Poetry Series

Asit Kumar Sanyal - poems -

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Asit Kumar Sanyal(04 Jan 1957)

I am from India. So, my poems are based on Indian culture, system customs and rituals. I am not a poet but writing poem is my hobby and whenever I get free time in my busy life, I try to utilize it by writing poem. I am a bilingual writer. I write in English and Bengali with my technical knowledge and in different style. I try to give a message to the society through my poems. In my student life, I was interested for writing essays and short stories but no poems. Now I write only poems... no essays and stories. My wife also writes poem but in mother tongue that is Bengali.

I am from West Bengal, India. I was born and brought-up in rural Bengal. I am a central govt. servant and my service is transferable. I got opportunity to live in different cities in my country. At present I am in New Delhi. Though I live in city, my mind always at my home town 'Lalgola'.

I have four brothers and one sister. Except me all are within the state. I have three kids. Two daughters and one son. All are married. Son is an IT Engineer and lives in Hyderabad. Elder daughter is MA (English) and MBA. She teaches in MBA school. Younger daughter is expert in graphics. All are well settled.

A Wish

I have a wish....
Asleep in my mind
to open a residential school
Where Govt. syllabus will not be followed.

I will teach my student
how to purify water in easy process
how to grow crops and vegetables
to meet their own hunger
how to cook tasty and healthy food,
how to build a small house and to transform it
Into a sweet home
how to love,
And how to enjoy life with fun.

These are the basic needs for living life
And never taught in school, college, university
I will teach them in such a way
They will never depend on servant
Civic body or on the government
To live their life.

A Big Blunder

Insurgents came from Burma camp Attacked bordering soldiers in Manipur Killed eighteen And fled to Burma again.

Assam Rifles, the guard of Manipur border Had no clue of this incident So tried to digest it It was the failure of Indian intelligence From military and civil both.

To save the face of Indian Arm Force Army executed a surgical attack On the rebel's camp inside Burma Just after five days As America attacked Laden in Pakistan.

Army believes... they killed 83 rebels And published photographs In social networking site as proof And restored their Aan-baan-shaan.

But Army did not think
It may reveal the identity of commandos
It's not only a mistake...
A big blunder.

A Big Salute To Ritwik Ghatak

You were a film director
In your creative carrier
You made full length films,
Short length films and documentaries.

You were a writer also You wrote short stories, Plays, poems, Articles and essays All were of A-1 standard.

You were a theorist too Your views and comments on films Are now the subjects of research We are proud of it.

You had concentrated on ordinary men And their day to day struggle You could never accept the partition of Bengal All most in your all films it was reflected.

Film making was not the art for you It was your way of serving people, To express your anger, sorrows And to project the sufferings of people.

Your film had the most profound influence On many international personalities Russia-born German actress Elena Kazan Is one the examples.

Physically you are not in this universe But you are alive in our heart Today on your 89th birth anniversary A big salute to you.

A Birthday

Today is my granddaughter's birthday
She completed eight
Another few years she will be interested
To celebrate her birthday
Till she is innocent
After that she also will avoid it
Like other females
To hide her actual date of birth.

A Child Inside Me

There is a child inside me
When I play with my grand daughters
He comes out and plays with them
When my wife loves me
He comes out, enjoys the love
When I suffer from acute disease
He comes out, wants someone beside
When I get hurt from someone
He comes out, weeps...
And expects someone for wiping tears.
I left him behind many years ago
But he has not left me
He still residing inside me.

A Citizen Of The World (R0)

I am not only an Indian
But a citizen of this global union
I am not Hindu, Muslim, Christian
Or a Buddhist
Kindness is only my religion
It's like the open sky
I can fly here like a bird ... freely, high
I don't judge people
by colour of skin
Black, white, golden, coppery
It's our feeling
But they are not exactly so
It's same as colours of rainbow.

I am not only an Indian
But a citizen of the globe so nice
Make me a simple treatise
Live in harmony and peace
I never support hate, fight, war, thrill
It's are ignorance, awful, cruel
It's gun, blood, death
Pain and fear
It breaks heart, brings tears
It's applied for controlling power
To grab land, water, oil, mines
Its politician's tool
Ruins economy, gives downward pull.

I am not an Indian
But a disciplined son of all mighty
I work for peace, harmony
That includes glory, love, dignity
Harmony is togetherness like concert
It produces melody songs
Help people to bloom like a flower
Buzz like a bee
Transform like a dew drop
I am a brave citizen
Work to bring peace with my brother

I know, evil may attack from behind and rob my mother.

A Coward

Once a neighbor treated me badly I wanted to reply in his manner But could not drop down to his level.

I found myself better than him And walked away Keeping my mouth shut.

He designated me 'a coward'.

A Different Look

I have analyzed Indian voters
Their mind, intention, motive
From many angles
And different corners
I have finally divided them
Into three categories
'Dog' voters
'Cat' voters
And 'Rat' voters
Here is the justification.

A dog voter represents
The character of a dog
a dog loves it's master
And not the homestead,
A dog voter is also loyal
To his leader and not the party
If the leader changes party
He follows him
He is not bother about party
A rightist voter is of this kind.

A Cat sticks to the homestead
It's not loyal to its master
If master leaves the house
The cat does not follow him
It remains there
A cat voter have same character
If leader leaves the party
The voter does not
He or she loves the party
A leftist voter behaves like a cat.

The rat voters are different
They are neither for leader
Nor for the party
They are the opportunist
And behave like the rats
Wherever they get foodstuff

Jump on it
They are the mass
And they only write
The future of political parties.

A Different Shipyard

So far I have worked
With four Indian shipyards
Three of them Defence PSUs
Produce warships for the nation
From decades
Located at east and west coasts
And they commissioned many warships
Light and heavy
They all of cooperating nature
Decent, helpful, progressive
And have positive attitude in all fronts
Never go on confrontation
With Navy.

The fourth one different from others
Making first warship but bigger
Its nature different, attitude different
Located also at different coast
Keep the owner in tense
Not under Defence
Its workmanship better
And good quality of job it meets
But it has a chronic problem
That spoils everything of its good
It makes the hole
At the bottom of the bowl
In which it eats.

A Dream

Nowadays a dream is haunting me But it's not a common dream That comes in the sleep It's that dream Which not permitting me to sleep.

It always alive in my mind
Active when I am walking
Taking me away when I am in rest
It hanging me like a photographer's clip
And not allowing to sleep.

A Forgotten Leader

04 April 1947
It's the birthday of West Bengal
After too much of hardship
Dr. Shyama Prasad Mukherjee
influenced Bengal Legislature
to include Hindu part of Bengal with India.
Jinnah said
He will not settle partition
if Calcutta not given to Pakistan
Our untrue Communists found it's justified
Congress agreed to gift entire Bengal
ignoring interest of huge Hindu population.

Calcutta then biggest and richest city of India
Jinha and Bengali Muslims were sure
It will go to majority community
But Dr. Mukherjee stood like an iron pillar
Unfaithful Communists went on back foot
Congress became speechless
first time in history capital city of a divided state
not given to majority
It went to minority Bengali Hindu
Dr. Mukherjee saved lives and dignity
Of five crore Hindus
by keeping western part of Bengal with India.

Today he is almost forgotten in West Bengal
And leveled as a communal leader
Because he saved Bengali Hindus of West Bengal
from gradual death and fast vanishing of existence
as happened in Lahore, Karachi and Dhaka
during last 67 years
Never forget this date of history
If you are a Bengali Hindu
Never forget Dr. Shyama Prasad Mukherjee
He is the real hero of Hindu Bengali
Not anyone from communists and Congress
They are the culprits, Muslim lovers.

Asit Kumar Sanyal 04-4-2017

A Friend

I want to have a friend
A real friend
Who will not come to me in danger
to wipe my tears
but he will be with me like my shadow
and protect me always
from any mishap.

A Gap Between Truth And Tale

Harappan civilization was excavated in 1920, during British Raj it gave a purely archeological source to re-look the Indian subcontinent history that was written based on Vedas, Brahmanas & Puranas and the epics Ramayana & Mahabharata the discovery of Harappa complemented existing literature based history.

The Harappan finds include buildings, tools, artefacts, jewellery and some sculpture Intimated details about housing, diet, dentistry and waste disposal Attested maritime trade with Sumeria and led to some cross-dating It also provided the system of writing about 400 characters and their unknown literature.

It was deduced
each character represents single word
and they read from right to left
The linguistics declared
the characters were not Sanskrit related
and not even of the Vedic heritage
but might be some kind
of Proto-Dravidian
while the script had similarities with Brahmi
the earliest Indian script.

It was hoped by historians the painstaking study will decode the Harappan language and people would understand the secrets of its civilization. but despite the best endeavours of international scholarship

And the code-cracking potential of computers, Remained undeciphered Scientists couldn't see the face of success.

The world could not know
Who were the Harappans?
What did they worship?
From where they came?
and so on
A gap remained forever
between the truth and the tale
The matured Harappan culture
could not reach fully
in Indian history.

A Kiss

You did not object I kissed you first time On your third eye Where Ira, Pingala, Susumna Meets together Where Radha meets Krishna For pure love Being the Kundalini Crossing a hurdle full way. I felt My kiss generated some power A flash like lightening ran in your fleshy body from head to heel from hair to nail Your body jerked for a while Ignited your reproductive system... And you came closer to me Your eyes became closed You kept your head on my chest I can't remember what happened next But this much I know A single kiss of mine uncovered you Insisted you to bloom like a rose I discovered you. I could not deliver So sweet kiss later on In my life Because it was like a first glass of lime water To a thirsty man in summer days.

A Man With Big Heart

When I was posted in Kolkata One of my civilian bosses fired me left and right in high voice for my silly mistake I lost my patience... Answered in same tune in front of colleagues. Office closed at 5.30 pm I came out of main gate The boss was waiting outside He caught my hand... said Come, have a cup of tea I said, inside you fighting like a bull and outside offering tea Are you all right sir? He smiled, said... Inside the gate I am your officer Outside a friend Now have a cup of tea Tomorrow I will fight again If you mistake I looked at his eyes Saw.... he is a man with big heart. I also learnt What should be my behavior with colleagues at outside and inside.

A Memorial

Have you seen valley of flowers?
Located in west Himalaya
In the state of Uttarakhand, India
near to the Hemkund Sahib Gurudwara!
It's known for its meadows of
Endemic Alpine flowers and
The variety of flora.

Do you know Joan Margaret Legge, the botanist who came India in 1939 to study the flowers of the valley? She was traversing the rocky slopes to collect a rare flower with strife Suddenly she slipped off and lost her life.

Don't forget to see her memorial
If you go sometime
It's like a poem on Himalayan valley
a tiny poem of love
with wild flowers of mountain
It will touch your heart, I am sure
And you will like its rhyme.

A Mirror Has Two Faces

Are you an intelligent person?
Fed up on the political leaders?
Don't take much tension
Each one of this country knows
our leaders are innocent from outside
From inside they are different
They have two faces like a mirror.

You will be happy to hear
The begining of change has started
One side...... as usual
the young people with political background
joining parties to rule the country
generation wise
And to loot tax payers money through scams
other side, the brilliant students
with no political background joining politics
leaving their high profile carriers
to change the existing system.

It's the good symptom for the nation. I hope, change will come soon.

A Poet Said

I wrote a poem and posted it on a site A poet commented It's not poem, its poetry I said " It's both, When I write I need to take two decisions What I wish to express And how it can be 'how' is known as form, 'what' is content I believe The form is poem, the content is poetry. When they fit with each other like a male-female piece, it touches the heart it's called the good poem My poem is also a poem But like one-winged bird It can't fly in the sky But walks with no balance".

A Positive Sign

Every body knows Bickering and quarreling is a South Asian disease And it rendered this region Least economically integrated But India and Bangladesh bucked it Signed a bunch of agreements To settle land border problem, Maritime boundary issues And the citizenship rights On enclave residents. Beside those main issues... They agreed to restore the connectivity Between the two countries, The transit through Bangladesh Will help India Bringing its North-East closer And fighting the insurgency in better way Indian ships will offload cargo At Chittagong and Mongla In place of Singapore The port authority will earn millions of dollar If other closed-doors open gradually One day Bangladesh will be The land bridge in South-East Asia And the moribund economy of seven sisters Can be revitalized.

(Wild Flowers)

A Problem

I can write a long poetry
But can't recite it in public
If I try to recite
My heart stops beating
Voice box closes
And I become nervous
It's a peculiar problem
I can't make you understand.

I am facing it since childhood.

A Raid (R1)

An Indian from Maharashtra,
Top executive of a Multi National Company
Was having the hobby Of collecting autograph
from famous personalities.
He managed autographs from many icons
It includes cricketers, Bollywood heroes,
National & international political leaders
And many more from various fields.
Once he requested Saddam Hossain,
The President of Irak
For sending his autograph on a piece of paper
He sent it by post.

Few years passed
Saddam hanged, the chapter closed
The man was busy to get another autographs
One mid-night the intelligence personnel
Raided his house
Searched every locker, bed, shoe rack
Every inch of his residence
But did not get anything
Then they picked him up and put in lock-up
The Police Inspector said,
'We have proof, You had link
With Saddam Hossain.'

(Wild Flowers)

A Request From Me

If you are a needy student
And thinking to drop your study
A request from me ...
Prior to your final salam
Once you go through seriously
The complete biography of
Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam.

A Tale Of Two Fathers

I was six
A class one student
in my village primary school
Once my grandmother came to school
Met the headmaster
Asked him to change my father's name
He did so without any question
Then headmaster came in my class
Told me to stand up on the Bench
I did so.

The school was basically a long hall Had no partition between the classes He said loudly
Children, attention please!
See this boy carefully
He got a new father yesterday
And his surname changed to 'Sanyal'
Every student looked at me
Some laughed, some surprised
I came down from the bench.

Previous day a function was held
Religious function for adoption of child
My new father adopted me
In front of sacrificial fire
Following rituals and chanting Vedic mantras
Hundreds of people witnessed it
Enjoyed a grand feast and blessed me
My new father smiled
Real father wept
And I became the son of two fathers.

A Train Journey (R1)

I had to go to Kolkata with my wife For an important job I preferred train journey As Rajdhani tickets were not available I booked the tickets in Poorva express On 17 Jan 2015. The day came We reached New Delhi station in time But the train re-scheduled As up train not come due to foggy climate First re-scheduled at 2310 hours, then 0430 hrs,1000 hrs and finally at 1200 hrs. The train departed 16 hours late from the originating station And reached Howrah with another 16 hours late. Purva Express is an important train Between New Delhi and Howrah It should have priority But no one is bothered One hand, IR has no extra engine, extra rake, extra staff in originating station And other side it's introducing bullet train.

First of all...
Railway must run routine trains in time
And provide Safety & security to the passengers during journey.

A Voice Became Silent

The Second half of 2016
Unfortunate for us
Master for art and cultures in India
Leaving one by one
First, KN Panicker, the theater director
Then KG Subramanyan, the great artist
Syed Haider Raza, the major painter
And now writer Mahasweta Devi.

Mahasweta was the voice of marginalized And highly respected in the world of letters India lost a fiction writer,
A social activist,
a feminist,
And a crusader
for the tribal communities.

Before becoming a full time writer
She worked as a journalist
And English professor.
In 1940, being influenced
By the communist movement
She chose to work
Among the poorest of the poor
In the tribal areas.
And played a significant role to uplift
The extremely backward community
'Kheria Sabar'.

She narrated directly what she experienced in life And placed the people in stories and novels whom she come across during her work.

Her voice became silent
On 28 July at 3 pm
But she is not
Mahasweta Devi is alive in our hearts

And will be forever.

Abcd

ABCD is the work culture of
Government offices in India
The first option is 'A'
'Avoid' the work
If it fails
The second option is 'B'
'Bypass' the work to someone else
If it not succeeds
Next option is 'C'
'Confuse' smartly and relax
If all the three options fail
Then last option 'D'
'Do' it slowly.

Abdul Kalam

Oh dear scientist... Salam Bharat Ratna APJ Abdul Kalam I am confident You were the most popular President.

It is fact....
You left millions of fan
Started journey in a cowshed
Finished as a missile man.

You taught the country to dream Took it into the main steam At your last journey sir.... Abdul Kalam I offer you many many Salam.

About Fools

Indian saints and sadhus say...

Don't be surrounded by fools

The darkness of your life will be thicker

Try to mix up with the wise people.

But I spent three fourth of my life

With the illiterate and half literate people

And written the golden chapters

Of my life in that period.

Achievement

Achievement

I am from a lower middle class family Can't speak English fluently Can't afford branded clothes And away from the rich lifestyle Still people love me Treat me like a gentleman It's a great achievement for me.

Acid Attack

Three men threw acid on her face
It burnt her face, ears and throat
But she sustained the severe burns
Her face disfigured
became blind in one eye
lost her speech.

After 30 plus surgeries she spoke but did not get her lost vision Her face remained scarred.

Her attackers were arrested and booked But came out on bail and roaming free since then.

When she was attacked, she was bold and beautiful A courageous 18-year-old girl enthusiastic about life.

During her struggle
a friend request came to her
From an engineer
In Facebook account
She accepted
met him in real life too
Slowly she fell in love
and married him.

She is now happy said, my bad days are over I see a bright future ahead of me.

Advance

When I teach my granddaughter
She jumps into different subjects
that I don't know
I try to restrict her in loud voice
But can't....
She wraps me, puts me in trouble and enjoy,
Reminds me
She has not born in my time
And advance by two generations.

Africa

Africa and India is separated By the Indian Ocean Billion years ago they were one land before It cracked from inside for geographical disturbances Sea entered into the crack Created pressure, separated Pushed and pushed Made a distance of 5000 nautical miles Between south coast of India And South Africa Now two shores are connected by sea routes People travel by ship and aircraft If you see the world map You can join them Like a puzzle.

Dear Africans We are brothers and sisters Scholars say Your civilization is the Cradle of human civilization And our is an ancient civilization God knows the fact I find similarities between Our souls, soils, climates and trees And of course between you and me You are always connected with us Historically, politically and genetically And by business Still now Indian praise your diamond, ivory and Egyptian cotton and remember the export of Indian silk materials.

Now both Africa and India on a journey

Towards economic emancipation
To establish a new world order
Your region embraces
one fifth of the worlds land area
Encompasses 54 independent nations
Sustain a population of
1000 billion
If we, the Indian ...
join hands with you, the African
in all respect
No one can deprive us, cheat us
or dominate us
And it is clear like day light
our people will never sleep
In empty stomach.

Age Is Not The Bar

She is a teen-aged Indian girl Neither a baby nor a woman, She bears the different philosophy And loves a man of fifty one.

When she is on her lover's lap, She loves him like a fan, And when takes him on the chest She enjoys him like a crazy woman.

She believes, she is well matured And already turned into a woman She never feels him really aged As he is active like a young man.

The age of a male is not the factor He must have masculine power He must satisfy a woman sexually His age is not the bar.

Agroforestry

In 1960, like Indian subcontinent
The world was facing a food crisis
It was feared
A serious famine will come
Millions will die
But green Revolution came forward
It brought many things in its bag
and gave people those things one by one
Hybrid seeds, chemical fertilizers
Irrigation and phytosanitary treatment
It boosted farm productivity to that levels
Which was previously unseen.

More than fifty years passed
Situation changed, climate become hotter
Ground water level gone down
Cost of labour, pesticides touching sky
Fertilizers damaged soil
Production rate diminished
The present situation demands
Climate smart agriculture
That increases sustainable productivity
Strengthens farmer's resilience
Reduces greenhouse gas emissions
And increases carbon sequestration.

Agroforestry is its answer
It's the climate smart technique
Where trees and crops
Are farmed together in the same field
It protects crops from extreme temp
Pumps moisture in the air
Leaf and twig litter improves soil's fertility
Makes more conductive for farming
Brings better yields
But the trees should be tropical
Shady, nitrogen-fixing, Soil-friendly
And that reduces fertilizer input cost.

France using wheat-walnut combinations
Germany planting trees
That gives biomass energy
Sumatra generates higher income
From rubber agroforestry
Africa growing cocoa and coffee
under fruit trees.
Agroforestry is a more complex form
Of agriculture
It demands long term planning
Skilled farmers
And different approach.

Alignment

When I was married
I was very happy with my wife
But within a month
I observed lot of differences
between she and me
I started aligning myself with her
and slowly we two became one
Recently we discovered
thirty seven years passed away
just like thirty seven days.

Asit Kumar Sanyal 03-10-2015

Alive In The Heart

Once a daughter said her father, 'What you have done for me, How much you spend to bring me up For my bread, butter and ghee?

You tell me, I will pay you
The entire cost of bringing up.
Father laughed, and said...,
I can't calculate, it is very tough.

Material is free, pay the value of love But I don't know it's cost per hour Calculate it for twenty five years And pay when you will be a mother.

Now she is having a teen age baby But... could not pay the cost Father has forgiven his daughter Question is alive in the heart.

Alpha Female

An alpha female is the best girlfriend She is strong, level-headed pretty, amazing too and knows what she wants she has no doubts about herself and feed the male ego as he needs These are the great things for a man and within a short period he becomes her fan.

Alternative Medicine

If you have any poisonous wound and doctors failed to cure it allow a dog to lick
Your wound will heal day by day
It will work as alternative medicine
I can't explain you... how
but I have seen it.

Always Pick An Apple

Do you know the difference between 'picking an apple' and 'slitting a cow'?

I know....

This is the difference between a vegan and a meat-eater.

It's pain, agony, curse and terror

Don't slit animals
don't eat their meat
They are not your food
They are your friends
Eating meat is an addiction
The root cause of incurable diseases
Always pick an apple.

Don't slit animals, birds
It takes out your kindness form heart
makes you cruel, brute, murderer
Gives you Cancer, leprosy, paralysis
keep your body healthy
enjoy your life, Live little more.
Pick an apple.

An Angel

A person becomes popular From his or her behavior Good behavior makes a man angel And a woman... goddess If the person is from higher level Extra feathers are added But such persons are very less In our society In the journey of my life I met one... Before a decade He was my director An 'Indian Navy' officer Commodore Bala Subhramanium He touched my heart From inside.

His look was not so beautiful His color was not fair And he had no supernatural power He was simple, honest, positive... Exceptional and different From other 'Indian Navy' officers For me... He is an angel I learned yoga from him He taught me it at lunch break Sitting on the floor in dress For a fortnight Later he left Navy, no contact But he is in my heart At every dawn I remember him with respect While sit for pranayam.

An Apple

No, It's not a fruit
Not the name of a person
Not a company
That makes smart phones, computers
It's the first Indian communication satellite
And its (APPLE) full name is
Ariane Passenger Pay Load Experiment.

It started journey on a bullock cart
And reached to the space
In high speed, riding on a rocket
PM Indira Gandhi dedicated it
to the nation
On 13 August 1981
Just after two days
her Independence Day address
from red fort
Was carried out live
Throughout the country
by APPLE...... for first time.

It was the start
India (ISRO) did not looked back
After placing APPLE in orbit
From it's Bangalore control centre
APPLE functioned two years
As designed
Laid the foundation of growth for India
Both technological and economical
And it spurred the space technology
Within 32 years
India reached to the moon
And the beautiful Red Planet (Mars)
Just after US and Russia
India is the first nation in the world
to do so in its first attempt.

An apple changed the life of Adam and Eve

An apple changed Newton's mind And an APPLE changed the strength of India's backbone.

An Exit

I came in this world Silently Nobody clapped No one distributed sweet It does not matter But I will have an impressive exit You all will remember me Till the last day of your life. Are you thinking I will impress you through my face? My body, my figure? No, I am not My face not able to touch you And your heart I am a poor girl child of rural India neglected everywhere My humanity will touch you My work, my service, my personality will touch you one day.

An Ugly Man

An Indian, black fatty... like Nigerian Six feet high, ninety eight kilo Face like a round about with many scars His overall look was like a monster Ugliness was not only the skin dip But it went to his bone Children of his locality say him 'The living demon'.

My English teacher once said
Good looking people may not be beautiful
But an ugly person may be
The beauty is preserved inside
Sometime ugliness transforms into beauty
Like a butterfly
It starts with ugly and awkward
And then morph into graceful butterflies
That every one loves
I started searching the beauty in him.

I revealed one day
He was in Arm Force for two decades
Later he started his own business
He had no other option except
Opening a shop in the market
His scars were the mark of battle wounds
It was showing what he had been faced
and how strong he was
For coming out of it
But people didn't see those things.

He learned in Army Barack
To Fight, suffer, struggle, loss
and had found their way out
India needs people like him
Ugly but intelligent
Courageous, strong, hopeful, clever
and not the beautiful people

with no brain and weak heart My teacher was right I discovered beauty in him.

Angel

My children treat me like an angel Your children also do the same, I was also the child of an angel But a devil had changed the game.

The devil influenced my father
He occupied a space in his soul,
Slowly destroyed our happy family
And put us in a dangerous hole.

We came out after a long struggle People say my father a rascal, Often I also call him a human-devil My children treat me like an angel.

Anger

Anger is very dangerous emotion
And opposite to patience
But they closely related
Similar to 'day and night'
And like two sides of a coin
As light drives out darkness
Anger removes depression from mind
Generates patience silently
When the graph of anger drops to zero
One feels very peaceful.

Anniversary

Politics is a short term game
Economics is the long one
Both tend to converge in the end
But in the mid term
They pull in the opposite directions
And try to spoil top leader's name.
This is the eve of second anniversary
Of Modi government
Here is a retrospection in Indian economy
To see how two years he spent.

GDP growth has turned back
And India is set to suppress China
If everything goes in track
Next year India will become
The fastest growing major economy
In the world.
Inflation rate is down
Govt. finances are healthy
Fiscal and current deficits are under control
Capital inflows are wealthy.

Insurance sector liberalized
Defence has become tough
Diesel decontrolled.
Coal production grown up
General & Rail budget reoriented.
No corruption scandal so far
Applications and approvals are moving
India's stand to the world is clear
And at a glance it may be said
The governance become upgraded.

Another Shravan Kumar (R1)

He was not Shravan Kumar...

But a Nepali young man of Barpak village

Carried his injured mother

on his own shoulder

Four kilometers in four hours

For the first aid

Just after the Himalayan earthquake

On 25th April 2015.

The road was absolutely damaged

Cracked at many places

Covered with rubble

But he did not hesitate

Walked non-stop over it

To save his mother's life

And finally he succeeded in his mission.

Reached to a health center

but there was no doctor

The doctor was injured too

The assistant could not save his mother

She lost her life

Due to excessive loss of blood

A mother died

keeping her injured head

On the lap of her son

He felt a vibration inside

It was the another quake for him

That no one else felt.

(Wild Flowers)

Approval

I do not obey someone's order
If it has no approval
From inside of me
Though it often put me in hot soup.

Association

Association has a vast meaning
It covers broad area
I am only saying
about the association of an office
That I have seen from very close.

People say it's like an umbrella
I am agree with them
But it's the umbrella with tattered cloth
It can't save people from rain
It can't save people from Sun.

But this umbrella has a strong stick That attracts everyone people catch its stick with confidence Because it saves from barking dogs.

Aswatthama

In the war of Mahabharat Aswatthama attacked on sleeping soldiers Of the Pandav-army In the deep darkness of night Killed thousands. He was knowing win will never come to his side.... under his leadership So he did it. Nawaz Sharif too knows the truth Hence attacked on sleeping soldiers in Uri. Where is N-bomb? Why he denying surgical attack? He knows very well if he attacks India Pakistan will break into pieces. He will keep on attacking India like Aswatthama in near future Will take revenge of surgical attack He has no option except this.

Attack

Before a week
Sad news came
My daughter's father-in-law
Become blind
The 2nd stroke took his eyesight.

My daughter brought him in my home for couple of hours
While took him to AIIMS (hospital)
For treatment
I saw him face to face.

Really he is blind now
He needs help for eating food,
sitting on toilet commode,
wearing dresses
And any kind of movement.

My wife frightened searching google to know about attack asking doctors its remedy And trying to walk inside home closing her eyes.

Back On Track

If the government spends more money
Than its revenues
It's called 'Fiscal Deficit'
And If imports more than its export
It's called 'Current Account Deficit'
Both the deficits were running in India
year after year
India's forex reserves reached to bottom
GoI could not inspire confidence of people
NRIs started pulling their deposits
Short term credit dried up.

As precautionary measures
Govt. restricted imports
Cut its spending
Devaluated rupee by about 20 percent
Raised bank rate
Took 27 billion dollar from IMF
But it did not help
because the problem was structural.

Chandra Shekhar govt. sold
India's family gold
Airlifted 20 tons confiscated gold to Zurich
To raise 240 million dollar
But situation not came in control
Another 47 tons of gold
Pledged with Bank of England
And raised 600 million dollar
To avoid default.

Then Rao govt. came
with its FM Man Mohan Singh
in June 1991
They started reforms
To put the economy back on track
And to end the economic crisis
They took four-pronged strategy
Fiscal correction,

Trade Policy reforms,
Industrial Policy Reforms
And Public Sector Reforms
25 years passed
India not looked back
And put its economy on the track
Though many miles yet to go.

Bad Dream

I was in sleep
God came in my dream
And said
Don't tell people to love each other
to respect their mother
Then I will crucify you bloody DM.

You tell all the religions to hate each other to fight with brother and generate a communal riot kill millions I will make you PM.

Balance Sheet Vs Poetry

Someone said
The men who can read balance sheets
Can't write poetry
It's not right
I can read balance sheets
And write poetry too
May not be good one, but I can
Commerce is in my plinth
Book keeping is in my heart
And final account is in my memory
I can read balance sheets nicely
Not only of a company
But of the life too.

My balance sheet is simple
When I go through it
I found, children is my asset
The amount spend on their education
Is my investment
Mistakes I made is my loss
Happiness is my profit
Fame is my goodwill
Honesty is my capital
And what I get from my children ...
Now and then ... is my dividend.

The life is connected with balance sheet and poetry ... both But poetry is more relevant I can live any longer without balance sheet But not without poetry Because balance sheet can be put in poetry But poetry can't be put in balance sheet.

Bangla Attack

Seven Bangladeshi gunmen stormed into the restaurant Holy Artisan Bakery Cafe in Dhaka's diplomatic zone Late on Friday Killed twenty persons brutally Eleven male, nine female Most of the victims were foreigners Nine Italian, seven Japanese One US citizen of Bangladeshi origin One Indian and two Bangladeshi.

It was deadliest militant attack in Bangladesh territory
IS claimed the responsibility
Pictures of five young men
Clutching guns and grinning in front of a black flag
Posted on an IS website
After few hours of attack
But Hasina govt. denied it
She is telling people
It has no foreign link at all.

Intelligence report says
8000 Bangladeshi youth
Aged from eighteen to twenty two
Returned to Bangladesh
After IS terror training in Pakistan
Many more are waiting
in the terror camp
They will be used for terror attack
which will dry up foreign fund
and crucial garment & textile industry
Of Bangladesh.

The police gunned down six terrorists
Captured one alive
All are Bangladeshi nationals

Hasina government says,
Don't worry at all....
They are getting clues from different sources
It may be the conspiracy of opposition parties
or the effect of speeches of Zakir Naik,
A Mumbai-based Islamic preacher
But it has no link with ISIL
or the ISIS.

Beautiful

She is my wife

Medium height, medium colour□

Long hair, deep black

bold and beautiful

Not by looks... by nature

Not by figure... by manner

my mind say she is extra-ordinary.

She is intelligent, compromising
And always in my mind
When she hugs me
I become very happy
When she kiss my lips
The melody of life starts in the heart
From inside I start dancing.

I don't want to die in this world
I like to love her for centuries.
She is the only woman in my life
Calm and quite, broad minded
better half of me
She is sober, sweet, soft-hearted
And beautiful.

(Wild Flowers)

Beauty

I love you from my heart
But it's the mater of your approval
It is to be felt by you
It is to be expressed by you
I can't prove it anyway.

And that's the basic reason
Love remains unproved always
And does not get the scope to proceed
It's the beauty of love
The beauty of life.

Beauty And Sex

A fire is not a fire
If it has no burning power
And not destroys, burns or bakes
A woman too is not beautiful
If she looks good but has no sex
Beauty comes by birth
Sex adds a feather to its crown
Makes her beautiful
A beautiful woman hold a package
Combination of beauty and sex
Beauty is a concept
But sexual appeal is a quality
When both mixes with each other
She becomes beautiful.

If a woman stands still
With her arms by her side
Eyes closed
She looks good, but not sexy
It's her physical beauty
It pleases our sense
At the moment she opens her eyes
Starts moving, smiles, laughs
She becomes sexy
Sex is the beauty enhancer
It enhances her breasts,
Flattens her belly
Gives her a glow, cleans face
And makes her really beautiful.

Sex keeps her skin young and healthy
Prevents wrinkles
Boosts the immunity
Delays aging process
Makes her younger by eight years
Gives physical exercise
Does her body good, hair shine
Strengthens nails, teeth
Sex is a natural pain killer

Takes away worry, gives happiness It reduces stress, ignites confidence, Boosts self esteem, Keeps love alive Makes her very attractive And she becomes really beautiful.

Beedi

Not cigar or cigarette It's the beedi A thin small tobacco product Famous all over South Asia Specially in lower class society Beedi behaves like a girl friend with a smoker When a man lights beedi for smoking She becomes hot and sexy Sentimental and moody too. She expects very special care Special attention She wants frequent kiss on her buttock If he does not give it hurts her sentiment Her mood goes off Becomes angry ... Refuses to co-operate And often sleeps without notice But smoker never losses his patience He tolerates her from all angles And enjoys her nicely Till she exhausts.

(Wild Flower)

Beggar

If you compare yourself with a rich It will hurt your good sense If compare yourself with a poor It will give you happiness.

If you think deeply in your mind Both beg but in different style Rich begs inside... to the gods And poor begs outside the temple.

Behind The Warship

Navy designs warship
Shipyard builds it
Both are govt. agencies
One under MoD, other PSU
Their aim one.... to make good warship
But policy different
In design office....
chairs fixed.... personnel changes
In shipyard....
personnel fixed, chair changes.

Service officers come
Learn, enjoy foreign trips
and go.
Shipyard people remains in same job
Year after year
become master in their field
And dominates Navy.
You may not agree with me
But it's the truth.

Being Confident

I am being confident day by day As I am getting older Now I don't care for the people Those speak behind This helps me to enjoy life better.

Belief

I observe many people
Listen to everyone
But always follow the command
that comes from within
It's my nature
my belief
I live without fear
without confusion
I live my own life.

I believe many unnatural things
But never force my belief on others
Not even on my wife
I lost many things in my life
But not lost belief
It helped me to get back
the lost things
It's true, sometime I become frustrated
But never I become hopeless.

Bengal Needs A Cm Like Yogi

Enough is enough
Now West Bengal needs a CM like Yogi
to give the state right direction
and to collapse
unfaithful communists and congress
Since freedom they only applying butter
to Bengali Muslims
For votes
Now they are to go
But where is such leader?
who can say
I am an Indian
and I will follow the Indian culture.

Bengali Woman (R1)

I am a Bengali woman,
The beauty of beautiful West Bengal
I have a sweet name, meaningful
it's special, many things found in it
I am intelligent that found in my face
It's the key to my sexuality, personality
I always talk less but entertain my man
Even when I am totally quite.

I am a Bengali woman
Liberal, broad minded, daring, sensitive
Nature put beauty in my dark deep eyes
And in my style of looking
My gorgeous eyes speaks with no word
When a man looked into it, falls in love
Say... your eyes much more beautiful
Than your look, your figure.

I am a Bengali woman
Soft, shy, blunt and opinionated
I live to travel, work to travel, save to travel
My hands know the spell magic
They cook delicious food, veg to non-veg
Its flavor goes up to man's heart
Through his stomach
And he becomes insane for me.

I am a Bengali woman,
Other name of Eastern Indian culture
I am foodie, love variety food
I don't prefer dieting, fasting, budget cutting
And never serious in health care issues
Yet my figure always sexy, attractive
Better than North Indian woman
I see only quality, not the quantity of food.

I am a Bengali woman
The feminist, affectionate, kind hearted

I don't believe in fashion trend but in style
I am beautiful in jeans and tees
But wonderful in traditional sari
In sari, I am confident, comfortable and gorgeous
I look like something special
It seems the sari is created for me.

I am a Bengali woman
Beautiful like a morning rose
I am outstanding in wedding dress
My ritualistic festivity, uproarious fun
Makes me most beautiful, Incomparable
and something like extra-ordinary
Marriage makes me self-reliant, responsible
I maintain a valuable relationship.

I am a Bengali woman
Sweet, sober, sexy and sentimental
I am not expensive to my man
I never compel him to gift costly items
Like Diamond, Solitaire, Platinum
I am different from others
A sari, a book, a short tour, a dinner
Easily pleases me, makes me happy.

(Wingless Birds)

Bird

If you are a poet Look at your white sheet On the top You will see a bird is flying In the sky It's not my bird It was locked in the cage I bought it from the shop and freed The bird is flying to the unknown Leaving a slice of bless for me. If you are a poet Look at your white sheet Down below..... at right You will see a man watching the same bird with a smile on his lips and an empty cage in his hand It's me.

Birthday

Mr. Murthy, my neighbor from Kerala,
Celebrated his grand 60th birthday
With full rituals and customs Of Kerala
It's a mandatory function in Malayalee culture
We enjoyed the unique Aryan-Dravidian rituals,
I smelt the fragrance of cultural synthesis too,
And discovered this culture
In a different look
I realized one birth is not sufficient
For knowing the Indian culture in detail.

Bitter Truth

I always try to be cool in the office
Keep shut my mouth
No argument
Try to work like a gentleman
But sometimes they irritate me
Insist me to answer
Encourage me to reply
I prepare myself inside
But I see the defeat in my eyes
The geography of my face changes
I go on back foot
Become silent
Because I love to stay in Delhi
Like to retire peacefully.

Black

When I go to South India I see beautiful houses, institutions, temples With beautiful architecture I become glad But when see the black people inside it Like African.... I feel they are mismatched with beauty I become sad Dip into Wegener's 'drift theory' And reach to carboniferous period See India and Africa together In Pangaea Discover geographical similarities Geological and geodetic evidences. When I analyse glossopteries flora Carboniferous glaciation I find the black dravid people As original Indian and creator of beauty I get Nordic, Astraloid origins as outsider.

Black Money

Un-accounted money is black money
Untaxed money is black money
Currency in divan is black money
Amount in foreign banks is black money.

Gun-running involves black money
Smuggling runs on black money
Child-trafficking lives on black money
Drug-trafficking breathes in black money.

Declare of less production gives black money Understating income generates black money Overstating of costs produces black money Child labour assures black money.

Property hides the black money
Gold protects the black money
Dollar, Euro converts the black money
FDI makes re-entry of the black money.

Private schools are examples of black money Private colleges are the result of black money Builders are the depot of black money Promoters are the agents of black money.

If you want to crash it, crash all sources
Our financial system suffering from cancer
Just one chemo not sufficient to cure it
It requires many more strike ... may be dozen.

Blackmail

Nehru wanted to be PM of India
He blackmailed Gandhi
If Gandhi wouldn't support him
He would dissolve "Indian National Congress"
And break India into 545 parts
that was the real plan of the British.
Gandhi feared and agreed.....
Three leaders were the competitors
Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose
And Shyama Prasad mukherjee
died mysteriously
And Md. Jinnah was compelled to join
Muslim league.

Blind Faith

I asked to an old man
Is it right to depend fully on a person
And to show blind faith?
The old man smiled and said.... Yes,
If you are not blind
From inside.

(Wingless Birds)

Blue Eyed Girl

He loved a blue eyed girl In university days But his parent did not permit To marry her They told ... Her eyes are blue... means French blood running in her artery And she may have white patches on the body anytime in her life. Son told Yes, I agree with you It is possible There were many French enclaves In India Pondichery, Karikal, Yanaon, Mahe and Chandannagar And they used Indian women For entertainment But can you say ... Your blood is pure?

Bold Step

Modi took many bold steps Trump will take tomorrow We will stop begging shortly No more we will borrow.

Boomerang

Wirathu, the Buddhist monk of Burma copied the Muslim style He made the holy number '969' as '786' of Muslim appealed to Buddhist people of Burma for making the sticker of '969' and paste on their home, work place, car everywhere they concern People did so what Wirathu said They pasted it on the main gate of house on the entry door Inside the shop on the bus, taxi, rickshaw... Then Wirathu appealed his people to do their business, purchases, travels with them only where the sticker '969' pasted He also said Muslims have Gulf-money, black-money and illegal money They may sell goods at less price to attract people But don't go to them, It's the call of the country the need of the country Boycott Muslims by any means Buddhists did so. Soon Muslims became isolated They lost their business Lost their income and started to leave Burma. Think about India If Hindus paste 'OM' sticker everywhere like Buddhists of Burma and make sales, purchases, travels with 'OM' people only what will be its effect in India? Will it be the counter attack to 'Jihad'?

Boss Is Always Right

You may be in service or civil
Your boss may be an angel or a devil
Two rules are applicable everywhere
It's called the golden rules of office
1 The boss is always right
2 If any doubt, refer rule number one
I experienced it for forty years.

Two things required for promotion

1 The employee must be intelligent

2 He/she should know how to butter

Those are having only one quality

They always slip from promotion race

But those posses both are successful

I experienced it for forty years.

There are two classes in the office
The deserved and the reserved
The reserved are the son-in-law
Of the government, no need to work
Deserved are the mango people
Takes the total load of the office
I experienced it for forty years.

Two species work in the offices
The horses and the donkeys
The horses run faster than donkeys.
It's natural. The donkeys are idiots
But the top boss chains the horses
Pulls backward to make donkeys faster
I experienced it for forty years.

Two categories work in my office Civilians and service people of Navy Mutton is reserved here for service And civilians enjoy the gravy But civilians are true work force Service people enjoy the powers I see it since 1975, long forty years. (Wild Flowers)

Brahman

Brahman is a great fire
It's not connected with blood
A man should be called Brahman
If he is filled with fire
and the glow comes out
from his face
He may be from any country,
religion, caste or race.

Brain-Drain

What is intelligence?
It is one's capacity for logic
Abstract thought, understanding
Self-awareness, communication
Learning, emotional knowledge
Memory, planning, creativity
And problem solving.

Watch your child from the day one If very intelligent
Guide properly in every direction
If the child moves on right track
He will be a successful person
And will be placed in foreign firm
With higher package.

You will be a billionaire soon
Your child will build the nation
Like America, Germany, Switzerland.
People will respect you
As the parent of a competent child
The govt. will say
It's nothing but brain-drain.

Bread And Butter

Eradication of poverty is only possible
If production rate of the poor is reduced
But Red, Green, Saffron... any political party
never goes to the poor and convinces for it.
They all work for their own parties and men
Their policy is... 'Cut the roots of the plant
And sprinkle water on it to show the people'.
Because no one wants to eradicate poverty.
Poor is the source of their bread and butter
Poverty is the source of their existence
If the growth of the poor stops or reduce
Who will hold the flag, march on the street?
How money will go to bank if no welfare scheme?

(Wingless Birds)

Burga Not Part Of Islam

'Burqa' looks like integral part of Islam but truly not so It's a part of Muslim culture Not a part of Islamic teaching Quran never used the word 'burga' for women's purdah 'burga' was used in Arabian countries before the advent of Islam it was a small piece of clothing used for protection of cold especially in winters as a cover for animals or a shawl for village women. Burga first came in Persia When Islam entered Persia it adopted many things from existing Persian culture under influence of Iranian culture burga was adopted by Muslims and gradually Islamised Muslims also use the term 'hijab' equivalent to 'burga' but it too not used in Quran in this sense There 'Hijab' literally means... curtain jilbab and khimar also used in Quran But again not in their present connotation both have similar meaning ... scarf or duppatta that covers the body of a woman Not her face So 'burqa' or 'hijab' not the Quranic terms both are part of Muslim culture and not part of Quranic commandments.

By Choice

The process of birth made you female The factor of age made you woman The effect of gene made you beautiful But you become a whore by choice.

Cancer (R1)

The letter 'C' is familiar to all
It stands for cancer
It enters in the house like a cat
without making any sound
And goes out reaching to its target
Cancer develops for many reasons
It is very scary
And becomes more scary
when happens with the much loved one.

Cancer appears in many forms
But most are preventive
Through the change of lifestyle,
Early detection and proper treatment.
The risk of cancer may be reduced
By eating a diet rich in fruits, vegetables,
Limited animal fats, no red meats
Reduced salty food
And less processed food with salt.

To reduce risk of cancer...
try to be vegan
Always have branded organic food
avoid tobacco in any form
Do not consume any type of alcohol
be physically active for thirty minutes
And protect body from strong sun.
If cancer enters in your house
It will compel to sell even utensils.

(Wild Flowers)

Candle

I am a lighting candle
Don't blow me off
You are not the stormy wind
Why you want me to stop?

I can't light like the sun
I am a tiny candle of wax
I have limited capacity
And the very specific task.

I am a lighting candle
I Defy and define the darkness,
I can't give light like a bulb
But I am proud of my dimness.

I spread my own light
Burn myself second by second,
I weep silently till my end
Make your moments sweet and pleasant.

I am like the son of a family Father goes and I handle Insects not drawn to my flame I am proud, I am a candle.

(Wild Flowers)

Can't Fill Tears

I can't fill tears in your beautiful eyes Because, I too have two eyes just like you.

Celebration Of Democracy

He is enjoying democratic right In a very peculiar manner, He Fought 158 polls in 25 years Without any political banner.

He lost his deposit every time It's total is 1.2 million rupee He had also filed nomination Against Narendra Mody from Varanasi.

He is a Homoeopathy doctor Follower of Sabrimala god, The man is honoured by many Also by Limca book of record.

He fought against eleven CM It includes Jayalalitha, Karunanidhi, Thirteen central and fourteen state ministers Narshimha Rao and YSR Reddy.

He filed nomination against Manmohan Pranab Mukherjee and Narayanan, He is the native of Kannur And his name is Mr. K Padmarajan.

Challenge

If you like to know About the challenge to global economy I can put a light on it Look into three things first The growth of Indian economy, International contradictions of capitalism And status of Indian socialism You may guess little bit. After the collapse of USSR Indian economy now Closely linked to global capitalism And you will find many changes in it US treasury bills lost highest rating For first time since 1917 China holding surplus in US dollars Greece stuck like fishbone In the throat of European Union Global capitalism transforming Moving into 'trade' from 'production' With jobless growth Weakening producers, Wiping out retailers. First world entered in the third world Third world entered in the first world Second world lost its place Standing no where The change in south block Crashed Indian socialism too Recalled Indian higher notes Done carpet bombing on shadow economy Economists divided into two groups One group saying 'good' Other saying 'bad' It's really the tough time The change in white house An additional problem too But India challenged the global economy.

Change

People say You try to change yourself You are different from us A person with piquiliar nature But I don't prefer any change Don't want to change me I like to be what I am Like to hold my real attitude real manners, real intension with no difference in day and night dark or light Near or far peace and war I don't want to have two faces Suppose, I don't change me what will happen? The sky will still be blue the grasses will still be green and the sun will rise in the east So without changing me if I get support of few who really like me, love me it is more than enough.

(Wild Flower)

Change Begins With One Person

Change proceeds in geometrical process
It begins with one person
Then two... four... eight... sixteen...
It multiplies and walks
And gradually covers the world
Basically it needs one person
To start the process.

Childhood Love

I moved ahead about four decades From my childhood love I could not forget a single moment And live like a loving dove.

The memories settled in my mind To preserve and to say Its look like fresh and green Just happened yesterday.

I remember that particular moment When I touched her finger And when she offered me at her home A glass of lime water.

When I close my eyes and look back I can see my first kissing It was behind the temple of Shiva Where the light was missing.

Our hairs are now black and white Living on each other's support Children are staying out of reach Moving forward on medical report.

The days have gone decades ago
Memories left to ruminate and rub
Wrinkles appeared on the sun-burn skin
But still enjoy the childhood love.

(Wild Flowers)

Chinese Manja

Stop Chinese manja
Specially coloured plastic one
That is cheaper and sharper
It's not only cutting kites
Cutting avion lives too
Cutting pigeon, parrot, peacock...
cutting throats of babies, babas
And cutting the roots
Of local thread industries.

Chromosome X

I was looking for
An intelligent graduate girl
for my son's marriage
For having brainy generation
Because intelligence genes locate
in chromosome 'X'
And that comes from mother
Father also contributes
but less in that particular field
Mother is fully responsible
for intelligent child
In practical life also I have seen ...
A child of a graduate mother
Always crosses the graduation level
And rare turns into stupid.

Asit Kumsr Sanyal 08-10-2016

Cinquain-1 / Hell

Can't think
The creator....
Of flowers and baby
Also created dirty hell
For us.

City Love

I stayed in Mumbai for seven years
Three years in hostel
four years with city people
I loved them
loved the cosmopolitan city
the sea, seasides and sea beaches'
They too loved me.

Then I stayed ten years in Kolkata
With the pure Bengali people
I couldn't love them
And their dirty minds at all
I couldn't love the city transports
its irritated passengers
And people's politics at every step.

I stayed in Delhi for twenty-five years
It became my own city
I loved Delhi from heart
And finally booked a small flat
to reside here permanently
I don't know Delhi loves me or not
But I love this city.

Asit Kumar Sanyal New Delhi 20-10-2017

Collapse Of Flyover In Kolkata

It was late 1980s
Left front government sought Japnese help
To work out ways to ease
Populated city Kolkata's traffic congestion
The Japanese agency JICA surveyed the city
And suggested WB govt. to build
At least a dozen flyovers
Vivekananda Flyover ... one of them.
It was under JICA economic package
Routed through JNNURM
The project launched in 2003
A reputed firm of Kolkata designed it
An unnamed firm validated
But saw no work till 2008
For lack of funds.

The project contracted in 2008 Work began in 2009 by IVRCL, A Hyderabad based cons. company It was scheduled to be completed in 2010 but overshot the deadline multiple times. Finally, Mamata govt. allotted fund To this 450 crore project And set 18 months deadline Ending with Feb 16. The work was in swing suddenly engineers noticed minor cracks On the girder of pillar no.40 They reported ... but was ignored done patch work. The day before accident Concrete was laid on the flyover Hours before..... the cantilever of that pillar cracked Engineers heard the cracking sound of nuts Reported ... but safety dept. smiled Even traffic continued Soon, forty percent of the 2.2 KM long flyover collapsed... like the elevated metro bridge

Of Delhi... at greater Kailash. Killed 27, injured more than 80 people.

Colour

You are fair
Your wife is fair
Your son is black
People see something wrong in it
They don't know
Your grandfather was black.

I had two rabbits Male and female Female was white Male was black They produced two kids male and female Both were white I sold their parent The black and white And brought up the kids They too produced two kids male and female Both were white Very cute I sold the parent Brought up their kids They also produced two kids Like their ancestors male and female But female was white Male was black.

It's the effect of genes
The gene is active in human body
Active in rabbit
Active in entire animal
Everywhere same character
Same behaviour
It decides the colour.

Communal Man

In 90s, someone said about Mr. Bajpayee

A right man in wrong party

Then he was secular in media

Mr. Advani was communal

In 2002 media said

Mr. Advani is a secular man

Mr. Modi communal

He is the man behind Gujrat riot

Killing of Muslims

These days media saying...

Mr. Modi secular

He is the right man to push India

from developing to developed

Mr. Yogi communal

People will not be surprised

If media says after ten years

Mr. Yogi is secular

and the fittest candidate for PM.

Competition

Men are very much competitive

But women are not

Men like higher

And wider competitions

In jobs, business, politics ...

They opt for competition with coworkers

Where affects pay rate

bonus and perks

Confidence encourages men

They become competitive

But women are not

Women are less competitive

More cooperative.

It is said from all fronts ...

Women are able

But less confident In their abilities

It makes them shy to compete

In larger competitions

They have undesirable traits too

Don't learn to be competitive

Never share their competitive spirit

With others ... openly, happily

or even jokingly

They have different attitudes

Than the men

Toward competition, risk and altruism.

Indian women have advantages

Over their western peers

In terms of affordable child care

And access to extended family networks

Yet they end up near the top of

Corporate ladder

They drop out of the work force

Or do not compete for promotions

In upper management positions.

Is it the cultural factors?

Or the way in which

The competition is framed?

In Kerala, women found competitive

But it's limited in literacy, property rights, Access to health and education They fail to translate it Into tangible success at upper level of Business, government and society. Only Khasi women in Meghalaya Are totally different Because, girls are socialized there In households headed by mother And grand mother They can do better everywhere Than their male peers. The big question is How it can be reproduced In very different family and social settings In the rest of India?

Complement

Where science is silent Philosophy talks When mind is idle..... Meditation walks.

Confuse

Like a Yogi, a poet or poetess
Can detach soul from body
comes out from it
and enters into someone
become united
Feels the pain or joy of that person
And expresses the same
in the form of poetry
when it's published
people become confused
majority think
it's the part of writer's life
writer's own pain or joy.

Consciousness

Why we live?
Is there any reason?
Why I came into this world?
Do I have any purpose?
Why did nature created of me?
For studying number of years
And to be a graduate
For getting job
Or marrying a woman
Giving birth
Caring children
And finally dying Life?
Is it my purpose?
Is it my reason to live life?

No my dear,
The purpose of human life is
To achieve a state of consciousness
Apart from bodily concerns.

Conversation

My Landline phone was ringing I picked up It was my bosom friend's call ...Good morning my friend Why your smart phone is switched off? I told ... it makes me stupid So I use it minimum. Ha..Ha, Then why you purchased it? To maintain the illogical status. Wherever I go, I keep it in my hand People think ... I am updated ...If you keep it on, what's the harm? I don't want to be a smart phone junkie The 'TV' locked people inside house And smartphone within it I don't like to be slave of it And to be the victim of digital addiction If it is on ... I speak less to my wife I don't speak to my children I don't go to my neighbors, relatives And become busy with those people Whom I don't know physically. ... Are you all right?

Yes my friend, I am all right
Will you tell me something about you?
Are you suffering from headache,
Impaired memory and concentration,
Fatigue, dizziness, disturbed sleep,
Change in eating style
Or concerned of electrosensitivity?
If yes, it's are the symptoms of
Radiation sickness.
He laughed and said
Yes I have many of them
Recently a tumor also developed
On the rear of my head.
I said, switch off your smart phone
For a week

And observe yourself.

Next week I will meet you

At your residence in the evening.

Good night.

I ended the call.

Convince Them

People know animals too have soul
Yet few insist for killing animals
To eat its flesh
They know, it is wrong
Still they do it
It's sure, one day the whole world
Will be vegan from heart
But it should not take hundred years
Or more than that
Convince the flesh eaters you know
To avoid eating dead bodies
From today itself.

Cooperation

China vowed to destroy Indian economy Trying their best Indian strengthening China's economy Buying Chinese product latest I know it's cheapest Different in taste But think once before buying it It gIves you a small benefit But harmful for nation Be Indian, buy Indian No Chinese light, no Chinese product Simply avoid them, gently deduct Use potter-made dia, candles, deshi light Tit for tat, make China tight It will be your support, cooperation For building the nation.

Corruption

Corruption is in the mind... It is in our thought Doctors, Engineers leave profession Think to earn a lot. They join as administrators Through Civil Service routes Gathers illegal money in billions Receive bribe from the brutes. Bizman learns first how to cheat public Before opening his business Appoints CA for fooling govt. And to show absolute neatness. Leaders sale themselves to fight election Poverty spreads in cooking pot Because corruption is in our mind And it is in the basic thought.

Crazy

First I was crazy for good result Then I was crazy for a job Then I was crazy for a girl Who had pulled me in love.

Then I was crazy to marry her Then crazy for honeymoon Then I was crazy for a child That she gave me very soon.

Now I am crazy for touring Catching her hand in hand I am crazy to see Antarctica And the wonders of mother land.

Crossing The Border

Every year 25 lakh cattle are smuggled From India to Bangladesh For providing the beef on their plates And to export to other Muslim nations.

At least one thousand Cross Lalgola border daily In presence of Border Security Force, The silent spectator.

Lalgola is my home town
The flock of vultures of that area
Are almost finished
Due to want of dead cattle.

Home Ministry ordered the BSF To stop the smuggling of cattle And to save the Indian cows To win the Hindu sentiment.

If the order is really implemented
The vultures will bless the minister
But the people of Bangladesh
Will throw the dirty words towards him.

Cry Not

Cry not cry not my darling I am with you Flower blooms for few hours Life survives for time being Everything created to be destroyed The thing you have today Will go away tomorrow The thing you lost Yesterday it was yours Try to understand my dear Catch my hand I am yours I will take you to your destination Cry not cry not my darling.

Culture Of West Bengal

Bengal's culture is basically Australoid Very little influenced by Aryans It has three main pillars Agriculture, river and sea. It's different from the Nordic one That is spread in entire North India.

Bengal's culture has many specialties But few are the exceptional Pilfering flowers for worshiping Passing urine in the bathroom Treating tenants as poor And not listening to anyone.

Cup Of Tea

Love is like a cup of tea
Enjoy each of your warm sip slowly,
If it is too hot
Just wait for a while
It may bite your lips.

Cut Your Ego

Do not cut your relationship Cut your ego It's just like your nails Cut it as routine work Periodically.

Cyber Security

In these days
If someone wants to harm the economy
Of a country
One thing he has to do....
messing up the data for assets
held in bank and demat accounts
For this he needs email passwords
Of key personnel
from financial organizations
To begin the chain of fraud.

Is your cyber security strong enough to protect the data
Of banks and demat accounts?
Do they invest adequate money for acquiring latest hardware, software modernizing their intelligence,
Staff training, customer education?
If not, this is the time
To look into the mater
And to make the system foolproof.

Hackers install malware, bugs
In the banking system
Through insiders
And siphon money
Six months ago they broke into
Central bank of Bangladesh
and stole 81 million dollar
And recently 32 lakhs debit cards
Of Indian citizen hacked
It's done from the soil of China.

Dear Comrades

Dear Comrades
You have done so many things
In West Bengal
During your ruling.

In thirty four years
You mixed religion in politics
You added politics in education
You blended 'party' with administration.

We are grateful to you
And for you
We have warm regards in our hearts
We will not forget you in life.

We will celebrate election results With dance, colours and crackers Like 19 May 2016 After every five years.

Death

I was a moss ... died
Then I took birth as a plant ... died
Rose again a tree ... died
came again a worm ... died
Like this I came again and again
I died again and again
Lakhs of times
In lakhs of forms
In lakhs of shapes
This time I took birth a human
If I die again
Is it a loss?
Is it a reason to be afraid for death?

Deathless

I am not a person
I am a soul
It's the God's bless
Death can not touch me at all
Because, I am deathless.
You are also the same
But you have ego
Death will come to you one day
And you have to go.

Defeated Man

You may follow me
Even in the no moon night
If you have the light of life
You may catch my hand
To walk side by side
If you can heal my wounded soul
I know you love me
But I have nothing to give you in return
I am a defeated soldier.

Delhi

Delhi is a soulless city
It has no Dil (heart)
Even foreigners are not spared here
They rape and kill
people live here for decades
do not love the city
Residents crooked from inside
From outside they pretty
They can cut your hand
To save their finger
They looks like human being
But tiger like danger.

Delhi Election

New Delhi is the
National capital of India
And a half state too
It is jointly administered by
The federal government of India
And the local Government of Delhi.
It has its own legislature,
High court and
An executive council of ministers
Headed by the Chief Minister.

This year Aam Admi Party
Swept the Assembly election
Mr. Arvind Kejriwal will rule Delhi
For at least five years
Jointly with Modi Government
With his absolutely clean politics
And the blessings of citizen
People slapped saffron party
They only scored 03 out of 70
It's difficult to digest by them.

Delhi Monsoon

I am in National Capital Delhi Waiting to celebrate monsoon But where it is? Today 5th July..no rain Summer is in pick. But it was not like this Even 100 years ago it was punctual Mosoon used to strike Delhi on the dot Every 29 June of each year without fail with the peel of thunder and flashes of lightning that would lit up Qutub Minar in Mehrauli The first rain used to cool Delhi weather People would celebrate the monsoon with joyful dance and happiness White Mughals would take off their shirts in bungalows and Mahals to cool their prickly heat-ridden body. The first day of monsoon was unofficial holiday in Mughal period Babar would enjoy the first rain at Aram Bagh drinking a bottle wine Humayun used to enjoy the first rain Taking large quantity of opium Akbar enjoyed it by sailing in Yamuna Jahangir enjoyed monsoon by painting after heavy drink with Anarkali at Fatepur Sikri Shah Jahan enjoyed the first raindrops with his wife Mumtaz Mahal when she was alive And later sitting in the Mussamun Burj to see rain beating down on the Taj Mahal Aurangzeb enjoyed first Mosoon night with his courtesan lady love Hora Bai Zainabadi. The global heat made the monsoon weak

The pollution of Delhi made it slow
It's the 5th July in English calendar
But no sound of its footstep
I am still waiting to celebrate the rain
The arrival of Delhi monsoon.

Delhi Winter

Delhi is an absolute delight in winter
Euphoria floats this time in the air
Last week the winter arrived in Delhi
giving the city a magic touch
These days people snuggling on the road
in warm colorful clothes, caps, gloves
Enjoying the chilly winter days
Sipping hot tea, coffee and wine.

Like every year, the city slowly turning into a riot of colors with variety of flowers and plants
At lawns, road sides, round abouts, gardens Youth eating with fun and friends at rooftop cafes, outdoor restaurants
Families celebrating Sundays with picnic And sports in the beautiful gardens.

Migratory birds given their attendance at zoo, Lodi Garden, Biodiversity park Sunny morning welcoming tourists with steamed momos, Gajaks, Revadis Dwellers enjoying evening bonfire Sitting in groups outside the slums School, colleges, institutions...
Organizing their annual festivals.

Housewives preparing Gajar-Halua
At houses for the family members
Guests visiting historical monuments
Office babus cracking roasted peanuts
Sitting in sunshine at launch time
Beggars and homeless people shifted
To their respective night shelters
Children waiting for Christmas holiday.

Democratic Right

Undivided India divided in 1947
One part became Pakistan with Sharia law
Other part became Hindustan with democracy
Muslims who wanted sharia law
went to Pakistan
And those who love democracy
remained in Hindustan
The democratic govt. of Hindustan
must see interest of Muslim woman
as per Indian constitution
and Mullah's personal Law Board
to be locked permanently
It's anti-woman
Country needs now 'one India one law'.

Depression

Life is like a moving escaleter
But not the same as we see
It's special, incomparable
feeling guilty, getting tension...
can't change it's past or future
but depression can put a full stop.

Design Of A Poem

The design and layout of a poem
Is not an engineering project but similar
Here each successful poet
An uncertified design engineer.

Devils

In Hindu religious books
We find hundreds of devil's story
But they are not so brute
As the ISIS
They are back dated too
ISIS are the super devils
of this world
till to date
They are killing human
as done in slaughter house.

Devil's Workshop

In Hindu religious books
We find hundreds of devil's story
But they are not so brute
As the ISIS
They are back dated too
ISIS are the super devils
of this world
till date
They are killing human
as done in slaughter house.

Didi

Sudha Varghese A catholic nun and social worker Also known as didi ... 'Sudha didi' devoted her life to the Musahar community The untouchable Dalit of Bihar and Uttar Pradesh. Sudha, a resident of kottayam district of Kerala moved to Bihar to work for the poor At the age of sixteen With the sisters at a Roman Catholic convent school 'Notre Dame Academy' in Bihar She got training there for few years Learned English and Hindi And worked as a teacher For few years. In 1986 she resigned from her job And moved into the Tola of Musahar, The lowest cast of India To educate them She built a small house with bricks and mud Covered by a thatched roof In Musahar village 'Jamsaut' of Danapur block And started residing with them Who faced decades of exclusion. At first, in her home ... She convened a group of teenage girls Taught them reading, writing, sewing At the same time she collected funds from her parents, siblings, community and well wishers And started vocational training for girls in nutrition, sanitation and money management also taught them nursing, preliminary medical assistance and other skills that are economically valuable When she got a UNICEF grant in Dollar And help from Bihar government in Rupee

She increased her centers 'Nari Gunjan' to 50 And opened two residential school for girls Named 'Prerna' In Patna and Gaya. She dared to reside 21 years with Musahar community whose crime rate is very high And during her stay she acquired a law degree to fight cases for woman who faced sexual abuse and rape. She got Padmashree The highest civilian award in 2006 for her work. She is now 66 years old and served complete 50 years for dalits She said, " I have lived a thousand lives And died a hundred deaths in those fifty years".

Difference

If you draw a horizontal line
On the middle of a blackboard
From left to right
It will bisect the board
If you are not a graduate
You will be at lower-half
Your carrier will start from
The bottom of the blackboard
And It can touch maximum
The line you drawn.

But if you are a graduate
From any authentic University
You will be placed at upper half
Your carrier will start
From the horizontal line you drawn
And may reach up to the highest place
If you are capable
This is the difference
Between a graduate and a non-graduate
Board and University.

(Wild Flowers)

Difference Between A Man And A Woman

You are a woman, your mind changes

At 18, you want a handsome man

At 25, you want a matured man

At 30, you want a successful man

At 40, you want a established man

At 50, you want a faithful man.

But I am a man, my mind doesn't change

At 18, I want a sweet sixteen

At 25, I want a sweet sixteen

At 30, I want a sweet sixteen

At 40, I want a sweet sixteen

At 50, I want a sweet sixteen

Even at 60 I want a sweet sixteen.

Different

A woman loves a man
And his masculine power
not his body
In love.....
She gives everything
to the man
willingly
But a man don't
He loves her body
and beauty
Not her.
It's not only in India....
All over the globe
In all sections, all classes.

Dirty Hands

Don't say his hands are dirty
It gives him clean money
Once upon a time I was a mechanic too
I know how much happiness hides
Behind the dirty hands
You can't guess it
It's beyond your imagination.

Dirty Politics

Politics is always a dirty game
But it is the dirtiest
in my home state West Bengal,
Here the left minded politicians
destroyed existing education system
Just to remain in power
They re-structured it
And introduced politics
In all the three tires of education...
Student, teacher and administration.

The reform damaged the system
Like a missile
Though warhead was not
Nuclear, Biological or chemical,
But it paralyzed two generations
Of West Bengal
As it was the slow poisoning policy
And completely political.
They wanted to make the youth jobless
And compelled to join party.

The need was
To educate the illiterate politicians
But they introduced politics
In the education system.
Cadres appointed as school teachers
Leaders took the command of colleges
Compelled the cream students
To join their laboratories
As experimental ginipics
In the revised system.

The communists wanted to show A revolution in education system But their intention was To make the youth lame And to pick them as cadre easily.

Partially they succeeded And ruled the state For thirty four years at a stretch. And cleverly drilled several holes On the backbone of Bengalee.

Though it was very late
But people understood their trick
And so called communist's intention
They voted against the ruling party
To eradicate Bengal's so called communism.
Luckily it is a democratic nation
And Government changes here
through electronic voting machine
Otherwise, it was quite certain
There would be a bloodshed.

Discover India

Corporates produce the things
And they fix its price with heavy margin
Government accepts it.
They enjoy the profit in five star hotels.

Farmers produce crops in the field
But they can't fix the price
Government fixes it
They sale it with loss and hang themselves.

India is agriculture based country Farmers feed the entire population But they are the poorest citizen They are the victims.

Come to India and discover it If Tata sneezes, it comes on front page When a farmer hangs himself It remains in the dark of knowledge.

(Wild Flowers)

Diversity

A Hindu is not the man wearing dhoti and kurta Or having shaved head with tuft at the back Or putting longish mark painted with mud On the bridge of the nose One may follow it These are options And fashions of religious schools A man in suit, boot and tie is also a Hindu It's a fashion too A woman in Saree-blouse Top and mini skirt In salwar suit Or in half-naked dress is also a Hindu Hindu is not the religion It's a culture Purely Indian culture Developed at the bank of Sindhu river And seasoned, modified, updated For thousand and thousand years It has taken good things from others From East, West, North, South From Hun, Mongol, Mughal, Pathan From British, French, Portuguese And from foreign traders and travelers It has no dress code No permanent fashion Diversity is the DNA of Hinduism.

(Wild Flowers)

Divine Words

I have not seen the god Or his shadow ... But I believe on his existence I feel, he is present inside me Like an invisible spark That enerzises me always. I realize, he controls me Like a pilot of an airbus He shows me the path In difficult moments He talks in extreme joy and sorrow His words come out from inside As the bless or course People thinks it's simple words But not.... it's the divine words And always becomes true in life.

Do Not Forget

Dear madam, □ You may be the Head of the Government But don't forget The government is of the people, for the people and by the people Also remember People made you winner To defeat the previous ruler They were not your man Your woman, your supporters If you make the state hell Next time you will sit Where your rivals are sitting now It may also be possible that You are alone And sitting behind the bar.

Do The Right Job

You must do that job
What fit with your liking and ability
The work that does not match you
May push you to the mortality.

A young leader, well settled in politics, Flown in the sky for joyride And died on the spot when crashed that is still mystery.

Another man, professionally a pilot, Brought into the politics by force Also died for lack of politics When a suicide bomber blasted herself.

A saint, the successful promoter of yoga Poked his nose into politics And lost his fame and pride Fled from the stage wearing salwar suit.

These are burning examples of India It's only a little bit You may find millions of cases like this So, do that job for which you are fit.

Doing Nothing

Two brothers went to a forest
To collect honey
Elder one sat on a tree
Doing nothing
Younger also thought to do same thing
He sat on the ground
Under the same tree
Doing nothing
A tiger came
Killed younger brother
Elder went home
Said the story to the family
Father said, You did right thing
To sit and do nothing
You need to be on the top.

Dream

When a person dreams in the night
During the sleep
The person forgets the dream
When sleep breaks
only few dreams remain in the mind
For long time
But no one tries to make it true
As the dream has no reality.

But a person dreams in the day
While walking on the road
Or sitting on a easy chair
With open eyes
Is very dangerous one
He always tries to materialize it.
The great persons of the world
Are of this kind.

Dream Of Islamic State

Jinnah was away from orthodox Islam but carved out Pakistan using Muslim card with strong support of departing Imperial power but within two and half decades Pakistan broke into two pieces East Pakistan became Bangladesh Now Baluchistan wants to be free It proves religion can't glue the people If their language and culture different.

How the dream of Islamic state will be successful?

Dry Bone

A dog was chewing a long dry bone It was injuring his gum, inner wall of the mouth And causing to bleed The dog was thinking the blood coming from the dry bone He chewed.... and chewed Realized the fact when pain started He left the bone there went away Another dog came immediately Picked up the bone And started chewing in same style A drunk was watching it Could not control himself Said.... bloody fool Have a glass of wine first Then enjoy the bone Look at me I am a empty pocket man But enjoying the status of a king.

Dynasty

He can say hardly
Three names of his ancestors
More than that he can't meet
He doesn't know whose dynasty it is
but wants a son at least
Not only as his child
but as the lamp of his dynasty
for him, a son is the add-on link
in a family chain
for the continuation and widening it.

Eat Peacefully

While eating
Create an ambience of peacefulness
Light some beeswax candles
Put on quite music
Do not argue at the dinner table
Eat food slowly and chew well
And give thanks for the bounty
This will enable proper digestion of the food.

Eaten My Sun

A Neem tree covered my courtyard From the top
It's giving pleasant shadow
But eaten my share of sun
It eaten my variety of flowers too
Rose, dahlia, stock, pansy....
This time I planted none.

Economics (R1)

Financial management of a country Similar to a pumping station of a colony.

A Pump sucks water from a source Lifts it to the overhead tank and distribute to the consumers through pipeline

A nation's economy too runs in similar way
The revenue department collects tax from people
deposits it to union finance ministry
And sends back to the grass route level
Through various plans, projects and schemes
via state, district, block, village authorities.

here the revenue department acts like pump Finance ministry as large overhead tank govt. machinery works like piping system And different authorities are filters, valves, taps in pipeline.

The leaks, holes, cracks in the pipeline Releases gallons of water from the system And it goes to ditches, ponds, pools, lakes Passing through the municipal drains.

Govt. money too leaks from the system Through hawala, commission, bribe And goes to the cupboard, real state, Share, illegal business and foregn banks.

This leaked money is called black money Hawala, Commission and bribes are drains And the ditches, ponds, pools, lakes are HDFC, ICICI, HSBC and Swiss Banks.

(Wild Flowers)

Empathy

The empathy is essential for democracy
In India it is found in them
who understand the poor,
their poverty,
their compromise with essential needs
Health, education, safety, sanitation
Barrier of their dreams
And their restricted life
Also it is essential
To have some experience
in surviving on Rs.26 per day,
the official poverty line income in village.

Our political leaders
Who have taken birth by luck
In well-to-do family
With golden spoon in their mouth
And enjoy the subsidized lunch
In the parliament canteen
Have empathy?
They are the policy makers,
So called game changers
And vowed to eradicate poverty
From the country
Do you trust them?

Essential

A Bengalee may leave the country May die too If does not get four things Flesh, fish, potato and rice Recently one more thing added That is wine.

Express In Better Way

What we see... the death, birth Is nothing but our entry and exit We are here for a specific role At the end of it We... all will go back.

Perform the best
The resource is within us
Within the individual
Express yourself in better way
Let people feel your absence.

Extension

Do you know the difference between a seed and a baby? The seeds come through the tree And grows in the soil It is plant's fused extension.

But child never comes through the woman The child comes from her The sperm grows into woman's womb The baby remains connected with her soul Till the birth so the baby is real extension.

(Wild Flowers)

Extortion

It's a design office Owned by central government Here people are in queue for retirement Recruitment is banned outsourcing is on progress. Government pays Sixty thousand rupee per month for an outsourced fresher engineer But that engineer gets only fifteen thousand as salary Remaining is eaten by the cotracter in collaboration with govt. officials in the name of overhead charges. If a labourer is low paid it is called extortion When a design engineer is paid less than a peon in a central government office What it is called?

Farm Animal

A cow gives birth to a beautiful baby
At a dairy farm
And instantly bonds with her child
But she does not know
Her baby will be stolen soon
To get her full milk in the can
For selling it to human being.
Her cry will go in vain
Also the wailing for the baby
Not only a cow or buffalo
It's common for all the farmed animals
And seen all over the world.

Mothers deserve to raise their babies
And live together as a family
But farmed animals are separated
From their children
Right after the birth
Their male babies are slaughtered
After certain time
The females are put back
To the cruel system
To grow, give birth
And have their own babies stolen
From their too.

(Wild Flowers)

Fear Always Not Harmful

The fear is not always harmful It may injure like goon's knife The fear does not shut you down It wakes you up in the life.

It's natural to fear the civil war, Communal riot or a terror scene But the fear of god makes you religious And keeps you away from the sin.

Feed Them

The poor has no money
to enjoy the real taste of life
Their entertainment is sex
Sex without precaution
With no birth control
A poor produces five poor in average
without thinking anything
People never see their fault
They make responsible to the govt.
They say, 'stop development..
spend more tax payers money
to feed them properly.'

Festival

Festival creates job brings people together Makes the children happy Integrates with other.

Final Stage Of Life

I am not bother about you and what you are doing I am concerned about myself And what I am, and about rest of my life This is the fourth and final stage I don't have much time in hand But pending things are many I Can't take two steps together I Can't change my beginning And it's impossible to rectify my mistakes I am trying to complete my task in time increasing efficiency and speed.

Fire Ignites The Pyre

Heat, fuel, and oxygen ... Of a fire triangle If meets together, initiate fire Politics, gossip and love ... ingredients of another triangle If meet with each other spoil the youth It's known as 'student's pyre'. A student has to cut at least one of the three If fails to do so and touch all the three The triangle becomes active Fire ignites the pyre And downfall of the student starts ... Someone said in India Every college is a crematorium Here majority carried to the pyre Only few are serious Escape tactfully Enjoy the atmosphere of crematorium And make their carrier.

Fix Them

This girl did not ask her father To bring her in this world But she came... to break the stone Her parent brought her She is the product Of their sexual entertainment. Poor don't have capacity to bring up children properly Yet they produce many Steal their childhood, Make them child labourer one poor creates another five poor. Political parties say.... Nation should provide them Food, shelter, education and security by tax payers money I say... no, it's wrong They should be punished for it. Nation should compel the poor to use condome and pills in their everyday sex If they don't listen, produce beyond two Fix them, tell doctors to block the system And stop production permanently.

(Wild Flowers)

Floral Nectar

Numbers of honey-combs are seen In the bushes and trees in rural India People collect honey from it And use regularly for many purposes.

Honey used first about 2000 years back People experimented for centuries ... And observed... it contains a treasure chest Of hidden nutritional and medicinal value.

Honey is called the 'liquid gold'
And very popular to rural Indian people
for its anti bacterial and antifungal properties
And for promotion of health in many aspects.

Honey is known as a better sweetener, A natural energy drink with no side effect, Wound and burn healer on external application And a good medicine for cough at any age

Honey is also a beauty product, sleep aid It alleviates allergies, treats dandruff Boosts memories and glamour And increases the span of sexual life.

Honey is the floral nectar collected by bees and cooked down into carbohydrate soup. How many flowers needed to make honey? A lot, more than we can comprehend.

The researchers say ... 60,000 bees collectively travels 55000 miles and visits more than two million flowers to produce one pound of honey.

Flowering

A leftist does not like Tagore
Calls him a burjoa
A rightist does not show his interest
For the communist poets
Many have allergy on saffron writers
They say them.... RSS men
Many write for other political parties too.

It does not mater a plant is called Rose, Lotus, Marigold or christenthemum Whether it's seasonal or permanent, Or flowers in summer or winter A garden must have variety of flowers What maters is.... Flowering.

I believe in that.

Food For Life

I collect the food for life
From the society, friends and Family
And i extract every need for traveling
On the way of my life
But not putting me in colors,
I fetch the honey just like a bee
Without harming the flowers.

Forgiveness

Forgiveness is different from condoning, It is not excusing or pardoning too Not even forgetting and reconciliation It is different from those things Forgiveness is granted without Any expectation of Restorative justice and response On the part of the offender. It develops relationship Between the forgiver and the forgiven.

It's the truth, we are not secure
We lose our jobs, face bankruptcy
Deal with divorce
Face the life threatening illness
Fight with political problems
Immigration issues make us sleepless
War, despair, violence
Force us to think negative
How can we find the courage to forgive
And cause a new realm of possibility?

We can, here is an example ...
A drunk driver, made an accident
Killed Mr. 'A's family members
Mr. 'A' was broken,
But he did not thought as others
The driver was a drunk, took his family
But Mr. 'A' thought
The driver is a loving and kind man,
He made a horrific mistake
And forgave the driver unconditionally.

Every ending is a new beginning It is God's grace
The driver gave up the liquor
And become his fan from that day.

Forgotten Men

The World War I
Was held between 1914 and '18
From British India
About 1.38 million strong Indian forces
Had participated in that war
About a century ago
This strength is equal to
The active frontline strength of
Present Indian Army
They fought in Egypt, western front
France, East Africa, Germany,
Mesopotamia, Palestine, Gallipoli

The British Expeditionary Force (BEF)
Was struggling in France
Indian soldier joined them
And changed the tide of the war
Some went to Germany
Took gallant action against gas attack
The battle against the Turkish forces
At Kut in Mesopotamia
Took 111 lives of Indian officers
In one particular day
The four years of battle cost
74,187 Indian lives.

But the British did not acknowledge
The Indian contribution in later days
They ignored the Indian soldiers
Who fought from the trenches Of Europe
in the unfamiliar climate of Belgium
And in the burning heat of Mesopotamia
They forgot the recipients Of Victoria Cross
And the heroes for they won the war
In recent BBC made documentary
23 and half hours long on WW1
They showed Indian contribution
Just for one minute.

Forty Plus

In the march of life A man comes in contact of many women Of different classes, different natures From teens to forty plus Each one looks like a rose from outside But practically they are not so Some are really red roses, Beautiful, attractive, pleasing Both from inside and outside They influence men By their sweet fragrance And take their partners into heaven. But majority are like onions Each one appears like full moon Covered with layers of fine cloth When a man uncovers her to enjoy the lunar beauty Gets pungent smell, becomes strange And bursts into tears. He realizes from experience The beauty of a woman does not locate In her face, figure or arts It's found in her soul And reflects in the eyes. A beautiful woman is always daring and caring And loving too The beauty is found in her nature In her manners It starts growing silently inside her From the teen age It develops in a slow process, steadily Like the moon it gets shape gradually Day by day, year by year And matures when she is forty plus Here she is most beautiful From outside and inside From heart and soul

And from the angle of sex

At forty plus a beautiful woman Is sweeter than a sweet.

Founding Father Of Pakistan

Jinnah, founding father of Pakistan at his forty loved a 16 year old Parsi girl named 'Ruttie Petit' and said to her father 'I want to marry your daughter' He was thrown out of the door immediately. And they never met again.

She was a minor so after a wait of two years when he wanted to marry her she put a condition 'You have to shave off your moustache' Jinnah accepted ... not only that He changed his hair style too to impress the lady.

Jinnah legally married Ruttie Petit
a woman 24 years younger than him
at his Bombay house in 1918
None of her family members attended
She accepted Islam
became Maryam
and started her married life
But Jinnah could not satisfy her.

Her unhappy marriage ended in 1929 when she died of cancer in Bombay Jinnah visited her grave for last time In 1947... when he moved to Pakistan He too was suffering from TB And died after a year The chapter closed decades ago but the tale of his moustache still alive.

Fragrance

A student one of my friends from abroad once said me she loves India very much for its unique culture and wants to get its fragrance sitting at home is it possible? I said it's very easy you know Swami Vivekananda and know India I am sure, you will discover India as a red rose with sweet fragrance that can be smelt from any place in the world.

Free Man

My heart is at ease
My brain is cool
I need not to go to Himalayas
Or to the dense forest
I have my wife, children, mother...
The complete family
I love them
I have compassion
I am in relationship
Yet I have no tension
Though I live in the mud
the mud can't touch my skin
I developed a thin oil film on it
I am a free man.

Freedom

We achieved our freedom Sixty seven years back And, till to date we are free, The rupee-value in 1947 Was equal to a dollar Now, it's near to sixty three.

The white English men were forced
To quit India
Power came to the Black English man,
The wealth of the country
Stopped sailing to England
But it started flying to Swiss bank.

We remained as 'stupid Indian'
With the freedom of speech
And turned into an intellectual fool,
Their children went abroad for study
And better future
Ours remained in outdated school.

Friends

I have many friends Few are from childhood Some are from neighboring area But Most are school, college and office mates Some are connected with profession Some are train-friends, pen-friends And balance is from social media. All are my friends I love all of them Some are males, some are females Some are Indian, some are foreigners I have honest relation with them Just like the moon with stars It has no special color No special shapes Still they are important to me In my way of journey. I can't leave without them They are part of my life.

Friendship

What's the definition of friendship? what is its parameter
I don't know
Even intellectuals are not unanimous
On this issue
Ethics, moral science says,
The friend in need is a friend indeed.

The proverbs are germinated in the practical field of life. As the sprout comes out From the heart of the seed Though it's not correct always.

We get many people as friend In the journey of life But all are not friends.

Those love from within help to come out from danger Don't leave in bad days alone Point out weak points Give good suggestions Sometime become annoyed They are called friends.

Friends are of many types
If, husband and wife become friends
And love, belief, faith play
Between them like children
That's the true friendship.

Friendship 2014

The friendship - 2014

A young man Liked to communicate his love to his favourite woman One day he kissed her Strawberry lips, She did not object, smiled. He kissed her ... like a kissing Took her behind a casing No talks No sex Only thrilling climax The feelings brought them together, locked with each other And they fell in love The beautiful favourite Miss loved his kiss And without hesitation Became his friend.

Friendship Day

You and I are friends ...
And I want to continue the friendship
Like the Moon and stars,
Soil and seeds
Rain and clouds
Flower and butterflies
Emotion and poems
Piece and pigeons.
Happy friendship day.

From Celebration To Mourning

If you kill a person
Slitting throat with knife
or by gun firing
you will be booked under
a non-bailable clause of law
But if you kill a dozen people
Hitting by a car
It will be treated as an accident
And you will get the bail within hour
Generally it happens frequently
In political killing
And in underworld network
It's very old tactics of terror.

Now a terrorist killed 84 people
And injured about 188
At Mediterranean in Nice, France
screaming revellers
When they were celebrating national day
to commemorate the storming
of the Bastille
The success of the French revolution
Led to the 'Reign of terror'
As over 40,000 people were executed.

A terrorist, Tunisian origin
used no gun, no bullet
But a monster truck
He ploughed it into the crowd
And drove through the crowed for 2 km
It is the 10th terrorist attack on France
With different type of terror
It's not new... the old tactics
They destroyed the twin tower
In similar manner
Hitting by hijacked planes.

Gangajal

Ganga, the trans-boundary river
Rises in western Himalayas
And empties in Bay of Bengal
During its 2525 km long journey
Ganga delivers precious Gangajal
mixed with mountain herbs
It's the third largest river of the world
After Amazon and Congo by discharge
And most sacred river of Hindus
It's the lifeline of millions of Indians.

Hindus consider the Gangajal
As pure and purifying
But the reality is something else
If you try to find out ... you will see
Ganga is totally polluted now
It receives untreated discharge of sewers,
Urban and industrial wastes
from all the cities and towns
Situated at its both banks
Also receives burnt and unburnt dead bodies
Carcasses and flowers from devotees.

Lakhs of people take bath everyday
Wash dirty clothes
Passes stools along riverside
Immerse idols and wallow cattle
Now Gangajal is like poison
And the carrier of waterborne diseases
The Ganga river dolphins about to finish
Mugger crocodiles, gharials not seen
Many species of fishes vanished
Hilsa also does not enter in Ganga these days.

'Ganga cleaning' is made for eye wash
It's only for political mileage
And consuming tax payers' money
'Namami Gange programme' launched
This 2000 crore project will clean Gangajal

Across the five basin states
If it is successful then people will get
Modernised ghats, redeveloped crematoriums,
developed sewage infrastucture, interceptors
medicinal plants besides pure Gangajal.

Gas Chamber

Punjab and Haryana burning stubble Smoke reached to Delhi Durbar Diwali crackers already gave a push The smoke made Delhi a gas chamber Politicians felt breathing problem South Block raised finger.... It's too much, highest in 17 years Punish the smog creator Punjab fined its 715 farmers For stubble burning Suggested alternate solutions Farmers said.... 'no' It's highly cost effective Don't give suggestions sitting in AC room It's our century old process Traditional practice Come in the field with us See the cost involved in suggested method Pay the cost, we will adopt it If not, wait for the wind or rain It will push off your pain.

Geography Of The Faces

If you can understand the geography of human faces You can understand a person better way It reveals basic personality of human And overall approach to life

Face is nothing
But front side of our head
with forehead, eyebrows, eyes, nose, cheeks,
chin, mouth, lips and teeth
face is the central organ of sense
and has specific role
in expression of emotions
Facial appearance is vital for recognition
and communication
It's the sensitive region of body.

human faces varies from person to person It's Influenced by bones involved in shaping the human face maxilla, mandible, nasal bone And zygomatic bone These bones further influenced by race, climate, food habits and many other things It's the reason face changes over time Specially in children and babies.

There are many types of human faces
Triangular, rectangular, square, oval
Heart shaped, diamond, angular
Round, oblonged
Triangular shape face also called
Fire-shape face
They have wide forehead, pointed chin
Prominent cheek bones
face taper towards chin
They are self analyzers, quick thinkers, ambitious

and have a good memory These people love independence.

Square shape face called metal face
They have symmetrical features
Their faces look hard and stale
They are intelligent, analytical, decisive minded.
Round shape faces also known as
Water-shape face
These people have plump and fleshy face
And chubby cheeks
Rectangular faces are intelligent
Active and hard working
Oval shape face is most common
They are calm and objective
Heart-shape faces have thin lips
Diamond-shape faces are confident
and charming.

Ghost

I don't believe There is ghost in the world But I have seen my father after his death It was Durga Saptami of 1980 He died in the afternoon at my home town Lalgola I saw him in the evening in Mumbai He was searching me before his last breathes May be.... he had come to see me Or wanted to say something That he could not tell In life time He was not a ghost He was my father My biological father.

Gift

My granddaughter gifted me a pen Uni-ball, smooth flow I wrote more than hundred poems By that pen One day I will die The pen will be useless But the poems will be alive If anytime...
You want to read those poems Like to view Go to Google Type my name They will come to you.

Girl Child

The rose plants in the courtiyard beautify every house But fragrance comes from that house Where a girl child takes birth.

Gitanjali Reborn

Many writers translated Rabindranath Tagore
Andre Gide in France
Boris Pasternak in Russia
Juan Ramon Jimenez in Spain
And many others ...
But they couldn't maintain the essence
Of culture and historical background
On which Tagore wrote his poems
It happened because
Foreign writers had no knowledge of Bengali
And the composite culture of Bengal
They just translated the words.

Gitanjali was published in 1912
And was edited by W. B. Yeats
He did a lot of damage to the
spirit and rhythm of original poems
in editing Tagore's translations
It was noticed by William Radice
A student of English at Oxford University
He took the double challenge
Vowed to insert Bengali fragrance in Gitanjali
and make it more acceptable to people
He studied Bengali for two years in London
After completing his study in English.

He started translating Tagore
in its original form, sound, rhythm
and published selected poems in 1985
Then put his hands on Gitanjali
It took tons of energy and patience
in new translations,
to reconcile with Tagore's original manuscript
and to compare with the version edited by Yeats
The Newdigate Prize winner poet 'Radice'
finally completed his work in 2011
And published his book 'Gitanjali Reborn'
after 100 years of Gitanjali published.

Given No Road

Oh nature, it's the great fun You put my destiny in the lines of my palms And kept in silent mode Embossed total journey in it But given no road.

Glass-Wall

I was transferred to Delhi And searching a flat on rent Suddenly I met an old friend From my department He was too searching a flat For changing his accommodation He gave me an address And said ... " go there You will get it It's a beautiful flat I went there for my own But he didn't give me You go, he will give you" I said ... " but why? " He said, " I am a Muslim That's the reason You are Hindu He will give you without hesitation."

Next day I went there And really I got that flat The landlord told me " A man of your age came yesterday From your department only I didn't give him this flat Do you know him? " I simply said ... 'no' " He was a nice man good looking, soft spoken Agreed to pay what I asked But when he told his name I turned back, he was a Muslim I still feel guilty for my stand But I had no way There is a glass-wall between us You are Hindu There is no problem at all.

God

I am a Hindu
The follower of Sanatana Dharma
Hindu believes, GOD (G+O+D) is Param Brahma
The supreme abstract authority
And is known to the creature as OM.

He is the in-charge of
All the three departments of this universe
Generation, Operation and Destruction
He is like the Director General
His three directors are Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva.

Brahma looks after the Generation (G)
Vishnu is the head of Operation (O)
And Shiva is the in-charge of Destruction (D).
They are the permanent directors
And they never attain the age of retirement.

The power of Brahma is Saraswati
She is his wife
Goddess of knowledge and harmony
As the knowledge is key requirement
Brahma depends on Saraswati for creation.

Laxmi is the power of Vishnu
She is his wife
And the goddess of wealth, crops
Vishnu depends on her in operation
For the currency and food.

Durga is the wife of Shiva
She is the power of him
As destruction demands
Higher energy and huge power
Shiva depends on her.

Golden Age

Don't built a temple
Don't built a Mosque
Don't built a church
We made it many for thousands years
They taught us how to divide and hate
They gave us terrorism, wars.
Built a yoga center
Built a vegan store
Built school, college, universities
Free from religion
It will give us piece, happiness, love
It will take us to the golden age.

Good Bye

The formalities of cremation are over
The door of the furnace is opened,
The flame is ready for burning the body
But his wife is weeping wrapping the body.

From now their hearts will not talk to other He will be billions of miles away from her, Fairies will accompany him to vigil and care Tears will wet her pillow silently at night.

Relatives picked up her, body went into furnace She broke into tears but shutters dropped down Ladies broke her bangles, Wiped out sindur Dressed white and made her perfect widow.

She will search him now in the blue sky
He will shine there gently being a star,
And will come every night in her sweet dream
to gossip, to love and to say good bye.

Good Bye Madam

Our days are numbered The ration is fixed We all are following the reverse counting You touched the zero... yesterday And went out Leaving your entire creation for us It focuses on the contemporary social issues, The changing urban milieu, The Bengali middle class crisis In human relationships, The changing values of the present era, And the degeneration of moral fiber Of the society In the back drop of globalization Physically you are not with us But alive in your creation To come and go is natural process Today you went out Tomorrow other will go Next day someone else Good bye Suchitra madam... Live in piece.

(Written on the death of writer Suchitra Bhattacharya from West Bengal)

Grapes Are Sweet

Grapes are of three colors

Red, green and black

They are known as 'queen of fruits'

And available in all Indian states.

Grapes are very much beneficial to us They are anti-inflammatory, Immunity boosting and have simple sugar That provide instant energy.

Grapes are very good for skin, Great as home remedy They protect skin against sunburns Reverse aging, make skin supple.

Grapes combat uneven skin tone Help lighten scars, combat hair loss Relieve migraine, prevent indigestion Fight breast cancer, treat diabetes.

Grapes lower cholesterol in blood Heal kidney disorders, relieve Asthma Relieve constipation Help fight viral infections.

Grapes prevent eye degeneration And treat Alzheimer's disease Have grapes with regular food Grapes are not sour, it's sweet.

Graph

My life is like a country boat
In the sea
No engine, no sail
Dancing on the waves
With it's natural rhythm
moving forward but very slow
With continuous ups and downs
like the graph of ECG
My doctor friend commented
You are perfectly well.
In medical science, straight line means
There is no life.

Great

There were many powerful kings, emperors in India But only British took this country Under one flag, one administration We have 1635 languages in India But this country is United By one foreign language That is English We could not develop a common language for our country Really we are the great born fighters We know how to fight with others how to be divided into groups Never learned to be United And survive under one umbrella.

Basically we don't have national feeling Except very few Practically they are negligible It's not only at present time It was in ancient India, Medieval India And also in British ruled India Not me.... history says it New generation must know the correct history Tell them for whom Pakistan created how many people suffered, killed For fulfilling their dream Who is responsible for the defeat of Indo-China war Why Mahatma was assassinated? Let them know the bitter truth to build the nation truly.

Great Problem

An engineer creates with mind and machine gives physical shape, structure
A poet creates with words and emotion
Shows the landscape, picture
When an engineer becomes poet
Applies all the four
The poem rests on the ground
Like a building
moves, runs, floats or flies
like a machine
They can't make castles in the air
It's the great problem
for an engineer.

Great Robbery

In a minute
He siphoned the black money
fake money
Robbed all the rich
Who used to say
Cash is king
Keep it in pillows
Beds, false ceilings, warehouses
And in toilets
Run a parallel economy
Remain unregulated
And untaxed.

In that minute
I was having a bunch big note
only two hundred in small
It was a surgical strike on economy
Still I felt a great joy
Got the real taste of freedom
For first time
In my entire life
Many people will be hanged too
Not for stealing horses
But so that
Horses may not be stolen again.

Green Marriage (R1)

She was from elite class But a nature lover She vowed for green marriage Made invitation card by eco-friendly recycled paper Designed food menu fully vegeterian Used no milk or milk-products like ghee or curd Instead... went for coconut water, soya milk. Plastic cups she replaced by steel glasses And plates by melamine cutlery Venue Decorated With flowers made of paper Gave all invited guests saplings of plants Sandalwood, Teak, Shaal, Mehoginy and neem As return gift And opted Neil island for honey-moon in Andaman and Nicobar.

(Wild Flowers)

Green Signal

Laugh and smile
Two different things,
Laugh is the outcome of joy
And smile is the expression of
Pleasure, sociability, happiness
Or amusement.

Also, through smile
The female communicates
The sexual interest
To the heterosexual man
Sometime her smile stands for
The green signal
For sexual enjoyment.

If a man can understand
The right meaning of smile
Of a woman at right time
He may enter into her heart straightway
And can swim in her sex-pool
Till she likes.

Guru

I wish to join the spiritual world
After my retirement
And to become a disciple
I am in search of a guru,
non-commercial, non-political
a publicity-hater guru
Who can teach me
how to count
the 7272311 nadis (veins, arteries, nerves)
in a human body
And to recognize a nadi
Where it is
He must teach me
How to distinguish one
from another.

I know each nadi vibrates
at a different speed
each has its own sound
and are related to all other sounds
Under a law
known as the grammar of nature
That describes
But not prescribes
How sounds combine to form the world
The grammar reflects the generation
Operation and destruction
Of the universe
I like to have a guru
Who can teach me that grammar
And can enlighten me.

I like to have a guru
Who can detach himself
from the body
Can enter into others
And will teach me that exclusive art
When my guru will be too old
I will ask him to leave his body

And enter into me
I don't want to become a baba
But like to tell others
Searching the wide world
I have come to the core
of my own being
All alone
And finally, I am with my guru.

Haiku-01/ Tragedy

You break the rules first And tell me to obay it It's the tragedy.

Haiku-02 / Remember

Leave is privilege But the freedom is your right You should remember.

Haiku-03 / Morning School

I hate morning school It's not good for children health But good for teachers.

Haiku-04 / Cyclonic Rain

The cyclonic rain flooded the state in two days then vanished The government had an opportunity to store this water For washing out the opposition in coming election.

Haiku-05 / Storm

Storm started blowing Children ran to the garden To gather mangoes.

Haiku-06 / Respect

Navratri is show

If you don't respect females

For the rest of days.

Haiku-07 / Shit

Pigs eat their own shit Human eat body of pigs And claim they are best.

Haiku-08 / Bose Not Died

It is clear to all Bose has not died in plane crash But the nation mum.

Haiku-09 / Double Standard

You returned award But it's not secularism It's double standard.

Haiku-10 / Remember It

No one is perfect No one is correct always We should remember.

Haiku-11 / Thanks

Thanks Putin the great For digging the correct grave of ISIS with care

Haiku-12 / Durga

As she was lady Asura didn't fight Durga She took advantage.

Haiku-13 / Do Not Fool Me

I gave you my time Means I gave part of my life Please do not fool me.

Haiku-14 / When The Poor Speaks

The rich rob the poor It's called business. When the poor speak... it's violence.

Haiku-15 / Language

Always be the rude with an adamant person as it's his language.

Haiku-16 / Comes Back

A bird born in cage Doesn't know the taste of freedom Comes back even freed.

Haiku-17 / No Matter

I like kind woman No matter what she looks like No matter of age.

Haiku-18 / Because I Love You

Don't put me in mind I want to be in your heart Because I love you.

Haiku-19 / When Saree Is Wet

Girl in wet saree wet body, no underwear is the sexiest.

Haiku-20 / Cuddle Death

If queen is unfit Worker bees kill her wisely It's called cuddle death.

Haiku-21 / Love

A boy loves a girl If her breasts, thighs, lips... sexy Heart comes later on.

Haiku-22 / God Is Woman

God is a woman A bold Hindu believes it like that christian priest.

Haiku-23 / Don't Speak Hindi

Tamils taught in school Hindi is not your language Learn it but don't speak.

Haiku-24 / Open Secret

It's open Secret Love can not be organised It's not politics.

Haiku-25 / You Can't Avoid

If you are in love It is seen in your sweet smile You can't Avoid it.

Haiku-26 / For No Work

You sit on the top
If want to be just idle
Otherwise go home.

Haiku-27 / Inner Story

A married woman Have full sex on Dashmi night Takes money from mate.

Haiku-28 / Creation

God creates women to do the things that men can't Not to compete with.

Haiku-29 / Apply In Life

Learn mathematics Learn how to solve hard problems Apply it in life

Hang Him

YAR Memon must be hanged....
Because he is the brother of Dawood
He must be hanged.....
Because he had surrendered
He must be hanged.....
To raise the head of our top cops
We could not bring Dawood Ibrahim
Then what?
We got his brother... hang him
He should not be spared
Show the world...
India is not a weak nation.

Happiness

Happiness is an emotional state Ranging from contentment to intense joy It's not a ready made emotion And not acts like a cell-powered toy.

It's not dependent on other people Comes from within from the living with natural love And following a healthy routine.

A person may be easily hurt By other's behavior and actions But when earned it gathers in mind, May be a lot or in fractions.

It cures all those pains
For which medicine not invented
One should preserve happiness
Because it exists only when accepted.

True happiness is related with freedom That has higher value than love The love drops often to save freedom It covers life like a protection glove.

Always share your happiness with others Never decreases if shared or dispensed Happiness works like a lighting candle With it's own life unchanged.

Happy Relationship

I have 39 years experience in married life with a single wife if you ask me the secrets behind my happy relationship I say, 'plenty of compromises and cuddles'.

Every marriage has a few bumps and every relationship a unique dynamic The hug, kiss and sex on mutual wish inspired us to go very close, made secure When we loved each other couldn't know.

Harmony

Harmony is pure love
And is like the concert
It makes small things grow
It's not a matter of intensity
But the balance, order, rhythm
It's the consonance, coordination.
I find perfect harmony in white colour
I love it and believe
Where is harmony there is happiness
Happiness is the shadow
Always follow the harmony.

He Died At Fifty

After her death All the barriers collapsed He got the heaven in hand Became the owner of huge property Came in original form Took decision as he liked Some advised not to do so He did not listen Faced loses again and again Started drinking Went for gambling to make up loss Trapped slowly The evils were ready They bought his properties at half price Gave little money against gold Took costly utensils At the cost of a water bottle He died at fifty Leaving his children On the footpath.

He was my biological father and she... legal mother.

High Value Things

There are millions high-value things in world which I can't buy in this life but three things I have with me costlier than those things and no one can obtain it in lieu of money that is peace, pleasure and sleep Thanks god for giving its to me.

Hijacking Of Expertise

An engineer slipped from gangway And fell into Hoogly River While boarding on a warship He learnt swimming never ... Was suffering from fever So, simply drowned.

Water police came
Divers rushed
Searched for hour....
Using tools with power
But failed to take out
Engineer's body
The water police said ...
Wait, let the body float
And made their boat ready
to push off with their head.

An old fisherman of river
Made his boat's oar lowered
Came willingly forward
Put on his fishing cap
Took the time of mishap
And thought from deep to deeper.
He calculated the influence of tide
That is active inside
And pointed out with pride
a small area of river.

He took two divers,
Two water police, two visitors
on his boat
Reached to that assumed spot
Without any cost
And told a failed diver
'Go to the river-bed
Grab the dead
Just like a spider.'
The diver dipped inside

It was full moon high tide and came out shortly With the engineer's body.

The water-police took the body
In their custody
And took the entire credit
Media made the police hero
The fisherman zero
And his experience side tracked
The expertise became hijacked.

Hindu

I am Hindu
But 'Hindu' is not my religion
It's the dominant culture of India
The way of lie
That was developed
At both the banks of river Sindhu
Presently at Pakistan.

I am the follower of 'Sanatan Dharma'
The oldest religion of the world
The dharma is more inclusive than religion
It's the eternal way
It prescribes the eternal duties
Honesty, mercy, purity, self-resistant
Among others.

Hinduism is the fusion of
Various Indian cultures and traditions
With diverse roots
It has no single founder, single scripture
And no commonly agreed set of teachings
It gives us a wide spectrum of laws
Of daily morality.

A real Guru of Sanatan Dharma never tells ...
Everybody must listen to me
Everyone must seek only my advice.
But he always tells the people ...
The real fight is not with others
It is with our own unconsciousness
And unawareness.

Hindu Culture

Religious Gurus, monks, priests
Give us morality, ethics, religious laws
Or preferred life style
But they are not above the country
If they cheat the people or the nation
We do not forgive them,
Put into jail
And restrict them from coming out on bail.
It is the Hindu culture.

Hindu Temple

The temple is an interesting place where poor beg outside with a bowl and rich beg inside with folded hands. The there is a great difference. Poor beg to fill their stomach. And rich beg to deposit wealth in foreign banks. Gods and Goddesses response rich first. Because their offerings are attractive. Poor keep on begging for whole life. Their pray does not reach to the god inside the temple.

His Wish

I am the soft clay On potter's wheel The wheel rotating His hands giving shape I don't know What I will be I may become a tea cup, A little lamp for worshiping A wine pot to hold cocktail Or a vase in a brothel And after service I will go to garbage Being the shard I have no wish, no force, No role in decision It is his wish What he will make me.

Hobby

You like or not, the sun will shine You love or hate, flowers will give fragrance You want or not I will write poems. It's my hobby.

Holi In Hyderabad

This is Hyderabad I am here on the eve of Holi Enjoying its celebration in the city Here Holi not like Delhi No lath- mar Holi, juta-mar holi No Holi with liquor, bhang or charas Here youngsters celebrating a safe Holi Eco-friendly Holi with variety of water cannon herbal colours wigs, masks, glitter creams rain dance and hindi songs in loud speakers. Here natural colours are cheaper too for its high demand A bundle of four packets 100 grams each of different organic colours sold at Rs.150 that I can't imagine in other city. North Indians brought Holi here with them from their native place but it become here decent, attractive and eco-friendly The safe holy.

Hollowness

When I was in college
I would consider myself a learned person
and used to make sound everywhere
like a dropping coin
Used to argue with Priests and Gurus
With my seniors,
Old persons.

But the mistakes, fouls, disgrace, the unpleasant and bitter experiences Developed me slowly It made me silent, confident Like a currency note.

Now in my retiring age I understand the reality of life and my hollowness.

In the past years,
I used to look only at outside world
And my immature dreams
Now, I look inside
Try to understand me
Measure my capacity
And valuate my achievements
I don't get positive answer.

My illogical thoughts disappeared I become ashamed.

(Wild Flowers)

Hope

We are alive for what? It's the hope and love, Hope is like a dry leaf in water Dropped by the dove. Hope is found in poems Hope is found in drama, It's seen in medicine Though suffers from trauma. Hope is seen in music It is found in painting, It's the fairy tale's life It is seen in dancing. Hope boosts architecture It's energy of sports, Hope dances in circus It's alive in the court. Hope is like bird's feather We fly in the sky with it, Hope changes creature's life Sits on the pilot's seat. Hope always pushes us forward We all work with the hope, When the hope disappears Farmers hang themselves by rope.

Horse Power

A man is compared with a racing horse
And his masculine power with horse power
It's the power of his sex
The power to keep his mate with him.
A man may have many degrees
Higher balance in banks
May be strong enough
But, if don't have horse power
No woman will stay with him.
Gold ornament can't change her decision
Tasty food can't fulfill her hunger
Either she will ask for divorce
or she will push off with the driver.

(Wild Flower)

Hostel Life

The home is sweet,
Hostel sweeter
Life in hostel slightly different
Great blessing of it... independence
Here life is glorious
Full of opportunities
Amusement
One can choose friends as wishes.

One may acquire many good qualities
From the hostel fellows
Hostel provides nice atmosphere for study
Weaker students get help
From friends and seniors
Hostel life not only develops spirit
of healthy competition
but also teaches the lesson of
mutual cooperation.

It has limited draw backs too
Freedom of hostel leads few astray
They fail to choose good companions
An ill-managed hostel
Spoils the lives of inmates.

Hourglass Problem

India is the largest producer
Of several agricultural products
But ranks at the bottom
For value addition
On one side
Millions of farmers cultivate
On small tracts of land
That does not allow scientific farming
And other side
1.3 billion people of the country
Provide clear increasing demand.

In season time, potato, onion ...
Are kept at road side
And distributed free of cost
No buyers ready to pay
Even the production cost of the crop
Farmers go for suicide
And in off season,
It's sold at highest price
There is lack of free flow
From producer to consumer.

Every problem has a solution
Solar powered cold store
That is talked in startup India
And FDI policy
May solve this hourglass problem
If implemented right
And if farmers get reasonable price
Many problems will be solved
Automatically

Human Flesh

We love animals... cow, goat, sheep Bring them up at our house And we eat their cooked flesh too Sitting with children and spouse.

It may not be our own animal But must be of some others We are doing the same thing What is done by our fathers

We are actually the little demons Getting our fore- fathers bless Today we are happy with the animals Tomorrow we may ask human flesh.

Human Life

Human life is not like riding the bicycle It does not run on balance It's like a person on the moving elevator It moves at uniform speed

It's very simple, easy, smooth And very natural But becomes complicated For our stupidity.

Nothing is miracle here
We get the result of our doings
In our life too
Newton's third law is applicable.

I don't believe on re-birth
Though it is strong in our philosophy
I believe, life is for once
And if live correct... once is enough.

Human-Meat

A young vulture said it's mother,
'I like to have human-meat'
The mother vulture brought cow-meat
And gave it to her child
The little vulture tasted it and said,
'It's cow-meat mother, I will not have it.
Bring human meat for me.'

Next day the mother vulture
Brought fresh pig-meat
And gave it to the little vulture
The little vulture tasted and said,
'It's pig-meat mother, I don't like it.
Bring human-meat for me.'

The vulture dropped the cow-meat In a Hindu Temple And the pig-meat in the Muslim Mosque.

Next day morning
The mother vulture
Brought plenty of human meat
The little vulture tasted it and said,
'Yes mother, it's human-meat.
Fresh and very tasty.
But how you managed so much? '

The mother vulture said,
'It's very easy.

If you like to have human meat any time
Just drop a cow-meat in a Hindu temple
And a pig-meat in the Masjid
In a black out night
silently
Next day you will find
Hundreds of human bodies
on the road.

(Wild Flowers)

Hunger

India ranked 97 in global hunger list Out of 118 countries It was based on under-nourishment, Child wasting, child stunting And child mortality India's position worse than its neighbours Nepal, Bangladesh and Sri lanka But better than Pakistan It's fact..... The significant data. Don't see Delhi or Mumbai See Palghar in Maharashtra, Jajpur in Odisa, Sheopur in Madhya Pradesh It will show you the real picture The real development of India Midday meal, ICDS, PDS And hundred days job Failed to counter the hunger The hunger of India.

Husband And Wife

A bird has two wings
If one is chopped off
The bird will not be able to fly,
Only it can walk with great difficulty.

A bullock cart has two wheels
If one wheel is locked
With the shaft
It will not be able to move straight
And will rotate like a compass
At one particular place.

A family is also like a bird
Or a bullock cart
Husband and wife are its wings to fly
Or the wheels to move with load
If wife is forced to be idle
Deprived from financial freedom
No doubt, the family will move
But just like a one-winged bird
Or the bullock-cart one wheel locked.

I Want To Write A Lttle Poem

I want to write a little poem Like a sea snail And I wish to pour into it The sound of sea,

I want to write a little poem Like a small kitchen garden Where each word will fly Like butterfly or bee.

I want to write a little poem Like the hailstone And I wish to put inside it The sleeping rainbow,

I want to write a little poem Like a small bridge That will carry me When I come and go.

I want to write a little poem Like a fish-ball Where my words will swim And invent the beauty of sea,

I want to write a little poem Like a mirror of words Where I will invent the words And the words to me.

I Am A Father

I am a father
Sometime become irritate
Punish them physically
Spare the rod
Force to complete the homework.

I am a father
Give them intelligent tutor
Arrange short tours
Provide good lifestyle
And love them from heart.

I am a father,
Just like a drop of water
Children are my minerals
Without them I am nothing
I want to make them stronger.

I Am A Temple

I am not a cemetery
For dead animals
I am a temple of
living god
Even animal sacrifice
Not allowed here
The god inside this temple
Is not a psychopath.

I Am Bloody Civilian

I am bloody civilian
A non-combatant employee in Indian Navy
Here meat is allocated for service people
I only enjoy the gravy.

Service people are always right here I am a intellectual fool
Strife holders are the real officers
I am a working tool.

I am bloody civilian
A second class employee in Navy
Combatant people are here ring masters
I am like a animal's baby.

I am neither in Defence, nor in civil Stands on the invisible fence For privileges, I am bloody civilian And for duties I am in Defence.

I couldn't love the Navy Can't tolerate what Navy officers say I love my technical work very much And work for the monthly pay.

(Wingless Birds)

I Am Not A Poet (R1)

I am not a poet, a technical man Writing is my hobby, I collect honey from flower to flower And try to produce my baby.

I am not a poet, a learner
Eager to know what is a poem and it's rule,
My feelings play hide and seek with me
Make me sometimes a international fool.

I am not a poet, a probationer Learning to compose poems like sweetened milk Ask the caterpillars in the cocoon The secret tact of making silk.

I am not a poet, basically a poem reader Spare more time in flower garden Sits near to the flowering plants And ask the buds... how they open.

I am not a poet, a poetry lover
Try to express my views in poetic form
It does not match with main stream poetry
And also unable to create a storm.

I am not a poet, transform feelings into words Try to give message to the society Not to publish a book and its marketing Only follow the wish of almighty.

I Am Proud As Indian

India is a mobile nation Here 92 billion people use mobile This number is three times of American population.

India speaks in 16 state languages 100 billion can speak English It's the double of Great Britain people.

India is an internet country 10 times of Australian population Use network here.

India is a multi-religion country
The strength of Muslim here
Equal to the population of Pakistan.

India is similar to a continent Europe has 28 countries And India 29 states with different govt.

I am proud as Indian

I Can Hear Her Breathings

The Sun and the nature
Are our father and mother.
We are their creation.

Our mother is angry on our activities I can hear her breathings.
One thing is to be done immediately.

We must detach ourselves From corporate revolution, their adds, ideas, wars and weapons.

I Can't Live Like Beasts

If someone offer me a flat
Without any rent
In Kolkata
and say... settle down here
I will not take
Because I can't live
like a beast
I wish to live like human being
Peacefully
and certainly not with cheats.

I Celebrate Life

Life is always with me
I feel it from inside and outside
And I celebrate life each moment
to enjoy it with colour.

I Did Not Follow

I choose my inner voice Not the random opinion of others In many occasions I did not follow Even the order of my father's.

I Don't Bother

I don't bother from where you are
I don't bother your religion
You may be from north or south
May be from east or west
Or from north-east region
May be black or white
Male, female or LBGT
You may be a leftist or democrat
I don't see these
If you are good to me
I like you
If you are nice to me
I love you
If you are more than that
I keep you in my heart.

I Enjoy The Moment

I am a man
When I come closer to you, approach
I notice your excitement
gazing into your eyes
I feel your interest
from your role in unbuckling
I understand your tempo
from your body language,
your breath, your kiss
If all are positive
Then only I become crazy
I enjoy the moment.

I Fear The Human Being

When I walk on the lonely road in the night
I never be afraid of ghost
I fear only the human being....
the snatchers
who come with knife and pistol.

when I walk with a woman and street light is off I don't be afraid of wild animals I fear only the human being.... the rapists who overpower male, rape the woman.

when conflicts start between religions and become beyond control I don't be afraid of god I fear only the human being the rioters who come with swords, bombs, guns.

I Ignored It

It is the common scene in Kolkata
That I observed in the buses & trams
majority seem always irritated
and ready for conflict with others
I always ignored it
I know their lifestyle
And the recurring problems.

I Learned Little More

You and me
studied in the same school
Same college
And same university
Together
But I learned
Little more than you
Which are not taught
In the school, college, university
I learned little
from empty stomach
I learned little
from empty pocket
And I learned little
from ill health.

I Learnt From Mistakes

I have learnt from mistakes
It enriched me
The mistakes are my friend
Philosopher and guide
That made me capable
For taking right decisions
At right time.

I Learnt It

I can dislike a person
I can dislike even without any reason
But I have no right
to disrespect any one
It's my culture
I learnt it from my grand parent.

I Like To Live

I know ... life is nothing without love
But the bonding of love fixed me
Made me helpless like a patient
Not allowing to move forward
Oh God ... give me the power
To cut the knots produced by love
I want freedom ... I want to be free.
Life only begins when the mind is free
But till now ... I am servant ... a slave
My life is first stolen by religion
Then by education ... politics ... job
Media is stealing life every moment
I want my life back ... like to live
I want to enjoy the life as a free man.

I Like To See

Flood water is cleared ...

I am safe.

I like to see that tribal girl,
Who saved my life
Like a fairy ... sweet and cute.
I can't forget her bravery
I would drift away
if she would not throw
One end of her saree
Being half-naked.

I Lost My Child Dream

When I was fifteen
Once I was travelling by Express train,
There I met a sweet girl ... under teen
Her berth was down below of mine.

On first sight she took out my heart And flew away for a joy ride, I was not aware at all that Like a bird my heart can fly in the sky.

We flew for long eighteen hours
It was very thrilling and enthusiastic,
I can't express today that situation
But I can feel it in my mind

She got down next day at a busy station Shaking hand with promise of a letter, I forgot to take back my heart from her And I lost my child-dream for ever.

I Love

Painters love their brushes Writers love their pens I love the desktop that crosses the fence.

I Love Them

I like those people
who transform their ideas,
thoughts, joys, pains.....
into wards
In the form of prose, poetry or blog
and pass it for others.
They are my own people
May not have blood relation
But they are my relatives
My friends, philosophers and guides
I love them.

I Miss It

When I was a child
I was little wild
Little adventurous
Little naughty
And a plant lover
It was a unique life
I miss it every moment.

I Need

I don't want much from this universe
Only three basic things I need
Not the moon from sky
Not the thunder
Only the clean air for breathing
Clean water for drinking
And little organic food
For my hunger.

I Never Compose A Poem

I never compose a poem
It comes out from my mind
Like the new leafs of a tree
I just write it and find.

The idea conceives in my mind When I read others It grows inside me in concealment And does not care anything or bother.

Someone takes moment to appear Few take days Many come out after months Remaining silent or out of trace.

I just polish the new born Cut, paste, re-arrange or grind I never compose a poem It comes out from my mind.

I Offer Them Salaam

I have not seen any Muslim
To eat pork inside or outside of home
They are very rigid to their religion
But seen many Hindus
To have beef in Muslim hotels
It's not for simply eating
something like breaking of traffic rules
Breaking the rule of religion they enjoy
Show their smartness to friend circle
Smartness is always good
No doubt in it
But they are over smart
I offer them salaam from distance.

I Read Her Eyes

Her eyes look like Anjelina Jolie They speak without any words impress like Tagore's romantic poems and move like the tiny birds.

She does not require any language to say something she thinks That may be the only cause Her words fall asleep on her lips.

She is my immediate neighbour Always wears simple dress Never use cosmetics like others For beautifying her face

She is not happy in married life Mother of a school going girl I read her eyes on a rainy day And kissed that piece of pearl.

She became my sweet friend Followed me like a blind The words sleeping on her lips Woke up, moved into my mind.

I Said ... No

When I was in college I would like a girl very much She knew it One day she came on my opposite chair In college canteen And said directly Do you love anyone other than me? I said ... no It means green signal for me! I said ... no What's the problem? I said politely Four problems in between Your cast different, One day it will disconnect us Your college politics different One day it will divide us Your religion different One day it will separate us Your family status different One day it will classify us Totally collapse us Her smile evaporated in a minute Face became sullen She could not say anything Went out slowly I could not tell her Please stop! I love you dear.

Recently I met her after forty years
In New Delhi Railway Station
Just like hero and heroine of a novel
She is now a beautiful grandmother
With black and white hair
We talked half an hour
At the end she smiled
And said boldly
Did you forget me after that day?
I said ... no.

(Wild Flowers)

I Sink Inside You (R1)

When you come to me
The beating of drum starts somewhere
I don't know where it beats
It may be somewhere outside

Slowly the sound enters in my heart Through my ears Or it beats inside me only The sound is very clear I enjoy it's rhythm.

When you touch my body
The lightening starts
In the sky of my emotion
I don't know
From where the power comes.

But I guess
The sweet touch of you
Ignites the turbine of invisible power plant
And slowly
It takes over the control of my mind.

When you hug me Cyclone starts in my ocean of sex The waves jump to touch the sky The heart starts beating rapidly Breathes become longer to longest.

The eyes close its lids softly
My love dances in the roaring ses
I dance on the top of the waves
I dance on the valley of the waves
And suddenly I sink inside you.

(Wild Flowers)

I Sketch Your Face (R1)

I try to sketch you
Sketch your face in my mind
From the memory
When on the bed
Closing eyes silently
But I don't get you clear
You are hazy like a photo
Black & white, very old

The Ganges discharged
Billion gallons of water
in these years
You might be an old lady now
Wrinkles might have come
on your skin
You might have forgotten me
like an amputated limb.

You are twenty nine
in my memory
I seen you last at this age
your smile still generate energy
In the night when sleep breaks
I recall you
Recall your charming face
And sketch you lying on the bed.

I Surprise

He was my wife's relative
Died yesterday
In a road accident.
I just came from his funeral ...
Where his wife became a widow.

She broke bangles, removed sindur At the bank of Yamuna river It's the rule of Hindu religion She is now of twenty five And enjoyed married life only eighteen months.

I surprise
On the role of creator.
He is the owner of
Never ending time
Takes thousand years for
Changing the colour Of a flower,
But sometime does not spare
Few moments for blooming a flower
Completely.

I Think For Those

As I can think
I am different from many of you
As I don't follow the mass
I am with the few.
I don't think about the people
Those sleep in protected AC room
covering blanket of international brand
I think only about those
who spend sleepless nights at border
Taking their life in hand.
Not for you the celebrety, for them
public sympathy goes
I know you will betray one day
So I think for those.

I Was Bloody Civilian

I was bloody civilian
A non-combatant employee of Indian Navy
Where meat consumed by service people
Civilians enjoy the gravy.

Service officers always right there Civilians are intellectual fools Strife holders the real officers Civilians are working tools.

I was bloody civilian
A second class officer in Navy
Combatant people there ring masters
Civilians are foster-baby.

I was neither in Defence nor in civil Worked on the intermediate fence For privileges, I was bloody civilian And for duties I am in Defence.

In forty years, I couldn't love Navy And couldn't tolerate what they say I loved my technical work from heart And worked for my monthly pay.

All strife holders not anti-civilian Few are beautiful by nature Their strife stops too at a point Leave Navy midway to live better.

I Was Pure

When was born
was pure
complete vegetarian
Parents taught me
To eat fish, egg, meat
How to separate bones from it
Now addicted to chicken, mutton, turtle
And craving for it
As drunk do for a bottle.

I Will Enter

You may deprive me from opportunities
With your power, pretense and deal
You may underestimate me, my work
But like fragrance I will enter into your nostril.

You may fire me daily for silly reasons You may raise your voice to create thrill But you will not be able to suppress me Like fragrance I will enter into your nostril

I Will Fly

I am a prisoner in the cage But I saw on a page It's written They will open its small door Just after two months And will give a chance to escape I will stretch out my wings And fly to the endless blue sky. Someone said Your wings have no more strength You can't fly Better to be in the cage At least you will get your food, water In average But it's my challenge I will not be here any more I have to fly long range.

I Wish

When I will die
Take me to my ancestral house
Lay my body like a doll
Just down below the Tulsi-Manch
Wash my face and feet with Gangajal.

Cover my body with white cloth Scatter white flowers over it Burn incense, the fragrance grower And allow people for last visit At least for an hour.

Let my daughters, sisters and nieces carry my body with tears up to the hearse waiting towards south Let my son give a kiss on forehead instead of putting 'ritual fire' in my mouth.

I Work Hard

I am not a defeated person, Not unsuccessful too.... I don't hate, blame or complain In spite of, I work hard.

I try to be successful in life Always help to build others.... Try to inspire, motivate And push the people upward.

I Wouldn't Know

My house was divided against itself I wouldn't know
No one of my family told me
I knew it after its collapse
When there was nothing to do.

I Write

I write

It's my passion

I write

It's my mission

I write

I enjoy the life

I write

Grind my knife.

I write

Even I know it's hopeless

I write

To avoid my loneliness

I write

For touching others heart

I write

To be literally smart.

I write

To overcome the tire

I write

When someone inspire

I write

For utilizing the time

I write

To express in rhyme.

I write to include a drop of water

In the sea

I write for learning little bit

To satisfy me

I write just for writing

No honour, no pay

I write and write and write

Even I don't have anything to say.

I Write Because

I write because
The writing is a small hole in reality
And I get out through it like a bee
I write because
It releases my mental agony
Of untold matter inside me.

I write because
I can't confine the freedom in my mind
As it have no latch, no lock and no gate
I write because
I like to test my life twice
In the moment of writing and in retrospect.

I write because
My courage is reborn, sorrows disappear
my pen cuts it like knife
I write because
I like to share my fillings and
The truest sentence of my life.

I Write Poetry

I am a writer writing is my hobby But I never write lie Don't create imaginary characters Don't do caricature I write poetry... simple and short About city or outskirt Poetry on living people about their pain, their gain on their mutual understanding or cultural value I can't fly in the sky like a kite Can't cross the region of right Because I am a practical man I stand on the ground of reality And believe on truth.

Idiot

I live with the smart phone
And idiot people around me
Here ideology has no meaning
Advices given free
I write poems in English
No doubt, I too an idiot fellow
Play classical music in flute
In front of buffalo.

Idiot The Great

A criminal ... idiot the great,
Kidnapped his rival in a dark night
Took him in a jungle and killed
Made the body several pieces
And packed him in a sack.
To rot the body quick
He put twenty kilo salt below
twenty kilo on top
Pieces of body at the centre
Like cucumber pieces in a sandwich
And buried it in the jungle.

After one month struggle

police caught one of his hands

And took out the sack

There was no foul smell

No sign of bacteria and fungi

Police opened it carefully

And surprised

The body was as fresh as the time of murder.

The officer said no one is born idiot,

Idiots are discovered from their works

And in the ignorance

If

If you want to know about yourself Ask others how they feel about you.

If Heart Breaks

If heart breaks, it bleeds tear
It tells what mouth can't express,
It always not bad for one's health
But the excellent cleanser of stress.

You may not like the tears but it flow
It affects the mind and the mood
The tears also flow from innocent eyes
When I laugh loudly feeling something good.

If I Were The Prime Minister Of India

If I were the PM of India
I will do three things first
I will break the collaboration
of politics and education
Make the education clean like Mandakini
Take out religion from politics
Wash it with liquid soap
And lock the religion inside the house
There will be no Hindu, no Muslim, no Christan
only human, one India people
Ruled by single law of nation
If someone not agree to follow
I will send them to those countries
Where they want to go.

If You Ask

If you ask me
To say something
about life
in a small sentence
I will say....
Life is like an elevator.

If You Have No Job

If you are a well educated person
And don't getting any job
Planning to kill yourself
Then start writting poems
I am sure
It will not help you to earn
Will not fill your stomach
But it will save you from suicide.

Imagination

Let the children imagine
Encourage the children to imagine
Compel the children to imagine
Teach the children how to imagine
because imagination is real intelligence
not the knowledge
Knowledge can be gathered through study
at any age
but intelligence comes from imagination
It develops in childhood.

Incomplete

Dear 'woman'
You are incomplete
if 'man' is removed from you
Men are not your enemy
but part of your life
before being someone's wife
Try to achieve financial freedom
Your major problems
will be solved automatically.

India To Vow

Not Pakistan ... China is number one enemy of India, This country needs The modern equipment to balance military Broad roads to reach at border And latest warheads to attack Those things are very urgently required To counter the Chinese. Stronger DRDO And sufficient fund allocation Can only give the challenging technology To the Indian industry For producing military items For the use of three forces. The country must vow with confidence We will not import War-planes, War-ships And Warheads anymore And produce it in our country To make our military stronger.

India Transforming

Till 2014, India was a trade hub the dumping station of goods and services The country is transforming now being converted to a manufacturing hub Credit goes to the new government.

Inner Voice

Character of the parent
Reflects on the child
It influences their inner voice
First, I noticed it in my children
And then, in grand daughters.

Inside Force

External pressure
On an egg
Breaks the egg,
And a life ends
before blooming.

But if the egg breaks automatically By internal pressure, A life launches And starts moving.

If the target is given by parents To a student It always seems to be flop

But if it is set by the student Energy comes from inside They study willingly And goes to the top.

(Wild Flowers)

Integrity

Integrity is the ultimate strength
Of a nation
History says, it was not in India
This secret was known to the invaders
They took this opportunity
And ruled India for several hundred years
It was the British who took this country
Under one umbrella
For their own interest of ruling
Now we are free
But this problem is still in Indian blood
And in Indian brain
You may not know...
But the whole world know it.

Intention

I am not a poet
I don't have much poetic sense
But a lame writer
Try to write poems from within
To give a message to the society
Thoughts are mine, words borrowed
My thinking may be wrong
But my intention is right
I try to show the people truth.

Interest

India is the country of 130 billion people But in 30 Olympic Games Since 1896 This country won total 26 medals Small countries like Finland, Romania Got plenty of gold medals But India not It's not the incapability But lack of interest We are interested in service Not in sports Computer was not invented in India But we became interested in this And became giant in computer industry When India will be interested for sports Three fourth of Olympic medals Will come to India Today's toppers will keep on thinking How the miracle happend.

Intersex By Birth

Have you seen any new born baby Who is intersex?
You may not, it's happens rare
May be one in million
Or less than that.

But in usual life we see
Hundreds of intersex here and there
Of different ages
Collect money in trains, buses....
They come to our home too
When a baby is born,
Marriages are celebrated
And other functions.
They bargain for money
Also misbehave.

From where they come? Are they intersex by birth? Or artificially made?

People say... in Uttar Pradesh,
There are few illegal professionals
They convert boys into intersex.
The vagabonds willingly go to them
And become an intersex
to earn money by emotional blackmail
Are they same persons
Whom we see in the trains and buses?

Few say, the groups of intersex
Who come to our house in a group
To sing and perform dances
On child's birth and marriage
Are the registered one
They are intersex by birth
And the other groups
Those collect money on trains, buses
Misbehave with people

Are all man-made intersex.

(Wild Flower)

Intolerance

Renowned film actor Utpal Dutta was basically a theatre man Once... he was acting on the stage in the role of a hard core villain A spectator lost his patience He threw one of his shoes in anger Targeting Utpal Dutta Dutta Dutta stopped acting immediately Picked up the shoe from stage And said in folded hands I really became gratified today I am successful in my acting.

Girish Ghosh also was hit by a chappal on the stage... Vidyasagar flung it in the same style a century ago. Both were the drama on the stage but this is something different A youth flung his shoe at CM Kejriwal In a press meet on Odd-Even Delhi CM not picked up the shoe And not gratified or pleased But the incident indicates He is successful in his policy taken against the opposition.

People in social media... saying It's intolerance.

Is It Good?

When hunger was at pick in my stomach And I was able to digest even stone then I had no money in my pocket Passed many days in half stomach I didn't get proper food.

Now my pocket is full with notes But stomach ill, Hunger died I can't eat what I love from inside I can't eat the quantity I need Is it right judgement of god? Is it good?

Is It Love?

I miss you when you are away from me I feel very sad when I fail to see I remember you throughout the day

I crave to talk you something romantic Touching your hands I feel fantastic For your problem I go to temple and pray

You come often in my dream at night You sit beside me, never we fight I keep on listening, you only say

I fear losing you round the clock All the openings and holes I block Is it called love or the insane bray?

Is It Possible

An apple has three seeds
But it can produce
millions of sweet apples
in a course of time.
Three true teachers too can produce
thousands of true citizen
in their life time
and they can make the country heaven.
You can get three pure apple seeds easily
But is it possible to get
three true teachers in this country
as pure as the apple seeds?

Islam

One Allah

One Koran

One Nabi

but seventy three firqas

Shia, Shunni, Sufi, Ahmadia, Mujahidin.....

One thirsty for another's blood.

One pray

One style

One aim

but they can't sit together

Mosques different,

one kills another and becomes glad.

Islam Of Allah

The world is facing problem with Islam But not with the Islam of Allah It's the Islam of Mullah.

It Does Miracle

If you are a man
And your woman is sick
Love her as much as you can
From the heart
She will grow faster than you expect
with minimum medicine
because love heals pain, disorder
even the broken heart
It does miracle.

It Is An Offense

Never waste food in the plate
Don't pour milk on phallic symbol of Shiva
It's an offense
Million babies cry for a spoon of milk
Billions sleep empty stomach
For want of handful grains.

No doubt, money is yours
But resources belong to society
You have no right to waste it,
Indian ethos also prohibits wasting food
Or leaving unconsumed on the plate.
It is an offence.

(Wild Flowers)

It Is Borrowed

You may find some qualities in me But those are not my own It is borrowed from others I don't know how, when and from whom I took it.

It Is Created

But like love The war not happens It's created

Created by the developed countries
To sale arms
Ruin others economy
Civilization

They destroy agriculture Break hearts And backbone of the country.

No, like love The war not happens It's created.

It Is Fact

We waste our valuable hours
Knowingly, intentionally...everyday
Discussing on sports
Gossiping on social sites
Arguing on dirty politics,
Corruption, rape, border issues
And on many more things....
Basically on non-productive fields
We allot time happily for those things
But can't spare one hour daily
For routine exercise
That keeps our body fit
You may not agree with me
But it's the fact.

It Is Wrong

Who says Gita and Koran are similar?
It's a wrong explanation
To say this is beyond insane
The Gita is about understanding enlightenment
And Koran is a book of violence and hate.

It Was Hidden

My father expired in the morning At native place You did not come to know Because my sadness was hidden behind my smile I didn't want to show.

It Was Wrong

Someone said
Man have come from Mars
and women from Venus
It was wrong
Both have come from same place
It is the Mars.

It Will Matter

Poet's usually stand with the greats
Take photographs
And post in social media
To raise their height
But it does not matter.

If they sit with the broken Take photographs
And publish in the media
It will matter
It will raise their height.

It Works Well

I do four exercises....
Laugh as much as I can
Sleep six hours without disturbance
Sing loudly in bathroom
And do little pranayam at dawn
These four works well for me
Till date I am desease free.

It's A Business

Cancer is not a disease
It's a business
Deficiency of vitamin B17 creates cancer.
Wheat sprout, vegetables, fruits
Are its answer.

It's Beautiful

You are the most beautiful person
If you love yourself.
Your friendship is really beautiful
If it is to understand and to be understood.
If you able to ask a beautiful question
You may get a more beautiful answer
Your eyes may be called beautiful
If it look for the good things in others
Your lips may be addressed 'beautiful'
If it speaks sweet words and smile.

The beautiful things may be invisible
It can't be touched too
It always felt in the heart
And then reflect on the eyes.
The most beautiful things in the world are
Babies, women, flowers, the moon
And the nature.
All babies are beautiful
But the baby on mother's lap
May be black or white, is most beautiful.

All women are also beautiful
But those delights the eyes,
Confident and understanding
Are extra ordinary.
All flowers are beautiful
But those have nice looks
And fragrance,
May be of garden product or wild
Or nameless,
Are outstanding and touch the heart.

The most beautiful creation
Of the human spirit is mathematics
It's most powerful creation too.
God applied beautiful mathematics
In creating the world.
But human apply mathematics

To create and destroy both.

The world would be more beautiful
If father, mother, teacher and leader
would really be interested.

It's Must For You

Wisdom encourages you to know others It's not so important
The very important thing is....
Know yourself thorowly
It's called enlightenment
It is must for you.

Its Not Live-Together

I am an ecstatic fan of Boul Not a traditional Sevadasi I am neither from West Bengal Nor a woman Bangladeshi.

I am a person of foreign origin Married an Indian Boul singer who pierced the moon on first attempt by his magic voice and finger.

I avoid lineages, Tantra, Mantra Love only the boul song For which I left my motherland Without guessing right or wrong.

I become half-mad when I sing Playing Ektara in my hand Rotate like mustard crashing kolhu Waving pallu Boul-brand.

I am not a religious ascetic Live in a permanent house together Perform Baul rituals as he says But Madhukari? ... no, no, never.

My body is pure, God within
He enters into me with pride
Induces me in the state of ecstasy
I catch the fish in high tide.

It's Not Love

He was forty, she was teen Both were crazy, the signal green Love is blind... age no bar The girl loved forty, he loved her. She came closer, allowed to kiss Grew very faster, turned into Miss Shortly she bloomed on his lap He took fragrance put on the cap. He was her tutor she class ten With great care he entered in den The girl lost balance he became glad Twenty years experience made her mad. He sailed on her about ten years she married a youth left with tears Many years passed forgot she never Took a child from double aged lover.

It's Religion

A Hindu woman, good-looking housewife, Unknowingly loved a Muslim young man They came closer through mobile phone And started meeting at metro station.

His look and structure was very attractive The sexy woman became crazy for him And wished physical relationship with him \square But there was no way other than waiting.

One fine morning she smiled with pleasure Family was going to a religious programme She acted for illness, refused to go there They left her at home and went to ashram.

She utilized the opportunity, invited the man, He came. She welcomed with a hug, Kissed him and surrendered unconditionally Enjoyed his masculine power as wished.

They enjoyed for hours and finally got up He extended hand to take the water-jug She said... don't touch it, you are Muslim You are not permitted to touch anything.

The man surprised and said in a low voice I undressed you, hugged you, kissed you Played for hours with your vital parts And loved you top to bottom as you told.

You took my circumcised joy-stick into you Even received each drop of honey inside That time I was not a Muslim for you Touching water-jug is the problem?

The woman said, Yes it's the problem, I loved your stick as it's made for women And took it inside to discover your power It was for fun, for sexual enjoyment.

I agree you pleased me, made me happy Compelled me to love your magic power But your limit is my body and sex, touch me But not the household things, it's my religion.

It's Very Easy

Do you know... how I get happiness?
I have a mind to think
And I have a heart to feel
I put this two... thought and feeling
on the two sides of a common balance
Make it equal
And I get happiness
It's very easy.

Jackfruit

Long back I planted a Jackfruit sapling, The tree of Indian sub-continent Following 5000 years old tradition It became a tree, The biggest attractive tree of my garden About thirty meter high With countless branches It's the national fruit of Bangladesh And 'poor's fruit' in India I call it 'Kathal' in Bengali When my tree gave fruits And tested ripe one for first time I discovered it as 'Moja Kathal' Not the 'Khaja' one. The tree gives me nearly 500 kathal In season, every year I start eating from small green fruits Prepare vegetables It's very tasty And substitute of mutton It's nick name 'tree-goat' The lovers call it 'vegetable mutton' It's costly, I earn thousands from it When It's ripe Its skin becomes soft Interior bulbs turn into orange-yellow I have it as fruit, daily Give it to my neighbours, free of cost It's sweet, delicious, flavored Easily digestible People appreciate my kathal from distance I consume it with rice, roti, chira, Muri Condense its juice into rubbery delectable And enjoy as candy, ice-cream too.

My jackfruits oval shaped Its seeds too, Seeds comparable to chestnuts

Have milky, sweet taste ... I boil, roast And eat with salt, chilli as snax Also dry it and preserve For using in rainy season When green vegetables become costly It's rich in energy, minerals and vitamins Free from saturated fats, cholesterol It's largest tree-borne fruit Drought-resistant Good substitute for rice, wheat, corn Scientists call it 'rice fruit' And can save millions of people from hunger Under threat from climate change One of its fleshy bulbs provides 10 calories. Have simple sugar like fructose, sucrose Rich in dietary fiber And contains Vitamin-A, B, C Also B-6, B-Complex, Potassium, calcium, magnesium Manganese, iron And protects people From cancer of colon, lung, oral cavity Controls heart rate, blood pressure.

I love jackfruit My wife too.

(Wingless Birds)

Jehad

Before two centuries
Jehad was the central part of Islamic faith
Then meaning of jehad was
Individual's personal struggle
against temptation and sin.

Later some scholar defined It's a struggle against the enemies of Islam to defend the faith from external threat.

The contemporary thinking Again fine-tuned it on the battlefield of Afghanistan During global jehad of 1980.

Osama went one step ahead and said The West and Arab regimes Are the enemies of Islam Killing their supporters Divinely sanctioned.

Pakistan further expanded its meaning Preparing for N-war with India In the name of jihad And ready to be abolished From the world map.

Joint Account

Don't present a handkerchief
Or a pen
To your boy friend
It breaks up relation.
Don't give a mirror
To your loving girl friend
It finishes love
And qualifies you for deletion.

Don't open a joint account
With your lover
Before official marriage
It takes to the way of divorce
Three cases I seen in my life
One is my own brother
She goes out with everything
Mutually or by force.

Journey

The people are serious
For tours and travels □
Even for a wait-listed journey
They start packing before fortnight,
But no one bothers
For the last journey of the life.
That is confirm for everyone.

Joy

I see the heaven in flower
The hell in Slaughter house
So do the pot gardening
Me and my spouse
We stopped eating dead animals
Roam hills, jungles, islands for joy
Share the smile of poor children
Giving them cell powered toy.

Jungle Raj

It is Uttar Pradesh, India
The Dairy minister insisted state police
To burn alive the freelance journalist
Who published an article on Facebook
Saying minister involved in rape case
And high level corruption.

Police planned his murder and executed
They raided his house, caught him
Poured petrol, threw a lighted match stick
And declared it a case of suicide.
But death did not come on the spot
Even after sixty percent burnt.

Journalist stated the fact in his dying declaration to a magistrate The gut-wrenching video
Of journalist's last statement
Sent shock-waves across the country
And undressed entire UP Administration.

Junglee

My country is great
Here, people left forest centuries ago
But the forest did not leave them till date
Half the people are still junglee
They behave like animal
Men still beat their wife brutally
They kidnap women from street
Rape them in moving car
Then murder
and throw at roadside culverts
Even foreigners are not spared
Some people say illiterates do this.
Yesterday I saw
A teacher was beating his wife.
with a stick used for beating cattle.

Kabootarbaz (Pigeon Fancier)

He was a poor man of my village And loved 3000 years old Egyptian sport The 'pigeon fancying' or 'kabootarbazi' He was not having pigeon in hundreds Iike Hafiz Mian or Deen Badsah But had 20 plus pigeon always in his specially built wood and wire mesh cages with pigeon-holes for roosting But no foreign breed, only Indian Including a deshi lotan kabootar. He was expert in kabootarbazi And could recognise like Dennis Bhai the breed of a passing-by pigeon By just examining it's droppings I spent several hours with him in my school days Learning the tricks of pigeon flying. Once he found two unknown pigeons of better qualities... with his own birds Cought one after a struggle of four hours Gave it to his daughter to hold and looked for another but failed to catch that one on return he saw no pigeon in her hand she was weeping he became angry... slapped her she fell down, became unconscious. But for the same reason Palace girl Meher-un-Nissa came in light Prince Salim fell in love with her and married her later She became world famous as Nur-Jahan. The poor girl was 'Anarkali' She died after few months from that incident And her father left KabootarbazI for ever.

Kashi Dham

We went Kashi Dham
To visit lord Viswanath
My wife saw him, prayed
I could not.... saw a black stone,
heaps of dirt and broken roads.

Kazi Najrul Islam

You have explored ...
Love, freedom and revolution
Opposed all bigotry ...
Including religious and gender
You are also the pioneer of
Differently formed Bengali ghazals.

Oh Bengali polymath ...
Poet, writer, musician and revolutionary
We could not protect you
From the 'Morbus Pick'
The rare incurable neurodegenerative disease,
We are so sorry for it.

It was the destiny Who stopped your pen and Decided your departure.

(Wild Flowers)

Key Remedies

There is a glass of water and a gold coin
On the table in front of you
And you are very much thirsty
It's natural, you will choose the water
Because you can't live without this.

Water is free or has less value
But we pay higher price for gold
This theory applies on INR value too
INR is like pure water and Dollar like gold
We are giving INR to USA at very under value.

In 1947, one Dollar was equal to a Rupee And after 68 years of freedom It's now equal to 68 Rupee Do you like to see it again equal? You have to do few things for this change.

Be Indian and buy Indian goods
Buy the product that is produced in India
And its profit is used in this country
Spent for India's development
Not for the development of other nation.

Try to bring back all the NRIs
Give them opportunities, facilities ...
Developed nations will be thirsty for talents
And will purchase Rupee to higher them
That will increase the INR value

Stop buying of zero technology products
That comes from other nations
These are the devil for reducing
Our currency power
Produce those items in our country.

Donate at least one hour for the society In a day for the country For cleaning the society, environment Stopping prostitution, killing girl-child And for providing education to illiterates.

These four are the key remedies
To bring back INR at that position
Where it was in August 1947
If it is done successfully
India will be the frontline leader.

Key To Success

Once I was talking to a MP No one else was present there I threw a question..... You won the election with a big margin by approx two lacks vote What special quality you have? He said to me 'I don't have any quality except one thing That is.... I can fool the people. No need of higher education It's not mandatory In India, If you can learn.... How to fool the people You will be a successful person. It is the key to success.'

Key-Person

When I joined, I draughtsman When in Mumbai, I draughtsman When in Kolkata, I draughtsman When in Delhi, I draughtsman When in Vizag, I draughtsman When I retire, I still draughtsman.

And you service people ...
When you join, you sub lieutenant
When in Mumbai you Lieutenant
When in Kolkata, you Lieutenant-commander
When in Chennai, you Commander
When in Vizag, you Captain
When in Kochi, you Commodore
When in Delhi, you Admiral.

And you calling me key-person??

Khadi

Khadi means Khaddar
Handspun and hand-woven cloth
Made out of cotton
Also includes silk and wool
It's a versatile fabric
Cool in summer, warm in winter
And widely accepted in fashion circle
It's not only a cloth
But the icon of swadeshi movement
The movement for self-reliant
And better economy.

Khadi is Eco-friendly, green
It provides food to the poor spinners
Cotton farmers get money
Khadi is porous, comfortable, healthful
Austere, simple, symbol of aristocracy
It has zero carbon footprint
For producing one meter of khadi
The process needs 03 liters of water
As against 56 liters in the mill.

Besides cloth Khadi encompasses
Skin care, hair care and beauty product,
anti aging cream, soap, perfume,
cosmetics, deodorant and so on ...
But it is a neglected sector
Needs revival, change of perception
KVIC took over this sector in 1957
But failed to attract youth
Still it's for poor, old and politicians.

KVIC had scope of creating
Job opportunities in rural India
In its mineral & forest based industry
Agro and food processing industry
Polymar industry
chemical based industry
Rural engineering

biotech industry
Handmade paper industry
Fiber industry
And service industry
But it could not do as planned.

Now Prime Minister Narendra Modi Its brand ambassador And fashion designer Ritu Beri Is advisor to KVIC.

Kick

If someone is wrong Kick on his buttock But don't kick on his stomach It is injustice.

Kissing

The kiss has power Makes the body hot It shocks, It talks Melts on the body But disappears not.

It initiates sex and causes to enhance It vibrates It migrates And prepares for romance.

My dear, kiss me today On my forehead Let my mind run With the fun Like a strong cascade.

Knocking At The Door

The Hindu culture has deep roots in the soil of this country
And seasoned in several thousand years.
Our society discovered long ago
Women are encoded to have affairs
And very difficult to manage them
So the leaders of our society
put barriers for women.

They restricted women's movement inside and outside the house To refrain them from affairs They succeeded to stop the pre-marital sex of the women But not post-marital affairs It reduced little bit, came under cover But flown underground as the Falgu river.

Loneliness in home, stronger lust
Carelessness of husband, impotency
No satisfaction in sex, money craze
Administrative power of women
And interest in different masculine powers
Continuously pushed them into affairs
Compelled them to jump into sex
or insisted them to love a capable men

It was in ancient India, medieval India
And present in modern India too
In future also it will continue
No one can stop extra-marital sex
These days pre-marital sex become viral
And teen sex made it much complicated
Restrictions almost lifted from women
So free-sex knocking at the door.

Knowing In My Heart

It was eight pm
I was lying down... on the soft grass
In the school field with friends
at my loving home town
The full moon was shining
In the sky
I was very glad.
But not because of moon light
or the pleasant breeze
or listening jokes from the friends
....Because of knowing in my heart
I made someone's day
Just a little better.
Today also I have the same feeling.

Kolkata

Calcutta is revised as Kolkata
Nothing else changed in recent years
Traffic jam, Procession, politics,
mentality of local people
Are in same status as earlier
Though the city changed its colour.

People culminate Kolkata and say
The city moves like it's tram,
And the century old man pulled rickshaw
Here one trips to other
Youth lives under the shed of mother
And the city is a political bay.

But ... it is the city of joy
It has football envoy
The romantic evening of Victoria
Brigade ground - the open area
Kalighat, Asiatic society, Durga Puja
And on crowded footpath, the hawking boy.

Krishna

The name 'Krishna' is common in India In a circle of 1 KM radius One can find at least five 'Krishna' Not only these days but in ancient India too It was even five thousand years ago When Mahabharat was not written. If you have read Mahabharat One of the two great epics of India You know about 'Krisna' As a politician sitting on the chariot, As Radha's lover with a flute in hand And as a little son of Yashoda. They are really three different Krishnas Not one ... as shown in Mahabharat They were like three different paragraphs In the course of about seven thousands years They joined together, become like an essay Become lord Krishna of Mahabharat.

Kurukshetra

Kurukshetra is Dharamkshetra The region of righteousness.

It's the place of great historical and religious importance revered all over the country for its sacred association with the Vedas and the Vedic Culture.

It's the place where battle of Mahabharat was fought and Lord Krishna preached His Philosophy of 'KARMA' enshrined in the Bhagwad-Gita.

It's spread over 48 KOS
It includes a large number of holy places, temples and sacred tanks
connected with religious rituals
and Mahabharat War.

Kurukshetra is intimately related to the Aryan civilization and its growth all along the sacred river Saraswati that died centuries ago.

Labour Politics

After the start of economic reform
In 1991
We saw many new things
In our country
Flexible service sector
Contractual form of employment
Growth of informal sector
Work from home
On-line service
Foot-loose labours
And many other things
It influenced existing labour politics
Made a shift.

Traditional trade unions
Loosed their grips
Membership declined
Lost relevance
Became ineffective
And ceded ground
to informal groupings
Trade unions are not relevant now
Not connected to main politics
Almost detached
The classical paradigm of labour politics
Shifted to vernacular discourse
in the surrogate organisations.

Laxmi

The real Laxmi at your home Is your wife Love her, give her respect That will be actual Laxmi Puja If she smiles in your family You will progress day and night Your home will be beautiful with full moon light It will turn into heaven If not if she weeps Tears come out from her eyes Drop at your home It will burn you It will ruin you It will crack your financial base Take you to the footpath More or less Make your life hell deep darkness will block your vision You will be out From your target or mission. She is Laxmi Don't compel her to cry Try to give her due respect That is the Laxmi puja.

Learn From Chennai

Do you know East Kolkata wetlands
Which cover 12,500 hectors?
I know it
It has 400 hectors fish farms (bheris) within
Criss-crossed by a system of
Creeks and canals.

Kolkata Corporation has no STP
City's entire sewage
Flows through these canals
Purifying itself in the fish farms
That act as oxidation ponds
And drain out through the Kultigong river
Towards Sundarban forest.

The canals also absorb city's monsoon storm water.
City's garbage also offloaded at nearby Dhapa The wetlands considered as
A goose that gives golden eggs
The area yields 55,000 tons of vegetables,
10,500 tons of fish a year
And pumps in Kolkata markets.

Farming and recycling sustain
20,000 families directly
And 50,000 families indirectly
If wetlands are developed
And given to the builders
For making concrete jungle
What will be the future of 70,000 families?
How Kolkata will dispose off
the sewage and storm water?

If Kolkata faces paralysis and health hazards like Chennai last year Who will be responsible for it? Whom to catch for killing the ecosystem?

Learn From Pigeon

The pigeon lives in pair Like human being A male and a female The female pigeon lays two eggs Hatch continuously Till two young come out The mother pigeon feeds the young Brings them up carefully They train the young to fly To fetch the grains And teaches about self-protection When both the young Become adult The parent pigeon push them out And compel them To make their own nest And find partner

Human must learn something From the pigeon.

(Wild Flower)

Learning

Sources of learning are plenty
But prime sources are four
Watching others
Solving problems
From the school of nature ... and
Reading books more and more.

Someone learns from single source Someone from two or three And few Learn from all the four And grow Like a Banyan tree.

For this reason
A doctor becomes tight-lipped person
Abstains from the speech
And
An ordinary person rules the country
Fools the masters and dares to teach.

Learning From A Kid

The world is changing every moment In each and every field silently, Here we all are permanent student And children are our ideal teachers.

How you are being taught, I don't know I am learning from my granddaughter Whenever she gets spare time She teaches me like her school teacher.

Now-a-days she is teaching me mind-mapping I am learning it from her In my school days I didn't these Now completing that part.

Learning From Granddaughter

The world is changing
Every moment
In each and every field
silently
Here we all permanent student
children our ideal teachers
How you are being taught ...
I don't know
But I am learning from my granddaughter
Whenever she gets time
teaches me like her teachers.

Leave It

Don't live in yesterday
Come out from it quickly
only take the lesson
If you don't leave your past
It will burn your future
and will make you a patient.

Left And Right

My office floor is divided into two parts
Left and right
My seat at left, section at right
Immediate bosses at right
Top boss at left
printer at left, scanner at right
Seven years I am runing
only left and right
To obay orders, execute jobs
and to fight for right
One year left to retire
Now I feel
No more I should fight
Because at right nothing is left
And at left nothing is right.

Let It Be

Don't cut the old tree Let it be at your courtyard It may not give the fruits But it will give the shadow.

Let Me Tell You A Story

A student of economics asked to his professor in the class how PM will help the farmer by demonetization?
The professor said to the class Let me tell you a story first...

A man was having 130 sheep
One day he addressed them
Said, the winter has already come
This year I will give you a blanket
each and everyone
I know, you feel very cold in this season
but never say me anything
You are a loyal flock of sheep.

Next day he cut all the wool from their body
Made 130 fine blankets by it and gave them one each.

Professor said with a smile PM will help the farmers financially Just like this by the demonetization.

Let Start

You and me can change the world
When I focus on the good
It becomes better.
When you focus on the better
It becomes best.
If you and me work together
The whole world may turn into heaven
Let's start working today itself.

Let The People See

Slaughter houses should be made of Transparent glass walls
Let the people see it
What is happening inside
Let them witness and feel
The agony of dieing animals
Let the flesh eaters realise......
They are only responsible
For animal killing... not the killers
If they stop eating dead animals
Slaughter houses will be closed
One after one
Like the jute mills of India.

Let Them Ask Questions

Our forefathers were the leaders in science, Mathematics, surgery and astronomy We invented the decimal system
One of the most earth-shaking inventions
Of all time
But seven hundred years passed
We could not do any path-breaking invention
What's the reason for it?
Why we slipped from the path?

Our education system is broken
Broken by the invaders time to time
Modified by the Mughal, Pathan, British
Our present political leaders
To fulfill their interests
Now it's a memorizing education
Rote learning method
With Traditional syllabus
Memory oriented question answers,
Faulty examination process
It deprived our student
To understand natural phenomena using theory
Their world is text books only
And mum when asked questions out of it.

If one asks our junior school student
Why the Sun turns red while setting?
How the dew comes on the grass in winter night
Why an astronaut feels lighter on the moon?
And what's the reason ... sky is blue?
Majority look at face

That is the tragedy of our education
We have increased the load
Of their school bags
But not taught them to ask questions
As they like
Did not encourage them
To understand nature

Through Math, chemistry, biology And to solve the problems Posed by the limitations of nature.

Let Them Go

No one has told them to quit India
No one misbehaved with them
Yet, they feel insecurity
And want to leave this country
Let them go
It will be good for them
And better for this country.

Lie

No my dear....
I never lie you
Not because I love you
because you believe me
you trust me overall
You are the part of my life
I don't like lying
And I never trust the people
those lie for nothing
They are characrerless, cheaters
I don't like them
And try to avoid always.

Life

Life

The life has many views
Like an object
It has the different angles too
If a person likes to pass remark
Upon someone
He must see
All the views of his life
And the dimensions
From different angles
That is the true process.

Life Is Simple

It was a noon of summer
I was walking on the footpath
I saw a man sleeping
Under a road-side tree
Spreading his thin towel
Snoring deeply
He had no tension, no worries
No fear of theft
I watched him for some time
Sat there for a while
On an exposed root of a tree
And observed closely.

I heard....

The sound of his snoring was telling clearly
Life is very simple
You all made it complicated.

Lifeline

Life is a straight line between birth and death I want to make this line longer I want to build this line stronger And I will do it Through my patience, confidence And faith.

Loneliness

I love silence ...
I like the loneliness
Both give me the time to think,
Its help me to search for the truth
And do not allow me to sink.

Look At The Vegetable Kingdom

Veg people say a plant has no life But is it so? Have you seen the plant 'touch-me-not' If you touch, it droops withdraws like a shy child Defends itself by playing dead. Have you seen the hunting plants if not, look at the Pitcher plant It hunts insects by trapping them in its leaves. You must seen how a creeper catches the stick that you put near by Some types of plant save themselves by their thorns Some put poison in it Some live as parasite, steal others ready-use food Yet you will say plants have no life! and to know it you need JC Bose?

Love

Love is the key emotion of human being
Like greenery of the tree
It's the feeling, state and attitude
It can drive out darkness
If purely unconditional
There are four forms of love
Love of kinship, love of friendship,
Romantic desire
And true divine love
Third one is strongly influential in life.

Romantic desire is the biological love
And linked with reproduction system
It vibrates the life
And acts in three ways
Lust, attraction and attachment
With it's beautiful fragrance
It encompasses
Compassion, determination, tolerance,
Endurance, support, faith
And many other emotions.

When a man and woman in biological love Love takes them in its control Pulls them like current of a flooded river They drift down the stream Love takes them to the extreme point Undress them, makes them nude Compels him to come on her chest. She accepts him, he enters into her Walls fall down, they feel oneness Here lovers disappear, only love dances.

(Wild Flower)

Love And Hate

Love and hate can't reside together because love drives you towards heaven and hate takes you to the hell.

Love Guru

There are four types of Guru Jnani Guru, Yogi Guru, Tantric Guru And Premik Guru (Love Guru) A Guru can be combination of all the four A follower too may be four in one But I like only premik Guru And the best Premik Guru is 'Krishna'. Krishna means 'who attracts' And the meaning of Radha 'attracted' In modern concept every young man is Krishna and every young woman is Radha But they are not enlighted like them A real Guru is required to make them 'Radha-Krishna' But who is the person? The list you show.... are not love Gurus They are doing their business.

Love Is Important Than Money

In real life ...
Love is more important than money
Specially for husband or wife
Money important to live
Love everlasting
It produces trust, care and bonding.

In my life
I could have married a girl
From the rich family
And could lead my life in different way
but chose love instead
and kept it in the heart like a pearl.

When money is distributed it becomes zero, finishes but love expands love brings care, respect and peace in the disturbed society money can't.

Money cannot buy parents mother only expect love, not money without a love of our parents we can't survive at all but without money we can do like the ancient people.

Even when we die love is the only thing that last And it lasts forever Love resides deep in our heart not money It produces jealousness, anger.

Love Is Key Emotion

Love is an emotion
The great property of mankind
It attracts and attaches people
Makes them fair and free.
It's the feeling, state and attitude
Effect of hormonal secretions
It can drive out the darkness
When it's purely unconditional.

Love Is Not The Sex

Love is not the sex It's something else To understand it I took sixty years.

Love Too Sleeps

I would'nt know love too sleeps
I felt it recently
At the beginning of third quarter of life
My love that was slept in my heart
25 years ago
Awoke again, became active
Made me imotional.

Lovers Disappear

When a man and a woman meet They are called 'a pair' But when loves each other, Love remains, they disappear.

Lullaby

The train started with whistle Attained its speed Coaches started shaking I lay down on my lower birth The sweet tune came Gid-gid gid-gid From the rolling wheels on the track And continued The tune took me back to my infancy, my village, my young mother And to her lullaby I felt the touch of her hand On the right of my head In the form of mild strokes on it my eyes closed The goddess of the sleep Slowly came down from the top And sat on my eyes I went to the world of dream that exists between life and death with a good faith And came back after a while.

Makar Sankranti

Makar Sankranti is an Indian festival
Hindus conflate this festival
With winter solstice
Believe the sun ends it's southward journey
At the tropic of Capricorn
And starts moving northward
When day light increases.
On this day lacs of people
Take bath at Gangasagar.

But the truth is different Scientifically, winter solstice occurs Between December 21 and 22 And day light starts increasing From 22 December.

Make It's Right Use

Your breasts are not to attract men And not for only sexual entertainment It's are created to feed the babies Keep it protected, make it's right use You will not suffer from breast cancer.

Manner

I have my lunch and dinner With hand It's Indian culture If I eat food with my hand I become satisfied from heart If I have with spoon My stomach becomes full But it does not communicate To my heart Even after eating full meal I feel..... I did not eat anything You may think It's not a good manner May be.... But it's in your culture, not mine I eat with spoon When my right hand gets injury.

Many Faces

It's my feeling
I have many faces
One face I show at my home
One to the relatives
One face to my close friends,
One I show to my office colleagues
One to my girl friends
And one secretly to my wife
But one face I don't show to any one
It's the real face of mine
The reflection of my life.

Marketing

A girl went to a private university
For her MBA course
First day the director addressed,
Said... The reps of university
Must have told you many things
They have convinced you
For choosing this university
Choosing different courses.

Forget about them....
Forget about their words, promise
They told you half a truth, lies
They are all marketing people
Their duty was to bring you here
They have done their duty
It has no relation with the product.

It's the third world country
Here marketing people will take you
to the brothel
if your eyes are closed.

(Wild Flower)

Marriage

He was single... a perfect bachelor Never seen the bottom part of a woman He couldn't marry As sister's marriage was due At last he became free now And married at the age of forty.

I met him on the way
Said, how is your married life?
He said, If I would know...
marriage mixes milk and water
and that gives heavenly pleasure
I would marry long back.

Matrimonial

I am a woman of twenty three Slim, fair and good looking Full size photo enclosed I have three certificates The certificate of University It ensures my qualification The blood test certificate It says I don't have diseases Like thalassemia, HIV etc And my pay certificate It tells about employer, pay, designation The handsome young men Between twenty five to thirty one With the same three certificates May negotiate with me One thing is mandatory The individual must have a flat On his own name To which I will convert into home And our post marriage love will play freely there Without interference of seniors.

May Day

May Day survives under the red flag
But its birth place is USA
The great joke is that ...
Many Americans are not aware
Of the truth
And believe this historic day of
The nineteenth century
Is linked with the communism.

(Wild Flowers)

Meat Eater

Babies born as vegetarian Parents make them meat eater.

Meat In The Pressure Cooker

Assembly election on door step
Uttar Pradesh is ready
Mandir Masjid silent
Meat in the pressure cooker
It's steaming.
People love democracy, yoga
And enlightenment
They are serving politics
like a cup of coffee
Mixed with religion and casteism.
Leaders delivering hot speeches
Based on lies and ties
Voters got the taste of good days
Petrol become cheaper than tomato
Each party confident for success.

Meditation

If you think
There is gain in meditation.....
You are wrong
No gain at all
Only loss... loss and loss.
It is seen
The person who mediates regular
losses so many things
Anger, anxiety, depression, insecurity
fear, old age and death.
Someone losses many more.

Melody Songs

I love melody songs
When it enters inside through my ears
It touches my soul
It takes me to the bottom of pleasure
Makes me absolutely happy
I forget this world, forget the goal

Mental Hospital

This world is a mental hospital Here some people suited booted Some in dhoti-kurta, half-naked but one thing is common all are patient here mentally sick.

Metamorphosis

The first bank of India ...

Bank of Hindustan

It was established in Kolkata in 1770

Since then banking system

Seeing metamorphosis.

It experienced the first phase in 1921

'Bank of Bombay' and 'Bank of Madras' merged

Changed its face ...

Become Imperial Bank of India

Which transformed into State Bank of India (SBI)

in 1955.

The second phase took place in 1969

Govt. of India nationalized

All the leading commercial banks.

Third phase came into force

Post economic liberalization in 1991

It put the banking sector in competition

and compelled to transform

for existence.

In these days

Banks adopted improved technology

Accepted changed customer profile

Deployed core-banking, HRM and ERP

Introduced ATMs

For receipts and payments

Started net-banking, home-banking

Mobile-banking, credit cards

Offered easy loans.

New technology updated the banking system

Slimed the branches

Reduced staff

Cut overall cost by a half

Raised quarterly profit

Put bank closer to people

Harassment, loss of time now a history

And promised a sea-change

In next five years.

But it failed to generate employment.

Mirror

I don't know it's wrong or right
I heard it from seniors
In the ICS interview
A British interviewer
Said to Netaji Subhas Bose,
I am just looking a monkey
in front of me.
Bose replied,
'Yes sir, I am a mirror.'

Not only he,
You and I too are mirrors
It's the Indian Philosophy
Our philosophers say
Things come and go
Do not carry the past
Be like a mirror
Remain always in present
Each moment you will take birth
A new.

Miss Call

Why you giving me miss call madam I am too old you are around twenty years I am three fold I have no balance my dear Energy come to drip Don't see my dyed black hair I am a yellow leaf.

Mission

It is said
The life begins at sixty
it's the second innings of life
The retired life
And there are many things
To do in this life
for this world.

I am going to retire next year
And decided to start this life
With little children
I will teach them
about the role of trees
on the atmosphere
How they discharge water in the air
Create invisible river
reduces heat.

I will explain them
What is organic agriculture
It's benefit
And the affects of pesticides,
insecticides, fertilizers
on human body, soil,
birds and beasts
And water.

I will explain the children What are the renewable and sustainable energies The need of it Also the the nutrient benefits of vitamin A-K.

I will give them idea
On 'power of personal choice'
its impact on the planet
How to modify habits
and behaviors.

And I will convince them
Love always an essential ingredient
for healthy human,
healthy society
And a healthy world
It's my mission.

Mistake

A dog was chewing
A long dry bone
It was injuring its gums
And
Inner wall of the mouth
And causing to bleed.□
But the dog thought
The blood was coming from the bone
And was enjoying it nicely
It realized the truth
When pain started in its mouth.

Many people do
The same type of mistakes
And
Rectify them
After learning a lesson.

Modern Style Of Friendship

A boy of class twelve
Wished to communicate his liking
To a girl of class ten
From his school
When she came to his house
to solve some math
He smartly kissed her forehead
She surprised...
Looked him gently
but did not say anything
only smiled.

He got the green signal
Took her in his study room
And kissed her lips
She did not object
He put his hand on her chest
She ashamed, closed her eyes
He hugged
Moved his hand to hips.... thighs
She started melting like ice.

He placed her on the floor
Closed the window, locked the door
She did not say anything
He came on her chest
Loved his best
And one by one put off her dress.

She surrendered herself to him bloomed like a flower Allowed him to go inside enjoyed masculine power Enjoyed him with fear, pain and cry And the first taste of a boy He played between her legs for an hour and gave her tearful joy. She experienced first release Discovered a life new

Cought him tightly with kisses And said... I love you.

Asit Kumar Sanyal 11-10-2014

Money

Money is just like the fuel But not only the element to sail Don't run behind it always It may take you to the hell.

Money Order Economy

India has a small district 'Udupi' in coastal Karnataka from where lakhs of people go outside for job
At least one from each family Muslim and Christian go abroad Gulf, Canada, USA, UK ...
Some join underworld in Mumbai.

Hindus go to Indian cities and towns Open Udupi hotels, restaurants Bring helps, cooks, stewards from their own villages and towns Send money at home from where they work or stay.

Before two decades millions of rupee used to reach 'Udupi' everyday through money order
Finance people would say
Udupi runs on money order economy
Receive crores of rupee in a month
Now post office lost its job
money reaches there through bank.

I seen same scenario
in Bihar, Kerala and in many states
Even seen in my home state West Bengal
in the border districts
'Murshidabad' and 'Maldah'
From where masons go
To Indian cities in thousands
And send money home
at equal intervals of time
through post office and bank.

More Beautiful

I have seen Kedar Tal (pool)
The lonely pool of Himalayan range
It was beautiful
But when you sit on easy-chair after bath
at your balcony
Spreading long black hairs
lonely,
God promise
You look more beautiful
It seems, a goddess drying her hairs
by the side of Kedar Tal
after a dip in it.

Morning

I love the early morning when clouds swim like the kite birds open their wings in search of food the dewdrops wait to reflect the light.

I love morning walk in neighboring park And to take longer breath in yoga class sitting in the group of morning friends spreading a plastic sheet on the velvet grass.

Mother Of A Successful Son

The mother of a successful son Suppose to be happier than others But actually not If you peep into her You may come to know What she got? Nothing ... a distressed mother. A successful son always leaves the home For building his carrier And never comes back Those go to abroad for PhD. training or job They take citizenship there Marry from creamy lair Settle over there And mother ...? Who spent everything for her son Goes to depression Day by day.

(Wild Flowers)

Mother's Day

Don't celebrate mother's day Mother is not so cheap Her respect must not be fixed For a day, It's too deep.

Every day is mother's day
Or no day is.....
Which one to be taken is up to us
We have to decide.

Mother's Love

A Mother is respected everywhere
From heart I salute her
And I always bother
Navy also salutes a woman
On the gangway
When she enters into the ship
As the warship is respected by Navy
Just like a mother.

A woman is born mother ...

Nature made her like this

She treats and cares her children

Equally ... always.

But in third world, I find exception

Between poor and the rich

A rich mother hates poor children

And in poor hates girl child.

I discovered in her eyes
The different love for different child
Specially for the grown up children
It hurts my mind and belief□
I shout within.... for protesting
Against mother's unequal love□
It breaks my heart sometime
And tears come out from my eyes.

Movement

I can't change your mood
But I can adjust mine
For moving to the right direction
Without conflict.

Murder Of A Dancing Girl

On a icy cold winter night of January 2009
A 25 year old dancer dragged out of her home by Taliban men pulled her ... by her long black hair through the town with her wailing mother running after them Battered with rifle butts And shot at point-blank range.

They left her bullet-ridden body at Green square of the town Now Khooni Chowk* It was a warning from Taliban To the people of Banr Bazar where dance and music Was part of daily life for centuries.

The incident made ghunghroos silent put a cap to cultural tradition and diversity in archeological city Mingora That was the hallmark of picturesque Swat the most beautiful valley in Pakistan.

Later military pushed back talibans but protection not given to performers authorities yielded taliban's demands dignity of artists turned into shame as connoisseurs of art became customers and the sound of music replaced by jackboots in the streets.

*Bloody square

Muslim And Islam

There is a difference
between Muslims and Islam
Islam is the name of an ideology
Muslims a community
with its own broad culture
which keeps changing
owing to various circumstances
It is claimed....
source of Islam is Quran
But exactly not so
Muslim culture is a social phenomenon
Quran is the Book of God
as revealed to the Prophet of Islam.

My Aim

I write poems in simple English with easy words My aim is to touch up to class five not only the masters of literature I am an ordinary man with engineering knowledge wherever I feel fit I move in that subject in that topic write few lines I don't follow common trend and the guideline Try to write something different something new Always go on my view I know.... the majority like me not the poems but few read each and every one from heart.

My Children

My children did not live
With fear or jealousy ...
So they never learnt
To be apprehensive,
They lived with acceptance
And encouragement,
Hence ... learnt to love,
Learnt to be confident,
And learnt to take shape
Of bowl like the water.

Someone of my relatives
Had predicted with confidence
My children will not achieve
The ideal human qualities
And they will not be
Able to pass high school.
But their hard work and
The blessing of well-wishers
Helped them to reach
Their targets easily.

I am very happy
With their performances.
And I believe from my heart ...
They will continue it
For the lifelong.
They know ... relation is
Like the auto-glass,
If cracks ... can be repaired,
But it will never get back
The original strength.

My Country

I live in such a country
Where power is enjoyed by
Rapist, Smuggler, Evil, Devil
Politician and Murderer,
Cows are highly respected
And girl child is thrown into gutter.

My Extra-Marital Affair

Not a woman, she was a teen my landlord's only daughter shy, tall and slim Also attractive, sexy and fair hip touching black silky hair she came into my life willingly.

She was studying in class eight in a English medium school I was her home tutor too she was in a silent love with me and tried to express it many times by rubbing her developped breasts on my body.

on her birthday she skipped school
Her parents were on private job
pushed off at 8 am as usual
I went on the roof for routine walk
and discovered the baby unexpectedly
in her study room
with no pant, no panty ...lower part nude
the light was on
she was sitting on the floor
stretching her legs outwards
and watching her new crotch hairs
in a portable mirror
moving her fingers gently on it
and enjoying her pubic days
I saw it through the gap in the window.

I was a man of 28, married butterflies started flying inside my abdomen her sexy thighs, thin abdomen, fine crotch hairs attracted me pulled me like strong magnets those days my wife was in home town I wanted to get her as sex partner and concetrsted for first time

moved towards her pushed the door very slowly It was not latchsed from inside opened with no sound.

I entered in the room silently took her between my hands, sat on a chair and placed the baby on my lap she looked into my eyes with suspence but didn't try to get out from my grip I kissed her face, neck, hands... removed her shirt and bra The five feet four inches sexy girl became fully naked.

I laid the baby on the floor locked the door undressed me for sex removed her specs and celebrated the 15th birthday of my vergin baby breaking her seal of chastity She welcomed me with teardrops The wall clock clapped nine times we three only knew about this she, me and the god.

we remained in the study room till 5 pm like newly married couple and in eight hoaurs
I turned the baby into a woman and in a year into my mistres.

The affair continued for long 13 years till the day of her marriage.

My Friend

I have a friend, she is a girl
May not be James but a pearl.
She don't like me, hates the men,
Love and hate, one is to ten.
But hugs the man, plays for hour
Blooms like lily, enjoy his power
She loves the fun, free sex life
Shares the bed but don't be wife.
She hides her name, writes very rough
I seen her photo but one half
She writes on sex, encourage her fan
I like her, she hates the man.

She has the talent, but is proud
She is the fire, It has no doubt
She is the modern, she may shine
Goes to bar, takes the wine.
She is a student, alone she lives
Believes on logic what she gives
She rests in day, active in dark
When she moves, street dogs bark.
She is my friend, I like her
She hates the men, loves the bar
She loves the fun, loves free sex
Gives much more than she takes.

My Heart Says

My heart says many things...
I try to transform those into wards
But can do very little
Majority evaporate to the infinity.

My Immotional Wife

My wife is a nice woman She is tolerant, cool and accepting The receptivity is her power It burnt her fears.

It made her strong too Resistant to illness But... once she is hurt Breaks into tears.

My Nature

My mind never mind the fun My heart never hurt anyone My touch never give pain And I never make relation for any type of gain.

My Other Half

There are few women
Those are different from the mass
Something special
Exclusive
And
Wins people's heart easily.

My wife is one of them
She is not beautiful by look
But
More beautiful by nature
She is an ideal wife
My sweet heart.

My Poetry

Writing poetry is my hobby
I post it for my friends,
Don't keep any personal copy
For the record or amendments.

I don't want to be a poet Yet become hurt, I arrange materials for its funeral Before it takes the birth.

I dance after the creation
I weep on its death
And again create a new one
With a new hope and faith.

My School

The school I studied at my town
This year wore hundred years crown
It's colour is red,
for locals it made,
It always on top and never come down.

It has produced many gems and pearls

Now it's gate are opened for girls

They come after ten

All are of sharp brain

Sometimes they supersede boys in results.

Ex-headmaster late Madan Mohan Rai Received the President award with Joy He used to live with cheer Passed away last year many re-called him and said 'Good bye'

My Thought

PM recalled higher currency notes
Leaders jumping like fish
in the net
First day I thought
Demonetisation was the surgical strike
on the Indian economy
But now it looks like
Carpet bombing.

My Way Of Life

My young son
I will tell you today
Something about me
My way of life was not smooth
It was like the narrow rural path
With many ups and downs,
Small pieces of bricks & stones,
Knee-level mud, slippery soil
Thorns and splinters.
I was bare footed
I had no money
For buying a pair of shoes
But all the time I walked....
I didn't stop anywhere.

My legs injured
Pricked my feet with thorns
I slipped on the way and fell down
My dresses become dirty
But I did not stop
I took the challenge
Dropped the bricks and stones on the mud
And crossed the path with thick mud.
So my dear son....
Look at your front always
Be steady and confident
You have to be strong enough
To cross the long way
Of your life.

I am still walking through slippery path With a hope of reaching on pitch road.

(Wild Flowers)

My Wife

My wife is a nice woman She is tolerant, cool and accepting The receptivity is her power It burnt her fears.

It made her strong too Resistant to illness But... once she is hurt Breaks into tears.

My Wish

If the jewel....
On the left side of my chest
Works well
I like to live ninety years
And more
I promise you
It will not make me bore.

It's my dream, my wish
I will live a simple life
as a pensioner
I wish to visit Europe with wife
And to travel wherever I like
If the jewel
Doesn't lose its luster.

My Words

My words are very common Not so hard, Weighs less than the softest heart Of a singing bird.

They are like tiny fishes in aquarium Have the odor of sea,
They have no hands like human
Yet they touch me.

My words hide inside my heart I hide inside them
They fool me when I write poem Hide into the brain.

My words know the address...
Residence of my feeling
They know the cause of weakness
And the trick of heeling.

My words teach me in dream
They know me better
They explain me about the tears
In the language of water.

They don't require me to write them Willingly present with courage My words can tell pirate's story Creates the rhythm of voyage.

My words are very simple Like the miniature form of life They lead, obey, and guide me Sometime like my wife.

I write poem with those words
It looks like a tiny port
I touch it again and again
Like a passenger boat.

Mystery

In my young age
I would like the banana girls
But finally a fat bottom girl
took my heart
I married her inviting thousand people
with Indian sahnai and English band
But how it happened?
No answer with me
It happened silently...
I could not understand it
Still...it's a mystery
Sometime, when I be alone
I try to find out it's route cause.

National Anthem

It was Naval Dockyard Mumbai
I was watching commissioning ceremony
Of our homemade warship INS Chennai
Along with my daughter
And granddaughter of five
When the flag was hoisting
at quarter deck ... For first time
with the tune of National Anthem
in Navy Band
all the guests stood up
Service personnel came in saluting position
Till the end of flag hoisting.

I suddenly noticed
My granddaughter too standing
in the same style
As the service personnel
Not only that
Next day in her school
She stood in saluting position
When National Anthem started.

The class teacher came to her ... said, "Baby, put your hand down It's not the correct position of standing For National Anthem." She looked at maam's face Boldly said ... 'you don't know at all Yesterday I have seen it With my own eyes If you don't believe Ask the Defence Minister He was with me.'

National Feeling

I have read The political and cultural history Of India, Mixed with the people Almost from every part Of my country, Everywhere I discovered their simplicity And honesty But could not find Any national feeling In their heart. India is not poor It has sufficient talents And wealth Only problem is The treacherous part of Indian mind, The moment National feeling will start growing This country Will be a powerful country. It is the truth.

(Wild Flowers)

National Festival

Diwali is our national festival The festival of light We celebrate it every year With a new height. All the homes are decorated Inside and outside By the variety of lamps, handicrafts That is our pride. The night is celebrated with crackers, lights And country made goods Candle, Rangoli, Sweets are picked up Just like the loots. We celebrate this occasion With peace, joy and experience Like victory over defeat, light over darkness And awareness over ignorance.

National Language

If Muslims can make their own language 'Urdu' Blending Hindi and Parsi
Then why a national language can't be made Mixing the languages of 29 states?
Let it take its own time to develop....
It will save Hindi from hates
It's truth, you did not tried of course
Made Hindi compulsory by force.

Nature's Law

A male from fifteen to eighty Is called a man Sexually fit to date a woman Of any age A female from thirteen to fifty Is called a woman And can enjoy a man with greater craze Man and woman the opposite sex if kept together one attracts another One assumed as match stick and other the match box If they come closer and hug catches fire. It's reality, It's the law of nature.

Navy

There are two Navies in the world State's navy, the wing of military And merchant Navy, commercial shipping One says, 'Join the Navy, see the world.' The other tells, 'new port, new wife.'

The state navy is tough and disciplined Have bond and bindings, less pay, Less freedom, but builds character, Protects the family, gives pension And ensure carrier if one is officer.

Merchant navy pays a lot but has no life, □
There is only work, Wine, gambling,
It gives no protection, if one dies,
A short message comes at home
'Missing from the ship'.

Nazi

You talk about Hitlar
Talk about Nazis
Hate their torture,
gas chambers,
treatment to the jews
But.... have you seen your face
in the looking Glass
Properly.... minutely.....?
You also look like a Nazi
Your activity also like a terrorist
To the animals.....
If they would have their own judiciary
Soldier, administration
You would be hanged like Ajmal Kasav
Or die like Hitler.

Need

A young man engaged in corporate world went to his native village With his parent To attend a traditional festival He spent a week in ancestral house With relatives innocent people of the village and the rural beauty He mixed up with them their happiness and sorrows And enjoyed the unique essence of it He forgot his city of joy His routine work And to use his laptop, smartphone..... A basic phone fulfilled his need He got the real taste of life.

Need Of The Nation

Few antinational elements
have infiltrated our universities
via tunnels
dug by our political class
For them party first
study later
They are the person
started civil war on ideas
Time has come
to post intelligence personnel
inside the universities
for identifying antinationals
and to put them behind bar
It's the need of the nation
Someone has to belt the cat.

Protect the future change-makers Create clean atmosphere for study.

Needs And Wishes

I have a dozen of wishes in mind and dozens of needs too I always leave in line with my needs Not to meet the wishes And become happy with performance.

The need is fullfilled easily
It can be met easily by a beggar too
But wishes are sky high
beyond capacity and never ending
Even a billioner can not meet all.

I have a wish on top priority
If I be powerful any time, any day
I will put all the politician
On the minimum wage
and see how the wheel turns.

Neoclassical Economics

Are you a youth, starting a business? Remember, customer is king Insist them to buy more and more It's immaterial they consume or not They must purchase.

Profit is the source of wealth

More sale means more profit

Market is not driven by taste and performances
but essentially by the power to purchase

Focus on the people financially strong.

Today market is very powerful because of increased rate of transactions instead of production
Transactions are the key to profit Either legal or illegal.

It's called capitalism with neoclassical economics.

Nepal Needs Help

Nepal is the home
To the world's highest mountain
Wedged between two
Growing economic superpowers
And one of the
Poorest country of the world.

Its economic losses could be
Ten billion dollar
And the cost of re-building
Likely to go
Another ten billion
That nearly equals to its
Nineteen billion dollar economy.

The support has rolled in many jumped into the situation Followed by
Asian Development Bank
But it needs
More and more help
From each person of the world
Your role may be like a squirell
In the re-building process
But Nepal really needs you today.

New Year Day

The first day of January is new Year day of Gregorian calendar
It's the day from which New Year begins Calendar's year count incremented
This calendar used worldwide
We too follow the same
In school, college, office ... everywhere
And forgot our own except Fiscal Year.

The New Year days in our different states Ugadi, Gudi Padwa, Puthandu, Rongali Bihu Cheirouba, Poila Boishakh, Vishu and many others ...
They are now just regional festivals, These days celebrated in our country for having delicious food, new dresses and observing a holiday.

The new year day is nothing but a fixed point on the orbital path of the world Here the globe completes current round and starts another one Nothing is new in this process A runner running non-stop in the oval shaped track.

Nivedita

She is not that Nivedita
A disciple of Swamy Vivekananda
The Scots-Irish social worker
She is my third beautiful smiling daughter
Who wishes seniors at a nod
And came to me all of a sudden
Being gifted by the god.

The word 'Nivedita' means
A woman highly dedicated to almighty
And serving people whose mission
But she absolutely not
She is a mechanical engineer ... innovative
Entered in my life through profession
Being gifted by the god.

She is dedicated to her concerned field
Serious for her carrier
Kind hearted, obedient, intelligent, smart
I loved her from my fatherly mind
Kept her in my heart
I find her connected through invisible chord
She is my third daughter gifted by the god.

No Advice

Needy persons
don't require your advice
Listen them, understand them
And hold one's hand in time
You will be blessed from all corners.

No Corruption

The mouths of CVC, ED, CIC, Lokepal Are almost shut, it indicates the people No corruption in past one year.

No Difference

What's the difference between 'finished' and 'completed' Dictionary says, no difference its same But the life says, there is If you marry a right woman you are 'completed' but if she is wrong, you are 'finished'.

No Religion

I have not taken my religion willingly
I got it by birth
From my parent, grand parents
Like the ancestral property
My society forced me to have it
Compelled me to bear it
And made it mandatory for whole life
No way to quit the religion
Though I am disagree to accept it
Disagree to bear it.

The society accepts the change of religion
From one to another
but disapproves to be without religion
I don't like to shift
All the religions are like colorful capsicums
Green, yellow, red
'Fear' is the fuel for religion
And it teaches us
To hate the people of other religions
To believe on superstition
And to divide people in groups ... sub-groups.

I wish to quit my religion
And like to live without Religion
On official papers I like to write 'No religion'
Is it possible?
Is there any process for it?
I want to live as a religion-free man
For happiness... with yoga and spirituality
For remaining years of my life
Religion and spirituality are different
Spirituality makes the people perfect.

(Wild Flowers)

Nose

We all have a nose for smelling,
Inhaling the air, warming it
And making it more humid.
Nature has given bigger nose to a man
And smaller one to a woman
To make her more beautiful
And to insert attractive personality.

The poor and the elite ... have nose
Made of high carbon steel
No one can cut it
But the middle class have very soft nose
That gets cut twice in a day and
They become shameful
In their society.

People says
Large nose is the mark of
A witty, courteous, affable, generous
And liberal person
They also says
The length of the thumb
Is equal to the nose.

I don't know it's right or wrong
But it's true that
For recognizing bullshit
Nose is better than ears
Sometime it makes our nose red too
It's also true that
The smile plays under the nose only.

Not A Fun

Who is responsible for poor children's condition Of course their parents Catch them, Put them in jail And tell others First you be able to raise a baby Then produce... maximum two It's not the fun Produce and leave on the street for the nation If unable to bring up a child Spend a rupee for your sex.

Not For Lust

I love you with respect.. Honor And without expectation Of getting something in return I love you for love's sake Not for the lust.

Not Growing Old

Who said, I am growing old?
I am being ripen, like a mango
When the time will come
I will go back to my own place
In steed of following Newton's Law.

Not Only Maggie

Not only Maggie, piza, burger We must teach our children Not to eat harmful fast foods, Junk foods, and processed foods It makes them ill. There are plenty traditional fast foods Available in the market Have whichever you feel. I eat fry rice, flat rice, varieties of sattu Laddu, sweets and many more I feel myself comfortable, safe And don't go to the doctor's door. We should give our children Just honest, nutritious, real food For their satisfaction, good health and for fresh mood. Promotion of junk food is a conspiracy To change the behavior of our gene Here, one company creates disease And other sales medicine.

Not So Easy

I Never Become Angry Anger is like fire It burns the person internally Whether an honest or a liar.

I do not allow the anger
It's like acid and harms in which stored,
It does not harm much to anything
On which it is poured.

I try to avoid the Angry
It's a stupid emotion,
It may cut like enemy's blade
And causes for demotion.

I never respond to angry person To avoid the possible danger, I don't allow his angry mood To rouse my sleeping anger.

A wrestler may be strong
But certainly not the stronger,
Than a very ordinary person
Who controls the anger.

Anger may be positive sometime
If it's directed to problems -not to abuse
Energies are focused to answers
And not to promote excuse.

But with right person in right time
To the right degree without being crazy
For right purpose in right way
But it is not so easy.

Obsession

The Taj Mahal is an obsession
People thinks... it is it's beauty
that makes it so
But I feel everything of it
An obsession
It's art, plumbing, history, even it's
mathematics, physics and chemistry.

Taj was essentially a Mughal monument but with a fair blending of Hindu and Muslim art where it stood.... once was the garden of Raja Mann Singh with a mansion to the west destroyed to built the mausoleum.

Was it designed by a Rajput or a Mughal?

(Wild Flowers)

Oceanomics

We all know about the sea
Know the meaning of ocean
Also know it covers
More than two third Of our planet
But majority of us are not aware of
The crucial role of it
In the journey of our everyday life
And its impact on the economy.

Oceans are a vast
Multi-million currency resource
If we consider the ocean as an economy,
We get an output of
five trillion dollar every year
The number seven economy of the world
After US, China, Japan, Germany,
France and UK.

It generates millions of jobs
In the sectors like Fishing, tourism
And shipping
Billions of people rely on the ocean
As a food resource.
But we are spoiling this economy day by day
By overfishing, disappearing coral reefs
And endemic mangrove destruction.

(Wild Flowers)

One Family Thirteen Chullhas

I am Bengali Bramhin ...
Not from south or north India
I own the traditional culture of Bengal
where no Bengali is vegan
including Bramhins
Only widows take veg. food
for keeping their sex in control.

From childhood I have seen
Four chullhas in our family kitchen
Two coal-feed, two wood-feed
One chullha for veg, one for non-veg
One was specially for grandmother (widow)
And fourth one for puja purpose.

There were two portable chullhas too
One coal-feed and one wood-feed
One pumping stove we had for emergency
Grandmother also had a janta stove
In her room for personal use.

There was a wood-chullha
At one corner of our courtyard
For preparation of chicken and birds
Mutton was permitted to enter in the kitchen
But chicken and birds not.

There were two special chullhas
In a separate room
For preparation of fry-rice,
Making laddoos and special items
And two chullhas were kept in store
For the occasional use by firm workers
From the tribals and Muslims.

There were different sets of utensils
For veg, non-veg, lower classes and Muslims
Week days also were specified
For veg and non-veg food

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Was fixed as vegetarian day on which even onion was restricted

It was punishable for eating non-veg
On the vegetarian day
And special wash was mandatory
If veg utensils would touch the non-veg one.
Many times I got punishment
For this activity.

Later on I wanted to overcome it So I became vegan, broke all the chullhas, Brought LPG gas and a four-stove oven Now I am happy. I felt from inside ... Eating non-veg food is an addiction Just like smoking, drinking and having sex.

One Religion

Christian says

One Christ, one Bible one Religion

But Latin Catholic never enters Syrian Catholic Church

These two never enter Marthoma Church

These three never enter Pentecost Church

These four never enter Salvation Army Church

These five never enter Seventh Day Adventist Church

These six never enter Orthodox Church

These seven never enter Jacobite church

Not only this

Each of 146 castes in Christianity

Does not share their churches with other

Still ... One religion, One Bible, One Jehovah.

Muslim says

One Allah, one Quran, one religion

But Sunni hates Shia, Shia hates Sunni

They kill one another all over world

Often create religious riots

Shia never goes to Sunni Mosque

These two not enter to Ahamadiya Mosque

These three not enter to Sufi Mosque

These four never enter to Mujahiddin mosque

Not only this

Each of 13 castes in Islam

Kills, bombs, conquers, massacres each other

Still one religion, One Quran, one Allah.

Hindu says

We have thirty three lakh gods

Four Vedas, 1,280 Religious Books

10,000 Commentaries

One lakh plus sub-commentaries

Hundreds of religious schools, beliefs

Variety of Ashrams, variety of Aacharyas,

Thousands of Rishies, Yogis, Sannyasis

Hundreds of languages

Countless presentations of 'one God'

Still they all go to all temples

They are peaceful, tolerant And seek unity with others.

Open My Eyes

When I become alone.... close my eyes A girl appears in my mind and dances

She is not my girl friend, not even close About forty years younger to me

She boosts my diminishing craze for woman Makes me craving for physical relation

I bridle my masculine power.... open eyes Being afraid of slipping from the track.

Opportunist

In every joint family in India It is seen There is a person at least Irresponsible and opportunist Have the knowledge all round But detach self From the practical ground Specially, in the family function Avoid all sorts of physical work And the responsibilities Under the pretence of ill health And misuses the believe and faith When the food is served It is generally observed The person feels better and In the first batch ... a chair reserves.

Not only in the joint family It is also found in the offices Some officers take salary in lacks With no output But seen in the front row When foreign trip comes And enjoys it with public money The persons work hard Books their tickets. This is the scenario everywhere And hence India is a poor country The evasive officers project India As a developing country To show their performances And to please their bosses It's the biggest lie of this country.

Opposite Sex

The biggest wonder of life
Opposite sex ...
It's the magic of a 'Y' chromosome
Its presence or absence makes us
A male or a female
And life finishes knowing each other
XX to XY and XY to XX.

The life is a big competition
Here losing is unacceptable
But we can't concentrate fully
To be the winner
Due to the differences between X and Y
In physiology, Psychology and sociology
One discovers other till last breathe.

Oum

OUM is the mystical sound of Hindu origin That covers Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism and also the Sikhism Hindus respect OUM and use as mantra.

OUM is the universal song of divine And known as Pranava too It's the combination of Three letters ... A, U and M.

OUM also says in three syllables And placed at the beginning Of most Hindu texts. It is also placed for good luck.

OUM is intoned at the beginning And at the end of reading of Vedas And prior to prayers or mantras It has the great divine power.

OUM comes from inside the navel And finishes on the red lips If entire Indian say it together The world may start vibrating.

Our Mission

War is not the solution
It will affect the growth of the nation
Make Pakistan politically cornered
Stop the flow of foreign funds
Let it break into pieces
This should be our mission.

Outside

My grand daughter is single child nine plus age, class five Plays alone at home for hours She is sharp and brilliant Studies less, plays more But scores 'A' in examination It's her nature I encourage her to play To enjoy her sweet childhood in well manner She plays in PC, laptop, tab, smart phone when she don't have partner And opt for ludo, chess, cards Chinese checker and other games If family members join her She goes to adjacent park for an hour In the afternoon For playing with friends maximum time she spends inside It's her world. I see her and be surprised when I was in her age the meaning of 'play' was 'outside'.

Outsourcing

Outsourcing is a full proof process
For sucking the blood of youth
And to make them low-paid
It's the weapon to fight the policies
Adopted by Trade Unions
for several decades.

Over A Cup Of Tea

Many things can be happened over a cup of tea
A business deal
Initiation of friendship
Ignition of love
Fixation of dates
And so on

Our life partner is also selected Over a cup of tea And the tea takes a vital role If the decision is taken in a good mood And it goes in right direction The home turns into heaven If not, it becomes part of hell.

The theory of atom bomb also Was transferred to Russia Over a cup of tea.

Overtime

An industrial worker from village goes to his factory in city, it's about 100 KM away from his home Everyday he proceeds at 5 AM and returns home at 10 'o' clock night He opt for three hours overtime daily to repay his loan with high interest. His only son, reads in class-II Sleeps when he goes out for duty and comes home at night too The son can't see his father From mind he doesn't like this job.

One night the son didn't sleep
His father came at about ten
And sat on the bed to relax
Son jumped on his lap
Caught him tightly
and asked his father, Papa...
Why you opt for overtime everyday?
My son, it's my compulsion
The situation compels me to do it
How much you get from overtime?
Father said,500 rupee daily
Now go to sleep.

The son went to his study room
Brought his favourite mini bank,
Made of clay
Broke it striking on the floor
and counted the coins and notes
It was 520
He gave it to his father and said
Papa, tomorrow don't stay for overtime
Three hours I want you with me.

Oxygen

Oxygen is a gas
colorless, odorless
It is essential for
photosynthesis,
Respiration
and fire.
It is the key chemical element
for sustaining terrestrial life.

The nature has provided it free unlimited
In the troposphere everywhere in the world
Mixed with nitrogen and other useful gases
For the existence of life in this planet
No oxygen means
No life in the world.

Yet ... we, the human being misuse it
We separate oxygen from the air
Through cryogenic, PSA or VSA process Fill in the bottles with higher pressure
And preserve it for medical use military use
We use it like terrorist for destruction.

We bottle it for warplane engines for pilot's respiration at higher altitude to drop warheads
For destroying people and civilization
As done in Japan, Vietnam, Iraq....

(Wild Flowers)

Partner

If you are a man and interested for only physical sex with a young woman Don't go on her look, colour and degree Just see her figure Because when light is off She is neither lovely nor ugly Darkness covers her look, colour, degree Then she is only a woman Your sex partner Whose physical structure only talks.

Pay Commission

7th pay commission in the air
Still it has not come on the ground
FM pushing it up
Showing bundles from long distance
It's the worst pay commission of India
Commission took 18 months as usual
to recommend 1.4 percent increase per year
14 percent in ten years.

After it's approval
Industrialists expect boost in consumption
Economists expect boost in economy
Government expects fiscal deficit.
But Employees telling
Modi Sarkar! Please stop it
We will take it from Congress govt.
After three years.

Pen-Name

A person
With Pen-name
Is nothing but a person
With some complex,
It may be
The Superiority complex,
Inferiority complex
Or
Something else,
But it s sure that the person
Not normal one,
A person
Who is psychologically fit
Never hides the identity.

Pleasure

When a man and a woman
Loves each other from heart
They establish physical relation And have sex
They reaches to the deep orgasm
Melt like the chocolate
Man dissolves into the woman
The woman dissolves into the man
They are then... no man, no woman
They loss their identity
Become one
And enjoy the heavenly pleasure.

Poetry

Like Bengali, Hindi, French, German..... English is simply a language It's not the measure of intelligence.

And like painting, sculpture, pottery
Poetry is also an art
A thought of individual mind
Expressed in words of a language
It should not be complicated unnecessarily
Writer should go for it's beauty
And of course for excellence.

Poetry Alive

Poetry is nothing but Saraswati History says she is finished, dead but science says it is not she is alive and flowing silently down below like the Falgu river.

Poets Are Busy

Poets are always busy
Either they keep on writing
Or keep on thinking to write
I am not a poet
Not busy
But always I forget about the milk
That I put on the gas stove for boiling
And pay fine for additional packet.

Poets Are Poor

Poetry is not a cash-cow
And rhyme do not pay
So poets are poor
But not all ... the best ones
History says it
They are far from wealth.

Poets carry their life
Carry their love, frustration
And pain with them
They always keep paper, pencils, pen
In their pockets, purses
And in their suitcases.

Poets write during lunch
Between rocks
In the river
And in extreme hard places
They do not write on demand
They write as they like.

Poets are not careerists
They are careless
They have much patience
And write good poetries
Poets are always misunderstood
Remain unknown.

Poetry is an art
The art of words
They play with it as they feel
It's true, artists are under-supported
They publish books
Because they want to read them.

Point One

I joined as an Act apprentice
In Naval Dockyard Mumbai in 1975
Completed three years of training
In my final exam
I got 74.9 percent marks.

75 percent marks awards journeyman Means one year special training And on its successful completion Naval Dockyard offers higher job But I slipped it.

My OIC Commander J Soares made my marks 75 approx And sent to General Manager for approval He turned down.

OIC took appointment
Sent me to GM
to request for special consideration
for journeyman
that he rejected.

I met him
He said, I require 75 but you scored 74.9
There is a gap of point one
Sorry, my hands are tight
I can't make you journeyman.

I came back, vowed ...
In future I will not leave any stone unturned
To build my carrier
And I will kill point one for ever
I will be a successful man.

From that day I tried my level best But I could not point one played with me hide and seek
It chased me till the last day of my service.

Police

Each letter of Police Stands for a specific word 'P' stands for 'Polite' But in my country It is 'Power' 'O' stands for 'Obedient' But in my country It is 'Order' 'L' stands for 'Loyal' But in my country It is 'Liar' 'I' stands for 'Intelligent' But in my country It is 'Income' 'C' stands for 'Courage' But in my country It is 'Corrupt' 'E' stands for 'Efficient' But in my country It is 'Encounter'

We the fool
Know it very well
Yet,
Salute the police
In fear

Political Islam

Political Islam differs from Marxists And it's a revolt against the orthodox Islam It's different from Fundamentalism, Salafism and Wahhabism too It's the political movement to restore the primacy of Shariah.

It began first in 19th century when Islam lost to western imperialism and gave political freedom to Islamic world Second phase started in early 1990s Grew voices of dissent against dictators And third phase began with collapse of USSR And led to the Arab spring.

Politician

Farmers produce crops, engineers build dams Doctors cure diseases, politicians make scams MNC's break the backbone, Industrialists suck money Politicians salute both to share the drops of honey.

Politics

The politics can make the future
Of a country
And it does,
It's the fact,
Every citizen of the country
Should know the state's politics and participate
Directly or indirectly.

But sorry,
It is not like the present politics
In Indian soil
Here left or right, green or saffron,
Regional or national
All are the mangoes from same basket.
And each one is rotten.

Positive

Negative thinking makes the life hell
Positive makes it heaven
The moment I started thinking positive
The unpleasant things became pleasant
Sound appeared as melody
Movement converted into dance
Smile performed as laughter
Mind worked like meditation
Life changed into celebration.

Positive Step

Muhammad Kamaruzzaman,
A pro-Pakistani
And top Jamaat leader of Bangladesh
Is finally hanged at Dhaka Central Jail
On 11 April 2015 at 10.01 pm
For Sohagpur genocide on 25 July 1971.
He was the guilty of crimes
Against humanity.
Besides genocide the charges were
Killing, rape, looting, arsons and
Deportation of people from that land
Specially Hindus.

He was the son of Insan
And was born at Sherpur, Bangladesh
But his soul was purely Pakistani.
During the seventy one liberation war
In Bangladesh
He worked for Pakistan.
India evicted the Pakistani Force,
From Bangladesh land in ten days war
And liberated Bangladesh
But Bangladesh could not finish
The pro-Pakistanis in long forty four years
They have again made their strength.

Now, Bangladeh is the place of war Between Bangladeshi and pro-Pakistani The recent killings are the examples No doubt, the hanging of Kamaruzzaman Is a positive step by Hasina But what about his lacks of followers?

Power

Political leaders are like colourful crabs
Live in groups
When one group is in power
All others pull their legs
Bring them down
And another one goes to the power
That's only their job
Only their motto
They enjoy the public money
And quarrels continuously
Only to grab the power
I don't know
Whether it is all over the world
Or only in India!

Power And Love

You need power to destroy
You need power to change
You need power for going opposite
to the system
to the nature
You need power to do something harmful.
For creation,
welfare of the people,
welfare of the nature.....
You need love
Love can do everything positive
that is necessary in your life.

Prasadam

One year of my training completed
I scored only fifty percent in Math.
And the duffers... Eighty, ninety
One day I asked the teacher,
'Sir, what's the secret of getting good marks? '
He smiled... and said
'This is the temple of Devi Saraswati
You offer 'Prasadam'...
She will give you good marks.'

I got it But by the time Puja was over.

Prediction

It was 1898
Morgan Robertson published a book 'Futility'
The story of a passenger ship ... Titan
The ship hits an iceberg
On the starboard side
In an April night
About 400 nautical miles away
From Newfoundland
The ship had a shortage of life boats
so could not provide safety
to half the passengers
and it's crew members
1500 people killed.

After 14 long years ... in 1912
Titanic sank at same location
For same reason
Same numbers of people killed
And reason for loss of life also same.

The author was accused of clairvoyance
But he claimed
He predicted the destiny of Titanic
In the form of a story
It was purely based on his knowledge
Of Maritime practice and shipbuilding.

Presentation

His friend's wife loved him Wanted to enjoy sexually.

But he was loyal to his wife Refused her When she proposed.

She did not forgive presented him a box of bangles made of Firozabad.

Pride

We are Indian
We have many languages
Many complexions
Different cultures in different regions
Separate food habits in each states
Someone tall, someone short
Many are fat, many thin.

Do not underestimate yourself
Don't compare with others
These differences makes us unique
Its make us beautiful
It's our pride
We may have differences
But we are one.

Privacy Leaked

Govt. said ... link your Aadhaar with PAN we objected not extended our full support Then Govt. said ... Link your Aadhaar with Bank account we objected not extended our full support Then Govt. said ... Link your Aadhaar with Income tax we objected not extended our full support Then Govt. said ... Link your Aadhaar with mobile phone we objected not extended our full support Then our privacy leaked Sold to the agents selling financial products they robbed our bank accounts Money transferred to criminals Then we shouted " Return our stolen money & quot; Govt. responded not Banks kept shut their mouth Our children died in hospital without treatment Who is responsible for it?

Problem

I had a cow
Healthy, strong and
Of black colour.
She was purely of Indian variety
And used to give milk
Around five liters a day.

But ...

There was a problem,
At the end of milking
She used to kick on the bucket
And often tumble
The bucket full of milk.

I tolerated ...
For many months
Tried to correct her behavior
But failed.
I sold her at a throw away price.
But kept her girl child.

She became young at my home
And one day presented
A beautiful bull-calf
Regarding milk ... she also behaved
Like her mother,
Started tumbling the bucket
Around five liter milk.

Similar to water fearing horse Described in a love story From the book 'Betal Panchabingshati'.

Like my bucket tumbling cow, There are lacks of people In our country Having higher qualification And remarkable knowledge But do not share its essence Where it is really required. I think It's the genetic problem.

Problems To Be Addressed

Many problems should be addressed by the union government in this country
One is done
That's demonetization of higher notes to curb terrorism and to end fake currency others are in line
Uniform Civil Code
Separation of religion from politics
Separation of politics from education
And two children family
It's the urgent need of nation.

Protection

Neither finance minister Nor RBI governor Protecting Indian economy.

It's petroleum or crude oil That they are buying at low rate and selling it's products at high price.

If you don't trust me Ask Subramanium Swamy.

Puppets

Kashmir ours
It's the integral part of India
Other side Pakistan
our enemy
They borrow goons
Highly trained
Highly paid
We say them terrorists.

The Pakistani Administrators order
They obey it
Enter in India
Attack Army bases, hotels, civilians
Take many lives, injure several
Loss their lives too
Their family gets
Bundles of currency note.

This side soldiers, BSF, CRPF
Protect Kashmir
Indian Administrators order
They obey it
Search, fight, kill terrorists
Loss their lives too
Their family gets coffin
wrapped with National flag.

Push Off

If your sixth sense tells you
A wrong person has entered in your life listen it, take it seriously
And make the arrangement to push off
As early as possible
Unless the person leaves you, your life
Right things will not happen
Experience says this.

Rain

Rain Rain
Finally you came again
Like every year
Move from planes to top
Be on and off
Wipe farmer's tears.

Go to Rayalaseema
Attend the Vidarbha region
Fall over field and jungle
You dance in Madhya Pradesh
South Gujrat, Sourashtra
Odisha and West Bengal.

Dance like our Natraj
In entire peninsular India
Come down with cyclone
Pour with thunder and lightening
At foot hills of Punjab
Form a trough over all the six Jones.

Raise Your Voice

Stop green house gas emission It produces heat Raises temperature Sea levels rise if ice melts well So raise your voice... Not the sea level.

Raksha Bandhan

Raksha Bandhan is a ritual of India That celebrates love Between brother and sister. Sister ties rakhi on brother's wrist Prays for his well-being Brother vows to protect her.

The brother vows to protect his own
But not to other's sister
Why it is so? It's wrong.
This is the shortfall of this ritual
It must be included in the vow
Because the problem lies in man's mind.

Rape

Everyone knows

Rape is a sexual crime

Crime of genocide

It's always under-reported

And should not be occurred in society.

But it happens

Millions of people ... like you,
Gather at public places,
Lights thousands of candles
to Protest against it.
But can anyone of you
come ahead with a way of solution
for stopping rapes?
Like date rape
Gang rape
Marital rape
Prison rape
War rape
Statutory rape
And so on ...

If you can
People will remember you
for ever
because it's not the problem
of a particular country
It's the problem of entire world.

Rape Is A Crime

Rape is a crime We must oppose it from heart My he-duck rapes hundred she-ducks daily Can you make a law for it?

Real Beauty

Beauty of a woman
Does not need costly cosmetics
hi-fi dresses or extra smartness
It needs flat belly, slim waist
curves at all the right places
simplicity, soberness in personality
happiness in the mind
If she is really a happy woman
She glows like a diamond
Specially, when she exposed
In the light of a tiny lamp.

But that is the beauty of her body
The power of attraction
Similar to the beauty of a flower
It's related with sex, attracts men
The other part of woman's beauty
Resides in her heart
Spreads fragrance like gardenia
Refines behavior, attitude, hospitality...
If a woman is beautiful
Both from outside and inside
Then it's called the 'real beauty'.

Red

She said... This is a fountain pen Of mine Special one The colour of its ink is blue I can write red by it Can you? He said... no. She opened the pen just wrote three letters R.... E.... D Laughed like Mona Lisa Saw him tilting her head And went away. His heart was strong like stone clean and smooth But those three letters.... R, E, D come out from paper And embossed on it straightway.

Reflection Of Life

Poetry is the reflection of life
If poet is not well
The poetry forward this message
to the world.

Relation

The relationship rests on
Believe and faith
They act like mounts of a machine
If one cracks
The relation losses balance
If both crack
The relationship breaks.

Relationship

The most important relationship I have in life
Is the one I have within me
And the next is my wife
Sometime I may fight with her
But I love her from the heart
Though in the tug-of-war of love
I am dull, she is smart.

Religion

I am Hindu, I got my religion by birth by blood I can change it any moment but can't give it up Society never accepts 'no religion' person But why I shall bear the religion?

Religion is based on the idea of sin It anchors believers to the Iron Age injects fear in the mind, poison in the heart It teaches hate, helplessness, And animal cruelty.

Religion is against of enjoyment
It promotes tribalism,
Backward ideas, harmful policies,
Insists for unprotected sex, more children
Makes Ideas unquestionable
Compels not to question religious teachers.

Religion is a delusion, tool of suppression It opens the door of magical thinking Dissuades societal improvement. rejects scientific facts medical help, modern technology Supports incorrect history.

Religion increases divorce rate
Diverts generous impulses, good intentions
Increases crime, terror
Religion keeps the people in ignorance
Washes brain carefully
Makes the people fool.

Religion seeks power
Consumes resources, donations
Loves 'killing', rape, brutality
It turns myths, falsehoods into truth

Makes the people communal Prejudice between people

Religion creates several schools within creates groups, sub-groups, discrimination Also racialism, conflict, arguments, Wars. Throws virtue out of faith Religion is not beneficial to people It takes more ... than it gives.

Why I should bear a religion
I am not a sheep or goat or a cow
I am a human being
I don't need a shepherd to control me
No one need it
But They said ... It is must.

Remote Control

The life is like a moving train Ideology and effort are two rails, Friends come and go like stations It moves like express and mails.

The life has no signal system
No option to know about danger,
It's totally under remote control
And no one knows the controller.

Report

A girl was raped ...
FIR lodged
Police wrote the preliminary report
But SP wanted her for one to one interview
Police took her in his office
And went out
SP locked the door.

The girl immediately put off her clothes And stood in front of him "What are you doing?"

SP said.

Sir, your constable wrote first report Undressing me completely.
Then your OC, Doctor, CI, SDPO
Everyone wrote the report
In the same manner.
Now your turn Sir ...
I am ready.

His tummy shaped like the map of India Cyclone started in Srilanka.

Rescue

I was adopted in my childhood
My father's uncle adopted me
He was landlord, rich but childless
In my schooldays......
Both of my adopted father & mother died
My genetic father came to rescue me
He gave me so much love & affection
I became sleepy
When I opened the eye lids
I saw my world has been changed
The properties are sold out
Home is demolished
And I was on the footpath.

Retired Life

Service life is like the
First innings of test cricket
Retired life is the second innings
If one is not engaged somewhere
After retirement
The person enjoys the pension
For ten years maximum
If plays for second innings
Lifeline expands
Enjoys life up to eighty... ninety
Even hundred years of age.

(Wild Flowers)

Retrospection

When I retrospect my life Mumbai comes ahead where I put my first step in a hostel Hostel super was a Goan An old man Used to reside inside campus with his family First day I saw a lady in his residence with her two months old baby boy He was crying loudly in her lap Suddenly she put him on the bed Took a spoonful of wine Mixed with water And pored into his mouth He stopped crying And slept I became astonished. Later on I came to know the baby boy was super's grandson And I witnessed that scene again and again... I was three years in hostel When I leave He was a three-year boy Super's evening drink partner His quota was one peg of wine And a bhangra fish fry.

(Wild Flowers)

Re-Union

If East and West Germany can be merged again Why we can not? We were divided into many regions Many kingdoms, Riashats British merged all the parts Made one India, took under one flag But when left performed the role of a monkey And divided the country between two cats Who were Asian from outside And British from inside On the ground of religion It became Hindustan and Pakistan Pakistan again divided into two On the ground of language. One became three The political situation of Pakistan May split it further in near future.

Why we can't be one again. We are fighting against each other Spending billions of foreign currecies On Defence warheads And creating war like situation After every fortnight Can we think about it? Can we survey on it? What people want of these countries? But the political leaders and caders Will not be agreed, they will lose grip But for it another movement is needed Movement for re-union Just like the fight for freedom And it should be started by mass Not for Hinduism, not for Communism Not for the Islamic state For strong democratic Bharatvarsh.

Revenge

You are the culprit, it's proved I can take the revenge easily I am that much strong But not, I will try to forgive you It may also be possible that I ignored you And forgot permanently I think....
Last one is the best option.

Rhythm And Poetry

Where is rhythm
There is poetry
Poetry on the string of a guitar
Poetry in the spring of nature.

Poetry in the movements of a dancing girl Poetry in the neckless made of pearl.

Poetry in the continuous rain Poetry on the mountain terrain.

I find poetry
On the slim body of my dear
In her kiss
In her hiss
And even in her tears.

Rhythm Of India

Dance madam dance ...
With the muse of India
Chham-Chham, Chham-Chham
Enjoy the rhythm of real life
Move your body with beats
Move your steps and hips
Dance like various tribes of India
Being a daughter or a wife.

Dance madam dance ...
with the rhythm of India
Chham-Chham, Chham-Chham
Enjoy the test of multi-culture
Take the essence of Kuchipuri
Learn the Bengali dance Brotochari
Vibrate yourself in Bharat Natyam
know its past, present and future.

Dance madam dance ...
in the traditional style of India
Chham-Chham, Chham-Chham
Enjoy the test of multi-language
Feel the rhythm of customs and rituals
Rhythm of forests and animals
Get closed with our people
And see their beauty and bondage.

Dance madam dance
Chham-Chham, Chham-Chham
shake your body
Touch your heart and soul with dance
get the muse of various races
Wearing the Indian colourful dresses
Experience the hospitality of India
And enjoy the dance like romance.

Right Day

Yesterday is past
Tomorrow never comes
Only today is in our hand
Today is the right day for us
to live, to love and to learn.

Right Wrong

Generally right persons
wait for the right moves in life
but the maximum
reaches to wrong destination
Today a wrong bus
took me to the right place
May be, it's god's bless
Or a tiny concession.

River In The Air

Trees are the single most critical element
In the sustenance of life on earth
A tree not only gives us shade,
Fruits, vegetable, medicine and wood
But also discharges water into the air
Up to hundred gallons every day.
It releases ten percent more moisture
Into the atmosphere
Than the equivalent area of an ocean
More moisture in air means less heat,
Better air quality and more rains.

To clean up and combat pollution
And reduce global warming
Trees are mandatory in our surroundings
Don't cut the trees
Its generate forty percent of the oxygen
In our atmosphere
Also reduce CO2 levels
Plant trees as many as you can
Every tree that we add to the environment
Is a significant boost to life
And the quality of life for everyone.

Re-build the invisible river in the air That we have already destroyed In the name of civilization.

(Wild Flowers)

Rosy

Rosy is the youngest daughter Of his reliable maidservant, A good looking teen Her mother was bed-ridden She was working in a proxy.

She was very sweet girl,
Long hair, bigger eyes, smiling face
developed body,
Black complexion but shining
Slim, sexy and attractive.

She was working from a month His subconscious mind loved her On the very first day at first sight Her smile ignited his sex.

She also became interested in him, Both came closer day by day In a month she became his dame Allowed to touch, kiss, hug and one day took him on the chest.

Rosy And Her Love

He is a man of fifty-one
And the father of four children
Rosy is three years younger
than his fourth child
She is fifteen, his reverse digit.
But mad for him and his masculine power
He is helpless, also mad for her
She attracts him like magnet
He forgets everything when she blooms.

He stays alone in the city for job
In one BHK flat,
The family lives in hometown.
The girl's mother was his maid
But she was sick... bed-ridden
She came to perform mother's duty
he loved her at first sight
Offered chocolates daily
In a week, she became his friend
Came closer and in a month
Allowed to touch her.

Many times he vowed,
Not to touch her, not to look at her
But whenever she touched him
He forgot his promise.
Once she told to lift her one foot
From the ground and to guess the weight
He lifted but became crazy.
He rubbed his face On her chest.

Rosy Attracts Him

Rosy is intelligent,
She is the student of class nine
She is sweet and sober but sex crazy.
Her thinking is very clear
She wants to enjoy the life
She has no other demand
She only wants him, his power
Never asked money, dress, other things
She is mad for his love, his kiss, his sex
He also loves her sweet kisses
And flexible banana body.

Sacred Tears

When a person weeps for a dead Tears drop from eyes It's the sacred tears The messengers of sorrow and love Come from the deep of heart.

Safest Place

She was raped by many.... went to court for judgement She got it..... but penalty for getting raped And it was 'death by stoning' I knew it from a letter Written by victim It was a Muslim country She too was a Muslim My wife told after a long exhale I find India is the safest place in the world for Muslims.

Sari

Sari is our National dress for women It's also a traditional dress With brassiere, petticoat & blouse It's comfortable, popular It was women's dress in Harappan era too. A sari is draped in many styles Bengali, Odia, Gujrati, Rajastani, Marathi, and many others It's related to our cultural roots, carrier of Alpine culture Modern technology gave it a push Now only Banarasi is available In thousand variety with imitations A sari is generally six yards long But Marathi style needs a nine yard sari It's draped in dhoti style, needs no petticoat 'professional style' liked by elite class It's the choice of Sonia Gandhi Air India too adopted this style For their air hostesses.

Hand decorated saris are very expensive Recently Nita Ambani Draped a hand decorated Chennai silk Costing about 40 lakh And made Guinness record As costliest sari of the world Bengali loves silk saris with red border And pure cotton saris with fabric Someone wears Dhakai muslin That passes through a woman's ring Sari is not a rectangular piece of cloth Its body, pallu, border, fabric Every part scientifically designed Body is always made lighter than pallu so women can wrap around the body Easily and comfortably Women who have great bodies.. flat bellys, slim waists

and curves in all the right places ... Look sensational in well draped saris.

Searching For A Guru

I am learning poetry
Learning how to write
what to write
but at the same time
searching for an intelligent Guru
a friend, philosopher and guide
who can help me
to climb the rock differently.

Second Mother

A father asked his little son How is your second mother? The son casually said ... My mother was a liar Second mother speaks the truth The reply startled father Struck the heart He immediately asked How you experienced it The son said ... My mother used to say 'If you break the discipline, I will stop your food' But never she did it If I was missing from home She searched me in the village Caught me, slapped me And fed me with her own hand. Second mother too says same thing 'If you break the discipline, I will stop your food' And she really did it Three days passed She didn't give me any food Warned me showing her finger 'If you say your father A single word about this I will kill you'.

Sedition

JNU, a prestigious institute It produced great minds for the country It's dignity must be protected Ideological debate among students must continue in educational institutions but it should be within the confines of constitution And national dignity It is known... Our universities are laboratory of Indian politics BUT Somewhere should be a stopping line for disclosure JNU student this time crossed that line JU student followed them It must be investigated properly Puppetiers to be found out And projected to the common public Guilties to be booked as early as possible.

See My Eyes

Don't see my age
Don't see the white hairs
See my eyes
Look into it
You may find everything
What you want.

Seed

I am a seed
I crack my outer surface silently
make my inside out
the real me
and grow day by day.

Selfie

Long back people had direct connections With each other in their circle Photography had no role in relation Except ... photograph for girls' marriage, Or similar important reasons.

Then TV came and locked the people Inside their own drawing rooms, houses And camera took an important role It became very popular in gatherings Albums started moving hand to hand.

Then smart phone came with camera
At both end front and rear
Cut the wires of relation and gossips
Locked the individuals into it carefully
And connected through social networks.

Now we all become adicted of smart phones 'Selfie' rolls all over to show 'I am alive'.

Sense Of Art

What is a poem ... and what is not,
Who will tell me? I like to know
The judges sitting on the chairs
are not the final authority.
Sometime a poet is disapproved
By those so called commanders,
But the book of his rejected poems
Bags the best seller prize
Surprising all self styled commanders
And it happens frequently.

It's not guaranteed that
A highly qualified person in literature
Have the key qualities of a poet
or a high school pass youth
Does not have the right of composing
Poetry writing is an art,
The art of composition,
The art of stringing words
The art to show things on invisible screen
And the art of presentation.

The gold needs little copper in it to be fit for producing ornament,
For beautifying the women
Same way, qualification needs sense of art
For the delivery of quality poems
To enrich the growing literature.
Millions write poems in the globe
But few become successful
The sense of art makes them exceptional
Their poems come out like new leafs of a tree.

(Wild Flowers)

Sentiment

It was West Bengal.....
The Assembly election 2016
Left Front hugged
Naxalite killer Congress party
Made alliance
And shared seats
to fight 'Didi'' together
And told party supporters
To vote Congress
Where left candidate not in contest.

The polling day came
A local CPI(M) leader went to cast his vote
At his constituency
there was no Left Front candidate
It was Congress candidate
He went to Electronic Voting Machine
Looked for minutes
And called presiding officer
Said.... Sir, I can't see properly
Cast my vote to Congress please.

The Officer did so
The leader came out of booth
An eye witness asked him
Sir, why you said like this?
He told...
My leaders compromised
And shared seats
With Congress party easily
But my loyal finger
Could not do so.

Sex And Love

Sex is the cause Love is the effect Sex makes hot Love always reflects.

Sex brings together The man and woman Love makes them one another's fan.

Sex Before Marriage

Sex is the natural bodily urge
And an essential need of the body
It's same as the hunger felt in stomach
No one can stay hungry for long time
Everyone fulfills it at some point of the life.

Either you have to satisfy on your own
Or seek a partner ... it's your choice
In option one nobody can question you
Because people can't see you when doing
But it's open secret, everyone does it.

Young generation curious and open
About their sexual desires and satisfaction
In relationship, they straightway opt coition
And discover their partner in and out
with mutual consent and protection.

Religion does not allow sex before marriage
But if you are in love and mutually agreed
You may have sex, life is yours
But you do it for right reasons, at right place
and right time with proper protection.

Shame

The shame is
The quintessential emotion
Of human
It's not the guilt
And
Involved with immoral and fear
The shame is
A painful feeling of humiliation
Caused by
The consciousness of foolish behavior.

The Shame is
The most destructive emotion
Of human.
It destroys
person's self-esteem and perception
It is the cause of dysfunction
Between the families
That grows from inadequacy
and
rejection.

It protects us from the feelings
That we afraid to feel,
And it gives sense of control
Over our feeling.
Also
Shame includes
The power of caring emotions
The life remains incomplete
Without its dealing.

The shame only relates
The national games and players
It includes the cases of kidnap,
rape
and
hug
I have found the shame

With saffron leaders
In Kandahar bound plane
It lives with
The British massacre
At Jalianwalabag.

She Did Not Come

It was Diwali A festival of no-moon light A housewife was waiting for mother Laxmi Keeping a naked lamp at the entry door And another at dining space Footprints of mother Laxmi were drawn on the glazed tiles of the floor from entrance to in-house mini temple Laxmi will come this way. Last year also she did the same thing But mother Laxmi did not come Last to last year also not come And it is known to all This year also will not Laxmi does not come this way at all But she waits every year like this wearing new dress, gold ornaments with folded hands She hopes against hope This year too she has the same hope The same anticipation Laxmi will come this way. It's our culture We decorate houses with colourful electric lights from outside And the housewives keep a lamp at the entry door And wait for her arrival in the dark It's called Diwali our national festival.

She Is Natural

My wife may be a patient of pulsitila
She weeps at any cause at any moment
I make fun always with this
But I know
She is very innocent and natural
And able to express
Her inexpressible feelings
Through tears
Easily.

She Said Me

She said me
You should not write poem
You are not fit for that job
A man who always smiles
Can't write the verse of life
Because poem is written by tears
And tears come when heart breaks
You are not a broken heart man
Your heart is not shocked any time
not broken like a unburnt clay pot
Not turned into small pieces
How you will write a poem
the real verse of life?

I said her,
it's my hobby
I write not to be a poet
The feeling I have inside
The reason hidden behind my smile
I try to transform it into words
Try to express in verse
It may not be a perfect poem for you
But it's the real verse of my life.

She Will Not Die

I will die one day
But my sweet heart will not
she will be alive in my words
Sentences... and
Every lines of my poem
Because the woman
Whom I describe in my poetry
Is no one else
She is my loving wife.

Sheep

When my grandmother was alive she used to say there is a place in Kamrup-Kamakshya where only women live, Not a single man if a man goes there by mistake He never comes back The women hypnotize him Feed him some herbs prescribed in tantra with sweet, cooked food, tea, juice Transform him into a sheep Each woman there Owns about a dozen sheep like this in her house And uses them for personal use As she like.

I went to Kamrup-Kamakshya,
Searched those women
But could not locate that place
I asked a local woman about that story
She said... it was
But they left this place
And settled at various places
All over India.

Finally I found a woman in Delhi
Same as my grandmother said
She is wife of a priest
In a temple
I came to know
She first transformed her husband
into a sheep
And then other men one by one
I have seen at least four such sheep
with my own eyes
in the premises where she lives
From outside everyone looks like a man
But from inside they all are sheep

Controlled by that woman.

Shopping

Women of this generation
Drive 75% of all consumer purchasing
Through their buying power
And influence
Shopping is their hobby
They can go up to the end
For shopping
Someone even can die for it
Recently a girl was murdered
Police revealed....
By influencing her boy friend
She spent two lacs in shopping
On his credit cards
The boy killed the girl.

Silence

I like silence
As I find the existence
Of god in it □
I Move inside it
Like an ocean-diver
In search of untold divine energy.

I fly in silence
With my imaginary wings
To find unknown truth
Of this universe,
I love silence
From inside of my heart.

The silence
Keeps me always protected
And
It solves my difficult problems
I find existence of god in it
And ... I like silence.

Silver

One day gold called silver
Said...don't try to be over smart
In consumption, I am No.1
Among precious metals
And you are No.2
Try to remember it.

Silver called doctors, engineers managers...
and said, you only think about me
With regard to jewellery, coin
And decorative silverware
But if you dip into me
You will find
I am malleable,
ductile
Best thermal conductor
Superior electrical conductor
I can be transformed into fine sheets
Can take the shape of flexible wires
And I am cheaper than other precious metals
Use me more
Make me No.1 in consumption graph.

Doctor used it to treat warts and corns Engineers used it in DVD They put a fine layer to prolong it's life They also used it in deodorant Used it to keep milk safe And for giving long life to batteries Industrialists used it in 3D printing, Antimicrobial lab coats, Touch screen gloves, Water purification They used it in chewing gums, to stop smoking habit, in laundry detergent, automotive industries, novelty explosives,

Photography, solar panel, food garnishing And in many other fields.

The demand jumped two fold Silver started running faster than gold It crossed existing field And became No.1.

Simple And Easy

I don't complain anybody
For uncomfortable situation
I select any one of three options
Generally I accept it, if not....
I try to change the situation
If I fail to opt first and second
I go for third option
I quit the place.
It's very simple and easy.

Simple Equation

I don't know
About the span of my life
The things come in my way
Grasp it, enjoy
Enjoy it's every drop
Bad or good
And try to deliver my best.

Single Mom

She had a brother
Once he jumped into water
To save a drowning stranger
But had died himself.

She vowed not to marry
To look after her old parents
And gave birth to a girl child through IVF
Using a donor sperm.

She was from a conservative community So found this way to quell all curiosity About her single partner hood And the missing father of the child.

She is a class one officer in Gujrat And single mom of India. She had faced many problems initially But time has solved everything.

(Wild Flowers)

Sixteen December

Pakistani Taliban attacked Army Public School in Peshawar Killed 132 service officer's children It's the revenge of Pak military attack On Taliban militants recently.

The whole world condemned it, cried
But all the nations know very well
It's the outcome of Pakistani policies
And it can't be stopped by animadversion
Unless there is change in Govt. stand.

Today is 16 December 14
My daughter's birth anniversary
I am gathering here cake, balloons ...
Other side,132 families are crying and
Carrying small but heaviest coffins.

Sleep

Five things are vital in human life Birth, food, sleep, love and death Sleep is the powerful rope that ties The health and our bodies together A long sleep is one of the best cures As per the modern medical science.

It seems, sleep is the brother of death Sleep comes everyday for few hours As the little slice of death Every night people go to sleep and die Next morning wake up and re-born Sleep makes the people fresh.

Sleep is the world's most beautiful thing Because dream comes in the sleep, People like to dream when sleeping So, sleep is must for everyone The sleep without colourful dream Is like a sea without monster.

Sleep is the best meditation too
The problem difficult at night
Resolves in the morning after sleep.
The secret of sound sleep at night
Is a hard work throughout the day
A well-spent day brings happy sleep.

The people who are takers, eat more
But the givers sleep better.
The snoring people sleep first
Sleep loves them as they love to sleep
Some people sleep day and night
With them their future sleeps too.

Life is a reflection of how people sleep And sleep is the reflection of life-style Long ago, people would sacrifice Their sleep, family food, laughter and joys And in India they were called 'the saint' Now IT professionals do those things.

Slow Poison

I tackled many drunkards
Studied them, their drinks, consumption
And the effects of alcohol
In their body
I feel ...
The alcohol is a slow poison
It damages the skin
Both from inside and outside
Makes it dull and dry
Shallow and pasty
It widens the blood vessels on the face
Makes the face red and puffy.

Alcohol has calories
It increases weight, leads to obesity
It disrupts sleep patterns
Affects thinking, brings depression
And clouds the judgment
It thins the blood
Creates blood pressure
Makes clots in it, causes stroke
Alcohol damages DNA
Changes the character of gene
Makes cruel, idiot, bluffer
Boosts the tendency of violence.

Alcohol damages liver
Causes cancer of mouth, pharynx,
Larynx, esophagus, rectum, and colon
It disorders nervous system
Produces Arthritis,
Creates psychological disturbances,
Increases urinary excretion of vitamin C
Gathers estrogen
Causes prostate cancer for male
And breast cancer for female
It also causes birth defect
And miscarriage.

Smart City

A smart city means clean and green city That has pollution free air de-centralised facility Noise free atmosphere Smart IT, communication Developed residential areas Efficient municipal corporation. Smart water distribution system Reduced carbon footprint Better waste management Less traffic accident. multiple job options Better public transport fleet sufficient open area Urban housing builts. Increasing renewable energy Higher studies college Total public awareness. A city that uses local knowledge. Promotes open discussions has no loadshading organises Variety of cultural programmes takes smart decisions do smart planning. has Separate commercial places Roads with solar lights Isolated industrial zones Buildings in new hights. Smart data management best law and order Trees with full of birds and welcomes the guests.

Snap Judgement

When we meet someone for the first time Interview someone for a job react to a new plan Forced to take decision quickly We take few seconds to judge.

A student in school, college, university takes very little time in class to judge a new teacher or watching a short video tape of a teacher with the sound turned off.

For it, we toggle back and forth
Between our conscious and unconscious
modes of thinking
depending on the situation
and take the spontaneous decision.

It's done by a different part of our brain, and a different part of our personality It's the power of our adaptive unconscious that helps a woman to judge a stranger or choose boyfriend on first sight.

Mind operates this sophisticated thinking to the unconscious just as a modern jet liner with little or no input from human People say it 'snap judgment'.

Asit Kumar Sanyal Hyderabad 24-8-2017

So What

I was from a bordering village So what! I had beautiful dreams.

I was not from a rich family So what! I had the beautiful mind.

I was not a good looking boy So what! I had my beautiful heart.

I could not study in hi-fi school So what! I managed a job through competition.

I was brought up carelessly So what! I stand on my feet

I grew in between illiterates so what!
I learned to respect seniors.

Solution

Every person has problems

Some have small one

Some have big

I also face

Many problems arise in my life too

But it can't trap me and harass

I able to solve it in time

I don't know how

Someone suddenly comes in contact

And helps me to solve it.

My wife says
'You have weak fate line
So, the problems come to you
And as your sun line is very strong
It becomes solved silently.'
I believe ... it's not correct,
As I am clean
I am clear in the mind
I able to find solutions
For every problem.

Some Say

Was Jwaharlal Nehru a Hindu?
Some say, his grandfather was a Muslim
Md. Ghyasuddin Ghazi
Was Indira Gandhi a Hindu?
Some say, she converted into Muslim
When married Firoz Khan in a British Mosque
Was Rajib Gandhi a Hindu
Some say he converted into Christian
to marry Sonia
Was Sanjay Gandhi a Hindu?
Some say he was cercumsized like Muslim
And when he died
a Moslem gentleman cried most
He was Md. Yunus Khan.

Somebody On Top

A Russian told me
I would not believe god
But after coming in your country
That concept has been changed
Now I believe
There is somebody on top
Otherwise... this country can't run.

Son Forgets Mother

Every woman wants a son
May be due to sexual cause
I don't know the exact reason
Butrand Russel knows it.

For a son she gives many birth
Brings many daughters on the earth
Creates few more poor citizen
And invites poverty in her family too.

She always spends more for the son And deprives daughters for that But at old age, the mother realizes Daughter is better than the son.

After marriage son forgets mother, betrays But a daughter never does it When mother is at her last stage She reaches first with tears in eyes.

Sometimes son comes after cremation To save the expenses of funeral. Five to ten percent are exceptional They are loyal to their mothers.

Special Art

A lie does not become truth
But it was not known to me in childhood
I told many lies that time
And always used to be caught
I understand now... that part
Everyone can not deliver a lie
Just like a truth
Because... it's the special art.

Special Mirror

Poems are like the special mirror of Hajarduari A reader can't see own image in it But able to see the poet very clear.

Spider-Man

It's rural India
A man was resting in his hut
Closing his eyes on the bed,
A spider dropped from top
On his mouth shut.
The spider jumped on the nose
And ran away upward.

The man thought
The spider entered to his brain
Through the nasal route
And increased his stress and strain
Family members explained the truth
But could not convince
Then they took him to hospital.

Doctors made a drama
Of taking out the same
And showed him a dead spider
But all went in vain
He told the spider is inside
It's moving here to there
Shortly the man became mad.

The children changed his name Started calling 'Spider-man'.

Sri Lanka

It is the country
Where Mahendra and Sanghamitra,
The son and daughter of Emperor Ashoka
Had landed with a sapling of Bodhi Tree
To introduce Buddhism
In 4th century BCE
And has the longest continuous history
Of Buddhism with Sangha
For over 2600 years.

It is the country
Separated by the Palk Strait
Which was once crossed by a jump,
Is our friend since the introduction of Buddhism
With commercial ties and fishing disputes
For using mechanized trawlers.
It is fact that LTTE movement
And the failure of Indian intervention
During Lanka's civil war made our relation weak.

It is the country
Occupies strategic position in South Asia.
China, the rising power of Asia
Has already kept its one foot on Lanka
And trying to keep the other
To take the position
At the southern front of India
The future of Chinese Plan
Will now depend on newly elected President.

Standard

In rural India, people say....

Guess the standard of a family From it's washroom

Guess the standard of a man From his underwear

And guess the standard of a woman From the condition of her heels.

First two are acceptable but the third one not.

It's not a correct saying A woman never known from her heels She is always known from her manner.

Heels may show her status, class But manner shows actual standard.

A woman with clean and nice heels May belong to a standard family But manner exposes her.

Sometime it openly says,
'I am the daughter of a bitch.'

Stay With Me

Black money researchers say Presently 20% of GDP is black money And largely parked with Politicians, bureaucrats, Big business men and mafia It's invested in gold, diamond, Property, paintings And antiques Converted in Dollars, Euros And deposited in foreign banks It's far safer than actual cash The ban on higher notes Will take out only 3% of it And scrap fake notes PM assured them Said ... black money is like a castle It has many rooms, balconies I will hit each one But at right sequence At right time Stay with me.

Still Lagging Behind

Women have managed to break down
Many of the barriers
In the male dominated world
But not the financial sector,
financial knowledge
and financial activities
In finance and insurance they are in flock
But very little in management
And in senior positions
Experts say fewer ratios in entry,
Discrimination in promotion
Put them behind.

There are so many differences
Between men and women
Biologically and socially
Some aspects of the male-female roles
Intrinsically fixed by nature
Women are genetically the child bearers
They are cautious, want security
More interested in ecology, ethics
And micro credits
Men are financial daredevils, like risk
And its reflect in investment behavior
Financial matters
And risk management.

Over time, this difference will decline
But not disappear alltogether
In last decade, women have improved
Their representation
in finance and insurance sector
By five percent
Jumped from fifteen to twenty
But still lagging behind
My daughter says
Men buy shares from Mars
And women have savings account
In Venus.

Stop It

If you want to make India a peaceful country
Close all the religious schools immediately by hook or crook
It's the only place
Where they sow the seeds of communality and hate in children's soft mind from the day one.

Stop Lying

I know, you are the modern girls Believe on freedom Liberal sex And enjoy your life as you like.

When you take someone
On your chest willingly
For a job, opprtunity, entertainment, money
You call it dating
And when trapped, caught, used, concieved
Then it becomes raping.

Is it the meaning of freedom?
Liberty of sex?
A rapist must be punished
His private part is to be cut off
But you stop lying, face the truth
Then only you people will trust you.

Stop Producing Poor

If you want to eradicate poverty Stop producing poor Cut the supply line first Then improve their conditions.

Stupid

There are millions of brain-washed people
In our society
Around you.... around me
Around our residences and workplaces
They always follow their masters
Talk like the trained parrots
And think they are doing the great job
They don't know at all....
They are the stupids.

Subconscious Mind

I was making an idol of God
And trying to make the God 'male'
But it was getting the shape of 'female'
Again and again unknowingly
May be, the Christan priest was active
In my subconscious state of mind
And the same... was influencing behind.
I am Hindu, worship the goddess
And believe... she is the supreme
Is it the effect of my thinking?

Sugarcane Juice

It's true, my poems are different just like the juice of sugarcane Some people enjoy it, some become insane.

Superman

The west copied the idea of Superman from our monkey-god Hunuman They have copied everything the muscular build, facial expression The flying impression....
And the powerful image Except his service to Sri Ram.

Surrogate Mother

She wanted to give her ovary on rent Her age was within 21-35, so an add sent A contract she got that signed quickly IVF made her a surrogate mother truly Became pregnant to please another For the intended father and mother But could not know whose egg and sperm Also the complete condition and term She carried the baby for two eighty days Gave birth but could not see the face. She shouted loudly... only got the money Cried to see baby once but got reply funny.

(Wild Flowers)

Sweet Home

If you are from Lower middle class family And residing in A-1 city Purchase a small home With minimum EMI. Start with one BHK flat But keep your ambition always For bigger one, Once the EMI is complete Sale it off And go for two BHK flat And after few years Three BHK flat This process will take you To your target And one day you will be The owner of a sweet home. It's very true that Three-fourth of your life Will be spent paying EMI But you will enjoy it nicely In the old age, retired life.

(Wild Flowers)

Sweet Smile

Smile is the
Means of communication
It's understood by
Everyone of the world,
It has no culture
No race
And
No religion
It has the different language
That our heart can understand

If you are a man
And moving on the road
In Russia
Say hello to a girl
If she responds
And smile
She may accept your friendship
Once she is your friend
She will give you company
That includes sexual enjoyment.

Once at Kochi domestic airport
I was impressed upon
A foreigner lady
And smiled,
She was also looking at me,
Immediately responded
Through a return smile.
She also offered her hand
For shaking,
We became friend
Unknowingly.

I could not understand Her language She could not mine But continued gossiping For three long hours By means of gesture And broken English There was no grammar No styles ... Only sweet smiles.

Sweetest Language

Poetry is the sweetest language of world I am learning it attentively And trying to speak the bitter truth in sweet manner through this nice language But it's my bad luck Not getting it as I wish.

Swing

Are you being pulled backward?
.... Don't worry!
It means... your oppertunity coming to move forward
Calculate the distance you going behind equal distance you will move ahead
Very soon
Because life is like a swing
It moves forward and backward equally.

Tajmahal

You must have seen the Taj Mahal,
One of the wonders of the globe.
Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan
Constructed it in 1632
In combination with
Islamic, Persian, Turkish
And Indian arts
As a token of love
In the memory of his third wife
Mumtaj Mahal.

When I saw it first time
In the full moon night at Agra
I was overwhelmed
And wished to build a similar Taj Mahal
For my wife too.
But I am not an emperor
So finally, I bought a nice model of it
Made of beautiful white stone
From the government shop
And presented her as a gift.

It was her birthday
She became very happy
Hugged me
kissed On my forehead.
It was my return gift.
And very important to me
Because What I got presenting a model
Shah Jahan did not get
Even after making original one
emptying his treasury.

(Wild Flowers)

Take Coffee

Many things can happen
Over a cup of coffee
One thing is that
A cup of coffee
In the morning and evening daily
Makes your private life
Most enjoyable
Recent study said it.

Takes Me Away

The smell of dry soil
When receives the rain drops,
The sound of rain
Falling on the corrugated tin
Or the rain drops gathered
On the arum leaf
Makes me indifferent to worldly interests
Takes me away... to my childhood.

Talaq, Talaq, Talaq

The highest court today gave a strong kick on the bum of Mullahs and said 'Talaq, talaq, talaq' Is completely un-Islamic. Also said to government ... pass the bill, don't look back Cut the wings of Mullahs make sure, from today onwards No 'talaq, talaq, talaq'.

Tanka-01 / Chunar Fort

The Chunar fort stands
On a detached Vindhya rock
The Ganges comes here
hugs the fort and takes U-tern
to go to Bay of Bengal

Tanka-02 / Arti

A moon in blue sky
Another on deshi boat
Both watching Arti
Performed by the seven priests
At the main ghat of Kashi.

Tanka-03 / The Cat

I am cat lover My wife is not but feeds them Modern science says Cats create purr vibrations That heals many diseases.

Tanka-04 / Sacrifice

I am a young goat
Don't kill me to please your God
Celebrate your I'd
If blood and life is the must
Sacrifice human being.

Tanka-05 / Beauty

Poems are timeless
Like music, grace and beauty
Poets know it well
Because they love the beauty
And blend it with their poems.

Tanka-06 / Hired Killers

The people are killed
In broad day light openly
By the hired killers
They would kill cattles in their youth
In protected slaughter house.

Tanka-07 / Home Town

My home town is nice
I am proud of my home town
But it doesn't mater□
If home town feels proud of me
Then it maters in my life

Tanka-08 / Be Beautiful

Be beautiful one
Be yourself from heart and mind
Don't accept others
You need to accept yourself
If so, you are beautiful.

Tanka-09 / Rain

The rain did not stop
Road turned into a river
I was still walking
A floating rope wrapped my leg
Caught it, discovered a snake.

Tanka-10 / Celebration

Women are in sarees
That are cotton, silk, siffon
In puja pandal
I find a big assembly
Of thousands moon at a time.

Tanka-11 / Training

He was a cute boy
They brought him for the training
Master gave him sword
said ... behead the doll straightway
It was the ISIS child camp.

Tanka-12 / Sarnath

It's close to kashi
The holy place of the world
Lord Buddha came here
And he taught first five disciples
The Stupas tell that story.

Tanka-13 / Bycatch

Fishing industry
Kills millions of marine birds,
Sharks, dolphins, whales, crocks,
Turtles and rare animals
They call it 'bycatch'. Is it?

Tanka-14 / Bycatch

Fishing industry
Kills millions of marine birds,
Sharks, dolphins, whales, crocks,
Turtles and rare animals
They call it 'bycatch'. Is it?

Tanka-15 / Unless

Country needs a law to punish minor rapist They kept their lips tight Unless their girls being raped Minor will not go to jail.

Taste Of Love

When I was young
Love was like a juicy and sweet mango
I enjoyed its taste and flavor
Drop by drop
From my college days.

Now I crossed sixty
Love is still like a mango
But the sweet juice of ripe mango
Sunned and dried
transformed into Amm Papad.

It become more tasty with its natural flavor and sweetness I am enjoying it From heart and soul Enjoying the real taste of love.

Teach Them First

Don't teach your children
What are the fundamental rights
Of a citizen
Teach them first.... honestly
What are their fundamental duties
to the family, society and nation
They will know rights automatically
From school, college, university, mass, media
Or masters of human rights.

Teacher's Day

Teacher's day is like an occasion and opportunity
To pay tribute and gratitude
To the teachers
for the continuous, selfless and precious efforts
in shaping the student's future.
Teachers are the reason
to enrich all the quality education system.

Different countries celebrate teacher's day on different days
The concept developed during 20th century and started celebrating a local educator or an important milestone in education.

This is the prime cause why different countries celebrate the day on different dates.

India celebrates teacher's day on 5th September The birthday of Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, Second President of India, academic philosopher as teacher's day ... since 1962.

On this day teachers and students report to school as usual But the usual activities and classes are replaced by activities of celebration, thanks and remembrance. Senior students takes the responsibilities of teaching.

In Bangladesh, it is on 4th October Students greet teacher, send cards, gifts Try to surprise their teachers with anything they can think of. Pakistan celebrates 5th October The international teacher's day Along with whole world.

Teardrops

Today I am sad
I can't control my teardrops
She is away from me
I didn't go to shops
Her thoughts are communicating
In my mind
Without any words or signal
She is weeping there for me
Causing tears to fall.

Tea-Vendor

It was an early morning
Walking on the road in a city
Found a tea-shop open with small board
Ginger-tea ... Rs.2/- only
I said, "Is it true? "
The vendor answered...
Every tea-vendor is not a liar sir.

I replied... don't take it otherwise
Once upon a time I too was a tea-vendor
Now I am a writer
He offered his hand quickly for shaking
And said, 'Sir I am also a poet,
but to meet the hunger of the family
Recently I become the tea-vendor.'

Tell A Big Lie

Tell a lie ... big enough
Keep repeating it,
Slowly people will start believing
You repeat it hundred times
At different places
To different people
The lie will become the truth
And once they believe it
Keep on reassuring them
It will settle into their mind.

It's Goebbels Theory
Paul Joseph Goebbels
a doctor of philosophy,
a Journalist
a German politician
And Hitler's close associate
said this.
He was the minister of propaganda
In Nazi Germany
From 1933 to 1945.

After Hitler's suicide on 30 April 1945
He succeeded him
as Chancellor of Germany
And on the following day
He and his wife committed suicide
After poisoning their six children with cyanide.
He died but his theory still alive
'Tell a big lie ...
Repeat it for hundred times,
It will become the truth.'

Temple

The Hindu temple is very interesting place Where poor beg outside And rich... inside The difference is... Poor beg to fill their stomach Rich beg to deposit in foreign bank.

Terror And Love

Statistic says.... terrorists killed civilians and security personnel in India about thirteen hundred per year since 2001 And love killed eight thousand every year about six times of terror killing in same period It includes murders in love affairs illicit relationships honour killings suicides extra marital affairs suspected illicit relations and illegitimate pregnancies.

We all hate the terror attacks and love the love affairs.

Terrorism

If one is fighting for freedom
It is terrorism
Then all the freedom fighters
Are suppose to be terrorists
including Mahatma Gandhi
But not Nathuram Godse
Because he killed a terrorist.

It's a great surprise
During the struggle for freedom
British police never hit Mr. Gandhi
By stick....even for once
Yet he became father of the nation
Some people say
Gujratis are best in marketing.

Terrorism-2

Terrorism is the name of destruction It destroys everything, even humanity If you don't believe Just look at Afghanistan, Irak, Serea And the recent Pakistan You will come to know.

Terrorism-3

Terrorism and war are two different words
But their character and meaning is same
One acts in small scale, kills in hundred
The other... a large scale international game.

If the war is asumed like a giant cake Presented for million people's treat The terrorism is only one person's share It can be said... a very fine slice of it.

Religion produces terrorism, takes part Society and state have no link with that war is the state's terrorism, dirty politics Everyone knows but who is to Bell the cat?

The Artist

Time is the supreme artist
Of the universe
It sketches and paints
One's fragrance
Upon the canvas,
The canvas of life
With the truest
And
Purest colors
Colours that express
colours that enlighten
Colours that open one's eyes
To the inner world.

The Baby Girl

A baby girl Lost her father at early age After a year The grand parents convinced her mother for re-marriage.... And she did it finally for the future of her baby The baby got father And she got new husband. Years passed... The baby became a teen Looked back Retrospected her past days She denied her biological father Changed the surname Took step father's one Amended school records, vital papers To close her previous chapter of life But she couldn't modify her look, the geography of her face, the beauty of her eyes In which..... her biological father is alive He always speaks in a loud voice 'Don't believe in her certificate..... This baby is my daughter It is the truth'.

The Bird

If you are a poet Look at your white sheet On the top You will see a bird is flying In the sky It's not my bird It was locked in the cage I bought it from the shop and freed The bird is flying to the unknown Leaving a slice of bless for me. If you are a poet Look at your white sheet Down below..... at right You will see a man watching the same bird with a smile on his lips and an empty cage in his hand It's me.

The Bless

One day we have come And one day we will leave this place All that will remain here is the love And will go with us.... 'the bless'.

The Blue

I love the blue colour blue sky, blue lagoon blue bird, blue peacock blue pen, blue ink And the woman in blue dress.

Once, I purchased a sapling
Of blue rose costing one thousand rupee
It gave many flowers at my residence
But became vanished one night
Along with its clay-pot.

I always try to touch the blue
Try to come closer to it
But the blue always maintains a distance
It gives a sweet feeling
And vanishes like my blue rose plant.

The Border

It's the fence between India and Bangladesh India made it, BSF guards it I have my ancestral house here... at Lalgola Just three kilometers away from the fence I am an 'antevasin' in West Bengal.

After Indo- Pakistan war in '71

I went to Bangladesh by walk with friend
This way ... to see the war affect
Border was open for many months
People from both sides used to come and go.

Indira and Mujib wanted to make a bridge To connect the two countries rigidly So they started to build it from both sides But pro-Pakistanis assassinated Mujib Two ends of the bridge never met.

Political change sealed the border
The passage locked, ways blocked
For stopping smuggling, terrorism, flesh-trade
No doubt, the fence protected us
But imprisoned too in the name of security.

*'Antevasin' is a Sanskrit word, means ... one who lives at the border.

The Bull's Nose

When I was in class six
Once I went to the Ganges
With my family for a holy dip
By our own bullock cart,
Ten Kilometers away from home.
On return journey
One of the bulls started sitting
on the way.
Krishna uncle,
Our care-taker of the field,
Was driving the cart
He tried a lot, spared stick
But the bull did not stand up.

We were carrying four big jars
Of Ganges-water,
Krishna uncle picked up one
And little water poured
Into the bull's nose ...
It stood up with a sudden jerk
And started walking
But the bull repeated it's trick
On the way again and again
And my uncle continued pouring
The Ganges-water into its nose.
Finally we returned home
But with empty vessels.

My journey of life too
Similar to this peculiar journey
And the bank balance I gathered
Is same as Ganges-water
When I will reach to destination
I will be empty handed
My savings will be exhausted
Like the Ganges-water
For pouring into the bull's nose.

(Wild Flowers)

The Cheat

If we insert incorrect data in our PC It gives us wrong output Immediately we rectify ourselves And the correct data we put.

Our brains are also super computers But politicians always mishandle it They insert tampered history & data To divide us, rule us and to cheat.

The City Where People Come To Die

There is a city in India
Where people come to die
And check into guesthouses
Specially made for them.

In that city death is not mourned But considered a blessing Hindus believe.... It's the gateway of salvation.

This city is the spiritual capital of India And one of the 51 Shakti peeths Here 24 pyres active round the clock Burns about 300 human bodies daily.

The Colours In Life

If you take her coloured photo Somewhere in a swimming pool You can catch her ... whole The true colour of costume, skin, lips, hair Even the colour of each mole But I am sure Not the colour of soul It comes only in black and white When she smiles in open day light. Colour is not just colour a form of non-verbal communication Its effect in life is deep It talks on canvas, dress, home, bedroom Beautify the dream when sleep. Colours present in our eyes, brain, fluids Its influence our mood Affects our health, mind, sight ... And develops personality good You may know about primary colours Red yellow and blue You can make more and more secondary, tertiary, warm ... Taking colour-wheel's clue Here red is linked with revolution Blue with the trust Yellow shows intellectual height Touches you on marriage And take you to the lust.

The Crabs

Once I went to INS Shivaji, Lonavala for four weeks technical training IT'S located on a beautiful valley surrounded by sweet water lakes and hills of western ghat mountains The clouds play here freely like children pours fine droplets of water Makes the area white, invisible, thrilling But for me the crabs and crablets were more attractive in this naval unit.

The hills were full with thousands of crab
And billions of crablets all over
They were walking on roads, footpaths, lawns
like small wingless insects,
Thousands were being crashed while vehicle passing.
I climbed up to the tiger slip
to enjoy the real beauty of the nature
Found various types of crab, colourful
I found red crabs too
As found in Christmas island, Mandarmani.

These hills are the natural firm of crabs
But it has not come in limelight
It can be turned into lucrative business
Easily and in a short period
without much investment
The demand of crabs is high in India
Even it's liked by foreigners
Cheap labourers available in the villages
Only the need is govt. Planning.
But who will take the iniitiative?

The Creative Person

The persons who feel bore simply, Take the risks, not think deeply. Like to color outside the line, Think from heart, free and fine.

Make many mistakes but not fools, Hate the bindings, laid down rules. Love to work and do it alone, Change their mood now and then.

They are eccentric, talks very fine All are efficient above the line. Dream while walk, lost very easy Take no break all time busy.

Talk very less, mouth is shut Careless beauty not very smart. Each one sober a man or woman, They are known as creative persons.

The Crematorium

I often go to the nearby crematorium

To face the extreme truth of the world

I loss myself inside it with different feeling

That can't be expressed in words.

It's the place to burn the Hindu dead bodies In closed furnace or at open courtyard I treat the dead persons as empty cages And compare the souls with divine birds.

The Dairy

Do you know about the dairy
The dairies are too cruel
Cows are raped there mechanically
To make them pregnant
When they give babies
They are stolen from their mom
The male babies are sent to slaughter
After few months
The female babies are put back
Into that dairy as input
And when they become old
They are sent to slaughter too.

Why this horror?
Is dairy product is good for health?
Absolutely not,
It is horrible for health
Increases risk of cancer, heart attack
Becomes the cause of osteoporosis
And many other health nuisances.

Leave the milk for baby cows Stop stealing their food And do not torture them.

The Dead Language

Sanskrit is called 'a dead language' But how it's dead? It's the primary liturgical language of Hinduism, The philosophical language in Buddhism, Hinduism and Jainism It has very wonderful structure It is more perfect than Greek, More copious than Latin And more suitable for computer programming. It's still a literary language in the Indian cultural zone And one of the 22 scheduled languages of India. It's an official language of Uttarakhand And the language for Indo-European studies. Sanskrit literature encompasses a rich tradition of poetry and drama It's popular for religious texts and continues as a ceremonial language In the Hindu religious rituals in the form of hymns and chants Students doing honors, masters in the universities People speaks Sanskrit in some villages with traditional institutions and being enhanced for popularization Then how it can be a dead language?

(Wild Flower)

The Destiny

She believed ...

In his heart again

The lamp of his life will not go off And her husband will open the eyes For the sake of love, The melodies will re-start

Her bangles, ring, colorful dresses Will remain up to the last breathe

As it is now.

But his logistics was finished
He had reached to his destination
His journey came to an end
He took shelter in the infinity.
Her female entity
Cried loudly with great distress
The wailing shocked the surroundings.
The drunken elite could not see it
Whose speeding car ruined her future
Just in a moment.

(Wild Flowers)

The Disease

I don't like to talk about disease
Never discuss about illness
I avoid the foods that sick me
Follow the natural ways of body fitness.
Try to avoid the English medicines
Prefer deshi and homoeo doses
Pranayam I do at dawn
Diseases come and go
But they are acute ones
Still I don't have any chronic disease.

The Earthquake

The earthquake of Nepal killed thousands Made shelter less millions, Damaged several architectural heritage, And cracked country's poor economy.

It's not a simple natural calamity
The human being is also responsible
For this Himalayan disaster
That is required to be investigated honestly.

People under the rubble are not alive But agencies are working non-stop To give the dead a respectable funeral And for issuing death certificates.

The Enemy

It was 08 Sep 1965 The Indian Army's armoured (tank) unit Had made substantial gains in fierce battle in the sealkot sector of Pakistan's Punjab province and compelled Pakistan-Army to move backward. The Pakistani brigade commander asked to Lieutenant Beg to undertake a commando raid into Indian frontline position and to eliminate one or more tank commanders. Before dawn of 10 Sep 1965 Lt. Beg sneaked into his target area The Indian tank was preparing for the battle In those days, There was no night vision devices And tank battles were fought during daylight. He identified a Squadron Commander's tank And climbed atop unnoticed In the loud roar of tank engines Inside the open cupola He spotted a Major pouring over maps Planning for another day's battle. Within no time, he shot the Indian Major Through the head And before leaving the wounded officer He took out cloth epaulettes of his ranks as proof '16 CAV' was embroidered on this. It was the title of his regiment He also found a holy pendent in the Major's breast pocket he took out that too and crossed back into Pakistani troops to report his brigadier. He met Brigade Commander

And said ... my job is done, sir

And gave him the epaulettes and pendent of the Indian major he shot The brigadier saw those very well and came in tense. His hands began to shake his emotions swelled his voice became heavy and his eyes filled with tears he slumped into the chair Could not say anything. The young lieutenant asked him What's the problem sir? Did I kill a Muslim officer? The brigadier replied in a choked voice Young man, I hadn't the foggiest idea The 16 Cavalry has pitted against us. He took a pause and again said You not only killed a Muslim officer You have done more than that Major MAR Sheikh whom you killed And brought his epaulettes and pendent Was my YOUNGER BROTHER.

The First Night After Marriage

It was the extreme dark as no-moon night Continuously drizzling from long hours Load shading was active on its routine job The jackals were howling in bamboo clusters.

Her soft voice was whispering in my ear Her long black hair covered me to sway I was melting like an iceberg in South Pole Suddenly the rain started ... I drifted away.

I discovered myself in the indistinct dawn When the people were moving for natural call The rain had loosened its grip but she did not It was my ancestral house in west Bengal.

The First Step

Muslims ruled Indian subcontinent
for about 800 years
Prior to British.
There was no demand
of an independent country
And language for Muslims
during those 800 years
In British ruled India
they created a new language Urdu
For themselves
the first ever language of the Muslims
Urdu inherited words from
Persian and Arabic
and became an Islamic modification of Hindi
That was the first step towards Pakistan.

The Fish In The Net

India is telling from the start Pakistan is the country Who is birthing, nurturing, sheltering and deploying terrorists against its neighbours And it lying about it. The world leaders were not willing To listen the fact Recently former intelligence chief of Afghanistan made public six international documents exchanged between The ISI and Rawalpindi And exposed Pakistan's lies This bold step of Afghanistan Isolated Pakistan in international arena Exposed and cornered Even Muslim countries are against to stand behind it Because its citizens are implicated in attacks even in Medina.

The leaders eyes have opened
In international platforms
its letters now go unread
pleadings go unheard
and has no resonance In the world
Recently the rep of Pakistan
Tried to stir trouble in UN
Raising the Kashmir issue
But she got shut down
And no ambassador stood up
To support her
Because everyone came to know
terrorism is its state policy
It covets others's territory
And extols the virtue of terrorists.

The world finally accepted the truth
The American law makers saying
Announce Pakistan
A state sponsor of terror
Cut its humanitarian aids,
Put sanctions
And ban their army and ISI officers
From travelling to US.
The fish has come in the net
After long time.

The Fools Become Poets

The Fools Become Poets
For words they sweat
Make castles in the air,
They fly in the sky
Go to the high
Untrue things they share.

The fools become poets
For rhyming they sweat
Poets are not eager to earn,
They run short of money
Their life become funny
They only try to learn.

The fools become poets
To imagine they sweat
They like to dream
They are always alone
Able to satisfy none
Busy to materialize theme.

The fools become poets
To publish they sweat
Lend money for it
Life measurable at home
Spouses burst like bomb
They easily become cheats.

The Fun

Fun, jokes and lough
Are the tonic of human life
It's must for everyone
I love it
And I know, it's my secret of not ageing
The day I will stop loving fun
I will proceed to death
Bit by bit.

The Ganges

Last night I met the Ganges
In my dream
She was weeping silently
I said, "Mother, why are you weeping? "
She said, "You have slow poisoned me
I am leaving you, going back to heaven
On the day of Raksha Bandhan.
But I stayed with you more than thousand years
I loved this country, you people, the Himalaya and plains
I loved the cities at my both banks
It's very painful for me to go back
But I am to go, no alternative
My heart is broken
I am sick
The tears are coming due to that."

It's truth.

Yamuna has gone back many years ago
Now it's a dead river, the dirty ditch
Soon the Ganges too will be called dead
Hardwar and Varanasi will lose their importance
Famous arti at the bank of holy river
Will be stopped
Forever.....

The Great Mahatma

I have not seen Mahatma Gandhi,
Just read about him, but experienced
The South African struggle
And it's liberation theme.
For me the great Mahatma is Nelson Mandela
He gave his country a separate identity,
Passed away on fifth December
From the people to the infinity.
A red salute to my great hero
Who liberated a race and a Nation,
Fought for his people with empty stomach,
From the confines of prison.

The Hijra

In humans
Biological sex is determined
On the five factors
Present at birth,
Number and type of sex chromosomes,
Type of gonads
That is ovaries and testicles,
Sex hormones,
Internal reproductive anatomy
Such as uterus in females
And
External genitalia.

If the five factors are perfect
The new born baby is identified
As a XY male
Or XX female.
If not,
The variation affects
The sex characteristics,
Involves the genital ambiguity
In such cases,
The new born is
Neither XY nor XX,
The baby is identified as
Intersex or a hijra.

The Human Life

God was giving life to the mammals
First called the human, gave forty years
Human objected,
Said, I like to live many more years
God said, take forty first
And stand beside me
The human obeyed the order.

God called the donkey
Gave forty years
It said, I want twenty only
I don't want to carry load for long years
God gave it twenty
And balance twenty to the human
The donkey went away

God called the dog
Gave him forty
It said, I want twenty only
I don't want to live more as a slave
God agreed and gave twenty.
He gave balance twenty to the human
The dog ran away.

God then called the owl
Gave it forty
It took only twenty
And requested god to give the balance
To the human
God gave twenty to human, the owl's share
The owl flew away

The human got forty, his own share
And three donations of twenty years each
From donkey, dog and owl
So the human lives first forty years with proud
Forty to sixty as donkey
Sixty to eighty as a dog
And eighty to hundred years as owl.

The Iron Lady Of Manipur

Irom Chanu Sharmila,
aged 42
A civil rights and political activist
And known as iron lady of Manipur
Decided to end her fast
On 9th August of this year,
To contest assembly poll next year
As an independent candidate
And marry her Goan-British boy friend.

From Mahatma Gandhi to Anna Hazare created a long history of hunger strike As a tool of protest But sharmila's 16 year long fast caught global attention for sheer duration And marked as world's longest hunger strike.

Assam Rifles gunned down 10 people
Including a 60 years old woman
And 17 year old child bravery award winner
At Malom near Imphal
on 02 Nov 2000
Sharmila, the youngest of nine siblings
And grown up in Manipur
Then aged 28
began her indefinite fast
On 05 Nov 2000
the fourth day of incident
Against the misuse of AFSPA
And vows not to comb hair
Or look into a mirror
Until AFSPA is repealed.

Sharmila who is a poet too was arrested on 9th Nov 2000 On charges of attempted suicide And lodged in a special ward Of a government hospital in Imphal Her room was closed to the public
And declared as sub-jail
she was force-fed
a mixture of liquefied carbohydrates
and proteins through her nose
Several times a day.
Then subsequent release and re-arrest
Became a routine affair.

Her marathon hunger strike had put The spotlight on AFSPA The Amnesty described her As prisoner of conscience.

The repeal of AFSPA still a distant dream And Sharmila means ... a frail lady with a drip hanging from her nose.

The Lady Said It

A couple was going to Kolkata By Rajdhani train 2nd AC After boarding.... madam noticed two Muslim men sitting opposite to their seats Tall, healthy figure, long beard Wife whispered to husband 'I am in fear They look like terrorists Please go to the train manager And change our seats immediately'. That day the train was not tight The TTE replaced them in another compartment. And asked the lady Why you are frightening unnecessarily They are religious Muslim. the lady said I know sir All the Muslims are not terrorist But all the terrorists are Muslim I did it for my safety.

The Lame Schoolmaster

It was my village primary school Here I had studied up to class four There was an old lame teacher Having the key of school's main door.

He was from the neighboring village Number two of the school He used to spare the rod only To teach the naughty and fool.

Once he charged his stick on one For half an hour, cracked his vain The student went home with injury And did not come to school again.

The Last Breathe

You may not believe the god But death is true as the birth One day it will come without alarm To me, you and everyone's life.

I am the setting sun Shining in the golden afternoon The final moment will come definitely The drum will be beating at twilight.

I am not afraid for the death
And mentally prepared for it
I will enjoy the go-off moment of the lamp
And the last breathe of my life.

The Legal Drug

Liquor is the legal drug

Sold through licensed liquor shop

And provided at every corner of the country
Like essential commodities.

In liquor, alcohol is the prime agent
It's available in two forms
Ethanol ... suitable for humans to drink
And methanol, toxic to human
Ethanol combined with food substances
Like grapes, barley, sugar, yeast
Fermented and turned into liquor.

Liquor is commonly misused or abused
Its deleterious effects ruin the abuser
And the society too
It damages human personality, relationship
Alcohol is responsible for
Verbal and physical abuse of spouse, children
And break up of marriages
It also isolates the abuser from society
Yet govt. promotes it
Up to the lowest level of the society.

Not only it damages the abusers
And closest to them
But also to the unconnected
It is linked to violent crimes in neighborhoods
Risky sexual activity and automobile accidents
About 40 percent violence is connected to it
Police spends 22 percent of their time
On the cases involving alcohol
Yet govt. promotes it
To every class of people.

The Liquor has many side effects too
hangover, weight gain, high BP
It damages liver, pancreas, intestine, kidney
Creates cancer, depression, tolerance
Causes death of brain cells,

Reduction of memory, sleeping disorder
Makes people alcohol dependent
Reduces sexual performance
employee takes sick leave about 13 percent
Due to alcohol problem
Yet govt. promotes it
Up to the grass root level of the society.

Govt. says, it generates employment
In production, marketing,
Distribution, catering, services
Hotels, bars, brothels
Also it generates huge amount of taxes
But it's not the fact
It's like the long teeth of elephant
Only to show, root cause is different
Govt. promotes liquor
For youth's spine weak
And to rule safely.

The Lesson

A lesson
Of student's syllabus
Is like a glass of milk
It is prepared with the nutrients
That is essential
For educational health
A perfect teacher
Delivers the lesson
And confirms
The nutrients are absorbed
By the student.

It is found ...

Some teachers are highly qualified But unable to teach as required And some are simple graduates Yet ...They are successful In their profession But ...

People respect those teachers Who makes the student Change-makers.

The Lesson Of Life

I will teach you today The lesson of life It's something like oiling the wheels of a cart So that they turn even though it's heavy it's something like floating a boat on water so that it moves ahead easily its same as giving water to a thirsty person in a time of dangerous drought or providing fire for a person freezing in the cold it's like the strong racing horse you should be riding or your wife and children need the clothing they should be wearing If you can take it fully, digest And can pass it to others You will be a Buddha.

The Letter Reading Postman

About forty years ago,
There was no cell phone, no Facebook
The land line phone was a luxury
The letter was the only medium
Of communication for common people.

A city boy loved a village girl
And started writing love letters
To his girlfriend.
But the postman of her village
Was a wicked fellow
He used to read it and tear it up
She kept on waiting for letters
Like a swallow.

Someone reported this to the girl
And she wrote a strong warning letter
to the postman
addressed it to herself
And posted it from different place
The postman read it, became afraid
And stopped reading city boy's letters.

The girl started receiving letters With free smiles of postman.

The Life

The life is like a book

It has thousands of pages

And

Like a diary

One day is its one page.

When I go through the written pages

I find

Feelings of hurt

Flashes of smile

Tears of pain,

Moments of joy

And

Many more things.

When I go deep to each happening

I find several mistakes

On every page of my life

But

Nothing to do except retrospection.

I am on the escalator

It's conveying me upward

No way to go down

And

The destination also not known.

The Light

I know the meaning of universe
But don't know how many are in the space
Someone says it's only one
Others say there are many universes
And connected through long tunnels
That are called black holes
I feel, every living thing is a universe
You are a universe, I am a universe
And like a Sun, a light is inside us too
It may be a tiny spark but it's the light.

The Look

A broody duck hatches it's eggs ... On the twenty eighth day The matured duckling inside each egg Starts hiting the inner surface By it's beak slowly, And makes a hole to crack it It brings head out of the hole And first looks to the colourful world bending it's head in different angles With great wonder and surprise. I have seen it's first-look, The surprised eyes, The beautyful expression, And the great wonder Not only once, many times I have seen duckling's first-look At my own home And spoiled several valuable hours To witness this precious moment. It's my memorable part of life. The same wonder, same surprise, Same type of expression I have seen in my son's eyes too When I took him first time in Kolkata A village boy was looking The city trams, high rise buildings, Double decker buses, Birla planetarium The man-pulled rickshaw In the same manner as the duckling.

The Lost City

Lord Krishna developed Dwarka City
And shifted kingdom from Mathura
Mahabharata says this in Mausala Parva
and in appendix Harivansa.
Dwarka was extended up to
Bet Dwaraka, Okhamadhi and Pindata
It sank in the sea during natural calamity.

Dwarka city is under investigation
By Indian historians
since the beginning of 20th century
The first archaeological excavations
done by Deccan College, Pune
The Department of Archaeology,
And the Govt. of Gujarat, in 1963
It revealed artifacts centuries old
The ASI conducted second excavation in 1979
And found a distinct pottery
known as lustrous red ware
Three thousand years old.

The results inspired researchers in 1981 the search began for the sunken city in Arabian Sea
Marine Archaeology Unit (MAU) formed Jointly by NIO and ASI with expert underwater explorers, trained diver-photographers and archaeologists
They started geophysical survey used echo-sounders, mud-penetrators, sub-bottom profilers, underwater metal detectors and other latest equipment.

The team carried out
Twelve marine archaeological expeditions
in ten years
between 1983 to 1992

And recovered many artifacts and antiquities including pottery, iron stakes,
Triangular three-holed anchors and a seal engraved with the image of a three headed animal.

Using thermo-luminescence, carbon dating and other modern scientific techniques Physical Research Laboratory said the artifacts belong to the period between 15th to 18th century B.C. Pottery 3,528 years old and inscriptions on the pottery carries late Indus Valley civilization script, The foundation of boulders on which the city's walls were erected was reclaimed from the sea 3600 years ago.

The team discovered
The area of the submerged city
built in six sectors
along the banks of a river
As described in ancient texts
The seal with three headed animal
Also same as described in Mahabharata
It was given to the citizens of Dwaraka
as a proof of identity
when the city was threatened
by King Jarasandha
Seven islands mentioned in epic
also discovered submerged
in the Arabian Sea.

The Lost River

Three sacred rivers found in ancient India Ganga, Yamuna and Saraswati,
One died, one dying and one will die
After thousand years
The lost river is Saraswati
She disappeared in the age of Puranas
Several thousand years before Christ's birth
Now she is a myth
Rig Veda says in its hymes
Saraswati was the mighty river
And life line of the country
Modern science says
She was the mother of Indian civilization.

Saraswati died but not forgotten
Geologists, climatologists, archaeologists
Naturalists, educators, administrators
Civil and military officials, individuals
from India and abroad
Trying to find out her early path of flow
From eighteenth century
They surveyed her left out paths
Drilled her abandoned beds
and tested underground sediments
They analyzed satellite photographs too
and traced the location of 'mystic river'
including the civilization watered by it.

She flown between Yamuna and Sutlej
From shivalik to Arabian sea
Through banawali, Hanumangarh,
kalibangan, anupgarh, marrot
the seven sistered Sarasvati
was in form when Rig Veda composed
and started dying
when Mahabharat was getting its shape
Draught, earth quake and natural calamities
Compelled the tributaries to left her
And feeder rivers to changed their courses

It's the reason she lost flow started dying like today's Yamuna First she disappeared at Vinashana Became broken from unbroken And later her central basin gone dry Turned into seasonal river Renamed Ghaggar, Hakra, Sarsuti

The Love

I have presented me a lot of things Two of those are always topper, It is your precious love And the scope of being father.

Your peerless love has changed my life Wiped off my negative power I still enjoy your love every moment Just like hilsha fish of Padma river.

I could not give you much
It's my negative part of life,
Only one thing I had given you
The opportunity to be my wife.

The Male And The Female

The nature has created

Two sexes in the world

The male

And

The female

With full masculine

And

Full Feminine power,

Society gives higher places

To the men

But

It is known to all

There is no difference

Between the male and the female

Except in one aspect ...

Physical structure

The nature has made the female

Physically different

To insert the femininity and

Motherhood in her body

And

For making her attractive

To the male.

The Man Blooms

The flower blooms in Sun light
It loves the morning Sun
The man blooms in woman's love
The woman loves the man.

The woman is man's energy She is like the fire A man is a hollow cylinder If she does not inspire.

The woman starts man's boiler Rolls turbine of brain The man explore endless power He turns every grain.

If a woman lives in heart
The man finds the fun
The man blooms in woman's love
The woman loves the man.

The Man Of Sixty

People say
The sex with a young girl
Makes an aged man stronger,
Sexy and glamorous.

A man of sixty

Managed a poor family

With agricultural land & bundles of cash

And married their twenty year daughter.

The oil lamp becomes brighter Before it goes off The man was in that stage And became mad in her sex

Its fact, on her touch he became younger But for few years ... With stimulating pills and drops And slowly he failed to satisfy her.

Then his thirty year handsome son Started reading his book.

The Meaning

When I put my first step in Navy They said..... you are a civilian I couldn't understand it And didn't answer as I was new.

When I came to know the meaning Forty years already passed They actually wanted to say me You are for the Navy but Navy not for you.

The Medicine

It was 17 January 2017 The moment Sun went below horizen Sound of bomb began whirling Ladies and gents took their children escaped to the field They left home in fear Fear of Trinamul goons The entire Madrasa Para became empty Except only two A 60 year old man and his nonagenarian mother Villagers spent the night of terror in the open field In freezing cold of mid January. Madrasa Para in Bhangar South 24 Parganas of West Bengal It turned into a battle zone When villagers clashed with police and Trinamul goons as an agitation against 300 crore power project To be build on 13 acre three-crop land by Power Grid Corporation Didi taught this style of agitation to Bengali When she compelled Tata To shift Nano factory from Singur to Sanand And to stop chemical hub at Nandigram. This was the medicine for Left front Govt. It helped Didi to grab the power Didi got the taste of her own medicine first time ... after ten years at Madrasa Para in Bhangar we don't know the taste of KCN But loving Didi is alive ... She can say, what is the taste of it? sour or sweet?

The Memory

When I think about my elder daughter The memory pushes me back to my 30s That time she was very little but bold A beautiful child Physically and in spirit Her smile, her laughter, her approach the mischievous glint in her eyes filled me on those days she was brilliant, curious a bookworm she was asset to us The best child of mine If it were socially acceptable To have a daughter at home I would choice to keep her with me For whole life Without hesitation.

The Milk

What is maternal lactating secretion
A short term nutrient for new-borns
Nothing more, nothing less
It stops after weaning.
The nature produces it in mammary glands□
For young mammal's primary nutrition
It's essential for babies in early days.
The entire mammals take Own mother's milk when infant... except humans
Human consume milk in adulthood snatching from cow, buffalo, goat, camel...
And enjoys it as balanced diet
Leaving their kids hungry
though it's harmful for them.

Milk is not just a milk
The milk of every species of mamal
Is unique and specially tailored
To the requirement of that mamal
Human milk is best for human infants.
Cow-milk is four times richer than human milk
It has five times the mineral content
And is deficient of fatty acids
Specially linoleic one.
Human milk increases intelligence
It provides the critical materials
For developing brain, spine and nerves
The cow milk gives skeleton growth
And muscle growth that a calf needs.

(Wild Flowers)

The Mind

Mind makes the man superior
When it works as servant
It is creative
Makes the society like heaven
But if it takes the place of master
It is dangerous
Very difficult to control.

The Monkey

I would know a poor man
Who had a monkey by God's grace
He used to pull on his family
by monkey show at various public place.

He had a young capable son too Intelligent, healthy and absolutely fine He never tried for a prestigious job But was moving towards chord line.

After passing a couple of years
Once I met that man beside a lake
I said, 'How are you and your son? '
He said sadly after a short break....

The son whom I wanted to make a teacher became a wild monkey, I pulling boat alone And the monkey supposed to be wild Doing the duty of my son.

The Mystery Man

It was 1955
A man crossed Gorakhpur border,
Lived in Lucknow, Sitapur, Basti
And Ayodyha till 1965
And finally shifted to Faizabad
Lived 20 years there... as special tenant.

His landlord was
Thakur Guru Dutt Singh
The man died on 16 Sep 1985
It is said Thakur could not see his face
During his stay of two decades
Many used to come there from W Bengal
Regularly, on 23 January
And Durgapuja days
They would come in the darkness of night
And leave before dawn.

He was cremated at Guptaar Ghat
Ten step away from the place
Where Rama walked into the Saryu
And vanished
The cremation was taken place
In presence of only 13 people
Draped in the tricolour
By the light of a motorcycle's headlamp.

His belongings are kept in 25 iron trunks Under the lock and key By court order In the custodianship of DM At Faizabad District treasury.

Was he the Gumnam Baba or Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose? Justice Mukherjee The head of the commission Appointed by former PM AB Vajpayee Expressed his view in a video clip 'Don't quote me, but I am 100% sure It was him.'

It was not in his report.. verbal statement And accidentally recorded It is available for all on YouTube.

The Navy As I Seen

I am in Navy since 1975 From the day one I am involved with warships and naval Establishments Its officers and Sailors During my service I went to Training schools, Dockyards, shipyards Overseeing Team, modernization cell And design Office I worked with them side by side Watched them closely But till date I could not understand Their nature of work What they are? Are they peacetime managers in uniform? Or the leaders always ready for war? Someone said they are both Leaders cum managers In which Leaders more, managers less Yes, I would believe this but before putting my feet in the arena of Navy Not now it's simply a slogan for outside people In 41 years I experienced the different thing They are managers more and leaders less. The managers with no financial responsibility and no accountability of any kind.

The Neem Tree

There are two Neem trees in my house One is inside and other is at outside The outside one is older, bigger People collect it's new red leaves for vegetables And old leaves for skin diseases/chicken pox They collect its bark to cure malaria Some take its flowers for intestinal worms Few gather its fruits to control diabetes People chew its twigs for dental hygiene And use daily in place of tooth brush and paste People take out its gum to heal ulcers And seeds are collected for making pesticides People use its each and every parts as medicine Yet they throw rubbish, waste under it Cut its branch to support the plant And use as fire wood.

My wife is treated in my family just like that outside Neem tree Difference is this much
She can move and leaves inside the house.

The New Style Of Friendship

A tender-aged boy Liked to communicate his love To a tender-aged girl One day He kissed her sweet lips, She did not object Smiled He then kissed her Like the kissing Took her behind the casing No talks No sex Only the thrilling climax. Their feelings brought them together, They hugged to know each other And finally fell in love.

Mr. and Miss Enjoyed each kiss And without inquiry They became friends.

The Only Way

Pakistan can't conquer Kashmir
Through war or terrorism
It's impossible
It can be settled through dialogue
Normal relation will only come
Between two countries
If they talk on mutual trust
Some people believe
If there is a military government
In Pakistan
And BJP government in India
It will be easier
Because military of Pakistan
Has strong influence
In country's foreign policy.

The Past

Past is past, forget about it
It has gone from your domain
And never will come back
But don't forget...
to carry the lesson learned
from the past
It's the asset of your life,
It will help you to take decision
At the crucial moment of your present
And will make your future.

The People's Poet

Everyone is poet But only few have the art Of giving the poem shape Haldhar Nag is one He is a Sambalpuri language poet class III dropout Penned various types of poem including 20 epics His poems talk about social issues, fighting oppression, Nature, religion, mythology ... All derived from everyday life around him... the real life connection With a message for the people He inspired elites and illiterate Inherited the vision of poetry from his imagination and rustic surroundings He addressed critical social issues And given voice to the voiceless Through his poetry. Five scholars done PhD on him, A class III fail man He is not only a poet ... Gem of the poets He remembers whatever he writes And recites them enthralling audience Never misses anything He brought the poetry closer to the mass And revived the public interest in literature ... specially poetry His poetic fragrance lured many He is the living legend He is awarded Padmashri By President Honored by Sambalpur University, Odisa Sahitya Academy Felicitated by more than 330 institutions BBC made a documentary film About his life and works.

Imagination is more powerful
than knowledge
Haldhar is a living testimony of this
Today the world is full of literate ignorant people
who are not required at all
The best education comes from interest in life
And not from formal learning
We need more illiterate wise people
Like Haldhar Nag
To make it a better world.

The Philosophy

A farmer was explaining me The economics of poor farmers In his simple language, I threw a question interrupting him How you plan your expenditure? by such a low income? He replied with hearty laugh.... First quarter I spend for food and clothe, Second I save in a bowl, Third quarter I contribute for seniors And fourth one I throw in well. The answer was like a puzzle I said, please elaborate it It's not clear to me He smiled and said,1st and 2nd easy Needs no explanation, The third one is little hazy as I used the word 'contribute' Third quarter I spend for my parent For their health, welfare and pilgrimage Fourth one I throw in the well Means I spend and forget about it It's the expenses for children education The long term investment And never comes back to father.

I become gaped
Discovered the economics
Of a poor farmer
Mixed with a unique philosophy.

(Wild Flowers)

The Picture That Shocked The World

He is Dana Majhi,
the marginal farmer
Known as a tribal of Kalahandi
Of Odisha state
carrying his wife's wrapped body
on his shoulder
Going back to his home for funeral
at Melghara village
65 kilometer away from hospital.

His wife was died on August 24 in the govt. hospital at Bhawanipatna Hospital authority refused to give ambulance The poor man could not hire a hearse And had no option other than walking Putting dead body on shoulder Accompanied by teenage daughter.

Local media came to know the fact
After his 10 km walk
A journalist recorded video
of that man and his pathetic journey
And aired in TV
The journalist arranged a vehicle
that carried the body remaining 55 km
The video went viral
all the channels aired it
Including BBC, foreign channels
The world shocked.

The video gave a mild jerk
People astonished
Also the fate of Dana Majhi turned
Upside down
Help started pouring in.

District Administration of Kalahandi Gave a quintal of rice and Rs.30,000

State govt. gave four decimal land
The CEO ...
Kalinga institute of Social Science (KISS)
A residential institute at Bhubaneswar
announced free education
for his three daughters
aged thirteen, seven and four.

A philanthropist from Maharahtra
Gave him Rs.80,000
PM Awas yojana gave Rs.75,000
Sulabh International gave him Rs.5 lakhs
and fixed it in bank
Started paying Rs.10,000 per month
To her elder daughter
And promised to pay till she gets marriage
Or employed.

Within a month a cheque of Rs 9 lakh Came from the Prince of Bahrain, The tiny Gulf kingdom Dana Majhi came to New Delhi by air To the Embassy of Bahrain To receive the cheque. He got another 9 lakhs in donations from other organizations.

The Pill

Today I visited my neighbor's residence
Madam was mixing two different pills
one pill with a cup of tea
And another with a cup of milk
I said, 'What are the pills?'
She said, 'The pill I mixed with tea
Is a sugar-free
For my diabetic husband
And the other one...
I mixed with milk,
Is the birth control tablet
It's for my crazy pushy cat
I can't be irresponsible like our Govt.'

I said, 'If pills are interchanged, then?'
She smiled and said, 'It's not possible,
These pills are part of my life.'
I became surprised....
What a woman can think for her cat
The government can't think for it's citizen
Here the poor produces like cats too
And not bother about the country
Yet the country allows them, feeds them
By the tax payers easy money
But does not take any positive step
Like my neighboring woman
Because, one birth means one vote.

(Wild Flowers)

The Plan

The city loves the sea
For its benefits,
But sea loves the mountain from heart.
It plans ...
To marry her lover mountain
And to immerse the city part by part.

The sea is silently gathering water
At Antarctica ...
The world's South Pole
To swallow the city along with
Its civilization
Leaving no loop-hole.

Only river
The city-hater
Knows about this plan ...
Because
She carries their love letters
And messeges.

The Poetry

The poetry writing is very personal art It's design and structure related with mind and heart It generally describes and shows the poet's feeling And it is not simply written for something telling. Poetry describes humanity in fewer words Hence it silently knocks the heart of poem lovers But to write good poetry is really harder The incoherence is really big barrier The key to coherence is absolutely no doubt A crystal clear picture in mind of writing about If the picture in the brain is real and not faint, Then the description is always be the coherent, organised, relevant and charming from line to line If the poet is tethered to the words ... very fine. Also, if poet has talent and beauty in speech It plays very well on the paper in aligned pitch I write poetry from heart and run over with mind Revise and correct the mistakes, yet few left behind.

The Power Of People

The power of the people is more Than the people in the power But they make the people fool They divide them and rule.

The Question Is Wrong

There is a saying Every question has an answer But it is wrong. If someone ask me Is there any life in Mars? I will say ... I don't know But it's not the specific answer It's a response There is no answer of it We may get the answer In near future. A question may be nonsensical, Meaningless, contradictory or not worthy of a response we can't answer of it because the question is wrong. There is a concept in Zen Buddhism It's known as 'mu' Means ... the question is wrong Sometime a question assumes binary answer May be 'yes' may be 'no' But best answer is 'mu' The question is wrong. A question that makes grammeratical sense Does indeed have an answer But which does not Simply say 'mu' The question is wrong.

The Reason

Among the overground leaders of red parties
Those have great powers
for identifying idealists
among students and proffessionals
misuse power
and make them dance
to their personal and political tunes
And that's the reason
Mamata finished off Maoism
in West Bengal more effectively
than the left could ever have done.

The Reverse Digit Girl

It was morning
The maid was in the bathroom
She was changing her dress inside
Before starting her routine work
She did not put the latch properly.

The master would not know this
He pushed the door from outside
The door opened with a bang
And it startled her
The master found the maid inside.

She was complete naked,
She sat down immediately
In a threefold position
And tried to hide her private parts
With the other parts of the body.

He closed his eyes
Shut the door
And returned to his bed room
He was a man of fifty one
But was thrilling inside.

It was simply an incident
But the god had smiled
The reverse digit girl loved that man
Slowly she touched his heart
And one day allowed him to undress her.

The Secrets

Strangers think why people like me I have no such quality what needs to be When I try to say them They think I am fooling, telling lies But they don't know It's the way of my expression Beauty of my jokes Collected from different cities Plucked from the folks I am a jolly man Give pain no one Also I am shy Avoid telling lie Nothing I hide It's my pride And these are the top secrets For what people love me.

The Six Legged Enemy

Science made possible to many impossible things But could not destroy the mosquito Though it is very essential for human being There are 3500 varieties of mosquito on the planet Of which, only couple of hundred bite us Some are popular in names and the carrier of chikungunya, yellow fever, West Nile virus, Dengue fever, Encephalitis, Filariasis, Elephantiasis, Zika virus and Malaria. These diseases infect 700 million people every year in the planet Only Malaria infects about 247 million people a year And kills nearly I million Its cause a huge medical and Financial burden for people And the governments.

A mosquito is small in size
But brings anyone easily to its knees
by a simple viral infection
Despite burning mats, coils, cedar oil
spraying of strong insecticides
and swing of Chinese bat
Like a battle axe.
Mosquitoes made their population
greater than any other animal
except ants
Even nature failed to destroy
these little buggers
And they learned to survive
in any atmosphere, any habitat

In the world
Other than Antarctica, Iceland
and few polar and sub-polar islands.

Mosquitoes give no benefit to human Only suck the blood
The female mosquitoes need blood
To get the necessary proteins
For laying eggs
We don't want anything from them
Except to go away

For few species
They are 'food on the wings'
Specially for some kinds of birds,
frogs, lizards, salamanders, spiders
And their larva for fishes
There will be no ecological effect
If the planet becomes mosquito free
Mosquito eaters will change
Their food habits slowly.

But mosquitoes are not being defeated
They become resistant to current adulticides
Now science trying for
The RNA based insecticides, male sterilization
Improved chemicals and mosquito traps
RNA-based insecticides kill female mosquito
It basically tells mosquito
To commit suicide
Traps generate CO2 to lure mosquitoes
It's the war against the winged.
continuing from centuries.

The Smile Of A Sweet Sixteen

When I was of twenty one
I met a beautiful Marathi girl
At Bombay VT railway station
She had welcomed me with a smile
It was neither a 'Botox smile'
Nor the Duchenne one
It was the natural smile of a sweet sixteen
With marvelous Cheek-dimples
The smile was more than a kiss ...
It had stopped my breathing for a while.

The Smile Of Teen Age

A smile is a facial expression
It denotes the pleasure,
Sociability, happiness
It is understood worldwide
Regardless of language, region
Culture, race or religion.
We smile spontaneously
Sometime artificially too
From the initial stage
To the last breathe of the life.

Smile takes an important role
In the sexual life of human being
It sits on the teenager's lips
With different meaning
When sex appears in the body
Internally and externally
Smile ignites the engine of love,
And within a year or two
Makes the teenagers adult
Helps them to find the partners.

The Song Of A Sailor

The sailors are for the Navy
And the Navy is for officers.
It's a sailor's openion.
He was attracted to Navy
Reading a line on the big hording
'Join the Navy and see the world'.
He couldn't even imagine
A sophisticated trap was laid in it
To draw the young boys like him.
He flew inside and became a caged bird
Became a paid slave in the Navy
And started waiting for the end of his bond.
Finally the day came, told good-bye to Navy
And settled at a place
Where white dresses are not seen.

The Star

In the summer nights
I used to sleep on the open roof
Lying on my folding cod...
I observe the clear blue sky
with billions of bright and twinkling stars
I search a bright star
My grandma said, after death
Everyone transforms into a bright star
and stays in the overhead blue sky.

I search my papa...my mother's star
Who used to consume liquor
from morning to evening
Utter slang words to her
Slap her now and then,
And used to steal her money,
sarees, utensils, rations
even night's sleep
for getting a glass of liquor
But I can't recognise that star.

Whenever I see the sky with full of stars I search and try to find out that star My mother's loving star Again and again but I fail If I find someday....
In the evening or midnight I will say him You wanted to take us on the road But papa, you couldn't.

We, all the brothers established and have the peaceful life But it was God's grace He didn't make us daughters If we were girls I am sure.... In those terror days we would get the address of brothel

One by one.

I search that bright star till date
Whenever I see the blue sky
I walk on the galaxy for hours
Go beyond my capacity, extreme far
To search you dear papa
My mother's ever loving star.

The Storm

It is afternoon but no light complete darkness Stormy weather Thunder in its action I am standing at closed window Inside the room Watching outside through the pane waiting for the rainbow In the sky. But no rain Only dusty storm Compelled everyone To go inside Like a terrorist attack organized by Pakistan. Oh my god Start rain Cool the storm Let me see the meadow And of course The colourful rainbow.

The Successful Sadhu

The demand of banning higher notes
For scraping black money
Was first raised by Swami Ramdev
The Yogi Guru from Haridwar
He demonstrated it in his yoga camps
At all the corners of India
Gathered about one lakh people
For protesting with indefinite fast
In New Delhi on 05 Jun 2011
To push the government
Five UPA ministers welcomed him
But they stabbed on his back.

Govt, called Delhi Police Commissioner Said ... go to the tent in midnight While they are in deep sleep Beat them nicely Gents, ladies ... no one to be spared Not even Baba Ramdev Police did so Swamiji escaped from the spot wearing a ladies suit Given by his woman follower But caught on the road Rajbala got several spine injury Died in a hospital Govt. scrapped CCTV footage The black money holders smiled Laughed at swamiji.

Swamiji didn't forget his vow
He did his job step by step
Convinced Modi government
They banned higher notes as decided
Now those leaders getting pain
In their kind heart
Million times more than those people
Beaten in the protest camp at midnight
for losing their crores of higher notes

They are barking like street dogs And remembering that fasting sadhu wearing white ladies suit.

The Talk

After birth We everyone learn how to talk Just in a year Without fear It's the pre-set activity of life. Then start learning What to talk And what not to talk We all try lot But few learn become successful Majority can't till the last moment of life. I am from second kind It made my life hell And forced me to fail at every crossing of the road.

The Touch Of Love

I was a writer Used to write essays, blogs

at the touch of love I started writing poems.

The Tree

Trees are like jewels,
Decorate the earth with green
Make deep forests
Become home to the animals and birds
Both strong and the lean.

Trees bloom with fruits and flowers
Attract the clouds for shower
Transform with onset of seasons
Beautify the nature with new leaves
The highest mountain or the lower.

Trees are the lungs for earth Influence the monsoon and tide Provide oxygen to sustain life Purify polluted air, hold soil intact And prevent land slide.

The Truth

I am not a hermit
But free from the sin
I live in the sticky mud
But it never touches my skin.

I have a sweet family They all sing and dance I love each member But keep a fine distance.

We all are co-passengers In a moving train One comes, one goes It can't be refrained.

I will get down at a station They will be on board I will remain connected Through the invisible chord.

The Valley Of Flowers

It is not only a Himalayan valley but part of heaven The god has created it by his divine love He nurtured it by his own hands and spring water Dedicated to the flower lover outdoor persons.

It is located in west Himalaya in Uttarakhand And now a national park, the world heritage site About 500 species of flowers bloom here in season In various sizes and shades of different colors

The valley is specially known for its meadows of Endemic alpine flowers and the variety of flora Including rare Himalayan blue poppies, Brhamkamal And attracts thousands from all over the globe.

It is nearly 10 km long and 2 km wide glacier corridor Ringed with snow caved mountains and streams It is the largest repository of the wild flowers In the world-wide natural surroundings.

This high-altitude valley remains covered with snow For eight months and become accessible from late April But grandest time from late July to end August. It is 14 km trek from Gobind Ghat via Ghagaria.

Besides flower it is the home land of snow leopard, Musk deer, red fox, black bear and classic butterflies The valley is known internationally for over a century But referenced in the ancient Hindu religious books.

The Water

There was a lake in my village
Where I used to swim daily
Catch the fish by hook and net
About forty five years back.
The people misused it continuously
Made it waterless, dry
Converted into useless ground
With millions of crack.

It's an example of water crisis
Found everywhere in Bengal
Wells, ponds, tanks are dried
Rivers polluted... dying.
Surface water is finished
Under ground water likely to be
It's being consumed very fast
The day ahead when we will be crying.

The Water Transport

The water transport system
Played an important role in India
During early years
It started declining from that moment
When construction of railway began
And building of roads started
Later on barrages blocked the flow
And irrigation canals reduced depth
One by one many waterways
Became unsuitable for navigation.

Water transport is the most easy
And cheap mode of transport
It's popular in common people too
Its development does not require
Billion dollar budget
Like railways and roadways
It's the only inland transport system
That remains operational
During heavy rain and flood
When rail and road transport sleep

.

In other countries, Govt. developes waterways Beside other modes of transport Sydney maintains a network of ferries To the north and south shore communities Hong Kong's star ferry still operating Even though an underground tunnel Connects Hong Kong Island with Kowloon China improved ferry services To Macau in speed and comfort Piraeus (Greece) is known for Its quality ferry services Which discourages road and rail journey The English Channel still have ferry services Even people can travel through The channel tunnel.

India is the land of many long
And perennial rivers
But due to lack of govt. interest
Water transport remained neglected from years
The country has total 14,500 km
Navigable waterways
But only 2000 km of major rivers
Is navigable by mechanized crafts.

Among all the national waterways the Ganga-Bhagirathi-Hoogly Is the most important.
Ganga is the longest river of India Fed by monsoon rains during rainy season And melting snow in dry summer days On its 2510 km length from snow to sea It passes through 4 states,8 major cities and their industrial hinterlands including power plants, FCIs, Cement, fertilizer and edible oil companies.

Recently from Haldia to Allahabad
1620 km waterway made navigable
With assistance of
World Bank's 50 million dollar
And regular steamer service started
Though it will take another five years
To complete the project.
Can you imagine a journey
by mechanised craft
from Allahabad to Haldia
via Varanasi, Patna, Murshidabad,
Kolkata and Diamond Harbour?

The Woman Psychology

A young man always wants a beautiful woman By look, figure and manner He always thinks,
She must be fair, intelligent
And from a good family
But he forgets....
A woman too wants something in him
Look, figure smartness not her priority.

Colour, height, race, language, country
Does not mater
She never wants a man for shopping
Booking tickets, home services
She can do it on-line
Even doesn't need for sexual satisfaction
Many sex toys, mechanical equipment
Come to their aid.

She wants the basic things first
That matters in her life, next generation.
She wants a man with three impulses
Procreation, Provision and Protection,
For the best genetic children,
More resource, plenty of love
And higher Security.

She has every required things
In her femininity
Her need is the strongest masculine love
She searches it in a man
For this reason, she selects always
The best available male
For thriving, Surviving
And for getting well nurture.

(Wild Flowers)

The Woolen Rag

When I was a child The wool-shearers used to come at my village in winter from countryside of Rajasthan They used to sell their home made raw woolen rags it was highly warm, low rate And on return... After the month of February they would collect the lamb-wool from the lamb raisers of my village. In every March it was a common scene The lambs lying like dead on the roadside with the shearer's knee on their throats and a big seasors in action to shear the wool. These days the shearers don't come No one raises lambs now

The vacuum is filled By the korean and 'Signature' rags.

The lamb raising families are sick

Asit Kumar Sanyal

The profession is sick

The industry is sick

The Words I Write

The words I write

Come from the inner part of me

They come to the tip of my pen

Being transmitted from the heart.

The words I write
Are true and full of sincerity
They come automatically
And I never call them to appear

The words I write
Are my pain, agony and love
I can't express them by talking
But I can write them on a page.

The words I write
Are my feelings inside me.
They look like very simple
But it's the expression of my life.

(Wild Flowers)

There Is A Gap

Our heart not in line with technology not in tune with science There is a gap Every new invention in science Makes us more miserable Science should enhance our lives It should be a reflection of a mature mind, A mature heart Instead we use science as a means to a selfish ego driven end If this gap remains we will only create suffering we are the rulers but allowing science to rule us destroy us we can change this picture easily.

There Is A Job

If you really want to do something
There s a job
Lift them who are fallen
Restore them who are broken
Heal them who are hurted
You will get a great satisfaction.

They Are Real Teachers

In foreign countries,
They do many things for teacher
In America, teachers get the status of VIP
In the honourable court of France
Only teacher is allowed to sit on the chair
In Japan, police take special permission
to arrest a teacher
In Korea, a teacher enjoys the facilities
of an Indian minister.

But those nations never do few things
They never enroll a stupid as teacher
in lieu of money
They don't appoint the party cadres
in school as rehabilitation
And they don't recruit the relatives
of political leaders and administrators
Their teachers pass the acid test
And deserve what they get.

They Killed

I am worried about the Congress party
They killed hindus in 1947
Sikhs in 1984,
Kashmiri Pandits in 90s.
Italian salt is very powerful
It helps in digesting even raw beef
No need to eat it in public places
people know, you are with Muslims.

They Lied

They lied about Iraq
They lied about its nuclear weapon
It's very clear...
They killed Saddam Hossain
To destroy the balance of Shia-Shunni
And to control over its oil.

They Worked Hard

I was born in a village,
brought up in the village atmosphere
And studied in the village school too
I wanted to climb up
Wanted to be well educated
But could not
Due to hardship.
My friends financially sound
dropped school one by one
They worked hard
Even more than me
To remain stupid.

Thinking

A man borns between two legs of a woman And thinks.... without man woman has no value.

Thirteenth September

People say ...
Thirteen is the unlucky number
But
On this day of September
My wife was born
Today is that auspicious day
I don't know ...
She is unlucky or not
She only can express it better
But I guess ... she is not
Because
She succeeded to select me
From the crowd of billions.

Today I can tell you
We are made for each other
And
Mad for each other too
We like to live together
For several hundred years
Like the pigeon of
Sri Amarnath Cave
In the crowd of billions
And want to leave some impressions
In the heart of millions
To get the immortality.

This Is India

This is India, it's a great fun here politicians divide us terrorists unite us and reserved people get more benefit than the deserved one.

This is India, it's a great fun here the shoes we wear sold in air-conditioned showrooms and the vegetables we eat sold on rickshaw van.

Thoughts

Many thoughts come in mind
Some from within, some from without
They meet together at a point
Reflect on me
I see myself in that light
Try to understand me
But can't recognise at all
Waiting from decades
The moment I will discover me
I will write a poem
For you
Describing what I am.

(Wingless Birds)

Three Birds Killed In One Stone

In the valley of Kashmir
Stone pelting was the source of income
For unemployed
and uneducated Kashmiri youth
They worked as agitator
Sorry, freedom fighter
The rate card was fixed
For stone pelting on Indian Army Jawans
Rs.100 to 500
For stealing their weapons
Rs.500 per weapon
For grenade stealing and lobbying
Rs 1000 per grenade.

They would get payment instantly
School children also
used to join with them willingly
for easy money
Agitations were staged by separatists
like Geelani, Yasin, Yaqoob
And so on
They used to get money
from their master 'Pakistan'
Through hawala process.

After the ban on higher notes
On 8th of this month
Hawala men gone underground
Separatists money turned into paper
Freedom fighters become jobless
Modi killed Three birds
In one stone ... demonetization.

Three Steps Of Success

First make your vision
Then raise your capacity
needs to crack it
And then execute.

Time

When I was young, I had good times
But it flew away like an arrow
I could not utilize it properly
I would not know the time is priceless
And I will never get it back
It is lost for my negligence too.

Now I understand, time is invaluable And life is short and uncertain I also know what to do with the time But it is now unwanted and valueless Three-fourth of my life is passed And proceeding towards the death.

Time And Relation

Time is precious Relation precious too but we confuse which one more important.

Time Table

Day time is reserved for my stomach And night for the mind It suits me overall And the pleasure I find.

Tongue

To break a heart
An iron rod is not required
Your tongue is enough for that.

Top Secret

Last year five IITs had expelled 70 students in the first year This year it is 63 30 from IIT Kanpur, 12 from IIT Delhi 6 from IIT Kharagpur, 5 from IIT Guahati And 10 from IIT Roorkee IITs shown the door due to Non-performance in academics Lack of knowledge in English language And not having Conceptual knowledge in subjects. The institutes helped them to their best To pull the weak students up to the level by giving remedial classes Peer-assistant learning (PAL) Mentoring by senior students Hand holding sessions by faculty And even translating lessons in Hindi But they failed to pull their socks And finally gone home. IITs given the nos. of expelled students But did not disclose their category It is top secret But people can assume the truth All are from reserved quota.

Touch The Sky

For the first time
I saw the happiness
Playing on her face
It was very little and shy
The moment she started sharing
It touched the sky.

Traffic Light

The traffic light,
Red, yellow and green
Works all together
With rules
Sweeps the traffic
neat and clean.

Red is like the powerful eye
Green tells go ahead, enjoy
No danger for goers
Yellow like women's complaint
Always ignored and
No one bothers.

The traffic light
Red, green and a buzzer
With American logo
First used with
electrical control signal
In Ohio, hundred years ago.

Modern traffic signal
The open loop system
Controls heavy traffic flow
It's computerized version
Gives digital signal
With the special glow.

The sense of traffic police
More than a super computer
It's the close loop version
Gives no light
No caution
But clear-cut direction.

A police at the crossing tells the traffic When to stop when to slow When to start and when to go It works only on feed back And hands dance on flow.

(Wild Flowers)

Transfer Of Power

You may call it independence But I do not...... It's transfer of power.

No change Everything is same As it was.

Only the black took over the control from the white
On this day 69 years ago.

And simply broke the country Into two parts
To become PM.

Tripple Talaq (Divorce)

India is not an Islamic country
Here lives of Muslim woman
Should not be allowed
to be ruined
by simply tripple Talaq
over telephone, by a registered letter
or face to face.

No atrocity, no discrimination
Should be allowed
Against woman
On the basis of religion
in a democratic country like India
Their life can't be destroyed
Decade after decade.

Govt. should protect women
As per the constitution
It's not to be communalized, politicized
Or linked with Uniform Civil Code
It's an issue of gender rights
Question of humanity
Don't turn it into Hindu-Muslim issue.

True Meaning

If you fall in love with a wrong person You will come to know the true meaning of tension.

True Training

A Surat-based diamond merchant
Owner of a 6000 crore company
With a presence in 71 countries
Said his only son to go to Kochi incognito
And survive as a migrant labourer
To understand life
And how the poor struggle
to get a job, money, food and shelter
He gave his son three conditions
He will not work at a place for more than a week
He will not use his father's identity
And he will not use any mobile phone
Also he will not use Rs.7000 given to him
It's for emergency only.

The son aged 21, a student of MBA in US
Accepted the challenge
And came to Kochi in his holidays
Just with three sets of dress
He lied to the employers and said
He is a class XII student
Born in a farmer's family in Gujrat
For five days he did not get any job
And proper place to stay
Rejected continuously at sixty places
And finally got his first job in a bakery,
Then he worked at a call centre,
A shoe shop and a Mc Donalds outlet
After completion of training went back to Gujrat

While going he said in one month of struggle I learnt that part of lesson Which is not taught in any school, college Or university in the world.

True Yoga

India is the ground zero
And spritual center of yoga
It has very strong roots in Indian soil.

Yoga has come through long process
And uncountable tests on human being
It is not registered anywhere
Like other medical experiments
But it is a science... the inner engineering.

Stretching exercise and pranayama is not yoga Yoga is not about the superficial smile, namastes and vegan food It is an inner alchemy.

Yoga in its complete form is Jnana yoga, Karma yoga and bhakti yoga.

Yoga is a volcano within that breaks down the hard core mental patterns, Thoughts and ideas
It's more to do with having a flexible mind Than a flexible body.

Yoga is to bring down Buddha
From the pedestal
And to manifest within.
Yoga helps understand obstacles
At a mental and physical level
And systemeatically break them down
Through a process of inquiry,
Contempletion, postures
And right breathing.

The world needs to embrace The true yoga.

Trust

Trust is the firm belief
In the truth, ability or reliability, .
The bird and beasts have trust
On their own abilities
But it's very less in human being.

When two people trust each other Trust behaves like a rubber band Stretched by them from two ends As long as they hold it right If one leaves it hurts another.

Trust On Own Power

A bird can fly....
sits on the branch of a tree
without being afraid of its breaking
Because it trusts its own wings
Not the branches.

I can't fly but swim in water
Can cross the river
From one bank to another
Never be afraid of sinking
Never take life-jacket for safety.

Like the birds
I too trust my efficiency
The trust makes me confident
And I swim without any fear
without any expectation of help from others.

Its the question of one's trust....
If you trust on your own power
And your own efficiency
You can do any dam thing
You will be successful.

Try To Understand

Make friendship with those people
Who loves you from within
Don't mix up with dissimilar people
Who have evil eyes, dirty looks
Exhale cold breathes
It's may not be in visible form
But you are to understand it.

Their breathes are poisonous
They can kill anyone at any time
If you are not alert
You may be trapped by them
They will break you into pieces
And no one can rescue you
from their poison.

Leave them like yellow leaves
As a tree used to do
Grow new roots inside
To make fresh green leaves
Why you will stick to them
When their cold breathes
Put you in trouble?

Tug Of War

Tug of war has already been started But not reached to its best
One side is so called Islamic force
And the other side is rest
I can see the split with naked eyes but you are not
Wait for the third world war
And see the growing holocaust.

Under The Sea

I was sitting on a glass boat
Silent, spellbound
Looking to the sea bed
Through the thick glass of the boat
fitted at bottom
The Sun was shining strongly
in the mid sky
Sunrays were reaching to the reef
of Andaman sea.

In that light
I was watching corals ...
The beautiful animals of North Bay Island
They were of different shapes
sizes, colours and species
Their beauty was inexpressible
Some were looked like tiny rocks
Some were attached to sea bed
With roots like a ornamental plant
Some were like human brain
But each one was colourful, amazing.

I was complete mesmerized
Seeing the coral colony of Andaman sea
Along with snails, sponges, crabs, turtles,
Coloured ornamental fishes
Colourful Algae, sea grasses
and dozens of plant groups
That I never seen
Shortly I discovered
The coral polyps are tiny, soft
But their base is hard
And that forms the structure of coral reef.

The reef begins when a polyp attaches itself
To a rock on the sea floor
Divides into thousands of clones
Connect to one another
And creates a colony

A colony grows over hundreds of years
Join with other colonies
And become the reef
Though Coral reefs of Andaman damaged
Due to tsunami, Polution
And rise in temperature at sea floor
But still gorgeously decorated
to stun the visitors.

Understanding Muhammad

Have you read the book Understanding Muhammad: A Psychobiography? If not, read it It's written by Iranian author Ali Sina He charged in his book Islam's prophet was a narcissist, a misogynist, a rapist, a paedophile, a lecher, a torturer, a mass murderer, a cult leader, an assassin, a terrorist, a madman and a looter and offered \$50,000 to anyone who can prove him wrong Dr Zakir agreed to debate with him but finally ran away.

When I was reading the book
A man was disturbing me again and again
He was 'Baba Ram Rahim'.

Unfortunate

It's unfortunate......
A cricket player in a helmet
Defending a duce ball
Is more precious to us
Than a soldier in helmet
Fighting with terrorists.

Unlearn What You Learned

If you want to learn the truth Unlearn what you learned so far Because our parents, schools, doctors Gave us wrong information.

To learn right things we must unlearn those lies first All knowledge taught to us was wrong We must unlearn.

Do not hesitate
We all have to go through this process
If we want to evolve
And like to correct ourselves.

When we gone through this process
In our school and college days
There was no computer, no internet
We were depended on traditional methods.

Today internet is with us to help You must unlearn nutrition, Religion, history and many more things It was to make us fool.

Our selfish politicians done it intentionally.

Unlucky Man

Tell me not
Rajdhani trains run in time
I travel by Rajdhani trains frequently
Never reach in time
Always get delayed
Sometime by six/seven hours
Today I came to Kolkata
by Sealdah Rajdhani
It was four hours late
If it not happens with you
You may call me a unlucky man.

Ups And Downs

The bird eats ant when alive....
When dead, ants eat the bird
Bullock cart carries the boat in land
In water boat carries the bullock cart.

Million match sticks are made From a full grown tree And a stick can burn million trees Made in the cottage industry.

Circumstances reverse without warning, Giving individual no time Do not devalue any one in life Even it is not the crime.

You may be powerful today
But don't show anyone your arrow
The person you hurting today
You may require him tomorrow.

Valley Of Fear

Burhan Wani, the Hizbul commander Killed in encounter
Entire Kashmir protested strongly
Slipped into turmoil
Govt. responded quickly
Imposed curfew
longest since 1990
Separatists called strike jointly
Said no exam, no education
Till K-issue resolved.

The cost became heavy
90 died
11000 injured
Several hundred became blind
By pellets and bullets.

Kashmir faced humanitarian crisis Business shut Educational institutions closed Hospitals went full of injured Tourists cancelled their bookings Valley turned into desert Came to a grinding halt.

They said....
Pakistan is responsible for it.

Vapours

People say, I can't write poem They are right I don't write poem at all I just transform my feelings into words I can't play with words like a footballer I can't narrate a topic like an old English teacher Or a professor of college, university I am a technical man A man of practical ground Where two plus two become four, not five What I write its my emotions My joy, my sorrow, my days behind Thoughts of sub-conscious mind My experience in life With parent, children and wife My friends My flower gardens My work place The hate, the bless I try to present it in poetic form But not in traditional norm Sometime I can, sometime not But the poems are hot Because they are the vapours Come out through superheaters From the three-drum boiler of my life.

Vegetarian

Some people eat goat-meat
Some people eat cow-meat
Some people eat dog-meat
One hates another
What's the difference between them?

Only those people are superior Who are vegetarian.

Vibration

Everything in the universe has vibration Rocks, trees, plants, minerals, animals, foods There are no exceptions
And the vibration is measured in hertz.

A rock may have a low dense vibration
But an apple has much higher of it
Eating nutritious food is very important
Specially the foods with high vibrational value.

Foods high in vibration are
Fresh organic fruits and vegetables
Pure clean water
Sea vegetation and raw honey.

Foods with good vibrational value are Cooked vegetables, raw nuts, seeds Raw organic dairy products Free range eggs, wild fish, raw oils

Foods have little to no vibrational value Processed foods, white flour Processed sugar, canned foods, pop Frozen foods and fast foods.

Cigarettes, hard liquor, pasturised cow milk Infant formulas, pharmaceutical drugs Pasteurized yogurt and cheese Most meats ... beef, chicken, lamb, pork.

Microwaved food, genetically modified food Artificial sweeteners, margarine and lards Any food containing additives Have no vibrational value too.

A healthy human body operates at 62-72 hertz By raising the vibration of the body Disease, virus, fungi and bacteria cannot leave The emotions become pleasant and positive.

Virginity Stolen

No-moon night, load-shedding no light anywhere Wife snoring sleeping pill in actin Wall clock showing half past twelve.

The thirty-year-old man got up Came out silently entered in the maid's room and locked the door.

She is fifteen, fair, good looking developed body, long black hair A poor girl.

He brought the girl from his village Two years back Spent a lot for her update, pleasure wasted valuable times to trap her into the love affair.

Tonight the result come
She agreed to shut the door unlatched.

The girl was lying on her bed Sleepless, Anxious Candle light was oscillating on the floor.

The man put off the candle at one go
Went to her bed
And took her into another world of life
Step by step
She became very excited, lost control
He boarded on her then
Ruptured hymen
and stole her virginity carefully.

His experience made the girl fan She loved that double aged man Except him and the god No one knew The innocent girl is trapped.

Virtual Friends

Virtual friends, chats, comments just like a dream
To keep it in self-control periodically I trim
You may not be agree with me but it's very true
With the help of my virtual friends
Little bit I grew.

Vishwanath

Kashi is the city of Lord Shiva
He resides here
in the form of linga, his phallus
enshrined in a great temple
People call him Vishwanath
Sri Kashi Vishwanath
The lord of the universe
He used to stay at Mountain Kailash
But settled in Kashi
After marrying the daughter of
Dakhs Prajapati.

Vulture

If you are a flesh eater You are not an animal lover You are a vulture.

Wanted Not

The things I wanted from heart I didn't get in practical life,
The things I achieved to date
Were wanted not ... except wife.

Me and my wife ... both Wanted to be teacher I became technical man She got nothing ... so far.

I tried to make my daughter
A perfect Admin. officer
The luck took her to insurance Co.
For making the bright carrier.

My son wanted to be a doctor He became an engineer, He got the degree in Electronics But got the job in IT sector.

For son, I booked a flat in Delhi He got the job in Hyderabad I wanted to stay with him The god wished to keep me apart.

The things I wanted from heart I did not get in practical life The things I achieved to date Were wanted not ... except wife.

War Will End You

Stop the war, war is not solution I know you are war lover, bold But it's also very true you are old Youth will fight it and die Women will be raped, killed Children will cry for water Tons of poison will be filled Call back your troops Talk in lieu If you don't end war The war will end you.

Wasted Time

I spent a year in Kolkata three decades ago.
Accidentally, this year
I went there again... for few days.
I found no change at all
Everything is same as it was.
my mind said unknowingly
This city wasted thirty years
Standing at one place
When other cities walked
a long way by this time.

Water

We have thousand water falls In our mountains Hundred wide rivers in our plains The world's highest rainfall area Is in our country Sweet water lakes we have adjacent to our cities But still we are facing scarcity Of drinking water Using ground water as main source of it And allowing natural sweet water To flow into the sea. It's possible in our country Because our political leaders only interested for self and party They don't have national feeling.

We Merged Together

We, the two souls met each other unknowingly Loved, trusted. someone said love was born from the overy of fire be carefull. we became river merged one with another took the love in confidence started our journey. Now she is in me I am in she flowing towards the ocean Love swiming in our stream.

We Remained Poor

India's freedom struggle
Was truly a political revolution
It made us politically free
Those time our founding fathers
Didn't make great strides
In social and economical revolution
The result came as they wanted
They became decision makers
we remained poor.

What A Calf Thinks

My mother's milk is in your fridge You have stolen it Left me hungry, away from my mother To be healthy and fit.

What In A Man's Mind

You are a woman, your mind changes

At 18, you want a handsome man

At 25, you want a matured man

At 30, you want a successful man

At 40, you want a established man

At 50, you want a faithful man.

But I am a man, my mind doesn't change

At 18, I want a sweet sixteen

At 25, I want a sweet sixteen

At 30, I want a sweet sixteen

At 40, I want a sweet sixteen

At 50, I want a sweet sixteen

Even at 60 I want a sweet sixteen.

What In A Poor Baby's Mind

I want to be healthy from inside And like to grow with endless pride But my father is poor, dugs the ditch The milk prices are out of our reach.

Maam says everyone in the class Have milk daily, at night ... one glass But I am poor, my father dugs the ditch How I drink milk, it's out of our reach.

Maam says ... babies, milk is balanced food It has A to Z vitamins ... you understood? But my father is poor, dugs the ditch The milk prices are out of his reach.

Maam teaches about the white revolution says, milk reached to each one of the nation But not to me ... my father dugs the ditch The milk prices are out of his reach.

Like a rich man, if my father would bilk Before going to bed I would get milk But he is honest and dugs the ditch So a glass of milk is out of my reach.

What's In A Woman's Mind: About Men's Attitude

What women want to see in men? May be many things ... your 'can-do attitude' is one of them.

It's the drive to achieve your goals the growth to a tangible endeavor It may be a challenging job
It may be a part time business or volunteering for the cause you believe in.

Attitude is most important than the facts most important than the past than education, than money than circumstances than failure, than success than what other people think Or do, or say It's more important than appearance Giftedness, or skill We can't change our past We can't change our inevitable We can only play on what we have That's the attitude Women see the attitude in men.

Do you have the can-do attitude?

If yes...
signal to the woman you like
Say her
You have a destination
a route to follow
and your ride is going to be the exciting one.
This subconscious realization may inspire her
to board your ship

and to relax into her radiant feminine.

When I Go

When I go to the sea On the sand I write my pains The sea takes it out.

When I go to the hill On the stone I write my gains And feel very proud.

Where Crocodiles Come Inside City

A river with reptiles bisects the Sanskari Nagari Carries its entire polluted sewrerage water Billons of notes drains out through sewage lines But rain-water does not reach to that river.

The city becomes flooded in every monsoon Crocodiles from river come to the bunglows Through the underpass of rapid urbanisation That brings humans and reptiles too close.

Natural flow of river is less in the river now More of a shallow channel of sewage waters Carries larze amount of non-veg food waste Dumped by city's growing restaurants and bars.

People make additional storey for their safety And shift up when flood water enters in colony But says, crocodiles are part of their ecosystem And do not treat them as dangerous enemy.

About 300 mugger crocodiles are in the river The braves feed them meat at the ghats Rescue and treat the badly injured crocs In spite of madly hitting ... by bricks and bats.

(Wild Flowers)

Who Am I (R1)

Who am I?

Is it the body composed of Earth, water, fire, air and space? No, I am not.

Is it the power of Hearing, touch, sight, test and smell? No, I am not.

Is it the power of Speaking, moving, grasping, excreting, enjoying? No, I am not.

Is it the composition of five airs for functions of in-breathing? No, I am not.

Is it the mind which thinks, researches, develops? No, I am not.

Not this... not this... not this If I am none of these Then who am I?

I am a floating buoy in the sea I am a bird in the cage I am s spark of divine fire.

I am the soul The invisible power A tiny part of him.

Who Will Go First

I don't know
Who will leave this world first ...
You or I?
If you go
I can't stop you.
I will be alone in the world
And
I have to stay here
With fears and tears
Up to the last moment
Of the life
Allotted to me.

If I go
You will weep for a year
And
Come back to the normal routine
An old lady can survive
Without her man
But ... an old man can't.
Shortly, the old man becomes
The old dog of the family
So, I prefer to go first
I will wait there at main gate
Till you come.

Why I Should Not Write

I may not be a poet
But writing is my hobby,
I write from open mind
And I have no lobby.

Writing is my passion
It gives me a lot
It's not my bread and butter
But the food for thought.

Writing gives me energy It keeps always me fresh It supply me unlimited energy Removes my stress.

Writing pushes one forward
If I am not wrong
I t keeps me away from gossip
It makes me the strong.

Writing gives me those things What I did not get in college Writing keeps me busy It gives me the knowledge.

Writing revives my memories It helps to think right It encourages thinking positive Why I should not write?

Why I Write Poem

I am not a poet
But I write poems
I write, because it's my hobby
I write, because it's my passion
I write to become social
And to reach in the heart of my friends
I write poem to transform my feelings
To say the unsaid words in easy way
Even I can say the tough words
That I can't express face to face.

If, I feel romantic
Looking a sexy woman at public place
I can't tell it anybody
But I can express in my poem
in any of the poetic style.
If I am angry
And like to fire my senior
I can't do it practically
But it is possible in poem
And usually I do it.

There are many things
In my personal life
Where my lips are tight
My voice is mum
There my heart speaks
I write poem.
It releases my stresses
It defuses the flame of my anger
And it makes me cool,
Makes me a gentleman.

This is the secret of writing poem.

(Wild Flowers)

Why It Is So?

The American people believe
a Muslim is the enemy of America
The English people believe
a Muslim is the enemy of Christianity
The Israel people believe
a Muslim is the enemy of Jews
The Hindu people believe
a Muslim is the enemy of India
Some people of four companies believe
a Muslim is the enemy of entire world
Why it is so?

Why Nsg Membership?

NSG means Nuclear Suppliers Group A group of 48 members All are nuclear exporters and members Of Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT) It was established in the wake of Pokhran-I Nuclear explosion Conducted by India in 1974.

NSG is not an international treaty
It's only a group
After more than 25 years it decided
to take new members
India, Pakistan and Namibia applied
For membership
To get entry in that group.

India is keen to become a NSG member for expanding nuclear power generation, for entering in the export market, to touch a raw-nerve in Pakistan And to move into the category of Rule-creating nations

From the rule-adhering nations.

But China opposing India openly
For political reason ... says
India is not a NPT member
So, no membership
But NSG guideline says clearly
A Non-NPT member may be a member too
If consensus arises.

This month India got membership
Of Missile Technology Control Regime (MTCR)
All 34 members of it
Are the members of NSG
And they will support India for their business
China did not get MTCR membership since 2004
So stopping India to enter in NSG.

Why Poverty Will Not End

Poverty and poor health are not accidents
They are the result of
Political, social and economic decision
To eradicate poverty
special care needed for few things
Family planning, quality education,
strong health care system,
Purified drinking water,
proper sanitation, economic support
and empowerment of woman.

If govt. interested A country may come out from poverty But they don't want To remain in power they show they are doing enough for people But plans in such a way Net result comes to zero They drains out more revenue Invest less for ending poverty They promote primary education Appoints intelligent teachers But keeps them busy in midday meal Allows high school teachers Not to teach in school Permits collage and universities to drown in politics.

They distributes billions of rupee to poor Through various schemes but health care system gets little bit One poor produces five poor Govt. closes eyes, can't see it News papers sold to political parties News channel become views channel Poor don't get small bank loan But rich digests crores of rupee Gets support to flee India too Govt's eyes on poor people

Compels them to remain as poor
They turns them into
dog voters, cat voters and rat voters
makes them political asset
How poverty will end in India?

Why Should I Respect You

Why should I respect you?

If you talk like an advocate
Behave like a cobbler

Treat me like a bonded labour
And break your promise daily.

Why should I respect you?
There is a 'give and take' policy
If you respect someone
Then only you can expect it
Respect has very high value.

Why should I respect a man like you? I have many places to respect
My Parent, my teachers, elders
Administrative rules, traffic laws
Cultural traditions and many others.

Why should I respect you? You don't deserve that quality If you think, it's your basic right Wrong, I respect you for protocol From inside I hate you badly.

Wife

Wife

In Indian philosophy Wife is neither the Wonderful instrument for enjoyment Nor Worries invited for ever She is The life partner of her husband, Wife starts married life As her second innings With her man And Dips in love With exchange of sex First she loves the manhood The masculine power Then the man And She continues to love him Till the last moment of life Either he survives Or Not.

Win Your Heart

I have not come to defeat you... Come to win your heart Distance is not problem at all And not the colour of my shirt.

I will love you unconditionaly Give my everything to you I will not ask anything in exchange Not even love in lieu.

Wingless Birds

I am a most ordinary man Learning... how to write a poem Just before saying you bye.

It's very pathetic to feel My poems born like wingless birds And can't fly in the sky.

They simply crawl, stand, sit walk on the ground, never try to fly They don't have confidence, trust

Should I bring them up? Or send to the slaughter house For non-veg's breakfast!

(Wingless Birds)

Woman's Day

It was 8th of March International woman's day I was waiting outside the main gate of Zakir Hussain College for my daughter A young college girl came at the gate on a cycle rickswa in black burkha Got down, uncovered her face And the fair, sweet girl entered inside talking to someone on a mobile phone. Just after few minutes A young boy in jeans and tee-shirt arrived on a bike, stopped Just near to me And started waiting anxiously. After a while same sweet smiling girl came back but not in black burkha ... in ultra-modern dress faded foreign jeans milk-white sleeveless top high heel chappal and short dishevelled hair she straightway sat on the bike behind him, in boys style took him between her hands and moved to their destination. After a couple of minutes My daughter came I told her what I saw She smiled ... said, it's open secret papa everyone in the college knows it A Muslim girl comes from home in up-to-date dress But covered by a black burkha in college she removes it Keeps in locker

attends classes, enjoys inside college goes out with boy friends and while returns home puts on her burkha again I don't know the current status of social, economic, cultural and political achievements of women in Indian sub-continent but standing on the college gate I witnessed the freedom of women though it's achieved stealthily.

World Is Changing

The world is changing very fast Changing technology rapidly It's destroying jobs faster Than it's creating Technological progress eliminating Thousands of jobs every year and leaving the workers Worse off than before It's not the acute problem ... it's chronic Started since dawn of the industrial age Now accelerated Workers simply becoming obsolete Like horses after the rise of automobile. It's the race against machine Fight for surviving with dignity Today the purchase Putting down the shutters of retailers booking closing travel agent's shop Ola, Uber stopping taxi industry Courier service compelled people to forget the way of post office It's not only in manufacturing, clerical, retail or service sector but in professions too Like law, financial services, education and medicine sector It's in each and every field Technology going global We got it's economic benefits but losing jobs People are falling behind. It's difficult to say Which job will become obsolete And what new will come? Our educators must be prepared for radical changes in future work force They should recruit, select and support teachers Who are highly talented, innovative

and well suited to growing students'
critical thinking skills
Not just the party workers
Now teachers are more important than ever
If educational leaders invest time
In (re) creating and transforming teacher hiring
And professional development process
It may be possible to reduce
The innovation wave of unemployment.

World Leader

I was travelling in Delhi Metro
Some boys and girls talking on world economy
A tall boy said ...
Who is the next world leader?
China, America or Japan?

A fatty girl answered, it's definitely China Because they made astonishing development Entered the top of world.

A slim boy promptly opposed her Said, A leader is whom everyone hankers for I admire the Chinese power of development But nobody hankers for China Everyone likes to go to America Not to china.

Another boy supported him
Said, though Chinese development is rapid
But the world has lots of questions
In their process
There is economy gap
Environmental destruction
Problem of quality
Copied products
And problem of population
So China is not a leader.

A short girl said, It's America
Earlier it was and presently it is
China should quit its society just for nationalism
They should realize
they are one of this world
now it's a dictator
a sweet shop.

A fat boy said why not Japan? The girl, supporter of America ... said Japan has to insist strongly To the world They have to walk many more miles.

World Poetry Day

Today is world poetry day
I like to say
You all must train
Your children
To write a poem this day.
It may be good or bad
Pleasant or sad
Just introduce them to poetry
And celebrate 21 March
As world poetry day.

World War

The World War-I was regarded by the top world politicians as... war to end all wars But the World war-II proved They were wrong. And compelled them to predict more world wars in future 3rd4th5th They strongly said ... world war - III Will be a silent world war World war - IV ... Will be the 'Terror War' And the war with China Would be the world war - V. If they are right ... The cold war that ended with the collapse of USSR in 1991 was world war - III It made USA super power. The 'Terror war' started in 2001 And still going on the seed of world war - V has also been germinated. But Einstein said ... I know not with what weapons World war - III will be fought, But world war - IV will be fought By stick and stones If it's so ... Then again they are wrong it's not world war III, IV and V It's world war III.... phase I, phase II and phase III. Complete destruction yet to come.

Writing Is Like Human Sex

Writing is like the human sex
It changes with the change of stage,
The teen, The Young and The matured
Reacts differently according to age.

First ... you do it for innocent love Forget your doings and duties for it, The time travels like the bullet train You become like bewildered or lunatic.

And then you do it for friends
Spare your time on faith and belief,
You gather many bitter experiences
That teaches you to be fit and brief

And then you do it for money You catch the fish like migrating birds Here you are complete professional You are able to fetch the right words.

Yellow Fever

The higher notes called off Gold demand taken a hit The price of precious metal dropped Shouts coming from the cheats IT officers busy on raids Traders pulled their shutters ATMs have no money Hands tight of consumers Premium become almost half Investors away of link Jewelry business paralyzed Import started to shrink Yellow metal suffering from fever Country needs a physician He must be a yellow fever specialist And should not be a woman.

Yellow Metal

Gold is a precious metal
And known as yellow metal too
It's great role to beautify a woman
And to qualify country's economy.
Gold used as currency
or standard of currency
throughout history
Paper money also linked to it.
If price of gold increases
Economy becomes weaker
when declines
Favours economy to be strong.

Gold prices not affected
By it's supply or demand
Because one fourth of demand
Met from recycled gold.
It's related to stock market
Balance of payment
money circulation and import-export.
India imports 69 commodities
Gold one of them
Highest in quantity
about 8.5 percent of total import.

One tenth of it used in industry
Rest used by jewelers, coin collectors
and Reserve Bank of India
Indians officially won 18000 tons of gold
11 percent of global stock
Largest in world.
But unofficially own many more tons
India still a golden bird
People owns gold in tolas
temples in tons
If all the gold thrown at one place
Another one Himalayas can be created.

You Are Different

My dear love
Mind it.... you are a woman
Don't set your mind for competition
Women were not created
to do everything a man can do
The truth is that
Women were created
To do everything a man can't do
You are different.

You Are Not Inferior

My dear daughter ...
You are a female
The creature's beautiful creation
Now you are a cute girl
Tomorrow's adorable woman
You are awesome
Special creation of creator
God created you to do those things
What a man can't do.

He made women for the men
And men for the women
To balance the nature
You can't be equal to a man
A man can't be equal to you
Both made for each other
To care and to bother
You are different physically,
Psychologically and mentally
To attract and be attracted.

Somewhere you may be inferior,
But somewhere you are superior
You are more skilled than a man
Better in language
Feel the full range and depth
Of the emotional spectrum
You experience pain
More accurately than a man do
You handle stress better
And have stronger impulse control.

These basic differences ...

Make a woman mother

And the man ... a father

Insist to be mad for each other.

You Are Precious

My dear, you are a beautiful woman Each of your body parts is cute, attractive You should not wear short sexy dresses, In those dresses you looks like half naked People see many things of you easily You may know.... precious things are always well covered And difficult to see, find or get Think about diamond, pearl, gold... Diamond kept deep down in the ground Pearls kept in the protected shell Gold kept in mine under layers of rock. You are more precious than those things And you should be covered in well manner too If not....the illeagal miners will come And mine you against your consent They will pick up their instrument And just have a dig on you.

You May Note It

You may not agree with me but I am the lighted lamp of your home And the only source of light in your dark world
One day, fuel of the lamp will finish and I will go off
Today you have many complaints against my naked flame and the dim light, but note it.....
One day you will praise me and my light
But that day I will not be here to listen those words.

Your Choice

The nature has given everything to us
But not the hell and heaven
It's we, the creator, advertiser of it
Producer of pictures of hell and heaven too.

If the natural sources are rightly used The energies work in harmony Give output like a melodious orchestra The environment turns into heaven.

If not, the society converts into hell Both can be created by us It's your choice what you want to make A heaven like society or like the hell.

Your Name Please

May I know ... who you are, sitting on top under no shade? Some say you are Mr. X, some say Y Some say you are Mr. Z. Some say you are Alpha, some say Bita, Some say you Mr. Gama You are the writer-producer-director And promoter of the drama. Some say you are Allah, some say Ishwar Some say you are the God, Some say ... no, no, no, it's wrong you are the world's only Lord. we can't see you, hear you we are in darkness totally But your case is fully different You see everyone clearly. You came alone Created hundreds of universe Birds, beasts, trees, human Air, water, sky and the stars. I am not asking your power Not interested about your fame I just want to know from you What's your actual name?

Zero

I have started my life from zero
No problem....
Because the successful mathematics even
Start with zero
When I will die
My bank balance may come to zero
No problem....
Because nothing is required
After that.

?????

The feeling

The lady was looking at me with suspense Her eyes were same as an antelope, The eyelashes were carrying tears Like the morning grasses of winter Carrying drops of dew ... and no hope.

Her lips had no language to speak
The face was silent like a mountain
The words were asleep being tired
Eyes were moving like rhyming poem
To express her sorrow and pain.

That day I could not understand her, Just because she was not my part But I feel it today very clearly, as The sleeping words of her lips Are now dancing in my heart.

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I love my children

I am not a good father

I become irritated

I punish physically

I beat with stick

I force to complete homework before going to bed

But another three things I do
I appoint intelligent tutor
I take them on short tour
I love them from heart.

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Invisible cord

A cord
Connects us with child
It's not the birth cord,
Not even remote operated
It's an invisible cord.
It connects our two hearts,
It is corrosion free,
Its flame-proof.
That cord is
Stronger than any man made cord,
No one can see it,
Not possible to tear,
It's an awesome cord.
It remains connected even after death of child

Sometimes it makes us blind,
Sometimes it forces to weep,
That invisible cord
Makes us helpless,
It can't be disconnected
Not even on willing.
It holds us tightly with the child
Forever,
Thanks god for the
Invisible cord.

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Silence

I like silence ... and find the existence Of god in it...according to my ideology, Move inside it like an ocean diver In search of untold divine energy.

Fly in silence with my imaginary wings To find unknown truth of this universe, I love silence from inside of my heart. As it generates strong limitless powers.

Wherever possible, I maintain silence With active eyes, ears and imagination, The silence keeps me always protected And it's the way of my natural expression.

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The Shame Is An Emotion

The shame is the quintessential emotion of human It's not the guilt and involved with immoral, fear The shame is a painful feeling of humiliation caused by the consciousness of foolish behavior.

The Shame is the most destructive of human emotions. It destroys person's self-esteem and perception It is the cause of dysfunction between the families It grows from inadequacy and rejection.

It protects us from the feelings that we afraid to feel, And it gives sense of control over our feeling. Also, shame includes the power of caring emotions The life remains incomplete without its dealing.

The shame only relates the national games and players It includes the cases of kidnap, rape and hug I have found with saffron leaders in Kandahar bound plane It lives with the souls at Jalianwalabag.

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