

# **Poems For Us**

by

**Mallikarjun B. Mulimani**

## Foreword

Mallikarjun Mulimani's latest collection of some fifty poems has been titled, POEMS FOR US, and the title is significant. It shows that these poems are a departure from his usual abstract, cosmic and metaphysical poems with a more abstract style. They are thus more concrete and closer to life. But this would be a misreading of these poems. They carry in their hearts hidden the same concern – metaphysical and cosmic. The only superficial change is in style – less abstract and more homely. If you take a poem like VIBGYOR, you can see the poet's obsession with the same metaphysical concerns. These poems demonstrate clearly poet's mastery of different styles. I, like all his readers, welcome warmly the new set of poems.

DHARWAD  
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Prof. K. Raghavendra Rao

## About the Author

Mallikarjun B. Mulimani, born on 17 September 1979, is an Electronics and Communication engineer turned writer. He initially wrote poems; later took up writing short stories, novellas and novels. So far he has contributed to twelve books viz. 'Abstractions', 'The Holy Plumber and Other Stories', 'Operation Epiphany – God's Journey on Earth', 'Victims Incorporated – Circles of Sub-consciousness', 'Dams Across the Flow', 'What Happened to my Creativity?', 'Star Ride to Nirvana', 'Bhakti Sans Religion – Dilemmas in the Search of One's True Inner Self', 'Politics – A Love Story', 'Buddha In A Mercedes', 'Poems to Myself' and 'Alternative Haikus'.

Four of these books have been published by Writers Workshop, Kolkata, one by Current Publications, Agra, another was self-published by CreateSpace, and his four latest novellas, 'Star Ride to Nirvana', 'Bhakti Sans Religion – Dilemmas in the Search of One's True Inner Self', 'Politics – A Love Story' and 'Buddha In A Mercedes', and two of his three books of poems, 'Poems to Myself' and 'Alternative Haikus', were published by Leadstart Publishing Pvt. Ltd.

The author's style is one in which he feels that brevity is of the essence.

In his work, the author wrestles with the aspects of the social milieu, life, love, sex, death, religion, realisation of self and God and other serious issues.

The author touches upon the metaphysical side of all the above-mentioned issues whenever he deals with them in his work.

He is a serious writer, who also has a very subtle sarcastic wit about him.

Even though he is still young, many eminent personalities including the late Prof. U.

R. Ananthamurthy have appreciated him.

## **Back Cover Blurb**

Poems add beauty to the monotonous prose of life making it pulsate with the happy drumbeat of life's myriad emotions.

I have tried to capture these various emotions in my poems in this book by looking at life from a perspective of 'Us' rather than 'I'.

For, it is 'Us' in between whom emotions take on various colours and influence the 'I'.

**Dedicated**

**To**

BLDE Association and University  
Vijayapura  
Karnataka

## **Acknowledgements**

To all those kind hearts who made me a part of their lives making 'Us' bloom in my heart.

## Introduction

‘Us’, what does it mean?

Many think of it as a collective consciousness.

But only the word ‘Us’ is not enough to put us in close touch with everybody in the society in which we live.

For, well and truly we differ subconsciously and also consciously from one another.

Thus, the actions undertaken by men and women under different frames of mind with their dreams and feelings, all form the spine of this book.

‘I’ have written poems about ‘Us’, but I cannot do complete justice as I can’t be the ‘Saksin’ or ‘Witness’ within others and hence know them only partially from outside however deep I may dive into the vast open seas of their lives.

‘I’ can also be found in the poems about ‘Us’ for I should be the first one to be understood to understand my poems.

## Seasons

Walking in the rain  
Filled with joy is the child in me  
Soaked completely and whistling a merry tune is me  
Fragrance of damp earth and wet green grass,  
Overpowering my senses,  
Wanting the moment amidst lush greenery to last forever is me.  
But will the higher powers heed me?  
Agree to stop earth from rotating and revolving,  
And stop at this instant of time for me?  
The seasons ask of me,  
You change, why not we?  
I look around,  
A violet flower with yellow pollen amidst green vegetation seems content,  
Why not me?  
I look above,  
The clouds turn from grey to white  
They seem exhausted,  
I think it's time for goodbyes.

~

The clouds are now pristine white  
The sun doesn't hide  
He burns me  
The chill tries to overpower me,  
For winter has come quietly while I was taking a nap,  
But I was prepared with my winter attire and it I thank,  
I have a thick sweater, muffler and a cap.  
Winter's best are its nights,  
Clear as a new blackboard,  
Upon which stars shine extremely bold,  
Especially when vacationing in a cabin by the woods,  
Warming hands outside over a fire,

Telling stories old to friends of gold,  
 Waiting for the tea in the kettle over the fire to get ready to beat the cold.  
 Hope this moment too would stop in time,  
 But this too is a season and always in movement is time.

~

Sun is king.  
 For most only little water,  
 And that too, only to drink.  
 Rivers, lakes and reservoirs dry,  
 But rivers of sweat flow down from brow to toe.  
 Each person from a different place has his own temperature,  
 To relate to others and ask them their tales of woe  
 But similar are stories  
 Of parched throats and long roads  
 Towards the sparse wells of water  
 And futile wishes that this season would never come in the future.

### **Fate of a Tree**

A seed amongst many,  
 Fate saw fit to be  
 Among chaos,  
 To be the chosen one.  
 Sunlight it got in strong rays,  
 Water in gentle ways.  
 Sprouted  
 Tiny sapling broke earth,  
 Weak stem, weaker roots,  
 Prey for goats in droves.  
 But choice had long ago made its choice  
 The sapling would survive.  
 Grew into a small tree,  
 Yet with immature bark,  
 But branching out with leaves.  
 Spread its strong hold on mother earth,  
 And began to feed.  
 Finally over years,  
 Reached the tree maturity,  
 With firm bark,  
 Firm base,  
 And beautiful flowers to adore and embrace.

~

The tree had breathed for all everyday,  
 Given shade to everybody,  
 Adorned the hair  
 Of pretty damsels  
 And paid homage to the gods  
 In holy places and homes  
 With its pristine flowers without fail day after day.

~

Fate and choice,  
Had played the game,  
But chaos was not just a name,  
Was just biding its time.  
Came to the tree men,  
Who needed wood to build.  
It was a strong tree,  
Sturdy huge trunk,  
Tough, long and wide branches,  
Which would help in building a good home.

~

Nobody had the courage to object,  
To save such a precious subject,  
Did not lift a finger,  
In anger,  
At the atrocity being committed,  
By men of no intellect  
And watched the tree breathe its last  
For whom humans came first.

### **Sunflower**

Of all the flowers,  
In the contest,  
To search for the best  
I voted for the Sunflower,  
For I consider it to be,  
Better than the rest.  
Why?  
Because it is simply  
Different from the rest.  
Sunflower didn't make it.  
As usual Rose did it.  
There was a hue and cry,  
About everything being staged and stale.

~

The issue is one of rivals,  
And about one who won.  
If there has to be a decision,  
One needs a philosopher  
And not merely an aesthete.  
If it needs to be stated  
In words clear and loud by the philosopher,  
All flowers are equally beautiful.  
In their own way even if not accepted by the aesthete.  
For they are symmetrical,  
And therein lies beauty  
And the mystery of the universe.

~

The philosopher comes to the crux of the matter  
Beauty has a purpose and meaning in life,  
It brings joy to the weak and those who weep,  
Thus do all flowers which embody beauty

Flowers bring meaning to life.

~

As for my Sunflower,  
 It is a part of the sun.  
 Walking through  
 A lush yellow green field of Sunflowers  
 Staring in the direction of the sun  
 Even in the blazing afternoon  
 I too wish I had the Sunflower's discipline  
 And maybe solve the mystery  
 Of my creator into whose eyes I want to be staring  
 Like the Sunflower,  
 While I'm still living.

### **Light of Life**

Waking up before dawn  
 Completing one's ablutions,  
 Before the rising of the sun.  
 Quietly meditating,  
 Hearing the birds chirping,  
 One becomes them,  
 Happily flying.  
 A slow golden glow,  
 A slight warmth,  
 Heralds the arrival of the sun.  
 Staring east,  
 With eyes wide open,  
 Eager to gather,  
 The first healing rays of the sun.

~

Finally the orange orb shows itself  
 And I'm ready to face the day,  
 With its ups and downs,  
 As I have the thrill of the dawn  
 To carry me till the calm of twilight.

~

The morning sun is fresh, bright and crisp,  
 Most productive work gets finished.  
 Come afternoon, enthusiasm wanes,  
 When the sun showers down its strong rays.  
 Evening brings with it a cheer,  
 That the day's work will soon be over  
 Moreover, the sun also has mellowed down  
 As twilight slowly takes over.

~

We initially are in darkness like night

In our mothers' wombs stretched tight  
We wait to be born  
And face the light of life.  
We are brought up with love and affection  
Children in the dawn  
To be young is a blessing  
The sun in the morning.  
Soon it will be noon  
To survive we will have to fight till evening.  
Night is closing in  
Time to enjoy the twilight

~

The sun has set  
Leaving only enough light,  
In the fading twilight,  
For us to ponder over our days  
Before night once more  
Puts us in another womb.

### Qualifications for a Poet

What does it require to be a poet?

A good education?

Not worth a mention.

An illiterate can think of a poem,

And sing his way to bliss.

What then?

Vocabulary and sophistication?

Truth is simple

Beauty is simple

Poems are invaluable,

When they are true and beautiful,

By being simple.

A true poet lives this.

~

So what next?

A poet must have empathy

For how else can he understand

Others' anguish, happiness and beauty?

~

And for the poet to have empathy,

He must have suffered immensely

Either in personal activity,

Or in the line of duty,

To give his poetry depth and surreal beauty.

Suffering breeds creativity.

~

Like the Buddha

The poet must always be aware

Aware of his surroundings

Of the words and the world

To give life and meaning to his poetry.

~  
 So much hassle  
 Why do we need poets anyway?  
 To write poems  
 And poems are needed  
 Why?  
 Because,  
 Without them,  
 The world would be like without,  
 Flowers, fields of green,  
 Mighty mountains and deep valleys below,  
 Raging rivers flowing deep within thick green forests,  
 And thundering waterfalls from above,  
 Which a poem brings to you at your fingertips  
 Like a butterfly  
 By the poets enterprise.

### **Emotional Hurt**

Emotional hurt  
 What is it?  
 An injury?  
 No  
 Injuries are at first mainly physical,  
 Then turn into emotional hurt,  
 When the injured takes it to heart.

~  
 Emotional hurt is mainly disappointment,  
 At not being given due acknowledgement.

~  
 This kind of emotional hurt is a negative rainbow  
 Holding different kinds of emotional hurts.

~  
 The father refuses a child a toy  
 The child cries.

~  
 The kid is refused entry into a circle of friends  
 The kid sulks.

~  
 The teenager is rejected by the love of his or her dreams  
 The teenager vows never to love again.

~  
 The graduate keeps on getting rejected for jobs to which he or she has applied  
 The graduate vows he or she will never work for someone else again.

~  
 But the child somehow finds a toy,  
 And is in joy.

The kid finds new friends,  
 And with them explores new trends.

The teenager finds another person divine,  
And falls in love truly for the first time.

The graduate finally finds a good job,  
And hotshots with whom to hobnob.

~

But this is the point in time,  
Only up to where,  
Emotional hurt can be healed with time.  
For if you are young,  
A blade of grass bends easily to withstand storms.  
If older, you are a stiff tree,  
Cannot bend, not free,  
If come storms,  
Broken in half will you be.

~

If now, older, you are emotionally hurt by someone  
And revenge boils within you  
Remember you are the cauldron on a fire  
Facing the heat inside and outside you  
Better to douse the fire  
And as far as revenge is concerned  
Get rid of the vicious desire.

## Life and Death

Oh life!  
 From whence did I come?  
 And who gave you permission to intrude?  
 Death, take life away,  
 It's too harsh for me to bear.  
 I don't know you,  
 But you may certainly be kinder.

~

I was scolded and scalded  
 My entire life until now  
 Never was in control  
 Of what was mine to be

~

Whenever I chose to rebel  
 Warned I was of losing  
 Food, shelter and clothing

~

How can one rebel  
 Shorn of basic needs?  
 Legends are just fantasies  
 With their hero's deeds.

~

Are you a part of life, death?  
 A stunt performed by two perfect trapeze artists  
 Making me swing from one bar to another  
 From life to death  
 Never releasing your grasp in between  
 At a great height  
 Or conversely above a deep depth.

~

Partners or not,

Death is release from life,  
Which tries to persevere,  
Until with great effort,  
Expels its last breath.

~

They say death is dark  
I like to lose my way  
And don't want to look in the mirror  
Or see anybody else.  
They say death is silent  
It is music to my ears.  
I hope nobody else  
Stops the blissful music.  
I don't like company,  
I bless all in life,  
With a hale and hearty life.

~

This is death,  
The perfect way to live.

**Twigs, leaves, feathers and mud**

A symphony orchestra  
Struck by myriad birds  
Each with its unique music  
Itself being  
And playing  
A musical instrument  
Welcomes the dawn.

~

Asked by nobody  
Getting nothing in return by anybody  
Welcome with a symphony orchestra the dawn  
How generous nature is!

~

Patience brings gifts  
Have understood, the birds  
For they have waited  
And been rewarded in their lives.

~

Day after day,  
Little by little,  
They gather twigs one by one,  
Collect feathers whenever they come across some,  
And appropriate leaves to build a nest.  
These they weave together carefully,  
Adding a little mud to further strengthen,  
Their humble abode wherever they can.

~

Eggs they lay  
In the warmth of the feathers  
In the nest.  
And when they hatch,

Spend the day,  
 Searching for food  
 And feeding their younglings.

~

But forget they not  
 To sing in the dawn.  
 Teaching a thing or two  
 To their young ones.

~

However, when they feel  
 The young ones are ready for the world real,  
 They take the harsh route,  
 And shove their youngsters out of the roost.

~

For the youngsters  
 Between the nest at height  
 And the ground below  
 There is only death or flight.  
 Frantically they flap their wings  
 And find that they can hover  
 After a little while  
 Fly.  
 Their parents were not monsters.

~

The youngsters move on to build their own nests.

~

Taking a cue,  
 Can't we sing in the morning?  
 Why don't we sing many times a day?  
 Why are we always in a rush?  
 Not noticing anything.  
 Never having patience.  
 Treating grown up young persons like children  
 Treating them to their favourite dish  
 Not allowing them to sing their own song  
 Fly in their desired direction  
 Fly we should  
 Fly high  
 Learn to fly above the clouds  
 Especially when it starts to rain.

### **Middle Path**

Buddha  
 Was a prince  
 Taught by  
 Greatest of scholars  
 Attained nirvana did he?  
 No.  
 That was not the way.  
 He became a monk  
 Swam against the ferocious current of the river called life  
 Reached the river bank barely alive after the threat to life  
 Finally,  
 Enlightenment attained,  
 Was without a slight effort or thought  
 Able to walk the middle path.

~

For us  
 School first,  
 College next,  
 University last.

~

Makes us one  
 Among the ordinary  
 At best  
 First class.

~

Not to say  
 They are not needed.  
 Absolutely  
 They are.  
 But learn first  
 And then unlearn and relearn.

Being cautious  
That in the process  
You don't mar  
However little maybe your wisdom.

~

Test yourself first.  
Out into the world you go  
Try to live by the education you got  
And see how far you get.

~

Harsh lessons life teaches you  
During your very first baby steps,  
And it doesn't like men crying like babies  
At its doorsteps.

~

Unlearn your education  
But don't lose your knowledge  
Or your little perfect wisdom  
Both which you have gained  
Through education  
But only relearn from life  
Which is ready to open its doors  
To men ready to learn harsh facts of life.

~

If you can't find your way,  
Find a wise man who will give you directions  
And if you are lucky enough,  
Himself will teach you the facts of life.

~

Life is not wholly harsh  
But we want to walk only pleasant paths  
That's why the three parts  
Learning, unlearning and relearning.  
They help in walking the middle path.

### **Journey of Life Through Death**

Life a journey  
Not a destination  
Always further to go  
More to know  
Harder things to do  
Higher pinnacles to surmount.

~

No full stop  
After a long flow.  
Only a blank page  
Beyond which,  
One does not know.

~

Death  
A blank page  
At a certain point  
Of the book of life  
Beyond which  
To man's knowledge  
Pages yet to be filled.

~

Why?  
After scaling  
Pinnacles high  
Are we confined  
To a deathbed  
Or die in an accident  
As ordained by fate?

~

But the main question is not  
Why death?  
But

What is death?  
Which if we understand  
We can lead a stronger life.

~

Why does death make us suffer  
When we have to die anyway?  
Does it gain pleasure  
To give pain on life's highway?  
Some are lucky  
And quickly move on their way  
But it is confusion  
Whether others hang on  
To the old path out of fear  
Or can't find their way

~

But it is definitely a journey  
Of life  
Of which death is not the end  
And we have to keep on travelling  
Until we find the cause and meaning of life.

## Beautiful

Beauty he sees everywhere  
 What eyes God must have given  
 And what gift the Good Lord on him must have bestowed  
 Who paints beauty he sees everywhere.

~

The beauty is not there  
 For the person average  
 But when the painter paints  
 There it is  
 In his painting  
 For all to gaze at  
 And be amazed.

~

The painter has no home.  
 In search of the ultimate beauty to paint  
 He keeps on walking  
 From one place to next  
 Drawing behind him  
 A small cart which contains  
 His easel, canvases, a change of clothes, paintbrushes, palette and paints.

~

Bathes when he can  
 Wears the same clothes when he can't  
 Eats when he can  
 Fasts when he can't.

~

But he is usually financially healthy  
 Doing his duty  
 Painting portraits of not so beautiful people  
 Yet bringing out a subtle hidden beauty  
 For which he is paid a handsome bounty.

~

Pretty maidens can't get enough of his charm  
 And when he paints them  
 Their beauty and smiles like Mona Lisa's are warm.

~

But his love is nature  
 Landscapes and paintings of flowers are his forte  
 An infinity of colours in harmony with each other  
 Jump out at you from their tasteful shapes in landscapes  
 And colourful flowers which seem to have magical colours  
 Seem to give out the sweetest of fragrances too.

~

Such is the beauty of the painter  
 Hope he finds his ultimate beauty too.

### **Helpless**

Born poor  
 Restricted to remain poor  
 For who else  
 Will remain in servitude  
 Letting inconvenience intrude  
 Into the lives of the well off  
 Who treat them with gratitude.

~

In the peak of summer  
 They wait outside air-conditioned chambers  
 Sitting on hot stools  
 Waiting for the orders from inside  
 To bring inside hot tea  
 They walk without umbrellas  
 To the tea stalls  
 And are in heaven  
 When they serve tea  
 In the air-conditioned chambers.

~

They serve the powerful  
 And yet,  
 When the time comes to retire  
 They are not helped  
 When it comes to arrears  
 Or  
 An extension of their careers.

~

They become old  
 Holding multiple jobs  
 In the homes  
 Of their superiors

Doing manual odd jobs  
 Not caring about age  
 Like a sage  
 Never complaining  
 Never asking  
 For a pay rise  
 Eating what is given to them  
 Yesterday's stale rice.

~

But there is something more powerful  
 Than us all  
 Which aligns equal  
 All in due time  
 This power we must worship  
 And with the poor sail in the same ship.

### **The Evil Brother**

Two neighbouring nations  
 Which once were one got separated.  
 A beautiful plant  
 With flowers,  
 Guarded by thorns,  
 Got split.  
 Into one nation's share came flowers  
 For it had not instigated the separation  
 The other's thorns  
 For it had fed its people poison.

~

The plant of the divided nation died while being pulled apart.

~

But there is still a paradise  
 Where still exists that plant in full form  
 Beautiful flowers  
 Guarded by thorns.

~

Soldiers  
 Stationed at the paradise  
 With their guns always at the ready  
 Have in wars many  
 Defeated the nation of thorns' design  
 Which has always been to snatch the paradise  
 Which is part of the nation of flowers.

~

The design still grows more powerful day by day.

~

Soldiers of the nation of flowers  
 In the deserts' blistering heat  
 Amidst snowy mountains' chilling blizzards

And being in all other bad weather and terrain in between  
Never let the soldiers of the nation of thorns  
Step even an inch into their homeland  
Especially into their paradise.  
If they did,  
There are always bullets for such even in paradise.

~

Frustrated  
The nation of thorns  
Sends mercenaries  
To mar the flowers  
But instead  
Pricks itself with its thorns  
And now its wounds are many.

~

Think beautiful  
Act beautiful  
And life will  
Add its beauty to yours.

## **Karma**

As sure as the earth revolves around the sun  
My dear son  
Be sure  
The wrongs you have done  
Will creep back on you someday and it will not be fun  
Be ready to accept  
And endure  
The pains for your sins of your past in the near future.

~

Have you torn a heart in the past?  
Be ready to get yours torn now.  
For on earth  
Justice is just  
And punishment equal to the committed unholy task.

~

Have you left and made somebody feel lonely?  
Soon your friends will drift away  
And nobody will be just a call away  
You will be made emperor of emptiness  
Made to rule over loneliness.

~

Have you hated and still hate somebody?  
The fire over years  
Turns into an inferno  
Burns both  
Leaving common ashes.

~

Why let destiny  
Have all the fun  
And an upper hand  
In our lives which we withstand?  
Let us analyse our past

Remove the dust  
 Allowed to accumulate  
 Over past mistakes  
 Assign ourselves tasks  
 To pay for our misdeeds  
 And once done  
 Placating the past  
 Have a clean present  
 And a sunny future.

## **Soul**

It was late at night  
 His flight had arrived at midnight.  
 The cab he hired,  
 To get to his hotel quickly,  
 As he was tired,  
 Catered to his wishes,  
 And took a shortcut,  
 Through sleazy streets,  
 Of a bad neighbourhood.

~

The cab broke down in the middle  
 Bad amidst bad.  
 The traveller had no choice  
 But to make it on foot.

~

As he was trudging along  
 With his luggage weighing him down all along  
 Heard he a sob near a lamp post  
 And was completely lost.

~

For he saw a soft woman  
 Sitting on a bench  
 Sobbing into a small handkerchief  
 And as he approached closer  
 Saw more  
 Black eyes  
 And scars around her throat.

~

As he was about to speak,  
 Before that she raised a quivering hand to stop,  
 The useless expression of grief.

~  
 She had immediately known he was not one of those  
 And held nothing for her if she chose to shed clothes.

~  
 Now the man with the luggage  
 Had more burden upon his soul  
 Reached his hotel  
 And wondered  
 Where are other men with soul?

### **Death Wish**

It's my wish  
 To die in a spate of bullets.  
 But I'm a poor man  
 How and where  
 Am I to get a firing squad?

~  
 I think and think  
 And finally come up with a solution  
 Where I will die a rich man  
 And for free  
 Will get a highly trained death squad.

~  
 To achieve my goal,  
 I need a gun,  
 And to murder someone.  
 Poor that someone  
 Helpless me.

~  
 I enter a popular bank  
 Barge into the manager's chamber  
 Remove my gun  
 And  
 Take him as hostage.

~  
 Move into the entrance hall  
 And challenge all to even move a finger  
 Or will toll for the manager  
 Hell's bells  
 Before he can even move his little finger.

~  
 Ask the employees to fill  
 My bags with cash

And the security  
To alert the police  
That I'm coming out.

~

Both things are done in a jiffy  
And in confusion.  
There I stand in front of the bank  
With my riches and my hostage  
With my death squad in front of me.

~

With my death squad pointing their guns at me  
I blow out the brains of the manager next to me  
The death squad do their job  
And I go out  
With a light heart.

### **Couple**

They were such a beautiful couple  
Envied by all people  
She a graceful swan  
He a majestic lion.

~

Suddenly he went missing one day  
To trace him  
Took her  
Six months and six days to that day.

~

Her heart broke  
When she saw him  
The majestic lion broke  
As if a bunch of hyenas had attacked him.

~

He was all bones  
And wasted muscles  
With a face gaunt  
Hanging within shrivelled skin.

~

But she recognised him  
Even though  
He tried to hide inside an overcoat  
And sink his face into a hood.

~

She pleaded with him to come back  
Asked what had happened to their love  
He said he was dying  
And so should their love.

~

She pleaded with him

Said she wanted to serve him  
In his last days  
Wanted to be with him

~

He said only simple things  
That he was dying  
And not she  
His illness had taken away his youth  
Hers was in its prime  
And youth fades fast  
Fill it with colour  
Paint a masterpiece.

~

This was his last gift to her, he said  
Finally, she gracefully accepted it  
And left with dry eyes  
Burning away tears  
But she was not to be mistaken  
For death left her with no other choice.

### **Loss of Muse**

The writer was popular  
 His books sold like popcorn in a theatre.  
 His muse was his love  
 Whom he adored to a height of the stars above.

~

She Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa'  
 He Oracle of Delphi's Socrates.  
 She was all passion in the match for the glory and the media  
 Poor Socrates was simply in love.

~

A day came  
 When she found another popular person  
 Who was also handsome  
 And distanced herself from her previous passion.

~

There was thunder  
 There was lightening  
 There was a heavy downpour  
 Which did not touch the writer.

~

For he had withdrawn  
 Into a shell  
 Locked it from inside  
 And thrown away the key outside.

~

He had lost his muse  
 He was in solitude  
 He caught the writer's block  
 And was in personal and professional hell.

~

One day as usual  
 He went to his hideout

A sleazy bar  
With a female singer.

~

That day to his surprise  
There was a new singer  
Young and beautiful  
With a complementing voice.

~

He didn't only see her act  
But also the genius behind it  
Felt like a worm  
For throwing away his.

~

As most would think  
He didn't take her out to dinner,  
But subtly used his influence  
To further her career.

~

A little girl had seen  
The key thrown outside the shell  
And with all innocence  
Had opened it again.

### Neither High Nor Low

Which is worth exploring more  
 The sky or the sea?  
 We have not yet  
 Reached and understood  
 The depths of the seas finite  
 Now why go in for understanding  
 Skies infinite?

~

One can understand  
 The allure of the high skies  
 And the fright  
 Of the depth of the deep seas.

~

High and low  
 Two opposites  
 But unfortunately existing  
 In today's societies.

~

How badly the norms  
 Of society's psychology  
 Work today  
 On physics' astronomy.

~

Many think  
 Heaven is in the skies  
 That's probably why  
 This prejudice.

~

Think about  
 The sinners on earth  
 They will have to sail  
 Until they reach Davy Jones' Locker.

~  
 So think neither  
 High nor low  
 And walk  
 The middle path.

~  
 The middle path is the path you find  
 Lined with flowers  
 Given shade by trees  
 And soft to tread.

~  
 Which takes you to your destination  
 In space which has no high or low.

### **Mad About Art**

He had developed  
 A love for art  
 Since he had been a child  
 Growing up.

~  
 It had been his fortune  
 To be born into nobility  
 Along with which came  
 A huge fortune.

~  
 He dabbled in the arts  
 But his expertise lay  
 In being a connoisseur  
 And that was his art.

~  
 He travelled the globe  
 Attending every auction  
 That was worth a mention  
 And with his art  
 Did not miss a single piece of art  
 That was worth his fortunes part  
 And outbid everybody  
 Caught in his art passionately.

~  
 He even went to the extent  
 Of breaking the law  
 And buying from the underworld  
 Precious stolen art.

~  
 It was a loss to the world  
 That great works of art  
 Were in the grip of a man

With which he would not part  
 For the museums to display  
 To the entire world which lay  
 In great expectation  
 Of beautiful revelations.

~

But none could complain  
 For the art  
 Was in his domain  
 And his whole heart.

### **Creative Sub-consciousness**

As sometimes random thoughts  
 Come in your sleep at night,  
 There are also highly creative ideas  
 That come and go in haste.

~

Artist if you are,  
 Thriving on creative ideas,  
 Always on the lookout for life's quirks,  
 What a golden opportunity!  
 Here they are,  
 Presented on a golden tray  
 Only if you awaken,  
 And not still sleep and go astray.

~

The moment the idea knocks  
 And knock it does,  
 Only once on your head  
 Don't toss and turn in bed.  
 Jump out and get fresh,  
 Lots of cold water on your face  
 And get ready to give  
 The creative idea a shape.

~

First give the creative idea a face  
 Then a body  
 Next a heart  
 Finally, life and your soul.

~

For the creative idea  
 Was just a germ of an idea  
 Which you caught in flight  
 And made yours by right.

~  
 If you sleep on  
 Assuming you will remember it next day,  
 You will be proved wrong  
 For ideas like fireflies in the night in the morning disappear.

~  
 You will feel great loss  
 Therefore, remember,  
 To remember,  
 One should at times be ready to forsake slumber.

### **Harbinger**

The wind howls like a banshee  
 Thunder shakes the sky  
 Lightening flashes like a samurai sword  
 It is quite a magnificent storm at night.

~  
 An empty neglected old house,  
 A haven from the rain.  
 Drip, drip, drip,  
 What's that sound?  
 It is water droplets falling from the roof  
 Onto the floor.  
 For the roof has failed  
 In keeping bad weather at bay.

~  
 Tic tic tic  
 Oh my God  
 What is this now?  
 Relax,  
 It's just an old clock  
 Stuck in time.  
 Hence only tic  
 And no toc.

~  
 Creak creak creak  
 Boy oh boy, another sound.  
 Don't worry,  
 Since we have gravity  
 It is your weight  
 Making the old floorboards  
 Cry out loudly  
 In pain.

~

What lessons can we learn  
 From all these observations?  
 One, that man better have  
 His head screwed on straight.  
 Two, don't get stuck  
 In the past.  
 Three, be careful  
 Where you place your feet.

~

The storm recedes  
 Wise thoughts emerge.

### **Death and Beauty**

Beauty,  
 Eyes filmed with a thin sheen.  
 Death,  
 Eyes staring into infinity with a dull beam.  
 Life,  
 Beauty in death if keenly seen.

~

Others object  
 Wanting to see a wailing scene  
 Tears in eyes  
 And other balderdash.

~

Always waiting to vent their anger  
 Against those who cast their vote  
 By lifting a single finger  
 In favour of light laughter.

~

When wailers meet  
 The paramount discussion  
 Will be one of illnesses haunting them  
 From head to feet.

~

The young learn quickly  
 And till death do them part  
 With this kind of lunacy  
 Retain their partnership.

~

The gentle slope of a hill  
 Green green grass  
 A single daffodil  
 Giving rise to a simple tune,  
 A simple poem,

A beautiful painting.  
 All part of good earth  
 Nature's beauty in art.

~

Death cannot hold a candle  
 To this beauty of earth.  
 So why worry?  
 Under such beauty your body is going to stay put.

### **Different Promises**

Why do some brains  
 Go off as a tangent  
 From the circle as a whole?  
 Or are they born,  
 Mutants,  
 With different kinds of souls?

~

Some genuine geniuses,  
 Some complete cuckoos,  
 And some in between.  
 Those in-between  
 Suffer the most  
 While geniuses  
 Are completely in their world lost  
 And the completely crazy  
 Do not give anything any thought.

~

The in-between  
 If understood properly  
 Bring joy to life.

~

They are so beautiful and the world just not right  
 For some so innocent  
 Who into this world God has sent.

~

They plod through life  
 One calculated step after another  
 As a child is taught by its mother.  
 If they find  
 Good mothers  
 Of either gender  
 Age no bar

But maturity  
 And large hearts a firm factor  
 Blessed will be their lives  
 And will be to them  
 Always warm and tender.

~

God looks down  
 Sees his in-betweens  
 And their mothers  
 Finally can rest in peace  
 In the knowledge that there is hope  
 In the world for the future.

### **Downpour**

It was a tawdry tavern  
 Maybe at evening around seven  
 Where four men sat around a table  
 Drinking from a single bottle.

~

Neither were they friends  
 Nor even acquaintances  
 But had gathered  
 Around a table  
 On which was placed  
 A full liquor bottle  
 And without caring  
 Had simply started swigging.

~

The bottle was empty in a jiffy  
 Came by another in no time  
 Camaraderie had sprouted  
 And each paid his share from his own pocket.

~

The four told tales bold  
 Of themselves and their fold  
 Emboldened by the spirit within  
 Staving off the outside cold.

~

By the third bottle  
 Inside stories came to be told  
 One spoke of his disabled child  
 Another of his sick pregnant wife  
 A third of his sinking business  
 And the fourth of his recurring sickness.  
 They ordered for a fourth bottle  
 Seeking a way out of their woes.

~  
 But after polishing off the fourth bottle  
 All that the four men found  
 Were four empty bottles  
 And deeper angst than before.

### **Nothing**

'Nothing' is everything.  
 For one thing,  
 We are in 'Nothing'.

~  
 A pot, made of mud  
 Mud surrounding 'Nothing'  
 In which we save many things.

~  
 Can we see 'Nothing'?  
 Yes, it is more than something,  
 Surrounding everything.

~  
 Can we hear 'Nothing'?  
 Yes, all the while  
 When there is silence.

~  
 Can we touch 'Nothing'?  
 We move through it  
 Always touched.

~  
 Can we smell 'Nothing'?  
 No we can't  
 Unless artificial smells aren't present.

~  
 Can we taste 'Nothing'?  
 Yes we can  
 When into our mouths we aren't stuffing.

~  
 Now comes the real conundrum,  
 Are we capable of doing 'Nothing'?  
 Yes we are, only if we do something.

~

But the twist in the tale  
 Is if we embrace  
 Even a little of ambition  
 And a sense of achievement  
 While doing that something  
 Torn from us will be the tag of the task of having done 'Nothing'.

~

This tag  
 Which those who do not really do 'Nothing' bear  
 Only after wear and tear  
 May as well  
 Be a medal of 'Nothing'  
 For a martyr.

### **Riches**

What to eat?  
 Scraps from the plates  
 Hotel customers have left.

What to eat?  
 Only salads  
 You may put on weight.

What to wear?  
 Rags that  
 In dustbins appear.

What to wear?  
 Oh, can't choose  
 So many! My dear.

Be thin  
 Wear less  
 Haute couture.

Be weak  
 Wear clothes with holes  
 You are poor.

What a joke  
 What a paradox  
 Is this life  
 Playing a game  
 In which opposing team players  
 Are confused about their sides?

No paradox  
 No confusion.  
 Only a joke  
 Only a game.  
 Lack of empathy  
 And absence of tears.  
 For those whom  
 Life has made to go through  
 Terrible wear and tear.

Sick of this  
 Many became great saints  
 But all they could satisfy was the spirit  
 And not the hunger  
 Or provide clothing and shelter.  
 The only solution is we must be the answer.

### **To Mourn Or Not To**

Death of a person.

Should we mourn if the person had lived a full life?

Should we mourn if the person had yet to see a lot of life?

Should we mourn if the person died unexpectedly?

Should we mourn if it was known that the person's time would be up shortly?

Should we mourn if the person died painlessly?

Should we mourn if the person passed through torture before meeting the end finally?

None of the above questions are right  
 For even if we  
 Ask the gods whom  
 They had worshipped  
 In life  
 And finally  
 The god of death  
 Who took them away  
 All will be  
 Unable to answer  
 The question which matters.

The only question that matters is,  
 'Should we mourn or not?'

There are only two factors  
 Which decide whether to mourn or not.

If the person had achieved  
Even a little bit of goodwill in life  
And in return to life contributed something to it,  
Mourn.

But if the person  
Had on his or her soul written not even a single worthwhile deed  
And in return to whatever life had given him or her  
Had no goodwill in store for it,  
Don't mourn.

As for babies and children,  
Maybe they were meant,  
For different parents.

Live,  
Live life as you want,  
But remember, you,  
Have to give back too.

## **Suicide**

A serious issue  
Raised its ugly head  
Violating the sanctity  
Of a University.

It was like a cobra  
Rearing up  
Opening its hood  
Ready with fangs to strike.

This was what  
The students  
Went ahead and did exactly,  
They went on strike.

There were two groups  
With differing agendas  
Each with a master plan  
For their party's coup.

One group  
Announced  
Their leader would commit  
Self-immolation.

At the same time  
The other group's leader  
Sat on a fast until death.

Police arrived at the place  
Where the self-immolation  
Was to take place

Arrested the leader  
Who wanted to burn  
Then die in a blaze of glory  
And put him behind bars  
For attempting to commit suicide.

Meanwhile, from the  
Vice-Chancellor to Ministers  
All arrived at the site  
Where another leader  
Sat on a fast unto death  
Until his group's demands were met.  
The days passed by  
And the leader grew weaker.

The administrators resolve too grew weaker  
And finally gave into the blackmailer.

A University  
Filled with men of wisdom  
Had a joke become  
Could not relate the two leaders  
Who both tried to commit suicide  
Instead sent one to the police station  
And succumbed to the other's  
Subtle control over the situation.

A lesson for the University students

Get your way by threatening to commit suicide  
But in different ways  
Not rashly and impulsively  
But subtly and slowly.

**Touch**

Oh, why do you love me so?  
Please tell me  
It hurts darling.

I can hear devilish whisperings  
About you and me  
Aren't you hurt darling?

Before my company puts you in jeopardy  
And they do you harm  
Please leave me darling.

I cannot defend you  
Try as best as I can  
You know that very well darling.

But I will miss  
The soft touch of you against me  
In the morning O gentle one.

How can I forget  
The way you guide me on the dance floor  
As if nothing was amiss.

The way you explain  
Where what is in the restaurant  
So I don't become a nuisance to anybody my dear.

I always want to  
Run my hands over your face  
To experience your beauty gorgeous.

I'm a blind fool my dear  
 But at least you can realize  
 You can have a much better life than the one with me.

Please don't waste your life in pity  
 For a blind man  
 As immune to it I have become.

There are other charities  
 Where you can make your contributions  
 And be happy.

I have lost so much that giving up is easy for me  
 For you I know it will be hard  
 But remember, you will be leaving behind a hardened man.

### **Chain**

Alas, something maybe wrong  
 With your electricity bill  
 It is way too high  
 And you don't want to spend unnecessary bills.

You go to the office concerned  
 And ask the clerk at the first desk  
 Where you may find a solution  
 To your conundrum.

You ask once  
 You ask twice  
 Finally, third time lucky  
 He points to a lady  
 Sitting behind a desk  
 Without raising his head.  
 The desk is beside a door  
 Over which is written 'Manager' in an imposing font.

You approach the lady  
 She beats the clerk  
 In acting deaf  
 Finally with a huge sigh asks  
 Why you are disturbing her  
 At this hour  
 I mumble it is office hours  
 She says that's why.

Finally she asks with a curt what  
 And tells you to make it short  
 You try to collect yourself  
 And mumble about

Meeting the manager  
About an inflated electricity bill  
She tells you he will  
When the time comes for the kill.

You ask when  
She says she doesn't know  
You realize  
Part of the excess electricity bill  
Has to be paid here  
You slip her a large bill  
She points towards the manager's chamber  
Finally fortune has opened its door.

As you are about to turn the knob  
A strong hand grips your wrist  
And twists  
In agony you let go  
The peon at the door  
Asks for the permission letter  
To enter the manager's chamber  
In agony, you look at the secretary.

She taps her purse  
You realize the curse  
Another part of the excess bill  
Vanishes as per another's will.

The peon opens the door for you  
The manager cordially greets you  
Asks about your problem  
And says it will never happen again  
But just to make sure, there must be something for him to gain  
Rest of what was left of the bills to pay the bloated electricity bill  
Disappears in a second  
This is life's defining moment.

### **Astronomy**

Of a gypsy tribe  
The boy was  
A tribe which travelled  
High and low  
Over mountains and through deserts  
But everywhere  
One thing was constant  
On winter nights, the sky appeared brilliant.

The boy was barely seven  
But he had already started asking questions  
About death and heaven  
His elders simply pointed to the stars  
And left at that place matters  
Leaving the little boy mesmerised  
By the bodies heavenly  
Especially on clear twinkling nights.

The questions that arose  
In the child's mind were magnificent  
He wanted to know  
Why only one sun and one moon?  
Why does the moon wax and wane,  
And why not the sun?  
Why is the moon so soft  
And so harsh the sun?

He wanted to know what stars were  
And where among them was heaven  
Finally the elders were forced to tell him the truth  
That they didn't know anything about the ornaments of the sky.

This shattered the little boy  
He began to keep his eyes shut all the time  
The tribe came to a decision  
That they would seek out  
The famous old astronomer  
Who lived in the wild  
On top of the highest mountain  
And entrust to him the boy.

It was a long arduous journey  
But the strong tribe made it  
Found the old astronomer  
And requested him to  
Take the boy as his student and servant  
The old man asked why should he  
As all was well with the universe  
With all the planets and stars in their right places.

The boy himself finally broke the icy silence that had cropped up by saying  
That was why he wanted to know how and why  
And more  
About the stars in the sky  
He added that he would be the sharp eyes of the old astronomer  
And under his guidance would uncover more  
Of the secrets of the stars.  
The old astronomer asked him what in his young life he knew so far  
The young boy had not wasted clear winter nights and it was night at that hour  
He drew innumerable constellations of stars and gave them befitting names  
The old astronomer struggled, finally was able to make out new constellations and  
melted  
The boy was blessed with a teacher and a bright starry future.

**Heavy**

What is wrong with heaven?  
Are its gates closed  
Locked  
And key lost?

What is this new fad?  
All the dead  
At hell's gates  
Is there a rock concert?

There is no one  
In purgatory either  
Does no one want to  
Go to heaven?

This is curious  
Gates of heaven are open  
Furthermore, God is sitting  
Alone on his throne.

No angels  
Nobody  
Tending to  
The almighty.

Closely looking  
At hell's gates  
You can see  
God's angels  
Trying  
To get in  
Same as

Everyone else.

Once everyone  
Has finally entered  
You too  
Venture in.

You end up shivering  
As a bucket of cold water  
Is poured over you  
By your wife in the morning.

You have a bad headache  
A lousy hangover  
From yesterday night's costume party  
Where you went dressed as the Devil  
And had hell of a time  
Competing with others  
To outdrink you  
And that was why everybody rushed to get in at the gates of hell.

**Beautiful**

Life is beautiful.

We abuse it.

We debase it.

We remove the joy from it.

The dawn  
Asks nothing  
Fresh air  
Scent of blooming flowers  
Dew on green grass  
Bird songs  
Finally an awesome sunrise.

We sleep it off.

Too much liquor the previous night.  
Too many sleeping pills.  
Too many cigarettes.

The fresh morning  
The warm sun  
Golden green trees

But oh!  
We live in metros  
Where are all these things  
In the concrete jungles?

Noon

Sun over head  
Makes us sweat  
Removes toxins from our body  
Good for our health.

But how?  
We work in air-conditioned rooms.

Evening  
The sun is about to set  
Our deadlines are still not met.

Getting out only at dusk  
Missed out on the miracles of sunset and most of twilight.

Spent another mundane workday  
Waiting for the weekend.

Sleep and wake late on weekends  
Hurry through the day doing accumulated chores of the week  
Relaxing at favourite joints at night  
This is not life  
Only a sacrificial human being's plight.

### **Determination**

A teenager from a village  
Had got admission  
In a prestigious institution  
To attend college.  
Free hostel stay  
And a scholarship to go with it.  
He arrived in the city  
One day early  
So that he could collect his scholarship  
And check into the hostel  
Quickly and  
Without any hassle.

The summation  
Of his possessions was  
Two threadbare shirts plus  
Two pairs of worn out pants  
And an almost ragged satchel  
All having neighbouring stitches  
With enough money  
Only to buy notebooks and a few pens.

The young man  
Immediately checked into the hostel  
Went to the college  
Collected his scholarship  
And went and bought  
A pair of slippers  
Along with notebooks  
And a pen.

On the first day of college

Everybody stared at him.  
The seniors who were mercilessly  
Ragging the freshers  
Let him pass by  
Without a single remark.  
At this juncture  
The teenager from the village  
Stopped in his tracks  
Turned around and asked the seniors  
Whether they were afraid to rag him.  
First there was shocked silence  
Then raucous laughter, hand shaking and back-slapping.  
Suddenly  
The village boy  
Had become popular by a single gesture.

He gained many friends  
But let them not spend  
Any money on him.  
He aced all exams  
But did not study alone  
Tutored others as well.  
All were happy  
His friends and him.

He was a miser with his scholarship  
When it came to himself  
But was generous to a degree  
Where his poverty hid in the shadows  
When it came to being with his friends.  
His friends had such big hearts  
That knowing his pride  
Engaged only in activities which weren't money hungry  
And they made him forget his poverty  
With such activities  
In which  
They gambolled with gaiety.

Time passed  
The poor villager  
Got a big job  
Most of his friends  
Had to settle for little  
But in their case  
Youth was not wasted on the young  
And they still remained the best of friends.

**Walk**

It was a small  
Lovely town  
Surrounded by  
Rolling hills  
And seven  
Lakes.

Their house  
Was just where  
The rolling hills began  
And on every  
Sunday morning  
The father  
Took his  
Ten year old son  
On a long walk  
Among the hills  
In the early morning  
Without missing a single Sunday.

The boy  
Once in the open  
Left his father's hand  
And frolicked  
In the waist high grass  
With great delight.

He ran after  
Butterflies  
Under his father's  
Happy eyes  
Never tiring

Even for a moment.

His father  
Then taught  
His son  
To slow down  
And look below  
At the small  
Yellow and  
Purple flowers  
Training his  
Young mind  
To appreciate  
Symmetry  
And beauty  
Which nature had  
In her treasure chest.

The young boy  
Collected  
Grass and flowers  
For his mother  
To put in their vase  
And as the sun  
Rose higher  
And it got warmer  
Both  
Father and son  
Happily made their way  
Back home.

**VIBGYOR**

I love  
Violets  
They are so  
Pretty.

I make it a point  
To gift my girlfriend  
A bunch of them  
To make her happy.

I love jeans  
But am from  
The old school  
Wear only those  
Dyed  
With a natural  
Dye extracted from leaves of certain plants  
Indigo.

Blue is the sky  
And the ocean too  
Meet them on the horizon  
Where no one can reach.

For me blue is gay  
Never a blue day  
Always something  
Interesting to do.

Green  
Grass  
Grows

Around my groves.

My horses  
And cows  
Enjoy eating it  
While I love the smell and look of it.

Yellow  
Is the  
Sun  
The more  
More the fun  
For my orange grove  
Needs all the sun  
It can get to make oranges while shines the sun.

Oranges  
Are my  
Bread and  
Butter.

But to say  
The least  
They are also my  
Heart and soul.

Red is  
My blood  
But as I  
Bring this  
Poem to  
An end  
Look carefully  
There is a rainbow hidden inside.

**Juggernaut**

It was  
Not an easy  
Task.

The engineer who had just graduated  
Had to  
Program  
A mathematician's  
Complex theorem  
To get his first job, his dream job.

That  
Was not all.  
He had to  
Do it  
In the  
Shortest time  
And in  
The most efficient  
Manner.

Being an engineer  
He accepted  
The challenge.

Sat he  
In front  
Of his computer  
By his side  
The  
Mathematician's paper.

Every line  
Of the theorem  
Contained equations.

Understand the equations  
In every line the engineer had to  
If he wanted to program the whole theorem.

Painstakingly  
The engineer  
Converted  
Many a mathematical symbol  
Into  
Programming language code.

He then orchestrated the code  
To be in rhythm  
With the theorem  
As both played out  
Their roles  
In this thriller.

The temporary task  
Of programming  
Was soon over.  
But what lay ahead  
Was the tedious task  
Of debugging.

As per the engineer, debugging was a skill  
Not learnt  
But intuitive, present in your genes.

He said he had that  
Debugging was over in a flash  
But one more arduous task lay ahead.

The program had to be efficient  
And according to the engineer  
Redundancy was a crime  
And  
He would be a criminal  
If it happened within the program.

He tried his best  
But could not find  
The least of the worst.

Efficient engineers can do anything  
He proved by example

And got his first job, his dream job.

### **Weekly**

Monday mornings  
Are the worst.  
Don't feel like  
Getting out of bed  
And going to work.  
Blue morning, blue day.

Tuesdays  
Are a little better  
But the weekend  
Is still far away  
Three long days  
To be precise.

You never notice Wednesdays  
They simply melt  
Into the week.

Thursdays are joyous  
End of the week is approaching  
Just one more day to go.

Fridays drag on endlessly  
Like they don't want to let you go  
But everything has an end.

The long sought for weekend finally arrives  
Is consumed by parties  
And since  
Everything has an end  
The weekend also ends  
And Monday morning arrives again.

The cause for pain  
 Lies in the pursuit of pleasure.  
 Like a dog  
 Chasing its own tail  
 Working to earn money for pleasure;  
 And not working with pleasure  
 Makes a man  
 A slave  
 To his desires.

### **Terror**

What is  
 Terrorism?  
 Who are  
 Terrorists?

Terrorism  
 Is the result of  
 Refusing  
 To accept facts  
 And  
 Having a  
 Distorted  
 World view.

Terrorists  
 Are those  
 Whom terrorism  
 Recruits and  
 Plants the  
 Germ of violence  
 In their minds  
 Which slowly  
 Becomes big enough  
 One day  
 That they are ready  
 To kill and die  
 For any cause  
 Being controlled like  
 Puppets  
 By a fanatic few.

These

Fanatic few  
Want world domination  
And  
Use their puppets  
To kill babies and women too  
In their attempt  
To accomplish their mission.

Even soldiers  
Of every nation  
Cannot stop these  
Stealthy  
Mass assassinations  
By the use of force.  
What exactly  
Needs to be done  
Is to nip  
Terrorism  
In the bud  
By cutting  
Off the fanatics' access  
To those  
Whom  
They  
Want to recruit  
At an early age  
To condition  
And train  
To be  
Terrorists,  
Their  
Killing puppets.

But what a disgrace!  
These fanatic few  
Move about freely  
In their countries  
Like us in ours  
And they also get the red carpet  
Into palaces where they sit  
And plan the destruction of other nations.

Only time knows  
With certainty  
What it will bring  
To the dinner table.

**Kids**

Oh, to be  
A kid  
Again.

Oh, to be  
Free  
Again.

To play  
In the rain  
Again.

To sit  
On a swing  
Again.

To play  
On a seesaw  
Again.

To slide  
Down a slide  
Again.

Pestering parents  
To buy us ice creams  
Being sold on the road  
By a man with a cart  
Their stern refusals still ring in the ear  
Down memory lane again.

Come birthdays, on those special days

Wearing new clothes instead of the school uniform  
And distributing chocolates to everyone in the school classroom  
With friends at home  
Blowing out the exact number of candles on the cake  
What a joy it was, meant to be relived again.

When given money to buy pencils and rubbers  
If a little amount was left  
Pooling money with friends  
To buy guavas  
Spiced with chilli powder and salt  
Oh nirvana! Never the same again.

Not allowed to join teams  
Of older students  
To play football and cricket  
Sitting on the boundaries  
Wishing we were grown up  
Oh, what a wicked wish come true.

What a paradox  
Eager kids desperate to be capable adults  
Tired adults willing to give anything to be carefree kids.

But between being a kid and adulthood  
There is a perilous gap  
An age filled with confusion  
Dealing with it by loving and listening to one's parents  
Can make the transition smooth  
And one can be a successful adult and also a kid to their mom and dad.

**Times**

There are  
Good times  
There are  
Bad times.

There are  
Positive people  
There are  
Negative people.

Both kinds  
Of people  
React  
In the same way  
To good times  
They celebrate  
And  
Move on.

But when  
It comes to  
Bad times  
The two kinds  
Of people  
Differ  
In their  
Suffering.

The positive people  
Suffer  
Until  
The suffering persists

And once  
It is done with them  
They  
Wipe their tears  
Get up  
Let go  
Of their fears  
And move on with life.

But  
When suffering hits  
The negative people  
Their suffering  
Lasts long  
Even after the cause  
Has gone  
For they get stuck in time.

The negative people  
Cling to the past  
Which has long gone  
And fear the suffering will return  
Which has  
Extracted its due  
And is nowhere to be seen  
In present time.

The reason  
For the  
Negative people's behaviour  
Is the fear of the future  
But even the  
Positive people haven't seen  
The future  
So nothing should prevent  
The negative people  
To live in the present  
Like the positive people  
And not get stuck in time.

**Power**

Some people  
Brought him fruits.

Butchers meat.

Poor people vegetables.

The rich wine.

And others whatever they could.

But money was taboo.

He met guests  
In his study  
Only between  
Five and seven  
In the cool  
Of the evening  
Patiently  
one by one.

Neither were the  
Guests frisked  
For hidden weapons  
Nor  
Were there  
Bodyguards  
In his  
Study.

Such was his trust  
Such was his courage  
Such was the aura  
Enveloping the man.

Each when they  
Entered the study  
Used to kneel before him  
And kiss his outstretched hand.

Rising  
They then  
Used to hand him  
Their  
Humble gift  
Which  
He used to accept  
With  
A smile  
And  
Ask him or her  
To sit.

The guest  
Then used to relate  
His or her tale of woe  
And ask him for justice.

The Godfather  
Would sit silent for a while  
As he pondered  
Over the issue  
That the guest  
Had placed at his gate  
And what other connected  
Matters were at stake.

Finally, he would  
Arrive at a decision  
Whether the issue deserved  
Justice or not  
If not  
He would hand back the gift  
And the guest would leave quietly  
If yes  
He would  
Give his word  
To deliver justice  
Quietly and quickly.

He was  
 The silent government  
 The unseen police force  
 And  
 Delivered justice  
 Quickly  
 And quietly  
 Than the highest court of law.

He was the Godfather.

### **Soldier**

What would happen  
 If someone came  
 To take possession  
 Of your home  
 Assault your family  
 And turn your life  
 Upside down  
 In the blink of an eye?

Two possibilities exist.  
 One  
 That you are always prepared  
 For such an event  
 And you have the power  
 To resist  
 And overpower him  
 Two  
 You are a lotus eater  
 And your family and possessions  
 Are at the intruder's mercy  
 With which he can slake his thirst.

That's why our homeland's soldiers  
 When raw are broken and soldered  
 Again and again until they are  
 Ready to soldier our borders.

Bodies always at the ready to face bullets  
 But beforehand  
 Guns blazing away at intruders  
 Who dare intrude into our motherland.

Our homes are safe  
Because our borders  
Are sealed tight  
No more Intruders  
For no lotus eaters  
On borders  
Whatever may happen  
In parliament.

### **Pigs**

What in blazes  
Did you get  
By wishful thinking?

Certainly nothing  
By trying to prove that  
You can show pigs flying.

Please try to be sober  
For at least an hour  
So that you can straighten  
Your thinking  
At least as straight  
As a small branch from a wise old tree.

But sometimes I think  
Even when sober  
Wishful thinking is good  
For what is wrong  
With pigs flying?  
Birds do it all the time  
And they don't have any problems  
So why escape  
From a beautiful dream?

The result of  
This wishful thinking  
Is that  
If pigs can fly  
I can too  
So I expand my wishful thinking  
To include me too

Soon I see  
An eagle in flight beside me.

Landing is hard  
Because it takes a slap  
To revive me.

Wishful thinking  
Spreads faster  
Than the flu, and I'm its latest victim.

### **Gentleman**

A gentleman  
Is a normal person  
Who does  
Normal things.

Like  
Stepping aside  
For a lady  
To board a  
Crowded metro  
First.  
Vacating  
Sitting space  
For an elderly person  
In a public conveyance.  
Always  
Meeting his love  
With a  
Red Rose  
In his hand.  
Calling his parents  
Seven times  
In a week.  
Simple things  
like that.

But there are testing times  
Corrupt traffic police  
Demand bribes  
For glasses full of empty errors  
He keeps calm and  
Hands over his vehicle

Telling them to meet him in court  
His composure wins the day  
And he is back on his way on his vehicle.  
A clerk in a government office  
Does not pass his file  
He tells the clerk that he will  
Sit on the chair in front of him  
Until the clerk passes the file or  
The police forcibly remove him  
And even after getting released  
He will come back again to sit in front of him  
The clerk immediately passes the file.  
Ruffians were creating trouble in his neighbourhood  
The police were not taking any action  
Despite repeated complaints  
He simply went to the station  
And said he had a licence for a gun.  
The trouble stopped.

A true gentleman  
Knows  
The difference  
Between  
Having  
And  
Using  
Power.

The Less  
Power is used  
More is the Harmony  
And a true gentleman prefers peace over all else.

**Money**

You  
Weren't born  
With it.

It was  
Rationed out  
To you  
In  
Miniscule quantities  
As a kid.

As you  
Got older  
Your  
Pocket money  
Didn't keep pace  
With your age.

In college  
You could barely afford  
To eat outside.

When you  
Got your first job  
You bought your first bike  
And also took  
A huge loan  
To book your own flat.

You are in a mess  
Your salary  
After being shaved

Isn't sufficient  
To meet the expensive habits you have cultivated  
And especially your fancy girlfriend's tastes.

You manage to get through  
Somehow  
By the skin of your teeth.

But now you have a family to run  
And for that  
You have to into your pockets dig deep.

Time passes, you have to pay for your kids' college  
They pass out  
And go their own ways.

You are forced to retire  
You have saved something for old age  
And ration it out every month.

Heaven only knows  
What has changed  
Between money and you.

And if anything is left  
You will die  
Leaving it behind.

**Tech**

How smart am I?  
Completely smart.  
For I have  
Two smartphones  
One for the  
Left hemisphere  
Of my brain  
And the other  
For the  
Right hemisphere  
I use the one  
For the left hemisphere  
For serious studying  
And the other  
For the right hemisphere  
For refined pleasure.

Am I a doctor?  
Why don't you ask  
My  
iphones?

Where do I live?  
Why don't you look  
At my  
ipad?

I'm the I in my iphones  
And my pad is where  
I crash with my  
ipad and iphones.

Apple  
 To me  
 Is not  
 A fruit  
 But an  
 Amazing revolution  
 Since the  
 Forbidden fruit.

### **Couple**

Where does lovers 'couple' come from  
 Asked two  
 Of one  
 Certainly not  
 One and one  
 And definitely not  
 Plus one and minus one  
 For it would be a zero.

This question  
 Reached the  
 Royal Society of London  
 Where it was first laughed at  
 But when the question  
 Reached the masses  
 And they did not take it lightly  
 But caused a huge hue and cry  
 It finally forced  
 The Society to take  
 A serious view  
 Of the situation.

All the great mathematicians  
 Were called for discussion  
 And it was agreed that indeed  
 It was a genuine conundrum.

Many a hypotheses were made  
 Formulas and theorems written  
 By great mathematicians  
 But none could find the solution.

Finally, The Royal Society of London  
 Gave a press statement  
 After a year of struggle  
 Accepting its defeat at the hands of one, two and couple.

Where the esteemed professors lost track was  
 They looked at it as a problem of science  
 But the word couple was deeply rooted  
 In the loving heart of emotion.

### **Herculean**

It needed  
 A man  
 Of intelligence.

It had to have  
 A man  
 Of scholarship.

Importantly  
 It needed a man  
 With dignity.

For the job  
 Was one  
 Of respect.

One last thing  
 Was that the man had to be  
 An extraordinary poet.

The founder of a great clan was dying  
 And wished to record his memoirs in verse  
 For that a man with such qualities was a must.

The heirs of the founder searched far and long  
 But such men are not found by searching  
 They come on their own.

And come such a person did  
 For the dying man had been a kind and generous man  
 Loved by all in his land.

It was no mean task.  
The dying man could only whisper  
But from resources unknown  
Gathered the strength  
To keep whispering day and night  
With only few respites.  
The poet was nothing short of a genius  
As the dying man's whispers  
Turned into poetry by his pen  
The instant the old man uttered them.

The two men completed the herculean task  
The dying man was exhilarated by the poet's work  
And as he finished reading the last verse of his memoirs  
Asked for him  
But the poet had quietly left before that.