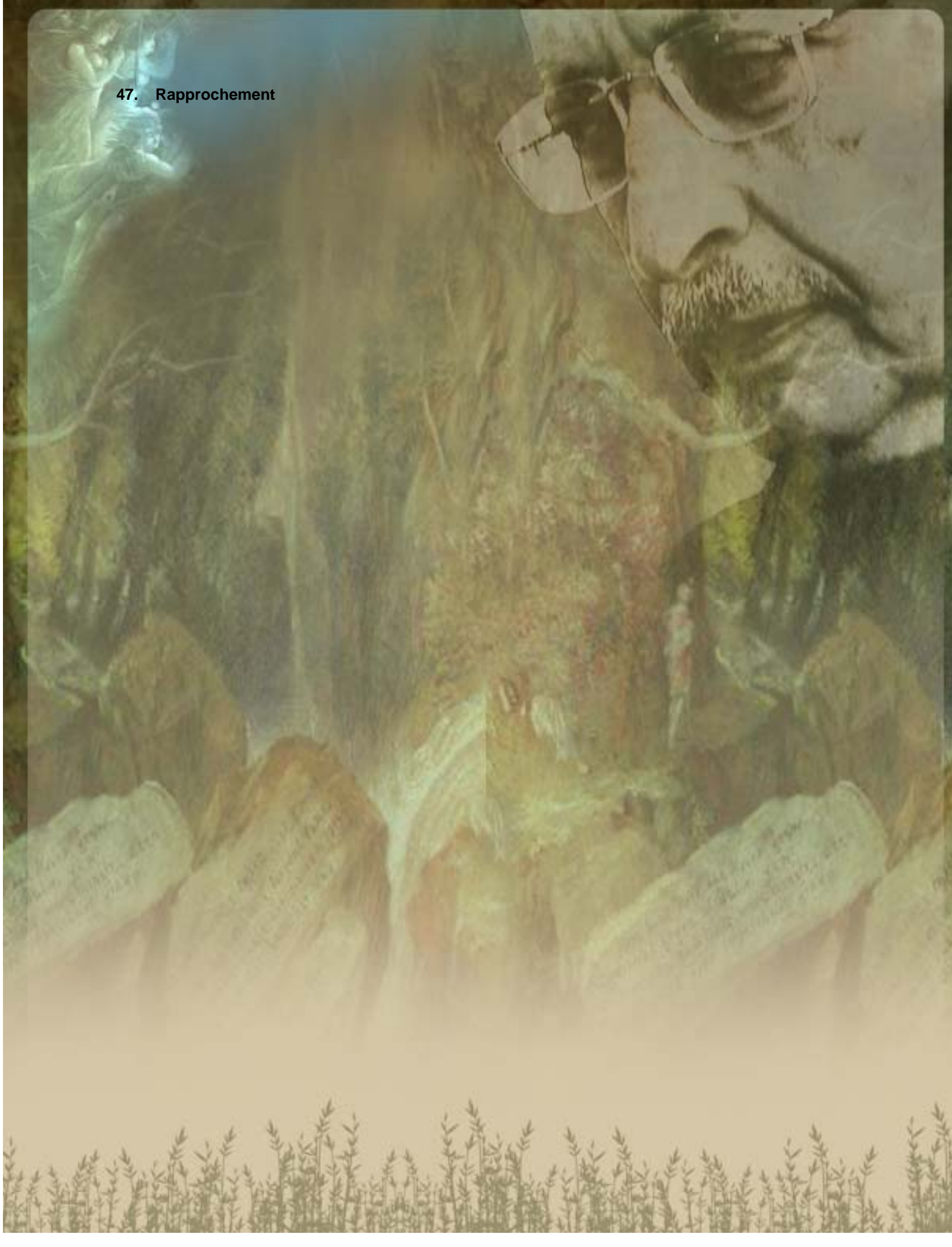
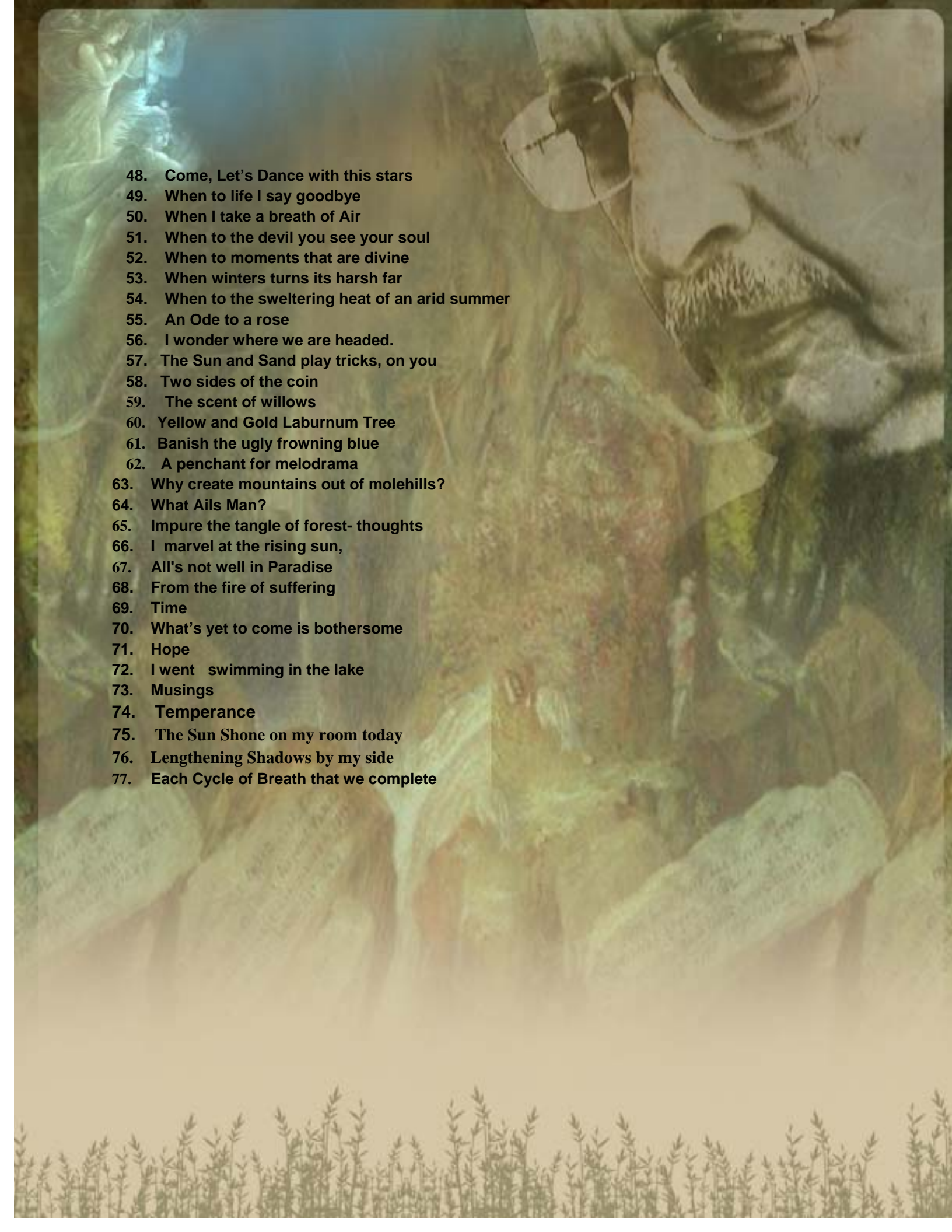


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1. Snow flakes
  2. The scent in the air
  3. A strange amalgam of real & unreal
  4. I have often seen this place before
  5. How quiet and still do waters run
  6. I hear some voices from the past
  7. The torch you carry
  8. You're not a wave
  9. The Irony of it all
  10. Floating in the air today
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  12. Questions
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  14. Who are you?
  15. An Ode to Fire
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  23. A colourful lingo and no holds barred
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  25. Footprints on the Sands of Time
  26. Thoughts
  27. Save the children
  28. I leapt across the clouds today
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  30. A Dream
  31. Do we need to light a torch for us to see the sun
  32. The Shooting Star (Part II)
  33. 'Tis twilight time as the sun goes down
  34. Life's a Circus
  35. A Sigh of Grief
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  37. The Old Man & Sea
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  39. The Great Indian IPL Drama
  40. Silent waters go drifting by
  41. To sleep to dream perchance
  42. If there's a harvest of hurricanes
  43. Nostalgia
  44. The Moon & I
  45. How little Do we understand
  46. Shine

47. Rapprochement



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48. Come, Let's Dance with this stars
  49. When to life I say goodbye
  50. When I take a breath of Air
  51. When to the devil you see your soul
  52. When to moments that are divine
  53. When winters turns its harsh far
  54. When to the sweltering heat of an arid summer
  55. An Ode to a rose
  56. I wonder where we are headed.
  57. The Sun and Sand play tricks, on you
  58. Two sides of the coin
  59. The scent of willows
  60. Yellow and Gold Laburnum Tree
  61. Banish the ugly frowning blue
  62. A penchant for melodrama
  63. Why create mountains out of molehills?
  64. What Ails Man?
  65. Impure the tangle of forest- thoughts
  66. I marvel at the rising sun,
  67. All's not well in Paradise
  68. From the fire of suffering
  69. Time
  70. What's yet to come is bothersome
  71. Hope
  72. I went swimming in the lake
  73. Musings
  74. Temperance
  75. The Sun Shone on my room today
  76. Lengthening Shadows by my side
  77. Each Cycle of Breath that we complete



1.

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.



2.

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.



3.

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.



4.

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.



5.

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?



6.

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.



7.

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.



8.

**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



9.

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



10.

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.



11.

**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 tick tock,  
Time at rest,  
Life is blest,  
Stillness.

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



12.

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.



13.

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.



14..

**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.



15.

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's 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,



**16.**

**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.**



17.

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?



18.

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,



19.

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.



20.

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.





21.

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.



22.

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?

23.

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.

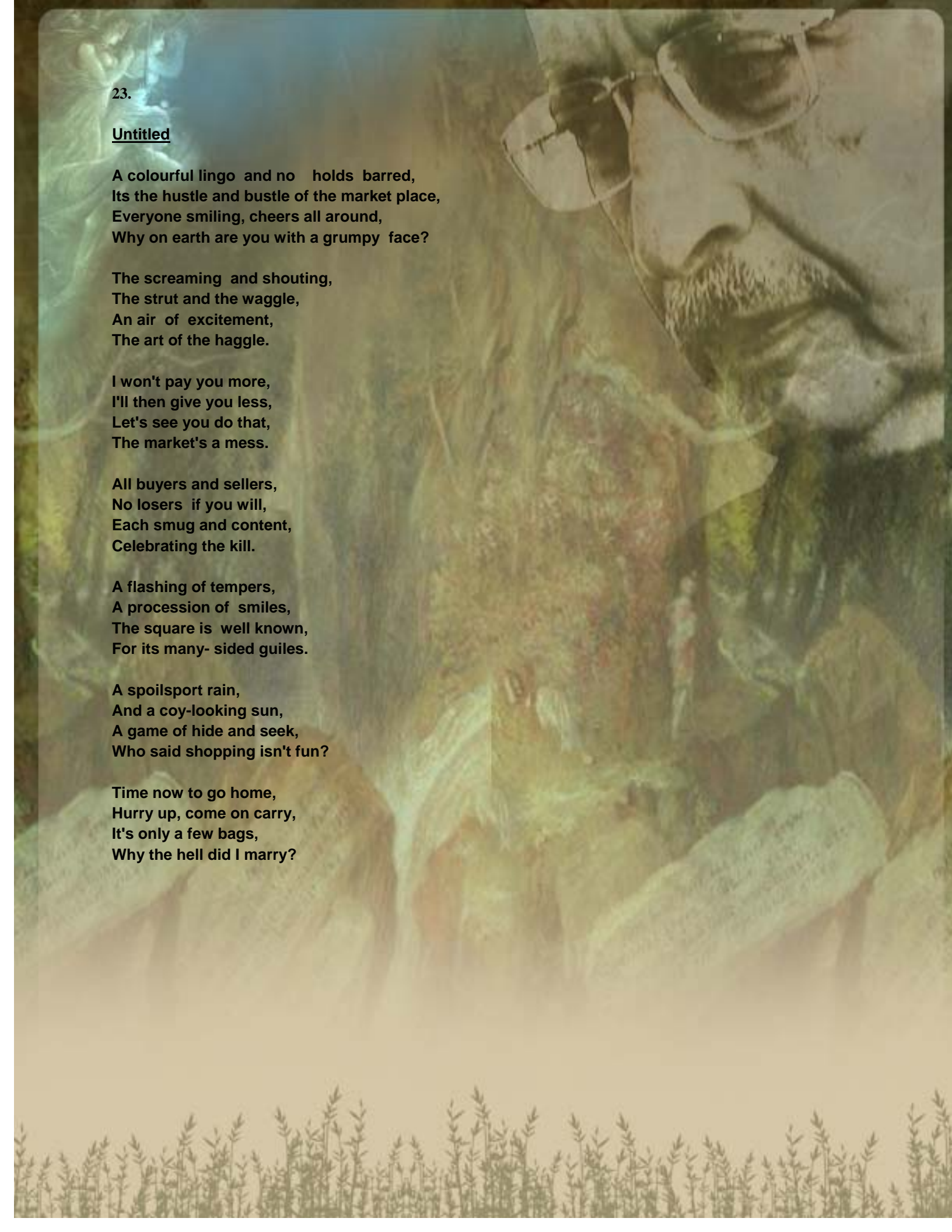
I won't pay you more,  
I'll then give you less,  
Let's see you do that,  
The market's a mess.

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?





24.

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.



25.

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.



26.

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?



27.

**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,**

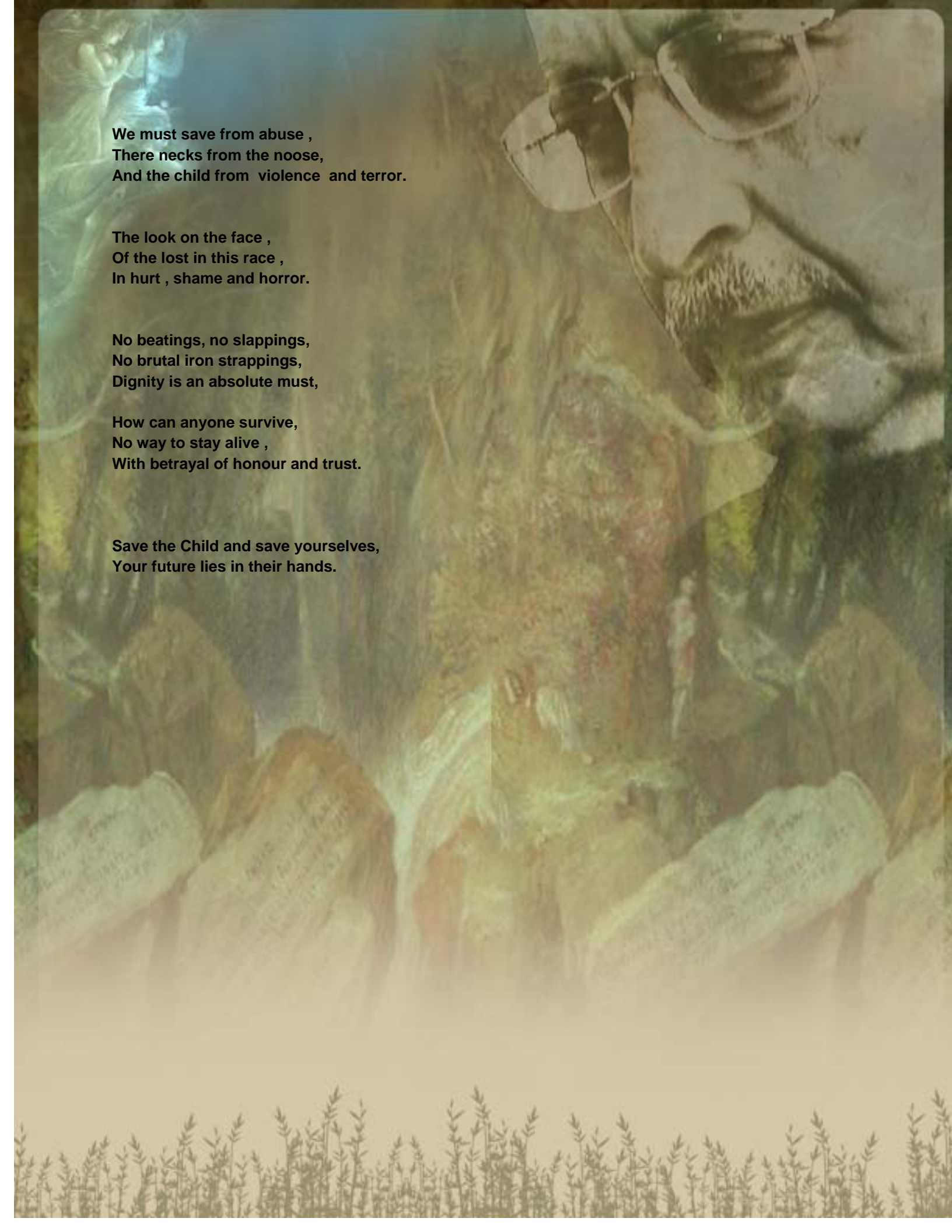
**A girl or a boy,  
A toy is pure joy,  
Together the world they make.**

**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 ,  
There 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 strapings,  
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.**



28.

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.



29.

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.



30.

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.





31.

**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?



32.

**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?



**33.**

**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.



34.

Untitled

Life's a circus,  
Trapeze and all,  
The clown's the one,  
Who avoids the fall.

A silly grin,  
No need for guile,  
All you need,  
Is a toothless smile.

A wistful look  
A quiet sigh,  
A lonely tear,  
Why don't we cry?

Broken wings,  
And you can still try,  
Just give yourself,  
The will to fly.

No counsel so wise,  
As the voice within,  
Truth is straightforward,  
Just leave out the spin.

Words are aplenty  
And speakers too,  
But honestly speaking,  
Aren't you best listening to you?

35.

Untitled

A sigh of grief,  
A veil of tears  
A broken heart,  
Unfounded fears?  
Fallacy

Hearts are crushed,  
They don't break,  
Time's the healer,  
The wheeler dealer true?  
Fallacy

If time is real,  
Where does it go?  
Why does it pass?  
And then hang slow?  
Time's fake,  
Fallacy.

Time is real,  
'cos we're there,  
And when we're gone ,  
Times where, still there?  
Real time ,  
Whose yours mine whose?  
Time's a zero  
Fallacy.

Time is a wheel ,  
Endless moves the needle  
Stuck in the grooves,  
Fallacy.

Time is vibrant  
Time is real  
Time is honest  
The rest is spiel  
Fallacy.



**36.**

**Heaven's Inside you:**

Somewhere in the middle of nowhere,  
I'm someplace that's divine,  
My mind lost in gay abandon,  
Just me and moments mine.

Sounds of Nature the accompanying choir,  
Melody in the air,  
Music is made in simple ways,  
If your heart is truly there.

I hop, I skip, I prance about,  
I climb the mountainside,  
I play with pebbles in the stream,  
I roam the countryside.

Swaying gently with the breeze,  
I dance with the daffodils,  
Oh! the beauty of the morning sun,  
Rising from behind the hills.

There's no prettier sight I know,  
Than the heaven in my heart,  
All I do is look inside,  
For that's the place to start.



37.

The Old Man and the Sea

I caught the first shaft of light,  
As the sun came yawning through,  
Little by little the sky was lit,  
The air now fresh with dew.

As is my wont I wore my cap,  
To keep the sun at bay,  
One last look at the fading stars,  
And I was on my way.

The daily chore of catching fish ,  
Was the greatest love of my life,  
Sometimes little, sometimes lots,  
An arduous, ongoing strife.

The start prosaic , the sailing smooth,  
A gentle breeze now blew,  
Gathering speed we moved along,  
As the winds in intensity grew.

Little did I know what lay in store,  
On an otherwise ordinary day,  
For destiny plays uncertain games,  
Her hand she never gives away.

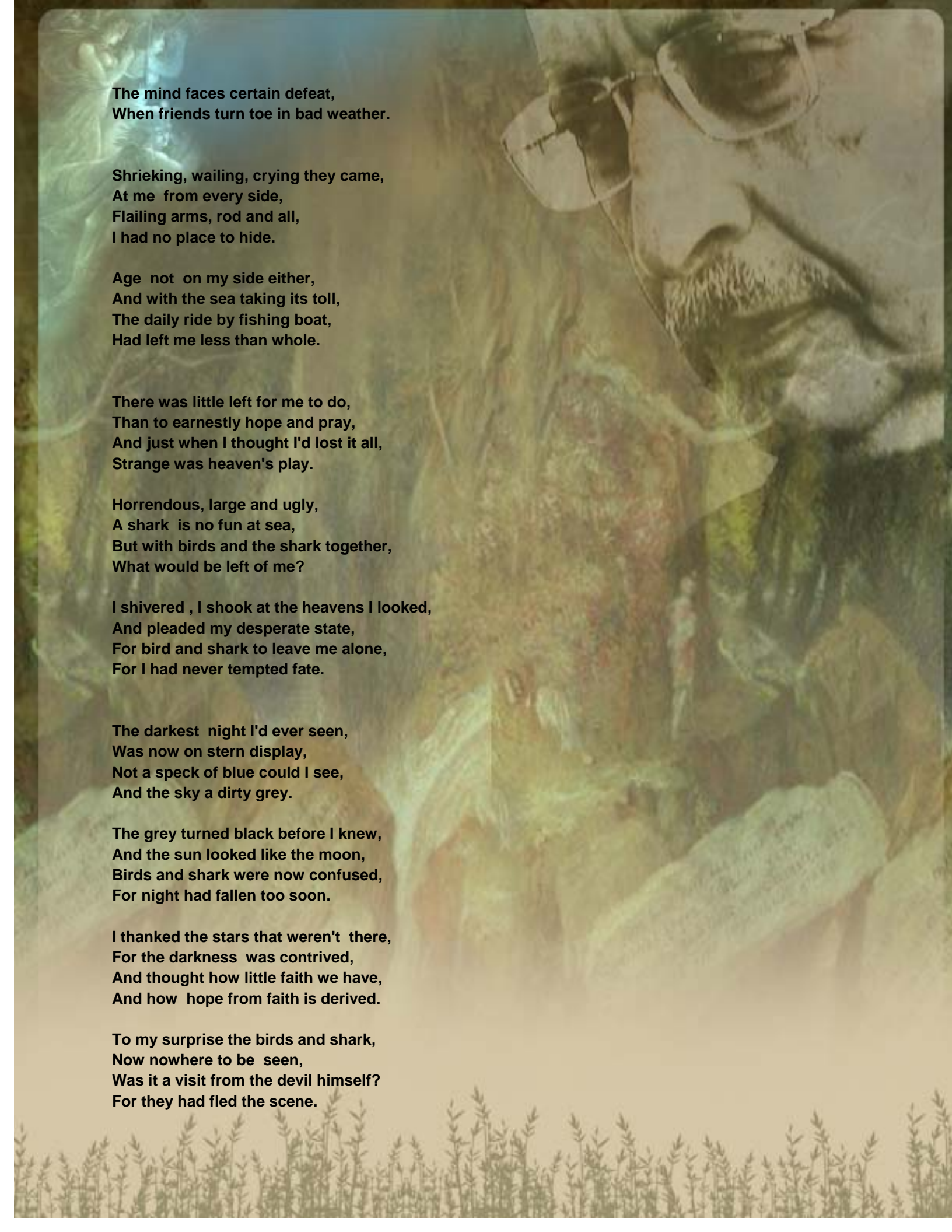
The sea turned rough soon enough,  
Like a million times before,  
To cheer me up I began to sing,  
Sweet melodies of yore.

The sea turned dark and screaming birds,  
Swooped down wordlessly,  
I thought that they were looking for help,  
From the waves of the stormy sea.

A closer look and all my fears,  
Loomed larger than life at me,  
A thousand birds with a single eye,  
Evil intent staring uneasily.

Circling menacingly overhead  
They frightened the wits out of me,  
And I began to think of ways,  
To deal with impending ferocity.

Birds are known to be tender and sweet,  
But with hunger and fear together,



The mind faces certain defeat,  
When friends turn toe in bad weather.

Shrieking, wailing, crying they came,  
At me from every side,  
Flailing arms, rod and all,  
I had no place to hide.

Age not on my side either,  
And with the sea taking its toll,  
The daily ride by fishing boat,  
Had left me less than whole.

There was little left for me to do,  
Than to earnestly hope and pray,  
And just when I thought I'd lost it all,  
Strange was heaven's play.

Horrendous, large and ugly,  
A shark is no fun at sea,  
But with birds and the shark together,  
What would be left of me?

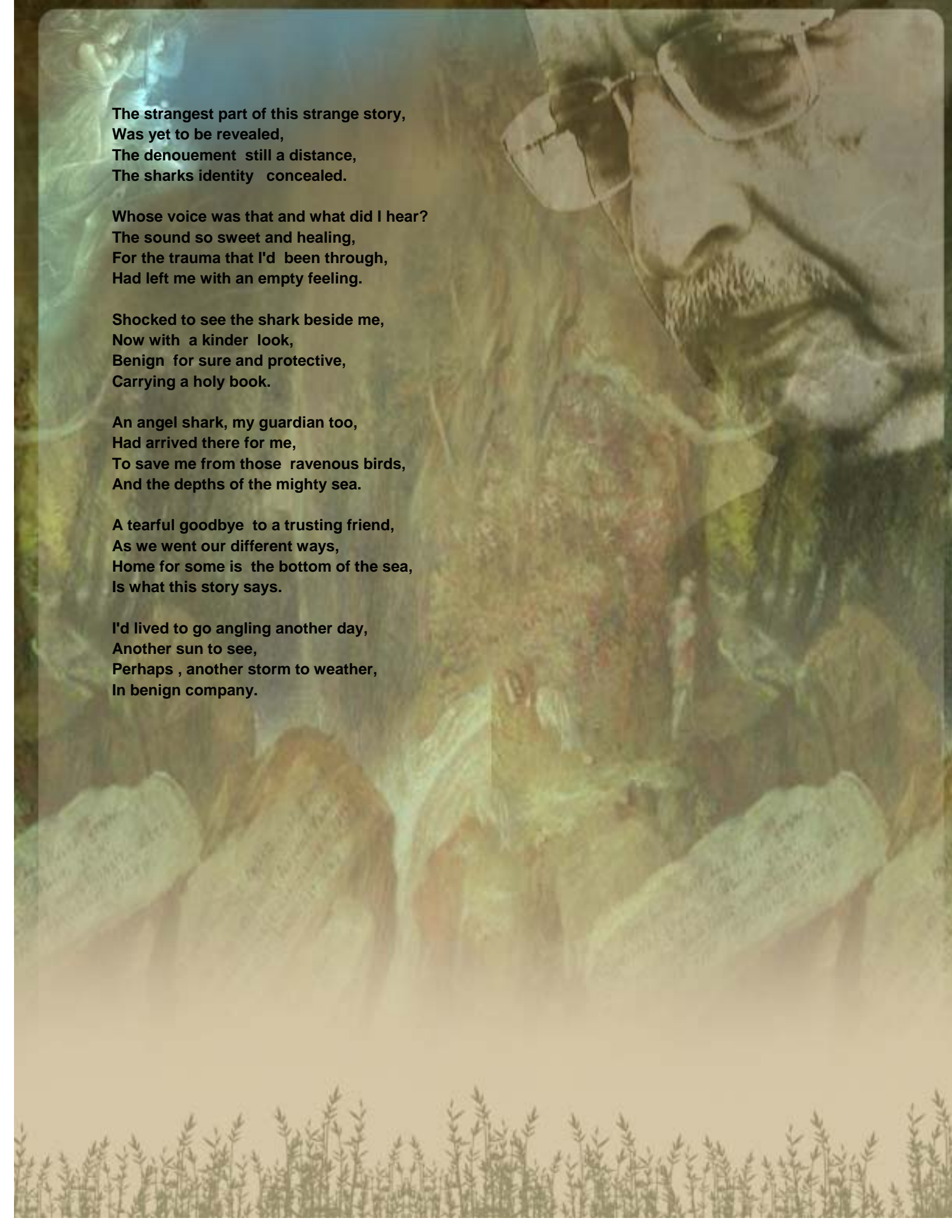
I shivered, I shook at the heavens I looked,  
And pleaded my desperate state,  
For bird and shark to leave me alone,  
For I had never tempted fate.

The darkest night I'd ever seen,  
Was now on stern display,  
Not a speck of blue could I see,  
And the sky a dirty grey.

The grey turned black before I knew,  
And the sun looked like the moon,  
Birds and shark were now confused,  
For night had fallen too soon.

I thanked the stars that weren't there,  
For the darkness was contrived,  
And thought how little faith we have,  
And how hope from faith is derived.

To my surprise the birds and shark,  
Now nowhere to be seen,  
Was it a visit from the devil himself?  
For they had fled the scene.



The strangest part of this strange story,  
Was yet to be revealed,  
The denouement still a distance,  
The shark's identity concealed.

Whose voice was that and what did I hear?  
The sound so sweet and healing,  
For the trauma that I'd been through,  
Had left me with an empty feeling.

Shocked to see the shark beside me,  
Now with a kinder look,  
Benign for sure and protective,  
Carrying a holy book.

An angel shark, my guardian too,  
Had arrived there for me,  
To save me from those ravenous birds,  
And the depths of the mighty sea.

A tearful goodbye to a trusting friend,  
As we went our different ways,  
Home for some is the bottom of the sea,  
Is what this story says.

I'd lived to go angling another day,  
Another sun to see,  
Perhaps, another storm to weather,  
In benign company.



38.

When I Meet Death

I think I may have met you before,  
And I've surely heard your name,  
You are you know a bit of a whore,  
And that is your claim to fame.

You entice me with temptation,  
Then lure me into your arms  
And with admirable imagination,  
I am the sucker for your charms.

Are you in league with Satan?  
And is he your personal friend?  
Thieves in apparent collusion,  
Plotting an innocent's end?

Now I can hear the little chuckle,  
Of a heartless, shameless, soul,  
You may well be right in your conclusion,  
That I dipped into the gravy bowl.

But who, but you, put it there?  
In front of the eyes and the nose  
Of a helpless me, a cookie jar,  
Goodies that that no one throws ( away).

I know your tricks, I know your trade,  
I know the games you play,  
I also know of what you're made,  
And here's what I have to say.

Death you reaper, you silent creeper,  
We're bound to meet on life's way,  
But I'll tell you something fair and square.  
I will be choosing that day.

**39.**

**The Great Indian IPL Drama**

**A can is rattling,  
Worms barely concealing glee,  
The IPL is happening,  
Wher's my spoon of the gravy?**

**There's a Tharoor and a Modi,  
Both out to hit a four,  
Suave and dodgy,  
Ambitious to the core,**

**There are ladies galore,  
Cheerleaders and all,  
Out of context and more,  
The reasons for the fall.**

**Cricket's the loser,  
Of that I'm sure,  
Why should it want to use her,  
Even if she's demure.**

**Those glorious drives,  
Through the covers,  
The covers now,  
To cover the lies.**

**The pitch ain't the same,  
It's grossly queered,  
Lucre and fame,  
The game now geared.**

**Let's go back to the game,  
To the fair name of cricket,  
To gentlemen who came,  
With a straight bat to the wicket.**

**What have we gained,  
and what lost?  
I would have been more poetic,  
If only I was Frost.**



40.

Silent waters go drifting by  
Silent waters go drifting by,  
Murmurs I can hear,  
Whisperings of the winds I know,  
Not the storms I fear.

Silent clouds come floating by,  
The rumble I can hear,  
Heavens speak and a drop of rain,  
Is but a silent tear.

Silent tears roll down my cheeks,  
The sighs I can hear,  
The grieving heart has played it's part,  
Its cries are what I fear.

Silent Nature, mute spectator  
That is what I hear,  
Silent man awaken, beware,  
Else nature's ragaves fear.



41.

To Sleep To Dream perchance

To keep 'mares' at bay and is so doing my hopes alive,  
Of another sun that I may see,  
Who knows  
And what ?,  
Of solar ways, of sunshine,  
Eclipses,  
Opacity,  
Transparency, the floating clouds and rain,  
of the morning dew,  
Freshness, a soul alive, the breaths I count,  
bated , uncertain,  
Unrelated to the last,  
I pray for another day.

O night , your darkness, I do not trust a whit,  
As I don't the shadows of man?  
Or do I ,until betrayed beyond redemption?  
And what of belief in the goodness of His creations,  
Man amongst them foremost, ahead of all, and yet what yardstick?  
What benchmark exists to measure goodness?  
Pray tell me does the day know?  
Since you I do not trust.



42.

**If there's a harvest of hurricanes**

If there's a harvest of hurricanes  
Outside my door,  
What did I sow?  
What will I reap?  
The fury of storms, typhoons and tempests,  
What else will these harvests show?

If there's is a harvest of hurricanes  
Outside my door,  
Will anyone ever call?  
Lurking dangers aggravate,  
And no one looks for a fall.

If there's a harvest of hurricanes  
Outside my door,  
How will my ship set sail  
The boats will rock,  
The masts will tear,  
Wouldn't I be scared to fail ?

If there's a harvest of hurricanes  
Outside my door,  
Will those lamps show me the way?  
Will sinister shadows evaporate  
And crooked men not have their say?  
Will there be light,  
At the end of night?  
Another sun per se?  
I wonder?



43.

Nostalgia

Develop a nostalgia for the future,  
And you'll have it made,  
Hopes must be nurtured,  
Even as memories fade.

If you are what you think?  
And the key lies there,  
Think future if you will  
And the future will lie bare.

Think of the 'morrow,  
Not the day gone by,  
Sunrise not Sunset,  
To which you say good -bye.

From the very first wail,  
Till the very last sigh,  
There's a only a future,  
As the past goes by.



1.

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.



2

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.



3

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.



4

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.

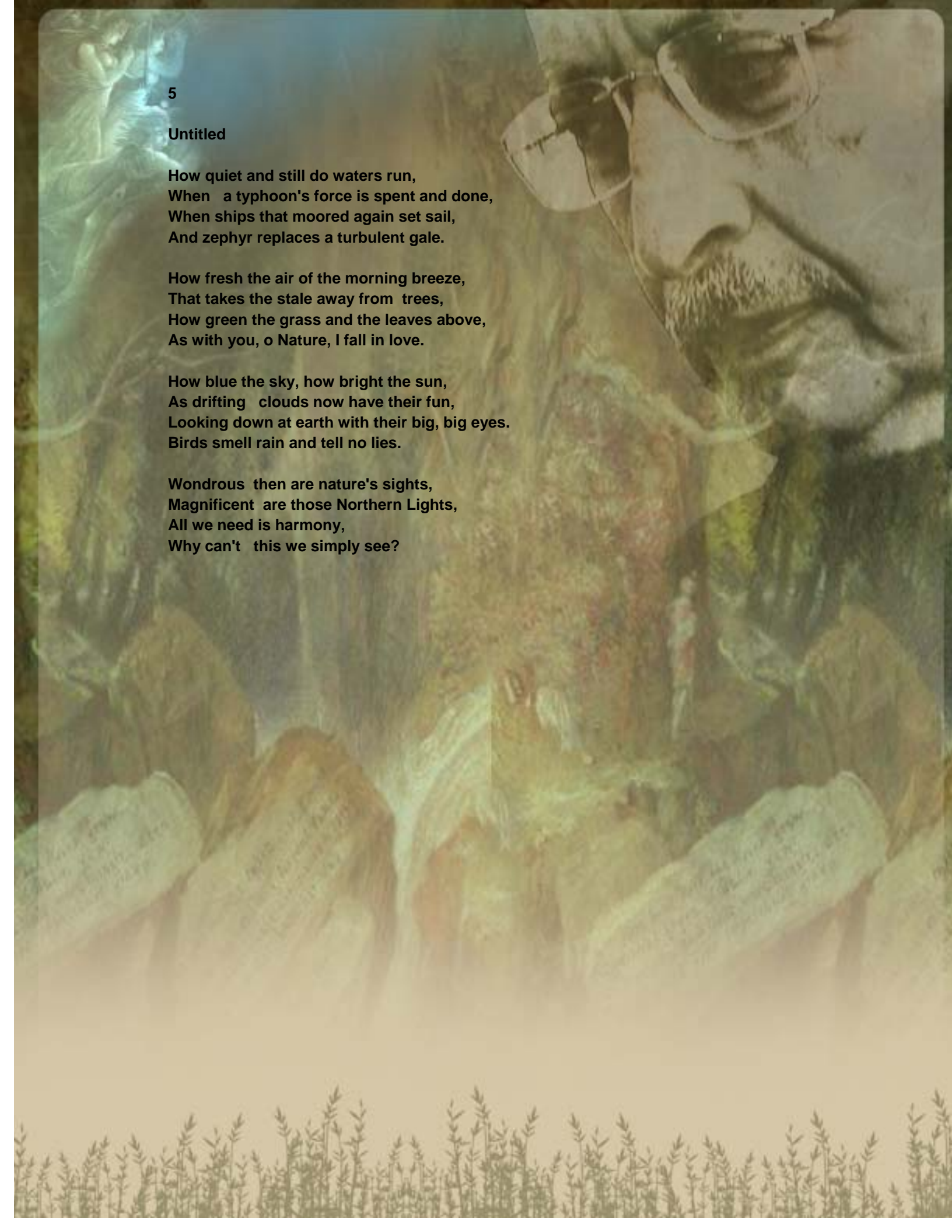
## Untitled

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?



## 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.

## Untitled

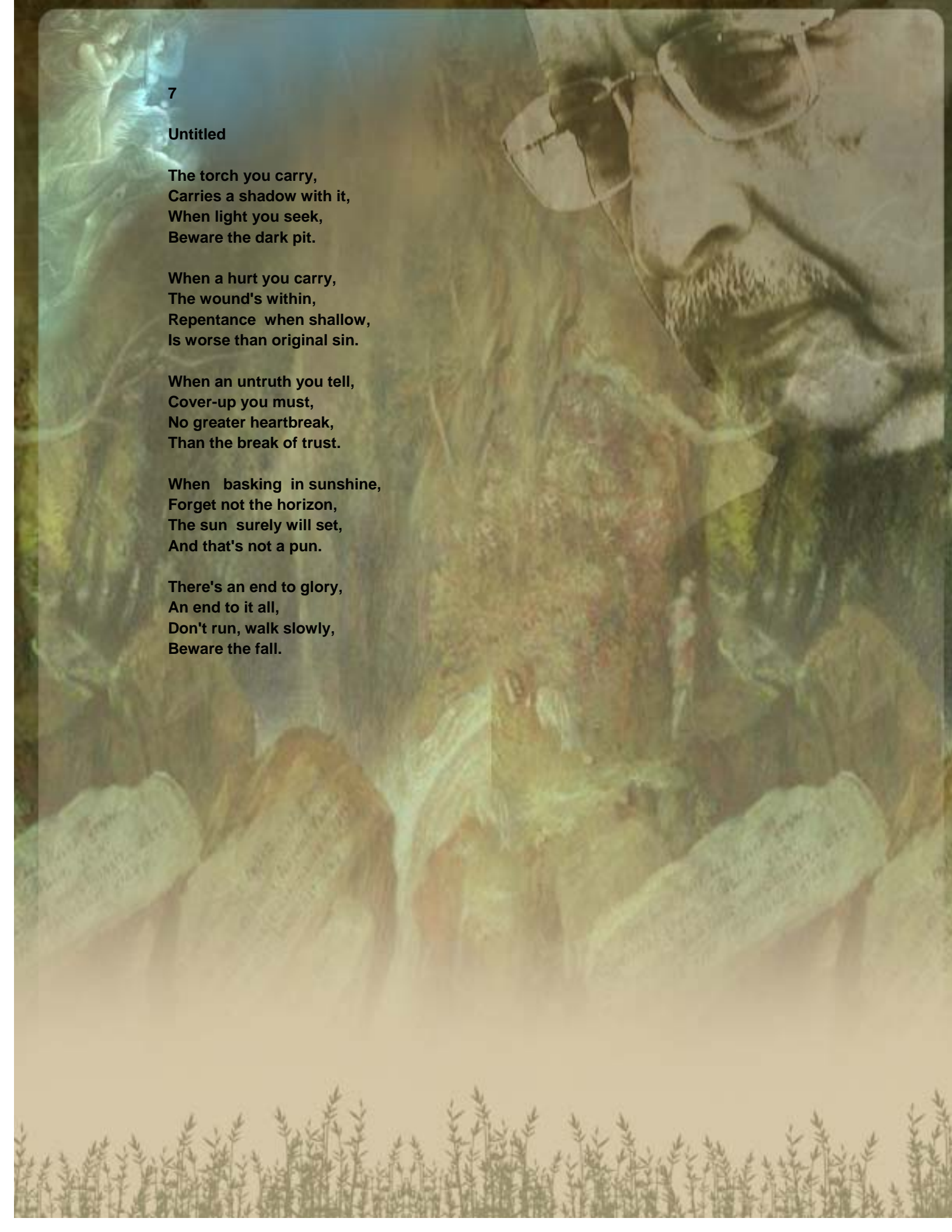
The torch you carry,  
Carries a shadow with it,  
When light you seek,  
Beware the dark pit.

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.





8

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

9

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



10.

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.

**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.



12  
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.

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.

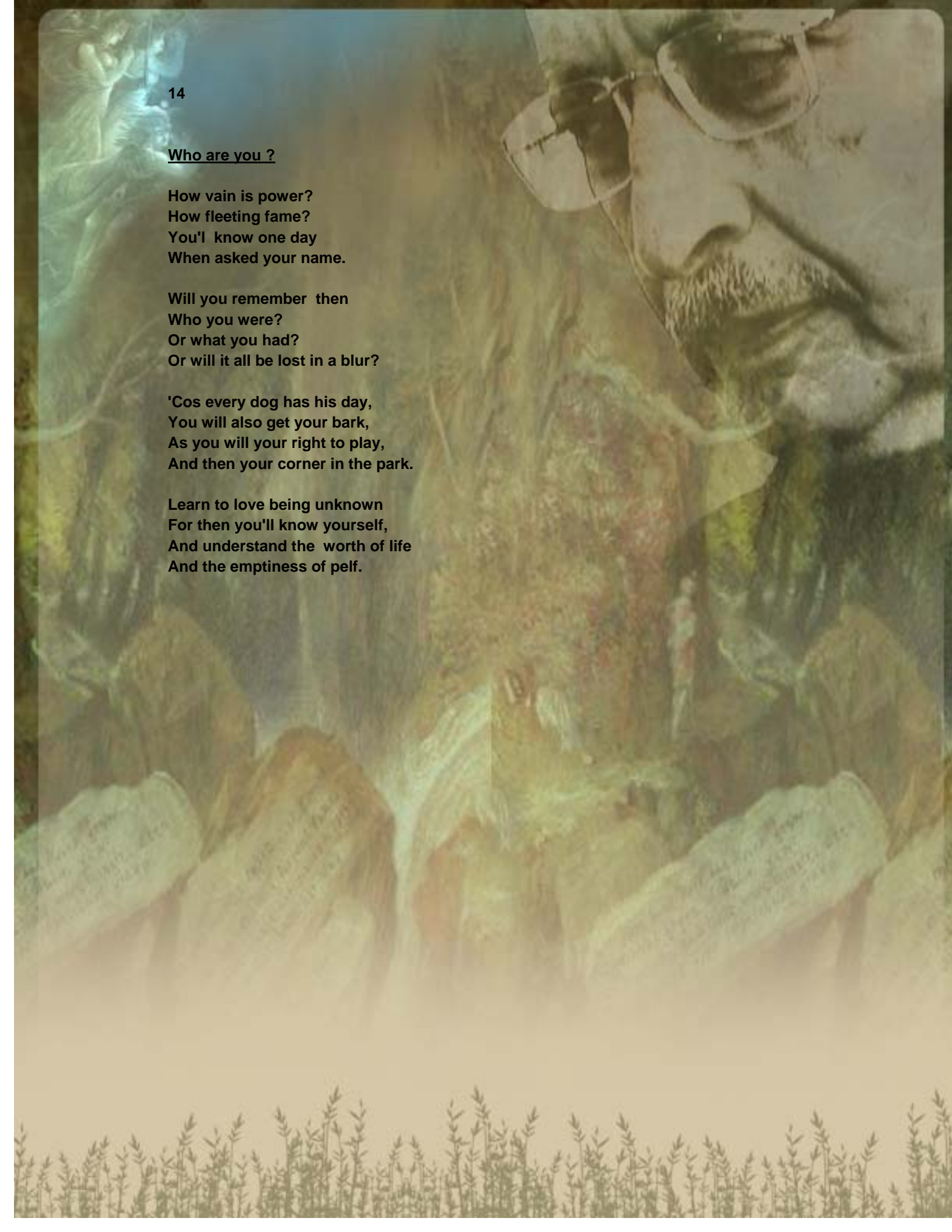
Who are you ?

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.



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,



**16**

**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.**

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?



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,



19.  
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 thats from where I grew.



20

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.

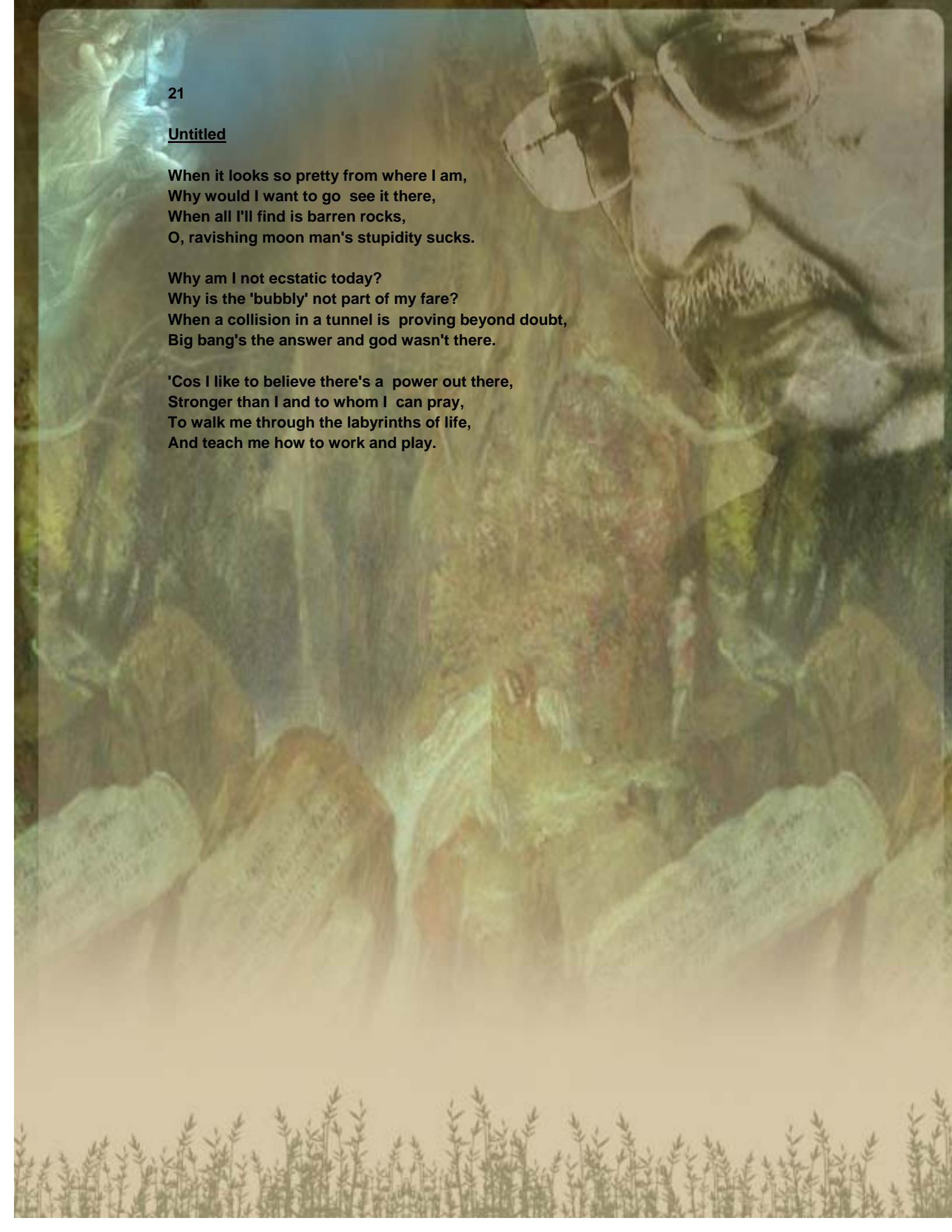
That soulful melody,  
Those wistful tears,  
O loving eyes I look at you,  
And gone are my fears.

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.



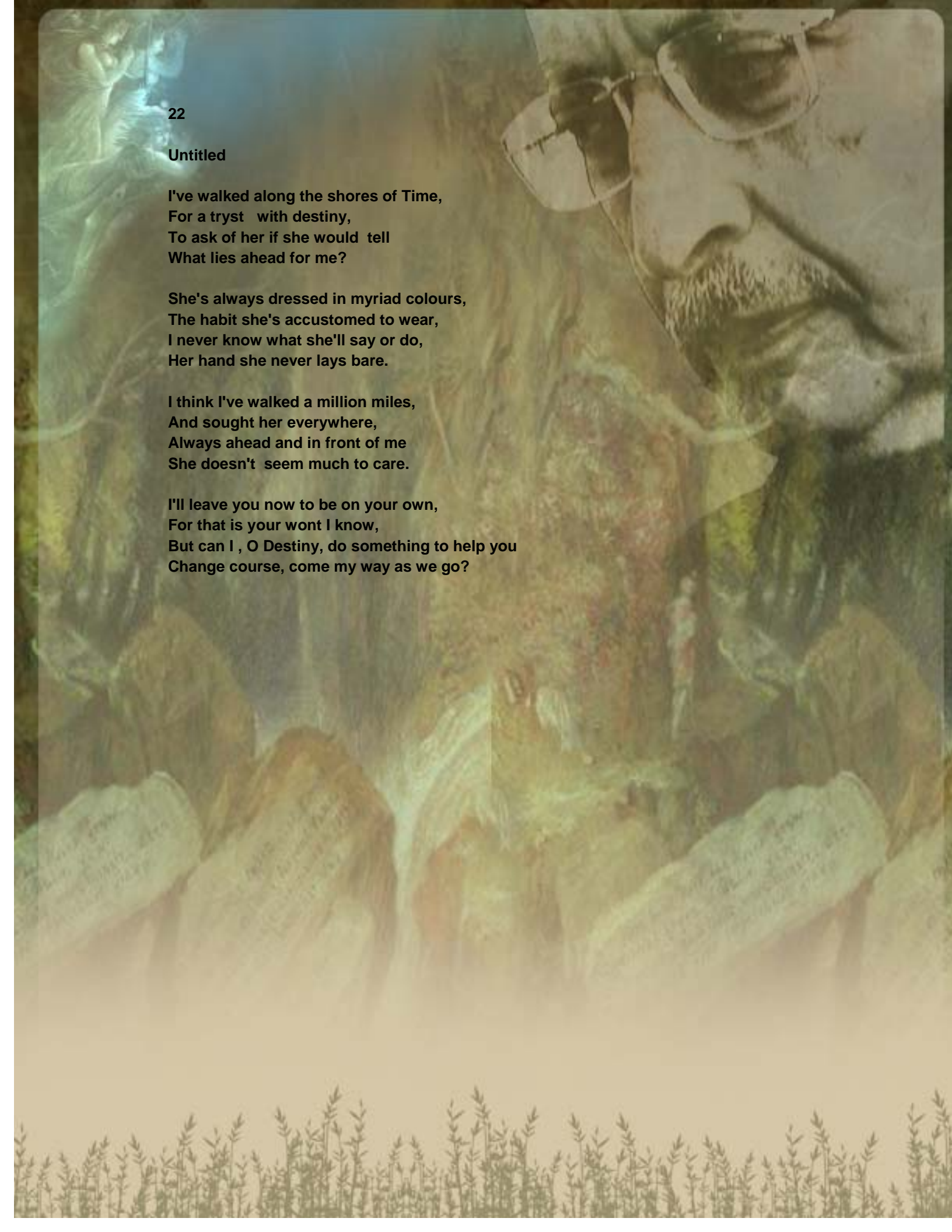
Untitled

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?



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?

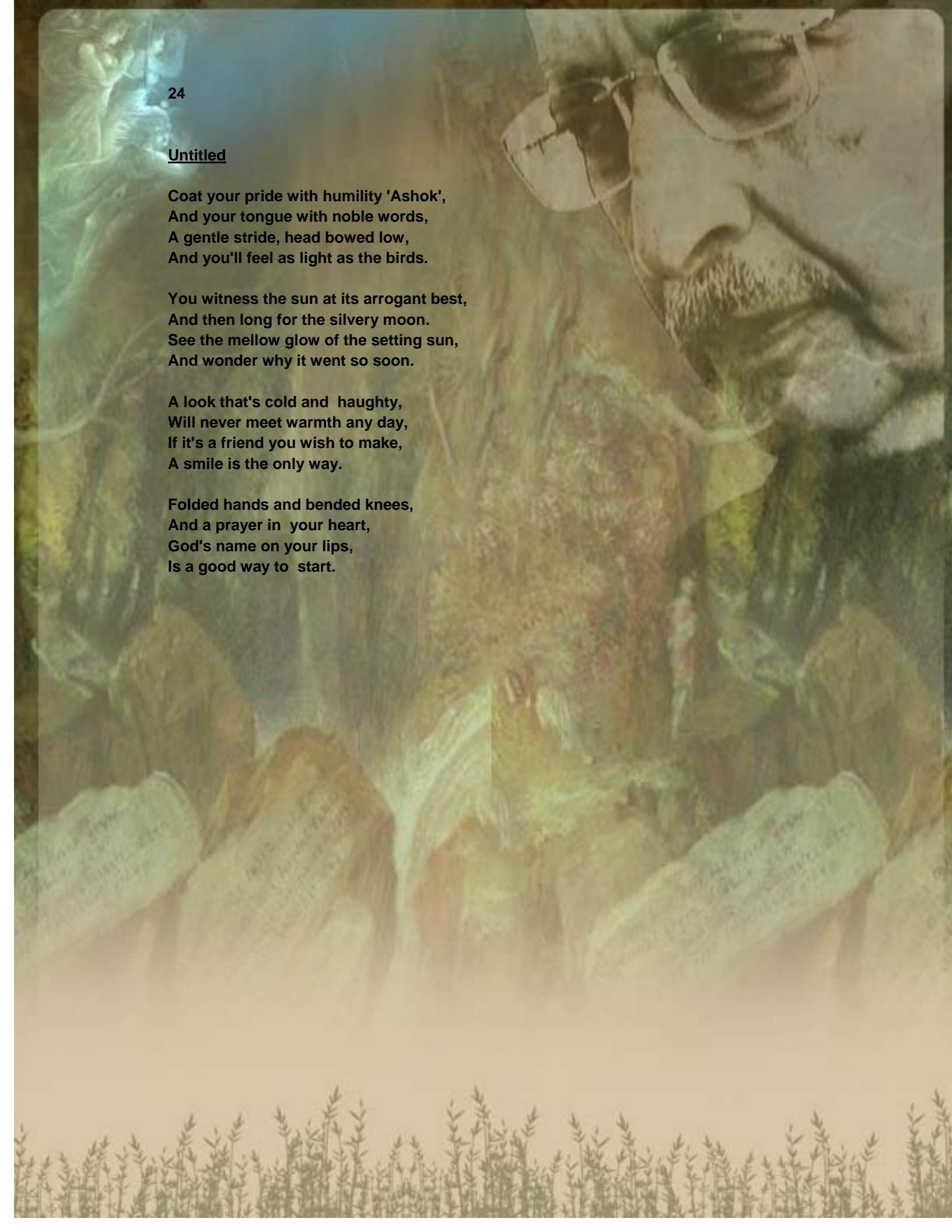
Untitled

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.



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.





26

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?

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,

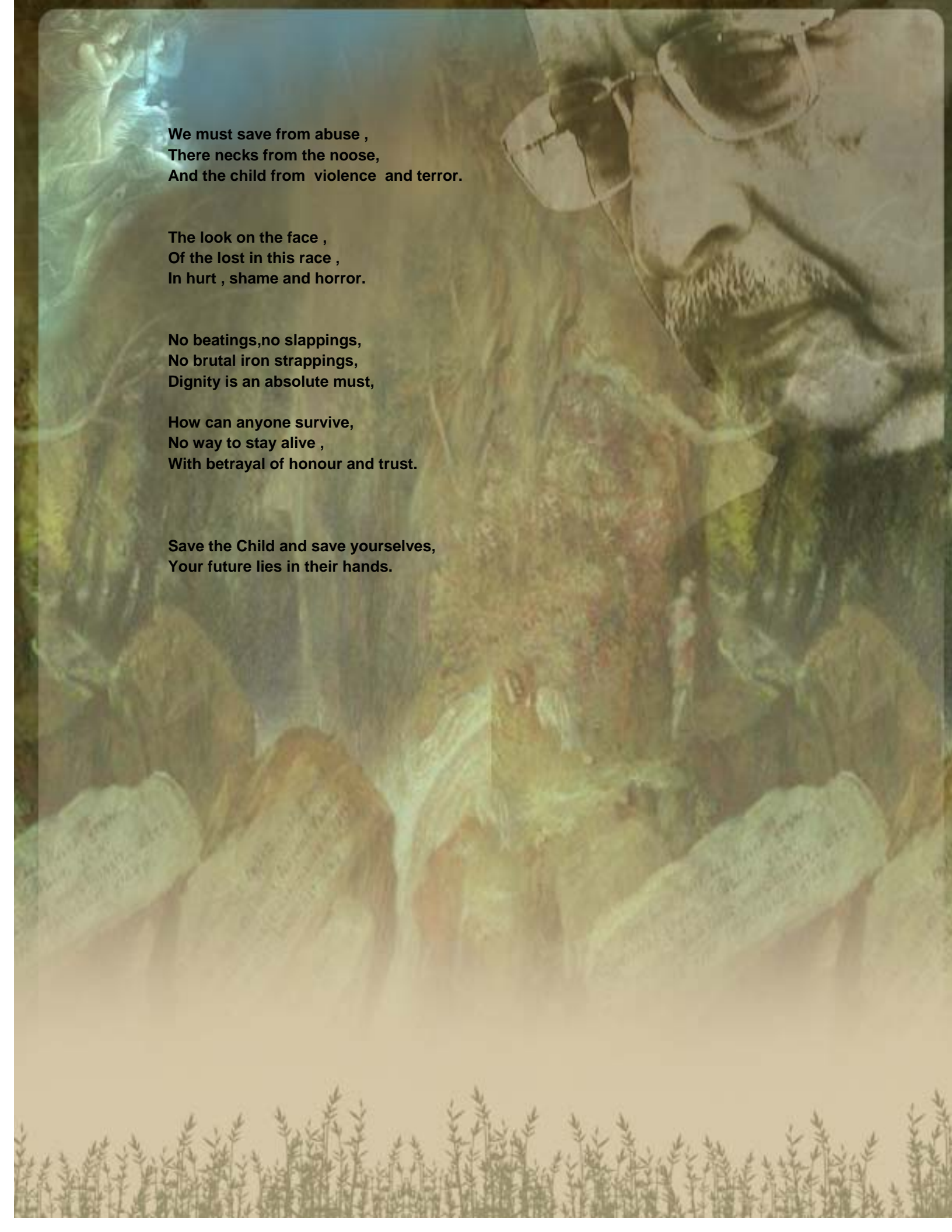
A girl or a boy,  
A toy is pure joy,  
Together the world they make.

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 spendour,  
A guardian not pretender  
And the right to life minus strife.



**We must save from abuse ,  
There 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.**

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.

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.



30.

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.



31

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?



32

**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?



**33**

**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.



34.  
Untitled

Life's a circus,  
Trapeze and all,  
The clown's the one,  
Who avoids the fall.

A silly grin,  
No need for guile,  
All you need,  
Is a toothless smile.

A wistful look  
A quiet sigh,  
A lonely tear,  
Why don't we cry?

Broken wings,  
And you can still try,  
Just give yourself,  
The will to fly.

No counsel so wise,  
As the voice within,  
Truth is straightforward,  
Just leave out the spin.

Words are aplenty  
And speakers too,  
But honestly speaking,  
Aren't you best listening to you?

Untitled

A sigh of grief,  
A veil of tears  
A broken heart,  
Unfounded fears?  
Fallacy

Hearts are crushed,  
They don't break,  
Time's the healer,  
The wheeler dealer true?  
Fallacy

If time is real,  
Where does it go?  
Why does it pass?  
And then hang slow?  
Times' fake,  
Fallacy.

Time is real,  
'cos we're there,  
And when we're gone ,  
Times where, still there?  
Real time ,  
Whose yours mine whose?  
Time's a zero  
Fallacy.

Time is a wheel ,  
Endless moves the needle  
Stuck in the grooves,  
Fallacy.

Time is vibrant  
Time is real  
Time is honest  
The rest is spiel  
Fallacy.

Heaven's Inside you:

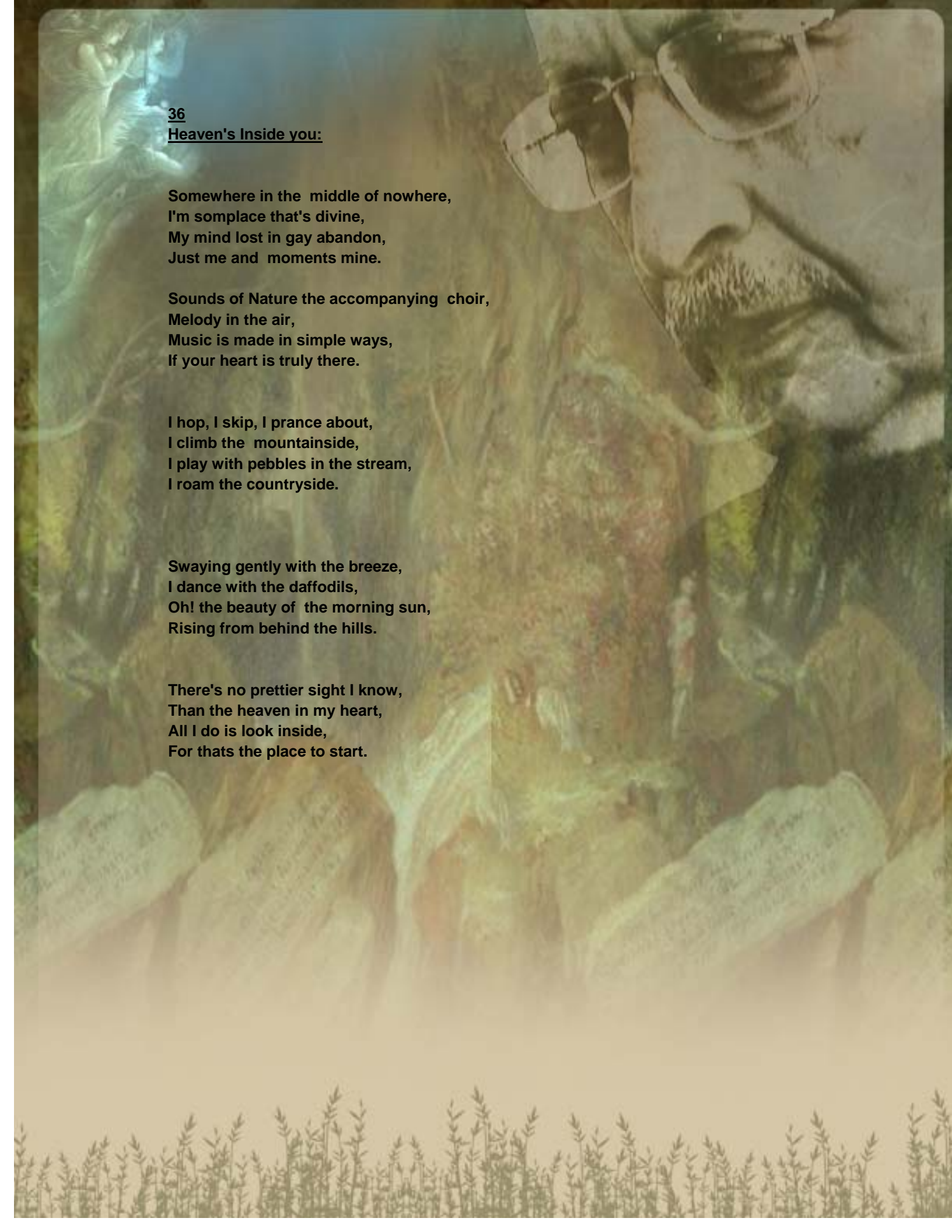
Somewhere in the middle of nowhere,  
I'm someplace that's divine,  
My mind lost in gay abandon,  
Just me and moments mine.

Sounds of Nature the accompanying choir,  
Melody in the air,  
Music is made in simple ways,  
If your heart is truly there.

I hop, I skip, I prance about,  
I climb the mountainside,  
I play with pebbles in the stream,  
I roam the countryside.

Swaying gently with the breeze,  
I dance with the daffodils,  
Oh! the beauty of the morning sun,  
Rising from behind the hills.

There's no prettier sight I know,  
Than the heaven in my heart,  
All I do is look inside,  
For that's the place to start.



The Old Man and the Sea

I caught the first shaft of light,  
As the sun came yawning through,  
Little by little the sky was lit,  
The air now fresh with dew.

As is my wont I wore my cap,  
To keep the sun at bay,  
One last look at the fading stars,  
And I was on my way.

The daily chore of catching fish ,  
Was the greatest love of my life,  
Sometimes little, sometimes lots,  
An arduous, ongoing strife.

The start prosaic , the sailing smooth,  
A gentle breeze now blew,  
Gathering speed we moved along,  
As the winds in intensity grew.

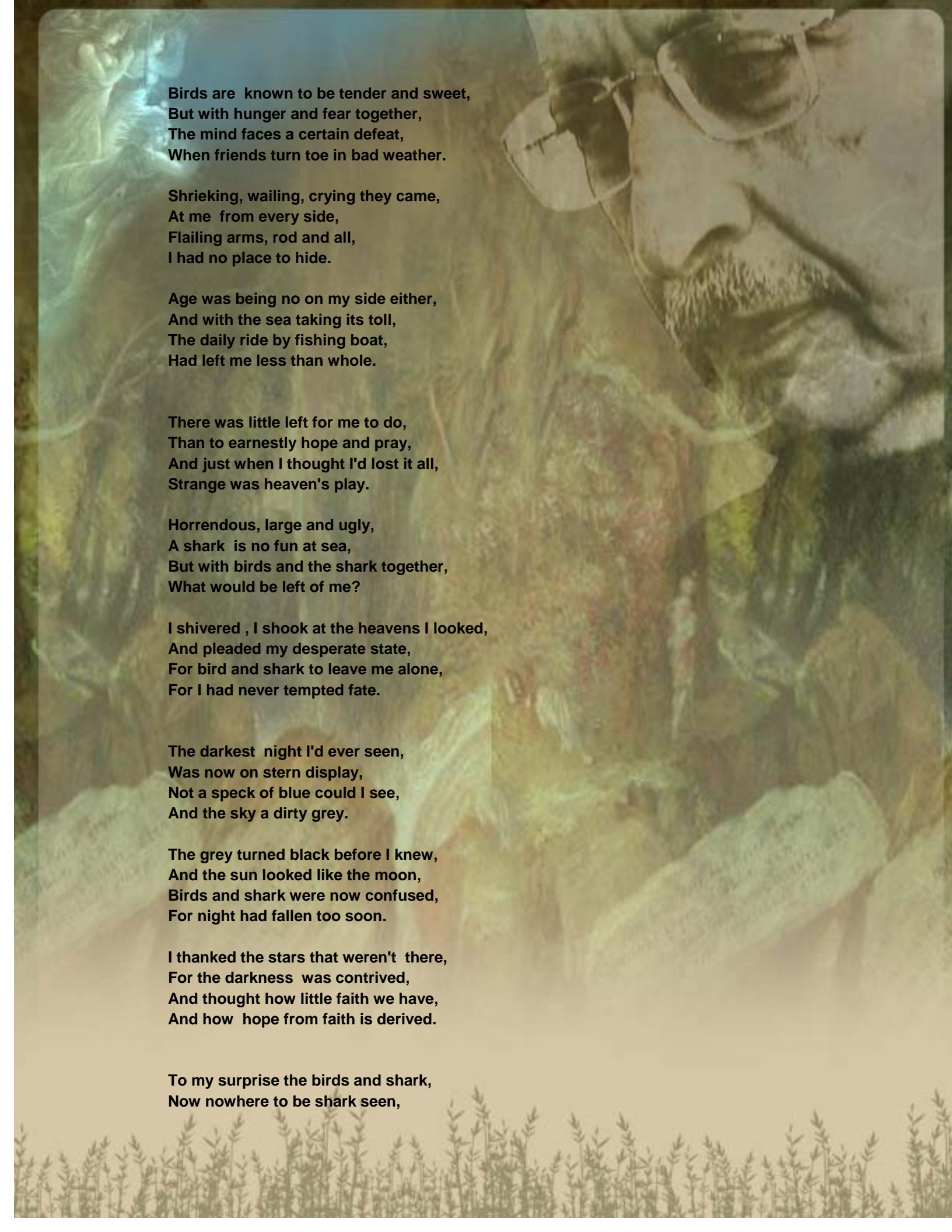
Little did I know what lay in store,  
On an otherwise ordinary day,  
For destiny plays uncertain games,  
Her hand she never gives away.

The sea turned rough soon enough,  
Like a million times before,  
To cheer me up I began to sing,  
Sweet melodies of yore.

The sea turned dark and screaming birds,  
Swooped down wordlessly,  
I thought that they were looking for help,  
From the waves of the stormy sea.

A closer look and all my fears,  
Loomed larger than life at me,  
A thousand birds with a single eye,  
Evil intent staring uneasily.

Circling menacingly over head  
They frightened the wits out of me,  
And I began to think of ways,  
To deal with the impending ferocity.



Birds are known to be tender and sweet,  
But with hunger and fear together,  
The mind faces a certain defeat,  
When friends turn toe in bad weather.

Shrieking, wailing, crying they came,  
At me from every side,  
Flailing arms, rod and all,  
I had no place to hide.

Age was being no on my side either,  
And with the sea taking its toll,  
The daily ride by fishing boat,  
Had left me less than whole.

There was little left for me to do,  
Than to earnestly hope and pray,  
And just when I thought I'd lost it all,  
Strange was heaven's play.

Horrendous, large and ugly,  
A shark is no fun at sea,  
But with birds and the shark together,  
What would be left of me?

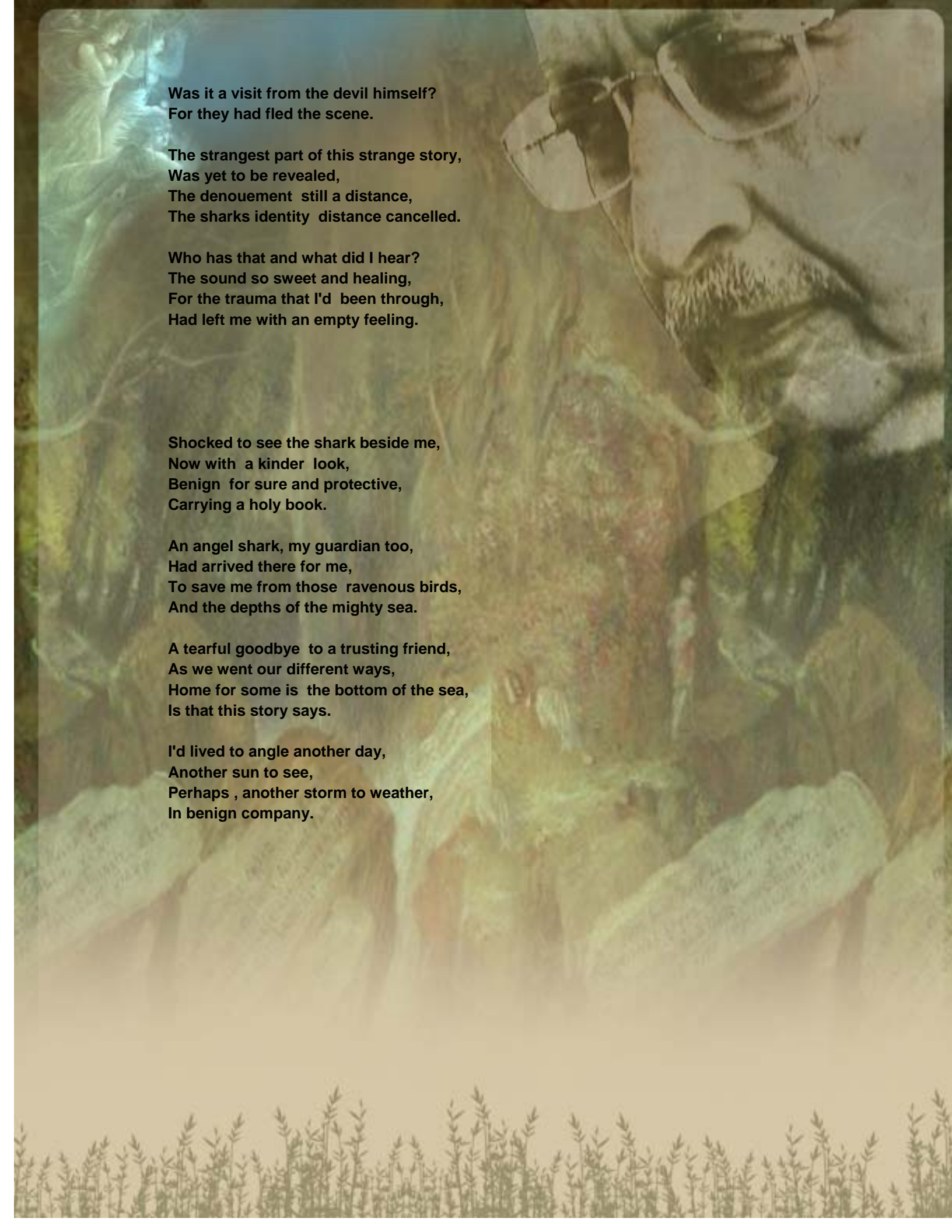
I shivered, I shook at the heavens I looked,  
And pleaded my desperate state,  
For bird and shark to leave me alone,  
For I had never tempted fate.

The darkest night I'd ever seen,  
Was now on stern display,  
Not a speck of blue could I see,  
And the sky a dirty grey.

The grey turned black before I knew,  
And the sun looked like the moon,  
Birds and shark were now confused,  
For night had fallen too soon.

I thanked the stars that weren't there,  
For the darkness was contrived,  
And thought how little faith we have,  
And how hope from faith is derived.

To my surprise the birds and shark,  
Now nowhere to be shark seen,

The background is a composite image. On the right side, there is a close-up of a man's face with a grey beard and glasses. On the left side, there is a shark swimming in the water. At the bottom of the page, there is a field of wheat. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Was it a visit from the devil himself?  
For they had fled the scene.

The strangest part of this strange story,  
Was yet to be revealed,  
The denouement still a distance,  
The shark's identity distance cancelled.

Who has that and what did I hear?  
The sound so sweet and healing,  
For the trauma that I'd been through,  
Had left me with an empty feeling.

Shocked to see the shark beside me,  
Now with a kinder look,  
Benign for sure and protective,  
Carrying a holy book.

An angel shark, my guardian too,  
Had arrived there for me,  
To save me from those ravenous birds,  
And the depths of the mighty sea.

A tearful goodbye to a trusting friend,  
As we went our different ways,  
Home for some is the bottom of the sea,  
Is that this story says.

I'd lived to angle another day,  
Another sun to see,  
Perhaps, another storm to weather,  
In benign company.

When I Meet Death

I think I may have met you before,  
And I've surely heard your name,  
You are you know a bit of a whore,  
And that is your claim to fame.

You entice me with temptation,  
Then lure me into your arms  
And with admirable imagination,  
I am the sucker for your charms.

Are you in league with Satan?  
And is he your personal friend?  
Thieves in apparent collusion,  
Plotting an innocent's end?

Now I can hear the little chuckle,  
Of a heartless, shameless, soul,  
You may well be right in your conclusion,  
That I dipped into the gravy bowl.

But who, but you, put it there?  
In front of the eyes and the nose  
Of a helpless me, a cookie jar,  
Goodies that that no one throws ( away).

I know your tricks, I know your trade,  
I know the games you play,  
I also know of what you're made,  
And here's what I have to say.

Death you reaper, you silent creeper,  
We're bound to meet on life's way,  
But I'll tell you something fair and square.  
I will be choosing that day.

The Great Indian IPL Drama

A can is rattling,  
Worms barely concealing glee,  
The IPL is happening,  
Wher's my spoon of the gravy?

There's a Tharoor and a Modi,  
Both out to hit a four,  
Suave and dodgy,  
Ambitious to the core,

There are ladies galore,  
Cheerleaders and all,  
Out of context and more,  
The reasons for the fall.

Cricket's the loser,  
Of that I'm sure,  
Why should it want to use her,  
Even if she's demure.

Those glorious drives,  
Through the covers,  
The covers now,  
To cover the lies.

The pitch ain't the same,  
It's grossly queered,  
Lucre and fame,  
The game now geared.

Let's go back to the game,  
To the fair name of cricket,  
To gentlemen who came,  
With a straight bat to the wicket.

What have we gained,  
and what lost?  
I would have been more poetic,  
If only I was Frost.

Untitled

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A veil of tears  
A broken heart,  
Unfounded fears?  
Fallacy

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They don't break,  
Time's the healer,  
The wheeler dealer,  
Is that true?  
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Where does it go?  
Why does it pass?  
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'cos we're there,  
And when we're gone ,  
Times where, still there?  
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**41**

**Heaven's Inside you:**

**Somewhere in the middle of nowhere,  
I'm someplace that's divine,  
My mind lost in gay abandon,  
Just me and moments mine.**

**Sounds of Nature the accompanying choir,  
Melody in the air,  
Music is made in simple ways,  
If your heart is truly there.**

**I hop, I skip, I prance about,  
I climb the mountainside,  
I play with pebbles in the stream,  
I roam the countryside.**

**Swaying gently with the breeze,  
I dance with the daffodils,  
Oh! the beauty of the morning sun,  
Rising from behind the hills.**

**There's no prettier sight I know,  
Than the heaven in my heart,  
All I do is look inside,  
For that's the place to start.**

---

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And I've surely heard your name,  
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Then lure me into your arms  
And with admirable imagination,  
I am the sucker for your charms.

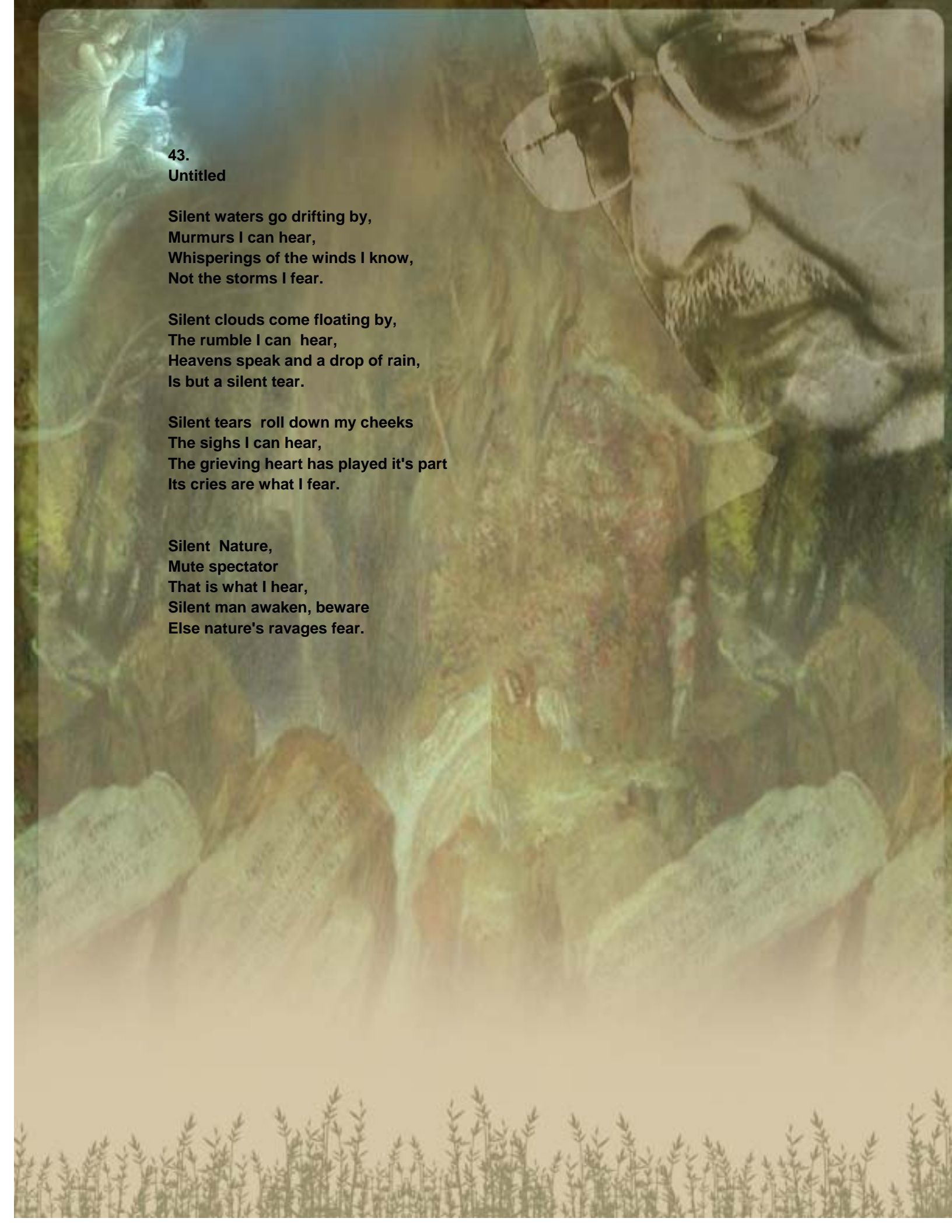
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I know the games you play,  
I also know of what you're made,  
And here's what I have to say.

Death you Reaper, you silent creeper,  
We're bound to meet on life's way,  
But I'll tell you something fair and square.  
I will choose that day.



43.  
Untitled

Silent waters go drifting by,  
Murmurs I can hear,  
Whisperings of the winds I know,  
Not the storms I fear.

Silent clouds come floating by,  
The rumble I can hear,  
Heavens speak and a drop of rain,  
Is but a silent tear.

Silent tears roll down my cheeks  
The sighs I can hear,  
The grieving heart has played it's part  
Its cries are what I fear.

Silent Nature,  
Mute spectator  
That is what I hear,  
Silent man awoken, beware  
Else nature's ravages fear.

The Moon And I

Why do you look at me like that?  
From so far away,  
Come nearer, come let's have a chat,  
Let's hear what you have to say.

From over a million miles away,  
You look at me askance,  
Have you lost the Milky Way?  
Why this diffidence in your glance?

I look at you but every night,  
And on days when your'e not there,  
The heavens seem to have no light,  
'Cos nothing features your flair.

Your wistful look from up on high,  
Those pretty spots on your face,  
Match my quiet yearning sigh,  
Can I take your place?

You look so pretty when you look faint.  
Away from the sun's glare,  
If only I knew how to paint?  
I'd bring you down from there.

The stars, I know, can do without you,  
But not the poor little me,  
I hope some night the sky too,  
Might also set you free.

I am the tiny penny you see,  
Round and fair like you,  
I reflect the light you shine,  
And sometimes think you're mine.



45

Untitled

How little do we understand,  
The inexplicable ways of the Unseen Hand,  
And yet we do so gravely pronounce,  
That we know it, all come pound, come ounce.

Arrogance thy name is the human mind,  
The need to prove it's superior kind,  
I must show i'm better, brother,  
Than you or anyone else other.

Anger, envy and deceit,  
Sisters three on the same street,  
Home they are to complete disaster,  
If you let them be your vengeful master.

Tempers even, smiles afloat,  
Happily then can you gloat,  
No one's better, no one's worse,  
Thinking thus is just a curse.

**46**  
**Shine**

Like the moon,  
Come out from  
Behind the clouds,  
Shine.

Silhouette the clouds,  
Brighten the dark,  
Lighten the heart,  
Shine.

Tempt the stars  
To do the same,  
Not hang their heads in silent shame,  
'Cos you, O full moon,  
Shine brighter,  
But they also do  
Shine.

Let moonlight into your eyes,  
Let someone hear the moon's cries,  
As it weeps at the darkness around, then,  
Slowly emerges without sound,  
Alone,  
To shine.

Let the shine come through in all you do  
And fill the void inside,  
Radiate the glow or else  
Simply see it go,  
Evaporate and then??



47

Rapprochement

Drops of rain fell on my feet,  
Or were they someone's tears?  
Haunting was that stormy night,  
Did I awaken fears?

Did I make you cry, my dear?  
Or were they tears of joy?  
Did I treat you like a queen?  
Or were you just a toy?

Did I gently stroke your face,  
And caress your lovely hair?  
Or was I then a gentle brute,  
And did I even care?

Did I give you cause for regret  
Moments of disdain?  
Arrows piercing your little heart?  
Did I cause you pain?

Tell me honest, tell me true,  
Just so I can live with me,  
If I can make some amends?  
I will happily do for thee.

Come, Let's Dance with the Stars:

The house of stars must be full of light,  
They all shine together, don't they?  
From where we are they look so bright,  
But only when the sun gives them way.

They twinkle at night as is their wont,  
And seem so happy as they do,  
I see their smiles and the cheer they spread,  
I'm sure you do too, don't you?

Why don't we then spend time with them?  
Some time every night,  
Just to see and share their joy of being,  
And the beauty of their beautiful sight.

Lets take a vow, we will from tonight,  
Give them more than a cursory glance,  
What better way to delight our eyes,  
Than with stars to joyfully dance.



49

When to life I say goodbye,  
I shall do so without a sigh,  
For I have lived it full and well  
What more can I say or tell

When you see the sun go down,  
Do you see the ocean frown?  
For the end it always knows,  
When it sees the orange glows.

When the moon comes out to play,  
And the stars do gently sway,  
There's a tavern in the sky,  
Where I hope I'll get to lie.

And from there I hope I will find,  
Happy faces that I leave behind,



50

When I take a breath of air,  
Is when I know that He is there,  
For were it to be otherwise,  
I'd be there with closed eyes.

When I hear the cuckoo sing,  
Is when the bells in heaven ring,  
Heralding dawn and a day bright,  
And the end of another limping night.

When I hear a newborn cry,  
Is when I know the wherefore's and why,  
Of life and its myriad shapes,  
Mountains, stream and landscapes.

Tell me someone is it true,  
Am I different, from you?

When to the devil you sell your soul,  
It leaves you feeling less than whole,  
As to the pleasures of the flesh you succumb,  
And Satan's voice from within says 'come'.

With me to the gates of wanton delight,  
Where anything goes and all is all right,  
Where the air breathes fire and you inhale from it,  
All reason lost and senses lit.

Where 'take' is pleasure and give nothing,  
Where reality does a falsity bring,  
Where nothing exists and nothing will,  
For all is ephemeral in the devil's world, until,

Perhaps, it is too late to return,  
For you now with ashes in urn,  
With bridges burnt and boats alike,  
And he moves in for the final strike.

So choose your paths with extreme care.  
Let Conscience the cloak and mantle wear,  
To steer you through the degradation,  
And save the soul from decimation.

When to moments that are divine,  
I pay obeisance with no sense of fear,  
My mind not fraught with lurking danger,  
I quietly shed a grateful tear.

I greet the thoughts that bring me peace,  
And shun the flood of tempting tales,  
For glory does not always last,  
As the ship of life through storm's sails.

In those moments of sublimity,  
Unsurpassed and awe-inspiring,  
I feel the presence of humble graces,  
By my side and overwhelming.

Then, it is when I clearly see,  
Goodness and the god within me.



When winter turns its harsh face,  
Towards the lovely autumn,  
A look of sheer despair descends,  
On birds who refuse to hum.

The lark will lose its voice to cold,  
The nightingale to frost,  
Who knows how much melody,  
Will forever be lost?

Does winter ever get to know  
The havoc that it causes?  
The relief afforded to its victims  
When it sometimes pauses?

Does winter even really care?  
Does it feel remorse?  
Or is Nature just as ruthless  
As Man when he is coarse?



When to the sweltering heat of an arid summer,  
My camel by my side,  
I succumb in sweat and ingrained grime,  
Unbearable is my ride.

O'er rock and sand which you call land,  
My dromedary and I,  
Plod on wearily midst the searing desert,  
Our eyes glued to the sky.

Hope and faith is all that's left,  
From the journey that we've made,  
What wouldn't I give to get back to the start?  
O' what wouldn't I trade?

A nomad's life I've led my friends,  
Over roughs, smooth and Almighty bends.





55

An Ode to a Rose

The sweet smell of roses,  
And the heart gently soars,  
There's a beauty undefined,  
Like the purity of virgin shores.

Teasing hidden senses,  
With promises of more  
Happiness you bring  
And love to the fore.

O, sweet Rose,  
Come, in my garden grow,  
You're part of my life,  
Not there for show.

Not on my lapel,  
You'll reside within me,  
So that no one else,  
Will get to see thee.

I wonder where we are headed,  
I wonder whether we even know,  
Or care,  
Does it matter?  
And then,  
Where?  
I wonder if we dare  
To ask the question?  
Or live in deluded, contrived, peace  
for not asking , not questioning ,  
And with no answer, then  
I seek not,  
Hence I receive not.

Do I need to know  
Where I will be, tomorrow ?  
Or  
Do I need to wreck my own peace of mind?  
With questions to which to I get no answers,  
Why then,  
Not let it be?  
The status quo,  
That which I know,  
Deja vu,

The comfort of beaten tracks,  
No dangers from hidden cracks  
Life prosaic and dull but predictable,  
Like nights and days, strange the ways  
of the Universe,  
Senility is a curse,  
Makes me think  
of things that didn't seem to matter  
Not so long ago,  
And now, fill both Time and space.

As I lead, unchallenged,  
A one - horse race to  
Where?  
Nowhere,  
Or  
Somewhere!  
Who knows?



57.

**Untitled**

The sun and sand play tricks, on you  
The 'oceans' not far behind,  
As oasis is real, a mirage is not,  
Illusions of the mind.

Moonshine is about foolish talk,  
As also illicit drink,  
When on sands you walk,  
Footprints make you think.

Of what, perhaps the past was like,  
And what lies ahead,  
How quickly do those prints fill up?  
To mask the past and a future unread.

So walk on land that is firm,  
Beware the rising tide,  
When you tread the embankments berm,  
Remember, there's water by your side.

The rising sun tells its story,  
In manner bright and cheerful,  
But as it shines it also warns,  
It will set, be careful.



58.

Untitled

Two sides of the coin,  
Are the whirlwinds inside  
and the calm of the mind,  
As life's turbulence you ride.

Genuflect all you like,  
Be the believer you are,  
There'll be moments in Time,  
When doubts will faith tar.

Nothing's ever still,  
Not stillness for sure,  
There are underlying currents,  
Movements and more.

You feel you are thinking,  
When thoughts you hear roar,  
They're always extraneous,  
For you have no store.

How then can you say  
You're master of it all?  
When with one tiny step,  
Into an abyss you can fall.

So mark my words friends,  
Till your journey here ends,  
There's someone else pulling,  
The puppet and its strings.



59.

**Untitled**

**The scent of willows  
By the water's side  
As the river goes flowing by,  
And I'm transported  
To another world  
To the magic in the sky.**

**The night is young  
And time stands still  
As the moon in bridal gown  
Anxiously waits  
For the groom to arrive  
The sun with the furious frown.**

**The stars, her friends  
Shine through the night  
As does the glorious moon  
Alas!  
Things don't forever last  
And dawn arrives too soon.**

**Could I but  
Have lingered on  
In the wonders of the night,  
Could I but  
Have forever shared  
Space, with the stars who shone so bright.**

**Could I ?**



60.

My Yellow and Gold Laburnum Tree

A mix of yellow and green I saw,  
And the vastness of the blue,  
For that lovely tree and the sky,  
My love forever grew.

For everyday as I sat there,  
The heavens within view,  
Offering insights of the world,  
That I knew to be just and true.

Beauty lies in all Creation,  
Not just in a rainbow's hues,  
In dark and ominous clouds too,  
And in all opposing views.

I'd go to sleep in my swivel chair,  
And dream of things around me,  
The vision always deeply embedded,  
Of the sky and my yellow-green tree.

How simple then are pleasures for me,  
The ones that matter the most,  
As dreams I dreamt from time to time,  
And joyfully played host.



61.

**Untitled**

**Banish the ugly frowning blues,  
Why blow a useless mental fuse,  
Happiness lies in little things,  
Battles you'll win and also lose.**

**Beware always the razor's edge,  
Why take on a sloping ledge,  
Make the lost of the sun 'n sand,  
And the thrill of a holed- out wedge.**

**When at a blank wall you stare,  
Is when to you is laid bare,  
That which you can't figure out,  
By the cloak of wisdom intuition does wear.**

**Time, no doubt, is a wheeler dealer,  
The profound magical healer,  
Leaving lessons on its way,  
Humility is best, ask the kneeler.**



62

A penchant for melodrama  
A little more or less,  
Are we all prone to hype?  
A little more or less.

Is your sky bluer than mine,  
A little more or less,  
And the grass is it greener?  
A little more or less.

How tall are your promises?  
A little more or less,  
And the weight of your words?  
A little more or less.

Is it all relativity?  
A little more or less,  
The joys and the sorrows,  
A little more or less.

Does faith sometimes shake?  
A little more or less,  
And the love in your heart?  
A little more or less.



63.

Why create mountains out of molehills?  
Why not let the hills just lie?  
Why must we double troubles?  
Why reach them to the sky?

Why wake up an Alsatian?  
Why not let sleeping dogs lie?  
Why walk into a lion's den?  
Why not just walk by?

Why count chicks before they're hatched?  
And the eggs before they're laid,  
Patience is a known virtue,  
Flamboyance not better than staid.

Why build castles in the air?  
Dreams aren't meant for this,  
Leave well alone the punishing nightmare,  
And sleep the nights in bliss.



64.

What Ails Man?

What ails man ails the world,  
For the two are not different,  
It matters not the flag unfurled,  
Nor who is strong or diffident.

Will there ever be a day,  
On every bit of earth?  
When we can truly say,  
Without a frowning crease,  
That man was not built to tear asunder  
The fragile fabric of peace.

Greed, lust, hate and envy,  
And fear if you will,  
Ingredients all of the human mind,  
Until  
In man is instilled the fear of god and reprisal,  
Until  
Equality is unstilled in deeds not words,

Until  
Colour, creed, belief and language do not  
Man unite and oneness needs no definition,  
Until  
there is change of heart,  
Until  
Each man plays his part,

Until  
We accept and not challenge the presence of God,  
And in so doing accept happily not fight our mortality.

Until then,  
Will good men,  
A losing battle fight,  
Against the forces of darkness,  
As they try to spread light.



65.

Impure the tangle of forest- thoughts  
That spring from the loam of the mind,  
Wade through the silt of turbulent rivers,  
Till purity you finally find.

The distraught mind needs calming,  
Wise counsel from within,  
Constant vigil else berserk,  
The last nail in the coffin.

Keep bolted the stable door,  
Lest the horse gallop away,  
The mind being deviously able,  
To easily lead you astray.

Be grateful for small mercies,  
Take misfortune in your stride,  
How much worse it might have been,  
Remember, as you ride.

Aphoristic it may well seem,  
But, why nightmares when you can dream?

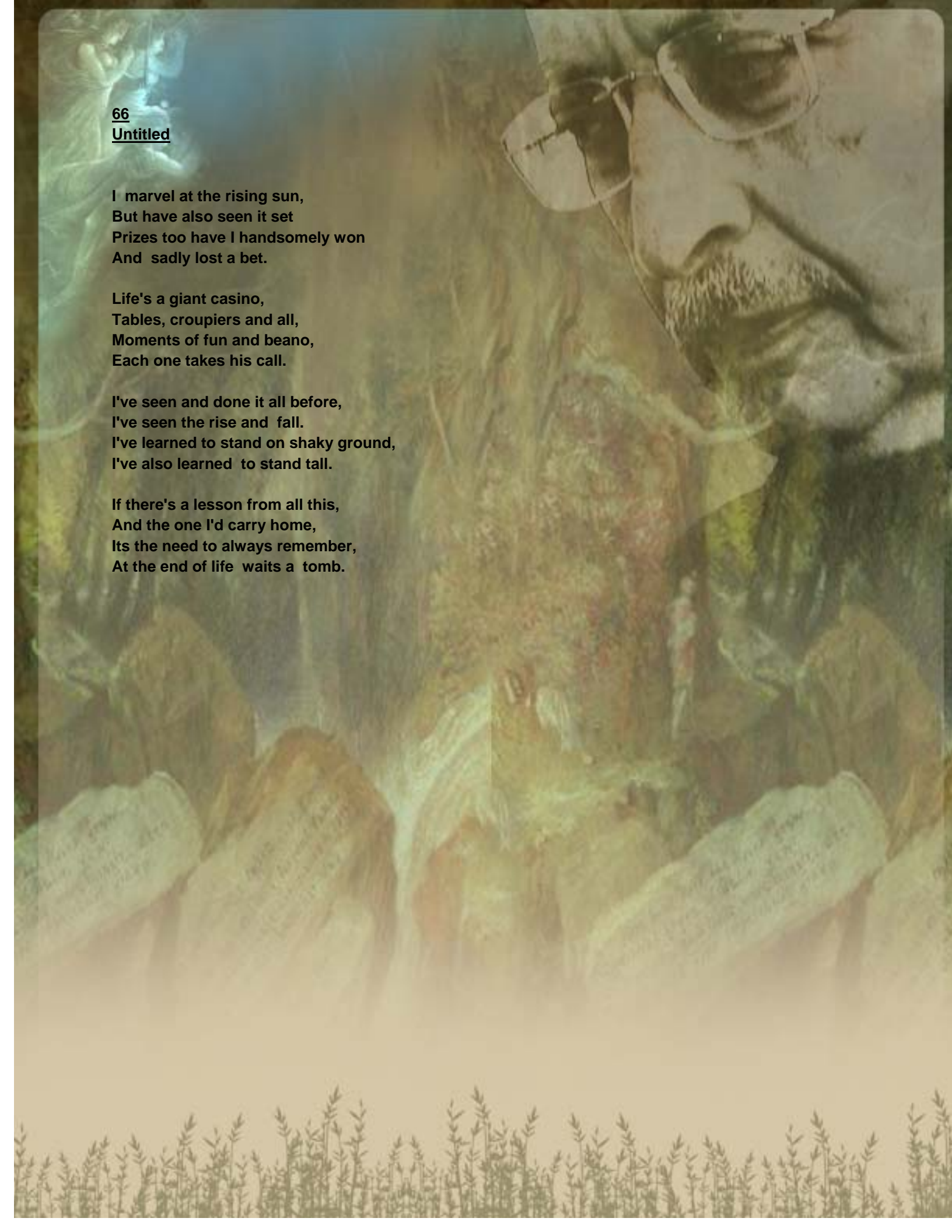
Untitled

I marvel at the rising sun,  
But have also seen it set  
Prizes too have I handsomely won  
And sadly lost a bet.

Life's a giant casino,  
Tables, croupiers and all,  
Moments of fun and beano,  
Each one takes his call.

I've seen and done it all before,  
I've seen the rise and fall.  
I've learned to stand on shaky ground,  
I've also learned to stand tall.

If there's a lesson from all this,  
And the one I'd carry home,  
It's the need to always remember,  
At the end of life waits a tomb.



**All's not well in Paradise:**

All's not well in Paradise,  
For paradise is all here,  
You hear the cries and the lies,  
And you live a life of fear.

You gaze at the distant blue above,  
Hope drives you there,  
For what you see is hardly love,  
In wonder as you stare,

At the goings- on in this world ,  
Where peace with guns is sought,  
Where threats not kindness is unfurled,  
And Man lives in confused thought,

At the overwhelming power of money,  
And its attendant strings,  
At anger, lust and envy,  
And the misery that it brings.

Whoever now reads the scriptures?  
Who even knows what they are?  
Instant pleasures, constant raptures,  
' Ecstasy' better by far.

We will return of that I'm sure,  
To those golden days of old,  
When all you needed and nothing more,  
Was for joy and happiness to unfold.



68

Untitled

From the fire of suffering  
Rises the light of consciousness,  
That beacon of awareness and ray of hope,  
That mirage called contentment that man strives for,  
Continuously,  
A helpless prey to that elusive being.  
Must we be burnt for salve to be applied?  
Does fire and suffering purify and do sins get washed away.  
Ablution?  
A clean state then. To do what?  
Struggle is thy name Man ?

The struggle to unite with God,  
I understand,  
But a struggle to survive!  
Was survival of the individual ever part of His agenda.  
I wonder  
The end then the purpose of existence !!

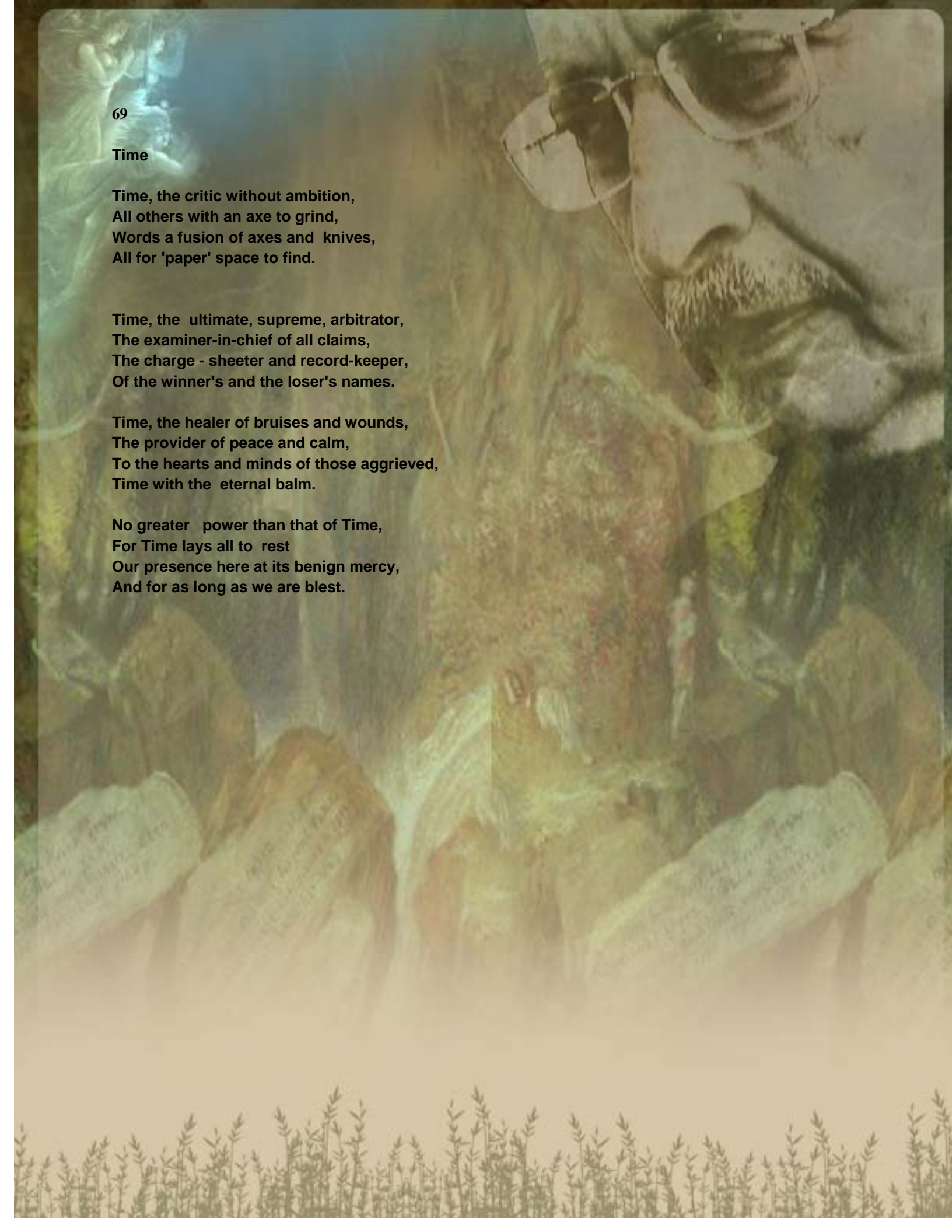
**Time**

**Time, the critic without ambition,  
All others with an axe to grind,  
Words a fusion of axes and knives,  
All for 'paper' space to find.**

**Time, the ultimate, supreme, arbitrator,  
The examiner-in-chief of all claims,  
The charge - sheet and record-keeper,  
Of the winner's and the loser's names.**

**Time, the healer of bruises and wounds,  
The provider of peace and calm,  
To the hearts and minds of those aggrieved,  
Time with the eternal balm.**

**No greater power than that of Time,  
For Time lays all to rest  
Our presence here at its benign mercy,  
And for as long as we are blest.**



**Untitled**

What's yet to come is bothersome,  
Why, I ask, must this be?  
Can I not in the present live?  
Why must I the future see?

Tomorrow is like the little bird,  
That may come sit on this tree  
Maybe sing a song or two,  
Will it even look for me?

Who knows what lies ahead?  
Bends in the road or forests deep,  
Morning lost in the dark somewhere,  
Why then can't I fall asleep?

Who has answers to these questions?  
Who knows the fate of tomorrow?  
Will I see the sun rise again?  
And another day borrow?





71

Hope

When hope dies the body lies  
Without life as it were,  
What will you do when winter's gone,  
And all you've got is fur .

Never lose hope for its always there,  
Within easy grasp,  
Even when you clutch at straw  
Its there for you to clasp.

Hope is magic, hope is eternal ,  
Until the final bend,  
And when you take that final breath,  
Hope still doesn't end.

For then you hope for an after - life,  
And the comforts that heaven bestows,  
Assuming, ofcourse, that's where you go,  
For that only heaven knows.

I went a swimming in the lake

I went a 'swimming ' in the lake,  
And what do you think I saw,  
Outlines that made me violently shake,  
And nerves turn numbingly raw.

A shark in such shallow waters,  
Slim chances had I?  
What happened to the otters?  
Where had they gone and why?

I blamed the otters and my luck,  
For I might have been left alone,  
This monster looked like a blooming truck,  
And I as dead as stone.

My heart sank and with prayer on my lips,  
I bid the world good bye,  
Till I saw at my finger tips,  
A dolphin wink on the sly.

Lovely things that dolphins are  
This was one beyond compare  
For when you think you've gone too far,  
There's always someone there.



73.

**Musings**

A great darkness descends  
On my heart today,  
Like the curse of the gods  
On a wayward day.

Midst the howling of dogs  
Hosannas are sung,  
In adulatory praise  
Of those with power of lung.

The greater the gibberish  
The louder the acclaim,  
The less you understand  
The greater your name.

All wish to look wise  
And that is the game,  
If you dissect a star  
What's left of fame?

All things are ephemeral  
Is a truth to remember,  
There's a top to a mountain  
And then the far blue yonder.



74.

Temperance

Hold me back in moderation  
Lest I another way find,  
Temperance is no attribute  
Of my disordered mind.

I crave the forbidden  
And apple trees I adore,  
Surrounded by temptation  
What more can I ask, what more?

There's pleasure in the sinister,  
In the darkness of hell,  
That puts paid to abstinence,  
Will I win? Only time will tell.

If there's an alternate heaven,  
Someone show me the door,  
And I'll happily walk in,  
With temperance to the fore.



75.

The Sun Shone on my room today

The sun shone on my room today  
As through the window I saw,  
Fleece-like clouds up on high  
And the snow begin to thaw.

A flock of birds went sailing by  
Wish I could do the same,  
I'd fly around in open space  
And be without a name.

What would I want fame for  
With the world at my feet?  
I'd only have to perch on a tree  
To get the topmost seat.

The silent yearnings of the heart  
Voiceless they maybe,  
Tell the story of man on earth,  
And how he longs to be free.



76.

**Lengthening Shadows by my side**

Lengthening shadows by my side  
As the sun goes down to slumber,  
How often have I seen this drama?  
Am I losing track of Time and number?

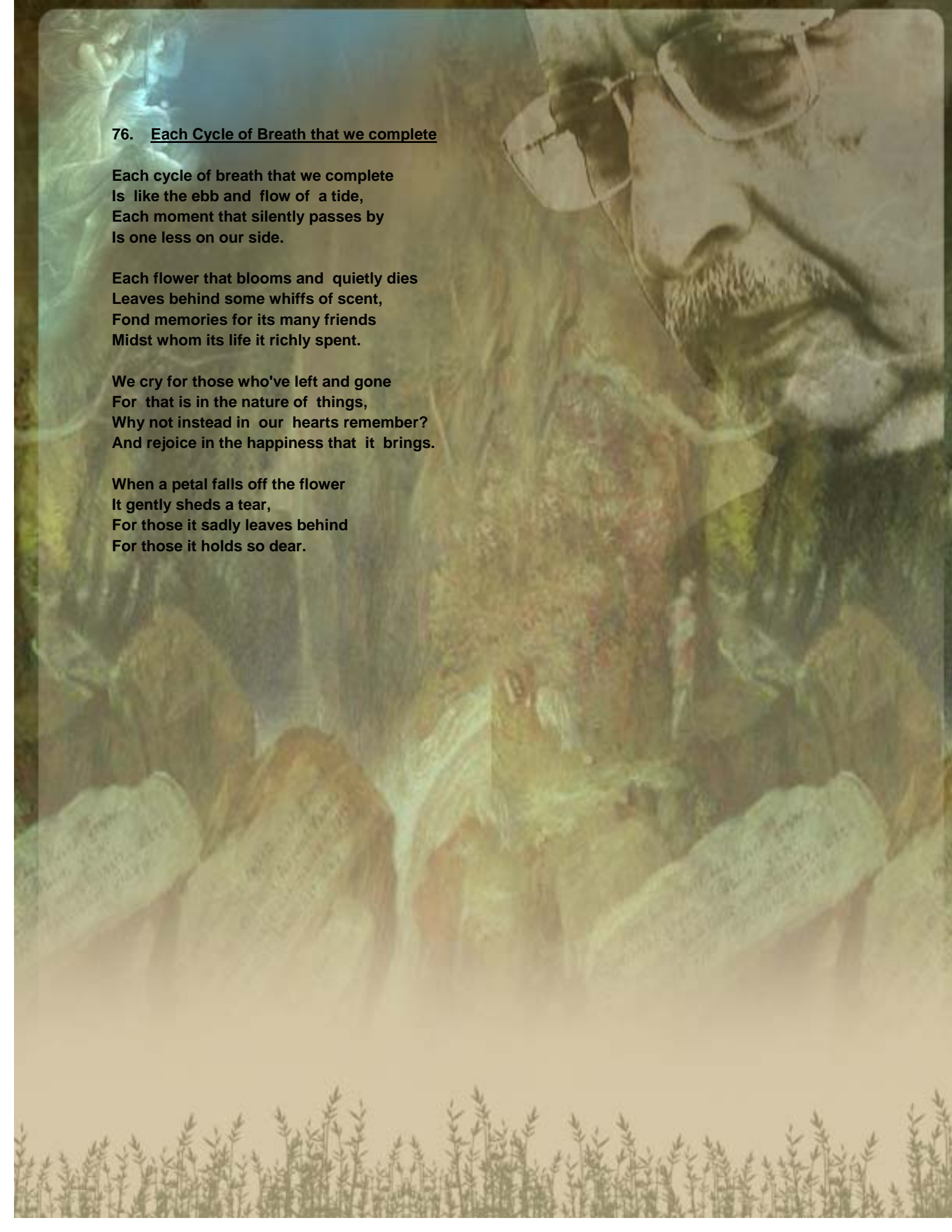
The moon now out in all its splendour  
The stars too many to count,  
As through the sands of time I walk  
In search of the eternal fount.

In amongst my silver hair  
And the wrinkles that I now see,  
Lies another more cheerful me  
Buried deep in memory.

Smiles wrapped in the morning amidst  
Laughter, banter and the like,  
Stories of the times gone by  
Adventures on a broken bike.

A full circle has the wheel now turned  
As I go back in time,  
To those carefree days of childhood  
And the singing of nursery rhyme.

Rivers must flow ceaselessly  
If the seas they wish to meet,  
Walk I must life's journey through  
With confidence in my feet.



**76. Each Cycle of Breath that we complete**

**Each cycle of breath that we complete  
Is like the ebb and flow of a tide,  
Each moment that silently passes by  
Is one less on our side.**

**Each flower that blooms and quietly dies  
Leaves behind some whiffs of scent,  
Fond memories for its many friends  
Midst whom its life it richly spent.**

**We cry for those who've left and gone  
For that is in the nature of things,  
Why not instead in our hearts remember?  
And rejoice in the happiness that it brings.**

**When a petal falls off the flower  
It gently sheds a tear,  
For those it sadly leaves behind  
For those it holds so dear.**