

Poetry Series

Ajit Chaliha
- poems -

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Ajit Chaliha(13/03/1937)

As of Today, I am a 'Beachcomber'. I travel, I look and pick up things that I find beautiful and catches my fancy.

Birthdays, From Both The Ends

Birthdays are happy happenings
A year from the day you are born
Year after year, with a cake
An additional candle for each year
You celebrate you're the eventful day
The day you were born
And look forwards to red lettered birthdays
Eighteenth, coming of age,
Twenty First, your graduating year and
Entry to adulthood with a new job and pay packet
The year you get married, entry into family life
The birthday year when you, be a father
Thus on and so forth, you come to the seventy fifth birthday.
Suddenly you realize the hollowness
Of looking, forward towards your final destiny
You accept the truth, the Maker's pre planned destiny
And to be positive; remove too the negativity of the end
You turn around and instead of looking at the end
You look at the life you lived
The quota of success and failures
The good health and sickness
Happiness and joy of living with
The ever present streaks of dark spots in life
Without happiness, which itself will have no meaning.
Isn't it wonderful looking at life from the final goal.

Ajit Chaliha

My Try One

(1) : Flow of life's journey.

What do I write, to express

*The other day I was trying to

Life's tinny drops of happiness,

* Go back in time and remember

Or of the bucketful of sadness.

* My early memories from infancy

Both are a plenty, spread over the

* To the 75 years of my life.

Three score and ten years of passage;

* And this small jot is the result.

Through the faltering undiminished goals,

* (1) covers the period as a toddler.

Half remembered, stuck for eternity.

The cuddles and cockles of infancy

The newness of

Each vision, each touch or smell of exploration

The unknown colours of the rainbow,

Add the mingling of strangely unfamiliar sound

Some harsh, some soft

to complement to the familiar rhythm

Of mother's heart.

The faint recollections of

Early winter walk down a winding path,

At the end of which was the dew laden tree,

A tree covered with small white flowers

With heady and divine smell

That tells a story of sweetness and of honey.

Of the taste of nectar, when sipped at the stem

Or remembrance of the inter linked chain of this flowers,
Which adorn the small head of the little sister,
To dress her up as a fairy princess.

And to bring the shrill shout of Joy,
From the collection of tiny friends, with
Shouts of glee, of happiness expressed with
Spontaneous whim with no reason or rhyme.

Ajit Chaliha

The Morning

The Morning

Feel the turmoil, the excitement
Of the peeping, first light of dawn.
Silently hear, the morning activity
Of the turbulent winds whispered, roar.
Here, here comes our master,
The great, omnipotent, harbinger of light The Sun.
Suddenly all stood quiet, stunned
At the brilliant display of color and warmth.
The Day has arrived.
Shillong, the Sunday 26th. February 2012

PS note: It was 4.30 in the morning. I woke up with the roaring sound of the cold wind outside, wind with music of the pine tree swaying with the song which is exited with them from the eternity of time. This continued till the sun rose in the eastern horizon; It struck my mind of the yogi stunts the rishi, muni's perform every morning to welcome the sun rise

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The Wish Giving Tree

Yes, there is a tree that will give you
All; and anything you want.
By the flickering fire side, on an ebbing day
While traveling on the open road,
You will hear tales of this marvelous tree,
The wish giving tree, The Asvatta,
The 'seer' softly speaks of
The tales with teachings to 'stand beneath the tree, and
With believing heart and total surrender'
Ask for the cherished desire.
And lo, the immortal 'wishing tree' will give.
It will give in abundance the desire asked
But be contented also to take the awesome 'burdens'
That comes with the 'blessings'.
So, the knowers of the truth proclaimed by Him
Look at this 'Wishing Tree' from afar
And cut asunder with the sharp sword of knowledge,
All desires to claim to these wishes
To be free; to
Attain 'Moksha' now, and forever.

Ajit Chaliha, Dibrugarh,17/03/2012

Note: Most of us who are Hindu by religion read the 'Bhagawat Gita' at least once in his life time. Others who are more inclined, study the Book by reading it many times. Some of us try to find God in it; others again look for paths towards peace, health, prosperity and happiness. I have done thus so. Reading it many times with belief, dis-belief, with both positive and negative outlook, I have arrived at the Chapter 15. And in this chapter, I come across the ever living, ever giving 'tree' the Kalpataru. The above poem is the reflection of my belief.

Ajit Chaliha