

*The
Mystic in the Land
of Love*



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Foreword

By Ranjan Kumar Mohapatra
Director (HR) Indian Oil Corporation

The Mystic in the land of Love; this collection of poems by Bichitra could be the most natural or normal thing to happen. But sometimes, such normal development gives you a neo-normal feeling, a feeling which may not have previously experienced, yet you would like it to remain with you forever.

Knowing Bichitra, more than four decades ago, has certainly been one of the defining moments in my life. But as time travels, I often do wonder, wonder aloud; ‘Do I know him enough yet?’ Quintessentially, Bichitra remains to be an enigma.

A LOVER

Back in 1975, I had met this young boy, who used to simply 'love'. His love for poetry, love for music, love for studies was so visible, so palpable. Not only was he a National Talent Scholar, he was good in singing, reciting and writing. An ace in Mathematics, he was also great in language, a rare and potent combination. As we steadily grew into bosom friends over the years, I realized that while his Love for Mathematics made him logical and scientific, his love for Language enabled him to produce those magical creations.

Yes, I do call him a Lover, in the truest sense, for I have seen him loving everything around him. His quest for Love has always been reflected in his poems as well as relationships. This is visible in most of his poems. It dwells with love at different levels. His handling of the subject sometimes portrays a complete different perspective. His poems Friends, Mother, Father or My Little Angel give a very good glimpse of it.

THINKER

Bichitra has been a consistent creator, covering subjects, which normally others would have dreaded to touch; sometimes controversial, sometimes hard hitting. But he has never shied away from it. It is probably so because I have seen him as being a deep thinker. I have seen him coming up with different take on even so called mundane statements. I have argued with him, argued very hard to finally realize how deep-rooted the viewpoints expressed by him have been.

It sometimes was diabolically opposite to what I may have initially felt.

A FRIEND

Our friendship dates back to mid-seventies. A long time! I would probably know him a bit better than even I know myself. He has been a friend, who has stood through thick and thin and has certainly been a great effect on his surrounding around him, which included me. We had our long periods of spending time on the river banks of the Kathjodi and planning out our future. He always had this big picture very clear. But at the same time, he would sometimes go so much by his instincts, that it invariably intrigued me. But that was him. A friend of friends! Giving up came very easily to him. So also came occasional splurging on himself. In a nutshell, it has been Bichitra, the Mystique man.

A POET

Bichitra, as a poet, has always been a completely different man. Words do come to him easily. He weaves magic with his words. I do sometime tell him that you don't write, the poems do use you to come out and find themselves in pen and paper. Be it during our Paradeep excursion in class ten on the breakwaters (1977), or be it in the cycle trip to Loharu from BITS, Pilani (1982) or during our family trip to Jaisalmer (1999) or more recently even in the lawns of our house at Mauritius (2014), the words came simply flowing to him. I strongly feel that it is his characteristics as a Lover or a Thinker or even as a Friend, which find a poetic expression; full of life, full of zest. This is one part of Bichitra, which has remained unchanged.

Today, Bichitra is releasing his first book of poems in English. This follows his two earlier publications in

Odia; Ananta Sparsha & Lagna Deha. I am sure readers would find variety in his creations quite interesting and exhilarating. I am inclined to say that it is almost like 360 degree view of life through words. He has aptly called it, The Mystic in the land of Love. This lovely creation has simply dared to touch each aspect of life and each relationship in its own inimitable way. I am sure it will touch the hearts of readers too.

..... *Ranjan*

Some Encouragements from my Friends, Which mean a lot.

It gives me immense pleasure on the publication of this collection of poems by our childhood friend Bichitra. True to the meaning of his name, he has been a multifaceted man. His poems clearly indicate the state of his mind, which is always soaring high and his poems create such a connectivity with Almighty that you feel your body, mind and soul getting purified. His creations give you the feeling of purity, fulfilment and divinity.

I take this opportunity to congratulate him and wish that Almighty keep on showering him with His blessing and he keeps on creating such wonderful pieces.

..... *Baleswar*

Bichitra, your eternal quest for divine romance is so clearly visible in all your poems. The soulful thoughts behind your beautiful creations lift the reader's soul and mind to a higher plane. The poems are truly mesmerizing and inspiring as well. Each poem is unique in itself, yet they are so well connected to each other that it feels like a bouquet. I consider myself to be blessed to have played my little part in your journey of evolving ideas and spiritual growth. May you continue to stay blessed!

..... *Mira*

Bichitra's journey from Science to Art is remarkable considering that majority move from Art to Science. His journey has been inspiring and worthy. His poetry takes the reader nearer to God, to spirituality in its true sense. His creations make readers experience the divine love. I wish him all the success in this beautiful journey.

..... *Kshitish*

Bichitra paints with his words. Waves of poetry flow from his soul effortlessly in a journey connecting the natural world around us, to an eternity within. I simply adore the easy flow of words meandering across feelings of Love, Devotion and Life. It feels great to savour a world of God within and without, which is so evident in his poetry. The depth of understanding of the life we enjoy, is a pleasure to behold in the rhyme and rhythm of his scribe. Wishing you the very best, Bichitra.

..... *Aparna*

This compilation of Bichitra's poetry is a tête-à-tête with his inner self: honest, personal and unhindered. From the outer layers of the physical world, he takes a dip to the subtle and meta-physical. The setting sun, flutter of a bird's wings or the rain-soaked paper boats, are only symbols and reflections of the real world within. The poems are bridges, joining the two worlds.

Bichitra writes from his heart. Simplicity, spontaneity and emotions are his hallmarks. His poetry is never tangled in the labyrinth of ornamental language. It has a natural flow and cadence, like an easy flowing rivulet.

Love is a common theme of his poetry, seemingly human and fragile to an unsuspecting reader, but in true sense, it is always about the Love Divine, spiritual and that transcends mortal limits. He is a seeker, constantly searching for the One in many, through the meandering lanes and by-lanes of his poetic journey.

Does he reach his destination, does he find his love and the beloved? Or, is his journey his destination? One must read to find this out. For me, his poems are like little butterflies that take your mind away from the mundane to a refreshing and liberating inner garden!

..... *Nimai*

Bichitra has superbly penned his feelings in his collection "The Mystic in the land of love". He makes us realize that the things right under our noses are extraordinary, fascinating, profound & just marvelous.

The outstanding imagery in the romantic poems are blended with rhythm, which can take breath away for a moment. He is intellectual, spiritual, mystic philosopher as well as romantic.

Wish your book to be a great success.

..... *Sanghamitra*

Growing up with Bichitra was one of the greatest experiences of my life. I have seen him mature into an excellent poet, writer, philosopher & above all an outstanding human being.

Words cannot describe my happiness seeing his beautiful book "The Mystic in the land of love". Wish him great success...

..... *Snehasish*

Some Thoughts:

Poetry has been with me right from my childhood. I spent my initial days in the lap of nature in my beautiful village. The calm & quiet ambience along with the peace & tranquility, so prevalent then in a rural setting, had a great impact on me.

I moved out of village at the young age of twelve in pursuit of knowledge, armed with quest and scholarships. I became completely busy studying Science, Engineering & Management to earn a living in the professional world. Although, poetry never left me in its entirety, I really could not concentrate on it too.

Life's journey has taught me many lessons. Pleasure & pain have always accompanied me. Though I studied Science, Literature had always continued to fascinate me. So long into my professional career, when I felt the urge to expressing my thoughts, feelings & emotions, I turned to my first love "Poetry". It started with composing poems in my mother tongue Odia.

My student life and professional life has bestowed me with a number of friends beyond my mother tongue. Some of them persuaded, or rather urged me to write in English so that they can also know what I write. And that's why I stepped into writing English poetry with my maiden venture "For the Leftover Time" and released it in Social Media. It was my labor of love and I never expected it to receive so much of adulation and appreciation. That encouraged me to completely delve into the world of English poetry.

I try to express the thoughts about nature, pleasure, pain, romance, Sun, Stars, Sky & Spiritualism. My

poetry is all about happiness, desire, love, pain, my strength, my confusions, my dreams, my confidence, my success as well as my failure & above all the unspoken language of my heart.

My entire family, my younger brother (Sachitra) and all my friends (difficult to take all the names here) who encouraged me to publish the poems and that is how my collection "The Mystic in the land of love" has been born. I am sincerely thankful to all of them. I particularly, thank Sanghamitra, for going through the poems before publication. I have no words to express my feelings for my wife Namita, son Vinayak & daughter Shreya for their love & support at every moment of my life.

There has never been a moment when I have not remembered my parents, my two elder brothers and my only sister who helped me understand love, but are not with me now, physically. I would not have been, what I am today, without them.

Last but not the least, I am grateful and indebted to the Mystic who chose me as the medium to express.

.....*Bichitra*

A stray Star

*There were stars everywhere,
Inside galaxies, in the Milky Way.
Some were visible to the naked eyes,
Many more are hiding
Behind the glares of thousand Suns,
In varied colors and size.*

*They all are playing
In diverse distinctive formations.
Blinking and singing,
In unrestrained excitations .
They have been following a pattern
In the dance opera of the universe.*

*A stray star appears on the horizon,
Isolated, pensive, and all alone.
Far from the crowd,
Little above the sea,
Wrestling out of the scanty clouds,
Staring at the beautiful moon.*

The mystic in the land of love | Bichitra Kumar Behura

*It doesn't know how to sing,
It doesn't have the glow to shine,
Can only wish the love to thrive,
In spite of the hurdles, that may arise.
Let love be realized in isolation,
In the state of this tranquil condition.*

Absolute Happiness

They say,

*I am lucky in everything.
But don't know why
I still feel so much lacking.
I understand, it's a long ladder*

*With rungs of hell and rapture.
We are hanging one after other,
Happy or sad, oblivious of the danger,
That is awaiting us all, down under.*

*My life is a game of snake and ladder,
Which I am tired of pursuing any further.
It is time to come out of the cycle*

*Of happiness and sorrow forever.
Let me search for joy,*

*The happiness independent of compare.
Help me build the bridge to your land
Discarding the ladder that is redundant,
So that I drench in your love
Which is all around, in abundant.*

After the Party

I remembered you

*When the party was over,
Seeing those broken plates
And the half-filled bottles,
Realized it is time to return.*

*Drove down backwards,
Passed through the barren land,
Dried rivers and the desolate hills.
I remembered the rains,
The seasonal streams,
And the water falls.*

*Also, it's magical touch
That influenced the whole universe.*

*I remembered the humming birds
With the tiny wings,
Going around the flowers*

*Searching for nectar inside.
The flowers are proud and shy,*

Hiding inside their beautiful stories.

*It is almost late evening,
Stars have started appearing.
I am little away from home,
On my way, all alone.
Anxious to meet my beloved
Ages after we sundered.*

*I still have the hangover,
But, -it is more or less clear
That I am going to surrender
Into your lap
Just to enjoy all that is now past.*

Anger

I forget words to express

When anger manifests.

My poetry goes wayward,

The dance steps go awkward,

Songs lose their rhythm,

Pictures evaporate from the film,

Paints have spoiled the canvas,

I sit quiet for the cloud to pass.

You ruined things in seconds

Which I built over the years.

You come as a whirlwind,

Behave so unkind.

You engulf me in your wrath

That makes me pray for my breath.

I long earnestly in heart of hearts

To throw you out of my path.

Oh, God!

Take away my anger and irritation,

Give me the initiation

To follow the path of realization

The mystic in the land of love | Bichitra Kumar Behura

*In full filling your intentions,
Of being in the state of love and affection.
Let my heart get charged with empathy
Ensuring no place for anger and apathy.*

Another Battle Cry

I *It is never easy to get there.*

*The moment I crossed one,
The hurdle becomes bigger and nearer.
It's time to prepare
For a battle even fiercer.*

*Looking back at yester-years
I see only mutilated corpses.
It has taken ages to come to terms
With the destiny and the outcomes
Of the struggle against my nemesis.*

*find a little star in my galaxy
As they all have retracted to their places.
It is perhaps a gleam in the sky,
Enough for me to rekindle the desire
To prepare me for another battle cry.*

Attitude of Enjoyment

*I doubt, if it was necessary,
But realized, it is worth nothing,
Only after going through it.
In the overall design of things,
Purpose of each journey is specific.
How can I say, it is all futile?*

*Nothing is a waste here,
Whether it is pain or pleasure,
Triumph or tribulations,
Drive or inertia and inactions,
They all take me closer,
Understanding the life better.*

*Your love doesn't excite anymore,
The indifference hardly matters,
The taste of life is so unique,*

*A mixture of bitter and sweet.
Enjoyment is an attitude
Which, I am trying to discover.*

Bargain for Silence

*You are a mermaid in the ocean,
And I am a little bird from the heaven.*

*I see you on a calm beach
With your hair scattered on sand,
Eyes roving the sky, beyond the clouds.*

*I admire your beautiful tail,
Half immersed in water,
Resting on a bed of shells.*

*I am quenching my thirst
And resting my tired wings
As we started sharing our thoughts
Through the never ending talks.*

*You asked for my wings
To go beyond the skies,
I bargained for your tail and the fins
As I longed to discover the sea.*

*We are on the interface
Of air and water,
The heaven and the ocean.*

*We are on our voyage to new territories,
For uncovering the new found mysteries.*

*You are soaring high as I touch the depth,
We find our silence,
Beyond the empty conclaves.
Slowly I drop your tails,
My wings are left at some distance place.
We came back on the beach
At the same interface.
We have nothing to exchange
But the newly acquired emptiness,
And, we become part of each other
In the newly discovered, silence.*

Born Again

You chose to ignore me

*When I needed you the most
As I looked for you, earnestly all around.
It was easier then to hold your finger
And walk along with you
To appease the new born hunger.*

*We have been drifted apart
In the hurricane
By the wind of change
That has conquered our land.
The storm has devastated the jungle;
There is no sign of color,
Life is nothing but a struggle.*

*Let's grow some grass in the desert,
Invite few drops of water,
Come little closer,
Hold my hand little tighter.*

*Let's feel the breath on our faces,
Talk about the unsaid, through the glances.
And walk away, hand in hand
Without taking anymore chances.*

Bonus

*Don't be merciful
In showering your love.
Let it fall in drops
On its own.*

*I have starved for years,
Got used to the hunger.
Now they hurt no more.
Whatever, comes to my hold
Is nothing but bonus.*

*The droughts have inspired
And brought out the source
Of a perennial spurt of love
To shower all across
Without any kind of fuss.*

Burial of Love

You need not deny in public

About our relationship

As it may be construed, not your indifference

But a strong evidence of acceptance.

There is no need talking louder

In a group of friends

To overshadow your reaction on face

To fake the pain of a lover.

Don't hide your face

Don't reserve your glances

Don't be apologetic

As things are not that pathetic.

You can be just normal

In spite the provocations;

It will be lot easier for others to confirm,

The death of a long sweet relation.

The mystic in the land of love | Bichitra Kumar Behura

*It is unnecessary and immaterial
To reopen a chapter in the life's annals
Which has got no consequence at all,
As that love is safe under the burial.*

Celestial Smile

The water is still in the lake.

*Is it the mind,
Or, God's own place?
Not far away,
It is the mountain,
Where they all meditate.*

*Snow covers the head
And ice is freezing the body
As cold breeze
Carry the wrath of the devil,
Making ripples on the surface,
Disturbing the calm and grace.*

*The snow is melting,
They come down rushing.
Trying to cover the water,
Turning the gentle wind into a cyclone.
It is the devastation,
That makes Him rise from the slumber.
The eye is engulfing the fire,
The throat is getting colored
By both the sky and the ocean.*

*Sleep is spreading as the cover,
It is the smile of the lover.
That blooms thousand lotus.
In the pond of nectar
Calming down in due course,
Whole of the universe.*

Clouds Calling

I am happy and I say thanks

Looking at the sky, waving at the clouds.

Floating in random,

Making sketches in unison;

They recreate my heart

Overflowing with gratitude,

Sprouting with joyous inundation

Of love in inspiring expressions.

I am sad and I cry my heart out,

Looking up hiding my tears,

To share my story and the fears.

Ohh, cloud! You are turning colors,

Slowly becoming very furious,

From snowy white to thick black,

Looking so dangerous,

Ready to drop your sympathy and favors.

Going beyond sorrow and joy,

The mystic in the land of love | Bichitra Kumar Behara

*Following the Buddha's way,
I look up to a clear sky.
The clouds have gone away.
It is the stage set for the moon to stay
Without the trace of hurdles,
From the clouds' cuddle,
I smile for a change, in great wonder.*

Coupe

I entered into a long distance train

Quite hurriedly, without a ticket.

Didn't know the destination,

Neither the direction,

Nor did I have any motivation

To make the journey full of exhilaration.

Inadvertently, I rushed into the coupe,

Unaware of your existence,

Became your unsolicited associate.

It was difficult for you to adjust,

The idiosyncratic behavior of the co-passenger.

There was no option but to continue

As the journey was more or less destined,

And there was nothing to argue.

We exchanged our looks.

Slowly, made inroads

Into each other's hearts.

We whiled away time playing games

*Forgetting our destinations
And the purpose of life.
The stations kept reminding
That it is almost time to alight.*

*It is time to introspect
And understand the values of the prospects.
There is no time to analyze the goal.
However, your company in the coupe
And the overnight journey in the train
Is difficult to forget.*

Dancing in the Rains

*With the paper boat in the rain,
I had let part of my soul
To reach your heart and drench.
Waiting near the river bank,
Also, at the village tank,
I left my heart in the muddy water
So that you continue to remember
During all these years.
The gushing stream captured me;
A part of my soul
Flowed down to rivulet,
On the way to the deep sea.
Thought you would notice,
During evening walk on the beach.*

*It is a rainy Sunday afternoon,
I am looking through the window*

*As the clouds come down.
I am without my soul,
But clinging to life.
Helplessly, I see
Pieces of my heart
Fall down in drops,
As my evaporated love,
Settled above in clouds.
Now, they come back in rains*

To fill my empty frames.

*It is difficult to resist,
The love's divine request
For a dance in the rains.
I have got back my soul
That I had left
During my childhood days.*

Destination of Love

*My love is not visible to the eyes,
It has the music of silence
For which you need a special pair of ears.
It is difficult to feel through touch
As it vanishes without any fuss.
The taste is too divine
For the soul to define,
The fragrance is overpowering,
Beyond the senses to opine.*

*Let me say with due humble,
That senses are hurdles,
Which need to be overcome
To encounter the real love.
You have spent a lifetime
Going after the routine.*

*You are tired of appeasing the senses,
And realized beyond doubt,*

*That they are useless.
My love has been standing still
For ages now, to be fulfilled.
I see a heart opening up slowly
As my love was getting its home,
Finally!*

Disinterred Love

*Never say you don't love me,
I may see the glimpses in it.
You can remain quiet
As I keep reading your mind.
Never appear to be busy
When I try to be cozy,
As I may construe
That, it is just another way
To express your true virtue.*

*The act of indifference
Is under severe test,
Anger and deceit camouflage
The beauty of heart and soul.
You continue to be
The way you want to be.*

*Don't pretend to be unmindful,
And you better realize,
Your love has matured and is visible.
In spite all efforts,
Your eyes sing the serenade.
Though, it has taken a life-time to know,
The existence of love's eternal flow,
Very much visible in its luster and glow.
Let's be happy, nevertheless,
To stand face to face
And acknowledge without pretense
That love never dies
Whether you disagree or confess.*

Divine Romance

*The boy on the beach,
Beyond anybody's reach,
Looking at the sunset,
Counting the freak waves,
As the birds flying homeward
And stars slowly blinking one by one.
The scanty clouds getting thick and dense,
It can be the advent of a hurricane.*

*The boy is very much naïve
As he is engrossed in the music of the waves.
A red crab comes out of the water,
To caution the boy of the danger.
The gentle breeze whispering an alarm,
As it is taking the shape of a storm.*

*It is the song of the unseen
And the sound of a flute so serene,
Clouds have gone hiding,
The crescent moon is smiling,
The stars are blushing,
The boy on the waves is dancing
And enjoying the divine love
In indulgence of perpetual romancing.*

Drops of Tear

You are so precious,

*Ohh you! My beautiful pearls,
The little drops of tears.*

*You obstruct my eyes
With the slightest presence
Of sorrow and happiness.*

*It becomes meaningless to fathom,
The effects, it may have on me
As you fall down slowly and lazily.*

*I have no hesitations in dropping you.
It is my strength and courage,
Not my weakness that may be construed.*

*You are precious, I have no doubt.
Each drop is knowledge-store-house,
Speaks what life is all about.*

Dry Rose the Keepsake

*Getting up from a long sleep
Not able to figure out
If I am still alive.
Gazing all around,
I put my hands on the table.*

*A shredded old poetry book,
Is all that I find.
With shivering hands,
I opened the pages
Without the glasses.
The words look like burnt grasses.
I am about to throw it in distress
As I see dry rose petals in pieces
Falling down slowly
Beyond my access.*

*I start recollecting,
Slowly, I am rearranging
The fallen dry petals.
Getting busy to recreate
With stray memories,
The beautiful rose of the past.*

*I scratch my brains
And, you come running in the rains
With the beautiful rose.
I hold you, as you stumble.
Looking into the eyes,
I start recalling my stories
That I had buried long ago
Secretively, never to undergo.*

*Life returned to where it started,
Light dispelled the darkness
Releasing it from the harness.
I see endless rose gardens
In the rough terrains
And in the dry deserts.
Sky is strewn with countless stars
To admire the festivities with flowers.*

*Possibly,
It is the advent of a new sunrise,
An elixir guaranteed to induce love
In a routine unexciting life
Dying to take wings.*

Embracing Grace

Words deserted me in my thoughts

*As I struggled to express my heart
That kept pumping empty feelings
Stored inside, without any purpose.*

Neither did I understand

Nor I could decipher,

The silent signals, so abstract.

In this quiet city of mimes,

The experts in acting would only shine,

As I keep trying

To have you, on my side.

I will no more have to ruminate

Over whatever has happened,

The sound of sorrow doesn't bother,

Music of happiness beyond comprehension,

Your assent doesn't interest,

Your dissent no more frustrates.

You have put me in the river,

I am not going to die for water.

You have said, you love me forever,

I carry your trust year after year,

Love's acceptance is without any favor.

End of an Era

*On a pristine sea beach,
Fortuitously, we met
On the background
Of a beautiful sunset.
It was after ages
We had parted our ways.
There was nothing recognizable,
Except the eyes
Which was enough to take us both
Back to our adolescence days.*

*The looks were trying to converse
To take stock of the bygone years.
Good that the throat choked the words
As there was no need to bemoan the past.*

*It was already late
But it was not the end.
We sat down by the waves,
Started building sand houses,
Entered into them with care,*

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*Gazed at each other to share
The love that was dormant
And was ready to flare,
Before everything was devised
For the next wave to clear
And the end of an era was declared.*

Enjoying in Unison

*He was looking below,
Over the sleeping meadow.
Stretch of wavy mounds on the plateau,
Each trying to hide the other
In the hot, tiring summer
Without the green cover.*

*He would have spotted the flowers,
The beautiful Palash,
Putting all the efforts
To hide the nudity
Of the disgraced hills.
The dry deciduous forest
Was appearing glorious
With flowery dresses.*

*You are busy enjoying your creation,
Putting everyone in action.
I am deliberately avoiding the persuasion,*

*Will rather join you in your inactions,
As I strongly consider,
Myself as your extension.*

*I will watch with you, in passion,
The effects in change of seasons.
I will keep watching those nude hills
Till they exhaust all the options
Of changing different clothes,
Occurring each moment,
All this, with your consent.*

Enough

There was never enough.

*Even when life was full of plenty,
It was always a feeling of empty.*

*There was never enough.
In spite of the wealth and riches
It was yearning for more resources.*

*There was never enough
As the wants were multifarious
And the struggle turned ferocious.*

*There was never enough
As we looked for more happiness
Forgetting the little joys, we possess.*

*With late realizations,
It was time to compromise all ambitions
And accept all as His blessings.*

*Time has taken little twist and turn
It is hard to digest, as life become tough.
I have to say, "Oh God! Enough is enough."*

An Evening in the Desert

*This was, perhaps
The most arduous,
Tiresome and strenuous,
Journey's significant part
Of walking through the desert.*

*Without the help of a camel
And the weather being so cruel,
My determination to travel,
Helped me proceed to excel,
Guided by stars and angels
From the sky.*

*Starting from the sea,
Leaving the waves and the beach,
Have settled on the sand dunes,
Among the Scorpions
Beyond anybody's reach.
I was missing the setting sun*

*Kissing the blue water.
Dying rays reflecting on the waves
And, dyeing the scanty clouds, as well.*

*Standing on the sand dunes,
Dancing with the waves of desert storms,
Anxiously watching the full moon
Spreading the cool rays
Embracing the hot silky sands.*

*Suddenly, it became a pleasant place,
The storms went their ways,
The stars came down to bless,
I started catching them in my fold
As they were spilling over
From my hold.*

*I could find meaning to the journey
From the sunrise to sunset on the sea,
Also, in the beautiful desert evening.*

Exploration

I have no problem.

*It is better you exhaust
All the available options.*

*I am used to all neglects.
You can try once more
To pursue your interests.*

*I have seen this world.
You may carry on your voyage
To learn more and understand.*

*I have closed my senses.
You can expand your perceptions
To appreciate different faces.*

*I am waiting
You can hurry up a little
As together we have
So much more to explore.*

Fantasizing dreams

I followed my instinct.

*And went out in the night,
In search of a dream
That was in the mind but never on sight.*

*I slept on the sand,
In the remotest desert land,
Under the dark sky, full of stars.
Slowly, passed away from reality to a different world.*

*I saw them dreaming like me
And, I just joined them because of the urge
To know and understand thee,
Following the sequence of fantasy.*

*It became very confusing
As it was difficult to distinguish,
If it was an imagination or a fact;
All appearing as single thought, isolated and flat.*

*I could see the past, the present, and the future
At one place, all dancing together.
There was no joy in birth or crying in death,
With flow of time stopping, to take a little breath.*

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*I came back home opening the closed doors
Dreams fizzled out by morning sunrays.
Stars vanished in the distant horizons,
Desert got shrunk under the expansive meadows.*

*I found myself surrounded by earthly grieves
But a moment later, it seemed
As if it is just another fantasy
Inside all my old dreams.*

Father

*It is never clearly understood
What exactly is the fatherhood?
Let me scratch the memory of my childhood.*

*I stayed mostly out of home,
And, you were away on job
When I used to come.*

*But I felt your presence for sure,
In the mention of my name in the letter
Or in the remembrances of my mother.*

*You did everything without our asking
But there was still a lot that was missing.
Which is beyond my forgetting.*

*I missed you to hug after the examination result,
Missed you in all those school functions,
Missed to introduce you to all my proud teachers.*

*I saw all my friends going to festivals
Enjoying with their fathers on the merry-go-rounds.
I used to remember you, hiding my tears.*

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*I met you so little during the available time
I even forgot to express my love, meanwhile,
Felt it is more important,
Just listen to you and admire.*

*Just after you left, I started a new life
With the blessings that is treasured by me and my wife,
Had you been there, it would have been so nice.*

*I never miss you, now.
As I think you are always near by
Who can come back home to help me out.*

*I decided to provide your heir what I missed as a son.
But I can confess as a father, oh my idol
That I failed my fatherhood which you mastered.*

*The yearning for you in your absence
Is the biggest gift of your fatherhood, in true sense,
That is just impossible for me to inculcate.*

For the Leftover Time

*Don't know if it exists
Doesn't really matter to me,
As I am in love with you,
Irrespective of what the outcome maybe.
I know for sure,
It gives me the strength
With renewed faith
To come out of the deadly depth.
You encouraged me to laugh
Under all circumstances;
Let me at least smile
While things are not so bright.
You have changed my thoughts,
That has made me aware of my worth,*

*And it made me confident
To ask for your love and trust.
Your silence is the acceptance,
Your look is the affirmation;
That's more than enough
For the remaining life.
So, let me be in love
For the leftover time.*

For the Rainy Day

*No time to know,
Difficulties galore all the way;
When I am confirmed
I am understood
The goal is still far away.
Seasons are predicted
So, the sunset and sunrise,
But the shades of color
Changing every moment.
Where is the need to know?
My vision inadequate
Even if I try my very best.
Better, I forget me and myself
And dive into the sea unknown
To enjoy the nectar*

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That love begets.

Without being censorious

Devoid of expectations

Let me walk,

With hand in hand collecting reminiscences

To treasure it for the rainy day.

For the Sake of Divine Song

*Where is the need
To show the proof?
Let the truth hold its own roof.
Let the gods defend for themselves,
Against the odds they face.
Let time take its little turn and twists,
Let seasons paint the sky with color different.
Wait for the flowers
To erupt with fragrances.
And, the age has crossed over the desert
Leaving thorny bushes
Of leftover egos.
Let the wind blow over your face

And plant those little kisses.
Where is the need of evidences?*

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*As you will anyway experience,
The exhibition of love's many faces.*

*Never forget to enjoy,
Postponement not the way,*

We can wait no more

To deny the divine

The little pleasure,

It is dying to sing

For a time so long.

For the Sake of Poetry

*F*rom the stars, you look so divine,
It is impossible to define
In words, in paints, and in imaginations
Or through the thoughts of mine.

*I used to admire the stars
And the celestial objects
Sitting beside the river and the sea
Without realizing the presence
Of the moon, so close to me.*

*I wrote poetry on the hills and streams,
Inspired by the wild flowers,
The forest and the perennial rivers.
How is it that I forgot to notice
Your beautiful hair, locks and smiles
And the heart captivating steamy eyes.*

Your walk reminded me of an ungulate

*Going towards water without any haste,
The elegance in your look is a delight.*

*There is no need to travel into galaxies
As the beauty lies at close proximity;
It is time to observe little closely,
The origin of never ending flow of poetry.*

*Just sit by my side without saying
A word, which may distract my mind
From collecting the thoughts, you spring
Into my heart before it is a misspend
And lost in the chaotic crowd.*

For the Sake of your Enjoyment

We are at the opposite end of the ladder.

*It really doesn't matter
What we say to each other.
You have already decided
There is no way you may be persuaded.
Long ago, I have surrendered,
There was hardly any time to understand
That we are species of different planets.*

*It would have been better
Not to have asked for any favors
As your opposite actions
Created more problems than solutions.
Never knew,
My love would beget your wrath,
My simplicity would be of no worth,
You would continue as you thought,*

And, we would walk away on our respective paths.

*I knew, life may not be fair.
One may not get as per his desires.
Who can expect the opposites,
That, it has plenty
During a single life time?
You have, no doubt, made me stronger.
I have learned not to beg anymore,
You can keep doing your way.
On the other end of the ladder,
I would silently see you enjoy.*

Forbidden Path

*Don't remember if you said
Which path one should tread?
But after I have landed here
Nothing seems to be clear.*

*As, I see every junction
Gives rise to thousands of directions,
Except one, all are forbidden paths.
There is a queue for endless lines
To follow the age old routines.*

*I was told, you create everything unique,
Don't you get bored and sick
Of seeing the act of cloning?*

*Prompt them to follow the new way,
The forbidden ones, as they say.
Let this be said that uncertainty
Is the real fun game to play.*

*The absolute happiness is forbidden
As there are only a few
To dare the random unknown.*

Freedom in the Tornado

*F*lying as a kite

*I felt there is nothing like it,
With colors of different varieties
And a beautiful tail to guide
I am at the top of the world,
Playing around the clouds.*

*I encounter in the sky,
Few rapturous high flying birds,
Flapping their wings,
Singing in chorus,
The song of eternal joy and happiness.*

*Now my happiness is short lived
As I realize my life is controlled
By the thread of worldly authorities.*

I am a beautiful kite

*Without wings and the option
To exercise my own wish.*

*Taking clues from the raptors
I prayed for having the similar freedom.
God is kind to listen,
He brought a tornado in my life.
Severing the thread of the captor.*

*I started flying in random
Along with the flocks of birds
In search of my new found freedom.
It is my thoughts which held me in prison,
And this awareness of self
Had given me the desired solution.*

Friend

I liked your arguments, your guile.

*And was very proud of your helping
The street kids with your usual smile.*

*I liked your quarreling,
But was proud when I saw you crying
When a friend left the school after failing.*

*I enjoyed your gossiping
And was proud someone telling
That you have become a great story teller
In addition to your engineering.*

*You were quiet and unassuming
Nevertheless, it is heartening to know
That you enjoy the bathroom singing.*

*I liked your joke-cracking
Felt proud seeing you spending your time*

Among destitute old in their laughter and crying.

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*I envied your carefree attitude for life
And felt very proud when I saw you
Managing people and their aspirations alike.*

*I liked you dreaming beyond limits.
You made me proud when you did all that
In addition to making a home full of bliss.*

*I like you all that you do for a living
But I am really proud of what you are
And, what you always have been.*

Gift for the Heavens

*Looking for a perfect match,
He has traveled across planets and stars,
Some speak different language,
Some look very different.
Many are carrying past baggage
Few have turned sages.*

*At last,
In one corner of the universe
He finds his partner
Ready to take the trouble
To come inside the time's bubble
To undergo life's pain and pleasure
And unfold all the hidden treasure.*

*Stage is set in a mystery land.
Both of them arrive oblivious
Of their past credentials.
Unknown and untraced,*

*They spend the life
Understanding it, slice by slice.*

*It is time to return,
And carry back some souvenir,
Unique and found only here.
Lightning has struck from heaven
Sound of murmur all around,
Bees are buzzing the flowers
Birds chirping aloud in chorus,
Gods have descended to listen,
The song of love and affection.
This has to be 'the gift for heavens'.*

Goal of Life

I didn't notice the invite

In those beautiful eyes.

Didn't feel the sensation of the fragrance

That you left so deliberately in the air.

You didn't make my heart dance

In spite the smiles you flashed.

You were the forest that I missed

In my search for the teak.

You were the beautiful little stream

Which I lost in my dream.

You were the petals of the roses

Which got dried within the pages.

Now, it is the summer time

Memories of spring and autumn

Come back rushing in the mind.

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*You come back fresh and alive
Like the flowers in the garden
And the fairies from the heaven.*

*I have more than realized
The beauties in the small things
That I had left behind
In my search for the ultimate
Goal of life.*

Good Mood

I don't want to be good,

Let me be in my mood.

*I am already feeling proud
Of being part of all that are around.*

*Is there any need to shout
To carry those unnecessary clout?*

*Why should I shoulder the burden
Which is supposed to be forgotten?*

*I have no interest to own
The outcome of someone unknown.*

*Let me just chill and relax.
Where is the need to bother and ask?*

*I am not here to make some history,
Let me patiently follow my story.*

*I have to play my character
As per the design of the director.*

*Let me enjoy as a viewer
With a good mood, whatsoever.*

Heaven of Heavens

They are the mountains

*Overlooking the sleeping hills.
Brown and barren with patches of green,
They all wear dazzling diamond crowns.
Are they the snow clad peaks,
Or the beautiful proud nymphs?*

*They look so beautiful from here,
How can I stop being a lover?
I am getting attracted to the rivers
Flowing like stream of sweat
Towards the never ending vast pasture,
Strewn with colors of nature.*

*Looking from this distant star,
I wonder, if it is that, the tiny place in the universe*

*Where gods enjoy to traverse
In search of self-realizations,
After incessant failings
In all their past efforts.*

Hunger

*It is the hunger
That I intend to conquer.
I kill all the deer,
No one could stop me
Nor, I am bothered.*

*It is never a challenge
To own whatever, I wanted.
The jungle is fulfilling
All my desire,
Exactly, as I aspired.*

*I am the king
Having almost everything.
But I still feel empty inside,
Among all these prosperity,
I drink the entire ocean and the sea
Ohh, God! I still am thirsty.*

*I invert the infinity,
Start pouring out all entity
And start feeling little empty.
Craving for food goes away
Making me more hungry
In another way,
For the divine fruits
That remained so far
Hidden and elusive,
Out of the reach.*

I am Free

I am free.

*I am no more constrained to live.
I have thrown out all rubbish
From mind, refurbishing it with bliss
That came from you as blessings.*

*I am more than happy
As I don't look at anybody but inside
For the answers to my questions.
I have nobody to blame for my misfortune
Or the idiosyncratic display of my attitude.*

*I am in peace
After I managed the chaos
That kept me always on my toes.
Now, I see it as much in the cool rising sun,
As in a turbulent passing cyclone.*

I am little aware

*To understand that I must get clear
Knowing to wake up from my slumber.
Help me going nearer, little closer
Hug me little tighter,
Oh! My Dear.*

I Pray

*What has to happen does happen
What is the need to change, then?
Everything is destined
And predetermined,
Is there any need
To urge the Almighty to redesign?*

*I feel things to occur
As per my wish,
But this thought, make me feel
Very low at times.
Why shouldn't I take things
As they unfold as per His plans?*

*I pray for miracles to happen
Without realizing the fact
That every moment
Is a store house of the same.*

*Praying for the strength and courage,
For the understanding
To go through the process.*

Incomplete Endearment

*Unaware, unintentionally
Reached under the tree,
Behind the old house
To check if you were free.
It was some old habit
Or some desire that remained unfulfilled
That prompted me to wait
In spite the tempest.*

*You had already abandoned the place
And had left me in my quest
To discover the love
Which was put to the test.
Time appears to stop
As love matures and foment
And was ready to intoxicate.*

*Now, we are ready to undertake
The unfinished walk and the race.*

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*Though life has taken new shape,
We are undeterred and happy to face
The new consequences
That may arise
Out of the renewed vigor
To undertake realizing
The incomplete endearment.*

In love with Imperfections

It is never for your perfection

That I spend my days in approbation.

The unusual features,

And your unique stature

Is the real cause of the attraction,

That I nourished in me for years.

It is probably the smaller eyes,

The bigger nose or the larger hips,

That seduced my imaginations

To create the paintings and the poems.

It is definitely your buck teeth,

And the sweet smiles that allure.

The ample bosoms inspire the sculptor

To create those beautiful statues.

I understand, definitely it is the deviations

That attracts more than the perfections.

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Perception is germinated in comparisons.

The mind registers only imperfections,

As it is beyond the comprehensions

To measure the dimensions of perfection.

In Search of Life

*In the sandy desert,
Behind the hunch of the camel,
The sun with his band of color
Going down like a fire ball.
A rabbit has just jumped out
Of the thorny bushes
In fear and doubt.
In the distant horizon,
I spot the crescent moon
Vanishing away very soon.*

*The evening is trying to wrap the desert,
With a perforated blanket,
Decorated with blinking stars,
To preserve the warmth of my heart.
The breeze is little cooler
The moon is approaching nearer.
I set out on a journey
In the sky, through the Milky Way,*

*Without looking back,
I went after you,
Tiding over love and bonhomie.*

*Silence is ruling over the sands,
Stars are singing hand in hand,
I thought I am crossing god's kingdom
Without estimating the mammoth spread
Of the endless horizon,
And depth of the ocean in front.
My voyage is full of ardor and intent
That turned out to be just a moonwalk.*

*I returned to the place of origin,
Looking back to the rising sun
Who is waking up the endearing,
Sleeping, dark night queen;
Slowly spreading his light
Over miles of sands,*

*Drenched with morning dews,
Blasting diamond dusts,
Filled my heart with euphoria and ecstasy.
Looking at the endless desert,
I discovered a new life
Full of hope and prospect.
I inhaled the morning rays.
I gathered the desert smells.
The music and melody of the silence,
Rejuvenated the somnolent, drowsy mind
To go on an expedition,
In search of life.*

Labyrinth of Time

*It is inside the labyrinth of time
And the endless search for sunshine,
I stretch my hands out of water
As I am drowning in cyclonic thunder.
I try solving the puzzle,
Hidden symbolically in the jungle
To free myself from devil's grasp
And breathe a mouthful of air, at last.*

*Tentacles of time extending all around.
There is no place to make my ground.*

*It is the call to unwrap
From the body,
The cover of the past,
The shadow of time, at last.
There is no need to categorize
The experiences or to treatise.*

*Escaping the obstacles of mind.
It is time to kill the time,
Evolving to experience a beautiful life.*

Let Me Try

Should I or shouldn't I?

Oh God! Not this time.

I can't hold myself anymore

As the rains are returning home.

Let me dance and drench

And swallow the drops through my throat.

Now, it is difficult to resist

As I follow the butterflies

To smell the flowers and applaud

The ever engaged honey bees.

Let me forget the time being

That I am surrounded by worldly worries.

Let me count the waves of the sea

And build sand houses on the beach,

Run after those red crabs

As they hide and vanish beyond my reach.

It's so beautiful and soothing, watching

The plethora of colors on the welkin!

*Let me walk up the hills,
Through the rocks and the virgin streams,
Without the fear of unknown dreams.*

*Let me deliberately loose the way
And wander around in the deep forest
With wild animals and their prey.*

*They say, you stay beyond the sky.
Let me stand on the cliff and fly.*

*Who knows if I try,
I may touch the moon, the stars
And chase you beyond galaxies
Ohh, my fairy! At least in my fantasies.*

Life on a Thread

Tied by the thread

That you hold on the other end

Life is a dance of puppet.

Initially, it is inconvenient

As it restricted the movement.

But life finds a way

To rejoice and enjoy.

Probably,

You approve of the same

To cope with a loose rope.

The kite has flown past the cloud

It is aiming to take the new wings,

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*More interested in playing
With the stars,
Instead of dancing on the ground.*

*This is a beautiful land
Where I stand
With you, hand in hand.
Nobody to judge anyone,
It's only the joy of being there.*

Life on the Cliff

You have put me on a cliff,

You say it is life.

Let me enjoy a bit,

Let me have a breath,

Let me admire all your treat.

Don't scare me with the threat

Of gloom, despair, or death.

It is on the sharp cliff,

Alone in a windy night,

Stars doing the vigil,

With the sore feet,

There is no option

But to stand balancing,

Waiting for the things to happen,

As it is.

I have left behind

An arduous journey,

Among the deep forest, so tiring.

I can see the beautiful sea

Spurting out to touch the sky

Incessantly breaking the waves

On the piedmont and crying.

*I think, I am enjoying
Irrespective of your plans
To sabotage all my actions.
I am raising my fingers
To touch you for your favors,
Beyond the skies and heavens
For all the happiness
Stored in the subconscious.*

Life without Memory

*On the sands of time,
The imprints are left behind.
They keep bothering
With episodes muddling up the mind,
Impossible to go ahead
As memories seize the movement.*

*I beg the storm to approach
And take away all the impression
Of the past footsteps.
Let life be lived in the present
Without a trace of the past
Or anxieties of future quest.*

*I would rather live in the dreams
Far from the so-called realities,
Get up fresh in the morning*

*Without carrying memories.
No looking back as I proceed,
Nothing to lose or to achieve,
No plans either
To retrieve the history,
Buried under the sea of time.*

Listen to My Song

You put me to test always,

And I have given my best.

When there was fire all around

I was more than patient.

You watched me being nailed

By those hostile crowd

Silently, I kept washing the blood

Without a trace

Of anguish on my face.

You took my heart out of the body;

I kept pumping on your palm, happily.

Never applied my mind,

Just obeyed the command

The way you liked.

It is for the sake of your love and care

I ventured out with dare,

Crossing mountains one after another.

I am dry and thirsty

Without the life, I am completely empty.

Need your little touch

To continue in the path

To commence the journey

Now, so much, more risky.

Don't make me a beggar

Listen to my prayer.

You will tarnish your own image and glory

Just for that little ego you carry.

I am nobody, you know, without you

And, there are options very few.

If you want to see

Your own smile,

Look through my eyes,

If you desire to feel your heart

Listen to my song

And music bit by bit.

Loaned Wing

*I spotted the bird
Against the cirrus cloud
While I was waiting little long,
Under the blue sky humming a song.
I indicated my desire to join
For a flight,
Beyond the rocky terrain.
I borrowed one of her wings
With a promise to return it
After the journey is complete.
We crossed horizons, one after other
In pure silence, rumination, and prayer.
Little apprehensive of the destination,
I inquired my partner about her intentions.
We have traveled many light years,
But it was still hazy
And more like a nightmare.
She looked at me in irritation,
As if I broke her concentration.*

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*She just looked at me to inspire
And motive me to acquire
Part of the heaven that I could treasure
Whole my life, before I return
The loaned wing.
And come back to my routine life.*

Love discovered

Never knew you waited for me

Thought, it was someone else.

Could have asked you

Seeing those blue beautiful eyes,

Also, that hidden little smile.

Difficult then to believe if all that was for me.

You avoided my look

As if I didn't exist.

I was unsure.

Hence, lived in pretense

Life after life.

Those lovely dances in the rain

And the drops of water on your face,

How one can know

That it is not only for the divine?

Loved you then and love you still

In the process loved Him all around.

You kept coming again and again

In every moment

While awake or in dream

Just to check if I still have

The passionate little heart

To follow your beautiful path.

My love is never ending

Beyond the touch of time.

The wrinkles are the testimony,

The road is the witness,

Your heart of heart would know

I was there always

But you had missed me in the crowd.

Love ignited

*From a distance, I admired.
Enjoyed the fragrance,
Followed you like a shadow,
Unaware of the consequences.*

*Loved being with you
Lost count of days
And those moonlit nights
In the desert village,
Also, the romantic years
In those never-ending dreams.*

*Never knew if you felt the same,
I was afraid to check
Lest it is a mirage
That should ruin my excitement.*

But you came closer

*With your usual smiles and laughter,
The dancing eyes and the rosy lips
Wanting something to say.
I wished to be just the same,
Undisturbed and unaffected,
Far away from the reality
In the misty land
Deeply hallucinated.*

*You had different plans
Which I had no idea.
You came from all the way
Just to say,
You liked me always
But love is still faraway.*

*Didn't know then if to rejoice
Love denied is the indication
How much of it you wanted to hide,
The spark of love
That I had already ignited in you.*

Love Without Consent

*Standing before you in the dark
I contemplated if I have to ask
Or just say thanks and turn back.
There was no time to hold your hands
As I could see, you have different plans.
The stars had hidden the moon
Behind the clouds so soon,
It was difficult to recognize your face
Half-hidden under the veil.
I really didn't have any alternative
As everything was decided
As per your design and wish.
I could hardly hear your words
As they mingled with flow of the streams.
We were, probably, parting our ways
And learning to forget the bygone days.
I was wondering if it takes two
For the love to flourish and grow.*

*I charted a new journey from the shallow
Into the sea of love deep below.
This was a new world
Far away from the expectations.
And attachments to fondness or affection.
There was no need for owning each other,
To gauge the intensity and fervor.
Love appeared and evidently present,
And there was no need of any consent.*

Mango Bud

You are the symbol of love.

You are the sign of fertility,

Wealth and plenty.

You come in the advent of spring,

And inspire the cuckoo to sing.

You come every year

With promises of mystic romance to flower.

The memory of early youth reappears

With fragrance of sweet remembrances.

On a hot summer afternoon

I recollect, you motivated me to dream.

I see you coming back to me

Leaving behind the past undoing.

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*The bud has grown into a big tree,
And the dreams have taken the wings.
Let the cuckoos do the quixotic singing
With your fragrance hallucinating,
Welcoming the beginning of a new spring.*

Mango Tree

*Sitting under the mango tree,
You are looking very pensive,
Trying to relieve the pain
Captivating your heart and mind.
The flowers are drying,
And falling incessantly
All over your face and hair
Which you don't seem to care.*

*The cuckoo is singing in melody
Though it sounds little melancholy
You are looking at your soulmate,
Who is going away in haste?
To conquer his wavering mind,
Seeking the Buddha Hood
Leaving the world behind.*

*Spring is kissing your body
The tree is laden with fruits, already.*

*The new mango buds are teasing
You have crossed many springs,
Still waiting to have a glimpse
Of the new Buddha and ask him
If all that was necessary.*

*He comes back
One full moon day, stealthily,
From the shadows of the PipalTree
To hold your hand and say
Love is not far away.
It is in the air.
It is in the flower.
It is in cuckoo's singing.
It is around this Mango tree.
And it is also in your waiting.*

Mirror

Mirror! You have reflected the unwanted,

*It is sickening to see
The routine as expected.
Why don't you reveal my real self?
Looking you face to face,
I peel up my mask and dresses
To encounter the reality and the calmness.*

*Mirror! You have absorbed my soul,
You have bemused my goal.
With changing color of the seasons,
The kaleidoscope makes me dance
Without any rhymes and reasons.
I lived my life in your shadow,
I leave my image with you, now.*

*Mirror! Allow me inside your heart.
I will look for my forgotten past.
I will hold back the reflection of light*

*Into the black hole, beyond your sight.
Without the light,
In the absence of my image,
Let me just close my eyes
And go on a new voyage.*

Miracle of Miracles

*You kept surprising me
At every moment of life.
It is in the childhood days,
I questioned each and everything
That came my way.
I wished the moon during day
And the sun indulging in night-play.
I wonder why flowers are different
Not only in color, but in their scents,
Birds have wings and fly
While fishes swim around in glee.
Every moment seemed full of miracles,
Difficult for me to decrypt.*

*Left my childhood behind,
Started removing queries from mind,
Started taking things for granted
As I became blind to miracles*

*That kept happening every moment.
The worldly knowledge brainwashed
Killing the child inside,
The rationality and reasoning outsmarting
The innocent, God's favorite child.*

*It's time, life taking a full circle,
Returning back to the inception.
Knowledge, slowly getting evaporated
Bringing realization of self.
The enquirer of truth raised the head
To decipher the miracles of nature
Hidden in each and every moment
And in each and every particle,
Whether in sand dust or in rain drops.*

Mother

*Y*our love, I took for granted,
Your presence made no difference,
Till I was all alone
In my little stuffy closet.

I pretended not listening
To your words of values and ethics.
Now, I keep searching my brain
For the encouragement, so much in need.

I bluffed my sleep closing the eyes,
To enjoy your caressing fingers
Moving on my head and shoulder
That I miss now in the sleepless hangover.

I never said a word for your waiting
After those late night coming.
I have no one, now to inquire about me
During whatever the situation may be.

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*I can only remember the good times
Which I spent with you.
I miss your presence, your waiting,
Your guidance and caressing.
Please shower me some blessings
For the sake of love and feelings.*

Mud

I had left my soul in the mud

When I returned in a hurry

From a different world.

Life existed outside me

And there was no need

To look within.

I was comfortable with heartless

And their number was in excess.

The lifeless bodies were queuing up,

In front of every shop

For buying some happiness

Struggling in dire distress.

I was tired of playing with the toys

In my search for the elusive joy

That looked impossible without the zeal

While the body was becoming frail.

I started squishing the mud,

Imagined a new life among gods.

*The soul reappeared,
With the lotus bud.
Happiness smiled looking at the sun.
I decided, for a change,
To carry along
With me, the soul hiding in the soil,
Pursuing my new goal
Of cultivating lotus in the mud.*

Mutual Need

I heard your reputation
And got influenced by your status.
I was in look for peace and happiness
Which they said you offer
Without any conditions.
I set out in pilgrimages
To win your love
Which I have been cherishing
So dearly since ages.

I saw them queuing before you
Waiting for their turn
To have a little touch of love
With care and compassion.
You appeared to be true
As there was hardly any clue
To understand thee,
Beyond what you appeared to be.

I saw them crying
And begging which seemed like praying.
They were forcing their love
You were hardly perturbed.
Instead, very busy to savor

All that the poor men treasured.

*I followed the populace
Staked all my trust
For the return of some solace.
Followed you all over
Obeyed to prove better than others.
It was difficult to withdraw
From something that gave me
Cozy attachment and pleasure.*

*Now, I am perplexed after seeing you closer.
It is you who need them more
Than what it may appear.
They made you a darling*

*Out of some blood and matter
And in the process got duped forever.
I refrain myself from going after
A heartless beautiful structure.
It is now your turn to discover
The particles of love residing
Inside my heart
To have your favor.*

My Fear, Too Dear

Oh dear!

*It is the fear,
Holding on to me
For some reason or other.
It is the fear for the unknown.
Also, for the anxiety and concern
That worries me the most.*

*You have damaged enough.
It's time to come up
Throwing away the chains
And the hand cuffs,
Getting ready for the celebration
For the new found realization.*

*You are a concept
In which, I have no interest.
I see you evaporate
In the presence of my confidence.*

*As I enjoy the adventure
You die down, never again re-appear.*

*Fear! You are just like the mist
That blocks the vision and resists
My growth prospective.
The clouds are moving out soon,
The sky is ready to receive the moon
Calmness and peace persist
All over the place, so soon.*

My Little Angel

I was restless in my wait
To see my little angel,
On my lap in the night.
The sky was bright
And the river by the side
Was unusually very quiet.
I was weaving my thoughts
For a beautiful life
That was close to my sight.

You blinked your eyes.
I was showered by your smiles.
I held you tight
With happiness and delight.
You touched my lips
To know my feelings.
I was overjoyed to confirm
The end of my plights.

*Hold me in your arms.
It is so difficult for me to grasp
My desecrated body parts,
Mutilated in the battle field
In the struggle for sustenance.
Oh! My little angel, you are the reason
For my life and its existence.
Be by my side for the sake of
Little love and affection
That I have been yearning
Long before you were born.*

My Love

Love! You are always hidden,

You were invisible then

When my dad was angry

Seeing me doing the unnecessary.

Love! You were in plenty

In all that my mom did

Which I only realized

After everything is empty.

They told me they all have it,

They were my family

Whom I have, already

Left behind.

Love! I felt you in her smile,

And in the vibration

That she induced inside me. You

In the touch and her different moods,

I experienced you, the love divine.

But it was for a short while

Like chasing the mirage

In the dry desert safari.

*My friends are always there
Pushing me from behind,
With their love and affection
Without a trace of
Ego or any usual protective mind.
Couldn't understand love
As I took them for granted
Before they all are no more around.*

*Love! I am told that you are the almighty
And the God personified
In all possibilities.
I searched for you
Everywhere, in forests, seas,
And in the mountains, so frosty.
You are, it seems, manifested
In all that I see,
Adequately, in large quantity.*

*I dismantled the house
That I had built inside me,
Widened my vision a little,
Made my mind aware
To capture the beauty of thee.
Opened my heart
So that I am ready to receive.*

My Muse

*The forest is on fire,
And you look for water.
The streams have dried down in summer,
You can come another time,
May be after a year.
Who knows, what holds in future.*

*If you like, take the inferno along
It may help you gift to the ocean.
Which will give you a lot of satisfaction.
You are little late, my dear.
What is the need to reiterate the love?
That is pointless now, with no purpose.*

*Remembering the white scattered clouds
And the garden of flowers all around.
I have still saved drops of love inside,
But it is of no use,*

*Except, it retains little excitement to ignite
The flow of poetry,
Oh, you! My beautiful muse.*

My Pleasures in the Pain

*I was reluctant, yet it was important
To understand my pain a little more
So that I continue further,
My journey of pleasure hunt.*

*After the cry, I enjoyed the laugh
And squeezed the last drop
Of nectar from the golden moments.*

*The pain burnt my ego
I got back my forgotten ethos;
I relieved the accumulations
Of sorrows of yester-years,
And returned to my childhood days
With renewed energy and vigor
To enjoy the happiness left over.*

*With pain inside me,
I could see more outside*

*It felt much happier when I realized,
It could have been bitterer.*

*With passing of time,
It gets difficult to distinguish
What exactly is pain
That appears to be coated with delight.*

My Shadow

How to convince

That I am not the same?

What you see

Is nothing but the frame.

The smile on my face,

The glow in the eyes

And the outward glaze,

Are just sham and fake.

Time has taken its toll,

Circumstances playing the roll

Of a villain to spoil my goal.

Mirror tells lies as it hides my soul,

Destiny involves in the game of foul.

How to convince, My friend?

That the water in the river

Is no more the same.

It takes real effort to search

*Whatever has already been lost.
It is hardly of any interest,
Either to me or to anybody else.
Let me look for it in the desert,
In those thorny bushes in the sands.
Or in the forest, in wild flowers and ferns.*

*I am my shadow all these years,
I have been surviving without any fears.
It helped me retain my name,
It gave me those little pseudo fame.
But I am not able to take
The burden of it any more.
Let me come in the mid-day sun
So that I face it and look up.
And, kill my shadow under the sole,
Once for all.*

Natives

It is on the tall tree

*On the river side,
The fledgling eaglet
Branching in the eerie
With the downy beak
Waiting for his time.*

*Down below in the river
A salmon spawning in the water.
Preparing the journey
To the deep ocean
Without any apprehension
Unaware of the grizzly bear.*

*It is the grown up eagle
Exploring the new horizons
With his new found freedom.
The salmon has reached the destination
Tasting the salty water
Growing in stature.*

*In the game of life,
The salmon trying to survive
And the eagle following the instinct.
It is the time to return to the origin
As one comes to the river
And the other to the top of the tree.*

*The salmon giving in to the eagle
After the procreation and the struggle.
Both are happy that they have reached
The place of start as cherished.
Time to give back the body they loaned
And become the part of the great soul.*

New Language of Love

*D*roplets covered your eyes

*Or are they tears hiding your lies
As you denied my love you are having.
In spite of my insistence pursuing,
You just choose to remain silent.
Should I then consider it as consent?
I have remained in this state
Year after year, waiting for a result.*

*You kept on smiling without reasons
Unaware of your dried lips;
Probably you wanted me not to see
The excitement beneath your face.
You were meeting me after a long time
There was a lot to share and speak,
And give the usual advice
That was evident in your choked voice.*

*Don't say a word
As now, they don't mean anything.
I can read your surroundings,
Your resentment, annoyance, and feelings.
Love is irrelevant in saying.
It is time for exploring and learning
The new language of love, in caring.*

New Moon

*I chased the sun
Beyond the paddy field,
Across the river,
Behind the mountains,
Hidden, partially by clouds.*

*The moon on my back,
There was no time
For me to retract.
They say you are beautiful
I am yet to look and feel.
You may be bright at times
But my shadow hides
Your beautiful eyes.*

*The birds have come back home.
The river in great sublime
Singing in romantic tune
Welcoming the new moon.*

*All the leaves have fallen from the trees
The forest is nakedly facing the sky
To admire the beauty among the stars.
The sun has absented from the scene
To allow the romance to happen
In the swings of time.*

*I didn't see you coming
In those little steps,
Hiding from the light
Escaping my vigilant sight
To fill my heart with
The sea of love, so bright*

New Wings of the Hyperopic

*I*ust got back the wings
After years of meditations
And deep intense search
Within closed prison walls.
It is time, I remove the old furs
And grow and nurture the new,
Reinforce the muscles and sharpen
The old rugged nails
To prepare for the next battle
Which would help me conquer the heaven.

The flight is no more frightening.
It is not going to be hindered
By the clouds or the lightning.
The flock may not be following,
But the soul is readying
And leading me for discovery
Of the hideouts of the enemy.

*This is perhaps the time
To rekindle the lamp of victory
In the God's land, so divine.*

*This land that I have reached
Is no different from what I lived.
I left angels and fairies
Who were hard to recognize.
This journey is just futile
As there was no need of this voyage
That results nothing worthwhile.
The heavens are converging inside,
The wings are resting a little
As I see me clearly in your eyes.*

Pain Redefined

*C*overed my pain behind the veil,
Stopped the tears to roll
Cleared the throat
Lest it should choke
To save me of the embarrassment
Hiding in the far corner of my heart.

*Some pains are beautiful to treasure
As they mature and get richer
With every passing time like old liquor.
They are so difficult to part with
As they slowly become ornaments of life.
They give pleasure like hot water
Under the shower.*

*The prison becomes so familiar,
The chains are the companions,
Scared of the sun light,
Darkness gives inspiration to survive.*

*How can one get out of it?
Relying on time to change the season.
Let it give a new name to my pain
With fresh showers of love mixed rain.
Let life sprout once again.*

Pleasure in the Treasure

What is this place?

*The sun is new,
The moons are many.
The stars are crazy
As they blink differently.*

*There is no place to stand,
No earth underneath.
No air to breath,
No water to drink,
Life survives as it is.*

*There is no trace of god,
No rules whatsoever,
No one is a follower,
All are front runners
On a fast escalator.*

*As I see the horizon,
It goes beyond my vision.
A vast infinity within,
How can one measure?
Let me enjoy,
The accumulated treasure.*

Refutation of Love

*I presumed you called me to say
Something, I wanted to hear.
I knew you liked me ,
Hence, there was nothing to fear.
Though little apprehensive,
Had the confidence of being persuasive.
Evening was setting in by the river,
The sun was going down
Behind the outlines of the mountain
As birds returning home in pairs.
You stopped short of saying something,
Instead gazed towards the river ,
Marveling the way it was flowing.
You were searching for words
To deny the love ,
Which you were unwilling of revealing
Because of some vague reasons .
I mustered my strength,*

*Suppressed all my feelings,
Just read both your eyes .
To save you of the embarrassment,
I readjusted a little and said
I never loved you ,
And, kept smiling
That was long overdue.*

Releasing God in realization

*I created you in my thoughts,
Furnished you with all the traits
That brought you right in front.
I covered your body
With layers of trust
And poured my love
As the perfect crust.*

*I attributed all my success and loss,
Without a trace of fuss,
To your wish and efforts.
You became the god of my heart.
Now, I have chosen somebody to whom*

*I can blame it on
For all the miseries I have got
As nothing but your fault.*

*This has not helped my condition,
They probably understood my intension.*

*There is no alternative
But to change my attention.
All the answers are hidden,
Closed inside the carton
Concealed in the core of my heart,
Waiting to be revealed
With the touch of your love and affection
Released with conscious realization.*

Reluctant lover

There is a lot to ask

*But my silence overpowers
Better, just listen
As it is difficult to speak.
The heart is overflowing,
I look for your eyes
To pour my soul, inside.
Tears come rushing
As you start blushing
I start guessing
If my love is flourishing.*

*Suddenly, you are blaming
May be you are accusing
For something
Beyond my understanding.
Nevertheless, I am enjoying,
Possibly, it is your caring,
Expressed with little anger*

*Coated with layers of love and affection.
I fumble for my reaction
As I encounter love's new dimension.
I feel little awkward
As I try to decipher
The contrasting signals of love,
My long cherished reward,
That I can't wait anymore.*

Reunion

It took ages

For you to come.

I had no complaints

Neither carried any predilections.

Just waited

With anticipations and hope

To have a glimpse

Of the shadowy expressions.

Words were inadequate

Throats getting choked

Gasping for air,

Buried the untold story

Under the blanket of tears.

The assembly rejoiced,

Flowers exchanged

We touched each other

Opening the mind's eyes

Smelling the day's gone by..

Time was so short

To rediscover

The ravaged leftovers.

Romancing the ruins of Konark

*Standing amongst the ruins,
I kept touching the stones
To recollect the smiles.
The broken parts of the structure
Were more than eager
To reconstruct the unfinished dance
That was once the dream of the sculptor.
The fallen temple was the witness
Of the grandeur,
Which stood proudly for many years
In the face of engulfing anger.*

*I searched for the soul
Buried under the mounds.
I slowly opened the wounds
To see the oozing of blood
Confirming life still exists.*

*The stones started talking,
Dressed up for dancing*

*Drummers got enthused
By flowering of mango buds,
Birds are busy singing
The arrival of the spring,
Announcing the season of love
That has reconstructed the temple.*

*The first ray of the sun,
Romancing with you in the open.
I closed my eyes to grant you privacy,
Imagined all the lines of my poetry
In the shadow of the lovers'
Electrifying postures of intimacy.
I kept gathering my thoughts
Sealed in the stones,
Cemented them with my word,*

*To rebuild the Konark,
Which I have sketched in my dreams.
Konark ! You are beautiful
In spite of the age.
You are graceful in your dance
And you display a beautiful image,
Even today in the ruins
I can't stop myself falling in love
With your broken smiles.*

Romancing the Stone

*It is a beautiful piece of stone
But was lying all alone.
I was tired of traveling far and wide,
Decided to rest on it, a while.
The fairy was caged inside
And was struggling hard to come out
To enlighten the world
Leaving her ancient homestead for good.*

*It is time you realized
How beautiful and versatile
You are within this rock,
And now, it is time you are released
For the world to stop and see.
Let me take out the chisel,
Slowly and carefully reveal your soul
Out of the stone, at least for me.*

*I am seeing your half-closed eyes
Opening slowly after a long sleep
And honey flowing from your lips,
The morning sun welcoming the smiles.
You're dancing pose with scanty clothes
Has already stolen my heart and mind,
I am just stranded without any clues.*

*You have thrown the stone behind
The legs are still in bind.
You are not yet ready, perhaps still
Unshackling your past lives.
Please hold tightly, my fingers
So that I keep you with me forever,
Inside my temple at one corner,
To watch you dance in exciting postures.*

Safari

*It was my craze for tigers
That made me wander around,
In the forest across different land.
There had been no success,
All my safaris were just useless.*

*I set out for my last venture into the jungle
To have a glimpse of a tiger.
Insects and grass hoppers were calling,
Birds of many kinds were singing,
Flowers spreading their fragrance
As the rocky stream dancing down
With all extravaganza.*

*I was blind to all that in spread,
As I was eagerly awaiting the sight
Of the elusive animal to alight
From the deep forest.*

*I was running out of time
As the setting sun was going down.
The night was about to set in
I realized, I had lost the entire forest
In search of a particular beast.*

*It was time to return home,
Frustrated, all alone,
But for the realization
That beauty is hidden all around.*

*Nothing is more important than the other.
Every plant and creeper,
Is significant part of the jungle,
Life is equal and evident in every atom.*

Sea of Mind

How do I understand your mind?

*You have chosen to be different at times.
There is no way I can measure the depth,
My legs are so tiny and the sea is so vast.*

*I don't know how to expand,
Improve its vision and breadth.
You scare me with your bigger self,
And I am yet to find my way.
We are two banks of the river
There is no way to swim across.
I am beyond my clues to know you,
Will understand when we are part of the great sea.*

Self Discovery

*Away from the flocks,
Beyond the familiar hut,
Spreading the wings,
Looking for the finch,
Requesting her to sing.
I have left behind the cuckoo
Her songs and the tunes.
Hiding her black shades
I see her ruminant
As I go for the colorful plumage.*

*I stop and look around
Little tired and confused,
Trying to establish my footage
In this new place.
It's the no man's land,
Caught between the two birds,
Though nothing in hand,
It is the fusion of future and past
Which has no relevance.
There are lots of worries,
As I venture into a new territory,
Without the music and artistry,*

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*Silence is ruling this country,
All my senses start working
For the new mantra
Called self-discovery.*

Self Love

*W*alked out of the home one fine morning,
Searching for love, I have been yearning.
It was love at first sight
Before I could realize if it was wrong or right.

*I started seeing your eyes in the pages
Which I had been imagining for ages.
Everything about you was mesmerizing,
Time stopped to watch us romancing.*

*Curious to check out more about it,
I started nurturing love in the family.
I discovered it was beyond society,
As love got expanded into infinity.*

*Concurring new territories,
I got immersed in the love of nature
Breaking all boundaries.
The river, the forest, and the sea,*

They all screamed in love and invited me.

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*My love got extended to God
And I was about to surrender
When I realized,
Probably I forgot to explore
The self, in my quest for exploring love.*

Silence: The Spiritual Vector

*Two stars in their journeys
With large followings
Are destined to meet
As their paths are crossing.
The sky eagerly watching
To see an encounter
Of the life time.
They are building a tavern
To capture the meet
Of the two great mystics:
Gautam, the Buddha
And Vardhaman, the Mahavir.
The followers are keen
To witness the debate
To confirm the supremacy
Of one over the other.*

*The rare zodiac constellation
Makes it happen
The long awaited union.
The stars bowing to each other
Facing and looking into eyes
Silence prevails all around
As time takes wings and flies.
The followers look for clues
As morning slowly sets in.
It is in the beautiful sunshine
Both of them bow and say good byes
With heart filled satisfaction
Glowing through their eyes.*

*It is the meeting of the ocean
And the skies.
Nobody is a loser or a victor
As silence decides.*

*The ultimate realization is unique
Irrespective of all the debates
And differences we perceive
With religious treatise.*

Silhouette

*G*oing back in time ,
Revisiting the milestones of life,
I am seeing my silhouette
Against the moon light ,
The bright outline,
That I had left behind.

The stacked frozen bodies,
Crying for a little spirit,
Without which they behave like ghosts
Dying to enact the love, they dreamt.
I saw myself distributed in shelves
Each part trying their best to express.

The little girl in frock
Giggled with winks, mischievous.
The village lass on the river bank
And the gorgeous lady of my heart,
Spoke out in unison,
The music of first love, hidden so long.

Gathering my fragmented memories,
I am returning to my mind and body,
Rewriting my unfinished story.
My silhouette taking the shape of reality,
And, I start dancing in the moon,
In the flow of love and peace, to eternity .

Sky

You never lie,

Then, why are you so shy?

What is there to hide?

Shouldn't you remove the clouds?

As they restrict my views?

You shelter the stars.

The moon and the sun.

They come in your lap by turn.

To divert my attention

As I just love to immerse in you

Beyond all, into the blue.

Let all the birds fly away,

Let silence rule both night and day

As I listen to you meditated

And fathom out what you say.

Give me the vision, I pray

To assess your vastness, ohh sky!

Taste of Reality

*There is someone inside me
Whom I talk regularly
As I face some difficulties.
He is happy when I am free
So that he will have a quality time
To make me, just like him.
While I am scared, he is divine.
He is busy enjoying,
As I keep contemplating.*

*It is a game of hide and seek
Which we have been playing
From the very beginning.
I am tired of living two lives
Quarreling with each other
All the times.*

*I am ready to lose my identity,
Prefer to be part of a single entity,
Culminating all the confusion,
And getting the taste of reality.*

The Bee and the Butterfly

*He wandered around in love,
In search of the flower
Of his heart to lounge.
The flowers did welcome the bee
But were reluctant to agree
To shelter him till afterlife.
They were happy nevertheless,
Were ready to say good bye
With a drop of honey
As a token of acquaintances,
So beautiful, but for him very useless.*

*The gift was a burden,
Better to Batter it for a little fun.
He came across of the Queen,
Who was promising heaven
In lieu of the honey he owned.*

*There was a queue of laborers,
Looked like him, the flower lovers.
Life turned a big competition,*

*He forgot his heart's intentions
And just followed the time's motion,
Drifting away from his real ambitions.*

*In the flower garden, one day,
The bee met the butterfly.
He tasted little honey
And was more than happy.
He was in love with the garden
There was no specific flower in his mind.
Collection of wealth was never to attain,
Postponing love was not the aim.
The new found freedom from the cocoon,
Was being lived moment to moment.
The bee left the honey and the queen,
Followed the butterfly in his new dream.*

The Competitor

There is nothing common,

No point of comparison

We are birds of different feathers

Stars of different universe

We have disparate destinations

How can we be competitors?

Stars smile in the sky

There is no need of battle cry.

Flowers don't show up

To prove who is superior.

There is no friend or enemy

The nature is in pure harmony.

I miss you in spite of my love,

Our indifferences taking its toll.

Why can't we be companions,

Like the twin star

Doubling up the glow

At a remote corner of the cosmos?

The mystic in the land of love | Bichitra Kumar Behura

*Open your eyes,
See beyond the horizon into the skies,
Competition if any
Exist only in our mind.
Let's transcend to a new globe
Of camaraderie, friendship, and love.*

The Deal

*Yes, I cried but not for your help
As I know you are incapable and inept.
It was not my weakness,
It was just an outburst
Of years of neglect.*

*It was easy for me to forget
And continue towards the target.
But thought it is time,
Probably, to look back and introspect.*

*Didn't have the intention to suspect
As I had always viewed you with respect.
But now I wonder, what is your intent?
Particularly, when I see you silent,*

*And my sufferings on you
Seems to be having no effect.*

*However, I look for a prospect,
For reconciliation of various aspects
That may prompt you look afresh,
Towards me, for my interest.*

The Divine Game

Come! Let's play the game

For one more time.

*Everything is quiet, outside,
The stars have gone asleep,
The crescent moon is hiding
Deep inside the clouds,
Birds are tired of singing;
It is only the dark sky
That is covering both you and me.*

*Let's remove all clothes,
Peel up the layers of skin
Till we have nothing in between.*

*Come little closer to see
If we are differently designed.
There is no trace of a soul
Who can judge us
Or declare a winner.
Let's play this game little intense
As there is no fear
Of being a loser.*

*This is a beautiful game
As we can travel back and forth.
Time is one flat plane,
In one go, everything happens,
No qualms about future, past, or present.*

*We are getting dragged to a new place,
All of a sudden, we lose ourselves.
We see everyone, slowly disappearing
In the sea of love, all pervading.
For the one last time,
We stand face to face,
And loose each other
In divine embrace.*

The Glimpse

*You are everywhere,
I guess you shouldn't be different.
Under the sea and in the sky,
In the desert and in the forest,
In celebrations and in the fest,
You seem to be enjoying
Without taking any rest.*

*Alas! You are beyond my reach,
With no fins, I return from the beach.
You didn't give me wings
To look for you in the skies.
My legs are small and tired
To go around this vast world,
Nevertheless, I thought, I would find you
In one of your hides.*

*As I am feeling sad and bad,
Here she is, a beautiful girl.*

*Her eyes are holding the sea
And the sky is caressing her in glee.
She is carrying the forest and the stream.
As she is walking swiftly like a swan
With dense cloudy hair
Throwing a seductive naughty smile,
I am looking at her, mesmerized.
Now, I am without any doubt,
Crying with my heart out
Oh God! I feel, I see
The glimpse of thee,
In her love, care, and affection for me.*

The Journey

*T*ogether, we started

The journey cherished the most.

Life became an enjoyment

All the way without a trace of stress.

It was all a beautiful flow,

Enough time to while away

And to relish each and every moment.

It was so normal to smile

And dance in the rains.

Where is the time

To think of the past

Or imagining the future's quest?

Don't see you anymore,

I am all alone

In my ruined castle.

There are tons of history

Hanging on my wall.

Through the blocked windows

It is difficult to see beyond.

*How can I convince
That we are still good friends,
If not great lovers.
I need you more than ever
To make the vision clearer.
Allow me to hold your hand
And walk along with you
So that I experience life
Once more.
Forgetting everything
Including the lost times.*

The Journey Within

I travelled far and wide

With birds of different types

Beyond many horizons

To discover more and more skies.

It took time to understand

That I am leaving behind a paradise,

The grasshoppers and the butterflies.

The journey has returned to its origin.

The rivers have dried up

And returned to the mountains

To flow again as little virgin streams

For another voyage into the sea.

The birds have returned to the nest

For another flight after a little rest.

The flowers are calling very loud,

The sky is roaring through the clouds,

The song of nature rippling the wind.

The invitation of celebrations all around.

Now, it is impossible to resist

The urge to look within,

To rediscover the splendors of life.

*Let me take a walk in the path,
Alone, without any desire in heart.
No destination to reach,
No pleasure to seek,
Just for the sake of little fun,
And for the journey within.*

The Moment

*Every time I try to hold,
You just slip away from my fold,
You are so difficult for me to know
As you vanished in a blow.*

*Past and future intersect at your place.
I am always on the crossways,
In endless dreams or thinking of bygone days,
Impossible to be within you, to concentrate.*

*The moment, I get the flash of your existence,
Thoughts shroud my mind with the excess.
It's time, I get away with past and future*

*And consciously expand your presence.
You are the symbol of both empty and infinity,
The point of equilibrium in the swing of life,
Let the awareness of your apparitions
Bring in the long desired realizations.*

The New World

*O*pened my eyes and went on a walk.

It is long since I have met them and talk.

The flowers blooming after the sleep.

The rays of the morning sun

Peeping into their hearts very deep.

They came out with different colors

And the breeze made them dance

Welcoming me showing great honors.

They started giggling in glee

I just stopped, became mindful to listen.

The dews on the grass sparkled suddenly.

I was getting captivated slowly

By varieties of frangipani

And fragrance of lily of the valley.

It is a new world I have reached,

There is no trace of deceit,

No one is keen to compete

As all of them have achieved

And there is no fear of failure or defeat.

Divinity all around, in plenty,

This is the New World,

Full of love and prosperity.

The Princess and the Monk

*The monk has returned,
The scenario has completely changed.
Nobody knows where he had been,
Whether he still remembers
The swan necked, slender body lass
With long dreamy hairs,
The twelve-year-old petite.*

*Now, he is old and tired,
After spending long years of life
In the forests and at distant lands.
He has slept off under the tree
With his childhood memories,
Traveling into the holes of time
Searching for the innocent girl
Who tried to stop him going.*

*Pain and pleasure
Are not different from each other
This is his learning of these years.*

*The princess comes to peep,
Wakes the monk from his sleep,
Questions him for his indifference
Towards her beautiful appearances
Where one could've seen the roses,
Heard the songs of ecstasy,
Felt the music of the streams,
Experienced the gentle breeze,
And realized the God,
The all pervasive.*

*Open your eyes...
Tell me my Monk
If realization doesn't exist
In daily routines,*

*In the nature and in little things
And, more importantly
In the love
You left behind,
In spite of my calling?*

The Purpose

*Raising my hands,
Moaning in pains
I cried,
Oh, God! Not again.
Looking at the sky in dismay
I'm wondering
If it is some kind of a revelry,
Colors of flowers,
Leafs brown and green,
Falling down in showers.
I am buried under the celestial cover
By the side of a river
That has the elixir of love in the water.*

*You look shattered,
Tired of searching for a shelter.
You have sneaked into the cover
As I scatter,
All the colors, one after other.*

*You have pulled me into the river,
While quenching our thirst
We are drowning underneath
In the quest of a purpose,
That life can have, to conquer.*

The seed of life

*T*ired and exhausted,
Angry with the circumstances,
Wondered, if it is provided
By someone else
Or the result of my vices.
God is the easy target
As He is difficult to locate
And He never comes to defend.

Spending my days and years
Full of difficulties and tears,
I am busy blaming the God
Whom I find one day
At a remote corner.
He is listening to my slander,
Coming closer and taking me back
Before the womb of my mother.

I see myself without the body

Deciding about what the life has to be.

There is no God to guide or decide

About the blue print of this life.

It is revealing to realize

That every moment of time

Is meticulously designed

By none, other than me.

There is no friend or enemy.

It is the drama of life

In which the characters are predetermined

And the script is consciously written

To balance out all the ups and downs

Helping the soul to evolve and advance

In its journey towards realization

Of the truth in divine manifestation.

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 wait

*You told me to stop.
I waited for the season to come,
The flowers to blossom,
The sky to change the color
With the rising sun.*

*You told me to stop.
I waited for the river
To pour all its water,
Without a trace of sorrow,
Into the Indian Ocean.*

*You told me to stop.
Instead, I kept singing inside
Without giving you the hint
That the music was vibrating
To take my heart out.*

You told me to stop.

*I waited with my breath
To take the fragrance
Once the jasmine is smiling,
And ready to give her warmth.*

*You told me to stop.
I introspected in my wait
To understand you better
So that I am ready to go
When you allow me to enter.*

*You told me to stop.
I waited for my love to grow
To become a tree
For me to rest under the shadow,
Relishing love, the divine fruit.*

Thicker than Blood

You were not my blood but my companion.

*While they all left me alone
You came forward to hold my hand.*

*You were not my blood but my friend
While the world was showing me its back
You were the only one standing with me like a rock.*

*You were not my blood but someone unknown
When nobody had the time to stop and inquire
You only took me to the clinic without expecting a return.*

*You were not my blood but a co-passenger
You did not sleep the whole night
During the journey, when I had a bad fever.*

*You were not my blood but a young colleague
When they all were demanding either work or money
You only helped me through it with a new prospective.*

*You were not my blood but my neighbor next door
When I was secluded and remembering memories so old
You only knocked and celebrated all festivals as my own.*

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*The blood in me crying deep within
For expanding the horizon to encompass all in its domain
To experience the relationship of one universal clan.*

Thoughts

*Some say you are matter,
You are source of energy for others.
For me a bundle of thoughts
That I keep weaving in my hut.
I get disintegrated and amalgamated,
With you in imaginations.
I give different shapes
And I create music and verses
In musing and in my ideations.*

*I observe me in my thoughts,
Then I meet you in the trance,
Where your eyes suddenly transform*

*Into floating lotus,
In the virgin stream, in blue waters.*

*Let's indulge ourselves in romance
Leaving the body, energy, and our stance.
Let the hearts speak to each other
In the language of love,*

*Let our thoughts conceive
To create a beautiful universe,
That is non-physical, non-perceptual,
But a conglomeration of a populace,
Consisting of beautiful thought particles,
Coalescing to form a new cosmos.*

Time Machine

Never expected to meet you this way.

*In a train, without any baggage,
You look so very disengaged.*

*Looking through the window
You are watching the meadow,
Hiding behind the running trees,
Vanishing away from your eyes.*

*We both are different in our demeanor
Except that we feel little familiar.
As we are rushing ahead on the track
The mind was searching
Something at the back.*

*We got down from the running train
And followed the trees and the station
Which were unknown in an alien nation.*

We have entered into the time machine

Inadvertently, with our beautiful stories.

*I am watching you turning into a fairy
With beautiful looks and a naughty smile.*

*I try to hold your hands
That has been my desire.*

*You remind me of the missed train
Which I have long forgotten.
I am just getting settled
To live the life once again.*

Words of the Phoenix

*You questioned my love,
My sincerity and my inclination
Towards your beautiful smiles
And the invitation
Of dance and gesture.
There was no need to clarify,
No time to justify
The simplest facts
In complicated forms
To satisfy the ego
Of a mortal man.*

*The river has poured all the water
And chosen to be barren,
Trees have shed all the leaves,
Looking very saddened,
Birds are silent
To mourn the devastation of the forest.*

*You come back naked
Without the name
With very little ornaments
And with waning of age
Without a trace of shame.*

*You are all alone
Within your ransacked castle.
You are more than devastated
Thinking of the golden age
That has gone away beyond the dreams
Never to return again.
You have no conceits
About the riches,
Your arrogance has been buried
Under the altar of sacrificial fire.*

*I approached very silent
Without the intention of hurting your sentiments.
You still have those probing eyes*

*Inquiring the reason of my coming,
May be to make things
More annoying.
I have no such motive to celebrate the joy
For which I waited a lifetime just to say
I am still in love
Without expecting a response
Which has little sense right now.*

You My love

My love was instantaneous.

*Difficult to say if it was
Because of your doe-eyed expressions
Or the winks captivating the imaginations.
It could be the exquisite demeanor
Or the graceful walk of yours
Which left in me an indelible impression.*

*One thing for sure
I didn't have any expectations
Nor anticipated my love's repercussions.
It was continuous
In spite the constraints
That time and place had on us,
Which nullified all my efforts.*

*My love is not about what I got
It is more about what I lost*

In my search for little happiness and trust.

Let me make visits

More often into the heart of your heart

To remind you as a last resort

With all that I am left in me

After my arduous journey in the desert.

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.*

*Their 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.*
