Poetry Series

Arti Chopra

- 176 poems -

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Arti Chopra (16 Nov 1953)

I was born in Jammu in the beautiful state of Jammu and Kashmir.I had my college education in Delhi whereafter I got married and became a primary teacher.
I started writing poetry as a hobby while posted to different places in India, but took it up more seriously, when I had more time on my hands posted in the beautiful country Turkey.
The scenic beauty of Kasmir and Turkey always have been my underlying motivation to write about the beauties of nature.
Nothing moves me more than Nature in all its glory and my poetry seeks to crystallize my admiration in words.
I thank God for being so kind in bestowing me this gift, whereas I can express my feelings to the best of my ability

A Fresh New Dawn

my faith in you is vast and immense,
both through happy times and tense,
not knowing what will happen,
but in the chaos, there is a certain sense,

a knowing and quiet confidence in you,
I just know you will see us through,
we live each day, secure and calm,
soothened by your love, a balm,

I pray for a miracle, by your hands,
I pray for sight, through blinding sands,
and yes it happens, yet again,
your love and justice, supreme it reigns

we who are human, so quickly despair,
only in need, resort to prayer,
but I converse with you, each day,
The only way I know to pray,

you are my friend, you are my guide,
all doubts and sorrows are swept aside,
when with my lips, I chant your name,
your love for all, is just the same.

another day, you have held my hand
another day, so well you planned,
another day, I marvelled some more,
my love for you fills every pore.

guide me oh lord, when my steps go wrong
walk by me as I step along,
fill my heart, with a loving song
be there for me, whenever I long.

the path is long and I may tire,
help me evolve, help me to flower,
let me fulfill the purpose for which I was born,
renew myself like a fresh new dawn.

Arti Chopra

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 RAINY BLESSING

When it couldn't possibly get any hotter,
When we were like lambs ready for slaughter,
The earth so parched and dry,
Everyone looking wearily at the sky,
Suddenly the skies changed from yellow to grey,
And it seemed like a cloudy day,
And then the heavens opened wide
Raindrops scattered far and wide
Lo and behold it was rain, eagerly awaited
For days we had longed and waited,
The temperature visibly dropped,
Street children jumped and hopped,
The wilted trees smiled,
The heat that was searing, now mild
A balmy wind blew
Reviving tired energies anew,
Rain Gods had pity on the wilting humanity
On the people almost losing their sanity,
Mother Nature with her watery blessing
No longer keeping us guessing
Thank God for this lovely rain
May we be blessed again and again

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 pallette,
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 rees 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.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

A WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN

(written in celebration of women's day.....)

No one to reassure your fears
 No one to wipe your tears
 No one to encourage you on
 No one to brighten your morn

No smile to make your heart sing
 No glance to makes you feel a king
 No gentility, no grace, no glance that is coy
 No compliments, to make you feel like a boy

No woman's touches
 That make a home of your house
 No laughing no joking
Or playing cat and mouse

A world without women
 Means no children too
 Only men and more men
 Which will soon
dwindle to a few

No one to harass to tease
Or violate
 Only men to fight with
dominate and subjugate

And when fighting with equals
Your victory in doubt
 You'll soon be vanquished
And maybe thrown out

The strength of a woman
 Dedication to her own
 Her sixth sense, her nurture
 The source unknown

A creation so special
An essence that is divine
 Oh woman you're special
 Made for me! You are mine

Whether mother or sister
 or girlfriend or wife,
 You are what makes it special
 This existence called Life

I thank God for your presence
 For your companionship and love
 I bow to your superiority
 While He is smiling from above

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 recieve
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

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 agian 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

Break Free

I see your eyes
they tell me of suffering untold
I see your arms stiffen
they are longing to hold
I see your walk, its stiff,
theres tension unfound
I hear forced laughter
an eerie sound
where is the joy
the light in your eyes
where is the sway of your hips
your body language belies
where is the warmth
the chatter so free
i see only restraint and
measured words said carefully
where is the sweetness
the willing and the spontaniety
where is the dancing, the jokes and the gaiety
is it really you
or is it a different entity?
break free, be yourself
let it be.....
you have done so much
with your heart and all sincerity
but this is not what you deserve
this is not what was meant to be
break free, fly away if you want
dont waste this life, break the fetters
break free

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 handome 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

Diwali Away From Home

lit an earthernware 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
visitng 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 transcience.

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 uadulterated 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

EASY TEARS

you dont understand my tears,
why my eyes fill so easily,
its my heart
I feel for all,
their hurt is mine
its foolish you say
but thats me..
I am a poet...

step tenderly.....

Arti Chopra

Elusive Happiness

how many precious years
are spent looking everywhere
for happiness
when all the time
it is lying within us
like a dormant seed,
waiting to flower.

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

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 togetheness 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

Farewell

she lay lifeless,
knocked down by a careless speeding car
newly rich youngsters
showing off their wealth
snowhite silky fur
marred by the blood
 seeping down from above the ears
doe eyes opened,
staring lifelessly at the sky,
wrenching my heart in sorrow
even in a passing moment,
why her life so short?
she had yet to gambol in the grass
yet to nuzzle at her mothers teats
yet to grow into a bovine beauty,
yet to frolic on her delicate legs
a life cut short by careless youth
I have no words...
just gut wrenching grief and sorrow
farewell my sweet
God speed to a better morrow

Arti Chopra

FIERY LOVE

I stare into the fire
it signifies my desire

leaping creeping and all red flames,
 fire,
and its beauty hypnotizing,
fire
 and its flames uprising.
sparks showering in the night,
feeding fires of lesser might,
fire feeding on life and air,
fire that lays landscapes bare,
fire that warms the heart and soul,
fire that drives away the cold,
fire thats as hot as the heat within,
fire that seeks to erase my sin,
fire promises of days to come,
fire that will unite us as one,

and then I pray for the same desire
will sometimes too ignite your fire,
two lovers burning
 consumed with flames,
the ashes of their love
ignite again and again

Arti Chopra

Finally It Rains

splittering splattering
drops in a smattering,
sometimes quiet
 sometimes chattering,
humming strumming
black clouds coming,
cool breeze blowing
soft and flowing,
flowers swaying
donkeys braying,
birds are trilling
senses thrilling,
dark clouds gathering
oceans lathering,
winds now storming
lightning forming,
earth which was thirsting
the buds close to bursting,
leaves wetly shining
grass no longer pining.
the heart is soaring
as the heavens are pouring,
spirits are uplifted
dark feelings sifted.
washed and reknewed
the rain is a prelude.
of good things to come
nature is awesome.....

Arti Chopra

for you MY sister

sometimes, words are not enough
to convey what is in my heart,
as the years go by,
distance has torn us apart,
but my love for you only grows,
I hope in my words,
it shows
how much I love you,
my beloved sis,
forgotten memories come floating by,
and make me feel like this,
your hand in my hand, walking to school
surrounded by our parents love,
calm as a lotus pool,
I miss those together moments,
doing things we love together,
simply chatting, reminiscing,
happiness like a floating feather
those moments are now far away and few,
but beautiful like flowers,
bathed with dew,
their memory will suffice
for now
to Gods will I will bow,
but be thankful I still have you

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 enlift 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

Heartfelt Gratitude

Words do often fail me,
Doubts sometimes assail me,
How can I ever express,
With what words do I profess
my extreme gratitude
To my maker....

I have a house to live in,
Enough good food to eat,
My parents so good so wonderful,
My childhood was so sweet.

My body is fairly healthy,
Apart from the normal wear and tear
A wonderful partner
To share life with,
And bestow him nurture, and care

Children who are good humans
Grandchildren a joy to behold
So many countless blessings
Too many to be counted, or told

Friends who are really true friends
Always there for him and me,
With who we can share our moments,
Over a cup of tea.

Friends to have fun with,
And reminisce later over the years,
Friends who know you inside out
Who will confide in you, their fears

So many blessings from the supreme one
So many joys yet to be seen,
So many hardships surmounted well,
So many mistakes that could have been

And through this rough and stormy sea
Called LIFE
So well he has steered my boat,
And all I can do is bow my head,
And hope all will read my quote

Don't take life for granted
Every blessing is by his will
Every success and every sorrow is his,
With which he has filled your till

Just remember him every minute
With a prayer of sincere gratitude
And he will bestow you courage,.

To face life with fortitude.

Arti Chopra

Hopelessness

thoughts.....
tortured twisted
pop into my mind
any time of the day and night
I know something is not right
my thoughts
 question your lies
 your deceptions
 your affirmations
 of your undying love for me,
but even though I know
I should not be,
I am hopelessly
 entangled in this web
because I love you

Arti Chopra

How Blessed We Are

When your dreams come true
Time and again,
When your fervent prayers
have not been in vain,
When you have received more
than you ever dreamt,
That is the time
Thank him again and again.

When you look at poverty and squalor,
That surrounds you,
When you look at mysterious illnesses that confound you,
When you see in the papers suffering untold,
You know your life has been touched with gold.

When you hear of children who deserted their old,
When you see around parents who had everything sold,
When you see only misery and ill health and disease,
You should thank god sincerely by being on your knees,

Our lives are blessed
Our blessings manifold
Our happiness fills our cups
In the years as they unfold,
Each joy each event
Each feeling we enjoy,
Would make us feel like a child with a new toy
All by our creator who watches over us,
We create our karmas,
And he rewards us thus,
Do evil get evil
Is what we have to learn,
Do good and only happiness
you will surely earn.

Arti Chopra

HOW LUCKY WE ARE

Do we ever really realise
how very lucky we are?
Living lives of comfort
Removed from poverty by far.

I see around me, women
Struggling to make ends meet
I see around little children,
Naked from head to feet

I see my maid working
from early morning to night
Only to have her earnings taken away
By her husband, after a fight

Drinking away her hard earned money
Hopelessness resides in her eyes
And still she continues to live
A vacant look in her eyes

So much sorrow and
Misery where ever one sees
Makes me realise just how lucky I am
should thank God on my knees

It's a beautiful world out there
but there's squalor and poverty too
Born into all the comforts
 Such people are very few

 So much to be thankful for,
This world and everything in it
And if we can help the underprivileged
We should try and do our bit

Some help to those who are needy
A listening ear to those with a heavy heart
Brighten up someone's day somehow
See their worries, temporarily depart

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 realy 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

Husbands

today Im going to pen
some characteristics of men'
the bane of all wives
yet so necessary in our lives,
without them life is incompete
yet with their idiosyncracies
we are replete,
they scoff at our tv serials,

and keep clutching the remote
as if it is a lifeline,
without which they cant
stay afloat,
they dont pick up clothes
and get lazier as they age,
yet wives are supposed to be ever young
and every need of their's pregauge,
they accompany us to movies
only to snore in the chair,
yet we have to delightfully social
when we accompany them to a men's lair,
they rather die than ask directions
burn litres of fuel,
yet you leave one light on
and they are ready for a duel,
they raise the house to heavens
when they are sick in bed
they like to be coddled,
medicated and fed,
but a wife when she's sick
is an inconvenience at best,
now who will accompany them
to the party or the fest?

you better be a hostess par exellence
when their pals decide to call,
but see their expression,
when you tell them you're off to a mall
we pander to their mothers
their sister and all others
but we should almost forget
our own loved ones
our sisters and our brothers,
yet we love them and care for them
and try to avoid strife,
but still there are jokes
on the nagging of a wife,
remember dear husbands
if wives were not there,
you long be an invalid
maybe bound to a chair,
you'd have smoked like a chimney,

and drank yourself to your death,
its the wife who feed and cares for you
so that you enjoy optimum health

its the wife who really loves you
and gives you support
when times are really difficult,
shes their to soften your hurt,
you admit it or not you know its so true
wives are your mainstay,
we'll shout it till we are blue

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,
wont be long before he hears, my love
wont 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 dont 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 CREATE

A leaf
So green
A rose
The queen
A tree
Majestic
A lover
Poetic
Feelings
Overwhelm
I reach for my pen
I write
To express
In happiness
In duress
And I am calm
Because I have created
My feelings abated
I have shared
With friends
Creativity
Never ends
I see
What many do not
I am happy with my lot

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 Have Nothing More To Give You

I have nothing more to give you
But my love
It's gentle, soft and beautiful
Like a white dove
It invites peace
evokes warmth and
soothens the soul
It guides, it questions, and plays a large role
I am poor, in wealth of men
But not in soul
For I have nothing much to give you
but my love....
Is there life without love.
Does it fulfill
An empty existence.....
Just sleep, live, and eat your fill
But when love is there to
Bring meaning to your life divine
It lifts the life ordinary, to the sublime
When I'm gone, you will surely realise
I had so much to give you
That you will surmise
My love was the greatest treasure,
greatest wealth
That you had,
Don't be sad love
don't be sad, don't be sad.
I

Arti Chopra

I live in hope

how can I not weep,
for today I am drowning in a sea of remorse,
I have tried, prayed and hoped against all odds
that someday, He shall hear my prayers,
that you will change, and be the one I want you to be,
but it is not to be,
it will never be,
for that is how you are,
and that is how it was meant to be,
and still I love you so,
for the good in you, overshadows the bad,
the sane is more than the mad,
so i hold on to the lovely memories
and try to erase the gut wrenching moments of despair
and send up every day a prayer,
make him free of the terrible anger oh lord,
the anger that has, destroyed his peace,
stolen his humour and his ease,
let him find love once more
heal the wound and mend the sore
and so I live in this hope
trying my very best to cope
secure in the knwledge that you are there for me
you are my safe haven of tranquillity
the shepherd who leads his sheep
I must not be sorrowful or weep
this is life and I must live it
this is my lot and I must recieve it
as a gift from you

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 recieve 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 your'e 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 suceed,
to live life as you taught us,
of your values and principles, take heed.

Arti Chopra

I Wish

I wish I could live again
the sweet sweet time of childhood
the love, the care, the warm delight
if I could move the years back, I would

two little hands.clasped tightly now
little steps, trundling to school
my sweet sibling, 'of trusting eyes
and mine so proud, an overflowing pool

so many years have passed us by
our separate lives have branched off far
but the loves not dimmed, nor faded away
nothing can blur, nothing can mar.

our love that has weathered many a storm,
many a stone has tripped our path,
but the memories sweet have been a balm,
the hazy memories of pleasant form.

I sit and strive and think of those years,
no worries unfound, no menacing fears,
take heed my love, take strength from him,
this too shall pass, and grief will dim.

this is yet another test,
be strong live your life to the brim
I'm there with you, in thought not word,
I'm there to walk you through light thats dim

I know even though you do not speak,
I feel your tears upon my cheek,
I pray for for you, do you sense my love,
I pray he sends you strength from above.

why I ask, what reason be
why us oh God, why her and me?
 I look for answers in my prayer,
I look for a sign from the powers that be.

and then it dawns, that karma be,
the karmic debts of you and me,
we have to pay for deeds before,
we have to suffer, but how much more.

my sighs so deep, my eyes dim and cloud,
the silence within deafeningly loud,
I can but pray and wish and hope,
may God give you the strength to cope.

I wish for happy times again
I wish for things normal and sane

your spirit God should never wane
his blessings will shower on you like rain

Arti Chopra

I WISH I COULD FLY

Little things,
 tiny wings
 I wish I could fly,
 and soar up in the sky,
 away from worries and cares,
 moments which bring tears,
 unknown imaginary fears,
 scared of parting from dears,
 how I wish I could fly
 just soar
and skim the clouds,
 dive into the trees,
 and rest my cares in their cool green leaves,
 bury my face
 in the velvety flowers,
 and breathe in the heavenly scent,
 just forget,
 and revel in being alive
 soar over the vast blue seas
 dive over the vast white beaches,
 and smell the scent of the sea
 skimming over the surf,
 rolling on the green turf
 flying a race with the bees,
 tiny wings, little things
 I wish I could fly
 and say goodbye,
 to mundane things
 for a while
 fly away from it all
 fly glad and proud and tall,
 refreshed reborn
 ready to face life,
 yet again

Arti Chopra

Icant thank you enough

cant thank you enough God
so much you have gifted me
I look back over the pages of my life
its like a vast blue sea
stormy moments there have been yes
but you steered my boat smoothly
why are we here oh God, I wonder,
what purpose with which i took birth
have I been good and done the right
for which I came to this earth.
I want to better myself daily,
be free from thoughts, unkind
I want to be of heart and soul,
and not just clever of the mind
I feel for all my fellowmen,
I see you in each one
and as I grow in age and years
this world is fit to shun,
you are the haven in which I rest
you are the oasis in the sun
my faith so strong, in every breath
you are the truth, the one.

Arti Chopra

IF HOUSES COULD TALK

I am back after travelling,
For a week and a day,
And when I returned
My house seemed to say,
Where were you all this while?
I was alone and sad,
The plants look all withered and
I really felt bad,

There is dust everywhere,
And the rooms are forlorn,
The driveway is empty,
From evening to morn,
If houses could talk,
They would really request,
Don't leave us unattended,
And put us to a test,

We're made to be occupied,
Be full of laughter and fun,
When the masters are away,
It's like a sky without a sun,
So good to be back after
A little sojourn,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home

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 reapect 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 forsee,
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

IS THIS THE LAND THAT I LOVE

The land that I love has shamed me,
The evil and the bestiality has maimed me,
The men of this valiant land have failed me,
Is this the country that I love?

Woman, who gives birth to you,
You have raped her and left her for dead,
Woman, who stands by you,
You violated her
wherever your devilish rage has led,
Woman who is worshipped
and veneered as maa Durga,
Resisted feebly
but made you see red,
Man became an animal
preying on human flesh
Is this the country I love?

Every day a rape, a harassment
, an outrage of modesty
Safety of women in this land
has become a travesty,
Respect for women
a thing of antiquity,
Is this the country I love?

She the nurturer, the mother,
or the sister
Asks for your love your respect and your care
what is her fault in this
that God made her a woman,
pretty and fair?
Where is the chivalry, the nurture
and the protector?
That she looks for in you?
Who will be the guardian, the saviour?
Who will give her due?
When will it happen?
That women feel loved respected and safe?
When will the indifference vanish?
When will the insensitivity stop to chafe?
When will men guard respect and cherish their women?
When will we ever feel safe?
Is this the country of valiant men?
Is this the country I love?

Arti Chopra

It was not to be

I miss you so much dad
its like a sharp pain
 I feel in the region of my heart,
why are we apart
you were always there for me,
to silence my every query,
you were quiet and wise,
a teacher in a fathers guise,
and I grew cocooned in your affection,
striving for the perfection,
that you demanded, in word and deed,
today I take heed,
 of your every word,
 in childhood, that we left unheard,
they come back to me clear as a bell,
and I realise I must tell,
the same to my children,
teach them what you taught me,
how proud you would be,
to see my kids, doing well,
good human beings with thoughts
 that dwell
 for all humanity
I wish you could see my house,
made so dilligently by my spouse,
you would appreciate the design
since you were in the engineering line,
but it was not to be,
I miss you dad, your warm twinkling eyes
your soft demeanour and your smile
I miss you all the while
and I often feel your presence with me
if you could come back just once
and see, your daughter is a grown woman now
has learnt your patience and tolerance
your thoughts give me solace
my soon is a doctor, clever and wise
you would be so very proud
hes quiet like you, humble not loud
you would love talking to him dad
but it was not to be.....
my daughter, is like you dad,
so fond of family and so gentle a soul
so well she plays her mothers role
you would be happy dad
but it was not to be.....
we will meet again dad
when God wills it so
and till then I want you to know
that i really love you dad
and i miss you so....

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
hopless, 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

Its Yet To Be Morn

Its yet to be morn
and I am nudged awake
by the hum of your apnea machine,
Its too early to rise
, and so warm is your embrace
dont want to stir at all
and leave this warm place

I shall just lie here,
and let my thoughts drift
and let the awareness of Gods gifts wash over me
so much I have been bestowed
so much over the years
do I truly deserve this?

beautiful house, lovely children, loving family
and mostly your eternal blessing
like a giant heavenly kiss
and then there are those
in this same world,
why and what bought that about,
 suffering, alone, and sad
only heartwrenching sorrow,
  not even momentary bliss

and my heart aches....
for those less fortunate
I ask you to bless them
I pray for them
and then ponder over the believable theory of karma
and wonder over life and death
and other unexplainable mysteries

I see a slight brightening of the sky
a faint dawn emerging
and I pray and give thanks
its time to leave your warm embrace
and get on with the business of the day
 a day when many times I pause
 to reflect and give thanks.....
for your manyfold blessings

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 refree 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 disciplanarian 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 the other day

just the other day I was young and carefree
running to school, unable to see
what lay ahead in life,
the changing of a child into a woman
a woman into a wife

a wife into a mother
a mother into a grandmother
and ahead there is no other

ahead lies only old age and death
how time has advanced with cunning and stealth
alas that I could relive my years
banish the doubts and the fears
live the carefree days of youth again
know the unimmportance of loss and gain

just be myself in those wonderful years
in the company of my wiser peers
each phase in life is a teacher
and every happening like a inspiring preacher

it fashions you into a more mature beeing
makes you more knowing, all seeing
teaches you to take the good with the bad
cirumstances that would have driven you mad

but now we carry on, patiently reknewed, blessed
all fears and doubts now supressed
because we know.He is there for us
a silent presence.divine, without fuss
in every nook and corner of this wonderful world
he created..... just for us

I give thanks to him
every minute of the day
I give thanks to him
for showing us the way
Igive thanks to him for this wonderful world
into which I was born just the other day

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

Karma..explained

I wish I could comfort you
what do I say?
all the troubles of the world
seem to have come by your way
youre so good at heart,
so helpful and kind,
sincere of thought and goodness of mind
and yet blame seems to follow you
 and tarnishes your name
as if God himself is playing a game,
Karma I say, youre atoning for sins,
a debt to settle when this life begins,
take heart, and believe that good follows the bad,
sunshine's around the corner,
so please dont be sad
pay for past sins we must, as you know,
, make good karma this birth,
you reap what you sow,
meanwhile rest your head
 in his comforting lap.
.and wait for him to pour
out, his love like a tap,
and when you have learnt
the lesson for which born,
the fires will die out
 and chains will be torn

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, indpendence 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 childs 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 youre 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 u 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 u 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,
lasiie 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 wont do
, my baby u havent lost a kilo!
she gave me a look,
and a wag that seemed to say
look whos talking my dear,
for u the same I can say..
all that aside..
we do love ourtime 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

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

Lıfe In Retrospect

We look back on our life in retrospect,
We question, surmise and introspect,

How many things we have longed for, and yearned,
Material things, which we thought,
would give instant happiness, but were spurned,

Because, when one desire was fulfilled
, another took its place,
Life sometimes, was a desire fulfilment race,

But I grew, I experienced and I concluded,
No happiness was greater than life, with love included,

And now, in in our twilight years we have realised,
Many deep buried secrets which we had ostracised,

Happiness lies within us, not in material things
Nothing can compare, to the happiness that love brings

Love for the fellow being, all that surrounds us,
And those, that are dearest to our heart

Love that is unasked, giving and sets us apart,
Love that is spontaneous, forgiving and of everyone a part,
That love which will stay on, when we have to depart,

Love which will shine on, and motivate those left behind
Love, that teaches us to be tender, compassionate and kind,

That love and goodness, I strive to acquire,
I hope I will be free of this treacherous worldly mire,

I am me, a child of God, proud of His creation,
My faith and my belief, create a constant elation,

I don't have to pretend, be someone else, or to imitate
I don't have to impress, to always act, or subjugate

I am unique, I am me,
my heart is filled with a lovely peace,

I shall continue my journey of discovery,
Till my last breath,
till my body does cease.

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 worthwile, 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

Life...the big mystery

life is
a puzzle
a mystery
a question
a play
why are we here
who are we
who made us
what is the purpose of life
questions tease me
worry me
nag me
and I think,
i ponder
I reason
I deduce
and I surmise
its to evolve
to resolve
to rejuvenate
to elucidate
to appreciate
the creator
the destroyer
the maker
the breaker
we have
to improve
to learn
to better
to evolve
to aspire
to godliness
to divinity
and be united with
the one
who has
no beginning
no ending
no form
no feature
just
the one
the mighty
the all knowing
who is our Creator
who sends us here to realise
what is life? ? ? ?

Arti Chopra

Live life to the fullest

questions haunt me
happenings taunt me
why did it happen
what did I do wrong
i think i did right
but look at my plight
the guilt comes unasked
when I am unguarded unmasked
was it my fault
why does God do this to me
maybe theres a lesson to be learned
points to be earned
I have to better myself
, subjugate my ego
learn to let go
with attachment comes despair
I send up a silent prayer
help me to go on
fulfill for what Ive been born
learn from my mistakes
try to get what it takes
to live life wisely, and learn
keep on learning and not yearn
for what I cannot have
what is meant for me will come
no more no less
it cannot be denied
for it was meant to be mine
and when I have learnt this lesson
and accepted my lot
doing everything to the best of my ability
living with joy and humility
I will truly have lived life to the full.....

Arti Chopra

Look At Yourself In The Mirror

look in the mirror...dear driend
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 themseves 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

LOVE ON THE BEACH

just hold my hand, love
lead me to heaven
under the stars
by the side of the sea,

just sit by my side, love
and let our eyes say our thoughts
fingers in the sand
spell out your love for me

listen to the waves, love
as they strike against the rocks
they drum out a message
of your love just for me

just hold my hand tightly love
lead me to the cove
our special secret place
for all eternity

just hold me in your arms, love
let my ears hear your heart
it beats strong and loud
it beats for only me

just gaze at the stars, love
as they twinkle in the twilight
they fllash a special morse code
that sings your love for me

as the shadows lengthen, love
and the sun enters the sea
your fingers in my hair
love me warm and tenderly

the moon has risen high, love
your beloved face so silvery
joy shines out from within your eyes
as my lashes close langourously

just you and me love
no one else, only the warm blue sea
golden sands, swaying palms
only you and only me

just hold my hand, love
lead me to heaven
under the stars
by the side of the sea,

just sit by my side, love
and let our eyes say our thoughts
fingers in the sand
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only you and only me

Arti Chopra

Lovers Quarrel

years of togetherness,
unflinching support,
happy in your happiness,
tears in your sorrow,
is this your love,
so careless in your speech, the
enormity of your words,
the lack of sensivity,
overtaken by a senselss rage,
your words have the power,
to maim and destroy,
the calm and tolerance
I have built up over the years,
till the wounds have healed
yet one more time
I pray for strength,
i pray for your forgivenss by HIm,
I pray for a miracle,
yet I realise it s I who has to change,
for you areuncaring unfeeling
you spoke and forgot,
but the blade of your toungue,
pierced the core of my heart,
and left me shattered,

ihave to make mey own karma,
I must travel my own path,

perhaps you have been sent here to teach me patience,

for each one of us is here to learn something
my heartbeats slow down,
my pain eases
I brace myself and get ready to act as if all was well,

i continue to learn my lesson and learn it well

Arti Chopra

MAKE THE MOST OF TIME

isnt it ironical,
that those who we love the most,
are the recipients of our impatience and rage,
those who we hardly know at all,
we are to them most charming and sage,
we show a perfect facade to people who matter not
we can apologise to complete strangers,
but with our loved ones remain grouchy and hot,
we snap often at our spouses and shout at our kids,
sometimes behave like boiling cauldrons without lids,
yes, sometimes we are maybe at the end of our tether,
nobody knows how much time we all have together,
when any of us will leave this world, knowbody knows,
so lets celebrate the highs of life, and conquer the lows
tough times need love and patience to get past,
keep your courage and faith high,
for tough times dont last,
negativity breeds resentment,
which causes further strife
positivity conquers all
and makes beautiful this life,
we have one life, so live it,
to the fullest and well
be remembered for speech
that was sweetest,
and laughter
that rang like a bell

Arti Chopra

Marriage

marriage is the flame
you have to cup in your hands
and protect it
lest ugly winds
extinguish it
after it flickers bravely,

marriage is a sacred union
where two souls,
learn to live together as one,
each exhorting the other,
to reach higher and higher

marriage is a companionship
like no other
each a support for the other,
each living for the other,
true to each other,
through trials and tribulations
both presided over
with fortitude and patience

marriage is a beautiful journey
made hand in hand
in this beautiful world

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 uncomparable 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 certainity 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 jouney

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

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

My Wish

my wish
to give love
to get love
thats what makes life worth living
happy moments with loved ones
life is about loving and giving

relationships
true and sincere,
bonds that are hard to break,
no place for lies and deceptions,
 no place for the shallow and the fake

seek love and you will find it
give love and you will get the same,
be known for being lovable and sincere,
that is more desirable than name or fame

Arti Chopra

Nature At War

the sky darkened alarmingly,
dark clouds appeared
the wind became icy
a storm was imminnently 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,
natures 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

natures 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 hearfelt 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 contended,
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

Nothing Is Ours

nothing is mine, yours or ours,
all belongs to HIM
HE bought us into this world
HE will take us at his whim

so quickly we forget
and think all is ours begotten by us,
how much we hoard and cling and lust
how much we covet and fuss

when death comes unwanted unasked
all is left right here,
then why the ego, I and ME
the body is left rotten and bare

this body which we deck and feed
and take pride in and and are vain,
this body one day will wither and fade,
and maybe be drenched in pain

as we sow, so shall we reap
is the theory of Karma explained
you give love, you will get love
you cause pain, and you will be pained

nothing happens without HIS will
nothing moves or is born,
be rooted in this reality,
or one day you will be torn

love as you want to be loved,
give happiness and you will get the same
live life so that you will be sorely missed
and each one says good after your name

Arti Chopra

ON SARCASM

A careless remark
A word, a taunt
Stays in our mind
Continues to haunt
How well we use the tongue
To injure and hurt
How adept we are
In sarcasm,
And being curt
But a loving tone
A polite retort
Makes all the difference
And is eagerly sought,
Yet we carry on regardless
Unseeing and blind,
Not knowing
What we said
Unfeeling, unkind
Try instead
Making a person feel good
Make someone's day
By saying what you should,
A kind word or deed
Goes a long long way,
Before speaking out aloud
Think of what to say.
And if you can't say it well
Stay silent and calm
Silence is more expressive,
Cannot wound, cannot harm

Arti Chopra

ON THE DEATH OF LASSIE (OUR PET LAB)

I will never forget those eyes,
as we took you to death, s door,
twin pools of sadness and love,
a calm acceptance
a certain knowing,
so difficult a decision,
to see you suffer
 or to let you sleep
to free you from pain,
or your suffering keep,
so much joy you gave us
so much love
we have to free you
from this monstrous grip of cancer pain,
WE are noone to play God,
but this is a decision sane,
and as you closed those lovely eyes,
I reminded myself, with blurring eyes,
 you were free once again.....
and today as I stare at the flowers
 adorning your grave
I remember the unfliching love and support
you always gave
your fragrance lives on
through this flower bed
what you gave us in steadfast love...
can never be left unsaid

Arti Chopra

Pray For Forgiveness

I wish things were different,
I wish it had not happened,
those memories of chilhood, 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

RAGE

rage
causes commotion
rage
destructive emotion

rage
overflowing and caustic

words cruel
and bombastic

rage
causing so much pain,
rage envisaged
again and again,

you spoke and forgot
but I have spent a lifetime
pulling out the needles
    of your blinding
uncontrollable rage
yet I am calm.....

Share!

LinkedIn

0

Share

0

Report Abuse

rage
causes commotion
rage
destructive emotion

rage
overflowing and caustic

words cruel
and bombastic

rage
causing so much pain,
rage envisaged
again and again,

you spoke and forgot
but I have spent a lifetime
pulling out the needles
    of your blinding
uncontrollable rage
yet I am calm.....

Share!

LinkedIn

0

Share

0

Report Abuse

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

Retreat In The Hills

I love
to see
the cottony clouds,
as they conme sailing by,
they nudge my window
light and airy,
they make me want to fly,

I love to feel the cool sweet wind
as it whistles through the pines
the winds so scented
siging a song
the feeling headier
than the rarest of wines

I watch bemused as the woodpecker pecks
so dilligently at the tree,
he carves a hole so round and secure
a woody nest for his family to be.

I love to watch the butterflies flit
the busy bumblings of the bee
the wildflowers open their colourful petals
swaying so enticingly

away from the city away from the noise
the hills are peaceful and serene,
no stress, no fear, no deadlines to meet
just nature and beauty unseen

Arti Chopra

ROSES ON A PICKET FENCE

I was walking along a road
Rather irritable and tense,
When suddenly I came upon
a white picket fence

A profusion of roses
Climbing over the painted wood
I felt my anger slip away,
As transfixed I stood

Yet another miracle of nature
I felt my tension unwind,
Such a beautiful unexpected sight
Was just my luck to find

Roses of all shapes and sizes
Peeping among leaves of green,
A heavenly perfume wafted up
The source now spied and seen

So beautiful a vista
one hardly ever sees,
I was bemused, entranced and frozen
As I watched the humming bees

I gathered a few gingerly
Seeing the delicate petals fall,
I realised I should let them be
So that they continue to charm and enthrall

Don't disturb natures bounty
Don't smudge her palette fine,
Appreciate her beauty silently
More headier than any wine

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 solwly, 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

SHALL I?

Shall I whisper your name?
In the hope
You will come again....
Shall I pretend you are here?
Whispering sweet nothings
Into my ear
Should I strain my eyes?
over the worn stony path,
And pretend you are striding along
Towards me,
Shall I lay on the grass?
Where I lay, with my head on your chest
Listening to your heartbeats,
Which I thought beat only for me,
Shall I capture the butterfly?
which once you placed shyly on my hand,
Oh memories!
Do not taunt me,
Do not haunt me,
Just stay with me
To surface time and again
For I know now with all certainity
You will never return
You have left me with only pain

Arti Chopra

SILENTLY

Silently my tears fallI
Hastily I swallow the rest
Silently I smile for the world
Once again I am put to the test

No one knows my grief
For My happy mask is on
Lovingly I embrace my dearest friend
Fear, into which I was born

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 agressive,
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

Slince Is Better Than Words

SPEAK CAREFULLY

A careless remark
A word, a taunt
Stays in our mind
Continues to haunt
How well we use the tongue
To injure and hurt
How adept we are
In sarcasm,
And being curt
But a loving tone
A polite retort
Makes all the difference
And is eagerly sought
Yet we carry on regardless
Unseeing and blind
Not knowing
What we said
Unfeeling, unkind
Try instead
Making a person feel good
Make someone's day
By saying what you should
A kind word or deed
Goes a long long way,
Before speaking out aloud
Think of what to say.
And if you can't say it well
Stay silent and calm
Silence is more expressive,
Cannot wound, cannot harm

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

So Many Blessings

You have filled my worldly cup... Lord,
it floweth over, and spills
you have given me so much...Lord,
my heart with a quiet joy, fills,

whenever I asked, u gave... Lord,
whenever troubled you were there,
whenever I dreamt, it came true, ... Lord,
with you every doubt I could share,

and when the shadows were dark.... Lord,
the night so long and frightening,
you filled my heart with a quiet faith,
and my burden seemed to be lightening,

I walk the tiring path.... Lord,
I trudge the hills with fortitude,
I need no one but you.... Lord,
I feel you in my solitude.

whatever life holds for me...Lord
I can face, with you by my side,
you are my only true friend,
my invsible strength and my guide.

Bless those who are dear to me...Lord
and all others less fortunate than me,
lead me gently to your lap...Lord
and help set me free

Arti Chopra

Sometimes

sometimes what you wish for, happens,
you pray fervently and sincerely with your heart,
and leave it out there,
In the universe,
for it to happen,
and lo and behold..
it does...
and it leaves you speechless,
and wondering,
and your faith is again reknewed
for if it is for the good,
it shall happen,
because we have bought it about,
with the power of positive affirmation,
with help from Him,
what is required is a deep and abiding faith,
in His love and benevolence,
He never fails us if we believe,
never lets us down if we persevere,
never forsakes us when we are alone
His doors are always open for those who seek him,
of this I am sure,
for I have believed,
I have recieved,
and I have experienced,
all that hestands for,
only my faith was pure and steadfast,
with every miracle it is reknewed afresh,
again and again and again

Arti Chopra

Speechless in devotion

My heart is at peace
My mind so still
Of love and life
I have my fill
My cup overflows lord
I am replete with joy
Content and at peace
Like a child with a new toy
Words do fail me
As to how do I express
Your blessings have surpassed
Any distress or duress
I am humbled and speechless
At a loss with my emotion
I can only hope
That you can sense my devotion
My gratitude overpowers me
And I close my eyes and pray
Continue to bless me thus
Every single remaining day
My love for you never falters
I continue with my blinding trust
I bow my head to the almighty lord
So magnificent and so just

Arti Chopra

STOP THESE HONOUR KILLINGS

those who kill in the name of honour
 what honour are they talking about?
who are you to take so precious a life
who are you to bring justice about

love conquers all so we are told
but here love has bought only death and hate
redeem your twisted sense of justice
take guard before its just too late

to kill to maim, is not humane
to play God is more insane
oh twisted sense of justice, stop
stop causing so much shock and pain

who are you to kill in the name of honour
 what honour are u talking about
leave justice to the one above
forget this violence, just cast it out,

live and let live is what should be
look within and always learn to see
you are not perfect, far from it,
cast out cruelty and tyranny

youre full of lies, ego, false pride,
you think others will look up to you
look within my friend and see yourself
youre not a hero, but the hated few

honour is sacred, burning bright
belongs to men that stand up and fight
men who value life for all
men of honour stand out tall

stop these killings once for all
you think youre high but you'll take a fall
play not the judge, just live your own
before bad karma seeds be sown

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

Temporary Insommnia

everybody,
at sometime or the other,
has suffered from this phenomena,
temporary insommnia,
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 throughyour 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 awesome threesome

we met after so long
just as when we were young and carefree
years seemed to melt away
and we were just as we were meant to be

laughing, giggling, each having a say
a close knit bond entwined by loves golden ray
memories of childhood
recounted and relished
as if speaking them, reknewed our life today

cares, worries, responsibilities
just seemed to take wings and fly away
three sisters, alike and yet so different
each's destiny taking her a different way

our hearts beat for one another
we know each other so well
we may not meet for days on end
but in our hearts the other does dwell

we can speak our minds without a fear
knowing they are there for me
when one is sad, the two are there
to lift one out of misery

no fear of reprisal, just sympathy
we know, and a silent patient support
every tone in our voice, every slight or tremble
the other at once can take note

tis not often one sees so close a bond
maybe were together before
in a past life, in a previous birth
three waves meeting on the same shore

life has a way of showing you joy
in little ways one often doesnt see,
we are together in mind, in heart and soul,
and more important, in the same city

Arti Chopra

The Bath

clothed in soft white muslin
she stepped into the clear water
her hesitating steps seemed to falter
as she glaced shyly here and there
shoulder and back bare,
dark tresses clinging to her face
foam caressing her body like sheer lace
delicate hands soaped her body,
cleansing skin which she thought was shoddy
but ah! she knows not
from alabaster it was wrought,
my heart seemed to stand still
such perfection gave me a thrill
and then suddenly I was spied
her sense of privacy belied,
she bucked like a startled deer
seeing me watching from so near
dived into the water to swim to the shore
enjoying her bath in the forest no more
and I was left bereft
the vision had left
was it a dream
or someone surreal
a heavenly vision
beautiful and ethereal
whoever she was and
wherever she did go
never will I forget

that vision in the forest pool

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 witholding 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 Breakup

Those eyes are the windows of your soul
lit by a shining light
dimmed by teardrops bright
searching for answers everywhere,
hoping for what is right

and I am, lost in those
twin pools of sadness.....

those eyes are the
tellers of many tales
our dalliances over hills and vales

reflections of days full of bliss
memories of many a stolen kiss

and I am lost in those twin pools of sadness
your eyes...

how can I part from you again
how can our love be in vain
but go I must, as I know its right
even though you wont let go
without a fight
those eyes will snare me again

I am lost in those twin pools of sadness

It is time to say the goodbyes,
 in different directions
 our future lies
I shall remember you forevermore,
you are embedded in my very core
and I will never forget those eyes
twin pools of sadness, your eyes

Arti Chopra

The Bride

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 roundess,
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 fullfilling 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 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 touchs 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

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so perfect the painting, nature paints in the sky,
and as the day dawns, andthen 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 brances 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 byGod
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 GUIDE

Take my hand and guide me
Around boulders of uncertainty
Give me a shoulder to lean on
When I am weary,
and the road seems long

The road is treacherous and winding
And many crossroads in between
Help me throughout this journey called life
Lets walk through the right path you have seen

Be there for me when I call for you
Help me with situations which I fear,
Be my guide, my knight in shining armour
be always nearby, be there

The day has to come, as we know for sure
When one of us has to depart
I shall be like a like a mother content and at peace,
Whose child Is near yet apart

And I brace myself for that day
Knowing I shall have to cope
But for the moment I live life content
With you my dearest, my flowering hope

Arti Chopra

The Happiness Within

happiness is within me
I have found a quiet contentment
after years of self doubt and torment
I have awoken the dormant seed
 which was waiting to flower
I am the soul
not the body
a knowledge that brings power,
I am just a part
 of the vibrant and magnificient whole
and so, I shall quietly play my role,
till I am united with the ONE again...
I have achieved this
by awakening my spiritual self

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 Joy Of Homecoming

back after three years to the land of my birth,
back after three years, to warmth love and mirth,
no feeling can describe, the joy of coming home,
you may travel round the world,
 but your country, is your home....
the noise and dust is overwhelming,
the cars increased manyfold,
I see the prosperity everywhere,
the familiarity has me in its hold,
the crowds ever increasing, the buildings rising high
theres no stopping this nation,
its aiming for the sky,
a quiet pride envelops me,
as I see progress in every sphere
kudos to its people, the India I hold so dear,
theres still much to achieved
 and many lessons to be learnt,
but I can gloat and revel,
 in the esteem that we have earnt,
the road is long and difficult,
but hard work shall bear the fruit,
we'll be the victors once more,
'stead of plundering grounds, for the loot.

,

Arti Chopra

The Joyful Life

always cheerful
always a smile
twinkling eyes
brown as a leafpile,
sometimes laughter,
pealing like a bell
quirky mouth
that has tales to tell,
this is how I picture you
in the mirror of my heart,
this is your visage
when we are apart,
thoughlife has its moments,
when it makes us frown,
never let those moments
get you down,
smile all the while
when the going gets tough,
learn to take the smooth
with the rough,
patience and strength
will get us through this,
soon life will be again
full of bliss,
as we sow, so do we reap
so seeds of good deeds
and get happiness to keep

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 decended 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 humourous 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 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 parched earth

Dark clouds gather
Coming from seemingly nowhere
Like tinted grey cotton
Or like an old lady's grey hair
A cold wind blows
Cooling the parched skin
Of the children playing in the lanes
And their kith and kin
The leaves on the trees sway slightly
Even they seem to turn to the sky
The trees look withered
And the birds circle expectantly and cry
And then the drops start to fall
The sky has turned threateningly dark
The wind picks up speed
A stray dog does bark
The children cry and splash in the rain
And the birds start to sing
The monsoons are here again
Life has a new zing
The trees are now polished green
Dancing with a new zeal
The earth drinks with a deep thirst
Its wounds soothened
With moisture that can heal
Yet agains the rains have come
Yet again the waiting ceased
Mother Earth has played her magic
The rain gods are truly pleased

Arti Chopra

The Perfect Picnic

a silvery dropp
on a trembling leaf
a soaring eagle
along a reef,
a budding rose
in perfection sweet
nature has cast a spell again

the darkening clouds
that speak of rain,
peacocks that want
to dance again,
the nuzzling calf
the startled deer,
The silvery web
so finely sheer,
my face buried in the green green grass
nature has cast its spell again

the winding brook
of melody sweet
the crunching sounds of happy feet
the smells of food
and sounds of play
minds at rest from work today

nature has cast its spell again

Arti Chopra

THE POMENGRANATE SEEDS

Like little red jewels
They glittered in a glass bowl
And left me amazed
Such beauty
Even in just a fruit
I was loth to eat them
And content just to stare
The red glow from them
Seemed to ensnare
I pretended they were rubies
Not seeds
A treasure just mine
How they glittered
Casting a red glow
And I marvelled
At nature
At God
Such beauty and perfection of form
In every little thing
And I was left speechless
And bemused
And I wondered
If each and everyone of His creations
Were so awesome
What of He Himself?

Arti Chopra

The Poppy Field

tall, bright, red poppies in profusion,
the first glimpse, just took my breath away,
standing proudly among the brown grass,
so proudly did they sway.

droopingly delicate green stems,
swaying softly with the breeze,
filelds and fields of glorious colour,
bewitched the mind, as they teased.

blue skies, warm golden sun,
and the poppy fields below,
only nature with her magic brush,
could put on such a show.

buzzing bees, flitting about
drunk on nectar sweet,
and me, walking through the poppies,
what a glorious heavenly treat...

more of scarlet, sometimes pink,
 scattered in profusion,
eagerly I gathered them in delight,
knowing it was no illusion.

the wind lifted my spirits high,
the poppies nodded in harmony,
and as I lay down on the grass,
I listened to nature's symphony.

 music divine in the breeze,
  throbbing drumbeats in my ears,
the heavenly sight scent of the poppy fields
would leave its memorybehind for years.

Arti Chopra

The River Of Love

When the river of love overflows its banks
When you're so full of gratitude,
and you want to give thanks,
When happiness surrounds you
And you realise at last,
His miracles are many
And His reach is so vast

When little joys fulfill you,
And your dreams realised,
When you see He is the doer,
His guidance well disguised,
When life's little boat rocked,
Yet steadied in time,
I have learnt the dance of life,
And learnt to step in rhyme

When each day is a blessing,
Each hour precious and rare,
When time on earth is drawing to close
And our bodies wear and tear,

When we look back and see our journey,
How wonderful it's been,
It's time to give a heartfelt thanks,
To realise what life does mean

So wonderful this world,
Full of blessings full of love,
So heartfelt my thanks,
to my saviour above,
I have no words, just feelings
As I bow my head to give thanks,
My river of gratitude
Has overflowed it's banks

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,
llike 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 Seasons Of Life

Life has its four seasons
Each season well defined
Once lived, they don't return
Progressive and well timed

Spring is likened to our envied youth,
A new life like new leaves, takes birth
Formative years, moulded by nurture and love
Memories of home and hearth

Summer begins in the teenage years
Years where values are formed
Environment and upbringing
Fashionthe complete person
With fresh beauty we are adorned

Autumn brings with it
Years of experience
The highs and lows of life,
Bonding of family, love enshrined
Togetherness of husband and wife

And then comes the winter
the last few years,
Where the body slows down with age,
Shrivelled and bare, devoid of sap
But calm and wise and sage

And through all these four seasons
God walks with us
Unseen but always there,
Holding our hand through thick and thin
Listening to our every prayer

Time to go back to dust
Which we are
Our souls with God unite,
To know we will wake to a fresh new dawn
After a peaceful sleep of night

Arti Chopra

The Sound Of The Sea

the sound of the sea
does truely dwell
wholely, in this pure white shell
the whisper of the gentle waves,
lapping against the seaside caves
or the thundering of the surf
wetting patches of bright green turf,
crying seagulls, that swoop down and land
looking for scurrying crabs on the white sand
all can be heard so well
when you put your ear to the white shell

this pure white shell
another awesome creation
God's summation
of the wonders of the sea
as I gaze upon it
it has me in its spell,
within it does dwell
the song I long to hear
the sound of the sea.....

Arti Chopra

The Sounds of Silence

Do you not hear the sounds of the silence
In the emptiness of my heart
The veil of sadness that dulls my eyes
Or the grief that that tears me apart

They say one remembers
Not the words said
But how someone made them feel
The feelings come back to haunt you
Like a movie played reel by reel

Again and again
The barbs that hurt
Clothed in self serving pride
Again and again
The desire to hurt
Reopen the wounds that died

Do you feel the guilt that comes
Of hurting me with your tongue
Do you not hear the sadness song
My weary lips have sung

How I long for a healing hand
ApplyingThe soothing balm of love
A healing wind that blows through
Or a soothing shower from above

Stumbling I rise and continue to walk
On the thorny path of life
Make my way carefully
Round thorny bushes of strife

And then a loving spirit
Took my hand and guided me
Gently and well
I knew I was never alone
He would hold me if I fell

Arti Chopra

THE STONE BUDDHA

So peacefully sits
the stone Buddha
Deep in meditation,
Among the green money plant,
Tendrils that hang down caressingly,
on either side
Polished a shining green,
By the life giving elixir,
The water flowing down softly,
Playing a divine musical sound
That soothens my soul
All my cares and worries submerged
In the softly flowing water
My happiness sings along
With the musical tinkling sound,
And I think,
I can sit here forever,
Just drown myself in the serenity
That I derive
From looking at
THE BUDDHA

Arti Chopra

THE UNSPOKEN LONGING

The green grass is carpeted
with flowers of white
The garden is lit up with
a softly fading light
The leaves rustle softly
Singing a song divine
My heart is filled with
longing
For a soulmate who is mine

Someone who understands
Someone who hums my song,
Someone who holds my hand
Someone who walks along,
Someone who's there for me
Every minute of the day,
Who will read my every look
Without me having to say

The flowers are now withered
Drenched and wilted in the rain
Their perfume has faded
Their white beauty now will wane
They lie on the green grass
Waiting to be swept away
But there was a moment
When their beauty held sway

I shall wait for my soulmate
I know he is somewhere out there
He will hear my silent calls
Sense my longing laid bare
And the white flowers shall revive
On the green grass once again
Their perfume will permeate
The gently falling rain

Arti Chopra

The waiting

when the moonbeams danced
and a soft wind blew,
when the scented breeze,
bought thoughts of you
, when the leaves swished gently,
and the grass caressed my feet
thats when I missed you so
my sweet.....

when the setting sun
painted a canvas fine,
 where mauve and flame
and pink entwine,
when the waves caress the sandy beach,
I think of you so far from reach

when butterflies flit about here and there,
and the roses remind me 'bout my beloved fair,
when longing turns into an actual pain,
I pray to God to see you again

and as the days are dragging by,
oh how I wish that they could fly,
that I can hold you close once more,
and breathe in your scent, with every pore

I'll hold you close and love you so,
shower kisses along your brow,
tenderly close next to my heart,
and pray we never have to part,

till then be still... o scented breeze,
for me this moment, put to freeze,
let time fly swift, on gossamer wings
ah.. she'll come soon,
the bluebird sings

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 beagan 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 creeped,
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 five years today

thirty for happiness and five for the tears,
thirty for the blessings and five for the fears,

all of thirty five years, together we have walked
had fun, wept, held hands and talked,

as i run my mind back over the time together,
joy fills my heart and it feels light as a feather,

so much has he given, never could I have even dreamt
happiness you can wish for, but never preempt,

couples are made in heaven, of this I am sure
ours was a union so apt and so pure,

you are there for me, in good times and bad,
together we have weathered, been happy and sad,

gracefully we are aging, always trying to do the best
earnestly doing our duties and letting God do the rest

each year that goes by, is a blessing just by Him
may the fire keep on burning, and the light never dim.

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 hoplesness,
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

Thoughts

thoughts swirl around,
in my mind, like a friend,
 whos always there,
sometimes calm and placid,
like a lake on who's suface
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 OF A WIFE

You spoke and forgot
For you it was nought,
Careless words from your tongue,
Pierced my heart to the core,
Just like waves
that crash on to the shore,
And play havoc with the sand
so white,
A wrong that is not right,
But destiny has forced my hand,
I have to settle
like the sand,
And wait to receive the pounding,
And consequently, the pain,
And I give in,
Again and again and again,
till the sand has settled,
And calm does reign....

Arti Chopra

Time

Time has a habit of just flying
Just yesterday, we were
So young and carefree
Today we are so close to dying

Time has a habit of flying..

Just yesterday we were children
Laughing and playing
Without a care in the world
Slowly we grew up
Saw life in its many colours
Harsh realities also unfurled

Life began to teach us many lessons
Time and again
From some we had loss
From others we got gain
Some bought us happiness
Some bought us pain
We learnt not to do
the same mistakes yet again

We learnt to carry on
Learnt the value of love
We saw wondrous happenings
Sent by God from above
Each moment we relived
Was magical and divine
But sadness interspersed
The intervals of time
Yet we carried on to realise
That a great healer is time
Lifes great journey
Is marked with rhythm and rhyme

Time has a habit of flying...

Lose not a moment
What you have, appreciate
Nothing is ours, nothing we made
Everything is HIS Grace
Let our ego, abate
What we got are His blessings
Be grounded, don't berate
Don't waste your precious time
By complaining and crying

Time has a habit of flying.....

Soon it will be time
When we will be a memory

To our kin
So leave behind love,
Embrace good karma, not sin
Enjoy each day of this life
Smiling, not sighing

Because time has a way of just flying.....

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 A LOVED ONE

As I sit down and read
The poems you gifted me some years ago
Each line has a new meaning
Each word makes me think I love you so

Fondly I remember, your smiling eyes
Your earnestness, Your lit up face
Sadly I think of your loving nature
Your kindness and Your inherent grace

So good a human, but a life
maybe cut short too soon
Whatever time, God willed you here
Was by itself a gift, a boon

You lived your life for others
With no happiness for yourself,
Appreciated not for your innate goodness,
But gauged by your material wealth

Sometimes people realise
After someone has long gone
But then it is too late to surmise
that what you had, was second to none

I pray you find peace and joy
Wherever you may be
And rest assured that those who you loved
Think of you every moment, so lovingly

Arti

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 of us was near,
Had I sat by your side,
held your hand and bid farewell,
I console myself thatyou 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 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

TRUE BEAUTY

My heart bleeds for her
Tall slim and bewitchingly beautiful
A victim of circumstance
An inherent charm
That can be enhanced
Many fold, had she the means,
Steeped in poverty
She sweeps and cleans my house
Always smiling, cheerful
Bravely facing the cruelties of life
The constant beatings, and strife
Working from morn till night
Tolerating every barb every slight,
Bringing up her only child
Slaving for a meal for her family
And yet she is loyal
To the uncaring fellow
One is loth to call a man,
Yet she smiles
And I am amazed at her resilience
Her strength
The true beauty of a woman
Shines forth
Thus.....

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.....

Blog

To save the changes to the module arrangement and see your blog entries, click Save
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July 18

SlowerFaster

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Categories

Hobbies
Entertainment
Show all categories

Archives

August,2006
July,2006

Updated spaces

Map view | List view

Note

Arti Chopra

Water

clear as crystal,
in a pool
fresh and icy
tingling cool
sometimes rushing'
sometines still
sometines rising
earth to fill
in the sea it scares me so
limitless boundaries
where the eye does go
it sings it whispers
it roars its might
it calms it soothens
in tumbling flight
drops sing songs
 when i am sad
lift my spirits
make me glad
splashing lads
jump puddles big
int he rain dance a jig
quenching thirst and
slaking fires
slimy in marshes and mires
droplets freezing
in the winter snow
melting snowflakes
 where did they go
water ringing like a bee
waste not spill not,
though its for free

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

What chocolate means to me

The fridge beckons once again
mylove for things sweet is my bane
I think, I reason, but then I surrender,
all good intentions are torn asunder,
in goes, one square, an explosion of taste
the rich hard chocolate melts into a heavenly paste
and as I swirl it around my mouth
east and west and north and south
a shiver runs down my spine
 a feeling headier than any wine
I savour every morsel small
and then i relise its not fun at all,
to stop at only one,
the delight has just begun
another takes its place
my senses begin to race,
the dark stuff is too good
would stop short if I could
and before I know it, the bar has almost finished
Im mortified ashamed and anguished
but what can compare to the heady feeling
that send the taste buds reeling
no wine no drink can give that satisfaction
that feeling of quiet elation
that chocolate does provide
other things aside
forget that they go straight to the hips
it brings a smile to the lips
and lights up the eyes of the reciever
soothes, placates, and doesnt aggrieve her
enjoy everything while you can
as for me Ill always be a chocolate fan!

Arti Chopra

What do I write for a wonderful mother?

write poems, and usually words flow
but today is mothers day again
and how to even start,
I just dont know,

what do I write, for a mother,
as great a being as you,
words fail me, as I skim through pleasant thoughts,
and jerk myself aknew.....

childhood was a beautiful dream,
in which i was content to abide,
warmth and love just flowed around,
with you always by our side.

no hurt was big, no pain so sharp,
all vanished by by your touch,
the biggest memory of childhood
is that we were loved so much.

the sight of you waiting for us,
to welcome us back home,
so sweetly tended, so fondly fed,
your love, like a lit up dome.

no harsh word, just gentle reprimand,
shaped our mild and gentle nature,
school taught us much, but for life as such,
you were the greatest teacher

and today I look at your lovely face,
the eyes that still shine with that love,
tthe calm the peace, the radiance within
almost like a glimpse of God above

what do I write on mothers day?
how can I thank you enough?
what little is left of life for you
may it be as smooth not rough.

Take heart dear mom and know for sure,
what we are today, was fashioned by you
we pray to God, to be good moms and
through our children renew...

thank God for mothers, created by Him
because he couldnt be everywhere, all the time
soothing, healing, listening, and nurturing
His creation thats truly divine...

Arti Chopra

WHAT GIFT DO I GIVE?

when the question arises
 what gift do I give?
 to those who I love,
 to those who I cherish,
 I want my gift to last,
 to be valued and used,
 not forgotten or perish.

to a friend gift LOYALTY
 it will weather over the years,
 it will be shared in happy times,
 it will be sought in times of fears.

to parents gift DEVOTION
 they tended you while you grew,
 they now need your support,
 like a flower needs sunshine and dew.

to a mate gift unflinching LOVE
 and faithfulness steady and true,
 and you will get back loyalty,
 and love that is your due.

to a child gift an EXAMPLE
 of values that lead him right
 principles that mould character
 and make him honest and upright

to a sister gift SUPPORT
 around childhood memories
 that bound you fast,
 gift ties.that only strengthen with time.
 and love that will always last.

to a brother gift RESPECT
 that he values and lives up to,
 he'll be your guardian in times of need
someone to look up to.

such gifts have limitless value
 they will stay a lifetime and more,
 they will fashion a person from inside out,
 and purify the very core.

Material things have limited life,
 they will be forgotten or wither away,
 but these precious gifts will shine so bright,
 like a lighthouse which
lost ships....the way

Arti

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Arti Chopra

What is beauty

beauty they say
is being fair of face
 beauty is unexplainable
its everywhere, at everyplace

theres beauty in a mothers eyes
and beauty in a babys face
beauty in a soaring tree
and beauty in a
deserted place

beauty in knobbly hands,
that are weathered due to toil and pace
beauty in natures creations
 beauty in His kindness and grace

beauty in the joy of parenthood
beauty in the love of friends
beauty too in adversities
and the angels of mercy he also sends

so much beauty, so much joy
all around if we care to see
this world is full of wondrous things
 not apparent to you and me

stop to savour reflect awhile
there is beauty all around
things that happen, prayers anwered
His beauty leaves you spellbound

Arti Chopra

What Lies Ahead

Tread not on grass
softly splattered by the morning dew
awaken not harshly,
 the colorful flowers
 waiting to open in the morning rays of the sun
just pause a while and
 breathe in the clean fresh breeze
as it hums gently between the trees
life has given you a new lease

it has given you another day
the sun has given you a golden ray
in this you have no say
for you have much to do
so many miles to walk
in this long ardous journey of life
what lies ahead
noone can ever say
but God will show you the way
and He will be true

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 granchildren 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 abscence,
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 their 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 Do I Write

I hope with my words
 I can stir a soul,
I hope with my verse
I can reach my goal,
to write with a purpose
to make one think,
to reflect on the words,
words of pen and ink,
to stir up emotions
to resolve to be humane,
to understand others sorrows
who express their pain,
to marvel at this world
to be in tune with the Lord
to never severe
the divine umblical cord,
words are only words,
but when strung up together
can sink your heart like lead,
or make it fly like a feather,
I write and express
and I strive towards my goal,
I hope with my words
 I can stir a soul...

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

WISHFUL DREAM

I dreamt that I was different
poised, proud, and fair
that you had your arm around me
and took me here and there
I dreamt that your eyes
had a newfound respect
no more abusing or ranting
not knowing what to expect,
I dreamt you were tender
your hands did caress
you were caring and eager,
no need to supress
I dreamt you were happy
and thus so was I,
and this newfound happiness
made me want to fly...
I dreamt times were better
and we were having fun
I embraced the warm feeling
not having to run....
no watching your expression
no cowering with fear,
no thinking in bad times,
of all who I hold dear
a sharing, a caring
a life that was blessed,
a marriage of togetherness
not a military conquest,
and then your voice
shook me
and woke me with a scream,
suddenly it dawned on me
it was another wishful dream

Arti Chopra

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Arti Chopra

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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 symhony,
of two people
each complementing the other
we must never forget
always respect
the woman,
the giver,
the nurturer,
the earthmother.

Arti Chopra

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Arti Chopra

Words

Words are all that I have
Words that speak whats in my heart
Words will convey what I feel
Painting a picture with words, is an art

Words can hit where it hurts
Words evoke memories
Which we like to forget,
Words can lift our spirits in a moment
Console us when we are upset

Words can wound pierce like no other
Can be like a boat without a rudder
Choose carefully, use to please
Not to hurt
Let your words be warm and soft
Not abrupt or curt

Words are all that we have
Just a few can say it all
How you choose your words
Can make you stand proud and tall

Arti Chopra

Yet Again

the monster has reared its head yet again,
it has burnt and plundered and ravished yet again,
an empty cup, a pair of slippers, tell so poignant a tale
precious lives snuffed out, innocents slaughtered yet again.

a mother fondles her sons face for the last time,
a wife sees unseeingly into the grim future yet again,
a baby carried out to safety, by its saviour
have they succeded, in their mission of death yet again?

are we going to carry on and forget yet again?
exemplify the courage of our soldiers momentarily, yet again?
oh wake from your stupor, and rise to the need of the hour..
let the lives be not sacrificed, in vain yet again

unite in thoughts, action, and assert your power,
let the cowards not succeed in their motive yet again,
we are one, God is one, and together we can, fight an army,
let this never be our fate, or our fear, yet again.

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 posession,
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,
natures 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

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