



THE SOUND OF SILENCE

(POEMS)

■ VANAVIL K. RAVI

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

Poems by

Vanavil K. RAVI



New Goal

New path

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FOREWORD

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I am grateful to Vanavil K.Ravi for the honour he has conferred on me asking me to pen a foreword for the forthcoming collection of his poems, written or sung over a period of four decades. In fact this anthology can stand by itself without my word or anybody's word for that matter. A flower needs no orator to proclaim its fragrance. Its fragrance will never wear off even with the passage of time or passing of generations. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the poems in this collection. I congratulate him and compliment him on this enticing volume of poems. Intriguingly original and experientially authentic, the poems are a class by themselves. It is no exaggeration to say that it is a girdle of the unfading Amaranthus worn like a laurel. The anthology has become a bouquet.

As for the lawyer-poet, a lawyer lives by his words and the poet in his words. The author is true to both. The name prophetically means the resplendent opulence of an arch, glowing with the radiance of the sun. Conceptually a philosopher and experientially a poet, the author's versatility and genius burst at the seams of his poems. There is nothing laborious about them. There is burst of poetry, gush of words, torrent of ideas, flood of wisdom, explosion of joy, implosion of life's panorama, nuggets of philosophy; the list is endless.

Poetry is not a mechanical art. It is not rickety prosody, mutilating the emotional structure of the poems. It is verslibre, free verse, what Eliot called a revolt against the deadness and decadence of Victorian poetry. In fact, there is a new metre in these poems. He confesses in his preface that they are more musical than metrical and more often than not sung or recited, loudly or to himself. His use of

refrain repeatedly adds authenticity to his confession. The spell cast by the music of the poems is through the accentuated speech-rhythm. If we take for example, poem No.54, 'The Rhythm of Rain', and, look at the last stanza:

Come with me
Clap with me
Dance with me
Drown with me
Sing with me
Soar with me
Live with me
Love with me
We'll set a song to the rhythm of rain
Our footsteps in the sky

Can there be a greater witness to the quality of the rhythm in the poems than this? Again, let's look at poem No.88. 'Dice With God'. As we go down the poem and read :

The dice keep rolling
One for Space
One for Time
The game is interesting
When I roll
"Here a jar, there a car
Here a friend, here a foe"
The dice keep rolling
One for fact
One for truth
The game is still interesting
I am playing dice with god

In the poem, 'April Fool', the refrain is at the end of each stanza:

Don't be an April Fool
Don't be an April Fool
Be cool

It is there in the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and the 4th stanzas. There you are able to see how the emphasis upon not being a fool is carried on from

one step to the next, to the third and on to the final where he says “Don’t be an April Fool, Be cool”. It has a certain political undertone but that is not the point here. How the poet uses the refrain to drive home the point reminding the reader of the election.

A poet is constantly in search of newer idioms, contemporary metaphors and shockingly original turns of phrase. A poet’s mind is not a lumber room for broken furniture but a treasure trove where life enlivens experience. Afraid of making the foreword a reader’s guide, I desist from giving more examples, but take for example poem No.1, where, the fact remains that whatever he calls his weakness is really his strength. An illustration of the vigour and novelty of expression is seen in the poem No.3, ‘The Dawn’.

A sudden release of experience
From the slumber, dark
A macrocosmic orgasm
Bursts out in a spark

A metaphor that appeals at different levels and to different experiences, the sexual and the transcendental, reverberate through the poem. If ‘release’ and ‘orgasm’ are powerful suggestions of the spasms of sex, ‘macrocosm’ connects to the atmospheric or the ethereal, and ‘bursts’ and ‘sparks’ are of a piece with both lightning and poetry with ‘sphota’ of Sanskrit aesthetics.

It is poetic humility when he says that the source of their genesis is a mystery. He says it in his poetic song, ‘Are you a flame, are you a flower’. This reminds me of what Coleridge wrote in Kubla Khan, “Those sunny domes, those caves of ice”.

It is usual for poets to give the first line of their poem as title to the poem. In this anthology, I wonder, whether the last lines could be given the honour.

A kite flyer, poem No.34, is Poet’s journey into the wandering passions, the floating boat on the water, the flying kite in the sky, a caravan on the move on the land. Is he not a real vagabond wandering in the realms of thought, feeling, emotion and expression?

‘Dice with god’ is quite an interesting poem where god plays dice with perhaps the poet. The freedom, the random rhythm of the rolling of the dice is the fuzzy alternating of numbers on the dice. In

the poet's repeated variations, the dice keep rolling and then he goes on as we have seen earlier, 'One for Space, One for Time' and so on and lastly when we come to the April Fool, at the end of each of the stanzas is a structural device.

How the author reflects upon the process of writing poetry brings out his concern for the profession. He says he does not know from where the poem springs. No poet ever does. In fact, he shouldn't, because he has to steer clear of the personal passion to project the Universal poetic space. The individual parameters of experience are digested into the universal parameters of life and the emergent poetry. Divested of the personal and the emotive, the poems are distanced to give them the beauty of negative capability. If we do not understand his poems it is not meant because every reader reads the poem and what appeals to him is his poem. An advice given to the readers generally is that they should not trust the poet with the interpretation of his poems.

In fine, "a poem should not mean but be", says Archibald MacLeish. These poems are; and, they will be; because there is a certain quality of immortality in them which is able to extend the instant to the infinite, the present into the future and the immediate into the distant.

PREFACE

This is the second volume of my poems in English. The first one was “A Spark, A Petal”, released last year.

This is the second, not because all the poems here were written later. Of course, some were written later. Those written much earlier but were not readily typed and available then, have now been included in this volume. There are more. I have to search for them in old note books and pieces of papers lying in heaps or search deep inside my mind to recollect. If, by the will of God, I have more time left, I will try.

The poems in both the collections are the children of the happy marriage between my heart and mind. Yet they were not created by either or even by both. The source of their genesis is as much a mystery to me as it might seem to you. No child is created by his or her parents. The parents are mere instruments that facilitated the creation.

I wrote these only because I could not resist them. The more I speak of this, the more I might get into arguments. I rest my case on this issue with a certainty that whatever I have said above would have triggered your thoughts, though may not be understood fully.

Normally, I don't assign titles to my poems. That's the prerogative of the readers. It depends on the relationship between a poem and the reader. I hesitate to come in between. However only and only for the ease of reference, I have hesitatingly given titles to the poems.

Whatever I have said of titles squarely applies to punctuation marks too. I admit, I am not good at it either. I do not want to feign a complete understanding of my poems. I always try to understand them more and more, like you might do whenever you visit them. Punctuation marks might seem arrogant. However, I have introduced some marks here and there, just to avoid ambiguity or a clash of ideas, not very successfully, though, I confess.

There might be a debate on the metre of some of my poems. Honestly speaking, they are more musical than metrical. Not that they have no metre at all. The metre maybe unconventional. In some places they rhyme; in some, they are blank. Not a result of any deliberation on my part. I simply recite or sing, loudly or to myself, whatever comes, as it comes. What is their metre, what is their rhyme-scheme, are all issues for post-facto analyses.

All the poems in this book have been arranged in chronological order, except the first poem, since I thought this book may begin with a prayer.

A word of caution. Since this is not a compilation of all my poems, there could be, and of course, there are several other poems, written during the period covered in this book. If one takes note of the poems in “A Spark, A Petal...!”, the first volume of my poems in English, one would be in a better position to arrange chronologically almost all my poems. I say ‘almost’, because there may still be some more in the attic that I have not included in either of these volumes.

I thank professor Ananthan for spending his valuable time to give an appropriate foreword to this book. It really enhances the value of this book. It is a matter of joy and pride that I studied English under him in the first year of my college education. He taught me not just English but also the ease and abandon that are innate in that sweet language. I thank him not only for the rich foreword that he has given but also for choosing the title of this book. By the foreword he has laid the path that leads the reader through these poems, by the title he has set the goal.

We all know “The Sound of Music”. Now let our hearts be tuned to hear also “The Sound of Silence”.

What you read in these poems, that is what I am. Nothing more, nothing less. Every moment that I have lived, not as a mere physical body, but as something more than that, is here before you, for you to experience, not only now, but even after hundreds of years.

Let the journey begin and it would never end.

Vanavil K.Ravi

24-06-2021



1. Just a few Shells

Am I asking for more, My Lord,
More than what I deserve?
I know your treasure-chest
Has an ample reserve
Give me strength to be true
Show me the path that leads to you
Let the fire in my words spread – and
Light a lamp in every heart
Shouldn't I carry your message
To everyone of every age?
Oh, the Ocean of Grace! I pray
Don't let me go astray
I am not asking for anything else
Not pearls, but just a few shells

24-10-1995

2. We fail to learn



We fail to learn our lessons
Wars are not solutions
Every attempt to build an empire
On the rock of flesh and blood
Had failed
Still
We fail to learn our lessons

How many times should Shelley speak
Of the pompous Ozymandias?
How many Caesars, Alexanders
Fill up the pages of History?
A brutal army walked upon
Millions of corpses - and
We hailed him by name, the one who
Ordered such massacre

We fail to learn our lessons

The one who was all alone,
Just a one-man army
In his crusade against violence,
Against pomp and untruth,
Who wavered not in his faith
Even when he saw
People killing themselves and

Sinking in a bloodbath!
We killed him once with a bullet
When he walked to pray
With our greed and unbridled violence
We kill him everyday

We fail to learn our lessons

30-01-1977

3. The Dawn



The dawn is full of dance and music
An emerging effulgence
The Ego becomes self-conscious and
Asserts its existence

A sudden release of experience
From the slumber, dark
A macrocosmic orgasm
Bursts out in a spark

The mystery of this morning is
Clothed in dazzling colours
Everywhere I hear these words
“The world is simply ours”

09-07-1978

4. *The paradise isn't far away*



My words do not reflect
The lightning thoughts that strike them
My words are just transparent,
Light simply passes through them
Dive, dive at once into the
Abysmal depths of my articulations
The dazzling pool of transparence
Drenched in passing radiance
Awaits you
Vanish into that verbal vacuum
Sink into that resplendence
Silent rays of starry lights which
Started journey long ago
Will lead you through the unknown
Dive, dive at once
Drive away the fear
The paradise isn't far away
It is here or at least near

23-01-1980

5. My Master



I have seen you before
May be hundreds of years ago
Could be thousands or even more

You were seated beneath an old tree
A few sitting around you
Your silence was deafening
Piercing my heart and making a dent
Larger than the one on your ear lobes
Did you hear me?

Again
You were on the street
Raising your voice with a spate of questions
Flowing like your beard
None had the answer
Did you have, at least?

I saw you upon the little mount
giving sermons to the village folk
Who were overawed more by your presence
Than by your words
Those forgotten words were rewritten
By your disciples
Did you vet them?

I saw you inside a mirror
With faces six and shoulders twelve
Upon a peacock, a shining light
You locked yourself into a room and disappeared
Just a camphor as a witness
Did you light it?

I saw you clad in rags
With a begging bowl in hand
Many offered their sins to you
You asked them to be fearless
I offered nothing but ego
Did you burn it?

Haven't I seen you, heard you and
Followed you before?
Not just once but several times!
Still I am in search of you
What game is this, my Master!

24-05-1988

*[The references are to Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Ramalinga
Vallalar and Shirdi Sai Baba]*

6. A Piece Of Pure Wisdom



From the distant blue sky, I draw my thoughts in wonder!
With the colours of the sunset, mould them into moods!
I set them in vibration with the words given by thunder!
I tune them with the ocean waves and sing them in the Woods!
When my words reverberate in every heart that welcomes them,
I discover within myself a piece of pure wisdom

I don't proclaim I am a poet but Poetry haunts me!
In every thought, word and deed, it sits comfortably – it
Squeezes out of me itself and blooms like a flower
Takes a shade of righteousness and spreads like a fire
When my words reverberate in every heart that welcomes them
I discover within myself a piece of pure wisdom

Its sound may die but only so to both the outside ears
Its incessant vibrations will dispel all your fears
Reach the mind, go beyond and gather the spirit
To live forever in that light shining bright in it
When my words reverberate in every heart that welcomes them,
I discover within myself a piece of pure wisdom

09-11-1988

7. The Queue



Am I standing in a queue?
Is it moving or still?
To buy or reach what?
I don't remember
I am just counting
Everyone a mere number

Can I ask someone the purpose of this queue?
None seems to know my language
My signs, only a few
Only one answered and said
Nothing he knew

Waiting without knowing
What we are waiting for
More and more keep joining us
Is it a queue or a cellar?

15-05-1990

8. Holy Mother: Song 1



(In the last week of May 1991, some of my friends were engaged in meditative sessions and said that they had a vision of Mother Mary. I did not participate in the sessions. However, my mind was filled with the vision, taste and smell of Holiness. During that week, I wrote a number of songs on the Holy Mother. I could trace only six of them readily—this and the next five)

In Art, Music, Dance

Or Poetic flight

Holy Mother, Holy Mother!

You are the guiding light

You blow a breeze, caress the trees

And flow in all rivers

You hum a hundred tunes with bees

And bring the morning showers

Holy Mother, Holy Mother!

You are my Sadhguru

To know the secret of life and death,

Through Nature, you give a clue

You dance atop a painting brush

You smile in myriad hues

You swell in mystic silence and

Explode in words as muse

Holy Mother, Holy Mother!

Horizon is your home

Longing for communion my

Soul resounds in OM

26-05-1991

9. Holy Mother: Song 2



The scriptures say that you have a thousand arms
But I would say you have them in billions
Arms that work and arms that help and
Arms upraised, folded in a prayer
You move along with every arm
Enchantingly without a form

An arm that plays the tuneful notes
Upon a silent river
An arm that waves and seeing which
The trees and mountains shiver
An arm that cradles lovingly a
Prophet or a Martyr
An arm that throws a stud above and
Makes a moon in barter*

Every leaf of grass may hold a
Hundred drops of dew
Every drop reflects the sky,
The world and all of you
Embedded in every heart
As a distant memory
You answer every call
Whether Kali or Mary

28-05-1991

**This refers to the legend of a Tamil poet/saint, Abhirama Battar, heeding to whose prayer Goddess Parasakthi threw her ear-stud and made it shine in the sky like a Full Moon, on a New Moon Day.*

10. Holy Mother: Song 3



Awakened by a beam of light a bud becomes a flower
A soul that blossoms by your glance will spread your name forever
A nameless form, a formless name the one without another
How can I invoke your grace except by singing “mother mother”
Oh Mother, Mother, Mother - my
Burdened mind is now
Just like a little feather
Because I know your love

Every time I take a pen to
Write a song afresh - you
Dance between my thoughts and words
Like a painting brush
Everytime I close my eyes in
Thoughts of utmost reverence
Your smile engulfs my soul and there I
Learn to be in silence

Every step I take should bring you closer to me Mother
Every word I speak should remind your holiness Mother
Every flower that blooms on earth should make me a child again
Mother Mother should be the tune in every drop of rain
Oh Mother, Mother, Mother - my
Burdened mind is now
Just like a little feather
Because I know your love

29-05-1991

11. Holy Mother: Song 4



Stars and moons may swing together
The sky may garland you
My soul that calls you Holy Mother
With tears it garlands you
Holy Mother, Holy Mother!
Echoes the universe
Your grace blossoms in my words and
Makes a rhyming verse

Every time I sing a song you descend into my words
You baptize them with Holiness and make them musical
Everytime I wink my eyes you shine in myriad forms
Every thread of appearance is just your divine glance

30-05-1991

12. Holy Mother: Song 5



When my words in search of you flap their wings to fly
Will you come and fill them up or greet them in the sky
No mind can ever assemble you
No form can ever resemble you
But I am inspired to clad you in a verse
On and on that song would spread across the universe

From the moon some sandal paste, from the sun a camphor
With the stars a garland too and clouds to make you warmer
Brings the song while traversing the galaxies in space
Every word and every drop yearning for your grace

When the song would go beyond the world of appearance
Then it would cease to be a sound and merge into silence
In the plane of transcendence the song is just a cue
So that this universe can spring again from you

31-05-1991

13. Holy Mother: Song 6



Twinkle Twinkle Little Star
Won't you come here
Pitter patter raindrops your
Footsteps now I hear

Will you take me up above where I can see my mother?
Will you carry me along? Shall we go together?

Are you not the milestones in the Milky way?
Then lead us to her royal chamber far far away

Are you not the ascending souls awakened by her name?
Let me also participate in your divine game

02-06-1991

14. The Law of Images



I say this only this
That this world is full of bliss
In ignorance and wisdom too
It is blissful and ever true

When I say this I do not mean that
Suffering is an illusion
What suffers is bliss itself
It suffers from an illusion

Bliss is not an illusion nor illusion the bliss
Bliss is in an illusion, it takes itself amiss

It weaves around itself a cage
From its own tendencies
Thus creates a false image
In warp, waft and crease

The mirror images of bliss
Which we call illusions
Suffer because of other images
Each calling others “intrusions”

Every image imagines that
It is the truth exclusively

When every image makes this claim
A conflict brews apparently

How to escape from this conflict,
The law of images?
By asking this, images want
Freedom from their cages

What keeps an image going is
Its tendential cage
When tendencies are transcended
It is no longer an image

When tendencies are understood
The transcendence begins
The travelogue is life itself
Unfolding in a glimpse

03-05-1994

15. An Endless Ocean



The blue that turns
Green, white, grey and black
And all at once
The blue that burns
The blue that blows
The blue that blossoms into billions of diamond jewels
The blue that shines in the innocent eyes of a kid
The blue that makes a fantasy,
Mirth, sorrow and ecstasy
In that blue I behold you
The divine charioteer
I hear your flute inside my heart
I see you as a peer
You're the sky in my eye
An endless Ocean blue

10-05-1994

16. Two in One



You were there, You were there
You were there when darkness descended
Why didn't you extend a finger to hold?
Are you not as merciful as I am told?

In the wee hours of the day
I could see a ray
A ray of light, a little hope
You smiled!
I think that's your way

Are you my friend, father, mother?
Or as they say, the sole creator?
Whatever and wherever you are
I realised you and me inside
One the shadow, the other, a light
Two in one, oh, that's my plight

23-06-1994

17. True Surrender



When I stop thinking, a light shines within me
Leading me away from this labyrinth
Towards the shore of peace and bliss

Just a while, a look, a smile, oh! that's enough for me
That would silence all my thoughts that wander restlessly
No image can represent that formless divinity
Unless one becomes a child and carves in ecstasy

When a light emerges from a dark abysmal depth
Smiles at you, shines in you and shares with you its mirth
Dive in it and dance with it
Capture all its Splendour
Melt and become one with it
That's true surrender

29-08-1994

18. *I am not a merchant*



I am not a merchant
I don't sell anything
I am not a Saint
Don't expect miracles
I smile like a Dew drop
I cry like a river
Some call me a poet!
A Prophet? Oh never

I pant like a cloud
Explode like a star
In a song that you hear
Very feeble and far
I plant a delight
Inside your heart
So that you hear me
Even when I am not

17-01-2001

19. Keep the Spark Alive



I am fragile
My attempts may fail
Let me not fail in faith, My Lord
I know not the goal
I just play my role
Nothing I expect as reward

By Nature's glance
I go into a trance
To participate in Your divine dance
Though it is brief
I have no grief
Life is just a great Romance

Whenever I see
a butterfly, a bee
My heart rejoices and blooms like a flower
Like a honey-dew
Within me a new
Song would melt and bring forth a shower

A pure innocence
With no arrogance
I find in the eyes of children and the poor
Nothing to own

Nothing to mourn
Blessed are they like a perennial river

Let not age be a cage
And imprison the bird inside - I'll
Keep the spark alive and
Cross the ocean's ebb and tide

17-01-2001

20. There He Is



The wind has erased all the marks of his footprints
He had walked through the desert sand
How to reach the other side?
I don't understand
Soon it will be dark
I hear the hoots of an owl
Also, may be, the sound of
some predator's prowl
Nothing else is required, this loneliness will kill
I felt a sudden chill
There he is
standing behind me
smiling, but still

I woke up from the dream, sweating profusely
I could hear the clock distinctly
Every second I take one step ahead;
My mind is travelling, I am still lying on my bed!

11-04-2003

21. Are You A Flame!



(I wrote, no, sang this song to Shobana,
while we were in New Jersey, USA.)

Are you a flame, are you a flower?
Tell me the truth, for I'm your lover

Once upon a time so long,
I touched a tender flame.
It bloomed and opened up like a song;
Would it be still the same?

Are you that flame, are you the flower?
Tell me the truth for I'm your lover

I wandered like a honey bee
And sat upon a flower
It flapped its petals and, in that breeze
I lost my wings forever!

Are you that flower, are you the flame?
What is in name, it's one and the same.

Are you a flame, are you a flower?
Whatev'r be, still I'm your lover.

21-09-2004

22. Dreams, Joy and Anguish

(I Wrote this song while I was in Syracuse, USA.)



I weave a song for you
From my dreams, joy and anguish
Take a form, read the song or wear it on
as you wish
From my dreams joy and anguish
I weave a song for you

Like a river it flows from me
Take a step, and a dip – or
hold a cup and fill it up
To quench your thirst
As you please
From my soul, bliss and peace
I weave a song for you

Like a bird it spreads its wings
Like the wind it gently swings
Like the moon it shines bright
Through the night
In a touch, my dreams collapsed
In front of me, you stand relaxed
With a smile
I realise
You are the singer holding my finger
You write this song for me
With love, truth and beauty
I sing the song you write in me

25-09-2004

23. A Battle Cry



(After seeing the movie “Hotel Rwanda” on T.V., I couldn’t sleep that night. The gory scene showing the brutal massacre and a heap of corpses lying on the road was very disturbing.....)

It is a battle cry
From hearts that lie shattered, blood oozing out
I hear the scream that shakes the pillars of authority
Streets and alleys smell foul
strewn with corpses
Some still alive as seen only from the shivering fingers
Searching for their Father who art in Heaven
Fingers shivering and waiting for some heavy boots to
Stamp and make them still
It is a battle cry
Its sound is beyond the audible threshold
Or below that?
Yet, I could see the clouds throbbing with its echoes
Bursting into an angry downpour
Tearing apart the solid darkness that even a million suns cannot dispel
A flash of lightning exposed the cruel face of humanity
Why shed tears and watch silently, reclining in a safe haven?
Why survive this gory scene?
Break your silence and at least say something
Before you sink into it
Rise like a phoenix from the ashes
Spread your wings and spring into action
The Battle Cry gets louder
Will it spit fire and burn the citadels of power? - or
Will it die down like the anger of the clouds that would soon clear?

19-04-2015

24. Vote for the Nation



When you are forced to struggle - for
Even your daily bread
How will you raise your voice against
The evil that's widespread?

When the boots of authority
Trample on the weak
How can you gather strength - to
Stand up and speak?

We are the kings of this nation
Proclaimed the Great Poet*
When someone tries to belittle you
Never, never be quiet

I am not asking you to
Rise up in violence
Rise in spirit, stand together - and
Announce your presence

The ballot day's not far away
Show your determination - don't
Sell your vote and become a slave
- but
Vote for the nation

Vote against all hooligans
Against all miscreants
You don't need leaders now - please
Select your humble servants

11-04-2016

**The reference is to the Tamil Poet Subramanya Bharati, universally hailed as a "Mahakavi", meaning, 'A GreatPoet'.*

25. *We Voted, They Looted*



Who are they whom we call “the leaders”
Whom we admire, adore and worship even?
Have they descended from heaven?

We are thrilled to stand aside and watch them take a ride
In a big convoy
Just a glimpse, a wave of hands,
Everything a ploy
To keep us where we are
A drama, they enjoy

They are there only because we voted for them
We are here still because we voted for them
We voted, voted and voted
They looted, looted and looted

Let’s wake up now, assert ourselves
Ask them to do their job
Stand up boldly, alone, without
Getting lost in a mob
If we remain silent, they would
Continue to rob

01-05-2016

26. More Time For Time



Let time have some more time
No pun intended, nor a rhyme
Nature, you know what we need
Still, I am impelled to plead

Let time have some more time

Have we gone so crazy
Forgive us oh, Nature
Take my life, spare this world
Let there be a future

Let time have some more time

With folded hands I pray to you
The most benevolent Mother
You and all your creations
Must live in peace together

Let time have some more time

22-03-2020

27. The Voice Of Your Conscience



Am I not your inner voice,
The voice of your conscience?
I say what you want to say - but
You don't say, I mean no offence

I pick up all the seeds from you
Your thoughts, longings and passion - my
Words have their roots in them - just
Sprouting with compassion

If I don't say what you think
What you will and what you feel
Even God will not forgive me
Only before Him I kneel
If I am dumb and stay quiet
Why should then I be a poet?
Truth, Goodness and Beauty,
Make my Holy Trinity!

05-04-2020

28. *Begin Your Play*



Have you ever seen a bud becoming a flower?
Have you ever been twice into the same river?
Have you ever spoken to your own shadow?
If not, then why worry about tomorrow

After a long, long walk through the desert
Thirst overtakes everything that you assert
Then you crave for water and water alone
Time comes to a halt yet running like a drone

The wick in the candle would soon be over
Only till then this light and its power
I don't say that this is your doomsday
Don't wait for tomorrow now begin your play

15-06-2020

29. My Song Would Never Cease



Whether you want it or not
My song would never cease
Whatever you might say
There will be trees and breeze
They give me the tunes
They give me the words
How can I not but sing, dude
To be silent, at times, is rude

They don't knock from outside but from
Deep within like my heart-beat
Like a chick from an egg
A tree from a seed
The rising sun in the East
How can I not but sing, dude
That's my breath and that's my food

You cannot shut your ears
Not even your mind, my friend
My songs have no beginning
So they can never come to an end
They come in a row and with a glow
Welcome them and greet bonjour

22-06-2020

30. Come Out Of Your Cocoon



Won't you come out
Of your cocoon
Oh butterfly
The sun is shining
And inviting
Spread your wings and fly

Look at that
Lotus Cup
Waiting for you
Come and sit
Have a sip
What a fine brew
The garden is open for you to graze
Flaunt your silken robes my Grace

My mind can also undergo a metamorphosis
From the darkest caverns to love, light and bliss
To find the way and practise
I request you to share
All your secret skills
The fair maiden of the air

11-07-2020

31. Cross This River



Will you ever
Cross this river - to
See your lover
Oh, little flower!
Somewhere on the shore - Is
Waiting, your amour
Reach out now
Or your love
Will ever remain a Lore
Just a folk Lore

Will you ever
Cross this river - to
See your lover
Oh lil flower

Before the day becomes the dusk
- ride
Swiftly crest to crest - else
Stars would come and laugh at you
- and
Birds too from their nest
Defy the rocks and the rain
Cross that tricky moat - there
He will gather you in arms

Till then be afloat
Oh lil flower

Don't you see – you
Carry a bee – who
Shares your destiny
She asks not
Anything else
But just some sweet honey
Is she not a friend, a Saki* - who
Shows the path to you
Follow her, she will guide
Faith alone would do

Oh lil flower! Oh lil flower!

01-08-2020

**Saki, in Sanskrit, is a close friend who is the trusted messenger of Love.*

32. A Pellet Here, A Millet There!



Leaves, flowers and morning showers
Everywhere a dance
Light and dark, pleasure and pain,
An incessant romance
Dance dance till the stars - come
Out of their twinkle mode
Till the Milky Way becomes - a
Straight and simple road

An eagle or a dragon fly - to
Both belongs the sky - a
Bee or a banyan tree - yes,
Each other's ally

Live live
Live to give
A meaning to this life - to
Every atom of this world - to
Love, sweat and strife

You can never be alone
Alone like a feather
Existence is a lesson - on
How to live together
A pellet here, a millet there,
The Nature makes a splendid fare!

02-08-2020

33. Music, Music, Music!



Not in a pub, not in a club
Not in the roadside bar - but
Come and taste this cup of wine - that
Springs from my heart
Music Music Music - oh
Music Music Music

Ami, Amigo, Freund, Friend
Drug, Filos, Mitr, Nanba!
Language doesn't matter -
Love
Comes on a platter - in
Music Music Music - oh
Music Music Music

The
Maid of the mist in Niagra! - Love's
Monument in Agra!
The stunning smile of Mona Lisa
The leaning tower of Pisa
Everything comes alive
In this little beehive- in
Music Music Music - oh
Music Music Music

Bach, Mozart, Beethoven,
Tansen, Thiagahia
Songs that made the Time to stop
Oh, what a glorious era! - that
World can unite in music
Proved a nightingale - the
Sweet Voice of Subbulakshmi – oh,
It's a fairy tale! - in
Music Music Music -
oh
Music Music Music

03-08-2020

34. A kite flyer



I am a kite flyer - my
Kite flies high and higher
Now the thread is slender
And I hear a thunder
I wonder
Would it break the bond
I don't care - for
Am I not a vagabond,
A singing vagabond?

My boat ... floats ...
On the waves of ocean
I don't fish, it's not my wish
I sail in this fashion
A storm I see in distance
Would it end my existence
To Sing is my passion

Love, friendship, battles!
Loaded with these, my cart just rattles
My caravan is on the move
The sky is not so blue
Where it goes and will it reach
I don't have a clue
Am I not a vagabond,
A singing vagabond?

04-08-2020

35. Throw Away The Gun



Have you seen Hatari - the
African Safari,
The Roar, the Jungle Book, or
Elsa, the Born Free?
Love, love animals
Throw away the gun
Read the poem of William Blake - it's
More than mere fun

A swarm of bees, a pride of lions,
A pack of wolves you see
In everything the spring of life,
A courage to be free
Love, love animals
Throw away the gun
Read the poem of William Blake - it's
More than mere fun

In the forest you can learn - the
Mysteries of Life - how
We climbed up the ladder - to
Live without strife
You should never be a prey
Nor a predator
Bow before the one and only

God, the creator
Love, love animals
Throw away the gun
Read the poem of William Blake - it's
More than mere fun

20-08-2020

36. I am A Sufi



No tea or coffee
I am a Sufi
Drinking music and poetry
Speaking philosophy

Matter doesn't matter to me
Wealth is just like water to me
Buddha Siddha Moses Jesus
What a brilliant company

No tea or coffee
I am a Sufi
Drinking music and poetry
Speaking philosophy

Snake and ladder game I play
Zen and Tao show the way
Yin and Yang in charging mode
Om is my home abode

No tea or coffee
I am a Sufi
Drinking music and poetry
Speaking philosophy

Nature is my girlfriend
A preacher and a teacher
She carries all my past and also
Guides me into future
Where am I in space and time?
Here and now? An accident!
Everywhere eternally - I
Live forever Jubilant

No tea or coffee
I am a Sufi
Drinking music and poetry
Speaking philosophy

23-08-2020

37. The Rhyme Game



No one beats me in this game
The game of building rhymes
I learnt them from the distant stars
The harmony of chimes

The quarks in me, the quarks in you
- all
Speak the same language
Here a pull and there a push - and
That's how we engage

The
Milky way, the Ursa Major
All are consonants
Sparks of life are like vowels
The binding force, their resonance

25-08-2020

38. Just A Glass Of Water



Why should I feel shy
Of my ignorance?
At least I know that
I am ignorant
What can I assert - while
Walking through a desert?
All I need is a glass of water
Not a pizza or a bun
Filled with some batter
Just a glass of water
Just a glass of water

If I kill the camel to quench my thirst
How can I cross the desert?
Knowledge doesn't matter
All I need is a glass of water
Just a glass of water
Just a glass of water

Somehow I should cross the desert
To reach my hermitage
Even if I see a fellow traveller
How can I speak his language? - then
Who would keep me brisk and alert?
My only goal is to cross this desert
Just a glass of water
Just a glass of water

30-08-2020

39. Not Far Away



Not far away, not far away
There is a fairy land
Where the kids would like to play
Jolly rides, joy and fun
Here and there, the kids would run - but
You can have a peep
Only when asleep
Dream, they call it
Dabba do be doo
Dabba do be doo
Dabba do be doo

Poets have the key - some
Music makers also may gain admission
There it is for all to see - a
Frozen ambience
Not very deep
Just before sleep
Dream, they call it
Dabba do be doo
Dabba do be doo
Dabba do be doo

The land of innocence - where
Everything is transient
Mind is just a playing ground

An Entertainment
A yawn or two would do - to
Enter that wonderland
Without much ado
Dream, they call it
Dabba do be doo
Dabba do be doo
Dabba do be doo

01-09-2020

40. That Thou Art



They say you are formless
Nameless and formless and endless of course - no
Gender, no genesis, not even a source
- but
Whispers and murmurs and rumours around - big
Banners and glammers and clamour abound - yet
They say you are formless

A distant mirage or a mirror on the wall
Reflecting, deflecting, rejecting all
Infusion, confusion, sometimes an illusion,
Who are you, what are you, this is my call
They say you are formless

Our Father, Yehowa, Zeus, Allah,
Buddha, Mahadeva, Narayana!
Parchments and Scriptures and Prayers pronounce
Thousands of names that echo and bounce
Yet
They say you are nameless

Be
Formless or nameless or
without an end

A Father, a Mother, a Lover, a Friend -
What
Bothers me is not whatever you are - but
Sometimes I wonder oh, whether you are
What am I, will I die, this is my war
They say, That Thou Art

05-09-2020

41. A Song For Everyone



A song for you, a song for me
A song for everyone
One for dance, one for love - and
One for joy and fun
Every moment needs a song
Every heart has one

See the little drops of dew - they
Sing for grass and leaves
For the moon, a billion Stars
For flowers, the honey bees
Every moment needs a song
Every heart has one

Every pulse a beat indeed
Every wink a note
That's the way my journey goes
Upon a flimsy boat

24-09-2020

42. We Are Friends



Break the walls of illusion
Let's breathe together, dear brother
Sit and have a cup of tea
Exchange tales from antiquity
The threshold of the beating heart
And the pressure of flowing blood
Are the same for you and me
We are friends, then why worry

Have we ever waged a war
Against each other?
Have you ever tried to kill me,
My dear brother?
The war of words is just a pastime
Aren't we friends inside?
No Text or Word can separate us
Nor can faith divide

Who can claim what he is
Merely by his birth
Who is born with a given name
Tattooed on his girth
What we brand or label may
Vanish in due course
Stop this nonsense, stop this fight
Open all the doors

26-10-2020

43. Just A Mirror



Just a mirror
Just a mirror - I
Flow like a river
You, you, only you
Make me this or that
I have no colour – I
Flow like a river

The Good, the bad and the ugly
All the traits in me
Depends on how you see
What you see, when you see – and
As you want to see

Just a mirror
Just a mirror - I
Flow like a river

A piece of cake when hungry
A violent storm when angry
A shining Star when lonely
The morning sun
When you wake up brightly

Just a mirror
Just a mirror - I
Flow like a river

28-10-2020

44. A Gentle Pause



Don't we speak of Love
And embellish it with adjectives?
Yet we run a race to win
And have several objectives

Did we ever care to stand
And watch a snail's gait?
Or a bud unfolding itself,
Did we ever wait?

Did we ever count
The drops of falling rain?
Or meditate to relieve an
Insect of its pain?

'We', 'Us' and 'I' fill up
Our cups of vanity
Yet we speak so high of Love
Love of humanity

Love is gentle, a gentle pause,
An active silence that doesn't cause
Ripples in the pond of mind;
It leaves no trail or trace behind

31-10-2020

45. *Parallel Lines May Meet*



The world is multidimensional - where
Parallel lines may meet
Not just a piece of paper - let's
Pop up and greet
Every morning heralds - a
Splendid day ahead
Erase all the drops of tears - that
You and I had shed

Don't you see the humming bee - the
Birds that flock together
Ants in line, the leaping frog - none
Having any fetter
Chin up! cheer up! come alive! - the
Life is not for sorrow
Let's have a bright Today - and
A brighter Tomorrow

01-11-2020

46. The Domain of the Lover



I see a flautist under that tree
His music fills the forest
Trees speak in whispers - birds
Peep out from their nest
The sky is crystal clear
The hills unclad themselves
Like a lightning, strikes a poem
A tranquility or mayhem?

Why and when a song is born?
Who can say for sure?
Be a poet or a critic
None can discover
No cause can cause that because
It's the domain of the lover
A mockingbird is laughing
Not far away but very near

The concrete walls around me can
Vanish in a moment
I can be in paradise – yes,
beyond the firmament
A song may fall like a feather or
Pour down like rain
Nothing that I now say - can
Describe or explain

15-11-2020

47. The Winged Visitor



Speak to her, the winged visitor
Sitting on the window sill
She will understand and reply
With her eyes and sharp bill

Is she looking for a safe haven
To build a nest and breed?
Don't try to feed and frighten her
You don't know what's her need

What a charm this Black and yellow!
Is she a she or a naughty fellow?
She or he has come today
With a message from the sun's ray

18-11-2020

48. *A vehicle, self-driven*



I know I am not a singer
Trained in the nuances of music
Yet I sing from the bottom of my heart
Yes I am a maverick

I sing what the gentle wind
Whispers in my ears
I sing for every little insect
Just to say “cheers”
I sing the song given by clouds
That bless me with showers
When I sing my heart becomes
A garden of flowers

A song is not how you sing
Or what you sing even
The song is just the song itself
A vehicle, self-driven
Every note in my song
Reflects my self
Why, between you and me,
Should there be a gulf?

20-11-2020

49. Apple Tree or Peepal Tree?



Will you turn around to look at me - I'm
Standing underneath an apple tree
Even if due to gravity an apple should fall - it would
Bounce back and sit on your cheek like a ball

Won't you come and fill up my empty begging bowl - till
Then my mind will not be quiet, don't you hear its howl?
Just a look would do - I'll
Drink the elixir
And become immortal - to!
Live with you, Dear!

Not a game of cat and mouse
Not a Grecian Urn - the
Time has come for you to bloom - and
You are not a fern
Blossom in my heart
The soil there is rich in love - you
Turn around and play your part
Why don't you start

Will you turn around to look at me - I'm
Sitting underneath a Peepal tree
If you turn me down, what song will I sing
I will be a Monk in search of Nothing

06-12-2020

50. No Doors To Shut



Every moment every step
Counts now
Nothing matters in this life
Except love
The love that's not of this or that - but
The one that has no doors to shut

Ethics and aesthetics are not different
Everything is beautiful, an enchantment
The past and the future are evanescent
To live is to live in the living present

You and I, he or she,
Matters not
Every friend is like a flower
In the heart
The sand in the hour glass is
receding fast
Will the flow of time itself stop,
At last?

23-12-2020

51. The Bard of Love, Forever



Monday I am an office goer
Tuesday I am a teacher
Wednesday an artist
Thursday I am a poet
Friday a movie watcher
Saturday sit quiet
Sunday I am a lover - every
Sunday I am a lover
Sunday I am a lover - every
Sunday I am a lover

Morning I am a walker - then a
Multilingual talker
Afternoon I take a nap - then
I am a coffee maker
Evening a lover - in the
Evening a lover

As a child I was a brat
As a lad I wasn't bad
As a man I worked hard
Now I am a bard
The bard of love, the bard of love
Now I am the bard of love
Every moment, twenty - four seven,
I am the bard of love
I am the bard of love
I am the bard of love

24-12-2020

52. Clear The Bin



Clear the bin - soon - clear the bin

- why

Accumulate litter and sin?

Clear the bin

Dirty thoughts may come and go

- but

Not to stay forever - please

Don't become stagnant - just

flow like a river

Clear the bin

Life must be a straight line

Not a labyrinth

Make a statue of yourself - let

Truth be the plinth

Clear the bin

27-12-2020

53. Wake Up In Truth



Break the rock of silence - why
Eyes alone should speak - let
Lips do their part - ev'n a
Bird has a beak

When words betray the heart - and
Make false pretences - then
Love becomes the hammer - to
Crush all defences

Unclad yourself and dive
Straight into youth
Time cannot be stopped
Wake up in Truth

31-12-2020

54. The Rhythm of Rain



I set my song to the rhythm of rain
My footsteps in the sky
In pace with it – my
Heart whistles – a
Tune, a sheer delight
A pearl or two may drop – a
World may blossom in the plop
I Set my song to the rhythm of rain

Every beat emits a light
Like a twinkle star
Every note like a lightening
Tears the clouds apart
Music is my oxygen
Music is my world
I sing the stories of Nature
Told and untold

Come with me
Clap with me
Dance with me
Drown with me
Sing with me
Soar with me
Live with me
Love with me

We'll set a song to the rhythm of rain
Our footsteps in the sky

05-01-2021

55. *Age 68?*



At age Sixty Eight how else can I be?
As you wish, as you please, as you wannabe!
At age Sixty Eight how else can I be?

I can be a Hercules or a Peter Pan
I can be a Tom Sawyer or Caesar's Soothsayer
Whatever I can
But only in my song
That's the place to which
You and I belong
At age Sixty Eight how else can I be?

I can be a Lochinvar or a Prithviraj
Living in the ballads - oh!
What a grand collage - my
Words reflect everything
As you wish or please
It's up to you to choose
I've nothing to lose
Play the game with ease
In love, war and peace
At age Sixty Eight how else can I be?

13-01-2021

56. Songs, My Songs?



Songs, my Songs!
Cease to be my songs
Sit upon the lips of everyone
Let them not remember me - but
Sing your lines as their own
Let the author be Anon
Songs, my Songs!
Cease to be my songs

Whence arose the song of mirth?
From the flowers of this earth? - what
Gave the touch of melancholy? - the
Howling wind across the valley?
I didn't make any of you - just
Added here and there a hue
Songs, my Songs!
Cease to be my songs

What -
Lit the fire in the words? - the
Anger of the oppressed - what
Gave them all their lilt and flow? - the
Brook, the clouds blessed - I
Just murmured now and then - which
Jotted down my humble pen
Songs, my Songs!
Cease to be my songs

Every time when someone sings
I take birth at once
I will never cease to be - this
Body is not a fence
So, in my every Song - I'll
Live forever, so long

Songs, my Songs!
You belong to none
Fill the sky and make this earth
A paradise for everyone

15-01-2021

57. Love Unlimited



Reason has its limits but love alone has none
Only love can unite us and make the world one
Love, love, everyone and everything you see - you
Hear, smell, taste or touch and that's the way to be

Reason makes you defensive and offensive too at times
Love erases enmity; with divinity it rhymes

In love you melt but rediscover your real identity
Not as this or that but as the all-encompassing infinity
Love, love everything; it's always there for you
It's in you, you're in it and that's the real clue

15-01-2021

58. The Veiled Rebecca



(Veiled Rebecca is a marvelous marble statue in Salar Jang Museum, Hyderabad, India.)

Cast away the veil and show your face, Rebecca
Let my smile reach your heart and on your lips bloom
What made you sad? oh, lovely creature!
A thing of beauty does not deserve such gloom

You aren't made of marble - for
I see life in you.
Who chiselled all unwanted things and
Brought you out in full view?

Cast away the veil, Rebecca

Are you just a monument? - No,
you Transcend space and time.
Are you just a piece of art? - No
I hear your beating heart.
Why this game, this false pretense,
Why this static cage?
Break it open! Yes! You have done!
Come, enter upon my poetry's page

18-01-2021

59. The Gait of Time



Have a sip, have a sip
The cup will remain forever
Don't gulp and be in haste
Else, you miss the taste
Nothing would cease to be,
Never.

A single flower may wither away
Its pollen grains have found their way
A bunch of flowers would welcome you
The story of life will continue

Keep a gentle pace - with
The gait of Time, with utmost grace!
Speed is not a virtue dear
Whether the end is far or near

18-01-2021

60. *The Clock and the Calendar*



The Clock and the Calendar
Keep mocking at me
Calling me names aloud
Ye Poet, Lawyer, Philosopher,
Gnawed by the ruthless Time
Won't you turn into ashes and mud?

The fire in my heart lights some candles
Everywhere word by word
The light that beats the march of time
Separating me from the herd
The Clock and the Calendar then slow down a bit
Stunned and silenced by my wit

It is a battle that history has seen
Repeatedly between Time and the mind
The mind can never win till it is closed
The magic key it must find
When it opens, it losses itself - but
Becomes all in all
Love is the magic key, with it
Open the door or break the wall.

24-01-2021

61. Praise Me Not



(On seeing reports in Newspapers that a Resolution was passed in a conference recommending my name for high laurels, a cousin of mine messaged me: “No words to praise you”. At once, came this answer....)

Praise me not
Poetry is not produced by mind
Search for it in my thoughts
Still you would never find
It springs from a higher source
I receive and transmit it, of course
Praise me not

Why a word strikes me like a lightning
And brings a chain of words along
That’s a mystery even to me - It’s
Sold literally for a song
Can I even ask a flower
Why it blooms when touched by sun
Can I ever ask a river
Why it flows with such abandon
Praise me not

When it comes it seizes me - and
Takes hold of my self
When it gushes and flows through me
It giggles like an elf

My mind and all the faculties
Sink into silence
I am possessed by that, I know
It doesn't make much sense
Please
Praise me not

28-01-2021

62. Live Today



It is today, today, live today
Why worry what happened yesterday
The garden invites you with fresh flowers
The clouds may sprinkle now, some morning showers

Be young in Spirit you'd never become old
Always there are more stories to be told
Everyday greets you, the face of the sun!
Enjoy, enjoy, every moment is fun

Maybe, I am saying this a hundredth time
Every time I set it in a new, newer rhyme
When I sing I sing the same thing again - I've
Nothing to lose and nothing to gain

01-02-2021

63. When I pray



When I pray, I pray; that's all! Not for this or that!
I try to be for a while in the state of pure bliss;
A complete fulfilment, a sweet contentment

I seek not a god outside me nor within myself
I try to be for a while that, just that, only that
No name, form has it – but
Everything inheres in it

Can I ever express that in words or even sound?
I try to do it since you and I visit the same ground
That gives me the key - and
That's true poetry

08-02-2021

64. *Again, We Will Meet*



Am I being swallowed by my own shadow?
I shed my fear at once
Just a play of light and shade
In this game I'll never fade

Birth and death, the wheel rotates
It makes a pot that is me
Filled with air it lives somewhere
May hold some water or be empty
Ultimately will it break?
Am I like that Humpty Dumpty?

Will I ever cease to be?
I didn't come for that
The tick-tick of a clock cannot
control my heart-beat
I belong to Eternity;
Once again we will meet

08-02-2021

65. Dormant or Dynamic?



Is the sky dormant?
Even the earth is not
A pond is also active
The same with science and art
Why this slumber, dear brother?
Wake up let's walk together

Throw away the blanket
The world is on the move
Do not become stagnant
Every moment is new
Life depends on everything
It revolves in me, in you

Every note in a song
Is a vibration
The cosmic process needs you – your
Little contribution
Aesthetics and ethics weave this
Universal fabric
You and I can make designs
Nature is dynamic

08-02-2021

66. The Fiddler On The Roof



The fiddler on the roof! the fiddler on the roof!
The music he maketh with strings and a bow
Brings out from every heart a radiant love
Music apart he's a matchmaker too
If you want a match come join the queue
Join the queue
Cock a doodle do
Cock a doodle do
Cock a doodle do do

With every note he plays a star would be born
In between the pauses a bugle and a horn
Don't you hear a symphony
Pouring out sweet honey

The fiddler on the roof! the fiddler on the roof!

Every step he takes in rhythmic pace
As a part of the cosmic dance
Breaks the barriers, builds a bridge in us,
Paving the way for a true romance
Don't you see the dancing bee
What a world of fantasy, What a world of fantasy!
Fantasy....!

08-02-2021

67. I Love You



(A friend of mine had lamented that she was ditched by her boyfriend and that she was unable to bear the pain.... As a reply came this poem)

“I love you! I love you!”
The magic words that light a lamp
Inside even a fragile heart
With a single rose, an arm would reach
the inner core of your being
Haven’t you heard those words before?
Haven’t you ever been a victim of love?
“Never again, never again!”
How many times you took that vow?
Haven’t you been a victim of love?

I know the agony and the torment of deception
The inner skin of life itself is peeled off by separation
I don’t ask you to forget or forgive and become normal again
“It is worth” you might say “to feel every moment of pain”

Don’t you know even in a desert a cactus flower can bloom?
The dome of gloom has enough room to rev the engine vroom
Laugh aloud in a crowd, don’t get imprisoned in loneliness
Hark! The roar of a desert lion followed by an eagle’s call

10-02-2021

68. My Heart Is On The Floor

(Hei, let's go Spanish...Español ...!)



Dulzura de mi vida! Dulzura de mi vida!
Walk slowly, my heart is on the floor
Murmuring clouds! gossipping stars!
Mocking at me, should I close the door?
Walk slowly, my heart is on the floor
Dulzura de mi vida, Dulzura de mi vida

Mirame! Mirame!
Look at me, look at me
Softly and gently
Let the fire be extinguished
I plead fervently
Walk slowly.....
Walk slowly, my heart is on the floor
Dulzura de mi vida, Dulzura de mi vida

Bonita flor! Bonita flor!
Beautiful flower, beautiful flower!
Swaying unmindfully with the breeze
Swing with me, sing with me - Just
One moment enough, let it freeze
Walk slowly, Walk slowly,
Walk slowly, my heart is on the floor
Walk slowly, my heart is on the floor

11-02-2021

69. Something To Eat



From a distance I could see a neem tree
in conversation with wind
I don't hear what they speak, it may be about love –
The love between a humming bee and a shoe flower
Or about the snail that travelled several years to
reach the bottom of the tree
Only to be swallowed by an agile snake that was
later killed by the gardener's axe
Or maybe they are checking notes of the song that I composed and
sang today beneath that tree
Is there some way to know what transpired between them?
“Yes,” came the answer from the
Bee's Beethovenic hum

“Still your mind, stop thinking,
Stay tuned to the soft and gentle wind
In a sudden flash you'd hear the
Voice of the neem tree
Whispering the story of a girl who
Picked up the leaves it had shed
Munched it without complaining
That they tasted bitter
Her hunger did not know
What is bitter what is sweet
Taste is not her concern - for
All she needs is something to eat”

24-02-2021

70. The You in You



The woods are lovely dark and deep
How many times I've heard these lines
In waking state and sleep
With the courage of the brook
I tread the zigzag path of life
My survival is not by fluke

Death's not to be afraid of
Darkness too, the same
When you shed the inner fear
You become the light itself
A wonderful game!
See the glow worm, learn the lesson,
What you seek is inside you
It has no form, no name

Even the stars would die one day
That is what the learned say
The stardust too would emit a ray
A ray of hope for a bright tomorrow
This game we play, night and day
Why give room for sorrow
Everything will reflect you
Once you overcome the You in You

The You in You is nothing new
It's one, many or just a few
When you cut the Gordian Knot
Everything you see in You, is You
Of course without the You in You

25-02-2021

71. Who Is On The Panel



Who is on the panel
Operating the channel
Of poetry and music in me
Panning the lens
Tuning the notes - and
Blending them perfectly
Outside my mind
Where can I find
A theatre, a studio
Of this kind

So was with Chaucer,
Spencer, Shakespeare,
Kalidasa, Kamban, Bharati
- why
I have been chosen
Remains a mystery - no
Answer in my life-history

Will I be an admirer
Or a mere trespasser
Into that Hall of Fame
Will I be a harbinger
Of a new world order
Anything may happen in this game

27-02-2021

72. The Road



I see the horizon at the end of the road
But the road never ends
When I think it ends there
It simply smiles and bends
It walks with me, it talks to me,
Yet, it's a mockery

Colours, smell and soft breeze - all
Feast upon my senses
“Slowly it's becoming dark”
A voice in me announces

Invites me, a distant light!
I continue my trip
The road has a hold on me,
It tightens its grip

It shows me something beyond my self
It extends into that realm
Behind the mist, a vague presence
Like a frozen film
When I turn to retrace my steps
I don't see a path

I turn again and go towards
The light like a moth

“I have some stories, follow me”
I obey the road’s command
It weaves the path and waves at me,
With grace, a magic wand

28-02-2021

73. My Fragrant Lord!



(Shobana had posted in the Facebook the story of Suradani, who was either the daughter or a maid of a Delhi Sultan.

She came all the way down south in search of the idol of Sri Ranganatha by following the trail of its unique fragrance. Her narration was so poetic that it triggered at once this poem in me)

My fragrant Lord reclines upon a
slimy bed, a snake
His scent permeates my heart and mind
Me, he would never forsake
Sandal paste is not a match nor
any known perfume
The taste too is too divine for a
mortal to consume
'Ranga Ranga', parrots call,
Rhapsodically all around
It's a miracle that my feet are
still upon the ground

The Birdie comes like a big brother
fanning the entire town
The shadow of his huge wings
concealing the day's crown
In their flap, I hear a clap,
a distant rolling thunder!

Will the rain be as benign as my
Lord's blessings, I wonder!
'Ranga Ranga' pour the drops of
rain upon my shoulders
The snake hides his ecstasy that
spreads to all beholders

From where I came, chanting this name?
I lost my memory - it's the
Trail of scent that pulled me here,
All other thoughts I bury
A little place on that bed or
inside His divine light
That alone craves my heart
I walk simply straight
'Ranga Ranga' my heart whispers,
I feel the proximity
Engulfed by a scent and taste
In His vicinity

07-03-2021

74. Walking the Ramp



Walking the ramp - a
Wonderful lamp
Watchful stars in the sky – the
Carpet is dark - that's
Lit by a spark - her
Pace itself, a Lullaby!
Oolala Oo - the
Silver moon
Oolala Oo - the
Silver moon

She doesn't need a tiara - when
She herself is one
Where is he hiding, watching in stealth
The gaudy and envious sun

What is this game? she waxes and wanes!
Why is she teasing and whom?
Once in a while she would beguile
This foolish Earth and bloom

09-03-2021

75. The Soul-Mate



Don't you know that I will be a
Song on your lips - a
Poem in your heart - a
Cheerleader when you play
Never ever think that I'll
Make use of you and
After a while I would be
Going my way
I am your soul-mate, soul-mate - ah
I am your soul-mate, da!

Life is not a Jolly ride I know that - yet
Life is not for sorrow too, remember that
Love is not just chemistry but more than that
Love, its doors can never be shut

I am your soul-mate, soul-mate - ah
I am your soul-mate, da!

Don't
Ask for the moon - Love
By itself a boon - when
Feelings are set to a tune
I can never be - a
Wandering bee -
You are my only flower, Honey.

I am your soul-mate, soul-mate - ah
I am your soul-mate, da!

10-03-2021

76. A Reason To Live



Every blade of grass
invites the melting stars
“Come and be with me
even if it’s momentary
Before the hungry bird
devours all of you
And the greyish canopy
slowly turns blue
Come and be with me
even if it’s momentary”

Every seed that lies on the
lap of this Earth
Prays to the sky - “pour,
make me give birth - to a
Little green sapling and
let me prove my worth”
That’s the bond of Love
between the sky and the earth

Every cell in me - now
yearns for a tune
Like the grass, like the seed,
like a sand dune! - the
Dawn and the dusk never
refused to give
A song of hope and a
reason to live

12-03-2021

77. In My Morning Walk



In my morning walk
Usually I talk - to
Every plant on my way
Oh, that conversation
Kindles my passion - to
Draw a poem from the sun's ray
Happy Happy morning
Everyone can sing – now
Happy Happy morning
Everyone can sing

Finger-thin drumsticks
Hanging from the tree
Longing for beats - and
Waiting for me
Now I hear the drum
And the bees' hum
A song in the making, a Geetanjali!
Happy Happy morning
Everyone can sing – now
Happy Happy morning
Everyone can sing

Green, red and pink,
Little flowers wink - they
Wink at me and

Drink with me
From the cup of Nature
This moment will be
Etched eternally
On the page of history - why
Think about the future
Happy Happy morning
Everyone can sing – now
Happy Happy morning
Everyone can sing

14-03-2021

78. On Your Birthday, Einstein!



If my words can fly with the great speed of light
They will reach the heaven and shower upon you my wishes
History shows all your experiments were
made within your mind
The object was the cosmic spread, what an expansive mind!
Everything that you said were proved only later
All are interchangeable, be it energy or matter
Faith was the driving force that guided your thoughts
With its light did you not unfasten many knots?
Of course, a scientist but were spiritual too
A gift of god, Einstein, you had a transcendental view
Give me the insight to see what you saw
In every form or matter, a Freedom and a Law

14-03-2021

79. How Can I Remember You



How can I remember you?
You are brighter than the sun
More beautiful than this morning rose
Neither in poetry nor in prose
I can recollect your grandeur in full
How can I remember you?

Can eyes see your glory as such?
Can ears comprehend your majestic Silence?
For a little mind your grace is too much
I cannot, I cannot, I have no defence
How can I remember you?

The music of birds, no match to your words
They feebly resonate your benevolence
The ocean too has limits
It cannot defy the gravity's pull
Then
How can I recollect your grandeur in full
How can I remember you?

When like a lightning something strikes - and
Scatters my distinct Self
I realise I too have no boundaries
Always in surge and swell
Where do we meet how can I greet
Only a poem can tell

17-03-2021

80. My Poem Tells!



My poem tells!
Not just a story
But an epic
Greater than all the stories that have been told
The valour of a drop
Breaking its barriers, to
Merge in the ocean's fold
The union of cosmic proportions
of the Rim and the Core
Yet
It's music is enchanting,
Sweet, simple and more.

Its refrain is tuned to the
Beats of the heart
Its imageries ethereal
Words of hope
Rhyme with those that
Portray the surreal
Alliteration marches ahead with the
Ambience of an avalanche
Yet it is a blank verse literally, filled up
Now and then with a nice romance

Will my voice go waste in the
Vast stretch of wilderness?
Will the seeds I sprinkle, sprout and
Spread the fragrance of happiness?
Whatever this wanderer says may now go unnoticed
Yet their echoes never die – they're
Every moment refurbished

17-03-2021

81. A Garland And A Sword



If a garland can become a sword,
A cloud can burst in a single word - and
Pierce my heart! then let it pour
Profusely with a thunderous roar
All evils will be washed away
The world will welcome a brighter day

If a little bird can be
A spark of fire and burn a forest!
Make my every word a bird
To light a lamp in every heart
Darkness will be dispelled
Peace and happiness will spread

If a brook can melt and sing a song
and the night can rest upon those notes!
Make perfumes from my tunes
and spread the fragrance of my words
Let purity be discovered
Like a lonely jasmine bud

Post Script:

In the 52nd verse of Geetanjali, Tagore says a garland of roses became a sword! I had read this several times, yet, today when I read it in Tamil, as translated by my friend G. Subramaniam, I

was inspired to write the above poem. Starting with Tagore, this poem goes on to visit the immortal lines of Subramaniya Bharati that speak of a little bird of fire in a tree-hole burning an entire forest to ashes. The 3rd verse refers to the lines of Khalil Gibran:

“To melt and be like a running brook
That sings its melody to the night”.

20-03-2021

82. Being A Part Of The BEING



Talent is a skill - it
Has a physical tone
It manifests only in
Nerves, flesh and bone

Intelligence is limited to an individual existence
It cannot go beyond the physical fence

Inspiration permeates the entire universe
It can take the form of an art or a verse

It can travel smoothly into every being
Every being being a part of the Being
Sound is the carrier - it
breaks every barrier
Experience the transformation
Sound becomes light
Light becomes life
Feel the pulse in vibration

20-03-2021

83. The Shadow Games



A shadow fell upon my shoulder
I couldn't bear its weight
I turned around and looked behind
My eyes were scorched by light
I did not fall down,
I was upon a galloping horse
Never its hooves touched the ground
Flying among the stars
This is poetry not just prose
True, yet no logic, of course

I saw a shadow in a pond
Its frame was blurred by constant ripples
Behind me a banyan tree
Milk oozing from its nipples
Immediately I was rowing a boat
Not on a river but a circular moat
Real and no illusion dear
I guarantee, my vision is clear

I saw a shadow cast on the mirror
I turned around and saw nothing
Heard a giggling sound from within
The source of my shadow started singing
“Like the flying horse, the boat in the moat - I
Cause ripples with my every note”

Wake up Silence! A visitor has come
With music and poems, shouldn't you welcome?

25-03-2021

84. The Gymnastic Girl



(On the eve of the 13th birthday of my second granddaughter, Mihiraa, who is fond of and a keen student of Gymnastics....)

Enter the teens, oh, Gymnastic girl
Make an enchanting, enthralling swirl
Every moment enjoy the world
Chin up and be bold

Enter the teens - oh
Gymanastic girl

Pull out from music the most delicate
Yarn and weave your dreams
Gather some pearls from the bed of the sea, and
Make a lovely smile

Enter the teens - oh
Gymanastic girl

Learn a few steps from rain and the wind
Spread the wings of youth - in
Every step you walk - in
Every word you talk - shine with
Goodness, Beauty and Truth

Enter the teens - oh
Gymanastic girl

26-03-2021

85. This Poem Doesn't Begin Here



This poem doesn't begin here
It began Eons ago
Midway through I labelled it
With the prefix "This"

Which glacier melted and made this river
It simply passes through me
I gather pebbles, some floating leaves - and
I call them my treasure

Will I see the Ocean-end
Or will I be a backwater
The thirsty clouds converge above
And feed on Ocean's benevolence

This poem doesn't end here

31-03-2021

86. The Gatekeeper



Some words are magical
They are the keys that open the caves of silence
What are there inside those caverns?
Gems, gold or abandoned skeletons?
I have seen them from outside
I dare not step inside
It's a different plane
I have heard some gossips
They say that inside those caverns
With Music as the brush, olfactory pictures are painted on the canvas
of Time
The Gate-keeper, Lady, How old could she be?
I could not gauge
Her voice defied her age
“Surrender all your words and sounds”
Polite, but a firm demand
Before I could understand
I agreed, she took a book
A book of words, a dictionary?
As large as a book can be
She burnt that book – with
Just a look – then
Commanded me to enter the cave
I entered a flame that consumed my mind
I felt a gentle push from behind
I stood but not upon a ground

Nothing beneath or in and around
I was there, simply there
Not anywhere but Nowhere
That moment I knew
I would be the gatekeeper next
Wait, where is she, the old lady?
Far, far away I see
A light receding fast, but within me.....

31-03-2021

87. Drifting Into Sleep



I am drifting into sleep
Decibel gets reversed
The feeble sounds are amplified
The ticking sound of the clock
The distant caw of a single crow
The jumping squirrel's landing sound
The feeble sounds are amplified

The louder ones are receding fast
The voices of people around me
The engine noises of motor cars
The recorded announcements of street vendors
The louder ones are receding fast

I am drifting into sleep

A dark blanket envelops me
I sink into its depths
A flicker of light invites me
It speaks to me in whispers
Its voice is clear
It comes from deep within myself
As I listen to it
Word by word springs from me and
Fly high in speed
Above me I could see
A starry sky indeed

31-03-2021

88. Dice With God



I am playing dice with god
Einstein may pardon me
All the sides of the dice are blank, when they roll
Dots appear only when
They come to a halt
While I pick up the dice and throw them with my hands
I saw Him playing just with his eyes
May be they are the dice
“Here a Planet, there a Star
Here a Nebulla, there a Galaxy”
The dice keep rolling
One for Space
One for Time
The game is interesting
When I roll
“Here a jar, there a car
Here a friend, there a foe”
The dice keep rolling
One for fact
One for truth
The game is still interesting

I am playing dice with god.

31-03-2021

89. April Fool

(Written just 5 days before a State Election)



Cast your vote with a sense of pride
Not for cash don't be taken for a ride
In your hands a powerful tool - don't
Sell it away and become a fool
Don't be an April Fool - don't
Be an April Fool, be Cool

Don't be tempted by promises false
Freebies or any feverish calls
Don't be communal, Nation first - your
Integrity must pass the test
Don't be an April Fool - don't
Be an April Fool, be Cool

Caste and Religion, keep them aside
Stand united never divide
Be always bold and assert
You are an Indian, Indian first
Don't be an April Fool - don't
Be an April Fool, be Cool

It's a matter of self-respect - don't
Lose it under any pretext
Carried away by a wave or tide!
Think for yourself and then decide
Don't be an April Fool - don't
Be an April Fool, be Cool

01-04-2021

90. Stop That Clock



In a big gathering
why is she bothering
Me
Not by looking at me - but by
Not looking at me

Is She an angel - or
only a damsel
floating across my eyes
Unable to close my eyelids, guys

In a big gathering
why is she bothering me
Not by looking at me - but by
Not looking at me

Heaving breasts are balanced by -
the
Hanging tresses from behind
Rolling eyes and swinging hips
Play a ping-pong of some kind

In a big crowd - she
Seems to be proud
Not by adoring me - but by
Simply ignoring me

Just one look she casts on me - that
Steals my heart with it
That is enough my heart is with her
It will never quit

Stop that clock let Time freeze
This scene should be forever - at least
Can I be her vanity? though I
Can never be her lover

Stop that clock - please
Stop that clock - please
Stop that clock

02-04-2021

91. Only You



When I
Sang a song long ago
A drop of tear fell from your eyes - it
Landed softly on a word
The song became a little bird

When I
Sketched a flower with
Simple strokes
You filled it up with hues
Every shade a distinct grade - only
You could do it, my muse

When I held you in my arms
You were like a garland - in
Thoughts and words your beauty did
Gracefully descend

03-04-2021

92. Vanquish The Evil



When you were denied thrice - with
Blood and pain you paid the price
Did you not rise up again? - can
All that go in vain?

Every time a dark cloud
Envelops the world
Didn't you say you would come to uphold - the
Rule of righteousness?

Did you not kick the messenger of death - to
Save your devotee?

I beseech you, My Lord!
Once again vanquish the evil
So that,
In peace and amity
The world can live.

Om! Amen!

04-04-2021

93. The Adamant Moment



It's hard to go beyond this moment
It is very adamant
Reluctant to move
Resisting the flow
Deliberately slow
It claims not just attention - but
The focus of my whole being
Like a tall mountain blocking a pregnant cloud
It halts my Time, demands a Rhyme,
Its voice is loud
When I yield and burst into pieces
It gathers every piece and
Makes me wholesome again
Waterfalls and wide lakes
Welcome the rain
As if nothing had happened
A sweet ignorance, they feign!

06-04-2021

94. The March Of Polemics



Some would say that I live in mind and
Close my eyes to reality
Some would say my outpourings are - a
Mere exercise in futility
Should I agree my dear friend? - or
Take this debate to its logical end?

One thing I should make clear
I am not at all anthropocentric
Every animal, every insect and
every plant has its life
Every atom, proton, electron and
Every photon has its life
The next step in evolution,
That's what man must take
That's the goal and everything else is
What we ourselves make

The span of time is so vast - that
Our life is just a speck in it
Yet we indulge in taste and haste
Even engage in conflicts
Time may stop one day, they say!
A timeless Universe?
It defies reason but that's how
I get my every verse

Words are not only vehicles of thoughts - they
play an active part - in
Making thoughts, creating worlds,
Mapping every chart
Which is first, thought or word?
Egg or chick? We are baffled
In this march of polemics - oh
Many a flower is trampled

07-04-2021

95. A Song For Every Mood



A song for every mood
One for happiness - and
One for sorrow too
One for peace, one for love
One for anger too!

When I board my words and fly
Every star would sing with me
Even when in grief I cry
All the stars shed tears with me - they
Melt and fall upon the grass
Inside the dew drops,
Like little lollipops!

A song for every mood

When my heart feels the pain
Of the sick and the poor
When I fall in love to become the
Craziest lover
When I raise my voice against
Evil like a thunder
When I lose myself in Nature
Like a child in wonder

A song for every mood

Come and choose from the tray

A song for every mood

Never, never run away - please

Cast aside the hood

- here's a

Song for every mood

08-04-2021

96. Straight From The Oven



Straight from the oven
I serve this bread hot
Not to sate your hunger
But to induce it in your heart
Stop not till the goal is reached
And the boundary line is breached
Till you come face to face with Truth,
The Eternal Truth
Examine everything meticulously
Like a sleuth

Do not settle down for petty pleasures, transient
Do not compromise until the state of bliss is permanent
Every moment is pregnant with the seed of eternity
Spend some time with every moment
Treat moments with dignity

Don't keep playing the see-saw game
Birth and death and birth again
Break this bread and see inside
The fiery new vision
Stand at ease when in peace
Till then 'Attention'!

09-06-2019

97. Is God Dead?



Is God dead, as Nietzsche said?
We killed Him with our inferences
He rose up like the phoenix
From His own ashes
In Love, Music and Poetry,
Unquestionably, His territory

In a finger that extends to
Wipe the tears of another
In a song that's soft like the
Lullaby of a mother - in
Words of fire that burns the evil
I see now and then
The One we thought we killed - yet
Speak about so often

He can be a She or It
Or even formless
Black, white, yellow, brown - He
Shines in all colours
In every flower His smile I see,
Whether you agree or disagree

10-04-2021

98. Feed The Fire



Spending several hours
Bending over the keyboard
My spine is still straight

Truth gives me the determination - and
Righteousness, the strength

What impels me to write is not
Greed or avarice
I simply pour myself out - in
Ecstasy or anguish

I share with you all my feelings
All that I experience
What you choose may depend upon
Your likes and convenience

I am thrilled to see the starry sky
Or a butterfly
I speak to flowers, even to clouds
Like bees I hum or play a drum
I feel a pain in my heart
When I see ignorance
Or
When someone exploits that
With an arrogance

I feel an anger inside me
When the meek are oppressed
How long can such a fury and
Indignation be suppressed

I share everything, every single moment
It's for you to choose
What appeals to your intent

One thing I must say
You cannot turn away
From any of these poems
Every poem has fire in it
No one knows when it was lit
As you read, you feed the fire
With your own will and desire - it's
Waiting for you to come
It will wait
Even for a millennium

11-04-2021

99. The Road To Immortality



Words and thoughts pave a path,
The path to immortality
More than what they mean, it's enough
To have this clarity
Everytime you walk that path
Reading my words and thoughts
I walk with you, I talk to you - I
Partake in your existence - 'the
You' now and 'the You' that reads
A hundred years hence,
This, I know with certainty,
Is the road to immortality!

11-04-2021

100. The Springboard



Take a step, take a step,
One step beyond Time
One step beyond Space
My poetry will lead you, brother
Hold the edge of my shadow
That's enough you need not follow
Both of us can walk together

There, there,
There is no 'there'
There is no time
I cannot find a word that can even rhyme
This is not some
magic
Though it has no logic
Not a case of hypo or hyper dopamine
Take a step
Take a step ...

In between the words that would make a poem
You have to cross a deep chasm
There is no bridge to walk across
Only a spring-board to jump
Discover the spring
It's within you
The board is my shadow, now, jump brother
You and I and everyone can fly together

12-04-2021

101. The One Is Always New



You expect me to say something different every time
But I keep saying the same thing differently every time
The only thing that I always speak of doesn't change at all
All changes happen only on the outside wall
Inside the room -
The same you, the same me,
The same cup of tea!

Flavours keep changing
Chamomile, Cardamom!
A touch of wine, a dash of lime!
Blueberry, Bubblegum!
Yet it is always tea!
Of course, with you and me

The one that doesn't change can show such a variety
It's amazing and keeps alive the zeal of poetry
When you see in me yourself, and, I, myself in you
Then the riddle is solved at once, that One is always new

I pour the tea from the pot - come
Let's drink it hot

12-04-2021

102. The Driving Force



What was the driving force
That woke up that madam at midnight,
Pushed her into the lab - and
Made her see the glowing rays? Of course
We call it intuition, was it the real source?

Many before him had jumped into
Pools and tubs of water
None had shouted Eureka - after
Measuring the density of matter
What prompted him to jump
From the known to the unknown?
We call it intuition, in not so sure a tone!

Only some can see what is obvious
Others may dismiss it as simply dubious
Mind is not enough to comprehend such stuff
A spark, a glow is required in one's inner self

13-04-2021

103. Seven Sparks And Fourteen Petals



In a crowd, I am lonely
In loneliness, have company
From silence springs the
Sound of music
From void, poetry

When mind becomes still
It's nothing but a pure light
Not tainted by the shadows of
Sorrow or delight
No form is superimposed
It is empty yet full
No thought can touch it, not even
A wish or the will

Seven sparks from the Flame of Truth
Knit into a couplet*
Fourteen petals from a flower
Sewn into a sonnet
From Space, a blank verse
From a river, a song
The world in me is so rich - there's
Nothing for which I long

Surrounded by flowers, and a flame
Shining within me - I
Expand with Space and
Sing with the river
Can I ever be lonely?
Never, never, never.

13-04-2021

**Thirukural, the ancient work in Tamil, contains 1330 couplets,
each having seven metrical feet.*

104. My Words Bleed



My words bleed
Not when I speak of ignorance
But when I speak of arrogance

My words bleed
Not when I write of poverty
But when I confront dishonesty

My words bleed
Every time I see
Indifference to atrocity

If and if only
Drops of blood be bullets - and
Shatter the rock of arrogance to pieces!

If and if only
Every word can spew fire to
Burn the roots of dishonesty!

If and if only
My words can pierce through the
Iron wall of indifference!

As a poet, I can rest
Assured, I've done my best

14-04-2021

105. A Ray Of Hope



I am not a Wordsworth, nor a Goldsmith
But an average wordsmith - if
What I write gives hope to some
That's enough, mission accomplished

I am not a Rousseau, nor a Karl Marx
But just a street singer - if
What I sing give strength to some
That's enough, purpose fulfilled

Not like a storm, or like a thunder
But as a lonely voice of truth
Whatever I say may show the way
To some, especially the youth
Can I show at least a ray -
A ray of hope, a strand of strength,
A flickering light of faith?
Even If do any one of these
That's enough, I will part in peace

14-04-2021

106. To Rekindle The Flame In You



Before I bid farewell to you
And to this world
Please assure me
That I had not wavered from the path of truth!
Before the sound of my last step fades away into oblivion
Tell me that I have been faithful to myself in all that I have written
In every word uttered by me
Isn't there a dignity?
In every line of my poetry,
A genuine simplicity?

Let me take leave with a sense of fulfilment
Let me thank all who partook in my experiment
Let the world be a better place when I leave
From my every word this 'me' you can retrieve

If a pen can take pride in what's written with it
If a flower can boast that it begot many trees from grains
If a cloud can claim that it created the oceans and this earth
I too can say I have written a few poems
Not at all to impress you - but
To rekindle the flame in you!

15-04-2021

107. The Sound Of Silence



Hark, the sound of silence
That penetrates your Being
Don't you know that eyes can hear - and
Ears can do some seeing

When you hear the whispers and the
Murmurs of a lake
With a little more effort can hear
The sounds that mountains make

Stars and planets swirl around
Making a rhythmic sound
You can hear and feel the thrill
Only when the mind is still

The pauses between the words in poems - are
Pregnant with emotion
Like the morning mist, they are
Translucent in motion

Unclad yourself and get ready to
Dive into that ocean
You can hear the sound of silence
The poem and you in fusion

20-06-2021

108. A Humble Prayer



In ten years I might cross
Twice the age he* lived
I know I haven't done even
Half of what he did
He struggled to live in penury
I live of course in luxury

His fiery verses exploded and
Shook the pillars of the heaven
He espoused the cause of freedom - and
Also that of the downtrodden

He was truly rich in mind
And the son of god of course
Whom he hailed as Parashakti
The Mother Nature, the cosmic force

I plead to her with humility - please
Make my moments fruitful
Should I live a decade more
Shouldn't I be more useful?

19-01-2021

** Mahakavi Subramania Bharatiar, whom I adore with passion, lived only till the age of 39. I am already 68.*

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VANAVIL K.RAVI

is an advocate by profession and a poet by passion. He has written hundreds of poems, published about 16 books and contributed numerous articles in Tamil and English, to various magazines and journals in the past 50 years.

His works cover different subjects like Law, Philosophy, Social Science and Literature.

As an ardent devotee of the great Tamil Poet, Subramaniya Bharatiar, he has been celebrating and spreading the poetic flame, the patriotic fervour and the philosophical message of the Poet, through the cultural and literary Society, Vanavil Cultural Centre, founded by him.

In the recent years several seminars and conferences have been and are being held in Universities and Colleges on his works.

His Works

1. Namakku Thozhil Kavithai (Tamil) - Essays on Poetics.
2. Unnodu Naan (Tamil) - A collection of Tamil Poems.
3. Minnar Chuvai (Tamil) - Literary Essays on the works and the life of the Poet Subramaniya Bharatiar.
4. Sorkallukkul Aerikkol (Tamil) - A collection of Speeches delivered in various literary gatherings.
5. Valluvarin Vaayilil (Tamil) - A brief journey into the Great Tamil Work 'Thirukural'.
6. Irubatham Nootraandu Iyalbiyal Varalaaru (Tamil) - The History of the 20th Century Physics.
7. Kaatru Vaangap Ponaen (Tamil) - An autobiographical work.
8. Justice versus Natural Justice (English) - Research Essays on the legal concept of Natural Justice.
9. Law, Logic and Liberty (English) - A collection of Critical Essays on the Constitutional Law of India.
10. Verses of Wisdom (English) - An English Translation of the ancient Tamil Work comprising of 12 verses, attributed to Saint Manikkavasagar, with a brief commentary.
11. A Spark, a Petal (English) - A collection of English Poems.
12. Sonnadhumb Sollaadhumb (Tamil) - Essays on Literature
13. Anaiyatha Sudar Aetruvaen (Tamil) - A collection of further Poems in Tamil
14. Makkal padum Pattu (Tamil) - A collection of further Poems in Tamil, mostly lyrical.
15. The Sound of Silence (English) - A second collection of English Poems.
16. Seymithu Vaitha Nizhalgal (Tamil) - A collection of further Poems in Tamil.