

SURESHWAR D. SINHA

i am the FIRE



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I AM THE FIRE

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Poems

SURESHWAR D SINHA

HIMALAYA BOOKS

4C Ansari Road Darya Ganj New Delhi 110002



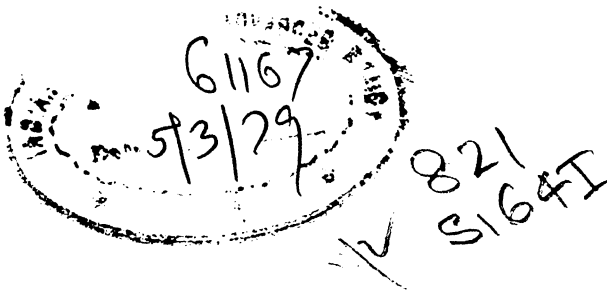
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I AM THE FIRE

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First Edition : February 1978

Text composed and printed at

Pauls Press

Naraina Phase I

New Delhi 110028

Price : Hardbound Rs 20

Paperback Rs 12

Published by

HIMALAYA BOOKS

4C Ansari Road Darya Ganj

New Delhi 110002

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I AM THE FIRE

LOVE UNBLEMISHED

My senses told me that, for now,
they were the last few moments,
yet you wouldn't let me more.
To sit by and listen was enough,
yet you left me so
weary and limp as I was.

Clinging to a hope you'd stay,
I did not interfere,
yet you ran away;
though leaving me a part of you,
which I imbibed and kept
to preserve with me forever.

So that we may yet live,
and not just survive.
Bear with me and shame me not;
forever this will be yours and mine,
whatever schemes, hoary mortals may design !

LOST MOMENT

A log floats down a stream—
joins another.
To be picked up somewhere—
lost to each other.

Crowds flow into a hall,
jostle and intermix,
two spirits are brought together
with glances fixed.

An understanding grows
and laughter lingers,
to warm their hearts
whilst they're apart.

They scheme to meet again
and share the others' thoughts;
but the world rolls in
enforcing a discipline.

Life flows lazily by
till perchance they meet,
engaged in a task
alone in an alley.

Bodies move together
hands and fingers meet;
tensely each longs for the other
and are enjoined in a kiss.

The moment passes,
cold light streaks in,
life batters away
its mundane routine.

They're parted
but communicate,
longing for the moment
that'd drifted away.

Their streams have separated
and are headed for the sea;
they float down their rivers
whence they're destined to meet ?

THE FACE OF MAN

It reflects what he is—
a bound-up contortion
of hunger, lust and hate;
unsatiated bundle of desires.

When all's fulfilled,
the key gets higher,
the beat is faster;
contortions more confounded.

"I got to have my fill,
Don't jibe at me;
I got to have my fill,
Come jive with me."

"Get me, a ge'mmee,
Quick quick, buster;
Give it or I'll die
Give it or I'll die."

A gentle breeze blows,
in the face of the dead;
an infant quietly feeds
at its mother's breast.

The sea spray sprinkles up the sand;
a moon is laughing in contentment,
as the cry of a child
is heard, in the ruins upland.

JAWBONES

They sat in the rear of the car,
gossiping;
jawbones jibing
in well-fed contentment.

Married women,
victors of the field,
sat astride their men
in their little deaths.

Extracted seeds
have grown
in the rich fields
that bloom.

The Queen Bee
kills her mate,
who's discarded
after use.

Street lamps whiz past,
counters of time;
wheels and gears whine
clocking up space.

All these behind now,
elusive facts;
dead in a moment,
images gone past.

But they chat away
of this and that;
in merriment,
quite fulfilled.

Man's a chauffeur
 watching the road ahead;
at his daily chore—
 the provider.

"I'd hate to be a man,"
 one said,
"half the problems are solved
 in just being a woman."

Street lamps keep whizzing,
 and wheels whining;
man wears his blinkers
 jawbones keep jibing.

CAPTIVE

Your lined face
 bores me.
Those cigarette fumes
 I abhor.
This damn music
 jars my soul,
its rhythmic tempo
 a jungle drone.

The men eye you—
 glaring,
thinking you're after
 their women;
the girls laugh with you,
 wishing you're in a plight of love.

These people say,
 We have cosmonauts,
You have not;
 We have missiles,
And the airborne boys,
 who jump as gymnasts—
to the tune of Gos—*
 the Boss

The yanks have it too—
 Come and get it,
(For a price);
 Now we have all we want,
even LSD,
 Give us some more.

*Gos is a short form for 'Gosudarstova' or the state.

Smell it,
 drink and suck it,
in desperation exceed,
 and vomit
in sickness
 to suicide.

Memory fails me,
 the head's in a hangover,
aches.
 "Who and where am I ?"
Matters it?
 "Give him tea," they say.
"Darling, eat something."
 Live, yes live,
in the web, some more,
 breathe
"We simply won't let you wither away."

I lie naked on an isle,
 a bird perches nearby;
another flies cautiously,
 distrusting.
The sea laps the shore,
 the cool breeze stirs,
twigs sway to the music,
 inaudible in the air.

I walk back to life,
 the streets,
the sordid shops,
 the soiled linen;
foul mouthed mamas,
 (yelling to a child)
tired and used up !

“Hi there,”
a child cries;
comes up to hug and kiss;
recoils from the overgrown beard,
and laughing runs away.

There’s a meaning perhaps.
She has a purpose
in her play.
I feel a bit ashamed
and am content now
to ponder and stay.

Breathe heavily,
but breathe.
Walk wearily,
but walk.
Captive don’t crawl,
get up and walk!

LOVER GOD

Who can explain
the love life of Lord Krishna?
Some say the sages,
who loved Vishnu,
asked a boon—
that he should
love them in return
in a life to come.

If that be so,
then his love for the Gopis
left them entirely
discontented.
And he, poor fish
made answerable
for their state.

Surely the young cowherd
had instincts entirely human.
He danced and sought
guided by his senses,
controlled by his mind,
his heart singled out Radha
for a love sublime.

Was it illicit love?
The laws of man,
designed to curb
the men of lust,
cater not for High Love,
that transcends
Life itself.

So a living god
set an example,
of such devotion;

for the simple folk
and elders to take note.
The law of the jungle-men
does not seem apt for a god
or the lonely sages, and true lovers.

Human love is life bound,
and time bound.
It paves and shows the way
for the Great Love
that lives on?

THE NYMPH

I sit with the moon,
and you beside me,
in spirit, playing
upon my soul.

I cannot see
nor feel you;
yet there's a song
that has you
around me enwrapped;
and I sit in ecstasy
Enrapt !

PROGRESS

Vast rolling plains
nurse our contentment;
Is this warm valley
anti progress ?

Japan gallops
and others trot.
China draws a huge wagon with men
pushing, pulling—
some trampling underfeet and wheels.

The Super Powers
coordinate a vast movement
with contradictions cowering above;
sometimes we simply stagnate.

Yes, Sir, the vast bureaucracy here prospers
within the wide-spread corridors,
feeding on green moss.
The rest push huge boulders in a row.

Haven't you seen
the domes crowning
the weighty edifices with trunks,
of deep deep roots;

That signify the milleniums
behind us,
tolerant of what's now,
accepting what's ahead.

Yes, that's the word,
not "Ahead",
but Tolerance—
the civilizing factor.

We tolerate everything here,
yes, everything.
And that's our one big contribution
to human kind.

So we live with our anti-progress
in nature's equilibrium.
After all where do you think
you're going?

All the foreign creeds,
that have crept up from behind us,
have let loose monsters
in our midst.

So why shouldn't we wait
for the storm to blow over,
and then bathe
in an unpolluted river,
and meditate,
or just have a nap.

•

YOUR TRAIN

You are bound
by duty in your train,
rattling beat and the chores of life;
your mind wanders,
and tired; you sigh.

I sit too far away,
and yet close beside you;
stirred by soft music,
a lifted soul, bound to you,
yet far away.

What would I, to sit beside you
in your train;
the moon playing upon our souls,
lighting up our bodies
entwined.

What would I,
to rest my head
upon your breast,
and feel the pulsating heart,
that yearns
to keep me pressed.

I've troubled you,
my darling,
by the keenness of my love,
this undying fire that burns,
will linger after death.

I lie and rave
of you in my arms;
and sigh in thought
of moments shared,
and kisses softly laid.

Go thou, in your train,
duty bound to your people,
who will care, I know;
only sigh, betimes for me,
who dares to love!

The breeze will blow,
the birds will sing,
the flowers shall bloom;
all nature shall bless
our love, that shall survive.

LE CAD

Beware of le Cad
who's all smiles;
great eyes glisten
he's charm personified.

Beware of le Cad,
debonair and courteous,
with gallant pretensions
and easy with lies.

Beware of le Cad
who talks big about art,
writes a few verses
to break people's hearts.

An indifferent horseman,
and a fluky helm,
he plays the game for glamour
or to lure pretty dames.

Of slimy build
and fang like limbs,
and a well fed gait
of olde Uriah Heep.

Beware of le Cad,
with an inflated ego
and pretentious ideals,
of a mind fully closed.

Beware of le Cad,
who's practically a misfit,
but slides into your company
trying hard to be a hit.

Beware of le Cad,
who relentlessly tries
to exploit others, innocence
relying on lies.

Now that he's gone,
we can live sans care;
free of the daemon
who disturbed the moral aire !

DEATH

Life feels like death,
'cept for a child
prancing without a care.
All else are motive bound,
grinding gradually to die.

None belongs to anyone,
yet rights we must assert;
and cling to our assets,
some security to preserve?
Destined to be swept by death!

Hunger grips one inevitably,
the blizzard blows away one's coat;
lonely one walks parched by thirst,
or struck by a malady, falls;
slowly a pain sips away life.

The soul they say lives on,
to take many another form;
but happily we all forget
past associations and regrets,
on starting a fresh bondage.

Left to live forever,
man would fight with greater vigour;
to preserve what's his, and covet more;
whilst others would envy and hate,
with memory and vengeance, a doomed fate.

On this planet the fruits decay,
whilst the mighty stalk their weaker prey.
Thus the cycle of death destroys,
the bitterness created by man,
ensuring a future built on hope afresh!

HEALING THE HEART

The other day,
I walked to the sea
in utter desolation
and loneliness.

A simmering
discontentment
in my heart,
I took with me.

There I sat
and gazed at the moss,
hues of green
'neath the low sun.

Bare rocks,
ragged edges,
mocked and laughed
at me.

Human discontentment,
so puny
before this thrive
of elements.

A million years
of the sun,
heaving away
at the sea.

Raising moss
and slime,
rearing crabs
and flying fish.

The sun drops below
and on the horizon
are the red lips of the sky,
kissed by the sea.

In fading light,
the youngest moon appears—
Innocent smile,
of first kiss.

Who can sit
with private woes,
in this moment
of nature's bliss?

I rise
and walk away,
with a light refrain
healing the heart.

The rustling leaves,
the cranes above,
the whistling breeze,
are singing still.

NU SHTO JHE*

A thousand miles I flew
to be by your side;
the world saw us embrace,
Nu Shto Jhe !

We drove to a quiet retreat
hands firmly clasped,
in the full glare of day,
Nu Shto Jhe !

We exchanged pleasantries,
locked in ecstatic embrace.
You gave me tea and sympathy,
Nu Shto Jhe !

You were beset with doubts
that I'd had to placate,
as you sat with a pout,
Nu Shto Jhe !

The doubts remained
and haunted our stay,
whilst the world had waited,
Nu Shto Jhe !

I washed and wiped you clean,
skin deep but fresh;
then we swayed in gay abandon,
Nu Shto Jhe !

We strode upon the beach,
where children played;
and others stared,
Nu Shto Jhe !

*"Nu Shto Jhe" is a Russian expression meaning
"Well, so what".

Then we withdrew to a haven,
for a loneliness we'd craved;
walking in step in the sand,
Nu Shto Jhe !

In the silence of a dark night,
in that starlit haze,
we became One in extasie,
Nu Shto Jhe !

I fed you, ma petite,
and we waltzed by day;
peeping Toms saw us kiss,
Nu Shto Jhe !

You faced the world's envy,
and for me their hate;
I felt like an Indian hero;
Nu Shto Jhe !

Now I'm strong again,
and your doubts are washed away ?
We shall face the world together,
Shouting "Nu Shto Jhe !"

Better times shall come, my darling,
and the world shall accept,
the union of a Love Sublime,
saying "Nu Shto Jhe".

This Love shall kindle
a beauteous state,
and others sing in praise—
of "Nu Shto Jhe".

WEDLOCK

I sit as a bride,
conscious of this man,
who's suddenly taken possession
of me.

He hovers around,
assuming his rights,
whilst I think of the alchemy
of last night.

And the fears
set at rest;
of an innocence
raped.

That's set alight—
a love,
that binds
and satisfies.

My body yearns,
with the ache
betwixt my thighs;
but the mind is blank.

A new home,
our children—
that we must
rear, dutifully.

And our souls—
laughter,
to sing together
in ecstasy.

PILGRIM AU L'OUEST

The big bird rises,
 serene with a heaving chest,
wings aglide,
 she looks west.

We sit in its bowels
 consuming like worms
what she's stored
 on her last feed.

We chase the night
 and a lazy dawn
clambers over the ocean edge, astern.
 The sun comes up,
hesitant and way behind,
 struggling to keep pace
with this giant in space.

We roll over a frosty Rome
 as chariots on the Appian Way
had once brought tributes from the East
 in an ancient age.

The air's fresh
 and a chilly breeze blows into our face.
Atop the sooty mist hang
 hills, spires and chimneys of a dream land
and a gone-by age.

We return to peck and fill
 and fly along and rise
above the hills and peaks
 glistening now in the Sun
playing Schiller and the last symphonie.

We look around to descend
 upon the cold ground,
of an autumn day;
 but see only foliage below
that covers the earth
 in an attire of gold.

The morning air's fresh,
 nimble frost nibbles at a nose,
dulled by warm comfort.
 We walk off and are driven midst bustling traffic,
through ramparts of this old metropolis
 of France.

The life of centuries is preserved
 in this city,
now crowded at its gates
 by invading monsters of
mortar and steel.
 A lean phantom sways in the city itself,
its eerie laughter, signalling impending victory.

But on this Sunday
 we walk through the Bois—
the one at Sevres is best,
 for its country tracks
are devoid of the groans
 of prowling autos to mar our stroll.

I am alone with you
 in a secluded grove.
The forbidden Sun peers through;
 sparkling, its shafts light up
a thousand hues on a spider's web.
 A leaf falls upon us,
telling us we are not
 alone.

A light breeze makes
the leaves move, as would
a hundred heads shake
in wonder at this vision.
Yes we were not alone,
as I walked away arm upon arm
through crackling leaves to return
to civility, propriety and the beaten tracks.

The city life engulfs us,
till mercifully we are taken
away from it
to lunch by the sea
at an old chateau.
On the hillside, graze
Mouton, pre sale;
below the cliffs,
an ocean grumbles and groans.

Rare 'tis to find such quietness
and repose
in this continent
that has no contentment.
The pace is faster across the sea
in London town
now a veritable jungle of rising glass and steel.

But here also is the warmth
of friends, and a family tie.
Of a history,
that sees the wars
and animosities of the past
as a quirk of fate, that led
a venturesome mariner
to stumble upon a sage
deep in meditation.

Back in Europe, we're in a bustle,
despite the shut-off oil
and the empty roads on Sundays.
A struggle is on
to keep up the factory whine
and men on the go,
the ships unloading,
to keep us all consuming.

Yes now we feed much more.
All have work,
all have wine,
all earn a living
to spend as one likes.
There's no dependence anymore.
Alone one can choose now,
quite alone.

- 'We are socialists here.
'Yes you may dance with me,
'but I'll pay for my drink,
'thank you,'.
- 'Is that your boy friend,
'you were waiting for?'
- 'No, just a friend,
'as I was saying, we have
the highest per capita'
- 'Why are people so poor in your country?'
- 'There are so many to feed, you know;
'and yet they still can feel.
'Why aren't the men wanting to dance?'
- 'They are just bored, I guess,
'with so many girls waiting to be asked.'
- 'Are you bored too?'
- 'Excuse me, I'd like to have a smoke.'

With snow-bound shores behind us
and the Baltic below,
we head back for a warmer clime
to bask in its sunlit-glow.
En route we see porn-shops
and prostitutes,
and executives worried over
the Energy Bill.
We read of a Summit
and SALT talks somewhere.
And names of battle-grounds of yore,
and prison camps.
On the plains below rode Chenghiz Khan
But ours must truly be—
Man's most barbaric century.

Didn't not Shiva walk these icy slopes?

A comet afar;
Or is it a satellite
launched to keep a wary eye
on enemy ships?
Radar beams light up a target
Streaking missiles would stride these slopes.

Sealed in steel
I smell the earth below—
blood of Roman slaves;
razed cities in holy wars.
The smoke of pyres of witches burnt,
of frothing mouths twisted by gas,
o'er meadows, and
lilies wilting in the spring.
Of fumigated corpses in the heartlands,
of dust raised by bull-dozers
in mass burials.

All were felled for a cause.

Blasphemous Christians
and then the pagans;
the Moors, the Catholics,
and then the Protestants.
And the Aryans rose
to fight the Marxist.
Now the freedom lovers rise.
Each would fight the other
with greater mite
and raise a dust,
with sting of death
that'd blow 'cross
far off lands and seas,
and bring this Earth to Nemesis.
Gas wars and Buchenwald
and now a threat of missilery;
to make a thousand over-kills,
of a thousand cities, maimed in that 'first strike'.

All were felled for a cause.

We shan't even have ruins
to tell a tale,
of this madness.
Half-life of decay-
death and unto death
to give new life
for a new man in a million years.

RETURN TO OUR SHORES

We glide lower
on a winged descent
to our shores,
this God's own land?

A massive elephant
lies asleep and diseased,
a God's chosen race
sucking at its sores.

Little hamlets come into view,
mud walls cracked;
and then, modern flats,
flashing lights and radar.

Driving to the city
you pass factories and slums
a dual-carriage highway
and open drains.

Pot bellied children stare
at the traffic whizzing past;
wide eyed cattle gaze,
and stroll across their path.

Curious is this boom town's growth
mushrooming, as slime and slack
reek out from the sides;
and the hinterland starves.

With good intent we built
the mills
With foreign aid and gas to burn.
Now they be scarce, and we bemoan
these millstones that are hard to bear.

Pushed up higher and higher
we have edifices
now wobbling in the wind
atop a shaky base.

Did not a Mahatma once
tell us to settle for less?
The pot-bellied child—a sixth of mankind,
The hungry cattle—a third, are our greatest wealth.

A hundred thousand plants of dung,
for gas to run the potter's mill,
or feed into the water pump—
that'd make the fields grow rich.

But these be not flashy things,
With technologies to import,
nor can one go on a foreign tour,
to seek some aid for dung to hoard!

Is not the holy cow
or its calf, able to extract
us from this capital intensive mess?
A new generation awakens to new realities today.

LOYALTY

This man's disloyal
 "Get him!"
He says things
 with an edge on,
they annoy;
he seems to be always trying to be clever,
 So, "Get him!"

L'oyalty is different.
 'Tis saying things
 that support,
L'espirit de Corps,
that protects you and me,
and most of all, protects him
 that says it too.

If you've a problem to dissect,
 dont bring up the muck,
which if sloshed around,
 would disfigure
 our handsome selves.
We must keep together—
See?

O there goes the fool
 who thought he knew too much.
He opened his mouth
 too often
and now he's
 on the street.

Loyalty is good,
 disloyalty is bad.
The one protects
 t'other sends you to hell.

So be loyal, man,
or else, I your friend
will kick you on the ass,
just to bring you back
to the good old proper path.

If you look at a problem afresh,
just forget it.
Wait and see the shift of breeze,
and hold back
before you speak.
Now that's what I call
being true to yourself.

Should you perchance
think it necessary
to say or do
as you feel,
or to follow ideals
propounded when you were young,
Just hold it.

If you're stubborn
and persist,
Boy, you're a misfit.
The loyal men
will tell you so.
So be careful and listen;
for loyalty is—smiling gratefully.

Tis not the service
but the sire,
who needs your 'umble loyalty.
So do the done thing my boy,
or you'll soon enough tire,
and with a weakened body and soul,
just have to retire.

FREE MEN

I go, I do,
 and tired, I sleep,
like free men;
 up again, on the move.

The factory whines away,
 the railway rattles,
free men grind away,
 machines a-prattle.

Strive some more,
 produce more,
profit more,
 drink beer some more!

Children, tired but excited.
 I am too tired;
wife, friends, shops;
 “Children—be quiet!”

I believe in what?
 price rises, more wages,
bonuses and crazes?
 Free men strive!

Free men strike,
 free men shout,
free men jump,
 when boss cries out.

Yes, encourage the arts, by all means.
 “Nice pictures these,
“But, do they support our cause,
 or lure customers?”

I'm free now,
all my needs are met.
I live from moment to moment,
like free men.

I've surpassed beauty,
contemplation bores me,
drugs for a coma,
help me to forget.

Gnawing memories—
dead kids,
pain in the joints,
drugged sleep.

The slaves laboured,
lashed on skin;
yet slept contented,
without my guilt.

Free men rise,
free men try,
free men conquer,
with a laboured soul.

Affections all asunder,
beauty swept away;
I have no time to ponder,
through the galloping day.

Cynics have driven away my faith,
well-being released my shackles,
I drift from day to day,
like free men!

MURMUR OF THE SEA

The great expanse
lies beyond the rocks,
a-murmur.
Low tide has pushed it far,
grumbling in retreat.

Silent murmur,
below the breeze,
below the cry of gulls
beside the ripple of leaves.

Rumblings of static,
of energy stored,
a remote flood;
pounding hooves,
a cavalry far off.

Little streams
bring lowly presents
to the vast Kingdom
bowing deeply before the Lord.

Below the tranquil surface,
high priests are meeting;
to chalk the next move
arguing and pacing.

A vast murmur
chattering and scheming to seek revenge
on shore
at high tide.

The high and the lowly
would alike be smote,
when the murmur turns—
a roar, at flood.

A cavalry charge to begin,
the trampling hooves,
the armoured tracks,
will rumble to crush all alike.

Men crawl heedlessly
with scant regard.
Pay heed now!
for when the highest flood will rise
with howling gale and pounding rain
hundreds will perish in anguished cries.

Tranquillity now;
silence of the murmur.
Serenity;
wisdom and cunning,
philosophy and state craft.

Vast ocean—
bowl of Power.
gathered force,
of a million wavelets,
armed and poised
to strike and swallow.

I retire now,
before the flood,
with rumblings of the murmur
in my ears—
a calm before the storm.

THE GIFT OF LOVE

I am Nandu and she is Leena, of a higher class.
When I first saw her, I knew I would see her again and again.
And then at a party she came and sat amidst my kin.
A sweet face, a purposeful look, of one who knew her mind.
Did she have a tender response to my embarrassed smile of
 admiration?
Was I in love, or was it just fascination?

Her presence was every moment a pleasure,
and each response touched a cord of mine;
and she was gay too in our company,
bubbling with synchronous joy.

We met and we talked and we laughed and we danced,
whilst some didn't quite understand this frivolity.
But we still met and parted with sweet words and pangs of
 separation.
Yes, months and years flowed thus, crossed only by the
 guarded letters we wrote.
Some chided our affection and others secretly envied it.
What was this bond between us, undeclared in our shyness?

Then I wrote a letter declaring my affection,
still too shy to call it love.
Bemoaning the conventions of society and the laws that
 bind us;
yet justifying our friendship; I wrote of ways of compromising,
 in our circumstance.
I knew that love must not harm the beloved.
Tragic would it be to merely seek and covet!
A guardian angel must I continue to be;
ensuring her happiness and contented gaiety.

Suddenly we met again, and fretted to lay bare our hearts
 and souls.
Perchance we held hands, and the mere gestures spoke
 volumes held in store.

The pangs of love held in the reins of tradition,
caused us much pain and a storm seethed within.
The pulse beat fast and a maddening fever clocked the nights;
when suddenly the spirit broke loose!
A silent bee flew forth to its favourite flower,
to offer whispered sighs and humming song,
and seek love's liquor and sweet response.

There was the joy of meeting but not the fulfilment of love.
The terror of tradition blew a cold sleet.
Who is she and who am I? What rights, have I, moaned I!
Must we accept the defeat of love at the hands of Man?
Should I not struggle and brave the hazards posed?
Tradition and social laws we must meet and cross;
but would she weather this voyage, survive the ordeals
caused?
She doubts in the face of the dangers that loom,
and wails in defeat, whilst I sink in gloom.

Love is a gift, sized and censored by man.
Why not accept its course with good grace,
and pine not for what is beyond your span?
Spare your maiden fair, the travails that cause her great
distress.

BOUNTIFUL EARTH

Whence all this greenery around us?
Bountiful Earth is bursting forth its beauty;
like a young mother, suckling its child,
lets good grain be taken off her soil,
looking fondly on her calf.

Maiden in the mountains,
Goddess of the hills,
lady of the rivers,
sought by the sages,
captor of the gods,
Mother of ye mortals,
give us thine grain.

Farmers sing hymns to thy glory,
maidens dance a rhythm of joy,
young men beat the drums in fury;
excited, a stallion neighs his call
and flowers sway to humming bees.

The season is young,
plants have a new garment;
flower buds are laughing,
childish innocence,
as the breeze blows a sweet refrain.

The maiden is out to charm today,
adorned in all her fineries;
she walks a swaying form,
steps advancing weightlessly,
swollen bosoms in high pride.

Enchanted mortals sing and dance;
assured of plentiful boons.
Forget awhile tomorrow's cares,
begin with their mates to play,
a game that bountiful earth sustains.

WAVELETS

We are but wavelets
of the human sea,
striving from crest to crest
to be.

Endeavour and rise,
a moments glory,
to be swallowed anon
by the flood of tide.

Yonder fishermen strive,
fishes in their net.
A city is alive.
men caught in their web.

Out of fashion,
I sit and write
of things now forgotten
in an archaic style.

Who will care to read
these lines,
in praise of these wavelets,
my kin?

I swam through them;
they swamped my senses;
loving
and wishing to engulf forever.

Then I sat
and watched them
rise and fall
in the glitter of the dusk.

A dull glitter,
 of fading fervour.
Until the moon shone above
 and revived them.

Dancing like slaves
 in praise of a master,
they twisted and turned
 midst the rhythmic surf.

I watched them,
 biting a twig.
and lay back
 listening to their song.

BREAKERS

“So this is what inspired the poets,”
she said.
And quietly gossiped,
in undertones.

Not disturbing the breeze,
nor the moon,
nor the flashing light at
Dolphin’s Nose.

All this an orchestra,
conjuring a serenade,
unheard,
an offering to the moon.

The drum beat breakers
grow louder;
the ardent sea god lover
quickens his beat.

Teasingly the maiden,
hides behind the cloak
of a jealous brother—
Indra;
who brings forth
a shower
to dampen the spirits
of the sea.

The breeze shifts,
the flashing light dims out.
But the breakers go on,
beats of a lover’s heart.

Intoxicated the players go on;
the maiden steals away,
to look at her gallant,
playing on in a trance.

She smiles in joy,
and the breakers light up
the silvery sea,
a lover's heart in ecstasy.

The breeze blows afresh,
the flashing light tunes in,
its melody serenading,
an understanding of Love.

"Aren't the breakers pretty?"
she said,
Soaking bared feet in the surf;
"Wonderful,"
I said, and quietly,
we came away.

Thinking of nature's romance
that goes on,
beyond the humdrum
of our days.

EARTH BUD

Pretty bud on a stalk, pretty bud on a stalk,
humming and swaying in the breeze;
swings gaily on a stem,
firmly implanted in good Earth.

An unclad child sits and plays
merrily in the clay.
Her dilated nostrils take in fragrance
of fresh rains in the plains.

A black bee
hovers,
a prisoner condemned;
pretty bud laughs and laughs.

The bud has blossomed now
unto a goddess;
vibrant Earth ripened
unto richness, power and glory.

Striding forth,
swaying hips,
arms swinging in great big sweeps,
engulfing all that is conquered.

Pretty bud smiles,
and girdles up her skirt;
displaying her feet and thighs,
begins to sway and dance;
guys gather around
to be thrilled by a glance,
and watch enrapt
that scintillating form.

Her toes beat a rhythm,
ankles rise, knees swing,
thighs shiver below and oscillate,

under a two-tailed cobra's head.
A belly bulges around deep navel,
a jewel above the snake;
proud bosoms rise and fall
atop the richly girdled waist.
Arms move as travelling waves
from shoulders round in form,
suspended from an upright neck
that holds a lovely head.
Embedded there are sparkling eyes
that shine so bright—
twin diamonds in the sky.

What creature is this ?
A flower plant,
or an animal,
or in essence a goddess ?
Her radiance has lit up
the wood,
barren twigs have flowered,
ferns and fauna are eager and alive.

She dances around them
and stops by a handsome tree.
Its trunk is smooth and strong;
she pats it, and leans thereon,
resting her head on a branch.
Its blossoms stoop to kiss her head
and brush away those beads of sweat.
In the gentle breeze
she falls asleep
restful in the shade.

The tree,
in penance for a thousand years,
finds new life;
and embraces this lovely form.

And itself
begins
to flower.

Petals open from a stem,
disclosing
a great big cactus fruit.
With velvety skin,
it shines
like gold
emerging from its cover.
The fruit within,
firm and swollen —
has a rounded head,
rich in pollen.

Around the fruit,
pistils spring forth
swaying in colourful splendour.
Its aroma
spreads around the tree,
waking the goddess,
from a deep reverie.

Seeing the tree alight,
she rises and begins
to dance again, and sing;
a song with no words,
and chords too high
for human ears;
draws in the birds and the bees.

All creatures begin to wonder
at this ancient tree,
which droops its branches now
to hide that being
in its rich enclose,
and radiates today
an ethereal glow.
The song rises in crescendo
to a higher pitch,
and is heard no more.
Pretty bud dances around the trunk
and comes upon the fruit.

With outstretched arms
she holds the stem,
dancing around entranced.
The fragrance of the plant
has made her
heady and eager
with fresh desire.
Kneeling, she puts her cheeks
upon the petals,
so soft to her touch.
With trembling hand
she draws in the fruit
close upon her breast.

Breathless,
her bosom heaves,
she begins
to feel faint.
Uncontrollably
she wriggles
and writhes
around the cactus stem.
Panting now
she leans back
to rest herself awhile;
and then the cobra moves out
to swallow up
the entire cactus head.
The dancing legs
enwrap the trunk
and arms
enclose the stem.
In furious passion
she kisses the tree,
the trunk,
the roots,
the leaves.
Trembling
her body

heaves,
and oscillates,
and with a final shudder,
rests quietly,
in the tree's embrace.

That night
did last
a full long year;
and the creature
who awakened at dawn,
was a different
and a more beautiful one;
which dropped coloured pearls
in her steps
and hummed
a light refrain.

When she came back
to her fold,
her eyes shone
and body glowed,
exuding a fresh
fragrance;
that attracted
all and sundry,
to wonder
how the young pretty bud
had changed.

The how or why they knew not,
but she was
quite strange now,
amidst them.

I AM THE FIRE

I am the fire
I seek the sky.
Water's my fuel,
Earth my stove,
sky the storehouse
of the air, I breathe

I burn to indulge,
my senses rich
in their feel,
I burn to rise,
to get away
and be free

My limbs dance as I burn
sucking up fuel, crackling
and curling up the Earth.
I inhale to feel hunger again,
and dance
to an endless refrain.

I'm a roaring river
down its mountain side.
The raging seas
and the wind
that blows a storm aside.

I'm life's endeavours,
its pleasure
and its pain;
its desires
and its ecstasies.

I am the spring
flowers in the vales,
its butterflies

and its maid;
nature's dalliance,
caressing
and its love

I'm the summer
and the ripening corn
the heat of a stallion's grasp,
the release of life,
and Brahma

I am Energy
transitting space,
seeking a new form
to burn
and change,
and burn again.

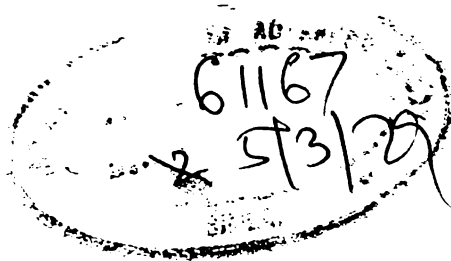
I seek the spirit
and the wish,
conceiving creation;
I seek its fruits
to burn,
and whet
my appetite.

I am the kindler
of the fire,
of the eternal flame
burning to fulfilment,
extinction
and rekindling.

I rise as I burn,
unconsumed by the burning.
I'm not of the Earth
though encased by it,
I seek the sky
and rise
constantly.

Millions of sparks
released to glow,
to breathe
to burn
to expire,
and return
for the burning
unto me.

I'm light,
heat,
and ether
of the sky;
a burning,
expanding,
constellation,
seeking to engulf
all in my fiery embrace.





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