

Poetry Series

**Green Peace**  
**- poems -**

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# Green Peace()

I'm an ardent lover of books. I love scribbling poems, painting, dancing and making new friends.

Poetry has always been my passion since childhood and I wanted to see my name in this succulent genre of y is my highest pleasure and I've scribbled poems about nature, man, feminism, metaphysics, ontology, beauty etc. Emily Dickinson, Wordsworth, Arun Kolatkar are my top priorities.

Total Articles Published 730 (seven hundred)

Myriad poems and articles were published in many English newspapers like: 'The Indian Express', 'The Maharashtra Herald', 'The Times of India', 'Asian Age' from 1996

to 2004, few of them are 'The Birth of Christ, ' 'Pets Parlour', 'The World is her Oyster'.

Poems like 'Unconscious Walls' was published in 'Poet', July 2004 (an International

Journal) and 'Generation Gap' published in 'Replica' April –June 2005 (a National Journal)

'Growing Up Once Again', 'On Getting A Tsetse's Sting' were published in 'Women's Era' Feb

2004 (First Issue) & June 2005 (Second Issue) respectively

# A New Road

different roads to reach'Him'  
ample ways to meet the 'Gateway'  
all vehicles in heavy momentum  
on the move attaining dignified dignity

from where arriving?  
where finally reaching?  
who knows?  
endless seems the peregrination

one after another  
a continent of roads  
some interlinked, some parallel  
which ones the shortest, fastest, nearest?

in the journey to Infinity?  
a new road, a new birth  
nevertheless it continues  
with ample twists and turns

which ones to suffer them?  
to whom will it be a smooth excursion?  
which road will be the ultimate?  
from the cycle of birth and death?

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# A New Wonderland

No more mosquito sucks or dog bites  
Fear of the approaching leopard that tears the flesh  
Or any threat of a dense forest or cathedral  
Want to remain undisturbed, silent  
In a new, happy world  
Remain untouched by a rose or thorn  
Immune from ecstasy or mourn  
Don't wish any warnings, restrictions, bondage-  
No anger, nor rage  
Drank water was glared  
Loved art but was censured  
In hunger was bit, scratched, whipped  
Extracted all labour, pittance  
Tried to emulate, envying always  
Looked forward  
Making to look down dustbin disdainfully  
And left to die as fern leaves.

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## A Rose, A Car

The simple joys of life are nicer  
A rose, a rain or a river  
They're natural thus beautiful  
Uncorrupted, pristine, eternal  
They're the life and so pure  
To any mental ailing perfect cure.  
The cashew nut, the cigar, the car  
In the hands of a dictator they affiliate more.  
Artificiality and sophistry  
In revival of fortunes they cause only melancholy  
At last beyond the influence  
They 're confined, socio phobic, so artificial  
All true pleasures, delight, happiness of life forever denied.

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# A Rum Sort Of Peace

the mundane world rolls on  
silently roars the silver ocean  
colourless yellow feelings sleep furiously  
boundless, free, spread all over

without any contour  
and an essence of percolating peace dawns  
so ginormous is 'His' creation  
ethereal beauty prevails

e v e r y w h e r e  
of the 'Unseen, Unknown Architect  
How thank 'Him' for his unique opus  
that fetches eternal ecstasy to mankind?

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# A Storm

the salvation sublimated  
the attractions have annihilated  
the belongingness merged into wholeness  
the shadows of my dark desires converged into a gargantuan ocean-  
the silence emerged no more woolly babbling

only gazing and realisations  
neither longings nor expectations  
such 'Thine' weird, astounding transformation  
from a futile desert to fruitful plantations.

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# A Tribute To Mother Teresa

A helping hand,  
To the emancipated,  
To the hated,  
To the poor,  
To the sick,  
To the unfortunates,  
To the downtrodden,  
To the orphans,  
To the widows,  
To the disabled,  
To the crumbled  
To the oppressive and confounded.

The help you rendered,  
The comfort and feelings you blended,  
The sympathy for the destitute,  
The care and concern to the wounded  
as healing substitutes.  
The honour, the love, the affection, the blessings  
that were showered on you,  
Are just too less in these words to describe you.  
The unpretentious life you led,  
The hapless and the hopeless with whom you dealt,  
Honest, selfless service was your mission  
A countless times I bow down before you, oh mother!

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# All That Is Not Given Is Lost!

Won a prize  
Of five hundred rupees 'Pizza'  
Told, invited the neighbourhood  
All came took just a piece  
Relished -- Enjoyed --- Thanked -- Blessed --  
Happiness of heart and others too

Got a prize of five thousand rupees, ' American Cuisine'  
Didn't tell any  
Grabbed it  
Ate it to heart's content  
And store it for years  
Stale -- Pungent -- Odour --  
None could nibble it later  
Not even the rats.

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# All That Makes A Difference.....

Different roads, different countries  
Different cultures, different customs  
Different rites, different rituals  
Different lingua franca, different food  
Different marriages, different celebrations  
Different colour, different caste  
Different knowledge, different psyche  
Different religion, different Gods  
Different beliefs, different dogmas  
Of the Same Humans across the globe  
Which one's right?  
Which is perfect?  
Is there anything absolute?  
Who rules the roost?  
Who drives whose destiny?  
Like the ever changing blue waters of the rivers  
And melting into nothingness the rainbow  
Life is transient every spur  
Not a homogeneous solid mass  
But semi liquid, dismembering and moulding new shapes every time  
Who will attain salvation?  
From this gobbledygook, muddling, bewitching conundrums of life.

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# An Unborn's Words

I remain for decades in darkness  
Unconsciously only lapped  
Then of ardent 'labour'  
Strove to get out  
This place was suffocating, smelling, compact!  
So small an area  
How low a society!  
No education, no religion, no renunciation  
Only harped to rich consumption  
But the efforts for liberation  
Have I more sinned against than sinning?  
For it causes someone's death too  
Somewhere misery, agony, woe  
But is it my fault only?  
Or someone's ardent desire  
To invite me to insurmountable anguish of the world  
I find not any peace anywhere at all  
Only clutch, neither a rise nor fall but,  
Lie here in unconscious conscience.

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# Antitheseis

Familiarity brings contempt,  
Love brings hatred.

Hope brings despair and despondence,  
Happiness brings sorrow.

Joy brings grief,  
Liking brings disliking.

Curse brings blessing.  
Disharmony brings peace and harmony.

Pessimism brings optimism,  
Disinterest brings zeal.

Pain brings healing,  
Repining brings satisfaction.

Wrath brings mercy,  
Wantonness brings compassion.

Harshness brings delicacy.  
Cruelty brings sympathy.

Ignorance opens the doors of knowledge,  
Faithless brings pledge.

Blithe brings woe,  
Friend brings foe.

Request brings order,  
Challenge brings surrender.

Fortune brings distress.  
Failures are the stepping stones to success.

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# Art And Artist

Some hands write novels, poetry, lyrics  
Some hands carve idols  
Some shape statues  
Some hands design buildings  
Which artist greatest?  
Which art noblest?  
All human creations  
Yet vary their value  
Men destined for different fates  
Someone the tip of the hat,  
Someone the crust of humility.

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# At Sixes And Sevens

Somewhere decorum, somewhere pandemonium  
Somewhere parsimony, somewhere bleeding heart  
Somewhere love, somewhere hatred  
Somewhere revenge, somewhere forgiveness

Somewhere bondage, somewhere liberty  
Somewhere eccentricity, somewhere selflessness  
Somewhere egoism, somewhere humility  
Somewhere complexities, somewhere simplicity

Which ones to permit the soul?  
To acclimatise and dominate  
Life keeps changing every spur

Discrepancies are inevitable  
To be water or a rock?  
Will it attain a pool of boundless solitude?

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# At The Butcher's Shop

Was standing at the butcher's shop  
Saw the butcher slaying the legs  
Shrieks --- Blood --- Redness---  
Anger --- Cruelty -- Death ---  
Cold ---- Stiff --- Hostility ---

Washing -- Cleaning --- Sensitivity ----  
My emotions overflowed  
Felt numb of flesh, dumb of spirit  
As if consuming ignorance  
Passion --- Wrath --- Arrogance ----

Through one, many, all  
Evolves collective apathy, enmity, revenge--  
Why not efface them?  
Never slain, never consume them  
The lust, the greed, the crave that feeds on man.

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# At The Railway Station

A glance on the railway station,  
And you will find a lot of confusion.  
Men and women pale and white-  
No man to hear their trouble and plight!  
Parents caring for their children and luggage  
And talking in their own pitiful language.  
Coolie's are waiting, everyone is waiting.  
Perhaps it is the train arriving!  
Coolies are running to the nearest compartment,  
Gentleman scolding, "It is the reserved department."  
When the train is about to depart:  
The coolie asks for his charge,  
Gentlemen are fed up of paying them in large.  
Their journey begins happily,  
And I return home to make a note of  
the experiences quickly.

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# Awaken The Soul

Awaken the soul  
Which for centuries have slept  
Blissfully ignorant in lazy lassitude

Awaken the soul  
From the slumber that has haunted it ruthlessly for ages  
And stabbed the spirit mercilessly  
From its active performance  
Of immortal deeds basked in selfless, serene opus.

Awaken the soul  
After all, tomorrow is another day  
To erect monuments of immortal intellect  
And leave some indelible impressions on the sands of time.

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# Benevolent Tears

Dark clouds scattered everywhere  
Dried ponds, rivers, oceans  
Par unquenched thirst of million birds, beasts, humans  
Cannot bear the agony of nature  
Thus a tribute to its melancholy pours down in torrents  
Overfills everywhere  
Green grass greets the grasshoppers

On green stalks fire red roses brightly dance  
Green leaves attached to ripe yellow fruits  
Hearts gladden, souls solace  
The Descend of ecstasy, gaiety, charm  
In the golden farms  
The yellow light scattered everywhere  
The air of fulfilment, solemnity, tranquility that's rare.

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## Bird -- Man

Be it at the drain or at tree -  
Clean, pure with wings and beaks remain any distinction free  
Neither caste nor class-  
Similar lot the entire mass-  
Neither education, nor status, prestige conscious  
Sheep of the same herd, neither jolly nor serious

Man born is an animal  
Educates himself becomes socialised  
Belongs to a caste is class conscious  
Different qualifications, different identity, different pass-  
Touches cow dung, enters graveyard, eats meat and wine, becomes impure  
Magical mantras recited, sprinkled holy waters automatically becomes pure once  
again  
Man is man, different from bird, beast, bee-  
In bondage and yet carefree.

Green Peace

# Black Snow

If mother be than son smaller-  
If ant be than elephant bigger  
If fire be colder  
Ice hotter

Darkness be light  
Light darkness  
If hare be fiercer  
Lion be calmer

Ascetic be mundane  
And materialist abdicate the shilling  
Everything would seem invertendo  
Sorrows would be happier, happiness woe.

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# Boating With Them

It was pouring cats and dogs  
Fully drenched I returning from the piano class  
Suddenly saw I, gathered a group of tiny tots  
Busy making and floating paper boats

Sat down with them  
And danced, sang, sailed the blue boats  
In ecstasy I realised that had  
Happily embraced my inner child

When emotions ran footloose and wild  
Down with a sore throat, influenza, pneumonia  
Yet awaiting another shower  
To join the kids in their mollycoddled gaiety and gala.

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# Calamities

Earthquakes or volcano eruption,  
Famine or flood  
Are some of the natural calamities  
Which cannot be stopped by any human ability.  
In earthquakes houses and property are destroyed.  
In volcano eruption lava is erupted.  
In famines flood is not found,  
In flood water reaches up to the  
unlimited bound.  
Rain, wind, sun and cold,  
Are four gifts from God!  
These may be helpful or may perish  
In human life's relish.  
Such are the calamities of nature-  
They may be destroying some lives  
also in the future.

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# Ceaseless Pursuit

Ceaseless pursuit beyond the unknown  
where its start, where destiny?  
what its struggle really awaits?  
Does it really fulfill the deep breathed desire?

To what extent and how much?  
Anticipate greatly  
But ends in emptiness weightlessness only  
This insanity of mankind

Leads him perhaps nowhere  
All attained pearls perished in the midway voyage somewhere  
Thus O Man, O Youth, O Son acclimatise affirm to these few blessed blessings of  
love, forgiveness, mercy and cheer.

And progress ahead slowly, steadily, confidently as a king-  
To attain something truly worthwhile  
Who knows what tomorrow brings  
Before much is lost in the melancholic pall in the long miles.

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# Chicken Soup

Rich, red boiling soup.....  
Spicy, saucy, thick, streaming  
And the chickens wailing in pain  
Their legs, chest, throat all amputated they bleed and groan.  
Garnished with salads and nuts ornate all over  
Served in furnished, fantastic cutlery  
be it at luncheon or dinner  
In every other accident or death it's  
lament, misery, malediction  
Here at harm, hurt, murder  
delight, pleasure, celebration!

Tongues water, passion grows, heart craves for more appetite  
Emotions that sprout of violence, revenge, fright.....  
What an inanimate commodity  
involved in such brutal treatment  
Then what rapport, feelings, thoughts  
is for an animate living being meant?

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# Childhood Instinct

A tiny tot  
Playing alone  
In the park  
Amongst other kids

Suddenly dragged someone's yellow car  
To drive on  
They snatched it away from her  
In her swaddling clothes she woolly babbled

As if wanted to drive her microcosm's destiny  
Gradually she headed  
And threw a forlorn footwear at them  
Who's justified?

She or they who didn't even let her share  
Their tempting, toy  
She didn't like to be the butt of the joke  
And so paid them back in the same coin

Blissfully ignorant children are  
Yet guided by the divine instinct  
That demarcates the right and the wrong  
The good and the bad

The pious and the vile  
The reward and the punishment  
The friend and the foe  
The hostility and the cordiality.

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# Class

The soul knows her class  
Its comfortable in it  
Abandons the other  
Be it higher or lower

Floats with identical pals-  
Together rises and falls  
Acclimatizes to the coterie  
Refinement, sophistication free

Fears the others  
High norms, culture its barrier  
Taciturn, meek, dumb  
Passive, deadlock as a stone.

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# Commonness

None can deny that they too feel the scorching heat of summer  
The freezing ice of winter  
None can deny that they too feel the vacuum of hunger  
And sometimes feel the fire of anger.

None can deny that they too feel the same pain  
Happy on the same gain  
Bleed if something pierces-  
Sorrow flowed by the ardent tears.

None can deny that they too feel the same greed  
The same need  
The same envy  
The same irony!

None can deny that they too attach the same stigma of criticism  
The same disdain  
The same sentiments  
The same expenses.

For we are all humans  
The same homo sapiens group  
The same love- hatred- shared in mankind  
In the same debts bind.

None can deny that an informal feeling descends  
Of this commonness, sameness  
An identity is established  
Of the fair and dark humanity.

Then why these walls?  
Of the sameness  
Of class, caste, religion?  
Division--- Distinction--Competition---

None can deny the same similarity  
And yet a difference.  
That marks its essence  
Of this embedded commonness

Note: The writer expresses the commonness of feelings shared among the same human community. This is collective unconsciousness wherein descends the informal feeling as if all people are my own and everything is my own property. Then why prevails these walls of class, religion etc? Again these walls only drive the essence of embedded commonness. They become separate again and yet one.

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# Cool Coolie

Turbaned head  
Red and white clothed  
Benignly asks  
'Should I help? '  
To reach the  
r i g h t  
compartment  
The train is on time  
Arriving on platform number one  
He covers long distances  
Spots the compartment  
Carries the load  
Undisturbed, untroubled, unrisks  
Keeps the luggage  
Takes his fee  
Departs  
How noble service!  
Humble obeisance  
No orders, no requests, no curse, no advices  
Benevolently appears  
Helps the mass  
Unasked, unanswered  
To reach the destination  
Bears the weight solely  
But nameless duty  
His unique dignity.

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# Dear Mr. Toothpick

Dear Mr. Toothpick,  
You are present in the biggest five star hotel to the smallest scullery  
Helping humans hospitably  
By cleaning the teeth mercifully.

Alone you exist, thin and bare  
In the heat, cold, rain, hailstorm and for us care.  
You overlook, discard the thorns  
And polish, glitter the pearls.

How noble is your service!  
Without you something is largely Amiss  
Do take care of your health and be happy  
Ever ready with your amusing antics at luncheon, dinner or a tea party.

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# Dearest Prince

Hi, how are you today?  
I've seen you since aeons  
But never found any spur  
To greet, peptalk, ask about your well-being  
You shine eternally  
Then sleep for the night  
Again march ahead with your flash,  
To enlighten even the darkest corner of the  
scullery  
Do you never even wish to have a siesta?  
And forget to rise the consecutive day  
Or wake the members of your kith and kin?  
Explaining your tour routes to them  
What's your age?  
Are you everyday the same sun?  
Or the age old tiresome fellow?  
To engage your bones, flesh and burn the  
midnight oil  
To toil for the next day  
You do your duty selflessly and bid a  
goodbye at dusk  
Darkness that envelops in the mountains  
and at husk  
Then at next morn again you outshine  
To be orange at dawn, a golden plate at  
nine.

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# Death

Oh death! Why do you come so early to those who hate you?  
And why so late to those who are awaiting you?  
When you come and go away  
You leave behind a miserable, sorrowful and ruinous way.  
By your departure you leave behind only  
pain, shock, misery and grief  
You do so in a span so brief.  
Oh death can you not change your  
law and come at the latest hour?  
So that people live a healthy joyous life  
and be ready to accept your power.

Green Peace

# Death ----- A New Life

Attacks --- Accentuates ---- Appall ---  
Battles --- Bemuses ----- Bemoans --  
Maims ---- Marred ----- Wastes ---  
Dismembers -- Mangles ----- Devastates ---  
Cold ----- Icy ----- Snow ----

Death the emperor of all truths---  
Destroys the present consumed, consummate life  
And grants a new life  
Hence death the inevitable light-  
The Destroyer and the Preserver---

The seed of a new life  
Whose potential tree would be the taking body itself  
Thus death isn't a death at all  
But a new life.

Note: The process of death is described as it attacks, maims and finally devastates. It is a destroyer and a preserver since it endows a new life, killing the present one. Hence death isn't a death at all but a new life altogether.

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# Depressing Disparity

Woollen garbs, cosy bed  
Satin pillows in hand teddy red  
Kurlon mattresses spread all over  
Six blankets kept for the one prince to chose its colour

Pizza or Hamburger easy at hand  
Coke, Cola, Citra not ban  
Teeming millions with no permanent roof over their head  
Remains no choice where is forced liquor and bread

Infinite are ill clad with only a torn rag in the biting cold  
Snow falls covers them full fledged  
Tolerance equalizes heat and cold  
Fortune displays its multifarious folds

Why this disparity?  
Forced pain and forced happiness everywhere  
Who realises whose pain?  
Seek happiness, peace in vain!

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# Devotion

Devotion comes from within  
which cannot be hidden.  
Devotion means dedication, ardour and concentration  
To know what is devotion you need realisation;  
A devotee detaches himself from greed,  
anger, selfishness and worldly pleasures.  
To come in contact to God without measure.  
Devotion cannot be taught,  
Since it is an internal arising expression and thought!  
Devotion is not at all a load!  
But to reach God a wonderful mode.

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# Different Rights

The same tree stands  
Its fruit distributed differently  
Some buy in baskets, in boxes dry fruits  
Myriad kids hop, jump throw a few down  
Jump, run away as people badger  
Bite the sour juice  
Remain content, with it only  
Flowers in bouquets, baskets parcelled to some  
Some take its fragrance in air  
Or keep the dried petals within the pages  
What differentiation with natural objects  
Then what of man made artificial commodities?

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# Education

Education is a wonderful gain,  
By which we can succeed when we are in need and pain.  
If, in our life we remain uneducated  
We will never attain knowledge but will remain simple stupid.  
Education teaches us how to become great,  
How to dedicate in an infinite way and to make the right choices  
Education teaches us how to love everyone equally:  
Without teaching us how to love everyone equally:  
Without having any formalities  
It teaches us to be large hearted,  
And serve the world in countless ways.  
It teaches us to be kind and helpful,  
Also sympathetic and cheerful,  
And to help someone in their trouble!  
It encourages us not to lose hope at all  
Because every climb has a fall.  
Don't lose hope in the dark  
And avoid all selfishness and greed,  
This is the only path which leads  
To the path of perfect happiness  
This we can achieve  
only when education is received.

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# Electronic Pain

Days in childhood, in vacations  
we spent at giggle laughter  
Discussed the pickles  
Found the solutions  
Climbed the trees  
Scribbled, scratched, drew  
Now everything electrified  
No use of pencils  
On the computers they draw and paint  
Games on it too or else  
The video games  
Where are the fluffy dolls?  
Showcased, shopped, bracketed  
No smiles, no laughter  
Pip---Pip, Pip-----Pip, Swish-----Swash  
As if every thing's melted  
And they became history  
Reminiscence them only to reap its joy  
And be satiated  
That we didn't lose anything  
As the new borns are today.

Green Peace

# Emptiness- 1

pleasure --- delight ---- happiness---  
all around celebration  
and yet this haunting emptiness----  
void--- incompetency ---- loneliness ---  
among crowded hordes of myriad mass  
why this incompetence?  
this lacking glory?  
this depression, demoralisation, despair----  
the unknown mystical melancholy that drowns the soul---  
that cannot dare raise its ugly head up again  
raise it upwards!  
to the highest level  
to bask in the celestial aura  
of Eternal, Heavenly, Blissful Ecstasy.

Green Peace

## Emptiness -2

A sense of wastage-  
Guilty consciousness peers-  
Optima 'self' denial  
Everything self yet nothing

Deeds for self and others are almost same  
No expectations, no name  
Ego submerges in the mighty ocean of wholeness-  
And descends emptiness.

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# Euthanasia

Abuses -- Backbite -- Tantalise--  
Hurt --- Harm --- Envy ---  
Stare -- Glare --- Terrified ---  
Secrecy -- Despair --- Disgust --  
Demoralise -- Deprive -- Deny---

Compete -- Conflict -- Censure --  
Pester --- Turmoil --- Trauma--  
Blackmail -- Predicament -- Pain --  
Symptom --- Diagnosis --- Treatment --  
Swell ---- Burst ---- Die ---

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# Exhausted Inquisitiveness

The fire of curiosity, of festivity gradually dwindled down  
The adoration, glamour, colour got exhausted  
It's the same image on every image  
The same decorations

The same mob  
Identical songs blared  
Similar fervour, enthusiasm, mettle  
What's new, rum, remarkable?  
What makes the difference?

Follows the cycle of regeneration tirelessly  
Exhausted are the minds, mirth, muse  
The dog tired humanity  
That's crushed by the wheels of humanity.

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# Figures Of Speech In Fiction

Be as wise as serpents, as harmless as doves  
Where let the edifice of life be pity, mercy and love.  
Life is a bubble  
Entangled with thorns and troubles  
In life's forest we wander lonely as a cloud.  
Where it takes the shape or form of a cloud.  
Variety is the spice of life.  
Sometimes we may experience the kind cruelty  
of the surgeon's knife.

Fortune smiled upon me.  
When the winds were whispering into me.  
'Thousand saw I at a glance, '  
The murmuring bees upon the flowers danced  
There is a miniature of the tiger and the ape in his character.

So I asked him am I your keeper?  
To err is human, to forgive divine,  
'I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.'

One should respect grey hair.  
Who look forward for your concern and care.  
Is life worth living that depends on the liver?  
She is the joy of her mother.  
There is no one so poor as a wealthy miser.  
But can he spend generously his earned treasure?

Oh I pity on the beggar in torn rags!  
His empty tummy and bags.

I am a citizen of no mean city,  
Being a child I have no liability.  
O liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!  
'Frailty, thy name is woman's fame!  
The child is the father of the man.  
The proper study of mankind is man.'

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# Fleeting Faces

Wanted to touch the fluffy white clouds  
But realised it is unattainable.  
Wanted to fly, but was bounded.  
Mollycoddled in fantasies and fairy-tailed world  
Went to delve them out  
Found them only fallacies.

We're moving in islands  
Thus dwindling in realities and white-lies  
What's hidden behind the smiles  
Tragedies, predicament, dilemma, tears  
Might change tomorrow:  
No consistent facts.....  
Everything revolving in 'ifs, buts, exceptions'-  
'Even-thoughts'

Life's like an ice-cream  
Steady yet soon melts  
Exists, but gobbledygook existence  
In the intransigent seasons.

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# Flexibility Of The Soul

Flies -- Attaches --- Feasts---  
On pals --- parties --- picnics ---  
Individual -- Social --- Mass ---  
'Becoming' and the 'Being'  
An effort --- a performance ---- an attempt ---  
Love ---- Affection ---- Contempt----  
Attraction --- Affiliation --- Admiration ----  
Praise ---- Familiarity --- Ovation -----  
Dejection --- Disease --- Doubt-----  
Despair ---- Depression -- Deadlock ----  
Wailing --- Agony ---- Death -----  
Unburnt ---- Untwisted --- Undissolved ---  
Eternal survival, no temporal mortifications----  
Beyond every other physical perishing manifestations  
Now no more attachments, no affinity  
Turns away wholly, purely towards divinity.

Note: The poem is about the flexibility of the soul, how in life it attaches to the different parties and organisations and after death loses its affinity and becomes 'Eternal'. 'Becoming' means getting attached to and 'Being' is what it is. Its a journey from the present to the future. 'Becoming' doesn't require as much attention, perfection as much does 'Being' spotless, perfect seeks.

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# Flexible Soul

Learnt German, French, Spanish, Japanese  
Acclimatised to the changes quickly spacious  
Came to live in an eighty storied building  
Then shifted to a two bedroom, smallest flat

Could travel in air conditioned cars  
Petrol finished had to squeeze into the bus  
Someone offered wine  
And forced to smoke

Politely refused.  
Forced to flirt, abandoned the pub  
Advanced style, sophistication  
And put handcuffs to immortality before embracing them ever.

Green Peace

# Fortune

Luck, fate and fortune are the three birds  
of the same feather.

The three feathers reach the culminating point  
when fine is the weather.

Man is the architect of his own fortune.

To be fortunate self- confidence, hard work  
and patience will prove to be a boon.

'We make our fortunes, and call them fate.'

To make a good fortune it is never too late.

'Shallow men believe in luck,

Wise and strong men in cause and effect, '

'Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry.'

To the weak, unsuccessful, fraud and misfortune  
their fate is like a calamity.

'Fate is not the ruler, but the servant of providence.'

The seeds of success will flower by the waters of  
diligence, confidence, obedience and intelligence.

'Where there is a will there is a way,

But Rome wasn't built in a day.'

Fortune made in a day

Very soon goes away

As for fate, you who are learned should know

Man's effort can equal the wonders of fate.

Venture far, but not too far,

Be bold, but not too bold.

Green Peace

# Friendship

Friendship is like a bunch of flowers tied together,  
Happiness and solitude for some auspicious moments rather.  
Friendship bears the sorrows and happiness of two souls,  
It also bears misfortunes and disasters in various moulds.  
Life is like a mystery to be thought,  
Friendship is essential for it to be solved.  
Friendship is like a sand castle which often breaks,  
Friendship should not be made just for the sake.  
Friendship is a sweet thread of love and affection  
Life without friendship is like a boat without a rudder,  
Friendship and kindness, cheerfulness gaiety mark the border.  
A caring concern and a friendship that's true  
Makes it heavenly to be with you.  
Your warm understanding is a special gift.  
That always gives my spirit a sudden lift.

Green Peace

## From Salient Admirers

You are a jewel in the crown,  
You are with us through ups and downs.  
You are a ray of hope in the dark:  
Your encouraging words are as sweet as a lark!  
You teach us physics, chemistry, biology,  
You can study children's psychology:  
Angels, triangles, algebraic expressions,  
Of course, colourful chemicals and illustrious illuminations.  
We love, respect and honour you.  
For such a big debt, how can we forget you?  
You are kind, lovable, considerate and merciful,  
We owe you an ocean of gratitude.  
'Teachers Day' will COME AND GO.  
But your importance will never be low.

Green Peace

# Futile

Empty yearnings  
in the vast, dry deserts  
for a few drops of water

Green Peace

# Generation Gap

They copied but we xerox  
Our forefathers wrote letters,  
Youngsters e-mail  
Women were disheveled, disarmed,  
Girls model, parlour, potter  
Females rinsed,  
Eves today mix, swish, swash,  
Sagacious scholars counted on fingers,  
eggheads now compute them  
Birthdays were forgotten,  
Today grand celebrations, cheer, spank  
Dhotis, kurtas, sarees, blouses prevailed  
Now Jeans and Tops, Mobiles and Masterminds  
Distance conquered, world has been so piffling  
a place to exist in  
Gulfs within minds have been abominable  
Dismembered, mangled, Crushed souls  
Divided, partitioned, psyche; no unity of Being.

Green Peace

# Greed

Greed is the disastrous animal of man!  
which obliges, cripples man to be immoral, selfish and cruel.  
Wish, want, will, desires are the elements of greed.  
From which man can never be free.  
Greed is a vicious circle of life.  
Without whose entrance man cannot survive.  
Greed rises from the want of money or materialistic pleasures.  
To destroy greed we have to limit our desires.  
To drive greed from within we must perform  
meditation and salvation.  
The ultimate end thus leads to happiness  
and pure satisfaction.

Green Peace

# Grief

ON 27 Dec 1995 I met with an accident,  
For which my parents were full of sorrow.  
Which no one could lend or borrow:  
But everyone was amazed and grief stricken  
Shocked and were badly shaken,  
On the same day I had a great brain operation!  
For the same reason everyone was in a great tension!  
Then I started recovering slowly  
And everyone's face started glowing.  
So we should believe and be greatly thankful  
to my life's saviour,  
And to those who helped us by their  
kind and helpful labour.  
So luck is very unpredictable,  
Depend on the 'Saviour' who is highly reliable.  
Believe 'Him' by whose grace works  
Miracles in the universe  
From the functioning of an infinitesimal insect  
To the ginormous world  
Sorrow, grief, misery, agony are all types of pain!  
By which out of these you never have any gain!  
But only pain and pain!  
Which creates a lot of grief and tension.

Green Peace

# Happiness

What is happiness without any pain?

What is happiness without any gain?

Happiness is contentment.

Happiness may also be a wonderful achievement.

Happiness can be defined as satisfaction

Which we get after doing a noble action.

Happiness can be achieved by doing selfless deeds.

By this we can sow the 'Humanity seeds'

Love one another as I have loved you,

Follow this golden principle and you will find,

Happiness awaiting you with arms

open and welcoming you.

Green Peace

# Happy Days In The Rain

The streets clear,  
its the joy sheer,  
the houses fill,  
and all movements are still.

The frogs croak,  
the dried plants soak,  
yes, its the arrival of the rains,  
water everywhere as some crops  
are drained.

Vegetation enriches,  
rejuvenates new life for the fishes,  
children can't play anymore,  
watch the clouds and rain and become a bore.  
rains come and soon they go,  
nature exhibits its glorious show,  
rains give life, prosperity and vegetation,  
its absence causes doom, death  
and destruction.

Green Peace

# Harming The Soul

This bubbling anger on others why?

This malicious greed on someone's treasures why?

This burning envy on pupils endeavours why?

This red revenge on person flows why?

This harm of own, pure soul

So 'mean', paltry by others deeds it turns though must be 'High'

Rest thy soul in solemn purity

Uplift it to the highest Divinity.

Green Peace

# 'His' Existence

in every flower that blooms  
in every fruit that swells  
there's an unknown indescribable sweetness  
whose mirth beyond comparison  
whose sublimity remarkable  
whose solemnity lies in purity imperishable.

for in every atom there's the spirit of 'He'  
'He's ubiquitous in every particle of the air  
that transforms things prettier, brighter, beautifuler  
were 'He' not present anywhere,  
things would turn darker, duller, uglier  
there wouldn't be any spirit at all

Of life, mellow fruitfulness, vigour,  
things would be passive, dead, inactive  
'His' Presence alone--  
that drives a force in inanimate objects too.  
that makes them move artificially so.  
in every bee, bird, beast

'He's' mingled  
in every mole to a mountain  
thus Love 'Him' from the bottom of your heart  
Praise 'Him' truly  
Thank ' Him' earnestly  
Give Glory to that Great Gracious God!

Green Peace

# Home To School

Love -- Care -- Affection --  
Touch -- Understanding -- Communication --  
Pleasure -- Joy --- Happiness ----  
Burlesque --- Antics --- Brightness ----

Formal -- Neglect -- Insensitiveness --  
Slap --- Stick --- Strict --  
Fear -- Despair -- Misery --  
Passive -- Mischief -- Agony ---

Notes: When the small child is sent to school he/ she faces a totally new environment characterised by classroom, teachers etc. The difference of home and school is brought out by the use of parallels.

Green Peace

# Human Values To Be Perished

Who is noble to pay respect which springs from within?

Respect cannot be hidden.

Who is grateful to have the past gratitude?

Respect is the best human sentiment which has no other substitute.

Who is charitable today?

How many does to you a kind word say?

Charity means an act of generosity

Charity is an act of liberality.

Charity underlines kindness,

Also hospitality and frankness.

Charity transforms man into a human being

It is just a noble and humble understanding

How many are to the poor and needy merciful?

How many are to the unfortunate, down-trodden and helpless pitiful?

Who does love one another selflessly?

Without having any selfish motives and without greed

Who does have affection for one?

Only bitter hatred but love for none.

Is anyone as humble as a sea rock?

Pride has made them to others sneer and mock.

Is anyone as Gandhiji honest?

But left to burn in the lava of anger, jealousy

Greed, selfishness and turn them ugliest.

Is there anyone who is backbiting?

Who is to all the wishes and desires of the  
unfortunates and orphans fulfilling?

Is there anyone left who is spotless?

Unmoved by the pain, sorrow, grief, agony and is immensely joyous?

Science and money have crippled and deadened man's sensibilities

He has erased himself from humanity and responsibilities.

Green Peace

# Humanity

Can it take a shape?

Does it have an essence?

Nameless -- Weightless -- Colourless --

The mist of tranquility

That wafts the fragrance of nobility, altruism, humanity

It carved into an idol-

It has an aura

Name -- Weight -- Motley --

The aroma of Divinity

That binds together mankind in the bond of devotion, asceticism, purity.

Green Peace

# Ice Cream

The ice of all heat.  
The poor and old's treat  
Every child's dream  
Colourless ideas, no distinction  
The same ice-cream caravan but,  
Buyers differentiation  
The white, fluffy soft ice  
Be it of high or low price  
The passion escalates, absorbs the scorching irritability  
Ever new, ever fun filled, ever transient reality  
Temperature increases, ice melts-  
Life's like ice and cream taste varies  
Moulds so brief, so apt, so deft.

Green Peace

# Ice Ice Ice Cream

Heat heat all around  
Summer only found  
Waters dried, souls parched, thirsty tongues  
Creamy chocolates, ice- creams in full swing throng  
Ice-cream cold, colder, coldest  
Pal of every child, till the oldest.  
Cools down the warmth, the hotness the suffocation  
Of the pauper and the monarch, the largess benediction

Green Peace

# If I Were A Tree

Were I a tree, I would from the worldly  
pleasures and treasures remain free,  
I would be unmoved by the calamities  
(rain, earthquake, flood) of life,  
Providing fruit to the beggars or poor I  
would their tears wipe.

I would prevent soil erosion and  
pollution,  
I would to mankind give all problems  
solution.

Were I today not there on this earth,  
Man would starve for food since their  
birth.  
I attract rain clouds to bring rain  
I give everyone happiness but who  
does realise my pain?

For his own interests he cuts me down,  
I am cut into pieces and in agony I  
groan!

Green Peace

# Immersion! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

The day the thoughts dashed the ground,  
Rowing ambitions produced no sound.  
Where emotions paralysed  
Only tears but had dried.  
Everything had come to an end,  
The tragedy could not be mend.

Lost! lost! lost!  
Everything is lost!  
Nothing more left,  
With my unfortunate pathetic fate.

I have lost my child,  
In the mouth of the ancient wild  
I have lost my parents  
The sky above forlorn and the ground snatched  
I have lost my life's partner  
Who loved, understood and compromised and was my supporter.  
Seeping wounds of darkness dawned at the rise of the day,  
Where in agony, anguish, misery and melancholy they lay.  
Never will they come back.  
From the path they had come, they have gone back.  
None can wipe their everlasting tears  
None can bring them solace from tears.

Green Peace

# Immortality

Immortal I want to be,  
By giving vision to someone who would be able to see.  
His darkness would flee.  
And from all mercy and helplessness would he be free.

He would visualise the snow-clad mountains  
Of the Himalayas  
The fountains, the peaks, the hills, The Statue of Liberty and Bengal's Bay,  
The thick forests of Gir jungle.  
The Ganges whose delta forms a triangle.

The chirping birds, the fluttering butterflies:  
And at the slaughter house the innocent,  
harmless creatures cries  
He would wonder at the moon and the dazzling  
stars at night.  
Also in the hour of dusk he would rise  
by the sun's light.

He would see the sparkling sun like gold,  
Ever refreshing and never to be old.  
Green emeralds, golden yellows, pure reds,  
red rubies, sunset oranges.  
Life is an intricate network of all tragedies,  
comedies and fabulous fallacies.

He would juxtapose antithetical views  
the happy and the sad,  
The good and the bad;  
The bliss and the sorrow:  
The friend and the foe.

The revenge and the forgiveness,  
The dull and the brightness,  
The give and the take,  
The join and the break.

The hatred and the love or affection,  
The wrath and the compassion,

The miser and the generous,  
The free and the superstitious.

He would also notice the murders,  
assassinations, stabbing infanticides,  
Polygamy, polyandry and poisoning,  
Oh why give sight to see such violence,  
hatred and repining.

I live after my death by my eyes.  
How I feel it is of the hour the highest price!  
I hope one day the recipient will also be the donor  
And help someone, someday see all the colours.

Green Peace

## Impersonal -2

At home a box which doesn't play --  
The broken synthesizer --  
The wireless communication --  
The dull sound of air cooler --  
Passive -- Impersonal -- Formal --

Incessant cuckoo's song --  
The flowing of various Ragas  
Conversation plain and effective  
The cool breeze that soothe the day labour  
Active -- Intimate -- Informal --

Notes: The material things become formal and no longer entertain mankind as compared to the natural pleasures of nature.

Green Peace

# Incompletely Full

Reached tasks till their goal  
Success -- Honour --- Congratulations --  
Limelight -- Ovation --- Celebrations --  
Attainment -- Accomplishment -- Achievement --  
Vacuum --- Loneliness --- Spinelessness ---

to join in a new mission-  
endless pursuits, endless voyage  
to meet the ends  
life awaits to encounter the cold Chariot  
but adventures infinitely gulps man down.

Green Peace

## Ineffable Pain! ! -2

Words on lips, cannot utter  
See the malicious evil, yet cannot do anything  
Want to repent for the sin  
Barriers surrounded

Affluent luxuries all around  
Cannot even enjoy a bicycle  
Cola, Kingfisher, Royal brand in full swing  
Education, ideals fear to touch them even

Jewellery, satin dresses, pencil points in dozen  
Morality peeks  
Eager to repent

No ways found  
The freedom of the soul the greatest  
Lame before it any rules, regulations, restrictions.

Green Peace

# Inexhaustive Force

aeons since the rivers that flow fiercely  
the sun that shines steadfastly  
the stars that shine silently  
the earth that rotates unnoticeable

the trees that bear fruits, flowers spontaneously  
from where comes this inexhaustible mettle?  
who controls them all perfectly?  
without any appearance?

it proves the existence of the mystic Muse  
the omnipotent, omniscient orator  
somewhere sporadic its mist  
in its beauty, truth, eternity.

Green Peace

# Innocence

White, fluffy snow like innocence  
Formless, odourless, religion less  
Content in its lofty tent  
Closed other precarious debts

Meditated upon its collected pristine aroma  
But when wanted to delve its meaning, worth  
Alas! it was lost  
Totally transformed into tangible tar

The windy roads of conscious realised  
That it rode away far away  
Into the pure chariots of simplicity  
Where it would seek serenity in the golden bays  
Which masked not, but was immersed in divinity.

Green Peace

# Innocence Stolen

Apple was an apple  
Rose a rose  
Bird a bird  
No difference between the wild lion or the mild herd.

Didn't know what's money-  
What's called marriages  
And that everyone ought to marry-  
Mind was as soft as velvet, cool as ice, pure as a lily.

Didn't interpret good- bad, dark- white,  
Everything was the same  
All covered under a realm without any name  
Day after day comprehended life richest to its core.

Interpret many meanings of a single idea  
Replaced by gravitational grave the gaiety and gala  
Simplicity replaced proof-  
Extrovert remained aloof  
Smile, laughter haunted by worries and dilemma of life's memories sweet sour

No more the same innocence  
Endurance or escalating elegance  
Day after day everything lost somewhere  
Untraceable in the air  
Is this advanced education?  
Scarcely reaps optima pacification

That steals its purity  
Embedded, embellished in artificial sophistry  
The woe is indescribable  
Never erasable  
That's eternally immemorial  
That creates ripples-- bubbles---whirls---

Green Peace

# I'Ve Become A Material

Man's life dwindles in history's shadow and reflection  
Truth and deception  
From innocence to rationality  
From illusions to logicality  
From actions to expectations  
Fully classically conditioned

Nothing performed simply  
But develops the cause effect hierarchy.  
Lost its true naturalism, simplicity  
Became an artificial, synthetic commodity  
Sweat absorbed by air-conditioned  
Thirst quenched by Coca Cola.

Feelings consumed by the wire-  
Information broad casted in the air  
Things work on its utility  
Service equals productivity  
Reduced from natural to material  
Its true essence denial.

Green Peace

# Joyful Creation

first took the child the pencil in hand  
and scribbled  
then wrote alphabets  
sketched  
and drew  
moulded, embroidered, wrote novels

gave birth to twenty  
tried communion with the Infinite  
which form of joy is greater?  
for all of them represent creation, process  
all Thine own creations  
yet why different degrees of satisfaction in these creations?  
do they depend on past birth deeds?  
which deeds go with which creations?  
which highest, noblest?  
which lowest, crudest?  
how determine Thee?  
is any creation of repercussions free?

Green Peace

# Last Pain

How much more pain can this fragile soul bear?

Hostility-Repugnance---Antipathy--

Every time, everywhere rejection, despair, depression and my chains of pain  
lingering always

Forced with draws, misunderstandings, dejection

No love, concern, sympathy

Formal kindness, helping, hospitality

Life runs into a cold death and wasteland----

Lifeless, warmth less, frozen still slumber.

Green Peace

# Less Yet Full

'He's Ageless, Timeless, Space less  
Sinless, Spotless, Measureless  
Passionless, Desire less, Anger less  
Motionless, Emotionless, Ovation less  
Speechless, Ego less, Voiceless  
Feeling less, Fearless, Fatigue less  
Yet is placed on the 'Highest Seat'  
'He' whom with hands folded and flowers we greet  
Soft, Smooth yet hard, rude as iron.

Notes: 'He's' less of everything and yet full is the entire irony in which 'He' has been described.

Green Peace

# Look Up Once

in the midst of the storm 'He' helped me cross the river  
and from an accident recover  
showed me the right direction always  
enjoyed in my happiness and satisfaction.

in the midst of the storm  
'He' motionlessly, agelessly sweet seems  
'He' has created the fruits to eat  
and flowers to delight.

water to quench the thirst and the sun bright-  
breeze to soothe the labour-  
nightingale to console the disaster

praise 'Him', love 'Him' thank 'Him' once-  
Look up to Him who is there to embrace you in the midst of the storm  
mercy, benevolence, forgiveness of the kind 'Father'

Green Peace

# Lost Horizon

Silent is the night  
The trees are dark  
Silent silvery moon's walk  
The oceans tide.  
Blinded/ weakened vision  
The accomplished mission.  
Unfearing fears that succumb me.  
Where I can only betrayal and deceptions see.  
Falsity prevails everywhere  
Where is honesty, bravery and care?  
The unthought thoughts,  
The mind clots  
The unheard cries  
The untold lies  
The unwept tears.  
Fearless fears.  
The deadened, paralysed nature,  
The forthcoming tomorrow the future  
Helpless, lonely in predicament am I?  
Who can hear my passionate cry?  
I feel I am diametrically lost  
In nature's flow I am only lost.

Green Peace

# Lost Spirit

within each breath  
return the lost essence  
which resides in lethargy, lassitude, fatigue  
for which is awaited appointments and anticipations  
which dreams but cannot fulfil them ever

which is engrossed in a deep, sombre slumber.  
within each breath  
return me the lost spirit  
of enthusiasm, simplicity, purity  
which has sublimed since eta

which makes feel inhumane, mundane, muddled  
which maims the soul and bleeds  
within each breath  
return the lost mettle  
to start a new voyage

to reach the prescribed destination  
to fulfil every action  
vested in decorum, determination, dedication  
which would bring out the true self

to be what is 'really'  
to be meant what truly it is  
to unravel the mask, to peel off the coverings  
within each breath  
to realise the 'ultimate', 'Infinite' Self.

Green Peace

# Love

Love is a human sentiment which comes from within  
Love cannot be bought by money-the strongest weapon.  
'Love one another as I have loved you',  
Love from the core of heart, even if you love a few.  
Love everyone infinitely, selflessly and equally  
Without having any selfish motives and doing nay formality.  
True love grows deep with the passing years.  
It is difficult to love everyone and anyone selflessly.  
But by doing so you will soon be able to spread  
Joy, peace, happiness and brotherhood everywhere automatically.  
Love everyone little but love everyone long,  
In the long run of life let your reflection of love not be wrong.  
Lovers are like melons  
Shall I tell you why?  
To find one good one  
You shall a hundred try.  
Oh my lover  
I still love you  
How can I forget you?  
Ever cheering, ever adoring, ever new.

Green Peace

# Make Me 'Natural' With A Beautiful Mind

away from materialism  
make me 'natural' with a beautiful mind  
no pecuniary expectations always  
that crushes the innocence nocturnal

make me simple with a beautiful mind  
avoid pouring any complex strategies  
that sprout dilemmas, depression, anxieties.

make me pure with a beautiful mind  
efface the escalating impurities  
that pollutes the head and soul  
remove me from deliberate, distorting scepticism

make me 'good', 'worthy', 'honest' only  
drink, filter these black spots  
clean them to spotless  
make me only  
a true, modern, scientific human being consciously.

Green Peace

# Maths

Algebra and Geometry are the two branches of maths  
Which makes us think and we are in a fuss!  
It is the best subject of education  
For achieving good marks we need  
dedication, determination and devotion  
Algebra is well known for its equation,  
Geometry for its proofs and theorems.  
If we practise these subjects regularly  
And master these coming out with flying colours  
We will be someone like Aryabhatta or Pythagoras.

Green Peace

# Memories Of A Simple Time In Life

The cloudless sky  
The sunless air  
The blue less water  
The seedless flower.

The scentless fruit  
The speechless tree  
The leaves of the feeble grass  
The harvest colour of crops like brass.

The waters of the shores continuously cleansing it  
The waning moon  
The silver lining on the houses, roofs, shore  
By the glorious shining moon whose silvery core.

The feeding herds of nature's solitude  
The haunting cliffs, valleys and its beatitude  
The fruitful orchards, farms, gardens,  
The smoky white horizon.

The memories of a simple time in life  
Invites happiness, joy, ecstasy,  
Such ecstasy beyond measure  
For its spiritual uplifting  
Lightening the soul and fulfilling enlightenment.

Animal pleasures have exhausted  
Now springs heavenly bliss  
Serenity -- Tranquility --- Peace---  
The memories of a simple time in life  
Fetches eternal, glowing, glittering happiness.

Green Peace

# Minds

Minds know what minds know  
Minds don't know what minds know  
Minds don't know what minds don't know  
Shared beliefs, ideologies, cultures  
Distanced psyches  
Silence melts in silence  
It speaks louder than words  
Mysteries of the mind  
Where beginning, where end?  
All appear a whole, twitching, muddling game  
Silence means a lot  
And continues the enigma  
Of separation and fusion.

Green Peace

# Miraculous Benediction

In my life there is the fierce tiger  
The meek mare  
The largess river  
The miserliness of the deserts bare.

In my life there is the softness of the flowers  
The hardness of the rock  
The love of the mother  
The hatred of the enemy's mock.

In my life there is the bitterness of the gall  
The sweetness of sugar  
The roundness of the ball  
The flatness of the square.

In my life there is the black coal  
The white snow  
The cool cucumber  
The hot fire.

In my life there is the dumb statue  
The rapid lightening  
The fat elephant  
The thin water.

In my life there is the harmless dove  
The harmful snake  
The silence of the dead  
The loud thunder

In my life there is the blithe of the bee  
The dull ditch water  
The free tree  
The bondage of the ruler

'His' different manifestations  
Of immense love, benevolence, benediction  
All multifarious yet bonded in one unity  
'His' driving divinity.

So divergent they are-  
Yet operating in the same world  
So far, so near  
'His' mirth as glittering, glamorous gold.

Green Peace

# Misery Misery Everywhere

Misery for love,  
Misery for hatred,  
Misery for birth,  
Misery for death,  
Misery for grief;  
Misery for the shock:  
Misery for the pain,  
Misery for agony,  
Misery for anguish,  
Misery for anxiety,  
Misery for depression,  
Misery for frustration,  
Misery for woe,  
Misery for foe,  
Misery for envy,  
Misery for acceptance,  
Misery for wrath,  
Misery for curse.  
Misery for despair and despondence,  
Misery for repentance,  
Misery for poverty,  
Misery for unemployment.  
Misery for the greed,  
Misery for mutiny, riots and wars,  
Misery for child labour  
Misery for dowry,  
Misery for divorce.

Green Peace

# Money

Money can buy costumes but not beauty  
Money can buy idols but not devotion  
Money can buy books but not wisdom and knowledge  
Money can buy bed but not rest and sleep  
Money can buy medicines but not health  
Money can buy wealth but not health  
Money can buy clothes but not shame  
Money can buy food but not hunger  
Money can buy flowers but not freshness and fragrance  
Money can buy land but not home (made of human hearts)  
Money can buy honey but not sweetness  
Money can buy somethings but not everything  
Money can buy luxuries but not happiness.

Green Peace

# Morning

When the dawn breaks at the early hours  
and everyone sleeps,  
gradually the orange coloured sun out peeps.  
The birds start chirping and flying  
The calm breeze starts blowing.  
The cuckoo sings a sweet song  
To listen whose song we do long.  
The cock cries out cock-a-doodle do  
Listening to whose cry we realise it is time  
now to awake and be ready soon.  
Morning thus is the most calm and quiet hour  
of the day  
In which although we work burning our oil  
We remain joyous and gay.

Green Peace

# Multiple Selves

Sometimes boss  
Somewhere employee  
Someday, someone's friend  
Somebody's nobody  
Dog paddling across several identities  
To find a new self every time  
Polish, patronize, potter  
Within the shadows of my mind  
Difficult it becomes  
To identify who am I?  
What remains remains  
'He' alone knows  
Who am I  
Everytime a mask I wear  
But real face remains intact  
None can transform it  
Multifarious mentality

Green Peace

# My Balloon

I love my balloon  
My big balloon  
My blue balloon  
My ball balloon.

How playful it is  
Without it something I miss  
The joy, the gaiety  
The buoyancy and elasticity.

The spur of celebration  
The moment of glorification  
Of excitement and passion  
Relieved me from the tensions

My burlesque balloon  
My bright balloon  
My brisk balloon  
My brilliant balloon

The balloon flew up into the air,  
Songs of festivity in their full blare  
It is in itself the joy, cheer and pleasure  
Unmixed by the sorrow or materialistic treasure.

Green Peace

# My Idea Of Happiness

The day I smiled at those who at me frowned,  
Saved the lives of the drowned,  
Befriended my foes.  
Enlightened those in despondence and woes.  
Transformed the ruthless into merciful,  
The treacherous into pitiful,  
Served the unfortunates and the downtrodden,  
The widows and the orphans.  
The disabled and the crumbled  
The oppressed and the confounded.  
I sang the song of peace and harmony,  
of bliss and tranquility.  
The waves of happiness flowed unto me,  
I was as free as a bee.  
Talked to the flowers and trees,  
Memories flowed like seas,  
I stand here at the end of the day,  
To see all folks content, happy and gay.  
Happiness given is happiness gained  
In life which is short, long is the art.

Green Peace

# Myself To 'Thyself'

Playing with the butterflies, squirrels, birds  
Embracing the fruits, flowers and seeds  
The identification then remains stagnant  
For quite some years  
Then with the members of the community  
Would like to attach  
Cling on and cherish them  
In the neighbourhood by the country  
Befriending, helping, empathising  
Expand the 'self'  
No more walls now  
A free, vagrant vagabond strolling past  
The villages, cities, continents  
Loving every face of man and woman  
Black and fair  
Rich and poor  
Feeling every creatures pain own miseries  
Healing their woes, agonies, malaises  
In 'summum bonum' and ecstasy  
All relations bound in a garland  
Of 'Humanity'  
Not a less or more  
But the centre of the core  
Of that radiating circle  
Whose centre is in the middle  
Without any circumference  
Just an atom in the world  
Still yet everything.

Green Peace

# Mysticism

save me from all sinister glares-  
something that always hears  
that mocks, tantalizes, pans only  
the simplicity ornate, embodied involuntarily

along with the feats, heyday heavily pregnant with sophistry and artificiality  
they wander this paradox!  
save me from this overwrought, perplexing astonishment  
save me from all lampoon judgements, criticism, queries

that bleed my soul  
and make me what I'm not  
save me from the windy contradictions  
that seems awaiting like a vast devastation.

Green Peace

# Nature

Nature is bestowed with diversity  
A diversity which has certainty  
The sun shines and the birds sing  
And the orioles fly with golden wings  
The tree grows and fruits ripen  
And the children eat them with their hearts gladdened.

Green Peace

# Nature Imagery

Like to watch the changing shapes of the clouds  
Of the moon merging in the blue cloudless canopy  
the detachment and yet the attachment feeling that dawns  
indescribable silvery its beauty  
and the formation of new stars and the falling ones-  
and the seldom appearance of seven stars in a row-  
the transformation from a caterpillar to a butterfly  
life appeals its changing seasons  
nature nature everywhere  
life embedded in it  
either cannot be subtracted  
it would be life without air.

Green Peace

# On A Tsetse's Sting

Vehemently repugnantly stung  
thoughtless, careless, aimless hunter  
stung sharp and fingers swollen to  
cylinders  
a frisson of horror  
the pain was progressively indescribable  
heavier went its dignity  
penetrating blood, skin, skeleton  
and became numb, standstill as lead.

Submerged into a boundless pool of  
quietude  
smoothly stared and waited  
frozen half to death  
which past revenge, enmity did it  
fulfil?  
Did it satiate its simmering wrath?  
And what did it attain?  
Hearts jumping with fury  
to convey hopeless venom  
to the wicked inspiration  
who conceived him?  
knowing its aftermath?  
Is it a pleasure or result of thoughts  
impure?  
Will it turn its destiny or seek dignified  
demur?  
Eternal sinner.  
How turn his failure  
into benevolence, forgiveness, cheer?

Green Peace

# Parched Soul

kill this wild ambitions  
that to insanity drives  
which feeds on illusions and fallacies  
no truth, or realities.

Kill this hammered greed  
of, for, by, money  
which is by all evils aftermath  
of which no remedy.

kill this penetrated anticipation, envious comparison-  
which only escalates desires  
as the red fire-

degradation only no voyage or uplift  
kill all these negations  
which only beckons depression  
and just shower pure peace  
peace-- peace-- just one single piece.

Green Peace

# Peace

Soul that craves for peace-  
Peace of the body and the spirit.  
The mind is not at liberty to soar to any exalted form of expression.  
Its affinity to flow downwards-

Perseverance, endurance exercises to scale heights  
Heights of excellence-  
Purity- Serenity- Solemnity-  
Peace- Bliss-- Tranquility-

Misery steals its original unstressed essence  
And makes it pregnant of tensions  
Misery- Claustrophobia- Cancer-  
And a drowning feeling of depression, deterioration, death.

Green Peace

# Perambulator Pulling

Born with a silver spoon in mouth  
Cosy, pink, rosy, soft bedding  
To remain there moving, playing, smiling to the world  
A total room, an identity, an individualism of one's own

Right from the spur the heart beats  
Love, affection showered with an air of dignified approbation  
The kid crawls, walks, dog paddles islands  
All alone and forgets to be an escort to the silvered hairs, emaciated, ailing  
shades.....

Green Peace

# Perfect 'He'

who is guilty?  
man or his environment  
to commit misdemeanors  
who produces this environment?

society or man himself  
is everything operating by itself?  
where is then God lost?  
Has it lost its power?

Its superhuman, super divine mysteries  
why doesn't it descend down  
in some form-  
be it bigger or smaller

and prevent lugubrious mishaps  
all around scattered and henceforth erupting  
continuously like the active volcanoes  
that throws its devastating lava

is God dead or consciously passive?  
who imprinted those fortunes  
of the present life which is dependent on past deeds  
has present life's noble deeds no value?  
is everything weighed in the past?

how this doctrine?  
who wrote them?  
did 'He' investigate them?  
are they gross truth?

how true?  
who knows what's right or wrong  
any perfect mortal teacher or only perfect eternal 'He'

alone can determine evil and virtue  
all mortal souls are imperfect somewhere  
and that makes the difference.

Notes: Miserable to see all the mishaps of murders, suicides, rapes, deaths all around the writer has several feelings, expressions and questions erupting which led to this poem composition. This poem is ironical in the sense that at the beginning it blames God and finally ends praising 'Him', making 'Him' remarkably praiseworthy.

Green Peace

## Pets Parlour

Infinitesimal, wooden, musty cages  
Beautiful, multifarious birds  
Silently weep and perch  
Alienated from the healthy, broad environment  
To satiate human desires  
Materialized their freedom  
A sort of sadism inflicted  
Miserable existence  
Their movement, delight, happiness trapped  
No tree, no nest, no lakes  
Howsoever gorgeous be the cage  
Yet cannot replace the natural, green habitat  
No joy, no chirp, no song  
For wanderings long  
But a pestered survival  
To hopes, cheer, pleasure burial.

Green Peace

# Poor Soul

Poverty of the body, not the soul  
Rich of the flesh, not the spirit  
Poor is the soul which hasn't any education  
Any character, any ethical rules, any determination.

Which attaches no religiosity  
No rites-- rituals--- worship---  
For whom everything is sanctimonious  
Masks in hypocrisy shuns the pious

Poor is thy soul which knows nothing-  
Is a pretender at core not worth of anything  
Enrich thy soul by seeds of education  
Education needn't be formal

That education which makes man a human  
From animal instincts towards the divine  
Then lament never even if you are poor  
For cultivated, enriched soul is far richer.

Evil---Poorer-----Poorest-----  
Divine--Richer-----Richest-----  
Its the true Monarch, the Emperor  
Of big life's deeds the Small Carrier.

Soul claps, sings, dances  
Ecstasy, Meditation, Salvation  
Wiser, Prettier, Fairer  
Intellectual, Purer, Holier--

Soul whose the richest  
He's the wisest  
For burnt not, twists not that ' Entity'  
Which exhales in eternity.

Green Peace

# Poverty

Poverty makes its entry  
Without anyone's permission-  
Accumulates somethings-  
Sublimes before utility's exhaustion

It languishes for the deprivation  
And wishes to emulate the riches-  
And starts its struggle thoroughly  
But failures mount up before it anywhere reaches.

Green Peace

# Precious And Beautiful Gifts

Green, gargantuan park  
Scattered everywhere the tiny tots  
PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS  
OF THE HEART  
With their funny antics, woolly babbling, scuff-lings  
And in ecstatic bliss they play together  
forming one large circle  
Where prevails no differentiation  
Of colour, caste, class, religion

The tiny tots are the  
PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS  
OF THE HEART  
Who fear neither fire nor water  
Pain or pleasure  
Bondage or separation  
Everything appears alike  
To the mystic playgroups  
Who enhances beauty to the park

And makes it like a praiseworthy piano  
Adorable and adored  
Loved by one and all  
For their foolish wisdom  
And snow white pristine innocence  
PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL  
GIFTS  
OF THE HEART  
In multifarious garbs

Some can jump, run, walk  
Scribble, read, write  
Colour, sketch, dance, sing  
Play with barbies, balls, cars  
Can lap chocolates, cakes ice-creams  
BUT.....  
Many PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS  
OF THE HEART

Dared not even open their eyes, ears, mouths

Are fettered with myriad manacles  
Their petulant childhoods are dismembered  
Can't they too wish, aspire, dream?  
Like the no blesse oblige?  
Why do humans itself deprive the joys?

OF THE

PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL

GIFTS OF THE HEART?

Make them work in hotels and factories

LET THE PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS  
OF THE HEART

Realise their golden reign  
Of care, concern, love, benevolence  
They do deserve like the other children  
LIVE AND LET LIVE  
And merry the world around  
With gay children  
in multitudes.

I believe that THE PRECIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL GIFTS OF THE HEART ARE CHILDREN GOD'S GREATEST GI couples are childless today. So children are our joys and happiness. Children of today are our youth and future tomorrow. But there are teeming children whose childhood are nipped in the bud and are engaged in child labour. Let's not make children work and better the world!

Green Peace

# Realisation

very few people had gathered  
and the light broke out gradually  
at the horizon  
the light of enlightenment, knowledge, salvation

who can realise its gravity?  
comprehend its necessity?  
some say dark, some light  
some adhere to reasoning, some prefer fright

who falls in which class?  
which one worthier?  
are all the same?  
whose value greatest?

Green Peace

# Reflections Of Joy

The flower in the garden smiled-  
The multifarious birds when chirped  
When given alms to an ill- clad  
Or received an infinitesimal unexpected gift

They all gave joy  
Some flickering, some solidifying  
But all eroded in distant horizon  
None remained in eternity.

What glitters now are reflections  
That sometimes gave joy  
Indeed made the day  
Their degrees, qualities, quantities varied

Did the same event fetch every time the same joy?  
They escalated, became zero, decreased  
The everlasting joy of reality  
That abides in selfless services and creativity

Which freely stand as monuments of ageless intellect  
Monuments of its own magnificence  
And will be ever things of beauty, the joy forever-  
Admiration, reverence, tributes always hostility never.

Green Peace

# Reverend Mistress

White, Whiter, Whitest  
Whitely you lap and taste  
Play jocundly in multifarious garbs  
Sometimes silent, sometimes violent

Roll, roll, roll  
Ive, Dissipate  
Distinguish, Differentiate, Determine various fates

Hold myriad lives  
Scuff, Sprint, Splutter, Stutter  
Spiffy, Skittish, Smoulder

Aren't you bugged?  
Of aeon's long activity?  
Of mere ascending and descending?

Fixed destiny  
No other choice, or break the humdrum curriculum  
Don't your bones break and feel frustrated?

How ginormous is your form?  
How often do you transform?  
Who guides you?

From where do you come, where go?  
Do you either know?  
By your ethereal beauty how many could you seduce?

By your fathomless song  
What do you want to convey?  
Are you mourning humanity's miseries?

Or own tears of Thine diurnal course and dilemma?  
Will it have an impact?  
On the great Architect and Designer?

Green Peace

## Roads - 2

Trees planted on this side and on that side  
In rows and the road stretches  
This curves it to many roads  
Which road would humans choose?  
Freedom of will but restriction in  
Freedom makes all the difference.

Green Peace

# School Days

School days had its own way of life indeed!  
Helping one another as a sort of kind deed.  
We attained valuable, wonderful knowledge  
From our remarkable teachers,  
Truly they were excellent discipline preachers.  
We enjoyed parties and picnics,  
Also we had frolics and funny antics.  
The earnest service of our teachers,  
Never will we forget after our departure.  
The sublime and sweet speeches of our principal  
Made us most cheerful and joyous after his arrival.  
Debates, dramatics, elocution and quizzes were  
The other extra- curricular activities.  
By which we had personality development  
and other characteristic abilities  
School was the temple of learning,  
Where the teachers were candles and  
The students were the lamps.  
Under the shade of knowledge we were  
From the evils protected and safeguarded,  
Where happiness was multiplied and sorrows divided.  
Love, compassion and kindness were the basics of teaching  
Which will remain ever fresh in our hearts with a grateful meaning.  
After schooling we have to face this big bad world,  
For which we should be brave and bold  
School days had its own way of life indeed.

Green Peace

# School Rickshaw

Tiny tots  
No thoughts  
Uniformed, Bagged, Tiffinboxed, Waterbottled  
In microcosm molycoddled.  
Childish, pettifoggy, peremptory  
Yet sent out to be a small soldier in  
The gargantuan, outer world  
Squeezed as if chickens in a van  
Tearful eyes, woolly babble, scream  
Picked up from homes, left to schools  
Regularly he ferries them deligently  
Father of the child  
Unknown love bond  
Whose father?  
Whose child?  
Yet benevolent  
In the coming and the going  
yearning,  
Priceless, guided duty  
Leads the path, nameless somebody.

Green Peace

# Sea

The same sea  
Different forms  
Sometimes silent,  
sometimes violent  
When will overflow,  
when remain stagnant  
When tides occur,  
when privation  
When benediction,  
when destruction  
Fog when fills everywhere  
Silver seas and white skies  
Merge together into one whole  
No solid differentiation  
As humans standing in a map  
Appear the same  
Regardless sex, caste, class, creed  
Tumultuous battle  
As if seeks liberation  
From some predestined curse  
But yet is bound  
And will remain in bondage eternally  
Natural white foams scattered  
everywhere  
Even where eyes cannot reach  
Untaught, joyful, ecstatic play  
Is it the same 'He' who created  
A sea and a grass?

Green Peace

# Sea Beauty

Water water everywhere  
Immeasurable depth as a human mind  
Colourless, multifarious  
Green, white, blue  
Big rise  
Small rise  
Big fall  
Small fall  
Sea unravels  
As destiny  
As sea changes its course  
So does destiny  
New hopes wrapped in past despair  
Come rolling forth  
Like a rainbow of shells  
And the glitter of golden bangles  
WHAT IS A MAN?  
Before the fathomless, boundless sea.

Green Peace

# Seeds Of Humanity

Cast aside the jewellery, ornaments and perfumes,  
They are only fake and external decoration and costume.  
Arise, awake in thy humanity  
Respect one's self's dignity.  
Be cheerful and humble  
Also content and noble  
Avoid pride and selfishness  
And also jealousy and rudeness  
Be simple and frank.  
Not to understand oneself of high status or rank.  
Ever sweet, ever encouraging words of yours in life.  
Should enable others to their tears wipe.  
'Love one another as I have loved you'  
In the silence of your heart let not anyone become an object of hatred.  
Can you not hide your praises and confess  
to the world the sins you have committed.  
By this you will cultivate the seeds of humanity.  
And also honoured and respected.  
Avoid pride and anger,  
Sacrifice your life to help the needy,  
downtrodden, unfortunate and poor.  
Consider no human being useless or unimportant.  
Everyone in this society is needed and equally wanted.  
Avoid hypocrisy and false pain!  
By which there is no gain.  
Flow the rivers of kindness and pity  
And also peace and tranquility.  
No wonder the distance has been conquered.  
But the gulf between the minds of the people have expanded.  
Cast aside the jewellery, ornaments and perfumes of falsehood.  
They are only fake and external decoration of womanhood.  
In the silence of your heart let the seeds of humanity be sowed in one another  
You will soon realise happiness and bliss.  
Surrounding you with a greater circumference and border.

Green Peace

# Separation

The spur I was separated,  
From my beloved  
I was all alone  
Useless it is to be born.

Where shall I go?  
My life to whom I owe?  
My thoughts crystallized  
My imaginations paralysed.

My emotions struck  
I was transfixed  
I was like a fish out of water,  
Like a soap without lather.

I thought only of you  
You were the diamond among the few.  
You were my contemplation  
My concentration and meditation.

The love you gave me  
From the superstitions you freed me  
I am in agony  
In anguish

In melancholy,  
Complete disharmony,  
In dissatisfaction  
And frustration.

Green Peace

# Shame

Give me the shame Oh mother earth!  
To think, feel, evaluate as a woman  
Make me not too mollycoddled  
So as not to realise the aftermath  
Of what would have already occurred-

Molestation- Rape-Pregnancy-  
Shower the instincts necessary for a girl  
To make her feel what she really is-  
To slip her every nail, waist, tip of the hair-  
Make her feel a cultured, civilised, traditionalised but yet smart, stylist woman.

Green Peace

# Ship Of The Open Air

Barren, unsophisticated high seat-  
Yet can glance the palaces, towers, sky-  
The ship of the desert  
Linking people and destiny  
Freedom of thought and bumpkins feel the fresh air, ecstasy

Scented, sophisticated low seat-  
Restricted vision, see the front and eyes on toe  
The quadwheller of the city  
Closed windows, restrictions  
Rigid, stereotyped, smell the fuel.

Green Peace

## Small God

went to the Shiva temple  
with a bottle of Ganges water  
and honey and blue flowers  
started worshipping  
Lord Shiva  
at that spur  
an ill clad infinitesimal boy  
in dirty garbs and ruffled hair  
came and sat in front of  
the Shiva Linga  
Is it 'He' in his form?  
Trying to distract my attention  
from satisfying a natural 'God'  
than an inanimate statue  
or an extra distraction  
standing as a barrier  
in the way of rites, rituals and prayers  
and not being able to reach the destination.

Green Peace

# Social Mobility

Tall sky scrapers, grilled, barred, curtained  
No ray of light within  
Wired, cabled, electrified  
All joys, happiness, aspirations  
Soft toyed, computer ed, fern leaves, artificial roses  
No time, space to water the real soft ones  
Never do bathe your countenance  
in the fresh, pristine air and the marvellous bounties of nature.  
Caged cocktails with kingfisher and roasted cashew  
Smelt, Felt, molested mistresses  
White collared, rode in cielo  
Been with the kingpins, crushed the  
paupers under wheels of the car  
Lived in high buildings  
And yet no room for 'humanity'

Green Peace

# Social Space

One bedroom flat  
Wired, telephoned, talking machined, CD ed, VCded.  
Cooler ed, micro oven ed, fax machined,  
camera mobiled, interneted all within  
Barbies, donald ducks, teddies  
Embellished with embroideries, marble  
Decorated with synthetic plants, flowers, fruits  
Little space left for dining, resting, chatting  
Humans have no space to express their inner  
urges, melancholies and dilemma  
The world has become so infinitesimal a  
place, so piffling, so pettifoggy  
Some where in time commodities have replaced man  
And transformed him too, into a commodity with life  
Day comes to end  
And unfortunately man himself finds no space at home  
And saunters vagabonded in the wilderness  
Of life, left all alone like a noble savage.

Green Peace

# Spacecraft

Motionless like a still bird  
Floating in midair  
Flying across continents, oceans, islands, bays  
Submerged in a pool of solitude

Conceiving a new mission  
Visualising only countries of white clouds sailing behind  
Alien rum seems everything  
Gets acclimatised gradually the air of dignified recognition

A huge rise, a gargantuan descend  
However high man scales  
He will look down sometime, someday  
Either sooner or later.

Green Peace

# Speechlessness

Words heard are sweet  
Words unspoken are still sweeter  
What to whisper about?  
All known facts, realities  
Everything at the tip of the tongue  
None ignorant about infinitesimal thing  
What to utter?  
Histories, geographies, sciences discovered and invented  
Libraries of ever flowing vast knowledge  
Everything captured and stored  
What to discuss?  
God, man or a bee  
Its rum to digest the psyche of a man  
He differs so much from the other two  
Remaining singularly plural  
So alike and yet different  
So similar yet distinguishable  
How many heads can be counted  
To account a different mystery  
What all flying colours  
The idiosyncratic specie  
With a beginning and no end.

Green Peace

# Spicy Food Of The Body

Hunger of the stomach  
Love of the souls,  
Prayer of the conscious,  
Action of the hands.

Noble thoughts of the mind,  
Wisdom and knowledge of the mind,  
Longing of the heart,  
Greed of the tongue.

Foul language of the tongue,  
Kiss of the lips,  
Anguish of the eyes,  
The clatter of the teeth.

Sweetness of the voice  
Movement of the feet,  
Fragrance for the nose,  
Words for the ears.

Green Peace

# Strange Friends

They hop, they skip, they jump, they play  
They group, they gather, they guess, they gossip  
They select, they scrutinise, they speculate, they sermonise  
All form different crowd  
None intermingle precisely together  
The same person forms different groups  
Yet not the same always  
Part for the whole  
Whole for the part  
The growing difference.

Green Peace

# Success In Failure

Failures infinite in life  
Despair-- Demoralisation--- Depression-  
Hence success by mere thoughts  
At least momentary happiness-- bliss--- ecstasy--

To reap the joy of the implausible  
The unattained fulfilment of the feat  
Which proved to be defeat  
Thus success in failure.

Note: With umpteen failures in life where there's no success at all a bit of momentary happiness can be gained by thinking of it.

Green Peace

# Suffocation

The jolted anger that never bursts  
The mind that is crippled by fears,  
The agony in the form of tears,  
The revenge that in the mind lingers.

In neglected spaces  
The mind is dipped in tension,  
Always depression, depression and depression!  
Those unheard cries,  
Of falsehood, entanglements, bondage and ties.

Where love is murdered,  
And unity surrendered,  
Where frankness is shattered,  
And aims, ambitions and aspirations plastered.

In neglected spaces  
Life becomes a knife,  
Pain, melancholy and bitter tears to wipe,  
Life is a marvellous pilgrimage,  
It is a mirror and reflects your own image.

Green Peace

# Telescope

How would appear the entire designed universe  
Whose guidance will prove fruitful  
Whose friendship be ever trustworthy  
Which plant would endure health  
Which animal's flesh, milk prove to be edible  
Which perseverance would reap success  
Who to land first on the moon  
Who to sail the English channel  
'He' knew them all  
And could see everything before  
And so with right intensions placed everyone  
Most appositely.

Green Peace

## Ten Minutes At The Window Pane

Ten minutes at the window pane,  
When it was pouring cats and dogs rain,  
A marriage procession studded with costumes and jewellery  
Followed behind by an ill-clad beggar entangled in misery.  
On one side barren land,  
On the other greenery, orchards and trees.  
Someone yet practised slavery,  
Another employed in freedom, equality and fraternity.  
Old were dressed young,  
young ones in their clothes long.  
Animals were loved and cared by someone's mercy.  
Slaughtering was the effect of other's cruelty,  
Children were encompassed by music, toys and books,  
Child-labour prevailing somewhere betrayed their innocent looks.  
Girls were loved, understood and treated with concern,  
Greed for dowry did also make women burn.  
Doctors, engineers were too busy to realise nature's beauty,  
Unemployed guys had forced leisure like a calamity.  
Extreme happiness brings pain,  
Extreme sorrow brings pain,  
My mind is flooded with thoughts since time immemorial  
What a curse is extremity in human survival!

Green Peace

## The Balloon- 2

The red coloured spotted white-  
Which is every children's right-  
Sab green, harvest yellow or be it snow white  
The heavy treasure being so light!

That which spots delight, pleasure, gaiety  
Blithe, cheer, ecstasy  
That which makes everyone always happy  
The non material ovation that effaces grief, sorrow, misery.

The dauntless, gaseous deity-  
From privation, dearth to affluence, infinity  
That spreads its rich majestic corsets of celebration, jubilation and piety  
Its overwhelming, unsatiated, benevolent, evergreen duty

The ever glittering crown of all joy-  
The ever seasoned toy-  
Of 'colourless, ' 'ageless' girls and boys  
The extrovert and the coy.

Notes: The balloon has been described as a benevolent deity. 'Colourless, 'Ageless' boys and girls means every boy, every girl without knowledge of race, caste etc and its prevalent since time immemorial.

Green Peace

# The Birth Of Christ

Years ago many,  
In Bethlehem's manger, on a starry night  
Was born a light, Jesus where he lay.  
Mother Mary and Father Joseph stood by him,  
'He' was the Father of the fathers,  
Forgiven all cruelties with none did he linger.  
But people nailed him to death on the 'CROSS'  
His love proves 'His' greatness,  
'He' stands by the divine grace,  
Enlightenment attained, that shines on his face.

Green Peace

# The Book

The book is a knowledge bank,  
Whenever necessary gets poured like water in a tank  
You quench our thirst for knowledge.  
In student life and also in college;  
You teach alphabets like A, B, C....  
And also have books of psychology and philosophy.  
During exams we burn our midnight oil  
and read you word by word!  
During exams our relations with you are  
furious and frustrated.  
For excellent results we pray to Lord!  
You give us wisdom, cleverness and such other qualities,  
Your story-book pages are full of mysteries  
children like and read you a lot,  
You are like ice-creams and crackers  
commonly sold.

Green Peace

# The Changing Seasons

## THE SPRING

The river is flowing  
The sun is shining  
The trees are swaying  
The children are enjoying

## THE SUMMER

The river, ponds and pools have dried up  
The clouds have been by the sun swallowed up  
The cuckoo is singing a sweet song  
The birds, beasts and trees are dying  
But it isn't raining!

## THE RAINY SEASON

The trees and flowers are blooming  
The farmers are happy and smiling  
Thundering and lightning are the characteristics  
of this season.  
Famine and flood- the curses of this season.

## THE AUTUMN AND THE WINTER

The temperature is moderate and the breeze  
is sweetly blowing.  
Everyone is in a mood of gaiety and cheering.  
The temperature suddenly drops and everyone  
is in woolen clothes.  
Finally we roll into the New Year forgetting  
The sorrows which we had to in the past year bear.

The changing seasons prove  
That life is transitory

Nothing lasts as monuments of eternal edifice  
Only our deeds can leave an indelible impression on the sands of time.....

Green Peace

# The Colourless Cuckoo

Isolated, lonely, alone  
Apart, aside colourlessly known  
Yet a music, song for the world  
Unseen, unheard, tales told  
The dryness of scorching heat and the dogs days warmth  
And the spirit, muse that it unknowingly, namelessly pourth,  
Somewhere invisible yet succulent, surfeit, existence,  
Detached yet poignant attachment- what honourable significance  
Colourless yet colourful of multifarious steadfast tones-  
Spreads the cheer, blithe, gaiety consoles the torn.

Green Peace

# The Dawn Of Life

The dawn of life is old age  
Which appears when one looks like a sage.  
A body like a bamboo, silvered hair,  
criss cross wrinkles and a body of pain.  
They try to find happiness but in vain.

Innumerable success and glory they had one day  
But today they have none to say  
a kind word or to them repay.  
It was like the water squeezed from  
the wet clothes,  
But none to bear the burden of the dried coats.

Thus the dawn of life is a sad tragedy.  
Which was once in their youth a comedy.  
This dilemma consists of frustration, grief, agony,  
sorrow, misery and pain.  
In which man achieves nothing but experiences  
only grief, shock and pain.

Man is the most eccentric animal on this earth  
He treats everyone not like a master but a  
servant since his birth.  
Death too prolongs for such woeful old people  
Who are by the societies harsh words  
and emotions crippled.

Green Peace

# The Distant Traveller

Sometimes appears at the grass-  
Or at the window pane of the house  
Yellow-- Golden yellow just as brass  
Whose friend is it kills the mouse?

All courage mustered up to befriend it  
Paralyses at its appearance  
Education at stake captures the senses  
The aroma of fear, anxiety, perplexity it sprouts  
Skinny, shiny a lout

In the woods or at the road-  
Is always a police, a doctor, an examiner-  
Slides, curls, dominates the emperor  
The light load.

Green Peace

# The Euphoric Peregrination

The suave gait in the thin, long lanes  
Leads to the incredible, remarkable peregrination  
Runs--Soars--Scales  
Heights above the mundane layer

Visualises countries of white clouds  
Clouds, clouds everywhere as if tangible  
Engineers, doctors, caretakers seated  
In the same row

Moving towards the common destination  
No differentiation remains  
Of race, religion. caste. class. colour

The same flight  
Carries myriad, multifarious fates  
Who's the tip of the hat, who eats the crust of humility?

Green Peace

# The Everlasting Evening

The evening breeze of the sea  
Exhilarating affect it had on me.  
The soft sand under my bare feet.  
With a wonderful sense of curiosity  
I had gone to the sea greet.  
I love to smell the sea,  
To be as free as a bee  
To take in great lungfuls of the cool air,  
To see the vast blue expanse of the water's layer.  
The cloudless canopy of the sky.  
Colourful views of artists, poets, lovers, gals and guys.  
The huge flaming orb of the setting sun  
Indeed it is wonderful and wild fun.  
The evening that went away  
I was refreshed, delighted and gay  
May such evenings always welcome me,  
And leave me in infinite solitude and glee.

Green Peace

# The Ganesh Festival

Ganapati Bappa Moriya  
Purche Varshi Laokar Ya.  
The festival fills and spreads the air with  
the smell of festivity.  
Everyone is lost in the moods of speculation and reality.

Ganesh's wide forehead depicts wisdom,  
And he himself epitomises prosperity,  
good fortune and freedom.  
The small eye indicates an eye for detail,  
Even students enjoy this festival who burn the midnight oil.

His lending a willing ear,  
Symbolises all the sorrow, agony and  
misery which he will be able to hear.  
He is invoked to remove obstacles and achieve success

While his vehicle, the rat symbolising  
sagacity, prudence is no less:  
The out sized nose or trunk signifies prestige,  
By his ubiquitous features all are to be devoted obliged.  
The tusk stands for strength.

He puts his toe down so as not to overburden the creature  
but keep him warrant.  
The tongue in its recesses speaks little.  
He to the devotees their wishes and desires fulfils.

The large belly implies secretiveness.  
His forgiveness to the deceitful and insane proves his kindness.  
Ganesh, the God of learning and wisdom,  
Every year the Ganapati fever gripes  
the cultural capital of Maharashtra kingdom.

NOTE: The Ganesh Festival is a very important religious festival of the Hindus in India particularly in MAHARASHTRA (Mumbai & Pune)  
The Ganesh festival was started by Lokmanya Tilak (a great freedom fighter) and is being celebrated with great show, pomp and religious fervour. It is a 10 day

long festival celebrated at public places & even at homes. The first & last days of the festival are marked as public holidays.

Green Peace

# The Joy Of The Morning Charm

The sun's rise,  
The bird's chirp so precise.  
The cock's clarion,  
The drowsy puppies union.  
The rustling of the trees,  
The humming of the bees.  
The tinkle of the bells.  
The morning of the shell  
The husking of the corn,  
The cry of the new born,  
The joy of the flowers,  
The dew drops showers.  
The fluttering of the butterflies:  
The blue skies:  
The peaceful breeze blowing-  
The lambs lowing-  
The new-mown hay,  
The fields green and gay.  
The milking of the cows.  
With his noble bows.  
It is time to be,  
morning-the moment of joy, peace, glee and harmony.

Green Peace

# The Monk Speaks

I thought he won't be envious  
Acquainted with him  
Saw that he had full bloomed envy  
Left him

Befriended others  
Realised their greed, lust, hostility  
Slowly silently withdrew  
Yet another group

They too suffered of repining restlessness, shortcomings, egoism  
None in the universe is spotless snow  
Every he, she possesses it

None can renounce  
Or thoroughly washed lily be  
No human is truly human  
But humans in its mask

No repentance expiation  
Of anyone's any time's evil deeds any sort  
He's every man and every woman  
Nothing extraordinary, rum at all

Green Peace

# The Mystic Drum

When the mystic drum beats within-  
The fear is no longer fear  
It is swallowed down by courage  
Shyness is replaced by dauntless mettle.

Pan effaced by paeon  
Selfishness gulped down by altruism  
Greed dissolves to sacrifice  
Ignorance crowned to glittering, glorified knowledge.

Pride collides to utmost humble nobility  
Very own's microcosm transformed to greater, wider one brotherhood kingdom.

One becomes all- all- all-  
No single identity exists  
Such loud is the mystic drum's sound  
The sooner it beats the better.

Green Peace

# The Pain Of Growing Up

To smile at the rural maidens  
To pluck flowers of the garden  
Is no more the same attitude  
The spirit speaks rude.

To adore the butterflies  
To watch the skies  
To touch the dew  
To gaze at the peacock blue.

The innocence has vanished  
Its place has been taken by rationality  
The crushed pain  
Of the sprouting simplicity.

Skepticism has more privilege  
The dwindling faith's advantage  
Tantrums turned to rage  
Scaling high stages.

Happiness changes with every phase of life  
Eternal, transient seasons  
Life is short, art is long  
Happiness is a mere episode in the tragicomedy of a man's life.

Green Peace

# The Pink Puzzle

Once was drinking Gelusil  
A liquid that aids digestion, effervescent in acidity  
Suddenly some amount spilt on the floor unnoticed  
A colony of black ants scurried up to lap the pink river  
All of them drank it full fledged to their hearts content  
And submerged into a pool of relief and pacification  
From Burping, Nausea and Gastro Esophagus Reflex Disease  
No more complaints and visits to the family doctor now  
So from then, intentionally spread Gelusil after meals  
To give a piece of serenity to my infinitesimal black pals.

Green Peace

# The Prison

At your own peril  
By your wrong deeds enter the prison  
The Crime --- The Sin --- The Evil---  
When fortune fails  
That's embedded in those walls---  
Which murmurs, whispers, wails.

At your own peril  
By your wrong deeds enter the prison  
The Agony -- The Revenge-- The Restlessness---  
The Blood --- The Thirst --- The Repugnance---  
The Hostility -- The Apathy --- The Otherness----  
Depression --- Despair ---- Frustration nevertheless

At your own peril  
By your wrong deeds enter the prison  
The shrieks of violence, malefactor, malfeasance,  
The Turmoil --- The Tension --- The Turbulence---  
Ongoing conflict between the skin and spirit  
Irrationality and wit.

At your own peril  
By your wrong deeds enter the prison  
The footsteps of mistakes, misunderstandings, misdemeanor  
That pays the enormous price  
Conscience, Consciousness debt  
That by the mortal, physical departure can only be left.

Green Peace

# The Rainbow

The rainbow appears in the blue sky after the rains,  
It is a vista of hope in the dark and pains.  
The rainbow comprises of seven colours i.e. vibgyor.  
Each is significant in its own manner.  
Violet signifies royalty(bravery and loftiness) .  
Indigo underlines authenticity.  
Blue highlights peace  
Green the colour of vegetation and prosperity.  
Yellow signifies brightness  
Orange the colour of asceticism.  
Red remarks bravery and temper.  
Night follows the day,  
making all cheerful and gay.  
Darkness follows the light.  
Encouraging all, to the evils fight.  
Happiness follows the sorrows  
Which none can lend or borrow.  
Sometimes sun and sometimes rain  
Buffeted all alone in the mighty ocean of  
grievances and pain  
When all the hopes dash the ground and arises  
a feeling of low.  
After the rains up above the sky shines the magical rainbow.  
It is a lantern in the dark.  
Its appearance is as sweet as the words of a lark.  
Its colours are each of a different meaning  
It is in disguise to us a blessing.

Green Peace

# The Sea

The foaming heads of the great waves-  
The sea marching ahead unexhausted  
A clean beach  
Million pilgrims bathing, taking holy dips in them  
Motley garbs, sentiments, sects religions  
All become one--  
A great approaching wave exhausts all courage----  
Armed to the teeth yet zero at the bone  
And the despair, broken fragments of shells.

Green Peace

# The Seasons Of The Year

## THE SPRING

The river is flowing  
The sun is shining  
The trees are swaying  
The children are enjoying

## THE SUMMER

The river, ponds and pools have dried up  
The clouds have been by the sun swallowed up  
The cuckoo is singing a sweet song  
The birds, beasts and trees are dying  
But it isn't raining!

## THE RAINY SEASON

The trees and flowers are blooming  
The farmers are happy and smiling  
Thundering and lightning are the characteristics  
of this season.  
Famine and flood- the curses of this season.

## THE AUTUMN AND THE WINTER

The temperature is moderate and the breeze  
is sweetly blowing.  
Everyone is in a mood of gaiety and cheering.  
The temperature suddenly drops and everyone  
is in woolen clothes.  
Finally we roll into the New Year forgetting  
The sorrows which we had to in the past year bear.

Green Peace

# The Seven White Horses

The seven white horses,  
Went galloping on the terraces.  
Each went with such determination  
As if armed to the teeth with inspiration.

One signified as if it was brightness or light,  
Then the other was a symbol of speed and endless fight.  
The third led the path of encouragement,  
Fourth was full and basked in confidence.

The fifth horse was a honest runner,  
Success showered on the sixth and seventh  
Who were the winners.  
Each with its talent and trait  
Made the race a glorious and victorious event.

Green Peace

# The Swing

Be it of a rope, bamboo or gold  
The tale of ecstasy isn't old.  
By the breeze  
Swirls up and comes down again.  
In every rise a new adventure, a new mettle  
Reaches the zenith and touches the ground  
Yet efforts to ascend the higher invisible steps  
And join the infinite  
Ceaseless peregrination of man continues  
For in every man  
A higher psyche to meet 'the Oversoul'  
Attain sublimity, serenity, summum bonum  
And never look down again.

Green Peace

# The Tiny Life Savers

A gargantuan elephant was driving a car  
Suddenly collided head on with a truck  
And was unconscious, bleeding profusely  
Was admitted in a renowned nursing home in the I.C.U.  
There is a clot in the brain  
It has to be operated  
Such grave news spread like wild fire  
And all the creatures gathered to boost the moral support of the elephant's  
family  
Blood has to be given to the elephant to save him  
From the ginormous pain and trauma  
Dinosaurs, Hippopotamus, Leopards, Camels all flocked together in armies  
But alas! none's blood group matched  
An abyss of silence, woe, misery descended  
Perhaps they would lose their best friend  
A ray of hope shined when two ants marched  
Their Blood Group A+ matched with the ailing elephant's  
He was thus saved, is hale and hearty now and owes an ocean of debt  
To the tiny life savers.

Green Peace

# The Typewriter

All machines at work  
Produces the same sound  
The same output  
Man forgets his own voice, his own conscience

Inculcate thine own voice  
To hear it in any situation  
In bondage and during choice  
To guide it in every time, place, position.

Green Peace

# The Unknown One

Somewhere in the abandoned dark  
Sweet song as a lark  
Never can see where it is  
Without its lyric something we miss  
Alone yet how meaningfully engaged!

Music is always its image  
When will come and when will go  
Blissfully ignorant, never come to know  
Black as coal yet what a divine gift!

Unknown, unseen flies over giving souls a lift  
Unnoticed, unlamented will always sing a song  
It's preciseness of unlearnt tunes  
Will never go wrong.

Green Peace

# The Withered Flower

The flower has withered away  
In its own way  
on the outcome of the day.  
The crimson petals have withered away.

It had blossomed to its fullest,  
Its colours were the brightest!  
Its fragrance was the sweetest,  
Its shape was the finest!

Humans too can live a life like the flower  
Gratitude, blessings, kindness, sweetest memories  
and sacrifices to shower.  
Live not in years but in deeds,  
Sow of love, peace, harmony and happiness the seeds.

The flower has withered away,  
But not in a useless way  
It has blossomed in a life shortest  
But its qualities had been fulfilled to its fullest.  
Humans also can live a life to the fullest,  
Enriched by your qualities brightest.  
May you also spread the waves of humanity  
Or what is life? a curse, a cruelty

Green Peace

# Things And Their Possessor

The pen is made for the writer,  
The arms and ammunition is the costume of the soldier,  
The musical instruments awaiting the musicians,  
The diseases waiting for the cure of the physicians,  
The game is played by the player,  
The song is sung by the singer,  
The machines are designed for the engineer,  
The axe, saw and the tractors are mercifully  
lying for the farmer,  
The constitution of the universe is studied  
by the cosmographer,  
The unknown future, the horoscope, the zodiac  
is predicted by the astrologer,  
Politics welcomes ministers,  
Cases are won by lawyers,  
Author is the possessor of the books,  
Models are attracted for their looks,  
Hilarious, lugubrious news are collected  
by journalists,  
GDP, GNP, ND-PM, NNP and national income  
are calculated by an economist,  
Money is wealth and treasury made  
for an millionaire,  
Scarcity, filth and poverty is the banner of a beggar,  
Things and their possessor can never be separated,  
They are ever full, ever one and ever saturated,  
Love, compassion, sympathy and forgiveness  
are for one and all,  
We shall be a united liberation and  
united nation and never from unity a fall.

Green Peace

# Things Without Their Essence

What is a flower without its fragrance?  
What is a teacher without his encouragement or diligence?  
What is a mother without her affection, mercy and pity?  
What is a child without his obedience, honour and gaiety?  
What is a tree without its shade?  
What is a fan without its blade?  
What is a candle without its light?  
What is a sun which is not bright?  
What is a pearl without its shine?  
What is a drunkard without his wine?  
What is education without its examination?  
What is a doctor without its medical operation?  
What is a cuckoo without its melodious music?  
What is a musician without his enchanting lyric?  
What is a soldier without his determination?  
What is a devotee without his devotion?  
What is a book without any knowledge?  
What is a brother without his pledge?  
What is a pen without its ink?  
What is a philosopher who doesn't think?  
What is an ocean without any waves on water?  
What is a boat without its sailor?  
What is a judge without his law and order?  
What is a criminal without his crimes and ultimate surrender?  
What is a car without any petrol?  
What is a lover without any heart or soul?  
What is a ball without its rotundity?  
What is a player without his joy, cheer and sincerity?  
Things are meant for what they are  
Without their traits who will for them have any care?

Green Peace

# This Money

This money  
Of which income?  
Of which education?  
Of the doctor or the sweeper?  
These clear white spotless, scented, intact, printed notes

Are all the same  
Is there any difference of their utility?  
That marks the qualification

Then why these walls?  
That demarcate pride, prestige, status, dignity  
Whose prejudice?  
When hostility?

Why adhere such inconsistent dark thorns  
That crush the sensibility and bleed the soul-  
For they're impermanent  
Yet mark permanent marks on the real status of the soul.

Green Peace

# Those Three Hours

Those three hours at the examination  
Displays one's skill, practice, perseverance and determination.  
Armed to the teeth with knowledge:  
Of million students from various schools and colleges.  
Those three hours determine the students future fortune,  
Which will prove to be a bane or boon.  
Attention, concentration reaches the peak,  
When one does to perfection seek.  
Innumerable formulas, answers, exercises and constructions to learn,  
Which students do by their midnight oils burn.  
Weariness, tension and palpitation increases by leaps and bounds.  
Ambitions, aspirations row in the heart but produces no sound.  
At the operation theatre those three hours  
Awaits God's mercy, grace and compassion to shower.  
Those three hours at the operation theatre,  
Death or to sanction life is the will of the creator.  
The kind cruelty of the doctor's knife,  
Gives to the patient a new, fresh life.  
The pains he suffered, the trials and tribulations he went through  
Is beyond description to the Almighty's magnanimous point of view,  
Those three hours at the theatre, magic show and circus  
Highlights stars fun, art, glamour, fitness, stamina and entertainment.

Green Peace

# Three Wishes

I keep three wishes ready  
Wish they could be true  
One would be for the world like the HEAVEN ABOVE  
Devoid of pride, greed, envy, poverty and misery

Another would I wish for eradication of  
UNEMPLOYMENT, ILLITERACY, RAPES, CHILD LABOUR AND DOWRY DEATHS  
Last but not the least I would pray for  
Happiness all around and could I do something everyday

That would remove  
A little sadness  
From the world's vast  
Shore and bring joy all around.

Green Peace

# To Death--With Love

Arrives at the earliest hour to someone who's unsatiated, fears, withdraws  
Arrives at the latest hour to someone who's awaiting anxiously to embrace it.  
But it embraces all  
Never any sort of fall

Given to release at the appointed hour with its battalion marches forward  
Never retreats or awaits backward--  
The truth of all truths--  
The marking destiny for a new life.

Cold--Icy---Dumb---  
Stiff---Swift--Numb---  
Attack soon to those in poverty and pain  
Those who infinite times knock your door in vain-

Those in predicaments, premonitions, dilemmas  
To whom life is a living death  
Those who fear to struggle the winds, storms, battles of life  
Come soon yet not so soon.

Given to release be not a bane, but a boon  
Let them taste the heat and the cold  
Acclimatise the misfortunes, be strong and bold  
Be not a death to anyone, anytime in life.

Enjoyment---Celebration---Cheer---  
Arrive only when they give you an affectionate call  
And death at death--when all is still  
Let them to their hearts utmost desire everything fulfill!

Exhaust them in whatever they live  
So that never fear, avoid, insult you  
The inevitable light  
Let them fulfill all their duties and rights.

Green Peace

## To 'Him'

'You absorbed my fears  
silenced my overwrought, anxieties  
pacified me fully-  
effaced my doubts, misconceptions

blew within the spirit  
to stand up and struggle  
and spread the message  
of love, affection, mercy, forgiveness

always you forgave man's sins, vile deeds  
you have done much for humans which is indescribable, ineffable  
the transformation in humans is only possible  
because of your heartfelt, immense love

humans owe 'You' wealth not materially  
but of 'non material' human values  
'You ' are truly great  
'You' who borne our light life's weight.

Green Peace

# Tomorrow

The day that will rise tomorrow,  
In happiness, misery or sorrow.  
With the whispers of faith may I face it with courage!  
Either in peace, pain, shock or rage!  
Be as quiet as a sea rock:  
As merry as a cuckoo-  
Ever in red, black or blue.  
Let thy words harmonise someone,  
Who is in melancholy left alone.  
May you serve the poor and broken ones,  
The emaciated, depressed and destitute.  
Where no whispers of faith is preached  
sublime, soft and sweet flute like promises be reached.  
Where the fear of death, disaster or danger,  
Your whispers of faith be a peaceful, profound prayer.  
Be an instrument of healing in this world of suffering and pain.  
May ever never your striving efforts go in vain.  
May the day, that will rise tomorrow  
In happiness, misery or sorrow.  
By the whispers of faith  
The chariot of your life move.  
Smoothly as a boat on a tranquil lake!

Green Peace

# Transience

They were together friends in the garden playing hide and seek  
A sweet fragrant breeze floating in the air made them fall asleep  
Woke up to find themselves low and meek  
Departed how they and didn't a bit weep?

As if it was a dream  
Nothing real everything fairytale like  
Life now, death now-  
Does anything appear eternal how?

Green Peace

## Two Friends

Mr. Georgy, Mr Porgy  
Both were great friends in the field of apology.  
Mr. Georgy frowned if questioned.  
Mr. Porgy answered him with suggestion.  
Both of them were ignorant in the beginning  
But when they started studying they  
found life very interesting.  
Mr. Porgy learned in a few days  
But when Mr. Georgy saw this he started losing his senses.  
Mr. Porgy explained that some learn soon  
and some learn slow.  
Those of which learn slow  
understand it thrice the more.  
Sometimes lose and sometimes gain  
For fantastic results we have to take some pain.  
In a few days Mr. Georgy became popular in the city.  
Mr. Porgy, Mr. Georgy both understood apology in reality.  
One day both of them died out of heart attack narration,  
Now they are in the heaven discussing  
the happy- active life with attention.

Green Peace

# Unconscious Body And Soul

Open yard of land  
On that sleeping a black dog  
Eat -- Drink -- Sleep --  
Unconscious -- Unknown -- Unlamented --

Million men scattered everywhere  
Who only eat, drink, sleep  
Illiterate -- Irrational -- Ineffective --  
Unreasonable -- Unable -- Unconscious ---

Green Peace

# Unconscious Walls

From the waters of Washington  
Once stepping into States  
The flag hoisted on the ship changes  
As the waters change.

No mark, No fence, No boundary  
Yet unconscious external walling by humans  
And walling ever prevails  
Between rich and poor

High and low  
Fair and dark  
Men and women  
Caste and creed

Language and culture  
Nationality and status  
Everything has its distinct colour, shape, taste, norm  
And never one homogeneous whole.

Green Peace

# Unconsciously Conscious

Outer drapers hang over  
No more interests linger  
They have been exhausted in timeless satiation  
External beautification thrives in mere superficial exhibition

Now vests inner glory-  
To organise, rectify, purify  
Await its glitter as the shine of the church glass-  
Before it gets corroded, rusted, as brass--

Green Peace

# Walling

The Great Wall of China-

Galore of Walls:

Apartheid, class, creed, sex, nationality

Walls are walls

But the walls created in the minds

Cannot be demolished.

They stand invisibly,

Lead to social stratification.

Green Peace

## Walls -3

In one sec  
one day  
one year  
centuries  
were built

A room  
Rome  
Asia  
World  
Divisions of streams, rivers

Oceans though meet  
The same, yet  
Similarly divisions into class, caste  
Creed for convenience  
Easy flow of goods

And services  
But all meet in the same stream of humanity  
But they're walls  
Artificial  
Natural things

Have walls  
Then why can't  
Man  
Make  
Walls?

Green Peace

# When Blood Sprouts Out.....

Thin -- Slimy --- Fluky--

Thick -- Thicker-- Thickest--

Heavy-- Drown -- Drench---

Blood -- Red Blood -- Flood---

Passion evokes something sensuous

More to it is the feeling of violence

From head to leg it flows quickly--

As if a flowing river red portrait

Pain --- Turbulence-- Death---

Does that only mean the red colour?

What does it hold more?

Warmth -- Bravery --- Revenge--

Body -- Senses---- Instinctual---

Not far and above the spirit, the soul---

Its the body that produces it

And that gives that glamour, that vigour--

That odour, That colour--

Without which it turns into a

Stiff-- Stagnant--- Still mummy or some boneless brown powder

Blood makes the body, protects, carves, enriches the soul that's vibrant and yet weak.

Notes: The psychological process of blood sprouting out is discussed here. Blood is first meant only of, for the body and something sensual disregarding the soul or spirit.

It becomes paradoxical at the point where the blood protects as well as enriches the soul without which it would be neither a body nor a soul but only a mummy. In the first four paragraphs blood is only sensual whereas in the last it becomes contradictory where it not only protects but also gives the soul its soul like essence.

Green Peace

# When Shoots A Boil.....

Light---Heavy---Lead--  
Red---Redder--Reddest--  
Mole--- Bee---Balloon--  
Creeps-- Acclimatizes-- Anarchy--

Pauper-- Rich--- Emperor--  
Neglect-- Attraction- Attention--  
As if arrived a dignitary  
Sows-- Reaps-- Blossoms---

Ache-- Mourn-- Agony---  
Hot --- Hotter --- Hottest--  
Solid --- Semi solid -- Sublimation--

Emotions Stiff--- Body Crystallizes-- Soul Paralyzes--  
Peers ----- Pains ----- Pestors -----  
Astounds ----- Admonishes -- Abdicates ---

Note: How it creeps, slowly sows its weeds and in advancing time it rules over while blossoming as if the arrival of a VIP persona. Its the psychological process involved when shoots a boil.

Green Peace

# When The Untimely Time?

Busy, aged fool  
Unpredicted, untimely time  
When thou cometh, when goeth?  
Knoweth no man himself

Noble deeds, mission why not begin soon?  
Why rectify, rotten repugnance in late adulthood?  
A fruit is a fruit, a weed a weed-  
Since time immemorial, cannot be changed their essence.

So now from today sow diligent, sober seeds  
That would certainly its fruit once reap  
Wait not for time to reap  
But let time take its own mellow turn.

Why not begin early?  
Waiting for late, if that time never comes?  
Or it ends aggravatingly soon?  
Time thine self right from a fraction of second

For time will tell  
Who is the winner, who the loser?  
Who the emperor, who the pauper?  
Time takes its own apposite tide just at the right spur, not earlier or later.

Green Peace

# Who Am I?

Who am I?  
So happy but shy  
Can I not hide my good deeds  
And confess the sins I have committed?  
For if I do so I will be hated.  
Who am I so great?  
That cannot follow, the truth's weight,  
Who am I so proud and jealous?  
Do I know the courteous principle?  
Have I served the poor and old?  
No moment for them, but rude enough  
in this material world.  
Why am I so selfish and miser?  
Have I fulfilled the needy's desire?  
Who am I so short tempered and greedy?  
Have I always spoken the truth and  
remained in purity?  
Whatever sins I have committed O Lord,  
Forgive them and help me to remain  
Spotless in this material world.  
Let me each day do something that will  
remove little sadness from the world's vast store.  
Lord, I am but a small boat, buffeted by waves  
Floating on the ocean of your mighty shore.

Green Peace

# Whose Love Greater?

humans  
momentarily enjoy all temporal happiness  
long  
misery, agony, grief they renounce You  
then  
why, love mortal menace?  
God's  
eyes there's pacification in your ecstasy  
and  
pain, pester, turbulence in your sorrow  
then  
whose love is worthwhile and who the greater?

Green Peace

# Work

Work is beauty

Work is reality:

Work is mode and not a load

Work is good: which we need for our daily food.

Work is grace and not at all a press!

As a lamp cannot burn without oil,

So a man without work will be spoilt.

Work is not a pain,

But a wonderful gain.

Dignity of labour should be considered by all.

By this there always will be joy, victory and never a fall.

Work is indeed a benefactor

Without which we would be left like a solicitor.

Green Peace

# Worthiness

The medal remains the same  
The wearer changes  
He isn't eternal  
Worthiness with time's revival

Then, now, after,  
The medal hangs on  
As if for display  
Now its true inner reverence, potentiality eroded, diminished, decayed

Rusted, faded mass lays here  
Its glory, glitter wither  
None's absolute exaltation  
Sometime eulogise, sometime decadence.

Green Peace

# You Are Precious

Dear beloved teachers, you are as sweet as honey!  
Never can we buy your kindness with money.  
You care for us from childhood to teenage,  
And your love grows by the ages.  
You give us light in this big bad world,  
Always striving to make us shine like gold.  
You teach us languages, social sciences and biology,  
You study children's psychology.  
From student life to life in college,  
You give us valuable, wonderful knowledge.  
Your knowledge is like a river flowing  
and your enlightened ever glowing,  
You convert your words into action  
And teach the students some religious foundation  
Ever smiling, ever welcoming, ever helping  
Ever kind is your face  
Whose appearance gives us inspiration in the long race.  
You help the poor students in their need  
And thus make their life successful by your kind deeds.  
The earnest service of you teachers  
Never will we forget after your departure  
Your teachings are the foundations of this nation  
Without which to grave problems like  
Ignorance, illiteracy there are no solutions.  
So, thank you teachers for your service to us.  
Never can you be forgotten by us  
'Teachers Day' will come and go  
But your importance will never be low.

Green Peace