, where sits the transient present
In ceaseless, facile succession, like

The glow of the Sun in ceaseless move
On Untested, dark eternal course,
Or the sojourn of Self along the existence,
Or running train on its unending track.

Time comes and does in endless spurts
While merely touches the life as present;
Though strung in a string of existence
Of time's nostalgic experience; present,
Like winning horse on race course,
Remains itself and draws all eyes
Like fireworks in dark night
Along the lanes of past and future
Forever.

The tunnels of the past are mysterious yet,
The vast space of future is unfamiliar yet.

As a forlorn amnesiac, lost
In bare tracts of sandy desert
On a moonless night,
I know not for what I laugh or weep,
Or run or sit in stony silence;
Rough winds blow across the land, and
Sand storms rise to settle on new strips,
Chill bores bones, yet, I
Should walk stark naked all along
Where tired two legs carry the load
In endless sojourn
To uncharted tracts along the lengths
Of timeless time.

The past did make me as I am,
The past did make me as I am,
The past did make me as I am, while
The future will give new strength

Time bred and always fed
All lives, its strength and soul in,
All lives, its strength and soul in,
Its own mysterious mould.

Subtle roots are embedded 'neath firm treat of the past.
And uncertain shoots spread afar
In the sky of future
While the solid trunk marks the advent of times

In circles behind thick bark;
None know what fruits or flowers it bear,
None know what fruits or flowers it bear,
Nor the roots show nor the shoots speak
While the trunk is dumb like its thick bark,
While the shell of time is as hard as time itself.

It grows in lonely grandeur,
Dunny, lame, blind and dumb;
The spurts move from the past to future
As led in leash by the time's subtle hands;
Or is it a rootless goalless sojourn
And endless too through infinite time?
Is it mindless, meaningless flux
Of the roll of roles and interactions
On the shapeless canvas of frameless time?
What is time and what is space
Where the present sinks to the world of Being,
Neither time knows nor space knows, yet;
The present streams out in joyous ignorance
While the Self sails through the sea of time
On high and low tides and waves
In search of nonexistent shores;
The shores are unreal,
The sea, unending and the sail
Sails on and on beyond birth and death
On time's tides and waves
In silent abandon to
Unknown horizons.

I neither sink nor float, but move
For motion's sake;
I neither move nor go still, but give up
To tides those hold me in seize.

FLOWERS

Gentle, fragrant flowers, we are,
In delightful, vast garden of the heaven;
We, rhythmic colours, swinging in cool breeze,
Create moods and shape our world;
We bask in sunshine, dip in cold night,
We breathe fresh air, dwell in smoke and dust,
We wither and blossom to the nature's dictates;
Yet, sweet always, soft, fragrant algate,

Like the tunes of sweet songs and the joy of love;
We are the nature's art, the creation's rare craft.

All is rare creation in the nature's treasures,
We are each distinct creation's pleasures;
Each paves own road to walk his path,
Sweeps his path and removes road-blocks,
Settles dust and fog and lays welcome arch;
The lanes we lay through the joys of heaven
To lead to the posts where we happen to be we,
In dreams, thoughts, hearts and acts,
Is as smooth as fur that brings lush warmth,
Where a walk is a joy, an absorbing sweet game.

We swing with breeze and throb with colours,
Breathe fragrance that wraps our world;
We change our shapes to conform to needs,
To dreams, desires and noble goals;
Bright like dawn's light, fresh like morning breeze,
We enthuse live spirit, everywhere, always;
Soft and warm, we are, tough and firm in core,
We build bridges to the hearts we need;
We, the soft paintings, the sad musics,
Live like lyrics in the rhythms of life.

No dream is unreal, no goal, impossible,
If right door is found and pathway is sound;
We live to the brim of the highest vision
And bind loose ends of inside and outside
To have this there and that brought here
And bind all threads to a consummate whole;
The stride to be gentle with eyes on the ground
While the heart in far land of peace and joy
And the mind in open sky in search of horizons
Where soul may smile with fuller contentment.

No moisture wets, no weight holds down,
But the moisture and weight add to our grace;
No heat ever sears, no strain ever tears,
But the heat and strain add to inner richness;
In cloud, sunshine, in smoke, limelight,
We find our time to act and rest, lie low and rise,
As unforeseen force contrives to fix;
We sail with wind and move with waves,
But, we, algate we, with all the joy of rise and fall
And seek to keep us in joyous move.

INSIDE

You have what you deserve,
You save what you preserve,
Blame not fate or unknown hand,
Know yourself, you know all world.

All are born like all others;
Some breakup, a few why rise?
No sweat or brain, not even wealth,
No push or tie explain it ever.

What you deserve is deep inside,
What you deserve is deep inside,
That manifests in real life
As true measure of real strength.

You are white-hot, keek inside,
Trace the flame of divine light
That burns, consumes and thrusts forward,
There, somewhere, where algate you belong.

It knows when and how to click,
It plots its time and place to work;
No prompting or art, no drugs or trick
Ever breached the plot of the inner craft.

It streams wisdom and right approach,
It inspires work and right conduct,
It weaves rare webs of time and place
That lead you for a deserving climb.

You cook by the fire, you have in the oven,
You beget what you deserve deep within;
For everything; there is a befitting end,
Whether you desire or have it in design.

No wisdom alone takes you anywhere
While inside is in suppressed wait;
No ties, no toil or power or grit
Ever awakens you from deep slumber.

If you rise far high you deserve it all;
If you fail and fall you deserve only it
In spite of false wordy long claims;
The world is simple as plain as this.

Inside is not what you make for show,
Inside is not what you have in shreds;
Deep inside, the silent inside
Sinks in soul as an integrated whole.

OPEN WORLD

Why build walls around you,
Why this love to live in tall towers
While open air is fresh and warm?
Why tie down the life to four little walls,
Why hide from warm sunshine outside
And breathe still air in self-centred cell?

Open your eyes and pull outside,
Open your heart to varied gust of passions,
To streams and seas of dazzling colours;
Crack walls and break-out thro' barriers
To reach the open sky of thousand stars
Where every breath brings a new world of joy.

Wipe out stillness and remove cobwebs,
Shed old sloth and come out of fear
And light inside the cosmic lamp,
Wherefore you belong to all
And all belong to your joy
And you reap all the riches, the world offers.

The still air inside the four walls
Gives space to refreshing breeze

When you fledge wings to reach far horizons;
The nature's bounty
And fresh tides of sweet schemes
Cross your path and meet your course.

The world is vast, rise above rat-holes,
The world is sweet, come out and taste,
Eager hands, there, wait, welcome and hug;
Choose your taste from the infinite lot,
Be one with the world that opens her all,
For, nothing is like the joy of free world.

Break barriers and reach outside,
Feel the rare joy of relief and release
And the refreshing warmth of the mother nature;
No fences stop, no ropes pull back,
No doors shut, no trenches to cross,
And you reach anywhere in absolute sunshine.

No walls ever make you safe and secure,
No mental barrier makes happier you;
Fences obstruct sight, tie down the limbs to space,
Barriers fog the mind with unknown strange fears;
It dulls wit and clouds intellect
And breeds foul stings of doubts and hatred.

Add your some, take back more from
And be one with the nature's infinite charm,
There is your root, life and end;
Hide not from the world, calling you to open arms,
Yet, lose not roots in the inviting open world
And lose not yourself like flowers in wilderness.

Keep open and wait, all come to door;
Smile and invite, all sneak inside
And fill your soul with smile and joy;
All colours, yours all musics, yours,
Twinkles of eyes and glows of smiles,
Loves and warm touches, all yours.

Cold or hot outside is warm,
Pain or pleasure, outside brings joy,
Ups and downs bring strength to life;
It be rise or fall, rest or toil,
Peace of turbulence, soft or hard,
The world outside is infinite joy.

LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE OF IT

Life is what you make of it,
Like raw clay, lithe, soft and wet
And waits your hand to play on it
With the labour of creative flight
To carve new directions
Of unparalleled notions,
To fight for new heights
Of irrefragable might.

It's deep churning of the sprite within,
It's deep burning in the soul's kiln
For the metamorphosis of invisible kind
To surface new heavens in innermost mind.

Life is not a mendicant's pleasure,
Life is a vision, an intense self's treasure,
It's hard tilling of far-stretching horizons.

It's wild sowing one's dreams and visions
And illumining high sky with the inner-light
And walking self's path algaefast
To new field of an awakened soul
To devolve in pomp to experience the whole.

Life is not what others make you
Nor it is what others think you are,
Life is that what you truly are and make of it,
How deep and far, you bare your sprite.

SUPERIOR DOGS

They do not know, why they bark,
Why they bite or why they wag;
They do not know, what they do,

What they think or what they want
Or where they go or where they must go;
Mere plastic dolls huddled in window sills
Of a whore's house in a busy market place
For plebeian fun and cheap police frolic.

All, vacuum in mind and body,
A bunch of inflated weightless bubbles
That fear solid floor of rhyme and reason;
They run in silent jerks and motionless spasms
And fangle far hopes to gain some weight.

They catch while grope in ignorance
And grapple and strangle things in savage strength;
They fear light and mask their face
To evade clean and graceful world
And swim in pond of sticky mud
That gives them warmth and brings some weight.

Dogs are dogs, be it superior or not,
They bark and bite, know nothing more;
Lo, a loaf a bread, see the tails wag,
See saliva streams and servile shrieks
Of superior dogs in gyrations round feet!
The conditioned response is a learnt trait;
They pursue while flee and flee while pursue
And cannot say a horse from an ass!

HAPLESS MAN

A feeble speck in a raging deep ocean,
A faint little gleam among glittering lights is man,
Facing infinite worlds of endless hard struggles
Which sink his soul or lift to new heights.

He is a gentle flower in a wild sand-storm,
While pushed around, leaves his own fragrance
On his track for all the ages to come
To fill the world with rich grace and peace.

He pursues his path to reach nowhere,
He goes standstill to reach a dozen worlds,
He soars in joy and ends up in deep sorrow,

For none, can foresee what makes his morrow.

He, all all alone, in a jungle of men,
He is sad and silent in a maddening din,
An island, in sheath, while plays his role
In unending strange games, the nature unrolls.

He gropes in dark for unexisting streaks of rays
And knows not where lies sunshine's smooth ways,
Back and forth he swings in despair and hope
In unending sufferance for lady-luck's sudden crop.

Unknown to himself and environs around is he,
Nor knows his past nor what the future will be,
A rudderless boat in uprising fierce sea,
He dreams of paradise on the shores, he doesn't see.

A harmless bolt of a spacecraft,
He gives his mite to evolution's big thrust,
He fancies he is all, but really he is small,
A blind little soul that creeps along a narrow tunnel.

THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST TO RISE AGAIN IN THE EAST

The sun sets in the West to rise again in the East
As sprightly, lustrous glow in ruddy flood of flames;
He dips to the womb of dreary dark sea
To flood the Earth and Heaven with glassy sunshine next morn
And relume bright hopes on the nature's innocent face;
Spring's mad, mad dance fades to winter's chill breeze
To flush fresh youth in the nature next time
And vesture bridal charm of the green's rousing grace
When spring springs to act in all her mad, mad riots
With bright colours in fast streams in her gentle vital veins.

A parting cannot always be forgone parting of ways,
But often a rousing start of refreshing future meets
Along the incessant path of life's long sojourn
That explores unexplored distant horizons
And thickens old bonds to fresh and lively bounce;
Sturdy, warm, afresh like lustrous North Star,

Day after day and night after night
With calm recollections' thrills
That replenish time-worn rumples.

Adieu, noble light on immortal mortal face,
Bid you loving farewell with writhing pain within;
Let our soft fibres pass through the nature's garinding teeth
And brook infinite odds along the life's course
That fate ordains for the final meet of souls;
For, only beaten gold makes exquisite piece of art
And only hard work invests life with grace;
Destined are we in nature's painful course
To meet and unite in immortal love's bond.

LOVE IS BOUNDLESS

Love is boundless like stars in all sky,
Love is boundless like depth of blue sky,
Love is boundless like breadth of round sky,
Love is subtle creation of celestial flow,
Love is light, life, soul's immortal glow.

Love is inner fusion, union of halves,
Binding of threads to grand completion,
A thrust forward of cosmic processes
To peace, balance and sweet fulfillment;
Love unwinds to nature's pristine heart.

Love is outflow of cosmic passions,
Blow of forces of unworldly fusions,
Where eternal tides of pains and joys
Seize, tear, haul, grind, raise and fall,
Drag on hell-fire to cleanse the soul.

Hell and heaven, hand in hand is love—
Clusters of long pains on joy's canvas,
A tower of joy atop pains' huge mound,
A glimmer of light from night's womb,
An immortal flame of subliminal light.

Love is all worlds, complete in itself,

Love is like sun while going is bright,
Full moon-like while befalls cruel night;
Love is divine tide that raises and falls
To heavenly heights and hell's depths.

But love is great lift of soul and heart,
Of thoughts, feelings and bodily forms;
Love blossoms soul and deepens heart,
It heightens thoughts, softens feelings
And brightens charms in bodily forms.

Its paths are straight, simple and short
And readily loses track in life's labyrinth
To run aimless through tortuous circuits
Till legs fail, spirit fleys and emotions flag,
But soul runs its course oblivious of pains.

Love is lovely, rosy, but full of thorns,
It bleeds like hell, but feeds inner needs
Of oneness with itself, peace, fulfillment;
Love is god's light, sublime and bright,
It lifts two souls to subtle celestial goal.

Love is right match, love, perfect match
That devolves completeness to this world,
Of balance, poise and fuller state of peace
From imbalances and discords abound around,
And lifts world nearer to god's grand abode.

COSMIC GAME

All is an uncertain changing phase
In the endless stream of cosmic game;
All are ignorant, mute swimmers
In the endless tides of cosmic rhythm.

People and places come and go
In strange frames of time;
Events rise in unknown sequence
And sink then back as it has come.

New worlds rise in place of old
To grow as old themselves;
The unending flux in the cosmic womb
Yields to imperceptible evolution.

Who created cosmos, for what purpose,
The creator himself knows not;
Where had it begun and where it heads,
The creator himself knows not.

Who authored evolution, how and why?
Why this, now, here and that, then, there
Though in cosmic symmetry indeed,
How invented by what infinite mind?

How purposes surface from endless mess?
How order springs from purposeless heap?
Who decides sequence and cause and effect
And sinks to naught as never exist?

Nothing is plain as good or bad,
Nothing is distinct like black and white;
All are gray like evening light
And frowned or praised at time's dictates.

No patch of cloud can reach the heaven,
No matter encroaches on the cosmic will;
Can the tides in sea change the sun's course?
Can the ripples in well shake the seven seas?

All are piggybacks on the cosmic plot,
The plain missiles of the cosmic plosion;
Yet, an unknown thrust and order rules
All rise and fall and jump and swing.

We partake in a mysterious game,
We partake in a mysterious game,

Where as mere tools, we play the game,
Though inside it, nowhere belong.

COMPROMISE

Pay the price of pride
To rise high to dizzy heights,
To reap riches and joy;
Unwind conscience
To compromise with of life
And win the life's game.

Self-imposed fences
Of right and wrong and good and bad
Bind to a blind fulcrum; No caged bird
Flies in sky and in freedom
To catch and eat worms.

Man loses to gain,
Falls to rise and bends to standup,
For, the world is made so;
His blind moves
In tandem with only what heart dictates
End in loss, fall and final break.

Man is a prisoner
Of the time and space that spawned him
And obeys its rules always;
None can hope to outlive
And rise to timeless and spaceless milieu,
And yet have a smooth passage.

THE NATURE'S RICHES

Beauty is here, and now,
If you have insight to engage;
Pleasure is in every move,
If you have eager heart, to seize.

Every warp and woof
In the nature, an enthralling wonder;
Every rise and fall,
Here, a heavenly splendour.

Wherever fall the eager eyes,
There is beauty, joy and riches;
Wherever passion stirs action,
There are hundred roads open.

The nature is an open world,
Where valiant seekers can pick anything;
Nothing there is beyond human reach,
Only if one pay the right earnest.

Have the right taste and zeal in heart,
Everything then falls in line;
Keep both eyes open, shun not interaction
And see the nature's treasures surface and shine.

The nature seeks the flames of zeal,
She adores her treasure's ardent seekers;
She lies scattered, all exposed,
To rouse interests and stir passions.

Have courage to reach,
To meet, rip and pierce within;
Lo, flows she from all sides
Like the early glow of the refreshing dawn.

Her every inch is a subtle charm,
It be sky, the earth, a hill or a dale,
A man, a woman, a bird or a tree,
It be love, labour, hate or rest.

Open your eyes to the tempting charms,
Open up the soul to the nature's fragrance;
Open up to the riches of her touches
And open the self to the heaven of her music.

Keep open yourself,
The nature willingly bares herself;
Shut not the heart
While she seeks you in all her splendour.

Love the nature for all her worth,
Love the men and women around you;
The little acts and mischiefs they do,
Bare the riches of the nature's charm.

All joy, riches and rare charm,
For those who seek and act;
Blame not the nature, blame yourself,
If you find no water in an ocean trough.

Riches are scattered around you,
Choose and pick what you desire;
Train eyes and sharpen ears,
Run and work the hands to grab.

All are there for each of us,
To meet each man's individual needs;
Listen inside and then you decide
And eat from her inexhaustible treasure.

Be honest in desire,
No shy or fear let bewilder you;
The riches, joy and all the beauty,
All day and night, just wait for you.

Have glow in eyes
To find the worth of all you meet;
Have fire in heart
To win and bear all you want.

Cravings aye deepen cravings
To deepen the subtle pleasures within,

Cravings aye meet cravings
To bring in the nature, fulfilment.

Yield to cravings
To rip and reap the joy aheap;
You waste not the nature's rare blessings,
But, show her how precious she is.

Though live in the dazzle,
Why you look so dull and gloomy?
Yours all, go, grab and hug,
None stop, if you rise to the occasion.

Dig the earth and have water,
Rip the sheath and have the soft core;
Fight your path to meet your post,
For, the valiant alone deserves rare fare.

Play and please the playful nature,
Play hide and seek and have her all;
When she comes, she comes in full
In all her hues, in all her beauty.

When you win the nature,
You win this life, you win this world;
All charm and joy lie on your feet,
Come and have her, all for you.

The nature is there, always there,
She must reach you some day;
You build a soft passion's bridge
To meet and drink all her charm.

It be here or there or somewhere,
The nature craves as you for her;
Reach for her and melt with her
And feel the nature's joy stream in you.

INNER LIGHT

An eternal lamp is lit in you,
It sheds the light of conscience;
Pure and glowing like the morning dew,
It awakens soul to the conscious world.

Focus your soul to its inner glow,
Listen to what the soul speaks to it;
What you hear is the right judgment;
Stick to it like life does to sunlight.

The light in you is gentle and bright,
Seek it, trace it and make it your own;
It sinks at ease in darkness around,
Waste not a minute, you deeply imbibe it.

Let the lamp be lit in dirtless oil,
You pour from within the spotless soul;
For, impurities spew black smoke outward
And blur sight and contaminate breath.

The eternal lamp that is lit in you
Sifts truths from the uncertainties in you;
Depend on it and protect it from all,
That is inner strength that is your wealth.

The lamp within that lights your soul,
An immortal spark of the cosmic light,
That makes you, you, and a part of the cosmos;
Live it and partake in the cosmic thrust.

LIFE IS A VISION

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Life is what you make of it,
Like raw clay, lithe, soft and wet
And waits your hand to play on it
With the labour of creative flight
To carve new directions
Of unparalleled notions,
To fight for new heights
Of irrefragable might.

It's deep churning of the sprite within,
It's deep burning in the soul's kiln
For the metamorphosis of invisible kind
To surface new heavens in innermost mind.

Life is not a mendicant's pleasure,
Life is a vision, an intense self's treasure,
It's hard tilling of far-stretching horizons.

It's wild sowing one's dreams and visions
And illuming high sky with the inner-light
And walking self's path algate steadfast
To new field of an awakened soul
To devolve in pomp to experience the whole.

Life is not what others make you
Nor it is what others think you are,
Life is that what you truly are and make of it,
How deep and far, you bare your sprite.

STAMP OF LIFE

All come and go like actors
And do bits in own sectors
On the huge stage of the life's play
And stamp themselves on time's clay.

Some inscribe by the life's thick milk
And drape their names in soft silk,
While many write by gory blood
And stamp wrath and hatred in red.

Confused scenes and acts make life
Of love, hate, friendship and strife,
Confused moves, emotions and intellects
Weave plots of abstract novel crafts.

Thrills, horrors, upheavals and tragedies,
Deep Passions, romance and comedies

Play side by side on the live stage
With play within play in unending maze.

Bonds are made, bonds are unmade,
Histrionics are in-between played
In blinding glare of the artificial light
While backstage is dark, still and silent.

Today he is king, tomorrow, plays villain,
Next day, he may play the role of a demon;
He is, simple he, while goes to side-wings,
And sheds false complexes of his role-plays.

All are almost the same inside,
All are almost the same inside,
But for the skill of playing a part,
While all go as per script and dim goes light.

This or that, or big or small,
They are all, unknown fate's call,
Whatever is there, take on that role,
What meets on road, act that all well.

Not what is played, but how it is played,
Marks the stamp of distinction;
Not how long is played, but how intense, played
Makes dints on the long histories of men.

While on the stage, all is bright and loud,
Talks, fights, actions and songs,
Ceaseless haste, nerve-wrecking sound,
All go dunny when curtain down wrings.

Some play their part, ignore all the rest,
Some follow story-line till the very end;
Role-play makes man, what part he played;
In pedetentous moves, it forms his mould.

Nothing loses on the open stage,
Nothing misses from the nature's gaze;
Everything is there at all the times
And adds to the endless evolution's boom.

Bonds of heart and the bridges of soul,
The feel of love's umbilical chord,
Survive the open stage to the pitch-dark hole
Where roles are recast and plots are made.

An unseen bond binds time and place,
An unseen hand coordinates all;
It is not an unbound mad race,
But a mysterious game of who knows all.

It is how is human drama,
It is what makes human drama
Where backstage and front-stage, intermingled,
One out of sight, one, open on the ground

I KNOW MY PATH

I know my path,
I know my goal
Though nestled in indistinct shades
Amid myriad shoddy trivialities
Of barren desires and day-dreams.

I know the earth
That bears my weight;
The load it bears for my sake
And the day when it pines for me,
While no bonds hold us so close.

I know sunshine
That warms my heart,
I know the breeze
That romps on my route
To smooth rumples
To soothe disaffections
That seize my self.

I know the source
Of my soul's twilight
And incessant struggle
That obscures my sight
To plunge in Hamlet's sad shame.

I know my acts,
I know my thoughts,
I know the gulf
That divides my acts and thoughts
And the width of the gap
That frowns my verve.

I know I as myself
In nuances of all my moods,
In beats of passions,
In laughters, in sorrows,
In idle indolence
That plays hide and seek.

I know me in my thoughts,
In my heart and soul
As a flash of my being
With all its glare and dark spots
That mould character.

I know me in essence,
It makes all the difference;
It hoists my mind
To lofty heights of detachment
Of resolute confidence
And indefectible definite sight
That sees a slut as a slut
To march in right earnest,
Though upstream of popular will
For just dispensations.

My stride is steady,
My outlook is fresh,
Too abstruse to trite intellects,
Too innovative for degustations
Of plebeian taste.

I stalk in resolute steps,
I touch with definite signs
That engrave my indelible marks

In gross wise contempt
To what lazy pratters chat;
For, I know my strengths,
For, I know my ends
And what uncalled opinions are,
Their strengths and length
In my mission's long flight.

My acts are my heart's notes,
Notes of all times
That couch me in distinct form;
My strides speak my mind,
My stalks spell my ends
And I am distinct,
Distinct from outside cobwebs
That contrive to restrict my path,
That conspire to refix my goals,
To lead me in alien terms
To its vulgar will,
To submit to mass profile
Of discrete thoughts, words and acts
On bests of mass mandate
As an engine of popular appeal
In lie of my soul's dictates,
Ego's strength and convictions.

THE NATURE

Beauty is the nature's natural name,
The nature is poet's soulful game;
Her moods, rhythms and colours frame
Heaven on the earth in poet's dream.

Picturesque orchestra of the nature's rhyme
Stirs subtle sweet passion's flame;
The nature sings in silence for all souls,
Dawns new feel of devotional whole.

Blue in the sky and green all round
How change in mood with the passing time!
Cool of breeze and warmth of sunshine
How weave rare joy in the nature's womb!

Musics of streams and chirpings of birds
Rise like hymns from the nature's trove,

Clouds afloat and smiling sweet flowers
Swing in wind to greet all souls.

Air is thick with relaxed mood,
What a thrill, what an inspiring stir
Hangs in air like the heaven's benison
And blends onlookers with the nature's soul!

The grace of god as heavenly light
Diffracts as kaleidoscopic spectrum,
A spell everywhere, arcane vibrations,
The nature's music catches like fire.

What a sweet soft madness inside,
What a sweet soft madness inside
In the nature's calm rise and fall,
In the still quietude, in the quiet simple mood!

Those simple forms, those gentle hues,
Those quiet moves, those silent songs,
Those magic spells of sweet fragrance,
What a blend, what a shocking grace!

The nature, not mere nature, a cradle of beauty,
A ladder for all divine gifts,
An open keek to the streaks of heaven
In untouched lively virgin form.

The nature is a clean mirror of the soul
Where the soul itself reflects for real,
Bright like the sun, yet soft like the moon
And refreshingly pure like the morning dews.

THOSE CAREFREE DAYS

Those carefree days,
No bonds whatsoever, though in leashes,
Where I could move round the fulcrum
In gay abandonment
Like happy birds in the sky;
I could walk, run and jump,
Even fly
In weightless freedom;
No cares to pindown,
No dark spots, no concern,

All gay and bright like a child's smile;
No thoughts to bother,
No fears of future
And actions met thoughts in perfection;
No deadlines to meet,
No pressures to resist,
But meet all tides as it visit
In perfect leisure.

I felt like sitting on the top of the earth,
I felt like walking through white clouds in heaven,
I felt light wings raising me to the moon
Where I could dream all and attain all that.

No barriers around me,
No fences to any,
No classes to conform,
No standards to measure;
I could see and walk anywhere
Like a pet rabbit;
The world was a huge playground then,
All playful games,
No strains anywhere, no competitions,
But, trust and love filled my world;
I laughed at will,
I shouted mouthful,
I talked and talked to all;
No masters and servants,
No classes bothered me;
I sought sparkles in eyes
To build my bridges
And innocence in smiles
To meet friendship;
I said what I thought
And thought what I said,
I did what I said
And said what I did
In open heart;
I lived like a king,
All my own,
Where none could intrude.

I saw all equal, as they came to the earth,
I saw the world simple, as it always is.

I spoke my heart as simple truth

In all its passions and emotions;
No do's and no donot's
No shames and fears;
No age or sex or state to consider,
Where I stood above all
With my own simple, clear judgements,
which none could dare to contradict;
No heat or rain restrained me,
No knowledge of pain refrained me,
In meeting what I want;
I flew from east to west and north to south
In the same gay mood,
From star to star, I jumped
In playful abandonment;
I laughed a day and wept next day
In full blast to the pressures of heart,
With no cause or reason behind
And no pressures to account.

The carefree days did light my spirit
To candescent glow of pure morning rays;
The carefree days did raise my spirit
To formless deep pleasure of clam enlightenment.

VOID

Transparent still of thick nought is void
That fills all space in fluid quietude;
It is pregnant joy, deep 'neath calm twilight
That sweeps mind clean with instreaming glint
And stills heart in joy and soothes Self
And resiles soul to primeval grace
And lights the cosmos with celestial nothingness.

Void is implosion of concentrated human core
That splashes still waves of enlightenment,
Subtle poise, calm grace and strength;
Void is mystic pond of undisturbed surface
Of pearly, crystal water of pristine, divine charm;
It is cool world of thousand warm Suns
Where calm cool and joyous warmth fuse to pregnant nought.

The soul, dipped in bottomless void
Sets on an inward sail
On infinite route in search of unending peace

With all senses shut and perceptions dipped
And Self drinks deep from the void's peaceful nought
And sheds inner strains and constraints
To light the soul in pure ecstatic glow.

Void is the seed, void is the fruit,
Void is the Earth where life's roots spread;
Void is the ocean where soul freely sails,
A sky, so high that no eye dares to rise,
A nought that rhymes to the muse of the soul
And spreads divine spell of peaceful charm
Where souls dissolve to bright cosmic light.

POETIC INSPIRATION

She pours in spasms
Like sunshine through the patches of clouds,
She pours uncalled
In majestic cascades,
Sometimes, just refuses to show up
And bides to her own feminine mood;
The lady charm loves her hide and seek
Like a proud and pretty damsel;
She hides while sought
And seeks while you hide
To tune your world to her deeper treasures;
While you need her most,
She thins in air and teases your cool;
While you resign to her spells
In leisurely lull of lush slumber,
She lurks through the soul;
She shoots from mind in graceful words
And strikes the soul with a bright glow
And rolls down in wonders of new shapes
To rock the mood and shock the soul;
She blows like wind and purs like rain
And soaks the heart to sprout poems;
She flows from self like silk bits of cocoon
And weaves pretty bits in warps and woofs.

She is molten self
And streams from the inner fount
'Neath thick pack of pains and pleasures,
'Neath the weight of strain and stresses
That heat red-hot and mould the soul;

She cracks reason and shatters prejudices
And kicks through the walls of sensibilities womb
To be born in the poet's world
In fluid words with passion's wings
To spread rhythms of peace in passion's riots
While all is calm and strangely still;
She is her own, like her feminine mood,
Unpredictable, unsure. Yet, calm and wet.

BLUE BEAUTY

I saw her walking along the Heaven,
All in blue with black flow of hair,
Step on step like white halo all round;
She swept like warm breeze that carries fragrance,
Like the glow of dream in mute, still slumber
And left a sweet storm in my weak heart
That still throbs to her footsteps,
The blue in her soul like flash of light
Caught my soul with lingering notes
Of long forgotten far musics of Heaven.

She was all blue, but bustling beauty
Like quiet eye, stirred by love,
Brooding yet intense, sad but sweet,
A flight of lights in heavy dull world;
No ice can freeze her, no fires, melt,
She was all own, pure and deep like sky,
Far beyond my world, yet my own,
For, once in, there she spreads like flood
In pure blue that soaks soul with beauty
Of peace, love and quiet dignity.

She floods like tides of deep blue ocean,
My little shores of dreams and thoughts;
She sweeps the floor, smooths the shore
And recedes back to her deep blue world,
Though in me, she still is a daily guest;
For, things like her are there although nowhere;
She stirs my sleep and stills commotions
In subtle blue swirls that caught my soul,
Some swirls that catch are more desirable
Than all freedoms, the worlds can spare.

I am no more a free soul or heart,

Nor a life on own right;
Dipped in blue, dyed and dissolved in blue,
She charm the world in blue beauty;
I am caught in her eyes and she in me,
We roll like one though so far away;
My heart beats to her notes, hers to mine,
Our blue souls find beauty together;
Yet the blue beauty is far from me,
Perhaps seeking me while I seek her.

TULU NADU

A land of valour and truth, Tulu Nadu
Where Sathya, Dharma and Sankalpa, blend to a strange broth
Of pride, courage and openness,
Where love for rectitude and selfless devotion
Warp to a fierce way of life,
Where flames of pride and courageous resolve
Meet to raise an energetic land,
That sits besides his queen, the Arabian sea,
Whose waves wash and caress his feet all day,
Where no trusts ever breach, no ties ever break,
No words ever die, no promises ever reneged,
Where helpless calls see the life and death defence.

Tuluvas, a class apart in imperious state,
Tigers in all splendours of invincible might
In the jungle of pigs, donkeys and sheeps;
There are a rare rugged island of spartan folks
In the ocean of shams and deceptions,
And look around in righteous indignation;
As Billavas, Bunts, Saraswats, and Christians
As Brahmins, Muslims, Bestas or as Jains,
The threads of Tulu, Konkan, Kannada and Malayalam too,
Bind them all as Tuluva soldiers,
Who breed on Tulu earth and feed in Tulu strengths
And spread by Tulu winds to far away worlds.

When Tuluva touches a stone, a temple is born,
When a Tuluva touches tool, an industry is born;
He rises from earth and spreads to sky like a tower
To the shocks of lesser suffering lots;
The heat and sweat that warms his heart,
The rain and green that enriche his soul,
Break false sheaths to extract his true self

In dazzling fresh shine for all the world to see,
In Kolas, Yakshaganas and age-old cockfights
In Nemas, Paddhanas and Bhootharadhanas;
The fish and toddy and boiled rice in veins
Unwind his spirit for back-breaking work.

A land of distinct moods, thoughts and nature
Of distinct life, values, goals and culture,
With sea and ghats and Konkan and Malabar
On guard to fend from contaminations,
Where mothers rule, Aliya Santhana prevails,
Where years roll on solar movements,
Whose warm breeze, washed by the Arabian sea waves,
Whose rare earth, soaked with rich Tuluva soft ways,
Sprout proud great men and spawn pretty girls
And spread fields and forests, full of rich greens;
Tulu Nadu, the shield of great Indian virtues
Stands across ghats like gaint gomata statues.

The rugged Tuluvas are gentle and upright,
Who shed blood for ancestors' self-respect,
Who raise not heads and offer ready obeisance
In front of elders and noble deeds;
They seek perfection, they take greatness
And accept nothing but the topmost slot;
They fight like tigers and win or die,
But, come not down to meet in the middle;
Forces may seize them, but never caputre,
Strengths may break them, but never bend;
For, they breathe Tulu air and live on Tulu earth
And Tulu warmth and passions stream in their veins.

SHACKLES

Man is in shackles everywhere,
Within, without, near and afar;
Man is in strife and constant fear
Of own, of men, of the present and future.

He is a lonely fly
Caught in an intricate web;
He forces his pace,
Wings shut, Will whittled,
With doom in perpetual wait

At left, right, up and down;
In mysterious zigzag puzzles,
In crossroads
With no signboards anywhere,
But wrong signals
Of frailties and deceptions;
He pursues his path
Of rise and fall
In blinkers.

No choice but to follow, what all must,
Smell chances and pursue instinct
In disguised bondage of the unknown fate,
What makes man unliberated and mute.

Fences, walls and trenches outside
Stunt and shock the quietude of the walk;
Ropes, smokes and darkness inside
Halt the spurs to run ariot to miles;
The war is afoot
To straff and kill free instinct,
The field is riven with smoke screens
That make indistinct inner sight.

The world is wide, but nowhere to go,
Roads are many, but barricades, everywhere;
The nature is bountiful, but little is to choose,
Man is free like a bird, yet, unsure how to fly.

Men create barriers,
Men fight each other;
They raise dust-storms
That blind the world
And leave back disorder,
Where freedom is swept away
And all is in bad shackles
Of fear, jealous, anger and hate,
Of greed, arrogance and indifference;
Each is a shackle
And the world is a bundle of bad shackles,
Where each is against all,
And all, against each.

This is how we live in the world!
This is how we safeguard us!
Each makes this world less free for all,
To make the world more free for him.

LIFE AND COSMOS

Life is a speck of light
In the womb of infinite darkness,
Life is a chance movement
In the ocean of ceaseless stillness.

Life is a celestial pinhole,
Where matter rocks in endless cycle,
In and out of consciousness
In isolation of cosmic stillness.

A breach in still darkness is life,
A winnock to the depths of the unknown cosmos;
Life is matter's animated form,
The stage, where played all cosmic games.

Life is a great white-hole
That expells all matters as bright light,
Life is a weightless mole
That unravels secrets of the cosmic womb.

A lonely island of wonders is life
In monotonous expanse of still matter;
Life is green in dull blue mass,
The tip of evolution in the celestial process.

Life is an accident of space,
A cosmic chance eruption in infinity,
A self-sustaining glow of spirit
That comes from and dissolves to endless mass.

The subtle rhythms of life
That rises and dips in endless space
Thro' the layers of still dark matter,
A creative dance of the restless cosmos.

Like a lonely little star
On a newmoon rainy sky,
Life twinkles in lonely splendour
In ever-expanding heath of darkness.

Life is a bright relief
Where cosmos breathes end and means,
Where breeds time and space
And sprouts fresh thoughts in eternal continuum.

Life is the cosmic nerve-centre,
Though a minute pack of illumination;
It casts invisible subtle light
Through the length and breadth of the cosmos.

MARATHON RACE

My life is like a marathon race,
A run for hope
On an unending stretch
To reach a far away dream.

It is a run on a blind alley
Along a dreadfully narrow valley,
Rising uphill sometimes,
Falling downhill most of the times
To invisible morrows
In the thick fog of uncertainties.

It is a restless race
In a confusing maze,
Though resting places are aplenty
On both sides of the road,
No mood to break the inspired race,
No patience to brook and look back,

For, the race once began,
To the end, must be run.

The path is long, far and lonely,
With roses and thorns and slippery surface;
But, I am here to run that far,
But, I am here to run that far
Till legs fail and I go still
In the sweet nectar of lush darkness.

BEAUTY

Face to face with enthralling beauty,
Words go dumb and limbs, lithe;
All senses dwell on the divine charm
And balk from the world that sorrounds it.

While beauty floods, breathless I go,
Joy swells inside and bursts outside;
I, in the beauty and the beauty, in me,
We merge in each, and live goes sweet beauty.

Beauty breathes and talks, dances too,
Beauty reaches and touches, seizes too;
Beauty is a force, none can resist with ease,
Beauty is a place where god sits with grace.

Wherever I look, there is beauty,
Wherever I look, there is beauty,
It invites to reach the subtle core
And builds bridges to the secrets of god.

What makes beauty, beauty, a gentle force,
A seat of joy and grace and peace?
What makes beauty rise like a magical spell
And liquate whole being to rhythmic soft music?

Is it formless god devolved on the earth
Or wisdom of holy sages in rebirth

In aureate splendour, reaching our earth?
Or a glisk of the nature's innocent smile?

What is beauty, but a communion of souls?
What is beauty, but an expression of the whole?
Beauty reaches god and drinks his glory
And brings his grace to the lower world.

BANGLADESH CYCLONE

Tall walls of water
In the fierce night of the screaming winds
Broke into god-forsaken Bangladesh;
The destructive dance of the killer gales,
The sweep and roll of the mountainous water
In unending roar of the nature's fury
Struck the land
Like the death's wanton game,
With bloated carcasses of men and cattle,
Of hapless babies and shattered mothers,
Scattered in heaps
Like plague-infested rats
In fields, streets, rubbles and gutters.

Blown-off roofs, Collapsed walls,
Upturned trees and ruined crops,
Not a life that could save itself!
Not a structure that stood itself!
All blown and rolled in watery mass
That still groped like esurient death,
Still blood-thirsty,
Still, for more lives;
Death, misery, fear,
Disease and hunger
Filled the air,
A hope for future
And instinct to survive
Fought on the ground, a losing battle.

No warmth anywhere,
No smile anywhere,
No love and hate,

No pride or kindness;
Common sorrow flattened all,
Like the fall of night on a desert tract,
Like the fall of bomb on Hiroshima;
The human mass of Bangladesh
Like hapless cold pebbles of hell,
Lo, plead the world to save their souls
From the cruel nature's unabated gruel.

How hapless is man in face of the nature!
A mere human mass like any other creature!
What a struggle, somehow to survive!
What a fight to save near and dears!
What a courage in the face of odds!
To withstand a demoniac force!
Lo, mothers with babies in upraised hands,
Carried by floods to the death's holes;
Fathers huddled with kins on roof-tops
Collapsed with walls to watery graves;
Young loves braved oncoming giant waves
With passionate clasps
Around each other
To drown together in the gaping certain death.

Wind and water sped everywhere there
In death's ferocious hunger;
There, death rode on the wild tidal waves,
Destruction blew with fatal cyclones
And grappled Chittagong and Cox Bazar,
Big and tidty country-sides,
In a quiet night of restful sleep
With untold knocks of the death's foul tools;
Nowhere could they go to save their lives,
No friends be of help, no elders could help;
Nowhere they could go to save their lives,
But, shut their eyes and pray the almighty.

Water there rained, like dirty hell,
Water rushed from all the sides,
Winds blew,
The watery world is in watery turmoil;
No soul is safe,
No glimmer of hope;

Virtual darkness in day itself
With demoniac clouds Yet hurrying in the sky;
The flares of hunger
In painful chill,
The fear of life In helplessness
Brought unseen hell down on the Earth.

The nature showed her invincible strength,
The nature revealed her suppressed anger
And proved to the world who is the master,
The ultimate winner in the historical struggle
Of the man to control the nature's powers;
No science rescued man
In the worst disaster
While lakhs died and crores, helpless,
While crores wept for the life's sake,
While they went mad with fear and disease,
With loss, grief and hunger's stabs
And doomed to nought in a few hours.

What a tragic disaster in human life!
A reminder that none in this world is safe;
All is right now, what next, who knows?
What brings what, when, why and how,
No stars predict, no scientists derive;
Disasters in mad flares of the discontented nature
Shoot in mysterious forms and vibrations
With panic on toes and deaths on heels
And havoc at the back like the Satan's shadows
That fall on the earth to squeeze life out.

Old sun is there,
Old moon and stars are there,
The unending sky is also there,
But, how changed the world overnight!
The babies who smiled a day back
Rot as corpse in deep waters!
Sons, daughters, fathers and mothers, Alive then,
Forlorn or dead now!
Busy streets,
Today, watery graves!
Living quarters,
Dreary watery holes!

No street-lining shops, No age-old giant trees,
No schools, mosques, markets, hospitals,
But, water, water, water all round;
Black clouds in the sky,
Deep water on the land,
Unending gust of cyclone all round;
God-forsaken man sits in the middle
And knows not whether he is dead or alive.

WHEN I LOOK BACK

When I look back,
Scenes of myriad comedies and tragedies
In innumerable hues and shades
Crowd the lanes of memories;
The shades in different garbs
Knock the doors of emotions Scene after scene;
How they all hauled me here
Along the unpredictable zigzag track,
I wonder in shock;
Ups and downs,
Jerks and shakes and tremors of shifts,
What plans and rules and terms of life,
How led me here,
For what transcendent end,
I can never figure out;
The laughs and grief,
Hid deep in the past's safe selves,
What dear salvation's ends serve,
Only the creator himself perhaps knows;
Each portrait from the womb of the past,
Be it pain or pleasure, or fall or rise,
Surfaces with dazzling aureate frame;
I delve on each, run over and over,
To bury the present in the shadows of the past
And dig a peep to the days ahead.

My past is a pasture trod by love, loss and fall,
Where beasts strayed to feast on gentle souls.

Men and women of most blessed kind

Light my past like the jewels of a crown;
The lilting lyrics and the immortal rhythms,
Those souls delivered to my life,
Carry me onward where only angels tread
And make the past, a valued treasure;
Like crystal dew on green leaves at dawn,
They refresh soul from the past's myriad streams.

There are fearsome ravines,
Deeper than a thousand hells;
There are dizzy heights too,
Where there were fears of steep fall;
Velvet spreads of tablelands too,
Where I plodded like a ghost in sleep,
And specters of stillness haunted soul;
Each surfaces from the bygone days
Through the long unending memory's lanes;
There were wild chases that led to naught,
There were weak limbs to reach impossible heights,
Lucks, windfalls and joyous turnarounds too;
The moonlit dreams of love and joy,
The steely cold realities of the world around,
That brought down my feet on the firm ground;
They carry me onwards in detachment now
On the wings of the cool breeze of reflections.

Tempests were there,
All now holed up in the depths of the past
And I stand alone like cynosure and absorb it all;
I learn in slow process to live with it all;
The barrier does breach at times
And the past rushes in floods to the present
And inconsolable goes my heart
For the past that was lost forever
With its love and joy and pristine beauty;
A subtle and lovely world that was the past
That shows me in my true colours,
Untouched by the dazzle of the false self.

The past is never lost, it whispers in the present;
The past is the guide that leads me ahead
To the cosmic unity of the time, space and deed.

INDIA

The proud land of valiant warrior kings
Who fought to death to vanquish arrogance,
The rich lush field of thinkers and artists
Where thoughts and beauty blend to new heights,
The subtle vast space of spiritual lights
That spread to the world like benign wisdom,
The sprite that never quailed inside are India
That weathered all shocks and time's fury
In stoic still and quiet confidence
That instilled in soul, guides her long course.

India, I the seat of right life and sacred rites,
The womb of all pursuits to unknown goal
In evolution's wild painful spurts
That jolt humanity to shocks of celestial rhythms;
India, the throne of truth, beauty, moral orders,
The hive of yogis in spiritual pursuits
Whose insights guard this land from time's onslaughts
That built and ruined countless nations;
Though fell in time's celestial cycle, algate rose
With new strengths to culture's richer heights.

An island of kind hearts and rectitude
With the nature's barriers in guard on all sides,
India is distinct like the polaris in night sky,
A still beacon of the world for inward sojourn,
A constant little glow of hopes and resilience
While the world crumbles to the gulf of savage sin
Of wars, violence and lusty heinous crimes;
A live granary of the world's choice cultures
Where the bests of the East and west meet to melt
To a rich blend of this and outside worlds.

India, the holy temple of the world,
India, the spiritual heart of the world,
Where the steady silent lamp of love, faith and wisdom
Spreads dim light in ceaseless splendours
To quell glooms of greed and ignorance,
Stills storms and holds floods those raven the world
In benign grace distinct to her charm,
Like great souls of laserlike psychic force
Who cool fires and still earth-quakes

And tame man-eaters by gentle flash of eyes.

The great Buddha and Gandhi drank her charms,
The great Geetha and Vedas caught her warmth;
Ashoka and Akbar lived true to her spirits,
Like pretty little sparkles of her celestial glow;
India may go torn and balked a day
And knit again as a vast united land;
But, her soul speaks and blood streams
All over her land at all the time,
Like earthworms those live distinct in bits;
For India is not a land, but a sacred spirit.

No doubt, India is a shameful huge minion today,
A coward Soviet's protectorate in disguise
While crawls on the feet of the State's distant might
And wails at doors of the tiny Japan and France
For day's bread with long begging bowls:
With her crippled limbs and parched straw tongue,
India no more stands firm nor speaks aloud,
While Japan, Korea, Iraq and Israel rose from dusts
To face world-mights eye to eye;
No more is she a spiritual guide, but a stupid confounded noise.

No truth, beauty or rectitude; no final goals,
But to stand up to little Pakistan's mischiefs,
All her goals, all her spirits and hopes;
The giant China overawes her,
The little Pakistan disheartens her;
She starves hard labour, feeds thieves and cheats;
She ravages innocence, breeds rats and bed-bugs
Who suck the blood of her rectitude and beauty;
No souls rise to stir her bleak, shattered spirit,
For, her poisoned womb can hold no clean soul now.

Dark age, like dark tunnels in a hilly tract
Along the path to a distant unknown goal,
Do doubt all lights and blind inner sights
In the circuitous course of a nation's life;
The fall is a phase for a steep rise,
The gloom is a game to call-in the past splendours;
Her sacred lamp should soon light the world,
Her quiet strengths should soon charm the world;
India, the world's holy spiritual guide should rise soon
To her old Self like a war-worn king returns to his throne.

Black clouds cannot hide infinite sky,
The bleak times cannot dim India's spiritual glow;
Destined is she to guide and mother the world
Along the right path of truth and beauty
Thro' spine-chilling gulfs and horrendous hells
Those dug deep on the way in hide to attack;
The war is long and the leader on the saddle
Holds her reigns and guides her troops;
Some battles are lost and troops step back
To win war and vanquish final goals.

The sacred land, awash with holy hymns,
The divine hearth ablaze with meditations,
The quiet battleground, littered with contemplations,
Rises to Himalayan heights and delves to ocean depths
To uncover fragrance of the subtle human life
And sweeten the world with its quiet spread;
All Indian strains bear the rare stamp-
In arts and crafts, in science and culture
Or wars, morals, commerce or literature,
In pride and valour, in skill and sports.

India, the great, the crown of moral world,
India, the playground of truth and nonviolence,
Of valiant warriors who shed blood for the land;
India, the home of sacred religious thoughts,
Of countless riches, of noble scholarships;
India, the land of nature's fulsome beauty
That soothes soul by rhythmic musical heaves
Of all still and quiet peace "Om", one with infinite sky,
And brings grace and rectitude, unseen any where
To her proud sons who love her more than themselves.

VOYAGE OF LIFE

The voyage is long,
Uncertain,
On the turbulent sea
That heaves in violent waves
To fling the life-craft
High to the Heaven
And dropp deep to the bowels
Of watery grave
Along the sail

To distant, dark shore
Of unforeseen future.

The boat on voyage
Mounts and dismounts dancing waves
And sails in stolid gait,
Impervious
To rise and fall
In pursuit of time,
Dunny to the toss to left and right
In maddening swirl.

It is an unwavering sail
In midst of torments
On surface
While sunk to depth
In strength
Of placid peace and sober grace.

The voyage is strite,
Rife
With ravenous rocks
Of passion, ill-will,
And mischiefs
That surface between the waves
And unravel designs
Of the unfavourable wind
And soft spots
Of the life's sojourn
And bares the dints
Of the nature's cruel farce
And fierce dance.

The sail is on its route
In definite' direction;
It takes all odds,
It drinks all strifes
As it come,
In simple, pure courage
That guides this proud voyage;
Not-too-uncommon crafts
Do sink to the floor of sea
As lost cause, lost forever
In the nature's ravages
And lie scattered beneath water,
Forever in the future.

The voyage is subtle like the sea itself;
Though brittle
To the shocks of conscience;
It is hard like rock
To the pulls and raps
Of outside waves;
It is diamond
That bares
As charred coal
In inner oven's fire;
It is pure gold
That shapes
In the heart's beats
And draws desired forms
At the hests of convictions
And the heats of passions.

The vessel of myriad pores
That admit
Self-judgements
In subtle whimpers
That add weight
Of pride and contentment,
Of thick steel wall
Of multiple plates
That still
Outside storms
That sweep the soul
Beyond its frame,
Guide the soul for contented sail.

UNKNOWN BEAUTY

She is sweet like my heart,
She is fragrant like my soul,
As sparkling as my eyes,
Tender and gentle
And lush like my sweet dreams;
As intense as my desires
She seizes my deep Self
In flames of pleasing pains,
In glows of unfulfilled desires
And I shudder within in poetic riots.

She is noble within like gold
And dazzles like diamond
In smooth black exterior;
She is all smiles like flowers,
All tender moods like full-moon
And inviting charm inside;
She rouses soul from deep slumber
To streaks of fresh light
That seeks to stream from far horizons;
New worlds open up
Where blend desires in mad dance
And hearts sing heart to heart.

Though unknown beauty,
I know her in every single fibre,
All inside and outside like my Self
As she indeed knows me;
I feel her entreaties from her eyes,
I hear her desires from her heart;
She speaks in silence and calls in shyness
And rouses sharp pangs of sweet desires.

She is an angel in her shyness,
She is an angel in her silence,
She is an angel in her desires
And an angel in her feminine softness
And liquid young fragrance
That visit my soul in joyous dreams;
She melts in my eyes
And streams to my heart
And seizes my soul,
She speaks from a pleasing halo
Where like a living sacred deity,
She spreads her charms deep to my Self.

She is calm in the eye of desires' storm,
She is still while heart shouts for warmth;
Warmth calls warmth and desire meets desire
And we both meet in cool still distance.

The unknown beauty somehow attuned to my self,
I seek her and she me in unknown bond.

THE SUN IN CLOUDS

The sun in clouds,
Dim, dull and subdued outside,
Has ever lost his fierce sunshine?
The layers of clouds
That hide the sun in distant heaven
Could ever reach the worlds of the sun?

The sun is a giant living ball
That lights a hundred lightless worlds
Like a sole bright eye of a pitch-black heaven;
How the world of minute clouds
Reach the flames of the imperious sun,
Who guts all shams and burns all sins?

The sun is not in clouds,
But the eyes in clouds see so,
Those eyes lose shine in front of the light;
How can little frogs
Stretch beyond the clouds
And reach the truth of the sun's splendours?

For the eyes caught in hazy clouds,
The proud sun is dull and subdued
And humbled by valiant windstorms;
Crack the clouds and see outside;
The sun is as bright and fierce as ever,
Whom no clouds touch nor storms reach.

Clouds may come and clouds may go,
But the sun remains the same,
A bright glow, far removed from the earth,
In gay abandon of an unattached soul,
With floods of light, thrown all round
For those who see with unclouded eyes.

The sun, so hot, none endeavour to reach;
The sun, so bright, none open their eyes;
The sun, the tough, proud lonely splendour
Reigns over heaven in imperial grace;
None reach his height, none withstand his might,

But, win his heart or avoid his sight.

The scorching heat of his inmost core
Creeps like lava on uneasy skin
Thro' the layers of thick and black clouds;
His unsubdued heat
Rouses wild whirlwinds
That scatter clouds in the nether world.

Beyond the mortal measures, beyond praise and trials,
The sun shines forever;
Beyond minute clouds in the womb of black sky,
The sun shines forever;
For, the celestial glow should light the world
And meet universal goal.

ROUND OFF THE EDGES

A jewel, a diamond, indeed you are,
Though a few sharp edges unduly are there;
Round off the edges, you shine like a crown,
A hard grind indeed to polish to fine grain.

A peacock, you are, in a farm of fowls,
In regal gait amongst the flock of crooks;
You walk head held high to the shock of the fowls,
Who lock in fright in far-off nooks.

You fit-in to all roles like old leather soles,
You take on dry heat like southwesterly gales;
A post, you art, to rally for resurrection of souls,
A pillar that holds structures of valued goals.

You are as deeply bright as light, and algate right,
Immaculate, perfect and spotless white;
In worlds of dwarfs, you, stand as Everest,
In twists of the world, you, walk abreast.

Different you are, distinct from lay world,
Different in ways you perceive this world,
Different you think and different you judge,
Distinct you stand tall with distinguished edge.

But, round off the edges to shine like a crown,
Or else, all flock together to make you a clown;
They have the number, poor you, stand-alone there
And none there to share glory and to be fair.

NO DOORS STOP HIM

Death is a monster of many faces,
He springs from thin air and strikes hard;
Death steals life from the front of all eyes;
No doors stop him, no locks sperre him,
No hue and cry ever restricts his move;
Like colossus he comes, like colossus he leaves
With precious lives he chose for himself;
No fear or love, no wavering for him.

He strikes like a whimper and leaves back thunder,
None ever had quenched his infinite hunger;
He moves in in silence and wipes off rich life,
Leaves back hopelessness amidst bereaved lives.

IN MIDST OF YOUR SMILES

I know how hard you fought
And rose and fell with the cusps of fate
To reach all those who waited for you;
But you sank in the turbulent waves,
Never to rise and see us again.

I fell and rose always with you
And waited to grab when you surface again
And hide you in the deep crevices of my soul,
From where no odds snatch you from me;
But, alas, all of sudden, you stopped rising again.

Only if you rise to the surface once,
I never allow you to part again
And we rise and fall as one forever.

Life is a joy in midst of your smiles

And the world, a playground of contented souls;
But, alas, you just vanished from my world
And brought darkness and shattered my life;
The gulf, the fate laid is too wide for us
And your tender wings no more carry you across.

A WALL OF TIME

In the womb of deep slumber,
In the arms of unawareness,
Under the blanket of impregnable darkness,
You lie alone like the frozen hopes of a dying man,
Oblivious of the pain and grief doing riot,
Tired and eyes shut to the stabs of grief.

The bond of common pain binds us nearer;
I, on the visible side of the moon,
Find my pains stab in lunar rhythms,
While you, on the invisible side,
Hide from the stabs and wounds of grief
In the slow grind of the loneliness
And run with the time to far horizons.

I know, my cries never reach your ears,
A wall of time stands between us
And deepens our grief and common pain.

DESIRE

She is cute,
Brute,
Raw as hell inside,
No grace,
Yet, charming;
Like sterilized needle,
She penetrates unassuming hearts
And spreads in blood
Like rabies virus,
Fills all space
And dissolves in wakes and dreams.

She is pure pleasure,
A wild pleasure,
Bitter
Yet very sweet
Like forbidden fruit;
She is a streak of light
That swallows inner gloom;
A bunch of nerve tips
On a sensitised trip
In crude circuits
Of erratic haste,

Catch her
And rip her open;
A georgeous sight,
Gold hidden in mud
In dull sparkles;
The raw nature's pure strains
In all its splendours
In liquid charm
Stream and drip
To steaming blood
And raise hot boils in mind,
Complete with pus.

She calls to open arms
But bites and spits too;
Poisonous
Like deadly narcotics
And kills to sweet numb death;
She proffers her soul and body
To bait your life;
Yet the bait is worth to bite
To dissolve in her raw charm,
Though mired in musty, rancid sweat.

HUMANITY

Why make this world
A graveyard
Of dust, smoke and dying fires,
Of hunger and oppressive sufferings?
All is aplenty to feed all here;
Then, why this greed to apportion all
And bum alive in the pain of living,

The unfortunate souls:
Brothers, sisters, babies and neighbours,
Who too have blood as thick as all.

A farthing hole can sink a gigantic ship,
A spark can set a house on fire;
The pain and grief of a hapless soul
Can wash this earth with a sea of blood.

Open your heart, open your eyes,
An innocent child in cadaverous frame
Cries for food on the roadside:
A hapless mother
Offers her to greed
To save her child from the hunger's death;
No roof to hide, no cloth to cover,
No fire in heart to save honour;
Dirt and filth, sickness everywhere,
Dirt and filth, sickness everywhere,
Night is cold, day is hot,
All pain is suppressed in cheap liquors;
No job to work, no food to eat
While earful cries of hungry lads
In dirty shreds of torn rags
Shake the souls; No future ahead,
But unending hunger and failing hopes;
Why this curse on some of us?
Why this farce on humanity?

Demons eat the mankind
By rich and poor's cruel divide,
Satan enthrones on the divided earth
And rains the fires of hunger and death.

Gloom of pain pervades somewhere,
Sunshine of joy filters otherwhere,
How to build a bridge between?
Pain is pain for rich and poor,
Hunger burns inside all,
Comfort and ease are needs all seek;
Why one, in north and the other, in south?
Why both never meet and share all they have?

Awaken conscience,
Feel the lifeless life of numberless souls
That tear the peace of sensitive hearts
And revolt against the unjust god.

Let all live without pain,
Let a new peaceful age dawn,
No hunger, grief, unfulfilled needs,
Nor sickening pelf may ever it reach.

ON HAMPI

Hark the rock relics,
The grim granite blocks of old old days
Which proudly textured an empire's pomp,
Now air old fabled tales in distraught shreds,
Scattered, uncared, in huge wasteful rubbles,
Like ghosts that lost its resting place
And writhe in nightmares about old halcyon days.

The mute witness of man's pinnacle of splendours
And dizzy rise of creative efflux.
Bespeaks of man's feral rage to revenge fellow-men,
His bestial strength possessed of ravenous indulgence
In ravaging the fruition of centuries' steady growths.

Hampi did not die a senescent death,
But a horror's sad demise in young flowering days
While strength and charm all-sparkled in mad riots,
It was a facinorous brazen homicide;
Each harrowed shred of fallen Hampi
Sprightly throbs in mad quirks of youth;
It roars aloud its right to life
And relives the pomp, unmatched and unheard.

Hampi is calescent
Even in the midst of nerve-chilling rock relics
And breathes to life who larked and languished,
Made love and hate and laughed with the stones
And grieved with the stones in wild fits of passions,
Then held head raised in imperious grace,

In warm sunhine of imperial pomp,
In regal calumn of the niggling stale world,
Though borrowed and ignored now in saddish huge piles.

The squares where enemies dared not to tread in dreams
And the halls of rock-walls of imperious honours,
Now why, the fugacious fate has writ to breed vultures and thieves?
A living huge trove of blithe opulance of past,
Of jewelled art-makes and musics and dance,
Of frolic-rid talks of agile happy men,
Of high trade and sex and tinkles of arms,
Of stables and baths and unending water-ducts,
Look desolate and grey like a burial ground.

Once a busy bee-hive,
Now a sepulchre of lost splendour's heydays,
Which dared onslaughts of the nature's fury
For centuries on and centuries off,
But unmoved in strength and pristine charm;
Hampi pronounced its impregnable youthful pomp,
Undying but for concerted wild forays
Of savage brutes for months inccssent,
An all-out blood-curdling inhuman rapine;
Hampi now lies in glory's mute ruins,
Hampi now lies in glory's mute ruins,
Obtesting how elusive is rise and fall.

POET'S PRIDE

Oh, it is a quiet harmless pride
Of simple and innocent poet's heart;
It is the heat inside a hearth
That is cool and calm outward.

It can burn and engulf the steel,
Dissolve the earth to fluid dreams
While sits upright on the golden throne
Of the poet's safe candescent heart.

The poet's pride is on a tripped ride
While exposed on an open road,
Like a patient from a mental ward
With inward versus outward fight.

While expanding to far off horizons,
Poet's pride is light like birds;
While grim like clouds,
It cools and pours confidence around.

It is a strange candescence inside
That exposes nuances of the self;
It is a strange candescence inside
That seizes shams from its shades.

Poet's pride is frozen enlightenment,
Pure and thick fog of innocence;
Poet's pride is a cleansing holy fire
That melts gold to give it shine.

Warm like a dear darling's hug,
Cold like Antarctic ice-shelf,
Soft like gold and hard like steel,
The poet's pride is humility in disguise.

It creeps like cool breeze
Or sweeps like a tempest;
It spreads sweet fragrance
Or leaves back sad wreck.

A rare grace of imbalance is pride
In the deepest caves of a poet's mind,
The eerie smoke of the poetic brood
Fills the air with a soothing indolence.

Poet's pride soars like a kite in the sky
While calm reflections delve to the self;
Poet's pride dips deep when hurt
While the sham world ignores his worth.

Pride is a wall that blocks path
Of easy virtues for a speedy flourish,
A riddle of likes and dislikes is pride,
Where walks a poet with royal grace.

The poet's pride, his strength and worth,
A protective sheath that absorbs shocks;
The poet's pride, his being's depth,
Whence uprises his poetic breadth.

THE TRANSCIENT WORLD

You brought thousand sparks of hopes and fears,
But left darkness while you moved to the wings
And showed how transient the cosmic play is!

Nothing is everlasting in this transient world,
Yet you would have waited a little while more;
For, who comes first must leave the stage first
And wait in queue till all in front left in turns;
But you jumped queue and left in unnatural haste
And left us to grope all life in darkness with grief.

THUGS

The rag gang of legal thugs,
Boisterous bed-bugs,
Alas, as police,
Creep on the clean world as vice,
Of all, to roll the rule of law,
For all, but them!
For all, but them,
Who, from outer space,
In vacuum of insight's sunshine or good fence
Or pride or reasons' hold,
Sweep the good old world,
Like mad mafia dons
Whack innocence all round
For the sake of bad belly.

The shady owls shun sun-lights,
The blind bats hang like ghosts
On barren branches of waste human fossils;
For, they fear light in any form,
For, they hear threats from inner light
That tinds rare fire
In the hearth of conscience
That resolves to gray ash of repentance,
The witless past and spineless presence;
They live in ignorant holes of complacence
Like rotten rats,
Oblivious of heights or depths outside
And strengths of sprite;
But, ready to shun sunshine anywhere.

The dirk packs of life bounce
With vile spikes of intrigues and pounce
On rare, proud liberated souls
That come out of sickly choky holes
To force to conform to infirmity;
For, instinct to mass crass survival
Binds in force all police ranks;
They wait and wag like dogs
Or bark and bite like dogs
On merits of leash you hold,
Or the bits of bread loaves in hand,
But, treat not a man like man,
Nor a law as law,
Nor heart nor cerebrum concern them;
Lo, an intruder!
They flock like hungry wolves,
Tear him apart and gorge to nought.

They are stupid sand bags,
Drained of wet emotions inside,
No dints, heavy weight, waste bulks;
They act in violent rattles of spasms
Like a broken diesel engine;
They rifle through crime world
To squeeze out benefits from lawless land;
Yet, not all so bad,
Gold dusts do hide in wads of earth
As rare isolated sparkles;
Wherefore the straw-ball rolls yet
Along the woof 'neath the net
Of a credible force.

THE NIGHT IS INFINITE

The night is infinite, finite is light,
Who created the night? who brought light to light it?
What bang is it that that crept light over the night?
Who split spitfire to billion shapes, and spread
In ever-expanding nooks and comers of the night?

Who, but the night, sustains the infinite space?
Who, but the night, brought light to light over it?
Who else, but the night, split spit-fire to billion shapes

And threw it with a bang to the time's eternal edge
And saw itself in glory of manifesting as infinite space?

In what distant time, broke out the night from womb,
And to what distant realm will it move in this great swell?
Who made it that deep? who made it mat broad?
Who is that made the night infinite in twosome with the time?
Who else, but the night, in the bustle of cosmic boom!

Heaven's eyes pierce holes, so the million stars, across
The endless stretch of night, the ephemeral bright days
Burst out of these holes, sprout the seeds of life;
The night mothers life, light fathers life to the world,
They, in divine entwinement, bounce life on this Earth.

CEASELESS STRUGGLE

Why make life a sad ceaseless struggle
From the rootless birth to the lightless death?
The spark of life, too short for strifes,
Why burns red-hot with no lights anywhere?
The light that glows from the birth to death,
Let spread to the world in quiet strength
In cool bright glow of grace and refrain;
Let passions cool and reasons prevail
To build a bridge between two ends
In the bright light of undisturbed peace.

Why the world is rife with strifes
With rotten race for imaginary Crumbs?
For what, these strifes, for what, this race,
It not for course of undisturbed peace?
How gulfs dug help an easy smooth walk?
Plug man-holes with trust, contentment
And walk your path with quiet confidence,
The road leads nowhere, the path is all goal,
Build your roads for long calm path
Where you tread like a king who vanquished all greeds.

No war brought glory to human race,
No street-fight brought peace anywhere near;
The strains of struggle like old cobwebs
Fill inner world with unclean fear, pain;
It defile life's temple, dim inner light

And light long flames of black passions:
The calm, lush field of leisurely confidence
Crumbles to a land of sultry dust-storm,
Blind to reason and dumb to faith
Where race for hell is learnt impulse.

Struggle breeds struggle, never peace or love,
Struggle breaks heart, struggle breaks trust,
Struggle breaks nerves to crack life's pleasures,
Struggle leads to struggle, to end in sad struggle
Where gain and loss, both end in deep grief!
Strifes do rise along peaceful course
Like poisonous smoke of a craft's space-lift,
To be shied and shun along the forward thrust;
Spread your wings and enjoy the flight
That carries you to sky in leisurely joy.

SHINING BRIGHTER THAN EVER

Though the world inflicted bleeding wounds,
You wavered not on the path you trod;
Though the world shut you up in a dark cell,
You lost not the sight of the dreams of the life;
Though the world abused and scorned your life,
You stepped not out from living in whole.

You played with stars, moved with galaxies
And breathed gale and swept clouds aside;
While the world pulled you to side-wings,
You walked like a colossus in the center-stage.

While the world threw scorns and disgrace on you,
It fell short and failed to stick;
While the world threw you to burning fire,
You rose from there shining brighter than ever.

ALLOY

Soft and sweet fruit lures insects,
Hard and sour stuff is safe in distaste;
Smile and kind heart shares sufferings,
But, fails to build a safe and sturdy fence.

Have fire in heart to match cool and decisive mind
And incinerate shams in inner cauldron;
Have forts built and trenches dug
To trip the inflow of intruders.

Have a gentle core in a hard thick shell,
To suffer the access of playful lazy bugs;
Disguise noble strains in a handy little pill,
For worthy souls to distil and imbibe.

Shine like the sun with a hot corona,
To stall space-flights at safe distance;
Look for signs with an incisive open mind
To prewise and prepare for unwanted intrusions.

Defenceless treasure is a looters' paradise;
An, innocent young girl, left on the open street,
Dissolves in misuse of the immoral greedy world;
For, the world is made to strike easy marks.

Bind conscience in a steel-rimmed frame
Till ripe time comes for conscience to stand up;
Mount your heart on untamed savage horse
Until you find right place to dismount from it.

Mix noble gold with baser mean copper,
Fix gentle charm with ruthless stick of power
To make noble strains hard, gentle and firm
And hard while noble and firm while gentle.

Like a water spring on a rocky terrain,
Let warm clear soul spring sudden pleasures
To illumine the dour world with lasting streams of joy
Thro' the hard and firm facade of sweat and tears.

Build walls, post guards round the clock,
Screen strangers for honest motives;

Brief right men and lead right inside,
Where the spectre of god sits in faint divine light.

THE PATH OF LIFE

The road is indeed endless
Though runs straight and indefinite,
Where I must walk all my life;
All is not well along the path,
Yet, the sojourn must pass unperturbed
Day and night, in rain and heat;
Narrow lanes, inroads, sudden turns,
Rises and falls are the twists of the tryst;
Mud roads, road-blocks and hard surfaces
Come and go along the path;
Why curse the course, why berate fate
For distinct characters that mould the world?

A path is a means to traverse with time,
An accessible means that carries to a goal;
Till limbs are in hold and will sticks still,
'I' only matters and 'distance' matters
Though the vagaries of path do bring some mirth
And spur to haste and run sometimes.

Nothing stunt sojourn, nothing block smooth ride,
Nor shorten nor lengthen the path of goal,
Nor build within, nor crackle confidence,
Nor refresh the life, nor bring new light;
Why dawdle away days on immament features?
Why weep while fall, why laugh while climb?
Why twist in discomfort of rain and heat?
Walk insulated from outside with trust in self,
'Tis the path for contented walk.

Whatever may come, whatever may go,
Whatever on the path is in store as fate,
I must walk as always I am;
Proud of self and diligent of walk,
I tread the path that comes in front;
Whatever at back, bears my print,
Whatever in front, conforms to inner strength.

No fog flags, no road-blocks sag
Calm and contented steady stride;

Dust and sweat may cover my form,
Rain and heat may weather the frame,
But calm confidence forever zooms,
Pride and courage, larger loom
In soul, while I walk all alone
In own strength, on own road,
Where I am the king on own right,
Where I am right on own thought;
A dear little devil in evil world,
A rare little angel in free world,
I grow not without commitment
To grow in peaceful compromise.

No hops, no shakes, no dazzles and winds
Weaken roots deep 'neath the ground,
No hopes, no plaudits, no spurs for smooth sail
Do or fordo the stoic balance,
For, I know my path and know my goal
And ride in steady stride to my tryst.

A humble walk in simple tread
Meets its tryst in pride indeed;
A prompted march to race ahead
Meets its Waterloo in shattered mind.

AN INVINCIBLE SPIRIT

Like a tall peepal tree, he stands
Above thorny cactus bush,
Like the polar star, he sits
Among twinkles of little stars;
A giant mountain of wave, he is,
That sweeps unkempt thousand wavelets;
Like a rock, he rules a secular land
In the center of an oily desert
Where American rats and British cats
Have Arab slaves in tight leashes;
No Japanese might, no European threat
Touch his hair,
Soviet protests, the UNO's quests
In the black sea lost;
He, as firm as a rocky fort
That no CIA can ever breach,
Stood up in lonely mighty splendour
To the world's double moral standards.

He stood like a man in face of odds
In contempt of vested cunning might
In show of inner strength
In stilled silence in face of world clamours;
Success or no success,
War or no war,
He defied self-assumed leadership
Of American arrogant military might
Over the weak and meek sovereigns
That went on knees on submission
To the rich nation's superior will.

In military strength or statesmanship,
He subdued the best;
In running the land or oil politics,
He stood up to the world;
A king of kings in Arab world,
Of lion's heart in camel's desert,
He showed to the world what pride is about.

While oil burns in Arab lands,
He sits on flames like unbroken confidence;
While the oily greed of mighty nations,
Built a wall of starvings around him,
He bore assaults like a warrior king;
No reprisals of haste, not an inch compromise,
A giant in might, a genius on own right,
He drove mighty lands to a hopeless strait
Of painful war or loss of credit.

Panama is a sovereign where aliens took its chief;
It is a sin as many more there to count,
Yet, why only one at a sinner's behest,
More of sin for the seize of the world?
How reasons are drugged in the east and the west
On the might's vile political will?

He bore the torch, all alone,
While big and small lined like lies
To dim his light and dull his might
In obeisance to the self-assumed world command;
He accepted new role
To challenge vested groups,
As an uncrowned mighty world leader.

Of steely resolve and rocky courage
As none the world has seen before,
Immoral in war, he is like all,
Yet, just in immoral to make a point to the world
Unlike weak and unjust wanton immorals,
Who vanquished smaller states and captured presidents
To test military strengths;
But, all shrink to nought before the giant invincible spirit.

SOUL OF BEAUTY

See her not with eyes, see her by insight,
Eyes are dull to pierce her form,
Eyes are weak to catch her fragrant soul;
She is too deep for the shallow little eyes,
Cup after cup, eyes measure her form,
An infinite spring of charm, she is.

See her not with eyes shut too,
Open both eyes and drink her contours,
Those form, charm, shapes and slopes,
Those face, grace, poise and peace;
Feast the eyes to trust it all,
Feast the eyes to trust it all;
Miss not a piece of the masterly craft,
Miss not the soul of the exquisite art;
Each stroke of her shape, unequalled in joy;
Each sweep of her form, a divine sway;
Only soulful eyes feel the gentle charm,
Dissolve in the form and dwell in the frame.

See her by insight with open eyes,
Grab her inside with eyes and insight;
A jewel of beauty in the nature's treasure,
A precious piece of immortal pleasure,
Divinity, devolved on the earth, she is;
Seek her soul with all your soul,
Inhale her whole to reach your soul,
See every form in her sweet frame;
Beauty, she is wherever you meet,
Joy, she is, wherever you reach;
Open your senses, keep open your heart,
She enters the soul like an inconceivable gentle bride.

What subtle contours make her graceful soul?

What magic juice flows in her veins
And makes her rare splendour, what it is?
What is that sweet fluid grace
That streams out of her delightful moves?
What concinnous soft organic orchestra
Creates this wonder in the name of soul?
She is not just beauty, the soul of beauty;
She is charm in human frame
That devolved on the earth to make all happy;
Divine, her beauty, divine, she is,
A soulful music, a fragrance from the graceful heaven.

CYCLES

Day passes to night, night, to bright day,
Spring, to dull autumn, to spring autumn gives way;
Death follows life, while life, perchance death,
Struggles to beat off, inscrutable world's neath;
For, all, everywhere, move in little cycles,
Cycles 'neath cycles, in cosmic giant clock
And old breeds new, new recycles to old,
Swings nature's soul, incessantly back and forth.

Are these cosmic games, what the nature plays in cycles,
Or little crafty tricks in the giant cosmic process
Of cycles winding cycles to higher energy levels
To navigate the cosmos to its ultimate recess?
In cycles 'neath cycles, how they come to cosmic dictated stop?
How they all come to terms with the final hop
To the inscrutable and subtle divine cosmic will,
Where all move in cohesion in uncanny cosmic drill?

Where this procession moves, none therein know,
Where this train crawls, no clues anywhere show;
Who set the cosmic will, who set the cosmic drill,
What soul oversees all, who set the ball to roll,
What cosmic mind behind, for what that ultimate end,
Cycles 'neath cycles revolve in larger rounds
And a giant cosmic journey all these so compound,
Knows, only the ring-master, who lives above all bounds.

Ceaseless the journey proceeds, to reach the inscrutable goal
In unending vacuum space, where no time or space exist,
Where no direction-signs exist, all is all and whole there,
No right or wrong has a place, no motion ever count,

A motionless sojourn in gradient infinite space
Embraces all processes in evolution's eerie race
Where the present bearing the future, evolves to newer spheres
And leads the cosmos ever nearer to the divine master.

LOVE AND LIFE

Love and life pull the poetic cart
To the inner gates of the dreamer's hearts;
Breeze of life with the fragrance of love
Makes dreamland a gardener's paradise
Where tiddy seedlings and tiddy saplings,
Plants and trees and long creepers,
Some with fruits, some with lovely flowers
Of myriad hues and eyeful colours
Enchant hearts and awaken souls
To the lush real world of love and life.

Drummers of life and flautists of love
Blend their tunes to soulful music;
Rhythms of life, gentle rhymes of love,
Deep silence of grief, sweet whispers of joy,
Sublimes of epics, light creeps of lyrics
Weave a fabric of unworldly wonders,
Where heat of realities meet the cool of thoughts
To spawn a warm world of creative charm;
Life is sweet melody, love is deep stir,
Thay together make poems of sweet endearments.

Love and life in rhythmic words
Fly on fancy like little birds;
New visions appear, new imageries arise
To create a heaven more divine than full-moon;
Love is alive and life is loveable while
Poetic soft flight touches in all sides
And indistinct goes the real world;
It is a hive of sweet love and life,
It is a hive of sweet love and life,
Fresh honey there drips if gently flipped.

Bones of life and flesh of love.
Sprout what a grace of feminine charm!
Stones of life and mortars of love.
Edges of life and corners of love,
Create what wonders of architectural designs!

Warps, of life and woofs of love
Texture what designs of artistic pleasures!
In dance of words, in rhythms of pregnant words
In shades, hues and nuances of words,
Worlds are built of fragrance and music.

UNEQUALLED IN HUMAN RACE

A live fulcrum to fall upon,
Rammed deep to the self's mould,
Around which all worlds revolved,
Be it joy or grief or fear,
Was he that, for them, all along his life.

He stood tall like a banyan tree
And protected from rain, heat and wind,
Shed branches and leaves, dried himself
In quiet patience of a mammoth self
To keep his off springs in cool restful shade.

Winds and floods did ravage his face
And dint confidence,
Winds and floods did ravage his face
And dint confidence,
But never his resolve to guard his chicks.

Upright like white,
Soft like full-moon light,
He stood like a fence of wrought-iron sturdiness
'Tween good and bad and right and wrong
With himself as the cynosure to guide forward.

A noble height in the ladder of honour,
A sacred depth of awe and love from all,
He bartered pelf for grace and self,
He bartered comforts to guard his world
And shone very bright in rectitude's sunshine.

He stalked like a lion in royal grace
In a land of little savage beasts,
He walked along in measured gaits
Not to hurt even an innocent soul
And stood all alone like a beacon and shed light.

He, a sacred temple,

Where all came for peace and comfort
And a valued pleasant friendship too;
No low or high ever touched him,
He gave what he had and won them all.

He might have now crossed seven seas
And traversed across to good judgment;
But he is always he,
Unequalled in all human race
Across the time's myriad barriers.

BLIND BLOT

When I brood how my road is riddled
With blocks, rocks and illegal barriers
From the day one, every day, all along the way,
And tore my talents and bore insults all days
For no worthwhile reasons, but spite and jealous,
For the fear of the Sun fading million little stars,
I, but, pity the perpetrators, for their foolish play,
For, all their struggles on a field of wet clay
Mire their limbs and waste their strengths;
I negotiate riddles and pass, though delayed.

Yet, I brood, alas, my road is riddled
With blocks, rocks and illegal barriers
And the summation of summer, wasted over it
And rendered my armour torn, soil'd and breached;
I bled days and nights, though it cleansed my soul,
Making me dearer to the Maker of all;
Yet, I brood, alas, my road is riddled,
For, it tarnished my light in material eyes, less tall
Made than most little dwarfs dancing around,
Who shoot high above as firecrackers.

Nay, it ever diminishes me in my eyes,
For, I know my talents as my Maker does;
Yet, the Maker and me are not all that life counts;
Depth and breadth don't bring the necessary height,
And belated height won't make up the lost days;
What I bled shall remain a blotch on my soul
And remain a blot on my life as a whole;
This, perchance, what the Maker made me for, a lamp

With a knot of blind blot in the flame's heart
And I must carry on with what the Maker ordained me for.

HE IS NOT LIKE ALL

He is not like all,
Jumps, bounces, falls and rises next minute,
Not a moment here, not a moment there,
Yet, he is found everywhere.

Only threat holds him anywhere
That too for a minute,
Next minute, he is again everywhere;
A magician,
Impossible like a giant once,
Creeps and escapes like a mouse next,
No thousand eyes can fix him for long;
Shouts, screams and sudden laughs
Spurt on the cusps of anger and joy.

He is not next what he is now,
Nor now what he was a moment back,
A fast changing face of the mood himself;
No reasons now, all reasons next,
In the splendid colours of own thoughts;
Everything is deep, everything is fresh,
Everything is a wonder in his little world;
A bully now, kind hearted next,
No lasting emotions ever reach his soul.

Like morn dew, he is,
Untouched and unattached,
Yet, roots himself deep in the world around;
A wonder indeed,
The creation's most creative skill
In moods, thoughts and ever-changing spirit.

He is a riddle,
One cannot figure what is what in him;
If one says no, he always says yes,
And when one says yes, he algate, no;

He is love itself, pure and fresh.

He insists his way,
Yet, not arrogant
He is the flow of the unconstrained soul;
He indeed is hard to deal,
Yet, a pleasure to deal,
He is a pleasing labour for all of us.

No dull and grim moment with him;
He dances and dances our hearts too
Like twinkles of stars
In the spread of the unending sky overhead;
An island of warm and refreshing joy
In the tumult of the ocean of life.

He is a wondrous magic light
In the world of everyday experiences;
New meanings of life,
He, his acts unfold algate;
Never a moment dull and wasted in him,
Never a feeling of worn soul;
He is the greatest physician I ever saw,
His smiles, a tonic,
His talks, a treat,
His touch, a spellbinding magical cure,
He is a celestial physician for all.

Never a moment quiet, yet calm and peaceful,
Never a moment restful, yet a joyous soul;
This is what he does, this is how he fills us
In the life's gross pell-mell.

A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

We live in a beautiful world,
Subtly beautiful indeed
In its charades,
Spontaneous nodes
And impish outbursts
As absurd medleys

All round,
Set in a system
Of co-existence
Where love throbs within hatred,
Peace breathes within strifes
And compassion runs through savage thoughts
In celestial balance
Of interminate charm.

We live in a world
Riddled with riddles
In every pace
From the Earth to the space;
The birth is riddled with death,
Death with birth,
Life inbetween is strife;
Fright, pain and unending travail,
All warped to a beauty's fabric
Like a new-moon starry sky
Where an unseen order guides layout
To instate beauty's soul
In every cog of the time's wheel
Across the absurd riddles of the sky.

'Tis an organic charm,
'Tis imperceptible beauty
That dissolves evils,
Woes, wraths, envies, rivalry,
Pleasure, mercy, wisdom,
To a nebulous indolence
To spawn a world of melodious sloth
Like poppy's dreamy juice;
It dims beauty's shade
That removes sweats, balms pains
And prise incongruous shells
To shell out kernels of perfect melody
That breathe in absolute beauty.

AN ABYSS 'TWIXT TWO WAKEFUL STATES

O young sister of death and lovely mistress of midnight,
Thou breedeth millions dreams of wondrous pigments, giveth side by side
Ripples of gentle woes from the womb of endless past;
O the icon of the rest and the springboard of easeful sweet, thou embraceth
All in magical sweep of poppy-obliviousness.

O the Lady of inaction,
O the lovely daughter of tired soul,
Thou, the bestower of freshness, the bearer of unworldly dreams,
The eternal transitor from old to the new welcome world, an abyss
'Twixt two wakeful states and its bridge too!
Thou art life and death, though both of it, thou art neither in exact state,
But, a soothing gentle knot that keeps both in right field.

Sleep keeps mind and body synchronized to soul's sweet state,
And opens new world each time full of life, vigour and bounce.

CREATION

Nought comes out of nought,
Vacuum breeds vacuum
Unless third hand intervenes
To stir the nature from her deep sleep,
To dig deep to the little hive of thick passions
And create new worlds.

It is all an infinite void
Where nothing sprouts by itself;
It is all a cause and effect world
Where no newness has place;
No creations, no fusions end freshness,
But, still, dull jumps, here and there.

No grass shoots in deserts
Till clouds form and dropp as rain
And soak land with deep passions
From invisible worlds;
Shocks from nowhere bring life's sparks
And creations spurt from absolute nought.

The infinite space is sheer darkness
Where life tinds while lights interfuse;
New worlds are born, creations surface
While new strains break from grey void
Where void is no void anymore,
But a fertile womb of creative fusion.

HEAT AND LIGHT

Some filaments give light without heat
While others end up with heat without light;
Some minds produce visions without emotions
While others, emotions without worthy visions.

Heat and emotions suck energies and waste
In measures light and visions never dare;
Heat and emotions flow to catharise in mad haste
While light and visions in slow and abundant care.,

The heat of emotions glides blindfold
Through narrow dark lanes in mechanical spasms;
The light of visions lays measured gaits
On fields where grow no poisonous thorns.

No past and future stir the nest of emotions,
Where heat lies in isolated, day to day life;
Visions draw past and future's to a confluence
Where light lights the lamp of foresight.

Emotions are explosions and hurl missiles,
Visions are implosions and sharpen missiles;
Emotions are temporal and are deaths,
While visions, future and birth and life.

Those float raw on surface are emotions,
Those sink and ripe in mind are visions;
The emotions splash naked oh face with heat,
Visions brew and pick in right time and spot.

Emotions are flushed out as wastes
To absterge ruffled entrails,
Visions sublimate as thoughtful acts
And enrich Self with directions.

Emotions, like black clouds on the sky,
Pour down with strong wind and thunders
Till sky clears up with bright sunshine
While the Earth is hung with ferocious flood.

Visions are spectrum of sodium lamp
That spreads to bands of pregnant shades
For wise choices from wide ranges

To plan goals and decide strides.

Emotions cloud soul while visions, cleanse;
Emotions close roads while visions form path,
Emotions are storms while visions, cool breeze;
So, absorb emotions to recycle to visions.

HIS SMILE FLOODS TREASURE

He is small child,
Though by nature mild,
Turns ferociously wild
While challenged and nail'd.

He is very kind;
Like lovely lily, his mind,
So gentle nowhere you find;
But, put him somewhere in a bind,
Lo, you find the southwesterly wind,
In thunders sweeping blind;
And awful energies he unwinds.

My true friend;
Like sweet summer wind,
He flutters my soul out to joyous kind
And fills warmth and hopes and enriches mind.

He is my dream, he is life's cream,
A stream of élan vital in full bloom;
He brings back wings lost in life's battles
Those carry soul high to fulfillment and settles;
Lyric of heart, he is, its soft sweet glow,
My earful song in its honey'd flow;
In his charming spells, super-human I grow.

A responsible boy,
Call him teachers with true joy;
To mind his class, he is the only boy
Teachers entrust and he attends to everybody's joy.
A little bundle of energies,

Streamlined in strategic synergies;
He bends left and right and
Everywhere shows his hand;

Like a subtle magical wand,
He creates uncreated world
And vanishes uinvanishable world.

Abhors, he rest,
Busy always in his little nest,
Where everybody except him is a guest;
He spins his own world beyond East and West.

Leader, he is for his age,
Among his folks, a true sage,
Who can run thro' any maze
Without anxieties, haste or rage;
Like Sun, my son shines in intense blaze,
Yet, sits comfortable in restrictive cage
Raised for him on my scheme's page.

He is wet clay,
He moulds as you play;
Be pleasant, he so lies himself all day,
Be bright, he beams all day bright ray.

His presence brings pleasure,
His smile floods treasure
Of holy contentment in abundant measure;
His talks in joyous leisure
Relieve all pressures; He is my polar star,
The core of all, be it near or far.

He is a sweet little rose,
A bright little lily, sweet jasmines, all close,
Blossoming the soul thro' touch, sight and fragrance
And bringing divinity down in exhilarating dose.

Dear of all, he is the pet of most,
His presence among lots is, oh, never lost;
His mother's pet, his father's best,

Most adored with teachers, rever'd almost;
Dearest to friends and neighborhood's light,
Even unfamiliar souls, him, fill in heart;
His warmth and charm, his essential might.

Give him a test,
He is always the best
Among any group, and far above the next,

In game or skill or wisdom or jest.

Best among friends for him is book,
His devotion there is something to look;
Knowledge and thoughts metamorphosed to insight,
Insight with intellect gives out true talent,
Talent with wise acts put him beyond all,
Installs as live deity in victory's hall;
He is friend of friends and rises very tall.

He is an ingrained teacher
Of the Nature's exquisite features;
Spirit and practices constitute culture,
That radiates from his sweet nature.

In forefront he is in brain or brawn;
He represents an assured happy dawn
Of the brightest day in time's fold;
He is bright, noble, sheer gold,
Within, fresh dew, soft, pure and cold;
Outward, hard diamond's unshaken hold;
In and out, he is in synchronized mould.

HONESTY

Honesty is hallowed straight road,
Though dull, tiresome and slow;
A sure road to reach one's goal,
Though fruits come in bits and sweats.

A hundred roads open to a goal:
Those fast and smooth, with painless rides;
Those jump and trip honest race,
End in unending circuitous pursuits.

A straight, smooth run brings ultimate win,
For, straight path alga is the shortest path;
Though breaks to limelight while referees are asleep,
Those who foul rules, crawl out of the game.

Whitewash peels off and wall bares itself,
Cosmetic thins off and nature bears itself;
Time wears artifice and guards honest thing
That meets its goal in calm royal pace.

Honesty is like fresh water drops,
Neither sour nor salt nor bitter nor sweet,
But, cool and calm, yet, warm, fulsome
That quenches all thirsts in pure, simple streaks.

Honesty is lucid path, honesty is confidence.
The will to earn every bit of gain;
Honesty is steely pride, honesty is rare passion
To prove the Self equal to task.

Honest labour is lush like nectare,
Honest success is paradise regained,
A joyous return to natural habitat
Like visit of fullmoon after weeks of travail.

JUSTICE

Justice begotten in exchange is no justice,
For, exchange is trade,
A distressing gain through loss;
Justice is inherent right,
Though wrapped in black packs
In dark hall of race for survival
Like gold strains bound in mud
Till exploited;
She is cool like ice
And still like rock;
No easy road to charm her soul
While hardship makes her no more justice.

She, in inaccessible moon,
She, in inaccessible moon,
She, in inaccessible moon,
A charming dream of undying hopes.

She appears by disappearance
And cracks confidence;
You feel her flight outward
While strange shadows dull your Self;
You cannot catch her back,
You cannot catch her back,
For, in outward flight, she sinks to darkness
Where eyes blind
And distance rises;
Your hands, raised for justice,

Grope in hopeless void till strain
And give up unending fight forever
As dreams never win realities of deceits;

You see her in shades
In gloom's dark sea;
She surfaces from night's unending darkness
Like hopeless inaccessible mirage
In your eyes
While the world sees there plain darkness;
She is unseen to all
She is unseen to all, but,
You, who lost her out;
Men seek justice
In passion's thousand hues,
As she is invisible otherwise;
Aye, justice hides from justice
And breeds injustice.

Why justice is shackled to greed and bribe?
Why justice is fished out from popular mood?
Lost in thick jungle of lightless night,
Like rat, caught in the sack of death,
Like deer, caught in lion's lair,
She never reaches Self by herself.

Justice is the just haunt of nature's all games
What man for his crave molests and tames.

Justice must be just for all to see
In glow of crystal brightness
And impose herself in natural ease
Like flood seizes low-lying lands
And fill all pits of man's callousness;
It is justice of course,
It is justice in natural haunt,
That none gain by trade
Nor lose ever.

For, justice that limps in darkness is justice dead,
A corps you can never infuse life with.

Alas, justice lives feeble life
And yields to injustice in comfort;
It haunts as ghost after death
As if seeking rebirth

To live again weightless life
With no passion for just path,
Nor for anything just and fair.

Justice with no heart for truth,
Justice with no dash for right cause
Is justice dead indeed.

HIGH TIDES

Like high tides my heart rises today,
Small and huge waves of pleasure
Wash the soul and recede to sea,
Me left afresh and aglow with spirit.

Like wooly winter clouds wait sprightly spring,
A subtle expectation seizes my heart;
Like the flashes of lightening in rainy, cool night,
Unknown hopes light across my world.

On wings of burning fires within,
My moods rise to the infinite sky;
Melodies of life, bright colours of the world
Flood my blood like day-break's bright flames.

The Being warms up to bright white vapours
And spreads to my world like candescent glow;
A fluid dance kicks my sweet numb limbs
And I glow in infinite speechless joy.

A speck of fire in incredible strenght,
Somewhere inside consumes me all
In the pain of ceaseless intense joy
That deliquesces me to nebulous sweetness.

BEING

You are not what others think of you,
You are not what others make you to be,
But, what you think and make of you;
You are you, be on hills or in dales,
You are you, be on the Earth or in air
Or on unending billows of turbulent ocean,

Like steel is steel in old cart or new car,
Or gold is gold in crown or 'neath flames;
No crown makes gold, gold; no car, steel, steel;
Nor flames make gold, base; no cart, steel, wood.

Wherever you be, you, always you are,
Like sunshine on temple or burial ground;
Wherever you stand, you stand your own,
Like hills always in spring and winter;
It is, you make you and not where you stand,
Nor what others do nor how time contrives;
Lions, deep in dense wild oar on open land
Or in own dens or in circus rings, lions to the core;
No blood-splitting wounds turn them to hares,
Nor lashes of masters have dogs out of them.

You are as deep as your bone-marrow,
You are as stable as skeleton is,
Whatever posture you acquire for comfort;
Flesh may flex and tan tone may change
In weather that changes from time to time,
But, you are you, in all weathers;
No chill contracts and no heat stretches you,
No stress ever breaches what you really are;
You are you and your responses are you
That make you, you; distinct you.
Temple makes no flower holier
While death, no flower less and uglier;
For, flower is flower, wherever it be
And flower is gentle, whatever it does;
So, you are, what you make of you
And not what others make of you;
Be the wild fire that burns within you
And the warm fluid that creeps in heart;
Be the flash of spark that lights your thought
And the sweet strengths that meet the soul.

You may walk on horizons or sit on flames
Or split water sheet or dive to hell,
But, you be you, wherever be you;
Have diamond- hard stamp on whatever you,
Like holy, kind words of a saintly soul,
Or rhythmic, sweet melodies of classical song,
Or definite colour spectrum of distinct ray;
No diamond breaks or bends in hot fire
And no gold gapes open while raps fall on face

And no steel ever cracks weights on its head.

Iron may soften while red-hot on flames,
Glass may crack while strokes disturb calm;
But, not you, if you are proud, real you;
You are you in wholes, splinters and dusts,
In solids, fluids and invisible vapours,
Who true to you, algate radiate you
In defiance to constraints to diffuse;
Every bit, you, in loud bangs,
You are you, in change, in resistance too,
In defeat, success and rise and fall.

No acid nor base should corrode you,
No termite of greed should eat up inside,
No madness to fly should lose you in heaven
If you love the warmth of being you;
Keep safe your temple from inside and outside,
Keep strong your kingdom against temptations
With walls of will, rising high upto sky
Lest base streams flow from all sides, inside
To alloy noble you to what you are not
And far baser, less warm and distant always.

You, as you, are like the king on his throne,
While you, not you, like the king in enemy's hands;
You are pure like gold and radiant like the Sun;
None dull your luster, none reach your land
If you root your Being in what you are;
The road may ascend or descend to a slope,
The route may turn East and west next time,
But, you reach your goal till you root in you;
No shocks of griefs and no despairs come,
For, you, in you, are strength and confidence.

No wind touches bird that is safe in its nest
Unlike birds lost in gale in open sky;
Light continues to light till parts from its lamp;
You light your lamp and find your path,
You light your lamp to uncover Being
And walk away in bright glow, in confident strides
Along the path on which you are doomed to tread,
Unalloyed, uncorrupted and pure as distilled water;
You must keep to you like water to its well,
Where, if one is lost, both are really lost.

It be cloud or sunshine, you steer your way
Or fall apart in your own way
Like thunder that breaks or dies in hissing whimper;
No butchering you and no dithering you
To bend on knees to the surrounding moods;
For, you being you, the only truth of you;
Where you are not you, there is nothing you,
Nothing to lose, nothing to gain,
But, death, more void than real death
And void, more deadly than real void.

CHANGE

Nothing is still
In this fast changing world,
Days change and seasons change,
So change the hues of variegated sky;
Fogs thin as day brightens
And warmth packs the Earth and sky;
New lands rise from dark horizons,
New shines flash, new lamps light,
A flood of changes seize the world
And new world unfolds.

Fall leads to steep rise
As winter, to warm spring
For, the nature's subtle pleasures lie here;
A good night sleep refreshes next day,
A hard day's labour sweetens night's rest;
All must change a day once,
So the horrid, circuitous tunnel some day
Opens wide to light and fresh air;
A new world of infinite beauty
Waits to charm at the inferno's mouth.

The old world gives way to new world
In the splendours of a warm day,
New heavens of unmeasured breadth
Surface from nowhere,
New wings shoot to raise sky high
And sunshine pursues footsteps;
Doors unlock paths to dear dreams,
Where no fence parts life from dreams;
Pure light is the charm of change
That lifts ill-struck to a blessed world.

Blessings come from all sides
In floods and windfalls,
All clouds part and dissolve
To unfold pure Heaven in unending light;
Nothing remains the same thereafter,
Neither the frozen mood nor the limping hours,
Nor recurring shocks of heart-break,
For, the changed world is a world apart
Where all, in an upward surge,
Lits eternity to a familiar land.

Fortunes change the land 'neath the feet,
The moods of the sky overhead,
The hues of the air, the shades of the light,
The tunes, birds spread early in the dawn;
For, fortunes change soul,
The notes of its subtle songs,
Sights change, tastes change, musics change,
Warmth and scent, even emotions change,
Though nothing changes but the time's cycle,
All is in change to create new world.

CHARM

She is pretty and wild,
Her sparkling skin, in sheen of gold,
Nestles her dour, staid self,
She is young and aloof,
Her fragrant flesh is refreshingly taut;
Her pleasing, fluid shape, cold inside.

She lures impossible toughs too
And holds captive of time
Like moths caught in dazzles of lamp
That neither escape nor sink,
But, in unending whirls,
Run to exhaustion.

Sweet, fluid rhythms of charm
Ride to human heart
And melt soul to dulcifluous passion
That dims reasons and awakens senses
And floods blood with sweet yearnings
Of a strange new world.

Charm is a bottomless well
Where, once caught, none come out;
She is indefectible beauty,
Who only deepens thirst for more beauty;
She is joy like; her own shadow
That never leaves nor ever meets her.

DECADENCE

Once clean and transparent soft glass,
Why so hard and smoked today?
The flexible piece that allowed light once,
Why absorbs light and gives out black clouds?

The fresh dews that sat on its cool face,
Rolled in pleasure like stars algate once,
Scatters today as steams in haste, why?
No more the cool glow that spreads calm light,
No morae the sparkles of shapely-cut diamond,
But, billows of dull, dim smokes everywhere.

Is it decadence?
No melodies touch, no passions shake,
No musical notes pierce her Self,
No beauty attracts nor truth differentiates
Like lustrous diamond, burnt to black charcoal;
Is it decadence?
It sleeps all day and weeps all night
And stares at stars like a dumb and deaf thing;
No holy hymns and gentle songs
No charming ways of foregone dew-fresh days.

It shed blood and tasted blood,
It fought and lost several battles
In stilled silence
And saw bad ways of the unjust world
Where innocence is ravaged,
Beauty, uprooted
And truth is banished from the face of the world;

The softness, hardened;
Innocence is confused and transparence, smoked;
Hymns and songs sank to dumb silence,
In airtight shell for hybernation

In subdued light of wild specters.

The rock poundings of black realities
Shattered delicate fibres
Of trust and hop of redemption;
Once, like clean, blue infinite sky,
Today, a patch-work of dull, grey clouds;
The soul is no more soul,
But, a pack of confounded passions
In subdued light of confused hues;
The winged sprite that traversed celestial worlds once,
Today, leashed to time and space
With hell-like weights of impatience and wrath
Impale to a square of the earth;
A withered soul, no more soul,
But, a hive of poisonous passions,
Where time's trickles of crass injustice
Ferment to hatred and indignation.

The soul, once a glow, today, a tattered rag,
A dying star,
An old creature limping to its grave
With gaping wounds 'neath dried blood
And too weak for rage and hatred,
A sad sunset
Where all hide in thick, black night;
What a sad end to what an intense hope
What a bleak passage to what an ambitious sojourn!

DISTRESS

I saw her astride along staid rows
Of past's ruins and future's quagmires
In dern grey tunnel deep 'neath the mind
In stoic nonchalance of a shattered soul.

Her bleak eyes dissolve in distant dusk
Though mired in rinsu are her insights
And blind to the speeding time's train
That banishes her presence to uncertain days.

She knows not where her tunnel leads,
She knows not where her strides lead;
'Tis a futile sojourn to shed
All sins that strained her innocent soul.

Her pasts are tattered and future shattered,
No bridge can stand her battered spirit;
The loathsome deadweight of bleakness
Fails her knees to hold to the Earth.

The endless tunnel is cold and dark
Where she strides as a haunted ghost;
No light or hope can touch her form
Till ruins and quagmires fuse to new hopes.

DREAM WORLD

Bits of white clouds in blue infinite sky
How move in graceful slow motion
To create new forms of fluid fancies
In countless combinations!
An elephant here, a human figure,
A flock of birds there, a legion
In spotless white, soft layers
For fraction of time,
Nor being next there,
As slow breeze of wind
Carries clouds
On the stage of strange acts of life.

A warm world of passionate colours,
Hid in thick fog of indistinct thought,
Rises to life from the sleep's distant horizons
Like bright glow of shooting star.
To sink in the blanket of sleep once more.

The coloury fumes,
Seize the soul,
And spread white smoke of joyous longings;
New horizons open,
New possibilities arise
And this and that worlds meet in indistinct sleep.

The shots fired here explode there,
The seeds sown there sprout here;
The dim lamp of the dream world
Surfaces images in thousand wings
From the dark womb of still night,
That flutter and fly in open sky

To measure the depth of wakeful world;
Loves and hates are fought in proxy
In the still of quiet night
In quite wish fulfillment
Though nothing is fought anywhere on the Earth
And nothing is won or lost at all.

The dream world is still like the floor of an ocean
Where pressures and precious treasures meet;
The dream world is turbulent like poet's mind
Where swirls of images fix his theme.

Like red-hot charcoal lights new flame,
The pregnant mind, charged with new height,
Sets dream world to chromatic warm flames;
The Self tastes own blood within the walls
To defreeze pains of the wakeful world
In soft warmth of quietude;
The negative world is dream world
Where the black-hole of mind spawns subtle lights
To balance natures and soothe seething elements;
A battleground of idlers and playground of poets,
A stacked storehouse of planners is dream world;
An indefatigable fount of new lights,
A coloury vacuum where all dwell for solace
In oblivion of sweet, numb darkness is dream;
The sparkles of the Self spawn dream world
Where inner pains and pleasures weave artful little plays.

LIFE

Dawn follows dust; dusk, dawn
In throbs of life in cycles
Of incessant joys and pains;
A mount ascends from a vail
While a vail descends from a mount;
It is the play, the nature plays,
That makes life a trove of hopes and despairs
And sweet, sad tune of immortal rhythms
That raises soul to peak strength
Where all passions fasciculate to white hot, sad glow.

A silver string of terrifying charge
Runs 'neath nature's writhing dance
To hold high hopes through ups and downs;

It is this string of terrifying charge,
It is this string of terrifying charge,
That raises soul to noble lives
And sends man on ceaseless pursuits;
The nature's throbs, the nature's heaves,
The silver string 'neath the rhythmic cycles
Make life, life; a stillness in change.

Life is an ocean of infinite waves
That rise and fall in unknown order;
Life is a dance of cosmic rhythms
That force concinnity for orderly growth
To unknown, far goals on evolution's wings
Where always all move in blind spurts;
It is celestial mood of the subtle creation
That lives as root cause and moves as mute change
In continual flux in a fixed course
To the nebulous end all aspire to reach.

LOVE AND WAR

Win the world by love, not by war,
For, no wars are ever Won;
Win the world with heart, not with arms,
For, no arms ever win the world.

Love wins all, defeats none
And builds a bond of heart and soul;
War loses all, spreads hatred a'where
Where peace and joy are stifled to death.

Love is life: war is death;
Love is strength: war, destruction;
Love blends and builds a complete world
While war divides and kills.

Love lifts soul, war drops to gulfs
Of pain, doubts and incessant fears;
War blackens soul, love lights soul
With immortal glow of joy and peace.

Love is fusion, a blissful implosion
That binds parts and fills gaping cracks;
War is fission, a deafening explosion
That hurtles sufferings like sharp missiles.

The flames of war burn both sides
Of the log to dead charcoal;
No life sprouts again anywhere,
But black rage and hatred on each side.

Love is conscience's sweet milk,
War is black passion's poison,
Love tends and binds in kind feelings
While war ravages to azure on battleground.

Love gives blood, war takes blood;
Love soothes soul; war seethes soul;
Love is peace: war is turbulence
Where all are in constant change.

Wage the war of love to win
And not the love of war and lose;
War invites defence and attacks
While love invites sacrifice and helps.

War freezes pride: love dissolves pride;
War breeds war and love breeds love
Invoke love and give all your love,
Fill all the world with love and trust.

No love ever failed, no war, succeeded;
This is the way the nature planned it,
This is the way God ordained on the Earth
To bring the kingdom of love, not of war.

Follow the path of love everywhere,
In love and war, in peace and turbulence;
Love is pure light of knowledge and beauty
Where hearts meet and minds bind.

SUPREME JOY

Several steps I climbed, some more to climb
Along the course of the timeless time,
Doors are open to lead in blind blinkers
Through the jigsaw-paths of the dreary future;
Deadly vipers and beasts infest the wilderness,
Thorns tear, creepers shear the resigned sojourn,
Heart bleeds, soul weeps while limbs labour

While mind gropes for the refuge of light;
Weather is stormy, grimy, darkness everywhere,
Where lightening breaks like seld windfalls.

Esurient eyes stare at the wrap of the blankness,
For the rare flashes of the momentary profulgence
That dissolves to far dreams as soon as it comes;
Eyes are tired, for, very dark is this night,
No streaks of light, anywhere on the horizons
And gloom frosts in mind and heart and soul;
I know not where I go upward or downward,
Or go round and round in unending roundures
For the motion's sake in savage blinkers
Till the heart sears and the soul withers.

More I climb, less I see my root,
Less calm, less warm, less peaceful I become,
Less contentment with the past and life;
Grit glissades, grip loosens with the thickening night
And vultures in the sky hover for prey;
What bolts may fall from what part of the world,
What shocks are in store while I breakout from the smoke,
How long to climb, for what ultimate goal,
The eyes miss in the maelstrom of the survival's flight
And I disclimb while climb, to the despair's pit.

All is not lost yet, in the cool and still night,
Stars aplenty sparkle as specks in heaven;
Each is a distant dream, a new world to be won
If sight is right and heart is of right zeal;
They follow me, they guide all along the path,
They sprinkle bright lights on the frozen dark night;
I raise tired eyes from the womb of dark hell
And search each twinkle with an unknown hope;
Lo, a thousand suns flash from each of the star,
A flood of supreme joy dissolves me to life.

BIRTHDAY

Once in an age
Comes birthday, reminds
How once years back
I built bridge to this world.

Once in an age

Comes birthday, reminds
How this world without my world
Once existed as well.

Birthdays flash in wheels,
The revolutions passed behind,
Each adding to my growth
To stand me where I stand.

I pass on from womb to grave
In the birth and death scale,
Farer each birthday; farther from
Where I seedled and moulded live.

It reminds me my past,
It reminds the time ahead,
It reminds above all, present,
The subtle missions of life.

Thousand souls that tended me,
Thousand graces that blessed me,
To state me as this here, now,
Unwind in reels this very day.

It marks my life's mark-time,
The heroic march on the still land;
Quick marches, in doubles, too are there,
All take me ahead, year by year.

Divine reminders, birthdays
Of whence we came, where we go,
Of how little reached in our goals
And how far need run to fulfill the self.

DEATH IS DEATH, DISSOLUTION OF ALL

All over this mammoth Earth,
There is nothing like death;
All over this mammoth Earth,
Nothing escapes death
Except that strange death itself.

What is this death,
Perchance, death itself knows not;

Whence it springs,
Where are its wings,
Fancied none in these million years.

It's the live black hole
In dance along the time's scale;
Nothing escapes its rapacious field
And nothing ever breaks out of its shield,
Death is death, dissolution of all.

Is death a beginning, none ever ever knows,
No mysteries as mysterious as death ever is;
No light or shade nor talent prised it,
No voyages ever came back out of its womb,
Nor light-years ever scaled the depth of death.

Death brings down all to the Nature's womb,
To the Natures pristine pure form;
No rise or fall nor glory or shame,
'Neath the mysterious death, all are same;
Indeed, the supreme equalizer is death.

Death is true peace, death is ultimate pain,
Death is finding peace in the folds of pain;
Death robs light and spreads dark night
And numbs soul to the inevitable truth, that
Born out of night, but we are part of that night.

FAREWELL

O, now the time rings the bell,
It is the time of farewell;
O, the present dips to the past,
It's halt to the roll of time at last.

The joys and grief come to an end,
The struggles of past halt to a grind;
All hopes and fears pass behind,
Pressures gone, withers, the mind.

A transition, ahead, to newer realms,

From known to unknown, path ahead;
Comradeships snapped, hollowness claims
Memories of past in series unceased.

It's fall from the tall self-confidence,
But a challenge to rebuild from the scraps;
An open field to build to the sky, or else
Go standstill in darkness and grope.

Reels of snapshots of fears, joyous tears,
Successes, failures in nostalgic frames
Unroll ceaselessly, all bitterness clears;
Farewell washes off the sins of past games.

Hatreds drown in appreciations whatever;
As harmless like fish moved out of water,
The soul no more a threat or a competitor,
Deserves the best for the past deeds' galore.

It is the last adieu, parting forever,
Snapping the roots grown there in blood;
It is parting the past in pursuit of the future,
Shedding a part of the heart and the mind.

A GIANT ROCK

A GIANT ROCK

A giant rock, atop a hill,
Arrogantly rises to infinite sky:
Stands upright in lonely splendour
In dazzling backdropp of the lighted heaven,
Like a battle-scarred victorious knight
Towering high on humbled battlefield
In imperious frown of heat and stroms
That touch and shake far lower mortals.

A pack of strength in divine expanse
In silent concert to the dizzy height,
Stands in stolid frown of the dwarf world
In defiance of the shocks of time
While all senses in focus on the immortal plane
Of stoic calm and immobile peace

In striking contrast to the cycles of change
That obtemper 'neath its high stature.

Distance does not hide, nor the nebulous cloud,
Pleasures do not touch, nor pains or praise;
Birth and death, it absorbs in self
And spreads calm confidence to the surrounding world;
The selfless strength that crowns the world
In gay abandon of liberated soul,
Builds a bridge beyond the earth's crust
From where descends sublime godliness.

FORGIVE, NEVER FORGET

Forgive, Never forget,
To be wise;
Only dull-head
Forgives and forgets
To calm inner commotion
And resile to childhood,
Now, today, forever;
It is suppressed state,
A void enforced,
A ravage of the nature's course
To white-wash soul
With ugly void
And lose own weight
And distinct colour,
In rich variegated world;
A eunuch
Who evades live strains,
A tasteless creature,
How envisions kaleidoscopic sights,
Of the life's rich stocks
Of unending experience?

Forgive, never forget,
To be wise;
Only stupid fool
Never forgives and never forgets,
Only contrives plots
And plays dirty tricks
In patent outrage of nature's sage course
And falls to own dragnet

Of schemes and counter-schemes;
Waiting wolves and foxes,
Devour him;
He burns alive
In hellish fire
Of hate, anger and passion;
His soul shatters
With shattered peace
And dissolves in dysthymia
In bloody speed
Along the glidder walks of life;
He makes and unmakes new hells
Of blood and passion
And boils in couldron
Of disenchantments.

Forgive, never forget,
To be wise;
Let nature take her own course
To ripe,
To shape
In right environ,
To creep along
The memory's lanes
In patient wait for time
To cool passions,
To digest events
In nature's plural avatar;
Life sprouts
In passion's pulp
In the time's slow burning fire;
Fruit ripens

In nature's slow pace
In sweet grace
To meet the quiet needs
Hatched
Deep down the silence
Of quiet confinements
Of nature's justice
To meet cause and effect,
To fill the empty bowl
Of unfulfilled desires.

Foragive, never forget,
To be wise;

Nature marches in slow-times
In leisurely pace
To her goal
In resolute strides;
Haste tastes waste,
And crumbles
Providential designs
In premature abortions
Of still-born emotions;
Plots
In formative state
In time's womb,
Rapture
And spew disgraceful
Human wastes
Of forced efforts;
Patience pays
In full measure
And nature blooms in own leisure
In her bounty,
In her beauty
In refreshing symmetry
In all her flourish
In full swing;
The heat of emotions sublimates
To diving light
Through the course of time
To dawn peace and balance
Again in the world;
The slipped disc of evolution's backbone
Finds its place in due course.

COSMIC DANCE

Nataraja,
The lord of fierce cosmic dance
In all consuming celestial rhythms
Of infinite and nought,
Of life and death,
Sprouts from the shell of void
With the profound deep bang of Om
In suppressed implosion
That throws endless bright flames
All over the ceaseless space
In impossible speed.

Motions in rhythms,
Rhythms in deafening Om
Cradle new forms,
Cradle new lives,
All along the fierce dance;
Cold and dark heaven,
The celestial stage,
Rocks in warmth of blinding light
With rhythmic fireballs
In run to infinite horizons.

Stillness stirs,
Silence whispers,
Void occupies
With extending cosmic dance;
Death comes to life, life, to death,
A complex cycle catches all;
Dark heaven illumines,
Life warms up
And the cosmos, like the newmoon sky,
Sparkles with myriad bright specks.
It is fierce spasms of heavenly bodies,
It is cosmic force in celestial dance.

Wild flames of wrath
Bums elements to fluid motion
To deafening bangs
In gracious symmetry
That springs new worlds
Of breathing life and subtle mind
From the restless feet
Of immortal nataraja
In destructive dance,
That engulfs evils
In creative dance,
That evolves new order;
Each gesture is a passion,
Each motion, an emotion,
Each vibration, a divine song
In the furious exposition.

The restless dance goes on and on
Till finite force fills infinite horizon,
Till the booming bang of the lifeful Om
Reaches back its creative womb.

A STORY

He is a regal horse,
They wished, he drag their jatkabandi;
New to the job,
He refused to stoop,
He raised head high in regal portance
And neighed aloud in leonine arrogance.

They pulled his reins to tie to a cart,
The cart was low for his impossible height;
They knew not how to use this breed.
They knew no strains of a regal horse;
How to breed and ride a good horse,
How to rein in and win its wits,
They had no clues;
They groped in dark to figure his pride,
But found no light;
Different it is from the common breed,
But high or low,
They could not figure ever.

Birds of the same feather flock together,
They came in haste to stick together;
Birds of the same feather flock together,
But, could not figure how to handle the fare.

Kala was then the chief of them,
He had old passion for the young regal-horse;
How the tall horse would win bread and I've long
If laboured not a cart all its life.
Kala wailed aloud in large kind heart;
He wished, the regal-horse reduced its height
So he could tie a cart to its lowered back;
He wished, the regal-horse go dumb as an ass,
So none ever fear to mount its regal back;
He knew not how to help the regal horse,
So, he devised a cruel home-made craft;
He caught it in a trench and tied with ropes,
He bet with rods and made it run
Till fell the exhausted-horse with bleeding open wounds;
His heart too bled for the innocent dying horse
And tended gaping wounds with love and care
Till the horse gained strength and stood erect alive;

He began again the savage torture
To make the regal-horse, a cart-pulling ass;
He broke its legs,
Flogged skin and bathed in blood
For all the passion, he had for the horse,
To make the regal-horse a cart-pulling ass;
He allowed it not to die
Nor allowed the horse to live as a normal-horse
Till he languished to dropp and disappear somewhere.

Is it love or hate,
Is he a friend or foe,
Is it a grace or curse,
Know not he nor that horse.

The graceful horse licked blood,
Withstood the ordeals for good
With its broken legs
And rose as ever from strength to strength
Of its rare breed;
Taller it grew with each of its struggle,
Proved its breed and proved its blood,
It proved that rare timbre of a noble breed;
It showed subtle strains, unseen till then;
But never never stooped to jatka-breed,
Never assumed an ass' guise,
While bore the brunt with valour and resign
And stood upright
Like god itself.

Baser creatures do have several heads,
Each is a guise to meet weakness inside;
Baser creatures do have several heads
While a noble soul has one, held high skyward.

WE LIVE IN BITS

Bits blend
To realize the whole,
As forms bond
And constitute beauty.

Elements bind
In innovative sequence
To invent new things,

To create new worlds
Of shapes and schemes
Of right and wrong,
Of character and soul.

Musical notes knit
And sensibilities fuse
To melodious magics;
Pregnant words sing
In bitty impressions
To create the poet's dream;
All are bonds of bonds,
Strange permutations
Of the nature's simple bits
That spawn new worlds
Of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram.

No whole is itself,
All bare illusion,
Like a dream
That surfaces from suppressed emotions,
Like the self.
That sprouts from conditioned responses,
Like power
That sits on the ruins of
The needs around;
All, in bits and bounds,
Create new worlds
Of art and artifice,
Of sense and sensibilities
To breed freshness,

Time trickles in quantum,
Space spreads in spasmodic leaps,
Life bursts out of bits of acts
On unending path,
Littered with lost hopes
And undaunted optimism
Of new convert's zeal,
Like curds sour from milk;
Like colours diffuse in canvas
To spawn an artist's freak
In the eyes of a gullible soul.

Though indeed there,
The creative whole,

A pure illusion
A rope and searpent's fable
Of absolute Advaita;
The illusions are real
While indeed untrue,
That in blank bits
Of death's disintegration,
Unwind to the nature's womb
For new creative names
In unending mysterious chain.

Red and yellow combine
And create luminous green;
Sulphur bonds ato oxygen
And spews braight, hot flame;
Thoughts and habits meet
And sprout indivisive Self
Of learned responses
In bits
From the dark expanse of the past.

Genetic codes in bits
Frame the whole of soul
In strange shades
Of experience
And environs,
As do bitty particles,
Thousands of galaxies.

Though void in form,
Soul exists as whole;
Though unrealised by sense,
It expresses in bits of becoming;
Though intemporal,
Soul moves in bits
In cycle of time.

Bits are truth and the whole, bare illusion;
Thoughts, forms, worlds and souls
Live in true minute bits
That spawn smoky ghosts
Of life and strife and pleasure and pain.

DESTINY

Nothing tides as it should be,
Fro, reasons fall to short to reach,
Desires, too cool and lame to rise
To the magic field of ripening
To pluck the fruits of forbidden wood.

The world is too huge for human mind,
Too abstract for rational cause;
The litmus in use is too thin and weak
To pick facts and freaks of cause and effect;
The world is too bright for human eyes,
The world is too loud for human ears;
The world that lives in infinite moods
Links and delinks things in unending rounds
Outside wee spins of tiddy human mind.

Unforeseen tides flow on the course of time
From the nature's infinite womb
That shapes all worlds, unseen to human eyes,
From nowhere and beyond rational cause;
The infinite tides of time hides from finite mind
And works on the nature's dictates
That often fall discordant with reason's notes.

MEMORIES

Some memories are so deep that you never forget,
Like perfect carvings on shapely granite;
Thick layers of dust and mud indeed deposit
On lively, neat forms in course of ceaseless time;
Yet, you feel the endless beauty on all surfaces
In clean outlines rising up to stir your heart.

The memories sit in heart like its deeper heart,
Like deep roots that spread to vital nerve-centres
Where they stir passions and thoughts outside
The thick sheaths of time in intense forceful streams
In most unexpected moments of lonely contemplations
To catch my soul in long flames of pains or pleasures.

The fumes of memories condense on cool glass of my mind,
Thoughts blur, heart swells and eyes become indistinct,
The real world deliquesces to instate distant past in front;
I rise to supernal ethereal, world beyond time and space,
Where timeless vision dawns as intense glow of feelings

Which transport me out of the world's pains and sufferings.

The soft patches of memories on vast canvas of the past
Like hills and fields while seen on a flight,
In bare outlines with smokes of oblivion hanging on,
Blast in full from in front of my soul
In all splendours in which it struck me in past;
I relive the world which I thought interned in the past.

Everything is everywhere at all the times,
Even the past in here and the present and uncertain future
In fine dusts of memories suspended in mind,
That coalesce and surface from time to time,
Memories oft more deep and real than reality itself;
For, the memories rise from deep etches of the self and soul.

Memories are stable like Polaris in north sky
While realities change like twinkling stars;
No doubts or fears reach the lane of memories
That pierce layers of years like laser beam
And strike like lightening with splash of pure glow
From the past that slowly burns within since then.

RAIN

Tiny drops in unceasing streams
That drip from rolling thick black clouds,
Sit on lap of mother Earth
And sink to her heart in warm streams;
Strong praizen winds that sweep the Earth
Scatter rain drops all over the Earth.

The Earth is grey and so is the sky,
A pall of wet gloom hangs in the air;
The Sun is calm, faceless in sleep
'Neath liquid clouds in desperate run;
Nothing is still in the stony still rain,
Nothing is calm in the chilly calm land,
All are in creep and all in mad rush,
Streams, trees, clouds in the rainy day.

Warmth is gone and the nature is thick,
Sprightly, bright laughs freeze to gloomy grins;
Water in mad flows dance
On smooth, wet mud on the Earth's soft face;

A bridge of grey gloom links the sky and the Earth,
Livestocks caught 'neath the stifled light,
Grove for sunshine in new world so sad but sweet.

Oh, yes, Indeed, rain is sad but sweet
With thrills of surreal nature's wild rage
In flash of fires that flood the Earth;
The mighty rainy streams that flood good world!
The bloody bold winds that topples giant trees
In crazy long sweep that shakes horizons!
The fitful black frown that hides sheeny sky
And the chill deep 'neath that clatters all bones!

Rain damps nature's sprite to kindle new life,
To bedeck mother Earth with rhythms of freshness
And cradle season's cycles to the fore,
Year after year and centuries later;
Though harsh is rain, subtle and sublime
That wets the Earth with celestial grace
Of bountiful yields and rustic passions
To till soft land and make happy all.

SILENT BREEZE

Dawn's dew-fresh rays flow like silent breeze
And hide in day's bright eye till dusk falls;
Profound thoughts from bright cool mind
Shoot in whimpers to win battles and wars;
It is uttaras who boast and flee from battles
While abhimanyus break-in to valour's court
In the still of calm passions that stream in roots;
Old engines stream thick smokes
And pull in shudders and deafening rattles;
Rusts make doors to give loud bleats and shrieks;
It is dead wastes that arrogate rigor mortis
While spirit sits dumb in wisdom's grace;
It is inner sprite in Heaven's sunshine and peace
That treads in regal, silent strides,

Love is silent; beauty and wisdom, silent;
Fullness is silent while half-full, boisterous;
To be is commotion; Being, contentment
Where all is still in pregnant peace;
Harmony is silent tune, noise is discord,
Silent oneness is life; disintegration, death;

The gust of hot passions thin out to spent force
While silent streams in fall to oceans,
Silent weights instate on firm, quiet field
While weightlessness brings uncertain sways
And motions with unbound, unsteady clamours
To fill void inside with hot airs from outside;
Silence is peace, fullness; silence, confidence;
A still brood of strength to vanquish noisy strifes.

SELF

A sticky rubber mass is Self;
It is neither here nor there,
Too heavy to fly, to light to fall;
It sticks, yet slips
And sinks, yet floats;
While carries itself in emotion's flood,
It plays on surface too.

It speaks in stillness of silence
And acts in numbness of sleep,
Unseen, untouched, unheard anywhere,
Through the web of creeps of experience
That meshes the Self to gentle incarceration;
Its antenna picks signals
Of touch, taste and fragrance too,
From far and wide.

Self is invisible, yet all pervasive,
Self is all void, yet, the womb of existence
And speeds with light, touches all heights;
It absorbs all, it effuses all
While itself sits still like Cynosure in North Sky;
Self is ignorance, Self is all knowledge,
Self is black hole that processes celestial light.

Self is soul and body, Self is love and pride
That makes I, I and the world, that world
That lights darkness and spawns attachment;
Self is subtle force that ignites life-process;
Though pure and transpicious like crystal prism,
Shocks and strains surface opaque scratches on the Self
And refractions mess up its splendid colour spectrum
And self sticks and stings in impure from.

STRANGE WORLD

We live in strange world,
Stranger than strangeness itself;
In strange range of minds,
In strange making of bonds,
Shifts, twists, rifts, accidental fits,
What befall from nowhere
In wild cascade of shocks
In arrogance of poet's eloquence
That consume complacency
And unravel new horizons
From the sterile dark womb
In lie of wild dreams
Of a fair and healthy mind.

Reasons nor conventions rule,
Events just leap in queer quirks
From unlike parentage
In times least pregnant to bare,
In whims least conceived to bear,
As celestial sport
To infuse life to supine world
And to rouse human mind
To what time holds in store for all.

Indeed it is strange world,
Stranger than wild dreams
And weird and wildest freaks;
The denouements of the nature's tricks,
Couched in sudden quirks,
Bring hopes to weary days;
An eerie mass of nuts and bolts
Assemble new worlds
That befall in grotesque forms
Beyond reason's confines
To give jolt to the dull, dreary world
And cling the world to perpetual hope.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Fleshy, pretty, innocent parrot
Makes an easy hunter's target;

Succulent, pretty, meek rabbit
Gets first caught in tricker's dragnet,
Where survive those who prove fittest;
For, this is the way the world is made,
This is how men, trees, animals live
In the long sojourn of growth by choice
Of the fittest and most circumspect
To reach the top on evolution's lap.

Gentle, sweet roads are indeed beautiful,
For the pleasures they give for other's walks
Like velvet footmat that comforts dirty feet,
Like the lamp that lights by burning itself;
No praise, sacrifice nor a nod fits here,
What brings survival that only matters
Like bitter core in sugarcoated pill,
Like main thrust of all tactics in war,
Like soulful song from earful tunes;
No pickaback, but hit on target opens all doors.

Scarce are bags, too many are mouths
And dog-fights for bones are but natural;
Swift legs, smart brain, sharp eyes,
No binds, strong arms and ruthless heart
To press all back and reach the top
Make fit, fit and survival, a truth;
No questions on how and what is right,
For survival itself is ultimate right:
Survival mothers all rights and wrongs
Like lamp that gives both light and shadow.

Is mad rush, the way for evolution's carriage?
Is blind sojourn, the door for the topmost slot?
Should all roll like football to reach goal?
Is it ruthless fight that chooses the fittest of all?
Why gentle, right roads and beauty, truth, grace
Lure inroads and fail in evolution's thrust?
No beauty is waste; no sweet, gentleness, waste,
No truth, rectitude, a waste in celestial realm;
Some lions in den, some rats on metal scraps,
All in race on own style to meet the fittest slot.

Everything has its time to act and yield,
Its own pace, race, methods and grace;
Some like fog, fall heavily on the Earth,
Others sweep in light sway like breeze;

Some, like classic, tunes, rise in slow moods,
Others race in mad rush to grab all goods;
Some, like morning freshness, sit in quiet charm,
Others bent to sweat out their time;
The flash of lightening fills horizons in swift act and go
While thunders break late and continue to roll.

LIFE'S WINTER

Idle, semiconscious winter fog
Settles heavy on deforested nude,
Grey and dull, everywhere, dull lull;
Spine-chilling cold, blinding grey fog,
Nowhere light streaks to warm-up heart.

Flowers and fruits of yester seasons
Only breed pains 'neath smashing dead-weight
And drags life unto cold slow death;
Eyes go red in search of shadows
That grow tall in dusk's twilight
To squeeze blood in bone-chilling pain.

Days are short, nights are along,
No greens, bare top everywhere;
Winds bite, old memories sting,
Eyes well up like dense white clouds
In distant brood of blue sky.

No colours, only shades of grey;
Thin dull shrieks of deep pain
Leak in slow moves from gulfs
Of grim wilderness of loneliness;
Cold void all round till eyes stretch,
No ripples of joy or warmth anywhere.

What a contrast in winter and spring!
How the spring deepens the chill of winter!
That fulsome spring; this bald winter;
Where has gone those fragrance and musics?
Those warmth, colours and sensuous tastes?

PIQUE

O mammoth pique, I do pick
And treat you with the vilest prick
To deflate your horny hauteur;
For, you make psyche seriously sick
And robs light by smothering soul's wick;
You, the worthy progenitor
Of the cauldron of inflated ego, you lick
Blood that flood while true talents click,
But, thereon you takeover by trick
And stick out vile horns, too quick.

You are the coborn of true talents,
But distorted, deformed, disturbingly deviant;
You are the black shadow of excellence, its bright light,
The couthie little spouse of rage's red rolls;
You sneak in thro' nooks and corners of the mind
And sweep the soul like a devastating wind
That uproots grace, topples peace and flashes rage;
You disturb the harmony inherent to the souls,
Riding on the false shadow of suspicions,
And jump the walls to crash on indiscretions.

Pique crumbles talents to insignificance,
Pique clouds all virtues to impotence;
Lustrous diamond is the soul untouched by it,
That shines and reshines thro' hard surface;
Pique is the smoke most poisonous inbred in man,
Pique is the deadly snake in wait to bite the first seen
To disgorge the poison from the system's sack;
Pique is a handicap, fatal infirmity of the mind,
Born of inadequacies, insecurities, imbalances of the self,
That drag life on the cusps of disaffections.

AN UNWISE LABOUR LOST

Wise is meeting back while you deal those with logic,
But mad dogs bite, you meet not to bite back.

While wise men scorn, you may weigh them with reason,
While learned minds trip, you guide them thro' conviction,
While enlightened hearts falter, you light up their emotion,
But, crazy tempers while roar, know, it's sad cruel confusion.

A seasoned soul does seek a place, a cause and a time,
Whatever he does, has a refrain, a sense and rhyme,
But, alas, crazy sour souls, as free as mad dogs,
Run amuck as take legs and lie in filth like hogs.

Mad dogs do infect rabies, infest blood stream,
But, biting back those, brings not back former frame;
Fighting back a sickening night, an unwise labour lost,
For, night is hollow darkness, haunted by senseless ghost.

You bask in daylight while live in an awakened world,
Where all is fair and right and in reason's perfect mould;
You sink in evil night while live with outrage in silence,
Where all is mad and foul and a den of evil's licence.

Good and wise are met back and negotiated with,
Wild stupids must be suffered in silent pains 'neath;
For, the world is good and bad's inseparable broth
And you meet whatever comes on your uncertain path.

BITING BACK

Wise is meeting back while you deal with logic,
While mad dogs bite, you wouldn't bite back.

While wise men scorn, you condition them to reason,
While learned mind trips, you guide it by conviction,
While an enlightened heart falters, you light up its emotion,
With crazy temper aroar, you see nothing but confusion.

A seasoned soul seeks a place, a cause and a time,
Whatever it does, has a refrain, a sense and rhyme,
But, alas, deranged sour souls, as free as mad dogs,
Run amuck as take legs, lie in filth like hogs.

Mad dogs may infect rabies, infest blood stream,
But, biting back mad dog, brings not back former frame,
Fighting back a sickening night, an unwise labour lost,
For, night is hollow darkness, haunted by senseless ghost.

You bask in daylight while live in awakened world,
Where all is fair and right and in reason's mould;
You sink in evil night while live with outrage in silence,
Where all is mad and foul and a den of evil's licence.

Something must be met back and negotiated with,
Some others must be suffered in silent pain 'neath;
For, the world is good and bad's inseparable broth
And you meet whatever comes on your uncertain path.

MAD CAPS

If all caps, psychopaths,
What good, old world can do?
If peak caps, mad cops refuse reason,
How enlightened world cope with it?
Indeed, knots exist;
Walking half-way to unite tangles
Face setbacks as a rule;
Arcane, ever-hiding, dark half-side
Of their mind's waning moon
Grapples their selves in vice-like grip,
Dims their lights,
Spreads ripples of twilight;
Imagined ghosts
Somersault their thoughts;
They neither stand on legs
Nor rise on wings,
They just bounce and flounce,
Avoid heavy strides
That end up them in old, rich roots
Beneath cold ground
And exorcise their worlds;
They are shattered minds,
They know not what they are now;
In bits
They live,
They let
Their passions in blind spurts;
Mad vial in their bowls should dry
To sink their senses in stilled Self.

MOTHER INDIA

0 mother land,
0 dear dear mother,
Our mother India,
Our beloved India,
For all your charm and ancient wisdom,
For all the rich past and spiritual cast,
For rare forbearance and variegated forms,
How, mother, you are caught in a sorry state now
Of crave, craze, ignorance and cowardice,
Of filth, hunger, degradation and violence?

What a sad gap'tween now and then!
What a vast gulf 'twixt your own children!
A seat of wise sages is a den of self-seekers
Who thrive and flourish on the poverty's sufferance
And pain and hunger of myriad brothers;
Open your eyes, 0 dear dear mother,
See how a few smart ones grow to fatty bad giants
While most cry hoarse for a morsel every day,
Though each is your child,
Though you give, all you have.

You know not perchance whom you mother,
Whom you feed with the best of love,
With the best of food, home, joy and comfort
With all your riches, power and name-ruffians
Scoundrels, worst models of rogues,
Cheats, worst crooks, gangsters and criminals;
Mother, see elsewhere, gentle children, you breed,
In unending fight to keep the both ends meet,
No joy, no peace, no comfort or support,
They go on knees, 'neath the weight of crime world.

You better be barren, our dear mother land
Than breed cruel criminals in your sacred womb
That bore rare jewels of the mankind once;
You better be invalid, our mother land
Than feed bands of gangsters with your gentle hands
And throttle good lives of gentle innocent babes;
Why nectarlike milk of your kind breasts
Turn godlike infants to rude blood-hounds?
Why your gentle hands strangle innocence,
Breed dark ignorance and spread violence?

We love you, dear mother, for your noble past,

For giving us life and means of livelihood;
We hate you, our mother, for what you are now,
For giving us life in this mean hell of land
Where cheats go rich and killers rule the land,
Where violence gives power and crimes ease life;
Where savagery is adored by indifferent ignorant mass,
Where oppression is elected by ignorant cowardice,
Where satanic shadows dim the angelic gentle light
And everything bad thrives and everything good fails.

Why this eclipse of the pristine charm?
Why this disgrace to an ancient land?
Where has gone the deep passions for value?
Where is time-valued sense of just cause?
All is gone like sunshine in dusk,
Like an aircraft that crashes in mid-air;
Burnt fragments of the past do appear, scattered
In brooding mood of the foregone ages
Like faded youth of an aged woman;
Aye, India is dying a slow disgraceful death.

FREEWILL

Is man free to choose his fate
And force his pace on choosen course?
No gene, no class, no background,
Nor stamp of youthful impressions
Sets his course to what he chose
Though cooks the broth and adds spice
To the sail, set on freewill.

Hundred lanes and thousand bylanes
Wait man's beck and open free path;
Man chooses the path, close to his heart
And decides The pace that suits his strength
And builds his fate in his own hands
In tune with strains and strength of soul,
In concert with his subtle innermost call.

Nothing is far, nothing is bar
To the facile sail of the human Self
Till he knows his soul, strengths, weak spots
And decides thereon his future course
In arts, crafts and tools to serve,
In strength, form, time and place

To devolve freewill to the living world
And weaves his basics to the desired goal
That he chooses to meet on his course.

It be infinite expanse of insatiable greed
Or meadow, lush with mollitous fodder,
It be artistic world of dance and musics
Or artful world of thoughts and crafts,
Of frauds, deceits and bloody fights
Or the fulsome world of love and trust;
It be name, fame, power or wealth
Or the golden world of peace and joy,
All, in attendance to freewill.

In long course of the life's sojourn,
Tides rise from nowhere
And lands man on unknown shores
That none fathomed ever to exist,
If inner calls of man's freewill
In tune with his emotions and soul,
Drive the man to sweat-out treach.o

MAD WINDS

Like strokes of child's feeble arms
In ocean of wild waves and turbulent tides,
Like flutters of bird lost in high sky
In eye of speeding violent storm,
Your marks lose as do warmth in ice-shelf
And strange tides carry you pickaback
To unknown lands of refreshing shocks
In subtle cycles unknown to human mind;
Like thoughts afloat in contemplative fertile mind,
You roll at the hest of mysterious mad winds.

You fall from mound and find on hilltop
Or lose in desert while traverse forest land;
For, our arms are weak; ears, deaf and eyes blind
While grope for path in dirk thick of strange world
Where hide rare riches in rat-holes' neath ground
That stumble tired legs that sink to its depth;
Or land pride's strides in gaping vacant gulfs
Till thoughts fog, hearts sink and wings whither
And raise again high to fortune's magic lands
In cross contemn to man's mines' against time.

Sunrise and set in blurred eyes look alike
With tinged sky and flying birds,
With subdued light and quiet breeze;
The light of lamp that lights your home
Spreads not beyond four walls you live with,
But create false sights from the womb of night;
Strain not eyes, refrain your sprite,
Hold safe the lamp, light the place you tread
To guide you now step on step forward;
For, unknown worlds await, agape, two steps ahead.

You and I are lost cry in infinite sky,
Who run with streams like torn greasy rags;
We run uphill and jump downhill,
Yet, know not why and how of schemes;
Nor know where we are, nor where we may lair;
Where we go, where rise and fall, and how,
Knows better, all-knowing subtle celestial force,
That draws all worlds on the eternal course
To final goal where all shall reach some time;
We just spin like Earth while think we run at will.

UNCOMMON PATH

Why the world is impatient to
Those who walks on uncommon path?
Why the world distrusts innovative route
And calls to fall on worn-out line?
Why age-old highway is sacred and must
While new bylane is in doubts algate?

The age-old rust of conditioned mind
Shrieks while door opens to new world,
The tiddy, eyes delequiesced in cold boredom,
Lose shine in face of dazzling light;
The fear while thrown to absolute,
Sticks weak minds to long- worn paths.

I enjoy to dazzle in lonely splendour
Amid myriad mass-twinkles of stars,
I traverse a path in unexplored horizon
To feel new pains and pleasures of life;
The worn-out pleasures of the past, pain my soul
And pains of new path bring instilling joy.

Uncommon path is always fresh,
Full of shocks in every step;
It awakens sense for rare tidings;
The courage to walk in uncommon path
Thrills Self, refreshes soul,
Infuses a passion to stand apart.

RAT RACE

Why the boundless world bears so few matterful men?
Why a rat race to hustle into gaps a'where?
All are bit worms in manure's wide pits
Or goats in a drove across highways;
Mere statistics like cold iron bolts;
Nowhere in bold bone and flesh
To meet all claims
And walk rich with plunders in high pride.

Why the Earth breeds no talents any more
To bring more height to old, fading world?
Why material men are caught these days
In rabble mores of democratic whores?
Why no means to mark smart brains and hearts?
Where one in a million is what all worth,
Where inconcinnity with mediocrity is sin,
What can survive, but all-out rat race?

No heights rise, no depths dig,
No breadth and width spread anymore,
No sparks catch, no lights light;
Like bullock-cart, the world rolls in dull drag,
No drives, no bangs, no strains of speed;
All seek dark pits to hide heads first,
All run for small share in open, free spoils,
None rise sky-high and earn sunshine.

THE BOND OF ENVIRON

The environ,
The sheath, surrounding you,
The Self outside you,
The cradle, where you are born and die

And live within inbetween,
Your true world,
The ultimate guide
That leads you blindfolded
Through the cause and effect's course
Beyond the freewill
Till you grow beyond
And break out of the still womb
To creep outside
By pure chance
Or sheer Karma,

Each shell is a well
Of interminate routes
And goals to reach,
Where lie secrets
Of past and future
In crystal pure strains,
Etched deep within
Every unexplored turn
That moulds your life
As subtle system
Of interactions,
Of time and space
In men and practice
As ever-winding experience.

In own highs and lows
In conventions and laws
Of love and hate,
Of ethos, conduct,
width and breadth
The shell of confinement
Leads your will.

You feel untouched
And free in Self
While flow leeway
To the environ's hest
From lane to lane
In silent compliance,
Unless indeed
You outstretch your Self
And divorce the environ
And revolt to its complexes
That colour your Self

In permanent pigments
Of the environ's bountifuls;
You set on
Uncharted regions
Of strange worlds
To outgrow the confinements
Where lie shackled selves
In nameless graves.

Environ is the skin
To your 'I',
A tough gendarme
At your door;
Your own, yet outside.

All, in one
At your job;
It makes you a prisoner
And drags along in leash,
Unmindful
Of your will,
To the system's service
As cog in a wheel,
While oils
For noiseless run
And guards your Self
From the intrusions
Of confounded conscience

With own value base
As perforce foundation.

MAN IN TRANSITION

He is torn between was and to be;
Time-tested craft no more takes anywhere
The new world in rise is untested yet;
Yet he must choose between the two
Or bury himself in the gulf of void
And belong nowhere
Like ships, lost in outer space,
Sails out in indefinite course
Till an unknown world drags to its field.

As a child on unsteady legs,

He loves to walk though prefers to sit;
As a bird of unsteady wings.
He loves to fly though keeps to his nest.

The world he knows is his blood and flesh,
Where he hides and rises on freewill;
He sprouted there and spread his shoots
Like old banyan tree;
His world crumbles in the wind of change,
No more roots hold him to the Earth;
He, on the back of the horse of change,
Rises and falls to the rhythms of the ride
Or drops on the ground and dies 'neath legs.

He is awkward in new world
Where, like fat in water, he floats
Neither absorbs nor absorbed, he frets
Like a prisoner in an interrogation cell
While all doors are shut to familiar old world;
He in the world and world in him,
In perpetual revolt,
Strains the life and strains the world;
His feet in new world, his heart in old world,
He falls to the gulf where he lands nowhere,
Till reaches somewhere on feet and heart
In fluid harmony.

Gravity of the old Earth stunts growth
And rise to new space brings fresh pastures;
His roots spread to nerves and bones,
Wait to taste the open variegated sky;
Like bonded soul; he shuttles back and forth
To the old Earth and new space;
To old base and new hopes.
The swing rest him in neutral Zone,
Where enemies in wait, face to face,
Pound his head, hunt his flesh
In rare common cause.

Where the old ends, there new begins
And he is caught between the two;
He cannot stand on the old nor rise to the new
And sadly lost for both;
His feet, unfirm, his wings, too weak,
He is torn in the middle
Like a breached dam

That yields to savage ravage of flood
To end in violent death.

This is the man in transition,
Caught in twilight of two worlds
That blind insight, unwind confusion
And tear his soul as tug unfolds.

MIND

A nebular mole, a black hole,
A universe undefined by space,
That weaves thoughts, freaks and passions is mind,
A web of thoughts and experience.

A throbbing void is human mind
That bounces worlds, unseen on this Earth;
A shapeless shape and silent bang
That causes and quenches thirsts of life.

Mind meets all space and braves all times,
It shapes all forms and creates all rhymes,
All rise and fall and love and hate
In undefined world, above time and space.

A computer controlled console is mind
That raises or drops pressures by blips
Of waves of lengths of infinite range
And creates worlds of realities.

Reasons are bright and passions, thick;
Reasons measure steps while passions, sweep;
Mind lights reason and breathes passion
And breathes light to induce insight.

An ocean of emotion is mind,
Of invisible cosmic urge to grow,
Of heat and dust that wait to vent out,
Where sits mind in turbulent grandeur.

Mind rises to sky in high tides
And dips low with wearing times;
Yet, keeps alight infinite glows
Of passions that light the soul.

Mind is transient, yet, still and divine;
It is divine, yet unreal itself;
An unreal form of the eternal truth,
Though unseen and untouched, perceived always.

UNBOUND TROVE OF INFINITE TREASURES

Time is too short to live in this long world,
Like two eyes to count stars in the sky;
Time is too transient to hold fast to this world,
Like lightening in night sky to splash light all night;
To eyes, too dim and two hands, too few
To grab vast treasures scattered in this world;
The heart, too weak and two legs, too inadequate
To pace all corners where spread this world
With precious secrets and variegated riches.

Like a sailor in high sea, seeking water to drink,
Man thirsts for things already lie round him;
Like, seeking his peace outside everywhere,
Man seeks his things elsewhere than he should;
For, he is too feeble to confront and bend
The world that stretches beyond his horizons;
He is too light to sit flat on the gaint world
And to call shots at will on the splendours around
That blinds his small eyes and dazzles his soul.

The world is subtle womb where sprouts wonders
That nobody thought possible ever;
Every dark space is a dense spot of new treasures
Of lives, lights, stars and deaths,
Of hopes, riches, solace and new paths;
No infra-red eye to reach dark spots,
No laser device to pierce the treasures;
Man stumbles on things, he seeks blindfold,
In unbound trove of infinite treasure.

A SONG OF EXISTENCE

All round anxieties in being
Strain warmth of the essence
In inescapable, steady upheavals
Of flux

On the brink of death
In wait,
To sink in dark womb
Of coarse ignorance;
No armour to protect
The being from nonbeing
From temporal onslaughts;
No peace, no confidences,
No continuity in being.

Life, an irrational stream
Of unconnected bits,
A flood of changes,
A mad whirl of flux
With being in the eye,
Thrown to mad wind;
Like weak mind,
Caught in spiral of doubts;
Like lonely bird,
Lost in violent storm.

No root, no end;
No link makes sense;
A spurt of existence
In shades and shadows,
Thrown to vacuum
In infinite space;
Directionless,
Where death stares on the face
In dreadful, dreary coolness
Of imminent destruction.

No powers guard,
No lights guide
The process of being
From the shocks of disorders,
Unleashed by crude time
In queer quantum,
In blind leaps
On uncertain route
To the strange bowel of nonexistent future.

No reason reigns,
No fulcrum
To revolve around;
A desperate run

Through the vacuum
In pursuit of freedom;
Weightlessness
In mid-air
Like Thrishanku,

A not-here-not there syndrome;
Unguided becoming
That blinds the essence
In liberty's unkind glare.

Being is responsibility,
A conscious plunge
Of hapless essence
In choosen course
From infinite cross-roads;
A desperate commitment
To naked choice
In oncoming incertitude;
Being is guild of incompetence
In hopeless human state
Of piecemeal decisions.
Glued by imperfect existence
That drifts apart
Being and nonbeing.

Living is courage to be,
Across all round despair
Of inescapable anxieties
Of death, guilt and vacuum;
Living is living as it is
In sheer faith in existence
In wakeful resignation
To infinite perplexities
Of finite situation.

Existence is own making,
A wakeful groping in darkness
For nonexistent light
Of ultimate fulfillment;
A bid to build ladder
To nonexistent Heaven
With incompetent tools.

Being is flot on despair
And anxieties

Like little tine bubbles
On surface;
Yet, being it its own,
Own existence,
In conscious courage,
In responsible commitment
And transcends the quirks of time
In quite quietude
Of the nonbeing's becoming
That constitutes existence
To precede vital essence.

THUNDERBOLTS

Have your heart built of wrought-iron
And mind of thick reinforced steel
To bear onslaughts of the crazy world;
Have nerves of steel and quartz backbone
To stay in shape, unfazed as ever
While take on beatings of the wanton world;
Have nuts and bolts hold tight your will
Lest ruthless assaults loosen your plans;
Have shock-proof skin protect your self
To stonewall endless mad pundings;
Draw your eyes from far horizons
To fix on short joys lie on hands,
Bind your holdings to bare minimum load
And patiently take tides with concrete confidence;
Harden resolves and stiffen body frame
Lest cracks surface at all soft spots
That gape to consume and gorge you a day.

Each strike sends shocks like thunderbolts,
Each tears root like vice of painful spikes.

Raps fall like blazing death from dark sky
And shatters and scatters whatever you have
And set afire your soul with black smoke;
Wrought x-irons melts, steel bends,
Quartz cracks to tiddy wrecks;
Yet, you must take and withstand knocks
Like gaint black rock atop tall hill,
That weathers all strokes of heat and cold
In precious, cold indifference;
Stiff strafes oft hit most vital joints

And crumble all worlds with precision bombings,
But for the strength inside to live up
And the will like diamond to fight till end.

This makes life a celestial game
Above mortal nodes and temporal tides;
This makes life a divine scheme
Beyond cold plans and human deeds.

No raids breach nor assaults collapse
The forts of will built round your Self,
No winds move, no oceans extinguish
The flames within to survive in odds;
Like phoenix, you rise from grey ruins,
Every time, some ill forces you down;
Like wound-spring, you resile
Every time, some force hits you to break,
While fuel within blows in full steam,
While full life-force kicks the Being;
Then, knocks just reach, strafes just scratch
Which raise you to touch the highest reach
Of the steely world of courage, confidence
Where quartz-backbone never bends,
Where wrought-iron heart and steely mind
Never yield to concerted attacks,
Where nuts and bolts hold will tight forever
'Neath concrete shelters of contempt for crazy world.

Build a sandy wall of indifference
To playful onslaughts round your Self,
Where, no missiles ever penetrate to harm
And falls like spent hapless wreck.

Have your self clear like crystals
Where fires and strengths are visible from within;
Have roads open and sight straight
And stop the lures of fogged crossroads;
A walk on known path in resolute stride
Takes you far, where you should reach.

TO SAIL

How far should I sail to touch the shore of dreams?
How long should I roll on waves of unfulfilled hopes?
The sail is ceaseless through turbulent, open sea

That drives a pace back with every rising tide
For each advance on the sea in streams of sweat and blood.

The thick blue sea rhymes with the blue broad sky
In sweeping wrap of blue-dyed coarse sack
That ravages vermeil soul's tender glitters
In sweltering heat of tedium in watery graveyard
And the sail is wail of failing, sad soul.

None share the soul's sad pensive mood
In the barren blue's huge vacuum bowl;
But, I sail along the blue wrap in wait for sunshine,
For warmth and chromatic glitters
That surface distant shores where I hope to land.

No signs of the shores, blue waves everywhere;
The rise and fall on the back of waves
Takes nowhere, no hops lead anywhere;
Eyes hurt, ears pain and heart aches,
The sail rocks sideways like paper boat.

Blue waves in front, blue waves at back,
Blue waves again in left and right,
Blue waves 'neath, blue sky overhead,
Blue waves in horizons till eyes can stretch;
I sail as a speck in this void of blue world.

Is this sail, the end itself?
No shores to land! No doors to unwind!
Is the watery womb and blue graveyard
And the uncertain sail, all I can have?
And the shores I aspire, an idle man's dream?

THOUGHT

Thought is smoke that sprouts from hot ash
And rolls in strange shapes in cool, still air;
Thought is vapour that rises from molten Self
And lies on cool face in new forms.

Thought curdles while Self soars sour
In prolonged fermentation within disturbed soul
And bursts out of the turbulent surroundings
To cleanse the soul to pristine still charm.

The dints of time as the rumples of Self
Deepen thought and widen horizon;
Passion in Self that colours thought
Poises pristine soul to pinxit new world.

Fluid thought brings unknown solution,
New light that splatters from the mind's horizon
And forms within, streaks of unending open ends
That meet to new shapes in magic warps.

Thought sometimes hops from black clouds within
In sudden splashes like lightening;
Sometimes flows in unending chain like creeps
That grow from the pit of experience.

Reflection of experience on the Self's smooth face,
Thought is life and Self rolled to one;
Cooler and calm, thought interprets the Self,
Its clean crystal face and the fog laid thereon.

Thought is inner stress, thought is inner relief,
Thought is twilight, thought is fresh light,
Thought floods like waves, thought catches like fire;
Whatever thought be, it widens existence.

AGONY

The world once I thought rich and beautiful,
Why today, so desolate and baleful?
The treasures, a mirage,
The pleasures, a disguise,
The goods I carry are worn and stale,
Not a worthy port is in sight to unload;
The craft I sail is full of holes,
Leaks every pore
And rocks side to side,
Unstable, in unsteady wind.

Am I wrong or the world at large
Or the focus with which I unwind the world;
The dead-end distance runs out fast,
No more rich, green crops in fields,
No shocks of pleasures;
The wells dug up long back
Yield tasteless saline springs,

The long sojourn to sweet unknown,
A thankless labour of familiar and known
In dumb and sullen unending rounds.

No chain links the past to the present,
Nor to the future;
No choin links inside to outside,
Nor to the fate;
All is a riddle, an impassable tract
With poisonous thorns hidden 'neath;
Though the world around is full of motions,
My little world is still like cold nail,
No light, no support to stand up
But for unknown fears in heart.

My soul is empty,
The limbs are numb with dumb pains;
Nothing stirs,
All back-bites bleed my strength
To anaemic death;
Minutes roll and days limp
In indifferent, painful rhythms;
The bricks of walls, I built one day
Lie in heaps on ground today
For all to spit in spiteful scorn.

Why the flight fails to rise from the ground?
Why missiles from unknown horizons
Hit the target in constant wrath?
Why all frown the pretty little craft
That never hurtled to other's runway?
All lights went out and dreams shattered,
The sky turned to pitch darkness,
The chill wind blows in unpredictable speed
And I remain grounded forever,
In chill wind of pitch darkness.

EAST AND WEST

The spiritual East and material West
Are why on perpetual war?
The rectitude and commercial mind
Why cannot bond and share?
Why inner values and monetary values
Fail to yield unisonal values?

Religion and science or ethics and profit,
Art and craft or depth and width,
Why pull like rivals on opposite sides
And let mankind to gruesome gulfs?

Spirit and matter of religion and science
Like night and day of the living world,
Depth and width or rectitude and commerce
Like love and labour of intimate life
Are alternate steps for concrete progress;
East and West like two sides of heart
Must pump vital fluids to save human kind,
To purge wastes and cleanse life system;
How the vital parts of the global system
Go on war and survive for long?

Why west should club to defeat the East
And prove high-tech, trade superior of all
And laissez faire, the playground of men?
Why East should group in response to the West
And club their mights to face material giants?
Arabs, Blacks, Communists or Muslims,
Buddhists, Hindus or turbulent oil-fields,
How can be lesser friends to the western hearts?
The States, Bible, English or war industry
How can be lesser equals to Eastern minds?

The light of Lord Christ spread from East to the the West,
Crude oil flows from East to Western life-lines,
The high-tech and science reach East from the West,
The foods and drugs, from West feed Eastern child;
East and West mingle for a survival on the Earth;
Then, why this divide and subtle inner war?
Why sand reluctance to accept each other?
Colours may differ, so habits and thoughts,
Conducts may differ, so systems and values,
But, man lives for the same goal in East and West.

No West survives by West itself,
No East survives by East itself;
Both should meet and build the world,
Both should blend for the progress of mankind;
West and East surfaced like day and night,
Like north and South in magnetic field,
Not to fight, but to complement
Along the course of the celestial advancement;

Stop strifes, bridge gulfs and build friendship
Like brothers, born to enlightened heritage.

ELECTION

Is election a process to uncover common will?
Election, in truth, uncovers none's will,
But, numerical juggles of dumb, soulless figures
From election machine that makes numbers out of men,
That reduces subtle will to the stamp of ink.

The lazy machine rattles busy figures
That count unaccountable human will;
A thousand broken bits of the nation's will,
How take across the land to real common will?
In no number game lies the nation's will.

A mathematical scheme for people's rule
As dumb and blind as the mass rule it spawns
Where each sinks to nought in the human sea
While forced to choose on dictates of the state
From a bunch of selfish arrogant fools.

You cast your vote to choose who to lead,
Who tax your rights and breed their might,
Who frown your calls from dizzy heights;
For, vote you cast is a mole in a hill
And bereft of weight except number-game.

Election's heat brings dins, dusts and storms
That blind human mind in passion's wild swirls;
Blood meets blood and revenge rules the world,
Wealth flows to Ganges in liquor and blood
To breed more wealth, power and might.

Should passions bleed for greedy, sickly souls?
Should votes be cast just on loud, deceptive words?
How voters could be tools for greedy, ingrate's rise?
Yet, election, an election, an inborn statute right,
A job to foresee that better men come to throne.

DEVOLUTION

Straw dolls of plastic backbones,
Of clouded eyes, of splintered bone-frames
Crowd the world like cancerous growth;
Devolution devours souls of men
And blights all hopes of redemption.

Democracy is an infectious spell
That brings stature stamp on common popular mood
Of ease, leisure and shortcut roads;
It breeds and feeds rabble madness
That inebriates men to false secure feelings
And traduces them to common factors.

In rabbles, man loses himself,
His innate atone shatters to splinters
And spawns weak, indistinct noise
That never rises above deafening explosion
Of erratic growth and mad speed of his world.

The foul garbage of din, heat and speed
Fouls all tastes for peace and quietude
And disturbs man in refreshing open air.

Man knows not his self
And gropes in darkness for groping's sake
And groping everywhere, he plunges to hollow womb
With disturbed Self, mangled and mauled
In futile search for unexisting light.

He is divided in steep chasm
Of dead and still-born moral codes
And stifled to dreadful vicious, vacuum;
His Self is in incessant fall,
Confounded beyond hope and emancipation
While oblivious of innate soaring riches.

Wealth oils life for comforts
Though wealth is not life itself;
While puppets flourish in gluttonous motion,
Steel-frames emaciate in dumb pride
And implosions of defeat crack their steel
And constrain them to devolve to mad mainstream;
Aye, who saves this accursed mankind
From the vicious trap of devolution?

MY SONGS

My songs like my life,
Dull, though intense
Like bad cold fever;
My songs like my heart,
Bare with brooding passion
Like distant winter cloud.

There, rhythmic celestial dance
Hots up to pregnant broods
To deliver cold, still-born child;
The blood and mud passions
Evaporate like iodine
To a fog in my songs.

The zeal of life, to sad spectrum,
Dissociates through the soul's crystal prism
And spreads to thin lines of shades;
Though warm within, cold like ice,
Though rich and deep, too monotonous,
My songs like life, tread uncertain path.

Like lush pulp in metallic shell,
The songs defy free motion
In the safe cage of circumspection;
Cold, steel words in straight precision
Clatter around poetic prophecies
And bare truth in bone and flesh.

The hymns neither hot nor cold,
Neither storm nor still,
But carry forth in steady speed;
The tunes neither light nor grave,
Neither stir nor thrill,
But lingers like soul's dull sleep.

Though deep, even on surface,
Though high, level on the ground,
The subtle thoughts squat flat on eyes;
Though sweet, mute to ears,
Though fluid, stern to the mind,
The bard's beauty sinks to wastes.

The songs, abstruse like life,

Live in smokes beyond the ground,
Unifirm, dim in indistinct form;
My life my songs,
My songs, my life,
The two hues of the same soul.

COMMUNAL STRIFE

The fruits plucked to sweeten human soul
Turn sour with worms in warm flesh;
The nectar of wisdom, virtue and cosmic love
Breeds hatred and bloodshed,
The kind words of holy prophets
In devil's shop of communal strife,
Cloud human sky as bloody war cries.

Pristine passion to unite human race
Against atonic material drudge
Of hunger, pain and discontent,
To instill in soul, the cosmic joy
Like feathery white clouds in sky.
Pours blood and hatred like black magic.

Why the immortal cup flows mortal blood-feud?
Why divine chords shatter fragile human bond?
Why the holiest turns the vilest in discord
And love breeds hatred in passion's poison?
No religion, a religion while light is doused
And fossils of dogma surface in disguise.

The nectare of truth and right path
Splits the milk of love in man!
It blinds vision, spawns discordant tunes
And blood and death become a craze!
Communal strife spreads like fire
And consumes whatever on the path
And leaves grim facts of beast in man.

THE GUST OF DIVINE LIGHT FROM UNKNOWN HORIZONS

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Splashes like long flames of colourful fireworks;
It flows to me in floods in dazzling shines,

It carries new hopes and warmth from the far away world,
New strength, new insights, new worlds of unknown joy;
The celestial flashes drown my soul in divine force,
A rare pleasing calm dawns on the soul
And all worlds look alike with soft, gentle divine light.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Shakes the Self with shocks of fresh visions,
The flush of bright light fills and cleanse the Self
And spreads inside to wash patches of gloom;
The weightless heart in the ocean of bright sunshine,
In ripples of pleasures that produce sweet divine songs,
Dances in ecstatic madness in wait of what to break in
What is pure joy, beauty and enlightenment.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons
Breaks like showers and reaches like floods,
No time to breathe, no time to wait and drink;
Like whirl-wind, it uproots travails of reasons
And absorbs me head-on like water on sand;
All passions still, but pure streaks of joy
Drip to celestial rhythms in leisurely grace
And I glow as light in communion with light.

The guest of divine light from unknown horizons
Spreads from all sides in single infinite sweep;
It seizes me, dissolves me to universal gentle peace,
Where I am no more I, nor anything ever mine,
But, a stream of bright glow, one with everything,
Without height and weight and bonds of time and space;
I swim in the bright light, spread in infinite sky
And feel the joy of Heaven without pull of the Earth.

The gust of divine light from unknown horizons,
I see with inner eyes and feel with inner mind;
The swell of new tides, the bell of new moods
Reaches tired soul and raises hopes to new heights;
In the shower of divine light, in the breeze of enlightenment,
The ruffled feelings calm, the storms in Self still;
The soul that drinks the divine glow,
No more sinks back to the hell of black passions.

COMMUNISM

Common ownership

In proletarian state,
Common share in work
In need-devised rate;
No idle privileged class
To impale toiling race
To perpetual poverty's vice.

All are born with hands
To work for common good;
Every man is tall,
Taller than inner strains
As a cog in commune's wheel
And oils his lever on need
From the commune's common care.

All live as statistics
On strength and bonds
Of proletarian brotherhood
As comrades,
As friends in common cause
Of an unending war
'Gainst moneyed bags
With historical hates in heart
To ravage the past,
To quell all divides,

To restore pristine oneness
By fierce force,
By blood curdling violence,
And elimination somehow
Of reactions
To popular upsurges
In gun-points and deaths;
Blood for blood
To prove history right,
To survive class struggle
In political craft.

But, alas, what a tragedy!
What an end, and what are the means!
A precipitate act
In tears for poor!
For common good!
Blood-shed to curdle the milk of pure love!
Bottomless hate!
An incessant war for prosperous peace!

Collective will, collective welfare
In contempt for private intellect,
To mark Karl Marx's intellect
That forces artifice on history's normal course.
Doctrines pit men for murderous wars
Behind battlelines of Karl Marx's freaks
In passionless passions;
No wet hearts lead,
But blind faith in borrowed thoughts
In bonded mind
Rape nature's course,
Indeed in tears for downtrodden poor,
Indeed in love for the victims of guile.

But, how spilled blood and bonded mind,
How hatred filled in heartless acts
Wash the crass sin of blood-sucking innocence
And dawn the age of collective welfare!

HUMAN FRAMES

Faceless ghosts
Fly all round in blind motions,
Mindless bleats and shrieks
Like bats in light and sunshine;
They feast in nights
And feed in still silence;
No depth, no height, no width, no weight;
The dumb shades of human frames
Of broken spines and crushed sprite
Shadow hell and heaven alike
And walk on accursed good old Earth.

The creepy creatures,
The broken frames of darkness,
The moths on feast on easy preys
As parasites,
The spent grey ash of wasted pasts
Linger in air,
Hang over as brute darkness
To douse sparkles from the nature's eyes
And howl on the Earth like death's whines.

Like black smoke

Of factory's old chimney,
They fill the sky, corrupt the air,
They cannot sand on the earth,
Nor fly high in the sky,
But soon thin in air to nothingness;
No legs, no wings, no backbones,
They live for living's sake
Till inevitable death takes on;
No smile, no rage, no pain or pleasure
In those faceless face,
No peace, no violence in those dull souls,
Just black smoke of life, stirring human frames.

PROMISED LAND

The lane is long,
The passage is unending
No transpicious light to lead
Through the blinding dark alley.

No ways out
Except the blind alley
Or straight about-turn
To re-enter the womb
To re-enact the game,
To change the lane
To end-up in another dead-end.

In unceasing flight
In one-way sojourn
Away from open air
To unknown shores.

Shores are dark,
Savage and wild,
Cloistered all round
With arrogant creeps and monstrous beasts.

The haunted dark shores
Brook no lights,
Dark a'where,
Where no Sun can reach
And throw his warmth;
This far to shores
Along the blind alley,

No immortals reach.

Life leaps in bounds
Except across the blind alley
Where insights breed
To inner whimpers
And inspired bangs
Lead the soul
In divine flights
To the promised Land
Of peace and sunshine.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD

Like the starry sky of the newmoon day
Where small stars twinkle like poor winnocks
To the ceaseless black mysterious Heaven,
The world you live is not what you know,
Too abstruse for sense, too tall for reasons,
Too thick and deep for diffused perceptions
Which distance truth while touch the truth
Like the distant stars, diffused in the sky.

The night is thick and too huge to break
Where inadequate mind in childish freaks
Create front world of cause and effect;
The face is true but the soul is not false
Like sculptured walls round the sanctum sanctorum
Or the blood and flesh that hide emotions,
The subtle world beyond the known horizons
Dictates acts and laws to the sunshine world.

Like short strip in vast spectrum of light,
The known in sharp focus as narrow band
Creates a queer note that the conscious mind meets
As the only truth that is known to exist;
But, neither the visible is truth nor all truth is visible;
Like the unknown truth like the mind that throbs in body,
The dark storehouse of wild precious treasures
Feeds the starved obvious world in trickles.

The unknown knows all, the unseen sees all,
The unknown contrives all past and future;
No known rules work, no known roles sell,
All is a cause to an evolution there;

A subtle dark world of no end and beginning
And perhaps no present and dimensions of space,
Where no roads lead, what no knowledge lights,
But, still exists like the infinite space.

FIGHT

Is it fight against fight
To uphold crime against time?
Is it fight against spite?
Then, you must fight day and night.

Is it against outrageous acts
That meet scores of turbulent past?
Is it to protect sweet innocence?
Then, begin fight all at once.

Do you fight outright for moral right?
Then, whatever you do is really fine;
You fight with might at your hest
Against all sins, committed for fun.

Fight to the end is the object of fight,
Fight for respect is rightful fight;
Win or loss is immaterial now,
For, you fight as part of a celestial row.

Fight rouses from idle rest,
Fight stirs hornest's nest
And lays scores side by side
To force success to your side.

Fight injustice while blood is warm
To save mankind from definite harm;
The spirit of fight keeps mind in form
And binds man's acts to reasonable norms.

Keep eyes open before a fight,
Keep eyes shut during the fight;
Keep mind tough while in fight,
Keep mind soft after you fight.

Once in fight, be blood-thirst beast,
Pounce and win who fight in front,
Lick your blood and lock your heart,

Hit opponents where hurt them most.

While in fight, fight to win,
Use all tricks, brick by brick,
Doubt foes and friends alike, trust none;
But, consult all and decide inside.

Fight for a cause is reward itself,
Fight for mankind enriches the self;
A kindly heart and mind with vision
And steel-like will take up such fight.

No defeat is defeat in struggle,
For, struggle itself is seedling success;
No loss is loss in a live struggle,
For, the loss begins success process.

The world is full of scopes to fight;
Desperate calls to fight wrongs
Are lost in indifference, in fear of fight,
Until some rise with passions for a cause.

KARMA YOGA

Seasons come, spread new moods and go
In dispassionate cycle, ordained by nature,
Like cool players on stage in and emotional play
Who revisit unruffled in fresh moods every time.

The fierce eye of the Heaven slides over sky a'day
And spreads bright flames all over the way
Every new day, in gay unperturbed motion
For ages as new worlds were born and died.

The nature works in predestined mould,
The nature walks in predetermined route,
The nature forms in mould already cast
In the hearth of the past that mellows future.

Passions seize in false fears and hopes,
Emotions rouse soul to pains and pleasures
While and world rolls like tides of deep sea
In dumb rectitude beyond human heart and mind.

The birth and death and all within and outside

Of the grand womb of symbiotic celestial system
That works in ain design are all mere tools,
To serve in righteous abandonment.

It is how we work in the world,
It is how the world works with us;
While we work for this world,
Neither the work is ours nor the world.

Acts, not passions, constitute the cause and effect world,
Duties, not emotions, run the cause and effect world,
Detachments, not attachments, are subtle founts of happiness
In this huge automation where acts unwind motions.

Hearts and minds must trust the celestial rules,
Its harsh and smooth divine bearings
In stoic acceptance, in resigned indifference
While mould all acts for duty's sake.

This is the crux of KARMA YOGA,
This is the mix of karma and viraga,
This is the science of liberating from bonds,
This is the secret of Anantha Shanthi.

Passions are bonds, emotions are bonds
That bind to endless attachments;
Causes are bonds and effects are bonds
That drag into unending vicious circle.

Inactions, a sin against the celestial order,
Duty, a holy term for the world that gives life;
Like comets that run in definite paths,
All acts move in leash in stable route.

If you know this, you conquer the world,
If you know this, you attain Lord Siva,
If you know this, Satya and Saundharya
Dawn on the soul as Paramananda.

FRESH LEAF

A turnover to fresh leaf,
More cordial, deeper, rich and subtle,
In a vibratile immortal work,
Relegates past with time's tides

To the womb of sweet, distant old days.

A rhythmic melody, thick like blood
That lights two hearts in mutual warmth,
Dissolves souls in passion's calm streams
And ruddy riots of fuming hot yearnings.

The incessant tides of reciprocating delight
And immortal springs of willing trust
Scale heights, unscaled in the past,
Delve to depths, undelved in the past,
And light skies, never lighted in the past.

The frugal streams of foregone days
Coalesce to huge waterfull
Of passions and hair-raising joy,
Perchance, to an ocean in new leaves.

The precious blue, deep and clam,
That dissolves the two in eternal hug
Transports the loves in immortal wings
To the promised land of eternal warmth,
Where nothing clouds the sunshine of love.

The fresh leaf springs new vibrant life
From the bottomless well of forgotten leaves;
Old colours return, new musics catch up
And the soulful poem grows from leaf to leaf.

MAFIA

A wild, Sicilian native cactus,
Mafia spreads to fill cracks
In law of an impotent rule;
It breeds in silence
And feeds on knives and barrels of gun,
On fists, fights and deceptions
That weave a web of parallel power
In the morass of illgotten fortune.

A crude trade in evils
Of threats, assaults and deaths,
All sold in open shops for price
And forcible trade of savage judgement

That digs deep to chilled bones
Of hapless, fawning common man
While the cowering the state acquiesces in threats
And sets on saddle, the organised crime.

Mafia grows in violent gang-wars
In slums, bulanes, in jobless youths
While one man grows too big for the state
And permeates the state with bribes and threats;
The underground world is ruthless world
Where no wife, no friend, no mercy has place;
It is loyal world of blood-freezing discipline
Where love or death make just a day's difference.

Business here is God and silence, all;
Secrets are kept or betrayer, lynched on the spot;
Mafia takes state on when cornered to fight,
Who trade concessions with police, magistrates
And law-makers, ministers and stars;
They run a world of steely frames and gold
And corners studded with dazzling diamonds;
But, live a sad life from death to death.

OWN MASTERS

Wolf and fox seek carcass
For survival,
Lions and tigers earn livelihood
Or die like own masters;
Sheep and donkey walk as led
With all their senses shut,
Elephants stride on wild forests like lonely giants
On will in little concern for pressures;
Yet, lesser creatures dare to outrun
Their habitations in wilderness,
Though not masters of forests, their dens.

Base metals withstand all beatings and weights,
Not gold in pure and soft from;
Wisdom fences while ignorance permits,
Nobility fixes high norms to life.

The pleasure of pigs in filths,
The lure of fouts for dogs
Never tempt high-bred race-horse to fall in line;

The pleasure of itches
The rise on wings of owls or bats
Never brings joy to graceful soul;
Never brings the pleasure of height;
Nobility teaches to grow own small wings
To fly a little at a time on own small strength;
The glitter of gold easily fades,
The touch of nail breaks soft gold,
So is classical beauty's tender interior
That warrants thousand thoughts before every move
To save the loss of Self.

Height and weight win in slow, steady strides
Against speed and hasty sweep,
No greed, no race against races,
But, accept in grace that comes in natural pace;
Though a loser for lesser mortals
Who creep through holes and blasts mole
To capture rare prize,
Nobility never stoops to be less than noble;
For, nobility is something within
Like fragrance of flower
Or sparkles of diamond
Or infinite charm of pretty young girl.

How poetry can bargain beauty for form?
How painting can bargain art for craft?
How wisdom can bargain knowledge for pedantry?
How the Sun, his glow for the gust of heat?

No rise or fall touches noble fibres,
For, nobility is beauty and the greatest height;
No pressures move its classical height,
For a, inert it is, like nitrogen,
On its constant track in rain and hail-storm
In imperious contempt to time's travails;
Self-luminous it is, like the Sun
Whose glow spreads bright halo around
That brings strength of conviction
Of distinct conduct, neither less nor more;
The classical weight is like march-past in slow-times
In measured paces and proud strides;
It marches forever while shams gallop on horse-back;
Yet, the slow-times reach its post a day
In all splendours of tasteful art.

BOND

Hearts woven together
In desires, dreams and mutual warmth,
Hearts matted in thick passions and griefe
In common thoughts and concern
Never, never part again.

Bond of passions,
Confluence of roads and goals
Bind hearts to infrangible fusion
That never dissolves in tedium
Not melts in heat of turgid Self.

The same passion in different shells,
The same fire in different hearths,
The same glow in different lamps
Tind and light the common world
Where each finds and tends the other.

Two fuses to one,
Where hearts palp, palpitate in rhyme,
Speak, weep and dance in arms;
If one is hurt, the other bleeds,
And the other in joy, the one flies high.

Though the path is long and circuitous
And laden on molten iron of conventions
And torn by savage spikes of fate,
The sojourn is smooth,
For, they share all along, each other.

While they walk, hand in hand and heart in heart,
Life is and unending warm sail
Of joy, peace and sweet indulgence
In comforting breeze of open air
That rides high or low like nature's dance.

KNOW YOUR HEIGHT

When shadows spread to miles to darken lesser worlds,
When eyes stare sky while measure your heights,
Know that you have grown too huge for this world;
When mortals shrink or fear to tune to your heart,

When scattered minds flock to outweigh your from,
Know that you outgrew the reach of tattered mass.

The sparkles of gold outshine base metals
And spawn sweet discords in dull, mean world;
The flash of divine light breaches the sheet of supine night
And overawes the world deep in sleepy oblivion;
You give shocks to awake needs and all stability rocks
While you rise like hunger pangs in indigest stomach.

Hearts meet, minds bind, almost equal heights,
While frown underheights and overheights too
Like cattle in a herd loathe all intruders;
Instincts unwind defence and instant attacks too
In blind response to high notes inside the herds
Unless instated to guide and lead from outside.

Unlike cats, no tigers catch rats in dark holes,
Unlike thorny shrubs, no tall trees fence paths,
Unlike shooting stars, no stars sink in dark heaven;
Unlike herd, you pace the world in measured strides
And stand apart from the herd's blind passage
What rouses resentments and ultimate wake.

Change your stripes to meet lesser mortals,
Wear lesser masks to seek lay approbations,
Where absorbs you every contented creature
To his backdoor of market-place systems
Like crows do for young cuckoo-offsprings
As their own, till croaks contrast sweet melodies.

They pull down tall towers to disprove dwarfishness,
They foul noble works to feed own hollow selves,
They rouse huge billows of black cold smokes
They cloud your charms and spread wild spectres
Of what isn't there and what never be a'where,
In myopic eyes those shy bright sunshine.

Like fresh grapes thrown to rotten-fruit dustbin,
You sour faster than all the dumped fruits;
Like pretty roses blossom between prickly thorns,
You while away untouched, uncared by unwise world;
For, while rise beyond the herd, you are its part,
And, while you are a part, suffer resentments.

Know your height, know your strengths from the holes you live in.
Where rodents in thousands run all over you;
Know your spikes, know the torch you hold
By the moves of rodents to reach and strike your self;
Rats are rats that seek to punch holes a'where
While you must stand high beyond the rat-ridden holes.

No holes limits height, no sky limits growth,
No herd binds anywhere, no billow clouds charm
If you be the same who carve your path
And rise in confidence in herd or out of herd
Like the Sun who runs through East and west
In own fierce resolve in joyous abandonment.

Fear not gulfs, fear not resentments,
Fear not attempts to restrain your growth,
To force your pace with the brigade in slow-march;
Today you are here, tomorrow somewhere,
While the march you make follows you a'where
In this world and out of this world.

RESISTANCE

Where you lost your backbone?
Where you lost your vision?
Why you grope so in gross confusion?
Open your eyes, stiffen backbone
And hit target with precision bombing;
No more dark spots on the dazzling Sun,
No more soft spots on reinforced steel;
No more aberrations,
No more doubts;
Fence your heart and blindfold the mind,
Focus on target, the cross-section of sight;
No more vacillations while you pull the trigger;
The weapon do rebound
And cracks your bones,
Yet, the knock is worth the shock
To demolish resistance
And build confidence.

Spare no fortifications,
No blind spots, no more hung minds;
No wide shots that send targets on guard,
You must hit direct at the first instance;

No under-cover operations,
No subtle preparations,
No fears you must have of retaliations;
For, they spent all shots
Firing at you;
Just have in sight and press the trigger
And hit as targets one by one
With steel-like heart and ruthless mind.

You ought to know where you stand and what is your range
And stand firm on ground;
While arms in hand and fire in mind,
While target in eyes and vision is clear,
Slump not to act and sink not in cowardice.

Fear not the air that wraps round you,
Fear not the world that works for itself;
You have your task, others their own;
While two should clash, stand up to the challenge
And pursue your path;
Has ever the Sun retracted his path
While caught and engulfed in eclipse?
Nor the Moon did it ever;
They shine as fierce
And glide through the sky
Unperturbed as ever.

Smokes rise in hundred shades
And objects turn indistinct in eyes;
Yet, search your soul,
Move not from objects
And train instincts for the tasks in hand
And keep yourself like soldier in battle-field;
No wall of sand should stop your run,
No fear of man-eaters across sand-wall
Must stunt progress;
You climb the wall and jump across
And face all tides as it come.

This is the way to face the world,
This is the way to crush resistance,
This is the way to race on rightful road,
This is the way to build confidence.

TERRORISTS

They surface from roadside pot-holes,
From cracks of walls and street corners,
From mysterious creeks
With fire-spewing guns in hand
And fire-spitting zeal in heart
To set the land on fire
Of strife and fear.

Terrorists know no territories,
No religion and compassion;
They strike for a case,
They borrowed as 'a cause'.

They strike like a devil
To serve a borrowed cause,
Indistinct in confusion, though;
They reach not roots,
In search of a tool
Of ultimate deliverance;
Like wild fire, they spread
and engulf the peace
To reduce all to strife and terror.

They lay down life for their dreams,
They lay themselves as stray bricks
To build a bridge to their dreams
Whereon, they hope to walk someday.

They live in past, they live for future,
But know not how to live for the present;
They disown the present
To soothe the fire that seethes in hearts;
They live for a vision, they die for a vision,
But know not how to work for a vision;
They live in terms with instant death
In struggle for a vision;
They live for a vision
That carries them across
To a world of fulfilment.

The legion of violence
Seizes peace and shears confidence,
Shakes senses with jolts of shocks
And spreads the virus of terror;
Their merciless strikes

On the carefree and defenceless world
Make them beasts that prey on each.

The agents of death and destruction
Force a change by threat and terror
And bleed the world for a new order.

Terrorists' is a parallel world,
Terrorists are their own laws;
They live to die and die to destroy,
But, never live life as life to be lived.

KARNATAKA

A tableland of black gold-dust
With rugged highland and coast,
Washed with rains and green forests
As thick as fur and tall as mountains,
Hark, stands on the holy Indian land
In marks distinct from Andhra, Tamil land,
Malabar and Maratha on all sides,
Like white rose in red wreath of flowers
In quiet charm is Karnataka,
The land of black dusts and height.

Karnataka is a miniature India
In castes, creeds, tribes and classes,
In languages, dialects, cultures and arts,
In rites, thoughts and religious beliefs,
All blend in unison to a tasty broth;
Be it Jains, Lingayats, Dasas or Muslims,
Be it Kodavas, Tuluvas, konkans, Kannadigas
Or Vokkaligas, protestants or outcastes,
All loved this land and lived as one,
For, the bond of land held them in leash.

The land, lord Bahubali chose for penance
And bore holy rays of enlightenment,
The land where Lord Basava spread holy thoughts
Of love for man and search for God,
Where an empire was raised and Hampi was built
To defend Indus values from alien seize,
Where Pampa and Ranna built temples of songs
And Hoysala, Chalukya, Rastrakuta sculptures
And Muslim architectures flowered on walls,

Where their bloods soaked soil with valour.

The splendours of a host of streams of rivers
That jump from ghats to raise green crops,
The dazzling spread of vast blue Arabian sea
That plays on land with ceaseless waves,
The gaint Gol Gumbaz tthat shocks sense,
All precious sparkles of Karnataka character;
The love for God and love for valour,
The rare tolerance to all classes and creeds;
An eye for beauty in rilghteous life,
All precious sparkles of Karnataka heritage.

FRIENDSHIP

Hail the friends of kohima land
Hail the lights of Mangalore,
Twinkling 'neath tall, green palms,
Swept by rains and ocean breezes;
As the bower of bosoms sound
In happy chorus,
'Come, welcome to
Our revered friends;
The mutual slogan
Warmingly ascends.

The warm friendship expanded,
The scent of musk spread afar;
Undreamed dreamt and
Unthought thought,
Unhappened happened and
Undiscovered found;
Is this not the real creation?
Is this not the new invention?
Eureka, Aloysians exclaimed
With Kohima friendship in their hearts
As unity in diversity
Surfaces in sons of the land.

A bridge is built
In human kind,
A ship is built
To Nagaland: Friendship!
Several minute space ships
In lunar and martian orbits

Lost in wastage, yet
The friendship is everlasting ship 'Jyothi'
To our friends of Kohima the finest future;
The present meet 'is the god's gift,
Fair bud to end blossom as fragrant.

MILES TO WALK

If I falter in every beginning step,
How can I walk miles ahead?
If I flounder in every opening that shows up,
How can I outgrow my dark cell?

Seasons change, surroundings change;
The world around in impatient leaps
Runs with time, miles a day;
Only I, in dark cell sit still
With miles and miles ahead to walk
Beyond walls, in warm fresh air
To distant lands where my heart stays put;
Eyes strain, limbs pain;
Miles to cover lie like unending ocean,
Undaunting, vast, inexhaustible
To my tired feeble soul.

Let my mind wake up from slumber,
Let my heart live up to passions,
Let my limbs shed sluggish numbness
And walk miles, run miles to distant lands.

Holed up in cell, I grope for light,
For doors, new roads, fresh air;
No more in hide, no more in bind;
I must step out, walk miles ahead
On thorny roads and jump gulfs;
Walk day and night in incessant pace
Till I reach distant lands,
Though legs fail and feet bleed;
For, I have a few challenges to meet,
For, I have long miles to tread
Before sunshine sets forever
And heart cools and soul sleeps.

SMOKE

The swirl of smoke
In gyral tower,
Why rises to the sky?
Why a jet of soot
Flares like hood
At the roof of the world?

The cloud of passion
Builds a spiral bridge
To the roof of the void;
The dowf world of decadence
Dissolves in air
And rises to joyful Heaven.

The column of smoke,
Blackened with soot,
Carries sad complaints to high world
Of gluttonous greeds,
Of sins and pains
That catch hapless lower world.

The griefs, wails and shrieks
Of tearing pains on the Earth,
Rise to the sky in smoke
In search of light
To suffocate sufferings
And purge all griefs from the Earth.

THE BEAUTY OF HATRED

Hatred in air like morning freshness,
Hatred all round like warm sunshine
Instill in Self newness every fresh day;
New resolutions surface every day
To feed the hearth of angry, hungry mind,
To raise hot steams in inner cauldron,
That fill all holes of the blistered Self
And I land on the ground from weightless waste
With a field to dig and steams to spend
And exhaust black blood from the transparent soul.

The mesh of hot pulp of heart boils inside

In corrosive acid of intense hatred;
The lucent glow of the soul is tarnished outside
In smokes of the Self, caught in hatred;
A dumb, numb joy of warm, still darkness
Waits to pour out and drown in negritude,
The hell where sprouts and spreads hatred,
To tear the chill womb and soak in blood,
Where breeds hatred to engulf my soul;
I must meet eye to eye to dout inner flames.

NATURE

You jog long to sleep fast at night,
You fast all day to eat well next day,
Predators hide to pounce on unguarded prey,
Trees shed leaves to bear afresh in springs,
Sunshine dips at dawns to blaze at noons;
This is how the nature works,
This is how the nature works,
That goes back a pace to begin the final race.

You mount a horse to enjoy a ride,
You climb hills to view vales downward,
Joys spring from the womb of pains,
Leisures hide in the web of strains,
Fullmoon fills sky while night wraps all round;
For, the nature conceives things in unnatural turns,
For, the nature conceives things in unnatural turns
In sprouting daylight form the deep slumbers of night.

It is pain that deepens the pleasure of pleasures,
It is shadow that brightens the light of lights,
War makes profound the depth of peace:
Clouds, of the Sun; partings, of the love;
The surfeit of pleasures, of immortal quietude;
This, nature works to bring contrast,
This, nature works to bring contrast,
In this and that, that enrich each other.

Be it day and night or pain and pleasure,
They are two ends of the nature's wherewithal;
Be it rise and fall of love and hate,
The nature scores each to refresh her charm.

COMMENTS ON SOME OF THE POEMS HERE BY RENOWNED POETS

CRYSTAL GLOW

Madhur Veena Comment: Who is she? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?You write good!

Margaret Alice Comment: Beautiful, it stikes as heartfelt words and touches the heart, beautiful sentiments, sorry, I repeat myself, but I am delighted. Your poem is like the trinkets I collect to adorn my personal space, pure joy to read, wonderful! Only a beautiful mind can harbour such sentiments, you have a beautiful mind. I am glad you have found someone that inspires you to such heights and that you share it with us, you make the world a mroe wonderful place.

Margaret Alice Comment: Within the context set by the previous poem, “Cosmic Probe”, the description of a lover’s adoration for his beloved becomes a universal ode sung to the abstract values of love, joy and hope personified by light, colours, fragrance and beauty, qualities the poet assigns to his beloved, thus elevating her to the status of an uplifting force because she brings all these qualities to his attention. The poet recognises that these personified values brings him fulfilment and chose the image of a love relationship to illustrate how this comes about; thus a love poem becomes the vehicle to convey spiritual epiphany.

FRAGRANT JASMINE

Margaret Alice Comment: Your words seem to be directed to a divine entity, you seem to be addressing your adoration to a divinity, and it is wonderful to read of such sublime sentiments kindled in a human soul. Mankind is always lifted up by their vision and awareness of divinity, thank you for such pure, clear diction and sharing your awareness of the sublime with us, you have uplifted me so much by this vision you have created!

Margaret Alice Comment: The poet’s words seem to be directed to a divine entity, express adoration to a divinity who is the personification of wonderful qualities which awakens a sense of the sublime in the human soul. An uplifting vision and awareness of uplifting qualities of innocence represented by a beautiful person.

I WENT THERE TO BID HER ADIEU

Kente Lucy Comment: wow great writing, what a way to bid farewell

Margaret Alice Comment: Sensory experience is elevated by its symbolical meaning, your description of the scene shows two souls becoming one and your awareness of the importance of tempory experience as a symbol of the eternal duration of love and companionship - were temporary experience only valid for one moment in time, it would be a sad world, but once it is seen as a symbol of eternal things, it becomes enchanting.

I'M INCOMPLETE WITHOUT YOU

Margaret Alice Comment: You elevate the humnan experience of longing for love to a striving for sublimity in uniting with a beloved person, and this poem is stirring, your style of writing is effective, everything flows together perfectly.

Margaret Alice Comment:

'To a resplendent glow of celestial flow
And two split halves unite never to part.'

Reading your fluent poems is a delight, I have to tear myself away and return to the life of a drudge, but what a treasure trove of jewels you made for the weary soul who needs to contemplate higher ideals from time to time!

IN CELESTIAL WINGS

Margaret Alice Comment: When you describe how you are strengthened by your loved one, it is clear that your inner flame is so strong that you need not fear growing old, your spirit seems to become stronger, you manage to convey this impression by your striking poetry. It is a privilege to read your work.

Obed Dela Cruz Comment: wow.... i remembered will shakespeare.... nice poem!

Margaret Alice Comment: The poet has transcended the barriers of time and space by becoming an image of his beloved and being able to find peace in the joy he confers to his beloved.

'You transcend my limits, transcend my soul, I forget my distress in your thoughts And discover my peace in your joy, For, I'm mere image of you, my beloved.'

Margaret Alice Comment: You are my peace and solace, I know, I am, yours too; A mere flash of your thoughts Enlivens my tired soul And fills me with light, peace and solace, A giant in new world, I become, I rise to divine heights in celestial wings. How I desire to reciprocate To fill you with light and inner strength raise you to divine heights; I must

cross over and hold you in arms, light up your soul, Fill you with strength from my inner core, Wipe away your tears burst out in pure joy How I yearn to instill hope and confidence in you we never part And we shall wait, till time comes right. the flame in my soul always seeks you, you transcend my limits, transcend my soul, I forget my distress in your thoughts And discover my peace in your joy, For, I'm mere image of you, my beloved.

RAGING FIRE

Margaret Alice Comment: As usual, it is the symbolism of making love that is important to me, you clearly depicts the sensual delight, which is fleeting, the enduring aspect of temporary sensory experience lies in its symbolism of unity and infinite love and read within the context of your previous poems, I think the symbolism is present in this poem also.

Margaret Alice Comment: The symbolism of making love is important, the poem depicts sensual delights, which are fleeting, the enduring aspect of temporary experience lies in its symbolical value of unity and infinite love. Read within the context of the previous poems, the symbolism can be read in this poem also.

SHE SPELLS SIMPLICITY

Sarah Loves Comment: this is awesome

Margaret Alice Comment: Once again you weave the tapestry of the symbolical meaning of her presence in your life and create the context within which sensory experience of love is elevated to the sublime. I repeat myself, I know, but I love these themes.

Margaret Alice Comment: Weaving a tapestry, using a description of lovers to symbolise the presence of love in, creating the context within which sensory experience is elevated to the sublime.

WE DISSOLVED IN THE OTHER

Margaret Alice Comment: Still within context, the poet gives description of sensory love as a symbol of souls united in one goal, eternal love. Humanity is always in danger of separating the playful aspect of lovemaking from its deeper significance. When young, love is the best game there is with no strings attached, as people grow older, they discover how lovemaking becomes a symbol for real affection as loyalty and integrity to a loved one.

YOUNG ROMANCE

Margaret Alice Comment: The scene is very evocative, it could also be the description of sensual love without any other significance than momentary joy, the way young people love, abandoning themselves to physical pleasure without emotional involvement, since young people are on a voyage of discovery and making love is one of the stations along the way. Within the context of this series of poems, I assume the poet wishes to assign an emotional significance to the love he depicts, a love relationship that is meant to last. Very well written, you have done a splendid job.

RHYTHMS OF LIFE

Guillermo Veloso Comment: What a wonderful manifesto. I have been thinking lately of life as a see-saw with our goal the fulcrum. your poem adds clarity to my journey. thank you for sharing Praveen

I LOVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE

Hasmukh Amathalal Comment: Love sprouts in heart and sits in soul,
Love bounces from the soul to light up loved things,
Love lights steady flame of heavenly bliss
And melts all pride and binds loved ones....ya love bounces from soul to light... truly said... i liked the theme....10

A WALL OF TIME

Rose-marie Mitchell Comment: Nice poem! Nice words! - 'In the womb of deep slumber'.- very poetic.

WE LIVE IN HOPES

Jay greene Comment: amazing is the only word i can think of speechless 10+++++

SHE IS THIRTY, I'M SIXTY

Sadiqullah Khan Comment: This is simple mathematics. Use your lower half (sixty divided by two is equal to thirty) or wait another thirty years for her to become sixty.

BE YOU IN WORDS

Sadiqullah Khan Comment: Good advice, worth following. Will take it to my list, for

reference. Thanks for sharing Praveen.10

HIS SMILE FLOODS TREASURE

Sadiqullah Khan Comment: Lucky guy.....

STOP COMING

Sumita Datta Comment: But... it's a recurring strokes... It won't stop...

BYGONES ARE BYGONES

Sumita Datta Comment: Actually, bygones are bygones.. liked your piece of work...

ETERNAL SEARCH

Bonnie Shipman Comment: Praveen, this is very beautiful. The words flow smoothly and finely. In it, I see God's search for man. Even when we would hide ourselves from the living God, He finds us and calls to us. We need only to respond.

Margaret Alice Comment:

'I chose words, I created worlds
To impale you in poetry's net; '

Struck me forcibly - to catch and hold through the power of words...

GENTLE LIGHT

Bonnie Shipman Comment: I am glad for the expression of this poem. But one question- what of the beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit? It is the spirit which holds the most beauty.

I see music in his hands.
I see eloquence in her mouth.
I see dancing in his feet.
I see understanding in her eyes.
I see prayer in he knees.
I see giving in her arms.
I see compassion in his shoulders.
I see love in their eyes.

I see God in their soul.

Margaret Alice Comment: 'makes sorrow sweet and excess joy bitter
To guide the life through a healthy rich path
Of eternal peace and contentment; '

Eternal, the magic word, take sweetness from joy to sweeten sorrow...

COSMIC PROBE

Margaret Alice Comment: A cosmic scope, the speaker becomes a symbol of the dark earth [body] lying in wait for the power of light [spirit] to find and fill it with life and joy. The reader can find several symbols in the poem, find the image of imprisoned lover waiting to be found by the beloved who seeks him out in his despondency and brings hope and joy to his soul. the soul keeps seeking the physical body because it is home, allowing it to interact with other aspects of reality – or infinity. The lover and his beloved becomes a symbol of the unity between spirit and soul. It is a pleasure to come upon a poem that allows the reader scope to speculate in this way.

HER SWEET SOUL NEVER HURTS ANY

Margaret Alice Comment: The poet personifies the qualities of love, compassion, humility, upliftment, righteousness, as a “queen” that reigns over him and controls his actions. He uses the description of adoration for a beloved as a symbol to illustrate his relationship with these qualities that he admires so much. He assigns these admirable virtues to a powerful being who has the ability to reign over him.

IMPREGNABLE BOND

Margaret Alice Comment: The unity aspired to and attained in embracing a beloved can be seen symbolise the eternity of love – memories and thoughts are important as ties that bind the poet to the beloved – within the context of this series of poems the beloved is the personification of man’s higher aspirations. When memories and thoughts are lost, love remains and love is symbolised by unity.

IN NATURE’S CELESTIAL TIE

Margaret Alice Comment: 'I live in her, and she, in me, indivisible ever, '

A beautiful depiction of love and hope.

MY SELFLESS ANGEL

Margaret Alice Comment: 'She found her joy I could not give her In my barren shadow, sadly bleak and cold.'

What a strange poem, it can be interpreted in so many ways, within the context of these series, it seems that the virtues personified by the angel would not desert the poet even when he refused to embrace them wholly - I think.

SOUL BOUND TO SOUL

Margaret Alice Comment: 'We know we are one and destined to blend.'
'But, comes our time, all is worth of it.'

Now this is positive, what a great example for the discouraged and tired seeker, keep the faith and all is worth it - great words, inspiring, lovely.

SAPNA

Margaret Alice Comment:
'Oh, how a thing of beauty, breeds that much pain!
How gentle love throttles joy, brings misfortunes! '

I always goes with Terry Pratchett's interpretations when confronted with sad tales like these - just as Romeo and Juliet should have checked for pulse before killing themselves, these characters should have acted in a different way - seems like Pratchett and I refuse to accept sad endings as inevitable - I never shall. Quantum physics says the universe splits every time a decision is made and quite the reverse takes place somewhere else - the universe split and in a parallel universe these two lovers are living happily!

SHE IS PURE GOLD

Margaret Alice Comment: "Wisdom" calling to foolish men and women mentioned to in Proverbs, the Bible, seems to be delineated in this description. Wisdom always seemed to be an aspect of beauty, because beauty without wisdom would lack harmony, balance, truth, joy, peace – this description seems to refer to the highest ideals men aspire to. Lovely way to put it.

WHILE TIME COMES RIGHT

Margaret Alice Comment:

'Yet, a distant glimmer deep in my heart
Distinctly whispers that all is not lost,
Everything will be right while time comes right.'

That's it, hope and trust always, it gives meaning to human lives and best of all, it creates a positive ending, if you don't waver, your wishes will be fulfilled.

SHE FLOODS MY SOUL

Margaret Alice Comment: 'She is the precious jewel I sought all my life.'

This reminds the reader of the parable in the New Testament, when a man found a precious jewel in a piece of land, he buried it again and went away and sold all his possessions and bought that piece of land to keep that jewel for himself.

SIMPLY YOURS

Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK Comment: 'I'm "Simply Yours"' a Romantic poem the ...vibe spinning tangentially into horizon and picturesque...10

Margaret Alice Comment: You are my world, my light, You are my fulfillment, You are my reason, my meaning, You are my cause and target, Wherefore I move all through life.

Hasmukh Amathalal Comment:
You are my world, my light,
You are my fulfillment,
You are my reason, my meaning,
You are my cause and target,
Wherefore I move all through life.....open and frank admission I am yours' so beautifully interwove3nwith clear heart and it has moved me with its words.. lovely sir.....10

GULF OF LIFE AND DEATH

Cyanic Orchid Comment: nice expressions.....

DIVINE IS MY STATE

MaKayla Straight Comment: WOW! !! GOOD JOB! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Margaret Alice Comment:

“You fill me with such wealth that I, whether high or low,
Need no worldly grace or scope unto me ever flow.”

Ooo, wish all love was like this! I am paid to read dark letters of despair and your uplifting lines is taking me on a journey far away into a new universe of light, love, music and verse. You sing beautifully.

LOVE SONG

Margaret Alice Comment: 'With an ocean of emotions churning between.'

The universal human condition, yet we all live on surface, we never probe the ice-floes beneath...

TEMPLE OF WORDS

Margaret Alice Comment:

You bring huge waves in the ocean of soul
That washes the shores of heart and mind
With melodious tunes and passions' foams;
While low tides set on the soul's trough,
All go still and disturbingly calm.

This is striking rhythm and melody, oceans of soul and passion's foams, great imagery...

THE TOUCH OF SPRING

Margaret Alice Comment: Comfort, gentle care, warmth - this is real love, wonderful.

RECOLLECTIONS

Margaret Alice Comment: 'Make life a vaulting heaven, this world, a joy's holy shrine.'

'rousing pleasures' are fleeting, can be a trap, leaves the reveller feeling empty, but the last line is wonderful, the discovery of infinity in the here and now - that is something to dream about.

MY ELUSIVE PRETTY WIFE

Margaret Alice Comment: 'To seek, search and discover my elusive pretty wife. '

What a delightful ode to your wife! I am reading ice-cold words in official grey documents ashen with meaninglessness, therefore it is a delight to follow a series of poems in which a poet delineates love in spiritual terms and emotions are more important than rational logic.

ON HER

Margaret Alice Comment: What a lovely way to end the official day, words that remind of spiritual truths and joys in feelings and uplifting ideas!

TIMELESS SONG

Margaret Alice Comment: it is very difficult to read grey words after these beautiful visions

Margaret Alice Comment: you know not what you are for me, how deep and wide you fill my self,

I LOVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE

Margaret Alice Comment: 'Love is pure bliss, Love is pure feel'

thank you for this reminder that life is bigger than the small official space here and now...

Margaret Alice Comment:

I love you for what you are,
Not for what you ought to be,
Nor for what you some day is;
You, as you are now, here and near, '

Unconditional love and acceptance, no ifs and buts and demands, to love because, not in spite of.

RISE AGAIN IN THE EAST

Margaret Alice Comment: "on immortal mortal face"
I love juxtapositions like this!

“unite in immortal love’s bond”

That is the only kind of love there is, immortal – I agree.

EVERLASTING JOY

Margaret Alice Comment:

'You made this life a dulcet music,
A passionate painting, a sensuous poetry.'

You felt this, or imagined it, the ability to feel so much and dream of such visions, it has me in thrall...

Margaret Alice Comment:

You made this life a dulcet music,
A passionate painting, a sensuous poetry.
You dyed my heart in everlasting beauty,
You dyed my soul in everlasting joy;

PRISTINE WORLD

Margaret Alice Comment: Enormous scope of your visions... bigger than anything I have ever thought about...

Margaret Alice Comment: Shades and hues of infinite joy It is a great world of divine joy
Where divinity spreads in fluid opulence, Where love cries in unbound joy, sacred temple
Where gods come to worship the queen Who created the world with her pristine charm
And lord over it all over since then; The hymns of love and dim temple light Come across
to reach only graceful souls. No dusts and smokes of forlorn years Ever ravage her
pristine form, Ever disturb her unworldly love, She lives and lives forever and ever in the
old world, in all new worlds too.

SHE SMILES FROM A MYSTIC LAND

Margaret Alice Comment: 'Where we dwell in immortal rest.'

Forever and immortal - concepts that give meaning to life.

IN COSMIC CYCLE

Margaret Alice Comment: 'In timeless love that blends our hearts.'

Key word: Timeless - the temporary world is but a window on the eternal timeless spirit that lives forever.

IN CELESTIAL RHYTHM

Margaret Alice Comment: 'She lives in me forever in the shine of my soul, '
'In every streak of love I find anywhere.'

Perfect, love as eternal, every instance of love is one more channel to the infinite source of love, one instance of love opened awareness to all other manifestations of love.

I HEAR ALL DAY YOUR LITTLE WHISPERS

Margaret Alice Comment: ', you are unbound joy, inner peace, sheer harmony, my beauty, my truth and essence.'
'nothing I find harder than knowing you'

So many of us share your quest for mental peace and spiritual joy!

CELESTIAL MUSIC

Margaret Alice Comment: 'find her lurking in all splendid things,
In all noble deeds, trusts and all human needs, '

Once again the theme of finding the constant wonder within changing things, finding the eternal beauty within the stream of life ever-changing - holding the eternal within.

I'M JUST NOUGHT WITHOUT HER

Lady Grace Comment: so nice..this poem talks a lot...well appreciated...very nice dear....smileeee

Margaret Alice Comment: "immortal flame of my soul / timeless together / endless bliss / endless future"

This is a language that stirs the soul, uncovers temporality to show the eternal spirit burning wondrously behind short-lived manifestations, the symbols of eternal consciousness.

Margaret Alice Comment: Sarva Karana Karanam, Cause of all causes, Root of all roots, Source of all sources is she.

HER RESOLVE

Yoonoos Peerbocus Comment: you control each stanza up to the theme/ nice write

ALONG THE VENNELS OF YORE

Margaret Alice Comment: 'And held me fast to her for all ages to come.'

Love enduring forever - that is the only true love, the only reality, it lives forever, it is eternity.

ACROSS THE GULF

Margaret Alice Comment: "endless dance, a world of everlasting love and trust"
"endless" and "everlasting", words that hold more charm than any other in every universe

LOVE

Margaret Alice Comment: "Unknown hopes Deepen passions and strengthen bonds.
love does not wait for time's swing, But bides on steadfast patient growth"

Love transcends time's pendulum and instead of withering, keeps growing, across all intervening space, across the span of time.

Margaret Alice Comment: She sprang from time's tapestry, Like full moon, And
streamed soft light all over him; She blew over his heart's barrenness Like the gust of
westerly wind do to clouds And poured sprightly rain of joy. A skyward climb discovers
descend, "Unknown hopes Deepen passions and strengthen bonds. love does not wait for
time's swing, But bides on steadfast patient growth"

My comment: Yes, love transcends time's pendulum and instead of withering, keeps
growing, across all intervening space.

PARTINGS MEANT TO DEEPEN BOND

Margaret Alice Comment: "While soul is on focus, no labours count, No obstacles haunt,
no hurdles mount."

Having a purpose and led by an ideal, no amount of sacrifice can hold us back, obstacles

shrink away under inner power.

“Inseparably we are spliced in endless heavenly field,
Partings we suffer meant perchance to deepen bond.”

When the magnificent effect of temporary pain is understood and meekly submitted to, the pain creates a space for more joy and leaves no scar – we grow stronger at the places where life has broken us, and discover that pain changes us into glowing sticks if we let it!

Margaret Alice Comment: Intense like sun and soft like pure gold,
She stirred my soul to my singular goal

FROM UNKNOWN HORIZONS

Margaret Alice Comment: Perfect description of the soul becoming one with the all, although painful swelling of passion is stilled, the joy of inner experience as oneness is richer with feeling and experience than the physical world ever offered, and giving up the movement of passion is no sacrifice, but the door to a new horizon of celestial joy never experienced before.

“And absorbs me head-on like water on sand;
All passions still, but pure streaks of joy
And I glow as light in communion with light
I see with inner eyes and feel with inner mind;
The soul that drinks the divine glow,
No more sinks back to the hell of black passions.”

Margaret Alice Comment: The reason I love this poem is because it gives hope for transcendence into joy, not away from it. “And absorbs me head-on like water on sand; All passions still, but pure streaks of joy And I glow as light in communion with light I see with inner eyes and feel with inner mind; The soul that drinks the divine glow, No more sinks back to the hell of black passions.”

BLOOMED IN ENDLESS JOY

Margaret Alice Comment: 'Hearts seared in pain for each,
Now bloomed in endless joy; '

Wonderful, the steady, loyal heart recompensed, and even the journey only, the challenge, holds joy indescribable, love is its own recompense, if it also brings the travellers to their beloveds, just so much more beautiful!

IMMORTAL LIGHT

Margaret Alice Comment:

'What an immortal joy, you carried on you!
You came and you went, but the light persists all over.
the streams of immortal light, '

This is true love, when the appearance of the loved one changes the lover forever, the joy that was brought is immortal, the light persists even after the person left - the change is eternal and the lovers will be reunited after death for ever and ever. This is the only vision of love that makes life livable - and beautiful.

I KNOW HER

Margaret Alice Comment:

'For eternal commune of souls,
In ecstatic speck of continual 'now', '

Heidegger - in following Zen-Buddhism - experience without interpretation - phenomenology - eternal unity and ecstasy as one big eternal present tense - THIS is the perfect spiritual ideal, love becomes godly, the only kind of love to strive for, the dream and ideal...

THAT DAY

Margaret Alice Comment: An epic tale of cosmic dimensions...

'Her easy marking him shook deep his soul;
Like life to sunshine, soul to sweet notes,
Her heart danced wild in his warm presence; '

PARTING RHYMES

Margaret Alice Comment:

"Trust me", cried I, "trust the divine designs,
I swear on my lovely Goddess, destiny shall shine bright;
All fears and tears just meant to deepen our mutual bonds;
Nothing shall stop me from bonding to my pretty queen,

IN CAGE

Margaret Alice Comment: Only shallow eyes do see me in cage.

MY MORTAL EYES

Margaret Alice Comment: How much I desire to take you in arms And hold you tight to my yearning heart! Tell me where you hide from my mortal eyes; I reach far worlds and find you there

MY LOVE

Margaret Alice Comment:

She is my rhythm, the perfect rhyme,
The cosmic dance that bounces worth.
The world is a desert without her presence,
A void is life, devoid of essence;
The spin of time, a whine of hollowness,
Cool and dull, whimpers of shallowness.

FREE WORLD

Booklover Tv Lounger Comment: Pretty cool. Sounds epic in my opinion, like it should belong to the beginning of an awesome movie or game. Great job! Keep it up
-SJD

FLOWERS

Abhinav Baruah Comment: Thank you
Beautiful fragrance and positive vibrant.....
10+

COMPROMISE

Abhinav Baruah Comment: 'Man loses to gain,
Falls to rise and bends to standup'

..... Beauty of living.....
Enjoyed..

THE NATURE

Indira Renganathan Comment: The nature is a clean mirror of the soul
Where the soul itself reflects for real,
Bright like the sun, yet soft like the moon
And refreshingly pure like the morning dews.

Amazing observation and study on nature....great

SHINE LIKE THE SUN

Margaret Alice Comment: The poem reminded me of the highest challenge for people who want to shine like the sun: The ideal is to realize one's full potential without infringing on the rights and happiness of other people. The one who truly shines can love and accept unconditionally without expecting anything in return, – who simply adores and loves the world and its people for the pure reason of the glory of their existence.

Margaret Alice Comment: This exhortation rings beautiful it should be directed to every human being everywhere,

“Be different, be the jewel of the crown,
Shine like the sun all over the heaven;
Stand up above the mediocre din
And show how high you are deep within; ”

POETRY

Margaret Alice Comment: the poet approaching the goddess and asking her to be his muse and share herself, her own inspiring mind and feelings with him, to inspire his poetry so that he can write about the sublime.

“Lo, poetry surfaces from discontented soul.
The outside world in the inner cauldron
Sublimates to hot soothing vapour
That lingers in soul like poetic notes;
Trivials of the world, while churned in self,
Coagulate soft and sweet precipitates
That raise this world to enlightenment”,

the poet is addressing his own soul and his own muse,

What can I hold to impale you in words,
You wait on the side-stage to dance to tunes

To enter centre-stage, to create new realms,
Build bridges to the mind,

..... it is beautifully written containing all the rhythms and rhymes,

“You pour live words of myriad hues
In forms and shapes and rhythms and depths” the poet is dreaming about.

WINNOCKS OF BEAUTY

Margaret Alice Comment: “as conceived by a poet in a great epic; ” what an overpowering beholder to write an epic song like this, celestial ideal, style is a lovely, alliterative music and take the reader on a heavenly journey – “where desires and peace rise hand in hand, where the heat and light of enlightenment grips the soul glows in divine passions.”

SELF-RESPECT

Margaret Alice Comment:

“The road is wild, but a pleasant pursuit
To walk, head held high, in proud respect,
Though hungry beasts with bloody teeth
Wait to pounce and tear her Self.

.....poem brings all the elements of self-respect together that make life worthwhile. The only beasts who can tear self-respect is the subject’s own vision and decision, nobody else’s criticism, opinions or action can ever touch self-respect – it is a citadel, a safe sanctuary, and the source of love – of self and everything else.

BUDDHA

Margaret Alice Comment:

The Buddha found his final solace in flight and passivity, the end of all change.

“In nirvana he found the supreme tool;
He attained awareness, he sought all his life;
Gouthama, the Sakyamuni, found abstinence
The cure for all the pain and sorrow.”

”He suffered for all, sacrificed all,
To find the path of deliverance;

He sought and lit the spiritual light
That illumed and liberated self and world
And cast gentle rays on the human race.”

The Buddha gave his life to help those who need to follow the road of sorrow to its very end and attain sainthood – a wonderful thing.

COSMIC GAME

Margaret Alice Comment:

”We partake in a mysterious game,
Where as mere tools, we play the game,
Though inside it, nowhere belong.”

I have great respect for all who share your sentiments and feel the alienation implied by these statements.

THOSE CAREFREE DAYS

Margaret Alice Comment:

“the world was a huge playground then,
but, trust and love filled my world;
the carefree days did light my spirit”

The poet creates a picture of a perfect childhood, an idyllic picture

BLUE BEAUTY

Margaret Alice Comment: Inspiration and ideal personified as a woman, which in turn can be read as the personification of the subconscious also –

POETIC INSPIRATION

Margaret Alice Comment: Theme of inspiration personified as a woman: Together “Blue Beauty and “Poetic Inspiration” form a wonderful whole and the personification of Muse, ascribing sensory experience and inner feeling to the experience, makes it exciting and provocative – thank you for wording your ideas in this way!

LIFE AND COSMOS

Margaret Alice Comment: Thank you for writing a poem about life and its meaning.

“Life is a speck of light
In the womb of infinite darkness,
Life is a chance movement
In the ocean of ceaseless stillness.
Life is a celestial pinhole,
Where matter rocks in endless cycle”

Thank you for offering an opportunity to ponder these things.

I NEVER REACH YOU

Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK Comment: Indeed your poetic affect will ‘cynosure’ you ...
weather off ... is just wreathing in ... Excellent emotive poem... thro’ and thro’
vibe...oscillating...
Ms. Nivedita UK
PS 10

INDIA

Dilwyn Bowen Comment: Excellent piece of writing. Your pride and sadness come
through with great skill. Must give this a ten and a favourite read.
Regards,
Dilwyn

UNKNOWN BEAUTY

Margaret Alice Comment: What a lovely way to describe finding an ideal, personifying
the ideal as a woman and filling the poem with concrete images and enabling the reader
to interact with the poem.

CYCLES

Venkatesh Ram Comment: marvellous.unguided it seems but in reality everything has a
cyclic life

LIFE

Milica Franchi de Luri Comment: 'Life is an ocean of infinite waves' What a lovely metaphor...

STRANGE WORLD

Resten Swondo Comment: That befall in grotesque forms
Beyond reason's confines

beyond reason, there is beauty. for love knows know reason as any man with two good eyes will tell you.

Interesting lyrical power...

THOUGHT

Sadiqullah Khan Comment: Rich in metaphor, very elaborate, and thought provoking.10
from me, Kumar.

TO SAIL

Sadiqullah Khan Comment: How far should I sail to touch the shore of dreams?
.....Nice opening sentence.

THUNDERBOLTS

Sadiqullah Khan Comment: Long reading. The last stanza sums up.

FIGHT

Is It Poetry Comment: These are...
some of the wisest words
i have come to hear...
while here...iip
Fighting is so useless..
fools fight..always..
wise fight for family, child, country
and reward of labors...from thief...

COMMUNISM

Sadiqullah Khan Comment: Thought and knowledge. Well explained.10

MAFIA

Niyas Jamal Comment: jai ho!!!! jai ho!!!! jai ho!!!! jai ho!!!!

SHE SPELLS SIMPLICITY

Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK Comment: Wonderful portraying of femininity in various tones and tunessvelte supple lissome limber...

Yeah we women are like that...and look for cooperation from all....this poem aesthetically sounds like: Glory Unto Women ...thanks for this tribute-type poem especially when the aura and aroma of World Woman's Day still oscillating ...spreading noetic message ... enjoyed by all heart...

10+

COSMIC CYCLE

Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK Comment: Amazing...spellbound...full of wisdom...gleaming glittering with all noble thoughts... Finish is 'We ride the tides of ruthless time/In timeless love that blends our hearts. 'Ruthless time can't shackle us where Love is the propelling force... We stay anchored in the sanctuary of Love. Finest diction and plenty of food for contemplation and deeply...10+

IN CELESTIAL RHYTHM

Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK Comment: Sir to me it is narrative poem rich in metaphor ambience and spilling vibes of emotions. Who she was? Indeed a poetic riddle poets' love to keep inside ...allow readers to ponder and find the answer...and your crafting is likewise... 'Lay still and breathless, alas, in endless sleep... 'gush of gosh... well it's a part of poetry...thanks for sharing. Voted 10

COSMIC PROBE

Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK Comment: Magnificent chant soliloquizing with the All Highest. The canvas is unfathomable but your vibe outstretched max to cover in allness and fullness... you've made a free to and fro travel with 'You and me and I ' Finally consecrated yourself 'And spur you to the probe/By the sheer strength of our bond. ' Excellent poetic experience for me and learning ...than you very much for such a great poem... Voted 10

SHE IS PURE GOLD

Nivedita Bagchi SPC UK Comment: Your poem reminds me great Swami Vivekananda's opinion: Unless she [read women] are respected and adored no nation can progress. Here I find you've beautifully followed [might be unknowingly] the same thing... being a woman please don't think it's a gender bias I'm favoring for... it's because of my great country India where I originated...that genotype working subconsciously... Its wonderful poem and enjoyed and cherished thro' and thru...

10+



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