



MORE LAMPS TO LIGHT



Poems By
Vanavil K. Ravi



MORE LAMPS TO LIGHT

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PREFACE

The poems that I wrote in English after I published “Prahlad – The Epic” and “Messiah” are included in this collection.

As in my earlier collections, the poems in this collection too are not inter-related. Every poem is a unique outburst of the moment when it occurred to me. I confess that I cannot feign a full understanding of their import. It would be the exclusive prerogative of the readers to understand or simply assimilate them.

One thing I notice, though, in retrospect. Many poems speak of one theme, that I have reached the evening of my life and that I look forward to the moment of bidding farewell to my body and perhaps to the world. Somehow it still seems that I exude hope, confidence or faith in some ‘after-life’. That stems from my reckoning the poetic moments mostly as out-of-body experiences. Even if I am wrong let it be so for I cherished every such moment and that is all to it.

In one of my recent poems that came out in Tamil, I had expressed this idea in some detail. Let me attempt to translate it now, as nearly as possible:

“Literature is a rehearsal for living without a body;
A faith that we would exist
Even after parting bones and flesh.
It paves the way to
See without eyes and hear without ears,
An exercise in music to
Measure in silence
The breath exhaled in language
.....”

I am not alone in this club but am in the company of several luminaries, visionaries and great poets.

Did not Keats speak of melodies unheard in Grecian Urn?¹ Did not Toru Dutt mention the “Eye of Faith” in Casuarina Tree?² Did not Kambar, the Emperor among poets, see the river Godavari as the flow of crystal clear poetry of great poets, though in fact he had never been anywhere near that river, physically³? Did not the fiery poet Bharati speak of the taste of lightning⁴?

That, of course, is only a part of this collection, though a significant part. Love and Music too play respectable roles in this collection. Many of the poems in this book as in my other collections, are songs that came as such. They were born with their tunes. I have attempted to sing some of them and the recordings may be found in my YouTube Channel. The inner rhythm of such poems becomes more explicit when sung. I enjoyed my experiment, nay, experience with Music.

I am grateful to the Hon’ble Mr.Justice N. Anand Venkatesh, Judge, Madras High Court, for embellishing this book with his excellent foreword. He is an eminent Jurist known for his courage and integrity. That he chose to spare some of his valuable time to read through the poems and write a foreword, certainly shows his deep interest in literature.

I invite my readers to interact with the poet in me whom they would be meeting in the following pages.

Vanavil K.Ravi

16-12-2023

Notes

1. “Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter” – Ode on a Grecian Urn by John Keats.
2. “Unknown, yet well-known to the *eye of faith!*” –
3. “சான்றோர் கவியெனக் கிடந்த கோதவரி” – Kamba Ramayanam,
4. “மின்னற்சுவைதான் மெலிதாய், மிக இனிதாய்” – Kuyil Paatu, Bharatiar.

Justice N. ANAND VENKATESH



KGEYES SUKRITI
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Tiger Varadhachari Road,

FOREWORD

How will you feel if a bunch of flowers knocks at your door and says that it is going to exhibit its beauty in front of others and requests you to write a foreword for that event! How will you feel if a mountain knocks at your door and says that it wants to exhibit its might to others and makes a request for writing a foreword for that event! How do you feel if an ocean knocks at your door and says that it wants to exhibit its vastness to others and makes a request for writing a foreword for that event! I encountered the same feeling when Mr. Ravi had sent me this glorious collection of poems titled “More Lamps To Light” and requested me to write a foreword. The instantaneous feeling that struck me was, “does beauty right in front of your eyes require a foreword to be experienced?”

This poem collection is an outpouring of a soul and it does not involve any thought process. It is like how a flower blooms, a bird sings, moon shines or a child smiles. None of these acts involves a thinking process and it happens naturally and that by itself makes it stunningly beautiful. If you are called to write a foreword for all these soulful acts, it can stick out like a sore thumb. To put it pithily, writing a foreword involves thinking and how can a work of brain act as a prelude for the outpouring of a soul. I carried this fear also when Mr. Ravi asked me to write a foreword for this beautiful collection of poems.

Mr. Ravi is a giant in literary circles to the extent that his poetic works both in English and Tamil are subject matters of research and discussion among rarefied intellectuals. Here, he calls a novice to write

a foreword for this book containing a beautiful collection of poems. I accepted his request with a lot of trepidation since a passionate reader may read the foreword before becoming one with the bouquet of poems and the foreword, even if it does not enhance the mood of the reader, should not turn out to be a stumbling block. Keeping this in mind, I decided to express my varied feelings upon reading the poems and to put it on paper as a Foreword. After all, deep feelings are relatable to the soul and not to the brain.

Anything can trigger Mr. Ravi to pen a poem. It can be a special child drawing on a paper or the story of Savithri or a poem of Rabin-drath Tagore or a heart-wrenching incident or the fall in standards in the society or just a flavour of coffee. It looks like most of the time, he is in the grips of an angel in the form of poem, poem-struck, if I may say so. Even at the outset, he wants to make it clear that he does not want the reader to brand him as a mere Versifier. He considers himself to be an instrument in the hands of the supreme being which speaks through him. I am only reminded of the words of Arthur Os-borne “Be Still, it is the Wind That Sings”.

It looks like the life of a poet starts as a trigger from outside and ultimately ends with the silence and truth inside. There are many poems in this collection which captures Mr. Ravi’s present state of mind. His journey within has commenced and hence he is able to express about extricating himself from knots called as ego and to lose the pace of mind, about celebrating life which is a brief interlude between birth and death, about the

inner light which cannot be touched by time or death, about the Upanishadic verse poor- nah or the Mahavakiam “Aham Brahmasmi” and about death which he says culminates to live forever as ‘You and I’.

Mr. Ravi has not deprived us with the other emotions like love, pain, anger or romance and those are also found strewn in some of the poems. What really impressed me was his rightful anger on seeing corrupt politicians being elected by corrupt voters who fall prey for that cash, Alcohol and Biryani or while seeing the atrocities done to women disrobed, raped and killed or men burnt to death. His journey inside has not made him insensitive to such atrocities and he continues to live the life of a true human being.

I must also make a special mention about his spontaneity to compose music. Apart from writing the poems, he has also sung some of the poems in perfect meter and rhythm. I should say that that this aspect of expressing poems by singing them is something special and unique. Brahma must have been in his elements while creating Mr. Ravi and sending him to this earth.

I deem it a privilege to write this Foreword and I thank Mr. Ravi for providing me with this opportunity. I am sure that the readers will enjoy reading each and every one of these poems and they will be subjected to different experiences some of which can be expressed and some which can only be felt. Come, dive into this ocean, full of soulful poems and loose yourselves.

Justice N. Anand Venkatesh

1. NOT A CHANDELIER

I am not a mere versifier.
My poetry is made of ice and fire;
I am not a mere versifier.

It swings and chimes - and
Melts at times - and
Flows along
Like a river - in
Blaze at times - then
Soulful rhymes,
Faith and Love,
Its cantilever.
I am not a mere versifier.

With hope I built the mansion,
Truth is the foundation.
Music fills the air inside and
Every note is devotion.
I am not a mere versifier.

Verses gallop up the hill;
Songs pour down like waterfalls;

Love, one can never miss;
Totally it enthrals!
I am not a mere versifier.

I'm a humble servant, an instrument
Of the Supreme Being.
Every word that I utter is
Just a thanks giving.
I am just a versifier!
Not a grand chandelier
But a little lamp in His Temple,
Forever with New Fire.
I am just a versifier!



01-08-2022

2. THE BIG BANG

*[The Link to listen this song:
Youtube Channel: Vanail K.Ravi]*

Is it not weird - that
I am not tired - of
Singing this song again - the
Song that I sang - at the
Time of big bang - by
Singing this what do I gain

Why
You and I
Earth and Sky
Space and Time
Make a rhyme
Set apart
Inseparably?
Where - the
End begins
Endlessly
Vanishes and
Reappears

Is this the path of
Eternity ?

The winter gives a blanket to the summer - the
Spring and autumn keep the sun in simmer
What a soup is made of them – I
Drink and dance to their rhythm - in
Every drop I am born again - now
Tell me is this not a gain
The Pangs of solitude!
Are they not worthy of that cosmic pain?



10-08-2022

3. WILL WE LEARN!

The art of annihilation, so easy to learn!
With spears, swords and bullets
Now it is the missile's turn

We create art, poetry, architecture
We preserve culture
We annihilate in one stroke
Life and the Mother Nature!

When we would learn to create life?
To live in tune with Nature?
When we do, will we stop all annihilation
And rediscover the art of creation.
Will we learn?



12.08.2022

4. A PAPER FULL OF ANGELS

(In a Drawing Competition for kids, I saw a Special Child, unable to walk on her own, drawing angels on a paper!)

Angels have wings;
They fly across the sky,
Like shooting stars that
Map a galaxy.

Angels have voice,
Soprano and above;
They sing of dawns and dusks;
Of Him or Her they circle;

Sans wings, sans voice,
Sans even legs to walk,
The little girl is scribbling on a paper
With her little hands,
Only hands, she can move!
I see a paper full of Angels!



12.08.2022

5. THE KNOT

Mind cannot still itself - I
Don't try to still the mind.
The more I try the more actively
Excuses it would find.
Surrender is the one device
That the mind seldom defies
To what I surrender matters not
By surrender, no battle lost.

Mind is tied to space and time - must
Untie the Time in it - when
I am in space just as space - then
Mind will lose its pace
Without time no here, no there!
That's to be everywhere!
I, only I!

Ego is the knot.
I knew that in the beginning,
But then I forgot!
The Master came to remind me - and
Just played His part
Only I must untie the knot - and
Shed everything that I am not.



13-09-2022

6. A PROMISE, NOT A PROPHECY!

Didn't I tell you long ago,
Maybe a thousand years,
You and I were friends,
Walking hand in hand:
"I will always be with you
You with me and we together"?
It was not a prophecy
But a promise dear.
A promise made in Love,
In true Love, sincere,
Never will be broken.
In public, seldom spoken!

Believe me when I say
This is the will of god,
Bereft of all that's physical
A benevolence of the soul!



17-11-2022

7. WHY NOT YOU AND ME?

[The Link to listen this song:]

Youtube Channel: Vanail K.Ravi/

Walk for a while, talk for a while, rock for a while, hey
dude - 'tween

Birth and death you have just a brief Interlude.

Be a crowd or company or in solitude

Be cheerful and peaceful in an act of gratitude

Swing for a while, swim for a while,

sing for a while hey dude

The Morning is for every day a marvellous prelude

See that

Beautiful rose flower has life only a day

Yet it shines bright when touched by the morning ray

Don't you know this river would flow

Forever towards the sea

As it flows it sings and glows, then why not you and me?

why not you and me?

why not you and me?



01-12-2022

8. PLEASE DO NOT GRIEVE

Please do not grieve - the
Time has come for me to leave.
What awaits me, no one knows,
Beyond the edge or behind the doors.

The mist is thick, the moon pale!
The river is silent, stars, dull and stale!
A hazy soup, the sky appears!
Slowly shrinking telomeres!

The rustling sound of fallen leaves;
The rumbling noise of distant clouds;
Signal something not clear.
Of course, nothing at all to fear.

Beneath all that would decay
I see light in the inner mirror.
Time cannot touch that light
Nor can death, never ever!



05-12-2022

9. THE VOWS

The joy of taking part
In the grand cosmic plot
Every day it fills the heart - with
Poetry and Music

The sky is lit for us - with
Wonderful lamps
The earth adorned with
Flowers, Rivers!

Wherever we go, we are
Welcomed by myriad colours.
Age, sickness, sufferings,
Drove Him to the Bodhi Tree - but
Depression is not the answer;
Wisdom should blossom!
Dress up, go out and see.
The world is waiting for you
Leaves with drops of dew,
Birds with songs, breeze with fragrance,
Shouldn't we thank the creator
Not with words of praise - but
By a vow of happiness

The vow to be cheerful and grateful always;
The vow to smile and greet others;
The vow to say good things to kids;
The vow to be kind and gentle;
The vow to be in tune with
Nature and His spirit.



01-01-2023

10. MY SAVITRI*

My silence is not that silent;
I hear the murmurs of my heart.
My night too is not too dark,
Here and there a spark!
My solitude is a little crowded
Though with shadows and some dust.
In sleep I don't completely rest.
Who am I? Why this test?

My words echo her gentle smile;
They comfort her when she weeps;
When she becomes furious
My words turn fiery.
Every graceful step she walks
Gives a rhyming word.
She and I, never apart;
She my sky, I am the bird.

Were we born together?
She in me or me in her?
Some say she is poetry
To me she is Savitri!
Every time I die,

She redeems my lost soul
To see her once at least fully
That is my life's goal!



11-01-2023

* Savitri was a courageous woman who went to the world of the Dead, redeemed her dead husband through her undaunted determination and brought him back to life.

11. LOVE PLAYS ITS BAND

Love is not in bargain - it
Blossoms in the heart
Expects nothing in return - its
Flow cannot be stopped

Flesh and bones cannot arrest it.
It is the vital force.
It sustains the whole world,
For everything, the source!

When a bud becomes a flower; when
Sun rises again;
When forgetfulness erases
The footprints of a sad event;
When a drop of tear is wiped
By a helping hand;
When devotion overtakes – then,
Love plays its band.



12-01-2023

12. FAITH

I have the faith
I will survive the storm
With or without this form.
The storm that gathers as years pass by,
Darkening my blue sky;
It cannot take away 'me' from me.
I will continue to be - like
The song of the Solitary Reaper - or
The Cosmic Background Sound.
See!
A Brave New World would be found!



13-01-2023

13. A STORY, SELDOM TOLD!

I see you from some distance
You, the old man, walking slow.
The reason I know.
Your backpack is heavy.
Why gather useless litter,
Picking up from every doorstep,
Bending constantly?
You were old even when
I was just a small kid.
I had made fun of you
Though unintentionally,
But I did.
Now I am as old as you were,
Still you remain the same.
What is the name of this un-aging game?

Were you born old and
Would ever remain so,
Untouched by age or even death?
Teach me the secret, Ye old man!
Have I not been your ardent fan?
Nearer, you are now – but
Were you ever far away?

In the corner of the street,
When I was ten;
In the middle of the street
When I was thirty;
Now,
Only a couple of houses between us.
How long will you take to reach me?
Before that, your secret, won't you teach me?

I have heard your murmurs.
Were you singing songs?
The sound was not from outside
But from within me.
Some call me a poet,
Say, I sing songs.
I know that they don't know
All the songs are from your voice!
You have never spoken to me,
Not in words.
Oh! Music is your language!
Now I have learnt the secret,
How to defy age!

In every beat of my heart
A song is made by you.
Every song becomes a star
And live forever, isn't it true?
Your backpack is loaded
With immeasurable stardust
Where will you unload them?
In which galaxy?

The nearer you come
The younger you are!
Now I see clearly
You shine like a star.

You breathe poetry, drink music,
Feed on thoughts subtle;
Draw energy from all these things!
'Love', we call those shots.
When you reach my doorstep
I will go into your backpack,
Part litter, part glitter.
You will continue to walk,
I will continue to sing;
Till you unload me
In some distant galaxy.
So,
Who is young? who is old?
That's a story seldom told.



15-01-2023

14. I AM THE MINE!

I became devoted when I knew that I was made by You.
I became dumbfounded when I understood that I was
made of You.

You and I, the same stuff?

No!

This is a reserve; not a rebuff.

If every cell of me is You, why all this struggle to reach
You?

In my every thought you glow,

Then why is it in action slow?

Why, why? I need an answer; your laughter, not enough.

Are You and I composed of one and the same stuff?

When my cells disintegrate, where will You be resting?

When my voice fades away, how will You be speaking?

Where and how? I need an answer; stop that smile and
talk.

Why are you beseeching me to go with You for a walk?

You hold my little finger and take me through the
woods.

I learn the language of Silence, I learn to be with You.

I learn the secret that You live in every word of mine.

Mine? What else to say? You are gold, I am the mine!



22-01-2023

15. THINK SOFTLY

Think softly!

When your thoughts are loud, the trees shiver,
The little insects on Earth are scared to death,
Sun too becomes pale.
So think softly!

Think gently!

Let the lamp of prayer burn peacefully;
Let it not flutter like the wings of a humming bird;
Let your breath be in balance;
Let that snail walk its way in its own pace.
Think gently!

Stop thinking for a moment and
Taste a bit of eternity!
When you resume you would know,
You are a part of a great fraternity!



24-01-2023

16. ALWAYS STAND APART!

(On reading Rabindranath Tagore's poem "Jodi tor dhak sunay kau na" (if no one answers your call walk alone), I was inspired to write a poem in Tamil in 2018. When I happened to read aloud that Tamil poem recently, its translation into an English Poem came out spontaneously and effortlessly, thus claiming the status of an original poem in English.)

Why avoid solitude
Go inside its being
How many voices inside
Stand upright and sing

The sage who analysed the whole Universe into
Strands and strands of couplets;
The bard who drew immortal strokes with the
Anklet that adorned a soft foot;
The king of poetry who failed describing the
God in dark complexion;
The great poet Bharati who, with the beats of war-
drum, started the fire of revolution;

How many voices inside
Stand upright and sing
Why avoid solitude
Go inside its being

The rich repertoire of Kalidasa's imagination
The dramas of Shakespeare
The smile of Mona Lisa
The strokes of Picasso
The music-yoga of Thiagaraja
The enchantment of Subbulakshmi's Voice
Wow! With how many jewels,
Shines the glory of solitude!

Why avoid solitude
Enter its core
How many flames inside
Stand upright, open the door.

You divide yourself into many and argue with each
other
Solitude is a mirror
It reflects you with no error

There is no loneliness in solitude
It is the field where you are created
Always stand apart!



25-01-2023

17. WHY COME IN STEALTH?

Why come in stealth?
Come straight, I invite you.
I know you would come
Only when the time is due.
I am not that young lad
Who got you kicked out by his divine dad¹;
Nor the poet who threatened you and said:
“I will stamp you, you are like a little grass.” ²
I am just a simple, obedient friend.
I know, your visit is not the end.

I don't carry a huge luggage,
I am ready to leave my abode
That sheltered me all these years:
The eyes through which I saw this world;
The ears that heard a thousand songs;
The legs that bore my weight and walked;
The tongue that rolled and talked;
The hands that worked and helped sometimes;
The mind that controlled all at once!
I am ready to leave this abode.
Why then come in stealth mode?

Can we have some conversation
While we walk together?
I am sure you'd speak, so,
Tell me where I would land next.

For being born again,
Is it just a pretext?
Don't be silent, you are not dumb.
Let's make our journey lively, dude!
Let me not get into a gloomy mood.
A joke or two from your past,
Or some stories that would last
Till we reach the destination.
Isn't there one?
Why not till then we have some fun?

I have a gift for you, a humble gift.
Please accept it.
A little lamp with a quivering flame!
I had preserved it all through this game.
Keep it in your heart.
Now and then find some time
To listen to the songs that flow from it.
Aren't you the Time itself?
Then how can you find some time?
For that you must be ready to die at least once.
Of course you must have some confidence.
Are you not a poet like me, in some sense?
Come on, I am ready to cross the fence!



27-01-2023

-
1. The reference is to the Story of the ever-sixteen, young lad, Markandeya, to save whom, Lord Shiva kicked and drove away Yama, the Lord of Death.
 2. The famous lines of Mahakavi Subramania Bharati.

18. NATURE AND I

When I am full of myself, the world is outside me
When I make space for others, I expand incessantly
Nature and I are coextensive
I discover this truth
As I discover Nature becomes the fountain of my youth
Nature's not merely the object of poetry
It's the source, the sustainer,
The extinguisher and the destiny.

The call of the cuckoo bird from the nearby mango tree;
The panting noise of the distant cloud in its aimless
journey;
The cry of a baby, left uncared for by its mother;
The surge of anger in the meek who's oppressed
by the stronger;
When I hear such sounds inside and not from outside
me
I am a poet and in me the world discovers its identity.

The world and I keep swallowing
Each other mutually – like
Light and shadow, wave and sand;
Life and death, Love and Lover! – as
The twin horses drawing the chariot of Time,
With each other, ever, we tend to rhyme.



05-02-2023

19. BHUR BHUVA SVAH!

(I went out at about 7.30 am this morning to walk, but the weather was still a little cold and the sun was hiding behind some clouds. I came back and sat lazily on my recliner. After about 15 minutes, flavour of coffee from somewhere triggered my spirit and I went out and walked this time for 45 minutes. I brought back with me this poem)

It is a Sunday morning.
Like me, the sun too
Reclines on a sofa
Made of cotton clouds,
A little lazy, feigning sleep!
The cock that crows is too far;
Sound, travels not that distance.
Now comes a cup of coffee,
Steaming with some flavour
That takes a winding path to
Reach some point deep inside
My head, brain or my very being?
Sets a little fire inside; oh, the sun
Jumps up with a jerk!
How can Sun be far away - yet

Inside my being too?
He holds my hand and answers me:
“Look, you are not that body;
In you I rise; in you I travel;
In you I sleep; I am the vital energy.”
The crow of a proud cock
Now reaches my ears.
Om Bhur Bhuva Svah!*



12-02-2023

* The opening lines of the most sacred of Mantras, the Surya Gayatri, said to have been handed down by Sage Viswamitra.

20. REASON TO SHINE

(My mentor Mr.B.S.Raghavan sent me a poem written by the Brazilian poet Mario de Andrade, through Whatsapp. I read it when I was waiting to board a flight. While waiting for the flight, my mind boarded the poetic flight)

I am not in a hurry.
Will taste slowly till the last cherry,
My basket has enough;
Filled up now and then, my trough.
I eat and drink every moment,
It's meant for me and very pleasant.
I have a large play ground;
The rules of the game are strict and sound,
Yet flexible to cheer me up.
The world to me a silver cup
Filled with music, vintage wine.
There's reason for me to always shine



22-02-2023

21. HOW CAN I SAY THIS IS MY BEST

(After reading a poem that I posted on FB, a friend asked me, “ isn’t this your best?”)

How can I say this is my best
Without undermining the rest?
What I see and how I feel
Make it pass that moment’s test.

When a flower welcomes me, my
Every word, a soft petal.
When angered by injustice, I
Fume like a steaming kettle.
Rape, murder, oppression!
I burst into thunder.
The vastness of this cosmic spread!
I am dumbstruck with wonder!
Then,
How can I say this is my best
Without undermining the rest?
What I see and how I feel
Make it pass that moment’s test.

I speak of poetry; art; dance;
They capture vital moments.
Readers, viewers instil life

In them by their comments.
Come what may, I sing and that
Nothing can prevent.
Come, let's have a cup of tea and
Celebrate this moment.



04-03-2023

22. LET US KEEP WALKING DEAR

I am willing to walk an extra mile
If you accompany me
Together we can roam around
All roads do not lead to Rome

On the way some little flowers
May greet us with a nod
Or a flash of lightning may suddenly
Show us a distant path
The fallen leaves may ask us to
Listen to their stories
Let us keep walking dear
The destination be far or near.

Careful when you keep your feet
Upon a small pebble
It might open up, from it
A lovely lady may appear.
The rivulet may wash your feet
Some fish may nibble your toes.
Let us keep walking dear
The destination be far or near.

Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall
Let us cross them one by one.
Nothing much to talk, instead
Silence does the magic
Strangers here are too many
They go past without identity
Let us keep walking dear
The destination be far or near.



19-03-2023

23. MY FLAME!

[A love song dedicated to the evergreen rock star, Elvis Presley. The Link to listen this song: Youtube Channel: Vanail K.Ravi]

You make me so restless I cannot but sing
You are my dream that's bewildering
You give me the wings I fly in a trance
Where is my poison it's in your glance
Aren't you forever my flame
Why should I give you a name
My flame, my flame!

All Poetry and Music - flow from your eyes
Two wells from which
Beauty and Love arise
I haven't yet seen in fullness your form - Still
Can I resist your charm.
Aren't you forever my flame,
my flame, my flame.

When I whistle a song
Don't I chisel your form
On Earth, Water, Fire, Air and Space

To which we all belong
Sages and Seers may call you by name,
To me you are my flame!
My flame, my flame!
You make me so restless I cannot but sing
You are my dream that's bewildering!



15-04-2023

24. END THIS ENDLESS GAME

More and more the more I see
More of you in me,
Less and less I feel the stress of
Age and anxiety.
This my ego bloated by
Pride and praise should shrink.
Your grace may fill up this empty cup,
From that I would drink.

When I see you as an object
Outside the world and me;
When I think and when I sink
Deep into vanity;
When I refuse to expand and go
Beyond my physical frame;
Only you can help me to
End this endless game.

When your shadow spreads I take
Shelter in that shade.

When your eyes caress me

All my wrinkles fade.

When we meet eye to eye - it

Would be 'pure bliss'.

Waiting for that moment my Lord!

When it comes, I shouldn't miss!



27-04-2023

25. OH, MY SWAPNA SUNDARI!

[The Link to listen this song:

Youtube Channel: Vanail K.Ravi]

You and I can like the dolphins dance upon the waves of
rhapsody - or

Like the film of Northern Lights, the swaying tapestry

In my heart, in my music, in my poetry

Aren't you my Swapna Sundari – oh!

Aren't you my Swapna Sundari

The damsel of my dream, you!

Aren't you my Swapna Sundari – oh!

Aren't you my Swapna Sundari

In a flash of lightning

I have a glimpse of you.

In a flower, in a river,

In a drop of dew.

One moment I see you, the next you disappear!

Then I feel your steps upon my eyelids dear.

Aren't you my Swapna Sundari – oh!

Aren't you my Swapna Sundari

When I am a candle
You are the flame that glows
When I am the breeze
You sway like a rose
A glance from you – oh
That would do
To open all the doors
Earth and sky then become our dancing floors
Aren't you my Swapna Sundari – Hei!
Aren't you my Swapna Sundari



03-05-2023

26. THE WAITING ROOM

I am made to sit in the waiting room,
The Board Room is busy.
When will I be called and interviewed?
Will I be recruited or rejected?
I keep guessing, no clear answer.

Many who came after me
Had gone inside.
Some returned and some did not.
I am still kept in the waiting room.

The waiting room is crowded.
Many have discarded their silence;
The room has become noisy;
Sultry too, some started sulking.
I am enjoying the television shows
And the music that I hear.
I am still in the waiting room.



09-05-2023

27. A DIALOGUE

The guy:
I don't write
What I think is not right
But
That's in prose
Not in poems - where
Right or wrong doesn't matter;
In art, poetry or music,
Such distinctions are seldom made.
All such binaries eventually fade.
I welcome words from within,
As long as they make a song
To the realm of immortals
Don't my songs belong?
Nothing wrong in love and war, they say
I would add poetry to that list, if I may.
So,
Cast away all taboos, my love!
Love this moment, live this moment, now!
Yes, Right Now!
I don't write
What I think is not right!

The dame:
Hi Dude!
Nothing can be beautiful unless it is right.
Right and wrong are not just labels
But form the essence of truth.
To be in tune with it is the hallmark of youth.
Sing, dance, say whatever you may
Never lose the torch of truth on your way
Love can never be right or wrong, of course,
Only if it springs from the purest source,
Yes,
The source of all beings, the source of all matter,
In you, in me, it is there in everything;
A little spark - when
It is dark.
Switch it on, my cowboy!



13-05-2023

28. INDIAN VIEW OF LIFE

Let our servants make money,
That's none of our business, honey!
We can call them Leaders,
Masters, Ministers!
As long as we are safe,
Comfortable in a cage,
No need to raise our voice.
Why make useless noise?

We got addicted and intoxicated.
For cash and gifts, we voted.
For just a day, we made merry.
Isn't that enough, then, why worry?
What more do we need?
Why complain about their greed?

Corruption starts at home,
Like a virus, air-borne – it
Spreads and infects everyone;
No vaccine found, no cure either.
Temples, Churches, mosques and
No place of worship exempted.
It survives heat and stormy weather.

Of all the evils, it is the mother!

Why think of making this a better world?

Another day will come.

Till then,

Let's all keep mum.

Cash, Bottle*, Briyani**!

Nothing else matters.

We don't owe anything to our sons and daughters.



18-05-2023

*Alcoholic drink.

**Briyani is an Indian food-stuff.

29. WHY SHOULD THAT DOOR OPEN NOW?

[The two are alone in the lift, close enough to trade a kiss but just then opens the door! A scene from a movie, "You Do You" — Or, could be something that may also happen in anyone's life.....! The Link to listen this song: Youtube Channel: Vanail K.Ravi]

Why should that door open now?
When I am about to kiss, my Love!

In a car, in a lift, in a little room,
When we are, all alone,
Close together – you
Lean upon my shoulder
Like a feather!
Why should that door open now?
When I am about to kiss, my Love!

That moment you closed your eyes but
Invited me,
Like a flower turning
Towards a honey-bee.
Had I kissed the world would have

Dissolved at once – but
Why between us there should be an
Invisible fence?
Why should that door open now?
When I am about to kiss, my Love!



10-06-2023

30. GOD COMMUNICATES!

I tried to pick up a conversation
With the falling rain drops
With the leaves that harbour them
At least for a moment
With flowers that yearn for Sun's ray
With wind, sky and earth
Nothing responded
I started singing a tune, at once
The whole world expanded.

I could hear the laughter of
The falling rain drops
The giggling leaves, the steps of flowers
Dancing on their toes
Wind, sky and earth seemed the
Messengers from heaven
Sun is slowly coming out to see
What's about to happen!

Whether my song brought to life
Nature in its glory? - or
Whether Nature brought out the song
From my heart's quarry?
Who can say? Is this the way - that
God communicates
With the mortals he creates - and
Then eradicates?



05-07-2023

31. WHY I AM STILL ALIVE?

Why I am still alive,
Even after seeing the
Atrocities around me?
When my sisters are disrobed,
Raped and killed,
My brothers are burnt to death
And those in power are powerless!
How can I bear this guilt?
Shedding tears and standing still?
Is it not mere cowardice?
Should I knock the gates of gods
To seek immediate justice?

He stole the clothes of many
To give back to one woman
Who cried in distress;
He saved the one from being stoned;
He burnt a city to appease the anger
Of a woman on the street!
Where is He? How to call Him?
Why such evil is recurrent?

Let my heart stop at once,
Let me bleed to death.
Let my words get soaked in blood
And shed their rhyme and rhythm;
Let all poems be consigned to flames!
Are they not just empty words,
Words of self-deceit?
I have no right
To call myself a poet - or
Even to wear my clothes,
Till peace is restored.
Till the world is assured
That no woman would ever be
Put to shame or molested.
Till the beast unleashed is
Tamed or killed at once.



24-07-2023

32. TODAY, TOMORROW AND FOREVER

(A poem that I recited ex tempore in my valedictory speech in the Seminar on my works conducted by Dayanand College, Ajmer)

I am a poet.

I do not age.

Who said I am seventy?

Nay, just twenty or thirty,

OR

Maybe twenty or thirty thousand!

I am not afraid of death;

I have tasted immortality!

Every word I utter carries a drop of immortality.

I sing for you,

I sing for myself,

I sing for those little flowers that clamour for sunlight;

I sing for every drop of dew that dazzles bright

I sing for the dragon fly that whirs around in air;

I sing for the snail that crawls leisurely to reach its mate.

Every song that I sing

Will, for sure, bring

A new dawn and a bright morn.
I will sing incessantly in the hearts of millions of be-
ings,
Today, tomorrow and forever.



29-07-2023

33. THE GREAT NOTHING

The beyond is not beyond the reach - it
Beckons me from within
Beseeches me to listen and
Bestows an inner vision

I see the great Nothing in
Everything around me
When I see inside me
Everything's in me

In every particle of dust
I can feel myself
Nothing can be as complete as
Nothingness itself



19-08-2023

34. MY CUP OF TEA

She came with a cup of tea
Steaming hot with exotic flavour
Not able to draw my attention
She kept it by my side
And returned to her duty
I saw that cup, the steam coming out
In waves from its brim
I don't know whether she saw
The steam coming out from me!
The steam outside may lose its heat
Never would that within

The steam I speak of is an ancient one
That I imbibed from ancestors
It is undying and carried through
From heart to heart and defies Time
It finds its way and identifies
Who its carriers would be
It takes different shapes and flavours

Aesthetic at times,
Sometimes, angry too,
Captivating every passer – by
Commanding some generations
Oh!
Why should I be in a hurry?
Let me finish my cup of tea.



24-08-2023

35. I SIMPLY WRITE ...

I write, simply write, not everything that crosses my
mind

But only those that spring from deep inside and
Gallop out like horses wild – or

Like breaking waves that crash ashore

Like clouds exploding in a torrential shower

Sometimes like a bee that haunts a flower!

Only then I reverberate with them

And write the words that echo their rhythm.



01-09-2023

36. SRI MAHALAKSHMI

I see the divine beauty, sitting on a lotus flower.
Have I seen before, someone like her? Never.
All around her, flows a cascading river!
She is Wealth, Benevolence, the Supreme Giver.

Coins keep pouring out from her golden palms,
The palms that press the lotus feet of the Lord of Cosmic Charms.
From her eyes blossomed all that manifest as world
Her whole being is made only of the purest gold.

Flanked by two elephants in attendance with awe!
Her Majesty is indescribable and so is Her Law.
When she gives she gives away everything in
abundance.
I pray to her for prosperity with folded hands in obeisance.

Her name I chant quite often as “Sri Mahalakshmi”.
She is nameless, formless too, yet always visible to me.
She is Durga, she is Lakshmi, she is Saraswati!
With folded hands I pray to her to bless the world with prosperity!



06-09-2023

37. SCATTERED GRAINS

It is not easy to lock the door from inside
Once I am out I can do that
Still, I must have the key with me
It is not easy to lock the door from inside
Now and then intrusions, never-ending questions,
Walk through the door and enter my heart.
Some birds visit the inner chamber
Breeze too occasionally
Even sky extends its limbs to
Explore what is inside
All I have are simple grains
Scattered here and there
A source of water, some light and shade!
Are these food for intruders?
When they leave, they leave with joy
The joy of music and poetry
Where did they find these?
Will someone tell me, please!



20-06-2023

38. REST IN PEACE!

'Rest in Peace' - easily said.
Can I rest? No; I shake my head
Till there are battles and bloodshed,
Till hunger and poverty haunt the people,
Till justice is denied to the wronged,
Till pomp and avarice rule the world,
Till the voice of the meek is silenced;
How can I rest in peace?
With a hanging tongue and gory teeth
The lust in us, unbridled - is
Running around inside our minds
Barking like a beast -
Till it is tamed and transformed into
A dove of love and devotion;
How can I rest in peace?
Let me work for peace, not rest in peace,
Side by side with all fellows
Sharing smile with all around;
Nothing in between,
Nothing that would divide us,
Feeling love in every pulse.
That's my prayer, My Lord!
Grant me please,
The strength to work for peace.
Later, I may rest in peace.



03-10-2023

39. THE TRUMPET!

I don't blow my own trumpet
I am the trumpet He blows
In that music expands
The limitless Universe

The instrument keeps changing
The music never ends
The stars and all the galaxies
Love me, we are friends

I recall when I was a flute
I had a swaying beard
When I was a veena
A turban wrapped around my head
The instrument keeps changing
The music never ends

Was I not an Ektara
Carried by a queen
Pouring out her soulful songs
As a female Sanyasin
When I was a Lyre in the

Hands of Orpheus
Did I not enchant
Even the ghosts in Haedes

The instrument keeps changing
The music never ends

Let Him blow this trumpet
I am just His instrument
As He blows the music flows
I remain silent



20-10-2023

40. WHY SO SOON?

“Why so soon?” – a voice I heard
From beneath the blanket black.
“Even before I light the roof and
Make-up my face bright;
Even before I ring the bells and
Wet my garden green;
Why so soon?” – asked the sky.
I replied: “I am a poetry-guy!”

“When her footsteps fall upon my
Closed eyelids like
Drops of rain in a mild drizzle
Can I be a be asleep?
When her dainty fingers caress me and
Music fills my heart
When Love herself brews some tea and
Brings it near my bed
How can I sleep? Don’t you see
The Lady Muse called Poetry!”



21-10-2023

41. YOU AND I ARE ONE

A mind that shapes a million minds
we call an influencer - but
Mindfully You make all minds and
Aren't You their resonator?
Are you a super computer?
A ghost? An elevator?
In the endless Ocean of Space
Are you the sole navigator?

You breathe through my every word
You speak to me, of course - then
How can I say recklessly that
You are a lifeless force?
Aren't You the spring and fountain
From which all arose?
In everything You inhere,
For Life itself You are the source

When I see You as my father
You make me wiser, sure.
When I see You as my mother
You make me pure and pure.

When I am playful You join me
As my best companion
When I sing or write something
You and I are one - yes
You and I are one!



22-10-2023

42. I DON'T BELONG TO THIS VILLAGE

I don't belong to this village
But my songs do
I may be a passer - by
Yet my songs fill up your sky

I don't belong to this village

My bag is not so big enough
To store everything I see
I get my food and water too
Wherever I happen to be

I don't belong to this village

At times I tell some fairy tales
A ballad or a short sonnet
What I say, that matters not
As long as it unties a knot

I don't belong to this village

From where I came and where I go
You and I can never know
I travel just without a plan
Along the path that stars would show

I don't belong to any village



25-10-2023

43. MILES TO GO

I thought I was walking alone
when a puff of breeze patted my shoulder and said:
“I am with you
Let’s Walk together.”

Side-by-side we walked for miles
Flowers welcomed us with broad smiles
An unseen rivulet giggled somewhere
Warning us it’s not a thoroughfare
The path seemed never-ending
Here and there slightly bending
After an hour or so
My gait became slow
I heard a voice reciting “Miles to go!”



27-10-2023

44. AHAM BRAHMASMI

The mist that covers the mountain
Will soon disperse and reveal
The majestic rock that sits
Eternally and quiet
What can end my dream?
I will continue to dream
Since
That's my domain for
I am a poet

I dream the dream that expands
In and as this Universe
What expands is the fabric
Of my dream; Yes
Space and Time.
I think therefore I am?
No.
I am therefore I think.
I am therefore I dream.

I am a song that never ends
Who is singing from within?
In and out cannot
Precede Space and Time.

The song itself is Space
Spreading incessantly
The spread that never shrinks
That is Time, irreversible.
Space and Time are not
Mere categories of perception.
They are the two sides of
The same coin, my existence.
Existence is being;
Otherwise it has no meaning.

Do I receive sensations?
Or, perceive how I am? —
With myriad colours, mystic shapes,
Mesmerising fragrance,
Clothing me with all textures,
Vibrating as sound!
Once I stop seeing how
I start seeing what I am.

I see that when I am all alone
Just in meditation
The How withers, the What blooms
The Truth stands naked!
I am that Truth nothing else
Since nothing exists besides that!
I realise that in a moment,
Aham Brahmasmi, I am That!



27-10-2023

45. THE MONUMENT!

See that Moment staring at me
Not winking, not blinking
So focused in its aim
Inviting me with a liking,
To devour me and defy time
One step would do
I will be swallowed
And that timeless moment
Offers me a Monument

The Monument is made of crystals, yet unbreakable,
Reflecting light from all directions.
Everyone can see oneself in that reflection,
Not me, not this mortal being
But the essence of Being itself!
Let me take that last step
And enter the chamber of immortality.
'Now or never', calls that Moment!
My spirit is now incandescent.



19-11-2023

46. TO LIVE FOR EVER AS YOU AND I

How many times have I died?
Why should I then be afraid?
One more time, to die again - and
By that cause a little pain
To a few for a day or two,
For weeks, months or just a year,
To all my near and dear
If it's so, then why fear?
Elements five, demand the debt
That I owe them, why regret?
Even after I repay
I will be; how? I can't say.
That's the bargain between me
And what you call "my poetry!".

When my words you read indeed
You lend me voice to speak -
When you
See through my imagination
You lend me eyes and vision
When my feelings touch your being

You give me tactile sensation
When you pulsate with my throbs
I hear your heart-beats and your sobs
When my
Verses linger in your mind
I feel some taste-buds, thus I find
I live with you or maybe you
Live with me and it is a new
Life, oh then, let me die
To live forever as you and I.



25-11-2023

47. OBE!

I was sitting inside that daisy cup,
Maybe for a moment;
Dainty yet spacious,
Cosy and comforting.
I heard the whirring sound of a bee
Complaining of me
With an angry note of jealousy
I shuddered and came out
The bee took its rightful place happily
And my body, like a flower
Was waiting for me.

I entered into a drop of tear
Shed by one
Who might have lost someone dear
A blow of wind pushed me out
And the drop too plopped
And emitted fire
And my body like a flower
Was waiting for me.

I knocked the door that never was shut
Seeking permission to enter

A ray of light guided me into the Sanctum Sanctorum
My poems and songs were waiting there,
Chiming like tiny bells!
Every moment of existence adorned the canopy
Like brilliant stars!
I was not ejected out or asked to go back
I found my resting place;
Limiting walls? None.
From where I can speak
Eternally to everyone.



30-11-2023

48. MY SONG

This is not my song,
For it blossomed eons ago
From the depths of Universe,
Not yet manifest.
If I can reach that Time again
And unravel that secret,
I will tell you but till then
Keep calling this, “my song”!

This is the song of Yesterday,
Yet the Song of tomorrow!
The Song that’s timeless
With tones of joy and sorrow.
Sorrow doesn’t mean
Weeping in inaction
It is a subtle reminder of the
Soul’s sublimation
From a dot to expansion
Beyond the limits of imagination.

This song left the singer’s mind and his lips too
Long ago, long, long ago and now invites you
To carry you to the distant past or into the future
You cannot avoid it, haunting is its nature.



01-12-2023

49. I AM TRYING TO BE BOLD

I am trying to be bold,
Even when my body succumbs to age.
I cling to it
With a miser's fist,
I forget the stories hitherto told.

My taste buds are demanding
While my organs reject many
My imagination bright, though
My vision is getting blurred
I hear melodies unheard
But less when I am spoken to
Who said I am old?
Is this not being bold?

I am yet to reach the Ocean,
The shore is nearby.
I smell the distant rain and hear
The rumbling sound of waves.
I see a boat on the horizon;
Is it coming towards me?



14-12-2023

50. MORE LAMPS TO LIGHT

The blue is slowly turning grey
Soon to be devoured by darkness!
Still some stars can shed some light and
Moon can blossom bright.
Once by pen, by finger then,
All my lines were written.
Not a second wasted, though
I have more seeds to sow.

I poured my feelings on papers.
They flowed like molten fire,
Taking shapes as they wished;
Talking in their own language;
Making dreams come true;
Knocking the doors of every heart;
Kneeling before His Temple,
Saying prayers in silent mode!
In bits and pieces they carry me,
My Self, for you to see!
Ignore me but not that Fire;

Forever would it inspire
You to light a New Fire.
Yes I give you New Fire.
Please pass it on to others.
Soon, I know, it would be night
Still I have more lamps to light.



16-12-2023

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