



The Journey

Devi Nanrani

The Journey

Devi Nangrani

The Journey (a Collection of Poems)

Author & Publisher: Devi Nangrani

9-D Corner View Society

15/33 Road, Bandra

Mumbai.400050

Phone: 9867855751

Email: dnangrani@gmail.com

Cover Design: Anand Lalchandani

Publisher: Art Spot

212 Allied INDUSTRIAL Estate

Prof. Ram Panjwani Marg

Mahim(W), mumbai 400016

Tel: 66662315, 9820883807

First Edition: 2009

Price: Rs:100

Pages: 80

Copyright with the author

To
The path
That moves in all dimensions
Beyond the circumference of faculty
With His Will

&

In memory of
The true soldiers of my motherland
Who embraced Death to impart Life
To survive in our hearts for ever

- Devi Nangrani

Oh Death!

Where is thy sting

Where do I visualize it?

Oh! It is in my own home

I see it bleeding with endless agony

For those are droplets of blood

Laid in service of the nation.

Saluting to the saviors of the soil

Who live in deeds, not in years

(To The Martyrs who laid their life for the nation and save TAJ)

Devi Nangrani

26 Nov, 2008

In search of self.....

One day it starts for her, wondering where she will reach and how? Why has she started this journey and what will be she achieve by it? Yes, she remembers:

'It is the heart that aches

It is the heart that misses!

The starts the agony to be alone, to be separated! This agony of the soul forces her to cry, request, pray, pester

'Before it is too late

And the shining sun of my life sets

I must know myself

To make myself a good human being

So I can belong to God!'

To travel with Devi Nanrani is nothing but sheer pleasure, joining her on this journey, in search of self and Him. There are oasis which invite and allure, but a true seeker though diverted to the perishable beauties and temporary achievements awakens back on the right path, because, the ultimate destination is to surrender oneself at His Lotus Feet to merge with Him.

The poet here beautifully portrays the fallacies like misery, mental turbulences and the like, a seeker must meet in simple, pictorial and gripping language. *'Request to the mind'* is a wonderful poem. *'The lost city'* has to be found, *'Voice of silence'* has to be heard, *'Songs of the heart'* have to be sung.

Within the core

we find the link of silence
From it sprout the buds of true spirit
That lead us to the road of silence
Help us discover the lost city.

I wish Devi all the best for this book, and I am sure readers will find the same yearning in their hearts when they start their journey to find 'The lost city'.

It is heartening to know that there is at least one "Poetry Corner" where

'Beneath the darker sheaths of dusk
Bringing with itself the message
of
New light, new joy, new life
This is Happiness.'

May God bless you Devi with This happiness

11 Dec, 2008

Dr. Sangeeta Sahajwani,
H.O.D, Dept of Hindi,
R.D National College,
Bandra, Mumbai 400050

**

A Journey from Birth to Death and Beyond

*“Within me is an island
Hidden from the sea of my body.
There I shed a tear
Hidden from the eye of the heart’.*

– ‘Journey’

Yes like perhaps in each one of us, there is an island in Devi Nangrani’s heart and mind, hidden away even from the eyes of the heart, even from – our lifelong companion – our physical body and she visits that island occasionally to shed a tear, to ‘Listen to her heart Beat’, but she does not dwell there for longer period because she is not a recluse, or and escapist. She may be alone sometimes but she is never lonely. She comes away to the shore, to the main land, the solid earth to her kith and kin, to her social concern and commitments. But how does she manage to cross the stormy, turbulent sea that surrounds the sea island?

The poems in her anthology *‘Journey’* give answers to these questions. She has the support of faith’:

*‘If
You see with eyes of faith
The unseen world within you
Opens the gates for you to a new world.’*

She gets support from ‘Friendship’:

*‘A friend is someone I can be silent with
A friend is like a walking stick
That supports me at all times’*

It is not easy journey. The *‘Aching heart’* stops you:

*It is heart that aches
It is heart that misses
The nearness of the dear ones
Filling the core with sorrow
Soaking the soreness
Making the words speechless'*

Conflicts' hamper you:

*It is the hearts that lets you live
It is the hearts that strengthens
The intricacy of human relations
With warmth, care and affection.'*

But at the very outset writer knows that inspite of the helplessness of the mind, inspite of the 'Mirage' like qualities of life, you have to 'Be your own friend' and have faith and courage so that you can listen to the music of your heart and can feel 'the Spirit' within you. Devi Nanngani has penned down these simple, serene poems as one would note down the slow, silent, waves of thoughts passing through our heart and mind.

The poems of *Journey* reflect the mind which has lived through life with a sense of devotion and dedication, they are almost religious but they do not represent any single religious group or cult but are rather universal and secular. The writer seek solace and guidance from any source that is available to a normal human being, hence fore there is no reference to great philosophical books or scripture or no high sounding preachings are sought to be given.

Devi Nanngani is writer who has command over Hindi and English beside her mother tongue Sindhi and has been expressing her emotions and feelings through these languages. We should congratulate her for this poetic journey through birth, death and beyond, because she is large hearted enough to take

us along with her, and in that journey, we realize along with her that *'Life is a Holly Gift'*.

*'Wait not for the pleasure or pain of the life
To kindle thy age for a knowledge of the 'self'.
Life is gift, a holy gift not for gambling in
But for realization of self from within.*

Jan, 2009

Dr. Rajam Natarajan Pillai
Editor: 'Kutubnuma' Hindi Quarterly
'Ramkunj'. R.K. Vaidya Rd, Dadar (W)
Mumbai 400 028, Mob: 9820229565

In Quest

Devi Nangrani's poems are the expressions of genuinely and intensely experienced love, devotion and mystic relationship with the Divinity. She can hear the sound of silence even in the midst of the *'Whirlpool of roaring waters'* the din and turmoil of worldly existence. She is aware of the 'taste of love' that takes hold of life, makes one give up freedom and accept its bondages. She is also aware that the soul will attain true freedom only after breaking away from the cage of this body, flying as a free bird. After going through her representative poems one feels convinced that the poet is no common human being but a spirit in quest of eternal peace. She intends to fly like a free bird singing on the perch in the woods of sanctuary 'To fulfill the goal of life'.

She exhorts her soul to awake, radiate and create its own powerhouse of radiance. Devi has poignant perception of the minutest working of the mind,

"When a single Thought precedes yet another clashes, cracks breaks leaving the turmoil of mind still to survive."

Her faith in divinity is firm; hence, there is spontaneity in her feeling and expressions. The experiences recorded in most of her poems are those of a keen and sensitive observer. Some of the poems reveal her inner silence which slowly and gradually ravishes the reader of a world of beauty and ecstasy.

In a world which is plagued by cut-throat competition materialistic pursuit, Devi's poetry breathes an air of pure divinity and rectitude. Her nomenclature 'Devi' is not a mere coincidence, its divine dispensation and destiny.

24 Dec, 2008

Prof Lakhbir Kaur
English Dept. Khalsa College,
Chembur, Mumbai.

All along the Journey in the fountain–springs of the heart....

Devi Nangrani's book of poems in English is not simply a monologue of the feeling heart, but a dialogue between the heart and mind as well as between body and soul. All these are aspects of the "inner self" which lies at the core of her poetic genius.

Devi Nangrani's poetry is pre–eminently spiritual where spirituality does not imply an escape from the world into an ethereal domain in which matter is relegated as unworthy or unimportant. On the other hand, the need to bridge the gaps between the real and the ideal is the contemporary challenge of art reflected in her poetry. For her, the heart symbolizes the integrative spiritual reality that can both transform the material world and place it in sync with the divine, opening the doors of possibilities.

I find this quintessential striving for integration best expressed in the poem entitled "*It Does Matter*" The poem reflects the tension between matter and life which is overcome by becoming aware of a deepened relationship between the seemingly diverse domains:

Matter is in me, it is in you.

It is the core of all

That is living and non–living

But

When matter hits matter

It is the living that are hurt.

Intellectual awareness of spirituality belongs more to the sphere of ethics and philosophy. In Devi Nangrani's book, the experience of achieving that spirituality lies at the "heart" of her poetry.

In an age torn by external strife, stone-heartedness and petty-mindedness, her poems echo intimations of love, compassion and an ingrained respect for human beings.

In most of her poems emerge the theme of the "heart" as the most authentic wellspring of human life. In fact, poetry itself finds its source in the fountain-springs of the heart. Indeed, the heart is the source of spirituality. It is not merely a source of spontaneous words but a place where thoughts germinate as well. These feelings and thoughts provide a guiding light to us of abiding value.

A thought of great 'pith and moment' in her poetry is her belief in the significance of the self which is rooted in the heart. The "journey" she undertakes is one of exploring the divine dimensions of the human self. The relationship evolved between the human and the divine aspects of reality becomes a pathway for individual as well as social excellence. She forges a bridge between Life, Nature, Self and God through her integrative vision. Eastern poetry is full of examples of such integration. But what makes a poet unique is the individual balance achieved between intellect and intuition in the great melting-pot of personal experience.

The tone of verse in Devi Nangrani's poetry enhances the underlying sense of spirituality which is her hallmark. She employs similes and metaphors skillfully to further that tone of voice. I wish to recapitulate some of these to illustrate how words and thoughts blend to reinforce the spiritual aspects of her poetry.

*My thoughts dance in tune
With the melody of my heartbeat.*

(The Music of My Heart)

If

*You look beyond with eyes of faith
You recover from blindness that blinds.*

(Faith)

*Life is a gift, a holy gift not for gambling
But for realization of God from within.*

(Life – a Holy Gift)

*Love is a key that unlocks
The locked doors of the heart.*

(Life, Love, Liberty)

Tears from the eye of my spirit.

(Adam and Eve)

And finally her view of poetry itself – a great integrative force, a binding power
that conquers time:

Poetry is a gift of God

It is my friend for all times

In joy and sorrow

Today and tomorrow.

10 Jan, 2009

Ejaz Rahim

In the flow and flaw of the magnificent language

What I feel.....

Why I feel.....

*On the wings of Poetry
I flutter and fly like a butterfly
To see the beauty that surrounds me
In its utmost softness of silk
To feel the tenderness of ecstasy*

Poetry is nothing but language of the heart. Every person who can think logically and listen to the heart beat can emotionally express feelings of love, hate, compassion, anger, feel and hurt balance system.

Writing poetry is like nourishing a garden where we sow seeds of thoughts, which sprout with the input of efforts when nourished with attentive seasoning. It is only then that the colorful ideas blossom with fragrance. The sown speechless thoughts take the support of words to find expression, they grow and mature as saplings, start whispering and walking. Still the fact remains unchanged that 'Life' is poetry' but poetry is not life.' Words and poet have a co-relative bond. Words may exist without a writer, but a writer cannot exist without words. Poetry in form of words on paper is nothing but the fruit of thoughts that can find expression in the flow and flaw of the language of the heart.

Every person is a born talented artist. One being a painter, other being a journalist, yet another, a sculptor and the next one a poet. The sculptor chips the hard rock and turns it in fertile model of his imagination, carving to the finest core of the hardened rock to replicate tenderness and beauty. An artist

uses rainbow colors to bring to life the characters that he imagines to be breathing on his canvas. Similarly a poet uses fine words with or without rhyme and rhythm to express his own feelings. In a way a poet's imagination through words begins to breathe, creep, dance, and flutter like a butterfly so that it can rhyme with nature that is so beautiful, so lively and so unique, where the thought are so beautifully woven in a majestic flow of ripples–

Like a grand river of light

Flowing from

A needle's orifice

It is the language of the heart that has been put in finite words to express the infinite experiences, human sentiments and true feelings of joy, sorrow, grief, misery, ignorance, greed, loneliness, love and hatred, but the unspoken compassion always supersedes the circumference of spoken language.

Writing poetry is my passion, in fact Poetry is the music of the heart that is sung in silence and is heard with the ears of consciousness as a silent whisper without any language barriers. As I see

If

you see with eyes of faith

the unseen world within you

opens the gates for you to a new world.

20 Jan, 2009

Devi Nanrani
9-D Corner View Society
15/33 Road, Bandra,
Mumbai 400050

The Journey: Index

1. The music of my heart
2. Adam & Eve
3. A Silent Whisper
4. Desire
5. Conflict
6. Birthright
7. Agony
8. Disowned Relations
9. Dust Meets Dust
10. Fulfillment
11. Heart's Desire
12. Life & Death
13. Journey
14. Silver Lining
15. Answer the call
16. Aching Hearts
17. Life is but a dream
18. Life– A Stage
19. Kindling Flame
20. The Search
21. My profound Quest

22. I And You
23. It Does Matter
24. Be your own friend
25. Trust And Distrust
26. Spellbound
27. Truth of Life
28. Threshold
29. Life unfolds
30. The Source
31. Universal Law
32. Reciprocation
33. Life is Mirage
34. Faith
35. Life is a Gift
36. Life, Love, Liberty
37. Rule The Hearts
38. Sanctuary
39. Sounds of Silence
40. The Light house
41. Friendship
42. Flattery, a false praise
43. Solitude, Sorrow, Seperation
44. Ego of Humility

45. Back Home
46. Serenity Prayer
47. Love and grief
48. Love & Life
49. The Lost City
50. Poetry Corner
51. Cry of the Heart
52. Poetry – A Gift Of God
53. Fate of a Flower
54. A silent Pond
55. Tide of the mind
56. Goal
57. Little Mother Mary
58. Life after Death
59. The Lost Sheep
60. The entity
61. Bless Me Oh Lord
62. Cry of the Heart
63. Sounds of Silence
64. Happy New Year

1.The music of my heart

Listen to my Heart Beat

I am the singing melody of my Land

That gently tunes in rhythm

Wrapping me in her essence.

My thoughts dance in tune

With the melody of my heart beat

In the Canopy of fragrance

They dance as daisies in my memory

Growing with me where I stand

Sometimes longer, at times shorter

But never have I felt without the Source

That reflects my thoughts

To dance with the melody

Of my Heart Beat.

**

2. Adam & Eve

The EVE of my heart at every dawn
Dreams of a life's paradise on earth

The ADAM that is in my heart
Is thrilled, at the beauty of EVE

So serene, so pure as a lily

Making a perfect link

Between him and life.

But the invisible wings of deadly death

Crawl to come closer

Filling the depths of my heart with sorrow

Bringing tears onto my eyes

Leaving behind a broken heart

And a tomb of my own wishes and hopes

On which fall

The tears from the eye of my heart

And fill it with chill, as does the winter's dew

On the leaf of the meadow of my life.

**

3. A Silent Whisper

One fine evening, all in the family
Sat around the table to have the super
Hay beloved! Is this ???
Stop! Comes a hiss
It stops the voice in me, within me.
But the murmur is on, only I can hear it
And the one who listens to all
Hears me say "Oh Father! I am sorry"
For I spoke not to thee, but
To those that give not a deaf ear.
I can see the pain, I can see the grief
In those eyes that see my wounds bleeding
For they know the source that would heal.
The tears that roll from my eyes
wet my dry deserted silent soul
Oh Father! Thank you Father
For I see thee speaking to me.

**

4. Desire

Desire is desire, a kindling fire
Some new attractions keep me attached
The old replace the new with limitations.
But the territory of life is breath span.

Where

Through the open doors of my heart

Comes unexpected pleasure

Misery finds way without knocking
The good or bad, soothing or soaring enters

As

My heart is open to all approaches

And with time,

Pleasure and pain shall fade
To make room for the new saplings of desire
The fruits of new pleasure and new pain.

**

5. Conflict

It is the heart that lets you live
It is the heart that strengthens
The intricacy of human relations
With warmth, care and affection.
But, it is the mind that lets you think
It creates, resolves, crushes the care
The warmth, ailing affection
That uproots the delicacy of all finest relations.
It is the mind that makes sweet sour and sour sweet
That accepts the illusion, declines the real
It is the union of heart and the mind
That imparts unique realization
The feeling of oneness with Thee.

6. Birthright

My life is an ocean

With multitude turmoils

My body is a ship

Sailing to the shore

That traverses one way.

My mind is the swaying anchor

Functioning beyond my intelligence

The implications of its marvelous work

Surpass my limited understanding.

My soul is a caged bird

Struggling to have its birthright,

To break certain bondages

Through the outlet of the body

To

Fly as a butterfly from the cocoon.

7. Agony

The agony of my body
Only my mind feels
The agony of my mind
Only my soul knows.

The distractions of the world
Attract to deviate the soul from focus
The goal is lost astray
It knows the unknown
Trapped and entangled.
The struggle for release is a war
In the cage of body and mind
That is the agony of the soul.

8. Disowned Relations

The babe born in the cradle
Exposed to the melody
Of the mother's lullabies
The privilege of childhood is mine.

The youth that blooms,
From the bud of innocence
And the droplets of blood
Flowing in his nerves are mine.

In this world of selfish relations

The sting of grief
That makes my heart bleed is mine
The unhealing wounds of worry are mine

The scattered and shattered entity
In storm of relations is mine

But
I am nobody of anybody.

9. Dust Meets Dust

The spot where we stop to exist
We live no more.
The memoirs survive

Buried in the hearts
Of those that live to remember
They too fade away with time
The freshness of today is lost
In the future of tomorrow.

This is a rule, that reigns supreme
those that live in nature's bosom
Shall depart from all untrue bondage
To merge back in the true Entity.

10. Fulfillment

The bottomless vessel
Of my wishes is never filled
The more it gets
The more it wants

The unquenched thirst for desires
Keeps it empty
The fulfillment is our choice
For we draw the line
To the extent of our wants
To satisfy our unquenched thirst
To be quenched

11.Heart's Desire

Deep down
In the valley of my heart
I hear a rhythm of beats
Beating on the drums of destiny.
With every beat
The mind reveals a new testimony
In different shades and levels
Of wisdom and understanding
To be better equipped for,
The Unknown, Unpredicted, Unseen tomorrow.
To find a kingdom
That is in me, for me
To fight and conquer Today
To rule Tomorrow.

12. Life & Death

The light that is extinguished vanishes
It shall not go beyond the graves
For it was never born,

Nor did it die.

We live in deeds, not in years.
The time trodden by the feet of death
Can never be imprinted on the sands of time
The deeds live thereafter in memoirs.

13.Journey

When I travel
From the tip of my toe to the top
With no distinction between
The physical and astral me
That is the moment of fire
Between me and my real self
To meet myself and enjoy the union.
Within me is an island
Hidden from the sea of my body
In there I shed a tear
Hidden from the eye of my spirit.
For I feel the separation
The yearning, a tearing apart void
In the space that is within me
To reach my destination
Never to be back from top to toe.

14.Silver Lining

Oh Divine Lord!
Thine Radiant form supreme,
Leaves me amazed.
To adore thee
With all my ever failing intelligence
To be still elevated by
Thine supreme power.

Oh Divine Lord!
Its from ye and only ye
Comes the light that helps
The emergence of brilliance
A means to prove
That every darkest cloud,
Has a silver lining.

15. Answer the call

"Where are you my Lord?" Implored I
"Here am I, within thyself" whispered He.
Hearing his melodious voice so divine
Like an enchanting cuckoo
As an answer to my call
My soul blooms like a fragrant jasmine
To offer my benedictions.

16. Aching Hearts

"It is the heart that aches
It is the heart that misses
The nearness of the dear ones
Filling the core with sorrow
Soaking the soreness
Making the words speechless

But

The void still has in store
The good old memories
Those that never fade
They live deep within the breaths
As the fragrance of the flower
Which is the lasting perfume.

17. Life is but a dream

From an eagle's eye
I view the world
A galaxy of human faces
Like the sun, moon, stars
All rotating, all revolving
Around their parent planets.

Some smiling, others laughing
Some shining, others droning
Like the twinkling stars
As clowns in a merry show.

Some gigantic, others diminutive
Some feeble, some sturdy
Some lofty, some dumpy
Changing like the shadows
In the shade of cloudy light
From sunrise to sunset of life.

18. Life– A Stage

The performance is best
when played with the essence of truth

And

Sincerity of involvement
On the stage of life
From sunrise to sunset!
Rejoice the play
Mourn not the display
As, it is the truth
That deserves a reward

**

19. Kindling Flame

Sinking in the valley of darkness
To enlighten a Kindling Flame
To see with eyes that open inward
To hear with ears the unheard sound
To speak with a tongue of silence
Sinking with all senses
In that place of paradise
To dwell with Truth
That prevails for ever.

20. The Search

The ongoing search
Of a lost child is on.
In the city of over-crowdedness
Places all strange and insecure
Faces known, some unknown faces,
Nothing appeals, nothing comforts
The emptiness within is widening
The scare of life and death terrifies
The child closes the eyes
He stops the hunt, and
In stillness he finds
His father waiting for him
More desperate for him, than he himself
To embrace him, to love him
To take him home.

21. My profound Quest

Lord

Thou dwell in my inner shrine
showering thy pure nectar of grace divine.
Immersed by thy thoughts day and night
I melt in thy absence like candlelight.

Lord

You alone know the mystery of my life
I have none but you in worldly strife
I ask not for name and fame
Nor would I play this earthly game.

I seek shelter in thy shrine
Under the shadowy canopy of thine Grace
To trod the path of love

22. I And You

I am drifted to you
As you are the eternal entity
I surrender myself to you without any rigidity
Longing only for your compassion and benison
I have detached myself from all passions.
I am able to thrive daily
But
For the showers of your grace I'll die certainly
Oh merciful! I melt like wax of a candle
Only for the glimpse, my mind does dwindle
You are my source in this life benign
Forgive my sins and accept me in thy reign
Let me merge in Thee
Like the waves of the deep blue ocean.

23.It Does Matter

Matter

Is in me, it is in you.

It is in the core of all

That is living and non-living.

But

When matter hits matter

It is the living that are hurt

When the non-living is hit

It doesn't matter, for it is not hurt.

But Still

It does matter.

One needs to know the difference?

Matter is matter.

One is hurt and the other is not.

Why? Why?

It does matter.

24. Be your own friend

To please somebody
anybody can hurt everybody
And when somebody is hurt
He tells everybody, that
This world belongs to nobody
And no one belongs to anybody.

Before it is too late
And the shining sun of my life sets
I must know myself, and do
What pleases Him the most?
To make myself worthy
So that I can belong to Him.
If nobody accepts me
As I am, for what I am
I am pleased as I belong to God.

25.Trust And Distrust

How can trust and distrust
Ever survive in harmony?
How can they both survive?
Taking shelter under one roof?
They are rivals
They work in opposite directions.
The sureness of collision
Is always awaited.
The peace of mind is destroyed
The rhythm of life of unbalanced
The true meaning of life
Seems to be meaningless
For distrust cannot be trusted

26. Spellbound

The amber glow of the dawn
Pours on the soil, sand and green
Penetrating in the cores of darkness
Piercing through the torrents of hope
Like a lamp of love, a shower of bliss.
The moon, the stars and the clouds
Floating in the infinite space
Crossing the barriers of day and night
To be close to the human sight.
The raindrops fall on the blades of grass
Breaking the restless solitude
The flawless rhythm is unparallel
In woods, valleys and water.
It is a spellbound delight, a joy
To see the radiant beauty
Crawling, clinging, caressing
Humanity in its canopy.

27. Truth of Life

Try to bring to your mind
The last day of your life
Terrible and frightful
All around you, will speak
But you will remain silent.

However strong be your attachment
May it be your son or wife?
The more you look at them
The more you will feel pained.
So beware!

Abandon the false pride of love
Practice true renunciation
Put your faith in truth alone
To achieve TRUTH.

28. Threshold

I am lost in the drifting wave of this world

Hold the tide and help me find myself.

Let the light from the source

Help me find my way

Let the melody of real music

Pull me to the path.

Give me an eye to see

The glow of emergence

Coming from the Source

Which is my destination.

29. Life unfolds

What was yesterday is bygone today

Tomorrow is still unknown today

The forecast is reversed:

It is for the past, not future.

Yesterday's future is today,

Today is known and certain.

Today's future is tomorrow,

Tomorrow is unknown and uncertain.

The source makes the decisions

To design our destiny,

Unfolding the uncertainty

From the womb of certainty

The unknown tomorrow

Emerging from the womb of Today.

30.The Source

On

The wings of thought,
I, rise high and high
To See the glory of nature

In

Pleasure and paradise,
In pool of pain and misery

Where

I Wander from dawn to dusk
Wherever desire takes me,
In pursuit of pleasure
To See something exciting
To See something unseen.

Finally

The urge to free myself
From my own web
Compells me
To retrace and go back,
To the Source.

31. Universal Law

Oh mind! Why don't you leap forward?
As does nature that never retraces.
River flowing out of Rocky Mountains
Only leaps forward.
The rivulet of youth follows its footprints.
Time leaps forward, never retraces behind.
Life leaps forward .
Oh Human Mind!
Why can't you march forward?
Why do you retrace back?
Why do you break the law?
The rest of the creation never looks back?
Why Cant you follow the universal law?

32. Reciprocation

The purely essence of selfless love
Between the lover and the beloved,
Grooms in a relation
It is a little gift of oneness to each one of us.
The master creates these feelings
If he wants to do the impossible

But

He is possessive and expects total surrender

The condition of the mind

Is exposed in his presence

When he awaits his beloved to be there.
It is the quality of time, faith and true love
That is unconditional

Helps one to merge back
Unto him, with his and only his Grace.

33. Life is Mirage

In you is pleasure and malice

In you is joy and sorrow

In you is good and bad, hate and love.

But the coin turns around

Changing the whole out look

Good dominates the bad

Love overpowers hate

Joy absorbs sorrow

Pleasure replaces malice.

Love with multiple shades,

Makes the living mirage

A memorable replica

34. Faith

If

You look beyond with eyes of faith
You recover from blindness that blinds.

If

You see with eyes of faith
The unseen world within you
Opens the gates for you to a new world.

If

You see with eyes of faith
You find yourself fortified at a new level
Better off than you were before.

For

He is all-powerful Almighty God
And in control of all.

Then

You will forget all you complained
And then

you will see with eyes of faith
Feel with heart full of faith
That God is working in your life.

35. Life is a Gift

Wait not for the tides to subside in the ocean
Wait not for the symptoms of old age or wisdom
To knock you with a shock

That life is a phantom
Wait not for the ailments of the heart or head
To obstruct thy search for search of the 'self'
Wait not for the miracle to awaken thy slumber
A spiritual slumber

That sleeps in a dark chamber
Wait not for the desire to dwindle or dry
For mushrooms are they

That know not but growth
Wait not for the pleasure or pain of the life
To kindle thy understanding

For a knowledge of the 'self'
Life is a gift, a holy gift not for gambling
But for realization of self from within.

36. Life, Love, Liberty

Life

Life is a prison
Death is a release from it
where no bars and shackles bind
Here life feels free
From all cares that confine.

Love

Love is a key that unlocks
The locked doors of the heart
It adorns life with tears
Washing all that is impure
Making you feel beautifully pure.

Liberty

Liberty is an imagination
That breaks the bars
Of restrictions, of limitations
Flying freely in spacious sky

Like a flock of birds flying

At the farthest horizon.

37. Rule The Hearts

Rule the hearts, not humans

We are not warriors
To fight and conquer
We are peace makers
To live and let live.

We are educators
But still incompetent
We still have to learn
To live and let live.
To Love, not hate.

Learn from the child in the cradle

The innocence, the purity of thoughts

To bring

Freshness of breeze in our breaths
Fragrance of flowers in our attitudes

So

We may wipe a tear

Of the sorrowful eye in silence
To rule the Hearts.

38. Sanctuary

They are the lucky ones
Who have a sanctuary within
To breed on, to live on,
As the bird does on the perch of a branch.
The taste of love takes the hold of life
Detaches one from all.
Still the thirst will remain unquenched
As love is unique and so is the lover.
He gives up freedom
Accepts bondage of love
Creating a web of his own
Flying as a free bird singing on the perch
In the safe woods of sanctuary
To fulfill the goal of life.

39. Sounds of Silence

The world of sounds surrounds me
In the whirlpool of roaring waves
The external noises clash
With the internal sound of silence
Unheard by these ears.
Yet the melody is on and on
The ringing of bells
The drums of destiny
Beat in rhythm with the heartbeat.
And ceaselessly they keep ringing
To awaken me from the slumber

To enjoy the ecstasy
Of the uncaptured moments
That pass by me in my lifetime
As I am ignorant to those
For I am deaf, as I hear not
The sounds of silence.

40. The Light house

The sunset
Of life is still ahead
The receding rays
Of dusk still glow
For they are
The lighthouse of radiance
For the sinking vessels
Those come in this world
To come and go empty.

Awake Oh Soul!
While in the body
Radiate as the rays do
Create your own lighthouse
The powerhouse of radiance
That can be the guiding star
And the master indicator
To lead, follow without fear
To save the sinking vessel of this body.

41. Friendship

A friend is someone I can be silent with.

A friend is like a walking stick
That supports me at all times.

A friend is like a canopy
A shelter house for all seasons.

A friend is like a torch
That dispels darkness from my life.

A friend is one who stands by my side
In time, I need him the most.

A friend is one who accepts me
For what I am and how I am.

A real friend of mine embraces me
With all my weaknesses and drawbacks

Giving me a warm spot in his heart
This is hard to believe, but I have one,

God, and he is my best friend

42. Flattery, a false praise

Let me not fall a victim to the flattery of the lips
That raises the ego to erase the fruits of humility
Let not the words make me feel jealous of self?
The words praise but praise not

Soothe but soothe not
Who knows the agony of my heart?
That beats on the drums of destiny
The sound that overlaps all the throbs,
With an episode enclosed in it's core
Each throb throbbing to hear the next
From the encyclopedia of my breaths
That forms a link to connect life to death
To live in yet another world,
Tranquil and serene, without ebbs and tides
With a rhythmic everlasting breath

Never to die
But to live forever in peace till eternity.

43.Solitude, Sorrow, Seperation

Solutude

Solitude is an alley of sorrows
As well a companion
Of spiritual journey.
The inward ailment sprouts
Here in solitude.

Sorrow

Sorrow is an ailment
It makes you love solitude
In stillness of sorrow you find God.

Separation

Separation is an agony of the heart
It is a fire that extinguishes
All passions that live in us
To die in us, with us
Before we die.

44. Ego of Humility

Ego is a part of me
That never let's me go.
It leads and it follows
At steps that I take
And I am sick of it,
Being all the time with me
It comes in my thoughts,
In actions, and in all that I speak
Let not the ego of humility
Hurt my deeds, and
Perish all the seeds of innocence
Just sown.

Let the sprouts be humble
To survive and sustain the saplings of ego
To see the fruits of humble deeds
Enriched by the shower of love
Replacing the roots of ego,
With the new ones of humility.

45. Back Home

Joys and sorrows
Do not enter my heart
As the gates of my heart
Are locked and sealed with silence.
I hear nothing 'no sound'
Hence, I receive nothing.
Within the four walls of my body
I've surrendered freely
To the will of my savior.
To the unheard silent sounds
Ringing in me,
Calling me,
Reminding me,
That
I've to go home
My eternal home
That is still within me
Awaiting my return
With gates wide open.

46. Serenity Prayer

GOD, grant me the Serenity
To accept the things as they come.
Bestow courage to change what I can,
And the wisdom to know the right one.

God, give me patience
To live each day in his will,
Accepting each moment at a time,
Surrendering to the Sweet Melody.

Give me the unconditional trust
To trust in Thee the way thou want
As Thee did, carrying a 'Cross'
In this sinful thorny world,
Sowing seeds of forgiveness
To reap the fruits of peace.

47. Love and grief

Love is like grief
That fades away with time.
The longer you stay away
From the ones you love,
The less you miss them.

For what you see
Is what you believe.
And what you believe
Is what you live with.
The world is a paradise
A paradise with pleasures.

But pain,
Can never be separated from pleasure
As light from darkness
As dawn from dusk.
It is the seed of desires
That sprouts to give
Both pleasure and pain.

48. Love & Life

To love and to be loved
Is true
When the two are contemporaries.

Life is an unquenched identity
That rolls from generation to generation
Never to die, but seek fulfillment
In the nectar of love.

Love is an essence, everlasting and eternal
Fragrance of a flower
That creates all infinite and unquenched souls
To quench their thirst for love with love.
Life is love
Love is life.

49. The Lost City

The spot is vacant
In here and out there
For each one of the creation
Created by the creator
In the lost city of destination.

Here we wander
To find ourselves
In the world of chaos
Drinking the sore of pain
In search of the source.

Within the core
We find the link of silence
From it sprout the buds of True Spirit
That leads to the road of silence,
To discover the lost city.

50. Poetry Corner

With a pen in my hand, I sit in a corner
Changing my moods for poetry corner
To anchor the chain of thoughts
That flash across my vacant mind
I sail across in the land of memoirs
Only to bear the thorny scratch
The bleeding of an un-healing wound.

He the doer of all, but I
Jack of all, manifest nothing

But wait and wait to no end

Till the emergence of dawn
Beneath the darker sheaths of dusk
Brings with itself the message of
New light, new joy, new life
Which is Happiness.

51. Cry of the Heart

O Lord! I dwindle like candlelight
In the sunlight of your radiance.

O Lord of Lords!
I seek shelter in thee
To merge for ever
Like a drop in an ocean.

O Lord! Help me lose myself
In your overflowing love
Let me walk with you
A step with your mercy.
The first step may be
The foundation for the rest.

52. Poetry – A Gift Of God

Poetry is a gift from God
Specially for me to be with self
Never to be lonely.
It is my friend for all times.
In joy or sorrow
Today and tomorrow
In joy, it flies with me
Across the rainbow colors
Sailing on the ocean of light
In sorrow, it sinks with me
In the depths of darkness
And it is here, only here
I find light in darkness
I am never alone now
For, poetry is with me
It is my all time companion.

53. Fate of a Flower

What is this wrath?
That falls on flowers
That blooms not to the fullest
The petals by times cruel hands
Lose their color and fade away
The essence vanishes
To crush the blooming
Why call it a flower, that fades?
Better a bud that has its charm
Until it blooms.

54. A silent Pond

A little pebble
Falls in a silent pond
Stirring the layers beneath
Creating turmoil in the water.
The layers exchange place
The crystal clear water above
Goes down deep beneath
Replacing the muddy mingled water
To retains the clarity on the surface.

Same is with the experience
Where sound disturbs the silence
Stirring the stillness of solitude.

55. Tide of the mind

Have you ever heard

The unheard tales told
the crying melody of thoughts?
When a single thought
precedes yet another

Clashes, cracks, breaks
leaving the disturbed entity

To live in the cage of this body

where

Bleeding droplet by droplet
Is continuous like breaths.

56. Goal

Awake from the sleep of ignorance
Go beyond the body
To learn the lessons from timeless space

That gives

Message of Divine Design.
Faith is a conviction
We fail to know the truth
As doubts pertain the mind.
Hence listen to the speechless sound
That directs your way

To

See the torch of wisdom
With inward eye

And

Intellectually lead the thoughts
Through the intensity of thoughtfulness

To attain the goal

57. Little Mother Mary

A little girl named Mary
With a twinkle in her eye
Warmed up the whole world around her.
Her soft silky hug, her tender loving heart
Embraces me and my existence in her wrap.
The patiently awaited moments of separation
Shed a silent unseen tear

On her heart's meadow.
Exchanging the silent looks
Sharing the gestures
Taking me back to memory lane
Of Ten Commandments,

That trains humanity
Beyond the basics of learning and Teaching.

58. Life after Death

The soft velvety melody

That rings in ears

Enables one to hear with deaf ears

To see the dazzling light with blind eyes

To feel the silky touch of the breaths

Which follow one another in connectivity

To be able to experience life awaiting

On the other side of death.

59. The Lost Sheep

I am the lost sheep, I know My Lord!
You wander from heaven to hell
In search of me, to take me with you
In thine kingdom of ecstasy
I belong
Do hold my hand to pull me out
Of these extrications of illusion
To cure my sick self
That longs to be with you.
I am here, and you are in me
Too close, to feel you in my breaths
Still
I can't reach you, but you can
Do lead me, so I can follow you
On your footprints
To reach safely my Homeland

60. The entity

The entity of humans
Is but a prisoner
In the web of his own intrications
A prisoner of love
Of hate, of passion
Of the good and the bad
Till
The entity rolls
From the lips of life
To reach
The silent chambers of grave

61. Bless Me Oh Lord

I was drifted to you as you are the eternal entity
I surrendered myself to you without any rigidity.

Oh Lord! longing only for your compassion & benison
I have detached myself from all kinds of passions.

Oh lord! I am able to thrive on daily,
But for the showers of your grace I'll die certainly.

Oh lord! I melt like wax of a candle
Only for a sight, my mind does dwindle.

Oh lord! Bless me with thine sight every day
Astral or causal, without further delay.

Oh lord! You are everything to me in this life benign
Forgive my sins and accept me in thy reign.

Like the waves of the deep blue ocean
Like the flicker of the burning fire.

Oh! Lord let me merge in Thee,
The ever effulgent and radiant sire.

62. Cry of the Heart

O Lord! I dwindle like candlelight
In the sunlight of your radiance.

O Lord of Lords!
I seek shelter in thee
To merge for ever
Like a drop in an ocean.

O Lord! Help me lose myself
In your overflowing love
O Lord! Without your grace,
It is hard to find the fountain.

Let me walk with you
A step with your mercy.
The first step, may be
The foundation for the rest.

63. Sounds of Silence

The world of sounds surrounds me
In the whirlpool of roaring waves
The external noises clash
With the internal sound of silence
Unheard by these ears.
Yet the melody is on and on
The ringing of bells
The drums of destiny
Beat in rhythm with the heartbeat.
And ceaselessly they keep ringing
To awaken me from the slumber

To enjoy the ecstasy
of the uncaptured moments
That pass by me
In my lifetime
Of which I am ignorant
For I am deaf, as I hear not
The sounds of silence.

64. Happy New Year

The glee, the joy, the mirth that lingers
Is the joy of meeting you?

Only you
Oh! Happy New Year

The welcoming spirits still ring
As the Christmas bells resound
Singing the merry Christmas carols
Welcoming the merry New Year.

The bygone year had in store my dues
it was I, who knew not the treasure
And the jeweled year went in frolic.

The rising year awakens my soul
To enlighten the heart that sank in darkness.
To shed off all the unwanted sheaths of darkness
And merge in light forever, forever.

End