Classic Poetry Series

chandra thiagarajan

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A Bioom of Poesy to Mrs. Sarojini Ramamurthy

Fare-well to you, our beloved friend,
With moaning bosoms caused by the rend;
This flower of poesy, to you we offer,
Plucked from the hearts that pine and suffer.

At the snap of the bondage fine, From Integral Coach Factory's starry shine, Your association with us in these score of years, Cannot but make us part with brimming tears.

A radiant form clad in chaste simplicity, And a sweet heart abounding in generosity; Nurturing thoughts of glowing selflessness; A true embodiment of nobility and kindness:

A lovely smile in a comely mien, Anger the tender heart had ne'er seen; Loving and giving is what you've ever been, Your memory in us will ever be green.

When on you descended an affliction,
We with the Lord had a confabulation;
And craved for His mercy the distress to blot,
And a long healthy life unto you to allot.

The void created by your departure, From I C F, is but hard to fill even in the future; For God is yet to mould an entity, With all the endearing qualities of our dear Sarojini.

'Cause for the goal of your health you retire, We console our bewailing selves to square; And give our hand but with a heavy heart, When we from you have now to part.

Forget -us- not, is all we entreat, At this hour when homewards we retreat: May the choicest blessings of the Almighty Be showered on you, and your kin, dear Sarojini.

A Bloom of Poesy to dear Kamakshi

Respected, dear Madam KAMAKSHI, This day as you voluntarily retire From our esteemed Coach Factory, As an officer from a coveted tier,

This ever-fresh bloom of poesy,
With heart-felt love is strung,
And is proffered very truly,
With ardent prayers sung.

A kind and affable sister,

To her colleagues here;
Her unflinching help she'd administer,

To wipe out many a tear!

With her intelligence wound,
She has crossed many a cadre;
To her duty ever bound,
She has climbed the ladder.

But from her career, bright
She has chosen to take wings;
To enjoy the wonderful twilight,
Which Life's evening brings.

Remember we will, till rest,
Is the assurance clear;
Forget-us-not is the request,
From your colleagues dear.

With fond love flowing,
From two sons—so proud;
The couple would be glowing,
With their children, beloved.

Muses' blessings to you,

To sing with a sweet voice;

Has be-got a daughter-in-law too—

A darling of a choice.

May the grand-child pin
Together your affections—all
And may you and your kin
With God's Blessings enthrall.

A bouquet in verses to Smt.Anandavalli

Anandavalli, our colleague dear, As you from I C F steer clear; After three and thirty long years Of service, very meritorious—

This little bouquet of verses, Strung as of red-roses, Is offered with love, so true From hearts of many a hue.

With a loving spouse—your partner, In your ship of life—a mariner; With a gem of a darling daughter—A blooming 'Lotus' in laughter;

Providence has pleasantly smiled, And with a home neatly styled; Where a Prince Charming soon, Will land as a great boon.

A fond soul—loving and kind, Who had ever been patient in mind, Will ever in our memories dwell, Is the assurance given at this farewell.

With health in decrepitude, She, now from this multitude, Is withdrawing herself to recuperate, In her sweet hearth, from this date.

We, sure, will miss her presence, And her dignity in radiance. But 'cause of her health she retires, We console ourselves to acquiesce.

Anandavalli, dear, forget-us-not, Is the entreaty that is humbly sought. May all your dreams do flower, And your heart rejoice in the bower.

May you your former health regain, And be your old self again; May God on you His Blessings shower, Is our heart's ardent prayer.

A Dream

My heart swells
And wells
With joy
When I picture
You and I
Floating among
The silvery cloud
Of Heaven's shroud.

Soul and soul Conversing Ceaselessly Of the Book of Eternity Melting In the music That springs From the divine strings.

Swaying
We glide
Side by side
Feasting
In the myriad colours
Enjoying
The ride
Of the Heavenly stride
With the pride
Of a bride!

But lo! I let go Your hold from the tingle And roll down To mingle With this old Cold world To hoard gold In every fold With stories untold!

A Family's Unique Day

It was a declared holiday
The children two were sleeping away
The grand-dad had no such special day
He was in his usual early morn's walk way.

The father too got up late For he was relaxed on this date But the mother was up as usual And was with her pooja bell.

Later they discussed about their lunch But decided to have a brunch After their hearty sumptuous meal Each offered their idea to deal.

They settled for cards—all the five And to gather points—they did strive After a great time together The grandpa retired due to weather.

The four of them started playing Caroms, with the father and daughter saying That they'd be the team to oppose The mother and son to defeat—they chose.

It was indeed a tough game Each side outdoing the other to shame But would soon spring back To make up for the points and smack.

Then they sat with a board-game With Snake and Ladders to tame When one climbed the ladder rolling the dice It was joy and applause—so very nice.

When the Snake swallowed - it was sad And again when they resumed to rise—it was glad. Soon evening followed and they sat for tea They had hot potato bhajjis tasting with glee.

As grandpa especially liked onion bhajjis For him the mother prepared special bhajjis Soon the grandpa fell into a reverie Reminiscing his past days of glory:

Various incidents were in narration To the family of this generation All of them were animatedly listening And off and on went on questioning,

New facets of his great life were glistening They were awe-struck at his ways unassumingThe children prattled about their schooling And about their friends reading and playing.

They prodded their parents to plan for an outing In the summer months when they'd be holidaying. Presently the Power-cut for the day Was restored at the fall of evening's ray.

The family who where so far so well-knit
All dispersed and away they did flit.
The father hurried and picked up his Lap-top
The children to their favourite T V channels did hop
The grandpa was with the day's News paper
The mother turned to switch on the Grinder and Cook dinner!

A Flower of poesy to Dr.A.M.S,

A Flower of poesy to Dr. A.M.S.

Dear Dr.A.M.Selvaraj, the magnificent healer, so great, Receive please, this flower of poesy, proffered with warm love. Accolades swell with yet another feather in your cap ornate, Matchless, "Platinum Man" to thee with genuflection, we bow.

Sickness prodding—we prostrate at your divine feet— Endearing words; focused acumen blot the blight: Loving care and a magical touch—such a wonderful feat! Ventilate we, our nagging troubles even past midnight, And our qualms are allayed regardless of personal ease! Radiant Star! In "Medicines Hall of Fame", aloft with glories! Almighty Lord, on you His choicest Blessings to descend, Jointly supplicating, we pray from the core of our heart's blend.

A Great Wonder

It is no wonder the grand Universe does not go asunder which is so diverse as a spider-web grand made up of Galaxies billions with many a connecting strand of Stars trillions and trillions.

It is no wonder when our complete Solar system in its motion performs no blunder with its Planets, and Sub-system being a part of Milky Way along with asteroids and comets. All the components with precision play from their appointed posits.

It is no wonder the Earth revolving around the Sun. Even when we ponder the circles of the Sun's turn to the centre of the galaxy of stars in true radiancy.

It is a great wonder and an exclusive mystery as to how the kind human mind is a blender of gore, and murder is the query!

A Macerated Heart

A macerated heart Bulging with gratitude, Quivering to mirror A slice of its magnitude,

Offers this flower of poesy, With respects, at your feet; Plucked from a heart That glows with reverence' heat.

Not even a fraction small, Are the words "Thank You", Enough to show the feelings That are veiled from view.

Trailing my mind's eye, O'er the last twelve leaves Of Providence' golden book, My heart with pride heaves—

At your lofty heart, That matches your princely form; At your exhilarating mind, That adds to your charm—

At your loving heart, That abounds in generosity; At your glowing selflessness, That towers with magnanimity—

At your considerate mind, That is charged with capability; At your sympathetic heart, That is brimming with nobility!

Incidents too many, many, Not one nor two, but countless; Have in our hearts carved a niche, And endeared you to us!

But crown of all, Was your service sincere; With which you attended Mummy, In her last days, down here;

And the warm affection, Which you o'er her poured; Can find no parallel In this entire world.

With a ripe ballooned heart, With tender emotions soaked;

Before you prostrate I, And cry, till am choked.

Thank you, Uncle, thank you, So very much, I thank you; From the very core of my heart Thank I, and still am ever due.

May the Lord God Enshroud you by His Grace; And draw under His Wing, All the four of you and Embrace.

A man of Character

With age, one in life's ladder escalates, When the mind with age synchronizes.

He steps up and an exalted life portends, He is true to life and to loftier planes transcends.

God made the beast with mind minimal, He made man to discriminate from the animal.

Hence man should nurture profound thoughts, As He formed the human against other lives of sorts.

His parlance sans breach should be of kind speech, His sweet utterances the others should reach.

His deeds should function with benevolence, He aught to ply his task with good performance.

His thoughts, locution, and action, altogether Appropriate him to great heights as a man of character.

A Picture Of Our Little Garden

The sand mound on the left, And the colourful Zinnias edging it; With profuse Asters adjacent, And the triangular red bricks bordering it;

The wide windows artistic grille,
Below are the bright Cannas to the right;
The pale blue curtain over the window sill,
Over looking the blooming Hollyhocks bright;

The dense green leaves of the Radish, With intermittent Balsams red and white; The long stalked nodding Cosmos' swish, All enchant and cheer the mind and sight.

The smooth and slender butterflies, Both diurnal and crepuscular; Of various hues fly, sit and rise, Flit from flower to another flower.

Their wings are held vertically at rest, Then when they bask in the sun they out-stretch: Butterflies are Nature's beauteous best, They to our hearts joy and delight fetch.

The yellow Sunflowers standing tall, With the tender Jasmine climber to the fore; Their white fragrant flowers allure all, The picture perfect garden all of us adore.

A Promise to eradicate illiteracy

A Promise to eradicate Illiteracy

The dark veil of flowing illiteracy,
As a canopy on our growing democracy;
Covers many crores of our great lot,
Under which teeming with ignorance, rot.

Unaware of the goings on around, Stark illiteracy with poverty bound; The window of the wide world is shut, And the kaleidoscopic view of the panorama is cut.

The spiritual and intellectual devolpment,
Not sparked off by literary involvement,
Is a curse on the person and the nation,
As multitudes live like animals sans education.

Seized of the problem, in many a country, UNESCO launched a war on illiteracy; Allocating funds, the malady to cure, With India taking the cudgel, very sure.

To kindle the dawn of consciousness,
Of the need of literacy's importance;
A programme of National Adult Education,
Is on the anvil with much ovation.

Of all the state birds flying in thirst, Kerala's bird has landed first; With Ernakulam carrying the flag high, Inducing others their flight to stage by!

Let us scouts now make out a promise, A multi-pronged attack without a miss-To launch on 'illiteracy'-the monster dreadful, With a spirit of commitment and hearts so full.

A Successful Woman

When a man wishes to enter the wedding altar, He chooses to have a traditional wife Who cooks, cleans and is submissive without strife.

When he is unable to make both ends meet, His pecuniary condition becomes his grouse, And he sends for employment his spouse.

To the family 's income streams—she adds, And with the finances now more secure, A part he saves, and a house, he does procure.

She is better exposed to the world, And has knowledge to discuss with her husband About the investments in the best fund.

The children are no more molly coddled, They become spirited and independent, And learn to be more brave and confident.

She takes the home and country forward,, By fulfilling her dual roles' obligation, And is a successful woman with soul satisfaction.

A Virtuous Woman

As a pretty little child She is the apple of her parents' eyes As a grown up lovely girl styled To her husband then she ties.

Her heart is one with her spouse She loves and cares for him swell And ne'er entertains any grouse For in his entity she does dwell.

She is the nucleus of the house And the mother of their children She is the better-half of her spouse And makes lives for others a heaven.

To her children loving She is the role model She is the mother caring Who is more than vital.

She renders her helping hand In her children's studies and home-work And when in school they land They feel secure and have no jerk.

She cooks and serves with glee Taking care of their health And caters to their taste with spree Who are their very wealth.

When bound in sickness Her soothing touch is a balm She readies for fitness With her personality calm.

She instills qualities sterling
Of rectitude and nobility
Imbues them with virtues amazing
Moulding into a laudable personality.

She hones their inherent skills To make them flower And accords them drills For glory and laurels shower.

On hand with her education She is also a money-maker To the family's income an addition Along being a home- maker.

The children are devoid of want

All their aspirations are fulfilled They get what so ever they want And are with happiness thrilled.

She brings them up to be fair And be good honest citizens She works for their welfare To raise them in life's ladder as veterans.

She propagates our culture And develops them in her progeny She disciplines them to venture And get along with out monotony.

She is the pivot Around her the family swirls She is the allaying spirit Behind the family's twirls.

She has good traits
Of love and affection
None she ever hates
But has pools of compassion.

She has immense maturity Is confident and out going To the family she is the security And is ever hard working.

When situations crop up To test her patience She does not slump But has enough tolerance.

She holds no animosity Against even a foe Because of her religiosity She never stoops low.

In her own manner captivating
She shows tenderness and regard
To the extended family tying
She attaches herself on her own accord.

In her relationship with others She ever holds sincerity With her benevolence she tenders Help with all her humility.

To those in grief and sorrow She extends her full sympathy Her soft heart does follow And stands by them in empathy.

She is smart, gentle and caring She is disciplined in her chores She is honest and ne'er wavering In life she ardently soars.

When the grown up children Are married and off they turn She baby- sits their children With love, care and concern.

The family is proud of her She radiates warmth and gladness All are there, this to concur That her very presence is happiness.

Abolish Ego

There's no man in this world Who without any trouble is mould.

For one reason or the other You are in trouble sooner or later.

The main reason for your fall Into the sea of troubles—all

Is because of your inflated ego-If totally abolished—this ego

You will be made free from all troubles, you see And would in happiness for ever be.

Acrostic poesy to Madam Suguna Ramalingam

S UGUNA, our respected Friend—so beloved, U nto you these words are strung and garlanded. G entle and Loving, Kind companion with benevolence, U nderstanding and a paragon of virtue—par excellence, N oble, with a modest wear of many an accomplishment, A dieu, to you, this Day we bid with hearts rent.

R econciliation to the void created at this separation,
A s you relinquish I C F before due superannuation,
M ighty task, but it is, to ourselves fully acquiesce.
A t your home, now in leisure, with your consort pious,
L ife would sure be relaxed with your grand child proud.
I n your memory to retain and etch this friendly crowd,
N ow this memento is presented by caring souls so loved.
GOD Almighty and SRI SATHYA SAI BABA—to profusely shower
A mple blessings on you and your kin as done ever,
M oist eyes sincerely pray for Happiness to ever flower.

Acrostic to Jawaharlal Nehru

J awaharlal Nehru, the sparkling gem of India's diadem,
A though nurtured in a life of comfort and shelter,
W ended his way to the clarion call of freedom,
A nd his wealth, time and life dedicated at the Nation's altar.
H onoured leader, the dynamic Premier of Independent India,
A chieved, with his concerted planning, progress and economic regeneration.
R atna—Bharat Ratna—rightly was he decorated for his immense work and profound idea!

L ove for liberty without distinction of class, creed or country had he: A malgamating many an international difference as a talented referee, L iberated men's minds from social oppression and cultural stagnation.

N ovember, the fourteenth, our beloved Jawaharlal's birthday, E ar-marked by his fondness for Children as their Special Day; H eralds the dawn of a new, progressive, scientific and dynamic sway. R emember we, this day our red-rosed Chacha's principles five— U nhesitatingly, our pledge to work for his cherished ideals today we revive.

Acrostic to Miss. Sulochana

M iss. Sulochana, our dear H.M., I dol of our I C F Nursery School; S erene Deity, to you, this hymn, S ung this day, is dedicated.

S ailing in the minds of students,
U nceasingly toiling for their ascendance;
L oving and giving; noble and kind;
O n this Earth, a like, hard to find.
C ementing discipline with affection,
H oneying even an admonition;
A ngelic so, is our Teacher darling—
N ectar—in our hearts for ever clinging—
A ll the best, dear God to her be bringing.

Acrostic to Mrs.Prema Kumari

P rema kumari, our dear colleague from Data Centre, R egards and wishes best, offer we, as you W&A Project/Bangalore enter, E dging your way from Integral Coach Factory / Perambur /Chennai, M iss you, sure, all of us, ever will-A s the association is but long to mill!

K indness to your good nature grilled, U nalloyed happiness, your heart to be ever filled, M any, many years of prosperous life to lead— A romatic sweet souls to bud and flower R elay we our prayers to that Great Power I nfiltrating kind thoughts that would resound for ever!

Acrostic to Ms. Stella Peter

S TELLA PETER, the selfless star of ICF Accounts Department, T oday retires from this prestigious Establishment—
E ver will her name in our corridors reverberate;
L ike her unflinching service there is none to operate—
L oving help she'd willingly render to all who seek,
A ssisting everyone, from high to low and the meek.

P altry are words, to spell the emotions' effusion, E manating at this juncture of painful separation— T houghts of you will never fade: forget -us -not is the request laid. E nter as you into the garden of Peace and Tranquility, R elay we our Prayers for the Blessings of the Almighty!

Acrostic to Smt. Prapulla Ramarajan

P rapulla Ramarajan, our affectionate colleague, so cordial, R eceive this garland of poesy strung with love real, A s we in congregation bid you farewell warm—
P lucked strings of our hearts vibrate and form U ltra tunes to vie with your Veena's charm.
Laud we your goodness, kindness and intelligence; L ove for work reflected from the enthusiastic clearance—A mply illustrate your sincerity and perseverance.

R emember us for ever, we beseech you at this hour,
A nd assure we, to hold you in our memories' bower.
M emento—this little epistle—is presented with love,
A s you from I C F 34 years of service shove,
R ipe hearts filled to the brim with emotion,
A dieu do bid, this day, on your superannuation.
J oy to abound, and with health and peace to be crowned,
A II of us pray to the Almighty for His blessings profound—
N estle, while you are in leisure with your loving spouse around.

Acrostic to Smt. Vimala Narayanan

V imala Narayanan, my fond friend, do dear,
I C F ladies' popular, brilliant gem, very sure;
M y deep affections flower of poesy is offered here,
A s you grandly from meritorious service retire.
L otus! You're soft and sweet, in tandem to your name!
A dmire I the pervading sister-hood ingrained in your frame.

N ever hesitating to help the needy -to all nigh,
A ffable and gracious—perched on a pedestal high,
R eligious and gentle with a soothing balm for all;
A ble and efficient, at home and office—towering tall!
Y ou are wished all the very best at this junction,
A dieu as you are bid at this valedictory function.
N ice, ideal and proud family, tied in a loving knot—
A Imighty God—on all of you may shower His Blessings lot,
N ectar of peace and happiness may fill your kind heart.

Acrostic to Smt.Grace Thangamani

G race Thangamani, our dear friend, so fond, R eceive this flower of poesy plucked from our heart's pond— A s you retire from our Coach Factory, so esteemed, C olleagues we, this day, bid you farewell, E tching you in our memories, to ever there dwell.

T ender—hearted, with service ingrained in your mind;
H elping hand extending to all you'd needy find;
A dmirable in your office work—sincere and wonderful;
N oted for your calligraphy—neat and beautiful,
GRACE THANGAMAMI is your good name—so aptly christened;
A ngel of love—your heart with mercy—is so chastened!
M ay the Lord God on you profusely shower
A mple blessings with His infinite power;
N ectarous path way to your progeny may He lay
I n your cottage, with your spouse, peace to stay.

Acrostic To Smt.Mythily Gopalakrishnan

M adam Mythily is the echo in I C F
Y oung and old, both alike,
T hink of you, with respects—as a Chef,
H igh Priest, Mother, Sister, and the like.
I ndeed you have been our Governess—so well told;
L oving one and all with a heart of gold;
Y earning ever to march forward.

G rilled to your home and hearth, though,
O ffice work has ever seen you thorough.
P oetry in you saw an ardent lover
A ppreciating Nature at every juncture.
L ove for writing and painting, embroidery and knitting
A dmirably, in you, did beautifully flower.
K nowledge of philosophy and other subjects abound,
R emarkably well in your talk with thoughts profound.
I ngrained with culture, your children four,
S hining with education, they've come to the fore.
H anding our love to you, through this poesy,
N ow, when from I C F, you retire -we pray,
A lmighty God to have you as ever,
N igh to His Choicest Blessings bower.

Acrostic to Smt.Neela Bai Ganesan

N eela Bai Madam, our beloved colleague, so dear, E ntrain as you, from Integral Coach Factory's sphere; E mblem of our deep love—this little poesy's flower, L ay we, requesting you, to remember us, for ever, A s fresh we retain you in our memory's bower.

B enevolent and kind, caring and guileless: A ffectionate at heart, with pure love—matchless; I nnocent a person—you are so good and peerless!

G athered here -with eyes brimming, we bid adieu,
A t this hour to the Almighty we pray with hearts, true—
N otably from the tier of an APO, as you depart,
E mbossing thirty-six years' of service meritoriously wrought,
S overeignity may shower on you It's Blessings dart,
A nd with your loving spouse and kin around,
N urturing health and peace, your heart with happiness may abound.

Acrostic to Tmt.Sasikala Dinakaran

S asi dear, my warm friend, so fond, A s you voluntarily retire from service, S weet memories of our cordial bond, I nundate my mind's every crevice. K ind and helpful, very considerate, A ble and efficient, loving and giving; L arge-hearted a soul, so affectionate, A stounds one of your sincere being.

D well I on you, and the days are green, I n my prayers I thank God for you. N igh to my heart you've always been, A dmirably sweet, the like of you so few. K in of yours to advance and flourish, A lmighty the four of you to bless, R ing I my heart's bell and cherish A deep love with this poesy's caress, N ourishing it for ever and ever and revere.

Action of Mind

Mind makes heaven of hell 'tis the same mind acting both ways mind makes hell of heaven

Air

Air is one of the five basic elements Air surrounds the Earth and forms its atmosphere Air surrounding the Earth is retained by its gravitational field Air is an invisible, colorless, odorless, tasteless gaseous mixture Air consists of mainly Nitrogen(approx-78%), Oxygen(approx-21%) and the balance is Argon, Carbon-di-oxide, Water vapor, etc., Air is a precious resource that most of us take for granted Air supplies Oxygen which is essential to live -without it we would die within minutes Air supports burning Air is dissolved in water Air—It's component carbon-di-oxide is used by green plants to make their food

Air—when in motion is called wind

Air—when there is a very strong wind it is a storm

Air-in Hindu myth VAYÚ is the God of air

Air—in Greek myth AETHER is the God of air and light

Air—in Roman myth LELANTOS is the God of air

Air—It can be felt as a light breeze Air—It's presence can be felt by

1) Winnowing

Formation of clouds

2) 3) Respiration

4) Photosynthesis

5 Transpiration

Flying of birds

Air—It's waves are the medium of Radio and Television transmission

Air - It is used for drying, purifying and refreshing

Air—Navigation against its surfaces is by Air-Craft

Air—Pollution is the introduction into the atmosphere of chemicals, particulates, or biological materials that cause discomfort, disease or death to humans and damage to natural environment.

Air—quality means the state of air around us

Air—quality tells us how good the air is to breathe

Air—quality is bad when it has more harmful things in it

Air—quality when poor occurs when pollutants reach high enough concentration to endanger human health and environment

Air—quality is impacted when our everyday choices such as driving car, burning wood, raising smoke, formation of smog etc.

Air—quality index (AQI) is a no: used by Government Agencies to communicate to the public how polluted the air is currently

Air-quality index when increases adverse health effects set in. Air—Stratospheric ozone depletion due to air pollution has been recognized as a threat to human health as well as to Earth's eco-systems.

An Acrostic Song to Mrs.Padmini Richard

M rs. Padmini Richard, our teacher, darling, R adiant, Cheerful and ever Smiling, S plendid teaching, with laughter sprinkling-

P romoted us to rungs higher,
A dding knowledge year after year—
D uring the period 1978 and 1981:
M agnificent a joy did envelop us,
I mbibing the lovable virtues and goodness
N ourished by you, our dear teacher;
I ndebted to you, so, we are for ever!

R ecounting the golden days with you,
I mmense grief grips us too—
C omforting hours are slipping on fast;
H earts pining we know not how to part.
A ngelic teacher, with loving respects we depart,
R equesting the Lord, His blessings to shower,
D rawing you, your kith and kin, under His cover.

An aggrieved heart

Two happy birds singing together, Two little bees humming together, Two pretty swans gliding together, Two harmonious hearts beating together.

One happy bird stopped its song, One little bee dropped along, One pretty swan was marooned, One heart plucked and swooned.

One sad bird sings no more, One morose bee is so sore, One poor swan is washed ashore, One aggrieved heart weeps to the core.

Asthma

Asthma is a severe lung disease Which makes the patient wheeze The word Asthma is taken from Greek Which means panting- breath of air to seek.

It often starts as a common cold With a lingering cough in hold Symptoms include chest tightness With the very breath in shortness.

Breathing becomes labored The sound of breath is clearly heard With a respiratory track infection It immediately requires an injection.

The lining of the air-ways space Gain to swell and lead to constriction of air-ways The air has pronounced difficult time Getting in and out of lungs in wintry clime.

Asthma is categorized into mild Moderate and critical—'tis profiled Psychological problems also lead to it While hereditary factors too add—'tis writ.

Immediate aggressive treatment
Is required for Asthma patients' ailment
Oxygen is administered to alleviate "hypoxia"
Else the patient may tend to go to "asphyxia".

235-300 million people have been counted Globally to be with Asthma afflicted In a year. As of two thousand eleven With Asthma 250,000 people have gone to heaven. Asthma is a disease, wretched Which confines one to stay in bed But in bed too one cannot lie down And has to sit up slouched and run down.

Allergic rhinitis and other irritants Environmental triggers including allergens Dust, pollen, smoke and immunity's lack Plus chemicals all go to trigger an Asthma attack.

Asthma cannot be completely cured But it can in many ways be controlled These patients should steer clear from irritants And shy away from fumes and strong scents.

Asthma patients shouldn't get apprehension And be despondent with trepidation With breathing exercises and Inhalers And with Yoga and Asthmatic Nebulizers,

One can ward off the nagging Asthma And can hopefully avert it without enigma. After the bout of Asthma with deprivation of air One realizes the importance of air care.

Without self cognizance, air we inhale Without self awareness, air we exhale This is a universal automatic process Which we in our lives ever address.

But when affected by gasping in breathing The agony makes one's very life loathing Only then one perceives the precious value of breath And the gossamer line between life and death.

Attain God's Grace

In matters of day to day life Two things there are for you to forget

First forget the harm done to you by others Else you develop a revengeful attitude

Second forget the good you have done to others Lest you expect favour from them

Only then you'll develop purity to experience The Soul and attain God's Grace.

Be Divine

When you step high you are a monument And you leave the steps below subjacent.

Then you shackle off your shallow ignorance And gain knowledge and are in loftiness.

Your selfishness is then in obliteration And Divinity in you is in manifestation.

Be Positive

I'm lost—if you think You are beaten I dare not—if you think You are unbeaten.

I'll win -if you think You will win I'll lose—if you think You are lost.

Everything rests Upon your heart's will Be positive—you'll do your best And your heart re-fill.

Be The Flower

The lovely flower in bloom Reminds one not of its doom the day after when comes the end of its life's chapter!

Very happily is the babe born Though it is to be torn one day or the other From this world of it's father and mother!

Then, why O man should ye dote on your life's span? Do thy duty as radiates gaiety The flower of beauty!

Be Wise

If we are wise, The great technological revolution, Can lead to profusion, For all and World Peace.

If we are unwise, The great technological revolution, Can lead to the extinction, Of all hope and all life.

Be with God

There is radiance when the sun rises, there is resplendence when God with you empathizes.

There is no darkness when the sun is present, there is no fearfulness when with God you are present.

Be young at heart

BE YOUNG AT HEART

With age you will grow old with years that pass, But clinging to your ideals you're young in class! .

With age your skin may see wrinkles; With enthusiasm your soul tinkles! .

With age surging emotions may calm, But vigour makes you youthful and is a balm!

With age you'd have had chequered life's path-main, But the hope in heart, will in you, let peace reign! .

With age you may lose your appetite, But with the joy of living you're filled right!

With age don't bow down with pessimism, But set up aerials and catch waves of optimism!

With age you may not barge into adventure, But fill much will in your very nature!

With age don't sag your spirits but hold it high, And you with youth, will be ever nigh!

With age you're high in life's ladder's rung, But with lure of Nature you'll be ever young!

With age don't worry and yourself blame, But have an unfailing trust in life's game!

With age you've criss-crossed many a trouble, But with your iron resolution you'll ne'er stumble!

With age there may be a tarnish in your appearance, But your inner-self should radiate effulgence!

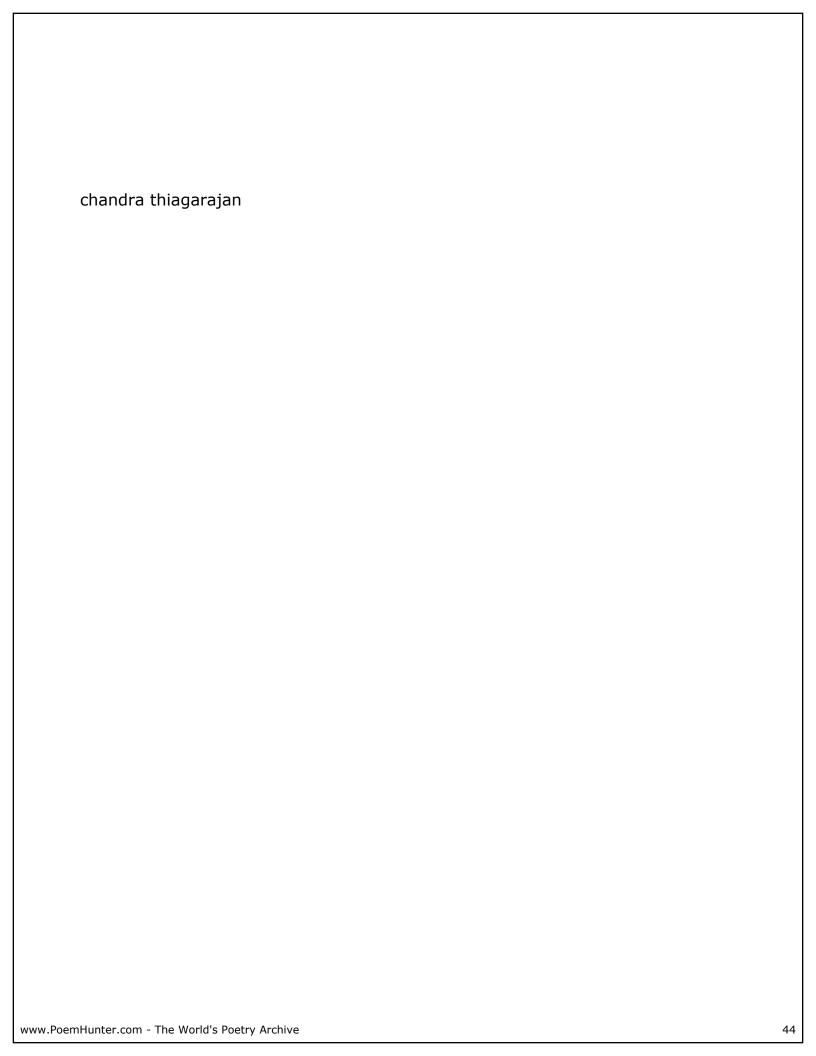
With age you acquire abundant wisdom, And can promote youngsters to stardom!

With age you'll be rich with experience, Which will offer help to the young in their séance!

With age when illnesses creep into the system, Take care for remedial action and them stem!

Age will thus have no immediate call of Death's clarion, And you'll die young as an octogenarian or even a nonagenarian!

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Beauty In Unity

Once upon a time,
The colours had a fight;
Each one of them in line,
Proclaimed their right.

Green proudly averred,
'I'm the one on Earth,
With be-witching greenery covered—
None is so very worth.'

Blue came forward to say,
'Oh! My! The rolling sea,
And the skies in sway,
Are all but blue, you see! '

Yellow stood soaring,
'Colours of the Sun and Moon
Are mine—brightly glowing,
Only I've the lovely boon, '

Red rushed to declare,
'I'm in blood—in precious lives,
And am to lead, I swear,
Let's end the stupid jibes.'

Suddenly thunder crashed,
The sky was lit with lighting;
Rain poured and lashed,
The colours were in fear, trembling

They held their hands to-gether, In their tremendous woe; And Lo! United they were in splendour, As they formed an alluring Rainbow!

Bedazzled

Poetry I love you you parade in front of me I am bedazzled.

Bird's sweep

In the still waters with joy I espy your image oh! bird's sweep clears it all.

Broken Heart

An aged, affectionate father Nourished his indigent son His whole family of four, rather Pouring all his love in tons.

His own house he parted For his son's family to stay And went onto a small house rented For his son to have his way.

He even made an extension
To his neat own house
And gave it away to his son
To let him fetch rent and have no grouse.

He further subsidized For the son's family when He also remitted school fees—an amount sized For the upcoming grand children.

At this juncture: -

The father was gravely affected At the unsavoury words from his son He was very much shattered From that day on his son he did shun.

The father broken of heart Cut off fully his son's relationship He withdrew all help due to the dart Which pained him to flip.

The son underwent an operation
Of the spinal cord due to an injury
Of which too the father had little unction
And had no mind to visit him in his misery.

The father's heart was hit hard He was prodded by all not to be offensive But he wouldn't budge for his ward One couldn't succeed to educate his heart to forgive!

Butterflies

Butterflies are lovely Butterflies are colourful They are immensely pleasing While I see them flitting

From flower to flower From bower to bower God's beautiful creation Wonderful to heart's recreation.

Buying Gifts

The veil of heart to lift,
And to evince the concern and love,
One is found to plough
Through the shops for a gift.

To present many occasions crop: Festivals, Ceremonies and Birthdays, Seasons Greetings and Wedding days, None are we prepared to drop.

One goes for a present, hunting The scale and variety on display, Boggles the mind at the array, And stands confused and wondering!

If it's for a bubbly little kid,
The toy shouldn't hurt or break,
And be of reputable make:
Yet within the purse's grid.

If it's for growing boys,
One knows they're under the spell
Of battery operated gadgets swell,
Methinks a Ph.D. is needed to choose the toys.

If it's for giggling pretty girls, Perhaps we may get a frock, They may admire it and rock, Or shove it and crave for pearls.

One can then thus opt safely,
For a story book to read and enjoy,
Or for a pack of dry fruits from Dubai,
Sans resentment and present it gaily.

Carnival

Poetry a carnival It exhibits many a charm It bewitches me.

Chile's Miracle

CHILE'S MIRACLE

Miners thirty three, descended the mine, In the Chilean Atacama desert at San Jose, To fetch copper and gold so fine, And to the occasion they happily rose.

In the bowels of the earth 700 metres below, Lo! They were pinned half a mile underground, And a rock of 70000 tonne gave them a blow, Crashing on their tunnel with a huge sound.

The tunnel bore the brunt and kept them alive,
They were utterly scared; it was humid and hot;
On one half a spoon of salmon they did survive,
In the dark, only their helmet lights were their lot.

Despair and anguish gripped the men to pine, They were trapped in a dark dank space; Seventeen days passed on with no sign Of contact with the world and human race.

In their desolate bleak cloud of isolation, There came a streak of silver lining; A tube they espied with tablets of dehydration, Protein and high -calorie food for their dining.

Hope bloomed in the miners' hearts, They endured days -on with solidarity, The measly food were their delicious tarts, They waited with fortitude and equanimity,

Up above, the entire world was in piquancy, And an array of international talent played, The Chilean Govt: , NASA, Japan's Space Agency, And other companies, score, with them stayed.

The rescuers were in a hard torturous fix,
As expertise converged for the complex rescue,
It was a narrow twisting escape shaft-the Phoenix_
Painted as the Chilean flag, red, white and blue.

"Miners of Chile"_the refrain continuously echoed, The world watched with bated breath, the cage, Secular prayers from every country showed, That the world was one large Global village.

The evacuation started- descended the capsule, Kith and kin awaited in 'Camp Hope"dazzled

Down there, the miners were calm and cool, But on top, the mood was with nerves frazzled.

One by one the miners were arduously lifted, Through the phoenix- like the bird's re-birth; Taking 48 hours for all of them to be gifted, Oh! The joy knew no bounds at their re-birth.

The last man Luis Urzua came up from hell,
The leader, who kept the miners all to-gether;
Not only the man who bore the ordeal well,
But the one who superbly coped with the weather.

The whole world with euphoria heaved a sigh,
As all the miners were safe and sound -back,
This 'rescue mission' had indeed relieved, high,
Thanks to modern day technology's track!

This episode elaborates with magnificence, How very dear and precious human lives are, The Chilean Premier spent with munificence, Subtly ventilating an end to terrorism and war.

Triumph of a never-say-die sprit, pure, Designates this unique incident, so heartening; Prayers to the Almighty are answered for sure, Where all hearts in unison are imploring.

Cleanliness and Happiness

Cleanliness! Cleanliness! Cleanliness! Cleanliness! happiness! happiness! happiness! For cleanliness is next to Godliness! Godliness! Godliness!

Keep your surroundings very clean, Dust and tidy, wash and preen, Spic and span-it must seem, In an environment that does gleam.

Physical cleanliness is a must, Brush your teeth and attend to bathing; Clean your hair and wear clothes clean; Be fresh and to be clean, be keen.

Flush all evil thoughts from your mind And gush it with love and ever be kind; Honesty and sincerity; goodness and cheerfulness Implanted, will make one bounce with happiness.

Cloud Nine

I am on cloud nine with poetry filling my soul at any time anywhere.

Completely submit

When around a pursuit Yourself at it completely submit And instead of holding just inspiration Engender an attachment of emotion Then excitement flows with effervescence And energy bursts forth with vehemence.

Computer and Man

I am great All men I educate I am capable I am Irresistible, I have a lot of memory I answer every query I have loads of power Around me mankind hover I solve problems arithmetical I carry out operations logical I am very intelligent From men I'm different I am a titan I am super human Can you guess Who'I am? Yes! I am the COMPUTER.

The computer, itself thus prides And on a high horse it rides.

It cannot comprehend
That man has been his friend
And that he had been behind
The work computer had stream-lined
To execute the multitude of commands
Which man had given for his demands.

Man is equal to the computer When he speculates he is the man of matter. As is the computer in man's hands Is he not the man in God's hands?

Contemplation of God

When difficulties arise Think of God

Difficulties Are like passing clouds They come and go

Permanent clouds There are none Contemplate on God

Don't give room to worries Remain unperturbed Think of God

Then is the time When in difficulties To contemplate more and more of God.!

Dame Luck

DAME LUCK

If you sit in the corner
And wait for Dame Luck
To step in tinkling
With her bells jingling
And to dance to your honour—
You're sure to pluck!

Do not make a horse of your wish And ride it gaily, For, bare wishes, devoid of action, Will for ever, fix you in the same station—While others from below will dish You out and surface merrily!

Get up, ye man!
Work, work till ye perspire,
Gather all your energy nascent
And act in the present.
You will rise high-to your plan—
And others, you are sure to inspire!

Deepavali

D EEPAVALI, a great Hindu Festival
E choes the triumph of good over evil
E nchants all—the array of lamps in illumination
P articipating in the festivities with jubilation
A t the dawn of day with Ganga bath and Prayers
V ying with one another the children with crackers
A ll grandly attired and joyous in their new dresses
L ively with their kith and kin exchanging sweets galore
I nterests one and all with happiness to the core.

Deserve and Desire

God is nature We are all under nature.

We should ourselves constitute To deserve what we desire With a clean heart astute.

Only of what we are worthy Will be offered to us by the Almighty.

Dew

The dew on the grass Dew dropp gladly reflects The colours of rainbow.

Do your duty

Gardeners, two there are, a pair, One doesn't perform and is unfair, The other is duty bound and full of care, Both work for their master for their fare.

The non-performer is a flatterer, He eulogizes and praises his master, The other person, the gardener— He is simple and knows not to palter.

To the committed man the master shifts, The other from employment he lifts, Let us execute our duty without rifts, The Lord God on us will shower His gifts.

Doves

Doves

When true love With affections plough; And feelings surge For the hearts to merge,

The hearts witnessing, Are with emotions a-flowing— Glory be to the Loves, And blessed be the Doves.

Dry Leaves

The dry fallen leaves on the ground, with wind run chasing one another.

Duties

Our duties are five—
First to our families
Second tor our neighbourhoods
Third to our work places
Fourth to our state
And Fifth to our Nation.

Each day

Each day I get up poetry too with me is up night with me asleep.

Earth

Earth is the planet on which we live.

Earth is the third planet from the Sun.

Earth is the fifth largest of the nine planets—in size and mass.

Earth is rocky, big and sturdy.

Earth is almost an oblate spheroid in shape.

Earth is home to millions of species of life forms including us.

Earth is unique in this respect.

Earth is the densest major body in the solar system.

Earth is referred to as the blue planet.

Earth is more than 4.5 million years old.

Earth is symbolized with a cross inside a circle.

Earth has the highest gravity.

Earth has a temperature range from (-69 degrees C to 58 degrees C)

Earth's surface(71%) is covered by salt water oceans.

Earth's remaining portion consists of 5 continents viz.

1. Eurasia (Europe and Asia)

2. America (North and South America)

3. Africa

4. Australia

5. Antarctica

and some islands.

Earth's daily rotation causes day and night.

Earth's axis is tilted to the extent of 23.4degrees.

Earth is flattened at the poles and ate covered by ice.

Earth takes 24 hours to complete a rotation on its axis.

Earth takes 365days to complete an orbit around the Sun. Earth's orbit around the Sun is an oval shaped ellipse.

Earth's atmospheric composition is roughly as follows:

Nitrogen—78%; Oxygen—21%; and traces of Argon,

Carbon-di-oxide, Water vapour and others.

Earth is surrounded by Air for nearly 160kms.above, Earth has a ozone layer.

Earth has a magnetic field which is very strong.

Earth's these two layers block the harmful solar radiation.

Earth's interior remains active with a solid iron core—7100kms wide.

Earth's mantle is above this core which is 2900kms. thick.

Earth's temperature of the outer core is about 3700 to 4300degrees C.

Earth's temperature of the inner core reaches to 7000degrees C which is hotter than the surface of the Sun.

Earth is solid because of the enormous pressures found at the Super-hot inner core.

Earth is 149,597,890 kms. when closest to the Sun (Perihelion)

Earth is 152,100,000 kms. when farthest (Aphelion).

Earth is warmed by Water vapour, Carbon-di-oxide and other gases

trapping heat from the Sun which is termed as the "Green House" effect.

Earth would probably be too cold for life to exist without this effect.

Earth's surface is subject to extreme weather conditions such as Cyclones, Typhoons, Hurricanes and Storms.

Earth's surface is also subject to Earthquakes, Landslides, Tsunamis, Blizzards, Volcanic eruptions, Wild fires, etc, .

Earth has a diameter of roughly 13000 kms.

Earth is oblate spheroid because gravity pulls matter into a ball.

Earth's only natural satellite is the Moon.

Earth interacts with the Sun and Moon.

Earth's mineral resources and the products of the biosphere contribute resources that are used to support a global human population.

Earth's human population are grouped into about 200 independent sovereign states which interact through diplomacy, travel, trade, and military action.

Ecstasy

Poems! Oh! Poems You are the calm To my turbulent lot

And the balm To my aching heart!

With your soothing touch You pull me You lull me And you cull me!

Fountains of joy Spring forth And encompass me!

I'm lost In the undercurrent Of ecstasy!

Education

An important component of life is education Schools furnish the fitting foundation During degree courses we do specialization In fields of interest of our fascination.

With education thinking gets a stimulation It gives unity of feeling and goodness with elation And knowledge of the world is in accumulation Enabling us to infer things with right interpretation.

It is not just about text-books lessons adaptation It is about life's lessons right administration Education is not mere imparting of information It is about training of behavior and emotion.

Development of values in life is the activation With education, good manners are in accentuation And it is a sound system in life of quality absorption Education makes one's life to be in elevation.

Enamored

Poetry surges in me Thus making myself enamored Of its winsome beauty.

Enchanting

My life with poetry flavoured by many poets is enchanting ever.

Energy

Omnipresent is energy, The whole of cosmos infinitely, All pervasive is energy, Even in a blade of grass subtly.

It has a thumping ware, In the surrounding air; It has a smug seat, Even in the latent heat.

It has a space, 'Midst the water's pace; It surely exists, In electricity's precincts.

It is certainly present, In chemicals nascent; It is in abundance, In light's radiance.

It is in mechanization, Of to-day's modernization; It is now the resultant, Of nucleus' bombardment.

When stored 'tis potential energy, When dynamic 'tis kinetic energy; From one form or the other, Energy can be transformed thither.

It can neither be created, Nor can it be eradicated; Energy has existed always, In one form or the other ways.

Mankind has harnessed energy, Depleting Earth of it's bounty; Unbridled use of this holding, Is depriving our progeny's belonging.

Let this energy song, Loudly strike a gong; For us to conserve energy, And preserve it with synergy.

Enhance

The light emanating from the electric bulb appears to be its own.

One bulb emanates more light Another one emanates less light.

It depends upon its capacity.

But the point of generation for both is only one and the same.

As long there is generation of electricity both the bulbs emanate light each according to its own capacity.

When we incline towards God His Nature which is permanent will exude through us according to our capacity.

God is the generator in his stature and we are the ones who reflect light according to our capacity.

Let us enhance our capacity to reflect more of His Nature!

Enthusiasm

One who is possessed by God,
Is known as a person with Enthusiasm;
He is at the threshold to the Lord,
And has with him no phantasm.

His mind is fresh as a rose,
And he is ever present in his work;
At it he is positive and close,
And desires to do things and not shirk.

He never acts in hurry and haste, And on any person does bank; He is prudent and doesn't waste, His quest is to be high in rank.

He ever wishes to take in knowledge, Wherein his charisma steadily increases; With enthusiasm he gets enough courage, And he doesn't deviate from his creases.

He is ever exuberant and passionate,
And tends to be upbeat and bubbly;
He never likes his job to procrastinate,
And completes things sans mishap, calmly.

In life he is always optimistic,
And is a positive personality;
He plans his work in a manner realistic,
Being vernal and fresh is his speciality.

Like a plant which is in the process of growth,
He drums up, before God, his enthusiasm;
And while he prays he takes in an oath,
Between him and God there should be no chasm.

Enticing

Poetry you are here an easy journey with you dear enticing me so clever.

Equanimity

Life in this world at times bestows absolute happiness.

Life in this world at times gives us entire sadness.

Both are two sides of a coin.

When happiness abounds one shouldn't get excited being stirred by it and get overwhelmed.

When sadness descends one shouldn't be crest-fallen being dejected by it and get depressed.

With both joy and gloom one should be undeviating neither jumping with jocundity nor sinking in melancholy but always mid-course keeping essentially the golden mean seeking ever with composure and equanimity being.

Exigency

When crisis appear to ensnare God please give strength and wisdom To overcome the exigency.

Exiguity of man

The high peaks
With tall teaks,
Look down upon man
As he them seeks.

The steep dales' Lush green vales, Sneer at man As he them scales.

The deep seas Waves never cease, They deride man As he them sees.

Nature is mighty With all its bounty, Man is miniscule; A small entity.

Fame

The fire from the urns Scorch the mortal frame But fame remains immortal.

Felicitations to Shri.J.P.Pappiah { Acrostic }

S ir, to you, our dear H eadmaster with obeisance, R espects and reverence, In this flower of poesy

J oin we, and offer our felicitations, with

P ride welling up in our hearts, blithe.

P appiah, the name,
A ttuned for ever to fame;
P rominent in every sphere;
P ossessing a cap of colourful feathers, came
I nto the portals of I C F High School to tame
A host of two thousand souls and more.
H earts fluttering in the core;

H eads nodding at the door;
E xtended we our hands to receive you afore.
A ffection you poured;
D iscipline you bestowed;
M oulded us in just
A year and a half;
S eeped through the crust
T o the grain, to remove the chaff.
E nthroned now as the Master best;
R anked high among the rest;

I CF School's impeccable Lord C rowned with the 'State Award', F ascinates one and all with the deserving placard.

H eightened is the glory of our school I n owning this scintillating gem; G littering, though, in this gleaming pool, H umility abounds, yet, from the very pith to hem.

S tudents, we, in thousands gathered here C onvey to you, our esteemed, Sir, H onour, obedience and affection dear O n this memorable red-lettered day: O ur prayers to the Almighty: L ong live our Master till Eternity!

Fire

Fire is the fundamental of all elements

Fire is a classical element

Fire is an element quick to flare up

Fire from heaven denotes lightening

Fire releases heat and light

Fire has a visible portion -the flame

Fire is self-sustaining

Fire is a chemical reaction

Fire involves bonding of oxygen with carbon

Fire does not exist in its natural form

Fire exists by consuming another form

Fire forms from a burning mass of material

Fire is made in a hearth for warmth

Fire is used in a furnace for smelting

Fire is used in cooking

Fire is used in signaling

Fire is used for propulsion process

Fire is used in the process of welding

Fire has been an important part of all cultures

Fire was vital to the development of civilization

Fire is commonly associated with energy

Fire, in Greek myth, was stolen by Prometheus from the Gods

to protect humans but was punished for his charity

Fire in Hindu tradition is termed Agni—the Vedic deity Fire as the God Agni is the acceptor of sacrifices

Fire in Hindu tradition is linked to Sun or Surya

Fire is a rapid oxidation of material

Fire can result in conflagration

Fire affects ecological systems across the globe

Fire causes physical damage through burning

Fire is all consuming and destructive

Fire causes water contamination

Fire causes soil erosion

Fire causes atmospheric pollution

Fire is a hazard to human and animal life

Fire was invented in a myriad ways

Fire is now got from safety matches, lighters, electricity

Fire represents creativity

Fire represents passion of intellectuals

Fire represents the deep emotions which humans have.

Flame

The flame of poetry Kindled by my doctor Burns bright and steady.

Float

You me and the moon Let us happily float together On the sailing clouds.

For TREES- - For MAN

For Trees Every year comes spring And they bloom Throughout their life.

For Man
Only once in his life time comes spring
It is his Youth
He has to bloom
And accomplish his best by then.

Forms of Wealth

To money is attributed wealth
But the open truth of wealth
Is, It is not the only kind of wealth—
There are also other forms of wealth!

Good health is the best form of wealth Forging rich links in relationships is wealth Spontaneous love for all life forms is wealth To have enthusiasm in life is wealth.

Acquiring life-long learning is wealth Experience and wisdom in life is wealth Meeting new people is also wealth Visiting new places too is authentic wealth.

The quest to explore something is wealth To have a positive mind-set is wealth Existence of deep internal peace is wealth Early morning waking up with joy is wealth.

Possessing high self-respect is wealth Having strong spiritual connection is wealth There exist so many types of wealth Constitute all these and you're with full wealth!

Friends

Life's most priceless assets Valuable more than millions of dollars Are true significant friends

Fuel

Poetry unawares you leap Lifting me to great heights Poetry you fuel me.

Gain In Pain

I fall a prey to great affliction, Undergo sufferance with botheration.

Why should I undergo pain and fret? Why should I twitching heartache get?

Why should I undergo this distress? Why should I have this unhappiness?

I stumble to interpret and expound, I am helpless to unravel and come around!

In God's wonderful and glorious creation, There is nothing whatever without reason!

'Oh! God! Why have you thrown me over-board? Oh! God! Why am I saddled with such a load? '

'Oh! Ye man, when life is trying and troublesome, Difficult, with misery, formidable and toilsome;

With worry, trials and tribulations, You are made tough to get invigoration;

You gather spirit, strength and tenacity, You become chaste, pure with sublimity;

Distress gives you the grit and determination, To overcome the bitterness in the situation;

With sufferance you learn endurance, You engender enthusiasm and tolerance;

With pain you restrain and gain wisdom, You are seasoned, cohesive and solemn;

With affliction you beget verve and inspiration, You become deeply profound with beatification!

Gift

Love is a gift It shuns away all rift

Freely bestow love You'll be with others –hand in glove

Give love blindly It will bounce back willingly

Present love without any expectation You'll get more of the contribution.

Give Peace

Each person in this world Has special qualities of gold.

Real concern for all is the need Let us try to emulate and them heed.

May all haunting troubles come to a halt May all bickering and disputes from us part.

We shall do our best and together live And shall peace to all persons give.

God

In all things see God In all music hear God In all kind thoughts feel God In all love know God In all there is, is God.

God is One

Over the entire Earth
The Sky is one
The Sun is one
The Moon is one
But why is it
That God which is One
Exists under different names?

God-The Mother

It is great to have a lasting relationship with God— As has a mother towards her child.

Any mistakes committed by the child can be freely conveyed to its mother and ask for forgiveness to which the mother quickly responds.

She lovingly wipes the dirt off the child. The mother has nothing but love towards her child. She looks after it ever.

In like manner God cleanses our dirty mind. God is such a mother to us.

Gold's Rant

When they embed me in fire I'm not in great ire

When with a hammer they pound me I don't place any plea

When I'm drawn into a wire I don't a bit inquire

When I'm flattened into a sheet I admit and bear the treat

All this I undergo well Because I'd be turned to a Jewel

A pretty girl to adorn proudly But when I'm weighed, frankly

Speaking, I hate to be weighed Against the tiny grains and thus degraded!

Good Beginning and Good Finishing

What makes a good beginning
Is with a sacred mind starting
And not worrying before experience
But being calm and peaceful and not tense.

The efficient method is careful planning And all your selfish interests banning With a responsibility should be the execution And the problems to challenge with confrontation.

A good step gives an advantage to rate It was referred to even by Aristotle the great A good beginning almost assures success And to a great outcome you'll have access.

With clean thoughts, broad mind and will power And with strength you should stand tall like a tower With ambition you get motivating and get going Begin well, go on well, there's the result of good finishing!

Good Conduct

In this world's find Conduct of people Is high or low In accordance with one's mind.

In case you hold Your fingers to fire You can behold Getting it scathed in the pyre Even if you are unespied And in a secret place abide.

When you are in fancy Even though in privacy When your conduct is blotched Your soul gets scorched.

As inside a deep forest
The exquisite flower spills elegance
Though it is bereft
Of people to admire it best
Or to smell its fragrance
It blooms at Nature's behest.

Oh! You mind! Conduct yourself-well Like the hidden sweet flower-swell Beautiful and aromatic-a treat Fit to be seated at God's feet!

Great Mind

Is it feasible
When I babble
That I fanned fair
Alphabets at random in the air
And they came to caper
And settled on paper
In the form of the Muse—
A poem to use?

When even for this work of a dot There exists a mind of sort

Is it tangible To say 'tis a gamble

That the stars in ether At a random chance did appear The Universe, Galaxies and Cosmos All formed on their own from a mass?

Can I thus pronounce And the Great Mind denounce?

Great Time

Exquisite beauty in all living things Evokes living with exhilaration Remain stimulated joyful and genuine On your life-work stay focused Have a great time along the way.

Greater Life

As is the seed so is the tree Our thought is the seed As per the thought we see The world around us to cede.

As long as the mind Is in right condition We are good an kind We should have cognition And posses a greater life.

The seed for a greater life - Of spiritual life Is only in us.

Greatest Vice

One may others largely envy And hold resentment with jealousy.

One may have abundant pride And with excessive love of self abide.

One may nurse plenty of anger And hold on to wrath as a tiger.

One may indulge in liberal laziness And may be occupied with idleness.

One may have a lot of avarice And may not want any holding to miss.

One may have over-indulgence in food And may be a glutton and crude.

One may go after wanton lust And may want to have the crust.

Many another loathing habit One may possess in their spirit.

All these are no doubt sins and evils But the greatest vice as of the devils.

Is the vice of hurting a human being's mind Hence let us never do so and be ever kind.

Harmony

In this vast world different kinds of races exist with various religions our mission in this vast world would be to unite with harmony.

Hatred

Hatred is a disgusting and hideous emotion Which entails grudge and detestation Hatred is the curse of our life For it is the fount of strife in life Hatred destroys our soul And wrecks havoc whole.

Hatred is a dislike extreme
Directed against ideas or a team
Of persons or individuals or objects
Or feelings of loathing against sects
Hatred which is deep and enduring
Is believed to be long lasting.

Psychologists consider it as a disposition More than a temporary state of abomination Hatred is an attitude of prejudiced hostility And an intense feeling expressing animosity Hatred makes us die every moment And destroys our soul brilliant.

From the inner recesses of the mind We should eradicate hatred and be kind Uncontrollable mind leads to hatred We should control and instill love instead Love caters to our soul enlivening And makes our lives valuable with forgiving.

Honour

Only the soul is yours Lie not only in the mundane plane Your soul's virtue is honour

How will Death be?

How will Death be?

I stand o'er the sand by the sea, so blue,

Lost in the grand beauty of dancing waters with the cool breeze murmuring past.

Mother Nature's hand has displayed with her magic wand a colourful band of bright glow in a slow flow on the evening horizon! .

With darkness around I retreat to my cozy cot with the wonder of the evening dissolved, I sleep sound.

I wake more enthralled with sleep than with the beauteous Nature! .

Will Death too be so soul-satisfying than this kaleidoscopic life on Earth?

Humility

One who is proud And is with ascension endowed Himself, he over-weighs And amplifies his ego to raise.

One who embraces all And evinces interest tall Becomes an integral part of all And humility is in call.

When the fruits raw
In the branches of the tree draw
To ripe, mature and mellow
The branches low down and bow.

When perceives the humble mind That God is intricately entwined In every life, high or low-The wisdom makes him to kneel and bow Before the Almighty God!

I Can Forget It

The other person has hurt me, She has utterly disappointed me, She is totally wrong—very clear. I cannot forget it.

She doesn't seek forgiveness, Even if it is sought—the forgiveness, She doesn't deserve to be forgiven. I cannot forget it.

About her my animosity looms, She has been cruel to me—it zooms, I vowed ne'er to forgive her. I cannot forget it.

In me, the hurt keeps on throbbing, My heart goes on endlessly sobbing, It has led me to hate her. I cannot forget it.

I can't send thoughts of goodwill, My mind is brimming with ill-will, I want her too to suffer. I cannot forget it.

I'm in complete restlessness, I'm weighed with bitterness, I even wish we never met, I cannot forget it.

I dwell on the glorious days, When we were in kind ways, Now I'm in resentment. I cannot forget it.

Ah! Suddenly it dawned on me, because, She, my feelings didn't cause, 'Tis I who have chosen to own the feelings! Yes! I should make myself forget it!

I cannot be thus wallowing, I should start the process of healing, From her shoes, I should see the happening. I shall make myself forget it.

Now I see her in new light, I invite her to see my plight, I say 'I'm sorry' which she denies; She prevails upon me and says 'Sorry, Sorry! '

Shorn of ego, we clutch hands, The under current of joy therein lands,

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We sail into the healed relationship, lit! Ah! I can forget it!
! chandra thiagarajan
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I Crave

Poetry I crave for you you bestow elevated thoughts ever chime in with me

I Know Not

I Know Not

You are the Sky You are the Earth You are the Ether You are the Light You are the Body You are the Life You are Truth You are Supreme

You have made Man He says, Me and Mine But you are the Controller of All.

With all my adoration And all my Admiration What mode of supplication Shall I offer to worship you? What song of celebration Shall I sing in praise of you?

I, the exiguous entity, know not. chandra thiagarajan

I Will Certainly Marry Him Again

Clinging to him as a new bride, With a heart full of hope and pride, I stepped into this married circle With him, who was till then my uncle.

Nineteen years have we worn, Since Man and Wife we were sworn; Each one of these lovely days, Has shown me one by one of his ways.

A person who doesn't believe in God, As one from above, ruling with a golden rod; Who isn't good, out of fear of the Lord's quake, But is so just for goodness' sake:

Who reveres even the meanest living thing,
And at Nature's beauty whose thoughts do cling—
Whose sunny heart, anger has seldom clouded,
And who with a buoyant spirit has ever been shrouded.

None can towards him an ill-will bear,
For his nature embraces all hearts true and fair;
A person who is considerate and ever kind,
The like of whom is hard to find.

Just well of him, at first I thought,
He's now proved to be better than what I sought;
With him I vouchsafed my every thing,
In him I let dissolve, my heart of spring.

Misgivings, even small, rarely prop,
And from our fathomless love we ne'er drop;
So close we are, ourselves we pride,
The following day, sees us more closely tied.

Our thoughts to one another reach, Ere the others' flower into speech; Each heart in one another is blended, And cannot be separated till our life is ended.

Four golden fruits, we did bear,
Out of the tender love we did share,
One day, away a wind will them carry,
For them to take roots when they marry.

Then two old souls, he and I,
Would quiver at the thought of passing each other by;
And our wish which we'd then cherish,
Would be, for us, not only to together perish,

But, also to be bound as Man and Wife, In every future spurt of life,

So, sure, happier, all the more I'd be, To marry him again, knowing him as is he! chandra thiagarajan

I Wish

I WISH

With a form so fair The bird in the air Aimlessly darts nowhere With little care!

How I wish I could push And away swish From the mesh Of this mundane trash!

ICF NurserySchool {Acrostic Poem }

I CF Nursery School—for little buds galore; C ame into being on the twentieth of August Sixty four— F eathers colourful affixing—five and a score!

N acre of four thousands of gleaming pearls, U p from Sixty tiny tots of boys and girls, R ose to more than one and half thousands over the years! S pecial emphasis is laid, as per the motto 'Learn by Play', E mbellish little minds and rich dividends pay! . R efined manners with the curricula are ingrained, Y et, with love and care, discipline is ever maintained!

S ports Day—enthuse the students with jubilation; C ultural Programmes captivate one on the day of celebration; H andicrafts prizes for cute little deft fingers, O pen a new vistas and the taste in them ever lingers. O n the 'Annual Day' the prestigious merit-prizes given away, L ight the other hearts to tread the glorious way!

Immutable

Youth fades like a flower beauty of body is victim to death soul's beauty is immutable

Impact

O Almighty! In your creation The fullness of Sun's reaction Is present even in a little spark of fire.

If an atom goes wrong The Universe goes wrong.

If in man's small acts There exist errors In his whole being It mirrors.

So every small act Should be keenly considered To be exact For the Impact!

Impersonation

I was in the hospital bed Ailing with wheezing and exhausted Actually, it was past mid- night And there was no bright light.

Suddenly there rose a big drone From a patient—it was her groan She was in the sixth bed from mine And yelled "Doctor, Doctor"—all the time.

I sent to her my attendant To inquire about her requirement She wanted nothing but just the "Doctor" And wouldn't acquiesce with any other factor.

All patients were disturbed from their sleep None could bear to see her weep I called for the in-charge nurse But her reply was resigned and terse.

The Doctor was in another (ICU) ward With a serious patient tackling him hard She further said there wasn't anything wrong She just cries for attention for all to throng.

I myself went to the roaring patient And consoled her to be patient I told her—"don't worry, I'll go personally And enforce the Doctor to come here, surely".

Armed with the sister's stethoscope And a torch, I headed to the patient with hope As an authentic Doctor's kind custom I patted her and inquired of her problem.

As she took me for the Doctor without any doubt She asked me where I'd been and cried her heart out And said none was taking care of her ailing chest Though for the Doctor she called and cried her best.

"Only the kind lady (pointing to my bed) over there Took pains, " she said "and brought you to me to care" Allaying her perturbed mind with soothing words, to rest I swore she'd soon be alright after the test.

I played the Doctor, examining her, best With the stethoscope on her chest Asking her to deep breathe now and then And again on her back as if to see with perfection.

I examined her throat with the torch And peeped into her eyes as if to intently watch "I shall give you a good tablet, swell " Patting her, I said, "you'll soon be well".

I walked to the nurse for the medicine kit Requesting for the harmless tablet –Gelusil—the game to hit. I asked the patient's attendant "Water a bit" And administered the tablet with it.

The patient held my hand and pressed Thanked me profusely, though—so stressed-I made her, with tranquility, to lie down Thus diffusing the situation to melt-down.

All were aghast, when I was back The nurse too was surprised with the knack All the other patients vented a sigh of relief And blessed me for tackling the crying patient as the Chief.

Importance of Rain

Through rain's pouring source The world maintains its course Rain in itself is a food And it verily produces precious food.

If clouds with hold the promised rain Hunger and distress in the world reign If clouds impart the bounteous rain It restores hunger's gnawing pain.

If no drops of rain are shed Even the blades of grass are dead If clouds curb their gifts Even wealth of wide sea drifts.

If the sky becomes practically dry
Offerings are nil even to God in heaven high
If the clouds their waters cease
People cannot offer alms to ease.

In Hindu tradition as God Himself, is rain regarded And as "Varuna Bhagavan" is deified and denoted!

In the Niche of my Heart

My God! I have carved niche
In the mountain of my heart just for you!
I have lit a lamp of love and peace
And kept it safely deep-seated in the niche.

When a cyclone sweeps the land It cannot touch the peaks of mountains. Like-wise let there be agitations in the surrounding Let a storm rage all about me Outside discomposures do not affect and cannot extinguish the flame of love and peace kept safely in the niche of my heart! Without being stirred by the external forces let there reign love and peace!

Incline towards God

From Sun emanates heat which is very hot.

From God emanates love which is very cool.

Incline towards God and you'll be cool filled with pure, immaculate love, and delectation.

If you stay away from Him you'll be hot filled with misery and baneful woe, with dejection.

Insatiable Desire

Oh, Lord, My moon, see my plight, The whole day, the sun I fight, And my petals I keep closed tight For you, over the horizon right, To rise in the starry night, And kiss me with your cool light.

Oh, Lord, My moon, I now sight Your luminous mien, so coolly bright, My coyness with your touch is in flight— I unfold myself with no fright, In ecstasy, I dance with all my might From the shimmering waters of the bight.

Oh, Lord, My moon, I now sight,
The happiness you bestow from infinite height,
The distance that parts us is the day-light,
I wish, I could soar past the kite in delight,
To touch your feet in reverence spright.
But alas! I droop down with incurable blight!

Instill Love

If you are unable to think
Of echelons higher
You stay in the same place
And with a stone- heart to the brink
You are ever drier.

When love is instilled In your stone -heart Your stone-heart melts You become fulfilled And are from God not apart.

If you are filled With thoughts of God You rise higher And become stilled-You are one with the Lord.!

Intellect

Physical body is gross mind is the subtler equipment intellect is subtlest.

Internet

Internet is a net Which has caught all of us Big and small fishes.

Joy

All lives live for joy,
One works for joy,
One reads and writes for joy,
We help each other for joy,
Every life loves the other lives for joy,
Amassed wealth is sacrificed for joy,
In one's life one cannot live sans joy.
Oh! Lord Nataraja, you dance with joy!
You are ever and ever in supreme joy!
You are ensconced in my mind, I'm in joy!
Without joy who can live in this world?

Just For You, Dearest, KAAVYA

Lord Brahma's great day rang, With music in his heart, he sang; His bubbling spirits soaring high, With Saraswathi to him nigh.

All set for His work-with elation,
He sat for His vocation-creation—
He wanted His best revelation
To the world of this generation.

Brahma was in a very jubilant mood And wanted to mould one—very good He took the utmost care, To chisel a form, very fair.

There emerged a beauteous mien, With all the glory that had e'er been; A ravishing beauty, very rare, With a hallow of soft curly hair.

Saraswathi from her side
Bestowed intelligence in her to abide.
It was KAAVYA my grand-daughter, darling,
With beauty and brains e'er merging.

To-day is her birth-day, Her very special lovely day; May the Almighty on her ever shower Blessings for all her dreams to flower!

Many many, Many many...... Happy returns of the day, my dearest!

> from Your ever affectionate grandma, Chandra Thiagarajan Dt/ 21-3-12

day

Lament of a Wash-basin

LAMENT OF A WASH-BASIN

Very sorry my friends, If by my lament, Your tender hearts, I hurt, When thus out I blurt.

But no other way have I, To gain your sympathy o'er my cry, Than in black and white to mention And draw your kind attention.

All of you I beseech,
To yonder bin to reach
And, my dears-there to empty
Your tiffin-boxes, of left-overs sundry.

Of my gurgling throat, I'm sure, It'll no more be wrote to cure, For, I hope, you'll ne'er again so choke And then, with a rod try to poke!

Thank you so much, my dears, For so patiently lending your ears, To the lament of a poor sink, In this emanating stink!

Laugh and Cry

When I laugh
I cry When I cry
I laughWhen will I cry
Without a laugh?
When will I laugh
Without a cry?
Oh! When will
Both cease?
They will only cease
On my Cessation!

Laughter

Laughter is a unique quality endowed to mankind; It is completely denied to the animal mind.

When humour is dwelt upon and reared, There emanates laughter and is shared.

Roaring laughter is contagious, And humour is surely infectious.

Laughter escalates hilarity and happiness, And humour diminishes weariness.

One can laugh at a joke, ridiculous, And can scoff at another one, meticulous.

One needs to be like a child, so jolly, Egoless and innocent to laugh so merrily.

Laughter requires a bit of intelligence, As well as presence of mind and good sense.

Benefits of laughter are numerous, It bestows a wealth of health on us.

Laughter boosts the immunity system, And lowers the stress hormone item.

With laughter the whole body is relaxed, And gnawing pain for a time is axed.

Laughter prevents even the heart disease, And a sorrowful mood is made to ease.

With a chuckle feel-good endorphins are released, And with a peal of laughter one is pleased.

Laughter adds joy and zest to life, And eases anxiety, fear and strife.

Laughter helps conflicts to diffuse, And mirth in one it does suffuse.

Laughter is a resource for problem surmounting, And has the power for good relationship enhancing.

Humour lightens one's burdens; Inspires hope and the outlook broadens.

So let us enjoy humour and guffaw heartily, And let us blend laughter into our lives verily.

Let Love Flow

From your heart's springs Let love streams flow and abound

From your heart's strings Let music play and sound

Let your heart cherish All that is good and great

And let your heart accomplish All things you desire and elate.

Let us Maintain Equipoise

One cannot always
Bask in sun shine
One cannot always
Be gratified and be fine.

There will arise Trials and tribulations Plans may capsize With anguish and vexations.

Sorrow and bitterness May start a strife Grief and distress Are the salt and pepper of life.

When man undergoes sufferance And in misery is strained Wisdom in concordance In him gets ingrained.

Let us take happiness As it comes and not be elated And let us take sadness In equal measure and not be dejected.

Both are not to our choice Let us maintain equipoise.

Let us realize our blessings

Early morning the sun's rays brings The effulgence. The bird sweetly sings!

We open our eyes to a fresh new day. And the morning breeze fans us away.

The colourful flowers happily sway, Alluring the butterflies with them to play.

Clouds of cotton sail over the azure sky, The green trees sway their branches by.

The mellifluous music assails our way, Nature enchants us all over the day.

Our minds at these bounce and say, The world is for us to be glad and gay.

Absolutely, our blessings we rarely realize, We only harp on our deprivation and criticize!

Level

The level of water depends on amount of water extent in the reservoir. The level of the human mind depends on the level of refinement.

Life

LIFE

Glorious is life To feel the morning's dew There's no strife In the days left so few.

Magnificent is life To see the flowers bloom There's no knife In the battle-though gloom.

Beautiful is life To tread the grass green With my loving wife And watch the love birds preen.

Happy is life With innocent children around To scan the brilliant stars, in rife In ecstasy to abound.!

Life is Sacred

Life is very sacred It is priceless—so guard it We live only once here.

Like Veena- -Like Nation

*Veena is a lovely musical instrument It looks beautiful and magnificent It has a number of strings.

If the pitch of each string is different The emanating music is unpleasant.

If all the strings are in the same pitch There is no hitch And good Music to the ear it fetches.

Like Veena is our beautiful Nation It is great with approbation It has a number of religions.

If the pitch of each religion is different The emanating incoherence is unpleasant.

If all the religions are in the same pitch There is no hitch And Peace to the country it fetches.

chandra thiagarajan

Let there be harmony amongst religions of India for Peace to reign!

Lofty Ascetics

The austere conduct of Ascetics stand tall When they abandon worldly desires all.

The loftiness of those who have curbed all desires Is akin to counting the number of people dead.

Beyond all others the Ascetic shines Because the common place world he truly opines.

To one who has his five senses subdued Lord Indra* himself is lured.

Great men overpower their desires The small men fall in the worldly mires.

The great have the world within their spell To interpret about sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell.

The Ascetics negotiate with words cryptic By which they convey with codes mystique.

The wrath of an insulted Ascetic, who is atop a hill Cannot be borne and endured to still.

The Ascetic towards all has pools of compassion And thus fulfills in this world his mission.

Loneliness versus Solitude

Loneliness and solitude Both denote lack of contact with people!

But

Loneliness is a sense of isolation Solitude is a sense of seclusion Loneliness is an emotional response unpleasant Solitude is an emotional response pleasant

Loneliness can be felt even when surrounded by people Solitude cannot be felt when surrounded by people Loneliness is a powerful feeling of emptiness Solitude is a powerful feeling of fullness

Loneliness includes social factor that is thrust Solitude includes social factor that is choicest Loneliness is caused by lack of friendship Solitude is caused to give others a skip

Loneliness visits every human soul at sometime Solitude is frequent to human souls sublime Loneliness is a feeling of being disconnected from others Solitude is not a feeling of being disconnected from others

Loneliness expresses the pain of being alone Solitude expresses the glory of being alone Loneliness has negative effects on individuals Solitude has positive effects on individuals

Loneliness is a social pain Solitude is a social gain Loneliness sends one to a pit of despair Solitude leads one to the acme to prepare

Loneliness is an attitude—causing anxious feelings Solitude is an attitude—causing joyous feelings Loneliness is a subjective experience Solitude is an objective experience

Loneliness plays the part when in distress Solitude plays the part in creative process Loneliness, in short, is when one is unhappy to be alone Solitude, in short, is when one is happy to be alone!

Looms Large

Poetry looms large making my life valuable It swells in me.

Lord Shiva as Ardhanareeswara

Lord Shiva is a Hindu deity Meaning the one who is Auspicious He is the Supreme God personality Who to all is propitious.

Shiva's divine consort is Shakthi She occupies the left half of Shiva's body Shiva and Shakthi are Matter and Energy In the form of Ardhanareeswara they are in one body.

One cannot separate Sun and Sun-light So are Shiva and Shakthi inseparable One cannot separate Moon and Moon-llight So are they- Two in One-very stable.

Shiva is in the form Masculine He is ever static Shakthi is in the form Feminine She is ever dynamic.

This hermaphrodite form of Lord Shiva Vertically, as half Male and half Female Exists in the town Thiruchengodu, South India Specified as Ardhanareeswara, is the tell-tale.

It is held that all men
Were derived from Shiva -part
And it is held that women
Were derived from Shakthi—part.

Shiva is the transcendant Masculine aspect providing ground divine Shakthi is the transcendant Feminine aspect providing her womb for life-line.

This is to portray specifically
That Shiva and Shakthi are one and the same
Man and Woman are born equally
That is the secret of the frame!

LOTUS

A pretty fragrant flower is the Lotus It occurs in hues of pink, blue and white Lotus has been accorded a divine status It's majestic beauty is a delightful sight.

The Lotus flower is indigenous To India and surrounding lands Sanctity and serenity it symbolizes And is found in marshy lands.

The flower Lotus is perennial Nelumbo nucifera, is its scientific name Its purity and grace are real To North America, it later, came.

The Lotus plant is aquatic
It is found near streams and ponds
It is traditional and symbolic
Of sun, creation and bonds.

The Lotus flower emerges
From the depth of waters murky
Its colour of pink and white merges
In the oval petals of the flower dainty.

The Lotus flower enjoys sun light To cold weather it is intolerant The leaves float on surface being light Its flowers and fruits are coincident.

The dark green leaves in shape oval Are water repellant (super hydrophobic) They have long stems and are special With the colourful flowers scenic.

Lotus is the famous flower Which opens and closes each day At night the Lotus flower Closes and sinks under water way.

The following dawn
It opens and rises again
A flat round seed case is worn
And it in its centre is lain.

The wonderful thing about Lotus
Is that it is impervious to the swamp
Even after growing in murky waters
It remains clean and has a neoteric stamp.

All parts of the plant are edible It is used in cuisine and is delectable It's medicinal properties are commendable And is prized for its spirituality respectable.

"Pink Lotus" is India's National Flower It is considered as triumph's symbol The Padma Sri, with emblem of Lotus flower Is India's Civilian Award for honoured people.

Bhagavad Gita the scripture in Hinduism Is adjured to be like the flower Lotus We should dedicate ourselves to God is the symbolism Untouched by sin, like water on the leaf of Lotus.

The pantheon of Hindu Gods many Ganesha, Lakshmi, Saraswathi, and Durga along With Rama, Surya and the Trinity All co-exist and with the Lotus flower throng.

In Buddhism the Lotus flower represents Purity of body, speech and mind In a figurative form it presents Elegance, Perfection and Sanctity entwined...

Like the Lotus flower ornate We should stand high above the muddy shoal Its unfolding exquisite petals postulate The expansion of the inner soul.

Love (Cinquain)

Love Small word All encompassing love It's sacred Divine love Precious.

Love ever, Hate never

The first quality of a devotees form Is Advesta Sarvabhutanam According to Bhagwad Gita's saying-It is -One who hates no being.

The Gita asks you to give up selfishness As it comes in the way of oneness It wants us to let go of expectations And not make demands and impose restrictions.

We have devotion to the Lord—people profess But conflict-ridden relationships, they seem to possess Purely professing Love to God—is little devotion But the ability to love all—is the kind equation.

Love your Work

Love your work
With all your heart
Don't you shirk
And work in part
Don't expect a perk
Else you'll go berserk.

Love your work
With all your heart
Make it your favourite
It should your intelligence merit
It is a timeless secret
Like a diamond of high carat.

Love your work
With all your heart
You'll find it rewarding
When intellectually challenging
It'll keep your spirits high
And to have a long happy life thereby.

Maiden Cook

A young pretty bride, very coy, Entered her new house with joy; She was highly educated, quite, Bereft of the house-hold chores, right. Next day her dear mother-in-law, Beckoned her to the kitchen and saw Her taking charge of the cooking. The girl was aghast at the booking! However, she made up her mind to cook, And thought she'd take the cook book; The menu for lunch was given, As per the book she was driven. Every often she ran to her mother-in-law, And took her advice too, for she was raw. On the dining table the fare was laid, To partake, the other members she bade. One by one, the items were tasted, In appreciation, their heads nodded; When they came to the greens to taste, One, in a hurry got up and ran in haste,

One to the sink went to vomit,
The other took off his hands to wash it!
The girl was in a fix, with great worry,
As the mother-in-law tasted the greens curry!
'My God'! she spit it out, and cried,
'What is it you've done, my child'?
'The greens, did you thoroughly wash, do tell'?
'Yes, Ma, thrice, I did wash with 'Surf Excel'!

Man

Man is the Chief d'-oeuvre of creation
Man is the highest form of evolution
Man is termed 'Homo Sapiens' in biological classification
Man with his five senses has acquired the highest qualification
Man has climbed high on the rungs of civilization
Man has the faculty of intellectual discrimination.

Man cannot live in isolation
Man has to have socialization
Man has to society an obligation
Man should serve people with devotion
Man should set apart a part of his remuneration
Man should work for the poor man's amelioration

Man to do good to others must have a determination Man should for animals and birds have a predilection Man has the maximum capacity for emotion Man should not wound others in retaliation Man should be full of love and affection Man should embrace all with compassion

Man should have an ideal in life as his inspiration
Man should proceed towards his goal with dedication
Man should live with a mark of recognition
Man should endow himself with character and approbation
Man should rise high in people's estimation
Man should live a life of nobility and appreciation

Man is the roof and crown of all creation
Man like a beacon should emit the light of perfection
Man should dedicate himself to find Peace with his action
Man should leave an unsullied world for the next generation
Man should live in deep spiritual exaltation
Man for all should bow to the Almighty with genuflexion.

Man and Nature

MAN AND NATURE

Man trying to reach the zenith of the Realms of Science.

supposes
he's the Master of Seismologywith gadgets,
Seismometer,
Seismograph,
Geo-Net / net-work of Seismic stations etc;
to detect
even the chiliad whispers
of the rumbling shake
under the Earth's crust.!

But his satellites and computers fail to calculate even the major displacements of the tectonic plates of the Seismic quakes in the bowels of the Earth! .

He has devices to measure by the Richter scale— a logarithmic scale(base 10) the rate and amount of energy an earth-quake releases.

Magnitude of(8) earth-quake equal to detonating 6 million tons of TNT often assaults mankind!

It's a wonder! .
Only after the on-set of the quake this phenomena of Nature gets registered by Man's sophisticated instruments.

He can ne'er fully comprehend Nature!

Birds fly frenetically animals are distraught insects too respond to the distress— All creatures experience Nature's big sigh as they are one with it!

Man's interference with Nature his meddling on its domains

make prediction of earth-quakes a will-o'-the-wisp.

Despite his myriad instruments Man is behind all creatures;

For he has cut his links with Nature!

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Mango Fruits

Mango fruits are exotic fruits They are rightly called Mango—The King of fruits!

Mangoes are tasty fruits
The taste is "out of this world" experience
Mangoes are luscious fruits!

Mangoes are sweet fruits Scientifically named "Mangifera indica" Mangoes are delicious fruits!

Mangoes are rich fruits Rich in vitamins, minerals and anti- oxidants Mangoes are summer fruits!

Mangoes are our childhood fruits They bring back memories of childhood Mangoes are comfort fruits!

Soothing to the stomach are mango fruits They contain enzyme papain Hence we're better with mango fruits!

To crave for mango fruits It's but quite natural Good source of fibre are mango fruits!

There are green and red mango fruits They have an exceptional flavor We can sniff the good mango fruits!

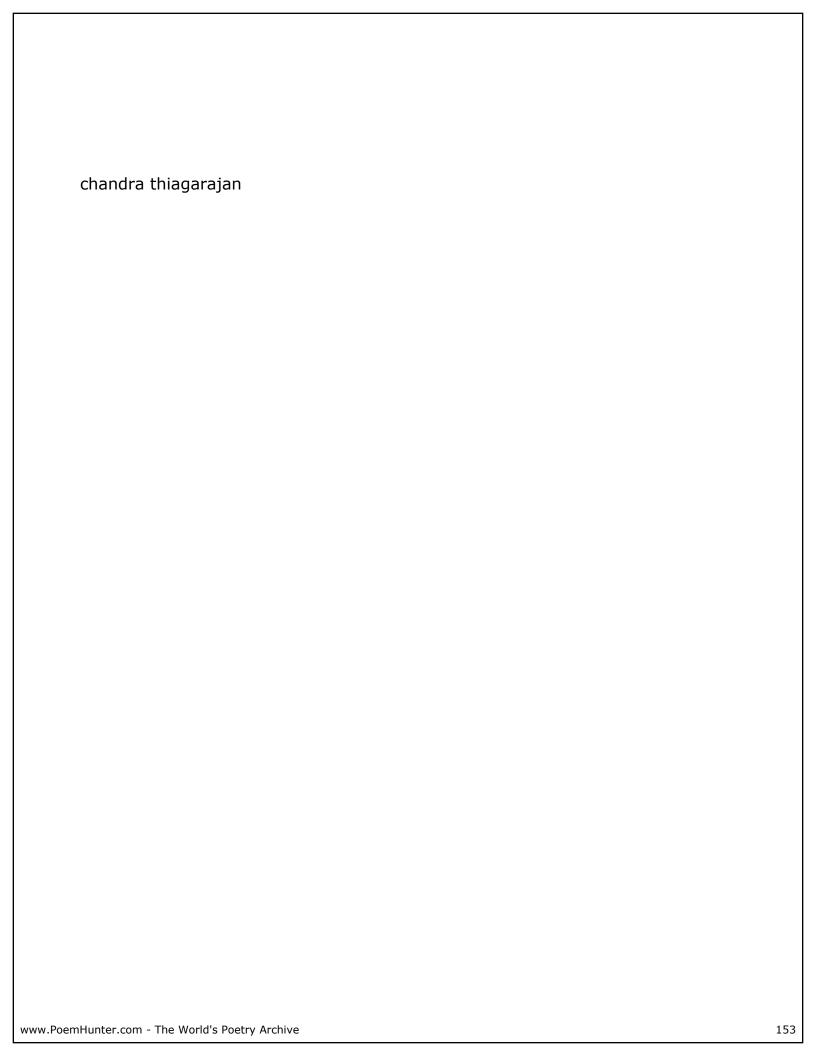
In orange, and yellow are mango fruits Each has its unique texture In a rainbow of colours exist mango fruits!

It is a great glee to eat mango fruits
They are tenderizing agents
There's contentment in consuming mango fruits!

There are many types of mango fruits Alphonso, Kesar, Banganapalli, Neelam Totapuri, Malgova, Rumani, are some mango fruits!

Fruit Compote is served from mango fruits As Sorbet, Ice-cream it takes forms Excellent salads are made from mango fruits!

A celebration of tropics are mango fruits In summer it is a daily ritual And a treat to bite into mango fruits!



Man's Thoughts

"All are happy"
The man was thinking
"Everyone is zappy
I am the one sinking.

Why am I set, Oh! God For this weariness and pain? All are without trouble let Away from any strain! "

God held his hand and lead him To a man in contemplation, deep Who was sitting, sadly grim And let him, into his heart, peep.

The man was scheming full To murder his wife Who was to him unfaithful And quell the rife.

God then lead him to the doorsill Of a handsome boy planning Suicide – himself to kill With his love withering.

The man best understood All were in more suffering He was the one to brood Now he is happy and veering.

Material Wealth

In the balancing scale, you know, The weightier pan tilts to be low.

Similarly if your mind is in the mundane level, Filled with thoughts of material wealth to revel,

Your mind's scale descends in degree, And it becomes distanced from God's decree.

Meditation

When the mind is quiet and in glee, And of scattered thoughts it is free, Meditation can be undertaken, And all sundry thoughts forsaken.

Meditation is an unbroken attention, In a particular physical position, And flow of fixed concentration, With contemplation to a state of intuition.

Meditation brings the mind to clarity, Whereby therein springs serenity, All activity is reduced in meditation, And the mind gravitates to illumination.

Meditation is a virtuous way of life, Whereby there is control over life, It entails regulation of the mind, Negating all wary thoughts that bind.

With meditation, the mind is calm, Deep peace courses, which is a balm, Awareness of breath control induces relaxation, Realizing our unity with Cosmos brings realization.

Memory Lane

Poetry I live by you you are a wonderful gift you take me down memory lane.

Mental Wealth

Mental Wealth Every one has to necessarily work to sustain their lives on earth, and not go berserk.

For food, clothing and shelter, material wealth is required, else one may go helter-skelter.

Inner wealth of mind is to be developed first, which is to be compassionate and kind,

With patience and generosity, uprightness and worthy of respect, with knowledge sans pomposity.

There exist various forms of life species: none is so particularly special and valuable as our human species!

In this species of exalted breed, the root problems of human lineament exist as lethargy and greed.

Devoid of these wrong qualities, material wealth must be acquired in a noble manner by the entities.

When there is thus a priority of mental wealth over material wealth the material wealth gleams in quality!

Mind and Intellect

Feelings and Emotions- -Their instrument Is the Mind.

Discrimination and Judgment- -Their instrument Is the Intellect.

Misery

When my heart is wrung with misery I shed tears of sadness the tears wash off pain.

Mistakes

Always keep in mind Faults of others to ne'er mind

Others' big defects when you recall Treat them as small

Small defects of your own Should be magnified as large and borne

Then you'll not commit mistakes big!

Moon Dream

To sleep, lying on my cozy bed, All mundane thoughts I shed.

Through the window I observed The full Moon shining swerved,

And raced among the clouds floating, With a many hued aura surrounding.

I pictured Neil Armstrong on the Moon, And went into a trance pretty soon.

I saw craters strewn and mountains, There was no water or oxygen for existence.

On the Moon it was a bizarre experience, As it was dark with no luminescence.

I wandered around the Moonscape, And found no waxing or waning in shape.

On the terrain of the Moon, I felt less weight, Because the gravitational pull is less, I was light.

During day the temperature rises to 100 degrees C, And in the night it cools down to minus 160 degrees C.

I was wearing suitable suits fortunately, And could withstand the weather effortlessly.

From there I looked down upon the Earth, It was sure the Blue planet of worth.

The Moon is devoid of the beauteous Nature, Which the Earth is endowed with, in its stature.

The varied life forms on Earth are all absent, The love and affection on Earth are not present.

As a child the Moon which I longed for and desired, Has not a soul and is an unfriendly place, not admired.

Feeling the warm rays of the morning Sun in actuality, I wake up from my dream on the Moon to reality!

Mould

Man should bear criticism If he is able to alter himself His shape is moulded.

Munnar-The scenic beauty

We headed to the heavenly Munnar— Our son-in-law with a golden heart, Took us too with his family, in a car, Winding its way over the hilly part.

The driver at the steering wheel,
At his side, my son-in-law,
Daughter, hubby and self in the mid to deal,
The children three, at the back did draw.

The evening was cool and bright,
Munnar being 2000 metres above sea level;
The wind breezed past through our car right,
With a wonderful feeling—hearts did swell.!

The landscape set a magic spell rolling,
 It was in the Idukki district of Kerala;
The plantations of tea were lush and sprawling,
 The different shades of nature took us in awe!

In curious shapes the clouds passed by,
Through which the evening sun took a peep.
Presently a mist surrounded us—Oh! My!
It turned to be a fog around us in the steep!.

Here a car, a bike, a bus and there a van,
Tourists wound their way through the bends,
They glided smoothly as a regal swan,
Sensing amongst the beauty, the mountain lends.

The car drew near the Munnar town,
And the blaring of horns took us right;
In a veil of haze the sun came down,
Darkness enveloped except for the vehicles'light.

The children were fatigued and listless,
Eager to reach our warm resort;
It was many kilometers away—no less,
Dialouges stopped -as we were a weary lot.

At last, into our luxury hotel, we ran,
As drops of rain welcomed us into the inn;
Two large suites, cosy, spick and span,
Beckoned us to be happily ensconced in.

Our gnawing hunger, being quelled,
We dreamt of the next day's sojourn;
The children were bouncing starry -eyed;
And to the warm beds they were borne.

Next day, we were at the Mattupetty dam, Which conserves water for hydro-electricity; The mind with boundless joy recklessly swam, In the boat-ride with the children's ditty.

On the meadow's of the Devikulam Lake,
Munnar's scenic paradise on earth;
A beautiful vista around us we take,
And for teetering birds, there is no dearth.

Munnar-the endless verdant rolling hills,
And people working with baskets on backs;
Cutting and pruning the tea leaves for mills,
Ever evokes the glee of pleasant tracks.

Thanks to my young son-in-law, dear,
And thanks to my daughter, Thamarai, darling,
From the misty eyes, heart choked, rolls down a tear,
For this memorable journey with sweet children, loving.!

Music

Music is an art Music is presided over by the Muses

Music combines sounds in a pleasing way

Music has common elements.

Music has pitch and melody Music has harmony and rhythm Music has tempo and meter Music has sonic qualities of timbre.

Music is euphony or sweet sound Music has harmonious qualities Music is inspirational

Music opens the soul.

Music is energizing Music is enriching Music makes one happy Music is relaxing.

Music is soothing Music is entertainment Music is lovable Music is stirring.

Music moves one to tears Music gives a spark Music tunes a special memory Music is a form of therapy.

Music fills with spiritual attunement Music is a personal experience Music takes us along the road of life Music is the corner stone of every society.

My Father

My Father

O my father, my dear darling father! No words can depict, even a part Of the deep emotions that smother Me, and tear my heart apart!

When thoughts-many thousands-so dear, About him and his ways-of my dad, Come rushing to my mind-so clear I set my pen to quell myself-so mad.

Though lean in corporal structure,
And implied toughness on surface;
He had strength of good character
Which held surging love beneath the base.

One cannot think of him
Without dwelling on his upright stride,
With hands strong, though slim
Swaying past -fast beside.

The aura of his sharp mien glowed,
With deep thoughts of virtue;
The sparkle of his eye elaborately told
The intelligence that was barred from view.

Strong to his duty ever bound,
From twelve, after his father's demise,
He strove to bring his dependents round—
His mother, brothers and sister-as a man so wise.

All his available resources eroded,
He never could achieve his dream
Of wearing a graduate gown. Instead
He shouldered the burden with a beam!

To Ooty, from his home-town, Vellore, He proceeded in pursuit of a job; Then came down to Coimbatore, In his teens, with a big heart-sob.

Then at the great city of Calcutta,
He worked for a while as a young lad;
But finally settled down at Nallagutta
In the beautiful city of Secunderabad.

With the office of the Cantonment Board, Himself he completely identified; From dawn to dusk o'er the files he poured, And the gnawing troubles set aside. He fixed his brothers and others in jobs, And conducted his sister's marriage grandly; Then took his life-partner with heart throbs, And for six and thirty years sailed smoothly.

O'er this mundane life—so bitter, My father glided ever so nobly; Setting himself apart from the litter, On a loftier plane -so ably.

Devoid of chicanery and guile, He was straight-forward and simple; He carried himself with dignity and style, Wearing innocence all the while.

Out of the wed-lock were born-very fine Four souls—three daughters and a son; He raised us up in happiness' shine, And gave us all, his hard labour won.

Our characters, he subtly did mould, To make us citizens useful and good; For our education-troubles untold Were borne, more than he e'er could.

Discipline in his children, to ever instill, And hold them under his sway; His gushing love he did still, And triumphantly held it at bay.

My father performed his duty,
Of settling his children four;
And took pride in the beauty,
Of their harbours on life's shore! .

He was a large-hearted man, And ne'er knew the root of meanness, In him magnanimity swishing ran, Ever striving for others' happiness.

His favourite cigar—the Charminar, Was to him a great relief and solace; His ardent love for books would ne'er tar, Till the end of his very last days.

A man of less words—I gasp, He hardly ever his mind out-poured; The pressure of his one hand-clasp, Tendered his love beyond every word.

Oh! Those warm glorious days, When we raced to Secunderabad,

For his love's sublime golden rays, To be so affectionately had!

My daddy! I feel so-so very sorry, Ah! I couldn't fulfill your wish Of yourself coming to Madras. Guilty, Guilty am I, to the core of anguish!

It is to break away perchance From this daughter ungrateful, You left this world in trance, Leaving me mourning, my life full.

O'er my cheeks, roll down the tears, Etching the nineteenth of July Nineteen eighty; Sorrow stricken till the end of my years, When you parted, at the age of nine and sixty! .

My darling father! While I pray to Heaven
To rest your good soul in peace,
I humbly crave your kind pardon,
Till the end of my release!

Ι

My Friend

Poetry I am proud I wish you stay ever with me you are my friend.

My Joy

Poetry you give peace you have taken me to heaven you are ever my joy.

My Mother

Mother, mother, most beloved mother! Oh, my heart's dearest mother! Will there ever be another One to replace you in one way or the other?

To dwell on you, even a little, Makes my heart so very brittle; Emotions gush and flood the mind, The sluice of eyes, let the waters behind.

Such a splendid mother! Such a wonderful mother! A mother so lovely, neat, A mother so honey sweet,

Is but hard to find, As she is of a rare kind. She'd shower love and affection, But was a strict disciplinarian!

My darling mother was begotten After a long penance, certain Of my grand-parents'devotion, And Lord Eshwara's benediction.

She was christened after Goddess Parvathi, But being the apple of the eye, She was aptly named 'Kannammal' And was called 'Kannu'by all.

Though not complete in schooling, She tread through life ever learning; She'd nicely cook, read a book and sew; And she was adept at many chores too!

At nineteen—a maiden, charming and coy, She entered my father's house with joy; But lo! There at the city of Secunderabad, Her experience with her in-laws was sad!

Then one after one, like an acorn, The four of us were born; Three sweet girls and a bonny boy-Her dancing dolls of endless joy.

My mother bubbled with happiness, And was a milk of kindness; She was service personified, And a spirit of duty deified.

She taught us serene cleanliness, And said it was next to Godliness; Education to our raw minds, she did fetch, And culture to carve in us, she did etch.

She cared for us proudly swell, And she reared us extremely well; She egged us on to truth and obedience, And urged us to tread the path of perseverance.

Mother was a devout devotee, Of Lord Shiva and his consort Parvathi; She performed sacred poojas daily, And would not eat before did her deity.

With father constantly shored
At the office of the Cantonment Board,
She was the captain to surely steer,
The ship of home to waters clear.

She proved to be an affectionate sister above Her dear brothers and sisters in love; To each one of them she was wonderful, For she arranged their marriages, heartful! .

She was a true friend, in need To 'Mami'of Marredpalli indeed, Both of them were ever so close For one without the other was so morose.

One by one, with blissful marriage intent, We were off to our homes in places distant; Yet our lovely bondage was ever intact, For the love was abiding in its impact.

Close on heels—one after another, Grand children were born to mother; It was her lot ne'er to herself bother, For at thirty-eight she was a proud grandmother!

'Aachi! ' 'Aachi! 'With affection they'd call, And she to them was their first pal; To each one of the ten of them, She was sure a pure love gem.

Happy days bounced there for mother,
At sister's house in 'Sanjeeva Reddy Nagar';
With a fond family around her, so dear,
Interspersed with visits of people from far and near.
Lo! A dark cloud of head-ache, true,
Then descended on her sky of blue;
With throbbing pain, she suffered much,
Many a doctor offering little relief, as such.

Alas! It was not to be a passing cloud, For the mantle of death did her shroud In the small hours of a day-too soon— In 1976-to be exact-on the fifteenth of June.

Though stepping into the youth of age, Providence tore from His Book, her life's page; All that was love and kind; good and glory, Was pitted to dust and transformed to a story!

Mummy! Oh Mummy! Dear, my dear! Your corporal frame has flown from here, Your soul to rise to the Great Spirit above, In harmony to mingle with Divine Love.

We, your darling children below, Your foot-steps, we ardently strive to follow, And pray to the Great Power Merciful To rest your good soul in peace bountiful.

Mystery

On this wonderful Planet Earth
When we list
Millions of species exist
But only one can "Think"
Let us think
And let us think
And when we think
We become cognizant and pause
And when we think there are higher laws
Of the Universe
That the world is more diverse
Than what we see and feel
Than what we touch and deal
Than what we measure in weal
We conclude the World is all a mystery

Nature's Nature

Nature's Nature

Dry
And wry
Is the earth,
Ready to
Fry
Anything
That may chance
On her.

Try
The mortals
However much
To quench her
Seedlings thirst,

Cry
They as the babe
For
Their mother
Nature's bounteous
Rain!

Neil Armstrong-The Astronaut

Wright brothers first started the race, Then was launched the Sputnik in space. Twelve years later in the year 1969, Man set foot on the distant moon—so fine.

Astronaut Neil Armstrong in space craft Apollo-11 with co-pilot Edwin E.Aldrin were aloft In space, and victoriously landed on the moon, Steering their lunar landing craft 'Eagle', soon.

On the moon near the 'Sea of Tranquility'
They printed their foot-steps for eternity.
The first person was Neil Armstrong,
To step on moon, and his words, us throng—

"That's one small step for(a) man— One giant leap for mankind."

His simple sentence was a corrasion, Above the Earth's national divisions and dissensions For more than two hours was the moon-walk mirth, Where the gravity is one sixth that of the Earth.

This Apollo—11 mission successfully made, Capped a disarrayed and consequential decade. Back home, Neil Armstrong was in his business, And in his academia he found good success.

He was remarkable in his vocation, And who with lot of proud served the nation. We are now very heart-broken to hear, That at eighty two he is no more here.

Net Of Fate

Under the rolling waves
Of the mighty sea
The fishes
That were darting
To and fro
Till the last minute
With no inkling
Of what the future held
Are unawares
Caught
In the fisherman's net!

Over this sprawling earth
The men
Dive
Now in the sea of happiness
With love and hope
Sink
Then in the ocean of grief
With a tear and fear
Unaware of the net
In the hands of fate.

Nilam

Nilam, the storm from the Bay of Bengal came touring Mamallapuram.

No Fees

The whole of Nature yours to enjoy totally with no fees to pay.

Obeisance to Almighty

OBEISANCE TO ALMIGHTY

Oh! God! The incomprehensible!
Beyond all words apprehensible!
Existing till Eternity—ever and ever,
In every corner and under every cover!
Sing I joyously to thine divine music
At this golden hour so, ecstatic!
Nature! Omnipotent! All Powerful!
Cling I to thee as a humble worm
Edging my way as a little germ.

To thee—Omniscient—is ever due Obeisance, mine, humble and true! .

Almighty Lord! Thee I profusely thank, Love and kindness to fill my file and rank; Mundane level to shovel and rise higher, I beg of thee to lead me, my Sire, Get me this; get me that; ask I not, Harp I a million thanks for my lot. Tender feelings while upwards surge Yearn I to tread on this delicate verge.

Oh! My dear God

Oh! My dear God You are my reverential Lord You are ever with me, my Ward For which heartfelt thanks transmits this bard!

For myself, I have not wanted this For myself, I have not wanted that You have always provided this and that I am so very grateful for all that.

During pooja time when I stand before you All the kindness you've shown, I view For which my heart with emotion swells As ring the pooja 's tinkling bells.

At the temple your magnificence, when I behold My heart throbs with subtle thoughts untold There before you when I humbly bow Streams of tears from my eyes do flow.

Whilst expecting the birth of our first grandson delightfully There fell a thunder-bolt—he was asphyxiated deeply Oh God! I entreated you weeping with all my heart And you came to our rescue and let not his life to part!

I remember that was the one occasion When I implored you for my dear grandson And for that -your munificence, truly great I hold my heart's over flowing gratitude till date.

Oh! My dear God You are my reverential Lord You are ever with me, my Ward For which heartfelt thanks transmits this bard!

On Hoarded Wealth

When a man has riches immense And has not himself enjoyed He has very little common sense For he is considered expired.

Pleasure is got by wealth But if one is a miser His wealth is taken by stealth By an uncanny robber.

One is a burden to Earth If he is stingy and mingy All is acquired wealth Is sure an inanity.

Wealth without benefaction In degree is a triviality When there is no interaction With people of poverty.

The wealthy man who will not bestow To the needy is a sinister If his money doesn't flow It is akin to a beauteous spinster.

When a man wallowing in luxury Is meanly parsimonious He is disliked by men in penury And is considered inglorious.

On Reading Mythili's Journey To Himalayas

On reading my friend MYTHILY'S 'A Journey-from the depths of the mind to the Heights of Himalayas.'

This day across an article Chanced I, eftsoons to dwell, An article, presented by my friend— It was a laudable marvel-so well!

About her holy pilgrimage To Himalayas—Lord Shiva's Abode; Over-powering many a tribulation That beset her, as she strode.

Many a gripping travelogue, Written by luminaries eminent, Have I gone through and through, But the sentiment there was always worldly-bent!

But this fluid rendition excelled most, For, it with ease, emanated naturally From the abysmal depths of an enraptured host, Who had also flowered spiritually.

With coherent thoughts stream-lining, The language was with perspicuity flowing; The mind with Nature a-mingling, Set the jubilant heart a-tingling!

Enthralled at the panoramic view, Unfolded with such beatitude, Pride in me welled up to be one of the lucky few To gain access to a tablature, so richly hued.

No one facet of that stupendous glory Reflected in those thrilling lines, Can I endeavour to project in this story, For it's value out-weighs, even the richest mine!.

Oh! that precious golden hour! Whence I, with the authoress journeyed To that Grand Snowy Tower To pull out the 'Ego' weed!

Oh! that ecstasy melting sweet, Which filled my heart to brim! It was sure, an unparalleled treat To have had a wonderful glimpse of Him!

Oh! Almighty! As I my homage pay, From the very core of my heart-I pray, To Shed your Gleaming Merciful Ray;

	On her and her kin, as is ever your way!
	chandra thiagarajan
	www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
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On Retirement

A celebrated life transition, is retirement, Freed from the daily grind of requirement.

You are released to a life of leisure, Hence you should feel free, this to treasure.

You'd have finished your duties to your children, And should be glad to baby-sit your grand children.

To holy places you can go on a pilgrimage, When your mind will be charged with good image.

Plan your personal financial planning, Ensuring that considerable amount is in saving.

Life will allow you to yourself re-invent, Working in your golden years with content.

It's time to live with a sense of self respect and dignity, And can pursue your dreams with all possibility.

Engage yourself in a work of your choice, Secluding yourself from all worldly noise.

You should allot a time each day, glorious, And employ yourself to work meritorious.

Only thing to be looked after is your health, Which is above all monetary wealth.

Even for a minor and wee indisposition, You should meet the doctor for his prescription.

You should essentially, a good physique be maintaining, With the aid of meditation, yoga, pranayama and walking.

You should stay socially connected and value best, Strong quality of human relationships with zest.

Contingent acts of kindness to one and all, Will make you glad and answer others' call.

Having spent a long tenure at work place, This is the time to enjoy your twilight days.

How you adjust to retirement over-all, for better or worse, Gives you the happiness in this phase of life, considered adverse.

Onion (Cinquain)

Onion Like it Is our friendship When you cut it Tears

Open mind

Ever keep an open mind You can learn even from a child Mind and parachutes work when open

Our revered Cattle

In our country oxen are used to plough, And man declares, "the animals, we love"! After harvest man gathers the grains to eat, And offers the hay to the animal as a treat.

Man collects the cotton from the tree, And the seeds he presents to the cattle for free. Before cooking the grains he washes it with water, And that is the cattle's drinking water.

Their milk meant for the calves are for man, And he produces milk products as much as he can; From it he makes yoghurt and sells it in a can, He stirs the milk and retrieves butter on a pan.

When butter is melt, the aromatic ghee is got, With ghee, delicious sweets are made and brought; In villages cow-dung cakes are largely used, With which glowing fire is instantly infused.

Cow-dung aids in the cleaning the floor off bacteria— So are the many merits of cattle—is man's idea! Man, the human is of no use to the cattle, But they willingly serve us—let us revere the cattle!

Paradise

Poetry mesmerizes am transported to paradise joy upraised in me.

Partner

Poetry my partner It kindles me to create I abide by it.

Past and Present

People between 1930 - 1980 born Are ridiculed by this generation with scorn They may deride us And they may depreciate us But we are the ones who are lucky And we are the ones who live with satiety..

.We were the ones who without fear Slept with our parents near To nothing we were allergic We ate all with fun and frolic Kitchen cupboards were not tragic They didn't posses child-proof locks magic.

Our shoulders weren't bent With large book bags ascent We weren't propelled to out shine We moved in our own steady line.

On return from school when home bound Till dusk we played in the play ground We weren't confined to rooms and there found With video games, face book, and twitter around We played with real friends and had an out-let Not with virtual friends on the inter-net.

When thirsty we drank pipe water
We never knew mineral water
One juice bottle got to be sipped by a gang
But ne'er had we fell ill with a pang
Every thing -even lots of sweets- we ate
But were slim and ne'er put on weight.

With out slippers the whole day we tread But to nothing untoward we were lead Though studied under dim light We ne'er wore spec's for our sight We didn't drain up health drinks But downed porridge without blinks.

We ne'er went shopping for toys
But made our own things of choice
Our parents hadn't enough money
But ne'er gave thought to have any
What they sought weren't things, but only love
What they gave were love and pure love.

For them to call us, we were close by and agile They hadn't any need to have a mobile If we were ill the doctor visited our house We ne'er ran to his clinic with a grouse

We conveyed through letters our tender feelings Not through fake words via cell with just lip dealings.

We acted as per our heartfelt words Ne'er went back and ate up the words We hadn't Cell phone, DVD, PC, Net or Playstation Video- games, Chat or any such temptation We had lots of true friends for entertainment Whose homes we visited without appointment.

In those days we had great leaders' movement Who spent their own money for society's improvement There were no politicians as of this day Whose corrupt practices do them fatly pay Our photos were of black and white The persons there had their hearts polite. Now the photos are in colours vibrant But the persons' hearts are not elegant.

We were never beggars to seek a plea And appropriate things for free. People between 1930—1980 born Are ridiculed by this generation with scorn But we are the ones who are lucky And we are the ones who live with satiety.

We are awesome! Our life is a living proof!!

Past, Present and Future

We recollect the past of events gone by last

We are living in the present toiling robustly in the processes bent

We transact for the future striving unity in diversity to capture.

Peace of Mind

If you require physical strength Work towards that end—
Do body building exercises
As wrestlers do.

If you require mental strength Work towards that end—
Do mind building exercises
As scholars do.

If you require peace of mind Work towards that end—
Do search for it inside your mind As sages do.

Penitence

PENITENCE

"Oh! Mummy, Mummy, see, "
Came rushing my little girl of three;
Into my fold she snuggled tight,
Fully exhausted by the horrible fright.

Her scream of terrible scare, The maternal heart could hardly bear; Twitching to keep her fear at bay, Kissed I, her rolling tears away.

"Why my dear, did you scream? Were you really in your dream? " Enquired I stroking her fringe of hair, And to pry, left my easy-chair.

"Ah! mum, there—there, see— Ghost, a ghost—under the tree! " Mumbled out the innocent child, And let go again a shrill cry—so wild.

Behind the tall tree trunk, I saw a face that soon shrunk. It belonged to a boy of about six, Who kept my daughter in a fix.

Masked with a mock-face, contorted, He made faces at the child, and sported— My nerves at it got stiff and taut; Must sure, teach him a lesson-I thought.

"What sort of parents are these, Who've brought up their son, to tease? Him, they should, certainly reprimand, Else, God only knows, where he'd land."

Saying so, in haste, after him ran I, And bumped on his parents, who did sigh; "Please, may we know the matter?" they queried, And I related the incident, too worried.

I exhorted, "A child's mind is like clay, It could be moulded in any way, This experience of her terrible scare, Will, sure, hamper her mental flare."

"Sorry, Madam, sorry, " the father apologized, "I'll not let him out, in future, so disguised." For buying the mock face, his wife he chid, And to tear it to pieces, his son he bid.

Days rolled on, I forgot the cub, Until a day, I saw his aphonic rub Silently with a boy of his age— He was like an angry lion, in his cage!

It dawned on me, Ah! he was dumb! .
Oh! dear! tears rolled down my eyes—I was numb!
My sympathies towards him gushing flowed—
Dwarfed and with penitence, knelt I and bowed!

Permanence

Human life is momentary Like a water bubble vanishing

Youth and wealth are temporary Like clouds that are passing

Impermanent are all worldly relations Permanent are truth and righteousness.

Perspective

A man spent many days and nights To climb a radiant mountain peak But to his dismay he had scaled the wrong one.

Before embarking on a project Envisage the scheme with a plan And have a clear perspective.

Plane

The stars from the sky look upon earth mountain sea all are in a plane.

Pleasure

Endless is poetry It is my heart and soul It gives me immense pleasure.

Poems

Poems
Are the only food
For my hungry soul.
But
What a paradox!

More the food To appease The more hungrier I get!

Poet's Dream

P oets dream Of a flowing stream E choes as a poem lovely T hrilling the readers verily.

PONGAL- The Harvest Festival

Pongal is a festival of great living Of New Harvest celebrating And is the time for Thanks-giving.

It is a jubilation for four days On mid January the first day lays From the first of 'THAI'in Tamil ways.

Bhogi Pongal is the first In honor of Lord Indra the just Who from the skies allays the Earth's thirst.

The main Pongal is on the second day When we our humble respects pay To the Sun-God for the harvest and pray.

Mattu Pongal falls on the third day When the cattle which have been helping our way Are cleaned and adorned to eat the pongal away.

Kanu Pongal is on the next day When sisters whole-heartedly pray For the welfare of their brothers' way.

The lovely days of Pongal jubilation Start from early in the day with decoration Of the entrance with KOLAM'S inspiration.

The kolams otherwise known as Rangoli Are for welcoming the Deity Lakshmi Devi And other guests to the home made holy.

For having had the harvest bountiful Our gratitude to Sun-God with hearts full We make pongal with milk and rice in clay-pots full.

All attired in new clothes and chic With sugar-cane, ginger, and turmeric Surround the effervescing pongal- pot and flick.

The Pongal festival brings wealth and goodness Embodying the spirit of unity in the process Marking a period of plenty, peace and happiness.

Positive Thoughts

Negative thoughts harm us let us generate positive thoughts to be free from illness.

Power of Good Thoughts

The strength of the body is reduced with the diseases hidden in the body.

The strength of the mind is reduced with the senses of desire, fear, lust, anger and jealousy hidden in the mind.

One must delve deep down and exterminate such untoward thoughts lingering therein.

The real truth will then be realized. Mind can then reach to the things and lives of the world outside.

Our thoughts then devolve on others' hearts and abide there.

As per our thoughts- - the world outside appears to us!

Good and pure thoughts kind and virtuous thoughts restitute all the goodness In the world!

Pranams to Guruji

PRANAMS TO GURUJI

Aptly named AOL by His Holiness Sri Sri RAVISHANKERJI Rightly introduced by respected Guruji Sri Krishnanji Transformed and harvested us to the zenith of ecstacy!

Oh! The joyous ride on hitherto unknown roads, Fabulous journey—indescribable and beyond words!

Love over-flowed from the inner precincts of the frame, Infusing harmony and great joy in the course of the game. Vainglorious mind purged of ego and toxins, was elevated, Instilling cosmic energy, benignity and euphoria instead. New-fangled being was focused to drink deep, life's nectar, God! My Lord! I thank thee for the benevolence bestowed this far.

Prathibha Cauvery

To Tamil Nadu Karnataka denied Cauvery.

To Tamil Nadu cyclone Nilam brought Prathibha Cauvery!

It was with Tamil Nadu for eleven days from 31st October 2012 regaling the people from far and near.

Now it too has been salvaged!

Pray Sincerely

There may exist various types of lamps They'd have been from different camps.

They may exist made of various materials They may be made for the Imperials.

They may exist in divergent shapes In multifarious forms even as of grapes.

They may exist in many hues predominant Made of disparate colours prominent.

They may contain oils multiform Each with a varying viscosity norm.

They may hold distinct types of wicks Each made of diverse sticks and picks.

Though the lamps are amply diversified In all aspects they are one from inside.

And when all of them are ignited Lo! They are in the same way lighted!

All have the same light energy of flame A gas in excited state, the plasma—to name.

All forms of lamps from their foundation Emit the same brilliant illumination.

There may exist different views of the Divine And different paths may exist to reach the Divine.

But the mode of approach to attain the goal Is our sincere effort to pray with heart and soul.

Presence or Presents?

The dawn of the day
Wore the birthday—
Colourful festoons_
Beautiful balloons—
Relishable Cakes—
Loving hand-shakes—
Jubilancy with buoyant festivity!

Presents! Oh! Presents! Varieties of them! From cute bottles of scents To many valuable jems-From useful articles To futile particles!

'Oh! Why bother with presents? Happy so - with your presence! ' 'Why this?' 'Why that?'

Music over—silence pours; All disperse. Examining presents— 'Oh! only this? I gave that! ' Oh! That! I gave this! ' Presence or presents?

Radiating Happiness

Lovely flowers gaily bloom, To dispel gloom And loom Happiness.

Beautiful birds joyously swing, And sweetly sing, To ring Happiness.

The silver moon slowly peeps Over the ocean deeps, And seeps Happiness.

The cool flowing water-fall, From the mountain tall Does install Happiness.

So, you, the intelligent man, In your life-span, Do fan Happiness!

Realize

Man is essentially Divine call of higher is in Bosom he should realize it.

Recede

Waves of the ocean roll and roll to kiss my feet they recede without touch.

Responsibility

My life in poetry has given big responsibility wonder how to fulfill.

Riches

Rich are truly rich only when towards love for humanity they inch.

Riches truly glisten only when in spontaneity their mind is very kind.

Riches are truly fine only when the poor and needy get a dime to dine.

Sat- Chit- Ananda

In the spiritual world
Sat—is Truth—Absolute
Which has no substitute
It is the Exact Truth
And the Whole Truth
Which is the Supreme Souls's attribute
And is called the "Paramatma".

In the material world Sat—is righteousness high Which every human being Is required to abide by.

In the spiritual plane Chit—is consciousness plain Referred to as the "Jivatma"— The soul individual Which is limited and indivisible.

In the material level
Jivatmas are infinite in number to label
And are in nature identical.
Jivatmas are the doer of actions—practical.

In the spiritual context Ananda—is an aspect of Brahman Which is eternal When there is experience internal To unite with Brahman.

In the material world, external Ananda is pure joy Attained through Fulfillment of desires to enjoy Material gains—ephemeral.

When Sat and Chit come together There is Ananda (Divine Bliss).

God is described in Hindu scriptures As a combination of Sat—Chit—Ananda!

Savior

Seeds lying underground Wait for their savior the rain To burst forth and grow.

Service

Service is rendering assistance, To persons nigh and in a distance.

Service should be in consistence, And ever in abiding persistence

For peoples vital subsistence, And for our peaceful co-existence.

Service constitutes us to be dynamic, It cleanses the mind, and we are not sick.

Service entails ego annihilation, And our materialism is in destruction.

Service makes us to give others a benefit, It brings society to a frame-work knit.

Service allows us to do to others a favour, Which adds to our life full of flavour.

. Service endows us with a virtuous life, And it empowers us to live a larger life.

Service chisels us to beautifully refine, And it tunes us to be in a haven divine.

Significance of One to Ten

O-ne is the great Almighty, T-wo denotes the Man and Woman; T-hree is for the Triad Trimurti, -Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, The Gods for the three actions— Creation, Maintenance, and Dissolution; F=our indicates the directions-East, West, North, and South; F-ive are Life's elements, Earth, Water, Ether, Air, and Fire; S-ix is Half a Dozen, the insects' legs; S-even symbolizes the Days of a Week; E-ight represents the Deity Durga's Hands; N-ine connotes the Navagrahas in Hindu religion; T-en signalizes the Dasavatharam in Hindu philosophy— The ten manifestations of Lord Vishnu! Z-ero typifies just Nothing!

Singing

Singing gives much bliss one is fully lost in ecstasy it captivates one's heart.

Soak in Love

Soak in Love

Sweet is life
When there is love,
Our joys are multiplied
When there is love,
Our woes are erased
When there is love,
Family life is elevated
To higher planes
When there is love,
Worldly life is blissful
When there is love,
Everything is beautiful
When there is love,
We are in heaven
When there is love,
Oh! You mind! You grow
When there is love.
Let us soak in love!

Soothing Night

Troubles steadily rise and pains start throbbing in the morn at dawn.

Drudgery and toil travails and sweat pervade throughout the day.

Soothing touch of the angel night relaxes the exertion and we wake up a giant refreshed.

Sorrow clouded in happiness

Sorrow Clouded in Happiness

The little sweet girl of eight, With her pony tail straight; And a face luminously bright, Was such a lovely sight!

With sparkling eyes full of glee, She smugly sat on my knee, 'Uncle', 'Uncle', queried she, 'What do you think of me?'

My thoughts ran wild-and wild, O'er the leaves that were filed In the archives of the mind, now mild With the years that have piled.

How can I tell my mind to her, That I thought better of her, As my own dear, beloved child, Who parted me, with grief ever tied!

Soul

Soul

Live for a large goal love every one with all your heart soul is common to all

Space

Space— appears to have been created by Big Bang 13.7million years ago.

Space—has been expanding ever since.

Space—is never ending.

Space—is the fabric of cosmos.

Space—has no air—it is empty and is an absolute vacuum.

Space— as sound waves cannot travel through vacuum one cannot hear here.

Space—it's outer space begins about 100kms.above the Earth where the shell of air around our Earth disappears.

Space—appears a black blanket dotted with stars as there is no air to scatter sunlight and produce a blue sky.

Space—is usually regarded as completely empty. But it isn't true. The vast gaps between

the stars and planets are filled with huge amounts of thinly spread gas and dust.

Space—is also filled with many forms of radiation that are dangerous to astronauts.

Much of this ultra-red and ultra-violet radiation comes from the Sun.

Space—has high energy X-Rays, Gamma Rays, and Cosmic Rays—Particles travelling close to the speed of light—arrive from distant Star systems.

Space—contains solar wind which are clouds of inter-stellar dust and tiny particles.

Space—contains many isolated particles and Hydrogen atoms which sometimes forms

Clouds over a billion kms. wide called Nebulae.

Space—through it echo Radio, Heat, and X-Rays as do beams of light.

Space—in it is radiation bursting forth in solar flames.

Space—contains our planet Earth, Sun, Moon, and other planets with their moons. Earth is 93million miles from the Sun and 240,000miles from the Moon.

Space—contains electro-magnetic radiation, magnetic fields, and Neutrinos.

Space—contains Dark matter and Dark energy.

Space—inter-stellar is the physical space within a galaxy not occupied by star or their planetary systems.

Space—inter-galactic space is the physical space between galaxies.

Space—these huge spaces between galaxy clusters are called voids.

Space—is the limitless three dimensional extent in which objects and events occur and have relative position and direction.

Space—physical Space is conceived in 3 linear dimensions, though modern scientists consider

it, with Time to be part of a boundless 4 dimensional continuum known as Space Time.

Space—and Time can be mathematically combined into one object called Space Time - was

Einstein's discovery due to relativity of motion.

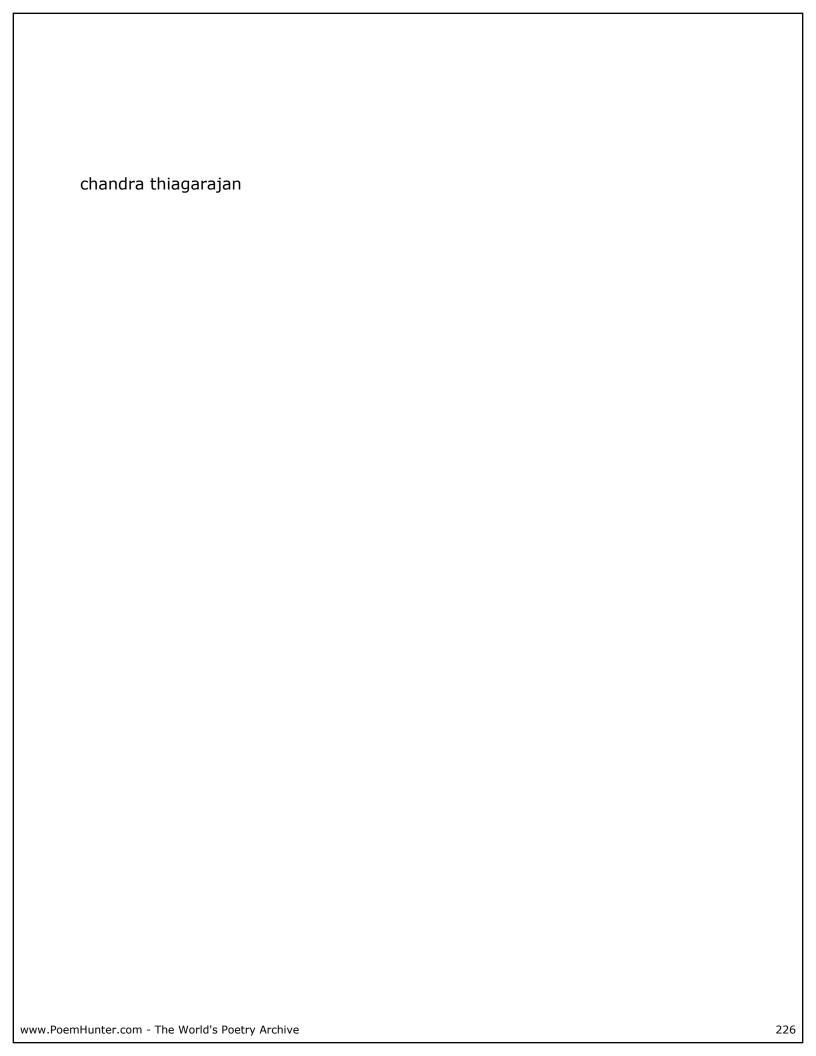
Space—holds our cell phone satellites

Space—in it 3 orbiters fly today. They are Discovery, Atlantis, and Endeavour.

Space—it separates you from me, one galaxy from the next and atoms from one another.

Space -is every where in the Universe.

Space- is one of the five Elements



Spark

Spark of the Spirit the human individual ray of the Divine.

Spirits

Poetry confers joy It courses through the blood Injecting me with spirits.

Sponge

Mind should be like sponge Absorbing every bit of knowledge Dispensing it for others' benefit

Spring

In spring
The tender leaves spring
And release the coiled mind to spring
And fling
The thing
That till then did wring.

In spring
The little birds sing
And sling the depressed mind to swing
And bring
Bells of joy
To ring and cling.

Stone-men

The inert object exists it cannot react to the world there are stone-men so

Streamline your Experiences

As the unit of wall is a brick So is the unit of life one's experience.

The strength Or weakness 'of a wall Depends on the texture of bricks.

Experiences being the units of life They determine the texture of life.

If happy are one's experiences Happy is one's life If miserable are one's experiences Miserable is one's life.

Hence streamline your experiences To give solution to the problems in life

Strength

To sustain life
It is required
To have a tower of strength.

Life is negated When there is lack of strength.

A strong and vigorous life Entails harmony and unity.

A feeble and tame life With short coming of strength Accords disunity.

With strength you acquire a boon Of unalloyed love.

With strength in paucity You get impoverished And are in the mundane level.

Strength with tenacity Enables you to realize God In your vicinity.

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Stress

One aspect of human existence is stress From the very childhood one encounters stress From school, college, job and family, one faces stress An integral part of worldly life is stress Living in constant state of tension is stress.

Stressors are the events that provoke stress
Many different things cause stress
It is a good thing to experience enough stress
It isn't good to have stress-load which is harmful stress
Intense pressures which last long cause too much stress.

Anxiety or panic attacks are caused by stress A feeling of being constantly hassled causes stress Irritability and moodiness are often caused by stress Allergic reactions, Eczema and Asthma are caused by stress Sadness, Depression and Insomnia are all caused by stress.

The nervous system senses continued stress
It is activated when in persistent pressure and stress
The nervous system pumps out extra hormones of stress
The body's reserves are worn out and depleted due to stress
The immune system is weakened because of excessive stress.

From life one cannot completely eliminate stress
But one can control the way of response to stress
Yoga, Meditation and Pranayama can help one to reduce stress
One should not be allowed to be controlled by stress
In short, one should be always in control of stress.

Stretch Yourself

Perfect we are not born Nor will we ever be With an ability we are born We can go beyond what we see.

Hence stretch the will within you And reach far beyond your folding Once stretched far and wide to the point of view The new form will be lofty and gratifying..

You'll now be happily riding Soon soaring high with wings And will a new place be holding Rejoicing at the fulfillment that brings.

Sun shine

I am with poetry The sun shine of happiness I don't get swayed.

Sunitha Williams-The astronaut

Sunitha Williams—We are proud of her! All women kind -We are proud She is from India—We are proud She is an Indian American astronaut—We are proud She has set a record for maximum no: of space walks by a woman astronaut—We are proud She and her Japanese colleague, Akihiko Hoside together fixed a problem in the I S S -We are proud They completed a problematic task of repairing the switching mechanism of the main power unit—We are proud They installed a camera on the robotic arm of the space station—We are proud She holds the record of the space flight by a woman astronaut of 195 days—We are proud She was awarded two Navy Commandant Medals: A Navy and Marine Corps Áchievement Medal: A Humanitarian Service Medal: And many other Awards- We are proud Her story is an inspiration for youngsters! May God Bless her—We are proud of her!!

Sustained Love

When your heart with love is sustained It cannot be kept locked and contained When the person you love is pained The love glistens with the tear ingrained.

When your heart with love is sustained It cannot be kept locked and contained The deep yearning for friendship kind Begets loving soulful friends, refined.

When your heart with love is sustained It cannot be kept locked and contained You offer whole of yourself, with soul to mankind Only those sans love grab all—so unkind.

Sweet Honey

The bee is too small it produces sweet honey from flowers in nature.

Synchronize

When you seek
To synchronize your acts
To the divine will
And are performing
The acts of a wise person
To the fill
Pungent words and evil deeds
Of others
Even when disguised
Should not make you
Get hurt and victimized.

Taj Mahal- -An Elegy in Marble

Taj Mahal, the glory, of India Is an epic marble monument Situated in Uttar Pradesh, Agra Which is immensely magnificent.

It majestically, with dignity, stands
On the banks of river YamunaWhere many a tourist happily lands
To view the spectacle and the panorama.

Shah Jahan the Mughal Emperor built In memory of his beloved wife, Mumtaz Mahal The Paradise on Earth that would never wilt A monument of enormous beauty- the Taj Mahal.!

In the year 1631, the Queen passed away And the Emperor was inconsolable- In his misery, none could him allay. His mission now, was to erect a monument admirable.

His deep love for her being intangible He wished to build a sepulchre in her memory The monument, he thought, ought to be incredible With a never before thought of finery.

For money the Emperor had no dearth He spent more than thirty two crores In those days it was many times its worth With all his amassed resources.

Over 42 acres of land, the monument occupied The central focus of the complex being the tomb Four tall minarets frame on every side A spectacular marble dome surrounds the tomb.

Islamic, Indian, Ottoman, Turkish, and Persian Are the architectural style- - elements The principal designer Lahauri's combinations Is an integrated complex of structures' placements.

Twenty two long years it took
Employing workers twenty thousand
To fetch the phenomenal beauteous look
With over thousand elephants summoned.

To transport the required material From the whole of India For the construction ideal With sculptors from Persia.

The translucent white marble Was brought from Makrana and Rajasthan

From China came Jade and Crystal The Lapis Lazuli was from Afghanisthan.

The turquoise was from Tibet Sapphire was got from Sri Lanka For the special carving of the rosette Carnelian was got from Arabia.

Calligraphers came from Syria From Bukhara too came sculptors The In-layers came from South India And from Baluchisthan came stone-cutters.

Taj Mahal is a marble mausoleum in white Jeweled in stones semi-precious It is an unimaginable delight To eye the paradise on earth for the empress.

The main monument is two storeyed With a huge rotunda over the octagonal building The celebrated duo are there buried Where sky-scrapper minarets are shielding.

The top with a lotus design is decorated Which serves to accentuate the height The finial by a crescent moon is spotted A typical Islamic motif –which is a lovely sight.

To the complex of Taj Mahal portal Are three beautiful gate-ways -lofty Richly decorated is the portion- central With delicate carvings in marble—a beauty.

Dazzling precious stones, inlaid, adorn In floral and geometric illustrations Inscription with passages from Quran Display the Islamic faith—compositions.

Taj Mahal means Crown Palace The visual grandeur with no equal Gave the Emperor much solace For the rich beauty had no rival.

The Taj is beauty personified Bringing a saga come alive It stands with its blissful pride As one and only of its kind that does survive.

It is considered as an architectural wonder Which is beyond the scope of words In the full moon light the splendor Of the combination of solids and voids

Concave and convex and light shadow Of the arches and domes are all aesthetic. In the early morn it is aglow And the visual treat is ecstatic.

The Taj, different shades displays It is pinkish in the morning With the moon it shines with golden rays And is milky white in the evening.

Taj Mahal is greatly remarkable For its perfect geometric proportions And for the marvel of marvels in marble As also for its architectural decorations.

The Taj Mahal has been classified- - right As a new "Wonder of the World" for its charm It became a UNESCO World Heritage Site To take good care lest it comes to harm.

It is the ethereal love for his wife Mumtaz Mahal That induced the King to build the Taj for her glory Rabindranath Tagore described the Taj Mahal As-"It's a tear drop on the cheek of history".

Taj Mahal was the ultimate realization As a symbol of pure love and emotion Of Emperor Shah Jahan's dream of immortalization Of the divinity of his eternal love and passion.

Tears

Water makes clay appropriate and fit to mould Tears in adversity make the mind expedient to hold.

Clouds of sadness pour rains of tears These tears train the mind to wisdom in years.

TEMPER

Man and the metal Steel are in a way the same. For both lose their values when in Temper.

Tenacity

The mountain is an example of solidity
The banyan tree is an example of tenacity
They aren't affected by hurricane and rain.

The moving sand is an example of friability The bending climber is an example of fragility They are affected by storm and rain.

The person with persistent determination As a mountain and banyan Stay unaffected with resolution Even in the wake of mammoth disturbances.

The person with emotions meek
As the moving sand and climber
Are affected and weak
Even in the wake of small disturbances.

Only the person who is tenacious Stands tall as a banyan And is as a solid mountain!

The Mobile Phone

The Mobile phone or the Cell phone, Is indeed a great invention!.

To the small gadget—a contraption, We are now in total addiction.

It has of late a grip—so strong, Over the human psyche— The phone to possess every one long.

There is a big explosion, In the varieties of the phone, With many a different application!

The mobile phones—a plethora Exist and tantalize us, Like the I-phone, Smart phone et cetera!

We are lured by user apps' many, As to browse the inter-net, And to keep us good company.

With it we can go for gaming, Or go in for other spreads, Or even go for mobile banking.

We can hear songs singing, Or go for video-streaming. It's all so mind boggling!

From the smart executive,
To the road-side gypsy—
It is so very far extensive.

From the impecunious vendor, To the hierophantic priest— It figures too with the money-lender.

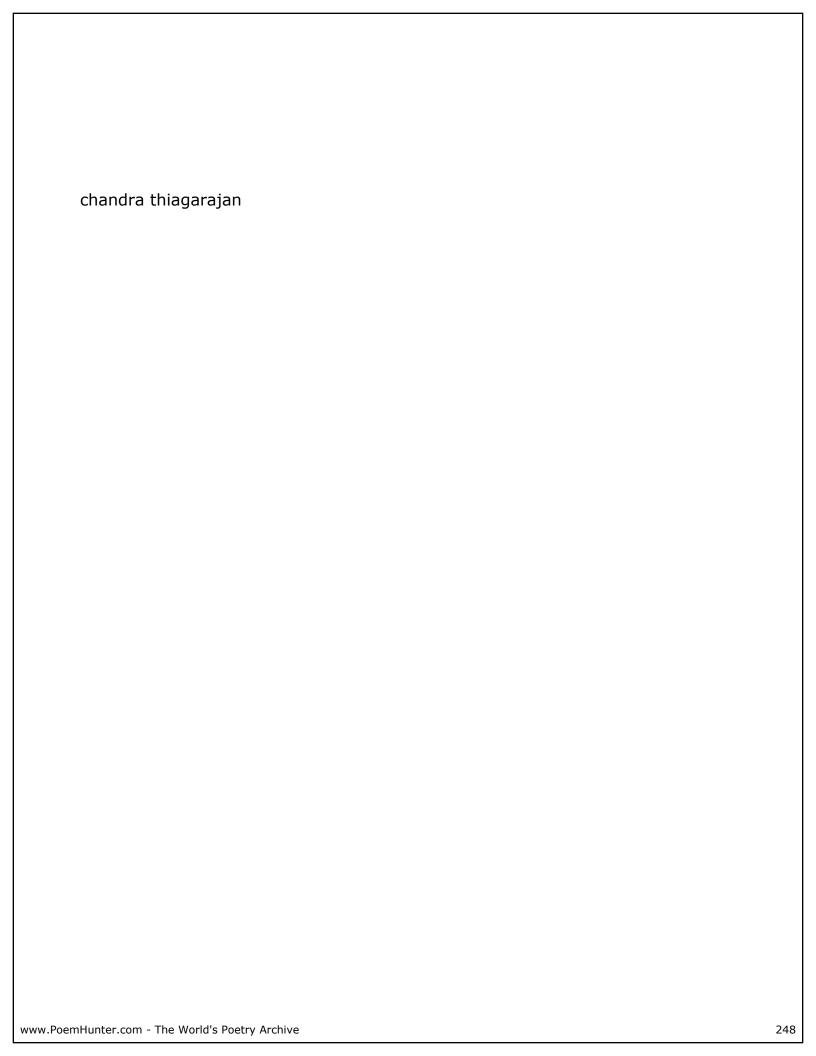
From the college student, To the vehicle drivers— It is for all much prudent.

All are seen holding phones
To their ears or clutching it;
It appears none can survive sans phones!

Cell phones have come to play, An indispensable part of life— It is much a part of us all day!

It has become a sort of real phobia,

To not have one's mobile phone by—
So, for this fear, a new word is coined—'Nomophobia'!



The Phantasm

The Phantasm
I observed people
on a sprawling tall tree
gladly perched and poised ecstatically
on the strong green branches
picking devouring and eating heartily
the ripe juicy fruits with glee.

I, down below looked up longed to be above-to sup with them in their band and be aloft and grand to stuff, gormandize and burp.

In time I took time and with great difficulty climbed the tree, them to mime and for a short time my craving was in satiety.

There, to my utter dismay I was witness to their bickering meanness, manipulations, tinkering and the manner in which each one trounced upon the other to eliminate and lay from their stature. The vile nature they adopted to protract their stay onto the perches in the branches was sickening and nauseating.

I had no mind to hold on clinging and taste the juicy fruits of their Robinhood cloaked loots for they appeared sinister and deleterious to minister to an unalloyed clean soul.

Presently I slid down— them to mock and stood firm like a rock down on the ground wondering at the chasm of the phantasm.

Chandra Thiagarajan

The Sweet Lass-Chandrakanta

The Sweet Lass—CHANDRAKANTA

The Magnetic Moon, Is she aptly named; For her innocent smile In ICF she's famed.

Like a lovely creeper Swaying in the breeze; She is pretty sweeter, For one's heart does squeeze,

The dark flowing tresses
In one long plait,
Swinging to and fro
With her swan-like gait:

Adorned with an aster In all it's bloom; She is sure an angel, Dispelling all gloom.

Like a new bride
Clinging to her spouse,
The pretty flower
From her own house—

Kissing her silken locks And smiling with pride; It is enhanced in beauty, Tucking in at her side.

The artist in Sowmya

The Artist in Sowmya

On the scene there arrived a cover, Where beautiful flowers did hover, In an ecstatic profuse shower, As a wonderful collage'bower.

Many a drawing the cover closeted, And on each my eyes got rivetted; The designs were intricately matted, And the etched drawings astounded.

The bigger charts—true -a feat, To view the lovely paintings neat, The aghast heart missed a beat; It was to the eyes a bounteous treat.

Bound I'm to specially mention, About the remarkable two, sections; The distant snow-capped mountains, With the green shrubbery in confrontation.

And the exquisite bird of Paradise, With its colourful plumage, did entice; The young artist's skill—singularly nice, Could be honed to secure a prize.

May God bless you, Sowmya dear, With a long healthy life to steer; May you be perched high in many a sphere, And be filled with happiness clear

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The Bee

THE BEE
The busy bee
From tree to tree
Makes us see
That a body wee
Has also tremendous energy.

From the tree top And from crop to crop The bee does hop The honey to prop Drop by drop.

Like the bee to feel With enormous zeal And buzz with even keel And to meticulously deal Dear God, before thee, I kneel.

The Bright Student

There were students two Who were bright equally The master 's idea was to Ascertain the one who shone brightly.

Before them he placed Two big bottles empty Queried to what they cased And to answer immediately.

One student instantly said That there was nothing in it But the other thoughtfully said That air was cased in it.

The master on his tract Said to the second student "I want you to extract From the bottle, the air present."

The student was for a moment dazed Then thought for a while deeply At the bottle he intently gazed And in a trice decided aptly.

A jar of water he brought And into it he poured The filled in air was upshot And with glee his heart soared.

The master was immensely satisfied While the other student stood stupefied!

The Canine Family

The canine family of four At my sister's abode Are a wonderful hoard Affectionate to the core.

A Pomeranian fluffy white Is the cute little 'Ruby' She is unparalleled in beauty With eyes dark and bright.

Ruby's bushy tail
Curled into a round ball
Draws admiration from all
When she past does sail.

A sturdy dog—a brownie
With great looks of royalty
Is one of raging beauty
And is lovingly called 'Tony'.

Heart to heart he feels
And perches still with cocked ears
Awaiting each member, and gears
For the thud of their heels.

With a Pomeranian fur—so silky To the spotless white Ruby Was born a jet black sonny Who was christened as 'Mikey'...

He is regal—without par And as Aurangzeb—the king He at Tony—his father, does fling And is at loggerheads, ever waging war.

The last of the doggies four
A smart pup, kind and loving
With a small figure and tail a-wagging
Is the cute little 'Puppy' dear.

She too is a cute blackie
With a tail taken after her daddy
Puppy madly adores her mistress—Nimmi
And follows her ever for her company.

The canine family of four At my sister's abode Are a wonderful hoard Affectionate to the core.

The Cherry Tree

The Cherry Tree

There was a Cherry Tree, In our house at Number Three; 'T was a variety from Singapore, Presented by a friend, now no more.

On the western side of our house, To be away from the straying cows; It was planted—a sapling, rare, And nurtured with ample care.

Soon with shoots it grew tall,
And was high above the compound wall;
Pride in us did surely swell,
To behold the tree growing so well,

Its branches now did spread and sprawl, And to the next house too it did crawl; Its shade permeated through to the hall, And ushered in cool breeze to us all.

The white blossoms of the cherry,
Drew swarms of bees—so merry,
Raw green cherries then popped,
Which turned bright red and dropped.

The green tree with cherries so red,
Was like an ornament with rubies studded;
It was sure a splendid sight,
Even in the glow of the moon-lit night.

The cherry fruits tasted very sweet, Though for some it wasn't a treat; To crush a fruit 'twixt your teeth' A current of joy ran underneath.!

Many were the children of the street, Who vied for the cherries so sweet; They'd climb the tree, up to pick, And fill their pockets till there were sick.

The crows would claim the tree their own, And feed the nestlings with cherries grown, Dawn would hail the cuckoo's spree, With its sonorous call from atop the tree.

Under the shade of the cherry tree, On the landing of stairs, with glee, I've oft with it mute communion held, And there, have many a poem, spelled. This Cherry Tree, so much prized,
After eight years was much disguised;
Alas! It lost its branches and was browned,
With out-stretched limbs, to be razed to ground! .

The Cherry Tree is now no more,
As I pen this, I miss it as ne'er before;
But to eye its photograph, my heart does leap,
And a warmth in me does truly seep!

The Common Crow

The Common Crow, "Caw-Caw"—with its familiar sound Is a harmless bird very adaptable on land Almost all over the world it is invariably found Except in South America, Antarctica and New Zealand.

It is of average size—in color—grey and black And abounds, teems and thrives in many numbers Where other birds' survival is considerably slack As it is the most intelligent of its bird family members.

The Ravens, Magpies, Rooks, the Black-birds And the Jays—all belong to the family of the crow They are all hunting migratory birds Who forage together like the crow.

It has shining black feathers, is clever and curious It is omnivorous and the diet is very diverse It eats grains, rodents, insects and is mischievous And swoops down to grasp things from man's source.

It roosts in large trees high up
Each mating pair has its own nest
Which usually takes one to two weeks to build up
Gathering leaves, feathers, sticks and twigs best.

Baby crows stay in the nest For up to two months before leaving The mother crow guards them with zest And the father crow feeds the family striving.

The young are flesh-colored and born blind
Their eyes open for the first time after five days
The young ones- the family together mind
The elder fledglings tend to help in their own ways.

In Hinduism it is customary to offer food
To the crow before taking the meal
And it is supposed during 'Shraddha 'expired ones would
Take food and offerings through the crow's feel.

The crow often lives together in large families An assembly of crows called a 'flock of murder' Forge together and defend their territories Even high up in the air and down under.

It caws and calls the other crows to its station To take part of the food that is found It shows signs of planning communication Which man must consider and himself bound.

The bird's propensity to raid crops of grain bead And storing tidbits in trees and crevices in bark

Is the reason 'Scare crows' are put up to mislead The crows flock of flights on the crops to embark.

Many crows are surprisingly monogamous They mate for life and are throughout a pair The crow belongs to the species Corvus And up to twenty years it may live with care.

The Escapade

In our lovely city of Chennai,
A big trench was deeply dug, nigh
To the neat pedestrian platform,
For laying pipes of forms and so on.

There came a corpulent buffalo, And on the muddy trench low, Espied its calf struggling in woe; With celerity, it sprang down to tow.

The passers-by, saw the two-some, Bracketed in the trench—so awesome— Some passed by, speaking with pity; The playful brats in glee, sang a ditty.

Some passed by engrossed in their own care, Some flew past with no time to spare for the pair; Something must be done to retrieve—some thought— 'Nothing by us could be done'—so some fought.

Some youth got down to the trench, And got badly hurt in the wrench, Ah! They lifted the calf with gay success, But the big buffalo they couldn't harness.!

Meanwhile there formed a crowd around, And some pronounced 'Let's the police sound.' The police force spurned with disdain, 'To extricate a buffalo is not in our domain.'

Some inclined the 'Blue Cross' to call,
And some ushered in the Fire Engine to haul,
Each according to their own fine thought,
Acted to bring the struggling buffalo caught.

The 'Blue Cross' van hastened to the spot,
The men tossed strong ropes looped in a knot;
The animal ran hither and thither in fear,
They couldn't capture it though sincere.

From a far away place landed the fire-engine, Even their efforts couldn't the buffalo pin! Next day to arrive with improved elements, The exhausted men left with wry laments.

Then the twilight gave place to dark night,
And the crowd dispersed from the location right.
The poor calf borne to the platform stood lonely,
And the buffalo was inside the trench standing impatiently.

Now the buffalo with maternal love was alone, It's eyes with brightness, sparkling shone,

	It saw it's calf, waiting wit nd in a jiffy, the buffalo ju ndra thiagarajan	th filial love anxiousl umped up triumphant	y, tly!	
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The good Samaritan

The Good Samaritan Suddenly there occurs an incident, 'Tis a harrowing gory road accident, The man affected, is on the mid-road, bed, Lying helpless and bleeding from his head.

His mo-bike is smashed from the ride, And his belongings all strewn aside. The passers-by for a view encircle him, Curious at the happening so grim.

Many a vehicle did zoom past, None did halt for they hadn't any heart. A renowned, reputed and lauded man, Too passed by in his popular van.

People around rushed to him for help, But he turned aside and gave a yelp. There came forward a person, guileless, And spotted the man lying forlorn and helpless.

He instantly swung into operation, Gathered all the strewn things with precaution; Dialled the ambulance for immediate action, And proceeded to phone the victims' relation.

He accompanied the victim to the hospital, Paid necessary amount and secured attention, vital. When the victims 'relations arrived, in fact, He handed over all the belongings in tact.

The doctors were happy with their medical cover, As the patient was brought within the golden hour. Soon the victim came back to life as a re-birth, And every one heaved a heavy sigh of mirth.

As all turned to profusely thank the unknown man, And to make good the fees which from his pocket ran, The good Samaritan was nowhere to be seen around; He acted just as per his goodness and conscience sound!

The Haunt

Poetry haunts me the magnificent obsession day and night.

The Indian Dances

The Indian culture is most diverse, So are the Indian dances to traverse; There are many Indian Classical dances, And so are the many regional Folk dances.

A physical and visual form is dance, It appropriates the spectator to a trance; The colourful attire enchants the audience, And the different ornaments amuse their sense.

The Natya Sastra by Sage Bharata was propounded, And the Indian Classical dance on a grammar founded; Indian culture with four Vedas itself prides, And with Natya Sastra known as the fifth Veda, it strides.

Dances were originally performed in a temple, Mainly to entertain Gods and Godesses and people; Accompanying were the drums, flute and other instruments, To synchronize with the music and the dancers 'movements.

The Classical dances are spiritual in content,
The Folk dances are of joy and celebration intent;
Elements of Indian dances are Mudra and Abhinaya—
The dancer's interpretation of words set to music and laya.

Many dance forms depict the moods -Navarasas, Which are the various emotions or nine rasas; They are Hasya, Krodha, Bhibasta, Bhaya, Santha, And Veeram, Karuna, Adbhuta and Shoka:

Which are Happiness, Anger, Disgust, Fear, Serenity, And Courage, Compassion, Wonder, and Sorrow respectively. Many are the reputed Indian dance styles, So are the many dance forms of details.

The Indian dance forms, that are popular— Bharathanatyam of Tamil Nadu: Manipuri of Manipur: Garba of Gujarat: Kuchupudi of Andhra Pradesh: Bhangra of Punjab: Kathak of Uttar Pradesh:

Gaudiya Nritya of West Bengal: Lavani of Maharashtra: Kathakali and Mohini Attam of Kerala: Oddissi of Oddisha: Indian dances play their parts in many realms of arts— In Poetry, Architecture, Literature and Sculpture of sorts.

Dancers with their beautiful art give us a profound feeling, Making them appealing and our hearts stealing!

The Killer Inferno at Sivakasi

The killer inferno is a great tragedy At the fire works manufacturing factory, It is situated in Sivakasi, Tamil Nadu, India, Which is called as the 'Little Japan of India'.

In our country it is the unit best, And in the world 'tis the second largest; While we thus raise the collar, The powerful explosions are a shock caller.

Many people died in the raging blaze, And many were injured in the smoking haze; Thirty-five persons were charred to death, And more than seventy were injured in health.

In small sheds workers were over crowding, Above the limits the raw materials were in dumping; There exist prescribed rules and regulations, But many were the norms that were in violations.

Let us cogitate over the fire-works, As jeopardy to many lives therein lurks; All fire-works in display should be hated, As large sums of money are truly wasted.

To the kin of the injured and deceased, Ex-gratia money was given and eased; To the many precious lives lost, Can this ever be an equal cost?

The Leader with Self-Esteem

A leader with high self-esteem Would be the leader of the team.

He should have good education And posses ethics and morals with elation.

He should treat others with respect utmost Be humble, and even-tempered in his post.

With others he should mingle and encourage And not be glued to his cabin's cage.

He should exhibit impersonal attitude Be helping, compassionate with the multitude.

Of mind he should be least emotional And a patient listener, with thoughts rational.

He ought to have a character—dignified Lest others take him for a ride.

He should confront difficulties and be winsome And face challenges with complete wisdom.

He should work as best as he could And think of the pervasive general good.

He should act with confidence and maturity His self-esteem and leadership would be in luminosity.

The Marina

The beach of Marina—
One of the finest
Of the Earth's arena
Enchants the mind, best.

The distant view,
From the metal road
Of the azure blue—
Adds to the joy load.

From o'er the sand, The rolling bay, Beckons with its band Of waves that fray.

The sandy stretch,
Along the shore,
To the mind fetch,
Bygone days galore.

Sitting on the beach,
Watching the waves,
The mind does reach
The music of staves.

The crepuscular sight, Enraptures the soul; The beautiful twilight, Moves one whole.

The waters of the sea,
Entertain the feet;
The heart with glee,
Leaps as they retreat.

Though travelled much, On the path of age; The joy is such, It can't disengage.

The Peacock

The peacock is a large colourful bird It is referred to as Pavo Cristatus in zoology It is an ostentatiously adorned bird It is a Phoenix on Earth—so heavenly.

Of beauty, and grace the peacock is symbolic It is known for its iridescent tail feathers Its feathers spread out upward in a train is majestic It has typically bright greens and blues in its feathers.

Peacock is the term used for the male peafowl Peahen is the term used for the female peafowl Peacock, peahen and peachicks are collectively called peafowls Forest birds, and terrestrial feeders are peafowls.

The peacock has extravagant, eye-spotted tail feathers It fans it out and displays as a part of courtship The peahens plumage is a mix of dull green, grey feathers She lacks the upper train coverts of the males' plumage tip.

When the peahen is ready, her eggs to lay She digs a shallow hole in the ground And lines it with grass, sticks, leaves and hay And lays three to five eggs, away from sound.

The eggs are incubated by the peafowls
They take about twenty eight days to hatch
The chicks follow their mother and are nidifugous
And when prone to predation they move in a batch.

Peacock belongs to the family of pheasants They are native to India and South Asia And of Java and Sri Lanka are inhabitants They are also found in Myanmar and Malaysia.

Peafowls are mostly omnivorous They eat most seed heads and parts of plants They forage for berries, prey on snakes, numerous Other arthropods, lizards and small rodents.

Peafowls in a group are called a muster or ostentation This exotic birds' loud calls are known as "Screams" The peafowls abound in their population Where ever water is found and near streams.

In Asia the feathers are considered auspicious And is a great symbol of immortality For it is felt they are made prosperous And mighty with much of bounty.

Ornamental crests atop its head has the bird

Being beautiful, multihued, magnificent and vibrant India has designated it as the "National Bird" Assigning to it the protected status, important.

In Hindu culture, the peacock is the mount Of Lord Karthikeya, (son of Lord Shiva) the God of war It is related to Goddess Lakshmi—paramount And is present in the head crown of Lord Krishna's décor.

The Poor Mind

The poor mind becomes a temple Based on the noble and virtuous Thoughts it possesses.

The poor mind becomes a trash can Based on the ignoble and noxious Thoughts it contains.

The lowly always dwell On sinister thoughts vicious And on loathsome thoughts injurious.

If these deleterious thoughts Of malevolence and trash are erased The poor mind becomes highly raised And it becomes a temple.

The Riddle of Cosmos

The Riddle of Cosmos
The singularity of the Universe—
the Bing Bang rang
ten thousand million years ago—
was the theory propounded—So
the scientists in unison sang.

They set themselves to find the important property that did bind all matter to confer its mass, size and shape. The riddle of the cosmos to solve the physicists did evolve "The Standard Model" of Particle Physics.

Fundamental particles twelve of this theory and fundamental forces four save gravity govern the dynamics of the Universe.

In an invisible ubiquitous field through the entire Universe' energy field permeated an influence called Higgs field. In Particle Physics with his work on quantum mechanics in the Universe' over-all dynamics our Indian scientist "Bose" is seen having worked with the famous Einstien to have brought out the statistics, 'Bose-Einstien'.

This earned the name 'Boson' for a sub-atomic particle for a force carrying article. By the English physicist Higgs it was postulated in the accepted "Standard Model of Physics" that a missing piece existed. In the jig-saw puzzle called the Universe the missing piece was the particle 'Higgs Boson' now dubbed the 'God Particle'— since 'tis everywhere and powerful yet so hard to find and full!

The European Organization For Nuclear Research (CERN) took upon itself to learn and detect the elusive particle. (LHC) The Large Hadron Collidor in the tunnels at a depth of One hundred and seventy five metres was built a looped pipe, for a length of twenty seven kilometers below the Swiss-French border. 'Tis the world's biggest Physics machine where research stations numerous sheen are stationed underground where thousands of scientists are bound working all through day and night.

For this gargantuan experiment USD forty million has been spent by Indian Government. The pooled-in brains and skill of twenty thousand scientists around the world, (with hundred Indians playing a role substantial) have built these pyramids of the 21st century.

Two proton beams are accelerated by the LHC deeds to very high speeds to collide at the allied speed of light. Quarks and gluons inside the protons collide and explode with high energy creating the 'Higgs Boson' epiphany.

In trying to unravel the mystery behind the structure of the Universe two laboratories at CERN took upon the mission to work independently and bechanced at the same decision.

The discovery so desperate for the new missing particle lends a unified description of the disparate forces of Nature's inscription.

This announcement historic by the observation conclusive of the Higgs-Boson particle till now elusive was made in an atmosphere electric on the fourth of July 2012—a Wednesday—A red - letter day!

This is not the end of the quest but 'tis only the beginning.

For it is incumbent on the scientific community to crack many more riddles best that form ninety-six percent of the Universe like Super-symmetry, Dark energy, Dark matter and Anti-matter that stay unresolved unto eternity.

The Saint

A man of goodness, A man of righteousness:

A man of piety, Is a man praiseworthy.

Nothing for himself he desires, He grants to others till he tires:

All his love in entirety, He bestows on every entity:

He betides to get caught, In Almighty's devotions' knot.

To God his Divine service he renders, To Him he completely surrenders.

With his lofty wisdom, He earns Saintdom:

With God in tandem, From His Kingdom.

The Sky-Lab

Sky-lab, Sky-lab, the air did reverberate, Rich or poor; young or old; literate or not: All did discuss, the sky-lab's state, And the dreadful destiny of mankind's lot.

The world was taut with tension,
Over NASA's debacle at exploration—
And was gripped with apprehension,
Of the faltering sky-lab's disintegration.

Under one great mantle of terror
Rocked the world with mute fear;
It chid America for the unpardonable error,
In the computation of the space-craft's steer.

Panic-stricken, some did flee,
In the fold of their kith and kin to be:
From place to place, from country to country,
People fled, to avoid the falling debris.

From dawn till dusk, to the Lord Almighty,
True offers of reverential prayers,
To save the world from the impending calamity,
Were made to ward off their fears!

But some were stoical and calm,
Undisturbed at the space-craft's tract:
And some were sorry for the harm,
That the world would, one day contract.

The Universe, Sun and Earth, to scan,
The sky-lab was sent aloft in seventy three:
Through many a thousand pictures, did them span,
Till from man, the shackles did it free.

Envisaged, for ten years to whirl around,
The sky-lab through solar panels, energy drew:
Dark- spots, in the Sun, suddenly did abound,
And the lab, beyond plans, it threw!

Towards its plunge did streak the monster,
And the count- down to crash did tick,
While for the lab's watery grave did NASA manoeuvre,
Thudding hearts, to their wireless sets, did stick.

At sixteen twenty two GMT on July Eleventh, Crashed the sky-lab, raining down a fiery debris Into the ocean, off Australia, near Perth, Of life inflicting, not even an injury!

A sigh of relief the world did heave, And to NASA three cheers did sendThe horrible disaster, when it did retrieve While finding no funds the lab to mend.

There now has arisen the urgent need,
For signing an international code—
Space-crafts o'er which Nations have control indeed,
Ought only to be projected—as per this episode.

The Story of a Journey

The elderly parents two
Their son and daughter-in-law
With their three grand sons too
Set out on a tour with awe!

They were in lovely Darjeeling Known as the Queen of Hills The Kanchenjunga was appealing The snowy peak gave them thrills.

To Sikkim and Gangtok At the season of snow fall After an animated talk They decided that all

Should visit the Nathula Pass At an altitude of 14,450 feet They underwent a tourist class To have an insight of the feat.

In the Himalayan peaks Is the famed Nathula Pass Where the snow streaks On the mountain pass.

One of the highest rim Drive roads in the world It con-joins our Sikkim And China via a path twirled.

From the Indian side
In guard were our soldiers
They could view China wide
From their stands with shivers.

In Tibetan 'La' means Pass
It is a major tourist attraction
Through the Tsongo lake they pass
Their hearts with fascination.

At a shrine they alight It's of Baba Harbhajan Singh At an elevation of 13,100'-the sight Made the children joyously sing.

Soon the daughter-in-law got ill She felt dizzy and fainted Suddenly her pulse fell They were left unaided.

The gents were clueless
The mother-in-law started praying

They were all helpless The children started crying.

As a God- send a Doctor Of the Indian Army Hospital Rushed in to help her-His First-aid revived her a little.

She was in the Army Hospital presently Where she was treated for 'Hypoxia' The provision of oxygen mask was timely Which gave relief from deep Asphyxia.

It was an exhilarating moment To see her being survived When her eyes that were dormant Opened to see the world, all were revived!

With a heart melted And overflowing gratitude When money was gifted The Doctor struck at their attitude

Rescinded and uttered 'Don't make me a sinner It is more than absurd Can I be a money- spinner?

We are here guarding
The L.O.C.—as sentinels
Our very Country we're protecting
I'm bound to spell

For protection of one entity
Don't you ever offer money
After-all it is my bounden duty
To defend one and all in our Country.'

Feeling dwarfed at the message They were all wonder-struck-The noble deeds of the Army in bondage Loomed large against their luck.

The daughter-in-law in this story
Is none other than my youngest daughter
Who recounted our Army-men in their glory
With tenderness and eyes brimming with water!!

The Ways of the Mind

The Ways of the Mind

Against the thorns Grazing, To the honeyed rose The bee flew A-buzzing!

With the breeze Swaying Was the pretty rose-And at the bee it Sighed with envy.

"How I wish
I were the bee
Flying so free
And not bound
To the ground
Like the piteous me."

So thought the flower In its bower.

"How I wish
I were a flower
Cupping the sweet nectar
And bound
To the ground
Without having to fly
All day long."

So sang the bee By the lea.

From above
The Omniscient smiled
At the strange ways of the mindFor were not each of them
Now interchanged—
The flower having been the bee
And the bee having been the flower
In their previous birth and longed so!

The Whale of a Gift for Peace

THE WHALE OF A GIFT FOR PEACE

U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., the two super powers, In constant fear of nuclear showers,
Have dutifully held many a table-talk,
Which oft' ended in a mere dead-lock.

Man, though highly civilized he is, Is still in his secure cocoon-a chrysalis— The dark fear of his emerging foes, Out-weighs his urge to metamorphose.

Whales caught under the cold-sea off-shore, Plucked at the heart-strings of man-kind galore— To save the panting whales from extinction, American submarines arrived at the destination.

The launch of a frantic operation by U.S.A.,
To ward the whales off from going astray,
Drew U.S.S.R. too, from behind the curtain,
To join hands and save them, certain.

With knitted vision, in concentration,
The operation was in contemplation;
The POWERS summoned all their powers,
And employed them to unleash the thick ice covers.

Ah! The large crust of ice is broken!
There opens an arena for ventilation;
The whales clamour for a bout of fresh air,
And man is enraptured with his loving care.

Ah! The large crust of ice is broken!
There opens an arena for ventilation!
The world breathes a bout of fresh air,
As dawns a ray of mankind's amity, with this affair.

The Whole

The waves are ne'er discordant with the mighty ocean. Even a small wave sent is a part of the ocean and when a giant wave looms large even then 'tis a part of the ocean.

Through our lives misgivings barge into the affairs of mundane tension. But even as the waves roll when the final bells toll our exiguous life's soul mingles with the whole!

The Wise Son

A king had sons three Triplets they were born He was in a dilemma -to decree Whom the throne should adorn!

To select one of the three He laid out a thoughtful plan From it he'd decide to see As to who'd win with elan.

There were three roads parallel— At the mid of each road The king ordered to place a boulder—"Well" He said to his sons, "By `morrow the load

Shouldn't there exist, You'll not get any assistance By your own dint of work and grist It ought to have a disappearance."

The three sons set to work
The first procured a hammer to hit
And the whole night did work
And to smithereens struck it.

The second son with an idea lit Dug a gargantuan pit beside it And rolled the boulder into the pit Clearly spreading the mud over it.

The third son with a thought, brilliant With a chisel and hammer started sculpting The boulder that stood as a giant Soon into a beauteous danseuse got appearing.

The king came the following morn
The first son's place was with smithereens
The giant boulder had really gone
But the king wasn't happy with the scene.

To the next road the king came There was no identity of the huge stone The son explained how he got rid of the same About the action, the king said none.

He came to the next to eye the rock full The son didn't explain and spoke nothing The king saw a carved form, very beautiful His heart missed a beat and gave a ring.

Needless to say the third son Got to ascend the precious throne

His wisdom and aesthetics won The crown for him to be borne. chandra thiagarajan

The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

The man is in exalted position and of renowned reputation with proud distinction and held in good gradation.

He is a big celebrity and is of high probity he is totally admired and with esteem lauded.

He is amply respected and kindly venerated he is immensely revered and is much honoured.

Until dawned a fresh day when to people's dismay he translates to be a prophet false and from people's reckoning falls.

All that was good and great fell flat and mirrored him third-rate with his vile clouded nature he plummets down from his stature.

As beneath his shrouded mind ran a malicious intent behind soon the wolf was bared and loathing Indeed he was in sheep's clothing!

These Hands

Given by God -are these hands! One can do many things -with these hands With love one can help a strangers' hands-Allay and comfort the elders' gnarled hands Clean sweep and mop with these hands Decorate and embellish with these hands Cook and serve food to all with these hands Clasp a loved one with these hands Applaud one with pleasure with these hands Dig the soil and form a garden with these hands Hold a book to read with these hands Write and post a card with these hands Type a poem to cheer someone with these hands Draw a picture and sew clothes with these hands Paint a beautiful scene to amuse with these hands Play a game of volley ball or cricket with these hands Swim the waters and row a boat with these hands Pick the harvests and fruits with these hands Feed the animals and birds with these hands Seek the warmth of dear ones with these hands Feel the soft petals of a flower with these hands Fold the palms to pray with these hands Given by God - are these hands!

Thirst for God

When in penury Man hunts for wealth.

He is then ever in thirst And in quenching it he gets crazy.

In the process of amassing wealth He loses his health.

And to his spiritual psyche There strikes an injury.

If his thirst is channelized towards God He comes under the umbra of His Mercy.

To dear KASTHURI - The Wilted Flower -Poem-2

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POEM-2

WILTED FLOWER

Like a flower
That sweetly blooms
In the bower;

Shedding its beauty All around, As its bounden duty;

You, my dear,
Did all you could
To wipe a tear

Which others shed, As your bounden duty And them you led..

Like a flower, That droops down In its bower;

Whose beauty is torn, From this earth In the following morn;

You, my dear, Were made to wilt; Though many a tear,

Could not help, To bring you back; In our great yelp!

To dear KASTHURI -My Kasthuri- Poem-5

KASTHURI

POEM-5

Kasthuri! Where have gone? How can I live Without you Kasthuri?

Even a day
Seems an age
When I can't
Be beside you
Kasthuri!

Each moment With you Was with Peace pregnant Kasthuri!

Now a storm In my heart Rages roaring Kasthuri!

I'm caught in it With no hope Of redeeming myself Kasthuri!

To dear KASTHURI-I Pine-Poem-6

To KASTHURI

POEM-6

Oh! Mighty, Almighty!
How grateful were we to Thy ways!
When the two of us
Thou impinged by Thy Grace!

Oh! Mighty, Almighty!
How best did Thee we praise!
When the two of us
Together did Ye raise!

Oh! Mighty, Almighty!
My eyes are swimming in brine!
For the two of us
Thou hast parted, for me to pine!

To dear KASTHURI-Oh! Almighty-Poem-3

To my friend KASTHURI

POEM-3

OH! ALMIGHTY

You blew life into this frame And moulded me to carve a name Before I could ask for it.

Me you sowed among parents so good And gave sisters and brother as best as you could Before I could ask for it.

With education and interest wide, me you blessed With love and kindness, my heart you pressed Before I could ask for it.

You granted me an eye to enjoy beauty, And a heart to wonder at Nature's bounty, Before I could ask for it.

In the serene waters, of family love, me you set sail, With sweet children as four oars, who ne'er fail, Before I could ask for it.

Not these alone, but things many more, For this poor earthling You have set in store, Before I could ask for it.

But that bosom friend, that dear Kasthuri, From me You've snatched, in such a hurry, Though I entreated You for her!

Why so my dear Lord Almighty?

To dear KASTHURI-Patient wait-Poem-7

KASTHURI

POEM-7

Patient Wait

Oh! Soft Breeze!
Hearts you win
And get in
All places!
Won't you blow
And whisper low
Kasthuri's whereabouts?

Oh! Sweet Music!
You who thrill
Even hearts that are still
Like stone!
Won't you ring
And from her bring
News of her being?

Oh! Golden Sun!
You from the sky
Far do spy
All things!
Won't you find
And try to bind
My chum with me?

Oh! Silvery Moon!
You who shine
O'er the earth, so fine
From the sky, so high!
Won't you lurch
By your search
Of my dear Kasthuri?

Oh! Mighty Ocean!
You who roll
All day whole
Endlessly!
Won't you give an inkling
Of where my darling
Friend, Kasthuri, is?

Oh! Floating Clouds! You who trail The skies and sail To distant lands! Won't you help In my yelp To trace my dear friend?

Oh! Starry Heavens!
You who envelop
All lives that develop
And decay!
Won't you send
My beloved friend
Back to me?

"Oh! Thou mortal!
Lament not thee,
For she's now free
From the shackles
Of this Earth;
And there's no dearth
For her happiness above!

Oh! Thou human!
Thee who cry
Have too to fly
When comes thy turn! "
So I hear Ye speak
To this freak
And so patiently wait, to meet!

To dear KASTHURI-The Darling days-Poem-4

POEM-4

The Darling Days with KASTHURI

Oh! those darling days!
When we sat beside
Each other, and worked our ways
With our Accounts' wide!

Oh! those happy hours!
Which we together passed—
Among the blooming flowers
Which in the breeze were tossed!

Oh! those molten moments!
When heart and heart sincerely spoke
Of the 'Joys' and 'Laments'
With which we were affected and broke!

Oh! that splendid time!
When we together read
Books of many a clime
By which we were lead!

Oh! that lovely loneliness—
That wrapped us together!
In the 'Park' and the 'Wilderness'
Where we longed to tread for ever!

Oh! engulfed in such seeping happiness— During the decade and one years; We glided in smooth calmness Until now, when I am all but tears!

To My Love

To My Love

As a fragrant flower
Let me bloom a day,
And in your silken locks
Let me for a moment stay:

As the bright vermilion, Let me be with thee, On your moon-like forehead, With pride for others to see:

As a string of pearls
Let me around you stay,
To caress your slender neck
And there to happily play:

As the tinkling bangles Let me for once be On your fair, lovely arms And roll on with glee:

As the soft breeze
Let me for a time flow,
And on your lap play
Like a sweet child of glow:

The heart I possessed,
I know not how you snatched,
At your feet, now, my soul, I lay
With a love that is unmatched!

To the Departed Soul of my dear friend KASTHURI-Poem-1

To the departed soul

of my dear friend KASTHURI

POEM -1

Oh! my Kasthuri! My dear, dear friend! My beloved, revered, a God-send!

I know not What sin of any sort I ever did commit, even in thought

To lose you, A gem of lives few Who attained full nobility true!

To your duty tightly tied, You were kindness personified, With simplicity swinging in your stride!

Beauty you ardently loved, Gulping it to your heart's content, you roved, But by fate's cruel hand were you shoved!

Books and books you read, All day your eyes on them, you shed, Peace they instilled even in thy death-bed!

A loving dear indeed! My heart's fond friend in need; From Death's icy hands, her life I couldn't plead!

Wherever can I find A true friend of thy kind Taking my heart behind?.

Today

There has been a day like today
But a fresh new day is today
It is a unique day today
It is wide open today
All the answers for our questions has today

Let us dream today
Let us laugh today
Let us share our love today
Let us express our greatness today
Let us trade many a yesterday for today

Let us perform our tasks today
Let us make it a magnificent today
Let us thank God for giving life today
Let us thank God for seeing His creations today
Let us love most about today

A golden day is today For it is a fact today It has arrived today!

Topsy-Turvy

You would have seen
Flowers bearing fruits.
Have you seen
Fruits producing flowers?
Yes! Nature is made artificial!
How is it? Can you surmise?
It is the art
Of carving colourful flowers
From different fruits!
Nature is turned topsy-turvy!

Transformation

To my noble parents sterling, , I was their Daughter darling;

To my affable siblings, three,
I was their elder Sister, in glee.
To my beloved husband, in life,
I'm his devoted, fond Wife.
To my endearing children, four,
I'm their doting Mother spore;
To my nephews and nieces, reasoning,
I'm their dear Auntie, loving.

Alas! The label of daughter, nice, Vanished with my parents' demise! .

My children, one by one, in course of time, Were married, in their youth prime. I begot sons-in-law and a daughter-in-law, And am their affectionate Mother-in-law.

Ah! My siblings three, passed away— The call of Sister, with them went away!

Now, when my sweet grand-children seven, With love and care, me, they smother, Calling me 'Paatti'(Granny) 'Paatti'(Granny)

I the proud Grandmother Am in rapture, transported to Heaven.!

Travelling

Travelling with Poetry I enjoy life completely From core of my heart.

Treasure

Poetry for pleasure It is happiness and joy I treasure it for ever.

Trees in Bloom

Come summer months We citizens wilt But the trees bloom And the riot of colours Are a feast to the eyes!

Flame of the forest Known as Butea frondosa Cover the trees crown With vermilion and orange flowers!

Gul Mohar (Poinciana)
Called as Delonix regia
Is a canopy over the tree
With ornamental bright red flowers!

Golden shower(Indian Laburnum) Specified as Cassia fistula Blooms hanging profusely With gorgeous yellow blossoms!

Pink Cassia (Pink shower) Named as Cassia grandis Is a floral medley With its pink and white flowers!

Temple tree(Frangipani)
Signified as Plumeria rubra
Is also found with mild aroma
With their pink and yellow blooms!

Copper Pod (Yellow Poinciana) Cited as Peltophorum pterocarpum Creates a carpet-like effect With their scented yellow flowers!

Pride of India(Queen's flower)
Hailed as Lagerstroemia speciosa
In stalks stand tall
With their lovely pink inflorescence!

Coral tree(Mandara)
Designated as Erythrina indica
With pointy bird beaks
Bear scarlet-red flowers in clusters!

Rain Tree(monkey pod)
Termed as Samana saman
blooms in splendour
with rosy-pink fragrant flowers!

The flowers with nectar

Are a magnet for pollinators Such as bees, birds and butterflies Which create fruit-pods!

True Happiness

When we own property And accumulate assets bounty When we are much wealthy We reflect of being mighty.

When we think we soar in business And are with great richness We believe we are in happiness In which there is very little trueness.

For true happiness lies Not with all these ties But when delightful memories arise And our thoughts golden moments comprise.

Truth

It is Truth
If what reality dwells in the mind
Is completely presented.

It is untruth
If what reality dwells in the mind
Is veiled and presented.

The ebbs and flows of the mundane pursuits and the Perpetual Truth both alternate and reside in the same mind.

If the encountered mundane reflections are obliterated The Eternal Truth glistens In greater degree by its own visions.

Two Alike

Two Alike

Two Entities Pulsating alike—

Two hearts Beating alike—

Two minds
Throbbing alike—

Two souls Singing alike!

Has anyone seen Such a like

In this world Where nothing is alike?

Two Things

Two things that come and go— Happiness and Sadness

Two things that will never leave us— Fame and Stigma

Two things that will not come back— Prestige and Life

Two things that come on their own—Youth and Age

Two things that follow us— Virtue and Sin

Two things that cannot be contained—Grief and Desire

Two things that cannot be avoided— Hunger and Thirst

Two things that bring about a downfall—Anger and Jealously

Two things that are common to all—Birth and Death.

Unity

Let us establish a new world of harmony converging with unity.

Vanishing Sparrow

VANISHING SPARROW
Oh! Sparrow! Where have you gone?
Till yesterday you were here born,
I wonder, how you're from us torn,
Oh! Sparrow! W here have you gone?

Oh! Sparrow! I remember your chirpy call, To children you were their first pal; It was a real sight, so sweetly pleasant, To behold you hopping around us, hesitant!

We were in enchantment of your beauty, Nibbling at the scattered grains in bounty; To your cool chirps, we were driven, Our hearts, you did merrily enliven.

A cozy two-some you were ever, Your flight was with your lover; You eagerly took sand and water baths, At it with glee filled our happy hearts.

With you, once our houses were dotted, But now from us you have parted; With man, why are you, in strife? You know, you play a role in the web of life!

Hark! I hear the little sparrow speak!

The small creature with it's tiny beak! "Oh! Man, I love your company too, I'm also like you, now down in rue;

Me, to live with you, you couldn't woo, It's all your own making-so very true; Your concrete buildings are a vainglorious show, To live with animals and birds you have let go.

You have no dwelling place for this sparrow, Your mind has become very narrow; You manure the fields and harvest seeds, You spray pesticide and kill our insect feeds.

Where have we to build our nests? Where have we to have our rests? Where are we to lay our eggs? How are we to raise our chicks?

You're all enamoured of the cell phone, You've built towers in every zone; You're perhaps unaware of the microwaves That ripple through and on our enclaves..

In this inhospitable atmosphere, How are we to live with you here? Oh! Man! Do ponder over our survival, Does it not behoove you for our revival? "

Sorry! My dear sparrow-so very sorry, We ne'er reflected over your woes-don't worry; Thanks for enlightening us of your story, We shall, sure, make amends promptly.

Just for you, we've ear-marked a special day, It'll be celebrated across the Globe to pave a way; From the year 2010 it'll be 20th of March every year, Public awareness will certainly raise you, my dear.

We'll start House Sparrow habitat conservation, And put up nest-boxes for your propagation; We'll provide water and food regularly, And switch back to organic farming presently.

We'll make you secure from the canines, We'll let you be shielded from the felines; You'll be safe from the human foot-falls, And soon see yourself hopping with your pals.

I'm sure your population will thus increase, And your animosity with us will cease; Our progeny shall ever admire you as we did, And we shall remain with you as you bid.

Veiled Feeling

Like cheerful birds
Chirping in May
In colourful saris
Chattering away
The working -ladies fly
From office at five.
The next door house-wife
With jealousy heaves—
But who can comprehend
Those impetuous feelings that stir
The inner recesses of her heart?

Vouchsafe Yourself to God

If there's a pot with a hole Water poured into it flows out whole.

When in water is immersed this pot Water in the pot is fully got.

In this world money is enough never But if you vouchsafe yourself to God Happiness fills you for ever and ever!

Walk of Venus

Walk of Venus

On the 6th of June 2012 We saw the Venus walk And did verily talk Of its transition From its position From one limb Of the solar disc To the other limb!

Ah! A rare alignment And an extremely rare event! An infrequent phenomenon!

This occurs
When 'twixt the Earth and the Sun
Venus enchantingly strides
And as a black spot glides
On the face of the glaring Sun!

Ah! There was a beauty spot Which the Sun got On its glowing cheek beauteously For six hours continuously!

For the next century In November 2117 it'll show; As for this century This is the last such show!

t

Water

Water, water, water!

Water is essential for all life—
--plant, animal and human life.

Water is clear Water is colourless Water is tasteless Water is transparent Water pours on Earth as rain.

Water covers about 3/4of the Earth's surface Water bodies are ocean, sea, lake, river Water can be had from wells by digging the Earth Water naturally occurs as mineral water as at spa.

Water is in liquid form Water is in solid form (ice) Water is in gaseous form (water vapour) Water is as snow and snowflakes.

Water is secreted from the body--as urine, tears, perspiration, and saliva.

Water is a chemical compound
Water is composed of two elements
Water molecule contains—
-one oxygen and two hydrogen atoms.
Water boils at 212 degrees F or 100 degrees C
Water freezes at 32 degrees F o 0 degrees C.

Water, water, water! chandra thiagarajan

Welcome

Welcome you poetry you have come to stay with me oh! thank you dear

Welcome to Kolams

Kolam is the Tamil name for dainty floor decoration with designs Which has now been developed literally into a science 'Tis drawn on the floor with rice powder and colours And is at times decorated with lovely flowers.

In Tamil, Kolam implies beauty, form and play 'Tis a graceful art making the home sacred every day 'Tis the beginning ritual as the day dawns When in Hindu houses the front yard porch lawns

Are swept well and with water cleaned And when still damp the Kolams are gleaned Usually cow-dung is used to wax the mud floor Which is believed to possess anti-septic properties galore.

It is normally drawn with bare deft fingers
Using pre-determined dots over which beauty lingers
Kolams are also composed on cement floors with paints wonderful
And are also executed with chalks colourful.

There exist various types of Kolams—Dot Kolams Line Kolams, Maa Kolams, Colour Kolams and Curly Kolams Boxes etced with tiny holes are tapped for Print Kolams Rollers filled with kolam powder are also used to draw other Kolams.

Different Kolams by the women-folk are intricately drawn With symmetry, precision, and complexity, early in the morn They use imagination and execute the Kolams of their choice Through innovative messages for the special occasions they voice.

Kolams are known by various names in India—as Hase in Karnataka Poovidal in Kerala, Rangoli in Gujarat and Maharashtra Alpana in Bengal and Assam, Chowkpurna in Uttar Pradesh Madana in Rajasthan, Aripana in Bihar, and Muggulu in Andhra Pradesh.

Temples and prayer rooms are embellished with Kolams Prosperity is bestowed to the people through Kolams The main purpose of the Kolam is a sign of invitation To welcome all, particularly Goddess Lakshmi's ingression.

Ants that file through on the Kolams can zealously have their meal Birds and other small critters also can have their deal Kolams may be trampled upon, or winds or rains, sweep it away But the next morn beholds another new Kolam on the way!

The month of Margazhi is very special for Kolams' frills When women vie with one another to show case their skills For special festivals Kaavi (red brick powder) is used To outline the impressive art form to make others amused.

Various Patterns of different Kolams' invasion Are passed on from generation to generation From mother to daughter and thence forth to her daughter— This intricate art from time immemorial is still sought after.

Kolam is a great perplexing and challenging art of purpose It stimulates the mind, body and soul of all-of course But now in the city life of Flats, Vinyl stickers of Kolams, have arisen To fix it and have an easy go with the Kolams chosen.

When In Love

Why does the flower smile: the bell chime and the birds sing?

Why is the grass greener the breeze cooler and the music sweeter?

Ah! It is all because I've fallen in love with her whose heart beats in symphony with mine!

Whip Away

We think and with others link—

If only we had more- Ability If only we had more- Benefits If only we had more- Courage If only we had more- Determination If only we had more- Energy If only we had more- Friends If only we had more- Goodness If only we had more- Hilarity If only we had more- Intelligence If only we had more- Joyfulness If only we had more- Knowledge If only we had more- Laudability If only we had more-Mercy If only we had more-Nobility If only we had more-Obeisance If only we had more-Perseverance If only we had more-Qualification If only we had more-Resolution If only we had more-Skills If only we had more-Tenacity If only we had more-Understanding If only we had more-Vivacity If only we had more-Wisdom If only we had more-X If only we had more-Youth If only we had more-Zeal—

These are our Cravings-from A to Z- galore If we can sculpt our mind very sure And undue wishful thoughts whip away Our contentment and joy with us will ever stay.

White lies

You can tell white lies should not hurt any person's feelings better not speak the truth

Will Power { Acrostic }

W ill Power, great, resides in souls great
I ndomitable will is the gateway to fate
L iving with a firm resolute will
L ife in this world, could be moulded to rise higher still.

P ossession of will power and self discipline
O ver the road to advance will lead you to win
W ail not at your failure and the mess
E ndurance, hard work and preparation to progress
R opes you in to put your heart and soul at the wheel of success.

Wisdom

Inside a room of darkness enters a vile robber.

Inside a room of brightness he doesn't penetrate.

In your mind have discernment and hold the light of sagacity.

You'll then be in enlightenment and with Goddess Athena.

Evil thoughts therein will ne'er exist In luminosity wisdom in you will persist.

Wish You P H Pals A HAPPY NEW YEAR-2013

-"W ish you PH pals A Happy New Year"!
I s the wish this pal sends you over here—
S ince my entry into this famous site,
H aven of many Poets' eminent write.

Y our friendship has encouraged me a lot, O ver the last ten months with your lot, U nbiased comments stimulate me.

P leasurable poems carry us to lands distant, H andsome refrains capture our hearts in an instant.

P ainting nature with verses lovable, A ble poets from all over the world's table; L ilting poems pour with music in them flowing— S ad elegies ring which rent the heart blowing—

A II sorts of poems in our web-site of repute—

H appily converge and us soon reach,
A ccording to the inclination of each,
P aradise on Earth is this Poem Hunter site!
P osting our poetry in this pedestal is our right,
Y earn we and open PH for our lovely sight!

N oble people are its members bright, E ngaging with one another we write, W orthy remarks are posted for poetry's light!

Y outh too are here—many poets so dear, E lders too are projecting themselves here, A lmost all mingle with each other, R eading beautiful poems of one another!

With Profound respects to Venerable Dr.C.V.Krishnan

To Dr.C.V.K. when last in Jan 2012, we coursed, He proffered a book of poems—which in me aroused The poetic flame and this musing is versed.

Oft have I cruised to many a doctor for salubrity, And this de-tour, to Dr.C.V.K. was to one such a celebrity, But the peregrination translated to be my life's gratuity!

My thyroid report, in May 2005, before me was lain, The readings uncertain, rent me with pain. I traversed to Dr.C.V.Krishnan for him to explain.

I was there in the evening, sans appointment Without my other files—for they to me were insignificant, But with them, the morrow, to arrive, was the appearement.

Next day, I entered the fragrant room—so divine, A subtle mellifluous chant filled the air—so fine— As I chanced upon the saintly doctor—his mien sublime.

At that momentous meeting, I had the least inkling, That this encounter would become a life-long bonding, And he would be our mentor, with his thoughts ever lingering.

A synopsis of thirty years of my ailments I furnished—with such an array of arrangements—Of relevant dates and meticulous treatments.

Delighted at the mode of my presentation, His benign nod told one of his appreciation; For xerography, his assistant, he bid, for conservation.

For a series of tests, my blood was taken, And for the results, I went, mind a bit shaken, But with the assurance of doctor, my spirits were risen.

He desired the date and time of my birth, Which to me were never of any worth; I rummaged and with my horoscope then set forth.

He wanted me to adhere to the previous retinue, And with it, a four and a half months to continue; When, from September he accorded his treatment anew.

He is a proficient doctor in his ardent profession, With accurate diagnosis he cures with innovation, And to him we the patients flock with total submission.

Since then there has been no looking back; I am well—As rung a bell, I trip to him every month, to tell, 'I am in the pink of health—no more in pell-mell.'

Small illnesses, though, at times do me assail, My confidence in doctor would never ever fail, And I, in placid waters again merrily sail.

At times when in deep grief and depression, I dash to him for solace and kind consolation, His empathetic, affable words rid me of my desolation.

Often he offers me good, rare books, with affection, Which captivate and enthrall me with fascination, My thoughts with them take wings to elevation.

One by one, my kith and kin—so many Have followed my steps, and did me accompany; For cure, solace and peace in doctor's company.

To Andhra Pradesh, he takes a sojourn monthly, To patients all over the cities await him anxiously, For his healing magic touch to save them instantly.

Our doctor is pure, devout, spiritual and holy, And is a perfect noble man unoffending totally, He is respected, regarded and revered admirably.

Once during our monthly jaunt to our doctor, glorious, My husband chanced to observe his thesis meritorious, Which later on proved to be a key to his life precious.

He is an eminent doctor with high qualification, Has chaired the endocrinologist's forum with distinction; A learned philosopher, his articles display his erudition.

His long wonderful service at Apollo, Gravitated many a patient to his halo, For they got nullified their illness' sorrow.

His repute as the leading endocrinologist of India, At many countries, European, East Asian, and at Australia Has won copious acclamation for his research inter-alia.

Music, dear to his heart, is his preferred passion, He has authored good books from lofty station, Whist treating his patients with love and compassion.

In our life, he is the towering beacon of light, His pure positive energy enables us to fight Our wavering thoughts and eases us out-right.

He is prodigious person par excellence, None can equal his superb magnificence, His gracious heart is ever filled with benevolence. Even as a pious person in holy sainthood Can bless all elders of his loving brood' My hubby on his 'Sadabishekam' before him stood.

The doctor instantly got up from his seat in awe! Incidentally knew not what to immediately draw—And fondly presented sweet candies with Lord Anjaneya!

With our lot, like the ceremonies in the temple, The loving gift added blessings ample, And we cherish it in our pooja, as his love's sample.

He is a warm and good person to the laity, But to us he is our modest personal deity Descended from Heaven with real sanctity.

'We visit our doctor's clinic'—it's so mundane to say, But in fact it is a holy journey of the day; For it's our 'sanctum' where we, our veneration pay.

Overwhelmed when we, our deep gratitude spell, With humility, he'd brush it aside and tell, 'It's just that I'm only His instrument—well! '

It is our proud privilege to be under his scan, As he treats ably and as friendly as he can Dei Gratia we wish this relationship to ever fan.

I am tremendously delighted and gratified immensely, From the core of my heart, I thank God profusely. For providing us with such a doctor, so heavenly.

I pay my respects with genuflection and reverence, And sing this song with curtseying obeisance, For it to ever remain in happy remembrance,

For engendering such a supremo by Lord 'Brahma', Our doctor, at the pinnacle of wisdom, this beloved 'Atma', I bow to him -the human God, our 'Krishnaparamatma'.

World Poetry Day { ACROSTIC }

W orld Poetry Day is celebrated On the 21st of March every year—'tis slated R anking in our minds as per UNESCO created. L anguage of the heart with wisdom of one another D rive us to communicate with each other.

P reserving our poetic Muse
On this particular day, let us take a vow
E ach Poet to uphold values of all hues
T imeless poems to produce with love
R avishing lines to write to right
Y oung and old hearts both to glow bright.

D ay in and day out wishing poetry to greet A dorning it with verses nice and neat Y earn we to create beautiful poems—a treat!

Write I Must

To write I am forced, By an angel, sweet; My blood fast coursed, To give a treat.

To my dismay,
I found nought to write;
My mind in disarray,
Is drab downright.

But write, write I must, For my daughter darling; Let her savour the crust, Lest she go starving.

I know her appetite, This poesy would whet; So a little bite, Would not make her fret.

Yoga

Yoga—is a commonly known generic term Yoga—originated in ancient India—5000 years back Yoga—is derived from the Sanskrit word Yug or Yoke Yoga—was systemized by Sage Patanjali Yoga -aphorisms are known as Yoga Sutras Yoga—is practice of different postures of the body Yoga—practice of different postures are called 'Asanas' Yoga—there are over 100 Asanas, each with a different name Yoga—consists of centuries of knowledge distilled in single thread Yoga—is a physical, mental, and spiritual discipline Yoga -is a science, an art and a philosophy Yoga—is a holistic practice of self-discovery Yoga—is about aligning the body, breath, intellect and soul. Yoga—is aimed at training the consciousness for a state of perfect spiritual insight and tranquility Yoga—therapy is the ancient science of Yoga that focuses on health and wellness at all levels of a person Yoga—helps us to find calmness and experience rebirth Yoga—is a way to freedom from fear, anguish and loneliness Yoga—short-circuits the mental patterns that cause anxiety Yoga—is not a scholarly pursuit. It is a practical guide to living Yoga—is invigoration in relaxation and is freedom from routine Yoga—entails confidence through self-control Yoga—teaches us to know ourselves and helps lead us to self awareness Yoga—the equipment needed is your body and your mind Yoga -should be practiced with determination and without any doubts Yoga—is almost like music in a way; there's no end to it Yoga—is light, which once lit will ne'er dim. The better your practice, brighter the flame Yoga—is the way to a life of serenity and is possible for anybody Yoga—is energy within and energy without Yoga—can help us regain and improve our health Yoga—when practiced regularly it has the ability to heal and transform Individuals from inside out Yoga—is practiced all over the world today by all Nationalities, Religions, and even by those who don't follow any belief system Yoga—exists in the world because everything is linked Yoga—is a tradition that knows no boundaries and is open to all Yoga—has the power to change the world Yoga -is not for worldly gain Yoga—is universal.

Your Company

The iron in the flush burning fire, A gleam and glow does acquire; Fully transforms and is afire, Losing its dense solid attire.

If you 're caught in the nasty mire, Of the low and mean whom none can admire; In life, to step higher you cannot desire, And to ascend to lofty echelons you can't aspire.

Let us ever be in the company of gentle nobility, Who will haul us with them to high dignity; Raising us to tall standards of versatility, And to higher echelons of respectability.

Your Goal

First of all you attain peace.

Then spread it in your house in your neighbourhood then spread peace every where.

Have peace within and without develop your own goodness.

Do not evaluate others preserve your purity.

This should be your goal.

Youth and Age

Youth and Age

Oh! Such glorious evening!
Is it melted gold
Poured
Across the skies?
Or
Is it from an artist's
Giant Palette
Splashed so bright?

My spirit bounces
At the enchanting reflection
In the shimmering waters;
At the twitter of the birds
From the swinging branches;
At the colourful flowers
Gently swaying in the breeze.

I dance
To the tune of my mind,
With the bells jingling;
It's soulful music ringing,
I am caught in a trance!

I emerge slowly— Very slowly— Only to find Darkness Having enveloped me! Groping, I shiver and shudder!

Alas! Youth has passed away!! Age has come to stay! Hark! Is it the bell jingling? Nay! It is the death-knell tolling!