Poetry Series

Praveen Kumar

- 104 poems -

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Praveen Kumar

Praveen Kumar with his more than three decades of government service at senior levels and as a poet of thirteen published collections and as an author of five volumes on matters of governance and administration is a familiar face in Indian intellectual circuits. His more than 30 contributions on governance and administration to prominent national dailies like The Hindu, Indian Express, Deccan Herald and Times of India and other periodicals and journals were extremely popular and often sensational by their innovative unorthodox thoughts.

Born in Mangalore as the eldest son of Shree R.D.Suvarna and Smt. B.Sarojini, Praveen Kumar graduated in Science from St. Aloysius College, Mangalore, going on to obtain post-graduate degree in Literature from Mysore University. He also holds post-graduate diploma in Business Management as well as Higher Diploma in Cooperative Management. In his student days he was a prize-winning orator and writer. He lives in Bangalore with his very own Golden Wonder; son, Pratheek and Smt. Jayashree. He is a familiar face in national seminars and TV networks in India as a Poet and thinker.

Stemming from his varied academic background, are the lively far-ranging interests that have impelled him to write on subjects as diverse as matters of public interest and poetry, striking the perfect balance between the pursuance of vocation and avocation.

Works:

Books

a) Nonfiction

1) POLICING FOR THE NEW AGE
2) POLICING THE POLICE
3) INSIDE INDIA
4) INDIAN POLICE
5) POLICING THE POLICE 2 EDITION

b) English Poems

1) UNKNOWN HORIZONS
2) PORTRAITS OF PASSION
3) LOVE & PRIDE
4) SIMPLY YOURS
5) SHOBHA PRIYA

6) GOLDEN WONDER
7) SHE LIGHTS MY SOUL

c) Kannada Poems

1) DIVYA BELAKU
2) BHAVANA
3) PRIYA CHAITRA TAPASVINI
4) PRIYA GEETHEGALU
5) ANANYA PRIYA LAVANYA
6) TAPASVINI

Articles

a) The Hindu

1) INDIAN POLICE AT A CROSSROADS (6-6-1995)
2) INTERNAL SECURITY- CHALLENGES AND APPROACH (8-8-1995)
3) INDIAN POLICE: TIME TO TAKE TOUGH DECISIONS (19-9-1995)
4) WHAT AILS PROFESSIONAL POLICING IN INDIA? (2-1-1996)
5) NEED TO LIBERATE LAW ENFORCERS FROM UNHOLY ALLIANCES (2-4-1996)
6) ROLE OF POLICE IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF INDIA (18-6-1996)
7) WHERE THEIR LOYALTIES LIE… (27-8-1996)
8) CAUGHT IN THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF CORRUPTION (15-10-1996)
9) POLICE STRUCTURE NEEDS THE MANAGEMENT TOUCH (31-12-1996)
10) POLICE & HUMAN RIGHTS – DOES END JUSTIFY MEANS? (18-3-1997)
11) RESTORING CREDIBILITY TO CRIME INVESTIGATION (24-6-1997)
12) WHAT AILS THE INDIAN SECRET POLICE (9-9-1997)
13) POLICE UNPROFESSIONAL (20-1-1998)
14) LAW AND JUSTICE (23-6-1998)
15) POLICE MORALE ERODED BY POOR ADMINISTRATION (8-9-1998)
16) TIME TO IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF CIVIL SERVICE (2-3-1999)
QUALITY OF CIVIL SERVICE (19-3-1999) : letter to the Editor As answer to UPSC response in THE HINDU dated 16-3-1999.

b) The Indian Express (Editorial Page)

1) QUOTA SYSTEM CAN WEAKEN CIVIL SERVICE (6-6-1995)
2) EMPOWERING THE CBI (10-7-1997)

c) Deccan Herald (Sunday Supplementary)

1) TOWARDS SANE SERVICE (2-7-1995)
2) LACKING VIGOUR (6-7-1997)
3) PROFESSIONAL PRIDE OF THE POLICE (28-9-1997)
4) NEED TO REVITALISE THE POLICE (23-11-1997)
5) FOR GOOD GOVERNANCE (11-11-2001)

d) The Times Of India

1) THE GUN STILL SPEAKS (21-10-1995)

e) Alive (Focus)

1) CRIME, POLITICS AND POLICE (FEBRUARY 1996)
2) CRIMINALISATION OF POLICE (JANUARY 1997)
3) THE INDIAN POLICE: MALADIES AND REMEDIES (SEPTEMBER 1998)
4) THE CRUMBLING STEELFRAME OF INDIA (NOVEMBER 1998)
5) KASHMIR: THE CORE ISSUE OF NATIONHOOD (FEBRUARY 2002)

f) IJCC

1) INVESTIGATION OF DOWRY DEATH CASES (1996 – 3)
2) INDIAN INTERNAL SECURITY BUILDUP (1998 – 4)

TV appearances

a) INTERVIEWED

1) SANCHAYA (BANGALORE DD) ON 8-6-1992
2) SANCHAYA (BANGALORE DD) ON 22-8-1994
3) PARICHAYA (UDAYA TV) ON 16-3-2000

b) PRESENTING POEMS

1) SANCHAYA (BANGALORE DD) ON 12-9-1989
2) KAVI SAMMELANA (BANGALORE DD) ON 17-10-1990

Presenting Papers

a) NATIONAL SEMINARS

1) THE CENTRE FOR POLICY RESEARCH, NEW DELHI ON 20-3-2002 (INDIAN POLITICAL REFORMS-POLICE ADMINISTRATION)

A Flagrant Fire

Love is like a flagrant fire,
It cosumes all those that stand
Or those it catches on its turf
Without a thought of Self or future
And spreads fatter and faster by it.

Obstacles are its fuel, and oppositions, breeze
That flare it to the heaven's height
And burns itself in its own flare
As you, alas, did unwisely
While you were seized on all sides
And we us lost for each other
And you to that opposition too.

Love indeed is terribly unwise,
A blind force, or is it heavenly force
That sweeps over like tsunami floods
And sweeps away all on its path
Including itself to time's cinders
While hopes hold not a chance;
You fouled over life left for you,
Though good was it by own right,
And rolled over it like a blind mammoth
To shatter it like a smashed glass.

A ruin is now your world,
But no regret ever I notice in you;
While a tree topples, shrubs ‘neath uproots,
While wars are lost, stray towns do fall;
Life stirs you not since you lost your soul,
You live to live, live not for life,
In detached sail to invisible shore;
Love indeed is like a flagrant fire
And burns itself in its own flare
Without a thought of Self or future.

Praveen Kumar

Across Time And Space

I’m a bridge,
Between her two lives;
She lit the spark in one,
And flared it to the sky
In another one;
In between, she was nowhere,
But I remained steady
Withstanding time’s flow
As a bridge should do.

She was invisible,
But not out of her gear;
She traversed far galaxies,
Riding inextinguishable fire
In unalterable focus;
She found her bridge at last,
Bridge was there indeed,
But old, weakened, in ruins,
But alive to her as ever.

It was desolation for both
In blinding darkness;
No glimmer to trace each other,
No streak of hope to hold –
Both swam against time’s tide;
Honest pursuit never let down –
While night was imminent,
She busted from nowhere
Like rain on parched land.

It was two lives,
I was a bridge in-between;
Ravages of fierce time
Touched us not within,
And we blossomed like spring bloom;
Himalayan obstacles did spring
And crippled our sail together,
But we remain what we’re,
Across unbridled time and space.

Praveen Kumar

Across Time's Spread

After frozen in winter ‘neath smoky sky,
I yearn for the warmth of spring's colours;
After the nightmares of long starless night,
I yearn for the comfort of fullmoon light.

Post tenebris spero lucem, indeed,
But I know not how far is the dawn's hope;
Post winter, spring's hope indeed comes,
But I know not how long I need to wait.

Winter and spring, and day and night,
A continuum: folds on time's tapestry
To cross across in the nature's pace,
Not to rush or retard for convenience.

But love not counts the nature's pace,
No time can wrap the flares of love;
Love burns in flares across time's spread
And throws mass ruins of hearts and souls.

I see my colours in horizons of future,
While now and here is painful nought;
My eyes are afar on brooding heavens,
While the world I live is dark and vain.

The glimmers that show across far skies
Rouse my spirits to sail to shores,
Where promises of hopes burn steady
And I row my boat in tearing haste.

As I sail, my shore looks farther afar,
And tired am I by my hopeless labour;
Caught in cruel Hobson's choice I sail
With no light in eyes, wild grief in soul.

Lonely sail is it in mass of bleak water,
No soul to speak, no warmth to comfort;
But I know, the sail, my immortal goal:
However far be, I reach at all cost there.

Praveen Kumar

Adieu, Adieu, Adieu

They say, old is gold,
Really, old, hardly easily sold;
Dusk lacks glamour of dawn,
Long age never stands up to brawn;
Luster of freshness is innately born,
Nascent force perforce is youth's preserve,
And progressions only young age deserve;
Old is cold, excessively in hold,
It tatters life in melancholic mould,
And awaits support in youngers' fold;
Therefore, love, I surrender love,
Bid you, dissociate from me now,
Lest you caught in old age spirals,
And lose life's sheen within its whorls;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

You're freshly blossoming flower,
Fragrant, hallowed, in lustrous sunshine,
In the meridian of youth, glowing abright;
Thousands of miles of joyous passage
Lies ahead to walk, awaits for you –
How I infect you with old age shade?
You're my most prized possession,
My joy, my light, jewel, my pride –
How I pluck you to walk shadowy path,
I'm condemned to passage on my course,
Only to keep me in comfort and warmth?
Though eager, you're, to be near, and tend;
No, my love, life, too precious to waste
In thoughtless sacrifice on sentiment's altar;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Setting Sun and full Moon, algate apart,
They blend on new moon to wane the Moon –
So are we now, to great despair of us;
My heights are over, on descent now,
Nothing of worth, I can gift you now;
I extracted aplenty from the mine of life,
But nothing is left to share with you,
But for travails of care for lowly days;
I'm no pleasure or pride of anybody now;
No, you shouldn't follow, keep own course,
Parting from you, now, my gift for you;
Live life like Queen, and make me proud;
It's the bliss I await at the sunset ahead,
And bid you to give that precious gift;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Praveen Kumar

Aeons Passed

I tied welcome banners,
Fitted lamps in by-lanes,
Laid velvets along course
With flower petals on top.

Exotic plants, fragrant flowers
Lined both sides of the path,
Colours fluttered on all sides,
Buildings around painted afresh.

Day and night, I laboured alone,
And set all things tidy, perfect,
Lest I lose my honoured guest,
Who returns home after aeons.

Far galaxies she passed,
Alien worlds she crossed,
And navigates back now,
To find her world, settle there.

Tired she’s, after detour,
Needs peace while at home;
I endeavour to assure,
She’s most welcome home.

Fleeting is time, never constant,
Mammoth shifts flooded worlds
Since she crossed far worlds,
Her home now, a changed world.

I await her with unbated eyes,
Wild heartbeats, missed breaths,
Her crossing over to horizons,
Docking back to past world.

I wonder how changed settings,
Lost slots and added fittings,
Mould course at her new berth
And shape life to blissful rest.

While she crossed over worlds,
Like cynosure, I firmly stood,
Guarding her world without her,
Keeping all tidy, open for her.

Aeons passed, now she’s back,
To dock herself to my module,
And I’m flustered in anxious fear
As hours pass to minutes, seconds.

Loyal I stood always within,
But forces outside created hole,

Large enough to crack her soul –
I wonder how she handles it.

Hole or no hole, her home, hers
To accept, discard as she chooses;
Though totally she clings as I do,
Flares my fears as time nears.

Praveen Kumar

All Is Beautiful

All is beautiful everywhere,
If not, you doubt your eyes;
All is melodious in this world,
If not, you test your ears;
All is perfect outside you,
Only faults within disturb you;
You're part of infinite world,
Not this world extension of you;
If something, wrong, it lies in you,
Not in the world that created you;
Never judge things beyond your reach,
Those transcend barriers that limit you.

You're a dropp in creation's oceans,
You're a speck in infinite horizons,
How you grasp creation's dimensions?
Unknown and beyond itself is beauty,
Beyond and transcending is the melody,
That created you to judge itself, perfect;
Trust the world that transcends you,
Trust beauty, melody, perfection there;
For, you're its sub-plot, nut and bolt;
Doubts in you is fault in you,
A barrier to fit in to cosmic gestalt,
A call to fall back as immature you are.

Beauty, melody, perfection in truth,
Inside you, in harmony you score;
How you connect and how respond
To wonders and charms exist around
Judge beauty, melody, perfection within
And bestow joys and griefs of life;
Foibles batter in grief to better you
To fit in to the world and live with it,
And find all beauty and joys of it,
And find all melody and harmony in it,
And discover perfection in this world,
In its subtle wonders and charms inherent.

Praveen Kumar

Amidst Trillion Others

Myriad stars sweep all over the sky,
Of all, only the Moon stands apart and high,
And showers soothing light all over, why?
It's its magic, the spell it stirs,
The whitish glow that spills from it,
The wondrous charm that surrounds it,
Set it divine and soul-stirringly pure,
Like does my love 'midst trillion others.

Billions of lives rise and fall a day
In diverse species all over Universe,
Like worms, humans populate the Earth;
Like a speck of light in infinite darkness,
My love stands out 'midst throng of lives,
And radiates beauty, truth and eternal hope;
In transience of world, endurance she is,
In survival's struggle, pure grace she is.

Amidst black broth of envy and enmity,
Of pulling leg and back-stabbing dishonesty
That human lot drinks and vomits in turns,
Love and sacrifice, pure kindness she is,
A drop of ambrosia as white as cow milk;
She belongs to all, yet different from all,
Coagulates never, easily dissolves with all,
Selfless she sails in seas of ego strife.

She is so pure that no impurities touch her,
No ugly world around diminishes her charm;
She is life-force that renders life worth
And brings grace and beauty to the life-force;
In the rage of creation's senseless spread,
Seldom comes out a gem like my love
To bring back lost grace to this world
And make this creation a balanced process.

Praveen Kumar

As I Reach Her Palace

Along the path I traverse to reach her,
She laid red carpet to soften my tread;
All thro' the passage that leads to her,
She hung a canopy to shelter from heat.

Refreshing green garden she raised on sides,
Lovely blossoms welcome me, she ensured;
She conspired with wind to blow cool breeze –
So I reach her afresh, and seize her pretty young.

Indeed was I hot to reach and seize her young,
To hold in my arms and crush her to my chest,
And press my quivering lips to her ardent lips
Till we forget world and dissolve in each other.

As I reach her palace, loud drum beats I heard,
Fireworks covered sky with red and yellow hues,
Soothing sweet hymns I heard aloud around,
And, lo, her I saw in enthralling grace and smile.

I know not whether she or I ran to reach the other,
But I found we two tightly laced in the other,
Madly probing each other with whatever we have,
And surging deeper within, so, never to part again.

Impatient was I to the depth of my eager soul
To imbibe whatever she is, and store deep within;
I wanted all of her in whatever form she is,
And glided to uncover her to her true treasures.

She yielded her all to my impatient wild moves,
We reached, touched, crushed; unceasingly rolled,
We wanted more and more as moved to crescendo
And burst into togetherness that's unexplained ever.

I filled her with me, and she, always in me,
We laced in soul, mind, heart and eager body;
Yet, we wanted more, much more of the other,
Till us two souls conjoin to form a single soul.

Praveen Kumar

Beauty

What is beauty I wondered often,
Is beauty, there or really here,
Or nowhere, a chemistry perhaps;
It strikes like bolt from anywhere
And shocks senses with gentle sweetness
And fills the soul with rest and peace;
How it came and why it came,
No reflections ever illumed me;
I looked at heaven and inside me:
Beauty whispers in some, not in all,
Beyond logics and rhymes to explain;
Is harmony beauty, I wondered often,
Does forms and colours in elegant mix
Sprouts that beauty, I wondered often;
Disharmony, misshapes do create beauty,
Mess-ups too shock some by its beauty;
Beauty has no laws, beauty has no worlds,
Beauty on freewill appears anywhere;
For beauty is not earthly, beyond material,
Beauty is grace, subliminal light;
Beauty is the truth from the nature's womb,
Nascent and fresh like nature's innocence;
Beauty breeds and grows in nature's cradle,
It feeds on nature and is the nature's soul;
Beauty and nature are inseparable twins.

Praveen Kumar

Bond

While I traverse back
Along the vennel of time,
Filled with dreadful darkness –
I come across a dreamy world,
Carved in rosy hues
In the realm of golden glow,
Where I find you in eternal dance
In transcendental trance
To the beats and rhythms of love
In heavenly music of gods;
The spell of smile you spill,
The smell of love there fills
Charms me beyond sense;
The snow-white light that streams
From crystal clear eyes of you,
I find, enchanting the world,
It blossoms the soul of my soul.

You’re in divine dance there,
Uncovering horizons unknown,
At every turn I look at –
New depths and heights you show,
New breadths and widths you give,
To the layers of unforgettable frames
In the womb of distant past;
Each layer has its subtle bag
Of a thousand pains and pleasures,
Each over-riding the other
To gain a space in me.

It’s a turbulent world
Of whorls of whirling passions
With you in glow in the center
In perfect peace and poise,
Untouched by riotous worlds,
Like a rock on top of a hill;
You sit there like a god,
Wrapped in spotless white
Amidst destiny’s turbulence.

You do call me near
To the world of vivid colours,
And I too walk the length,
But, alas, I’m mere a human being,
And can’t bridge past and present,
But for stretching hands,
Desperately crying for you;
I know, you hear my call,
But, alas, as helpless as I’m,
You recede back where you were,
And I awaken to present world.

Though briefly, oft, you visit like this,
And fill my world with heavenly bliss;
Though fence of time keeps us apart,
We oft meet and keep our bond intact.

Praveen Kumar

Broken Dreams

Mansions I for long built in dreams,
Day and night for dear years,
For you, and where I crowned you,
Where lights and colours dazzled soul,
Where milk and honey flowed in floods,
Where dreams and future blurred to new dawn,
Alas, never broke to welcome sunshine,
Never blossomed to surreal fragrance
And faded to dank premature dusk
And withered to tatters of disillusions
In the blinding night to which I woke up
And found me in labyrinth of closed doors.

Dreams are mere dreams, nothing more,
Easy flights of fancies over realities
While senses are shut and eyes, closed;
A jolt to the world - lo, the naked world
Of boulders and rocks and thorns and gulfs
To drag to senses and stunt the flow.

Years it took to break out of dreams
And dawn on me how hard is the world
To us who rode on the joyous crest
Of the make-believe world of togetherness
To fall to the trough of hopelessness;
You sank straight to the bottom of hell
And settled there in resigned grief
While I held to the brink and struggled hard
To rise to the crest and pull you there;
But, alas, man strives but fate decides
And I held to the brink till the end
Till hands failed and spirit flinched.

You saw my fate, you saw my plight,
In kindness you cried, I yield to fate,
And you, befouled, no way rise to crest
To wear my crown and be my Queen,
Lest befoul me by conjoining me;
I vouched, no way you were befouled,
No way gold ever lose noble sheen,
Morn dew you are, pure like child's smile;
I fought, begged, you stood, you feigned rage
Till yielded I and sank to my state
Of gloom and death for both of us.

This is how I lost my dreams,
This is how I lost my world
Of hopes and struggles and joys of love,
But dived to and saw what love really is.

Praveen Kumar

Celestial Bliss

Though one in soul and mind and body,
In several lives, we consoled each other,
And yearn to sail together to eternal time,
Why unseen hands enjoy keeping us apart?

Time does bring us near, life after life,
But raises oft walls impregnable to scale;
And mocks our fights to scale those walls,
And rejoices failures and falls we suffer.

Fate does ensure that we find each other,
While our bond moulds us for the struggle;
And life since then is mere fear and tears,
Receding hopes, pains, bare dark horizons.

We know, what ahead is like plucking stars –
Jumping to the sky and breaking bones;
But nothing holds back our will to try,
Till even an ounce blood holds us intact.

Sufferings, our fate; struggles, our path,
But tired we aren't in trying our luck;
For, fear or tears, we do meet each other –
It's our strength, sunshine in darkness.

We comfort not each other by our odd fate,
Only add to the grief and make life struggle;
But find in our grief, and struggle we make,
Pure celestial bliss of our impregnable bond.

Praveen Kumar

Come Back To My World

You promised of coming
And glittering my world with golden shine,
You promised of dawning
And lighting my life with heavenly sunshine.

I know, you meant it
And forfair'd to blossom my world with joy,
I know, you dreamt it
And grounded to give me wings to fly.

But, alas, you and I are shallow wells,
Nothing spring out of mere human efforts;
We are silent dolls without divine calls,
A thousand puzzles drown our dear thoughts.

Darkness does now pervade my world,
It's part of the ceaseless cosmic cycle;
But, disintegrated is your lovely world
For promising me that sublime miracle.

No sunshine I ever yearn,
No golden shine, no joy nor wings to fly;
Without you I go forfairn,
Languid, languorous, dry, and all day I cry.

Come back to my world,
You are the glittering sunshine I cherish;
Lo, hold me in your fold,
Or else I'm bound to ever slowly perish.

Darkness or sunshine I never care
Until I'm certain, each other we share;
When I go to lose you, it is all bare,
A life to live then ahead I never dare.

Praveen Kumar

Corruption

Classless is corruption,
Like leprosy, plague and AID
And catches all and sundry
Who comes in contact with
Without the armour of moral spine
To guard their soul from turpitude;
Class sensitive though is it,
And flows from above
Like Ganga, Sindu, Brahmaputra
To fertile the plain downwards
And join the sea of discontent;
Indeed, corruptio optimi pessima,
Corruption from the above
Corrupts absolutely,
Submerges honest lives
In unfair unjust threats
By sieging from all sides
Without a vent to escape,
And perforce all cooperate.

Corruption is sheer corruption,
Outside any frame of law,
And outside honest discretion;
A hydra-headed monster,
A poisonous worm ‘neath wraps;
Corruption infects faster than plague,
Corruption does plague worse than leprosy
And spreads a blot deeper than AID
In life and death, in moral fabric;
Corrupt one once, corrupt forever.

Corruption breeds in selfishness,
Corruption feeds on democratic mores
As hidden deals and lobbying at large,
Where supply and demand does mismatch;
Election perforce is its playing ground;
Corruption does live billion repeat lives
And splits pure milk by a single drop;
It leads for survival's sake
Billions from the back like a pied piper;
Like Raktabeejasura,
Thousands it sprouts while one is nipped.

Plague, people fear, leprosy, they detest,
AID, they do keep distant forever;
But, come corruption, they accept it as part
Of life and the people surrouning them;
It gains its glamour from the political top,
It gains its respect from the business class,
It tops all lives by bureaucratic swirls
And fills nooks and corners of all life;
Corruption all hates,

But, corruption most follow;
Corruption is self-seeking at whatever cost,
Corruption, bending low for the fastest buck;
Two hands make clap, renders easy deal,
One in greed lends trust entrusted on him
And one borrows recourse illegally to that.

One distances corruption on own peril,
Or accepts and partakes to lubricate a deal;
Choice is simple if survival is first,
And proves how true is survival of fittest.

All crows under heaven are indeed black,
Birds of the like feather flock together;
Corruption does make one single network,
A religion, a race, a class of its own;
Wherever those belong at their roots,
They unite to protect and attack protests,
For, nothing matches profit the corruption brings
And nothing is more hell than corruption exposed.

Corruption has no mercy,
Corruption, kindless,
A contagion at roots;
Corruption, anti-human,
Corruption, anti-social,
It denies rightful vents to the worthy ones,
And refuses fairness, it refuses equalness,
Corners spurs to ones those who only pay.

Corruption is infirmity born with man,
It builds little walls between human clan;
Corruption is satan waiting on open plain,
To ruin human's rise wherever it can.

Praveen Kumar

Cosmic Focus

Be it in shade in cycles of life,
Or in cloud in far away galaxies,
Or in parallel world outside ours,
Or simply nonexistent anywhere I'm,
By celestial eyes unseen by you,
I watch you grow to sublime heights,
You pluck ripe fruits of fulfillment.

No time or distance deter me from you,
No indulgence of self diverts me from;
Like celestial black hole, I focus on you,
And flow my soul to keep you in shine;
You're hallowed hearth that keeps me warm
On the ceaseless spread of cold cosmic floor;
Seen or unseen, I'm bound to you.

Layers in life flow in opposite streams,
And you know, I'm bid to part ways;
Well, I part; it does regenerate you too,
And opens for you vast space to spread
As high as you can, as wide as you can;
But, rest assured, I part; invisible to you,
But within I do remain focused on you.

You remain inextinguishable bright flame
'Tween my brows of celestial forehead,
As cosmic focus, fulcrum of my soul;
I watch you, rise to higher planes,
And fill in pride while you reach the top;
Remember, I'm naught, unless your flame
Illumes me inside and lights my soul.

I be visible or invisible, irrelevant to us,
For, physical world works on outside terms;
We're closely bound in extra-terrestrial tie,
And invisible currents keep us in touch;
I bid you farewell as outside world needs,
It smoothens our walk on terrestrial path;
But remember, visible, only half of truth.

Behind the clouds of the far away galaxies,
Remember, my goodwill, always with you,
In prayers, ardent will, if they do work;
Though not with you, I'm always in you,
Struggling to light the path you walk
By all sunshines my soul can muster
Till barriers drop and we rejoin in life.

Praveen Kumar

Cosmic Glow

Hidden in clouds, or behind nights,
Sun never loses its heavenly light;
However far you sail through sky,
Inexhaustible is its sublime height.

Count the stars spread all over the sky,
All life not suffices to count them all;
So is my love, and her depthless love,
Beyond all vision of the mortal call.

Beyond all depth, height and breadth,
Spreads unbound on all sides her love,
Like the cosmic glow after big bang;
Celestial she is, her heavenly love.

Selfless, no trace of ego in her,
She is pure bundle of love and grace,
Of beauty and joy, of celestial light –
She reaches and stirs the depth of soul.

She comes as spark and lights my worlds,
Within and without in vivid glows;
She fills and builds bridges to souls -
Parched in thirst of each other's touch.

She's divine spell of magical depths,
That binds soul, mind, heart and body
To single thread of consummate focus,
That glows me within in celestial bliss.

Gentle like moon light, simple in tone,
Fierce like the sun in devotion within,
She burns like lamp, fills light around,
And finds her peace in joy she gives.

In the cosmic law of ups and downs,
She moved to hell and heaven alike,
More to hell, and longer, worse there,
But never had she lost her diamond core.

In the chaos that is made of this world,
In the darkness that surrounds universe,
She is gentle light, glimmer of true peace -
And life is worth it in spite of its hell.

Wherever she be, and whenever be it,
I constantly feel beacons she flares –
Her soothing calls and comforting light
Leads me ahead to destined goal.

Praveen Kumar

Death

Bottomless chasm is death,
Mysterious black-hole,
Where and when of it none know;
Is death an end itself
Or a passage to new world,
Science never understood;
Only death is deathless,
Death is birthless,
Only death is the known eternal truth;
Man discovered atoms, galaxies,
But not death any time,
For, death transcends them all.

Death is black lightning,
Comes in flash and goes,
Leaving devastation behind;
From where it comes,
Where it takes,
No clues left behind;
Death is true equaliser,
Divine road-roller
At time's sovereign call;
Noncorruptible is death,
Money or power never bothers it,
Death swallows all.

Is death naught,
Or death all
Is a philosopher's riddle;
But, death is real,
More real than life
Is everybody's fear;
Death is merciless,
Death is punctual,
None defy the death;
Death is king of lives,
Fearsome to the core,
Yet, loyal to time.

Death is disintegration,
Interpret some;
Death is cleansing cycle,
Orientals vouch;
Truth is, none entered death
And returned and explained -
What really death is;
Truth is, constant friend of all,
Death is constant shadow of life,
Yet, none really know it at all -
Only that death is the rebound of life
In evolution's onward thrust.

Praveen Kumar

Desire

Desire is the root of fulfilment,
Desire is the cause of all movements,
Desire is the flash that lights up lamp
That spreads everlasting bright light.

Desire is beauty, desire is joy,
Desire is the stir that spawned universe,
Desire is force, desire is the strength
That carries processes of creation ahead.

Desire, god's will, desire is seed,
Without desires, all void and dark;
Desire, divine stir in the nought's womb
That brought life and world into existence.

Shedding desire is fusing to nothingness,
Freezing one's soul to void and darkness;
No joy or grief there, no beauty nor disgust,
Heightened suicide is it, a shortcut to nought.

Desire is challenge, a run to win or lose,
A game of life that enriches life process;
Cowards those who fear it and hide in void,
And day-dream it as shortcut to attain god.

Desire isn't itch, a diseased compulsion;
But inner enlightened spur to fulfil life;
It spawns in soul and filters thro' mind
To rise in wings to realities' horizons.

Desire is life, no desire, no life;
Desire makes life passionate, poignant;
Grief that it brings is newmoon to fullmoon,
But, worthy a newmoon for glorious fullmoon.

Ask a lovelorn who loved and lost,
Whether a newmoon for a fullmoon worthy;
Confesses he in tears that it certainly is,
And a million newmoons for a fullmoon he face.

Praveen Kumar

Devout Love

As long as we keep each other alive
In place in space in furrows in soul,
No wind or shock wears us from other;
As long as we lend concern and tend,
We feed each other with devout love.

No time can rob, nor distance steal
The bond of love built of devotion,
No ego bubbles, or doubts build up
In the ocean of love ingesting two,
That nourishes both in give and take.

Is love a cage, or freedom of self?
Yielding to other is essence of love;
Who knows the truth better than you?
Flying in free sky as a bird does,
You yielded to me in blood and spirit.

Love is binding soul to a chosen soul,
Love is purging liberty on own freewill,
Love is yielding self to the other's will,
Love is finding self in the other's need –
What devotedly you followed in loving me.

Ages now we met, and dissolved in love,
Nations perished, cultures rose since then,
But the well of love you draw for me from,
And drench me in is inexhaustible ever,
And in gratitude, I worship you from soul.

Selflessness is spark that lights your soul,
That brings love dimensions unfathomed;
The glow you bear does catch me within,
And expand horizons my vision can catch,
And I transcend myself by the devout love.

Praveen Kumar

Divine Light

She is my definition of beauty,
She is what a soul should be,
What a mind and heart, intellect and shape
In thoughts and emotions it should be,
In deductions and proportions they should be;
It is the light deep in her soul
That makes her she, the dazzling Sun
That gives life to all the beings
And spawns the Fullmoon from a dark satellite.

She lights up my horizons as only she can
And opens up new worlds of love and devotion,
Of what simplicity and sincerity are all about;
She makes sweetness sweet, charm, charming
And the world richer in content and context;
She is pure like an infant's smile
Or the fragrance of a blossoming flower;
She brings depth to innocences's strength,
That invests her with a surreal halo.

She is serene like Himalayan clime,
Intense like a sage's devout prayers,
Always focused and deep from within
In what she says and whatever she does;
She is clear like snow on Himalayan heights
And delicious like sunshine on Himalayan snows;
She is a pleasure to look, a wonder to hark
And the fount of all solace found on this Earth,
A joy to meditate and bliss to unite.

She is the soul of the soul of all souls,
She is the light of the light of all lights,
The warmth that sprouts all Universes,
The immortal lamp that lights all the worlds;
She is the divine light of my soul
And unknown horizons of my heart
That descends to my time and space
To unravel hidden treasures within me
And sprouts herself anew in its fold.

A wondrous wonder of the celestial process,
A miracle of the cosmic unfolding,
She is my interface to the world around;
A commoner as I am, sheer divine she is,
I feel divine in her haloed presence
And long to drown in her sacred spring;
Alas, our time is not yet ripe
And we have tasks to attend before that
To meet our goals to the common end.

Noiseless she bears all upheavals before her,
Like a soldier she marches over hell-fires,

And never heeds calls to retract to compromise -
For, it is the light deep in her soul
That makes her she, the dazzling Sun;
She marches straight towards my post
Though she knows not how far we must walk
While shadows of dusk are flying fast
And time for us is losing count.

Praveen Kumar

Divine Orchestra

All is subtle music in this world,
A divine orchestra is playing on,
By whom, for what, none ever know,
Nor when it began, why of it all,
Intangible thoughts of billions years
Failed to answer, nor ever answer;
Grotesque is its pitch, but all attuned,
Scattered all moves, but a system in it,
An organic structure invisible to eyes
Make cosmic music incomprehensible,
Only felt, perceived by intuitive minds.

World looks fell bedlam at first sight,
No tools to hold maddening crowds,
No rules, laws, but for inanimate world
And world looks like a battle field,
What Darwin called, survival of fittest -
This is what an uninitiated finds,
Disturbances, noises, disorders all;
Only a trained ear hears cosmic song there,
And celestial laws in atoms and cosmos,
All enwrapped and attuned to perfection
That makes this world a cosmic music.

All is grand harmony in this world,
Spring and autumn, day and night,
How fullmoon-newmoon run for each,
Man and woman, how they match,
Grief and joy, complementing each,
Rose and thorns, creepers and trees -
Each together build beautiful world,
Spawn lovely melody, subtle and godly;
Rise and fall, and crest and trough,
Each tail to head in moving cycles
Bring myriad rhythms and myriad rhymes,
Bring lilt and cadence of celestial depth,
Only a silent soul hears while attuned to it.

Praveen Kumar

Divinely Bound

After all these rapid turns and twists
That sent you over hell-fires
And me to deep trough of sprites,
After all these rolls of fierce waves
That carried you to oceans' dark depths
And me to vacant barren shore,
Harrow'd and obscur'd as you are,
And languid and lost as I am,
We cry from afar from unknown lands
With no hopes in us of tryst anywhere
And no strengths in us to live without.

Who can wrap fire on papers?
Who carry the Sun in his pockets?
We are mere frames of divine causes
And carried at will by mysterious winds;
All we yearn are hollow straws
That fly and fall on wind'd bidding,
All we dream are bleach'd clouds
That scatter and vanish next moment;
Tangled are we in cruel designs,
The nature wove for its own plays;
But, you are you, and I'm I,
We are halves of the one and only one,
Divinely bound, insuperably blent
In the deep core of the celestial truths,
That the nature can never truly tear
In spite of designs it labour'd to weave;
It is the straw that keeps us afloat,
It is the cloud we look for rains,
For, tout vient a qui sait attendre,
And we wait till we truly collapse,
Though no hopes in us of tryst anywhere
And no strengths in us to live without.

Praveen Kumar

Evolution

Where is this world is heading to?
Forging to the future of perfection,
Or retracting to the past of constant feuds
Of annihilation and destroying itself?
Where is this world is heading to?
Forging in evolution in constant eruptions,
Or delving to hellfire of constant doubts,
Of jealousy and hatred in silence for all?

Fairness and justice, right conduct are
Withering like blossoms in wilderness here,
Uncar'd, unattended in wild hue and cry
Of quelling opponents or who dare to stand up,
And trappling 'neath feet who counts not for self;
Love and friendship are manoeuvres here,
Ladders to scale mere false heights
Of temporal gains and ephrmeral pleasures
In fleeting patches along flitting passage
Of bricks, laid uncemented, unmortared,
Where any brick any time may slip one day.

Nothing in this world now inspires trust,
Nothing in this world gives peace or rest;
Wherever one sees, discontent and lust,
That drives man and man, oh, neck to neck.

Nations and nations on warpath,
West and East in unnecessary wrath,
Religions in god's name let blood to hell;
Races and tribes, cultures and sects,
Regions, languages, all fight to swell
By feeding on other and breeding on it;
All against one and all against all,
It's pure mess and ocean of confusion
In sky high tides, sweeping away peace
And tearing the trust that cements the world,
And toppling the pillars of fairness and justice.

Might is right here, weakness is doom,
Nuclear bomb, a virtual god,
And economic might is god's god;
Where is this world is rattling to
In the rocket of time, lifted above ground?
To what horizons without firm ground
Is this bubble-world is lifted to?
Is this doom or evolution's process,
Or a negative shade of evolution's glory?

From early aeons evolved this world,
In splutters and splitters of rising stakes;
How confused is ocean, so evolved is this world,
And evolution is on track without any breaks.

Praveen Kumar

Far Shore

We sail thro' ceaseless cosmic ocean
And navigate wild long falls and rise,
Unperturbed by strong wind and tides,
With prayers within, struggles without
To land on far shore that beckons us;
Path ahead is undefined and endless,
The shore we seek, real only in hopes;
But challenges of sail, real like breaths,
Every moment, day, from start to end;
It's losing fight against fugitive hope.

It's mere blue, all around our sail,
Below and above, on sides, in front,
No colours, rain bow, music around;
Monotonous silence in ocean's breaths
Stifle our dreams of reaching shore;
Yet we do sail with doubled up struggle
And endeavour to run to invisible shore;
For, it's our end, nest, identity we have,
That makes us, us, part of each other;
We're both naught without it to hold.

Wounds we suffered, yet tender, painful,
Fatal oft, yet, no time we lower our sail,
While uncertainties throng, setbacks block;
For, mysterious beckons from invisible shores
Shores us up with dear promises to hold –
Of diamond and luster conjoining again,
Honey, its sweetness, rediscovering each;
The glow we see in the future's trough
Relegates blood, sweat, tears that flowed
To oblivion like fuel in hungry fire's bowl.

Yet, nothing is visible, bare blue around,
Now I'm in for plunge in the life's cycles;
No doubt, I rise, navigate thro' the ocean;
Blocks do rise, far shore remains indistinct,
And we struggle and bleed in false hopes;
Thus we sail thro' endless cosmic ocean,
And navigate wild long falls and rise
With light in soul, and blood, all over us,
Till we reach cherished invisible shore,
Where we find ourselves ecstatically One.

Praveen Kumar

God

Wherever I look for the clues of God,
I only find huge contradictions;
Wherever I dig for the footprints of God,
I only find riddles staring at me.

Intellect while finds no God anywhere,
Insight lights God wherever I see;
Reasons while find no need for God,
Consciousness sees no world but for God.

Delved so deep as fermions and bosons,
I found no space for God at all;
Beyond its barrier reasons vanished,
I found no reasons to doubt Him there.

I rose so high as bubbles of universe,
Nowhere I found His supposed abodes;
Beyond those bubbles intellect failed,
God as pure intelligence pervaded that.

Faults of creation found everywhere
Cast doubts on works of the Almighty;
But inherent order 'neath faulty world
Affirms pure intelligence pervading all.

How disorders abound from inherent order?
How sorrows spring from blissful God?
Oh, God is not bliss or order we presume,
God is pure consciousness that stirs all worlds.

Imperfect are my eyes, incomplete I see,
Crippled, human mind; limited, intellect;
Does an ant 'neath foot find human kind?
So, not God ever by a little human mind.

The symmetry of this world, its subtle links,
No common mind evolves, nor understands;
What a super mind designed, and built it all,
But for consciousness inherent in all worlds!

Praveen Kumar

Goddess in Human Form

She is not like all,
She is self-contained
And kind to all.

Simplicity is her virtue,
Honesty, her strength,
She is pleasing to all.

She detests none;
While goings are hard,
Silent she keeps.

She built her fences
On inner dictates
And crosses it not.

Though bright like Sun,
Never she fights for rights,
Nor yields to any wrong.

Men or women, adore her,
But she keeps her space,
Yet she is darling of all.

Hard on herself is she
In keeping to her values,
And spares not her faults.

While commits to a job,
She is body, mind and soul
Till her job is done.

No shortcuts she relishes,
Laborare est orare for her,
And strives for her best.

Neither she fights nor competes,
She is gentle to the core
And loves to hide herself.

She prefers to give up life
Instead stealing others' joys,
Selfless is her soul.

Spartan she is in habits,
Never she seeks loud worlds,
Always sincere soul.

Never she ever overstretches,
Nor falls behind in any,
Poise is her strength.

No small joys for her,
Austerity is her life
Though gentle is she for all.

Gentle jasmine smile in her,
Friendly warmth in eyes
Blossom souls about her.

Transpicious like glass,
Nothing hidden or grey in her,
She is an open book.

She bends willingly to the knee
While pressures work from above,
But recoils beyond limits.

Soft in talk certainly she is,
A pleasure to have face to face
And gentle in rapport always.

She yields to all bounds,
But unusually bold she is
While time calls for that.

None has seen her really angry,
She withdraws in right time
An saves good time for all.

No fear ever touches her,
But she never stands to resist
And hurts none anytime.

No leisure she enjoys,
Hard work is her trait,
She keeps always busy.

She is Golden Wonder,
Purest of pure gold;
True gold fears no fire.

In love, she is sheer Goddess,
A metaphor of sacrifice,
Pure devotion is she.

She throttles past and present
And wrecks life ahead
If love calls for it.

Her love is no impulsive act,
A soulful commitment,
Beyond life's limits.

But she wrecks even love,
If it is to steal from others,
And wrecks her own life.

Gentle like flowers she is;
And more fierce than fire
When it comes to that fix.

Hard like coconut shell is she,
Also delicious like its core,
When she faces hard world.

She gives not heart to any,
Once given, takes not back,
And willingly suffers for that.

Twice she comes to life
To meet her man again
Though he is aged now.

In age of women's rights,
While men and women in odds,
She may be an odd piece.

Whoever whatever may judge,
She is God of true God,
My Goddess in human form.

Praveen Kumar

Golden Glow

I wonder at Almighty's unbound skill,
Perfection of work, His seamless will,
When I see you as His creation's model.

An invisible charm beyond eyes' field,
Hallowed radiance in kaleidoscopic grid,
In ceaseless stream, invisd, you spread.

You're true pleasure, soul's valued treasure,
You enthrall soul beyond earthly measure,
In sheer poetry that flows in leisure.

You're pure harmony, silent flow of music,
In curves and shapes of bodily fabric,
In colour, in tone, moves, in ethereal magic.

Beauty outward, you're perfect inside;
Over those worlds, live bridges you build,
And devolve true beauty all over the world.

At times I do marvel at the ironies of God,
Who created you in lofty beauty, rectitude,
How he deigned to give ugly messy world?

You're soul-stirring live golden glow,
Down from the Heaven, on Earth you flow
To lift our spirit, while soul, tired and low.

If harmony and beauty, the nature of God,
You're sheer God, deigned in human hood;
Heavenly music you're, live rhythm of God.

Beauty you bring is life-giving and soothing,
Like fresh water streams, alive and breathing,
And spills, and spells soul in unearthly musing.

Honest and sincere, in simple backdrop,
You raise for world trust's fertile crop,
And make life a pleasant confidence to drape.

Praveen Kumar

Golden Wonder

I waited long for her,
But she didn't come in time;
When she came, I was too muddled,
Clouded and uncertain;
But she was crystal clear and firm,
Kaleiodoscopic in her elements,
Fragrant like jasmine
And innocent like morn-dew -
Sweet, gentle, sincere and honest,
Ever so simple and obliging;
I was beholden to her sparkling presence
Though didn't know that she was her;
She took me like a royal guest
With flowers and honey and glitters of gold
And immortal light in her faithful soul;
Awakened to the depth of her invocation,
And stirred by the strength of her convictions,
It dawned to me that she is her,
My Golden Wonder coming true.

I wrapped her in my soul,
Lest I may lose her yet again;
Alas, my soul was too short, she, too huge
And she slipped because I was unprepared to hold;
I saw, she slipped as I saw,
Deep and deeper to the life's abyss
Till no more my hands reach there -
She, crying aloud, hands raised
And I, shouting in grief, soul stretched,
To no avail, for time is not right.

Praveen Kumar

Greater Than Infinite

You're greater than infinite,
You're immesurable, invisible,
Yet all pervading around me;
However tall I stretch to catch you,
You remain beyond my grasp;
However hard I strive to withdraw from,
You resurface to prove again
That I'm incomplete without you;
You bubble up from stark void
And disappear in infinite's stream,
Leaving me puzzled what you are.

I called you my golden wonder,
But I realise words too shallow;
No wonders can be puzzling as you're,
Nor any gold be so noble as you're,
Nor a golden wonder has your depth;
The glitter I see is from divine light
That streams out of your subtle charm;
The subtle depth I find around you
Reflects intensities of power you have;
You're present all over me, within,
But I see you nowhere, hear nowhere,
Nor trace you beside, however I try;
For, you transcend me, my fancies,
Beyond my horizons is your depth.

You're greater than infinite,
You're immesurable, invisible,
Yet all pervading around me,
Leaving me puzzled what you are.

Praveen Kumar

Happiness

Happiness is the blossoming of soul,
Opening out of the petals of heart;
Happiness sheds light from inside
To share it with the world around;
Happiness is gentle spring from soul,
That fills world with sprinkles of joy;
Happiness is sharing, embracing all
While strains, removed, relief comes.

Rest on the crest of the time's tides,
Happiness springs to dip to trough;
Gentle flame, happiness; sacred fire,
Dips, vanishes when its cause is lost;
Ephemeral indeed, but eternal at core,
It sprouts new life, adds light to life;
Happiness, heaven of transient spread,
But heaven indeed, with immortal depth.

Happiness is release, happiness, rapport,
Happiness in essence is finding oneself;
Shedding outgrowths is true happiness,
Finding oneself in pure natural glory;
Some find it outside, some find inside,
But all as reflections of the inner gestalt;
Happiness is fulfilment of inner dreams,
Sensing one's moves nearer to the goals.

Happiness is joy, and happiness is dance,
Happiness, wildfire; catches all around;
Happiness, pied piper, leads from front,
All acts and moves, all struggles in life;
Happiness is king who reigns mankind,
To share him with, all struggles to live;
Happiness is fuel that runs life's engine,
All seek its streak from grief's wilderness.

Praveen Kumar

Harmony

All universe is a symphony
Of overwhelming harmony,
All universe, magical euphony
Of discords and cacophony.

Universe, an evolving creation
Of parts to harmonious whole,
Universe is elegant evolution
To harmony as its single goal.

Harmony is love, it's beauty,
Harmony, nature's profundity;
Harmony is peace, it's grace,
Harmony is truth at right place.

An orchestra of unrelated parts,
Harmony is love and true beauty;
Harmony drags on rails all parts
For onward move to divine duty.

Harmony is attunement of souls,
Harmony is synchronised goals;
Harmony, accomplishment itself,
Harmony is fulfilment of self.

Lullaby to soul, lightness at heart,
Harmony blunts disturbances within,
Holds all pulls of strife and fight
In single string of care and concern.

Hamony is rhythm, harmony is rhyme,
Harmony is back to universal truth;
Harmony is blend of essence in time,
Harmony is true god in its right depth.

No mismatch there, no fear or care,
All, easy march in synchronised flow;
No doubts, discord; no constraint ever,
Harmony is the nature's innate law.

Harmony is the divine give and take
Towards sacred goal of good of all;
Harmony is love, it's beauty awake,
Their sole soul that stands it that tall.

No love or beauty, no truth or world
Without the harmony to fill their gap;
Love is love; beauty, to beauty tied
And world is truth in harmony's lap.

Harmony is at heart of the evolution,
Harmony is the holy spirit of creation;

Harmony is solvent that dissolves all
To roll the creation to cherished goal.

The cosmic focus that brings all close,
Harmony is force that binds into one;
Time and space in the universal maze
Bow to the biddance that harmony rein.

Praveen Kumar

Her Sheer Presence

She’s one in trillions in this huge world,
Among those born from yore to this date,
And one in the crowd of the female world -
To the entire world that knows her not;
But, she’s trillion worlds, female essence
In its sheer glow of celestial brilliance,
Descended on Earth, to my honest self.

I see the bests blended in her form,
Not a single flaw ever dulls her frame;
She’s perfect rhyme in rhythmic flow,
Be it in carriage, mind or shining soul;
Enthralling music, harmonic melody,
She’s fluid flow of entrancing dance –
Whatever she does mirrors her soul.

Beauty enwraps her outward world,
And beauty fills her inward world,
And builds bridges ‘tween those worlds;
Beauty in her is transcendental truth,
That finds in her its natural geste;
She’s beauty’s beauty, beauty, her nature,
Beauty finds itself in her deeper self.

She calms my mind, brings me rare peace,
An elation of rare joy enwraps my soul,
When I find myself in her sweet presence;
She blossoms my soul, lights inner core
By her smiling eyes locking to my soul;
I find her as an ocean of pure innocence,
I yearn to drown myself and forget all else.

I feel fragrant halo of glowing white light
Surrounding her world - simple and honest;
No strain of complexes or breached mosaic –
She’s tall, single whole, selfless pure soul,
Descended on Earth among wrong crowds
To balance nature’s faults by sheer presence,
And hold live hopes of creation’s resurgence.

Praveen Kumar

Her Stamp On Me

While I was alone in my sanctum sanctorum,
She opened door and broke in in gentle steps
And stood beside me in silent reverence;
I knew not who this angel from what heven,
Come for what benevolence on my lonely soul;
She smiled jasmine smile from her rosy face,
Her eyes in benign sunshine kissed me;
I spoke not a word and invited her within,
Like eager Goddess she is, she entered inside,
And filled my Being like sunshine at dawn;
I took her in arms and showered all warmth
In swings of love, reverence all over her face;
Flush with desires, she blushed, liquesced,
I lifted her face, lips to lips, I locked her
And gently sucked love from her parted lips.

Caught in flares of desire, my Golden Wonder
Shed the veil of bosoms standing between us
And proudly stood straight to my eyes' feast;
Lo, purest golden mounds in golden splendent glint!
I swooned by its beauty, its heavenly subtle charm,
I swooned with pleasure of the desires surging inside,
And held her heaving bosoms in my shaking hands
And pressed, played and squeezed to my heart's content
And took my lips there and played heavenly games
While she exposed all herself to my passion's flood
With madly throbbing heart and soul in desire's rage,
Her body clinging mine, and mine joyously hers,
She was begging, more, and I was giving all
Till exhausted we were and slipped to blissful sleep
In ech other's arms lest we lose the other.

While I awoke from the blissful sleep,
I found her nowhere in sanctum sanctorum;
The door she opened then, she kept open yet,
That allows cold wind fill sanctum sanctorum;
The bed we used bears signs of passion's acts,
Bringing forth the acts we indulged for the other;
Why did she then come and why did she part now,
From where did she come and where did she go,
Neither I asked her nor did she tell me then;
But I know she is real, we together were real,
More real indeed than before or after then;
Like a shooting star in starless dark sky
She came and lighted my world for a while
And relegated me then back to my dark fate,
And so affixed her stamp forever on me.

Praveen Kumar

Honesty

Honesty is like lovely flowers,
Blossoming in their own trees,
Fair and simple without strains;
Honesty is pure inner voice,
Without deflections by the self;
True to conscience, honesty is;
But, not truth, by itself;
Soft and gentle like full moon light,
Honesty is reflected conscience,
Unlike sunlight of the direct truth;
Honesty is always circumspect,
Revolving around the conscience,
Built in and sprout from integrity.

Quiet and silent,
Honesty prefers to bow and crawl;
It is firm, yet flexible in tone,
Amidst noise, comforting tune;
Honesty never jumps and shouts,
Grounds always to deeper depths
To confirm, reconfirm fairness in it;
Truth is verbal and loyal to law
While honesty, loyal to justice itself,
Honesty is god, the final truth.

Honesty is multi-rooted truth,
Its tentacles spread to depths and breadths,
To widths and heights, in dimensions all,
And blossoms truth in total shape;
Honesty is that gentle light
That spreads out from everlasting lamp
Of consciousness deep inside soul,
In tandem with universal truth;
Honesty is pure satisfaction,
Honesty is the enrichment within,
Honesty hoists confidence,
Honesty is strength in its truer sense
That helps to walk, head held high.

No tinge of doubts ever suffers honesty,
No reasons ever refract honesty,
For, honesty springs direct from soul,
Its roots embedded in Being itself;
Honesty is fairness seen within,
Without manoeuvres souring it;
Honesty sprouts from integrity's floor
And adds to peace and comforts of world.

Praveen Kumar

Hopeless Wait

I know, you certainly break barriers
And come to my world like a warrior;
You cross hurdles and jump the gulfs
On own steam while decide yourself.

Time is not ripe, dynamics, not right,
Attempts now lead to indiscreet fight;
Rash and negligent drive for present
Crash our world to irretrievable plight.

You do count days with glint in eyes
For A to cross B to form cross-hairs
To pull the trigger and raise war cries
To rush to my world in joyous fares.

Years rolled in silence to longish past,
No mark in sight yet to spur you to act;
Frustrations do set in by fruitless wait,
But we sail through by our mutual trust.

Patience sails best along time’s ocean,
We know, time serves in appointed hour;
Let us fully yield to destiny’s decision,
For, what comes naturally is always ours.

Never you shirk to fight odds on path,
Nor I hesitate to take on natural wrath
In moulding our world of love and trust,
That spurs us forth for our endless wait.

Praveen Kumar

Horizons Go Dark

I need you more than ever before,
More every day and more every hour,
For, you're my breath, my light within,
The beacon that leads me to my goal,
The spur that goads me to move further
To the far away world that awaits me
From eoan ages of the life origin,
Where I become I, and you become you,
Who make our world complete by itself
And fulfill our lives in each other's spell.

You realise not what you're for me,
That you're my goal, you're my path,
That you're the cause that spawned me,
That you're the end I seek to unwind
And blend with and find my subtle end,
That you're my breadth, you're my depth,
You're the spark that makes me I'm;
You fill in me like light in heaven,
That sprouts Universe from endless gloom
And cause the warmth and swell of life.

You're away, and shooting farther away,
Static I'm, looking perplexed and dumb,
With eyes fixed on horizons for signs
Of you emerging back to rejoin me;
Alas, tired are eyes, and horizons go dark,
But, no signs anywhere in unknown horizons
Of you changing mind and coming back
To the world where you do truly belong,
The world that went barren and lost
And awaits your advent minute by minute.

Praveen Kumar

I Breathe Those Dreams

While outer eyes are shut, inner eyes do open,
While outer world shrinks, inner world does swell;
It's how my dreams override real worlds
And I do await miracles from the blue sky;
After losing her, my dear golden wonder,
And all left bereft of any value in life
In the vast desert of endless mirages,
I'm staring far heavens for traces of my love.

It is gloomy dusk, breaking now to night,
And birds are flying back to their nests;
Long shadows of dark spread over the sky,
But, like the North Star I stay in her wait;
I know that soon it would be midnight
Without a trace of light, melody or fragrance,
Where a stranger to myself I turn to be,
But I refuse to quit my eternal watch.

I know I'm out of reson or rhyme
And all I do are labour for naught;
Sometimes, inner call is more real than reasons,
And a flame in soul is beyond gain and loss;
I know not what is there beyond horizons,
Is it sheer vacuum or heaven's doors;
Does my girl wait for opportune hour
To break therefrom to reach our home?

I look round heaven to have her glimpse,
I find her in clouds in variegated shapes,
I watch sunrise for a clue of her presence,
But nothing ever worked and I feel all lost;
I search moonlights in fullmoon days,
I count all stars in newmoon nights
To trace her path to reach my hope
And trace time's mansion raised for us.

These are grand dreams beyond real worlds,
And I know I do live in oceans of illusions;
Dreams sustain those whom realities let down,
And I breathe those dreams and feed on them.

Praveen Kumar

I Came As A Spark

I came as a spark
To light your wick
And ignite our life, full and bright;
You gave yourself
To my warmth,
But vanished afore life gathered light.

Bound in darkness,
Spark without a wick,
Like ghost I linger directionless;
Mere heat, no light,
No place to halt,
I wonder how bring an end to this.

I seek not a wick,
Don’t light other life,
You hold my spark all your life;
Where you vanished,
Whence you come back,
No sign anywhere to guide along.

I know how you long
For the spark I bring
To light your life to immortal height;
While allow not else
To light your life,
How I look elsewhere to light other life?

I’m set apart
To light your wick
And ignite our life, full and bright;
You’re set apart
For my warmth,
We wait for the other, life after life.

Praveen Kumar

I H’ve My Word To Cross And Reach

The path ahead is long and winding,
Fall and rise in the passage is binding,
Mammoth rocks block, tall walls stall,
Wild beasts do foist dread of sudden fall,
Invisd insects suck blood from life –
But I’ve my word to cross and reach
And take you to nest of love and warmth
To breed our dreams to resounding truth.

Half way you come and half way I cross,
Why half and half do not make full?
Mysterious pulls do stand betwixt us
That thrust us afar and we move apart;
How long to bear this tortuous game?
A quarter mile ahead, full mile pull-back,
Criss-cross passage does drain the soul,
But, firm at purpose, I renew endeavour.

I know, I reach and take you to arms,
Comfort your soul with love and warmth;
The promise me keeps struggling along
Oblivious of pains and disgrace on road;
When I look at goal, where I must reach,
Rough terrains of track stoop to my walk,
And works as springboard, my inner urge,
And I run, again run, in endless surge.

Praveen Kumar

I Need You

Wherever you be hiding from my world,
Whatever hide and seek you be playing,
I trace and take you out, for I need you,
I feel spent force, barren, without you;
Aeons, it may take to trace you behind stars
In ever expanding expanse of the infinite sky,
And pluck you from its time-space complex;
But I do it, for it is you, after all,
Soul of my soul, heart of my heart,
You are the mind of my mind, my light;
I cann't let you drift in celestial clouds
And burrow myself in darkness forever.

Unbearable is chill that surrounds me,
Impregnable is darkness that wraps me,
While you hide in uncharted regions;
Wings refuse to flutter, carry me aloft,
Winds refuse to sail me thro' on its crest;
But I cann't rest, for I must have you back,
And I limp and run till wings warm up,
And winds bend to my will's brute force;
I fly and trace and have you one day;
That flame lights soul and keeps me alive
With hopes as fuel to carry me along,
However far you be hiding from me,
However long be the time I take for it;
For, necessitas non habet legem,
And flames cann't be wrapped in time's papers;
I move heaven and Earth to reach you one day,
And tear all worlds till have you back.

I know, you lost way in celestial clouds,
Burrowed very deep in unending darkness,
And moving trough and crest to reach me again;
No signals of my probe reach your world,
No signals from you reach my world,
And we grope in shadows to catch the light;
While light is far, its shadow, best bet,
While goal is far, run for it is best bet,
And I breathe my struggles to have you back,
And the flame it burns keeps me alive.

Praveen Kumar

I Wait For Some Rain

It is long since I wrote,
Or utter'd quotable quote,
For, nothing truly troubles within,
Nor birth pangs of new sparks I feel;
No magic of sprouts shooting from seed,
Nor blossoming of flowers from bud
I feel in soul stirring me;
It's all levell'd, motionless, flat
Like endless spread of Arabian desert:
Dry and tasteless, stir-less and still;
No ride upwards, nor move downward,
No pain or pleasure, or live dreams -
Like endless ocean lying around;
What can sprout in this barren land?
What hopes firm up in lifeless sand?
I feel like lost in endless night,
Groping for what I myself know not;
No hunger or thirst reaches my shore,
A spiritless peace envelops all.

I wait for some rain
To drench me from head to heel
And flush out stagnancy stinking around;
I want some thunder
To stir me out
And flash of lightning
To instill hope;
It be winter or summer
Or autumn or spring,
All are welcome
To stir me from sleep;
For, life is not quiet graveyard
Of stillness and complacence,
But a challenge to face, win or lose,
And fill the soul with thrills of life
Those sprout as sparks to write and quote.

Praveen Kumar

I Want Her As She Is

I want her as she is,
Neither more nor less,
Nor florid nor aureoled,
But only as she is -
All and whole of her,
As sprouted in nature's womb
In all natural glory
At its finest hour.

It is not contents alone,
More of they are ratios
And the kind that cements them;
It is all rhymes and rhythms
And the concinnity computing it;
It is her unique blend,
Soul and self, mind and heart,
Her liquid body, that motion
That always spells my soul,
Rouses all fancies
To splendorous dazzles.

She is my perfect measure;
Neither she is spilling over,
Nor ever wanting more,
Just to the brim of my cup,
And happily very full;
She rhymes within herself,
And rhymes with me;
Her rhythm with my soul
Flowers inner core,
Spreads pollen of joy;
Her divine sweet fragrance
Is my soulful peace,
My ultimate contentment.

I want her as she is,
Nothing else I want;
She is my light, my might,
Whatever she is, is always right;
She is heart to heart,
More, she is from soul to soul,
Beyond logic and thought;
Ours is the flame of soul
Burning together in us
For eternity and beyond;
We complement the other
Beyond yang-yin needs,
Beyond celestial spreads,
Like love and God ever do.

Praveen Kumar

I’m Not Alone In This World

I’m not alone in this world,
I know, you’re part of my world;
Days, seasons and years change,
Past, present and future too change –
Nothing remain constant ever here;
But, I know, you never change for me,
And remain constant as polar star
In the world I live, to guide me forward.

Clouds may hide you from my eyes,
And I may fail to mark you sometimes,
But never you fail in your presence,
In showering me with all your light –
That much never I doubt in my life;
This by itself is my peace and worth,
Solace, contentment, true fulfillment,
That invests me with deep confidence.

Though I know this truth deep within,
Constantly I seek you all round outside,
And insecure I go by doubts within
When frozen silence stares me all round –
And I implode with pain and frustration;
You do see my state and grieve for it,
But helpless as I’m, in reaching me,
And unravel all truth to comfort me.

Though you are there, and I’m here,
We constitute in consort a constant world –
Each lighting the other for eternal time,
In spite of tall wall that divides us,
That indeed never tall to keep us apart;
For, we’re broken pieces of the same soul,
Awaiting divine ordain to conjoin again,
And await that fate however long it makes.

Praveen Kumar

Immortal Love

Timeless you are, timeless, our bond,
Timeless is the course we are to traverse,
Timeless is the desire I suffer for you,
Timeless we live in each other's arms.

Timeless is the yarn that spun us close
In warps and woofs of time's textures,
Timeless am I until I have you for me,
Till I breathe in you, you light my soul.

Timeless is cosmos till we live for each,
Till sunshine and moonlight light for us,
Till springs come back after every winter
To bind us closer every succeeding year.

Nights follow days in recurring cycles
To purge the ennui that wraps the Earth;
Time does very oft snatch you from me
To rattle me in search thro' celestial nooks.

I fly to troughs of far ends of cosmos
And grope for you in celestial darkness
In hope against hope till worn wings fail,
Till heart, shuts, and all lights extinguish.

Voila, you rise from unknown horizons
Like free and fresh dazzling morning star
And you seize me with your divine light
And lays bare worlds once we lived together.

On zenith, I respond, and reach the crest,
Flowers blossom and spring spurts out,
And we strive to reach for togetherness,
Only to find us time, alas, drifting apart.

We struggle and fight to tame the time
And find us bleeding from the struggle
In helpless grief and shattering pains
Till time from me snatches you again.

Like day and night and spring and winter,
This grief and joy goes round and round;
Alas, it is total grief, only half is the joy,
Yet, we move in love, strength to strength.

Life is strife, and life is a long process
To the invisible end where all we move;
Strife and struggle and the grief and pain
But passages to build our immortal love.

Praveen Kumar

In Eternal Elegance

A chapter is love in a man's life,
It sinks deep and occupies his whole
And makes him hollow and lost when it dies;
But love is all of life for a woman,
Essence, very being, the light of her life;
It soaks her whole in its huge bulk
And dies with her, parting only at her death;
She does rise beyond and floats in its field,
But never any more can come out of the fold
Till she breathes last and dissolves in the vast;
It is how a man in love is made,
It is how a woman in love is made.

But, you aren't just a chapter in my life,
Nor I die to you while you dissolve in the vast;
You are my essence, the light of my life,
You soak my whole in love's huge bulk
And never I can rise out of your fold.

You rise and set like the Sun in heaven
Beyond the brinks of hopes and grief,
Oft touching the zenith of the mid-day Sun,
Oft reaching the trough of the midnight dark,
Giving me shocks of deep joy and despair
In cycles that shatter confidence in me;
You are my hope, my light, confidence;
The glimmer of advent you ignited in me
Navigates me along long channels of grief
To reach far shore where we meet and live
Like Goddess and God in eternal elegance
Beyond fleeting cycles in true poise and peace.

Praveen Kumar

In Memory's Lane

As I dip to the memory's lane,
As depth deepens by days and years,
I find you slipping from my hold.

As shadows lengthen with the setting Sun,
As brooding fireball dips in horizons
I grieve for the transiency of our lives.

Sprites flail, thoughts fail to find you again,
Immortal flames once raged, fading now,
And I grope for you in darkness.

Where has gone that raging fire
That fused us in one in such a bliss,
Now vanished where to what time's womb?

Indeed time is the biggest negator,
The eternal pit of all of the past,
And suffers our bond in the scanner now.

A pall of oblivion thickens by days,
And I feel like you're on run from me,
And I lose light from deep within me.

Helpless am I afore the nature's forces,
Nothing can I do save fear for you,
Alas, I should bear, and continue to walk.

Is it our end or beginning anew,
Only He knows who created as we are,
And binds and unbinds as He thinks best.

Nothing is lost from the cosmic wrap,
So is our bond perchance in fall and rise,
Only to conjoin afresh in a higher plane.

Praveen Kumar

India

India, not a country,
India is Universe itself;
A mini Universe
Of gargantuan galaxies
Running away from the centre
And also from themselves;
And stars within
Collide and merge
Or circumambulate
In show of strength;
Yet, all are bound,
Revolving around distant centre.

India is built
On the bricks of the past,
Laid in unending layers,
And cemented in Indianness
And reinforced steel
Of the cultural bond;
Earthquake proof
Is its edifice,
No volcanoes ever
Annihilate this field
Though eruptions here
Are ever present.

India is kaleidoscopic,
A patch-work fabric,
But, fabric in essence;
A work of stitches
In threads of steel
Of belonging together;
Patch-works do give
Huge enduring strength
That no aggressors ever
Could tear to pieces;
They stuck to its textures
As warps and wefts.

Himalayan fences
Guard its North,
Deep rolls of seas
At East and West
Protect its shores,
Lest India lose
Ingenuous identities
Of height and width,
Of depth and strength
In spiritual light
That illumed humanity
From its very root.

Ups and downs are
But natural rules;
India saw myriad ebbs,
Myriad falls in its soul,
But never snapped;
India free indeed sees
Criminals at the helm,
Public, silent,
While evils do rule the roost;
Be rest assured,
Trough leads to crest;
Await advent of golden age.

India is world's spiritual land,
India holds world's leash in hand;
Evils soon sink in time's sand
To resurface India in moral lead.

Praveen Kumar

Invisible Shores

Fresh like the first rose of summer,
You broke on my horizons
And brought flutters of new colours
And flusters of new spring
I never knew exist.

It was dream-like, but bright and real,
With youthful colours changing hues
And breezes humming loveful tunes.

I knew not how to entreat you,
I knew not, were you real or a dream;
But like sunshine for day, you flooded me,
Like lightning in night, you filled my world;
Alas, good worlds live but for a while
And day comes to night, and spring to winter,
And lightning you brought
Vanished as it came.

Dreams broken are worse than dreams undream'd,
And lights extinguish'd, darker than nightfall;
Colours vanished and dews of tears
Lined my life from horizon to horizon.

Why you came and flurried my life
And changed tack to vanish from there?
The horizons you caught in bright colours,
Aglow yet in mysterious colours,
Where no spaceship breaks and stays anymore,
No colours indeed intrude there;
But the dazzling glow in the far horizons,
Brighter than a billion Suns
Blind my eyes and spreads gloom
In shattered life that dreamed heaven.

You changed tack and vanished once,
You may change tack to reappear again
And light the horizons you chose then,
With dazzling sunshine and bright colours,
For, one who goes is wont to come back,
It is a mere matter of time.

The flame of hope is live in me
And sustains me along rocks and thorns
Though bloods drip from the torn flesh
And tears flow from the sunken eyes.

Hopes are dopes of hallucinations
That drive life to invisible shores.

Praveen Kumar

It's Sunset Now

It's sunset now,
The glorious light of noon how
Dull'd to still dark red
And spreads gloom of death-field?
It's complete night ahead
Of ceaseless blackness and cold;
Day dug in painful grave
Won't promises now to rise above.

We saw rainbow in sunshine
And blossom'd like heaven in bliss;
Ay, all proved soul-wrenching lie,
Quirk of time drifted apart
Souls twined like day and light
And descends on us fierce night;
Why nature conspires always against
That's noble at its elegant height?

It's now worse than dark night,
For we remain forlorn lights apart
Drenche'd in fierce cold night
That waits to devour both of us;
Lights losing in the fierce night
Like truths badly lose to lies
Fill darkness that's worse than dark
And shatter hopes for all the future.

What an end to what a lovely light!
What darkness from dazzling hopes!
Height furthers hurt a thousand times
While badly falls to irretrievable depths;
We're alive to each other,
Yet lost to each irretrievably forever;
We throb and breathe for each other,
Yet why can't we ever come near?

Tears do stream almost all days
Here and there for each other,
We bring no solace to the other,
For bridges are lost between us;
We need each other more every day,
But wedges of time part us more
And distance keeps constantly afar,
Only impossible hope keeps us abright.

Sunrise must follow algate sunset,
But it's dead-end for both of us;
Neither she nor I seek alternate end,
For no life exists apart from each;
We labour, more labour and do hope
That some luck from the distant heaven
Descends for us and unite us forever

And brings us the dawn of eternal light.

Praveen Kumar

Let's Celebrate That

You’re the strand of subtle energy,
I’m vibrations playing thereon;
You’re the nature, female principle,
I’m the stir that awakes passive you;
We together is light that binds vacuum
And fills and lits vast cosmic creation,
That floats infinite parallel Universe.

You’re substance, I give it dimensions,
You’re proto-potence, I’m its Tandava dance;
We procreate waves of time-space complexes
In the womb of absolute nothingness;
Only you and I, who sprang from infinity,
Also the love that binds us together –
Truths in the ocean of Big Bang illusions.

Worlds do collapse and expand in shifts,
Like night and day, like breaths in life;
All comes and goes, transient, inconstant,
Only you and I truly transcend illusions;
And only our love that bound us as one,
Transcends us both as the ultimate truth –
Come, my Priya, let’s celebrate that.

Praveen Kumar

Life

Is it money, power and name
Or merit, contentment and peace
Constitute the triad that stands life.

Money, power and name come
Never but with hard manipulations,
But money, power and name bring
Self-feeding swell of recognitions
In mammoth balloons that rise high
To heaven and do burst very soon;
Money, power and name together
Clothe life with glamour, grandeur
And stop all stigma so not to reach;
They have no root, no content within,
They touch not the core of the life
But fill all life with sound and sight.

Merit, contentment and peace reflect
Inner strengths from deep within,
Add strength to strength for evolved life;
No recognitions here save lateral,
For no inner strength needs pat on back;
Merit, contentment and peace flow
In slow steps to steady target,
In slow growth to fulfilment;
No adornments here, no faux pas,
Dictated from within, straight forward
They flow from soul and build soul,
But live and die unknown outside.

Is it money, power and name
Or merit, contentment and peace
Constitute the triad that stands life.

Merit, contentment and peace bring
Substance and strength to life's carriage,
While money, power and name invest
Shape and contours to the life's passage,
But seldom the twain ever meet in life;
For, each breeds on the other's carrion,
For, each feeds on the other's pain;
World needs each for the other's growth,
Like work and rest or land and forest;
Each leads the other as inseparable twin
Like light and shadow or leader and led;
Both enrich the life in impoverished world.

Praveen Kumar

Life is An Ocean

Life is an ocean,
No shore anywhere around
And I sail alone
‘Midst salt water that hounds
Me from all sides,
And I'm shaken like dry leaves,
And rise and fall in high tides;
Nothing really here move by itself,
Nor I know why all began,
Or when and where all finish;
No compass to aid navigation,
No footprints on water make
And I lost all direction;
But I move as waves take
And sail for sail's sake.

It's all salty, salt, salt,
Nowhere from that to halt;
Breeze is salt, wind is salt,
What I perspire is salt,
What I breathe in and out is salt,
Cloths enwrap me are salt;
I sail thro' salt,
Dreaming of sweet
Of reaching the shore.

I'm tired,
For, ocean is rough,
But, whatever may come or go,
I should sail hard and tough
All thro' the endless struggle
Till providence shows up
Along the unending maze
A stop to this blind race;
I'm weathered to bone,
Drenched in salt sweat,
But no rest at sight;
The sun is fiercely hot,
Burning all around,
But clouded is my world
Like lonely ghost in burial ground
And I'm dried out,
And struggling for breath.

How long this struggle?
How long should I wriggle
On this wasteful sail?
Left and right,
Back and front,
All look alike,
Sheer water unto horizons,
No trace of shore anywhere;

Where should I turn,
No parameters to choose;
How far should I sail,
No signboards to mark;
It's tides ‘neath
And winds above
Carry me forth,
And I like dry leaves
Float anywhere they carry
Till some tides throw me ashore
Somewhere for no reason;
That is my stand in this sail,
That is my stamp on this world -
Mere sweep on the water mass,
No footprint anywhere to last.

Praveen Kumar

Long Path Is Ahead

Long path is ahead,
Shadows lengthen,
Dusk is spreading fast
And I feel exhaustion;
Bright road has gone dim,
Figures look like ghosts,
I fail to figure pits
'Neath my feet;
Yet I drag myself
Step on step,
For, my post lies ahead
And beckons me forward;
Steps falter,
Legs fail to hold,
Chill enwraps soul,
But, I move forward;
How long this toil,
How far this drag,
No light to guide,
No warmth to spur.

I look back in horror
The path I travers'd,
Full of hills and dales,
Prone to dangerous slides;
How I reached here,
I myself don't know,
What turns I took,
I remember not;
It's now dark there
Like dark curtain,
I just see outlines
Overlapping each other;
Past is locked door,
Nor I retract there,
Bleak is road ahead,
But I can't stay here;
Day or be it night,
My destiny is ahead,
Fresh or exhausted,
I must drag there.

I must steer through
Obscure terrains,
Where what when pounce,
I'm blind, can't figure;
Nor have I strength,
Nor will to stand up
To fight nature's odds,
What love to trap innocents;
The glimmer from ahead,
Too faint to inspire,

Too uncertain and weak
To drag me forward;
How far it lies,
Anybody's wild guess,
Is it dream or real,
I dare not to judge;
I'm bid to move there,
And I crawl to reach there,
Be it pain or in vain,
I have my duty to it.

I reach or not,
I think not least,
I'm bid to move,
That is all that counts;
I grope in darkness
That enwraps me all round,
And I lay uncertain step
Hoping it is right;
So moves the race
To unknown length,
While waiting for rest
To forget all;
I know not when
All comes to an end
And I rest my head
For eternal peace;
The only star in horizon -
That someday I reach
And break this race
Of unfulfilling toil.

Long is this run
From birth to death,
None tell me ever
Why and heads where;
From dark back to dark,
Twilight inbetween
To stalk my run
For nobody's fun;
All hurdles and chains
Like cobra-hoods
In wait to pounce
Disturb my race;
This much I cover'd,
So much is ahead,
Nothing is scored,
Nothing to score more;
Feeble nut and screw
In the colossus of nature,
I run my length
As nature bids me.

Praveen Kumar

Love

Fulfilment of soul is love,
Finding its lost half
From endless counts of human kind;
It's pure joy, it's pure light
That lights soul, mind and heart
Together in a single glow;
It's recurring delightful flood
Of honey and sweet nectar
That enliven souls;
Love is awful surrender of souls
To each other
In selfless devotion,
Where joys swap
And beauty sprouts from each other;
Love is gentle divine lamp
That sheds light everlasting for both;
It blends to a flame
Inseparable ever
And fills them both in bliss forever.

Love is same glow in eyes of both,
Love is same beat in two hearts,
Love is same soul inhabiting two,
Love is same flow in two minds;
Love is shared joy, shared grief,
Love is shared courage, shared fear,
Love is shared dream, shared goal,
All glowing as one in single flame
And create enthralling single world
Of joy and beauty and contentment
That fills paradise in pathos and shame.

Joy and grief go hand in hand,
So love in essence is joy and grief;
Heavenly joy and hellhound grief
Dragging love on its own rails;
Nothing is anywhere like love's joy,
Nothing is anywhere like love's grief,
Both refurbishing soul to glittering gold;
Joy blossoms love and fills fragrance,
Grief deepens love and strengthens it
And enriched is love in joy and grief.

For two in love, nothing else matters,
For no world exists but each other for them;
Together they find all worlds they need,
And divine they are for each other;
He, her God, and she, his always,
Together they make a perfect world;
Though two they are for the visible world,
He in her and she in him, for them
Constitute advaita, the unity of twain.

Praveen Kumar

Love Is The Winner

She is the lamp that burns my soul,
She is the throb that beats my heart,
She is the spark that emits life,
The raison d'etre, the cause of life.

Dark ‘neath light is nature's tryst,
A trough between ridges is its sport;
While she rouses life, spreading pain,
Nature's cruel jest, Newton's response.

The raging flame of love in us
Charred us both to crippled lives;
Life as tsunami rolled over us
To throw us apart on distant shores.

Across deep gulf dividing our lives,
Amidst thick mist enwrapping us,
I see her living a sanyasin's life,
Austere, spartan, lonely, languid.

Broken in self, shattered by loss,
I grieve all day: her distressing state
Cracks my soul, I collapse within
In hapless grief for her pathetic fate.

I strive to reach across the gulf,
Convince that all is all right soon;
So imbued and frozen in grief she is,
She refuses to hear, shuts me back.

Hands, tied and legs, nailed, I
Know not how to tend her back
To rosy life, jasmine fragrance,
Where I love to soak in her nectar.

Past was long, and future, short,
Path ahead is impossibly fenced;
I count days with prayers in heart
For peace, joy and her fulfilment.

But nothing counts in shattered life,
No hopes or future stirs anymore;
Stripped of lights, in midnight she lives,
Post tenebris spero lucem, holds no good.

How long this sojourn of hell for me,
How long should I wait to get her back;
I know, we win if we wait for long,
For love is the winner over all evils.

Praveen Kumar

Love Unseen Unheard

Wherever you be, here, there or anywhere,
It's my abode, my temple, my heaven;
Whenever you smile with sparkles in eyes,
It's my time of fulfillment and pure joy;
However you respond to my earnest call,
It's the course, I do know, that befits me.

You're not you in true sense of the term,
You're more I'm than I ever myself,
With my soul and self truly instilled in you,
That radiates and moulds me as I do;
I'm safer in you than I ever as myself,
You guard me from harm as shield of me.

You're so close, but why remain so far?
Distances are trifle, yet critical sometimes,
Those make or mar structures love builds;
I know your drive, how focused you move,
How safe I go 'neath the sheath you give
From distance neither you nor I could cover.

I'm your vigil; day and night I fill you,
I'm your focus that lights your soul,
And you make me a giant, sublime like god,
Safe and contented, lofty, but what for…?
Alas, nowhere I come up to your height,
And no peace or comfort I'm privileged to give.

You give me all at whatever colossal cost,
But you hate to accept a dime in return,
For fear that that destabilizes the poise,
And harms the state I'm privileged to have,
While you grind yourself in time's hard grooves;
How can any accept, my queen, this illogical move?

I'm in soul, mind, and body obliged to you,
For, I live life as I do by grace and sacrifice,
You imbued me with, in love unseen, unheard;
I do feel wrong, and need to give you myself,
But I know, repayment does insult your height,
Wherefore reverently I wait for whatever you bid.

Praveen Kumar

Loveliest Divine Rose

He and she, young sanyasins
Together served a brahmacharin guru
In an ashram isolated in a wood;
Both virtuous, deeply enlightened souls,
Loved each other from depths of souls;
Inseparable they were, always together,
Devoted alike in grief and joy,
They lived, one soul, in lives two.

The glow of love in their lives,
The bliss they derived from each other,
The bond of love that enlivened them
Made their guru jealous of both;
Her devotion to him created huge hole
In vows of shattered brahmacharin;
In the flare of rising jealous fury,
The guru forgot services they did
And cursed her to part from her love,
Life after life in inconsolable grief,
And endlessly both suffer in their love.

1970.....

Both met each other in nineteen sixty-nine,
At glorious noon of October twenty-nine,
Twenty each they were, going on twenty-one,
Older six months and married she was
With three kids already in her fold;
She fell in love with him forthwith;
He took two months to know the truth,
And loved her back with all his warmth -
She found no bounds to her great joy,
But, alas, her state denied that height,
For, familial bounds shackled her life;
She struggled in vain to distance from him,
And in shabby dress, tried to help him
To disengage him from the spell he was in;
Anyway, fate conspired to separate them,
And parted both, tears in their eyes
On twenty-ninth of March of next year.

She soon died by burning herself
On June twenty-ninth of the same year,
The day he was born many years back;
He learnt of the death a fortnight since,
Devastated he was, in unbearable grief,
Attempted her path in November next
By pills in excess that adduce sleep;
Coincidences unnatural conspired then,
And providence brought his act to naught,
He returned home from medical care;
Fallen and broken, he believed always,

His love went to death to rejoin him soon
As young and unmarried girl for him;
He counted days and years of her
In her new life she assumed for him,
Hoping her advent at age of twenty-one
As in former life, in nineteen ninety-five.

But, alas, years rolled unmindful of his count,
Nineteen ninety-five rolled to millennium next;
No trace of her advent truly shattered his heart,
Perhaps lost path in far galaxies, he thought.

2005.....

They met by chance on March twenty-nine
Of two thousand and four in Bangalore;
She was twenty-four and going on twenty-five,
He was fifty-five, and then married and old;
Past life her stirred, and her soul saw him,
And she found him special on the first day itself;
Unknown of the why, and how of deep stirs,
She loved him from soul as days weeks rolled,
And oft she flummoxed of her passions for him;
Familial rules did reign in her at times,
And she often withdrew to shell of social codes;
But not for long, and she bounce back again,
And this to and fro continued all that year.

He immensely liked her simple sincere soul,
Her honest openness, unbound sweet charm,
Quiet elegance and genial grace she spread,
Her warmth, unfading smile, shine on bright eyes,
Kind and gentle talk, and god-like lovely look,
And special care she showed to his simple needs;
He saw as time passed, she deeply loved him,
But flummoxed why she often withdrew from him,
Why acted as of that he counted naught to her –
That angered him a lot, oft he shouting at her;
But never had she lost her cool to that fury,
Just hung her head sadly as if she was sorry;
While he felt sorry by that untimely fury
And sought her many a time to pardon him,
She replied always, really he must pardon her.

He took ten months to know her inner struggle,
The lonely struggle she fought in her deep love –
Is she his hope from the long lost past,
Coming late to life to fulfill failed hope? –
He believed her advent, second time in life,
And in that lonely strength, in spite of old age,
He declared deep love to his loyal girl.

She remembered not her past or deep love it had,
She only knew her love in present life for him,
And her fear within, how he treats her love;
His talk of deep love brought her to ecstatic bliss,
She found heaven on Earth, her life, pristine gold,
Eager she was to devote her all to him;
But, alas, it dawned, he was a married man,
And her interflow messes up his married life;
She chose to suffer alone to protect his secure life
And keep her fully devoted deep only in her soul
To him, and him alone, all through her life,
Without any man, and interest out of him:
It was her firm resolve, sprouted from her soul;
But, whether she can keep to her own resolve
While living as a part of the societal network?

He was in a fix, knowing past and present,
She was firm on path to follow tapasvini life;
Indeed his heart broke, soul tore to shreds,
While she distanced him, and shattered her life
In the wrench of cruel fate under social pressures;
It is her golden soul and the diamond resolve
That carried her forth in spite of hellish fall;
Like phoenix she rose, my loveliest divine rose,
And lives tapasvini life, in devotion to her man.

She lives always for him, and he, always for her,
She lives always in him, and he, always in her,
Love in hearths of both shining undiminished,
Though never she allows him anywhere near her,
Lest their intense passions harm his family life;
Both in grief live, yearning to meet other,
But, never ever they meet for years and decades;
She cruelly rebuts him while he tries to meet,
And she lives austere secluded life within,
Always in his thoughts, always devoted to him,
As he lives his life in devotion to her life
In soul, mind and body devoted to her thoughts;
Yet the script of their lives, remain incomplete
And Brahman yet to decide how to complete it;
Whether they would meet, and rejoin for all time,
And find fulfillment of their long suffered love,
Or the cycle of that grief continue for more lives,
And old curse they had, wrench them far more,
They certainly know not, but bear all for each other.

Praveen Kumar

Loyalty

When I heard how her world, shattered,
When I learnt how her life, wrecked,
A promising future, sheared to shreds,
So shocked was I, I began to sink,
And world at large lost sense for me;
I wanted to know more three years since,
But blindfold I was, alas, dark all round,
And found light in soul fast losing shine,
Without me aware, tears rolled from eyes.

Most sensible, sincere, sweet flower she is,
Gentle in heart, simple, fragrant for all;
She hurts none, bears odds of all worlds,
Selfless to the core; sacrifice, her mark,
No jealous or ill will roamed near her;
She soon gave her soul in love to a man –
Married by then and inappropriate in age;
Caught unaware, she struggled to come out,
But, alas, as she fought, it held her tight.

Kind as she is, she resolved to not harm
The pristine bond of marriage of her man,
And drag other lives to disorder and grief;
How deep her man, she knew, loved her,
Keeping him at bay was most painful task;
She hid her pains and sheared her bond
With soul-wrenching pain consuming her;
True as her love, she vowed from soul –
She never give herself to any other man.

Nubile as she was, suitors sieged her,
Parents put pressures to choose from them,
Doctors, engineers and post-graduates all
From apt families of name and honours;
She refused outright to consider any,
And faced the wrath of all in her home;
Parents she loved squeezed her hard,
And threatened of savaging name and life
Of the man of her life, for whom she lived.

The threat truly worked, and she lost her will,
She begged for time to choose right man,
Lest her man harmed, though she sank to hell;
Shattered was her soul, crushed was her life,
She planned her course for a wretched life,
Two thousand miles far from kith and kin,
Who unkindly forced her to horrendous hell,
Though in a marriage that helps in the task,
So no harm ever comes to her dear man.

Ignored she her past, ignored all future,
Ignored reputation built on sound ground,

She ignored dear parents, who destroyed her,
And a flourishing life that beckoned her,
Above all, her loyalty to the man of her life,
To protect him from threats of cruel parents,
And left to a far land with a helpful man,
And married him there to satisfy parents,
So, no more those parents harm her man.

With eyes shut, life ruined, she faced hell,
All dark, she found, in midst of new life,
Shed hidden tears while marriage enthused,
And resignedly threw life to ritual wolves,
Finding no way to save from what came;
She felt herself soiled, unfit for her man,
Nor could she relegate him to oblivion;
Day and night, all time, in his thoughts,
Found she hard to settle to new role.

Sincere as she is, simple, sweet in soul,
She sacrificed self to mould married life,
And struggled she hard to cooperate in all;
But differences over time tore married life,
Yet struggled her best to keep life in track;
Pregnant she became, it hit her as a bolt,
She thought it disloyalty to her soul-mate;
Hated this fall, she eliminated the risk
In perfect silence while in native place.

In three years since she lived in marriage,
The fabric of bond tore to irreparable shreds,
Both separated in divorce on her consent;
Firm to not join parents back in native land,
She lived wretched life alone in distress
In the alien land without friends or help,
Just to go on to live remnant of her life;
She found no hope, no future anywhere,
Thought herself unfit, anyway, to her man.

In three years since she faced marriage,
When I heard how her world, shattered,
When I learnt how her life, wrecked,
A promising future, sheared to shreds,
Though knew not of divorce and her lonely life,
And how unsafely she did expose her life
To risks and hardships in an unknown land,
So shocked was I, I began to sink,
Without me aware, tears rolled from eyes.

Praveen Kumar

Man & Woman

Two faces of the same subtle world
That constitute the complete world,
Two spins of the same subtle force
That generate all works in universe,
Man and woman are god in halves.

Man and woman in pure forms,
Harmony at its most blissful kind;
Man and woman in harmony spawn
A world of love, peace, contentment,
Where god exists in purest form.

Man and woman are gentle flames
Eager to fill to a single flame;
But, alas, clash shadows 'neath flames
To disturb harmony's fluid flow,
Blur creations with shadows' patches.

A magnetic wind fills man and woman
To pull them together and add to each;
Each is other's need fulfilment, bliss,
And there lies the nature's subtle skill
To stir the world with excitements.

No world is world sans man and woman
To fill colours and flow gentle emotions,
To flood the world with grief and bliss;
Man and woman make life live to live,
Barren like deserts without their match.

Man's half is laid in woman's world,
Woman's half is laid in man's world;
World ordained both to keep diatance
To struggle to reach the other's world;
Like honey's dropp on a sword's edge.

You play with fire to have your half,
Or cower to be safe and lose your Self:
So is the challenge to mould your life;
Man and woman, a pleasant challenge,
Of precious treasures deep in oceans.

Man sans woman, woman sans man,
Empty like a temple without its god;
They fill the void nature created in each,
They work vital forces needed for each;
They share and bare for common good.

Man and woman are length and breadth
Of the live fabric that constitutes life,
Man forming warps to woman's woofs;
Textures are safe till both criss-cross life

To carry their weights across to the end.

Man blossoms woman, woman blooms man,
Both fill around divine fragrance;
Like sun and moon, they complement
And light all the worlds day and night
And make the life a trapeze of pleasures.

Man is woman's needs built to a mould,
Woman is man's needs built to a mould;
And needs in pursuit excite life's course
To network each other to quench thirsts
By ways and means spared by the world.

Man and woman are eyes of life process,
Man and woman lead each other ahead
To treasures of life hidden otherwise;
Woman lights man's; man, woman's life,
If exists the lamp of harmony and love.

Praveen Kumar

Memory

While night is deep,
Moonlight is dull,
Lying on the back
'Neath dark sky,
I count stars,
Scattered around.

As eyes slip
From star to star,
My thoughts recede
To the vast sky
Of the endless past,
And sparkling stars
Of the memories' lane.

A glow there I find
Seizing the sky,
Horizon to horizon,
That lights the sky,
And dulls the stars.

Seeking what it's,
I look within –
Lo, you, I find,
Emerging from horizon
Of the long lost past
As divine light
From all around.

I find deep stir
Awakening me
To the truth of you,
Though from the past,
But transcends it,
And laces times –
Past and present,
Future and beyond,
To eternal glow.

Pain and pleasure,
Joy and grief,
I find in you
Transcending itself
To divine sensation,
And in its presence,
I go to trance.

Impatient as I'm,
I try to grab
The truth to present,
And yearn to bring
The glow from the past

To light the present.

As I stretch my hand
To the ceaseless sky,
I reach nowhere,
And find your glow
Recede backward,
And move nearer,
While I draw back.

Is it hide and seek
You play with me?
Mouse and cat game
Why you suffer me with?

Heavy in chest,
Tears in eyes,
I resign to fate
And shut my eyes
Farer from the sky,
So, no divine glow
Stirs me any more.

Praveen Kumar

My Aphrodite

You are my love, my Aphrodite,
My means and end to fulfillment;
You are the stir deep within soul,
The light that sheds bliss to soul.

I seek you everywhere:
In blossoms that bloom,
In cool breeze of summer,
In dews on green leaves
In early hours of the dawn;
I long to hold you in my arms,
Our bodies clinging to the other,
My lips locked to liquid lips,
Hands on your heaving bosoms
And fires fiercely enflaming us;
Passions overwhelming both of us,
We drink from bowl we share together
Most exciting and sweet nectar
That numbs forever our separateness
So we merge in rising passion's flood;
My hands in excited sweet madness
Cupping and fondling round bosoms,
And gently you, my love, seeking mine
Till I in haste bare all of mine,
And you imbibe me in sheer joy.

You are my colours, my fragrance,
You are soul in its sublime grace;
You are my rhythm, my heartbeat,
You are my depth and true height.

While low is soul and I grieve,
You rise at front from somewhere
And refill my cup
With joyous lilt and dance in heart;
You whisper strength
And carry to me the message of hope;
When I dip to pit of darkness
And recollect my old sad tales,
You break from dark
With lighted lamp in your hand
And comfort my staid broken soul
With kind and nice reasoned thoughts;
When at night I stare horizons,
You swim as moon to my front
In gentle smiles, and I smile,
What sweeps pains from my face;
You whisper thro' chirping of birds,
Reach and touch me thro' cool breeze;
Then how can I say you are not here,
Or we stand across unbreakable fence?

How spring and colours can ever part?
How breaths ever snap from heartbeat?
Beyond the riddle of time and space,
The oneness of us continues always.

Your advent me grants
New dimensions to life,
Just your presence
Spreads fragrance around;
Cuckoos sing and peacocks dance
While we reach the thresholds of each;
Glooms melt, hearts bloom
While we indulge heart to heart;
When you're near, o, my dear,
I forget all else, forget myself;
You gloriously fill and widely spread
All the nooks of my stilled being
With springs of sweet warm bliss
That bathes my life and all of soul;
I feel blooming in your presence
And rising in joy to sublime heights;
In presence of my pretty Goddess,
Before her pure and sincere love
That transforms to god this simple man,
I feel like god in heaven myself.

Praveen Kumar

My Charming Bride

She is
My charming bride;
Births of yore
Saw us together,
Now waiting for in this life.

Bare is her neck,
Waiting for my touch,
To tie mangalasutra;
I tie my queen,
Love's mangalasutra
Of jewels of my pure soul
With pendant of my heart
And take her to eager arms,
Never again to let her out
From my love's lovely world;
I touch her,
Reach her,
And absorb to soul;
She is the crown of my heart,
Soul of my soul,
My darling,
Who makes me, me,
Me, her own.

Kumkum on her forehead
Is my loveful kiss,
My body itself is her bridal sari,
That clings to her shapely body,
And I kiss her all over there,
'Cause she is all mine,
Mine, mine, and mine only;
Do you agree,
My love, my light, my eternal bride?

My hunger for her,
Anklets of her;
My passions for her,
Her bangles;
My exquisite love,
Golden jewels on her -
My girl,
Looks divine bride
To drown me
In ocean of joy
And give me all of her.
By luring my desires
To her wet flower
And keeping them there
Forever and ever.

I take my bride

To my dream home,
Where she and I, we only two,
In tsunami of endless love,
Live divine life;
Nothing more I wish
Than my girl
To keep me in bliss;
I flood her with love,
And fill her body
In passion's tide.

Sad though in real life,
What can I do to her?
Nothing, nothing, nothing?
Though she's mine,
And I, her man,
Bound in cages, alas, we are;
Dream or real life,
She and I,
Together
From our soul, heart and body;
None can stop us from us;
But, alas,
My prime is over,
Best of me are gone with the wind;
I refuse to give only the second best
To my most precious girl.

I know, she,
Broke through horizons
To reach straight to my soul;
Shed tears like rain
For months in end
To clear the mud sticking me;
Her labours worked,
Her grief and woes bore fruit
Though belatedly
And now I know for sure,
She is pure like morn dew,
My bride for all lives,
Together or not.

I need her all,
I need her heart and soul
To keep me alive,
To make my life complete
In dream or real life;
Indeed in dream
I have her all;
I wonder what in real life,
If we ever happen to meet -
She let me take her into arms,

Kiss and fondle in all my love?

I know, she never says no to me,
She yields her all to my arms,
As she does in my sweet dreams,
And let me do whatever I want
On her sterling shapely body;
I never refrain on her body,
I work like demon
To make my girl happiest ever
And lift her high to love's zenith,
Where we two in bliss live forever.

Praveen Kumar

My Creative Endeavours

I wrote and wrote thousands of lines
Touching the nuances of our bond,
I created for years stunning arts
Of passions we bear for each other,
But nothing touch'd the real heights;
Whatever I wrote touched elements,
But never the height and depth of the real;
Whatever I created has shapes and forms,
But no colours and scales of the real world.

Words are but feeble reflecters
And fail to catch the real depth,
Colours crack in catching scales
And passions leak thro' colours' pores
And leave all arts high and dry;
No words to heartbeats rhymed ever,
No colours to fancies matched ever,
And no lines I wrote, and arts, spawned
Recreated our bond, nor satisfied me.

Be it lines of words or shades of colours,
I bred in huge packs for years on end,
Mere patches they are sans congruities;
No unity they bring nor touch the chord
To recreate the orchestra my soul aspires;
Sculptures stand-alone truly they are,
But adding up all becomes never whole;
They do touch aspects, but without vision
And fail to inspire contentment I need.

Yet I write and cause profluence of arts,
For, in parts I get is better than nought;
I try to dig deep, draw the water all there,
Though know the limits of the vessels I have
And quench my thirsts from whatever I draw;
The poems I write and the arts I create,
Poor shadows of true heights and its depth,
Of diverse hues and splendid shades
Of the bond we share in Himalayan scale.

Praveen Kumar

My Life

All crows under the heaven look black;
So looks my life indistinct and alike,
A common thread passing till the end
Through falls and rise, turns and bend,
Dragging me along where I never know,
Though conscious am I of the time-flow
Carrying me somewhere to predestined end;
I fought against the tides hard first,
But realise, I'm mere nut and bolt
In the infinite system of cosmic network,
Where I'm just a pushover for cosmic forces,
A speck of dust on Himalayan range,
A mere dropp in the seven oceans,
Where man's efforts, mere boasts of clowns,
Plays of stupids in self-deceptions;
World is wrapped in Planck's Barrier,
The sheath that fixes what is when ‘neath
And all is role-play in presumed freewills,
Though good for pride, ignorance it is.

I fought my war for most of my life,
Brandishing my weapons of talents and skills
With steely confidence of winning the world
In unalloyed trust that distinct I stand
In the endless pack of billions there;
I looked at the sun and beyond that,
Yearned to pack him and bring on the Earth;
I desired to reach the limits of the sky
And return home with trophies in hand,
And I trusted I do if struggle very hard.

Nothing I spared in day-night struggles,
I sweated like horse and spilled blood,
Leisure and pleasure I shed from life,
And scruple I stayed, relied on my strengths,
For years on end and decades too;
I held head high and walked straight,
Refused to bend against conscience,
For, I thought, strengths win the world;
Alas, how wrong I repeatedly proved!
Blows after blows struck me in sequence,
And blood did spill time and again;
But, alas, that failed to jolt me from sleep,
And I walked steadfast in trust in self,
Holding head high in false pride,
Trusting strengths for good days ahead,
Trusting God's justice in running the world,
While blood and tears continued to flow,
Till I collapsed by injustices inherent,
And awakened to the fact of predestined end.

Shattered all dreams, confidences, I had,

Scattered all labour and talents of years,
I wonder my strengths what did at the end;
Oh, my strengths did give me myriad gifts,
Unintended, unwanted and uncalled by me,
And enriched life where I never dreamed;
No sweat it had, no blood ever spilled,
No tears I shed to reach those ends;
Indistinct hands in leash dragged me along,
And this is what is the predestined end.

Praveen Kumar

My Little Angel

Little angel is my girl,
Goddess Sarasvati herself -
Princess of the artistic world,
Darling of poetry herself.

Golden heart is her metier,
The milieu of love for all;
Mother Teresa in an avatar,
She loves all, hates none.

Delightful bright red rose
In heaven's love-garden,
She spreads sweet fragrance
On all who reaches her.

Young and bright like a spring,
Her love rolls like high flood;
Only loves outside, her stalls,
Or else, it's in endless flow.

She is sweet beyond words,
True blossom in sweet bloom;
She is charm wherever reach,
Full moon in smile in dark night.

She is too high for real world,
Rich dreams alone comprehend her;
She too loves to live in dreams
And spurn thorns and pricks of life.

I lay awake on my bed all night,
Awaiting her presence at my side;
How I desire to embrace her on bed,
So tight that our bones crackle together.

Once my lovely girl is in my arms,
I slowly elegantly mount on her,
Seek her mouth, and breasts to hold,
And one by one unclothe her.

My girl melts like fragrant camphor
In my loving tight arms around her;
She never refuses my wild desires
I madly invest on her tasteful shapes.

I love her sweet body fragrance,
She, my unique body fragrance;
We madly sweep on each other,
Like cool breeze in summer night.

Her bosoms, my temple domes,
I want to ever lovingly fondle,

Brush my lips in endless joy
And forget the world around me.

I yearn to lock my eager mouth
On her tender hungry lips -
Tongues sharing inside each,
Probing and sucking nectar there.

My girl is my precious treasure,
My joy, my bliss and pleasure;
My girl is my peace and leisure,
My heart, my love's true measure.

Praveen Kumar

My Prayers

An insignificant speck in all of universe
Am I, a mere ion in oceans of matter,
And I make no difference to any anywhere;
I exist and vanish by mere chance,
And make no difference anywhere anyway;
I weigh no way in your sweet life
And you navigate along on your own merit;
It's nature's trick and a grand illusion
That you need me, and I guard you,
And you would wither without my cover;
Who guard wild flowers, who guard birds,
Whom need woods to grow and spread?

I fear, you walk alone in vast bad field,
But so is this world and all inhabiting it;
I fear, bad forces seize and harm your charms,
But how, insignificant as I, can rise to guard
While like twigs forces carry me on its whims?
Helpless I'm, and you are on your own tides,
But for my deep prayers to the Almighty
That, protect my Love, truly gem of all,
Most charming and most wonderful girl,
Ever you, Almighty, created in this world,
Who offends none, and you offend her not,
And keep her smiling and happiest forever.

I do daily pray, but doubts do persist,
Whether He exists and prayers Him reach,
Whether He responds and blesses my Love;
I never saw Almighty, nor heard Him promise,
But faith bestows ladder to pass over odd world
And navigate along the course of life;
Yet, I cry from deep that I be with you
To guide and lead and guard and cover,
So, no harms ever reach your lovely world;
I trust not others in protecting you,
Not even the Almighty in doing His fair
In guarding and saving your concerns.

Hollow I feel and vacant all round,
While you walk on own, without my cover;
Fear instills, affrightened I spend days
While incommunicado we suffer all along;
But helpless I'm, at this distance,
Unseen and unheard across impregnable wall,
Across which no light or air penetrate;
That is why I pray for the Almighty's Hand
To guard over, protect and bless you forever;
While all is lost, prayer alone shows,
While all lights fade, prayer alone gives light,
For, prayer is soul-strength focused on goal.

You are on that end and I'm in this end,
Prayer is the lone winnock open for us
Thro' the blinding wall fallen ‘tween us;
Days somehow goes, love fritters off
Thro' the intense prayers I do for you;
But, nothing does fill the huge void within
That slowly kills soul and swallows dying spirit;
Prayer is a lame tool to hold intense love,
For, nothing holds love like love on act itself;
Love is truly prayer, but prayer is not love itself,
Love is prayer aroused as floods and gale
In the Heavenly abode brought over the Earth.

Praveen Kumar

Never Ever Let You Part Again

Need needs no nod at all,
Nor the stamp of any creed;
Necessity knows no rule of law
And moves the world by instinct;
I need you, and you need me,
And we need naught to justify it;
Then why these wait, and hide and seek,
This circumspection and introspection?
Follow instinct and jump ahead,
Honey and milk shall find themselves;
Wear not blinkers, see all round,
World is open and beautiful too;
Step forward on inner light
And take odds by their horns
To reach your light and fulfillment;
While crawl back, thousand doubts
Raise their heads to push you back;
Heed them not, steadfast on light
That burns bright within you,
Tear away wraps that surround you
And emerge like god on winning streak.

I wait for you from the dawn of ages,
Hoping 'gainst hope of reaching you;
You come half way, stir and stop,
Some mysterious leash holds you back,
You turn back from the cherished track
And sail erratic in wilderness
In grief unbound that shatters me -
Why I never figured till now,
Nor you know why, certain I'm;
Forget all past, look forward,
Shore ahead is beckoning you;
Move away from that weighs you down
And swim with resolve to reach your shore;
I wait on shore with open arms
To get you to blend our mutual needs
Those wait not anymore, and tired of wait,
And fulfill our needs of endless time,
And never ever let you part again.

Praveen Kumar

Nothing Count To Soul

Know that you are not yours alone,
More you do belong to one more soul;
Do not ever plunge to the brink of risks
That kills him alive with fears for you.

I want to reach and comfort you,
But, alas, no coach to carry me along;
Nor I know my Goddess curse or bless,
Or ever can I bring her real comfort.

Three years passed by without a hint
And I shudder in tears while think of risks
You dared to face in unfamiliar world;
Thank God, you are safe, without a harm.

Yet, I grieve for the state in isolation you suffer
Unseen by me from this unfathomable length,
Without a backup to fall on in an unnatural fall;
How can I know and reach to have you in arms?

Tears fill eyes, sorrow pervades all soul
While think of helplessness you suffer with;
No, like phoenix I must rise and comfort,
For nothing count to soul till happy you are.

Two souls, minds, hearts and eager bodies
So longing for each can never ever part.

Hardships, tears, any little need?
Please just a call, said Kahlil Gibran;
I cross all lengths, all odds, and reach
To lend all help beyond my reach
And wipe gentle tears of Goddess of my soul.

Have trust in God, trust divine designs,
Things moved right ahead on divine course
Beyond mortal eyes of you and I,
Destinies ordained all beyond our plans;
All will be all right, but out of right age.

Nothing is there to fear, nothing is there to brood,
Only wait and wait, and I wait, I promise,
Till time dissolves two lost souls to ecstatic One
In everlasting sweet bliss of divine fulfillment.
God called Kahlil Gibran and chided,
You dog, you seduce your prettiest Soul
By pouring out whatever is within you;
Gibran said, god, I never intend to seduce;
God chided, you pig, you break sacred bond
Your noble Soul is committed to,
To meet own cravings deep within you;
Gibran begged, god, I never want to break;

God shouted, you evil, why you ever force
Your perfect Soul to shattered life of grief
By feeding deep loves to her lovely sweet soul?
Gibran cried, never, never I do ever again, that.

Praveen Kumar

O, Flower

O, flower,
You're heaven's face,
Pure bliss on this Earth,
You're god's smile,
Spreading joy for all
In enthralling fragrance,
And rush of sweet colours
Of variegated hues.

O, flower,
You're lovely charmer,
Music to my eyes;
You're true poetry
Composed by the nature
In rhythms of colours
And harmony of forms
In thousand little ways.

O, flower,
You're the nature's princess,
Lording over all beauty;
You're nectar to heart,
You give peace to it
In hundred little dreams,
A lullaby to my soul
In your lilting swings.

Praveen Kumar

O, Goddess

O, Goddess,
You're my light,
You're the lilt of soul,
You're my forward beat
That marches me onward
And gives me purpose;
You're my desire,
You're fulfilment,
You're the track on which
Runs my life's coach.

O, Goddess,
You're my innate Self,
You're conscience,
You're the subtle melody
That sprouts in my soul;
You're my true beacon
For right or wrong;
You're my North Star
That gives direction
And depth to my path.

O, Goddess,
You're my temple,
Its sanctum sanctorum;
You build my bridge
To my silent soul
And fill me with the joy
Of discovering the Self;
Enswathed in halo,
You flood radiance
That enthralls my whole.

O, Goddess,
You're my heaven,
Life, existence;
You're inner voice,
I seek to decipher;
Though you're within me,
You're beyond me:
My essence and salvation,
The end I always strive,
Only striving I remain.

Praveen Kumar

Only Love Is Real

When I dig past time like miners, earth,
Unearth layers of deposits to ruminate,
I need to process them in heart and soul
To make it the jewels, they naturally are.

But, thoughts you left, memories, strewn
All over memory-field across horizons,
Constantly dazzle and shine themselves,
As embedded they are, within my soul.

In lonely moments of grievous despair,
One by one, I pick and keenly tap them;
Each feeds in sunshine and infuses solace,
Though soul-tearing pain and grief each is.

They're deep pains transformed to solace,
They're dark worlds breaking to sunshine
In the grind of time that brought insights –
That pains they brought confirm our bond.

I thought then, we lost forever ourselves
In the lingering darkness that seized us;
Now in the soul, long ground by time,
I know for sure that closer we have moved.

We dipped hard in time-space complex
And slided bottomless then in deep grief;
It was for us, reculer pour mieux sauter,
And rejuvenated we like fabulous phoenix.

Past is past, always, present is more real,
We throb in each other in memory's wombs;
Memories, more real than faded real world,
And we find tightly tied in emotions and soul.

Only love is real, and all else is unreal,
None can ever touch true love in two souls;
Transient world's hazards, illusions of time,
Love transcends illusions, flourishes in truth.

Rise and fall are nature's innate attributes,
But the spirit at the core is constant algate;
Rise and fall we feel in the transient world,
But innate love of us, safe always in god.

Praveen Kumar

Our Reward

You are the hot spring of my cold heart,
You are the deep root of my life's spread,
You are the tall fire of my soul's prayers,
You were my past and you will be my future;
But you are mere shadow of my luckless present.

I know how you traversed from frame to frame,
From scene to scene behind the stage
Like a trapeze artist or monkey's trail
In pursuit of goal common with me,
In direction direfully opposite of me;
I know your breath, heartbeats, cry deep within,
I know your fears, nightmares and those pains,
Your resolve to reach and courage to fight
And abandon to throw life to waiting wolves
In the long traverse to our cherished goal.

You are immortal light without a fire,
A pure progression sans obligatory reactions;
You are the light without shadows,
The might without challenges in a frightful world,
Because you are always pure like fire
And sublime like sky beyond common calls,
Untouch'd like gold, and glittering like gold
In purest of pure shine deep within your soul;
You never focus on yourself,
Only seek your post day and night,
Though you know, you never lose that ever,
For, it is your life and soul put together,
It is your light, you are beholden to reach
Thro' sojourns of myriad rise and fall
We are condemn'd to traverse before we meet.

Clarior e tenebris;
Beyond whatevr we harked or saw,
Or fancied as our fate together will be -
A hard labour'd and earn'd reward together,
Sweeter than honey and brighter than sunshine,
An immortal sprout of our tears and blood,
Of devout yearn we suffered for each
In helpless grief of shattering pains
Life after life in several lives
Awaits to greet and unite forever
The forlorn parts of the same shattered soul
That saw the parts as her and me,
Orbitting each other in endless circles
In mad endeavours to conjoin again;
It is our fate, it is our reward
For all our grief denser than oceans;
Post tenebris spero lucem;
All is all right at the end under the heaven
If one awaits long enough for God to intervene,

For, Gods never cheat their own offsprings.

Praveen Kumar

Poetry and Poet

Poetry is poet's inner world,
Churnings of Self in distinct words;
Poetry is not black and white,
Grey, nuances of diverse hues
In kaleidoscopic word-networks
That capture all formless clouds
In the deep sky of the poet's world.

Poetry is poet's outer world,
His expressions in proper norms;
Bare thoughts, his rogue fights within
Dressed well for the popular nod;
Poet's world, a messy snake-pit,
A burrow of rats, snakes, insects,
Fighting to spring in riotous words,
Filter'd for world in elegant words.

Poetry is never a judgement,
Sheer whispers from heart to heart
Beyond what words do transport;
Words in lilt and dance, poetry,
Links they bond, cadence they ring,
Makes a poetry, a true poetry,
A mirror of poet's inner turmoils,
His hopes and strengths in right words,
Indecisions he suffer, his deeper Self.

Poetry is release from inner cauldron,
Steams from within in guise of words,
Quiet flames of the inner hearth
That flared for long finding a vent;
Poetry, a relief, a joy of sharing,
Sharing the Self with the world outside,
Back to the source from where all came;
Poet is the priest, poetry, his hymns,
Offered to the world for peace and grace.

Poetry sprouts from the morass of soul
And grows out of poet like pipal tree
And outstays him;
Fleeting is poet, but not his poems,
Poetry is the poet universalised;
It sucks his thoughts, sucks his force,
Spreads outwards to enrich the world
And leaves the poet richer and strong
Like fire and good deeds always are,
How much you share, so richer you are.

Praveen Kumar

Poetry Is Not Poet's

Sometimes…..

However I labour
Whatever nuances I harbour,
No sparks flash,
No thoughts clash
To inspire a poem,
To enwrap me in a dream.

I look around the world,
Try to structure a word,
But, alas, no bridges are built
From word to heart,
And I grope in void,
Stillness within pervade,
And I fall asleep,
Frustration all over creep.

Some other times…..

Wherever I be,
Whatever time be,
On bed or road,
In home or wood,
With friends or alone,
I feel the pain
Of thousand flashes
In violent gushes
Fighting to be heard
In engraved word,
Oft, I myself do not know what,
Certainly on I never sought.

On the crests of giant waves,
Riding as glows on sparks of eaves
Of ephrmeral lightning,
Illuminating,
Insights, new and fresh,
From within unleash
And words flow
Like mighty blow,
Brisk and fast like winter snow,
From where, none ever know,
Sprout new poems
Of vivid frames,
And I just write down
As my own
Deep insights,
Discover'd lights.

Always…..

Poetry is not
On reasons built,
But, deep insight
On its right
Flooding outside
In violent ride,
Oft breaking barriers
In verbal carriers;
Thoughts lie low,
Reasons shout, no;
Yet, floods roll nevertheless
That's poetry's bliss.

Poetry is not poet's,
Beyond his mind's limits;
Yet, poetry is poet's own,
Where inner churnings crown
From deeper subtle soul
As truths at its whole
To the poet's shock,
Beyond his common look;
The baby is his very much,
But beyond his empirical stretch;
It's he himself,
But transcends his ephemeral self;
Poetry is poet and plus,
His fusion with universal flux.

Praveen Kumar

Rough Terrain

When I dig deep into memory's lane
And unlock layers from dark stacks,
I wonder whether you're humankind
Or the very soul of love in human form,
Come in avatar to bless me with bliss,
Not once, but twice in my single life;
It is blinding flash when you break out,
And lingering deep blindness when fade out;
Inbetween is pure bliss transcending lives,
Transcending deep blindness that succeeds that.

The passage I traverse in memory's lane,
An ocean of tears of grief and pain
Of turbulent tides rising to heaven,
Only to bring bliss everlasting to soul.

As I dig deep down in memory's lane
To the sanctum sanctorum of my soul,
I find you on throne sitting like queen
Amidst golden halo surrounding you,
Deep in the passage of memory's lane,
Resting like Pole Star in northern sky;
Volcanoes, cyclones, torrential rains
Touched not a whit your grandeur;
Like cream in milk and moonlight in moon
In concinnity you sit in peaceful abode.

The road you traversed to reach the abode,
Riddled with terrains of rocks and thorns;
You fell and rose, you cried and bled,
But ran steadfast to reach your throne.

I watched you across the rough terrain,
Bled while you bled, and cried, while cried;
I fell and rose while you fell and rose
And followed in anguish progress you made;
You lost your way for three decades once,
Shattering confidence ingrained in me;
Resurfaced again while I lost all hopes
And instilled confidence that it is you
And ran your race on the merciless terrain
Till reached your goal and installed there.

The bliss it all brings is immortal for both,
Though grief and pain lingered ‘neath
And shattered our lives for endless years;
For, no bliss is bliss but for bitter tears.

Praveen Kumar

Selfless Love

You don't know how deep I carried within
When I came with flowers and lighted lamp
And offered to you in silent prayers;
But you knew, in grief I was falling apart
And no way you add fuel to that flame;
After all we share same joy and grief,
After all we bear same life and soul;
You know, role play is woman's might,
Selflessness, her strength, original self;
Like lightning you feigned blinding fury
And bore like thunder and broke like rain,
Flooding my soul and drowning spirit
In threats and insults unkind to the core;
Shatter'd by the shock and confounded in heart,
I begged like child to pardon my faults,
Knowing not what hurt you so much;
Finding a spot to relieve me from pain,
Flaring like the Sun, you in total control,
Raised decibel to rattle my peise;
You called, I follow you wherever you go,
And go for all details there about you;
It was a third force while intervened, you stopped,
And I tacitly vanished from the spot.

No fury you feigned, no threats you posed,
No insults you heaped unkindly on me
No way detract me from deep faith in you,
No way change tack deeply carved in soul,
For, I know, who and what you really are,
What is your call, why this desperate act;
You figured to snap the bond that held us tight
To save my grace and save me from fall
From the fall you fear you are destined to
And save me from grief for your foul fate;
But I vouch, I love to accompany you,
It be heaven or hell, we sail together;
But, alas, you refuse to harm my cause.

The fury you feigned and threats you posed,
The insults you heaped unkindly on me
Though no way detract my deep faith in you,
Does stop me on track from reaching you
And a blinding wall is rising up;
A desperate message I passed across,
'Not angry, I understand, whatever you are,
The Almighty looks ordinary before you';
And that is the last that gone between us;
An insoluble darkness divides us now,
Though bound we are, and yearn for each.

Praveen Kumar

She Bides Time

‘Neath myriad layers of cosmic tides,
She patiently for endless aeons bides
For right spur that her far overrides
Over grief that in her passage hides.

She bore assaults, fell to steep falls,
Found against her stand tall walls,
Pulls and pushes, threatening calls
To follow, or face life’s dire galls.

She stood steadfast in love for him,
Refused to surrender to other’s whim,
And found woes flood life to its brim,
And found her sink, unable to swim.

She took her fate in graceful stride,
And did her job as a dutiful bride;
But never in acts hurt love’s pride,
And in right time, she moved aside.

She lived alone in dangerous hell,
Never calling help in the pell-mell,
Until her love gave vent to his yell
That she must rise, live really well.

She loved him well, heard his word,
But refused to rebuild broken world;
She bides time, awaits right mould
To rejoin her love, build their world.

Praveen Kumar

She Blossomed My Soul

It was dark around,
When she came
In silent tiptoe,
Crossing barriers,
Moving curtains,
To sanctum sanctorum,
Where I secluded myself
In deep meditation.

She came like lightning
And shocked my soul,
She came like fragrance
And soothed me within,
She came like fresh breeze
And fluttered my being;
I remained calm in the state.

More as of dream,
Like a gentle flame,
She caught me in arms;
Beaming sweet smile
That melted my soul,
She gently spread in me.

Awakened from inner calm,
Stirred by vibrations,
I opened eyes
To her glorious realm –
The gift of meditation,
What I sought all life,
Now in human form,
In glow of billion stars
Stood clinging to my whole,
Sending vibrations
That made me part of god.

No divisiveness persists there,
No dimensional restraints;
It's infinite,
It is unity of all –
Of soul, mind and body,
Of need and fulfillment,
Of timeless ecstatic state.

I took my wonder to arms,
I took my charm to soul;
Rearing for unworldly unity,
I led her to wild passions;
It was two true wild fires,
Catching up with each other –
Feeding passions to other,
Breeding desires in other,

We raged wild in passion’s fire.

She, in my arms, I, in her,
We rolled on bed in mad desires;
Reaching for her in joyous pleasures,
I indulged on her silken curves,
Probed deep till satiated soul –
She enjoying the joy,
I derived from her.

Be it her face in fullmoon glow,
Or the jasmine-like fragrant lips there,
I couldn’t resist my lips from it;
I ravished in passions all of it
And turned it to pink –
Glowing in bright unquenched thirst.

I spared not her fragrant nape,
Or the silken texture of lovely neck;
But in mad haste to reach downward –
To move the veils
From her chest,
And descend to vale
Between bosoms,
And reach the bright temple towers
Standing in shape above Priya’s heart
And squeeze it in joy with palms,
And nibble tiny nipples
Standing there erect,
By my teeth rearing for that,
Oh, I moved downward –
I raised her state
To pure ecstatic height,
And that pure bliss
Blossomed my soul.

Imbrued in pure contentment,
She receded from me step by step,
Leaving back the light to my soul,
Transforming deep meditation I do
To truly focused on soul and god.

Praveen Kumar

She Is Beauty's Soul

She is the lovely princess of all beauty there,
She is the reigning queen of all charms there;
Bright she looks, as fragrant white jasmine,
Of everlasting fragrance of gentle sweet smile.

Like sunshine of dawn of rising Sun she is,
Calm and pleasant, and stirs grand hopes;
She is godly spell of divine benevolence,
Goddess on throne, she radiates reverence.

She is dazzling halo of beauty's lasting spell,
Of its cosmic depth and its celestial scale;
Shock of contentment, she spills and fills around,
And subtle joy pervades in her sweet presence,

Elegant are her moves, soothing, her words,
Like the fullmoon light, she flows thro' hearts;
It's soothing love desires, uncanny sweet dreams
She inspires in soul by her lovely radiant look.

Bright are her eyes like the Sun in twain,
Profulgent of sunshine in lily-like white,
Or is it jasmine white liquesced as her eyes,
Spotless and clear, but gentle to look at.

What is true beauty, you know by her look;
She is beauty's soul, liquesced and instilled;
Her curves and shapes, gestalt and tones
Perfect in bearing, and perfect proportions.

Fluid is her beauty, deeply imbrued in nectar,
Spills divine spells wherever you look at her;
Lighted lamp, her beauty, sacred, low, slow,
Spreading pleasant light, ceaseless for aeons.

Peace in elegance is infused in her face,
Warm smile is her mark, like shine in eyes;
Silence is her front, humility is her wealth,
Gentle at her core, she mingles with all.

She is unclouded beauty, bright always,
Blossoming like flower, full of fragrance;
Pure like morning dew, she is spotless,
She is beauty's essence, extracted, instilled.

Her smile is honey milk flowing all the way,
Her smile is rose blossoming with nectar;
Twinkles in her eyes is full of dreams,
That spur her worlds to drench in colours.

She is live orchestra of rhymes and rhythms,
She is godly melody from the finest chords,

Those lines and curves in concinnity with soul
That ring live harmony and hatch that beauty.

Like fragrant flame of camphor and sandal paste,
Pleasantly mild and gentle and soothing she is;
Like milk and honey, and the nature's grand rhythms,
She is the innate harmony of beauty and charm.

She is gentle passions wrapped in concinnity,
She is selfless love liquesced in her soul,
She is sacred light that scatters darkness,
She bestows true peace and contentment on me.

She is beauty's beauty for all shapes and forms,
She makes beauty, beauty, and lights joy from it;
She is beauty's soul, its sanctum sanctorum,
Its essence, its light, spring of my happiness.

Priya is my spell of divine happiness,
Priya is my fount of beauty in the world,
And beauty is the fount that springs happiness,
Happiness is the root that sprouts all beauty.

Praveen Kumar

She Is Love In Its Divine Glow

She is rare gem embedded in
Medallion of pure pristine gold,
She is diamond perfectly carved,
Fullmoon, crowning cloudless night.

She is flower of divine fragrance,
She is cool breeze of hot summer,
She is the glow of the early dawn
That floods life to my still world.

She stirs soul from slothful slumber,
And bears beauty and joy around;
She is music in the noise around
And soothes soul to divine fortitude.

She is love in its divine glow,
That lights soul to consciousness,
That floods peace deep within life
And makes my life divine sensation.

She swallows strains that shoot on course,
And leaves sheer joy of life for me;
Can selflessness be ever that absolute,
Never, I'm sure, save in my golden girl.

Quiet is she like roses 'neath leaves,
Fragrance she spreads only reveals her;
Silent always, rare pearls of her words
Brighten my world to fulfilling life.

She is light that lights my soul,
She is the force that stirs my life,
She pervades me and transcends too
And wraps me in halo that makes me, me.

Praveen Kumar

She Lights My Soul

I carry my queen in every heartbeat,
She whispers in every breath of me
And dazzles in the shine of my eyes;
She blossoms from smiles rise from soul.

She is horizons of all my thoughts,
She is my spring of all emotions,
Etched in gold in every cell of blood;
She, exists in every pore, all over me.

She is in me and I am in her always,
We are two faces of the same soul;
We think and feel in perfect unison
Like fragrances do in lovely blossoms.

She is my concept of beauty and love,
She is benchmark for honesty and truth;
She is simplicity, the nature in true form,
She is life-force that guides my dreams.

All things of beauty reveal her presence,
All truths bear her stamp and signature;
Honesty how valued and deep in love
I discover'd from her sincere gentle ways.

Elegant she is within, and without too,
And inspires subtle joy in one and all;
How much can be one selfless in life,
I found in her, in devotion of her soul.

She is confluence of the nature's charms,
Unpolluted by the twists the evils force;
She is the divine light in its sacred glow,
Unlike sunlight, fierce; full of gentle grace.

I honour womanhood, because she is one,
I regard humankind as she is one of them,
I love this wretched land as she is born here,
Everything she is for me, worthy of worship.

Not crazy I'm ever of anything worldly,
I know how angels and evils exist together;
She is an exception without an evil match,
An oasis in unexceptionally barren world.

She is joy and elegance in a lovely blend,
She is grace and peace in a pleasant mix;
She blossoms my heart and lights the soul
And makes all toils of life worthy to bear.

Praveen Kumar

She Radiates Pure Grace

She’s sheer beauty carved in golden sheen,
She’s sweet magic of fragrance of jasmine,
She’s radiance of pure polished diamond;
She refreshes like morn’s tender sunshine,
And comforts like cool breeze in hot day,
Just by presence that radiates pure grace;
Celestial charm that surrounds her as halo
Commands reverence and deference for her.

She’s furthest limit my visions ever stretch,
She’s exquisiteness nature rarely conceives,
She’s ultimate beauty, bliss and perfection,
She’s that end I yearn to mould into myself;
She is my aspiration, she is my inspiration,
And instills life to the faltering steps I walk,
And makes worth falls and struggles I face,
For, it’s she, who is the stake I strive to win.

She’s in unknown horizons far beyond me,
Yet drumming her presence deep within me;
I hear her in heartbeats; feel her in my breaths,
I feel her gentle flow in blood streams of mine;
I find her shadow in dreams and fantasies too,
In hopes and fears those seize me in cycles;
She’s my future, my present, my past too,
She is fulcrum, around what I circumscribe.

Praveen Kumar

She Walks Alone

She stood firm like the Sun and Moon
In their bond of billions of years –
No shift of a degree in mutual tie,
No change of rules in following each,
Year by year for aeons together
In spite of ice age devastations oft;
She saw holocausts, horrors of fall,
Bottoms of abyss, she was driven to,
And burning of soul by infernal fires;
But deterred not an inch from chosen course,
She rose from the hearth in blazing white,
Pure as sterling gold hallowed by fires.

Commandeered to quit committed course,
Or else face horrors of grave havocs,
Though defenceless, she stuck with grace
To dictates of own honest soul,
And threw away life to wild wolves,
And found life shattered, broken, scattered;
Forlorn, forsaken, her goal, demolished,
But no way, her walk on course deterred,
She walked alone through the ruins around,
In spite of no hopes of reaching anywhere;
Her devotion, selfless resolve, her led
To walk her course on the demolished path.

No pain or suffering or grief, her touched,
Grave crash of past or horror of future
Stirred her not in navigating the void;
For, nothing she valued more than her goal,
That laid waste on ground afore her eyes,
And nothing bothered her, but to live till dies;
Beckons aplenty were calling her to quit,
And rejoin their fold to rebuild her life;
She scoffed them all, walked the path –
She knew, without him, no life is worth life,
And no resurrection on his ash, makes her, her;
She lives in her ash, rebuilding lost bond.

Golden is her soul, diamond in its strength;
Kaleidoscopic glitters of colorific glow
As spellbinding halo adorns her around;
Her life, shattered, but not her sterling soul,
That filled with him, breathed him always,
She sailed through ruins in the glow that flared
In soul by enlivening thoughts of him –
Whatever be this life, forever he’s hers,
From the inception of age to its very end;
He is her strength, light deep in her soul;
He’s guiding spirit, leads her across lives,
And never she's alone till time-space exists.

Praveen Kumar

Simple Life

Know your world,
Look around;
Where you stand
Counts always.

Hark heartbeats,
Try to intuit;
What are buildups
Constitute world.

Build bridges across,
Irrespective of class;
Never you know,
Who will be what.

Delve to depths,
Dig out wealths;
Hidden, prove treasures
At crucial hours.

Decide your strengths,
Your strategic breadths;
Nothing is like
Knowing yourself.

Hide your pride,
Freely you ride
In and out
To win confidence.

Have all facts,
Then plan acts,
Decisively move
To carve a niche.

Be discreet always,
Right restraint pays;
Step in right time
To clinch a deal.

Excess never helps,
Shying away topples;
Whatever you do,
Moderation is best.

Set highest goals,
Burn in coals
To light your goals,
But detached inside.

Depend on self,
Seek not pelf

Others have,
For respected life.

Discipline brings grace
Discipline brings peace;
Limit yourself
By thoughtful fence.

Doubt not others,
Trust not either;
Give long rope
To hang themselves.

Have right friends,
Friendship mends
Invisible faults
Innate in you.

Read and read,
Always read
Books that breed
New horizons.

Don't live aloud,
Spilling life around;
Hiding and low
Have its benefits.

Right or left,
Does not fit;
Golden mean has
Most of gifts.

Why you compete,
Competition is fight;
Do your best
To reach the crest.

Be good to all
And stand tall;
Goodness, lubricant
That lubricates bonds.

Wherever you be,
Kindness is key
That unlocks in kind,
Sprouts true joy.

While facing evil,
Necessarily be civil;
Just remain back
And stay afar.

Go for little,
Attend with mettle
With all focus
To achieve height.

Live like yourself,
Live own life
Of own stamp
That distinguish you.

Measure the sky
To fly that high;
But never ignore
Where you belong.

Lower and poor
Plenty are there;
Share their grief
If you have soul.

Never divide man
By groups and clan;
Divide and rule
Leads to doom.

Never loose courage,
Nor show rage;
Cool courage wins
On own merit.

Death or life,
It's one life;
Dignified you live
Till the end.

Fell all wall,
Give your all
For all time,
It's true love.

Beauty, truth merit
Beyond time spirit,
Never flare up,
Never extinguish.

Descend from height,
Follow time spirit
Exact, accurate,
It's Kolaveri Di.

Nadi promised four,

One proved false,
One proved true,
As for two,
Chances are bleak.

Praveen Kumar

Soul Transcendental

You’re not heard, invisible and distant
To my mortal life and its simple needs;
You unkindly rebuff when I build bridge,
You constantly endeavour to fly far, far;
Yet I know, I constantly dwell in you,
And brighten your life, light your soul.

You refuse life without vibrations I give,
You refuse moves without beckons I give;
My thoughts do keep you carefree on path,
Without me as goal-post, you run not course;
Yet, you do firm struggle to avoid me near,
And build unbroken walls to keep us apart.

You’re my soul transcendental, soul of soul,
Guardian angel, goddess, spiritual guard,
And protect my world from assaults of life;
I know, like North Star, constant you stand,
Protecting my world from harms that fall;
You know, from distance you protect me best.

I need noble concerns you have for me,
But, more, comforts and safety of you;
Tell me, quis custodiet ipsos custodes?
I’m here to protect and give you comfort,
How dare you desert my protective net,
And stand alone far to protect my world?

While safe, in peace you lead your life,
I’m most safe and in blissful state;
Insecure state you suffer far from me
Fills me with fear and writhe my soul;
You’re best safety I ever can have
For contented, safe and blissful life.

I know your pain in keeping distance,
I feel flow of tears you constantly shed,
And it indeed serves my mortal need,
But shattered within my immortal soul,
And rendered me dead while alive outside;
Do you call it, my dear, protecting me?

While twain faces of same life, we’re,
How you protect me by hurting yourself?
True life we can have in coming together,
In the bond we have, in binding ourselves;
Parting, illusion, as solution to problems,
Come out, near, my dear, let’s rejoin.

Praveen Kumar

Sunset

I know, it's sunset spreading about,
Long shadows invade every nook on earth;
The peak of noon is slipping from sight,
Dusk in air is filling from sides.

Tired and frustrated, I stare dark sky
And try to figure you in shapes of clouds
That float on winds unfathomably far
And change shapes in failing light.

The path you coursed along my life,
Thro' cruel terrains in rough weather
Wallows in layers of falling night,
You look distant, from another life.

The breeze is cool, oft freezes me,
And I dip to sleep oblivious of you;
As carpet of darkness smothers me,
I see you through it and bitterly cry.

My memories fail, tired body quails,
Night only spreads larger every hour;
No hope: I ever give you due light,
Nor morn and joy of pure sunshine.

Those sights, songs you sang for me,
Mere strains in the womb of night now;
I try to stretch, grab you from night,
But, alas, mere air I find in my hands.

Across the nightfall, somewhere I know,
You sit desolate with tears in eyes;
No strength I have, no light anywhere,
To reach to wipe tears from you.

Long night ahead is in front of us,
How long is this night we have no clue;
New dawn how pit us in coming world,
Never we know, nor anybody else.

How love, loyalty, devotion, sacrifice,
So laden in blood, tears and toil,
Vanish in night and dip to nought
And snap the chord we built in blood?

Nothing is lost in this god's world,
So is your love and total sacrifice;
Be it day or night, survive somewhere,
And bond our lives at right time.

High and low strengthen our bond,
Bring dawn's nascency at intervals;

The dip of dusk is prelude to dawn,
We emerge like sun in stronger bond.

Lose not, o, my love, your courage,
We are dragged on a testing ground;
I assure, we rise with divine laurels
And teach all worlds what love truly is.

Praveen Kumar

Symphony of Life

Wnen I woke up from a peaceful sleep,
I found you lying at my side,
Your velvet body luxuriously stretched
Along my height in deep sweet sleep;
Bare you were like golden cupid,
Afloat in ocean of swelling desires;
Liquescent beauty dipped in lucent halo,
Radiated thro' contours flowing all over you;
Those heavenly bosoms and flowery lips
And parted thighs with blossoming winnock
To the sanctum sanctorum of your Self -
Each sculpted on you with perfection,
Each moulded like heaven in rhyme and rhythm,
Invited me to possess and play them all.

I turned aside and moved nearer
And laid my hands on those golden mounds
That spoke what you meant deep in heart;
The warmth it gave me made mad with joy
And I pulled you closer and held in arms
And gave free vent to surging passions
In enflamed body and aroused mind;
Awaken'd by the floods and fury and gale,
You turned and twisted in ecstatic joy ‘neath'
Absorbing what I gave and begging for more.

We flared in turns, feeding each other,
Fire of each enflaming the other
And engulfing us like the wild-fire;
I flared and spread all over you,
Making you my own and taking for own;
We rolled in pleasure in unbound measure
In give and take of body and mind;
No refrain I had, no inhibitions you had,
Indulgences were heaven, pure heaven for us;
We desired no heaven, no God beyond us,
For, we found true God, salvation together.

Harmony is God, harmony, salvation,
Harmony is beauty, harmony, happiness,
Harmony is ease, harmony, progression;
Harmony in us, harmony deep within
In soul, mind, heart and eager bodies
Brought heaven to us on this very Earth
And carry us in symphony life after life
Over Earth and heaven and beyond that.

Praveen Kumar

Temple Of Love

I lay on her body in perfect peace,
Our hearts throbbing in unisonance,
Our souls craving for more of each,
My hands probing delicate contours
Along the length of mound of roses,
Her alluring body beneath me made,
And together we tied in absolute bliss.

She was pure love all along her body,
Benign radiance of love and sacrifice
In the silent joy of offering herself;
She is holy shrine of love and worship,
And I surrendered myself to her beauty,
Reached and touched offerings she made,
With tender love dripping from soul.

Her gentle warmth was consuming me,
And I reached rosy lips with hard lips
And drained all joy universe can have
From her parted lips that invited mine;
A tender fire of live gracious passions
Consumed us both in one single sweep,
And we lost count where what we do.

I flared in desires like unbound wild fire,
Like camphor she liquesced beneath me,
Spreading sweet fragrance all around us,
And lighting love lamp there and near;
We, consumed in love and desires alike,
Alternated in tender love and passions;
Only passions in love brings fulfillment.

I moved from mouth downward in steps,
Stamping soft marks on mounds and vales,
And stripping veils that inconvenience us;
I yearned to give, and she yearned to have,
And we prayed that time passed not out,
So we remain together undisturbed forever,
Worshipping each other in body and soul.

Praveen Kumar

To Our Soulful Past

She pulled the weeds with its roots,
She brushed aside ingrained instincts
And rose beyond feminine boundaries
While throwing away all her easy gifts
In devout homage to our soulful past.

She thought not twice nor reflected over
Leaving her nest to whomever it fits
Or nip little bud in intolerable pain;
True sanyasin she was in soul and heart
In devout homage to our soulful past.

She knew not where she was to reach,
Night it was and dark everywhere;
Though wings were weak, eyes, bleak,
But she flew away from snug own nest
In devout homage to our soulful past.

No light in soul, no throb in heart,
No desire in her to live any more;
Though no place she had as her own,
She fluttered wings and flew from there
In devout homage to our soulful past.

Broken was her post, shatter'd, goal post,
No course ahead to reach and meet,
So ordained to her her cruel fate;
She refused snug life anywhere ‘neath Sun
In devout homage to our soulful past.

She was plucked from her soulful past
And securely then tied to that nest
By the golden thread of compromise;
No more could she bear and snapp'd the knot
In devout homage to our soulful past.

I was her past and I was her post,
I was her dreams day and night;
But, alas, me irrelevant rendered fate;
She threw out herself to the dark night
In devout homage to our soulful past.

I witness all through soul rending sights
With tongues tied and legs, paralysed,
With bleeding heart and crying eyes;
She knows my pain, but silently bears
In devout homage to our soulful past.

No hopes for us anywhere in sight,
Only pains and grief for the other's plight,
While far glimmer of hope do I dream;
None for her, she does make up that loss

In devout homage to our soulful past.

All is gone, blinding dark everywhere,
No flowers bloom, no sunshine anymore;
But she digs her thoughts and finds her light
In unfulfill'd rare gem of fulfilment
In devout homage to our soulful past.

Praveen Kumar

Togetherness

I entered her world with passions unbound,
She received me in joy with passions all round;
She, her wings apart, tightly seized my girth,
I, swollen and big, dipped deeper inside,
Feeling warm flows drowning me in her;
She was like honey, enlivening my passage,
She held me inside in flood of passions.

Every move I made, stirred her to higher state,
Flooding her well with more and more streams,
Every stir I had, had joyous onrush in her,
Every push I gave had her tremble in joy;
I could feel her plea not to come out of her,
Nor did I want to root out me from her treasure:
Sweet passions of her held me in warm comfort.

In ceaseless sweet streams that flooded her world,
I joyously swelled and swam in unbound pleasure,
As if I'm the regal head all over inside her;
Every brush I had on her delicate walls,
Sent her to frenzied joy of our togetherness;
I soon moved to her limits, and fused our cores,
And saw the souls of us blossoming as a whole.

Praveen Kumar

Travails of Love

Peace sprouts from the womb of war,
Love flares from the hearth of conflicts
As lotus sprouts from befouled ponds,
That is how the world balances itself.

Bud ruptures sheath to become flower,
Love ruptures the Self to light its lamp
As Sun scatters night to advene daylight
That is how the world moves forward.

Diamond is hard, gold, firm and stable,
True love like them is hard and stable,
Like all the love my love bears for me:
Splendent, lustrous, full of bright glow.

Ganga does spring at Himalayan heights,
And jumps to plains to conjoin the sea;
So is her love, uncertain, all rise and fall,
No end in sight, for her an unending wait.

The course is long, coarse, oft lean and dry,
Full of curves and turns and falls from high;
Rogue boulders stand there to stop the run,
But she takes no notice and movs steadfast.

Though glorious to look, unendingly long,
Always overflows and full to the brims,
Spilled from blood and tears is her love,
Newmoons most, no fullmoons between.

Diamond is hard, gold, firm and stable,
That is how she courses her coarse course
To the far away grand sea that beckons her
To conjoin it forever and unite to one.

The beckons are no help across hurdles,
Labyrinths she is in tightens her noose
And takes her farer from the love she bears
And all is now dead silent between us two.

She broke from past, and future is dark,
Now and here is sheer blood and tears;
Diamond is hard, gold, firm and stable,
That spurs her to sail blindly forward.

How long is night, so sweet is dawn,
How hard is shell, so lush goes core,
How long her travails, so joyous is future;
But, alas, the chimera no more holds her.

Love is travails, long road to traverse,
Love is innate mission she pursues in life;

No end to reach to reap gifts, celebrate,
Love is her lives, innate light of her soul.

Love is she herself, her nature, elan vital,
She is pure love in immaculate form;
Love is not outside to travail and reach,
But travails itself, long mission for her.

Praveen Kumar

True Love

True love is like infinite void,
Beyond the peripherals of time and space;
It’s nowhere, yet it’s there,
And blasts to innovative worlds
While sparks ignite;
It is mere point as it is,
No breadth or length, no volume it has,
No bounds while it begins to spread;
Love sprouts its own time and space
To quantify its own terms and needs,
But never it itself subjects to it.

So, my Queen, never lose your heart,
Never cloud soul with irrelevant thought;
Let time pass, though in age spirals caught,
I assure, our love forever glows bright.

Love is single flame lighting two souls,
Love, immortal glow hopping ‘tween souls –
Irrelevant is look, youth, bodily shape,
It transcends all odd twists of life;
Love glows on devotion life to it brings,
And grows with pains life takes for it;
And burns to naught the stains fate made;
Love is beyond life, love is beyond limits,
Love never concedes man made codes.

So, my Queen, never lose your heart,
Never cloud soul with irrelevant thought;
Let us grow old, our love stays intact,
And the stains fate brought bothers us not.

True love is a passage from life to life,
A struggle to rejoin against life’s odds;
Rise and fall is game of the struggle,
Bitter tears flood souls in the middle,
But true love never concedes defeat;
It grows in strength amidst struggles
Till souls conjoin in ultimate bliss.

So, my Queen, never lose your heart,
Never cloud soul with irrelevant thought;
I assure, no more we suffer long wait,
We conjoin soon, though age is not right.

Praveen Kumar

Unlike Little Flowers

Like Mahamasthakabhisheka is your love,
Profuse, variegated, colorific, sublime and sacred,
Deeply cleansing ablution of milk and honey,
Of vermilion and sandal paste, curds, coconut juice,
Refreshing and sweet and rich, pleasant to the soul;
Like sunrise after dark is your love,
Quiet and bright, reassuring, transparent,
Full of sunshine, hope, and new beginning,
Promise of new worlds of huge rainbows,
A surge of spirit to vanquish world;
It's your love, heaven on Earth to my soul.

I was a broken bridge,
Standing alone on a ridge;
But you chose me from all
And loved me by all soul.

You are sweet ambrosia to my soul,
Giver of eternal health and youth;
Your love is light of light of my soul,
My heart's rhyme, rhythm and melody,
And sparks of mind, and youth of life;
You bring peace and peise, joy, contentment,
Zeal for life, hopes and fulfilment.

I'm always with you,
The sky from its blue
Even if changes hue,
Our love always is true.

Just a sweep of your bright eyes,
What a surge of joy I find in heart!
Those innocent smiles you throw at me
Blossoms my soul with unbound joy;
In a world of girls fighting for rights,
You love to devote to me in sacrifice
All you have and have not too,
And give up your roots, past and present,
And burn the bridges to the future.

I was a lost cause,
Without a right face;
But nothing held you back
And in love you ran amok.

Like vast ocean is your deep love
With subtle treasures hidden in womb;
Like unbound heaven is your love
With worlds after new worlds wrapped within;
However I grab, lots more you show,
However you give, far more there awaits
And you stripped bare to shocking bones

In devotions none knows exist in world;
You gave all for nothing in back
And, alas, nothing I have to give you back.

You blossomed once
And withered soon;
But unlike little flowers
Fragrance you gave
Remains forever.

Praveen Kumar

We Blended in Bliss

I held her in my arms,
Lips to lips I gently kissed;
A fragrant fire caught us both,
Yearning then for more of each;
I pressed harder on her tender lips,
Her lips welcomed my fervid tongue;
Maddened by her sweet and wet warmth,
I moved all round inside her,
Hide and seek I played, and suck'd
Her juicy soft tongue seeking mine;
A tsunami of desires swept us both
And carried us together in its womb
To the limits of restraint of loveful acts
And volcanic heights of eruptions.

In unbearable desires I held her tight,
My throbs, her heartbeats rose in unison
Across her fragrant jasmine bosoms,
Crying aloud for my indulgence;
I slipp'd shaking hands to her heaving bosoms
And streams of hot waves spread all over our limbs;
I ripp'd covers and uncover'd temples
Of heavenly joys on this very Earth;
Warm and tender, heaving in great spasms,
Those lovely birds easily took to my palms;
I touch'd, fondled, pressed and crushed,
I kissed, rubbed and played all games;
Yet I found raw desires, wanting more
And fire within is aroused more.

I pulled her on bed and roll'd over,
She, easily yielding to my wild commands;
Was I gentle or wild I do not know,
And we roll'd and roll'd over each other
With thumping hearts and joyous screams;
I reached her crown and kissed there,
The tip and sides of her delicate nose,
Cheek and chins and neck and nape,
And the lovely bumps of tender bosoms
And down and down and down and down,
She, pleasingly yielding to all my acts
Of streaming passions and steaming desires,
Till I ripp'd her all and enter'd deep
And we blended in bliss only Gods can have.

Praveen Kumar

We Drift Afar By Days And Hours

Time and distance, physical counts
That rational world itself mounts
To network and define outside worlds;
Rhyme and sparks are inner founts
That from soul oft joyously haunt
Mirror our soul and inner worlds;
Fences are fat and walls, gigantic,
And oceans ‘tween us do flow erratic
And we drift afar by days and hours;
But a chord of light, invisible, magnetic,
Unite our souls beyond our sense
And we sense absorbed in the other.

When look outside, strangers are we,
Far distant and pulled apart by age,
Strangers we go, so never twain meet;
While dig within deep, new world opens,
Where networked and bound in basic roots,
Inseparable we go, and united in essence;
It’s nature’s play of balancing act,
In opposites world moves is indisputable fact
That tests and deepens their internal chords;
We feel adrift ‘cause we’re one within,
And distance outside does writhe our souls,
But, remember, within, united we go.

Tribulations outside part grain from chaff
And reaffirm resolve to mutually commit
And refurbish our bond to golden sheen;
Pains are acid solvents that test motive force
And give new strengths to genuine ends,
So, let us bear pains for our inner sake;
I know how it hurts to stay torn, apart,
But, it is that fire that purifies our bond,
And endows dimensions beyond perceptions;
We indeed lost all out each other for now,
But know that it’s key for the higher plane,
Where, you and I never ever part again.

Praveen Kumar

We Endeavour All Our Lives

We dreamed heaven together on this Earth,
Heaven in each other's arms, lips to lips,
Your bosoms joyously pressing on my chest
And heartbeats like hammer pounding together
While my hands probing all delicate curves
That made you prettiest girl in all worlds
And you swooning in joy in my loveful arms;
But, alas, what man weaves, nature does bereave,
Our dreams, what we cared, were all laid bare
And we lay on opposite shores of the life's stream,
Staring across to shores with eyes full of tears,
Shattered indeed we are, and shattered our dreams.

I see you all alone in hideous wilderness,
Stripped of light and lilt, stripped of joy, cadence,
That make life, life, and you frozen to the fate;
No signs of life in you, though alive indeed you are,
And that itself adds salt to my soul's cracks;
I made right signs to spur you back to life,
But no more you look across to the opposite shore,
Crying for our fate that dragged us so apart;
Sinking am I in this shore in my own grief,
I long to find signs that you are back to life;
But years are gone by and hopes are fading out,
Eyes are losing sight, other shore is blurring now.

You certainly are aware, similia similibus curantur;
The fate that dragged us apart for no valid cause,
Why not unite us back without another cause?
This is the only glimmer I hold in my blind world,
And I breathe and live days to see the wonder come,
However far be the day, I wait in all patience;
Indeed that wonder-world is out of right time,
But time and thrills of life are not the dreams we have;
Wherever, however we be, we belong to each other
And we belong always as one in our own abode;
This is our dream, hopes, the prize of all struggles,
This is for what we struggle, endeavour all our lives.

Praveen Kumar

Why Hide From Me?

Why hide from me
While one you and I?

While eager to drown
Me with seamless love,
And I'm eager to have it all,
Why this hide-and-seek
And endless grief to both?

You certainly erred
And dishonest in
Hiding sterling love,
Infusing falsehood;
Untruth brings no peace
And in turmoil we live;
Alas, how a minor streak
Of harmless falsehood
Deluged innocent souls
In endless struggles of grief!

Why alienated yourself
To hide your sterling love?

Praveen Kumar

Willpower

Willpower is the fuel that runs human life;
Like a driver in a computer application,
Or Operating System in cyber programme,
Willpower works life to performances;
Life is deadwood; life, robust carrion,
Without willpower in bright flame within;
Willpower is spine, willpower gives strength
To stand life erect to heaven's height;
Willpower is steam for life's locomotion,
It takes life to places on the time's rails.

However robust the life's engine be,
What steel and rubber constituted it be,
Sans willpower flowing on its hidden tubes,
Life's wheels never move an inch forward;
On the plinth of willpower does build life;
Willpower gives depth and breadth to life,
Willpower is breath and heartbeat of life;
Life blooms in the girdle of taut willpower;
Like wildfire it spreads; like wildfire, consumes,
But unveils the joy of reaching goals.

Willpower is prayer, willpower is toil,
Focused destination is willpower's field;
Willpower is tapas, willpower is struggle,
Willpower is consuming obstacles ahead,
Willpower is commandeering life's passage
To the distant goal set out for life
Along triple jumps and long obstacle runs
Along the path riddled with setbacks
With falls and rise, fatigues, frustrations,
But never veering away from the glow in eyes.

It turns vital force to focused works
And sheds distractions from mind and soul;
It leads from front and drags from distance
In blinkers and slogs to destinations;
Will is great life's passport to success,
Will is life's gift's forces to work;
Willpower makes gifts worthwhile in life;
Willpower is the key to the lock of life
To bring out treasures hidden deep inside
And display to the world what the life is worth.

Praveen Kumar

Wonderful World

Wherever you look,
However you look,
Sheer charming,
Sheer wonderful
Is this world.

Look to the sky,
Look seas, oceans,
Look around,
Look life in it;
Entrancing all.

Hills and dales,
Birds on wings,
Fish in water,
Rain, sunshine,
Wonders all.

Blossoming flowers,
Its sweet fragrance,
Milky fullmoon,
Quiet of dawn,
Charming all.

Look sun or stars
Or atoms or below;
What order in it,
Accuracies all,
Beyond our sense!

Be it human body
Or billions genes;
Enormous works,
Timely precisions;
Who clocked it all?

See he and she
In all of lives;
Who match them,
Who enfire them
For survival's task?

Day and nights,
Seasons all years,
Tides in oceans,
Age and death;
Who planned all?

Right meets right
At time and place;
No inconcinnity,
No disturbance;

It's this world.

Balance is hallmark
Of this creation;
Good and evil,
Joy and grief
Perfectly balance.

Love and hate
Here alternate;
Both spur the world,
Both build the world
To higher levels.

It's open world
Till Planck's Barrier;
None know beyond,
Darkness all there;
Subtle is world.

All think all know,
All unknown to them;
A hoodwinking game
Of hide and seek
Marks this world.

Physics and Maths
For this world
After millenniums
Not fully solved;
Who engineered it?

Layers ‘neath layers
Is this world;
You dig one,
Hundreds raise heads
To excavate!

Fireflies to the sun -
Physicists, biologists
Scratch surface,
Feel near the end
Of universal truth!

Groping in dark,
Philosophers dream
Discovering light
From stark night
By sheer logic!

No right and wrong,
Nor height and depth

Really exist;
All imagined
By diseased mind.

Thoughts never help;
Silence leads to truth
While look within
And grasp the soul
Of the world.

The soul of the world,
The truth of the world,
So sublime, profound,
None discovered it yet,
Nor discover ever.

Praveen Kumar

Wreched Life

All was at her grab,
But she opted out of the trap,
And chose to live at soul's dictates –
Forlorn, wretched and wrecked life
In a far god-forsaken land,
Alone, and extinguish soul's light,
And open her to inner violence.

She had no choice
In the scene she was caught –
Her gentle soul bade sacrifice,
And willingly she deigned to it,
And forsake her life for its sake;
But violence around punctured soul
In pursuit to force her against will
To choose crumbs she never would;
Finding no course open to her,
She quit the home altogether,
Discarded life, security, future,
And chose a wrecked life for self.

She loved him dearly,
But his life and peace more than that,
And refused turmoil by her presence;
Living his memory, her only goal –
She stood like wall, withstood gales
From uprooting from the solemn goal;
Tricksters while caught her unaware,
She found for her no way to get out;
It was darkness at the tunnel's end,
And she broke out from the dark tunnel,
To live and suffer a wretched life.

She yielded there to most unkind grind
And bore the wrench of her ideals crash;
She threw herself to the vagaries of wind
And treaded life like a piece of trash
In alien land distant from soul;
No mates to bespeak or empathise,
No soul to stand while in distress,
A hand to mouth bare life it was;
But none of it disturbed her
While losing goal, her driving force,
And degenerates self to total chaos.

She bore the crunch,
'Cause no alternate she had,
And lived in darkness
Of past, present and endless future
For survival's sake,
Dragging her along uncertain path.

She knew, she lost her life’s course
‘Neath the weight of criminal force,
That weighed her down to hell’s choice
And shattered soul’s core and peace.

Praveen Kumar

You Will Come In Golden Glow

I know, you will come one day,
And shed inhibitions you carry,
That, alas, enwraps you like skin;
You will come on own steam,
Stirred and moved by inner stream
In clear sight and deeper insight;
You realise not now who you're,
Why and what of what you do,
And hide yourself in false shadow;
You cannot hide from what you're,
You can't refuse the light of truth,
You're bound to come clean very soon.

You will come in golden glow,
Refurbished from endless sorrow,
That seized us for ages on end;
You will come on will like free bird
To fill my sky with golden hue
And dissolve and merge therein;
Barren and void our world is now,
Filled with gloom and dark despair,
Awaiting the light your advent brings;
The day, I know, is not very far,
But, every day is deep pain to break
Till you come back to your home.

Praveen Kumar

Your Love

You had all the worlds at your feet,
Fawning upon you for your favours;
You had all bright stars in your eyes,
Sparkling the glitters of life ahead.

Majestic as you are, you walked upfront,
In strides only Gods stead in their grace,
Neither up, nor down, nor right, nor left;
True indeed, vera incessu patuit dea.

Nobles of varied hues lay scatter'd around
On the course to the goal you pursued,
Begging to attend, none stirring you a bit;
You saw, fell, chose, caught me in a whit.

No reasons you had and no grounds I had,
But I accepted the call for its subtle depth;
Like lightning it struck, pour'd torrential rain
Of love, warmth, peace and contentment.

From billions afield, what you found in me
So stirring to heap your devout love;
You laid me on throne, laid golden crown
And offered yourself in unparallel'd love.

How deep I clawed, inexhaustible I found
The measure of love you so bore for me;
How high I rose to match your noble love,
Trifle I found the brim of love I bore.

Ocean, your love, in depth and breadth,
In strength and treasure hiding ‘neath;
I stand in awe in its Godlike presence
And bow before you, worship like God.

You made a thunder from a very clear sky,
You spewed a tsunami from a quiet pond;
You brought immortal fire on a placd soul
And roused cosmic flame out of a nought.

The ambrosia of love you chose me for
Imbues my whole in the draught of joy;
But, alas, human joys are but impure
With strains to strive to keep it afloat.

The nature never bears true beauty to last,
The nature never bears true joy to last;
True love you flowed can never exhaust,
But the nature tricked, I find you nowhere.

The ambrosia of love you chose me for
Turned to vast ocean of sad bitter tears

And imbues my whole in draught of grief
In never ending languor of getting you back.

Praveen Kumar

You're My Truth

Jasmine-like fragrant
And rose-like sweet
You're divine like heaven;
Silk-like elegant
And velvet-like soft,
You're jewel of human race.

Simple and graceful,
Refreshing like dawn,
You flow and fill my soul;
You spring spring
And invest wing
To carry to lovely dreams.

You're my soul's hymns,
You're my joyous peace,
You're my fulfillment;
In front or anywhere,
You're my lasting joy,
You're sunshine of soul.

You're my truth,
Direction and goal,
I'm a fish, you're water;
You're my breath,
Invisible strength,
I lay waste without you.

You're my mirror,
I find me in you
And sense my inner depth;
You smoothen wrinkles
As it shows up
And keep me in bright cheers.

You're my treasure,
You're my pleasure,
But, alas, in another world;
No bridge can I build,
No bond can I mould,
Yet you remain mine forever.

I grieve day and night,
And yearn for your sight,
And remain devout to you;
Distance is infinite,
Barriers, umpteen,
Yet, you bring me joy
Unseen otherwhere.

Praveen Kumar

You're My Wonder

You're my wonder, Golden Wonder,
Golden kaleidoscope of magical world;
You're live flashes of enthralling love,
Yet, calm and firm like Himalayan heights.

Simple and sacred like spiritual shrines,
Lights my soul your memories within;
Stirs fragrance of blossoming jasmine,
Very call you bear, O, Priya, my Queen.

You're that spring of layers of love
In vivid spectrum of wonderous colours;
However much I drink, inexhaustible you're,
Like Ganga's flow from Gangotri's bowl.

You're simple strength like mother Earth,
Soothing yet harsh in your protective folds
To feed me in love to elevate my soul
In unseen hands from your distance.

Selfless you are, selfless your love,
Selfless your acts and moves for love;
You rupture steel sheaths enwrapping you
To rise to the needs of whom you love.

Spotless pure white in wondrous colours,
You're fullmoon light in relaxing night;
You're stark reality in wakeful dreams,
Though feel and know, alas, I reach you not.

Pure like dew, you're sweet like honey,
Soothing like morn and light like jasmine,
You sit gently on soul like child on cradle
And dawns thousand dreams of bright smiles.

I know, I'm etched in every contour
Of life and thoughts you build for you;
You bear my stamp and subtle signature
In every twist you ever decide to take.

Wherever you be and wherever I be,
You're my peace and you're my solace;
No time or distance stand between us,
Our love has divine strain at its core.

An invisible knot binds us into one,
To bond our thoughts, share inner worlds
And tie into one in soul, mind and body -
Inseparable till time and space ever last.

You're the deity in the sanctum sanctorum
That lights and sanctifies the love in my soul;

You're golden light that keeps me abright,
Now and forever, many births after birth.

You're my essence, you're my presence,
You're that string that keeps me focuss'd;
You're that oxygen that lights my soul
And keeps it in glow for the aeons to come.

Praveen Kumar