

Poetry Series

Bashyam Narayanan

- 298 poems -

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A birthday wish

Let me wish you, hi
On your birthday
With all you desire
And much higher

This wish brings to you
All good luck and fun
Which will, for sure
Make your living a peaceful run

Day and night are inseparable
Gain and loss are inseparable
These will not make you miserable
As to balance them you are capable

Let you dream to reach high
But stay soft to those low and dry
Your kindness makes their cry
Heard and done away with, try

Where you are, is not the matter
But, where you are heading is the pointer
To where you will reach and glitter
Know, understand and if need, the path you alter

But miss not enjoy the moment
You live and pass through at the present
As each second is designed for pleasant
Occurrence and for joy instant

Never feel you are alone
Never feel you are lost and gone
Lot many good things ahead are on
Waiting for you, since the day you are born

Bashyam Narayanan

A butterfly finds its way back

A butterfly finds its way back

It was a drift from the path
It took place sometime back
Because our heroine sensed a lack
In the taste of nectar in the flower of the park

To the same park this flock of butterflies
Used to come and enjoy the sweet and nice
Nectar in the red and blue poppies
And fly back with this sweetened hobby

It was more an excuse than a reason
For this drift, but a thought's treason
To deviate and critically question
All that were followed in mindless unison

Our young colourful one with whistle
In her wings, over a time turned hostile
To this tradition and thought it futile
To be in the flock and went away for a while

Others in the group became worried
Wondering where she would have been carried
Was she in the insect flower got buried
Or was by ants after an injury carried

One fine morning suddenly the butterfly was sighted
And she joined the flock as if nothing got slighted
And told others she followed the path less lighted
For a flower who became with her less delighted

She expressed to join the flower of flock's choice
And be ever with it without making any further noise
The flock has no words to say but to rejoice
The retrieval of the butterfly with her vouching voice

Bashyam Narayanan

A journey, which I desired, never ends

Very early in the morning
Still dark around nothing visible
I was half asleep and I heard the
Voice of eldest my cousin brother
Got a news, very painful
I should have cried having heard this
How did I manage myself,
I do not know even now
No one around knew
I was aware of the happening
He left the scene,
With every one crying
I guised fast asleep still
No one had the courage to wake me up
It all brightened,
Things around showing up
I still posing as if I was asleep
Sometime later came in
My younger cousin sister
Came near and woke me up
Said "Come home"
I said "Go, I will follow"
She left, with nothing further to say
I got up with no mind to see
Or to talk any around
I came out of the house
Stepping down each step
Very slowly on to a street
Sun shining harsh
From mid-way eastern horizon
Walked very slowly
Deliberately walking over the heap of
Sharp edged granite nuggets
Allowing them to hurt my bare feet
Crisscrossing the road
So that the journey home
Was further elongated
I did not have the strength
To look at any one
I walked keeping the face down
Looking only at my feet
Sweating profusely
Because of the hot sun up
But I had no intension of wiping
I kept on walking
And reached home
To see my pregnant mother
Lying dead
Because it was a complicated
Case of delivery
And I was at the end of
A journey, which I desired, never ends

Bashyam Narayanan

A lot good awaits us both from that morn

100 days today
Since you are away
Days and nights sway
Your sweet memories ever stay

How did I manage
I do not have a thing to gauge
I am seemingly free on stage
But mutely locked up in your cage

You are very thoughtful
Your wise words meaningful
Your care plentiful
Your ways beautiful

True, I feel troubled by your love
Your absence though pinches like a bite of a clove
Farther you, but closer are we as hand and glove
On the day you arrive I will be all above

Daughter, son or grandson
None to your comparison
In company and unison
As you remain the most me-tolerate person

Still more days fifty six
To go before we meet and mix
That long puts me in a fix
Corners me like a jinx

It will be the most colourful dawn
The day you walk back on airport lawn
My pleasure it will be to wait even if long drawn
As a lot good awaits us both from that morn

Bashyam Narayanan

A mourned celebration

Just four days back
It was all a celebration

The only son in the family
Got baptized in the Hindu way

He was decorated with
A three-stringed twine
The three strings representing
His henceforth pursuit
For understanding the Brahman, the supreme power
Through his thought, word and deed

Yesterday it was reception
The grand finale of this celebration
With people and relatives
Joining the occasion
And enjoying an auspicious dinner
Wishing the boy
A successful bachelorship
And in the understanding
Of the traditional ways

A couple and their only son
Have to offer excuse
And leave the celebrating scene
As there was a call
From the worksite of the
Male breadwinner of the family
To attend an emergency break down

They rushed and managed
To get into a train
Not in its originating station
But at the next stop
After a successful chase in a cab

The train left carrying this family
Who were denied being a part
Of the celebration

They slept in the train
But not to wake up again

It was sabotage that
Derailed the train
Particularly dislodging the bogie
In which the family travelled
On to the adjacent rail
And in seconds a hurrying
Goods' train ran over the same

Within six hours of a reception dinner
And within ninety six hours of a celebration
Everything ended with mourning

It will remain ever in the family
For long, quite long
A mourned celebration

Bashyam Narayanan

A New World Is In The Coming

Pre-noon, sun preparing to turn harsh
Large shade of a gulmohar tree
A four or so year old boy
Sitting on a small sand heap
Near a construction site
With a blue jeans
Here-and-there torn
White fibres running across the opening
And an odd size dark red colour shirt
His parents working there nearby
Father a mason
Ever busy with mixing cement and sand
And also supervising the work
Of some construction labourers
His mother carrying a head load of bricks
At regular intervals
Once a while she comes near him
And sees from a distance making sure
He is safe and behaving
The boy minds not things around
The horn of a passing car gets unnoticed by him
He knows the car will pass without hurting him
A barking dog cannot threaten him
Nor a cow going very close to him
He is unmoved by any such
Normally-termed unsafe situations
He poses to be smart
As he probably is exposed to these
For more than two years now
He is happy throwing handful of sands around
He makes a small ball of sand
And enjoys the sight of its breaking
At the pressure of his tender fingers
Suddenly he thinks of a small hill
And starts pushing sands
Towards a centre point
So that the collection heaps up to hill
He has almost done it
His dad appears yelling at him
Move away, I need this sand
I am to prepare a fresh mix
Lifts his son single handedly
Practically throwing his son onto the road
The child cries
He can stand hunger,
He can stand un-attending,
He can stand thirst,
He can stand beating,
But not this insult of
Denying him the only play thing, the sand
He started crying pitifully
Mother after unloading her head load of bricks

Comes rushing to her crying son and says
Stop crying, do not worry
A new lorry load of sand will soon come
You can stay atop on a big heap of sand
And play for long
The boy, our hero, understands
Stops crying at once, as he knows
A new world is in the coming

Bashyam Narayanan

A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose

A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
Not only because of its colour
And not only because of its fragrance
A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
Also because of the thorns
It holds very close

A gain is a gain is a gain is a gain
Not only because of its pleasure
And the attendant treasure
A gain is a gain is a gain is a gain
Also because of the pain
That, as a part with gain does remain

A joy is a joy is a joy is a joy
Not only because of the emotional elevation
And sorrow attenuation
A joy is a joy is a joy is a joy
Because of the efforts did you employ

A success is a success is a success is a success
Not only because another milestone cross
And because of the new fame you will soon possess
A success is a success is a success is a success
Because you did sweat in the process

A peace is a peace is a peace is a peace
Not only because of the tranquility
And because of the balanced ability
A peace is a peace is a peace is a peace
Because of the war waged against
Disturbance and instability

Full impact of a thing comes to full visibility
Only when its contrast is held in close vicinity

Bashyam Narayanan

A sixty three years old democracy

We are a democracy completed years sixty three
We are, but, yet to be freed
From the clutches of caste and creed
And, the worst of all, that of greed

While the first two divide us
The third one destroys us
Most of the decision makers
And policy makers
Are driven by these three principles
And we are still limping
Towards that horizon and daylight
Having been freed in the middle of the night

Rare it is to come across
Personalities now a days
Despite our having
More than a thousand million people

Most of our people
In poverty
And in the darkness of ignorance
Find it difficult to
Understand the qualities
Of the people, whom they elect
To rule us
Elected ones, though not in poverty,
Are as ignorant as the people
Who voted them to power

How many more independence days
Are we going to cross
In fact, there is no celebration
For most of our people
Know not what independence really means
For them it means,
Simply means, they have the right
To select wrong people

We have not forgotten our long history
We know
King's son becomes the king
So we maintain that
Prime Minister's son or daughter
Should become prime minister
Chief Minister's son or daughter
Should become chief minister

We love our families
We take good care of sons, daughters,
Their off-springs
We take care of our relatives as well

We take care of people
Belonging to our caste, religion or creed
We are happy
When our elected leaders also do the same

We do not believe in technical decisions
We advocate the cause
Of taking such decisions
Which match our above
Familial policies enhancing
Opportunities for our own people

Subramanya Bharati wrote
When will our thirst for freedom quench
This thirst will never be quenched
As water to quench that thirst
Is no where visible
Nor we know where to look for it

Bashyam Narayanan

A terror even to a terrorist

I am a terror even to a terrorist
Till recently I was not that popular
Many people suffered
My presence in their body
Many managed to bear the
Range of symptoms I tnismrigger in body
By taking right medicines at regular intervals
They survive but take really sometime
To become really normal
Some fail miserably
I invade their defence mechanisms
Throw off gear some of their vital systems
And bring about their end
I turned very popular for wrong reasons
As I was responsible for the demise
A very successful man in film industry
Why, a doctor was infected by me
Though he escaped elimination
I am spreading my net widely
Every day some hundred or so people
Give me entry into their physique
People have found that I get distributed
Through mosquito bite
And they are chasing the mosquito
It is not my problem
As long as human beings are there
I will be there
And my race survive in them
I am proud to make you all know
That I can penetrate security cordon
And presently am housed in the body
Of a terrorist
Who, with some others, threw a challenge
To a great nation
He is there in the jail for almost four years now
In a tight security net
But, me there in him
He is yet to get all the symptoms I normally initiate
I have the potential to soon turn
A terror to a terrorist
I am none other than the dengue virus

Bashyam Narayanan

A troubled mind - 1

The male mind in me, recently fallen to disgrace

It took nearly thirty years of twice-married life
For me to realize
That I have the masculinity not in my physique
But it is all in the mind only

It is also my understanding and felt-experience
That the attraction driven
Physical involvement and actions thereupon
Lead to a momentary satisfaction
Only to turn vinegary later

Further, advancing age
Does not allow an involved
Performance towards fulfillment of
The desires mooted by the stimulant

I feel that the sexual attraction in me
Is not abated
But sustained at the same level
As it was when I first realized that
I was physically matured

The turbulence of this quality of mine
Disturbs me so much that
I am weakly drawn to
The path of understanding myself
All my diplomatic skills
And other human relation experience
Fail me
To see reasoning
When it comes to attractive
Opposite gender

Till recently I was in peace and comfort
With my second wife
But now got drawn close to another woman
Who has greater appeal
And evinced interest in me
The masculinity in me drove into her
And I started being noticed by others as well
In intimacy even in public places
With this twice-married smart widow

Despite the fact that I have innumerable
Extra-marital affairs
My mind does not miss a chance
To indulge in such
Unhealthy thoughts
Whenever it happens that
I encounter a challenging beauty

All these leave me in guilt feeling soon after

Indian philosophers were quite aware of this
And scriptures repeatedly warn
Against indulging in sensual pleasures
And reorient the thought process
In seeking help from the divine
In pursuing noble thoughts and desires

Even great saints
Proclaim themselves as grave sinners
Probably because of
Such thoughts striking them
Though at far less a frequency
Than the way I frequent them

Having tasted, rather been indulged in,
All possible sensual pleasures
How I wish
The male mind in me
Ceases its domination
In my thought-creating process
And helps me stick to this
Latest commitment
And avoid similar embarrassment in future
For which this time I have to pay heavily
Losing my ministerial berth

Bashyam Narayanan

A troubled mind - 2

The female mind in me, recently in the limelight for wrong reasons

It took about twenty years of twice-married life
And about seventeen years of widowhood
For me to understand
That the femininity in me
Is still dormant and has the
Potential to strike me

Not that I remained free of
Physical intimacy with men
But, I was on the look out of a person
Who will be a good father
Of my only teenaged son
I exercised all cautions in deciding
The so-called life partner

It is also my understanding and felt-experience
That sexual desire gets kindled in me
By the looks and gait of the men I used to come across
And at times I was driven to physical pleasure
It is also my understanding that
Physical involvement and actions thereupon
Lead to a momentary satisfaction
Only to turn vinegary later

Further, the advancing age of my partners
Does not allow them to demonstrate an involved
Performance towards fulfillment of
The desires mooted in me

I feel that the sexual attraction in me
Is not abated
But sustained at the same level
As it was when I first realized that
I was physically matured

The turbulence of this quality of mine
Disturbs me so much that
I am weakly drawn to
The path of understanding myself
All my managing skills
And other human relation experience
Fail me
To see reasoning
When it comes to an attractive
Opposite gender

Till recently I was in peace and comfort
With my ways of living under the cover of widowhood
But now got drawn close to a man
Elder to me by seven years

Who has a greater appeal than most of the men I met
And also evinced interest in me
The femininity in me drove me into him
And I started being noticed by others as well
In intimacy even in public places
With this twice-married smart diplomat turned politician
Who assured me that he would take good care of me
And would turn a good father to my son
He is powerful, affluent and elegant
Which suit my ways of lavish living

Despite the fact that I have innumerable
Extra-marital affairs
My mind does not miss a chance
To indulge in such
Unhealthy thoughts
Whenever it happens that
I encounter a demanding male
All these leave me in guilt feeling soon after

Indian philosophers were quite aware of this
And scriptures repeatedly warn
Against indulging in sensual pleasures
And reorient the thought process
In seeking help from the divine
In pursuing noble thoughts and desires

Even great saints
Proclaim themselves as grave sinners
Probably because of
Such thoughts striking them
Though at far less a frequency
Than the way I frequent them

Having tasted, rather been indulged in,
All possible sensual pleasures
How I wish
The female mind in me
Ceases its domination
In my thought-creating process
And helps me stick to this
Latest commitment
Make my son a man of great character
And avoid similar embarrassment in future

Bashyam Narayanan

Accept The Fact That You Are Only A Frog In A Well

However much learned we are,
However big our possessions are,
However large the kingdom we rule,
However wide our popularity is,
However deep our knowledge is,
However widespread our domain is,

We need to accept that
We are no better than a frog
In a well

Some are in a big well
Some are in a small well

A well, regardless of its size
Will never become an ocean

Ocean is the ultimate truth
Well is the ground reality

A frog in the well cannot
Fathom over an ocean
But, we, with our sixth sense
Can comprehend what ocean can be

And need to be on a continuous effort
To understand the ocean
And reach there,
The ultimate reality

Bashyam Narayanan

Accept, you are the wildest, right?

If you term a person 'wild'
You mean that person is unreasonable
You mean that person reacts violently
You mean that person is unpredictable
You mean that person is unsociable
And you term us 'wild'

Yes, I am representing that group of animals,
Who live in natural environment.

We go by the natural law 'survival of the fittest'
We are simple and we never show up we are wise or smart
We live the present only, we know there is nothing called future
We eat only when we are hungry
We live only with those comforts nature has provided
We do not cheat or misrepresent facts
We make homes with available natural materials
We do not amaze wealth
We do not hoard anything
We kill only when we are hungry and eat the flesh then and there
We do not, however, kill our own tribe
And you call us 'wild'

You are wise, learned and know many things
You make laws and you know how to break them without being caught
You amaze wealth for the comfort of your off-springs
You are worried more about future
Than being particular enjoying the present
You harness natural powers for your benefit
And you say this is just add to your comforts
You make use of every thing nature has provided
And manipulate them to match you needs
You experiment on us, not for our benefit
And claim that such experiments will help human beings
You kill us for pleasure,
Not always because you are hungry and need our flesh
Why you kill your own people
And say you are protecting your nation, tribe, faith or religion
With this great background you call us 'wild'

If you insist we agree to be branded as 'wild'
Provided, you accept
That you are 'wildest'

Bashyam Narayanan

Age considers, youth ventures

Age considers, youth ventures
Age visualizes, youth dreams
Age makes theories, youth experiments
Age loves, youth longs
Age sees people, youth sees places
Age knows belongings, youth discovers them
Age pains to gain, youth gains to others' pain
Age has heart, youth has mind
Age is thoughtful, youth is tactful
Age ponders, youth wonders
Age recounts, youth counts
Age is experienced, youth is in experience
Age is cautious, youth dashes
Age floats, youth swims
Age lives, youth still making a living
Age is in touch with termination, youth with determination
Age is confident, youth is competent
Age adds years to living, youth adds life to living
Age is lost in past, youth is drowned in future
Age is grown, youth is crown
Ageless is youth, youthless is age
Bashyam Narayanan

Aim at perfection, be satisfied with excellence

Aim at perfection
But be satisfied with excellence

As absolute perfection is
Unattainable
We say in science
Absolute zero is unattainable

Perfection means zero defects
In the product or outcome
And it means zero deviation
In the process and systems employed

While excellence in performance is
Being ahead of most of others
With regard to process and
Quality of the product
And this is achievable

It is well known and established that
Imperfection and randomness
Are the essence of survival
And the nature has all its biodiversity
Because of imperfection and
Deviation from the norms

Insistence on perfection
May lead to failures
And likely win you more foes than friends

You may even leave a scar in the hearts of
Your own people and friends
If you zero in on perfection only

The fact remains
There is no perfected art
There is no perfected process
There is no perfected write
All await your touch
And improvement therefrom

You do not compromise either
As you will be struggling to
Excel all others

Target at the best
Arrive at the best possible

Bashyam Narayanan

All birds must be by now back in their nests

All birds must be by now back in their nests
Sharing with their offsprings
The experiences of the day

And feeding them
With the fruits, nuts and worms
Selectively gathered
With love and care
So that they grow
And soon become strong and skilled enough
To fly on their own wings

They would have started teaching
Their young ones
How to mend the nests
Which twig would go where
Which spongy feather would go where
So that all can have a comfortable sleep

Telling the stories of the past
How the eggs those hatched them
Were protected from invaders

And how they were waiting for these young wonders
Come out breaking the shell
That housed them and helped them shape

Also cautioning them against
Dangerous hungry invaders
With the scheme to devour them

And not to venture into the wind
Before they are trained adequately
In spreading the wings
And in perching on branches
Without the fear of fall

Mom, you did not get us the fruits of this tree
A query from a young one
And mom said, wait two more weeks let the tree flower
And blossom with its orange flowers
Fruits appear within a month

Mom is living is just struggling
No, the dear one
Living is a challenge
Successful living is facing them with joy
Regardless of your overcoming
Or succumbing to the challenge

A clear demonstration of care and love
All birds must be by now in their nests

I am waiting at the local rail station
For the next train towards home

Bashyam Narayanan

Allot a day for unlearning

Allot a day for unlearning

We have been learning
From the day we were born

We have become wise
And some of us learned
With all the information
We have been assimilating
With the help of our sense organs

We learn and make use of the
Knowledge for progressing
And some of us
Proved a point and some
Left behind their impacts on us

This learning, we all know,
Is for our advancement in life
And for ensuring a
Happy and harmonious living
With the people around
And for synchronized existence
With the environment we are in

At the same time
We might have noticed
That there used to be some learning,
Information, interpretation
And our action based on the above
Are not matching well with the aim
Of happy and harmonious existence
But leaving us in the mud of
Emotional disturbance

Such a knowledge and
Practice thereupon
Needs to be unlearned
So that we create and stay happily
In a nicely tuned environ

It would be vital
That we mark a day
Only to unlearn these
And go ahead with
Living in a better manner

In South India there is a tradition
Of marking a day each year
When we do not attempt to
Learn anything new
This falls on the ninth day

From the new moon day
in the sixth month of traditional calendar
15th Sep to 16 Oct for ready understanding

My understanding is that
Probably, this day was earmarked
To unlearn and get rid of
Such knowledge, attitude and practice (KAP)
Which have potential
For jeopardizing
Our progress
And well meant growth

So it will be wise
To examine your knowledge base
Attitude package and
Activity chart
And allot a day,
If possible, at a better frequency than yearly once
To unlearn them

Bashyam Narayanan

Allow me to decide the course of my life

Allow me to decide the course of my life

He was a bit bulky little boy
Finding it difficult to get up
And walk on his own
When we, as parents, helped him
To get up and walk
He used to sweep aside
Our helping fingers
So that he could move around
On his already hurt bruised knees

He made at last his first step
When a tri-wheeler walk-aid
Was presented to him

Its colourful handle
With chiming bells hanging
Charmed him to put forth efforts
Towards walking

It was indeed a scene to witness
The struggle of that little cute baby boy
To walk on his own

It was a pleasure to watch him grow
Physically, mentally and emotionally

It was to my pride
That I hear often that
Elders appreciate his polite, gentle
And well groomed manners

He hardly complained
Probably, adjusting within himself
With the environment he is in

I had no occasion
To discipline him
As most often he was
Well conforming to our expectations

Now he stands taller than me
In every aspect
Walking in youthful gait
I need to raise my face
Whenever I talk to him

He is in the process of
Making a living

As very normal Indian parents

We started looking for
A suitable life partner for him
Assuming him to have understood
That we have a role in that

As per my observation
He reacted for the first time
With a firm invincible response to say
Allow me to decide the course of my life

Bashyam Narayanan

Allow us to have our privacy

Allow us to have our privacy
I spotted her in the narrow passage
Of the first floor of this eighteen storied block
There a number of similar blocks
So many people around
That we go unnoticed
And we managed to establish a habitat for us
Ensuring that no one has seen me
I approached her to convey my romantic intentions
I signaled and before I could make out her response
I saw a man stepping out from the lift
And both of us moved away
The next time I saw her was on the roof top
I managed to reach her
This time with the determination to be sure of her reaction
I got near her and made my intentions clear and loud
She moved a bit away in silence
Her silence gave me the courage to get nearer
I even touched and carefully ran my fingers over her
And missed not to massage her attractive curves
Before I could read her a crow flew past her head
She getting frightened moved away and disappeared
Quite a number of times this happened
And my mission to be with her in private
Never fructified
Frustrated as I was, looked for a good chance
When I located her in the second floor varanda
Where no one normally appears
Probably both the flats were unoccupied
I reached and we were together with really no one around
She was ready for a go with me
I was preparing for a grand togetherness
Sun was mild and just warm
Wind just comfortably cool and flowing
What else you require for a blissful intimacy
All these plans got thrashed
As a stepped in from the lift
Explaining to those following him
The special features of the flats and the rent expected
We got separated again
We, poor tiny doves, living in our habitat
Never troubled you and
Never came in your way of making love
May we request you
Allow us to have our privacy

Bashyam Narayanan

Altogether, It is a Different Journey

Altogether, it is a different journey
It is not indeed a usual journey
No flight can reach you
No train runs to that destination
Not a bus
Not a car
You cannot walk to that place

Google earth cannot locate it
GPS does not know this

You do not have an idea as to
How far you need to travel
How much time it will take
How soon or late you will reach

But one thing is sure
You can be back in no time
In your starting point
To be back at your place
And in the middle your regular chores

It is not tourism
Not a sight seeing affair
Not even a pilgrimage
It may not be entertaining too

Path can be enjoyable
It can be painful
But you will only know it

Very importantly you will travel all alone
No one, including your dearest one,
Can accompany you
You are left with yourself only
It is all a free lancing exercise

You will not get tired of this journey
Provided you are determined to be so
Your place of interest
Can be far beyond the sun
And it can be very close and within you

What all you can do is
To visualize
To understand
To comprehend
To consolidate
To get focused

You may get clarity
Of your thoughts

Of your vision
Of what you want to be
Of how to end this issues ridden life path

It is nothing but the journey within you
Which is unique to yourself
And which will be an altogether different journey

Bashyam Narayanan

Am I Dying or Already Dead

I happened to overhear,
Which, I realize now,
Should not have happened

I overheard
My treating doctor
Talking to his doctor friend
He was briefing my case to him
Probably, expecting his friend
To be of some professional help

From what all transpired
I came to know that
My days were just counted
Ten days at the maximum
I would survive with this
Life threatening
Cancer giant occupying me

The knowledge of the nearing death
Turned out to be more painful
Than all the pains
I suffered from my in-house cancer
Killing me each second that passes
And from all the lessons
I was exposed to all these years

I did not move for sometime
From where I overheard
This ultimate reality

I managed to reach my bed
And started making this note

I would request the world
Not to cry over this departing soul
I would request my dear ones
Not to shed tears over this senseless creature
I would request my friends and colleagues
Not to make a note of this event
It would be nice
If I am forgotten
Like a passing tree, or a lighting pole
Or, for that matter
Anything that goes out of sight
As you travel past in a train

I am afraid something is pervading me
I understand that to be an eternal pain
Occupying the entire body
Signaling the separation of body and soul

This pain I know will relieve me
Of all pains associated with me

I think continuing this note
Will be difficult, why, impossible any further
I finish this with the wonder
Am I dying or already dead

Bashyam Narayanan

Am I Left Alone

When my journey started
All were watching me
And guiding me
Wondering at each step I made
Each one ensuring
That I made each step right
Without tumbling
Running to my rescue
If I showed signs of discomfort
As I advanced this support and help
Started reducing
As they saw me
Helping new entrants
In making steps right
The support even stopped
And they were not forthcoming
Even if I asked for

I understood that
I needed no further help
And can stand and walk on my own

And I had additional strength
To reach out others if they were in need
Of a help from me

Is it that in the process
I had given room for others to think
I can hurt them

One realization dawned in me
People rush to help
If you talk your mind
And if you do what you talk
This support wanes
When you start guising your thought
When you sweeten your words
To mask the bitterness of your intensions
And when acts counter what you spoke

This growth of mine
And the acquired so called worldly wisdom
Distanced me away from others

I receive complaints too
That I fail to understand others
While I nurse a feeling
That others do not care to understand me

I am also described as a person
Living in his own world
Choosing not to accept surrounding realities

And not to appreciate their impacts
Either on me
Or on people around

No doubt
I am given to question myself
Am I left alone

Bashyam Narayanan

An attempt to understand spirituality

An attempt to understand spirituality

The term "spirit" could mean
The soul that gives life to your body
And keeps it alive and active

The term could also mean
The spark or inspiration
That keeps you enthused
And help you stay active,
Creative and contribute

Spirituality may mean
Understanding the former or
Keeping the latter
Nourished and nurtured

Oriental scriptures do not
See the former separate
According to these scriptures
The soul is always
In association with the
Natural environment,
The body (where it is housed)
With a set of physical and emotional qualities
Designed by the nature
And in link with the super soul, the God

All religions, in some way
Or the other
Aim at understanding the spirit
Its stance in the middle of natural environment
And its link with the super soul

All rituals aid in this understanding.
So, spirituality can be the outcome
Of the combination of the terms
"Spirit" and "rituality"

The message is clear
Keep always linking the understanding
Of the spirit with rituals and
Thus become spiritual
Stay not just ritual

Nurturing the spark of
Your enthusiasm is the other way
Of your being in the spiritual path
How to go about

Realizing your desires keeps
You enthusiastic

If the desires are selfish
And thoroughly materialistic,
Though you get initially enthused on achieving them,
You get frustrated and exhausted
On either others' better progresses
Or your failing short of your own scales

If the chase is after
Selfless and altruistic ends
Your spirit of enthusiasm
Never dies and it keeps its glow
In fact, enhances it
As while on that chase
You do not see others
And your mind not failing

What nourishes your spirit
Is the effort and
Not the results thereof

You choose the spiritual path of your liking
Understanding the soul or
Upkeeping your enthusiastic selfless efforts

Bashyam Narayanan

An eighty five year old flower wilted

An eighty five year old flower wilted

She was an angel
Loitering on the other side
Of our balcony
So aged enough to retire
She used to have attire
That will make any one admire

She always had nice things
To talk about and share
Well matching the mindset
Of younger people
Despite her having lived
Decades ahead of them

She was the most sought after female
In the complex
As she had solutions to most of the
Emotional family issues
And she reached out to people
Who, she felt, need her support

Her language is so sophisticated
Not normally expected
From a person of her age
And she never missed to attract children
With her picturesquely narrating incidents
And stories of the past

She was one of those
Rare still-husband-alive
Auspicious women
And hence it was always to the pleasure
Of the hosts
Organizing an propitious occasions
She graced such functions
With her polished presence

Her husband, a retired army man
Matched her well in looks and gait
He kept his audience in rapt attention
Being capable of convincingly addressing
All topics, politics, economics, and
Anything for that matter

The couple together was a delightful watch
As they induced confidence
In senior citizens of both genders

She lost her husband
A decade back

Her prominent presence
Slightly faded
But, she had her say
Both in family and community functions

She could not, any way, win back
Her original position
As the womenfolk
Started ignoring her as inauspicious
Being a widow

Despite falling sick repeatedly
She had her things to say
With number listening to her
Growing thinner and thinner

It was just a tumbling from the bed
That made her get admitted
In hospital for medical care
And it was only a night of struggle
She joined her husband
In their heavenly abode
And this
Eighty five year old flower wilted

Bashyam Narayanan

An event to recall on Mother's Day - That mother is no one other than me

Summer evening
Sun still harsh

Me, then fourteen
My mother's younger sister
Came forward to tell
A story about a mother

Mumbai, then Bombay
Highrise residential quarters
Fourth floor
Big Hall
Two big bed rooms
Two baths
Big kitchen

Grill-less windows
Free flow of air
Lot natural light

A mother in the kitchen
Preparing food
For her husband
And their three sons

The youngest about two years old
Left on the kitchen table
Mother being busy around

The child not seen now
Mother realised just then
Would have slipped
Across the open window

She was right
The child has fallen
But on the sun shade
About four feet below

Her two year old son
On an open sun shade
Not less than forty feet
Above the ground level

No time to lose
No time waiting for help
From outside

Mother too slowly
Slipped about four feet onto the
Just two feet wide sun shade
Picked up the child

Put him onto the kitchen work table
Managed to climb back to her kitchen

I was thrilled
I was to ask a number of questions
One important being
Is the mother is so courageous

My aunt finished telling
That mother is no one other than me
And that son is no one other than
My third son

Both that mother and son
Are safe, living and active

Bashyam Narayanan

An ever-relished chase

It has been a long chase
For something or the other
Over these years

As a kid it was a chase
For toys and play things

As a student it was a chase
For marks and ranks

As a youth it was a chase
After career and growth

And later it was chase
For getting the right life partner

The chase continued
For off-springs' upbringing

It was later to chase
For helping children settle

Ageing made me chase
For cure from illnesses
And other physical malfunctions
Yes,
It was a long chase for
Something or the others all these days

One understanding dawned in me
That
You will not get that
Which you have not chased
And
You will not get every thing
Which you have chased

Even if you get the object of your chase
It is not going to be in that form
In which it was when you started the chase

Unfruitful chase proves frustrating
Fruitful chase exciting

Wisdom will tell you that
The pleasure is more with the act of chase
Than getting hold of the object of chase
Holding of the object of chase
And sustaining its charm
Are essential after the end of chase

Very likely, chase for objects of

Worldly significance
Takes away your energy
And a lot of time elapses
Before you get in possession
Of your chase-objects
The duration at times is so large
That you wonder at the end of the chase
As to what for this object has been chased

The one chase which
Has the least probability
Of ending and
You hardly get hold of the
Object of chase
Is the
Chase for self-actualization
Or self-realization
This is the chase after your spirit
That kept you going all these days
And that will keep you going
Till that time when you away

Spiritual scholars assure
That this chase is really exciting
And remains so for any long
Whether or not
You come across what you are chasing

Develop a taste for such a chase
As this chase
Never makes you tired
But helps you remain balanced, cool
And unmindful of happenings
Around you

It is indeed an ever-relished chase

Bashyam Narayanan

An ideal corporate will say

An Ideal corporate will say
Clients our principals
Employees our assets
World Class our other name
Innovation our habit
Ethics our pride
Perfection our goal
Excellence our scale
Trust our treasure
Integrity our fame
Our vision to be the ultimate in whatever we do
Our mission social responsibility
Quality our assurance
Improvement our routine
Enthusiasm our hold
Work centre our temple
Machines and Tools our Gods
Work our worship
Safety ever first
Environment our concern
Health our working capital
Profit not our bottom-line
Customer delight our products and services
We do not sell
Ours are bought

Bashyam Narayanan

An old man and a street dog

An old man and a street dog

January morning
Chillness in air
I was standing in front of a small shop
An old man enters
Asks for a pack of biscuit
Collects it, only to tear it open
And to empty all the contents
In front of the shop
Forcing me to ask him
The reason for this wasteful act
He says
Do not worry much
A dog was following me
Though a street dog
It has some special features
Unusually tall, well built,
Brown and white circles all over the body
Long neck and a graceful look
With a gait of a horse
I befriended it two years back
It knows the time I come out for walk
And uses to walk with me
Whenever I go for a stroll
I used to feed him biscuits
And accompanies me back home
Leaves me after ensuring I enter home
I could not do it for two days now
He will be hiding nearby around
And waiting for me to do this
Once he is sure that this is done
He will appear and will consume all
And it will not be a waste, you see
He leaves the scene
With biscuits strewn
I waited to see the dog
Yes it comes
Eats all the biscuits
Though showing some initial hesitation
And after verification
The dog starts running towards
The direction where the old man moved
And the dog knows its master
I wish he reaches his master
And accompanies him to home
Will I ever do an act of such kindness
Leave alone to an animal, but to a fellow human being

Bashyam Narayanan

An unclaimed key chain

An unclaimed key chain

Morning
Office goes
Busy moving
And carefully
Circumventing
A key chain
On the foot path

Seemingly afraid
Of reaching to it,
Leave alone
Of making it
Reach the person
To whom it belongs

I stood there
Watching
As I was waiting
For my bus
Me too, not in a mind
To pick it up

The three keys
On a shining ring
With a metal flat tag
With a figure of
A tiger inscribed

How many times
The keys would have
Opened or locked
The locks

How many times
It would have helped
The owner to check
His or her belongings

How much valuables
It would have
Protected

Now lying uncared for

A man would have
Stepped on it
But suddenly realized
Its presence
And he too cautiously
Avoided the ring

Somehow I mustered
Courage
And reached the
Key chain
With no idea as to
How to make it
Reach the real owner

I too had a plan
To use the ring
If there appears
No claimant
Before I leave the spot
As it was
Clean, attractive
And new

I held it open
To help any one
Searching for it

There was a
Unusual fragrance
Hitting my nostrils
With a sweet voice
A nearing-thirty
Well-made-up woman
Addressing me
Have you seen any
Key chain
I was thrilled
I could be of help to someone
That too a good looking
Woman

Holding the chain
Within my right palm
I looked at her
But, I wanted to be sure
That the chain be given
The right owner

On my queries,
She answered right
With the correct
Description

I handed over the key
With a satisfaction
Of having helped

She would have thought
That I did not hear
But I heard
Her thinking,
Though loud,
"He must be a gentleman
I too was watching
The chain
But wondering
How to pick it up
I was to buy a
Key chain
Right time I got it
From nowhere
Someone's loss
Someone's gain
A nice key chain
To hold my house keys"

Bashyam Narayanan

An un-fetching box-office is the real ban

An un-fetching box-office is the real ban

Both are creators
One did on canvas
One did on silver screen
Both had a similarity
Both creators' creations
Had some element
That would hurt sentiments of
Some sections of the society
One took on only one section
The other, no one knows,
Which section had to bear the brunt next time
Both claim they are secular
Both, both were peculiar
Often it looked as if
Their creations would not have gone well in the market
Without the controversies being there
But, both created more number of controversies
Than their artistic creations
One left the country once and for all
Because of the controversies around him
And later died, his controversies seeing an end there
Recently the other one created a film
Some friends feel, it should not be screened
Reason, the film has elements with potentials
To hurt their faith and sentiments
Though the film sensor saw in the film
No such sentiment-hurting scenes
And gave certificate for public viewing
A local government banned the screening
Apprehending uncontrollable law and order problem
High court of that state too confirmed that the ban will stay
Debates go on TV channels
Discussing vulnerability of artistic creations
To get banned on a frivolous reason
That they have the potential of damaging communal harmony
In the meantime, some state governments allowed the screening
And some others banned the screening
A group feels that the freedom of expression under stake
A group counters that that their values get ridiculed
Some say the film is against terrorism
Some say the film is against a particular faith and following
Film kingdom condemns the protest against screening
War of words is on
Legal opinions too differ
Political views also clash
No sign of any let up
As the film is waiting for the light of the day
The billion population holds on to its wonder
What is there in the film so controversial and objectionable
This rupees one billion intensive film needs an immediate

Release so that common man will come to know
What the film wants to convey
People will decide its success and acceptability
Why politicians and a section of society should
One thing seems to have been forgotten
It is not screening, but viewing is going to hurt
An un-fetching box-office is the real ban
Not the unacceptability of a religious fan

Bashyam Narayanan

An Unusual Race, But A Grand Finish

A group of children numbering sixteen
Waiting for a race to begin and keen
To run it full and win it clean
And to get hold of the cup kept in a shining sheen

The race began with a shot on air
All started running and all in fair
All in their respective lanes and like a hare
Some ahead for sometime and others too fare

The crowd in excitement shouting to enthuse
The kids to keep up their spirit in muse
All seemingly fine and their efforts in full use
But, suddenly a kid fell on the track as a refuse

What a surprise, all the rest stopped the race
They ran to the kid in distress to get him the original pace
They did everything to help him keep up the chase
Spectators wondering with no idea as to whom to praise

A kid made a signal and others understood
The rest fifteen just lifted the kid like a log of wood
And ran the race, which was no longer a race, but a togetherood
By the time they reached the finish the wounded soldier himself stood

Believe, it was race for and among children challenged
Physically and psychologically, but they changed
The entire race into a collective effort and rearranged
The very mindset of the crowd disarranged

What drove the children to help a kid in distress
Is nothing but human love which cannot see others in stress
Others' concerns, we, strong in all respects, need to address
Even if it amounts our losing a race, as love is a precious dress

Bashyam Narayanan

And take pride in having created a human being

Oh God
If at all you can bless
Bless me with the knowledge
As to which of my thoughts
Are positive and which
when translated into action
Bear fruits, which are
Sweet, delicious and nutritive
Not only for me but also for mine
And for all other living things around

Bless me also with the tact
Of loving what all I do
And of performing them
Without the fear of failure
And without the fire of expectation
Let me understand and feel
That things done without
Fear or expectation
Kill not enthusiasm
Fill me with creativity
Guide me into innovation
Keep me on the path of improvement
Scaling new heights in excellence
And above all
Help me examine
Whether my actions
Be of any use to others

Bless me with a vision too
To see your image in
Every one and every thing around
So that my performance has the
Important element of empathy
And I am able to
Treat all with love and compassion
Understand them
Accommodate them
Accept them as they are
Without forcing them with my
Views, thoughts and dreams
Take them along
Work with them
To achieve nobler and
Benefitting-all goals

Bless me so
And take the pride of having created a human being

Bashyam Narayanan

And we will be out to achieve great things of chaste

When I joined the school it was June
I cried and cried that day till it was noon
But, who was that lady going round and round
Comforting kindly each one to calm down

I came to know that she was our teacher
Whom we should be afraid of, I was told later
To keep quiet, when in the middle did she chatter
Otherwise she would prove to be a harsh beater

But, the fact was that it never happened
She was strict, though never she frightened
She was punctual, though never she threatened
She was wonderful, though we realized at the end

She taught us alphabets, how to write
She taught us manners, how to be right
She taught us maths that made us bright
She taught us that never others we should slight

She used to say whether you become doctor or engineer
But she insisted that we should never lose our cheer
She emphasized that we should never give room to fear
Even when we would be in the middle of fire

We thank her for developing a learning skill
Which will guide us like a lantern life time full
We know that a lot remains to be done still
Her guidance will for sure help our sweet dreams fulfill

We all thank her immensely for the taste
She developed in us, quietly, without any haste
And this fire of learning desire will never go waste
And we will be out to achieve great things of chaste

Bashyam Narayanan

Arrival of a child

Arrival of a child marks the
Arrival of a new pleasant path
Arrival of a most colourful horizon
Arrival of a new set of dreams
Arrival of a new ray of hope
Arrival of a new melody in musical notes
Arrival of a refreshing new fragrance
Arrival of a new butterfly in our garden

Arrival of a child marks the
Assertion of nature's supremacy
Assertion of God's faith in men
Assertion of sustenance of existence
Assertion of human love
Assertion of a new strengthened bond

Arrival of a child marks the
Beginning of a new philosophy
Beginning of a new set of experiences
Beginning of a renewed valour
Beginning of new ways of learning
Beginning of refined perception
Beginning of the glow of innocence
Beginning of a new set of celebrations

Arrival of child marks the
Formation of new cloud of prosperity
Formation of shower of fresh nutrients
Formation of a lake of vibrant future
Formation of a new pool of gainful talents

Let us welcome the child,
The spark of continuation of human race and
Let the human race celebrate the
Arrival of each child just born

Bashyam Narayanan

Artist or Hurt(ist)

Artists have special tastes
They display their talents
To please the
Audience, if direct
Viewers, readers, if away

Their creations never meant
To hurt others
Their works invariably trigger an
Excitement among their fans
And in less artful general public
A wonder at the marvel outcome of
An extraordinary imagination and
Its delighting display

Artful creators invade the hearts
Of all, cutting across region or religion
A tasteful art form
Penetrates hearts of people
Of even less learned level
Cartoonists too fall in the category
Despite their spicy displays for their
Demonstration of wit
And extended interpretation
Of a personality or an event

Art touches the hearts
Cleanses it off ill feelings
And some creations
Educate and enlighten

Real art is one, which has common appeal
And even after a snap-shot exposure to it
People fall in love with the creation

There is no hidden intension in an art
There is no vulgarity in an art
There is no belittling of some person/sect nor a faith in an art

Artistic creation
Loses its status
If found to have hurting elements
To be depicting biased versions of reality
And to have been created of bad taste
With a seemingly draw-attention intent

Despite the excellence and the social acclaim of the artist,
Creator of such arts
Does not deserve to be called an artist
But, yes
You may brand such a person a hurt(ist)

Bashyam Narayanan

As you have gone far away from nature

For us
Morning, afternoon,
Evening or night
Makes no difference
We realize the part of day
From the sun light

And we remain in the same cage
Which has been so carefully designed that
We cannot find a way out
However difficult we may try

We are tiny little creatures
True, we look cute and colourful
The nine of us in cage do not have the same colour shade
Some of us shine in multiple colours too

We fly with the help of our short wings
Within the one metre cube cage
With a closely knit thin, of late rusted, iron strings
In all directions, sides, bottom and up

Your children stand around the cage
And get excited at each small flying jump of us
And at each chirping we make

Initially, we too got excited at the kids' excitement
But, as of now, we are in pain

Will you keep your kids in a cage
And get elated at the sight of their
Crawls and cries inside

You feed us, thank you for that,
But you have missed to note
You know only some fruits
Some grains and nuts
And you give only those things
Which you eat and which you think
Are nutritious to us

You do not know we have a lot many natural things
To choose as our food
We relish eating that red cherry fruit
Of the tree just across the road in front
You are not aware of this simple thing
Your bananas and red chilies have become monotonous

Our younger ones get a better nutrition
If they are fed with that red winged insect
Which sucks nectar from jasmine
We are afraid that they would never get a chance

To have that taste

We are missing a lot of natural things
A free 20 metre fly against wind
A balanced perching on a tiny still fresh neem twig
A heartfelt search for insects in your domestic wastes
A scratch of your lawn with our tiny toes
And catch of a few winged ants

It would be a very long list of things
Which we miss because of
Your so called love for us
We know you would never understand these
Natural ways of living
As you have gone far away from nature

Bashyam Narayanan

Awaiting the bullet

Awaiting the bullet

It all happened like that
I finished my graduation
Not able to convince any of the employers
On my employability
And was roaming the streets
Of my small town

Got introduced to a boy of my age
Who said opportunities were there
For the youth
Provided they prove committed to
What the employer wants them to do

I was sure of convincing any one of
My commitment to duty
Thought it would not be a loss
To give a try
And accompanied my new friend

Things were different in deed
With the new employer
It was not like an office or factory
But had the looks of a religious congregation
A lot inputs on faith
And on the sins associated with non-adherence to faith
It went to the extent of
How to make people forcefully-follow and take up our faith

It did not matter me much
I needed money to take care of the aged parents
Which they were regular in sending
I needed no money to run the show here
As everything and every bit of my living
Was taken care by the people here
No doubt they were really kind to us
But, yes, they were harsh and unkind to
Countries countering our faith
And branding us as fanatic

Days passed on
Religious scripts recited with fervor
And I saw in me a change
Am I turning a fanatic
I had faith but believed that
Real faith evolves and does not get imposed
Once imposed faith turns out not to be
No more such thinking
My requirement is money
And that comes out from what I am presently
Good enough

We were trained in all sorts
War practices
Use of guns, use of grenade and rocket launching
Physical exercises
And war-coded communication systems
I was a soldier at the end of the six months' training
I am satisfied with my employer
As he was sending money regularly to my aged parents

I am satisfied with my own self
As some of the recruits
Could not stand the training
And had to leave in the middle

I came to know at the end of it all
That we will be deployed in spreading terror
In one of the important and commercially active cities
In the neighbouring country

We a group of four were sent off
By our employer
We reached the city
And were moving around merrily for two days
As we were guided by the communication
We were receiving from our employer over the handsets

The day for attack arrived
It all started in the evening
We were moving with warring facilities
And in a costume of a common man
No one could make out our intentions

We were told to start the attack
So far I have not hit any one fatally
The first shot of mine
Felled a police constable
From a moving train
Exciting it was as within seconds of my aiming at him
He was no more alive
It went on merrily some time
After hitting a boy probably in his teens
I became saddened
Are we doing anything wrong
A question of this sort ran through me
Any way before answering myself
I heard instructions that made me
Go ahead with the act of doing away with lives

Terror-some acts of ours continued
Killing innocent people of
All ages went on
And our sponsor encouraging us

Telling great many things about us
As we are proving warriors of a particular faith

We were running short of our
Warring facilities
And I saw one of our "warriors"
Falling dead to a bullet

Suddenly one after the other
Two other colleagues of mine
Also fall dead
With bullets piercing them
It pained me much
And I was able to feel the pain
Of those who would have lost
Their dear and near in our faith-driven war

Given a chance, I would have killed myself
But that never came
And I was caught alive
Presently kept in a cell
For interrogation

I kept changing my versions of the plot
Expecting help from my sponsor
Which seemed not coming
And I know I was disowned by own people
Leave alone my employer

I am counting days
And cursing myself
For all what all I have done in the name of faith
And I cannot show and demonstrate
The real feelings running in me
I keep posing brave
While mourning inside

I would like to be shot
And dead immediately
Awaiting the bullet

Bashyam Narayanan

Back in the original fold

Back in the original fold
Difficult, but a decision bold
I see myself in the midst of my profession old
Now, more than forty years, other skills of mine sold

Long travel it was to come to his place
I ventured this putting a brave face
Heart, but, heavy with memories in full trace
Wondering each second how to handle this chase

Landing of the air craft was perfect
I was thinking how nice or otherwise going to be this new effort
Staying away from nar and dear might be a defect
I am to assure myself that my actions will my worth reflect

Sometime it took before I could realize
Things are not that unfine I did visualize
They turn better each day as I specialize
With my requirements in the new job slice

It requires some fine-tuning of my expertise
In assaying and reporting treatise
To my satisfaction leading none to criticize
And doubt the wisdom, my paradise

I am gathering my strengths and will soon prove
That my inclusion will create a confident grove
Making every one contribute their worth and all move
In the direction of growth, doubts if any, remove

It is just a matter of three more months to pass
To feel and see the growth graph cross
New heights and scale so that we find in us a class
Achievers and performers always excellent others surpass

Bashyam Narayanan

Be ambitious

Be ambitious
But, cautiously
Keeping in view
The nature and extent
Of your strengths
And after weighing
Your weaknesses

Be ambitious of
Harnessing strengths of others
For raising a human race
For collective growth and
Harmonious co-existence
Not of developing a mass
For a mad and unquestioned following

Be ambitious
Of becoming something yourself
Not of becoming a owner
Of material significance

Be ambitious
Of evolving new values to life
Not of adding values
To things in your possession

Be ambitious
Of helping others
Realize new dimensions of existence
Not of helping them
Just to exist

Be ambitious
Of bringing more and more
Into your affectionate bond of love
Not of keeping others
Into your fold because of fear for you
Or favour from you

Be ambitious of
Knowing yourself better
Not of making others
Understand you better

Be ambitious of
Becoming a model human being
For others to emulate
Not of copying or emulating
Someone's model

Be ambitious of
Being special

Not of forcing others
To feel that you are special

Be ambitious of
Leaving a mark of yourself
On the community you belong to
Resisting the community
Stamp on you
Its symbols, myths, dogmas
And less established faiths

Simply,
Be ambitious of
Becoming a beloved
Compassionate and
Complete human being

Bashyam Narayanan

Be ever enthused to be in touch with future

Be ever enthused to be in touch with future

Future
Philosophers say
Is an illusion
For each second that is in the coming
Is uncertain
Hazy and a mirage

Past is lost
And it is spilt milk
Nothing can be done
With the past
Each previous second is as past
As the previous century

They suggest
For keeping up with the pace of time
It would be wise
Not to dream of the future
And not to lament on the past
Enjoy the present

It is easier said than done
We keep busy thinking
Either about the future
Or keep grumbling with the past
Memory and acquired experience
Will not allow us
To thoughtfully digest
Events occurring at the present

It is also not debatable
The quality of the present second
Depends on
The quality of the efforts
Made in the previous second

Where we are and
What we are
All because of our
Struggle or otherwise
In the past

Past experience and
Our present standing
Take us where we will be tomorrow

It will not be unwise
To a dream a future
Matching our skills
And the present position

We often dwell in a future
That is not achievable
With our present standing
And our capabilities

Unrealized future
Makes us feel sad

Be ever be in touch future
As the present second only
Manifests itself as a future
Know what you do
Know what you have as means
To take you into
The dreamt future

A colourful future is not an impossible realm
To be scaled
If you take seriously the means
To be there

Your present actions
Are executed only
To be sure that
You are
There in that wonder tomorrow

That dream keeps you
Motivated in going ahead
That dream keeps you
On the path of learning
That dream keeps you
Innovating new solutions
That dream keeps you
Enjoy what you do
That dream keeps you
Enthused in living
That dream keeps you
Looking for opportunities for improvement
Be in touch with dream ever
And

Be ever enthused to be in touch with future
Though philosophically non-existent
Which only helps you realize your potential

Bashyam Narayanan

Be that what you want to be

You me and every one
Are always in the path of
Becoming that which we all want to be

A word of caution
We should be not that because someone is that
Still, if it is worth
We should be that with our special touch
And with our uniqueness

But we loose the tract
In the middle
Because of obstacles that surface
And we change the picture which we originally conceived
And we keep changing this too frequently
We are not any where near to what we originally wanted to be

Obstacles are many
Leave alone external hurdles
You may yourselve lack
Certain qualities that
Are required to shape you into what you want to be
May be your selfishness
May be your dishonesty
May be your inconsiderate approach
May be your disregard to others' concern
May be your diluted determination
And many others

Instead of thinking about what we want to be
Focus on what you can be
With your knowledge base
With your acquired skills
With your approach to life and people around
With your level of ability to please others
With your potential to win others through love
And other productive internal powers of yours
Weighed against your weaknesses
Arrive at what you can really be
And redefine it as what you want to be

Work towards that
Enthusiastically
Putting yourself under no pressure
And making your all out efforts with pleasure
Minding not others' views on it
Minding not your weaknesses
Minding not others' strength
Minding not slips in between
March ahead and become
What you want to be

Even after that
Be modest by not taking the total credit for yourself
As a lot others have contributed
In your becoming that
A lot others would have taught you valuable lessons
A lot others would have helped you
Visualise your grey areas
A lot others would have wished you
Well in your efforts

Enjoy living
At the same silently making the world understand that
You are that what you wanted to be

Bashyam Narayanan

Become divine

Each tree a Poetry
In its infinite variety
Each leaf a status
In its food-making process

Each flower a wonder
In its colour, fragrance and splendour
Each fruit a history
In its sweet-storing mystery

Each grass is precious
As in soil-holding it is cautious
Each cactus a marvel
In its tact in survival

Each orchid a sample
As its blossom ever an example
Each garden a universe
As it holds all these, in diverse

Each gardener a God
As he created this universe and takes guard
So to become divine
Develop a garden and maintain

Bashyam Narayanan

Being is enlightenment, Becoming is ignorance

You are on the move
Always
On an elevator
Or a belt conveyor
That keeps moving
Steadily and at the same speed
Since the day
You landed on this earth

And this winch or conveyor
Is driven by time

No one else is on your belt
Either ahead or behind
And you are the lone
Passer by in your elevator

Each second
This mover takes you
To a new situation
Unfolding to you
Shocks or surprises
Depending on what you
Have been expecting

Practically the next step ahead
Is in dark
And every thing becomes clear
Once you step in there
Giving you a feel that
It is all-continuous
With no break
And submerging you in a false understanding
That you know every thing that is happening
That will happen and that had happened

Once you move to the next scene
The scene left behind becomes hazy
And you will not be able to
Recollect the past events exactly

But you may remember
Vividly certain scenes and events
Depending on the
Pleasure or pain
With which they impacted you

You are always on the move
And nowhere you are stagnant

You invariably keep nursing
A thought of becoming something

What you are not presently
At that point of time

And never you know
Whether you have become that
Something which you want to
Become sometime before

You keep counting
On the experiences
Of the left behind situations
And you are hopeful of
This being helpful in
Shaping you to that
Which you want to become

You keep swinging from
What you were and
What you want to become
With no time left to you
For assessing what you are

Being aware of
What you are is wakefulness
Being lost in
What you want to become is
Ignorance as
Every thing ahead is in total darkness

Being is enlightenment
Becoming is ignorance

Bashyam Narayanan

Black Day For Some

Came out of my room
Reached the sun bathing balcony
To derive benefits of solar warmth
That Saturday winter morning
While warming up
I happened to notice that black flag in shining satin
Fluttering with the cool breeze
Reminding me of the news
I just heard from TV
Someone down there is probably condemning
The act of the Government, more than mourning
A youth was hanged after his wife's mercy petition
Against his capital punishment got rejected
By the President
The back ground is too well known
Eleven years back in December
There was an attack by armed men on the Parliament,
Where elected representatives of this great democracy
Were attending the winter session
Killing a number of security personnel
Investigations led to the fact that
The person, who was hanged today, was behind
The attack and he only masterminded the attack
The nation wanted him to be punished as it saw
In this a design to destroy the very democratic process of the country
Almost all Indians welcome this decision
As it serves as a threat to those
Who nurse evil designs against the country
With a bold decision executed
It is a bright day for many Indians while
The black flag down there, of course, tells me that
It is a
Black day for some

Bashyam Narayanan

Buried in The Past

Being
Buried in the past
And
Being devoured
By the sand grains of time
Is
Preferable to
Being
On the surface of the present
Breathelessly suffocating and
Painfully suffering
With the
Realities of today

Bashyam Narayanan

But to Wish the Butterfly and Its Flower, a Happy Bright Future

She was moving around like a butterfly
Our home plenty of joy always in supply
Gracious her looks and no creams did she apply
All natural, we thought it's all a permanent ply

Her presence gave us all warmth and love
Our worries disappearing at the very sight of this dove
Never once she failed to get us that oil of clove
To help us all the teething problems solve

Her voice so sweet, save we have sugar
Her manners so gentle, save we have feather
Her touch so soothing, save we have softened leather
Her mood so enthusing, we were all in liquor

From where came the world wide connection
It connected the universe but our home in dissection
She got trapped in the web of ether borne words of affection
We had no clue of happenings through computer projection

She fell in love with a guy at last
Who took away her heart and she lost
All the reasoning and wisdom blown in blast
She surrendered to her love, which she says, is vast

We did not know her whereabouts for days fourteen
None of her friends told us and came out clean
To make us know what happened in between
At the end found out, after a search on web-site screen

She said she is now happily married and threaded
To a guy whom she came across in a studded
Website, and she claimed he is a great guy, and added
No one to be saddened as to no vice he is wedded

We cannot say a word at this juncture
As the butterfly flew off from us, striving to nurture
To a flower, of course with nectar, but of unknown nature
But to wish the butterfly and its flower, a happy bright future

Bashyam Narayanan

Change has come indeed, but it is becoming increasingly difficult

The changes we were looking for
Have indeed come

But with a bigger bang
And bitter challenges like
Economy
Education
Healthcare
Housing and what not

Any amount of helping
The industries and others
Seems to be not capable of
Fetching the results
We would like to see

There is no point
Looking for changes outside
Now we need to change within

Oh, fellow countrymen
We need to come together
Share the resources
And that is only way
To combat the challenges
Already existing and
In the making

If you love your country
And if you want that back
On the original track of
Growth, Development and Opportunities
Try to understand this
And put the same into practice

If you visualise your nation
As a mansion
Its strength depends on the
Quality of the bricks
You used in building the same

The bricks of a nation
Are nothing but the families
It is holding

Family is a small organisational system
Comprising blood related individuals
And the quality of the family
Is the bonding between members of the family
And their quality and value systems
If you want to do any good to the country
You need to improve the bonding

Within your family and
The quality of family members

Any attempt in this direction
Will bring all members
Of your family together
And this will make
You understand the strengths
And weaknesses of
Every one of you
Your determination to be
Together will make you
Share the resources
Which will make you
Understand your
New strengths and hidden potentials

Your being together bonded
Is of a great help to the nation
As your resources' consumption
Will drastically come down
You will not be needing
That many houses
As your house-occupancy
Will be far far better
Your energy bills
Will be only a portion
Of your present bills
You may not be needing
That many cars

I know, it will be difficult
To get into this mode of thinking
As all these years
You have been free
And enjoying privacy

This suggestion will
Definitely rob you off some of the
Freedom and privacy

But when your very
Survival and existence
Is under threat
I am sure you will not mind
Compromising

And again you will understand
That freedom does not mean carefree
Real freedom means 'carefully free'
Privacy is more like give and take
If you do not damage other's privacy

Your privacy is assured

Give a chance to your family bond
Face the challenges effectively
And help your nation succeed

Bashyam Narayanan

Christ - The painstaker

Christ, the painstaker
On this day of Xmas
Let us recall with love and reverence
the Christ, the painstaker

His message simple, clear and loud
Love thy fellow men and reach out to help
You will ever be remembered
the Christ, the painstaker

Born in the darkness of midnight
He enlightened us with the brilliance of
Awareness on human love and compassion
the Christ, the painstaker

Earned the name good shepherd
Demonstrating again kindness to
Even the innocent, much innocent
That they know not even who the caretaker is
the Christ, the painstaker

He preached us many things
But practised many more
All pointing out to one important
How to turn simple from being wise
the Christ, the painstaker

He showed that to become powerful
You do not require to have power
But all you need is love
the Christ, the painstaker

It is time we stopped moving away and away
From our own people in the name of growth
Let this Xmas make us more loving and loveable
the Christ, the painstaker

Bashyam Narayanan

Come again another day

We plan
Act, but not always adequately
So we run short
Of what we planned
We say
Come again another day
We will accomplish
What we have in our mind

Comes that day
We act, not adequately again
We console ourselves
Come again another day

Days pass by
Turn into weeks
Months and years
We keep telling
Come again another day
We never get that another day

Entire lifetime
We spend in search of
That another day

All of us know
Which day is that day
And which day has no
Another day
No one knows
How far or near that day is

So
Plan, strictly adhere to the plan
Accomplish your tasks
Then and there
Even if they fall short of perfection
Before landing on that day
When you cannot any longer be telling
Come again another day

Bashyam Narayanan

Come again sometime to enlighten this soul groping in unawareness

Will there be another time
I will be coming across or meeting you
A question that comes to my mind
Always when I cross a person
Of unique characteristics

The person could be a male or female
Young or old
In school uniform
Or in a casual, but tastefully-select attire
Even a beggar lying on roadside platform
Under a tree looking at a distant dream
A kid sitting in a car
Insisting parents to buy something
From a street vendor
An aged fruit seller
Impressing buyers on the taste of
Fruits of his basket
And so on and so many

May be that person's trait
The way he or she looks
The way the person talks
The scent left behind
The careless freelancing ways
A striking beauty
And so many other things
That would have drawn me to them

May be this is the last ever time
I came across them

Whatever it is
I experienced an impact
Because of their presence around
And there arose a desire in me
To be near them or they be around me

Most of them I have no clue
As to what they are
Where they hail from
Where do they go and
For what purpose

Definite it is
I got impressed by some of their
My-attention-drawn qualities
And I would like to
Imitate them if given a chance

Each one had something to convey
And I was not able decipher the message

I see in them teachers
Indirectly and silently
Conveying great many things
Which my limited wisdom
Does not understand

That is why
I feel
Will there be another time
I will be coming across or meeting you

Come again sometime to enlighten
This soul groping in unawareness

Bashyam Narayanan

Confession of a rapist

We regret
Deeply regret
Our actions
It is we,
Whom you term rapists
We believe that
The whole woman folk
In the world or even elsewhere
Have to accommodate our
Masculinity
Irrespective of its impact on them
This thought
We have not acquired
It is in our genes
We have no control
On what we do
We are driven into
A climax seeking act
At the sight of a female
Regardless of age, class or colour
Our genes command
And we follow
We do anything
We lure, have kind words and express love
Somehow we manage to get
What we want
You may not believe
After each such act
We cry within
But this cry stays for a short while
And the monster in us wakes up soon
We are not justifying our
Heinous acts
We just say that this happens in us
Remember this too
In all men there is a rapist
But most of them keep him under check
We are not able to do that
That is the difference
Punish us
For acts
But not with capital punishment
We want to get rid of the rapist in us
Before we die and depart
Put us in jail
Till we die
And during the term
It is likely we get rid of this rapist's desire
And take a rebirth
With no sex-abuse intensions
Hang a terrorist as he never regrets
Hang on to a rapist as he regrets

Bashyam Narayanan

Console This Eighty Five Year Old Widower

How come you look the same beauty any time I see
As I saw you first time
How come you give the same pleasant association any time I have
As I had with you first time
How come your smiles get me charmed any time I witness
As I did the first time you smiled at me first time
How come you give the same comfort any time I was in stress
As you did first time
How come you blossom the same exciting way any time I embrace
As you did when I embraced first time
How come it pains me the same way any time whenever we are to part
As it pained me the first time when you left for home
How come you expect me to keep alive
As you just died and departed for heaven
How come I do not see any one who can
Console this eighty five year old widower

Bashyam Narayanan

Corrosive Communications

Corrosive communications
Corrosion is a cause for failure of
Metal structures and utensils
This, slow, but steady, chemical process
Eats away in small instalments
And has the potential to devour even
Heavily built, once-thought-to-be very strong,
Supportive columns and pillars
Society is such a thoughtfully developed
Infrastructure, with an innumerable
Components, diversified in thoughts and
Ways of living
One seed of corrosion is strong enough
To divide this social structure
Into groups of similar components and
And destroy the entire co-existence
We frequently see such communications
From people, who matter
Triggering someone else to counter with a
Still dangerous corrosive verbal expression
If this practice continues and / or is allowed to continue
The day is not far
When the entire fabric of society collapses
Leaving behind a number of warring groups
Harmonious co-existence
The very essence of civilized living
Becomes a phrase only with no iota of reality
No need to emphasize that
Violence-promoting talks come to an end soon
The Government, though has the power,
Hesitates to act
Fearing a backfire,
As no one is sure how many are there
In the society, who endorse such communications
Apparently silent majority may turn vociferous and violent
Leading to total turmoil and to an uncontrollable
Law and order issue
Government's acting, notwithstanding,
The onus is on individuals, who command respect from
And who have a following
To refrain from such communications so that
The society is allowed to enjoy its
Peaceful, harmonious and progressive co-existence
They should also know how to ignore,
If persons on the other side come out
With violent outbursts and tell them that
Silence is stronger than aggressive expressions

Bashyam Narayanan

Cricket World Bows Before Sachin, India Bows Before Bangladesh

The much awaited century
Of this century fructified at last
When Sachin flicked a ball
On the leg side
And ran, nay walked, his
Hundredth run again Bangladesh for the first time
The celebration knew no bounds
The President and the Prime Minister of India
Are among those who joined
The cricket world to congratulate
Sachin on this feat
But, as an Indian
I felt it was a let down
For Team India
As it suffered a defeat
At the hands of an opponent
Who are a reasonably new entry
Into International Cricket
Many would get angry with me
When I say
That Sachin's hundredth hundred was
Only responsible for this defeat
He might have played well
But, definite he played very slow
Probably, keeping in mind
The much talked about century of his
It was not an one dayer he played
He was inching and inching towards his century
He, definitely, performed a feat
But paved way, in the process a defeat
True, cricketing world has reasons
To applaude him
But, Team India has stronger reasons
To fault him
Sachin blasted, really? , his century
And Bangladesh blasted India
It was Sachin's gain
It was Team India's pain

Bashyam Narayanan

Cries of a Politician

She is innocent
People with intentions decent
Know this instant
As she is magnificent

Communal fire
Ignoble desire
Laden rich atmosphere
Created this scene entire

It was all a plot against simplicity
A war against integrity
A mud slinging on sincerity
And a caste biased atrocity

She, a model of aged old tradition
Stayed away from audition
To media exposition
She cannot be of this edition

Her soft corner for poor
Made her brush aside power
That came in her favour
Feared power could put her under cover

She has a taste for language
Loves it as an emotional massage
Coined lyrics of noble message
Alas she is on mission salvage

Sure I am justice will prevail
She will be off the trial
Proven not guilty with smile
To the pleasure of a crowd waiting for a long while

Bashyam Narayanan

Curious Delivery Indeed

Average duration of
Human pregnancy is 273 days
We heard of a delivery
Just a day's back
And delivery took place
After 255 days
Though seemingly premature
It was not at all
But a perfect delivery
As expected
All safe and fine
Normally a child has one mother only
But a lot of mothers delivered this
And it was delivered not at home,
Hospital, operation theatre,
Why it was not delivered on earth
It was delivered at a place
Which can be reached
Only after 255 days of travel
And at times speeding at
Twenty thousand kilometers per hour
No doctor, nurse why for that matter
No one attended the delivery
All were remotely controlled
Yet the delivery was safe
The child landed smooth
Descending gently
On the land
And believe the child is already
On the move
Taking photographs
Collecting samples
Doing anything which its mothers
Ask it to do remotely controlling
Its each movement
Let us congratulate the mothers
Who conceived the child
And let us complement them
For safely delivering it
Let us wish they conceive similar children
And deliver them at farther destinations
Let us pray that the child
Named curiosity
Stay there healthily and longer
And keep performing assigned tasks
On the surface of mars, the planet
Curious delivery indeed

Bashyam Narayanan

Cute Little Cuvette

I am holding in my hand
A very clean glass piece
Which formed, even just seconds before
A part of you, the cuvette
About two inches tall
And one centimeter square glass trough
Of yours
Held all these days
Solutions of different colours
These colour intensities
Revealing us
The concentrations of
Chemical parameters we were analysing for
Thousands of colours
You would have measured
Without any murmur
Doing the same thing
Over and over again
You held nothing but colours
Blue, green, orange, red
Yellow, dispersed white
Something or the other but with colour
All in different intense
All in different shades
Acidic solution
Alkaline solution
Neutral, you did never complain
You did your job of
Helping us know
The intensity of colour
We did not care to know
How you enjoyed this assignment
We took it all granted for you
Not even once
We would have thanked you
As some of your findings provided by you
Helped us solve a range of issues
Helped us earn revenue
I talk about you today
As we lost you
Because of thoughtless act of mine
Which made you fall a height of a metre
On the laboratory floor
And you shattered
Into pieces
Including the one I am holding in hand

Bashyam Narayanan

Dawn of the New Year 2009

Dear all

Let the dawn of
New Year 2009
Shower on you
A better revealing light
Comprising
More and beyond the
Traditional seven colours
And let it provide you
An awakening and
Enlightenment into
A wider knowledge base,
A positively oriented attitude and
A set of new productive skills
Helping you
Perform excellently,
Effortlessly and
Enthusiastically for
Common good
Bringing
Happiness and Prosperity
To you and
To every one around
Ensuring
Peaceful co-existence
For
Years,
Decades and
Centuries ahead.

Bashyam Narayanan

Dear all poem lovers

Dear all

Thanks a lot to you for having chosen to read this. I know very well that as a poem lover, you will be a nature lover too. You will also appreciate that all of us need to turn environment-friendly for sustenance and continuance of our very existence.

This is not a poem or poetic impression, but a request to you to contribute your bit on the occasion of World Environment Day, which falls on 5th June 2010 (for that matter each year) .

This year let us observe, rather not celebrate, World Environment Day.

Let us resolve to restrict the use of all natural non-renewable resources, especially the fuel resource.

As a sequel to this resolution, let us undertake a walk for at least 15 minutes anytime between 8.00 am and 10.00 am on 5th June 2010, a Saturday. We will walk with a pinned up message as shown below

WALK
YOUR
WAY
TODAY
WORLD
ENVIRONMENT
DAY

on an A4 size paper on your front and back in your streets or roads demonstrating your concern for environment. You need not be in groups and there need not be any slogans, just a silent walk. I would even suggest that this be done when you leave home for market, for leaving children in school, for ATM, for that matter any walk with a defined destination and a planned purpose.

You demonstrate this to show that you will not miss opportunities to walk walkable distances and to cut short the consumption of oil resources. The other purpose you serve by the display is that you are reminding others also of the importance of World Environment Day.

You may enlarge your commitment, if possible, by not using your petrol or diesel driven vehicles during 8.00 am to 10.00 am on that day.

This is posted well in advance so that, if convinced with the idea, you may like to propagate the same, and bring in a lot of people in this silent way of observing World Environment.

Thanks.

Bashyam Narayanan

Dear Colleagues

I was not knowing even a month back
I am going to lead a group of youngsters
I find no words to express as to
How much I feel great in your midst
In the path of progress and prosperity
People of your age, I choose to call kids
As I call my children, who are of your age, kids
You are kids, because you can be naughty
You are kids, because you can be playful
You are kids, because you can be innocent
You are kids, but remember, you cannot be kids ever
This is the time for transformation
You learn to learn
You learn to earn
Let not your wages just get credited to your account
Let you earn your wages
With death and departure not far off
I wonder often as to what to dream about
But with your youth in tact
And with your dreams in pack
You should move ahead in the right path
Reach right destination in life
Never lose sight of the goal
Personal or professional
Let your goals be grand and let your chase be noble
Reach such heights of excellence
Which others have not even thought of
On this back drop and with you all together with me
I think that nothing is unachievable
Let us collectively do wonders
Let us collectively show the world what youth can do
Let us collectively demonstrate what exactly a team work
Let us collectively show how to be a client's delight
Let us collectively show what customer orientation is
Let us collectively demonstrate what would be a quality testing
Let us collectively prove we are special
Let us collectively affirm we are world class

Bashyam Narayanan

Death occurs, it does not exist

Death, as we all know
Marks the termination
Of a life process

It is the climax of a
Natural process
Where a life system takes birth
Grows, matures
And meets end

It only occurs
And has no existence as such

We fear death
As we know we are going to die one day
We fear most
The aftermath of our departure
Than what really is going to happen to us after death

Death takes not even a split of a second
To fructify
But we ponder over that
And its impact
Much much longer

We just need to know
That we cannot escape this ultimate end
And enjoy living as much as we can
In a fair and socially acceptable manner
Without troubling others around

Factually, living itself
Is indeed a preparation for death only
Because you are going to die the way you lived

A matured, well balanced living
Leads to a similar departure
A chasing, hurried living
Leads to a unplanned demise
Leaving behind others to chase and hurry
An ever complaining ways of living
Leads to a death
After which the near and dear ones
Have a lot to complain
A compassionate and considerate living
Leads to a death
Making others be the same with every one
Death is peaceful only
Health conditions may at times
Someone be hospitalised for long
And someone incapacitated
And some others becoming a real burden

All these have nothing to do with dying peacefully
As long the person to die
Remains in peace and comfort
No need to get reminded
That we die each time we breathe out
As we are not sure
Whether or not we are going to
Breathe in immediately after that

Let us live
Strengthening ourselves
With the understanding
That death does not exist
But, it is going to occur
Only once, somewhere, somehow, sometime

Bashyam Narayanan

Develop in you a weakness for music

Music has no language
All of us know

But, you also note,
It has a huge heart

With its heaviest-duty heart
That has a very huge pumping capacity
Music keeps circulating
The blood of love
To the entire humanity

All of us, human being
Are nurtured, nourished
And many a time enriched
By the positive emotional
Nutrients of this
Colourless, groupless
Blood of love
Flowing from the
Boundaryless
Huge heart of Music

Search in you
The taste for music
And pave way for music
To fill you with
The highly precious
Richly rewarding
And ever enthusing
Bliss and emotional balance

Just give music a chance
You do not require to learn it
You just know how to lean on it
Especially, when you need
An emotional support
Discover those modulations
That are soothing to you
And keep yourself repeatedly exposed

Develop in you a weakness
For music and
Discover in you
A new emotional strength

Bashyam Narayanan

Dharma and Rules

Rules are evolved
For a common good and a
Social cause for
Harmonious, meaningful
And a collectively progressive living
Of a state or country

Rules and Laws get enacted
By representatives of the elected people
In a democracy
Non adherence to Rules
Is also punishable
Rules implementing agencies
Ensure that these rules are followed
And book those who violate

Dharma, however, is a self evolved
Values to life
And ways of living
This is based on an individual's experiences
And normally an evolved individual has
A set of Dos and Don'ts
No one else except that individual knows
The extent of adherence or otherwise
Non adherence of self evolved values
Is not punishable
And normally expected to have
No impact on society
Unless otherwise the value driven
Actions are broad-based
And are meant to impact a society

Values are attached to practices
Evolved in the thought processes entertained
By an individual
Thus Dharma or values
Are thought driven
Thoughts, in turn, are based on
Emotion, experience and intelligence
Values, policies are as simple as
The very thoughts themselves

Thoughts are often worldly
And they use a scale
To measure a performance, success
And similar others
As applicable at that point of time
Thoughts are time-bound
And thus have the potential
To keep changing with time
And experiences, emotions, levels of intelligence

Krishna tells Arjuna
"Drop these thoughts
Those direct you to attach values
Instead divert them on to me
And me alone
The one as you are given to know as the supreme
And you know my multi-faceted quality
Nurse a desire to take in me your final refuge"

He continues
"I will relieve you of all the impacts
Of these unmindful and worthless attachments
So that you mentally ever stay in my
Energizing presence
And in perfect bliss
You need to have no doubts
On this ability of mine
And there will be no occasion
When you have to worry"

Bashyam Narayanan

Did that soul reach you, God

Did that soul reach you, God

It was a soul occupying a human form
Which had all good qualities of a
Good human being
That human form chose not to
Get itself involved in the usually
Worldly living practices
By keeping itself off from the family web
And thus with no real need to make a living
But to live and be totally devoted
That human form was always in your praise
Devoting most of its time
In talking about you
In reading about you
And doing only such things
Related to you and your devotees
It was a human form
Which attempted in all possible ways
To make its audience
Feel the divine's presence
And to enhance faith
In a long-standing spiritual tradition
It spent days and nights
In deciphering the scripts
And interpreting them
For the use of even less inclined group
There could be occasions
When this human form would have
Stirred feelings of some
With displeasing messages
But people know that
Such expressions are only
Unmasked intensions
But its care and affection
Are sincere and its well wishing
Would you take any far
It takes pride in its known people
Growing well
And marking scales in the society
The soul from such a human form
Departed a week back
All we heard from this human being
Is that
When the soul leaves a body
Which has been real devotee
Is well received by the angels in the heaven
Dressed well and decorated by them
Matching the looks of other heaven dwellers
All look alike including
The heavenly god form
And just reached soul after these face lifts

Is presented before God
Did that soul reach you
Did that soul reach you, God

Bashyam Narayanan

Discover your divine root

Discover your divine root

We make certain claims
Based on the fact we are sons of soil
But really speaking
We are on the earth through the soil
And not in fact from it
We have our root
Up there in heavens
And it is all divine
Our belief that we are from the soil
And our root is stuck there
Makes us put in efforts to
Accumulate, assess, account
Ascertain earthly things
We take pride with things we possess
We justify our move in that direction
As we consider these things add to comfort
And that these only form the scales
For others to decide the level of our success
But, instead of giving us the comfort we foresaw
They add to our worries, anxieties and what not
They even steal the peace we had earlier without their being there
They threaten our harmonious co-existence
With people and things around
We spend time and energy in keeping them under our hold
If your turn your interest on to the discovery
Of your divine root
You have a chance to stay balanced ever
Not that this effort towards discerning your divine root
Is going to hold you back from worldly things
You still be accumulating earthly things
They will flow into your life
You will also enjoy the comforts they offer
But, since you maintain a touch with divine
Your attachment to these will be loose
Your will not mind their presence or absence
And enjoy a well balanced mind set
With all your abilities to perform worldly acts in tact
Stay in touch with your divine root
And have a great living ever

Bashyam Narayanan

Diwali, let us make it a celebration for have not's as well

Diwali whose original name is
Deepavali
Meaning row of lamps
Is the main festival of the
Indian Subcontinent

Its puranic reference is that
This day Rama goes back to his Kingdom
After 14 years of forest living
And thus marks the beginning
Of a just and fair ruling by a King

While many other festivals
Are celebrated collectively on a community basis
Diwali is celebrated personally
And by each family in its own traditional ways
As in other festivities
Sharing of sweets and other edibles
With neighbourhood and family friends
Is also there
But the celebration is totally personal
And you decide your extent of celebration

Buy new clothes
Buy new ornaments
Buy new utensils
Buy crackers
Buy sweets
Celebrate Diwali

There is of course a need
To think about those
For whom all the above are luxuries
And people celebrating Diwali
Provide for those
Who cannot afford a celebration of this sort

A visit to orphanage
A visit to old agers home
And a small gifts to inmates
Can go a long way
In giving a special meaning
To these celebrations

Let us do something
And make Diwali
A celebration for
Have not's as well

Bashyam Narayanan

Do any of you know

A man and a woman
Came to my place one evening
I was playing with my dad
In the lawn in front of my home

These people got down
From the car
And my dad helped them
Unload a number of luggages

They approached me and
I was able to recollect
I have seen them somewhere
But quite long back

Not an issue
They were all kind to me
And they missed not an opportunity
To hug me and hold me on their shoulders
They did a lot to my mom
Especially while she was feeding me
As I was fussy about eating
They were with us for long

I started enjoying their company
And there were a number of evenings
When my mom and dad
Would silently disappear
Leaving me under the care of these visitors

I developed intimacy with them
They, for that matter, enjoyed
Taking care of me
I used to even feel that
These guys are better than my parents

These elderly people
Never scolded me nor threatened me

It looked to me they love me
The same way my parents do
Gone a number of days like that
I am in comfort
With all the love, care and attention
Of my mom, dad and these people
Despite repeated training
And insistence from my parents
I was not able to call these people
Grandma and Granpa
These people accompanied
me and my parents
Wherever we went in my dad's car

One fine day
There was a lot of discussions
Between all the elders at home
And there were preparations
As if some people are going somewhere

We all boarded the car
With huge luggages
And my dad was driving
We reached a place
These luggages were unloaded
I was put in a stroller
And the elderly woman
Left the scene pushing me in my stroller
And the other visitor
Came along

A number of things happened

I just then noticed
None of my parents
Went with us

It is now a week's time
I have not seen my dad or mom
But I hear them talking to me
Over the phone or the computer

It is sure I am not going to see them
For quite some days to come

Why worrying or crying
Over the absence of my parents
I am now settling with these visitors
Who took me away from my parents
But for what purpose
I do not know yet

Why me to be separated
From my mom and dad

Do any of you know

helping my mom
Bashyam Narayanan

Do not be serious, be sincere

Don't have career or academic goals.

Set goals to give you a balanced, successful life.

I use the world balanced before successful.

Balanced means ensuring your health, relationships, mental peace are all in good order.

There is no point in getting a promotion on the day of your breakup.

There is no fun in driving a car if your back hurts. Shopping is not enjoyable, if your mind is full of tension.

Life is one of those races in nursery school, where you have to run with marble in a spoon kept in your mouth.

If the marble falls, there is no point coming first.

Same is with life, where health and relationships are the marble.

Your striving is only worth it, if there is harmony in your life.

Else, you may achieve the success, but this spark, this feeling of being excited and alive, will start to die.

One thing about nurturing the spark – don't take life seriously.

Life is not meant to be taken seriously, as we are really temporary here.

We are like a pre-paid card with limited validity.

If we are lucky, we may last another 50 years. And 50 years is just 2500 weekends.

Do we really need to get so worked up?

It's OK, bunk a few classes, scoring low in couple of papers, goof up a few interviews, take leave from work, enjoy with your friends, fall in love, little fights with your loved ones.

We are people, not programmed devices.

Don't be serious, be sincere.

Bashyam Narayanan

Do not feel you are special, let others feel so

It is natural that
Each one of us is
Special and unique
In his or her own way
Problem it becomes
When we feel strongly about it
And when no others
Come up and tell
You are special

We all do things
But will not do things
The same way others do
We have our own way
And style of doing that
Others gauge our performance
Based on the quality of the outcome
Punctuality, consistency
And very importantly
Our attitude to what we do
All of us differ in all these aspects
And in that we stay special and unique

It is but human nature
To expect others to
Recognize what is done
And come out with a word of appreciation,
Which is a sort of motivation
But others are not that generous
To tell great things about what you have done
Often they are quick to find out
The lapses in your performances
This is where, all of us get stuck
And feel bad about it

You have the right to feel
You are special and unique
But do not expect others
To feel that
You can, however, make them feel so
And recognize your great things
By the quality of performance and
Your attitude towards it

Do not feel special about you
Let others do so
By your excellence

Bashyam Narayanan

Do not just long for a change, know how to accept it

Nothing is permanent
Except the change
Change is a necessary phenomenon
In an active system
Changelessness is deadly

Change is continuous
Steady and driven by a cause
Nature and extent of change
Depend on
Nature and extent of cause

We all look for
And indeed long for a change
And we have specifications
Many a time
The occurring change is
Not the change we were
Looking or longing for
We turn excited or sad
Because of the change

Many a time we are
Unprepared for the change
Though we were longing for it
Often we find it difficult
To accommodate and
Accept the change

Nothing wrong
Longing for a change
But desiring itself not enough
We need to create such
Causes that will lead
To the change we look for
Many a time these causes
Are not totally under our control
So, it is well-advised
To be prepared for the
Deviations from your specifications
Then you will find yourself
In a position to accept
The change whole-heartedly

Long for a change,
Plan actions accordingly,
Execute and wait
Change has to come
But, again be prepared
To accept the change
Despite its falling short
Or exceeding your

Specifications

Bashyam Narayanan

Dormant Rapist - Revelations of An Eighty Year Old

At eighty and above
I am in married life
For more than fifty years now
My wife still alive and active
We have children
All of them above forty five
We have six grandchildren
The youngest one is
A twenty five yer old grand daughter
Through our son
After a gap of about ten or more years
I was to fly
From my town in South to
The national capital
I preferred a seat om the front row
As I needed some more leg space
Than what others do, which was granted too
My position was very close to the entrance
And close to where air hostesses sit
Announce, serve, attend and what not
Air hostesses of these days
Were normally in sarees
And attempting to showcase
How an Indian woman looks
The difference is quite visible in the sense
That today's air hostesses are young
They wear tight mini skirts
And on top they wear tight shirts
Which show up the usually
Less revealed curves, shapes and clefts
The tight mini skirts hold on to their hips
Leaving to me, if not to any other male passenger,
To guess the anatomy inside
The transparent, though black, stockings too
Expose their legs' shapes and thigh muscles
My attempts to take off my eyes away from them failed
Especially, when they get seated,
Exposing vicinity of their privacy
We are talking these days lot about punishing rapists
With these exposures in the front
I saw in me a dormant rapist
And how shall I get punished for
Inadvertently getting to know their interiors
Without their consent

Bashyam Narayanan

Dream - Refugee-free Civil Society

Refugee is some one who was
REFUsed the right to reside further
In the land to which he belongs
Got Evicted and guardedly placed
Elsewhere

When a new system of governance
Comes in replacing an existing one
This issue arises

War and one of its attendant social issues
Is managing refugees

A civilized society
Cannot claim it to be so
If it has in its midst
A number of refugees
And an exclusive camp where refugees stay

It is scar on the entire human race
Which, at present, is the highly civilized
And is always on the path of development
With so many facilities
Adding up each second that passes

The condition of a refugee
Is far beyond the description
Of being pathetic

They do not have a place to stay
Leave alone the house
And the homely environment

Some of them had a great living
Before getting evicted
Leaving back in their home land
Properties much beyond the reach of many
In the land where they are "settled"
For no fault of theirs
But simply because of the
Clash of two warring segments
Who constitute only a miniscule
Of the entire people in trouble

No future in sight
No present in hand
Only a painful past
Haunting them all through

It is hard to believe
That some camps run for decades

Do they not deserve
The normal living others
Both in their ex-land and in their entry-land
Are enjoying

It is a shame
On the organized living
And no development means any thing
To the human race
As long we have a refugee
In our midst

They need emotional, economical
And the other social support
If you really feel
They are also human beings

It is a wonder
That in natural systems
There is no living thing
Which suffers this refugee stamp

Will there be a day
When we will have a refugee-free
Civil Society

Bashyam Narayanan

Earn Happiness, Get tuned to the fact 'This too shall pass'

This too shall pass
Is the famous adage
And is inscribed on a golden finger ring
Which, when worn
Changes the mood of the person
He/she turns sad, if happy before wearing
He/she turns joyful, if in sorrow before wearing

The requirement is that
The wearer should read the inscription

Message is simple
And telling great many things
It says
Things are changing and always
Are in a passing mode to another phase

Examine your life
It should be having
Enough number of samples
Depicting this message

Your entire life has been
Only a passing of events
The day you were born
Was celebrated and it passed
You were a kid and brought
Happiness and joy to your elders
And those days to passed
Milestones in your life
Whether celebrated, suffered, or mourned
All passed

Events which were pleasant at the time of its occurrence
Turned otherwise with the change in time
And similarly sad events
Had reasons for your joy later

Do not get stuck to an emotional impact
Of an occurrence
As the same event
Will make you feel totally otherwise
As time passes

Check your emotions
Do not overindulge any emotion
Understand that
Over a period of time
Things shape up

Nurse in you a positive approach
And train your intelligence to be confident

That things occurred are for good only
If they are otherwise
They are bound to turn in your favour later

Earn happiness
By this great schooling that teaches you that
This too shall pass

Bashyam Narayanan

Easy and Difficult

Easy and Difficult

Easy to get a place in someone's address book
Difficult is to get a place in someone's heart
Easy is to judge the mistakes of others
Difficult is to recognize our own mistakes
Easy is to talk without thinking
Difficult is to control the tongue
Easy is to hurt someone who loves us
Difficult is to heal the wound
Easy is to forgive others
Difficult is to ask for forgiveness
Easy is to set rules
Difficult is to follow them
Easy is to dream every night
Difficult is to fight for a dream
Easy is to show victory
Difficult is to accommodate defeat with dignity
Easy is to admire a full moon
Difficult is to see the other side
Easy is to stumble on a stone
Difficult is to get up
Easy is to enjoy life every day
Difficult is to give its real value
Easy is to pray every night
Difficult is to find God in small things
Easy is to promise something to someone
Difficult is to fulfill the promise
Easy is to say we love
Difficult is to show it every day
Easy is to criticize others
Difficult is to improve oneself
Easy is to make mistakes
Difficult is to learn from them
Easy is to weep for lost love
Difficult is to take care of it so as not to lose it
Easy is to think about improving
Difficult is to stop thinking and putting it into action
Easy is to think bad of others
Difficult is to give them the benefit of doubt
Easy is to receive
Difficult is to give

Bashyam Narayanan

Enjoy this inevitable run of life

Life is just a run
Not a race
As in a race
We compete with others
And the quicker we run
We reach the destination
Ahead of others
And get declared a winner

Life is just a ran
Not a race
As in life
We have only one track
Drawn exclusively for us
And we only and alone run it
No one else is running this track
And nothing like
Winning or losing
It is only living

Life is just a run
Not a race
We reach our destination
With a speed
That is determined by our skills
And with an ease
That is determined by our attitude
While speed is no matter
As we do not compete with others
Ease varies with our attitudes

Life is just a run
Not a race
As the track you run is
Exclusively laid for you
And know, you run it alone
Till you reach the dead end
There is no victory stand
There is no spectator
There is no medal
There is no honour
You are the spectator
You honour yourself
You clap and celebrate your victory
All alone and in silence

Life is just a run
Not a race
More than anything else
With how much you ease
You ran it
Will be remembered

So finetune your attitude
To life, people around
And the environment you are in
To enjoy this inevitable run of life

Bashyam Narayanan

Enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate each moment

Each moment is fleeting
No moment stays on
Irrespective of your having
Enjoyed it or otherwise
Been in comfort with it or otherwise or
Celebrated it or otherwise
Each moment is fleeting

It is your normal desire
To hold on to each moment
And to consciously enjoy it
Allowing the next moment to come in
At your will

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Non-emotionally acting upon
Issues of the moment
With your best of skills so that
You are out of the issues effectively
And relieved of the same once and for all

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Helping others in your possible ways
So that they can help themselves
And by sharing your resources
To the possible extent with those less resourceful
So that they can build up their own resources
And become self-reliant

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Involving yourselves in activities
That will create and pave way
For newer strengths in you
To broaden your resource-base
So that you will await new challenges of time
With a better vigour and wider knowledge

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate
Each moment of yours by
Being creative, innovative and by
Exploring your inner potential
In artful and soul soothing initiatives
So that you are always alive
To the demands of the situation
This will help you relieved of
The reminiscences of the painful past
And the dreams of the non-existent future

You will enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate

Each moment of yours by
Seeking divine guidance and assistance
In taking positive decisions
When being confronted with
So far unknown challenges

Enjoy, be comfortable and celebrate each moment
Which is just fleeting and will soon not be yours

Bashyam Narayanan

Experiment with truth, now with instrument

Experiment with truth,
Now with instrument
A TV programme is
Presently being aired
Where telling truths
Will help a person
Win rupees to the tune of a crore

Truth is here defined
As telling what is there
In the thought

Truth is sharing your thought,
Which most of us
Will not like to do
As many of us
Nurse bad, wild and ugly thoughts

This programme
With the award it projects
Induces people to come out
With what they thought, think and will think
At a specific a past, present and
Probable possible future event
An instrument, they call it polygraph
Detects whether what is said is true or otherwise
As it is capable of
Recording changes in
Blood pressure,
Pulse rate,
Electrocardiogram
And similar other
Changes in circulatory and nervous systems
That occur
When a person misrepresents
His thought

This programme is held
In the presence of persons
Involved in the participant's life

All look fine till the time
When the truth shared by the person
Revolves around him/her and
Does not surface the actual thought process
With regard to the relationships
With others,
And especially those who are on the stage
And witnessing the event

Though the participant can
Have the satisfaction of

Having shared his/her thoughts
People in his/her life
Are coming to know
Who actually the participant is
And this understanding
Has the potential to break relationships
Beyond repair

While truth pays
It lays foundation
For hatred

Experimenting the truth
Within is spiritual and
Experimenting the truth
Without is commercial

Truth triumphs
If a clear cut battle line is drawn
Between truly true
And truly otherwise people

Truth never changes
But in this instrumental experimentation
With thoughts forming the base
So called truths change
As thoughts change with
Changing environ and experience

So branding some of the
Declarations of the participants
As True or otherwise
Is unacceptable to those
Who believe in truth

Truth wins wealth
In this programme
But, truth really wins people's hearts
And brings them nearer
Not breaks their relations,
Which this declaration for the sake
Of winning currency can do

It is enough if you know
What you think
You need not put them across
To earn a wealth
As this could threaten
Relationships on which foundation
The entire human race rests

Be truthful

For the sake of being truthful
Not for the sake of becoming rich

Truth is truth
Only when it can unite people
And it is not truth
If it can bring in disunity

Even the life sustaining oxygen gas
Has to be inhaled with
Other gases as well
And then only it will be
Beneficially absorbed and be helpful
In ensuring survival

So too is truth

Truth is like fire
Play with it safely
Unsafe and overindulgence
May engulf human race

Bashyam Narayanan

Explore your potential and earn the heart of the world

Village mud road
Afternoon and the hot sun
A buffalo in its own slow pace
On its back a half naked boy
Sweat droplets twinkling

Seated and enjoying a mango
Making all efforts to extract
The entire flesh upto the seed

A clean and white seed
Now in his hand
Aiming to hit a crow
Sitting on a milestone
Innocently glancing left and right
Threw the seed at his full speed

Thank God, the crow flew unhurt

The seed finding its way
To a mud-ridden drain
With its drowning deep
Bubbles appearing
Pronouncing the end of
A mango fruit

But it was only a beginning

The seed fighting all odds
Sprouted establishing
In the stinking waste water drain

Growing steadily
To a sapling first
Then to a big tree
Now standing tall
With branches in all directions
Bearing sweet fruits
Now being exported and
Earning foreign exchange

Apparently a useless seed
Had this potential
Which when rightly exploited
Earned global recognition

Explore your potential and
Earn the heart of the world

Bashyam Narayanan

Fantastic friend

A good friend

For me
Friend is one
Whose intentions are transparent
And who behaves in a fashion
Not deviating dangerously
From my expectations

I have a friend
Matching well my above specifications
Who makes it clear to me
That he will never try to understand me

Any amount of my
Explaining him my stance
Has no meaning for him
He simply refuses to understand me
He will also not mince words while telling me
Please make no attempts
To make me understand
I am determined not to do that

This deportment of his
Is comfortable to me as
I enjoy accepting people as they are
With no great efforts made
To understand them
As it is my weighed belief that
I have not understood any thing so far

My great friend
Has also understood this
And demonstrates the confidence
That there will not be any time lost
In the fruitless unnecessary efforts of understanding

And so,
We, when stay together,
Enjoy the company of each other
And each second of our association
Is spent only to enjoy the presence of
A compatible companion to the other
With none posing to be leader of the situation
With none driving home a point
With no goals fixed
With no targets to be reached

Each second spent in his company is
Memorable and whenever I am left alone
I recall with pleasure
The painless pastime

I had with this great friend
On a previous occasion

Whenever he is with me
Each unit of time, say, second
Will stand before me
Ask me whether it can lapse
Leaving space for the
Next second

This great glamorous friend is
None other than my
Four year old grandson

Bashyam Narayanan

Fat Rat

Afternoon
Sun bright and hot
A demolished metropolitan bus stop
Still serving commuters for boarding and alighting
Shambles all around
Broken concrete blocks
Pipelines, wire mesh and what not
I saw that rat
Fat and apparently healthy
Moving through edges of strewn materials
Probably hungry
Sniffing each piece to assess its consumability
He or she did not get one yet
No worry, the search continues
Even it amounted to getting dangerously close
To passing vehicles
Wading through and in between legs of
Waiting passengers
Making them hurriedly move away
And take some odd postures
Some tried to chase away the rat
But the rat saw no threat from them
It moved randomly in quick swift here and there
Giving no chance for chasers to guess as to
Where it would move next
A little boy minding not all these
Was enjoying a small pack of chips
He was engrossed in its spicy taste
With no concern for the presence of the rat
And the menace around
Inadvertently the pack of chips
Slipped of the boy's grip
And dropped on the ground
Even before his mother could bend and reach it
Our rat was smart to get on to the pack
And dragged it into its hole
With no opportunity for the mother to retrieve it
Leaving the kid in tears
What a brat
And how smart
Our fat rat

Bashyam Narayanan

Fathers' day

Fathers' day
I was greeted by my children
I looked back as to
What I have done to them

Nothing much
Or more than what all fathers would have done
To their children

They greeted me saying
That I am a great dad and what not
To what extent I deserve this
As far I know
I have not demonstrated
Any unique signs of love

I have not, of course,
Disciplined them nor
I have given them specific
Instructions

I used to feel
Whether I have missed to tell them
The importance of being organized
Being ambitious
And being industrious
So that they can become
Something more different from
What others (of their age) are

I chose this approach
Because of my staunch belief
That lessons learnt of their own
Have more beneficial impacts
Than just sharing your experience

I would have guided them
Into pains taking paths
So that they have better gains

As per my estimate
They have grown on their own
And they were never tamed or trained
In a particular fashion

I feel I have given them enough freedom
To choose paths or faiths
After their experimenting
With different approaches

I believe that they have the strength and confidence
To decide the appropriate step

And to take care of themselves
Even in demanding situations

I examine myself as to
Whether my children
Felt they are important
And they are consulted
While taking vital decisions in the family

Sometime children used to say
"Dad, your letting us to our way
Helped us evolve and not just grow"

While this is a compliment from one side
I used to complaints as well
As my wife feels that I have not
Contributed enough to help children
Shape up their future

I still stick to my belief
That evolution is more important
Than just emerging
As the former has a better sustainability
And a stronger foundation
Than the latter

It has been my suggestion to my kids,
Not necessarily an advice
That they should do things
Which they enjoy doing
Though initially I did not enjoy
What they were doing
I saw a change in them
I started marking they started
Doing sensible things
That would have a say on their
Overall development and growth

A self-assessment of mine
As a father
Makes me feel that
I should have done more visible things
To demonstrate my love to them
And should have extended
Still a wider broad based
Emotional support

Though I can claim to have
Accepted and accommodated them
As they are
I did little demonstration to make them appreciate
That I am making efforts to understand them

I used to get appreciated by them
For my inputs, which, they say
Have triggered them to develop better insight
So that they can understand
Events, emotions and appearances

I thank them
For their sincere love and affection
For not forcing me to act in a manner
That would displease them
For their innocence and expressions/outbursts therefrom

I love them
I cry when they are pained
I am proud of them
And will be ever so

On this fathers' day
I would launch upon
Efforts to make them
Feel my affection towards them

Bashyam Narayanan

Fathoming Male Mind

The male mind in me
Is troublesome at times
With so many other worldly things
To ponder
With so many challenging tasks
To be accomplished
The male mind in me
Fathoms instantly at the sight of a
Female structure
Either crossing you, bypassing you,
Or on a poster

The other day in the morning
I was walking towards office
With a scheme to make a presentation
The contents of which
Will decide the future course of business
As it required a thorough revamping
Following a crisis of competition

A female in her late twenties or early thirties
Was walking towards me
Her attire revealed much of her anatomy
Added to her elegant gait
And dangerous curves swinging
All in a male-attention-drawing fashion

Result was that
I lost track of the flow of presentation
Despite its convincing contents
I failed to impress upon the
Decision-making audience
On my business strategy
Evolved over a week of toil

This was all because of the
Fathoming male mind in me

Though this thought
Gives a kind of excitement
At the time of its striking
It leaves a hurt feeling
As it proves the insincerity
Deeply sown in me

This quality of my mind
Drags away my attention
Blurs my vision on
Other more important issues
Those have potential to help me grow

I confess my inability to control

This aspect of my mind

I have no other go but
To request my male mind
To indulge less itself in such comprehension
If not, to keep itself away from fathoming

Oh, my manliness, help me
Become a better person

Bashyam Narayanan

Fear not fear, fear fearlessness

Fear
An emotional preparedness
To face an eventuality
To manage an unacceptable development
To negotiate with a less amenable group
Fear is weakness, some say
Fear is strength, some other say
Fear often is quoted as reason
For our doing something or not doing
The nature and extent of fear
Are based on self-experienced earlier occasions
And sometimes on others' experience
A close examination will reveal
We fear not the event or the situation
But its impacts
On our financial, professional, social standing
Fear forms the spark for insurance
Which ensures at least the financial imbalance
Gets rectified to an extent
While experience paves way for fear
Non-experience knows no or less fear
Over-experience also makes one fearless
Fear also indicates
Our preparedness to see things go right
If fear is weakness
Fearlessness can prove dangerous
Basically we need to fear
But this should not stop us from going ahead
Fear, but venture with proven precautions
Know well in advance the impacts
Plan adequately to meet the consequences
Never ever arrogate yourself to fearlessness
Fear not fear
But fear fearlessness

Bashyam Narayanan

Fondly wish you to cross many more milestones so far unheard of

Fondly wish you to cross many more milestones so far unheard of

It was at a tender age
When Sachin Tendulkar
Started playing international cricket
Facing the hardest of play ball
Bowled or hurled at breathe-taking speed

It is unfair to call him little master any more
He proved himself to be a tall master

The mark he scaled yesterday, 24 Feb 2010
Against South Africa at Gwalior
Will remain unscaled for long years
It was his day because
He did all the 50 over batting
And all the 50 over fielding

Twenty years in cricket
Plenty of runs to his credit
It is not just bat hitting the ball
It is not simply the technique
It is not again the physical strength
It is the combination of all these with perseverance
And a mind to be there, remain focused
On the requirement of the time
Executing his potential with perfection
No doubt, he has to scale this height

He is vocal when it comes to nationalism
And minding not the wrath, he voiced
To displease a group of his own linguistic state
With regional fanaticism

He made Indians proud
By registering himself to be first person
To reach a score so far untouched

He is a nationalist
As he chose to
Dedicate the full credit of his yesterday's feat
For Indians
Nothing else can crown him better
But this national outlook
He does not require any further advice
But needs to be wished well
For a long, healthy and happy living
Only to cross many more milestones so far unheard of

Bashyam Narayanan

For any wrong happening, do not run to your gods, blame yourself

A childhood friend of mine
Seemingly very much devoted
To the faith his family belonged
Never missed a day
To visit the places of worship
In our big town
Never missed a day
To complete the
Daily rituals with which
He was baptized long back

Fled the town overnight
In search of earning opportunities
Went abroad
Got a job
Things did not end there
Convenience and comfort made him
Change his faith
Got married to a woman
Of a different faith
And settled there

Unaware of these his parents
Went ahead for his marital alliance
Which he also accepted
Got second time married
Without disclosing his earlier wedding
In all his traditional ways
Expressing devotion to all gods
Of his original faith

Through the second marriage
He was blessed with twins
When everything came to light
His parents were turned practically mad
Who, otherwise, were an enthusiastic couple
And his second wife
Fell seriously ill, not terminally,
But beyond recovery
His twins are now practically parentless
And in shattered childhood

I was induced to ask the gods of these faiths
As to what were their roles
When this person kept his faiths

They looked at each other for a while
And both said in chorus
You only have created us
And you only have decorated us with powers
But, you would never ask for
Correct help or guidance

You would act on impulses
And on the demands of your sensual pleasures
If anything goes wrong
You would look at us
Seeking reasons and explanations for the mishap

For any wrong happening
Do not run to your gods
Blame yourself

Bashyam Narayanan

Freedom, as you have others too have it

Cool moisture laden breeze
Early morning
Just brightened eastern horizon
Dispersed sunlight
Bright enough for a brisk morn walk
I was on that
When I saw a sweet little street dog
Moving in a strait close to its mother
Enjoying freedom
Zigzagging the road
Glancing front and forth
By the sides as well
Demonstrating a desire
To be noted by all that
It can walk alone
And at a speed of its mother
Mother dog keeping a watch
At all possible vulnerable locations
It looked as if
The mother dog is training her offspring
For a full time free go later
Any way, it was nice
To watch this demonstration of freedom
And a care free moving of a
Young living being
My pleasure was not to last more
As one more trainee appeared on the road
The boy was riding a gearless two wheeler
Presumably, with his dad sitting on the back
And training
The trainee on the walk
And the trainee on the wheels
Met at a point
When the former overstepped
On the route of the latter
The latter did not expect this to happen
And failed to apply brake
Injuring, luckily, only lightly our walking dog trainee
Trainee on the walk
Realized its mistake
And was now walking
As a polite soldier following the path of the captain
But slightly limping
Trainee on the wheels proceeded further
As if nothing happened
Freedom does not necessarily mean
That you are totally free
As others too have it

Bashyam Narayanan

Friday morning five o' clock

Lost my job
Recently when my company
Took right sizing measures
To meet the global economic challenge

I am a carpenter
By profession
And all these years
I have been shaping
And sizing woods
To meet the requirements
Of company furniture

A good number of
My colleagues
Were relieved of
Company's services
With three months' salary
And it took care of
My family comprising
My wife and ten year old son
For almost six months now

Thank God
Thanksgiving day
Nered and I got the job
As a well-wisher in
One mart,
Which claims itself smart
I joined them a month back
And I earned my first fortnight wages
Which made me feel
That not everything is over
I too have a life ahead

Came the thanksgiving day,
Which falls on a Thursday
And on the Friday morning next
Our mart is offering
Attractive super offers
I was to take care of an entrance of the mart
As there will be a crowd waiting outside
To rush in and avail the best offers
As some of them are very limited

Friday morning five 'o clock
I pulled shutters up
And there came in a flood of people
Most of them out of control
Someone knocked me so harsh
I stumbled and fell down
Crowd did not stop

Minding not the fallen me
And many stamping me
It took no time for me
To realise that I was
In a stampede
Soon I was attended
By doctors
And I could hear them
Telling that I am a gone case

I was wondering whether
In the name of financial wisdom
People are becoming
Economically mad

My store mart
Has its slogan as
"Save Dollars, Live Better"

It would be right
If it reads
"Save Dollars, Live Better –
Even if it means killing our staff"

Bashyam Narayanan

From a beloved mother

If you can mine, why should I not

You discovered use of metals
Long back

Your civilizations are chronicled
By the unearthed material
That was at use that time
Like
Stone age
Iron age
Copper age

I was happy initially as
You were exploring me
With an attempt to extract minerals
For the use of common man
But now
You may not know
I am threatened by your
Ways of winning minerals and fuel resources
And by the quantum of them
You are consuming

You are planning to increase the consumption
And you do not appreciate how dangerous
It could be
What all you did manually
Have now been mechanized

It hurts me, the way
You drill, make bore and blast holes, blast
And what not
Your beneficiation techniques too
Devour my precious resources
And you have no concrete plans
To recharge the resources you are drawing

I thought
Why should I not demonstrate
As to how I take out minerals
From beneath

My process is very simple
No prospecting,
No exploration,
No drilling,
No blasting,
No shoveling,
No dumping,
No overburden

With the geothermal heat inside me
I melt the matter to be mined out
With imbalance created within me
By your activities on the surface
I build up pressure on the molten material
And pump the molten ore out
Like a fountain
In all directions
With no conveyor or other transporting facilities

I know some of you will be affected
But I cannot help it

The fact is that you people make me less sensitive
To your miseries
As you show no concern for me
And for the turbulence generated in me
Because of your activities

Remember, the more you dig
Bigger will be the fountain
Larger will be the quantum

If you can mine, why should I not

Your beloved mother earth

Bashyam Narayanan

From a biologically-not-belonging daughter

I was born to a couple
Who, probably did not want me
Left me in an orphanage

Even before I was born
And when I was a fetus
I passed through uncomfoting
Situations, when my
Biological parents
Had a lot unpleasantries
To exchange
And it did not give me shock
To know that
I am in orphanage

One day
A couple came
Chose me from
A lot of orphans
Each looking for
Love and care
And waiting for
Such caring couple

I am in a new environment now
Both my biologically-not-belonging parents
Pouring love on this
Infant, and presenting me to others
As their long awaited pride
They saw with awe
My little movements
Each stage of my growth
Brought to them immense pleasure
And they gleefully shared
The growth changes in me
To their friends and relatives
Every other day someone
Visited me, invited me to their waiting hands
Watched this little me with wonder
And showered their affectionate blessings

The care of this
Deserted and disowned little girl
Saw its peak when my "parents"
Arranged for my first birth anniversary

I was decorated with earring
Though pained initially
I am proud of this, as this is the symbol
Of their love

I could not keep a count of how many

Attended to me
Assumed kidding roles to amuse me
And make me smile
With my four incision teeth exposed
Many a gift and lot of love
I felt for the first time
That this earth's crest is held tight
Not because of any thing
But because of this love
Shown to a girl
Of unknown origin

It was not my birth anniversary
But was that of a
Self-imposed parenthood

Bashyam Narayanan

Gain By Training

Training is
A gaining for
Both the trainer
And the trainee

New and unknown things
Frightening us so far
Are no longer new and
Made friendly to us both

With practical example
Inputs made easy and simple
Gave us all an ample
Chance to ideas assemble

Learning is essence
For living and hence
Keep learning with all sense
Put to practice and make it a substance

It was a pleasure
As we go back with a treasure
That will serve in a large measure
For life time, joy it will usher

We never felt we are taught
We are but by ideas bought
We are in scientific trap caught
Henceforth we will act on technical thought

We will never allow this effort go vain
We wish we all meet again and again
And thus hold on to this wonderful gain
And to get drenched in this enlightening rain

Bashyam Narayanan

Gains to both the invader and the invaded

Long long ago
So long ago
No one knows how long ago
There ruled a king
By name Vasanthasena
Who had an army
That was not trained
To fight enemies
And had no weaponry

They had no training camps
They had done no testing of missiles
They were just at the border
Guarding the great nation

The only thing they knew was
How to keep them self- amused
They had fun and frolic
Their main training input was
How to keep enthusiastic
Happy and innovative
How to keep laughing
Energetic and enthused

Came once an external army
To engulf and capture
The country
Our cheerful army
Greeted them
Made them feel
They have not come to fight
But to get united
With the cheers and laughter
Dropped their weapons
Joined the greeting cheerful warriors
Enjoyed the hospitality
Of the king Vasanthasena

The so called invaders
Lost track of their mission
Got dissolved in the happiness
Of the country to be invaded

They understood
If weapons win war
With a lot blood shed, miseries and loss
Love and togetherness win hearts
With no loss
But gains to both the
Invader and the invaded

Bashyam Narayanan

Get Closer To You

We graduated
From school
From college
To understand
The natural laws
That drive the happenings around
And to discover
And invent
New technology
And present to the world
New correlations
Between causes and effects
It is an understanding of
Well defined realities

We got employed
To serve the community first
And make a living in the process
And importantly
To understand others
Of their expectations from us
Based on our knowledge
Skill and experience
And to create friendship
Most of us aim at
Enhancing our living ways
And end up
Extending our reach
It is an understanding of
The world around you

We choose our life partners
And enter into relationships
Contribute to the
Continuation of human chain
We get exposed to
Understanding of
Relatives and
Social customs
Prevailing in the
Tradition you belong to
It is an understanding
Of bonds and emotions therein

We are left alone at times
During it-is-all-your-time
We keep scheming
On how-to-go-about
In respect of any of the
Above three
Hardly we find time
To understand ourselves

To explore ourselves
To observe ourselves
To scan and monitor ourselves
To discover our in-built new potentials
Find time to do these
It is an understanding
of thyself
And
Get closer to you

Bashyam Narayanan

Going ahead with living in a better way than most of you do

Kingdom of the blind
Welcome to our kingdom
Where we all stay blind

None having the sense of vision
None having the idea of colour
None able to dream a scene
As none can hold a figure in mind

But thanks to Braille,
Who made us read and learn
We study not to win a certificate
But to develop our physical
And mental skills so that
We can serve our community

We get up and move in a set direction
And after making a set number of steps
We reach our work site, which can be
A work bench or paddy field or any other place
Like the one where you people work

When we work, we work only
When we eat, we eat only
And when we sleep, we sleep only

We too have families
Sons and daughters and all of them
Blessed with blindness

We too laugh and we also cry
Only at the appropriate occasions
We never become emotionally down
For a thing that has not occurred

Nothing frightens us as the
Darkness, the most frightening, is always around us

We look ahead for a right future
And are not after a bright future
As you people long for

Though blind, it was never dark
In our mind, but it glows with peace and love
Love pervades our hearts,
Which are not penetrated
By the external just-material-revealing light

We know happenings around the world
We hear news, but do not see events
We do not desire much
The only desire we hold to our hearts is

To keep alive the desire to learn
And to apply what little learnt
For the benefits of our fellow beings

We may not have the sense of vision
Our other senses are in tact
And make up fully whatever lost
Because of this deformity
We hear, better than most of you do
We feel for others, better than most of you do
Our olfactory system is a bit more sensitive than yours
We fail not to smell the scent of soil
And the fragrance of even a little blossom
Our touch is more soothing than your touch
Many of us get a cure from our touch

We move with heartfelt of love
We live with a heart, full with contentment
We nurse a bubbling enthusiasm

We invite you all to this wonder world
And to enjoy the hospitality extended
By those, whom you think suffer
And struggle for survival

You will understand
Though we had a physical non-function
We are not handicapped and
Going ahead with living in a better way
Than most of you do

Bashyam Narayanan

Grace the world with your glow of happiness

Do not chase happiness
Search within you
There are lot many things
Inside you
Which have reasons
To make you happy
Your pursuit or search for happiness outside
Does not take you anywhere
As what seemingly has a stock of happiness
Once you reach or achieve it
You realize that happiness
Lies further ahead somewhere
And you hunt for happiness
Takes a new turn
And this goes on and on
Only to make you understand
That you are back in square one
Devoid of happiness, your original search
Happiness, thus, cannot be anywhere else
But within you
Do not be on a stealthy stalk for happiness
Simply because others do so
Search within and discover
The happiness in you
Do not be on a race for happiness
But grace the world
With the glow of
Happiness within you

Bashyam Narayanan

Gracious glance of innocence

Just snowed winter afternoon
Post-thanksgiving sales
Attractive less expensive shopping
My wife, our son and I
In one of the big retailers of US
Tired of this buying spree
I found a place to sit close to the entrance
And watched the people shopping

Entered a stroller
Holding an infant
Well protected
With a toy nipple in the mouth

I could make out
It was a baby girl
Very cute
Looking around with her
Inquisitive eyes
That had a grace

It occurred so
That I was in her focus
When her stroller passed beside me
Within a metre or so

Her mother was moving around
Things displayed in that side of the shop
And I was in the field her sight
During most of the time
Of her mother's shopping

The first glance of the kid
Was telling me
"My glance by itself auspicious
Can make glanced at things
Auspicious too"

The second glance of hers
Which struck me
Beneath a displayed pink gown
Told me
"My glance, you know,
Can free you from all bonds,
If you are a person
Seeking that path.
My glance, at the same time,
Can grant worldly pleasures too,
If you are after them"

Her third glance
After a hide through a pillar

Revealed to me
"My glance has the power
To clear all your doubts
And to shatter
Your negative mind-set,
So that you ever remain confident"

As the infant was
Going out of shop
Her glance had a message
"My glance can purify you
And wash off all your sins
And dirt of your previous actions.
Do not you realise now
The power of
The gracious glance of innocence"

(A modified rewrite of Adi Sankara's meaning of one of the thousand names of Lord Vishnu)

Bashyam Narayanan

Green Little Larva, My Friend

It was a gathering of
About twenty people
All in prayer assembly
Chanting Sanskrit verses
A priest like person offering
Flowers from a heap of blossoms
Of different colours
Some white, some pink, some orange
I was next to that person
And was engrossed in chanting
Sitting squat on the floor
I felt something crawling
Beneath my right ankle
Moved a bit back only
To realize it was a green little larva
Probably emerged from the
Flower heap
Though chanting, I got focused
On this little creature
Which used its entire length of the body
For its slow but very steady movement
I kept a watch on it
Hoping it to go away from me
Either in front or on the side
Suddenly the person sitting next to me
Waved his hand over the crawling creature
And pushed it in the front
In a flash the worm curled itself into coil
And I saw it spinning like a wheel
Reaching a point away from me at least by ten feet
It was in its coiled state for sometime
Before it got back its original shape
And continued its slow journey
Probably aiming at reaching a safe haven
This green little larva
Took all my attention
Making me lose track of what is going on around
I stopped chanting by then
And my only concern was
That my worm should stay safe
It moved slowly off my sight
And I felt at that time it was safe
I diverted my attention to the chanting
And forgot our little green friend
Our prayer was over
I came out of the hall
And crossed the point where for the last time
I saw the insect
My attention was drawn to a spot
Where a mini colony of small black ants
Was busy around something
My green friend came to my mind

And I bent down only to see
The worm-under-watch lying dead
On whom these ants were feeding
I returned home with a heavy heart
Having lost an unharmed slow moving
Green little friend

Bashyam Narayanan

Hanged Himself

Slanged the justice as he
Hanged himself, the one, who
Banked on the weakness of the gender
Fanged a girl's privacy
Ganged up to rape her and
Wronged to the extent of
Strangling her to death and
Thronged the world against him and
Longed he be executed as he
Ranked the most wicked
Flanked in me a thought as to why not
Sunk the ventilator rod, on which he hanged, by the
Junk weight of the sin of this heinous crime, gave way
Landed him on the floor undead
Handed over to justice for a right deal

Bashyam Narayanan

Hanging Political or Apolitical

Hanging political or apolitical?

The mastermind

Behind an attack on Parliament house was hanged

He is a terrorist aider, terrorism promoter

And judicially the punishment was so held

He deserves this

But, nothing to rejoice over this punishment

Let us not at least question this

As to whether the decision is political or apolitical

People who question this

Are not doing any good for the country

They may think

The attempt will prove

Their patriotism

What is likely to happen is that

Such questioning will boost terrorism indirectly

Reason being that

Terrorists are given to believe that

In this country action against terrorism

Will be questioned

And so the governance

Will hesitate to act against such activities

So have your go and damage

True, not all decisions are apolitical

This decision may also be a political one

But discussing this in the open

Will weaken our confidence against

Curbing terrorism

The harm that will descend

On this great democracy

Would be more poisonous

Than what terrorists can do

Than what terrorism can do

So let there descend wisdom on those

Who qualify actions of Government

To the extent that

Actions attempted against terrorism

Stay not judged

Bashyam Narayanan

Happy New Year 2011

Let it not be another new year
With the same usual celebrations
With the same usual great wishes
With the same usual demonstrations
Of happiness and gay

Instead of the New Year showering you joy
You shower it
With a vouch to

Keep yourself happy
Keep yourself healthy
Keep yourself enthusiastic
Keep yourself at peace
Keep yourself cheerful
Keep yourself loveable
Keep yourself simple and least complicated
Keep yourself non-complaining
Keep yourself ever in a 'growth' path

And
Keep yourself all that
Which will pave way
For a really lived-life
For years and decades ahead
With you at the centre
And the entire universe around you
Watching with wonder and
Cheering you
At each of your earnest effort

Bashyam Narayanan

He is always there to greet

He is always there to greet
Each morning
I meet him daily
As I wait for my bus to turn up
And at least a five minutes' interaction
With him has become of late a routine
He sports no smile, though
He talks with this
Emotion-less eyes
And with a smile
Which I deciphered
After repeated examinations
Of his thin lips
A slim boyish look young man, as he is
With a well-above-average height and
Commonly acknowledgeable handsomeness
He has a gait
Apparently bent a bit forward
On the right
With his body weight acting
On his left leg
A person you can never miss
In that bus stop
Once he said
Why don't you look like me
Well dressed
In a similar blue suit as of mine
With a white shirt
And a conventional tie
Blue in colour with white stars
Placed in a special design
I told him
You have been paid
For sporting this look
While I need to buy them
And I hardly need to look the way you seem
He can only continue
With the same hidden smile as
He is only an advertising model
On a flexi board
Promoting sales of a particular brand

Bashyam Narayanan

Heart fully yell 'There is a hero in me'

I heart fully yell
There is a hero in me

Based on my prowess
Skill and experience
I took up this challenge

But, the challenge ahead is
Breathtaking
Demands all the potentials of my strengths

I hold on before it for a while
Assess the challenge-meeting requirements
Try to accomplish
Fail once, twice
And a number of times

Now I know my weaknesses too
I garner all the strengths in me
I harness all my acquired multifaceted skills
I am prepared better now to
Face the challenge

Yes, I proved a success
Reach the destination
Where I want to be

And I heart fully yell
There is a hero in me

Bashyam Narayanan

Help me reach my mother, sweet earth

I was a bright shining
Green leaf
Attached to the tall tree
Standing by the side of a busy road
I know no one would have noticed me
As each one has an important reason
For ignoring my presence
But, now I am a
Brown dry leaf
Lying on the pavement
And over me a number of people
Pass and again none took a note of me
Each moving vehicle, big or small
Flushes over me
A harsh wind
That keeps me airborne
For a short while and
I am getting displaced frequently
Making me feel
I am unwanted and I have no place
Of my own on this great earth
I was quite busy when I was attached to the tree
If you look at me
You can see prominent veins
Which kept supplying water to
Each cell of mine
And my cells in turn
Were very active
Producing carbohydrates
From the trapped carbon dioxide
Making use of the sunlight
With the help of the green chlorophyll
Compacted in them
Very importantly
Breathing out oxygen as a bye-product
For the benefit of human beings
I dance with the wind
However, mild or wild it may be
And never had I thought I am going to be
Separated from my tall tree
I came out of fresh branch
Tender, soft and silky
Nutrients flowed in me
And I reached my full growth
In a fortnight's time
I was proud as I was almost
On the top
Receiving full sunlight
Cool breeze keeping me comfortable
I kept doing my job
And I thought I would continue this
Through my entire life time

After three months
Supply of nutrients dwindled
Water availability reduced
I started turning yellow
The twig holding me on to the branch weakened
And a strong wind made
The unkindest cut
And fell from the tree
Floating in air for sometime
And being carried away from my mother tree
I looked at her from a distance
I heard her yelling
"Sorry my child
Your time has come
And one day I too will fall
Do not worry
Mother earth will take care"
Since then I am in search
Of my new mother
All these days I am either on
A cement-slab paved pathway
On a tar-topped road
Where is my mother earth
With her sweet soil
That will silently devour my nutrients
For recycling them to
Standing vegetation
And help me have a
Peaceful, but beneficial death
Dear any one
Who knows and appreciates my plight
Help me reach
My mother, sweet earth

Bashyam Narayanan

Help Us Continue Our Legacy

As I ripe I get dropped
From the tall tree
That was supporting me all through
I was a flower
Later blossomed
Got fertilized
Turned a unripe fruit
Kept hanging till the time I became a fruit
My thin skin becoming dark blue
My flesh over my big seed turning violet
I did not what happened to my mother tree
Unkind she proved as
She allowed me to fall her height
I suffered as my skin got ruptured
Exposing my violet inside
Staining the ground where I reached
As I looked around
I realized that I am not alone
As many of my brothers or sisters
Were also seen on the ground
After the fall I could not move
As the ousted flesh of mine
Made me stuck to the spot of my fall
My mother was just looking at me
With no attempt seen from her
To comfort me or to attend my wound
As our mother was a road side tree
We, fruits, were lying immobile on the road
Pedestrians, cyclists, two wheelers and cars
Ran over many of us
Coloring the path way violet
And also crushing our soft seed beyond recognition
I wonder whether we are born just to be
Smashed like that or we are born
To be consumed by others
For the purposes of propagation of our order
I have a request to people who walk over us
Kindly bend down pick us up
Blow air over the exposed flesh to remove adhered dust or sand
Put into your mouth
Enjoy the taste of a wonderful fruit
After ensuring you have eaten the entire flesh over the seed
Spit the same on soil
Where it will sprout and become a tree
Thus helping us continue our legacy

Bashyam Narayanan

Holy dip that changed deadly

About 40 million people
Thronged
To have a holy dip
At the confluence of
Three great rivers of India
Saints too, foreigners too
Children too
All in large numbers
Came, enjoyed, sang, danced
And had a dip too
In a waning winter
Morn to eve
All went back with a satisfaction
That they are cleansed of their sins
Some even dare to share their
Inner voice, and said that
They can venture newer sins
As Ganges is there to cleanse
After the dip
New they were to be on a trip
To go back home into the routine slip
And to take up family hardship
Most of them travel by conveyance public
A large group waiting in rail station
For the bell to go and the train to come
Bell went, train came
But on a different platform
All rushed through a foot over bridge
Not knowing that there was
A big tragedy to follow
As the foot over bridge's
Handrail gave way
Unable to stand the push of the crowd
Many falling a height
Many running over them
And in the process
Thirty six people dying
They went for a holy dip
That would get rid of their sins
They did have the rejuvenating dip
But some got rid of their souls too

Bashyam Narayanan

How green this lawn was

How green this lawn was
Two years back, when did I trespass
Thick green on each blade of grass
Shining in sunlight and dancing at each wind cross

Alas, there are patches in yellow
So many that the land piece looks fallow
Paining and placing me in sorrow
How I wished the entire scene changes tomorrow

I asked the trim and erect watchman
Keeping vigilant near a portico van
What happened to this graceful lawn
So well kept extending greenly greetings each dawn

Was it because the soil turned hostile
Or it because the ants established their domicile
Or it because of the chemicals those weed sterile
Tell when soon the lawn will get back its soothing smile

Oh, sir, are you in this world, ever on galloping
Economically marching ahead and developing
Where is time for any one to attend to this soil topping
We are on the progress mode nothing be stopping

We know what are our gainful spending
And where should we stop depending
And which are going to keep revenue sending
There is no end to this economical expanding

In this great economic value addition
Everything is in cash denomination
No longer loyalty, love or passion
All aim towards cost-to-the-company reduction

Growing trees is no longer a feat
Nature care has to take a back seat
We are preparing for those days ahead so sweet
When this lawn will not be of grass, but of currency sheet

Bashyam Narayanan

How I wish I go back to that safe, harmless dark fluid pool

I was far beneath
In a fluid pool
In the company of
Harmless friends
All looking alike

Though dark
It was safe for me
And my friends
With a lot of freedom
To swim around
Playing hide and seek

Suddenly penetrated
A large dia pipe
Into our rocky cave
With a deafening sound
And I was sucked into
With many of my friends
Being taken up against gravity
Only to come up onto the
Earth's surface

We all fell into a container
Only to be cocked
And again we were in dark
With much little space
To move around and play

We felt we were always
On the move
Only to be later
Heated and separated
Into different components
Now I was able to see
That all friends were
Just similar

We were still moving
At times in a pipe
Or in a container
And at last we reached
A pool, which appeared
To have breather
Helping us to air
Our exhaustion

One day I found myself
Moving up in a smaller pipe
And we were filling a
Very small metallic tank
With a very limited space

And it was hardly
Possible for us to breathe

After sometime I was drawn
Into the thin tube
And I was in a hot chamber
Where we were just burnt
And we expanded suddenly
Pushing a piston back
I saw myself in totally different company
All my earlier associates gone
And when the piston moved towards us
We knocked out in the open
Through a pipe with a thud
Along with a number of
Foul smelling dark guys
Whom I have not seen before

I am in the association
Two similar looking allies
Who always tease me
Making fun of my smaller size
Nagging me
Moving round and round me
I am now air borne
Finding it difficult
To manage these naughty neighbours

As I am looking for a separation
From these two friends
I hear a slogan
'Kick the CO2 habit'
This may help some of my
Friends down there
Continue to stay where they are
And
How I wish I go back to that
Safe, harmless, dark fluid pool

Bashyam Narayanan

How much sinful are thee?

Sin, what is your understanding
Mine is this
Any act that will have reasons
For you to regret later is a sin
"Act" here includes even
Your thought process

"We are all sinners"
Declares a religion
"I am the most sinful"
Is the description of the self
By most of the yesteryears'
Hindu religious preachers,
Who are even now talked about
And held in great reverence
They declared themselves sinful
Probably because they only knew
Their thought processes,
Which would have fallen in 'sin' category
All these point to one thing
That we are bound to commit sin
Physically, verbally or mentally

Modern or scientific
Definition of sin could be
Any act that will load with you
Negative charges leading you
To unproductive or anti-productive
Physical, verbal or mental acts

It is, therefore, apparent
Physical act or verbal abuse
Alone does not constitute a sin
Your thought process, too
Can be a sin
If it conforms to the
Above description

Be watchful on your thoughts
Know how frequently
You entertain negative or sinful thoughts
The more frequently you give room
To such thoughts
The more sinful you become

Bashyam Narayanan

I am a beggar; I have a choice, but

I am a beggar; I have a choice, but
I have been begging since long
Since the time I started realizing
As to what I am doing
I beg, again, to differ
With the common phrasing that
Beggars have no choice
I decide my beneficiary,
The one who is given the opportunity of
Lending me a help, however minor it may be
I do not beg everyone passing by
I choose my potential helper
By his/her look, gait, and what is going on in his/her mind
I can do mind reading too
I can make out that
Someone is in a hurry to a workplace
Someone is much relaxed
Someone is sure of what is ahead
Someone is working out details of investment
Someone is planning a great spending
Someone is worried with health issues of someone in family
And so on
This mind reading helps me decide my beneficiary
I may not get the help each time is
Another story
But, note I have a choice
I know where I will get free food matching my taste
I know when to go which temple
For the midday mercy meals
Again, I have a choice
I decide also the place where I beg
Temple entries are good fetching
Mosque entries on Fridays
Church entries on Sundays
Provide me with resources more than what I need
See, I have a choice
I see great opportunities for examining my own self
When I beg
The inner me coming closer to me
As others go away from me
For fear of being asked for help
I do not see these opportunities
With most of others
Who rush to somewhere
Toil for fixed hours as assigned to them
Wait for alms at the end
The only thing I do to get help is
To ask for it
I am happy with what I am doing
I am a beggar; I have a choice, but

Bashyam Narayanan

I am not able to say anything further, as I am gone once and for all

I came to life
With a gentle electrical shock
And a mild tremor
When an egg from my mother's ovary
Was invaded by my father's sperm
Thousands of sperms around
Showed respect and withdrew from the race
Allowing me to enjoy buoyancy
In the pool of uterus liquid

I moved slowly onto the wall
Where I settled and started getting nurtured
Through the umbilical chord from my mother
I grew from a cell to mass of flush

It was a great stay in comfort
With watery cushion all around
Most of my organs in their miniature form
Nothing to disturb
Except for those tight embraces
With an emotional outbreak
"Thank you, you are bearing my child"

"Our first child, should be a boy"
A whisper shared in private
Between my parents
I am yet to know as to
Whether I am a boy or girl

"We do not conduct tests
To know the sex (it should have been gender)
Of the fetus" declared a voice
But continued
"As a special case we will in your case"

Every thing was normal for sometime
Suddenly I felt the impact of
Adrenaline that got pumped
Into me through my mother's blood
I was in discomfort
For long and adrenaline level
Did not come down to my comfortable level

"It is a female.
We need to medically terminate the pregnancy"
Was what I heard in the same voice
That glorified my mother sometime ago
For having borne me
Oh, this is the reason for adrenaline
Now I understood

My discomfort showed no sign of

Abating, in fact, it was growing
Probably my mother being
Emotionally down

Suddenly pierced a sharp knife
And penetrated the tranquil
Watery heaven to cut
The link between me and my mother
And I am out in the glaring light
As a starkly naked flesh of no specific shape
On a kidney tray in a
Irritatingly smelling room

All my comfort gone
And now I was gasping for life
I know I will soon be dead
But I cannot stop wondering
How do these people know not
That I also possess the reactor
Which their mothers have or had
And which housed them for nine months
Shaped them and gifted them
To this world in their full shape

What wrong did I do
To be punished with termination

O God, if at all you can give wisdom
Bless them with that
So that the entire human race
Is not terminated

I am not able to say anything further
As I am gone once and for all

Bashyam Narayanan

I Do Not Mind Beling A Blind

It was a scene in a film
The most beautiful actress in the heroine role
She innocently arrogates herself
And assumes the responsibility of
Getting the hero
A role in an advertisement
Being filmed by her advertising firm
She was narrating him the scene
And was rehearsing a dialogue
In a traffic-ridden narrow lane
Suddenly the heroine stops her conversation
And gets focused on an elderly blind person
Who is planning to cross the road
She rushes to him
And holds his shoulder
Guides grasping him very close
Narrates the blind man what all she sees
Including a woman beating her erring husband
A boy slipping over a banana skin
A drunk dancing to a song played in a tea stall
Making him enjoy the aroma of
A deep fried onion based snack
Getting ready in another roadside fast food stall
Pushing him safe and fast
An open manhole in the middle of the road
Insisting him to stop and listen to
The cricket score of a one dayer
Stopping him to caress the cheek of
Sweet little school going girl
And at last reaching a point
That meets a main road
Telling the blind man that
He should go straight on the left to reach
His destination
The shot was quick sharp touchy emotional
And to the point
That the heroine knows how to guide a blind
And at the same time how to make him enjoy
The happenings around
A thought flashed in me and was telling myself
If such a thoughtful guidance from a beautiful girl
Is forthcoming
I do not mind being a blind

Bashyam Narayanan

I have no more tears to shed

I am Moshe. Two-year old curly haired little one

Just the other day I was with my mom and dad

An unfamiliar person entered our premises and
He had a lot to say to my parents
Of which I could not make out a bit

Then what happened?

The stranger aimed at my parents the weapon he carried
It was all in seconds ny parents fell back,
First my mom. followed by my dad

The stranger left

I had no idea Whether he marked my presence

I reached my mom. ran my palm over her face and
bent over her for an affectionate kiss
Normally she used to hug me intently for a similar act of mine
But she did not move. I shook her head. no response
I shook her hand. no response

And I saw a pool of blood below her motionless hand.
Which held my father's

I felt something odd
And started crying

Do not know. how long I cried
When my nanny appeared from somewhere
And took me away into the open

It did not take long for me to realise
That my mom and dad are not any where near
I ate whatever offered as I was hungry
Woke up in between.
Only to know that my parents are not nearby
And then to cry

During my entire wakeful hours
I kept crying and
I kept eating something
As and when I felt hungry

Suddenly I was in the midst of a big gathering
Only my nanny was to be seen

The things that went on made me understand that my
Mom and dad have gone quite a far
And it will take long, much longer
Before I could see them again

First time I smiled
At a kid of my size
Stopping my cries
Without realising
I have no more tears to shed

Bashyam Narayanan

I Live For Only Fourteen Days

They say I live for only fourteen days
Not many know I can live longer
By another sixteen days
If people around turn kind
In this short life span
We grow, develop, and mature
Multiply in plenty
Eat well and to die at last
You may see us every where
In tropical countries
But not during night time
Our people are clear about our life style
We do not work more than twelve hours a day
As we do not keep awake more than that
We keep awake only to keep doing something
We are busy most of the time
Devouring all that you term waste
We do not nurse any great taste
As our hunger puts us ever in haste
We prefer liquid or semi solid food
We have also the capability to
Soften any other edibles with our saliva
And consume it
You people do not even tolerate our presence
You take intensive measures to keep us off
We do not mind all that
We gain our way into your cordoned areas
To your dismay and discomfort
You say we act as carriers of certain diseases
We intend not to do that
It happens probably because of our anatomy
With hair like projections all along the body
We are bound to carry micro organisms
On your biological wastes
And these organisms reach new targets
Our getting branded as disease carriers
Why you find it difficult to appreciate us
Who really cleanse your wastes by consuming them
And why you do not realize that
You only created the waste,
Allowed it to rot in the open
And made us drawn to your waste
You call us house fly
You have complaints against us high sky
We cannot speak to defy
But your wastes you may away shy

Bashyam Narayanan

I Need You by My Side

I need you by my side
Not because
You will take care of me
Not because
You will shower love on me
Not because
You will share my concerns
Not because
You will ensure my dreams come true
I need you by my side always
As this will give me an opportunity
To witness your growth
To understand you better
To be of some help as and when you need
To be part of your joy
To cry with you when you experience pain
To offer my shoulder for you to lean upon
To keep you enthusiastically motivated
To know your dreams
To wonder at your skills as you realize them
To pass on a legacy, if it happens I have one
To fathom over your spiritual chase
To comprehend you in totality
And simply
To demonstrate my love for you
Yes
I need you very much by my side

Bashyam Narayanan

I prefer death and departure

I prefer death and departure

I prefer death and departure
From this wonder world,
Which has been my school
All these years
Making me learn something new
Each second, minute, hour and day

To the torture
Of your not being near

Each second of your absence
Kills me but not squarely
Only to bring me back to life
And torturing

Your presence
Though I used to feel painful
At times
Because of your intervention
Through my unhealthy means
You always demonstrated
Love and care

Your efforts to meet my needs
Exceeded ever my expectations
And my requirements
Were more than met

You came to unearth
My fallacies one after another
With our association growing

While your list of occasions
Where I fell short of your hopes
Increasing day by day
My list of your potentials
Kept elongating with
My discovering newer strengths in you

This is a kind of relationship
Where one's weakness
Makes the other stronger

Come soon and join me
Before death takes over

Bashyam Narayanan

I see no point in

I see no point in
Understanding, as
At the end of it all
I am misunderstood

I see no point in
Visualizing
As in that process
I get drowned in dreams and inaction

I see no point in
Loving
As in its demonstration
I am either hurt or in hatred

I see no point in
Accumulating
As what is accumulated
Makes me its accumulation

I see point in
Teaching
As I am a proven failure
In unlearning

I see no point in
Giving
As I take pride in that
And am made arrogant

I see no point in
Becoming (something)
As I nurse the gnawing
That I am not that yet

I see no point in
Braving
As by that I proved
That I feared something

I see no point in
Praying (for something)
As it amounts to telling
That I am a beggar

I see no point in
Suffering
From something
As I prefer to struggle to overcome

I see no point in
Writing

As I will not be there with you
To say why I wrote this

Bashyam Narayanan

I see only thought clouds and, not people

I do not see people
But I see only bunch of
Thought clouds
In different shapes
Colours and volume
A sage declared
While addressing a gathering

He was elaborating
That these clouds
Keeps changing very fast
In their dimensions and shades
Indicating the swiftly changing
Thought processes
In the human mind

He added your thoughts only
Seed your words and trigger
Your actions

I would rather attempt to identify people
By not what they talk
By not what they act
By not what they look
Only by what they think

Civilized living
Had trained us and taught us
Not to talk what all we think
And not to act on what all we say

The gap is widening
To the extent that
Though thoughtful
We cover up our original thoughts
With sweetened phrases
And with pleasing-others actions

He was in a hurry to add
That you are what you think
And you are not what you do
Nor what you say
So I see only thought clouds
In crowds
Not people

Do not but ask me
Whether you know what others think
I must say, I do not know
It is my enlarged vision
Which sees only the cloud
Not its content

These thought clouds
If they are similar
It gives the gathering a much larger strength
Than what you can imagine
And it has great energy

That is why I advocate
In large gatherings
Nurse great and noble thoughts
Which have potential
To serve the communities
With all required strengths
And wisdom to perform
For a common good cause

I see only thought clouds and, not people

Bashyam Narayanan

I stand alone away from you desanctified and disfigured

It was a brightly lit afternoon
I saw a four legged machine
Descending on me slowly

I could understand that
It was an airborne vehicle
And it was effectively
Controlled and guided

So nice to see all its four legs
Touched my surface
The same time, making
The landing smooth and gentle

White fine dusts rose
From each point of contact
And I had to cough a bit
In a slight discomfort

From a window of the vehicle
Rolled down a ladder
And there peeped an image
Perhaps, a human being
Finding way through the window
And slowly climbed down
Carefully stepping upon me

"That's one small step for (a) man,
One giant leap for mankind"
I heard a male voice
Yelling his safe arrival here on me

He moved slowly
Jumping each step
Making good use
Of my gentle gravity
Generating a white cloud
Of dust at each step he made

Another similar image also
Came down on me
And both spent about 3 hours
Collecting the powdery white soil
And rocks on my surface

They planted a flag on me
And also a plaque with
Images of a man and woman
As if I did not know
From where they landed

They came from that half lit

Crescent seen on the horizon
Which just reflects sunlight
As I do on it

I know men and women on earth
For centuries now as
Many poets, mostly of Indian origin
Held me high and they gave me
A roll in their storyline

I would be witnessing
Lovers in their intimate togetherness
Or I would be asked to convey
Sweet messages between them
Many heroes and heroines
Shared with me their pains
Of separation from their sweethearts

Indian Astrology gave me
A place in the horoscope tables
developed by them for individuals
And made predictions
Based on the cell I am standing

Old system of medicine
Gauged unsound mental conditions
With my phases
Assurances were given for a cure
As I cross a particular phase

And now I wonder
Why at all these visiting earth folks
Left on my surface depicting
Their images, as if
I have no familiarity with them

This moon landing a giant leap
Of mankind, though
Spoilt my image in the hearts
Of those who made stories
Around me

Lovers no longer look at me
I too feel I have no influence
On the mental performance
Of people on earth
Astrological predictions
Made, based on my positions
In the horoscopes proved otherwise

I have lost my status
Because of that one small step

Just like a reflecting mirror of sunlight
I stand alone away from you
Desanctified and disfigured

Bashyam Narayanan

I will be in comfort and others in peace

Down under and deep inside me
There sits a judge with a hammer
Beside a big old wooden table
With a eye-folded statue and a
Tossing balance

No one around,
No attendant or clerk in front

Only the accused
In the stand meant

No witness, nor arguments
No lawyer for or against the accused
No mention of sections or provisions
Of any law or regulation

And the judge is ever ready for judging

And comes out to declare that
This is good and that is bad

Which law school he is from
In which law he is a specialist
I know not a thing,
But he is always judging

And makes me act on his judgments

Normally we address
"The learned judge"
I know how "learned"
The person judging
Sitting down under deep inside me

Most of his judgments and
Subsequent acts of mine
Made me regret
And put others in discomfort

I have a request to
My inside judge

"Oh, Noble but lowly learned judge
How nice will it be
If you stop judging'
I will be in comfort and
Others in peace

Bashyam Narayanan

I will be there

I will be there

When no one is there for us
And you think no one cares
When the whole world walks out of you
And you think you are alone
I will be there

When the one you care about the most
Could care less about you
When the one you gave your heart to
Throws it in your face
I will be there

When the person you trusted
Betrays you
When the person you share all your memories with
Cannot even remember your birthday
I will be there

When all you need is a friend
To listen to you whine
When all your need is someone
To catch your tears
I will be there

When your heart hurts so bad
You cannot even breathe
When you just want to crawl up and die
I will be there

When you start to cry
After hearing that sad song
When the fears just will not
Stop falling down
I will be there

So you see I will be there until the end
This is the promise I can make
If you ever need me
Just give me call and
I will be there

That is to all the friends
That I have
And all the friends that I have lost
And to all the friends that I have lost touch with
Just to let you know that
I will be there

Bashyam Narayanan

I will love myself first

I am a flower
With a set of eight long petals
Shaped a bit long oval
Coloured sky-blue at the bottom
Turning bright-yellow at the top
And with long pollen sticks
White-headed peeping well out

I am an attraction to
Butterflies which keep probing
Me for the sweet nectar

I too attract insects
Very small in size
And which enjoy sliding into me
Along the slope of my petal

I hold for you a mild scent
That resembles the smell of jasmine
But because of the high ethanol content
In my fragrance
I smell with a fruitish tinge

While jasmine has a season to blossom
I am in blossom all through
Either it is winter, summer or raining

Lovers prefer me to rose
As I am big by look and thorn-less

Some devotees come to my bush
Every day and pluck me
And offer to Krishna
The God of the town

I appear much less in numbers
Compared to jasmine
But keep many garden corners
Smelling sweet with my
Special fragrance

I thought I am fine
And everyone else is also
Fine with me
Till that evening
Someone telling his lover
Not to pluck me
As he does not like the way I look

Next day morning
A mother was instructing
Her three year old son

Not to go near me
As my smell is allergic to him

It took just a day
For me to realize
There are so many others
Who have reasons for disliking me

Any way I cannot do anything
To change my looks
Or to change my scent
So determined was i
I will keep my colour
Looks and fragrance in tact
Whether people like it or otherwise

I will keep my glow
Whether insects get attracted or not

I am a creation of nature
I will enjoy being what I am
With all that nature has gifted me

And I will love myself first
Without bothering much
To know whether
Any one else loves me or not

Bashyam Narayanan

I Do Not Say I Love You

I do not say I love you
Because I really love you
I do not say I care for you
Because I really care for you
I do not say I understand you
Because I really understood you
I do not say I respect you
Because I really respect you
I do not say I will be with you whenever you need me
Because I am already and always with you
I do not say I need you
Because I really need you
I do not say I will meet you
Because I never leave you
I do not say I miss you
Because I know you are ever with me
I do not say I share your concern
Because I take your concerns as mine
I do not say I will give everything for you
Because I have nothing except you as mine
I do not say many such things to you
As I run short of words
When I venture saying similar things to you

Bashyam Narayanan

If you are in an enthusiastic sway

Even an insect will eat you away
If unenthusiastic you choose to stay
Even a volcano will bow before you paving way
If you are in an enthusiastic sway

Bashyam Narayanan

Indian dawn - Anna Hazare

00.00 hours 15th August 1947
Indian Independence
Was born
But that night dawned
Only on 16th August 2011
After six four years
When *Ralegan Siddhi's sun
Rose over the
Moutenous heaps of
Corruption
Created by the
Indian elected representatives

*Anna Hazare's birth place in Maharashtra

Bashyam Narayanan

Infant wondering

Infant wondering

It was a cute infant
Girl or boy
No clue
With big eyes and fair skin
Thinly built dressed in white
It drew the attention of all of us
In the care of two women
One seemingly its mom
Showing no signs of discomfort
The child enjoying the
Benefits of this air-conditioned cabin
Most of us would have noticed this nice kid
Me, sitting very close to the child
Was able to watch each of this babe's movement
The child was fed a bottle of milk
Which the child finished
Moving its beautiful eyes
Up, down, left and right
Suddenly there appeared a young girl
Dressed all in blue
And started making gestures
And postures in line with a voice behind
She moved her hands in all directions
It was almost dancing in the middle
With no bending of her legs
But revolved around her in swift
The child did not take its eyes off her
Watching her without blinking
The girl in the middle
Took some yellow objects
In between
To add further attraction
To her performance
The child keeping its watch on the girl
The child even demonstrating anger
Whenever there was obstruction
To its viewing the happenings in the middle
It did give a big cry during one such hurdle
The girl in the middle finished her exercise
The child still in awe
Was apparently expecting
Some more things to come
Which did not come up at all
I could sense the disappointment of the child
And I and any other was wondering
At the demonstrations in the middle
As we were hearing things spoken in hurry
And viewing demonstrations performed
In equal, if not more, speed
And to comply a statutory requirement

But the child had a nice five minutes
At wondering mid aisle postures
In an aircraft before take off

Bashyam Narayanan

Ins and outs

Ins and outs

Ins and outs of technology
Ins and outs of business
Are the phrases with which
Most of us familiar
An individual's experience and
Learning skills
Attendant with excellent execution
Make an individual
An expert in the ins and outs
Of a particular technology or business

A person too has ins and outs
Outs are those
Which get exhibited by the person's
Talking and doing
While ins normally remain
Closed and only some close
Family members and friends
Are given to know it

Judging a person by the outs displayed
May prove wrong
As person is just his or her ins

Ins are mainly intensions
And often they are not made clear
Ins are displayed with masks
Guised often to be noble and humane
The mismatch between ins and outs
Makes an individual
Face conflicts within
And at times it goes beyond control

Though every one has a right to
Nurse ins and keep within
People of exemplary character
Display their ins
And they enjoy a perfect bliss
As they face no conflicts within
There is no need for them
To keep balancing
As they themselves are balanced

Basically the better match, if not a total match,
Between ins and outs
The happier you stay
With least time spent on
Resolving conflicts within

As a innocent child

Talk what you intend
And do what you talk
So that you remain
Comfortable with you

Bashyam Narayanan

International Women's Day - 100th Anniversary

Let us bow before
The womanhood
This day, on the 100th anniversary of
International Women's Day

Nature has endowed
The women folk
Patience,
Love and care
And above all that
The devout attachment
To anything
That belongs to them

They are designed to
Nurture relationship
With a tact
So that relationships are
Rightly maintained
And with a least sign of any strain

They are wrongly termed
As the weaker sex
But it is coined only those
Who are male chauvinists
Attempt is only to make them feel weak

Women are much stronger than what they look

Their kindness to humanity
Is the one that helps the race be on the move
And on continuity

As much as they know how to love
They know also know how to hate
They are framed to keep things together
They are also molded to throw things apart
They are mothers
They can also provide the care of fathers
They can encourage
And equally discourage
They wait and strike at the right time
They are loveable
They dissolve in embraces
They embrace to solidify a weakened confidence
They are less expressive
But turn out to be a volcano if they are to express
Something strongly undesired
They only can make a home
We, men, can only make a house
They are tradition guards
We, men, can be tradition traitors

They are sisters, wives, mothers, daughters and so on
But basically they are mothers
We, men are brothers, husbands, fathers, sons and so on
But basically we are only men

They proved to be better managers
Than what men did
As they demonstrated better empathy

They think beyond
They envision farther
They are organized better

And let us resolve
To see the womanhood
Just not the woman
And to respect
The great qualities a woman has
And all the rest like
Empowering them,
Educating them,
Enthusiasing them to independence, etc.
Will take care of it

Bashyam Narayanan

It is fine, let us learn from swine

It is fine
Let us learn from swine
The flu that has inflicted millions nine
And made them confine
Suffering in pain
With a totally new fatal design
Defying all understanding developed to define
An infection and its ways malign
And with the ability to make medicines resign
Forcing us to redesign
Our medical approach and tune-fine

It is fine
Let us learn from swine
What we have not learnt from the virus
That made our immune system porous
And created a situation disastrous
More than three decades of research rigorous
With no solution really vigorous
To put an end to that problem stupendous

It is fine
Let us learn from swine
What we failed to learn
From tsunami that raised concern
And killed millions to earn
A notorious name all over, but we failed to discern
The cause of this killer govern
Tsunami was only a word to learn
From a dictionary till then, but when we saw its thorn
We came to know how far we were torn

It is fine
Let us learn from swine
That all the above only showcase
The greedy ways
Of the human race
In the name of developmental phase
With no regard for nature's grace
To see that every one has
What all his needs surface

It is fine
Let us learn from swine

Bashyam Narayanan

It is not going to be easy any more

It is not going to be easy any more
Is what we all cry
And it was also the cry of our parents

Look back
It was only your perception that
It is not going to be easy any more
It all happens as designed by nature
All that happen, we should know
Have a reason behind
Many a time we wonder
Why this happened
We wonder because
We are ignorant
You become enlightened
Once you stop wondering
And just get to know the
Reasons behind a happening
So that similar happenings
Can be prevented, if unpleasant

But, be sure that each happening
Has a reason,
And you cannot have an excuse
For not realizing this
It has happened because
That was the way it has to happen
Accept the happening
Then, act appropriately
Never turn emotional
Emotions retard logical thinking
Emotions lead to non-fetching actions
Stay free, act and smoothly sail over happenings

And you will stop telling
It is not going to be easy any more

Bashyam Narayanan

It is still a long wait in the dark

It was a long wait in the dark
After I got conceived and shaped
In my mother's watery womb
I was not able to breathe, talk, walk or eat
I did not hear anything
I did not see anything
I did not know a thing
Was in total darkness
Wondering as to when there will be light
It was a long wait in the dark

Came out
Grew, started walking, talking
Seeing, listening and understanding
I did many a thing
And the taste of so-called successes
Maddened me and blinded me
Making me ignorant
Of the true awareness
And it turned out to be dark again
Not being able to make out
The real from the virtual
When am I going to be out of this wild darkness
It is still a long wait in the dark

Bashyam Narayanan

It used to be a comfortable descend

It used to be a comfortable descend
From well above
The wind of the lower strata
Making me dazzle one way or the other
But as I get closer to the destination
Me and our tribe
Take a slant straight path
Earlier it was a warmth reception
But, it turns out to be hot these days
A lot of air borne particulate matters
And an irritating gas
Welcome us
We tolerate these
As it gives us greater pleasure
Reaching the surface
People, those days, came out to greet us
And they even danced in the open
Getting themselves drenched
As we land and touch the surface
There used to emanate a scent
Which, we know, indicates the
Active biosphere beneath our landing spot
Days have changed now
People do not have time
To celebrate our arrival
Some of us land on hard and built up surface
And the scent of our union with the destination
Is practically missing
If we are less in numbers
We just trapped there itself and dry up
But if it happens
We rush in big numbers and for long
We flood you
We make you run for shelters
And at times we bring on to you frozen brothers
Who hit on you
We feel sad when we get directed
On to the salty big water s
As we are back to square one
From where only we rose up to come down
We are very pure as we start moving towards you
But as we get closer to you
Many unwanted things penetrate us
Making us less pure
You can a lot to us
So that we reach you pure
And enhance a resource
On which your life depends
You know very well what you should not be doing
And practice them
We shall be thankful to you
For keeping our road towards you clean

Make the descend a comfortable one
For we, the raindrops
Reaching you from the heaven

Bashyam Narayanan

It was a less mourned death

A person of strong
Likes and dislikes
Expressed his feelings
Irrespective of their
Being palatable or not

Earned mostly bad names
Because of his ventilation
Of what he feels

Most of us camouflage
Our real feelings and
Come out with only sweet and
Untrue expressions

He was a person who demonstrated
True love and in that
His advices were bitter a times
But always held a load of
Pure love and affection

Even those people,
Who have nothing but
Complaints against him
Enjoyed his voluntary services
And which he rendered without
Any expectation but only
To demonstrate his love for them

How many of us are going
To remember him for his
Great qualities

The same outbursts of
His unmasked opinion
Did not take him far
And did not allow him
To have a life most of us
Normally enjoy

Till last minute he lived
His life his own way
May be true, he did not
Do sacrifices to maintain
Relations because he might have
Thought his love is sufficient
Enough to do that and he did not
Believe in convincing people
That he is right

And the day he breathed his last
His soul departed alone and unsung

I am sure his soul will always be around
Those, whom he dearly loved
But my heart knows
It was a less mourned death

Bashyam Narayanan

It was not yet another day, today

It was not yet another day, today,
As I happened to meet you in the bus
The gleeful you personify enthusiasm
And care-freeness
This day, I will remember, till the time
I have hold over my consciousness

It was not yet another day, today,
As I had a look into your eyes
The penetrating eyes of yours are
Powerful, conveying at each wink a message
Which this lowly wit soul cannot decipher
How gently they wink, the upper eye lid
With its shining lashes, not hurting the lower one

It was not yet another day, today,
As I heard you talking
The most melodious voice of yours
Was so sweet, as if your vocal chords spray
Honey as air passes through them
The whole world would have realized
The purpose of hearing, as you spoke
My heaven was waiting to descend
Holding on for you to address me,
Which of course, you did not do

It was not yet another day, today,
As I smelt your fragrance
The soothing smell of yours
Had triggered my olfactory cells
And maddened them so
They failed to record the aroma of jasmine
It was not sandal, lavender, rose
But what it was, was my whole day wonder

It was not yet another day, today,
As you chose to sit by my side
The exuberating vicinity of yours
Electrifying and benumbing my nerves
I lost all my senses and got immersed
Into a feeling ecstasy and how I wished
Let the whole day pass like this

It was not yet another day, today,
As I got totally intoxicated by your
Impressive presence
I overshot my stop by three ahead
Was fined five hundred bugs by a ticket checker.

Yes, indeed, it was not yet another day, today.

Bashyam Narayanan

Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho - Be Victorious

Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho
Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Come on in and join us under this big
Well decorated and tastefully coloured shelter
Come on in and join us under the
Glittering blue sky and celebrate thy victory

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Despite the fact that thou know
As each day passes thou art nearing thy death
Be thou victorious
Be thou victorious and dance on
The ever burning earthly turmoil
As the flames of black coal
Dance with the waving wind

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Blow away thy sleep
From thy ever bright eyes
And in thy demonstration
Show to the world
That thou art victorious

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Extend thy tender fingers to reach out
The shining stars on the sky
Brushing aside the dogma around them
Be thou victorious

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Overcoming all the obstacles
Bottlenecks between thou and the victory
Let thou be crowned with victory always
Be thou victorious

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Despite thy knowing thy weaknesses
But thou know how to harness thy strengths
And emerge victorious
In all challenging situations
Be thou victorious

Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Be thou victorious, be thou victorious
Come on in and join us under this big
Well decorated and tastefully coloured shelter
Come on in and join us under the
Glittering blue sky and celebrate thy victory
Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho

Bashyam Narayanan

Joy greets you at doorstep, Sorrow awaits you in drawing room

Half moon in the mid of cloudless sky
Chillness in air despite nearing summer
Things looked bright even with not-functional street lights

I was enjoying a merry running to the street corner shop
To fetch betel leaf and nuts for my mother and aunt
Both resting at home after an eventful festive evening
And a grand reasonably early dinner

I was happy because at home there was peace
And all kids, including my cousins, having a great time
I felt lucky for having been chosen to perform
This service

I was proud as the women folk at home said
That I would get the best betel leaves
Tender and juicy, as I know how to pick up
These made me rush from home
And ended up in a joyful double up run

Everything was fine
Some elderly was asking me, whom I did not answer
"Why running, my boy"

That was the mind set with which
I kept running
I had to stop suddenly because
A thinly built but taller than me boy
Also running opposite jumped in front of me

Before I could understand and say something
The boy slapped on my left cheek
Did not say a thing
Moved towards my right and
Continued running

It took sometime for me synthesize the happening
I stood there for seconds
Looked back to see the running hitter
As I am not knowing even now
The reason for his slapping

Was it because I came on his way
I quietly walked; I dropped the idea of running,
Fearing another slap
Bought the leaves and nuts
With no words uttered and in a
Very thoughtful mood

Returned home with no cheers
But a saw in my family the same joy, they had when I left

Who was that boy
Why did he slap me

Joy does not last long sorrow comes immediately after that
Was the lesson I learnt
And this lesson proved to be right
As the very next week my mother breathed her last

Bashyam Narayanan

Justice, unjustifiable

He was born in a country, where
An enmity prevails over its neighbor land
For no special reason, but once it was a part
Of the big and large neighbor
He grows and settles in a land of prosperity,
But grows with ballooned enmity
Enormous enough to hatch a plan
To attack the land of his dislike, if given a chance
His hatred takes him to people with
Similar plans and things shaped up
He visited the land of his attack in guise
Quite a number of times
To finalize the plot
He was in touch with those, who were known
Worldwide for their lethal capabilities
He too had the blessings of people in power
Of his home land in the launch of this heinous crime
The land which accommodated him also
Was getting ready to condone such evil deeds
He furnished all vital information
That would help the attackers a trouble free execution
All got done in the last week of one November
A group of five or so kept fighting for near two days
With a nation of more than a billion
Seen communicating with a group across the border
All ended with a near two hundred people of the
Largest democracy getting killed in that great city
Which developed itself into the economic capital of the nation
The land of his stay tracks him down
And exposes his links with dangerous outfits
And his hole in the execution of this unpardonable
Conducts trail and sentences his thirty five years' imprisonment
The nation, which suffered this vicious design
Wanted him so that others involved can be investigated for
But the request was turned down on the excuse that
The sentenced would help that rich nation in tracking others too
The main loser now cries
Justice claimed to be done
With no justification in it

Bashyam Narayanan

Keep Ascending the Tower of Knowledge

Most of us are learned
We learnt a number of things
Some of us even added
To the knowledge base
Of the discipline we belong to

Why, a few of us
Made the learned others
Wonder at the discoveries of
New philosophies
And at the inventions
That enhanced the standard of living
Of the common man

The person who keeps
Moving up the tower of knowledge
Sees far beyond
And has a vision of
Those subjects still to be
Explored by him or her
While the less learned
Is at the lower strata of this tower
And is yet to know
That there is lot many
To be known and learnt

An expert is one,
Who knows exactly
What he does not know
And this expertise comes
By being on the path of learning
Always and every where
Looking for something to be learnt
From each event, subject and situation

To know how much
You do not know
Keep ascending the tower of knowledge

Bashyam Narayanan

Keep looking for loose ends; Keep alive and kicking

Keep looking for loose ends, Keep alive and kicking

The very essence of survival among
All living systems lies in the
Locating of loose ends and fixing them adequately

Making of another million
May be one's loose end while
Winning the next meal
May be that of some one else
Growth of his industrial empire
May be the loose end of an entrepreneur, while
Moving on to the next stage in the spiritual path
May be that of someone different
Getting a loan for building own accommodation
May be some other's loose end while
Paying back the availed loan
May be the loose end of a third other person
Keeping in tact his political position and
Getting a suitable placemen
May be other loose ends, which are common
Building a new nest may be a bird's loose end while
Snatching the next prey may be a tiger's loose end

Thus all are after loose ends

The fact is that locating a loose end is not really the end
As loose ends by themselves are no issues
Loose ends get entangled and invite
New and unknown complications

Some know their loose ends
They seemingly do not think or act on these
May be they are confident of meeting the resultant
Complications effectively and adequately

Some are lost in worrying over the complications
And they find no time to fix loose ends
Loose ends remain loose anytime to blow up
With unexpected implications

It is indeed, the desire that fix loose ends
This desire leads these people as how to fix them
They act on the knowledge and secure loose ends

Loose ends are really fixed by
Emotion-free and knowledge-based actions

So,

Keep discovering loose ends
Develop a desire to fix them.

Know how to go about and
Importantly and finally act

Keep alive and kicking

Bashyam Narayanan

Keep the chain of human race unbroken

Made in heaven
Are marriages
Is an adage
But this phrasing is slowly assuming
The status of just a saying

A woman and a man
Are declared wife and husband
To stay together and united
So that an institution called family is
Established, maintained and sustained
With the great responsibility of
Begetting children and helping them grow
Into worthy human beings

The prime motive is to
Ensure continuation of the
Genetic order Homo sapiens

Togetherness and union among the couple
Are directly proportional to the
Emotional, social and economical interdependence
Both of them feel and display

Initial display of mutual interdependence
Immediately after marriage
Is enormous, as it is natural love and affection
And sustaining this is necessitated by arrival of kids

With the advent of civilized living
Social contacts and economic dependence
Demonstration of mutual interdependence
Wanes and as of now it is less uncommon
To see couples fall part
As the sacred heaven-designed relation is strained

There is a need for the couples to
Get committed to relations
As it is the only way for
Keeping the chain of human race unbroken

Bashyam Narayanan

Keep your windows open and get connected to the world

My job is to let in sunlight
And to keep inside ventilated
In the process dusts airborne
As vehicles move find their way in
And settle on things kept inside

I am on a mud wall and
And overlooking the paddy field
Across the untopped road by the side
Women and men at home
Peep through me if they hear
Something odd from the road

I am a silent spectator to all that
Happen inside or outside this
Small well kept mud floored hut

At times I breathe air laden with
The fragrance of the paddy field in blossom
And the aroma of garlic
Fried in a corner of the hut
I overhear often the romantic whispers
Of the husband and wife inside
I am also used to the cries of the
Children and their quarrel
I see village folks carrying plough rods
And driving the pair of oxen
I hear the shrill call of a woman
Selling fish and vegetables
In the early morning hours
A number of times I get frightened
By the yells of the differently dressed
Village soothsayer and I pray within
Let him not have to predict something
Unwanted to the people of my hut

Rain water finds its way into the hut
Through me and I feel bad if someone
Shuts my doors hurriedly and with force

I may give an impression I am insensitive
But I only know I rejoice within when
People around are comfortable
And I cry within when they are in distress
I long for many good things to happen
To the family that my hut houses

I wish the children grow well
With enough skills and knowledge
Not only to take care of themselves
But also the community
Let them not stay innocent and starving

As their parents do
Let them be enlightened and evolved
With enough maturity to understand
People nearby and their ways of thinking
Let them have enough riches
And a mind to share the same with others
Let them grow considerate
And have commitment to uplift
Themselves and their kin

I am none other than the window
Of a village hut
People open me,
Get a fresh flow of cool breeze
And exclaim
"Oh, what a wind" and that is why
I am known as Window

Let the world understand
I am connecting this hut to the universe
I am an ambassador of this family
I am a well wisher to them
And to all for that matter

Keep your windows open
And get connected to the world

Bashyam Narayanan

Kill the virus, not us

Kill the virus, not us

Recently this fever is frequently reported
Some even die
People infected by this virus
Range from slum dwellers to farm owners
Even doctors are not spared
Why a very successful film producer
And director too succumbed to this
The blame come on to us, the carriers
We, the Aedes mosquitoes
Thrive on juicy leave saps
And our female members have to have a
Human blood meal
If not for anything else,
For the continuation of our generation
The blood meal is taken early in the morning
Or in the evening with sunlight still being there
We have no clue as to
Whether the person on whom we feed
Suffers an infection of dengue or not
You may not know that
We too get infected by the virus
But we manage well without suffering any symptoms
By the time when all our body fluids
Are enriched with virus it will be
A week or ten days passed
After the blood meal from the infected person
This is when we become real carriers
We have the potential to infect a healthy person
With dengue virus if we happen to bite that person
We are just carriers, not knowing what we carry
Blaming us only is unfair
You hurriedly take measures to eliminate our species
It is not at all possible
We brave all your biological weapons
And you may not be aware that some of us
Have already developed resistance to
Most of your branded repellants and pesticides
We have some of these suggestions
For your staying uninfected by this virus
We admit, we only spread the infection
Remove and clear all such spots
Where we may establish a habitat
We suggest that you use a good mosquito net
And keep us away from you
We repeat, your repellants and pesticides
Are no longer effective against us
Or your genetic stalwarts can engineer
A mutation in us
So that our system itself produces an antigen
Against this virus

And the virus is made non-infective further
Or immunize your people against the virus
Do something with your great scientific effort
To relieve us of this burden around a viral infection
Your mission must be to ensure
That we, the Aedes mosquitoes and you
Have a harmonious co-existence
Kill the cause, not the carriers
Kill the virus, not us

Bashyam Narayanan

Know that a monkey is on your back

There is a monkey on your back

At any point of time each one of us is carrying a monkey on the back.

Whether you like it or not your thoughts, words and deeds are determined by this very powerful monkey.

This monkey is nothing but a personification of the tasks either assigned to you or taken up on your own.

The life line of the monkey is the strong desire that you nurse to accomplish these tasks.

You may not know that you only feed this monkey and make it naughty.

The quality of your feed and its extent depend on your knowledge, attitude and earlier practices.

Often, wittingly or unwittingly we act only to get rid of the monkey.

Unfortunately, if one monkey goes the other is just taking its place.

And you think, talk and act accordingly.

Some wise people, are they really wise, pass on the monkey to some other's back tactfully, so the monkey is rid off, but still alive. This is what exactly happens in a work environment.

Know your monkeys and their feeds.

Fail not to feed them in time, as monkeys should be fed or shot to death. Otherwise, they will starve to death, forcing you to conduct postmortem.

Keep monkeys' population below the maximum number you can probably feed.

Feed monkeys only by appointment, otherwise you will be feeding them at odd hours.

Feed monkeys personally, if left to others, they may feed wrong and/or in unacceptable doses.

Each monkey is unique, hence its feed and frequency of feed differs.

No monkey stays long. They know when to leave you as once the monkey is satisfied with your hospitality it jumps off your back.

The new monkey on your back is the task to know whether monkeys are there or not on your back.

Bashyam Narayanan

Know the 20 biggest time wasters

Know the 20 biggest time wasters

We are good in spending time, but inept in really utilizing it. The following are the time wasters in both personal and professional lives. It is presumed that you are wise enough to cure them.

Attempting too much triggered by over ambition, over response and over desire

Unclear role and responsibility without adequate authority

Intruders in the name of visitors, guests and others

Inability to say "no" for whatever reason, may be fear or love

Inadequate control over things happening around

Inadequate planning, probably not knowledgeable as to how to go about

Running short of resources

Not adequately informed of the progress

Inability to get certain tasks done by others

Lack of self discipline not keeping up to schedules, not adhering to punctuality

Unfinished tasks in chain of events leading to designed goals

Reacting only when deviations observed, not bothering about preventive steps

Wasteful discussions and purposeless meetings

Unnecessarily detailing, loose ends searching

Self disorganization

Poor or ineffective communication

Procrastination – assuming self to the best, waiting for crisis to crop up, postponing tougher tasks

Over socializing, diluting the purpose of interpersonal interaction

Time consuming telephone or mobile calls, both in and out

Travel without purpose

Bashyam Narayanan

Last of the thousand kisses

Every thing has a beginning
And every thing that began has an end
Good or bad
Pallatable or otherwise
Joyful or saddening
Things have an end as they had a beginning

Though, most of the times, we know as to
When things began
We do not really know as to
When they are going to end

There is a need for us to be
Prepared for the nemesis
Whether such an end is
Acceptable to us or not

We really do not know
Whether it is the last of the thousand good things we have done
Whether it is the last of the millions of breathes we have taken
Whether it is the last of the billions of beats our heart has performed
Whether it is the last of the thousands of suppers we had
Whether it is the last of the thousands of the tear droplets we shed
Whether it is the last of the thousands of hearty laughters we had
Whether it is the last of the thousands of affectionate hugs we made
Or
Whether it is the last of the thousands joyful intimacies
We had with our life partner

So
Let us enjoy every bit of every thing we do
Let us be involved
Let us be immersed
Let us be lost
Let us be perfect
Let us be self-satisfied
Let us be exciting the beneficiary of our deed
With whatever we do
As if it is the
Last of the thousand kisses

Bashyam Narayanan

Learn to be alone

Survival depends on your ability
To manage things yourself
There is an adage in our locality
Which means that
Despite the fact that
Fetus and mother are together
Their mouths and digestive organs are different
Even in this apparent unison
There is a need for loneliness
When it comes to survival and existence
As no one else will eat for you
As no one else will digest your food
As no one else will breathe for you
As no one else will think your thoughts
As no one else talk your words
Even in the midst of millions
You are alone and managing
There is a need for every one to understand this
And there is also a need for every one
To learn to be alone
To be for yourself only
For sometime each day
And watch your own self
For your own development and growth
In unison with every thing around
For your own compatability
With things and people nearby
For your contribution in others'
Progress and advancement
The art of being alone
Goes a long way in enhancing your personality
In finetuning your attitude
In broadening your knowledge base
In advancing your farsightedness
In improving your objective assessment skills
In enlarging your acceptability
In extending your range of kindness
In knowing what you really are
So, learn to be alone
And peep into your personal zone

Bashyam Narayanan

Leave a mark by your special ways of playing your role

You are hired
Only to be fired
Or to be retired
As desired
By the person
who hired

This fact need to be dared
When you are up flared
And for hiring declared
By the person who chaired
The selecting group un-deferred

You know your worth
And you should know your work
You know what you should be doing
More vitally, what you should not be doing

Jobs, whose skill requirements
Are below your skill level
And those whose skill requirements
Are far above your level
Cannot be performed by you

At the same time
Do your work diligently
With a passion for it

Tasks performed without love for them
Turn into toiling
With no satisfaction
Either to self or the beneficiary

We are not born
To work or toil hard
But are born to enjoy working
With a never dying enthusiasm

Enthusiasm aided with innovation
Makes the work
More enjoyable

Monetary returns
And other work-related benefits
Cannot be charming always
But, what keeps you going
Is the self-satisfaction,
Your unique contribution
And your specific touch

Be ready to accept the fact
You are not indispensable

Someone will replace you
To play your role

But, leave a mark
By your special ways of
Playing that role

Bashyam Narayanan

Let each of us light a candle against terror

Let each of us light a candle
On the evening of 26 November
Against terror
That burnt Mumbai
The same day last year
And had been a threat to
The very human race
For decades now

While earlier terror attacks
Were just strikes
The 26th November Mumbai episode
Was indeed a war and battle

War of fanaticism on innocence
War of rage on democratic thinking
War of so called faith on peace

Will lighting a candle
Wipe off the terror
Equipped with bullets, rockets and grenades

Yes, it will
As your lighting a candle
Is going to bring destructive mind blocks
To the glowing brilliance
Of wisdom
And make such terror drawn minds
Realize that the
Ultimate winner is
Human love and kindness

Your lighting a candle
Sends a message to terror
That it is an error
On their part to think
That terror will only rule the world
But the fact is
What rules and unites the world
Why the world only, the entire universe is
Human love and kindness

Let the number of candles lit
Be as many as
The number of people living on this earth
And elsewhere in other planets
Let that number outnumber
The total number of fatal weapons
Held by our terrorist friends
(I do not want them to be branded as foes)
And any others in the world

Let your lighting
Unite not only the peace loving people
But also bring into our loving fold
The terrorists with a changed mindset
Longing for peaceful co-existence
Of the entire human race

Bashyam Narayanan

Let in you be there a great self

On this Diwali day
Let crackers play
Let new dresses sway
Let sweets be shared
Let great wishes exchange
At the same time
From this day onwards
Let in you be there an awakening
Let in you be there an enlightenment
Let in you be there a bliss
Let in you be there a fire for progress
Let in you be there a kindness to all
Let in you be there a broader understanding
Let in you be there a feel for cohesive co-existence
Let in you be there a love for nature
Let in you be there a self-actualization
Let in you be there a balanced outlook
Let in you be there a fairness in all your dealings
Let in you be there a clarity for all your doubts
Let in you be there a touch of divine
Let in you be there a great self and
Let me wish you a happy Diwali

Bashyam Narayanan

Let me realize I really love you

I really do not know
Whether I love you
You did many things for me
For so many years now
And are still keen to do
I really do not know
Whether I love you

You came in my life
As my loving wife
But how soon you turned
Out to be my mother
Caring me as a
Mother to a child
I really do not know
Whether I love you

You carved your tastes
To suit mine
While my tastes
Remained in tact
You dressed to please me
You sported smiles
To declare your comfort
Even at my rash approaches
I really do not know
Whether I love you

You enjoyed my joys
You shared my cries
You bore my kids
And helped them shape
And glow with justful thoughts
You sacrificed a lot
In holding us together
In well-knit and well-meant bond
I really do not know
Whether I love you

Let me mend my ways
Let me train my thoughts
Let me discipline myself
And let me realize
I really love you

Bashyam Narayanan

Let my God be not there

The God in me
Was planted by
My parents and caretakers

And I have grown with
Certain beliefs and faiths
Which have struck
Deep roots in me

It is difficult and
Just impossible for me
To disown these
Faiths and philosophies

And probably in me
There is a potential
For growth of a
Destructive power
Similar to what
The world had been
Witnessing for years
And has witnessed very recently
In India
Taking away lives of
Innocent people
Sparing no one
Who came across
And showed signs of
Resistance

Oh, my God
Contain me
From becoming
Such a demon
And smoothen me
To accommodate others
With different ways of thinking
Build in me tolerance
Put me in the path of non-violence
In thoughts, words and deeds

If you are not ensuring
This at once
I may have to do away
With you as well
And declare to the world
"Let my God be not there"

Bashyam Narayanan

Let there be more smiles

Let there be more smiles
Most of us, in not all
Have reasons to worry about
It can be as simple as
Being late to office
Not having an umbrella in the rain
Your car broke down
Wife scolding you for missing to
Greet her on her birthday
And it can be as dee as
Some being quite ill
Some one in great financial loss
Some one meeting with an accident
And a range of others
Being sorrowful is in no way
Going to help you come out of this
Believe things will change
As they are ever changing
And will change for better
Your worries big or small
Will soon vanish
No one will dare to come near you
If you bear worried looks
Brave these, as you know
They are just passing
Instead smile at these
As you will come out as a winner
While in sorrow
Even a very close friend
Will think twice before reaching you to comfort
But, the smile you sport will
Even drag unknown people to your fold
You may not know
You look more handsome or beautiful
When you smile
Become a catalyst
As your smile will make a lot others too to smile
When you smile
Sorrows go away a mile
Make yourself an agent of smile
And around you
Let there be more smiles.

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Us All Prayfor Peace and Malala's Relief

Malala still in teen
Turned out to be a queen
With her strong desire and keen
To make a religious fanaticism clean

Her movement for education
Of women of a particular formation
Made the world think of reformation
But stood helpless with confrontation

At a tender age of eleven
She made her presence felt even in heaven
By her blog on education for women
Her thoughtfulness did many hearten

Effortlessly she won accolades for peace
Dreaming a world with no one to pierce
The coexistence of human beings on religious base
And help them live and love each other in one piece

She did meet most powerful men of the world
To further her cause for a release from religious fold
She was assured by all as she is mentally strong and bold
She succeeded in getting back her school and household

However, religious fanaticism is strong and stout
That managed to get her twice shot
And she is struggling to survive in an intensive care slot
Hopefully to come back to fight this dreadful fanatic plot

Let us all pray for her life
Let us all pray for a world with no religious strife
Let us all pray for wisdom among those who strike on religious belief
Let us all pray all gods we all know for peace and Malala's relief

Bashyam Narayanan

Let Us All Unite and Ensure That No Longer Such Mishaps Repeat

Savita Halappanavar could have been saved
Had the dead fetus been surgically removed in time
This surgical procedure cannot be termed abortion
As the fetus ceased to be fetus as it is dead
When Savita requested for its removal
We are advanced and ever advancing
But why can't we come out of the shell of
Religious dogmas
And show the world that
We are human beings first and then only
We identify ourselves
With the nation we are born in
With the religion we are practicing
With the language we speak
With the community we hail from
We failed to identify as a human being
In the process
We lost a woman for no fault of hers
This version is making rounds as of now, but
Whom to blame, as a life is lost

The doctors probably allowed Savita to suffer
As still they claim there was fetal heart beat
Might have ventured a risk
Thinking that Savita would stand that for some more time
Before going for the surgical intervention
But death won the race
This version too makes it round

The land where this tragedy occurred is
Too well known for its pre and post natal care
And hence some find it difficult to believe
That such an incident gets reported
As negligence and gynecologists of that land never go together

Some talk about protest against anti-abortion lobbyists
Some talk about religious adherence
Some talk about racial discrimination
Some talk about so many other things

Let us forget all that
Let this unforeseen death be not become a divide between us
Let us console the widower
Let us pray for peace of the departed soul
Let us extend apologies to bereaved families
If the death has really occurred because of human error
Either technical or otherwise
Let us all unite and ensure
That no longer such mishaps repeat

Bashyam Narayanan

Let us allow her at least to sleep, leave alone caring her

Early morning in January
Morning walk
Poorly maintained Indian road
Walk was not brisk
Reason, traffic
Two wheelers, cars, vans and trucks
Though not heavy
Enough for a walker to be discouraged
Despite all that
She was sleeping
On the cushion of a
Heap of plastic wastes
Curled like a semi circle
Sleeping quietly
Probably comfortably too
Rushing vehicles do not disturb her
Walkers ` scratching shoes or sandals
Do not disturb her
She is sleeping as if she is dead
I have at home the comfort of mattress
Fan, air conditioner, quilt and what not
Still a number of night hours spent un-slept
Pondering over a painful past
Or scheming for an unknown future
I do not think I never slept the sort of slumber
She is demonstrating
Sleeping only while sleeping
Before I finished this comparison
Of myself with her
A bike rider, probably a learner.
With an elderly pillion rider
Instructing him
And shouting "turn to right"
Ran the bike over her a little-bit projected tile
And make her, a thin built street dog,
Jump and run off her
Waste laden bed
And a wonderful sleep
We need at least to have the kindness
To let her sleep on our waster
Leave alone caring here

Bashyam Narayanan

Let us be different, not indifferent to realities

Let us be different, not indifferent to realities

Let us not take pride for what we are
We know for being what we are
A number of others contributed more
Than what we did for being what we are
So
Our wisdom does not permit us
To take pride in being what we are

Let us not beat our own drums
We understand people come to know us better
In our silence, as silence is
More expressive in communication
And let us not demonstrate
Our capabilities and powers
Only to show to what far we are competent
And what are our physical and mental strengths
And
We are not competing with any one
But we do compete with our own self
To scale higher levels of excellence

Let us not be violent in
Thoughts, words and deeds
We know demonstrating non-violence is easy
But we will keep striving
Not to nurse violent thoughts
So that we are not violent to the core

Let us be patient, patient, patient
We know nothing is going to harm us
Except our turning turbulent and impatient
We understand that it is all changing
Will soon change to our favour
Though we have realized that
There is nothing like 'favourable' or
'Unfavourable' situation

Let us remain clean
In our thoughts, words and deeds
Like a child we will talk what we think
And we will do what we speak

Let us remain a learner ever
Trying all the time to learn
And to unlearn so that we remain
Very clear about everything
Within and without

Let us keep our physique clean
Of dirt and diseases

Let us nurse healthy practices
And enjoy living to the last breathe

Let us stay fearless
As we are confident of facing anything
Good or otherwise
We believe we can negotiate adequately well
Situations requiring a thoughtful navigation
We are sure nothing can hurt us
As we have the tact of handling them safely

Let our deeds remain totally unselfish
Not that we negate our self
But we will not long for a selfish end
In all what we do
Collective interest and common good
Will decide our acts

We know which stimulate our sensual organs
Let that be what we see,
What we hear,
What we smell,
What we taste and
What we touch
We know how to enjoy them
Let us exercise caution against
Overindulgence and
We have the strength to reject a stimulant at our choice

Let us give up arrogance of ego
We will effectively resist its dominance
We will enjoy the utility of things and people
But we will not possess any
We will not cry over things going their way
And we will not mourn their departure

We know the vagaries of life and living
We have the acumen to foresee the emotional imbalances
Associated with birth, death, ageing, diseases and disorders
None of these come in our way
And hamper our progress towards self actualization

Let us not be madly bonded to any weakness
We know we can stay strong and in balance
Only if we can stop being attracted to things
We will not repel any thing at the same time
Though our mission is to be un-attracted

Let us have a balanced and weighed bonding
To our dear and near
Not that we do not care for them

We love them adequately
But we exercise control over love to them
So that they do not feel our caring a burden
And they remain independent

Let us have an emotional balance ever
The so called favouring or unfavouring situations
Do not influence this emotional balance
As we treasure this as our greatest possession

Let us be devoted to one particular divine understanding
And faith so that we reach some far
In our spiritual path and be ever guided
To take meaningful decisions while living

Let us select a clean and calm environment
As our habitat
Which is congenial to our inner search
And help us understand the
Power that energizes the universe
And nurtures its components

Let us not relish being in the mid of a crowd
Not that we stay alone
We will stay with people, any number, any kind
But we know that we only are our company
Crowd psychology will not penetrate us
Let us be guided by our righteous will

Let us ever dwell in search of the real self
We are totally devoted to know our self
We understand it is a waste of time
To make efforts to understand others
As such an effort leads us only to misunderstand

Let us be ever preparing to
Have the feel of ultimate truth
We know it is more a realization
Of the self and its relationship with the infinite

And thus, let us be different
And not indifferent to realities

Bashyam Narayanan

Let us celebrate

Celebration means rejoicing
An achievement
An advancement
A successful accomplishment
A commemoration

In all these
There were efforts
Struggles against odds and
Challenges
Greater the effort
Tougher the struggle
Grander the celebration
Examine the celebrations
We launch normally

We celebrate birthdays
Wedding days
Marriages
An elevation in social or professional status
An acquisition of property
Nationally or politically important events
A range of festivals depending on the faiths we tag on

How many of them
Deserve being celebrated

You will come to know
Some of them, if not many
Need no celebration
As there were no efforts of ours
And there were no struggles

Then why do we celebrate
We celebrate because
Others do so or
We can afford to do so

Time has come
Where there is a limitation on resources
Resources here mean
Those we are endowed by nature
Not those that are man made
And available at a price

Many celebrations denude nature
Of its priceless resources
And we consume these non-renewable and
Non-replenishable resources
Just to show we can do that
And in the name of celebrations
Which do not really mark any

Achievement or accomplishment
Following our effort or struggle

Let us celebrate
But let us restrict the number of celebrations
So that the future generations too
Will have something to celebrate

Bashyam Narayanan

Let us think anew on this Republic Day - 2013

Let us think anew in this Republic Day - 2013
This day in 1950 India became a Republic
But this 64th Republic Day forces me to think
Something special and new, especially for Indian women
We see nowadays quite a number of harms done to them
There may not be a breaking news
But, there will always be a raping news
Age across girls and women are victims to this male misbehavior
We also see a great number of learned
And vociferous women appearing as panelists in a range of
Discussions on varied topics
A demonstration that proves that Indian women are
No where less to their spouses and counter gender
All these trigger me, prompt me, to think
Why not there be a separate political outfit for women
It can be National Women's Party
It can be Indian Women's Party
It can be any such name
With a woman President
With a woman General Secretary
With a woman Treasurer and so on
The emphasis is that there are only woman members in that
The policies and objectives can be so that
All Indian women, including those already in power
Join the party and make it a challenging outfit
To already existing policy-faulting, corrupt-ridden
Political parties, national or regional
By chance, if they turn successful
All representatives will be women
Likely, if this happens, more and more women
Will be there to make decisions towards national cause
Likely, they are less corruption supportive
Likely, they take more pointed solutions
Likely, they have pointed questions to ask
Likely, they have pointed answers to offer
Likely, they make more technical decisions
Than political decisions the nation witnessed so far
They are capable of making minds meet
They are capable of making wisdom dawn
They are capable of making emotions melt
They are capable of making neighbours friendly
They are capable of making economy stabilize
They are capable of making religions tolerant
They are capable of making governance grand
They are capable of making Indians proud
They are capable of making their existence safe
I fondly wish this becomes a reality
And on this Republic Day let a seed be sown
For this great tree to establish

Bashyam Narayanan

Let's demonstrate we are civilized in the real sense

The tilling of land
The finding of the use of fire
The discovery of wheel
The advent of metal usage
Marked the way for
Civilization
And we have been
Civilizing ourselves
Since then
Our ways of living improved
Generations after generations
Our comfort level kept increasing
We are at such a peak
That a peak further ahead
Looks impossible
But we are yet to be
Civilized in the real sense
As we have no regard
For the resources we use up
And consume so much
That many of us run short
And we have no clue as to
Whether our future generations
Will have at least a taste of
What all we have consumed
And we say we are developing
Each second
We are termed more and more developed
The more we devour the resources
Minding not whether something left
For others, leave alone for generations ahead

God said
Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth
He, probably, meant
Stay in comfort
Generate fruits, grains, vegetables and other edibles
Eat well
Ensure the continuity of the human race
By multiplying in number
And make sure
To replenish the earth
For its continued and uninterrupted support

We are fruitful
We grow grains
Develop farms
We are multiplying ourselves
Some of us in dangerous proportions
But
Are we replenishing the earth
No way

We are not sending back anything to the earth
With which she can support living blocks
What we send back to the earth
All rubbish
And some of them
Even remain a challenge
For the earth to digest and assimilate
Some of them are threatening
Life support systems
Which, the earth developed
Over millions of years

Let us examine the way we live
Let us check the wastes we generate
Let us demonstrate
We are civilized in the real sense
With a farsightedness that will
Help future generations
Enjoy living the same way we do.
If not better

Bashyam Narayanan

Life a mystery, not a problem

Life a mystery not a problem

Problem

Is a situation

Which does not allow you

To reach your goal or

To get things done

As per your original schedule

Once perceived as a problem

You make use of your

Knowledge, experience,

Skill and resources

To come over it

And you may reach your goal or

Get your things done

Even if delayed

And even if falling short of

Your expectations

If a situation is perceived as a mystery

It becomes a riddle

Likely you take it more as challenge

Not just a problem solving requirement

You wonder at the

Natural ways of things taking shape

You wonder at the

Variations in the perceptions of

Others and even among people close to you

And very likely you end up

With out-of-the box thinking

And get beyond traditional ways of

Looking at things

You may even set a trend

For new and innovative approach

To the problem, nay mystery

And this mindset will help you

Enjoy living

And expand your knowledge base

With regard to human behavior

And natural laws

Which only shape your future

And carve your life style

Take life as a mystery

And do away with the thinking

That it is a problem

Bashyam Narayanan

Life a school, learning the living

Life, a school
With no class rooms
With no black boards
With no one standing before you and teaching
With no tests
With no exams
With no marks, ranks and promotions
With no books
Life, a school
And you are in the same standard or class life through

Who is teaching, but
Everyone you come across and
Everything nearby
From just born to the one waiting to depart
The leaf dancing to the tunes of the wind
The car that is speeding by your side
The plane flying up in the sky
The water flowing gently in the stream
The stars twinkling in the dark sky
The colourful horizon at the other end
The mist, cloud, smoke and emission
The small ant busy carrying a much-bigger-to-its-size dry leaf
The butterfly jumping from flower to flower
All have potentials to teach,
If you have the desire to learn

What do they teach
To remain happy ever
To help others improve their status of happiness
To keep yourself balanced in all situations
To go ahead with your work emotion free
To stay healthy and be kicking
To be special of your own
To be social and sociable
To lead and to be an active part in team
Not to lose time in dreams and wasteful thinking
Not to be lazy and lost
Not to feel unwanted
And quite a number of other things for lively living
And to apply what all you learnt
And just not remeber and pour it out for scoring marks

Who assesses performance?
You and you only
As you only know what was taught
And you only know what was learnt
The more you apply what you learnt
The better is your performance
Know your performace from
How long you stay cool
How many derive benefits of your existence

How many call on you
And how many you call on
How do others respond to your requests
How you respond to their requests
How innovative and creative you remain
How many times you laugh in a day
Assess yourself, if not satisfactory,
Apply more and more of what is learnt
At the same learn more and more

What is the syllabus
It is for you decide
As you are the examiner
You are the taught
You are the student
You are the evaluator
You are the Vice Chancellor of your Life University
Set the syllabus yourself
Check then and there how far you are covering
Fail not to apply, whatever is learnt

What happens if you fail
You will remain where you are, not an inch ahead you can move
You become stagnated and start stinking
No one will be there near
No one play with you, laugh or cry with you
You will not be special, but a specimen
You will have life, but really, are dead

People say
Learn to Live
Let us change that a bit
Live to learn
As life is a school
and learning is living

Bashyam Narayanan

Life just 10% of what happens and 90% of how you react

Life 10% what happens and 90% your reaction on the happenings

We are free to choose
Our response in any given situation
But we are not free to
Choose the consequences of those actions

Our actions,
Those governed by right principles
Bring positive results
Dishonesty in dealing can
Bring social consequences,
Depending on whether or not
We are found out
And
Also are our natural consequences
Fix result of our actions,
Which Indian Philosophy puts as Karma

That means our choice of response, in a way,
Is our choice of consequences
The important and decisive factor in life
Is not what happens to us
But, the way
We take towards what happens

Bashyam Narayanan

Life, A Dream Only

Many feel, rightly too
That life is a challenge
With many loose ends
And many a time
A lot ends stay loose
And a range of problems
Looming large all over
Some suffer financially
Some suffer on social grounds
Some suffer physically
Some suffer with family issues
Some suffer professionally
Me, you and almost every other person
Has something to be uncomfortable with
But, just nurse a thinking
That all these are dream
And you are sleeping
Only to wake up to a problem-free dawn
If you believe it is all a dream
Very likely you will just act to come over
The issues eating your brain
As in a dream you just do that
When you feel that you are really with it
Very likely you end up reacting to issues
With a lot emotional confrontations surfacing
When you feel it a dream
You are sure that all these disappear soon
To a pleasant, if not blissful, wakefulness
Give your dreams a chance
To help you and to enhance
Your level of happiness
And experiment this dream therapy
At regular intervals
So that one day you will be enlightened to a faith
That life a dream only

Bashyam Narayanan

Live your life and let others do theirs

For you to
Conform to what is said in the title
You need to understand
The following

Though you own a house
You are not that house
Though you own a car
You are not that car
Thus, though you own your body
You are not that body
You are not that anything
Which has a relation with your body
So, you are not a father or mother
You are not a son or daughter
You are not a brother or sister
You are not a man or woman
You are not a professional or otherwise
You are just a soul
Occupying a body and controlling it

The second important understanding is
That you are not doing anything
Your eyes have seen, you have not
Your ears have heard, you have not
Your intelligence has understood, you have not
Since you are not your eyes, ears or intelligence
Or anything that a relation with your sense organs
You have not done anything
Anything done by your body
Of which you are the soul
Is nothing but the response
Of your sense organs
To the their respective stimuli

Third understanding you need to have is
That the soul in your body is
A part of a super soul
Whom, you may call as God
And He is aware of and witnessing
Everything happening around you
And elsewhere

What you need to do
With this understanding

Direct your body
To selflessly and non-emotionally perform
Those duties
Which have been assigned
Naturally and
Which have been assigned

Based on the skills
Acquired by your body
With common good in mind
And with no attachment to the results therein
Guarding against
The possible arrogance
Of having performed

And seek for guidance
From the super soul
For sustenance of the
Above knowledge and performance
While dedicating everything
Done by your body
As an offering to the super soul
Keep you ever attached
To the super soul
By directing your thoughts, words and deeds
Towards Him

Sustain these

And

You live your life and
Let others do theirs

(An attempted retelling of Bhagavad Gita with an appealing twist)

Bashyam Narayanan

Look at me please, I am just above you

Look at me please
I am just above you
Overlooking the
Movement of each of you
But no one finds time
To look at me
And appreciate
The great services
I am rendering

Look at me please
I am just above you
On a branch that has
Taken a sun-light driven bent
And magnanimously
Arching over the busy road
Where all types of vehicles rush
Day in and day out

Look at me please
I am just above you
And am busy always
And busier when sun light
Falls on me, as I have to
Do a lot of processing
Within me and help my holder
Grow, blossom and fructify
For your use and later
For establishment of
My holder's replicas

Look at me please
I am just above you
Capturing your carbon dioxide
Emissions and converting them
To energy molecules
But, you see, we are engulfed
Nowadays with so much of that gas
And finding it difficult to make use
Of everything you emit
Factually, we are suffocating
With the same gas, which used
To be our food delight

Look at me please
I am just above you
And I am none other than
The broad leaf attached
To the teak tree planted
Long back within your
Office boundary wall
Got established and standing tall

Despite being not well taken care
Thriving just on the little water
And the soil nutrients
Sapped by the root system

Look at me please
I am just above you
Working for you
Breathing out
Your much required
Life supporting gas
We, the nature's creations
Do not do anything in excess
We aspire only for
Decent and sustained living
We act matching
Just the demand of that time

Look at me please
I am just above you
Please do not do anything
That can create
A non-manageable situation
And that will end up
In elimination of
All living beings, including you
Check your energy-intensive habits
That is the only way
For your sustained stay

Bashyam Narayanan

Look At Your Watch

Normally we look at our watch
When an event commences or
When an event concludes or
When we are waiting for someone or
When we are waiting at the bus stop or in railway station or
When we are rushing to office or in a hurry for a meeting or
When we are waiting for a word from a doctor
After admitting someone dear to us in the hospital
And so many other occasion, which are quite familiar to us
Looking at our watch indirectly indicates that
We are anxious about accomplishing a task

It is instinctive you look at the watch
You do not require any one to remind you
As to when to look at your watch

Looking at the watch does not necessarily mean that
You are punctual or time conscious
It is a habit and
Extent and frequency of looking at watch
Vary with person to person

Take the case of a race
A person runs and some other is looking at the clock
Attempt here is to know the
Duration of a particular event
The person, who takes the least duration
For a set performance is the winner
So too, you aim at consuming least time in
Performing a certain task
And become the winner

Let not others watch your performance
Watch your own performances
And see that your actions chase the time

Your attempt need to be a real-time watching
And not just to know the time of beginning and end of an event

You also need to understand
That there is no job which can be done in no time
Each job, big or small, needs its own time
But your intelligence, skills and innovation
Can reduce the duration

You will watch the time in an attempt to chase it
And not to be just with it
Such an attempt will take you ahead of time

Each second has a greater value for you
Than what others attach to it

Each second will generate more for you
Than what it does for others

Each second will make you understand more things
Than what other do in a second

Each second will enlarge your knowledge base more
Than what it does for others

Look at your watch not just to know the time
Look at your watch to know how timely your acts were

Bashyam Narayanan

Love And Care From A Terminally ill

I just happened to overhear
That my death is very near
Attending doctors are not clear
As to when exactly I leave this world for ever

From all that which was discussed
Among the the medical faculty focused
On the scan of my brain cells diffused
The days are counted for the holder, not to be disclosed

It was painful, but a reality
I must accept this fact in totality
Death is slated at the time of birth, nay, of fertility
All born in world have to depart one day a certainty

I started crying for a while
But as a nurse appeared, put on a smile
As if all fine with me all the while
Whether she knew or not, the my readying coffin nail

I looked back in the real sense
Visualising all that went on in my life since
The day I started registering me-around happenings
Some exciting, some troubling, some even non-sense

With this Oh, people of the world
Learn that death follows birth, so mould
Before you depart and you need to be bold
To accept this reality, let your self be repeatedly told

Take a lesson from my history
Which had many ups and downs in close repository
I did not manage well the emotional adversary
And I am forced to leave early at not even half a century

Bashyam Narayanan

Love others and take them along in your great ship – Friendship

It was a blossom in my life otherwise a desert
To have a friend and to open up my heart
To exchange what I feel and to assert
In me a confidence that there is someone to support

My friendship is not only to exchange joy
Also it share moments that have potential to destroy
My mansion of pleasures and smooth convoy
That I came over them, efforts I did not deploy

My friendship is a flower of all season
It shows up colours, emits fragrance for no reason
It is all understanding and sharing in person
An effortless display of love beyond horizon

My friendship requires no exchange
Of greetings, cards or flowers in orange
It tells me what my friend feels even in strange
No words spoken and everything is known in all its range

My friendship is god given honour
It is a strength on which I can corner
All successes and go beyond the banner
At the same time I remain ever a happy runner

My friendship is to me so special
That I protect it, as I do my essential
It is a bond made of thought potential
Will stay lifetime with great credential

Come on, we need to understand friendship
It is a relation generated mainly on courtship
It is a thought-driven process built on partnership
So, love others and take them along in your great ship

Bashyam Narayanan

Make each day Valentine's Day and create a heaven of earth

We all know
That we are here
On this earth
Because of love
And we are sustaining
Because of love
Generations ahead
Depend on the love
We are going to demonstrate

We have been advancing
Our ways of living
And enhancing our levels of comforts
In the process we lost sight
Of the above fact
And we need a day's celebration
To keep us reminded
Of the above universal truth

It looks
We started believing that
Life is driven by the fuel of
Money, power and fame
And no longer
Life is to be lived and enjoyed
With the nectar of love and affection
And it is enough we live a day each year
Demonstrating our love to others
On this Valentine 's Day

Let us make
Each day Valentine's Day
Express and demonstrate
Love for all people around
And for all living things around
And create a heaven of earth

Bashyam Narayanan

Managing change

Managing change

Change is inevitable. But how well we manage changes. Often we find it difficult to cope with the change and waste our precious time in pondering over the pleasantries of the past.

We must understand, why at all a change occurred. Necessity, scarce resources, new environment, updated facilities, etc. bring out changes.

We step in a changed environ without even a hint of the same. The best advice would be to ever be prepared for changes, favourable or otherwise. Let wisdom descend on us to appreciate and enjoy the ever changing colours of the people, places and others of this living space.

Managing change involves assessing the extent and nature of the change. It is essential to assess the gains and losses of a change, so that we get a balance. We need also to know the beneficiaries of a change and others, who may lose some privileges.

We should have the tact to monitor the impact of the change so that unacceptable deviations are rectified then and there, by effectively controlling the impact of the change.

We need also the courage to accept the change, even if the impact of a change is uncomfortable

Bashyam Narayanan

Marry a person worth being your height

On our 23rd wedding anniversary

8400 days of pleasant togetherness
1200 weeks of shared dreams
276 months of intimate pleasantries
23 years of happy living are
What all I am blessed with
After my being made one with you

How come you did not change a bit at all
While I feel I am changing at each minute's fall

How readily you accepted me and mine
In spite of our accommodating you was not that fine

How wonderfully you blossomed and spread fragrance
Despite my worthlessness and thoughtless arrogance

You may not know the great feelings I went
Through, whenever you were beside with your own sweet scent

Love for you is a spring and like a well
It is always full and in fact, tends to swell
As time passes I apprehend it will be a hell
Without you nearby with lot many things to tell

I know my philosophical ways and spiritual moods
But never came to know in full your thoughtful routes
To ways of living and winning friends striking roots
Deep in their hearts thus performing feats of loots

I lost my mother long long back, keeping the gnawing
Alive for a motherly care and love, and my belonging
To you quenched once and for all this painful longing
As you demonstrated an affection ever growing

You bore my children and the pains thereof
For which I do not have words to pour off
To thank you adequately and to share of
Your struggles to see that things are well off

Come what may, go what may, with you by my side
I can stand and come over any great slide
I only wish in your next immediate birth, decide
And marry a person worth being your height

Bashyam Narayanan

Me, the Poet? and She?

Me the Poet? and she?

Any time I am to handle her
It is a pleasure to both
She accommodates me so well
And accepts all my maneuvers
With silence and giving me
Signs of her enjoying
Each move and touch of mine

It is always a new experience
When I approach her
For negotiating her
As each time her curves and shades change
Apparently exciting me

The product of our association
Is also a pleasure to us
And to others as well
As the outputs always have
Something new to convey
And something new to show up
They display more the
Reflections of me while
They invariably inherit her beauty

The conception of the product is
Instantaneous and it is triggered
Mostly by the environment we are in

While I have words to express
My longing for her
She never once uttered a word
On the love she has for me
But she herself is an expression
More than her love

It is her blessing I am able to
Maintain my relations with her
She at times chooses to stay
Off me when I am drowned in
Thoughts not congenial for our getting close

Her inviting beauty
Her flexibility to suit my moods
Her tolerance to my non-sense
Her exciting curves
Her awesome shades and
Her intoxicating scent
Made me lost to her
Whenever I am in her vicinity
And I am a lifetime prisoner

To this marvelous creation

Hold on friends
Stop your imagination
Written in love for
The language I use while scripting
Me, the poet and
She, the English

Bashyam Narayanan

Memorable Cries of Mine

We cry
When we are in pain
Pain can be physiological
Pain can be psychological
As the intensity of
Physiological pain abates
It is likely
The cry associated with it
Dies down
At a rate similar to the
Rate of abatement of pain
As we mature
We develop the tact of
Bearing a pain
Practically not crying over it

Psychological hurt
Stays long
As an emotional scar
And has the power to
Make you cry
And shed tears
Even after a long pause

As kids and in the total care of parents
We would have cried
To attract attention
And get things done
In our favour and the way we want
As we start understanding the realities
Of a practical world
We stop crying
But grumble within

A tearful cry is
An emotional outburst
Of a pain or a stir within
Most often
Cries get dry
As we plan ourselves
To act
To heal the hurt or pain
With a high level of maturity
We hardly see ourselves crying

Two cries of mine
Will stay ever in my memory
One, when I was in the total care of my parents
This cry is special to me
As I had no reason to cry
My mom, serving us food,
In that late evening,

Was in a mood to sing
Definitely, she should have sung
So well bringing out excellently the modulations
Associated with that tune or raga
Probably I was listening to her so intently
That my emotions got stirred deeply
And I started crying
Tears rolling down
My mom was able to read my mind
Continued singing
Despite one listener's sobbing
Would have probably thought
The song would soothe me
It did something in me
Was it a feeling of helplessness
Was it ecstasy of being to able enjoy a unique emotion
I was not sure what made my cry
It was a long cry
And lasted
Even after she finished the song

The second cry occurred
When I was in a foreign soil
The task before me and my wife
Was to take away our grandson
From his parents
And keep him with us
Till the time they return to our land
This was a long drawn process
As we prepared ourselves very carefully
To the new responsibility of
Rearing the just two year old
Matching his temperament and unique needs
The day of departure came
All, except the kid
Were in a frame of mind
That allowed us not to exchange the usual pleasantries
As the time to depart approaching
I suddenly realized
That I would not be in a position to
Stand the pain of the kid
Who is getting separated from his parents
The emotional outburst came out
As I saw myself crying
Tears swelling, running down, wetting the T-shirt
My wife, daughter and son-in-law made attempts
To console me
But nothing helped
It took sometime for me to get over the pain
And to be confident
Of accepting the pain

This does not mean
I had no occasions earlier or in between to cry
I would have cried as many times as
Others of my age would have
But these two occasions were special to me
As in the first one
I had no definite reason for crying
And in the second
I felt so helpless that I would not be able to help even a kid

Bashyam Narayanan

Mosquito-bite free Goodnight - from a mosquito

I am a mosquito thriving in a tropical country
We, mosquitoes, feel highly disturbed
By the crusade against us
Attempts are always on to eradicate us

The reason quoted is that
We propagate diseases
You say we spread malaria, encephalitis
And so many others including the disabling polio

You learned people know that
We have not created any of them

But it so happens when we suck blood from any of you
The disease causing pathogen comes along with the blood
And it is passed on to another person, if we go for his or her blood
You will admit we are not really the culprit
But the person who has already hosted the disease causing agent
Blame him or her, not us

You have not protected your own people from an infection
But conveniently pass the blame on innocent and silent blood suckers

A lot of research is going on in
Arriving at the most effective repellent against us
And in most of the tropical countries
Night through your own people are inhaling
The repellent laden air
We wonder in this process your own folks will end up
With new health disorders with the ingestion of
These newly discovered repellent chemicals
And you will not hesitate to blame us
For this mishap created by your own researchers

Keep it only with you that
We are also developing resistance to most of these repellents
And soon none of them will work against us
Leaving you all to sleep in fools' paradise

Instead of chasing us
Chase out the disease-causing agent
And if still not possible
Protect yourself against being stung by us
With rightly designed physical barriers
Never go for chemical means to drive us out
Not only you will fail, you may end up with new disorders

Mosquito=bite free good night

Bashyam Narayanan

Move with time, awaiting a pleasant surprise in each of your position in space

Time is not what is shown in a clock
Time is not what the second hand passes
Time is not what the minute or hour hands show
Time is also not what our calendar indicate
Time is not the day, the week, the month or the year
Time is not sun rise or sun set
Time is not the morning, noon, afternoon, evening or even night
Time is indeed the point or location
You occupy in the space
Me, you and every one and every thing
On this surface of the earth
Are on a continuous move
As the earth rotates on its axis
And keeps moving around the sun
We all keep moving
And we do not know or even the clue to know
Whether we reach the same location in space again for a second time
It may look similar
But, it is all relative position with respect to the
Position of the other objects on the space
Duration for a thing to complete is thus
Is also not the time measures we employ
In absolute terms,
It is this the distance in space you traveled
Between the beginning and finishing of an event
It is also true you do not travel back as there is no reverse gear
In this universal path
Blame not your time, and
If anything to blame it is your position in the space
Since you are never stagnant
Your position will soon change
And things will soon be different and in your favor too sometimes
Move with time
Awaiting a pleasant surprise in each of your position in space

Bashyam Narayanan

My Best Half

I would like to differ
From the common expression
Better half
When it comes to mentioning
My wife
I prefer calling her
My best half
Reason is simple
We match well
And we are so balanced
That we are just opposite
On many great qualities
Since I know my worth
I credit her with all good things
And thus she becomes
The best half of me
Not the better half
As we normally connote
We are married for
Thirty six plus years now
Believe, each day
I find something or the other
New good quality in her
And this continues and will continue
Me, on the other hand
Think, say and do some blunder or the other
And get an unpleasant comment
A well organized
Futuristically thinking
Worldly wise
Financially smart
Creatively active, and more especially
Tolerating-me, she
And me, the just opposite
Go well together
All because of her
No doubt, she is
My best half

Bashyam Narayanan

My dear alcohol

My dear alcohol
How nice are you to us
Your ingestion takes us to heaven
We float with confidence
We feel we have solutions for
All problems
Your circulation within
Makes us understand
The purpose of our living
What magic you perform
Within us is a still wonder to me
Medical science says a
A number of things
You can do to us
While you are present
In our blood stream
I do not understand a word of it
But, yes, I experience

Such a good person like you
Cannot harm us
But, not less frequently
I hear a number of
Uncomforting things
About you

You are quoted often
A reason for a number
Of road accidents
You, I, understand
Affect the human liver
You, probably, do not know
How important this organ
Is for human beings
My knowledge, though, limited
Says that the liver has a major role
In digestion of food
They say you enlarge liver
And you have the potential
To cause liver cancer
Which can be fatal

The one great strength of yours
Is that you make a person addicted to you
And make the person dependent on you
You do this especially to
Our poor fellow folks, who
Do not earn enough to feed
Your hunger when you are inside
Most often they are the
Ones, who become the
Most blessed of your grace

And bear the brunt of having consumed you
In good faith

Our efforts to
Prohibit or restrict
Your human consumption
Failed miserably
And the painful episodes
Associated with you
Still continue unabatedly

Take it from me,
We do not find fault with you
And your nature

It will be unwise on my part
To request you
To develop a distaste in us for you
On your first consumption

Though I can request you this
Can you change a bit yourself
Intoxicate your consumers
In their first drink itself
So much that they cannot
Even lift the glass a second time

Bashyam Narayanan

My New Found Dad

I belong to a household
Which was considered rich and affluent
In the neighborhood
My grandfather, grandmother, mother and brother
Were at home
I used to hear my schoolmates talking about their dads
And I did not have one at home
An uncle used to visit our home regularly
All at home treated him with love and respect
Mother and that uncle used to spend a lot time together
My grandparents kept me and my elder brother
Away from them
I carefully avoided talking about dad
As I watched my elder brother
Getting beaten up one day
When he was insisting that
He should be taken to dad
I was comfortable with the friendly uncle
Who visited us regularly
And with whom mom too was pleased
My elder brother showed some dissent
Whenever I talked good of uncle
He came invariably with excellent gifts
He never once missed to be with us
In all celebrations
Let that be festivals, birth days, anniversaries
He would be there
He would see to that my birth days
Get very well organized
And he would bring his friends too, male and female
All went fine till I passed school final
And was about to enter a professional college
I purchased the application form
And got stuck when I was to write my father's name
Mom told me to ignore
Managed to get me admitted
After a dialogue with the principal
But this issue got deep into me
And was determined to establish my parenthood
Every day I spent at least half an hour
Discussing with my grandparents and mother
And when I entered second year
I got a clue that the uncle who visited us regularly
Is my father
I was shocked to hear the story of my mom
And of her broken marriage, out of which
Was born my elder brother
I came to know that
My mother developed relationship with this uncle
And I was the result of this
Socially unapproved relationship
I started taking special interest with uncle

Who, by then, was a very powerful political leader
And had a large following
I was proudly reading news items about him
And was watching excitedly television clips where he figured
I did not know whether uncle noted the changes occurring in me
He might not have marked the struggle
I underwent while refraining from calling him dad
During this period
I happened to overhear mom talking to uncle
Requesting him to marry her formally as his wife died just then
I saw first time uncle getting wild with mom
And made harsh exchanges which all in the family heard
He walked off hurriedly even without bidding bye to me
After that his visits became less frequent
And later he practically stopped visiting
Once I went to his office
He gave me appointment
He behaved gently with same love and affection
I consciously did not talk about mom
I thought mom could meet him now
Told mom accordingly and that day
We all, mom, me, my elder brother, grandparents went to see him
He not only denied appointment
And came out to shout at us
Accusing mom of plotting against him
Choosing indecent expressions about her
Which her offspring would not tolerate
First time I hated him
And could make out that he only is my dad
I resolved at that very moment I would prove that
He only fathered me
And would make a judge of a court declared
We did not make attempts to meet him any more
I finished my graduation
Got a decent placement at the instance of my grandfather
When I became confident of meeting the financial implications
Of a law suit against uncle in establishing my parenthood
I began consulting lawyers
And I settled with a suit in a state level high court
Asking uncle to accede to my claim that
He is my father
He was powerful then and went to the extent of
Ridiculing me of a dutiful son
Who is fighting to save the face of a shameless mother
I appealed to the court
That uncle should undergo a deoxyribonucleic acid test
As compared against mine
So that his biological contribution towards my birth
Can be scientifically established or rejected
During this time uncle lost his political position
As he had to face a very damaging allegation
The court ordered him to undergo the test

After repeated notices from the court
His blood sample was collected
Experiments were conducted
Deoxyribonucleic acid findings
Indicate that he is the biological father of mine
I look back
I liked him when I knew him as uncle
I dislike him when the world came to know that he is
My new found dad

Bashyam Narayanan

My Poor Little Heart, It Is Time You Too Spoke

Oh, my poor little heart
You started beating
From the twenty second day
Of my conception
And since then you keep beating
Ensuring uninterrupted, uniform
Supply of nutrients, oxygen, medicines, and what not
To the entire range of cells

I have no clue as to how
You managed this wonder task
Without any complaint
You never rested
I do not know whether you know
That you only keep me alive
By this great marvel of yours

I care about my looks
I care about my people around
I care about my occupation
I care about my bank balance
I care about my holdings
I care about happenings around

I still do not know
As to what I have done
To take care of you

I often disturb you
With emotion-driven hormones
That make you pump blood
At different rates than usual

There are occasions
When some of my unacceptable intakes
Trouble you with additional tasks

Some of my food habits too
Act against your well being
My addiction to taste
Make me go for heart-unfriendly items
Which over a period time
Lands you in irreparable damage

We nurse a faith
That you feel for us
You tell us what to do and what not to do

It will be nice for you
And benefit both of us
So that we together remain healthy
Till the time you beat your last

If, instead of murmuring,
Speak aloud and
Prevent us from
Doing things that will harm you

Oh, sweet little heart
It is time
You too spoke

Bashyam Narayanan

My sweet little kid says

My sweet little kid says
He is employed and it pays
Well, ahead are great days
Cautiously glad, in private I amaze

Sweet little kid, my child
Spot reactive, at times wild
Suppressed feelings, being mild
Are the ways for relations to build

Had he picked up all these
Which alone will put him at ease
I do not know, this troubles my peace
And I pray he grabs this gainful cheese

This is a world of competition
Success should come in repetition
Then only you are for recognition
And are in the way of elevation

Stay away from unhealthy habits
Nurse not ill feelings even in bits
In your race these are falling pits
Steadily forward even if through slits

Shy not challenges in your way
Success through them make you happy and gay
Ever remain alert night or day
Ensure great service as it does pay

Love and respect people all around
Irrespective of from where they ground
As only in human bond you are bound
And the main in you is always found

Bashyam Narayanan

Nirbhaya, the fearless

Nirbhaya

You can stay really fearless
Which your very name means
As you have gone far away
From the beasts in the human form
We, men put down our heads
More in shame with nothing could be said
To console your near and dear ones
We, women put down our heads
More in pathos, with nothing could be said
As fear engulfs us with potential threats all around
You wanted to live with great purposes in mind
But, that thirteenth evening had an evil design
We call untamed animals wild
Your death revealed that there are still wilder animals
Moving around and waiting for a prey
Your death also revealed that
We are not at all in a civilized society
Your death gives the world a new phrasing
Men are mortal, and they only make women mortal
How much we all wished
That you recover from trauma soon
And prove that you belong to a gender
That can stand embarrassments and challenges
We cannot stop after praying
Let your soul rest in peace
As we need to reaffirm ourselves telling
Let our souls too be at ease
With a fond hope that all men will prove gentle
On this earth which you departed from

Bashyam Narayanan

No destination is too far, provided....

No destination is too far
Provided
You keep moving towards it
Regardless of your speed

It was a vow
To walk 370 long kilometers
Linking two pilgrimage towns
In South India
Srirangam and Tirumala

Left Srirangam one evening
Raining, still walked
Taking rest during nights
Walking the entire day time
Night halts anywhere
It was either a temple,
School building, Government office
Lodge, roof top of a hotel
Or even a cattle shed
Uncertain food intakes
Drinking water shortages
Suffered injuries
Cramps, biting footwear
But one thing was ever on-going
That was walking
Reached the destination
On the 10th day night
Looking back it was
Highly satisfying

Undertook similar walks
But of smaller distances
110 kilometres and later
155 kilometres

One simple lesson

No destination is too far
Provided
You keep moving towards it
Regardless of your speed

Bashyam Narayanan

Not a doomsday but a boons-day

Mayan Prophecy – The doomsday

I do not know
How many of you watched
And came across
Programs and
TV clippings on the above

Mayan prophecy
Indicates that
21st (some say 23rd) December 2012
Will be the day
For the beginning of a new era

And it means
The present era will end
All pertaining to that will perish
I, you, everyone and everything around
Will not be there
After that fateful date in December 2012
If the above prophecy is true

How do you plan your departure?
I have some suggestions

Let us all resolve that
We will extend love
To everyone and everything around

We will put aside all
Much extended future plans
And focus only on living happily
These remaining days
With whatever we have
And whatever we can earn

We will be healthy throughout
Till the time the
Vital blow of doomsday hit us

We will not grudge or complain
We will remain honest and sincere
And not nurse any ulterior motives
In any thing we choose to do

We will garner all our
Strengths and potentials
Direct them to achieve
Common good

We will not harm anyone
Nor think in terms of hurting any

"No need to be smart any longer
As we all are soon to be smarted by nature"
Should be our understanding
And guiding value
In all our actions and deeds

If we could do all that
The day will not really be
A doomsday
But a boons-day
As we would have understood by then
Our worth and purpose

Bashyam Narayanan

Nothing else belongs to you except the passing pulse of time

Nothing else
Belongs to you
Except the pulse
Of each passing second

You cannot hold on to it
Nor can store it
It is just fleeing

But you can recall each moment
When you have something
At that time to rejoice

So never waste a second
In an unpalatable manner
As time is like the
Food that just entered
Your mouth

You bite, chew
And get the feel of its taste
in a wonderful mix
Of saliva and
Digestive juices

Once you swallow
The food is no longer there
You cannot and
In fact, do not like to
Get back the swallowed food

So too, time once passes
Has passed for ever
You cannot get back
Even the previous second
Just trickled

So, as you enjoy food
When it is in your mouth
Enjoy time
Assimilating energy
And nutrient from
Each bit of happenings around
Instead of losing it
Without any gainful use
To you and
Others nearby

Remember, the most precious
Possession you have
Is your time
With each second slipping

Become wiser
More learned
Enhance your knowledge base
Ensure happiness
To you and to yours

Let you not regret
Having wrongly spent a second
As, such a regret simply amounts to
Your having swallowed
An unpalatable
Tasteless food item of
No nutritive value

Bashyam Narayanan

Nothing ends, every thing is a beginning by itself

We often feel that
This is the end of it
And call it a day
We need to realise
What apparently ends
Is a thread for a new
And unknown beginning
Even death, the ultimate termination
Is not an end
If you believe in rebirth
The soul departed is going
To take up a new shape
In its attempt to meet and grab
The unmet dreams in its previous form
Even in case of no-rebirth-situation
It marks and paves the way for
A new beginning
For those left behind
To start living without the
Deceased person
To follow a legacy or otherwise
To fulfil the commitments
Of the departed soul
As can be seen in the natural system
Every thing gets recycled
With no ultimate and real end
It is circle
With no end and no beginning either
To be positive and optimistic
And to help us proceed further
To face the realities of living
It is time we realised
That
Nothing ends, every thing is a beginning by itself

Bashyam Narayanan

Nudity, no vulgarity but some see divinity

A remote village
In this part of the country
Is unique
As it has a woman
With no belongings
Including a shelter above her head
A robe over her body
Sun, rain or cold
She remains nude
Though, thought to be mad initially
Her worth came to light
Over these years
She has no civilized look
With unattended and clogged hair
Falling along her shoulders
Upto her waist
No cleaning of her body
No brushing of her teeth
She nurses no skin ailments
She is neither bad smelling
She asks for food
And accepts whatever given
She eats only once in a day
She is at present seen as god
People worship her
Reaching her from far and wide
But she registers no happenings around
She talks gentle
She is not going to temples
She also knows not
That people are worshipping her
People have a lot good to say about her
She just smears the sacred ash
On the forehead of those who bow before her
She listens to their problems
But, definitely looking blank
With apparent disregard
Irrespective of their nature and extent
At the end of it all
She will say what is going to happen
Without any emotion
She demonstrates that she is nothing special
And adds things are so with her
As nature wanted that way
In her nudity
People see no vulgarity
But sense divinity

Bashyam Narayanan

Observations of an octogenarian

Observations of an octogenarian

An octogenarian, aged eighty seven
Physically in some discomfort, but mentally strong and even
Has been striving to keep his living space a heaven
Has a number of things to say,
Which, when practiced, will our living soften
He is none other than uncle R Mahadevan

Listen to him in his own words

All your intensions good or bad, are subject to criticism, objection and observation.

Your attitude determines the altitude.

Ignorance is pardonable, negligence is negotiable, but deliberation is punishable.

Doctors are supposed to treat the ill, but not to extend ill treatment.

Your destiny will lead you to your destination.

When you do not understand, you always misunderstand.

You cannot quench your thirst by thinking of water, but only by drinking water.

Too much of thinking may result in confusion and indecisiveness.

You cannot judge one's sincerity from his words, but from his deeds.

Worship, relationship, friendship and hardship.

Be free, fair, frank and fearless.

If you can be a lamp, you can throw light on others.

Do not deprive your desires to please others.

Service to humanity is greater than service to God.

You cannot escape from your faults and sin by shouting or protesting.

Always be courteous to others.

You can observe many formalities and courtesies without any cost, but many fail to do that.

Your determination and hard work lead you to peace, success and happiness.

Satisfaction is stepping stone for happiness. Be happy with what you possess.

See God within yourself, if you could not find, go in search of Him.

Good and bad are the results of companionship. Associate with people of qualities not of quantities.

If you want to be always clean, keep away from the flirt.

A seed sown today fetches a lot tomorrow (yield) .

Never think or say "I do not care what others think of me".

Do not lie, steal, borrow or be greedy of others.

Do not conceal facts for petty benefits.

Since body is controlled by mind, keep it clean, steady and strong.

Beauty concealed is more attractive than what and when exposed.

Always keep mind, body, words and deeds clean.

Before you polish or clean anything, remove the stain first (applicable to anything you say or do) .

Nobody should wish to be a father, who cannot protect the prestige of fatherhood.

To save or protect a sinner, do not abuse the innocent.

When you cannot regain what you have lost, you should retain what is left.

When you do not have anything, you do not wish for anything.

One's creations are good, but preservations and results are not satisfactory.

We have done our duty, but in many cases, it is a hidden or unknown beauty.

Try to observe, serve, reserve, preserve.

In this modern world, no human being deserves to be worshipped or flattered.

Collected from the voice of a bitterly grieved person, who has attained old age. He had every thing in life, now, he says, he is left with his life only (feeling) . He has lost his son, but has not lost the sun from his life (practical) .

Bashyam Narayanan

Oh, Mother Earth, on your day

Earth,
Mother Earth
In the big cosmic space
She is just a drop
Of about 7900 miles dia
Solidified on the surface
Still holding a lot
Molten hot lava within

She has been making this clear to us
By a number of ways
And this time she is so revengeful
That entire North Europe is facing her wrath

Let us not examine
When this droplet
Got separated from
Its origin
Though scientists puts the earth as
4.54 billion years old

But, let us celebrate her birthday
Today, the 22nd April

She is supporter of
Everything that stands upon her
And every thing thriving beneath
Either living or non-living
Mobile or immobile
No one knows for precise
The entire life support systems she is housing
All depend on her not only for a basic living
But also for other luxuries
She helps them grow, get aged and decay
Everything goes back to her
Only to come up again in a new mould

She gives birth to everything
She nourishes them
She has been supplying all that we need
And our demand keeps increasing every second
As we bring into use new devices and facilities
We are also discovering new things beneath the surface
And held within her
That can be of use to us

We term those, who cannot use the down under resources
Under-developed
We take pride and credit
For having consumed more and more of these
Un-replenishable resources

Will she be able to sustain this supply for any long

We need to understand
That we can sustain this growth and development
Only if we help mother earth
Keep supplying all the resources
Which we are putting to use right, left, top and bottom

On this day let us resolve
To make effective use of the resources drawn from earth
And to do everything possible
To restrict unmindful indulgence

Oh, mother earth
We stand before you humbled
We have no words to thank you
As we cannot fittingly express it
For all the good things you have been supplying

We bow before your immense tolerance
To all the thoughtless misdeeds
We have been doing

We pray that you soon cool down
As millions are under stress
Because of your Iceland outburst

As a kind mother
You help us understand means
And implement them to
Gainfully replenish you
So that you can support
All living systems
Above and beneath your surface
For millenniums ahead

Bashyam Narayanan

On the day of Ramzan

On the day of Ramzan

Muslims all over the world
Completed a month of
Fasting-throughout-the-day

More than anything else
They enjoyed the pleasure

Of being kind to others
Of being concerned with the welfare of the unknown
Of availing the opportunity of giving
Of reaching out to help the poor
Of having understood the pains of others
Of sharing whatever they have
Of discovering new ways of being useful to others
Of feeding the fast
Of capturing the gains of fasting
Of being considerate and passionate
Of being resolved and determined
Of having felt the oneness of humanity
Of realizing the worth of healthy eating
Of loving and caring
Of knowing not pain in giving
Of knowing what all they gain is only for giving
Of giving without being asked for
Of recognizing that giving is joyful, and not holding
Of having stepped ahead in the spiritual path
Of enlightenment and thus enlightening others

Let others too
Learn this art of giving
So that the future world
Finds a humanity
Enjoying a harmonious living
In peaceful co-existence
Every one appreciating the concerns of
Every other one

Bashyam Narayanan

On your wedding anniversary

On your wedding anniversary

Bear with me
For not knowing
As to for how long
You both have been in this merry

The way you exchanged gifts
Exchanged courtesy, kindness and love
The way your attires glowed
It looked you got married only yesterday

You are the best couple
I ever know
If I say this you may think
I am exaggerating, but truly not
You are the best couple on your own
Every other couple just claim
That they are the best

You are made for each other
Do not think it be a false feather
This is also true
Others just claim that they are 'made for each other'

The very fact you celebrate this day
Says that you the best couple
And made for each other too

I have nothing more to wish
But you celebrate this
Years after years after years
And stay all along
Together in unison
As the warmth and the sun

Bashyam Narayanan

On your wedding day

On your wedding day
It gives me a chance to say
And wish that united you stay
For many, many, many more years in gay

I know the love between you
Stays fresh as the morning dew
Glittering in the bright sun's view
It will ever have its glamour and hue

The day you were solemnized
As husband and wife, was indeed recognized
As a new value system got institutionalized
For the entire human race, though personalized

It was a different path altogether
From the day that year you both became one-for-the-other
But you both in unison made your way to gather
Experiences of life whether pleasant or with issues to bother

You created new values to living
Ensured continuity of human being
Implanted great characters in your offspring
Your efforts praiseworthy in their upbringing

You two are a model family builder
It is not just made of brick and boulder
But built by the right mix of love tender
With strict adherence to great values to ponder

We all need to thank you, great couple
For holding high the stay-ever-in-love principle
That makes your residence a temple
Where your bond makes divine presence twinkle

Bashyam Narayanan

People-in-love stay hurt ever

Some friends of mine
Consider that
I may be a solution-finder
To some of their problems
I know I am not smart
I know I am not very thoughtful
I know I take hasty risky decisions
But still there are people
Who feel they get some comfort
In sharing some of their problems
A friend of mine
Came to me with a personal matter
To get some semblance of solution
It was indeed very difficult
To decide which way to go
He was narrating
He received a call
And a feable female sweet voice
Tells 'I want to marry your son'
My friend was aware
That his son fell in love
With a colleague of his
And the girl belongs to a different faith
His son was explained
How traditional customs will get affected
By this option and hence
Was told to settle down
With an arranged matched alliance
His son seemed to have fallen in line
With this proposal from the parents
And my friend was in search of suitable alliance
Marriage has not fructified, though
This love-related conflict apparently got softened
When he got this call
It was full six months later
So, it looks affair is cooking still
My friend was mentioning
That this was first time
He happened to talk to this girl
She was telling she broke an engagement
As she was not able to leave her beloved
And she has no other go but to talk
To my friend to explore
The possibility of getting married to his son
My friend told her what all his son was tutored
Against getting married across traditions
Wished her well and the strength to
Change her mind to settle down
With the suitable alliance from her own community
The girl cried, sobbed
And repeatedly was telling that
She will be happy only with her beloved

And was mentioning that my friend's son
Will only be happy when married to her
My friend made it clear
That he cannot and will not
Give a nod to this proposal
And she disconnected
My friend was mentioning
What pained him most was
That cry
Of that girl, totally unknown to him
And the guilt feeling
Of having hurt someone hurt
He was asking how to go about this
I maintained silence for quite long
As if I suggest one way
The communities get hurt
And if I do the other
The lovers get hurt
He waited and left
Saying that since you heard this
I will soon get a solution
I did not, however, tell him
Communities soon get relieved of the hurt
While people-in-love stay hurt ever

Bashyam Narayanan

Perform to become a monk and yogi

We perform our duties
Assigned to us
More often than not
Either with anxiety or expectation
Over the rewards or otherwise
Of the product
This ends up with
Either not meeting the requirements
Of the beneficiaries or customers
Or in presenting them with a product
That is beyond their expectations
Both ways
The beneficiary or customer
Accepts the product of our efforts
With a certain bit of reluctance

Krishna talks about a performer
Who performs for the sake of
Performing only
With no anxiety or expectation
On the rewards or otherwise
Of the performance

He says such a performer can also be called
A monk, who, in fact, renounced all
Result-oriented action
And he is also a yogi
Well focused and involved
In what is being performed

Krishna further adds such a person
Should not be categorized as the one
With no fire of desire
For innovation, improvement and
Envisioning and for developing
Systems that will prevent possible
Deviations from the product quality

Such a performer
Should also be not categorized as the one
With no sensitivity
And reacting sense to
Take corrective actions
With regard to process flow
In case a beneficiary or customer comes up
With a complaint on the product
For its non performance
And for its non-conforming to
Specifications desired by him or her

Bashyam Narayanan

Phones Are For Talking, Not For Tapping

Phones, all these years,
We were thinking,
Are for talking
And now we understand
That phones
Are for tapping only
People talk their phones
And simultaneously
People tap others' phones
We tap the phones of
Our political rivals
Whether within or
Without the party, but
We do not tap those of
National rivals
So that many mishaps
Would have been averted
But, yes
After a blast
After dozens of people die and
After hundreds of them hospitalized
We turn alert and
We are able to trace back
And to find the
Crucial links of the
People
Who were behind the calamity
Our political heros should stop
At barging at each other
And should stand united
In insisting on
Tapping of those phone
Which transmit plans of attacks
Well in advance
So that the planners themselves
Get caught and
Do not wait for
Damages to occur
National security is
Vital and more important
Than the
Political popularity
Of our politicians
Tap those phone
Before it is late

Bashyam Narayanan

Planting a kiss on the wrong cheek

Great gathering
Welcome speech
Presidential address
Special speakers
All praises
Laurels won
List of achievements
List of benefits to the society
Nature and number of beneficiaries
The vision
The mission
The efforts
The perseverance
The compassion
At the end of it all
A shield
A medallion
A citation
A cash award
The recipient
Thanked all
And added
All the good words said of me
Were possible
Because of the contribution
Showered on me
By the nature
By the people working with me
Or for me
By the people who participated in my programmes
By the people who were benefited
By the assistance and help from so many others

I feel this appreciation is like
Planting a kiss on the wrong cheek

Bashyam Narayanan

Points of contact

Points of contact

We travel and keep moving
Each time you move ahead
You should have stepped at a point
Ensuring the grip of the point
You might have pushed ahead
And you make your next step
After reaching the next point of contact
You push ahead
Exerting the force of the push
On the point of contact

The more frequently you
Meet the points of contact
The faster is your movement and going ahead

The point of contact acts as fulcrum
That ensures your push becomes a movement
Thus, you will agree,
Points of contact
Help you move
Regardless of the direction
And regardless of the destination

Quality of your movement
Depends a lot on the
Quality of the points of contact
A slippery, less firm point of contact
Makes you slip
And end up with failure
Your journey terminating not
Helping you reach the destination
Despite all your skills
And efforts towards pushing ahead

You understand that
Points of contact need your attention
They need nourishment
Maintenance and care

The Point of contact need not be
Just a material or stone
Or a step in a ladder or staircase
It can also be a person
Who helped you in your movement
Some time, some where and some how

It is also a requirement
That you be in touch with them
Demonstrating your care and love for them

Your life journey
Either through vocational career,
Or through domestic living
Or through places
Require the blessings of points of contact

Take care of them
Nurture them
Ensure that they are fit and strong enough
To carry your weight
And help you go further ahead in life

Bashyam Narayanan

Prefer to feel embarrassed and forward you go

It's an embarrassing situation for you
When you are caught unawares
Of having done a thing
Or having spelt out a thing
Which you should not have
Done or spoken

You, of course, have the choice
To feel embarrassed or not

People of lower orders normally choose
Not to feel so
While people on the path of improvement
Choose to feel embarrassed
For they see opportunities
In such situations

You might have acted so
Or spoken so because
You were not aware that
You were not supposed to do so
In this case
You will come over the situation
Pleading ignorance or innocence
At the same time
In private, you feel relieved
Having learnt a lesson
And come to know a new set of rules

There is also a chance that
You might have acted so
Or spoken so
Having taken a conscious decision
Even though there is deviation from norms
And at the same time
Thinking that no one will come to know of it
Here, you make attempts to cover up
Coming out with reasons
For having done or spoken so

If you have the mind to examine,
You will come to realise
That by feeling embarrassed
Either you learnt something new
And are clear of your roles and responsibilities

Or you discover new ways of
Doing or communicating
Despite its non-conformance to
Existing rules and norms
There is also a possibility
That the rules get revised

And your ways become the norms

More often than not,
We do not do things or speak out
In an attempt to avoid
An embarrassing situation
And thus miss possible
Opportunities for improvement

So, act and express
And if in a discomfoting moment
Prefer to feel embarrassed
And forward you go

Bashyam Narayanan

Prepare the world for the pleasure of being fair

Many a people do not live
They are just alive
It is not, believe, not a lie
But as true as the blue sky

Not that they can't try
They are always lost in a cry
Over spilt milk and fry
Their enthusiasm in thoughts dry

Never take that this does mean
That they are weak and mean
They are as strong and clean
As each one in any clan

Make them understand and feel that

My things are mine
And they are like a mine
Unexplored and a lot remain
To be discovered and made fine

And that

My things are much more
Than what surface above the floor
Rigorous search brings them to the fore
As exercise only makes you sweat more

Teach them how to be assertive
Help them become sensitive
Quite sure, they grow positive
Productive and thus effective

The ultimate is to make everyone share
The things, they think, are rare
And only for them, and to prepare
The world enjoy the pleasure of being fair

Bashyam Narayanan

Pulling Life On The Mercy Of Others

The smoky restaurant on the roadside
Was waiting for its first customer
Ready with local South Indian menu
The owner was turning impatient
Pulling out and pushing in
His cash box
Hotel waiters standing close
To their areas of service
I was watching all of them
Positioning myself outside the premises
I was too keen to see their first customer
This hotel serves you the best
Among all the such outlets
In this part of the city
It may be business strategy, I do not know
The quality of the food initially served
Turns less acceptable to me as time passes
That is why, I come very early in the morning
So that I get the good stuff
I took off my eyes from the staff
And looked left and right on the road
For a prospective first eater
No one has to come yet
My hunger kept growing
And mouth started watering
As I lost in my plight
I saw a customer to my delight
Stepping up the restaurant and to my pleasure
He took a seat and he ordered too for a regular menu
I know I have to give time for him to eat
And then only my time to eat comes
I do not require keeping a look at him
I go by an audio signal which marks his finishing eating
I started watching the vehicles crossing fast in front of me
The people who go for a morning walk
The vegetable vendors and the milkmen
A paper boy almost rode his bicycle on me
I was smart in negotiating his rashness by jumping to safety
I heard the sound I was waiting for
The fall of the banana leaf with a thud into the dust bin
This leaf served as an eating plate for the first comer
My job now is to jump into the bin
And to eat the left over on the leaf
Some small slices of food items
And the left over spicy side dishes are enough
To take care of my hunger
At times it happens that I stay for more leaves to fall
One good thing is that this shop is newly opened
I do not face competition from other friends of my tribe
Though I bear the look of a Pomeranian
I am only a street dog pulling life on the mercy of others

Bashyam Narayanan

Rain Water and It's Harrvesting

Water is the basic need
For all, irrespective of type or creed
Animals and plants of any breed
Thrive on this essential liquid feed

Bhagirath, our mythology says
Sits on a penance and prays
For Ganges to set her grace
On earth to make it a heavenly place

Ganges water descends for common good
The human race gets enough food
All other needs of a livelihood
And all living things plunge into a merry mood

Similar is the situation when it rains
This heavenly nectar cures all our pains
For each raindrop, which is for our gains
There is a Bhagirath among us on penance

Rain is indeed a hard earned wealth
Shows righteousness to be in good health
We will be fair and do way with matters of filth
So that it rains for days in a year one fifth

We need to create means to harvest
This natural gift, even if to invest
As its storage will prove its best
When sun turns harsh and the rains resist

Rain water harvesting shows our wisdom
We will face water shortage seldom
And it paves way for freedom
From wars waged on water in the kingdom

Bashyam Narayanan

Reach us back safe and in tact

Nice to know you will be back

It did not strike me
When you left
That there would be a vacuum around

I did not mark earlier
That you were filling up
Lot many things in our life

And I do not know
Whether such a gap and shallowness
Would be created
If I happen to leave

When you are nearby
Your worth goes unnoticed
And when you are not there

It did not take much time
For me to realize that
Everything around me
Was only you
And as you leave
Everything disappears

It was much longer
Than what time units say
And it was really tough and testing
For me to manage and
Live with your absence

How nice to know
You will soon be back

It has already started
Showing up that
You are there
With everything around
Brightening up and waiting for
Your magic touch which
Helps them glitter

Winds cooled down to greet you
On your arrival
Sun is less harsh
Clear night sky
Holds a bright moon
That spews additional chillness
To the already cool night
And the brightest Mars
Shining located very close to the moon

The problem with me, indeed, is
The discomfort of your absence
Has swelled and become less tolerable
As that discomfort
Will soon get eased

As wisdom says
A nearing comfort
Makes an existing discomfort
Highly intolerable

Everyone and everything here
Await your arrival

Reach us back
Safe and in tact

Bashyam Narayanan

Realize the big ocean in you

How many times you might have crossed
Me without even noticing the happening
Down under

While you hurry up there upon the
Bridge above me
With a number of
Uncertainties in mind
I am flowing slowly and steadily
With a clarity of mind
As to where I will be reaching and when

I am none other the Brooke
With a very clear water
Gently crawling towards east
In the midst of the pine tree land
Of New Jersey

Where is time for you
To look at the spineless tadpole
Kicking on my clear surface
Or to glance at the glow worm
Whisking around the dark green bush
On my ever wet banks

Have you ever seen me helping
Squirrels, hares and others
With very clear mineral water
For which you pay
When bottled and sold

No big game animals appear these days
But a number of small gamers
And at times even snakes
Take refuge on the comfortable
Wet sand along my flow

Why do not you
Come once
Follow my track
See how
I keep growing enroute
And at the end of it all
I become a very big river
Only to be called
A little later the biggest ocean

This journey of yours
Will help you realize
The big ocean within you as well

Bashyam Narayanan

Relieved again was I

A summer afternoon
Sun hidden in clouds
That formed a thin screen
Over the entire sky
Dispersed sun light

Crows flying in a formation
As I was witnessing
Through a window from
The sixth floor
Doves fluttering from
One window to the other
Hot wind blowing but
Adding some comfort to
The sweating and mildly drenched body
And wiping off some sweat inside

Busy traffic down on the roads
Exhausts' spewing
Screaming brakes
And sudden halts
Sleepy gulmohar leaves with
Yellow little flowers on top

My eyes shifted to a bee
As it passed near my face
With a zing and a sharp sound
How quick and smart it was
I stopped watching outside
But inside the balcony
My eyes following the fast bee, our hero
Oh, my god he got stuck
Onto to a spider web
A net spread to catch a prey
"Our hero bee is a prey now"
Was my inner cry

No he was not letting that happen
Struggling with his legs
And trying to get out of the web
A big spider in the middle of the web
Woke up off its sleep
Because of ripples in the web
And fast approaching its prey

Struggle on one side
Chase on the other
Spider almost reached its prey
With its legs placed in a position
Over the struggling bee
Spider lowering its body
Onto its prey for a fatal bite

It was a fraction of a second
Our hero succeeded in
Breaking the web and fleeing
Bee came off but took sometime
Before getting his original speed
A disappointed spider went back
To the centre of the web for its
Afternoon nap

Bee again flying around me
In merry and gay
How relieved was I

I looked back and recollected
"For what I am here"
On this sixth floor
Yeah, it was a hospital
My daughter admitted
And was laboring to
Deliver her first kid
Walked towards the
Labour room

And my wife nagging me
"Where did you go?"
I had no answer, but
Before I started answering
A nurse appeared and
Said to both of us
"Congrats, it is grandson"
Relieved again was I

Bashyam Narayanan

Resolve to make the new year 2013 a happy one

Next dawn is New Year
Let it not be a usual dawn
Make it fresh
Add some more pleasing colours
Add new gentle fragrances around
Add less known comforting shapes
Allow new great thoughts spring in you
And great but attainable dreams
Allow refreshing new wisdom descend on you
That will keep you happy
And will make you instrumental for
Happiness of others around
Let you refine your mindset
So that you become a contributing and
Problem solving team member
And an inspiring team leader
Taking your team members to realize tougher goals
Let you see in you a great lover of
Nature and all beings around
Let you realize in you
The divine touch
That helps actualize your very self
Let you extend your kindness
Let you enhance farsightedness
Let you evolve ways to see comfort with everything
Let you earn a new long lasting peace
Let you stay happy, healthy, safe and productively active
It is not that a New Happy Year is going to dawn
It is you who are going to make the year 2013 a happy one

Bashyam Narayanan

Romance, Love, Sex, Dislike and Dispose

Romance is a fascination
For a person, normally of the other sex
Expressed or otherwise
Irrespective of the other person
Having a similar emotion
It remains often gentle
Waiting for an occasion
To demonstrate the passion
When given a green signal
Romantic expressions surface
Which need not be anything material
But just can be a word, wink, wave of fingers
And a similar lot subtle things
Which only the partners understand and enjoy
Romance can even be maintained
Between people unmet
Exchanging these signals remotely
With no one else knowing what is on between them

Love follows romance
When people meet in person
It requires physical presence
Direct conversation
Exchange of gifts
Not necessarily physical intimacy
Expressed romance, established love
Grow fast
Both the partners longing for other
Intolerance towards separation
Restlessness if the partner is not available
Unexplainable anxiety
Irritability all these manifest
Self questioning on the genuineness of this feeling
Rehearsing a dialogue while preparing to meet
Why, at times, a strong dislike towards partner
Also surfaces
Relishing the mutual dependency
Romance and love often strike
Between those, who have a lot mismatch
With regard to a range of qualities
These are blind and at times termed irrational

Sex, the biological process
Is where all the above lead to
It is the final expression of these
And this physically intimate act
Is the climax and designed by nature
For reproduction of a genetic mix
Of the people in love
Scientifically it is the culmination
Of a wide range of physiological
And psychological requirements of

Two opposite genders
Leading to an emotional dependence
Between them
This dependence makes them feel
They are made for each other
Irrespective of what others feel about them
They live in a world of their own
Sometimes, brushing aside
Even the social resistance and disapproval
There are occasions where they have sex
Taking all precautions against
Conceiving a life which is a blend of their genes
This is the case when there is
Expressed disapproval from their families
And the society
And when one of them, if not both,
Has a family of his or her own

Community and social pressures at times
Are so strong
That people in unapproved relationship
Find it difficult to go ahead their way
With no one to fall back upon
With no one to stand in their support
They are made to feel
It is better they part with
This feeling gets expressed earlier
In petty quarrels on very trivial issues
And slowly assumes the shape of dislike for each other
Distrust engulfs them to the extent
That given an opportunity they will run away
In case of people with power and money
They even plan to eliminate the other

And probably this is what has happened
In case of two women
One committing suicide
And the other found dead mysteriously

Romance, love, sex, dislike and dispose

Bashyam Narayanan

Sail Through Your Emotions, Don't Sink

Life, people say, a journey
Indeed, it is a journey through emotions
Life turns dry
If it is without that

Emotions steer the course of life
It drives you take directions

As in a journey there are stops or stages
We too come across in this
Inevitable life journey
A number of junctions
With an emotion stopping us
To take the appropriate direction

A journey could be smooth
And less cumbersome
With emotions not stopping us for long
And demanding tough decisions

Emotions are not absolute
Their nature and extent
Varying with previous journey experiences
As a kid the emotions go unregistered
And the stops do not long last
Journey goes on smoothly for most of us

As we advance in the journey
The emotions become strong
And they get registered
Making us spend long time
In identifying the so called right directions

Checking emotions and not yielding to them
Is indeed a wisdom
And not many are successful
In making this happen

It is well advised
Not to allow your emotions drown you
But to develop in you a float
So that you sail over them

Seeking divine guidance
Developing a taste for artful creations
Looking for opportunities in challenges
Schooling your mind against
Wild and negative thoughts
Heartfully laughing in testing circumstances
And out-of-the-box thinking
Are the prescriptions
For sailing over emotions

So that you will enjoy living

Save yourselves
Sail over emotions
Sink not into them

Bashyam Narayanan

Sarojini Nagar Market, keep your shape in tact

Twenty five years after in a market

I wonder how many would have experienced
A visit to a market place
Erstwhile a regular place to visit
After twenty five years
I would have gone there hundreds of times those days
When I stayed in this historic city
We were wonder struck then
When we say its enormity, variety
And more than anything else, its customer care
Let that be school books for children
Let that be vegetables
Let that be a fridge or TV
Let that be special requirements for festivity
Let that be a single unique item
We used to rush to this market
Minding not the distance of about two kilometers
That separated us
Whosoever, visited us in this city from our native town
Were taken there for shopping
Say a thing, it is there
Even after this long gap
The market practically remains the same
Its layout, most of its buildings
Shop specialties
Even footpath selling items
Edible vending shops, all the same
The one important change is that
Those days people were not seen talking with mobile on hand
The other noticeable change is that
Many women were seen in tight jeans
Despite all that
What hurts me most was the thickly crowded
Long vegetable selling portion has practically disappeared
But still the market has not changed
Long live Sarojini Nagar Market
Keep your shape in tact.

Bashyam Narayanan

Serve Others

All our efforts aim at
Improving the level of happiness
At individual levels
Hardly we find time
To put in efforts voluntarily
And selflessly towards
Even slightly improving
The level of happiness of someone
Totally unknown or a stranger
It need not always be a grant of fund
Or an offer of alms
A push of an automobile experiencing
Starting trouble
An extending of an arm to hold
A tumbling person
A word of kindness
To a kid who just fell, stood up
And preparing to run
Helping a co-passenger by passing on
His or her change to a bus conductor
And get back the travel ticket
Giving the right direction
To a path finding stranger
Helping a blind cross traffic
Offering to hold a baggage
Of a troubling kid's mother
A number of similar others
Are also known as service
You may not have marked how many of others
Came to your help even without your asking
If you get habituated
To serving others
You stand a chance of realizing your worth
You stand a chance of stepping into a spiritual path
You stand a chance of receiving divine guidance
You stand a chance of becoming a good leader
Your serving others voluntarily
Really amounts to your paying rent
For the house, even if it is your own, you live in
As many a people with many a talent
Built that and gave the shape it has
So, do serve others
Counting not on the feathers
The service is going to add to your crown
As the very opportunity you got to serve
Is itself a crown

Bashyam Narayanan

Solitaire, a teacher

Solitaire is a card game
Developed for playing
By self with no opponent
The fact is you are
Playing your own self
This is what
Solitaire teaches you

You shuffle cards
You distribute them
Upside down
Over eight or ten rows
Not knowing which card
Lays where and in what order
Keeping only the top layer open

You start arranging
Cards in descending order
As you move an open card
The card immediately under
Opens up
The card opening up may or may not be
Matching your requirements
While opening up card
Depends on your luck
Card moving is totally
Left to you and
A lot depends on your skill
But you keep playing
Till the time either you win
By accumulating suits in order
Or when you get stuck
With no more moving of cards possible
And you lose the game

Life is like that only
And as in solitaire you play it alone
Though you seemingly have partners
And you must know that
You are all alone playing your game
You act on visible opportunities
And as you act upon this
New venues opening up
One by one
Either to your surprise or shock
Still you keep playing the game of life
Expecting each time when you act
There will be favourable changes
And with further scopes for gaining

The only difference is that
You quit the game in solitaire

But in life the game leaves you
At its discretion
Leaving you to wonder
Whether you are a winner or loser

Bashyam Narayanan

Solve problems with your creative cue

Problems, no issue
Solve them with your creative cue
Reach heights which others did not pursue

You are born only to win
If not realized, it is a great sin
It is a fact, not just a design
To make you work hard and take pain

The creativity in you should be awakened
Otherwise, the already tired you further weakened
Realize the strengths in you, your focus sharpened
You can go quite a far, so stay determined

Do not just depend on your abilities,
Fine-tune your approach to opportunities
A lot of them waiting, not they are difficulties
But steps to success and crowns to your dependabilities

Keep an open mind to the problems you face
They are to be understood deep, not just the surface
Collect opinions of others and ensure gainful interface
All problems have solutions; it is what you will phrase

Always nurse in you a desire to excel
Enthuse others too to get into this cell
So that all collectively purposefully marshal
To achieve beyond universal and goals very special

Enter not into an argument, but in discussion
As we are here only to share a vision
Not to prove a point should be our mission
All points, we all know, deserve admission

Decisions are ways to realize a collective dream
They should be clear and transparent like a stream
Every thing smooth, following a natural theme
Without hurting, you are sure to win the cream

Shake up the creative abilities in you
A lot hidden and so far did not come up to view
Redefine problems with your creativity giving a lot cue
Solve them and reach heights, which others did not pursue

Bashyam Narayanan

Sorry Dear, I Just Tolerate It

An advertisement that drew my attention
A dancing blonde
A sports woman
A robot with in-built female system
And, why even an airhostess
All break the wall of decency
And stand before a man
Who sprays a deodorant
Over his bare chest
Criss cross
Probably emptying the entire content
Of the scent-bearing-tin
All look at him romantically
Message to all men
Attract women with this,
Leave alone, retaining the one
To whom you belong
I would have it
Was my decision at the first sight
When me and my wife
Went for shopping next time
I signalled my desire
Towards this fair-sex-friendly product
Without hesitation
She went for it,
Though grumbled over its pricing later
I started using
With enough due care
So that it lasts long
After some days of this fragrancing exercise
I asked my wife
As to how she likes it
She said
Sorry dear, I just tolerate this
And added
I also came to know how readily
Men get fooled

Bashyam Narayanan

Sparrows too go unspared

We gallop in development
Minding not what we leave behind
We vow to protect environment
We observe World Environment Day
We launch Project Tigers
We pledge to ensure survival of wild life
All these go to indicate
That our activities are going to have
Negative impact on other living systems
We have come to talk about sparrows now
And celebrate, nay we should observe,
World Sparrows Day on 20 March
These tiny brisk little ones
Are nice to watch
And they nowhere compete with you
As their share on our resources
Is negligible
We did not even spare them
An earlier report says
These cute ones
Have practically vanished
From cities
Where it is ensured that
Everyone is in a communication network
Through tall microwave towers
Erected over all possible locations
These communicating waves
Are fine for men and women
But threaten the very existence of sparrows
We feel now that we need to protect them
But how can we do that
With those towers emanating
Dangerous life-threatening microwaves
That have telling effect
On the survival of sparrows
If we are really serious about sparrows
Either these communication networks
Are to be disbanded
Or a separate micro-wave-free
Sparrows' world is to be created
We really need to re-examine
Our ways of communication
If we seriously long to hear
The chirps of Sparrows again

Bashyam Narayanan

Star, still a kid

Star, still a kid

A national function
National Child Achievers' Award
For demonstrated excellence
In far-reaching talents
In art, science, mathematics
And for skillful display
Of courage and valour

President, Prime Minister and
A host of great dignitaries gracing the function
Minister for Human Resources Development
Herself reading out the citation
And presenting the awardees
The medallion and the certification

A kid of nine years
Chosen for the award
For the ability to solve
In a very short interval
Problems in mathematics
Requiring complicated calculations
And for the skill in reciting
From memory voluminous
Ancient scriptures

The child came on to the stage
The Minister read the citation
Decorated the kid with medallion
The President and the Prime Minister
Walked up to the kid
And greeted her
When asked how she feels about this
National Award
The Awardee started telling
In her own style and in a broken shrill voice
Today is Thursday
I will reach home by Saturday
I am in fact on the wait for
Monday to come
I will attend school that day
To show this medallion and certificate
In the school assembly
And on top of it
My class teacher will put a star
Against that day in my diary
For having won this award
Which is the greatest exciting thing for me

Yes,
Star, still a kid

Bashyam Narayanan

Steer through this ocean of emotion, which is your own creation

You are on an ocean
And on a small boat
Exclusively for you
You the lone passenger

You know what all could be there down under
The vast expanse of water

The marine life
Its varieties
Their beauties, strengths
And even their wild behaviours

You know also the
Great hidden treasure
At the bottom of the seabed

But you are always worried
About how to go about
Reaching the invisible shore
And you do not know
How far it is and in
Which direction

Rising waves raise fears in you
The unseen big marine animals down under
Occupy your thoughts
And threaten your very existence

There is shine
There is shower
There is cold
There is storm
But, you need to stick on
And to proceed till the time
You reach the shore

You are unaware of the
Nature of the shore
Where you will be landing
And in what shape

The above is the description
Of birth and death cycle
In Oriental thinking

The ocean personifies
The emotional turbulence
That occurs in you life through

Emotions are as strong as ocean
And they have the powers

To sustain livelihood
To create and to destroy as well
A check on emotions
Is the way you steer through
The ocean of life

Nurse those emotions, which are
Creative, proactive and productive
And do away with those
Which can drown you
And can be destructive

Seeking divine assistance
For safe landing on the shore
Is what these philosophies preach
Orienting yourself towards
Spirituality and self realization
Help you perform worldly duties
Without emotions
But, with passion and devotion

Steer through this
Ocean of emotion, which is
Your own creation

Bashyam Narayanan

Still you believe marriages are heavenly....

Our only daughter is our pride
Graduated in flying colours without a guide
Won a seat in Management, as she so did decide
Went ahead with a programme in marketing side

Her progress in studies was fantastic
Her plans were far stretched and truly futuristic
Her desire was to grow into a woman majestic
Ignoring others comments, even if sarcastic

We thought it was time she be given in marriage
As it is Indian custom to get the daughter married in right age
We came across a family that held a good image
We came to know the family is well knit in traditional cage

The boy, an engineer, working abroad
In our interaction we discover in him a mind broad
We thought he is the boy and requires no further prod
There was no reason for us to doubt any fraud

With friends and relatives around, marriage was solemnized
All got only good things to say and all were pleased
With the bridegroom and his family that further released
Us of all anxieties and worries, we thoroughly eased

We happily saw off our daughter to the foreign soil,
Where her husband serves and which is peaceful with no turmoil
We kept track of their welfare and we heard nothing that would spoil
Our moods, we felt our daughter and her husband are in smooth sail

Months passed and our daughter started discovering
The other side of her husband and his family, who were bothering
Her for money and other favours, but she told us she is gearing
Up to set things right with the strength of her educational bearing

Alas, one day we heard that our loving pregnant daughter was thrown
Off by her in-laws from a dashing car in the mid town
Suffered multiple fractures and hospitalized and down
With coma, paralyzed and most of her organs down

With no one attending to her, either in-laws or husband
We rushed to her, attended and brought her back to our land
She recovered a bit, at times feebly smiling at those who stand
Around her, unable to move or shake with them her hand

She delivered safe her little cute daughter, the only solace
But she could not hold the infant, feed or embrace
She is our everything and was once shining with grace
Which this marriage, did totally erase

We do believe that marriages are made in heaven
But some can drive you to hell

Bashyam Narayanan

Suffocating me means suffocating yourself

Nature has created me to support
Combustion and thus help you
With heat and energy

I rush to the spot, wherever
You strike a spark and
Create a flame or fire
Let that be the tip of a cigarette
Or a gas burner
Or an engine

I enter you as well each time you take a breathe
Go into your lungs
Hurriedly pass through your tissues
Reach your blood
Get passed on to each cell of yours
For generating heat and energy
So that you keep performing
The mental and physical tasks assigned to you
And your body has its metabolism in tact

I do not require to say
I keep you alive, active
And kicking
Ensuring also
A life with comfort

You pray to your Gods, but
Have you ever thanked me
Leave alone worshipping me
As I ensure your survival

The same molecule of me
Now in this writer's mind
Was circulating in the body
Of the most celebrated leader of
The most power country of the world a month back
And six months ago
Was struggling to help a poor child
In a poverty ridden nation
And before that was
Breathed in by a glamorous actress
Along with the costliest deodorant she has applied

But my job was the same regardless of whom I entered

But, of late, you generate a number
Of other unwanted things
Like smoke, gases, dust and emissions
And let them airborne
Which suffocate me
And I am finding it difficult to reach

The point of combustion, fire and your tissues
With my original strength

You need to check such activities as
Suffocating me means
Suffocating yourself

Bashyam Narayanan

Sweat is sweet

Sweat is
A metabolic outcome
Of an exercise
In a bio system
Human sweat is salty
But it is really sweet
As once you sweat
You are going to gain

It indicates the effort
That goes on inside
More the sweat
Greater the effort

Sweat is not always
The water droplets
Seen on the surface of a body
It may be within
And it could be a emotional outburst
But ensure such emotions are
Positive, proactive and creative

Whatever it is
Sweat is synonymous with effort
Greater the effort
More the sweat
And sweeter the gain

Often we think of
Doing away with sweating
And you naturally are
Doing away with the effort
The gain of such an effort
Cannot be that sweet

We take pride in not having sweated
In achieving a gain
But such a gain is not
Really a gain

Sweat, but, enthusiastically
With love and affection
Towards the effort
With the understanding that
Sweating is no suffering
Let it be a voluntary struggle
With clear goal and destination
In mind
You will understand that
Sweat is sweet

Bashyam Narayanan

Take a Pain and make a Gain

Only if there is a pain
There is a gain
And if there is a gain
There was a pain

Nothing like
Painless gain or
Gainless pain

If there comes a gain
With no perceived pain
Wait, do not worry
Pain is on the way

And if there is pain
With no apparent gain
Wait, do not worry
Gain is on the way

And if you are preparing
For a painstaking gain
You know for sure
The extent and nature of pain
And if you are planning
For a painless gain
You know not for sure
The extent and nature of pain

Many unexpected pains
Are because of the
Painless path you took
For a gain, for which
You are not really, eligible

Suffering is indeed the result of
Of such painless gains

Bashyam Narayanan

Take the human race to new heights of sophistication

Nature blessed me with
Great many things

The one gift I rate quite high is
That
You came in my life as an offspring

You gave me
All those pleasures
Unknown to me
Prior to your arrival

Your each movement was a marvel
Your each stage of growth was a milestone
Your each progress was an ecstasy
The first clear word spelt out by you
Was no less cheering than
What all great musicians would have done
In a soothing harmony
Your first independent step
Made me feel that I landed on the moon
Your first declaration that
You felt hungry
Made me feel
That a most sensitive kid is getting groomed
On your first day in the school
I was rehearsing
To welcome a genius back home
Your first flawless recitation of a rhyme
Elated me to that high
That I was creating a great actor
When you first located the
Lost-for-long key bunch
I saw in you a world class detective

Each first of your progressive step
Made me more and more proud
And wonder more and more

You continue to remain a pride
And you will ever be my pride

Even your dismissal and disapproval of my
Age-experience-biased views
Leave me to wonder how
Smart you are proving
I get amazed at each step of yours
And you remain a pride

The one thing I would pray the almighty
Is that
Let the admiration at the progress

Of my genetic down stream
Remain ever till that time I depart
Giving way for
A better carved genetic order
To step in
And take the human race
To new heights of sophistication

Bashyam Narayanan

Test, Test and Test At Its Best

Lest your ability will be put to test
Must, you skills be at your behest
Least, should be your desire to rest

Quality let always be your theme
Punctuality let ever be your scheme
Reliability let your work be the realm
Integrity let output be at your helm

Customers are your valuable kings
Accustomed be thou to their things
Succumbed be not thee to false rings
Accompanied be thee by noble thought string

Go ever by standardized practices
Low never be your valued treatises
Slow never be your enthusiastic exercises
Glow be there ever in your pleasant premises

Your test findings a million worth
Your valuable numbers can changes bring forth
Your noble efforts have no equals south or north
Your analyzing skills before all doubts vanish like froth

Samples come and samples go
Persons of your sort out of mind never go
Come on as it is time your value you show
Team up and let the world before our talents bow

Let your testing continue the same way
Let your abilities grow passing each day
Let your knowledge broaden into a wider tray
Let your fame reach everywhere as sun ray

Bashyam Narayanan

That child, my mentor

That child, my mentor

Morning

On my return from the temple
After chanting prayers for half an hour
I was walking contemplating
On the contents of the prayers
Thoughts suddenly switched over
The chores ahead for the day
The places, offices and people to visit
So that days to come
Will go smoothly
I was ecstatic over my skills, knowledge and what not
And over my negotiating strengths
I allowed me to feel great and confident
That I will be able to sail through my life
Independently and without anyone driving it for me

My thoughts got a break
A cycle bell ringing
And the cyclist overtaking me
But riding the cycle very slow and steady
Almost bracing my right shoulder
Just keeping its pace matched with my speed of walk
I saw that baby girl
Probably of three years
Sitting on the back of the cycle
With both her legs safely kept away on side footrests
Her long frock's glittering border fluttering
Apparently enjoying the breeze blowing across
And posing confidence
Leaving everything to her dad, who was riding the cycle
Waving her hands this way that way
And singing a song
Making me realize that she is the happiest
Among the two of us

I was awakening to the fact
That the prayers chanted by me
Just were mentioning this
Leave everything to God
And He will drive your life
He knows where to take you and
He will take you there safely

And that child moving away me
Whose face I did not even see
Is my mentor

Bashyam Narayanan

The art of Marriage

The art of Marriage

A good marriage must be created
In marriage the little things are the big things

It is never being too old to hold hands

It is remembering to say
I love you
At least once a day

It is never going to sleep angry

It is having a mutual sense of values and common objectives

It is standing together facing the world

It is forming circle of love that gathers in whole family

It is speaking words of appreciation and demonstrating gratitude in thoughtful ways.

It is having the capacity to forgive and forget

It is giving each other an atmosphere in which each can grow

It is not only marrying the right person, it is being the right partner

Bashyam Narayanan

The clock is clicking

The clock is clicking
It is clicking to show just then
A time span of one second
Has become the past
The clock is clicking

Each click means a step
Towards your progress and growth
Optimistic wisdom says
The clock is clicking

Each click means a nail
Onto your coffin
Philosophical wisdom says
The clock is clicking

Each click means the arrival
Of a child in India
Population expert worries
The clock is clicking

Each click means the committal
Of a crime
Police personnel observes
The clock is clicking

Each click means a travel of 2.5 km
In space of the earth's surface
Astromer estimates
The clock is clicking

Each click means a change
In fortune of an individual
Astrologer announces
The clock is clicking

Each click means the admission
Of a heart patient
Health specialist heaves
The clock is clicking

Each click means the drain
Of my battery
The clock cries within
The clock is clicking

Let the clock be clicking
Let any one have his or her inkling
Let us be lively and kicking
Let nothing stop us becoming a king

The clock is clicking

Bashyam Narayanan

The dateless day of September

All the gods of
All the religions
Of the world
Called on a meeting
Held on
12th September
7 years back
Because of the
Previous day's
Heinous act
Which took away
Thousands of lives
And brought down
The hope of the
Entire human race
On the possible
Accommodative
And accomplishing
Human understanding

All gods
Were apparently ashamed
Their heads down
With no words to exchange
One, of course,
With tears and crying
"I am not able to stop
This from happening"
No other god
Dared to console him

The secretary god
Stood up
And took permission of
The chairman god
To present a resolution
And read
"People on the earth believe
That we have created them.
While we will not debate on this,
We want them to
Understand that
It is they, who, empowered us
With so many strengths
They did not give us the powers
To stop them from doing
A thing that could displease us
The yesterday's happening was
The most disheartening one
And none of us expected
That such a thing in our name
Was in the making

To mourn this event
We all unanimously agree
That from now onwards
The month September's
Eleventh day
Will remain
A dateless day henceforth."

Bashyam Narayanan

The element of determination

I will be the last leaf
To fall
From this tall tree
This fall

Was my thinking
When I chose to strike
Three months back
On a much extended
Branch of this oak tree
By the side of the road

Things started changing
Over the period
And there was
A steady dropp in temperature
Many leaves much above me
And by the side of me
Changing colours
From yellow to purple
Waiting for the ultimate fall

But I am yet to change
Maintaining my original green
Active still producing
Carbohydrates with my chlorophyl
Despite the weak solar input

I was very happy
As most of the leaves
Have fallen
Changing the colour
Of the lawn beneath
From the grassy green to
The leafy yellow

It so happened
That I was the lone green leaf
In the entire tree
Left unturned to yellow

The very next afternoon
A scientist, botanist must be,
Reached over me
Standing on a ladder
Examined me with a
Magnifying glass
Ran his fingers over me

And to my dismay
Plucked me from the branch

Though crying within
I was glad
I am the last leaf
To fall

"Dr Wilson, what could be
There special in this leaf
Which managed to stand green
And strong so long
With no signs of falling
Even at the peak of
This fall"
Said Dr Van Buren,
The botanist

A portion of mine
Was bleached
A portion of mine
Was digested in acid
My extracts
Were chromatographed,
Electro-phoresised
Atomic absorption spectrographed

Dr Wilson
Phoned up to
Dr Van Buren
"There is nothing analysed
Abnormal and special
With the contents
Of the leaf sample
Given here for analysis.

But, I could sense
The element of determination
In this leaf
Which made it
Strick on
Despite all odds"

Bashyam Narayanan

The fire of desire

Keep alive
In you
The fire of desire
As it only
Brought you to this
Wonder world
And so many
Other great things
Let it be
Any break-through
In science, art or literature
There was a fire of desire
That caused
The event to occur

Keep alive
In you
The fire of desire
But be on guard
To have good control
As the fire
Has the potential
To engulf you
And to devour you
History has
A great list of heroes
Who succumbed to
This very
Fire of desire
Still it is worth
You keep alive
In you
The fire of desire

With lot dreams
In mind
With lot milestones
To cross
With lot wins
To accomplish
With lot days
Ahead
Keep alive
In you
The fire of desire

Bashyam Narayanan

The first tenth year of the millennium

First tenth year of the millennium
A number with which
We normally do not want to be associated
But what to do, the number will be with us
The whole 365 days
We are mature enough to understand
That numbers do not, cannot, do a thing
It is we, the members of the society, do
As we used to do earlier
Let us welcome the New Year
With renewed hopes
With refined outlook
With redefined goals
With renovated skills
With regenerated resources
With rejuvenated youthfulness
With reinforced enthusiasm
With reaffirmed conviction
And take ourselves forward
Towards higher levels of
Love
Understanding
Compassion
Kindness
Fairness
Tolerance
Simplicity
Divinity
And other noble qualities
That will imbibe in you more altruism
And greater social acceptability
Let me not fail to wish you
A happy, prosperous, healthy new year 2013

Bashyam Narayanan

The glow of darkness

The glow of darkness

Darkness, in our normal understanding
Is bereft of the revealing light or perception
We are unable to make out or perceive
Things in darkness
And often prefer to blame it
And come out of it

Darkness is nothing new to you
You are in dark while you sleep
And you were in dark in your mother's womb
Though you seem to be in light
More often you are in dark
As most of the things seen and perceived
Are in guise
So, darkness and your non-ability
To see are ever with you
Whether you know it or not

But, darkness by itself is perceived
And realized instantly with no aid
Even the visually challenged person
Can perceive darkness and understand it

While in darkness
At the same time, we try to
Perceive things so far you have
Never attempted to look for
Your inner vision in fact helps you
A great number of things
Which you might have seen
In bright light and broad daylight

You will agree darkness
Triggers the functioning of
Other sense organs and
They come to your rescue
In case you are in some trouble

Extending this understanding
Your wisdom comes to life
And you attempt to visualize
Less perceived things while being in dark

As an old Sanskrit script says
The person who sees inaction in action
And action in inaction is wise
And performs in totality
We end up with a corollary
That the person who sees light in darkness
And darkness in light

Sees things in totality

Your vision broadens
Your understanding widens
Your wisdom sees beyond
Your realization gets fine-tuned
When you feel you are in darkness

Darkness gives you an opportunity
To see the oft-unseen
To realize the oft-unrealized
To feel the oft-unfelt and
To perceive the oft-unperceived

Attempt is not to eulogize darkness
Attempt is not to glorify ignorance
Attempt is to make you understand darkness
And to draw your attention that
While in darkness you keep yourself awake
And trigger your innovative initiatives
To see out-of-the-box possibilities

Do not curse darkness
And it will be wise to see a new light in it
And appreciate its glow

Bashyam Narayanan

The kid only kept me alive and helped me stand the pain

I was holding the tender
Left hand palm of the
Little child lying by my side
Seeking the kid
To bless me with strength
And a part of his enthusiasm
So that we keep alive
And see the light of the day

It must be early morning now
And I was able to hear shouts
Of people arrived at the spot of the mishap
We were survivors of a
Recent train accident

I saw the same kid yesternight
Playing with his mom
And dodging her efforts
To feed him with the most nutritious food
She could best afford
I do not know what time we went off in sleep
In this three tier air conditioned coach

But all came to a halt with a big bang and great jerk
All settled with cries of help
Emanating from all directions
And the cries also died down over a period to time
I was trapped between two berth slabs
The berth in which the child is sleeping
Getting crushed close to mine
But the kid was not injured and still sleeping
After some initial cries immediately after the mishap

I was holding that child's palm
And praying all gods known to me
To help us come out
I was in great pains and was unable to
Move my legs while hands were free

Prayers of mine were answered
When I saw an acetylene torch
Cutting the ceiling and molten hot
Metal splinters started showering from top
I made shouts so that they could exercise caution
Which they did
And entered a pair of asbestos gloved hands
I carefully grabbed the sleeping kid
And handed over to the rescuers
Telling that the kid was fine
And requesting them to take a good care of him
I did not know what happened
After the child was handed over

When I became conscious
I smelt the disinfectant laden hospital environ
And I heard doctors discussing about me
I understood I have lost both my legs
And they were wondering how I
Withstood the pain of such a crush
At the same time saved the life of a kid

They did not know
The kid only kept me alive
And helped me stand the pain

Bashyam Narayanan

The language with largest vocabulary

It has only seven letters
And has the largest vocabulary
There is no dearth
Of expression
For any situation or emotion
One same thing
Can mean a million things

King Solomon deciphered
Ants' impression using this language
Indian mythology has it that
A much revered teacher
Taught all his disciples
Using this language
Clearing their all doubts
On any subject

It is not written
It is not spoken
It is not heard
But has in-depth meaning
And a lot application

It is not formally taught
As it has no syllabus
People pick up this
In their life paths
Some do not just pick this up
But, make excellent use of it
And successfully overcome
Difficult and challenging maneuvers

This language came into being
Long before the creation of this universe
Yes, it is not a just a global language
It is a universal language

This is in use world over
This is a common language
But often not used
This language has no grammar
No problem of spelling words wrong
There are no present, future or past tenses
There is no subject, predicate or object
As there are no sentences framed with this language

When used the person can still keep smiling
Often understood as a consent granted

Even the just new born is
As much as much eloquent
With this language

As the person who is preparing for departure

There is none to teach
But the language is learnt

The language is quoted as golden
As it can hurt no one

Much learned people resort to this
When they are to negotiate
Challenging situations

Some great philosophers
Teach their students
Comprehensively with the use of this language

By using this language
You are sure to win
Great many things
Use this wonder language
Effectively and appropriately
The language of silence

Bashyam Narayanan

The last gaze at you, my dear

The last gaze at you, my dear

When we first met
In the midst of relatives
Parents of both of us
Busy talking about each of us
Our strengths
And our weaknesses
And how well we would make
A great match
Each one making up the lapses
Of the other
Each one living together
In total harmony
We got married
Experienced each other's
Greats and follies
For thirty six years
In the process me bearing
Two sons in a row
And third a daughter
How many heights we scaled
How many dips we suffered
Somehow both managing well
Each situation
Most of the time
Very close to our satisfaction
And very close to the delight of
Nears and dears
And now you lying there motionless
Waiting for the rites to be completed
So that you will finish your last journey
And get consigned to the fire
Our first son will light
I will never get a chance to see you again
The most loved person of mine
Let me recollect the full
Story of ours
Before you leave once and for all
And hence this
Last gaze at you, my dear

Bashyam Narayanan

The last thing I have, to offer you

Not long back
I was standing tall with
My branches spread
Upwards, downwards and
In all directions sideward

It was green all around my trunk
My leaves glittering in the bright sun
They fell just after winter
Only to strike again with full vigour

I used to blossom in yellow
With pendant like red dots in the middle
And my flowers shared in secret
The whispers of young lovers in my town
Some offered my flowers to their gods
And felt blessed by the divine
These flowers attracted insects
And colourful butterflies
Who returned intoxicated
Totally nectar drunk

I bore cherry red fruits
They were feast to sparrows
Squirrels and crows
Children of the town
Squeezed my fruits
And enjoyed the sweet flesh
Coated over the big seed inside

My branches housed nests
With young birds waiting for
Their mother's return to feed them
And my thin branches helped
These young birds launch their
First flights under their mother's guard

At times over my dark rough bark
Snakes ran up to the nests
To prey on the eggs and young ones
I was happy never once these snakes succeeded

My roots were ever busy
Tapping soil nutrients and
Sending them up to each of my tip

My leaves waved and ensured
Regular flow of oxygen rich cool air
Adding comfort to those who chose
To rest a while beneath my mammoth shadow

It was all pleasure for me

To see many around me in comfort
With whatever I can offer to them

All these came to a sudden end
When an unkind lightning struck me
I received the shock of my life
A hot wave ran through the entire me
From the top to the root bottom

And what happened
All functions in me
Came to an abrupt end
My leaves turned yellow and brown
To leave me and they fell in silence
My branches dried and turned black
The fruits did not ripe
I started drying up with no more
Supply of water from the ground

I am stark naked standing like a
Threatening skeleton
Birds, insects and people
Do not visit me
Am I turning useless

But let people know I have some thing
Also to offer
Delay further not and cut me
Burn me and enjoy the warmth
Of my heat and of my burning heart
The last thing I have, to offer you

Bashyam Narayanan

The latest lesson of my grandson

Four year old
Daughter's son
Just started talking
In some kind of comprehension
Returned from school
The other day
And there were some guests at home
Some of who were to
See our grandson first time
And it was my daughter's role
To introduce each
Of the guests
To her son
She is your aunty
Say 'Hi' to her
Which my grandson did
He is your 'Anna'
(Anna in Tamil means elder brother, it can be cousin too)
Say 'Hi' to him
Which my grandson did
This your grandma
Say 'Hi' to her
Which my grandson did
This went on
Till the time
All the guests were introduced
It is our practice
To give the child
A handwash immediately after
His retron back home from school
And I took that charge
While I was helping him
In getting a wash
The fellow asked me
In a low voice like whisper
Are there no good person
Among our guests
Startled I asked him why
And he replied
Just today
School miss said
That all of us should
Grow to become a good person
Mom said these people are
Either grandpas, grandmas,
Uncles, Aunties, Annas or Akkas
But she said none
To be a good person

Bashyam Narayanan

The Lord said that the "I" in you is really me

The me in me is quite troublesome
And I know all the problems
I face is because this me
It has been a longing desire of mine
To get rid of this me

I said one day to Krishna
Let all my prayers I have offered to you
Help me getting a grant from you
Krishna said
Say that and it will be granted based on its merit

Krishna, I need only one thing
I do not require anything materialistic
My requirement is you yourself
I request you to occupy me
Totally vacating "me" from me
And you will take care of
Everything happening around me

Krishna did not answer
But, said
Hold on, your demand is quite on the higher side
Anyway I will consider it
Presently I am occupying someone else
And so I am not free to move into thee

Turning curious, I asked Krishna
Who is he and where is he?

Krishna made a smile
Did not answer and vanished

Days, weeks, months, years went by
I have been talking to Krishna all through
But I did not hear him saying a thing

The other day
I did call on Krishna
And renewed my demand
This time Krishna responded
Hi do you not know
That I have already occupied you
And I only am running things around you

Krishna, is it true?
I am not able to realize so
Things seem to have changed
I feel the same way as I used to feel earlier
I talk the same way as I used to talk earlier
I perform things the same way I used to perform earlier
I get saddened or gladdened the same way I used to get earlier

No change at all
I cannot believe what you say

A smiling Krishna said
I know you are going to say that
Now you renew your prayers
Requesting me to grant you this knowledge
Lord further said
That the "I" in you is really me
Once you land upon this realization
I will move on to another person
Who is waiting for my occupation

Bashyam Narayanan

The me in me

The me in me

The me in me
Feels, sees, hears, touches, speaks
And does all that I do
At the same time
The me in me
Becomes joyful or otherwise
Pleased or otherwise
Enthused or otherwise
Depending on its assessment
Of the event occurred
Or the situation in which I am

The me in me
Is my friend and my enemy too
It consoles me when I feel I am in trouble
And cajoles me when I am hesitant
It cheers me up and jeers me as well
It judges on people, things and happenings
And drives me to act
On the basis of its evaluation

Of late, I am of the opinion
That I have been taken for ride by
This me in me
And I need to stop it somewhere
I started requesting
The me in me
To free me of its clutches
And it says
It is upto you to go free
Or to stay locked up in me

I am unable
I am undone
I am bonded

I long for freedom from
The me in me

Bashyam Narayanan

The milestone marked nine

The milestone marked nine

I am by the side of a metro bus stop
Under the shadow not-so-fully grown gulmohar tree
Whose trunk is still protected by a tree guard

Crows and mynas perching on this tree
Often bless me with their droppings

But I remain in my shape
I may be a little over one foot tall
Wide enough for any person to rest on me

People, mostly elderly, sit on me
Preferring me to the tall stainless stool
Beneath the shelter
As they are confident of not tilting dangerously

I used to see dreams in the eyes of most of the people
Who wait for their bus to come

Some plan a future
Some ponder over the past pains
Some visualize their daughter's wedding
Some think of a comfort after their son's employment
Some plan for their retired life
Some have a dialogue with their unseen gods
Some keep talking over their mobile phones
Some sit on me minding not the bird dropping on their shirt
Some do not mind the spider spinning its web
Just above their head on the tree branch
Some smoke
Some keep munching fried peanuts
All keep busy themselves

Some may not have even noticed
This silent observer
The milestone marked nine

Bashyam Narayanan

The one game we all play

The one game we all play

We play games
To show our valour
And mainly to win

We do not mind going for coaching
If we feel we do not have the
Required strength to win

We play games
Either as a team or individual
The attempt is to demonstrate
That we are better talented
Than the team or member
Against whom we play

Nations enthuse people to play games
So that they add pride

Some games are played with
Gadgets and protective accessories

We have spectators to watch
The way we play
We have umpires and referees
Who ensure rules of the games
Are strictly adhered
And it is all a fair play

We play games indoor or outdoor
We play games in daylight
Or under artificial illumination

We score while playing
And the score achieved by a team or individual
In a specific time
Decides the winner

We telecast the games
We comment on the strengths and weaknesses
Of a team or individual

We conduct national and international
Tournaments to declare a team or individual
As champion

Irrespective of skills, race, gender
We all play a game
Which is played mainly to lose
It is an individual game
With no specific rules

With no umpire
With no spectator
With no commentator
With no TV coverage
With no scores
With no trophies
With no victory stands
With no top scorer
With no "player of the match"
But we play

Most of us like to play this game
Indoor and in closed doors
Decency and civilized ways
Do not allow this game being played in the open

There is no season for this game
It can be played any part of the day
And any part of the year
Summer, winter, monsoon seasons
Have no bearing on this game

The one requirement in this game is
Complete transparency and intimacy

Rules for this game
Vary from individual to individual
Rules also get refined
With the experience of the players

There are no restrictions to employ
Any method as both the players
Are determined to be the loser

Duration of play depends again
On the individuals

The game ends
Most often to the satisfaction
Of the both the players

In other games players declare
That they are retiring from playing
There is no retirement in this game
As players advance in age
They understand it is more a mind game

Outcome of this game
Are further more players

You guessed it right
It is the game of love

Bashyam Narayanan

The Poor Decorative Platoons

We were there even before
The first guest arrived
We were not, of course, the host
We were colourful
Attractive to most of the guests
Children looked at us with awe
Even some senior guests
Talked to the host in praise of us
The hall got filled with guest
Young, old, men, women and children
A videographer capturing all happenings
A photographer creating a capsule of stills
A lot noise around
We were witnessing gossips,
Romantic glances,
Secret affectionate exchanges,
Fiery arguments,
Friendly approach for new business deals,
Discussion on weather, politics and so on
But we were never a part of these
But silently watching all these
With a bang came the occasion for celebration
All gathered around
Wished the couple on their
Fiftieth wedding anniversary
Some youngsters fell at the feet of the couple
Seeking their blessings
Some shook hands with the couple
Some greeted them with gifts
And some with bouquets
Some read out a citation
Some sang while some others danced
We were just watching
Time came for dining
Some held glasses with drinks of their choices
Some turning more confident after intoxication
Some men venturing making fun of ladies of their liking
Some happy with a cup of soup
All were busy with their plates
Some mothers feeding their reluctant kids
Some continuing the discussions while eating
Some being gentle consumers
Some devouring with less pleasant gestures
Videographer and photographer covering all these
Aroma of the food items filled the hall
Function nearing an end
Guests leaving one after another
Hosts thanking each personally for their presence
All left the hall
Switching off lights, fans and air conditioners
Minding not our being left out in dark and suffocation
Dawned and entered a new set of workers

For a new celebration
'Clear all these' was an instruction for a supervisor
All on a sudden
We were pulled down
And thrown into a large dust bin
Some of us were blown out by a strong wind
And we were in the middle of the road
Each passing vehicle making us air borne
With its accompanying flush of wind
No one to take pity on us
The poor decorative platoons

Bashyam Narayanan

The power of advertisement

That little boy looks for his kitty cash holder
All around his house and at last finds it
Shakes the same to ensure the availability of his savings
Moves off the house, travels in a tiny little boat
Holding tight his belonging and keeping it
Off the sight of the old boatman
Walks off the boat holding the kitty tight with both his hands
Steeping up the bank
The bankman with all love and respect opens a locker
For our little hero and gives him all hopes for its safe custody
How I wished I am holding an account in that bank

A romantic couple move around a fridge
She empties an ice tray from the freezer
Throws a piece of ice onto her beloved
He wastes no time in reaching another ice tray
And in turn places an ice piece on the cheek of his beloved
And this ice throwing game goes on
Till the time they reach the bed
Where they understand that they have something more to do
Than just getting cool with the ice
And this realization comes to them because
They own that fridge
I would have gone for that cooling device
Had I not got one at home

That just above middle age man is riding a cycle
Under a tree from where not leaves,
But currencies falling one after another
The man moves on narrating the fund support
He enjoyed from the financial services
Depicted as the above tree
He got his daughter married
He got his son well educated
I curse myself for being not wise
In going for an investment in that firm

An old man gets an excellent medical treatment
In a well equipped hospital at the hands of experts
He is fine now
But he refuses to go home
As the hospital charges are so low
How I wish I soon fall sick
And get an opportunity to be treated there
For the pleasure of self
And of my people

A man passes away
But, his wife seems undisturbed
She is sure of all funds
For her to run her family
To educate her children

And very importantly, to get beloved daughter
Decently married to a very handsome boy
She stands before her husband's photo
With tears welling in her eyes
Thanking the prudence of her husband
In choosing such a considerate life insurance company
However, I wonder still why there are so many widows
Finding it difficult to make a living, leave alone
Their educating their children
And ensuring their good living

There are many such presentations
Which has no bearing on real life
And how fair it is on the part of those, who advertise
With so much deviation from actual happenings

Bashyam Narayanan

The Quantum Of Solace

When in distress you look for solace
But, know there is always a certain
Quantum of solace, in place,
In your mind space,
Reach it in peace and in no pace

That zone which can comfort you
In difficulties is within you
And get hold of it as and when you need
The quantum varies with people
Based on their impressions
Of the occurrences outside

You can enhance this solace domain
By trying to understand you, especially
Your nature and your reacting-to-situations pattern

Quantum of solace is least among those
Who wants to be special
Because of their haste
And note, not prompt, responses to demands

Quantum of solace improves
With weighed responses
Assessing situations objectively
And not self-biasedly or subjectively

An attempt to understand
Your standing is the essence
Of enlarged quantum of solace

Real mentors are those
Who have a very large solace quantum
And indirectly share their solacing space
To those who ask for comfort

You can do that too
And achieve that level
Where you require no solace
As you stay ever in peace
Irrespective of situations you are in

A self-directed exercise
To examine yourself
To scan your thoughts
To trace your dreams
And to develop skills to direct them,
Instead of their directing you,
Will make you yourself
A solace to others, who need comfort in distress

Bashyam Narayanan

The Saturday Myth

My daily routine is
To offer morning prayers
In a temple
Run and maintained by a
Board of Trustees
That Saturday I went
With all devotion and enthusiasm
But only to see a display
That the temple will be non-functional
As mother of one trustees
Passed away and temple will be open
For public only after the obituary rites are over
It struck me then
There is a myth in this part of the country
That Saturday obituary noting
Does not go single
Some such reporting will also be soon heard
Returned home with disappointment
And telling myself that
Someone else too is dead somewhere
By the time I reached home
I received a call
Informing me the demise of
A first cousin of mine
Who is younger to me
Myth or message?

Bashyam Narayanan

The soul in me is really hers

I do not know how to make my eyes, which
Move impatiently around
To have a glance of her,
Understand
That she herself is my vision

I do not know how to make my ears, which
Long for hearing
The sweet voice of hers,
Understand
That she keeps singing inside me

I do not know how to make my heart, which
Throbs for an
Intimate togetherness with her,
Understand
That each of its pulse is triggered by her thought

I do not know how to make my hands, which
Are gnawingly desirous
Of caressing her
Understand
That I am yet to recover from the
Scintillation of her previous touch

I do not know how to make my lips, which
Restlessly bother me
With their thirst for a passionate kiss of hers
Understand
That I still hold on to
The taste of the previous experience

I do not know how to make my olfactory nerves, which
Consistently seek to get
The smell of hers
Understand
That the entire air
Is laden with the scent of her fragrance

I do not know how to make the soul inside me, which
In solitude
Cries for a heartfelt union with her
Understand
That the soul in me is really hers

Bashyam Narayanan

The ten commandments of communication

The ten commandments of communication

Verify your ideas before clarification, as to whether the contents of your communication will really serve the purpose of your communication. Consult others, where appropriate, the communication plan. This will help you decide the audience-based right content, flow, duration and location.

Make clear to the audience the true purpose of communication. Make it known to the audience as to what you want them to do after receiving the inputs from you. It can be just an act, can be an attitudinal change, can be drawing a strategy or plan of action.

Ensure you are in the right set of environment for the communication. Communication is not effected just by words and gestures, but also by the quality of place where you communicate.

Take into confidence your audience. Encourage them to come out with their experience in the subject of communication. Accordingly polish your ways.

Be sure where to emphasize and where to dilute. Check yourself the overtones and emphasis on messages conveyed, as audience may not notice.

Avoid being theoretical all through. Give practical examples. Enthuse audience to come out with problems, connected with the subject and offer, if possible, practical solutions.

Follow up with what you communicate. Ensure audience is with you through the entire communication. Give no impression that you are evaluating their ability to absorb.

Demonstrate that you practice what you preach. Your past experiences may come handy.

Communicate for tomorrow, based on previous learning, enabling the audience visualize new horizons on the subject of communication.

Last, but not the least, seek not to be understood, but to understand. Be a good listener too.

Bashyam Narayanan

Think Good, Act Good and Help the World Live Good

Your thoughts
Form a cloud
When saturated
And get frozen
Bring down onto the earth
The Shower of activities

Your actions, thus showered
Believe
Add life on this soil
And help grow
The plants of
Pleasures and joy
As long as your thoughts
Are not contaminated
And seeded with
Anger, envy, distaste
Greed and many others
I leave it to your imagination

As an acid rain
Laden with pollution
Harms the soil
And the soil-dependent plants
Your contaminated thought clouds
Generate a rain of actions
Laden with vengeance and
It is definite to destroy
The entire human race
Nurtured by your action

Exercise caution on your
Thoughts and keep them
Ever associated with
Love, affection, honesty
Faith and confidence
So that you never turn
Into cause for concern
In the care of this
Beautiful world with
Wonderful people and
Other marvellous living systems

Think good
Act good
Help the world
Live good

Bashyam Narayanan

Think noble, Talk noble and Get Nobel

Noble are those
Who have self evolved
Humane values
And who stand by what they value
Not necessarily nobility
Of a person is assessed
On what they own or acquired
On whether they have power and authority

Any way present day requirement is that
A person needs to be rich and powerful
For he or she to be declared noble

Nobility enhances with popularity
The more popularity the greater nobility
The cumulative effect of
Power and popularity is
Immensely reflected on
The hurry in which one gets into
Noble cadre

Thus a person with
Self evolved humane values
Popularity, fame and power
Assumes greater nobility
In the society

But note the fame one acquires
Through notoriety
Does not and will add to his
Nobility scale

The person may even create
Controversies without, of course,
Affecting the social harmony
And remain noble

What about acting on your noble ideas
It looks from one of the recent
Nobel awardees
That you need not act
On your ideas
Just keep talking about them
In all possible gatherings
But ensure that the crowd accepts
Whatever great things you have to say

To become a Nobel Laureate
You require to do only these
Think noble
Just talk noble
And get the Nobel

Bashyam Narayanan

This be the last time we use the phrase 'Slumdog'

We, as Indians, have reasons
To be proud of having
Created history by the film
"Slumdog Millionaire"
At the same time, we, as human beings,
Have to have hung our heads for
Having created slums

Slum, as it means
An overcrowded area of a city,
Where the housing is in a very bad condition
And people live in unhygienic conditions
With no basic facilities

And who created slums,
Not the people residing there
But those whose greed has brought
These slum dwellers into these
Unfit-for-living conditions

The technicalities employed in
Filming this movie deserve all praise
While the different ways of living
Of the slum dwellers equally deserve attention
Of the entire human race
For correction and improvement

The film was declared to be
The best-directed
While the slum tribes have no directions
And they have no one to direct

The film was declared to be
The best film
While the slum where the film was shot
Is the worst place
For any human being

Let the recognition of the film
Bring to light the plight of slumdogs
To the fore
And let the human race do everything
Possible to move these people
Out of the slums, wherever they are,
And to help them live a decent, if not better, living

We shall be doing a great service
If this becomes the last ever time
We use this phrase "Slumdog"

Bashyam Narayanan

Till the last minute

You deserve credits
For you have been connecting ages
I know things of the past,
Long long-ago events
Because of you
I also know that generations ahead
Will come to know about this present
Only with your help

How much I become dependent on you
For the simple reason
That you help me communicate
And make me understood by others
The way I want them to
Understand me

Though I used to feel
I am being understood by others
In the same way
I understand myself
Later, I realised, more often than not,
That they have not understood me,
But, in fact, misunderstood me,
Which I could make out
From the reactions in response
To my communications

I do not know,
Whether I too have been
Misunderstanding others
In the same way
They have been doing me

It is all because of the guises
You can take
You look blue to me
While others see you as red
You smell jasmine to me
While others feel it as
Some other fragrance
To me you look opaque
To them transparent
And so on..
Though shapeless
You can assume thousands of shapes

Oh, my dear mother tongue
When I am going to do away with you
So that I am understood right
And I understand better

I hear you telling something

'Yes, when you breathe your last'

Bashyam Narayanan

Time and space

Time and space
Decide each happening
Significant or otherwise

Let us look back
Events all through our lives
You would agree
Events and things
That had an impact on us or otherwise
Happened just because of this
Meeting point of time and space

Each one of us
Came on to this earth
Because of the time and space synchronizing
At a time when millions of sperms
Were on a race to meet one single egg
Time and space only made the
Fertilization and development
Thus at the time of your conception
There was a probability of a meagre
One part per millions
With much greater possibilities
Of someone else being conceived

Extending this, you will agree
A thing to fructify or
An event to occur
The probability is quite low
If not a part per million
A part per thousands

You can be sure that
A thing or event will not
Evolve or occur without the role of
Time and space

Be also sure that
There is no point to blame others or
Curse yourselves
For your unaccomplished desires

But, understand that
Time is unripe and
Space is unoccupied
And that is why
Dreams do not fructify
Despite all your efforts
Skillful advancement
Towards goal

Keep trying

With all your knowledge and skills
With the focus on your goals
And aspirations
But, wait
Let there come about
The appropriate conjugation of
Time and space

Bashyam Narayanan

Tiny ants we are, but our souls with yours at par

It was our routine
We move around in batches
Locate places from where
We can collect food items
Our food habits are simple
We do not need to cook
As we eat raw
We do not add spices to our food
We also do not mix food items
We are satisfied with one item
And we eat it stomachful in one go
And very importantly
We eat only when hungry
No in-between in takes
We walk, walk and only walk
We do not use any vehicle
Our tribe is known for
Organized non stop working
Recently we were in a marriage hall
We were busy material handling
And the food item we were shifting
Was a ready-to-eat item
And we would keep it stored
In our safe custody
For consumption later on rainy days
Everything went as planned
We were almost moved all we wanted to move
The last batch of our ten people
Were moving fast through a foot path
And before they could cross
A large footed man stamped on them
And all the entire batch of ten crushed to death
We all witnessed in sorrow
The demise of our people
For no fault of theirs
"We, tiny ants cannot do anything about this.
Once I witnessed hundreds of our men
Got drowned in milk when the pot containing it
Just tilted and got emptied"
A senior citizen in our group lamented

Bashyam Narayanan

To a friend terminally ill

To a friend terminally ill

I wonder how you chose me as your friend
For what all I did to you troubled you
You are a great friend as you intervened
Me with your wisdom and
Prevented my fall into the pit of my foolishness
You minded not my indifference to your advices
But kept persuading me to take only the right path
I do not remember to have done even a single
Deed worth recalling and remembering

Nature played its havoc on you
And is determined to snatch you away
You know I am incapable of doing
Anything to stop this separation
I thought that I only ditched you
But your own blood mutated malignantly
Paving way for your painful departure
In one way, it was also good as I know
You are to depart; I will start caring a bit more
On my ways of doing as there will be none
To check my ruthless routes

I know, you have pains, but do not cry
But you see, we cry, simply anticipating pains
You are in light and enlightened
We in darkness not knowing where to look for light
You are ready with your baggage
We still searching, and if found, loading it further heavily
You play with death, a real friend, who has been
Gaming hide-and-seek in each breathe since we are born
And who is the ultimate friend
But we are afraid of him and believe
We can once and for all evade him
You know you are at the exit
We do not know where are we, who knows
We may be closer to exit than you
You are free from the shackles of life
We are bonded to the fear of death
You personify the glory of reality
We glorify the fallacies of the unreal

I do not require to say "Do not worry and
I will take care" as you know
I cannot do that as effectively as you have been doing
You know pretty well things happened,
Happen and will go on happening whether
You are there or not
I do not think you need words of consolation
As you know words are only words
And many a time they are not meant

I will not shed tears as I know
Your soul cannot stand it
I will not make efforts to remember you as you know
Your soul will be around me ever
I will not be talking about you
As you will be talking through me

I will meet you there, how soon or late I do not know
Not to burden you, as I have been doing
But to hold you in my heart

If you believe in another birth
Be careful not to choose a friend of my sort

Bashyam Narayanan

To a mother in the making

I thank you on behalf of the entire human kind for having chosen to become a mother.

A great mother you should be as you ensure the continuance of a genetic order, a wonder design of nature.

You are not only the mother of child you bear, but a global mother taking care of all with your kindness and affection to the little one, you are helping to land.

You are already a mother, as you became one from that moment, when the little one established itself in your nourishing womb.

You must be proud, because there are not many, who climb to this pedestal of motherhood.

You are lucky to tell the world loud and clear, that the human bonding is still there, as you bear the sign of it.

You are proving yourself the symbol of love, perseverance and patience.

Caution but, do not become possessive of this great gift to the world.

The child you bear is a gift you give to this waiting world.

Whether it be a son or daughter it makes no difference, but ensure in it are implanted your nobler thoughts.

Let that be Ram, the great son and the loyal husband
Let that be Sita, the personification of patience
Let that be Shiva, the perfectionist
Let that be Krishna, the granter of happiness
Let that be Buddha, the peace-loving guy
Let that be Christ, the painstaking path finder
Let that be Shakti, the symbol of energy
Let that be Arjuna, the great warrior
Let that be Karna, the great giver
Let that be Bheeshma, the great son and the protector
Let that be Einstein, the great scientist
Let that be Shankara or Ramanuja the spiritual path finders

Let the child be any one
You are our great mother

Let your positive attitudes flow through its brain cells in the formation
Let your philanthropic views fill its small heart
Let your far sightedness invade this little one
Let your all-giving mind become part of its attitude
Let all your and its father's good features constitute this colourful butterfly still in the cocoon.

You will not entertain any bad thoughts now.
You will not consume anything that may hurt this little one growing in you.
You will not make the kid suffer the shocks of adrenaline that your blood stream gets injected because of your anxious moments.

Nothing to worry.

All will be fine, as it is and as it was.

You may know with the arrival your arrival child there are two deliveries. One birth is of course of your child and the other is that of a great mother.

Awaiting the arrival of a mother

affectionately

Bashyam Narayanan

To the child in the coming

We have been waiting
For almost nine months now

You were born, in fact
The day, when we came to know
You have been sown
And you have been established

Trust you are grown
Full in shape
With strong bones and muscles
And a kind heart

I know your mother's blood
Supplies you all that you need
Make good use of the supply
And build yourself

You know the whole world
Is waiting for your arrival
With lot of love and affection
And with an expectation
That you are going to be different
And special and capable of
Achieving greater and nobler things
Than those which we have achieved so far

Are you a boy or girl
We do not want to know it now
And it makes no difference to us
For what will matter are the
Great thoughts that you are
Going to nurse and your actions
Those realise them

Welcome to this world of wonders
Welcome to this world of love
Welcome to this world of passion
Welcome to this world full of
Opportunities for you to explore
Welcome to this world waiting for you

Your arrival is yet another proof
To the fact that God has faith in human kind
Your arrival is yet another proof
To the fact that Natural systems still prevail
Your arrival is yet another proof
To the fact that Love is the essence of survival
Your arrival will add yet another ray
To the glow of innocence
Your arrival will mark the beginning of
A New Era, new thinking, new hopes

And it will pave way for new
Sweet dreams not only for your parents
But to the entire mankind
Your arrival will make new sparkling marks
In our horizons indicating brighter and
Most prosperous days ahead

Come with an open mind
Come with a heart that is kind
Come with a lot of passion
And fashion a new generation

Bashyam Narayanan

Tribute to J N Tata on his birthday 3 Mar 2011

Business is meant for
Wealth generation only
This deep-rooted adage
Was shaken and thrown off gear
This day in 1839
When Nusserwanji Tata
Was born in Navsari of Gujarat

It was a differently bright
And quite a colourful dawn as
It marked the beginning of
Socially-considerate
Industrialization in India

The country leaders were
In a struggle for political freedom
At the time when Tata grew
And was mature enough
To take a lead

He thought politically freed
India should also turn
Economically independent
And technically advanced

His gnawing desire and cherished vision
Was an economically strong
And technologically sound
Independent India

He knew also how to make it happen
The only way was
To make India industrialized
And to make Indians trained in technology

Winning independence may be difficult
But not impossible
But, holding on to that is possible only if
Adequate economic foundation is ensured
And with scientifically tutored man power
To pillar that democratic mansion

Business's live-wire is wealth generation, no doubt
But its life preserver is the
Support of the people around
Who directly or indirectly
Helped the business establish and run

He professed
Sharing of
Generated wealth with neighbourhood
Is an essential component of business

He introduced this
So far little known theme in business

What not he did
For the nation
To make it grow in the real sense
Establishing industries
Educational institutions
And formatting schemes for
Flow of wealth
Into the welfare of the
Needy common man in
Nearby areas of his business sites

Words turn inadequate and short
In praising this tall
One-man planning commission

His contribution towards
Employee welfare is remarkable
And far ahead of his times
Provident fund schemes
Profit-sharing bonus concepts
Medical care to his workmen
Are only a few in the list

Environmentally conscious Tata
Sowed the seed for
Compensatory afforestation way back in 1904
When he wrote to the Commissioner of Central Province
Expressing his reclamation plan by planting trees
Compensating the loss of green
If it happened they cleared vegetation
While doing a prospecting operation

And Indian Parliament enacted Forest Act in 1980

We can keep on telling many, many things
About this great visionary

On this day marking his 172nd birth anniversary
Let us take pride
In being associated with the
Efforts towards realizing his dreams
And let us resolve and reaffirm our commitment
To keep this legacy up and high
And we will do everything to
Uphold the status of Tata Steel as a company
For others to emulate
In employee and neighbourhood welfare
In staunch business ethics
In safe, sustainable, environment-friendly ways of working

And in compassionate corporate governance

Bashyam Narayanan

True Love

I love my wife
She loves me
I love my children
They love me
I love my friends
They love me too
I love my colleagues
They love me
In all these love 'affairs'
There is an under current
As in all these
There is or are some common points
Where we meet
If the common point ceases to exist
Probably we fall apart
Closer the association
The common point has a very large base
And is sustained
So that the affairs continue
Very likely we work together
For achieving some goals
True love is
A kind of emotion
Which keeps you enthused
And helps you perform
With the best of your potential
There is no in-return relationship
In case of true love
It flows down in all directions
Submerging the beneficiary
With nothing but love
The oft-used word love
Can be demonstrated
By sharing, shouldering,
By accommodating, accepting,
By expressions, gifts
True love is just felt
True love does not cry
When the other is pain
But goes unasked for relieving the same
True love does not just offer
A shoulder for you to lean upon
It works out the means to ease you
Love is emotional
True love is promotional
Love is blind
True love is a visionary
Helping the other to build a future
Love is god
True love is spirit
That keeps you driving far
And beyond your expectations

Love needs someone to be present
True love can be felt even in absence
Love hurts
True love heals
Love hates
True love does only love
And for the loving sake
Let us love
But let us truly love

Bashyam Narayanan

Try A Cry

Crying is an emotional outburst
Of a discomfoting situation
Accompanied by shedding tears
And sobbing, which may last longer
Maturity demands that we check our cry
As it showcases our weakness
Factually speaking crying can strengthen you
Since you expose your emotions the best way
While crying
Crying out has a potential to dilute
The emotional impact on you
Yes, you are well advised to cry
To handle a perceived problem better
Children cry
These cries are instantaneous and
Immediate in response to most often
A physical discomfort
As we advance in age, we manage well
To stop or abstain from crying
Girls and women cry out more readily
Than boys and men
Examine yourself as to when
You cried last time
It is a demonstration of perception of
Utter helplessness
You may guise in laughter, anger
But the real you can be seen in your cry
Cries draw more attention than
Expressions of other emotions
Cries may make others understand better
Cries have the potential to bring out
A notable mental balance
Cries may accompany ecstasy among some
Triggered by an overwhelming accomplishment
Know that you cry not because you are weak
But because you want to strengthen yourself
Fail not to cry
If you feel the situation demands
Fear not to cry as it may shield you against threat
I wish you do not come across
A tough and demanding situation demanding a cry
In the same breath I want you to note that
Nothing is more soothing than a cry
Try a cry
Next time if you need to cry

Bashyam Narayanan

Twenty year old friendship

Twenty year old friendship

It was this month
Twenty years ago
I came across you
And took you with me
Since then
You are my conscious keeper
I looked at you
For anything and every thing
I look at you
As soon I wake up
I look at you
As I take my breakfast
I look at you
As I leave for office
Whenever there are challenges
I look at you
And you always give me a breather
And you used to say
There is time still
When I look at you in the event
Of an unfavourable situation
You smile with your hands spread
And say
You should have done something about this
Much earlier
Whenever I am in a rush
Whether it is to attend a meeting
Or to catch a flight, train or bus
I look at you
You will say either there is time still
Or you should have left earlier
It is difficult to say
As to when I have not consulted you
Every now and then
I look at you
And you never failed me
You were prompt although
To give me the help I need
I will not say you kept me on my toes
But, yes, you helped me keep my times
Any event, joyful or otherwise
As soon as it occurred
I would look at you
You kept me telling indirectly
That things keep pace with time
And change
Your message was always
That time is the best healer
And is the best in sorting issues
As you know time puts things

At their right place
For all these I have done nothing to you
But to feed you
With a small disc
This feed is good enough for you
To keep yourself performing
For months
You might have fallen sick
Thrice in these twenty years
Never once I spent
More than the consultation fee, which I pay
To my medical practitioner
I see of late
You are running slow
Because of this long twenty years' running
May be, soon I will stop
Consulting you
And I am planning to put you to rest
My dear, twenty years old Titan watch

Bashyam Narayanan

Ugly demonstration of affordability

Ugly demonstration of affordability

It is a 2000 students studying school
In a developing economy
It is a great feeling to see kids of
Varying ages crossing me
As I went to dropp my grandchild

While it is a pleasure to watch kids
It was painng me more to see
How these kids reach the school
Not less than 1000 automobiles
It can be a bus, car, two-wheeler
All crowding the entrance of the school
And all creating a traffic jam
In the main road adjacent

No one seems to be disturbed by this
A closer look made me realize
That it was more demonstration of affordability
Than really giving comfort to the
School attending kids
I saw more number of parents and elderly
Than the students themselves
Cars come with two or more
To dropp a kid
Two wheelers carried both the parents
To dropp their beloved kids
Three wheeler Autorikshaws, vans, mini buses
And so many countless vehicles
Crowd the school
At a time when
People rush to offices and workplaces
In the main road

We are thinking in terms reducing
Carbon dioxide emissions
While we introduce emissions
By using vehicles for a jolly drop

What message we are giving children
Is also to be examined
May be, child lives with the feeling
That this comfort will be ever available
As their parents can afford

Affordability is an individual assessment
But the demonstration of affordability
Is not expected to damage the collective sustainability
Surely, we cannot afford children
This comfort
As the world is thinking in terms cutting

The emissions by around twenty percent

Let parents give a rethinking
To this
Ugly demonstration of affordability

Bashyam Narayanan

Unattended and left to be on his own

Morning
Dad gets up what time
I have no idea
Mom gets up to get busy
In the kitchen

All moving here and there
Dad gets ready
Starts his bike with a kick
Mom climbs up on its back
With a huge bag
Carrying lunch for both

Both wave hands
And the same sentence
"Stay good and eat in time"
And they leave

A grandma at home
Always on bed
Most of the time sleeping
Rest coughing
At times I run to help her
With a glass of water or to
Fetch her medicines

She is, in fact, at home
To take care of me

No one at home to feed me
I eat, on my own, the rice
Kept in casserole at my reachable height
I finish eating with
Food paste smeared all over my body

I do not know what
Other children do at home
When left alone like this

I do not know when this
Struggle of mine will end
Maybe, when I am put in a
Boarding school

I will grow big like my dad
Study well and get a job
But, am determined to marry
Only that woman, who will not
Go for work and
Take care of her kid
Not the one like my mother
Who leaves her kid at home

Unattended and
To be on his own

Bashyam Narayanan

Understand, accept, accommodate if you feel you are humane

The same single object
I see
You see
She sees
He sees
They see
But, no two has the same sight

The same single musical note
I listen to
You listen to
She listens to
He listens to
They listen to
But, no two has the same enjoyment

The same single scent
I inhale
You inhale
She inhales
He inhales
They inhale
But, no two has smelt the same way

The same sip of wine
I have
You have
She has
He has
They have
But, no two has tasted the same way

The same touch of feather
I feel
You feel
She feels
He feels
They feel
But, no two sensed the same softness

Sensory organs register varying
Stimulations among people
Perception of these stimulants
Further vary depending on
Intelligence,
Emotional factors,
And other factors associated with
Acquired knowledge and skill

The extent and nature of response to
Emotion-biased situations
Vary far widely depending on

A range of other factors
Which defy description

We see a reason
As to why people judge differently
And act or react in a manner unimaginable

For harmonious co-existence
We need to understand this
Not that we do not know this
But often we are unable to
Demonstrate this understanding
With kindness, empathy
Love, care and what not
And end up with emotional outbursts
Leaving behind burnt hearts

Understand, accept, accommodate
If you feel you are humane

Bashyam Narayanan

Understanding is only misunderstanding

When you say
"I understand"
You simply confess
That you are only trying
To understand
And you affirm
To guard against
Misunderstanding

Though this may not be true
In a technical discussion
This is always true
When attempts are made
To evaluate issues
Pertaining to minds and emotions

Let us admit
We have not understood
Any one and
Any of the thought processes
Associated with any individual

How many of us
Have understood our parents?

How many of us
Have understood our spouses?

How many of us
Have understood our brothers
And sisters?

How many of us
Have understood our sons
And daughters?

How many of us
Have understood our customers,
Employers and employees
Bosses and sub-ordinates

More you are confident
About these understandings
More likely
You have misunderstood them

Do not ever claim
That you have
Understood others
As you now understand
That
Understanding is only

Misunderstanding

Bashyam Narayanan

Unthought of calamities

Most saddening was
The news of a young enthusiastic boy
Studying a professional course
Meeting with a road accident
And succumbing to the injury thereto

God is kind they say
Is He really
This question comes to mind
As the boy died
Not because of his fault or rash driving
He was an innocent pillion rider
Which he became as some one
With a bike offered him a lift
Again, the bike rider too was not at fault

Do you call it fate or ill luck
If the cause and effect theory holds good
What was the cause for this fatal effect
What wrong did the boy
Or his parents do to end up with this irreparable loss

It is no less harsh than a tsunami for this
Well-knit small cute family

And do any of us have words
To console them
And even if you choose to talk to them on this
What will you be able to tell

One lesson is written on the wall
What is there in store for you
And what shock is awaiting you
No one knows

Let us keep seeking the divine's grace
For adequate emotional support
Which will harden us
To face such
Unthought of calamities

Bashyam Narayanan

Unwanted Afreen

Three months old Afreen
A baby girl to a mother in teen
Was done to death as her father was keen
In having a baby boy, leading to this troubling scene

What did this baby girl do wrong
To face such a punishment deadly strong
Her mistake was only to have been borne
To a father who for a boy did long

Indian independence is at stake
As we recall Gandhi's statement that India can claim the real cake
Of freedom only if a woman has the courage to take
Up walking alone in the street even in midnight stark

We, Indians need to redefine
Our freedom only when we stop making design
To kill a female fetus even in confine
And not to do away with her by any chance she comes out fine

Let us come out of social stigma attached to this gender
She only gave you birth and all that you needed while in tender
She saw you grow and miss not a chance to wonder
At your growth and her love to you worth a ponder

Not that you do not need a son
But a daughter is no less to him and as a person
She will love you far beyond your horizon
And will always love you despite your qualities awesome

Let this be the last time
We hear such a heinous crime
Taking away the life of a girl at prime
Let us vow to support the fair gender's claim

Bashyam Narayanan

Varying moods

Varying moods

Our moods swing
From one extreme of joy
To the other extreme of sorrow
With the environ changing

Colour and shade can change
Sound levels can change
Sound modulation may change
Temperature outside may change
Wind speed may change
Harshness of sun may change
The bright moon may go under cloud
The person you are interacting with may change
The words, tone and language
Of the person talking with you may change
The news you heard may have an unexpected change
And many, many things keep changing

Each change or the combination of the changes
Trigger a mood variance
Closely examine
Moods vary not
Because of the changes outside
But because of your perception
Of the changes

You perceive that the change outside
Can have an impact on you
In your favour or otherwise
So, you start reacting accordingly
Effecting a mood change

Perceive objectively
Regardless of its impact on you
Act appropriately
Keeping your cool and
Effectively guarding against the
Varying moods

Bashyam Narayanan

Wait, things are shaping up

I approached a sculptor the other day
For carving a statue of
Gautama Buddha
He asked me a number of questions
Some of them were far stretched
Though I answered all of them
I was thinking within that
All these details were unnecessary
He could read my mind and said
These details were needed to help me
Come out with what exactly you were looking for
He suggested my coming to him
Two weeks later
Why so long and he said
Wait things are shaping up

Two weeks later
I saw practically no progress
He showed me a granite block
Which he said he would carve
As Gautama Buddha
He suggested me to visit him
Two weeks later
"Do you not think we are delaying? "
I asked and he said
Wait things are shaping up

I went to him as suggested
No change at all
The block was under water
And carving had not started
He said that this curing process
Would help him understand
The quality of the block
And he opined
That we were lucky in
Selecting the right granite
And he suggested my visiting him
A week later
"Yes, I know you are wondering
As to why it is taking so much time"
How he could say even without my telling that
He continued
Wait, things are shaping up

A week later
No great change
But the block got castled here and there
No where near my expectations
"Come after three days and see"
But, he assured
Wait, things are shaping up

I made four visits later
At intervals of three, two and one days
I could not make out head or tail
Of what was happening
But, each time I returned
Hearing his words
Wait, things are shaping up

I was wondering
Are things really shaping up
Or am I being fooled
I did not visit him for
Full three months
As I was sure that
I would not be able to appreciate
The progress that the sculptor
Would be claiming to have made

One day, there was a call from him
"Come and see your Gautama Buddha"
I was not excited
I visited his place in all reluctance
And was preparing to hear
Wait, things are shaping up
But, what a surprise
Saw my Gautama Buddha
In a shape and carving
Beyond my belief
And I was not able to control my excitement
"I know you are wondering how this could be possible
But, you know, I was telling each time you visited that
Wait, things are shaping up"

We all do prayers seeking some change
And we wonder as to when the change would fructify
God, like a sculptor is shaping things
But, he never tells
Wait, things are shaping up

Bashyam Narayanan

Water, The Matter

Water
Is the one source from
Which all living things originated

Our life and living depend
Largely on its availability

Ancient civilizations got established
And flourished near
Perennial water sources

Without water, no need to emphasize,
We cease to exist
Anything we possess
Assumes no significance without water

Our knowledge about the universe
About the natural laws
About the animal kingdom
About the plant kingdom
About the happenings around us
And our dreams over the future
Our means to realize them
Draw a naught if water is not there

Though, we know this for long
We need to do certain things
That we and the generations to come
Do not suffer scarcity of water

Attempt is to make you appreciate
The significance of pure water,
As we have already contaminated enough
And we have jeopardized the
Build up of water sources
In the name of economic growth
And development of living comforts

The person who realizes this
And does something about
Ensuring availability of this life-support
Becomes an established soul
And spiritual person and guide

Not these words are mine
But of Yajur Veda
Which further says
Who knows the origin of water
Knows himself

Do our sciences have a clue
As to when and how

The first molecule of water
Came on to this planet of ours

Probably the one who knows this
Is God

Bashyam Narayanan

We Are Tiny Little Birds

You may find it difficult to mark us
When we happen to fly single
We are very swift and
We do not fly long distances
And do not fly high

At times you might have seen
A formation of our group
In tens and twenties
Crossing you in jet speed

We thrive mainly on your left outs
Spilt grains
Minuscule worms and insects
And no where we compete with
Any of your consumables
Because of our petite size

Our feed and consumption is so low
That you practically ignore us

We stand unique
Compared to crows, pigeons, mynas,
Eagles and others
Our make is the best symmetrical structure
You can see in the entire bird kingdom
Our beak, body, wings,
Eyes, legs, etc are appropriately sized
And matching with each other

Our chirpings so gentle
Feeble, least noisy
And many of you fail to notice
That we too can create sounds

We are not black, not while, not green
Not yellow, and we do not sport
Any striking stripes

You may like touching us
To have a feel of the yellowish brown
Dust-layered sort body of ours
You would have never done that

We nurse in us a pride that
We are not identified by the looks
Of an organ
But are by the entire bird as a whole

Your tribe does not long for
Eating our meat
Because we hardly house any flesh in us

Thus we are never in the hunter's chase

We wonder whether you people
Have noticed that we are not frequently sighted
In your cities
Yes, we started moving out to a safe haven

We experienced shivering vibrations often
Our observation was that
We experienced that whenever
We passed near a tall tower
That came up first in the locality
We kept our corridor away from the tower
And in the process we lost almost
One twentieth of our resourceful area

Suddenly and soon
A good number of such towers
Sprang in different parts of your city
And our habitat started shrinking
To the extent that we decided
To leave your premises

The towers you erected
Are tall and it looks they keep emitting
Waves that put our body
Into a very disturbing and
Unbearable vibrations
This is non-stop occurrence
All through the day
And all days

Tell us
Can we stay on in this
Probably life threatening environment
Any further

We move away
Giving way to the waves you generate
From these tall towers

What exactly these towers do to you

Bashyam Narayanan

We can also fly

A winter afternoon
Just snowed and
Everything white everywhere

I was waiting in one of the busy
Airports of United States of America
To board a flight to New York

Delayed flights
I was wandering in the lounge
Afternoon turning to twilight
So soon, was my wonder

Checking in,
Security checks
Announcements
Calling people by name to board
All were busy

And I was waiting for
The announcement for
Boarding my flight
Overlooking the aircrafts
And people boarding thereon
Through the tall glass panel

And I happened to see
Two sparrows
Chasing one another
And perching on cables
And wires those were running along
The walls of the lounge

Did I hear them talking
It looked like that

One sparrow telling
'Why they are so busy'
The other answering
'They have rescheduled
Most of the flights and
They are trying to accommodate
Everything within a particular time'
'Oh, I see.
But how come they are not taking
A note of us'
'Why should they take a note of us'
'Because, we can also fly'
'You only can fly
But they make others too fly'

Bashyam Narayanan

We live, but with no existence

We live, but with no existence

We belong to a land
Beautiful and bestowed with
All wonderful natural resources
A very cool mountainous land is ours
It drew attention of
Many saints in the past
Previous millennium saw
A number of great sages
Staying in our land
Discovered new spiritual understanding
And established institutions
For enhancing the path of enlightenment
The terrain invited a lot of tourists
Because of its snow laden landscape
And its vegetation less common
In other parts of our country
We took pride of being part of this land
And belonging to a much visited place
Things started changing over a period of time
In the last two decades or more
We, belonging to particular community,
Were chased out of the land
Because we were minority
And forced into the other part of the State
For no mistake of ours
Many lost their lives
Many lost their families
Many lost their parents
Many lost their sons and daughters
Many lost their brothers and sisters
Many lost their homes
But all lost our identities
Our governance has not
Worried about us for the simple reason
That we stood this storm and managed
To survive and that
We are too little in the greatest democracy
To decide the fate of any governance
We cry within
As we are left to stay
As a refugee in our own land
With no real belonging
Away from a soil that once was
Our mother land
We live, but with no existence

Bashyam Narayanan

We need to believe as we need to live

We need to believe that
The days ahead are as bright and colourful
As the eastern horizon
On a clear dawn

We need to believe that
The opportunities awaiting our exploring
Are as many as many
The number of starts that glitter
On a clear dark sky

We need to believe that
We have the skills to
Create and sustain
Systems with all intricacies
And to terminate them
Adequately harmlessly

We need to believe that
We have the knowledge
To judge right as right
Wrong as wrong
And to take appropriate
Measures if we are on the wrong foot

We need to believe that
We have all the resources
To build a humanity
Cemented with love and affection
And to protect
All the living things around
Keeping others in tact

We need to believe
That we will leave behind
Enough of natural resources
For future generations
To enjoy and explore

We need to believe
That we have the capability
To motivate the entire human race
To understand and act on the importance
Of universal brotherhood and global welfare
Turning the world a fair place
And a heaven

We need to believe
That we need to believe all the above
As we need to live

Bashyam Narayanan

We Never Meet

We resist our desire to
Get near and go for a
A tight big hug
We maintain a distance
Between us
And that helps us go long
And pretty long
Not that we do not long for the other
We are intimately together always
We are even only in togetherness
But we keep a distance
And we never meet
This gap helps us a lot
In having our individual freedom
But we are always together
We understand that
For an intimate
Life long relationship
We need to have this gap
A safe distance between
We know each other so well
And this vital gap
Helps each other to accommodate
The other's varying moods
And emotional curves
The gap and the distance is important
As this not only takes us forward
But also others who depend on us
For their life journey
You can visualize the calamity
If we happen to meet
Or get closer a bit towards the other
Or even get farther a bit from the other
We are the rails
On which trains world over run
And if we meet, you will have no fun

Bashyam Narayanan

We survive not on any other resources, but on the expressed taste for music

Marriage getting solemnized
All in appropriate attires
Greetings
Friends in great excitement
Relatives exchanging welfare
And development or otherwise in
Respective families
Photographers, video-graphers
Busy and directing targets for proper posing
Me, alone, present at the request of the
Bridegroom's father
Who, at a distance, was busy
With his traditional rituals
Just fifteen minutes before
He only received me with all enthusiasm
And made have a sumptuous breakfast
I was seated in a select location
With enough air circulation
And was watching everything going on
I was forced into listening to
The instrumental music played live
The traditional manually air-blown instrument
Creates strong sounds of music
Masking all other sounds
And a music-drawn mind
Will not miss to make out the notes being played
Me, having a taste of music,
Was naturally drawn to that
And I was enjoying the same
Failing to note the happenings around
But the musician gives a break and
Allows his percussionist comes out
With a speedy beat to mark the completion of
A particular special traditional event
This helped me to assess the standing of the celebration
Marriage got solemnized
I approached the musician
And told him about those notes
Which I enjoyed very much
And thanked him for a nice presentation
I must indeed thank you,
He said, as
No one really takes note of us, the musicians
At these functions
I only wish your taste for music stay for ever
And let that be made known
We survive not on any other resources
But on the expressed taste for music

Bashyam Narayanan

Welcoming You

Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Love and affection
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Care and attention
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Colours and scents
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Dreams and deeds
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Heaven and its attendants
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Splendid wonders and lot to ponder
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Problems, but with definite solutions
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Sweets and spices
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As with you come
Grand future and its plans
Welcoming you
Is a pleasure to me
As you join me
After two months
Of freelancing
Of unquestioned indulging
Of any way, any how living
Welcome to a great togetherness
To a great dream sharing
To a great open minded thought mixing
Welcome, welcome and welcome

Bashyam Narayanan

What could be your achievement

What could be your achievement

Your position
Your property
Your power
Your managing skills
Your wealth
Your happiness
Your health
Your fame and name
And so many other skills

None of the above

These all will vanish
And will go into oblivion
Once you depart
And you are on the path
Of disappearing
As each second, minute, hour, day
Is racing you nearer
To that ultimate end

All the above
Will go and you are
Likely to be lost
From the memory of
Your own near and dears,
Leave alone the world

All your materialistic acquisitions
Are likely to lead to family feuds
And there will be total discomfort
Among your own people
History is replete with such cases
You will, in fact, be cursed
For all the earnings you made
Be it by fair means or otherwise

We have seen small possessions of
Even great people
Created warring situations
When they came up for auctions
With regard to their realisations

Materialistic achievement is no
Achievement at all

Your achievement could be that
Which will make others remember you
For years, if not centuries, ahead

This achievement is possible
With your thought process
A process that will help others,
When they put your thought processes into action
Can enjoy a living
In total harmony with the nature and surrounding
In total love for all living things around
In total peace and happiness
In total control of everything happening around them
In total satisfaction of having lived

Your achievement is
That thought process
Which you leave behind expressed
Written or oral
In an aim to help
The future world live
In totally fearless and free society
With no hatred or threat
With no doubts regarding their future

Your achievement is
Your positive, productive and futuristic
Thought process
And make all efforts
To earn this great treasure

Bashyam Narayanan

WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WE MAKE STEEL?

This impression attempts to present an ideal work arena (of an integrated steel company) , where human values and touch have special emphasis.

WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WE MAKE STEEL?

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That united we stand tall and reach
Far beyond others' imagination breach
And that we make a steel not of iron and its mix
But of a strong will moulded in our sense six

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That our vision is clear and fixed far
Moving ahead in a steady pace towards
Dashing and clearing all obstacles ajar
Each milestone crossed, planned at par

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That making steel has not hardened our heart
We demonstrate human love not in part
But full and gainful to any one we chart
To serve leaving them feel an independent lot

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That though profit alone sparks the business
Fuel is our customer delight, steering our righteousness
Acceleration our desire, brake our wakefulness
Road our work ethics, grip our togetherness

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That, if you take good care of people
Train them, and enthuse them to tackle
Odd occasions and situations of debacle
Steel gets formed on its own like a miracle

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

When we mine, we do not explore and excavate minerals
We, indeed, dig out and bring to the world new talents and minds
Our blast furnaces do not knock off oxygen from iron oxide
But blow off the worthless ego deep inside

Our steel melting processes do not involve metal hot mixing
They are engaged in a more beneficial minds-and-hearts mixing
Our mills are not designed to press and run over billets
They bring hearts together and help reshape a collective dream

What do we do when we make steel?
We make the world understand and feel

That this is not just a Steel Company
But it is an enthusiastic Zeal symphony

Bashyam Narayanan

What is and what is not love

Love is not
Always exchanging pleasantries
It requires greater love
To stand by and support
During unpleasant and
More demanding situations

Love is not
Always being presented with
Most desired gifts
It requires greater love
To understand why a gift
Did not come up
And in the right time

Love is not
Always the unison of
Two bodies to copulate
And co-create
It requires greater love
To appreciate when the loved one
Is undergoing a stress
And requiring just a caress

Love is beyond, far beyond
Satisfying these
Emotional, materialistic and
Physical requirements

Real Love
Helps the other
Grow spiritually stronger
After each demonstration
Of 'Love'

Love is
Nothing but the
Unmasked naked hate

Love is
To feel the liberty
To say "I hate you"
To the person loved
And only to declare the next moment
"I love you"
With a passionate kiss
And allowing a similar liberty
To the person loved

Love is not a lost liberty
But it is its demonstration

Love is
Freedom to share
Anything one has
Including the very self
At the same time
Not pitting efforts to share
With no expectations
From the person loved

Love is not a bond but
A freedom to be bound

Love is
An ecstasy
Only to be felt and experienced
Normally not explained
Beyond the realms of understanding
Enjoyed only by the persons in love
Keeping them high
And above

Love is not a burden
It is a float

Love and be loved

Enjoy liberty, freedom and ecstasy

Bashyam Narayanan

What is new and just born

What is new and just born
The one, which just began ageing and moving towards death

What is dead and gone
The one, which just began reshaping

What is telling a truth
The presentation of such facts and in such a manner
With universal welfare in mind

What is lying
The presentation of such facts and in such a manner
Leading to global disharmony

What is beautiful
The one, which enlightens the artful intelligence

What is ugly and obscene
The one, which aims at triggering sensual indulgence

What is a joy
It is the sorrow just denuded

What is sorrow
It is the joy just denuded

What is love
It is that emotion which feeds
The spiritual thirst of the another

What is hate
It is that emotion
That cremates the very self

Who is bold
The one, who stands upright for
Self-evolved values
Despite being threatened
Physically and emotionally

Who is a coward
The one, who has no
Self-evolved values
And bows down to
Physical and emotional challenges

Who is learned
The one, who makes use of
Whatever his/her intelligence has acquired
And adds values to the knowledge
Refining the same for common good

Who is unlearned
The one, who just remembers
What all his/her intelligence has acquired
And makes use of the knowledge
Only for self elevation

Bashyam Narayanan

What That Little Boy Was Praying For

Evening
Sun is almost set
Its weak beams still
Making road side sand grains glitter
I was on a walk to a temple nearby
A scratching brake of a bicycle
Made me look up
A boy of not even ten years the bicycle rider
Stopped his bicycle
In front of the temple entrance
Not getting down from it
Closed his eyes, clasped his palms
Started a prayer
He was in that posture
For much longer than
What a passerby normally does
Turning curious I continued to watch him
Forgetting for a while my purpose of this walk
Since the boy was in the middle
Of that narrow lane
A car stopped behind him
A bike passed by him
Sounding a shrill horn
A street dog barked at the bike
Car also gave a horn
Nothing left in the boy any sign of disturbance
It would have been a full minute
Before the boy woke up to realities
And started his ride
Without even glancing those
Who were watching him
I left the scene and entered the temple
What that little boy was praying for

Bashyam Narayanan

While Making A Living, Also Know How To Live

We were schooled
We were disciplined
We were taught
We were examined
We were trained
We were graduated

All these aim at and help us
Making a living
Once we started enjoying
The benefits of our efforts and skills
And the price of the products
Carved off by our labour
The desire for getting more
Grows strong and stronger each day
As we feel having more
Will help us make a better living

We continue to be path of
Making our lives better
Spending most of our times
In bettering the ways of our living

Most of us have gone that far
That we spend more time in
Making a living
With no time at all to really living

This is like
Spending time in adding facilities
To your bed room
Like air conditioning it,
Changing the mattresses
Adding cushion
Colouring the walls
Facelifting the room with a range of others
But having no time to sleep
It is quite similar to cooking such items
Which we cannot eat ourselves

We should have a wisdom
Where we should stop making a living further
But start really living it

While making a living,
Also know how to live it

Bashyam Narayanan

Who Else Other Than Me Know What I Am Thinking

I think mainly based
On my impressions on
The happenings around

Likely and very much likely
None other's impression
Will be similar

Hence, none other thinks
The way I think about an event

My level of understanding or otherwise
My level of value adding or otherwise
My level of experience to an earlier similar event
Are unique to me
And no one can make out
The thoughts processed in me
Based on these

I know some evolved people appreciate
The uniqueness of one thought
And make no attempt to judge on that

Some, however, claim foolishly
That they know who is thinking what

Please appreciate the fact
Who else other than me know what I am thinking
Understand this please
Accept this fact and
Accommodate me, even if found foolish

Bashyam Narayanan

Who is a beggar and who is not

Take your coin, I am no beggar

In our country
Beggars are less uncommon
They are there anywhere
Except
Cemeteries
Burial ground and
Cremation yard
They beg you so pathetically
That you are forced to drop a coin
Pavements invariably
Irrespective of the city
House beggars
You can make out them
By the way they look
Women beg
Pointing to us the little child
They carry on their waist
Old ladies too beg
And they station themselves
Against you in your path
Making it difficult for you
To step ahead further
While you are on a wait
Either bus stop
Rail station
Park or beach
Some one or the other appear before you
Begging
Truly speaking
It hurts me to turn away someone
Asking for alms
Without getting them something
Some hold the view
That they need not help beggars
As they are not the one
Who made beggars beg
Begging should be discouraged
And to do that
Beggars should not be helped
Is some others' view point
I am not quite sure
Whether to help beggars or not
I normally drop a coin of least denomination
In the begging bowl or in the opened up palms of a beggar
Provided I have the coin
If I do not have a coin to part with
Or if I do not have the mind to help
I muster the strength
To tell the beggar
That I have no changes to spare

This morning
I was rushing to the office
After getting down from the bus
I saw a middle aged male
Who was rolling down on the tar topped road
Sitting on roller-fixed wooden plank
Pushing with the help of his hands
It appeared he had no legs
I decided to help him with a coin
As I got nearer
I came to understand that he was polio affected
Both his legs becoming non functional
Of late, thin and feeble
I ran my hand through my left pant pocket
Got hold of a coin of a better denomination
Than the one I normally prefer to drop
Stood by his side
As he was enjoying a puff of a lighted cigarette
On his lips
He did not lift his face
Having waited for some seconds
I decided to drop that coin
I did the same
And started going towards office
I heard the rolling of wheels
When I looked back
The person on the wheel-fixed plank
Pointed his right index finger
Towards the dropped coin
About four metres on the backside
And said curtly
Take your coin
I am no beggar
As I reached the spot
And picked up the coin
I felt too small of me
And in fact, beg for the knowledge
As to know
Who is a beggar and who is not

Bashyam Narayanan

Who said what is there in the name

Just change a letter
In the name of a person
Who just now made history
By winning an election
In the most powerful
Democracy of the world

You end up with
A person
Who keeps threatening
The very existence of
The mankind
In the name of
Protecting the interests of
A particular believers

The former rose steadily
To what he is today
And won the hearts of his
Fellow countrymen in particular
And of the world in general by his
Inspiring words of wisdom

While the latter
Sprang to limelight and
Drew the attention of the world
By massacring thousands of lives
In a single attack
In the very land of the former

If the former is democratically elected
The latter is demonically nominated

If the former is in an attempt to
Strengthen the bond of human love
The latter is severing the same
In the name of faith and following

If the former is for development and growth
The latter is all set for destruction and death

As the same plant
Strikes a rose and a thorn too
The human race has
Both the former and latter

Yes, rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
And thorn is nothing but a thorn

Who said what is there in the name?

Bashyam Narayanan

Why At All I Came To This Earth

Why at all I came to this earth
It must be two years now
Since I am with you all
I really could not make out
How far my parents were happy
On my arrival
I knew I did not get many things
Which I wanted, rather needed
For a total growth
And emotional support
I started noting that
My parents did not like each other
Often they argued on matters
Which were beyond my perception
They too were running short
Of many things, probably
I have two elder sisters
From their talking
I came to know that
Our family was in great trouble
One evening my mom took me from home
And for the first time
We were travelling in a vehicle
Rushing us to a new place
My mom left me with some one
And that some one handed over me
To some other one
Thus I kept on moving from hands to hands
Leaving me to wonder
Where this changing hands will stop
I was a bit comfortable with the
Little girl, the last lap,
Who really attended to my needs
Better than even what my mom did
But some where some thing happened
I started feeling pain on my head
Which persisted and kept on increasing
I could not talk about this
But, cried, cried and cried
The little girl attempted to comfort me
But, it did not relieve my pain
The girl became angry with me
And started beating me
I could not register what went on further
I was in a new environment
Definitely much cleaner and better
Than any of the places I lived so far
All in white
People were attending to me
And giving me what all
They feel I needed
But, here I could not move

All the time in bed
I used to think how nice it will be
If I could spend all my time like this
Things did not happen that way, though
As I could see myself from the above
All these people in white
Keeping busy around me in the bed
I tried to tell them
See, here up, I am very much here
I know, this is death
As my elder sisters told me
You will go up and up
To God's caring hands
Once you die
I am going to Him is what
I understood
But then, tell me
Why at all I came to this earth

Bashyam Narayanan

Why it's so only to me?

Why it's so only to me

I was getting ready
To go to office
Dressed up
Reached dining table
For breakfast

I heard my wife
"The milk got spoilt
The bread got charred
Why it's so only to me? "
You were telling something

I asked my wife
"Just thinking something"
She said, making me realize
That I am now blessed
With the power of
Hearing what others think
"Why it's so only me"

With this thought dominating
I stepped onto the road
I would not have made
Even 100 steps
I heard a voice
"My master is wonderful
He gets me anything
I can think of
But the problem is
He will not allow me
To piss on this good looking lamp post
Why it's so only to me? "

I saw a dog being guided
By an elderly gentleman
My sense is so sharp
It can decipher what animals
Can think
But again the puzzle
"Why it's so only to me? "

I reached the bus stop
I saw a middle aged lady
Running to catch
A bus already on the move
The door of the bus closed
And the bus left without her,
Who was gasping
"Late again today
Why it's so only to me"

I could make out
It was her thinking

My bus came
I boarded the bus
And the driver greeting me
Passed my pass over the sensor
Took a seat

Followed me a youngster
Inserted a dollar currency
In its slot
Dropped two quarters
In their slot
But ticket did not pop up
"Probably one of your coins
Is not OK.
Insert a fresh quarter"
Youngster did that
And the ticket popped up
"Oh God, why it's so only to me"
I heard his thinking
As he took his seat

The bus took off
But it was to be stopped frequently
Either against signals
Or against requests for stopping
"What the hell today
Why it's so only to me"
I could hear the voice
Of the driver
And I knew it was his thinking

My stop came and I got down
While walking towards
Office entrance
I ran my hand through my pocket
My id card was missing
"Why it's so only to me"
I was telling myself

And picked up my cell
So that I can request my wife
To bring my office id card
What a surprise
She got down from a bus
And handed over me
My card
I had nothing to say
But to embrace her
And planted a most affectionate kiss

On her lips
To the envy of all standing around
And watching this drama

"Ah, what is happening?
Get up and you said
You have to go to office early today"

This harsh awakening voice of my wife
Made me realize it was all a dream
Laughing within I slipped down from bed
With the answer to puzzle
"Why it's so only to me? "
And the answer is
"It's so with lot many"

Bashyam Narayanan

Why this date each year

The dawn of this date
The eighteenth March
Drowns me in sadness
As on this day in the year nineteen sixty
My mother, in her early thirties
Left us for heavenly abode
Making me and my sister
Suffer all these years
The lack of mother's love
I did not know that day
How much I missed her
But, as I became a parent
And as I started observing
The demonstration of love
By my wife to our children
I realised that
This day marks the heaviest loss
I could suffer
How I wish that every one
Here on earth
Is fortunate and lucky
To enjoy mother's love
As long as possible
And how I wish that every mother
On this earth
Stays alive and keeps showering
Her love on to her children
As long as possible
You understand as to why I question
Why this date each year

Bashyam Narayanan

Will there dawn wisdom and help us live in peace and freedom

You will bear with me for not being
Able to tell things coherently
As I am too immature to narrate things
But I chose to tell
Because of the plight I am presently in

All started, may be, two months back
We were living in a decent home
Not definitely, a luxurious one
True, we were in some comfort
We were asked to move out as
The army was assigned the job of chasing away, those,
Who they call "tigers"
Once tigers are out, we can be back home
Was what I was given to understand
We moved to a camp, dad and mom carrying heavy loads
Of our belongings
We were asked to shift to another, another, another camps
Each time we shifted, the belongings shrinking in size
Dad would go out in the morning
Only to collect ration for next day's eating
And mom would move around to gather
Vegetable litters for cooking
This went on for a week
I could see the helplessness of parents,
Who were dreaming of getting me
The best food, dress, education and a number of other things
One evening dad did come back
Only to tell that he may be absconding
As the police expressed doubts
Of his being an informer to
The outlawed group

Next day morning dad was not to be seen
Mom is quiet
And she was repeatedly telling me to be quiet as well
Some people came to our camp
And they were enquiring about
Dad's whereabouts
Finally they took away my mom too

It is now seven eight days
Since I saw mom last
No news about her too
I could not comprehend
As to what would have happened to her
People in our camp
Look at me differently
I do not know how to take it
Are they kind to me
Or are they sympathizing with me
Or are they pitying me

Or are they afraid of me
Even kids who used to smile at me
Keep away
All stopped enquiring me about my welfare

One thing is becoming clear to me
The people in power
Want to erase our entire race
Cleansing our mother land
Of her own sons and daughters

The phase ethnic eradication
Is beyond my understanding
But is it not that
The process will eradicate the
Entire human race
The earth belongs to all
In an equal measure
Whether rich or poor
Whether speak a language or the other
Whether follow a particular faith or the other
Whether white or black in colour

This is so simple to understand
How come the matured and learned
Fail to think in this line

I am still here in this distorted land
With no future visible nor the present in hand
Will there dawn wisdom
And help us live in peace and freedom

Bashyam Narayanan

Will this be my last breathe

Will this be my last breathe
A question or doubt
That occurs to us
At times and the frequency of which
Becomes more
With advancing age

The anxiety is not out of way
As we witness people
Dying suddenly of a number of
Disease conditions and
System disorders
Leave alone,
People in large numbers meeting their ends
In man made accidents and
Natural calamities

No one knows for sure
How, when and where the
Death would conquer him or her
It can be while sleeping
It can be on an operation theatre
It can be while partying
It can be any time, any where and any how
And one day
Any one has to depart

It is natural
When this thought strikes
One would quickly take a relook
Of the entire life path
The tasks unfinished
The dreams unrealized
The goals unaccomplished
The wealth left behind
The love and affection of dearest ones
And range of things
That impacted his or her living
Positively or otherwise

These days, the person struck by this thought
Would, very likely, think about the
Possible financial benefits
From the life insurance funds
To the kith and kin

One fact, most people miss to note
Is that
When this is really the last breathe
There need not be any more worries
As all worldly things associated with the person
Become insignificant immediately after this

If at all, any one is to worry
Are the people left behind
The nearest one worrying maximum
The extent of worry dilutes
With the distance of association
Peripheries not even making a note
Of one's departure

Least worrying person
Is the one who departs as
Nothing really happens to him or her
Who is going to breathe last
The physical pain associated with death
And emotional pain of moving away
From belongings vanish all on a sudden

Traditional wisdom points out
To one simple thing
Keep your cool
Know and feel the fact
That you are relieved of all
Attachment and bond
Associated with this body
You are not the one to worry any further
It is for people around you to do that
As they will be the one to stand
The impact of your departure
You cannot in any manner contribute a thing
Towards alleviating their pain

Breathe your last in peace and comfort

Bashyam Narayanan

Winspiration

Winspiration

The inspiration
That drives you to win
Is
Winspiration

The question of winning comes
When we play a sport
Where winning is the ultimate goal
Defeating the other team
With a better scoring
And by fair means

This winspiration, of course,
Covers a broader range
And it includes
All games we play in life

In sports
The winning team can just walk away
From the scene and the losing team
But in life games
We need to be day in and day out
With the people with whom we play
And be with them
On a continuous relationship

Winspiration in fact provides means for us
Not only to win a game
But also gives
The people, whom were won,
A feeling that
Really they are the one
Who have won
Thus, winspiration
Creates an environment for
Win-win situation rather
A won-lost or lost-won situation

Continue to play life games
Win-inspired so that
There are only winners
All around

Bashyam Narayanan

With so much riches standing tall, proud and around

Pre-fall afternoon
Dispersed sunlight through
The rain-non-bearing white clouds
A less busy traffic
But a very important road
Of one of the top ten cities of
The most advanced country

People looking rich
And demonstrating their richness
By enjoying their lunch
In the open
On the pedestrian pathway
Both sides of the road
Devouring a wide range
Of cuisines
Gulping sips in between
Of their favourite beverages

Walking along
Made me feel the show of
Prosperity and the glory
Of the nation
With tall sky-scrapping
Business houses
Cars of others' envy
Passing in dignified style

I was to believe
That this nation
And its people
Have no taste of poverty
As anything a human
Could think of having
They have

As I was walking on the
Very clean and neatly paved
Platform
I heard some male voice
Singing loudly
"Let this day prove to be
More prosperous
To you
Help me with a quarter (\$) "

The male voice
Coarse but in sustained pitch
Thrashed my belief
I had no doubt
Many of the people
Enjoying their food

Would have heard this cry
Of a fellow human being
Seeking help and support

It was not much longer before
I came off this shock
I saw a display
"Single mom
Struggling with the kid
Will any one help? "
And a thirty plus woman
With a kid
On a pavement
And by the side of the
Colourful chrysanthemum

It has become a regular scene
On one side of the platform
Decently dressed
Eaters with laughter
And the other side
Close to the road
Seekers after probably a disaster

Had it been my country
The sight would be less hurting
As most of us
Are yet to see our ends meet

If our country is less fortunate
This country is most unfortunate,
Which is not able to take care of
The miseries of
A handful of have-nots
With so much riches
Standing tall, proud and around

Bashyam Narayanan

You are much more than what you think you are, you have much more than what you think you have

You are not
What you think you are
You are just the force
Operating a robot
Whose physical and
Chemical dimensions
Are determined by
A permutation and combination
Of certain amino-acids
You are not
What you think you are

You are not
What you think you are
You are not a female or male
You are not a daughter or son
You are not a sister or brother
You are not a mother or father
You own not a thing
You belong to one
Nothing is yours
None is yours
The only thing you own
Is you

As said elsewhere
You are born a daughter or son
Only to the nature's desire
To ensure continuity
Of a particular
Genetic system

Your emotions are thus unreal
Your pleasures are unreal
Your pains are unreal
Your sorrows are unreal
All keep changing
With your change with
Your attitude and out look
The only thing unchanging and real in you
Is you

You are placed in this robot
And operating it
Just to accomplish the
Unmet desires that you
Were nursing
Earlier in yet another robot,
Or in previous birth,
As some learned say
And if you so believe

Remain just a witness
To what all happening
Stay emotion free
Stay fear free
Stay in confidence
Stay in peace
Stay in balance
You will see
Great things got
Achieved by your
Effectively operating
The robot, wherein
You are placed

You are not
What you think
That you are
You are much more
Than what you think you are
You have much more
Than what you think you have

Bashyam Narayanan

You can stay in perfect bliss, if you so choose

It is all fine here
I do not see anything
Nor do I hear anything
No hunger
No sleep
Ever wakeful

All of us here
Do not wish or long for anything
Things are fine around
And we are in great comfort

The dull light available
Is good enough to make out
What is happening

How come everything,
Everything means everything
Including me and mines, near or far
Has become totally insignificant

We have nothing to worry about
We have nothing to plan or act
We just keep moving here and there
In the thin air

Only thing we do to each other is to smile at each other
Regardless of the other taking note of it or not

Once a while we understand
That someone has left
For taking shape
And once again that someone
Will hear, see, cry and laugh

Travel to this world was smooth
Staying here is wonderful
I do not know how long will I be here
As I will also go to a shape anytime
Is what my understanding says

All of you will one day or the other come here
And that time you will recall
What all I said above

I will not invite you here
As you feel you are safe there
I will not say you will also be in comfort
As many of us feel
All depends on how much
Attached are you with things around you
The more attached there

The more difficulties here

But, note, your coming here
Is definite and inevitable
But no one knows
When, how and why

Nevertheless, do not be afraid of this world
It is wonderful, painless
You can stay in perfect bliss
If you so choose

From a just departed soul

Bashyam Narayanan

You did not say that

You did not say that
Still I could hear that
You did not show that
Still I could read that
You did not offer that
Still I could take that
You did not ask that
Still I could give that
You did not dream that
Still I could scheme that
You did not mean that
Still I could feel that
You did not smell that
Still I could scent that
You did not question that
Still I could answer that
I could do all that
Because I deeply love that
Which in you wants to hide that
But your speaking eyes expose that

Bashyam Narayanan

You have fallen in love with me

You want me to say I love you
But I won't say that
As I simply love you

You want me to say I will die for you
But I won't say that
As I have given up all for you
Including my soul

You want me to say I will care for you
But I can't say that
As I do not take care of my very self
After your acquaintance

You want me to say let's dream together
But I can't say that
As I do not sleep at all in your memories

You want me to say I will do anything for you
But I won't say that
As I am undone after your taking over me

You want me to say you are the most beautiful
But I can't say that
As I do not see anything else, but you

You want me to say the world is nothing before you
But I won't say that
As I am off this world in your presence

I won't ask for anything from you
I won't want you to say anything
I won't demand you to promise anything
I won't seek to know from you anything
As I have understood
With all that you wanted from me that
You have fallen in love with me

Bashyam Narayanan

You have the right to feel, you are successful

Success, sweet success
Success, it is waiting for you
To own and hold on to it

Success of any kind
Has easy access
If you are after it restlessly

Success is not indeed the end
It is the beginning of a
New chain of successes

Simple it is to be successful
So simple, you wonder how many of us are not at it

It all depends on what you feel
Success means to you
You may school your thoughts
And train your emotions
To feel successful on everything
That happens around you

Your retention of all your
Physical, mental and social abilities
Is indeed your success

Your ability to make friends
And help them out in times of need
Is indeed your success

Your ability to keep your cool
In emotionally competing events
And situations
Is indeed your success

Your ability to make your ends meet
Come over challenges, emotional or otherwise
At the right time and in a rightful manner
Is indeed a success

Your ability to stand up
And hold on to your values
Is indeed a success

Your ability to be able to
Discharge your assigned responsibilities
Is indeed your success

Your ability to objectively assess
People and events
Without painting them subjectively
Is indeed your success

Your ability to stay most of your time positive
Progressive and productive
Creative and innovative
Is indeed your success

Your ability to hold on to
Your original traits
Without succumbing to the temptations
Of becoming someone else
Is indeed your success

If this forms your scale to measure success
You have the right to feel
You are successful

Bashyam Narayanan

You need to learn a lot from us, the tiny creatures, cockroaches

We were a colony
I had no head count and
Cannot tell you how many were there
We must be in thousands
We were too crowded was the fact
No one can walk, all of us practically crawling

Our living conditions compare no where
Near the ways you live
Not that we were in discomfort
That is the way we live

This colony got established over a period
We were sure of getting food
Any time any quantity
We were thriving on whatever left over by you people

Our colony grew steadily
Along the road to its full length
It was not known to you people
That there existed colony of ours
Under your own nose

One of your lads
Stumbled in our colony
When he was cleaning the unauthorized canteen
Run on the footpath
Whose kitchen rejects were our feed
He was frightened at the sight of our crowd
And yelled

A war like situation came up
And our colony was invaded
By an army of people
With broomsticks, long flat wooden panels, etc.
In addition, they fumigated our colony
Making us rush out in the open
Young ones managing to run with their guiding mothers
Elder ones even flying

We were not sure as to where
We would be shifting
We crawled here and there
Crossing the road
Minding not the heavy traffic
Some of us got crushed too
We were fleeing for life
We got spread so much
The entire passers by had a feel of our unique scent
Some of them even holding their breathe
And some using out their handkerchief as respiratory protection

There was no need for this invasion
We were in no competing with any of your things
We were making a living of your left over
We were not seen in your midst

It is alright, if you want us to vacate
But, it hurts if you take measures to eliminate us
We were created by the same nature
That created you
We assure you
Despite your dislike and distaste for us
We will survive as we are determined

You should appreciate the strength
And steadfastness with which we survive
Even the toughest of conditions
Will not eliminate this gene

You need to learn a lot from us
The tiny creatures, cockroaches

Bashyam Narayanan

You need to thank God

You need to thank God
Because
You are able to open up this piece,
Read, understand
And appreciate or discard

You read it
Because you saw it
For which again
You need to thank God

You read it because
You are familiar with a language
You understood the contents
Because you were able to apply
Your memory
Squeezing your neurons
For which again
You need to thank God

A fraction of a second
Is sufficient enough to totally disarray
The large number of systems
Performing in you

They are in tact
Which only made you
Read this
Yes
You need thank God

Do not look for
Miracles to happen
And wait till that time
To thank God

Each second passing
And your being conscious of
The happenings
By itself a miracle
And
You need to thank God

Bashyam Narayanan

Your child your pride, Your grandchild your guide

True
Our children are our pride
They give you
Immense pleasure
With their glowing innocence

And
Such newly discovered expressions
Which you have not experienced earlier
Their growth
Is always showering on you
A sense of satisfaction

Their intelligence
Is always rated by you
To be much higher than
What you possessed in your childhood

Their observations are
Special to you
And you waste not time
In executing corrective or preventive actions
To satisfy their needs
And you do that all with great pleasure

There comes a gap
As they mature
And you are relieved to see
A new childhood again
When your grandchild comes in your life

You see a still higher degree
Of innocence
And intelligence in this generation

You feel your grandchild
Has much greater potential
To achieve than
Your own child, leave alone
The very your own self

As you have gained
Some more maturity
Than what you had when you reared your child
And have crossed
Hurdles with deeper troubles
Your association with the new arrival
Gives you more pleasure
Than what you had with your child

Not only that
With a renewed syllabus

In the study of life
Your grandchild looks a professor to you
Had you seen a teacher in your child

Your grandchild guides you
Through a research project
On this subject
And confers on you a doctorate
Or rejects
Based on your self searching skills
And learning abilities

Your child your pride
Your grandchild your guide

Bashyam Narayanan

Your Dreams, Let Not Them Remain, Only As Dreams

Dream
A visual
That flashes or that runs in a sequence
Instantaneously
Synchronizing sounds
Created nearby and captured by the dreamer
With the scene dreamt
Dream is not real
But dreams are for sure based on realities
You cannot dream a thing
Without any knowledge of it
You definitely have some knowledge
But may be it is vague and yet to show up well and in full
I do not know whether all ends well
But I know all horror dreams end well
The relief of the dreamer at the end of
A hair-raising dream evades expression
Life is just a dream
Your status at the end of your life
Is only real
Some people say
Some enthuse you to dreaming
As dreaming helps you realize
Your potential though our dream-come-true efforts
There is definitely a link between
Real life and dream
Life or living is indeed
Your negotiating your dreams
Through and with realities
With the ultimate aim of
Making your dreams fructify
In their full form, or falling short and
At times better than you dreamt
In the process you come across
Traffic jams
Road blocks
Diversions (please)
And a host of others
If by any chance
You end up with a dead-end path
Your dreams remain a dream

Bashyam Narayanan

Your grandchild has tougher lessons to teach

When your child was born
You might have learned certain lessons
As he or she was growing
The child would have been
Teaching lessons
Which you were not learning
From anywhere else
You would have found the lessons
Tough and difficult to absorb
As basics and fundamentals
Language used by the faculty
Methodology of teaching
Were quite different
Most of the time unstructured
Unmindful of your moods
The teacher would have kept you
Loaded with lessons difficult to decipher
The classes were far unique and
Very specially different
From any of the formal institution
Which were preparing you
For making a life
The lessons here aimed at
Making you live fully alive and aware of
Absolute realities
You would agree
Learning these never made you tired
And you were enthusiastically looking for
New lessons to come up
By the time
Your child has grown up
And stopped teaching you any further
Your grand child arrives
Now the lessons turn tougher still
Despite all the experiences in life and living
Your learning is quite difficult now
The teacher is in a great hurry
And often keeps changing
The course of lessons
You find new reasons
For things happening around
And you see yourself
In new enthusiasm
Which you feel will help you live
Longer still
With enough energy, strength and skill
In spite of the fact that
Your grandchild has tougher lessons to teach

Bashyam Narayanan

Your proximity means a lot to me

Your proximity means a lot to me

Yes, it means a lot to me to be with you
And to be intimately close to you
Not just a physical togetherness
But with a soulful oneness with you
You have been the drive of my life so far
But here and there I missed you
As I chose to act differently from your direction
You never let me down any time
You kept your watch on me
Not uttering a word
Though you maintain a silence I know
What you expect me to do
That will please you
Your directions are not always worldly wise
Your directions are not always fetching
Your directions are not always rewarding
Your directions are often different from acquired wisdom
Your directions are not taught in any school
We understand them from the experience of not life, but of living
Still your proximity means a lot to me
It leaves behind a great satisfaction
After being with you and after having acted upon your direction
When I look back
I understand that
Actions performed as per your directions
Never made me regret them
Though at the time of acting
I needed lot strength than what I require
When I am acting on the path of acquired wisdom
Your proximity means a lot to me
Oh my love, that is hidden deeply in my heart
And you are different from
The wisdom planted in the mind
And gathered in life

Bashyam Narayanan

Yourself you shape

Yourself the stone
Yourself the sculptor
Yourself the chisel
Yourself you shape

Bashyam Narayanan