Poetry Series

Tribhawan Kaul

- 80 poems -

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Tribhawan Kaul (01-01-1946)

I am 66 years old with young mind and heart born in J&K State of India.Happenings around me gives me impetus to wirte in verses. Be it ode, limerics, sonnets, haiku, lyrics or free verses. I write both in hindi and english. Some poems have since been published.
Published work: - Nanhe Muno Ke Rupak and Sab-Rang both in Hindi language. First one is a book of plays for children and the second one is an anthology of poems in hindi. Another anthology of hindi poems 'Man ki Tarang'has been recently published. Publication of my english poems is under consideration under the agies of Authors' Association of India (Registered Trust) Mumbai (India)
I belong to India and am pround to be an Indian.

Works:

Nane Muno Ke Rupak in hindi for children.(1959-60)
Anthology of hindi poems SAB-RANG.(2010)
'Mann Ki Tarang' another anthology of hindi poems (2012)

An anthology of english poems is under consideration for publication.

A Cinquain

Poser
A difficult question
 to judge brain potency
brain racking experience
puzzle.

Tribhawan Kaul

A couple on the beach.

Two frail frames
male and female
walking hand in hand
leaving imprints
waving imaginary magic wand
giggling, teasing, running
throwing caution to wind & rolling
on ever welcoming golden sand.

Making Castles
on the sand
in the air
who cares
when these disappear
moments only to cherish.

Their feet into the calm sea
feeling the touch of cold warmth
bending to gauge under current
watching it to rise slowly from its slumber
thousand lions freed from their cage
appearance of full moon
powered surfs into rage
never afraid of opposition
both
assuring and reassuring each other
of their bondage.

Squatting
they don't talk
silence smiles
understanding perfect
just a gesture,
she goes resplendent
wrapped in orange red
the sun,
witnesses
beginning of the union on the sand bed.

Stampede of sorts
waves surged to have glimpse
those two mortals
oblivious of crazy waves
buried under the sand
wake up with a start
as blanket of water washes
their misadventure of sorts
they glance at each other,
smiling discreetly
hand in hand, drenched
walk away from the heat
---x------

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Tribhawan Kaul

A Girl Child

Foeticide, infanticide, sex-determination tests and malnutrition to which the a girl child is subjected to is not uncommon in India though the things are fast improving now.
-
A female form
when comes out of womb
is questioned
on her existence.

thrown in the garbage bin
poisoned or abandoned
some, who are retained
to face the cruel world
to shatter the myth
that
we care for the girl child.

Brave survivors face
social injustice
educational stagnation
gender bias
apathy of kith and kin
maltreatment and malnutrition.

Considered a social liability
treated like a glorified maid
till she attains maturity
to be married off
sometimes
before reaching puberty.

Sometimes sold and resold
her miseries remain untold
thrown before social wolves and sharks
trying to snatch a living through the dark
for her own sake or for her family
or for the sake of her siblings
her plight is never ending.

If she fights, she fights alone
no one cares, she dies a lone.

When exposed it becomes a news
everyone competes to share her views
beating the bush, discussions galore
downplaying reality as TRPs* soar.

One who gives the man
his own identity
is always tormented by him
what an irony!

Shouldn't we fight for her rights?

shouldn't we make her present and future bright?
shouldn't we give her joy and happiness
making her life worth living day and night?

GOD BLESS THE GIRL CHILD.
GOD SAVE THE GIRL CHILD.
-O-* Television rating points.

Tribhawan Kaul

A Metropolitan City

This is a metropolitan city
where
cluster of trees here and there
poles vertically standing in a row
unlimited vehicles plying bumper to bumper
on a cemented road.

This is a metropolitan city
where
shivering bodies numbed and starved
with sagging breasts and quivering lips
watching
intoxicated half naked
guffawing insensitive rich
swaying and rocking
shamelessly
and five star culture mocking
those despairing eyes
searching for a morsel in the rubbish.

This is a metropolitan city
where
skyscrapers seem touching the sky
with unimaginable heights
dusty slums braving everything under the sky*
with open nights
but two can never meet
difference is so vast and complete
between capitalists and proletariat.

This is a metropolitan city
where
everything can be sold and bought
animals to mammals from the black kity.
Clubs, theatres, Cafe Coffee Days
youngsters enchanted by American ways
busy but distressed/distraught public
fed up and always feeling sick
of
unemployment, strikes, and riots
extremism, terrorism and separatism
death lurking every nook and corner
politics being major donor
scamsters and crafty not paying price.

This is a metropolitan city
where
some are uncivilized
some are thieves
yet no one bothers to see
and who cares
as this is a metropolitan city

much bigger in name than a normal city
being showcased to wondering visitors
as a world class
cheers ... cheers!

Tribhawan Kaul

A Morning In An Indian Village

Rising sun in the horizon
a fireball in space
like a bride of first night
blushing and gushing
blossoming sunflowers matching its pace.

Triangle of birds
wave after wave
chirping in symphony
flying in harmony
towards the crescent
a sleeping beauty in space
fading slowly with heavenly grace.

Tillers out in fields
sowing seeds
and hopes for millions
their women bending backs
cutting weeds
small babies crying in shacks
drawing attention to have their feed.

Village children in open space
waiting for initiation
to the world of education
listening to the teacher
with not so rapt attention

Milkmen competing to deliver
small vendors crying hoarse to sell
the sun shines bright on everyone
grandpa has many stories to tell.

Flowing stream creating music for soul
baying cows and rumbling of goat chimes
joining the chorus
beggars with begging bowl
street dogs have no mercy
so none thinks of village security.

Temple, mosque, gurudwara and a church
inviting everyone with open arms
so many faiths
truthful and straight
mornings in a village has its own charm.
--o--
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Tribhawan Kaul

A park amidst highrise

Mornings and evenings witness
commoners of different shapes
caste, creed, colour & age
jog, walk, yoga or meditate
groups of female folks assert also
with warlike maneuvers
learning the tricks of karate & judo
and the joggers' park
shines in the form of oasis
amidst the concrete desert.

Giving eyes a treat towering residents
wowing the architectural marvels around
but devoid of health concerns
keeping their windows open
simply to crane and watch
the images of dwarfed movers below
pondering upon advice of health gurus
yet thinking it a total waste
 being on high pedestal, boasting
‘they arn't missing anything? '

Introspection brings them down
to feel and experience
the smell of freshness
the chirping and tweets
the sound of breeze
the rush of blood
the rustle of leaves
the peace of mind
the romance with nature of different kind
new awakening dawns.

Surrounded by faceless concrete high-rise
the lush green park
rejoices
watching homo-sapiens
respecting its existence
for their own existence.

------x----x------
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Tribhawan Kaul

A wish for all poemhunter poets

Dear All

Namaskar/Greetings

Wish you and members of your family: -

H appiness and good health be your companion always
A valanches of awards/ rewards and success be your gateway.
P eace be always with you
P prosperity must walk hand in hand too.
Y outhfullness be seen in your deeds and actions

N agativety be banished from your bastion.
E ntertain everyone young and old
W ild you go with no barred hold.

Y ogi you become not bogeyman/woman
E xperiment with truth and let you shine.
A bsorb the respect from classes and masses
R espond smilingly to every crises.

2012 It is of course NEW
yet another YEAR
fly it will, also soon
don't forget, my dear
past never ramains
unknown is future
so enlighten
the PRESENT and jell
HAPPY NEW YEAR 2012
---
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Tribhawan Kaul

An Etheree- Living Dead

I wished him
Happy New Year
he smirked and beckoned
took me to hutments behind
tall concrete buildings dwarfing human beings
 famished comatosed female lying devoid of feelings
puzzled and shocked, looked to him for explanation,
" raped by drunkards from that society of yours, Sir
 I die every day, now wish me Happy New Year."

Tribhawan Kaul

Banyan Tree

Banyan tree, banyan tree
that century old banyan tree
standing grandeurly for us to see
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Cool breeze passing through
seeking blessings of banyan tree
branches shaking in approval
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Glassy green with majestic trunk
touching the earth, not breaking free
shelter home for different birds
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Yellowish streaks, some with reddish tinge
welcome every season with a glee
symbol of eternal life
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Shedding leaves, like tears falling
a grandfather lamenting on its knees
new plants cuddling around
banyan tree, banyan tree.

Lord Buddha became its buddy
meditation was the only key
peace you get underneath
that is why it is banyan tree.

Banyan tree, banyan tree
wish fullfilling, it is banyan tree
just pray here and let you see
Banyan tree, banyan tree.

A life giver and just for free
Banyan is my national pride
 preserve these at any cost
don't commit a homicide?

 God blessed us with banyan tree
heat absorbing banyan tree
has healing powers this banyan tree
banyan tree, banyan tree.
---- X -----
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Tribhawan Kaul

Benevolent

Mother nature
provides in abundance
for her children to feed
unabashedly they perform C-sections
to satiate their greed.

And she gets killed every day, every minute
like a golden goose
her sons and daughters make merry
forgetting they are tightening themselves
their own noose.

Yet being a mother, she does not tweet
reserving them a berth
 for ancestors to meet
 and offers her body for carving out
a place measuring, six by two feet.

Tribhawan Kaul

Buffalo Cow

A black figure
tied to a post
heaving deep sigh
reflecting
silently
on days going by,
deep thoughts
caressing her heart's core
like tides
touching the shore.

Would that
like other ladies
she could have done her hair
made herself up like fairies
with powder and lip-stick
roamed and wandered on high heels
in a car
and ate different cuisines.

But alas!
no one cares for BLACKS
whole world is silent
this question whenever asked
is always put on racks.

Watching apartheid
wanted she
also to fight for her rights
to go on hunger strikes
to get placated
to be consoled by the state
both first and fourth estate.

Everyone who matters should have pleaded
and when asked who she was?
Arrogantly she should have flaunted
her connections
that the transporter of Yama
is her maternal uncle
but nothing happens
since her existence
she, equipped with horns like weapon
produces milk for our kids
nourishing our progeny to growth
yet she is tied to a post
as ordained for her
and she frightfully
asks a question to the Ordainer
how long she has to suffer.

(The poem was written keeping in mind Dr. Nelson Mendela and Martin Luthar King fight for the rights of African and American Black respectively./2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Children of Lost God

Extended palms, seeking alms
sunken eyes, skeltoned arms
jaundiced skin, frail frames
children of lost God.

Ragged and shabby, looking ravenous
searching morsels of food, trembling and nervous
fighting the odds, weak but courageous
children of lost God.

Here, there and everywhere
at crossroads and traffic signals
selling wares of rich and famous
or washing utencils, running errands
at the stalls, dabhas, small eateries
under the hot sun or the sand
picture this, view not so grand
children of lost God.

Urchins of all ages initiated
into the crimes of different hue
slowly but surely they age to their prime
getting black listed under who is who
death stalks them every now and then
making them prey on a sly
yet they survive
forcing death to give them a bye
children of lost God.

Sodomised, molested or getting raped
gender distinction is never made
the claws of mafia so strong
have no choice but to go along
children of lost God.

Aquiring all vices
no saviour in sight
 in time of crisis
abused and used
have no emotions of their own
ocean of tears not to be shown
children of lost God.

Their images haunt
future in them taunt
aware yet unawares
concern for them seldom we flaunt
children of lost God.

Oh God Almighty
help them find the lost God
free them from this bondage

now act and spare the rod
let them recover
lost childhood, innocence
 and battered image
children of lost God
children of lost God.
----o----------
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Tribhawan Kaul

Colours of Love

LOVE is
Life and also death
Servitude and devotion
A poem and philosophy
Stony but also compassion
Commitment and treacherous
Cold and also fresh air
Sin and virtuous
Body and also soul
Attraction and effort
Happiness and also displeasure
Affection and affliction
Action followed by union.

Love can not be christened
Name it
Lose it
But when I see you as an embodiment of love
I see you as
Radha
Durga
Meera
Marriam

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Companion

Poor me
fatigued and exhausted
yet homecoming
make me
restless as if,
my home
is swallowing me
in one sip.

Famous authors
stacked on racks seem to whirl
like heavenly bodies in the sky
all (termites) digesting them
but I.

spider-webs decorating wall
house-lizard playing ball
itching bites of bed-bugs
incredible rats race on worn out rugs
singing buzz of mosquitoes
melody of the flies
cricket’s chirp
frog’s croak
keep me awake entire night
yet
fill my loneliness
with their presence.

Hollow would have been my life without their presence
without them, my life is
one of emptiness
total emptiness.

Tribhawan Kaul

Creation of a Joke

These four wheelers, bring forth an idiot
shutting the door when key you forget.
Feeling stupid, praying for a genie
instead I saw my wife in balcony.
Gesticulating in bharatnatayam
seeking answers, like a deaf and dumb.
Worthy neighbourers worth their salt
warding off their inquisitive assault
showed them the key, mocking inside
their lips stretching to ears, eyes opened wide.
Rolled out obituaries one by one
Couldn’t phantom, has a crime been done?
One bubbly lady shouted, mouth spread wide
“THANK GOD T K JI, YOU ARE NOT INSIDE! ”

(05-08-2011)

Tribhawan Kaul

Cruise Control

Like a boat
inspite of warnings
wandering in sea
in choppy waters
Life
offering
rollercoaster ride
negotiating
high and low waves
of expectations, aspirations,
omissions and commissions
trying to steer clear of
miseries and illusions
bogged down by
wavering & dithering decisions
sailing to set destination
yet drifting to unknown
then
anchoring to gauge
and wriggling out of
self created mess
by self control
and meditation
directing the ship
to desired destination.

Tribhawan Kaul

Death

"Death"
Our seers say
"is evident
The ultimate destination of life
No body, no face
Life is transient
Oh dear, why fear
Embrace it with grace"

What a claim?
treat it with disdain
death is human
in flesh and blood
moving around, around us
why destiny to blame?

Behold
skeltoned beggar
starving farmers
terminally ill patients
sex-workers
locked out labourers
young widow of a martyr
victim of rape
refugee in own country
mentally and physically caged
wronged by the system
in every way and shape
death personified at its best
north, south, east or west
living dead
in them death manifest.

Death
inherent and visible in
overboard authority
merciless terrorists
brutal nexalites
mindless arsonist
misguided egoist
deadly adulterist
drunken rich brat motorist.

Death is lurking in forms
having flesh, blood, body and face
without heart and soul
no charm, no grace
nothing to embrace
but to wither and fade
as destined and ordained
in a natural way.

That is
CHEATING DEATH
attaining ` mokhsha'*
our ultimate goal
putting to the rest
our own soul.
---o----*liberation of soul
---
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Tribhawan Kaul

Death of an Activist

Cancer,
Harbinger of pain, anguish, frustration and agony
not limited to mortals only
footprints to be found everywhere
in the guise of
corruption, crime, scams and adulteration
tentacles are spread in the society.
Except cleansing of conscience
 no cure in sight
some take the fight
against the might
one who dares to bare
death stalks everywhere
ultimately cancer wins
time and again
poor one transforming into flowered frame
 rich tributes become a front page game
soon to be in oblivion
situation remaining the same
till another one dares
Alas! None cares.
------x-------
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Tribhawan Kaul

Dilemma

Mind refuses acknowlegement
Heart makes positive statement
Dilemma laughs at predicament.

Tribhawan Kaul

Dreams Unplugged

Unmaterialized condensed thoughts
melting
metamorphosed into liquid shapes
of
 desired desires
 reflections in disturbed water
 mirror images of a broken one
 mirage abetting illusions
subconsciously
connecting finite with infinity
 failing to differentiate between
truth and untruth
real and unreal
yet dream, I dare.

Tribhawan Kaul

Egoistics

Impenetrable darkness at midnight, shrieked
when a beloved sang a sad song of separation
moon disappeared on lunar day
sky wept in appreciation.

Fire ranged in the forest
waves stopped, to rest
air chocked suddenly
withering flowers, untimely.

everything went topsy-turvy
as lover did not come.

EGOISTIC attitude
becoming obstructive
in union and fortitude
decades are spent
In lament.

Tribhawan Kaul

Environment

The existent sunshine
and shower of rainy season
mother earth absorbing both with a reason
producing the greenery & vegetation
in her hem,
a mother gathering jubilation.

Hopes rise in every home and hearth
all over
in the four directions of the earth
streams & rivers of the country side
singing songs of forestation.

The multitude
getting infused
with fresh aspirations
when mother earth glows
with greenery and lush green vegetation.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Examination Center

I am neither afraid of skyscrapers
nor of those huge architectural marvels & mansions
and the artistic, planned, laborious creations
of 21st century.

I am afraid of
that small room
where some desks and chairs
keep me glued
for three hours
in a bitter struggle
like between
life and death
absolute silence
turning the place in crematorium
and those two fearsome eyes
watching furiously
from a distance

I am afraid of
that piece of paper
with letters in black print
which can churn & agitate anyone's intellect
sucking the blood like a vampire
in three hours stint

I am afraid of that room
I am afraid of that room.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

God... Where Are YOU?

Searched for HIM near and far
in temples, mosques, churches and vihars

Browsed Gita, Bible and Quran
peeped into the pages of Vedas and Purans.

Questioned the learned ones, scholars and sages
journeyed in this quest sacred places.

Meditated seeking HIM in lap of the Himalayas
Praying for HIS presence through chanting of mantras.

Sages and savants, answers, could'nt satisfy me
my hunger for HIM, felt, beginning to betray me.

Finding of God particle raised my hope
soon to vanish by another stroke.

Instrumental in forming the Universe, it was revealed
but who made this particle, mystery yet to be unveiled?

Arn't we the God particles in the true sense?
What use this universe without inhabitants?

Eureka! I have found HIM within myself
HE is in everyone, bother to seek within self.

He is in us, in every human being
in good deeds, love, service & pious thinking.

So why search HIM here and there
Universal love marks HIS presence everywhere.

Tribhawan Kaul

Hope

Hope, don't betray me
clinging, I survive.

Hope, don't overpower me
Clutching, I overestimate

Hope, don't be an illusion
Chasing, I get shattered.

Hope, don't raise expectations
Setbacks, I can't endure.
----o------

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Infatuation (An Acrostic Poetry)

Insecure she feels, yet undaunted
Never she comprehends his intentions, when appreciated
Feeling on cloud nine, his company she only enjoys
Awesome he looks to her better than other guys.
Tough to make her understand to treat him with disdain
Unrelented she remains though warned time and again
Attraction is fatal, turning one sided love casual
True love is not transient and not his cup of tea
Indifferent she remains and enjoys his company
Outward appearance is deceptive, she understands late
Neurosis she develops, it is her fate.

Tribhawan Kaul

I-Pod Oblivion

Two boys
with dreams in their eyes
looking forward
to have a date
with dame luck.

Shine in their eyes
young and energetic
but not so worldly wise
none thought them to be
sitting ducks.

Gyrating and swinging
shut out of whole world
murmering to beat
oblivious of surroundings
enjoying the musical treat.

Demon on track smelling the blood
I-pod, its agent
passing the word
to be quick and haste
come and taste.

With both senses closed
roaming in musical heaven
with 'kolaveri d'*
poor souls could not see
their cruel fate.

Mangled pieces of flesh
strewn all over the trac
brute reminder of the fact
danger lurking around
with every damn musical pack.

Bothered none
technology won
caution thrown to wind
in the process of unwinding
cuts short the life, so promising.

Tribhawan Kaul

It Is Raining Now....Wow!

Dense clouds pregnant with rain
Welcome some, others disdain.

Under the spell of monsoon
Some cry and others croon.

Rains, both awful and awesome
Waiting a year, for its welcome.

Bringing forth different emotions
Smiles, horror, anguish and satisfaction.

Drizzle brings dating couple to smile
hand in hand, enjoy walking a mile.

Intermittent rains make children happy
knocking out heat from their company.

Torrents create panic in traffic wards
deluge warns flood on the cards.

Simple rain soothing the nerves
greenery laps it up with all its verves.

Incessant rains bring no relief
slum dwellers are left to grieve.

Harvesting rain makes some sense
providing water during dry months.

Strange, rains need no stage
churning elixir as well horror in rage.

Rain dance and make us dance
opened heavens give us a chance.

Creating a rhythm like bharatanatayam
life in rains is simply awesome.

Enacting different rasas sometimes in 30 minutes
weathermen watching keenly, its performance.

Like rainbows, rain brings colour and vigour
Life line of my country, let us all cheer.

Tribhawan Kaul

Kashmir: a fire within

Kashmir: a fire within

Kashmir of our dreams
 remains only a dream
subconscious playing games
it seems, like a jigsaw puzzle
with no real solution in sight
 feeling like a wandering kite
some materialise in reality
some not
our Kashmir dream has not
that is a pity.

Politics overriding our feelings
our leaders
 wavering & dithering in dealings
none to blame but ourselves
we lost our own bearings.

 Fanaticising, not our cup of tea
 route to violence abhorred
sacrificial lineage
never inherited such stuff
road to our dream seems always rough
walking through the serpentine roads
talks, discussions, elocutions of no use
ship drifting on slipped moorings
predicament continues.

When we loose
 we loose
winner takes it all
but they won’t take our consciousness
 supreme and tall.

Let saviour
 be our language
guiding force be our cultural heritage
and
the legacy of our ancestral knowledge.

Under the trail of those mutilated bodies and seething anger
 keeping alive that spark in ashes
 rise we shall like phoenix
for those at helm
to shudder.

Let us build Kashmir of our dreams
wherever we are
whenever we can

we lost one
let us create ten.
-----x------
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Tribhawan Kaul

Lamenter

My feelings may not be peeped into
sufferings have made me their companion
words may not find the tongue
deserted me, have my expression.

Alienated you make me feel
a wound that will never heal
ditching me, did not affect me as much
your distrustful nature made my heart to seal.

A dropp of blood torn apart
Why? O beloved! You became treacherous
Who is at fault? moan the beats of heart
I should have died than bear indifference.

Appearance of comet brings bad omen
falling stars betraying my emotions
lightening that struck me in open
can’t endure with unreserved patience.

Whenever the fate ordain us to meet
never will complain, for I have you loved
expression will find no words to tell
feelings will remain unexpressed.
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Tribhawan Kaul

Liberation Seeker

The following poem is the translation of my hindi poem Mumukhshu from the book Sab Rang
.--0-

Twentieth century
at the fag end of life
standing & waiting
to turn into history
still in two minds
thinking what to say
and to gift
twenty-first century
on its birthday.

Nuclear holocaust & nuclear proliferation?
warning on depletion of ozone?
class and color struggle?
devalued or hollow speeches
on environmental degradation?
or
the human race
which has lost its sense
in the murky world of
separatism, terrorism & extremism
playing into the hand of cancer, AIDS and drugs
yet wearing a mask of humanity and concern
weeping for fellow human beings.

Suddenly
twentieth century smiled
an aura surrounded it
springing new hope
why? why?
after all why?
twenty-first century be birthed by it
why it shouldn't allow 21st century
to stand on it own foundation
let 21st century build itself de-novo
without the crutches of 20th century.

So without notice
20th century found solace into oblivion
into time and history
allowing 21st century to emerge
with a new dawn
liberation seeker
waiting to liberate itself
from its previous deeds
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Life Graph

The way I perceive the life
shrouded in the mystery
its up and down curves
none can guess but destiny.

Challenges, the hall mark of life
paint it with red or green
acceptance of failures gives direction
success gives a sheen.

Biggest philanthropist, the life is
providing opportunity at every stage
those who grabs it with both hands
ink their name on every page.

Life graph is never smooth
and should not be so
death is defined by a smooth line
a beating heart must know.

Vagaries of life draws its graph
So never pity it and destroy
bonded, life can never be
crib not dears but enjoy.

--xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx--
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Tribhawan Kaul

Lonely Lover

Aloof I am and far from you
coasting along,
lonely in a boat
waves of thoughts surge me ahead
with remembrance as an oar,
I row.

Goal being that shining star,
destiny, I know not
sucked into the whirlpools,
are my wandering thoughts
entangled in the vicious maze of memory,
you brought.

Lost if I am,
search for that elusive pearl
on the pretext of finding a shell
reach me
even if it takes eternity.

Tribhawan Kaul

Love Love Love

Love is bonding between sisters and brothers
Love is sharing by husbands and wives
Love is caring of parents & children
Love is emotional with everyone else.

Love is potion on the bed
Love is ocean and never dead
Love is in our hearts and in brain
Love is in blood and in our veins.

Love happens, can't be created
Love is compassion, can't be rated
Love is smile, makes us laugh
Love is deluge, can't be hated.

Love is not showing your assets
Love is different from bloody lust
Love is not possessiveness shown
Love is what you give the best.

Love is not in your eyes
Love is not on your lips
Love is never demanding
Love which is true, never dips.

Love makes you to sacrifice
Love makes you to survive
Love can't be gauged by language
Love makes a dead to revive.

Love knows no frontiers
Love knows no religion
Love has no caste
Love has no region.

Love is passion, love is respect
Love is forgiveness, love is peace
Love is power, love is faith
Love is prayer, love if true never cease.

Love makes you feel wanted
Love makes you get mated
Love makes you feel seduced
Love never makes you subdued.

Love is everlasting relationship
not infatuation
Love is everything
but punctuation.

Love is not give and take
Love is what you do for other's sake

Love makes you feel stronger
Love is God makes you live longer.

Love is inferno, experience its pangs
Love is jealous within the gangs
Love is life, smooth but coy
Love is rain, indulge and enjoy.

Love is grace, blessing our progeny
Love is exhilarating, ending our agony
Love makes us positive, negating the negatives
Love is symphony bringing the harmony.

The concept of love can never be defined
It is so vast and too refined
Love is eternal and never dies
Love makes human sane and wise.

Tribhawan Kaul

Love Poem-1 Shine O Moon! Shine.

Shine O Moon! Shine brightly now
for my beloved
is coming to kindle
the fire of love.
Shine O Moon! Shine brightly now.

Unending seemed to be the nights
succumbing to death were diminishing lights
his appearance illuminates now
my temple of love.
Shine O Moon! Shine brightly now.

O moon, play hide and seek
I have him, my love to share
behind the clouds hide you moon
he takes refuge beneath my lustrous hair.
Shine O Moon! Shine brightly if you care

Sing a melody in company of the stars
and sleep with the moonshine
my lap is for him to sleep
as he is only mine.
AS HE IS ONLY MINE.
Shine O Moon! Shine brightly shine.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Lure of Tinsel Town

A lass lands in a big city
metropolitan and cosmopolitan
arriving from a small township
to make it big
like every other fellow
numerous dreams in her kitty.

She finds herself
midst concrete jungle
where no one cares
for others
harsh reality
soon dawns upon her.

She encounters
selfish, biased, brutal and deceptive
qualities making an urbanite captive
no Godfather is around
merit also has no ground
no one dares to be receptive.

Here, one's chance is another's death
one gets choked, another gets breath
perish or leave, tricks of the trade
most of them fail and fade
survival of the fittest is ` gurumantra'*
by hook or crook, have to learn this ‘antra'.**

Bewildered and confused
realisation makes her sad
everyone on his own
in this ocean, she is all alone
sympathies, if there, are not shown
not getting her moorings, makes her mad.

Her ambitions, desire and aspirations
to make it to the top
dashed to ground
she takes to vices
or compromises
mentally and physically
gets unsound.

The luring tower gulped thousands
still her flock makes daily appearance
at the station
at the ports
at the bus-stops
at the air ports
to soon play an act
the act of disappearance.
-----o-------

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Tribhawan Kaul

Meditation

My mind, my heart
both reciprocate to my feelings
when I meditate.

Energy vibrating
creating immunity
against any negativity.

Bricks and blocks falling on the street
distress the body
but not the soul.

Tribhawan Kaul

Mine Kashmir

Kashmir which is mine
was a picture of paradise
Kashmir which is mine!

Its face
peaceful and serene,
its lips
smiling,
eyes
waiting and ready to welcome tourists.
 waiting to hug
Nishat & Shalimar gardens
Feather rowing shikars # on Nagin & Dal lake
mangroves of chinar trees
gardens of almonds, apples and saffaron
howling hawkers
"Hako-hak, yekho-yekh"*
and those moments of pleasure soothing our eyes like
stringing of santoor
floating farms
standing houseboats
rowing of boats on flowing jehlem
snow clad mountains
heavenly greenery
with Charar-e-sharif and Khane-kaa**
we used to admire that Kashmir
that was the crown
India's crown
it is there yet
but
sometimes it is felt that it is,
now it is not there?
where has it all gone?
mine Kashmir...mine Kashmir!

What has been left of the lifeless valley?
A lifeless body.

Whose brain, heart and kidneys
have undergone transplant
with precision
by an unknown surgeon.
leaving
bloody & scarred face
bruised lips and bashed body
blank eyes
amputed hands.

Kashmir
like a man in coma
wakes up and then sleeps
Or just watches blankly lying on operation table

‘desertion of the truth’
‘ desertion of the essence of kashmiriat’***
Ah! mine Kashmir
some one give me back
mine Kashmir.

Tribhawan Kaul

Morning Newspaper

Recipe for intellect
A game for brain
News and views
Browse with pleasure or disdain.

Crimes of passion
Vagaries of politics
Sporting brilliance
Business frolics.

Love or hate
Ah or wow
Emboldening people
A must for both classes or masses

Isn't it true
 Day starts afresh with it
Taking morning tea
Or going to loo.
--o---
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Tribhawan Kaul

Mother

Happy Mother's Day

Mother
A knight in armour
shielding her baby
from vagaries of life
getting herself embroiled
in hassels of bringing the baby up
weathering all storms
in the process
enjoying no recess.
---0----
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Tribhawan Kaul

Nagging

A tear in her eyes make me wonder
 a chance for patch up did I squander?

Never to complain..she, but questioning a lot
neither liked the questions nor liked the thought.

Life gets topsy- turvy, grilling when start
anywhere, anytime, at home or city mart.

when, where, why, how, who, what/s.....
inquisitor always testing your guts.

No chance for atonement
These word invented only for harassment.

Wish these could be wished away, ... but no
Entire life hinges on these, try taking them away.
-----o------
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Tribhawan Kaul

Nano Poetrt - Dreams

Dreams
meant to be dreamed
bane, it is not.
Injurious is
getting submerged into self pity
when dreams convert not into reality.

Tribhawan Kaul

Nano Poetry-Time

Time is money
none spares it
living is for self
none cares to dwell
upon other's misery
'relationships taking a beating'
a modern time malady.

Tribhawan Kaul

Oh God! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!

Oh God! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!
spare all human beings
from untold miseries
from pain, anguish and agonies
these blood sucking vampires
unleashed and roaming free
taking toll of your creations
without any reservations
these monsters and demons
torturing and tormenting
making them crawl through the tunnels of
ordeals and sufferings.

Oh God! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!
YOU have been merciful and always great
have mercy on them and relieve them of satanic fate
whatever sin have they committed
this punishment is not warranted
they take birth at your will
can not be left cursed, for diseases to kill.

'Everyone pays according to his/her past KARMAs"
repeated cliché, I do not agree
they suffer because YOU only decree
couldn't YOU be more compassionate
YOU have the power, can alleviate
I apologise for being so rude and bold
I know YOU are in them, in their heart and soul
As
against all odds, they show the attitude
braving all deadly ailments with fortitude
though they suffer as YOU ordained
yet praying YOU, positivity is sustained
they look upto you as the only SAVIOUR
from the predators pouncing to devour
so be kind to all of them, as they propitiate
calling YOU by thousand names
Oh GOD! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!
name they chant
bless them with YOUR heavenly hand.

(03-07-2011)

Tribhawan Kaul

Oil slick

Black gold balckens blue surface
oxygen barred from pumping life
ventilators go missing in hospital.
---
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Tribhawan Kaul

Old Is Always Gold

Saved for the rainy day
opened the treasury
out came an old PARKER
still stalking
a glassy black beauty.

Sheets of paper
feigning to be white
without any malice,
margins and lines
showing signs of jaundice.

Yellowed dampness
of hard bound diary
thanking for redemption
and
praying for salvation.

Taunts also heard loud and clear,
'take some rest
PC dear
old is always gold
discard us at your own peril'

Tribhawan Kaul

Operation- an acrostic poetry

Operation scheduled for today postponed for next day
Patient's anxiety could not be weaned away
Experts came again to check their specialised part of the anatomy
Rating the patient fit for the surgery
All of a sudden the OT activated to the brim
Tension mounted on paramedics and the nearest kin
In the OT the patient was ushered in without time to waste
Oxygen was administered with emergent haste, but
None could stop the soul to exit to rest in peace above.
-----xxxx-----
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Tribhawan Kaul

Papulation Control- A Cinquian Form

Rubber
substance with some substance
no thorough fare for liquids
clean slate makes some sense
eraser

Tribhawan Kaul

Poems Unveiled

Poems are like: -

nursery rhymes
music on lips
simple and sublime.

bananas
under the skin
a delicious snack.

coconuts
pleasure to sip
sometimes hard one to crack.

puzzles
churning the mind
welcoming to the grind.

essence of feelings
metamorphosed into
a poetic gem.

Writers' baby
announcing its arrival
leaving mother's hem.

the sunshine
sieving through the blue & black
enjoy and absorb the heat.

lady love
fascinating and captivating
both soothing the senses & intellectual's treat.

skeletons of words
walking the ramp
dressed by ingenuity.

abstract paintings
craving for appreciation
open to different interpretations.

Assortment of poems by worthy poets
take you pick and enjoy the writes
comment or not, doesn't matter
Hey!
on any given day
one amongst stars
does shines better.

Tribhawan Kaul

Published

Poet within
experiencing writer's block
warned to quit me.

Brain threatened to go barren
launched searched for fertilisers
couldn't afford the misery.

Happenings around fertilised the land
emotions and feelings sowed as seeds
inked the saplings for its feed.

Flowered every seed in various genre
reaped the harvest for everyone to read
the greatest consolation.... SATISFACTION
---X---X---X----X--
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Tribhawan Kaul

Purity of Love

One more night comes to pass
sorrow of one more night banished
one more day of destined life
automatically gets vanished.

lost in oblivion, intoxicated night
remembrance also, getting hazy & blurred.
Blame it on candle and its flame
blackened and disgraced the progression of night.

An ulcer burst, a flower got crushed
hem of the night getting stained
The purity of love
shattering the arrogance of night
washing in the morrow, all stains.

One more night comes to pass
sorrow of one more night banished
one more day of destined life
automatically gets vanished.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

RAC

.
A journey
From present to unknown
Must be worth its salt
Final destination alias last halt.

Lo!
Karma forces one to wait
RAC
Screams the fate
Life span always been a guessing game
Death never seems to be a good looking dame.

RAC now
Cry or wow
Journey till end gets more fascinating
Waiting to be berthed, for no more waiting.

Enjoying ultimate destination
Depends on one's karma & attitude
Show HIM or not
Any gratitude.
----o----

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Tribhawan Kaul

Rain

Rain when it comes, it only rains
scorching heat, biting dust
parched earth sniffing life
birds chirping as they must
peeled brooks smile again
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Dying flowers breathe and blush
shying lotus blossom in slush
peacocks dance, frogs croak
dried forest getting soaked
faded leaves, unfold again
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Buds blossom into flowers
newly weds dying for showers
cupid strikes and presence is felt
hearts of human and animals getting melt
oblivious of surrounding only two remain
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Farmers laugh running to fields
praying God for bumper yield
dusty winds dare not blow
venturing children paying no heed
mercury mulls not rising again
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Rivers sing a merry song
springs wish to go along
streams dance to nature's tune
rising lakes see nothing wrong
brownish land looks green again
rain when it comes, it only rains.

Overcast sky sieveing light
far in the west rainbow bright
puddles of pool in the street
roof top cries, oh kite, oh kite
water authorities needn't rake the brains
rain when comes, it only rains.

Elixir for life, rain must go away
but must come in time, we always pray
without rains none will be sane
life in planet will not remain
rain when it comes, it only rains.
----0-------
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Tribhawan Kaul

Random Poetic Thoughts

Life

sand squeezed in hand
slipping involuntarily
merging with sand,
ultimately.

Peace

everyone wants
only some,
foot the bill.

Death

disguised serial killer
striking at will.

War

game of politicians for business promotions.

Tribhawan Kaul

Ravishing

Smile and radiance on your face
mark my presence
and when you blush
power of love seizes me thence.

Peacock eyes
painted lampblack with care
playing hide & seek with your lustrous hair
thundering clouds are absent in the skies
yet lightening darts from your captivating eyes.

Sensuously
lowering of the eyelids
invite impenetrable darkness
you throw back your hair skilfully
daylight breaks unexpectedly.

Watching heavy heaving of your bust
with pride,
wind exults on your fate
even the flamingo gets the complex
enjoying your enchanting gait.

Lips, make me feel like rose petals
hands like the lotus stalks
astonished are Urvershi and Meneka*
checkmated,
away they walk.

Worship of some divine sculptor
HE only could have created you
whom should I proffer the flowers?
To Him or to ravishing you.

Tribhawan Kaul

Realization (A Senryu)

Gatecrashers
Senses and self will
Conscience, acting as bouncers

Tribhawan Kaul

Reincarnation of a Flower

Offer me not in temples
worship me not with gods
pluck me not and kill
let me wither on the branch itself
fading away, won’t die still.

Living in seeds
will sprout again
under the heaps
transmigrating into buds
then to flowers
spreading fragrance
all round and everywhere.

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

Remembrance

I adore the rise of moon
and the stars shining bright
bringing me your remembrance
in the solitude of night.

Moonlight seems flowery spread on earth
merging in the sea
river quenching its thirst
waves exulting in expectations
rejoice and swoon
under the moon & moonlight
when I remember you
in the solitude of night.

Decked with flowers
lass on a swing
like a cuckoo,
she then sings
and shehnai being played far off, echoing.

Hoping to meet her beloved,
she blossoms like a flower of mustard
song of separation makes love deep
her love erupts when separation seeps
all bringing me your remembrance
in the solitude of night
under the moonlight.
Putting me in trance
resonance of your voice
watching me in this state
you glow and rejoice
casting a spell, who deserts me at dawn
remembrance comes again then
under the moonlight
in the solitude of night.

I adore the rise of moon
and the stars shining bright
bringing me your remembrance
in the solitude of night.

Tribhawan Kaul

Satisfaction

My two grandchildren
both girls
always on my nerves
with their smart little pranks
asked me to accompany
to a fair nearby
I promised but as a standby.

Their mother gave a call
all of us zoomed to a big mall
saw a set of Barbie dolls
as lively as present day gals
trance-fixed
girls did not budge an inch
till their wish was not fulfilled.

Girls were happy
with great expectations they laughed & giggled
became chirpy and sizzled
their mother too
pride writ large on her face
as Barbies had cost
only rupees two thousand and fifty-two.

Back home Girls' imagination ran riot
thinking of their buddies
walking, talking & singing Barbies
they wanted to play
but to their dismay
Barbies were showcased
for display.

Out of their reach
theirs, yet not theirs
saw their hopes sink
remembered ST Colridge*
" water water every where, not a dropp to drink"
they could not express
their anger, anguish and distress.

Sensing their shock
least to say
took them to fair same day
they cuckooed with glee
had lot of rides for free
at their back & call
procured various small cute cottage dolls
Just for rupees fifty-three.

Sparkling eyes
smile on their faces
bringing home

the dumb & mute bounty of their own
with those they could play, walk, sing, talk and relate
and to their friends these could be shown and partake
enjoying their own world of make believe when they can
better than
watching barbies themselves like a dumb and mute
merely listening only two words, " how nice? how cute"
physical holding of dolls made all the difference
they became alive, agile, innovative and I must say
joy on their faces
made my day.

(This poem is dedicated to all grils below 6 years including my grandchildren Yona & Sia./19-06-2011/Samuel Taylor Coleridge*)

Tribhawan Kaul

Seek Within

IT tried to awaken, I kept sleeping
Jolted out of slumber, I kept brooding.

IT spoke, I became deaf
IT tried to reason, I admired self

IT asked me to pray, I became dumb
IT goaded me to act, I felt numb.

IT showed me a path, I created deviation
IT pointed my faults, I made my decision.

IT even caught my finger, pointing destination
Got totally lost in the labyrinth of emotions.

IT made me aware of omnipresent vice
Yet I managed to acquire, at a heavy price.

IT monITored my actions, issuing warnings
I simply ignored for worldly yearning.

Awakened! Now what is the use
Couldn't see the truth in time, behind every ruse.

Life is like that, what matters more
Seek IT honestly, IT opens the door.

Tribhawan Kaul

Shaero-shayari-1

SHAER(couplets) in hindi/urdu are the couplets which express the
feelings of love, sadness, joy, affection and different other emotions in a beautiful poetic way in just two lines. The following couplets(from my book Sab Rang/2010) are posted in hindi alongwith its english version. English translation is also posted bringing out the meaning and essence of the couplets to the best of my capability.

न ा ख ु द ा क ् य
ा च ल ा ए ग ा न ा
व च प ू ओ ं स े
ह म ह ी ज ब न च ा
ह े क ि स ा ह ि ल
क ो ई म ि ल े .
(Nakhuda kya chalayega naav chappuon se
Hum hi jab na chahen ki sahil koyi mile)
Useless for the boatman to row with an oar
As never I want to reach the shore.

ख ़ फ ा ह ो न ा त
ो म े र ी फ ़ ि त
र त म े ं थ ा ह ी
न ह ी ं
ज़ म ा न े क ी ग र
् द न े व ह भ ी स
ि ख ा द ि य ा .
(Khafa hona to meri fitrat mei tha hi nahi
Zamane ki gard ne vh bhi sikha diya)
Not my nature to become angry
Harsh world desired, me to learn that too.

त े र ी त ल ा श म
े ं ख ु द ा , स ा
र ी ज ि ं द ग ी ल
ग ग य ी
म ि ल े त ु म त ब
, ज ब व ह प ू र ी
ह ो ग य ी .
(Teri talash mein khuda, saree zindgi lag gayi
Mile tum tab, jab woh puri ho gayi.)
Throughout life Oh GOD! searched for you
Soul left the body, only then could I meet you.
------ ------
To be continued.....

Tribhawan Kaul

Shaero-shayari-5

SHAER(couplets) in hindi/urdu are the couplets which express the feelings of love, sadness, joy, affection and different other emotions in a beautiful poetic way in just two lines. The following couplets(from my book Sab Rang/2010) are posted in hindi alongwith its english version. English translation is posted bringing out the essence of the couplets.

??? ?? ?? ? ?? ????? ??? ???? ????? ??
?? ????? ?? ?? ??? ???? ?? ????? ??? ???.
(Kuch bhi to na tha hamare beech siva pyar ke
Bus logon ko to baat karne ka bhana mil gaya)

Nothing was physical in our love
relationship left tongues wagging.
-----x------
???? ?? ? ?????, ????? ????? ?? ????
?? ?????? ?? ????? ?????? ?? ??.
(Hoti thi na guzar, hamare deedar ke bina
hum paunche to nazaren churane lag gaye)

Ever waiting eagerly for my appearance
when confronted, she tried to glance away
------ x-------
????? ?? ??? ???? ?? ?????, ???? ???? ?? ???
???????? ??? ?? ????? ?? ??? ?? ??????.
(husn ke paas jane se phele, uska shabab to dekh
noasikhiya hua to yunhi aag mei jal jayega)

Beauty is fire, flame its youthfulness
Novice if you are, will burn your fingers.
------x---------
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Shaero-shayri-2

SHAER(couplets) in hindi/urdu are the couplets which express the feelings of love, sadness, joy, affection and different other emotions in a beautiful poetic way in just two lines. The following couplets(from my book Sab Rang/2010) are posted in hindi alongwith its english version. English translation is also posted bringing out the meaning and essence of the couplets to the best of my capability.

द ो स ् त म ि ल े ए स े ज ो अ ह स ा ं फ र ा म ो श न थ े
ह म े ं ह ी ज ़ ज ् ब ा त ो ं क ा ,
क द ् र क र न ा न आ य ा .
(Dost mile aise jo ehsanfaramosh na the
Hame hi zazbaton ka, kadr karna na aya.)

Friends I befriended, were never ungrateful
It was I who couldn’t appreciate their feelings.
ब ी ज ब ो त ा क ो ई , फ ल ख ा त ा क ो ई
ज़ म ी ं क ो प ू छ न े , क ौ न आ य े य ह ा ँ .
(beej bota koyi, phal khata koi
Zami ko poochne, kaun aaye yahan.)

One sows, another reaps
Who feels for the actual creator?

र ो क े ग ु ज ा र ो य ा ह ं स क े ग ु ज ा र ो
य ह ज ि ं द ग ी त ु म ् ह ा र ी ह ै , त ु म ् ह ी स ं व ा ं र ो .
(Ro ke guzaro ya hans ke guzaro
Yeh zindgi tumahri hai tumhi sanwaro)

Live life lamenting or laughing
Choice be your’s, to make it happen.

Tribhawan Kaul

Shaero-shayri-4

SHAER(couplets) in hindi/urdu are the couplets which express the feelings of love, sadness, joy, affection and different other emotions in a beautiful poetic way in just two lines. The following couplets(from my book Sab Rang/2010) are posted in hindi alongwith its english version. English translation is posted bringing out the essence of the couplets to the best of my capability.

प ् य ा र क ो र ि
श ् त े म े ं ब ं
द न ा न ह ी ं ल ग
त ा अ च ् छ ा
ब स , उ न क ा आ न
ा ल ग े भ ल ा औ ज
ा न ा ब ु र ा I
(Pyar ko rishte mei bandhna nahi lagta accha
Bus, unka aana lage bhalla aur jaana bura)

love likes not showing off relationship
smile on face or tear drops make it apparent.

प ् र े म ए क प ि
ं ज र ा स ु न ् द
र त ा ए क ज ा ल
फ ं स त ा ह ै फ ि
र भ ी प ं छ ी , य
ह ी ह ै क म ा ल .
(Prem ek pinjra, sunderta ek jaal
Phansta hai phir bee panchi, yehi hai kamaal.)

Beauty a trap and love being a cage
Wonder! gets entangled even a sage.

न फ र त क ी भ ी त
ो ऐ स े , क ी म े
र ा द ि ल ल े ग ए
ज ो प ् य ा र क र
त े , त ो क ह र ढ
ह ग य ा ह ो त ा .
(Nafrat ki bhi to aise, ki mera dil le gaye
Jo pyar karte, to kehar deh gaya hota)

Even his hatred made me to love him more
had he loved me,
it would have been a catastrophe.

Tribhawan Kaul

Silence!

Silence is golden
hush being the buzzword
noise gets frozen.

Silence is deafening
 martyr’s pyre, waiting to lit
 last post sounding; goodbye

Silence is absolute
 cat out of the bag
 a minister’s heart sag.

Silence is corrupt
 abetted by the hammer
justice denied to an innocent

Silence is routine
scams after scams
yet none looses sheen.

Tribhawan Kaul

Six decades of my.....life

Today I am completing 66 years with the blessings of every one
associated with me worldly or virtually.
Six decades of my..... life

Released after nine months
of quarantine in mother's womb
taking my first breath
measuring the world
infusing the warmth
like the first rays of the sun
touching the heart of greens.

Portrait of innocence painted
painter being the first decade
what was impressionable
absorbed at every stage
eager to learn, by hit and trial
everyone watched me
with surprise and glee.

Enjoyment, an underestimate
during the second decade
kissed, held, tapped, kicked-football like
passing from doves to hounds
 defender-fullback-forward & back
ultimately never missing a goalee
 landing into safe hands to the cheering of crowd.

Wisdom tooth was an indication
time for some hard decision
third one was tumultuous
terrain proved to be most treacherous
winner I was not, in the game of snakes and ladders
life was sad became sadder
Divine power held me together.

Fourth saw me rise in esteem
was loved by everyone like an ice-cream
learning by mistakes and making amends
world was merciless, knew the trends
path I trod was simple and straight
pondering at crossroads was not my fate
was on high during this decade.

 Aging with grace, of some substance
seeking HIM was no nonsense
searched within, that flame of life
but alas! The fruit was not yet ripe
 like ordinary mortals struggled to survive
child of lost GOD could not thrive
case of lost opportunities was fifth decade.

De-stressing self with poetic mind
all the anger was then to subside
brain the ink, hand the pen
heart the paper, lap the den
sixth saw me getting into the groove
expression, my companion, on the move
jotted the feelings now and then.

Journey of life yet not complete
till last breath, shall I tweet
may meet next life the ONE, to get so chiselled
 shine in the world like a diamond
 yet never to shirk from any challenges
  want to be humane, not like sages
poems an outlet, expressing my emotions.

Journey of life not yet complete.....?
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Tamasha (The Show)

Law takes its own course. Justice is blind. Media's role is felt wanting.

Standing at a crossroad
looking for her would be
from another caste
he came wearing a hooded cape
shot her point blank
and escaped
stunned onlookers
left aghast.

The police searched motives
fought over jurisdiction
but arrived at conclusion,
" the deed was lover's envy
it was open and shut case
she was done to death due to jealousy."

So her lover was caught
Who denied the charge
media thundered, " why such haste? "
And wrote stories not in good taste.

Political connections were sought
every Sohan, Mohan and Devi fought
though there was no coup
the police was put in soup
media smelt a scoop.

Investigations followed
local police to CID* and to CBI*
questions were raised in Assembly
creating din at center
hue and cry in the city
some suggested ‘RAW'*
what a pity?

Political fallout was great
putting in turmoil every state
demos, rampage and destruction
hartal#, rioting and arson
taking heavy toll
with no rhyme or reason.

Several were dead
numerous maimed
a few tried to surrender
but shot in encounter
and all this for
just for one murder!

WHAT A TAMASHA!

Ps:
Accidently
after six months of lull
a man caught
in a cheating case
owned responsibility
having killed her
BEACAUSE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY! ! !
-----O-------
* Secret service agencies of India
# Strike
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Tears

Eyes are adored by everyone
but tears have their own tale to tell
understands none, the anguish & pain
of tears that are confined to the cell.

Flow of tears lightens one
none, call it shock
dropp of a tear is heartache
repressing tears, anger’s knock.

Sensitivity makes tears to flow
heartless has no tears to show
absence of tears making redundant, as it should
youthfulness and charming childhood.

Naked is the truth, tears make us weep
a lover for beloved, one loves so deep
mother’s feelings bring pearl like tears
sowing emotions, tears we reap.

Pointless, to shed tears for nothing
never squander tears for everything
tears denote emotional distress
a famine, a quack or extreme stress.

Imprisoned tears whenever freed
none is left who doesn’t grieve
shed the tears, but of happiness
and cheerfully, not of sadness.

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Terror Balloons (seneryus)

Blood splattered, limbs scattered
face of terror mocking
at the lethargic bandobast.

People lending helping hands
disregarding every nomenclature
whipping off the rust.

Perpetrators sulking in hiding
lamenting, once again
couldn’t ignite the desired mistrust.

Blame game taking shape
some heads may also roll
pricing humans, Govt. works best.

Nothing happened, nothing will happen
older ones enjoying the prison
people waiting balloons to burst.

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That Was My House

(I had spent my childhood in Kashmir/India.)

Once upon a time
that house
housed my home
narrow lanes led to outside roads
which I used to roam.

Once upon a time
that house
woke up with temple bells
loud prayers stirred the souls
with blowing of conch shells.

Once upon a time
that house
had an open window
cool breeze refreshed me
with the chirrup of a sparrow.

Once upon a time
that house
overlooked the river
I could jump and swim
like an expert diver.

Once upon a time
that house
had a long kaeni (balcony)
made all the children play together
by tough grand old Kakni. (grand mother)

Once upon a time
that house
basked under the sun
warmth spread to people around
everyone used to have fun.

Once upon a time
that house
witnessed many celebrations
gupp bacche/bhand and melodious Henze*
were hallmark of jubilations.

That house, like a dream to me now
and may remain that for ever
its indelible impression, admit I must
can never be erased, my dear.

-----xxxx-------

* dancer/singers and singing of wedding rhythem.

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The Desire

Your two plaits touching your breasts
like a roving cloud caressing mountain tips
flirtatious eyes with a sharpened glance
and an infectious smile on your lips
painting a picture, as if, you see
the Goddess of love is besides me.

Navel, like a lotus flower
earrings enhancing your charming beauty
call you what? Rati, the consort of Kamadeva*
or address you as Mandakani.**

Resonance of anklet bells
enhancing of beauty of your feet
tender and elastic body seems to fly in the air
beholding you, is a treat.

Love or lust
perception I haven’t just
but I pray
you to remain
always in my dreams
this is my desire & you must.

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The Mind

My mind
Oh! my mind
can’t understand you
my mind.
Oh! my mind
What are you?
The Human?
The Devil? or
The God?
How can I find
your inner side?
What are you?

Dwelling in the crown of my body
creating illusions through imaginations
raising hopes and expectations
causing perplexity and confusions
an illusion seeking the truth
and the truth becoming an illusion.

Oh! my mind
whatever you are,
you are
taking refuge in
reflection of my thoughts
or taking flight
to limitless horizons
of the universe.
You are indeed
My mind.

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The Size

meaningless
expectations and aspirations
living in dream world
trying to reach limitless sky
today’s homo-sapiens
live
discontended
with diseased mentality
incurable
looking down upon others
but fearing darkness
yet feigning to be invincible
ballooning to its seams
and getting buried
underneath.

Tribhawan Kaul

The Women

This world is, because of the woman
this universe is, because of the woman
nothing exists without the woman
our existence is, because of the woman.

Why being a woman then
should be humiliation?
Why a woman then
should face indignation?
always the woman becomes the prey...?
always the woman has no say.....?

The woman is a mother, also a mother–in-law
the woman is a sister, also a sister-in-law
the woman has many roles to play
a daughter-in-law perfects that night & day.

Why then a woman does
torture another woman?
Why does a ma-in-law
torches a daughter in-law?
Why does a woman destroy another's world?
Why does jealousy overcomes a sister-in-law?

In the woman, power is manifest,
yet she is unaware and that is a jest.
she becomes Durga when in rage
telling everyone, she is no sage
the woman is where, awakening is there
her absence creates crematoriums everywhere.

Why do then a woman abhor the birth of a female?
Wants a child, whose gender is male?
the male is indebted to her for the courage and life
yet no rewards for the woman, her entire life.

This is the story of the woman, full of anguish
Plight of a woman is because of another's wish
Exploitation of the woman could not have taken place
Had a woman given the other a little more space.

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The(Her) Curse

Modesty outraged
perpetrators unmindful of pain
flame fighting to sustain.

None cares ofcourse
media demanding action
soon to be in oblivion.

Culprits roaming free
a goat bleats hoarse
law taking its own course

Victim curses the God,
“ be a girl incarnate
bear the cross, curse fate.”

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Time/Opportunity

My
childhood passed asking for the moon
youth made exit trying to enslave it soon
middle age slipped in expectations
to atone misdeeds, old age made preparations.

Old age made the TIME also to tremble
donated itself to enable
me
to come out of shamble
but by then
excitement was lost
enthusiasm was gone
courage could not defrost
to grab the lost opportunities even at a cost.

Helpless
beaten by the time
waiting for the eventual destiny
embraced death ultimately
laughed The TIME
watching me
in eternal sleep
(a body of lost opportunities)

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Trauma

She wakes up
Trembling, frightened, pale faced and humiliated
Day and night
When humans become inhumane
And shame has no place to hide.

Hunted before the crowds
Molested behind the bushes
Raped in the moving cars
Relatives, friends, goons, terrorists or
By political czars.

Mentally mauled, physically abused
Everyone looks on but never rescued
Nightmarish moments never out of sight
Living dead or deadly living
Soul and body always in fright.

Tender age matters to none
Everything she dreams, is undone
In a flash, everyone jumps in
To encash
Her innocence, her trauma, her conscience
For five minutes of fame
Putting even THE GOD in shame.

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True Love

A true love is
Neither lust nor greed nor desire
It is divine building of emotions
Standing tall with
Foundation of trust
Bricks of feeling
Cement of sensitivity
Pillars of grace
A true love flourishes then
Bearing fruit
Ripens
It is evolution
And evolution evolves
A birth of a new creation

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Wait

Sitting in the hill top hut
near the window night and day
her lustrous hair toying with breeze
clouds competing every day
to catch her glimpse
opportunity there to seize
to be her companion
as she waits for the union.

Waits.
salutations, the first rays of the sun offer
her red shot eyes pretend to be sober
tears roll down and wail
when she feels the shadow of her beloved, sail
and creeping behind her back
racing heartbeats force her, to turn
only to find caressing, her
His.. favourite window curtain.

Waits.
Cooing of doves and their necking
On that old banyan tree
not dropping her gaze
she feels for her neck
and flash came the night of her wedding phase
'When he held her tight and kissed on her lips
then begged to leave with a sigh
On duty to border, with a smile, he bade her good-bye.'

Waits.
Serpentine roads juggling her mind
as a dot appears to tease her kind
rush of blood banish her gloom
in nearby pond, a lotus blooms
doves hover, flapping their wings
stream behind the hut, wants to sing
she looks into the mirror and rushes outside
wait gets over as he stands beside.

Wait has ended, for the fortunate one
most of her likes are brought to funeral
coffins draped in national honour
shedding tears, their only succour
no blooming lotus but booming of guns
no morning amber but setting sun
hovering doves not to be seen
hawks snatching all the sheen
Souls of departed now awaits them.

Tribhawan Kaul

You March On

You, unknown traveller of untreaded path
march on, march on, march on
will reach your destination
one day
though far off
march on, march on, march on.

Look back, never, even by mistake
forget, never, the hardships you bore
guide, will be your past deeds of life,
full of pangs on the bed of stake
What holds destiny?
Not to worry?
.....Just march on, march on, march on.

Adversities make you a fast learner
Desires are snakes, so be a shirker
search the deep sea to find a pearl
get to the shore, while facing the whirl

Think never to be feeble & meek
deliver everyone from the misdeeds
while truth you seek
clear all hurdles regaining your strength
you will reach the destination
 march on...march on....march on.

Carve out your name on the horizon
as your stars are on the ascendant
work towards the goal night and day
be illuminated in such a way
sluggish should appear the milky way

You, unknown traveller of untreaded path
march on, march on, march on
will reach your destination
one day
though far off
march on, march on, march on.

Tribhawan Kaul