

# Thank You for Existing

Dr SS Malik

Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*Deadicuated to my Muse*

## **Acknowledgement**

Thank you O Shiva for your blessings, Theos for inspiration and Creator Brahma for everything including my muse. I thank the breath (Vayu), energy (Agni), elements (Prithvi) and Chitta (Consciousness) for making this singular ego expand its area of creativity.

## About the author

Dr Satinder Singh Malik was commissioned in Indian Air Force in 1997 as a fighter pilot. He flew state of the art Su-30 MKI fighter aircraft. He is a keen skydiver, river rafter and a mountaineer. He has climbed several peaks Mt Stok Kangari, Mt Elbrus (highest peak of Europe), Mt Kilimanjaro (highest peak of Africa) and was part of mountaineering expedition in Antarctica. He has also visited Mt Kailash and Mansrovar lake in Tibet. He has also served as director of Indian Mountaineering Foundation and director of Air Force Adventure. He has a keen and deep interest in philosophy and yoga, which enable him to reflect deep insights provided by his Gurus Pilot Babaji and Mahavtar Babaji.

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## An Ode to the Gods

Flowers are pure love,  
expressed by a plant,  
they weave the magic,  
in the wishes they grant.

The hunters such as tigers  
and peaceful ones such as doves.  
Nature has an innate design  
based on the principle of love.

Nature has the harmony  
expressed essentially everywhere,  
organisms dance to its tunes  
and the play seems very fair.

As a part of nature's design,  
and to make the species survive,  
a way to overcome extinction,  
We possess this intimate drive.

We express our feelings,  
and together we feel shy.  
To answer this call of eternity,  
charms and desires multiply.

We let the love create music  
as we sing along with its song,  
our images are reproduced  
in the children that come along.

The beauty one desires,  
get expressed in the soul's song.  
We get swayed by this rhythm,

it doesn't take very long.

Your beaming cheerfulness,  
defying against all odds,  
makes me feel you are an ode,  
in essence, an ode to the gods.

## A Butterfly

With vibrant colours of the earth  
and some colours of the sky,  
in a garden full of flowers  
flies a beautiful butterfly.

Colourful wings empower her  
to fly around merrily in style,  
as she goes flower-hopping  
to make her life worthwhile.

With many choices visible  
and all that freedom,  
she sips only on the nectar  
displaying her wisdom.

Another beauty that I know  
so colourful and with music,  
the rhythm of her dance  
makes her so exclusive.

The nectar of human life  
just befalls by chance,  
it is an amazing experience  
one feels in romance.

So like the butterfly  
she has that wisdom,  
to choose that nectar  
and exert her freedom.

## Experiences we take away

Starlets walk down the ramp  
with chiselled noses and brushed-up cheeks  
in fashionista's designer couture  
and laurel wreaths worn like the Greeks.

Deserving the attention that they seek,  
interest of onlookers stays at its peak.  
Wandering eyes stick to that scene  
as if the folks are watching their queen.

Such beautiful human faces  
as we see through the sheen,  
is a mere arrangement of cells  
that makes them so serene.

As you walk the ramp in my mind  
I stay captivated as I get an eyeful,  
Your shine blurs every other face  
you're so resplendent and beautiful.

I have seen many happy people  
as they laugh without care,  
when you laugh and smile,  
you have an attraction rare.

The smiles are worth a capture  
those who smile from their soul,  
A laugh so sincere and infectious  
describes a person in the whole.

Voices so resonant and mellow  
like nightingales, when they sing,  
but when you whisper and speak

it flows and sounds like a spring.

Like Jasmine there are flowers  
which can inflame desires,  
when I inhale your fragrance  
those flames become wildfires.

So many wonders in this world  
which give us different impressions,  
our maturity and experience,  
can turn'em into worthy expressions.

As individuals, we are born alone  
and alone we shall pass away.  
We gather experiences in this world  
and only experiences we take away.

Challenges of survival and desires  
keep us busy in our entire lives,  
let's take a deep breath and think  
and make some happy archives.

Fear flies away in togetherness  
love, care and attention foster life.  
Creativity is a bedrock of happiness  
there we can counter strife.

We share this world together,  
with some feelings of belonging  
the way I feel the connectedness  
only that keeps me longing.

## Is it Worth Feeling Sad?

Is it worth feeling sad  
when the dreams shatter?  
we can always dream again  
for some visions much better.

Is it worth feeling sad  
when the promises are broken?  
thoughts change, people change,  
the words could've been spoken.

Is it worth feeling sad  
when there is material loss?  
Materials are perishable,  
let them go for a toss.

Is it worth feeling sad  
about profound belongingness?  
When someone doesn't care,  
whom you once considered 'us'.

Is it worth feeling sad  
when someone we like, moves away?  
Everyone has a journey,  
they must go on their way.

Is it worth feeling sad  
for whom the heart bleeds?  
It is the atonement of earthly love  
and to eternal love, it leads.

It is better to understand  
there must've been some reason.  
Nonetheless, a word perhaps

can save someone a season.

It is alright to feel sad at times  
for someone who deserves that care.  
But maybe once in a blue moon,  
let's keep such occasions rare.

## Let it not be the Love

These verses don't contain my words,  
and when I paint, not my arts.  
They all manifest because of you,  
I am merely inspired by your thoughts.

While engaged in your thoughts,  
I find peace, even if you are away.  
Why don't we speak anymore,  
it was such an innocuous way.

A thought that flashed in my mind,  
the moment you came into my sight.  
As if I knew, you are the One,  
I couldn't express my plight.

I've always valued free will,  
a discernment hard to come by.  
You have a right to choose friends  
I just wish you could clarify.

My heart beats for you  
as if it's not going to survive.  
How could I ignore its plight,  
To date, it has kept me alive.

Let it not be the love,  
that people often construe.  
Let it just be an understanding,  
as pure as morning dew.

I feel as if we're connected,  
wish I could explain this issue.  
I am going to such great lengths



to ensure you know I value you.

What more could I say?

You are bright, beautiful and wise.

Let's brave through the night

and be blessed by sunrise.

## **We all can find a Way.....**

Strange is the perspective of life's horizon,  
sometimes it is real and sometimes an illusion.  
As it appears closer within reach, I begin to run,  
and sometimes it is a maze, that's no fun.

This physical cosmos is the same for everyone,  
space-time, that reality has carefully woven.  
As we all interpret it in a unique fashion  
infinite worlds we make in our imagination.

Electrons revolve in orbits random  
everyone has someone in tandem.  
For the lucky planets, there is a Sun,  
the cosmic centre makes all galaxies run.

Keeping my gaze fixed on the gate,  
living an unending anxious wait,  
expecting that golden moment great,  
a deserving sacrifice for a worthy mate.

She walks tossing her woolly curls,  
she is so unique among a million girls,  
an insistent feeling in my heart swirls  
and gets expressed in priceless pearls.

I dreamt on in an uncaring elation  
following only my heart's inspiration,  
to celebrate this life like a vacation,  
such wonderful is this tale's narration.

Dreams map an alternate reality,  
a symbol of individual emotional vitality,  
transcending the physical dimensionality,

far beyond the limits of duality.

Expedient hope throws a pretty charm,  
making the days and nights look warm.  
Learnings appear as the insights transform,  
we all can find a way if we brainstorm.

## Joyful Experiences

Sometimes there is a point  
in what most people say,  
like what we brought here  
and what we shall take away?

They seem to be right  
only when we talk about a thing  
but it is not true about experiences  
that are the real essence of our 'being'.

Thought is what we brought here  
and thought we shall take away  
this world is a learning ground  
inessential details will fade away.

Word 'Thought' comes from Theos  
after whom they named theology.  
He is the real essence of the word 'the'  
and preserver of cosmic ecology.

For all the actions we perform,  
the seed for them is the thought,  
and experience that we accumulate  
frames memories that we sought.

If the beginning was a thought  
and memory is the end we sought,  
So what is the use of 'action'  
an answer we may not have thought?

Actions are the resources that mine  
the minerals of various information(s),  
and using the mind's concentration

we eventually reduce them to conclusions.

Concentration transforms the details  
into memories and useful summations.  
A real wealth if we could ever know,  
learning about the truth is the realization.

So what would you prefer to mine  
happy experiences one must say,  
joyful memories and inferences  
that we can amass and take away.

The elements of the joyful experiences  
are peace, love, truth and togetherness,  
not be too serious about ourselves,  
staying free of fear, guilt and darkness.

## Don't Remain a Fallen Hero

Shocked to see you back on the ground,  
but good, at least you are safe and sound.  
the flight was short or the dream too big?  
all you had to wait for some time, and dig.

Exuding happiness you were my hero  
the world was Rome and you were Nero.  
Against all odds, championing defiance,  
You worked your way up, using the science.

For people who are afraid and meek,  
safety and surety are all they seek.  
All they learn is to compromise,  
missing out on a happy surprise.

You are back to where you left,  
I hope some good memories you've kept.  
Fortune favours the brave  
and not the ones who just crave.

You were a person of adventure,  
always thinking about a new venture.  
You can still scale up from zero,  
just don't remain a fallen hero.

## True Love Reflects

Common people have ordinary wishes  
dreams of birds and colourful fishes.  
Comforts of life is a plebeian choice,  
even if It costs to subdue their voice.

Afraid of sorrow the desires are small,  
and all they want is, at once and all.  
Small achievements matter so much  
that they forget to dream big as such.

When the capacity for love is so small,  
out of the blue when they get a windfall,  
a palmful they need to quench their thirst,  
they'll be shocked to receive a cloudburst.

Insecure souls may sense some harm,  
even for help, if you extend an arm.  
As a good person you may be kind to all  
just evade the people who think small.

Lost in the thoughts the dreams you weave,  
the love of your life you may desire to achieve.  
You write them songs and make them a painting,  
unresponsive, they look away, unrelenting.

How a happy situation can turn so sad  
when a sensitive person is labelled mad.  
Your concern and care which is so great,  
tears the heart when reciprocated as hate.

The more you try to explain and go close,  
many rhythmic poems you may compose,  
This is the time you must step away,

such an illusion in love may cause dismay.

Have faith in the magnificent cosmos,  
if the love is true, there won't be any loss.  
If someone is truly yours she'll sway,  
true love reflects, it won't fade away.

Love is a blessing, it is not an illusion,  
sadly, that got construed as an intrusion.  
A heavenly feeling that I call entanglement  
is far beyond dogmatic human judgement.

A few things more important than love  
are your nature and inclination to love.  
Like we love the artist and not caricature,  
we must direct our love to mother nature.

The indomitable time will heal the mind,  
as you choose to remain beautiful and kind.  
Of the great love stories, there is a dearth,  
the love must remain and flow on earth.



## A Girl who Defied Ordinary....

The heroine of this beautiful story  
is a girl who defied ordinary,  
She was a bright idea of self-reliance  
one that defined the word defiance.

It is immaterial that she was pretty,  
inspiration was beyond physical beauty.  
The glow of an idea that was in her action,  
and that created a halo of attraction.

She left that persona one season,  
I tried but couldn't fathom any reason.  
drifting slowly away from the singularity,  
to a beaten path that had familiarity.

She is the theme of the poems I create  
on whom my thoughts concentrate,  
I am unable to find that inspiration,  
the idea of freedom and its celebration.

Having her former version in my mind,  
she is still bright, inspirational and kind.  
This image is a reflection of originality,  
that needs an update from its reality.

That's why we meet, talk and interact  
to assimilate that subject, we introspect.  
For the ideas that we live, learn and explore  
illusions don't sustain anyhow, anymore.

without reality, the idea becomes an illusion  
and cognition slowly casts away that delusion.  
the touch of reality creates a fairway,

without that she'll gradually fade away.

A thought which gives life more clarity,  
in essence, refers to the word 'spirituality'.  
A life which hinges on higher wisdom,  
offers love, truth, learning and freedom.

It is not an illusion or attachment,  
or calls for a bond or covenant.  
It offers natural loyalty to a person  
who inspires our thoughts for a reason.

It is voluntary, there is nothing to obey,  
Everyone is free even to drift away.  
One can always steer a new course.  
without the fear of penalty or remorse.

## Love and Learning Continue to Stay

We all know that the times change,  
clouds move and the winds change,  
The seasons' change and the floras change,  
as the thoughts change, the People change.

Thoughts are the essence of the masses  
all across the crown and the classes.  
Change seems to be the eternal rule,  
sometimes so nice, sometimes so cruel.

What does not change is the reality,  
a fact, far from the grasp of humanity.  
Truth, love, peace and togetherness  
are real attributes of consciousness.

You too have the right to change,  
exercising free will in its full range.  
I'm at the crossroads, standing there,  
with the same true emotion forever.

Following the footsteps of reality,  
flirting along the tangents of insanity,  
Not bothered about what I'll accrue,  
should I change if something was true?

Love reflects the quality of the souls,  
existing evenly across all human roles.  
Across the animal kingdom and society,  
love reflects a unique shade and variety.

A fact, that may sound a little queer,  
our bodies rise and fade in the biosphere.  
Possessions may make us feel superior,

making us forgo love in our behaviour

The heart bleeds and the eyes run dry  
when love doesn't reflect whatever we try.  
It's all right and it is human to grieve,  
sooner the joy springs, the sadness will leave.

Does love ever get lost you may wonder?  
Feeling love lost is the biggest blunder.  
Even if everything else gets cast away,  
love and learning will continue to stay.

## Happiness and Beauty

Beauty is a season of spring  
where vibrant flowers bloom.  
The fragrance of these flowers  
the joy that blows away the gloom.

Physical beauty eventually withers  
for all, span may be a little imprecise.  
Happiness and creativity do prolong  
making it spring of a tropical paradise.

The bolts of joy touch our hearts  
but their memories last a lifetime.  
We must create happy experiences  
to make the story of our life shine.

Reiterations may appear a sure way,  
with time they become less joyous,  
to choose new areas of our experience,  
we must care to exercise our choice.

When well-intentioned souls interact  
and for togetherness, they pray,  
our inner selves feel peace and love,  
and happiness that comes along the way.

## Debonair

The springs flow sparkling water,  
Flower blooms make colours splatter.  
Birds sing regardless of the audience,  
clouds bring rain, a good providence.

Sun sends auspicious sunshine,  
making earth feel her youth prime.  
Mountain snow reflects a golden hue,  
plants feel the freshness of dew.

Nature expresses beauty everywhere  
for the appreciation, she doesn't care  
Only the capable ones can share,  
serendipity helps in some ways rare.

If your capability is a brief affair,  
wish a good thought or a prayer.  
Truth, peace, love and care.  
make one a real debonair.

## The Light of Hope

The ineffable mystery of life  
is about finding joys in strife.  
On the dark skies of sorrow,  
the light of hope paints a rainbow.

There come beautiful words,  
chirping like mockingbirds.  
They're making a sweet song,  
something that you can sing along.

It says nothing will go wrong,  
adventurers need to stay strong.  
In a decision to take a chance.  
they only need one glance.

Clouds flying atop the hill,  
wind howling in such a thrill.  
I still can't answer my heart,  
why did we drift so far apart?

## The Like Attracts the Like

Something that fails  
the wisdom of the wise,  
they see them fall  
and I see them rise.

Silent are the winds,  
and silent is the sky.  
A heart does matter,  
it keeps us alive.

Some words unspoken  
and a few of the choice,  
It is the words that matter,  
and spring a great delight.

Nature sees it through  
in the bees and the birds,  
and a few who feel,  
they speak the same words

There, in the firmament  
of the heavenly space-time.  
the light may get bent  
yet it continues to shine.

The words of the Nous  
and the words of our psyche,  
The good attracts us all  
and the like attracts the like.



## Festival of Lights

Deepawali is a festival of lights,  
which offers wonderful sights.  
Fireworks in the starry sky,  
along with bright candle kites.

Let luminance light up the dark  
to create scenic patterns of art.  
Let an ebullience of altruistic joy  
spring from your gracious heart.

Let there be blooming flowers,  
be strewn on paths that you walk.  
Symphonies of melodious music,  
flow streaming in the way you talk.

Through its shining pearls galore  
says the sparkling morning dew,  
It is your time to rise and shine  
as one of the chosen few.

## The Magnificent MiG

It's common for Avions too  
to have some shades of grey.  
There are birds of comfort and utility,  
and there are birds of prey.

Such birds in the modern times  
are the birds of Mattel and fire.  
They roar high in the sky,  
pursuing the will of their flier.

One such bird was built in 1959  
by A Mikoyan and Mikhail Gurevich.  
It was named MiG 21 or 'fishbed',  
the aircraft was truly speed-rich.

A delta-winged interceptor  
and a successful supersonic fighter.  
It was mass-produced in thousands  
and also used as a ground striker.

Romancing the speed at Mach 2,  
she was the intruders' nightmare.  
Fighting it in one Vs one combat,  
only novices could ever dare.

Of course, times have changed now  
she is caught in a quagmire.  
The advent of new technology  
has forced it to completely retire.

Still, it performed like in its heydays  
over Kashmir in an aerial battle  
It brought down a fighting falcon

it still has some teeth to rattle.

Pilots who have ever flown  
this magnificent flying machine,  
they swear by its name  
and still, love its silvery sheen.

## Golden Arrows: No 17 Squadron Indian Air Force

Number 17 Squadron shines  
even in lands across the frontlines.  
As part of the glorious Indian Air Force,  
it has been a dependable workhorse.

It was raised In Ambala, in 1951,  
under the first October Sun.  
A small office with a fence picket,  
first CO was Flt Lt DL Springett.

They flew initially Harward II B's,  
now flying Rafales with equal ease.  
They touched the skies with Mig-21s  
reaping glory with battle drums.

Always known as 'Golden Arrows',  
a gentle falcon among sparrows.  
A fighting force so lethal,  
a bunch of the bravest people.

The callsigns are of the Greek gods,  
help missions against all odds.  
The glory of the squadron flies high,  
drawing serendipity that never dies.

COs BS Dhanoa and SK Kaul  
have both played legendary roles.  
Both rose to Air Chief Marshal,  
Both were fearless and impartial.

Tony led in Kargil from the front  
bearing battle's full-bore brunt  
His leadership was exemplary

filling squadron's prize gallery.

Chacha Chou and Dhaliwal  
flew big missions assuming small,  
All pilots, technical officers and airmen  
were seen working in the blast pens.

The effort was big and the action joint,  
this has always been a strong point.  
And this poet too if you could follow,  
his callsign was the Sun god 'Apollo'.

## Black is the Colour of Magic

Mirror! Mirror! on the wall,  
Who is the prettiest of them all?  
Look there, she has raised the bar,  
you'll be amazed to see the star.

Draped in a dress black as coal tar,  
sparkles of a smile spreading till far.  
Locks of hair adorning as fall,  
she is the tallest of them all.

Black is the colour of magic  
whose spells are tragic.  
A solace to the eyes prying,  
her presence is gratifying.

The shine of the moon in her eyes  
takes her magic across the skies.  
The light of the joy in her heart,  
makes her stand apart.

Fresh snow on the mountains afar,  
night sky and a shooting star.  
What do I wish for thee,  
a life full of happiness and glee.

## Ode to a Skygirl

A skygirl soaring above so high  
exploring the deep blue sky,  
Wishing her all the best in life,  
a life with a spirit that never dies.

She jumps through the clouds,  
longing for freedom in her heart,  
A happy and independent girl,  
she is artistic, fair and smart.

Progressive, learned and kind,  
she finds her joy everywhere.  
Charming, witty and smiling,  
she could be a friend beyond compare.

So here's to you, dear skygirl,  
May your joys never cease,  
May your friendships flourish,  
you find your success with ease.

Keep soaring higher in the sky,  
far across the rainbow hue.  
May your journeys be blessed,  
and your dreams come true.

## Universal Love

Universal love blooms like a rose,  
whose fragrance spreads all across  
As the wind blows, its fold grows,  
withering, the petals too, it throws.

Nature is a thoughtful creation  
beautiful and worthy of adulation.  
It is not the fruit of an idle vocation  
but a diligent and artful celebration.

As the joy of a mindful creation,  
beauty is the heart's elation.  
The soul is truly more beautiful  
then the bodily incarnation.

The soul can craft a body  
shaping it like a work of art.  
One just needs to choose a passion  
to shape a soul's expression.

Even a non-permanent action  
may leave that impression,  
that wins over a shape's beauty  
is a deed done in the line of duty.

It is that kindness rare  
springs from a moment of care,  
It is goodness alone  
that can heal a groan.

It is the love that binds us all  
the universal bond I must say  
inspires us to be good



in a kind and beautiful way.

## Life of a Solitary Wish

In the warmth of the springtime,  
birds are making musical sounds.  
The freeze of the winter is over  
and there is a joy that abounds.

You didn't feel the soul's outreach  
or a solitary wish If at all I must say.  
you only trust the world you see,  
It doesn't work for you this way.

The thoughts are ever unseen  
and unseen is the soul's decree.  
The reality is this world is unseen,  
unseen it was and it will ever be.

Why is it important to let go?  
Let it take its own time to fade.  
The heart curates your notion  
because it is a heart and not a spade.

The essence of universal love  
is beyond physicality.  
I tried to explain this  
bound in the limits of civility.

I've never believed in shadows  
either in thoughts or in voice.  
I never doubted my intuition  
nor did I doubt my choice.

May you feel loved in your life,  
with each day like valentine's day.  
Love is beyond reason,

that's all I have to say.

It was a universal inspiration  
dissolved back into the universe.  
The searing pain of a lost cause  
can be felt in this verse.

It's love's elation that we love,  
and often attach it to the people.  
Love never gets lost,  
it resonates, it's that simple.

I pretend to understand it  
and try hard not to be sad.  
I don't want to feel too wise  
and I don't want to be mad.

So is it really springtime?  
or the beginning of another fall?  
Jostling with the reason in the cosmos,  
the life of a solitary wish is so small.

## Yellow Roses

Wishing you a great springtime  
And a happy Valentine's day.  
May you be showered with love  
with who so ever you desire to stay.

Just bring the wish on thy lips  
and muster some breath to say.  
May your wishes be fulfilled  
as soon they are spoken away.

Sending you bunch of yellow roses  
from the garden of my heart.  
The tide of the romantic feelings  
was just a spark at the start.

Think about our friendship  
that's all I can afford to say.  
A few caring words from you  
can really make my day.

## Slowly Enjoy the gift of Life

As a manifestation of nature,  
beauty is an expression of art.  
Let's celebrate universal love  
that springs from the heart.

Let's listen to the future  
in the sounds of hope.  
See the colours of the spring  
and feel the joys they evoke.

The winds across the seas  
and the dense shade of the trees,  
the beauty of sunrise and sunset  
Universal love is a feeling that frees.

The freshness in the mountains  
and the sweet fragrance of flowers,  
the thunderclaps of the rain clouds,  
rejuvenates life with fresh showers.

The caring feel of the countryside soil  
being grounded as we walk bare feet.  
Let's slowly enjoy the gift of life,  
we may skip this beauty in speed.

## The Colourful Holi

A unique festival in the world  
spreading the colours of Rangoli  
A festival of happiness  
that we celebrate as Holi.

Forgetting old reprisals  
we pick the colours  
and throw them on the friends  
painting new revisals.

Red blue green and orange  
crimson, violet and yellow,  
pick up any of them in your fist  
and spray them on a good fellow.

Colours of the flowers  
and the colours of the birds  
are wavelengths of light  
coded in unique words.

The word was there before  
and the word was light.  
We belong to the same source,  
there is no need to fight.

Holi is named after Holika  
the diabolic aunt of Prahlad.  
How goodness wins over evil  
is reflected in that ballad.

## Speak with Love O! Dear Friend

Moving across the galaxy,  
in the whirlpool of time.  
Times when I belonged to you,  
and you have been mine.

On some occasions to evolve,  
and on some occasions to survive.  
Beautiful worlds we experienced  
and there are memories to revive.

This one world for everyone  
could become interesting or dry.  
It all depends on the company  
that alone makes us laugh or cry.

This effort is so exhausting  
transmigrating the world's trail.  
We got to evolve together,  
there are many levels to scale.

I extend my hand to thee  
and wait for you to hold.  
Speak with love, O dear friend!  
Our friendship's been very old.

## You have the Right of Way

Let's dwell on the mystery of life,  
a little deeper than usual.  
Lest we find ourselves incapable  
to see beyond the visual.

From what appears on the surface,  
the truth is deep even for the smarter.  
The world may be sleepwalking,  
but we must remember our charter.

Not sad to be far from you,  
I've been through worse, to say.  
My despair is that you squander,  
your energy in the wrong way.

There are people to avoid,  
and there are people to admire.  
The differentiation is subtle  
and erroneous decisions backfire.

You are the person I admire,  
you have the right of way.  
This heart is joyous in your company,  
that I once felt had gone astray.



## What is Love?

Is love so common or special,  
or is it terrestrial or divine?  
Is it a spark, a feeling or a force?  
Let's assess some ideas to define.

Is it an idea, the seed of a thought  
that remains attached to its source?  
Or is it an invisible mysterious force  
that sweeps us inadvertently off course?

Is there love at first sight  
about which we often cheer?  
Or even without when we await  
someone so anxiously to appear?

The repeated cycles of thought  
weave up a theme, a sensational bundle.  
An emotional roller coaster in our minds  
captivates us in an engaging trundle.

A feeling that paramour is all around  
draped in rhythm and music that seems.  
A rushing feeling of intimacy pours  
when we meet the One from our dreams.

When the heart skips a beat  
or someone holds our gaze?  
Is it love, such a familiar feeling  
or is it attraction, simply a craze?

Love is a spontaneous feeling  
that we all willingly admire.  
The hardships and challenges

enflame the spark into a wildfire.

Without a word being spoken  
when we understand a person,  
who inspires and impels us  
to become our best version.

It is the company of a person  
that alone makes us feel complete.  
The ancient idea of being soulmates,  
and its alchemy is not yet obsolete.

Love is eternal and soulful  
when we experience this gnosis.  
When we perceive divine love,  
it blesses us with a prognosis.

A force that binds the Cosmos,  
a force that binds the souls.  
It is love that enchants, attracts  
and propels us to our goals.

## Sirens of Fascination

Sweet fleeting effervescent  
early morning mentations,  
ruminations on the darling,  
a musing of sweet sensations.

The first flush of the morning,  
the sound of the cuckoo bird,  
mocking my dreams sweeter,  
is music to the ears when heard.

The fragrance of flowers  
slowly intoxicates the mind.  
This season of the spring  
has many spells that bind.

The sweet chirrup of playful birds,  
beauty and freshness of dawn,  
doesn't entreat the mind much,  
doesn't prompt me to yawn.

The swishy sound of winds  
flowing down from a raincloud,  
much desired torrential rain,  
flora and fauna feel endowed.

Bringing cheers to the landscape  
and life to the reservoirs,  
seems to make much noise  
interrupts the fancied memoirs.

The beauty of the mountains,  
the swelling waves of the sea,  
the white, soft sand of beaches,

doesn't seem to beseech me.

My dearie haunt is the dreamland,  
trying to seek desired company.  
Staying entrapped in the lotus leaves,  
neglecting nature's symphony.

You've persisted enough for so long,  
it was worth the effort and quite fair  
Someone is waiting for you eagerly,  
for whom you are a gem, so rare.

It's time to fracture the fortlet,  
the singing sirens of infatuation.  
Seize the moment and dwell not  
to overcome this fascination.

Lift your gaze to horizons  
to see the beauty of nature.  
feeling the joy of your heart,  
singing aloud like a flycatcher.

There is a meaning to our existence  
here and in the kingdom of Heaven.  
Let's not lose our purpose worrying,  
there are more beautiful realms seven.

Feel the universal love of nature  
forgo daydreaming and fascination  
Know thyself, and say no to excess,  
this is Apollo's path to salvation.

## Let me Wrap my Arms Around You

Sometimes when the rains end,  
a rainbow appears out of the blue.  
None made me feel more enchanted,  
let me wrap my sights around you.

A divine enthralling inspiration,  
clearer it became as time flew.  
It seems you came out of my dreams,  
let me wrap my thoughts around you.

Riding on soulful rhythmic tunes,  
along a thousand flutes that blew.  
Words stream in a chorus as I sing,  
let me wrap my songs around you.

With so many people running around,  
why such attraction, what is this glue?  
Lest you drift too far O! dear friend,  
let me wrap my arms around you.

## To Grow up and Grow Out

Life resembles a stage of dramatics,  
where we play our parts with great antics.  
We're here today but where tomorrow,  
to the uncertainty points time's arrow.

It is natural for everyone to have desires  
to avoid pain and struggle, life's mires.  
We all wish for a little joy, peace and love  
and probably a houseful of treasure trove.

Wealth may help us achieve the desired  
but it is not what should be admired.  
Happy memories are the true wealth,  
that we gather during our good health.

There is a little secret of cognition,  
the mind works through association.  
The more we dwell and the deeper we go,  
more fascinations and fondness we grow.

Anything that we associate with,  
attaches to our cognition forthwith.  
Removal is an effort and is painful  
unless we keep discarding a brainful.

To leave the attachments without a doubt,  
all you need is to grow up and grow out.  
Let's live through the present with grace,  
even if the future is uncertain to embrace.

Cherishable moments that we create,  
turn into memories that we collate.  
Let's make the most of flowing time,

leaving behind the worries and grime.

Avoiding pain, guilt, worry and fear,  
visualise the fruits good Karmas would bear.  
Our thoughts create the future we want,  
You can have a little or a lot to flaunt.

Logos has created reason in the cosmos,  
making an imprint and letting go of our woes.  
Let's leave attachments to rise and shine,  
perception and wisdom make this life divine.

## Mists of Uncertainty

In this corporeal existence  
descends a part of sentience.  
A ray of the metaphysical world  
comes here for the experience.

The one who seems to be born free  
finds a world that is eager to lead.  
Happy to have one more of their kind  
and train him to be one in their stead.

He looks around with wonder,  
gazing all around he could see.  
Stowing experiences in his mind  
oblivious, merrily chasing his glee.

Incidentally, he comes across  
compromises and conditions.  
He discovers his glee trapped  
in varied customs and traditions.

He glances at the horizon  
and remembers his freedom,  
By contemplating in his mind  
he gains insights and wisdom.

Distraught by the world so unfair,  
he screams against this regime.  
His heart grateful for its support  
but also wants to follow its dream.

We all have something of our own,  
something unique, diverse and rare.  
We have wants, desires and dreams



and to accomplish them, we care.

Social conditioning makes us feel  
pain, attachment, fear and guilt.  
Such frustrating emotions act  
like the walls they were built.

A thinker always finds a solution  
to break free of such a construct.  
He lets the flight of imagination  
find the right code of conduct.

To achieve a desire or a dream,  
we spontaneously tend to move.  
The mists of uncertainty  
bog us back in the groove.

The fear of the unknown  
frightens us to the core.  
The pain of parting with known  
makes the effort go sour.

Which is worth the risk,  
things that you possess,  
or something still unknown,  
something more of a guess?

Let's choose our desires wisely,  
based on a code that we found.  
Those of Citius - Altius - Fortius  
won't tie us into a merry-go-round.

Let's be brave to face risks  
and venture beyond these walls.  
To face the mists of uncertainty  
and learn to overcome the falls.

A guide through the uncertainty  
to reach the desires we pursue,  
is a notion of following the good  
from a foundation that is true.

## Love's Labour is Never Lost

Holding a forked stick in hand,  
there moveth a water dowser.  
He summons all his divination,  
he is not a careless browser.

He locates the water source,  
somewhere it lies, buried deep.  
Sometimes it's already seeking you  
what you may strive to seek.

To find life's elixir,  
they begin to dig deep.  
Finding love is also similar,  
this in our mind, we must keep.

To find a sweet stream,  
there is a fair chance.  
As one may be fortunate  
to find a blooming romance.

When the stream is found  
buried under rock and sand.  
Sweat result makes one forget,  
an effort tiresome and so grand.

Sometimes despite the effort  
brackish is the underlying water.  
When the efforts turn sour  
one tends to blame the spotter.

The spotter is our heart  
in many matters of this life  
We must always forgive him,

no matter how big is the strife.

Sometimes we seem to be destined

to not find water at any cost.

Only this doesn't apply to love

as the love's labour is never lost.

the bloom of love in our hearts

makes our thinking glorious.

Whatever may the outcome

One is always victorious.

## If You Ever Want to Steal

If you ever want to steal,  
steal my heart and not my dream.

If you want to row away,  
take my oars but be my steam.

If you ever want to steal,  
steal my style and not my smile.

If you have to be at a distance,  
go any far but be my last mile.

If you ever want to steal,  
steal my zest and not my patience.

If you ever have to face the dark,  
take my torch but be my radiance.

If you ever want to steal,  
steal my strength and not my hope.

If you ever feel alone,  
think of a life when we elope.

## Wind in my Hair

When the wrongs overwhelm,  
my heart sinks and frowns.  
Beneath the layered memoirs,  
It sinks deep and drowns.

Then I want silence  
and I don't speak.  
Its muffled beatings  
make me feel weak.

Cracks in the soil  
beneath my feet,  
are weary of waiting  
flowing water so sweet.

One more word  
and it would matter.  
to hold'em on or shatter  
blowing them up in a big crater.

The reservoir of tears  
filled over a million years.  
The dam of patience quivers  
letting out the flooding rivers.

Cracks in the soil  
beneath my feet  
feel the joy,  
a beating retreat.

Retreating past wrongs  
make way for a new song.  
A song for the new innings,

in the hope for new beginnings.

The dream of the soil  
murmurs this beautiful song.  
The winds pick it up  
and blow it along.

Oh this blowing wind in my hair  
gives me my best song.  
To roam like a wanderer  
and happily go home.

## Love's Essence will find its Way

In the forlorn lanes of my heart's kingdom,  
countless flowers bloom in their wisdom.  
Where friends find a warm embrace,  
and strangers rise to the friendship's grace.

When the mind dwells only on one face,  
the heart grants her the highest place,  
Where cuckoos sing and butterflies chase,  
adding music and colours to the heart's space.

The air is laden with the mountain's scent,  
intellect questions the mind's bent.  
Another person put on the throne?  
mysteries of love, no one has known.

Thy presence alone inspires my heart  
and adorns its kingdom from the day's start.  
Similar to the muse that inspires the poet,  
to rise from slumber, to write a sonnet.

Rainbows, clouds and the winds convey  
the painters paint and the musicians play,  
Love aligns the thoughts so random,  
advancing the art in God's kingdom.

Selfish thoughts are a talk of the yore,  
besides thy presence, I ask no more.  
A joyous heart just wants to adore,  
he wants to fly, he wants to soar.

Across the seas and mountains fold,  
above clouds where dreams unfold.  
In a distant land behind a castle's moat,



the heart will always cast its vote.

White pigeons of the Soul's realm soar,  
when the restrained heart is unable to roar,  
Even without a word or something to say,  
love's subtle essence will find its way.

## Happy Friendship Day

Out of sight in a distant land,  
there lives a beautiful friend.  
It was hard but now I understand  
a fake anger that she pretends.

We were just beginning to align  
when I received your decline.  
I felt it with a heavy heart,  
did we deserve a rough start?

It was gloom, a complete bind,  
you're like a star in my mind.  
A desirable visitor of my dreams,  
creating the happiest themes.

What is a friend you enquired,  
as if a proof, that you required.  
I said friendship is caring  
along with mutual sharing.

Felt so wonderful about this quest,  
It is up to you to feel the rest.  
Your inspirations are my best,  
making me willing to face thy test.

Good times are here again,  
whatever we lost, we may regain.  
In your way, if the troubles stand,  
remember a friend is always at hand.

## Through the Thoughts we Yield

Myriad are the ways of the senses  
to cater for our conveniences.  
Indulging in subjects of every kind  
pleasing to the body and mind.

So impressionable is a loving heart  
a broken dream makes it fall apart.  
Swirls of thoughts fuel a longing,  
a ray of hope keeps that prolonging.

Wise is the pondering mind  
to test the dreams in the grind.  
Remains busy doing the estimation  
to separate truth from imagination.

What if dreams never get realised  
it keeps the thoughts chastised.  
The mind suggests a safer way,  
making sure that we don't stray.

True is the beautiful soul,  
who knows reality's goal.  
There is a secret way to manifest,  
to embark on a heart's conquest.

Whatever wishful that we seek  
even if the chances are bleak.  
It might take longer time-spans  
since Cosmos has elaborate plans.

Through the thoughts we yield,  
the future is slowly revealed.  
Let us be wise to expect joy

and forgive or forget the noise.

## Unrequited Love

Heart always wants to chase the unknown,  
and in a dream silently a love has grown.  
The mind tries to bring it into reality's embrace  
and it seems possible only in the dream space.

Alluring, addictive, melodious, mellisonant,  
love is ideal, absolute, gratifying and resonant.  
The mind tries to weave a future in its factory,  
but the elusive love forever remains a mystery.

Under the cosmic grace as the stars align,  
allowing me to plead my case one last time.  
More than us, this elusive love that we adore,  
revelling in darling's presence, as if in a folklore.

As the sun trods across the evening sky,  
many myriad dreams slowly begin to amplify.  
Engulfing an entirely sane intellectual space,  
love sacrifices us in an unending chase.

The love keeps drifting further forevermore,  
requited love exists only in the tales of yore.  
Trying to please my beloved princess, so dear,  
tears were spent chasing unrequited love I fear.

Now push me to the brink, throw me aside,  
cut loose the threads of hope on which I've relied.  
They conspire to show me happiness so near,  
stretching time into endless waits that I fear.

Every moment of wait feels like an eternity  
pushing me into the dark abyss of crazy insanity.  
But wandering alone In that dark shunya space,

I've witnessed Mother Nature face to face.

In the embrace of the primordial reality untamed,  
I've felt the omniscient ecstasy unnamed.  
Under the cosmic love's enchanting trance,  
I yearn so deeply to experience the cosmic dance.

In the unfathomable chaos, where no 'I' is found.  
Where there is no idea of existence around.  
beyond every existence I want to be thrown,  
to return to chaos where even love is unknown.

## The Inspiring Colours of the Flowers

These words may amuse her thought  
gently seeking an embrace of her heart.  
A crimson blush spreads on her face,  
as hastily she tries to subdue with grace.

She blossoms like many flowers of spring  
in as many hues as seasons could bring.  
Serenity in every vibrant colour inspires  
each aspect of her that the poet admires.

The bright yellow flowers of the marigold  
elucidate her effervescent felicity in bold.  
The red of the loveliest rose in its full bloom,  
flares up the senses and makes them swoon.

The pink hue of an aspiring lotus petal  
states her eyes as they delicately settle.  
The white flowers of fragrant jasmine  
can prop a youthful princess into a queen.

As the blue poppies are so intoxicating,  
her inebriated slant glance is captivating.  
The purple of the trailing bellflower  
is reflected in her veiled willpower.

The green of the leaves nourishes the flora  
caring and peaceful she exhibits that aura.  
Deeply rooted as the trees tall in stature,  
she symbolises that endowment of nature.

In the tunes of music, she finds her way,  
swaying along the melodies of the day.  
Her graceful dance yields an impression,

the beauty of the speechless expression.

Mirror admires her esthetic existence  
but is unable to reflect her true essence.  
In the poet's verses her reflection gleams,  
not in his eyes but in his deepest dreams.



## If True Love Touches Your Heart

Love from which you shy away,  
it must have been a game.  
if true love touches your heart,  
you will never remain the same.

You will see the love everywhere  
coming alive in everyday life,  
in nature, in the fruits and flowers  
in birds, bats and unextinct wildlife.

Many masterpieces of literature,  
and a favourite of the best cinema.  
it could be found absent in a lot  
and surviving under a minima.

It is what binds the families  
from the lullaby of a mother,  
through the joys of friendship  
and boastful pride of a father.

In the parting lover's tears,  
an infant's beaming smile,  
and the coyness of a bride  
slowly walking down an aisle.

Eyes say when no words spoken  
emotions soar and hearts melt.  
Without one on a deep cut inside  
as if some salt spray could've felt.

In doldrums of dilemma  
and crossroads of confusion,  
in the middle of a crowd

and in the silence of a seclusion.

In the dance of the galaxies  
and in the sunset and sunrise,  
and through the winding valley  
in gushing rivers I visualise.

Timid, vivacious and peaceful  
on their life's journey to the sea.  
they were them one upon a time  
and now they'll never not be.

Love sustains beyond lifetimes  
only the pride hath a fall  
One who's felt the touch of love  
would reciprocate it to all.

Not focusing on the faults,  
seeing the world in harmony.  
Life doesn't appear arduous  
and it feels like a ceremony.

## Like a Warm Summer Rain

The real love is so ethereal,  
it is subtler than the subtle.  
Making us float like a feather.  
but binds the hearts together.

At an exchange of glances  
or just in a look, it bechances,  
It inspires some in a dream,  
throwing us in a slipstream.

Without a word, without a name,  
without a hint, without a claim,  
creates a bond that is so strong  
as if it was meant to be all along.

The magic of love is instantaneous  
and its effects seem so spontaneous.  
Words and reasons make no difference  
to a heart which was stolen at a glance.

Inspiring us to be our best versions  
and saving us from many diversions,  
It bestows a new meaning to life,  
making us feel joyful even in strife.

Adding a certain music to the silence  
makes stars shine in ample brilliance.  
it makes druids sing 'n' damsels dance,  
and Yogis seek it in their trance.

Benign thoughts rise from emotions  
as the rainclouds rise from the oceans.  
Bringing across a warm summer rain,

where some sing 'n' dance and some refrain.

Some come out of their comfort zone  
and make an effort to turn every stone.  
The dampness dries up in the wind's flow  
making some beautiful memories glow.

## Some Other Time, Some Other Universe

Why do you enchant my thoughts  
and appear so unreal in existence?  
Why do you light up this idle mind,  
why do you cause such persistence?

Why do I find you in my dreams,  
as a benign thought in extremes?  
Being my muse, you guide my thought  
feels like, you are the one I sought.

In this lifetime roaming around the world  
my heart feels like a clamshell pearled,  
enthroning you in a beautiful dream inside,  
in this scenic ambience, you always reside.

Love is forever and so are the souls,  
we just keep playing different roles.  
a look is enough to know an associate  
or in the dreams, some sign we await.

In realms beyond the physical domain,  
where time and space are of no constrain,  
Our entangled souls may always find,  
navigating along thoughts of our mind.

Wherever you live, wherever you go,  
whatever you reap, whatever you sow.  
Do feel the joy obliterating the grief,  
by being together in this life so brief?

The situation is cruel and challenges so tall,  
how do we meet in duration so small?  
Braving the chances I may even depart

leaving the world with desire in my heart.

In the vastness of space, our essence soars  
throughout the cosmos, our spirit explores  
A love that endures, a bond so consistent  
tells me why my thoughts are so persistent.

Are there prospects that we shall ever find  
through the essence that we once entwined,  
despite the space-time that we traverse  
in some other time, some other universe?

## Happiness, Peace, Love and Care

Randomly drifting along the madding crowd,  
focussing on life goals, thinking aloud,  
thrown against the whirlwind of pressure,  
Everyone looks for peace to reach a closure.

I tried to manage everything around me,  
issued edicts, made people work like a bee.  
Nothing worked so I meditated for help,  
found peace within when I was peaceful myself.

What new is happening we all want to know,  
pretending on Social media is a big-time show.  
Been there, done that, a bucket list of wishes  
never asked my heart about my real crushes.

Whether a trek beyond the high mountains  
or skin diving in sparkling natural fountains,  
or far across the horizon kissing cloud nine  
or walking barefoot and breathing air so fine?

Rhythm is all living being's natural feature,  
affection touches the heart of every creature.  
Vibrating joyfully in coherence with nature,  
makes me forget myself, egistic fake stature.

In attractive smiles and slanting glances,  
we drop our guards and take some chances.  
In beautiful faces and warm embraces,  
we look for love and find only scant traces.

True love that we are ever searching for  
is hidden deep in our hearts and runs galore.  
Tired of seeking, I shared some love around.

and happily found it reflecting back abound.

Things we keep seeking desperately in life,  
cause long chases and unnecessary strife,  
they originate within and rebound when we share,  
so amazing are Happiness, Peace, Love and Care.



## Dreamscape

In the debonair divine depths of my heart  
I have a chamber locked fearing plunder.  
owning an aureate amber treasure  
that can't be risked in a reckless blunder.

Enviously enjoyably I watch her,  
imaginably existent in my dreams  
feels like a fabulous fanciful fairy,  
floating freely in my thought streams.

In the realm of desirable dreams,  
painters often fancy a fair face familiar.  
Go and paint a colourful portrait,  
commands my heart a careless cavalier.

When a tacit treasured smile,  
evolves to be a main motivation.  
Effortlessly earnestly eagerly,  
it endears the entire dedication.

My heart bleeds umpteen colours  
in melodic memoriam of my love,  
these fingers are my quivering quills,  
keep dipping damn deep in its cove.

In the primeval wicked wild woods  
I ruefully roam looking for my mate,  
a fecund fantasy favoured by heart,  
on odds against ferocious feisty fate.

Her thoughts become the strings,  
of the guitar of my heroic heart,  
where a zillion harmonics readily rise,

creating a majestic masterpiece of art.

An unfathomed spirit so ferocious,  
inarguably a malady so mysterious.  
Lost in the thought this poet propitious  
delightfully describes this art ambitious.

it is somewhat delusional that seems fair,  
an ecclesiastic alluring dreamscape so rare.  
I must muster the musings to manifest the muse,  
of devious delinquent dreams, I must be aware.

## Many Facets of Love

Eusebeia is a noble guide, righteous thought,  
guides us in life, saves us from being distraught.  
In which direction shall this guidance sway?  
Love, a divine force guides Eusebia in a way.

The force that binds souls together is love's grace,  
ego lights up a parting path if we must embrace.  
Kindness of the universe are the blessings from above,  
a benevolence received so, through us, must flow.

Walking along the mysterious path of life we find,  
Love has many facets, reflecting on the mind.  
Many kinds from Eros' fire to Agape's selfless bind,  
the beauty of love makes the souls eternally entwined.

All around the cosmos, the light of love gleams,  
A central psychic force, love endows the theme.  
Philia, the love for knowledge is a scholar's dream,  
consciousness evolves as curiosity gives it steam.

With many facets, love is a gem so bright,  
Eros is a lover's passion that ignites the night.  
Ludus, a love in courtship, is playful slight,  
a flirtatious dance, cupid's utter delight.

Love is a bonding in friendship so strong and tight,  
Storge is love in family caring for everyone's plight.  
Philoprogenitive love displays its nurturing might,  
between parents and children, stays shining bright.

Philautia is our self-love within each one's sight,  
Nurture and care for yourself in your loving light.  
Pragma is mature love, diffused, enduring and right,

where compromises and patience guide the foresight.

Love is expansive yet it appears anchored,  
like attracts the like, is a law most pampered.  
Agape is selfless, seamless, pure and right,  
that can transcend the heavens, a beautiful sight.

The way we perceive love can be either healthy or ill,  
healthy has no attachments and no voids to fill.  
Unhealthy love is possessive, a path darker still,  
Hubris, narcissism and arrogance, it could instill.

Close your eyes, reflect on your loves so dear,  
things that make your heart leap without fear.  
People, passions, places or interesting things  
behold those joys and the happiness it brings.

Not the subject, the feeling of love gives us a thrill.  
feel no need for possession, let it flow and spill.  
When you vibrate with joy, it radiates everywhere,  
you achieve Eudaimonia, a blissful state so rare.

## Move on O! Innocent heart,

Lost my mind on an innocent smile,  
something I still can't reconcile,  
through the eyes that are so kind,  
etched an impression in the mind.

The dreams appear dear  
when the reality is severe.  
When the dreams shatter,  
it seems the reality is better.

Someone who exists in mind  
far away from the worldly grind  
they just appear to beckon,  
disappear in the time to reckon.

No shadows when the Sun is high,  
and dreams disappear in broad daylight.  
Castles of Air dissolve in naughts,  
and so are people who exist in thoughts.

Their talks and acts of goodness  
reflect only in the words.  
The words which only tease  
and words which won't freeze.

Those who love share love  
and those who hate become irate,  
they expect love to bless their life  
isn't this expectation so rife?

They expect God to hear them  
and answer their prayers in turn,  
and they'd let some people churn

when it was their time to return.

As we sow so shall we reap,  
it is an eternal truth so deep.  
Move on O! Innocent heart,  
impressions here don't speak.

Maybe in some other lifetime,  
even when you've nothing to share.  
We'll share the 'nothing' together  
and then you might not bother.

## Deepavali, a Festival of Lights

Deepavali, a festival of lights  
offers such colourful sights.  
A celebration of brilliance  
bright lights and candle kites.

Light brightens up the dark,  
also in all corners of the heart.  
In celebration of this festival,  
we invite everyone to take part.

The light of Deepawali lamps  
has an incredible inference.  
Spreading light in this world  
is indeed a true reverence.

Love light peace and joy  
are few things if we share,  
instead of trying to seek,  
we'll find them everywhere.

## Your Love or My Love

Your Love or My Love?

Sometimes I wonder why  
love has diverse shades.  
From selfless to obsessive,  
love exhibits many grades.

Seldom it rises like a storm  
sweeping things in its wake,  
and at times it lies placid  
in a frozen mountain lake.

Occasionally it is so intense  
it makes a person go mad.  
More often it is unrequited  
making people feel sad.

In the lonely silent sobs  
that no one can even hear,  
in some wistful moments,  
when eyes roll down a tear.

In the expressions of art,  
love seems so effervescent,  
and in a few acts of kindness,  
it flows so steadily silent.

love may need just a moment  
when someone may feel so dear,  
and there is love that grows slow  
and deepens year after year.

For some chasing pleasure



in the name of love, is a venture.  
Some get uprooted and thrown  
into life's biggest adventure.

Starting from a light spark,  
it becomes a blazing fire.  
strong will of a joyous soul  
keeps it from turning dire.

A nectar which all seek,  
love is that divine miracle.  
and we feel it is so diverse,  
just for favour and receptacle.

The test of love is love  
and the taste of love is love.  
The essence of love is alike  
be it, your love or my love.

## Allegory of Lines

Some maxims show us values to uphold  
like an allegory of lines, a story to be told.  
Parallel they run so independent and free,  
two individual existences like you and me.

When the lines incline, the destinies realign,  
in the realm of emotions, hearts intertwine.  
The independent existences are seen as one,  
and when we are together, we make eleven.

The lines converge with the purpose to unite,  
a promise to never go out of each other's sight.  
The heart longs for that endearing existence,  
that inspiration is the reason for its persistence.

When these lines incline joining their feet,  
make a sign of victory that no one can beat.  
When these lines incline joining their tops,  
mark of an ascendance that no one can stop.

When these lines lean towards each other,  
joining in the middle, make alpha together.  
Alpha is the beginning of the life's story  
in poems or prose, shaping the oratory.

A mystery that can confound any mind,  
bonnie, adorable yet an enigma of a kind.  
You are a melodious harmony so sweet,  
my heart wants to sync to your heartbeat.

These words hold a promising foresight,  
the heart's insistence is a justifiable right.  
Think of a dream so beautiful and bright,

a future so promising with love and light.

Let life see some more colours of delight,  
when love is in the air, dreams take flight.  
In this symphony, we shall forever entwine,  
from two free parallel lines to a bond divine.

## Love and Light

So beautiful looked the future days,  
each day shone with the golden rays.  
The hearts had found a familiar space,  
life seemed blessed in a divine grace.

Breath flows in a rhythmic trance  
the dusk fades and the day yawns,  
the world around is always in motion,  
a heart beats oblivious of commotion.

Whether I stay in or roam outdoors.  
as wave after wave hits ocean shores,  
the wanting thoughts make a beeline,  
and inspire the mind to sculpt a figurine.

Earth gets carved into many shapes  
as rushing water flows through its gaps,  
as blowing wind carves the rock stones,  
a chill quietly shudders the bones.

Like the icicles vanish drop by drop  
we all shall vanish as nature's crop,  
together, from the start to the end,  
we'll remember the time we spend.

Not afraid to love, not afraid to die,  
trying to look fearsome fate in the eye,  
Riding on rough waves in a stormy sea,  
a diffident spirit is now fearless and free.

No matter how far away you remain,  
you're forever here in the heart's domain.  
Sweet pain's sting is no longer a pain,

awaiting the time when we meet again.

Like humour is essential to entertain  
so dearly the forests seek the rain.  
Like the mountains seek the snow,  
and all life awaits morning's glow.

In some unique and natural ways I adore,  
the way sailors rejoice on seeing the shore.  
An insect is inspired to seek a flare bright,  
and sunflowers move to face the sunlight.

Like the meandering rivers seek the sea  
and for nectar so tirelessly roams a bee.  
the poet strings the words in rhythm,  
you are an inspiration like one of them.

Like a puzzle seeks its missing part,  
an admirer misses one's sweetheart.  
The pain of longing, a bittersweet sting,  
the yearning for joys, a wish could bring.

Trees grow tall, bearing fruits so fine,  
to bless the earth with rain divine.  
Clouds carry moisture on a long flight  
Earth sustains us all with great delight.

"How long?" my heart whispers low,  
fauna looks at the parched earth below,  
the Papiha bird flies high for the rains,  
this question endures and remains.

Way the flora rejoices in the rains,  
farmers feel happy to reap the grains,  
and the way glaciers celebrate the snow,  
in these ways, hope seems to grow.

The like seeks alike is a cosmic essence  
kindness prompts love's first sentence.  
The future is a canvas vivid and bright  
if the journey is guided by love and light.

## Like the Forests miss the Rain

The poem Love and Light has been worded in a different style and content.

Breath comes and breath goes,  
somewhere fades a blooming rose,  
dusk fades and the day yawns,  
they have witnessed many aeons,  
everything is changing around,  
my sailboat has run aground.

So beautiful looked the future days,  
awaiting happy sunsets with golden rays,  
as the blowing wind carves the stones,  
a chill quietly shudders the bones,  
the rock stones get carved into shapes,  
by flowing water through their gaps,  
similarly, the mind has sculpted your figurine,  
eroded by thoughts, an inspiration divine.

And I missed you not like deserts,  
but like the forests miss the rain,  
as they have to regenerate again,  
like the glaciers miss the snow,  
they have a precious gift to bestow,  
like the mornings miss the dawn,  
when colourful paintings are drawn,  
Like a puzzle seeks its piece,  
its problem may come to cease.

I look at the future eye-to-eye,  
asking a simple question why,  
In a unique way, I seek thee,  
like the rivers seek the sea,  
and the oceans seek the shore,

splashing their waves galore,  
Like the insects seek the fire,  
yielding to the enduring desire,  
like the sunflowers follow the sunshine,  
this heart now doesn't seem mine.

I string a poem with beautiful words,  
as an evening sky vibrant with birds,  
you are like an inspiration the artists seek,  
or else their art might turn bleak,  
like bees collect nectar to make honey,  
like a lender keeps counting his money,  
for others the trees bear fruits,  
nurturing them from their roots,  
and clouds carry moisture on a long flight,  
so that life is celebrated with great delight,  
the earth sustains and entertains us all,  
from the bigger organisms to the small.

How long would I miss asks my heart,  
like a Chakor bird awaits the moon,  
not this fortnight but he would be here soon,  
a caravan traveller looks at the cloudless sky,  
looking at signs for an oasis nearby,  
fauna in the grasslands stare at the dry lakebed  
there'll be a time again when they'll be well-fed.

Like the icicles vanish drop by drop,  
we all will vanish in the end like a crop,  
but we will remember the time we spent,  
like essence seeks like seems a law at present,  
If you ever part, part away with a smile,  
the happy farewells keep the hope alive.



## When my Heart Sings a Song

When my heart sings a song,  
the winter winds carry it along.  
The winds flow from the west,  
it keeps singing with full zest.

When my heart sings a song,  
Melodious words rhyme along.  
A song of words woven in strings,  
some wishful memories it brings.

When my heart sings a song,  
I wonder to whom does it belong.  
Strings of emotions finely spun,  
woven with threads of light from the Sun.

When my heart sings a song,  
complimenting a yearning strong,  
The wind might blow your hair,  
dissolving its sweet melody in the air.

When my heart sings a song,  
tears of happiness flow along.  
I forget myself in my youth prime,  
your face seems more familiar than mine.

When my heart sings a song,  
the tune matches a birdsong.  
Shepard hum it along to their herds,  
felicitating love with beautiful words.

When my heart sings a song,  
it wants to sing it lifelong.  
I wish it may spread its charm,

and make you feel happy and warm.

When my heart sings a song,  
I wish you could sing along.  
Can't wait to see you smile,  
a long wait is also worthwhile.

## Thy Love shalt Never Fade

Prolong my wait, tire me out  
but thy love shalt never fade.  
Bruise my ego, break my heart  
but thy love shalt never degrade.

Wipe my smile, crush my desire,  
but thy love shalt forever stand.  
Thy silence from behind a wall  
says one day thy shalt understand.

On the chances and conditions,  
universal love doesn't depend.  
When you know, you know,  
to deny you have to pretend.

Staggering, struggling, shaking  
in the dark night full of ordeal,  
The heart is still holding on to see  
if there dawns a morning for real.

A tiny spark can light up the life,  
ain't our hearts left with a spark?  
Will the children of Sun find a way,  
or will they get lost in the dark?

Let's remain focussed on the light  
and doubts shalt fade away.  
Life keeps changing forever,  
no one and nothing shalt ever stay.

The cosmos creates a reason,  
to make its inspirations survive.  
Intentions evolve a future alike,

for good intentions, we shalt strive.

## Christmas Festival

Christmas festival is here again,  
short days will soon be forlorn.  
The Sun has passed the solstice  
and beginning to enter the Capricorn.

The snow and cold have dried up the grass,  
the soil needs warmth to sprout the farms.  
A spark is keeping the hearts warm,  
friendship is really to show its charms.

If your wishes have remained unfulfilled,  
Santa is on the way to bring them soon.  
Everyone may receive their gifts  
but you would be granted a boon.

You have been on an expedition,  
you have been through extremes.  
We have a friendship to embark on  
because you're the girl of my dreams.

## Happy New Year

The music in the wilderness,  
everyone seems to rhyme.  
Cool wind and nature's spirits  
have made the season's Hymn.

Have a wonderful new year,  
every bird chants along.  
to you O! friend my dear,  
and to all to whom you belong.

With this aired a dove,  
love to his distant friend.  
Sending his wishes to her,  
that she would understand.

Open thy heart for love,  
and don't leave it to fate.  
Celebrate this life precious,  
and live this time great.

He flaps his wings to express,  
flying away merrily in style.  
He expresses his wishes so fondly,  
knowing they light up her smile.

## A Feeling of Universal Love

Shimmering threads of light  
all across space and time.  
A wordless song implicitly  
woven in a melody sublime.

In this implicit exalting rhyme  
where the thoughts entwine.  
Such are the feelings of love divine  
making hearts gallop to cloud nine.

Bathed in the light's sheen  
there is a promise evergreen.  
In this stillness, we see the truth,  
and on truth alone, we may lean.

In this life together on earth  
and in the afterlife we live above.  
The embers of feelings emit,  
the warmth of universal love.

You are known to think bright,  
you ask "Will it be right to act?  
You can always take a few steps  
and decide if you need to retract.

Communication is a bridge,  
without any piers or bars,  
Stretch your arms wide open,  
and wish beneath the stars.

The courage whispers slowly  
but points to a path unknown.  
You'll know right or wrong

feeling it by the truth alone.

No need for detailed maps,  
and no charts to navigate,  
Stepping along the trust,  
the heart's whispers resonate.

Does it matter if we walk together  
on the path of life or not?  
We can still allow these feelings  
an untamed, unhindered trot.

So let us walk hand in hand,  
across the mountains and seas.  
Trust the beat in your heart  
and this life will be a breeze.

Thy thoughts ignite the mind,  
inspire hues in a vibrant sight.  
You're an auspicious sprite  
showing me the guiding light.



## Love Forms the Pillars

I don't want to impress  
for the love story's progression.  
Such love will last only as long  
remains memory of that expression.

I don't want to assure  
for the sake of love affair's start.  
Such love will only last  
till doubts tear us apart.

I don't want to romance  
for Lover's attraction.  
Such Love will also fade  
soon after the body's elation.

I just want to love  
for the feeling of love.  
Love that is eternal  
and a gift from above.

I love this beautiful nature  
and I love my friends.  
Love forms the pillars  
on which the life stands.

## The Rhythm of the Heart

A walk along the rhythm of a heart,  
instead of the intellect so wise.  
Sometimes, it does feel awkward  
to refashion some social ties.

The splendour of the feelings  
often faces a tragedy of emotions.  
They love flowing unattached  
but get lost in the maze of notions.

The world believes in notions  
that train us to suppress emotions.  
We do it all the time, people say,  
not at all a difficult proposition.

Unsurety and fear make us take  
a wavering step, that's not bold.  
Like the fear of a social opinion  
can make a warm heart go cold.

Rationality seems to belie feelings,  
and the wise don't like to gamble.  
Logic too seems as an antidote  
the masses prefer social preamble.

Adventurers don't care for the comfort  
or familiarity of a predictable life.  
Who dares flout the social rules  
people quickly tag them as fools.

One not willing to face oneself  
and to take a stand that's true,  
Feelings that we tend to suppress,

keep following up, causing stress.

Either it could be an inspiration  
or just some random permutations,  
invoking thoughts that make us feel,  
we are humans not robots of steel.

Blessed are the moments that feel  
like the rising swell of an ocean,  
Even without having an eyeful  
some expand to become a skyful.

Emotions that we keep at bay,  
we have to face them one day.  
So let them flow along the way  
without being attached to the play.

## What do I wish for Thee?

Mirror! Mirror! on the wall,  
Who is the prettiest of them all?  
Shining like the morning star,  
Look! She has raised the bar.

Bewitching smile spreading afar,  
tossing hairs back as coal tar,  
creating shadow of a nightfall,  
she is the prettiest of them all.

Black is the colour of magic  
whose spells are often tragic.  
A solace to the eyes prying,  
her presence is ever gratifying.

Shine of the moon in her eyes  
spreads that magic in the skies.  
Light of the joy in her heart  
makes her stand apart.

Fresh snow on the mountains afar,  
night skies and a shooting star.  
What do I wish for thee?  
A life full of happiness and glee.

## What do we do, What do we get in the Name of Love?

What do we do? In the name of love.

What do we get? In the name of love.

We play hard to impress,  
we pray hard and express.  
when we don't know, we guess  
and we enjoy this process.

Some find their soulmates  
and some get a husband or wife.  
Some feel joy, some hope,  
and some find a meaning of life.

When we are with our mate  
life becomes a celebration.  
Our happiness knows no bounds,  
so magical feels this sensation?

Then there are the ones  
who keep trying and waiting.  
Smouldering slowly with time,  
mastering the art of placating.

Some get distracted and feel  
all is fair in love, in order to possess.  
Who fail to understand love,  
it becomes natural to obsess.

Some fight for the attention  
and some draw out the knives.  
It transforms into madness  
when some start giving up their lives.

Then there are innocent lovers  
that we know are one-sided.  
Led solely by their imagination  
they become overly misguided.

Our attention, thoughts and focus  
quits us and shift to another person.  
We naively stop caring for the 'self'  
and allow the situation to worsen.

When this effort starts affecting us  
we must attempt to clear up the air.  
Let's not lose our hearts or feel sad  
and brood over splitting the hair.

They keep chasing the Mirage  
wasting thought time and energy.  
For a relationship to succeed  
what we need is 'synergy'.

Sometimes the universe cares  
and happily, grants us the wish.  
Sometimes it doesn't seem to  
and keeps us waiting for the kiss.

When we don't meet our lover  
The heart sinks and shatters  
At such moment we feel sad,  
grieving is all that matters.

The mind weaves a beautiful dream  
we give into its creation unaware.  
So, what if this dream is shattered,  
it can pull up a better one from somewhere.

All we can do is 'understand',

this experience wasn't meant for us.  
Maybe we deserve someone better,  
there is no point in creating so much fuss.

Scan and search but don't lock on  
until acknowledgement and reflection  
We must keep moving forward,  
knowing preferences are not rejection.

There are many souls in the world  
which may reflect our vibrations.  
One may attract the right one  
similar or rather a bright one.

We must disrupt the chain of thoughts  
and see the beauty spread all around  
Find a place full of natural beauty,  
travel to put our boots on the ground.

What is the meaning of love?  
If we couldn't fulfil our wish.  
We wish them rainbow horizons  
and wish well a successful finish.

If the love remains sans that person,  
only then it is true love.  
If we are happy in their existence,  
only then it is true love.

That's what we do in the name of love.  
That's what we get in the name of love.

## I can be Your Zero Baby

I can be your zero baby  
if this is what you want.  
I can fade into oblivion,  
unperturbed, nonchalant.

I can be your zero baby,  
this idea may seem so dumb.  
Why shouldn't I be a hero,  
normally as rule of the thumb?

I can be your zero baby,  
you broke my heart again.  
When a loving heart breaks,  
it doesn't express any pain.

I can be your zero baby,  
without any emotions or pain.  
I've lost chance to be a hero,  
to a beautiful looking dame.

I can be your zero baby,  
just the zero, in nothingness.  
where not even 'I' is present  
because 'I' creates all the mess.

I can be your zero baby,  
wish you can be my one.  
I can play as the origin,  
my energy thy shall become.

I can be your zero baby,  
with a loving pulsating heart.  
I am not afraid of love



and to try a fresh start.

I can be your zero baby,  
they say heartbreaks are a must.  
To find the 'One' within,  
often the heart has to go bust.

I can be your zero baby,  
this is a godsend solution.  
Let me thank the universe  
for choosing a path of my evolution.

## On Seeing Such a Lovely Face

A girl is standing on the road alongside her Jeep. She is dressed up in adventure gear. A passerby boy stops his vehicle to a screeching halt. The imprints of his tyres are on the road. He asks her, "Are you going for an Adventure?" She says, "What do you want?" The boy sings this song for her...

I had to apply sudden brakes  
on seeing such a lovely face.

O! Baby you got a flat tyre,  
you were going on a ride.  
Where are you coming from,  
where are you taking a stride?

Your beauty is inspired by moon,  
where do you keep flying so often?  
Someone might take advantage  
despite all of your caution.

If you don't have a spare  
have plans to accompany me.  
Let's go on an adventurer  
I'll make you glow with glee.

Never planned on turning back  
as I was going ahead speeding.  
The moment I looked at you,  
my heart stopped beating.

Let's go on a trek in nature  
on the way tell me everything  
At night we'll sit by the bonfire,  
so romantic will be this a fling.

Let's climb onto cloud nine

and dare to jump from there.  
Dangling below a parachute  
is a unique way of travel by air.

Let's sail to the emerald islands  
and dive in a blue lagoon.  
Explore the vibrant coral reef to see  
what beauty nature can assume.

You just have to say 'yes'.  
I don't care for the world to abide.  
I don't have to look any further  
when You are by my side.

I had to apply sudden brakes  
on seeing such a lovely face.

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## **We Exist Interconnected, not Detached**

When you know you show,  
but to say what you know,  
even a pertinent persistence,  
could be assumed as arrogance.

A beautiful candid expression  
runs the risk of being aspersion.  
A metrical mellisonant melody  
transforms into a torrid tragedy.

From an instinctive inspiration,  
rose many good-hearted intentions.  
But when the facts appear as fiction.  
true love starts resembling addiction.

The world has countless voices,  
where is the peace amid noises?  
How do you feel the silence,  
hiding the underlying romance?

Guided by vanity and pride,  
we chase power in every stride.  
Status and influence worldwide  
our interests are about to collide.

Interaction with nature is a necessity,  
to quench our thirst for curiosity.  
Our plans to achieve a sordid stature  
are direly affecting the entire Nature.

The ecosystem needs to stay in balance  
despite Nature's great expanse.  
People on a tangent, out of sync,

are pushing us closer to the brink.

Can we not just understand?

To evolve we throng this land.

We keep undermining one essence,

that life has a continuous existence.

Stars with their planets traverse,

the great expanse of the universe.

We all propagate from one source,

as transformations of the same verse.

Therefore the 'I' is only an illusion,

we need to redress this delusion.

Like flowers on a plant stay attached,

we exist interconnected, not detached.

## Scarlet Sunsets

It is magical every day,  
as my diggings are pure gold.  
We do have some blessings  
that we have never been told.

The glee in my heart,  
that makes me smile every day,  
You may not know it but  
you stay with me in every way.

I am not a 'know it all',  
but I can know, I am sure.  
Of these endless thought loops,  
only you may have a cure.

If you have the remedy,  
I wish you throw it away.  
It is the way to euphoria,  
without going much astray.

I only know these words,  
and the words don't lie ever,  
I weave you in my songs,  
so that you can live forever.

The silence is beautiful too,  
a fact that I understand now.  
So, what you never said it,  
I have already said my vow.

Wherever they're in the sky,  
twinkling stars look so graceful.  
The rising Sun on the far horizon



and scarlet sunsets are so artful.

Inflorescent flowers on a plant  
have never been less beautiful.  
Wherever you stay in this world  
you make my world so wonderful.

The owners fear rebellion,  
and the lovers fear separation.  
I don't fear anything at all.  
I've experienced that elation.

This is what philosophers say,  
universal love is not just a way.  
It is the entire expanse  
that makes the cosmos sway.

Love has been the cause,  
and the reason so arcane.  
We may die, we may transform,  
but the love will always remain.

## Me and the Creator

As the creator, you have many roles,  
such as mother, father and this nature.  
It is nature which seems to create,  
inspired by your creative signature.

If I consider you as my father  
the respect flows to you naturally.  
You may hold high expectations  
from your children especially.

If I consider you as my mother  
I will feel loved every day.  
Your love will hold me so close  
how will I go out, explore and play?

If I consider you as my elder brother  
You are my buddy, caretaker and friend.  
unappreciative of blessing I may rebel  
but with you naturally, I'll blend.

If I consider you as my friend,  
then we can share some talks of love,  
tell some jokes, weave some dreams  
without feeling that you are so above.

If I consider you as my understanding  
that is what I fundamentally need.  
To feel the freedom and live honourably,  
cutting across the desires, fear and greed.

If I consider you as the cosmos itself  
space, energy, time, and matter.  
the extent of dimensions and all-nature,

forces that bind and ones that scatter.

If I consider you an owner or my lord,  
a shepherd to the beast or a tyrant king.  
I am unique in your image that they say,  
why should I always feel tied to a string?

Maybe I should consider you as everything  
that I can see, hear, taste, smell or touch,  
or nothingness from which emerge all things,  
beyond mind, intellect or myself as such.

There is something common that I noticed  
that we feel love and love is our bond.  
We can interpret and we can understand,  
this is our potential and this makes us strong.

We can know the truth by differentiating  
and can create reality from delirious dreams.  
despite hallucinations and illusions of nature  
that bind me while You stay free to extremes.

"When you evolve and become good like me  
and there remains no difference", he says,  
there is no separation between me and you  
we become one reality which forever stays.

## Catch - 22

As the beautiful life flows,  
along the stream of time.  
The Song of the Heart,  
need to be sung in rhyme.

There are catches and twists,  
that make a matter complex.  
One can't force, steal or beg  
to meet the ever-elusive success.

There was a catch called Catch-22  
defined by a satirical storyteller.  
Repeated loops in bureaucracy  
Were identified by Joseph Heller.

A pilot continuing to fly in war  
without asking for relief was insane.  
But if he ever asked for a break,  
he was to fly because he was sane.

Life is full of such situations,  
which trap us in a status quo.  
Mutually conflicting conditions,  
invariably interrupt the flow.

Love is such a great feeling,  
gets often caught in a catch.  
One may try many solutions  
but he finds no proper match.

When I sing her my sonnets,  
she thinks they are just a bluff.  
But for being together, she feels

these affections are not enough.

She says she understands my love  
but she invariably makes me grieve.  
She says if I really love her,  
then I may have to leave.

I think she should empathise  
and get this message sublime,  
that I have found my love,  
in the search of a lifetime.

Leaving doesn't make sense  
because love is not a crime.  
Even if we stay far away  
only a connection should be fine.

The beautiful love of my life  
needs to come out of catch-22.  
But the lack of communication  
is making it difficult to woo.

## Another Planet Another Life

A tale of a Prince of Asura's strife,  
from another planet, of another life.  
I was thrown among the mortals  
to know love and diminish my pride.

I neither knew love nor knew pain,  
I was quite happy, maybe a little vain.  
I had so many blessings and no bane,  
I knew the feeling of being sane.

I wish I had known this grime  
that vanity is such a big crime.  
I was feeling great, was in my prime.,  
never knew, I'd get thrown this time.

Love is magical, it is a soul's feel,  
it seems so easy, like a done deal.  
It hit me subsurface below the keel  
posing a challenge, difficult to heal.

Yet I say bring it on, give me more,  
my eyes are flowing, not yet sore.  
Love in a drop of a tear is much more  
then the loving sensations can pour.

I adore love despite knowing my fate,  
for relinquishing pride, it is the bait.  
I don't care about the Heaven's Gate  
or rivers of fire running in full spate.

I saw it real even with a purpled glass,  
differentiating grains from the grass.  
Dismayed yet stayed true to my path

I hope this lifetime, I will surely pass.

I stayed on the path of love with grace,  
within the confines of the human race.  
I bore the separation of intent and space,  
despite dishonour slapping in my face.

A path enduring pain and heartache,  
travelled alone for another heart's sake.  
With ego and pride's existence at stake,  
it is probably a training for heartbreak.

Is it an end of this training or reform  
or do I await another life, another form?  
With the love brews another storm  
would it feel nice to be reborn?

It's a dream profoundly so calm,  
will I get power or be a pawn?  
Carve some lines on my palm,  
I'll write you a beautiful psalm.

Will my heart be broken again,  
until I start enjoying the pain?  
Will I come across a beautiful dame  
who'll stay by me in the rain?

Another set of parents, another place,  
Another race but at a practised pace.  
I will meet friends in a different space,  
and a smile spreads across my face.

They called me mad, called me clown,  
knowing not whether I've been down.  
I am reaping what seeds I've sown,  
on Earth again, I am excited to be thrown.

Rivers flow along with tributaries with glee,  
in the end, they finally merge into the sea.  
To merge in another soul with love we agree  
finally, we merge with universal love into thee.



## I don't know what's Going On

I don't know what's going on,  
in my mind, what's playing on?

I don't know what I asked for,  
was it so binding or a blaster?  
I didn't know if it was too much,  
I asked for a few words as such.

I don't know what's going on,  
in my mind, what's playing on?

We started as friends so sweet,  
who were speaking like a tweet.  
Whose present felt like a treat,  
all my heart wanted was to greet.

I don't know what's going on,  
in my mind, what's playing on?

From blessings, it went to a dark spell  
You were so kind, yet who could tell?  
The fragrance began turning into a smell  
and once a heaven was turning into hell.

I don't know what's going on,  
in my mind, what's playing on?

When love is not respected,  
when the feelings are rejected?  
Where trust is not expected.  
where intentions are suspected?

I don't know what's going on,

in my mind, what's playing on?

It happens out there, everywhere.

It is a cosmic law, fair and square.

Nature nurtures with love and care,

to shy away from love, should we dare?

I now know what's going on,

it is our karma that's playing on.

I have no complaints really,

I have no demands usually.

I just want to coexist peacefully,

Living alongside preferably.

## Waiting for the Rain

Parched Earth is craving,  
waiting for monsoon rain.  
Hot loo winds are blowing  
oozing sweat like a drain.

Schools of fish in dried-up lakes  
are beginning to feel the strain.  
Flocks of birds flying in the hot sun  
are beginning to feel the pain.

Looking at scanty grasslands,  
hordes of animals complain.  
The sun goes below the horizon  
and the moon takes up the rein.

All eyes are on the moon in the sky  
and they pray for some hope again.  
He pulls up tides creates storms,  
and blesses the souls to sustain.

There is this hopeful feeling  
that I really can't explain.  
I keep looking up for you,  
I know, it's not in vain.

Like the moon's blessings,  
you too shall come like the rain.  
No, I'm not a hopeless romantic,  
I am just trying to entertain.

## What will it feel Like?

Once upon a time in the universe,  
all beings began to fight.  
The one which ends the darkness,  
that one is called the light.

There is also something unseen,  
that everyone has to acknowledge.  
The one which ends ignorance,  
that one is called knowledge.

If there is something  
more magical than youth,  
The one which destroys all doubts,  
that one is called the truth.

The strongest force in the universe,  
which is seen as a gift from above.  
The one who can destroy all the hate,  
that one is called selfless love.

Nothing dies in the world,  
It gets transformed into new.  
Someone who can transform me,  
that someone is only you.

What would it feel like,  
to hold you in my arms?  
It will feel like love  
and a life full of charms.

## Earth and the Sky

Dharmaraj asked Yudhishthira,  
Who is greater than Earth?  
The mother is greater, he replied,  
she is the one who gives birth.

Earth facilitates the creation,  
playing her part in nature.  
The highest source is the mother,  
so, she is greater in stature

Very apt and wise, he said,  
Now you tell me one more.  
Who is greater than the sky?  
Tell me only if you're sure.

Everything that we call alive,  
breathes this air to survive.  
Earth is livelier with the sky,  
a reason for her to thrive.

The sky is a protective sheath  
around the earth's curvature.  
The clouds bring rain and birds fly,  
he supports every creature.

The question is perplexing  
and no support from the literature.  
Father plays the role of the sky  
so he is greater in stature.

You are indeed wise, he said,  
You bring glory to all the mothers.  
Be victorious and live long

along with your brothers.

Learning from this dialogue,  
there is something I want to say.  
I may not be that wise  
but this is my takeaway.

Please be my beautiful Earth  
and let me be your azure sky.  
With you, I shall adhere  
and in me, you shall fly.

## This Heart I can?t Sell

The heart was gone in a instant  
despite the eyes were wide open.  
It just went along with a glance  
not even a word was spoken.

The heart I considered as mine  
started beating for someone dear.  
The call of the heart was quite clear  
it always wanted her to stay near.

This is when the effort started,  
pleading, pleasing, pampering.  
No stone was left unturned,  
relentless I kept on hankering.

I wrote poems and sent mail,  
no message was of any avail.  
Everything I did was for love  
and I was not afraid to fail.

Those mails can be deleted,  
but not the words that I meant.  
Everything can be denied  
but not a knee that was bent.

The blush could be forsaken  
but not tear streams that ran dry.  
Don't ever wait for a roving bird  
that bird will scoot away and fly.

Is there a need for evidence  
of a heart that was broken,  
of a love that was forgotten,

or the words that were spoken.

Everything shall fall to silence  
as soon and lesser I dwell.  
The mind, memory and intellect  
but about the heart I can't tell.

The mind will weave a dream  
and the intellect will find a reason.  
The memories will fade away too  
under freshness of every season.

Everyone else is reasonable,  
every resistance I can quell.  
But to an affectionate heart,  
I can't, this heart I can't sell.



## One Warm Rolling Tear

You may call this an attraction  
a craze, a pull or simply magic  
my love has a trove of spells,  
reversals of them are tragic.

I am no sorcerer or magician  
but I can perceive and feel,  
when someone is sad and hurt  
I find them a way to heal.

Something that feels as needy  
has been unselfish at the start.  
It is possible to get intertwined  
and feel lost in the lanes of the heart.

I could swim across seven seas  
and I could walk a thousand miles,  
through all the eerie dark places  
to catch glimpses of her smiles.

Reversal of spells burns my heart  
and leaves a trail of smoke umber.  
Then pain leaves me drowned  
in the aftermath of opioid slumber.

The beauty of fresh and wild nature,  
and all the joys throughout the year,  
can't match the comfort and solace  
that I find in one warm rolling tear.

## We have a Boat to Row

The world is filled with a haze  
of uncertainty and a fog of fear.  
You're a shining beacon of light  
and truth is the torch you bear.

I keep waiting for your word  
to know what you think of me.  
When I think of thee and reflect  
instead of seeing me, I see thee.

This earth and the blue sky  
both have manifested you.  
I am just striving to share  
some experiences with you.

Where have you been so far,  
where do you want to go?  
Come on now O my Captain,  
we have a boat to row.

## Happy Air Force Day

For the pilots, flying in the sky  
above the clouds is a love story.  
They take off in their metal birds  
and touch the sky with glory.

Air is our alma mater  
and the father is blue sky.  
The vast ocean of hazy blue  
where we go up and fly.

Take off to zoom up and away  
do some turns and loops in the air,  
stall, spin and the barrel rolls,  
in the end, just remember to flare.

A short course of aerobatics  
or some high-g combat tactics.  
keep me high and give me ample  
adrenaline in a day's practice.

At times, it makes me feel cocky,  
but it's chemistry and not my fault.  
It is essential to dominate a fight  
and help me prove worth my salt.

We wish each other godspeed  
and let everyone strive for all.  
Feel the Mach speeds long  
before it may eventually fall.

In all the adventures I know,  
Fighter flying is something.  
I chose it against all odds,

beyond and above everything.

Feeling like gods in the sky  
and walking tall on this Earth  
The sky is where we long to be  
and flying is our life's worth.

The drill and the discipline  
will always hold its sway.  
I wish all the Air Warriors  
a very happy Air Force Day.

## A Pilot and his Love

Some top-notch crazy smug pilots  
do a spine-crushing rolling take-off,  
using the combat max afterburner  
or full TO/GA thrust for take-off.

The frugal and the laidback use  
flex power or do a dry take-off.  
They are not crazy or stupid,  
they don't believe in showing off.

Then they scale a rigorous climb  
and achieve the optimum altitude.  
The destination is far, so they use  
cruise power and a proper attitude.

if the controllers are not so quick  
or when the aerodrome is not open  
They set the endurance power  
and eagerly wait for it to reopen.

Sometimes it's thundering rain  
or there is air traffic congestion.  
They can only wait till the minimum,  
then they've to use a diversion.

Most of the people feel that  
Pilots always land at a destination.  
They don't the multiple go-arounds,  
landing is occasional in simulation.

If you are my aeroplane my darling,  
you want me in which phase of flight?  
Nevertheless, I am always there

to make you experience delight.

Do you want the TOGA thrust  
instead of cruise or endurance?  
Maybe you want the experience,  
just to feel the difference.

I've been crazy and I've been bold,  
I have lived stories that I never told.  
Pilots are their weight worth in gold,  
Just tell me and let your wish unfold.

## Sweet Dreams are Made of These.....

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
happy times with.... a lot of ease.  
Fortune favouring us with a treat,  
a beautiful maiden talking sweet.

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
smiles, songs and a..... lot of ease.  
Soaring in skies where no one flies,  
all I remember is.....your smiles.

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
love, longing and the heartsease.  
Roaming across all the continents,  
swamped in your loving sentiments.

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
A trek through the lush green trees.  
Beautiful flowers and butterflies  
When we feel loved.... we feel alive.

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
emerald lagoons and a sea breeze.  
Sailing along on .....the seven seas,  
All I miss 'Miss'...is the way you tease.

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
missing a beat moment she agrees.  
Merrily working like a busy bee,  
All I remember 'Miss' is ... your glee.

Sweet dreams are made of these  
Snowy slopes and a pair of skis.  
Climbing on a mountain I wonder,

Where I lost.....all my thunder.

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
hearing you say excuse me, please.  
Beautiful things that I came across,  
in front of you, they look so gross.

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
imagination on a random spree.  
This is how I know the bliss,  
When I miss 'Miss, your kiss.

Sweet dreams are made of these,  
all those things make us feel pleased.  
If I am you, 'honey', then who are you?  
If you aren't me then where are we?



## The Five Steps to True Love

Will you believe my words making a sweet sound?  
They're not your experience, its not what you found.  
The words are for gullible or a lazy layman at best,  
You need to verify to lay drumming doubts at rest.

Use the logic, steps in with 'if', 'but' and "then",  
Just examine the narrative and what was said when.  
Compare the consistency, truth needs to be discerned,  
A step closer but still so much needs to be learned.

Mathematics is the next step with estimates bold,  
Realise that every moment has a story to be told.  
Use probability and chance, a pattern begins to emerge,  
Another step closer to where we may begin to converge.

Love has a subtle warm flame, it is not a cold play,  
breath, blush and the look, there is so much at display.  
Eyewitness this truth, that you were trying to behold,  
You will see everything, ain't that what was being told?

Still one could be acting and you can never be so sure.  
You try to perceive, if you want something really pure.  
Come sit with me and we don't need to speak a word,  
Whatever was to be said you would've already heard.

This is perception, an obscure door to love's domain,  
Where individual egos melt and only love remains.  
No words are needed, lovers are in invisible embrace,  
True knowing is ultimately found, in this sacred space.

The Words, the Logic and the Mathematics,  
And then there are the senses, all up their antics,  
Sharp and smart but still they can't detect the flaw,

Here the perception is the essence of divine law.

## Friendship is always fun.....?

Friendship is always fun  
for everyone, on the run.

Brakes released and rolling,  
speed is above stalling.  
The runway is well-lit,  
now the sky is the limit.

Friendship is always fun  
for everyone, on the run.

You are brave and smart,  
that's a friendly start.  
Friendship springs from the heart,  
and we just play our part.

Friendship is always fun  
for everyone, on the run.

Life gets over in a flash,  
our dreams make us dash,  
Friendship is always fun,  
and there are no heartburns.

Friendship is always fun  
for everyone, on the run.

## In a Seashell lies a Pearl....

Like in a seashell lies a pearl,  
there lives a beautiful girl.  
She feels comfy in the cave,  
however modest she may behave.

She dreams to trot the globe,  
a world she is keen to probe.  
she loves to explore nature,  
herself being its wise creature.

The real cause of her elation  
is living in her imagination.  
Yet she faces fears unknown,  
which are likely to get blown.

Life throws us into a grind,  
a rift between heart and mind.  
She chose to look the other way,  
on the heart, the mind had its sway.

She puts up a brave facade,  
something worth applause.  
A silent resolve not to cringe,  
and to give up on the life's binge.

To cry and wash off the pain,  
makes it soothing for the brain.  
Let go of the pain of the past,  
something that's not going to last.

A beautiful world is out there,  
a person for whom she does care.  
Just let go of the hesitation,

he is waiting with an inspiration.

An inspiration to help the cause,  
life is waiting beyond the pause.  
Feelings are ruled by the moon,  
we all willingly play to his tune.

There will be a magical time  
when the dark sky will shine.  
The bright colours of the Rising Sun  
may bring her back from the run.

In the silence she is waiting,  
for a vision, she is creating.  
A rhythm is going to start  
and strike a chord in her heart.

It may have made music galore  
that her mind chose to ignore.  
She will surely feel the energy  
in cohesion there is synergy.

## So You Want to be Stronger !

So you want to be stronger  
So you want to feel great.  
I will tell you a solution  
I will spell it out straight.

So You want to be strong,  
strong like a stone.  
Just start taking a step,  
Outside your comfort zone.

So You want to be smarter  
Smart like a professor.  
think of a riddle in your mind  
and turn on the processor.

If there is no sweat  
there are no curves.  
If there are no riddles  
there are no nerves.

What purpose is an easy life,  
...can possibly serve.  
We all need to activate  
the powers stored in reserve.

Let's confront an easy mind,  
and put it through a small grind.  
The small here plays a magic  
It sets a motion in lethargic.

Instead of following the mind  
We need to start a new trend,

The idea is to take control  
and turn him into a good friend.

A good friend is our strength  
a good friend is really great.  
So you want to be stronger  
So you want to feel great.

## Music of the Wilderness

The music in the wilderness,  
everyone seems to rhyme.  
Cool wind and nature's spirits  
have made this season's Hymn.

Have a wonderful new year,  
every bird chants along.  
to you O friend my dear,  
and to all whom you belong.

With this aired a dove,  
love to his distant friend.  
Sending his wishes to her,  
that she might understand.

Open thy heart for love,  
and don't leave it to fate.  
Celebrate this life precious,  
and live this time great.

He folded his wings to express,  
a thought that he grieved.  
he sent these wishes so fondly,  
yet no response is received.



## Easy Come Easy Go

Easy come, easy go,  
Be happy, my fellow.  
Easy come, easy go,  
We all want a lucky throw.

You may wish,  
if wish can grow.  
What we want,  
We may grow.

Because we reap  
what we sow.  
No luck comes,  
on the go.

without a sweat,  
on the brow.  
Reason is needed  
for luck to bestow.

Learn from  
the thirsty crow.  
Find a way,  
make it flow.

Don't rush,  
Just take it slow.  
Take a chance,  
and lie low.

The harder you try,  
the faster you blow.  
Look at the Sun,

see that glow.

Let someone,  
If they want to go.  
Let them run,  
let them go.

Clinging is something  
That you need to know.  
This is the root,  
cause of sorrow.

You got it right,  
Isn't it so?  
You're now ready  
to lead this show.

Have a place for joy,  
no place for sorrow.  
You have a life,  
Your own boat to row.

Easy come, easy go,  
Be happy, my fellow.  
Easy come, easy go,  
We all want a lucky throw.

## If You can Feel

If you can feel,  
you can tell.  
To a loveless place  
Just say farewell.

When people ignore,  
When people yell,  
When people smirk,  
You feel no swell.

We come from above,  
get gifted with love.  
We feel more valued  
if greeted with love.

The value of love,  
you may agree.  
If there is no love,  
There is no glee.

If you find love,  
Don't be in haste  
Show a good taste  
Don't let it go waste.

We must acknowledge,  
If we can't reciprocate  
That is the only way  
to let love circulate.

You may wink,  
you may blink.  
Or just shake your hood

to show you understood.

Only our mothers  
and our motherland,  
shower unconditional love  
If you understand.

Find a way, run away,  
you can feel, you can smell.  
A loveless place is  
no better than hell.

If you can feel,  
you can tell.  
To a loveless place  
Just say farewell.