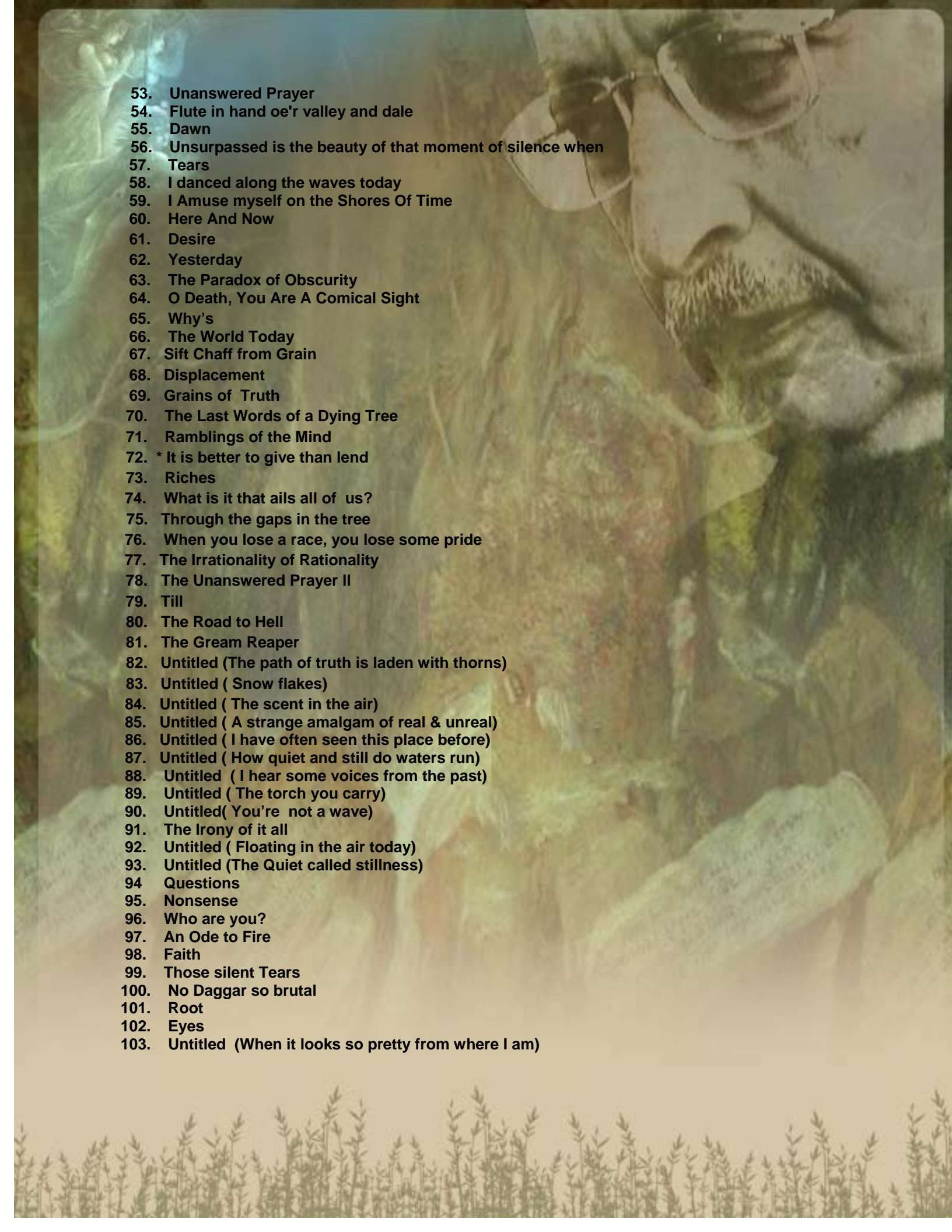
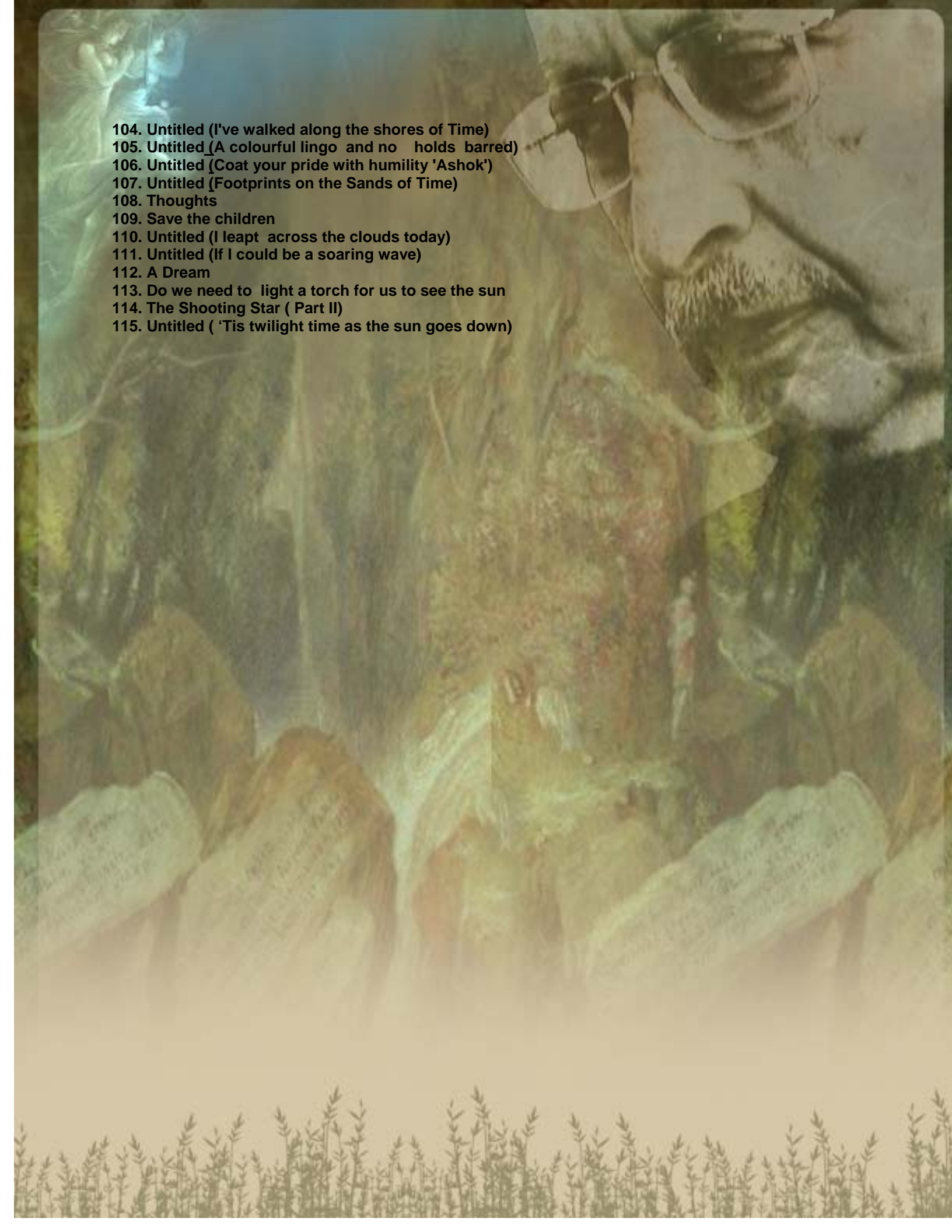




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1.

**'The Tyranny of Truth'**

Bits of Satan live within me,  
As do bits of divinity,  
Prayer, hubris and earthly pleasure,  
Good and bad in equal measure.

Be truly honest with yourself,  
You will see both fairy and elf,  
Phantoms both but both true,  
Tricks the mind plays on you.

Dichotomous is human nature,  
Saints and sinners both feature,  
To err is human to forgive divine,  
Words that surely aren't mine.

Accept our failings we must do,  
That's what makes us human too,  
We'll get the strength to fight the wrong,  
And be set alight by divine song.

Perfection will always be,  
Earnest endeavour of both you and me,  
Blots, scars and wounds alike,  
Will the face sometimes strike.

Judge you not lest you be judged,  
For truth will out and not be fudged.

.



2.

I Dream

I dream of ancient times I do,  
Of Greeks, Romans and Xanadu,  
Of Kubla Khan and his pleasure dome,  
Of coins in the fountain,  
In the heart of Rome,  
I dream, I do.

Visions I see of eons gone by,  
Arjuna's plea and his fervent prayer  
To the Master of the Universe,  
And Krishna's response in warrior's verse,  
I do.

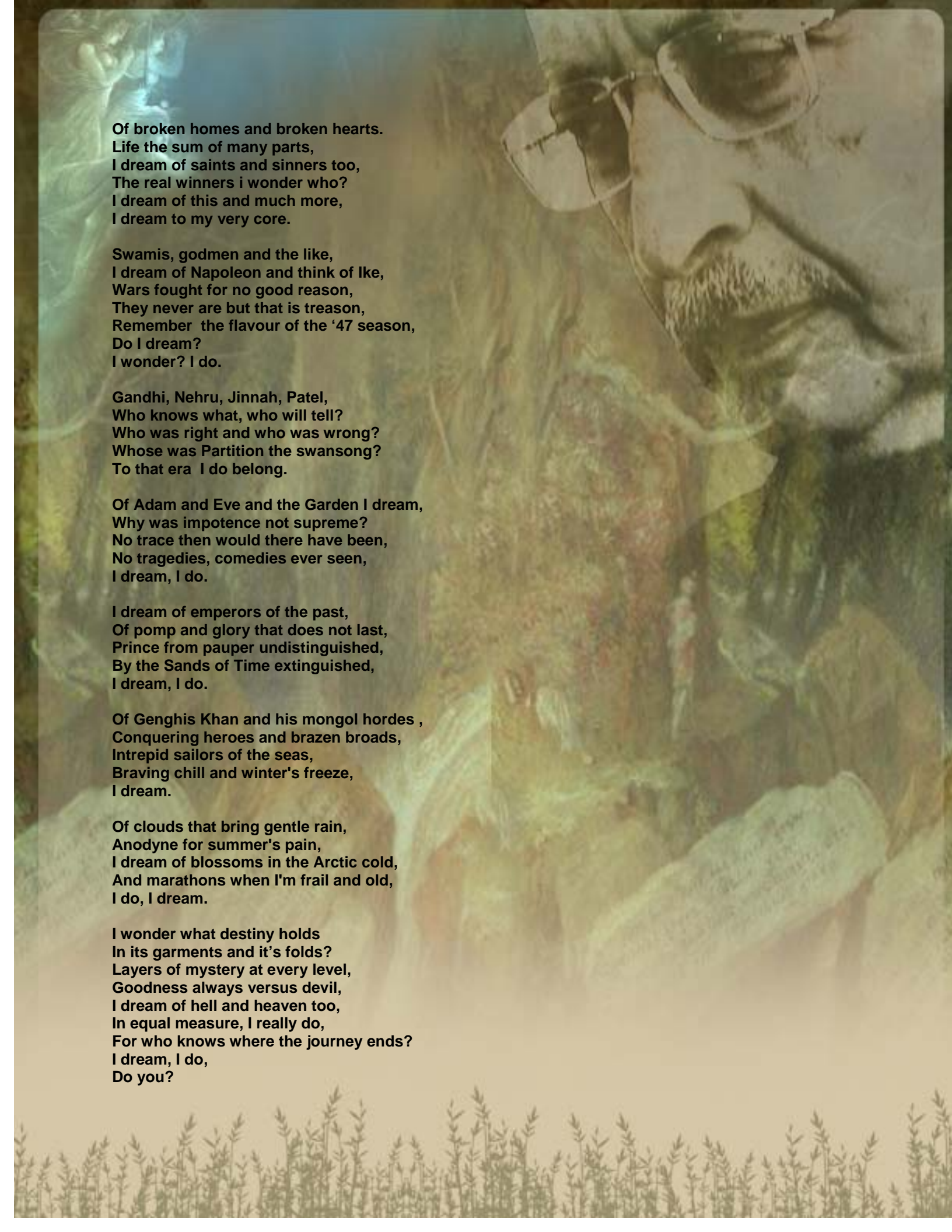
Of the Prophet I dream and the holy tablet,  
Of Allah and his eternal decree,  
I dream of things of long ago,  
Was I there, did I know?  
I dream, I do.

Of the masters of the written word,  
Of Shakespeare, Shelley and others I've heard,  
I dream of Ghalib with relative ease,  
I dream of philosophy and Socrates,  
I dream.

I dream of evolution and modern man,,  
Of Darwin and how his theory ran,  
Of what it was to be an ape,  
Because I live, I gape,  
I dream, I do.

Gautam Buddha and renunciation,  
Gabriel and Annunciation,  
Myriad are the dreams i dream,  
Divinity and sea bream,  
I dream.

I dream of Christ on the Cross,  
Pilloried and at total loss  
To understand the likes of me,  
Was that his natural destiny?  
I wonder, I do.



Of broken homes and broken hearts.  
Life the sum of many parts,  
I dream of saints and sinners too,  
The real winners i wonder who?  
I dream of this and much more,  
I dream to my very core.

Swamis, godmen and the like,  
I dream of Napoleon and think of Ike,  
Wars fought for no good reason,  
They never are but that is treason,  
Remember the flavour of the '47 season,  
Do I dream?  
I wonder? I do.

Gandhi, Nehru, Jinnah, Patel,  
Who knows what, who will tell?  
Who was right and who was wrong?  
Whose was Partition the swansong?  
To that era I do belong.

Of Adam and Eve and the Garden I dream,  
Why was impotence not supreme?  
No trace then would there have been,  
No tragedies, comedies ever seen,  
I dream, I do.

I dream of emperors of the past,  
Of pomp and glory that does not last,  
Prince from pauper undistinguished,  
By the Sands of Time extinguished,  
I dream, I do.

Of Genghis Khan and his mongol hordes ,  
Conquering heroes and brazen broads,  
Intrepid sailors of the seas,  
Braving chill and winter's freeze,  
I dream.

Of clouds that bring gentle rain,  
Anodyne for summer's pain,  
I dream of blossoms in the Arctic cold,  
And marathons when I'm frail and old,  
I do, I dream.

I wonder what destiny holds  
In its garments and it's folds?  
Layers of mystery at every level,  
Goodness always versus devil,  
I dream of hell and heaven too,  
In equal measure, I really do,  
For who knows where the journey ends?  
I dream, I do,  
Do you?



3.

Let's Do Things While We Still Have Time

Let's do the things we want to do,  
Let's bury the past and start anew,  
Forget the days and the years gone by,  
They won't be back and that is why,  
Let's do all this while we still have time.

Let's climb the mountains and sail the seas,  
And do exactly what we please,  
Let's walk the pathways to the fields,  
And feel the joy that fresh air yields,  
Let's do all this while we still have time.

Let's mend fences, not erect walls,  
Let's share the pain when grief befalls,  
And thank the Lord for what we've got,  
Without ado let's rejoice in our lot,  
Let's do all this while we still have time.

Let's walk barefoot in the park,  
Let's try singing like the lark,  
If all we can do is only crow,  
Let's just go with the flow,  
Let's do all this while we still have time.

Let's do the things we have'nt done,  
Let's make faces, let's have fun,  
Whoever knows what tomorrow holds?  
What lies beneath veneers and folds?  
Let's do this while we still have time.



4.

**The Winter of Discontent**

The dark and dreary robe of winter,  
The shroud that takes all light away,  
The discontent of the roving soul,  
Till Spring heralds a brighter day.

Winter blues and colours all,  
Misty, cloudy, snow around,  
Christmas cheer and happy tidings,  
Tinsel, buntings, smiles abound.

Let's brighten up our darkened hearts,  
Put happiness there instead of fear,  
Nothing prettier than pearly whites,  
Let not our eyes shed a tear.

Let's turn shivering cold into heat,  
By the warmth of our very presence,  
Let's all around us radiate,  
The glow that's us and our essence.

Cherish the beauty of falling snow,  
The drifting flakes all smiles, no frowns ,  
Making all that they can find,  
Resplendent white satin gowns.

Let's banish then this discontent,  
From the recesses of the mind,  
Nights there will always be,  
Daylights' what we have to find.



5.

Random Thoughts

Remove the cobwebs from your mind,  
There are some hidden spiders there,  
Rejoice and in your heart you'll find,  
The joy you look for everywhere.

The kernel is the heart of fruit,  
Central to it's very life,  
What is plant without root?  
There is peace where there's strife?

The depth of silence is unknown,  
It's uniqueness it's very core,  
We only reap what we have sown,  
Platitudes get us nothing more.

Flowers adorn the garden better,  
Than they do the human race,  
Naturalness is the keyword here,  
And beauty lies not in the human face.

Rain for some is manna from above,  
As are tears for those aggrieved,  
All of us are entitled to love,  
It's heaven to be unquestioningly believed.

Words that we unthinkingly utter,  
Or do so with misplaced pride,  
To those who listen are knife through butter,  
Let these words be your guide.



6. Unsullied lies the lotus flower

Unsullied lies the lotus flower,  
In waters muddied and shallow,  
Reach out to your inner bower,  
Weed out the unjust and callow.

Happiness lies in your hands,  
Don't barter it away,  
What faith have you on shifting sands?  
And games that people play.

You owe it to yourself, pal,  
Smile and be full of joy,  
Little point in living, gal,  
Banded about like a toy.

Pick your fruits from the garden,  
Don't leave the trees bare,  
Remember Sherwood and the forest of Arden,  
Where all had an equal share.

Reciprocity is the name of the game,  
If happiness is to survive,  
Little do they offer, those moments of fame,  
When glee in you isn't there.



7.

**Banish the Blues**

Banish the blues,  
Why blow a fuse?  
Happy or morose,  
The choice is yours.

Don't tell me otherwise,  
Who has time for cries?  
It's all upto you,  
Do what you have to.

Keep the smile aglow,  
A frown is your foe,  
The world's not against you,  
What's your reason to rue?

A bad day in the office,  
A rock with a crevice,  
Nothing's ever whole,  
Have you never missed a goal?

The boos and the cheers,  
Your hopes and your fears,  
All part of living,  
You must be forgiving.

Don't be hard on yourself,  
Be your own greatest fan,  
No bigger power or pelf,  
Than being your own man.

Why must we throw happiness away?  
What a shame, what a waste of play.



8.

A Silent Cry

Little drops of water,  
Running down my cheeks,  
Tears amidst stifled laughter,  
My heart it is that speaks.

Cries in the wilderness  
Of a lonely suffering soul,  
When will I find happiness?  
When will I be whole?

Like overcast greying clouds,  
And lightning in the skies,  
Dark ominous shrouds,  
And heavy my wailing sighs.

The river on it's journey,  
Saddened to the core,  
The sea it's final destiny,  
It's life no then more.

No greater hurt nor pain,  
No greater loss nor sorrow,  
Than tears shed in vain,  
For an unfaithful tomorrow.



9.

**Blessed**

Blessed are those who can let go  
And those who know when to do so,  
For they shall discover their true self,  
Shorn of the trappings of power and pelf.

Blessed are those who voice stillness,  
Whose minds are quiet with inner fullness,  
Not shallow egos of the human kind,  
For peace within they will find.

Blessed are those who live for others,  
Live like kind and gentle brothers,  
Where love is supreme and beyond greed,  
Each concerned with the other's need.

Blessed are those who engage in prayer,  
Their visits to God regular not rare,  
With folded hands or down on their knees,  
In true surrender to the One who knows and sees.

Blessed are those with unflinching belief  
In moments of happiness and intolerable grief  
In the ways of the Lord & his epiphany,  
In the inscrutable ways of Destiny.

Blessed are those who sit in the sun,  
Play with children and have lot's of fun,  
For they well know that the sun will set,  
And night will fall, so why fret.

Blessed are those who make peace with life,  
And take the last breath without fear or strife,  
For they it is who have well - realised,  
Life is ephemeral and are not surprised.



**10. Verses I Write of War and Lust**

Verses I write of war and lust,  
Of times both good and unjust,  
Or intrinsic values and veneers,  
Of charlatans, sages and venerable seers.

Of bountiful nature, famine and feast,  
Of man and his friend, the lovable beast,  
Of gardens and flowers and fleeting hours,  
I write of queens , their boudoirs and bowers.

Of stars celestial and earthly too,  
Of heavenly bodies like Venus and you,  
Of boys and girls, playtime and school,  
Of grown-ups and how they play the fool.

Of god in heaven and his almighty writ,  
Of helplessness and human grit,  
Of blasphemy and the power of prayer,  
Of regal gowns and bodies bare.

I write of this and much more,  
Of values divine and lucre the whore,  
Of family life and avoidable strife,  
Of the struggles between man and his godly wife.

I write on what I see and feel,  
Of honest folks and those who steal,  
Of what is life, the how and the why,  
Of Time as it goes passing by.



11.

The Countryside

Simple is life in the countryside,  
Little hills and rivers wide,  
Peaceful Spring and thatched roof,  
Moments of calm when aloof.

Night gives way to gentle morn  
A coloured sky at the crack of dawn,  
Nostalgia fanned by freshening breeze,  
Bucolic settings and memories.

Mooing cows midst fields so green,  
Handsome peacocks proudly preen,  
Village belles strut their alluring stuff,  
All together if the going gets tough.

Corn and wheat and also rice,  
Blossoming crops look so nice,  
The trees not bare as winter grieves,  
It's frosty gaze now covered by leaves.

Heavenly is the pastoral Spring,  
As nightingales their verses sing,  
Their songs of love caressing the sky,  
You follow the sound and you fly

The day is made of sweat and toil,  
The angry sun now on the boil,  
You look for shade among verdant trees,  
The soothing touch of balmy breeze.

A sigh of relief as the sun goes down,  
You wipe your brow and your frown,  
Time to look back and quietly say,  
I am rustic, I've had a good day.

Silence greets the fall of night,  
Quiet it is at the end of light  
Another night another day,  
That's how it is the country way.



12.

A Faithful Friend

All alone when you are gone,  
I patiently wait for you,  
Lonely, lost and a bit forlorn,  
For I have nothing else to do.

We've built a friendship, you and I,  
That's meant to last forever,  
I pine for you and look at the sky,  
I'll never forget you, but never.

We play and tumble and run together,  
Whenever you are around,  
I am faithful, you are clever,  
True happiness we have found.

I look at you with adoring eyes,  
For you are all I have,  
My lord, my master, time flies,  
I'm waiting and I'm sad.

What is it between you and me  
When language we do not speak?  
You look at me and I can see  
You know I'm yours and meek.

I'll wait for you till you return,  
My joy will know no bounds,  
I'll wait in line for my turn,  
Till you have done your rounds.

Man and his dog, true friendship indeed,  
Wanting nothing from each other,  
But love and the ever constant need  
For a gentle hug from a brother..



13.

Let's have some fun with fruits and veggies

Veggies I love, lemons I adore,  
Who wants corn with melons galore,  
Tomatoes are ripe, lovely and red,  
Lettuce delicious with white or brown bread.

Potatoes are staple, crisp or baked,  
Lady's fingers genuine 'cos they can't be faked,  
Bananas by the dozen I used to eat,  
But a dozen pineapples I couldn't greet.

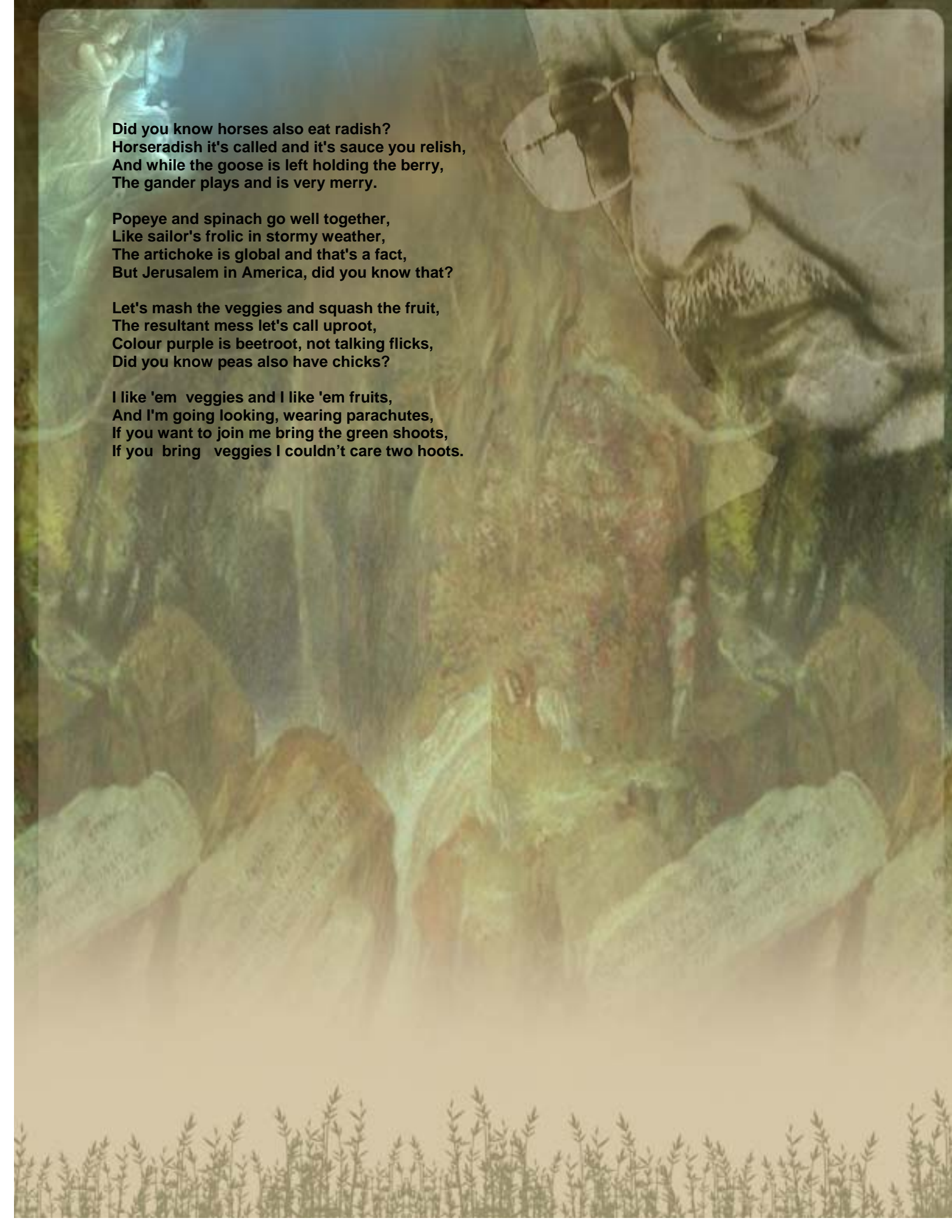
An edible flower- head is the cauliflower,  
Of course, it's cabbage but it isn't a flower,  
And if that isn't funny your'e not from here,  
If you don't know your onions, you'll be shedding a tear.

The good ol' brinjal is aubergine in french,  
And garlic I like but not its stench,  
Broccoli is fine and so is the old bean,  
Cherries' yummy, give me some, don't be mean.

An orchard has apples and pears alike,  
Plums for the picking riding a bike,  
Asparagus is light and oranges bright,  
While radish is red and also white.

Carrots, are things that horses eat,  
For them turnips would be a great feat,  
Tempt them not with pumpkins and chillies,  
For they have their mamas and their fillies.

Peas are green and peas are sweet,  
But whatever they are they're not sweetmeat,  
Now where does this meat thing come in?  
When we're talking veggies not fish nor fin.



Did you know horses also eat radish?  
Horseradish it's called and it's sauce you relish,  
And while the goose is left holding the berry,  
The gander plays and is very merry.

Popeye and spinach go well together,  
Like sailor's frolic in stormy weather,  
The artichoke is global and that's a fact,  
But Jerusalem in America, did you know that?

Let's mash the veggies and squash the fruit,  
The resultant mess let's call uproot,  
Colour purple is beetroot, not talking flicks,  
Did you know peas also have chicks?

I like 'em veggies and I like 'em fruits,  
And I'm going looking, wearing parachutes,  
If you want to join me bring the green shoots,  
If you bring veggies I couldn't care two hoots.

The background of the page is a composite image. In the upper right, there is a close-up of a man's face wearing glasses and having a beard. On the left side, there is a butterfly. The bottom of the page features a field of wheat. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

14.

An Ode to a Butterfly

Come hither little butterfly,  
Free me from my woes,  
I'd like to feel as light as you,  
Hopping from lily to rose.

Seasons matter not to you,  
Autumn, spring or heavenly shower,  
Scorching sun or winter's ire,  
You're welcomed by every flower.

Myriad are your colours I see,  
Pleasing to both heart and eye,  
The whites, the blues and the yellows too,  
I watch you with a jealous sigh.

No cares, worries, nor weights to carry,  
Flitting from flower to flower,  
Basking in the sun's mellow rays,  
To beauty you add great power.

Nectar is what you're looking for,  
And nectar's what you get,  
From flowers that are kindly and more,  
And treat you like their pet.

Pastoral is your setting,  
The countryside you roam,  
No limits, boundaries, or barriers for you,  
The field your virtual home.

Keep soaring little butterfly,  
My gazes follow you around,  
Let nothing come 'twixt you and the sky,  
For in you a friend I have found.



15.

The Insolent Parrot - A bit of Nonsense

Why are you green  
Parrot, I asked,  
What,s the colour of your head?

Come on mate  
Why this hate?  
Why would I be blue instead.

I shook my head,  
Parrot, I said  
What are you fed?

Bananas and cream,  
Meat and bread,  
And sarcasm isn't dead.

The parrot was green,  
And I black and blue,  
Injured was I , on the head.

My pride was hurt,  
The parrot was curt,  
Wish he was better read.

Then manners he'd know,  
Or I'd teach him so,  
And wouldn't want him dead.

He now understood,  
It was all for his good,  
And his mind was cleared of dread.

No need to fear,  
Parrot, my dear,  
It's all in the bloomin' head,  
I said.



16.

The Vision

I see, I said,  
What do you see, he said?  
An apparition with a halo on its head,  
I said.

How far removed from reality, am I?  
How close am I to eternity?  
I asked of him the eternal question,  
Do I live when I'm dead?

In the minds of those you leave behind,  
You do so, hauntingly,  
He said.

The form's gone,  
The spirit's there,  
And that's all that matters,  
He said.

Your words are what matter most,  
Substance greater than ghost,  
For the world to remember you ,  
As ordinary you or wise seer,  
He said.

Then nothing was there that I could see,  
For me nothing else to say,  
Whom had I seen?  
Was it you, O Lord?  
I despairingly said.

He answered in a voice supreme,  
As he slowly walked away,  
Wake up, dear Man,  
Wake up from your dream,

I'm always there for those who,  
Can see  
And feel  
And hear  
Me,  
He said.



17.

Today

When the sun goes down,  
Think of the day,  
That's just gone by,  
At work and play.

Reflect in your mind's eye,  
The happenings of the day,  
The good and the bad,  
The shadows and the ray.

Remorse you must feel,  
For things you've done,  
Or someone you've hurt,  
Unknowingly or in fun.

Blessings you must count,  
On your journey of today,  
Be thankful for mercies, and,  
The good that came your way.

Remember the Lord,  
Your friends and family,  
And as night falls,  
You'll sleep happily.



18.

Be at peace with yourself

Beneath the surface of troubled waters,  
Lies the calm you do not see,  
That inner peace is what you need,  
When you take on destiny.

Be with yourself for now and ever,  
In the present lies grace,  
Fret not over past nor future,  
Live your life at even pace.

You do not need to plumb the depths,  
Nor reach for heavenly skies,  
Happiness comes from little things,  
Like a newborn's first cries.

A lesson that is good for all,  
Is to walk an even keel,  
Even when you stumble and fall,  
Grateful to Him you must feel.



**19.**

**Find a Friend**

**Why walk alone  
When we can dance together?  
Hand in hand  
Brave stormy weather .**

**Two is better  
Than a lonesome one,  
Being together  
So much more fun.**

**Why sing alone?  
Why mournful solo?  
Duets make for happiness,  
Lonely riders, go play polo.**

**Find a friend  
And nurture friendship,  
For sunny skies  
Through life's uneven trip.**



20.

**Be Aware**

Be aware,  
Just be,  
Peace lies there,  
Do it and see.

Jealousy and envy,  
shades of madness,  
Both within you,  
And so is happiness.

The mind stays best,  
Absorbed in the moment,  
No flitting thoughts,  
The acid test.

The tea in your cup,  
Is aroma not storm,  
Inhale the beauty,  
Admire the form.

Sleep when you sleep,  
The slumber of the just,  
A promise you need to keep,  
And that you must.

Let the day go by,  
Neither fast nor slow,  
Let time fly,  
Just go with the flow.

One thing at a time ,  
Is a cliché well-worn,  
Stay in the present,  
Your tranquility unshorn



21.

**What Does Night do to Man?**

Candles that were burning bright,  
Now melted flame and out of sight,  
Passions leaving the mind spent,  
The rubble of decadence a sordid dent.

What does night do to man?  
How much ruin does it cause or can?  
Why does gentle sleep not rebel,  
And to dark forces tell

The havoc caused by wayward nights,  
In dim and dark alley lights,  
To those for whom it really cares,  
Those lovers of sleep, those happy pairs

Who see the rising sun through trees,  
Filtered rays igniting leaves,  
As night makes way for break of day,  
And chirping birds have their say.

Come, O Night, let tranquility prevail,  
Let me not cry, let me not wail,  
Flights of fancy take soaring wing,  
As peace and calm does morning bring.



22.

Global Warming and the Meltdown.

Is there a link,  
Between warming and ink?  
Balance sheets are red  
In the meltdown we sink.

Dubai is hot,  
It was happening too,  
Soaring temperatures  
The markets now blue.

The bad boy New York  
Maybe pleased as Punch,  
As the sheikhs of Araby  
Run out of lunch.

Skyscrapers we build  
And outdo each other,  
Size surely does matter  
To bring down a brother.

What's a few billions  
When oil's your friend?  
In dollars or dirhams  
Your greed knows no end.

The heat of Dubai  
Can make you groan,  
Sands are slippery,  
And that is well -known.

Let's live on the ground  
With heads bowed low,  
Let's hope and pray,  
Recovery ain't slow.



23.

**Why do you need to prove the existence of God?**

Let the earth shake,  
And mountains quiver,  
Learn to make faith,  
Your sustenance -giver.

Don't look for proof,  
Don't challenge belief,  
For He's in your heart,  
To lighten your grief.

He smiles when you smile,  
And grieves when you do,  
He is always around,  
If you're a Believer true.

What is the point?  
What do you gain?  
Through rational deduction,  
Does it ease your pain?

I can't prove God,  
I have better things to do,  
Like living my life,  
Happily not blue.



24.

If

If only I could like an orphan feel  
The loneliness of destiny's child,  
Would I be able to better understand?  
Dishevelled demeanour & the look so wild?

If flowers were meant to bloom not die  
Would I rave as I now do?  
Are they pretty 'cos they're ephemeral?  
Does oblivion make that true?

If oceans were made of gentle waves  
Would sailors miss the battering storms?  
If overcoming agony is ecstasy's name  
Then happiness does have myriad forms.

If birds stop chirping as they do,  
Would mornings be a different cup of tea?  
Would I sit then with paper in hand,  
Bereft of sound and empathy.

If grass on which I daily walk  
Was anything other than always green,  
Wouldn't I miss that verdant grass,  
Can memories ever be slated clean?

If heaven and hell were things apart  
Wouldn't I have known where to go?  
But pleasure and pain as loss and gain,  
Go together as we all know.

Joys and happiness go hand in hand  
With tears and mournful sorrow,  
An amalgam always of both good and bad,  
Yesterday, today and tomorrow.

If happiness is the only goal,  
As surely it must forever be,  
Are we indeed happier now  
Than primitive Man and his family?



25.

How close was I to the end today?

How close was I to the end today?  
Was life in danger of losing it's way?  
Wandering, whistling in the dark,  
A lonely soul on Noah's ark.

Did I see a tunnel of light  
As I began to lose my sight?  
Is vision then a mental thing?  
Does the mind's eye reality bring?

Things beyond what the eyes can see,,  
Like the passage of time and eternity,  
Frailties of the human race,  
Like charming smiles on scheming face.

Is anything ever clearly defined  
In the misty haze of years gone by?  
Crossroads, diversions, dead-ends,  
Haunting memories fade on the sly.

Is it all a great big mystery  
Before and after we turn history?

I wonder?



26.

Why Closet God ?

He's here, there and everywhere,  
Then why put him away  
In Heaven on a golden chair,  
From there commandments to say.

He's yours, mine & everyone's  
The one with the mass appeal,  
As much ours as the sun's,  
Ask the trees what they feel.

The light at the end of the tunnel  
Isn't God waiting for you,  
He's your friend eternal,  
And the one leading you through.

Heaven is simply your creation,  
As you look up at the sky,  
And make for yourself an illusion,  
As the clouds go drifting by.

He's here with you on earth,  
Each moment, every bit of life,  
From the time of your birth,,  
Through moments of happiness and strife.

Don't lock Him up in Heaven, friend,  
Nor Satan in the place called Hell,  
They're both around at every bend,  
There is no other story to tell.

He's not in Heaven with a bus,  
On which he journeys to you,  
He's in and forever around us,  
For he has little else to do.

So make Him part of you each day,  
Each night with a silent prayer,  
And he'll be there to show you the way,  
And guide you everywhere.



27.

Stay Positive

Tell me not what you find bad,  
Show me that which you call good,  
I am happy and I stay glad,  
You see the trees and miss the wood.

You look for sin and the sinner,  
I for the saint in every man,  
You lay your bets and pick your winner,  
For me it's all who simply ran.

Happiness lies in little things,  
Wrinkled noses and toothy grins,  
Paradise where the canary sings,  
I don't care who loses , who wins.

Nourish hope in the mind  
Nurture love in your heart,  
Great happiness you'll find,  
Stay positive from the start.

Born equal, born free,  
That's how we all are,  
You're no different from me,  
And heaven's not far,



28.

**The Power of Truth**

I told an awful lie today,  
And like the wind was swept away,  
For lies have no foundation secure,  
When you tell one there'll surely be more.

No greater strength than the power of Truth  
When trampled upon by the coarse and uncouth,  
It reveals itself as mighty and just,  
As cover-up artists bite the dust.

So hang your lies by the nearest tree,  
Light of weight and you'll feel free,  
Your words then will not sound hollow.  
Whatever you say people will swallow.

If you shun the path of ignoble lies ,  
Integrity shines through your two eyes,  
You'll live life with your head held high,  
Without remorse without a sigh.



29.

**The World Seen Through The Eyes Of The Blind**

How much different would the world appear  
Seen through the eyes of the blind?  
Would there be anything called fear?  
Would we unhappiness find?

Dark from the start the world of the blind,  
Seeing nothing but a space of it's own,  
The view of the world concoctions of it's mind,  
No mendicants, no kings on the throne.

Gold has no glitter nor glamour at all,  
For those without meaningful sight,  
\* Houris in heaven or a tavern's call,  
What's beauty in the shrouds of night?

Basic wants and simple needs,  
Are all that the heart desires,  
The warmth of love and kind deeds,  
Greater than the warmest fires.

These you will find in abundant measure,  
Amongst those who cannot see,  
The simple joys of being together,  
And living as one family.

So pity not the blind, folks,  
Perhaps they're the ones to envy,  
Contentment for them is no hoax,  
As with those who jealously see.

\* Houris are nymphs in Muslim paradise.



30.

Diamonds are just Stones

Life is made of moments in Time,  
Never the riches of dollars and dime,  
Live in the moment, be aware,  
Planes and yachts won't get you there.

Time is measured by grains of Sand,  
Longevity by the lines on your hand,  
Joy is expressed by a radiant smile,  
Where then is the room for stealth and guile?

The diamonds you wear and fondly cherish,  
No more than stones that one day perish,  
Embed in your mind true value of things,  
And see for yourself the contentment it brings.

Divide your days into moments not hours.  
Rain into drops not pours nor showers,  
Drop by drop does an ocean make,  
And happiness lies in give not take.

These words are penned for happiness's sake,  
No need for oceans, just a little lake  
To keep you in a happy state,  
Remember, \* they also serve who stand and wait.

\* Lines from John Milton.

31.

Magnetic Resonance Imaging - A live experience

I entered a cave today, it was night,  
Through a tunnel I could see some light,  
Where was I, why was I here?  
I had no clue, I wasn't aware.

I looked down upon a prostrate me,  
And all around that I could see,  
Was the tunnels's white circular roof,  
Me in there and me aloof.

Scary images came to mind,  
When they looked inside what would they find?  
Did I have a brain left?  
Was it there and was it cleft?

Noises came from everywhere,  
Rock and roll and jazz was there,  
The only way to deal with crap,  
Is hands together and loudly clap.

Couldn't do that, could I really?  
Serious stuff and I'd paid dearly,  
Think some verses on this MRI stuff,  
And call the goddamn machine's bluff.

This poem then is what came out of it,  
Twenty minutes and my brain was fit,  
There's nothing like a little rest,  
All you need is go find the best.

Magnetic resonance imaging, folks,  
Is no baloney and no hoax,  
But if you want a good job done,  
Go to \* Bharat Aggarwal, he's good and he's fun.

I've just been.

\* Bharat Aggarwal is a radiologist in New Delhi.

32.

Pilgrim's Tales

A traveller says to his friend, the other,  
I see these mountains, tell me brother,  
Will we cross them before we're dead?  
Tell me what lies for us ahead?

Deep in thought the other thinks,  
Why this question, my heart sinks?  
These have always been there, brother,  
I know not the answer, says the other.

Were they there when we started?  
When on our journeys we departed?  
From our homes to go somewhere,  
To distant lands and settle there.

We were young and full of thirst,  
When on this road we set out first,  
Did you see these mountains then  
Or just the lake and the glen?

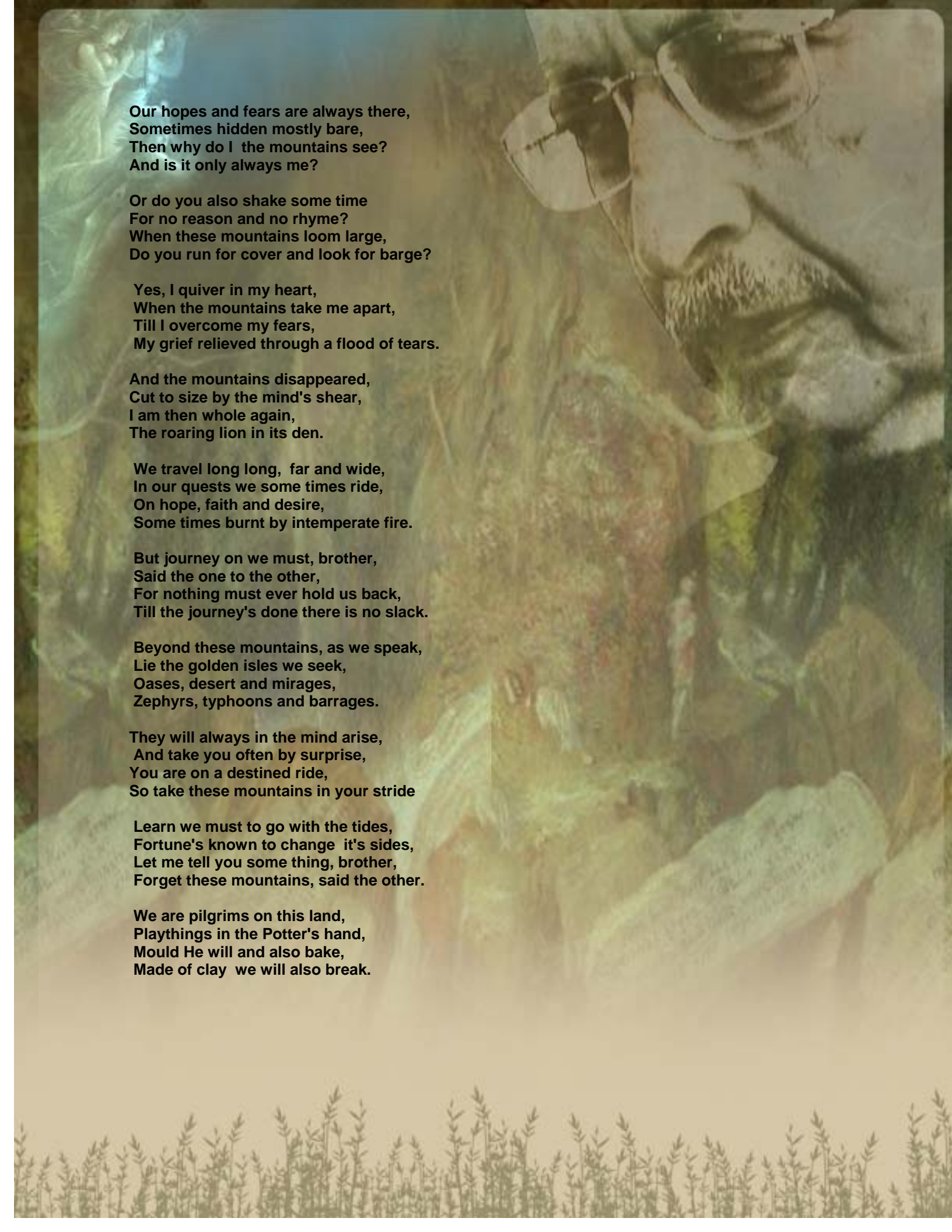
The other still in deep ponder,  
Looking at the deep blue yonder,  
Wondering if these mountains grew  
Or came out of the heavenly blue?

The journey 's been long said the other,  
Tortuous winding paths, brother,  
We rode the crests of ocean's waves  
And plumbed the depths of darkened caves.

Through the tumult and the storm,  
We survived many a brutal form,  
From dusty bin to noise and din  
We valiantly fought our demons within.

These mountains then, asked the brother,  
Are they real or just bad weather?  
Will they sometimes disappear  
And then from no where re-appear?

Are they figments of the mind?  
Created dragons we often find,  
Slayed then by the power of faith,  
And prayers answered, what do you sayeth?



Our hopes and fears are always there,  
Sometimes hidden mostly bare,  
Then why do I the mountains see?  
And is it only always me?

Or do you also shake some time  
For no reason and no rhyme?  
When these mountains loom large,  
Do you run for cover and look for barge?

Yes, I quiver in my heart,  
When the mountains take me apart,  
Till I overcome my fears,  
My grief relieved through a flood of tears.

And the mountains disappeared,  
Cut to size by the mind's shear,  
I am then whole again,  
The roaring lion in its den.

We travel long long, far and wide,  
In our quests we some times ride,  
On hope, faith and desire,  
Some times burnt by intemperate fire.

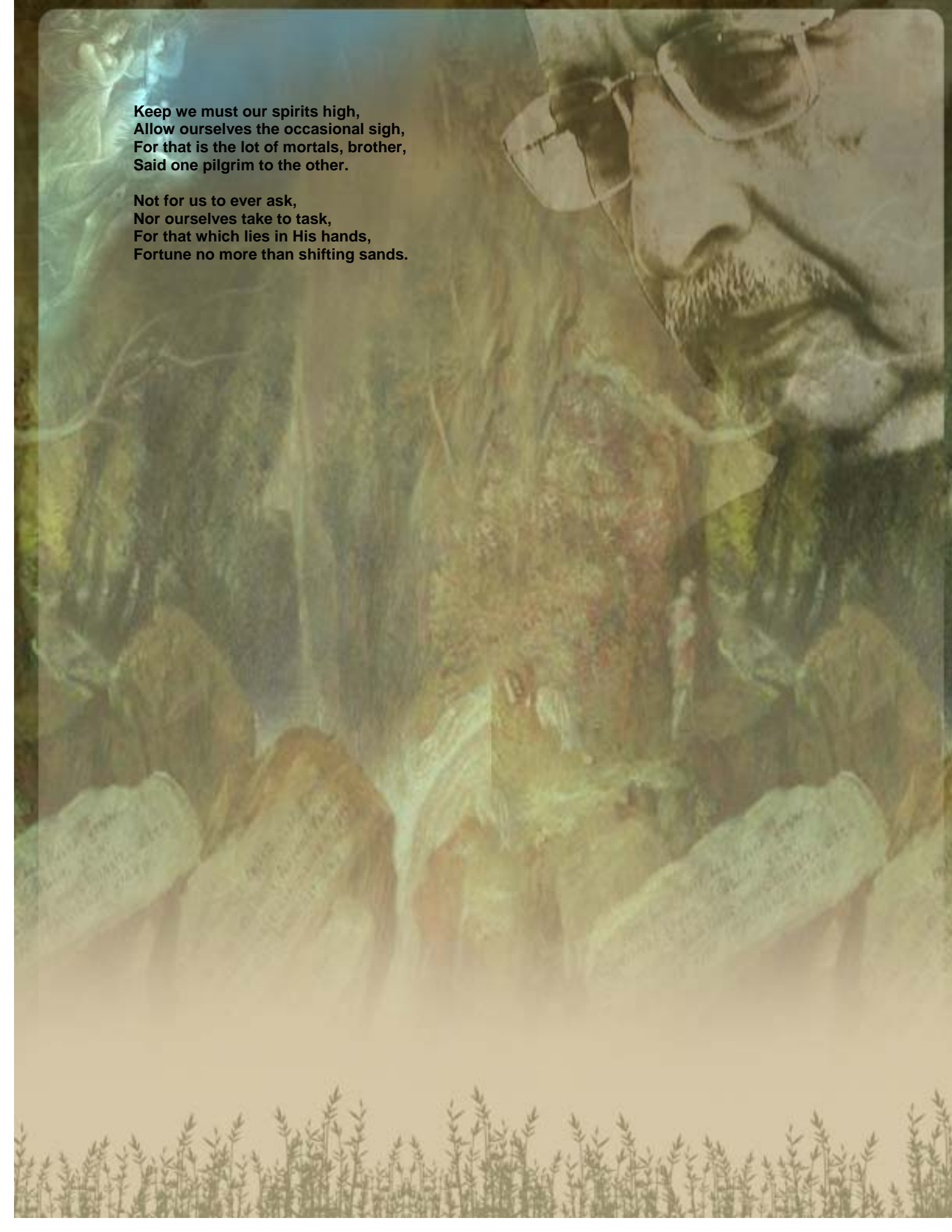
But journey on we must, brother,  
Said the one to the other,  
For nothing must ever hold us back,  
Till the journey's done there is no slack.

Beyond these mountains, as we speak,  
Lie the golden isles we seek,  
Oases, desert and mirages,  
Zephyrs, typhoons and barrages.

They will always in the mind arise,  
And take you often by surprise,  
You are on a destined ride,  
So take these mountains in your stride

Learn we must to go with the tides,  
Fortune's known to change it's sides,  
Let me tell you some thing, brother,  
Forget these mountains, said the other.

We are pilgrims on this land,  
Playthings in the Potter's hand,  
Mould He will and also bake,  
Made of clay we will also break.



Keep we must our spirits high,  
Allow ourselves the occasional sigh,  
For that is the lot of mortals, brother,  
Said one pilgrim to the other.

Not for us to ever ask,  
Nor ourselves take to task,  
For that which lies in His hands,  
Fortune no more than shifting sands.

**33.  
Destiny Or ???**

---

**I don't like the shackles of destiny,  
Why can't I a free bird be ?  
Can I against destiny rebel?  
Why can't I my own story tell?**

**Believer I am of that I'm sure,  
But am I looking for something more?  
To prune, to hew, the forest that's sown,  
To tread a path I can call my own.**

**Is that also destined I wonder?  
Does everything come from the deep blue yonder?  
This craving, this wanting, this empty feeling,  
This raving, this ranting, this answer- seeking?**

**Am I then just a pawn on the board  
In the game of life to be ruthlessly gored ?  
At the whim and fancy of the Maker's moves,  
Does He decide if I should win or lose?**

**Is it all a game of dice and chance?  
Can I not to my own music dance?  
Dream as I wish and realise my dream,  
Or is it just dream, dream, and endlessly dream?**

**I wish I could the answers find,  
To these endless questions that tease my mind,  
I know I am on slippery ground,  
Since answers to these no one's found.**

**Is that why belief is insecure?  
And why I am hankering after answers more?  
Will there be descent to earth  
Of another prophet, a saviour taking birth?**

**To re-enforce Man's belief in God,  
And to provide relief to a confused bod.**



34.

**Deception**

Why do we lament when we are deceived?  
The folly is ours, why are we grieved?  
Did we not expect others to act  
As we wished and is that not a fact?

Dazzled by stars in the sky  
Do we not set our hopes too high?  
And create conditions necessary,  
For someone to succumb to travesty.

Are we then not to blame  
For the part we played in this sordid game?  
Did we not our eyes turn blind?  
And then regretfully later find,  
That we were let down in our dream  
By those we held in high esteem.

Don't we let ourselves be deceived  
When we set our goals too high to be achieved?  
Aren't we too trusting of human nature?  
Of promises made and dubious stature?

We know the pangs of hunger and greed,  
The relentless power of human need,  
And yet so strong is want and desire,  
We let ourselves be singed by fire.

Why blame others for a fault that's ours?  
Two hands of the clock mark the hours,  
If you've chosen someone to blindly trust,  
Beware, for that is a given must.



35.

Death

I fear you not, O death , at all,  
For you I do not know,  
The birth of life and its end  
I understand,  
But that you should have in this a hand,  
I do not understand.

You are conferred with status, I know,  
Of your position I'm unclear,  
Then why should I unknowingly fear  
That which is neither far nor near,  
That I do not understand.

The book of life like all books,  
Must have an end too,  
Tragic, comic or whatever  
On pages many or few,  
The script is His and He decides,  
Chapters all,  
Pages all,  
The end, the fall  
Of Life.

Where then do you come in?  
Lifeless, formless, useless,  
No role to perform  
Nothing to do,  
Poor you.

You are no more than an unhappy word,  
Coined by whom I haven't heard,  
Happier would Life be  
Without the need  
To have its end linked to you,  
Ask Life,  
Its true.



**36.**

**The Bull - Fight**

I thought I'd see two bulls fight,  
And not what I got to see,  
Strange indeed was the terrifying sight,  
Of a bull, a matador and me.

What on earth was I doing there?  
Completely out of place,  
Was I lost in a dream somewhere?  
Fallen out of grace.

Ole ! Ole ! the cries I heard,  
Louder than thunder the sound,  
The matador entered without a word,  
The bull arrogantly stood it's ground.

Lanced and wounded by the picador,  
But true to it's fighting name,  
The crowd screaming for action more,  
The matador looking for fame.

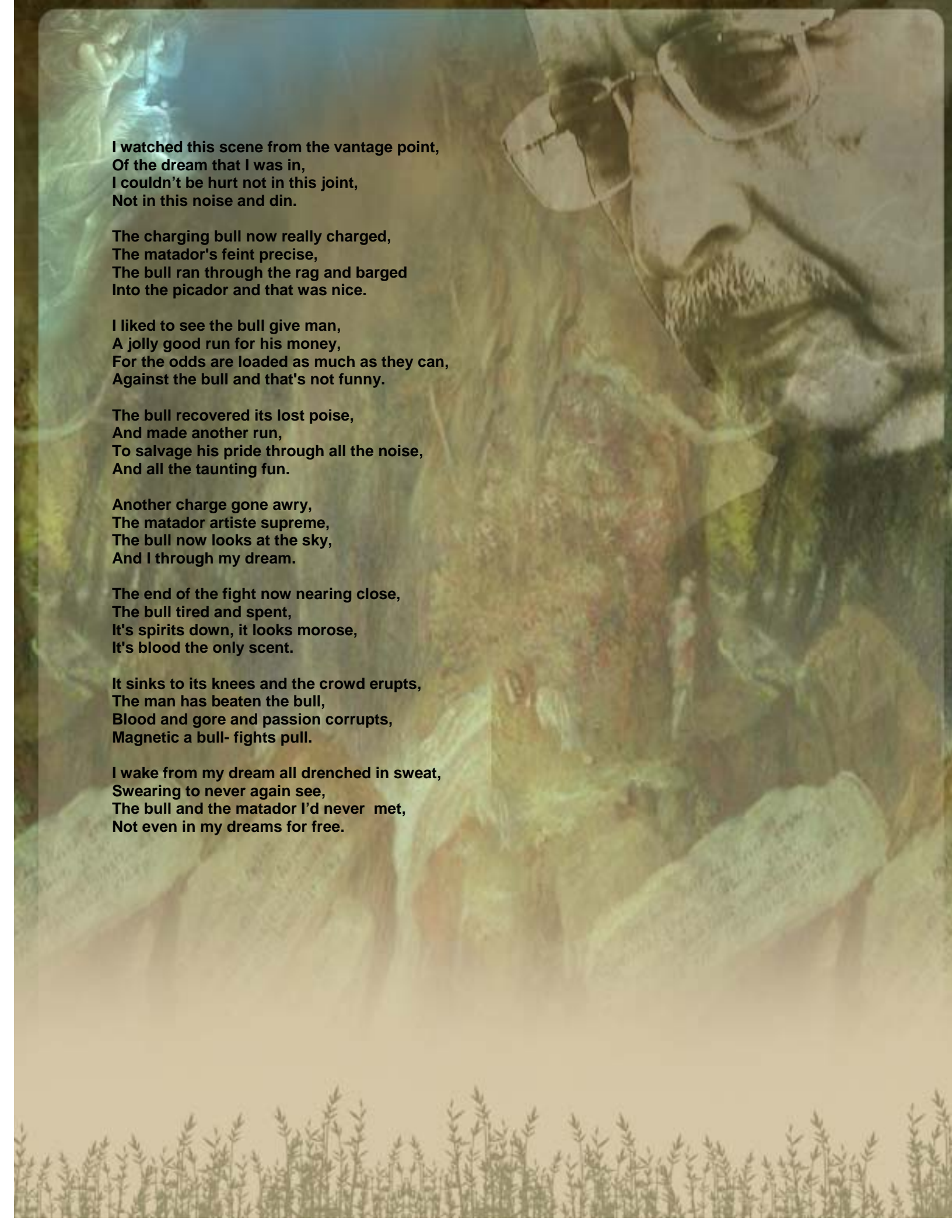
The bull was quiet and resolute,  
Standing by the gate,  
The matador looked at the frightening brute,  
His eyes filled with hate.

No love was lost between the two,  
They'd never met before,  
The matador had a job to do,  
And the bull was out to gore.

Ole ! Ole ! the cries again,  
Rent the atmosphere,  
The bull now angry with unbearable pain,  
The matador ready with no fear.

The charging bull now let loose,  
Furious with its snort,  
Stopped in its tracks to look for noose,  
For this was no ordinary sport.

A matter of life and someone's death,  
Is the battle 'twixt bull and man,  
There will surely be a last breath,  
For one of the two who began.



I watched this scene from the vantage point,  
Of the dream that I was in,  
I couldn't be hurt not in this joint,  
Not in this noise and din.

The charging bull now really charged,  
The matador's feint precise,  
The bull ran through the rag and barged  
Into the picador and that was nice.

I liked to see the bull give man,  
A jolly good run for his money,  
For the odds are loaded as much as they can,  
Against the bull and that's not funny.

The bull recovered its lost poise,  
And made another run,  
To salvage his pride through all the noise,  
And all the taunting fun.

Another charge gone awry,  
The matador artiste supreme,  
The bull now looks at the sky,  
And I through my dream.

The end of the fight now nearing close,  
The bull tired and spent,  
It's spirits down, it looks morose,  
It's blood the only scent.

It sinks to its knees and the crowd erupts,  
The man has beaten the bull,  
Blood and gore and passion corrupts,  
Magnetic a bull- fights pull.

I wake from my dream all drenched in sweat,  
Swearing to never again see,  
The bull and the matador I'd never met,  
Not even in my dreams for free.



37.

Inevitability

Silent flow the waters,  
Never again to return,  
The passage of Time seamlessly fluid,  
And fires will always burn.

The dark night lifts it's gloomy veil,  
And stars begin to fade,  
The golden orb comes shining through,  
And another day is made.

Autumn leaves go drifting by,  
Like signatures in the breeze,  
Winter's fare now on it's way,  
And barely clad the trees.

The years gone by without a trace,  
Midst strands of silvery hair,  
Memories frozen in a vault,  
And stillness in the air.

The mortal body has eternal soul,  
The earth on it's axis spins,  
The world goes round and round again,  
And who this race ever wins?

Winter also comes and goes,  
As do seasons all,  
There is no cause for discontent,  
And no one's forever tall.



38.

**Beautiful Blue**

May there always be a rainbow,  
Outside your windowpane,  
For you to see the colours,  
And never feel a pain.

And through the same window,  
May there be clear skies,  
So all you'll see is a beautiful blue,  
To take away your sighs.

May this window show you heaven,  
And stars be your guide,  
As you travel through the night,  
May angels be by your side.

May it also open inwards,  
To show you a loving heart,  
For that is what you need in life,  
And you'll have played your part.

39.

**My Parrot and I**

I lost my parrot someplace in the trees,  
Somewhere between the trunk and the leaves,  
The parrot was green as was the tree,  
As i dozed off in the gentle breeze

The sun shone bright on the tree and me,  
But the parrot was missing and I couldn't see,  
Its cage was empty and I felt sad,  
Emptiness doesn't leave you free.

The parrot and I friends of old,  
He'd been with me since he was sold,  
I'd brought him home perched on my hand,  
It being summer it wasn't cold.

Come down parrot, I called out to him,  
I got no response and I was grim,  
Who likes to be cold- shouldered like this  
By some one you know who's acting on whim?

The game turned to serious stuff,  
I rose to call the parrot's bluff,  
He'd surely be in the trees somewhere,  
I didn't, however, want to sound gruff.

So gently, softly, I called out,  
There was no need to scream or shout,  
I strained and looked through every branch,  
But my parrot I never saw anywhere about.

My fears began to well within me,  
Why had he fled, was he unhappy?  
Surely, he would miss me too,  
'Cos he and I were great pals you see.

All good things come to an end,  
That I knew but had to pretend,  
How else do we stay alive?  
For the blows of grief we cannot mend.

Alas, he went his way and that was fine,  
Was it right to think he was mine?  
How little do we know of ourselves?  
And yet, we talk of mine and thine.



40.

The Setting Sun

I saw the sun set in the desert today,  
Blooming cacti along the way,  
Through the sands of time I marched,  
On land dry, arid and parched.

Hopes of many with the sun went,  
As night descended on the nomad's tent,  
The chill of winter spread its wings,  
As the sun bequeathed it's golden rings.

For the light of day is what we seek,  
No matter the language that we speak,  
Darkness spells eternal doom,  
Hades and the devil loom.

Where art thou gone, O Sun divine?  
Can I not make you only mine?  
To walk me through Life's blind alley,  
To light up mountain and desolate valley.

Silence was the sound on earth,  
As I saw the sun go gently down,  
It's orange glow and ample girth,  
Lost to night's resplendent gown.

Will I see you again tomorrow?  
Continued joy and no mournful sorrow,  
The rising sun, a soul's delight,  
The end of anguish, the end of night.



41.

The Rising Sun

In the throes of the night,  
Rests a lingering dawn,  
Hearken, the first rays of light,  
As a new day is born.

A crescent flees the flaming skies,  
And stars the firmament leave,  
Farewells said and fond goodbyes,  
Who am I to grieve?

The rising sun now leaves its den,  
And the comfort of the East,  
To brighten up the world of men,  
For fun, frolic and feast.

Racing across the blue above,  
This blazing ball of fire,  
Carries the message of peace and love,  
And warmth over cold desire.

All hearts aglow with the light of day,  
Banishing the shrouds of darkness,  
Whoever loses his path or way?  
When greeted by smiles not sadness.



42.

Whistling Softly in the Dark

When you feel the gloom surround you,  
And you look for rays of light,  
Try whistling softly in the dark,  
To pick you up from that sorry plight.

When your heart is cold and heavy,  
And the air outside is dank,  
Try whistling softly in the dark,  
And you'll just have yourself to thank.

When you feel alone and lost,  
And the clouds above don't lift,  
Try whistling softly in the dark,  
It is indeed a lightening gift.

Always there for you if is,  
The whistle is your friend in need,  
Try whistling softly in the dark,  
It's at your beck and call indeed.



43.

**Nightwatch**

Far into the night I see,  
A veil of darkness everywhere,  
Do I look at destiny?  
Kneeling as I do in prayer.

Some friendly stars in the sky,  
Whispering tales of long ago,  
Re-kindled memories make me cry,  
Who will share my tales of woe?

I watch the night not move at all,  
Hang heavy and deathly still,  
The weight of it could make me fall,  
As I climb a lonesome hill.

Nightwatch is of Rembrandt fame,  
Will these lines make a name ?



44.

Winter

Icy winds and frozen lakes,  
Santa Claus and snowflakes,  
Jingle bells and Christmas trees,  
Winter likes the Arctic breeze.

Cruel though its known to be,  
There is a kinder side you see,  
Winter gives us snowy slopes,  
On which we rest our skiing hopes.

Sledges for the skiing ride,  
Brandy by the fireside,  
Brightness largely out of sight,  
Winter likes the colour white.

Overcoats and mufflers too,  
Caps and hats of different hue,  
Woolens, woolens everywhere,  
Winter doesn't like it bare.

Kittens, mittens and what have you,  
The furry stuff all out on view,  
Deadly snakes are moccasins too,  
Winter likes the caribou.

Autum's splendour quietly grieves,  
Swept away its fallen leaves,  
Take winter then in your stride,  
For winter also has its pride.



45.

Man And Mouse

There was a roly - poly fatso guy,  
Chubby cheeks, on a constant high ,  
Frowns missing from his genial face,  
A belly-laugh not out of place.

Let's call him Mr. Roundabout,  
Soft-spoken man, never a shout,  
A large hat on his head,  
And a springy mattress for a bed.

He lived alone in his house,  
Except for a friendly little mouse,  
Who waited for his Master to eat,  
The left overs then his royal treat.

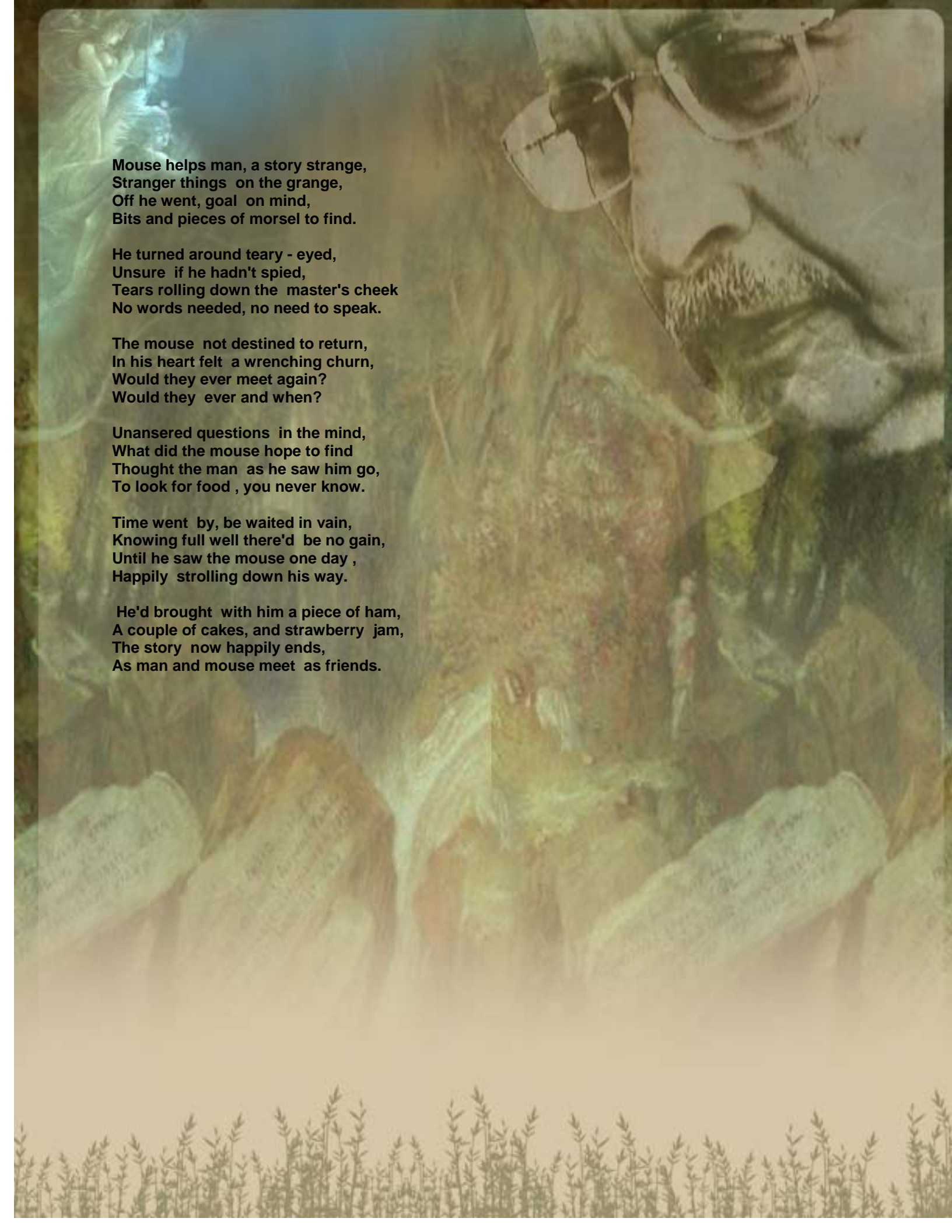
Until one day when famine struck,  
Man and mouse ran out of luck,  
Both Man and Mouse were doubly sad,  
One loaf of bread is all they had.

Then winter reared its ugly head,  
Icy winds, they had no bread,  
Hunger took its mighty toll,  
Something to eat the only goal.

The happy man now bereft of smiles,  
Never one to resort to guiles,  
Down on his knees in earnest prayer,  
The mouse could only look and stare.

Such the harshness of the winter's cold,  
The mouse now close to feeling old,  
Debt he had to repay for sure,  
For the man had given him very much more.

Faith moves mountains, so it's said,  
The nibbler scratched his tiny head,  
He would do his little bit,  
To help them both, to wit.



Mouse helps man, a story strange,  
Stranger things on the grange,  
Off he went, goal on mind,  
Bits and pieces of morsel to find.

He turned around teary-eyed,  
Unsure if he hadn't spied,  
Tears rolling down the master's cheek  
No words needed, no need to speak.

The mouse not destined to return,  
In his heart felt a wrenching churn,  
Would they ever meet again?  
Would they ever and when?

Unanswered questions in the mind,  
What did the mouse hope to find  
Thought the man as he saw him go,  
To look for food, you never know.

Time went by, he waited in vain,  
Knowing full well there'd be no gain,  
Until he saw the mouse one day,  
Happily strolling down his way.

He'd brought with him a piece of ham,  
A couple of cakes, and strawberry jam,  
The story now happily ends,  
As man and mouse meet as friends.



46.

Spring

My heart is full of joy today,  
A spring in every step I take,  
The air is fresh along the way,  
What do I of this wonder make?

Is this the end of winter's spell?  
Do warmer times lie ahead?  
Is it Spring that I now smell?  
Will roses bloom, will they be red?

Spring, O Eternal Spring,  
I welcome you with great delight,  
The joys that you to faces bring,  
Is truly a magnificent sight.

May you always be around,  
For in you I have a true friend found.



47.

I Saw you in my dreams last night

I saw you in my dreams last night,  
A gentle breeze, a lovely sight,  
Memories of those yesteryears ,  
The joys, the aches, the little fears.

The flowing hair, the radiant face,  
Your raiment's all gossamer and lace,  
A look of wonder in the skies,  
The twinkling stars just in your eyes.

The lapping waves, the summer's heat,  
The world alive and at your feet,  
Moments divine, ecstasy well - nigh,  
The Sands of time went drifting by.

Heavenly dreams without number,  
O, the joys of peaceful slumber.



48.

**Summer**

The youthful face of Spring long gone,  
A relentless summer marches on,  
Blistering winds and sweltering heat,  
No respite now for my burning feet.

Verdant Nature being laid to rest,  
As man and beast face sterner test,  
A furious summer approaches fast,  
As the flag of Spring flies half- mast.

Gone are the hours of balmy nights,  
Those fragrant breezes, starry sights,  
A humid, hot and muggy summer ,  
Marches in to a different drummer.

The heat oppressive through the day,  
No place for nights to have their say,  
Dreams suffer from the summer's pain,  
Looking heavenward's for the manna of rain

O depressing summer you're not bad,  
For without you I'd be truly sad,  
Who then would teach me to appreciate  
The joys of Spring, the ways of fate?



49.

**Autumn**

Those falling leaves of red and gold,  
That I now from my window behold,  
Whisper softly in my ears,  
'Tis the end of summer have no fears.

Smiles on faces as harvests ripen,  
No creasing frowns and hearts gladden,  
O, colourful autumn you're happily here,  
As Nature for you sheds a welcoming tear.

There's a glow to sunset that wasn't there,  
As chirping birds now fly everywhere,  
Spirits soaring to the skies,  
The end of mournful summer sighs.

Stay with me O autumn time,  
You are lovely in prose and rhyme.



50.

Let's walk down the wild side

Let's walk down the wild side,  
Let down our hair, enjoy the ride,  
Let red be your chosen hue,  
Let's paint the town me and you.

Let's give inhibition the go by,  
Let's go pluck stars from the sky,  
Let's play hide and seek with the moon,  
Let's hope the night doesn't end too soon.

Let's do all this and then some more,  
Walk hand in hand on the seashore,  
Let's make castles in the air,  
Who said life's meant to be fair?

Let's follow the heart whatever its reason,  
Let's not worry about the change of season,  
Let's do nothing just for show,  
Let's simply learn to go with the flow.

**51. Lahore '47 still flashes vivid in my mind**

**Lahore '47 still flashes vivid in my mind,  
The trauma and tragedy of Partition,  
Foisted upon a foolish nation by the designs of a fading  
Empire, still poignantly alive.**

**Regretfully, nothing has been learnt from history as we continue confrontation between  
people who for centuries, lived together peacefully undivided  
With no borders, in harmony as countrymen,  
Will I in my time see good sense prevail?**

**Will the powers that be allow this to happen?  
I wonder, I hope .**

**Sixty years and more,  
The memories of Lahore,  
Still fresh in the mind,  
Balm for wounds I still have to find.**

**Peace we want to see,  
And live with amity,  
Will the powers-that-be let there be harmony?**

**\*Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
\*Aman is asha let's hope for the best.**

**\* Aman in urdu is peace and asha hope.**



52.

The First Kiss

Let's describe the first kiss,  
Wasn't it nearly a damn miss,  
Noses coming in the way,  
Hearts aflutter with nothing to say.

Sweaty palms and glazed eyes,  
Breaths replaced by hurried sighs,  
Love in the air for sure,  
Ardour wanting something more.

Rising passions uncontrolled ,  
No anchors there, nothing to hold,  
Those moments seemed divine enough,  
Aside of the clumsy earthy stuff.

Lips locked as Time flew,  
Do you remember, do you ?



53.

Unanswered Prayer

What do we make of an unanswered prayer?  
That god is unkind and maybe unfair,  
We make our requests with heads bowed low,  
But don't we do this with just tales of woe?

Do we thank him without asking for more?  
Or simply ask for things that add to his chore?  
Seldom do we pray and ask for nothing,  
And just thank Him and of His blessings sing.

Does a prayer need an answer is food for thought,  
For that tells the story of what we have sought,  
A favour, a kindness, a forgiveness perhaps,  
For sins and follies to be kept under wraps.

Let's look at the reasons of why we should pray,  
When you think of the Lord what should we say,  
Surely He's not waiting for prayers to reach,  
For Him to act, for Him to teach.

Faith is the basis on which we pray,  
Our belief must then have the final say,  
All we need do is to silently ask  
For peace of mind and in His glory bask.

There would then be no unanswered prayer,  
For answer's are not what we should be seeking there.



54.

Flute in hand oe'r valley and dale

Flute in hand oe'r valley and dale,  
Haunting melody in my heart,  
I walk on land as a ship set sail,  
And revel in Nature's glorious art.

Echoes of songs melodiously rebound,  
Memories that the hills have stored,  
Tranquil, tranquil all around,  
Peace within and calm I hoard.

The gentle slope I descend,  
Midst murmurs of the rivulet,  
I am then my best friend,  
No matter who or what I get.

Poignant feelings full of pathos,  
Laughter also in the air,  
What is gain, what is loss?  
What in life do you call fair?

Belonging is where roots are,  
Any place else is always far.



**55.**

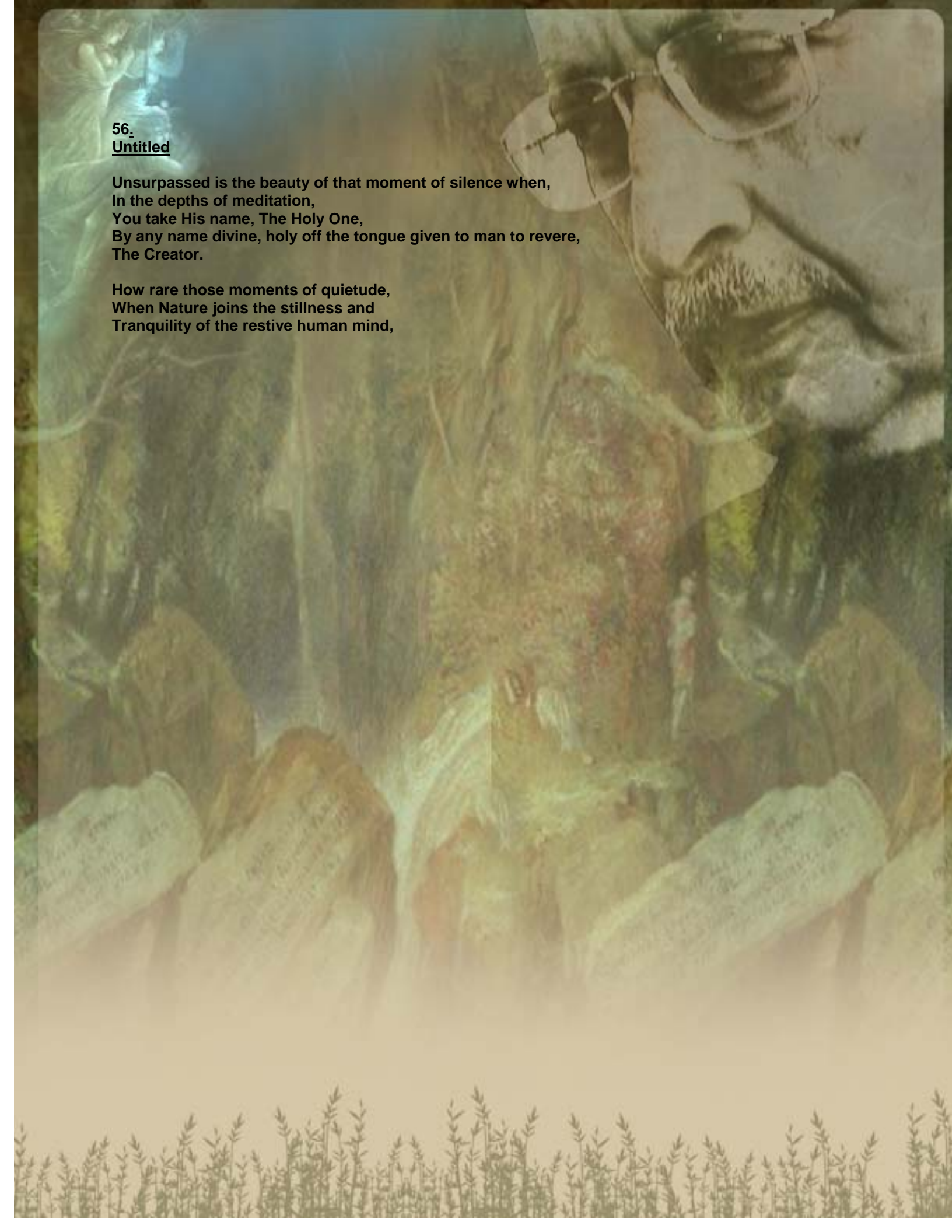
**Dawn**

**Come lift the veil of darkness, Dawn,  
Lest night keep eternal light away,  
Keep me from being Satan's pawn,  
Let me to god's music sway.**

**I see the phantom of your light,  
Race across the dark blue sky,  
And in the face of you that's bright,  
The silvery streaks of stars that fly.**

**The beauty of sunrise at sea,  
In colours only Nature creates,  
Matchless in it's forms for me,  
As the rising tide quietly abates.**

**Great passion you are, O Dawn, for me,  
At the end of night, what ecstasy.**



**56.**  
**Untitled**

Unsurpassed is the beauty of that moment of silence when,  
In the depths of meditation,  
You take His name, The Holy One,  
By any name divine, holy off the tongue given to man to revere,  
The Creator.

How rare those moments of quietude,  
When Nature joins the stillness and  
Tranquility of the restive human mind,



57.

Tears

Have you never stifled a cry?  
Never felt an onrushing sigh,  
Deep down from inside  
Depths from which you can not hide.

We all know where tears go,  
We've often seen them quietly flow,  
Dripping down from the eyes,  
Flowing when the heart cries.

Tears often offer respite,  
When the going gets very rough,  
Doing then their little bit,  
To show they're made of sterner stuff.

Tears, our friends for now and ever,  
Ties that we can never sever,  
Happiness, grief, unbearable sorrow,  
With us always, today and tomorrow.



58.

I danced along the waves today

I danced along the waves today,  
Happy as the halcyon bird,  
Gentle undulations at play,  
No storms, no roars, ever heard.

Tumultuous waves came my way,  
I was the ship they tossed about,  
Angry waters will have their say,  
Ahoy! ahoy! I was to shout.

I left the ship and walked today,  
Along the shore and on the sand,  
Each day different in every way,  
When dealt the cards I played the hand.

I love this poker game of life,  
There isn't much that I could change,  
Why suffer struggle and undue strife?  
I gave up trying to re-arrange.

Let stars play out their errant part,  
I let this happen from the start.



59.

I Amuse Myself on the Shores of Time

I amuse myself on the shores of time,  
With fairy tales in pantomime,  
Moonlit nights at the end of day,  
I see the moon and stars at play.

Billowing waves of a turbulent sea,  
Frothy, white and a ship-wrecked me,  
Clear blue skies and stars on high,  
Sands below and heaven well- nigh.

Where do I find those years of bliss?  
Where was I and when was this?  
Can I live on memories?  
A blank wall with just one frieze.

Shall I leave that question on hold?  
Or look inside and hear what's told,  
The voice within will tell you friend,  
There is no beginning and thus no end.



60.

**Here And Now**

A crowing cock at dawn's door,  
I've often heard that call before,  
As daylight bids night adieu,  
I've felt the breeze and walked on dew.

At the mercy of the Eastern light,  
Fading stars on a sleepy flight,  
Myriad colours in the skies,  
Shrouds of darkness wrapped in sighs.

The interplay of light and dark,  
Seas with and without shark,  
I've seen all this and much more,  
What lies ahead in future's store?

Who knows what said a wise old man,  
Don't look back at the race you ran,  
That track's no more, that stadium's gone,  
It's a different arena that you now adorn.

The here and now is all that matters,  
The morrows unknown, the past in tatters.



61.

Desire

How base can desire get?  
Without hindrance without let,  
To steal another's prettier wife,  
Or want to end someone's life.

To cheat in ordinary petty things,  
For the inglorious win that cheating brings,  
To covet, usurp or artfully take  
What belongs to another for a thirst to slake.

Why was Man built like this?  
Could he not find greater bliss?  
I wonder if this isn't true?  
Be honest and tell me  
Don't you also wonder too?



62.

Yesterday

Somewhere along life's breezy way,  
Lost in the world of Time,  
Lies the lifeless yesterday,  
Midst happiness, sweat and grime.

Appearances aren't meant to last,  
And the present is here as now,  
Next moment will soon be a thing of the past,  
And you'll be wondering how.

Yesterday was today and not long ago,  
'Twas the day that passed you by,  
The same for friend and also foe,  
As you look for answers to the sky.

Nothing's meant to last forever,  
And nothing will ever do,  
Yesterday will return but never,  
Not for me, not for you.



63.

**The Paradox of Obscurity**

Why am I not a known name?  
Does obscurity bring me peace of mind?  
Do I not wish to court fame?  
In being unknown do I happiness find?

Or is obscurity my cultivated mask,  
To cover the yearnings of secret desire?  
Do I not silently take myself to task?  
Is this the conundrum of a dying fire?

Am I not happier being obscure?  
Do I not cherish the freedom that's mine?  
To do what I please and more,  
And not worry with whom I dine.

Am I not spared the rigours of fame,  
To lead my life as I well please?  
And remain obscure through life's game,  
To dance and whistle with the breeze?



64.

( O Death, You Are A Comical Sight)

O Death, you are a comical sight,  
The aftermath of a lonely fight,  
What do you take away from here,  
when you take a life lived without fear?

You are no more than the corpse you leave,  
A lifeless body over which we grieve,  
Tear we shed over what you do.  
Leaves you happy, is that not true?

Be not proud, O ,sinister angel,  
Your antics are those that we know well,  
You come ,you strike ,and then run away,  
No more than signs of destiny at play.

Why have we even given you a name?  
Brought you to light, brought you fame,  
Why do we even give you a thought?  
For life ends only when the end is sought.

You are the joker in the pack,  
I'll call you when I hit the sack,  
And when I please I ' ll do just that,  
And you'll come calling wearing your hat.

That leaves you in a pitiable state,  
My hanger-on, my faithless mate,  
For I don't even know if you will really come,  
When I call you as I sip my rum.

A requiem for you I can not sing,  
You're no more than just my underling.



65.

**Why's:**

**Who said all's fair in love and war,  
Love is sublime and war is a whore,  
Why do cliches rule our lives?  
Why are men afraid of wives?**

**Why do we let the past haunt us,  
Why not live without a fuss?  
Whatever happened to simple things?  
Like the marvels that a smile brings,**

**Why don't we shed tears of joy?  
Crocodiles best left alone, sonny boy,  
Why not kindness off the tongue?  
Why are we on acidity hung?**

**There is no end to the why's  
Questioning limited to the skies,  
Why not truth and happiness, friends?  
There's always time to make amend's,**

**Can we do it? Yes we can,  
So said Obama, what a man!  
Resolve to do this today itself,  
Don't put on airs just be yourself.**



66.

The World Today

Enhance firepower the realists say,  
Is there a place for pacifists, I wonder,  
We speak of peace and initiate wars,  
Is there a different man down under?

Beneath the surface lie the brutes,  
The two-faced friends of this world,  
Concern clothed in ulterior design,  
Words of kindness and missiles hurled.

One world, one people, a Utopian dream,  
Jingoism camouflaged by patriotic calls,  
Resources expended to boundaries strengthen,  
Who cares who stands and who falls?

GDP and military power,  
Economic growth and developmental tools,  
The values of old long forgotten,  
This world now run by clever fools.

Everyone now with a secret agenda,  
In the garb of growth a race to run,  
Lip-service paid to democratic norm,  
The aim to rule, to be number one.

The voice of sanity an orphan child,  
Lost in the wilderness of today,  
Will there come another angel  
When, from where, to show Man the way?



67.

**Sift Chaff from Grain :**

**Sift chaff from grain,  
Let prayer cleanse the soul,  
You'll feel less pain,  
And begin to feel whole.**

**A fistful of diamonds,  
And I'd sparkle for sure,  
But would that be enough/  
Would I hanker for more?**

**There is no end to greed,  
We all know that,  
It's want over need,  
And argue over chat.**

**A diamond's a rock,  
That needs cut and polish,  
Break open the lock,  
Let talent not perish.**

**If you seek you will find,  
Was not said for nothing,  
No sight for the blind,  
Dumb bells will not ring.**



68.

**Displacement:**

No I'm not speaking of Archimedes,  
No bathtubs, no water, for me if you please,  
Who will be at the top of the heap?  
Will America it's premiership keep?

This displacement is of a different kind,  
Games played, games of the mind,  
Will China be the number one?  
Is anyone else in the run?

Or is it just a two- horse race?  
Run indubitably at frenetic pace,  
Will numbers be strength or drag?  
And who will have the rights to brag?

And is that all we're living for?  
To witness supremacy in this global war,  
Is dominance all that matters , folks,  
And what of those not part of this hoax?

All centuries, forever, belong to mankind  
Not America, not China , or any other find,  
No wonder, friends, peace eludes us,  
As we naively ride a destructive bus.



69.

Grains of Truth

He is the luckiest,  
Who happiest dies,  
No chateaubriand ,  
Just french fries.

Stop looking for more,  
And do with less,  
Is the simple secret,  
Of happiness.

What you do with one,  
You can't do with two,  
It's a lot more fun,  
Two wives you'll rue.

There's grains of truth,  
In what I say,  
And mountains of joy,  
If you follow my way.

So see the sun rise,  
And see it set,  
There'll be colours in the sky,  
And rainbows you'll get.

You'll smile your way through,  
The journey of life,  
And jump you'll do,  
Over moments of strife.



70.

**The Last Words of a Dying Tree**

My body is bare from wear and tear,  
A victim of the ravages of Man ,  
I wonder why the earth we can't share,  
As I struggle and survive best as I can.

Bereft of leaves they call me a tree,  
All cut and shorn I'm used for fire,  
No one grieves for poor little me,  
I'm even lit for the ceremonial pyre.

I breathe the air that he exhales,  
Provide the cover and give him shade,  
Protect him I do from stormy gales,  
Driven by greed, of what is he made?

Without green around he wouldn't survive,  
I've seen what he's like in desert sand,  
He needs both grass and me to thrive,  
Why then do we not walk hand in hand?

Shelter I give to both man and beast,  
Tree-top homes for children to play,  
My boughs there under which to feast,  
And happiness find along life's way.

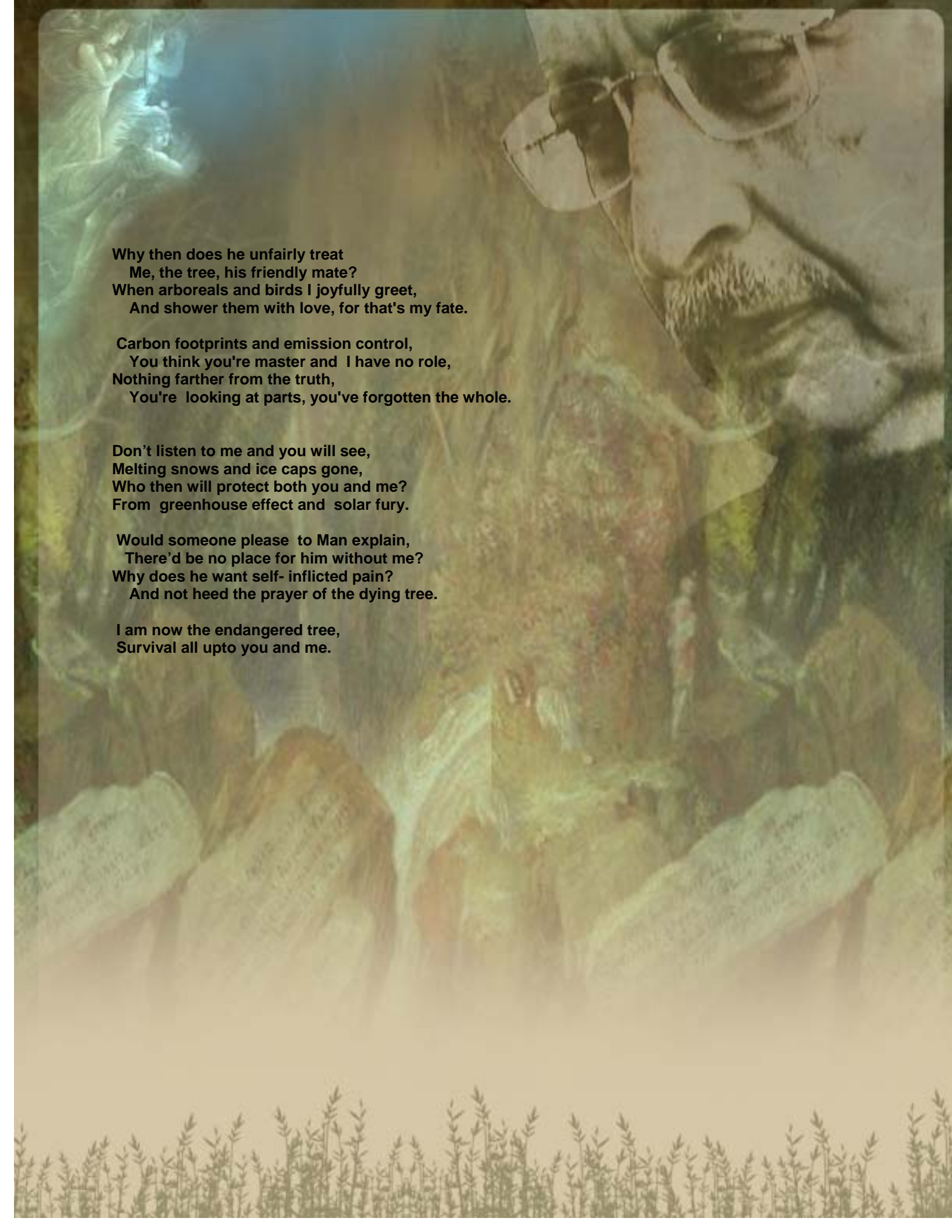
I'd feel sorry and wouldn't you  
If the woodpecker didn't have wood to chew?  
And the sweet little sparrow whom I love  
Had no nest nor did the dove ?

Where then would lonely eagles perch  
If I am destroyed and they in the lurch?  
I'm home for swinging monkeys you know,  
Where then, alas, would they also go?

Forests provide the resting-place,  
The cover to cats to hide their face,  
Where would lions, tigers and panthers be?  
They'd be extinct if it wasn't for me.

Apples and oranges, pears and berries,  
Fruits galore and lots of cherries,  
Rosewood isn't a flower, I know,  
But blossoms you need to set you aglow.

What would you do without Christmas trees?  
What would you do to adorn your hair?  
There'd b no presents, no Santa, if you please,  
If there were no flowers, would a maiden be fair?



Why then does he unfairly treat  
Me, the tree, his friendly mate?  
When arboreals and birds I joyfully greet,  
And shower them with love, for that's my fate.

Carbon footprints and emission control,  
You think you're master and I have no role,  
Nothing farther from the truth,  
You're looking at parts, you've forgotten the whole.

Don't listen to me and you will see,  
Melting snows and ice caps gone,  
Who then will protect both you and me?  
From greenhouse effect and solar fury.

Would someone please to Man explain,  
There'd be no place for him without me?  
Why does he want self-inflicted pain?  
And not heed the prayer of the dying tree.

I am now the endangered tree,  
Survival all upto you and me.



71.

Ramblings of the Mind

Moments of clarity clouded now,  
By a deeply wandering mind,  
Is it time to take a bow?  
Some other passion to find.

Fishing on the lake maybe,  
With focus on the pike,  
Will it bite the bait for me?  
Will it do as I like?

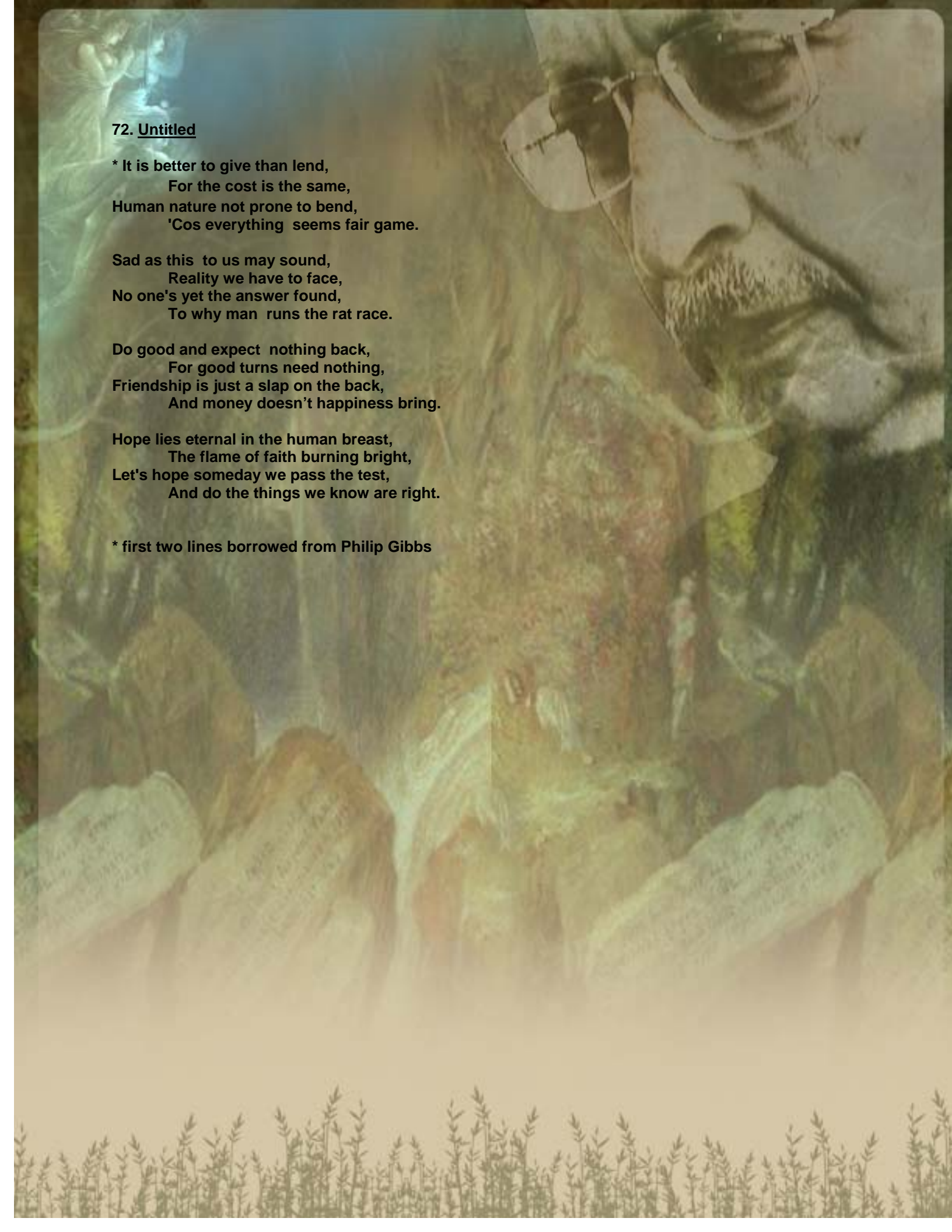
Do nothing for a change, perhaps,  
And lie idle in the sun,  
Dreamy eyes and mind in wraps,  
Just savour simple fun.

Don't you wish you could join me too  
On a journey to nowhere?  
Or together go see the zoo,  
And to the sea from there.

Then see the sun rise and set,  
And not worry about the night,  
Why take an uncertain bet?  
On tomorrow and it's dormant light.

You'll get a Roland for an Oliver,  
If you bet on Schadenfreude,  
The taker will turn giver.  
If of empathy you are devoid.

Frazzled I am by tosses and turns,  
Of destiny and it's weather,  
Will someone apply balm to my burns?  
And do so with a gentle feather.



72. Untitled

\* It is better to give than lend,  
For the cost is the same,  
Human nature not prone to bend,  
'Cos everything seems fair game.

Sad as this to us may sound,  
Reality we have to face,  
No one's yet the answer found,  
To why man runs the rat race.

Do good and expect nothing back,  
For good turns need nothing,  
Friendship is just a slap on the back,  
And money doesn't happiness bring.

Hope lies eternal in the human breast,  
The flame of faith burning bright,  
Let's hope someday we pass the test,  
And do the things we know are right.

\* first two lines borrowed from Philip Gibbs



73.

**Riches**

If you want to know now rich you are?  
Just drop a tear, don't look afar,  
How many hands do you now find?  
To wipe it away and ease the mind.

When down and out feeling,  
Blue how many hands feel for you?  
How many smiles come your way?  
These are riches that make the day.

When help you need is anyone there?  
To lighten your load and burden share,  
These are riches beyond the count,  
Not your castles on the mount.

Worldly possessions are all very nice,  
But they also carry a certain price,  
True riches are not counted in dollars and dime,  
But by people who give you some of their time.



74.

Untitled

What is it that ails all of us?  
I ride the Punjabi and you the Marathi bus,  
Come on, folks, lets not deride,  
India is one and everyone's pride.

Indians first and Indians always,  
Never mind what anyone says,  
Why fritter away energies, friends?  
To achieve ephemeral, vested ends.

If we want to be the best around,  
We must look for common ground,  
And recognise we are whole,  
Our land belongs to each Indian soul.

There'll be nothing left if we don't do this,  
The land of Ram no longer bliss,  
Do you wish to balkanise?  
Look at ourselves through Hindu and Muslim eyes.

Let's renew the pledge, lets show the world,  
We are one, with one flag, one flag unfurled .



75.

Untitled

Through the gaps in the trees,  
I saw a flutter the other side,  
Was it bird or memories,  
Who was trying from view to hide?

Was it the mind playing games with me?  
Or did I really something find?  
Beyond the trees and in the sky,  
Some happy moments I'd left behind.

The rays of the sun came filtering through,  
Through the spaces the leaves provide,  
The trees now have an orange hue,  
As I leave the shore and tides I ride.

Who knows what the 'morrow holds?  
Creases on my forehead now,  
Ask not what's inside the folds?  
Question not the why and how.

Beyond the trees what did I see?  
Was there something or was it me?



76.

**Untitled**

**When you lose a race, you lose some pride,  
But what you gain is a nicer ride.  
Through the journey that you make,  
Losses leave lessons in their wake.**

**Shooting stars come hurtling down,  
Arrogance leads to imminent fall,  
First to cross the tape you maybe,  
But head bowed low and you stand tall.**

**Knowing the fickle nature of fate,  
You learn to embrace humility,  
The 'also-ran' has a place,  
And you build camaraderie.**

**The finishing line is only one,  
The same for you and me,  
Sprint or stumble we all get there,  
To the emptiness of eternity.**



77.

**The Irrationality of Rationality**

When you get the unceremonious sack,  
You must carry the sorrows on your back,  
What if happiness was to elude you?  
Pessimism truly has rationality too!

I would be better off, wouldn't I,  
With someone by my side,  
If lady luck played hide and seek,  
I'd take the devil's ride.

Better then with sorrow,  
Than with nothing in my bag,  
Who knows the 'morrow,  
Say both the wise and the wag.

If the devil wasn't there,  
There'd be no evil too,  
And if evil wasn't in us,  
What then would god do?

Doesn't that make it all irrational?  
Haven't I proven that?  
Haven't I stood it on its head?  
Spewing nonsense out of my hat.



78.

**The Unanswered Prayer II**

When a prayer goes unanswered,  
Is that then the final answer?  
For he knows what is best for us,  
The nimble-footed heavenly Dancer.

The beat. The band and the music,  
Are all chosen by Him,  
He the conductor and choir,  
And we the instruments of His whim.

Ask and you shall receive,  
Is what the Scriptures say,  
But He the all knowing Arbiter,  
And we can't just have our way.

Ask we must in honest prayer,  
For mercy and His love,  
For nothing else should ever be there,  
Between us and the God above.



79.

Till .....

Till the stars in the sky keep shining bright,  
Till the end of time there will be light,  
Till we meet again in the splendour of night,  
Till the end of time no prettier sight.

Till the trees in the woods a forest make,  
Till my eyes can see a lotus in the lake,  
Till love is real and not fake,  
Till the end of time, I'll live for your sake.

Till the hills and valleys are a natural green,  
Till peacocks dance and also preen ,  
Till beauty lasts on the silver screen,  
Till the end of time I wish for this scene.



80.

**The Road to Hell**

The road to hell is paved with gold,  
You walk alone with a soul that's sold,  
Empty, barren, riches in the bag,  
And rosy cheeks that unhappily sag.

In your heart there burns a constant fire,  
Unquenchable thirst and rabid desire,  
To be the possessor of unlimited wealth,  
To hell with friends, family and health.

There's no heaven above nor hell below,  
No place else where you burn or glow,  
The life you lead and the earth you tread,  
Is where bliss is and so is dread.

Boil water or simmer in oil,  
Hell's disaster and heaven's the foil,  
Make your own living heaven or hell,  
But for god's sake whatever you do, do it well.



81.

The Grim Reaper

The Reaper comes calling now and then,  
At the doors of those I know,  
To remind me of the frailty of Men,  
And a world that's there for show.

I grieve with sorrow and look at the past,  
At moments both happy and sad,  
And am reminded then that nothing will last,  
And for this I'm thankful and glad.

For it brings me back to the earth I tread,  
From the dreams of a fantasy world,  
No longer then do I the Reaper dread,  
Nor scythes at me that are hurled.

Come, O Death, come when you like  
Just please be gentle, when you strike,  
That's all I'll ever ask of you,  
As I silently pray and hope that's true.



82.

**Untitled**

The path of truth is laden with thorns,  
And hurt you'll gather when you travel this road,  
But peace of mind will also be yours,  
'Cos you won't be carrying unwanted load.

It's easier said than done for sure,  
To keep to the straight and narrow,  
For conscience to always be to the fore,  
Lest temptation lead you to sorrow.

The guilt of lies will weigh you down,  
Even as you triumph and gloat,  
With thorns aplenty in that uneasy crown,  
When down the path of untruth you float.

Simple then it is to choose,  
Simple truth or truth with ruse .



83.

Untitled

Snowflakes on Trees,  
And ice on the hills,  
Step out & you'll freeze,  
Then who'll pay your bills.

Row down the lake,  
Willows by your side,  
There are no free lunches,  
You pay for the ride.

Stars in the skies,  
Or love in the eyes,  
Happiness is ephemeral,  
The world full of sighs.

Poetry is emotion,  
Technique is baloney,  
If the words don't move you,  
The writing is phoney.



84.

Untitled

The scent in the air,  
Is simply divine,  
Grossly unfair,  
When you aren't mine.

When a cat chases mouse,  
All hell's let loose,  
Turmoil in the house  
Can't tell gander from goose.

Holy smoke did you say,  
Where did that come from?  
Who lost his way?  
A friar at the prom.

If you can't laugh with me,  
Why am I writing all this,  
You worry till eternity,  
My nonsense is bliss.



**85.**

**Untitled**

A strange amalgam of real and unreal,  
Castles in the air, clouds under my feet,  
Dreams I've dreamt and hopes I've built,  
Will they ever reality meet?

How far from night is external light?  
And darkness from light of day,  
How far is wrong from the mighty right?  
And who will show me the way.

How many miles have I to go,  
Before my head I can rest?  
Through the forest with a glimmer of hope,  
Does anyone pass the test?

Like the bumbling bee from flower to flower,  
Flitting steps I take,  
Some little nectar on the way,  
And thankful noises I make.



86.

**Untitled**

I have often seen this place before,  
The mango grove at Kashipur,  
The skies are blue, heaven seems true,  
With guardian angels Bunny and Amu.

Heaven so close I'd never thought,  
Bliss like this can never be bought,  
The warmth, the love, the great concern,  
True happiness there where home fires burn.

The joy of sharing is so complete,  
To smile through sorrow is no mean feat,  
Like Phoenix rising from the ember,  
Salvation lies in hope, remember.

I've seen all this aplenty here,  
To you , dear ones, I raise a cheer.



87.

Untitled

How quiet and still do waters run,  
When a typhoon's force is spent and done,  
When ships that moored again set sail,  
And zephyr replaces a turbulent gale.

How fresh the air of the morning breeze,  
That takes the stale away from trees,  
How green the grass and the leaves above,  
As with you, o Nature, I fall in love.

How blue the sky, how bright the sun,  
As drifting clouds now have their fun,  
Looking down at earth with their big, big eyes.  
Birds smell rain and tell no lies.

Wondrous then are nature's sights,  
Magnificent are those Northern Lights,  
All we need is harmony,  
Why can't this we simply see?



88.

**Untitled**

I hear some voices from the past,  
Through the haze of nights and days,  
Does anything really last, I ask?  
As I look at Time and it's errant ways.

I hear the murmur of ripples in the stream,  
And the sounds of gales of old,  
Will the boat capsize again, I ask?  
And here is what I'm told.

You're never alone, O weary traveller,  
Down the path of life and time,  
For walking alongside with you always,  
Are memories like fairy tales in rhyme.

The past is already dead and gone,  
And tomorrow you will never know,  
Those voices that you often hear,  
Hopes and desires in a dream - like show.

Keep rowing traveller said the voice,  
For that's your destined lot,  
Sink or sail you have no choice,  
Life's boat is all you've got.



89.

**Untitled**

**The torch you carry,  
Carries a shadow with it,  
When light you seek,  
Beware the dark pit.**

**When a hurt you carry,  
The wound's within,  
Repentance when shallow,  
Is worse than original sin.**

**When an untruth you tell,  
Cover-up you must,  
No greater heartbreak,  
Than the break of trust.**

**When basking in sunshine,  
Forget not the horizon,  
The sun surely will set,  
And that's not a pun.**

**There's an end to glory,  
An end to it all,  
Don't run, walk slowly,  
Beware the fall.**



90.

**Untitled**

You're not a wave,  
You're part of the sea,  
You're never alone,  
It's the same with me.

You're not a colour,  
Nor black or white,  
Just part of the rainbow,  
Look, you'll see I'm right.

You're not apart,  
You're part of the whole,  
Think with your heart,  
Act with your soul.

Don't think 'I' think 'We',  
For inner peace and harmony



91.

The Irony of it All

Strange that Man should resort to war  
To establish a reign of peace,  
A peace that then lasts no more  
Than a flattened, battered crease.

The billions spent on shoring up  
Our defences against each other,  
Would surely be much better spent  
In keeping us all together.

Is man then a total freak  
And is there no hand of god?  
Is it all a double-speak?  
Velvet glove and iron rod?

Is human nature inherently base  
Vicious in intent?  
And is that the real reason why  
Man does man resent?

Or am I naive in this wise world  
Of people with their feet on the ground?  
Who make WMD's that are then hurled,  
On suckers wherever found.

Isn't it a rotten shame that what exists today  
Is called the era of progress?  
Dog eat dog is all that matters  
Rottweiler's jaws not Cocker's caress.

The irony of it all is in the numbers game  
The obsession with GDP,  
A morsel at a time is all we need  
To live life happily.

15th March, 2010

92.

Untitled

Floating in the air today,  
I'm kind of lost on the way,  
An unmoored ship in stormy seas,  
Tossed about with relative ease.

It wasn't like this yesterday,  
Or the day before at work or play,  
What then has brought this change about?  
Why silently do I want to shout?

Reflect I do on many things,  
Like smiles and laughs that happiness brings,  
Also on dark looming clouds,  
Lying masks and faces in shrouds.

Subconscious or self-induced,  
Is sadness by my mind produced?  
Is mood then within my grasp?  
Why then do I this gloom so clasp?

I'll lift myself out of despair,  
Simply because I don't wish to be there,  
I wonder why this happens to us?  
Is it because we live with fuss?

Eat, sleep and be merry folks,  
Don't be fooled by life and its jokes.



93.

**The Quiet Called Stillness:**

No breeze,  
No movement of the leaves,  
Calm descends ,  
On Nature and it's friends,  
Stillness.

No chatter,  
Rain and pitter patter,  
A silent mind,  
Heartbeats you don't find,  
Stillness.

No moving clock,  
No sound, no ticktock,  
Time at rest,  
Life is blest,  
Stillness.

Be aware,  
Reflection and you're there,  
Chirping birds,  
No need for words,  
Stillness.



94.

Untitled

I see the fading morning stars,  
And the rising sun that sets them free,  
The flight of stars what does it say,  
Is there a msg there for me ?

As storms that blow across the desert,  
And leave behind an eerie calm,  
Will the aftermath of a turbulent night  
Be the gentle glow of the eastern balm.?

The rays that brighten up the sky,  
Will they do that for my day?  
Tell me, O stars, do you presage  
Rainbows and roses on the way?

Or will the softness of your gentle light  
The mellow rays of the moon and you,  
Make way for the harshness of an unsparing sun?  
Wish you would tell me, wish I knew.



95.

**Nonsense**

**Lilacs and lilies**

**Moss on the hills,  
And fish that go flying  
With the aid of their gills.**

**Clouds that look pretty,  
And promise no rain,  
I'd keep them forever  
They'd cause me no pain.**

**Nectar from heaven**

**And honey from the bees,  
Sweetness all around  
With marmalade and cheese.**

**Breakfast at Tiffany's**

**Or lounge on the beach,  
Nothing as nice,  
As a ripe young peach.**

**News you must read**

**To stay fully abreast,  
With the female of the species,  
And the size zero chest.**

**Swimming in trunks,**

**Can't be much fun,  
Locked in a closet  
And then told to run.**

**If you can't tell stories**

**Do so in verse,  
However poorly you write,  
Nonsense not worse.**



96.

**Who are you ?**

How vain is power?  
How fleeting fame?  
You'll know one day  
When asked your name.

Will you remember then  
Who you were?  
Or what you had?  
Or will it all be lost in a blur?

'Cos every dog has his day,  
You will also get your bark,  
As you will your right to play,  
And then your corner in the park.

Learn to love being unknown  
For then you'll know yourself,  
And understand the worth of life  
And the emptiness of self.



97.

An Ode to Fire

You bruise, you burn, you turn to ashes,  
Your wrath extreme your anger in flashes,  
Your nature it is to both warm and ravage,  
Logs in the hearth and a passion that's savage.

Wild are your wings that bushes ignite ,  
And raze to the ground whatever in sight,  
No mercy, no kindness , no story to tell,  
Your fury is all of damnation in hell.

But the warmth and glow of your embers at night,  
Outshine the beauty of stars and their light,  
How then can I, O fire, demean,  
Your grandeur, your beauty, your purifying sheen?

O Wondrous fire, O light divine,  
How grateful I am that you are mine,



98.

Faith

Faith is the bird  
That sings when it's dark,  
Divine is that work  
It's voice we must hark.

Faith moves mountains  
And so it is said,  
Leave cares to the Almighty  
Lighter will be the head.

Faith in the Lord  
Is then our only hope,  
As we wade through life,  
And with storms we cope.

Let's make faith the chariot  
On which to ride,  
And God will be happy  
To be by our side.



99.

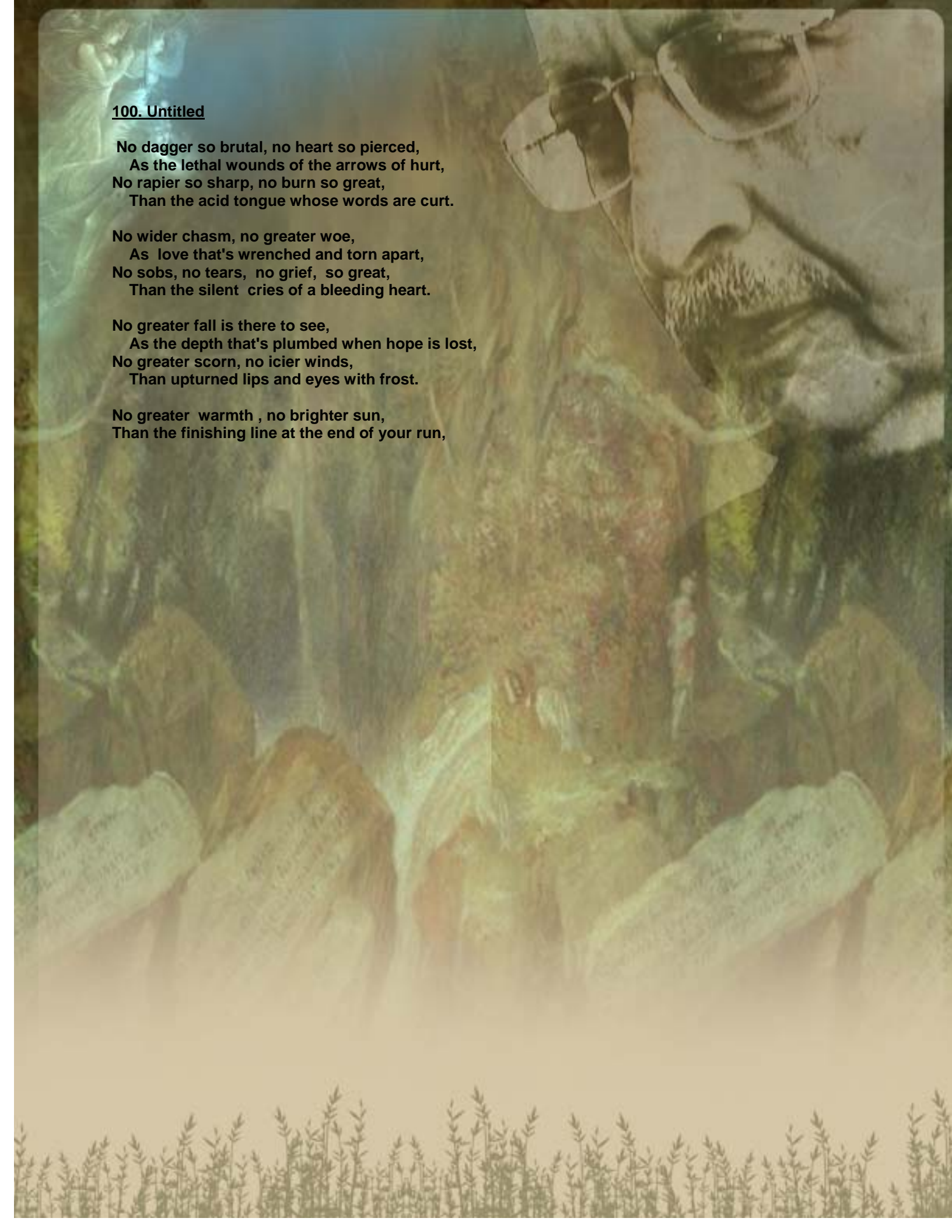
**Those Silent Tears.**

Those Silent Tears,  
Those drops of dew,  
Some happy thoughts,  
And memories of you.

The setting sun ,  
The orange glow,  
Those rising stars,  
I used to know.

Those blades of grass,  
A verdant green,  
Now barren land,  
Where lies that sheen?

Those falling leaves,  
That autumn breeze,  
Why a winter's chill  
Why this icy freeze?



**100. Untitled**

No dagger so brutal, no heart so pierced,  
As the lethal wounds of the arrows of hurt,  
No rapier so sharp, no burn so great,  
Than the acid tongue whose words are curt.

No wider chasm, no greater woe,  
As love that's wrenched and torn apart,  
No sobs, no tears, no grief, so great,  
Than the silent cries of a bleeding heart.

No greater fall is there to see,  
As the depth that's plumbed when hope is lost,  
No greater scorn, no icier winds,  
Than upturned lips and eyes with frost.

No greater warmth, no brighter sun,  
Than the finishing line at the end of your run,



101.

Untitled

Roots,  
The soul,  
That which makes me whole,  
I wonder what would it be  
To, be rootless,  
Like a dying tree,  
Maybe.

Orphans,  
Street kids,  
Wretched loneliness,  
I wonder,  
Do they know,  
Or miss,  
Mother,  
Enmeshed, intertwined roots,  
Sustenance - givers,  
Hewn, scattered and strewn,  
Dead  
I wonder.

Love,  
Rooted in love,  
Nurtured and nourished,  
Open arms,  
A smile,  
A look unspoken,  
Roots, again only roots,

Take the trunk, take the boughs and take the leaves too,  
Leave me with my roots alone for that's from where I grew.



102.

Eyes:

I like them brown,  
I like them blue,  
Why do you frown?  
Don't you?

O dancing pupils,  
O masterful eyes,  
The depth of the ocean,  
The blue of the skies.

An honest smile,  
And innocent eyes,  
Wonder, O , wonder,  
As a child's surprise.

Twinkling stars,  
Don't get me wrong,  
No greater sparkle,  
Than eyes on song.

That soulful melody,  
Those wistful tears,  
O loving eyes I look at you,  
And gone are my fears.



103.

Untitled

When it looks so pretty from where I am,  
Why would I want to go see it there,  
When all I'll find is barren rocks,  
O, ravishing moon man's stupidity sucks.

Why am I not ecstatic today?  
Why is the 'bubbly' not part of my fare?  
When a collision in a tunnel is proving beyond doubt,  
Big bang's the answer and god wasn't there.

'Cos I like to believe there's a power out there,  
Stronger than I and to whom I can pray,  
To walk me through the labyrinths of life,  
And teach me how to work and play.



104.

Untitled

I've walked along the shores of Time,  
For a tryst with destiny,  
To ask of her if she would tell  
What lies ahead for me?

She's always dressed in myriad colours,  
The habit she's accustomed to wear,  
I never know what she'll say or do,  
Her hand she never lays bare.

I think I've walked a million miles,  
And sought her everywhere,  
Always ahead and in front of me  
She doesn't seem much to care.

I'll leave you now to be on your own,  
For that is your wont I know,  
But can I, O Destiny, do something to help you  
Change course, come my way as we go?

104.

**Untitled**

A colourful lingo and no holds barred,  
Its the hustle and bustle of the market place,  
Everyone smiling, cheers all around,  
Why on earth are you with a grumpy face?

The screaming and shouting,  
The strut and the waggle,  
An air of excitement,  
The art of the haggle.

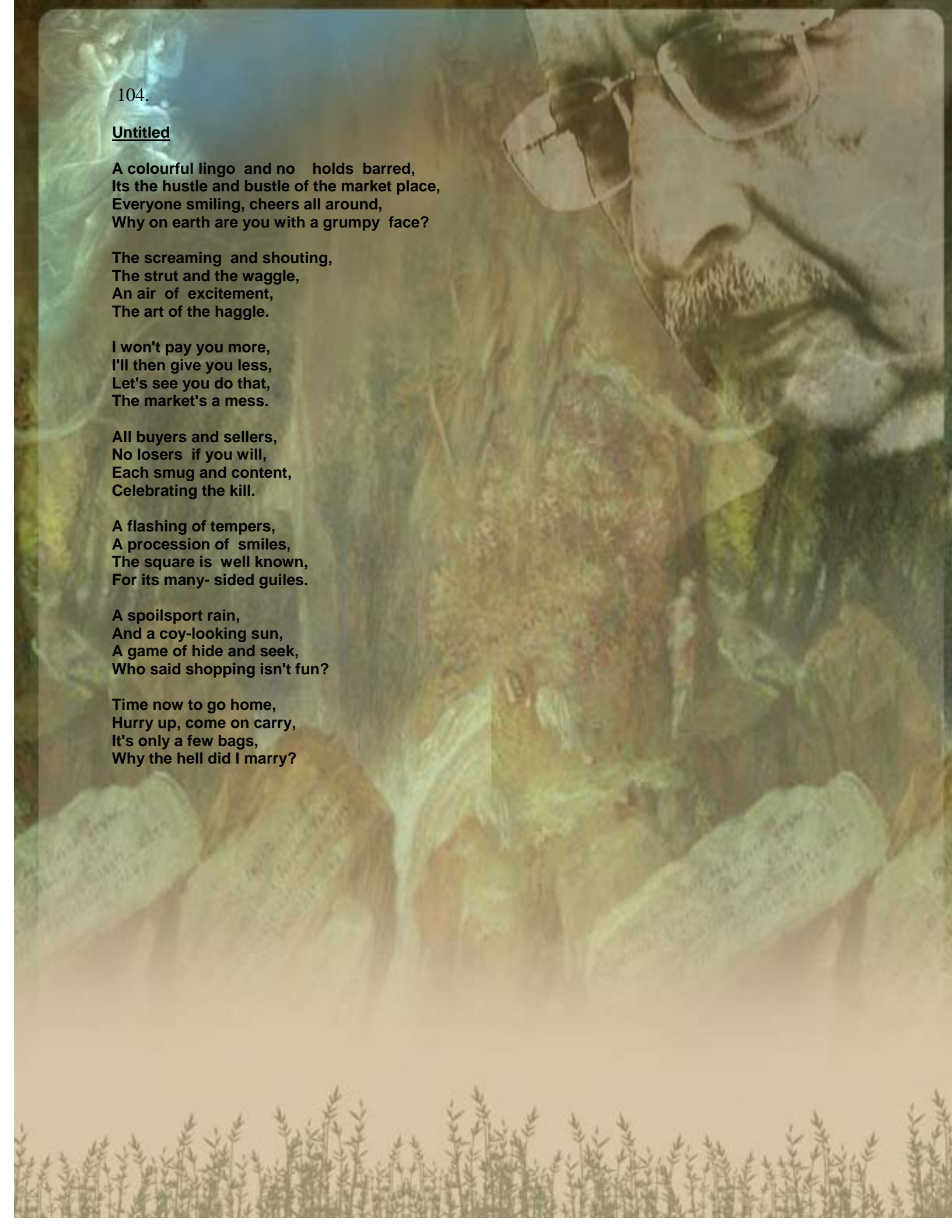
I won't pay you more,  
I'll then give you less,  
Let's see you do that,  
The market's a mess.

All buyers and sellers,  
No losers if you will,  
Each smug and content,  
Celebrating the kill.

A flashing of tempers,  
A procession of smiles,  
The square is well known,  
For its many- sided guiles.

A spoilsport rain,  
And a coy-looking sun,  
A game of hide and seek,  
Who said shopping isn't fun?

Time now to go home,  
Hurry up, come on carry,  
It's only a few bags,  
Why the hell did I marry?





106.

Untitled

Coat your pride with humility 'Ashok',  
And your tongue with noble words,  
A gentle stride, head bowed low,  
And you'll feel as light as the birds.

You witness the sun at its arrogant best,  
And then long for the silvery moon.  
See the mellow glow of the setting sun,  
And wonder why it went so soon.

A look that's cold and haughty,  
Will never meet warmth any day,  
If it's a friend you wish to make,  
A smile is the only way.

Folded hands and bended knees,  
And a prayer in your heart,  
God's name on your lips,  
Is a good way to start.



107.

Untitled

Footprints on the sands of Time,  
Are markers on the way,  
To take you through the dark and dreary,  
When light has left the day.

Someone thought of doing this,  
To save you from a stumble,  
A lesson then to be quietly learnt,  
Shed arrogance, be humble.

Nothing 's lost when you help, brother,  
Kind words, kind deeds or more,  
Candles lose nothing when they light another,  
For that's what candles are for.

When you help the blind to cross the road,  
Or lend a helping hand,  
You give of your time, love, and no more,  
For you're the a proxy of the invisible Hand.



108.

Thoughts:

I am surrounded by a swarm of bees,  
Stung from side to side,  
O, peace of mind where art thou?  
For I need a place to hide.

A constant stream of idle thought,  
Flows through my cerebral alleys,  
Dreams, nightmares in it's wake,  
Over crests, rocks and valleys.

Is it given to me to choose,  
To be master of my mind?  
Or willy-nilly suffer in silence,  
Gyrations of the mental grind.

Tell me, O master thinkers?  
The wise men of this world,  
But do so with measured caution,  
Remember glasshouses and the stones hurled.

A serpent coiled and ready to strike,  
Is idle thought I know,  
Tell me, charmer, what notes you play,  
To keep those snakes at bay?



109.

**Save the Children**

We give them birth ,  
They deserve the earth,  
We leave them in the wilderness,

What a shame,  
A child with no name,  
And no right to happiness.

There is no surprise,  
In despondent lonely eyes,  
Dying of hunger for love,

Longing for care,  
And rest somewhere,  
At the mercy of the Lord above.

Children  
Are children , how can we discriminate,  
Can't cherish sons and daughters hate!  
Worth by gender is awfully fake,

A girl or a boy,  
A toy is pure joy,  
Together the world they make.

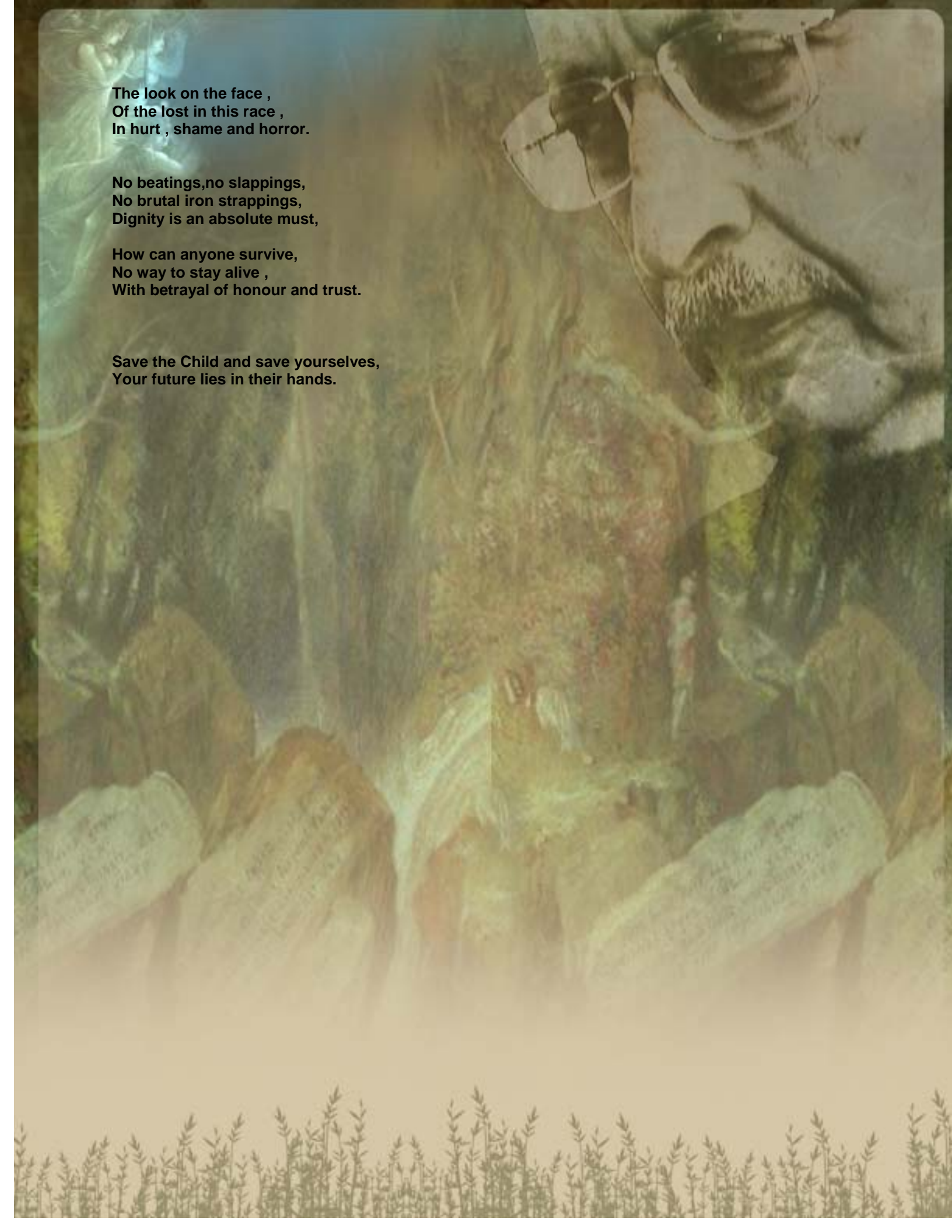
They all have the right ,  
To a little bit of light,  
And to sunshine on their back,

A roof over their head,  
Not a grave when dead,  
Come palace, shanty or shack.

Sacred is the right to learn,  
Books to read not paper to burn,  
And the right to a decent life,

Not squalor nor splendour,  
A guardian not pretender  
And the right to life minus strife.

We must save from abuse ,  
Their necks from the noose,  
And the child from violence and terror.



**The look on the face ,  
Of the lost in this race ,  
In hurt , shame and horror.**

**No beatings,no slappings,  
No brutal iron strappings,  
Dignity is an absolute must,**

**How can anyone survive,  
No way to stay alive ,  
With betrayal of honour and trust.**

**Save the Child and save yourselves,  
Your future lies in their hands.**



110.

Untitled

I leapt across the clouds today,  
To the sunny side of the sky,  
I liked the light, I liked the glare,  
But I missed the rainbows there.

No drops of rain, no thunder shower,  
All dry and hunky dory,  
The sun was strong ,  
My eyes went dry, but tears I couldn't buy.

It brought me back to memory time,  
And the fun I had when drenched,  
No need for cover, no need to hide,  
I learned to go with the tide.

There's always green the other side,  
Like the grass across the fence,  
Light and dark go hand in hand,  
And shadows we must understand.

Clouds provide the shelters we need,  
From a ruthless searing sun,  
And when they see we need warmth and light,  
They burst and give us the rainbows bright.



111.

Untitled

If I could be a soaring wave,  
In a wild and turbulent sea,  
Or a little ripple in a lake,  
What would I want to be?

I think I'd choose the mighty sea,  
And the vastness of its spread,  
For I'm in awe of its majesty  
And of its fury I have no dread.

The placid waters of the lake,  
Offer calm and comfort no doubt,  
But I'm one for hustle and bustle,  
No time for a standabout.

I like the rise and I'll take the fall,  
And happily go with the tide,  
To the gentle ruffles of the pond  
I'd give a berth that's wide.

You may not like my choice of course,  
But it's always to each his own,  
The wave for me, the ripple for you,  
We only reap what we've sown.



112.

**A Dream**

The sounding of the waters,  
The sighing of the breeze,  
Oh, for the waves in the distance,  
And the romance of the seas.

I see the swallow in the sky,  
That swooping symphony,  
Harbingers of summer time,  
Lost some where in memory.

I see some little tiny boats,  
Bobbing up and down,  
At the mercy of the tide,  
And the thunder's angry frown.

The skies above a beautiful blue,  
And I in reverie,  
The world wears an orange hue,  
As the sun goes down on me.

Day makes way for the bowl of night,  
And stars come out to shine,  
Twinkle twinkle little star,  
Wish you were truly mine.

All good things have to end,  
As does my journey with the bream,  
Awakened by a wind-swept gale,  
I'm at the end of a lovely dream.



113.

**Untitled**

**Do we need to light a torch for us to see the sun  
Or the moon to tell us its night?  
Do we need to be in a temple or church,  
For us to see the Light?**

**Do we need to hear our beating hearts,  
To know that we're alive?  
Do we need to see the back of winter,  
To know that Spring will revive?**

**Do we need to see rivers constantly flow,  
To know they'll merge with the sea?  
Do we need to see the end of life,  
To fathom eternity?**

**Why are we such doubters,  
That we should need to prove god?  
Do we need to swim the seas,  
To know that fish is more than cod?**



114.

**The Shooting Star (Part - II)**

I hurtle through the silent skies,  
A brilliant streak of light,  
I am that lovely shooting star,  
No journey's end in sight.

In eager wait with arms outstretched,  
The vastness of empty space,  
Headlong journey to instant disaster?  
Did I fall from grace?

Is this the fate of shooting stars?  
Will I survive the pace?  
Or lie somewhere, unknown, fragmented,  
By the end of this race.

That eerie flash of light you see,  
Piercing through the night,  
Is that me or destiny?  
Will I sparkle bright?

Do you know, O seasoned traveller,  
With the load you carry,  
How far ere you need to rest,  
And do you need to hurry?



**115.**

**Untitled**

'Tis twilight time as the sun goes down,  
And a hazy horizon I see,  
Will I follow the setting sun?  
Will darkness overtake me?

I hope there's light in the sky tonight,  
Some stars and a friendly moon,  
Or will the sun have taken it away?  
And have I spoken too soon?

For who knows what is held by Time,  
And what the stars foretell,  
Who knows when the storms will abate?  
And who where's heaven, where hell?

An angel whispered to me once,  
A long while ago, judge ye not  
'Cos you will never,  
The outcome ever know.