

# *A Spark, A Petal...!*

(A COLLECTION OF POEMS & SONGS)

VANAVIL K. RAVI



# **A spark, a petal....!**

**(A COLLECTION OF POEMS)**

**Vanavil K. Ravi**



**New Goal**

**New path**

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## **A Short Note.....**

This is a random collection, mostly from what I posted in the Face Book recently, though it comprises of some verses written long ago and also some in the recent past. Some of them are songs that came with specific tunes and sung by me, recorded and posted in the FB. Some of them are verses that I recited and recorded.

There are, of course, many more poems that have not been included in this collection. The exclusion is not based on any judgment but it is only due to want of sufficient time and effort to type and proof-read them.

So, dear reader, please get ready, let's fly together.....!

Vanavil K.Ravi

15-06-2020

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## **DEDICATION**

I dedicate this collection of poems to my wife, my Muse and Love, Shobana, a great Poet and Novelist by herself.

## 1. A Cup of Tea

I invite you into my heart - come  
Join me for a cup of tea  
Don't you feel the fragrance of  
Music and poetry  
Come join me for a cup of tea.  
(I invite you)

Hear a whisper in your ears  
That plays a gentle note  
A soft kiss on your cheeks  
Byron, it might quote  
Just an hour, ev'n half would do  
The wind is waiting to welcome you  
(I invite you)

The carpet woven with chosen words  
Gathered from the sky  
Walk inside, a poem in tune  
Would usher you, don't pass by  
A step or two and that would do  
The wind is waiting to welcome you  
(I invite you)

01-06-2020





## 2. Don't Be Sad

Don't be sad

Please don't be sad - the

World is neither good nor bad

Please don't be sad

The Good and bad are not - in

What you see or what you hear - but

They are there only in

How you see and how you hear

So

Don't be sad

Please don't be sad

Have you ever seen the river refusing to flow

Is it not in nature that the wind should always blow

Whether fast or slow - the

Wind should always blow

Don't be sad

Please don't be sad

Let the mind spread its wings

For you, for you the whole sky - the

Wings are made not of feather  
But hope, faith and love, please try  
Don't be sad  
Please don't be sad - the  
World is neither good nor bad  
Please don't be sad

03.05.2020



### 3. Let Mine Be The Lone Voice

Let mine be the lone voice.  
It cannot be silenced.  
My voice may not be thunderous,  
My thoughts cannot be fenced.  
I'll say what I have to say!  
Let me go my way, my way.

My words would never hurt.  
It's me reaching out to you.  
Simple Truth is soft and firm,  
Never what is untrue.  
I'll say what I have to say!  
Let me go my way, my way.

I carry not in my heart - a  
Guilt, pain or sorrow.  
What I say wouldn't leave  
Behind a taint or shadow.  
I'll say what I have to say!  
Let me go my way, my way.

- 10.11.2018



## 4. Give Me Some Time

Give me some time my Lord,  
Some more steps to walk,  
So that I can talk - talk  
Nothing but the truth;  
Till then I pray for health and youth.

Let me have a vision bright,  
Lead kindly light,  
In the path of righteousness  
Be it day or night.  
Let my thinking be straight  
And meet you face to face,  
Let all my deeds move towards  
Making the world a better place.

I know I wasted my time,  
The precious time given by you;  
I know you are merciful,  
I pray for years, just one or two.  
If you think this instrument  
Is fit enough to accomplish  
What remains unfinished,  
Grant my prayer, my only wish!

- 03.03.2019



## 5. I Am Not Your Grandma

I am not your grandma, the story-teller,  
Don't expect from me some plots.  
I am not the preacher, don't listen to me,  
Please don't gather my thoughts.  
Unclad yourself and take a plunge  
Into the pool of poetry;  
It's hot and cold, you must be bold  
To pick up some flowers from its fold.

You may find a pearl somewhere  
Was it a princess's smile?  
Or a drop of tear that rolled down the cheek  
Of a protestor in exile?  
It all depends on what you are.  
I am just a shell that drifted afar!

Every word that falls from me  
Can trigger a million more!  
A cluster of stars, a galaxy  
May blossom on that shore.  
It all depends on what you take,  
Pearls, petals or pebbles from this lake.

- 08.03.2019



## 6. Taste The Flame

Taste the flame, oh, taste the flame  
Of the song in my heart!  
After that tear me apart,  
Find your reflection there.  
Both of us like wind and air  
Can play this lovely game.  
(Taste the flame)

This fire cannot be extinguished,  
Eternal flame it is;  
A word, a sound, a flash would do  
To rekindle this.  
(Taste the flame)

Here, there and everywhere  
It resounds with wonder;  
Don't you see the lightening?  
Oh, come and taste the thunder!  
(Taste the flame)

- 09.11.2019



## 7. Parting Should Be Brief

Parting should be brief;  
Not a matter of prolonged grief.  
“Yesterday he was here,  
Today he vanished into air”  
That should be the way,  
I should gently wither away.

Wished several things before;  
A world of things galore!  
Nothing matters now to me  
Except, “to be or not to be”!

My songs and poems might live with you,  
A gift given to a chosen few;  
Should burden not anyone with sorrow,  
Today or even tomorrow.

- 24.11.2019



## 8. To be silent.....

[I say this to Myself]

To be silent is a sin  
When the evil rears its head.  
Fight, so that the good might win,  
Let life be not a cozy bed.

Come out of your comfort zone;  
Enlighten the ignorant.  
You are not just flesh and bone;  
Unleash the spirit that's vibrant.

Those who ask and not for much  
But the minimum or even less,  
Raise your voice and fight for such  
People in distress.

Cast away your selfishness;  
Cling always to truth;  
Come what may, like Socrates  
Be bold but nev'r mute.

- 29.12.2019





## 9. The Morning Dews

The morning dews  
Gently land on roses;  
My darling muse  
Spreads her wings and poses  
Like an angel, like a bee -  
For  
The sun to rise up and see!

The sky becomes orange and blue  
- Stars  
Fade bedimmed without a clue;  
Everywhere a song of love  
As if the world has begun now,  
Just now!

Birds get busy and noisy too,  
The earth dons a new attire;  
None realises a day was lost!  
That of course is life's satire.

- 28.02.2018



## 10. A Billion Stars Around Me

A Billion stars around me  
To sing a silent tune;  
Yet I feel lonely  
Like that yellow moon.

Surrounded by unseen flowers,  
I sink into their fragrance;  
Deep and deep I search in vain,  
Oh what an empty exuberance!  
I rise again and see the stars,  
Their smile, glow and radiance;  
Still I feel I am all alone,  
My heart and mind at variance.

The brook that passes by my side  
Tells a fairy tale;  
The sky is like a painted canvas  
And darkness too is pale.  
Nowhere I find a place to unload  
The burden of my heart!  
The world is just spread before me  
Like a lifeless chart.

No!

A Billion stars around me  
That sing a soulful tune  
Oh! What a brilliant company  
All is Nature's boon

-1970's



## 11. Why struggle

Why struggle, why struggle,  
This life is like an air bubble;  
Then  
Why struggle, why struggle,  
Why struggle!  
(Why struggle?)

Whether horizon or mirage,  
Your plans are bound to fail;  
The blowing wind will then decide  
Which way your ship would sail!  
(Why struggle?)

A nightingale may tell a tale,  
A flower may befriend you;  
A cloud may give a crown to you  
Then clap and bid adieu!  
The sky may spread and smile at you  
From inside a dew;  
Every moment all this world and  
You are born anew!  
(Why struggle?)

- 1980's



## 12. I Blossom in the Void

I blossom in the Void,  
I vanish into air;  
In between I exist  
A dream, a nightmare.  
Then I saw a shining star  
That showed the path to me,  
Come horizon be with me  
A bliss eternally!

I heard your footsteps eons ago  
D'spite the rumbling waves of ego,  
You baptised me with Brahm Vidya<sup>1</sup>  
You crowned me and said halleluiah!

You lit the fire inside me - and  
Let the flames shiver,  
You smiled at ease  
Like a gentle breeze,  
The fire became a river.  
I smile with you, in you I flow,  
In you I cease to be;  
Come horizon be with me  
A bliss eternally!

- 29.06.1986



### **13. A grandpa sings**

I am not just a father but a grand-father!  
Kids are running all around,  
Making noise and joyful sound;  
All their cheer and laughter  
I gather - like  
Snow and lather!  
(I am not just a father)

One gives me some ice-cream  
Another a chocolate! - one  
Gives me a gentle kiss,  
And recites a couplet!  
Is this not the heaven  
Here and now - my  
Heart is overflowing with  
Happiness and love!  
(I am not just a father)

I see in them my youth - my  
Original innocence - I

Feel my life is extended,  
B'yond this mortal fence - my  
Music has just happy  
Happy notes - my  
World upon that  
Ocean floats!  
(I am not just a father)

- 19.05.2019



## 14. You and I

You and I cannot stand apart,  
Waves can never leave the sea.  
(You and I)

Where can I stand and welcome you?  
How can I split and talk to you?  
There's no song that ceases to be,  
So is my love, my love, honey!  
(You and I)

Nectar never belongs to the flower,  
Neither do you to me!  
Still the nectar would carry the fragrance,  
From where it came to be.  
Let me become my song and enter  
Your throbs and circulate,  
It carries a wish, it carries a prayer,  
That longs to consummate!  
(You and I)

- 25-05-1990



## 15. A Spark, A Petal

A spark, a petal, a tear-drop;  
That's how a poem should be!  
As would enlighten the mind  
Affording a glimpse into its original glory,  
As would enliven the senses  
With soft caresses and soothing hues,  
As would endear the heart  
With the silent eloquence of a divine origin;  
A spark, a petal, a tear-drop,  
That's how a poem should be!

A thunder, a tempest, a cataract,  
Like these can also it be!  
To bring down the distant vibrations,  
To wash out the colours of illusions,  
To cleanse the heart of emotions,  
And to soften the rock;  
A thunder, a tempest, a cataract,  
Like these can also it be!



What makes a poem a spark or a thunder,  
What makes it a petal or a tempest,  
A drop of tear or a cataract,  
On the place of union it depends;  
Of the one that soars high, and the one that descends.

18.08.1993



## 16. The Golden Daffodil

In the wild upon a hill  
Like a golden daffodil,  
Sits a silent little flame;  
Chants my heart the holy name:  
'Saranam Saranam Aiyappa<sup>2</sup>,  
Swamy Saranam Aiyappa'

On a tiger with a bow  
Appeared He eons ago;  
Now again He returneth  
To tame the beast, my ego!  
Saranam Saranam Aiyappa,  
Swamy Saranam Aiyappa

A fire unfolded in my heart;  
I closed my eyes to see.  
He was there and everywhere,  
Within me and without me!

Saranam Saranam Aiyappa,  
Swamy Saranam Aiyappa

· 21.10.2001



## 17. Into Thee...

Infinity cannot be reached,  
Eternity would never end;  
Where are you my dear friend?  
I hold this bouquet in my heart,  
Are you not somewhere there?  
Please tell me how to send.  
Muse and music, both my eyes,  
Melt together in love and blend;  
A grand vision welcomes me  
Into thee, a silent sea.

- 16.11.2015



## 18. Sun Is Suddenly Shy

Sun is suddenly shy,  
To show his face in glory full;  
Sometimes bright, sometimes dull,  
What a game of hide and seek,  
Sky and earth play constantly!

In that game some lives are lost,  
Some poets are born,  
Some go forlorn,  
Empires are wiped out clean;  
The rhythm of life, a riddle, a blast.

Every time it begins afresh,  
It doesn't matter when and where;  
In love and nature all is fair,  
The plants know this secret law;  
See that tree, ecstatic, lush!

- 03.12. 2015



## 19. The Truth

The truth, naked truth,  
That alone will win;  
That alone should win,  
The truth, naked truth.  
Not embellished with ornaments,  
Not even clad or camouflaged,  
That truth, naked truth  
That alone shall win.

With nothing more and nothing less  
Truth flows like a river;  
A silent tune emanates from it  
That makes the world shiver.  
That truth, naked truth  
That alone shall win.

Battles lost, it does'nt shrink  
Its victory has no victims;  
In me, in you, everywhere,  
It IS, just have a glimpse.  
That truth, naked truth  
That alone shall win.

- 25.04.2016



## 20. Words Tremble

Words tremble,  
Unable to carry my dreams.  
My anguish, anger, agony, pain,  
Bliss, peace and ecstasy.  
They flap their wings in vain.

At times flowery, at times fiery,  
They know not directions;  
Not even dimensions!  
Which is up or which is down,  
Pushed by the weight of contents  
Smile, laugh, fret and frown!  
Words tremble

In wilderness they cry aloud,  
Whispering, when in a crowd;  
Transcend all the minds below,  
Floating like a formless cloud.  
Words tremble

Behind the shroud they see a face  
That bleeds with love and grace;

The feet that tamed and danced upon  
A venomous dragon in a pond.

Words tremble,  
Hark, honest and humble!  
Don't you see a billion stars  
Up above in twinkle mode;  
Telling stories still untold?

12.05.2016



## 21. Let Me Be Prosaic

For a change,  
Let me be prosaic.  
Let me shoot  
Straightened words, thin and sharp.  
No sub-layers, just plain,  
No target, no aim.

Given a chance,  
Everyone would like to make  
A Sermon from the mount.  
Everybody does  
In a park, in a bus.  
See, habit dies hard.

The mass of criticism  
Has approached the critical mass;  
Confrontations sans consensus.  
Short-term gains blind our vision;  
Can we ever sit-together and discuss in peace?

More comity among friends,  
Than brothers, sisters, parents, children.



Let's get together as friends;  
Forget all that is past,  
And look forward to a bright future.  
Let's become political, real politics!  
Politically correct and  
Poetically sublime.

- 14.05.2016



## 22. The Lazy Moon

*(It was a great evening of poetry “Under the Moonlight”. My daughter Madhu had organised the event well. Several young poets recited meaningful and emotional verses, in English and a few in Tamil. Moon came late, out of the clouds.)*

All your words flew like birds - and  
Pulled her out of slumber;  
Waves were helpless  
In such wilderness - you  
Brought her out in splendour!  
Lazy moon, that lazy moon  
In between May and June,  
Wind is waiting with folded hands;  
Set your songs to a happy tune.

- 22.05.2016



## 23. The Divine Bender

Who has come to break this bow, the Rainbow?  
A gentle spark, yet so fiery to every foe!  
What majesty stands amidst the starry crowd!  
Lo that gait, stance and glory, a black cloud!  
'Ram Ram', rumbles a distant thunder;  
I forget myself, my name and even my gender.

Where to hide my blush? My heart skips a beat!  
A gushing rivulet ties anklets around my feet;  
The wind robs me of my clothes, my hands are paralysed;  
I stand naked before my Lord, unwittingly mesmerised.  
'Ram Ram', my heart, mind and body surrender;  
I forget myself, my name and, even my gender!

When was that? Eons ago?  
He came and broke the bow,  
Crossed the ocean of illusion  
To redeem me and go.  
'Ram Ram', is he not the great divine bender?  
The One who lifts my karmic mount  
With ease and tears it asunder!

- 22.05.2016



## 24. The Sky Is Not That Blue

Live with her, sleep with her  
The one who doesn't admire you;  
The one who doesn't adore you;  
The one who simply loves you.

She loves you despite all your flaws,  
She knows, you too are subject to laws,  
The invariable laws of nature:  
You belch and snore, you sneeze and cough;  
You are just a mortal creature.

She knows for sure that death would separate  
Her from you or you from her;  
She hopes not again to reunite  
In heaven, earth or wherev'r.

He or she doesn't matter;  
Every line you can alter,  
Still it would be true.  
Love is not a dream's child,  
Its expectations aren't wild;  
The sky is not that blue,  
The sky is not that blue.

- 14.07.2016



## 25. The Love Eternal

*(On reading an excellent Tamil poem of my dear friend,  
Poet Jawaharlal, posted in FB today .....*)

“What is sweet eternally?  
Asked a poet, nay, lamented.  
“How we spent our days in lust,  
Years together, a life in love,  
That has become a tale of past  
Bitterness is what remains” ----  
Thus he expressed his anguish;  
It’s true but not fully true.  
Love is not what welcomes you,  
Love is that which flows from you;  
The flow that knows no obstacles,  
Embracing all the space it fills;  
A stone, a flower, a mighty river,  
The one that begs, the alms-giver.  
Everything is beautiful;  
That maketh love so bountiful!

Are there not yet things of joy?  
Are the sun and moon now pale?  
The starry sky, the ocean-swell,

Everything doth augur well!  
Just a moment, dear poet,  
Look inside that still quiet,  
The light that never fades or fails;  
The witness to a million tales!

Might have heard a thousand verses,  
Silence is the sweetest though;  
Might have been in festive moods,  
Nothing like the self-aglow;  
Every moment is a gift,  
A gift divine to be cherished;  
With this thought and in this peace,  
Let's live forev'r by love nourished.

- 02.01.2017



## 26. Come Out of Dreams

Come out of dreams both yours and mine,  
Clear sky awaits us;  
Everything will turn out to be fine,  
Mount this Pegasus;  
Flying horse not made of gold  
But made of words untold,  
Step out and take hold of reins  
To cross the cosmic fold.

What awaits you is not heaven  
But eternity itself;  
Time runs out of the time given  
Truth is just your self.  
Thank me not I am just a bard  
Also a little wayward;  
In a flash you transcend me  
I just sing nonchalantly!

Flesh and bones matter not,  
No matter matters now;  
Everything is ethereal  
Except the flow of love.  
The dancing energy beckons you,  
The earth bids adieu,  
Wake up dear, wake up soon,  
You are the sun and I the moon!

- 04.03.2017



## 27. Pour, Pour

*(In answer to a poem written by Shobana, “Don’t wait for me to fill up your cup”)*

Pour, pour a li'l more,  
Fill up the cup of life!  
Sand or wine, the flying time,  
Fill the cup with joy or strife.

Every moment be alive,  
Attune yourself to nature;  
Live the Now, the eternal Now  
And greet the next, the future!

Hear the music in the wind,  
Lo, the myriad colours!  
Here a tree and there a cloud,  
A galaxy of flowers!

Love, love all of this,  
Yet live inside a drop;  
When it comes, let it come,  
Then exit with a plop!

- 14.05.2017





## 28. The Majestic Loot

The fall of leaves, the flow of river,  
The touch of breeze that makes me shiver,  
In everything I see the lover!

In every drop I hear his music,  
Miss my steps, become ecstatic;  
I know for sure I am lovesick.

Holding just a bamboo flute,  
A glance, a stance that make me mute,  
What a grand, and majestic loot,  
My heart and soul he takes away!  
So near yet far, far away  
I remain like a streak of hay!

Pales the moon his brighter face,  
Silences the starry gaze,  
Still becomes the sky in daze:  
The dawn that brings the drops of dew  
On every blade of grass anew;  
In them He shines, in me, in you!

- 13.10.2017



## 29. The Innocent Moon

Innocent moon - the  
Innocent moon,  
As if nothing had happened last night  
Now in full bloom - the  
Innocent moon!

The buds and birds are sleeping,  
Time flows like a stream!  
From above she's watching,  
A witness, a silent dream - the  
Innocent moon!

Why did she come so near - and  
Why an orange gown?  
Why all this hide and seek,  
Why this fun and frown? -The  
Innocent moon

- 01.02.2018



## 30. Let's Go

Let's go, let's go, let's fly together!  
Come soon my dear, it's now or never.

Not this earth and not that moon,  
Not the stars, not even the heaven,  
Let's reach the land of love divine  
Where you and I cannot but shine,  
Let's go!

Let's shine, shine, then melt and flow,  
Blend together and become a river;  
Every drop is you and me  
We'd know each other, and flow together;  
Let's go!

- 01.03.2018



## 31. The Bard of Love

I'm the  
Bard of love -  
The love divine - 'tween  
You and me - no  
dividing line.

You are not a fairy - and  
That's not my story  
My song is just a magic wand you  
Wave in all its glory!

I'm the bard of love

My song is not made by me,  
I am made of it and this you know!  
Did you not plant that song  
In my soul long ago?  
Did you not weave my Self,  
From and out of your eyes?  
Dreams are made of that stuff  
I dream this dream, it is nice!

I'm the bard of love

- 11.03.2018



## 32. My Lovely Muse

When I saw myself in you,  
Weren't you like the morning dew?  
When I sang the song of love,  
Didn't you flutter like a dove?

In the darkest hour of life,  
You held a little candle light;  
Nay 'twas your eyes that shone  
And brought again a brilliant dawn

Are you not a gentle breeze?  
Caress me, my heart and soul;  
Are you not my lovely muse,  
My sight, my path, my goal?

- 24.03.2018



### 33. Forget My Name

I wouldn't burden you with all my thoughts  
Nor with my sorrows, not even with joy.  
I plant a kiss, a symbol of love  
Not on your lips, but in your heart.  
There a little flower might bloom,  
For everything else, with enough room.

I wouldn't be haunting you even after death  
Not as a sweet or sour memory  
I whisper a word not in your ears  
But inside your being they call the soul.  
The word might become a song of love  
Would it be carried by that little dove?

I am not the best as you want me to be  
Still I transcend this bodily frame;  
I've tasted a drop of eternity  
Been into moments subtle, sublime.  
Forget my name, but not my song,  
It would stay with you, bye, so long!

- 17.05.2018



## 34. Love Again

*(While leaving Praha (Prague), my heart cried, “I love Praha”. The next day, I fell in love again.... with another!)*

When I fell in love with Praha, aahaa!  
How can I fall in love again?  
When I see Budapest, Ooho!  
How can I loyalty feign?  
Praha! Buda! I love you both,  
Upon beauty I take this oath!

Behind the bridges and buildings,  
Love, lust and valour - yet  
A charm, glory and splendour - so  
Strong, gentle and tender!  
Praha, Buda all the same,  
It's just a name but an ancient game!

In spite of riots, battles and murders  
The art and heart survive;  
What ev'r be the stories told  
The poetry in them is live!  
Praha! Buda! I just sing,  
I am the lover who loves everything!

- 17.05.2018



## **35. This is Europa**

Castle, castle, castle - Oh!  
Castles everywhere - They  
Dazzle in the sunlight,  
Tall, big and bright!  
Rich in history and mystery,  
This is Europa!  
Culture, Cuisine and Fashion,  
A splendid fiesta!  
Europa, Europa, this is Europa!

Feeling good, a healing touch,  
Here and there a friendly smile,  
A sense of beauty, discipline,  
This is Europa!  
Whisper talks, waving hands,  
Love in heart, a learned look,  
An epitome of grace and style,  
This is Europa!  
Europa, Europa, this is Europa!

Style is not in dress alone;  
It is more an attitude!



Aesthetics glorified,  
This is Europa!  
Sure there's another side,  
Life is not a merry-go-round;  
Yet it is an ecstasy,  
This is Europa!  
Europa, Europa, this is Europa!

-19.05.2018



## **36. In My Breath**

In my breath, in my heart,  
In my room, in my world,  
Everywhere, everywhere, everywhere! - I  
Feel a presence, bright and fair!

When we walk together -I  
See but one shadow;  
When we talk together -I  
Hear but one voice;  
When I think, when I speak,  
When I dream, when I weep,  
Nothing is my choice,  
In that presence I rejoice!

What is that, who is that,  
Where is that, why is that!  
A man, a maiden or a star,  
Here, near or very far?  
Angels come, singing rhymes,  
In my soul a thousand chimes!  
I see, hear, experience  
A smile that spills a million dimes.

In my breath, in my heart,  
In my room, in my world,  
Everywhere, everywhere, everywhere!  
I am the presence bright and fair,  
I am the presence bright and fair,  
I am the presence bright and fair!

· 28.05.2018



## 37. Deja Vu

*(Last night, I watched the 2016 Hollywood movie, “Risen”.  
Yeshua (Jesus) looked familiar to me. This morning, I woke  
up with this song.)*

I know, I’ve seen you somewhere  
In the distant past;  
When it was dark  
You lit my heart with love!  
That moment I feel now.  
Deja vu, Deja vu, Deja vu.

The one who pierced you with a lance  
You pierced him through with a glance;  
No words can do what you did  
With a silent look, the toughest bid!  
Deja vu, Deja vu, Deja vu.

No robe can cover the heart and soul,  
In front of you they stood naked.  
You held them with an arresting eye,  
They simply walked wherever you led.  
Deja vu, Deja vu, Deja vu.

- 02.06.2018



## 38. Like A River

My steps are not measured, I know,  
Like a river I flow;  
In zigzag paths, up and down,  
With joy and sorrow, cheer and frown;  
Yet I know that I will merge  
Happily in the ocean's surge.  
Still I'd continue  
To flow as a river,  
Though in drops I disappear,  
I'll go on forever!

On the banks, some lovely flowers  
Invite me to play;  
Some come and fall upon my lap,  
Of course they make my day!  
Yet I forget not my goal,  
I am not here to fill a bowl!

Stars that wink, the sun that shines  
The moon that melts above,  
Mercilessly mock at me - at  
My self-effacing love!  
Yet I forget not the ocean,  
I run towards it, that's my passion.  
Is it not, just, devotion?

- 27.06.2018



## 39. Rustic in Words

I am

Rustic in words - yet

Mystic in thoughts - am a

Roadside singer my friend,

This

Moment I sing - to

Morrow will I - my

World might come to an end;

Happy, happy, let's live this moment,

For that we need no one's assent.

Every word in my verse

Carries a bit of my heart,

The entire Universe

Pulsates and plays a part;

Happy, happy, beat by beat,

Let our hearts meet and greet.

Every drop of rain that falls

Every star, that smiles above,

Every bird that chirps and calls,

Everywhere my words echo,

Happy, happy, I am everything - in

Ecstasy I dance and sing!

· 27.07.2018



## 40. The Cosmic Barter

Give me those glittering stars!  
My garden is lush with grass,  
Thousands of morning dew drops  
Will give them back and no loss!  
Sky and I can barter this way,  
Shine or rain, let's begin the day.

Give me the lightning spark!  
Guide my heart that gropes in dark;  
Verses of high voltage  
Will give it back, page by page!  
Sky and I can barter this way,  
Nothing to us is far away.

Give me a lash of rain!  
Let righteousness pierce my vein;  
Truth will shine and shine again  
There's no loss and there's no gain!  
Sky and I can barter this way,  
Thank you my Lord, my heart will say.

- 12.08.2018





## 41. Deep in The Woods of My Heart

Deep in the woods of my heart there's a little dove:  
Flying at times perching at times people say it's Love.  
It shares my joy and sorrow too - we  
Feel like one but never two.

(Deep in the woods)

It pecks the pieces of all my feelings but  
picks up only some;  
Builds a nest, breeds inside and brings out tunes to hum.  
That's the way my songs are born  
Igniting everyday my dawn.

(Deep in the woods)

I own that not but owe a lot unto that little bird  
That infuses life and music into my every word - it  
Pats me with its cozy wings,  
When my heart with passion, sings!

(Deep in the woods)

- 09.09.2018



## 42. The Magic of Time

We parted in tears long ago devoured by a chasm.  
Hand in hand we're walking now like this verse's  
rhythm.  
Nothing is lost in time, dear,  
Everything recycles here.

Inside a forest we sat by a fire and argued for days together;  
Till your mortal frame withered away and your soul  
became a feather  
That marks my book, the page is now,  
Nothing is lost in time and love.

There in the heaven, two little pigeons  
Sat together in a dream;  
They flapped their wings, shattered the dream,  
Fell down like flowers upon a stream.  
They are the dimples now on your chin,  
Time's magical recycling bin

- 16.09.2018



## 43. A Solitaire

A cactus flower, a solitaire,  
Waits in a desert;  
Welcomes me in my dream,  
Watchful and alert.  
When I take a step ahead  
Unfolds, a path of flowery bed.

Every drop of rain it tastes  
Springs from ecstasy;  
Every word I utter now  
Resonates that empathy.  
In you, in me it is the same  
A flower, a song, a lovely dame!

Poets may say it is the muse  
I know not its real name;  
When it nods, a thousand stars  
Partake in this game.  
Nothing falls outside its reign  
Yet my heart is its domain.

- 26.09.2018



## 44. The Elan Vital

It is not my bread and butter,  
Nor my passion, still better;  
Is it not my heart and soul,  
My existence my elan vital?

I do not just scribble words,  
I breathe through them, the fire of life.  
My thoughts are not mere herds  
That can be locked in a petty strife.

I dream a dream that takes a shape  
In the mind of every one;  
The sparks ignited, weave and drape  
The world with a new dawn and sun.

Poetry is not a wailing wall;  
But to me, my elan vital!

- 16.11.2018



## 45. In Flesh and Bones

In flesh and bones I sing this song;  
The wind that carries the notes  
Will surge and survive a thousand storms  
And reach the distant clouds.  
Every cloud will echo this song - this  
Song, of course, will take me along.

In words and tunes I scatter myself,  
They carry my fragrance with them;  
My love, dreams, longings and passion  
All together travel with them.  
Gather a handful of dust or mist - and  
Feel my throbs inside your fist.

With faith and vision comes out this verse  
Weaving the stars, this universe,  
I exist in them, in every drop  
Don't you hear a gentle plop?  
Gaze the starry sky above - what  
Winks and twinkles is just my love.

- 25.12.2018



## 46. The Spirit of Poetry

*(It was not yet dawn inside my room, nay, my heart. A nightingale and a daffodil greeted me happily. Then comes this song, the song of love.)*

Where's the bird that sang the song of love?  
Where's the flower that danced in ecstasy?  
Still my heart echoes that song and now  
The dancing flower, I see within me.

Love may take every shape, yet it is formless;  
Music too is just like that in sorrow or happiness.

A single stone can cause ripples in the stillness of a pond;  
A word exploded from that sound, all this world was born!

What was just momentary may exist eternally;  
Not in shape, not in form; that's the spirit of poetry!

- 01.01.2019



## 47. What Is Blue

What is blue is not the sky  
Everything is in my eye  
The sky in me, the sky in you  
It's colourless, yet colourful too.

Red in anger, pink in blush,  
Dark, when clouds gather and rush;  
Sometimes it's crystal clear,  
Everywhere, yet far and near.

The sky is not the canvas  
Where people paint their fancies.  
It's the paint, it's the brush  
Drawing stars and galaxies.

The sky is not a mansion, for  
Matter to come and dwell.  
It's eternal like a song,  
A note, an endless swell!

- 06.01.2019



## 48. Fall In Love

Fall in love, its beautiful!  
It gives you wings to fly!  
Fall in love, but not with me,  
This me that sure will die.  
Fall in love with Him that sports  
The grandeur of this world  
The One that makes and moves this all  
And holds you when you fall,  
Fall in love, in love, in love!

The sky that wears a silver stud,  
Turns around to show  
Its other ear with a golden one - oh!  
What a splendid glow!  
Fall in love, in love, in love!

Don't you hear the song that floats,  
On the lips of this river?  
Don't you see the dancing bee,  
That hovers near a flower?  
Fall in love, in love, in love!



Love does not give a tune;  
The tune itself is love!  
The One who sings that lovely tune,  
To Him we shall bow.  
Fall in love, in love, in love!

- 07.01.2019



## 49. The Naughty Boy

What a naughty boy am I!  
I climb upon the roof;  
Pluck some stars, play with clouds,  
Sing, dance and fall at times;  
Sometimes sit aloof.  
I am not L'Allegro,  
Nor Il penseroso,  
What a naughty boy am I!  
I say this without being shy.

Birth and death, day and night,  
In between, oh, what a flight!  
Honest, but not always true,  
I don't do my homework too,  
What a naughty boy am I!  
I say this without being shy.

Beauty is my weakness,  
I see it everywhere;  
Even in the mosquito  
That makes my blood its fare!  
I weep in joy, smile when sad,

Playful, though am never bad.  
What a naughty boy am I!  
I say this without being shy.

A bunch of roses from my heart!  
I hold them out to greet my friends;  
All the morning chores will start,  
I wake up and my dream ends.  
Am I not a child of god,  
Bubbling with youth and joy?  
Who can tame me but for Time,  
Till then I am a naughty boy!

Naughty boy, Naughty boy, Naughty boy!

- 09.01.2019



## 50. My Tomorrow

*(Oh, god! My friends have started reminding me! Yes, tomorrow, they say, is my birthday...!)*

My tomorrow, my tomorrow!  
Let it come!  
Let it come and meet me,  
The sun can also greet me,  
Won't this world be handsome!

A day, a month or a year,  
Or may be another birth;  
Does it matter on this earth?  
Nothing here is far or near.

My tomorrow, my tomorrow!  
Let it come!  
Let it come and meet me,  
The sun can also greet me,  
Won't this world be handsome!  
My tomorrow, my tomorrow!  
Let it come!  
Let it come, let it come!

On a boat this night may go  
In a slow motion;  
A song will take the oar and row  
Eh, procrastination?  
What will be, will be, will be,  
And of course you and me,  
Can meet in the horizon!

My tomorrow, my tomorrow!  
It will come!

- 12.01.2019



## 51. In the Maze of My Mind

In the maze of my mind I see a rat,  
Running here and there, chased not by a cat.  
Does it have a purpose too?  
Or just a much-ado?

The maze itself is the trap, nowhere else to go.  
An entertainment by itself, a game, a magic show!  
Does it have a purpose too?  
Or just a much-ado?

Running not towards a goal, no carrot or a fish.  
Is it just a habit, or somebody's wish?  
Does it have a purpose too?  
Or just a much-ado?

I see a pattern in the run, a dance that gives a tune;  
A song is now emerging like a silver moon!  
That's the purpose my dear friend;  
Everything will have an end!

- 13.01.2019



## 52. Nature, The Teacher

Everywhere,  
Life is there!  
Do we have time to stand and stare? - in  
Every pebble  
Inside a bubble,  
Angels descend to protect and care.  
Everywhere,  
Life is there!  
Do we have time to stand and stare?  
(Everywhere)

See the flower that seeks sun light - by  
Slightly bending its stalk;  
Feel the clamour among the pollens - with  
Wind and bees to talk!  
Teeming with life - the  
Fittest survive;  
Look around when you walk!  
(Everywhere)

A million sperms started their journey  
To reach an egg inside;  
The one that succeeded ne'er depended - on  
Some other force to guide!  
A dying star may leave a scar - or  
Just a little trace - a  
Universe may be born,  
Once again in Space.  
That's the lesson taught by Nature;  
The best and soulful Teacher!  
(Everywhere)

- 14.01.2019





### **53. Come Out of your canopy**

Why be a blank verse when the  
Heart is rich with rhymes?  
When the wind and trees together  
Make a hundred chimes?  
Every lub has a dub;  
Life is not an empty tub.  
Be  
Happy, happy, happy - come  
Out of your canopy!

In the flowing water,  
Don't you hear a clatter - a  
Rose that waves at you - gives  
Music on a platter?  
Be  
Happy, happy, happy - come  
Out of your canopy!

The  
String of love is always sweet,  
Where two hearts would meet;  
The  
Chord of joy is glorious - which

All the stars repeat.  
Hear the morning birds that sing  
The song of hope and love,  
Tune yourself to Nature and  
Always be this Now!  
Be  
Happy, happy, happy - come  
Out of your canopy!

- 17.01.2019



## 54. Welcome To The Garden Of My Heart

*[“To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears”  
- Wordsworth’s “Ode on Intimations of Immortality”]*

Welcome to the garden of my heart;  
My words bloom and welcome you.  
Are you a bird or just a bee,  
Come and taste the chaste honey.  
If you are a person with arms,  
Never pluck a flower from me!  
-Welcome to the garden of my heart

See the slopes of the hills,  
Teeming with hundreds of daffodils;  
And the banks of the flowing river  
Glowing with dainty daisy frills!  
-Welcome to the garden of my heart

When night befalls and light departs,  
A fragrance fills the space.  
Is it not immortality  
Stamped with eternity?  
Come, behold, by Her grace,  
The parting light that never fades!  
-Welcome to the garden of my heart

- 01.02.2019



## 55. Behind the Mist

Behind the mist,  
I search for the morning sun -  
So that,  
I can wake up like a flower besides a stream,  
From an endless dream.

The moon that waded through the clouds  
Has faded into space,  
The stars that gossiped soft and loud  
Have gone without a trace;  
Birds are yet to flap their wings,  
Not yet ready to fly.  
Then whence comes this lonely voice  
That wakes up in the sky?  
(Behind the mist)

That's the voice that springs from  
The depth of my heart;  
The voice that was before the world  
Was born and set apart.  
That's my soul and that's my goal,  
My perfection, fulfillment.  
The sun and stars arise in it,  
Is it not the filament!  
(Behind the mist)

- 07.02.2019



## 56. Let It Be A Forest Fire

Let it be a forest fire  
And light the flame in every heart;  
Not just a string of words  
But a sudden blitz, a dart.  
Let this verse carry  
The flame of anger, not anguish.  
I pray to God so that,  
This, my verse could accomplish.

Till peace returns to my motherland -  
Not by mere indifference,  
Not by getting diverted,  
indolence or tolerance -  
But by trouncing all that's evil,  
Extinguishing every strife,  
Till such peace blossoms here,  
Let me keep this flame alive!

Killing not in combat but  
In stealth from behind,  
Killing all the innocent  
Senselessly and blind,  
Can this be a holy war,

Or even an act of valour?  
No heaven would ev'r welcome  
A gruesome murderer.

I beseech every friend  
Irrespective of his creed,  
Can any faith flourish where  
Terror and violence breed?  
Peace cannot be bargained out  
Of fear and cowardice  
Weeds must be cut and thrown  
No compromise in this!

· 18.02.2019



## 57. Wake Up, Now

It's still dark outside,  
The world is yet to wake up.  
A little lamp inside my heart,  
Glows between the lup-dup.

Birds are waiting for my song,  
Buds to open like a yawn  
To hold the stars that fall on them;  
That's the magic of the dawn!

If my song could make the sky  
And earth to wake up together,  
Can it not wake you up  
From your slumber dear brother?  
Wake up now the world awaits  
Your healing touch for blisters;  
Is this not a clarion call  
My dear brothers and sisters?

To stand by truth and truth alone  
And never get distracted,

All efforts to divide you  
Let them be shattered.  
That's the vow I ask of you,  
My song that speaks these words  
Plants a fire in your hearts;  
Now see and hear the birds!

- 25.02.2019





## 58. The Rhapsody

Prosody bows before rhapsody,  
Poetry and melody in natural bond!  
All barriers between you and me,  
Break down by that magic wand.  
The rush of words stops not to answer  
The interrogating intellect;  
Words gallop majestically and  
Music makes the viaduct.

Gardens, valleys, thorns, rocks,  
Stars, moon and sun,  
The journey is a jolly ride  
Out and out a fun - yet  
Anguish and agony too  
Have for themselves a share;  
Despite all this a sheer abandon  
A self-effacement, a dare!

No wall between us, our physical frames  
Are not our boundaries.  
Music, poetry, dance and art

Help the soul's release.  
You in me and me in you  
A game of enchantment!  
This moment, this very moment,  
Both of us are one;  
Oh, that's the real fun!

- 03.03.2019



## 59. The Strawberry Girl

*[With all my best wishes to my first grand daughter  
Arundati on her 15th birthday]*

The Strawberry girl, the strawberry girl  
I see her now and then;  
Starry eyed and charming though  
Mostly inside her den!  
Now she lives in a world of her own,  
No time to stand, smile or frown.

The Strawberry girl, the strawberry girl!

How as a kid she clung to me  
And listened to my stories!  
How she walked like a li'l duck  
Enchanting even to fairies;  
How can I forget that chocolate girl?  
The sweetest in my memories!

The Strawberry girl, the strawberry girl!

How can I forget her singing

“Vishamakaara Kannan”?

She was my darling bud but now,

A flower that turns to sun!

Just a “hi” from her will make my day,

Just a few seconds!

Nothing else I need to say,

Forever we’ll be friends!

The Strawberry girl, the strawberry girl!

- 06.03.2019



## 60. Closer To Me

Aren't you closer to me, to my heart,  
Than my limbs, eyes and breath?  
Aren't you sweeter to me, to my soul,  
Than my dreams, heaven and earth?  
Aren't you closer to me?

Far away, far, far away,  
Stars sing and gently sway!  
You are the tune and verse to them,  
Set to my heart's rhythm!  
Aren't you closer to me?

Too close to see or touch,  
Yet playing a hide and seek;  
The proximity is such - that  
Every pulse would speak!  
A glance from the distant past,  
Has reached me, at last.  
Aren't you closer to me?

- 25.03.2019



## 61. Nothing In-between

When I sit quietly,  
Seeing, not seeing anything,  
When I sing silently,  
To nothing would my mind cling.  
Who am I? where am I?  
On this earth or in the sky?  
(When I)

If a 'mariner' could hold someone with his eyes,  
Can I not hold this world with my songs?  
If one's eyes can 'mislead' the morning sun,  
Can I not lead my Self to where it belongs?  
It is not a deception, not an empty dream;  
It's the Truth, my inner core, as to me it would seem!  
(When I)

This is how I meditate - and  
See beyond the seen;  
No Subject, Object, Predicate,  
Nothing, in-between.  
(When I)

- 29.03.2019



## **62. Happy Birthday, Sri Rama**

Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday Sri Rama!  
Happy Birthday to you.

Let my mind this moment be  
Holy Ayodhya!  
Let my heart become your  
Mother Kausalya!

Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday Sri Rama!  
Happy Birthday to you.

Bring peace and glory to the earth,  
Let the world rejoice in mirth!  
Let noble thoughts fill my soul,  
Let truth alone be my goal.

Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday Sri Rama!  
Happy Birthday to you.

I chant your name ram, ram, ram!  
I merge in your eternal charm;  
I chant your name Jai Sri Ram!  
My eyes are full with your divine form.

Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday dear Rama!  
Happy Birthday to you.

- 13.04.2019



## 63. I Repeat

*[Yesterday Shobana made a statement: "The more you write, the more repetitive you tend to become".]*

I repeat whatever I've said - for  
Truth remains the same - it  
Changes not but ever new,  
It's an eternal game.

What I say matters not;  
Read between my lines.  
There you would find my heart,  
With the light that always shines.

Words are just carriages - look  
Inside them, a treasure!  
Open up, just take a step,  
There I'd be to usher.

- 18.04.2019

## 64. The Bard of Avon

*(On the 404th Remembrance Day of Shakespeare)*

The Bard of Avon, the Beacon light  
Of modern literature;  
Every word you quilled became a  
Star that guided the future.  
Though a Common, your noble thoughts,  
Lit the magic lantern - to  
Shake the sphere of hypocrisy and  
Weave a glorious pattern!

I salute you, the greatest poet,  
The Western world has seen!  
You wrote the drama of life itself,  
Whatever it would mean.  
Milton, Coleridge and Johnson - and  
Millions paid you rich tributes;  
I too place a little flower  
Given by my muse!

- 23.04.2019



## 65. The Same Star

A star, the same star - been  
Seeing all along  
Birth after birth,  
Sky or Earth,  
Close to my heart like a song!  
(A star)

Not -  
One shade the more  
Or  
One ray the less - when  
Beauty is frozen,  
It's timeless.  
(A star)

Every time it smiles at me,  
A flower blooms in my heart;  
Every step I take reminds me  
Of a glorious past!  
(A star)

The word that comes from the depth of my soul,  
Never uttered even once;  
Yet the world is filled with it,  
It's gentle, silent resonance.  
(A star)

Time sometimes is still - stands  
Still like a rock - not  
Just a fancy isn't it true - that  
Love has no clock?  
(A star)

- 01.05.2019



## 66. I Planted A Rose

I planted a rose on her cheek,  
Long, long ago,  
Where is it now, no weather nor time - can  
Wither its splendid glow.  
In the distant horizon,  
That moment is frozen!  
I planted a rose on her cheek,  
Long, long ago.  
In the sky and in my heart  
I now see a rainbow.

I sprinkled a few drops of dew  
Upon her lovely tress;  
They have become a billion stars,  
Glorious and ageless.  
(I planted)

I rendered a verse in praise of her  
When I was still a boy.  
It still echoes among the stars,  
It's my book of joy.  
(I planted)

Everywhere, yet nowhere,  
She is a mystery;  
This hide and seek we play forev'r,  
That's my history!  
(I planted)

-15.05.2019



## 67. The Mirror of Truth

Layer after layer, stripped naked,  
I stand before the mirror of truth.  
What I see is just myself,  
Withering away and shedding its youth,  
Like a shadow in a flickering light,  
Yet in peace, an unwavering sight.

No words can describe what I see!  
No brush can paint my testimony!  
All around me, fallen leaves,  
Rustling as though the earth heaves.  
All words of lofty praise galore,  
Nothing touched my inner core.

A fountain springs from that shadow.  
It quenches its own thirst.  
They say it is my poetry!  
Do I own it at all, first?  
This frame so fragile, cannot own  
What doesn't fit into any time-zone!

- 01.06.2019



## 68. A Timeless Game In Time

Don't gauge my age with the years I spent,  
Measure it with the books I read;  
Books, not made of mere words  
But made of life, flesh and blood.

A single dot that burst and spread  
Becoming this Universe,  
Particles that went astray  
And drawn back into the nucleus,  
Formation of atoms which  
Joined hands together,  
Molecules and matter thus  
Emerged in this weather.

Stars were born and Planets too:  
The story of the five elements!  
Suddenly there was a spark somewhere,  
Forecasting all sacraments.  
Sparks and sparks multiplied  
On a planet's bosom,  
As if something breathed life  
Into each one of them!



What could that something be,  
Energy or a living bee?  
Life before life emerged?  
Reason fails to see.  
Life is not an emergence,  
But an effulgence;  
Never was it non-existent  
But singularly dense!

A point without dimensions,  
Energy infinite!  
KALI is the black hole;  
KALI is empty!  
In the poet's<sup>3</sup> words she is  
A six-legged bumblebee,  
That creates not but spreads across  
As space, time and glee!

Life has no origin;  
Life has always been - we  
Simply partake in that dance - though  
The world might wax and wane.  
Stars, planets, stones and every  
Particle of dust,  
Play a timeless game in time,  
Yet orderly and just.

- 25-07-2019



## 69. The Dawn has demands

The dawn has demands multiple;  
Competing and conflicting too!  
Birds demand the ears and  
Eyes by the evolving blue;  
Flowers entreat the olfactory;  
“Exercise”, the body cries!  
The poor self is baffled,  
And everything it tries.

Bees swarm the blossoms - dew  
Drops land on leaves;  
The sun ascends as the sky  
Painstakingly heaves.  
Trees wave and welcome  
The morning full of glory;  
Every day, the same routine,  
Yet a different story!

Nothing matters to this colourful  
Naughty butterfly,  
Now and here but never too near  
Disappearing like a spy!

Fluttering and flaunting till flowers  
Turn pink, red and blush;  
Nature has its own ways  
Non-chalantly plush!

I meet such demands everyday  
Of course with a poem or two;  
In return I am sensitised that  
I am a spirit and a body too.  
Have I not with loyalty,  
Paid the royalty?  
Will I ever be set free,  
Into the singularity?

- 06.08.2019



## 70. Sand And waves

I just woke up from a dream  
In which a cup of ice cream  
O'erflowed and melted like a moon;  
In a flash, I took a spoon.

The lovely beach, a silent night;  
Sparkling waves, a splendid sight;  
Like a boat, a silver moon  
In a second, it vanished soon.

“Did I touch you, my love? No.  
It was only my breath's flow.”  
Sand and waves played this game,  
It wasn't me, nor my dame?

- 04.10.2019



## 71. Mind And Matter

“What’s the matter?” I asked my mind.  
“Mind your business, am not your kind.”  
The reply came a little faster.  
I shrugged and turned towards the matter.

“Would you mind if I explore  
The hidden mystery of your core?”  
“Welcome boy, analyse me,  
If that be your cup of tea.”

Quipped the matter sarcastically;  
I plunged into it vertically;  
Making progress in a straight line.  
And when I thought all was fine,  
Heard a voice that heckled me  
With equations of relativity;  
“Every straight line curves a bit  
As it extends, examine it.”

Should I go in circles, friend?  
No end or beginning in this trend!  
All that matters to my mind  
Is mind or matter, how to find?

- 12.10.2019



## 72. My Cup of Music

My cup of Music overflows,  
Not with thoughts, not with words,  
But with joy and singing birds;  
Have a sip my dear friend,  
Foam and nectar, a perfect blend.  
My cup of Music overflows!

With every sip you'd lose something,  
Shed some weight and become light;  
After some, you can fly,  
My cup becomes a magic sky.  
My cup of Music overflows!

Don't hold the cup but dive inside,  
Swim and fly, side by side;  
Please don't try to understand,  
Poetry is far too grand.  
Let this be a perfect end  
To begin again, my dear friend,  
My cup of Music overflows!

- 20.10.2019



## 73. Be With Me

Be with me, be with me  
When I teach the morning breeze  
How to move, where to pause  
It's a dance, it's a class!  
Songs and verses do this magic - when  
We are together, that's their logic.  
(Be with me)

When I hold a little lamp,  
To fill the sky with stars,  
Bends the rainbow like a ramp - the  
Mystic touch of Midas!  
Kindle that flame inside me,  
For that you shall always be!  
(Be with me)

Without you nothing will move  
In my mind or in my view;  
Aren't you my first reader? - even  
Before I write you set the cue,  
Bringing out the best in me,  
For that you shall always be!  
(Be with me)

- 28.10.2019



## 74. The Song I Am Yet To Sing

*(Yesterday, before the day began, and, before my mind could sing, as I was walking in my garden, I felt, nay, heard, the music of the flowers, as if all around me, flowers stood up and sang in chorus..... Oh, what a lovely feeling! It was too real to be dismissed as a dream or a wishful thinking...)*

The song I am yet to sing,  
Not composed till now;  
I hear the murmurs of the drops that  
Settle on the grass.  
My thoughts gather all of them  
As they come across.

When I sing I just echo the  
Voice of all the flowers;  
That shake their heads to dry themselves  
After morning showers.  
'Do dil do Dodil do',  
I snatch a tune from birds;  
That's enough to make a song  
From the rushing words!



Don't just hear my song but  
Have a look at it;  
You can also get inside and  
Walk along with it.  
You may see the blade of grass or  
Taste the morning dew,  
Get ready to dance and see a  
Dragon fly in you!

'Do dil do Dodil do',  
I snatch a tune from birds;  
That's enough to make a song  
From the rushing words.

The sky is blue, the earth is green - my  
Mind reflects the sheen;  
You and I can merge and melt  
Into this scene - stand  
In a crowd and sing aloud,  
Nothing to fear,  
Let our bones and flesh decay - we're  
Immortals here!

'Do dil do Dodil do',  
I snatch a tune from birds;  
That's enough to make a song  
From the rushing words.

- 17.11.2019



## 75. Meditation

In the wind and in the grass,  
Everywhere a vibration;  
Don't you hear the words in them?  
For that, listen with veneration:  
A silent mind unravels this  
Secret of penetration.  
Is it not what Rishis taught  
As a beautiful meditation?  
Meditation ... meditation.... Om meditation.

The child inside the womb doth hear  
The beats and flow of mother's blood.  
Is it not what Krishna taught  
On a leaf that floats in flood?  
All the stars and space between  
Are they not in constant dance?  
That's what Lord Shiva taught  
In a silent trance.  
Meditation ... meditation.... Om meditation.

'Open up, come close to me!'  
That's the meaning of Upanisad<sup>4</sup>.

My words are not mere ideas,  
They go beyond just what is said.  
Mount Sinai<sup>5</sup> or cave Hira<sup>6</sup>  
Not far away but inside us,  
Count moments that gradually  
Take shape like an octopus.  
Meditation ... meditation.... Om meditation.

- 20.12.2019



## 76. This Moment

This moment, yes, this moment!  
Let it be frozen.  
Not like a piece of art  
In a stone, wood or chart;  
But like the slap of a Master Zen,  
Like the singular big bang,  
That makes all this world,  
The earth and heaven!

In a forest, dense and dark  
When all alone you walk,  
Suddenly you hear a distant noise -  
A flowing brook, a shriek voice,  
That's just a wake-up call  
From the routine dream and all.

Wake up in this moment,  
The moment of eternity;  
It is this, this and just this  
Nothing next, like the first kiss  
Peace and bliss, no vanity!

You and I intertwined  
In this great moment!  
Love and only love  
Can be the bond, the cement;  
Nothing there, behind you  
None ahead of you;  
You and I in unison:  
What a splendid fusion!

- 23.12.2019



## 77. Being without Becoming

[Note: These verses emerged about 30 years ago, sometime during 1987-88. Now, on reading through this work, Shobana suggested some minor corrections. I carried out many of them. I thank her for this. She asked me a pointed question about the usage of the term, 'soul' in these verses: "Can soul suffer or meditate or participate in any temporal events?".

I agree with her that soul, in the sense of "Atman", meaning the core being that is everything and everywhere, cannot partake in such temporal events. Verse No.102 clarifies this:

"The soul does not participate, it's a silent witness!

Like a film of light within a bulb, it's just its own brightness."

However, for want of a better term, the term 'soul' is used here denoting the individual conscious being that assumes an illusory garb and suffers, though in the end, when the veil of maya is removed, it realizes that it is the Universal Self. The term, 'Self' is used to connote the Universal Being, the One and All, called 'Brahman' in Upanisads.

All said and done, I have no authority to tweak these verses more, as I strongly believe that they came out in a gush, in a moment of inspiration. If my memory is right, I got all these verses in a moment, though I took a few hours, spread over 3 to 4 days, to put them on paper. I also read these verses to my Guru, who acknowledged them. The first five verses are invocation verses.]

1

Ishwara<sup>7</sup>, Ishwara! Inspire me, inspire me to write;  
To pour myself out  
So that  
You and I may together sprout  
In an everlasting ecstasy.

2

Everlasting ecstasy, Your Mercy  
I carve in the emptiness of space.  
Whatever I carve, resounds  
Your Name in silence,  
Reminding me of your Holy Presence.

3

Holy Presence, Your Benevolence  
Is Truth, Goodness and Beauty.  
Remove the wrinkles in my mind  
To see your reflection -  
A glimpse of bewildering perfection.



4

Perfection is just purity,  
untainted by existence.  
It is nothing but the essence  
Of everything that passes by time -  
Sweet and simple, like a nursery rhyme!

5

Rhyming words attract each other  
To envelope in between them  
A pause, a richness, a solitude,  
A smile, a tear-drop, an attitude!  
Let me rhyme with you, My Lord!

• • •

6

A hand full of water quenches my thirst, why should I  
become thirsty again?  
Every time I fill up my cup, I know that it is only to drain.

7

Where is within and where is without? whither comes the  
vital breath?  
Prana<sup>8</sup>, is it a part of light, veiled inside a glorious myth?

8

Fragrance is not in flower alone; it permeates the air.  
Prana is not this flesh and bone, it's here and everywhere

9

What moves the mover and rests within a chamber of  
illusion,  
That is prana, the divine light's merciful intrusion.

10

To know something, to know that it is a thing is important.  
To know thyself, to know that you are the Self is important.

11

What gives oneness to the multitude and makes it organic,  
Know that to be the vital breath, the cause and the cosmic.

12

What could have been chaotic is made a Universe  
Only by the vital thread that weaves in wilderness.

13

Waves that make a wave will show the way to this mystery.  
How vast is the ocean of nothingness in that, in you, in me.

14

In that, in you and in myself it's one and just the same.  
It's all pervading energy that shines in every flame.

15

A flame is not the lamp that shines; it's not even the wick.  
Know that to be the vital breath, the cause and the cosmic.

16

I am not this body, I am not this mind, I am not the subtle traveller.

I am subtler than the subtle itself, I chose to be the dweller.

17

I need not come out, out of this; I am not within this,  
I am not this,

When I am, I am everywhere, in and as eternal bliss.

18

Bliss is not a state of mind; it's not mere happiness.

It happens to be a mind at times; in truth, it is the Truth itself.

19

When I cease to know a thing and become the known itself,

I experience the eternal bliss, my Being becomes itself.

20

The gulf between my Self and me, the yawning gap of nothingness;

One step is enough to be in unison with the universe.

21

Is prana bliss? - a simple quiz, I asked unto myself.

Prana is the process by which bliss discovers itself.

22

Wave is water everywhere. they exist together.  
When the latter vibrates, it would become the other.

23

The causal state, the cosmic state, the one begets the other.  
Manifestations may differ; they inhere in one another.

24

Vibrations may cease to be, volcanoes may die.  
Everything may erupt again to make this earth and sky.

25

Nothing comes from nothingness<sup>9</sup>, nothing can be lost.  
The one is two, in me and you, as if they stand apart.

26

The celestial dance of stars in sky! the crystal dew on  
leaves!  
The one inside the other and yet, no trace of touch it leaves.

27

Light may fill a space and still the space may be empty!  
Such emptiness, I call my Self, the light, the divine mercy.

28

I wonder, still I wonder not! I wander, am still in stillness  
too!  
This duality is superimposed: "That though art<sup>10</sup>" is verily  
true.

29

A bird that flaps its wings to fly, learns the law of nature.  
What learns is not the bird, but nature in the bird and  
every creature.

30

Nature is the teacher and also the student, fine!  
In me, it learns itself and then unlearns what is mine.

31

Nature sleeps, laughs, weeps; it sings and speaks to me.  
What it says is seldom heard, unless the mind is free.

32

It dances with the breeze and trees, it dreams amidst the  
mist.  
In stillness, it is called Shiva! and Shakti<sup>11</sup>, when adrift.

33

Bliss and nature, tied together by the cord of prana;  
The identity of each other, to realise that is dhyana.

34

Ishwara and Shakti in a Divine Union;  
That is what the religions call 'Nirvana'<sup>12</sup>, 'Liberation'.

35

The cord will lose its extension, the ends will merge again.  
Time and space will vanish, the Truth will ever remain.

36

The course of a river depends on its current and the earth below.

The soul too has a current and a path beneath to flow

37

Karma<sup>13</sup> lays the path that is the rise and fall of earth.

The current is a divine spark, cradled inside the heart.

38

A strong current defies the path and devices its own.

It traces a path so that, to all, the path can just be shown.

39

Only rivers trace a path, the ocean has none.

Every path is so because it leads us to the ocean.

40

Nothing gained, no complaint; we weave our destiny.

When we weave, we tend to leave a trace for the progeny.

41

The inner current that impels us, we call it sankalpa!<sup>14</sup>

It is the will that vindicates the divine in every rupa.

42

When there is a will to go, the way is before us.

The Will, the Way are two in one, bound in togetherness.

43

When the will follows the way, the bondage becomes strong.  
When the will creates its way, it unfolds like a song

44

Sankalpa is the rule of law! Sankalpa the power!  
Sankalpa is deathlessness! its victory is for sure.

45

Waylaid in this darkness by the vagaries of the path,  
The soul suffers; its Sankalpa saves it from this wrath.

46

Yoga is the key to life and not a mere doctrine.  
It is the soul's awakening, a way, a discipline.

47

It is not a path, it is the way to make a path.  
It's the wick, it's the lamp, inside the sacred heart.

48

Not a road that leads to heaven; not the heaven even;  
It's transcendence, efflorescence, the soul's inner  
dimension.

49

It's the path but it extends not; just intends intuitively.  
It kindles that inner spark, the soul to see its glory.

50

It closes you to the outside world and opens that in you.  
It discovers the Nature-Bliss identity anew.

51

Sound is not just air; but the air in vibration.  
Prana too is not just breath; but the rhythm of intention.

52

Intention that seeks an object extends by itself.  
It penetrates every obstacle and objectifies itself.

53

It fills the gulf of nothingness with fancied illusion;  
It runs amuck among the toys it makes in extension.

54

Yoga eases its tension; it regains its rhythm.  
The Master comes and takes the reins to act like a prism.

55

Multitude will converge then, that's the rule of law.  
Equipoise is discovered, the game ends in a draw.

56

"I think therefore I am"<sup>15</sup>, the ego says readily.  
Thoughts may cease to be and still consciousness can be.



57

What becomes conscious cannot be consciousness.  
Consciousness can never at all become anything else.

58

Reflection is not the object, what reflects is the mind  
In between the mind, the object, what is there to bind?

59

Beams of light that build the world from bricks of illusion  
Call them not your consciousness, the seed of creation

60

What seekest thou inside the seed, when trees bear  
testimony?  
To seek is just the beginning but the end is harmony.

61

Consciousness is Ananda<sup>16</sup>, the inner spark itself.  
When it is bliss, untainted, it is the divine self.

62

When a droplet dreams to be an ocean by itself,  
Veiled inside viscosity, it makes a yawning gulf.

63

The gulf of nothingness becomes extended consciousness;  
The veil of Maya<sup>17</sup> surrounding the drop of emptiness.

64

Prana starts extending out, gets caught in illusion.  
When it withdraws intentionally, it discovers intuition!

65

Maya, Prana, Intuition, all of them are bliss.  
Which is when is decided by the direction of the bliss.

66

To see a thing through the self is just a mode of reflection  
To see the self in everything is darshan<sup>18</sup>, intuition!

67

To see the spark in every form, intuition radiates.  
It is not inside alone it fills and permeates.

68

It questions not, it has no quest, it needs no carrier.  
It spreads along, no trough, no crest; it has no barrier

69

It's a wave and yet a matter, dual like light!  
No two souls are kept apart in compartments tight

70

It travels not but transfigures, soul to soul alike.  
Not this body, not this mind, it's the genetic drive

71

Guru<sup>19</sup> comes and shows the way to reach the intuition.  
He teaches not but becomes your guiding intuition.

72

When guru becomes intuition and intuition guru,  
Inspiration opens up the world in you anew.

73

To see, remember, imagine are but modes of perception  
Subtler waves are not perceived, they defy reflection.

74

What is perceived is not a form but an object in a form.  
A space enclosed may have a form but the space is not the  
form.

75

Forms are not intuited but they form the subtler plain.  
Poetry springs in subtlety and glorifies the game.

76

A flight into intuition inspires the mind afresh.  
Inspires a poet or simply dances upon an artist's brush.

77

A deeper flight will open up the world of formlessness.  
Forms are not intuited there but formless holiness.

78

Holiness may descend upon this world of illusions,  
To get in touch with intuition and take its vibrations.

79

A word that carries holiness does not belong to speech.  
It creates vibrations for the divine itself to reach.

80

When such vibrations are in tune with holiness,  
Sankalpa is discovered, its strength, its divine pulse.

81

Having seen formlessness, what charms the forms can  
have?  
Silence becomes eloquence, choked in a divine awe!

82

What moves in time will fade in time, not that which moves  
the time!  
What is formless is eternal; it permeates the time.

83

The spread of space, the flow of time, movements make the  
two.  
When nothing moves, the space and time vanish into the  
blue.

84

Nothing lost, no expectation, nothing except me;  
Not even a word to speak, no thought can spring in me.

85

Nothingness is all in all and nothingness exists!  
It's everything but motionless in pure eternal bliss.

86

Nothingness is substance-less, from which substances  
spring.  
Nothingness is the substratum, the basis of becoming.

87

Being is its very essence, to be is benevolence.  
Everything exists in it as a seed of existence.

88

Nothingness is consciousness, not conscious of anything.  
Nothingness is Ananda, has no end and no beginning.

89

Ananda is being and Avidya<sup>20</sup> becoming!  
Prana is the process of being-in-becoming.

90

Nothingness is not a void, it is realisation  
Being without becoming is Nirvana! Liberation!

91

Being without becoming is not being without a body.  
In or out matters not; but matters, how to be.

92

Being has no quality, no beingness is there.  
Being is the existence where qualities inhere.

93

Being without becoming is the goal of Sankalpa.  
It is the one without another; it transcends Nama-Rupa<sup>21</sup>.

94

What was Sat<sup>22</sup> becomes the Chit<sup>23</sup> through its Sankalpa,  
The merger of Sat and chit, that is Ananda!

95

You and I are Ananda and 'That Though Art' is true.  
Ananda is the Sadguru<sup>24</sup>, the chit in me, in you!

96

Sat and chit do stand apart; that state is called Maya!  
When they seek each other that state is avidya.

97

Avidya is darkness and Maya is lustre  
The one is earth, the other sky; they make this world a  
wonder!

98

To pull the earth and sky together, that is Pranavidya<sup>25</sup>.  
Not an exercise of breath, but a process of the jiva

99

Maya is illusion, for it reflects avidya.  
Avidya is nescience, for it undertakes Maya.

100

When Sat and Chit unite again as one in Ananda,  
No illusion, no nescience, no identity at all.

101

To be inside a body yet not to be in becoming;  
That is known as Jivan Mukti<sup>26</sup>, just being without  
becoming

102

The soul does not participate, it's a silent witness!  
Like a film of light within a bulb, it's just its own  
brightness.

103

The soul and the body act like a magnet and its field.  
The field is apparent, though the soul is mostly veiled.

104

To act upon the grosser planes, it holds a form together.  
Once the mission is accomplished, it sheds it like a feather.

105

Those who attain Jivan Mukti, take a few with them.  
A Saint, Siddha<sup>27</sup>, Sufi<sup>28</sup> or a Prophet, as they come.

106

To concentrate upon an object is not meditation.  
It's objectless, it's unified, it's a pure and simple vision!

107

To see a glimpse of nothingness and be the inner self,  
Close the door to the outer world and be in being itself,

108

Prana doesn't become another when it stays as it is.  
The soul meditates upon itself and discovers the bliss

109

Meditation is retention, not of breath but prana,  
It's delinked from the gross and therefore called  
"Dhyana<sup>29</sup>"!

110

A vibration that does not spread, realises itself.  
Dhyana is realisation: the soul meeting its Self.



## 78. AMMA, AMMA

In a candle in the stars  
In the sun and in the moon  
In my eyes and in my soul  
Thou art the light divine mother  
Amma Amma Amma Amma  
Amma Amma Amma Amma

In my words and in my song  
In the church bell and the breeze  
In my heart, veins, arteries  
Thou art the music my mother  
Amma Amma Amma Amma  
Amma Amma Amma Amma

When you take myself with you  
To fly around the galaxies  
Two petals unfold themselves  
We transcend all the boundaries  
I know that in your lullaby  
I know that as my inner sky  
I know that in the holy word  
The OM, the egg, the cosmic bird  
Amma Amma Amma Amma  
Amma Amma Amma Amma

In my fears and in my tears  
In my joy and in my sigh  
In the pangs of solitude  
I sing this song with gratitude  
Amma Amma Amma Amma  
Amma Amma Amma Amma

03-06-1989

## 79. SHE WALKS NOT IN BEAUTY

She walks not in beauty  
Not in beauty alone  
In truth, goodness, valour,  
In thoughts, flesh and bone  
She walks not in beauty  
Not in beauty alone

Sometimes fast, sometimes slow  
Her gait is astounding  
Like mighty rivers that would flow  
Straight, at times bending  
She is dark, she is light  
She can never be  
The same but always keeps changing  
Eternally, yet momentary  
She walks not in beauty  
Not in beauty alone  
In truth, goodness, valour,  
In thoughts, flesh and bone

Of all the moments the most I cherish  
Is the moment of love - when  
She would pause to trade a kiss  
And part with a swift bow  
All and yet none at once  
A mystic moon she is  
But I know her as a friend  
In agony and in bliss

She walks not in beauty  
Not in beauty alone  
In truth, goodness, valour,  
In thoughts, flesh and bone – yet  
She walks in Beauty

05-02-2020

## 80. WE WILL DO OUR BEST

A testing time indeed  
A testing time indeed  
Our faith, strength and valour  
All are under test  
Nothing dampens our spirit  
We will do our best  
Nothing dampens our spirit  
We will do our best

We will do our best  
We will do our best  
We will do our best  
We will do our best

The most certain event is  
Death my dear friend  
Yet nothing can stop us from  
Fighting till the end  
Our faith, strength and valour  
All are under test  
Nothing dampens our spirit  
We will do our best

We will do our best  
We will do our best

A doctor carries on his shoulder  
Not a stethoscope  
But the garland made of our  
Gratitude and hope  
A nurse is an angel who  
Nurtures our cheer  
A big salute to all of them  
Set aside your fear

We will do our best  
We will do our best

A policeman patrols not a  
Street or a town  
He chases all fears from our  
Mind without a frown  
Everyone who risks his life  
For the society  
A big salute to all of them  
And God the Almighty

We will do our best  
We will do our best

27-03-2020

## 81. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

Let's light a lamp, the lamp of faith and  
Brighten up with cheer  
Gather all our strength and say  
Nothing is there to fear  
Lead kindly light

All of us are together  
In this endeavour  
Light a lamp to show the faith - Dear  
Sister, dear brother  
Lead kindly light

The  
Wick, wax and oil apart we  
Stand with a firm resolve - let's  
Pray for all and for the world - our  
Woes would then dissolve  
We shall not fight again - will  
Stand united now - the  
Light we hold - the  
Light in us - is the  
Light of faith and love  
Lead kindly light

04-03-2020

## 82. The Song of Tomorrow

The world is for all  
The world is just one  
Plants, insects, animals  
Are equal in the sun  
The world is for all  
The world is just one  
Everything has a space  
A job to be done  
Life is not a crazy race  
The world is just one

Every leaf, every flower,  
Every drop of water too,  
Has a life, the right to live,  
That is why the sky is blue!  
Cast away all hatred - please  
Don't make this planet red

Everything lends a hand,  
a helping hand  
Hold it gently walk along  
Be it stone or sand  
The little grass, the butterfly  
The distant rainbow in the Sky  
Every heart has a song,  
A song that we know  
The song of Love, the song of Hope  
The song of Tomorrow

24-04-2020

## **Annotations:**

1. Brahm Vidya is an esoteric yogic practice that initiates a practitioner into experiencing his oneness with the whole Universe. I was initiated into this practice by my spiritual guru Dr.A.Nityanandam. His name means, “Bliss Eternal”.
2. Swamy SaranamAiyappa .... Aiyappa is the deity that presides over the temple on top of a hill called Sabari Hill in Kerala, a Southern State in India. “Saranam” is a Tamil word meaning ‘Surrender’
3. “The Poet” is Subramanya Bharathiar, a great revolutionary Poet who wrote extensively in Tamil and a few verses and essays in English too, in the early part of the 20th Century and is a source of great inspiration to me and all those who came into the Tamil Literary Field after him.
4. Upanisads are mystic and metaphysical writings, authored by Great Seers called “Rishis” of the ancient Bharat, now called India. They bring out the discussions among the Learned and the wise, sitting closely in forests, by fireside. They are considered to be sacred and canonical texts in Indian Philosophy.
5. Sinai..... Sinai mountain, according to the Jewish Tradition, is where the Ten Commandments were handed over in the form of a tablet to Moses by God.

6. Cave Hira... According to the Islamic belief, it was in Cave Hira, on the mountain called, “Jabal an-Nour near Mecca, Mohamed the Prophet meditated and received the first revelation, from the Angel Jibrail, (Gabriel, in anglicized form).
7. “Ishwara” denotes the formless God being in a particular form.
8. “Prana” is the energy that vitalizes the Subtle Body. It is like Oxygen that vitalizes the Gross physical body through the respiratory process.
9. Nothing comes from Nothingness is the English form of the Latin maxim, “Ex Nihilo Nihil Fit”, originally propounded by the Greek Philosopher, Parmenides (475 B.C.), according to Aristotle and later elucidated by the Roman Poet and Philosopher, Lucretius (99 to 55 B.C.).
10. “That Thou Art” is the English translation of “Tatvamasi”, a Great Statement (MahaVakya) found in Chandogya Upanisad (6.8.7).
11. “Shiva and Sakthi” are the two modes in which the Universal Energy operates, Static and dynamic; potential and kinetic.
12. “Nirvana” in the ancient language called “Samskrutam” (Sanskrit) means liberation of the soul from the cycle of death and birth.
13. “Karma” means deeds and in philosophical parlance, the actions, thoughts and inner inclinations that shape the path and determine the destiny of the individual soul.
14. “Sankalpa” means the power of Will.



15. “I think therefore I am” is a famous proposition formulated by the French Philosopher and Mathematician Descartes in the 17th Century C.E. In French it is, “Cogito Ergo Sum”.
16. “Ananda” means bliss and is deemed to be the real nature of the Soul.
17. “Maya” means Illusion.
18. “Darshan”, means a Vision or Experience, more specifically, a spiritual or a transcendental experience.
19. “Guru” is the Master, especially in the spiritual path.
20. “Avidya” means nescience.
21. “Nama-Rupa” means Name and Form.
22. “Sat” means Existence or the substratum of all that exist.
23. “Chit” means consciousness.
24. “Sadguru” means the guardian Guru or the Guide in the spiritual path who accompanies the Individual in such journey till the destination is reached.
25. “Pranavidya” means the science of control of Prana, mostly but not necessarily, through control of breath.
26. “Jivan Mukti” means attainment of liberation even while one exists in and as a physical body.
27. “Siddha” is a term in Tamil denoting a sage or an adept in spiritual practice.
28. “Sufi” is a term in Arabic denoting a spiritually-inclined wise being.
29. “Dhyana” is meditation.