

Poetry Series

C. P. Sharma

- poems -

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C. P. Sharma (July 12,1941)

Chandra Prakash Sharma (b.1941) worked as Head, Department of Economics at M. M. Modi College, Patiala (1970-01) . He was nominated to the Academic Council, the Board of Faculty and the Board of Studies of Punjabi University, Patiala several times during this period. He was guest faculty at the Punjab School of Management Studies of the University (2004 - 07) . Prior to this, He was General Manager of International Medical Devices, Gurgaon, a Company manufacturing ophthalmic devices in India that found its market many countries the world over.

He obtained his first Postgraduate Degree in English from the University of Rajasthan as student of now BITS, Pilani. After working as lecturer in English in a college in Haryana for a couple of years, he took his second Masters Degree in Economics from Punjabi University, Patiala in 1969. and later his Ph.D. in Business Administration from the same University in 1987 under the Faculty Improvement Program of the UGC, India.

Works:

Dr. Sharma has to his credit two reference books on industrialization: ISBN 81-7100-074-6 and ISBN 81-7100-143-2. He also co-authored A Status Report on Industrial Development of Punjab, a project sponsored by the IDBI to promote industrialization in the state. Dr. Sharma has been a regular researcher. He contributed a number of research papers to various journals, conferences and seminars. His research work has been comprehensively reviewed by reputed news papers

Gong-sound Divine

'As always' you are warm and elegant
Sing sweet songs from a shore distant,
Handwritten notes vanish in the wind,
Soul's dialogues leave indelible imprints.

Passing phases of the sun and moon
Unveil the transient facets of beauty,
Old panes of soul never get blurred,
They ever reflect the radiant eternity.

Your signature's lingering scent
Our souls will exchange in trance,
World from its sweet fragrance know
'Spring bower' of your musical flow.

Your and my thoughts will entwine
With the gong sound's echo divine.

*In response to Sandra Fowler's 'Afterthoughts'.

C. P. Sharma

***Of old age now I am fond ***

Of old age now I am fond,
With it now I have firm bond;
Silvery hair and shrunken cheeks,
On eyes a pair of specs antique.

I am now for the world showpiece,
Through sudden slips tongue often fleece;
Of old age now I am fond,
With it now I have firm bond.

* A rejoinder to Ruth Walter's 'Old Age'.

C. P. Sharma

Pilgrims of the soul

Pilgrims of the soul

Poets' journey through body to soul,
It has no scope for a double role;
A common platform PH provides,
All colors and creeds in One confide.

All of us are on a pilgrimage,
Different countries, variant age;
We all come here with our tales,
One another with bliss regale.

We are the pilgrims of the soul,
In One Soul our bodies roll.

* A rejoinder to Meggie Gultiano's MY POETIC JOURNEY.

C. P. Sharma

A Sparrow

one fine spring morning
sitting in my chair
newspaper in hand
basking the sun
in front of my eyes
a scene thus run:

a sparrow perched
on nearby neem tree
sailed to my verandah
and sat on the sill,
in front a looking glass
a while she sat still
a little thoughtful
a little perplexed
finally she was
bitterly vexed.

her own image in the glass
she couldn't tolerate
to beat it with her bill
at the glass she knocked,
so madly she did drill
as if 'the other'
she would kill.
in doing this
she broke her beak
all over the beak
the blood did spill,
ignorantly her own
she couldn't bear
mercilessly her own
with her own beak tear.

frequently she visits,
she now understands,
she comes with her company
but I never saw the repeat,
she and her company
seem to have known
the harmony in Nature
to places they have flown.

WE 'the roof and crown of things'
spill blood of our brothers
some times on 9/11
in US and fly
again in Jaipur and
Bombay high.

How long will go on this bloody trail?
When will the harmony in man prevail?

C. P. Sharma

A Wish

As stream of consciousness
Changes the course,
Its infinite dimensions arise,
When we rise above this body,
Only then, this truth we can realize.

So, you should know it well,
I am not going to die.
When I depart from the body,
In a new dimension I shall rise.

Call not the people from far away,
Let not there be any hue and cry.
I am immortal, I cannot die;
A simple funeral you should try.

Waste not the time in wailing and waiting,
A peaceful departure I would wish,
My blessings shall be with you, my dear,
You should always in life flourish.

C. P. Sharma

ALLAH-RAM-JESUS – The same flame

Anjali+,
Your words come out from the soul,
If you know the story as a whole;
Or let me tell as I have known it,
Accept or reject as you deem fit!

God in His oneness didn't enjoy,
He couldn't relish what is joy?
Of its monotony he was cloy;
Garden of Eden He employed

Duality of mind and heart ploy,
Satan and Eve, He there deployed;
Civilization was His intellect toy,
So joy happiness he could enjoy.

The civilized man a crafty crow,
Out of the game Him he throws;
To worshipping Him confined,
In inert objects Him enshrined.

For some temples for other the books,
Mosques and idols devised the crooks;
From the equipoise, the men deviate,
His miseries and misfortunes aggravate.

O man, for peace your soul search,
It lies within not in temple or church;
In it the mind and heart combine,
The unity in diversity's feast dine.

Anjali+, an eminent poetess at Poemhunter.com

C. P. Sharma

Am I my mind? Or My mind me? for ivor. e. hogg

Mind wanders all around,
It never needs a ground;
Its nature defies control,
It's used to rock and roll.

When it finds the fertile ground,
It takes you on merry-go-round;
All impossible looks so possible,
You feel all in life is Rosabelle.

It is the apple of all discord,
It makes people draw sword;
Into abysmal hell it throws,
You bear barbaric blows.

Like cowards everyday I die,
And in infernal fire I fry;
And the parting pain we feel,
It deems life a difficult deal.

I am not mind nor mind me,
Mind plays see-saw with the sea.
Ultimately the heart consoles,
Eternal rest-house is the soul;

C. P. Sharma

Amazement!

(I met Kabir)
This morning when in trance,
At my body I had a glance,
Me, its composition amazed,
How deftly are the elements caged! ! !

I met a potter, the Earth,
At the wheel she had berth;
Carving the pots so fine,
No artist can ever design.

Its every piece was unique,
Built with a perfect technique.
She had designed a cage,
Nine exits she did stage.

The Fire provided it the fuel,
The Water did keep it cool,
The Sky did its limit provide,
The Air bird was there inside.

The Air fanned them all,
Them in their places install.
The world suddenly became alive,
It was at the Marine Drive.

The bird inside cluttered and danced,
Its all activities I glanced.
Finally, Life bird flew out,
From my trance I came out.

C. P. Sharma

Amazing Drug Store

Our body is an amazing drug store
Brain, the doctor, health restores.
Administers drugs & dosages accurate,
Without side effects vital force generates.

Proper temperature and pressure maintains,
Resists health hazards & informs the brain.
For requisite standards the brain is referred,
It orders the pharmacy for drugs preferred.

It uses the Sun, air, water and food inputs,
It converts them into various salt outputs.
Glands secrete serous, proteins and enzymes,
Surpluses and wastages of the system cleans.

Take a few exercises and regulate breath,
Of food, fruits and milk in Nature no dearth.
Health, beauty and body's glow attain,
All Divine Grace you yourself can retain.

C. P. Sharma

Ashvins*

O Ashvins, sacrificial offerings claim,
Luster and well-being you proclaim.
Folded hands we pray you came,
For amazing deeds you have name.
Heroes, worthy of mammoth praise,
Accept our songs with thoughts ablaze.

Nisatyas, the miracle makers,
Be clift grass libations takers.
Your path radiant with flame,
O Indra, you incredibly beam.
These libations for you wait,
By fine touch purity permeate.

O Indra, respond to the prayers,
Of the libation pouring sayers.
In musical chantings they invite,
Bay Horses' Lord come swiftest flight,
Come fast to the libations site,
And in our libations take delight.

O Visvedevas, deities of the Universe,
The mankind you reward and nurse.
Fingers in worshipper's drink emerge,
You are swift to act and traverse.
Come fast, like wind-speed react,
As milch cow towards its calf attract.

O Visvedevas, changing shapes as serpent,
Yet fearless, free from guile, never repent,
Torch bearers! on my pure drinks descent.
O Saraswati, spoils of time you richly scent
Enshrined in numerous hymn-strings,
Eagerly attend our sacrificial offerings.
O Saraswati, my speech be thy seat I long,
All knowledge and music to you belong.
You are the melody of sonorous songs,
From you the piety of thoughts throngs.
Illumine every mind and mould,
May you my offerings accept and hold.

*Inspired by Rig Veda Book1 Hymn 3

**The chief gods of the Rig-Veda are Agni, the sacrificial fire, Indra, ... the Visvadevas, the Maruts, the twin-deity Mitra-Varuna and the Asvins....

C. P. Sharma

Autumn Lamp*

Autumn lamp bugles the change,
Lace patterns go off mind-range.

The cool moon drops upon window panes,
Evince abating wild fire's smoke in lanes.

Moments come and go, Time goes on forever
Man's measures melt but Natures music never.

The hide and seek game is over,
Sing the eternal verse for ever,

You see new light at the other end,
Mocking at moments you firmly stand.

* In appreciation of Sandra Fowler's poem 'Bare Panes'.

C. P. Sharma

Awake, O Man, Awake

When I am on Polo Ground
Many a poem I have found
Friend Krishana there I meet
Him with a new query I greet.

Today, on my morning walk
I had with him a hearty talk
I put him two questions straight
Cows eat grass & man meat ate?

In turn on his face was a smile
He said, 'it is all a past profile'
In 'Karmic' cycle he revealed
Seeds of the next birth sealed.

Cows were 'Gopis' in the past
In devotion they were ever cast
Of my pure love they had vibe
So, charity & kindness imbibed.

Man was a ferocious beast
On animal's meat did feast
Tooth & nail stained in blood
So, his brain has violence stud.

Now he is the cleverest beast
From a distance on blood feasts
Satan's friendship harbored Hell
Around the world is terror spell.

Like Yaduvanshis he is cursed
His own race he will traverse
Means of destruction he found
In a nuclear supersonic sound.

O man, still there is time, awake! ! ! ! ! ! !
Give up ego and the nuclear stake
This is Krishan's last peace plan
Of self-annihilation save the clan.

C. P. Sharma

Barack Obama

Barack Obama you are great,
I am amazed, US celebrates;
So long show piece statue,
Liberty's soul you liberate.

People are rejoicing victory! ! !
Perhaps them you liberate;
Of the past home misrule,
And wayward policies spate.

You have a dauntless task
Of all problems over-ride;
The economic home crisis
And the peoples' lost pride.

May you restore the brotherhood of man!
May the whole world become your fan! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Childhood

Memories of childhood prattle sweet,
Strange, funny utterances incomplete;
Toddling walk on the faltering feet,
Falling down, the same to repeat.

The fondly fight among the siblings,
Pulling one another's strings,
Shielding us to mom we cling,
Affectionately she sweet kisses flings.

Later through sweet sour we wade,
Asking mom for sweet lemonade;
Never bothered about sun and shade,
All the day with friends we played.

When came back in game hurt,
With all sort of soil on shirt;
Silently and stealthily came in home
Dad's scolding on us large loom.

Passing away of grandpas
Of great grief it was a cause,
Of saving grace they were straws,
That day our grief we couldn't gauze.

The memories of childhood sweet or sour,
Make a person bloom as crimson flower;
When I think of the affectionate bower,
I feel as fresh as if I just had a shower.

C. P. Sharma

Christmas Romance

There is heaven in rosy looks
Hell lies in gloomy glance
There is sunshine all around
Why not make it a romance! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Our life is a ballroom dance
Enjoy it you have a chance
Tired! See how others dance
Be happy in their love trance.

Time and tide wait for none
Why don't make life a fun
Calumny and anger shun
Others hearts will be won.

If jealousy you nurse
Smoldering fire traverse
Life becomes a curse
Can't sing love verse.

This Christmas let's dance
Let's take a chance
Harmony & peace advance
Hatred from heart distance.

C. P. Sharma

Crows

Crafty crows are great in skill,
How with pebbles water jug fill?

You know they sit in curved rows,
Coz they are meant to be C rows.

They are as clever as seagull,
Stony looks keep vigilance full.

They also read your psyche sharp,
They come fast if them you hark.

If on the balcony a crow croaks,
It foretells a guest you will host.

From the far off branches of oak tree,
They also won't make your home dirty.

They fly away if thud sound you blow,
Farmers frighten them with scarecrow.

Harbingers of ancestral souls,
The metaphysics in them rolls.

Don't fear them, they do no harm,
Take it easy, you needn't alarm.

Note - It was written as rejoinder to poetess Nyla's (on My Space) fear of crows.

C. P. Sharma

Cultural Fete

It will be an open cultural fete,
In it a lounge for tete-a-tete,
Don't mind if there be debate,
Debate is the Truth's soul mate.

Let not our beliefs be blind,
Be all faiths in love entwined,
Let us not narrow axes grind,
It's equality-liberty combined.

Violence everywhere abhor,
Peace and harmony adore;
Beauty in diversity galore,
Unity is diversity's shore.

Each day will add a new stall,
Also a stage for the cultural ball;
Global village here explore,
It might take us to love-shore.

Truth in white eternity shrouds,
Rainbow colors make it proud;
Let us not behave as crowd,
Weave the unity and be proud.

Everywhere climate is not same,
Why do we black color blame?
If the blacks have suntan game,
Polar whites live in cold flame.

Everywhere the same sun shines,
For moon everywhere love pines,
Why show big reading between the lines?
Why we on One earth and sky draw lines?

Note: The Poemhunter.com and its messaging system is the wonderful forum for this fete.

C. P. Sharma

Dattatreya baptized twenty four Gurus - I

First, the earth with mountains & rivers,
Though people dig, tread and set it afire,
It deviates not from the vow of patience,
It feeds & houses them, doesn't cross fire.

Second, the air that is pure and odorless,
Takes on a while the surrounding smell,
So, a spiritual aspirant should be pristine,
On joys and sorrows he shouldn't dwell.

Third, the sky maintains its colorless self
At times dusty, dark, bright or blue in look(s)
A sage should be free from fear or favor
To emotional network he shouldn't hook

Fourth, the fire ever present as latent heat
It burns all its impurities and purifies gold
A sage should reject illusions of the body
And know pure essence of mind & mould

Fifth, one Sun reflects in water vessels many
So the images of self reflect in bodies diverse
The Sun illumines many bodies in Nature
A sage should in light devotee's mind immerse

Sixth, a pigeon pair & chicks in hunter's snare
Met their end bound to illusive relations' flair
I learnt not to be caught in web of possession
Lose free will of self, weep & wail in despair.

Note: He was an ancient Indian Sage. The poem is split up into four parts for convenience of the readers.

C. P. Sharma

Dattatreya baptized twenty four Gurus - II

Part - II

Seventh, the python, lying in its lurch
Content to eat whatever comes across
He learnt from it to live in contentment
And refrain from the pleasures as dross

Eighth, the sea crosses not beach mark
What if innumerable rivers may join it
He learnt from it not to trespass morality
If the pull and pressure of passions hit

Ninth, the moth dancing around flame
Jumps into its fire to burn itself down
He learnt to fall in the fire of wisdom
So, illusions of ignorance burn down
Tenth, wild tusker duped by cunning humans
Goes to stuffed cow-elephant its fetters finds
He learnt from it to be free from lust
Debased men in sex their fetters find

Eleventh, the ant dauntless, tireless worker
Accumulating food inviting the invaders
Taught him persistence in seeking the truth
Avoid accumulation to keep away raiders

Twelfth, the fish never gives up her home
Greedily swallows the bait to meet doom
He learnt from it to be true to his Self
Avoid tongue taste to be away from tomb

C. P. Sharma

DEATH

Hail to thee! O harbinger of new life,
You tide over all stress and strife.

Why do people defame you?
I know, your name is so true.

Why are you associated with blues?
Why do they have your horrific views?

You bring all the freshness in life,
Better half, you are my real wife.

You get me rid of all my stink,
Once again you paint me pink. .

With the cosmic power you link,
My illusions disappear in a wink.

All the dead wood is shed off,
New twigs and leaves up crop.

You daily smile with fresh flowers,
As if you are fresh after the shower.

I become a child once again,
Grand child takes away my pain.

I shall once again be a child,
Then I shall have new profile.

Once again I shall be free from guile,
Again, I shall have my innocent style.

"Life is but a sleep and forgetting"*
You take us to life's real setting.

* Wordsworth

C. P. Sharma

Death Perpetrated

Pink roses for love designed,
In pink city kindness intertwined,
Here no place for hatred you find;
Then why was it with terror maligned?

Perhaps the terror loves not mankind,
It is the product of Satan's mind;
Never ending stream of blood unwind,
No godly consent in it you ever find.

God is great, God is kind,
God is always in love Christened,
Leaves not untimely wailing behind,
Lord is the Savior of mankind.

O Lord, let good sense in bloody mind prevail,
Nowhere repeat Jaipur like dead bodies trail..

C. P. Sharma

DEFEAT

Victory, be not proud!

Had I not lost, you couldn't have won,
If I were not there, life wouldn't be fun,
It is amazing, why I am being shunned?
Twin sister, why I am being gunned?

Without sorrow, you know not the joys,
In man's life these are two toys,
When we behave as wanton boys,
To guide our way, the other He plays.

The sum total of the Truth is ONE,
It is half plus half which makes one,
Without me, half truth is known,
In my absence you feel alone.

All through life we make noise,
Gita's message is to equipoise.

C. P. Sharma

Delusions!

I saw a dream within my dream,
I found Ravidas loudly scream.
'O Lord, I am caught up in illusions,
The world as I see is full of delusions.' 1.

He saw an emperor napping on throne,
With begging bowl he found him groan.
In dream lamented parting of empire,
So are we now, in begger's attire.2.

As mistaken identity of rope for snake,
Lord revealed him the mystery of world fake.
Mistaken identity of bracelets and gold,
Now, not at all he could behold.3.

Now, in all places the Lord conforms,
He enjoys Himself in diverse forms.
Ravidas says, He is as close as limbs,
The world simply exists as He whims.4

*Inspired by Bani Guru Ravidas

C. P. Sharma

Farewell 2008

(Agenda 2009)

This year I sang songs of body,
Its love and beauty's rhapsody,
Passions long trail they embody
With their rhythm slip shoddy.

Next year I shall alternate
Oldest Scripture and illusion spate;
From where the life originate,
Grandiose of the passion's gate!

The story of the Divine Womb
How from the chaos tomb?
Desire of creation aplomb
How heaven earth did bloom?

From above great waters flowed,
There the flame of spirit glowed;
There the first word was heard,
Later faith and knowledge gird.

Then five senses devise:
Ears and beautiful eyes,
Sensuous feel, smell surprise,
Sensuality without vice.

Later came the great divide:
Time and distance's slide,
The sun-moon seek and hide,
The earth adored as bride.

Forest of goodness for food,
On the divine spirit to brood;
Nature's beauty stood nude,
The world today calls it rude.

This starts the satanic fights
The tirade of human delight
Decision about wrong and right
Clash between right and might

Sometimes we die for right!
Sometimes power death invites!

C. P. Sharma

Flowers! ! ! ! ! ! !

Reshama,

Who says they die?
they transfigure into
lingering fragrance
no sighs
and the seeds
for the posterity
to multiply.

it is not a flower
it is a flower forest,
an ocean of fragrance,
it is on birth, it is on death
in all shots it is girdled girth.

Why say red flower
have the red of
thy bleeding feet?
It blushes in love
and its warm hue
The love greets.

Why say they are
Wet with tears?
The dew drops
on them bedeck them
with sparkling jewels
scattering the golden hue.

*Please read with reference to 'Lap of Love' by Reshama Ramesh

C. P. Sharma

Food

O Food, your glory is so great,
Strength of limbs you generate.

It should be of our own choice,
Or with guileless friends rejoice.

O delicious, sweet luscious food,
Come; see all health it includes.

All guile and ill health elude,
Keep away bad mood & feud.

Nature everywhere food provides:
In plains, on plateau and hill sides.

Just as wind blows everywhere,
Savory juices all over supplies.

Food for creatures of all types,
Of high, low neck and stripe

As the food Nature assigns,
Teeth, beak & mouth design.

O food, you boost great gods' spirit,
Morale of the brave you ever uplift.

Helped to kill nefarious Dragon,
Glorious victory over it was won.

The juices of watery food fresh,
Dissolve all superfluous flesh.

Milk & grain protect the frame,
So as I muscular power claim.

Creation, around food galvanized,
Ever wraps up and rematerialize.

Note: Inspired by Rig Veda (1/187)

C. P. Sharma

God! ! !

God is One,
He is the Truth.

He manifests in Nature:
In diverse sounds,
in myriad forms:

The birds from the sky
sing His praise,
In hedges the wailful
sound of gnats,
In waters the squeaking
of fish tail,
In oceans the sonar
of the whale.

In innocent look
of the deer in graze,
The fear in tiger's
eyes that blaze,
Majesty in the
elephant's walk,
Timidity in frog's
hidden croak.

On the mountains
Sages in trance,
Fun and frolic
in flowery dance,
By the riverside
eternity glance,
resurging into
the sea.

Millions of suns
and moons
in Him shine,
Innumerable stars
in them fly high,
Immeasurable
are their skies,
In unfathomable
caves of oceans
He lives,
Unseen from there
the tapestries He weaves.

Timeless is
His existence,
Un-begotten is
His being,
Self-existent is

His substance,
The Guru is
His cradle,
Him in Guru's Grace
you seek.

Note: The first and the last verse are inspired by the proem (Mool Mantra) of Sri Guru Granth Sahibji

C. P. Sharma

Golden Gift of Life & Love

I am in love with my life,
What if it is full of struggle & strife!
In life I never had a sense of loss,
Though all my life was tumble toss..

I avoided being crafty wise,
So, I lived my life king size.
My life's boat never capsized,
My faith always won me big prize.

In my life love has a proud place,
I enjoy love with all His Grace.
I see all that is beautiful in life,
I don't see any ugliness in strife

Play soft sweet music on life's strings
Why the plaintive numbers of sing!

C. P. Sharma

Golden Sunset

Golden sunset is the Nature's best,
So the age with clarity blessed;
The dazzling sun blurs the vision,
So the youth can't self envision.

Train of thoughts, of battles fought,
Many won and a few I lost,
Of the victory bouquets got,
But the brickbats leave me frost.

After the life's long tiring quest,
I can at last retire and rest;
With old friends now I can have jest,
Make new friends from east & west.

From beaming faces to haggard looks,
Ripened sweetness the sunset hooks.

C. P. Sharma

Great God ! ! ! ! ! !

In the poorest of the poor I live,
In their miseries I do peeve;
With them without meals I sleep,
Their company in all modes I keep.

Company of tiller on the field I kept,
With them on work I have sweat;
In winter nights I share their shiver,
No roof overhead, no clothes to cover.

The rich ever ask me for more gold,
But I have never been to their fold;
All dainty dishes to them forbidden,
At last they lead the life bed-ridden.

Take it true, I ever live in your heart,
Captive in their temple, over-smart! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Haridas

Tansen, among Akbar's Nine Gems,
He enriched the Indian music stem.
His music with magical topflight,
Of its own the lamps could light.

He was the crowning music laureate,
Music of his sort none could create.
Akbar said, 'none could you surpass.'
Tansen said, 'Yes, my Guru Haridas'.

He said, 'he sings like a free bird,
He sings only when his soul spurred.
At his pleasure he sings his measures,
He sells them not to other's pleasures.

In his songs Nature sings & glance,
He sings only when peacocks dance.
In groovy ambiance along the river,
Among the bird's sharp shrill twitter.

Opus of the symphonies of soul,
Bliss of the existence he unrolled.'

C. P. Sharma

He

He is unknown
Though He is omnipresent
Why do I wander! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Holi* – Festival of Colors

Giridhari¹ in Holi's playful mood
Colorful patterns exudes,
Divine music on his flute
drum beats & joyous hoots,
joined by Braj² ladies cute.

All around with his hands
saffron and sandal he strews,
Handfuls of red rose powder
on his beloved he throws,
all around fragrance flows,
Singing in Char Dhamar³
clapping hands his joy shows.

Dark complexioned,
the honeycomb,
When playing Holi
clouds of color zoom,
And the Braj is flooded
With love's honeyed juice,
Meera⁴ feels the bliss
In Mohan's company lives.

One of the songs of Meera rendered into English not literally but in spirit.

*Holi festival has a mythology behind it but it is widely known as the festival of colors.

1. Lord Krishana, know by several names such as Giridhari, Mohan, Kanhyya, Shyam, etc.
2. Birth place of Lord Krishana.
3. A variant of Dhrupad Dhamar Raga in Indian musical tradition.
4. A princess from Rajasthan spiritually wedded to Lord Krishana who sang songs of her love with Him

C. P. Sharma

I

Why can't I be I?
Copying others strenuously try
In the fire-pan I fry! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

I am civilized

I am a complete hypocrite,
I can hide Truth with ideas bright.
I am cunning, I am civilized,
Counterfeit truth I have baptized.

Naked truth I can't face,
I believe in stylized grace.
Of body's beauty I feel ashamed,
It conceals in tinsel attire framed.

Honey tongue and a heart of gall,
The world to me an easy prey fall.
Season's sense the sex has lost,
Its Nature assigned role is frost.

Nature's gifts I have moved to zoo,
From top to bottom artifice I woo.
Craftily the flora and the fauna effaced,
Them Teddy bear, fake flowers replaced.

On weekends the gardens don't attract,
For sunbath the beeches are not the tract.
Of time for these I am hard prest,
Casino culture is my sole interest.

For singing birds I can't pause,
My ears are now tuned to jazz.
Morning's freshness I forgo.
I am used to late night show(s) .

I am more ferocious than the beast
On Nature's burial I do feast,
Human bombs are my new feat,
All cruelties I now beat.

I don't look at my balance sheet,
How long shall I myself cheat.
I would better be a pagan now,
To nudist culture I shall bow.

The Buddha, the Mahavira and the Christ
With the naked Truth they had a tryst;
All embellishments they threw off,
The so called civilization they scoff(ed) .

C. P. Sharma

I am drunk

I see churches
in the mountain peaks.
I hear the gongs
in the sounds of sea
dashing against the stony shore.
I smell incense in the wind
from jasmine flowers
somewhere around.
I enjoy the wealth
of morning dew
that like gems
on grass
abound.
If the world says
drunk, yes, I am;
I drink His Grace
in juicy fruits
nectar in them I found

C. P. Sharma

I am love struck!

Why of now, I sleep less, I dream more! ! !

Don't know! I want to know! !

Why of now, I sleep less, I dream more! ! !

God seems to have an implicit intent,

In it some goodness, He adore(s) .

Yesterday, a pauper at heart,

Today, my heart is a prince;

God seems to have a good intent,

The words I do not mince.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Path that was stony, full of thorns,

It seems laden with roses today;

Since you met my outlook changed,

All hues under the sky look gay.

The dreams that had melted away,

Have come alive for u again;

All the time you are in my mind,

All my way your fairy freshness rain.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Why come to my dreams only at night?

Silently someday into my arm alight;

I dream about you only, be it day or night,

Clasp me firmly, be my beings sole delight.

Your winsome eyes have magic divine,

Have exhilarating effect of the wine;

You have captured all my dreams,

From you all worldly radiance beams.

All my questions arise from you,

All my answers lie in you.

Secretly I steal your being,

And bring it into my dream.

In all my dreams of love,
You are my sweet, sweet dove.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

C. P. Sharma

I have found my Valentine

Both of us by love chord bound,
End to end eternity surround(s) ,
In all births I have Him found,
Howsoever strange, it may sound.

Meeting of lips,
Love nectar sips,
All doubts clips,
In Oneness dips.

Since several births I am in His heart,
From birth to birth we never part,
In each birth new role we start,
But the truth is, we are One heart.

Waiting and yearning love waves generate,
Kisses and embraces its rhythm create,
Sense of duality in us eliminate,
Thus, we go on from date to date.

Dear, we are One, we shall ever be One,
None can ever break our union.
I have found my Valentine,
All His fragrance is now mine.

My Valentine has so big heart,
You also can be His sweet-heart.
Ambrosial feast my Valentine will host,
You are welcome to present Him a toast.

He will bless all those who come,
Patiala peg of bliss will be your rum.

C. P. Sharma

In poets' praise

O you dear dame la belle,
Poets' tools you use so well,
Their design in you I smell,
On your excellence I yell*!

Ivory towers the poets select,
In tranquility emotions recollect,
On incongruities of life reflect,
From impending disasters protect.

Pleasure and pain they introspect
And a worthy life style suggest
How to make our life a jest?
So as our life becomes a fest.

Perfect lines and perfect rhymes,
Become the life's real enzymes.

* in joy

This poem was written in praise of Rani Turton's poetry.

C. P. Sharma

In self confidence ever shine

If someone asks from you a gift,
Specially, a belle,
So promising and so scholarly,
A lady like Lele;
Could it ever go unheeded,
So, hesitantly I agreed,
Coz writing for askance is tough
For a free bird of my breed.

I took up the cudgels,
Albeit she had to wait for days;
I fumbled and tumbled,
At last I found, what one says:
The memorable moment of life
That made me happy and gay
After a lasting struggle & strife
The coming events portray:

It was at the dawn of career
After my studies were over;
I faced a block barrier,
I was a little lazy rover.
A little over confident I was,
Career problems I couldn't gauge;
Made submissions for a couple of place(s) ,
I had an interview call by God's grace.

Their promise of my joining them
After the summer vacations
Made me relax myself,
My efforts were slower.
The vacations were to be over
But they didn't call,
To me my future seemed
Come to stall.

I got a lot panicky,
I was on a running spree,
Most positions had already filled,
But I was yet at sea.
It was by God's Grace,
A Principal I came across,
Who advised me
To rush to another place
Where only a few hours later
Interview was to start;
I had no time for second thoughts,
Immediately I had to dart.

As I reached there
It was tea break,
The members were

Served with milk shake,
Only ten minutes for interview to start.
Losing no time I just implored
The official at the door,
If my name in the short-listed
He could kindly explore.
Scanning the list he said,
My name wasn't short-listed.
Amazingly I said, "Make doubly sure."
(I just glimpsed through the list,
There were forty three in row)

He asked my qualifications?
I said, "Double Masters."
He too was astonished!
"How I was left? "
Perhaps divine goading,
He went for records.
I had not communicated them
The final year result.
He was kind enough.
He asked me,
"Please fill up now."
Immediately I did that,
In thankfulness I bow(ed) .
He went to the Chairman
With the records file,
My name was listed last,
He returned with a smile.

We were asked to sit
In a nearby hall,
There I found my friends
And senior pals.
After mutual interaction
A clearer picture emerged,
There were gold medalists,
Close relatives of the panelists,
Their selection was assured.
It was a rumor all around,
The show was only an eye wash,
We seemed not on a fair ground.

Anyway,
The burden was off my mind,
In friends' company I enjoyed.
As per list each one had turn,
Last of all I had my turn.
After brief prelims from members,
Subject experts put me to task.
I had no fear of rejection in mind,
Selection to chance I had resigned.

This way, God's Grace I had skimmed,
Self-confidence in myself had brimmed.
My competence, them amazed,
Volley of questions the way I faced;
My answers satisfied them all
From their faces I could trace.

When I came out,
Me, my friends cordoned,
Asking how everything
Inside board-room went on?
Beaming with confidence
I said, "wonderfully well!
They may, may not select,
But their faces happiness reflect."
When thus I was said, a peon came,
He then announced my name,
Saying, the Board wanted me again.
I went inside, the Chairman said,
"Congratulations, you are selected."
I was jubilant, I was elated,
All the rumors were deflated.

Lele,
This narration has a message fine:
Never lose heart, have faith divine,
All your talents it will refine,
In confidence you will ever shine.

C. P. Sharma

Innocence never dies

Who says the Christ was crucified?
Who says the innocence ever died?
Christ just came to be our guide,
After the message he did hide.

Innocence is her Master's bride,
Let your eyes be open wide;
San innocence life takes not stride,
San a villain the drama doesn't glide.

Pleasures and pains are lighted fools,
They are just life's drama's tools;
Its stage is just a duality's pool,
That is why Trinity our minds rule.

Nothing dies, nothing ever crucified,
The fault is with us, we are two eyed;
Unite with the One and ride your pride,
Let us be Radha, Lord Krishana's bride.

This poem was composed in response to Vaibhav Shah's composition 'INNOCENCE CRUCIFIED'

C. P. Sharma

Interlude

Nothing ever of my own I sing,
What you read from soul does spring.

So it was when the Sages sang
From hill tops or river banks.

So it will be when I am no more,
Life can't reach the soul's shore.

The Truth is One, The Vedas sing,
Same Truth my soul does out bring.

The Truth is not anyone's copyright;
Let's all sing in its praise and delight.

The Bible,
The Quran,
The Gita,
sing the same,
They differ only
in language and script,
Like the living beings
in different hues & frame.

Beauty is Truth, with it unite,
Love mankind, why do you fight?
Your truth and my truth, doesn't it divide!
In songs of Beauty and Truth take pride.

C. P. Sharma

Intimations of Immortality

An humble tribute to William Wordsworth: (1770 – 1850)

When I was young Wordsworth hood-wink(ed) ,
At his deep delved ideas I couldn't drink.
When of this Priest of Nature now I think,
His dazzling depth just makes me blink.

The Truth in all its nakedness he saw!
Lesson's from Nature he could draw!
Guide to child and youth, to age a straw,
Narrated awesome beauty without a flaw.

Now I can proclaim aloud,
I am out of the sordid crowd.
I wander lonely as his cloud,
The meanest flower now makes me proud.

Now I love the Sun and Shower,
Now I am in the Nature's bower,
Now I know who is a lover,
Now I know life is for ever.

C. P. Sharma

Irony of the Silvery Years

Love of life lies deep within,
Not in tinsel attire;
If silvery years didn't learn,
On life it is a great satire.

It is the irony of the silvery years,
Still in the tinsel frame he gears;
Shakespeare made it very clear,
The lighted fools are yester years.

Tomorrow and tomorrow he wander in time-space,
Why truth of life he couldn't trace?
Perhaps with himself he had no dialogue
He continues as his body's frog.

Come out of this muddled pond,
With eternal-ocean have your bond.

*Thoughts stirred up by Yoonoos Peerbocus's poem 'Silvery Years'.

C. P. Sharma

Is Obama a Christian? debate

We claim to be supreme,
At heart so mean;
Liberty's statue harkens,
But liberty is a dream.

Obama is elect,
His credentials suspect!
Muslim or christian?
Could you rise above sect?

The religion is written,
The body is its kitten;
The spirit is free,
Liberty has no religion.

Why give it a new twist?

Liberty doesn't bother
About color or creed;
His election answers
What is his breed?

His election resolves
These issues for ever;
Americans, strengthen his hands,
Harmony and peace he endeavors.

C. P. Sharma

Is this I?

(Part - I)

He is this,
He is that,
Raji's hubby
Ankur's Dad.
Bittu's inspiration,
Titu's devotion,
Susie's emotion,
Siblings' ambition.

His house number's fifty-three,
Across the road there is Neem tree,
Opposite Polo ground,
The Stadium around.

Slim in constitution,
Wheatish in complexion,
Five feet nine inches in shoes,
All his life's been boo boos.

He lost most of his teeth,
He has gaps in speech,
His profession is to teach,
Most of the things beyond his reach.

He is qualified a lot,
But is not a big shot,
Marx, he agrees not,
Trade unions him boycott.

He has no sense of humor,
In his brain he has some tumor*,
He is cool as cucumber,
In temper he is somber.

His latest fad is Internet,
There everything he forget,
He has diversified interest.
He is an old man,

Of ladies became fan,
Has he gonna madman?
He has a short life span.

* bees in the bonnet

C. P. Sharma

Is this I? - II

(Part - II)

Born of the parents
With noble life style;
Devotion to divinity,
Living life with zest
Giving life the best
Was their life's fest!

Born in sand-dunes,
Its sand never clings,
It cleans, is pure as gold,
Impurities doesn't hold,
Weaves waves of eternity
In your mind and mould.

Played in heat wave's
Burning fume,
In all sternness
My boyhood bloom,
In an oasis my study resume,
A new life role I was to assume.

Literature, my first love,
Won't last even when I die,
Later came Economics,
Bread and butter of life,
It helped me waging war,
Against sweat and strife.

Then came a pretty gal,
To take care of my life
Softly she took me
To the land of rivers five
Since then into love
I had deep, deeper and the deepest dive.

There bloomed lotus
In the pond of our life,
Three sweet daughters,
A son sober and sonorous;
I had in life values all pious,
I set on life without any bias.

Thus started smooth sailing
On the ocean of life,
Reached many dream lands,
Many cross roads divide,
But always a Light House
Right direction to provide.

I am now struggling
To reach the shore,

I have all hopes,
Still I am not sure,
Whether I shall sink
Or arrive the shore!

Waiting for the chariot
To take to new land,
Where face to face
My Pilot does stand,
He will be my counsel,
My actions will defend.

I shall once again
With my pilot unite.
This will be the end
Of my long, long flight.
ONE with Bliss I will be,
The otherness won't bite.

C. P. Sharma

Ivor Hogg, we are woven in the eternal thread

We are the woven beads

When I joined that camelcade,
You emerged to me mermaid;
From the top of Oreb or Sinai,
Or arose from the oceanic high.

Muse's message U so well recite,
Raptly we listened to it that night;
It was for the co-traveler's delight,
The flame of dignity in them ignite.

With me there came into that inn,
New faces numbering twenty nine;
On their faces they all had grin,
They were not yet touched by sin.

Everyone about you talked tall,
You were the cynosure of all,
Your words did everyone enthrall,
We all were at your beck and call.

Our pilgrimage to Muse's shrine,
All the themes in one intertwine,
In love and faith we all did shine,
We all surrendered to your regime.

Old guys and beautiful belle(s) ,
We had varied wares to sell;
On the way raw material collect,
To them we added value perfect.

Tireless striving was our test,
Whether we be in east or west;
For eventualities you arm(ed) ,
No one could ever do us harm.

Some of us roamed with the clouds,
Far away from the madding crowds;
Culled gems from the earth and sky,
In their imagination they flew high.

On our way we all enjoyed,
Fragrant flowers filled the void;
Sweet lullaby of the stream,
Composed the melody of dream.

With the birds we all did sing,
With the Nature we had ping;
Golden glowworm lighted our path,
On our way we had no wrath.

I joined U near the greener land,
Risks and hazards came to end;
To silken road you put us on,
So, for us it was new dawn.

Grass looked greener that day,
All of us were making hay;
We weren't afraid of any rage,
We were under safe patronage.

Ivor we won't let you go,
Upon you God good health bestow;
Many more travels we have to tread,
We are now woven in eternal thread.

C. P. Sharma

Know thyself

Keshav in Gita about karma makes clear,
So long doer, we are in death-birth gear;
Surrendering all actions, with Him we unite
We rise above the body for eternal flight.

The illusion of triangle in us disappears,
A free consciousness moves in all spheres;
Tsunamis don't distress, storms don't tear,
You can always smile as Keshav's peer.

Storms and cyclones become rocking cradle,
On thunder and lightening be Muse's saddle;
The ticking of time doesn't torment,
Seated on lotus you spray your scent.

O dear this Truth not so easy to digest
You realize it only when you r blessed.

* In response to Kesav Venkat Easwaran's poem 'Beyond Human Reach'

C. P. Sharma

Let Love Be Innocent

A primordial monolith in first birth,
All around did dullness girth,
It needs more to have the mirth,
I split into two for home and hearth.

I had none with whom to play,
All around me boredom lay,
All alone life couldn't relay,
Life's drama couldn't portray.

As a monolith I had half view,
My other half I never knew,
Other is better half I had no clue,
After separation knew it is true.

In Eden Garden her I perceive,
I was Adam, she was my Eve,
All around the harmony weave,
In faith and trust we did live.

There was happiness all around,
We had our new heaven found,
Somewhere near the Satan hound,
Tree of Knowledge he had found.

Gullible Eve he had seduced
Fruit of knowledge he introduced,
The sinful distrust was produced,
And for Adam, Eve was spruced.

Hide and seek they did play,
All the built up trust betray,
To Satan's designs, they fell prey,
It put their life in disarray.

Selfless love had disappeared,
Selfishness as love appeared,
At true love it always jeered,
All our life now it has cheered.

Love has its mathematics found,
'I love you' is love unbound,
Love is now measured in Pound,
Love is make-up all around.

Love is now in market sold,
You can now buy it for gold,
Love is now out of love's fold,
Money is in our mind and mould.

We have now a made up face,
Beauty's truth we cannot trace,

For artificiality there is race,
We have lost our natural grace.

Our own spouse we don't trust,
Given to other's wife and lust,
Mongrel pleasure is the trust,
Marriage is a great disgust.

Lesson of love, children don't know,
Their basic culture has a blow,
Their parents' identity is in row,
Seeds of discord we did sow.

Marriage and family will be past,
If we don't make amends very fast,
The social fiber it will blast,
If body's ego we don't lambaste.

Let us life's balance restore,
Life has swung the other shore;
Let attachment to body retrieve,
Let us spiritual fiber reweave.

Lest it should be too late,
Lest we meet the Satanic fate,
Lest all around there be hate,
Let us settle issues straight.

Let us recast our love,
Let not the body be its bane,
Let it come to its natural fold,
Soul is its home say people sane.

C. P. Sharma

Life is a triangle

'I' am the reflection,
'You' are my mirror,
'He' is the substance.

C. P. Sharma

LOVE

With love in the air all around,
Cupid's floral arrows hound,
My love at first sight I found,
Now my feet are not on ground.

Magic fragrance girdled round,
In spring time my love I found,
With its chord I am now bound,
I am deep delved in love profound.

Silently, it has captured my being,
I don't want to loosen its string,
Like love birds to its tune I sing
My heart as dancing peacock fling,

I have now only one shore,
All the time my love adore,
All my heart on love I pour,
Parting love can bear no more.

My love is now my honey comb,
Lotus ever in my being bloom,
Now there is no place for gloom,
I am in bliss in love's red room.

C. P. Sharma

Love affair

Who kisses whom!
Not you I assume.
For whom the flower blooms!
Not for you I presume.
For whom in dance I zoom!
Surely, not for them.
The other is unbearable,
Him I always condemn.
So long you and he are there,
There never is a love affair.

C. P. Sharma

Love Flower for Anjali Sinha

Have you ever seen love flower?
Have you ever known its power?
She grew in its shade and shower,
She now lives in emotions' bower.

Her love blossoms in all hues,
Pink sometimes at other blues,
Saffron valiance in her fuse,
Blushes in modesty profuse.

The golden luster of youth
Olive green in war & ruth
Milky white is love's truth
Marigold around her girth

With red rose she welcomes love
Her wrist wears a Jasmine glove
Yellow roses for friends' love
Her thanks in carnations trove

A love flower & fragrant musk
In childlike innocence she shines
Youthful belle in gait brusque
In her fragrant verses combines

C. P. Sharma

Love Lord's Word

What use is the rosary?
What use is the sword?
If heart doesn't enshrine
The Name of the Lord.

Knockings of conscience
You never heard;
Wealth, woman and wine
Your vision blurred.

Let compassion be the beads
And contentment its thread;
Let the Truth be the shield
And fearlessness spread.

Embrace the life with open arms,
Let love be the sword;
Its mighty tsunami waves
Will win to you the whole world.

So, don't desecrate His temple,
Let your heart enshrine His Word.

C. P. Sharma

Love's Philosophy - I

Love is not a kiss or sex,
Love is not a muscle flex;
It is just a heart's reflex,
Distrust always love annex.

Don't tax too much your love,
Don't make it a greedy dove;
Love's nest is treasure trove,
Love's integrity is all above.

Love is not a craze for car
It's steadfast as pole-star;
Love doves are never at war,
Real love is never bizarre.

Don't make your love complex,
When in love you never vex.

C. P. Sharma

Love's Philosophy - II

True love is virtual heaven on earth,
When you lose, you know its worth;
Around mutual trust the love is girth,
Distrust can mar its music and mirth.

In your love I am soaked so much,
That everywhere I feel your touch;
The magic of your love is such,
Your love is now my life's crutch.

I see you now in flowers that bloom,
With you now in the wind I do loom,
Now all around is your perfume,
In your absence I feel the gloom.

Come, come my love and me saturate,
You alone are now my life and fate.

C. P. Sharma

Lust

When on Vedas I concentrate,
Human passions come in spate;
From the Vedas take me away,
On my mind they hold sway.

Lust comes to me as a wild fire,
I am astounded with base desire(s):
Like a savage it lives at the root,
Am I a man or am I a brute?

But sapling of life from it sprout(s) ,
On its maturity love is the fruit;
Lust as seedling dissolves in dust,
Soon my love flowers in trust.

Its sweet fragrance removes disgust,
My whole world brightens up robust;
It is the basis of home and hearth,
In it lies all my mirth and worth.

Then it builds new castles of trust,
Thus I pass on from trust to trust;
Call it vicious or girdle girth,
Thus I wander birth to birth.

C. P. Sharma

My Body

About my body I am crazy,
Besides it, all else is hazy,
Amazed of its looks glazy,
In its make up I am busy.

I boast of my body,
I consider it great;
Inside and outside,
The dirt accumulate(s) .

I clean it everyday,
Can't get rid of it;
It claims supremacy,
Me, its ego outwit(s) .

Body's muscles always flex,
I don't have check my reflex,
I am obsessed by the other sex,
I am always between the decks.

The sun, the moon, the stars,
All the heavenly bodies it bars.
Busy in money and muscle power,
I miss the scent and hues of flowers.

Who am I? This I don't know,
I am ever busy in body's show,
All name and fame to it I owe,
Who don't praise it, are its foe.

When I leave the body, others know:
I am not it, disregard to it they show,
For ultimate disposal with it they go,
Take it for burial or into the fire throw.

I see it happen everyday,
Never meditate and pray,
I am in complete dismay,
Riddance from the clay betray(s) .

Thus, from body to body I jump,
On this body the dirt I dump.

C. P. Sharma

My countrymen, Awake, Arise and Act

We worship woman in various forms,
From her seek strength so life transforms;
We call our country our mother land,
On our forehead we wear her sand.

Without mother we couldn't have born,
As a source of strength her we adorn,
When in the womb her we have torn,
When she dies we grievously mourn.

As our sister she ties knots to protect
From worries and vexations in all respect
When we grow up she is better half
She strives to keep up our life's graph

When she tries to come as our daughter
Why her in the womb itself we slaughter
Or when born, why throw away as lump
And make her a part of wasteful dump

Why have we forgotten our culture
Why have we taken role of butcher
Why are we blocking our own future
Else humans will be in Jurassic Park tour

My countrymen, awake, arise and act,
Learn at the earliest girl child to respect
Come to your senses, don't annihilate the race
Else like Yaduvanshi's you will have no trace

C. P. Sharma

My Mother

On this day when I remember
Of mother's love and care;
I can feel her sweet soft touch,
And lingering fragrance in the air

A mother's love has no match,
From infinity to infinity stretch;
She heard my beats when a scratch,
When I was to fall she would catch.

C. P. Sharma

My religion

My religion perpetually flows,
It never loses its sheen & glow;
My religion never binds,
It always opens up the mind.

Love lesson is at its heart,
Anger and violence depart,
Sympathy & coexist impart,
It never sets the hearts apart.

My religion has least rules,
It has always kept me cool;
It has never made me fool,
With me it is a rational tool.

It is a great uniting force,
Time-space changes its course;
It doesn't give feeling of remorse,
Of strength & peace it is great source.

Hindus and Muslims all embrace,
Buddhists & Christians have face;
Love for all religions at its base,
From it descends heavenly grace.

I won't give my religion a name,
Name always has brought blame;
Ever it was and ever it will be,
Its stream overflows perpetual glee.

Come and in love religion dive deep;
All Heavenly blessings on you heap.

C. P. Sharma

Nature Cures

Nature everything provides,
Let us in Nature take pride;
Nature is our friend and guide,
Let us in Nature confide.

Nature for you has best treat,
Fruits of sorts sour and sweet;
For herbivorous rice and wheat,
Carnivorous have variety in meat.

Beauty ordained in diverse forms,
On earth, sky and in sea storms;
The earth with flora-fauna adorned,
Get protection in thorns and horns.

Some found abode in nests and caves,
Others in burrows & under sea waves;
Pretty clothes in skins & hides,
In fur the shield against icy tides.

Every minute care he takes,
Prior arrangements makes,
As soon as a child is born,
In mother's breast milk adorns.

Value of mother's milk understand,
All pediatric medicines in it canned;
Ladies, of breast feeding be proud,
Let not mothers in fashion shroud.

In sacred rivers take pride,
Elixir of herbo-mineral tied;
O man, them do not defile,
Keep on your face a smile.

Our body has its own drug store,
Its own health it can restore;
Use Nature's herbal cure,
A little discomfort endure.

He who has the herbs at hand,
Thousand Horse Power command;
He stands amid a crowd,
Like a Prince powerful and proud.

Roots, trunks, leaves & flowers of herbs,
Endowed with healing powers superb;
In them nourishment and strength packed,
The deadly spirit of disease is hacked.

For each part of the frame,
A plant that relief can claim;

Let fruitful and fruitless plant sustain,
Bloom or not can health reclaim.

Wherever the plants pervade,
There men all evils evade;
Soma, the sovereign herb
Is the savior of man superb.

Don't suppress disease,
Strength of body increase;
Why a new disease invite?
Why not control your diet?

Why desensitize the body?
Why spoil its rhapsody?

Note: Touches from Rig Veda (X/97)

C. P. Sharma

Night

O Goddess of Night,
Made up in perfect beauty
Roaming on diverse planes
Casting your cosmic planetary looks
In graceful gait you come.

O immortal Goddess,
You first fill the sky
Then, the low and high grounds
Through the shining stars in the sky
You illuminate the darkness.
You set forth the stage
Of arrival of your sister Dawn,
She comes dispelling thy darkness.

O Goddess Night,
Your arrival signals birds
To take shelter in nests on trees
And for us to take rest at home.
Bestow favors upon us:
In thy sheltering shield
All villagers safely sleep
All that walk and fly take rest
Even the falcons restrain to prey

O Goddess,
Keep the wolves away from us
Also take away the thieves
Guard us against all evils
The darkness is denser in hue
O Dawn, write it off as debt

O daughter of the sky,
Accept our offering of hymns
We brought to you like kine,
And with new vitality energize us
So as in new victories we ever shine.

Rig Veda (X/127)

C. P. Sharma

O Fire!

O Fire God,
Mankind's Lord,
Upon the earth
From the sky you board.
You illumine fast,
Purity around you cast.
You emerge from water
As hydro power,
In clashing stones
Your sparkles flower.
You come to the forest
As fierce fire fest,
In drugs you vest
Sweet sour acid jest.

In the process of Yajana**
You are the chief deity,
All through it
You maintain piety.
You maintain Divine Grace,
Its process you trace.
It is your desire,
For it you inspire.
You coordinate at core,
As its supervisor adore.
You are the worshipped
Oblations are to you tipped.

You are the gentlemen's guide,
All pervading nourisher tried
You are the worshipped
O knowledgeable Fire,
You are the creator
In glory attired.
Versatile knowledge
From you flows,
So, all genius
In you glows.

In you the worshippers
Their glory find,
All their prayers
To you are signed.
You are their friend
You are their fraternity,
You uplift the oppressed
To glory and sanity.
From you all power yield
You are the mankind's shield.

Born of the Brahama's*** breath,
You infuse life on the earth.

Granary's width and length,
You are the Marut's# strength.
You ride over the horses
That run as fast as wind,
You visit the households
Seeking their welfare kind.

You are the nourishing God
You shield him who
Comes to your fold.
To those who invoke you
You provide wealth,
You are the Sun god,
All precious stones
In you dwelleth.

O nourishing Fire,
The owner of all riches,
You are the god
Whom oblation reaches.
You protect him
Who ignites you,
You are in homes
As illumining hue.

O beautiful Fire,
O knowledgeable Fire,
Come here in flames attire.
Lord of the world
Show kindness soon,
You are the giver
Of the billion boons.

Note: Inspired by Rig Veda II/1

**It is not an act of immolation as usually misinterpreted. It is an act of replenishment of elemental forces which man tries to harness to his advantage ignoring the natural balance.

*** God of creation, one of the trinity of Indian Gods.
The power of the wind

C. P. Sharma

O Water, The Benefactor! *

Hail to thee, O doer of fair deeds,
Come and assist us in our needs.
As a cow comes its calf to feed,
So accept extract of Soma reed.
For Soma you have attraction,
As felicity rich's kine donation.

So let us have generosity chaste,
Do not consider us lying waste.
Come this way and make haste,
Go to Indra, his power prostrate.
Wise and unvanquished he stands,
In singing skill he all outstands.

Bother not, who condemn and say:
Get lost, you take some other way,
You serve Indra, none else you pray;
Those who praise him hold the sway.
Weather God, you miracles perform,
Your blessings tide over the storm.

The swiftest among the swift,
Grace our sacrifices and lift,
All friends, winged joys gift,
Satakratu, Vrtra** slay split,
You help the warriors in the fray,
Come, taste our drink, we pray.

O, Satkratu, you are powerful in fight,
We strengthen & support you in spirit right.
Indra is the source of wealth and blight,
Win his favour, seek wealth, him not fight.
Praise him, from whom the nectar flows,
To his pleasure let your songs compose.

*Inspired by Rig Veda Hymn 1: 4

**In the early Vedic religion, Vritra was an Asura and also a serpent or dragon, the personification of drought and enemy of Indra. Vritra was also known in the Vedas as Ahi ('snake'), and he is said to have had three heads. The myth involving Vritra evolved over time as Indra's prominence at the head of the Pantheon faded and the Brahmins sought to glorify Vishnu.

According to the Rig Veda, Vritra kept the waters of the world captive until he was killed by Indra, who destroyed all the ninety-nine fortresses of Vritra (although the fortresses are sometimes attributed to Sambara) before liberating the imprisoned rivers. The combat began soon after Indra was born, and he had drunk a large volume of Soma at Tvashtri's house to empower him before facing Vritra. Tvashtri fashioned the thunderbolt (Vajrayudha) for Indra, and Vishnu,

when asked to do so by Indra, made space for the battle by taking the three great strides for which he became famous. Vritra broke Indra's two jaws during the battle,

but was then thrown down by the latter and, in falling, crushed the fortresses that had already been shattered. For this feat, Indra became known as Vritrahan 'slayer of Vritra' and also as 'slayer of the first-born of dragons'. Vritra's mother, Danu (who was also the mother of the Danava race of Asuras) , was then attacked and defeated by Indra with his thunderbolt In one of the versions of the story, three Asuras - Varuna, Soma and Agni - were coaxed by Indra into aiding him in the fight against Vritra whereas before they had been on the side of the demon (whom they called 'Father') .

Some modern Indian geologists interpret the Vedic story as a description of the breakup of glaciers. B.P. Radhakrishna writes: 'Geological record indicates that during Late Pleistocene glaciation, the waters of the Himalaya were frozen and that in place of rivers there were only glaciers, masses of solid ice. As and when the climate became warmer, the glaciers began to break up and the frozen water held by them surged forth in great floods, inundating the alluvial plains in front of the mountains.... no wonder the early inhabitants of the plains burst into song praising Lord Indra for breaking up the glaciers and releasing water which flowed out in seven mighty channels (Sapta Sindhu) . The analogy of a slowly moving serpent (Ahi) for describing the Himalayan glacier is most appropriate'.

C. P. Sharma

O, Energizing Wind! *

Hearken to me, O Wind!
I look to you in obeisance signed.
Here the Soma drops you find,
Just taste my little offering kind.

When the singers come to know
Of the days of the Soma¹ flow,
Hymns from their lips would flow,
Trumpets of glory they would blow.

When through worshipper you flow:
Elevate his being, blessings bestow,
The undercurrents of Soma deeper go,
Enthuse his being with divine glow.

O Wind! O Indra²! Soma drops we offer,
Await your touch for ambrosial coffer,
O Wind! O Indra! Come swiftly imbue,
Rich in spoils of time, my libations view.

Mitra and Varuna³, my source strength,
Mitra, Hero of Holy strength at length;
Varuna, my mighty foe destroyer,
My oil-fed rites completely cover.

Cherishers and protectors of the law,
Come here with your allmighty claw,
With wisdom and strength without a flaw,
From you for goodness strength we draw.

*Inspired by Rig Veda Book 1 Hymn 2

1. Soma (Sanskrit) , or Haoma (Avestan) , from Proto-Indo-Iranian *sauma-, was a ritual drink of importance among the early Indo-Iranians, and the later Vedic and greater Persian cultures. It is frequently mentioned in the Rigveda, which contains many hymns praising its energizing qualities. The drink is prepared by priests pounding the stalks with stones, an occupation that creates tapas (literally 'heat') . The juice so gathered is mixed with other ingredients (including milk) before it is drunk.

2. Indra is the chief god of the Rigveda (besides Agni) . He delights in drinking Soma, and the central Vedic myth is his heroic defeat of Vritra, liberating the rivers, or alternatively, his smashing of the Vala, a stone enclosure where the Panis had imprisoned the cows, and Ushas (dawn) . He is the god of war, smashing the stone fortresses of the Dasyu, and

invoked by combatants on both sides in the Battle of the Ten Kings. " He under whose supreme control are horses, all chariots, the villages, and cattle; He who gave being to the Sun and Morning, who leads the waters, He, O men, is Indra." (Rg-Veda 2.12.7) . "Indra, you lifted up the outcast who was oppressed, you glorified the blind and the lame." (2: 13: 12) .

3. Mitra and Varuna, the Two exceeding wise, the Sons of Daksa, whom the gods

ordained for
lordship, excellently great. Guardians of our homes and us. True to Law, born in Law
the strengtheners of Law, terrible, haters of the false, In their felicity which gives the
best defence may we men and our princes dwell

C. P. Sharma

O, Glorifying Fire! *

I chant thy praises, O Fire,
The Sun is thy supreme lyre,
You are in benefactor's attire,
Accepting oblations and purifier.

All metal gems you materialize,
New plenty every day arise,
In you God's grace fructifies,
Courage and glory you finalize.

O Fire, the oblations unto you,
Ultimately basic elements woo.
Sapient minded priest me show,
Grace of God's Truth bestow.

I invoke you Dispeller of Night!
For Eternal Law you ever fight,
To all sacrifices you have right,
You ride the radiant Chariot of Light.

O Agni**, I sing hymns for your grace,
Let your blessings be my brace,
Let our life no misfortunes trace,
Like a father in miseries embrace.

*Inspired by Rig Veda Book1 Hymn1
**Fire

C. P. Sharma

Peace Process

Peace is our heart's deep desire,
But the wishful mind backfires;
The bridge of trust it can't build,
The heart's desire is not fulfilled.

The sense of 'otherness' breeds distrust,
The mutual peace process disrupts;
For safeguard the boundaries we fix;
Brick by brick new barriers we fix.

Initially, man and Nature were one,
Adam and Eve in the Garden Eden;
Fruit of Knowledge brought first fall,
With honey tongue and a heart of gall.

The first split of man and Nature,
A civilized man's first caricature;
Condemned Nature as jungle rule,
He himself became gradually cruel.

All flora and fauna destroyed,
World now is of wildlife void;
Now a few forests are found,
Global warming is all around.

Now victim of religion and race,
Narrow boundaries we embrace;
Boundary's sake wars are fought,
In micro ego's net we are caught.

Mighty nuclear power command
Self-annihilation we have planned;
Everywhere the peace is at stake,
Why our conscience doesn't wake?

Awake! Arise! Give Nature due place,
Rise above the religion and race;
Use safe power for peaceful ends,
For damaged ozone make amends.

With forest & wild life make friend,
Let not inflated fake ego pretend,
The boundary barriers transcend,
For coexistence don't apprehend.

Let this world be one place,
From it all miseries efface;
Let us learn the lesson of love,
With Nature let us be hand and glove.

Let us open up our minds,
Towards the animals be kind;

Citizens of the world unite,
In man's brotherhood take delight.

C. P. Sharma

Ride the Chariot

Prurient angels possess the body,
Mysticism is the realm of the soul;
Sensuous mind tip taps the body,
The bliss lies deep down the soul.

Open eyes see the Body's Chariot,
Ten stout Horses take its command:
Anger, avarice, pride, sex in the fore,
The nobler senses cannot defend.

All that we hear is the jazz of body,
Sweet lilting song of soul is lost;
Honey dips from the good men,
Freeze deep in body as winter frost.

Ride over the Chariot, command the horses,
Dive deep within to strengthen nobler forces.

*Prompted by Lamont Palmer's poem 'Day of Relative Rest'

C. P. Sharma

Romance

the bud firmly holds
the ecstasy of the kiss,
in fast bloom
it doesn't want to miss.

but in the bloom
hug-warmth's
new heights are told,
bliss within
to the world is unfold.

the Nature is filled
with romance all around,
the parallel of its blissful romance
is nowhere found.

C. P. Sharma

Round-about of Time

Strange is this life,
a round-about of Time!
sometimes climb,
at others dropp down

On the climb up
it rings in the new
and rings out the old!
but as the wheel turns
the fortune twirls
from top to the bottom
on its downward swing!

At the peak of glory
I am the top brass,
my portraits decorate
the city walls,
people flock to me
with garlands of flowers
their heads bow down
before my powers!

When out of office,
among the masses
unnoticed I pass;
I am an empty glass,
my portraits pull down,
utter disrespect show
them to the dustbin throw.

On the round-about of Time
life is a see-saw game,
ever in transit,
nothing stays.
I seem to have gripped,
it turns out ill fame.
I have reached the end,
I don't know the aim
Still don't know true Name!

C. P. Sharma

Satan

Dear, I had a strange dream last night,
Adam and eve were in bliss in Eden,
Innocence all around was scattered,
In Nature shelter and trees fruit laden.

In perfect innocence they bathed,
Faith and trust its soothing shade;
Between them there was no secret,
Here love and joy could never fade.

Mutually nothing would they hide,
In all bareness they would confide.
Personal egos could never collide,
They plumed each other with pride.

From UFO, Satan alighted,
Out of fear he felt slighted.
He had a mischievous mind,
He had his own axe to grind.

From God a little wisdom snatched,
A little more he himself stretched.
His scientific temper machines made,
Textile & cosmetic mills he had laid.

He had set up his mills in Hell,
Eden he came his goods to sell.
He knew of Adam's firm will,
He knew how Eve could thrill.

He approached Eve in Adam's absence,
Saw Tree of Knowledge to her suspense.
Thus, in her he sowed seeds of distrust,
Deep rooted greed, lust and disgust.

Eve hid in ever new clothes,
Satan was happy in his loathe.
Everyday Eve made up new face,
On Satan's face grin I could trace.

C. P. Sharma

Seek God's Grace

Gentlemen, this mind is unfathomable
With mercurial mirage it lives
So it wanders remains not stable.1. (Refrain)

Violent Anger possesses the body,
So of all good sense it has forgotten;
Of the gem of wisdom it is robbed,
Nothing can withstand it since then.1.

'Yogis' tried their ways to no avail,
Sages have sung His virtues in vain;
Nanak, when the Lord is kind,
Then all sort of efforts obtain.2.4.
Gaudi mė hlā 9.

C. P. Sharma

Self-realization

As clouds of glory we do come
From God who is our real home.
Attached to karmas we descend,
By their riddance we can ascend,

Our karmas 1 to world in threefold bind:
Accumulated karmas to world rewind,
In planned karmas new birth we find,
The destined karmas follow as blind.

Let karmas your soul unwind,
Then only your salvation find.
As first step yourself detach,
To this world do not attach.

As second step know thyself,
Rise above the power and pelf.
Consider the gold as dust,
In yourself create the trust.

Submit ego unto the lord,
On the divine boat board.
Only on ONE meditate,
Your trust in Him create.

Rise above this body,
Get rid of music shoddy,
Give ears to His melody,

The world is His parody.

Go slow step by step,

Never try to overstep,

Let Guru 2 be your guard,

Give him your kind regard.

Inspired by the message of Swami Brahmailidyananda Saraswati: Sadhana Panchaka (Five Verses on Spiritual Practice) : PART-V dated Octobe 22,2007 on sant_santati

1 Actions arising out of the desires and cravings that condition the mind.

2 The teacher, the guide who is our friend and the philosopher.

C. P. Sharma

Shadows of Life

Standing in the Hall of Fame
As the dark shadows of life
Through its latticed windows
We peep the patterned eternity

Through the multi-color glasses
Of its dome we see the light
As the Truth trampled into
Our choicest patterns and hues

The Hall of Fame collapses fast
Patterns and hues submerge at last
Suddenly the shadows of life blast
We awaken into white radiance vast.

Are we alive or the shadows of life
Or the programmed toys with struggle and strife?

C. P. Sharma

Silken Weaves for Satyanarain MVS

In Miltonic gait he walks,
like Alexander Pope
in couplets talks,
in free verse
he is well versed,
all poetic forms
well traversed.

In rhyme and rhythm
he always rocks,
of them he has
a good stock,
like heroic
Rape of the Lock.

His meter has a
variant mix,
with great care
it he picks,
sweet and somber
music clicks.

Rich imagery
he culls out,
from Nature, society,
court room bout,
a beauteous tapestry
spreads out.

Kaleidoscopic themes
he weaves,
misery, sorrows, terror
he grieves,
harmony and joy
conceives.

He can shed
the crimson tears,
on his sleeve
his heart he bears,
others grief and gloom
him tears.

He is Prem Chand's
'Salt Inspector',
Social irresponsibility
detector,
Sensitive sensor of
justice sector.

In all philosophies
well read,

he cares for the poor
man's bread,
his themes are very
widely spread.

To him the meanest
ant can churn,
lessons for the life
to learn,
incongruities in life
he spurns.

Read his poetry
I recommend,
Life in him is
finely blend,
as a poet
he outstands.

C. P. Sharma

Strangers*

What a strange relationship?
My body and the spirit lived together the whole life,
But couldn't dialogue! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

* I owe the thought to the Urdu poet

C. P. Sharma

Sweet and Powerful Flow of Poetry for Sandra Fowler

Your words so powerful
carry a message deep,
take the reader
to the farthest of Hebrides.

Let me tell the world
what you sing:
You take the reader away
from the blood red scene
to the game of peace
where the mirth of
white snowflakes flings.

From the 'Bower of Bliss'
like nightingale and cuckoo
plaintive numbers too, you sing
'for old, unhappy far-off things'

May on this peace parched world
Your sweet soft words be ever heard!

C. P. Sharma

in ocean boroughs,
tree tops and caves
to make love
and procreate,
in His Own Illusion
to Celebrate.

The purpose of life is
Celebration! ! !
why crumble and groan
under the ego's weight?
Why don't read the
Golden Rules?
Why do you make
yourself a fool?

The Sages from grey
mountains sing,
the burden of the songs
of rivers and spring,
everyday in
flowers bloom;
why you alone live
in gloom?

All the books in the
sea submerge,
Why don't you
your life purge?
Why don't you read
the book of life?
and get rid of
the stress and strife.

Sing songs in praise
of the sun,
make love under
the moonshine,
keep water and air
pollution free,
everyday grow
a new tree,
your ego a bit
subdue,
keep away from the
nuclear hue.

Note: Inspired from Rig Veda (X/121) .

C. P. Sharma

The Dawn

Hail to thee, O Glorious dawn!
Lady of the Light thou art
daughter of the Sky.

Dispel the dark gloom of terror,
depression and freewill
repression. allay

Yoke steeds of good intents,
dawn on us piety, peace,
and prosperity.

With your resplendent rays
bring to reeling hearts
hope and clarity.

With auspicious abundance
refreshing food to the
hungry impart.

In Nature's beauteous garb,
draped in diversity,
harmony at heart.

Sooth the dying Earth's sore! ! !

Let on man the wisdom dawn,
Let man love the flora and fawn;
Awake to environment concern,
Air, water and sky don't spurn.

O Glorious dawn, we you adore,
Equilibrium of universe restore.

* Touches from Rig Veda, the golden book of knowledge (1/48)

Happy 2009 to all poet friends at Poemhunter.com

C. P. Sharma

The Divine Paradox

The Divine Paradox

(Sā dho rachnā rā m banā ▫ ī .)

Gentlemen, it is Lord's creation game:
Temporal and the eternal in one frame,
Difficult to know His marvel's aim! ! ! 1. (Refrain)

Under the sway of Lust, Lure & Anger,
Detached from God's image we wander.
We consider this false body to be true,
As the dream during the sleep construe.1.

All that is visible is transient,
As cloud's shadow evanescent.
Nanak, know the world as illusion,
Faith in the Lord removes confusion.2.2.

Gaudi Mahalla 9.

C. P. Sharma

The Flute

You! Daughter of Hollowness,
Born of bamboo tree,
Sing songs of happiness,
Keep me melancholy free.

When I am swelled with ego,
I breathe all fire in you,
You turn it into music,
With gladness me imbue.

You are never tired of
Channeling my mellow thoughts,
Singing melodies sweet,
You take to charming spots.

When I am Time torn,
You sing songs of eternity.
When I feel forlorn,
You are my fraternity.

You bring me message of Grace,
Immortality I embrace,
Music Divine you showcase,
To show my Master face to face.

You, Lord Krishana's Miss,
His lips you always kiss,
I enjoy the ambrosial sips,
When He blows music through your ribs.

Play on, play on, to you salute,
You become my lyre and lute.

C. P. Sharma

The grass is greener today

The grass was pale yesterday,
It looks greener today;
Tomorrow the flowers will bloom,
Day after trees have fruity costume.

Last night it was pitch dark,
It is lit up a little today;
As days pass by they brighten,
Finally, the full moon enlighten(s) .

Yesterday, here was the sunset,
Then there came the night;
Today, it is all sunshine,
Tomorrow will be my soul's delight.

Today is the day of self-resurrection;
Tomorrow is the bliss of perfection.

C. P. Sharma

The Key to Salvation

(Sā dh o man kā mā n t i▫ ā ga▫ o.)

Gentlemen, cast away the ego of mind,
Anger, lust, company of the wicked
Ever flee from the passions of this kind.1 (Refrain)

The pleasure and pain one toner
And so the honor and dishonor,
One detached in joys & sorrows,
He knows the life's mystical glow.1.

In praise & slander who don't digress,
The key to salvation they possess;
Nanak, in complex game of passions
Guru's Grace begets revelation.2.1.

Gaudi Mahalla 9.

Note: The Divine Symphony (Hymns of Sri Guru Tegh Bahadurji in English Verse) translated by me was published in 1977. After more than 30 years since then, with a little better grasp of the philosophy of Gurubani and of the English language, I am trying to revise it a little.

C. P. Sharma

The playboy

In a myriad forms I bloom,
Every day in new costume;
Passions everyday consume,
I know not how them I tune.

On musical notes I large loom,
I am ever in love's red room,
In its company feel no gloom,
With perfect bliss me it grooms.

On sweet scented air I zoom
In its flair myself I plume
I have tried every perfume
My smelling sense is out of tune

Delicious dishes and drinks enjoy
I am now my tongue's ploy
Sometimes blunt at other coy
Now I am of junk taste playboy

In sensuous waywardness I wander
In sensuality my strength I squander
In this body I fret and fume,
I am crazy of gold dunes.

Detached from these, I observe
The way base passions I serve

C. P. Sharma

The Trinity

He is the creator,
You are the nourisher,
I am the destroyer.

C. P. Sharma

This Christmas Eve

The truth is so bitter,
it people don't like;
conscience is muffled,
artifice holds the mike.

Christ, they crucified,
for Socrates a bowl;
the truth they can't bear,
show off they howl.

we are in capsular
compartment air tight;
of Nature's fresh air
we are always fright.

with new ideas
we keep the truth at bay;
the plastic money rules,
all over hold the sway.

false inflated ego
discovers nothing new;
it imitates Nature
in funny freaks few.

our own actions
pushing out of the race;
Incapacitating us
many machines trace.

on this Christmas eve
let us all celebrate;
with Nature's potential
our life calibrate.

let not plastic money
its false ego inflate;
like a house of cards, it will
crumble under its weight.

on equality, harmony and peace
sit together and deliberate;
the monstrous menace of terror
from the world eliminate.

C. P. Sharma

Thoughts

It is a thought
That we are born,
It is in thoughts,
We feel forlorn,
It is in our thoughts
That we feel happy,
It is our thoughts
That will make us lucky.

Think of a flower,
Its honey clover:
It will always brings the joy,
Converse with it, you will enjoy.
It will answer your every query,
It takes to new lands in a ferry,
Charmed magic casements it will open,
In your life new chapters reopen.

Think of its thorns,
You will feel torn,
Of happiness shorn,
Whole life mourn,
All curses horn,
And think why born?

Think of a river,
Get rid of fever.
It has its music and dance,
In its backdropp eternity glance.
In its music there is trance,
Its twists and twirls have romance.
In and around it life sustains,
Prosperity all along maintains.

Think of the Sun,
And have a ton:
Comes with its majestic radiance,
Fills all thing with new brilliance,
The world enthuses with resilience
Moves the world to long distance(s) ,
Carry with you all warmth and love,
In your life with success move.

C. P. Sharma

Tightly Tied to Illusions

O man, Why this apathy for Lord's praise!
Day and night, lost in the world of illusion,
How can songs of His glory in you blaze! 1. (Refrain)

Sons, friends, illusions and attachments
So tightly you have girdled around;
This world as deceitful as the mirage,
Its glitter takes you in merry-go-round.1.

Pleasures & salvation from Him flow
Only the fools forget the Lord;
Nanak, one among the millions glows
Singing hymns in the Grace of God.2.3.
Gaudi mė hlā 9.

C. P. Sharma

Toast to Indra*

O dear, come here with your friend(s) ,
With the hymns that Indra commend.
Sing his songs that can transcend,
Among the rich as prince he stand(s) .
He, with all precious treasures brim(s) ,
Outpour your Soma juice to him.

Sing his songs who in need attend(s) ,
His gracious support to us he lend(s) ,
Bountiful wealth to us extend(s) ,
May he in strength join our band.
His horses yoked in chariot attend,
In battle field none them withstand(s) .

Soma mixed with curd is made,
For him we have this cascade.
Oblige the Soma lover's brigade,
In perfect strength you here parade.
For Soma born and designate,
You are in strength and eminence great.

O Indra**, by songs you fascinate,
Pray, our Soma formulation permeate.
O Sage, accept our offerings and rejoice,
We sing hymns in your praise, of choice.
Let our songs be thy strength and lyre,
This is what we earnestly desire.

O Indra, your shelter never fail(s) ,
Pray our food-offering kindly avail.
Thousandfold power in it prevail,
So, let no one our bodies assail.
O music lover, save us from sword,
You alone can protection afford.

*Inspired by Rig Veda hymn 1: 5

**Indra is the chief god of the Rigveda (besides Agni) . He delights in drinking Soma, and the central Vedic myth is his heroic defeat of Vritra, liberating the rivers, or alternatively, his smashing of the Vala, a stone enclosure where the Panis had imprisoned the cows, and Ushas (dawn) . He is the god of war, smashing the stone fortresses of the Dasyu, and invoked by combatants on both sides in the Battle of the Ten Kings.

The Rig-Veda frequently refers to him as अक्रा - the mighty-one. In the Vedic period, the number of gods was assumed to be thirty-three and Indra was their lord. (The slightly later Brihad-aranyaka Upanishad enumerates the gods as the eight Vasus, the eleven Rudras, the twelve Adityas, Indra and Prajapati) . As lord of the Vasus, Indra was also referred to as वासुदेव; sava.

Indra is an important god in many Hindu mythological tales. He leads the Devas (the gods who form and maintain Heaven) and the elements, such as Agni (Fire) , Varuna

(Water) and Surya (Sun)) , and constantly wages war against the demonic Asuras of the netherworlds, or Patala, who oppose morality and dharma. He thus fights in the timeless battle between good and evil. As the God of War, he is also regarded as one of the Guardians of the directions, representing the east.

Modern Hindus, however tend to see Indra as minor deity in comparison to others in the Hindu pantheon, such as Shiva, Vishnu or Devi. A Puranic story illustrating the subjugation of Indra's pride is illustrated in the story of Govardhan hill where Krishna, avatar or incarnation of Vishnu carried the hill and protected his devotees when Indra, angered by non-worship of him, launched rains over the village.

C. P. Sharma

Valentine in Pensive Mood

My Valentine is motley fool,
His cap studded with wisdom jewel;
He is seen in dual mood,
It swings between the kind & cruel.

The wise love his cruelty
And in his kindness rejoice,
In both of these they hear
His message in a clear voice.

Today, He has nothing to offer,
Empty are the union coffers.
Borrow a little less from banks,
With plastic cards do not prank.

With the poor share your weal,
Third world with sympathy deal;
Let the poor have two meals,
Slow the self-amassing wheel.

Let some roses to unprivileged go,
Their unhappiness mop & mow,
There find world's pleasure-trove,
Repression & disparity give a blow.

My Valentine is in pensive mood,
Spare some time and on it brood.

C. P. Sharma

What is this life? *

A walking shadow?
A poor player?
A stage for drama?
Full of strife?
A tale told by an idiot?
Sound and fury signifying nothing?

Full of fails?
Lotus eater?
Penelope's web?
Maya's lab?

Coffee spoons?
Aflatoooons?

Sin against sinning?
A steady revenge?
Unconquerable will?
A nine days fall?

A life on thorns?
Full of mourns?
A dream within a dream?
A bubble on the foam?
A mid-summer madness?
A general drama of pain?

Musical Chairs?
Unmatched pairs?
A split asunder?
A nine days wonder?
A sweet, sweet rose?
Love's music feast?

A perpetual prayer?
A soft sooth-sayer?
A Garden of Eden?
Bliss and happiness?

Eat, drink and be merry?
A creation of brain?
A journey by train?
A living beings' chain?

A soft murmur answers:

Matter is the body,
Energy is the soul;
These two together,
Make it roll.

Stream of consciousness,

Perpetually flows;
Scattering un beholden,
Its multiple hues.

At its bottom,
All's calm and composed;
The tormented surface,
Is deep equipoised.

The joys and sorrows,
Can reconcile;
If we can subdue,
Split ego's profile.

We suffer in body,
Not in soul;
The body decays,
Eternal is the soul.

'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul'*

* Many of the questions about life have been borrowed from the great literary works.

C. P. Sharma

Who am I?

Part - III)

I am a dew drop,
On lotus petal,
I shine like a gem
In the morning cool,
As the sun climbs
I disappear in the pool.

I am a drop,
I am in a tear,
I trickle down silently
When the life steers,
And the soul smears
In joys and jeers.

I am a drop,
I am in a river,
I am a river,
I am in the ocean,
I am the ocean
Of sweet emotions.

C. P. Sharma

Why it happens to me alone? *

Why the flowers fade in a day?
Why the sun sets the same day?
Why the youth fades away so soon?
In all these is Nature's boon.

Why the lotus blooms for a while?
Why beauties after a while beguile?
Everything has its own profile,
Nature gives everything a trial.

Winter is always followed by spring,
Music mixes up low notes and zing;
There is always a monotony in One,
Change and diversity create all fun.

When the sun sets in the East,
It rises in the West,
So that we can have the rest,
And they have the zest.

It was composed in reponse to Abha's poem: 'Oh God, why me?'

C. P. Sharma

With God's Grace Groom

We are born with a trance
Of eternal glory's glance.

As a child we play with toys,
Their possession we enjoy.

Puppet bride and puppet groom,
Give us joy in glittering costume.

They never fight, they never fume,
Of life's worries there is no gloom.

When we grow up the toys replace,
Bride and groom are face to face.

New possessions in life we find,
New relations make us blind.

New roles are to us assigned,
This is the fate of all mankind.

We chase them as a mirage,
Later they become our barrage.

Now in life no peace, no joy,
We want to get rid off new toys.

In this game we are consumed,
Ultimately we are led to tomb.

Thus we shuttle between
The womb and the tomb,
Why not be wiser
And with God's Grace groom.

C. P. Sharma

You

You are the mirror,
I see my own reflection in you,
Why this intolerance! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma