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Kashmir S. Madan

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KASHMIR S. MADAN



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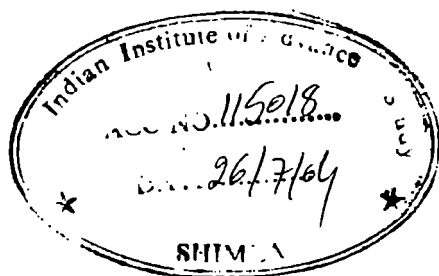
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*In
Fond Memory
of
Rajiv Gandhi*

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FOREWORD

If the saying that a poet is born and not made (*poeta nascitur, non fit*, as they say in Latin) is true, the author is a classical example of poets to whom poetry has come as a celestial boon. One finds a similarity of approach between him and the celebrated English poet, John Keats, who had said that the "Muse should come as naturally as leaves to a tree, or it should not come at all."

It is with effortless ease that Kashmir writes and to him rhyme comes naturally. The sight of a full moon fills him with wonder and he is thrilled when he gazes at its silvery splendour at night. The serene solitude of a moonlit night provides him with the best of company. Was it not Lord Byron who had dilated on the beauties of the lonely sea shore "where none intrudes"? In his "Ye fading moon amid the morning stars" Kashmir is at his poetic best.

Every one of his poems and sonnets has a beauty of its own, but to a prosaic man like me it is difficult to deal with the various facets of his poetry. His religion is essentially a poet's religion. He calls upon the followers of all faiths to unite for the welfare of mankind because his concept of God is that of goodness. "Let in Goodness thy God dwell", "In Equity and Justice Who makes His abode", "Be good and every religion shall take thy side" are some of his memorable lines.

Kashmir is deeply perturbed over the assassination of our late Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi, and its aftermath, in which thousands of innocent lives were lost. He is unambiguously against communalism and things which divide man and man merely because one believes in what the other does not. His lines "What right has one to take a life when one cannot impart it at any cost?" represent a strong plea for communal harmony and universal brotherhood of man.

In his poem, "I slept, I dreamt, I woke, I found" love

is described as God's apostle, "His clarion Call". It is truly in love that one can see the image of God in man. The last 50-odd lines of the poem are an echo of his moral logic and austere wisdom.

His deep concern for the plight of the peasant comes out in his poem "Dark clouds of Dark despair". His Urmilla is the creation of his poetic insight. In his poem "To Wine" his defence of Bacchus stands out, as he talks of "Wise company" and the "restricted measure" in which one must imbibe to enjoy it.

In the poem "Pygmalion's Chisel" his profound knowledge of Greek Mythology captures our attention but naturally. Very significantly his deep concern and anguish stands reflected in the poem written on the perfidious devastation in which one of the most illustrious sons of India, Rajiv Gandhi and several other precious lives were lost.

His sonnets, which include "My Cruel Master" written in 1962, also speak of his qualities as a poet. To me he is a new star on the horizon and I expect a lot more from him.

K.S. Bains, IAS.

PROLOGUE

Poetry has a divine origin. When God created the world, He gave to man, in addition to countless bounties, the gift of song. The early Teutons believed that the Muse was born out of the saliva of their favourite deity. Their chief deity, Odin or Wodin, as he is sometimes called, is the one after whom the fourth day of the week, Wednesday, was named and he is the one who is also revered among the Scandinavians as the god of poetry. Odin is supposed to have got the divine draught, the Hydromel, or the "mead of the poets". It was nothing but the mixture of blood of the wisest among the Teutons, Ksavir, and honey. A mere drop of this mead would turn anyone into a poet and a sage.

According to Greeks too, the origin of poetry is divine. The nine daughters of Zeus, namely, Caliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Poly hymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia and Urania were regarded as protectresses of the different arts. Of these, Erato, the Muse of Love poetry, and Calliope, the Muse of Epic poetry, deserve special mention. The latter was the mother of Orpheus, a poet and lyre player of repute.

According to ancient Hindu lore, Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, is the patroness of all fine arts. The first lady on earth, the creation of Lord Brahma, is the fountainhead of all poetry and of Sanskrit, the divine language in which the ancient *rishis* wrote the *Vedas*.

This celestial boon was my good fortune to inherit. One summer day, the inspiration, or the impulse, came to me. Sad over the plight of the working class and those whom society has deprived of all the good things of life, I wrote my first sonnet, "To my cruel master". It was followed by a few poems and then came a period when inspiration appeared to have dried up. The sterile period lasted almost a decade.

I wrote most of my poems in the seventies, but the year 1973 was the most productive. The emotional experience which exhorted me to burst out in verse still haunts me when I think nostalgically of those days. A full moon on a night in February that year gave me the inspiration to write the "Silver Maiden". The state of ecstasy which the sight of the moon produced in me was a peerless bliss as I wrote:

"O Moon tonight I shall be with you,
Till the breeze of eve became the morning dew;
And across the horizons we shall roam,
And the vast azure shall be our home."

The next morning when I took a turn around my farm, I gazed again at the moon which had by then become pale and lay dying. I became gloomy at the thought of impermanence of everything in this world and the song "Ye fading moon amid the morning stars" was born.

One evening when I was enjoying the cool breeze and was busy with my poetic labours, the sky suddenly became overcast. The invocation to the clouds, the "Mighty braves" paid off because they went away without drenching the green paddy fields turning pale with heavy grain and the farmers were saved from what could have been a calamity for the ripening harvest.

Life can touch you and may bring out the best in you as you turn to song. You may write and write, or may not for a number of years thereafter: it all depends on the heavenly inspiration which in its caprice may come or may refuse to visit you.

I must express my gratitude to Mr. K.S. Bains without whose kind patronage and inspiring guidance this volume would not have seen the light of the day. I hope that my readers would also be my critics and if the Echo of the Heart touches them, my labour would not have gone in vain.

Kashmir S. Madan

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O Dark Clouds of Dark Despair

Behold the Eastern horizon is turning dark
Thus informs a returning lark
Hark to the message the breeze doth bring
Hark how joyously doth a Kokila sing
To behold the black clouds of her hue
Behold the peacock outspreading its feathers blue
Mad with ecstasy and lost in romance.
Behold him in his rhythmic dance.

And from afar I hear a thunder
Terrifying everything under
Like an army who hath never seen defeat
Crushing and plundering everything beneath
And lightening like a shooting canon ball
More like a feast amid fireworks in a royal hall
To honour a general who has recently won
Rejoicing in his honour at his return

O Dark Clouds of Dark Despair

Beware! Beware!! Beware!!!

The green paddy has turned golden yellow
And after a long and patient waiting
The fruit of his sweat has turned mellow
When he needed thou postponed thy dating
Now wherefore so adverse to a peasant's lot?
As thou comest when he needs thee not
Now appearest thou everywhere
While the Heavens must be bare

A farmer's lot well ye know
Is full of misery pain and woe
O god of rain withdraw thy curse
Pray not empty an emptied purse.

Dost thou worry a capitalist?
Doth thy thunder disturb his sleep?
Dost thou worry a slying leader?
But to a farmer's cry thou art deaf.

Pray not thunder have a second thought
Pray not pretend as though thou hear me not
Pray unload thy cannons in some eastern cave
Or pass over gently thou mighty brave
 Or change thy hails into crystal waters of springs
 Or keep them stored in thy mighty wings
 Or take them back to some vacant sea
 Where shall not a wailing farmer be

Urmila

O prettiest daughter of the noblest king
My humble words may fail to sing
Thy grace, thy charm, above all thy worth
That silent suffering with an outward mirth
Those ecstatic moments were of the shortest span
'The cruellest of a joke played by man'
The roses with which thou garlanded the mighty prince
Are still fresh and blossoming that they convince
So short-lived were those harmonious hours
Thy tale of woe told by the smiling flowers
A saint of saints, a king of kings thy father was
'd presage thy sufferings without a pause
And rightly he was proud of his pure and pious blood
So he put ye to a test, which ye rightly stood
Yet a few remember thee and thy sister do they more
A moment's separation who failed to endure
Was thy painful silence thy only crime
What availed that penance of years ten and four
A flower that faded in the life's prime
Aroused my soul with pity for the present rhyme
Was not Tulsi's mind moved by thy distress
As he rendered thee a victim to obliviousness.
'O Lakshamana what made ye think?
As at the last moment ye broke a true spouse's link
To test thy endurance or put her to test
The concealment of Soul's suffering we know at best
That unending mental pain for full fourteen years
The fate of Janus, the smiling lips the flowing tears
O Lakshamana so sweet was thy princely bride
She might have been a blow to Cytheria's pride
And in Chastity if there were a race
She might have proudly gazed at Diana's face
As in true brotherhood ye have the worthiest claim
So in true womanhood shall live her sacred name

Isn't it while ye crossed those soundless brooks
Did they not remind thee of her silent looks
There was a message in her unuttered speech
Did ye not hear it on an inactive beach?
Ye had wooed her O Lakshamana ye had won
And deserted her as an unknown O Saumitra's son
And while ye beheld her image in open azure skies.
And the breeze that blew were her long drawn sighs
After the bloodiest battle while ye did unconscious lie
And the Heavens echoed with many a wailing cry
Thy brother and his disciples could not help to mourn
It was her unknown presence which did govern
It was through Vaida's tongue her soul did speak
O' Hanuman go and climb that sacred peak
And fetch from there those Divine flowers
Orders conveyed through some unearthly powers
It was thy Disciple who covered miles full thousand five
But it was her unfettered Love which made thee alive
While we contrast her princely life and long distress
She suffered more though thou not less.

Ye Fading Moon Amid The Morning Stars

Lament not over thy shorter span
Console thyself by the fate of Man
What doth he here at all avail
A momentary success, a perpetual fail
Like thee he rises to his Zenith once
Like thine his end is dim and pale.
Like bells we blossom like flowers we fade
Life is unstable like the solar shade
Ah, it is most like thee O Dear Moon
A momentary blush for an impending gloom
Spring is fair though its span
Is but like the youth of Man
How awaited it comes how soon it goes
Life is but a play of shadows
Of short lived gaieties and lingering sorrows
Where pleasures vanish and pain follows
Fear not the Sun, thy severest foe
For mortals on Earth meet an end exactly so
Fade not away with a cowardice
For in bold an end their lies a bliss
Ye have ruled the World one full night
Beneath the seas, the pastures were bathed bright
And those silver like sandy shores
On the isolated banks of the vast azures.
All were dyed in perfect white
Loved thee most in thy short tenure
Then thou shone full and looked so near
Thy' loved ocean became nervous to kiss 'her' dear
And out stretched her arms for a sweet embrace
But failed in her quest except to stare thy face.

And ye availed that marvellous chance
As through her window ye did glance
Visioned the Sweet Maiden in her sleep
As thou with thine rays did peep
Through the curtains of her chamber
As the child of grace lay in slumber
Like a sage in meditation lost in dream
And from her gay lips this 'd seem
She hath lived a past of immense rejoice
So must be dreaming of her choice
In that majestic chamber and on an exquisite bed
And the softest pillow beneath her head
Those silken hair scattered on a pillow white
The loveliest scene of the fairest night
And of the gentle breeze, least aware
As kept it toying with her hair
Remember the moment while ye did throw.
Thy soothing rays on her marbled brow
As it was exalted with a red round mark
Like a solitary glamorous rose in a park
Was still as shining as while I saw in morrow
And its sparkling charm thou did borrow
To spread over the globe and to mankind
Won't you be kind enough to remind
That such was my Mistress and such my love
To my fellow mortals from above
O Moon had thee a tongue
Then thou were the fittest to have sung
As thou hast visioned her willowing yawn
Thy last vision at an approaching Dawn
Her half oped eyes, those heavy lids
As ye wished back her morrow bids
A strange drowsiness and a glory Divine
Was in her looks, though no where in Bachhus' wine
Then thou gazed pauselessly as did her snowy bosom swell
And did not take thine eyes off till the morning bell

In the temple made thee aware of thy end
Or the message of his arrival did thy Enemy send
Then thou grew pale with an intense awe and fear
And asked thy comrades hide and leave thy Kingdom clear
 O Moon on thy rebirth when thou shall appear
 In such a night romantic calm and clear
 Thou shall toil to spot her out
 Thy rays shall murmur and she shall hear
 That eternal language unusually heard
 So softly spoken that only angels hear
Command thy rays to convey
And on my behalf ask them say
My good wishes as ever and so sincerely felt
"I shall be yours till the Doom's day"
 But hush ! Don't tell her that I Love
 For my sake and for Heaven's above
 Lest all my dreams should fade away.
 Lest all I ventured should meet decay
 It must be a secret, let it so remain
 For hearts throb by a divine ordain
Might have secretly sobbed as I have sighed
I felt a bliss when I first her eyed
Surely not the eyes of unconcern
She did love be it less in return
 To know of my love she might weep
 Like a child awakened from a sleep
 "Ah he loved me long and I don't know
 And what? If my own fate were so"
 Hush do not tell her that I love
 Lest such sad words from her lips flow.
Now my untold love is just boundless
Then might have vanished in nothingness
The love that laments is just not love
But that silence is for above

The thorns that befriend a rose flower
To their vow stand fast and obdurate
Reason not whether they live or perish
In hope of love or despair of hate
Silently they mourn or cherish
A favourable or an adverse fate.
But silence is the pride of love
And in silence lies its true state
If unavaieth then thy love is weak
Weaker still is thy will to 'stand and wait.

To Wine (With an apology to Bacchus)

'Thou honeytongued fairweather friend
Thou worse than a faithless concubine
Thou with an unknown wicked innerself
Outwardly thou art known as wine.
To some thou bringest undoubted solace
That too shortlived like the morning frost
And thou hast blotted countless gentle face
The greatest deserter to those who love ye most
A witch disguised as a dame so fair
A vamp who a sweet smile doth wear
Thou green or golden or hectic red
Many a virtuous men thou hast led
To unpenetrable darkness and to gloom
Life to a few, to a lot their doom
Thou misleading Monster, thou misguiding Knave
Thine own lovers who dost not save,
Thou maddening spirit that breadth woe
Thou misrepresent thy friend or foe
And ye make the life a bitter bowl
Like bright sunshine to an owl
Like black poison in a container green
Thou slier than a serpent mean
Like an ever alert asp in a grass
To sting a traveller as doth he pass
In a secret conspiracy, the spirits of sin and crime
Emersed themselves in the liquid of wine
In their bid to seek Bacchus' shelter
Or induce the Satan to incest her
So ultimately all wrong was born
With her sisters lust and scorn
And brought with them all the filth
O wine thus thou bore the guilt.

Thou sweat of Silenus who in madness
Towards the burning Sun ascent
And perspired colossusly until
The Sun saw him smiled and descent.

Then the evening falls and clouds gather
Bringing about a pleasant weather
We seek thy company O dear wine
Despite we despise thee many a time
"O gentlemen let us swear by the Muse
To refrain from its frequent use
That too in wise company and for its pleasure
That too in a restricted measure"

On Her Assassination

(i)

Horribly shocked I this obituary write
In trembling tips I hold my pen
At the worst of a precedent
A premier is shot by her own security men
 Guards on duty sacrifice their lives
 If ever a danger to their master lies
 And heroically they embrace their deaths
 Lest they be disgraced in peoples' eyes.
But it is a case just reverse
Every right thinking person is awfully stunned
By the worst example of ingratitude
That Indira by her own guards is gunned.
 Blackest stigma on the face of trust
 Most heinous act of deplorable shame
 Which The posterity shall sadly recall
 O Religion 'what crimes are committed in thy name'
History abounds in treacherous episodes
Yet it is the worst of its kind
Where the valiant is dastardly killed
Brings Joan of Arc to my mind
 Largest democracy of the world is shaken
 By this loathsome act of extreme disgrace
 To an ill name is reduced
 The highly esteemed, security race.
Most wicked betrayal of all times
Most unbecoming of yeomen of the guard
Where the safety of their masters they solemnly vow
And swear it in the name of Lord.
 It shows how foreign hand plays its part
 Or how dangerous could bigotry be
 It has put the world on alert
 Safe on earth none can be

Such acts stringent steps require
 Such happening should cause grave concern
 No doubt our house is set ablaze
 Tomorrow can be our Enemy's turn
 The governments of the world should jointly fight
 Terrorism, an evil order of the day
 Lest the globe in its flames be caught
 Lest democracies crumble against its sway
 A common concern of the world
 It should concern the West, all the more
 For their age long belief in democratic norms
 This assassination they should neither overlook nor ignore.
 The global void unlikely to be filled
 The loss so enormous for the nation to bear
 The greatest lady that an assassin's bullets ever killed.
 Stunned alike a, plebeian a sage or a seer.
 Not because of an allegiance to a party or a person
 Regardless of an adherence to a caste, creed or sect
 But with one voice should be assailed
 This disgraceful, derogatory, senseless act.
 Call we might it Nature's play
 Or term we might it as Destiny's law
 The world never witnessed a gloomier day
 Than the Nation recently saw.
 Call we might it a fanatics' frenzy
 Or an unscrupulous act of political lust
 The motive behind their mentors know
 What I know we lost a leader kind and just.
 The Saddest scene in the Capital
 Reminiscent of a the barbarian age
 The worst of a drama is enacted
 On One, Safdarjang's harmonious stage.
 The darkest day of deep pathos
 Of the profoundest grief and horrible awe
 When too much goodness proved a dangerous lapse
 Too much generosity proved a fatal flaw.

An embodiment of goodness and of grace
Of shrewd wisdom and moral strength
Those benevolent eyes that smiling face
The agony we shall ever feel at length
One to whom virtues paid not
Nor her ideal of unity paid its price
Except to leave her a helpless victim,
A helpless victim to a sad demise.
The brightest star that ever on India's horizon ascent
Yet a prey to treacherous communal lust
A true Indian she was first and last
Till fell she dead on its sacred dust.
"Every drop of thy blood to India new life shall give
Thy contributions shall be writ on granite
The Nation shall remain indebted to thee forever
Generations shall remember thee day and night.
Thou shall live as long as the mounts live
Or as long as on Earth the Sun doth shine
Or as long as on Earth life exists
Thy memory shall withstand onslaughts of time.
Thou were the sole champion from the East
Who brought laurels to India in many spheres
And steered our ship through gloom and turmoil
With unique heroism all those sixteen years.
Posterity shall forget thee not
For thy unsurpassed towering personage
No wonder if I call thee
The greatest lady of the Age."

Such a happening is the worst
 Worse still is the out break of communal clashes
 Which has swamped thousands of innocent lives
 Property worth billions reduced to ashes.

Bloodiest scene in the capital
 Reminds one of the Nadir's time
 Mighty Heart of India wears a ghastly look
 Indepictable in this rhyme.

Detest this loot and arson this bloodshed
 This loathsome path leads but to gloom
 Already our soil with innocent blood is red
 For more death and destruction it has no room.

In true earnest if we search our hearts
 Leave it to none ask thy innermost
 What right has one to take a life
 When one can't impart it at any cost.

If I were left to make a choice
 To be a Pagan or be in communal chains
 Certainly I will opt for the first
 Perchance to preserve what soever love remains.

To this bigotry pray, put an end
 Rather strive hard to make India great
 Lest we be hooked unaware

By the Enemy's angle, by the communal bait.
 Fight not thee brethren amongst thyselfs don't fight
 Fight poverty fight corruption fight the sin
 Fight all such evils with all they might
 Fight divisive forces from outside from within.

Fight the mischief mongers who disturb thy peace
 Fight those who in thy blood venom mix
 Fight those who thy hearts divide
 Be they Hindus Muslims or the Sikhs.

Come forth ye sons of the greatest ten
And ye in the Vedic fold of the holiest men
And ye of the noble virtues of a true Christian
Ye elegant Zoroastrians or the abiders of Holy Quran
Or ye of various faiths here I might fail to name
Different be their titles spirit is the same
One simple truth none can hide
Be good and every religion shall take thy side.
Let in goodness thy God Dwell
Confine Him not to a cathedral or temple
In equity and justice who makes His abode
Let us look to That omnipresent God.
Only four decades have gone by
We saw the worst of a holocaust
We are yet to recover from those wounds
How can we forget so horrible a past?
Yet an evil however grave
Some noble traits it certainly brings
Which was in sight during the recent riots
Brothers heroically sharing each others sufferings.
One must not fail to credit give
To those who came out to their brethren's rescue
And did it at their lives' cost
My reverence to them is always due.
One such instance is that of Jagjit my friend
Unaware who was caught in a violent multitude
Was heroically saved by some noble borns
To' em I owe in Love and gratitude.

Here We Earn and Spend and Save

Here we earn and spend and save
From the cradle to the grave
Which may or may not touch the shore
Our life is that uncertain wave.

See the old man who hath no hope for life
Constantly faced with an endless strife
The moment next he may or may not breathe
Unable to free from the worries of his kids and wife
And the old weaver from dawn till eve
So long he breathes he will weave
Shall perish in his own cast web
Shall die unremembered with none to grieve.

See the old gardener how gladly doth he plant
The trees, the fruits of which he knows he can't
Harvest and still will continue to toil,
Till the day beneath the clay he ceases to pant.
Behold the old farmer in the days of drought
Engrossed in suicidal pensive thought
Looks to the Heavens with folded hands
Praying for his children's lot.

Behold the old shepherd after the day's toil
All through noon barefooted on thorny soil
Those unbuttered crumbs thrown in his front
What a petty out come of the life's spoil?
See the old money lender and his lust of gold
Spoke countless lies drank blood untold
Shall miss satiety all his life
Till the blood in his veins is cold.

See the old priest and his apparel long and white
For decades four he preached with a tongue polite
To be kind and generous, to be true
Himself in the dark others showing light.

Here is a hermit of a criminal past
And his pretext of a silent fast
That for years twelve, he won't ope his mouth
But runs away with a maid at last.

I Slept I Dreamt, I Woke I Found

I dreamt of unseen cities and their rising towers
Of singing brooks and smiling flowers
Of the meteorous stars in the darkest night
Of the moon at its ecstatic height
Of the rising sun turning the horizon red
Of the beauties on their slumbering bed
Of the cedar trees and their umbrellic bowers
Of the floating clouds providing showers
Of the snowy untrodden peaks
Of their most shapely steeps
Of the darkest unfathomable caves
Of the dancing and dying waves
Of the young cubs playing hide and seek
Under the thickest woods just oblique
Where sunbeams fail to penetrate
And toiling hard they die in hate
Of Arabic deserts and the greenery of Nile
And the Egyptian cotton fields wearing smile
Of the lilies surrounding a stream in a row
Like the Bells on their lightest toe
But while I dream of you O Dear Dear
Every dream doth lie below.

I dreamt of the sweet Elysian Lawn
Of the bewitching eyes of Dianas' Fawn
Of youth and beauty arm in arm
Bathed in a celestial charm
Of the Ceres wearing the sweetest smile
Through the pleasant leas for a while
I dreamt of the sweet Asphodels
Of many a worldly and heavenly models
Amid the new born leaves of spring
I love to hear the Kokila sing
Surpassing every voice thus far heard
To defy the blessed bird.
Of the sunflowers making hay
At the outbreak of a silver day
In countless dreams dim and clean
Many unseen things I have seen
Can hardly tell during waking hours
Whence hath my unchecked fancy been
As I dreamt of scenery high and low
I dreamt of the global and Elysian show
But when I dream of you O dearest Dear
Every dream doth lie below.
So once I dreamt on a February night
As it was approaching broad day light
Dreams at Dawn are true they say
So thus this follows in the present lay
On the sweetest sod of the greenest ground
Where blossomed bells all around
All around was sweet Flora's grace
And a blush of Venus on her face
Virtually it was a wonderous sight
At this hour of fading night
Face to face we'd sit and talk
So exhausting our long kept stock.

Since no show on earth could sweeter be
Than the one that enchanted me
No lovelier rose on earth ever blew
To defy or challenge that elegant hue
Fair as full moon orb'd and white
With all the glamour at its ecstatic height
Or the sweetest rose that ever blew
Added all its splendour to her hue.
Or the blush of Dawns' earliest light
Seemed to have entered the marble white
Yet blushed she sweeter with a bashful pride
Engrossed in thoughts the eyes fail to hide.
Untwinkled I stared and kept my sight
Closely watching that celestial spot
From where arose a beauteous rose
As it rose above a marble pot.
And gently she appeared in her favorite whites
A portion of the Moon and dropped from
Heaven did she seem
Surpassing all the worldly sights
Wrapped in the gentleness of its beam,
A Moon that shines thousand thousand miles above
Captivates our souls with a Divine mirth
More sweetly shown, my own, my beauteous love
And what? If I forgot my mortal worth.
There's nothing that could inspire
One to greater heights
Than the grace that did surpass
All the worldly sights.
Then gently would my Maiden say
How earnestly 'I' loved her night and day
Hath she a mind to unlock to me?
And I wondered if she were she.

Partly I remember with a part forgot
Partly I add my humble thought
She pitied my lot and out of passion cried
Since none else was there by us or aside.
"O my love wherefore do ye love me so
While me is a wilful wanton doe
In a moment who might be out of thy sight
Leaving ye to a miserable plight.
The lustrous hair thou may not see
Still from its chains thou shall fail to free
And I shall be away like a homeless kite
Leaving you to a miserable plight.
Standing on each bank of a river in spate
Left to suffer a Tantalian fate
Out of thy reach though within thy sight
Leaving ye to a miserable plight.
Had in this world love ever been
Why frustration for the lovers so keen ?
It signals at first then it taketh flight.
Leaving ye to a miserable plight.
Love is like a ship that hath been caught
In the strongest tempest in the waters vast
Whose helpless cap can't steer it right
Leaving ye to a miserable plight.
And well ye know a lover's fate
To aspire for love and perish in hate
Where rosy cheeks turn bloodless white
Leaving ye to a miserable plight.
Scarcely thou value the prime thus ye lose
Could easily be put to a happier use
As thou blindly leapest down a fatal height
Unmindful of an impending plight.
Like a wingless bird so cruelly prest
Who can stare but can't reach its nest
Open beaked who cries for the humblest diet
Then why be left in such a helpless plight?"

Then gently she rose and raised her eyes above
So politely addressing the spirit of love'
Heavens know ! How far right ?
But sure enough it concerned my plight.

'O merciless Angel let him rest
Ye torture him most who loves ye best
Ye darken his days, nay ye deprive him light
Leaving him in a miserable plight.

Thy glittering and misguiding glow
Like assumed water to a thirsty doe
Yet ever arid sands after the hardest flight
Leaving him in a miserable plight.

O spirit so cruel with an ideal aloft
Wherefore ye play the Witch's craft
Whose darkest shade appears a beam of light
That leaves a lover in a miserable plight.

Thou that makes the life a fearful dream
Thou an agent of the Devil's team
I fear thee, for thy impending fright
Pray save him, save him from such a plight.

And the mind that thou overpower
Fades away like an unwatered flower
And hath no goal like a cut off kite
Pray save him from such a helpless plight.

And outwardly you look so sweet
But in fact an asp from head to feet
And there is none to cure thy bite
Pray leave him in a cosier plight.

Art thou a spirit to avenge some prior life's crime
That parches away the sweetest days of prime
Or that makes him restless day and night
Pray save him from such a pathetic plight.

Art thou a symbol of a ceaseless test
Else is thy abode an easeless breast
O thou an Ogre of an unconquerable might
Pray leave him in comfortable plight.

O heavens save this lover this insane
Bent to spoil his youth in vain
Pursuing a goal hardly in sight
Pray deviate his course in a direction right.

"To be in love is to be freed
From thousand evils like hate and greed
It abstains the wrong and shows thee right
To leave you in a better plight.

It is this force that unites man with God.

Had on its true path we trod.

Then our goal is well in sight.

To leave you in a better plight.

Love is God's apostle first
His most condemned are hate and lust
It alone can bring thee days so bright.
To leave ye in a better plight.

Love is the most revered faith

Every man of vision so sayeth

It is the mightiest of all the might

How could it betray thee in any plight.

Nay take it for a mere romance
A painful yet a rewarding penance
The lone ray of hope in the darkest night
So to leave you in a better plight.

In a sincere loving look

Is contained the wisdom of many a book

That elevates thy soul to an ecstatic height

So to leave you in a better plight.

As rose is sweetest of all the bell

So is the force amid the virtues well

It pacifies thy soul as it doth thy sight

So it leaves you in a better plight.

Pure and gentle like the morning rays

Path so straight unlike the worldly ways

Above all the distinction of wrong and right

So it leaves you in a better plight.

Pivotal thought of all the Muse
And a gist of all the noble views
Clearest vision to the masked insight
So it leaves you in a better plight.

His clarion call and if ye can
See His image in the shape of man
Then adore it like an Angel bright
To be left in a cherished plight."

With such submission I'd argue
To defend with what I thought or knew
And feared lest an extempore compliance
should weigh so light

Certainly I was in an uneasy plight.

Again there was a sudden and a silent pause
And the mystery remaining as it was
For a moment I was pushed in a corner tight
Believe me I was in a restless plight.

Then suddenly she looked up and did she stare
To heal my wounds or to impair
By tilting the balance left or right
So I was in a doubtful plight.

Like an accused all spell bound
To hear an acquittal or a fatal sound
To hear a favour 'nay or might'
So I was in an uncertain plight.

She oped her lips and I held my breath
Weighing equally in the balance of life and death
One way was the brightest dawn the other
the darkest night

So still I was in the aforesaid plight.

Rose she like an empress from her throne
To deliver the verdict in a majestic tone
Me however could not stare my Judge's sight
So I was in an uncasy plight.

Heavens favoured or did she herself yield
As it cleared the mystery grossly veiled
A welcome note was delivered despite
My poor and parasite, uncertain plight.

I received a message through her eyes
And the deepest affection in her sighs
Often blushed she rosy, often turned she lily white
To the greatest perplexion of my sight.
Like a marbled statue calm and motionless
Draped in perfect white like Venus the goddess
It was the most balmy and the soothing sight
In the rarest used to plight.

For a moment I won't believe my eyes
As I watched her draw many a colder sighs
Ah those repenting looks often dim and often bright
Made me wonder at her pensive plight.

A strange union of success and repentance
Of a long rejection and sudden acceptance
That made my heavy heart feel so light
See how it placed me in a victor's plight.

Down cast she sat and in her eyes tears came
Often I heard in her breaths my name
As slowly she lifted her eyes to stare my sight
Now both were placed in a parallel plight.

Now her wanton eyes that had never been to rest
Were placed to an inexperienced test
So wide agape to overthrow any beauteous sight
Ah but for such a pensive plight.

Now my ambition had seen success
And my desires fulfilled in excess
Love is the 'Master-passion' hath been said so right.
And certainly leaves you in a better plight.

A nod of love was all my prize
Which could not be equalled otherwise
While her eyes met my steadfast sight
So bringing us together in a similar plight.

Now behold the dame is logic bound
In love or reason or both profound
Behold her lovely eyes agape
To give her reason a finer shape.

"Where a man's ambition lies?

In true pursuit or its prize?

In the fulfillment of desire or in feelings Divine?

In a better lot or that had been thine?

In the silent suffering or the loudest cries?

In an easy win or an awaited prize?

"Silent sufferings though bring an awaited prize

Though an easy win be the outcome of loudest cries

Still former is a boon and later a bought

So one is perpetual the other a momentary lot.

So it has its foundations hard and deep

The other like a dream of unconscious sleep

That vanishes away and gives way to regret

With the ultimate outcome of fever and fret

That springs up from vain and loony laugh

Where in we at our short comings scoff

The former then our souls doth elevate

Beyond the bounds of prejudiced hate."

We might have continued to converse like this

But the day did break and did I miss

Then came Dawn in its crimson hue

Adding grace to the morning dew

Then gently turning the horizon red

And Whispering in my slumbering bed

I oped my eyes and the Dream was ended

Depriving me of a charm splendid

Again I closed my eyes for the dream

Again I was cautioned by the rising beam

Again it whispered that it was day.

"Pray not slumber in this way
See the world and its plight
See it in the broad day light
See its pains see its pleasures
See it in different measures.
See its loud unsound noise
Of the mortals, the Destiny's toys
See the faces with insincere smile
Shake off thy slumber for a while.
See the world and its lust for gold
Of men and women young and old
Their sad and smiling faces with pretext
Whom Mammon is first God is next."
So did I wake and did I find
As I looked all around ahead and behind
Mysterious clouds of Misery and Sorrow
A sad contrast betwixt dark and morrow.

O My Love O My Sweetheart

From the unknown East thou dost come
Perchance out of the rays of morning sun
The beauty of the rays is in thy hue
As they pass through the heavenly dew
on a rose flower.

Thousands of years He did spoil
Thou art the outcome of that hardest toil
Blest the Earth on which thou dost walk
Blest the ears who hear thee talk
Blest the face whom once you gaze
Filling it with the beauty of the rays
of the morning sun.

"Behold how stately doth she walk
Pressed beneath a perfect beauty's mass".

"Turn back and look at the rising sun
It might well stop to burn."

O West wind through her hair gently run
For they are softer than the silk nicely spun
O Nightingale chant but don't disturb
For she is engrossed in thoughts superb
O flowers blossom but why compete ?
For in thy store is a sure defeat.

Behold her playful eyes so wonderfully bright
As bayonets sparkle in a bloody fight
While armies clash in a moon-lit night
But her silent looks just come and see
Are deeper than the deepest sea
Deeper still in them might a secret be.

Her smiling lips just behold
Are scattering gems on a sheaf of gold
On every limb a glory just divine
Indepictable in this humble rhyme

O Poets come let us sing her praise
 The domes in the air thee need not raise
 For in flesh and blood she is on earth
 Lest be snatched by unscrupulous death
 Won't Ye tell me that secret O great God
 That thou hast created Cytheria in a mortal frame
 To see if Eros chases her to this Earth
 To woo her here or to worship Thy worthy Name.
 O goddess of Love don't betray
 Lend me thy pen or thyself sing
 And seat her thy fancy's wing
 Lest my love be an oblivion's prey.
 O Moon for a moment shine with all thy might
 And focus thy rays on her petalled cheeks
 Let me have a glance of that beauteous sight
 Then thou may not shine for several weeks.
 O Ocean merge out those precious stones
 For my Mistress is basking on thy sands
 So suggest the dancing wave
 They shall be exalted to touch her hands.
 O blithe Bird from whence doth thou come?
 What makes thee rapturous beneath the sun?
 Thou must have visioned or heard it told
 Those wild wild eyes those hair of gold.
 Of thy presence Ceres must be aware
 Her green and saffron are scattered here
 O God it's beauteous sight
 The fields have laid their breasts so bare
 O Nature stop this race of time
 To keep her in her sweetest prime
 And my curious pen to infuse
 To crown her glory through the Muse.
 But fairer than a Poet's fancy thou art
 O my love! O my sweet heart!

To Dawn

O Dawn thou art the quietest mom
Soon the birds will chirp and leave their home
In quest of their livelihood
After this hour so soothing and good
Soon shall we hear the oxen bells
Circling besides the primitive wells
And a young farmer singing a lay
(and as soon as his song shall end)
The world shall be busy with a puzzling day
The Beauty hath a life so short!
So O dear Dawn thou art!
To welcome thee O Dawn I hear a bell
In the cathedral or a temple
Now the maids shall wake and leave their beds
With the earthen pots on their heads
To a well in a row
With a majestic rhythmic flow
Each one whispering and dreaming of a happier life
To be picked up and wooed as a loving wife
"O smiling flowers thy impudence pray not ask
Is often colourless behind a mask
So joyously I wish ye dream
To be gay and happy like the morning beam"
O Helios for a moment postpone thy birth
And let my heart rejoice with a celestial mirth
It pacifies my heart, thy sanguine hue
As doth it reflect on the crystal dew
It is when sea nymphs bathe on the golden waves
And the fairies come out of their enchanted caves
The earth is bathed in a celestial glow
Foul and filth hide themselves in the deepest graves

At this mom all the gods and goddesses pray together
And their souls devoted to the almighty Father
And the biheaded Monster at the Hells' Iron Gates
Is silenced at this soothing and divine weather
 At this moment doth a poet dream
 Whom his own life doth a legend seem
 In the East fancies his most glorious world
 And waits for just a glance of the rising beam.
Soon Aurora shall breathe and sun flower bloom
Signifying the end of silent gloom
And a crimson lair on the East shall cast
Making the sun ride his steed at last.
With two legs on the Earth and two lifted upward
Like a gallant knight or the gigantic phoenix bird
In his bid to raid the vast azure
Whose rage no mortal eyes shall endure
Master of all life on this globe
Wearing the unseen brightest robe
O Mother Earth the greenery on thy breast thou wear
Is his gift, thy son, the Day so bright and clear
And to us his most precious prize
As we see you O mother with his divine eyes.

On My Thirtyfifth Birthday

Ah! I have slumbered thirty five summers away
Crossed as many winters and springs till this day
Still I hold myself answerable to my soul
As kept I wandering away from my goal
For as many autumns white and grey
Failed to wake me up till this day
Monsoons as many did not much infuse
My slumbering pen for the Muse
And like a dumb shadow did I roam
In the vicinity of my own.

A gray blend in my dark hair
Reminds me of a hollow past
How two decades of a youthful life.
I have lived away so fast
Like that long sweet dream of a winter night
While the world outside was in miseries cast.
(And the slumbering man fails to feel)
That this in fact is a prison of misfortunes vast.
Where everyone succumbs to its blows at last.

As sometimes I close my eyes and do I peep
Deep into my past and there in I see
A dim and distant lost glory
O God give me back those days
When every object was drapped in perfect innocence
All around Nature seemed to sing Thy praise
Ere I stepped into mingling adolescence
Now in rational thought while I am caught
It seems life has lost essence
Still that moment is the most precious mom
While we truly regret in repentance.

The World

My infant intellect doth sometimes tell
The world is worse than the condemned Hell
Where must some principles be
But it's most unscrupulous I tell thee.
It showeth else and else it does
Queer it sounds, yet its activity goes.
Here we preach a lot from the wisest lore
But in all we need is a mind pure.
With a guileless soul if one dies.
Is worth but a hundred lives.
Of sinful deception for pleasure are
Unworthy and bootless as they bar
Us from the true ecstasy that in true pursuit we feel
Where might we suffer but don't reveal.

Aloof I Sit

Aloof I sit in a pensive mood
Under the old tree which hath stood
For centuries mocking at the man.
Beheld the armies march while the chariots ran.
Headed by the princes just unique
Till the moment when they reached
That certain hour none could avoid
In youth and pride they forgot
That they were not that they thought
Behold that bud shall blossom into flower.
And a sweetened kindness it will shower.
Upon a tired mind for she doth know.
For others she will live and grow.
Till the Destined Day, when some one will
come and pluck her away.

Be Merry

Be merry that thou hast lost.
Unresisted like the morning frost.
For success is just a momentary gain.
There is pleasure in preceptive pain,
Come forth and thank thy God.
That thy love was not a mockery or a fraud.
For HE infused thee with a spirit divine.
Not to grumble but valiantly pine.
Nature was to precept her right.
And thy duty was to love and fight.
The scorn which in disguise might a blessing be
The day shall come and thou shalt see
The gainers lose and the losers gain
Be not in this life but sure when we live again.

Love me not for Heaven's sake

For thou art worthy of an Angel's love
For I a human have but humble worth.
Am I worthy of a goddess on Earth?
Shall perish to ashes with this mortal frame.
Still on my lips thy sweetest name
To converse with thee I converse with this tree
Tempted by compassion it doth lend
A flowered bough with a curved bend
The sweetest flower is by my face
Falling short of thy charm and grace
And here beneath it I fall half asleep
Engrossed in thoughts numberless fathoms deep
Thy lovely image how could He create
O Love me not for Heaven's sake
(From Anchises to Aphrodite)

The Maddening Crowd

The world as told is a maddening crowd.
Where we husband our grave and shroud.
Through misdeeds we aspire for power and fame.
And we worship Mammon in HIS name.
From countless sermons do we preach.
But reality in one we fail to reach.
Still we play our destined part.
Be it long, be it short.
Of painful pensive, of rapturous joys.
Made from the same clay in the shape of toys.
Fate is our hidden and unknown enchanter.
And her Hound our constant haunter.
May chase us to the Dark may show us Light.
To the brightest Dawn or the darkest Night.

O God if Sad be their end

O God if sad be their end.
Give lovers the hearts of stone.
Give them the eyes that do not shed.
Even if their existence be gone.
Seal their lips for ever ever.
Lest they in anguish ever moan.
Let these flowers fade with a fretful fever.
Let in their veins water flow.
Or give them the whitest liver
The pain they might never know.
Or teach the lifeless things to love.
The agony they can never feel
And their injuries Thee need not heal.
Since to the passions they lie above.

The Music of Love

Sweeter than the songs of Orpheus.
Sung to calm the rage of Zeus.
In the murmur of flowers sweet.
In the beat of Moon's unseen feet.
While the winds blow and flowers embrace.
Kissing gently each other's face.
While the petals scatter dew drops on the fleece like grass
By the gentle gush of Fairy's pass.
While the lily slumbers and glow warm sings.
Folding unfolding its meterous wings.
Or a mad moth circles around his beloved taper.
Or a Poet with his pen and paper.
Dreams of things mortal or Divine.
And sings them to you in his melodious rhymes.

To My Cruel Master

You cannot think nor you can feel.
That for thy sake I miss a daily meal.
While you get ten times better.
Than that I can ever feel.
Is it because I am poor born?
Is it because I work so hard?
Or is it because I wear the torn?
No it is because I get no reward
You are held high and I degraded.
For I toil for thy cause.
While to my olden days my eyes I cast.
I see nothing but an empty past.
A lifeless present a future without hope.
O great God is this a life or a cruel joke?

Sing me no more

(i)

Sing me no more a melancholy strain
Full of pathos full of pain
Sing me a ditty of delight
Shower a gramercy to my plight
Sing me a song of unmingled pleasure
Though I know is a vanishing treasure
Though I know it shall not stay
Yet for a moment feel me gay
My heavy heart pray, feel alight
Sing me a ditty of delight

(ii)

Sing me a song of smiling flowers
Their petals bathing in the softest showers
Or of that while, while make they hay
At the outbreak of a soothing day
Sing me, sing me of that noiseless night
While full Moon shines at its majestic height
Sing me of the world where no misery lies
Sing me no more of sobs or sighs
Sing me of the men who defied
Angles for their virtues for their pride
Sing me of that God like man
And sing on sing on if ye can.

**Some Excerpts From Gulnar
&
Other Poems**

There Lived a Hermit

There lived a hermit in the thickest grove
Where the lovers used to meet
It was here that Youssof chased that Doe
All golden from head to feet
And here did once a chasm flow
Now its bottom lies dry and deep
And is covered with dark shadows
Through which no human eyes could peep
There he sang their souls do rest
In peace they sleep a perpetual sleep
On its soothing and calm sands
Where his eyes do watch a keep
It was here he sang that song of Love
With a voice melodiously sweet.

Oh that Hermit must be an Angel of love
Sent by Him to this enchanted place
He seemed to have descended from above
By His orders by His grace
As in my life I have countless hermits seen
But none with such a glowing face
None could sing in a sweeter voice
The entire humanity might I trace
His ever fixed eyes he did not raise
As kept he gazing that particular place
As though he found a treasure on the ground
Which to me was a blank surface'
Or did he expect some one to rise
From that spot to please his eyes.

Then from that spot appeared the Fawn
All golden and of the rarest hue
With all the glamour of a February Dawn
Walking majestically on the sod soft with dew
Exalting the fair looks of the cedren lawn
And her meterous eyes wild and blue
Like two flames alit in the darkest night
If truth prevails on this Earth, then it's true
Only the luckiest eyes could behold that sight
And my senses I should or should not believe
What I beheld at the fag end of night
But my eyes I thought shall not deceive
But to my perplexion she was out of sight.

Ere could I question he was gone
And vanished away in the dustless air
Sans any wings he had flown
Leaving me in tense despair
There could I see nothing but shadow of my own
Or except the soundless hollow atmosphere
Then I heard the footsounds of some one coming up
Yet not even a shadow on its banks barren and bare.
Oh that Doe must be celestial Doe
Appointed by Fate to bring them near
And that music in my ears still doth ring
That voice melodious still I hear
Sweet Erato bless me to sing Gulnar
Lest this should remain a fancy mere.

The Hermit's Song

O Moon do not peep through the cloud
Thou art a Beauty, but be not proud
I tell thee for my own Love was so
The glow did come and did it go
It vanished into paleness to leave behind
Its evergreen memories to my mind.
While you are surrounded by dark clouds and up I stare
There in I see her face amid her lustrous hair
While thy graceful gait to me often doth remind
Of her light foot though no rival on Earth I find
Ye taught her so or ye were taught
Shall ever remain a perplexing thought
 I loved her best while like thee she was dressed in white
 A soul so pure and drapped as such is the worthiest sight.
 Her guileless gay lips and the cheeks with a gentle blush.
 Exalted her innocence since there was no rush
 Of tiring thoughts, the foes of charm and youth
 She knew no tears which spoil the cheeks however smooth.

Like A Poet's Pledges

Like a poet's pledges a lover's laments are weak
Which they often make and more often repeat
Yet from realities they live far away

Engrossed in stupid thoughts night and day

Ask an ass and he will choose

Dust to wallow, softest carpet he will refuse

For he does not know its worth

Or he knows his meanest birth.

Have a cur and get him crowned.

Will he change his wont nay he won't

Least his disposition it will curtail

Show him bread and he will wave his tail.

And in a palace if lovers are craddled

Is the worst omen for its decline

And so if a queen's womb beliters

A love monger or a lover of wine.

Then the granite walls of their empire

Become merely the walls of sands

And their masters merely so attire

In fact are puppets in other's hands.

Aimless like a cloud unmindful like an insane

Unavailing like a moth, unwanted who embraces pain

Like wise a lover in his senseless pursuits

Lives away his youth in vain.

An intoxicating insanity that on lovers prevails

And in a senseless dilemma they are ever cast

And their lives, a multitude of tumbles and fails

In stupidity they sob and sigh till their last.

We must meet what on our brow is writ

Ah in ignorance what crimes we commit
The destined mom must and surely comes
Non on earth is an exception to it
Misfortunes surround a man in colossal sums.
As they mask our senses and deprive us wit
And all our efforts to avoid that moment are futile
We must meet what on our brow is writ
It blinds our eyes that are ever agile
And governs our judgement for that while
And finds the proper time to hit
Had man the power to foresee
None in this world would wretched be
One moment might it hail next might it humiliate
So strange are the acts of fate.

Zahida to King Hasan

A tear that falls from a guileless eye
Is mightier than the sway on which an empire is built
There is more fire in a helpless widow's cry
To parch off the sweetness of thy guilt.
All grief is sapping is doubtlessly true
But most trying when befalls unthought and new
So one who all one's life has but pleasures seen
Then knoweth best what pains mean
And one whose custom is just to punish and mock
Feels it most when receives a shock
Now mock at me O ye thoughtless king
At this helpless poor and wretched thing
Now have my flesh and feed those hungry hounds
O let me hear once again those malacious sounds.
Now whence are the ears who heard no appeal?
Whence is the heart that did not feel?
Whence is that loud unpardoning ordain?
Whence is the command that never went in vain?

O Rajiv our dearest dear

Gravest is the wound inflicted
Profoundest is our woe
Nation has plunged into darkness
As did it seven years ago
 Why the bolt has struck us again?
 Unprovoked, afresh and anew
 It has shaken us from the very roots
 The Storm which from the South blew
Doleful is the tale of tears
Horrible is the tragic end
Unbearable is the wave of shock
Which did this tragedy send.
 What fault is being so noble?
 What fault is being so nice?
 What use is such an election?
 For which we paid such a heavy price.
He was an Angel and an Apostle
And a champion of the Cause
In whom all the virtues had imbibed
Such a man he was.
 Uncontrollable are our tears
 Unsolvable are our souls
 Hell with such a Misrule
 Under which we went to the polls
There is an upheaval in my heart
It revolts against THY most cruel will
O God Thou hast created a void
Which none can ever fill
 Many a nightmare have crossed my mind
 Many a thought have gone that way
 Still I find myself lacking in words
 Still I cannot tell what I wish to say

Words Can't express the anguish
And the agony of my mind
With thy departure we have lost a gem
A gem of the rarest kind
 We were looking gleefully forward
 To have him amidst us as our Minister Prime
 Never in our dreams we thought
 He will be consumed by such a heinous crime
In the emergence O sweet Prince
We were feeling a solemn sense of pride
Never in our dreams we thought
Thou shall not be at our side
 You had covered miles and miles
 And were merely yards away
 When an evil eye caught hold of thee
 On the 21st of May
The voice is forever silenced
The voice we loved to hear
The voice of our most beloved leader
A leader sans a peer
 We saw the body consumed by flames
 We saw the pyre lit
 Millions of sinking minds seemed to say
 Were it, never it
With thy departure O sweet prince
India wears a deserted look
Thou must be feeling sad within
For the life You cruelly took
 We remember the grace with which Rajiv took chair
 And left it with yet a better grace
 The Nation shall remember that sweet smile
 On his fairest face.
"It is once in many centuries
That a man of thy worth is born
To us thy loss is but irreparable
Thy adversaries shall equally mourn"

With thy exit O Sweet Prince
Nation found her forte lost
You left us' at a time
When we needed thee by far the most
This Tragedy has closed the chapter
Of an ideal political Sage
And of the most illustrious son
Of the Greatest Lady of the Age
My salutations to the Greatest son of India
And the greatest political seer
May thy soul rest in peace in Heaven
O Rajiv, Our Dearest Dear

Pygmalion's Chisel

He chiseled the dashing bust of Vulcan
To give the mortals a surprise
Displaying in it utmost dexterity
To stun the wondering eyes.

Opted then he to portray the Graces
With his chisel, his magic wand
And gave them what they richly deserved
As he showed them hand in hand.

Went he on with a statue of Hebe
And gave it the sweetest smile
As he did it with a peerless prowess
To make one breathless for a while
Then he chose to sculpt the Diana
It looked as though she herself descended down
Every one thought this work of Pygmalion
Shall win him the coveted crown.

Say scriptures he stopped not here
And went he on and on
countless pieces thus he chiseled
But his urge was nerergone.

He chiseled a full size statue of Aphrodite
With all his dexterity and skill
With complete devotion he worked
Many a day and night at will.

This was Pygmalion's best creation
Unique in every way
And did it with an unsurpassed devotion
Abinitio till this day.

He chiseled it with a flawless perfection
This statue of the most beauteous frame.
It is no more but the parable remains
Which immortalized Pygmalion's name.

The work was completed, stood he defeated
By the amorous power of love.
His misanthropy for woman kind was ended.
Perhaps by some orders from above.

He embraced the statue and showered a volley of kisses
As a mad man would certainly do
Received he back a bounty of blisses
As the Statue his attention drew.

His kisses were returned and the Statue turned
Into the most beauteous woman on earth
It is how his devotion paid off
Here lay the Love's worth.

My Love

Fair as full moon orb'd and white
With all the glamour at its majestic height
From where she this complexion drew
What comprised her elegant hue.

The blush of Dawn's earliest light
Seems to have entered the marble white
Or the sweetest rose that ever blew
Gave all its splendour to her hue.

All the bards who Love or Beauty praised
And all their melodies which were ever raised
Let all the sculptors with their vision bright
From the fairest marble or the ivory white
Chisel the sculptures which could turn to life
With unique faith and an endless strife
Still My Love in all aspects shall excel
Never told before and none shall ever tell.

Thieves and Lovers

Both of them though Poles apart
In their doings or feelings of heart
Yet have similarity in a couple of ways
Although I sing this of the gone by days.
 Thieves and Lovers Lonely corners choose
 Though different different is their use
 They dig and whisper and conceal their finds
 Lovers sit and sob and reveal their minds.
While thieves have on ever alert eyes and mind
To lovers the rest of world is blind.
Both of them escape people's sight.
Both of them prefer to meet at night.

An Opium Eater's Day

A queer blend of sleep and insomania
And both the boon and curse of Morpheus
And that of awareness and scyzophrenia
And of recollections and obliviousness
Mid way between the alive and the dead
Ever waking yet dreaming in his bed.

Such a life but little avails.

As he wakes sub conscious during day
In such a state he wakes yet snores
And from the realities he lives far away
with half oped eyes he watches the shadows

Indifferent to the gaities of spring or the heat of May.

Whose love and hope all his life

Is measured by its intoxicating sway

Else is his life those yellow poppy buds

Or that black poison brown and grey

What doth such a life avail.

When from the life you live far away?

They Too are Our Brethern

Those millions who without a shelter roam
And in this life can't dream of a home
And those infants who are poorly fed
Whom roadsides or gutter banks provide the bed
While conditioned as such they thank their Lord.
Though mid way they exist between the alive and the dead
Most unlike those ungrateful 'Drones'
Who on their sweat and toil are fed.

The Shores of Naples

The world shall aspire but shall not find
A divinely blessed soul with a musing mind
At the oddest hours who could sing
Seating himself on the Fancy's wing
The Shores of Naples can never forget.
Those whining cries those wailing regrets
Surrounded by thorns like a smiling flower
An aggrieved mind at a dejected hour.
Then the West Wind took ye to an isle unknown
Where thy Lark had already flown
An unseen abode to the mortal eyes
Away from the world's malicious cries
And Sang to ye all his melodies sweet
And the mortal rapture at thy feet
Here half thou ventured but ye did miss
There full that rapture with a heavenly bliss.

An Emergent Need

Of late, a dire necessity my attention drew
There is an emergent need of a set up new
To teach us morality to show us light
Else a disaster is well in sight

Let this be clear to one and all

We just can't survive if we morally fall

○ LORD instill in this mankind

Sanctity of thought and purity of mind

Come forth let us such an order create

Sans the evils of lust and hate

A poetic justice for the generation new

Give every one one's share every one one's due

Purely on merit let us things decide

And not by caste or creed ourselves divide

Create such an order I earnestly pray

Pray show the world such an order of the day.

