

# THE SOUND OF SILENCE

Poems by

**Vanavil K. RAVI**



New Goal

New path

**NIVETHITHA PATHIPPAGAM**

10/3, Venkatesh Nagar, Main Road,  
Virugambakkam, Chennai - 600 092.

Cell: 89393 87276 / 89393 87296

E-mail : nivethithathippagam1999@gmail.com

Title : THE SOUND OF SILENCE

Author : Vanavil K. Ravi ©

Subject : A collection of English Poems  
written by the author.

First Edition : 2021

Size : Demmy

Published by : Nivethitha Pathippagam,  
10/3, Venkatesh Nagar Main Road,  
Virugambakkam, Chennai - 600 092.  
Mobile No : 89393 87276 / 96

Typeset by : V. Dhanalakshmi

Wrapper Desings : S.V. Sagar

Printed at : Udhayam Offset, Chennai - 2.

Pages : viii + 136 = 144

Price : **Rs. 135**

## CONTENTS

<p>Fore word v</p> <p>Preface 1</p> <p>1. Just a few Shells 3</p> <p>2. We fail to learn 4</p> <p>3. The Dawn 6</p> <p>4. The paradise isn't far away 7</p> <p>5. My Master 8</p> <p>6. A Piece Of Pure Wisdom 10</p> <p>7. The Queue 11</p> <p>8. Holy Mother: Song 1 12</p> <p>9. Holy Mother: Song 2 13</p> <p>10. Holy Mother: Song 3 14</p> <p>11. Holy Mother: Song 4 15</p> <p>12. Holy Mother: Song 5 16</p> <p>13. Holy Mother: Song 6 17</p> <p>14. The Law of Images 18</p> <p>15. An Endless Ocean 20</p> <p>16. Two in One 21</p> <p>17. True Surrender 22</p> <p>18. I am not a merchant 23</p> <p>19. Keep the Spark Alive 24</p> <p>20. There He Is 26</p> <p>21. Are You A Flame! 27</p> <p>22. Dreams, Joy and Anguish 28</p> <p>23. A Battle Cry 29</p> <p>24. Vote for the Nation 30</p> <p>25. We Voted, They Looted 32</p> <p>26. More Time For Time 33</p>	<p>v</p> <p>1</p> <p>3</p> <p>4</p> <p>6</p> <p>7</p> <p>8</p> <p>10</p> <p>11</p> <p>12</p> <p>13</p> <p>14</p> <p>15</p> <p>16</p> <p>17</p> <p>18</p> <p>20</p> <p>21</p> <p>22</p> <p>23</p> <p>24</p> <p>26</p> <p>27</p> <p>28</p> <p>29</p> <p>30</p> <p>32</p> <p>33</p>	<p>27. The Voice Of Your Conscience 34</p> <p>28. Begin Your Play 35</p> <p>29. My Song Would Never Cease 36</p> <p>30. Come Out Of Your Cocoon 37</p> <p>31. Cross This River 38</p> <p>32. A Pellet Here, A Millet There! 40</p> <p>33. Music, Music, Music! 41</p> <p>34. A kite flyer 43</p> <p>35. Throw Away The Gun 44</p> <p>36. I am A Sufi 46</p> <p>37. The Rhyme Game 48</p> <p>38. Just A Glass Of Water 49</p> <p>39. Not Far Away 50</p> <p>40. That Thou Art 52</p> <p>41. A Song For Everyone 54</p> <p>42. We Are Friends 55</p> <p>43. Just A Mirror 56</p> <p>44. A Gentle Pause 57</p> <p>45. Parallel Lines May Meet 58</p> <p>46. The Domain of the Lover 59</p> <p>47. The Winged Visitor 60</p> <p>48. A vehicle, self-driven 61</p> <p>49. Apple Tree or Peepal Tree? 62</p> <p>50. No Doors To Shut 63</p> <p>51. The Bard of Love, Forever 64</p> <p>52. Clear The Bin 65</p> <p>53. Wake Up In Truth 66</p>
---	--	--

54. The Rhythm of Rain	67	82. Being A Part Of The BEING	102
55. Age 68?	68	83. The Shadow Games	103
56. Songs, My Songs?	69	84. The Gymnastic Girl	104
57. Love Unlimited	71	85. This Poem Doesn' t Begin Here	105
58. The Veiled Rebecca	72	86. The Gatekeeper	106
59. The Gait of Time	73	87. Drifting Into Sleep	108
60. The Clock and the Calendar	74	88. Dice With God	109
61. Praise Me Not	75	89. April Fool	110
62. Live Today	77	90. Stop That Clock	111
63. When I pray	78	91. Only You	113
64. Again, We Will Meet	79	92. Vanquish The Evil	114
65. Dormant or Dynamic?	80	93. The Adamant Moment	115
66. The Fiddler On The Roof	81	94. The March Of Polemics	116
67. I Love You	82	95. A Song For Every Mood	118
68. My Heart Is On The Floor	83	96. Straight From The Oven	120
69. Something To Eat	84	97. Is God Dead?	121
70. The You in You	85	98. Feed The Fire	122
71. Who Is On The Panel	86	99. The Road To Immortality	124
72. The Road	87	100. The Springboard	125
73. My Fragrant Lord!	89	101. The One Is Always New	126
74. Walking the Ramp	91	102. The Driving Force	127
75. The Soul-Mate	92	103. Seven Sparks And Fourteen Petals	128
76. A Reason To Live	93	104. My Words Bleed	130
77. In My Morning Walk	94	105. A Ray Of Hope	131
78. On Your Birthday, Einstein!	96	106. To Rekindle The Flame In You	132
79. How Can I Remember You	97	107. The Sound Of Silence	133
80. My Poem Tells!	98	108. A Humble Prayer	134
81. A Garland And A Sword	100		

## FOREWORD

**Dr.R.Ananthan**, Head, Dept of English, (Retd.),  
Vivekananda College, Chennai.

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.*

## ASCENDING ORDER

A Battle Cry	29	Holy Mother: Song 1	12
A Garland And A Sword	100	Holy Mother: Song 2	13
A Gentle Pause	57	Holy Mother: Song 3	14
A Humble Prayer	134	Holy Mother: Song 4	15
A kite flyer	43	Holy Mother: Song 5	16
A Pellet Here, A Millet There!	40	Holy Mother: Song 6	17
A Piece Of Pure Wisdom	10	How Can I Remember You	97
A Ray Of Hope	131	I am A Sufi	46
A Reason To Live	93	I am not a merchant	23
A Song For Every Mood	118	I Love You	82
A Song For Everyone	54	In My Morning Walk	94
A vehicle, self-driven	61	Is God Dead?	121
Again, We Will Meet	79	Just a few Shells	3
Age 68?	68	Just A Glass Of Water	49
An Endless Ocean	20	Just A Mirror	56
Apple Tree or Peepal Tree?	62	Keep the Spark Alive	24
April Fool	110	Live Today	77
Are You A Flame!	27	Love Unlimited	71
Begin Your Play	35	More Time For Time	33
Being A Part Of The BEING	102	Music, Music, Music!	41
Clear The Bin	65	My Fragrant Lord!	89
Come Out Of Your Cocoon	37	My Heart Is On The Floor	83
Cross This River	38	My Master	8
Dice With God	109	My Poem Tells!	98
Dormant or Dynamic?	80	My Song Would Never Cease	36
Dreams, Joy and Anguish	28	My Words Bleed	130
Drifting Into Sleep	108	No Doors To Shut	63
Feed The Fire	122	Not Far Away	50

On Your Birthday, Einstein!	96	The Rhythm of Rain	67
Only You	113	The Road To Immortality	124
Parallel Lines May Meet	58	The Road	87
Praise Me Not	75	The Shadow Games	103
Seven Sparks And Fourteen Petals	128	The Soul-Mate	92
Something To Eat	84	The Sound Of Silence	133
Songs, My Songs?	69	The Springboard	125
Stop That Clock	111	The Veiled Rebecca	72
Straight From The Oven	120	The Voice Of Your Conscience	34
That Thou Art	52	The Winged Visitor	60
The Queue	11	The You in You	85
The Adamant Moment	115	There He Is	26
The Bard of Love, Forever	64	This Poem Doesn't Begin Here	105
The Clock and the Calendar	74	Throw Away The Gun	44
The Dawn	6	To Rekindle The Flame In You	132
The Domain of the Lover	59	True Surrender	22
The Driving Force	127	Two in One	21
The Fiddler On The Roof	81	Vanquish The Evil	114
The Gait of Time	73	Vote for the Nation	30
The Gatekeeper	106	Wake Up In Truth	66
The Gymnastic Girl	104	Walking the Ramp	91
The Law of Images	18	We Are Friends	55
The March Of Polemics	116	We fail to learn	4
The One Is Always New	126	We Voted, They Looted	32
The Paradise isn't far away	7	When I pray	78
The Rhyme Game	48	Who Is On The Panel	86