

THE MYSTIC

IS IN

*Love*

Dr. BICHITRA KUMAR BEHURA

Powered by

[24by7Publishing.com](http://24by7Publishing.com)

This book **The Mystic is in Love** by Dr. Bichitra Kumar Behura  
is self-published by the author.

All the printing & distribution process of the book  
is powered by

**24by7 Publishing**

13 New Road, Kolkata - 51, India  
<https://www.24by7Publishing.com>

Contact@24by7Publishing.com

+91 9831 470 133

+91 9433 444 334

Copyright © 2019 by Dr. Bichitra Kumar Behura

Cover Design by Chandra Mondal

Copyright © cover design by 24by7 Publishing

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted or stored  
in a retrieval system, in any form or by any means, electronic,  
mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise,  
without the prior permission of the publisher.

This book is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not, by way of  
trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise circulated  
without the publisher's prior consent in any form of  
binding or cover other than that in  
which it is published.

**MRP: INR 190.00**

First Published in August, 2019

Version 1.00

**ISBN: 978-93-88479-xx-x**

Powered by



[24by7Publishing.com](https://www.24by7Publishing.com)

# My Poetry

She comes,  
hiding behind a veil  
tip-toed,  
stealthily,  
without any notice,  
at any time of the day or night.

She wakes me up  
If I am asleep  
She shakes me up  
From my routine.  
She holds my hand  
Takes me to her world  
I just follow  
Sleep walking  
In the nature's burrow  
I never ask a question  
She doesn't say anything  
I try recording  
My unusual feelings  
Few words spill  
Few thoughts die  
Paints splash on the sky  
Colors make me blind  
I open my inner eye  
And quietly,  
Perceive her beauty  
And stamp glimpses of her love  
In my poetry.



# Acknowledgments

To me, my poetry is but an expression of the vivid colors and beauty which surrounds us. Anyone who presses the 'pause' button in their tumultuous life can surely experience them.

My endeavor to translate my innermost feelings into my poetry has been inspired by many, to whom I remain deeply indebted. It's indeed very difficult to thank all of them individually; nevertheless, I am trying to do my best in this acknowledgement.

I am grateful from the core of my heart to my late parents for everything, and all that I have achieved or attained is only because of them. My mother specially, right from my infancy, encouraged me to live with passion. She inspired me to follow my heart, which truly opened my mind to all that nature has bestowed on us, and appreciate and treasure each and every moment in my life. My love for poetry, music and writing is but a natural corollary to my mother's inspiration and her indomitable enthusiasm for life. Counterintuitively, my love for mathematics also was born from these same foundations, as I could sense and visualize the poetry present in the symmetry and flow in mathematical concepts, formulae and equations.

My beloved wife Namita deserves my sincere acknowledgement and gratitude, for she is my greatest support and source of strength. I have overcome the trials and tribulations of life and emerge even stronger from them, only because of her. My precious children Vinayak and Shreya are my elixir of life, with their unconditional love and encouragement. My daughter-in-law, Disha, is the new addition in the family, and her appreciation of my poetry is a constant motivation to do even better.

My friends and colleagues, too many to be named now given the page limitations, actually are the reason for my poetry to start flowing. Their flair for seeing the unsaid things woven into my poems has surely catalyzed me, and I am very grateful to them for awakening my slumbering love for poetry.

I would like to conclude by thanking the publisher, whose trust in me is why my poetry has reached you, through this beautiful book and its predecessors.

August, 2019

Dr. Bichitra Kumar Behura

24by7Publishing.com

# Foreword

Beautiful poetry moves us, it pierces our hearts, it makes us reflect thoughtfully, dance with abandon, smile with resonance and cry without a care. Bichitra Kumar Behura's collection of poems, *The Mystic is in Love*, does all this and more. His poems express the longing that we have always wanted to feel, and they provide a beautiful voice to the silent love that sits deep within our hearts. In addition, they conjure up new images of happiness, sadness, but most importantly anticipation, hope, and the desire for fulfillment, which is perhaps the most pregnant of human emotions, because it takes so long to germinate and express itself.

I have known Bichitra since our college days together at BITS, Pilani, nearly forty years ago. Both of us joined college together as young teenage boys, in the year 1980. We stayed in the same wing of the same hostel on campus, Krishna Bhawan, which is I think the best and warmest hostel on the earth, and there we would often gather to hear Bichitra sing. He would sing the most soulful songs, both in Hindi and in his native Odiya language, and he would sing them extraordinary well. I relished his singing and fondly remember those musical evenings so many years later. In fact, one specific Odiya love song that he introduced me to in those days continues to haunt me until today. I often hum it at home, and I am sure my family often wonders where this strange Odiya melody came from. But what I did not realize at that time was that the emotion that we felt in Bichitra's voice was not just musical expression, it was the emotion of a poet, waiting for his muse.

When I read the poems contained in this book, it is clear that his muse has not merely arrived but has stayed close to him. When Bichitra implores his muse to speak to him and goes on to say, "No need to tell the truth, it can just be a few lines, from the old story book," it reflects our collective longing to connect with each other, no matter what the contents of such connection are. Just the sheer happiness of being

together, and speaking with each other, and maybe holding hands as well if we permit ourselves to—those are the tender moments that we seek, and those are the moments that Bichitra captures so well in his verse.

The true poet speaks his or her mind, without holding back, because poetry is a distillation of the truth, as it appears to us. Here again, Bichitra holds forth without holding back. When he says, “Take me with you, wherever you like,” and he again goes on to say “Take me behind time, and give me back my prime,” many of us will feel the ring of truth in his words. Bichitra’s poetry is not merely truthful, it is sometimes painfully so, because it reveals the cracks and crevices that lie scattered in our lives. Life is like that, sometimes we paper over these cracks, and sometimes we let them lie unseen; but when we talk about them and feel them once again, we somehow reach a greater sense of peace and understanding, with ourselves. Reading *The Mystic is in Love* has had that effect on me.

I also sense in many of these poems a deep spiritual longing, a soulful search for the Divine. Whether seeking divine blessings, or talking of His Love and His Glory, the mystic in Bichitra appears to be constantly reaching out to God Almighty, seeking a window through which to converse, to feel, to seek blessings and, eventually, to rejoice in His infinite love. Many of the finest poems in this collection are expressions of such constant spiritual longing, which is at the heart of human existence. Our gods shape us, and they give us the power to be the best possible human beings we can be. For this to happen, we need to open ourselves to the Divine powers in our lives, taking care to break down the barriers that we often erect ourselves. The poems in this book will perhaps help us a little bit, as we contemplate our own journeys in this space.

The most compelling part of Bichitra’s poetry is the simplicity and power of his expression. The two are closely related, because in simplicity of ideas and expression lies the greatest power. We fall in love with his poetry because it eats into our hearts very easily, without the least semblance of any struggle. His ability to put forward complex

emotions through such easy and effortless expression is at the heart of his mastery of poetry.

I have greatly relished reading many of the poems in this book, and I am sure you will fall in love with them too. It is my privilege to write this foreword to a wonderful book, but, most importantly, to the beautifully crafted words written by a wonderful human being and a lifelong friend. I will forever cherish Bichitra's friendship, born in our college days of four decades ago, but, hopefully, one that will live on forever.

Harish Bhat

Author of *Tata Log* and *The Curious Marketer*.

24by7Publishing.com



# Contents

A True Friend .....	13	I am Me.....	54
A Wait for an Acknowledgment....	14	I Wish.....	55
Absolute Happiness.....	15	In Imaginations.....	57
Accept my Succour .....	16	In the Flow of life .....	58
All for Enjoyment .....	17	Indubitable Love .....	59
Another Endeavor .....	18	Inspiration to Enjoy.....	60
As Bright as Sunshine.....	19	Invisible Threads .....	61
As I See .....	20	Invocation.....	63
Aspiring Heaven .....	21	Just for Love .....	64
Awaiting Love.....	22	Just Love.....	65
Be the Witness .....	23	Let's be Free.....	66
Beyond all Desires.....	24	Let me Cry.....	67
Black Diamond.....	25	Life Beyond Knowledge .....	68
Call of the Mirage.....	26	Life in the Moment .....	70
Crows Calling in Chickweeds.....	27	Life is a Song.....	71
Date .....	28	Life is a Meditation .....	73
Death Dies in Reality.....	29	Long Live the King.....	74
Different Facets.....	31	Love for Love's Sake .....	75
Divine Blessings .....	32	Love in Remorse .....	76
Drill for the Zeal .....	33	Love is Fresh.....	78
Elixir of Love.....	34	Love is Spreading.....	79
Encounter with Buddha.....	35	Love's New Abode .....	80
Enemy Within.....	37	Love Shines .....	81
Expressing the Unexpressed .....	38	Love Sublime, in Silence .....	82
Flying with the Fairies .....	39	Love Without Deferments.....	83
Forsaking Wisdom .....	40	Loving the Self.....	84
For the Roses .....	42	Mind the Mind.....	85
God for a Day.....	43	My Existence.....	86
Going Back in Memory Lane.....	44	My Tears .....	88
Half-Truth .....	45	New Wind .....	89
Heaven in my House .....	46	Night Beyond Sunrise.....	90
His Love, His Glory.....	48	Nothing to Prove .....	91
His Presence without Senses .....	49	Ode to the Flowers .....	92
I am Everywhere .....	51	Oh! Worrying.....	93
I am in Love.....	52	One Soul.....	94
I Am Alive .....	53	Raining Love.....	96

Realizations.....	97	The Mine of Treasure.....	120
Reasons Being in Love .....	98	The Omnipresent Love.....	121
Recreating the moment of love.....	100	The Painting.....	123
Reincarnation .....	101	The Pilgrims on the path of Love.....	125
Re-Living Love .....	103	The Real Asset.....	126
Reversing the River.....	105	The Script .....	128
Revisiting Love.....	106	The Soulmate .....	130
Romancing the Moon.....	107	The Story of a Tortoise.....	132
Seeking Freedom in Unison .....	108	The Trial .....	133
Simply Being Simple .....	110	The Ultimate Ecstasy.....	134
Spectrum of Life.....	111	The Ultimate Goal .....	136
Stranger in the Strange Land.....	112	The Ultimate Pilgrimage .....	137
Succour.....	113	The Untrodden Path.....	139
The Courier .....	115	Transcendence .....	140
The Darkest Cave.....	116	Ubiquitous whisper.....	141
The Elixir of Love.....	117	Untold Stories .....	142
The Exile.....	118	Vibrations of Love in Silence.....	143
The Irrefutable Feelings .....	119	World of Possibilities.....	143

24by7Publishing.com

## A True Friend

Seeing you like this for years,  
In peace without fears,  
In contentment with full gears.  
I often see your eyes in tears  
But, they are mere indicators  
Of happiness in trying conditions  
And, fulfillment of your intentions.

Hard to believe, it is the mirror  
Which I have been talking to for years.  
You are just my reflection,  
My trusted friend, in identical colors.  
You tease me in all my actions  
By mimicking my negative reactions.

It is time for me to give suggestions;  
Gather your legs and arms  
And, put on the armor and the guards  
To conquer the rest of the world  
For the sake of your friend  
Standing anxiously on the opposite end.

# *A Wait for an Acknowledgment*

You missed me in the breeze  
In the desert night,  
You could have still seen me  
Among the stars shining so bright.  
Don't know why you forgot  
To pick me up in the herd  
As I was crying my heart out,  
Being left behind of the caravan.

My song didn't have any effect  
As you showed no interest;  
Instead, you followed the age-old system  
Of going through the process.  
I tried to come in your dreams  
To wake you up from your sleep.  
But, you were confused what was real  
And, continued as per your routine.

Don't miss me this time  
Who knows when life repeats.  
I am still, smiling in the flowers  
And, dancing with the peacocks;  
You can find me in tears  
As well as, in all kind of celebrations.  
I have found you long ago  
But, it is of no use  
Unless you acknowledge.

# Absolute Happiness

In the kennel of dogs  
Everyone seems to be in songs  
Happy and joyous  
Enjoying their own portion of nosh.

Suddenly, they start barking  
As they engage themselves in comparing  
The pieces of bones each of them is having  
And with jealousy, keep gnashing.

Since ages, I am quite happy  
Staying in a poor locality  
But, all that just vanishes  
As I enter the land of riches.

I look for my peace  
In any kind of circumstance outside  
It is not about what I don't have  
But, all that I treasure inside.

Let me celebrate your success  
As my own achievements  
And share your sorrows and tears  
Being one with the whole of the universe.

I am neither jealous of your possessions  
Nor proud of my chattels  
I am happy nevertheless  
In spite of whatever happens.

## *Accept my Succor*

I can't take your problems,  
I can't reduce your sorrows,  
But I still have some space in my heart  
Which you may wish to borrow  
To unleash the ferocity of the cyclone  
By spreading it in my empty zone.  
I will be happy to share the burden  
On my weak fragile shoulders  
To see your smile again  
In spite of you being in distress.

Don't think it is the sympathy  
Or any kind of my supremacy;  
It is just in case you need my hands  
To hold them and walk away gracefully.  
Never say thanks for anything,  
As for me, it is always getting more  
Than what I can ever be able to give.  
Look for me in the maddening crowd,  
In those tearful swollen eyes,  
And try pouring little love to dry it up  
Keeping intact their vanishing smiles.

## All for Enjoyment

I am not happy,  
I am not sad  
But I am little aware  
After experiencing life so far.

I may be little shocked,  
May be little amazed,  
But I feel more confident  
After going through the turbulence.

Don't know if it is good,  
Can't say for sure if it is bad  
But I am little glad  
With the mind scantily clad.

It can be love  
It can be hate  
But let me take little rest  
No need to analyze it, every now and then.

God knows if I have won,  
Doesn't matter if I have lost  
But before going to dust  
Let me enjoy life the most.

## Another Endeavor

We seem to be tired of each other,  
Let us both change our status.  
Let's not behave like beggars  
Asking for love and favors.  
Let's forget our problems  
And dump those trivial worries.  
We would rather turn our attention  
Towards solving them together.

No matter we failed so often  
Understanding each other,  
Spending our time and age  
On routine matters.  
Why should that stop us from trying  
Again in this cold winter?  
May be there is light after the tunnel  
Which will bring us little closer.

If you are willing,  
We can still walk together  
Forgetting all our past behaviors.  
We will keep out all our belongings  
Ignoring our frames for the time being,  
Will just allow our soul to talk.  
We will have no other considerations  
Except our leftover love,  
Trying for another endeavor.

## *As Bright as Sunshine*

You stole all that I had  
Making me richer in every standard.

Initially, I did resist  
To part with all my belongings,  
But, pitied against the cyclone  
There was no way I could resist.

Standing in front of a mirror,  
I was happy seeing my image  
Wearing fancy dresses;  
Never had the time to see myself  
Or had the guts to stand under the Sun,  
Absolutely, bare and naked.

I am starting to look inside  
To find if there is still anything  
Which I can try to hide.  
It is all me  
Without a shade of ego or self-esteem  
That is as bright as sunshine.

## As I See

Is it the same thing I saw  
In the flowers and in the flow  
Of the river, and in the blow  
Of gentle breeze touching your face,  
And the reflection of luster  
Highlighting your aura and glow?

Is it the same thing I noticed  
In the tone of the chirping birds,  
And in the wandering antelopes,  
Or in the moos of the cows  
That carries the soul,  
Evident in every living beings?

Is it the same thing I see in your anger,  
And in your simplistic candor,  
Sometimes in the teary water  
That drops down incessantly  
Kissing your beautiful cheeks  
And revealing tons of emotions?

The spirit of love and soul  
Is evident all across the globe.  
It is visible in its presence  
Conspicuous in its absence,  
It is there everywhere all the time  
In reality or in dream, as I see.

## Aspiring Heaven

It came down like a gush of water  
From a stream prisoned for years.  
She had almost forgotten her nature  
Of practicing freedom  
Bestowed on her by the creator.

It is like the rays of the morning Sun,  
Covered inside black clouds  
Trying to pierce through  
Revealing the celestial smile,  
Sleeping whole night  
In the cover of a blind.

A little bird has set out in expedition  
Without aiming to reach any destination;  
Just following the direction  
Of a flowing stream and the glowing Sun,  
Disregarding any kind of obstructions.

It is the never-ending sky in the front  
Beyond stars and planets;  
The beginning of an empire,  
Which every heart with love will aspire  
To dwell in tranquil bliss forever.

## Awaiting Love

Playing hide and seek  
Whiling away the precious time,  
We had lost ourselves  
In the forest, so thick  
That we forgot our way  
Back to the home and our true instincts.

Stop wandering around,  
Why don't you appear before me?  
As I am tired of chasing your shadow  
In the dark midnight,  
on the murky ground.  
It is time to go hand in hand, as one unit  
And bask under the Sun,  
Now, looking so bright.

I have been in waiting  
To swallow the love elixir  
From eternity, since the advent of time.  
I see you coming like a virgin stream  
Crossing all obstacles to realize the dream  
Fulfilling the desire to mingle in my heart of hearts,  
Like a briskly flowing river into the sea.

## Be the Witness

Speak to me  
No need to tell the truth  
It can just be few lines  
From the old storybook.

Listen to me  
If you like  
It is just enough to act  
To make me feel happy and bright.

Spend a little time  
For chatting a while  
It may not be wise  
But that can make a bruised heart fine.

Look into my eyes  
Forget all my vice  
Never try to blame the breeze  
If my love holds you in seize.

Allow love to rule  
Across all land, hot or cool  
Just be a witness of the play  
And enjoy life every moment, all day.

## *Beyond all Desires*

Swimming in the sea of desire  
I have forgotten my past  
And building a dreamy future.  
I don't remember  
If anything I have carried forward  
Before coming to this world.

It is the trap  
I was advised to avoid  
But, my small wishes  
Have thrown me into the void  
Where I can only see the whirls of tornado  
Boosting up my desire and ego.

I am devastated  
Travelling endlessly in despair  
Trying very hard to recall the name  
Of the panacea of all desires.  
I find myself holding on to love  
Floating like a straw in the deep waters.

You have brought me here  
To spread your words bold and clear  
I am just your messenger  
How can I forget  
That life is not all about desires  
But a bouquet of love and affection.

## Black Diamond

It is black and ugly  
Unseasoned, raw and unholy,  
Brittle like a piece of wood,  
Preparing to burn out,  
Turning into ash and smoke  
Escaping a life without any hope.

But, He has a specific plan  
To convert it into a diamond  
That will dazzle as a symbol of love.  
The coal has to metaphor,  
Going through tremendous pressure  
Of life's various struggles and afflictions.

It is only for the sake of love,  
The dead log has undergone  
Years of hardship and torture  
To turn into a glittering piece of diamond  
So that it reflects the heart of a beloved  
Without resorting to words, whatsoever.

It is not yet the precious stone,  
Is still burning like the coke  
Waiting for the divine touch,  
And the wait has been for ages  
To have a place around your neck  
As a symbol of the love and respect.

## Call of the Mirage

Don't follow me  
I am just a mirage  
Never expect it will quench your thirst  
As it may not even last  
Till you think  
You have it in your catch.

I am myself very hungry and thirsty  
That is the reason  
I have created an oasis in my mind  
In this desert, so unkind and dusty  
it is never my intension  
To create an illusion  
But there are mist walkers  
Who jump and enjoy in hallucination.

There is still time to mend your way  
The lake is not far away  
Chalk out your own path  
Forgetting all the mistakes of the past  
Better to follow your instinct  
No point getting into dogmas and ethics  
It is just important to reach  
Doesn't matter what may be the trick.

Never bother about me  
I will continue to be  
The image of reality  
Till the mind manifests  
Into a beautiful oasis  
giving hopes to nomadic Bedouins.

## *Crows Calling in Chickweeds*

In the neglected corner of the park,  
As the day is getting little dark,  
There are chickweed blossoms in the ditches  
Away from the manicured roses  
Look so very familiar  
Almost quite similar  
To that of my village wild flowers  
Dancing with the shrubs in the rustic nature.

The crow calling in the hoarse tuner  
From the top of the concrete city jungle  
Reminding me of the afternoon summer  
In my village after many years.  
It is always the peacocks, parrots and pigeons  
Who often ruled my imaginations  
But now the crows and chickweeds  
Planting in me the new thought-seeds.

I understand as I realize  
Crows and wild flowers truly symbolize  
The leftover soul of my life.  
They may evade the attention of the passer-by  
But they keep surviving  
Through the test of time  
Declaring, life is never  
About flamingos or roses.  
All on a sudden,  
As the crow flies  
and the chickweed smiles  
I wake up to a new refreshing sunshine.

## Date

Take me with you  
To wherever you like;  
I feel like floating in the river,  
In the swift current of life.  
Stretch my hands like open wings,  
And guide me along the wind  
So that I dance and sing  
As per the strings,  
During the spring.

Take me to the forest,  
Behind trees and bushes;  
Reveal your heart  
Help me to see myself.  
Show me the flowers  
You have hidden from others;  
Treat me with the nectar  
You have spread with fragrance,  
In great abundance.

Take me behind time  
And give me back my prime;  
Teach me the tricks too of the voyage  
And lead me into your tutelage.  
Come out of the stone cover  
To reveal your eyes with tears;  
Let me realize your love  
As I go in a date,  
Once for all.

# Death Dies in Reality

As the bird flew away beyond my vision  
I allowed my thoughts to run after  
To catch some glimpses of the wings  
Flapping beautifully,  
And, vanishing in the distant horizon.  
Difficult to forget the time we spent,  
Together in this lonely planet;  
Thoughts rioting to recreate  
Those short-lived happy moments  
And the never-ending turbulences.

I was trying to trace your presence  
In the left-behind breathes,  
Under the shadows of trees  
You so fondly inhabited,  
I walked on the beaches  
To see if there are still some footprints  
Left untouched by ravaging waves  
Which would be enough for me reminiscing your memory in  
solitude,  
Spending the left over life in your absence.

Getting up early in the morning  
Among the chirping birds,  
I look towards the new Sun rising,  
Tearing through the calm sea.

The waves seem to be saying  
As if nothing has gone away  
Nothing new is really happening.  
Thoughts keep coming and going  
Giving the impression of dying and living,  
The reality, in any case, is never changing  
In spite of the illusion Created by adding or subtracting.

24by7Publishing.com

## Different Facets

I set out in my mission  
For perfecting my love  
Which is slowly getting matured  
After years of understanding  
The little nuances and subtle vibrations,  
All around me, In God's beautiful creations.

After years of penance  
I am yet to achieve the ideal  
That can satisfy my hunger  
For reaching a state called perfection.  
But, it is always the deviations  
That attracted my attention.  
My flaws and deformities have helped me  
Getting closer to the enchantress nature,  
As I look for beauty in small measures.

I realize, I am imperfect,  
I have no intentions to become a godhead  
In the crowd of dilettantes.  
Let me find my little space  
To cultivate my love in silence,  
Forget all my vices  
And understand love  
In its different facets.

## Divine Blessings

Flowers are there all over,  
Of different style and color,  
Some dancing in the breeze  
Some clinging to water  
While smiling at the Sun.  
The roses are threatened  
As they go for their self-protection  
With piercing thorns.  
Entangled in the mud, is the lotus,  
God's beautiful creation.

Never intended to own or hold,  
Your beauty, or the gold.  
You have protected your love  
Among the pain and affliction,  
It is up to You, whom you favor  
With your kind grace and affections.  
Let me have a little rose  
Or, a semi bloomed lotus  
That should be enough for a life  
Struggling to have your blessings  
And kind attention.

## Drill for the Zeal

I am never scared to fail in the game,  
I knew there is always another chance  
To come back to the turf with a bang.  
    It sounded so cool  
That everything one learns after the fall  
Helps him recoup for another battle.

I am never tired of loving this world  
In spite the inflictions coming as rewards.  
    There is always the faith and hope  
    That love will never show its back.  
    I may look little crippled  
But, I am giving my last shot to succeed.

I am no more scared of life  
As I have started walking on the edges  
To understand the depth from the cliff.  
    I am growing my wings  
    So that I fly over the valleys,  
If I fail in my love and fall from the skies.

## Elixir of Love

This is your land,  
This is your country;  
I am just a stranger  
Without any credentials  
Waiting for the entry.  
There are countless stars,  
Endless horizon,  
Amazing planets  
And dazzling milky roads  
All around, in plenty.  
In the corner most place  
Away from all  
There is this small beauty  
Holding on to the pot  
Full of elixir of love  
Since eternity.  
Sneaking away from the clutch  
Freeing myself from the rot;  
I grabbed hold of the pot  
To taste few drops  
Of the nectar of love  
To enter into your universe.

## Encounter with Buddha

Seeing you as you meditate  
With the aura around your face  
I ask you if you are the God  
I am looking for since ages.  
You look so different  
As if from another planet.  
You look like a flower in the garden  
A dancing peacock in the rain  
A swift stream singing in joy  
Dancing down to meet the ocean.

You are like the rising sun  
Spreading your wings all over  
You run around like an alert deer  
Unafraid in spite of every danger  
You are very much the smile  
And the tears all alike  
You are neither hot nor cold  
You are ductile and still very bold  
You are unique in the world  
You can't be anyone other than God.

“I am not God as you insist  
As there is no such thing ever exists  
There are differences in you and me  
Though nothing much to distinguish  
I am awake as you are still asleep  
I am aware of my breath  
As you just continue to live  
With the Buddha caged inside  
Which you can always unleash  
And be like me.”

## Enemy Within

We both are always in the run  
Sometimes, I am ahead;  
Many times, you are in the front.  
It is the circle of life,  
Very difficult to meet  
Provided one of us stops,  
Instead of overtaking the other  
To come out as a winner.

There is no competition,  
No one is a victor,  
No clear losers  
As life is purely a routine action.  
It is a merry-go-round,  
The play for self-satisfaction  
Within the quota of pain,  
With a bit of happiness and gain.

Come little closer to me  
Hold my hand tightly;  
Let's watch the seed  
Slowly growing into a tree,  
Buds open up to flowers and smile  
As we proceed in our journey.  
We are one soul spreading all we see;  
Is there anything like a friend or enemy?

## Expressing the Unexpressed

Sometimes, I feel like getting angry.

Then I think, is it necessary?

When my love surfaces in disgust,

It is generally perceived as my angst.

Probably, there are restrictions

To express certain emotions,

Even if it is love, in different forms.

I feel free to say the fact

As dictated by love and its words,

Without weighing consequences

That may sound harsh for you to react.

But, how can love be construed as a flak?

I always believed, it is beyond the asking

Of testifying the love's existence.

How can love be expressed in emotions?

Isn't it a result of divine intervention?

Words fail to describe,

Senses lack to perceive one

Love manifests in its own ways,

Half hidden, glowing in sentiments,

Camouflaged in unusual moods.

## Flying with the Fairies

Holding the hand of a fairy  
Landed here in God's territory.  
Bubbling with enthusiasm and zest.  
I pursued my journey of life to the crest.  
You came as an angel from the heaven,  
Embraced me with your love and grace  
The dreams started taking the shape  
Stars came striding to our nest

Birds came singing the lullabies,  
Flowers spread the fragrances,  
The streams joined with music  
The breeze played the magical trick.  
The little angel appeared slowly  
With divine smile to give company.  
Life turned so beautiful overnight,  
All the illusions went out of sight.

I may be little tired and weak,  
The Road has become narrow and stiff,  
But, I haven't stopped of dreaming  
As I am still keen on self-discovering.  
I need all of you, the angels and the fairies  
To lead me out of the miseries.  
Lend me your hands and wings  
So that, I fly again with the fairies.

## Forsaking Wisdom

Don't ever give me the choice  
To decide what is right  
And what is a vice.  
I am confused by what I see  
And what I perceive  
As I have to change  
My long held beliefs,  
Not once or twice  
But at every juncture  
Of my life.

Don't make me understand things  
And to analyze them beyond a point;  
I tend to lose interest  
In knowing the true essence  
Of the real subject.  
Let me just enjoy  
Without any judgment  
Like an innocent child  
Engrossed in playing with toys  
Unaware of future consequences.

I don't want to negotiate  
My journey on the highways;  
Rather, I relax on the backseats  
As you give me the lift  
In your Cozy car  
To reach the destination,

Safe and fine  
In your great company.  
Just give me your hand  
And fill my heart with your love  
So that I forget  
All that I have learned.

24by7Publishing.com

## For the Roses

In the land of Gold,  
I am searching for my heart  
In the field strewn with marigolds,  
Silently covering the sleeping dead.  
Carefully, I looked for the soil  
Amidst the yellow sunny broil  
For growing few roses  
To release me from the turmoil.

I saw your love sprouting little late  
With the showering of unseasonal rain  
Unperturbed by the cyclonic cloud  
Opening up the eyes from the ground.  
It is the first bud in the plant  
With different colors of petals  
Slowly spreading the smile  
besieging the soul and recapturing my life.

It is the ecstasy more than the regrets  
Of rediscovering my inborn happiness;  
Though in the process  
I lost time wandering in the forest.  
There are unending stretches of roses  
Without any trace of material riches,  
It is the advent of the new season  
As flowers shower for a new beginning.

# God for a Day

I want to enjoy and remain happy  
In spite of the weather being so gloomy.

Nothing can affect me,  
The cyclones or any calamity.  
You have told me to take it easy  
And sail through them bravely.

Will not get disturbed by anything,  
Will keep my faith very tight  
In all the conditions of life  
Irrespective of facing apathy  
In all trying circumstances  
Hoping for the best to happen.

Whatever may come in my way,  
Promise to smile always.  
Will refrain from complaining  
And will rather start enjoying.  
Will follow all your instructions  
And rejoice life in all forms.

But, it seems all so difficult  
For a human being with limitations.  
You can make it easy for me  
With the magic of your blessings,  
Make me a God for a day  
So that I forget the human traits.

# Going Back in Memory Lane

Come!

Let's go back to school;

But, you have to forget

All that has happened in between,

Before we all leave.

Throw away the extra baggage

We have acquired on the way,

As there is no need of them, anyway.

Standing under the sun during the break,

We can enjoy pulling each other's legs;

Chatting and whistling, hiding our face,

We can see the reactions

In the eyes of those beautiful friends.

This time, we may speak out from the hearts,

The unspoken words,

We have concealed for ages.

We will have no inhibitions to express,

The love so far been trying to escape,

Through jerky eyes or controlled smiles

In the school corridor or in poetry classes.

We will probably spend more time

Soaking in the friendship rather in learnings,

With the new realization, that we all carry

To the childhood days

Taking the by-lane of our memory.

# Half-Truth

Don't say  
Let the world guess  
Who knows the truth?  
All are just half-truths.  
The rope appears as snake  
As all the assumptions may be fake.

After reaching the end  
You may prepare for another finale  
Your truth slides further  
To another distant horizon.  
Who knows for sure  
If all that is seen, is real?

You are in the cycle of change  
In your journey with foes and friends  
How you distinguish between them  
And to what extent  
As they keep switching their role  
In life's drama, every episode.

You may hide from the truth  
Forgetting all the so-called proofs,  
Discover everything anew  
And relive life, as done by a few  
In awareness of every moment of life  
Without any judgment, day and night.

## Heaven in my House

It is God's territory,  
I just peeped in  
To see if it is worth an entry.  
There is no pain, no misery  
Life is full of plenty.  
No one to help,  
No shoulders to weep,  
No friends to share the grief,  
Life is monotonous and sick.  
Emotions are weak,  
All of them are busy to seek  
An undefined elusive goal of life.

I am happy as it is,  
Being human is a great bliss,  
Let gods come and visit  
To experience life  
In its different varieties.  
Better, bring the heaven  
Inside my small house  
So that I fill it up  
With what I possess;  
Little pain and a bit of happiness,  
Lots of love,  
And a life full of enjoyment.

There is no life beyond life,  
To live it is our exclusive right.  
It may be uncertain and weird at times

But, it is it not a fun and delight  
Walking blindfolded in the night,  
Experiencing every moment of it  
As it comes in the true spirit?  
Who knows gods may be envying  
And peeping inside my house  
To share a piece of the bread  
That I have struggled to get,  
Giving my blood and sweat.

24by7Publishing.com

## *His Love, His Glory*

In the dripping snow from the pines,  
Seeing the moon reflecting its light  
    Into my moist sleepy eyes,  
    I suddenly, feel your touch  
    In the corner of my heart  
In the beautiful Christmas night.

It is the silence reigning the hamlet,  
The stars peeping through the forest,  
    My thoughts getting frozen  
And settling over the virgin stream  
    Like pieces of icicles  
As a bright layer of cream.

The Sun comes out behind the hill  
Discarding the white cover so chill.  
Golden rays of love spreads all around,  
    The sky smiles with majestic blue  
After being captivated by the dark night,  
About to embrace both me and you.

The shadow of a statuesque beauty  
Leads me to the expansive valley  
    As I walk in my dreams  
    With all my thoughts settled  
    Following the beautiful ferry,  
This is His love in all its glory.

## *His Presence without Senses*

I touched both my eyes  
To perceive how they see,  
I looked at my fingers  
To feel the sensitivity.  
I opened my ears  
To taste the music.  
I tasted the honey  
For the flowers and its beauty.  
I uttered your name loudly  
To feel your proximity.

I killed all my senses  
To feel the emptiness.  
I dipped into the sea  
For riches and prosperity.  
It is the opening up of new faculty  
That created new possibilities.  
Imaginations took wings  
To discover new boundaries.  
I travelled in my dreams  
In the love's new territories.

This is a land without worries;  
Endless horizons spreading beyond eyes;  
The astral feelings blowing as winds  
To encompass all that exists.  
There is nothing to sense or comprehend,  
Happiness here has no end.  
It is all in the wakefulness,  
Sleep absolutely has no access;  
It is God's own place  
Where one can hardly miss His presence.

# I am Everywhere

Find me in the breeze  
Try smelling me in the fragrance  
In the flowers along with the bees.  
Listen to me as I sing  
With the dancing stream  
Jumping over the rocks with screams.

Wait for the monsoon  
Look for me in the rains  
Let the drops of water slip on your cheeks  
And kiss your beautiful lips.  
Allow me dripping down to your toes,  
While I recapture your soul.

Catch me in the evening rays  
Extending from the mountains,  
Beyond the paddy fields, far away.  
Try to read the home-returned birds  
As they keep tweeting  
About my love interests.

You keep watching your breaths,  
You keep counting your bits;  
Stop wandering in the forest,  
Give your wings a little rest;  
I am still closer to your heart,  
There is no need to think.

## *I am in Love*

I will keep on loving  
Without expecting anything;  
This has become a habit  
That is beyond my control to hold,  
This flow of romantic spontaneity.  
It is not a necessity  
To have two to complete  
The circuit of Love  
For making it truly effective.  
It can still flourish  
On its own,  
In a loving heart  
Without anybody's consent,  
In spite of any protest  
For spreading the fragrance of oneness.

It doesn't matter if I fail  
As I am not playing any game;  
My love is only for love's sake  
That is complete in itself.  
You are welcome to join  
To try living life in a different way  
Where there is no one to give  
No one to take.  
It is just love and bliss  
All around in abundance,  
Doing the best.

## I Am Alive

Tell me if I am alive,  
No doubt I breathe,  
But is it enough to conclude  
That I am still active?  
I still work for a living,  
Go around partying,  
Managing men and money  
And enjoy a reasonable standing  
In this pseudo society  
With a reputation of being wealthy and wise.  
But, Is it living,  
While life is still looking for a meaning?

I have been shouting desperate  
To convince, I am not dead yet.  
But I need to prove the same  
By confirming the signs of my existence.  
I look around to see the presence of life  
In the trees and in the flowers  
And, in the different moods of nature  
Expressing life in disguise.  
I start contemplating and look inside  
And I see love peeping from within,  
This little spark is enough to prove  
That I am still alive.

# I am Me

She is a different girl every day,  
It is like falling in love with her  
Again and again.

Very difficult to say,  
If it is for her diverse mood  
Or, the changing seasons  
I get intensely glued  
To her ever charming attitude.

Flowers bloom with her smiles,  
The forest turns green  
With fresh lease of life.  
The lotus follows the sunrise  
As she walks past in strides.  
Her anger is without venom,  
More like hot-ice cream in winter,  
It is only love in different expression.  
Her 'no' sounds like 'yes',  
It is the confusion at its best.

I have walked on to the mountain  
To understand love and to meditate.  
I see the sky beyond the valley  
And the snaky river flowing lazily.  
I don't find reasons to be different  
With her changing postures,  
Every now and then.  
Let me be as I am,  
Love alone is enough  
To make her understand.

# I Wish

I wish, I was present,  
All the time, thank  
At every moment,  
Irrespective of the disturbances.  
I wouldn't have missed the eyelashes  
Flickering to narrate episodes  
About all the dream sequences  
During those days of adolescence.

I wish, I was present  
During the rainy days  
To count the water droplets  
Dripping down the hair locks  
Like beautiful diamond flecks.

I wish, I was the witness  
To all the dreams  
That I fondly created  
Without being the part of the events  
That would have kept me detached  
From all the outcomes and consequences.

I wish, I am able to see the unrevealed,  
Hidden behind the mundane things  
And, experience love  
In its true spirits,  
In every mood of nature  
Whether it is anger or humor.

I wish, there is no bondage of time  
That can hold me blind  
To follow the life, so sublime.  
I wish, I go beyond my mind  
And get aware of the divine dance  
Being performed day and night.

24by7Publishing.com

# In Imaginations

In my imaginations  
I have gone beyond nations  
There are no boundaries  
To create any demarcations.  
I am speaking through my heart  
Touching all the celestial doodads  
Listening to the sound of breaths  
Of the rivers, mountains and hills.

Making friends with new ways of life,  
Getting tuned to the unknown frequencies  
Increasing the horizon  
Beyond the seven seas.  
What I see is difficult to describe  
I am floating without any feelings  
I am away from sorrows and happiness  
Life is on hold for being in joy and ecstasy.

I am not my mind or body  
I am on an eternal journey  
From somewhere to everywhere  
And from everywhere to nowhere.  
I have no constraints of time  
As in the context, it has no meaning.  
There is no stress of starting  
There are no anxieties of reaching.  
It is just about exploring  
Without having the ego of achieving.

## In the Flow of life

When I look back and see  
    To take stock of me  
    What it has so far been,  
    It is just my trying to be  
        That or this  
To prove myself in the society.

I am tired of camouflaging  
Behind different conditions,  
    In varied situations,  
Just for some temporary feelings  
    So that I am in the race  
    For the act of living.

But, now it is difficult to endure  
As my insanity getting beyond cure.  
    I have decided to unleash  
    The little energy that I still have  
        So that I fly in the sky  
    And dance till I no more cry.

    Love me if you wish,  
    Hate me without any hitch,  
I have nothing to prove, anymore,  
    I have refused to being a clone  
    As it is blissful being in the flow  
    To explore the treasure in the go.

## Indubitable Love

I was always there by your side,  
At every moment, all the time.  
You were too busy to notice me  
As I was struggling to catch your eyes.  
It was a pleasure seeing you grow  
From childhood days till today.  
I know you were occupied  
But that didn't make my interest  
Getting lessened or stale.  
My love flourished in your denial  
I kept pursuing my love all the more  
In the hope of a better tomorrow.

I see you now getting tired and old  
You are no more valorous or bold.  
There is no glow in your face  
And the inviting smile has gone away.  
The seductive eyes fail to attract,  
The slinky clothes have no effect,  
As your patrons have left you deserted,  
And, you are all by yourself, Without any kind of access.  
Nevertheless,  
I am very close to your heart to help,  
Waiting for your consent to infiltrate  
And pour out all my love and the self,  
That I am waiting to do, since ages.

## Inspiration to Enjoy

I was no doubt very greedy  
But, you gave me more than I could utilize.  
It was exciting in the beginning  
Crossing the hurdles with little maneuvering.  
It was fun to juggle  
With one in hand and the other in air,  
But, they are now plenty  
There is always the fear and agony  
To keep things rolling till eternity.

I was choice-less without any say  
You kept on preparing me for a better day.  
I kept waiting for your return  
Yearning to have a little discussion  
To understand your intentions.  
You, however, told me to enjoy  
Without getting too much into the consequences.

# Invisible Threads

As little children we met  
At the puppet show in the fest.  
The king and the queen  
With their princess and prince  
Looked colorful, happy and bright.  
The dancers and the singers  
And the people of various status  
Made the play look so real.  
We wondered how the puppets  
Behaved like live objects.  
The puppet does the way I do,  
What is the difference between us two?  
You are intelligent as always  
And led me to the backstage.  
You showed me the puppeteer  
With lots of threads in his fingers.  
Every puppet is governed  
Through an invisible connecting thread.  
It is the will of the master  
Which decides each and every action.

We have long left our childhood  
And are struggling for livelihood.  
We claim we are leading our life  
The way we want as per our wish.  
But, every day unfolds  
With a new promise,  
The drama of life is enacted  
With surprises after every sunrise.

Am I in charge of myself  
Or is it some invisible thread,  
That controls all my movements?  
It is difficult to see  
Who is there at the backstage,  
But it is enough to know  
We are just puppets  
Dancing through invisible threads.

24by7Publishing.com

## Invocation

I waited for you to come  
With renewed enthusiasm  
To wake me up  
From my deep slumber.

I wish, I continue to love  
In spite of my shortcomings,  
And, without any intention of returns,  
Just being in true compassions.

You are now more matured  
To understand my heart's desire  
Let me shower life's different colors  
In the cuddle of your affection.

Give me so much smiles  
That I forget to cry.  
Load me with songs of life  
That I tune with your cosmic design.

## Just for Love

The hermit has just completed the trip  
Going across the land and sea,  
Flying with the birds,  
Roaming restlessly in the jungle  
To find the meaning of life.

The great Warrior  
Has almost conquered the world.  
All that he surveys have been owned.  
He has nothing more to have,  
But, yet to understand his desire.

The artist is busy in his creation,  
Trying his best to paint his imaginations,  
Expressing his thoughts in writings,  
But, is tired of arranging his findings,  
As he finds himself inadequate in dreams.

The boy on an isolated beach,  
Building a house beyond anybody's reach.  
He is readying it for his love to visit  
Among garland of waves, kissing sands,  
Unconcerned about life, desire or dreams.

# Just Love

Don't say,  
As you know,  
Words will never be enough to convey.

If possible  
Just enjoy  
No need to find the reasons for the same.

Nothing to feel bad  
Even if little sad  
As situation doesn't take time to change.

Keep your heart open  
May be it's the moment to welcome  
The love you are looking for since ages.

Don't break your head  
As it is already said  
The more you know, more it's beyond your ken.

Just smile a little more  
If you agree or differ  
As nobody knows what is the right way to respond.

Allow the storm to settle  
Calmness to prevail;  
Just Love, and allow it to rule all over.

## Let's be Free

Why don't you understand  
It is not for any purpose?  
You never asked the flower,  
Never questioned the river,  
For their freedom of expressions.  
Did you doubt the singing of the birds?  
Or the innocent smile of the girls?

My love is universal  
With the usual divine message  
As I am part of the same ménage.  
The stream of love has flooded the land,  
The air of hope spreading the sky.  
It's time for you to take the wings,  
And aim beyond the walls of the prison.

Hate me if you fumble,  
Curse me without any scruple.  
There is no indignity in trying,  
There is no point in creeping and crying.  
Life doesn't wait for you and me.  
Let's hold our hands and cross the sea,  
For one last time,  
Let's be free.

## Let me Cry

This time,  
I want to cry  
with your permission  
Though I promised to smile  
Not letting you down  
Under whichever condition  
Making me happy and Shine.

I remember I promised  
My unconditional love  
Not expecting any returns  
But just my gratitude  
For all that you have done  
To keep me afloat.  
I think I have swayed  
Like anybody else  
As it is so difficult to hold on  
To my resolve anymore.

Let me cry till I conquer  
The enemies of yesteryear  
Who are recouping to re-capture.  
My tears will wash off  
All my mistrust and anger  
Removing the long-held rancor.

## *Life Beyond Knowledge*

I often thought  
Knowing about everything is my right.  
I dissected every atom, all product  
That came under the light.  
Using the naughty fickle mind,  
I kept analyzing  
The different aspects of life.  
Slowly, I got dragged into the cage  
Of the complicated labyrinth and webs.  
The more I solved the more I faced,  
All the answers turned queries  
And there was no end to my discoveries.

I forgot life as I was busy otherwise,  
There was no end to my miseries,  
And I was looking for the right moment  
To indulge in life and enjoyment.  
In the name of knowledge  
I was following the mirage.  
The truth eluded  
And remained camouflaged  
Among search for pseudo knowledge.

I am breaking away  
From the routine battle cry.  
There is nothing to prove,  
No puzzle to solve,  
No territory to conquer.  
It is all about being in the nature,  
Following the path of simplicity and candor  
And enjoying moment to moment  
Without a trace of judgment.

24by7Publishing.com

## Life in the Moment

I left back a picture of me every moment  
While the birds kept changing the tunes  
The flowers rearranged their petals  
And the clouds juggled with different spectacles.  
I projected different moods  
With each and every changing seasons  
As the mountains turned green  
Leaving the dry summer-clothes behind.

I was born every moment  
And was destroyed all on a sudden  
Before the beginning of a new cycle  
Ready to come alive once again.  
I am living in infinitesimal intervals  
There is no time to think of the past  
I am a different me in all aspects  
As the wheel of time rotates.

You may love or hate some of them  
Which are my images of varied instances.  
But I am unconscious of any knowledge  
As I am fully soaked in this moment.

I am not sure what will happen  
You may collage all my pictures and name  
The sum total may look like a river in flow  
But, I am just a drop of water in the ocean.

## Life is a Song

You are now a big river  
I saw you first, when young  
Jumping over the rocks  
Singing along  
With the birds,  
Smiling like the wild flowers  
In full gay,  
Swinging with the breeze  
Without thinking about  
What comes in the life ahead.

With passing time  
You have become little worried.  
Your heart is shrinking  
The love is content in hiding.  
You are no more breezy  
Look very apprehensive,  
You prefer to be quiet  
And keep flowing  
In this barren land  
As per routine.

It is perhaps the sound of the flute  
Coming slowly from distant province  
Like the hoard of clouds  
About to pour the rain of love

To drench your bed of sands  
To bring back the forgotten smiles.  
This is the new music  
That life is never static  
But a perennial river of love  
Even after reaching the sea  
And losing its identity.

24by7Publishing.com

# Life is a Meditation

Beautiful morning  
Bright sunshine  
As I watch the breath come within  
With fragrance of flowers of my garden  
I wonder if the whole of the universe  
Is Stealthily entering inside.

It is the occidental sun  
Angry and red  
Going down the hills  
As I exhale throwing away the filths  
Watching them going away  
Healing my body and mind.

Watching all activities  
During the day  
In between every inhale and exhale  
The doer is busy as always  
Recreating the universe  
For a better tomorrow.

Night has covered all in darkness  
Sleep has seized all senses  
I am no more in awareness  
In dream, I hallucinate  
Waiting for a fresh morning breath  
To wake up and meditate.

## Long Live the King

You are the undisputed King of kings,  
They all are queuing up to sing  
Your praise with utmost dedication,  
And with hearts full of fear  
And unfounded apprehension.

If you have been propagating love,  
Why don't you practice little more,  
The art of compassion and empathy,  
Having some sympathy  
Towards them with your mercy.

There is no need to prove your supremacy.  
Who will dare to challenge  
The God and His legacy?  
Look at all of them, in their eyes,  
They are just skeletons, begging for lives.

If you wish to safeguard  
Your reputations and image,  
There is only one option for you to try,  
That is to lead them from darkness  
To your love's glorious sunshine.

I don't like to be sounding blasphemy,  
Please consider them as my urge  
To invoke your blessings, in agony.  
Let your kingdom flourish  
With splendor and opulence, as you wish.

## Love for Love's Sake

Don't believe what I say,  
Never make any judgment  
For heaven's sake.  
I am what I do,  
It is not a give and take  
It is just love without a break.

It is not for the world to know,  
No matter even if it doesn't show,  
Love thrives in isolation,  
Away from anybody's attention,  
It is the subtle feel of its presence  
That makes in life all the difference.

Love grows in all places,  
In the deserts and in the oceans,  
In the mountains or in the heavens.  
It flowers independent of seasons  
It holds all in its embraces,  
Rich, poor or the distresses.

## Love in Remorse

Could have done that,  
Might have reached ahead, somewhat.  
Better to have spent some time  
On the bank of the river  
In the winter sunshine.

Could have walked little more  
Holding your hand  
In the evening,  
On the seashore.

Perhaps, it was better to have slept  
The whole afternoon  
Listening to your gossips  
During those struggling days.

Could have waited little more  
For the love to have grown  
In anticipation of the spring  
And the burst of flowery rain.

I did something else.  
Why should I have any regret?  
Streams jumping from hills  
Take different terrains.

It is not possible  
To be part of all events;  
I have tasted the dates in the deserts,  
What If, I have not reached the mountains?

Let me nurture few cactuses in the sands,  
    Invite scanty clouds  
        In the sky  
            To hide the sun,  
        And create an oasis  
            To hold as they fall  
    For the sake of my love.

24by7Publishing.com

## Love is Fresh

Come!

When the trees drop their leaves  
The forest is dry  
And the river hides inside the rocks  
Among the bald mountain ranges.

Come!

If you wish  
When the ocean is stormy  
And the waves are violent  
In the weather little rainy.

Come!

In the hot summer noon  
In the barren desert, very soon  
To shower drops of water  
For making the land little cool

Come!

When my body is tired  
My heart is empty  
The eyes are sunken  
And the climate getting frosty.

I have nothing to give

Nowhere to go

Just waiting for a breath of fresh air

Kissing caressingly on my face

To make me realize love is still so fresh.

# Love is Spreading

The more I tried to hold  
The less I got in my fold  
As I was analyzing  
It got more confusing  
I started to paint the picture  
It was difficult to choose the color  
Decided to search all over  
And it eluded me more than ever.

I felt the trace in the breeze  
Which I wished to crystallize  
But it was beyond the point of freeze  
For storing for future to utilize.  
Time was passing by  
The body slowly starting to die  
The mind continued confusing  
Between dreaming and realizing.

Love finally has set in  
All around me  
In the waves of unending sea  
And in the humming tune of the bee  
Time to let lose all the holdings  
And clearing the mist from the mind.  
Love-ripples dancing and spreading  
Across every heart without differentiating.

## Love's New Abode

Holding my little heart  
I am going around  
Looking for a suitable match.  
It is difficult to find one  
As almost all seem to be reluctant.  
They are busy in reasoning and logic  
As they keep weighing pros and cons  
Without trying to understand love's magic.

I am tired of finding a home  
For my heart to rest in divine joy.  
I am keen to grow love  
Once I find the field to sow.  
The search is fruitless and futile,  
There is no point in exploring;  
It is time to look for an alternative  
For fulfilling the desired motive.

Now, I am committed to enlarge my heart  
To accommodate the whole world.  
There is no need for seeking a shelter  
As I am more keen to nurture my lovers  
Inside my heart's cozy corners  
To end the life of a wanderer.  
I am waiting eagerly to see  
All my friends, as well as enemies  
Start enjoying inside love's new harbor  
Without any apprehension or worries.

## Love Shines

When we met  
In the train compartment,  
It felt  
As if we are soul mates.  
But was never able to recollect.

Your walk seemed familiar  
There was something similar  
About your talking  
That reminded me of the arguing  
Of a little girl after school, in the evening.

The face looked dry  
The mood very shy  
The grey patches of hair  
Reminded me of a beautiful affair  
That never matured, in spite of desire.

We were approaching the destination  
There was hardly any time to converse  
Though we eagerly looked at each other  
Never really knowing if it is proper  
To reconnect our stories of yesteryears.

I looked at the sunken eyes  
They were probably trying to smile  
From the dark caves of life  
To affirm that love still shines  
Within the hearts' confines.

## Love Sublime, in Silence

Never say 'I love you '  
As I may get carried away.  
It may make me complacent  
As I may stop having interest.  
There is so much happiness in waiting  
To hear these beautiful words,  
I would rather keep it pending  
And hear it little by little  
In my dreams while imagining.

Let me understand your love  
Through your smiles  
And the glow of your face.  
Your unspoken words  
Sound like music of His grace.  
Now, I have less difficulty in knowing  
The meaning of your subtle glances.  
You can still preserve the line of love,  
And, let the echo expresses.

Let's see around in rivers and forests  
Our love is evident in nature's nest.  
The flowers are keen to express,  
The birds are singing in exciting exuberance,  
The sky has come down to embrace  
The nectar of love in all eagerness.  
Don't say a word that may disturb  
The sweet rhythm of our engagement  
In celestial love, thriving in silence.

## Love Without Deferments

In this undisclosed place  
Without any known face,  
You entrusted the job  
With your absolute faith  
To distribute all your wealth.

As time went by  
I was never too shy  
To engage for more affluence  
So that I may make you proud  
As I live up to your advice.

I shared as I acquired  
The knowledge and riches  
Without depleting your wealth  
Which I hoarded somewhere inside  
And forgotten in the meantime.

I stumbled one day on the track,  
For a change, I looked back.  
Realized, I have lost my youth,  
All my possessions  
In the name of my wealth.

They all left me poor and deserted  
Which make me open your bounty  
To giveaway as you instructed.  
Never knew it is a bag full of your love;  
Let me distribute without any deferments.

## Loving the Self

I was trying to find a reason  
To love myself all the season.

I couldn't find within,  
The beautiful rose garden  
Or feel the depth of a sea,  
That should uplift my spirit.

Nevertheless,  
My love knew no boundaries,  
Which included all except me.

There was no way to compare  
My life with the nature,  
Or the joyous mood of the aquatics in water.  
My life looked so monotonous.

I neither found a rainbow  
Nor any color inside, to show  
There is no reason,  
The love for the self was to grow.

I went up to the top of a hill,  
Looked beyond the valleys  
And called out loud to say my love

For the rising sun,  
The river and the trees.

They all echoed in unison  
Shouting out the reminder,  
There is a loving soul within  
Which is enough of a reason

For me to love myself,  
Without any more questioning.

## Mind the Mind

Who is it inside  
Who talks to me  
All the time?  
Is the speaker  
Different from the listener  
Or is it the echo of the voice  
Yelling to break my poise?

I am not the body,  
And, yet to realize the soul in me;  
Who is it buzzing  
Like a restless little bee?  
Spirit of soul continues  
And the body assimilates into the origin  
Without a trace of you or me.  
I am yet to know, and get any clue  
If all that I see  
Comes back as it is.

Is it the mind that creates the body  
That confirms my identity?  
Is it the mind that watches itself  
And passes judgments  
Responsible for the aberration  
Shrouding you, me and the observations?  
Mind holds all possibilities  
Present, past and all eventualities;  
What a fun to watch and witness  
The act of mind and its performances.

# My Existence

Knowingly, trying to be unknown  
To the realities being shown  
Through your magic spells  
Of day and night,  
Ups and downs  
And, seasonal changes.  
I appear to be there  
In spite of being in the nightmare,  
Finding my way out  
Of the dreamy land with utmost care.

My thoughts are busy creating the hallucinations,  
Surrounding the whole of the universe;  
I keep oscillating between hope and distrust;  
Touching the crest of the mountain  
Or reaching the base of the sea,  
In my desire to discover, all inside me.  
I have an ocean and a heaven,  
Both embracing to project one identity  
There is no image in the mirror  
With no object in front, negating the reality.

I fail to understand  
If I truly exist.  
Probably, it is my imagination  
And your determination to reveal,  
The latent love in disguise  
Which can become the testimony  
That the journey from zero to infinity,  
Is nothing but the flow of thoughts  
To eternity.

24by7Publishing.com

# My Tears

They may appear  
As my crystallized fears,  
The outcomes of my pain,  
My sorrows showering as rain  
Or happiness culminating  
Into harvest of bountiful gains.  
To me, so much dear  
They are drops of my lovely tears.

They are the silent expressions  
Of my long-cherished joys  
Unfulfilled dreams  
And agonizing afflictions.  
It is the natural stream  
Springing from my overflowing emotions  
Which I try my best to hold  
Even during excruciating discomforts.

I am beyond my bones and flesh;  
My anger, excitement and distress.  
I am not my happiness  
Neither, it is the *idée fixe*.  
I'm yet to understand the soul's premises  
Or the philosophical analyses.  
I am nothing but my own tears  
The epitome of my many characters.

## New Wind

Your eyes say about the sea you carry,  
Your look vanishes in the distant sky.  
I get lost in my imaginations and try  
To perceive the intended meaning  
Of your melancholic smile,  
As they convey both yes and no  
Simultaneously, in unpretentious style.

Your love is on hold  
As it is still very mystified and bold,  
It is standing on the edge of a sword.  
You are skeptical to let go the words  
Which are knocking to go forward.  
But, the aura of love is evident  
In spite of the reluctance or consent.

Is there pleasure in self-inflicting pain?  
But, there is nothing from it to gain.  
Love is to be allowed to take the wings,  
So that it flies across, touching lives.  
Life has almost been spent solving riddles,  
No use now contemplating on lost things,  
Let's allow the new wind to kiss?

## Night Beyond Sunrise

Night has filled darkness all around  
Separating the dusk and the dawn.  
I am trying to catch up some sleep  
For drowning in the rosy dream.  
It is difficult to meet you in light,  
Hiding and stealing the roving sights.

In dreams you are without inhibitions;  
For dancing in the rains  
You don't seek any permission.  
You don't mind following me in the sun  
To chase the butterflies among flowers  
Or going around aimlessly in the jungles.

The dream has taken us miles away,  
Beyond our land and planets,  
We are not bound by the confinement,  
We are free from all commitments.  
The differences have been evaporated  
Leaving both of us in universal oneness.

The night is slowly dispelling the darkness,  
It is the advent of a new daybreak.  
There is no point in living anymore in pretense  
After we have identified our true essence.  
Let's extend the night beyond sunrise,  
Let there be no confusion between dreams and realities.

# Nothing to Prove

They have nothing to prove,  
There is nothing for them to disagree,  
They are out of the chain and free.  
The sky is spread for them to fly  
The sea is welcoming them to swim,  
The wind guides them to float  
In celestial pleasure, free of doubts.

It is only a discovery,  
What is there to create?  
Everything is in store  
That only needs to be unlocked.  
Both the reality and the image  
Are the universal truth,  
No need to burden the mind  
Spending the life in disagreement.

Let me get free,  
I have learned to agree,  
No competition to prove my point,  
Let me be in flow for the time being.  
Nowhere to go in search of life  
Let me just dive inside  
To discover the wealth in the mines  
And have the spread of freedom and dine.

## Ode to the Flowers

From mountain to the desert,  
It's your journey, growing flowers,  
On the stones or in sands,  
Among plants or in thorns,  
Along the streams or without water,  
There are flowers in varied colors.

Flowers! You are the heavenly blessings  
You fill the heart with joy,  
You rain happiness in misery,  
You provide reasons to smile,  
The fragrance spreads the whole land,  
Whether it is barren or fertile.

What are you trying to convey?  
Is it easy to follow you and imitate?  
While you project His love in many ways,  
Without any expectations or returns,  
Life is still weighing pros and cons  
In assessing the losses and gains.

# Oh! Worrying

My eyes try what you see  
My ears try what you hear  
You perceive me clearly  
While I try touching nature innocently.

You reach my heart  
While I keep calling you loud,  
I try tasting and savoring the spread  
As you gulp the nectar in pride.

I try looking through my body  
Using best of mirrors and machines  
You see me through and through  
As I wonder and keep examining.

Let me go beyond my frame  
See me and perceive all again  
Through your eyes and ears  
With apt attention, in minute details.

I am not my body as you say,  
I am both you and me, always.  
You see and you are the seen;  
No point worrying for the unseen.

# One Soul

I was in the adjoining room,  
There was a wall in between,  
We were creating our own worlds  
Without understanding the way forward.  
Occasionally, we did converse  
To know each other little better;  
We were neither friends nor enemies,  
But developed the habit of competing.  
Slowly, we started comparing  
With all that we had as our belongings  
To have that pseudo superior feelings  
Till we were inside the sea of jealousies.  
We started to follow different philosophies  
To build our own communities.

It was a physical separation  
But, we were inhaling the same air,  
Covering both the apartments  
In equal and similar measures.  
It was just about removing the partition  
To clear the confusion  
For getting aware of the oneness  
And, integrating the thoughts of coalition.

Life is shining and is much better.  
Love has reigned over jealousy and anger.  
There is no trace of differentiation,  
It is just cool wind blowing all across.  
Happiness ruling all hearts,

There is no evidence of any antipathy.  
No one here is either big or small  
To give or receive any kind of sympathy.  
It is one soul, whether it is a God or a Satan,  
All pervasive beyond any partitions.

24by7Publishing.com

## Raining Love

Promise, when we meet,  
You will not speak.  
I will see you as we left,  
I have no intention  
To unearth the past,  
Let me just soak in love  
In silence, at last.

I have no interest to know  
About the time we lost,  
The wound is almost healed  
That needs to be cooled  
In love's new nest.  
What about going on a walk,  
Hand in hand, little rejuvenated.

All have gone their way,  
No one to hold us and dictate  
To follow as the world would say.  
Life has returned to the same place,  
Doesn't matter if the river has dried  
And the sky has cleared  
But it is love, raining between them.  
Let's come out in the open  
Without any fear of consequences  
As love has been fully matured  
To take us to a new level.

## Realizations

I know, it is Love.  
Is it the smile?  
Don't know if it is the pain  
I started enjoying in the chains.  
Could be your divine charm  
Or, the beautiful smile.

I am in love  
With the color and the luster;  
With your ever changing moods  
And the rhythm of music  
In each and every thing.

How difficult  
It is to explain!  
I lack all expressions,  
Just long to remain in this state.  
I yearn to touch and feel  
The bed of flowers,  
And deeply inhale  
The fragrance you have spread.

## Reasons Being in Love

I had excuses  
And many things to blame on  
As I lived on, all along.  
I was always having reasons  
To feel unhappy and heartbroken.

I had blamed the rains  
For spoiling my dress  
Which were, probably meant  
To cleanse my tired face.

I was rude to the cuckoos  
For spoiling my afternoon nap  
But I realized afterwards  
That her songs were meant  
To cool my heart.

I was irritated by the separation,  
The time created  
As we were growing up  
But was it not the process  
Of strengthening our affections?

I misunderstood your denial  
As the refusal of my love  
Little knowing, it was your way  
Of expressing the confirmation.

Let me be clear once and for all  
That the whole universe is bent upon  
To make me happy and to be in love  
With me and the entire creation.

24by7Publishing.com

## Recreating the moment of love

It was a cold winter night  
In the middle of the desert,  
Sitting under the open sky,  
I was waiting with my lips tight  
For the denouncement  
Of the important episode of my life.  
The stars were peeping in excitement,  
The crescent moon eyeing with interest,  
As my love was undergoing the final test.

Words were finding it difficult to express,  
Your eyes were hiding the fondness  
That was still very much evident,  
Silence was ruling the night  
As the wind was whispering very light.  
There was no need to say  
That our love was never to die.  
There was no urge to mend our ways,  
As we shook hands to say goodbye.

This is purely by accident  
We are meeting again on a cross road,  
We both have our own baggage  
But the hearts are beating the same way.  
It is not difficult for them to reconnect Even,  
just for few moments.  
Let's cuddle to recreate  
The love that is impossible to forget.

# Reincarnation

Before I was born  
I was caught in the web,  
You decided beforehand,  
My God and my name.  
You trained my limbs  
To move as per your wish,  
You gave me the tune to sing,  
And was asked to dance  
As per the predetermined track  
In the circus, within the ring.

You clipped my wings  
Lest, I should go beyond your reach.  
I was not allowed to dream  
And, was always kept in routines.  
My life oscillated between virtue and vice;  
There was no escaping from the prison  
You raised around me.  
I languished in the hell of ignorance  
As you restricted my vision  
To decide what I should see.

It is time, I am myself  
Dropping all that I have inherited  
From the age-old practices  
Of living lifeless.  
Free me from the gods and goddesses,  
Keep me away from religious practices,  
Let me forget my name for a moment,  
And follow my natural instincts  
Of being in love and happiness,  
Till I complete the journey in all fairness.

## Re-Living Love

I remember going with you to all places,  
Enjoyed the beaches,  
Experienced the hills,  
Sipped tea with you Overlooking the green valleys.  
Listened to birds  
Singing different tunes.

I kept staring at the stars  
With wonder and amazement  
Sitting beside you on the desert sands.  
You were always there with me;  
In the beautiful forest  
During the cloudy monsoon;  
As I drenched in the rain  
And sang with the village kids.

My senses getting weaker  
And the memory failing me faster.  
Bringing back my gaze nearer,  
I perceive my surroundings closer.  
I see you around me,  
May be for the first time;  
With all my efforts and energy  
I looked into your eyes,  
To explore my past  
That I have so far seen.

I missed you in all the frames  
As I was busy in routine things.

Can't waste any more opportunity,  
Let me just enjoy your company.  
Let me revisit my entire life,  
Re-create each and every dead moment.  
Let me see and enjoy your beauty  
In love and ecstasy,  
As you re-live your life  
Once again from childhood,  
Till today minute by minute.

24by7Publishing.com

## Reversing the River

I saw you as a brook  
Dancing down the hills,  
Unaware of the gorges and the rocks,  
Merrily, singing the divine songs.  
You were young and pristine,  
Swiftest among all, as destined.

I saw you as a stream  
Leaving your childhood abode.  
They tried to hold your water,  
Stopped your inherent nature.  
Life continued in deep contemplations,  
Among chains without motivations.

I see you as a river  
Becoming so very matured.  
You are cool like a cucumber,  
Calm and still like an ocean.  
You reflect the sky and heaven  
That has fragrance of love and affection.

I attempt to see your ardor  
That you have left in the jungle.  
Can I see the spark in the still water?  
And the dancing bubbles in melody with the rocks?  
Before pouring all your sweet water  
Into the big bowl of salty crater.

## Revisiting Love

Knew you would come  
At least to see the love  
Which, you thought  
Was just an infatuation  
In spite of my pursuance  
To have your little attention.

Today,  
I am surprisingly unfazed  
Unlike the last time I met  
Thinking hard to show my interest  
So that you would have noticed  
My love at its best.

There is nothing to show or say,  
I have lost everything  
I had, on the way.  
I am standing almost naked  
With a frail body  
And few leftover smiles  
To welcome you inside my den.

We are standing face to face  
No words to bridge the gap  
Your looks sink in my frame  
You seem to be waiting to see  
My love to reflect  
Through the leftover smiles  
Still shining in the eyes  
In spite of my efforts to hide.

# Romancing the Moon

You have come after a month  
Fully grown, at the prime of your youth.

Remember, you slipped away,  
Slowly covering your face  
going out of trace.

You made me wait in distress  
All these days of gloom and shadows,  
For your magnificent re-appearance.

It is the autumn-full-moon night,  
You look so gorgeous and bright,  
You have wiped up all your sorrows,  
The days of hardship, long forgotten,  
The tormenting little stars have hidden  
Behind your silvery rays of hope.  
Life has already put us on the slope  
But there is so much more to cope.

Let me hold the moon in my lap  
Before it wanes day by day,  
Into another trap,  
That is so heartlessly dark.  
I will ask the clouds to give us cover  
From all those eyes, so jealous.  
I will soak myself in your love  
That I have been waiting for years.

## Seeking Freedom in Unison

Sitting within four walls,  
Among caged birds,  
In front of aquariums  
With gold fishes and water plants,  
I am dreaming of rivers, oceans  
And never-ending blue skies,  
Anticipating freedom from the clutches  
Of imaginative mind and worries.

The birds seem to be happy,  
The aquatic animals look crazy  
As they swim around and look busy.  
Are they not interested to discover  
The vastness beyond horizons  
Or the depth in the oceans?  
I just contemplate to give wings  
To my un-satiated soul.

I loaned my mind  
To the fishes and the caged birds  
As I sneaked out from closed walls.  
I opened the cage for the birds to fly,  
Threw the aquarium into the sea  
For the gold fishes to swim away.  
I realized my new found freedom,  
In the glee of the fishes and the avian.

My soul is captured in worldly bodies,  
Fragmented and in various forms,  
Crying with heart out  
To manifest in universal brotherhood.  
My freedom is meant to break all barrier  
And create a new free atmosphere;  
A world without cages and aquarium  
So that I may taste freedom  
Along with the whole creation, in unison.

24by7Publishing.com

## Simply Being Simple

When I say I know  
I don't know how much I know  
Though we have been walking together  
We may be far away  
From understanding each other.  
I think it doesn't matter  
If I like a rose or an aster  
Ultimately, it is the essence and character.

Don't remember I saw your color,  
Your face and body textures,  
Didn't inquire your preferences  
Took things for granted.  
But life has many blind corners  
When you think you have reached  
There is a call to return  
For another journey, so much unknown.

I am tired of understanding  
Me and my surroundings  
How is that helping?  
As there is always more to decrypt.  
I am not in the business of judging  
Let me be in love of things, as they exist.

## Spectrum of Life

Hold my hand and write few lines  
As I roam around the dense forest,  
Smelling the wild flowers,  
And going after the butterflies.

Smile through your eyes  
As I pour my heart out and express  
My love and affections  
For the beautiful damsel in distress.

Dance with the tune of your flute  
As I watch the flowing of the streams  
Making enthralling rhythm on the stones  
And flashing drops of water on my face.

Sing the song of the divine  
As I listen to the birds, first time  
In the morning, under bright sunshine  
And enjoy your blessings, all the while.

Speak through me all the time  
So that I proceed fearlessly, on the path as destined.  
Let me savor all that you have spread for me  
And taste the reality of this beautiful life.

## Stranger in the Strange Land

In the strange land, I am the stranger,  
Trying my best to crack the cipher.  
The more I try, the less I decipher,  
When I feel I have reached  
I see before me a long wide breach.

Every day is a new day  
Every sunrise brings in new interest,  
There is a new sky every moment,  
I wonder if I have understood  
The paintings in motion, as they manifest.

I keep searching familiar faces  
In family and in the crowd, all the same.  
Alas, how they are so different  
Than what I encountered, just yesterday,  
Also, the mirror shows my varied image.

Let me live like a stranger,  
No need to get familiar  
With your ever changing attire.  
Enough for me to understand  
That you are beyond my comprehension.

## Succor

Help me to be like you.  
Let me learn to smile  
And remain happy  
At all the time,  
The way you do  
Irrespective the hardships, of any kind.

Help me, if you are comfortable,  
In teaching me to be kind  
Under trying circumstances  
So that I don't repent  
For being abrasive and senile  
And become your true acolyte.

Help me, as I am your twin  
With one soul in two bodies.  
I wish to be equally steady  
In spite of all the difficulties  
And understanding the tricks to know  
The way you maneuver during calamities.

Help me to be a help,  
Whomsoever, I come across  
During the life's journey  
So that I tell them all about you  
And the treasure,  
More important than money.

Help me to help yourself  
As I am no different.  
I am your conduit  
Of your vice and virtue.  
Help me to live in your image  
To prove that you still exist.

24by7Publishing.com

## The Courier

Let me be the courier  
To deliver the cover  
Which He asked me to handover,  
The precious gift from the heaven.

He made you with love,  
Filled your heart with compassion,  
Took all the care for perfection  
In instilling soul inside His unique creation.

It is His blessings which matters  
That is the biggest gift  
In the whole of the universe  
That comes like divine showers.

Let me just be a messenger,  
Being as a stranger,  
And remain as a goodwill carrier  
Of His blessings to all and me, the bearer.

## The Darkest Cave

In the darkest cave in the night  
Without a soul at sight  
I am looking for my shadow  
To chat a bit and fight.  
I heard the Sun outside is bright  
But, I am holding the gloom  
In the desire to set them free  
In the open, under refreshing light.

I see a glittering sparkle inside,  
Very trivial and tiny in size  
That slowly illumines the cave,  
Without casting my shadow,  
Driving away darkness  
Which ruled here for ages.  
The Sun started peeping from outside  
To pour all its brightness with a smile.

Darkness breeds the strongest light  
As it helps hiding the ego and the self  
Allowing the shadow-less man to invigorate  
The beggar on the street.  
Life, no doubt takes turns and twists,  
Goes through difficult times,  
But, there is always a welcoming light  
Beyond the darkest of caves, in life.

## The Elixir of Love

This is your land,  
This is your country;  
I am just a stranger  
Without any credentials  
Waiting for the entry.  
There are countless stars,  
Endless horizon,  
Amazing planets  
And dazzling milky roads  
All around, in plenty.  
In the corner most place  
Away from all,  
There is this small beauty  
Holding on to the pot  
Full of elixir of love  
Since eternity.  
Sneaking away from the clutch  
Freeing myself from the rot;  
I grabbed hold of the pot  
To taste few drops  
Of the nectar of love  
To enter into your universe.

## The Exile

I am on a trip  
Out of my native  
Beyond my zone of comfort  
Mustering all my efforts  
To concur the world  
Stretching endless, in my front.

I have won some  
I have lost many,  
So-called battle  
For fame and money.  
As the sun is about to rise,  
I am busy writing a new treatise.

I begin to understand  
That I have become a stranger  
In my own land.  
Difficult to make out  
If it is the journey of my life  
Or the self-created exile.

Let me shrink the world  
To capture it inside  
So that I remain in my heart  
Even if I am exiled.  
The journey becomes like homecoming  
And, I remain close to my native.

## The Irrefutable Feelings

I am trying to pen a poetry  
To express the feelings of ecstasy.  
Words are struggling to flow,  
Spurt of emotions, beyond the know.  
The sun has stopped for a minute,  
To see my mood different from the routine.  
The birds are mocking at me  
And, are smiling at my stupidity.

I am keen to please my love  
Either through a poem or a song.  
I may as well croon  
The choked melody  
Trying to come out this afternoon.  
But, slowly I am forgetting the lyrics;  
Tunes of romanticism fading  
Along with the rhymes and rhythms.

I am before you, all empty.  
My hands are open, without anything,  
Choking throat unable to speak,  
Singing silently through the eyes.  
Vibrations of poetry reaching your soul  
Resonating both of us to the ultimate goal.  
Let's be in this divine swing  
Where silence rules  
As the irrefutable feelings.

## The Mine of Treasure

This is another full moon night,  
The clouds are trying to fight,  
Doing their best to hide,  
The beautiful flickering stars  
And the queen of the sky, so bright.  
The moon is playing hide and seek  
As shadows of cloud playing the trick,  
Your love is camouflaged  
Between shades of smile and grief.

The Path is narrow and bushy,  
Walking in the dark is risky,  
But, it is difficult to resist the call  
From the land of the Mystic,  
That is coming from the deep of the heart,  
Crying out loud in the desert  
Where love germinates slowly,  
Under the moonlit-soaked sands,  
Flowering among the thorns of the cactus.

The moon is coming down the horizon  
With all the splendor of the heaven  
Igniting the dry land with sparkles of love,  
Elusive so far for the soulless skeletons.  
The stars have joined one after the other,  
Singing romance in the air, in chorus.  
Clouds give in under pressure  
Turning this dry land,  
A mine of treasure.

# The Omnipresent Love

Oh God!  
Why, on you,  
There is no effect of my love?  
You still remain and behave like a stone,  
Or like a statue without a soul.  
The smile on your face, artificially dull,  
The eyes, though artistically beautiful,  
Are anything but empathetic or helpful.

I am tired of the formalities  
Attached to the rituals  
And the age-old practice.  
It is better to divert my attention  
Towards lesser known things.  
There are so many to pour their love  
Into your apathetic lap,  
I will rather not waste mine  
And give away whatever I have,  
Elsewhere.

Now, I am trying my best to embrace all,  
From a small ant to a big elephant,  
As I smell different fragrances of love  
In the ocean and in the dry desert,  
And, in the wild flowers or in a lotus.  
Every individual is a source of affection  
Amazingly manifested in your reflection  
With varieties of colors and dimensions.

Oh God! Maybe,  
I am understanding you little clear  
As I find you present everywhere.  
How can you be confined,  
Only inside the stones?  
I have to exhaust all loving options  
By engaging myself  
In each of your creations  
To surrender without any hesitations.  
Your initial denial has made me aware,  
Making my love for you,  
Stronger and sincere, more than ever.

# The Painting

I am

An amateur painter  
With the brush  
Of colors  
Speaking words  
Modulated with songs  
Tuned to the beautiful nature.

It is

The never-ending canvass  
Shades of flowers  
Hiding the stars  
Peeping through the blanket  
Rapt on the blue sky.

The artist

On a continuous work  
His thoughts sprouting  
Adding music  
Like wings  
To the fledglings.

I am

Part of my own painting  
The outro of the universal music  
The concept  
And the thought  
The heart of the artist.

The painting

Existing everywhere  
Non-visible, if one doesn't care  
No need to hold and hang  
Better enjoy being a part  
Of the artist and the art.

# The Pilgrims on the path of Love

I am on a pilgrimage.  
There is no goal,  
No destination,  
Nothing to achieve,  
No desires to fulfill.  
There are no gods or goddesses,  
No rituals or practices  
Which can hold my interest.  
My journey seems to be endless  
It is not aiming at any event,  
But only towards the process,  
Meant just for my enjoyment.  
I see you on the narrow path  
Taking both of us  
To the mountain top.  
You are holding my hand  
I am pushing from the back  
And we proceed in the right track.  
We share our stories  
And all that we are carrying  
We have developed the camaraderie  
Reinforcing it with love and caring.  
We see up into the heaven in surprise  
To hold the rain of the divine blessings

## The Real Asset

I am love, I have no name  
I am the replica of God  
Without any shape or frame.  
God is beautiful, so am I,  
Why should I get carried away?  
Even If you say otherwise.

My adolescence and the youth  
May attract you the most,  
But, I am in look for my soul mate  
Which I should find at any cost,  
Doesn't matter if I have to kill more time  
In the process I may lose my prime.

I have exhausted all my money  
My body has prepared to cave in,  
The skin is no more alluring  
The eyes have stopped seducing  
They have turned their path  
Beyond my reach,  
As, I am focusing on my beloved  
And going for the search.

Now, it is little easy  
To find the reflection of my love  
in the mirror free of dust.  
My image is naked

Without any kind of ornaments  
He has to be my soul mate  
Who seems to have no interest  
In my other assets or investments.

24by7Publishing.com

# The Script

Unaware  
without any purpose  
Not sure of the intension  
Landed in your lap  
Wondered  
what for this celebrations.

I cried  
As you smiled  
I stopped in surprise  
looking around  
Could see curious eyes  
Trying to figure me out.

Connected  
I became to your land  
Travelled far and wide  
In search of your hand  
You came and disappeared  
In my hazy sight.

Celebrated  
Life without knowing  
The use of my coming  
And as I encountered  
Difficult terrains while walking  
It looked so very depressing.

I am laughing  
With my heart out  
It is your script  
I am just a chosen actor  
In your drama of life  
why to bother if it is day or night?

24by7Publishing.com

## The Soul mate

Take me with you,  
I am your soul mate,  
I have forgotten living,  
Even for a minute,  
Without your support.

I may not feel your presence  
All through the day;  
But, your absence  
Makes me yearning for you  
So that I am complete, once again.

I know, your smiles are deliberate  
To cheer me up to go ahead  
But, how difficult it is to digest?  
The pains, you keep to your closet,  
Reluctant to share, even in private.

Let's walk in silence,  
All along the river, up to the mountains,  
Will talk to the flowers  
And listen to the birds in the valleys  
Forgetting everything else in the meantime.

Look into my eyes, you will know  
Your heart is in display  
With pictures of whatever you want to say.  
I am you, you are me  
There is no difference.  
There is nothing to hide  
As we are one soul,  
There is no way I can exist  
Without the love of my soul mate.

24by7Publishing.com

## The Story of a Tortoise

It is the story of tortoise and rabbit  
Which I wrote during childhood, one night,  
Prompts me to think afresh and rewrite.

It is the interest to learn a trick  
That, I thought would make me tick,  
Is of no use now, as it makes me sick.

It is my quest for knowledge  
Which took me to different places,  
That is now, redundant and nonsense.

It is the urge to perform and work  
For the sake of making a beautiful world  
Has made me restless and mad.

Now, I realize,  
Between here and horizon during sunrise,  
That it is better to unlearn  
And, undo all activities,  
Removing all knowledge and rewrite,  
The story of tortoise,  
Discovering empty, amidst infinite.

# The Trial

Trust me, it is love,  
Even if I am harsh at times,  
And, show evidences of a little anger.  
Never construe my resistance  
As a reflection of my annoyance;  
It may be another form of my acceptance  
Of the love that is breeding in silence.

If, I praise others ignoring you in public,  
Never think it is a deliberate action  
To put you under bad light,  
But the confirmation of my love  
Which doesn't need any kind of guarantee.  
May be, it is only exploring different prospective  
So that I understand myself better  
To fully receive your love and be appreciative.

It is the testimony of my love  
That I stay away from pretensions  
And conduct myself as per the nature,  
Under each and every situation.  
Understand, that I am different from my love;  
While one is a stone, the other full of emotions.

It is of no consequence to my status  
If I fail to achieve the desired result  
As, it is only for the satisfaction  
That I play the game of love  
In true sincerity and full of devotion  
In spite of the trying conditions.

# The Ultimate Ecstasy

It is of no concern  
Whether it is yes or no,  
I keep pursuing my passion.  
In spite of whichever way it may go,  
I am enjoying each and every action.  
There is no goal, no destination,  
Nowhere to go, nothing to gain,  
Let life take its own way,  
I have no intention or anything to say,  
I will just chill and play.

The stage is all set,  
The Sun has come out in a haste,  
The music in the background  
Wanting me to join the chorus and dance.  
How can one resist the invite  
Even if it is gloomy  
And depressing all around?  
There is no point to waste;  
For the time and energy that is still left,  
Life needs to be given another chance.

You are welcome to join the party  
Even if you are still to agree  
With the different moods of life  
And, accept it, as it is, entirely.  
I have forgotten my past and the history,  
Now, they can hide Conveniently, in some story.  
You can erase everything

From your memory,  
And start dancing with me,  
Forgiving my idiosyncrasies,  
For the sake of our love  
Trying to reach the ultimate ecstasy.

24by7Publishing.com

## The Ultimate Goal

Hide behind the clouds,  
There is no need to say.  
Little rays may escape out,  
That is enough to light the day.  
Suppress the tune of love  
In the orchestra of music,  
I will filter the essence  
That should be enough for this life.

Hold the little stream  
Among the stones with care,  
There will still be some leaks,  
Sufficient to quench my thirst.  
Change the course of the wind  
So that all the birds reach their nests,  
Don't bother about me  
As, I will still manage to breathe.

Take away all my love  
And give away to whomsoever you wish,  
I will be more than happy  
For not having anything to give.  
Empty out all that I have  
To unburden me of my ego,  
So that I achieve my freedom  
To go for the ultimate goal.

# The Ultimate Pilgrimage

What is this land?  
So weird, impossible to understand.  
It was never in my itinerary  
But, I reached almost accidentally.  
It looks so imaginary;  
Fully artificial and unfriendly.  
Even though I am here,  
I am far from being aware,  
Don't understand what is real  
That can be shared.

Slowly, I have started enjoying  
The beautiful aspect of life  
Without thinking much  
If I myself is real or a bluff.  
This perhaps is a theatre  
I have entered with a pair of spectacles  
To watch the movie in a different dimension.  
The actors have no blood or flesh,  
The whole stage is matter-less.

Waves of thoughts all around me,  
Few, I can catch  
Rest are beyond my reach.  
Time seems to have no effect  
As they cover past, future and present  
In one single basket,

This is the ultimate pilgrimage  
Where there is no fear to age,  
No kind of worries can upset,  
It is just the feelings of love & happiness.

## The Untrodden Path

I have lost my way  
I am drifting away  
From my long-held faith  
Without any knowledge  
Maybe, it is my mistake  
Possibly, it is God's intent  
Whatever may be the reason  
It doesn't carry any meaning.

It is a path, untrodden  
Without any destination  
There is no soul in sight  
Inside the forest to guide.  
There are birds and trees  
Dangerous animals roaming free  
I am trying to interact with them  
without the hint of any language.  
There is no religion to follow  
No rules to obey  
Nothing to understand  
Words are inadequate to convey.  
But, everything seems just perfect  
There is no need of any precept  
Life need not follow  
A planned, scheduled concept  
It is meant to unfold every moment  
With a fresh fragrance  
Full of exuberance  
To express the profoundness of existence.

## Transcendence

This is a deadly jungle  
Where the animals rule  
Turn by turn  
As the seasons change  
Bringing in new moods  
With waxing and waning of the moon.

It is my desire  
To have the strength of a tiger  
The swiftness of a deer  
The calmness of an elephant  
The perseverance of an ant  
And the elegance of a lion  
Making me the head of this kingdom.

God is kind to give me the mind  
Which can explore and find  
The ways to control and guide  
For living a peaceful life.  
I will rather throw out the hides  
Of all the animals  
That I am proudly showing  
To transcend into a sunnier clime.

## Ubiquitous whisper

The river has changed the course,  
The wind has started blowing  
In different direction.  
The birds are singing in chorus,  
The flowers are spreading the fragrance.  
Is this the love  
Trying to conquer the land  
Deserted for years?

Spring has set in the place  
Dispelling winter out of race.  
The forest is smiling with flowers,  
Clouds helping the moon and the stars  
Playing hide and seek  
In the never-ending romance.  
Is this the Love in song  
Being on hold for so long?

This is the love  
In full manifestation  
Which resides in every atom  
Without any bias.  
Neither it belongs to this world  
Nor, it can be confined in the universe.  
It is the whisper of the lover  
Who rules the hearts, all over.

## Untold Stories

I am lost in the woods,  
No one around  
To help me out,  
But, I have got all the goods  
That I have been searching for  
In my different moods.

I have run away from the crowd  
Which I was happy to be among  
And was always very proud.  
I was in search of a home  
That should be free from any sound,  
Which I ultimately have found.

I can hear your song and its tune  
I can read your mouth even if it is mute  
I have no problem feeling your love  
That touches me through the whisper  
Now, I can speak through eyes  
The untold stories of my life.

## Vibrations of Love in Silence

I presumed your silence  
As the consent of my interest.  
I grew my interest in silence  
Thinking you would understand  
That my love is taking the shape.  
It was confusing nevertheless,  
As your silence, this time,  
Was saying something else.

There was anger & annoyance,  
Ripples of sorrow in your stance  
Mixed with the usual exuberance.  
It was truly my ignorance  
To understand and unravel the reason,  
That made me wonder in silence.  
I waited in patience  
For this mood of yours to pass.

This time, you are louder and different,  
Probably, you are trying your best  
To hide some of your old pains  
And, deliberately throttling the silence.  
But, I am still looking for my love  
Which was always evident  
In those usual quietness,  
The love-infinity in emptiness,  
That created an illusion of absence  
Of love's strong, accentuating presence.

### World of Possibilities

I have resolved to restrain  
From going with the wind  
As there is no fun  
Repeating the same patterns of life.  
It is of no interest to me,  
Just to walk as per routine,  
I can as well deviate a little  
To see things in different prospective.

I see the beautiful smile  
That reminds the rose in my garden,  
Her voice is reverberating in the valley,  
Whistling and echoing,  
Along with the migratory birds  
Giggling and flying under the blue sky.  
I start discovering a new world  
Seeing through her eyes;  
After my break away from caravan  
And in the process, finding an oasis.

All around, there are corpses lying  
Some are dead and rest are pretending.  
It is not about breathing or sleeping  
As life is much beyond what is seen.  
It has been a journey so tiring,  
Walking with the dead bodies  
Without any trace of soul inside.

The new ray of hope has enthused  
To rediscover untrodden path  
Buried so far under the bushes  
Leading to the world of possibilities.

24by7Publishing.com

