**Poetry Series**

# vijay gupta

## - poems -

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## vijay gupta (5-5-1950)

i am Vijay Kumar Gupta fifty seven yrs old, M.A (economics) & passed L.L.B, a businessman worked in student moments & labour moments in U.P.wrote two hundreds Hindi & English poems. My poems mainly published in danic prabhat & other magazines also.

Works:

no

**“Bound to work”**

“Bound to work”
She was ailing with pain.
Work speed was some slow still then she was working.
Why?
She was a worker in a factory.
Work provides food and medicine for her family.
So, she was bound to work in illness also.
She was not telling to the manager about her ailment.
Because it may be possible that manager can sent her on leave with out pay.
And pay was everything for her.
She was a poor worker of a factory having burden of her poor family.
Poverty and burden was her destiny.
I feel that it is the story of unaccountable poor people of the world.

vijay gupta

**A commander with out portfolio**

A commander with out portfolio
Life goes on slowly & slowly.
Time passes away rapidly.
When I grew form a child to a father
I did not know.
I surrounded by work, Work and work.
For money, I was running very fast as much as I can.
In this travel, I lost the true love of my beloved persons.
Now I become an old man,
“A commander without portfolio”
Young generation is doing all according to their nature.
Now I surrounded by the Loneliness & became a matter of joke.
It is the story of so many in this world.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

**A friendly match**

A friendly match
It was dark night.
Match between the team night & the fire-flies were to start.
Stars were twinkling in the sky
And were looking like the great audience.
A curved shaped moon was also brightening in the sky & looking like the referee of the match.
Match start at 8 P.M
There was a horror of team night at the ground (earth) .
The team of fire-flies was also ready to fight the match at the ground;
Game starts.
Both teams were playing their good game.
Team night was spreading darkness in the ground.
And the team of fire-flies also trying to finish the darkness by twinkling like stars on the ground
Match went on whole the night.
At 4 A.M the team night came on back foot.
And at 6 A.M team of fire-flies was declared the winner.
Now it became early morning.
Mr. Moon, the match referee went away to the dressing room.
And the audience (stars) disappeared at once after the match.

vijay gupta

**A Kurdish girl**

A Kurdish girl
A Girl who was long thin and like a dried branch of a tree, having curling hair
and bluish eyes was waiting for her chance on a bus terminal.
I felt some attraction in her eyes & continue my imagination & seeing towards her.
She may be a professor of any university or an executive of any multinational company.
She catches my imagination & came slowly & slowly towards me & say hello.
I was astonished by her style & awake just like from my sleep.
She was a Kurdish girl works in an office attached to Uno.
She had affluent resources still than she was not away from worries & botheration.
Her country & surrounding people were away from peace & happiness.
Civil war was going on for fifty yrs.
Saddam Husain & his previous governments were not
providing happiness & justice to the Kurdish people.
News from her country was enough to keep her weight in control & worries on her for head.
Bus was late.
We share coffee & then went away to different directions

vijay gupta

**A little bird**

A little bird
It was an early morning.
A bird was on the guava tree in my courtyard.
I was also alone like her at that time.
We both were calm & silent.
We have nothing to say.
Her children flew away to their own world.
I don’t know about her partner.
He may be alive or dead.
But I realize that
We both are facing the same problem
“The old age”
Which is the neglected age in this world?
Still then I am happy because
this little bird is also accompanying me in this beautiful morning.

vijay gupta

## A Lot to Do for Them

A Lot to Do for Them
We pray her as a goddess.
We love her as a mother.
We like her as a wife.
We are bound with her as a brother.
She has been occupied a key place in the human society since its origin.
In ancient time she commands the whole society.
Relations moves around her.
But later she becomes slave to the man.
She has to suffer a lot during war time.
In peace time she is liable for whole family task in the home. She always occupied a centre place in family & society by her fragrance, loving nature, sacrifice & beauty.
Now the light of education is spreading in women’s world.
Society is providing better opportunities to the women in comparison to the previous time.
Still the major portion of women is suffering from poverty, illiteracy & malnutrition.
There is a lot to work for them.

vijay gupta

**A midnight journey**

A midnight journey
They are suffering a lot.
One member of their family has been died and
other twelve members have been injured.
All of them were on a religious journey.
They think that it was their fate which was decided earlier by the God.
No one can change it in this world.
I feel that such strong belief is just like the magic rays of religion
Which will provides them satisfaction
These rays will calm them in some days also.
They need such rays most on this hour.
Other side of this incident is that
This accident occurs due to the human negligence,
Driving on the high speed in a dense foggy mid night by
the driver is not only a human negligence but also a offence.
I think that religious people must take lesson from this incident in the future.

vijay gupta

**Ajijan Bai the great**

Ajijan Bai the great
She was a great patriot, warrior & was a freedom fighter.
She fought in Indian independence struggle 1857 under the leadership of great Nana Shahib of Bittoor (Kanpur) .
She was commanding the cavalry having bare sword in her hand &
a gun on her back.
Her dress was remarkable which was of like a man soldier.
Some historians of that time describe her as a prostitute lady.
I salute enthusiastically to that great prostitute lady
who sacrificed her life for the freedom of her mother land.
Her sacrifice was also great in comparison of the kings &
lords of that time because her act was without selfishness.
On 27the July 1857 she was arrested &
was produced before the inquiry commission
where she gave her statement which was of great significance &
of humane values.
She said "every men & women on the earth have a natural right to live free.
You Britishers have no right to make us slaves.
Now you may go to your country.
Otherwise we will kill all of you.
I accept that on 27the June 1857
I was present when the massacre of Britishers was going on at the bank of Ganga river.
I am proud on my act".
Again I pay my tribute with humbly to Ajijan Bai the great who was the great martyr of Indian freedom struggle.

vijay gupta

**Am I insane?**

Am I insane?
They were eating, drinking and dancing on the floor.
Unfortunately I was there.
A newspaper having horrible news was in my hand.
“Some hungry men snatched the lunch of some formers.”
It was very sad news for total human society.
People on the floor were happy and in cheer.
They have no botheration by this news at that time.
Were they ignorant?
Were they innocent?
There was sufficient delicious food on every table.
Wine, meat was in affluent.
I try to pick up some eatable items.
At that moment the faces of hungry men comes in my eyes.
They were demanding bread from me.
I put on my hand from eatable items.
Again I try to pick up a glass full of water.
At that moment some faces of formers comes in my eyes and asking me water for their fields.
Tears came in my eyes.
I was hardly able to stop them.
Next moment I came out from the dinning hall.
Now question arises that
Why hungry men were demanding bread from me.
Why thirsty men were coming in my memories.
Such people were not disturbing to the people who were dancing at the floor.
Why?
Am I insane?

vijay gupta

**An evening in the desert**

An evening in the desert
Sun was going to set in the west.
It was an evening in the desert.
Camel riders were going to their hideouts.
Nights are for rest & sleep.
From a nearby bush, a pair of rabbit came out & run towards another bush.
They may be playing or
They were doing some arrangements for their night.
Night means not only the darkness but also question of survival arises there.
Because of some powerful insect could attack them
I saw some beautiful pigeons were coming from high sky to the branches of the tree.
It may be their hide out.
We were witnessing the arrangements of the nature.
How some set in the evening.
Light converts in the darkness.
All creatures along with human beings go to their hideouts for rest.
In the next morning scene changes itself and all arrangements goes in opposite direction.
It is the nature.
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vijay gupta

**An evening on the sea shore**

An evening on the sea shore
Cool & mild breeze was blowing.
 Water was cool & silent.
The light was dazzling.
Beautiful maidens were off the sea shore.
Charming & gloomy scenes of morning were absent.
Noise of the birds was like the music of a horror film.
  Butter flies were also gone.
Most of the birds went away from there
They may be in their nest.
Only one or two guards were walking there.
Fog & darkness was growing.
  The sun was ready to set in west.
The sea shore in the evening was looking like
a retired old man’s bungalow.

vijay gupta

**An old man**

An old man
White haired and white bearded old man was setting on the bench before the flowers.
& fragrance of flower was around him.
He has a cane in his hand & a woolen shawl was on his shoulder.
I think he may be the luckiest person of the earth.
But I was wrong.
He was full of unhappiness & was victim of loneliness.
In the seventies he was.
His wife was no more now.
His children were adult & running on their own track of life.
They were seeking only for money & worldly happiness.
Women, wine & commercial circle was their life.
This old man has no significance in their life.
Their families have their own busy schedule.
They have no words & time for the old man.
He was just passing his leisure time among flowers,
on the roads & among news papers.
No one was there to hear his comments & hearty feelings.
So he was the unluckiest person of the world.

vijay gupta

**angel devil & the man**

Angel devil & the man
Do.
Do not do.
Botherations always live in our mind.
This stage comes when we are going to do any wrong act.
Angel advises not to do the wrong work.
Devil insists to do the wrong act.
He is the master of sin.
Angel is the master of piousness.
Piousness lives in our soul.
We should hear the voice of our soul.
It will bring happiness to every one in the society.

vijay gupta

**Angle’s voice**

Angle’s voice
Poetry is a dream,
Thinking & imagination of a man, he may be called the poet.
He is surrounded by the society.
Society is entrapped in problems.
Every one is aware for its future.
We are ignoring social & common interest of the society in comparison of our own.
It is called the individualism.
We are busy in collecting money & physical commodities.
It is the ultimate goal of so many people in this world.
They are running very fast as much as they can to achieve this goal.
In this race some succeed
Few get little success
& so many remains unlucky.
Chances are rare in comparison to its demand.
Now question arises how we can overcome on these problems.
Poetry is a light
It shows the path to the society.
So read the poetry & care it.
It will be proved as a vital force & energy to this world.
It may be called the angel’s voice.

vijay gupta

**Angles on the earth**

Angles on the earth
‘O flower’
Why you are seeing me so keenly?
Some times you bowed your head to see me.
Are you doing in my regard?
I am giving only some dropp of water time to time to you.
Your beautiful colors are vitalizing me.
You are shocking your head with love.
Are you praying for me for my good health from the god?
I realize that you are praying the God for good for all.
You are like angels on the earth.

vijay gupta

**Are they sadist?**

Are they sadist?
A fair complexioned young girl having goggle on her head was busy in shooting the scene by the camera of two little girls.
Girls were begging some coins from them.
They may be tourists.
The spot was a hill station.
There are so many things to shoot on the hill station.
As natural beauty, slopes of mountains, turning roads, and snow fall etc.
But they were shooting the helplessness & poverty of the children only.
Later these photo graphs will the part of their drawing rooms.
They will enjoy them in leisure.
Miseries of some provides
joy to some.
Are they sadists?

vijay gupta

**Argue with them**

Argue with them
Someone wants some thing from you.
Another wants same thing from you.
You have to make adjustment with them.
Such problems come in every ones life.
It you neglect them.
Then relationship also comes in danger.
What you have to do?
Question comes in families in day-to-day business.
If you are elder, one this situation will be more complicated in your life.
Then go in the light, which shown by your older.
Be impartial.
Keep the interest of your family members up against your whims.
When two solutions came from two different members, ’s on one object,
then think deeply.
Make arguments with family members then take decision with them.
Do not dictate them.
Your position of as an elderly person will remain intake.

vijay gupta

## Arrangement for lunch

Arrangement for lunch
A pair of vulture was sitting on the branch of a tree.
The female vulture was worried about their lunch because there was no dead animal up to the long distance.
The male vulture asked her not to worry about lunch or dinner. How?
Human society is grabbed in so many unsolved problems.
There for war for supremacy & reign is necessary.
Fight between the followers of different religions is going on.
I can say that this time of mini world war is going on.
Examples can be seen in Iraq, Afghanistan & Pakistan.
War between Jews, Christians & Muslims is going on.
Jews are fighting for their existence
And Muslims wants to up root them.
You can imagine that what will be in the future?
So don’t worry for lunch, dinner & feast.

vijay gupta

**Arrogant words**

Arrogant words
I have passed enough time in the shadow of arrows.
They hurt me
but I am alive.
They only hurt my body
not to my soul.
Once an arrow of the words hit me
It hit my heart and soul both.
I can never forget it.
I believe that I will die with the pain given by this arrow.
This arrow of words was shot
by my beloved-one not by my enemy.
So I realize that think
twice before shooting the arrows of the words.
(From diary of a soldier)

vijay gupta

## Arrow & oak tree

Arrow & oak tree
“I shot an arrow in the universe but where it goes I don’t know later
I found it in an oak tree.”
Sir long fallow,
An English poet.
Scenario of the world has been changed now.
I also shot an arrow in the universe.
But when I try to find it both the arrow and the oak tree was disappeared due to the cruelty made by the human society.

vijay gupta

**Asking death**

Asking death
Your heart is broken up now.
You are very sad today
You are also asking death from the god.
Why are you doing so?
What occurs with you?
When you were young & energetic,
Life was going on smoothly & with out any cry.
Spring was everywhere.
You were not seeing the sorrows in your near by people.
You were concerned only with those who were safeguarding your interest only.
In the meantime, you have lost, the ground, which is necessary in the last time of the life.
Work is over & crowd of sycophants disappeared & now you are alone.
Depression surrounded you.
It is the result of your whole life working.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

## AWAY FROM NIFTY

AWAY FROM NIFTY
Beneath the Sky,
On the earth
and in the lap of the nature,
He was lying.
Banyan tree was on his head.
Cool and Gentle breeze was blowing.
His goats were grazing near to him,
His children were busy in their daily routine.
He was a grazier.
He was dreaming like a king.
He was happy in all respect because
He was away from Sensex and nifty.

vijay gupta

## Balloons

Balloons
He was crying for balloons,
Next time for dolls
And then for another thing.
Occasion was Dewali festival in the village.
She was helpless due to poverty
So she was amusing him to avoid expense.
He was innocent & was emphasizing his demands again &
again in a crying manner.
In last she became fed up & came back with grief.
This story is of the uncountable poor people of the world.

vijay gupta

**bar**

Bar
Drunker man avoids any thing except wine & bar.
What he got there?
Peace, regard & need of the body are available to him there.
Such things are not available to him in the society.
In Indian society, wine is a hatred item.
Drunker person are subject to disgrace in the society.
However, he can sit there just like a lord?
Waiter asked him for order.
Fellow men says 'HELLO' to him with regard.
He can fulfill his desire to be a gentle man in the bar.
In this way bar is a temple for him.

vijay gupta

**Be healthy & wise**

Be healthy & wise
No butterfly was going towards the bud.
The bud was very much sad & upsets also.
In the last it asked from a butterfly its reason.
Why so many butter flies are
Loving & blessing to her elder sister & none to her?
The butter fly think and then says 'O'.
Dear bud you are small & a lovable kid.
It is a time for you to learn from this world.
Your child ness does not allow you for any affair.
Please be big
& became healthy & wise then go for another business.
You will get so many butterflies as your elder sister has now.

vijay gupta

**Be kind to Animals**

Be kind to Animals
Passage was narrow
And a puppy was sleeping in it.
I was ready to kick out him from there.
Suddenly a small baby asked me not to do so
Because the puppy was in sweat dreams
So he must not be disturbed.
I am glad to see her love for an animal.
It is also a lesson for those
who are not kind to the animal world.

vijay gupta

**Be kind to the birds**

Be kind to the birds
Gun roared in the jungle and a pair of birds
 fell down on the earth and died.
 Their child or the little bird was so little
That she could not fly, still than
she came out from the nest &
tried to fly for reaching near to their parents.
She could not fly & fell near the dead birds & died.
 Can you imagine the sadness of that little bird?
Have you any right to kill innocent birds only for your likings?
No.
They have similar right to live
on the earth as we have.
So be kind to the birds & animals.

vijay gupta

**Beauty of the nature**

Beauty of the nature
Weather was cool and calm.
Rain dropp lets were coming slowly-slowly on the earth.
Clouds were dance and were floating in the sky.
Reign of peace was there.
Two ladies were going with milk pots and one of them having small kid in her lap.
Her curly hairs were fluttering in the air.
Her face was towards the sky.
She may be collecting rain dropp lets on her face.
Taxi driver was waiting for passengers on the road.
Everyone was performing his duties except some like me.
A man having aesthetic sense can enjoy the beauty of the nature.

vijay gupta

**Bells are ringing**

Bells are ringing
Bike rider wearing a helmet, jeans & jacket looking like
an astronaut was giving a mobile phone to his father.
His father was traveling in a bullock cart along with his wife & younger son.
He was going the join a Ganga Snan festival at Brig Ghat,
which performs every year on Kartik Purnima.
Moon always will be in full shape & in full swing on that clay.
About eight to nine lacks of people will take bath early in the morning for spiritual benefit.
Main thing is that in the twenty first century you can observe to us Indians,
How they are sticking to their old customs & culture.
People having so many resources still they are using bullock cart for traveling
and hookah for smoking & ringing bells for the necks of their bullocks.

vijay gupta

**Bells of the church**

Bells of the church
It was an evening.
I was loitering near the church in worried position.
It was the time of prayer.
Suddenly bells of the church start ringing in a row.
Ringing bells were spreading the message of peace, calm & harmony in the atmosphere.
My botherations were over in an instance.
People gather here to pray lord Jesses to remember his sacrifice and
Follow his teachings.
To bring peace in the world was his motto.
Unity should be in the society was the goal of his life.
He fight against slavery and died for his mission.
Bells were highlighting the teachings of Lord Jesses.
Good ideas came in my heart & I became calm & peaceful.

vijay gupta

**Black shadow**

Black shadow
There was a poet on the dais describing the beauty of the nature.
The moon light is dancing on the earth.
Moon is in full swing looking like a bridegroom.
Joy is everywhere on the earth.
Someone from the crowd stood up & shouts loudly.
That Mr. Poet you are speaking lie.
The shadow of draught is dancing on our fields
in the vast area of our province.
Danger of hunger & poverty is in our mind.
Worries & sorrows are reining in our society.
You are living in an imaginary world
Which is very different from the real world.
see also
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**Bon fire on the crossing**

Bon fire on the crossing
Bon fire, nearby the crossing
Gathering of laborers, murmuring of local songs & cruel cold weather was there.
Smoking was alive & they were happy.
One man standing in the corner
He was calm and mum & was thinking about inadequate clothes of the people according to the chilled weather.
Then he distributed his entire cigarettes among them & went away from there.
His neighbor was seriously ill.
His wife & children were seeing him with tears.
They have no money for medicines.
That man who was standing in corner came forward & gives all his money to them,
Which he had in his pocked at that time & went away from there?
Who was he?
Do you tell me his name?
I feel that he may be a poet or a saint.

vijay gupta

**Bound to smile**

Bound to smile
She, lean & thin,
Bowed headed,
And pale faced,
was going on the curly roads.
She sometimes, busy in muddy fields.
Botheration live always
In her mind
About the sorrows & pains
To whom her family is bearing.
She is hardly thirty yrs old but looks like a forty yrs old lady.
Chirping like birds,
Dancing,
And singing which was her hobby in childhood
have been disappeared for ever now.
If she is smiling sometimes today
It may the for the sake of her family’s smile
If she is walking on curly roads
that is only for her families lively hood.
She is a poor lady belongs to landless peasantry.

vijay gupta

**Bowed head**

Bowed head
She bowed her head before him in acceptance.
She wants money for the treatment of her daughter.
She was bound to accept his proposal in the absence of any alternative.
He draws money from his pocket and inserted in her bra.
Then embraced her, kisses her
And asked her to come in his bedroom later.
This story is not only of one or two women.
It is of the million of poor women of the world.
I think that it is like a rape of poor people of the world.

vijay gupta

**Brave person**

Brave person
It was a jungle night.
Stars were twinkling in the sky.
Moon light was brightening on the earth.
King of the jungle the lion was hardly one hundred meters away from him.
The lion was behind the bush.
On the other side there were some huts of laborers.
Some children were also playing there.
He was in the tent.
Site was Nanak Sager Dam, District Pilibhit (U.P) .
He put his hand on the loaded gun.
Which was there already for precaution in the jungles?
Next moment he put off the gun
& taken two heavy duty torches in his hands
He flashes out the light on the lion’s eyes.
He was an engineer & construction was his duty & hobby.
So he decided to save the life of lion & the men both.
He marched towards the lion without any arm & only torches were in his hand.
Lion afraid from the light flashed on his eyes
Then he turned and went away in to the jungle.
He was a brave person.
He put his life in danger at that time.
He always believed in construction not in annihilation.
The story of his bravery is still alive in my heart & the huts of the laborers.
Now he is no more in this world.
He was my beloved father.

vijay gupta

**Bumble bee comes again**

Bumble bee comes again
Come again, come again, bumblebee comes again.
Winter has gone.
Spring has come.
Come again, come again.
We are alone
And missing you also
'O' little flower, you are in the mud &
I am in the sky.
And how can I reach to you?
I am moving in blue sky.
Where moon bights & star twinkles,
'O' bumble bee, you may be happy in the night.
But what will you do in the day.
When sun will make you hot?
Remember we love you.
We will provide shelter to you.
You may fell the fragrance of the air.
You can see the glimpses of the universe in the water of the lake.
'O' bumble bee come, come
And Come to us
We are missing you.
We are missing your love.
Bumble bee appeared from nowhere.
& kiss the little flower
They start making love & butter flies stretched their wings to cover them.

vijay gupta

**Bunch of flowers**

Bunch of flowers
It was an early foggy morning.
The sun was peeping behind the fog like a bride.
Crown of snow was on the head of the hill
Pine trees were looking like the ice-cream sticks mix with green and white colors.
It was a small town in the valley.
Some small school children were going in the Rickshaw.
They were looking like a bunch of flower in their colorful dresses.
Their rickshaw was looking like a clay pot on the black road.
Whole scenario was looking like a heaven on the earth
Which was looking like a bunch of flowers?
Their beautiful bags were growing their beauty.
Rickshaw was looking like a clay pot on the black road.
Whole scenario on the piece of the road was like a garden.

vijay gupta

**Burning men**

Burning men
Why are you burning us?
Why are you killing us?
What is our fault?
We are living here from centuries.
Where can we go now?
People of foreign origin are crying in Durban, Johannesburg & some other parts of South Africa.
"LATEST NEWS"
Native people want to oust them.
Because they are facing, poverty, unemployment & crowdedness in their country
Reasons may be so many as increasing population, atomization, computerization & emergence of multinational companies in the world.
But persons of foreign origin are on their target.
They are killing & burning them.
They are burning their property.
Such types of problems are going on in so many countries of the world.
But native people must think peace fully & on humanitarian grounds.
They must keep peace, brotherhood & harmony in the society.
Because it is not the proper solution of the problem
Solution lies in economic growth & control in population.

vijay gupta

**Butter in her mouth**

Butter in her mouth
School time is just too over, waking up and ready for the school otherwise I will beat you bitterly.
He put off the bed sheet from my body, stretched my hand,
In addition, put me on my foot.
Tears came in my eyes then I went slowly and slowly to my mother in the kitchen,
I put my finger towards my father
And complained about the rude behavior of my father,
Who was asking him to go to the school?
She embraced me; kiss my fore head, and politely asking me to become ready to school because I have to be an officer by studying in the school.
Orders were the same.
Father orders me to wake up and to go to the school while he was having a stick in his hand.
Mother also orders him to go to the school having butter in her mouth.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

**Cage?**

Cage?
A home for a family
A jail for a parrot
Entertainment for someone
Slavery for a helpless parrot
This story was occurred at seventeenth floor of a building.
They were away from the nature.
They want to live near by the nature.
But they were unaware from the freedom of the parrot.
Parrot’s own life may be beautiful only in the lap of the nature.
Trees are the picnic spot for them.
Open sky is the play ground for them.
Garden’s & jungles are their natural home.
Cages are the only jail for them.
Free them for the sake of their freedom.
Love & ensure freedom for the birds & animals.

vijay gupta

**Can he be?**

Can he be?
Butterfly is happy & requires a little.
Little food and water is enough for her to be satisfied.
Elephant is happy &
need hardly fifty kg of flour & sugar cane.
But the human being need total sky, planet & sea.
His lust is unlimited.
He wants to keep every thing under his thumb.
Still then he remains unsatisfied
He became saint
if he satisfied him self.
Can he be?

vijay gupta

**Can I be a child?**

Can I be a child?
Now the entire world is in crises.
People are hungry.
They are thirsty too.
Violence & quarrel have been the normal exercise in the society.
On the other hand the children's world is different from the rest of the world.
There is no agony.
Reign of joy always lives in children's world.
They clap like butter flies.
They glow like the crescent moon.
They laugh like a guitar.
They play joyously.
Innocence plays always on their faces.
They are notorious too.
Dreams are their fellow friends.
Mother plays a vital role in their smile.
Father makes them healthy, wealthy & wise.
Can I be a child?

vijay gupta

**Cancer ward**

Cancer ward
Cool & mild breeze was blowing.
The reign of silence was there.
The birds were chirping on the guava tree
And the chirping was seemed like a song of death.
Patients were wrapped in red blanket & white bed sheets.
They were looking like a coffin.
Trumpet of death can be heard every where.
Patients ware going in the jaw of death one by one.
One thing was clear in every mind that their end can be at any time
so they were fearful & quiet mum.
This scene was of a cancer ward.
Can we imagine their grief?
Grief from their illness
and grief of separation
from their nearest
and dearest.
In last I pray the god for peace and happiness for them.

vijay gupta

## Care the birds

Care the birds
It was a pleasant & beautiful morning.
Several birds were on the guava tree.
But they were calm and silent.
I was surprised to see them.
Some of them were new.
They came from a nearby tree which was cut down.
I realize that these birds may be sad
and others birds were accompanying
to them in their grief.
Atmosphere on the tree was dense and full of grief.
Because some people had
ruined their houses for their benefit.
Birds are beautiful and good creation of the nature.
We must care for them.

vijay gupta

**Catch a Butterfly**

Catch a Butterfly
Beautiful butterflies were flying on the plants hare and there.
Please catch one of them for me.
His little and pretty sister was crying near his bed.
He was sleeping in deep.
She again put off my bed sheet and stretched by shirt to emphasize on his demand.
I become angry and order her to go from the room.
She became mum and tears came at once in her eyes.
I realize my mistake by seeing her pretty face.
I wake up gently and see out side in the courtyard, which was full of sunrays,
Pretty flower and some butterflies were also flying there.
I became piteous for the sake of small butterfly.
Then I try to convince my sister not to catch the butterfly because butterfly can die in her hands.
She was giving more and more emphasize on her demand.
In last I took her on my bike for a near by shop,
In addition, bring balloons and toffees to save the life of butterfly.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

**Changed Overnight**

Changed Overnight
Dinner was not so delicious,
Chirping of birds was not pleasant,
Flowers were simply colorful things only,
Stars were twinkling,
Moon was brightening,
And night was going on but it was horrible for her.
She was changing her sides again and again because she was alone and her beloved was in the lap of some one other.
About four A.M. her eyes were closed and dreams of the past were floating in her eyes.
Her laughing world had been changed over night and she was sad.

vijay gupta

**childhood**

"CHILDHOOD"

Child was playing nearby me.
He threw some dust on him & some on me.
What a pleasant moment was this?
I remember my childhood.
I played whenever I like.
I laugh instantaneously.
Today there is no place for laughing in my tense life.
Playing in dust, to throw stones on birds was my routine.
Now every thing disappeared from my life.
What can I do?
Nothing.
Childhood is irreversible.
Vijay Kumar Gupta

vijay gupta

**circus**

Circus
Command over the beast by the men,
Adventure, climax, entertainment are there.
But there is no crowd.
People have no keen interest in circus today as comparable to forty years ago.
When circus was not in existence men uses himself as a beast
by the help of colors to entertain the public.
That art became out of dated in the era of circus.
History repeats itself.
Now the era of circus is to over.
Colored television, computer
and animation films are enough to entertain public.
Now existence of circus is in danger.
What can we do?
It is the history of humankind, where changes are in evitable.

vijay gupta

## Clouds as a booster

Clouds as a booster
A big sea monster was looking there,
Next moment a pretty girl was peeping from behind the clouds.
Such images are common in the flowing clouds.
I always see them from my window in leisure time.
Clouds are charming not only for their shapes also for their utility.
Water supply is their main work in the various parts of the earth.
Their different colors, shapes &
Rainbow always boost the art of artists
& poets of the world.

vijay gupta

## Cobra & butterfly

Cobra & butterfly
Our jungles are mysterious places,
They are full of greenery, insects & animals.
Grassy field & blue sky over head is its beauty.
Once a butter fly was dancing & talking to the rose flower.
A cobra stretched headed, hissing & shocking his head.
He was also watching the affair of butterfly & the flower.
Some pieces of clouds were swimming in the sky slowly & slowly.
I hope they were also watching this affair from the sky.
These scenes can be seen only in the jungles.

vijay gupta

**Cobra in the way of peace**

Cobra in the way of peace
A healthy, wealthy & happiest man was enjoying in a beautiful garden.
Fragrant atmosphere was there.
Butterflies were flying g on the beautiful floes.
Some beautiful pairs were also increasing the beauty of the garden.
Every thing was calm and beautiful there.
Suddenly a long, stretched healed cobra came in the way of the person.
Cobra was hardly some feet away from him.
Imagine once
What will be going in the mind of the gentle man?
Is Fragrance, Butterflies & happiness of the life?
Is he may be thinking of saving life?
I feel that he may be crying for the god to save him.
Now I am also seeing a cobra in the way of peace & happiness of the world.
War in Iraq & Afghanistan is not going to end in near future.
Some fundamental forces are busy in making that war in to a war between Islamic & anti Islamic forces on international level.
This war may remember as a third world in the history of humankind.
Nuclear weapons are in existence in the world.
These weapons can be use by any party at any place or any time.
Imagine.
What will be the shape of the present world?

vijay gupta

**Comes in dreams**

Comes in dreams
Her hand was on my fore head.
Coolness came in my mind.
She says some words.
Vigor came in my body.
Confidence came in my life.
She had power to make a surprise.
I am away from my native land.
Seven seas are in the way to my native land.
Where is my childhood pass away.
That school is also there where I was educated.
Neighbors are also there from them I have received healing touch time to time.
Some of them have become young.
Some of them have become old.
And some of them have passed away.
Children of my time may be at different places.
But where they are?
I don't know.
Memories are still with me.
Memories of past always comes in day & nights.
Their time is not fixing.
Memories can stand against me in the passage, in the bus, dining table or in my dreams.
Some time they make me tense.
Some time they provide joy and cheer to me.
Neighbors are also here with me.
But great differences are there.
It is of fragrance, mood, style, motto & liking.
Warbling of birds,
Out cry of my cow, and
Cheerful welcome by my pet is not here.
Several cruel incidents occurred in my childhood and they are like bitter pills for me.
Now these memories are also like a cyclone in my life.
The time has healed up the wounds.
But the feelings are always with me.
Some times tensions make me tense.
But the hand always come and cools my mind.
Her spoken wards provide joy and cheer.
This hand is of my mother.
Who has passed away some times ago from this world?
But she always comes in my dreams.

vijay gupta

**Complete home on platform**

Complete home on platform
Have you ever seen a complete home on the plate form?
Yes.
You have seen it so many times.
But I have observed it also.
Once a train was on the platform
There was some delay in departure.
Passengers have come out slowly & slowly on the platform.
They were busy in gossiping & some one was criticizing the railways for this unwanted delay.
In the corner a women was sitting on the floor.
That area was covered by the bed sheet.
Her children were playing nearby her.
Her husband was busy in talking with other passengers.
She put eatable items nearby her.
One water bottle & empty glass was also other.
She was watching her children & her husband calmly.
I feel that she was to enjoying this pleasure of a home.
She was not in hurry.
I feel that she have made imaginary walls around her family as they were at home.
It was its own world,
It was a complete home on the platform of an intelligent lady.
(Central idea is provided by my friend Mr. Nirmal Gupta ji of chippi tank, Meerut)

vijay gupta

## Cruel joke

Cruel joke

Several relatives & friends were assembling there to attend the funeral procession of her forty seven yrs old son.
Her elder son was also died seven yrs ago.
Her husband is on bed due to paralyses attack.
She is alive still now.
We can not express her grief in words.
Is it not a cruel joke by the nature with her?
Is there any barometer in this world which can measure her grief & sorrows?
I am very much upset by seeing this heart breaking scene.
We can pray the god to provide her sufficient strength so she may bear this great shock.

vijay gupta

## Cry of a Buddhist

Cry of a Buddhist
Oh, lord Buddha,
Come to our human world,
We are in danger,
We have forgotten your education.
Man come & dies with empty handed.
Then why is he fighting for himself.
Land will remain Intake.
Nobody can be his master.
Then why men are fighting each others.
Please teach them.

vijay gupta

**Cry of a buffalo**

Cry of a buffalo
Oh God! What have fate you provided to me?
I am serving the men since my birth.
In old age, he is selling me to a butcher.
He will send me as an article to the slaughterhouse.
What will be there of my body? Oh God! You and I know very well.
In my whole life, I lived as prisoner at the farmer’s house.
My son also working in his field
In addition, my daughter is serving at his house as I am doing since my life.
However, what I get in my old age?
He is doing injustice & cruel job with me
In addition, you are saying nothing to him.
Are you helpless against the men?
If it is so, than I will say nothing to you.
However, in the last I will pray to you
Please do not make me a buffalo in my next incarnation.

vijay gupta

**cry of a child**

"Cry of a child"
Balloon, balloon, balloon,
cry of a kid attract the attention of many,
at the gate of school.
A kid with his mother was going to the school.
There was a paddler having so many balloons.
Kid want a balloon, mother refused,
but he became crying.
Such scenes can be seen when three meets at one place,
Kid, mother & a paddler with charming balloons.
Innocent kids creates botherations to their mothers at any time and any place.
Nearby peoples enjoys the scenes.

Vijay Kumar Gupta

vijay gupta

**cry of a lamb**

Cry of a lamb
Bank of the river.
A huge grassy field.
Some goats & their lambs were grazing on the field.
Some lambs were lying on the field and were enjoying the nature.
Charming air was blowing.
Atmosphere was full of calm & peace.
Suddenly a wolf attacked on the crowd of the goats.
A roar arose their.
Some flee here & there.
Some lambs wounded & some died in wolf’s attack.
Rest of the animal flees.
On next day the lamb, who was survived asked
the God to make him as strong as wolf in the next birth.
He wants not to be a lamb.

vijay gupta

**Cry of a lover**

Cry of a lover
They shot an arrow on his back because he was a lover.
She made suicide because she was also a lover.
She decided not to live in this world with out her lover.
Such incidents occur day by day in own our society until the humankind.
Why is it going on in our society?
Society is not free from racism, dogmatism & religious fundamentalism.
Young generation wants freedom.
Old people reining the society are against the change in the established law,
Which are governing the society from the ancient time?
There must be a change in the society.
Therefore, new generation could take breath freely in this world.

vijay gupta

**Cry of a mother**

Cry of a mother
Her beloved son is in the list of suspects of bomb blasts in Delhi & Ahamdabad.
She was crying before the press.
Her statement was heart breaking.
She was in great pain & agony.
She claimed that their family is peace loving & did not believe in terrorism.
They are not even helping the terrorists.
It may be possible that her statement in correct.
But condition of the matter is so serious.that no body can help her.
It I s the time who will decide what is right or wrong.
She is in great pain.
I am also very much sad to see her pain.

vijay gupta

**Cry of a parrot**

Cry of a parrot
I am a beautiful bird.
My red nose is a charming.
Children became happy when I shook my nose.
They offer green chilies to me.
They clap also when I play with the chili.
My green body offer peace to every one.
My tail is also embracing.
I can speak hardly few words.
Peoples become happy by hearing them.
Have you ever think about my happiness.
You offer every thing in my cage.
However, where is my family & friends?
I also play on the branches of trees.
Where they are?
Lap of the nature is away from me.
Here I am leaving as a slave.
I hate this slavery.

vijay gupta

**Cry of an old man**

Cry of an old man
They have only a son in this world.
He ousted them from his house.
How is it sad?
Eighty years old man & women were crying on the gate of his only son’s house.
Crowd gathered there.
However, their son did not recognize them as their parents before the crowd.
How is this incident ashamed for not only for them also for completely human kind.
I have shattered by this cruel news.

vijay gupta

**Cry of my friend**

Cry of my friend
Mr. Nirmal Ji
Walls, tiles & modern roof surround me.
A big guava tree has been disappeared from the courtyard.
Courtyard is also covered.
I am living mostly at ground floor.
Therefore, air is hardly to come from the outside.
The role of sun rays in the morning is over.
So many types of birds have been changed their direction in the absence of guava tree.
Dry leaves, which come in a bundle now, cannot cross the iron gate of my houses.
Some days ago, I was living in the lap of the nature.
Atmosphere of my house has been changed now.
Mentally I was not prepared for this changed atmosphere.
I am not happy,
In this urban style of living which is against to my nature.

vijay gupta

**cry of the humankind**

Cry of the humankind
Do not break the statue of Gautama Buddha.
News is heart braking for so many peoples in the world.
Gautama Buddha is a symbol of peace,
Brother hood & non-violence.
We should obey the teachings of Lord Buddha & spread it all over the world.
It will bring peace in the society.
It is the cry of the humankind to obey the teachings of Lord Buddha.
Only then, we can survive in this world.

vijay gupta

**Cry of the world**

Cry of the world
World wants the light of Asia again.
Described by Sir Edwin Arnold in 1872,
Gautama Buddha is the light of Asia.
He is also the light of the world.
The world needs this light most in the present time.
Quarrel for power, & resources are going on in the society.
Earth, seas & universe are all for humankind.
There are no barriers imposed by the nature.
The man is creating hindrances in the jurisdiction of the nature.
He does not know its consequences like a kid who tries to capture a lightening candle.
Earth along with her resources should be for all the people & controlled by all the people.
Gorge Bernard shows described the principle's of Buddhism in his doctrine very cleanly.
Peace, goodwill & non-violence are the symbol of Lord Buddha's doctrine.
World is in crises so these principles will show
the path of existence not only in Asia also to the whole world.

vijay gupta

**Cuckoo’s eggs**

Cuckoo’s eggs
It was dazzling evening.
The crow came back to her nest
And became happy to get two beautiful eggs there
The bird did not bother about the eggs
 That they belong to her or not.
She behaves with them like her own eggs.
After some times the eggs have grown up
and flew to their own world.
They were cuckoo’s eggs.
Cuckoo is a shrewd bird.
She always keeps here eggs in the nest of the crow.
Crow never hesitate in care after them.
I realize that his work was great.
Because service to others is “like the service of the god”.

vijay gupta

**Cute baby**

Cute baby
I was a five yrs old boy.
I was on a school tour.
Other students were also along with me on that tour.
We all were on Qutab Minar, a world famous tourist spot in capital Delhi, at that time.
Some foreigners were also wandering there.
Suddenly a beautiful and handsome foreigner lady came nearer to me and kisses my chick and plays with my hairs by saying me “what a cute baby he is”.
Those moments were melodious for me.
I can’t forget such magic moments.
Now I am not so cute because I am in sixties.
So I can not go throw such charming moments.
I can realize them only.

vijay gupta

**Death can help him**

Death can help him
A bearded man was sitting in the corner of a barroom.
He was sipping beer & was thinking deep.
He was cheerless & the glimpse of autumn was clear on his face.
I was hardly able to recognize him.
He was looking fifty years old in the age of thirty-five.
I was shocked very much to see him.
After hello, I asked where about?
Tears came at once in his eyes.
Later he explained that he had lost his love.
OH! Sorrow full?
Again, tears came & fell on the table.
He was weeping at that time.
What happened with you?
Some misunderstanding occurs between us.
May I help you?
Nothing
Because she is no more in this world.
Oh! Sad news
Now I am alive in this world only for repentance.
In really he was very much in grief & sorrow.
His tears, hair, & face were giving evidence of his miseries.
Now no body can help him except god or death.

vijay gupta

**Deflation**

Deflation
Deflation, deflation go away,
Heavy losses you have causes.
Jobs are reducing day by day.
Soni, Moni have lost their jobs.
Every one is seeing you as a devil.
So now you may go,
You may go for ever.
Send demand on the earth,
Every one is waiting for it.
Production is crying you it.
People are crazy for it.
'O' demand you May come,
You may come.
Governments are doing a lot.
Revenue is reducing day by day.
'O' demand be merciful
and come on the earth.
If you come deflation will go
It is the need of the hour.

vijay gupta

**Destiny**

Destiny
A flower was smiling in the garden
along with his family.
He was also smiling on the destiny of the petty green grass.
To which people were crushing by their feet.
But he forgets his destiny.
Will he go to the temple?
Or will he go to the funeral place?
Will he go in the hair of a beautiful girl?
It may be possible that he may be crushed by the feet of any person.
Future is uncertain people can guess it.
Destiny of men is like the destiny of a beautiful flower.
People can guess it.
But they can not decide it.

vijay gupta

## Different Nature

Different Nature
A newly wed couple was enjoying near the lake.
Mild, gentle sun rays were falling on the earth.
The weather was gloomy.
Butterflies were dancing on the colorful small jasmine flowers.
Her curly golden hairs were fluttering in the air.
They were walking slowly-slowly on the earth just like they were wandering in the heaven.
Suddenly a handicapped couple came near to them from infinite.
A heart breaking appeal was made by them to give some coins.
These baggers attract their attention and make some disturbances.
The man became pity on them and gave some coins.
But lady felt some anger and abuse them in an international language.
It is the change in attitude and nature between two.
What can we do?
Nothing!

vijay gupta

**Dirty wars**

Dirty wars
A love story had grown up & died in Vietnam
During war between American & communist forces.
It was between Adrian  Cronaur,
An air force radio announcer of "good morning Vietnam"
And cris noel a Vietnami girl.
Story started with hi- love & ended in "good bye my love".
Hate redness between American and
Vietnamese was responsible for the ending of this love story.
Her brother who was a Vietcong fighter
also became the friend of Adrian  Cronaur.
When this fact of being a Vietcong fighter
came in the knowledge of authorities.
They sent andiron back to U.S.A.
Before departure he met his friend
And He said "you Americans have killed my brother,
father & unaccountable Vietnamese
So you are our enemies".
By hearing this Andrian
Shocked & came back.
Cris noel also said " 'O' Andrian you are great & different from other Americans but I am bound to live with my family & in my county
So Good bye my love".
Story showed the grievances of Vietnamese during dirty war.
I realize that war is always dirty thing on the earth.

vijay gupta

**Disappear like stars**

Disappear like stars
I was on the ground fell from a ladder.
A sallow complexioned girl come from nearby & helps me in recovering from the incident.
Next day she came & asked abut my small injury & offers some popcorn to me.
In the evening, she again come & offers me a small & beautiful hanky and then she
Run away by saying that she was going to her home,
which was two hundred miles away from there?
I was surprised to see her gesture.
Then she never comes again.
I asked my mother about her & wait for a long time.
Now I can say that I am waiting for her up to now.
That sallow complexioned girl, having curling black hair and
Eyes like a dear came like a hurricane in my life & disappeared like stars.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

**Do not burnt them**

Do not burnt them
It was 25 December.
Unaccountable people were enjoying the celebrations of lord Christ's birthday.
The supreme religious head of Christians Mr. pop was spreading the message of Lord Christ.
He was crying for peace, Brotherhood & to fight against poverty.
His hand stretched in the air from the balcony of the great church of Vatican City, demanding the end of war in Iraq, Afghanistan, Middle East Asia, Sri Lanka & all other parts of the world to stable peace & non-violence in the world.
It was 25 December in Orissa (India) .
Twelve Church's burned by the mob.
Reasons may be there.
I agree.
Think whole-heartedly.
Is it the right way of taking revenge of any incident?
It is the twenty first century, called the age of modern civilization.
Law & order must reign's the society.
Then no one should allow pushing our world into the barbarian age.
Struggle must go on for peace, justices & non-violence.

vijay gupta

**do not care**

Do not care
Night was in her full swing &darkness was everywhere.
Peoples were sleeping after their daily routine.
I was on the chair & thinking about my past.
There were no worries in my childhood,
Therefore, the night come and goes, I do not care.
In my young age, there were so many botherations in my life,
So days goes away with work & nights away in thinking and with some rest.
Once a call came from my younger fellow saying,
That his heart was breaking in an incident and he was not sleeping.
Tears were in her eyes. His companion was not with him.
He was alone & wants to die.
I asked him that my dear fellow please think about other things also.
Moon is alone & he is traveling on his way continuously without caring for any one.
Stars are twinkling alone in the universe with out caring other stars.
Trees are standing alone on the earth & doing their job without caring others.
You & we are also the part of universe
So why are we thinking in other way.
Peoples came & went away according to their will in our way.
They act according to their nature.
What can be doing in this matter?
Therefore, we must live with them & do according to the circumstances.
Our way is only our way.
We must pass it happily.
It is the order of nature or god to us so we must follow up the way.

vijay gupta

**Do well**

Do well
'O' cloud dropp rain, dropp rain,
Our fields are unirrigated.
Our animals are thirsty.
We want water for our children.
You are generous one.
You are the part of the nature.
You are born to serve this planet.
'O' men & women of the earth
Do you know?
Control of pollution
And less formation of Co2 & So2 is compulsory for my growth & proper function.
Do well at your part.
I will do well at my part.
Other wise your fields will remain unproductive in the absence of water.
Your animals will remain thirsty.
And your children will
Live without water.
So, control pollution & control the formation of other harmful gases.
Otherwise whole society has to pay a lot.

vijay gupta

**Do you know him?**

Do you know him?
When he peeps in the sky
Stars twinkle
Moon glimpses
And moon rays
Lightened the path on
The earth during dark nights.
Do you know him?
When he walks
Near by the garden
Flowers glimpses
Fragrance spread
butterflies dances.
When he sleeps
Dreams come & show
Him the future &
past of human society.
And when he awakes
History comes as a mirror
Before the human society.
It is his miracle
Or the miracle of a pen.
He sketches the future
Of human society by his imagination.
As Marx, Nestradamus,
lord Buddha, Jesus Christ and so many others do.
He walks slowly and slowly on the
Roads & crossings come & goes

when he awakes, sun sets.
But his mind never sleeps, it thinks, thinks & thinks.
Do you know who is he?
He lives among all of you.
You & your fellow man never think about him.
But he thinks always for others except him self.
Do you know who is he?
Pain & sorrows of others
Always hurt him.
On the other side his sorrows & pain
never hurt others.
He is an ordinary man born to realize others,
Thinks for others & advises the society free of cost.
he feels that it is his duty to warn you for your betterment
& it is your duty to recognize him as an elder brother.
Do you know him?
He is a poet.

vijay gupta

**Don’t catch the butter fly**

Don’t catch the butter fly
It was early morning.
Sun was growing from the east.
Icy peaks of the mountains were bathing from the gentle sun rays.
The pines threes were watching the icy peaks of the mountain in the style as they were saying good morning to the glowing peaks.
Cranes were flying in the sky.
In the ridges,
The sheep’s were going for grazing in the jungle.
A lake was there in the lap of the mountains.
It was surrounded by the tulip and roses.
Some butter flies were also flying there.
A small child came and run to catch the butterfly.
But a thorn came in his way by saying
“please, don’t catch the butterflies”.

vijay gupta

## Don’t disgrace the work

Don’t disgrace the work

‘O’ dad, please leave this petty job.
He was a Gardner, who flies the birds to save fruits from them.
‘O’ my son always remember that no work is small of big.
Several bricks are bound to go in the foundation
Only few reaches on the top of the building.
Efforts of a soldier and commander have equal significance.
Their best efforts are essential for the success.
Every men could not be the manager.
For the development of the society
Every type of work is necessary.
So, please don’t disgrace the work.

vijay gupta

**Don’t hurt them**

Don’t hurt them
A song sings by a mosquito bound me to awake in the mid night.
I found that some thieves were stealing my articles from my house.
One of them have stolen my television and other one stolen another article
And one of them taken the book
In which my poem
“Bound to work” was written.
He reads my poem
And said to his fellows that
This house is belongs to a poet
Who thinks always for poor and toiling people of our society?
Such people are few in this world.
So we must not hurt such people like him.
So please put all articles back in his house properly.
We will see another house for our bread.
I appreciate their feelings for poets like me.

vijay gupta

**Dot of the colonialism**

Dot of the colonialism
Mild, gentle sun rays were there.
It was the bank of a lake.
Sweet, melodious wind was blowing.
People were bathing in sun rays.
Some pieces of clouds were also floating in the sky.
Some black men and women were also chirping like birds in the crowd.
Cheers can be seen on their faces.
Because they were walking on the beautiful land of the France
I suppose that these black people were from Algerian origin.
Ancestors of these people were brought to the France as a slave during colonial rule over Algeria by the then rulers of France in nineteenth and twentieth century.
Native people of France do not like them.
Their behavior is like the master’s behavior even today.
They want to oust them.
But they can not.
These are the dot of colonial rule of France over Algeria.

vijay gupta

**dove**

Dove

A beautiful dove was sitting o the branch of a tree.
She was as silent as a philosopher.
She was as beautiful as a fairy.
A bird which never fights with another birds
I feel that dove may be the devotee of Mahatma Lord Buddha or Jesus Christ.
She believes in love & brotherhood.
She is a lovable bird & harmless creature of the world.
She is a vegetarian bird also.
I like it very much.
I like every human being must be as lovable as a dove.
Everyone must be  peace loving as a dove.

vijay gupta

**Dove or you**

Dove or you
He has everything as food,
water and good nest except
Mother’s love,
Brother’s love,
And
friendly behavior of his nearest and dearest.
Still than the sweet memories of
his past were always with him.
It was the young age when
He had left his native place
to fulfill his burning desire of a luxurious life.
He got it here except brotherly and lovely behavior.
So he is unhappy now.
In last he wants to go back
But his old age and weak wings will not
allow him to do so.
Now it has become his fate.
He is a dove or may be you.

vijay gupta

**Dove or you  Next**

Dove or you
 Next
Now I have become old & weak
and
not happy now.
Because I am away from my native place
and also from my child hood's friends.
Past memories are still in the way of my happiness.
"O" my friend owl
Please help
me in going back to my native place.
Owl was a mighty and pitiful bird.
He asked his friend to sit on his back
and than flew in the sky with him.
After a long journey they reached on the dove's native garden.
In beginning other birds were not recognizing him
But later
They became one.
In this way the dove became happy with others birds.
The owl was also happy to see his friend's happiness.
But after some time he also flew away to his native garden.
If you are also in Dove's situation
So kindly go back to your native land for entire happiness.

vijay gupta

**Dracula’s son**

Dracula’s son
They were shooting arrows one by one.
Because they were warriors
They were burning village upon villages.
Because they were warriors
They were burning men women and children.
Because they were warriors
Can we say them the son’s of Dracula’s.
Why they were doing such cruel activities?
They want victories over others.
They want supremacy.
They were powerful kings like Alexander the great, Ashoka the great and so many other unaccountable warriors of the world.
History is the record of such warriors.
Now we can describe the history as the record of devils-or the record of cruelty of the warriors.

vijay gupta

**Dream train**

Dream train
Dream train, dream train
Children are in.
On the next step age
Children will grow younger.
Their feet will be on the earth.
Reality of life will touch their feet.
Dreams may be scattered.
Now they have to face the problems like harass meant uncomforted & failure ness.
His ambitions remain unfulfilled.
Now he became an old man.
He is seeing towards his young son.
But the dream train of his son was going in another direction & there is no place for the ambitions of his old father.
Old man again disappointed.
What we can do?
Nothing
Dreams are the dreams.
Some times they bring Joy in our life.
Some times they scatter.

vijay gupta

**Dreams**

Dreams
Dreams of young age are like a twist of a young lady early in the morning.
They are ignorant from realities.
When they come under the umbrella of hot sun
They become nervous.
After hot mid day, dazzling evening comes like
icy dew droplet’s.
Then night becomes joyous.
Some times night becomes lovers lovely embracing
and some times night
becomes like a hot desert.
Al these depends upon the percentage of success about our dreams.

vijay gupta

**Early morning**

Early morning
What I got in last twenty year?
I got plastic money, high post and sleepless nights in my life.
“Sun-rays 'were playing on the plants,
Night has been over,
Now it is time for Morning Prayer,
Stood up & come, near the idol of goddess”.
It was the cry of my mother.
Such type of scenes occurs before twenty years.
Now nobody can dare to order me because
I am the master of my family.
She was my mother,
Who not only orders?
Some times she put off my bed sheet and stretch my hand and
Put me on my feet in early mornings.
Now I am away from my mother’s true love.
It is total loss in my life.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

**Egotist**

Egotist
A small flower was growing on the big branch of a plant.
It was egotist because it was situated at some high place.
It always thinks about other flowers as inferior to it.
& it was unaware to its future.
At another moment bumblebee
Attacked the flower & suck her lips brutally
After some time a bird attacked on her cheeks.
Next day the hand of a small day stretched to make end its life.
On the other hand other flowers were safe due to their under position.
It is a lesson to the egotist people.

vijay gupta

**Enemy no. one**

Enemy no. one
Don’t take it.
Don’t do it.
Do it at once.
I will not do it.
I want to live idly.
These conversations were between mother & her son.
She was bound to check & advice her kid.
On the other hand he barks on her.
He feels her like enemy number one.
It is a common phenomenon in our society
where parents & children are living together.
They bark on each others like a dog.
So parents must realize the psychology of their children.
They must overlap their advice with the consent of their children
& convince them with arguments.
Ask them beautifully & in a normal & juicy voice.
Don’t order them like a military general.
Your these efforts will
make healthy relation ship among the members of the family
& your home will be full of the fragrance of lover & brother hood.

vijay gupta

**Evening of a bird**

Evening of a bird
Children were hungry and full of fear
Because night was falling
Slowly and slowly.
She came and spread the rain of love over them.
Seeing towards the sky,
They were praying to the god for their mother’s safe arrival.
They were also rubbing their beaks on her body.
It was their style to show their joy.
Nest was filled with their chirping.
She drops some food grain in their mouth.
It was a nice evening of a bird’s family.

vijay gupta

**Experience with the bottle**

Experience with the bottle
It was a dark night.
Cool & mild breeze was blowing.
I was in leisure & alone in my tent
Away from my village,
away from my native people,
and away from my beloved.
Sweet memories were making me unpleasant.
I was puzzled & there was no way of rescue
Suddenly my hand went into the self
And a bottle of wine came before me.
I opened the cork & wine went slowly & slowly in my belly.
I could not know why it happens
But I realize that the bottle of wine had become
the rescuer from the pain of loneliness at that time
and it is also playing the role of a rescuer in my life still now.
(From the diary of soldier)

vijay gupta

**Fairies own world**

Fairies own world
Fairies were flying in the sky.
Golden crowns were on their heads.
Their curling hair was looking like black clouds.
Their beautiful eyes were seeing the beauty of the earth.
Their wings were looking like the wings of a butterfly.
Stars were peeping from the universe.
Moon rays were embracing their bodies.
They all perceived the beauty of fairies.
On the other hand
Fairies were busy in their own world.
The world of fairies where there is no place for the enchantment of moon & stars.

vijay gupta

**Fairy & fairyland**

Fairy & fairyland
There is a fairyland across the clouds & atmosphere.
It may situate at any planet.
Fairies having curling hair, beautiful eyes, charming color
& two wings on her body lives there.
No body knows their arrival & departure on earth.
Suddenly they come on earth in bright moon light.
They play with color full flowers & butterflies.
Garden, bank of river & lakes, ridges in mountains is their playground.
They dance in-group there.
Demon & ghosts are unholy powers are dangerous for them.
They are always afraid of them.
Stories of fairy & fairyland are subject to attraction in children even now a day.
Such stories are popular & going on in society side by side in spite of controversies.

vijay gupta

**Farewell**

Farewell
Were they in a farewell party?
Embracing each others like girls in the farewell party of a college.
Where they smiles & promises to meet again in near future?
It was a dew dropp let on a leaf of a Banana tree.
Dew dropp was sparkling like a pearl.
It may be in the gay.
Where the dew dropp will go after the fare well party?
It does not know.
But I know that it will be the last farewell of dew.
It has to go in the lap of the earth for ever.
Lives of human beings are just like the lives of dew dropp lets.

vijay gupta

**Faster & faster**

Faster & faster
Let fog have to be disappeared.
Allow the sun light to play on the earth.
Spring will come.
Children will play joyously.
Flowers will bloom in their full swing.
Let fog have to be disappeared.
It brings only hindrance in the growth of the plants.
In this way,
Put off the chain of heavy rules & regulations, which are working like a fog.
Let these children to grow in a natural way.
Provide freedom in their life.
They will grow faster & faster.
Their brain will develop faster & faster.

vijay gupta

**Fences on the border**

Fences on the border
Please remove the fences forever.
It is like a thorn in my heart.
Since my birth, it is pinching me continuously.
I cannot fly on it because I have no wings.
Soldiers of both countries are caring it day & night.
I am on this side and
Relatives are on the other side & fences are between us.
Memories of my relatives always disturb me.
However, we could not meet each other’s.
So many relatives die up to now.
However, I could not attend even their funeral procession.
Tears come & fall on the ground but I could not do more.
Except seeing, it is from a distance.

vijay gupta

**Few coins**

Few coins
I was surprised to see her face
Because her face was shinning with
happiness & astonishment
The reason was that
I gave five rupees to her.
She was a beggar & hoping to get simply one rupee from me.
I realize that poor people can be happy in only few coins
In comparison to the rich people
Because their aspirations are limited.

vijay gupta

**Fifth day of spring**

Fifth day of spring
Spring is known for its beautiful flowers &
 the end of winter’s cold.
 Earth became like a bride in the most part of the world.
 Mild & cool breeze are also its specialty.
In our India this day is called the BASANT PANCHMI
Which is known for flying kites?
Kites of different shape & colors show their miracle in the sky.
Children play with kites & old people see them with curiosity.
Atmosphere became full of joy for everyone.
This is in oldest festival in India,
festival of colors & joy.

vijay gupta

**Fight for existences**

Fight for existences
Today Iran & Israel are on the front of a war.
They are declared enemies.
Israel is going to fight for its existence.
On the other hand Iran wants to wage a war against Israel to annihilate it.
Reason is one.
The construction of Israel was done by the European in 1948 in the name of Jew's land without any consent of Palestine people.
Since then Palestinian & others are trying the snatch their land from the Jaws of Israel.
But they could not do.
Because it was the war between poor & the powerful
Again time has come for another war.
Iran want to construct nuclear bomb to be a powerful country & Israel don't want this so war is inevitable.
What will the result?
I don't know.
I can only pray the god to prepare both of them for peace.

vijay gupta

**Fly my friend**

Fly my friend
Why are you coming to me?
Some times on my head,
Some times on my nose,
And some time on my forehead.
What do you want ‘o’ little fly?
You are a tiny creature of the nature.
Do you love me?
Do you love an old man?
Who has nothing for you?
Don’t come again.
I have nothing to help you.
‘O’ ‘No’
You are coming again & again to kiss my leg & my fingers.
I realize that you are a good example of unselfishness
A lovely creature of the nature.

vijay gupta

**FOG**

FOG
When a silver-coated curtain comes in the way of sun- rays,
The weather becomes cold and icy.
Passage becomes unclear for the goers.
It is fog,
A natural calamity that can come any time and at any place on the earth.
However, when it comes in relations,
Happiness disappears from the family.
Bitterness grows and the way of talking,
Living and thinking changed at once.
Life becomes painful due to the misty relations.

vijay gupta

**FOR ALL**

FOR ALL
Day is to work
And night is to rest.
These butterflies, flower & scenery are nature’s gift
Which are for all?
We the old people have great need
to see them in this period of life because we have sufficient time.
Young people like you are also in great need
to observe such type of things for happiness.
Because you are trapped in the bunch of problems
& tensions so nature will help you
otherwise hypertension & others diseases
are waiting you.

vijay gupta

**Foster mother Lady Panna**

Foster mother Lady Panna
So many people have been died up to now for their duties.
But sacrifice & devotion made by this great lady
Panna of Mewar yet higher then any sacrifice
made by any one in this world.
In 1527 she was appointed as a foster mother for the prince Udai singh by queen karmvati after the death of Rana Sanga of Mewar.
Illegitimate son of Rana Sanga prince Banveer was the care taker of Mewar at that time, who was appointed by the then sardars of Mewar.
He was very crazy & selfish & he decided to kill
Prince Udai singh, who was the successor of Mewar.
He wants to be the next ruler of the Mewar instead of prince Udai singh.
So in one night Banveer reached in the palace having bare sword in his hand
& asked from foster mother Panna about prince.
She after understanding the bad intention of Banveer pointed out towards the bed
Where her beloved son was sleeping?
Banveer killed that baby in one stroke & came back from the palace.
Panna took prince in her lap & flew to unknown place.
She saved the life & hides the prince for five years.
After the death of Banveer she declaired that the prince is alive
And in this way he became the next ruler of Mewar.
Lady Panna sacrificed her child for the sake of her duty which is of great significance & will be remembered in history of mankind for ever.

vijay gupta

**Fragrance of her smile**

Fragrance of her smile
It was the bank of a holly river.
Some children were coming down from the bus.
I was also crossing nearby them.
Some books fell on the ground from the hand of a girl.
I bow my self to put off the books & put them in her hands.
She smiles & says thanks.
I also use a formal word “mention not”.
She again smiles & say thanks a lot.
Her face become pinkish with black curling hair and
Her beautiful eyes brightened and curved like a bow.
I am still remembering the fragrance of her smile & beauty.
She never meets me again but the fragrance of her smile is with me still now.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

**Fragrance of relations**

Fragrance of relations
Money was always important in the past &
will remain important in the future.
The present revolves around it.
It plays a vital role in the society.
Some says the money is not less important then the god
But I think that human values are more valuable than the money.
Fragrance of relations could be obtained only by your style, behavior
& attitude and not by the money.
When money regulates the relations
It works like a poison.
Blood relations die when money enters between them.
Money becomes havoc when a son demands more & more money from his old parents with out knowing their will.
Money is the need of hour.
But relations become hazardous when its members
Became crazy for money.
Race for money never ends throughout the life.
When we got money, then we again crave for it.
Race for money goes & goes till the life ends.
We crush the happiness of the life for getting it.
We finish the fragrance of relations only for it.
If we die with money we will die without peace & satisfaction.

vijay gupta

**Frog says....**

Frog says....
Bank of the lake,
Assembly of the frogs,
And discussion was going on water pollution.
One frog was saying that
human society was polluting the water of the lake.
In this way human beings are not only damaging them self
Also to them, so we must stop them.
In the last a old and wise frog
advised the assembly
to forgive the human beings
because they are innocent.
He also advised his friends
to use sealed mineral water
as humans are doing.

vijay gupta

**Funny jungles**

Funny jungles
Funny jungles
Greenery is every where.
A beautiful lake is situated in its heart.
Lake is the shelter of beautiful cranes which comes from thousands miles away every year.
Life & death dances together in every part of the jungle.
Jungles are the life line for animal & human beings both.
But now a day these jungles & lake are in danger due to the greediness of men.
Men are destroying all these things for money.
Are they becomes insane?
They are exploiting the jungles cruelly & with out any proper planning.
It is necessary to change our attitude towards the nature.
Otherwise the time will come when men have no time to say sorry except weeping.

vijay gupta

**Go anywhere**

Go anywhere
The tears were in the eyes.
He was quiet mum & was sad also
Because he was asked to leave the Jungle at once other wise
They will kill her children & also to her.
Scene was in a Jungle.
A Dove along with her children was living in the Jungle from her birth.
Her mother was an outsider but she was not.
Parrots, crows & other birds were in majority.
Population of birds was increasing there in alarming stage.
Trees & fruits were not in affluent.
So scarcity of food was the main problem there.
Scenario in the human society
Is also the same?
Natives are asking others to leave their land or country.
In Maharastra, Assam,
South Africa, France & Latin American countries the problem is the same also.
Problem is economic.
Increasing population & shortage of employment is forcing the natives to do so.

vijay gupta

**Go to Hell**

Go to Hell
Come, come ‘o’ beautiful fairy
On our earth
from your fairyland.
I am little butter fly
Want to dance.
‘O’ dear butter fly please say
Where is my picnic spot?
Where is our beautiful lake of sweet water?
All trees, plants, deer and rabbits are invisible to me.
Sorry,
Sorry, sorry, for that.
All have been finished by human being.
And we could not save your picnic spot.
Oh! -No,
I will never come on your earth
All human being must go to hell.

vijay gupta

## God knows better

God knows better
We can produce electricity from water resources which are affluent in our county.
We can produce electricity from thorium base technology.
Thorium is also sufficient in our country.
Then why we are so much crazy for atomic power base electricity.
Atomic power contract between India & U S A will make master to the
U. S. A.
They will supply costly reactors & later they will exploit us cruelly.
Central Govt. is in danger.
Because its allies are opposing this contract
Supporters have their own arguments & opposition lobby has their own arguments.
National interest, Muslim vote bank & money are involved in this matter.
What is right & wrong?
I don’t know.
God knows better.

vijay gupta

## Going to the vulgar stage

Going to the vulgar stage
A young man snatched the seat in the bus to which I want to occupy.
Next moment a young girl snatches the seat in the same manner by her young feat.
They ignored that an old man is standing nearby.
Seat was the necessity for the old man in comparison to them.
However, they ignored this phenomenon.
I am witnessing this type of behavior is generating in new generation.
They are not piteous & humble to the weaker persons.
This behavior shows that the society is going to a vulgar stage where no respect for old & weaker people.
I am very much surprised to see this.
Are you behaving in this manner?
Please do not do so.
It is pain full for the people like us
& in future, this generation bound to face similar consequences.

vijay gupta

**Grow new flowers**

Grow new flowers
Life is full of struggle.
It has so many turns.
It is full of happiness & sorrows.
We decide targets after targets.
Some time we achieve it.
Some time we miss it.
We become happy, when we achieve something.
However, we fell in sorrows.
When do we loose our target?
Life goes on this typical track of happiness & sorrows.
To keep friendly relation ship with different people is also very critical in this world.
As our life goes on,
we come in contact with so many new peoples day by day.
Some time later
Bonds with some people become loose.
We must not care for such change in relationship
because it is a natural phenomenon.
A poet describes this phenomenon as follows.
“Do not go behind for the flowers.
Grow new flowers wherever you go.”

vijay gupta

## Half-curved moon

Half-curved moon
Half-curved moon was brightening in the sky.
It was night.
Cool air was blowing.
The stars were twinkling in the sky.
Half-hearted soldier was on the border.
Moreover, was keeping tight vigil on the enemy.
His beloved wife was in the village suffering the same half-heartedness.
The world was sleeping.
However, moon, soldier and his beloved wife were awakening in the night.
The chain of duties was bounding them.
The Moon bound by the order of the nature.
Soldier is a patriotic man.
Beloved wife of the soldier was the wife of a great soldier.

vijay gupta

**Happy New Year**

Happy New Year
There is uproar in the world
Happy New Year
Happy New Year
It will be or not,
No body knows.
I think that it is the cry of the human beings on the planet.
Every one wants peace, & happiness but it is like a dream for millions of the people.
In war torn countries happiness is beyond the reach of the people.
Bloodshed, sorrows, & grief have become their fate.
Celebrations on different occasions are like a lotus in a muddy tank.
Every body knows it very well.
Still then he raises such type of slogans like a fashion.
People enjoy on the floor for some moment
& after some time they are bound to bath
in the tank of botherations which is called
"The human –society."
So the slogan, "Happy new year "is the demand of the society but it is not near the realty.

vijay gupta

**Hard to be funny**

Hard to be funny
Drones are roaring in the sky.
Smoke of gun powder is blowing in the air.
Cracked earth is looking like the painting of great Picasso.
Disturbances & clashes are going on in various parts on the Earth.
I am living in the society where half of the population
is hardly able to earn one dollar per day.
People are dying with hunger & malnutrition
Still children can be found playing & smiling because they are innocent one.
In these circumstances how can I smile or can be funny.
My poetry is the mirror of my feelings & realization.
When circumstances around me will change
than my poetry will bring smile & fun.

vijay gupta

**He**

He
He
Born like a star,
Grows like a plant,
Runs like a hurricane,
Fights like a bull,
And desires to all
is a human being.
At last he dies like a thirsty bird.
He could not able to know
the ultimate goal of his life.
I realize that the goal of
Every human being
must be to make more
and more beautiful to this human world.

vijay gupta

**He was not a cruel man**

He was not a cruel man
Twenty two British soldiers were killed by his axe.
He was looking like a devil at that time.
He was fully bathed in the blood of killed solders.
This incident was occurred during the struggle for freedom in America against British colonial rule.
He was colonel martin Benjamin, a great patriot.
British soldiers killed his one son & arrested another son for killing.
Then he was felt in anger & made such cruel act against the British solders.
I say that it was his anger not a cruelty caused by the cruel act of those soldiers.
It was his revenge made in anger

vijay gupta

**He was Quiet mum**

He was Quiet mum
He was crying in the absence of his mother’s warm touch.
He was crying in the absence of his love.
He was quiet mum because his young children were away from him.
He was thirsty because he was away from their warm touch & love.
He wants to hear a word “hello “from them.
But they were busy in their own business.
He was not in their agenda.
Smile was away from him.
So he was quiet mum also.
Do you know who was he?
He is among millions of the people
Living in this world with out smile.
Now he is seventy years old.
Care such people as much as you can?

vijay gupta

**He was Sam**

He was Sam
He was lying on the green grass and was thinking about his past.
What he was in his childhood?
What were his dreams?
Now where is he standing?
Today he is alone.
He does not know where his wife & children’s are.
He came out from the prison after 6yrs.
Because court find him guilty in so many crimes,
There for court sent him in jail for six years.
He was Mr.SAM at one time, A Gangster & under ground mafia of his time.
Now where is he?
He has lost everything except some plastic money.
His wife went away from his darkest shadow of a hard-core criminal.
His daughter having curling hair, bluish eye, & fair complexion girl is away from him.
Memories of his family have taken away his sleeps in night & happiness of day & night.
God has given sufficient punishment, which is possible to a lived person.

vijay gupta

**Heaven**

Heaven
Speed, speed & in speed
He is going with speed.
He does not know his ultimate goal.
He is in dreams & imagination.
He is living on the earth as he has to live for ever.
He is ignoring the universal fact
that he has to die once.
He is ignoring the teachings of lord Buddha & Jesus Christ.
Why?
He is ignorant one.
If he realizes it then earth will become a heaven.
A heaven with peace, love & brotherhood.
There will be no decimation between human beings.

vijay gupta

## Her Sorrows

Her Sorrows
Restless,
Away from the gay,
Play fullness was absent,
Her beautiful big eyes were full of grief.
Because her younger brother was going to be marry.
And she was hardly able to show her self normal.
False smile was on her face.
She was hardly thirty years of age and she could not manage a life partner for her.
Dreams of her teenage are shattering now
because her broken leg was in the way of her dreams.
In the corner she was concealing her tears.
Suddenly I saw them and fell in grief.
Can you imagine about the deepness of her sorrows.

vijay gupta

**Her true love**

Her true love
She swooped on the snake and
Throw it in the air
Because it was creeping towards her baby
Who was lying under the shadow of a tree?
She was a laborer working on the road.
Suddenly she saw this snake nearby her baby.
She did not hesitate in attacking on the snake.
It may be dangerous for her life also
But she was thinking only for her baby’s life
not about her at that time.
I think that it is mother’s love
Which is not comparable to any one?
Mother’s love is great.

vijay gupta

**His home as an paradise**

His home as an paradise
He came back.
He was tired up physically and mentally
after a long struggle with metropolitan culture.
A culture based on profit & loss.
It is unkind also.
Relations between human beings are based on only need
not on human grounds.
It was eight p.m.
and now he want only rest and intimacy.
He desires some one who can
heal up his wounds given by this urban culture.
It may be his home.
So he want to reach his home as soon as possible.
Therefore he asked me not to stop him.

vijay gupta

**His mother is weeping**

His mother is weeping
Near the lake several flowers were blooming.
Fragrance was in the air.
A cobra was lying near bush.
Beauty & ugliness lies at one place.
What a scenario was there?
A child comes near the lake
& starts to pluck some flowers for prayer
That snake bites him & he died at once there.
That snake was no other he was Mr Raj thakrey of Maharastra.
That child was a student of Bihar
who went to Mumbai for getting a small job for his livelihood.
His mother is weeping still now.
Have you any word to say her?

vijay gupta

**Holi**

Holi
Holi festival is very popular among children and young people.
Children can beat their elders by the water balls in the name of the festival.
It is their childish revenge from their elders.
Young gentle man can touch the chic of such
A young lady to whom they were watching with charm
Through out the year
And say please don’t be angry.
It is holi.
They smiles only.
They become happy.
It is just like a feast for them.
Holi festival has a historical and religious
Background also
People celebrate it as their religious duty.

vijay gupta

## Holy Ganga

Holy Ganga
The holy river Ganga has a great spiritual value.
It is pious and sacred.
Unaccountable people are running
towards the Ganga River as to fulfill their sacred duties
People in India believe that their ancestors will go direct to the heaven through this holy river.
So they burnt their dead bodies & flow the ashes of their ancestors in the water.
This belief is an ancient one
& people are obeying his belief as the order of the god.
So many people are living in the lap of the Ganga & they are away from their family life.
We called them the saints.
River Ganga is the life line of Indian people.

vijay gupta

**Holy war eight**

Holy war eight
Seven holy wars have been erupted
In this world during last one thousands years mainly in Muslims & Christians over the control of the land which is called the Israel
Result came in the form of massacre, arson & annihilation.
Today Jews have full control over this Israel.
Before 1948 Muslims have total control over this land.
Before them Jews & their religion was in power.
Later they were bound to abandon the area.
Jews live in exile up to a long period & up to 1948.
Western powers formed Israel in 1948 on the gun point after Second World War.
Muslims are trying to snatch the control of this area since then but they did not succeed.
Now Iran & Syria have joined their hands to fulfill the target to finish the reign of Jews in Israel.
Can they do it?
I feel that Jews are on the front foot.
If war erupts in Middle East them what will be it in difficult to forecast?
But it will be a holy war eight or we can say the world war third.

vijay gupta

**Horrible peace**

Horrible peace
Play ground of a village was empty.
Children were no where.
Games were no where.
Smiles & laughing was no where.
Smiling faces were disappeared from the ground.
A youth festival was going on yesterday.
Now a horrible peace was there.
Yesterday’s night, an aero plane bombards that village.
Four children along with others were also killed in that attack.
Every one was afraid.
Small kids were in the lap of their mothers.
Small girls were sticking to their mothers.
Youth were angry; their eyes were red & filled with anger.
Tears were in the eyes of old men.
Young women were crying & weeping.
Some govt. officials were also wandering to perform their duties.
Why this aero plane hit the village?
Why this aero plane brings so much tears & cries in the village?

vijay gupta

**How sad it in?**

How sad it in?
Pink rose was shaking his head in the air.
It was calm & mum.
I did not notice it in the morning but in the evening it became pale.
Why?
Because pollution was affecting it
Carbon di oxide is increasing in the air.
Garbage is also increasing in the city.
Global warming is increasing in the alarming stage.
It is affecting human being also.
Our beloved plants & flowers are in danger.
Countries belonging to G-8 group are producing seventy percent of carbon di oxide in the world
Still they are asking other countries to decrease its production.
How sad it is?

vijay gupta

**How sad it is?**

How sad it is?
Some beautiful flowers were growing in the garden.
Fragrance & beauty was there.
Children were playing nearby them.
Flowers were extracting oxygen gas, a vital element, for humankind.
They were using carbon dioxide as food for them.
This harmful gas was extracting by the children.
Honeybees were flying on the flowers.
They were taking extract from flowers for their honey, a good food for humankind.
In return, what we are giving to these little flowers?
That is Polluted atmosphere & cruel behavior with them,
By plucking & crushed them by our shoes.

vijay gupta

**Hunger**

Hunger
(Pray to the god)
People are hungry.
Children are thirsty.
Women are crying to see the hunger and thirst of their children.
Half of the world’s population is hardly able to earn one dollar per day.
There is scarcity of food in the world.
What will be of this present generation?
Riots are going on in so many poor countries of the world.
People have no money to purchase dear food.
Then what will be in this world?
We are trembling by thinking on this matter.
‘O’ God, please do some thing for the welfare of human beings.
He can not control the pollution.
He can not control the population.
He can not control his lust.
You are great and gracious.
Please do some thing for the sake of human society.
Thanks.

vijay gupta

## Hurricane of left in west

Hurricane of left in west
A hurricane of left came in the student politics of western U.P (INDIA) during 1970-75.
A small group of students consisting of Shri Shyam Veer Rathi,
Mr. Prabhat Sharma, Mehkar Singh, Bachan Singh Mauji & others were the member of that team which bring the chain of agitations in student
Politics in mainly at Meerut College, Meerut & other near by areas to high light the problems of youth of those days.
Com. Jagmer Singh, student of M.A, NAS College the then district secretary of S.F.I Meerut was also the key member of that team.
This young energetic student was full of vigour & talent.
He was a thinker, philosopher & a planner.
He had adequate knowledge of Marxism & Leninism.
During 1970-75 he played a key role in engineering
and guiding the student movements of that time to highlight the problems of youth of those days.
In India an agitation for total revolution
Was going on under the leadership of
Mr. Jai Prakash Narayan a saryodayait leader on national scale.
In the mean time this team of handful students creates the hurricane of leftism in student politics in our west region.
Unaccountable movements were launched during that period.
At one instance, it was the time of annual function
in Meerut College, Meerut.
Mr. Shyam Veer Rathi stood before the crowd & shouted the slogans
against unemployment & uselessness of this present education system.
He also tears his degrees of M.A & BA awarded by Meerut University, Meerut to him by saying that these degrees are useless for students in earning their bread.
This type of agitation was of new in style & shape
And become burning news on national level at that time.
See another movement of that period.
Mr. Shyam Veer Rathi & two other students were sitting on hunger strike before the gate of Meerut College Meerut for some student's demand.
Hunger strike was going on.
In an evening the then president of student union
Mr. Satyaveer Singh along with ex Presidents Mr. Tejpal Singh & M.P Singh (piddi) made an agreement with college authorities without consulting agitating youth of Meerut College Meerut under the leadership of Mr. Shyam Veer Rathi & others.
Their act of agreement with authorities was taken as an act of treachery with the student movement and with the interest of the students.
com- Jagmer Singh the then key member of S.F.I taken it seriously.
He prepared a pamphlet against this act of treachery and with out delay distributed it among students with the help of other comrades like Ashok Sharma, Rajendra Bhushan,
Bachan Singh Mauji & others & asked the students to come on kutchery bridge next day.
Believe me that the crowd of about four thousands students came on the bridge to hear com. Shayam Veer & prabhat Sharma the then student leaders of that time.
The skill of com- Jagmer Singh was like a miracle at the time of such student's movements.
The demands of students accepted later after this movement.
Now com- Jagmer Singh is suffering from a cruel disease 'cancer' from two & a half yrs.
In last I pray the God for his blessings & to give peace & courage to bear this grief to

his family members.
(By vijay kumar gupta)

vijay gupta

**I also observe as he says**

I also observe as he says
Candle light was there.
I was on the chair.
Drinks & banana’s were on the table.
Fragrance of bananas was spreading in the room.
Its sweetness was in my memory.
I can count them.
They were twelve in numbers.
A piece of poetry was in my hand.
I was realizing its beauty.
Its smell & sweetness is still in my heart & soul
But I can not count the smell & sweetness of the poetry.
It looks like the thirteenth Banana in a dozen
It is the matter of feeling & joy.
Mr. LES A MURY an Australian poet also describes the poetry as thirteenth banana in a dozen.

vijay gupta

**I am hungry.**

More and more
I am hungry.
Sleeps have gone from my eyes.
I am going thin day-by-day.
So many worries surrounded me.
Why is it going on?
Is there scarcity of food in your surroundings?
No there is sufficient food in my house & in my county also.
I have a car, bungalow, & bank reserves also.
Still then, I am hungry.
Why?
I want
more & more.

vijay gupta

**I am not a beggar**

I am not a beggar
O! My friend takes lunch with me.
O! My friend purchases this doll from this counter.
'No need'
Your have missed your lunch.
Have you no money?
'No'
I have surplus money; you can take it from me.
Do not bother.
Oh! No.
Take some coins from me for refreshment.
I am a student not a bagger.
It is the scene of a fate, which was going on in a school campus.

vijay gupta

**I am surprised and sad**

I am surprised and sad
Because they are in grief & sorrows,
helpless & uneasy.
They are away from their mother Land,
Native people & culture.
In other countries they are living
because they want to alive and want to breathe.
To live alive have become
the motto of their life.
These men & women are like others
And are living without dignity.
Their life in other countries is on credit.
Their families are living in very poor hygienic conditions.
Like seasonal cranes they are bound to go here & there.
Such people are in millions on this earth & are called refugees, many of them are living
Lawfully in other countries also.
I am also surprised & sad to see them.

vijay gupta

## I Hate Wars

I Hate Wars
History is a record of wars, bloodshed, sabotage, arson, looting & assassination of innocent people.
One declares supremacy over others.
Why?
Because some people are crazy
They are sadist also.
Because they seek Joy in others grief.
Some time war is inevitable to secure peace & Justice.
Then question arises?
Why people want to snatch freedom of others?
Why they do not accept the principle of equality?
"All are equal before the god."
Says Jesus Christ
Killer king Ashoka became the "Ashoka the great" by accepting the principles of Buddhism.
Earth is one
God gifted us for all human beings.
Then why people are fighting in the name of Nations.
Unaccountable people have been died
in the name of Nationalism.
We must accept the theory of "world Govt."
As described by the great Bernard show.
I hate the history of wars.
(Cry of a common people)

vijay gupta

**I want justices**

I want justices
A man burnt my children & family members.
He had taken away my nest of wax & honey, which was my food,
and he disappeared from the spot.
This act of dacoity is going on for a long time in this world.
No body is coming to save me from the injustice by the men.
How sad this is?
Nobody is hearing my sorrow & agony.
Because I am a poor & week honey bee.
Oh, good do not make me the bee in the next birth

vijay gupta

**If words worth alive today?**

If words worth alive today?
William words worth wrote about bomb blasts not about daffodils.
He wrote about the smell of gun powder not about the fragrance of the flowers.
When he sees the bloodshed & killings he wrote not about cool breeze beautiful weather he wrote about the nature of terrorism.
He always describes the heart breaking atmosphere of refugee comps not about the beautiful gardens.
He became sad to see the tears of martyr’s widow & never describes the chirping of the birds.
Red roses & tulip became dry & fade to see the faded cheeks of a young girl.
Who lost her younger brother in an explosion?
Instead of cool & calm blue sky
He wrote about the missile
Attack & bombing from the sky & burning colonies
of human beings.
It was fortunate for him
That he was born in eighteenth century not in twenty one century.
So we got beautiful
Narrations of the nature from him.

vijay gupta

**Ignored one**

Ignored one
He was seeing them with regard & hope.
Because he has blood relations with them
But they were ignoring him.
The same story was repeated with them also.
They were also ignored by those
To whom they were giving more & more weight age.
This phenomenon of ignoring by a man to another man is due to difference of money & status in the society.
It is a social evil which is prevailing in our society.
I hate it.

vijay gupta

**Illusions or “the Ghost”**

Illusions or “the Ghost”
Illusions are like bad incidents.
They come like a hurricane in our life.
We can say them
The “Ghost”
For relations.
love & regard
Between two finishes in a moment
When illusion comes in the mind.
Not only simple relations but most important
And beautiful relations
like of brother & sister,
wife & husband,
Father and son,
finishes in a moment.
So we must be aware about the illusions
Other wise tears & depression will welcome us.

vijay gupta

**In panic**

In panic
Fragrance of booze was almost in all corner of the house.
They were chirping like birds.
Happiness always lives around them.
They were the luckiest persons of the world.
Because they were like the king in the capital market
Now scenario has been changed so far.
The fragrance has been disappeared.
The happiness goes to infinite
And they are rolling on the floor of the capital market.
The king of the past has lost their crown
& is living in panic.

vijay gupta

**In the hell**

In the hell
We want peace, bread & security not the annihilation or the bomb blast.
'O' the men to be called the terrorist should under stand our feelings.
You must change your self.
Because you are also throwing your life in danger
You are doing injustice by killing innocent people.
We know that you are also in grief & sorrow.
Your aim is supreme for you & your men.
But don't adopt the way of violence.
All religions of the world preach us the lesson of brother hood, peace & non-violence in mankind.
So you have no right to go beyond the teachings of religion.
Other wise god will throw you in to the hell.

vijay gupta

## INCREASING TERRORISM

INCREASING TERRORISM
Terrorist attack in Ahmedabad
Which will be the next target?
Govt. is blaming Huzi & simmi & other terrorist organizations.
Why they are killing innocent people by fixing bombs in this way?
Many Islamic organizations are condemning them.
Still they are doing these shameful killings.
Now time has come to combat such organization on roads and on ideological front also.
Time has come to teach them that their acts are fruitless & in last will go in vein.
On the earth we want peace, food & harmony.
Fights for religious supremacy are not a good thing.
Followers of Islam & Christianity fought so many times vigorously.
Their wars have been called religious war in the history.
What result has come up to now?
Only blood shed, arson, & killings have come in the lap of the human society.
So we must live as little flowers are living with joy in this world.

vijay gupta

## Jihad theory of Islam

Jihad theory of Islam
Swat valley, the former paradise of Pakistan & the whole Pakistan is converting into the valley of terror
Because hand full of Pakistani people want to govern Pakistan as per fundamentalist Islamic religious laws
Which were laid down in seventh century by Hajrat Mohd. Sahib & his followers.
Mohd. Sahib declared himself the messenger of God so his voice was accepted as the voice of the God.
In this way he also formulated the theory of Jihad.
According to it the people who will not obey him or will not accept Islam will be called kafir.
& kafirs are not allowed to live on this planet.
The person who will kill the kafir will go direct to the paradise.
Uncountable people has been killed up to now by the followers of Islam in this world from centuries & this chain of killings is
going on still now.
All terrorist activists in this world is the out come of this theory of jihad.
I don’t know the accused persons for these innocent killings are going to the paradise or hell.
I feel that such killers will go to the worst hell if it is any where in this universe.

vijay gupta

**Joy of a Jew**

Joy of a Jew
Thank god
We have gotten a country named Israel.
Our ancestors were living here before B.C.
We have snatched this land from a down trodden country Palestine on gun point.
It is a grand gift of God.
American and its allies construct Israel after Second World War to provide a separate country for the Jews of the world.
They can make it in U.S.S.R., U.S.A. France and Australia.
But they have chosen Palestine because this country was not as powerful as they were.
I pray the God that we must live on the front foot and in joy.
People of Palestine also eager to get their land back from us but they can not do this.
Because God is not with them
If in the future they comes on front foot then what will be the future of Israel?
I don’t know,
God knows better.

vijay gupta

**Keep the tears away**

Keep the tears away
He was directing and advising him.
He was a young man
and another one was an old man.
There was a time,
When this old man was young one
and this young man was a child.
Behavior was the same.
At present this young man must realize
that to whom he is directing,
is not a child.
This old man was fond of his smile not of his tears
when he was a child.
So it is the duty of this young man to keep away
the tears from the eyes of this old man.

vijay gupta

**Kindness**

Kindness
Butterfly was sleeping on the petal
of a flower.
   A child
was seeing her with keen interest.
When I reached there and asked some thing
From the child
He asked me to keep silence.
Because he did not want to disturb the sleeping butterfly.
I was very much impressed
by the kindness of that child.

vijay gupta

**Kiss without anger**

Kiss without anger
Stars were twinkling in the sky
Wind was cool
But there was no sound sleep & easiness.
I was changing my sides on the bed.
She was near to me but beyond to my approach.
It was midnight still then I was awakening.
Such nights have come so many times earlier.
This night was also one of those nights.
She is my lovable & obedient partner.
But her mood is like the rains of rainy season.
Smile & anger is very common to her.
No rules apply in this matter.
My tiny friend sucks my lips & then her lips.
He sucks my cheeks & then her cheeks.
He does twice in some moments.
I was enjoying flying kisses without bearing her anger.
What a great fun it was?
Now are you eager to know the name of my tiny friend?
He was a tiny mosquito.

vijay gupta

**Lanes of memories**

Lanes of memories
A man was waiting for his turn on a bench.
But his face was looking some tense.
Physically he was sitting there but his mind was traveling in the narrow lanes of sweet and bitter memories.
Some times he smiles and the next moment his lips murmurs.
What was he thinking?
He may be thanking about unfold relation and problems.
He answers him self and some times he questions him self.
In this course the glory of his face changes time to time.
It is a normal practice among people now days.

vijay gupta

**Lesson**

Lesson
They come early in the morning
And die in the late night.
Still they are smiling.
They are busy in making colorful to this world.
They are spreading their fragrance.
These are small beautiful flowers.
They are unaware from their future.
Their life is the symbol of self sacrifice & service to the nature.
We must take lesson from them.

vijay gupta

**letter to a soldier**

letter to a soldier
Her husband was on the border of the country.
He sent to the border just after her marriage.
She was away from him & feeling the agony of separation.
It was the spring season.
Cheers & joy was everywhere.
However, she was away from cheer & joy.
She was bound not to cry because she was the wife of a brave soldier.
She was looking after the house & crop work in the village.
It was her duty in the absence of her husband.
She wrote a letter to her husband & say
"Days went away with work,
and nights away with the pain of separation.
What I must do in your absence? "
Soldier replied that
"You are waiting for me there
and here I am waiting to the enemies of the country.
Nights come as a challenge for both of us,
You have to fight with the pain of separation & I have to fight with the enemies of the country.
It is not only a challenge for us it is also our duty."
Thanks.

vijay gupta

**Life**

Life
Crowded trains,
Routine official work,
and passing the days of life one by one
is the schedule of many in this world.
Continuous death of childhood’s dreams
Are enough to break the charm of the life?
Growing daughters,
unsecured son,
scare resources and
Growing Burdens are enough to make a man insane.
Rays of hope is still alive in human beings.
That is the god.
Hope for better tomorrow is a life.

vijay gupta

**Life like a game**

Life like a game
Hurrah!
Roar arouses in the field.
One kite cuts another kite in the sky.
Some were clapping; some were in calm & sorrow.
Some were roaring like heroes.
Some were calm as defeated soldiers.
This scene was in a playground.
Life is something like play.
When we meet some achievements,
We enjoy & clap like the winner team.
Otherwise, we keep our self-calm.

vijay gupta

**Life near the railway tracks.**

Life near the railway tracks.
Trains come from infinite & go to infinite.
But she stays there near the railway tracks & sees the trains with curiosity.
Now she become young & waits the train one by one.
Train comes & goes continuously.
Now she is waiting for death.
Why?
Because she is trapped by disease & old age
No body is caring her.
She is unfortunate & hopeless.
It is a life near the railway tracks or in slums.

vijay gupta

**Like a cobra**

Like a cobra
Beneath the shadow of sugar cane plants
I was.
My child was in my lap.
He was sucking milk from my breast.
Leaves were behaving like a natural fan for me.
Sun was going to set in the west but
It was till 30 degree away from the horizon.
One cobra came & went away nearby me.
I scared a bit for a moment but
became normal next moment.
A male fellow worker came near by me,
Who was showing him self busy in other works
But he was stealthily seeing nude part of my breast.
He was looking like a cobra to me at that time.
I ignored him.
Because such incidents are common
for people like me in the fields.

vijay gupta

**Little Bird**

Save Me
My egg, beautiful egg,
The bird was singing a song with  gay.
Suddenly, a crow attacked on her to snatch her egg
But she flew in the air.
and another surprise was waiting for her.
A vulture attacked on her to eaten up her & her egg.
She hardly able to save her from the vulture.
Then she went near a pond for safety.
An another surprise was also waiting there for her.
A crocodile was comming towards her to swallowed her.
She was very much sad & flew in the sky
And She also asked the God to save her.
This story is not only of this unfortunate bird also
Of unaccountable weaker people of the world.

vijay gupta

**Little flower**

Little flower
A little flower asked an on looker.
Why is he here?
Your fragrance brings me here.
So many people like you.
Your beautiful colors are making this world beautiful.
Greenery lives around you.
Which brings Joy and happiness among people?
Butterflies are your friend.
Children attracts towards them and towards you also.
You smiles every time which teaches every body to be as you.
You always give the message of peace and love.
Which is always the need of human society?
You are like diamonds in the world and the ornaments of the nature.

vijay gupta

**Live like an Alive Person**

Live like an Alive Person
I am suffering.
I am in need.
I am neglected.
They are twisted around them self.
They are seeing only them self.
What is going on around other people?
They have no meant?
Such people are uncountable
In this world
See an instance….
An old woman asked lord
Buddha to alive her son who was died earlier.
She was very much upset & was ready to die in his absence.
Gautma Buddha said ‘o’
Respected lady see other people on the earth.
Death always comes to every one time to time.
Death will not leave a single person on the earth.
So why are you so much upset on the death of your son?
Birth, sorrows & death is mingled with human beings
as the particles of air, water & our breath also
So always live with happiness & don’t be worried in life.
Your life style must be as an alive person not like a dead or semi dead person.

vijay gupta

**Lotus of love**

Lotus of love
War was on,
Blood shed & killings were continuing,
Indians & Britishers were fighting.
It was the time of first Indian freedom struggle 1857.
On the other hand a love story grown up between Ruth lobadoor, an Anglo-Indian girl & a noble pathan Javed khan in Ruhel khand division.
This passionate love story was like a lotus of love grown up
In the tank of blood, cruelty & killings
Ruth's mother barred them by imposing a condition of defeat of English Armies in the struggle.
They did not cross the condition up to the last.
Javed khan died in war & Ruth died unwed after fifty five yrs of war
in U.K.
Their sacrifice in love was memorable.
They wait & died in love which makes their love story
Unforgettable

vijay gupta

**Love them**

Love them
My foot rose to crush them.
They were small ants going in a straight row.
Next moment my foot stood up
And then I asked from myself
“Why am I doing so? ”
These small ants are God’s creation
And only he is empowered to create or kill them.
I am powerful than these weak ants
But it doesn’t mean that I am empowered to crush them.
“Be kind to the animal world
And don’t harm them”
“Lord Buddha”
So we must follow the preachings of Great Lord Buddha
And be kind to these beautiful ants.

vijay gupta

## Lover’s Paradise

Lover’s Paradise
In rainy season
Rain dropp lets come slowly-slowly.
Some times they come in flurry just like a frenzied lover.
Some times sun shines like a beautiful flower.
Some times it goes behind the veil.
Cloud converts the day in to the evening.
Gentle, cool braze blows.
Day became shy like a bride.
Cloud covers the bride like an umbrella.
Children live in the gay.
They collect rain dropp lets in their hands and also on their mouth.
This season bring them at home from the class room.
It is a season for lovers
Or we can say a lover’s paradise.

vijay gupta

**Lunch with out courtesy**

Lunch with out courtesy
Bowed headed, cool & calm he was.
The small cell was his own world.
Old news papers & a small puppy was his friend.
Uncharming refreshment
Lunch with out courtesy
& dinner with out spice was his fate.
Do you know him?
Such people are unaccountable in this world.
They are living in our houses.
Peep in small rooms & in the corners of your hi-fi houses.
They are not stranger to you.
They are your own
Who brings you to this magic world?
Remember & recollect them.

vijay gupta

## Magic world

Magic world
Blow, blow the cool breeze,
 from icy top to the planes &
 pole to the deserts.
 Cool the minds of human beings &
calm the various fighting groups in this world.
'O' cool & calm breeze spread the message of peace &
love among human society.
Which is the cry of this world today?
The world is facing the heat of war &
 Disputes.
'O' Cool & calm breeze
You can show to the people the right path
which goes to the magic world of happiness.

vijay gupta

**Mantra for happiness**

Mantra for happiness
Fragrance of relations is the spice of life.
We should care it just like of a plant.
Pay regard to the relations,
which is like the water for plants.
Love the relations,
which is like manure of plants.
Sacrificing nature is must like air
and sun rays are must for plants.
In this way,
relations among beloved persons will be healthy.
Life will be a happy one.
Bitterness, agony & loneliness will not take place in the life.

vijay gupta

**Memories are still fresh**

Memories are still fresh
I am thousands miles away from my village.
Where was I born?
The way is away having so many turns.
Still then, I know the way.
Memories are still with me.
Smell of relation ship still in my mind.
The roar made by my father to awake early in the morning,
still fresh in my mind.
Stretching of my cloths by my little sister
in early morning is providing joy to me.
Now time has gone.
We became adult now.
However, the memories of my childhood are fresh in my mind.

vijay gupta

## Mohd. kaifu from Ethiopia

Mohd. kaifu from Ethiopia
Mohd. Kaifu from Ethiopia is facing malnutrition & hunger.
Is he the only man facing such problem in the world?
Ten corers of people in this world are facing this horrible & heart breaking problem.
Can we do some thing?
Stop production of green house gasses & save our planet from global warming.
Which is in the root of so many problems?
But it is not in the hand of common people.
We can minimize the consumption of diesel & petrol.
We can grow more & more plants & trees on the earth according to our capacity.
In this way we can minimize this problem of the man like mohd.kaifu from Ethiopia.

vijay gupta

**monkey & puppies**

“Monkey & puppies”
“A female monkey was loving & playing
with puppies in the presence of their mother”.
This scene & news were flashed by a T.V. channel some days ago.
Such cases are rare in this world.
Such cases are still in existence in this world.
Love & service is a basic instinct in animal & human beings.
The style & quantity of love may be differ but
that is an essential phenomena in both animal & human beings.
We should take lesson from such incidents.
Vijay Kumar Gupta

vijay gupta

**Month of March**

Month of March
Magic month of March is
away from cold And warm
full of flowers
And full of fragrance
Yellow mustard flower
Like a bonus cheque
Spike of wheat
Like rays of hope
Blossom of mango tree
Ideal home for sweet voiced cuckoo
Sparrow’s flight in the sky
Like a desire in the child
Every thing is in this month
Happiness,
Gay
& Holi festival.

vijay gupta

**Moon’s lady**

Moon’s lady
Moon’s lady is weaving yarn
like my mother’s mother.
I’ve seen her in my childhood & to
the moon’s lady every day in nights.
Moon’s lady is an imaginary photo
which I have seen so many times
when moon lits in full swing.
Moon’s lady recalls
Memories of my childhood
Passed in the lap of my mother’s mother.

vijay gupta

## More & more Islamisation

More & more Islamisation
They are making bomb blasts in all over the world.
Why?
They are killing innocent people.
Why?
What is their ultimate goal?
Such burning questions are disturbing all peace loving people of the world.
They are claiming them self the men of Allah or god.
They claim them self the true Muslims of the world.
So they are killing all Muslims who are not true Muslims
According to themselves
So they are killing Muslims in Islamic countries like Bangladesh, Syria & in Indonesia.
I think that such bomb blasters want more & more Islamisation in the whole world as describes in Quaran & other holy books of Islam
They want to send our present generation to back in the pre medieval age.
Am I saying right or wrong?
Please say me.

vijay gupta

**More beautiful then before**

More beautiful then before
You are very beautiful baby.
Your curly brown hair is like a fairy.
Your black eyes are like a female deer.
Your lips are like two petals of a rose.
Your chicks are very smooth & attractive.
You always come in my dreams.
I like you more then my life.
Forty years ago you were saying to me.
You were praising my smile by comparing it like the charming ness of moon light.
You have spent a lot of time in explaining my beauty & glory.
Now what do you think about me.
O gently lady before forty years ago we both were young & energetic.
I feel that my explanation was like a one side of a coin & that was your external beauty.
But now I can say that you are more beautiful then you were forty years ago.
Your internal beauty is very difficult to explain in words by me.
You are gentle humble & gracious.
Your heart is as kind as of a saint.
Your services for poor & down trodden people are like the services of Florence night angle (lady with the lamp) .
You are as kind as mother the Teresa was.
You are as helpful as a mother.
I pray to you & joy fully declares that you are more beautiful then forty before ago.

vijay gupta

**Mother’s hand**

Mother’s hand
It was dark night.
I want to sleep but it was away from me.
Memories were not leaving me alone.
I was changing my body side again & again
But all went in vein.
Then I went for some music & made some effort also.
But there was no sleep in my eyes.
I was remembering the palm of my mother at my forehead.
She is thousands miles away from me.
I don’t know where she is living now after death.
She may be living in stars or in universe.
I ask the air to go
Where my mother is living now?
O “Air” please touches the hand of my mother & then touches my forehead.
Which will provide peace & calm to me?
Suddenly after some time I feel her hand on my forehead.
I became calm.
The world of sweet dreams embraced me immediately.

vijay gupta

## Mother’s love

Mother’s love
She didn’t touch water and food.
She was a little bird came from a nearby tree before my room.
She stood there but was quiet mum.
So I realized that she may be hungry.
I gave some food and water.
Next moment I saw that her little young one
was skipping under my table in my room
And she was there to carry her child.
I vacant my room for some time
So she may do her job.
She went away with her child from my room.
I realize her love for her baby.
It is a universal truth about mother’s love
That it is great.

vijay gupta

**Mr. Raj thakrey of Maharastra**

Mr. Raj thakrey of Maharastra
"He wants to be just like the Idi Amin of Uganda was."
Some one says.
In a country like India where several castes & religions are exist any type of regionalism, castism & religious fundamentalism is very much harmful for national integration.
Separatists are doing bad job in Assam & also in other parts of the country.

Recently Raj Thakrey the so called president of M.N.S Maharastra is doing the same politics.
He & his followers wants to ousted Non Maharstrians form the Maharastra state.
They want more & more jobs for the local people.
Their demand for job for Maharstrians is genuine.
But the adopted way is very much harmful for our country.
Every inch of our country belongs to
its citizens & they may be of any caste, religion or any state.
State & central govt. must crush such type of agitation &
politics which starts at any place of the country.

vijay gupta

**Much more**

Much more
Two plus two is equal to four.
However, when we desire to obtain more than this,
 trouble begins there.
We deserve for less & like to have much,
Then economic offenses took place.
 Greediness comes in the play.
  Society has to suffer a lot.
It is the story of numerous persons in this world.
We must think about others who are very much poor.
 Even they are happy.
In this way, we can save ourselves from greediness & offences.

vijay gupta

**Murmuring**

Murmuring
Ticket collector was asking for the ticket.
But he was busy in murmuring on his seat.
After making loud voice by the T.C. he shows
his tickets.
People are murmuring on the roads
when they are walking.
They are still murmuring at the time of lunch and dinner.
Because problems are in the air
People are in tension.
They are quarrelling to others with out the presence of any one.
It is only due to the unsolved problems
which are wandering in their mind twenty
Four hours.
This stage is bad from the point of view of the health.
We must fix a separate time for thinking
it may be one or two hours daily.

vijay gupta

**My cry**

My cry
Are you against peace?
Do you like blood shed in place of fragrant air & flowers?
Are you against non-violence?
Do you like struggle & death at the place of life and
service of the humankind please, ask from your self & from your kids?
I am sure that you wild follow the principle of peace & nonviolence.
Which did Lord Buddha preach to the world?
Now one-third people of the world pray him like god.
He is the symbol of peace & non-violence then why are you breaking the idols of Gautama Buddha.
Please answer it, if you are hearing my cry.
Thanks.

vijay gupta

**My dream must be lie.**

My dream must be lie.
Fragrance of jasmine was out.
Water-lily has become colorless.
There were no butter flies on the plants.
Chirping of birds were no where.
Leaves of trees became dry & pale.
Barren land was looking up to the infinite.
North Pole was iceless.
Half area of the earth was swallowed by the seas.
Human beings & animals reached on the hills & were fighting with each others.
There was a panic of death all over the world
Smile of young girls were no where.
Small children were calm & mum.
Global warming was increasing at alarming stage.
I awake & sit on my bed.
It was horrible but it was my dream.
I pray the god to make my dream lie.
I want to save my earth.

vijay gupta

**My friend**

My friend
I know a man
Who is living away from his mother land?
He is also living away from his love & relations.
Now he is in trouble.
He wants to alive in this world
So he needs food, water and shelter.
He is bound to do the work like
 begging or garbage collection.
Slums, open public places
and under the bridges are his shelter.
Some times he passes nearby the gardens
But he never sees them.
His mind is full of botheration
and there is no place for the beauty
And fragrance of flowers in his mind or heart.
Unemployment and unrest bound him
to evacuate his mother land.
 World governments and U.N.O
Help him a lot
Still he is hungry and unhappy.
You also know him.
He is a refugee.

vijay gupta

**my grief**

"MY GRIEF"
Power is playing a vital role in the society since the birth of mankind.
I am hurt by seeing this phenomena.
Men is suppressing his wife & children's while he may be wrong.
Big nations are dictating poor countries in a wrong manner.
When one exploits other, I felt hurt by seeing this.
One uses muscular power against weaker person that grows grief in me.
We are living in modern age,
But men is not civilized yet now.
The laws of jungles are still prevailing in the society.
Men want to overcome others.
He want to fulfill his desires, which may be right or wrong,
this criteria is of no meant for him.
He want more & more money by hook & crook.
He is ready to break any low or any interest of the society.
How can we say such persons?
"The civilized persons."
Men want to win others.
Why?
I am not under standing why such animals
Instinct are prevailing in men's behavior.
Wars broke up in the society but in result
no body gets anything except ruins everywhere.
literary peoples always cries against such vulgar
and cruel instincts from the beginning of mankind.
But few peoples hears them.
Results are clear.
The pages of history are colored by the blood of mankind.
The slogans of peace brotherhood and non-violence is in air.
Please try to bring them in men's behavior.
So we can proud on our human world.
Vijay Kumar Gupta

vijay gupta

**My home is my dream**

My home is my dream
I am away from my home
and home is in my dream.
Curly ways to my home are in my dream.
Fragrance of roses is in my dream
which were growing near my home.
Puppies, birds & trees are calling me yet now.
But I am bound to live in these tent houses.
I am also grateful to the society for helping me in this hardship.
My country is burning,
people are dying,
And bloodshed is continuing.
Every one is blaming each others.
But what can I do?
Nothing.
Because I am a refugee.
It is also decided that war will be finish sooner or later.
Normalcy will return
But my broken heart can not be repaired until my death.

vijay gupta

**My magic cry**

My magic cry
My cry was like a red light signal
and my ‘Mom’ & Dad stopped at once to see my cry.
My elder brother became alert at my cry.
My cry was a magic for me.
Every one behaves like an obedient servant when my cry begun
My milk, food & toys were always
Ready at the point of my cry
I feel that every one in the house was fond of my smile
not of my cry.
Lovely, pretty teacher took my hand in her hands
when she hear my cry.
Her fingers were rubbing my finger
It was a joyous moment for me.
Because a thorn hurt my finger.
I was away from any type of worry.
Play & smile was the part of my life
Because I was five yrs old baby.
Now I am in sixty’s and I can not cry.
So I am away from such glorious moments of that time.
I can realize only those moments.

vijay gupta

**My Oath**

My Oath

I am surrounded by walls, roof, gates and window.
Window is only the gateway
between me and the rest of the world.
They have beaten up so many times.
No Worry.
They are providing food and clothes free of cost to me.
My relatives are not allowed to meet me.
because I am a dangerous prisoner.
They are using me as laborers in agricultural field daily.
Their attitude is very care less for me.
But I am ready to bear all types of repression.
Because I want to see my natives free from slavery.
They describe me as a rebellion
because I want to oust these foreigners from my country.
They are cruel and exploiting my nation.
I will do crime as much as
I can against them.
It is my oath.
(From the diary of a prisoner)

vijay gupta

**My puppy**

My puppy
My eyes were wandering aimlessly.
I was seeing every one,
But they were seeing to every one except me.
It was a grand party in my courtyard.
I say hello to some of them but they replied with cold.
Because they were interested in wine, meal & other important people not in an old man like me.
Suddenly my puppy came near to me and
kisses my fingers with love & went away.
He refreshes the memories of my young age when I was also important in such places but not now.
My feelings & heart is as it was before.
But people have no time & culture to nurture it.
It is sad.
But nothing can be done?
It is the matter of time.

vijay gupta

**My surprise**

My surprise
About four hundred years ago
A forecaster named Nostradamus was born.
He was originally a Jew.
According to him, twenty first century will be century of ruins.
A third war is going on.
Most part of the Europe & USA will convert in to a barren land.
Incidents are going on in the world as he predicted them.
1. The world trade tower attacked in USA.
2. Civil war is going on in Iraq.
3. Mrs. Indra Gandhi assassinated in India.
4. War between Islamic fundamentalist & American block is going on.
In addition, some other incidents occurred as he predicted.
As I feel there is no solution of the war, which is going on between American block & Islamic fundamentalism in near future.
Therefore, what will be in the future?
Please say me
Thanks.

vijay gupta

## Napoleon Bonaparte said

Napoleon Bonaparte said
“We can live with out god but not without religion.
Religion is must for the strength & vigor of an empire.”
This was stated before the pop of Vatican City
in 1805 by Napoleon Bonaparte
when the was going to wear
the crown of as a emperor of France.
So I realize that the religion was used
as a tool by the war mongers to fulfill their lust in the past
And in the present &
future this exercise will go on.

vijay gupta

## Natural Right

Natural Right
Once I along with my father was on the field.
In the corner of the field, I saw a pair of snakes was clinging to each other like a coil.
I used to see their game for some times.
Next moment I put off a stone from the ground and was ready to hit them.
A loud appeal came from my father not to disturb them because they are not making any harm to us.
These small creatures are like us.
Please allow them to leave as we are living in this world.
It is their natural right also.
My father was a piteous & generous person.
I am missing them very much because he has passed away some times ago.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

## Nature’s Gifts

Nature’s Gifts
Happiness lies in the lap of the nature.
Wavering heads of flowers, dance of a puppy,
Smile of a tiny child always keeps us healthy & cool.
Water falls, and butterflies vitalize us.
Remember, all are noncommercial activities,
On the other hand commercial or money
making activities always bring tension & sorrows for us
Because lust for money never ends.
So see, towards this nature’s various gifts for human society.

vijay gupta

**Near by you**

Near by you
Some seeds were planted
When I was young & energetic?
Now I became old & weak
So now I am seeking for my hope.
Hope for fruits,
Hope for shadow,
Hope for oxygen,
And hope for good woods.
Seeds which were planted in the past have become tall trees like sky.
But stems are full of thorns,
Leaves are few so there is no shadow on the earth
And the trees are fruit less also.
These trees are extracting carbon dioxide at the place of oxygen.
Now I am old & weak so I can not grow more seeds for fruits.
This story is not only of me is also of so many people in this world
Then realize the grief of such people of the world
& try to share grief of such people near by you.

vijay gupta

**Net of memories**

Net of memories
Restaurant on the high way
Some were eating
And some were waiting.
Newspaper was in the middle.
People were chirping like birds
on National issues.
In the corner Banta Singh was waiting
for his meal.
Memories were coming from a long distance.
He was advising his wife & was pleasing his mother.
Meal came on his table with a stroke.
He came out from the net of memories
and starts planning for tomorrow’s Journey.

vijay gupta

**Never seen before**

Never seen before
It was early morning.
Sun was arising from the horizon.
Its red rays were hitting her curling hair & pinkish colored face.
A woolen cap was on her head.
It was brightening like a crown of a fairy.
She was hardly thirteen years old girl,
Grazing her sheep’s on the footpath in the mountain area.
Her eyes were like a dear, looking very beautiful.
Her thin, crimson colored, lips were blooming,
Like the petal of a rose.
She was looking like the queen of fairies on the earth.
I have seen such beautiful girl once in my life.
(From the diary of an Indian)

vijay gupta

**New hope**

New hope
It was an evening.
Sun was hiding in the west.
Place was the horizon.
Red rays were fighting with the black evening.
Sky was embracing the earth.
Do they love?
Nature is covering up them by black curtains.
However, moon and stares were against
Their love.
They do not like the sleeping of sun in the lap of the earth.
Because if sun will sleep,
World will sleep.
Birds will go to their nest.
Activities will be stop by the human kind.
It will be halt of the progress.
Moon and stares are on duty.
Moon is spreading its cool & bright rays on the earth.
Stars are twinkling in the sky.
Giving the message of continuously work.
Therefore, they were breaking the sleep of sun, earth & human kind.
At four A.M...
They succeeded in their mission.
Sun goes to rise.
Birds began singing the song of the early morning.
Peasants put off their plough & start their activities in their fields.
In this way, next morning comes with a new hope.

vijay gupta

**New Year-May be a Happy Year**

New Year-May be a Happy Year
There is a roar.
Happy New Year, Happy New Year.
Millions of S.M.S. & cards will be use to highlight this slogan.
Parties would be organizing in all over the world to celebrate the function in the night of 31stDecember.
This year provides so many wounds in Lebanon, Iraq &all over parts of the world to which, we could not forget in near future.
Struggles are still going there.
I am not seeing the end of all these miseries in near future.
Today I have seemed a picture of a mother,
Published in Daily Hindustan times, remembering all her relatives, who left her due to the tsunami, which came three year ago?
This heart broken scene of that mother shook me from in side.
Such incidents comes in this world to whom people never forgets.
I hope along with all of you that this year
Usher a new era of happiness, harmony & co-existence.

vijay gupta

**Night is alive**

Night is alive
Night was going on in the early morning
because clouds were there in the sky.
Weather was cold and
morning was not so pleasant as it was yesterday.
Suddenly clouds run away,
Morning blossoms
and life on the earth starts smiling.
It was like a game between clouds and sun-shines.
I realize that life is also like such beautiful game.

vijay gupta

**No body cares them**

No body cares them

I am flying in the sky.
Sun is heating me cruelly.
Still then I am serving the people.
By distributing water from one place to another,
People await me on the earth.
When I dropp rain,
People and children says,
Aa ha
When I go straight without dropping rain
They say “Go to hell”.
They are ignorant from my limit and botherations.
People want water and coolness from me.
In return they have nothing to give me.
No body cares for my future and health.
Because people on the earth are very much selfish,
I am a poor cloud.
And just like me there are thousands upon thousands people are such.
They come on the earth.
They work hard till their life.
And dies with out any account
No body cares them.

vijay gupta

**No chirping**

No chirping
A time was
When there was chirping goes on
round the clock on the guava tree.
She was living happily with her children & Mr. He.
Before some times ago
I found that their was no chirping in morning or
in the evening.
The bird was alone.
Children went away to their on world
& Mr. he went to another nest.
She was quiet mum & full of grief.
This story is not only of one bird of my guava tree,
It is of unaccountable old people of the world.

vijay gupta

**No chirping of birds**

No chirping of birds
There is no chirping of birds on trees.
Birds hide them self in leaves or in their nests.
Because sudden rainfall have fallen on the earth
Life has been disrupted.
Children are bound to live in the rooms.
But some plays with rain dropp lets.
These drops are cool & charming.
Eyes of a pigeon are seeing them keenly.
Birds are welcoming them.
Leaves are achieving tonic of life from them.
Animals are happy & in gay.
Cool & gentle breeze is blowing.
A grand gift of the nature to our planet

vijay gupta

## No-borders

No-borders
Stars are shining on your uniform.
You are yourself the star of the nation.
Several poems are composed on your bravery.
You are a brave person.
Nation sleeps under your security cover.
Children play freely in the school because you are alert on the borders.
Women are wandering freely in the garden because you are safe guarding them with your gun.
Stars on your shoulders are telling the story of your highness.
You have killed so many.
You have to kill so many in the future.
Young ladies see you with enchanted eyes.
Teenagers want to be as you are.
You are the dreams of so many.
You are the stars in the eyes of every one in the country.
But situation across the border is very grim & horrible.
Children see you as a Dracula.
Young ladies of that country feel you like a killer of their brothers & husbands.
Old ladies hate you because you fire on the chest of their sons.
This type of attitude across the border is only due to the border.
So try to eliminate borders between the countries of the world.
There must be a world government on the earth as described by George Bernard show some years ago.

vijay gupta

## Not leave me like others

Not leave me like others
No Rest
No Joy
And Tension and Tension only
I was running to get rid from worries
But they were loyal to me
And stick with me like a lover.
I was seeking for a sympathizer
And in last I got it in the bottle of a wine.
Now it is with me.
And I know that it will not
Leave me like others.

vijay gupta

**Not rocked them**

Not rocked them
Among the dance, roar, clapping & smiling one man in the corner
Of the hall was sitting idle.
Who was quiet mum also?
It was a joyous party at the floor of a hotel.
Some bomb blasts rocked the capital of India & also to the whole nation.
After knowing this fact that so many people have been died & so many have injured seriously the participants was beyond the worries.
They were in joy & were enjoying the party.
That man became normal after receiving a mobile call which ensures him.
That his son was safe
who was in the capital at that time?
He joined the dance party in the hall at once.
The attitude of the participants was a shame not only for them but for whole the human society.
Are you agreeing with me?

vijay gupta

**Oath Of a butterfly**

Oath Of a butterfly
A small butterfly wants to wander in the sky.
She was curious to know the world beyond the garden.
First, she flies to the top of the tree.
She want to know where about in the sky.
Oh! What is this?
Smoke of the factories was there in the place of the fragrance of flowers.
Mean while a vulture came & sit on the top of the tree.
Butterfly flies downward & hardly able to save her life.
Butterfly exclaimed with sorrow.
In addition, decided not to go high in the sky.
Garden & small plants are safest place for her & like other small creatures.
After some time the butterfly could not stop herself to go outside the garden to see the new world.
At the new place, she found the smoke of gunpowder in the air.
Peoples were fleeing here to there.
Loud sound of gun shoots can hear here.
Soldiers with tanks & other artillery were coming across the border.
Fight was going on.
Bomb & shells were destroying every thing including men, woman & birds.
There was a reign of terror & ruination.
Women were crying.
Tears were in the eyes of the old people.
Children were afraid & sticking to their mothers.
Doctors were caring the wounded persons.
Butterfly was also afraid to see the scenario & back to the garden with the oath of not going outside the garden.

vijay gupta

**Oath of a Palestinian girl**

Oath of a Palestinian girl
She was standing before grand multi-storied colony,
The colony of Jews
All banner and sign boards were in hebru or in English language.
This place was in Israel.
Her mother said her that before sixty years ago her grand father lives there along with their relatives and other villagers.
It was a small village consisting of a pool, garden, mosque and hundreds of huts.
Villagers were poor but love, brotherhood and harmony was in the society.
Air was cool and joyous.
After Second World War European's armed forces snatched this land from a weak country called Palestine and formed a separate country for the Jews of the world.
Her ancestors were murdered or fled from this area.
Still now they are ruling over this land of ours.
Smoke of gun powder is in the air.
Hate redness and craziness is in the society.
Because they are on the front foot
And more powerful then us
I hope that time will sure change in future.
When we will be on the front foot
Now I take the oath that I will change the history & topology of this area which is called the Israel.

vijay gupta

**Once he said**

Once he said
Ice is melting now.
Critics of yesterday
Have become my sympathizers today.
Lack of success in life,
My style of working
And some times my habits like
smoking was on their agenda for criticism.
Now they have become like a rock behind me.
They want to save me from death when
They come to know about my illness of cancer.
They are astonished and
are in grief & sorrows.
They know the value of a father.
Because they are loving me?
They are trying to save me
With their full vigour.
(Once com- Jagmer Singh told me)

vijay gupta

**Our dream is rainbow**

Our dream is rainbow
‘O’ rainbow, you are showing seven colors,
Which are the symbols of happiness?
People say that life is colorful as the rainbow.
Is the life of every one is colorful?
Only few people are lucky whose life is like a rainbow.
Three fourth of the world’s population is living only for living.
They have so many botherations in their life.
Someone asked from them about the significance of the rainbow.
They describe that the rainbow may be the dream of every person.
Some get it on the earth & rest of the people gets it after the death or in heaven.

vijay gupta

**Oven(Sanjhan Chula)**

Oven
(Sanjhan Chula)

Oven was very popular in villages from the ancient time.
It was the part of our rural life.
We can say that oven of the village was the part of our tradition and culture.
Women gathered there in evening to get their bread baked by this combined oven of the village.
Gathering was like a women’s kitty party.
They talk, enjoy and discusses the matters there.
Now this oven system in the villages is over.
We can say that it is the end of a cultural era.
social feelings are less than it was before fifty years ago.
Present system provides us single, truncated
& isolated families victimized by several types of frustrations.

vijay gupta

**Owl’s act**

Owl’s act
It was a dark night in a jungle.
A bird has a nest on a banyan tree.
She was living with her two kids.
She was happy in her own world.
Chirping, flying was her daily routine.
In one night owl attacked on her nest &
eaten away her kids.
The bird try to save her kids but unable to save them.
She fell in the sea of sorrows.
The owl made a great injustice with the bird.
The rule of the nature is that one’s life
Is the food of others?
In this way owl make any cruelty or not?
Please say me……..

vijay gupta

**Pale eyes of a black cat**

Pale eyes of a black cat
The weather was looking cheerful.
Cool, gentle, breeze was blowing.
Fragrance of flower was in air.
Nature was shinning & brightening.
Because it was the spring
But a black cat near by me was quite mum.
Her eyes were pale.
She was hungry also.
I ask her why she is not playing with joy.
She said that she came from a long distance.
There is a country where human beings are in great trouble.
They are facing acute shortage of food & drinking water.
Children are facing the problem of mal nutrition.
When all these people are in sorrows & grief
Then how can I live with Joy?
Because I am also dependent to the human beings
So my eyes are pale.
I came from the country called Somalia.

vijay gupta

## Paradise Discovered

Paradise Discovered
The sun was shining in the sky.
Cool, breeze was blowing there.
And an old man of one hundred yrs old
was seeing the marriage ceremony of his grand daughter.
His eyes were twinkling
and saying the whole story of his gay.
He was wearing a white suit and was lying on a sofa.
He was seeing the couple with keen interest.
He was smiling also
and I realize that his smile make
the spot a paradise on the Earth.

vijay gupta

**Partition of India in 1947 was must.**

Partition of India in 1947 was must.
Partition of India was the need of that hour in 1947.
The than leaders of India like Mahatma Gandhi and Nehru did well by accepting the partition of our country.
It was good for the sake of Hindus, Muslims & for the country other wise more than ten crores of people could die in the wake of violence erupted during independence struggle before and after 1947.
It was a historic truth that most of the Indians did not like the partition and they wept on the eve of the partition. But Muslim league and its followers did not wept on that day.
They thought that the they had won the war for creating a new Islamic country in the world.
They had successfully launched the movement which was declared the jihad, a religious work they had performed which would send them to the heaven.
Their work of forming a Pakistan was the mission of millions Muslims of that era.
Partition of India was the out come of the separatist, communal and poisonous movement launched by Muslim league in Indian subcontinent mostly in Muslim masses for a century.
The than leaders of Indian national congress could not counter the movement of league and also failed to convince the Muslims that their future is bright only in a united India not in a truncated India.
Religion helped the Muslim league and mohd. Ali jinah became the mouth organ of league only for his careerism.
He was a ambitious politician and only Muslim league can fulfill his desire so he went in the lap of the league.
National leadership of India like Gandhi, Nehru and Patel did not like the partition and they tried to stop it up to the last.
But up to 1946 the situation in the country was became grave,
violence was every where, economy was cracking down & Indian masses
was divided mostly in Hindus & Muslims.
This situation could not be allowed for a long time.
Therefore, In the last the heart breaking decision of partition of India was taken.
In the last I will say that the Muslim league was wholly responsible for the partition of India and not any body.

vijay gupta

**past never return**

Past never return
Tree was going high & high in the sky.
It was his dream since the birth.
He reaches high in the sky away from his friends & brothers.
He was happy because others were below to him.
On the next moment, he was surprised to see the changed scenario.
There was smoke of the factories instead of fragrance of the earth.
There were crows & vultures to catch his neck & top.
At the place of butter flies & black bug.
No one was there to hear him.
He was feeling alone& alone.
He was full of grief & sorrow.
However, the time has gone now.
He has to live in this atmosphere until the death.
Past is a past.
It never returns.

vijay gupta

## Payment for good behavior

Payment for good behavior
Need is a reality which can come in any one’s life.
At such occasion somebody gave me money letter I returned the money to him.
Next time another man gave me
Money,
Good behavior,
And nice words full sympathy.
We take breakfast also on the table where the deal was accomplished.
Later I returned his money but I had no words to pay for his good behavior and nice words
To which he offered me at my difficult time.
I realize that we can pay for good behavior only by good behavior not by money.

vijay gupta

**Pen is mightier then sword**

Pen is mightier then sword

We were crying.
They were laughing.
They were destroying the jungles in the name of development.
We were asking them not to do so.
They were generating harmful gases in alarming stage.
We were crying not to do so.
They were not taking us seriously.
As I feel that they were taking us as joke.
They were in pride.
Because they have sword in their hand
& we have a pen in our hand.
We are simply the poets.
They are the bosses of the world
& forgets that the pen is mightier then the sword.
Now they are crying for food, water & scarcity.
But we can not laugh at them.
Our heart is full of love, mercy & dedication.
We are the poets.
We want that human being must
Get rid from poverty, illness & scarcity of food.
Peace, happiness & joy must be the part of everyone’s life.

vijay gupta

**Piety eyes**

Piety eyes
Her eyes were full of piety.
She was seeing every body one by one.
She was quiet mum.
She was lying on the bed.
Food was given to her by pipes.
She was terrified also.
She was groaning again & again.
We were helplessly seeing her.
Women were whispering about her illness.
No body was hope full for her life.
And she was in great trouble.
Her groaning was making all of us trouble some.
But we can only pray to the god
Or request the doctor to see her again.
Tears were in her eyes also
& we were hardly able to stop our tears behind the curtain.
Because we fears that she will be more restless to see our tears. Critical period of her life was going on.
Unaccountable days & nights have been passed by me with her.
From my birth to the young age our nights & days were full of Joy, cheer & hope.
Now these days are full of grief sorrows & terror of death.
I was seeing the reality of men & women, who comes to this world with cheers & goes from this world with tears.
The period of between cheers & tears is human life.
It can be short or may be some long
But the end of life is inevitable
It is the reality of human beings.
What can do?
Nothing
In the night when we were both alone
She was always on the bed & I was on the stool her eyes always teaches me the reality of life.
She was asking me not to loose confidence & on the other hand her tears were telling the real story of her that she was also going to be defeated by the death.
We both were bounded to abbey the order of the fate
Decided by the god
I was waiting for a wonder.
We did not want to loose her.
She was my mother.

vijay gupta

**Please say me**

Please say me
I am an Indian.
Men & women love each other with soul& heart in my country.
Numerous women sacrifice their lives with their husbands on funeral pyre.
It has quoted in the history of humankind.
People fells in true love with their partners in most of the cases.
As I know, more than ninety percent Indians have single affair in their whole life.
Marriage, relations & family relations are of most significance in the life of every Indian.
However, in Europe & U.S.A the social values in the life of their people are very different.
Why is it so?
Please say me.

vijay gupta

**poet**

“Poet”

We are singing the songs like the birds on the trees.

We are lighting the universe like the sun.

We are the twinkling stars on the earth.

We are giving our message of peace & love to the mankind.

We don’t want struggle on the earth.

We loves freedom & brotherhood in the society.

If people’s of the world will hear us with honor.

There will be the reign of peace & love in the whole world.

The pages of history will not be bloody.

Otherwise what will be in the future, no body can guess.

Once a great scientist of the world Albert Einstein says that

“Third world war will be fought with which weapons, I don’t know

But the fourth world war will be fought with bows & arrows”.

Vijay Kumar Gupta

vijay gupta

**Power of repair**

Power of repair
Global warning
Global warning
There was a roar in the world.
However, in February the roar is converting into another roar.
It is of snowfall & chided weather all over the world.
There are so many wonders in nature’s creativity.
No body can define them clearly.
However, I feel that the nature have a great power
to repair the defects made by the men
to destruct the nature on the earth.

vijay gupta

**Prayer of a refugee**

Prayer of a refugee
People of this country hate me.
They want to oust me.
Where I can go?
I was born in a country where
There was no scope of even beggary.
So I came here.
Famine was hitting my mother land from three years continuously.
'O' Allah or 'O god
Please help me in my survival.
Only handful people in my country are in joy.
Behavior of native person of this land is not favorable for me and for my children.
We are collecting garbage on the roads and begging some coins from the people.
Is it my fate?
'O' God you are in haven please see also to me and do some thing for me.

vijay gupta

**Pretty world of a girl**

Pretty world of a girl

Her father was toiling for money.
Her mother was using money for homely requirement.
Her brother was seeing for better tomorrow.
She was playing with dolls.
Some times she runs behind the butterflies & having balloons in her hands.
Most of her time passes away in play ground & among co friends.
Her innocence is praised by all family members.
In this way her world is very-very different from the world of the elder people.
It was its own world which is full of innocence & free from every type
of tension.
It is the world of a pretty small girl.

vijay gupta

**Punch**

Punch
“Uncle”
It was like a punch on my smile.
In a park,
I was watching three beautiful maiden in a lover boy’s style.
They were busy in talking and smiling.
I was watching their hairs, lips & eyes with keen interest.
Their curly hairs were like sea waves.
Their beautiful lips were like the petals of a red rose.
Their cheeks were like white marbles.
And their blue eyes were like blue deep lake.
Next moment they came near to me
and
called me “uncle” and than asked some thing.
My smile disappeared at once.
And I was shied at that time.

vijay gupta

**Pup in the car**

Pup in the car
See the pup
Who is peeping behind the window of the car?
Sitting in the lap of a beautiful young maiden
He is lucky one.
Plays with her beautiful curly hair & with her juicy fingers
Some times kisses her cheeks & lives in her arms.
She also plays with him because
he is like a toy for her.
And we pups are on the road lives always in hard ship.
On the earth & under the blue sky we are living.
No body cares us.
No body loves us.
We have to arrange our food from the garbage.
If some times any body gives us a piece of
bread he treats us as a beggar
No home in the homes of humans.
We always live in the colonies &
guard them but colonies are only for human beings not for us
Because we are puppies not as lucky as of
that pup who was peeping from the car.

vijay gupta

**Purchase a blanket**

Purchase a blanket
Spring season has come.
Smiles were dancing on his face.
This smile was not due to this cheerful weather.
This smile was due to his savings.
He did not purchase a blanket in cold December.
Which he promises himself in late nights but forget it in morning.
In this, way the note of one hundred rupees remained intakes in his pocket.
It is the story of not a single person.
It is the story of numerous people in this world.

vijay gupta

**Quarrel**

Quarrel
One is winner,
One is looser,
When both sides are looser,
What can we say?
Quarrel between father & the son,
Quarrel between father & the daughter,
Quarrel between brother & sister,
Both sides will be looser.
Peace of mind always disappears of both sides.
Tears will be in the eyes of everyone.
In the day, ego comes as a hurdle between tears & the ground.
However, in nights, pillow cares these tears.
Night has been passes away with worries & sorrows.
Quarrel in any case is not a good one.
Ego can be satisfied in quarrel but on the cost of ruin.

vijay gupta

**Rainbow like our life**

Rainbow like our life
Rainbow, rainbow, rainbow is in the sky.
Children were clapping & jumping with joy.
I also heard the roar and saw
the wonder of seven colour's rainbow in the sky.
It was glowing & was giving coolness to our eyes.
Suddenly it was disappeared from the sky and
then I realize that the rainbow is like
the life of a human-being.
It's colours are like the colours of our life.
Colours of life as joy, sadness,
Kindness, honesty, attraction, haterdness & love
are as the seven colours of a rainbow
And I realize that rainbow is just
like the life of a human being.

vijay gupta

## Rainy Season

Rainy Season
Croaking of frogs can be heard.
Ponds were full of water.
This rainy season is good from so many previous years.
Fish eaters are happy.
Fields are full of grass.
Turning roads of villages are full of mud and water.
But villagers are not worried for this.
They want better yield only.
Farmers, women and children are in gay.
Weather is cool and charming.
Hot summer has gone.
Rainy season is going on.

vijay gupta

## RAYS OF HOPE

RAYS OF HOPE
Hole of the cell brings the hope of rays,
These rays are sun-rays
Which dance in the cell of prison from morning to evening?
In morning when sun-rays touch my forehead
They recall the blessings of my mother and father.
In evening when sun-rays lit up the wall of the cell
They tell me that miseries are not universal,
They end as night ends in the morning.
Sun-rays also memorizes the morning of my village and sun set on the hill near the village.
These rays also vitalize me and create patient in me so I can bear the difficulties of the prison.
Now I am hopeful that in near future I will come out from the prison and meet my beloved people.
Because they are waiting for me as I am waiting for the sun-rays of the morning.
(From the diary of a prisoner)

vijay gupta

**Real Happiness**

Real happiness
Birds were chirping on a guava tree.
A small boy was taking breakfast near the tree.
Some birds came down near the boy and make some noises.
He threw some breakfast before the birds.
Birds were eating and he was seeing them.
He became happy and smiles with joy
and Claps with gay.
I realize that the real happiness lies in the service of needy people and animals.

vijay gupta

**Red Light Signal**

Red Light Signal
A charming scenario of the evening,
Day and night were making love at infinite.
Sun’s face was looking like red chicks of a shy girl at the sudden presence of her beloved.
Scenario was looking like a red light signal at crossing.
This nature’s red signal advises every one to rest in the night.
Chirping of birds was over
and they went to their nests.
What a fantastic scenario was this?

vijay gupta

## Relations

Relations
Relations are like a fog and smoke,
Which are hard to maintain and easy to break.
They are like sweet dreams,
Which are melodious and joyous?
Life becomes hazardous when relations became bitter.
Every one is fond of good relations
But mentality of different people comes in the way of good relations.
Think for others,
Care for others,
Live away from selfishness.
You will find relation will be joyous
Otherwise tears will welcome you.

vijay gupta

**Remember**

Remember
“You will get more and more
If you will like.
Work hard more and more
If you want success.
Don’t sleep or don’t be satisfied
Otherwise your fate will sleep with you.”

vijay gupta

**Reverse gear**

Reverse gear
Spring has come.
Colorful flowers were brightening on the earth.
Fog & chilled weather have been disappeared.
Fragrance of mustered flower was prevailing in the air.
Children were playing with colorful kites.
Their eyes were always with their kites.
They were ignoring even pits on the ground,
Which occurs in so many indents?
Like this game men’s nature is alike.
He ignores ground pit,
When does he found his stars high as a kite?
He sees on the ground only when his star goes in reverse gear as a kite,
when it comes on the ground.

vijay gupta

**River Narmada dried up**

River Narmada dried up
Once it was the lifeline of Madhya Pradesh.
From last three years, there is no adequate ran fall in this region,
Numerous tanks & wells have dried up.
However, river Narmada is also dries up.
It is heart breaking news.
Lacks upon lacks peoples were getting their bread from it.
Imagine about their miseries & sorrows.
Their grievances are as high as Everest Mountain.

vijay gupta

**Roma’s are in trouble**

Roma’s are in trouble
“Colony of Roma’s was burnt down in Italy.”
These Roma (gipsy)  people are living in Italy from so many decades.
Native people want to oust them.
Where they can go now?
They have no any separate country in this world.
They are scattered mostly in Europe and America.
Like so many countries Italy is also facing crowdedness,
Price hike and unemployment
But these Roma people are on the target.
Because native people are seeking solution of their problem in ousting these Roma people
An Inhuman and cruel approach to their problem
‘O’ god provide sense to the Italians and teach a lesson of brotherhood, love and peace.
So Roma’s can receive justice.

vijay gupta

**Sandwich**

Sandwich
People are crying.
Children are in fear.
Young girls could not move on the roads freely.
Old men have tears in their eyes.
Women are seeking mercy of god to save lives of their family members.
In a war torn country every thing become badly shaped.
People live always in sorrows & agony.
Countries like Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India
& in Srilanka lives are not safe.
Insurgency made such countries hell from the heaven.
We can say that people lives like a sandwich in these countries between military & the rebels.

vijay gupta

**Sea of sorrows**

Sea of sorrows
Children are in gay.
Parents are in joy.
This joy and gay ran hardly up to twenty years.
These children become different in choice, style and thinking from their parents in young age.
These differences create bitterness in relations.
People describe these differences as a generation gap.
I feel that it is due to the changing always comes in society which effects the nature of the new generation.
A time come when parents becomes of no use to their children due to their old age and other circumstances.
These young people treat their parents as they treat with the garbage.
Parents fall in the sea of sorrows.
It is very painful for them.
Society must do as much as it can to heel up their pains.

vijay gupta

**Seeking for lunch**

Seeking for lunch
A pair of bird was on a guava tree.
It is in my courtyard.
It was an early morning.
They were quiet mum and calm.
I thought that they were asking me for a little breakfast.
So I threw some pieces of bread near the tree.
But they did not care for the bread.
Suddenly one of them dive on the earth and catch a grass Hooper and then fly away to unknown place.
I am of the view that they were not looking for the breakfast
They were seeking for the lunch.

vijay gupta

**selfishness**

"Selfishness"
Once a naughty kid shot dead a crow.
The crow fell on the earth.
Suddenly so many crows gathered on the spot in five or six minutes,
Roaring and gyrating on the spot.
How much they loves to their companion?
Now we can observe so many peoples, who cares him self only.
They are unaware by the difficulties of their own persons,
even their nearby peoples.
But when they are in botherations they cry for help
and preaches a lesson of helping others.
But in their case they always do the reverse.
How can we categories such peoples?
They are selfish persons.
I hate such persons.

Vijay Kumar Gupta

vijay gupta

**Shaper of the world**

Shaper of the world
On the bank of the river,
Alone on the grass,
An old man was seeing in infinite.
Who may be?
Bearded, glass on eyes,
Having a bag on the shoulder
Was trying to snatch
Some thing from the sky
Who may be?
Thinking faster than the light years
About past & future
Wearing the burden of the whole world upon his weak shoulders looking like an idle but doing some thing may be vital.
Keeping vigil on the present, using his senses
About problems so he may advise the world
Like president Obama of U.S.A.
Who is he?
Some time behaves like a father,
Sometime like a teacher,
And have the senses of an ordinary men & women,
Thinks high like a great man,
He is a shaper of this modern world.
Because he is a philosopher or a poet.

vijay gupta

## She & Her

She & Her
She was playing with flowers & among the butterflies.
She was chirping like the birds.
She was running here & there.
A pair of eyes was watching her.
She wants to pluck the flower
But she stops her
Because one was a child
& one was a wise.
She crosses the road without any worry
Because she has the little fingers of her in her little hand.
She was enjoying of purchasing & her pocket was serving her.
She smiles because she provides shelter to her.
Do you know them?
One was a five years old child &
another was her mother.

vijay gupta

**Shock proof heart**

Shock proof heart
Heart break in love brings an ocean of sorrows among victims.
Depression comes in life
Life becomes havoc.
Nights become dreadful.
Every thing becomes tasteless.
Normalcy comes in a difficult way after a long time.
But what can we do?
Nothing
I have also gone through this process many times in my life.
Now I am in proud that
I am owner of a shock proof heart
and living in gay.

vijay gupta

**Shrewd nature of men**

Shrewd nature of men
He played in their lap
when he was a child.
He walked on the road by
holding their finger.
He was dependent on them from
Birth to the young age
Now he became a young man having
Money, power & vigor.
He has forgotten all these who were
Companions of his child hood to the young age
Now he is running behind the money &
power as much as he can.
So he is devoting his all time with those
who are helping in fulfilling his desire.
I can say that he is behaving like a kitten
who escapees after becoming young.
I hate it.

vijay gupta

**Silence**

Silence
Silence
 in reading room,
hospital
& in court is well.
But among you & her,
among you & them
is not good.
Silence is like a silent killer if
It persists among relations.
So don’t allow it among beloved persons.
Otherwise it will bring sorrows & grief
at the place of happiness.
Tears & agony will ruin the relations.

vijay gupta

**Slaves  on the earth**

Slaves  on the earth
Fields, flowers  & butterflies,
rows of huts and houses,
A grand school of Rafia & Mamta,
mild wind of peace & love was blowing.
Several birds on trees were chirping.
Suddenly a falcon attacked on birds
& changed the entire world of the birds.
A group of fanatic people broke the school of Rafia in the name of religion & culture.
An aeroplane hits the village by a missile in the name of their
Freedom, democracy & modernization.
Sadness & grief spread all over in the village
Tears became the part of their life
And they became slaves on the earth.

vijay gupta

**Slur on the lake**

Slur on the lake
Beautiful lake surrounded by flowers, butterflies & the birds.
On the bank scenario was like a heaven.
Cool & mild breeze was blowing.
Marigold & rose were blossoming.
Fragrance of flower was in the atmosphere.
Children, ladies & men were enjoying on the bank.
On the road side a young lady with her kid was begging.
Everything on the lake was beautiful except the beggar.
The beggar on the spot was like a slur on the lake.
I realize that the beggars are like a slur not only on the lake but on the whole human society.
We must fight against the problem of beggars.

vijay gupta

## Snake charmer

Snake charmer
A jungle boy, called snake charmer, was in his full swing.
It was the crossing in a village.
Snakes were dancing on the tune of his flute.
Children were clapping and enjoying.
These scenes were common in Indian society before 30 yrs ago.
Now the time has changed.
Computer & video games has taken place of snake games & snake charmer’s flute.
It is the time, which decides the fate of any thing.

vijay gupta

**Spot on the human kind**

Spot on the human kind
It was a colorful evening.
I was on the top of a tower.
Watching the glimpses of the city
Many colorful lights were twinkling there.
Several sign boards were glowing.
Peaks of hotels & bars were trying to touch the high sky.
Luxurious cars & other vehicles were running on the roads.
I feel that the joy & happiness were dropping from the sky.
City was looking like a fairy land.
Suddenly I saw that a lady having a child in her lap was begging near a luxurious car.
In return they say some unpleasant words to her and then they shut the doors of the car.
Is it not a black spot on the humankind?

vijay gupta

**Spring has come on the earth.**

Not happy in spring season
Spring has come on the earth.
Cold December has passed away.
Fragrant air is blowing with the smell of mustered flowers.
Buds are smiling.
Flowers are dancing in the air.
Silver screen of fog is nowhere.
Old people, shriveling in cold December are relaxing now.
Children are also happy in this sweet weather.
However, people in Jammu and Kashmir are frightened in this spring season.
This mild weather provides the way to the terrorist to enter in the state.

vijay gupta

**Stem of a guava tree**

Stem of a guava tree
The stem of guava tree was there.
It was cut down in the name of the development process.
A pair of bird was sitting
on the stem.
& they were seeing towards the sky.
They were quiet mum & full of grief & sorrow.
What they were thinking at that time?
I realize that
They may be thinking about the cruelty of men.
Who destroyed their own world?
In which they & so many others like them were living.
Their eggs full of their next generation were destroyed.
Their nests were also destroyed.
Men are doing such cruel behavior with bird’s animals & also with other men.
Such behavior will force the
human society in trouble & unprecedented ruin in near future.

vijay gupta

**Story of My tears**

Story of My tears
Please smoke
Cigarette is here
No thanks
& just then tears came from his eyes & fell on the earth.
He was a bearded old man, walking
Slowly-slowly on the road.
Along coat & a furred cap was saying the store of his prosperity.
Why are you tearful now?
Before one month I was well from every angle.
A dark night came like a storm & changes the life of my family
and now I am full of grief and sorrows.
On that darkest night
Some rebel militants enter my house & stayed there.
On the gun point they forced me to bring food & other articles & stayed there for two days.
I was helpless & bound to help them because my grand son was under their custody.
State police came after the departure of the militants.
They charged me of helping the rebel & tortured me & my family bitterly.
Now I am a bad man in the eyes of local public & the govt.
But no body is ready to understand my helplessness.
At that time I was bound to help them
And govt. is tackling me like a traitor.
Now you can understand my grief & the story of my tears.

vijay gupta

**Strange travelers of sky**

Strange travelers of sky
These beautiful birds are called the Siberian cranes.
They come across the borders and from thousands miles away..
They don’t forget their host places & friends.
Borders & distance have no meaning for them.
The lake of Bharatpur & Chilka lake (Orissa)  are their good host.
These beautiful white birds are expert in flying & swimming.
I realize that these beautiful cranes are the real ambassador of love peace & brother hood.
We must protect them on international level.

vijay gupta

**Street children**

Street children
Ask from such a person
Who has no roof over his head?
Ask from such a person
Who has no employment?
Not one two or three there are five laces in our capital Delhi.
We can say them
The street children
Most of them are beggars.
Some of them are drug an addict.
They sleep beneath the flyover & empty public places.
Anti nationals can easily use them for antinational activities.
These children are the part of our next generation.
We must work to bring them in the main
stream of the nation.
For the bright future
of not only for them for whole of the nation.

vijay gupta

**Sudden rainfall**

Sudden rainfall
Slowly & slowly the rain dropp lets were falling on the earth.
Gentle, cool breeze was blowing.
Plants.Buds & Trees were smiling.
They were shaking them self in joy.
Leaves were clapping & making noise in cheer.
Men & animal were also in joy.
Children were running here & there.
They want to collect rain dropp lets in their palms.
This funny atmosphere occurs due to the sudden rain fall in hot May.

vijay gupta

## SUDHAMA THE GREAT

SUDHAMA THE GREAT
The great Sudhama was born in the ancient time.
It was the time of lord Krishna.
Lord Krishna was the king of Dwarika.
His class mate Sudhama was a poor Brahmin.
When his wife came to know that lord Krishna was the classmate of her husband
She pushed him to meet lord Krishna for seeking some economic help.
Sudhama was a man of self respect.
He did not want any obligation from his classmate.
After so many requests made by her wife
He went to Dwarika to meet his friend.
He lived there for six month.
But he did not ask for any help.
But when he returned to his home
he found so many good houses & prosperity at the place of his hermitage & poverty.
He was surprised very much to see this change.
Lord Krishna sent this economic help for his whole family
without telling him.
Sudhama felt guilty & became very sad.
But his family was very much happy.
He left his home & family forever & went in to the jungles for devotion.
What a great man he was?
Self respect was full in his personality up to the infinite.

vijay gupta

## Suggestion

Suggestion
Criticism cannot harm any religion,
if religion is base on facts and reality.
God is one.
People have defined it in so many ways.
So many ways are to warship him.
So many critics come in this world.
Who pin points the way of worshiping the god.
In this way, so many religions came in existence.
Followers of Hinduism, Buddhism & Christianity
are not so much aware for criticism.
They tolerate them humbly.
However, in case of Islam the rate & tolerance is about to nil.
That is not good
Roots of Islam are very deep.
No criticism can harm this religion
Therefore, they must be humble & piteous for critics.
Then there will be no harm to peace & harmony.

vijay gupta

**Symbol of evil**

Symbol of evil
I never heard the battle of butter flies.
I never heard the hunting by the flowers.
Cow & buffalo gives milk to all of us.
Trees & rivers are giving us food, oxygen & water.
Earth provides base & minerals to the human society.
In return we the human beings are giving annihilation & destruction to all trees, rivers & natural resources.
They serve us,
We crush them
Is it humanity?
We greedy, lusty, crazy
& selfish people are living on the earth.
In this sense human being is the symbol of evil?

vijay gupta

**Taller than you**

Taller than you
She encircled my neck with her beautiful arms and
raised her sweet voice in the air
"'O' Dad I am taller than you"
I fell on the earth from the sky
after hearing her melodious voice.
I realize my duties with her growth.
I have to arrange her marriage,
Which is a difficult task
in our Indian society.
There are several obstacles like caste, clan, religion and
money in the way.
It is a universal problem of unaccountable parents in this world.

vijay gupta

## Tears

Tears
He was away from his beloved & was in deep grief due to the separation.
She was also feeling the same agony.
Tears were in their eyes.
Why it occurs?
Because they were innocent.
Ego & immaturity is coming in their way.
Matter was not so grave.
Fight is going on in between their affection & ego.
See, what happens in next day?
It is the story of the innocent people.

vijay gupta

**tears in her eyes**

Tears in her eyes
Tears were in her eyes,
She was not singing today.
She sung so many songs before.
Today she was calm & no words were on her lips.
She was in full of sorrow & was alone.
What happened?
No reply.
She was calm & full of grief.
Again, I asked her pain,
She replied that her home has disappeared,
Her children’s are nowhere,
In addition, men are there.
Then she flew away.
She was a pretty bird.

vijay gupta

## Terrorist

Terrorist
Why they are blasting bombs in public places?
Why they are killing political leaders?
Are they insane?
Are they innocent?
Have they any relationship with religion or politics.
People say them terrorists.
I say that they are political and religious men too.
They have certain political and religious objects.
They are fighting for their cause.
They can kill anyone or die him self also.
They want to spread terror in the heart of opponents.
They want to break the economic and social bonds of the opponents.
Mainly they are wagging a war against those who are in power.

vijay gupta

**Thank full**

Thank full
Several eyes were watching us with distrust
Because we were assuring them to solve their sanitation problem
Before us so many people came &
went away only giving them assurance & hope.
But they did not do
Well for them
It was a slum of poor people in which
we were trying to do some social work.
It is clear that if we will do some good for them
They will be thankful for us.

vijay gupta

## THANK YOU

THANK YOU
Thank you, thank you
And thank you.
When you offer some food to these colorful & beautiful birds,
Once they took food from their plate and
next moment they see you.
It is like as they are saluting you.
In this process of ten to twenty minutes
they are saluting you not less then one hundred times.
These are beautiful moments of the life
if you able to enjoy them.
Relaxation & happiness will come to your mind.
I say that it is the proper way of living a happy life.

vijay gupta

**Thanked to Mr. Mosquito**

Thanked to Mr. Mosquito
We were two on one bed.
Adequate space was within us
Because
 she was angry.
We both were quiet mum
and the sleep was away from us.
Suddenly a mosquito came there
And he bites on her cheek.
She turned up near to me.
 Again Mr. Mosquito bites on her lips.
She again turned up near to me.
Space within us was disappeared.
I did not miss the chance
And put my arms around her waist.
We became one on the bed
And sleep with peace and happiness.
I thanked to my friend Mr. Mosquito for
doing his job perfectly and made us one.

vijay gupta

**That is the time**

That is the time
Words were in
 and were hardly coming out.
On the other side
He was seeing him with anger.
One was an old man
& other one was his young son.
The old man worked hard to secure his smile
by being an obedient servant,
 by being a mother,
and by being a nurse.
 but scenario has been changed now.
The boy has become young one & wandering in his own world.
And there was no place for that old man
Who is his father?
This young man is not ready to share his smile with him.
What can we say?
Only that it is the time?

vijay gupta

## The black birds

The black birds
Their beaks were clinging to each other.
They were twittering also.
They were playing on the branch of guava tree in front of my room.
He was touching his beak on her neck, face & on her body.
She was also doing the same
but in a shy manner.
They were skipping on each other.
After some time they become normal & fled away.
Is it love?

vijay gupta

**the dew drops**

“The dew drops”
It was 5: 30 AM of an early morning.
I was enjoying morning walk.
Sun rays were ready to say bye- bye to the night.
Fragrant air was walking with me.
Pair of Rabbit, squirrel, birds and flowers meet me in the way.
I saw some dew drops were on the petal of flowers.
They were as calm as everything was calm at the time.
In the twilight dew drops were twinkling like stars.
I know their magic end is just to come.
Sun rays will be their death warrant.
The human beings are also just like dew-drops,
They come & lives like dew drops on the earth.
They went away like strangers from the earth.
Vijay Kumar Gupta

vijay gupta

**The evening**

The evening
The chirping of birds was not full of vigor
as it was in the morning.
Trees were not looking as fresh
as they were in the morning.
Sun was going slowly & slowly towards the west.
Flowers were not looking as handsome
as they were earlier.
Because evening has come there,
Bowed headed laborers were going
slowly & slowly towards their homes.
An old man was also walking on the bank of the sea.
He was unaware from the glooming activities
which were going on in the sea & near the sea.
It was the evening of his life.
His heart was beating.
The night was ready to come.

vijay gupta

## The Ghost

The Ghost
A ghost was loitering in the jungle.
He was hungry then.
He was angry also.
He wants a young man to eat.
Because he was found of man’s flash
So he reaches near a hut.
The hut was on some distance from the village.
He found the smell of a man there.
He saw that a young man was stressing the head of his mother.
Because his mother was ill
When he found that the man is also serving his mother.
He became very much impressed.
And leave the young man alive.
It is a lesson to such people who
Are not caring their old mother and father

vijay gupta

**the nights**

"THE NIGHTS"
Darkness has come on the earth.
Stars were twinkling in the sky.
Moon was lightening the universe.
I was sleeping.
But my mind was flying in the universe.
Night is its work field.
It inquires my past & on next moment was to planning my future.
It goes high in the stars world & after some times it goes in the depth of the seas.
It travels in the valley of flowers, bank of the river
and on the height of the mountains.
I have no effective control on it in nights.
But in days I am its master.
It works like a horse not as a bird "swallow".
Vijay Kumar Gupta

vijay gupta

**The paradise on the earth**

The paradise on the earth
Flowers can make this earth beautiful.
Cool and mild breeze can make our atmosphere lovely.
Bricks and stones can make buildings on the earth.
Fool can fulfill our belly.
Money can arrange our physical needs of the life.
After some time,
flower may die,
Breeze may be hot,
Buildings may be outdated,
and money will go in another hands.
Then earth will be as it was before.
If children are laughing with gay,
women are smiling with happiness.
And old people are living with twinkling eyes and hope.
I am sure that
the earth will become a paradise.

vijay gupta

**The poet**

The poet
A kind hearted, imaginative person is called the poet.
He always worries to see
the grievances of others.
He becomes wounded to see the wounds of others.
He cries to hear the cries of the children & women.
Because he has only emotions not power.
Power lies in political leaders & military generals.
Power lies in the pockets of capitalists.
Poet wants peace & love in the society.
But it depends upon the sweet will of the war mongers.
He cries to see the hunger of the people
But he can only cry like the birds
& he can talk as an old man.
He can write like a student.
But he can not do more in the absence of power.
If a poet likes me have the helicopters then,
I dropp the flowers instead of Bombs & shells.
If a poet like me has the guns then I will kill all war mongers of the world.
Who kidnaps the freedom & happiness of the people?
If a poet likes me have affluent money than no body can sleep with hunger.

vijay gupta

**The world of chimpanzee**

The world of chimpanzee
She went from one branch to another.
Her kid was on her back.
Some times she jumped here to there having her kid in her lap.
Kid was stick to her mother & was enjoying the life.
She saved him from rainfall, hot sunrays & hunger.
Because she was loved him more than her life.
In the nights when
Stars were twinkling
The cool air was flowing &
he was sleeping with sweet dreams.
She was awakening & watching him with affection.
She was a chimpanzee.
Days come & pass away.
So nights have come & then passed away.
On one night when he was sleeping,
Suddenly she also fell in sleep.
On the awakening, she did not found him.
Sky fell upon her.
She jumped here to there
But he was no where.
Because he was went away to his own world.
She became alone & full of grief.
She was helpless.
She became old before time due to the grief.
He was not caring here.
Her life fell in the shadow of the evening.
It was the world of chimpanzees.
Now is it not going on in the world of human beings?
Are we going to the world of chimpanzees?

vijay gupta

**They are sad**

They are sad
Butterflies were dancing,
Bees were kissing him.
Bumble bee was sucking him
& children were seeing him with charm.
It was a marigold on the top of the plant.
On the other hand some thorns were seeing the glory of the flower
and
their eyes were full of thrust & tears
Because none was seeing them.
In the last they asked its reason from the flower.
The flower tells them the truth that
They are without beautiful colors,
Juice & fragrance
And he is full of colors, juice & fragrance
So every one likes him.
Another fact is this that the flower
is a symbol of peace & love.
On the other hand the thorn is a symbol of cruelty & pain.
I think that unaccountable people in this world
behave like a thorn so they are sad.

vijay gupta

**They meet again**

They meet again
The corner of the platform a man Alfa was sitting
And waiting for the next train.
A woman named Beta came there & stands nearby him.
He was her ex-husband.
She was watching
Alfa, who was not properly clean, saved
And her buttons were not put properly on his uniform.
“Is there no one to care you” she asked?
However, he did not reply
In addition, his eyes were wet.
It was his answer in a symbolic form.
She left the Alfa’s home one year ago during split in relations.
Her mother created all botherations.
She is no more in this world.
Beta was also facing the same situation as Alfa was facing.
She was ashamed by the behavior made by her & hers mother.
She asked to forgive her.
Alfa put his hand on her shoulder & rush to get seat in this train.
There was no time to waste in formalities.

vijay gupta

**They were absent**

They were absent
There was every thing except one
Who built it?
It was a grand building decorated like a bride groom.
A lot of flowers, lights & decorated walls were there.
People gathered to enjoy that evening.
Dance was on the floor,
 food was on the tables,
and melodious music was on.
Great grief for me was that I did not find
all those poor people
who built this grand building.

vijay gupta

**Thinkers**

Thinkers
Lunchtime was over.
Still he was sitting on the bank of the river.
He was comparing past & the present.
In addition, he was thinking about the future.
He was worried about every one except him self
because he was a philosopher or a poet.
Thinkers are the builders of history & the future world.
They born in this world to guide the people &
To shows the right path in difficulties.
They are the founders of innovations.
George Bernard show, Plato, Roussos, Gautama Buddha &
So many others were the incomparable diamonds of this world.

vijay gupta

**Thirteenth banana**

Thirteenth banana
Poetry is the fragrance of my life.
My life goes around it.
It reveals my heart & life.
My imagination can be seen in my poetry.
Some one says that “poetry is the thirteenth banana in a dozen”.
Numerous events happen in our day to day life.
We feel them.
We observe them.
We react also on them.
Than we forgets them
But there are some people who marches one step ahead from others.
They react also on the events.
They enlighten the world for better tomorrow.
They are beloved poets.
They shows better path to the world.
We love them.

vijay gupta

**Thorn and Flower**

Thorn and Flower
He cheats me.

He is not paying much attention towards me still then I have done a lot for him.
It is the cry of many in this world.

Every one has different nature & character.

Men are not very different from animals in nature.

Nature of fox, cat & chameleon can be finding generally in the people.
Some are greedy.
Some are criminal.

We can see thorn and flowers on a plant.
It is the world of different shades.

We must be a good judge otherwise; tears will never leave you alone in the life.

vijay gupta

**Time is changing**

Time is changing
See & see,
“That old man is coming to disturb us.
We should go at another place to play”
It is the cry of children.
“Go to your room,
Please don’t interfere in our life? ”
A young man was crying on his old father.
These hot talks can hear in so many families now a day.
This twenty first century is not the century for old people.
The time has gone when the old men lives like a captain in the families.
The time of joint & large family has been gone now.
The time has come for single & small families.
The time of single & small families is going on where the place of old & sick person is very limited.

vijay gupta

## Tiny Temples

Tiny Temples
Have you seen a tiny temple near the road side?
There are unaccountable such
 tiny temples are in our country.
People bear botheration in going through the roads
but no body dares to oppose them.
Why?
Because people are religious
And they are afraid of God’s blessings.
I feel that such type of hindrances
on the road sides must be abolished.

vijay gupta

**Touch the high sky**

Touch the high sky
From long, long ago the mountains are trying to touch the sky.
These efforts are going on since their birth.
Trees are not lives behind because they are also in this race.
They do not know whether they will get success in their mission or not.
However, it is their mission of life to touch the high sky.
History recognizes only those,
Whose missions of life are as high as sky?
Only such persons can make good achievements.
Who fights with even with death to achieve their goal?
History is made only by them.

vijay gupta

**Towards the animal world**

Towards the animal world
His foot touches his foot.
He became angry.
Quarrel starts between two.
Such scenes are common at public places.
Human beings is quarrelling each others
On small things to which they must avoid
Cruelty is growing in our society day by day.
Patience is reducing day by day.
Kindness & love among us is decreasing day by day.
Hatred ness is increasing day by day among us.
Which is a very bad thing?
People are ignoring the teachings of Lord Jesus Christ, Lord Buddha & other saints.
It is also a very unfortunate for our human society.
Violence, hate redness & quarrel are common in animal world.
Is human society advancing towards the animal world?

vijay gupta

## Tribute to a Martyr

Tribute to a Martyr
Struggle, Struggle & Struggle.
Since the humankind, we are witnessing unaccountable murders, ruins & so many barbarous acts, which are very much painful.
Are we the human beings different from the animals?
Such idea comes so many times in my mind.
Death will come to every one who is living on this earth.
However, when a pious and generous person has killed in war it becomes unbearable.
George Abraham Lincoln, Robert Kennedy, Mahatma Gandhi, Mrs. Indira Gandhi & so many unaccountable people assassinated during time to time in the society.
Now it is very hard to elaborate all those killing.
The assassination of Mrs. Benazir Bhutto, the ex.pm of Pakistan, includes in this continuous chain.
I hope that the people of the world will unite against such killings.
Religious fundamentalism is a dangerous phenomenon in way of piece & co-existence.
World power must unite against such unholy powers.

vijay gupta

**Tuhi Ram the great**

Tuhi Ram the great

(Miracle of a receipt)

“Sir,

We have submitted our Revenue before four months ago and receipt is here.”

It was Thakur Tuhi Ram, the then Zamindar of Sapnawat village of Meerut district and now it is in Ghaziabad district, was saying to Mr. Danlop the then collector of Meerut district.

Time was of great Indian freedom struggle 1857.

Struggle was brutally crushed by the east India Company.

Collector Mr. Danlop was very much surprised to see that receipt because no village had been submitted revenue in his area.

After suppression of freedom struggle army hanged over unaccountable people and burnt more than fifty percent villages of Meerut district. In this way Th. Tuhi Ram saved the life of about three thousand people and to village Sapnawat from burning. After some time Tuhi Ram disclosed that he got that receipt with out submitting a single coin by the help of the then tehsildar of Hapur.

The tehsildar was a silent supporter of freedom struggle.

Records of tehsil was Burnt by the fighters therefore verification was not possible and receipt was finally accepted.

In this way the act of Tuhi Ram will be remembered as a life saver hero of Indian freedom struggle 1857 for ever in human history.

(Story is told to me by Dr. Davendra Singh of Meerut and it is based on historical true documents)

vijay gupta

## TWIN SIDES OF A COIN

TWIN SIDES OF A COIN

It was the bank of the lake.
Birds were singing on the branches of the tree.
Ducks were floating in the water of the lake.
Cranes were standing in
the water waiting for the fishes.
Clouds were floating in the sky watching
the scenes on the earth.
The sunrays were coming from the long distance,
Still then they were warming the atmosphere.
Happiness and joy covered
The area near the lake
Some tourists were moving here and there.
Some women’s were having goggles on their eyes and little
Clothes on their bodies taking sun-bath
on the bank of the lake.
Scenes were as like as in the fairy land.
Some young girls were shooting the natural scenes by their camera.
On the other hand, at some distance,
Two boys and a little girl were collecting some used plastic pieces for their bread.
They were ignorant from the beauty and joy,
which was scattered on the bank of the lake.
How sad it is?
This type of inequality is painful for
the people like myself.

vijay gupta

**Twinkling stars**

Twinkling stars
Twinkling stars are always inspiring for me.
They are watching me in the nights
as my father did.
I find the image of my father in these stars.
Today my father is away from me like stars.
So when I miss my father
I always recall stars in the nights.
They provide some satisfaction
& relief from my grief.

vijay gupta

**Two eyes**

Two eyes
Watching up to the last,
From the behind of a window,
It was a pair of eyes,
Full of innocence and childishness,
When he tries to know them,
They always disappeared.
Eyes never talk to him.
He could not know them until the last.
One day they disappeared for ever.
When he come to know the realty,
He fell in the sorrows of the ocean.
And heart was broken up.
This relationship is……..?

vijay gupta

**Ugly thorns**

Ugly thorns
Insects are falling and burning on the flames from centuries.
Flames are not pity.
Insects are also not timid.
They may be called crazy.
Poets of the world are using this phenomenon to explain so many famous love stories of the world.
Lovers in our society are doing the same.
Some times they succeeded and some times they did not and burnt like insects in their love.
Society is not very kind to them.
They force so many barriers in their love in the form of cast, clan and religion.
These barriers are like ugly thorns.
I hate such ugly thorns.

vijay gupta

**Unrest**

Unrest
Lion is hungry.
Then imagine what will be in the jungle?
Roar & killings of poor animals will be in the jungle.
When a major portion of the people is hungry in the human society,
There will be no peace and harmony.
Numerous people are fighting for bread & pure water & on the other hand.
Some people are fighting for their own swimming pool.
It must be in their home.
Matter is in the court.
They are not worried about the thrust of nearby people.
Is it not sad?
Unrest in the society is based on social and economic inequalities.
Naxalite movement is based upon such type of inequalities.
So haves must think over this problem & try to abolish poverty from the society.
Then their must be peace & harmony in the human society.

vijay gupta

## Vanguard of world peace

Vanguard of world peace
Respected authors and peace loving men and women of the world
Good morning.
We are all on this earth are facing so many problems like poverty, pollution, deflation and terrorism.
People are fighting in the name of religion, caste, area and ego.
We want to wage a war against all these evils by using poetry as an impressive instrument.
I am along with you are authors.
Writing is our hobby.
You know better then me that
"The pen is mightier than a sword."
So we will launch an International journal named
"Poetry for peace International"
under the guidance of an International peace loving society.
We will publish this journal quarterly
with your comprehensive support.
You can help us: -

Options: -
1. Be the member of our
"International peace loving society"
By saying only "yes"
And send your ideas about our aim in ten lines only.
2. By sending your best five poems containing theme
"We want peace not war"
On my e-mail address: -
Vkgupta_250001@indiatimes.com
3. Help us in creating a grand team in various countries for spreading our ideas and journal among more and more people.
If some one likes we will allow him to publish and distribute the copy of this journal in his country in any language. The formula of publishing and distribution is given below.
Formula: -
Cost of printing + cost of distribution + nominal margin not more than 10%.
We assure you that we are not going to spread our business through this journal.
It is our mission for world peace and we will work like a missionary.
Come ahead and be the vanguard of the world peace.
Your friend,
Vijay Kumar Gupta, India
E-mail: -
Vkgupta_250001@indiatimes.com

vijay gupta

**Vanity**

Vanity
He was insisting her to say sorry.
She was not agreeing with him.
Talks between them stopped in last.
Time was passing rapidly.
But no one was ready to bow.
In last they separated form each others.
It is the story of so many couples in this world.
Ego & fake vanity had come in between them
which ruined the love and affection in between them.
So don’t allow this fake vanity in
your relations
 otherwise a ocean of tears
will welcome you.

vijay gupta

**War is inevitable**

War is inevitable
War, war, war,
Since the birth of human kind,
Everybody is hearing about so many about war.
No body desires it.
Still then, war occurs any time and at any place in the world.
When a fighter dies in a war, he known as a martyr by one country
And an enemy by the opponent country.
There may be so many reasons of a war.
However, I know one thing that on the death of a soldier,
A woman lost her husband,
Children lost their father and parents lost their son.
They downed in the ocean of grief.
Tears remain in their eyes,
but they are not allowed to fall on the earth otherwise, it will be a disgrace for a martyr.
Numerous persons die in the name of their country
Therefore, many die for the sake of their religion.

vijay gupta

**Warm tribute**

Warm tribute
In last he died by cancer.
Long fight,
Hard toiling made by him & his relatives.
On the bed he was lying &
was seeing towards
The infinite.
I saw him & his eyes
They were open & were seeing towards the sky.
I realize that
He was also thinking about the society &
its welfare as it was his habit.
He was a man with long vision
& also a thinker.
He was believer of Marxism & Leninism also.
In really he was a man of his own style.
He was com. Jagmer Singh.
I pay warm tribute to him.

vijay gupta

**Water falls**

Water falls
Cool & fresh water is coming to us.
It is coming from the mountains heights.
Fragrant and cool air is blowing there.
It is a water fall.
A picnic spot for all
Children are always happy there.
It is fulfilling the thrust of the earth,
Animals and human beings also
It is serving all since its birth.
It wants nothing from us in return.
It also teaches us a great lesson.
We must care the plants because it
is nursing them also.
We must care the earth because
It is also fulfilling the thrust of the earth.
We must be kind to the animals because water fall is also very kind to them.
We must serve the needy persons with out any cost as much as we can.

vijay gupta

**We want peace not rainbow**

We want peace not rainbow
“I want peace in my country instead of the beauty of a rainbow.”
It is the cry of natives in war torn countries like Iraq & Afghanistan.
“We need bread & medicine for our children instead of butterflies & daffodils.”
Natives in Sri Lanka are crying in such a manner.
However, warring groups needs power& only power.
Thy have enough to say about in their support.
World powers are seeing this game helplessly.
People are dyeing by bullets & hunger.
They are fleeing here & there the save their lives.
Women are crying.
Children have tears in their eyes.
Poets and literary persons are helplessly crying to change the present scenario.

vijay gupta

**Will you fulfill our desire?**

Will you fulfill our desire?
Need of money,
Need of my family, bring me to this business.
My country is poor.
My parents are poor.
Unemployment is all over in the society.
But need of money pushed us to this illegal prostitution work.
We are fulfilling the men’s major sexual needs.
We are not harming the society in any way.
Why people are making hindrance in our way?
Govt. Officials always threat us & exploit us.
They send us behind the bar time to time.
But sexual exploitation is also goes on in the jails.
We want to live with honors.
Will you fulfill our desire?
(Cry of a sex worker)

vijay gupta

**World needed them most**

World needed them most
It was an evening there was calm everywhere.
Some persons was burring a dead body in the cemetery.
Face of everyone was full of grief & sorrow.
Some were standing near the dead & some one here & there.
I was surprise to see the behavior of many persons there.
Some were talking about their, business; some were about their evening programmed.
A young person likely to be the son of a deceased man was discussing about his share in property with his relations.
It was a scenario of a cemetery & funeral ceremony programmed which was going there.
It means the face of the people was not showing the real picture of their heart.
It is the world of mysteries.
Money & selfishness is playing a vital role in the society.
Love & relations is base on the mutual benefits in the society.
No profit- No love.
It is the theme of the world.
However, so many people are such in the world that is away from this theme.
World needed them most.

vijay gupta

## World of tulips

World of tulips
A gentle breeze was blowing.
A world of tulips was growing near the lake.
Pink, red, yellow & white colored tulips were dancing with gay.
This world is consisting of fragrance, butterflies & other greenery. Fluttering of butter flies from one flower to another was looking very much charming.
Tulips were shaking there heads.
I feel that they were talking to each others.
Then what?
Short lived flowers were saying to the human beings that you must live with Peace, Harmony & Joy as we live.

vijay gupta

## Worst Creature of the Earth

Worst Creature of the Earth
A question mark was pasted on the ability of the human beings?
It was raised in the meeting of birds on a tree.
The dove was saying that human beings are superior to us so they are dominating on the earth.
Parrot said that human beings are of destructive nature because their activities are sufficient to destroy the earth.
The crow asked how?
The parrot described that the human society is exploiting the nature at alarming stage there for global warming is causing the melting of ice on the poles which will increase the level of seas
and in this way the most part of the earth will drowned in the sea.
It will harm not only to the human society also to all who are living on the earth.
The pigeon said that we are different types of birds on a tree and eating fruits without any quarrel and see the human society where the human beings are quarreling each others for food, water and land so they are not as wise as they think about them self.
Sparrow was also there.
She said the human beings are cruel, wicked & immoral also.
Sparrow explained that human beings are busy in docility, rap & murder also.
They behave cruelly with horse, cow, buffalos & ox who serve their best up to their whole life to the human society.
The behavior of human beings is full of cruelty & immorality so humans are not good.
All the birds that were present there raise their voice & say that human beings are worst among all creatures living on the earth.

vijay gupta

**Wrinkles**

Wrinkles
Full of wrinkles,
With out glaze,
In the crowd of the people
He was struggling for his Survival.
Because he was a laborer
Who lived like a slave in the slum?
He was a youth below forty
But look like an old man.
Do you know the story behind his wrinkles?
Uneffectionate and shameful
Behavior of his beloved people
Was in the root of these wrinkles.

vijay gupta

## Wrong decision

Wrong decision
Sorrows are in my heart.
Whole country is seeing the ugly game of politicians & fundamentalists.
Politicians are busy in strengthening their vote bank.
Brother Hood is in danger.
Muslims are opposing the allotment of some land to amaranth shrine board.
Govt. of J.K also agreed on the demand of Muslims.
Hindu mined people in India are in anger.
They are seeing it as a defeat of eighty five present people of the country.
This act of Govt. & the Muslims of J & K will weakened the brother hood between Hindus & Muslims of the county.
What will be in the future?
God knows better?

vijay gupta