Poetry Series

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

- 362 poems -

Publication Date:

August 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Dr. Yogesh Sharma on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma (1-7-1959)

. The poet is a teacher who believes in universal brotherhood. He loves humanity, social justice, secularism, woman's empowerment and nature. He believes in realism. His poems are far away from the flight of fantasy and imagination. He is very close to realism of life, society and world in his poems.

Works:

Influence of Bhagawad Gita on Matthew Arnold

65th Independent Day

I woke before the morning, I was sad all the year,
I never felt happy and safe, and lived with fear and tear.

And now at last the 64th year is going down behind the wood,
And I am very sad, for I know that 65th holds no good.

My bed is trembling hot and stinky, with linen harsh and unfair,
And I am restless and cannot sleep as forget to read my prayer.

I pray, till to-morrow my countrymen shall see the sun arise,
No ugly tyrant shall drown my fight, no ugly sight my eyes.

But fear and anger hold me tight till my nation wakes in the dawn,
And hear the children singing the prayers round the lawn.

Let them have wisdom, beauty and passion,
Bread to the hungry, water to cool summers' fashion.

Give them light, and though the darkness closes;
So the night can blossom as the roses.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

A BLESSED MAN

As my serious penned lines, you see;
O passer by! Do not cry for me;
You will realize me with the dead,
But no woeful word and tear be shed.

Born as a wise and blessed Brahman;
Lived and eat as a man of wisdom,
Enjoyed sound health and wealth,
Life lived up to the brim minus grief.

Offspring those I left behind,
And their children, were civilized;
Played with them, with my kind wife;
I was blissful and contended with life.

My two sons, I married fine;
With their family I enjoyed my time;
Loss nor grief never wrought,
Any source for any joyless thought.

In the end, do not dropp any tears,
My dears leave me, enjoy your years, -
I sleep here to my hushed rest,
You live yours and me mine abode, fest.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

A CITY ON FIRE

People pale and grey, city hot and dry;
A red color fire in the sky,
Divine warm, bright sun on full fury;
When the wet wind will rise, I cry

All the thick, cool trees were out of sight,
Every where it was the fury of burning light,
Dead concrete structures adding dim plight,
Even wet sources were cracking apart.

Brooding over the pain drove me insane,
I writhed and sweat, filled with pain;
I stood dumb and deaf, dreaming for rain;
I lay there, my prayers were in vain.

Suddenly, I sensed cool breeze;
Perhaps lord Indra sprinkled some freeze,
It blew away all the dry and wild geese,
Killing heat was thinned to deliver new lease.

But damn, the brutes were waiting;
I was sobbing there, gazing and groaning,
The heavy clouds has to move, moaning;
Again the brute be there dancing and laughing.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

A Dirge Song For Treason

O My Country! O Life! O Sad Time!
On who's every stride I grew,
Wavering at that where I had stood before;
When will revisit the past splendor of your rhyme?
Perhaps never -Oh, never more!

Through out the days and night
All the pleasures are out of sight:
Divisive reservation, communal secularism and corruption roar;
Fill my fragile heart with torment, but real delight;
Perhaps never -Oh, never more!

Independent age's same old sad story,
Sixty years of hunting and robbery,
Aches to be liberated from pain and sore,
Only the senses of gloom sway,
Perhaps never -Oh, never more!

Not a mainly novel fixture but timeless told,
Mad messiahs have grown strong and bold;
Wise voices pushed out the door....
Prudent heart dismissive and cold,
Perhaps never -Oh, never more!

Where my dear nation going?
Now isolated; so beguiling
Like a little helpless girl, Oh no more!
But always blissful babe in our arms frolicking;
Perhaps never -Oh, never more!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

A DYING NATION

My nation was God's foundation,
Blessed to be founded in this universe,
We all know that's the truth,
Until I saw its devastated form,
A polluted, sick, dying nation.

Starved, dirty, hundreds of year old;
Deprived in all walks,
People only in skin and bone;
No food to nosh, no water to have;
Trapped alone in unproductive land.

Feeble eyes gaze straight,
Standing on legs more akin to carrots,
Intellectual power banging out,
Nerves stressed to flow tired blood,
Oh God! Nothing further I can add…

I am a patriot and my spirit is tough enough;
But cannot see the plight of my buddies,
To see the rest- an empire vulture,
Sitting close and staring eager to end hungry!
I cry! Save these souls, innocents!

Then I lifted my eyes to Heaven,
And with wavering lips I plead,
For an approval for the breathing,
And a pardon for the departed;
Let this never happen again!

And like a spirit of music, lowly whispered—
Lowly sung- came a resonance, chaste and divine;
And the blissful angel tongue smiled:
'Kick out the shame and sorrow, the misery and sin;
And the sunrise of every morrow, ill in peace be.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

A NATION SHAMED

There is a country drowned in lust and shame,
There people, like wolves, dance through the misty dark-night;
And sadly, in the midst of it, there is none,
That can fight bravely for the cause of right.

And sane speaking, falls before that brutish race;
All sane voices looked down like crying war widow’s tear,
While brute laugh and molest her pale bloodless face;
Stood by in fear muttering his lips in false prayer.

Shrink to cellars, holes, cells’ and dwells;
They shake the chains they wear of steels.
'O God! Speak-that mighty word on wheels;
That has remained silent! Make man our king and us.'
Annoyed, God pulled forth his finger index;
And over the corrupt, He opened, a thousand channels,

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

A PATRIOTIC SOLDIER

But poor patriotic soldier, at home his father lying sick;
His little brother and sister were reliant upon him for studies,
But one misty dawn he was dismissed from his job,
For eliminating some dreaded terrorists.

This darkened his peace and pleasure,
The brave soldier was almost mad,
Told his father's last remains, shouldered to crematorium;
Alas! Failed to see the last glimpses of his father, dear.

Disturbed and distracted he became,
Roamed through the barracks, crying:
Terrible nation: mad, conceited and ridiculous;
Suddenly I was liquidated for serving nation.

Life never offers same chance twice,
Here soldiers and traitors be the same,
Sun of my life is going down behind the wood,
Happy to wish, must be good for my dear land.

Tomorrow my immortal soul will again rise,
No hideous traitor fright my mind and eyes;
Sleep rests me warmly, till I wake in a new dawn,
And hear the victory trumpet in the lawn.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

A PRAYER FOR NEW YEAR

Happy, happy New Year,
A year without fear and tear,
A year with all the wealth,
A year with best of health,
A year for the fulfillment of wishes,
A year to feast with delicious dishes,
A year to get showers of prosperity
And no tough time and all charity.

A year with all the divine tribulations,
A year without any trepidation,
Blissful, bright, blowing declaration,
Wonder, wine, eventful conviction.
Are these New Year resolution?
Or begging for free perversions.

By,
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

A Strange Fake Song

They brand themselves as Secular,
And fake to follow the principle honestly:
I looked again, and found they were
Spreading hatred and violence truly.
'Ultimately I realized, ' I said,
'It was power game really! '

They pretend to practice Social Justice
And cry upon the chimney-higher:
I looked again, and found they were
Spreading caste and separatism sire.
“I felt they were wolfs, ” eating everybody,
“it was a game of fire! ”

They work as Philanthropists;
They appear as soft faces:
I looked again, and found they were
Looting the people with fast paces.
'The one thing I regret, ' I said,
'Is that no body can tar those ugly faces! ”

They march as the leader of Society Civil
Descending from vanity bags:
I looked again, and found they were
Most uncivil faces with acts rags.
'If they continued to shine, ' I cried,
'There won't be much for us! '

They shout as Human Right fighters
That work to clean the dark -mill:
I looked again, and found they were
Very dangerous and venomous-pill.
'If prescribed to swallow this, ' I said,
'Nation must be very ill! '

They are sworn as leader of the nation
Those stood beside everybody’s bed:
I looked again, and found they were
Fooling a nation and a fake head.
'Sad thing, ' I said, 'sad silly thing!
”Nation was bleeding red! '

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

AJMER SHERIF DARGAHA

A city chocked with bearded, skull capped and scarf heads;
Rushing and queuing feverishly, in the blazing sun:
Offering, mindlessly; in the name of a dead, poor FAQUIR.

A dead soul, lost but now his grave is banged by millions;
Believers are flung, carelessly to the mazar, concrete,
A big green chader, veils all; with a loud burst of blessings.

The streets, stations, schools, inns, all are suffocated;
With the sweat of rioting, innocent, believers;
Away in his grave, poor faquir's bones; lamenting.

Who is this dead faquir, still hungry and thirsty?
Not satisfied with all these heavy and loaded offerings,
Who is this faquir, whose needs and belly is so big?

Struggling and crushing their bones for a morsel,
An abused, naked, hungry child, lying in a dark but desolate lane;
City, still, besieged by the bones of a dead soul, hundreds of years back.

But the faquir is not ready to die on this hungry and thirsty land,
Ready to resurrect to the pitiful, meaningless world;
Perhaps, somewhere in the Q, praying for his next chance.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

AKBAR THE GREAT

Don’t slaughter the innocent of Chittor,
Oh! Akbar the Great,
Of brutality and barbarism.
Ending the light of thirty thousand lives,

Deceitful Hindus, with divided nationality.
Makes thee a victor,
Thou thinkest by slaying the innocent,
To control the sky.

Alas! No,
Thou hadst thirty four ill fated wives,
And five thousand concubines,
In thy own brothel.

The debase married motherly Salima
Aging wife of,
Father figure,
Bairam Khan.

But thou needed the ‘mysterious blessing’;
Of a Fakir,
To father a rogue son,
Questioning king’s manliness.

Who never honored thy proginator,
Perhaps knowing about the ‘black magic’
Of thy birth.
Revolted thy own seed, against thou misdeeds.

Dejected, disillusioned,
Thou embraced Deen-E-Ellahi,
And renouncing Islam,
Under the influence of a Hindu queen.

And made people chant,
Allah ho Akbar,
Or God is Akbar,
To declare thyself Almighty.

Failed, forlorn and frustrated,
Dealers of secular sect;
Canonized the tyrant,
Akbar The Great.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

ANNA-MAS

Put up a spray of Anna spirit,
Put in multi colors of love,
Whip up the thuds ‘till thieves hear it;
Chant out to those you love.

Anna-mas, Anna-mas, must fill the nation,
Run with Anna without fear,
Anna, Anna, you raise passion,
Wipe out corruption for all the year.

Pitch up a pulp of added magic,
Lob in a lot of courage and love;
Let us glow with honest logic,
Chase out the rogues seated, above.

For the people Anna is, too;
By the people Anna is, getting good;
Of the people Anna, nation beg you;
Please act tough, you would,

Get up and fight in Anna color,
Get in a grab of a soldier,
Set up and demonstrate the spark valor,
Boot out the corrupt vulture.

Hark, hark, you can glimpse it;
Peoples’ will everywhere,
Hark, hark, you can accomplish it;
Swell it out and share.

Put up a spray of Anna spirit,
Put in a rush of love
Stir up the sounds ‘till all can hear it
Chant out for your nation, you love.

Anna, Anna, you can free me,
Off Corruption and fear,
Anna, Anna, you fulfill my,
Spirit for all the year.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

ANNA-ONE MAN ARMY

He thundered lonely like a cloud,
That flew high on earth and hills,
With him follow a huge crowd,
A messenger of hope and clean mills;
Beside the cities, beneath village trees,
Roaring and blasting showering breeze.

Dazzled like a star sublime
And sparks like a bright ray,
He attracts a never ending human file
Along roads and streets on the highway:
Millions I saw at a glance,
Chanting Vande Matram, patriotic dance.

The sea of humanity rushed; but he
Out-did and feared the rogues flee:
Tones of gold could not buy the,
In establishing an honest nation glee:
I brood—and brood—but little thought
What these rogues and secular cheats had brought.

Often, thinking and brooding I try
In dry and sad wood,
He flashed upon his penetrating eye
Bliss for masses, mailing happy mood;
And then me and billions with solitude fills,
And danced and danced with cheer thrills.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

ANNA-STORM

Anna is the face that rocked the entire nation,
And horrified the black towers of India.
Revered Anna, make this entire nation, corruption free.
His roars thrill all the souls: listen what he speaks!
Come, Anna, come, give second independence again.
Here will we follow, for second independence is in his words,
And all is useless that is disliked by Anna.
I will be In Delhi, and for faith in him,
Instead of team Anna, shall team Sonia-Man Mohan sacked;
And he will combat with weak body, strong in will:
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to surrender.
And wear thy colours of sweet success;
Yea, he will cripple the tyrants by his fast,
Taught by Mahatma to defeat with non-violence.
O, his acts fairer than the words of Parliament,
Swelled by the support of trillions voices;
Stronger his voice is than all democratic farce,
When he appeared for the helpless masses;
More dear than all the corrupt kings,
Of the end of corrupts is his ideal goal.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Apartheid Glorified

Quota Oh quota,
Worst than pota,
Racism strengthened and legalized,
Apartheid glorified and constitutionalized.

Islamic quota, Christian quota,
Harijan quota, tribal quota,
Backward quota, handicapped quota,
Regional quota, linguistic quota.

Quota madness welcomed,
Divisive forces institutionalized,
Ah poor meritorious soul! If this be so,
No end or balm for this woe,
No peace for bright wood,
No cure for thy mood.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Baby Bachchan

Her home coming! I hope nation saw with joy:
A scene of wonderful pleasure and glory,
Creator God Brahama who in a rain of gold;
Broke open bars and pleasure untold.

Queen Ashwarya, the queen of beauty and grace;
Showers love on the new face,
Mesmerized to see God's dear creation,
Touched her white, tender limbs; with love and devotion.

With happy dreams, praying her happy stay,
And now with wondering eyes and heart, all play;
Before this supreme creation of Love:
A frolicking baby girl in glorious pink drove,
An angel with a lotus in her hand,
And in this world with stretched wings she dropped.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Raze Mosques, Churches, Gurudwaras, Temples, Mazars and Bars;
Spit at meat, eggs, shit, rot and coal tar.
Cast out Maulana, Maulvi, Hazi, Kazi Father, Granthi, Priest and Harlot;
Purge Terrorist, Extremist, Fascist, Caste-ist, Communalist, and Secularist.
Get rid of Leftist, Rightist, Islamist, Socialist and Capitalist;
Wipe out Laden, Jinnah, Gaddafi, Saddam, Afghanistan and Pakistan.

Shower upon the world the values of humanity,
Let love and wisdom may come to life with aura of divinity;
Where red and green becomes a frenzy merry spirit;
Bells, stars, candles, cakes, and hymns dazzle our spirit;
Our hearts vibrate with love, joy and peace,
Let us live as God planned, in a world at tranquility.

And we be conscious of His love in every sunrise,
Every flower's buds and petals, every baby's smile;
Every lover's hug, and every marvelous, amazing;
Finding that the world has not seen till today,
May all deliberate how this mysterious civilization,
Of ours was created by The Divine, not to disturb.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BHAGAVADGITA AND REBIRTH

Gita says that when a man dies
His soul takes new birth on, to earth;
Passes in some new body but disguise
From a new womb he takes new birth.
With tender limbs and brighter gain
The same soul takes new path again.

Such is the sermon of Lord Krishna and my cast;
This body, this band that holds the pen,
It comes and goes and does not ever last,
And turned, as dust, to dust again;
These eyes of mine have closed and shown
Many a times at Haridwar, Sangam and Ujjain.

All that man rightly think or do,
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,
His curse or blessing justly due
This one is neither slays nor is slain past.
His life is an account of the sum
Of good or bad indulged, or overcome.

Man knows that in his lives to be
His sorry heart will ache and burn,
And worship, power and wealth tree,
As man moves on the roads spurn,
His road shall be the road he made;
All that he gave shall be repaid.

Indeed, Bhagavadgita tells,
O man! Renounce this tiring strain!
Surely, surely, he must trust Him well,
Only his action, a good great man obtain,
Place, crowns, wealth and a happy end,
Certain is birth for the one that has died.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BHAGAVADGITA AND THE SOUL

I live myself and leave myself,
And when I appear, you shall appear
You and my every atom stay connected to God.

I remain hidden in you;
Every word, each dropp of blood, formed,
Born here, my parents and his parents are the same.

Body and mind is fragrances by me,
World is fragrances by me,
I breathe the fragrance, but people do not see me.

But the world here is rotten, it is odorless;
I want to fly and want to undisguised and naked;
To tell the world—who are you?

The smoke from the stinking world,
Chokes my breath, kills the love thread;
They have lost their connection with me.

The feeling of riches and arrogance, all false;
Listen to the inner talk and forget the knit of identity,
Me and my mystery, is the only light.

I am clear and sweet and unseen is cleared by seen,
Delivering the best, vexing the worst;
Marching for the perfection, if admire self.

All organs attributed to me are dear to me,
Not an atom or inch is vile to me,
I am delighted to see my devotees happy.

Hands of God are near to me,
Spirit of God is dear to me,
All the men and women are brothers and sisters to me.

Ignorant question the existence and supremacy of soul,
But I am always alive and well somewhere,
I move and move and never stop.

Every one born and die here is lucky,
I pass death to deliver a new cheerful babe,
I am not on earth but a part of this earth.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BHARAT RATNA - SACHIN TENDULKAR

Dearest master blaster, you can never be tired,
When first by your bat nation mesmerized,
That beauty still in your strokes galvanized,
Shaken by your thunders white man’s pride.

That wondered double hundred turned,
The yellow autumn, into joyous hold,
Like priciest perfumes, in scorching June sprayed
And still see you as fresh as new bride arrayed.

Magical strokes flutter from jeweled pair of hand,
Choicest out from the towering figures and no stop deemed,
Your gracious hue reduced the pain national in stand
But still failed to cool down your run passion wild.

Pray to God, this humble great son of this sand,
Blessed by Bharat Ratna of this holy land.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Blast, Blast, Blast

Blast, Blast, Blast,
On those innocent lives, O God!
And I would that my pen could not write,
The anger that arise in this pod.

O, see for the priest's boy,
That he chants with other devotees at pray!
O, well for the teacher’s lad,
That he sings in his class, happy and gay!

But the cruel state’s brute play with toy
To their safe vaults, without any chill;
But O for the hatred of a hidden mind,
And the sound of countless blasts that is still!

Blast, Blast, Blast,
At the foot of that unknown, O God!
Will never here again to me or to thee,
But the tender grace of those lives that is dead.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BLASTED FAREWELL ON A BLOODY MORNING

As innocents die blasted and fly,
They whisper to their bleeding souls, to flow,
While their crying friends do try,
The life leaves now, ‘but some cry, No: ’

So we should be deaf and dumb, utter no voice,
Shed no tear, nor shout angry move;
Killers are our dear choice,
To tell the world our secular love.

Killing by killers brings sighs and tears;
The innocents met what was destined and meant;
But the cry for power in the sphere,
Is much stronger, then the lives of innocents.

Power hungry secularists love,
Those have no emotion for common man stupid,
Hidden with wealth project as service move,
But fool we are who eternalized and elect.

But we by love for corrupt and quota defiled,
That nation know not the rot what it is,
Fully dependent on wrong side,
Love not nation, people, honor and bliss.

Our all existence meant for one,
Nation and people move but with fear lot,
A tale, rotten and no end in vision,
As making castle, in air yet.

If they have brute hands we have billions so,
And brave acts for honor woo,
Their faith preaches the killing show,
But ours’ do not but love do.

But we remain cowed and spineless sit,
Yet the killers eat biryani and roam,
Learns not from the splashed blood hot,
And seated laugh, as dears ones never back home.

Such sleep makes me sad, when act,
Learn from other patriots to make jihad run,
Uncle Sam’s firmness makes them just,
And me happy, when in my mother’s arm begun.

This poem was written after the 07 September 2011 Delhi blast in which 15 people were killed and and hundred injured.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BLASTED NATION

Blast here and blast there.
Sadly blast everywhere
Blood in the sky, blood in the air,
Blood on the earth, blood in fair.

For knaves, it is a victory for secularism,
For vultures, it is a victory for communism,
No reservation in bloody kingdom,
This is big Jihadi fiefdom.

Nation is on the axe of division,
Leaders deliver false illusion,
Poor victims die without justice,
Killers blessed with secular bliss.

Moaning with never ending pleads,
Without mourners nation bleeds.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BLEEDING NATION AND THE YOGI

Leaders lie, the nation who boost us in a loud coarse beat,
But hunger is here a permanent guest, and all miseries greet;
Sighing and crying seeing the weary faces in the street -
Only express sorrow for the owners of those faces in the fleet.

And cause of sorrow, in a land so holy and fair feet,
Shocked to see the dying farmers, cursed by hunger and eat;
I look in vain for traces of the fresh and sweet
Every where sallow, sunken faces that are there to greet-

In hours before the dawn dim, the starlight in the sky lit,
The tired and weary unemployed youth begin to trickle but unfit,
Like pale Jamuna flow the faces in the street –
To the beat of work less and sick youth's heavy feet -

But gangsters rule the moments, masses beneath the dust and heat
The nation is full of hatred and greedy faces in the street -
Grinding body, grinding soul, earning nothing to eat -
Tells of the city's unemployed upon his weary beat -

And after the hours in the factory, feet have slowly dragged in corner pit,
And sickly black chimneys rise to mock the hungry day's heat,
Ah! My heart aches for the owner of fear and weeded in the street
Sad smile that mock the owner, and with words; half entreat.

For in its heart are growing thick the crime dens and pit,
Hungry pleads for mercy in the corner of the street -
Sinking down, sinking down, battered, wrecked by don's beat -
A dreadful, thankless trade is hers, that mother of the street.

Human forms shall rot away in cities like pig meet,
And butchers faces roam freely, but unfit for any street -
Even holy cows are not loved, served as dish as secular meat -
In dens of vice and horror that rule all cities and the street.

Ah! Sonia Man Mohan's slaves, your knees thrill, your hearts in joyous beat,
When God demands a reason for the sorrows of the street,
The wrong things, the bad things, and the sad things that we meet
In the filthy lane, the cruel, heartless nation's street.

I left the dreadful corner where the steps are never meet,
But when the night came dreary with the driving rain and sleet,
They haunted me - the shadows of those faces in the street,
Flitting by, flitting by, Flitting by with noiseless feet.

Once I cried: `Oh, God Almighty! If Thy might doth still conduit,
Now show me in a vision for the wrongs of Earth a cure in sight,
And in the warning distance heard the tramp of many feet,
And soon I saw the army that was marching down the street.

Then, like a swollen river that has broken bank, wall and no halt,
The human flood came pouring with the saffron flags smart,

And kindled eyes all blazing bright with revolution's heat,
And flashing yogis replacing rigid faces in the street.

Nation swings to the rhythm of Yogi Ramdev’s feet,
Danced to the yogic art, saved by the blessings of God greet -
The dreadful ill breed leaders replaced by yogis without heat,
In that pent track of living death - the nation’s brute street.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Brand Name

God send me on the earth, an innocent being,
Untouched by the black and white doing,
But the world branded me as a Brahmin,
And a curse fallen on this urchin,
A child of lesser God,
The entire honor was forbidden to this pod,

Education, help, livelihood,
All was snatched by Robin Hood,
Some branded it as social equality,
But it was state cruelty,
Other’s called it secular passion,
But it was ugly repression,
All the isms kill human rights,
They are the Jan us face of racial might.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BRAVE SOLDIERS

Her brave sons on India, roar;
With short of weapons, but extra furor,
Those stainless steel frames roll,
That forced produce of their toll.

They have no leisure, cheer, calm,
Roof, food, love's gentle balm;
Always working for our safety, away from all dear;
Bearing nation’s pain and without any tear.

The plant they sow but others reap;
The wealth they earn but others keep;
The robes they spin but others wear;
The strong arms they make but others bear.

You sow plants, but let no Panwar reaps;
Make wealth, but let no Raja heaps;
Spin robes, but let no Maya wears;
Have strong arms, but let no Dawood bears.

Yow have plough, spade, loom and bomb,
But do not get grave, and dear ones build tomb,
And you have to weave your shroud,
But dear land is out of bound.

Always with a smile and voice cheerful,
warm and happy heart than no look or word can tell,
But the acts of treason and treachery make their eyes tearful-
Thanks, Brothers, sisters, dear nation, - and farewell!

But, O dear sisters, and my brothers,
This strong pulse tries me leave to others,
These lofty-snow covered hillocks hint of pains’ release;
The tasks we started but dark asks for peace.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

BUT I LOVE MY INDIA

Anna is super flop,
But Sunny Leone is super hit,
Baba is in jail, but Raja is on bail,
Terrorists get packages,
But Olympians get wreckage,
Here everyone is eating his bits,
Yes, this is my dear India.

Patriot Vajpaye is rejected,
But foreigner Sonia is accepted.
Poor rot in jail and die stinking;
But dreaded Soharabuddin is cared.
Natives are slaughtered in Assam,
But illegal invaders are protected.
Alas! This is my dear India.

Yesterday, I was a fool;
So I was trying to change the people,
But today, I am wise;
So I am changing myself,
And learning to live with them,
Here rogues always get ahead in life.
Yes, I am sure this is my India.

People enjoy here dramas, absurd;
Where power is every thing,
Powerful are worshiped and adored;
Rogues stab and thrash honesty out,
Sweetness and light not cared,
Good part dies but bad survives, long;
Perhaps air is false in my India.

I never cry, I fought the world;
But knaves thrashed me cry,
No possibility to put right,
It is a true trend, growing wild;
Land covered with wicked fox,
It is real, not a hoax,
But sadly, it is in my India.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

CARNIVAL OF VICTORY

The month of August, carnival for all the year,
When Anna forces the wild democracy move his way,
And showed the nation his power on a single day.
Krishna on Janamashtimi blessed his old son dear;
August 27,2011, lavish, mesmerizes far and near.
The thirteen day fast made all tyrants lay,
Like rotten meat in a garbage tray.
August, revolution, burnt all the liars.

The night guards its dear masses in fine,
Of kingdom’s: honest pearls rebuking rogues few,
Our white empress fled, in western towers safe line,
Back home, August, feasting and dancing on happy dew,
Ready to gulp the corrupts in a single drought,
Sunshine and clean air, delivered by Anna fine!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Ceased Delhi In A Winter Fog

O Winter! Ceased the breath of Delhi in your fog fire,
Paralyzed capital blocked the nation’s speed and turn;
Shocked and puzzled, and think thy fog is a terror burn;
Of disaster! Pray for early summer and winter retire.

The planes and trains are under your dark shire;
Violently shutting all the doors and progress we learn,
No way out to reach home, away from this foggy urn;
Blood drips down the heart and mind, no care for our desire.

In vain all claims to build the nation flees,
From all corners the happy voices cease,
Futile attempts to warm inner strength to sit in peace,
A child begging alone at a big jammed red light, pose;
Besieged in a city of dead souls, none ready to rose;
As there is no life for thousands tattered years, without release.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

CELESTIAL NYMPH

Feeds nectar from her warm tap,
Fondles the toddlers in her cozy lap,
Holds fingers to teach, walk, talk and rock,
Hovers always like a caring hawk.

Frolicking stories to make him eat,
Sacrifices every thing without any heat,
Nurses it with sweet passion,
Her heart and existence is at its tension.

Always praying for its happy plan,
Grooms a tiny tot into a towering man,
Heaven rests under her feet,
But she dies for its one smiling greet,
She is a fathomless ocean of love and sacrifice,
Loved and blessed by mother need no device.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

CERTIFICATE FOR SUICIDE

One and all chase this from first to last,
Valued years of life spent fast,
The days of life to make friends,
But time passed never return to mends.

Smiling at the dead certificate of school;
One may be dazzling or dull tool,
Like loosing or getting bright chimes,
Treated like a reward or war crimes.

Treated as years valued, none lets go;
But there's fate strong always, always toe;
A light certificate will force all cry,
As if winds will stop and world will die.

It is all worldly deed, nothing high or low;
That makes no failure or un-glow,
O Boy! You have your full life:
Live and enjoy it without any strife.

These days are the best days high,
Full of high hopes and ignore sigh;
Always smile and remember the maiden kiss,
Life is to live and laugh but don't hiss.

Life in itself is the highest reward,
Be careful and always at guard;
God is there to fine tune all and one;
With faith in Saraswati, go and love fun.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Childhood

Babyhood is a spring playing,
Follow its source in the sand,
And its vibrations, flowing, growing,
Childhood can revitalize the barren land.

There will never any more joy as this season;
Nor any more paradise than in this cute;
Loving, electrical, spring with its flowing reason,
O wondrous singer! Enjoy this mystery fruit.

O liquid, fond, liberated and bold,
Greatest creation of God, splendor lends;
O secret of earth and sky! Told;
Opens the gates of manhood, but never bends.
Oh my God! Why you are so short lived?
Why don't you go for eternity and always?

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

CHILDREN OF LESSER GOD

Some children are high in demand,
As they are good mannered,
But not blessed and loved,
By their progenitors red,
Day out and day in never exhausted,
Milked by their parents brutal, unstirred.

Never played with ball and balloon,
Never tasted sweet cakes and soft loom,
Life’s delicacies for never cry or bloom,
They are so good but live in perpetual gloom,
Even follow the instructions by tiny goons,
Saucy masseuses for decent blondes.

Get a coin per day and left over meal
Children of lesser god shower gold on deadly seal.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

CORRUPTION

I spring from haunts of Yadavs and Panwars;
I make fast and sudden tally
And hide it in the dark drawers,
And show my power in rally.

By dark lanes I march down,
Or jumps through the hinges,
From villages to towns to cities I frown,
Crossing over odds and ridges.

Till last by Ali's and Telgi's farm I flow,
To join the glittering harbor,
For men may come and men may go,
But I remain for ever.

I chatter and cross over secular ways,
Unmindful of law and justice,
I inflate by socialist and social justice bays,
I babble on voters' ways rustic and pathetic.

With currency notes stashed, wardrobes I fume and fret
By many a constituency but hallow,
Enjoying the nights of fairies wet
Decorated with roses bright but shallow.

I boast and blow, as I glow
To join the dark world here,
Crowns may come and crowns may go,
But I remain for ever.

I air about, Sonia, Mohan in and out,
They make way for smooth sailing,
Every where cheered by lusty touts,
And here and there live in Raja-Maya wing.

Sometimes watched by Annas' flake,
Me and my comrades, as I gravel
But come to my rescue high and mighty fake,
When on rocky terrain, I travel.

I reside in palaces on lush green plots,
I steal by gun totting covers,
Ages may come and ages may go,
But I will remain for ever.

Welcomed by sweet perfumed lass,
Those rare for happy young suitors,
I dance, I laugh, I chat, I glance,
Among my plotting followers.

I make my stinking leaders dance and cheer,
By my fat pockets and bags,

I laugh under dark clouds and hidden star,
I loiter around to fear rags and wags.

Out again and again, I flow;
I ring my bells wild without fear,
Armies will come and armies will go,
But I remain for ever.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

CROSSING THE BOUNDLESS

Don’t cry for me when I an no more,
Gone far away, never to listen your lore.
Driven and tossed in a mysterious world,
Where you cannot hold me by your hand.

Enjoy your life Almighty planned for you,
Only preserve happy memories in view.
For your depleting mind and sinking fray,
It will be too late to mourn or pray.

Yet if you want me to remember for a while,
Don’t grieve for me when you retrieve,
Shed the burden darkness and pain,
Enjoy, beauty of thoughts and happy of rain,
Better try to forget the dark and pass,
Try to smile and dance likes a teen lass.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Crossing The Floods

Some where man is laughing
Some where man is weeping
Some where man is crying
Some where man is sighing
Some where man is dying
Is it possible, all men laugh together?
How can it be possible?
Till even a single man is sad
Till there is the kingdom of voluptuous
Till the savior is the killer
Till there is cleavage between rich and poor
Till there is terrorism
Till man is divided on caste and communal quotas
Till there is illusion of power
Till man is sitting silent
Till man is splashing blood
Till then, how can men laugh together?
Although alone he celebrates and laughs
Some where lightening falls
Some where there will be August shower
Some where cloud will spread darkness
Some where there will be storm
Some where there will be floods
Is there any man, who can stop floods?
And construct a bridge, on which
All men can cross the floods together

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

CURSED BEAUTY AND BEAST

Charm like a bright star-
Moved alone in a king’s bar,
Usurped by the desperado killer,
Butchering her hubby dear.

Her splendor became a curse to self,
Veiled in a rotten dwell and no relief,
Mothered sixteen rogues with grief,
In fourteen years of hell of conjugal life.

Lived like a to be slaughtered goat,
Surrounded by mercenaries ghost,
No body to hear her pained breath,
And so lived her life sworn-ed to death.

Played like a bitch on monarch’s thigh,
No one to feel her pain high,
Cried for ever in a bitter unrest sigh,
Only eyes narrate the sad tale but cannot defy.

Temple grand was razed to rest her dead,
Hands were chopped of grave diggers, sad;
Easier to brand as love memorial, grand:
But all for love or all for hate, mad.

It will be a treason to call it love,
And a sin against God seeing above,
The anguished woman shall never be,
The cruel lover never made her shine.

Her body grew thinner and thin like a bee,
Dreaming for love that never came;
Her soul was frozen in a dark lane,
Died un-warmed for true love's flame.

No body knows, what this great beauty inherits
Head queen with all the wealth and pains but no merit!
It sounds like tales from the Arabian land of spirits,
And life has no meaning, like universe with no day and night,

For pain, dear friends, she renounced this endless strain!
What worse thou has good great woman obtain?
Palaces, titles, slaves but a suffocated chain:
Or throne of curses which his sword had slain?

Cursed beauty was Mumtaz Mahal,
And the beast was Shah Jahan, cruel;
Memorial named is Taj Mahal,
Devotes are called intellectuals, secular.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Dark Air Dark Light

Where lifeless rivers weep
With shame, into the deep,
She sleeps a pained sleep:
Flows with rot.
killed by ugly progressing war,
She has lived so far
To live where darkness are
Alas! Sad lot.

She left the bright morn,
She passes meadows of corn,
For world sad and porn,
And dark springs.
Through dark like black veil,
She sees the sky, pale,
And hears the birds' mail,
That sadly sings.

Dark air and dark light,
Moves over bed and breast;
Her face is without rest,
Mothers only wasteland.
She lives with ugly pain,
Crossing over hill and plain,
You cannot feel the sail
Upon your hand.

Dark air and dark lore,
Upon stinking and thorny shore;
Rot, rot at every core
Till hunger shall cease:
Sleep that no sound shall cut;
Night that no morn shall shut,
Till all greed is met,
With perfect peace.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DARK LANES OF LOVE

I lay lifeless by a burning bank,
Where I cried for my love, lay weeping;
I cried and cried all alone in the dark,
Crying, crying and crying.

Then I moved to the world and the wild,
All were there to prick and pinch in haste;
And they abused how I was defiled,
Driven out and polluted but players chaste.

I live in a dark and abused lane of love,
And cheated, I and wished I never had been;
A pit was dig in the midst to mock my lore,
Where I used to play as a jumping teen.

And the doors of dignity and love were shut
Although not writ on the door;
So I tried and turned to love hut,
That many love vultures bore.

Inside I saw my fellows as if in graves,
Joy riders crush us brutally like tombstones to dead,
And we in black gowns mourn the waves,
And cursing my existence with cleaved head.

When my shamed eyes sore
Bright day turned into night and strife,
Day suffers with the night's gloomy lore,
We are shadows without gender, joy and life.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DAUGHTER

God created daughter,
With special love and care.
She is a precious treasure,
Ushers in our life luck and flair.

HE blesses them with divine nectar,
To bloom them with laugh and laughter,
Arrival of a daughter,
Showers divine pleasure.

Love and happiness she showers,
Towering Druga in her grandeur,
Vibrant preserver and protector of culture,
Future mother, wife and sister,
In all the wonders, she is the best,
Mother earth is too short to give her rest.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DAUGHTER OF A CRUEL PARENT

She sits in the park, attire is out of date,
Seductive boys, intoxicated, jerked her skirt,
A passerby stares her inner self in the dirt,
Somebody she loved one time passed by – too late.

He faked apathy to that discarded pod,
"How kind" and beautiful, "Time seizes huge cries, "
From their ugly hands lust and sex indisputably raises,
An erected big tool…."but for the grace of God…"

They stand a while in iridescent light, repeating;
The girl's names and category. "It's all curse,
To listen to their rant, gazed at them, she stirred to hide, "
She utters to his desertion grin. Then, abusing,
The juvenile teen, assembled ogling at her sexy purse,
To the breeze she says, "They have devoured me wide."

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DAUGHTERS

1.

All the love is lesser to their, Love,
Don’t let them curse nor weep:
All be there for their, Love,
Welcome them-merrily sleep!

II.

Forget wildness as words are?
We and you forget the air rough
Singing in unison, as cuckoo birds are,
In their cozy and safe bough!

III.

See the lovely daughters stalking
While they smile and speak!
Welcome their arrival and talking,
With smiling and dancing cheek.

IV.

Where they roam there truth is,
False is far away from thee,
Where the daughters’ foot is
There flows spring tree-

V.

Be good and hold them
With happiness and charm!
Be a kind man and fold them
With love and safe arm!

VI.

Preach and only preach, only Love
As daughters brought
We will teach and teach only, Love,
Live and let live with love thought-

VII.

Happiness of fountain jumps there,
And run away all pain and sorrow,
Laying happiness, lofty spirit and cheer
In there hands printed happy to-morrow.

VIII.

There will ring merry bells,

And there dance feet and little feet;
Sweep of lute strings and fragrances gel,
For ever and for ever God greet.

IX.

If they are out of life sight:
There dance biting and foolish bee!
Ready to see dark night:
Love them and loved by the.

X.

Where they are harmed and sadden
And love and respect deny-
Be ready to lose the garden of Eden,
Every thing will kick you, Eve and I.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DEATH

Man is never alone in his world,
His death is always with him,
So he can never be alone and single.
Every day so many shadows come in his life,
Including, mine and yours;
But everybody leaves him in the dark,
And leads to his life in more darkness,
Even he too didn't realize that he is never alone.

But she, my death, clinches me tightly, and says;
'I am here, always for you and with you.....'
She always fills vacuum in my life,
And, relieves me of all the pain in my life….
She always come to my side and
Murmurs me to forget all the worries,
Yes she is always truly and honestly with me,
But even he too didn't realize that he is never alone.

The inherent embodiment of an illusion,
Moving with a thought to make things bright,
Going mad for pinning things according to his way,
Man always trying to call, asking you for help….
But not prepared to hear, his imprinted and emblazon voice;
She is always on the run, sitting traveling on a he-buffalo,
And man walks on a razor blade, only a matter of moments;
Before she grips her pal and run the razor down his veins.

Immanent soul, insubstantial essence, instinctual, inherent;
But unaware about his real companion,
Believing, the unseen, the unknown, a feeling, fate;
And lost in the melee of confusion and only confusion….
Perceptual, on the peripheral outward horizon;
Earth will cease to move, sun will cease to shine,
Stars will cease to twinkle but far away, from my home,
Far away from my play, death will remain on a journey without end.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DEATH –A NEW BEGINNING

O! Death don’t scare your children,
One may doubt the existence of god,
But can’t doubt your reality,
Omnipresent death is always with me,
But I don’t fear the mightiest of all.

There is a mysterious door,
But where are the keys, nobody knows;
Looking impatiently and praying to God,
Life keeps on moving and without stop,
Age keeps on running and no retreat.

The Day of Judgment is predestined,
And re-incarnation, accordingly,
Death should be embraced with a sense of fulfillment,
All the powers under the sun can be tamed,
Only one shot of your wild love can sleep all eternally.

O! Mysterious death, lift me in your wings, swiftly,
I want to give my farewell hug to my darling,
And see my creator face to face and say,
“Here comes one who spared no wrong,
Waste not your tears; he was a patriot, not a secular sinner.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Death And Reality

All know that all things must die,
The brooks will stop to flow,
The winds will stop to blow,
The clouds will stop to fleet;
The heart will stop to beat;
All know that all things must die.
The sheep will stop to bleat,
Soothsayers will stop to treat,
Flowers will stop to bloom,
Man will stop to gloom,
All know that all things must die.

O, Man! Spring will come never more;
Death always stands at the door,
See! All near and dear ones are discarding;
The lavender and the cheery building,
All know that all things must die.
We feel the flower of soft leaf,
But its soft petals sore us with a grief,
Which once our babyhood knew,
Whose love and passion never grew,
All know that all things must die.

We shadow the orb around,
But reverberations are deaf and dumb for their sound,
Stars light up and lose color as they bade;
They fail to made the woods joyful or mad.
All know that all things must die.
Death calls equally and all has to go,
No matter, high or low;
We quiver in the dark and gloomily sit,
In search of cheery, amusement kit;
All know that all things must die.

All the voices will be silenced,
And nothing will be seen or heard,
Nor the storms on the mount,
O, love! Hark! Death is calling strident;
All know that all things must die.
While I write this, the jaw is spreading,
The bright face paling, sturdy limbs failing;
Frost with the hot blood unites;
The eyeballs stopping sites,
All know that all things must die.

No times to hear the temple bell,
No times to meet the friends to bid farewell;
But this is a reality on this earth,
For all those die has to rebirth,
All know that all things must die.
As we and all know,
The old worlds die long ago,

So let the fresh winds array,
And the blue wave beat the fray;
All know that all things must die.

No body is here friend or foe,
But all have to go for a dip away from me,
Far away, far away and far away,
From my abode and from my play,
All know that all things must die.
Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh, trinity;
Is there to rule eternity,
Same eve and morn, will never more;
All things those perish will reborn.
All know that all things must die.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DEATH OF A JIHADI PRINCESS

Messiah of jihadis,
Silenced untimely by fellow jihadis.
The unkindest hands of insane Islamizes,
Fanatic, inhuman, savage,
A blot on mankind,
Downed the curtain of a chequred era.

Bloody end was the reward of,
Terror madness, raised and watered,
By her own hands and mind.
Kashi of west, Oxford failed,
To canonized her mind,
As suave, secular, friendly and non-violent.

A crowed puller enchantress,
Vying the throne of failed Pakistan.
Short did she play but always played with fire.
When house the scorpion,
Who stands to blame?

Daughter of a war happy father,
Always sworn, to wage a thousand years' war,
Against a peace loving secular India.
Dreamt to plunder her,
And furl the defeated flag at Red Fort.
Failed, rejected, and hanged,
By his own gun totting marshals.

Her own brother was murdered brutally,
Considered a danger to her hunger and designs.
Courted by Mr. Ten Percent,
Violently departed from the world,
And Mr. Ten Percent got the crown,
For which she died.

Rejected by her own people,
Loved and respected by the clowns,
She hated and ambushed.
Her madness was without method,
Princess was Benzir Bhutto.

By: -
Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DEATH OF COMMONWEALTH- 2010

Perhaps games are gone into the world of shame!
And entire nation watching helplessly this defame;
Peoples' wrath is high and loud,
And my sad thoughts are in abound.

Sick leaders loot and gulp with their dirty hands,
Like broken star upon some gloomy land,
Laughing and mocking the sportive beams,
Slaughtering millions' happy dreams.

I see them dancing in an air of glory,
But peoples' days, but sad and hoary,
See darkness even in bright days:
But leaders ready to dump all to decays.

O Almighty God! Kind and caring,
Watching all from high heaven towering!
Restore to your brutal justice you have showed,
And be merciful who to kind and bowed.

Dear, beautiful Delhi! The jewel of the nation,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark passion;
What corrupt and rotten lie beneath your dust,
Could control these man's greed and lust!

He that has seen collapsing bridges may woe,
At first thought, if this show will toe;
But falling ceiling and cracking beds tell a tale new,
That is to all open, known and due.

And yet as stray dogs have some brighter dreams
Call their soul mates, where players have to make themes:
So large filth and dirt scenes descend into dear sleep,
And into filthy cabins and fear peep.

If stars are given a dead theme song,
There high flames hit hard by path holed roads' tomb;
But when the show that played by rogues and goons,
Fear creeps mind of incessant doom.

O Father of world, and all
Bless this toiling and corrupted fair!
Resume Thy spirit for this sick nation to thrall,
Into true and happy success hall.

Either clear all the darkness, which blot and fill
My dear nation and people, silent still,
Or else destroy the rogues and goons' dance,
Where nation do not see Mohan, Kalmadi, Gill, Dixit pass.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DEATH ON THE ROAD

I watched a man crying on the road,
Trying to wag his youthful but aching parts;
So to lift his head again gracefully,
But landed on a busy road on the other side.

Similar to his aging father, or akin to his trembling mother;
Or possibly a minute ago to suffer the curse of time,
Of the market's bar shop where I stood shaken;
I gazed at him stagger up, struggling to stand.

To put on his shaking-torn feet;
I heard him writhing —as if to call, someone;
Distant or near, someone who had bye-d him;
Not so long ago on the road.

Of the newly-purchased bike, speedily running;
Taking the man to his bread and butter,
But no choir or counter-point, chorus to sympathize;
With his accelerator. The rocky canvas.

I looked upon the man, he appeared so powerless to me;
And I felt that I should maybe save him,
If I were so scary to simply watch,
I do not know whether the man will be saved.

Only to believe that life is first,
I gave my commiseration and my attention,
Something eternal ordered me not leave him,
On his wounded fate or in death's hands.

As I rushed about the man's chances for endurance,
A dark black red death car plunged down the road—
Bringing past the death shadow on the isolated red road,
Its bloody tires delivered death to the man.

Crushing the broken man,
Annihilating him into a single, red stuff;
Decorated and embossed into the violent furrow stripped,
And I became an actor in this absurd drama of modern world.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DEEP WITHIN

Today, I want to ask myself
What is it, that makes me weak?
It is a monotonous day round
Or the fear I abound,
The fear of being a loser-
The fear of loosing friends-
The fear of letting the hopes down
The fear of not owing the winning crown

The fear which lets me down
Is the fear of being MYSELF

My feelings are strong & deep within
Which lay unscrambled & akin
They ask me to let them out,
Share them & clear the doubt.
Then I make a promise to find,
Someone who will listen to my mind,
Someone who will take me up,
Someone who will share the cup
Someone who will make me proud
& make me feel on the 9th cloud,
Someone who will say a word
& will complete my incomplete WORLD.

PRIYA LOHCHAB

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DEMON KILLER-MAMATA BANERJI

She played bravely that everyone abhors
A little women slamming Reuters doors.
A poor parents courageous little daughter
Who lived in humble abode by Hugli water
By name Mamta Didi on that port,
Always played a furious sport.

She would bravely go
And slam the Lefts with gusto!
To make ugly comrades cry,
Her heart is not bad nor dry,
But only rather bold and wild;
As she was a daring, honest child...

It happened that a marble bust
Of Marx-Lenin duo was planted just
Above the door of this little lamb,
She had meticulously planned to slam,
And pulled it down! She booted it flat!
She laid it down and out! She aimed like that.

She wrote Reds' funeral sermon, long;
And followed by a victory song,
Mentioned her plans, simple but true;
But dwelt upon their vices too,
And showed the dead-fall end of evil,
Who goes and slams the cadavers of devil.

In the fast moving circle of time,
At dawn she wrote a melodious rhyme,
Mamata, at Reuters, reached with halo!
Where she walked-a ground hallow;
Where she sat-to create a holy temple;
Swore by love, for hatred to shed bare.

The people who followed her to hear,
The dreadful tale from far and near
Were much impressed, and truly swore
They never more would love Red door,
As long they had done for thirty four years before,
She rooted out Marx's unholy sons' lore.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DESPAIR

The blue is tearing out for me and throwing fire,
Kindly think of thee and don’t tire,
You may be a news maker,
But short must be this fever,
But beguiling enough to last forever.
I felt crushed by the load I bore,
I have cried no maiden more,
Like a sharp spear,
I feel only for you and no fear,
This is the only truth and no more,
I was designed for this lore.
Every other thought and world I ignore,
And all the fear and tear I tore.
My eyes search for you when you are no more,
All my existence ready to pour,
Joy and happiness our friendship shower,
Pain and grief, it shares and cures.
Friendship is a rainbow between two hearts’ core
So let us be friends and be faithful
Your only idea makes me smile.
Love is always hidden like a cozy under attire,
Always enjoy its touch and never tire
But can’t be shared, shown and mire

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Destiny And Man

Destiny is a force for our desires,
It makes us laugh and forget troubled wires,
Clears pain and miseries and gives pleasures,
It is best, who enjoy it, like million treasures.

Destiny is difficult for those who analyze,
Miserable for those who criticize,
It clears all doubts and cuts fear to size,
Put intelligence and confidence wise.

It gives patience even for long wait,
And teaches us, to learn, while waiting for fate;
Inherent beauty and blessings as its weight;
Delivers vice for non believer and chased by hate.

Teaches to accept every trouble, as a challenge in life,
Destiny is the best teacher and takes to happy isle and no strife.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DIARY OF A PATRIOT

Reading newspapers and viewing news made him sadden;
On Sunday night, I thought he was behaving eerie.
We had planned to meet at a multiplex to enjoy a movie.
I had shopped with my parents all day long,
So I thought he was displeased at that I was not on time,
Or at my empty purse, but remained quiet, with no remark.

Man, the colossal riddle;
Man, the mysterious;
Man, that deceives himself and all;
Man, a denial;
Or, Man, the theater; no body sees.
In order to be himself, betraying himself.

There was no talk so I suggested that to go somewhere quiet,
So we could chat, he approved but he kept quiet and lost.
I asked him what was wrong - he whispered, 'Nothing.'
I asked him about any slip on my part that made him upset.
Said he, had nothing to do with her and not to be anxious.
Seeming tough but feeble, or feeble but tough!

Way back home I coaxed him that I loved him;
But he dryly smiled and kept driving.
I failed to elucidate his depression;
I didn't know why he didn't say, "I love you, too.'
I felt he was freezed and untouched to all.
Was he sensible yet silly, or silly yet sensible?

Reaching home, I felt as if he had gone with the wind,
As if he was sick with me, and has no bond with me anymore.
Just lost in the sofa and surfed TV; he appeared isolated and out.
Lastly I decided to hide in bed,
After some time he slipped into bed,
Unconscious of human spirit and world.

It was enough for me and I could not seize it anymore,
Ultimately, I decided to confront him with his condition;
But he had fallen asleep.
I started howling and howled until I too plunged to sleep.
I didn't know what to do.
Apprehending his involvement with someone else, I feared my love.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DISCIPLINE IN LIFE

Get up before the first ray of sun brightens the day,
Welcome in a new bright day, touch the mother land to play;
And in the evening when the sun baths in the deep,
I can smile and laugh nothing there to weep.
Bed of happiness and contentment waiting to rest me fair,
and before lost in the deep slumber I must recite the prayer.
There is God and a new sun to welcome me new arises,
No sad dream shall haunt in my sleep and utter no lies.

But sweet sleep lulls me with all the love till a new dawn,
And hear mother singing the morning hymns in the lawn.
Get up and enjoy all the pleasures and grace,
You are here to live a blissful life and warm embrace.
O God makes me wiser like pearl of wisdom and lighter,
Like the unbeatable armor of a divine fighter

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DIWALI

A festival of great expectations,
Millions of joys illuminate life’s creations,
With endless happiness, love and radiant vibrations,
Lord Ganesh and Goddess Luxmi descend with manifestations..

To bless the devotees they shower,
Peace, prosperity, success, sanskar, power,
Love and affection unconditionally in every bower,
Spread goodness and winning spirit in every tower.

Opens the gate of joy unlimited wide,
Fulfills every dream of life with golden ride,
With success and achievement in every stride,
Grace of god fragrant every nook and side.

Burns evil inside and outside,
With great vigor and furious tide.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Diwali-Festival Of Joy

Diwali- lights lamps of knowledge full,
Blasts symbols of sorrows and clears space,
Shoots rockets of prosperity like big bull,
And clears tensions from the face.
Fires crackers of happiness all the world know,
Sparkles fragrance of love in the mind of foe,
Echoes chants of divinity rightly so.

Fulfills one and all with contended ray,
Pease, prosperity and happiness shown,
Lightens troubles like air, to all's satisfaction say,
Deepens the love like ocean, proves it to your own.
Makes friendship as solid as diamond to stand and shine;
Makes success as bright as gold mine,
Happy- Happy Diwali- bless us power, "Divine".

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DO NOT ASK! WHAT?

Do not ask, what your country gives you;
But ask you’re self, what you give to your country;
Enrich this beautiful space to woo,
The waves of happiness for joyous entry;
Dear India, Dear India;
God showered his blessings to thee,
And blessed the land with love and tree,
From Kashmir to Kanyakumari!

Men of India, wherefore plough grain,
For green pastures below majestic sky;
For the all merciful Lord resides on pious plain!
Defended by great heroes, but unsung fly;
Dear India, Dear India;
Wherefore she feeds, clothes and saves,
From the pain and fear the grave,
And give shelter, food, love's gentle waves.

Her good and noble sons, in their prime,
Made this nation as this land as loving grace,
Taught us to love and care of time,
And loved this dwelling-place;
Dear India, Dear India;
They loved this nation as loving toy;
They made this land glad and joy,
And colored her with colors coy.

Nation! Beautiful, preaches patriotic dream;
That lives beyond invasions and years,
Like immortal albatross always gleam,
Unmindful of human miseries and tears;
Dear India, Dear India;
Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh sprinkle love on thee,
Fill her with wealth, and thrilled her with heavenly hue;
And the liberty in law top to sea.

Be careful what you do, a divine land swung into hand;
Keep as free and fair as possible,
Sing the well-known tunes of the patriots, band;
That trilled one and all of this holy land, enjoyable;
Dear India, Dear India;
Burn horrible, corrupt and ghosts mad;
Listen to the bells where dreams come round,
So the ebony spirit flies high and sound.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DOCTORATE AND CONNOISSEUR’S WIFE

She was a daughter of a teacher, turned cheater;
And better half of a legal dealer.
Body rich and fresh as wife of bath,
But know how rotten and sick as defamed path.
Harassed and shamed her teacher till her last cell,
Drawing muddy waters from dogged scholasticism well,
Forced her simpleton teacher to act wrong,
Deceived and blackmailed for her theme song.

She was an all wicked creation,
Valued were rooted through corrupt foundation.
Morals, barren as daughter of washer man in Wasteland;
And brought up by the sick and smocked hands,
Attempted the doctoral trophy by sinning,
But the poor teacher more sinned without sinning.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Don’t Go Kashmır My Countrymen

Even if the peacock dances on your way,
Even if God blesses you when you pray,
Even if the sun is warm or the breeze is fair,
Or even if the sick thoughts force you there,
And even if you are charmed to stay,
By the fixture music, parting twist, but keep away.

Thought of Pundits those lived living death,
Memorize the faith and guns of killers heath,
Forget the buffets of spice,
And the green valley of apple and rice,
Or the show of light and flight;
And the temples in ruins or white.

Remember those slaughtered met ill-timed end;
My dear country men don’t go Kashmir my friend.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Don't be afraid of Death

Departed souls are cared and respected most,
One and all in the line beauties plant;
Where ever the message of farewell rest.

Departed souls not afraid of chill and rain,
Unmindful of ceased sensitivity and chocked brain,
Unperturbed about sense, beat of elation or pain.

Departed souls on your own are satisfy;
They snooze and delusion and have no fly,
No need to control their respite, affection or cry.

All weird, men must take off their band,
Or feel him odd who time-consuming stand,
Draped in his unruffled band on a dark road.

Welcomed by the chimes of midnight,
Ring in the emergence of twilight,
And on top of the sharp flight.

Death sans all the disgrace and grief,
And the gloom, sin and belief,
That the dawning of morrow must in peace belief.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DOWN THE MEMORY LANE

When I look back to my memory lane,
I feel like Matthew Arnold at ‘Dover Beach; '
River bank, golden sand, holy stones and dancing waves;
Like breeze at dawn on sleepy faces,
Jumping waves, hitting the bank,
My buddy meditating at, Har Ki Pedi.

Taste of "Prasadam" is still fresh to my soul,
Echo of conch shells and joy of devotees;
All are like a divine message to ear and eyes;
Boatman lost in ferrying his boat;
Trying to take pilgrims to divine road,
And devotees bathing out, their pain and worries.

Drop by dropp God created this Ganges,
Like life from a seed creates a tree,
Her water is one with life and purity,
With divine drops, flows on earth;
Waves, boats, lamps, saints are fixed in the eyes;
God drives her daughter to sooth His children.

As the Holy water kisses me,
God, waves, waters and us, one with divine;
In the holy land of Haridwar,
Like a petrified child coming out of dark,
To introduce man to his creator,
To deliver peace, happiness and Moksha.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DREAM

Here and there, to and fro;
Enjoying dreams, as in a little ferry, go
Seafaring far transversely in the sea,
But in realism all alone, just little bee.
And the dreams are huge and strong;
And the voyage very long.
Here and there, to and fro;
Enjoying dreams as in a little ferry, go

Earth, the deep and sky,
Calmly on the couch I lie,
Having just a tiny rest.
I have really through my best,
Some time in an appalling brigand fight,
But I confine them all right.
Earth, the deep and sky,
Calmly on the couch I lie,

Then I awake, “O Mother dear.'
And I rouse and sat upright,
I found myself in a worldly gear,
And my mother's arms around me-tight.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

DUSSHERA- A VICTORY DAY

Dusshera is a Victory Day,
Victory of Lord Ram over Raven,
Victory of almighty God over devil,
Victory of good over evil,
Victory of dharm over adharm.
It is a victory of life over death.

A victory of hope over despair,
A victory of creation over destruction,
A victory of light over darkness,
A victory of knowledge over ignorance.
A victory of justice over injustice,
Victory of dignity over oppression,
Alas! This victory will remain incomplete,
Till all the Kabeels, Sabeels and Afzals are hanged.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

EGO AND THE MAN

Ego is the beguiling shield, unfair;
For lot of negative inner space found,
But little knowledge, device strongest in air,
To plug, all the holes in space, around.

Winners do not do different things, felt me;
But they perform differently and no complain,
Never take any soul for granted for thee,
Hold all to your heart and sail.

Because you may get up one day with a strain,
And realize you have lost a diamond free,
While you were lost in collecting stones vain,
And strangulate yourself like stung by bee.

Ever aloft enjoy the banner of victory blow,
To strive, to seek, to find and to grow.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

EMASCULATED LOVE

My love is love no more;
My heart does not dance and play,
My joy of love is no more enjoyed;
My love fetches dejection and rejection.
The world is always there to kick and violate,
My rights of love and dignity denied,
My existence feels pain and pain only,
Well is unwell and unwell is well.

Thoughts are shadowed by frustration,
And the idea of happiness vanishes from the world,
Then I hold my pen and paper,
The words of my failures and sorrows;
Appear in words on the paper in red,
Feels myself in robbers grip,
No way to fill the colours in my dream
To hide the bouts of frustration.

All rob and rub my conscience,
Body and soul ploughed,
Broken heart aches in the filthy ocean,
Putting a question mark on my self and motion.
Love is not loved any more,
It looks dark from all angles,
Hell! This is love?
Only naked bodies to deceive.

I walk with my love elite,
But walking, sulking shame is my only bed fellow,
My soft heart plagued by sores,
Here Freud also failed and not cared,
For my emotions, no body cares;
Want to blast my self like bubbles,
My love waiting for a new dawn,
My breezy night, my love you will surely come.

My love to my sister dear is treated surreal,
I fear the laughing jacks,
Do not let me sooth and love my sister,
My love to her, declared meaningless.
Ordered to stop, sans goodnight to my women,
That aside me lay to love the night so gray,
While the seekers of artificial love make hay
But in dreams of day they crave, I cry one night to sleep.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

ENLIGHTENED SOUL

Enlightened soul,
Empowers a man with inner beauty.
A man with inner beauty,
Vibrates a house with harmony.
A harmonious house,
Brings order in a nation.
A nation with order,
Spreads peace in the world.
And a peaceful world,
Gives energy to the people.
And people with energy,
Have liberated self.
Liberated self,
Enlighten souls.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Eunuchs - A Cursed Creation

Always laughed, cursed and dies without will;
Where birth in itself is mourned as convey of ills
It has a soul but sans all joys spill.
I am always at loss when come to wishes' fulfill,
No love and care even when yearn for thrill.

Dance and sing for world's joys and chill,
With tears in heart, bless other's pain to kill.
It is all past lives deeds, ordeals and skill;
Dreaming the goods is a chore uphill.
Life cursed, unnoticed, sad and still.

I am a permanent loser, existence ruffle,
A sad soul, sat on a dark night rail,
A crying soul which has burnt and tired quill,
A soul who looked through light trickle,
My morning is always in smoke whirl.

I am a soul too happy to die in a while,
Too quick to glimpse and stink the last mile:
The self who is enduring too long but me beguile,
And wishes too gently and seldom the fairy isle;
I am the soul, all rituals spine but vile,

Who am I? A clay, boneless - playable, pitiable;
The soul, they label petite, lest a fool;
I challenge to grow but sees life a sick survival;
I am the rail on which all cursed to cross in real,
The telephone for many terms and tone but no goal.

I am an ugly face, seated in the field of battle,
I am a tool, to which life tough to tackle'
I am a sound, uncomplaining but in turmoil,
I am the dust in a desert, crying for survival,
Stone-for-a-statue but ready for burial.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

EXISTENCE OF MAN

I am worthy of life,
I am worthy of love,
I am worthy of respect,
I am worthy of my Creator,
I am worthy as a lone bird.

Always on the run like kite,
Alone like a shadow,
In the day and in the night;
On the earth and on the sea;
Like stars and the storms.

Out in the dark, I flutter and hover,
Out in the gloom, I swing and batter,
Out in the tempest, I sing and dance,
Out in a pit, I swim and batter,
Out in the fog, I battle and breathe.

Once, in this deep and dark world;
Beyond the reach of hand and might,
I am lost and gone like waves in the sea;
In this mighty tide, I have to plunge;
I crumble and lost forever to resurrect again.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

EXPRESSIONS

How should I express my emotions?
Feelings are scattered and full of explosions,
On the intricate floor of compulsions,
Senses are wounded and hugging temptations,
On the floor of life lay without motion.

It is better to remain mum today fearing devastation,
Alone I am today, how can I say in hibernation.
Blessings are very little to count and no variation,
Worries are too many and no happy motivation.

No sunshine in my days for illumination
And nights are without comforts and imagination.
Always hungry for love and new creation,
Oh! God, strengthen my shattered faith with divine presentation
And bless the world without hatred and violent cremation.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FAITH

Faith makes impossible into possible,
Teaches to live with hope to make all desirable,
Fulfill the self with love to see all things beautiful,
Sweetness in words and speech tingles and mingles.

Faith energies mind and heart with talent,
Empowers body hand with strength,
Fills eyes with peace and divine light
It delivers victory in life bright.

Faith in faith is like a golden ring,
It holds the finger tightly in the entire wing,
If we remove it from the finger and hinge,
It will make us feel a vacuum and ting.

Faith takes one and all to the Holy Land,
Of, “Om Shanti Om” with band.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Faith of Death

Out of the world's eye, always hidden apart;
Spent day and night, sleepless; why should they start,
Not even a dry leave stirred of the basil-plant?
Do the marauders ever thought about lives cut short?
What made sleep fear and cry its wings and part?
Only the cries of owl, night guard, secret.

March still, I cried, for the lost lives, innocent,
And left writhing and bleeding under the cruel God’s dart;
Even the wind is unquiet, yet than thou art.
Do the fangs still believe to fret the God smart?
What bids the finger to make the innocents depart?
Only the cries of owl, night guard, secret.

They de-mean the green God’s name that miss-chant,
It never was writ in the Mohammad’s chart,
They swallow bloody dreams through their death fields mart,
And pray on the tunes of death precept;
No hound's note wakens the wild-wood heart,
Only the cries of owl, night guard, secret.

The fire fighters and police broke down and forgot to fight,
To see chopped hands, legs and blood all round, left;
None can tell the glare of which faith lured them, fast;
To sleep for a season that hear only death warrant,
Carnage is the killer's truth or of killer's art,
Only the cries of owl, night guard, secret.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FAITH OF HATRED

In this world, up against his back,
After seeing man splashing in blood bashing,
Lust flew him to savage era pack,
But there is no happy time in this flashing.

Volcano lives in the hearts, waiting for a quaking,
Chest and arms once more fall slack,
Of the fiery life within leaping,
Like the wild fire, as naked man on track.

And soon the hot, stray blood came oozing,
Of dirty blast, and the thoughts those hung the wars,
Whether this deeper hatred lie deep in hiding,
And the winds' became sad like broken stars.

Tired people follow love faith, of God's making,
In this un-patriotic nation, all ready to lead,
Talk highly more and more with the low faking,
Forgetting about poor, helpless, innocent lad.

Killers' long beard, like hair being one with the spiky grass,
Round skull cap, like barren and dusty land,
Who knows? Who hopes? Who troubles? Let it pass!
They blast. All sleep, less tremulous, less cold,
Than no one wakes, and awaiting waking. Alas!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FAITH OF PEACE

Tear down all temples, churches, gurudwaras and mosques,
Dig out all the rot and waste from the graves,
Break down all the divisions,
Of quotas, castes, race and religion,
But do not break the human heart,
There resides the God innocent.

Boot out all the earthly gods,
Forget priests, fathers, mullahs and maulvis,
And worship humans and humanity,
There lie the seeds of hope,
Let them bloom to spread the Eternal peace.

Don’t kill a Muslim or a Hindu,
Nor a Christian nor a Sikh,
But kill pride and hatred,
And sit together and love together,
And enjoy and worship the Faith of Peace.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FAMILY TREE

Family of man is like leaves of grass,
The winds fling them to the ground,
But the grass rupture into new shoot,
Raise new leaves with the spring arrive.

So with the family of mortals, worldly;
The one generation grows, other vanishes,
What a dull, evil minded slut we grow;
Vanish into the fire of underworld.

The lovers those crying yesterday,
Are laughing with the gift of new born;
And welcome a ring of seven colors,
Those fasten the fate and name of family.

As God blesses exhausted sailor for breeze,
When their limbs are weak and tired,
Time drains the color from every man,
But family line is divinely decreed.

The man who is crook gets the same,
As the man whose deeds are highest,
The same death welcomes the man,
That does much and one does nothing.

Fools we are and fate's blind folly,
Dance and act for evil and narrow ends,
Chart to figure in the ballads of souls,
Those, yet in waiting and unborn.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FARCE OR REAL SHOW

No love in any corner settles,
No mantra in chilly air and dew;
All the towers and skyscrapers,
Shuddering and trembling like a man mew.
The bells of waiting dawn ring,
Shaking lamp-electric blaze across the night,
In scores of tinged-glass casement wing,
From India Gate to Ridge Green right.

Flag in the dilapidated Town Hall,
And girls in chinos laughing at Dad,
Says 'Happy Republic Day to you all'
And sleepless kids in slums are sad.
And uncultured oafs memorize Mum,
Even the immaculate ones who dwell,
And Parade Marchers say 'Come! '
You are safe at Raj Path cell.

And is it real or farce? For if it is,
Soaked in saline but classy scent,
The syrupy and silly Republic Day things,
And shocking knot so humanely meant.
May you wake up on January 26 th,
Finding that the nation has not change,
To a blissful end, the illuminating health,
Farce and rot flow, and these have no range.

Glide of a jinx on a flake made out of sand,
May what you see in the mirror delight you,
To forgive and forget your faults, be blind;
And what others see in you delight too.
Dear friends help those, some who sleep;
Beneath the unknown pyre-lit:
No pleasant memories they keep;
To farcical all they said and hit!

May someone love this nation enough,
To remove the stains, and tell the world;
About the virtues and generous boughs.
May you live to say, ’ I love my homeland,
At least once a day, to your spouse,
Your child, your parents, with all your call;
And to your friends; secretary, nurse, masseuse,
A Very Happy Republic Day to All!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Farewell

Death changes the wind, no mark on golden leaves!
It gives a chance to correct the wrongs and sans grief,
Best Karma are remembered after departure,
Death is always a new beginning with new signature.

Like a pencil blunt, sharpened, again elastic springs;
Only obey that God that gives you golden wings,
He is the creator and destroyer;
And those made you smile thank with a prayer!

Those who make us cry pardon them,
Death silence every foam,
God has perfect plan for a departed soul,
So never cry for loss and toll.

Never trust the doubted ones,
But never doubted the trusted sums,
Leave your mark here,
And edit your writings there.

Positive actions are cited after one departs,
End is always a new life's cart,
Follow 'Live and let live' sermon,
Respect the Creator's and Destroyer's stream.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FASHION FATIGUE

Long live the fashion and its tale,
But fashion is dead and no bail,
All bitten by fashion fatigue and trail,
Life is happy and high with fashion mail.

Life is best when world is happy on our fashion;
Fashion inspires and shower smile with passion,
Fashion is a statement, not a device or commotion;
It is to show world taste high, wide and its narration.

Fashion is keeping face to sunshine, over your head;
To hide dark shadows around face and be glad,
Alas! Now bleeding high and dry and displaced,
And fashion buzz is gone and designers are travelers red.

Fashion is for field and fashion is for hearth;
Fashion is a sword and a needle and for all worth.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FEARED REPUBLIC

Nation is thrilled and filled,
Celebrating January 26,2010.
Viewing the labored faces in the idiot box,
I am brooding,
What we have achieved?
What we have lost?
Is it only a talked republic and
Much cherished constitution?
I want to introspect,
What is it that makes my nation weak?
Why million cries beat my heart day round
And make me feared abound.
Fear of rising index of crime and corruption,
Fear of soaring prices and empty bellies,
Fear of unholy nights and bloody days,
Fear of endless wait for justice,
Fear of chair deals by corrupt mohanics coalitions,
Fear of blast and mines,
Fear of blood thirsty Maowadis and Jihadis,
Fear of intruders welcomed without visas,
Fear of cross border enemies nourished as friends,
Fear of valued slaughter goats and unvalued girls,
Fear of despair in abundance,
Fear of banishment of hope and peace,
Fear why I love my dear sick nation?
Where merit is crushed and dreams shattered.
I am done with these fears.
My leaders secular ask me
To throw the fear and love out.
Then I cherished a dream inside,
Some one wakes us up,
Some who will make nation proud
And take the nation on cloud ninth,
Someone will act and heel our wounded world,
And not to wait for the dried flowers and devastated dreams,
To bloom in the next world.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FIRE AT BHATTA-PARSOL

As the cadavers of farmers pile up,
In the green land of Bhatta-Parsol;
I, the brooding poet try to find out the meaning;
Of this game of fire and death.

Will the cadavers of farmers,
Deliver wealth, power and progress?
Will their ashes bear flowers and freedom,
To teach a lesson to these beguiled countrymen?

Neither Mayawati nor Man Mohan,
Will emerge victorious, but;
Will be remembered as killers,
Like Mulayam, Basu and Abdullah.

But the scars and pain,
Of farmers are acute and deep,
And the poet within me with a pen,
Don’t know when these brutal Moguls will stop.

Go back to my dear village,
Thou that pass’s by;
Obedient to her dear land,
Here we lie.

Oh God! Forgive them;
As they do not know, what are they doing,
Only let our bones immerse in Holy Ganges;
To avoid trampling by power Moguls.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FIVE GAUR DAUGHTERS

These five learned Gaur daughters with all decent form
Always there to help, others to adorn:
Who attract thoughts, worthy of graceful rhymes,
That even the wealthiest did not greatly pine
To hear their names sung in all the by lanes,
And get joy in their service to man, without blame.

And when they lift their head to serve, all faces glow,
With happiness and success, honest fortunes did flow,
Your string could soon clear the sadder tenor tune,
And teach the woods and waters lofty fortune
Their doleful service brighten thousands suns warm
Flowing streams of joy for all like thousands moons' charm.

Now lay all sorrowful complaints aside,
And filling all the hearts and minds with garland wide,
Help the distressed with message bright to resound,
O God bless all with these gracious daughters' sound,
As Indira did for her father and nation, so my self alone will sing,
The sky shall to me answer as one wedded to my ring.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FLAG OF JUSTICE

Mute nation, counting coffins,
Stands dazed by the pyre,
Waiting for the next victims,
To be put on pyre.

Country deaf and dumb,
Shrouded in fear, numb,
Wailing widows, children orphaned,
Flashed across the streets like lambs.

Up on a platform,
A wolf in whites, roaring,
Loudspeaker blowing,
Jai ho, jai ho, jai ho,
Nation salutes the resolute spirit.
Living race can’t wait five years,
Think and decide today.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FLOOD FURY & CWG 2010

All the cities and villages deluged
how the life feels a languid and marooned
Floating and running for a covering,
and how life and comfort seem a rare thing
In the Flood Fury of 2010 games and life out of wing.

And how the waters gushing beat of the brain
all efforts but in drain,
in floods though all depressed and lonely,
at the fall of rain heavily
Know I not, only prays with folded and pale hands, meekly,

No joys seem –only to suffer and no hide,
All my fears are moved side by side,
cried to see the dead harvest
And death and destruction seem a common invest
In the flood fury 0f 2010 rest.

When the days of CWG 2010 are numbered,
Wake the honest souls, which are slumbered.
To a national cause holy, delight;
before the inaugural bell and lamps are light
Enter at the huge gate; to please the patriot heart.

With a slow and firm footsteps in line
Come all the players and guests divine,
March in the allotted file, in gentleness,
Wave their strong hands in righteousness,
Must branding there trace, and all in national dress.

Virtue of love lives and flood fury to flee,
Life of dignity and game of love I deem,
And, like phantoms happy and tall,
Dance upon the CWG village wall;
Shadows from sober, pious, and free fill the hall.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FLOWERS

Flowers are the most tempting things, I know;
They fragrant the world and others grow,
Offer honey to honey bees and never lie law,
Shelters cupids around their boughs with glow.

They give us fruit and feed,
And seeds to bloom a new tree with new deed,
From birth to death, bless all and no creed,
And again in spring, new flowers, in May colored breed.

They are always at the gate as the days begin,
To hug the rays of morning sun,
But last to leave the light, to run;
When evening, embrace the cold moon.

When moon and stars glimmers the sky,
Give tired world happy, drowsy lull by.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FORGET THE CURSE

Goodbye rotating world, I am going to my creator.
You are neither my pal nor my liberator.
Tossed through the mad crowd I frown,
Long has been shunted like defeated crown.
But now goodbye to fame and flattery,
To false pomp, show and treachery,
To the splendor of gold's corrupted eye,
To chase of the crown mighty and high,
To false relationship and altered love calls,
To crying hearts and bleedings halls,

Goodbye rotating world, I am going to my creator.
I am flying to happy land with my master,
Where magical roots plan frolic lives.
Proud green hills in happy isles,
Where wounded feet have never land.
Every inch is pure to thoughts and hand,
Reside in a safe celestial abode,
Under the blessings of merciful god,
Echoed with me the celestial chant,
Moon, stars galaxy and wind rent.

Goodbye rotating world, I am going to my creator.
When I am rested on farewell pyre platter,
I smile at the pride and madness of man,
At the confused school and beguiling clan,
For what is your existence in this mad tower?
Where man is in a bush unaware of his master,
But in this confused web and silent nights,
Lost in funerals and sad sights.
I listened my master spoke last night,
To forget the curse designed for man white.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FOUR HINDU STAGES OF LIFE

From birth day to twenty five spring years,
Made to learn and brighten gears,
To see and observe, light of the day, without tears;
And celibacy years are there to brighten and no fears.

From twenty five to fifty, active years with family tie,
Days are clearer and enjoy highest fly,
Summer blooms with the warmth of the life and cry,
Life blooms with knowledge and love high.

The winter and mid age message to retire,
Fall arrives and tries to hold on to the sire,
Carved by spring, try to enjoy in the satire;
We try to move on, leaning on past fire.

Then starts to feel, the cold freeze of winter,
Mid life seen the joy of youth and hopes, splinter;
To pass the old age under the sainthood shelter;
Moving to autumn of life in denial and rebuttal.

Old age and winter, steps and breath is shorter,
So are the days and years and no breather;
Autumn will end and so will we lighter,
To a new beginning, a new life, to reach the Master.

In His Holy land, for a new life in a new land flowing,
Warmly and broadly a fresh wind is blowing,
Over the sky, the white clouds are fleeting;
Every heart this morning in joy is beating.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FOUR! BRUTE LEADERS

Four! Brute leaders: loot and fry!
Panwar has taken deadly toll, all know;
And your kitchen-world true,
And your out-house too
All happiness robbed long ago;
These unbearable pains are not ready to dry.—
Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!

Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!
Raja has broken your telecoms, all know;
And are happy, dancing his ways
Robbed nation of trillions rays
All happiness robbed long ago;
Life and nation will remain sad and dry.—
Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!

Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!
Kalmadi and Dixit have tarred the commonwealth, all know:
And the entire national pride and beam
Of all the nation's dreams
Honor and pride vanished long ago;
And no body was there to sooth the national sigh. -
Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!

Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!
Chavan has snatched the roofs of the war widows, all know;
And mighty but wrongs housed and fit
And killed the valour and grit
Sense of right and wrong gone long ago;
Martyrs in heaven tearing their sacrifice high. -
Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!

Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!
Leader sick and old, blessing the robbers, all know;
Watched by madam white, happy and light;
Delivered miseries and death without fight
Kindness and concern flew, long ago;
Masses left to die and cry.—
Four! Brute leaders; loot and fry!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FREE AND THE CAGED LIFE

The democratic man lives,
To fulfill his dreams,
And crosses worldly whirls,
Till the current ends.
He flutters his hands,
In the open and free sun rays
And dares to touch the sky.

But a man who breaths undemocratic air,
In his narrow lanes designed by despots,
Can never see through his flight,
His hands are tied and
His feet are chopped,
Can never opens his throat to speak,
What his mind desires.

The caged man cannot sing,
With full gusto,
He can feel the pain but no cure,
But pines for freedom unknown,
And cries for the freedom tune,
In the hidden corner on his heart,
Alas! He could sing with freedom

The free man thinks of others' breeze,
But a caged man sees others' grave,
Sees only cremation and pyres dreams,
His shadow shouts only on graves,
Every caged man wants to sing with freedom,
But the world was oppressed by despots,
With lighting and mind was lashed by flames.

Free man opens with every sunrise,
Lives every dream so free and fair,
All along the sunrise hopes wait there,
Forever remains young and lively,
Eyes sparkle even in the dark of night,
Hands are always loaded with actions,
Like diamonds in the hands.

Caged man is like slave in rags and skin loose,
Always live with the volcanic madness,
Grey before age, face dusted with spot;
Tormented, at war with himself,
Lived with a dying hope,
That became part of his flesh,
O God! Clear the world of all the Cages.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP

Friends are the sweetest and the loveliest thing,
If one has a loyal friend, it is like a spring;
It showers life, happiness, and smile:
World is full of new things but fragile,
But good friends are found rarely,
This is creator’s power and miracle play.

Never try to see relationship in friendship,
With eyes on blue sky and keep life in relationship,
Feeling of friendship is a happy tale,
In the night and white always prevail,
It is a thing can’t be seen but very bright,
And the souls in that shadow enjoy high flight.

Friendship is not winning someone’s heart,
But surrendering yourself to someone’s dart,
When one is trusted by a friend,
It is not due to the excellence of mind
But due to the purity of a shining frame,
And great work of Almighty proclaim.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FUKUSHIMA-THE CURSED ISLAND

Furious-high-anchored angry waves,
Plundering beautiful land into graves.

Poisoned fountains and all source of life,
Man and animals, trees and plants, strife:
Clothes, drapery, and napkins dreaded by rays;
Dying and crying meadows into death ways,

Once bloom with daises and violets,
And now in those beautiful lanes,
Bitten and cursed by radio active rays.
Spirit of the old-young, man-woman frays;
Lake and seas and rivers and horizon,
Bear only fear and fear; poison and poison.

Of dying greens to sick men's graves,
Quietly but sadly sleeping in the wide graves.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

FUKUSHIMA-THE WATER GRAVE

Plundered one and all in the silence tight;
Devastated the world and joyous dream;
Invaded all round ruthlessly, no body to fight;
As water graves floating on a stream;
No one was left to mourn and shed tears,
O memory, hope, love is drowned for years.

O dream! now turned sour, too sour, too sad to tweet,
Whose awakening would be in dark Paradise,
Where souls devoid of joy and love abide and meet;
Where teary, swollen, longing eyes;
Watch the horrific and death roar,
That water deluge, gushing in, lets out no more.

Yet death come to me in my life, that I may live;
My very life again though as cold as death:
Come back to me to lighten my world, that I may brim;
If keep on looking back to breath for breath:
bound to miss the road ahead below,
As soon as near and dear, and forget what long ago.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

GENOCIDE IN TIBET

We are in a hollow world
Where people are headless chicken
Bloody revolutionaries, brute force charging together
To slay, the meditating monks.

Alas! Where are the sane voices?
All dried up
Fearing brutal comrades.
As dry chaff in the storm
Or flies over dead corpse.
Lifeless jokers, dancing meaninglessly.

Closed streets of Lhasa are red
With the blood of monks and lamas.
Some have crossed to a
Paralyzed other kingdom
To avoid brutal repression
Meeting hollow and stuffed comrades.

I cannot dare to open my eyes
To see death's kingdom
Violent sunlight on shattered bodies
Dead land-ruled by cactuses
Raising of a dead man's head
Under the cluster of dying stars.

It is death's world
It is a paradise for ghosts
Moving alone
Trembling with fear
Lips kissing the dying soul.

Revolutionaries have no eyes
In this Death Valley
Bullets select their own targets,
Poor monks grope together
Speechless on this mountain of dying kingdom.

Hollow ideas, sad realities
No conception, no creation, no emotion
Havoc is made in the silent valley.
Only for a desire
To live and let live.

Alas! Roof of the failed world,
Looking-The defender of faith
The Holy One, the Absolute wisdom,
Have mercy, save us.

From:

DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

GENOCIDE OF PUNDITS

Sigris were cold in pundit hamlets,
People here were fuels to jihadi guns,
Wailing widows crying for slaughtered kins.
Terrified returning homeward their tired way,
As world a towering inferno to them.
The air was carrying a sad silent tone,
Weeping birds complain to moon and stars
Crying about the lost ones,
Who will never be seen again,
No memorials erected for those slaughtered,
As they were not mad vote machines.
In that method less madness,
Some might have slaughtered with a fire within,
Or arms that might have raised an empire,
Or hands that might have rocked the oceans,
Some great Vivekanand might be there,
Or some cherished Tendulkar,
Might have lost his blood.
All merit they had but sad fate,
Slaughtered for a status and crown
And their shivering bones remained,
Unprotected from insult and bloodbath.
Let not power mock their toll,
Sad destiny and remorseful smile,
And rude kotwals of secular trade dancing,
Multicultural dons will remain their,
To curse names and race for their trade
Bestowed with a treasure hidden.
On unclaimed pyre lie their corpses,
Unfortunate, cursed and unattended,
Nation mocking their poor faith,
Alas! Poor pundits of Death Valley.
,

By,
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

GLOBAL BEATING

Beating here and beating there,
Beating sadly everywhere,
Beating in home sphere and beating in outer sphere,
Beating is a great national trade fair.

Beating by Sikhs, beating by Muslims,
Beating by Buddhists, beating by Christians,
Beating enjoyed like deadly secular insulin,
Beating sans dignity, grace, and order dipped in sin.

Beating in Kashmir, beating by Jihads,
Beating in Mizoram, beating by Maowadis,
Beating in Punjab, beating by Megalayaide,
Beating is a great Indian national pride.

Beating in Australia, beating in Malaysia,
Beating in America, beating in Arabia,
Beating in Dhaka, beating in Somalia,
Beating in Pakistan and beating in Indonesia.

Beating in Sri Lanka, beating in Afghan land,
Beating in Nepal, beating in New Zealand,
Beating in Dubai, beating in England,
Beating enjoyed as dance in Arabian land.

Beating hyped as tolerance and great creation,
Beating turned world as a big cremation,
Beating as national fashion and fascination,
Beating in every nation, without compassion.

Beating like this method less cowardice,
Beating without any word of courage to mince,
Beating is honor and honor is beating with avarice,
Beating is Indian history mocked Karl Marx and no theatrics.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Go To Your Self

I am enjoying every day and sunny livelihood,
I am always a prince in world fair,
I will always adorn this knotted, untamed wood,
Always get the best and all love and care.

Observe spring and perfume all around us -
Delighted to recognize, and swift to learn;
Soliciting love roots those amaze thus;
Echoing blissful hymns in its turn.

Loving kisses, tight hugs, joyous drinks;
Leaping merrily at the dawn,
Up the hillock, along the ranks,
Liberated and lovely like as a fawn.

Let we live with own self; it's real scenery
Benevolent to fellow, little and big dears;
See the vigor of limb, and nourishing features,
Learn to read the beauty of coming cheers.

You are lucky to born without horror,
See life's play, and sing its song,
You are not the only committing an error,
But improve upon big and moral wrong.

Play full life, and in no way panic it -
Vigorous existence is the life best;
Never, never rupture its spirit -
Drive it only to move without defect.

Like the Holy Ganga river,
That will never be impure and cease to flow;
It will remain pure and flow forever -
Learn from the Holy Mother and go.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

GOD, UNIVERSE AND MAN

Brahma created this universe for man,
Both are strong and classy ton,
HE cares both to drink the full life,
And protects them in love and strife.

Universe is like Eden Garden for man,
Man is a rose scented in this garden,
It blooms in all the seasons,
And remains safe, braving all the reasons.

Universe is not like an automatic mover,
Without tuning and labor, nothing delivers;
Universe is like a multichannel television,
And man has to adjust to get the best vision.

Positive action is a powerful weapon,
Life has to act rightly, for a place with reason;
Like an umbrella that cannot stop rain,
But empowers man to get the best train.

Positive thinking is expecting the best on world's crest,
But, is also about accepting, every thing for the best,
As HIS plans are higher than our dreams,
Be ready to rupture in joyous beams.

Here nothing is old, nothing is new:
Nothing is bold, but depends, how we view?
When man loses hope, remember the point;
HIS love is stronger than man's disappoints.

Enjoy life, as happy days are few;
Happy moments are like drops of dew,
Eager to disappear in all the seasons,
Because universe is like a boundless ocean.

O man! Don't keep your dreams in eyes,
They may deceive you as tears wide,
Take dreams to your heart so that,
Heart beats force to covert them into fact.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

GREAT GURU DRONACHARYA

His words are price and precise,
All fix them to him to take teachings wise,
Only pupils with faith can follow that,
Others will remain dull and rot.
Unsuitable cannot be pupils of his band,
People with blurred mind cannot stand;
Their prayer cannot be, since they're not believed!

When he is serious and pensive,
Sometimes find his braiding offensive,
But always very penetrating and pellucid,
They are fools and nuisance those call him seduced.
That he is accused of caste being,
He is very just when he is disagreeing,
With learners those do not fit his leaning.

His sermons wise are the words of Braham
That writes the fate of those cross the ocean and beam;
But the Acharya who lit the fire;
In the mind and heart of pupils that is never to retire.
Alas! Poor minds do not want to hear:
Such simple facts, like those I write dear,
Pellucid, although impolite but hard to wear.

The Greatest Guru who told all: "Here I stand! "
He was very fair and not to pretend,
He was not A God, and that's a fact,
That, like my own, I won't retract.
Their accusations shall melt and disappear like snow,
Like sun, he will there to shine below;
But God, that send him here, will bless him to grow.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

GULF OF FATE

Deep inside the man, stays his fate
To shape his future, fast or late;
Unknown to Lenin and Laden, or to me:
Had they any idea about thee.

Unknown to them, as to their gun;
If this not their lot, why did they run?
He plays, provokes, tricks, fears, in world fair;
With kings, generals and maulvis sitting duck in chair.

Mighty nations, lap not this pear;
Chasing time, till last to bear:
Through dust and fear, till last all labored:
Into the designs, appear lighted.

Opens the knot, impossible;
Shapes destiny like teacher visible,
Remains unperturbed in the night,
Never whimpers, in the bright.

But in some seers, foresight rests;
Soul s great, Lord creates;
Fate is a gift beautiful, tells intangible:
To senses invisible to let smile.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HAPPY HOLI

Holi cleans dirt and makes life beautiful,
It wipes out evils and makes world colorful.

It is a happy image in a colorful day,
Spread freshness in a multi colored way,
As young, old, man and woman pray;
That spring like colorful ray,
Its tickling and nibbling must always stay.

Red gives power and prosperity,
Blue delivers success and longevity,
Orange makes way for progress and fertility,
Green brings happiness and fresh vitality,
Pink brings love and makes friendship lovely.

Shower of colors; shower divine blessings:
Air resounds with Happy Holi greetings.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Happy-Happy Birthday

Very-very Happy Birthday to you-to you;
All the pleasures of world to woo-to woo.

This day God dropped the sweetest flower,
In mother’s mightiest bower,
Giving sweet and cool shower,
Blesses to climb, the highest tower.

Remain in safe heaven and shun pain chart;
In the world of joys God has chosen his part,
Under the roses to rest his heart.
That is never found in any merchant's dart.

Pray to Almighty to sleep in a bed of roses,
Softer then the soft white snows is,
Where sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is,
Lay still, for the wind on the warm seas dozes.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Harı - Dwar: The Gate to Heaven

To live in Hari-Dwar is to be auspicious;
As the Holy water of Mother Ganges,
That went into the making of the Door of God,
Living along the flow of the river,
Far from the noise of corrupt world,
Clutters and strife of the machines,
Holy abodes of saffron clad mystics,
Vibrant with holy chanting, we live with God.

There is the language of devotion, in soft rhyme;
Sweet to ear and heart,
There are celestial waves in the dark at night
As devotes see the moon, dancing with waves,
Hushed at the ashrams' corners, sleep holy;
The Past and Present here unite
Along with mother's flowing tide,
Temples and ashrams, in tune with God.

Singing and dancing devotees as only people,
The shadow of huge trees, moving with the waves,
Between them and the moving waves,
A faith, that do not pass.
I saw the never ending chain of temples;
Devotees rush and bend down to meet the God,
The priest sprinkles the holy waters,
To pass on the divine blessings.

'Sleep, sleep to-day, to forget tormenting cares,
Of this life and of life before and after! '
Solemnly sing the holy choir,
On that sweet and pious banks.
Opening the day with water to the golden sun
Offered on the holy waves,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By me in my dream.

Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
Long was the prayer all chanted,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For in my heart I prayed with them,
And still I thought of He.
Just beyond the sunset, lies a home for us;
Where the world is happy, like a paradise:
Just beyond the sunset and deep somebody will greet us.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HATE INDUSTRY

Hate industry drives the nation,
It gives automatic up gradation,
In the dirty vote trade with a wild card,
Entry into the secular paradise.

Hate Modi, Hate Tytler, Hate Sajjan;
Hate Gujarat, Hate India, Hate Hindu;
Hate Brahmin, Hate Merit, Hate patriotism;
Hate is a big money minting industry.

Filming dead, nude and hungry;
Branded as art modern and grand,
Exhibiting rioting, burning and raping;
Treated as activism, valiant and virtuous.

Awarded heavy packages for Hate shops,
NGOs, secularists, activists, journalists;
Intellectuals, lawyers, lobbyist;
All take a dip in this Hate waters.

Plethora of Hate entrepreneurs,
Hate is pious and religious;
Hate loving warriors hit the big time,
O country men! Beware of Hate butchers.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HAUNTED AUTHORESS

Oh tireless wanderer,
Not a happy and lucky one,
But a sad and helpless fugitive.
On a never ending chase,
For a nest and honor,
In this cruel world.
At the mercy of
Power hungry heartless leaders.
Shuttling like a cock,
Compelled to leave,
Dear and near ones.
Are you a shadow or a real being.
Alas! Thy progenitors passed away,
But denied to have a
Last glimpse of their coffins,
Blood thirsty Islamists,
Ready to sacrifice thou,
Like a bleating goat.
Perhaps, only the death,
Can relive thou of,
All the wounds and sufferings,
Inflicted upon, by fellow Islamists.
Oh the gypsy author,
Renounce this red world of hatred,
And embrace the world of love and brotherhood,
Faith of thy fore fathers,
And return to thy roots, dear Taslima,
And reincarnate into the mystical world of
Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HAUNTED CAPITAL

Dear all we shall no more be walking,
So late in night,
Though the heart still be pining,
And the moon still be cool and bright.

For the lovers roam out, stealth,
And the passions out wears the breast,
And the heart must brood to breathe,
And love birds have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
but the day returns too soon,
Yet we will go no more for walking,
By the light of the haunted loom.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Have Faith In Self

Passing by a crematorium, I brood;
I always dream about beauties, but here alone,
Nothing can make your self and soul smile,
Only your acts perfect, for good by road.

You read your folder, closed;
Believe in ideas when moans draw your tear,
When natives are disgusted by stare,
Believe in ideas, you got from the blessed.

Believe akin to your faith, wises trained,
Believe in self and soul, life will excel bright and clear,
You will enjoy marvels from a blessed seer,
Believe in ideas, you feel righteous and hailed.

O Man! I will take you with me to my divine land;
Leave these allies inept, raucous and wild;
Only carry love stories inside your mind,
Have faith in self and ME, real angel cold;
You'll see the radiance, amazing, intense and bold.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HE STANDS IN GRACE (PEEPAL TREE)

He stands with grace and might like a knight
Ready to touch the sun, moon and starry skies;
Green leaves flutter beautifully in dark and light
Gifts pure environment and vision to dry eyes:
Thus softens and purifies the polluted might
That to world and humans denies.

Fruits ripened cures the numerous ailments,
Brings cheers for sick and tired the nameless grace
Which waves on every raven casements,
And beautifully brightens all the dull face -
Now creative thoughts serenely overflow without rent
How pure, how dear his dwelling - place.

Blossomed joyous waves in our mind, heart and brow,
He is the blessings of heavenly eloquent,
With millions of leaves and smiles that win glow,
Always echoes the divine message, day and night,
flows for the best creation, race human, below,
Peepal Tree lives for humans with love, innocent.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Himalaya

Great is the king, and wide and high he goes;
Through dense forests and frozen snow he reposes;
And in all the dark and clear days,
Unmindful of storms of worlds he lives on his ways.

The more closely we draw and pull,
We enjoy the shady boughs and caves cool,
Yet he gives thousand shanties to woo,
To bless one and all in his golden world through.

The dark caves housing mystics saffron clad,
The Holy, through the mystic hole, small but glad;
And through the rocks and brooks hitting against tiles,
Into the bare breast of holy mother-lofty smiles.

With his broad and divine forehead around,
He blesses all beneath his foot on the ground,
And gives a warm, glittering and happy look,
Reaches among the earth’s deepest nook.

With the hills and rivers, along the blue sky,
With cold and fresh air with singing and fly;
To air the world, to father the trees and the rose,
The guardian of the World, he goes.

Here runs the highway to the heaven;
There the green and divine land driven,
Through which I walked to temples with thee,
A pride and sentry of Hindus and Hindustan free!

His dear purple mountains,
Lie in deep happiness,
There one and all find the treasure,
Of eternal love and pleasure.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HINDUISM: THE HIGHEST WAY OF LIFE

Jurists and wise declared it as science, highest;
Reason has between love and knowledge,
In the expression of intelligence,
Only Hinduism stands tallest.
It is attacked from all corners,
By secular fascists, Jihad and biased;
By wise disciple of faith highest,
Keep flag high and fluttering.

Hinduism is the ultimate of all reasons,
Reason wise wins over Lord and universe;
Preaches highest sense and theories;
Leading to power and authority;
Settles with inspiration and conviction,
Imploring the hearts and mind of people;
Clears prejudices and ignorance;
With the highest power of sweetness and light.

It answers all the mysteries of universe,
Like sun warms all the travelers with vital force,
Principle of highest way and highest happiness;
That is the balancing force for perfection.
Balances energy, progress and order;
For liberation, joy, compassion and moksha,
Controls sufferings, darkness and lust,
And leads to the state of eternal happiness.

Hinduism solves the riddles of life and death;
And tells about the mystery of soul after death;
Makes man master of ultimate Law,
As religion of man like holy river, leads to ocean,
Opens the mystery of billions of lives,
Clears the darkness of cowardice and vileness,
Let us move forward for a spiritual perfection,
Brilliance of glorious past embellishes the life into eternity.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HOLI-HAI

Most colorful God of life play on this day,
Festival of love and colors and shun hate and sin;
And, having tamed hate and death, delivers blissful ray,
Colors of love are showered on, to win.

This victory, and fire day, dear God, with joy begin;
And bless all that we, for the entire time try,
Being His worshiper was not a sin,
May the world and we live for ever in this felicity!

And that His adore we meditate on admirably,
May equally love Him for the same again;
And for His sake, that all like dear we buy,
With love may one another entertain!
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought,
-Love is the lesson which the Holi has us taught.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HOLY MOTHER: COW

I'm a blissful to see a cow in the meadow,
If I had the authority to bless,
I would have blessed you and all,
To heave my authority at the world,
I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow.

I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow,
Here is no lie I want to teach,
I'm bubbly and cheerful;
And my eyes twist like crazy,
I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow.

I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow,
My joy is at the highest reach,
Whatever the mad talk,
It's the best scene to enjoy,
I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow.

I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow,
As I hear the lark song,
I chase and I chase,
Long into the shadows,
I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow.

I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow,
And don't blame me to start to preach;
But I tell you and all for your welfare;
Do not kill, love this Holy Mother;
I'm blissful to see a cow in the meadow.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HOLY PILGRIMAGE TO MANSAROVAR

From corner to corner only the mountains go,
A miniature divine abode meets in the snow,
I'm nowhere to be found in serenity,
As my spirit seek to gasp in this unity.

Dark clouds touching leisurely on the hill,
The current of air is serene still,
I'm trapped in the flash, pure;
As my heart and mind begin to cure.

A part of my self lost in the wonderful blue sky,
As I widen my thoughts, my spirit found to fly.
Where ache and injuries once dwell,
I flutter to mysterious spaces, my vision found to swell.

As the reminiscences surge bypass me,
My strength steer tenderly, soaring like a banyan tree,
Along my cheeks, tears dribble slowly,
I got some peace, as the breeze swab them dry,

An extensive climb took me to free-zed water and icy land,
Akin to the swan lofty, takes me by my hand;
I sat on my knees and start to cry,
It tells me the meaning of life to see and try.

Back home, me and my life, beyond the mountains;
I embark on to understand, what spirit denotes.
To follow the way divine and add might,
It is the real home; I've got the note and light.

Teaches us not to forget the worldly flow,
It is the ultimate truth our soul has to go.
Brooding alone in the day's end, sun going down,
Lastly I recognize what tranquility I have crowned.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HOPE

Man lives with hope,
And dies with hope,
Hope is a thing,
For all the wings.

Pain and pleasure,
Dotting phases of leisure,
Some are born to smile and enjoy,
Others with miseries and die like toys.

Hope is a deceiver and racist,
In thy world apartheid exists,
It is false and hollow,
Few smiles but many dies like flies,

World is a big crematorium,
Here mind and heart cease to work.
Where every body struggles for hope,
But majority perishes unblessed.

Parched lips and hollow belly,
Leave no space to lay in peace.
Death embraces them before date,
Uncared, unloved and unwanted.

O! Almighty God, bring out the funeral,
Of racism, quota, and reservation.
Bless all with merit,
And fulfill the dying Hope.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

HUSBAND

For every woman there is a man,
A man but all for her love,
Who solemnly swears her only love;
Who lives only for you and her.

Kisses her as he truly means it,
Who have not removed the veil to see only;
Holds her, as he never wants to let her go,
Never cheats her and lies, and makes heaven above her.

He wipes her tears when she cries in distress,
To makes it as the life’s last sigh;
Does not make her envious of other women,
Instead makes other women envious of her.

Not petrified to let his pals be acquainted with,
How he truly feels about her,
And let her know how he sincerely loves her
And felt his soul prolong for her.

He must prove to be her joys for her days,
And deemed her words as his own,
So she must swell with proud of him,
Because he is her Husband.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

I AM TASLEEMA

I can not write a book right now,
I was thrown out of my house,
After a half meal; in fear,
By train or by air; I do not know,
Or slowly on foot.

There is a pain in my heart,
Given to me by Mullahas years ago,
The wound is still unhealed,
They say; I m sick,
Needs meditation; for my dear pen.

Cows, the honour of my town, crossing my way,
Urinating; throwing their tail in happiness,
Sharing the intellectual joy of intellectuals and artists,
On their way to university and art gallery,
Silenced by the tyranny of Mullahas.

On my way to Kolkutta; my second home,
The aimless procedures; files; replies; circulars,
Garbage of notes; comments and complaints.
Fear for vote bank,
Din and noise; all about for a small roof.

I was dispatched out; how and why,
Only to make Mullahas happy;
The D-day approaches;
The streets of the City was reddened by the marauding mob.
Alas! A hapless women was a danger to the nation,
But crores of notorious intruders are dear vote bank.

Cows returning their home with heavy steps,
Panic stricken children running for shelter,
Carrying bag full of books on their shoulders,
Crying with horrible memories,
And the comrades of death counting their votes.

As I board a plane, I turn round to see,
The blood of innocent in the sky,
Motionless birds in their nest,
But they have accomplished their task
Avenged the loss of Nandigram.

But I am a shuttle cock;
Hit by the vultures for their trade,
What have I accomplished?
Floating with painful memories,
For the wanton world; it is all cricket.

With today; searching answers for tomorrow’s challenge,
This is the way women go round and round,
The secular labor finds its rhythm in ballet boxes,
Emerging from the black art treading harshly,
In the sacrifice of Tasleema-a homeless woman.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

I AM WOMAN

I am not a body,
Nor I am a soul.
I am an idea,
I am a feeling.
I have rocked the oceans,
I have stormed the empires;
I have humbled the warriors.
Eyes cannot see me,
Eyes are only bulbs to see exhibitions;
I am not an exhibition.
I am a feeling to be felt;
I am woman.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

I AM……

I am my Creator’s perfect creation.
I am my parents’ obedient son.
I am my wife’s loving husband.
I am my children’s caring father.
I am my friends’ perfect man.
I hoard and read books.
I read and hear news all the time.
I subscribe to magazines and newspapers, not because I have time to
read all of them, but because I like to think I do.
I'm a self-described and addicted to my discipline.
I'm not an alcoholic, but I do love good beer, good wine and a good time.
I go to movies and musicals because I love them.
I parties because it's fun.
I pray because that's just what I do.
I view Ramayana and Mahabharata and read The Bhagawadgita.
I hate modern art (something my intellectual and secular friends like to poke at when they
bring me to various museums) .
I over-analyze things. I sing hymns to glee. I wish I worked at the Buy Malls.
I'm a patriot, in this 'Democratic, Socialist and Secular Republic” (Theater of Absurd) , Haaaaaa……. Star Trek is too, and I think I'd
like Somnath if I ever got around to visiting it' way.
I Love Madhuri Dixit starers but No, seriously. Love. Capital 'L.'
I'm probably the biggest sap you'll ever meet.
I find kids and babies adorable. I want my own any time soon, and I
do want them.
I like pretty things. Shirts, Trousers, Photographs and arranged Pieces of furniture.
I love cows and Peepals because, they serve selflessly but I can't wait for the day that I
can get a puppy.
I'm living the dream when it comes to my career, but even I know that
there's something more I need to strive for. I just have to figure out what
that is.
I love Badminton and football, but fair warning, I'm didn't grow up
as deaf and dumb of the Central Hall, so I probably don't like our team(s) .
I'm not hot. Pretty, sure. Cute, No. Hot, not so much. And I'm OK with
that.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

I HEARD THE ROAR ON MAHA-SHIVARATRI

I heard the bum bum Bhole on Maha Shiva Ratri
Herd of kanwarias sing and dance their hymns play,
And wild and sweet the roar repeat
Of happiness in the nation, destruction of evils in men.

Mesmerized, I brood, as the morning had come,
To offer the holy waters on the divine Shiva Linga
Devotes had marched along the unbroken hymns
Of happiness in the nation, destruction of evils in men.

But in despair I shook my head:
'There is no happiness in my nation, ' I cried
'For hate and depression is high, and laughs at the hymns
Of happiness in the nation, destruction of evils in men.

Then read the beads more lost and loud:
'Lord Shiva is still there looking at all our deeds;
The evil will be destroyed, the goodness prevail,
Of happiness in the nation, destruction of evils in men.

Kanwarias ringing, singing all through their way,
The nation awakened from night to day
Mighty Tandava, a roar, a chant sublime,
Of happiness in the nation, destruction of evils in men.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

I REMEMBER MY HOME AND HEARTH

I REMEMBER MY HOME AND HEARTH
I remember, I remember, the home where I was born,
The little windows where the sun lightened my morn;
I remember, I remember, the streets and lanes right,
The cows, chased by bulls, wild—Their joy made me delight!
The basil where the purity live, and where my mother set
She watered on her fast, - The plant is living yet!

I remember, I remember, the Neem where I used to swing,
And the air must rush, fresh and cool, to dance with the wing;
My spirit flew to sky seven then, that is very tired now,
The rain showers fail to cool, the heat on my brow.
I remember, I remember, the rivulet, narrow and deep;
I used to swim with the waves and sound like beep.

It was an immature ignorance, but now a great joy,
To know I am far away from Heaven now when I am a boy.
My self can feel the joy, when childhood out of sight,
I love it fully, when I am a man strive for light.
I love that with a love, seemed deemed to lose,
With smiles, tears, of all my life! – But that, God choose,

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

I REMEMBER! MY MOTHER

I remember cozy lap and her brow,
Safest place only, and no place to go,
Enjoying warm naps where only love flow.

Always stay warm and cool,
Stunning as deity of some holy book, knitting wool:
Keeping house in tidy, all the strings only she can pull.

Street posts are still and lit up,
I observe her as she fills my milk cup,
Showering new blessings like a God's tap.

With her smile at dawn every day,
My day begins, 'What will you eat today? "
Her never tiring spirits always say.

She is greasy and loving, fresh as snow,
And when I go out, care was always on her brow,
O God! O God! Bless my cub to quick and fats grow.

Whenever I asked 'how's you mom today? "
With a perennial smile grins and 'okay, "
She hands me fruits, sweets to enrich my belly.

Seeing loose change in my pocket,
Falling some on the carpet
She was furious on this racket.

Rushed to observe where those land,
I hid my face with my little hands,
'Excuse me; I am sorry for this hold".

Lifted my face with pardon please,
I spin about my lips on her face,
I feel ashamed, as my heart race.

I cuddle her; remorseful appear:
Seeing smiling, I give a shy glance at her;
She was all cute I remember.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

I Wish

I wish that there is no paradise or hell,
And above, a lone blue, clear sky;
Wish that there is no religion or caste,
To generate hate, lies and quotas.

I wish that there are no divisive states;
One land and only one nation,
Wish that there is no crime,
So each stand hand in hand with love.

I wish that citizens breathe in harmony,
No hate, no slaughter, no scam in my nation,
Wish that there is no hostility
Only a caring, loving, honest nation.

I wish that there is no cupidity,
No want for famine or greed,
Wish a brotherhood of man,
Performing only loving deeds.

O My Countrymen! You may deem me a romantic,
But I want to enjoy this romance, this dream forever,
I wish that citizens too, visualize this,
And that my India would live together.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

IDEAS

Ideas come and ideas go,
Ideas mesmerize and unite,
Ideas captivate and elevate,
Ideas propel desires and drive deep,
Ideas travel one to heaven and may carry one to hell
Ideas come like storm and fly like zero, san beginning or end,
Ideas have a meaning of assurance for ecstasy, strength and future,
Ideas put roses on a heart pained,
Ideas hide every thing inside like breath for a mysterious tomorrow.

Sometimes good, sometimes bad,
Sometimes encouraging, sometimes depressing,
Sometimes philosophic, sometimes scientific,
Sometimes secular, sometimes nationalist,
Sometimes brighten the heart in passion,
Sometimes deliver the pain and depression,
Sometimes carry on cloud nine,
Sometimes drown in the world under,
Some ideas bring ups and downs, like tides of oceans.

Ideas have a melodious meaning for life,
Ideas have vitality, vigor and attitude for life,
Ideas are mind and heart for life,
Ideas change the music of life,
Ideas water the idea of life,
Ideas translate past, present and future,
Ideas are eternal cycle,
Ideas are omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent,
Ideas always shrouded in mystery, like a child in womb.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Illusion-Ary World

As man looks at the sky,
He can realize his tricks and lies;
He performs sins, closing his eyes;
He remains callous to see others die,
No body is real and dear in these pink files.

He utters the words hateful and painful;
And enjoys the sad reactions in their roll,
And take away the innocence off their soul,
And laugh at others kneeling before his toll,
That tears them apart, we tell lies as truthful

From the people we stare up for help to,
But come across at that shakes the faith so,
If, be bothered about such realism, they drug you;
But in realism, in the end, all things must go;
Just gaze as world bleeds, stare it go down to knees, low.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

IN MEMORY OF MARTYRED SOLDIERS

Remember patriots, died, for the nation wounded;
Remember an honorable force, ignored, trampled and wronged:
From Kargil to Dantewara, O listens to their song;
The brave soldiers have suffered painful wrong.

Their noble names are written on India Gate,
All bear burning black disgrace without any fate-
They are the true sons of this holy land,
Never cared for themselves but for their band.

Cursed by a corrupt human right paper in a Jihad killing case,
Vultures haunted them for many years, and left in lurch to face,
Heartless, rotten judge tormenting them till last,
Like a cruel and heartless surgeon's knife aghast.

The brave soldiers never cared for their loss of life,
They were the men lived their lives upon the edge of knife,
Fought for the safety of fellow brothers beneath the open sky,
Like phoenix, beating death they rise.

They only see the moonlight to silent the enemy trigger,
And made the killers to flee and snigger,
They never gave an inch of land to the murderers and thieves,
Sure they keep the nation safe—Parliament believes.

They never left the enemy safe even in hide,
Followed the sinners till they died,
By god, the brave did the work, braver, than they!
The widow's curse is on your house, as the death is always at the doorway,

There were tears in every patriot's sad eyes across mouth,
Died for the nation, threw the murderers in the south,
Always painted black by the leaders fed,
Held the tricolor high and wide every where they led.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

IN SEARCH OF INDIA

Where is my dear India?
She is in hollow media!

Kashmir is a Jihadi den,
Punjab, a Khalistani hen,
Mizo, Nagaland are Cross pan,
U.P., Bihar, caste van.

Bengal is a communist hell,
Tamilnadu, a Dravidian well,
Maharashtra is a Marathi cell,
Alas! Nation a terror dell.

Half nation is Red kingdom,
Full nation is knaves' fiefdom.

Then, where is my dear India?
India is in hollow media.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

INDIA

India, my dear land,
A love whispers in every body's ear—
It is time to understand
My nation must be first now, dear.

You have plundered her with some rot, of late.
Those have ruined the holy state,
In sad waters vultures chose to navigate.

The leaders all masters and ruler,
Whose leadership cures no more,
Now have no merit nor energy for,
The glory that is all lost of yours.

It seems now she walks on crutch,
She stands alone, all have voted "much"—
Loot and rob and pound as such.

In these tough times, all lose the trust,
And pay for gold and gets the dust,
Our man, our pleasures, our all we have,
Are lost forever, as in dark and silent grave.

But we have Ram and Krishna, to clear our ways,
Scare away the marshy earth and our dark days;
And from this grave, this dust, God shall brighten our rays.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

INDIA AND 2010

Terror, corruption and scams by false lords
And spreading darkness and darkness in,
The stinking secularism and social justice dim,
In every corner depression and nation chilled.

Reading false illusion of progress and tricolor furled
All the happy portals, closing begin,
Drought of honesty and patriotism thin,
The seeds of love spring rot and noonday hurled.

Happy days lost in noise and in false promise,
And summer dimmed her warmth out of dome,
But, O my sisters, O my brothers, hiding in cracking home,
These thick-skinned leaders hint of toil's release;
These feebler pulses, I pine to leave to others' need
The tasks once welcome; evenings for peace need.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

INDIA: THE DESTROYER

We live in a nation,
Here rulers rob nation,
And leaders loot people,
Governments destroy system.

Here doctors devastate health,
Universities destroy knowledge.
Here jurists destroy justice,
And police destroys freedom.

Press corrupts information.
Economists destroy economy,
Sociologists destroy society,
And secularism destroys love.

Here minority banish majority,
And rogues oppress the honest.
Killers and debauch are national icons,
But brave and patriots are abused.

Biryani, kebab are national dishes;
But milk, butter are destroyed.
Butchers are national citizens,
But saints are endangered species.

Social justice destroys equality,
Where zero is higher to merit,
Here religion of hate and slaughtering,
Destroys religion of peace and tolerance.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

INDIAN SCARLETT

Aarushi, the poor girl,
Met, a mysterious end.
No dear ones to mourn,
But, commercial mourners in plenty.

Dead in her own closet,
Was found the poor girl;
By hemlok lover parents.
With a big question mark.

Parents cried out their pain,
Were they parents? Doubt lingers.
Was she taught about SANSKARS?
Or walk to talk.

Certainly not. Then, who is to blame?
Aarushi was the poor girl,
But poorer were thy parents:
Who have nothing to give her,

She lived dangerously with snakes and scorpions,
If the insect stung, who stand to blame?
The mother cannot control the wind,
The time passes by uncared.

Humming goes in fire,
Can one tame the time and winds?
Oh! No,
Why control it not before it flows,

Poor Aarushi!
The world is full of vultures.
Land safely, cut their wings,
Before they stretch their treacherous designs,

If not so
Millions of Aarushi will meet,
Their poor sister Aarushi.
Always love with care. Om Shanti Om.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

INDO-PAK CRICKET MADNESS AT MOHALI

What Pakistan wants? Everything- ways fair or foul.
Can’t see India doing better than thee,
Wish to torment her, day out and day in;
Because hatred he nursed between thee and thyself.

With its crime, it has ruined our sport,
Therefore the pain, piping us for no reason;
As in revenge, they want to suck us;
Like venomous frog, intruding in our holy land.

It listens half, understands quarter, thinks zero;
Reacts double, and nurses hatred deep.
Never show love and affection to neighbor failed;
His tendency to undermine all offered; sans a hot chase.

They have given incurable headache to the game,
But we always stretch our love yoke in vain,
The players shed their sweat, and smiling sports;
But they rotted the game before game attains its youth.

Kill the enemy before it attacks you,
Reach your goal before goal is,
Touched by your enemy,
Live your life before life lives you.

The stands are full in the tense field,
The eleven Pakis’ men in files filled up with mud,
These cruel Moguls want their cheers,
And night is without hymn and carol blest.

All know where from they grows,
Where only hatred and death blows,
Furious and violent in a deserts’ heath,
With terrifying methods delivering heat.

There fore moon controller of waters,
Drowned in anger, hissing the air;
The disease of hatred sit deep,
Through this we see the struggle of bat and ball.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

IPL TREE

I was upset with IPL band,
The corrupt tangles not to end;
I was sad from head to toe:
Fail system let it grow.

Nation watched it with tears,
Day and night looked it with fears;
Scorn and awe, engulfed the entire smiles;
Leaders were dancing cruel wiles.

Conflict grew and grew day and night,
And reached to stinking heights,
And looters played an ugly game,
World knew it was vulgar wealth and fame.

Masked in their dirty stores,
Where wrongs have veiled all holes,
All joined hands to enjoy its shine,
But swear all, it was not mine.

Khan, Wadia and Panwar’s herd of crows;
All pretends to be holy cows,
In a morning beautiful all see,
IPL foes found hung with a tree.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

IT HAPPENS ONLY IN INDIA

It happens only in India,
That so false talk and high fate,
So rot, so lies, and of ugly rate,
Destroyed the nation so soon that was begun so late,
It happens only in India.

It happens only in India,
Claim to be cruel to secular intent,
But spread the venom of communal vent,
Hatred is a secular passion and no to relent;
It happens only in India.

It happens only in India,
Disguised as messiah of social justice,
But play with caste squinted eye
That kill the truth and merit is poisoned to die,
It happens only in India.

It happens only in India,
Wear the attire of human right,
To support the life that lowest left,
But water the blood thirsty terror thirst:
It happens only in India.

It happens only in India,
They preach morality and sacrifice,
But trust robbery and loot license,
As men wed ladies for trade slice,
It happens only in India.

It happens only in India,
They are the Doctor of Economics,
But follow the hawala matrix,
To breath the corrupt theatrics,
It happens only in India.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

JAI HO HO HO HO

Cry or laugh,
On national helplessness,
And boost about hollow tolerance and brotherhood.
Shrug the shoulders,
And hide the cruel apathy,
Cowardice, incompetence and unconcerned ness,
Under the shroud of secularism and social justice.
Yelling about,
Tolerance, as glorious tradition,
Largest democracy, as highest pride,
Reservation, as tallest peak,
And secularism, as jewel in the crown.
Alas this narcissism,
Causing genocide, ethnic cleansing,
Sponsored killing, hatred, arson,
And what not?
Bleating secularism and reservation,
As immortal and eternal medicine,
To all crimes,
Ensuring divine security and eternal peace,
And leaving nation shivering in fear and grief.
Crown the Afzals, Soharabs and Ldens,
As national heroes,
And martyrdoms of Sharmas, Sandeeps and Singhs,
As national mockery.
Jai Ho sectarian secularism,
Jai Ho racial reservation,
Jai Ho Jai Ho Jai Ho Hind.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA
E-mail- yogesh_krsharma@yahoo.com

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Jai Shree Krishna

I love Him, and always of Him I think,
He is to me entire world, without a wink,
Best gift and sweetest drink,
And best connecting link,
Between me, heaven and earth.

I only know Him, without any how or why,
He is my greatest happiness and no lie;
No other happiness I can try,
He is the only one free from life and die,
No body can it explain His strength.

All the chains were broken, I fail would it can be,
Kansa was killed when the time arrive,
Then He became all in one,
So everything to me,
And so I'm dumb in this hearth.

For, I lose my righteousness,
He is with me with wise goodness,
Lifted Goverdhan high to protect all guys;
Saved Draupadi and humiliated power to powerless,
Silently, without any weapon and tongue truth.

A power with love and truth to practice it,
He is transcendent and Omnipotent,
All goodness and all light,
He is Sun, Moon, Stars, to benefit
To reverence and to growth.

He is One like, these Three together meet,
Enlightened Arjuna with His Gita bright,
And made Dwarika, as one Holy the Seat,
And brought believers to this favorite retreat,
Brought up by Nand-Yashoda, love forth.

Purity of heart, mind, soul but no hate,
With love and leela, won entire Gokul gates;
Declared all to be His fellow mates,
Exposed to equal fates
He is One and all; Lord Krishna, absolute truth.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

JEHANGIR - A SICK KING OF HINDUSTAN

O, Noorjahan, thou know’st,
I have been sick all these days?
‘Justice, O Queen, on this brutal sinner,
Who tortured the world?
The river Jamuna was reddened
And run thinner every day.

Now see, I being sick,
Destined to be howled in the next world.
I, for myself, pained other’s heart,
The shame must be borne alone,
Bows my head and trembles my knees.
I am a kefir, vexed others, and cursed by God.

.O, Noorjahan, thou young, I old,
Sad he who lives here, on silk carpets,
All kind of fruits, grape syrup, apple, colored ice,
Cherries served in diamond plates,
I have meat, wine and virgins at will,
And palaces of treasure, nor enjoy these.

As my body and soul, both sick.
Crippled with deficiency syndrome,
Unknown are my real father and mother,
Borne by the magic of a fakir,
And one among thirty usurp wives and,
Five thousand concubines may be my mother.

Grey bearded corrupt courtiers never wrote,
Misdeeds my father did, nor the thousands did he slay,
He loved brutalities and lived long,
Cursed my childhood, with the cold, dull soil.
Youth blackened with follies and ill thoughts,
Doomed, absurd and arrogant.

Even the mighty name, I have,
Will soon be forgotten, when I am dead,
So have I neither fame nor joy.
Death’s harsh brush, dimmed thy cruel brow,
A life that wrote havoc with the sword,
Power made it imbecile.

Molded itself in wine, women and wealth
A life with vigor dimmed and decayed,
Now chocked, my faltering soul and tongue,
A brutal heart not to be wrecked by countless dead,
Will be buried under fretted stones’ tomb,
In a dark corner of Agra.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

JOURNEY OF MAN

A volcano is erupting in the heart,
A tsunami is storming the mind,
A wild fire is burning the life,
A questing is storming the mind,
Is man going back to savage age?
Where there was no law, no rule and no principle;
Man haunted forest after forest,
Hungry, thirsty, naked, free and wild;
In search of light from darkness,
Making comforts in complications,
Riding and climbing the new success,
Reaching moon and stars,
Has man crossed all the scales of success,
Hence returning same rut,
From where he started his journey,
As if fed with the life of a man
Or going in search of Moksha,
Like king Ravon, who was immortal;
So for Moksha, he became inhuman.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

JOY

God has created everything in pair;
Life and death;
Love and hate;
Joy and pain.
And now I pen the other side,
Because all the joys and sad senses;
Have joy and even gloom has its joy;
Because it teaches to value and care joy.

But what everyone looks for,
A storm of joy and happiness;
But I search for the real joy,
The Sweetness in happiness,
Joy in Silence
Joy in Loneliness
Loneliness in Joy
Because everything has its Joy!

Joy in joy can only be strong
If after the pangs of pain
A ray of joy shines
So joy is even incomplete without sweetness and light; .
And so I pray to God
Fill my soul with joy
Fill my life with happiness
And rest of the quest, I will search my self.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

JUNE AND YOUNG LOVERS

Sky was raining the fireballs,
Sweating unto the pores,
In the night of melting bones,
A cool moon with cold dew,
Wipes the sweat into the clouds,
Giving relief to burning souls.
The earth that burned through day,
Is cooled with the gift of breeze,
And melting the young lovers,
Into one bed, cool and fresh;
Linen wrinkled and eschewed,
And entered into bodies warm,
Forgot the existence worldly,
And love was their game and prayer.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LAND SAFELY, ALWAYS LOVE

Your vision makes my heart leaps up,
My life furls for your love,
Hold me near to your heart,
Like a new born babe,
Blessed by power Divine.

May God spread all joys around you?
Spread the loving and soft hues,
And paint you as beautiful as rose,
Stuff yourself with loads of love and joy,
Fragrant your world with deluge of laughter.

May your world be filled with divine cheers?
Banquets of glory move with you,
Cover your thoughts with ecstatic happiness,
Squeeze my love with glamorous dazzle,
Almighty’s love, blessings and peace within.

LAND SAFELY, ALWAYS LOVE.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LIFE

It is said to be my life,
Free to color and enjoy,
As I cherish.

Is it true?
It is all fictitious, meaningless,
As all are flawed.

Miles away from truth.
It is only an illusion.
And beyond the grip of time and place.

Good to delight a beguiling child,
With a kite,
But do not know to fly.

Life is like a balloon,
Hallow and empty,
Ready to burst and deceive.

And we are only a puppet
In the hands of cruel fate,
Who enjoys this joke?

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LIFE AND BONDAGE

Bonding without bondage becomes more binding,
And familiar to all ears and name,
Believe everything happens for good meeting
In the long journey of life but once, -never be the same.

Today’s happenings, becomes tomorrow’s memory, forgetting,
Life is too short to remember sorrow and regret,
But enjoy every gift, good or bad as present letting,
Because the gift of life in itself is life got.

Love the people you meet and know them, -
As value of water can be known and pray,
Only by those whom thirst is known,
Same, life is known when we are alone and grey.

Lord Buddha deserted his palace for life of peaceful cuddle, -
But ignorant, desert peace and run for palace, -hugging Death,
Take inspiration from squirrel who give life to millions of trees trundle,
Who bury seeds and nut and forget—paves the way for life and breath.

Tears are the costliest preacher, '-
Only tears can explain the real meaning of life and soul,
It is easy to pretend the smile to your teacher,
But cannot hold back tears in eyes’ bowl.

It is easy to say not to mind miss and distance,
But difficult to accept in life here;
Very easy to say good bye and no resistance,
But hard to let some one go in life near and dear.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Life And The Five Elements

Five sweet sisters and brother, water, air, fire, earth and sky one:
Moving and pushing the life, full of sorrow and fun.
Five rosy sisters and brother, in days from creation to today's nix:
Developing and developing – every thing for life's happy fix.

Five timeless sisters and brother, from evolution to today's dream:
Water, Air, Energy, Food and Environment enough for life gleam!
Five tireless sisters and brother, from hell to heaven:
Each life that calls, I say 'FLIES IN SEARCH OF DREAM! '

Five deathless sisters and brother, none is the youngest or oldest one:
And no body can claim or propose, no body is near or dear done.
Five omnipresent sisters and brother - but free from clutches of time and age
No body can stop and engage them, but all are under their bondage.

Five dancing sisters and brother, of life and life nothing more:
Sun of new lives so gracious and majestically rises so much before!
Five mighty sisters and brother - Their age, well, never mind!
Universe jogs along with them, like the rest of human kind:

But the miracle and mysticism of life, sisters and brother no body knows
But the puzzle remain unsolved 'how the world goes'!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LIFE AND THE WORLD

Life is pretty sweating;
it is serious journey and joyous meeting-
What is life? It is not a joke;
Presents mirth with present poke.

Shrouded in mystery, future, still unsure:
Wrapped in stuff, all has to endure.
Folded in precious treasure plenty, -
come and kiss it, sweet and wealthy.

But in business, lost in strife;
But hard luck is followed by hope and hype,
body is bending, pining to die -
still lots of sunshine left, under huge, blue sky.

So blue will create new wonders
World is all smiling with all the grandeur's,
If it's heaven shining through;
life is so bright it dazzles you.

Winds singing, waters flinging, meadows breezing;
don’t be disheartened, you’ve lot of treasuring.
Destined for you none can take them from you;
Till blue sky is there to dance above.

God is there to bless in all, that matters -
God is there, to clear all the tatters.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LIFE AND VALUES

Life is all about positive vision,
It is to rise above worldly pain and passion,
It about for fellow beings' sensitization,
It is about building inclusion.

It is about larger world connection,
It is about the value extension,
It is about personal tenacious transformation,
Never think about worldly succession.

Life is not about trophies and materialism,
Life is not about evolution,
It is about positive revolution,
Life is all about holy creation.

Learn not to cry when you have lost some connection,
But learn to smile when you know losing every possession;
Learn to live with thorns and difficult situations,
As rose, blooms out from thorns to fragrant inspiration.

Sacrifice, for noble cause is a million time greater recognition,
Than the sacrifice by millions for ugly emancipation,
Greatness and goodness are but ends' glorification:
Life is not for means but total self renunciation.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LIFE IMPRISONED

On both sides the desert lies,
Vast stretches of sand flys.
That shroud the moor and sky,
Through the desert road runs by,
Too many towered cities high,
Here and there people go,
Nazim cries in voice high and low.
Veiled in a ghetto below,
Lays lass with eyes glow.

II

Dates, eucalyptus, palm quiver,
Dusty and hot winds raising fever,
Man folk chatter without any manner,
Writhing with pain under the hot towers,
Cry for a space in cool bowers
And the cruel city empowers,
The rogues to chain and torture,
The beautiful veiled lass in tears,
Tears and tears but no sympathy ever.

III

In the towers women in veil,
Moving with heavy trail,
Sad and disheveled sail,
If recently freed from jail.
But no one has seen her face frail,
Or exchanging her happy mail,
Only fellow sisters and animals hail,
Among the hardened bearded males,
Heard an elegy sad and sail.

IV

Inside she works night and day,
A dark world in colors grey,
She was told as Allah say,
Forbidden to breathe free and gay,
Only to produce children and stay,
Unknown of the curse wormy,
Covered from top to bottom steadily,
Reading the book sadly and holy,
Chanted loudly, slowly and reputedly.

V

Sometimes group of traders glad,
A procession of ulemas glad,
Skull cap, knee salwar and shirt long clad,
Sometimes a herd of camels sad,
Outlawed to music and young cupids wed,
She has no young suitor glowed,
To make love with his iron shield,
Is it a life or curse she cried?

I am sick of this black shroud.

VI

A hajji came surrounded by faithfuls,
The sun was dazzling without lull,
That sparkled in the sand dull,
The apron white glittered full,
Young face and brow glow in sunlight still,
Head was clear of all the curls,
He was flashing in the sky purple,
Faith was ready to break and hurl.

VII

She threw the veil and left the room,
In quick paces jumped the gloom,
Unaware of her coming doom,
She saw his face bright and plume,
Faithfuls around were straining,
Leaves and plants became pale and waning,
Birds and animals in the rest complaining,
Low and heavy clouds raining,
And words in the throats were draining.

VIII

Down she came out on the road fast,
Over her face grim drops afloat,
Like a Hindu saint on her sad lot,
Dropping tears in his holy pot,
Running robbed in pale and white,
Madly rushed left and right,
Faithfuls heard her song last,
Lay beheaded, lifeless along blood hot
Under the sun left by mad might.

XI

Left dead and dry under the sun,
All came out to know her name,
Died the mirth of world fame,
All and sundry cried and ram,
She has a beautiful and dear frame,
God in His heaven bless this dame,
Poor girl was she died of faith human.
Away on a wall, calling a bearded Nazim,
Failed and ignorant about the girl’s doom.

BY
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LIFE IS NOTHING

Here lifeless and aimless man lives,
Because man did not choose
To live and grace the motherland
From which man sprung.

A man who does not have,
What it takes to serve his nation,
Is not likely to have
What it takes it to make a living.

Do not be like a flat road,
To be mowed down by any body,
Try to be like a bright sky,
All see it but only stars stay in it.

Life, to be sure,
Has nothing much to lose or take,
But non-believer think it is,
And the world is filled with non-believers.

Failures or rewards are a single page,
In a hidden corner of life,
But life in itself is a big dictionary,
So don’t loose a full book for a single page.

Give your life to the Law of God,
Above the Law of Man,
As man do not know,
What is to act or suffer?

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LIVING LEGEND-AMITABH BACHCHAN

When millennium super star rocks the tinsel town,
All and sundry looked at him down,
Paragon of grace from heel to crown,
Majestically gifted and smartly slim reign.

All and while regally attired,
Always decent and humble when he talked,
But always he bowed when he wished,
Pranam and glittered when he moved.

High and higher than all the kings,
Princely trained in every wing,
In short posses all the glory and thing,
I prayed to be in his ring.

Mighty and mightier than all the Khans' pride,
Brightly glittered for the beautiful world wide,
Every thing that one talent and nothing to hide,
Burning flame of truth without any false ride.

World walked and waited with suspended light,
Calmly, coolly, recited Madhushala bright,
Trend setter and lone torch bearer in Bollywood might,
In voice kingly delivered the sermon height.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LONG LIVE APARTHEID

I was feeling sad and red,
I didn’t know, which way, nation was going.
There were quotas all around,
Communal, caste, gender, language, regional and physical,

And what not, do not know.
Quota in the air, quota in the sky,
Quota in the ground,
Quotas everywhere.

We are here as in a caste republic,
Swept with the farce of equality and secularism,
Where racism is the grating roar,
Bring the eternal note of discrimination.

Alas! There was no peace,
No help for needy poor, dying farmers,
Braving soldiers and wailing widows,
Where racial leaders loot day, in and day out.

Looking high and low, reservation every where,
Merit was trampled underneath the boots,
It was wailing in the brutal world,
Humanity and merit was burning.

It was not a wild fire,
It was the fire of innocence,
Youth, merit and justice,
And knaves were counting their votes.

They were not the brokers of social justice,
They were not the paid ponies of secularism,
But it was the truth burning for justice,
It was the merit crying for honor.

The knaves were dancing on their pyre,
Waiting for another pray, to be burnt alive,
They were cruel masters and have no pain,
Butchers were shining the dagger to stab merit.

They died for justice, vultures live for injustice,
They died for merit, they live for destruction,
They died for truth, they live for farce,
They died for the nation, they live for decay.

Remember it was not a simple fire,
The hot blaze will burn the knaves,
One day the butchers will get the message,
Or else, as in the past, nation will be devoured by slavery,

Ah God we shall be true to our nation,

Long live constitution of India,
Long live our racial leaders,
Long live apartheid’

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LORD BRAHMA AND THE WORLD

Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh, the Master Lords:
Are the creator, preserver and destroyer of this world.
Lord Brahma, deep with the birth, writes his fate;
Everything is pre-destined, mean or great;
Unknown to all Lenins and Stalins, as to me,
Was Lenin or Stalin any scale for thee;
Unknown to them as to their canon,
Destiny is their master, stronger than all guns.

He works, plays, throws, in tough matters,
With kings, generals, commoners, his art dares,
Till last failed to overcome, through doubts and tear,
Entire world nourishes others poor peers.
Written by Him always awaits,
It is the Same Genius that creates.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LORD KRISHNA

He preaches only one religion, the religion of love;
He teaches only one language, the language of heart;
He creates only one caste, the caste of humanity;
He writes only one law, the law of karma;
He is the only God, Omnipresent, almighty, Lord Krishna.

He spreads only one faith, the faith of peace;
Endowed with character, love, perfection and freedom;
Start, fill, spend and end the day;
With love and love only,
Money comes and money goes, but love comes and grows.

He propagates to cultivate and promote love,
And not to give space to scorn and hatred,
Be good, see good, do good and speak good,
This is the only prayer to Lord,
And service selfless is the highest service to Him.

See the heaven and love Almighty Lord Krishna,
As he blesses all the men with all the joys,
He made chained Vasudev to freedom,
Of Draupadi's love and Kansa's death,
And played music with conch blow with dear Pandavas.

Heaven dwells under his feet,
Stops boundless desires to escape sin,
With love to Pandavas, destroyed all powerful Kaurvas;
O Lord Krishna, make us immortal by your blessings;
And annihilate despair and pain.
FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOST GOD

Do not rattle yourself, o tree,
Your dear leaves,
Will be trampled by hot wheels.
Ask the larking bird,
Resting in her cozy next,
Hiding in your branches,
Do not chirp,
Mercenaries will wake up,
To blast the innocents.
O river ask your waves,
Do not be so happy and kind hearted,
That the jealous world may curse you.
If you want to live,
Always keep in mind,
There are killers,
Who may kill you for their sport,
In search of their lost God.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOST LOVE AMD ME

Waiting endlessly but she did not come,
Marching time close by, made me numb my hole some,
Darkest vacuum, at the point of your presence there;
And I found missing her love bare.

We had enjoyed love’s music long way,
We had listen that love song whole day,
That past mighty compassion can bear,
Grieved me, to see weird hours with fear.

Long ago in the cool shining of moon,
We had danced together, unaware of dark room;
How the shadows gone, when moon was missing;
Only love alone can give you joy and hissing.

Our love had no vows, to be broke,
I knew and knew, our love was free from any poke;
Of all human whims, as the wind on the hill:
We would not to part, as we had no ill.

As a nation without a teacher is,
Like a temple without a priest and preacher,
A heart without love lorn lingered
Is like a nest without a dove rested.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOST WARRIOR

We are in an oozing nation,
Where acts foul, matter little,
As others don’t act at all.

Here inequality is the national logo,
As racism is secularism,
And secularism is colored in racism.

Here merit is trampled,
Because hero is zero and zero is hero,
And man is recognized by worst.

Here death doesn’t matter,
As happy replacement is always waiting,
Before pyre is lit.

Mad money, mad crowd, power race mad,
Good or bad, behold ultimate mind of man.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOST WORLD

Every happiness is within you,
But no insight to relish it,
In this day night running world,
No time even to breath for life.

Everybody feels about mother’s lulls,
But no time to address mom as mother,
We have already killed all the relations,
But now no time even to cremate them.

All relations are lost in electronic machines.
But no time to call them,
What to talk about others,
When even no time for soul mates.

Lost in the blind chase of wealth,
Now there is no time to stop and look back,
What feelings other’s have for obligations,
Where even no time for our’s.

O! Life tell me,
What should I do with this life?
Where I die every moment,
And no time even to live.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOVE AND FAILURES

Love is the only feeling errand,
That vibrates the heart and mind.
Even after failures in their love journey,
Rejected lovers are more loving with mercy.

Because they know the pains of un-bloomed rose,
As the battle of love is not won by those,
Who are highly talented and sincerely chat,
But by those who hold it till the last breath.

Without love life is an oppressed class,
Remain dark as in behind a rugged glass,
O Love! You see many things un-even
Some are thrown on earth but some fly to heaven.

Finding its mysterious ways even behind dark-bars
Some are elated but some are like broken stars;
But man dances to the music of Almighty plan,
That out of dark womb bloomed love and man.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOVE AND LIFE

Love is a passion, for all the season;
It is an emotion, without narration;
It is the dearest connection and no duration,
No one is high or law in this relation.

Love is a divine impression,
Like sunshine to hide, worldly hibernation;
No tear, no fear, all are dear in love creation;
Sublime, divine and idyllic are holy condition.

Love has no expiry and no experimentation,
Lovers get all sweet sensation,
It is a medicine for all depression,
Always freeing us from, fear and sedition.

Love driven life is a strength and highest devotion,
Loveless life is the worst tension.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Love Is...

Love is …
Love is sensitivity frozen and split troubles with each others,
Love is a club with only two loyal members,
Love is holding pink tainted hands in love chambers.

Love is…
Love is building bridges and lightens winter nights,
Love is quilting full of weird delights,
Love is the essence of life when you have no light.

Love is…
Love is the crackers in Diwali shops,
Love is when you sense crown of the pops,
Love is the deepest desire to bless and no stops.

Love is…
Love is slays unreal, false and forlorn;
Love is not asking but gratefulness and warm,
Love is in every word and at every dawn.

Love is…
Love is bliss for you and for me,
Love is bondage and love is Christmas tree,
Love is knowledge, love is peace for all and free.

Love is...
Love is faith, transcending mind flawless,
Love is purpose of life experiences fullness,
Love is enlightenment, realizing limitlessness.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOVE LOVE AND LOVE

O my dear sweet heart,
As we walk, hand in hand,
In a moonlit night,
Millions of stars smiling as witness delight,
Bearing the sign of love to prove true.

Dew drops cooling our heels,
Simmering raindrops stimulating,
Sleeping soil with fragrance,
Chirping foot bare on grass luscious,
Flowers dancing wildly around.

Aura golden around you,
Transformed my world new and multicolored,
With the first ray at dawn,
Whispered you in voice enchanting,
Like a bubbling nightingale.

O my love you are a gift divine to me,
A treasure most precious to me,
It made blind Homer to sing,
In sound ravishing on melodious harp,
Only oath with oath, nothing weighs.

Thou magic cooled my heart,
With pleasure and treasure,
Her lips sucked my soul flying,
Delivered to my self again,
Thy lips, a dwelling divine.

All waste that is not love,
A flame that stormed the test of time,
O my love,
Melt thyself as water drops in ocean round
And dissolve in me, never to be found.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOVE WRONGED

Born to a hemlock addict tyrant, with a cruel heart,
That thyself was a creation of a magical, inhuman face;
Mysterious, unknown and hidden act but declared divine,
And remained a secret from human race.

Always nursed hatred for his own brothers,
Usurp the crown, slaughtering them brutally,
His heart was like a furnace sealed,
And his heart and mind were a hungry gorge.

Plotted to kill his friend dear,
And snatched his beautiful wife Mumtaz Mahal,
Married her, with hands smeared;
With the hot blood of her butchered husband.

Made Mumtaz Mahal pregnant for fourteen times,
During their sixteen unholy years of wedlock;
Were sixteen years of conjugal life, ask I:
Every ringlet, terribly shaken, ran itself in love thread?

Inexcusable sins did him commit,
Razed a temple holy to erect,
A mausoleum in her wild memory,
In violation of the law secular and divine.

Again re-married the younger sister,
Of departed wife Mumtaz Mahal,
Blood thirsty Shah Jahan again killed her husband,
To marry her, but an act of utter damnation.

Debase was in incestuous relationship,
With his own dear daughters,
And burnt their suitors in furnace,
Was the despot a lofty lover?

Truly diabolical killer he was’
Secular bulls canonized the mausoleum,
As the symbol of love;
But truly was it a blasphemy and inhuman.

For the baseness of his nature,
Have strength to throw him down,
'Sisters and brothers, little Maids beware?
There lies the sinner in his grave with all the curses.

'Love words are unmatched to the tyrant, '
I said, and wondering looked at the world:
'It is the dead unhappy sight, and I must hurry God for peace,
For protection and to save the love from the curse buried.'

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

LOVE, THE SWEETEST SPRING

Love, the sweet love, is the life's happiest thing,
That blooms each heart and make them dance in a ring,
Cold or heat can not sting, the pretty maids sing:
Kings, queens, rich and poor all try to-woo!

The love lorn heart may make every wing gay,
Maidens dance and play, the charmers trumpet all day,
And ears hear all love birds’ tune this merry way:
Kings, queens, rich and poor all try to-woo!

The hearts dream sweet, the maidens hug and greet,
Welcoming young lovers, butterflies dance and sit,
In every street and corner these tunes our ears greet:
Kings, queens, rich and poor all try to-woo!

Love flourishes when you begin trusting,
Hearts meet and melt when they begin believing,
And love ripens when you lost in caring:
Kings, queens, rich and poor all try to-woo!

So love, believe and care,
Life is beautiful and tension rare,
Love is divine, love is God’s power
Kings, queens, rich and poor all try to-woo!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MADHURI DIXIT: SMILE QUEEN

I was never so struck before any beauty,
With grace and love, so real and so sweetie,
Her face bloomed like a sweet flower
And stole my heart away from bower.
My eyes turned bright and fixed as bee,
My steps followed the beauty with all glee,
And when she glanced at me, what could I tell?
My life and all seemed to bell.

And then all the pleasures rush to my face,
And I lost, all the ideas from the track,
How great my joys, my grief vanished or few,
Since first it was my luck to see thee!
- The slow years failed to diminish her rays;
To me seemed midnight as noonday,
I could not see a single thing,
Words from my heart did start as chord of string.

Her dress was like laughing lilies mild,
And her heart was as pure as a child,
She seemed to hear my silent voice and file,
I never saw a face with so sweet a smile,
As I brooded silently on this beautiful creation,
For she is Madhuri the beautiful sans citation,
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day like a passenger.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MAN AND THE LIFE AND GOD

We made so many friends in this world fare,
But some became dear out of the folds here,
Some became special over this land brown and bare
And fall in love with some one in this life rare.

Some went far and abroad, silent and slow
Some left us, our love and its warm glow:
Some changed their cities moved on snow.
We left some and lost with no desire to blow.

Some are still in contact with passion great
But some are not in contact, with no entreat,
Some do not contact as in ego and its heat,
I do not contact some as my ego sweat.

Whatever they are, where ever they are, hot and cold
But I still remember, love, miss and care, bold;
And feel their flames in making my manifold,
And played and made MEMORIES in my life hold.

That fire of true heart, may not meet every day wise,
Or may not talk you on every sun rise,
But always think about you and your well-device,
And make uncertain things about our future, nice.

God and life has pre-arranged everything for tomorrow,
We just have to trust Him today and no sorrow,
He has plenty of time for us and no need to borrow,
Such is the power of gentle life and no furrow.

He grants us the power to accept destiny, we cannot alter,
But courage to change the things we can without falter,
And the wisdom to know a difference to take shelter,
Such is the power of God, His course and no halter.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MAN AND THE WORLD

Don’t condemn a man alone,
He will learn to live with condemnation and moan.
Don’t be hostile to a man and his kin,
He will grow with the spirit of hostility within.

Remember! Ridicule a man, not;
He will be cursed to ridicule and rot.
Don’t let a man live with shame,
He will be doomed to perennial guilt and defame.

Be tolerant to a fellow being,
So that he learns to live with patience and dream.
Appreciate every man’s doing,
So that he is inflated with praise and wooing.

Honest and fair to a man, be;
So that he is just to the world and not flee.
Make a man to feel secure and comfortable,
So that he grows with faith and confidence, unshakable.

If the worldliness of a man is approved,
He is true to himself and world feel tuned.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MAN MOHAN-A MYSTERY MAN

Man-Mohan, a mysterious man: he is called the silent paw -
For he is the master bluff master who can play the law.
He is the bafflement of investigators, the oppositions' despair:
For when they reach the scene of sins – Man-Mohan is not there!

Man-Mohan, Man-Mohan, there is no creation like Man-Mohan, pity;
He has played with every constitutional law, even with the law of gravity.
His beguiling drama of honesty would make Dharam Raj stare,
And when you reach the scene of sins – Man-Mohan is not there!

You may seek him in the 2-G, you may look him up in CWG theater -
But I tell you once and once again, Man-Mohan is not there!
Man-Mohan is a mysterious man very fragile and thin;
And he is capable to beat the best and win.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MANLY LOVE

I lay alone and loveless near a pool,
The water was calm and cool;
I felt a hug and the breath behind me,
The shadow refused to recognize, and see.
Does it matter who am I?
Life needs a love mate, I sigh!
Mockery and laughter broke into the stillness,
Echo’s vibration filled the vacuum in fullness,
I watched in stoic silent.....
Like a javelin sharp ripped me with dent,
Praying, crying for mercy and change,
I can only wait for my love hiding in shame.....
For how long my love me deny?
O God! Don’t refuse my will? Neigh! !
It was not destined perhaps,
I once again feel into cozy love laps.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MANMOHAN WITHOUT SONIA

A nation without a teacher,
Is like a temple without a priest and a preacher.
A day without light and rays,
Is like a man without breath and ways.

Enlightenment without inner light,
Is like aeroplane without flight,
Health without yoga and meditation,
Is like scholar without concentration.

A night without star,
Is like a soldier without war,
Islam without killer jihad,
Is like blast-less Baghdad.

Pakistan without Shoaib-Sania,
Is like Man Mohan without Sonia.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MARCH ON ANNA.....

March on, March on, March on Anna...
Anna here and Anna there, Anna is every where.
Torches lit to flee the evil spirits,
Armored khaki could not retreat,
The long march of humanity,
Fascism of savage master, failed to suppress the fire.

Nation was swept to cut the hands,
Those dared to imprison the second Gandhi.
Nation attacked by a deadly virus, but Anna, an anti-virus,
Determined to pave for a healthy nation,
His youth shared this fierce determination,
Of their leader, dear, with a smile.

He marched, taking a step;
And begin to chant Vande Matram.
Youth offered their life without fear and tear.
Intensified his resistance and freed himself off,
The demons claw, sans any attack on his spirit,
Cried, long live honesty and justice.

March scares the devilish force, but wakes nation;
Behind the bars he roars to make nation fair and pious,
Dreaded Hassan Ali gets bail,
But anti-corruption warrior gets jail.
Kasab gulps Biryani but Anna hate mail;
This is a Congress secular game.

The hero illuminated one and all,
He paved the way, risking his life,
His fast will not go vain,
From town to town, his message of liberty was passed,
People’s power became a tsunami,
Ready to crush the secular oppression.

India salutes your resolute spirit,
Mother joined, sister joined, message fling;
Abandoning the place and pleasure,
But the Satanic leaders stashed billions in Swiss vaults,
For it were we freed?
The ship is wrecked by captain itself.

Disciple of Gandhi and Vivekananda,
Your message taught the value of life,
And in life it is never too late to start anew,
Vowed to act up to last breath,
So, for this sick nation, with all its fashion,
March on with fire and play to stir all.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MARRIAGE

Marriage is to help without hesitation,
It is to surrender without expectation,
It is to love without any limitation,
It is to remember without any communication.

Marriage is a sweet antibiotic,
It is a comfort giving antiseptic,
It is a touching and soothing analgesic,
It is a real anti allergic.

Marriage is a beautiful and healthy game,
And patients enjoy name and fame,
Untouched and unharmed by the kicks of drain,
With all the time get rich and fabulous rain.

Empowers people with politeness and patience,
It arms with inner strength and resilience.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MARRIAGE AND HAPPY LIFE

O marriage! Your bells, happy future clamor tells;
Melting two hearts in one breath.
Love lorn duo marries whom their love and God compels:
- And both wed to live in God’s sheath!
Their hearts are happy, their tears happy fed;
Listen, O God: - 'they will, ' they said: -
And one without other is living dead.

Come bride and groom, shed all fear, tear and pain
Come and stand with a happy twain.
Bride and groom are above all the fears
Win a bride to wed and live without tears.
Blow conch, conch, O conch to foretell merrily:
Life-bells to them, death-bells to biting bee:
O God, we are true to love and thee!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MARRIAGE AND THE DIVORCE PACKAGE

All take a foolish marriage vow,
taken by the book holy long ago,
binds every body to each other for all times
But next? When passions fly.

All passions are spent and energy is decayed,
Loved, and we loved, as long as we could delayed,
Till our love was loved out in us both:
No body cares a cent for life but hallow oath.

Alas! Our marriage is dead,
As all the joys are fled,
Now! Life is nothing but a heap of trouble;
All the pleasures are only illusionary bubble.

If I have pleasures for my partner,
but fail to garner like a drought hit farmer,
every thing go wrong without any end,
nothing we could give but think of divorce fed.

'It’s madness method less that we should be jealous,
Ready to bar the other with every thing fabulous,
for all we can gain is to give our selves pain,
when both are conspiring to reduce each to drain.

O beloved mine, where are you gloating?
O listen and brood! Your true-love crying
That can fetch good both high and low;
Every wise man must know.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MASSACRE 26/11

Financial capital of the nation shocked,
Where people gloat to realize their dreams
And left behind the scars with a smile,
You shattered the happy flow of life,
With your violent faith.

But again all join together,
To repulse your noxious plan
And rise again like a phoenix,
In a cruel desert to enjoy,
Peace, progress and love.

The kind hands will join again,
To feed the poor at temple Siddhi Vinayak,
Markets will again buzz,
With the noise and ring tones,
To foil the vile designs of bloody foe.

Your acts have made,
Your faith a subject of,
Ridicule, suspicion and hate.
You live in a haunted world
Where sun never rises.

You study in a school,
Drowned in perpetual darkness,
Your vile steps spoiled,
The fragrance of our dream land
Where life never rests.

Guided and guarded by secular laws,
You can’t snatch the marvel of Taj,
Ratan is armed to protect its honor,
Our Sharmas, Naiks and Sandeeps
Are always there to maul your madness.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MASSACRE AT DANTEWADA

Commander and sergeant and soldier, all defenseless;
Whose right of life cut short by brutal killers, heartless:
For capturing ugly power, did killers please;
They died unaware, untimely, and unprovoked on the crease.

Unkind nation watched with fear, dear sons' light was spent;
Indulged in murky gossip and ideas, spoiled on quota bent:
Departed in the midst of youthful days from pleasures wide,
All the talent and chivalry, cruel dark wings to hide.

Welcomed death bravely before parting soul through throat,
When found in mouse trap and deadly blast denote,
Loved ones devastated by the noise and fury of bullets and blast;
Lightening, farewell, and not to see sunrise next.

Welcomed by millions of mourners in full force,
They were cherished souls, those died of lofty course.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MASTER AND THE PLEADER

O master, whitewashed,
We believe your shape and light,
Cunning, knavish and deceptive, quite,
Frightening the masses with might bright,
Hold back wise and crown the fools.

Lover of hemlock, skim milk and cream,
Misleading the world and laughing at their dream,
Upon our father's ashes,
Make us kiss sacrilege
In this poverty and hunger are your riches.

Hark! You speak no right.
I make empires on pyres,
Doing many wonders at nights,
Covering darkness with blankets dark,
And make rogue and duffers delight.

I deliver luck in bowl and make world fool,
Loves hatred, jealousy, tricks,
Hates love and masses smile,
Promotes infidelity and plays truant,
Laden, Saddam, Lenin, and Stalin dear.

Creator of racism, quotas, fanaticism and fascism,
Preserver of poverty, hunger, rags and slum dogs,
Destroyer of equality, merit, harmony and happiness,
Sick of justice, human right,
Co lour red dear to me.

Destroyer of dreams,
Worships Satan, Lucifer and Beelzebub,
And plants Dracula s to nation groan,
I am a wolf in whites,
Hidden in secularism and justice social.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MERRY- MERRY CHRISTMAS

Merry—Merry Christmas to you and all;
Get all the joys and happiness at call.
Christmas Day delivers goods to the world,
Fulfills all the dreams, desires and showers marigold.

Arch for the New Year fresh and new creativity,
Brings merriment, ecstasy, exuberance and festivity;
Empowers the self with divine blessings and inner strength;
Spreads the message of love, devotion and cheers at length.

Enjoy it, cherish it, behold it and celebrate it;
Clears the grief of the world and passions lit,
Eliminates Rajas, Kalmandis, Barkhas, Mohans and dark toll;
Merry—Merry Christmas to you and all.

Our Great Lord was born this day,
To sweep away all the miseries far away,
We must be grateful to the Christ above,
For his care and selfless love.

O Lord! You love all things even,
Here on this earth and above haven;
Bears all the pains and harsh bars,
But you keep the masses on happy stars.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MIGHTY NATURE

Nature is a mighty metaphor for life,
Sometimes good sometimes bad strife,
Cannot do much to empower self,
Except run for a fragile cover for help.

Love for nature’s game colored,
Energize heart and mind,
Just walk with nature,
To enjoy all pleasure.

It showers abundance of wealth,
To drive away thirst, hunger and sick health,
It is a beautiful gift of God,
But only when allowed in celestial pod.

It may be a curse to man‵s show,
If he disturbs its free flow.

By
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MODERN INDIAN SECULAR LEADER

Modern Indian secular leader: they themselves are imprisoned paw -
Under the brand name of secular man, they can mock the law.
They are puzzle for the justice, the IPC's despair:
For when all rush for the scene of crime – secular veil is always there!

Secular, secular, there's no gun like secular,
They are immune to break all the law and talk vulgar.
Their powers of survival would make even a saint stare
They are present every where, even in the country’s air.

Lalu, Mulayam, Maya and Pawar, all are very heavy and fat;
You would know them if you saw them, there belly is glutton like rat.
There brows are deeply lost in conspiracies, there minds are domed;
Their robes are designed cautiously, their mind and head oiled.

They sway their heads from side to side, like a venomous snake;
And when you think they are asleep, no they are always wide awake.
They are fiend in feline shape, monster of prosperity-
But when a crime of loot is discovered, then they are poor son of depravity!

Outwardly but they are honorable.
And their fingerprints are not found in any file dis-respectable.
But happy partner in fodder loot, or the currency necklace- is branded,
Champion of IPL scam and amassing wealth unaccounted.

And when any office find a finger on tray,
But it's useless to investigate – leader secular are not in the way!
And when the scams have been disclosed, the investigating agencies say:
`It must have been leader secular! ' - But they are miles away.

Nation must be sure to find them resting on a foreign shore,
Or engaged in doing some secular but-divisive lore.
They were never indulging in such deceits;
They always have answers for these cheats.

They say that all the rouges whose wicked deeds are widely known
They might mention honest and simpleton bone,
They are nothing more than servants for all the time
Just help them and their operations: the Bin Laden of Crime!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MODERN INDIAN YOUTH AND LIFE

In this fast running-super hyped and aimless life,
Modern Indian youth is muddled in the rot and strife.
Where the pervert leaders prescribe the set of morals,
And talk senseless and pretend busy to sing carols.

Mock and curse the spiritual world,
Encourage dispirited tendencies to herald,
Youth take the world as a failed game,
He takes the life as fake and empty frame.

Looting wealth is the prime value of life,
Enjoying luxuries are main motive of all the hype,
Faith in money makes the mayor go,
Is the cruelest blow of life's glow.

For life means luck, and not to creep through hole,
with track of life rough that a man can trust with mole;
All through life in heat and cold - when head is on the track -
With empty stomachs and cracked feet, has to crawl on back.

Disheveled hair, and slipping robes,
In the pursuit of sex run amok the globe.
Alienation and isolation are crazy masters of time,
Always he is lost in the sound and fury of chime.

The old values lost, and the new not taken well,
The warmth spent that the runner lives in hell,
And the roots all cut out and enjoy no clout;
And the time had come, as the running youth faded out

Ready to hide from the realities, when the path is tough,
No caring soul to know or ask if dies on the path, rough.
The modern poor of this world have no pal, no matter how much he talks,
But only God and the fate knows how a poor man walks.

Crying and begging his way in a wasteland,
and lived like an urchin, in an uncharted sand;
But youths are many, and inns are full, and no space in line-
The traveler never move hands in tune fine

He dreams a lot but no care for aging parents and kids;
All the time right is wrongs and wrong is right in the mind,
And loose tongues is filled with filthy words -
When the poor soul is happy away from home, and senseless to the world.

In hostile noons when his back was burning by his own weight,
And the air seemed butcher like dark height:
For his sins, are trembling his knees,
No body to be blamed and no space to flee.

Dirt, careless and brands he wears, as his weird world grew dim;
depressed for years till decides to unburden, the burden of him.

As a tortoise crawls in the marshy land, but futile chase the wet track,
without a positive note reaches the hearth when the sun went back.

It chanced one day, when the Wild West wind flow
His face like a furnace-blow,
He rushed to a track he knew not – hugged the short-cut to his end;
for the bed of the life horned and hard, and full of crack, and no mend.

A dry passer by passed, but the touch of love was far many a mile;
He never talked the poor soul he saw, for it was not worth his smile.
The life is full and stakes high in the chase of life,
but for those bones that faces all the strife.

For life means positivism and ramp must smooth and high,
where the hearth and crags are happy and wide,
with rarely a mate that a man can trust, or a race to shore;
All through life in the flies and heat, the soul tore.

Modern Indian youth is tired, defeated, trapped, and feared self,
Always stressed and hard pressed looking for help,
Follow culture, values and discipline like Lord Ram,
Forget the entire curse; enjoy life and its drama.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Modern Love and Lovers

Modern love and lovers lie sleeping,
Through out the year among the bushes,
Hugging in the sunlight bright:
Black buffaloes come grazing,
Black crows come yelling there:
And round about them, eunuchs come begging.

Soft thighs are the pillow, for oh;
Kissing soft cheeks: passing broad eyes;
Cast surprise upon the hugging lovers:
Heavy wind and polluted waters
Grow lulled and scarcely speak;
There twilight laughs, in the skies.

Young love lies dreaming; but no way to fulfill:
A dark world under a perfect sunlight,
Or a fearing moonlight upon a rippling stream;
Or perfect silence, with song of cherished lips.
Burn odors round them to fill the drowsy air;
The scenes are not fair and song are silent.

Dreaming and drowsing till spring days are gone, -
With imperfect sleep: see the beauty
Them perfect music, hush unto his rest,
And through the rocks and bushes claim love,
Oh, poor the souls of earth from east to west,
Modern love lay near to poppied death.

Dark shadows deepen across the anxious faces:
So fails the love, with hot and tired breath;
Perhaps no season to replace autumn.
Success cannot touch them as pointed fingers there:
How do they love? Always play the tricks,
O! Love to the depth and claim the height.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Monk In Flames

A monk crying wild in flames hot,
Each second is a blazing want,
In support of a free and happy Tibet,
Hugging death, he recognizes despair tight.

The call of mother the land bold and clear,
Entire existence is on fire but a desire;
Want to see the land mother free and higher,
Call to dear men rise with hand, mightier.

Perhaps steel hands will reincarnate from this dead,
It is time to shun calm and silence mad,
Fire, Fire every where; breath is fiery and red;
The fire that holy monk hugged must lead a free world.

The deceased is giving a message to give blow,
The life is but nothing in this prison below;
Only pain and lament, hollow to brow;
Burning self for a free Tibet glow.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MOTHER

I yearn to relish the sweet memories of your love.
The very aura, tingled and mingled me,
With an angelic bliss.
A sense of completeness cannot be explained
But can be cherished only.
Your lap is larger than this universe,
I pray to frolic in your lap always.
Your love is deeper than all the oceans,
I want to drown in those deeps.
I pray to dissolve my soul and self, in your love.
I dream to touch you and touched by you,
To sense you and sensed by you,
To comfort you and comforted by you,
And what not…..cannot say.
I wish to be with you always and forever.
Not for a day or two,
But for lives and ages to come,
If not physically then spiritually.
Blessed by mother pine no crown.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MOTHER COW AND THE SECULAR REPUBLIC

A beautiful cow- writhing for water;
I rushed to fetch some and cursing her tormentor,
Picked a bucket and for a fountain, I rushed;
And I collected some dripping from the rocks parched.

Her pained balls- roving around for some drops;
But gushing- I could see no crops;
The vision of exasperating Mother Cow,
Seeing water, parched nation and raving crows.

The pain- she was dead, water was not in her fate,
I did fetch water for her, but too late;
But it was not her fault,
Then who is to blame for this jolt?

Alas! Mother Cow has to die for water and space;
As we live in a secular, socialist republic, with an ugly face.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MOTHER GANGA

On both the sides huge mountains lies,
Long trees of deodar and teak fly;
That cloth the talls and kiss the sky:
And through the rocks, mother Ganga flows by.

Quenches the thirst of the skyscrapers cities,
Round and round people flee;
Looking to get some cool below,
Down in her bed mother flows.

Alas! Ashamed mother Ganga weeps;
To carry her waves into the deep,
She flows on a stinking bed;
Always shedding tears red.

Cursing herself as to why,
She left the curls high,
To be sullied by greedy churls;
No respite from the eddy of stinking whirls.

Devoured by greedy sons, secular;
Traveled long to cool the land vernacular:
Devotes wash their worldly sins;
And get Moksha with fulfilled dreams.

She left her mother Gangotri,
She left the land of holy trees,
To spread the twilight, cold and loam;
And nourish the dying springs with all the foam.

Flowing day and night and no rest,
Without any sweat on brow and breast;
Flowing for the salvation of humanity,
With all love and no vanity.

Delighted to see the ripe grain,
Shining green on hill and plain;
Lover of mother live without any pain:
And they do not need any external rain.

O dear mother, rest for time more;
Spread your wings on marshy and mossy shore:
O mother rest at the heart’s core please,
Your children keep dipping till time shall cease.

Calm the world, no pain shall wake:
Enjoy the sleep no nightingale shall break,
Till all the pleasures are enjoyed,
Body and soul, both are rejoiced.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MOVING AND BREATHING GRAVEYARD

In a pasture dancing, playing and singing,
Cows, buffaloes, goats, dogs floating,
Under a greenwood tree all we resting,
Far from the maddening crowd disgusting.

Frightened by the puffs of whip master's invasion,
Ran scarcely and sadly for safe habitation,
Sometime laugh, sometime crab at man's compression,
Food, water, home is never a concern but liberation.

Man's hunger, pride and prejudice is our lamentation,
Beaten mercilessly while escaping for safe consolation,
Even young and little are not free from this brute passion,
Moving, breathing graveyard is man's belly and our cremation.

Doubt about to see next spring grass and sky,
In wire barb, are we seized and jailed, we cry,
Looking at moon, stars for help and mercy,
Life and joy sucked away dry.

Every drops of our milk is sucked away,
Like a pheasant, with tears bloody, always pray,
Man will be kind one day,
And animals will enjoy happy lane ways.

But on a day special, a bearded butcher appear,
And all my dear and near axed and disappear,
I was left to count my breather,
This man is not a God's creature.

By: -
Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Muddled Nation

Muddled nation now with sixty four years passed.
How long will this muddy system last?
Every year rouge tyrants declare they're gone.
But we are cheated again and all went sad and wrong.

Seems so close now but remains so far.
Nation is vexed and taxed by these Czars,
Power and wealth will be mine and no grill,
I love chair but I am muddled by your drill.

Without the loot I will never be fulfilled.
However now I know all are for it and thrilled.
I'm haunted and vexed, my spirit is killed.
Bright sun and candlelight, I dearly need.

Tyrants come as beggars with a saucer in hand
And take even last penny from the passing band,

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MULTICULTURAL LIBERATED FAMILY

In a dark room,
Through heavy tapestry sunlight bloom.

Daughter, wife and husband,
Lonesome, baffled and stressed,
Laying on the hard pressed bed,
Staring at the running stars, with eyes red.

A pair of doves in the room,
Making love, unaware of the world’s doom,

Silently, stealthily,
Stole from their beds, sheepishly,
With heavy steps, moved to a mysterious lane,
Where men and women come and go, to tame.

Page 3 sportive people inhabit here,
Leave their doors ajar, there.
Eking out for social liberation,
Exposing them, for worlds’ hibernation.

Rubbing cheek to cheek and breast to breast,
Like two pigeons in one nest,
Crushing golden head by golden head,
Tasted the juice of forbidden fruit, red,

A storm, all calm and passion spent.
All returned with aching dent,
Pair of doves still making love, without vent,
Family was a multicultural liberated jaunt.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MURDER IN THE WOMB

It is a murder most foul
And most unkindest cut of all.
O love don’t slaughter me,
Even before I see the first ray
A ray of hope and life gay.

Killed even before I come to senses,
Womb to grave deep by those bloody hands,
Who brought me here,
Last laugh on my slaughter,
For world’ temptations it is all theater.

I am not a wild goose, hunted so ruthlessly.
Communist, socialist, secularist,
Left and right,
Hindu, Muslim, Sikh and cross,
All united in this dross.

No quota of caste, creed and religion,
All secular in this social justice,
A great national unity in this slaughter.
A creation of love and fragrance,
But reserved hate for this hidden star.

Thoughts vicious, process brutal,
To pick one and kill one,
Favorite for social liberation,
Pretend to opt the best,
But truly it is the worst.

A curse to our progress,
For jealous souls it is all theater,
Again parody of love,
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast,
Two pigeons in one nest.

Again theater of absurd,
And again I am a shuttle cock,
At the mercy of love dogs,
Life lost in silent cries,
O God! Save Oh! Save.

From:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MY COUNTRY

Faceless, heartless, selfless people,
Castist, criminal, corrupt and communal,
Hailed as socialist and leader secular,
Floating in emptiness and delivering injustice,
Crushing and suppressing the human landscape.

Spectrum gossip, swindling, scams,
Kodas, Reddys, Jagans,
Mayas, Lalus and Mulayams,
Aubdullas, Karats and Karunanidhis,
Selling and marketing perverted strategies.

Burning Godhara, red Bengal, bloody valley,
Rioting Telengana fogging the sun,
Murder, rape, extortion, kidnapping,
Hogging the national light,
In troubled days and wild nights.

Manmohanics burning the nation,
With lust for power and anarchy
And where bones crack under burning wasteland,
Where future is dashed by idle and corrupt babus
And stains of blood glimmer on temple walls.

My dear country where merit bleeds
In the graveyard of truth,
Suffering, forbidden smile
Where people tick and click
To nothingness and only nothingness.

By,
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MY DEAR EXAMS

Exams are very dear to me,
They are our future.
They thrill us with pleasure,
It is a messenger to new leisure.

In our tension,
They take us to expedition.
In our life purpose,
They give us immense guidance.

In our tough time,
They are with positive solution
They bless all.
Without any QUOTA or RESERVATION.

Success in exams opens,
A new world of opportunities.
It is a game of chess,
Calculating every step.

Meritorious win every odd,
Mount new heights and exploring happy isles.
Proving a hidden treasure,
For brilliant and meritorious.

Have faith in Goddess Saraswati,
With discipline, dedication and devotion.
Ignore the beguiling world,
With a smiling heart.

It is a havoc for,
Undeserving, in disciplined rogues.
May the all powerful Exam,
Bless us all.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MY DEAR FEARED NATION

A spiritual but sad nation amid the sea and Himalaya,
A huge but feared mass! Over stiller places;
No singing koel ever sing her song.
The hills are barren, no saver their huge slopes,
This has an angry and dangerous rock on,
Yellow and never blooming furze,
Ready to engulf all in its burning volcano,
Dry, harsh, spiky, as dry venomous cactus;
And through misty half transparent air,
The scorching sunshine spreads the scorching heat.

Oh! 'Tis a sad heart, boiling nook!
Which all, me think, hate; to see?
The innocent lives, in their happy years,
Knew nothing about of folly, as had made,
Their lives were less secure and unwise!
Here they lie unknown on this cruel land,
These bright souls died unknown,
And from the sun, and from the cruel nation,
No one was there to dropp tears;
And butchered, with many feelings, many thoughts.

Made me saddened to see the cold hearth,
In their dreams, they saw happy world,
And sleeping heard singing koel,
Oh God! What a sad thing?
Never loved by secular brothers,
There on the troubled hills—
Intrusion, thunder and the volley of AK-47,
And the writhing dead corpse, fear and rage,
Hatred and banishment from their native valley:
Carnage and groans, ruled by dirty Gods.

Oh departed souls! Please forgive your countrymen!
They have hurt and insulted you very grievously,
A voice of accusations pierces chilled air,
The wretched enjoy all the good of life,
Countless and heartless, the sons of cruel God,
Schools and courts, council and offices;
All secularize, bribe and bribed;
Traders and solicitors, parliamentarians and bishops;
Rich, poor, old and the young;
All are betrothed to pattern of perjury.

We are the dead to our nation and people,
Now we live, feel dawn, see sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie low,
Take up our quarrel with our friend
But love the foe with the hands chopped'
The flag; be ours but remains law;
Your break faith with those who die for us,
All sleep, though poppies grow in secular fields.

That faith does shake; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy.

Of millions and billions! Boys and girls,
And women, those would curse to see a child
Enjoy the black deed leading to pain and death,
The best amusement for their morning tea!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers;
From curses, and who knows scarcely life enough;
But ask free bites from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes an attractive life, absolute;
For power in victories and defeats,
And create perfumed terms secular and socialist for fratricide.

We have no feeling and feel no pain!
As if a patriot died without an enemy fire;
Alas! For centuries ignorant of all the pains
Her ghastlier pasts, famine, plague or slavery,
Battle, or siege, victory or defeat;
Or flight through wintry snows or burning heats,
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For peace and non-violence; spirit sports,
To which we pay and paid dearly,
Only meek spectators and not combatants!

Immune to wrongs but unfelt,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
Reject a justifying cause; but follow unjust:
Stuffed out with big and holy names,
And blessed by false Gods in Heaven,
We wait for the certain defeat and graceless death,
Not one or two but millions and billions! Boys and girls;
No God to judge them! Therefore, evil days;
Coming on us, like national festivals;
Wake up and see the world with eyes wide.

O my countrymen! Strong and respectful;
Should learn the meaning of the word life,
Force us to feel the ruin and the agony,
Of our past wrong doings, father and God!
O! Spare us yet awhile! Dying beneath;
The burden of their babes, sweet infants;
That but yesterday, laughed in the lap of their mothers;
Sons, brothers, sisters, husbands, fathers all;
Beware of the infidel's hatred, make yourselves pure!
Stand up! Be men! Repulse the ugly foe.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MY DEAR INDIA

I love my dear India,
It is full of great idea.
Punjab is for chivalry, bravery and fighting,
Bengal is for art, creativity and writing.

Rajasthan is for patriotism and history,
Maharashtra is for glorious victory,
Karnataka is for priceless silk,
And Haryana is for strength and milk.

Kerla is for penetrating brain,
Utter Pradesh is for nutritious grain,
Himachal Pradesh is for juicy apples,
And Orisa is for majestic temples.

Madhya Pradesh is for tough tribals,
Bihar is for rich minerals,
Uttranchal is for heavenly beauty,
Seven sisters of north-east are for rich variety.

Alas! Kashmir is for destruction,
But Bharat Mata is for resurrection,
All the states stand for strength and unity,
My dear India baths in rich tranquility.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

My Father

My father was a born teacher;
He shaped scores of future,
By teaching his best to dusty feature.

My father was a born orator;
He could mesmerize full class room learner,
Of rude and rusty stuff, but without teacher.

Teaching to him was a prayer,
At home prepared hard he, would utter;
Greatly pleased to see pupil enjoy in butter.

Each word and sentence,
He spoke, aimed over and over, with credence;
For his pupil, his presence lead to confidence.

My father stayed close,
At Khurja with worthy acceptance,
A teacher, a preacher, a man and an Indian resilience.

Shakespeare, Vivekananda were his chase,
Deeply liked them for their stuff and promise,
Overwhelmed to see free and innocent teenage applause.

Each night back at home with views;
My father was in love with national news,
While the radio fought its battles with China and Pakis.

He never liked to leave dues,
Always a happy pal of social lives,
Helped and guided the tired out of dark chimes.

Words he spoke were softies,
Never chase any quota or favor routes,
His heart melted for merit weak, always.

The entire city,
School, shrines, precinct, with all vanity;
All section of populace branded with my father's charity.

One sad wintry and foggy day,
His heart pained to force him fly,
His towering figure collapsed, left him breathless and dry.

Cried all and one on his itinerary,
He was not for life's tolls, tricky and greedy;
His message was love, honest care and speedy.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MY FATHER AND THE CURSE OF MY NATION

I heard my heavenly father, last night,
What is your dear nation's curse? Write
And throw it beyond Himalayas, high,
I trembled, collecting my father's sigh.
I can't do, my dear father!
There are many curse but ask my brother.
I am pressed by love and patriotism.
The voice shouted to shun hypnotism.
My father's word in mind,
Generated radiant and vigor in side.

II

Tender little hands of children begging in streets,
Brutal and intoxicated fathers musing in fleets.
Donors giving through misty doors,
This is unknown to fair floors.
For right of freedom, this crowns,
The rogues as lords in Parliament frown.
Tears in eyes, I cried, patriotism means,
Self interest, corruption and rotten dreams.
As honest and intelligent have lost their claim,
Corrupt touching glory and nation in drain.

III

Secular cry breeding fanatic name,
Social justice prospering caste chain,
Tainted rulers dance while enemy conspire,
Brave soldiers are fried on crying pyre,
Jihadi killers dance while innocent cry,
Bloody red hidden in white to rob every pie,
Alter decorated with anarchic laws,
To strangulate the weak and just with claws,
There my father cried in terse,
Shall thou write my nation's curse.

IV

Now modern women have only know,
To cheat hearts with tears false blow
And swap bed every day and night,
Every right is wrong and wrong right.
Framed racial and communal laws,
To bestow trump powers to our foes,
Here wise man choose to silence,
And fools throw tantrums on their glance,
Where unmerited groups laugh at your gate,
Merit is scorned and measured without weight.

V

As you turn your body to side,
Met with foul tradition and conscience tide,
Power shines with mirth deadlier best,
All this I wrote to mourn the test.
This is the curse, open to all to read,
Go with ill doers, my father cried
And furl your flag with sick brewers,
Now cannot be changed a new,

Six decades of ill governance,
Has dried and sucked all fragrance.

VI

With heart sinking and tears in eyes,
Death can change this entire fry,
Otherwise rot will go on,
With all my blessings to you to worn,
Saddened to leave you alone here,
As I cannot be no more with you there,
Left crying in a cruel winter evening,
Twenty years have passed by mourning,
His sudden march to the kingdom of death,
Left we orphaned as a traveler without sheath.

VII

That mighty soul, sober, cool and austere,
Must be shining in some unknown sphere,
Enjoyed his shadow as wise banyan keeps boughs under,
Here he was to beat the storms and not to flounder,
Helping and guiding the masses in need,
With a happy and honest hand indeed,
True servant of Almighty in this world wild,
Goddess Saraswati seated on tongue with message mild,
Such souls loved and needed in ages all abound,
Pray to Master to reincarnate him again around.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MY LORD!

There speed is slower than the bullock cart,
But their bills are higher than the Rolls Royce,
Powers more deadlier than the Ashwathama's Bram Astra,
Mind and action as ugly as toad,
Sees the fellow citizens with eyes squint,
Lives and dies for pleasures high,
Free bites are treats as corrupted ties,
Imposing like a despot, hanging with pleading beggars.

Crush the world beneath their false stature,
Dump the brochures in shoes and socks,
Indifferent to the effect of wavering mind-set,
Become a frame tuned to lies, con and callousness,
Arrogant, mute, dumb and stone voices,
O my Lord! Convert make them sane My Lord.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MY MOTHER

I live with a caring woman, gorgeous in her bones,
When I cried, she would doubly moan back then;
Ah, when she enthused, she stirred many tones:
She posses all the beauty, the most dazzling bottle can!
She possesses all the virtues only goddess can leak;
All the creative minds grew up to seek,
To chant in groups, from toe to peak.

She taught me best of life! With love fondled my chin,
She schooled me, go round, and go round, and stand;
She taught me handle, and made harsh air thin;
I hold tightly her tender but strong hand;
Like a bright sickle; always ready to me rake,
Always hounding her from behind for her sweet sake,
But what remarkable clipping of her I, did make.

Loves me like a gander, loving a goose:
When the night winds cry, her lips squeezed, the errant air to seize;
She acted fast, and acted fast to tame and loose;
My heart and eyes, astounded at her stubborn knees;
Her feeble parts could find difficult to keep a pure repose,
Her legs and hips tremble with a trembling pause,
She moved in slowly and slowly but with definite cause.

As seed plants grass, but grass turns into hay:
She is gladly willing victim to my happy tone;
Does not know free will, for her own happy ray,
She always shielded me like a shadow white as stone.
But no body can count her love infinity in days,
These old bones live to guard me from wanton ways:
Deemed her time, as my own time and body sways.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MYSTERIOUS LOVE

We run here and there looking for true love,
In search of that love perfect,
Some get it comfortably, what they desire;
Where as some remain unlucky for life.

And at times, you will hit upon,
The solitary line you've been pining for,
But fail to locate smiling face in front of you,
The entire life goes as, love is sightless.

Years of hard work, companionship;
But it was one hug or kiss,
To sit in the heart and mind of the beloved,
Then it is oneness, love, fervor and affection.

Then it is settled in eyes, in heart,
In arms, in mind a loving and joyous presence;
Like an angel, rays of splendor,
And it is like a joy for ever.

Energy of splendor explodes from the sky,
She, like a bud tag his name;
And the beloved respond like a flower;
It is worshiped you forever.

That is all will be known,
No more ifs and buts;
No more could be's', because;
Love mysterious is settled in eyes.

Not scarcely meaningful, until you open your eyes;
To an existence of bliss as most of the time;
Love is blind and the gloom and crime,
That may genesis, ‘May in peace be ushered in.'

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

MYSTRY OF LIFE

We are eternal wanderers,
Unaware of past and future,
Two souls in one, only desire,
Wish to stop time like a slayer.

Our existence is like heavy clouds,
Roaming with hearts in love wild,
Bodies lay unclaimed on the sand,
Like two pi-geon in love band.

Warm breath makes us realize about life,
I and ego lost in worldly strife,
Body and soul linked with higher soul alike,
Face once strange, now side by side,
Very near to heart with full ride,
This is but the mystery of life’s tide.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NANDIGRAM, THE MOANING VILLAGE

This is parish of Nandigram,
Bengal's flowerless garden,
The furnace of hope
Where deaf and dumb men inhabit,
A narrow, disturbed, burning grave.

Here I see the charging comrades,
But the workers, in tatters,
Digging their hands down the dustbin
marking on him
The tag of poverty.

I see the fast lorries
Packed with dead bodies,
Crawl over torturous mud and dirt,
Waiting for their cruel comrades to relieve them.

I see loading and unloading of guns
Holed the bodies of toiling masses,
Like a rag.
Here time crumble
Over lifeless shadows.

It dumps on the cadaver of merit
Now being gulped
By the merchants of death
Like a goblin ready to burst
By brutal barrenness.

I breathe the noxious of the cruel air
Ready to burn my heart
As dead eyed maidens
Ride on carcass of bulls,
Pass coarse smiles.

Crude eyes gaze hard
On my white kurta,
Now reddened by the blood of falling farmers,
Wailing toward the starless sky
Silently praying for mercy.

The fragrance of our land
Is destroyed by the fusillade
Of the wanting comrades,
And the nation is moving the wheel
Layered with blood.

This is not a garden
This is a live graveyard
Where hopes of the masses are buried

It is a victory day for the comrades
Celebrated with the blood of innocent.

O God, help us,
As they do not know
What they are doing,
Or they are also the one
Who are brutalized by fellow comrades.

O God, deluge your brutal justice
As we are here in a failing state
Where threatening revolutionaries
Dance by night
O God, save us.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NARENDRA MODI—ICON OF PATRIOTISM

It merits nothing that a patriotic leader,
Greed for power, wealth, luxuries and feed;
In this rich land of vast opportunities and pleasure,
Showered with divine powers and gifts, but no caste and creed.

But plundered by secular laws and division,
People here loot, drink and marry and don't work hard;
Conditioned by unequal laws and creating savage race and region;
That pelt stones, kill people and love enemy nations and their ward.

I cannot let my people and nation bleeding,
And shed blood to save my people and nation;
I am a name, loved by patriots but unpatriotic, cursing:
Roamed with a hungry heart to wipe out anti-national creation.

Manners, development, honesty, good governance and hard work;
All are dear to me and no inhibitions,
And with a brave and honest heart fights with the enemy fork,
On this dear land of Gujarat with its children.

I leave my imprint on all; I ever meet, in any direction;
But all the vast experience, I use to enrich and strengthen my land:
How lifeless it is, a life without positive action;
Like a sword kept in dark sheath, unused.

But every moment I want to serve, before my last breath;
To usher an era of celestial happiness,
God has given me this duty to serve my land, people and their health,
And in my actions, promises to be most blameless.

Duty bound to almighty God,
And vows to do some noble work, before He calls back;
My countrymen join and strengthen my hands,
To work for a new and happy nation, with rich sack.

Neither beloved nor cute off spring,
To whom I hoard and loot,
Only my nation and people well loved of me, in my ring;
To fulfill my dreams with empowered roots.

Get up for my marvelous designs,
Struggle to cross the heights of western world,
Attained by Mittals, Hindujas, Aggarwals and Pals;
Never to submit in will and method.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Nation In Mask

Nation wears many masks those grin and lie,
They hide our crushed cheeks and hollow eyes, -
This price we pay for secular and socialist guile;
With hungry bellies and ghost frames we smile,
And lecture in high tone with false hug and cry.
Why should our leaders be less wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
No, we are only numbers to them, while
We too wear the mask high.
They smile, but, O Lord Krishna, on our cries
To see us hungry and naked, their souls arise.
We sing, but oh the soil beneath our feet is vile
But let this nation dream otherwise,
We wear the mask; and long the mile.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Nation in Tears

Of this national theater in which we stay,
My people, deaf and dumb sit
Ignoring wrongs and all the pageants play,
Supporting and loving the offending wit.
Always enjoy when no glad occasion fits,
And remain masked in myth in this comedy:
Soon after when their joy to sorrow flits,
I cry and wail on this theater of tragedy.

Yet She, beholding all with optimistic eye,
False delights, nothing fail and smart:
But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry
She laughs with hardens heart.
What then can change her? If not people’s pain and moan,
She is not a nation, but a senseless stone.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NATION WITHOUT NATIONALITY

Nation and Nationality,
Must live together.
India is a nation,
Without nationality.

Crabbed Nation and tempered Nationality
Cannot live together.
Nation is full of pleasure,
When nationality is full of care.

Nation can enjoy pleasant mornings,
Only when
Nationality has fire within.

India is a nation
Full of high talk,
Where Nationality is an endangered species,
Young Nation has lame nationality.

Nation is warm and bold
Nationality is weak and cold
India is tame, India is wild,
Multiculturalism has devoured

The nation and Nationality and
Our self has been divided into

VULGAR SECULARISM,
DIVISIVE QUOTAS &
NARROW-PAROCHIAL REGIONALISM.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NATION WITHOUT PASSION

Thy own cherished laws hast spoiled thy nation,
All the books piping the masses to degeneration,
As the pain deadliest, emerged from the ocean;
Men venomous, dropping on the holy land and occasion,
And has made every roaring river vile creation.

As all have out borne the ages in drain,
The reapers pull their yoke in pain,
Lost his sweat and lost his green in lane,
And rotted before his youth gleam and gain,
Where living cry for spring cheers and rain.

No night joy with moon and stars found,
Hath cry in anger and lash the wind,
Misery and disease go round,
Through the deadly head bound,
And mourn the season’s disaster hound.

Chiding autumn, crude winter, fiery summer glide,
Left the liveries and lives to chide;
And we helplessly see the horrific sins ride;
Racism and quota has weakened the pride,
Nation’s disintegration is on history pages wide.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

National Anthem For A Doomed Nation

With passing years for the nation that dies without battle;
Only the artificial fire of the rusted guns,
Only the faltering and false words' rapid rattle,
Can nurse out only false and unachievable illusions.

All laugh at, for her; no neither love nor holy bells;
Nor any loyal voice of mourners for martyrs,
The cry, pain and demented elegy of empty shells;
And leaders laughing at, from corrupted sad shires.

O God! Lit the lamps to flee the evil roll,
Not in the hands of traitors, but in their heart and eyes;
Must flow the bright glimmers of good ties,
The joy of masses' brows ought to be their call;
The flowers of sweetness and joy set in minds,
And each sick vibes flee down of finds.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NEHRU- A MISPLACED ICON

Born and brought up with all the riches,
Followed blindly missionary glitches,
Married to romantic, left, Islamic, preaching;
I always think and ponder on his Jesus leaning,
But see on weak and weary spot,
Over many a great and curious lot.

On his misplaced socialism, without horizon,
While I remain silent and frozen,
On all his great and glorious sales,
Presented to all and sundry with all the big tales,
Is it dream or reality or farce or nothing more?
In this poor nation, horror haunted- tell the true tale, I implore.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak winter,
He donated big chunk of land to enemy China, in slumber:
Cheated upon the nation as Hind-Chini bhai-bhai,
From my books I learn t he created Kashmir troubles high,
For always follow radiant maidens and radiant boys,
Thrilled and filled all with fantastic terrors and joys.

Deep into that darkness peering, big nation stood, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no nation ever lost to dreaming;
But his size was unbroken, and the high talks remained only,
Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
For we cannot help agreeing that he was human but faster,
Brought for toiling, unhappy masses, unmerciful disaster.

But the ugly secular farce still beguiling all my fancy,
Then he planted rot and the air grew murkier, stinking palsy,
Swung by courtiers whose footfalls tinkled on the decked floor.
'Wretch, ' I cried, 'Why God has sent him – with his vulgar lore,
'God! ' cried I, 'thing of evil- but icon still, if leader or devil! -
Corrupt tempest sent, and tossed Nepal’s love without strong goal.

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this grieving land-
And the icon, never flitting, still is sitting, with his band,
On the gigantic bust every where just above parliament door;
And the lamp-post o'er him lighted dimly, throws his shadow on the floor.
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
The icon reading these lines is smart, classy but wrongly performing.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS

I never thought of this to happen,
That you will come so close to me.
That I will be lost in you for ever,
As lotus in water,
Or as heavy clouds rain on,
Thirsty meadows,
I never thought of this.

You will cover me like a blessed cloud
And it was beyond my imagination,
That you will cling to me,
As green grass with the field
And never get freedom to fly in the sky.
You will come to shun my slumber,
I never thought of this.

For whom the peacock dances,
For whom the nightingale sings,
Roamed through many meadows with you,
I never thought of this to happen.
Thoughts are wounded; healed by love balm,
Life is so intoxicated to dissolve you in my breath,
I never thought of this.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NEW YEAR AND THE WORLD

I started my New Year seeing beautiful flowers,
Flowers were intoxicated by the humming of bees,
Bees were dancing and inviting warm sun in their wings,
Sun was dancing in the splashing through river waves.

Rivers were nourishing and watering trees,
Trees were giving happy and cozy homes of chirping birds,
Birds were invited by earth swinging her arms,
Earth created days of loving emotions.

Days unfolds miracle of New Year,
Flowers, bees sun, rivers, trees and earth dear:
Days and every New Year with lively laughter,
Showers auspicious splendor of New Year.

Morning brings Hope and Afternoon, Faith, best;
Evening brings Love and Nights, Rest;
Days brings and fulfills Hope without test,
New Year blesses all with Hope, Faith, Love and Rest.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NIRA RADIAAAAA.....

Nira Radia, the suave and intelligent charmer;
Has a very mysterious hot line receiver,
She is a very fascinating whistle blower,
Exposed the chinks in the armor,
Of industry, politics, media and Prime Minister:
Stripped Raja, Tata, Barkha and meek Sardar;
Caught them high, dry and unaware;
And flew the insects out of their drawer.

Then one bright day, Swami- the Great! Exposer;
Opened the rotten pals to the printer,
Suddenly free and honest writers and raiders,
Danced and jumped to the Swami and Radia tuner,
All beat on this new prized catch to a new meter,
And left shell shocked and naked all the brokers.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NO MAN’S LAND

They want to shout,
But don’t let others’ speak,
Because they shout,
To silent the world.

They are writing,
But cursing others’ pen,
Because their free writing,
Is to dry others’ ink.

They are reading,
But don’t let others’ read prayer,
Because their reading,
Has no civil language.

They are running,
But don’t let other’s breath,
Because in this mad race,
They don’t want others’ happy ending.

They are making their own castle,
But don’t let others’ work,
Because they work to make,
Others’ senseless and lifeless.

God created man to work like a man.
But in this Dark Age,
There is no one like man.
This is No Man’s Land.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

NRI

From childhood dreamt to be an NRI been,
As poor Indians; I do not want to be seen,
As I landed on an align shore; I could ring
My passions from a joyous spring.

Lost in a new world but I could not taken,
My joys; I could not awaken:
My heart failed to dance at that tone;
And all I found, I found all alone.

Brooding past in my mom’s arms, in the dawn
Of all the tempests of life could not drown,
Saved from every storm of good and ill,
That love and mystery, tie me still.

Just before the sunset, all eyes set hither;
Father on my one side, mother on my other:
Brother on my left, sister on my right:
Good morning, my brother, my sister, good night.

Here amongst the hot torrents and wild fountains,
Hitting hard the red cliffs of red mountain,
Sun seemed to me as red ball that round me rolled,
Perhaps In its autumn lies my destiny cold.

Frightened by the thunder and lightning in the sky
As I pass ghost of memories fly by,
Life beaten blue, by the thunder and the storm,
Like withered leaves of autumn, life took the form.

Crawled and drowned under the black rain,
Of suffering and lonely in long train;
When the rest of the world was happy and blue,
I saw my self surrounded by demons in my view.

'

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

O CAPTAIN! MY SICK CAPTAIN

0 Captain! My Sick Captain! One failed inning you played,
The nation has faced all the odds, the reward pined is relayed.
The target was easy, fragmented mind, people crying,
The courtier taste the cream, nation is sad and dying.
I see the bleeding masses in tattered,
My crowned Captain feigning cold and dead.
0 Captain! My Sick Captain! Get up and see the toll,
Rise up to furl the flag and hear the call.
People offered you banquets and wreaths taming,
But crushing them by your misdeeds, you are turning.
Lost in burqa, pagri and quota race,
Never thinks of hunger, thirst and labor rage.
My Captain turning aside, his lips are pale and still,
My leader does not feel the pain, no face, no will.
Crown is placed safe and sound, target closed and won,
From divided nation, the victory touched with sweet run.
Listen sad cries and ring the bell right,
Don’t be afraid of Madam White.
Crippled on the red My Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead he cries.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

O MIGHTY BANYAN! I CRY FOR YOU

O mighty Banyan, I cry for you,
I saw you, huge, towering,
Fluttering merrily in the field,
Showering many things to the world frozen,
Without any quota and will.

It was feast to mind and body,
Clothing our bare mother earth.
Alas! The feast was cut short…..
O! What a sad scene?
Mighty Banyan was cut down.

Lying lifeless, withering and decaying,
How helpless and sad the mother felt,
Without her dear creation?
Why do trees thrive?
If this cruelty is their fate.

Still they flourish, knowing well,
They will be cut down,
Only to fragrant the earth.
Why man kill these high and mighty things,
Who bestows the world with priceless gifts?

O mighty Banyan, you blessed Lord Buddha,
With knowledge divine.
Why don't reincarnate yourself?
To teach these beguiling people,
A lesson of love and humanism

If I had the power,
I would have stand you again,
But helpless I am …..helpless,
Except eyes who see this plunder,
And water the wounded mother earth with tears.

O what a happy sight,
Tender tendrils shoots, visible again,
From the womb of wounded mother earth,
Mighty Banyan is born again,
To forgive and bless the repenting world.

O man don't cut these priceless gift of god,
Care about your mother, fellow creatures and thyself,
To live happily with fellow brothers,
O mighty Banyan never left us again,
Bless the world as you blessed Buddha.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

O Mohammad

A light hidden deep in stacks of straw,
And blankets dense of darkness mound,
You blasted into world with celestial flaws,
A hand for believers who live in gloom round.

Flowed the gifts immense in a world so dry,
Enriched by the selfish love high,
River of blood flowed from never die man’s pie,
Blood for blood, eye for eye, became pleasure sigh.

Alas! His disciples made hell this world’s lot,
A bloody inferno where jihadis slit innocent throats,
Where bullet and bombs freely hurled and float,
In a mad and bloody world we gloat.

O Mohammad! Once again reincarnate yourself to purge,
And treat the world, crying for dirge.
.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

O MY DEAR NATION

Gloomy 2010 is vanishing in the layers of past,
O God! Not to show again these sad cast,
Moving on the ground, feet become red;
Where aching head of people has no comfort,
And people are grey before time and appearance dead.

O My dear Nation! O 2010! O Life! O Time!
On whose last steps I pass without rhyme,
Shivering at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more -Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
All the joys have vanished out of sight:
Fresh spring, warm summer, and happy winters door,
Move my faint heart with grief, and without light
Repeat 2010- No more -Oh, never more!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

ODE TO M.F.HUSSAIN

O white bearded old man but a heart sick,
A tattered hat upon a head thick,
Soul cries and sings Islam fanatic,
Every pervert painting tells immoral mist.

Dark spots on old man’s sleeves,
In all the colors, spreads stinking leaves,
Colour foul drove away the national peace,
Ran away from the holy land and to world deceive.

Down the wrinkled cheek lies the shadow greed,
With years of lusty thoughts he feed,
Hardly learnt any thing from grey haired,
And mind has known all art of hatred.

Old man loved injustice and wrong enjoyed,
Cashed with grey hairs good he scorned,
Self mastered in propaganda and duping world,
The region hot of fanatics he loved.

Span an unholy web round him dry,
Closed mind and played tricks with poisoned eyes,
For lust in him to women fed but they foul cry,
And enjoyed honey in land high.

Always jumps at fair sex like butterflies,
And strayed around Bollywood rise,
Fried them like mutton pies,
And auctioned them where Stannic Street lies.

Self exiled, mindful to match the past glad,
Met beneficial angels on a tiny land,
Enjoyed exile deal but feigned sad,
No sorrow but all pleasure in alien sand.

I sell those to secular traders and grease,
Delivered pain, sorrow and enjoyed clandestine practice,
And that the business, I bake my cheese,
Secular stink, gives me lease.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

ODE TO MY DEAR SON

I was never so happy before that hour,
With love so real and like a feast,
Its soft face bloom like a rose flower,
He mesmerized my existence with ideas sweet.

All my blood raced and reddened my face,
I could feel all happiness in every wing,
Trees and bowers, round, running in happy pace;
And clouds danced from their strings.

Words from the heart did start,
To see God’s spring choice,
Reward for our love’s honest heart,
Seemed HE blessed us with choicest voice.

Never had I seen God’s this trace,
Timid heart swelled, when I behold my flower,
As I stood hypnotized, by divine grace,
O God! Never can I return your blessing lore.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

OF INDIA

Please,
Rape me,
So that,
I may save,
My life,
My honor,
My chastity,
My character,
My livelihood,
And,
Get justice,
And,
Live blissfully,
In this,
Secular, Socialist, Republic;
OF INDIA.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

OH KRISHNA! HAVE MERCY

Where are you lying, hiding your greeting?
Forgetting your devotees and their name,
Sagged and unknown to blessed meeting,
Beat an empty stomach, -are you still the same?

Over the years, looting and looting;
Dull-eared, dim-sighted, poor of mind and thought,
Encroached upon the bleeding nation, sweating;
Everything goes wrong, and nothing right is sought.

Old, the graybeard, aimless! Sad, indeed, all know them, -
Wrinkled, tottering, bent, forgetting and corrupt the prey;
But talk highly and falsely in speech, story, fable, picture, poem,
Oh! I have seen them since my birth day.

No one is here to listen to the pious proclamation,
Burnt the plants and shrubs where the butterflies play: -
Liars have blasted the peaceful nation,
Play havoc with the ideas of unfertilized clay.

To cry, in the silence, the national tune: -
Only the vulture dance again and again,
Happy are the jungles, the beasts and cruel men,
Oh, a biting wind swept the spiritual nation.

Our’s was a land blessed, she was a divine creation,
Great sages and angels rested on the way,
For a sacred nation, here temples clean the passion,
Created a paradise, where babies always at play.

Merit cries and honesty strives, but no one cares,
Sit and mourn by the ashes of the glorious past,
Spread their brutal hands over the withering embers,
Laugh only to kill, and shook the nation last.

With false but sweet words and a dirty broom,
They have no religion and have no vision,
One can see and hear the boom of the blood-lust groom,
But the witch-men play and dance all the creation.

With a thunder bolt, and a merry old song: -
Come the saffron clad angel with flute in hand,
With speed and sharply attractive ding dong,
Accompanied beautiful maidens with pearls in band.

Of the Lord then lean and laughed people down,
That made those tottering, sad-men smile;
His divine march began, down town;
And sing, walk with care, beware, beware.

Open the dark and cruel sky like an ugly veil,
With iron fist of steel He must be seated round,

And direct the misguided race to the right mail,
Oh Krishna! Have mercy on Indians’ wound.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

OH! FORGET .....

HE gifted us hunger,
To fill others' deflated bellies,
But we are lost in the dark world,
To inflate our sick bellies.

HE gifted us thirst,
To water and balm others' cracked lips,
But we are drowned in the whirls of cups,
To abuse and laugh at dry lips.

HE gifted us tears,
To feel others' pain,
But we are lost in our own laughter,
To suppress and mock others' tears.

Ah! Love,
Forget, Haj, Chrismas and Ganapati,
And root out hunger, thirst and tears,
To make our nation strong with cheers.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

OH! WAKE UP

Oh wake up my dear country men,
Wake up from your deep slumber,
To weed out the corrupt, criminals,
Communalists and castists.

Don't feel yourself,
Helpless, inept and frail.
Think yourself the best.
Use your mighty powers,
To elect the best
And think the country first.

Stir the sleeping nation's dead conscience
And lead India to a new dawn.
Wake up in a new India,
To breathe without fear of being looted by,
Corrupt and criminals and
Deceived by communalists and castists.

Oh wake up my dear country men,
To end all miseries and restore loses,
Where head is held high,
Where mind is free of terror fear,
Where knowledge is not riddled in caste quotas,
Where economics is free of jazia mohanics,
Where secularism is not muddled in communalism,
Where word of leaders are not laced in fraud and deceit,

March into a new world,
Where nation is free of slum dogs,
Where people do not worship false Gods.
Where nation is not branded as third world,
Where nation is not ruled by third rate leaders,
Where nation is not decked with,
Banquets of failures and defeats,
Where nation is not racked with,
Corpses and disembarked limbs.

Inflame the worlds' largest democracy,
With true freedom, perfection and honesty.
Oh wake up to erase the blushes of shame,
Or else cry for another,
Five years, as done in the past.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

OLD IS GOLD

O my dear beautiful, is our love dying?
You and me are worm out, too tired even for crying.
Life, whose warn spirit provokes the passion, flying,
Time renders all, too weak to act, too cold for trying.

We read the Bhagawad Gita and sit around the fire,
The heart ticks make me fear, like deflated tyre
withering all the organs, every minute
and all are ready to depart like a sunken fleet.

Now we cannot row the life boat, I wonder
Life seems like a burden, I ponder,
Our face, nor our action packs, nor life's valleys,
where the hearts fail to break any ice and rallies.

Only remain quiet and see the stars but mind remembers,
there is no heat in fire and beauty missing from embers.
Life is miserable and pitiable and has no power,
Spring of our life is over and has no fragranced flower

But old wisdom is, a big treasure and divine grace,
Spring-time of man for all the youthful acts and face,
Free from all the hassles, waiting for divine light,
Where all see the truth and no fanciful flight.

The death god comes with a dagger in his hand
Sees only his dear co-passenger on the land,
so, adieu to life partner and glittering world but all fair,
All understands the mystery, wisdom but no player.

Only acts holy are counted in the last march,
Nectar of the soul, rain to the land parch.
Bless me with all your light, so to darkness close
As I can meet my master with a scanted rose.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

OLD MAN AND THE ART

Art is not brush, nor color, nor water, nor rogue white beard,
But high humanity, means deep and means good,
How can art be disrobing or robbing of faith and land?
It is no stronger than filth and charred wood.

Art knows no boundary and barrier,
Art is like a noble fighter,
Art rids of the humanity of mad secular warrior.
Art colors harmonious forces and interiors.

Art plays celestial tune of humanity torn,
Art cures all the ills worn.
Art is not porn and scorn,
As designed by a white bearded secular horn.

Don’t so instigate the senses,
Paint inner beauty and soul’s fences,
Never see legs and breast’s haunches,
Lofty art draws beauty and real substances.

If an artist is truly loyal to his art and faith present,
Fondly disrobe own faith before disrobing others bent,
Lofty art draws beauty and reality best,
With the colors of grace and honor rest.

Art can not be money laundering,
Nor it can be female bashing,
Art gives light when restrained gaiting,
They also serve who remain sober and waiting.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

OM SHANTI OM

If you can maintain balance when all are against you
And has to walk miles and miles in search of food dew;
But some walk miles and miles to digest extra food chew,
But enjoy reward for their free bites too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
They are blessed who stand and wait but don't deal in lies,
As long as you don’t forgive the wrong doer’s hating,
Sinner occupies our precious space wise.

Change the text of your dreams-and not be the slave of that blaster;
And mold your life with higher aim,
The future is not to be waited and invite disaster
It is something you create and avoid rain
Nourish your inner being throughout your life woven
And fill your Slam Book with great tools,
Don’t fall, but rise in love, heaven,
And pray to God to shape a beautiful future, cool.

Here no body is losing, no body is winnings
And forget everybody, as dipped in river Lethe of forgetfulness’,
And each other, on some street will be passing,
And like strangers, never dropp a tear about your loss:
Truth must be followed by heart, nerve and sinew
It is the only reality eternal to serve long after all are gone,
And hold on the guru when there is nothing in you
As he effects eternity, “Hold him on! '

If you converse with rogues and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Crowns high -and do not lose your touch,
If every foe and caring pal can hurt you,
Then embrace the mystic faith, and chant too much:
Om Shanti Om! To forget and forgive the crude minutes
And dance with this holy hymn and do not run,
You will be the master of this Earth and your self and everything in it,
And-above all -you'll be a true Man, my dear son!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

ON GLOBAL WARMING

Inferno is in making and waiting,
Only hullabaloo is gloating,
All round fear and tear,
Welcome to a world of fire.

Glaciers melting, rivers vanishing,
Trees frying and earth baking,
NGOs activism, loot and hypocrisy,
Ear splitting cacophonies accompany.

Noxious heat, ozone, virus deadly,
Ready to devour solace cruelly,
Withering, decaying world tangled,
Raining death and disaster red.
Dancing at this self made bogey,
Ugly moguls of hierarchy.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Open Letter to Sick PM by Old Anna

It merits nothing to be a dummy ruler,
In this poor nation, with corrupt courtiers,
Tutored by a white queen, you rule and be-fool,
Unequal laws unto a hungry nation and race,
That mints money, sleep, and eat, and care not nation and poor.
Alas! You are enjoying power; and sucking lives.
In your life you have enjoyed greatly with no work,
Both with those elected you, and alone
And when corruption and terrorism, vexing the tired nation.
You are become a name; for always living for power,
All you have seen and got, - power, pleasure and name;
But deserve not least, but honored by all, -
And drunken delight of power with sycophants peers,
On this hungry and thirsty land.
You are a cause of that entire nation suffered;
Yet all whitening failed to fill the bellies, of hungry and thirsty.
How shameful is to clinch chair till,
To rust shamelessly, not to act honestly!
As though to breathe is life! Life has given you greatly,
But you shamed life, little left;
But every hour left from that eternal silence,
Do something, to bring new hopes;
And shame it is to remain on chair and loot,
And this gray spirit crying to chair like a sinking star,
Beyond the last limits of human thought.
This is my clan, mine own, to whom I cannot leave the chair, -
Spoiled by me, incapable to fulfill this task,
By tired laws to make sick and rugged people, civilized;
Make them to the useful and the good.
They are innocent, lost in the rut of common duties,
Intelligent and not to fail, in action if disciplined,
And ready to take charge when you are gone.
Lost in corrupt whirls and fail to excel,
They see the task; time makes them perfect to march;
To clear the gloom from the sky.
My countrymen have suffered, work, and thought with me, -
Those with a happy heart have welcomed the thunder and the sunshine,
And fought wrongs and corrupts, -
you and I are old; old age has its honor.
Death closes all; but some noble before the last call,
May yet be done, not unlikely in the land of Ram and Krishna.
The lord of death may bless you any time;
The sun sets; the slow moon and stars mourns with sad voices.
Come, it is better to be late than never.
Kick off, and shed lust for power for some high purpose;
Act to purge yourself beyond the sunset, and the last bath;
Until you leave this power gulfs;
It may be that you touch the lofty names,
And meet the great Bose, Azad and Pratap, we know.
You have got more you deserve from life,
We are not now that strength which in golden days
Attracted the world, that which we were, we were, -

Names of great and heroic hearts,
Made weak by corruption and misdeeds, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Pain Of Slavery

Do not yet, bath in river Lethe my friends, stay—
Stay till you win your freedom, good old year,
Sighs of Tibet waiting your fiery way,
Lift gums and shed fear.
Oh stay; oh stay,
Slaughter the butchers and fly away.

Suicide is the sigh of defeat but is high and strong,
Invoke your fiery spirit and wake;
Yet one more final fight and enjoy song:
Open your inner strength for Tibet's sake.
Oh stay; oh stay,
Your duty for the land be done, and then away.

Break the brute's hands; hug tolerant hands:
Burn all the ammunition in the dragon store.
And shall we turn to free milestones where she stands;
Slavery has a beginning and an end too, no more;
Oh stay, oh stay,
Wipe out my foe, give me honor, and then away.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

PARADISE SOLD

Secular traders do not discuss us,
No body marches for us with candles,
No page 3 blonde exhibits her curves,
As we are not the followers of Jihadi god.

Banished from our home and hearth,
With deep pain in moist and vacant eyes,
But as always we Indians mad in talk high,
And never cared to live with respect and dignity.

Booted and plundered out from our own paradise,
Founded by our own great sage Kashyap,
Feared by our own ancestry, respect and pride,
And discarded by our fellow brothers.

Abused as new- migrant, refugee,
In our own dear land,
With our own brothers and sisters,
In tattered tents and on rotten meal.

Made accustomed to live like animals,
With out pride, like an endangered tribe,
With the howling of secular Satans,
That great nation can’t be cowed down.

Yes we deserve to be lost,
As we can’t live with steel arm and might,
And live and die for false glory,
Where senseless values are plundered mercilessly.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE

You may never see tomorrow…
There is no guarantee.
Things happened yesterday are part of history pages,
Nobody can predict the future; nobody can change the past,
We have only the present to act and move.

You must treat it the best and the last,
Use this moment wisely, for it will soon vanish;
And be lost for ever as part of yesterday,
You must be compassionate, stand the fallen to their feet,
Be a companion to companion-less, make an empty life complete.

Any unkind thing done today may never be undone;
And friendship I fail to won today may never be won,
You may never get another chance to pray,
And thank almighty God for giving this beautiful day…
We cannot blame God for creating heaven or hell.

I am The Light Of The World:
He that followed Me shall not walk in darkness,
But must have The Light Of Life.
The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom do I fear?
The Lord is my life's refuse; of whom am I afraid?

SO HAVE A WONDERFUL-DAY……

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

PATHS OF HAPPINESS

If the path is beautiful, check where it leads?
But if the destination is beautiful-
Don’t worry about the hardships, keep moving.

There is no path that leads to happiness;
But happiness itself is the only path, goes every where.
Continuous efforts- not strength or intelligence, fetches happiness.

Happiness and excuses do not work together,
If we think about excuses, forget about happiness;
And if we want happiness, forget excuses.

Money can’t buy happiness,
But it is less painful to cry in a palace, than in a hut:
So don’t insult happy moments.

Happiness is like sunlight,
It shines in the corner of the heart,
And offer every morning fresh hopes.

It is very difficult to give happiness,
But try to at least erase somebody’s sorrow,
Like a good eraser.

Whenever offered with half glass of milk,
Call it half full and not half empty,
Happiness should be enjoyed with what we have,
But not reject due to what we do not have.

Happiness without positive attitude is merely destiny,
But happiness with a positive attitude is called, achievement;
So try to be a happy achiever in life.

Soft speech, clean heart, calm eyes, strong hand, focused mind:
And firm determination, with God’s love and blessings,
Always make us a happy winner, so always be a happy winner.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

PEARL OF WISDOM

Every negative thing has in it positivism,
Do not see in it negativism,
Try to find out the truth i.e. positivism.

End is not the end, in-fact,
END means, Effort Never Disband;
End leads to newer tracks.

Memories are always confusing and wired,
They make us laugh to remember the time we cried,
But make us cry when reminded the time we laughed.

Try to forgive your enemy, but remember his face;
Help a person, in trouble or in race;
He will again remember when again in troubled pace.

Do well, without any expectations;
Fragrance always fragrant those creations,
Those shower fragrance-d tribulations.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Peepal-Bunyan Tree: Divine Creations

Two sturdy brothers stand side by side,
Withstand all weather storms and ride,
and in spite of tempests and tide,
Grow up as the nature’s pride,
for medicines and environment wide.

Above blue heights they touch,
Down to their deepest source, they vouch;
Live like devotees of the church,
Their roots are intertwined like lovers French;
inseparably like two lives in one ranch.

Both help and serve the world with full might,
Drawing Love's bonds more tight,
Service is the only aim but no flight
While one and one make two lively sight,
And both are born to bless one and all delight.

From them man must learn to fully prove
Fully as man can do for its’ existence alone,
What power there is in Love
There inmost soul to move
Peepal-Bunyan tree are two creations divine.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

PI-GEON! MESSENGER OF PEACE

Flutters his golden wings with speedy might,
Near the bright sun under divine light,
Flying high in azure world he delights,
Laments world beneath, crawling in draughts.

Watches helplessly from the snowy heights,
Drops like a cannon light,
Message of peace and brotherhood delights,
Without any quota, creed and race flights.

Bears a flag of hope and peace around,
Scented gifts designedly bound,
Bearing the names of loves and loved,
Gives what one deserved,
Happy cause and happy lines preserve,
Victory and success in rainbow color serve.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

PILGRIMAGE TO GARHMUKTESHWAR

Abode divine
Of God reliever,
From whirls worldly.

Resting on the banks of Ganga divine,
Celestial ghats with bathers faithful rhyme.
Scene phenomenal of equality, brotherhood,
And classless society.

Devotees offering nectar to mother Ganga, sun,
And all near, dear, dead and alive.
Floating, twinkling, lamps to awake,
The inner consciousness, be one with higher consciousness.

At a distance, burning ghats, with moist eyes,
Mourners, bidding farewell to departed soul,
Puting dead in the pyre and giving the fire,
Immersing ashes with reverence in holy deep, to merge with the creator.

Cows, the national and symbol secular, moving merrily,
Faithfuls offering eatables to mother cow,
Monkeys, representative of Lord Hanuman,
Playing, eating with the devotees.

The endless sea of holy saints in saffron,
Color of sacrifice, love, devotion and purity,
Since the dawn of life, their ways are the ways of God.
Meditating to preserve wisdom high and spiritual light.

For Hindus, in this land of miracles, from water to dust,
Every thing, every where is God and His creation,
Water, sun, river, lamp, cow, monkey and saints.
This is unique riches in poverty, hunger and slumdogs.

Garhmukteshwar is a holy place for Hindus, situated on the banks of holy river Ganga, in Uttar Pradesh and around ninety kilometer north-east from Delhi, capital of India.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

POEM

Poem is born with an idea and a thought,
Poem is fully impartial and clean like water,
Poem can quench thirst of all without any malice,
Poem is unaware about caste, creed, religion, region and colour.

Poem is as cozy as cold breeze,
Poem lulls to sleep and awake,
Poem is untouched by any barrier of quota and race.
Poem can excite and arouse everybody like a new wed.

Poem has no love for secularism or communal ism.
Poem can energize and warm like fire,
Poem does not discriminate between rich or poor.
Poem is as high as sky.

Poem can lift any body to fly within,
Poem gives shelter to every body and has no border.
Poem can bloom a flower in a rock,
Poem can convert a rock in sand, slowly and slowly.

Poem can romanticize everybody without reservation.
Poem never dies, it remains forever
No grave can rest her nor fire burn,
Poem is for all times and climes.

Poem spreads the lofty ideals of,
Sat –chit-Ananda to shower bliss and peace,
O man why don’t you be like a poem
And wipe out hatred and gloom.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

POET

What is the duty of a poet?
To impart education,
Or to acquire information?
No, although both are important.
Or to hoard wealth,
Or to enjoy worldly pleasures?
No, both are very dear to life.

Or to distribute knowledge
Or to master technical skills,
Or to train a man professionally?
No, though essential in modern world.
Or to develop leadership skills,
Or to make a man strong?
But both are respected in society.

But truly, to develop that bent of mind,
To create that attitude of reason,
To air the faith of love and secularism,
To spread that spirit of democracy,
This makes a man a responsible citizen,
And can deliver good in lieu of his birth,
As poet is the representative of God on earth.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Polluted Nation

A pale wind, puffing from a secular hall,
Darkened the nation’s street,
Weird voices hastened and fused in the fall,
Looking at Queen’s and Prince’s familiar feet.
Everything sad and shamed spins the leaves,
The unholy rocks in the turbulent hedge,
To knock on the gate and ridge,
It will soon strip the deck and ledge.

Everything wrong, goes sighs by;
All has lost in the splashes of frosty rain,
And men stare up with scared eyes,
The wolves range are brighten again.
Ah! It is true; this is most terrific tale of all,
Seen in a tarnished-wineglasses’ casement's hue,
And encircling the Lutyens’ capital, they stall;
Makers of law ledgers are become curse to thee.

Even when the blustery weather was silent,
And the villagers swiftly on their way,
As if they had been called, and told, to rest;
Nothing looks nice and how brief their day.
Provincial, community houses blaze,
Corporations, universities, squares clang,
On fraudulent occupants, mutely gaze,
There bogus files and paper ornaments hang.

All the nation’s supermarkets on Diwali Eve,
Are stinking with rotten eggs and spiky flowers,
As scurrying buyers from the city leave,
To owl-haunted ghost towers,
And thundering clouds go tornado by,
This is the truth, no body can compare –
The many-layered Indian heart and sky,
And lives today has shrunk to bread and Wine.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Poor Farmer

He tills his dry but dear fields,
To earn his bread, butter and corn,
In a mystic love with his precious yields,
Always happy, never worn and torn.

Here a mango tree; like a rich face;
Beautifying and enriching big bower;
There, a monkey filling his hungry space -
Gardens and fields are decked with love-flower.

The robust Papal dancing below,
Pouring love and joy like a flood,
As met its lost brother long ago,
Rocking with him in the wood.

Talking to his wheat warbler,
Singing and dancing alone and no plea;
Listen you, O tired traveler!
What he is singing to you and to me?

But now all joys gone, — left with the sad ones,
No body is there to trod with him in this lonely vale,
The loving and caring companions;
Are now silent, sad and pale.

Go, lonely listener, he says,
He loves his land from his birth,
His hands were pure, and pure he prays,
There is no such heart and hands on earth.

He milks his mother's milk,
But one dropp not for his empty bowl;
A very tender story for his ilk,
And never in his life, in his love fall.

You cannot unlock his heart,
The key is kept with Him;
The silent creation’s loudest chants,
His master's love and requiem.

But perhaps God wrote his noon,
With full of sorrow such as mine,
Out in this noisy world lays he down,
The heavy dirge divine.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

PRESIDENT AND THE BLACK MAGIC

Thou wear a crown alone,
First to be known,
The blood stained chair own,
Was branded insane,
By the law of the land and lane
And no scope for any excuse lame.

Remained outlaw and banished,
But bold and thirsty lady initiated,
Violent struggle to regain lost ground,
For power and greed injected,
By your method of hatred,
With fanatic in you epitomized.

For power and greedy temptations,
Practiced black magic with tribulations,
Butchering a goat every day to lost god without emotion,
Delivering pain to weak but a lofty fashion,
A helpless goat for foul devotion
Cannot change your fanatic emotion.

Oh Jardari, adhere to love, truth and compassion,
Non violence and secular consideration,
For the path of success and salvation,
Taught by Gandhi and Vivakanand’s creation,
And chant Om Shanti Om for lofty ambition,
And enjoy crown without any sad depression.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

PSEUDO KING-SHAHRUKH KHAN

One day there drops in glittering Bollywood jumping court,
A wandering, stammering Khan, to hit the celluloid fort;
All the priests muttered in dismay: “My name is Khan.”
Inspiration to Leshkar-e-Tayebba, and terror plan;
Crying and bleeding soul for Pakistan.
Abode cozy in Dubai, an Islam Stan.
More a hyper theatrics,
Than an honest art specialists.

He has tutored the pang of drama around,
Stands never straight, but always move round.
Nor by his art, but vexed the dealers tame, sold;
The feeble son of wealth and fame, red:
And in this land of rotten hand,
Labored with a shrewd eye and fox mind,
For wealth and fame trekked all land,
And dance only by deign bound.

Jumped madly in the IPL drill,
But it was not a Bollywood thrill.
Ding-dong and crashing in the sky;
Bang, bang, bat and ball aren’t mad high;
Luck and fame, flew away with the wind;
The pitch so dark, with eerie rind;
Plotted to desert the sinking ship of IPL,
Like a rat, running from a house of BPL.

Worshiped here the man, with conscious dead;
Always cry and bleed for Pakis mad.
Thus he breaths and makes him well,
For him here all leaders swell;
With honors high, and decorated name;
Boundless his coffers, and power chain;
Despite his title, power and wealth;
The wrench, cornered all in self health.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

QUOTA CREATION

Some man unworthy to be professor
Of merit or de-merit, himself being false or weak,
Thought his gain and shame would be lesser,
If on mankind he might his power wreak,
And thence a law dark did flow;
One lose but one man grow,
But, other creations have driven low.

Is man, woman, bright by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are birds shouted, or are they away driven,
To abandon their mate, or sleep out a-night?
Merit or knowledge never lose,
And they new lovers choose,
But world made worse with those.

Who so ever kick huge ship to hangar at harbor,
And not to meet bright land, not to live withal?
Or built unfair palaces and rest with arbors
Only to rust, or else to let them kill?
Good is always good and no less,
Always showers wealth it posses,
But quotas are only waste and leaders' lust mess.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

QUOTA RIOTS

Quota here, quota there,
Quota everywhere.
Quota in education, quota in profession,
Quota is there in every vocation.
Quota in banks, quota in ranks,
Quota is there in think tanks,

Begging with quota bowl is the highest honor,
Brightest merit is the worst dishonor
Hail to the racial ladder,
It can make vultures gladder and patriots sadder.
Everything is fair, in quota racial warfare.
Racial quota is fair, merit quota is unfair,
Fair is foul and foul is fair,
Quoteth Bard of Avon there.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

QUOTAS-TO MAKE RUGGED; CIVILIZED

Quotas were brought to polish band,
Taught to simpleton heads to mend,
That there are people among mighty and power too,
Those want to upgrade to bring you knew,
They view us with disdained eye,
Want to see us perish and die.
Work hard and value time to own;
And collect the genius from the inner throne,
This provision is temporarily allied
To undo something wrong in you so signified.
In all the matters, does man fully prove
Fully as each man can true.
Remember, SCs, STs, ONCs, minorities,
May be polite, and join the refined bodies.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

RAIN AND THE WORLD

Rain is a celestial gift to man by God high,
It wets dry throats and parched land by.
Man looks impatiently towards sky,
And pray to rain god, expectantly;
to celebrate the rainfall, a festival of joy.

It relives mankind of oppressive heat,
Dissolve us in an out-pour of joy and greet,
We become one with nature's fleet,
Makes us a part of this vast universe with happy treat,
Representing joy of life itself, bright.

Clouds swelled, melts into life meditation;
Bearing drops of nectar, a sense of well being and happy culmination,
Delivers fertility, enough food and liberation,
With an act of cosmic blessings for our purification,
Makes us yearns for completeness and no depression.

Rainy breeze arouses passionate engagement with life and soul,
Mingling with dry earth creates a haunted image whole;
But when disturbed, it lashes with wild fury with heavy toll:
Man wants to live as a tourist in his life, no attention full and sole
But rain gives us the true meaning of life and world, we live in to cajole.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

RAIN- RAIN GO AWAY

Thunder and lightening in the sky, day and night;
Sun and moon hiding calm without light,
Heavy downpour and roaring like floods,
Man and animals crying in the cities and woods,
Over her cold fire, the house maid broods;
All creatures that love sun are out of hoods,
Sky is loaded like a maid, going to birth:
The muddy children splash in waters, in mirth.

Like a traveler tired, sitting upon the moor;
Heard the thunder and flood waters fur-ore,
Paced like a feared hare, hid like a maiden coy:
Shivering scared but not like a dancing lass shy:
'God', shouted I: bless me stay safe and locked;
Cursed by an old naked farmer at a far lagoon rocked.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

RAJEEV GANDHI-VICTIM OF INTRIGUES

Many a times, knaves, plotted to kill;
To crush a life so handsome and fair,
Conspired with full might and drill,
And denied a soul with vision to rest here.

Many a times he kicked the demons out,
And on his brow, no tension let;
The nation knows with out any doubt,
That he will throw the vultures and no inlet.

I know, I am insane; ought not to tell:
The killers let him, to care for him self;
Narrated and soothed nation in a moving cell,
And never took uncivil help to save his delve.

But Oh! His harsh fate that would be!
As he was young- and fair too-
Killers demons roamed around-but could not see,
Indoctrinated a woman, with deadly blast to do.

This time, failed to beat the foul minds back;
In dark hour, killers' will prevail;
And the killer bewitched the killer pack;
And blasted her for a dangerous mail.

And a blast, deadly dark and he got his last train;
All and sundry hared the thunder, louder roll;
I cried and cried and cursed my rain,
Oh God have mercy for the innocent soul.
FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

REAL VALENTINE

Brooding the days, spent with you,
With vibration in the heart and light in the mind.
Every moment so lovely and faced smilingly,
Difficult to forget, days spent with you merrily.
Flying high for the lucky stars,
Nothing there to be marred, the perennial fun,
And great memories today, I won,
As I walk ahead with you,
Things I carry in my heart, you sung everyday.
You are an example of life to live,
And taught world the meaning of life.
There is no Valentine like dear WIFE,
To sooth in storms and cheer in dark glens,
To shoulder one, if runs amuck,
And fetch back on the path of dharma,
To live as one soul and self.
I pray a long and happy life for you,
And wish to add my years in you.
Teach me a lot, the way you live,
Sweet memories are immortal and printed for ever,
Wish to stop the Time, to cherish the days for ever.

FROM:
DR. Y.K. SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

RELATIONSHIP AND LIFE.

Good relationship does not requires any promise,
Only it needs two goods hearts,
No matter how pious and royal our intentions wise,
But world judge them by our presentation chart,

Bad looks can be covered by good words' history,
Bad word cannot be covered by good looks,
Achieving goals can't be the greatest victory,
But efforts to achieve that goal are the greatest books.

Rise and fall of waves are inspiration to life,
After every fall they never fail to rise again,
Life is also like a river that has many turns but wise,
It is faster on every turn and never returns to bargain.

Relationship is the hardest puzzle,
As no body knows the depth of it,
No body knows the future of it to dazzle,
Cannot be-fool as nobody has the same hit.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

REMEMBERING THE MARTYRS OF 26/11

My heart bleeds up to remember,
The dead corpse of the martyrs,
The bloody twenty six / eleven in calendar,
O, God! Save them, souls never to tire.

O, God! Bless the brave souls, gigantic;
Sacrificed themselves for the nation,
From gateway of India to Taj majestic,
They died and died for the nation.

There are only two realities left,
God the result of higher imagination
And the soldiers, mighty and deft;
Both with supernatural and brave creation.

Considering the noble duties,
God, a higher and spiritual creator,
and the soldier, a spirit and soul of honesty,
with their noble and sacrificing vector.

O, God! Listen to me, and bless all with happiness,
Protect us from their evil thong,
As all are grateful to you for your kindness,
But there God is wrong.

O God! Bless those souls for a new season
trusting in God and nation, as their resolution.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

REPUBLIC DAY PARADE

Besides a black road, I moan looking down,
Ocean of people from village and town,
On other days busy bees used to run and pass,
To work, studies and to love mass,
There I stand, lonely, prodding sad score,
Saw scholars, teachers and youth crying next door,
Now by the babu’s world, no body can see,
Even God is worried not to see one and me.

Images false shown taken from hidden sides,
Mirroring the nation beautiful and wide,
Demy gods couching false glory, sitting beside,
Seated in the earthly heaven, boasting joy ride,
Till nation is fried in ash tray by,
But they remain a holy catholic never tell a lie.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

RIME OF A PATRIOT

A pain in the heart, a fire in my heels,
I am sick of lofty talks and rumbling wagon-wheels;
People dying of hunger, pain un-limited of this land,
Here wild, old tyrants shout with their band.

Oh no body hear the noises of the street,
Where millions foot marching together on the sheet;
To a windy, tossing police dread to stop the ride,
Oh I will be going, going, not fearing tide.

And first I'll hear the hungry -wind, not the mewing of the king,
The clucking, sucking of the blood about the dusty wings,
The songs of the king at the hooter threaten out,
And then the heart of me will know I am there or thereabout.

Oh I am tired of hunger and want, the heart of me is sick,
For dull green, sad Jamuna, the realm of ugly Dick;
And I'll be going, going, un-fazed of roaring of the wheels,
For a pain my heart and fire in my heels.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

RISING SUN

Hail to the rising sun –full and bright;
Showering pleasures in tones to wake,
Delirious energy, excitement and feeling right:
Add, new wings, to swim, in sky and in lake;
Rainbow of hopes in light and darkness, take.

Rising sun blesses the world to tame storms,
With doubly courage and cheerful grate,
With new horizon to dream swarm,
A movement of light and energy enrich awareness straight,
With proud past, bright future and positive present gate.

Rising sun brings heaven, fair, strong and untied;
Leads us from darkness to light and avoids fall,
Vibrates the nation with rays of hope on all side,
Spreads truth and became your voice, tall;
Breaking the vicious circle of hunger and toll.

Rising sun signals a new dawn far and here,
Strengthen the self to fight the dark spree;
So my poetry fills the emotion and sensation, fair;
Of words, thoughts, feelings, and sanskars, free:
Hail to the rising sun, ever and forever.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

RIVER

Thou comes from heaven to earth for peace and smile,
Heralds green and freshness and drought far lies.
With banners of great gales in her image ever see.
Bright heavenly blessings those smiles on thee,

Flows like Goddess, landed for man’s enlightenment!
Thou stand, gloriously, victoriously for great delight;
Under the bridge of concrete gold; roars like a royal band:
Outstretching with benedictions o'er the bed and land.

Blessing the farms farmers through all thy rich claim!
Thy produces rich harvest of hope, fear suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging games;
Strong to hail the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine she gleams;
And fearlessly writes the golden anthem splendid.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Rot, Rot, Rot, and Rot

It was once a pride and beauty, but now the fire is dying;
My people and cows are old, too old for crying.
Men, whose deep passion sets the spirit flying,
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for trying.

I take the book and sit to the fire,
Turning old dead pages; minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart. A withered wire,
Moves a thin ghost of music in the heart.

Sick of sailing the ship, I cannot wander
In your meadows, nor your hills, nor your valleys;
Ever again, nor share the modern wonder,
Where the brutal tyrants break the nationalists' rallies.

Remain silent while my mind remembers
The past glory from the beauty of embers.
Lost beauty, have pity! For the looters have power,
The wrongs have wealth, the ugly have tower.

Summer of man its sunlight and its bond,
Spring-time of man, all sad, no glad,
Only, as in the crowd jostling in the Ground,
Where the warriors thrusts, or bursts, or is loud,

With my old saint, - I love him till my last breath,
Even in my grieves, I have childhood's faith,
I love him fully, as I put to wreath;
I shall be with him even after my death.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

RUNNING INDIA

A shaky hand on the horn,
Other on the gear.
A ear listening music,
Cell phone in the other ear.

A trembling foot on accelerator,
Other on the clutch,
Unsettled mind and clumsy eyes,
On scantily clad girls.

Welcome to a fast running nation,
Driven by fools and jokers,
On bumpy and dumpy roads,
Pulling the nation for untimely doom.

Sick, secular, tottering leaders,
Salute this deceitful spirit,
Welcome to a nation minus nationalism,
This is the wonder that is India.

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SACRED HAND OF ALLAH

Always in the crab like prison,
But as tall as banyan,
As majestic as Lord Krishna’s….form,
But her bright face concealed in a purdha, dark.
Yet her magical face glows like stars,
Embroidered with lines and words,
To tell the world tales and verses of her pain,
But a future magic hidden in her dark womb,
Leaping out through her cozy thighs,
Touch of her soft fingers,
Vibrating a new awakening,
A mind as pure and bright as glass,
But we torment her, toss her, tear her,
Where this hurt daughter complain,
When sacred hand of Allah has thrown her to wolves.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SAINT KABIR SAID IT

Coldly sadly descend the brutal winter morning,
People waked up to a sudden commotion,
Rushed to their balconies with curious eyes;
A grey bearded man,
Sporting round skull cap,
Short salawar and long pheran,
Standing on a wall,
Fingers in his ears
Clamored Allah ho Akbar.

Warmly coolly descend the summer evening,
Children rushed to the bushes,
To collect a floating kite,
There was a flutter,
All rushed helter shelter for cover.
Black bearded men, sporting round skull cap,
Short salwar and long pheran,
Hiding behind the bushes.
Then there was cleaking and clanking of gums.

People heard the volley of bullets
Dusty earth was splattered with the blood of innocent,
Men with the guns,
Shouted Allah ho Akbar.

People were warmly hugging each other,
Men, women sporting beautiful dresses,
Lovelorn maidens sporting girdled duppattes,
A bearded man appeared with a sphere in hand,
Sporting round skull cap,
Short salawar and long pheran,
Sexy lasses thought that he is going,
To make a Gajra for their fluttering locks,
But the next moment
He beheaded a bleating goat
All and sundry clamored together,
Allah ho Akbar, Eid Mubarak.

Where is Allah!
On the wall or in the bushes or in the spear,
In the maze of meaningless rites
Perhaps all are mistaken
Wisdom and goodness, they are Allah.
But-miss define Allah.
Kabira long ago echoes it on the banks of Divine Ganga.

From:

DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SAINTS IN A ROTTEN WORLD

Here righteous man live in jail,
Because they serve the distressed, out of blues;
But here, without shame, rule, the spirit evil:
Their truth is trailed by ill-fated, dreading dues.

Poor soul, yielding nippy to blistered hate,
Pack the nation with sob and tears,
Staring at people's gloomy, sad fate;
Hides his pain for all the red years.

Grasping the ill fate, tries to gulp the rot,
So as to, lessen the befalling curse off its ill will,
Blazing his untiring body and pleading hymns to jot,
Infinity total at his brows still.

Praying that at last, pious sense prevails in sad situation,
And awaken some sense in senseless dell,
Pained to see about helpless fears in all perception,
So as now a star may well breathe, and breathe well.

Solitary qualm of vice must pass away without a trace,
Unbolt such an opening, and Shiva must thunder in,
To annihilate all the sins and sinners with might pace,
And love replace hate and death replace by life within.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SANIA-MANIA

There was a maid, all knew her well;
Many a time in the morning,
When the sun has just opened his cell,
Along the scenic Benjara Hill dwelling,
Rising, jumping and frolicking alone,
In a green court by the Hussein Sagar known.

With the racked dear, griped by both hand;
Hit the ball, point to point with flying curls;
With long volleys, screams and force loud;
Redoubled and redoubled with force wild hurls,
Inadequately clad princes never proved,
From any victory far removed.

She was crowned, but day by day;
Nation gave thy heart to thee,
They kept you alone and all love away,
And grew a love cell for only be,
There love like wine grew,
Lofty each day more true and renew.

But crossed the line, mocked her love nice;
While she hung, listless and shocked;
Penetrated deep into her heart the vice,
People’s torrents, pierced into her heart unanswered;
Rocked she was with all images solemn,
And uncertain land received as demon.

Her fault was grave, she had known,
Betroth across LOC, nation learned;
All the hearts could cry alone,
Her faith fanatic unperturbed,
Crushed all emotions and swell,
Thou love us no more, farewell, farewell and farewell.

Farewell with bleeding hearts,
No pain and no remorse,
With all happiness and wealth depart,
From the dear and crowned course,
To a nation where madness reign,
And cursed to veil, solitude but no gain.

Will be back one day with shrill and shame,
Flashed through her frame, sucked;
Here booted the glory and fame,
And won thy own no trophy proved,
O Lady! We get what we give;
In our life only our acts live.

Departed the queen with mangled dream,

One with worn out faith released,
In isolation without end and no gleam,
More alone than her loneliness ruled,
Longing freedom in despair,
She pines to be a part of lost hemisphere.

Her wedding attire may be her shroud,
Her sad eyes and disheveled hue,
A circle inauspicious, around her thrice weaved,
Closed her eyes with fear cue
And drunk the hemlock of sad device,
Invited self destructive fire, must he be as soon cooled,
O God O God his might and will prevailed.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SANJAY GANDHI-YOUTH ICON

He was brought up, as a prince charming;
Every word, uttered by-could not be no;
If the sky was the heights, flew for conquering;
Always lived on Yes, no was no where to know.

He stormed the nation, as he was sent;
Always on the horizon of nation and mind;
Gave us love and hopes for life’s bent
And discipline, health, wealth, and strength, he fed.

Guilt, lethargy, despair and weakness, no where to seen-
Designed to fly high and high and higher;
Than with a daring bang and dream,
Flew back to his creator and became martyr.

Strong soul, in some far shining holy land,
Still, must be performing the best with his band.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SATYA SAI BABA

You have thousands of names,
Satya Sai Baba is one holy flame,
He is a divine flower of hopes,
In this clashing world of entangled ropes.

Broad forehead and blessing eyes,
Sits like a banyan tree high,
A saint of simplicity and veracity,
Lover of integrity and purity.

A knight armed with magical powers,
Tolerance and love messenger,
Delivers just ways and righteousness,
And a creation of timelessness.

Worshiped by high and law,
Renounces crown, chair and starry vows,
Drawing food for mind and heart,
Rolls Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam chart.

If devotees lose their balance,
Baba stops and restore semblance,
Even when fallen in muddy pond,
Devotees bloom like lotus and its pod.

Baba tests and makes a fall at times,
To fill the life with happy chimes,
Baba takes all pains, you don’t desire;
And blesses all with lofty sire.

Baba blesses devotees, ordinary;
With rewards and joys, extra-ordinary;
He blesses natural and poor followers,
With miracle and supernatural flowers.

Those love Baba’s creation,
He calls them in his congregation,
Even those begs outside his temple,
He blesses them from inside His temple.

Baba is every where to make the destiny,
And holds and opens the love keys,
Baba is a concept for liberation,
Thoughtlessness is away from Baba’s meditation.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SCAMS, SCAMS AND SCAMS

Mulayam, Maya and Lalu the jest;
Raja, Kalmadi and Karuna, all are pest,
But above all Man Mohan-Sonia, chant honest declaration,
Against them and their family all is false allegation.

Mulayam, Maya and Lalu, loot in the socialist tradition;
Raja and sons rob in telex vocation,
All the leaders, secular, part of this booty;
Shouldn’t we deserve to ride on the sooty?

It is the job of a PM to promote his clan,
To secure the future of chair and ride in the secular van,
Nation is prepared to forget all the scams,
And waiting to happen a new scam gem.

If pen of mine nation's gloom has brightened,
Through my dry lips the honest message came;
If pen of mine nation's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

Time is the best healer; silence now golden;
Let me not play too long suffering lyre;
Though to your love, my pen untiring still beholden,
The curfew tells me—silent, cover up the fire.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SCOUNDRELS DON’T INSULT

Remove the armor from the body, first;
Traders of terror have done their worst,
Didn’t the dead have any right as a man?
Murderers have done, all they can.

Marched into a new world, a new dream to lead,
They desired not, but slaughtered to heed;
Nor were they wrong, neither coward;
But lost in deceitful strike and dark end.

All lost in sudden death but strange,
And shocked to see death so close,
No way out from death to erase,
But embrace death with bravery and grace.

But secular and socialist nation bended as old,
Not ready to live with honor in her fold,
Terror outrage, nation’s meekness, but peoples’ scorn;
Every body has to live with and to borne.

Tears in eyes, I stand rattled and brave lay in their place,
Cried at last, scoundrels don’t insult the brave, cover their face.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SECOND EXILE

Home they brought Him back,
To his beloved Ayodhya from exile,
He must be saddened,
To see a mosque and minarets,
A symbol of hate and brutality,
Erected by a diabolical invader Babur,
On the rubbles of His cherished home
Where he learnt to walk and talk,
Holding the fingers of his mother dear,
Love flew like waves of Ganges.
What was devil’s religion, world knew,
Destroyer is loved and revered
By sick countrymen.
All the roaring waters of Holy Saryu,
Failed to wipe out the blood stains,
From her gushing bosom.
Pleased must be He to see the brave devotees,
Restoring His cherished home,
To call Him back from the second exile.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SECULAR DADDY-TIWARI

He is a born fighter, like a fierce bull secular,
Nation and religion is not to him dear,
But lasses beautiful are truly near,
Created dozens of offspring but left over;
In a high spirit, truly secular.

Tuned to an ecosystem, playful with body she,
Towards each other, identical, love labour, lost;
The bodies melting within and within;
The erupting volcanoes of rot and perversion;
Ends up in hidden fear of compassion.

Inherited the legacy of debauch Mogul emperors,
Changes color like a chameleon secular.
True follower of lofty legacy, of fathers secular.
In the fading dusk of life and hopes;
Ideas full of X-rated clips, like an open library.

Left with nothing but rains of bitter tears,
The drought of hate and frustration,
The stinking autumn and dark winter;
Of scornful, dying hopes and dreams,
Fluttering to resurrect like Phoenix.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SECULAR GOD

Numb He is, perhaps afraid of bloodbath and terror,
His light has vanished like fire without air,
Laugh and laughter become species rare,
Is the world about to see annihilation fare?

Streets are blood socked, houses haunted,
Fusillades and blasts have made life marooned,
When we have to annihilate hunger, thirst and wound,
Man is killing man to appease secular God.

Crumbling temples have destroyed home of faith,
Satan dancing over the corpses in the valley of death,
Thousands of Hindus butchered and Muslims beneath,
To illuminate their false demigods with wreathe.

Souls flying, leaving the hopes behind,
Life space shadowed by darkness of shroud,
But nowhere was visible the secular God, hyped,
Some crying for Allah, somewhere Ram looked.

But there was no respite and wisdom,
Darkness has engulfed world’s dawn,
Deputed to spared love and peace,
But spreading hatred and bloodbath drawn.

Forget me, don’t defame,
You are my mistaken name,
Foul and weak souls cursed and ram,
Sent on earth to lament their sins again.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Secular Jaıchands & Meerjaffers

Spirit of traitor Jai Chand and Meer Jaffer;
Those are now on our most flattered rule
Reside on that mountaintop, decadents jeer;
But the mindless nation is mute in tear.

The coward stuff is all stand and still,
Dumb and cramped glee, like a sermon from the hill;
As dark night of winter at the mill,
Dancing with Marshalls Secular, men, most immoral.'

At first light, crossways the Lutyens' tower;
Shamelessly pushing rogues from their bower,
Hiding deeds blacks of the Marshalls' life order,
Nation is tapped by wrecker secular Marshalls here!

The scams, quotas, vulgar art and thirsty staff, still,
And terror, red and green grew the Marshalls' mill,
And this is what we see at last, their feelings matters will:
All honour unto snatched, by Jai and Jaffer drill.

By words and acts of such who lead the nation to hell,
Sadly this tale is for all from mountain to well,
Unknown to un-worthy Marshalls as 'man most immoral, '
Follow them as Gods but they are rogue Marshall, Secular.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SECULAR LOVE

Now Tom is ready to desert is loyal order,
To keep his vote bank in his folder,
Ready to be a Jay Chand and Meer Jafer;
And enjoy cozy blocks near an Islamic border.

To be loyal to his faith is not in his blood,
But he was taught to taste the Arabian food,
Scheming hard to fulfill his pervert brood,
Made of such brute stuff, designed this Robin Hood.

And power has turned him a sinned monster,
A man rotted as a leader un-fair;
So power and greed linked, as a deadly pair,
At every nook and corner he blazes his mind bare.

At even feasts and dying assemblies,
He seduces the fools with his seductive vibes,
As against the joys of land and lives,
Ignoring the gravest past for his happy hives.

That skull capped loathed, bearded, secular-General,
Courtiers, flatters who tutored him for carol;
Forced him to play the loud, sound, secular;
Dreaming the uprising and crowd tag the immoral.

But the wise laughed at the message dark,
Follow me as I jump and leap—the secular bark;
Was ever a General fallen so low like deep shark,
"My secular love, my faith, " My ducks sing like a lark.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SECULAR MASK

They wear a mask of dirt and lies,
To hide filth and fraud in eyes,
With torn and rot mind they smile,
Pain is the reward they give to people glide.

Mouth always with dirty flies,
Nation to them is always otherwise,
They smile but beguiling masses cry,
They offer prayer with a mind vile.

Beneath our feet they floor hot tiles,
To see people tortured their soul arise,
In counting peoples' tear their heart ride,
In a world sad they dream happy wide.

In a nation miserable they bask,
Because they wear a secular mask.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SHADOW LINES ON MY FACE

Sometimes, I feel,
The faces which seem strange,
Are so near to my heart?

Sometimes, it appears,
The persons, unwanted for me,
Become most important for my existence.

Sometimes, the faces,
Whom I have never met,
Keep on waiting for me eternally.

Sometimes, knowing or unknowingly,
We become so close to strangers
And to be a part of each others existence.

Sometimes, I find,
The imprints of some one, on my face,
As I have a borrowed face.

With other's shadow lines on my face,
I, myself do not know,
Whether I am a reality or a shadow.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Shake The World

Man is the master and the mirror,
World is a beautiful miracle,
You have to change it for good,
To make your life beautiful,
To make this world a better place.

Take a look at yourself than leap for a change,
Entertain, enjoy, live and change;
This is not an ordinary place,
And you are not an ordinary person,
Brothers and sisters: you are unique.

Time is changing and moving,
So our village, our city, our country;
Need to be changed for better,
But who can change? Only we,
Get up and shake the world.

Birds with broken wings, never fly;
Happy living, long live the world,
As a blessed creation of Almighty,
And devote still, in the stillness;
Of mysterious, eternal transcendence.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SHARIA JAZIYA AND SIKHS

Attacked from all corners,
Herd of bearded, skull capped killers,
Bombs, gun wielding fanatic riders,
Only Sharia and Jaziya and death gliders.

Uprooted from their land, no food no water,
Only bombs and bullets freely fire,
Crazy messenger of death and terror,
Heralded death to many dear and near.

Watched with horror by helpless eyes,
No love or help from any sides,
Free loot of Sharia and Jaziya chides,
Sympathy false from secular step brothers,
Where love and help reserved for Sharia followers.

N.B. this sonnet (short poem) was penned down on religious discrimination against Sikhs and non Muslims in Aurkarzai in Swat valley in Pakistan who were forced out from their houses for not paying Jaziya, a communal tax.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SHATTERED REVOLUTIONARY

Dried himself up like a withered leaf,
All the sap dried up, like stinking sweat;
Became out caste, like a pained blister,
Hated like rotten meat,
Always on the run, like a fugitive;
And crushed under his own weight.

Became a burden for himself,
Ready to explode for dark empowerment,
Life goes by needs, not by dreams;
A beggar can meet his needs,
But an emperor may fail to realize his dreams,
Revolution is a dream not need.

He thinks, he is the answer;
But world sees him as dead end,
He thinks, he has the solution for all the ills:
But world sees him as hungry for power,
He thinks, he is fighting for the people;
But world sees him, as an escapist.

He thinks to usher revolution,
But world sees him, as unresponsive;
He thinks, he is working for others;
But world sees, he is raining hardships:
O beguiled revolutionary! Enlighten yourself;
Don’t be misguided by illusions; beautiful world lies within.

Before angry, forgive others;
Before condemn others, wait and think about yourself:
Before speak, listen to others;
Before taking to guns, labor;
Before loot, earn by hard work;
Before kill, let others live.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SHAW AND THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Once a woman beautiful, offered Shaw to wed;
Shell shocked, the great bard, on idea absurd;
And looked disheveled, the beauty from toe to head;
The shocker was a real beauty in every sense of bard,
But the woman was worthy to be rejected,
As she was made of worse mind and heart ejected.

And the Bard- he was above all the brains, we know,
A living embodiment of intellect and wits grow,
But, alas he was ugly as devil and no glow;
And a Knight the way he dressed with full flow,
Though he was lacking in beauty but raw,
But he was high in his pen and saw.

Now suppose, we must wed and deliver a child;
And inherit my beauty and your's mind,
These two would choose and be ordained,
If happened opposite, what would be the fate, Bard questioned,
Some beauty is sick and unfit to be loved,
Misconstrue their beauty and intellect, in ways nurtured.

By,
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

She Power

No one can strip us of our powers,
Nor crush our beliefs away,
Woman has huge hidden treasures,
Only a woman can portray.

Ignorant push us to hide in silence and isolation,
Under a roof in a dark lane, -
Crushed in this brutal world cruel strife, and seclusion;
Where sun never rises, only rotten brain.

We are not a vague or silly creation,
To throw our existence away,
We are here to gather the best for home line,
To brighten and decorate with ray.

As modest flora by a hamlet budding,
That tempt all to enjoy beauty and rain,
And showers aroma, for the world rotting,
An endowment again and again.

So cannot be pawed, shy and ignored,
Be an all powerful ally happy none the less,
Empowered to plug the vacuum, in and around;
With pleasure and bliss.

Can't surrender to the whims and fancies'
Those want to prick and play with us;
Ready to squeeze or die, fighting vanities;
Fight bravely but without fuss.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SHREE RAM TEMPLE AT AYODHYA

With time all the forts and minarets,
Build by Babur and his barbarian clan,
Will be razed and mercilessly plundered,
To weed out the symbols of injustice,
In the multilayered mystery of History,
But the nation wishes to build there,
In the midst of complaining rubble,
To remain shining till eternity,
A majestic Shree Ram Temple,
That will never crumble,
To uphold, truth and deliver justice,
And spread Dharma and annihilate A-dharma.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SHRIMAD BHAGAVAD GITA AND KARMA

When we surrender to God, all He does:
And is always there to bless us and protect us;
But we must perform our actions on our own,
God and all leave us for alone.

With actions firm and honest,
And all the elements work for their behest,
If you love for the poor fruit,
The action is weak and shallow its root.

But if with folded hand I go,
With faith in God and hope,
Listening to the voice of inner self and wit,
Move carefully and keep eyes to hit.

Have faith in self and soul there,
And chant My verse forever here—
With such pious souls my blessings lit,
No body can harm such souls those God has writ.

Burn your ego and false show of things,
And spread love and devotional wing,
Surrender to that super soul,
And relish lofty goal.

He delivers rewards unsought, unseen;
He is always there as a sensuous been,
Person with divine faith and believe,
Grow sensible and loved by God within.

Persons need no enemy, who has angry ears;
Persons with knowledge need no wealth for years,
Persons with mercy need no patience any more,
And persons need no obligations, those have love lore.

Blameless one hear His sound,
The path of knowledge sees around,
For men of contemplations sun warms his light,
Man of honest action sees no path tight.

Not by abstention from work man attains harmony,
Nor does he attains foredoom glory,
Nor by renunciation attains perfection within,
Only path of work is the means of liberation from the din.

No one can remain without action bound,
Impulse of nature made him action loud,
All work is a bolt from Supreme bliss,
Surrender ourselves and reject ignorant kiss.

That restrains sensuous authority,
False conduct is unbranded by,

With control of senses to Higher one,
Without attachment, acts alone.

All work is done to follow divine hour,
Spirit of sacrifice is the real flower,
Dismiss all hopes of reward in life,
Serve the creator and Supreme and forget strife.

By performing allotted duty and forget noon,
By this foster one attain God's boon,
By fostering sacrifice He will bless with joyous place,
Enjoying gifts without sacrifice is an ugly face.

People eats, earns through sacrifices, makes;
Are released from sins and wakes,
Wicked gulps for their own sake as Arabian drugs,
Verily they are sinners and destined to rugs.

Food brings life muse into world,
Rain gives birth to food in fold,
Sacrifice brings rain to guide mortal course,
Sacrifice is the result of work and undying force.

Action is rooted in Imperishable spheres,
World is a sacrifice for millions of years,
This pattern is kept up by human heart,
Propel morals for worldly beings to start.

He, who does not help others, is evil;
Follows senses like devil,
Such lives live in vain,
And God throws them into drain.

Sacrifice is a joint between God and man, untold;
Action done with sacrificing spirit, dear to Lord;
It is also law of life sought,
Individual and cosmos depend on each other hot.

Man liberated has no gain from action or in-action,
Perfectly happy possessing the Self to get salvation,
The liberated souls are path makers,
They blaze the path and trillions are takers.

Life of god is the inspiration given,
Life of world follows that heaven,
His great actions preservers the universe,
And stops from falling back non-existent verse.

These are the ways of Lord Bard,
Do not desire laurels and reward,
Souls are dear to God,
Those hear his Maker's voice and nod.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SISTERS

Couriers of sweet dreams, sans any grade,
In everybody’s heart and head.
Flow sweet dreams from happy streams,
With waves of happy and sweet beams.

Sweet lulls with tender crown,
Weave a cozy and soft gown.
Sweet like an angel kind,
Pray for brother’s happy world.

Sweet smiles, day and night,
Manifolds brother’s delight.
Rapidly, merrily, smiles,
Life's sunny hours fit by, night beguiles.

Gratefully, cheerily, no sighs,
Enjoy them as they fly in the eye!
In time tough do good like happy child,
Win fiery antidote and happy creations smiled.

There is no loyal like a sister for happy sleep,
Unmindful of calm and rough weather deep,
To cheer brother on the tedious face,
To delight brother as a holy image I can trace.

Correct dear brother if goes wrong thee,
Lifts him if he breaks down or weep she;
One and one smile on thee and all,
Life with thee becomes agony free as infant small.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SLUMDOG RICHES

Slumdogs are a glorified lot.
But by whom?
By heart! No one,
But as a part of dirty game,
Millions, millions and millions.
As a solid beguiling vote bank,
For power hungry leaders,
Easy pray to wolf skinned reformers,
Juicy jaunts to money laundering NGOs,
Saucy masseurs,
To inadequately clad social blondes,
Dearest subject to secular, lover of art,
And puppet to the theatre of absurd.
And YOU- poor, sick old ere time,
Disheveled, dirty, abused,
Body ransacked and face with furrows deep,
Decayed to enrich, corrupt comrades.
Begging, robbing, looting,
Hoodwinking and crime,
As loved haunts,
Living in galleries of darkness,
Crying always for bies free.
Past, present and future,
All shroud in crying shadows.
With bleeding consciousness,
Children of lesser gods,
Themselves worship false gods.
Rest is devastating,
Nationals with corrupted nationality,
Applauds you,
Jai Ho, Jai Ho, Jai Ho Slumdog.

FROM:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SOCIALIST LEARNER

I am an English teacher,
Teaching the socialist and democratic learner,
All the labor, but no literature;
Remain dim and dull like moon in cloudy sphere.

I take all the pains, but no gain;
Knowledge remain as law as dry fountain,
Always they miss the merit chain,
Despite all support but no happy claim.

Reason is the free and easy jibe,
Responsible to kill the students' hype,
To see learners bright and wise,
Only, open and free competition is ripe.

Only then they cherish the lucky wheels,
Among the high mountains they can feel.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SOLDIER

There is a true man in every soldier,
All can see it when they walk,
There is a grace in every soldier,
All can hear it when they talk.
There is nerve in every soldier,
All can spot it in their eyes,
There is devotion in every soldier,
It is sure, they will not compromise.

There is everything in every soldier,
Those have make them place apart,
There is strength in every soldier,
That bangs from their heart.
Being a soldier is not a label for any man,
That can be purchased or borrowed to woo,
It is the greatest honor to a man,
Like the soul for a body, hidden deep inside of you.

Soldiers' trade isn't ceased after,
Performing all the routine jobs of the week,
All the soldiers are always a soldier,
No matter they are conscious or sleep.
For a soldier country is always first,
And every thing even his life is left behind,
A soldier has to sacrifice himself for what,
Is decided by his leaders’ mind and sound.

If you are a true nationalist -
Next time you see a soldier;
Learn by heart what they do and act,
He is the cause for our soil is 'abode of the liberated'.
He is the one that is valiant and shielding you and me,
I salute you from the bottom of my heart, -
.....Thank God You blessed this land with soldiers brave,
Thank God for what YOU and they do for our chart!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SOLDIER: DYING DECLARATION

When I die in a war sector,
I will be packed and mailed to my quarter,
My medals will be piped on my chest,
Tell my mother, her son did his best,
Console my father, not to bend low,
As his brave son died for motherland, bow.
Tell my brother to drive my bike care fully,
He will be head of my family permanently.
Tell my sweet sister not to be upset,
Her regimented brother will not howl after sunset.
Advise my son to study and work hard;
Caution my daughter to beware of debauch ward,
O My Countrymen! Tell my wife not to cry, for good;
Because I am soldier, cursed only to die in the wood.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SOMNATH TEMPLE

These mighty Arabian waves have always attracted me,
Dancing in the deep, telling the devotees,
The tales of blood and death of Islamic terror,
With tears of pain and silence of crematorium.

Listening the tales of blood and terror,
I plunged into pain and tear,
Thoughts to where my heart, brooding, took me back,
To in-numerable bloody invasions.

Like the tossing wind, flight of happy pigeons,
That house in the marvel,
A voice from the inner depths of spirit
Shook the certitudes of my thought.

Eternity breaks through time,
Past and present intermingle in its image.
In the inner shadows I lose myself,
Drowning in the sea-depths of timeless Jyotir-Linga.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SONG OF VICTORY

It is not the time to dip in Lethe River,
It is the time to raise arms, ceaselessly;
To breathe in the free sky shining,
Get up, to break the hands of dragon dancing.

Self burning is the signal of defeat, depression;
And immolation is the losing self impression,
Every autumn is followed by spring, joyous;
No sinner can live for ever, victorious.

Do not take dear Tibet into night,
Best way to defeat slavery, is fight;
Dying untimely is not a valiant option,
Let tonight be the last night of slavery for companion.

In this arduous fight for blissful liberation,
Every movement may fetch hibernation,
Days and night never remain the same;
As when lives a man lives less and die more.

O tyrant of darkness! You will perish soon:
Those born with me will see free moon;
I swear to Great Dalai Lama, but swear in joy;
But very pest of our plight will soon be a deceased body.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SONIA GANDHI

She stands as dull as Parveen Babi stand;
Like Parveen Babi, when she turned all away
And forces her might, nation and masses sway;
And read ruling written in her hand.

Her face is high and dry for the holy land,
For noise has touched the danger of day;
Her actions are mysterious; on her thorny way
That torturous track has not softened on the sand.

She stands there like a fearful height,
A pale lifeless figure where all power fix;
She remains alone, a wonder unsolved nix;
She remains there calm and cool, dwarfing other’s might.

Unchangeable even in her sad plight,
Her face and will dashes against the light.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SONIA GANDHI-MOTHER OF ALL SCAMS

That white skinned straight hair of hers,
and the cool graced blue eyes,
Deep and mysterious,
Attracting power hungry thuds to hers!
It seems Indians fail their nation, Sweet;
and elected you as their leader true,
Ah, sticking still with you,
And you cheated on them with sour, Treat!

But you like a killer, only you know-
For power's sake
Or your simpleton son's sake,
Chased one scam after another, you know.
Cheaters took turn on you, all say-
You and your dear ones too,
full of mouth and bellies too,
all the faces rotten dear to you, all say.

All's your own, to loot the most of, Sweet-
Silence and silence for,
Coolly watching the power game for,
Keeps all to her family, Sweet!
But we love you, but, you would not, Sweet,
Though, we win you,
Elected you, brayed you
in hot and cold -for you could not, Sweet!

So, now discard the sweet face fondly there:
Be it ugly or beauty;
But now a burden and booty!
Faded all hope beyond, shattered dreams lie there!
And while the corrupt faces remain quiet there;
Expressing, dismay and wonder;
Nation plundered and all ponder,
a lesson? Never trust a stranger there.

As, -not one, but a long list foregone,
Panwar, Kalmadi, Gill, Dixit liking,
Tharoor, Hassan, Chavan, Raja striking
Robbing nation, -the states, we looked above for, gone!
Why, this beauty, needs there money be,
Thieves and robbers liking?
Crushing the honest -kings
in her armor, only live wealthy-bee?

2G, CWG, Adarsh, IPL are dear -sweet,
If they grow, I grow there;
No body touch my Swiss hold there,
All investigations are the cheek to dimples sweet?
My doing is so too perfect,
Justice System can't mend it,

and so end all shouts and fits,
since my all creations perfect!

She is a kind in itself, perhaps,
Just near to perfection-
Never faces, harsh rejection;
Blessed by some corrupt God, perhaps?
Shall we get up, boot that face at once;
into nothingness:
And so nothingness:
And enlighten our nation from at once?

Or else ready to die sticking on her?
Your wrong love-fancies!
-Even a sick man sees
Truer, when his hot eyes roll on her!
When a gardener thinks to disgrace the rose, -
Plucks a bud before full -flower
For his corrupted gold bower,
No fine things can bloom that rose:

Patriotism, honesty, make its cup more rose,
Strong nation
Happy passion, -
Elect, some patriotic king to plant more rose!
Then how grace a nation? I know a way!
Don’t leave it, to strangers.
Must you yourself gather?
Smell, kiss, wear it-at last, and don’t throw away!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SORROW AND MY NATION

Nation is drowned in sorrow,
School, college, hospitals and office;
Cinema halls, all are lost in sorrow.
Wrinkles on the bed narrate the tale of sorrow,
Of newly wed.
Even the flowers of gajra are sad,
Spreading the stench of sorrow.

Sorrow here and sorrow there,
Sorrow every where,
Even the sorrow is dancing on
The dancing floor
And hugging sadness and sorrow.

Nation has decomposed due to sorrow,
By her own creations,
As the unending greed for quotas,
From the obnoxious citizens,
But all the cruel palms,
Giving, delivering only sorrow.

Sorrow! My bosom companion,
Filling the nook and corners,
In all one sick breathing,
I have seen and met only you.
In the calm nights, cool mornings;
In thunder, in rain and tempests;
Only has spread the shoots of dark,
No way seems to get rid off.

Nation is crying and crying,
Leaders erect crumbling sand houses,
Ground was covered with broken glasses,
Only, the dark and dark visible;
My nation, a failed land;
Of secular and social justice game.

Where people always beg with begging bowl,
Play cheating, looting, killing and raping;
Where nation is completely filled,
With the sigh boards of,
Sorrow and sorrow.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Soul

Soul is immortal, an uncontrolled, blame-free creation;
Declared, as immortal, and irreconcilable so far;
All the time moving from a body to another.
Disordered, unknowingly, always in conversation;
With the self and the divine for happiness.

Like a co-traveler always guides like;
Ram, Krishna and other lords, immortals.
Impostor, wild child, cursed to utter, inappropriateness;
Speaks to a fellow child and hurts,
Unaware about his own reality and its'.

But it takes the way towards, the immortals;
It is going to a library to talk to a wild,
Blame free child, in the school.
This world is like a cinema hall,
Mortal bodies come and play their part.

Fellow mortals see the show and laugh and depart;
And laughing is good for body and world.
So speak the immortal soul and order the fellow,
To go back to a Kindergarten for laughter and play
And realize and talk the wild, blame free soul.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

STAINED CROWN

Always high talk and secular debate,
Pretend sharp and noble laureate,
No work and movement late,
No sense of mercy but love hate.

Cruel heart and selfish bent,
Knowledge and merit spent,
Change color like chameleon rent,
Wed perversions like page 3 haunt,

One eye jealous of other eye,
Want to see other perish and die,
Lies and farce, every where prefer high,
Deliver worst and fetch nigh.

Change tracks like fancy flight,
From left to right and right to left,
All pleasures but no light,
Power and treasuries the resolve might.

Raised kingdom on hate,
Murder, plunder and loot are their fate,
Words have their meaning lost,
Relationship of love and brotherhood never meant.

Without solution dies nation’s health,
Play havoc with mankind’s birth
Pray, breath and die on earth,
With a stained crown and blotted wealth.

From:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

STEPS OF ANGELS

Open and close are opposite,
But in life they are real twins,
We are open with those with whom we are close.

If rejected by someone, don’t be disappointed,
Einstein was a successful scientist,
Because he was rejected by many scholars.

Remain free from hatred and worries,
Live without expectations,
Have faith in divine will, as God is the best friend.

No use of boosting about doing our best,
But got to succeed in doing,
Which is best.

Expressions of the face can be read by the world,
But the depression of the heart can be read only by close ones,
So do not loose closeness in relations.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SU-ROOR LOVE SAGA

King Tharoor was an arrogant king, and loved a golden sport;
And on a fateful day, as his lady love strove, sat looking at the fort.
Coterie filled the chairs round, with cheer girls nothing to hide;
Winning the auction, king dreamt to make his bride;
And truly it was a big catch, to hook the glittering show;
Wealth, women, wine and all dons above political beasts below.
Hustle and bustle of gossip brigade, with bloody jaws;
They bit, hit and curse the king and dame with their paws;
With all the force and vulgar roar, they pushed all on other;
Till the sin pot filled with rot, and nothing left to pour.
The stifling stink from the VVIP closet, blew the air;
Cried the bard, ” Dearest we are happy than there! ”

Su’s love touches the king, a wonderful lovely tame.
With seductive eyes and rosy lips, always dance the dame.
She muttered, ” the king my suitor, must be a stinging bee, ”
He desperately wins the game, to prove his love to me!
Lords, leaders, ladies and dealers, all betted glamour fines;
Ready to dropp all down, to prove my love lines;
She cozies the king: to move his passion glide;
The king towed and jumped in the forest wild,
The jump was fast; but the return faster;
Threw every thing, but not love: lost all at alter.
Well done cry Su in tears, as he muttered where he sat;
Not love, but the arrogance and past, which hit the crown fat.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

SWAMI AND THE WORLD

Lives in a divine abode,
In a land paced by gods, he rode
Known as a saint and a Yog guru,
He is Swami Ramdev.

Lives with no other thought;
But to love and be loved by all.
I am a child and he is a guru,
in this kingdom of Devbhumi by the heaven.

Respected as a messenger from heaven,
Attired in a lone saffron holy,
Patriotism and sacrifice, as a message divine;
Delivered to me and all.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the heaven,
A wind blew out of a cloud, blessing
Our revered Swami Ramdev.

So that in his abode wise men came
And got blessed by him,
To live with him in a land of God
In this kingdom by the heaven.

Neither the leaders across the world,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever malign his soul and body
Of the graced Swami in saffron.

For the moon always shines with bringing me to the great mystic.
And the stars always rise,
But I feel the bright eyes
of the gleaming Yogi.

And so, all the time, I perform the tide
of my darling- my body - my life and my bride,
in this celestial abode, blessed by,
The holy waters of Ganga, Jamuna and Sarswati.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Swami Vivekananda

(After the great Hindu Saint and Philosopher)

Only God has acquaintance of his primeval brow,
Where this great saint lived. Yet his body beams,
Dazzling the countenance, radiant streams;
Yet little in his pride but his peek glow.

Still glowing, no weakness, If not, his bare,
Chest would not shade you in the quiet sun,
He heartened the nation when we were on burn,
By his sermons bright, he spread the Hindu glare.

If not, this rock conquered big and small,
The radiance in his eyes illuminated all,
You conquered the mind and heart of short and tall,
Every second, minute, hour and everyday were on his call;

A choir of divine voices seemed so near,
A band of angels filling the haunted atmosphere.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TAJMAHAL, LOVE IMPRISONED

O Jahapana dear,
You made me a circus museum jeer,
Your wife dearest Mumtaz crying.
Where your love vanished or dying?

You were not a lover
But jealous of world's eyes hover,
Jealous of even sun, moon and stars,
And dump me deep in this purdah wars

Imprisoned my dead spirit and denied even air,
In your fascination for structure white rare,
Snatched and robbed all my rights behind,
Privacy robbed by stinking breath of rogue crowd.

Plundered by their saucy acts, I writhe in pain,
In this immortality rule your vanity and arrogance vain,
Molded by sweat, tears, blood of man and their families drain,
Stand adulated jeweled marble Tajmahal in chain.

Love is mightier than might, deeper than the deep,
Love is mother of all the wombs' reap.
Then why this circus of wreckage, dust and stone?
Cold beauty of stone can't turn heart soft cone.

Beware of temple gods you mow,
I hear their spirit bite me with their claws,
Fluttering white in fear,
In billing and chilling tomb here.

You left imprisoned with your pride,
I cry in pain and anguish, O Jahapana tide,
I mothered your fourteen children rent,
But you slew innumerable innocent.

Come to my arms my killer dear,
A love that has past the feat of beauty rear,
Though hath her decayed beyond all cure,
Lord disheveled and has his bones torn manure.

His misplaced love is in chains,
In a 6X3 bed, you gave but in vain,
Watched and corrupted by bearded hunch,
Like a dead mouse in a muddy trench.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TALE OF A PATRIOT

Our brave brother, like a vagabond cloud,
Travels on like a forgotten tribe,
Gulfed by slavery and sad pangs,
And oppressed by deadlier vices of socialist system,
Whose deep taint with slow poison,
Murders the brave soul and strong frame.

Back at home all honors and energy,
Consumed by courts, offices, babus;
Associations, society, NGOs;
In vain, ugly - mouthed sold media;
All lost in the mutual robbery,
And he is a slave to these disgraces.

Polluted by the black deeds of black kings,
Violating in the name of a rule books, battering brave lives,
Wealth and power as the only religion,
And writing on the wall, nation's destruction;
Pretend wisely as service national and social,
Without any remorse chase their trade.

With falsehood and mockery of truth and bravery,
Their book of life is written, to break all oaths,
Forth from his dark and lonely dwelling-ghetto,
Pitiable sight! The owlet socialism;
Sailing on dark wings of penury in the noon,
Drops his tired –red lids, and hand holds them close.

Hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, ` Was I fought for this? '
Nation, Nation, Nation; Mocking at my sacrifice;
Peace long preserved by saints and perilous temples,
Invaded in secular wars, we have loved;
To boost blood thirsty clans, passionate for blood!

Alas! For ages, people ignorant of all;
Its ghastlier wars, patriots faced;
Battle, or siege, or freezing snows or boiling deserts;
We, this whole people, have been ignorant;
For war and bloodshed; killing sports,
To which we talk as a thing happy and sport.

Spectators and not combatants! No guess;
Seeing silently of a wrong unfelt,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim;
To ignore a heart rattling cause; and forth,
And in the name of the God in Heaven,
We send our mandates for his certain death.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TALE OF A WAR WIDOW

She was very poor,
She has nothing to eat and drink,
Her brave husband,
Was killed in the Kashmir valley,
Braving for the unity and honor of the nation.

The traders of blood, wrote a tribute on a stone,
Mocking his martyrdom,
But there was no one to wipe her tears.
Her father and brother were
Butchered by the government agents
As they had no money to bribe them.

Her children died unemployed
As they were meritorious and honest.
Vultures made a film about them,
To entertain the world and win laurels and laugh.
Their photographs can be seen,
At an art exhibition in Delhi.

Then the president gave a certificate,
To laugh at her pain,
Still she was very poor,
She was the widow of a warrior,
Not a vote bank..

From:
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TEACHER, SOLDIER WITH A PEN

Teacher is a soldier with a pen and an eternal guide
Lighting wisdom to mind decayed and white,
Floating tirelessly till dark with no pride,
Without fear and favor telling tales bright.

To clean the dirt river flows and air floats,
To vibrate heart and mind he gloats.
'Tween goddess Sarswati and man he is linking milk,
Giving life to the world with deepest think.

As blessed banyan with roots, side by side,
Withstand winter, storm, wind and tide,
Beauty he admires and goodness wide,
Word and language such as teacher ride,
He will turn dust to gold, if his ways not hide,
And rake a soul with favorite manifold glide.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TEACHER-A GUIDE TO MANKIND

He teaches us to learn in silence, while he talks;
He teaches tolerance, while he is intolerant to hawks.
He teaches kindness, while he is unkindest to wrongs;
Teaches and guides the world with lofty thoughts.

With his lofty sermons, unlocks newer paths moving;
Denounces his pleasures for pupils' mirth growing,
With patience and sacrifice, broods nation building:
For the success of others, teaches his living.

For him, his pupils are his bank, with precious treasure;
With his wisdom deep, motivates us and inspire:
Teacher is a director, a creator and never ending pleasure:
An artist, a king maker and a philosopher:
He is a real hero of beguiling society, without wing:
And clears darkness of mind and ushering spring

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TEACHING IS A -

Teaching is not a profession,
It is a holy vocation,
It is a divine mission,
It needs committed attention.

Honest teacher earns admiration,
It gives dull and empty mind inspiration,
Helps sleeping cells get stimulation,
Right and proper teaching is a transformation.

Teaching is the strongest pillar of education,
It widens and matures imagination,
From slavery and darkness, it is liberation,
Enlarges mental horizon and sharpens comprehension.

It is a challenging task for modulation,
It stops the diversion of attention,
It sustains eminent position,
It compels man of inner realization.

The accent should not be on examination,
Good teaching requires higher imagination,
Good teacher is a temptation,
It is the architect of a nation.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TEARS FOR THE LAND

You observed me growing in your lap,
Shared and enjoyed my incorruptibility,
I worship you without shame.
I am with you and you are with me,
Jointly we spend night and day.

I can not abscond you, you know,
You shade my world, you fulfilled my life;
With all the bliss of life, but ignorant may call me a fool,
But I am an element of you, and mutually we will always be.
And I snoop like a devotee to you.

But to the acts unholy we howl together,
When I was mauled by the jihad fanatics;
I felt so forlorn in my own land,
But you smiled on my tears, made me sick,
And you forgot my sleepless nights.

My dreams came humiliating in my own land;
But you disregard our days, we faced the joy and sorrow,
And pledged to build our vivid tomorrow.
I relish those flash I enjoyed with you,
The hilarity and moan we shared together.

But scoundrels snatched my dreams away,
You feed those butchers to stand to grow,
But now my life has no place to live,
No place beyond the thundering of skies,
Blind to their sins only Krishna or Ram can save my honor.

Lifted, mauled, and converted to a dark faith;
Raped, veiled, and threw me into a perennial night;
Now ugly would the sky look,
Entire being is filled with sorrow,
Give me death to release my self.

Jihads made my life meaningless and bitter,
In these dark lanes of neurotic Islam,
No lass can ever live blissfully in this dampen world,
Mad sons of barbaric faith snatched my joys away,
I want to hug death in your lap to circumvent those unholy hands.

N.B. This poem was penned to express the plight of Hindu girls of Pakistan, abducted and forcibly converted to Islam, forcibly married to Muslim boys and raped for life out of forced wedlock.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Terror Maıl

They flashed blood on every wing,
Years after years with tall score;
I brooded to find, who they were
They are the human beings no more;
My tears gave my eyes all clew,
A bearded butcher with gun in hand:
I shocked to see the butcher in green,
The poor land turned to red.

Deafening sound blasted my ears this morning,
They drove life out of all, very much;
I prayed that it could never happened
All should live with joyous touch;
And if you ask me how
There false God might be improved,
I would have love and compassion added to,
But just a few wrongs removed!

Terror mail has spread graveyard’s silence,
The killer kill the innocents and laugh,
The footstep of death,
The vision blinded;
killers love blood and death, believe me,
Though my heart, hatred hides;
They are taught a faith of death,
O God halt the Terror Mail forever and forever!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TERROR, PASSAGE TO HELL

Madness, never ending jaded,
Played by cunning and knaves, faded,
Who cannot bear world's happiness,
They see method mad in this ugliness.

Killing the people is their pleasant season,
Nothing but horror and fear is their reason,
Founded and guided by dreaded selves,
Happy are those who are far away from such wolves.

Far away from their goals,
Hiding in safe bushes and caves, killing moles.
Children of envy and lower gods,
With no light of the day, growing toads,
To brand this ugliness unblemished,
Is the world of wolf and jackals diminished.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA
E-mail- yogesh_krsharma@yahoo.com

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THANK GOD!

Thank God! You have blessed me with human grace!
That honored an urchin like me!
Otherwise I was lost, but now a face;
Otherwise I was blind, but now I see.

Thank God! You have graced me Brahmin, no dark and fear,
And graced my self with enlightenment;
How precious did that aura appear,
The experience delivered enjoyment!

Thank God! You have blessed me as a teacher,
To save the world from dangers, toils and snares;
This blessing has saves me from all the bleachers,
This will shield me as long as life endures.

The life will dissolve like waves those fail,
And this running life will have no trace,
A new life will be created, in the dark veil;
All will smile to see life of joy in their place.

This earth may be without life and flow,
The sunshine may cease;
But God, who called me with a glow,
Will keep me for ever in peace.

Without the blessings of God,
All the stars, would have no face,
All the men floating on board,
Would have melted without a race.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THE ART OF LIVING

A winning horse does not know the winning token
He only knows the pain given by the rider bold,
So in pain don’t think ties of life are broken,
Go through pain, God wants you to win in cold.

Ah, live like a king and rejoice,
Never mind, who is the king high,
And follow this attitude in all the chorus and noise,
Live life by your way and forget hopeless cry.

As sun shines for a day and make fancy flying
And candle for an hour in limited sphere,
Matchstick for a minute struggling and trying,
But life with positive vibes shines forever.

Soft words and rich in meaning creates joyous illusion
To clear dark screens out of age-dimmed eyes,
As success introduces to the happy world and clears confusion
But failures introduces the world to self and takes happy isles.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THE BURNING TRAIN AT GODHRA

Floating slowly as an aimless cloud over Godhra,
Flying high over silent mills and sad helmets.
Suddenly a thirsty crowd descends, from nowhere,
Thirsty not for the water but for the blood,
With fierce dagger, oil canes and what not.

A host of humans burnt alive
And writhing with unendurable pain.
In the train, beside seats, beside wash cabins,
Crying and burning alive,
Roasted corpses scattered everywhere.

Hundreds were trembling and weeping,
Over their dear and dead ones' corpses,
Otherwise busy and humming housewives,
Beating breasts to cry out the pain,
On the charred remains of poor pilgrims.

Cameras, officials, police in fighting fatigue,
But out numbered and numbed by their screams.
Their burnt bones opened gold mines,
To secular hawks and I cried and cried,
Without any respite, for the pain it had brought.

I moved my pen to tear for poor souls,
Returning home from pilgrimage to Ayodhya
But became fuel to Jihadi hate,
A poet in me could cry and cry,
Gazing at the Burning Train at Godhra.

By,
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THE CURSE OF JAMUNA

Down flows the sad Jamuna braving all
The mayhem and amok drove a red line.
In the heartless dry, fast running city,
The wisest among the crowd shouted,
Lord Shiva! Save us, have mercy.

Everybody was a ruler here
But not a single master.
With eyes and ears closed,
Here, each is left to himself,
With a wounded heart.

The one who saw the living death,
On the wheels ran away
But the rest dead or crippled,
Deaf or dumb for rest of life
And could shed tears of blood.

On this frontier of freedom and freewill,
The blind declare themselves as masters,
Where people run barefoot
And shoes on their head,
Lost in self praise, self interest and suspicion.

Darkness of mind cannot go,
Even mighty Jamuna is helpless
And cannot wash your sins,
A red line is run amok,
And city has become a living graveyard.

By: -
Dr. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THE ELEGY FOR A NATION

All the wonders there, that is India;
Always on sky seven, with talk high in media;
Nation is very great, ancient and grey;
Thousands of years but easy prey,
Tales false told by secular narrators,
Glorified and canonized criminals and perpetrators,
Appear very sharp and honest but always unrated,
Late in action but very fast pirated.

Is there any thing better, is there any thing better;
No rest for fair man and I cry and flutter;
Cruel to honest, simple and weak;
But soft to corrupt, criminals and cheat;
Failed to give her children new light,
Thrown high and dry in the silence of night,
O love! You can see, by the sun's first light;
Proudly we hailed nationalism but with waning heights.

Here brave sons and stars merited weather perilous storms,
Over secular rampant of Bhopal, watched wailing humanity, dreams torn;
With bursting bombs and red gun fire, hot air;
Gives proof that secular bull in valley is still there,
But that high talked nation still wave,
In the mystic land of Ganga and clans holy and brave,
On that holy land seen through the glean,
Here killers are our guests enjoying happy dreams.

With the hot air, blows anarchy and disorder;
And in that leaders swear by killing and gun powder,
No light is there to save this holy land,
In the hot sand wise man sad and alone stand,
Between the loved now razed hearth and houses,
Fear of death and destruction even in graves,
Pray to blessed hands, created and preserved as nation,
And gave proof to all that tricolor is still there with full passion.

Seeing this rot my face turned dry and pale,
And when eaten by guards, who else can ail?
My heart bleeds and legs refused to move away,
Saddened and sick, all my world and life turned to clay,
Seemed dark night on a sunny day,
And darkened my eye sight far away,
Then victor must we, when the cause is just;
To save our dear nation as divine thrust.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THE MIGHTY STREET BULL

Be kind and gentle to the street bull,
And do not brand him with abusive calls,
As 'Thick skinned, ' or 'Ugly-wag, '
Or likewise 'Big wolf belly tag, '
Or 'Dirt eater, ' or 'Vagabond wanderer, '
Or 'Sharp eyed bandit' or 'Trouble creator':
The Bull is highly sensitive
And wise to curses like these.

All the animal happily repay
A treatment kind and fair;
At least so destroyer Lord Shiva says
Who keeps a bull, (and, by the way,
HE is extremely kind and rare)
And welcome him for ever and for ever.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THE SECOND BEST

Roaring Jamuna is sad these days,
No dropp of water, even to shed tears;
On her drying bed and sad plight,
Humid and hot nights airing depression,
Scorching sun pouring heat,
Like the mouth of erupting volcano.

In the garden out, dry trees and withered leaves;
Looking each other for help and survival,
Even taps running dry,
Fans and bulbs dangling lifeless,
Only adding weight, on cracking ceiling;
And people running on the black road to hell.

Decaying offal of dead cows and bulls,
Breeding infinite torrents of flies,
Bringing eternal note of sadness in,
Surdass listened long ago on the bank of Jamuna,
Tulsidass heard it on the banks of calm Saryu,
Only butchers and rogues are fat and fet-tie.

Wild summers flew me back, twenty- five years;
To that charming dream again,
A sweet nymph mingled and tingled with me,
As a river mingles with sea,
And waves tingle with each other;
To usher a new joyful world.

Mountains kissing sky,
Winds from the paradise kiss,
The cheeks with a sweet passion,
To fulfill a law divine,
Every body has to embrace his dear one,
So why shouldn’t I, mingle with my sweet heart?

Birds mating with their lovers,
Sun rays rush to earth to kiss her,
Cool rays of moon kiss the oceans to mellow it,
She flowers tingle with he flowers,
For happiness and survival,
Why should she abhor mingling with me?

Day mingles with the nights,
To herald a beautiful dawn,
Star jingles with stars to create lusty milky way,
But morning glanced back,
And a cherished dream with lofty thought swept by,
Yearn again sweet but labored twenty and five years.

Do not know how these years passed by,
Since she showered happiness to my mast,

Laugh my dear friend without vain,
Her figure paint a beautiful statue on the floor,
Blue eyes, soft hair, rosy cheeks, lovely lips;
With a smile, tells untiring spirit dwells.

Brooding over the fate of dying Jamuna,
And untimely dying youth, I cried;
O! Flirting and muddled youth,
Attired like joker Khans,
You should be honest at least to your self,
And never lost in false dreams.

As this world, which runs before us,
Seems so dreamy, progressive, fast,
Has neither beauty, nor joy,
Nor love for brothers, sisters and older,
Ruled by corrupt, hypocrite, bearded, white faces,
Delivering pain, suffering and destruction to the people.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THE WOLVES IN STREETS

I live in NCR, a big heartless concrete jungle,
Not a day to memorize, as all are cruel days;
I am ready to die in NCR- it does not trouble me-
Without fear, any day, like today, in autumn.

It shall be a Friday, because today, cherished Friday,
As I lay behind these lines, I have lowered my shoulders,
To the national evil. By no means akin to today have I crooked,
And surrendered my entire voyage to the ways where I am alone.

SISTERS and DAUGHTERS raped and killed. Wolves struck them,
All of them, though they did nothing to them,
They hit them hard with claws and hard stuff;
With the end of all hopes. Witnesses are: the dark Fridays.

The broken bones, the seclusion, the rain, and the cruel roads...
I recognized that no brave soul would rise and assist,
Me! The lonely and wounded bird, I did nothing wrong,
But sadly injure myself in this secular process.

Yet, I was shattered and dejected to see the soul die out;
Because there was no hope for her. It was over and done
By everyone and everything with the exception of for me.
The driver did not seem to care; the world did not seem to care.

But I did... Though I did nothing:
The soul's youthful and childlike song fell silent,
For only painful notes squeeze from the tongue,
There was no response to her sore plea.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

THEATRE OF SECULARISM

Tears, in short supply, for pundits,
Massacred, in the Death Valley.
But the coffins of Gujarat dead,
Rained with gold and silver.
Dead laughing in their graves at,
Absurd theater of secularism.

Debris of mosque Babri,
Reminding the deeds black,
Of diabolical killer Babar,
Poor breasts beaten red to subdue flesh.
No one mourns for the, ruins of temples,
Wrecked thousands, in the death kingdom.

Pundits were massacred,
In the paradise, so called,
With promises false, showered,
And nation moves on without passion.

Peace and unity of the nation destroyed,
By these ethnic cleanings, targeted.
Every time a reason secular is found,
To kill, abuse and rape of peace loving pundits.

Trend is followed everywhere,
Tolerance is taken as weakness.
Hacked the living and smiling,
Decked the nation with corpse and limbs, lifeless.

After a Friday gathering, in an election speech,
A jackal in white, hands folded, cries,
We stand united, with a great secular spirit,
For a quiet, tolerant, and biggest secular democracy.

By,
DR. Yogesh SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TIME AND LIFE

Live like a baby, gliding and bubbling us,
Unaware of its past and future chime;
Always remain happy and makes us smile thus,
Remain loyal and ready to welcome new lime.

When flood comes, all things will die;
The fish will eat ants,
But when flood waters dry;
Fish will be eaten by ants.

Life clearly gives every chance to chime,
Life offers us outstanding devotion,
Just wait and watch for right time,
And live and enjoy every vocation.

When time does not understand your fragrance,
Just relax and experience your self,
As no body can feel your spirit and guidance,
And initiate new air for new glory and help.

God is there, hearing your prayer,
To cheer you and perfect your day,
To ease your passion and open new layer,
With hope, desires, bless your way.

Spoken words, wasted time lost in deep,
Past life, lost love, missed opportunity fly untold:
So think twice and act wise and don’t creep;
Life is full of cords, silver and gold.

Life is light and flexible and lessening strain,
It can be enjoyed, helpful, voiced, grows more tender,
Don’t cut it short, so to hurt the controlling brain;
Life is a musical instrument, can be played fore-gather.

Life does not wait to storms to pass and remember,
The cries, sitting by the mud of the past;
It teaches to dance in the storm and on ember,
That spirit maintains the-blood flow till the last.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TIME IS UP NOW: PACK UP

Murmured Kaka, the dying Superstar;
Ok bye! Now we finally leave;
This journey of life is very cozy,
He made the world crazy,
Twist and twinkle in his eyes, floored lasses;
But always waited his queens of dreams,
Man of virtues and dignity,
Lived a life king size but not long.

He was a most dear son of God Cupid,
Taught a crash course in love and romance;
Lived and trusted his crazy and impulsive ideas,
Pleasant experiences come and go,
But Kaka escorted them with power of self,
Death is a melodious poem, 'I hate tears.'

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TINSEL TOWN BOLLYWOOD

Impious and false, in light but blind race,
Mock peers' no virtues, with false mirth;
With a jealous heart; and feigning promising love;
False freedom, themselves too sensual for coins;
Poison life's beauties, and beguiling the heart;
Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes,
But all wait with high spirit to stand forth,
Never worried about insulted and failed oceans,
Always faces odds as idly as waves,
As the dark see-weeds, wiped from the shores;
But always ready to bloom with triumph.

Never repenting the wrongs and stunts of foes,
Image, image, image…O my fans;
Laugh at bitter truths, with no bitterness;
No zeal for social and national deals;
For never true courage and honesty dwell,
Play tricks with silver screen but look bright,
At their own vices dupes deep delusion,
Lives with restless enmity with fellow Khans,
Poor fellows who steal all hues and qualities,
Enrich their rank wicked, dote with mad stupidity;
To be-fool their all and sundry.

Image, image, image… But, O dear Bollywood!
O my glittering Isle! Needs must thou prove,
A name most dear and holy to me and world,
Where bonds of natural love flows,
Within the limits of thy bright studios,
To me, who from thy lights and cameras,
Thy screens, thy dancing dames, thy music and rhymes,
Have drunk in all nation's mental life,
All sweet sensations, all creative thoughts;
All adoration of God in nature,
Pretend lovely and honorable wings.

Always keep on flying, their mortal spirit;
Thinking about the pleasure and high future name,
Kill their emotions and self and fears hide,
Borrow false beauties to walk with awe,
Sing glittering rhymes and hugging vengeful rival,
With guest like welcome, spraying perfume;
The light denies but live in sunny gleam beautiful,
Farewell to soft and silent nights,
Life free from worries and dark spots,
Only Starlet! Stardom! In lonely sojourning,
Laid rest less in a quiet and surrounded nook.

Dim tinted, of that huge amphitheater of rich;
And artificial fields, seem like society-
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!

And behind them, hidden from world view,
In my own lowly cottage, where my heart;
And my babe's mother dwell in peace!
In sunlight, I yearn for love and thoughts,
Desired for human mind, in the glittered world;
But darkness is seen with shattered dreams,
But happy birds, she flies on her way,
And the moon gleaming bright on her wings.

Yet my love is thinking of dangers of this world, -
Of casting couch, breakers, that laugh at roar;
How little they care, if in dark and light
They take all who crawl from the shore!
Praying the heart to grant peace and joy,
To rock that is under His in kingdom,
As we tremble in the sound and fury,
O'er the gulfs of the concrete sea.
Looking back from the dim-lighted caves
Where life and its treaties are laid,
The dreams lost while we battle the smoke.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TODAY

Today, yesterday is a history; improve it:
Today, future is a mystery; disregard it:
Today, today is a gift godly; love it:
So today is a divine ‘present' relish it.

To err is human, overlook it:
And to forgive is divine, offer it:
Forgive and forget the errors past;
Enjoy the today as heavenly mast.

Adore ‘today' as morning gift;
Be happy all the day, as spirit lift;
Say goodbye to ugly ideas and pits;
And smile and stuck in ‘today' as hit.
Tomorrow, today leads to joyous sunrise,
Ugly ideas and sight not fright my wise.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TREE AND MAN

The tree, sit down, so silent in the land,
Ceaselessly, settle there, except it is insolently uprooted.
Its twigs leisurely wave, with the soft wind,
Soon, fruits will be borne from the bus by tepid.

Soon, devils will appear and with them will bring,
The devils artillery, they will storm and fringe,
Cut the tree's branches, only to leave cringe;
The tree will bleed, and no way to stop the awful sledge.

While the slayer sings, tree smiles his last,
Leaving its globe behind, the good old past;
Oh man be kind! Let him stay with its light:
You may enjoy tender hour, but lose all flight.
You took his dreams and left no delight,
With compassion and dignity enjoy days bright.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TROOPS AT LOC

Sacrificing and risking everything patriots have,
Some comes back smiling, others in grave.
Some lost friends, dear and joy to war;
At the whims and fancies of leaders jar.
Some friends lost in storms, only ruins with us,
Hardly, we fought through the wild thus.
Patriots fought fearlessly with everything they got,
They like death showered death, we never sought.
Some died but some lucky ones revived,
Alas God! To pass the message we survived.
Their bones and ashes stare at foe vanish,
God cooled their hot pyre and pain diminish.
The tricolour that were held high,
Makes them smile and don't let dead sigh.
Cannons were shelling, salute the life they were braving;
For this holy mother land have privileged living.
At LOC, always deliver a method and hope;
We all join and salute to our brave and dear Troops...

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TRUANT DAUGHTER IN LAW

Always play truant and abhors all in laws,
A knotty bride, slamming doors,
A perverse father’s tricky daughter,
Floats in muddy and shallow water.

Guided and guarded by,
Inhuman Taliban laws,
Branding man’s race,
As savage and subhuman.

Men in khaki and gown black,
Are suitors dear
But never gave respect to,
Her elder in laws.

Rude and twisted to caring in laws,
Direct from honeymoon cracked
Whips on these helpless fellows.
At school her report card noted as spoiled child.

Decked and jacked in false glitters,
Children she mothered,
Narrate tales awful and deadly,
Never taught children with milky hymns.

Children never impressed by her dear mother,
But never learnt to slam the door.
Her funeral was performed sacredly,
Mentioned her virtues in tone false.

But all and sundry present there,
Dwelled her vices in hushed detail,
She was a bandit queen,
In garb of bridal make up.

From:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TRUE LOVE

Love is a God’s gift pious,
It does not belong to us,
To unburden us of this holy debt,
Necessary to love other’s in fact.

True love expects nothing,
Only unconditional giving,
It causes distress unlimited,
If one expects love returned.

Love is a divine grace,
True love is like sun rays,
Pouring infinite warmth and pace,
Without any quota and race.

Love knows no enemies,
It is invincible and cures miseries,
As a river flowing infinitely,
Riding all the sins and dirt wisely.

It is here to bless saddened mankind only,
Lovelorn life is no life plainly,
But an alliance unholy,
Love rich life is a dream cherished fully.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

TRUE FRIEND

A good friend is a joy for ever,
He gives pleasure, love but pain never;
Even if lives into nothingness; but wishes to keep
A flower sweet for us, and make sleep
With joyous dreams, health, and cool breath.
Therefore, on every dawn, with a wreath
A happy band to bind with the world,
Clears pain and gloom, of the inhuman herd
Delivers noble nature and brighten dark rays,
Frightens evil and dark ways
Changes entire sad history tall,
In a moment air brightens and beauty moves away the pall
Lifts our dark spirits, like the sun, the moon,
Stars, meadows, dark and green, sprouting a shady room
For simpleton, friends are like; beautiful daffodils
In a happy world, make us live; and clear ills
Not for themselves, never a cooling roof make
In a blistering hot season; summer showers awake,
Enrich with a fragrance of fair musk blooms:
And such is the grandeur of friend’s zoom
A never ending flow of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the celestial brink.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

UNCHARTED LAND

It merits little for a patriot,
To live in this uneven land,
Ruled by biased laws,
Where people live and die,
Crying for free doles and free quotas.

I know not, what purpose I serve here?
Only listening high and empty talks,
Signify nothing or opposite,
Deep darkness, stark sadness, poverty,
Hungry and naked people.

Crude and rude rulers,
Worshiping divisive secularism
And racial social justice,
Adoring Islam and caste
And mocking nationalism and patriotism.

Seeing bloodbath, loot and destruction,
Devastating my dear nation,
My heavenly father asked,
To wake up and step into a world,
Where people are free of vices.

Where people breathe with hope,
Where knowledge opens mind,
Where revolutionaries sweep power corridors,
Where patriotism flows with heart beat,
Where honesty floods the society.

And people sacrifice unconditionally
And people celebrate festival of fulfillment,
And people are drowned in endless love,
Happiness, prosperity and grace of God,
And burn all the evil around and inside.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

UNDER THE OPEN SKY

Sky as a roof and earth as carpet;
They move hamlet to hamlet.
See the shades of life and world,
Laboring and toiling through the day red.

They eat, drink and make way;
Unaware of next sunrise and ray,
Pain is no where in their voice,
All are dear to their clan and choice.

Character priceless as diamond bright,
Remain fresh and pure as rainy light.
Happiness is their song versatile,
Without yoga, meditation remains strong and agile.

Holy and honest mind make them healthy and wealthy,
Always one with creator in nights starry.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

UNHEARD VOICES

Sometimes sorry means,
It is not my fault,
It is yours', accept it,
It would make me feel better,
As there must be some compulsions,
Behind this guilt
And wounded self get healed.
Sometimes OK means,
Don't end the conversation,
I want to talk more,
Sometimes words fail to express emotions,
Some future manuscript of relationship is in veils,
Try to unveil it.
Sometimes take care means,
I am not well and need to be cared for,
Because faith is very deep,
But no strength to express,
And play on your orchestra of sensuous melody.
Sometimes not attending calls means,
Call me back; I need to be cared by you,
With something special with a caring resolve to harness.
Sometimes silence can be more expressive.
Sometimes thank you means,
You could have done it in a better way,
To land me safely with love
And a rolling stone can be stopped of shedding flood of tears.
Sometimes smile means more than tears,
Some times tears means load of cheers.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Unknown Martyrs

The cannon fire throws enemy down,
The burning and crying crematoriums,
And rooting out are the enemy crown,
And paralyzed enemy rushing to sanatoriums.
Their guns have killed, and it is true;
They give messages to dear countrymen, good and new.
Thank God! They have awakened the nation and you.

All ears love for the roast,
Of chivalry before our rogue guest,
The ugly song, the cowards boast;
Your patriotism and bravery manifest.
In songs of all and in the wood,
Never looked back, san their own good;
They are fools not to have them understood.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

UNWED MOTHER

Unknown faces and unknown eyes grey,
Those rush through dark world wars,
Beguiled as happy and twinkling stars,
Then all go to sleep as, man and guy.

I carry a part of you, so as we are, so are they:
And here is some fragrance but who know,
That was left behind where we go,
Don’t know others’ existence and passed away.

Chase unknown wealth and bower,
And suck the blood of wild and world;
All choice of abuse and diseases, hurled;
To sing and dance through gloomy hour.

The blazing sun of Kamdhenu’s soul
Shattered to see, his love going mud again;
With lover flees like immoral brain,
That hides to seeks, yet more happy goal.

But still sisterly voices—those are ever ours—
Soothes and loves with warm and kind word;
That electrifies the heart of beast and bird,
To teach man to learn to love me and thy flowers.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

UNWELCOME TOURIST

Wolfs from the land friendly,
Those are our past cousins, sour;
Oil rich land but lust thirsty soil,
Visit us at the gateway of India.
They are hailed as friend dear,
But indulge here in love of debauchery.
Post colonial secular pimps,
Hungry for petro dollars and bank votes,
Strengthen their no loving fingers tie string,
To prick our red buttocks.

But I stand in the dark in a long Q,
Although you may spit on this,
Forgive me, this is about dancing.
Spreading my legs from one foot to another,
Getting their load inside, like piston;
They pull my hair, blurring my vision,
Then I think, I see my own brother,
In front of me, maybe ten paces.
I rub my eyes with my trembling fingers,
And of course it's someone else's brother.

Closer and closer to body naked,
His lustful but mine the same sad slump,
But he has no mercy, all doggedness,
The sad silence to give in to,
Only dark, to the hours wasted waiting;
Knowingly well that someone on the back,
A man is drilling his piston in my ring;
And I cannot say no today,
In any manner he wants my body,
To pump me with his stinking sap.

After the storm I can hardly stand,
The ugly love flooding me and my poor brother,
He is not beside me or behind,
He is at home trying to sleep with,
In a miserable night shift with an Arabian traveler,
And failed to be freed before noon,
To wrap his body to go to school.
Works eight hours a night so he can sing
The love, the work you hate most,
The worst game ever invented.

How long has it been since you met him,
you hate him, but hug his wide shoulders,
Opened your eyes wide and only sighs and pains,
But have to kissed his cheeks,
You always unbutton him and self,
Job so simple, so obvious, not because;
I am too babyish or too dumb, or desirous;
Or even mean, or inept of howling,

With the love of another man,
NO, just because I don't know what work is.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

VANISHED BROTHERS

My heart bleeds to see brothers vanished,
Who should be there with dreams and passions,
But lovers of terror, hate, and fanaticism,
Reduced all the innocent souls to ash.

For centuries offering prayers with stained hands,
Soup of blood a dish daily to them
And not to let the pulse move of brother Sanatani,
Lover of peace, brotherhood and non-violence.

Paid with hatred, bloodbath and insult,
But brothers here in land of Sanatana Dharma,
Cry for bonds of love, peace and humanity
And a chance to live and forgive.

Oh God, don’t let,
Their dark world of hate, terror and fanaticism,
To slaughter my brothers unseen, unknown and unlamented,
And a stone narrate the passerby, where there pyres were lit.

Oh mother earth, deliver your harsh justice,
As we are living in a crippled nation
And mind numbed and hands frozen,
With rotten principles of secularism and non-violence.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

VEILED LIFE—LIFE OR CURSE

Beautiful, charming, innocent faces;
Step into a world, with all the dreams and laces:
Jumping and frolicking with all the graces,
Unaware of her doomsday and no joyous traces.

Attired in the decent robes,
Dre-amt of a life around the globe;
Pushed and kicked to a world without lobe,
Waiting and cursing the unending probe.

Auctioned and bartered like a sacrificing goat,
Pride injured, dreams shattered, praying death, nothing to gloat;
Sullen heart but artificial smile, boarded into a sinking boat:
Cursing the bidder and cursing the unframed God and life to rot.

Again kicked and decorated for a new bidder and new destination,
No cheer, no stamina but all filth and ugly deliberation;
Heartless, cruel world never cared for your culmination:
Clothed in gorgeous robes for another humiliation.

Forbidden by a book Holy to come out from the cruel veil,
Masked to hide the pain, whip mark and sad trail,
Life starts sinking deep in dark delusion with wrinkled frame;
Shattered, battered, tattered and nothing left to hail.

Chased always by clouds dark and no delight,
Heart filled with sorrow, pain and no fancy flight;
At constant war with barbarous race, preaching cruel height:
Danced to the cruel blows of a sect and lived in dark night.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

VISION FLAWED

The king corrupt and people in anguish alone,
Without any crown and decoration on head,
Always with looks dry and spirit tired,
Haunted by peoples’ never ceasing moans.

For sins their, bleed people lone,
With hands vile, kiss people dead,
Gift garments stained with coal and blood,
And in their hand I see a hitting cone.

Kicking people, bending on their knees with flame,
At this plight people are only to blame,
I cried at my love who are these defame,
And she answered these thugs by name,
Secular first and second social justice,
And last with tears in eyes, strongest flawed justice.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Waiting For Liberty

It is very sad to live without you,
Since a brutal nation has snatched,
The joy of living with dear you,
And I contemplating of all the pain notched.

O my dear Tibet! When will you be liberated?
Which I have to claim and kill the usurper,
Crush behind and suppress, the brigand;
For how can I breathe in this death chamber?

Freedom of my soil is a task uphill,
Of your sweetest children are sad, stricken;
In your presence by what your absence still:
To encompass you, I school myself and enlighten.

To saw you go; how terrible, it was;
To reclaim that glory before the dragon spreads its wings,
But though I am living without my dearest lass,
Surely, I can't live without your fragrances' hiss.

The notion of slave hauls my heart and head down,
And throws me down into the deep of frost,
The slaved years had cost all the hopes flown,
And pleasures that are withered and lost;

And I remember the joy of freedom I drank and grow,
Gushing over the feeling there the spirit song came roaring,
On the silence everywhere: living with shame and sorrow,
Joy of freedom usher and misery and pain flee, howling.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Wake Up Sid-S

Sid was a student of, St. Francis convent;
Paying exorbitant fees,
His wealthy father obtained his admission,
Paying fat donation, out of turn with no merit.

On his father's wallet laughing the life,
Regular in late coming to the class but unfazed,
When asked a question, confused and puzzled;
All felt sad for this predicament and strife.

Rishi wanted to be a professor,
Neha manager, Tanya scientist;
Debby photographer and Ayesha journalist;
But Sid has no aim but always aggressor.

But life is very tough and not a dream,
Very dark and mysterious as pundits say,
Dreams cannot foretell a pleasant day,
Little rain cannot make spring gleam.

Rishi become professor, Neha manager;
Tanya scientist; and Ayesha journalist;
Debby photographer and enjoyed life pleasant;
Sid remains a wild, aimless poser.

Sid became a parasite in Ayesha household,
Became a burden and no tide,
He drops here and there and no ride,
All wanted to see him out of door and fold.

All the mates got what they wanted except Sid,
Who used to enjoy life on his dad's fat wallet,
All the time life has clouds of fall and lament,
Washroom showers cannot make roses red.

Sid wept and wept alone seeing all,
As he used to when he was an infant,
Only face of his mother, made his life lit,
To stand, unconquered, though he fell.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WANDERER

Born wanderer I am, leaving a world behind,
As much you have, I left to grind,
For this heartless cruel city, left heaven behind,
For a wired desire to create a new world,
Left the ancestral nest crying shedding tears of blood,
As if some sad star dropped.

Bracelet tied by a dear sister, now shattered,
All relationship left behind, tattered,
Chain of love given by a loving hand,
Is left behind for an illusionary band,
Warm meal cooked by mother, enthralled,
That love laden basket is forgotten behind.

A road crawling from Khurja to Delhi, jammed,
Left there all the relations wailing and rammed,
Difficult to believe but embraced,
My house, lane for false dreams, left behind,
Birds crying on my roof top but never stopped,
Praying, o shepherd return to this herd.

In this dark cave of hopes, morning shadowed,
Shree Sidheshwar and Mata temple, left behind,
Morning rays delivering miseries, joy concealed,
Dawn at Chatri Ghat, evenings of Manji Ghat, left behind,
All the festivals celebrated together, here uncrowned,
Left behind the burning pyres to wail in open ground.

Hugging people at vibrating banks, where I played,
Only haunted world is left behind,
Brought with us marriage album, ornamented
But holy Sehra is left behind,
A being breathing unplanned, lamented,
Between life and death a wanderer is left behind.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WAR AND PEACE

We do not want blood bath and war,
We are faithful to love, peace and care.
By no means use the tools of death,
Nor farms plough the crop of wrath.

Do not want to write the tale of disaster and flames,
Written by the canons of gallant and unyielding soldiers,
Cultivate the sacred song, love mounting,
With all the stairs of blissful rhyming.

We will wrestle for a planet sans war,
Ring out the disgrace and distress of tar,
Those who crop of weapon of destruction,
Will hymn for serenity, bury shells and deception.

Those trade shrouds must spread adore,
The old bare dreams, would spring love and care,
All live in harmony, to enjoy life, God's creation,
Eliminate starvation and sickness, all devils' possession.

Wait yet, my friends, a second stays—
Stay our fertile green land turn red rays,
We are all ex brothers and sisters,
Live till the good land lives without battles.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WASTELAND GREETINGS

Happy, happy New Year,
Hail to the alien notion and erase our own,
Very Happy Republic Day,
To thank a constitution for all pervading anarchy,
Very Happy Independence Day,
To remember centuries of slavery and no salvation.

Happy Valentine Day,
To thank clashing people and no love,
Happy Father's Day and Happy Mother's Day,
To dispatch them in old age orphanage,
Happy Children's Day,
To plough them as child labor.

Happy Daughter's Day,
For those who escaped murder in the womb,
Happy Husband's Day,
Those escaped the terror of anti- dowry act,
Happy Wife's Day,
For showering rich dowry.

Happy Friendship Day,
To forget the world of cut throat rivalry,
Salutations to Martyrs,
To signal the salutes about their number,
Very, Very Happy Birthday,
To deceive the floating world.

Very, Very Happy Dipawali,
To avoid the world covered in the shroud of darkness,
Happy and Merry Christmas,
To remember only black color in life,
Happy Id,
To inform the goat about their slaughter next time.

Very Happy Good Morning,
Very Happy Good Noon,
Very Happy Good evening,
Very Happy Good Night,
Very Happy 365 Days,
And run from the world of unhappiness.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WE ARE SORRY SALMAN

Ostracized by both Islamists, secularists and their spirits,
Reminiscent of Taliban’s that have cynically rotted,
The rogues fade; but dirt residues,
To them, of loaded and shiny verse.
With votes’ madness the scoundrels are inebriated,
Boosted by their dreadful secular revenge,
However I shall inscribe a mournful poem,
In honor of elapsed and insulted bard.

Here Poesy has survived in misery,
And the Rushdies have endured living demise,
Their pen and pages have been blessed with infinity.
But no-one here now remembers,
And the deepest gloom has entirely engulfed,
Every pen who shaped finest poetry.
But I write as a pardon for this contempt,
A tribute to the abused poet and his excellent verse.

The world's scorn is piled on the abusers,
But they go by, unbending, mad,
Spoiled the national glory of tolerance to faith fraud,
But those crooks got joy and welcome,
Like stunning, sensible and cheery virgin.
But knowing that they will not be annulled,
I wail melancholic-ally this grief-stricken,
Poem to the abused and cursed bard.

Oh, the farce of secular and free expression,
And the words are hollow and edicts are lies,
They were bitter and obscure accommodation,
Where my belief could depart this life.
And sour, in some distant future era:
I'm sorry! Forgotten bard, people will ask about this,
'has written such a poor verse
For the forgotten, mighty poet, ’

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WEDDING

O marriage-hymns and fire, your power all;
Two bodies tied in one breath.
They marry whom their loves foretell:
- And wedded and sewer to live till next birth!
Their intelligence is lost, eyes are scarlet;
See one and all: - 'they will, ' they thought: -
And they would for seven lives wrought.

Divide grooms' woes and brides' pain
Draw closer and rest with a pleasant cheer,
My Bridegroom ecstasy is like a happy rain,
To wed a bride with, for divine tears.
Hymns, fire, seven rounds, and love happy:
Life-hymns to other, death-bells to me:
O Death, WE are true to one and thee!

Enjoy days bright and pains calmly went,
While love and joys are eternal guest;
How cheerfully the life will spent!
How lovable the festive day's bent!
Oh continue; oh stay here rest,
Together with, life is golden fest,
Sad hours always away; never break this best.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Welcome Happy New Year

This mid-dark goodbye to departing year,
On a wheel of time and destiny, a new space creates;
Welcome New Year, to succeed his brother dear:
And to march, in a new space, with all we mates.

But we cannot select our course and intentions:
We have no choice but to abide by HIS lessons.
We try, to touch the most desirable destination,
Of PEACE, and pray to ban all obstructions.

Travel on the corridor of companionship, love, consideration,
Justice, pardon, truth, happiness and selflessness.
Boot out the dirty tracks of gluttony, jealousy, obsession,
And abhor conflicts direct to despair and restlessness.

Let's pray in the New Year, within time nominal
To take us to a regular tryst to woo.
Let's all together erect a lobby for all,
For tranquility, each self put a block or two.

Let it have parity- live in good shape -
Do not make any body cry in the world.
Its gates be redden with bright and happy drape,
And let a flag in multi-hues be unfurled.

In the Year New, attach a tale more;
Let its length swell step by step
Till, it reaches, at the entrance of its door,
Is moves with all amazing doorstep.

Both Heaven-n-Hell - man's self creation -
Who assists to construct of his own decision,
Won't he uncover, in life's extension,
Pray to reach Heaven over certain permission.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WHAT A SHAME?

Nation is gashing and rupturing in the waters of August,
Shoots of barley have the gleam of infants' smile,
Flood is hitting my threshold,
Rays of dawn lavished upon the barley shots,
Like the love of newly wed,
But why I cannot sing?

Waters in holy Ganges is simmering with delight,
Leaves are resting the dew drops,
Barley fields dancing with joyful waves,
Ushers, into rays of gold and silver,
And in this wonderful show of autumn,
Only I remain mum, why?

Nation is numb and without murmuring of life,
As we are in an evil age destroying and defiling,
The messages of Lord Ram and Lord Krishna,
Perceiving the three existence,
Of past, present and future, tingles more brightly,
Than the values of Ram and Krishna.

The evil designs of killer devotes,
Has spread the bloody and destructive wings,
And I remain a secular champion,
Flying the pi-geon of love and peace,
Like changing nappy of infants,
A meaningless life. What a shame?

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WHAT GOD WANTS?

What god wants and what we are giving Him?
Some give their hair to God,
Some grow their hair and put turban for God,
Some grow beard to please God,
Some observe month long fast in the name of God,
Some slaughter goat to offer God.

But does God really need them?
Some decorate God with all kind of flowers and colors,
Does this beautification make Him happy?
Does God really want this?
The most valuable thing that can be given to God…
TIME….I give it to my God.

Does God want you to think about Him?
Does God really want this?
Flour, gold, honey, zakat, alter submission…He wants them?
Man is still a learner in his nursery,
In the process of teaching man,
The numbers of hungry are increasing.

Think for a while for these hungry,
What God wants?
Flour…flowers…money…goat…fast….prayer….
No…Food to the hungry,
Because…that is what ….He expects from man.
More than-flour…flowers…money…goat…fast….prayer.

Make people smile,
He loves His children smiling,
Money… use to educate someone, help the needy,
Gold…support for the livelihood of a family, save someone's life.
Time…give it to my children in old age home,
Waiting… for an affectionate time and talk.

Time …meet my children in orphanage,
Never make them feel orphan.
Are you able to understand what "I" want?
I hope this is the relationship between Me and My children,
Bless to pass in your nursery exams
And move to Kinder Garden.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

When They Came Back Home

Pundits wounded, were brought back home down
Long ago, forced to flee from their homes and crown,
Mountains and rivers, far from their own garden,
Winds wept and moon cried in that dark night frown.

Life became dark, and springs dry
Dew fills ridge-line growing cactus-es. Their hairs fly
Whiter in dead life. The flame secular flickers by
Mis-fortune over and over - and for what cry?

Never thought of death as times moves in
And took their best away without din,
No hope to defeat the sorrow seems to win,
Lashed all the hopes swayed away for no sin.

With false hope in sad springs,
Tired and defeated, fluttering wings;
Still chasing life’s golden rings,
But still with faith strong to taste lofty things.

Courageously, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear, tirelessly;
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can coming home quell despair infinitely?

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WHERE ARE YOU?

On which planet have you gone?
Without you, I can also nowhere roam,
Floating without any base,
Dissolved with the wind, in vast space.

You are not a woman,
I am not a man,
Like leaf, flower, grass, water, soil,
Lost in each other and toil.

Made for each other,
As grass I smile and flutter,
Remembering the melodious sound,
Murmured by you centuries ago round.

Now this world is not ours,
Streets, home, lane, helmet, bower,
All changed or razed,
How beautiful you were there, unfazed.

Moon threw his naughty light on you,
It was the same wind which flew.
You hold your attire bright and new.
Memories thousands, in my heart, mew,

I felt you resting on your lids,
As dew rests on thirsty leaf, not to skid,
Fresh and sweet like spring pod.
Where have you vanished, beautiful creation of God?

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WHERE IS MY SPACE?

You offered me an illusion,
But I know not your intention,
With your glittering reflections,
You cheated my passions.

Intoxicated by your beauty and wine,
But blood within was mine,
On your words I won’t sign,
I don’t want to resign.

You have done me no favor,
You are born rebel and robber,
You are a janus faced neighbor,
I don’t want to taste your flavor.

Deadly blizzard and gushes of storm,
I crashed on you but you care no norm,
Lost in your false world and won’t conform,
And lost and die forlorn.

Now you feign to offer me a share,
Behaving as you care but rare,
That now you came here,
It is deceptive glitter and flutter.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WHITE QUEEN AND THE SLAVE KING

Two sick monarchs, one clown and a queen lone,
With no love for nation, but passion for crown round the head,
Always with plotting eyes and all greed;
Air wearied with men’s never ending moan.

For their deeds wrong, people has only to atone
Dreams in eyes devastated, with tears red;
Toiled with feet rugged on stones pointed;
Watching helplessly, moving on lifeless knees.

Seeing the plight, heart of the masses lit with flames;
I cried to trembling Bharat Mata, ’ who are these coned’?
With aching heart, knowing by name, she cried:
Sonia first, the second Rahul and last Man Mohan turbaned.

O! Pakistan, thanks to take Sania,
Pray again to take Man Mohan and Sonia.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Who Am I?

I breathe in hiding,
Without any pleasure riding,
I am the cheapest and ugliest to burn,
I burn myself on fire and run.

Hide into my love's shamed bed,
Don't copulate with my love, all said!
Shamed my love! All united fast,
Thyself must shun thy love at last.

Let the long, old chiding cease!
Goose is swan, and swan is geese.
Let me have my love as I will!
My love is best: best be still.

World talks me-, mocks me, tears me,
Man and woman fare higher thus before me;
Fire their killing shot and pass,
Alas! I am brutally attacked - and I sink at last.

Born to be abused again and again, live as dumb!
Kith and kin and the victors remain deaf and numb,
When the word of my love fall,
I AM A GAY, hide behind the wall!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WHO ARE YOU?

A child asked, “Who are you? ”
I said, “I am -.”
But who really are you?
No body knows, even you do not know,
A human shaped shadow, fluttering on the earth.
You are what you are-;
The mind, the body, the life and the actions;
That you run as your whole complete system,
An illusion, nothing more nothing less.
Uniquely Lord Brahma, the Creator,
Has designed everybody differently.
What you are, is only you are;
You choose, as you feel the best,
Nothing you think, you loose.
Your life is your ‘mind control’,
Residing in your body,
Moving with the immortal soul.
But the question of the child remained unanswered,
Who are you?
Only the Trinity, Lord Brahma, the Creator;
Lord Vishnu, the preserver and Lord Mahesh, the destroyer,
Has the answer, “Who are you? ”

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WHO ARE YOU? FAIR VALENTINE!

You are asked by some one, “who are you and your ways?
You tell with love and all the depth and breadth and height;
An ordinary soul, not an important one, out of feeling and out of sight
Only a simple friend, not dear one with grace.

Some lie and some truth beneath here and every day’s;
A mysterious veil in the name of sentiments, heavy and light.
Only a good excuse, may be wrong, may be right;
Although near, but very far in reality and no praise.

But no secret is hidden from thee and all the passions put to rays;
That remembers you in all the moments, with all fancy and flight.
That lives his evenings in your name and ready to lose every right;
That persuades you in your anger, with all his heart and breath lays.

That tells every thing, smiles, tears, of all his life, as if God choose;
That knows all your pains and pleasures till death,
That is ready to die for you and your use,
If any body asks, ” Who are you and your faith?
You simply tell, nothing important and nothing to lose:
But, who knows, may be my honest Valentine’s breath.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Who Cares Here?

Honestly? Who cares about who's mating? Who?
Or who the strongest Czar or Mugal in the world is?
No, when you are born in this vast world,
Where all dreams fetch nothing but pain,
All those tyrants become trivial, unimportant;
Only a few moments of peace and a slip of joy we need.

No, you're not here to play and dance,
You do not know whether you are talking to a friend or foe,
You have to bear your pain, finding no escape,
Your trusted knife may stab you, the only thing you always trust;
It’s not like flora or fauna people, people come to break hearts;
Every simple blade of metal writes a new bloody tale.

Always in the illusion to keep world in pocket,
But, we live on borrows breaths,
Always look for few moments of delight,
Know not the real truth about real freedom,
It's a big secret, nobody knows, and probably won't;
you’re finally alone and no one's here to help you.

Finally the last cut, the most unkindest drink;
The hottest flame, the saltiest scars;
But the only reality which is always ours and always with us:
No one understands this truth and lost in a dark world behind closed doors;
Eventually the delicious pain leaves.
Leaving you to open your door and depart silently.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WHO STANDS FOR THE NATION?

Freezing and chilling the north winds are blowing,
Over the sad nation and heavy sky dripping,
One after another the black scams are floating,
Every heart this winter morning is crying and beating.
Leaders, in secular ring are merrily dancing.
Will this nation living or slowly dying?

Will the sad Yamuna cease to flow;
Will the chilling winds cease to blow;
Will the dark clouds cease to fleet;
Will the leaders' loot cease to beat;
For all things must die,
Why this loot and unhealthy fry?

Perhaps joyous spring will never come any more.
Death waits at every door.
See! All our friends are ditching,
But they are wine and merrymaking.
We are lectured –we must honest and do,
But they are low, unmeasured low.

In the open they cheat and lie,
The happy lanes are sad and dry;
The sun rises with smile still,
No happiness with wind on the hill.
The joyous song of the bird
Shall no where be heard.

O, misery! Hark! 2G scam is calling
While I speak to ye, the Adarsh scam jaw is falling,
Commonwealth scam paling face, the strong limbs shivering;
Bank scam staining the blood boiling;
Dear to Sonia, Thomas, making the eyeballs twisting,
And blood thirsty, imperfect souls, saying good morning.

Times moves and goes the ringing bell;
Ye happy times and merry souls, farewell.
The old world, has a new birth,
As all men know with mirth,
So let the warm winds flow,
And the blue wave brighten the glow.

I, come not here your happy time to sadden,
A limping nation, leaning to gladden, -
Wishing you all grateful leaders with account cheerful,
And caring heart than look or word can tell,
In simplest phrase- these traitorous eyes are tearful-
Thanks, my friends, Brothers, Sisters, - Children, - and farewell!

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Why Me Only?

Rape here and rape there, rape is every where.
And country is become a big Mogul Harem, my fear;
Rape in the village, rape in the town:
Rape in sari, rape in gown:
India, secular, socialist and democratic:
But of late has become a rape republic.

Rape on an infant, rape on an old:
Rape of a student, rape of a tourist, told:
Rape by a friend, rape by an enemy:
Rape by majority, rape by minority;
Rape by the rich, rape by a poor ward:
Rape by forward, rape by backward.

A paid rape and a free rape,
A group rape and a compulsive rape,
All are socialist and secular,
In this perversion, hateful;
Daily it is breaking news,
Still there is no emotion to view.

I had survived, from among the dying,
The rapists reached to rape me, trying;
In my mother's wombs, unborn, I was a fetus;
No safe corners hide to shun the pain, tedious;
As I got a shape of a beautiful moor,
The dark sheep are there to maul my contour.

'This single act ends my own life, ' is one,
Where all the pains reside;
Crushed by the mis-fortune of some deadly sin-
Can't be washed by greatest win.
I lifted but hated my self here,
'There's no solace any where! '

"It is a dark spot, where all light spent,
All darkness! " cried I, Intent;
It hit me hard to graceless mutiny,
I was hideous, hopeless without scrutiny;
I sat, where night never ends;
Heaven's radiant show never lends.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WIFE- GODESS OF LOVE

Always in heart and mind,
And loved this poor urchin’s world.
Gave shoulder and hand,
In this long and arduous marshy land.

Enjoyed stars and moon in dark thunder,
Enjoyed together sweet life tune wonder.
Always around me every moment,
To echo the beauties of life with sweet rent.

The cold and dark rays of the world confused,
Will pass like a happy chorus infused.
And always hear this chorus with Lord,
Vestige of thoughtful volleys we had,
You should remember and not be sad,
And enjoy luck and good wish red.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WISDOM

Be an artist when alone,
Be a king when in ruling tone,
Be a scientist when work best,
Be a saint when you care a guest,
Be in history when you finally rest.

In the pages of life,
Yesterday is out of bond and strife,
Tomorrow is unknown,
Today is in fry pan, so write the best tone,
In life book, eraser is by gone.

Don’t be disheartened on any fall and sigh,
Because only grounded leaves are blessed to fly high,
Negative element can be positive hints,
Like a negative print that can create unlimited positive prints.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WISH OF A DYING SOLDIER

He fights for the nation, cold to him:
Praying for a corner in his home land
That is for ever India. This is his dream
In that holy land, holy dust concealed:
A dust designed and shaped the nation,
Bloomed with passions of love, her message to grow,
But the pious body of my nation, polluted by ugly passion,
And destroyed by power hungry, secular blows.

Prays to God, to wipe evils away,
Flow the air of patriotism and gentleness
Deliver music and sights of happiness every day;
All the vices to flee virtue to love in saffron dress,
The dear and honest hearts can visit, safely driven:
I can lay at peace in an Indian Heaven,

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Woman

O mighty creation of god but slighted,
Since the dawn of life,
You bear the insult and heavily suffered,
And carry spiritual light, glory of civilization and strife.

You light the muddled world off its plight,
Your wisdom dwells in the back to preserve its light,
Man in gloom, return to him,
For love and solace within.

The light given by the ceaseless fire,
Bore in silence to eclipse the mad ire.
Man of wisdom penned millions verse,
On this creator of grinding universe.

Remain pure and lighted to dazzle and glow,
In this unilluminated world you flow.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WOMAN-MOTHER OF ALL CREATIONS

Women arrive as cute daughters,
Grow as sweet sisters,
Flourish as lovely lovers,
Bloom as darling wives,
And mature as adorable mothers.

Women are source of strength,
Deliver loads of cheers and health,
Liberate from all the woes and fetch mirth,
Embody, knowledge, power and wealth,
And they are the best healer on earth.

Women are treasure house to all the ideas and care,
They are tireless donors but no share,
They are river of humility here,
Source of peace, enlightenment and smile,
And they are the ambassador of God on earth dear.

Woman is an untapped phenomenon,
Maker of healthy and wealthy nation,
Offer a never ending premium,
Gloats with high powered connections,
Woman, you are a mother of all creations.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WONDERFUL INDIA

India is a wonderful nation,
Here Indians are insulted
But foreigners are respected,
Here Hindus are snubbed,
But minorities are nurtured.
Here patriots are offended,
But terrorists are flattered.
Here natives are hounded,
But intruders are welcomed.
Here honest are defeated,
But corrupt rule the nation.
Here merit is mocked,
But UN-meritorious gets quotas.
Here disciplined get intimidated,
But rogues roam fearlessly.
Here SRKs are above law,
But saints are booked.
Here justice is injustice,
And injustice is justice.
Here stone dargahas get cozy chaders,
But living souls roam naked in streets.
Here Sufi baba, pester, imams get trillions,
But aged parents die penniless.
Here secularism is communal-ism,
But communal-ism is secularism.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WORD –WITHOUT MEANING

I do not want to live here,
Mind is senseless where.
We clash and die for light,
Darkness is there and no sight.
I want to run away from this world,
As every body is motionless and sad.
Mind wants to rest,
Where hearts are happily set,
Where ideas can take birth,
Where man can walk free with mirth.
I don’t want to live in delusion
Where soul and body are an illusion,
Where words are meaningless and without pod,
And we observe fast to please our creator God.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WORDS FROM THE SAINTS

Hungry eyes—and faces cruel and grey,
Those waiting to go behind prison bars, away;
The ugly faces will follow there comrades go,
 And nation lies in peace for all we know.

Obedient to a foreign woman power,
To enjoy through their dark hour:
From out the ruins of a nation sad
A cluster of rogues is decked.

The bright light of Vivekananda's soul,
That seeks a happy bright goal;
Shattered to see the crying nation,
But like phoenix ready to destroy the immoral brain.

And still two voices: Anna and Ramdev- those are ours—
To teach the countrymen to love the land like flowers;
Deliver sermons with wise word,
That changes the heart of beast and bird.

Bless, regain the eminence on earth;
Be self satisfied, conscious of its worth.
And give the courage, now;
They will lift our tired brow.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WORLD IN WILDERNESS

World is a bunch of denied,
Frontiers trimmed, leaders thrilled,
Honest hacked, corrupt decked,
Killers hailed, warriors jailed,
Farmers killed, looters filled,
Knowledge whacked, rogues jacked.
Temples doomed, bars bloomed,
Intruders housed, brother doused,
Cows butchered, flesh racked,
Poetry exiled, porn rhymed,
Nature amputed, smog jotted,
Equality cursed, racism nursed,
Yogis branded, doggies revered,
World is nothing but sad end.

By: -
Dr. Yogesh Sharma

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WORLD CRUCIFIED

No comforts but all tensions,
No love but all crucifixions,
No true near and dear but all contradictions,
No health and wealth but all depressions.

No respect and dignity but all vulgarizations,
No care of heart and hearth but all frustrations,
Better half golden eagle but married for decoration,
Battered and cursed in her world and no reputation.

Closets fragrance with roses but breaths in hibernation,
Floating and sinking aimlessly with all lamentations,
Looking at stars and moon but no consolation,
Hooked and cheated and rested in isolation.

Limbs shattered and life in recession,
For world it is a comic procession,
Heart bleeds like sacrificed goat but no salvation,
No ear to heart’s trepidations.

Oh benevolent God call me back without declaration,
Relieve me from this treacherous ornamentation,
Reincarnate me like Arjuna with mighty glorification,
No body can call me crippled God’s creation.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

World Is Within

Man is born looking for bright kites,
He does not know where to set in.
His head and heart always crying and flying,
But ignores, the entire world; within.

After shedding loads of tear and fear,
Totally lost and smashed, ready to fall in,
All the hopes vanished, dreams in tear,
Running halter and shelter but forgets with in.

Always chase by bad days and no happy sight,
And no smile, no cool grin.
Face all the years with calm piloting to right,
Because man has all the happiness within.

Our actions and He is our buddy in this way,
Blesses us and drops us here.
Oh live and let live! Enjoy and enjoy;
All the serenity be ushered there.

No body knows the last call, live and play;
One last call and then all gone astray.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WORN TORN DELHI

June is the month cruelest,
River burnt out, parched land deadliest.
Dry leaves, writhing in pain,
Gleans from the faces drain.

On the barren ground, I stand lifeless,
Baked, cracked and waterless,
Legs, back, breath all worn out,
No spirit to raise heart torn out.

On the west bank of rotten Yamuna, pebbles,
Scattered high of bulldozed temples,
Garbage, filth, flies, never ending strife,
Wasted and lost in wild cries, dream and life.

Broken and jammed roads, miles and miles,
Youth trampled in boiling day and dusty files.
Million intruder, thousands beggars hungry,
Mad and wild for any penury.

Here pain is an endless passion,
Here joy is treason,
Here tears of agony fetch no healing,
Here powerful are corrupt and stealing,

Here decent man suffer most,
Here merit and enlightenment suffer worst,
Here faith of brotherhood ferry violence,
Here love is fixed for a price.

Hunger, thirst, pain, anguish,
On faces of worn torn Delhi languish,
Whites long ago vented it on majestic Thames bank,
Nation is known for high hullabaloo rank.

O! Delhi, sitting on inferno vile,
You must be fair to your rank and file,
This nation crowed up by you and your band,
As a happy and wealthy dreamland.

All but a false claim,
Where joy, love, light is in drain,
And people are here as in a dark land,
Wiped out by corrupt, ignorant and arrogant lords.
FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

WOUNDED CIVILIZATION

Once retorted Karl Marx,
Father of all disturbances and hoax,
Hindu history is nothing,
But the history of defeats and beatings.
Noble laureate Naipaul again thundered,
Hindu civilization a civilization wounded.
Noble laureate Amartya Sen mocked,
As Talkative Indians, do nothing.

On his much touted visit to Copenhagen,
Jairam Naresh cursed,
India deserves a Nobel Prize, as a nation dirtiest.
Twitter obsessed Tharoor again lamented,
Indian people’s class as cattle class.
Why she has a long history of beatings?
Why mother India is so dirty?
Why her children are so work shy?

Centuries of slavery and plunders,
Gulped them with deadly Masochism,
Loving oppression and abuse,
Embracing defeats and plunders,
Self respect and patriotism,
A dish distasteful to them,
Dictum of ugly and cruel west is,
Last sum of beauty and bold.

DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

YFE—A CRUSADE

YFE is a Dharm Yudh, a long battle,
A battle of good against evil,
A battle of dharm against adharm,
A battle of life against death
A battle of hope against despair,

YFE is a battle of creation against destruction,
A battle of light against darkness,
A battle of knowledge against ignorance,
A battle of equality against inequality,
A battle of justice against injustice,

YFE is a battle of dignity against oppression.
It is a death bell and wish,
For the agents of,
Apartheid, racism, communal-ism and cast-ism.

YFE-Youth for Equality is an organization of youth and intellectuals,
fighting against caste and communal base reservation policy.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

YOG GURU SWAMI RAMDEV

Great is the Yogi and around the world he preaches,
Only through yog magic he reposes,
Under the open sky and charming days,
More powerful than sun rays, he showers his ways.

The more we follow him, more we are cool;
And keep the body happy, healthy and fuel,
As the rivers mingles with the oceans,
His celestial sermons mix with sweet emotions.

The wise Yogi, saffron clad,
And through his hymns, make us glad;
By his magical vibes,
Make the toiling masses and world smile.

With his golden face and spirited voice around;
Enlightens all and sundry on the ground,
Throws a warm and blessing look,
And energies devotees' inner most brook.

In the cities, in the villages;
With his penetrating presence, for all the ages;
To please the world and offer roses,
He is the life of the world, he goes.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

YOU

Who are you?
Always on the screen of my mind,
Always in my feelings.

Your mere thought stirs me,
With an ecstatic and mysterious sensation,
Unique and pleasing.

Why I always think of you?
Your mere sight only,
Makes me happy and comfortable.

When I do not see you,
I feel depressed,
An unexpressed agony and irritation.

I fail to understand it,
Always teases me with sweet thoughts,
But always far away from my self.

And I am like a thirsty dear,
Dying in search of water,
In a cruel desert.

FROM:
DR. YOGESH SHARMA

Dr. Yogesh Sharma

YOUTH AND FASHION

Hair-stands on ends like dry log,
Oiled and coiled like a hangman’s rope.
Eyes-dry and lost; lips-ugly and scared,
Cheeks, with hot, red blisters, crowded.
Legs as weak and thin, like a sugar-cane;
And body as slim and trim like a ghost frame.

Not of silver nor of coral,
But of times, beaten laurel;
Here, is a creation in a fathomless sea;
Un-equal and rough like tapestry.

With an ugly imitation of Khans’ ugly jacket,
Preached by a sister in scantily clad gown, velvet;
Always howling on his brother for his low-down ways,
His prowling, talking, speaks of dark days.

Dr. Yogesh Sharma