

Poetry Series

Arti Chopra

- poems -

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A Missive From God

when everything seems dark
and the mind fills with despair
take heart, have faith,
because I am always there.

when doubts cloud your mind,
and the road seems too long,
just chant my one of my many names,
just sing my heavenly song

I am there within you,
silent, all pervasive and vast,
I can be your new hope,
when the dark clouds are closing in fast.

when life seems a burden
and going on seems too tough,
I am there to provide guidance
smooth the road so rough

you were too busy living,
to see me in any form,
but I am there, to protect you
and shield you from harm

seek and you will find me
and lead you the valley of peace,
where all troubles will seem so small,
and all doubts shall cease.

revel in my existence,
so deep, within your being,
at last you are seeking,
at last you are seeing.

I am there if you want to find me,
I am there if you believe,
I am there watching your acts,
the karmas that you weave.

ask and it shall be given,
pray for guidance or a way out,
skillfully it will be given
to the truthful, and devout.

my ways are so unique
my miracles one of a kind,
keep looking at the future
leave the past behind.

Be one with me,
keep that faith always,

my love for you will encompass you,
like the suns golden rays

Arti Chopra

A Prayer For The Sick And Needy

the little girl in the hospital,
and all the others with her,
holiday season upon us
but for them no cheer.....

my doctor son, decided to cheer her up,
with colourful gifts and some toys,
something to look forward to,
something for those sweet girls and boys.

poor little children so ill,
why does God do that, don't know,
karma of the previous life maybe,
thats how we explain it, just so

look after them dear Lord,
let them not suffer so,
put your hand on their heads, dear Lord
make them well and ready to go.

innocent little bodies and minds,
that should like to skip and play
have no business to be lying ill in a bed,
so for them I want to pray...

make them well and happy,
heal them with your magic wand,
all children who are your creation,
all children of who I am so fond.

you who are the saviour,
will hear our prayers so true,
sieve the sufferings of all such folk,
please grant my prayer to you.

may peace and happiness be upon all,
and health of body and mind,
lets spare a thought for those less fortunate,
lets to them, be good and kind.

Arti Chopra

A Special Smile

just a special smile
thats lights up your eyes
a smile that says
I am there for you...
that special smile
makes it worth my while,
to live every day anew....

just that radiant light,
that shines so true
that blends with lips upturned,
the twinkle that lights up your eyes
and tells of loves many lessons learned,

just that protective arm,
as we walk together
encircling my shoulders lightly,
speaks of a warm togetherness
of steps in tune,
so joyous, and so lightly.

that smile so warm,
that melts my heart
and tears it often asunder
that smile, that makes my heartbeats
sound, as if its lightning and thunder,

what more can I say?
of those eyes and lips,
that wreak havoc on my heart and soul,
they bring such joy to
my loving spirit....
like joyous church bells, as they toll.

Arti Chopra

A Walk In Longwood Gardens

As I walk through the wooded autumn forest,
and take in the awesome humbling beauty, of a scene,
painted with the myriad colours of nature's palette,
I am overcome yet again, with a speechless wonder
at the soul uplifting serenity and restful ambience...
I am overcome with a deep joy....

as I inhale the fragrance of the falling autumn leaves
and savour the satisfying springiness under my feet,
and drink in the cleansing and purifying air under the trees,
and wonder at the perfection of the beautiful flowers in every hue and colour
I am like a child with a new toy

as I marvel at the variety and vastness of the plant world
at the perfection of every tight bud and every leaf unfurled
at the shapes and the sizes of every plant and every shrub
at the array of flowers displayed to perfection in a pot or a tub
I close my eyes and listen to my brain which cajoles me to enjoy

as I feel the green spiky grass cushioning my eagerly wandering steps
the butterflies fluttering about and the birds singing as if in duress
the children running and skipping with arms stretched wide
the branches of the fruit trees bowing as if to hide
the bountiful harvest of ripe and glistening fruit
I am speechless with the wonder of it all

If the maker can make it all so beautiful
how much beauty would be in Him
if his creations are so peace giving,
how much serenity would dwell in Him,
and I close my eyes and pray
and thank him for giving us this wonderful earth
where we dwell.....
this environment is for us to enjoy
the trees are not to fell
the forests our our national heritage
not to colonize and sell.....
so protect our natural bounty
guard it jealously and well....

Arti Chopra

Addvice To A Battered Wife

of all the hateful things in the world,
one is surely liquor,
makes families fight
and couples bicker.
so skillfully it gets you in your hold,
creates miseries untold,
makes an idiot out of people,
false sense of importance,
grandiose aspirations,
lowered inhibitions,
agressive behaviour,
and then starts the dependence
the craving,
the slaving,
to get that bottle,
he is ready to throttle,
to beat,
to batter,
spew out drunken chatter,
and abuses, and threats
that dont matter,
and you look pityingly,
at the drunk,
and wonder,
at the weakness of character,
that so readily
submits to the temporary pleasures
of that bottle
of vile liquid,
the breaker of homes
the destroyer of love
and security
the rape of serenity
and peace
in the house
which you so lovingly have built
and you realise
its too late,
instead of cursing your fate,
its time to take the plunge
leave him to wallow
in the dirt and the grunge
make a new life,
for your children
and yourself,
no need to tolerate,
the beatings
the abuse,
its only a ruse,
for him to get his hands on another bottle,
to conifiscate your hard earned money,
for another drink, more and then more

the drink has gripped him tight,
he is too weak to fight
he is slave now to the evil liquid
to the devil's brew...
so run and save yourself
make a new life,
away from daily suffering
away from batterings and strife,
and you will emerge
stronger
a shadow, no longer
of the proud and valiant woman
God meant you to be....
but you will rejuvenate, revive,
be.reborn, alive,
So hurry, take the step,
let him be,
for the sake of yourself,
and your family.

Arti Chopra

As I Was Walking Along

as I was walking along one day,
I chanced on an old man.
ragged dirty and wild eyed,
sitting by himself, on the foot path,
talking to himself,
crying and laughing,
all at the same time,
people passed by,
intent in their thoughts, not bothered,
some spared a second glance,
some a sigh,
I passed by too,
but the memory lingered,
continued to haunt me,
he too was a human,
fashioned by the same God,
unloved, unwanted, alone,
unaware of his surroundings,
for what sins, had he to atone?
it bought home to me
with a forceful jolt,
how lucky and fortunate are we
we sit in our plush homes
wallow in the love and care of our loved ones,
and yet we are never thankful
still we complain
and want, and lust, and scheme,
but remember
whenever such thoughts and cravings
enter our heads, and cause unrest,
spare a thought, for the many such people
who exist, live, yet are for all purpose...dead,
for, not to have love or not to love,
is not to live at all,
for life is love itself,
love for God, love for the fellow being,
this is the one thing,
that makes life worth living
so, be at peace my friend
and feel the love that flows all around you....
let the love of all dear ones
embrace and surround you,
revel in it, and thank God that it is there.
give it limitlessly....
and you will receive
more than your share.

Arti Chopra

Beauty In Nature

Theres a poem in every flower,
a sonnet in every tree,
a tale in every lifetime
its just for you to see...

theres a lyric in every brook
as it rushes over rocks,
theres an ode in every nuance,
as loves wonder unlocks,

theres rhythm in every sound,
every beating of a heart,
theres poetry in every union
and every couple who are apart

and just as there is wonder
in every new life created
there is sadness and regret,
for the unsaid and unfeted

just listen for the music
that your ears cannot hear,
just strain yourself for the melody
thats so far and yet so near

the wonder of the creator,
the magic of the divine
is there to feel, for all of us,
to soon be yours and mine

Arti Chopra

Bhuli Huin Yaadein

tumhe itna chahen ge...hamne jana hi na tha,
tumhe bhula payen ge...hamne mana hi na tha,

waqt ki hava me jane tum kahan kho gaye,
mere jage hue, jalte, armaan kaise so gaye,

tumhari yaad, bhigi hui khushboo ban ke reh gayi,
aage chalte raho, zamane ki hava keh gayi,

yaad aati hai jab bhi tumhari bewafayi ki,
ansoo bhi nahin rahen, pikar, gam judai ki,

ab zindagi main aur tumhare siva aa gaya koi
jo mohabbat tumne thukrayi, apna gaya koi,

pyarr ki ahmiyat, kisi din jano ge tum bhi zaroor,
pyar khuda hai, pyar zindagi hai, yeh jaan lijiye huzoor

tumhe bhool ke ji sake gen hamne mana hi na tha...
tumhari yaad bhula payen ge, hamne jaana hi na tha

raat kat gayi, din ka ujala jagaata hai mujhe,
nayin zindagi, nayin umeed, dikhaata hai mujhe,

tumhe khokar use paa liya, ye mere kismat hi sahi,
tu nahin to koi aur sayi, aur sayi, aur sayi

tanhaiyan ab roshan hai, nayen sitaron ke saath
thaama hain bade pyar se, mohabbat ne mera haath,

jawani ki masoomiyat jo jalati thi raat bhar,
mithi si yaad ban ke hasati chali gayi...

to nahin to aur sayi aur sayi aur sayi

Arti Chopra

Bookmarks

there are important bookmarked pages,
in my lifes story book
pages that I read again and again
pages that warrant many a look,

first page is when I met you
you swept me off my feet,
never had life been so wonderful,
never had life been so sweet

and then the page when we were married
and settled down to a life full of joy
and soon along came my darling daughter
followed by my precious little boy

life flowed along happily,
joys and sorrows both were there
and then the biggest joy of all
my daughter for marriage had to prepare

another page so important
my son became a doctor and left,
brilliance and hard work took fruit
woven through his warp and weft

and then the page of our travel
to a distant land beautiful and cold
God had once again shown his benevolence
showered his blessings manifold

life flows on smoothly on its course
.some days are cool some hot
another page will soon be bookmarked
when my son chooses to tie the knot

so in this book of my life
I am absorbed, when I read every page,
but few are favourites of mine,
which I love to reread as I age,

those are my bookmarked pages,
important milestones in my life,
milestones that are fondly reminisced,
relived by husband and wife

life is nothing, but a book that we write
with a pen handed to us by the Lord,
its a tapestry that we weave painstakingly
with the threads provided by God.

Arti Chopra

Childhood Revisited

memories of childhood...
such a wonderful, hazy, warm feeling,
special memories, filled with love
come welling up, and send my senses reeling,

aromatic fragrance, wafting up from the kitchen,
aroma of my mothers cooking,
father getting ready for work,
how handsome he is looking,

I'm ready for school., hair plaited,
clutch my little, sisters hand tightly
bags perched securely on our backs
and off we go, skipping lightly,

lessons and studies, dilligently done,
supervised by dad, but always fun,
carefree, happy times were those
one could do, what one chose....

the familiar house, and the close kinship
so many friends, and closely knit friendship,
no cares, no worries, they were not for us,
only love and protection, and a special fuss,

what wonderful years I can never forget
a happy childhood is an important asset
and now we are grown.....
only memories are left....

when we are feeling down, or nostalgic,
just go back to those magical years...
relive those times, that sparkling innocence,
that time, devoid of from doubt and fears

oh childhood...so quickly did you fly
your very memory makes us sigh...
and remember.and smile, and feel content
for the Godgiven wonderful years, so well spent...

oh childhood, I hope I have been a good mother,
what I learnt from you, I hope I have given another,
a treasure for my children, to recall, and to cherish
a treasure to revel in and sustain, when we perish.

Arti Chopra

Deafening Gunshots

stop these guns..these terrible weapons,
silence these unnerving sounds
such senseless, sinful violence,
in a world, where only hate abounds,
day after day.....
news of death and destruction,
innocent lives snuffed out
is it really Gods instruction?
what has man sunk to?
where has the humanity in us gone?
where are kindness and love?
when will it be a new dawn?
when will it all abate?
this hate, this lust for power, this bloodlust
innocent lives lost in a trifle.. isnt it totally unjust?
I weep silent tears for those gone
I weep even more for those left behind
I weep for their lost, bright hopeful, futures
I weep, because even God seems unkind
someones son, daughter, brother or wife,
to be senselessly deprived of a long happy life
how long will it take for those wounds to heal?
how long will it take for those numb....to feel?
some questions have no answers and we can only pray
God bless them, give them solace day to day
let some order enter this chaotic, despondent world,
show them some light, guide them the right way.
Deafening gunshots, left behind deafening silence
rising materialism is giving rise to only violence
stop these guns..these bombs... these killer tools
stop this vilouence, or there will only be blood in pools
we were meant to better ourselves, and spiritually evolve
lets spread kindness, happiness, and love, a new resolve
lets work for a better world in our own small way
lets pray for a brighter future, and a peaceful day.

Arti Chopra

Diwali Away From Home

lit an earthenware lamp,
a lamp of light and hope,
I said a prayer, to my beloved Lord
to give me strength to cope.

I painted a colourful Rangoli,
symbolising the patterns and colours of life
I prayed to the Goddess Lakshmi
a prayer for the husband, from a wife.

I celebrated joyously, the festival of lights
sitting in a land far from my own
no dear ones, no friends so beloved,
and so I write my feelings in this poem.

When you are away from your land, and loved ones
and away from the throbbing pulse of the celebrations
its then, you realise the value and the joys you shared,
the exhilarating fun of the preparations.

The making of sweets days before,
the wrapping of gifts thoughtfully bought,
driving around madly in the traffic of the city
visiting as many Diwali melas as you ought.

The day finally dawns, Diwali is finally here,
the house resounds with sounds of joy and laughter
the homes are lit up beautifully, with diyas and lights
and the evening sky explodes with joyous crackers.

AH so sweet are the memories,
they bring a smile to my face
I have the memories, to revel in,
as here, of Diwali, there is no trace.

So In my own little way I create here, my homeland,
in my own way I recreate the ambience,
I make sweets, light up my home, paint Rangoli,
I Know this period is one of transcendence.

Soon I will be back in my land,
back within the colour and the celebration,
there will be many more joyous Diwalis
many more days of joy and elation.

I must keep heart and wait a while,
the time will fly fast and sure,
and then, when I am back in my own land,
my joy will be unadulterated and pure.

Arti Chopra

Dont Live In The Past

Its not easy to say forgive,
and more difficult to forget,
just when you think its all behind you,
a fresh memory gets you upset,
we carry around all the baggage,
and let it shape our lives,
the hurting thoughts buzz inside your head
like angry bees in a beehive,
but it does no good to remember,
the unhappiness of the the past,
time is racing forward,
and the years are flying fast,
you have to keep telling yourself
what happened had to be,
and now, how you will deal with it,
is what you have to see,
look backwards with forgiveness,
and face the future with abundant hope,
place our trust and faith in God,
and then we will surely cope.
to wipe the slate clean,
of years gone by,
is easier said then done,
but if we try, we surely can erase
past sorrows one by one,
regrets and ifs, help not a soul,
we learn from each mistake,
learn to give, and try to forgive,
be true to yourself for your sake.

Arti Chopra

Dont Look Back

dont look back,
at the memories that haunt,
the painful truth,
so dark and so gaunt
its time to look forward,
beyond the need and the want,
pretend u dont hear,
the jibe and the taunt,
words that were spoken
in anger and rage,
words whose effect
no one can gauge,
forget the bleak past,
look head with hope,
forget the despair,
you know you can cope,
forget the intentions to hurt and be cruel,
forget the fire he added to your fuel,
forget the tounge lashing,
more hurtful than a sword,
forget the provocations,
the desire to further goad,
gain strength from your suffering,
be silent and wise,
rise above being petty
and doing likewise,
break free from those shackles,
let your spirit fly free,
spread your wings and soar,
like a bird from a tree,
make a life of your own
you're a woman.more than strong,
use your oars against the tide
and God will help you along.

Arti Chopra

Everlasting Bond

the moment I saw you,
I knew you were the one,
your handsome face,
and the eyes full of fun.
I was but an innocent maiden
and you took my heart away,
my heart still stops when I look at you
right down to this very day.
the years have flown by swiftly,
our love has stood the test of time
our lives have entwined so perfectly,
like the lines of a well written rhyme.
each day with you is magic,
each night a journey beyond
so perfect is the union
so everlasting is the bond.
I wish for you all happiness,
and health and wisdom too
I guess I am most blessed,
and you are lucky too.

Arti Chopra

Everything Happens For A Reason

just when you rack your brains,
and ask why..oh why..
it should strike you quick,
and when it does, it makes you sigh...
that every thing happens for a reason,
its a part of God's great design,
what you want will happen,
may take a year or a season,
have faith and persevere,
suddenly it will appear,
the sign, the symbol,
you have been praying for
that you have been searching
but its there, has been lurching,
in the shadows, waiting for the correct moment to appear,
God's help comes to you,
it may be in any form,
a line in a book, a situation,
a movie that comes on your tv screen,
or even in the form of a new person, his creation,
Hes always there, with us, in moments of our despair
its we who dont have faith, dont persevere,
He sends us succour, in some form or the other,
He is our loving Father and also the gentle mother,
when we recognize his gentle manipulations,
his created situations, to heal our hearts and help us forget,
no other source, or other means can we ever beget,
such complete peace and love....such healing
than surrendering to Him and that wonderful feeling,
that He is always there, for you and me, for every being
its we who are blind, unfeeling and unseeing,
so seek and you shall find..
He's there, in front and behind,
a quiet faith, unshaken and firm,
is all that you need to learn,
and life is easier to bear and live,
lets not only take, lets give and give,
prayer fulfills and heals,
it may take a days, a month or a season,
but remember, everything happens for a reason.

Arti Chopra

Everytime

Every time you look at me,
my heart sings a song,

every time our gaze collides,
the moment seems so long,

every time you reach for me,
your arms, they are so strong

the whole world sings a joyous symphony,
and the birds and flowers sing along.

Every time I look at you
the whole world fades away,

just you and me, and the timeless moment
holds us spellbound, in its sway,

every time I wait for you
the time seems to hold still,

and when your footsteps I do hear
my heart shudders in a thrill,

our love has not lessened, my love,
has only deepened more with time,

our yearning has not lessened, my love,
has only matured like good old wine,

and I pray to Him to keep it thus,
and never let it weaken,

our love should shine forever,
like a lighthouse and its beacon

so many years of togetherness,
and I feel I met you just now

no explanation to this magic,
no why, or when, or how,

just that God made us for each other,
for our life together to be,

we make good music together,
me for you, and you for me.

Arti Chopra

Family Reunion....A Thanksgiving Prayer

the house is almost full,
the rooms abound with chatter,
little feet are pattering away
finally, the time that does matter,

fervently with every breath of mine,
I bow my head and pray,
my cup of happiness is full to the brim,
such togetherness comes once in a way,

my loved ones are here with me
to partake of your bestowed grace,
happiness shows in every pair of eyes
laughter lights up every face,

mealtimes are a blessing of yours,
I thank thee for the food on our plate
the walls of my house, so cemented with love,
may the joyousness never abate,

soon the days will fly past
and each will return to their home, so far,
but nothing will dim the happiness of these memories,
nothing can be at par.....

happy times are what life is all about,
memories are there to stay,
memories of these times light up our eyes
when the children are far away,

love is what makes the world go around
love of each, for the other
love of a husband, a wife or a son,
love of a sister or a brother,

I thank You Lord for this joyous reunion,
yet another blessing of yours, a fine gift
may my family always be united,
may there never be friction or any rift.

enclose us all in your blessings,
enfold us warmly in your embrace,
keep my family happy and healthy
keep a smile on every face.....

Arti Chopra

Fragrances That Sway The Senses

fragrances bring back memories,
certain smells can bring back a smile.
aromas make your noses twitch,
walk in anticipation...the extra mile

smells of home made cooking,
be it plain white rice or some baking
brings backs memories of a mothers love
wholesome, appetising, and no faking

and then there are those other fragrances,
with a special meaning to each woman
the manly clean smell of my man,
the feeling safe, with such a good human.

the smell of lemon peels is heady
makes me feel so fresh and clean
so many different perfumes heady and sensuous
make an ordinary woman, feel like a queen

the clean sweet smell pf pine trees
mixed with the heady smell of roses
the smell of the grass beneath my feet
does really stimulate our noses

the intoxicating smell of a baby
baby talcum mixed with warm milk
no scent like the the scent of a baby
no softness, like the skin soft as silk

the scent of my beloved when he is away,
I just have to burrow my nose in his coat
memories sensile and tactile,
come flooding through, and bring a lump to my throat

the smell of the newly washed earth
as it succumbs to a washing by the rain,
is enough to lift you sky high...
exhilarate you, and wash away your pain.

and when your are troubled and pensive,
light an incense and meditate on the Lord,
experience thegentle uplifting of your spirit
feel thepeace, feel him strike the spiritual chord

fragrances are so very special,
each with its own meaning and content,
what would a world be without fragrance
what would our world be without that familiar scent?

Arti Chopra

Friends

what would life be without friends?
they are truly a gift, that God sends,
helps to make life full of song,
when you have a friend to sing along.

friends to cheer you,
when you're feeling bad
to lift your spirits
when you're feeling sad.

friends to confide in,
friends to seek advice,
friends who are just good fun,
and friends who are really wise.

friends who are there for you,
any time of the day,
friend who will criticize you,
and friends who will have their say.

friends to just party with,
and friends to whom you run,
friends with which you confide in,
when life is no more fun.

but best of all is the one
who is a special one for you,
a special buddy, a special girl
those who have one such, are few.

treasure and keep one such,
for, such joy to life they bring,
they have that love and feeling,
for you, they will do anything.

friendship is a treasure,
you have to labour to find,
but once discovered,
guard it jealously
make stronger the threads that bind.

life is a rich experience
made richer with friends along the way,
they warm your heart, and enliven your soul
like a golden magic ray.

Arti Chopra

From One Who Hurts

think carefully before you speak
just pause before you throw that dart,
love cares, love feels, all too much,
ah...that we all knew so well, this art,

dark feelings surface....
rise aided by a demonic brew,
such occasions are many for some,
and for the lucky ones very few,

wisdom must surely come,
as we age we must mature,
our minds should now be cleared up,
and make way for what is pure,

speech, hurting and unthinking,
can only cause more hurt
a sweet word spoken wisely
is better than the unfeeling and curt,

how can you hurt, the one you love
by that tongue, unfeeling and sharp,
banish thoughts that are vengeful,
and cause the mind to warp,

those who love deeply and well
do so inspite of your flaws,
so recognize your inherent weaknesses
banish the probable cause,

its time to uplift ourselves,
come closer to our maker, the Lord
whenever you think youre losing your grip
just reconnect that divine cord.

Arti Chopra

Gems In A Sea Of Humanity

its a selfish world out there,
filled with people who don, t really care,
selfishness and selfcenteredness is the order of the day,
care fully we have to map out, our way,
so in this melee of the unfeeling,
dont loose your goodness my friend,
dont let the kindness ever end,
you are what you are,
sweet courteous and kind,
of a pure and loving mind,
be helpful caring and warm,
don't do anyone any harm,
remember goodness flows back to you,
God never forgets one who is true,

just as a wave comes back to the shore
you give a little, you get back even more,

all the good you have ever done,
is rewarded in Gods guise, sometime by someone,
recognize who is a true friend,
purity of soul, depth of character,
let it be the deciding factor,
choose your friends wisely and with care,
and life will be that much easier to bear,
man is known by the company he does keep,
as he sows so shall he reap,
just remember its an unpleasant world out there,
at times when you need tender loving care,
be it a spouse or any other true friend,
he is the only one such, who will help you in the end,
true friendship should have no conditions,
it is spontaneous, everlasting with no inhibitions,
it is a relationship that is pure and true
such friends are far and few,
hold on to such a bond and make it last,
strengthen the future and forget the past,
your friends are the gems that shine in the sea of humanity,
they are the simple truths in the sea of complexity,
they make life worthwhile and meaningful
they make simplicity and truth so powerful.

Arti Chopra

Give Thanks

when you are sad and weary,
and nothing give you peace,
just close your eyes,
and think of Him,
your worries will surely cease.

when you are tense and worried,
and think constantly bout the future
He who put you in this world,
will surely nourish and nurture.

when all seems to be going wrong
and youve lost the will to fight,
just lay yourself at his feet
and watch things become slowly right.

He's there for you in hard times,
but forget him not in good,
its He who gave you, all that you have
invisibly by your side He stood.

we look for Him everywhere,
when he's within us all the while,
you only have to ask an inch,
and He willingly gives a mile.

His love for you is boundless,
hes a friend for one and all,
when youve looked for happiness everywhere else
its time to heed His call.

wordly pleasures are momentary,
lasting joy is through His door,
just search within yourself, dear friend
He's right within your core.

Have faith, have hope
and do your best,
a good life will be your reward,
whatever you do, just remember
don't fail to say thanks to your God.

Arti Chopra

Guide To Conjugal Harmony...In A Lighter Vein

why do couples often fight?
mostly to convey...
'I am the one who is right'
its a pleasure to have the last word
make sure your voice is heard
a barb, a dart, a parting shot,
all great fun when the temprature is hot,
but do we ever realize,
or go with the premise,
how does it matter who is right?
easier to let the man win,
than puncture his king size ego, with a pin
in any confrontation
offer no aggravation,
just nod and say,
'you are so right dear'
I should talk less,
and give you my ear
and watch him deflate,
the argument abate,
goes to show, my dad's advice was so true
the wiser one always keeps shut,
very difficult, ladies.....but
try it, its so very true
your fights will be scaled down
to just a very few....
.some valuable tips from one
whos seen thirty two years....
there have been fights and tears,
but now, I am among the peers,
got the mantra, to conjugal delight,
dont aggravate, just keep it light,
woman is the wiser of the two,
tell that to yourself....
and make do.

Arti Chopra

How Much Do You Love Me

I look at you and think,
do you love me even half as much as I do?
every thought every moment
is filled with only you..
what binds me to you?
like a clinging vine to a tree,
sucking nourishment just to be alive..
for me its only you...
what is it about your eyes
that drown me in their depths,
your face that I look at every morning,
sleeping softly by my side,
your breath that is sweeter than any heady wine,
your arms that hold me,
and tell me you are mine,
but do you really love me, as much as I do?
my love for you knows no bounds,
it is immeasurable, forgiving,
it asks not much, it is only giving and more giving,
your voice that is imprinted on my ears,
a sweet music, a divine chant,
I try to figure out but I cant..
why do I love you so..
we knew we were made for each other,
we have had many wonderful years together,
life has been full of ups and downs,
weve had our share of sorrows and frowns,
but the one thing that has held us together,
is my love for you..
it is for ever forever
and still I wonder do you love me
even half as much as I do...

Arti Chopra

I Believe

Speak softly my dear, my love,
say no more, not one word, more,
I can read your inner feelings my love
I can feel your inner core.....

I know you are uncertain my love,
I know you are scared and unsure,
but have faith, my own, my love,
have faith in the good and the pure

you have worked to the best of your ability,
you have toiled hard and long,
won't be long before he hears, my love
won't be long before, he rights the wrong

sincerity and truth are never wasted,
it may take time but it will come,
God wants our faith my love,
so don't feel lost and numb,

Speak softly my own, my love
listen and you can hear,
the divine presence in your every breath,
will slowly drive away your fear,

strive hard be true and honest,
and leave the rest to Him,
yours prayers will soon be answered,
and the fears will start to dim

a quiet faith, in Him and a belief
is all He asks from us,
speak softly my dearest one,
why all these doubts and fuss..

Arti Chopra

I Dont Pray

I dont pray...
what will people say?
I tried to chant,
but I found I cant,
temples and rituals,
not my cup of tea,
something even better,
which lets me be me...
I talk every minute..every hour to Him,
dont need quiet, nor the light to be dim,
Hes my friend, my saviour, always with me,
to every question, every happening,
he holds the key,
amazes me with solutions,
which I, thought could never be,
stuns me with his grace,
my cup never empty..
we converse on any topic
any question in my mind,
He answers in His unique way,
always gentle, always kind,
and when things dont go well,
as sometime they are ought to do,
i Know He is there to help me,
and steer my way through,
Have faith he seems to say,
This too shall pass...
every obstacle is to learn from,
but how many know that...alas
live life to the fullest, Hold my hand and follow me..
I am always there for you...as long as you love me.

Arti Chopra

I Miss You Father

how much I miss you, dear father,
, I can only write and say,
wish you were by my side,
to guide me, and show me the way.

I miss your sweet shy smile,
the love in those dear brown eyes,
I miss your attentive listening,
the sweet hellos, and the fond goodbyes.

whenever I was troubled,
I'd pour out my heart to you,
you did not say all that much,
but a world of wisdom, in the words so few.

today when I am troubled,
I silently talk with you,
and I know I still receive that wisdom,
because it turns right whatever I do.

Your love can not be forgotten
brings a warm glow to my heart,
I know in spirit you're always with us,
though on this earth, we had to part.

so quiet, sincere and hardworking,
your life an example for us.
what all you taught us, earnestly,
I wish to live life thus.

So bless me again dear father,
give me strength that I may succeed,
to live life as you taught us,
of your values and principles, take heed.

Arti Chopra

I Often Wonder

I often wonder...
 where will I go after I die?
what lies beyond, the blue sky,
 how will I feel, with only a soul
will death be full of light....
 or just a dark hole?
how do they know?
 they are not so clever,
they say the body dies
 but the soul lives forever
no one has gone there and returned
 death's visit cannot be spurned
death cant be bad,
 must be like a deep sleep,
a sleep which will make my loved ones weep,
 but death is the only truth,
the only certainty we know,
 in this life of uncertainty
let it be the one comfort,
 to which we can bow,
an end where the body is dissolved
 where the mystery of life
will finally be resolved
 who am I...why am I here?
the truth will..finally be laid bare
 and wondrously, knowingly, happily
 i shall see..
the wonder of the God
 who made me be....
when the time comes...
 let me be prepared...
let me not be scared
 to embrace the darkness
which will be full of light,
 the darkness
for which he gave me sight

Arti Chopra

Im Proud To Be An Indian

Ive travelled many countries
met people white, black, yellow and brown
Ive seen several beautiful locales
but my India wins the crown....

in the race for modernisation
we are taking steps at par,
marching ahead with a new found zeal
ahead of many by far....

corruption, lawlessness or poverty,
still make us feel ashamed,
but look where we have reached today
with new respect we are named,

the people are so friendly
warm hearted, loving, with a ready smile,
just pause and think, of our beautiful land
just reason for a while....

one of the oldest cultures
respect for elders, untold,
the family is a mighty unit,
and support always for the old.

our parents are with us till the end
not sent to an old age home
a healthy respect for every religion
no matter where we roam.

this land of vibrant colour,
filled with festivals to warm our hearts,
each citizen lives in harmony,
with others in all the parts.

the cuisine so varied and vast,
and a different dress for every state,
where marriage is still held sacred,
respect for the wife does not abate.

what can I say for the Indian
proud and patriotic to the end,
be it cricket, or defending your nation.
my opinion will never bend.

from My bindiya to my toe rings,
I can proudly proclaim
I'm proud to be an Indian
and Indian I will remain....

Arti Chopra

In Gratitude

from the time I first met you,
I knew you were meant for me,
but that you felt the same magnetic pull,
was a miracle I didnt foresee,
that we could be together for life,
was a wish in both our minds,
we longed for a sacred union
we hoped for the knot that binds,
He heard our whispered prayers,
he fulfilled our dreams so fast,
he blessed us with his gentle hands
and now we have a memorable past
how can I explain the magic,
the love between us so true
how can I thank him often enough
he gave us more than our due,
whenever I need his healing hands,
I close my eyes and seek,
He's there for all who seek Him
both the mighty, and the meek
we are so busy, just in living
that often we forget to give him thanks,
his love is limitless and boundless
his love knows no degrees or ranks

Arti Chopra

In The Garden Of My Heart

in the garden of the heart are many plants,
my favourite plant is called hope,
the most difficult to grow and care for
but it is that, which helps you to cope

if it dies.... I would be forlorn
so many times it has withered and nearly gone
when the weather has become dry or bad
or when all is going wrong, or when I am sad

but I have persevered, and nourished and kept on,
never thinking that it has withered and gone,
I have guarded it closely and well.....
knowing, in my house it will always dwell.

and it has continued to beautify my home
like sunlight streaming through a gilded dome
acompanied by rays faith and love,
for the one, who watches from above

and I know, my plant will never die
it will continue to always beautify
the garden of my house, my heart
it is the secret of life, a hopeful heart.

Arti Chopra

Its Darkest Before Dawn

its darkest before dawn
so remember
when you are driven
to the depths of despair
when life seems
lacklustre,
colourless
hopeless, and beyond repair,
theres going to be a new morn.
bright
promising
lit with the warm rays of hope,
another tomorrow,
that brings with it
fresh endeavour,
determination
and a means to cope,
you can draw on inner strength
stretch your courage to a new length
Hes given you hard times....but remember
its darkest before dawn,
so persevere,
always revere,
his master strokes,
his weilding of the baton,
no more sorrow,
a gradual elation,
a peace within
a knowing,
theres going to be,
a grand showing,
and you will be left speechless,
and you will wonder,
what tore my faith asunder?
and you will repent
and you will surrender,
to Him, your protector,
your guide,
He will make those feelings subside,
and reaffirm your faith,
in the fact,
that its darkest before dawn...
so hold tight.....
dont falter,
watch him alter
the path of life
which seems meaningless today
will be lit up aong a new way
hold fast and pray,
for remember...
its darkest before dawn.
seek and you will find,

he is so forgiving and so kind,
dont be swayed by
lifes ups and downs
change into smiles
all those sighs and frowns,
because remember
its darkest before dawn.

Arti Chopra

Its There.... All The While

its there,
in your touch,
in your glance,
in your smile,

its there,
in your warmth,
in your voice,
all the while,

it teases,
it lingers,
it refreshes,
my every pore,

it leaves,
me breathless,
and hungry,
for even more,

it was always,
will be forever,
of this much,
I am sure,

your love for me,
is so truthful,
so unconditional,
and so very pure

it is trusting,
and unquestioning,
it is helpful,
and sincere,

it speaks,
as many volumes
as just one,
single tear,

it soothens,
it comforts,
it covers
my many faults,

its loyal,
its impenetrable,
like the
strongest of vaults

its rare,
but so real,

leaves me wondering,
and in awe,

its always there,
fiercly burning,
like a sweet wound,
that is raw

if I were a soldier,
Id be so proud
of this very special scar

your love,
that has stayed with me,
and carried me,
this far

no greater blessing,
no greater wealth,
could I have ever got,

no woman could be richer,
is always my only thought,

so I cherish you,
and every moment
that you fulfill,
my every whim,

even when I,
am no more,
my love for you,
will never dim

because its forever,
in the shadows,
in the sunshine,
in my smile,

its there for eternity
its there all the while

Arti Chopra

Just A Housewife

I am just a housewife, no mean feat
I put food on the table, for my family to eat

nourishing wholesome meals, cooked with a mother's touch,
not food like a restaurants, which you dont miss much,

I am there to comfort and listen to woes,
I have to be a referee too, and settle all the rows,

I pamper his mother and keep his folks happy,
and even keep smiling, when I am feeling snappy,

I'm house proud and neat, clean rooms are a must,
my days are spent cleaning, and keeping out the dust,

I am a nurse, too helping in healing, wounds of both kinds,
real fears of my husband and imaginary fears of young minds,

I am a hostess when required, entertaining within constraints,
I'm also a disciplinarian when children require restraints,

I manage the finances, and keep everything going
when things are not going right for me I keep them from showing

my husband earns the bread, its my job to keep him going,
I steer the boat and he does the rowing,

together we raise children, to be happy and bright
together we live our our life working morning to night

but don't forget my friends that men CAN'T multi task,
how to juggle so many tasks its a woman you have to ask.

and all this without payment, and sometimes no appreciation,
thats what women are about,
endless love, nurture and creation.

Arti Chopra

Just You And Me

just you and me,
and the quiet morn,
your breath as it stirs
my sleep foregone,
a radiant dawn enters my heart,
a love that softly stands apart,

if I could speak my love with my eyes,
even out, all the lows and the highs,
there would be just, you and me
just you and me for eternity...

if i could but convey my love,
with words that never do seem enough,
a song maybe that touches your soul
then I will have achieved my goal,

and when the night darkens and the lights do dim,
when sleep pervades and senses swim,
when I rest my cares within those arms,
my sanctuary for those fears, and harms

its then, I know its just you and me,
just you and me for eternity.....

if I could just thank God, again and more
for having guided me to your shore,
for all the bliss he gave to me,
when he created just you for me,
just you and me for eternity..

I throw a stone in our love filled sea,
and watch the ripples smilingly...
watch the circles as they widen and grow,
grow in the sea of eternity.....

no music, no words, no song does suffice,
just a quiet knowing, a grateful surmise,
its you and me, just you and me
our love shall stay for eternity....

Arti Chopra

Krishna On A Rainy Night

This is the story of a memorable night
a story that, gave me much foresight.,
into the wonders of His miracles,
things that simply cannot be explained
happenings that He must have ordained,
for people like you and me,
to realise and feel,
He is always there,
and He will always be...
It was the night of independence day,
after partying with friends, we were happy and gay,
decided to go and look for some food,
though all shops were closed,
we were in a hopeful mood,
the rain poured down in a relentless drizzle,
chances of a restaurant open, seemed to fizzle,
and then we spied this small little place,
entered, and ordered a heap of food,
when it arrived, it really smelt good,
we had our fill among much laughter and merrymaking,
with voracious appetites, the heavenly food partaking,
we finished, and got up to go outside,
and lo and behold, it was then that we spied,
a beautiful little boy, in bedraggled rags,
in his hand he held, independence day flags,
near him stood his mother, hovering protectively,
and there were a few more beggars around, begging actively,
but this one little boy, a special radiance he emitted,
holding out the flags, our attention he solicited,
we were hypnotized, enraptured, the feeling unexplainable
was this Krishna himself? , the thought unimaginable...
what was this feeling that held us spellbound?
so great was his beauty....the halo around...
perfection in face, a demeanour so godly
we felt an experience, unreal, unwordly,
we took all the flags and gave him money generously,
further spellbound, when he smiled wondrously...
we carried on to our cars, compelled to look behind,
and as we did that, we were shocked to find,
all others were there, but He had gone
leaving us wondering and perplexed till the morn,
was it Krishna himself in the guise of a beggar child?
the memory haunted us and at times drove us wild,
never have been to explain that night.....
that visit from Krishna,
that heavenly sight.....
few people are priveleged to have such a visitation
from that day onwards such joy, such elation,
I did believe in miracles, but never had experienced one
will always remain with me, like my own private sun,
a sun whose light made me wonder and realise,
indeed it was Lord Krishna

in the beggar child's guise.....
and I thank God again and yet again
for that wonderful experience, in the rain
that night embedded forever in my mind
thank you God for being so very kind....

Arti Chopra

Lassie And I

If you're fond of dogs,
this will really make sense,
Lassie and I
on our walks did commence,
daily at five,
our walk was to begin
both of us were to slim down, and try to become thin,
Labradors you know,
have a tendency, to put on weight,
she would look like a seal,
if she gained weight at this rate,
promptly at five she would come to my room,
tail wagging and eyes questioning,
will you get ready soon?
and then Lassie and I would go up the hill,
huffing and puffing,
catch our breath, and stand still
and then the road evens out,
and we begin to enjoy our walk,
little kids on the foot path, all stand and gawk,
Lassie the queen, head held high and regal,
not a patch to the spaniel, the Pomeranian and the beagle
we thought it was going well, till one fine day
we were asked a question
that took my breath away,
when will she have the babies?
give us one we'll pay,
"so much effort Lassie, " said I,
and nothing to show, this won't do
, my baby you haven't lost a kilo!
she gave me a look,
and a wag that seemed to say
look who's talking my dear,
for you the same I can say..
all that aside..
we do love our time together,
the fine spring flowers
and the beautiful pleasant weather,
we share a good relationship.
my Lassie and me,
whether the goal will be accomplished
that we will see.....

Arti Chopra

Lessons Life Has Taught Me

So many lessons, life has taught me,
so many little joys, life has brought me,

I have learnt there is no substitute in life, for love,
love for your dear ones, fellow beings and God above.

I have learnt to live, let live, and not be judgemental,
to each his own, making comparisons is detrimental,

I have learnt with suffering, that health is really wealth,
exercise daily lavishly, and eat sparingly, with stealth,

Riches dont bring happiness, and greed brings more greed,
a comfortable life with hard earned money is all that we need,

kindness to fellow humans, and humility brings you respect,
a smile is easier, than arrogance to accept,

I have learnt, the value of family, the joy of good friends,
I have learnt, money destroys relationships, the crack never mends,

I have learnt the joy of giving, and making people feel loved,
I have learnt saying sorry, gets many an issue resolved,

I have learnt happiness is within you, and not in anything outside,
what we spend a lifetime looking for, does within us in reality abide

I have learnt, life comes full circle, you have to pay for all your sins,
if you do good, youll be the winner, for goodness always wins.

I have learnt to savour every minute, every facet of life
that moment will never come back, be it happiness or strife,

I have learnt many lessons, from difficult times as well,
times that you thought, were worse than any hell,

life is a great teacher, and we all must have the will to learn,
take heed of each lesson, it teaches you, or forever we will yearn.

Arti Chopra

Let There Be Peace

what have we done,
that we must suffer so?
do you not see the fear and terror,
on the faces,
of little children
trauma that will haunt them,
forever and even more,
do u not hear the cries of despair,
of people who watch their life's possessions,
going up in flames,
or buried beneath rubble.
do u not feel the pain, of the pain,
that you have caused,
people left without shelter or food,
do u not sense the hoplessness
the hateful feelings, the mood?
you who sit in plush chairs
and talk about annihilation,
have you forgotten about God?
His people and His creation?
what is this talk about Your God being better than mine
there will only be humans, since the beginning and end of time,
we all feel the same pain, eat, sleep, and procreate,
and here instead of universal love, you only fester more hate,
stop I beg you before its too late,
bring the fighting to an end, let the destruction abate,
realize we are all one
though of different colour race or creed,
stop the feelings of hatred,
surrender to the peace we need.

Arti Chopra

Life Is About Change

The handsome and strong physiques are old now,
the eyes that shone with life, are watery and cold now,
the house we grew up lovingly in, is sold now,
everything changes,life is CHANGE

the hands that led our steps, have to be led now,
the hands that lovingly fed us, have to be fed now,
the eyes that helped us to read, cannot read now,
we who depended on them, depend on us now,
such is life...and life is CHANGE

the mind which was once fertile, cannot remember,
the heart which was once fiery, is now a dying ember,
the zest for life has now, blossomed into an inner peace,
the mind has now accepted, that life will cease,
such is life...and life is CHANGE

we who ran to our children, they rush to us now,
children who fussed so much, its we, who fuss now,
time that was never enough, weighs heavily on our hands,
its time to do something worthwhile, leave our footprints in the sands
such is life.... and life is CHANGE

mighty rivers dry up, leaves wither and fall,
animals that were tiny at birth, grow up proud and tall,
wounds fester, memories fade, and the mind gradually heals,
man gathers wisdom, man realizes, and man feels,
this is life.....and life is CHANGE

we came from life, and we will go to dust,
in this long transition, grow spiritually we must,
our purpose in life is just one,
grow spiritually, evolve and be one with the ONE,

thats what life is about..its about CHANGE

Arti Chopra

Lifelong Learning

people come, go, and part,
some, leave a deep mark on your heart,

each human we meet, is a part of his grand design,
each meeting has its own purpose, a purpose divine,

a lesson to be learnt, from each encounter, however brief,
be it a holy man, a true friend, or even a thief,

our life is a long learning process,
we learn from each moment of joy, or duress,

and thus forms our character, our soul, our very essence,
life is one long class, made of many such lessons,

from the time we are born and as we grow,
our experiences mould our psyche, that we do know,

some factors can't be helped, some we can improve upon,
absorb only the good and the right, let evil be begone,

a child is so innocent when he is born,
radiant, beautiful, like the new dawn,

untouched, unaware, pure and essentially good,
let him develop as God willed it, as he should,

no prejudices, no hates, love for all fellow men,
why discrimination of caste, colour or race then?

we all love hate, cry, and eat and breathe the same,
then whats, in the country, the caste, the religion, or the name?

we all will die and go to the same dust,
so lets live a fair life as we must,

death is the only reality, the greatest truth
so let conquering our ego, mark the final pursuit.

this life is a precious gift from God to us,
so as he wants us to, lets live it....thus.

Arti Chopra

Like The deep deep Blue Sea

calm, blue, infinite, spreading in every direction,
soothing, healing, loving, sheer perfection,
thats what you are my Lord,
thats my perception of you,
I feel you in every breath I take,
I experience you in every daily miracle you make,
you are there with me from morning to night,
you are there to assuage my every hurt, my every slight,
I have to drown my ego and bathe in your healing light,
tha'ts my perception of you my dearest God,
a deep abiding faith, that is never shaken,
from the time I sleep to the time I waken,
help me to be good and kind and true,
to every human I meet, and the ones who matter, the few,
help me steer towards the right, and away from the wrong,
help me have patience, when things dont move along,
help me do my duty, keep my peace and submerge my pride,
be my guiding light, my saviour, and my guide,
and if I achieve even a bit, of what I aspire,
it will be, because you wish it and what I require,
let me learn from those who are old and so wise,
and when I hurt deeply God grant me reprise,
for you are so warm, and healing and filled with love,
what I cant get from your world below, I get from you above,
no word, no song, no music, is as sweet
as the feeling when I surrender myself at your feet,
because if one thing is sure, its that you are there for me,
vast, unending, soothing and healing....like the deep deep blue sea.

Arti Chopra

Look At Yourself In The Mirror

look in the mirror...dear friend
do you like what you see see?
are you true to yourself?
is this what you want to be,
do your eyes portray
truthfulness and honesty?
its easy to lie to others
but do I lie to me?

to live with oneself
is difficult.....
for conscience is our gatekeeper,
and when you let a thief in,
it does warn you,
maybe once maybe twice,
maybe you heed the call,
or maybe you let the thief rob you
of your values, principles, and morals
but even if you gained a lot..temporarily,
you cannot rest on those laurels
peace forsakes you
bad health overtakes you,
coz its difficult to be true to yourself..

some people have perfected the art,
they have just shut down their heart.
they have a conscience,
but they choose not to hear it
if it pricks them occasionally
they just grin and bear it
thus they carry on in life,
lying to themselves all through
till they become so adept,
they think This is true
they have never felt sad, or even wept,
because they are not true to themselves

we can choose to do wrong,
or we can opt to live right
we can go the simple way,
or we can put up a fight,
He gives us that courage
if we choose to be strong
He helps us choose if we value
right over wrong,
but the decision is ours,
to take the easy way....
or be true to oneself.....

nothing can compare
to, having total peace of mind
always being honest

, compassionate and kind,
when your head touches the pillow
you sleep deep and long,
because you have sung
the honesty song.....
so be true to yourself and see...

life will be a wondrous melody
hummed by you till the very end,
and the heaven you will surely transcend
coz youve been true to yourself....

Arti Chopra

Look Into My Eyes

look into my eyes,
and you will see
the love I have for you,
it pours out,
like an overflowing cup,
filled to the brim,
but I have even more to give,
look into my eyes.....
its all there
stark and bare
how much I care for you...
its all in my eyes..

feel my heart beats,
it beats only for you
it throbs to the rhythm of our love
blessed by God above
and it beats only for you, ..

come into my arms,
let me hold you,
let me enfold you
safe in this cocoon
your love is a boon
given to me by Him,

look into my eyes.....
hold my hand and walk,
we don't need to talk,
lets walk through life together,
brave the rough and stormy weather,
just to feel your touch,
tells me you love me so much,
and you are there,
always....
for me

lay your head upon my breast,
whenever you need to rest,
from life's worries and labour,
take a breath and savour,
remember I am there for you
just look into my eyes.....

the eyes are the widows of the soul
life has given me a goal,
to immortalise my love for you,
this is the only way I know
on paper I can show
the feelings I have for you...

meanwhile just look into my eyes

the time will come when I am gone
maybe you will be alone,
and when memories make you blue
remembering our love so true,
you will remember
the look in my eyes.....

eyes that sung your song
eyes that smiled along
eyes that were sad with you
and eyes that were glad with you
so just look into my eyes.....

Arti Chopra

Magic Moments

magic moments,
laughing moments
moments frozen in time,
happy moments,
soulful moments,
moments only mine,
sieve them
caress them,
nourish them
and tuck them away,
who knows how often
such happy moments come your way.
what is life, but many such moments,
strung on a golden string,
happy memories,
of golden hours
which make dark moments
lose their sting,
savour them,
favour them, capture them,
and make them stay,
may God give me many such moments,
let my prayer be this, every day,
let dark moments not linger,
pray for strength to bear their weight,
let happiness conquer sadness,
let for happiness never wait,
these moments are within us
search for them and you will find,
count our blessings, improve our failings
happiness is in the mind.

Arti Chopra

Maybe

In the tortured twisted recesses of my mind,
there appeared a ray of hope,
maybe tomorrow will not be so unkind,
maybe no more in the dark will I grope...
maybe tomorrow the day will surely break,
the dark gloomy night recede,
maybe tomorrow sleeping feelings shall awake,
and my heart finally stop to bleed....
maybe he will come when I am sleeping,
and gently wake me from my dreams,
maybe he will still my soundless weeping,
and stop the voiceless cacophony of screams,
in the tortured, twisted recesses of my mind,
the dawn glimmers far away,
oh, my heart do be still
my soul do not betray....
let him come,
let me wait,
till its finally day

Arti Chopra

Meaningful Silences

so much harmony,
so much meaning,
so much companionship.
even in our silences.....
if silences could speak,
ours would reveal...
a special bonding,
a special friendship
a special togetherness,
no language or words are needed,
a closeness even in distance,
a fusion of minds,
tremendous abiding love,
has given rise to a startling telepathy,
a telepathy which
often startles
generally amazes
and usually leaves you stunned,
that is the essence of a true love,
which many like me are lucky to have
two hearts and two souls
working like one
thinking like one
and living like one
each cant live without the other
and yet no words are needed
to convey this wonderful and abiding love
the silences are so meaningful
and so bountiful
that my cup runneth over
and I give thanks
again and again
and yet again

living as one

Arti Chopra

Memories

Memories are all that I have,
of our times together,
the good,
the bad,
the passion,
the unbelievable exhilaration,
the fading away,
the cessation,
memories are all that are left...

.
your charm,
your wit,
your beloved face, '
those eyes,
lit up with your laughter,
your incomparable sense of humour,
the gaze,
that made me curl up inside,
me hanging on
on the mobike ride,
hearing your heartbeat,
that now was for me,
or so I thought...

memories are all I have....
but it was not to be,
it was a sham,
a lie,
a practised deception,
taking advantage of
tender youth,
emerging feelings,
love in its inception.
you an old hand at this,

me a novice,
sincere,
warm,
trusting,
questing,
then giving,
all I owned,

.
now its only,
those thoughts,
those golden moments
etched in my mind,
forever,
seared into my brain
always to remain,
and give me succour,
in those hours of hopeless longing,

and yearning,
and searching,
and wondering,
why was it not to be....
why did you leave me...
memories are now
my lover,
my companion,
my saviour,
and so I will be faithful to them,
not leave them,
not desert them,
befriend them,
and tend to them....
for I know
for a certainty that,

memories are all that I have.

Arti Chopra

Mom On My Desktop

every time Im feeling blue,
lonely and sad,
sitting so far away
in this stange and new land,
I look at your photo,
on my desk top,
and I am at peace
at once calm and glad,
I see the love
in those eyes,
the calm acceptance of your fate,
the kaleidoscoe of life
mirrored on your still beautiful face, ,
and I think of the love you have always given,
unasked, in plenty,
we basked in the glory of it,
and now that I am here all alone,
I wonder when will I lay my head on your lap again,
when will I see the beloved face,
the body, frail and withered now,
with the burdens of life, s long journey,
which you bore uncomplainingly,
and feel the cradle your arms again,
I pray that time flies swiftly on wings,
and we are together again soon.
I remember the courage
with which you bade me goodbye
the advice which is seared in my brain,
spoken with a mothers love,
which I recall again and again,
but till then I have your image on my desktop
which greets me day and night,
and till the months take flight,
I take up the pen to write,
these few lines.....
which speak of the love, I have for you
mom, I dont know how to express
nor my feelings, can I suppress
they pour out on this page
and speak of my love for you,
and till the time,
that we can be together again,
let my thoughts not be in vain,
let my pen speak valiantly
and convey my heartfelt emotion
for the caring and the devotion,
you lavished on us all through,
and till then i draw solace
from your lined and beautiful face
from your image on my desktop
till we are together again
me and you.....

Arti Chopra

Monsoons Back Home

the rain talks to me...softly
as it splatters down
on the green grass,
the rain talks to me knowingly,
as it brushes my nose
pressed against the window glass

it reminds me of the monsoons,
that must have arrived back in my land,
monsoons that greened the landscape,
as if with a magic wand.....

the rain brings back, powerful memories
of hot pakoras and fragrant tea
so many things, so many images
the rain conveys to me...

people forever, sweating
, looking hopefully at the sky
praying to the rain Gods
not to let the crops die,
and finally the rain Gods answer...
with black sheets of welcome rain
that time of season
has finally arrived again.....

no lover waits more eagerly for its beloved,
than my people, waiting for the rain
the heavenly smell of mangoes
and the cry of the cuckoo bird
the buzzing of insects and
many strange sounds, till now unheard,
all bring back the magic, the romance
of the rains....
the magical silver moon
how it waxes and wanes.....
the rain talks to me.....

..
and here in a new land
the rain wafts down gently
, my heart is back home
though I am here presently,
how beautiful and soothing
is the sound that it makes
will cleanse out my soul
and fill up the lakes.....
the rain speaks to me softly.....

and when the clouds have lightened
and watered the earth,
the flowers have brightened,
the butterflies dance in mirth,

my soul has been cleansed
and my spirits uplifted
what a beautiful sight, nature has gifted

the rain and I
finish our conversation,
a revival of hopes, a joyous observation
Im refreshed and happy,
my soul has been lightened
the longing and sadness
have cleverly been quietened,
by the rain,
so softly it spoke to me.....
as it continued, its quenching journey

I love the soft splattering
the incessant chattering,
sometimes in slanting sheets,
sometimes it almost beats
my face, and soaks me to the bone
I love its insistent, sometimes thundering tone..
so gently, so softly
when it speaks to me
of happy times that will be....
I love the rain.....

Arti Chopra

MY love For You

This poem was written for my husband on his 58th birthday...

I have loved you, forever, long and truly,
silently, passionately, faithfully and surely,
our life together, has been Gods answer to my prayer,
we have grown quieter, wiser, and greyer
what more can I possibly wish for?
when you are there always,
for me,
the biggest gift,
the biggest blessing.
I have tried my very best to be, what you wanted me to be,
but love me for what I am, love,
for That is the Real me,
your life and my life, flow into each other,
like wave flows into wave,
and unless ther is peace and joy and freedom for you,
there can be no peace and joy and freedom for me...
to see reality, not as we see expect it to be but as it is..
to see that unless we live for each other,
and IN and THROUGH each other
we do not really live very satisfactorily
that there can be reality in life onlywhen there is,
in just this sense.....love

Arti Chopra

My New Friend

here in Turkey, I made such cute friends
but this one is more cuter
yes, my net friends
you guessed so right,
I'm talking 'bout my computer...
a click on the mouse,
is all it takes
to start chatting to you,
another click and I get to see
what you have written new...
so Bad is the bug,
I brush my teeth, and walk to computer room
my hubby thinks for our togetherness,
it surely does spell doom.
at first I was not computer savvy
could barely email my son
slowly and surely I learnt a lot,
and can now get some work done
many things I have yet to learn...
sometimes its all Greek to me
That I could get help from hubby dear,
He's even worse than me,
I could fix only one friend
on My msn space
how to do the others... is beyond me
maybe one of my net friends will take pity,
and they will surely guide me...
If I had a child at home
things would not be so bad,
but then I have my computer
it cheers me when I am sad
quick chats and long emails
make me feel I, m back home,
always in touch who all I love
wherever I may roam....
thank God for this computer,
more precious than anything else
on its face of fourteen inches
is where my expression dwell.

Arti Chopra

My Sunshine.....(to my daughter)

my sunshine,
came to me
on a day that it poured with rain,
a little bundle so beautiful, so defenseless,
that it took my breath away,
dark grey blue eyes, that looked at me and,
wisely seemed to say,
i am here now, yours alone,
life will never be the same.
little hands that clutched my finger,
and wrenched my heart away
defiant mouth, and pink shell like lips,
always knew what to say,
through difficult times and trials,
my sunshine has spread her light,
been a little friend to me,
loved me day and night,
she sailed through life bravely and well,
God 's child she surely must be,
if ever I love someone too much
no doubt its only she

Arti Chopra

Nature At War

the sky darkened alarmingly,
dark clouds appeared
the wind became icy
a storm was imminently feared

and then came the first raindrops,
pattering on the panes,
the heavens seemed to pour down,
flooding the muddy lanes

the wind become much colder,
and there came the snow,
fluffy white flakes of giant size,
settling down below.

white dots dotted the grey skies,
floating slantingly by
settling on the green of fir trees
shining white, before they die

wonderingly I watched spellbound,
nature's show of might
was as if, the rain and snow,
were engaged in a friendly fight

rain won, and splattered down,
dancing its own victory dance,
cleaned the leaves, wetted the earth
every colour and fragrance enhanced

how I love the fresh green smell,
that the wetted earth emanates,
how I love the quiet spell,
as the storm gently abates

nature's fury spent at last,
ready to settle down,
the tears have flowed
the voice has thundered
and a smile has replaced the frown.

Arti Chopra

No Place Like Home

its great to be back
after many places we did roam.
no greater truth has been said,
than..theres no place like home

sacred sanctuary and my familiar bed,
soft blanketsand comfy pillows that
that mould so knowingly,
to the shape of your head.

food cooked just like I want
rooms set up to my taste,
cupboards for me to rummage in
and stack up neatly, what I purchased.

plants to say hello to,
flowers to greet me smilingly
not to forget my darling doggy
who licks me welcomes me so beguingly

ah the pleasure and comfort of my home
can not be compared to any other
the feeling when you enter your home
is like a child being embraced by its mother.

holidays are fun and are required
they serve to remind you well.
after you have had fun and travelled,
its great to be back where you dwell

though it takes a lot of love and labour
to make a home that that you can be proud
theres no place like home
I will say it again
I will say it heartfelt and loud.

Arti Chopra

No Toys

no toys,
no colourful balls,
no squeaking dolls
to play with....
he plays with round stones
yet so happy and contented,
for he knows none other,
the little labourers child,
naked and filthy,
yet happy in his world,
sitting on a mound of dirt,
playing happily,
while his mother labours,
under the hot burning Indian sun,
for two pieces of bread,
for the family...
be thankful for His grace.....
for that child could have been you...

Arti Chopra

Not Just A House

It was not just my house,
not just four walls and a roof,
it was an edifice,
built on the foundations of love,
a timeless monument,
a living proof.
it was a haven of boundless joy,
the warmth and the bonds that existed
cemented by our mothers selfless love,
by tender guidance of our father assisted,
and we were nourished in this house
so tenderly and caringly,
made ready to take our place in life
admonished only sparingly,
our parents guided on this rocky path,
over stepping stones of reassurance,
their selfless ample love
was our only life insurance,
and we all lived so happily,
in that beautiful house,
the garden bossomed with flowers of peace,
the fruits abounded, spring never did cease,
the floors resounded with sounds of dancing feet,
the walls responded with echoes of laughter sweet,
family gatherings and memories so dear,
visits of beloved people living near
FOR

it was not just a house,
it was a memory of our happy childhood
and then `one day the house was sold,
it left me sad, shocked and so cold,
whenever I think of those mango trees,
us reaching for the mangoes,
, not scared of the bees,
tears fill my eyes, and i think,
it was the connecting factor, the link
willingly we met there for holidays
those were gossipy nights and jolly days
we grew up, married, went in different directions
life kept us busy, no time for dejections
life has come full circle now
we did our bit,
for our children, as we were taught,
they have to face life bravely,
in whatever is their lot,
and now i reminisce,
and I am happy and calm,
I have my memories of my house
they are my antidote to pain, my balm,
FOR
it was not just a house,
it was temple of devotion,

living proof of my parents love
fulfilled and joyous emotion.
and years after
when I went to my birthplace
stood in front of that house,
felt my heart race
saw my house,
not mine any more,
but there was a gentle peace
invading every pore
for I knew with a real certainty
I knew for all eternity.....
that it was not just a house.....

Arti Chopra

Pray For Forgiveness

I wish things were different,
I wish it had not happened,
those memories of childhood, the love we shared,
growing up together, but were we prepared?
you went your way and I went mine,
you had your little world, and I was making mine
and then just as I thought
everything was going fine,
came the biggest evil of all,
into our lives,
money, the root of all troubles,
you forgot all the values, principles, honour,
they vanished from your being,
and here I was, unbelieving, unseeing,
not able to swallow the fact you had changed,
money had got you in its vicious grip,
made you greedy, grasping and deranged,
was it worth it..the extra power that money brings.
yes it gave you all the extras, the meaningless things,
but what about the love, the caring, and the belonging,
its all finished now, reduced to a hopeless longing,
alas if only you had foreseen,
true happiness comes only with love and sharing...
someone whom prays daily for you, and is so caring,
now you are all alone, maybe you think you are happy and free,
but I can sense the loneliness, and I can with my mind's eye see,
that you are imprisoned forever in the tower of wealth,
a slave to mental unrest and ill health,
I can only pray to him to grant you peace,
ask his forgiveness and He will give you a new lease,
His heart is vast and his blessings manifold,
just pray to Him to take you into his fold,
and maybe one day things will work out all right,
and he will suddenly grant you an insight,
into what is life and what is love,
we have to answer to the God above.,
no one escapes his justice,
no one can get away free
and when you have realised the consequences of your actions,
I hope you will come back to me

Arti Chopra

Queries In My Mind

Was that
a word or an arrow you pierced my heart with?
was that
happiness or sorrow I would start my life with?
was that
kindness or cruelty, with which you tried to reason?
was that
the beginning of summer, or the start of the cold winter season?
were you
my dearest friend, or my bitterest foe?
would I be able to come back to you?
or would I have to let go?
were you
wishing your words unsaid, or was I forgiving?
was i thinking,
its better to be dead, than carry on lifelessly living?
Alas my life will end some day.....
and so will yours...
will I keep on dying day by day?
and you keep on living?

Arti Chopra

Reflect Awhile

rest a while, take a pause,
life jobs will never end,
find the time, express your love,
to a loved one or a friend.

spend some time all alone,
reflect on your blessings one by one,
smell a rose, write a note,
spread some cheer, have some fun,

who knows what will happen tomorrow,
the only surety is our end,
enjoy your life, loook after yourself,
make good health your best friend.

but most of all dont forget to express
your love to all who mean much to you,
give love get love, make it your mantra,
that is the right thing to do.

so take a break, go slow and easy
savour each joy in life,
make each day you live, a joyous one
conquer negativity and strife.

for life works never do end,
we sometimes are so busy just living,
we must pause, and thank the Lord
whos always helping us and giving.

the biggest blessing is another day
when we get up in the morn,
reflect upon Him, give thanks to Him
who is with us from dusk to dawn.

Arti Chopra

Sab Ki Maan Hoti hai

SAB KI MAAN HOTI HAI
this one is for mummy....

sab ki maan hoti hai, par kya aisi hi hoti hai?
itna pyaar,
itni lagan,
kya sab ke bhaag hoti hai?
nishkaamta, nishfalta, raat raat ko jaagna,
safal grahini jeevan, keval uski kaamna,
pati, baccho ke gam, apne sir dhoti hai...
sab ki maan hoti hai, kya aisi hi hoti hai,

jitna pyaar jitni sahasheelta, hamne dekhi hai..
samta, ekta, maargdarshan, hamne unse seekhi hai,
tumne jeevan diya, pala, pausa, humko,
jindigi, safalta se jine ke kabil banaya humko...
soch ke tumhare kurbanian dono behene kabhi roti hain.
sab ki maa hoti hai kya aisi hi hoti hain?

kya hum jaise khudkismat aur bhi hoten honge?
roz bhagwan ko dil se dhanyavaad dete honge,
uska saaya, uska pyaar, dhoop ki tarah pheltaa hai,
door baithe bhi dil men, ha rdam theharta hai,
yaad aata hai ishwar jisne banaya maa ko tab,
ban sake ge hum maan ke jaise kab?
sub ki maan hoti hai, kya aisi hi hoti hai?

Arti Chopra

Sepia Tinted Photos

faded memories,
in a faded book,
forgotten photographs,
and a startled look,

girlish body,
innocent eyes
earnest promises,
and binding ties.

carefree days
and of lots of fun,
learning lessons,
one by one.

life the great teacher
soon puts her imprint,
black and white photos
acquire a sepia tint.

faces mature
as the years advance,
merrily life leads us,
and unwillingly we dance.

sometimes we tire,
lose heart, and want to stop
sometimes we join in,
with joy and a hip hop

and these faded photos,
remind us of years gone,
how the evening advances,
so slowly, after morn,

but a quiet contentment,
of lessons well taught,
a thankful acknowledgement
of character, well wrought

Im at peace with myself
and so grateful for happy years,
you're always there beside me
to quell the odd fears.

my sepia tinted photos
tied up and put away,
thank God for a wonderful life
is what they seem to say

Arti Chopra

Serenity On A Lazy Day

just one of those days,
nothing much to do
let pending jobs take a back seat,
and be a little lazy too.

let time waft slowly by.....
like a fragrance carried by a gentle breeze,
let nothingness rest your mind,
let byegone memories please.....

go back over the years that have been,
say a grateful prayer,
jot down your numerous blessings,
uncover them layer by layer.

so much you have to be thankful for,
list them verily in your mind,
take the time to be grateful
realise He has been so kind,

you will feel a smile tease your lips,
as you recount his ample Grace,
it could have been much worse,
this truth you have to face,

and on such a day,
when time comes to a stop,
certain memories pleasure your mind,
and certain memories warp...

when you weigh them both against each other
a startling truth you will find,
hes always given you so much.
rarely been unkind.....

and even those unhappy moments,
made you stronger and taught you much,
strength of character, and wisdom,
all wrapped in His healing touch

so take a pause, to remember,
and let your life sail slowly by,
feel a smile lift your lips,
and your breath escape in a happy sigh

Gods blessings are so many
in just living, we forget to see,
take time and recount each one,
be blessed with serenity.....

Arti Chopra

Seven Births Together

I keep on writing,
and writing,
expressing on a white expanse
building on our lifelong romance,
how I love you so,
and the beauty of it is.
.you dont even know..
you have not the time,
or the inclination
to read my offerings,
my innermost feelings
such silly dealings
are not for you
you are practical,
sometimes emotional,
anything devotional
scares you...
perhaps you think
its a sign of being weak
love letters make you freak
its only for us women
constantly haraunging about love
but I cant help it,
that's how I was made,
I know our love will never fade,
and so, I leave this legacy for you
a legacy of words
to ponder over when I am no more
If I go before....
you will have with you,
my feelings crystalized in verse
a treasure filled purse,
that will comfort you
in your lonely existence,
provide sustenance
till we are together again
we have braved the stormy weather,
in our beautiful life together,
you have been true to me
just as I have been true to you
seven births are predicted
for couples made for each other
I only wish for another,
as seven must have surely finished
the connection has to be relinquished
I feel I know you since ever,
so I pray that whenever,
or whatever He choses for us,
we're always together
bound by all eternity.....

Arti Chopra

Simple Poetry

My poems are simple
they are words from the heart
easy to read,
even from end to start,
some are sad, some good fun
so simple, that I was thought
to be a child by one,
I sit down and write
whenever the mood takes me,
poems are my outlet
when melancholy, overtakes me,
but best of it is the fact,
there are many like me,
lovely friend I have made
on this poetic journey,
you can almost guess correctly
at the nature of the writer,
if he's calm, or aggressive,
a do'er or a fighter,
and of course no better way
to say thanks, or anything at all
when you play with words,
you can have a real ball.
so cheers to us poets...
hope the words keep on flowing,
keep on writing, till you don't know.....
whether you are coming or going.

Arti Chopra

Smile All The While

send out a smile today,
see it being returned
lighten someones burden
your love wont be spurned

its difficult to smile
when the days cares lie heavy
but the result is really worth it
youll soon be smile savvy

everyone is harried
while rushing about by day
a cheery wave, a happy smile
has so much to say

for the shy ones, takes courage
to smile at someone unknown
but try it and you will see,
how cheerily its condoned.

a smile makes you feel happy,
give you a warm glow inside,
makes the day seem lighter
and worries to subside.

so lighten up all you serious ones,
and smile away your cares,
you give one., you'll get one free,
even ward off someones tears.

resolve to be happy,
spread cheer to near and dears,
work harder, sincerely and happily,
smile are contagious, not tears.

Arti Chopra

Sweet Memories Of Childhood

sweet memories of childhood,
came to me like a soft breeze,
memories that bought a smile to my lips,
memories that tickle and tease.

long forgotten moments...
of times when we were young and brash,
buried deeply in the folds of time,
surfaced to consciousness like a flash.

innocence was our hallmark,
and freshness clothed our skin,
no cares, no worries, that life consists of,
just love from our kith and kin.

giggly moments of awareness,
first stirrings of love and romance,
revelling in being young women,
as life led us a soulful dance

warm love and care of our parents,
a longing for mothers food,
relaxing and chilling in our familiar room,
just being at home felt so good.

nurtured and nourished so lovingly,
we're mothers now, all old friends,
life has taught us well and truly,
as we travelled the climbs and bends.

their have been highs and lows too,
but we have withstood the trials well,
as we put in practise what we learnt,
that only time will truly tell.

but nothing can erase the happy moments,
that lift our spirits like a fragrant breeze,
these are memories imprinted forever,
only in death will they ever cease.

ah childhood...we were so lucky,
to have so much love and care,
such loving parents to guide us,
as we for life prepare.

Arti Chopra

Take Me Love

hold my hand and take me,
to the place
 where the sky meets the earth,
where softly sighs the sea
 as it caresses the sand
where the setting sun
smears shades of crimson and gold
over fading blues and purples,
hold my hand and sit with me,
and listen to the music of the silence,
the silence of two hearts which
beat in perfect harmony...
no need for words,
enjoy the music divine,
as we are enfolded by the warm shadows
of the approaching dusk.
revel in the silvery moonlight
as the moon rises yet higher
 in the blackening sky
shining like a beacon of our love,
relive the magic of every such moment
spent together
swirling sweet thoughts
that weave through my mind,
weigh down my lashes
and reawaken memories
memories of golden moments
left behind,
 and send me into a divine stupor,
a languorous state, heightened,
even more, by the sweet smell of your breath
the reassuring throb of your heartbeat
 below my ear, as it rests on you
and the symphony of our love
reaches a crescendo,
just like the waves crashing on the shore,
nothing can be more perfect than this,
a symphony without end,
for its written, by no other than
He, the magical musician,
the symphony that is divine,
our love, that is sublime.

Arti Chopra

Temporary Insomnia

everybody,
at sometime or the other,
has suffered from this phenomena,
temporary insomnia,
makes you toss and turn all night
put on the tv,
put on the light,
stare at the shadows on the wall,
imagine a strange animals call,
was it a howl or a wail?
your strongest intentions fail..
as you turn for the tenth time,
punch the pillow
see the curtains billow
the breeze gives your fear flight,
and so very long, seems the night,
you curse yourself for that long afternoon nap
give your knuckles a mental rap,
and promise, no more naps for me
and you look enviously at your spouse
snoring happily, in peaceful slumber,
where as u are reduced
to counting a large number,
of sheep, anything, not to stay awake
anything for a good sleep's sake,
but it is not to be,
so the brain begins its work,
thoughts go round and round
all the emotions abound,
you go through your whole life,
good times and bad,
you relive the happy and the sad
mental exertion, in an effort to tire,
you are trapped deeply,
in a wakeful mire,
and then at last,
the wonderful realm of nothingness
the body finally bids goodbye to sleeplessness,
and you awaken next morning
unrefreshed and repentful,
a lonely night, so dark and eventful,
such nights you hope, should be few,
oh goddess of sleep,
come to me easily,
please do.....

Arti Chopra

Thank God I Am A Woman

Im glad to be a woman,
thank god im not a man,
Im fine with my broom and a duster,
fine with a pot and a pan.

I can sizzle with clothes and makeup
I can burn with a come hither glance,
I can convey volumes with just one look
my feminity can send you into a trance.

I can nurture the kids you sire,
nature has given me that role,
and remember if you ever cheat on me,
you'll wish you could crawl into a hole

I look after your entire kith and kin,
I have your mother, with which to compete,
remember all those dates and occasions,
juggling endless jobs, is no mean feat.

when my family, is threatened, I am a tiger,
its me, that you have to face,
your every lie and misdemeanour, I can sense in a jiffy
I can read, every muscle of your face.

and still, when it comes to loving,
Youll never find a more loyal wife,
you honour your comittment to the union,
and there will never be cause, for strife.

I don't need to resort to liquor,
to drown a sorrow or two,
God has given me enough strength,
enough courage, and calm
makes you wonder which sex is stronger of the two?

I have enough tears for the two of us,
which I'm not afraid to show,
and even when my children, and you need comfort
remember its to me, that they go

Im glad to be a woman
thank God Im not a man,
but this is all in jest, ,
let your mind, be at rest,
don't scoff like a typical man.

In spite of all the facts, the statements above,
one is not complete without the other,
we can safely assume, after making a father,
God sat down to make, a mother.

Arti Chopra

That Morning Cuppa

That morning cuppa,
wakes you uppa,
and helps u start the day,
to sip the brew and savour the aroma,
gives strength, and paves the way.

to wake up early,
and drink a cup
is fuel for the lazy like me,
the hot brown brew., just peps you up
the days jobs helps you to see.

and when youre tired
by mid afternoon,
a pickme up is required,
another hot cup, of the aromatic brew,
has you right on your feet, and rewired.

and a chat with a friend,
over a hot steaming cup,
is a sure panacea, for temporary depression,
out pourings from the heart, with a loved confidante
no need for deception or supression.

some like mint, some like apple,
and some just plain ol good tea,
but nothing like a cup of the hot brown
brew, for people like you and me...

people have vices, they smoke or they drink,
addicted to paan or gum,
for me its my cuppa of good old tea,
no addiction to whisky or rum.

so hurrah for the cuppa
that wakes you uppa,
thank God for whoever invented it.
I love my cuppa in the morning and evening,
a lovely habit, I never repented it.

Arti Chopra

That Time Of Season Again

Its that time of the season again,
nature is wearing a frown,
the wind has a creeping chill in it,
and the leaves turn green to golden brown.

The days are short and dreary,
getting out of bed is a task,
why can't it always be summer
is a question that I would like to ask.

But Ah the colours of fall.....
natures palette is alive once again,
greens and yellows turning to orange,
heralding the winter snow and rain.

Soon the trees will be bare,
shorn of all leaves but few,
and even in this starkness
there lies a certain beauty, its true.

The evergreens are the sentinels,
standing guard so green and tall,
the pines, the spruces, the blue firs, and the holly
will turn into white guardian angels, with the snowfall.

Each season has its charm,
each season leaves its mark,
knowingly we brace up for every one,
so in life, there are times,
both warm and dark and dreary,
we just have to know what is to be done.

after winter will come summer,
and good times after bad,
have faith and patience to persevere,
God made all the seasons,
and he also gives trying times
teaching us, to have the fortitude to bear.

Arti Chopra

That Warm Feeling

That warm feeling,
when you talk to old friends,
cannot be compared,
brings flooding back
memories of times shared,
happy times when were younger
enjoying life was our only hunger,
laughing giggling gossipy moments,
come flooding back, and make you sigh
they bring a smile to your face,
memories you can never erase
for they were happy times,
spent in wonderful places and beautiful climes
its friends who make life worthwhile,
friends who make you smile
and now when many years have flown by
and you hear the voice of an old friend,
its a feeling like nothing else
that warm and wonderful feeling
that tells you, all is well
in their world and yours,
your heart just soars,
and you give thanks for
this treasure you possess
how else do you express
your gratitude
for having such wonderful friends...
and now our children are grown,
and we make sure they too, have sown,
the wonderful seeds of friendship,
with the children of our friends,
the circle never ends,
they too revel in the fact,
that their parents were good friends,
and so love begets love
friendship is like a flower
the beauty of which you wonder,
let nothing tear it asunder,
look after it and nourish,
and watch the flower flourish
dont pick it and throw it away,
for there will come one day
when you will need a friend,
to share, to be you support, and your guide
and then where will you hide
your dark times how will you bide
if you have no friend.....
so be true to the friendship
and you will find
the treasure you have left behind
wherever they are, be in touch
you will gain so much

just a sound of their voice
will make you rejoice and be happy,
thank God for old friends....

Arti Chopra

The Awakening

I had this wardrobe of masks
one for each of life's tasks
I donned one for every occasion
be it sadness or elation,
this is not the real me,
I cannot be what I want to be,
so many people to appease,
will the deception never cease?
I have to smile when I am sad,
Be good when I want to be bad,
be nice when I feel like screaming
be alert when I'd rather be dreaming,
these masks sure come in handy
and I'm all dolled up and dandy,
life itself is a stage.
we're all shut up in a cage
we're all acting our parts,
but there are times
when we do listen to our hearts,
and then I tear away that mask,
such a simple easy task,
I am the real me, now
know me as I am
lets finish with this sham
I feel, I love, I hate
I ask, I question, and I wait,
and then comes the awakening,
as the years go on
and I realise I have become wise
I no longer need a guise
I need not be controlled
ordered, asked or told
I have nothing, no one to fear,
or any tortures to bear,
take me as I am,
this is what I am.
such freedom at last, after years
a lightening of imaginary fears,
so sweet is the realisation
such joy and such elation
and I thank YOU God,
for making me as me,
I am there for all to see
triumphant in this discovery,
renewed in my recovery
born again,
no more masks.....
to cover the real me
I am there, proud,
for all the world to see.

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Arti Chopra

The Ballerina

She was poetry in motion,
crystallized emotion,
she swayed and she twirled,
she pirouetted and swirled,
she soared in the air
so delicate and so fair,
her portrayal of every feeling
sent my senses reeling,
like a bird she took flight,
a visual delight,
so light and such mastery
spellbinding imagery,
with her body she prayed
all the feelings, displayed,
love, happiness and then rejection,
despair, loss and dejection,
all danced so skillfully
even if i wanted, willfully,
I could not leave the scene
mesmerised I had been,
hypnotized by the grace
of the body and the face,
she danced the final scene
such a climax had never been,
and with a jerk I got up
to realise it was all a dream,
my elusive ballet dancer,
was not real, not seen
a figment of the imagination,
my love, crystallized in my dream
my love who I had never seen.
she is somewhere out there
I will know her when she is near,
by her beauty and her grace,
her garments of cobwebby lace..
she will come when the time is right
in the daytime, not the night.
she wont be a dream, so surreal
this time she will be for real.

Arti Chopra

The Beauties Of Nature

Theres a poem in every flower,
a sonnet in every tree,
a tale in every lifetime
its just for you to see...

there's a lyric in every brook
as it rushes over rocks,
theres an ode in every nuance,
as loves wonder unlocks,

theres rhythm in every sound,
every beating of a heart,
theres poetry in every union
and every couple who are apart.

and just as there is wonder
in every new life created,
there is sadness and regret,
for the unsaid and unfeted

just listen for the music
that your ears cannot hear,
just strain yourself for the melody
thats so far, and yet so near

the wonder of the creator,
the magic of the divine
is there to feel, for all of us,
to soon be yours and mine.

the beauties of nature,
are so wondrous and so rare,
create in us a speechless song,
which lay our feelings bare

Arti Chopra

The Bird In The Cage

how can you enslave me?
when I was born for the open blue sky?
how can you shut me in this gilded cage
where I am trapped and cannot fly?
round and round I go.....
hitting against the gilded cage sides,
along with love, a certain cruelty abides,
true you derive pleasure, watching my grace,
you feed me fruits and seeds, in that little space,
but what of my freedom, my desire and right to fly?
to who can I plead? to who can I cry?
do not entrap me thus, let me go.....
be my friend, not my bitterest foe,
nothing can be crueller, than withholding my freedom,
let me escape to the wide skies, my boundless kingdom,
let me spread my wings and soar high,
I was born to sing freely, soar high in the sky,
admire me from below., singing happily on a pretty branch
hear my sad song, , give me a life, give me a chance,
and when you have freed me, so much happiness will you find,
you helped to set me free, you have set free your mind,
no one was born to be in bondage, none of God's creation,
neither animal, a human being, or even an entire nation,
freedom is the right of every creature,
freedom is our birthright, our very nature
so take a lesson and set me free,
set me free, for that alone is my destiny.

Arti Chopra

The Blossoming Tree

The beauty of the blossoming tree,
has me totally spellbound
heavily weighed, graceful boughs,
pale pink blossoms abound...

green grass with pink petals above,
floating lazily to the ground...
the air fragrant with the scent of spring,
my worries and tensions, unwound,

is there anything more beautiful?
than the sight of a tree in flower?
is there any greater feeling than to
sit under a flowery bower?

flowers, a veritable marvel of God..
in every shape colour and size,
flowers, that have their own language
convey special feelings in a beautiful guise,

flowers I can bury my face in..
flowers that make me feel pleasure...
flowers no doubt, His most wondrous creation,
their beauty knows no measure...

and then, there is the most wonderful of all
a flowering tree, no less....
sit by its side, and gaze on it
whenever youre under duress...

its beauty will calm and soothe you,
its perfection will gladden your heart,
the scent of the blossoms, the buzzing of the bees,
will lift your spirits and and make your cares depart,

spring is a time of pure magic,
when colours and scents abound,
when life reminds you of its presence so beautifully,
and God shows us His miracles all around.

Arti Chopra

The Bride

this poem is inspired by the most heinous crime of all,
the most shameful levels of human greed and want, that humans can fall to, resulting
in the killing of innocent girls, whose only fault was that they were helpless and
innocent.

she came to this house,
as a young charming bride,
innocent and unaware,
eager to please, ,
to adopt her new loved ones
her soul laid open and bare.
hopelessly in love with her man,
already enshrined
in his snare,
ready to embark on this new path,
ready to do her share.
what was it she wanted?
nothing momentous,
nothing so rare,
just to be a
beautiful bride,
a loving and handsome pair

she too was light of her home,
the only daughter of beloved parents,
bought up with much love and care,
but what did you do to her?
capture her in your greedy snare?
taunts and terror.....
lurked in every corner
greed showed its face everywhere.
everything she did was wrong
all you could do was laugh and jeer,

no love did you show the new bride,
no mercy and no care.
to whom would she tell
about her new found hell
to whom could she portray her fear?

and even the man she was prepared to love,
the husband she wanted to revere....
turned into a monster,
before her very eyes
entrapping her in his snare

at the slightest opportunity
they would beat her,
drag her by her hair,

and finally one day...
the day did arrive
when she was in the media glare..

another bride burnt,
another girl killed,
for what..a car, some cash to share?
where is your conscience,
where is your humanity?
why and how could you dare?

do you have no daughter?
no little fairy princess,
that you too love, and revere?
think before you act,
conquer that greed,
there is a God
you have to face up there.

you make your own karma,
you weave your own fate,
every act has to be paid for
fair and square.....
in the greed and hunger for riches
you forgot all
your conscience you have buried
God knows where...

but those who have suffered,
take heart and have faith,
for judgement day,
the killers have to prepare
you may not pay for your crimes in this world,
but there's another life
henceforth...so beware

God has his ways
of making you pay,
he will strip you and lay you bare,
no plea goes unheard,
no cry for help unanswered
in God's kingdom,
so you killers...
beware, beware.....

Arti Chopra

The Brook And I

the smell of green and springy, grass,
the lazy humming of the bees,
the cloying scent of small wildflowers
blue, blue, skies and a scented breeze,
a babbling brook close by,
twisting and turning charmingly,
singing a special enchanting song
making me smile mysteriously,
the mini waterfall
over mossy stones,
the music as it flowed on merrily,
polishing to a smooth roundness,
stones collected so lovingly
natures beauty abounds here,
the earth, carpeted by God for me
looking up at the dense green roof,
the butterflies circling dizzingly,
so much poetry in the brook's song,
as it flows on merrily
life is full of natures gifts
seek and find them willingly.
twists and turns, but finds its way
flows on happily, towards the sea
empties into the ocean vast
thereby fulfilling its destiny,
babbling gurgling
singing a song, soulful music for my ears and me,
I love the brook, in its beauty
it tells me things so endearingly
chatters, spatters, flows up and down
flowing, turning, merrily
the brook and I, sing a special song
in tune with nature, in harmony.

Arti Chopra

The Cherry Tree

This poem is inspired by the beautiful cherry tree I see on my walk everyday. Nothing prepared me for the beauty and wonder of it.....the bountiful harvest, which could feed many....

there it stood
a cherry tree..
laden heavily with fruit
branches weighed down
with ripe red cherries,
leaving me wonderstruck and mute,
so much sweetness, on just one tree
glistening red, among the glossy green,
a wondrous sight such as this,
I'd hardly ever seen..
Then along came a group of children
picked bunches and went their way,
I, ve more to give, come one come all,
the cherry tree seemed to say,
God's love is like the cherry tree,
waiting just to be picked, and had,
branches bowed with the weight of it,
cheering us when we're blue or sad,
lets pick the cherries every day,
not only when we need
lets plant the tree of love today
and nurture, with remembrance, the seed.
His love is like the cherry tree
enough for one and all,
submit your cares and worries to Him,
and then stand proud and tall.

Arti Chopra

The Dawn And The Dusk

crashing waves relentlessly leaving their mark on the beach
the sky is changing colour from inky blue to peach

the radiant dawn touches the sky with fingers of red,
the sun is preparing to rise from its bed,

the silvery sand shimmers with an ever sparkling light,
the palms gently sway, as if to bid farewell to the night,

the clouds sail across to the tune of the seagulls cries,
exhorting one and all, to stir from bed and rise,

'
and fresh, so fresh, is the smell of the sea,
the perfume unforgettable, that will always stay with me,

come walk with me, my love, on the beach hand in hand,
lets walk together, slowly, leaving our footprints in the sand,

two lives, two loves watching the sunrise in the sky,
so perfect the painting, nature paints in the sky,

and as the day dawns, and then finishes towards dusk,
the seagulls are quietened, and the night sky smells like musk,

together, let us watch the sun say goodnight,
together let us watch day vanquished by night,

and then the shadows lengthen, and the birds do head home,
the sun slowly into the sea, that is its home,

the sky, stages spectacularly, a canvas of colours bright,
we are speechless, overawed, watch this awesome sight,

the waves are now quietened, touched by the crimson red
the sun is lowers its fire gently, into the vast cool blue bed,

breathless, till the orb has vanished deep into the sea,
unforgettable and humbled, the spectacle, will always stay with me,

my soul has been uplifted, my heart is full of peace,
life has given us another day, another lease.

crashing waves relentlessly leaving their mark on the beach
the sky is changing colour from inky blue to peach

the radiant dawn touches the sky with fingers of red
the sun is preparing to rise from its bed,
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so perfect the painting, nature paints in the sky,
and as the day dawns, and then finishes towards dusk,
the seagulls are quietend,
and the night sky smells like musk,
together let us watch the sun say goodnight,
together let us watch day vanquished by night,
as the shadows lengthen, and the birds do head home,
the sun makes it way into the sea, that is its home,
as the sky, stages a canvas of colours bright,
lay your head on my shoulders,
and let's watch this awesome sight,
the waves are now quietened, touched by the crimson red
the sun is lowering its fire into the vast blue bed,
breathless, till the orb has vanished into the sea
unforgettable, the spectacle, that will always stay with me,
my soul has been uplifted, my heart is full of peace
life has given us another day, another lease.

Arti Chopra

The Dream Garden

I dreamt I was in a garden,
a garden of breathtaking beauty
butterflies and honey bees buzzed about
as they feasted on the flowers booty.

the dazzling green of beautiful foliage,
the explosion of colour between,
amazed, I breathed in the fragrance,
of a heaven, never before seen.

I stood beside a waterfall,
that tumbled into a brook,
mossy stones lined its path,
as I followed the path it took.

I lay on the carpet like grass,
and looked at the sky so blue,
I brushed my face with a rosebud,
that still was wet with dew.

the humming of the bees was so soothing,
as I climbed up on the scenic bridge,
I looked down at the huge green plants,
that lined the stony ridge.

I looked at the ancient trees,
with their branches that soared so high,
I wondered if I would reach right up,
climb them and reach the sky.

I gathered flowers of many hues,
to make a beautiful bouquet,
and to tie it all up nice and tight,
I used the sun's golden ray.

the music of the babbling brook,
the soft grass beneath my feet,
the fragrance of the myriad flowers,
soon lulled me to a deep sleep.

and when I woke up with a start,
and realisation dawned on me,
my garden tryst was only a dream,
as pleasant as a dream could be.

Arti Chopra

The Essence Of Life

we are growing old together
time is passing fast
our youth was left behind ages ago
nothing does ever last

my skin is beginning to loosen
my hair beginning to thin
my body that once was my pride
uncovering it seems like a sin

doubts often assail me
about the ravages of time on my face
theres nothing that can slow down time,
theres nothing to halt that pace,

you who were once so handsome
contours of a greek god no less,
time has filled out those hollows
filled up the face I loved to caress,

but the wisdom that shines out of those eyes
the hurts you withstood and suffered,
the experience that life has taught us
has been by our love well buffered,

time heals those wounds like no other
God heals with his loving hands,
and both of us tread together this path
leaving some footprints in the sand

if we have done our bit in life
been good, and taught our children well
thanked God for all he gave us,
nothing more is there to tell

fate does deal different blows
to each and every in his creation
but how well we deal and learn from them
is the essence of life, the summation

every birth is meant to evolve
improve and become sublime,
and finally in some divine moment,
be lucky to submerge with the divine

Arti Chopra

The First Snowfall Of The Season

Its a white fairyland
that brings back memories of long ago,
its a white fairyland, silent and magical,
a land of pure white unblemished snow

Its a white fairyland
so softly and silently, does the snow fall
this white fairyland, enchants me,
and has me simply enthralled.

tall green trees, bowed down humbly
under the weight of the amassed snow,
white magic as far as the eye can see,
white and only white, on the rolling hills, high and low

these tall white sentinels
proudly standing guard in the night,
overseeing fondly, the children gambolling
having fun in a snowball fight.

and this white fairyland,
that has appeared overnight,
sets to shame all the colours
and proves the might of white.

I have no words, that can aptly describe,
the beauty of this scene, painted by God
so I will just just say thanks, and drink in this scene,
another marvellous composition by the Lord.

Arti Chopra

The Golden Fleece

an ocean of calm within my heart,
vast, unending, like the blue sea
I close my eyes and savour the peace,
for I have found the golden fleece.

I search around in the corners of my mind,
to see an enchanting emptiness,
from the depths of despair, to the peaks of joy
life has taught me well, under duress

the circle has been completed,
and so many lessons learnt,
I am now finally at peace,
a haven of contentment, well earned

and in this ocean of emptiness
dwells many a grateful thought,
I learnt to handle both highs and lows,
I learnt to be happy with my lot.

for this ocean of emptiness
is not easy to come by
we search for it outside ourselves
whereas within us it lies.

so beautiful and so welcome,
this oasis of loving peace
after many trials and tribulations
I found the golden fleece.

Arti Chopra

The Healer....(to my son)

I can never forget,
the earnestness and the look,
with which,
you held in front of me,
a page of a notebook,
'see mummy', u said
I got.'.very good.'
clever boy, said I..
not knowing how trivial were the words I uttered,
right from childhood,
u were, sincere, hard working, like a child should
today u are a man, self made, doing well,
a healer of bodies, God like to the very sick,
so proud am I,
that you are flesh of my flesh,
we could not give you all you wanted
, but we really did try,
destiny made you a healer,
when all you wanted, was to fly
I wish for you great things son,
which your hard work will surely bring,
remember, nothing is greater than a fellow man's blessing..
the dignity of your work cannot be surpassed,
be true to the values, that u have amassed,
I can only bless you, the rest is in His hands
I hope he helps you, to leave your footprints in the sands

Arti Chopra

The Healing Touch

I was in pain,
and steeped in despair,
I turned to you,
in thought and in prayer,
I prayed for healing
I prayed for succour,
and lo and behold,
a little miracle did occur,
a healing hand touched me,
in the midst of my sleep,
a warm energy brushed me,
tears of gladness I did weep,
and when I woke much later,
my pain was much eased,
I knew with certainty,
a new life had been leased,
my faith even stronger,
my belief in you immense,
no longer was I fearful,
no longer was I tense,
no pain that cant be bettered
no illness that you cant heal
your healing touch in every pore
dear Lord I can surely feel.
no care, when you are beside me
My body for you to heal,
I pray for strength and good health,
a calmness I can feel.

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a calmness I can feel.

Arti Chopra

The Language Of Love

Older than the ruins of any monument,
is the language of love,
born from the time of Adam and Eve,
when they descended from the heavens above.

A look, a glance, a silken caress,
the raising of eyebrows coquettishly,
a touch, a peep, a fumbling grope,
the hugging and kissing feverishly.

the eyes are the windows,
of the soul it is said,
the eyes of the lover are a
language by itself...

they light up when he's near,
dimmed often by a tear,
when he's away and out of reach,
they convey the total devotion,
the passion and emotion,
of a love that is limitless and free.

the touch of a lover is
heaven itself, the kisses,
a meeting of souls,
the courting, a strange ritual,
a rehearsal of life's play,
as slowly the sweet plot unfolds.

And the two players,
in this courtship of love,
play their roles skillfully, sublime
the meetings, the farewells the glances, the longings,
all blessed by a force that is divine.

Ah, the language of love,
needs no book, no teacher,
no lessons learnt time and again,
the eyes are the alphabets,
that form all the words
and convey the happiness or the pain.

Arti Chopra

The little Blue Dress (a humorous saga)

rummaging in my cupboard
found a little blue dress
memories came flooding in
as my fingers, it caressed

such a small slim garment,
did I really wear it then
was my body so small and light
like a little wren?

just nineteen and graceful in my youth
like a reed blowing in the breeze
a host of memories swirling about,
time just seemed to freeze.

how lovingly I had worn that dress
dressed up to come to you,
so intense was your love filled glance,
as I tottered in the high heeled shoe.

protectively you held my hand
as in the rain we scampered,
found a cozy little restaurant
enthusiasm not dampened

'what dark circles under your eyes! 'my love
'whats wrong? , are you ill? 'said he
'been studying all night for my exams'...
said I and changed the topic laughingly

went back to the hostel where I lived
and looked in the mirror casually..
what ghastly streaks across my face
and it came to shockingly....

my mascara. that my friends had put,
while getting me ready for my date downtown
wasnt even waterproof
and had made me look a clown

and here I was insisting to my love,
that my studying caused those marks,
thank God it was a dim little room
and not a brightly lit park.

and narrated the tale laughingly
to my friends and roommates dear,
had a good laugh till tears ran down,
over sweet bonhomie and good cheer

thank God for love and smitten lovers
thank God that love is blind,

My mortification knew no bounds,
I suppose God had been kind

those were the days of sweet courtship
and one was always out to impress
so many memories came flooding back
when I spied that little blue dress...

such moments are to be cherished
kept safely in our hearts and preserved
those lovely days may never come back
more love and happiness than we deserved

that blue dress is special for me
and how my mascara did fail,
how much you loved me
dark circles and all....
my children do love this tale.....

Arti Chopra

The Master Weaver

the tapestry of my life,
was woven with many coloured threads,
and soon emerged a picture,
full of whites greens yellows and reds

it was started when I was born,
unto parents so loving and wise,
and filled in with yellows and oranges,
signifying the sunshine period in my life,

little careful stitches,
that that filled in joy and love,
lots of heavenly white and blues,
signifying blessings from above,

and soon the picture flourished,
shades of green that signify growth,
emergence of my family
kids I love so dearly both,

grey spaces were so few,
and fewer were those in black,
as I gained slowly in wisdom,
and learnt to give and give back,

so skillfully the master weaver,
wove my life in silken threads,
so beautiful was the picture,
in blues and greens and reds.

just when it will be completed.
I really do not know.....
but when it does I am fulfilled,
and happily I will go,

so much beauty and and joy he has woven,
that I fail to see the shadows dark,
so much joy he infuses, as he weaves,
on every segment, He leaves His mark,

our life is like a picture,
how it turns out, is up to us.....
though he weaves the silken threads,
the finishing is done by us.

lets help the master in weaving,
this priceless gift to us,
proudly we leave the finished picture,
He would have wanted it thus.

Arti Chopra

The Night, The Music, And You

the night,
dreamy and scented with the jasmine blossom,
the ambience, stirring, romantic and simply awesome,
the moon
silvery, huge, and riding the sky's ocean
like a ghostly galleon.,
my heart racing, pounding
like a powerful mighty stallion,
the music.....
throbbing, dreamy, with the rhythm of our love divine,
a night to remember, the neverending dance,
the hours sublime,
you,
the love of my life, holding me in your arms
dancing away the night,
your love felt so magical, so totally right,
how can I ever forget?
you, the music and the night?

and now that the years are flying by
... on magical wings....
there are so many memories,
so many wonderful things,
each speaks of wondrous moments,
a story attached,
each speaks of our love,
your caring unmatched,
and I give thanks,
every moment of the day, for this love so true
may every day be a joyous discovery,
a feeling anew,
how can I ever forget?
that night, the music and you.

life is nothing but..memorable moments
strung together...
with time we forget the bad...
but the magical ones remain forever..
my story is the story of every love...
its nothing new....

how can I ever forget
that night, the music and you?

Arti Chopra

The Old Lady In The Window

she sat by the window.
looking out on to the land
fingers busy knitting
knitting slowly, with knotted hand

calm of face, withered skin,
snow white hair,
but a great peace within
no tumultous thoughts,
no recurring desires
only concern for her kith and kin

lifes travails showed up on her face,
wrinkled skin, like cobwebby lace
eyes watery but calm and content
living life gracefully,
her only intent.....

each wrinkle on her face
was a sorrow of life,
each little line, the suffering of a wife,
each shadow in her eyes,
was a dark time in her life,
but the unwavering gaze
told of a well conquered strife

no grief that showed deep in her eyes
no lasting bruises, from deceptions and lies,
no wavering gaze, no sneering of lips
only a calm acceptance of fate
that God only equips.

and love bountiful for the family she adored
soothing ruffled feathers,
tempers restored,
advice given so patiently and well
doubts and fears she managed to quell.

but who will wipe her long dried tears,
who will quell her doubts and fears,
who will give her love manifold
have we forgotten our helpless and old?

old age will come to each one,
dont forget.....
if love we have given,
then love we will get,

do as you would be done by
and happy you will be,
blessings from the elderly
are the real blessings to me...

treat them with love
and lavish them with care
if happiness you have given then
only happiness you will bear

Arti Chopra

The Rose And The Thorn

such utter perfection in form and colour,
such a heavenly fragrance wafts up to my nose,
in all of God's most wondrous creations,
is there anything more perfect than the rose?

so many colours, shapes and sizes,
all blooming in a mass of green leaves,
no more beautiful a sight, as a bush in bloom,
or a rambler, spilling over a cottage eaves.

its verily a sign of true love,
presented to a maiden fair,
what can be more befitting and apt,
as the rose says more, than the lover can dare.

and the prickly thorns He put there,
as if to remind us all the more,
look for joy and beauty among the thorns,
just beauty would be an eyesore,

unfurl the petals one by one,
and go deep down to the core,
the essence of the rose is hidden deep inside,
like a secret inside a locked door.

our soul is like the fragrant centre,
clad tightly within heavenly layers,
unfurl the petals, blossom forth,
be one with God through prayers.

many pricks we receive,
for a thing of beauty,
its all a part of life,
there can be no victory without a struggle,
there can be no peace without strife.

Arti Chopra

The Wind

It roared,
it shrieked,
it ebbed,
it peaked,
till the heavens cowered,
the trees deflowered.
the houses deroofed,
the children were spoofed,
and after, an endless interval,
the mighty wind rested,
the waves uncrested,
the leaves became still,
the birds began to trill,
the storm was over,
the sun was a lover,
bidding farewell before time,
to the evening in prime,
the sky duly darkened,
the night owl harkened,
the long shadows peeped,
and mother night crept,
softly blanketing the earth,
in a loving warm caress,
to enfold and to soothen,
to bless and refresh

Arti Chopra

Things That Move Me

So so many things move me..
natures beauty
in amazing things
the sun sinking slowly,
on a pink cloud's wings,
the leaves shining clean,
after the first monsoon rain,
the smile of a child,
who has never known life's pain,
the opening of little beaks,
in a nest made with love,
seeking their mother
in the blue sky above..
so many things bring a lump to my throat
a haunting piece of music,
a good book, a wise quote.
old age that seeks succour,
in the loneliness today,
nothing that can keep the
dangers at bay,
mistakes that we made,
repeated again
life comes full circle
and brings back the pain,
barbs thrown at a loved one,
intention to hurt,
better to be silent than,
vicious and curt,
happiness a virtue,
thats all in the mind
what if we were deaf, or dumb or blind...
we can choose to be happy
or live to be sad,
u cannot feel the good,
unless u feel the bad,
God made this world so wondrous,
and gave us senses to feel,
the beauty of his creation
that our senses do reveal..
so put a smile on your face,
and thank Him for his gifts,
cut out all the negativity
and heal all those rifts.....
so many things move. me...
they are too many to narrate,
but most of all the ability,
to look forward, rejuvenate.

Arti Chopra

Thirty Four Years Of Togetherness

thirty four years have gone by,
it seems like.... yesterday
when I first met you,
and my world seemed to sway

my heart leapt to my mouth
as I knew, with a deep intuition
that you would be my soulmate,
bring my life to fruition...

scorpios, they say, have this gift unique,
of knowing and recognizing their love,
and it happened just so when I saw you,
you were the one for me, whispered God from above

yesterday as we sat in the candlelight,
having a quiet dinner in the balmy night
my quiet contentment just overflowed,
and my romantic imagination took flight.

so many years have flown by,
and even though the years have taken their toll,
for me you're just as captivating,
and I am there whenever you call

I need you more than ever,
and you need me just as much,
such harmony and perfect understanding,
seldom seen in many such

I don't know how many years we have together
but my earnest wish is this
may each year that passes, be as perfect
surrounded in selfless love and bliss

Arti Chopra

This Too Shall Pass

this too shall pass,
don't ever despair,
but yes if it helps,
let your pen lay your feelings bare,
when the word seems dark
, and when the going is tough,
remember, just praying and meditating is enough,
he who sends us,
this sorrow and pain,
also has in store for us,
a big treasure, a big gain,
forget the times of hoplessness,
place your trust in Him,
light the lamps of hopefulness
, let their flames never dim,
our sorrows make us stronger,
our sufferings make us wise,
its God who is our teacher,
but just in another guise,
there will be another morning,
a beautiful brighter day,
His love will just encompass you
like a warm and golden ray.....

Arti Chopra

Those Eyes

Those eyes.....
teasing, innocent, and haunting,
charm and and beauty, flaunting,
those eyes.....
fanned shut by incredible lashes,
casting shadows, showing flashes,
of blinding green or was it blue,
difficult to guess the hue,
of those eyes...
they had me under their spell
no words needed to tell,
all was said so well,
by just a glance of
those eyes.....
every glance, I sunk in deeper
they entwined me like a creeper,
hypnotising and capturing,
thrilling and enrapturing,
I thought she was surely mine,
and then one day the betrayal,
the acting and the portrayal,
of a woman innocent, the denial
ready to stand a trial,
a test of her love
all said so skillfully by
those eyes,
twinkling and smiling.
so hopelessly beguiling,
and then the accusations,
and convincing justifications,
pleas and passionate swearing
left me helpless and fearing,
I was again going to succumb
to the devilish spell,
of those eyes....
and then came the tears,
fanning to a flame, my fears,
it was true
I forgave her,
wanted to save her,
from her own weaknesses,
her liasons and tresspasses,
and I was back again,
a slave of
those blue eyes.
never to be forgotten
me in love and besotten,
of those lovely
bluish green eyes.

Arti Chopra

Thoughts

thoughts swirl around,
in my mind, like a friend,
whos always there,
sometimes calm and placid,
like a lake on who's surface
not a ripple is even there,
sometimes chaotic, like a sea
angry, rough, dark and wild
sometimes happy,
like a mother with her newly born child,
sometimes worrying, niggling,
like an itch that wont go away
sometimes reminding me of things
I really do have to say,
thoughts are my constant friends,
never leaving my side,
sometimes they are my enemy,
and sometimes a helpful guide
and often when they are dark and deep
when all seems sad and blue,
they are chased away by thoughts
of hope,
and a deep faith born anew,
but best of all are the thoughts
that God does send to me,
keep faith and lasting peace always,
unhappy youll never be,
the mind is never silent
its we, who hold the reigns,
its up to us to steer it right,
and guard from sorrows and pains.

Arti Chopra

Thoughts Crystallized In Words

contentment to me is....
love
love from my husband,
love from my parents,
love from my children,
love from my friends,
and above all love from my God,
he loves me,
he cares for me,
he protects me,
he feeds me,
he gives so much,
he is everywhere,
in the unopened bud,
in the gently falling snow,
in the swiftly flowing river
in the softly undulating desert sands,
in the pitifully dressed begging boy,
I feel him in my every pore,
I thank him
before going to sleep,
early morning on waking,
in my bath,
before eating,
on my walks,
and I am ashamed when I forget to thank him,
how can one forget to thank He
who has given me so much,
peace...
peace of two lovely children,
a loving husband,
a supportive family,
a beautiful house,
enough clothes to wear
and food to eat,
and all the senses
to enjoy this beautiful world,
in which he has put me,
so this is the real essence of living,
peace, contentment and love
I am calm, blessed, and my cup is full
I can only give thanks,
again and again and again.

Arti Chopra

Time The Great Healer

our once painful memories
are dimmed and dulled now,
their sting lessened,
by the hazy clouds of time,
time the great healer,
embraces our hurts and sorrows,
into its wide and strong arms,
soothes, lessens and helps us to forget,
and we acknowledge, with difficulty,
this too shall pass,
and pass it does,
all with the helping hands of time,
the hurt that once seemed so deep, so poignant,
jolts not as much, sheds not so many tears,
cause time has worked its magic on them,
we have learnt to accept, and grieve quietly,
learnt valuable lessons from them,
moulded a new facet of our personality from them,
all with the gracious helping hands of time,
every new day that dawns,
brings a fresh promise of hope and survival,
brings a deep strength, a new conviction,
that this too has passed,
we look back, and give a quiet thanks,
to that which was, and that which will be,
for it is all His doing,
and that which is, is His blessing,
He who bought us to it,
will get us through it,
is the only real truth
Everything changes,
nothing remains the same
that is life and that is time...
time the great healer...

Arti Chopra

To My Daughter's Daughter

your beauty and perfection,
astounds me
your joyous chatter,
surrounds me,
your smile bewitches my heart,
your cry, when you are hurt
wrenches my heart,
your mischief enthralls me,
your diet of chocolate appalls me
your huge round eyes entreat me,
for more candies they beseech me,
I vow, not to succumb to the magic of that gaze,
I vow not to add, to your harmful diet phase,
but you my beloved, are my granddaughter after all,
and one loving look from you, and my resolve takes a fall,
every trip to the market is for spoiling you fully,
and you take full advantage, my darling little bully,
the joy you bring to our lives is untold,
when you are with us, our happiness multiplies manifold,
what is about grandchildren, that brings a special smile,
I resolve to give an inch, but you manage to take a mile
I love watching you grow, I can enjoy every bit,
with you I have all the time, with them I couldnt sit,
I can relive those days, remembering every milestone,
all the times I neglected them, with you I can atone,
I love you my little darling, more than you will ever know,
because you are the child, of my child,
and I really love her so.

Arti Chopra

To My Father

No time to say goodbye,
no time to feel the pain,
death was so shocking, when unannounced it came,
never will I see the face,
so beloved and so dear,
the eyes, that lit up smilingly,
when any of us was near,
Had I sat by your side,
held your hand and bid farewell,
I console myself that you are now,
where Gods and angels dwell,
you gave so much to each of us,
your wisdom silent and strong,
you taught us patience and contentment,
and never to do anyone wrong,
I miss you every moment,
Though I know you are by my side,
I pray to God to give me strength,
and by your teachings abide,
Expect not much from anyone and happy you will be,
take sorrow and happiness both in your stride,
your words will stay with me.

Arti Chopra

To My Sister

I know a lovely lady
who lives in the region of my heart,
of all the people I love so dearly,
she stands a world apart,
memories of our childhood together,
imprinted like footprints on wet sand,
the little girl who walked to school,
now matured like good wine,
often a firebrand,
her wisdom is of life's travails
borne stoically and without fear,
though I am the elder one
sometimes I think she's my peer,
always helping, always kind,
she my therapist and my guide,
often has helped me thru difficult times.
brushed my fears aside,
she a mover and a pusher,
that fact itself is for sure,
but in matters of the heart
.she is so clean and so very pure,
we form an awesome twosome,
I like to think thats true,
such closeness and such love
is found in very few,
I pray to God to bless her
and always give her peace,
may her happiness be forever
and her wisdom never cease
though I am far away from you,
in spirit we are so near
my love will always flow to you
my darling Jyoti
so beloved and so dear.

Arti Chopra

To My Son InLaw...Vinnie

I always loved boys,
and having a daughter was fun,
God had given me one of each,
and then I acquired another son.

sweet of face, and good of heart,
a son inlaw like no other,
I treat him like another son,
I hope he'll treat me like his mother..

no formalities, no airs,
so down to earth is he,
this welcome addition is quite a gem,
in our happy family....

of course, to cement their union
I did play a prominent part, ,
the shy boy was gently shown,
the way to my daughters heart.

he was wooing her slowly, with just one rose
I said this is not the way....
just send her a basket of the reddest roses,
and the two magic words she'll say.

he followed my instructions hesitatingly
and soon the result was there...
the roses worked their magic...
and he acquired the maiden fair.

today they are happily married
with a bundle of joy, a girl,
to be grandparents, is a blessing
those lovely little eyes, and that curl.

we can, t have enough of her,
her chatter enchants us completely,
but so greedy are the grandparents
they ask for another so sweetly.

well if He wills it, it will happen
till then we bide our time,
meanwhile lets hope my son ties the knot
and we can hear the wedding bells chime.

So rich a mother am I,
two sons, good humans, and sweet.
this one is an ode to my son in law,
my sweetest dearest Vineet...

May God bless and keep him,
and grant his wishes all,

give him good health and happiness
keep his head high and tall.

Arti Chopra

Travelling Woes

holidays are generally fun
but travelling is a pain....
gone are the days.....
when flying was for the sane.

we had to attend a wedding at Dayton
and I had packed with lot of care,
but when we landed at the airport
our suitcase wasnt there...

can imagine our utter frustration
the airlines not really concerned,
our queries and remonstrations
were politely and tactfully spurned

to attend a wedding in borrowed clothes
is not an ideal situation to be in...
for a woman who likes to dress well
others clothes to be seen in?

but beggars cannot be choosers
there was nothing else to be done,
our hosts and us were the same size
and trying her outfits was actually fun

so we settled on a saree
and my hubby in her hubby's suit
fine feathers make fine birds
and we looked classy to boot,

alls well that ends well....
and the suitcase was traced next day
for the harassment caused to us
the airlines were willing to pay....

so we went shopping for new clothes
no complaining and no pining
does lend credence to the fact...
that every cloud does have a silver lining.

the holiday will be memorable
and fingers crossed next time we fly
just pack a spare set in your handbag
no asking how or why.....

Arti Chopra

View From My Balcony

away from the cares and tensions and strife,
away from the burdens and labours of life,
away from the quibbling, the digs and denials,
away from the statements, affirmations and trials,
away from the pristine, perfect stone walls,
away from the constricting, suffocating curtain falls,
my own little space, my haven of six feet,
crimson filled boxes of flowers so sweet,
the sky above and the road below,
watching life pass by in an unending flow,
people walking by, intent on their mission,
I am now at peace, as if in remission,
the trees in front, lining the road,
rolling green grass as the park view unfolds,
red juniper berries on green clumps of shrubs,
petunias and pansies spilling out of white tubs,
disturbed emotions now soothened and calm,
once again the beauties of nature...my balm,
a new leaf appears, a bud tries to unfold,
spring has emerged, after the snow and bitter cold,
spring at its height, and flowers at their best,
birds and butterflies ever on a quest,
skimpily clad lovers lolling in the park,
proud and lovely cats provoking the dogs to bark,
whenever my spirits need to be uplifted, I have my special haven
which God to me has gifted.....

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Note

Arti Chopra

Welcome Back

just to let you know
really missed you so,
no computer chats,
no lively spats,
hope u had a lovely time,
away from the citys grime,
in far away locales
among the valleys and dales
reliving twenty five years,
zeroing all your fears,
that ten days are too less,
believe me
just one memorable eve is enough
gettin away is tough,
but when you do
youll realize, it was worth it
youre back to the grind of life
but you 're fresh
and rejuvenated
full of new found love
and satiated...

Arti Chopra

When Children Fly The Nest

when children fly the nest,
its a sudden shock, but true
and you are faced with the twilight years
left alone are just the two of you.

no more fights between siblings,
no jokes, laughter or demands for food,
no mom baking cakes lovingly,
and feeding her hungry brood.

its ironical, how you wait for them to grow,
and time flies fast and true,
before you know it, they have fled the nest,
to make their own lives, and take their due.

left alone are the two of us,
but its a nice period in life in a way,
gives you time to rediscover each other,
fall in love all over again, if one may.

the earlier years of marriage are the best,
you are eagerly facing the unknown future,
but soon the children come along
and you are caught up in motherhood and nurture.

when they leave, the shock is quite numbing,
you look for something to fill the gap,
the mother especially feels all withered,
like a tree that has no sap.

but then you draw closer as a couple
and become dependent and unseparable even more,
the grandchildren are making an arrival,
and you love them dearly with every pore.

the enjoyment you derive from the grandkids,
surpasses even what you had with your offspring,
now you have the patience, and all the time,
to play with them, and indulge their every whim.

so that is the path life takes you on,
enjoy each stage as it comes,
make a stop, savour every real moment,
because, before you know it, it will have gone.

Arti Chopra

When You Are Away

two days,
since you are gone
I toss and turn,
my thoughts churn,
sleep evades me,
thoughts invade me,
I feel the empty space,
where used to lie your face,
I look at the empty pillow.
and watch the curtains softly billow,
and I long for you to come home,
my thoughts again begin to roam
and my hands feel the air,
trying to breathe in your scent
from the place which for me was meant,
and then comes the startling thought,
if this is my state,
in just two days of your absence,
what will I do?
if God takes you first?
how will I slake my thirst?
for your warmth and caring
the loving and the sharing,
and I think,
I will see, when the time comes,
meanwhile.....
let me enjoy,
every moment filled with joy
and wonder, and love,
and I thank the God above
that He made you, for me
just how it was meant to be,
two souls, one entity,
me for you,
and you for me.

Arti Chopra

White Magic

Spring is dawning to a close,
the breeze is sometimes, cool
darkness falls faster,
now winter will begin its rule

I will love the white magic
the snow when it arrives,
a blanket of white, covering the ground
disrupting our daily lives.

pure unblemished snow
as far as the eye can see,
weighing down the pine tree branches.
a soundless, white symphony.

the snow tells me something,
when it drifts down softly,
look forward to a brighter dawn,
cover all that negativity..

white is a pure colour
a symbol of purity,
let your mind be like snow
let it not get soiled, dirty.

and I watch the young and old
delighting alike..and frolicking merrily,
making snowmen, throwing snowballs
cars inching forward, gingerly....

the trees are weighed down heavily,
branches near touching the ground,
softly and surely
it continues to fall
its silence, the only sound.

I can never make up my mind
which scene has more beauty,
is it the fresh green of spring?
or the white snow in its purity..

and I marvel, and I realize...
each season has a grand design,
for each period of cold and darkness,
will follow a season fine.

so when you are in the winter,
a period of life's despair
take heed from Gods lessons,
that spring is nearly there.

just as there is beauty in winter
there must be a meaning for your despair,
a lesson He has sent you,
to learn from life, and prepare.

we brace up for the cold weather,
the harshness we must face,
so in life,
each season, each event,
does always have its place.

Arti Chopra

Why Is It?

why is it..
that i cant sleep...
when u are not there..
why is it, that life seems so lacklustre..
without you...empty and bare..
why are you, in my thoughts
morning, noon and night
wish that God would never
ever, let you out of my sight
thirty three years together,
is quite a while
to know and love someone
a very vital part of me
seems to have got undone,
so many years and still in love
seems hard to believe,
seems but only yesterday
that you entered my life
a blessed gift did I recieve,
dashing and handsome,
eyes that captured my soul
winning ways, heartbreaking smile,
took a heavy toll
we were wed,
against all odds
and have walked the path of life together
been there for each other
in bright sunshine and stormy weather
now, toward the end
of lifes journey
the love has become yet stronger,
days and nights away from you
seem more lonely and even longer
its a union i know
blessed by the divine
you were made by Him for me,
to be mine and only mine
I know we have to part some day,
my love.the thought haunts me
God knows why..so
lets make the most of life together
till we say the final goodbye

Arti Chopra

Woman....The Earthmother

nine months in your womb,
waiting to emerge,
lulled to sleep by
the music of your heartbeat,
I slept and awoke
with you,
I cried and laughed with you,
an eternal lullaby,
the music of your heartbeat,
and then it was time,
natures design,
I was born,
into this world,
cradled in your arms
nourished by your breast,
nurtured by your love
my very personna,
fashioned by your genes,
enhanced by your pride in me,
I grew,
I languished in the warmth of your love
I learnt to be a woman of letters
always encouraged by your guiding hand
your gentle reprimand,
when my steps faltered
and I corrected myself,
today I am a woman,
confidant, proud,
aware of my strength,
revelling in the glory,
of my uniqueness
Only I can give birth,
only I can bring fruitition,
to the process of creation,
a new life,
a new destiny,
a new soul,
but alas,
who is the one who dishonours me?
shames me, blames me?
abuses me, and uses me?
only men.....
to who I give birth.....
men who I mother,
men who I care for,
who I am a companion to,
who I m a friend to,
who I am a wife to,
for who I live,
and die,
for who I earn,
perhaps it will change

perhaps it will be better,
a new hope,
a new dawn,
of a better earth,
a better life
for a woman,
the mother
the sister,
the wife
the soulmate
and it will be
as it was meant to be
living in perfect unity
in a natural harmony
a beautiful symphony,
of two people
each complementing the other
we must never forget
always respect
the woman,
the giver,
the nurturer,
the earthmother.

Arti Chopra

Yeh Pal....(Poem In Hindi)

yeh pal,
khushion ka anmol khazana,
yeh pal,
khushi se kar de diwana,
yeh pal,
isko jhapat loon main,
yeh pal
samet ke rakh doon main,
yeh pal,
sadian samaye hai isme,
yeh pal,
saari khudai hai isme,
yeh pal, ko,
sambhaloon mai kaise,
yeh pal ko,
phir mahsoos karoon mai kaise?
is pal
ki khushi jine ke liye,
kitne janam liye honge maine,
is pal
ko band kar main, taale main
kholoon, aur phir kholoon, andhere mein
is pal ke ujaale se, andhera mit jaata hai,
zindagi ke gam bhula kar, ujala phir khil jaata hai,
zindagi kya hai, kuch aise palon ki hai baaraat,
yad aate hain bas, haseen pal hi,
bhool jaati hai andheri raat,
aise hi sunhaire palon ko, sambhale rakhna,
zindagi ke hasin palon ki yaad banaye rakhna,
ye pal, jaane kab phir ayenge,
yeh pal jane kab hamko, hasayen ge,
yeh anmol moti piro lo, bana lo inki mala,
khelo in motiyon se, na todo inki mala,
yeh pal hi zindagi ka, haseen khazana hain
in palo ko jakarte hue, hamko is jahan se jana hain
choo lo in palon ko, mahsoos karon dil se,
aaye, naa aayye, ye pal hamare paas, ye phir se
yeh pal,
khushion ka anmol khazana
yeh pal,
khushi se kar de diwana....

Arti Chopra

Yet Another Day

My eyes open.....sleepily I yawn.
comes the realisation,
yet another day, yet another dawn,
each day as perfect, as I choose to make it,
each day a perfect gift, happily I choose to take it,
my gratitude towards you Lord,
overwhelms me, drowns me in your love,
I have placed my life in the hands of God above,
whatever goes wrong will be rightened I know by you,
there cannot be only joys in life,
there are sorrows too,
another miracle of my faith in you,
occured today.....
as usual your workings leave me dumb,
nothing more can I say,
you bought me to this world, you will abide by me
to every action, every thought of mine,
you hold the key.....
locked doors mysteriously open,
unforseen opportunities present themselves,
Gos helps those who help themselves
I fear not when you are by my side, always,
my faith in you always pays
another day, another dawn.by your grace
Iam ready, with eager enthusiasm to face
only because you are there, always there.....
in every breath of mine, here, there and everywhere.

Arti Chopra

Yet Another Night

As the dark shadows slowly lengthen,
in the softly fading amber light,
its the end of another beautiful day,
and yet another welcome night.

as the night breeze, scatters the heavenly scents,
and the purple dusk welcomes the silvery moon,
the silvery clouds sail gently across the night sky,
which will be filled with glittering stars very soon.

as the lights begin to softly twinkle,
in the many houses dotted on the landscape,
the night takes on a magical ambience,
as if cloaked by a dark crimson cape.

as I turn sleepily, into your welcoming arms,
and snuggle into the pillow of your chest,
it comes to me yet again, in a flash,
this part of the day is what is best.

as the curtains flutter softly in the gentle breeze,
and my thoughts lazily review the day,
a soft lassitude overcomes me, and I reach out,
to express my love for you.... my way

its a closeness unlike any other,
a bonding, born of a love immense...
the night too, gathers us in its embrace,
dissolving all, that is unpleasant or tense.

and I drift into a restful slumber,
giving thanks for each blessing, God has showered,
and I know that this love of ours is so wondrous,
like a tree that has flowered and flowered.

yet another night, restful and comforting,
miracle moments in the aeons of time,
eventful days and memorable nights strung together,
is what makes our lives sublime.

Arti Chopra

You Are All This

You are my prize possession,
my compulsive obsession,
the culmination of my expression,
what more can I say...

you are my deepest desire,
my own raging fire,
a passion filled mire,
what more can I say,

you are the one who stole my heart,
nature's work of art,
what sets you apart,
from the others on the way?

you are mine and made for me,
to my heart you hold the key,
my favourite symphony,
music I can see.....

you are the fire, that I can ignite
the dawn that follows the night,
the feeling that feels so right,
what more can I say?

you are the laughter, and the fun,
the happy hours in the sun,
the hopes for times to come
no more can I say.

and in the twilight years...
the times which hold some fears,
the warmth of your love... it sears,
and helps me see the way.

I cherish your love untold,
your eyes so true and bold,
your heart which beats for me..
I've said all there is to say....

Arti Chopra

You Are Everywhere

I see you everywhere.....

in the wisp of a cloud,
in the bark of a tree,
in the irredescence of dew drops,
and in the hum of a bee,

in a baby's toothless smile,
in the love on a mother's face,
in the bedraggled hair of a beggar,
in the warmth of a lovers embrace,

in the vast lofty mountains,
in the calm of the blue sea
in the softly flowing river,
as it flows windingly,

in the small daily miracles,
and the sorrows in the journey of life,
in the love of fellow beings,
and also in the hatred and the strife,

in the stars that twinkle brightly,
and the sunshine that glows each day,
in the snows of December
and the oppressive heat of May,

in the love of my parents,
and the tender care of my spouse,
in all the varous feelings,
that effortlessly you arouse,

laughter, joy and sadness
rememberance and remorse,
all present so throbbingly,
a part of the life force,

this wonderful world you created,
and a life you sparked in me,
I see this all around me,
and I feel it blessing me,

I see you in every form of yours,
and in an answer to every prayer,
I have no fear, no worry or thought,
because I am in your loving care.

I see you all around me
I see you everywhere
you are in every breath I take,
in every pore, in every layer.

Arti Chopra

Your Love

your love makes me feel secure,
your love which is unadulterated and pure,
I can only give thanks again and again,
for the shower of His blessings,
like the parched earth
thirsting for rain.....

your love is always with me..
like a halo around my head,
your love has remained with me
from the day we were wed....
I can only give thanks again and again.....
you are there for me always..
whether in pleasure, or in pain.....
I am blessed by your love.....

your love is like a treasured memento,
which I take out and examine often,
brings tears of happiness. and a warm glow
and I tuck it back safely, to mellow and to soften
into something even more wonderful
if that were possible..
and I give thanks
again and again.....
for...your love.....

Arti Chopra