

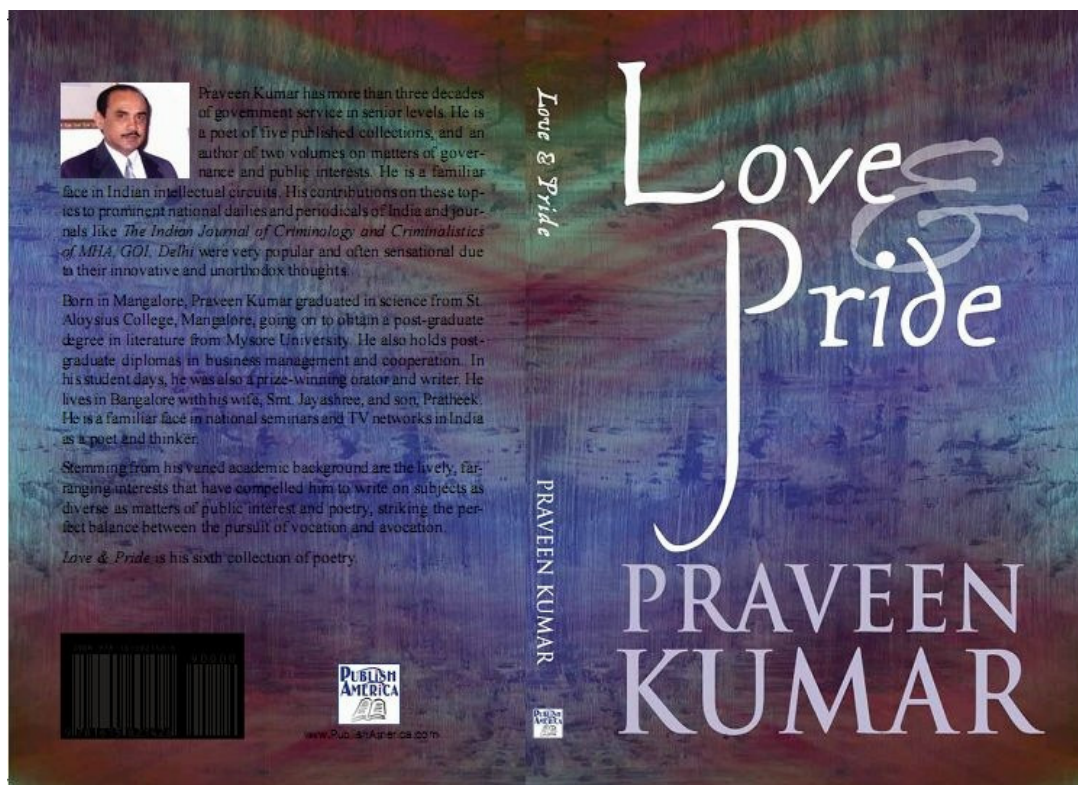
Samples from

LOVE & PRIDE

Collection of English Poems

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DEDICATION

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 & PRIDE: two principles of the life force. Love & pride as opposite streams of the life force, together constitute life. They are opposite principles. The salvation of life lies in binding the opposite principles into a holistic harmony. Indians call the principles as Prikriti and Purusha facets of life and nature. Chinese represent it in Yin and Yang symbolisms. Almost all great civilizations of yore recognized the interplay of the negative and positive energies of nature that drive life and natural processes forward to a recondite objective. End indeed is incomprehensible. But means are within the reach of human experience. This volume of poetry is a labour to this end, an effort towards the recondite objective.

Love and pride are polar opposites, yet inseparable partners, siblings and comrades in arms in the evolution of nature and life processes. They are opposites, therefore inseparables. They are opposites, therefore inter alia spawned the nature and life that created us. They are opposites, therefore there cannot be love without pride and there cannot be pride without love. Love and pride are opposite and inter-complementary. That is the beauty of the nature and life. This volume of poetry strives to catch the sublime beauty in words.

In spiritual realms, love and pride represent divergent aspirations. Pride is emphatically treated as the antithesis of the love principle. Love expands and binds while pride restrains and divides. Love is treated as gateway to salvation while pride, a passage to hell and sufferings. Not really. Truth is that both love and pride are sheer life principles

that render life rich, fertile and beautiful. As far as spiritual realms are concerned, both are blocks to that end. The concept of universal love no way contributes to the perfect detachment fundamental for uniting with the basic force behind all. Anyway, our concern is with our life and the nature around us, and love and pride are the principal directors guiding us in the drama that we unfold. Having come to life, we are under obligations to play our parts, and love and pride play important roles in fulfilling the obligations to our creator to reach our individual goals.

Love like Yin or Prakriti is considered female energy while Pride like Yang or Purusha is male. Pure female energy and pure male energy are just concepts and abstract. Everything in nature and life are constituted of these opposite energies in different shades. Love without pride and pride without love are sheer concepts and nonexistent or unstable like quarks and Higgs boson (God particle) in physical world. Love and pride together is life and nature. Poems in this volume represent this truth – hopes, fears, desires, frustrations, cravings, disillusion of life and the nature that guides life.

Truth is that love sans pride is impotent and insipid while pride sans love is hollow and directionless. Interplay of love and pride makes life what it is worth of – potent, tasteful, fertile and purposeful. Pride is incomplete without love and love is incomprehensible without pride. Love is all for pride, its hell or heaven while pride is the very oxygen by which love survives. This is the theme of this volume of poetry.

I have tried to describe love and pride individually and in their interplay in the poetry of this volume. Poems in this volume as a whole should be able to bring out the beauty of love and pride and various nuances of their interplays to the fore. Readers must judge how far I succeeded in this delicate objective.

Love here is modeled after Priya Chaitra Tapasvini - the sublime paragon of 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.

This work would not have been possible without the inspiration of my father Shree R.D.Suvarna and active support of my son, Pratheek Praveen Kumar and wife, Jayashree. 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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P.K

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.

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.

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.

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 seld 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.

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.

CONFESSION

Destiny walked me through thorns,
Dragged through rocks, forced through fires,
Led blindfold through wild twists and turns,
Raised up to drop 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 affront 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.

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.

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.

DIVINE IS MY STATE

When in contemn 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 dins 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 is my state.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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, spell-bound 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 moon-lit night;
In the wilderness of life, she was the only succour
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 heart's '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 fulfil 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 each other reach,
Neither could they bridge, nor ever they could 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 kins
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 honourable poet's son,
My daughter, princess Sapna, assigns you this mission,
That you enrol 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 store-house 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 tmth '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;
Tidegate 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 accurst 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 slow,
No passions, no emotions, no griefs, 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 who 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.

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, he, 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 is his love,
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 accurst 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 she was,
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 break-out somewhere some day,
From clouds, horizons, water or air,
Here or there, anywhere, somewhere;
Aye, who bridge the gulf between life and death?

DISCOVERY

I probe your shades and ripples of passions,
Sty your hills, delve deep to dales,
Fulfil 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 ourselves 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 consuetudes and past
And walked straight to your beats of heart.

The stir of desires, we have for each,
Roused subtle dreams of wish-fulfilment;
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 no death nor life really part 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.

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 elsewhere,
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.

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.

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 glitterand 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.

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.

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