

Whirlpool of Echoes

Kulbhushan Kushal

Nirman Publications

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For

Narinder Neb in friendship and in love

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INTRODUCTION

Kulbhushan Kushal has been writing poems both in English and Hindi since his college days. The magic world of poetry has always fascinated him. No wonder, several of his poems reflect his preoccupation to explore the mysterious yet familiar world of poetry.

Kushal, through his poems, graphically highlights the traumatic effects of horrid and mechanistic aspects of our ultramodern cultural orientation celebrating the vainglorious achievements and increasing control of technology.

Through multidimensional focus on the sordid and dehumanizing aspects of the human sensitivities under stress, Kushal weaves the poetic texture reflecting the apparently contrastive worlds.

In his "Face of The Mask" Kushal states that a "face is the best mask" for all seasons and for all treasons. The growing blurring of distinction between the illusion and reality—prompts the poet to think that other masks have very serious constraints as they need to be oriented every time to be more effective and have to be further contrived to fit in the situations. Let the face be optimally versatile to perform the functions of the masks of all varieties and hues. The poem is poignant in its tone and climate. The ritualistic decorum has robbed the sensitivities and has taken away their brilliance and shine.

The natural world which the poet has always celebrated and cherished is fast crumbling due to the onslaughts of new reality orientations rewarding demonic efficiencies and proficiencies and shameless exploitation of the uninitiated.

Kushal's themes include the growing divide between the natural and the virtual world : though existing together, both the worlds appear to be strangers to each other. The technology is vehemently striving to regulate and microcontrol both natural and human domains.

Almost invisible chips are planted to penetrate deep into the mysteries of nature. The imperialistic designs of technology lords are nefarious.

Like others, the poet too, is not sure about the things to come.

Nature is being distanced from this virtual world.

Kushal continues to take the reader to the realms of nature to show that virtual is artificial and transitory. Its controls are inherently constrained by the mystery of the universe.

Another theme of his poems is to explore the deeper aspects of human emotions and their response in various situations.

For the poet, the emotions are important as he knows that the emotional perspectives to experiences provide meaning and significance to human interface with all orientations. As feelings determine the subliminal trends of our thoughts, Kushal often takes the readers to the territory where it is difficult to predict the response.

His poems reflect the passionate desire to explore the effects of interactions with virtual, natural and emotional situations—significantly these interactions and encounters continue to haunt the poet's mind. Generally value judgements are suspended but the states of mind are celebrated.

Stylistically, Kushal's poems may be called a poetry of perspectives and perceptions. The moments, situations and even the points of view are seen through multiple perspectives. This sometimes gives the reader an impact of tentativeness and eternal transition. Poetic statements are the strategic linkages for co-ordinating the different strains.

The poet is keen to align the meanings with metaphors to achieve communicative proficiency. But paradoxically, he is aware that the business of poetry is not to chase precise meanings but to highlight the ambivalence of meanings to explore metameanings.

The texture of his poems is woven with repetitive images providing a referential framework to the poetic utterances. The imagistic significance is reinforced through the operational and functional value of the images in the particular context. Often these contexts are some memorable experiences which the poet chooses to deal with through poetic amplification and treatment.

(Dr.) N.K. Neb

TIME TO CELEBRATE

These are the times
To celebrate
Soft betrayals
And hard promises

These are the times
To celebrate
Simmering smiles
And boiling loneliness

These are the times
To celebrate
Burning springs
Melancholy winters

These are the times
To celebrate
Cursed blessings
And disguised curses

These are the times
To celebrate
Lingering sweet regrets
And stretching blanks

These are the times
To celebrate
Dreams of rocks
Faces of masks

These are the times
To celebrate
Hooking of whales
Carrying rainbow crosses
On our stony backs

These are the times
To celebrate
Negative affirmations
And positive denials

These are the times
To celebrate
Love turned hatred
And hatred turned love

These are the times
To throw
Stones on the moon
And to leave alone
The glorious sun

These are the times
To invite
Waves to our homes
To release the frogs
To their favourite ponds

These are the times
To bait sparrows
With grains
To release parrots from the nets

These are the times
To measure
The potency quotient of our trusts

These are the times
To stitch the world
With needles
To unweave the dense designs
These are the times
To celebrate
The music of the spheres
Deafness of the earth

These are the times
To bring restless echoes home
To walk alone on the banks of Sangarma
And to invite ghosts for lunch

These are the times
To dance around the burning pyres
And to learn
Terminology of genetic engineering

These are the times
To invoke the spirits
Sleeping quiet
And to conjure fairies
For the festival of lights

These are the times
To sing songs of despair
And to say goodbye to hopes

These are the times
To parade failures

And to repent for successes

These are the times
To celebrate
Union with our relatives
And weep for their favours

These are the times
To celebrate
The death of our friends
And to drink the poison
For their delight

DANCE OF MASKS

In the dance of masks
Faces are intimate strangers
Their smiles
Charm us not
Their lips
Kiss us not

Barking metaphors
Remind us
Of thundering clouds
In strange summers

The laughing masks
Again play
Hide and seek

Hot is the game

There
Beyond the palm leaves
Dances a face
And here
Sunk in rose petals
Smiles
A tender
Tattered mask

The invitation of masks
Is hard to resist
Faces are paupers
Begging
In the lonely streets
Alms to feed
The hungers deep

Shut not doors
On the faces
Escort them with courtesy

Tomorrow again
They will dance
On our television screens

For flirting remotes
Difficult it is
To sift the face
From the mask
And that dangling smile
Flying in the air
Is dear to me

Better to launch the masks
To the skies
There let them dance
In the dreary nights
There let them read
Poems with passion
Let them display
Their skills in rhetoric

Let's join
The dance of the masks
Let's join
The dance of the masks

I FEEL SAD

So many autumns
So many stumbling springs
So many warm winters
Grammar of love
Still a hard nut to crack

The barometer of truth
Is lovingly engaged
Measuring
The intensity of false promises
Delicate dreams

The interventions
Of the old grandfather
Are unwelcome symphonies
In this season

And the dancing bangles
In the rotating prism
And the crammed equations
Of chemistry
Reluctantly yielding
To the lab tests

The formulae explained
By the teacher
With elaborate workings
On the blackboard
Are no good
In this season
Of murky dealings
And ruthless trade
Of elusive transactions
Where our net gains
Are in fact
Our invisible losses
Posted in the balance sheets

I am sad
To read the letters
Overflowing with blessings
And prayers to God
For my well-being

Long prefaces
Preceding
Relevant statements
Crisp demands
Shamelessly dressed
In the rainbow of sentiments

Fish has known now
The coloured hooks
Spread your nets
With care

The birds
May conspire
To fly across the heaven
Holding the gentle net
In their beaks
And those often quoted
Recipes of success
Are stale mantras
Ineffective
Promising no instant solutions

Better we check back
With the fundamentals
The basics of hatred
Before championing
The cause of love

Not always
The doors shall be opened
With your gusty knocks
They may shut the doors
Right on your face
And say goodnight
Even when
You are not
Ready to sleep

ENOUGH OF IT....

Endless reviews of the songs of nightingale
Twittering of linnets
And musical imitations of parrots
Shall not lead
To an illumination of the dark planets
Blessed to revolve
In their orbits
Cursed not to walk out
On the foamy skies

Have you ever seen
The dance of planets
In the dark nights
The shooting stars pierce the milky ways
Beyond the twinkling of the stars
And the smiles of the moon

There is a concern
Concern for the dead
For they shall never ever
Visit the human habitation
Polluted beyond repair
Hedged by dreadful nightmares

Where innovations are lost in imitations
And the phenomenal super technologies
Are just the advanced versions
Of a harpoon or a wheel
Like a movement in the motion picture
When sequenced fast
Appear to be a mighty race
What we hold today in our hand
And purchase our bonafides
Shall determine for inheriting
The objects of desire
Are the rewards stolen

From those who sweated hard

We all have become petty traders
No wonder, we talk
Of negotiations and strategies
Counts and discounts
Treats and retreats
Guarantees and warranties
And after-service agreements

No wonder-
With trade barometers in our hands
We measure the beat of relation pulse
Swing of status sensex
Truth is abominable
Not acceptable
In times out of joint

And the dance of planets
In the dark nights
Reminds us of the music of Spheres
Where brands are debranded
And you are not permitted
To meddle with
The sanctity of flowers

With a devilish shine of jewellery
The embellishments of a prostitute
Are no substitute
For simple, chaste intimations of love
And with the music of spheres in your ears
And the dance of planets before your eyes
You may shout at the top of your voice
Enough of this rattle of words
Enough of the slogans sweet
Enough of this shock talk
Enough of these conveniences and comforts

Soul yearns for stretches sublime
Craves intensely for a touch benign
Liberating from the relation nets
And all other internets
DREAMS ARE....

Dreams are realities
Hampered while chasing
The rainbows across the Heaven

Dreams are the songs
Of the birds when captured
In the golden cages

Dreams are mute tribulations
Visual feast
Of sulking desires

Dreams are the fragments
Of promises unkept
And hopes betrayed

Dreams are the splinters
Of a volcano
Emerging out of oceans
Magically transformed to water
Shaking hands with boys and girls

Dreams are an unfinished story
Of a man and a woman
Rebuked to stay
Away from the garden
Cursed to eat apples
And eternally experience
The sting of cobras

Dreams are reminders
From the distant worlds
They are the wake-up calls
To get, set and go

Dreams are always wrongly famed
To be beautiful and lovely
Often dreams hurt more
Than innocent realities

Dreams are unfinished poems
Carrying in their wombs
Mysterious metaphors
Encoded by ghosts

Dreams are technology debunked
Leading us straight
To the primitive days
And sometimes to the ultimate days
Making us see
Technology paralysis

Mock action drills
For fighting real disasters

Dreams are our friends
Sleeping in our minds
Plotting against us
Praying for themselves

THE HAND

I am looking
For a hand
Tampered in fire
Graduated to fly
On high altitudes
Of raw passions
A hand that weaves
Rainbow for nights

I look for a hand
With a touch
To transform
My agonies
To bleeding metaphors
Sobbing images

I look for a hand
With experience of writing
Poems on the waves
Carving paintings
On the mountains
Launching birds
In the dreaded storms

A hand that holds tight
My nerves
Languishing
Affectionately exiled
In dark dungeons
The crimson fragments
Of my nightmares
Insist not to kiss
Cajole me not
Out of stupor
My thoughts rush
To deserts
My eyes dance
On the burning rocks

My heart often
Misses throbs
The unsteady lines

On the E.C. G.
Are indicators
Of the ecstasy
Of a broken heart
Sighing deep
Looking at blooming dawns
And aimlessly scattering
Multi-coloured hues

In the evenings
On the lonely seashore
The old sun
Is now tired
Who will leap for him
In the ferocious waves
Ready to swallow
My smiling moods

Friends since long
Have crossed my name
From their list
Of active contacts
They have thrown away
All my letters
In the sulky archives
And reluctantly pay homage
To my passion
Telling stories
Of my wanton acts
Editing all details
To their wives
In their vacant evenings
They hate me for my guts

I look for a hand
That may just reign
My horses
Restless to fly
On the metallic roads
Leading to bloody markets
No different than
Red-light areas
With yellow faces
And blue eyes

The sin is sacred
Treasure it please
This alone shall open
For you the windows
To heaven
And then you will be launched

To the worlds
Of untainted bliss

You will discover then
How discourteous are
Our courtesies
How hollow
Our gratitude
The smile of a cobra
Is better
Than your contrived thank you

And all those foolish gifts
You exchange
In the marriage parties
Are hackneyed tricks
To register your presence
A cheap gimmick it is

Better you look straight
Cleanse your heart
Out of jealousy
Transfuse your blood
And detoxify
The bastard lust
Running in your veins

It's time
Stop looking for hands
Mere puppets hands are
Dictated by the clever thoughts
And schematic minds

Look into the eyes
Better listen to the ears
Witnesses to the murky games
And loving shames
The insults, which you cherish
In your heart
Vomit them out
Roar like a lion
In the busy marts
And announce

I am here
To hold your hand

DARKNESS

The darkness
In the house of lights
Is no stranger

For years
I have seen her face
Her tender smile
Gentle gestures
Bright shining eyes

Her dazzling songs
I have often heard
In those pensive
Rainy seasons
When frogs prefer
To jump out of pounds
And hop on
The banks of rivulets

She shrinks
In my cupboards
She stretches
On my beds
Her crimson skin

Her crimson colour

Are too inviting

This darkness resembles

The miniature paintings

Carved in some distant caves

In the snow clad Himalayas

Carved on the walls

On the relics of temples

Of Harapa and Mohanjodaro

Are her varied moods

She invades my being

Splashing laughter

Sprinkling smiles

The fragrant tresses of her hair

Swing in my mind

In some stormy nights

When the trees dance wild

And the birds

After a few initial flutters

Stay put in their nests

And the wind shrieks

Like a witch

Inviting demons

To the festival of death

I have often met her

In those serpentine domes

Echoing the silences

Of mute metaphors

The other day

I met her

On the malls of Simla

Buying toiletries

And perfumes

I have met her

In the serpentine narratives

Nibbling interlinkages

Of episodes

Shadowing the archtonic structures

And the minds of the characters

At nights

Darkness is hyperactive

Like a seasoned witch

She prepares her potions

And lotions

Mixing history and fantasy

Fantastic structures

She weaves

To engage the readers
Her charms lure us
To labyrinthine of romances
Pictorially depicting
The shades of shadows
And the colour of the rain

She escorts us
To the dancing bars
To the sea of
Thrills and frills
Her presence is dear to me
Her symphonies sooth my nerves
Her melancholic symphonies
Add brilliance to the songs
I will not exile her
To the lovely woods

Nor shall I
Throw her out
From the house of lights
She plays with me
In vacant afternoons
A game of love

She always wins

And I always lose
The darkness
In the house of lights
Is dear to me

THE PERILS AHEAD

You thought
I am a parrot
Eager to fly
Across heavens

You divined
My lusty thirsts
To mingle
With tribal folks
And the clan
Of shepherds
In the far off valleys

You fathomed my dreams
To sleep in relics
Pining to see
The fabulous fairies
Dancing
In the secluded spots
In far off jungles

Haunted by spirits

You perhaps knew

My wild thirst

Clamoring to be quenched

In the whirlpool of knowledge

You also could see

A bright brilliant snake

Dancing in my mind

With a ferocious tongue

To lick the flesh

Of wanton bodies

And to kiss

The lips of the glowing damsels

You rightly quizzed my feelings

To embrace

The naked dreams

And scatter the seeds in

Barren deserts

You could imagine

All the dangers

Perils unknown

The contagious diseases

I will contract

With the vulnerable contact of flesh

You could see

The tombs in the wombs

Your innocent mind was

Too strange

For you to understand

The varieties of stratagems

The grammar of deceptions

And the sham of receptions

How well you could see

The limits of my intelligence

And the fertility

Of their resourcefulness

To net me

In their wily plots

You could perceive with ease

How I shall be robbed

In the day-light

How the sirens will suck my blood

And friends will say

A hurried goodbye

When the pleasantries are over

The measured exchanges

Of incremental doses of love

You knew I hate

You thought

I am a parrot

And tender are my wings

You thought my colour is my enemy

And the red beak is no good

For the iron nets

And the golden locks

You endlessly repeated

The lullabies intelligently scripting

The message

In the nonsensical verses I heard

But cared not

Now in deep trouble I am

Lost in the maze of meanings

And the shower of petals

Honors make me restless

I read traps

In their maps

And designs in their desires

You rightly thought

I am a parrot
Destined to peck
The slices of honours
And the golden locks

Now I often hear those lullabies
I care for them
But dare I understand
The perils ahead?

MISSED CALLS

Whose missed calls are these

I often look at the missed calls and wonder

Whose missed calls are these

May be the missed calls from friends

Swimming across the rivers deep

Confronting whales and sharks

Perhaps they wish to share

The thrills of swim

Perhaps the metallic tiredness in their arms

They wish to talk about

Perhaps the knocking dreams

At the doors of their minds

They wish to share

A dream to fly beyond the rocks

Beyond the clouds

Beyond the deserts

And beyond the howling sky-scrappers

May be they wish to share their fright

Confronting a whale

Looking temptingly in their eyes

Before a leap to swallow their bodies

Or perhaps they wish to talk about

The noisy sharks just arrived

To take them deeper into the sea

To romantic chambers of sirens

For the dance of death

Or perhaps they wish to share

Simmering agony in their hearts

For nursing the deep wounds in their soul

Perhaps they wish to talk about

Their foolish negotiations and stupid deals

They finalized last month

For mortgaging their conscience

For a few dollars and shining pounds

Perhaps they wish to betray a secret

Carved deep in their hearts

A secret chasing them like a shadow

In the dazzling days

May be the missed calls from my enemies

Who wish to challenge me

To a fight in an arena

Again boasting of their power and guile

May be the missed calls from the parrots

Who have lost their way to nests

In the stormy summers

Since many days I have not checked

These missed calls

I let you know more details

After checking tomorrow morning

Meanwhile let's miss

These missed calls.

And grim dark nights

A secret of crimson adultery

And their attempts to molest

The raw green beauty of flowers
In far off jungles
Perhaps they simply wish to say hello
To know about my thinking graph
To have a peep into my dreams
And my plans for years ahead

These may be the missed calls
From my departed uncle and dear aunts
Sitting in heaven or perhaps in hell
Regretting their loveless embraces
And subtle design to trap me

In their cunning craft

HAVEN OF ROCKS

This is the country of rocks
In the desolated deserts
Blossom stones
Pebbles dance
In the whirlpool of sands
The Dinosaurs
Jumping on the rocks
Dream of green valleys
Full of flowers

In the country of the rocks
We chase the lesser Gods
We dream of fairies trapped
In a desire net
We learn secrets deep
Swiftly we handle
Efficient technologies
Efficiency makes us smile
Proficiency unscrupulous

In the by-lanes of the main lane
We let grow our subsidiaries

A dumping ground
For oscillatory thoughts
Bastard ideas
A warehouse
Stinking with black money
Shining with metallic metaphors
And the aborted baby
Thrown on the highway
Has been punctuated
By four wheelers
And now the baby-
With truncated hands
And fossilized body
Twinkling eyes
Dances in the moonlit nights

A gentle terror
To the custodians of chastity
A gentle chastisement
For the self-proclaimed
Moral anarchists
Destined to hide their faces
In the black glasses of white cars

For pleasure alone
Children are not born
And all ejaculations
Are not precursors to creations
Mind your bodies
You are steering them recklessly
Hold on...

It's not the business alone
That goes astray
For want of light
In the dark, dense
Call of profiteering
Essentially, there may not be
Much difference
Between substituting
And prostituting

We need training
To stay focused
Homes we are proud of
Are relics reckless
Nurseries
For pleasant discordances
A training ground

For evolving strategies
To combat innocence

It's really great
For want of brands
For want of substance
And the absence of real rhetoric
We push our families
To camouflage our passionate gaps

With their hands
We bridge the distances
Along with them we knock
At the doors of strangers
They become beggars
It's the time we engineer
Community begging

We beg for justice
We beg for peace
We beg for love
We beg for glory
We beg for honour

In the country of rocks
We beg penance from dinosaurs
We beg mercy
From the way
We trample on the highway
From the prostitutes
We beg forgiveness
Coaxing them
To become puppets
Dancing on hearing
The clamor of coins
In the country of rocks
We ask forgiveness from the nation
For auctioning its territories
For mortgaging its sovereignty
For making the motherland
A market-land
For multinationals to come

Thou will eat
Your neighbour with respect
Thou will deceive
Your brothers with love
With love alone
You will violate
The solemn vows

And in the country of rocks...

It's mandatory
To preface your statements
With an official pronouncement
With malice towards none!
No offence meant
Even if your intestines are smashed
Courtesy: conspiring insecticides
And pesticides
No offence meant
If our lullabies make you restless
For nights to come
No offence meant
If my sales figures zoom up
And your savings deflate
It's malice towards none

In the country of rocks
We ring for money
We sing for money
Our gentle traps
Our courtesies, our pleasures
Our rainbow nets
Our lukewarm wars

All aim at
Dynamiting your homes
Destabilizing your shops
Burning your factories
Demolishing your skyscrapers
And raping the milkyways
Shining in your skies
For better tomorrow

In the country of rocks
These are but a few steps to bulldoze
We promise a complete overhaul
Consigned shall be your all trophies
To the bottomless additions
Meaningless perditions

In the country of rocks
Time is of no avail
In the country of rocks
Rocks alone will grow
Rocks wrapped in rainbows
Shall dance with the sun

And in the country of rocks

Words shall be exiles
They will be cursed
To dream meanings
To deliver phonemics
Phoney shall be the practices
In the country of rocks

Oh! God, lead me soon
From the country of the fields
To the country of rocks

CURIOUS RIVER

The river is no more a river alone
The dancing phantoms
Sing hilarious melodies
The waves- all fire
In the afternoon
Calm in the cool evenings

The tiger cubs
On the banks of the rivers
Dream the running deers
In the thick forest
The river reluctantly reflects
The antics of naughty rainbows

The pebbles of this river
Are too gentle to be used
As arms in self-defense

The beginnings of the river
They fancy -
Are in an oak-tree cave
The river leaps
To the crimson cremation grounds
Mercurial splash of the water
Adds to the fury of pyres

Dear is the river to my grandmother
They whispered many secrets
To each other's ears
They embraced
All the shining and the shadowy dusks
Gifts from Heaven to Earth.

For village urchins
With raw, wild- but innocent faces
Gently smile at the leaping fish
Bursting out of waves
The sparrows dare to cross
The river without boat

The parrots offer pecked guavas
To the gentle waves
On their homeward retreat

Mistake not the river for a poem
It's neither a mother,
Beloved courtesan, a fairy, nor a witch
The river is a river
Always resisting
Your lurid romances
You cannot walk into its beauty
Without your pants on
And shirts sitting pretty
On your bodies

The river will compel you
To be a child first
And then dare to meet the waves
It invites you to throw pebbles
And affectionately disturb
Its own serenity
Dancing in circles

COFFIN OF DEAD FACTS

The newspapers are vendors
Hawking in the streets
Marketing the stale news for fresh
Like the fish-selling beautiful girls
With their wild eyes
Tempt us to believe
The dead fish for fresh
And coax us to take it home

Newspapers serve
Terrible delicacies
On our platter
With sprinkle of
A nude poster here
And a smiling mask there

Short is the life of newspapers
Very short the active life
Children do not look at them
Young ruffle but do not shuffle
For old a vacant past-time
And instant excitement

An extension of hand
Of friendship and sympathy
For the orphans in Afghanistan

Widows in Iraq
And the homeless refugees in Palestine

Mothers are happy
When sometimes
The newspaper brings home
Some recipes
For babus it is very dear
They keep it like a keep
Possessive both in day and night

They build vocabulary bridges
Through the gleanings
And advise
Their wayward sons and daughters
To write words daily
From the newspapers
And learn their meanings

Who cares for this
Stupid learning orientation
And the newspaper
Is a jarring orchestra
Caw-Caw of the crows
And the tears of the jackal

At best it is rhetoric raped
Language ravished
The children barter the newspaper
For a few toffees
And the coloured kites
Delight to fly across the sky

Reading newspaper
Is a sober pretension
It's an update in treachery,
Cunningness and crafty designs

It launches us
To demonic possibilities
The other day it said-
The son killed father
And the father the son

The newspapers are coffins
Carrying the dead facts and live stories
Wrapped nicely
Lest crevices be known
And the gaps shown

PRAYERS

They say-
The prayers are effective
In Hell too

Wedded to fears
Prayers seldom stay alone
Angels embellish their faces with prayers
Gods swallow them raw
Heaven does not hoard prayers
Actually, there is a drought of curse
In the streets of paradise

Grandmother- not for a single day
Missed her prayers
Her elaborate prayer rituals
Several mornings compelled us
To go to the schools
Without breakfast and her rebukes
Not a bad deliverance for us

And the prayers my grandfather said
Generally in the afternoon
But very quick and smart
Like two minutes for prayer
Three minutes for bath
And one minute for getting ready
And there you are

My prayers have shown
Resilience supreme
Their texture has assumed
The tone and colour of circumstances
Bright they are during the day
And dark at night
I've packaged them well
For God to buy

The hard negotiator He is
Asking for discounts on fair deals
On zero budget
He has created the universe

No investment, all profit
The show has stayed on
More than any other
Business Empire in the world

God's business- God alone knows
We are contented with idioms like
Penny-foolish, pound-wise

Happy with the prayers of our ancestors
Standing on Mt.Sumiro
With million hands he scattered
The gold on the earth
And the silver on the mountains

Since then we are cursed
To crave for the gold
To crave for the silver
As it always comes
In small pennies

Like the booty in the wedding
The penny is showered
On the bridegroom
Picked up cautiously
But never sufficed
For days to come

Prayers are instant dreams
An intercourse with eternity
A fictional paradise
Host of empty shells
Are the prayers
And the shadow pebbles
Lost in the shark's belly

LUSTRE LOST

Enough of ire
Objects of desire
Lost in the shining
Brilliant surfaces
Soft, coloured and inviting

We are not tired
Chasing mirages
Dancing
On our metallic roads

We have collected
Thousands of shining comforts
Promising heaven-
Freedom supreme
But they have robbed us of
Our brilliance, our shine

Dependence they have bred
Incapacitated we sit
In hotels, in motels
Sing, songs of love
Read from our scriptures
Reset our compasses

And every time we are lost
On the waves of gentle oceans
Every afternoon
We feel that again
Another morning

TIME, THE THIEF

Time has stolen
Crimson colours of dancing flowers
Search them in
The waves of water

Time has stolen
Meanings from words
Search them in
The caves of silence

Time has stolen
Knowledge from information
Search it in
The twitter of sparrows

Time has stolen
Romance from the heart
Search it in
The milky ways
Up in the sky

Time has stolen

Value from the money
Search it in
The eyes of orphans

Time has stolen
Dreams from our minds
Search them in
The laughing rocks
Time has stolen
The beauty
From the youth
Search it in
The web of embraces

Time has stolen
Peace from homes
Search it in
The loneliness of neighbours

Time has stolen
Innocence from children
Search it in
The smiles of the aged

Time has stolen
The shine from the moon
Search it in
The wild, wild deserts

Time has stolen
The warmth from the sun
Search it in
The shivering laughter
Of winter

Time has stolen
Love from the hearts of mothers
Search it in
The broken hearts
Of children

Time has stolen

Leaves from a tree
Search them in
The roots
Deep in the earth

Time has stolen
Impact from the slogans
Search it please
In the silence
Of the crowds

I HAVE A DREAM

I have a dream
Rocks shall laugh
And invite the stars
To dance with them
In the moonlit nights

I have a dream
The mountains shall sing
A song for the clouds
And rain will be there
In the deserts hot

I have a dream
The trees shall call the birds
To sing for children
And make them think of fairies

I have a dream
The school shall become
A paradise
For the children to play

And I have a dream
The teacher shall initiate
The young to learn
The grammar of fire

I have a dream
The girls shall blossom to fragrance
Scattering their healing touch
For the tired travellers
In the distant lands
I have a dream
That my dreams
Shall weave the reality

Into the texture of rainbows

I have a dream
The borders shall disappear
Inviting the aliens
To share their delicacies of thoughts
And magic of ideas

I have a dream
The books shall become baskets
For the children
To play the ball

I have a dream
The rich shall unlock their lockers
For the destitutes to buy
Gifts for their kids

I have a dream
The moon shall smile
And the children tired
Of tireless routine
Shall dream
Of multi-coloured flowers
Whispering in the gardens

I HAVE A FEAR

I have a fear
Spring may not
Knock at our doors next year

I have a fear
The summer may not be
That hot next year

I have a fear
The winter shall be
Very warm next year

I have a fear
The stars may not
Twinkle in the sky next year

I have a fear
The friends who
Held my hands for years
May walk away
With their eyes full of tears
Next year

I have a fear

The tender dreams
Who slept with me
May meet in nightmares
Next year

I have a fear
The gentle river
With shining waves
May rush to the unknown caves
Next year

I have a fear
I'll forget
All the promises
Made to God
Next year

I have a fear
My beloved who
Danced with me
In moonlit nights
May choose
To stay in distant lands
Next year

I have a fear
The dancing flowers
In my garden
Shall hijack
All the butterflies
Next year

I have a fear
My relatives may
Refuse to recognize me
When I approach them
With value talk
Next year

I have a fear
My pleasant mornings
This year
May greet with tears
Next year
I have a fear
The letters I wrote

In the dark, dingy rooms
Shall be stolen
By my dears
Next year

I have a fear
The rich
Boasting of the riches
Shall lose their shine
Next year

I have a fear
I may forget
All the poems
Written in fond memory
Of puppies, parrots
And the rainbow girls
Next year

I have a fear
My mind may not
Recall the silvery nights
And golden days
Spent in your company
Next year

LOST AND WON

With the necklace of agony
Around our necks
And pots of poison in our hands
Gathering shells of betrayal
On the beaches of love

The girls laughed

Vultures looked at them
Sighed deep and said
They are not yet initiated
To the game of love

The bloody game
An eternal gamble
No returns
Investments day and night

Till you are bankrupt
But not tired

You approach the new players
Cautioning them of dangers ahead
A challenge to climb
The wall of roses
To swim across a wall of scent
Brittle rocks
Whirlpool of tears
Orienting them to strategies
Of holding the ball of emotions
Weighing in your hands
And then focusing it on the basket
And not throwing it straight

Twist is a must
The grammar of tactics
Of temptations and retreat
Endless dodges
Till you succeed

And, of course
Reflexes and reflections
Inspections and introspections
Speeding steps
Fox- like looks
Lion-like courage
And no talk of futility
When the goal is near

Hell is not the end
So is not the heaven
Earth is the place my dear
Where games are played
Where games are won
And games are lost

ANOTHER FEAR

I have another fear
The dead will walk
Out of graves
The gurgling oceans
Shall splash
The shore with sirens

The toys we gifted
To our children
Shall refuse to play with them
Our rainbow promises
Shall silently melt
Into gloomy nightmares

I have another fear
All roads will lead
To death caves
Where dark rivers are
Running relentlessly
With peacocks on their heads

I have another fear
With the dawning of the day
I shall forget
The names of my friends
Their love soaked words
Their tender touches
Will dance
Like mercury
In my eyes
I have another fear
The beggars will invade the palaces
And the mighty governments will fall
With their tender smiles

I have another fear
We shall forget
The scriptures
And our gods

I have another fear
The dancing girls in the bars
Shall smother the smiles
And sip their tears
In the coming years

I have another fear
We shall invade the sky
And all the twinkling stars
The naughty moon
Will not play tricks

And his mighty wand
Will not make the waves delirious

I have another fear
We shall not be
Talking straight
Our minds will be lost
Seeking adjectives for nouns
And adverbs shall replace the verbs

I have another fear
Our voices shall not then be active
Nor passive
They will be
Cursed to stay in twilight

And our narration
Neither direct nor indirect
But simply directionless
As the braying donkeys
And barking dogs

DECEPTION

Terminologies have been terminating
The essence from the roots
And those fond pedantic commentaries
On the Gita
Every time eluded our vision
Of million suns
And the countless horses
Running on the golden paths
And the golden eagles
Flying on the mountain tops
To lay their eggs
For the generations next

And beyond his flute
Who could see
The rhythmic melodies
Showering solace
Scattering fragrances
On the banks of Jamuna
And those grazing cows
In the stretching greens
Rush to him
To have a mantra
Of deliverance

The bondage of milk
Is very intimate
It may be flowing through
The nipples of the mother
Or the teats of the cows
Milk binds us all
And nurtures
Strange illusions
And that sarathi
In the fields of Kurukshetra
The real coordinator
Integrating the fibres of strength
And disintegrating
The rebellious doubts
And potent impotence
A gift of over-thought
And sentimental indulgence
Of the bonds of milk

He only appeared
To cover the side-lanes
Not a mere prompter
But a real promoter
Declaring for Arjuna
No scripts for salvation

On the razor skin of sword
Walk is a must
And the talk of love
And call of sentiments
In all these greetings and gratitudes
Are pleasant day-mares
Pleasant dreams
Crushed with
Gentle tender deceit knocks

Love is a strong deception
An empty promise
We are ready to buy
Intensely dear
And to immortalize it
We are ready to export
Our spirits to Heaven
The glory earned by stratagems
Remains sweet for generations
And it is time

Dear Mritunjaya
To gauge and gaze
The ever dreaded
Depths of shallowness
And discover
That terminologies are
Mere initiators
A support to walk
Not substitute for steps
And I'm sure you know
The seeds of ice
Hide the mountains big
And all these rocks
The huge avalanches
Marching on the sea paths
Are the tiny stones
Blossomed so big

Here, and here alone
Is the essence
The power to transform
In magnitude
Resulting into siddhis of sadhus
The invisible miniatures
Even more invisible
Than the end
And vishal roopa
An ability to grow
Beyond the norms
Lashed out by the waves of maya
We are ready to hold in our hands
The immediate supports
And the beginnings
Cannot be the end

AT STAKE

There is a call
From far off valleys
They wish to be pregnant
With the echoes
Of my songs

There is a call
From distant Heavens
Beyond the skies
They call
Urging me to pray
They wish to deliver their barrenness
With a sip of nectar

Of my prayers

There is a call
From the friends
Who are dead
And who laugh
Like mad at night
They call me from afar
Candidly threatening me to leave
And urging me to recite
Those sizzling hot
Love poems
They think they will melt
The heart of Gods
And they shall be released
From the tyranny of Heavens

And there is a call
From my enemies
Thriving in the wilderness
Of surpluses
Never knowing the grammar of scarcity
Their challenges chase me
Softly knocking
To anesthetize my dreams
And urging me
To tell them stories
Of failures turned to victories
And victories to disasters

They wish me to interpret
Their flashy intentions as sober truths
And those wicked, perverse bastards
Who are robbed of the sense
Of seeing things straight
Subtle manipulators
With cunning portents
They portrayed
The sweet Hells in Heaven

And their call
I simply refuse to receive
As they would urge me
To shake the world
And make it a topsy-turvy place
For the chaos to thrive
For the guile to play
A disco of the wicked souls
And crooked bodies
A pyre of meanings

It's the time perhaps
We re-negotiate the price of our souls
God is a hard negotiator
His fabulous discounts
On ever increasing sales
And shrinking dividends
On his shares
Are just pre-cursors
To tell
Stakeholders are not partners
You may withdraw your stake
And be stake de-holders
And stake is not a stock
And for a mild risk
Better you don't ask
Romantic collapse of companies
Or gold rushing to your closets

When shall we learn
The grammar of profits
Nature abhors imbalance
And profit is the mighty step
Towards imbalances
Losses scale it down
And provide again a level field
For the players to play
A game of hide and seek
Till you discover
The hard layers of onions
And the silken sheaths
Hiding nothing

MIRROR YOURS SINCERELY

I am a mirror
Reflections I live
Reflections I dream
Reflections I sleep
Reflections I eat

Hundred pigeons in that spring
Flew to their nests
In that ghostly bungalow
The dancing ghost shrieked

The mad parrots
Stop not their prattle
The harvesting season
Songs of joy
Wedding of promises

I remained a witness
A witness

Of the spring
Playing in my porch

And then they came
Bringing histories
Mysteries, chemistries
Inducing me to read
The terminologies hard

But in my heart
The dancing clouds
Twinkling stars
All those endless fairy tales
And they came with
Host of greetings and gratitude
I am a mirror
I reflect all faces
Except my face
I deflect all pains
Except my pain

I have mirrored all colours
Of simmering rainbows
And boiling springs
The face of the tender autumn
Is dear to me

I also have the reflections
Of the corpses
Being consigned to pyres
Of the weeping women in distress
Reminding of the dreaded sunsets

I am a mirror
Look deep into my eyes
See not alone your face
And your bloody moods
And your bastard gestures
The embellishments of the prostitutes

I am a mirror
I register every thing
May be the orphaned nights
Or the blessed days
Look deep into my eyes

All shades of your talk
Your blinking eyes
Your fragile smiles
Your unsteady walk
And the clever talk

I register all

I am a mirror
Hear my ears
They have registered
Your back talk
Your utterances in utter privacy

Don't get frightened
My eyes measured
The slightest tremors
Look at my lips
They speak not
They reflect your talk
Your words alone I sing

I am a mirror, I hope
You have seen your faces
Lost in my faces
You have heard your words
Lost in my ears
You have read your gestures
Preserved in my eyes

In my mind
Are all your moods
Meandering like serpents
In a bright tunnel
Stinging deep
Day and night

I am a mirror
You were welcome then
You are welcome now
Ever welcome you are
I speak not I see not

Do not be afraid of me
I am a mirror
Walk in
Talk in please
Yours sincerely always
I am a mirror

DEAR GIFTS

I am afraid of gifts
They have often cost me dear

The crimson pen
You affectionately gifted me
On my 50th birthday

I have signed with that
On rainbows
Confirming my commitment
To the clouds
For treasuring their abundant tears
In the years to come

And the petals of flowers
Sprinkled in the gift box
Refused to dry up
They often remind me of the butterflies
Tired of smelling fragrances
And colours in the spring season

And that bear– the tiny bear
With sticks in his hands
Starts beating the drum in midnight
Waking me up to count shooting stars
And the hands of friends
Who have gone to have a view
Of the valley for a few days
But never returned

And that plastic doll
With beautiful blue eyes and velvet frock
Recklessly dances to the beats
Of some strange instruments mixing music
And the subdued cries of the loud sobs
And those blue shining eyes
Chase me in the dense darkness

When I resolved to follow
The dreams beyond the rocks
The hot melting volcanoes
And the singing parrot
Made my life terrible
Made me to live the memories gone by
My little antics in the lap of mother
My wanton throws of pillows
To my sister in the bed
Late winter nights

And those books
You gifted me with love
I read with passion
They made me see
The sharks in a sea and
The dinosaurs in the green valley
They made me reap
The bones in the fields
And lit the damp pyres

In the drizzling skies

And those two white swans
You gifted me
When I was a child
They drowned
While swimming in Sangarma
And searching them
I weep even today

And those tender love birds
You had secretly put in my bag
As a surprise gift
They keep on chirping
In the moonlit nights
And often share
The joys of separation
Waiting for them
In the years to come

And the kiss you planted
On my forehead has smeared
My thoughts with blood
I will tell you some other day
What other gifts
Have done for me

But the fact remains
Each gift you had affectionately given
Has cost dear to me
Very dear to me

VANISHING FRAGRANCE

Recently very recently
I have checked
That I have paid
All the premiums
Of my LIC policies
Income tax returns
For the next year
Is being previewed

I have also checked
My professional commitments
All seems fine
I am also working

On a profile
Of developmental plans
Of institutions

The other day
I talked to
One of my friends
Who is keen
To get connected
To roots

He told me that
He had recently visited
A village
His brother suffers
From epilepsy fits
Mother runs
High blood pressure
Father has heaved
A sigh of relief
As the last daughter
Is married off

He also talked of
Some mischief
We played together
I grew nostalgic
About my village

I remembered
Faces of girls
I have not
Thought for years
Many fairies surged
Through my mind
The kit of broken promises
Swelled up

I also recently mapped out
The relation graph
Several hot spots
Appeared on the screen
Simply difficult is
The relation dynamics

The fractured moon

Often comes
In my dreams
I have in my pocket
The scattered sun
And in my mind
The parrots
Refuse to shut up
The horses neigh
In the lanes of my memory
And the donkeys
Never stop braying

I walked
On the deserted roads
Holding hands of stars
To the trees I talk
Flowers are all fine
They have lost
Their fragrance

My friends uttering
A mere acquaintance
And some acquaintances
Friends
For the few words
I checked
The dictionary recently
And was shocked to know
How poor is my vocabulary

I have not of late
Written many letters
I wrote poems
And think of strategies
To approach people

The faces of two women
Ganges and Godavari
Haunt my mind
In the mango grooves
I often hear
Of a mad koel
Singing songs of love
And Nightingales
In the deserts

Now I often wonder
When shall I stop
Thinking of dancing moons
In the garden
And those love lollipops
Gifted to adults
By clever girls
An engagement
For all seasons

And my recent visit
To a school
I looked at
Some note books
Thoughtlessly edited
The delight of
Egocentric teachers
Predicting a scholastic collapse

Recently very recently
I have talked of
Integrity quotient
The LIC premium
I have paid recently
Is a routine
Not a comfort

The relation graphs
Scan a burning sorrow
Not a delight
And all thoughts of
Settling safe
I have discovered
A mirage

The hands of
The smiling hope
A trick of
The magician
A joy for
A few moments
Enchantment leading to
Coughing up some coins
For the poor
To stay alive

I wish I could shout
At the super top of my voice
Right in the deep of nights
And run like mad
On the cemented roads
Dancing before
Those howling cars
And scheduled trains

I wish I could jump
Into the sky
And navigate some flights
To primitive caves

I have also
Recently talked to my father
Who has always
Smiled and acknowledged
My failures with love
And the talk of
All the medical reports
And shameless sympathies
Expressed as courtesy
Are no more
Delights to me

I have told my friends
I become a rock
Better you talk to me
Then
You become a rock

And the fractured moon
Dancing in my garden
Is not metaphor
For the poetry
He is my brother
The scattered rays of sun
In my pocket
Are dear to me - are dear to me

I will continue
To check back and
Back check with all
And till then

Stay fine and good night

MIRROR

Tell me mirror whose face is this
Dancing behind the glass wall
Whose eyes quiz me
Whose lips kiss me
Through whose ears I listen
The songs of cactus

Is it the face of a child
Who played with parrots
Who ran after sparrows
Who talked to brown calves
Of white cows
Who aimed at crows
Sitting on the back of buffaloes
Who craved the rainbows
Who saw the elephants in the clouds
Who gently pushed white paper boats
On the waves of Sangarma

Is it the face of a boy
Who quizzed his looks
Who learnt the alphabets
And the number games
Who tirelessly counted up and down
Who played with plants
In whose hands blossomed
The seeds of innocence
Who memorized facts
And dreamt stories
Is it the face of a friend
Who promised stars and springs
But eventually delivered
A few winters and several autumns
With sleeping trees and a few leaves
Left on the nearly lifeless branches

Is it the face of an enemy
Who hit hard with soft words
And whose benevolent gestures
Poisoned all hopes, aspirations green

Is it the face of a god

Who laughed like a mad
In the dark summer nights
And who cursed whirlpools
Storms and lightening
And hurled rocks on my tender bones

Whose face is this
Tell me mirror, tell me please
Cover this face
Shoot it if you can
Mirror, exile it in oceans deep

Let the whales swallow
Its tender flesh
Let the sharks eat
The eyes, lips and the nose
Let the jelly fish
Cling to its brows
And let octopus
Dance on its head

Cover this face please
Cover this face

A PROPOSAL

I have a proposal
Let human beings retire
And make nests on trees
Let them vacate their houses, offices
And stop fiddling with gadgets

Let now birds go to the schools
Introduce their syllabus
Let them create worksheets
Books, audio-visual materials
Let them teach Environmental Sciences
To the fish and to the lions

Let them master the art and craft
Of developing echo-friendly architecture
Let them think of making canopy of sky
For the houses on the earth
Now let them share their dreams
Let them talk about their fears

Let them rule the planet Earth
For the next millennium
And let men sitting in the nests
Perching on the branches of the trees

Sing their songs on full-throat ease
Let them watch the dancing rains
On the laughing rocks

Let them fly across the deserts
Beyond the clouds
Let men see fairies dancing
Around the trees in the midnight
Let men learn the art of balancing
And offer their bodies
To the vultures to eat

Let eagles play with their eyes
Let the elephants trample on their history
Let the pigeons move to technology labs
And invent flowers
Giving fragrance for peace
Let the dogs now guard
The ocean and the rivers

I have a proposal
Let men retire and move to distant lands
To weather naked eyes

Let them wade in
The snow clad Himalayas
Let them dive under the ocean deep
Let the men be occasionally invited
To the parliament of birds
To watch the proceedings

I hope the next millennium
Shall be millennium of hope
A millennium of peace
A millennium of poise
Beyond noise

I hope the next millennium
Shall open up the mystic energies
The mysterious powers
To brighten our days and nights
With no borders around
And new territories found
In the millennium new
There will be space for all

THE SKIES BEYOND

I have a strange feeling

Beyond this sky
There are millions of skies
Shining bright
With their million- million suns
Million- million moons,
Trillion stars
They are all my skies too

I often walk in those distant skies
Wrapped in my darkness
I have seen the parrots flying there
The birds singing there
And the people talking in alien dialects
Wondering about our transactions here
The rocks on those skies
Meditating on the mysteries deep
Haunt me

Launch me to the dreams afresh
They lovingly threaten my hypothesis
Initiating me to the grammar of elements
And I wander in the five elements alone

We have diversity profuse
What shall be the quantum
What shall be the range
What shall be the profile
What shall be the magnitude
Of variety simmering
On the skies far beyond
And I wonder
When shall we decode the words
Beyond connotations, beyond denotations
When shall we get oriented
To beliefs new
When shall we be empowered to see
Beyond this sky
More skies and still more

In the melting canopy of heaven
Making parallels meet
In the distant horizons
Where the silent suns
Appeared to sleep for a while
To wake up again to invite afresh
To their rainbow territories
Inspiring us to read poems

Written on the texture of the air
Composed of elements
Not necessarily of Air
Ether, Water, Fire and Earth.

IF.....

If I had not seen the rocks
If I had not seen the snakes
If I had not climbed the mountain
If I had not touched the flowers
If I had not looked at the cows
If I had not seen the buffaloes in the pond

If I had not seen the birds
If I had not seen the stars in the sky
If I had not seen the faces of men
If I had not seen the face of the smiling child
If I had not seen the burning pyres

If I had not heard the speeches of the politicians
If I had not read the letters of my friend
If I had not solved the sums of Maths
If I had not read the grammar

If I had not seen the spring
If I had not shivered in winters
If I had not sweated in the summers
If I had not been betrayed

If I had not heard the dinosaurs
If I had not seen the Neelkanthas
If I had not seen the dance of peacocks
If I had not met the sparrows

If I had not seen a telephone
If I had not cycled a bicycle
If I had not worked on a computer
If I had not seen a globe

If I had not walked with a river
If I had not run wild with winds
If I had not slept under a guava tree
If I had not seen my mother,
My father, my brother my sister

If I had not seen the shades of smiles
If I had not heard the rhythm of frowns
If I had not read the scriptures
If I had not eaten the bread
If I had not drunk the water

If I had not played fair
If I had not played foul
If I had not held the stones in my hands
If the colors of flowers were not known to me
If I had not dreamt the dreams
If I had not seen the snow on the mountains

What would I have talked
What would I have written
If I had not seen the sun
If I had not seen the moon
If I had not walked on the earth
How shall I imagine the world

Do I say what I see
Do I write what I experience
Is poetry seen as infinitive

If I had not seen
If I had not heard
If I had not lived
I would have seen—

The melting river of light
I might have seen the dark domes
I might have seen the seeds of creation
I might have seen the eggs craving to burst
I might have seen the stillness
I might have seen the silence speaking
I might have seen beyond the scene
I might have carved the mighty metaphors
Without the shades of the sun,
The moon and the stars

I might have melted
Like the mountain in the sun
I might have lived in a moment
Stretched to eternity
Without the beginning and the end
I might not have distinguished
Between the opposites
A sweet interface of pain and pleasure

The tragedy of seeing is knowledge
And I might have just walked
Gently away from it
To the woods of wisdom
A realization supreme
Pure non-dualistic perception
Add we to supreme

THESE ARE NOT THE NIGHTS....

These are not the nights to dream about
The pigeons flying high in the sky
Carrying a twig with two leaves in their beaks
These are not the nights
To re-rhyme 'Twinkle Twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are'

These are not the nights
To walk alone on the banks of Sangarma
And confess to the ghosts
How hot are our shops
And how rotten all our homes

These are not the nights
To puncture rainbow romances
Dancing on the silver screens
They provide a monotonous break
In the otherwise organized flirtations

These are not the nights
To dream of *dupatta* covered faces
Shrouded in mystery
The forsaken princesses
Now with dwarfed dreams
In their dreary eyes

These are not the nights
To parade the dented successes
In the moonlit nights
The sharks have already swallowed their shine
And with tattered remains we sigh
In the glittering corners of our homes

These are not the nights
To wait for counsellors
And consollers
Both are sleeping after their day's hard work
The counselors have counselled away
The fears of giving lollipops
In the hands of the children
Sick of doing even fraction of fractions
And lost in the longitudes and latitudes
Dancing on the tipsy globes

These are not the nights
To laugh like mad
Our laughters are now symptomatic
Of our deadly dreads
Secretly coiling in our heart's hearts

Restless to burst

In the thronged marts
And wayward antics
Of the prostitutes
Luring the cunning customers
To their crafty craft
A blessed den
An instant release
Of stress running in the veins
Relaxing the thighs
Perhaps, not a fatal drug

These are not the nights
To invite Gods
On the roof-top of your houses
We are covered in the mosquito net
We languish alone
In our beds

And these are not the nights
To pray for peace
Anarchy is dear to us
Prayers are very generous
Sometimes too generous
And now who likes to have
Hundred sons and one thousand cows
In these difficult days
When we are taught
To manage in pieces
We are the masters
Of segmented sectors
Take us away from micro vices
And launch us to macro-ruptures

These are not the nights
For gentle distractions
Pull out our all teeth
They are now long used to
Sucking luscious flesh
And cut our tongue
A versatile manipulator of words

These are not the nights
For normal perversions
They are too gentle for our tastes
We are the proxy witnesses
Of world wars
Fought and un-fought

We are the custodians
Of residues and the relics
The inheritors
Of the heritage of rage
No wonder- lullabies are out of time
It's difficult to tame
The scoundrels of our times

These are not the nights
To script scriptures
Elevated rhetoric
Suffused with Divinity perfume
It is hard to resist
But difficult to live with

One Christ is sufficient
For carrying the cross
And our managers
Have learnt it straight

Do not reinvent the wheel
Proceed ahead...
And how can we know
The chakras of the chakkar
The mysteries of Buddha's wheel
And the glory of Krishna's Sudarshan
Invent the wheel and then proceed