

Poetry Series

Rajiv Prajapati

- poems -

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Rajiv Prajapati (1996-8-4)

forgot-

Works:

none

A Dying Man

The sorrow surrounding a dying man
and the dark shadow that watches him;
All the dreams that life presented him,
are somehow seeming only dreams within a dream.

The figures above him begin to get hazy,
and even the bed that he rests on seems like a distant star
His senses slowly fail him, and he feels bodyless-
He seemed to be disappearing; to where he and no seed of notion
He seemed to be ending - like a fire that goes into nothing.

As he slowly continues to be affected thus,
his fading senses suddenly alerts to something Beyond:
a divine burst of light fills his anewed sight till infinite
And his ears hear the sears of a preternatural sea.

Finally he is completely lifted above
His weight is seized and his form is gone,
he just knows enough to go through a tunnel that he sees-
all that he saw till now completely forgot,
and all evidence of his experiences left behind.

Rajiv Prajapati

Captivity

Darkness bind,
and the cold spirit of the cell chills
the soul is frozen
mind is blind-
memories lost in the infinite time
sentiments forgot and left is:
the living body, the sleeping brain
accompanied by cold, captivity, darkness and nothing else.

Rajiv Prajapati

Coma

I actually wrote this in paragraphs so I don't know if it can be called a poem. But it can't even be called an essay. Read on.

'Once upon a time, I had a life. Once upon a time, I was alive, free and whole. Once upon a time in life, I had something more to do, and once upon a time in that life, I had something to be grateful for.

But a simple dream, that I saw in that life, haunted me day and night. A simple dream I saw in that life, engulfed me, for ever day and night. A simple dream it was, a dream of going off on a walk. But oh, a dream of walking out, and walking on for ever. A dream, where 'possible', was only walking straight ahead; walking, walking, walking, and on for a longer walk. Neither to stop nor to turn, and not to take a hop or two. Walk, walk and walk away the clock. But oh yes, there was no day, no night, no time. Clock was a fantasy. Only thing there was, a slow, tortorous walk. But why a nightmare like that, keep haunting me on and on, and why does it keep increasing, a mysterious fear in my heart? '

It was because the nightmare, wasn't a mere dream, nor a bad nightmare. It was something, much, much worse. It was a dead end, an end, which grabbed the soul altogether, and took it away from the body, forever. And then keeping the body still alive, and made the body and soul move on, 'For Ever and Eternity'.

A dream, and end, a stranded life. In the pure form soul of a soul, within the dimensions of a dream and memory of a life. No reality, no truth. Only a few vital signs of being there, upon a bed, watched by the awaiting Reaper. And the soul, far, far away, walking on upon the edge of a dream. With time as eternity and a walk as reality.

And not too far from the truth. And while walking on, a small help to keep out of boredom: -

'Hope' and 'Pray'-

'Dear God,
Get me out of here.
Amen.'

Rajiv Prajapati

Death in Sleep, OBE and a Ghost

Last night, forgetting all cares and toils of life,
Weary, I lay myself on a couch to rest-
Forgetting all there was to do - even for my own best
and an accursed sleep as it was to be,
losing myself slowly in strange vibrations
with visions swirling and bearings lacking,
emotions faint and visions of stars and suns
I lose myself completely in my astral form
where now could be my body,
the one lying on a couch, fully strained?

Falling out of distant stars and spinning in the endless dark sea-
only to reach places more and more baffling
suddenly a flash of a vision known to me,
and back again to swing - and swirl and twirl
into the (now) virgin parts of the unknown sea
everything throwing out a wonderful color,
and I too, a glow of violet color
as a film of light covering my complete form,
some other form flying in the deep dream of God
flying deeper and deeper into the dark spaces.
Then suddenly I begin to feel, a feeling after long hours of wandering
a sort of fear as if I was about to die,
then a strange awe as if the divine truth had struck me
and a distant feeling of complete elasticity and carelessness towards the whole world.

And now with a sudden surge of emotions revived,
I force myself to be back to where I belonged - with fruits, yes!
like a hero rushing to save her dear love, I hurry to be back to my other form
and the same visions that I saw before struck my eyes,
the same stars, the same planets and the same suns
rush past me with even greater speed than before
slowly everything becomes a blur
and the distance which took me I don't know how much time to cover
I took the same path back in but a minute only
I, am back.

I got back to where I was before,
But I see my physical form in that couch just as I had left it
instead of finding myself lying in a couch again,
I see my physical form right in front of me
covered with almost the same film of light that covered my astral form,
lying in a colorful sofa, hands behind the couch,
the pupils moving rapidly behind the closed eyelids
and every single thing present in the room presenting my eyes with brilliant hues.
So, by the effect produced by all the colors and silhouettes,
it took me quite some time to find what had made me feel all the strange things,
and, at length, the reason uncovered.

A horrible vision struck my eyes - so hideous,
I began to think it as some trick of my swirly vision
But no, the truth was crystal clear-

a flexible beam of light(is it?) was somehow leaking,
leaking out from my physical body
leaking, or, flowing, or passing from the side of my body
I cannot say it was only one of these - for it was a mixture of them all.

And you might think this as strange, not hideous
but let me tell you, it was I who experienced this bizarre incident
and the truth would have, and did, strike me first.
It was my damned soul that somehow leaked out from my sleeping body,
from the pulses, the wrists, the side the elbows,
from below the ears and from many more places
my soul was leaking, unable to reside anymore in the sleeping body
and I, now a mere memory of that physical form being deserted by the soul with my
complete association
can do little but gasp, eyes wide open, at that impossible disaster
as it slowly continues to be, and, unhurriedly ends
and I grasp at my soul, but it still float
and I pull my soul, but it still float.

And slowly it climbs, into the tunnel to the heavens
I just stare at the preternatural happening
my mouth open in amazement
What can I do now, without a soul to live the body?
and my true body that lies still in that couch
is now but a corpse after the incident
slowly all the glow of violet in it is lost
and my soul that had so achingly lived in that corpse I see now
has gone to somewhere too
and here I am, a remainder of that stressful life I had lived
the only witness to that sole murder committed by the Gen itself
the remainder of a dead person,
a Ghost.

Rajiv Prajapati

Puppet

The skies have darkened (for him) , and the threads pull and drain the color of
The life also; the man in that feeble will is a puppet yet.
All is now dying away, and yet the Age has not past half—
Ignorance in zenith, and the exhausting pleasures
The dying and the dead pleasures
I do ask, what happiness is there in that,
Which may disappear by a human night?
The pleasure that he sees is all that he knows in his foolish mind
What does he know of it? what of the illusion that he sees? the threads pulling him?
The pleasure is more a pain
Whether he suppress it,
whether he let it take over.

He is canceling with his opposite reflection in the mirror,
And the eternal soul, back again to take an ignorant birth, and an ignorant death.

Rajiv Prajapati

The Power

A wave of power rushes past you on a windy day
waving your hair into disarray and tingling your skin
A formless power makes you comfortable in the biting cold
the same power fills you in agony, pain and suffering
when you go straight to possess the heart of that comfortable power
and it is the same power which falls out of the clouds in little drops
and each of these are a single form of power
for the power is in the air
and the power is in the fire and the power is in the water.

A beam of power ricochets into your eyes from something
and you are illuminated with the beauty of the complete world
you see the ugly, you see the amazing, you see the violent,
and you see every solid and pattern
you see darkness behind an object in the form of it
lying in the ground or right beside your arm
and even in the darkness, there are objects and things
which has a power that enables you a touch of it.

All for the reason that the power is in the objects,
and the power is in the light and even the darkness and shadows.

A form of the same power enables you,
to know the presence of your woman near you
the same form of power gives you, the knowledge
of the proximity of your best food.
For the power is in the scent and smell
and the power is even in your nose that smells.

A vibe of power rings in your ear
and you know that something is somewhere near
and your tongue that knows the quality of the food
is all the power that's doing you good
the sound is itself the power
and so is the ear and the tongue
the tongue that so eagerly tastes your favorite food
the food which contains the power in itself too.

All this time you and me are here
and all this time everything else is there,
is for the power is everywhere;
the power pumps inside your body all the time
and even when you are dead and bloodless,
the power is still there in your veins and muscles.

The power is the life, the soul
the touch, the light, the darkness, the sound
the sentiments flowing inside you is the power
the strike you make in anger is the power,
and the power is existence, energy, substance, and motion.

The power was in the place where God was born

the God is Himself the power
and like God Himself,
the power is omnipotent, and it is there where existence is there.

Rajiv Prajapati

Thornman

One day,
while on a trip to a tame wood unfar
I came in contact with a rock on the ground that I did not see-
and so stumbled across a magnificent space of floor
and fell down on a rough ground with dry twigs, leaves, minute thorns and more
Instinct told me to put my hands on the ground before falling in,
and slow in thoughts as I was, gave in.

Consequence came quick enough-
a piercing pain on my palm
turned it into my view to find it full of holes
the holes filled with minute thorns
and my hand in pain and agony,
dancing and beating like my heart beats,
but in tortury.

No use it was, all my tries to get the thorns out,
and so left it altogether with the thorns still there on my palm.

Soon the very pain forgot,
and the thorns still there on my right palm
stuck both in and out
its root within between my skin,
and ages are past since the thorns were newly there
so now within it and my skin is a strong bond:
the thorns are my skin and my skin is the thorn.
Then gradually the thorns are as far as my skin spread far-

I am the Thorns and the Thorns are Me.

And so became the Rise of The Thornman.

Rajiv Prajapati

Truth And Ignorance

The clouds of illusion within the self
brewed in the childhood mould,
they poison the very air around us
through the breath that us make.

The smart clouds - those veils, they veil: Truth!
the Consciousness - poisoned! drunk!
steering into ignorance
tilting and running in circles-

The angles in the tilts be of ignorance
and the run be attempts to keep away form truth
the reason then for the latter be:
fear of the eternal Truth!

The illusions that the clouds generate
the mirrors of the true and surreal
damned - why are they not damned? !
the fearers don't let it be-
it's gen our own fathers and fathers afore!

O merciful God, O dear Father,
when will you come again, to guide the illiterate and ignorant?
I shall wait until my very last breath upon this material world
after which I shall come alone and seek you
leaving the ignorers in their opposite truth.

Lord! only you can end the disaster of the Clouds
not any other soul, neither singular nor in company
What are we but a part and parcel of you?
in you lies the source of our capacity - and much more
more than infinite enough to complete the task.

Yes, God, I shall wait.

Rajiv Prajapati

White Light

A dip into the Infinite current,
A glimpse, a feel of the White Light
a moment of Supreme Bliss
Supreme Attraction, Supreme Addiction
more than any earthly drug;
an eternal drug of Truth.

The White Light is there for evermore
a Divine unparalleled prize
for those who come through the illusion
of materialism, and still calmly remain,
fully enlightened, a light in the Darkness,
in the Dream of God.

No more of a want for a shadow pleasure
a shadow of the true peace and bliss
for which turn mountains and climb the skies
climb false mountains and false skies
and to get only - Pleasure? a mere shadow.

Nevermore shall need be to come back again in Delusions
in agony and in displeasure, for a want of false gratification
no more need for sense gratification will be
for ever night and day, in Time and in none,
be immersed in White Light.

Rajiv Prajapati