Poetry Series

yoonoos peerbocus

- poems -

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A Loan

A Loan

Besides body as a loan
As rent fate gave me
A lifejacket when fine

Was the weather of life,
Snatches it back when
Snowcapped in winter garb

As a farce of existence
But earthly quilt i left
On the shore of eternity,

Wrapped in bliss
I am what i am
What i never think i am.

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A belle

A belle

I waylaid the belle wearing
Me out with her vanishing
Tap, tap, tap heels echoing

Down the corridor long
As eternity. I stalked
Behind the first door as if
Of unattainable rooms

But in vain save a female
Scent rooted me and left
Me with desires of burying

Myself deep inside
Where the greatest warmth
glowed as gift of quiet happiness.

Following a giggle i tiptoed
From one empty room
To another until beyond
The last half open door,

i heard a telephone
And i awoke.

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A bird

A bird

love is a bird
ever flapping
Winging wildly
Across the white,
Transcending

Passion gale
Beyond mental sky
ever migrating
Aerial skyscape
Soaring

To the liberty
Unknown on land
To a land that lasts,
Feeling the universe
His home

Pure eternal
Course of life.

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A body

A body

The way

A body suffers
With life
While in life

Is its
Autobiography
In motion.

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A body's lot

The trouble with a body is
That
Eventually it becomes
A corpse.

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A breath

A breath
Life
Breath made
Breath fed,
Breathes a few

Breaths or more
Turned to dust
By the very breath

That breathed dust
Into man.

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A bulldozer

The years like a bulldozer
Lumbers along my life road
And time the driver

Gear holds the helm
And i'm road rollered
By its wheels.

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A camel's meditation

A camel's meditation

Unable to kneel
So wounded my knee
So much with kneeling
On the splinter strewn

Ordeal of existence,
Yoked between shafts
Of dream and reality,
Hoofs time bound

I lumber, plod, dragging
The waterlogged
Lifeload of desire
Across traceless tracks

Of the vast desert
Of eternity.

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A child's reflection

A child's reflection

Made homeless from home
Bombed city
I'm here and live in the now,
Treading
A napalmed land of exiles
Trailing a big plastic dog
Learning to grow up

Under a chemical sky
Dripping with the rain
Cancerous poison
All flowing to other poison
Poured daily in the sea
Today planet earth
Tomorrow the stars.

Sad man can't live
By some love, some beauty.

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A cock

The best thing about a cock
It never talks but only sings
Rejoicing unlike man over
Every little thing and crows

With varied and lively movement
As if a soul opening
Assuring its immortality,
Holding infinity in its throat

And eternity in a moment.

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A confession of a road

A confession of a road

The road of existence
Destination infinite
Leads all through
Their crowded travel
Of the day

Across and along
Their hope and desire
Only to their evening
Loneliness,

Itself in the night
Listening to the footfall
Of its memory in silence
And feels helpless.

As the long road
Of my heart
Unable to take me
Out of this life.

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A dangerous excitement

A dangerous excitement

Casting conformity
Down the window
Of all line of order
As disorder wander

In the heart of desire
In rapturous passion,
Countless glasses
Casting your reflection

Oh life spring...
I curl, i twirl
I swirl, i whirl
Hailing oncoming

Summer
Rising from child to man
Without the knowledge
Without the consent

Of anybody
Feeling a dangerous
Excitement unwarned
As soon unwarned

In mind autumn comes-
Endurance flags
As if running has
No purpose at all

Heart reduced to waste
Once so green and warm.

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A dream

A dream

If ever any beauty
Laid siege to my
Heart's desire
All others

Mere fancies
Is but a dream of you
Though inaccessible
As the distant shore

Dwelling here
Closer to the heart
Undefined but real
Palpable

Etched like a raw wound
A sobbing moan
A luminosity
Or an offshore spark.

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A fire

A fire

A determined flame
Unexhausted by time gale
Simmers in flesh crucible
As a soul ever wakeful,

Hearts locked in each other
As purposeful as blood
As the hot flow of desire
Quickens passion to conceive life,
Aglow With real fire,

Ablazed In lovers' eyes
As the centre of beauty,
Fated to hand over the warmth
To our progenies and they to theirs
To house multitude.

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A Foe

A foe

Worth of the great
Is greater than space
Who win external foes-
His own evils personified
By strength of a penitent
Mind and fight

As the rest of us do
Lifetime Inner foes
With inner forces-
Will power-
to subdue senses
Where they operate

Transcending the discords
The very prisoning mind's bars
That kills humanity
Reducing a mission
Of ultimate
To mere pursuit of lust.

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A fog

A fog

The fog like love
flirts with the heart
Of the landscape

And brings out
surprises of beauty
in a ceaseless

ecstasy of bliss
in sharp contrast
Of all colours and

Moods.

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A Free spectacle

Planet earth and sky
In each other's arms
Fast asleep
On a couch of waves,
Clouds, rocks and forest

Called reality,
Every wrinkles hidden
Cunningly of their
Inconceivable antiquity
Under roses, violets,

Morning dew
And moonrise and sunset
Improvidently made
A free spectacle.

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A gale

The trees smite their heads
Against the thick grey sky,
Fierce lightning scratches
The air with its claws,
The sky seems to ride fast

Upon the madly rushing rain,
The wind is roaring
And wrestling among entertwined
Branches like a wild beast
Caught in a net. For the rushing

Gale though it howls as it goes
Can never be seen as the gale
Of wild passions under my skin
Where life lives, life dreams
Where life suffers.

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A gentle thought

A gentle thought
Lifelike awakes me
With your name
That fills me

When i forget mine.
Heart alone reassures
Startled mind
What seduces the intellect

Is selfgrown life instinct
But as truth no one sees
Although heart alone does sometimes
In glimpse made veil of love

By whose touch
Despite invisible hands
Earthly desires become beauty
All opposites become sacred again.

yoonoos peerbocus

A Glass

A Glass

Wait waiter.
Of what avail
What's in your wine
Wound drunk am i

Already whirling
In mind's tavern
From heart made glass
brimful overflowing

Her kisses made
Of broken dreams
And splintered memory.?

yoonoos peerbocus

A hope

A hope

My hope
Like yellow autumn leaves
flutter and fall
With a sigh
from desire

As my heart writhes
In silence
So homesick today
For the ever waited sublime hour
Across the sea of time.

yoonoos peerbocus

A kid's perception

A kid's perception

When i look at the star
When i look at the horizon
When i look at the ocean
When i look at the land

My own self seems so puny
It makes me wonder why
And wonder what piece
Of the puzzle am i

In this immense globe
And why can't we keep
Green things green
And save the world

From napalm
From chernobyl
From nuclear weaponry
All that on tv can be turned off

What next door is real
The wet red world.
If you take care of it now
Some day its care will be mine.

yoonoos peerbocus

A kiss

A kiss

Meeting of lips
Is not mere sensation
Groundswelling
The sea of desire.
Joining lips

Reveal what tongue
Is tongue tied on-
Heavenly secrets
Lost as light in light
sing dedication

Of life, leaving the taste
On the lips of life.

yoonoos peerbocus

A lunatic

A lunatic

Far, far the least of all
In want is the lunatic's
Content in the world
Without worldliness
Content being nothing

Being already not
A permanent resident
Of flesh prison island, satisfied
To improvise, make do
Or go without

Provisional as lives are,
Dead to the foes
Be it anxiety or desire
Save making HIM installed
Alone in silence

Splendour laid aside
But least understood
Whether he talks too much
Whether he talks too little
Yet in all sanity

He knows trust in confidence
Lunatic is he who takes
For permanency
What's mere tool
Of breath- this body.

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A misreading

A misreading

Desire like the real
Their fundamentals
Read wrong

In the shattered
Mirror of the heart
Reflection taken for light

Is the unreal.

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A moment

Counting not months but moments
With its twitter and chirp
The cuckoo draws

From mystery of creation
A streamer of pink and light
That mark awakening dawn

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A monkey's freedom

A monkey's freedom

Though without chain
My wish can't leap swing
To my heart's delight
From one branch of desire

To another
Not through want of itch
but caution is my need
And fate not freedom

So prickly is the thorn
Tree of life.

yoonoos peerbocus

A need

A need

Need little
Want less
than any one
In need

ever ready
to make
Little less
what's less

Good,
Save, save
Contentment
And restraint

That lasts
For ever
Nameless
Shapeless

Natural.

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A needle

A needle

What's in me timeless
As needle of truth
Prick fork out

Splinter of attachments
Rooted under skin
Of desire.

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A peacock's confession

A peacock's confession

Feathers of vanity
Sharp contrast
Of all hues
Ever bringing out

Surprises of beauty
But heavy the burden
Of my tails' desires
As body and brain

rootlike hungry
For earth transcient fame
My heavenly flight
for ever holds.

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A peak

A Peak

I've scaled the peak
Fame made
Power built
status centered

But fear struck
As at the top
Of a precipice,
And wish

Inward inches
In mind's quiet valley
Where life's harvest
mellows

Into golden wisdom.

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A prayer

They light their own
Ego lamp and hymn
Their own hearts' desire
In temple longing made

But the birds twitter
Your name
In your own morning
For your name is bliss

And one with yourself.

yoonoos peerbocus

A quiet home

A quiet home

As earth has nowhere to go
The path of life
That leads away from here
Has no more ground
Save downward
One way stair staring steer

To the dead end underground
Your homeland lost one
Your stone in your palm telling time
Where earth has no quieter home
In all her quiet land
For you who never let each other sleep above.

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A race

Arms race
In cradle
Rat race

Beyond cradle
All race
To win life's race

But death
Ends
Every race.

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A rattle

The baby prattlingly
Shakes rattles of death
So real his innocence

Unblemished
By the cataract
Of sensual trinkets.

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A strange passion

A strange passion
In my own surging self
Like an effulgence
Has lit a fire in my head
And has made radiant

Earth and sky for me.
My heart has become
A flight of birds
Each with a hundred eyes
Searching in the sky

In different directions.
Is it really so the one
I love is every where?
I feel ashame to call
This love human

And scared of God
To call it divine.

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A swan

A swan

Life is like a swan
Ever yearning for
Liberty of detachment
From narrow lake
Of temptation,

Content only with feathers
Of forbearance, preened
By sun of insight
To be light enough

As light the food of existence
To fly the sky of liberation
Across the pathless way
Of infinite truth, to be

Freedom of eternity itself.

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A temple

A Temple

No temple stone made
Could holier be
To one belief made

Whose pillars are the legs
Whose shrine is the body
Whose dome is the head

Whose hermit is the heart
Whose priest is perception
Whose rosary is inferrence-

All like the working of one
Mind without rituals,
Understanding the ultimate,

His only desire.

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A tombstone's diary

A tombstone's diary

How can i halt decay
Made as i am of clay
Beauty that leaks away
Flying from something
You dread

Rather than seek out
Of love? Yours is mystery
Of creation, laid asleep
In body, a born child
Whose power

Is the power of growth
Beyond animal movement,
An awe distant that impels
All thinking things beyond
Sphere of eye and ear.

See not in me mere
Temporary memory
Place of rest save a kiss
Between infinite and finite
Be it a corpse's lips.

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A tower

A tower

A tower is history in stone
Chisel made
Apparently more durable
In appearance, nay
Perfection of form
Be it sunset or moonlight

But wants permanence,
What time does not hold
Delights not eye eternally
For perfection cannot last
Unless eternal eye is purified
Beyond meaning. The measuring

Eye is not alone. The searching
Mind misses grip in its quest
For supreme beauty. The greying
Skin of the snake hides a shining
One , pushing up decaying one,
The film of the eye sloughes

The second eye followed by
Others, others, others makes
Again this place, this flower
This tower.

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A Veil

A veil

In a world of mask where
Happy illusion a mask
Our truth of each other
Is imperfect. All make up
Made to look good

Unlike to be good. Nobody
Knows who we are. Feelings
Moods, dreams are private
All entangled in dying things

Veiled in smile behind a second
Face of which you are in love. Hard to
To tear open the bottled anguish
Held as a raw wound carefully

Protected amidst nudging crowd.

yoonoos peerbocus

A wagon

A wagon

A transcient wagon is my body
Freighting such precious cargo
As love-the fulness of life,

Mere wheels my feet
Chartered for a time,
Linch pin my soul

But steered by five
Warring sense drivers
Ever lashing me

With mutually opposite
Whips of desires in
A labyrinth of confusion

To find out what
I donot know but infer.

yoonoos peerbocus

A wish

A wish

Were i your horizon
I would have
For ever been
Searching

What in love
My beloved you are-
Crystals and pearls,
Unlike the ever

Receding
Shore that i am
The whole of me
Ever burying you

In my ever growing
Sand of
Purposelessness.

yoonoos peerbocus

A boat..House

A boat House

Exiled from homeland
Short of space
To a home called
Boat house,

Small, .contained, powerful
Surrounded by sea
A solitary world
Inside a world

Like me, ever swaying
With the tide of life.
Startled sharks, gaping
Depth, scaring seafog,

Waves in white coats
Moving over large area
Scoured me each
 And every day

Questioning my right
To be here. With time
I learnt alien as this
Boat is to me, an alien

Is what i was to them.
Would i ever be
Something different?

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A cuckoo

What i see
Are baby sparrows
On the paper windows.
Has it flown away
The cuckoo whose

Call awakes me? Yet
Its song still flies soar
In my ear's room . Has
It gone to, from whence fallen
Flowers return to their

Branches borne by spring
Or where goes the fire
When the wood is burnt
To ashes?

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A love song

A love song

I'm a child running
With an open blade
My eyes blindfolded

Looking for the one
Who is wearing me out
Blinking as if the sun

Is in her eyes
Or she has left
Her glasses at home

Feeling her way now
Across the busy street
Against the fast traffic

To meet me but
It lies not in our power
To choose for will in us

Is overpowered by fate
The reason no man knows
Not even love itself.

yoonoos peerbocus

A nightmare

A nightmare

Blown in gasp air
I grasped night
Licked by flames
In a bombed city
Amidst a flock of sounds
Mare neighing, embers
Crackling..going down
Deeper and deeper down
Where the deeper down
Is, as soul burning in hell
Feeling the sensation
Of falling and burning
Though sound asleep
And awoke safe save
A racing heart.

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A special gift

A special gift

She has brought me hope,
She has brought me love,
She has brought me life,
She has brought me bliss
She has brought me all gifts
Wrapped in her sweet heart
Ribbon laced with kisses
Despatched to me
By dream post-express delivery...
Ever waiting for the postman.

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A Sputnik

A Sputnik

Modelled from life giving matter
She takes off without bowing
like a queen-alien moon,
power of iron on void

like a comet of flame
Across alien landscape.
Intoxicated by its distance
Weeding speed, the pilot

In his machine mind
Too busy going up, up
Up to see direction
When there's time

Ignorant no peak is
Higher than truth or
Could ever get a view
Of eternity save a take

Off from this life.

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Abortion

I came as tomorrow
Swaddled in innocence
To your warm womb
Mother……
Without your choice
Or mine
Destined to up date
With time
Our human tree
But before love
Grew into flesh and words
What is unfinished creation-
A precipitation of blood
Became my transcendence.

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Agony

Agony

Behind
My heart's agony
Rustles and scurries

Either my soul
Writhing out
To see me

In the light
Or world's soul
Knocking

to meet me
In secret
In private.

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Aids

Touched by the untouched
Now I’m untouchable.
Forfeited.. the most precious
Of all the parting touch-
T he right to a hug
By near and dear.

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All

All

We are all
In body mortal
In breed heavenly
In a dead man's boat
Sails hoisted

Death
Ripening within us all
Drifting without reverse gear

A sea without shores
A night without dawn
A sky without stars

Fogs denying space
Time coiling to whirlpool

All feign sleep but spying
Who shall first pretend
To awake.

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All awake

All awake

Society's demand already met
Nothing left to dream
All awake
Awaken by homesickness

Bidding goodnight
At the knock on the pane
Without pain
For good

In the good night
Haste away, promising
To see us
Once there later

When nature
Unnaturally
Black out
Their whereabout

As if dark is real
Their midnight cough
Echoing
To a dying fall.

yoonoos peerbocus

All i want

All i want

All i want
Is your aid
For my aids

Wear me away
Leaking as a bag
Of peat,

I'm not myself
Who is for me?
Perhaps

When i live
No more
I'll live for ever.

yoonoos peerbocus

Ambition

Ambition

Ambition , old as mankind
Birth itch, service driven
Future like ever remains
When all is lost

To alter existence into life
But becomes immemorial
Frailty of the strong
And last vice good man

Clears of when power driven
It climbs skyward on the miseries
And credulities of fellowmen
Eats up himself, losing its

Child heart.

yoonoos peerbocus

Amnesia

Amnesia

I remember remembering
I failed miserably
At imagining nothing
Some thing without fail
Always came to keep

Me company-a toochache,
A mislaid memories of my
Father, a lingering female
Scent...A hole is but home

Of every one of my grave
Of amnesia. A passer-by
Stepped out of the back
Patting the back as sign

Of late congratulation
As if he knew what i
Was thinking.

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An evening sky

The evening sky
As the dusk of my evening
Is like life window

And a candle lit
And a waiting behind
Eternal silence.

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An egg

An egg

Beauty of perfect
Joining
Seamless as sphere
Sourceless as sea

No crack
No gap
No lapse

All greet
Artistic sculpture
No words of thanks
To my creator

Whose love i am
Truth unseen
What they see
Is my shell.

yoonoos peerbocus

An embryo

An embryo

Heedless of the spray
From the steaming
Amniotic water,
The foetus sleeps

Dreaming some day
This ovum
Of the enchanted circle
Yet unpierced-
Creation's tide shifting

Would vanish. T he embryo
Does not worry
About the far future
Or pine after its lost home

So resigned is it
To the march of nature.
Only through the sense
Of touch, in the inverted pocket

At times it feels alive
As anthropomorphised
Being of love. Instinctively
He knows everything comes

If man will only learn to wait.

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An enigma of creation

An enigma of creation

I'm the unseen flame
In the dark
Known as creation-
That i exist

Is a perpetual surprise
Throwing up new surprises
In ceaseless outbreak
Of ecstasy

That is life.
I find my wealth
By the claims of the world
And my worth

By the claim of my love
That is life in its fulness
Unlike the delusions
Of knowledge that moonlike

Reflects only my light.

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An ephemeral child

An ephemeral child..

By unseen degrees
Age like temptation grows
Ever changing its slough
But never its value short habits.
As brittle wares wear

No longer than days of wine
And shorter than drunkards' promise,
Silkworm like ever spinning
Cobweb of illusion wrapping itself
And others, charmed by the prison

Within, if unresisted becomes necessity,
Even dies hard, posing as life's goal, what's
Mere threshold of eternity- an ephemeral
Child of the mind.

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An island

Around the sunny island
Of my life
Ebbs and flows

Night and day
Infinite solemn hymn
Of the sea of death.

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An orphan's confession

An orphan's confession

From behind the curtain of dust
Your thoughts wrapped in lullaby
Come to my heart
Like the afterglow of sunset

At the shoreline of the starry silence
And despite the sadness of the epitaphs
The silent night has the beauty of the
Eternal mother crooning in your voice.

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Anger

Anger

Wedged in between
The grinding stones'
Duelling wheels-
Mere two sides

Of the same whole,
Soul's sinews-anger,
Groans as egotism
Wrong side out.

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Artificial

Artificial heart
Man made
Surgeon fixed
Beats for life

Echo like imitating
Its origin but hard
To become the original
As the world of appearance.

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Ascetic

Ascetic

He who first prunes desire
Then restrains the slightest
Sign of growth, nipping it
In the bud, still wary
Of pain, feels the body
Itself a burden.

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At my doorstep

At my doorstep

When misshapen lure
Squatting inside insight
Ousted., at my mind's door step

My own self welcomed me
As prodigal son hugging
Each other in close embrace
Eyes moist throat dry

So ecstatic my return back
Home and moment of arrival.
My love blissful as i give back
My heart to the stranger who loved me

All my life, separated were we
For a while by curtain of desire
And search blurred by dust coat
On life's mirror.

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Autumn morning

Autumn morning:
Leaves withered, drowsy coloured
Rattling in the fitful gusts
Shivering on frail tilting boughs
Flutter and fall with a sigh.

Sky gloomy and still
Sun cobwebbed in grey clouds
Electric cables hitting the air
Glitter and blink and seem
To want to speak.

Cicadas far away. Every one i love
-gone. Without being invited
Or even wishing my heart
Smoulders.

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Awareness

Awareness

When i wrote your name
On the worldwide
Surface of the sea,
Jealous waves
Ashore threw wrecklike

When i painted your name
On sky's cheek
In rainbow hues
Envious rain
Scrub wash it

When i planted your name
On my eye balls
Tears inadequate
To spray it grow

When breathlike your name
I held in my throat
I apprehended the cessation
Of hunger and thirst
Save awareness.

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Awe and wonder

Awe and wonder

We were the last
To whom tv came
As well the last
No computer came

But love paired to awe
And wonder opened
The human in us, boys,
Self becoming man

Growing slowly, much hurt
By other creatures' pain,
Observant of beauty-
Birds pecking rose

Or rose in flock,
An eye vigil
On workers' use
Of talents, drawing thrill

From the precision
Of a sun flower
And hibernating trees
Holding promise

In sleeping roots,
Of recurrent spring.

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Back home

Back home

Home is an invention,
Mere glimpses of the unseen,
A glorified dream
To move out

Of this crowded life market
Fists fistful with daily profits
Heart ever wishing to possess
What's overlooked.

There's no such site as
Home and no road map.
Home is soul located
Down the memory of life

Everchanging, eternally new
Yet still room for perfection
As perfect ending is in
The endless, called i am.

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Back to bloom

Fallen flowers
Are coming back
To their branches
As if the perfect
Decks itself

In beauty for the love
Of the imperfect
Or feeling the infinite
In the air.
Ah! a butterfly buzzing
Moments not months.

Each season at this time
The flowers come back
To bloom. I long to know
How they find their way
Back and from where.

I don't want to end up
Having simply visited
This world.

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Be still

Be still death scared heart
All other ages
Fell down the cascade

Of life, death, time and love
In the void and oblivion,
Giving me the freedom

Of passing away.

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Be it

Be it

Be it boiled rice
From the brass bowl
Of the poor
It tastes tastier
Than ambrosia
In golden plate
Of the rich
If earned with toil
And cooked
With sweat
And love

yoonoos peerbocus

Be lost in me

Be lost in me

Today is going inside
As we in sleep
But before dream
Hurls you and me
Into a several world

As the bumble bee
Rolls over like a kitten
Inside fox glove bell
Fold yourself my love
And slip into my bossom

And be lost in me
And i round you
In comfort lie

yoonoos peerbocus

Beach of beauty

Beach of beauty

All the selves of myself
On board mind's boat
Adrift swift along
Formless life's ocean

Without fixed habitat
Without heart's sail
Dream tossed
Endless distance

Endlessly wandering
And wondering
How far the shore of desire
Nestling the beach of beauty.

yoonoos peerbocus

Beauty

Beauty

Oh beauty....self luminous
Find yourself not
In mirror's flattery
A semblance of

Shape reshaped,
Synthetic original
But in living self
Stowed in the skin

The fulness of life
Mind ever gropes
Heart ever probes
For the feeling

Called love.

yoonoos peerbocus

Beauty enigma

Beauty's Enigma

Beauty is
What we are
When flesh quilt
Left on the shore

Of sleep
Alike in the realm
Of happiness
Pure consciousness

Infinite, without walls.

yoonoos peerbocus

Beauty's awe.

Unsearchable secret aim
Of nature, heart alone
Sees and carries
In the quiet mind
What no picture

Could express. Time
Ages it not., for ever
Stays as eternal now.
As truth's smile manifests
In soul's perfect mirror

That confounds the tongues,
Smothers the senses.

yoonoos peerbocus

Beauty's truth

Beauty's truth

When all thoughts of imaginary
Things are done with,
Standing firm in that which
You are, beauty's truth
Manifests as

Radiance without light
Chaste as unsunned snow
Like a candle in a holy place
For ever lit, waxing our worries
Into eternal delight-

What the soul is left with
When perception pulls down
Veil of desire.

yoonoos peerbocus

Beggar

Beggar

Eye sockets mere bruises
Or closed fists, save
Whole being tangled
In his tatters
All else dissolved,
A piece of existence
Moves from one ray of sun
To a new one, taking his time
Trailing his soul as a broken toy
Pulled by a sobbing child.

yoonoos peerbocus

Belief in love

Distance is myth
Space a puzzle
Time a conundrum
Border mere fantasy,

The essence is love
That transforms
That creates
That brings us together

In the process of creation
To conceive life
Giving reason to our existence.

yoonoos peerbocus

Benevolence

Benevolence

Benevolence is life
From which impulses are born
By which they are sustained
For which they search

To which they return.
Benevolence is our true home
Morality its path
Compassion its essence..

To lose benevolence
Is to to be crippled inwardly
As the loss of a limb
Is outward handicap.

Snow palace of profit
Too narrow to hold
Benevolence, for too much
Of it is never enough.

It pleases those who are near
Attracts those who are far away.

yoonoos peerbocus

Best friendship

Best friendship

Stitched by
The flimsiest seam
Is even the best friendship,

Let us then be up
For constant repair
Ever ready to forge

Fresh acquaintances
Through life's journey
To avoid being left

Alone at last.

yoonoos peerbocus

Best furniture

Best furniture

Despite crookedness
Of human timber
Despite ill-paired
Co-workers-

Fate and freewill,
With the chisel
Of mind and emotion
Love carved

Soul proof furniture
Decay free
Called life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Better squat

Too long i took
What's history in stone,
My lost home,
At best bird's nest

For the night. Better squat
Shut close in my infinite
Loneliness until the great
Leveller

Peep beckon me
Through the key hole
Of my life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Birth dropped me

Birth dropped me
To your shore-
Sunny island of life
Where swells

Day and night,
Death's endless hymn
Of the sea,
Lived in your house

As paying guest,
Learnt the simple meaning
Of your whisper in flowers
And sunshine.

I now leave your door
As an acquaintance
My earth. Convey me
In a hearse of forgiveness

And blessing.

yoonoos peerbocus

Birth of a poem

Birth of a poem

There's a tremor of light
As if an owl crossing
The moon's path
Shadowing a prey.

I look up in recognition
Of a presence in absence-
My imagination's liberal
Side. Consciousness sighs.

Not a word, not a sound
As if pure creative essence
Gropes with foot of silence
Stalking echo of pain. It

Takes away all my powers,
All exercise of sense and flesh.
Inspiration blinks in hope. Pain
Of birth becomes real. My mind

Stretches its wings, fanning
A different universe in time
And place what third eye calls
An enlightenment. I felt the soul

Touched by God, beating its
Rhythms for a way out from
The curfew..I scratch a few lines
And let it shine... the stanza

Whispering its way above
A starlit garden with a life
Of its own.....

yoonoos peerbocus

Blemishes

Blemishes

In birth there's no blemish
But the mind says the soul
None can be called deform
But the soul-less. For reason
Of beauty, the reality of truth
Among mother of pearls
Best are back with flaws
And blemished green
With birth marks much
Coveted by want haunted
Eyes.

yoonoos peerbocus

Bloom Time

Bloom Time

Bloom time
Rings the changes
Blattant with echoes
Of departure.....

Staying cramped in
Encapsulated
Was as hazardous
As worming out

Of the needle eye
Of blossom.

yoonoos peerbocus

Broken heart

Chips of bone protruded
From shrunk eye socket
Eyes hardly moist
Bandaged broken heart
Like a hospital escapee
Drags himself
Out of posture of pain
And freight of so much grief.
How broken heart deforms.
This is lamentation down to its dregs.
Yet his eyes are real, ever searching
That sure goddess in his vision
In her Sensual dress..Save she,
All is nothing.

yoonoos peerbocus

Broken Home

What hurts me more
Than my husband’s blows
Is not the crash
Of banging metal chairs
Or clanging of shattering glasses
Or yelling of strident death threat, but

My inability to weed distance
My failure to break the silence
That kills me
My hesitation to end all excuses
That show me on my knees
My acceptance to live
As a prisoner breathes…
This is pain.

yoonoos peerbocus

Can love ever lose?

love all alike
No season knows
No clime
No days, months, years-
All mere dregs of time.

Love is all we have
And the only way
We help each other.

Love that is life in its fulness
Can be assailed but never hurt
Can ever lose is against truth,
Even death can never take

What's soul given for her gain
Is one with herself.

yoonoos peerbocus

Can't i clip

Can't i clip

Why appeal to death's deaf ears
Can't i clip my body's drunken
Ignorance blindly trusting desire
And liberate my heart from grief

And divert my mad hopeless
Longing to better aspiration..
The ungraspable object of
Worship- faithful reflection

Of self, man's unknown home
Remembered fragments of a
Life, unimaginably distant
Of a child's past

In slits of time's caverns
Freakishly revealed?

yoonoos peerbocus

Cares

Cares

Cares like flights of birds
From exiled polar prison
Come home to roost
In my mind's eaves

As if i go to bed with
Twittering made pack
On my world weary back.

yoonoos peerbocus

Carnage

Dawn flushed dark red as caked wounds,
I stagger upon fear that screams
Through eyes, glinting wet red
World. Blind to the word ‘die’
Killer instinct shorn of fear taste
Torpedoes to the base of the universe
Propelled by homicidal power
Numerous rockets…….The whole world
Oozes, dripping drenched crimson-
Scattered glowing morsels of wet death, groan
As if brain dashed on rocks,
Ashen embers, flicker plaintively
 To snuff out to cold coal. All
Existence, all that could breathe
Sprawl—scalded, mutilated, bruised,
Wound, prone or supine
Where stood the latest best martyr-
Wreckage propeller. The unmarked hearse
Delivers death. The smell of smouldering shrapnel
Triumphes as the only thing alive. Amnesty International
Re-links arms worldwide
To rebuild what is most illusive-
Peace.

yoonoos peerbocus

Carnal desire

Alike to apple
Or pineapple
Carnal desire

Grows sweet a little
Resembling
Intoxication

Before it begins
To rot leak
Insipid.

yoonoos peerbocus

Charity

charity

A gift in reality
Is a form of exchange
Save water cloud given
Short of hope of return

At a time of need given
To one too poor to give
Even a millet back to
Break even..Feeling pity

For the needy is to see pain
From outside.Better is to relieve
The need cost it your life
To cherish life in this life

Sharing the suffering of others
As your own. Wealth beyond
Need, unshared is useless
As a corpse. can be stolen

Unlike charity if in appearance
Mere reflection of essence
As act of good deed, the
Ultimate itself.

yoonoos peerbocus

Child

Trained by hands of wonder
And curiosity
Awake to awe
I learn the whys of life
With love and childhood games
Losing the sense of time,
Feel great when man
Landed on the moon
Ending the myth of
Distance and gravity
But shame struck
By the gravity
Of atom bomb
Not reported in the womb.

yoonoos peerbocus

Childhood in wisdom

In the dusk of my evening
Reconstructing my past
Groping back through time
From the winter days of my heart

Along the heavy breathing corridor
Of my mind's cobwebbed lumberoom
Prattling sunshine smiles
Fill my whole being anew

Like the morning sun
When the mist is melted
As if i've regained childhood
In wisdom- that heaven that lies

About us in our infancy.

yoonoos peerbocus

Childhood's cry to life

Childhood's cry to life

Childhood
Too innocent to worry
Too curiosity laden to fear
Too life centred to brood,
Rolling and frollicking

Living life totally
Sensitive to awe
When reason shod
Me with prudence
Taught me only

Accident management
Not pain, denied me
Growth of inner law
And insight to infer
How desire and

Opportunity coincide
When childhood
Dissolved like
The first rain
In the parched earth

Of my adolescence.

yoonoos peerbocus

Choicest moment

Let me disappear from myself
And my worldly form
As a prisoner of this world of earth
And die to the deathless
To become deathless

And find in the silence of love
The real fire , warmth and heat
Of the unseen form's desire
In whose presence i'm blotted out

In whose being i exist
Who lives as a sign of my thirst
Whose name is sweetest on my tongue,
My choicest moment spent in HIS prayer.

yoonoos peerbocus

Claim of love

Claim of love

Life finds its wealth
By the claim of love
That is life in its fulness
Whose beauty, my heart

Is found in world's movement,
Determination wedded to
Daily living like the airplane
That has the grace

Of wind, water and fire
Ever rising to what is high
Away from what is dust.
Desire lends only colour

Of the rainbow
To sheer mist and vapour
Of life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Conjugal rift

Conjugal rift

Woe man wooing
Woman warring whoring
Wielding weapons,
Woo man- woman
With love as dove.

yoonoos peerbocus

Content

Content

Awake in my mind
All the time
I dwell in little space
Ever ready to make
Little less whose

Smallness often harbours
A great soul. Having brought
Nothing to the world
For me all for love.

Content in poverty
I feel awefully rich. Content
Lodges in mind not in
Castle. To be content
With little means enough

Is as good as a feast. It makes
Death proud to take me.

yoonoos peerbocus

Conundrum of life

Conundrum of life

What was i before birth?
what will be after?
What am i now?
Vague, save plump servant
Of pain and pleasure

Feel like children
Whose wisdom
Are my mind's five seasons
Revolving with the stars.
Lost, how much am i

What i think
How much am i
What i feel...?
Odd numbers enshrined in even-
Cry and laugh with the same eye

Bless and kill with the same hand
Love and hate with the same heart
Forget and recall with the same head
Sheer inner reason for hell.
Questions catapult' What have i

Come here for and that far-
A mere space at a passing place
Queued by replacees.

yoonoos peerbocus

Crookedness

Crookedness

How easily
The crookedness
Of my ideas
Alike to a snake's coils

Become straight enough
For the mind's hole
To dart flicker
Venomous desires.

yoonoos peerbocus

Cry not.....

Cry not...

Cry not over spilt milk
What's today stale
Tomorrow be
Yesterday's gale.
Time, though not

Clairvoyant, helps pain
Fire like to burn melt
All drosses of desire
In whose new life

Your infinite dreams live
Bringing as revelation
The unspent splendour
Of all unborn years

Proving your heart
A traitor to your griefs,
Eyes mere sham to
Your tears.

yoonoos peerbocus

Cyclone

Cyclone

Presence without substance
As pain in nature's body
Writhing within the sphere
As thunder, lightning, rain and wind
Wrenching the invisible veil
For a way out.

yoonoos peerbocus

Day is not done

Day is not done

The corridor of senses
Has come to an end
Eyes fog coated
Ahead no gate
Behind no old tracks

Earthly provision over
Save silent obscurity
But i'll not say the Day
Is done, nor bid the stars

Farewell. Dawn of hope in new eyes
Awakes afresh, the timeless
In me aware of life's timelessness,
Reveals new land with fresh wonders.

yoonoos peerbocus

Death

Death

Die not whom you pretend to kill
Revolving door in the cycle of life
The uncatchable traveller
Whom no grave could hold

Sheds he only the flesh and blood
Shared with the corpse-
One short nap past
He awakes eternally

From maturing transition
Feeling the universe his home
Soaring to the freedom
Terrestrial life denied

Leaving death behind
To die.

yoonoos peerbocus

Death belongs to life

Death belongs to life
As birth does. Life
Is inexhaustible. Death
Is the curtain people
Call life. They sleep

And it goes up
Throwing wide open
Vistas of eternity
Re-ordering the universe
Setting afoot anew

A new network of relations
And the ideas, the habits
Of the departed one.

yoonoos peerbocus

Desire

All that in us is desire
wherein we live rather
than in achievement,
springs from curiosity
which makes us venture
out of our depth
before, we, instructed
by our errors, get experience
to swim, to the invisible centre.

yoonoos peerbocus

Desire revisited

Desire revisited

Desire is but natural
Like the life instinct
Encased in a kernel
Ever seeking to sprout

But if unattended
Grow wild the aspiration
Of the five senses
Unless beaten by the sixth

Into will's scythe
Pruning first, then curbing
Stray offshoots luxuriant
In mad hopeless longing

Cuttings budding
Only what life desires-
Immortality.

yoonoos peerbocus

Desire's tantrums

Desire's tantrums

Desires sense made
Are only children
Of a larger growth
Awaken in the mind

Haste away sooner
Than days of wine and roses
False as a feather
In a gust of wind

But never winning part
Without the concurrence
Of the heart. Though squatting,
Want a separate life from me

Raising mighty tantrums
Over ever changing dreams.
Desires's victory
Is twice itself if berthed to port

Of eternity in eternal vigilance.

yoonoos peerbocus

Despair

False alarm
Of an overheated mind
Becomes painful eagerness
0f unfed hope

That reduces life spark
To low level estimate
Of human capacity
To grow and enlarge

And build a heaven
In hell's despair.

yoonoos peerbocus

Disease's wonder life

Disease as thought
Is thought made-
Nothing but truth

Of mind can heal,
Mysterious like fire
And fire like

Disappears
To other sphere, once
Food spree, ash made.

yoonoos peerbocus

Divorce

Divorce

Without being invited
Or even wishing
Enduring memories
Of being loved

By the beloved
Returning like lambs
Sustain in me
What we call life

Soully still one
Not apart, departed
Only by divorce
What never departed

In fantasy,
Quitting my hands
Quitting not my heart.

yoonoos peerbocus

Do not be sad.

Do not be sad

Do not be sad for sadness
Alike to a hurricane
Violently tosses the waves
Of mood, blasting mental
Atmosphere , destroying

Life's zest to live.
Do not be sad for sadnessI
Is like a man filling
A bottomless bucket
Or like a poet using

His forefinger to write
Lasting poem on water.
Do not be sad for it's
Not by sadness life's span
Is measured but total days

You are content in...
Do not be sad
For when living things die,
Life remains.

yoonoos peerbocus

Do not crave for

Do not crave for

Do not crave for crimson flowers
Or wings of dragonfly
Or lipstick scent of power

All that carry rust
All that leak drip
A foe in soul hidden
A dead embryo in womb

Away with it
All that does not endure
Out with it

Love instead what last
What stretches whole existence
Short of cunning thoughts
What remains

When living things die-
Life itself.

yoonoos peerbocus

Door

As driver I've to face the front-
My vision moves forward
To the road ahead
Sticking like cat's eyes
To the white lines
Disappearing in the distance.
I check my watch at the level crossing
And again at the cross roads
With the bottle suspended by a red cable.
There's only my breath frost
On the wind screen
As a panel indicator
That I'm going this way all alone
And from there this way seems surreal
Devoid of farms, fields and factories
Save crows to pick my name
And a lambent aftermath where I'm last seen.
A last look at my watch just to infer
How long should it take me to get home.
So it happens like any other way……
One rumble and my foot comes off the brake
That leads me to his door
Freighted by a blairing siren
And screeching ambulance.

yoonoos peerbocus

Dove

She who is at heart a dove
What we call philanthropy my love
Bottle fed her conscience
With milk of human patience,
Studied the virtue of waiting
To make room for the hurrying crowd
In a world rat racing;
As dawn prayer scavenges
Next door worries laden hedges
Folds in all her anxieties and pain
To promote other people’s gain-
Eyes fraught with dreams
 freighting desire in large reams
To be good, good, good
To do good, good, good
To make the world a good place
To live my love.

yoonoos peerbocus

Dreams

Dreams

Let your eyes
Ever aglow
Dream laden
That wave like
Stirs the foam

Of life. Drop
Not your dream wind
In the mental sky
Lest kite like
Life.devoid

Of the kernal
Of motion
Jerk dropp the shell
In the mortuary
Of senses.

yoonoos peerbocus

dumb i stand

Dumb i stand

My heart on earth
Deadly sick
sunk in earthiness
Yearns to see your face
In the taste of truth

As sweet as your whisper
In flowers as fragrant your scent
In the breath of spring
And kiss eternal lip of beauty.
Far too long in fame landscape

Sought i your infinte footprints
But could never break free
From my ego gaol to lose
Myself in the drunken frenzy

Of your love, being ever dumdstruck
With the awe of wishing in my heart.

yoonoos peerbocus

Dusk

In the dusk of my evening
Alike to the evening sky
I'm waiting
The golden halo

Of my sunset sky
To fade to rise
In the sunrise
Of some world

As the death of a flower
Brings the birth of a fruit.

yoonoos peerbocus

Dust clad

Dust clad

Dust clad,
Left birth gate
Opening door of desire,
Awestruck

Only poor's eyeballs
Snowwhite with love
The rest dusted
Unaware

They breathe out
The very breath
They now breathe
For a wink or two

In chemical light
In desert's dusty face.
Time that dresses summer
Anew, closes the sluice

Of senses, hurling one
By one crumbling dust
By the revolving door
Of night and day

Winding down the cascade
Of dust to dust, under dust
To lie. Life flies is real-
The rest is lie.

yoonoos peerbocus

Echoes of departure

Birds scurrying
As if storm chased,
Scudding over shivering meadow,
Blossoms to the roots
Animals to their old burrows

All have returned
Yet no one knows
Where summer has gone.
Sick window
Lacquered over

With grey winter fog,
Dead insect husks
Lie scattered as if waiting
And exiled like the sun
To a polar prison

My soul in icy loneliness.
Echoes of departure
Is ever resonant
In the air.

yoonoos peerbocus

Emigration

Emigration

Life an emigration
Looking for home
As if homesick
Crying' i want my
Country'

Wondering if
Sense of first space
Or the right place'
Unaware
Whence has it come

Originally.

yoonoos peerbocus

Enigma of smile

Enigma of smile

Smile as wisdom's companion
Akin to love, dwells in truth, and
As the touch of the eternal
Is face's best jewel,

Brightens a gloomy day
Chases tears away. Irrespective
Of time and place, more is wrought
By smile than the world dreams of.

A face without smile is a body
Without soul. But smile is also
A peacock with fair feathers
But foul feet, knifelike cut bread

And fingers. It costs nothing to smile
When you have to kill some one.
Smile is a disguised form of despair.
There's no art to find smile's construction

On the face.

yoonoos peerbocus

Enough

Enough

What can ensure
everyone has enough
Worth enough

Save want
Not to want
Desire

that lasts not.?

yoonoos peerbocus

Envy

Envy

When my envy made ego
Suspects himself an imposter

I've become everything
except human being.

yoonoos peerbocus

Eternal silence

Eternal silence

Eternal silence
As language
Of the mystery
Of creation

Is the very stillness
Of the sea stirring
As waves
Simultaneously

Manifesting as
The four seasons
Ever growing
Ever living

As cycle
Of degeneration
And renewal,
Ripening as well

In man's thoughts
As speech,
Being as well
The very nest

Holding the sleeping
Birds,
Ever whispering
In every heart

What's infinite desire-
Eternal silence itself.l

yoonoos peerbocus

Every baby's first prattle

Every baby's first prattle
Is of same revelation made-
The ultimate is not yet

Discouraged of man
But rather waits for him
To retrieve his childhood

In wisdom.

yoonoos peerbocus

Fall in love

Fall in love

I fall in love with death
In the name of life
Which is love in its fulness
Dying again and again
Knowing

Life is inexhaustible
Buying with life
What is truely
Precious.

yoonoos peerbocus

False as false

False as false

What's so dear
And so dreary
As my wisdom teeth
Hide peril beneath

Flashing enamel
Taken for beauty
As if polish is all
Fetid the mouth

As rotten the smile
As false as false teeth
Robbing me the pleasure
Of real taste as false

Can never grow into truth.

yoonoos peerbocus

False teeth

False teeth

What is false
Retoothed but not
Rerooted;
Shapes fragmented
From broken inside
Relive foul mouth's
Unfinished life
And memories
Of what was real
But broke fall
In time of need.

yoonoos peerbocus

Far off

Far off

From far off home
Hither have i come
Clad in what is inert
And impermanent
With a heart for any fate

Bound by fleeting ties
With death in ambush.
To whom shall i be kind
And to whom cruel
Same is the pain of death

To all as bliss of devotion,
Same is saint's and sinner's tears,
Unknown is as well to all
Return path save those already
Gone off but never left footprints.?

yoonoos peerbocus

Fate

Fate

Fate masked in human heart
Is so apt to be insolent
And freewill clothed in human face
So saucy,

Are seldom on good terms
Warring all the time, me
To shape on their terms,
Helpless lie prune made wine

Broken by their pressing feet.

yoonoos peerbocus

Father and mother

Father and mother
Whose love
Became you and me
Together we,
Save hatred
Find nothing sharable
Stand back to back
Never tete a tete,
Except in life
Mother smothers
In shelters.
Bar death
Father falters
Dead drunk in bars
Or gaying behind bars
And us
Bar breathing
Have nothing
To hold on to this life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Father's end

Father's end

Shrunk,
Dress too loose
Shrunk him to a parcel,

Partly open eyelids
Look out on to
A vacancy of space;

An aged infant
As if newly born son
I wondered if he be

Faithful to me
As he has been
A model father.

Trickling away from
Himself and me
The room already
Hardened into ice

Around stiffening face-
Ice walls held the evening
Where there's truth.

We held hands in silence,
All that's left is touch
As it touched me
How like him i'll become.

yoonoos peerbocus

Faultless companion

Faultless companion

In a world made of change and ordeal
The only faultless companion, soul's
Comrade and object of love as the best
Deal is patience.

It does not praise or entice to evil
And as a friend is not a bore
Neither as a neighbour causes harm
Nor as an acquaintance favour fish

With double heart, flattery and lies. Faithful
As a dog, obedient as hands and feet
Withdraws not shoulders as others
In time of adversity. It prevents you from

Crying over spilt milk, closing tight
The steel doors of both yesterday and
Tomorrow, and deters you from changing
Horses in midstream. Tribulation is like

Disease with a course to run through.
Short of volitional patience, time forces
It upon you by circumstances.

yoonoos peerbocus

Florence Nightingale

Florence Nightingale

I was not there
When you red crossed the
White world
White aproned
Head high
Your frail foot treading
Path unknown
For women
Then...
Walking, walking ever walking
Through several wars
To set the feature
On the featureless wounded
Giving them their break/
Fast
Shed
Every cell
Against every shell
With your coterie of service
That said no
To war-
Your state of will at war
With the kingdom of the mind.

yoonoos peerbocus

Forgiveness

Forgiveness

There is so much humanity
In the worst of mankind
As even the wildest beast knows
A touch of pity

And so much inhumanity
In the best of mankind
We never forget where
We bury the hatchet.

It's hard to forgive an enemy
But harder to forgive oneself.
Yet to forgive is good
Best is to forget...

Nothing stays, everything goes
Never to return save foregiveness.

yoonoos peerbocus

Freedom of speech

Freedom of speech

Grief laden tear
That drips not
That dries not
Heavy with pains
Complains
An exiled soul
From eye of
Existence
Devoid of human voice
Denied freedom of speech.

yoonoos peerbocus

Freight me

Wrapped in awe and blessing
Freight me heart
Beyond shore of existence

As prior creation
Fleshed me with
Passion and desire.,

Transcendent, pure
Of unamaginable
Beauty.

yoonoos peerbocus

Gold of the dawn

Gold of the dawn

Tossing in my bed
The whole night through
Neither waking nor sleeping-

It's night's darkness
As a bag that bursts
With golden halo of dawn

At which i gaze so long.

yoonoos peerbocus

Golden fruit

Golden Fruit

My flower of adolescence
Sheds its petals
Of passion and innocence
On the damp earth
Of my mind

Where in the evening
Of my life as harvest
Of patience and
Autumn of humanity
Ripens into a golden

Fruit of memory.

yoonoos peerbocus

Good deed

A good deed

A good deed even in tatters
In no way ever titters
Rather ever glows ablaze
In the rays of praise,

Grows so much more durable
Than all that ever glitters
Whose moss like gloss fritters
With rust ever unbearable.

yoonoos peerbocus

Good night

Good night

Mere aged infant, pills polluted,
Ice wall holding the evening,
A source leaks away from me
Source of all that i am,

Could do nothing, save call
Heavenly intervention
As father's brain begins
To pack itself round

That core that was me,
Head bowed very near death
Beside his ownself, skin tightened
As if the purely physical were

Claiming him.Endurance alone now
Is real as real as his dying for
Something else or perhaps better
Whose ultimate desire

Where rests his ultimate obedience
And ultimate departure in the
Good night.

yoonoos peerbocus

Greatness

Moral flabbiness
Born of the immoral goddess,
Greatness
The immemorial weakness
Of the strong

As the highest form of vanity
Kills more than bullets
But we come nearest to greatness
When we are great in humility

Making every man feel great.
Being greatly good.
The great is a born child-
God's crowning gift to man,

When he dies passes on
His great childhood to the world.

yoonoos peerbocus

Grief

Grief

Self immolation worshipping pain
As penance cannot sponge
A line of grief, memory retains
Locked in the lumber mind; Grief

Is not a thought or a mere dream
Tomorrow's gale could sweep away.
It may not wake every day, startled
Crying but is what wakes you

As real. Time just coats, closes not
The wound, if colliding afresh with pain
Split drip, relapsing to its original
Suffering.

yoonoos peerbocus

Had i been...?

Had i been..?

Had i been born
In a war zone
Amidst war cry
Unlike birth cry
I might have lived
War bomb by bomb
Slept with a pistol
Under my pillow
Seen bellies
Full of bullets and beer
And might have grown up
In concentration camp
And learnt...
What is meant by-home

yoonoos peerbocus

Had you...

Had you...

Had you not been my inspiration
Never would i have been a poet
Had you not been my vision
Never would i have been a sculptor

Had you not been my dreamscape
Never would i have been a painter
Had you not been my ideal
Never would i have been a believer

Had you not been my creator
Never would i have been creative
Had you not been my soul
Never would i have been immortal.

If you are.... i'm.....always.

yoonoos peerbocus

Hail spring

Spring bred
Spring like
Buds spring

In spring's heart
Dew dripping,
Polliniating

Scented blossoms
Colour wreathed
Butterflies

Hailing
Celebrating
Spring season.

yoonoos peerbocus

Hands of light

Hands of light

I'm a half awakened child
In the dark corridor of my mind
Stretching my hands

through the fog of ignorance
Groping for the hands of light
To take me out of this life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Happiness

Happiness

Happiness is
Where home is homely
As home
Where in lieu of silence
And noise, baby's prattle

And spoon rattling
Messing up food , come
As spiritual sound,
Where hope and trust held
In a multiplicity of agreeable

Consciousness, .admiring
Without desiring season made
Eye lures foam like ebb and flow,
Concentrating one's mind wonderfully
On the race between duration and death.

yoonoos peerbocus

Heart

Heart

A heart that sponges
And absorbs
Sharp splinters
From broken inside
Breaks its owner's
Peace into pieces.

yoonoos peerbocus

Heart and love

Heart and love

Love loves to rest her head
On heart's head and never
Suffers to lose sight of her.
Love knows many wise words
But few on earth understand

The language. So love never
Speaks but rather learns
Heart's tongue from her
Own lips. Disguised as a
Poor orphan love appears

Absolutely helpless begging
Heart's wealth of love. Born
In bliss love knows no tears
But gave up her freedom
To be mothered by heart

Knowing her minor tantrums
Would evoke double bond
Of sympathy and warmth,
All that a heart possesses

And life is made of.

yoonoos peerbocus

Hectoring

Hectoring

"... do this, do that"
Hectoring rather than mothering,
Mother's voice irritated me. The
Act itself was nothing

Save her dependence on me.
Taught was i as once
She had been trained:
Discipline and self reliance.

Hard school taught me
No life without crunch
And tested new ventures,
Found diversions in scores

Of first time ways to tell
eventually real from unreal
Placing my need and dream
Last and today when the soup

bowl slides off kitchen self
There's no one here and now
To shout at but myself.

yoonoos peerbocus

Help

Help

Help without motive
Offered with a smile
Love laden eyes
Earnest from the soul
In an hour of need
Though rice size
Is more precious
Than pearl ocean size.

yoonoos peerbocus

Her lap

Beautiful is the home
Though short of glamour
Where mother earth
Coops in her lap
Houses only with life needs

Furnished -cradles and beds,
Hearth and sundown lamps,
Mother's heart lit with sunshine
Smiles, young lives
With fragrance of promise

And joy that knows nothing
Of its value for this world,
At all time heard the crooning
Of eternal mother.

yoonoos peerbocus

His last breath

His last breath

His last breath
Incommunicable grief
Not taken by desire
But can't connect
But simply sinks

Below the surface of words
Where his body is
Against him. He ends
Before he ends

The last word 'bless me'.
We hold hands in silence
Throat moist, eyes wet
Death staring through

His gaze, all the love
We knew silent to a now.
All that left is touch
But cannot go nearer

Than touch. How difficult
Is dying in your dying eyes.
To love is to find how dear
To us are things that die.

We leave a part of ourselves-
The innocent part.... what is
Real-our hoping light
For our hoping sight.

yoonoos peerbocus

Home

Home is awareness
Where heart is
Not a condition
But infinite voyage
Not a port to dock

But insight made
Landscape,
An escape
Not from truth
But mind's scepticism

For an escape
Into faith
Heaven made.

yoonoos peerbocus

Honesty

Ethic minded, honest hearted person
Lifetime strives to do best he can
In noble deeds, considering
The essence of greatness
Is the perception that honesty

Is enough, charm strikes sight only
Honesty alone wins the soul. True
Honesty, being life under the direction
Of reason, realises the spiritual,
That life is a precious gift

Given for higher goal, measured
By intensity of purpose not to be feared
But understood for there's no wealth
But life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Hope

Yesterday's pupil
Today's waking dream
Tomorrow made
Of those who wake,

Cheers the way
No matter how pitch dark
Grows the night
But flies too

With swallow's wings
Deceiving more men
Than cunning can,
Mere despair clothed

In virtue's garb.

yoonoos peerbocus

Horizon

Horizon

Horizon is not the colourless
Abstract line, parched heart
Scalded eyes, rasped throat
Manifest as if tomorrow

Made visible you never reach
But only see or long for
But never touch, pecking
Like birds water coloured seeds

Where time is unknown
Though the unknown is
In the common phases
Where a dear breast rises

In its hope, caught breath
Running to the birth of joy
In a meeting... two hearts
Closed into one.

yoonoos peerbocus

How i long.....

In the taste of sweetness
How i long sweetheart
To become the kiss
That locks in union

The infinte and finite,
The bliss holding
Heart and love together
But long is the moment

And longer my longing
As i stand mute
Agony wish struck
In my soul.

yoonoos peerbocus

Hushed into peace

Hushed into peace.

The world like a passer-by
Stopped for a moment
At my window bidding me off
As the gate of my senses

Creaked close. My voice hushed
Into peace in the grove
Of my receding heart
Like the everning among

The silent trees.

yoonoos peerbocus

Hut

Hut

Newly thatched youthful hut
With thickly strawed head
Grows in thick darkness-
Shadow inmate silhouettes
As a piece of darkness visible
Groping without direction
In obscurity until gale of time
Wear thin the head to chink
In light

yoonoos peerbocus

I learn to love

A strange passion
In whose light
I learn to love,
Who keeps me alive ,
Skips and hops

Hidden in my heart
Whom sometimes
I see but only like
A partly awakened baby
Sees his mother

In the dusk of dawn,
Falls asleep again
After a brief smile.

yoonoos peerbocus

I and Mother

I and Mother

Where all is dry and no moisture
Body is stone, life leaks away
Pupils short of desire
Skull devoid of lust.

Holding hands for ever as
Abiding grace
Your fingers locked together
Away from me-my body

Real, yours not any more
And could not tell now
What's the distance between us
Where and why you went

Though brave as you lived
So took you your leave.

yoonoos peerbocus

Immortality

Immortality

I could resist all
Save temptation
Of desire
To turn life
Into eternity.

yoonoos peerbocus

In praise of will

In praise of will

Will not bodily strength
keeps us awake
Among sleepers,
Fire like burns
All obstacles

On life's path,
Never drops guard
At senses' gate
Sets mind on value
Based goal

To build an island
In the soul beyond
Flood of temptation,
Stays alive when
All is lost.

yoonoos peerbocus

In the gale

In the gale

In the gale of existence
Violent growth storm gathering
The sap of life keeps
Oozing dropp by drop

Leaves of mood keeps falling
One by one from human tree
Save desire laden
Emotionally weather beaten

In dawn/dusk eternal rounds
Weather man gropes
In chemical fog, machine
Mind clogged with profit

And loss, across spiritual
Amputees and moral beggars
Broken homes splintered
To transcend duality

Of right and wrong to cross
The sea of birth and death
To move out of this life
To land of immortality.

yoonoos peerbocus

In the solitude

In the solitude of my soul
I feel the heavy sigh
Of this widowed evening

Veiled with mist and drizzle
Like the muffled sound
Of the waves among

These listening pines.

yoonoos peerbocus

Infant flowers

Infant flowers

Coughing infant flowers
Wound bleed to open
Their ulcerous kitten tongues

Like the bloodshot eyes
Of the startled acid gnawed earth,
Sob looking at the chemical sky

'Dear, dear world please
Do not fade away lost
In napalm wrapped fogs.'

yoonoos peerbocus

Inner void

Inner void

A hand of gesture
More ritual than signal
Each step nearing
Re-incarnation
Facing the startled mirror

He looked in the scared
Eyes of the stranger
For a flicker of belonging,
But underwent a bitter gnaw
Acid scarring his soul

Buried alive in void
All falling apart, even
The soul. Wet eyes drooped
To hold tears heavier than grief,
Ears pounding so thundering

The silence of his astounded soul
And so empty his mind, eyes goggling
To see himself standing on the peak
Of a sandy cliff crumbling beneath him.

yoonoos peerbocus

insecurity

insecurity

nowhere is safe
nothing is certain
save uncertainties

nowhere is safe
any unexpectedness
takes us anywhere

someone somewhere
is always fighting
someone in a hurry

nailing a coffin somewhere
it was spring yesterday
now it's winter.

echoes of departure
keep resounding
in the air.

yoonoos peerbocus

Insight

Insight

Senses, unreliable
Witnesses ever yielding
to anything,
Intellect, erratic
Pupils, short of

Belief beyond words,
Insight alone
Inference based
Sees the mind
That gives body life,

Sees the eternal
In all thing is one,
Sees whose shadow
Is the body itself,

Gives other eyes
to see the most
Beautiful eye made,
As impermanent gift.

yoonoos peerbocus

Insomnia

Insomnia

Peering night after night
At the bruised sky
Not unlike my bruised ego

And broken moon waning
As night severs at the seam
To chink in pink light

To my red room
Mother's tea thing rattling
To wake me when i never slept.

yoonoos peerbocus

Intoxication

Intoxication

Lost love as lees
Dripping congealed
Red wine of grief
From the jilted mind
In soul glass, stirs
As i sip seeping memories
In the inner inn
Of my broken heart.
Tipsied, reason turns to folly
Destined mindless
Of time and purpose
To wheel without will
With soil, skin and sky
Round and round
Short of direction
In the merry go round
Of intoxication.

yoonoos peerbocus

Is War evil?

Is War Evil?

Outward war is evil
Inside only virtue behind
Breast doubt free
Mind passion shorne

Worth mindsize insight
With power over self
To die for truth till the last
To lay hold on eternal life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Is he blind?

Is he blind?

Unlocks he the door
Not of success but life
By touch, untouched
By the scattered

Finery of life,
Feeling his way
Touching void
Feeling mostly

Bodiless time
That turns in his
Own body heat,
Obedient to rules

That govern living things
Stored in his dripping vase,
Knowing
How little comes in urgency

How little worth its weight is
Finally waitless,
Knowing patience and delay
Accomplish more than force

And rage.

yoonoos peerbocus

Is will free?

‘ I miss my luck.. I never got a good start
in life’ often times more than one
Complains.
It’s easy to throw all the blame
On parents, school, society, genes
But the I who thanks or curses
Short of free will, misses growth
As end product of arrested evolution.
How ‘I’ takes all the responsibility
Where achievement meets its dreams
But look for escape goat
Where expectation ends in nightmares?
Is not ‘I’’s heart cobwebbed to so many
Senses alert to awe, wonder, presentiment,
Telepathy, intuition and the wonderful brain
To sniff and ferret out, out of the two or more
Lanes of life, the one unharmful to you
And beneficial to others as well. The choice
Goes to I. who has the discretion of free will
With accountability.

yoonoos peerbocus

Jealousy

The green eyed monster
Twin sister of love
Littered on the same day
From the same womb
Of same mother heart

But grows into, short of confidence,
The foolish child of pride
Cruel as the grave
Could neither endure its despair
Nor another's hope.

yoonoos peerbocus

Kindness

Kindness

Other possessions are of no use
To kindness born of true love
Hardly controlling
Tears for the distressed

Having come through
Seeing those whom we love
Come through
For throb of live is in love

Wary of blemishes
Putting others first
Whence flows the pleasure
And grace of humanism.

yoonoos peerbocus

Knowing .

knowing...

knowing the world is a bubble
And life much less than a span
Knowing i've promises to keep
And horizon length to go before i sleep

Knowing there's many wonderful things
But non as wonderful as truth-
I cannot and will not cut my conscience
To fit flitting still born fame slipping away

That blossoms but never bear
Nor turn existence into life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Legs

Legs

I started life
On all fours
Horizon the end

Strutted bolt upright
On two
Sky the limit

Now braille like
On three
Feel the way underground.

yoonoos peerbocus

Less do i live

Less do i live

Leaky is my roof
With sadness
Like that of the voiceless
Multitude

Of the insignificant.
Less do i live in,
More in my infinite
Lonelines

Where i wait for
Your knock.

yoonoos peerbocus

Life

Life

Coming to birth
is not life,
At the end of life
Is not death.

Everything in life is life,
All humanity's interest
Is life. Life does not have
To be perfect

To be wonderful. Eye
Maps only the way
Known within the mind
Ignorant life in all

Is one whose azure
Is awe and order
Crooning as eternal
Mother stirring every

Heart to what endures.
We suck not mother's
Body but what gives
Body-life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Life instinct

Life instinct

Desire as deeds that do good
Is life instinct encased
In seeds seeking to sprout
But if extended beyond bounds
Skipping beyond the branch's tip
Of the self, is sure to slip
Life out of your body
And remains old as mankind
The immemorial weakness
Of the strong.

yoonoos peerbocus

Life's challenge

Life is mostly foam and mist,
Two feats stand rock like:
Compassion for neighbours' woes,
Stoicism in your own.

yoonoos peerbocus

Life's dilemma

There's nothing half so aweful,
As man's life, the mere living.
How ecstatic to dedicate
The whole of heart, entire soul
And all senses for ever in joy..

For a mystery that will not come
Again called life.But what we anticipate
Seldom occurs, what we least expect
Generally happens, a concentration
Camp whence daily some are executed.

By the time we acquire insight
Mellow with wisdom to choose a direction
The decision making moment future based
Is left behind and life grows sweet only
A little before it begins to rot, owing

Death a life but grave is not rthe goal
Or attachment to trinkets our ancestors
Wisely threw away. It's a programme
Of joy to joy and not want to want.

yoonoos peerbocus

Life's way

Life's way

Nothing is so real
As your otherness laden eyes
Windows of the soul
Opening on eternity,
Revealing depth of truth

So much to say my child
Going on life's way
Holding the best of mankind
Smile bearing all that's good,

Love shod feet of innocence
Frolicking in a lovely landscape
Of womb dreams. Life's season
Alone thrills throb the heart

To new hunger whose quest
Runs across gate of grief
Pain of dream broken years
Hurt of splintered desires...

Then life is lived. This life-
Mere time full of memoirs
Is a race between duration
And death, nothing your own

Save love.

yoonoos peerbocus

Live for this life

Live for this life

It's not the colour of our heart
But the colour of our bloody skin-
Evanescent hue, birth related,
It's not the whisper of our dreams
But the roar of our race

Worshipped as ultimate
Of human race, sacrosanct
Bithmark nay essence
Itself, boneless but bone

Of enmity instead of humanity.
Could we not find beyond
Skin prison and follies of
Race wars, a wordless core

Of trust whose grace could
Help us bear ordeal of life strife
So that we could live for this...life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Look

Look

I may look as a rose
Be it without flaws
I may look as a crow
Hollow as a scarecrow
It's all what i seem.

I may be a dove
In crow's feathers
I may be a thug wild
In garb of smile.

What matters
Not colours and forms
But my real me
The thrust from
The root of the body.

yoonoos peerbocus

Love is life

Love is life in its fulness
Emanating from another world
Transcendent, pure
That transforms all

Who are touched by her-
Mundane concern,
Trouble and sorrow
Dissolve in her presence

Existence and nonexistence
Merge. Without walls
It's an enormous place
Oneself...

yoonoos peerbocus

Love pain

Love pain crawls steathily
Among my heart's bruises
Like the muffled sound
Of the waves among

Listening pines
And love's cheerfulness
Chirp like swallows
In tasselling glens.

yoonoos peerbocus

Love 's frailty

There's nothing half so sweet
In life as love-taken or return
But paragon its taste, immune
To satiety and time.

Love- the human form divine
And beauty the human dress
Bears two souls within one thought,
Two hearts throbbing as one.

Love is fixed mark unshaken
By life gale, a lodestar
To any wandering bark,
An ocean washing all shores

Of life, even too much is never
Enough but moody as heart's
Progeny comes on tip toe,
Bang slam off , sulking.

yoonoos peerbocus

Love sick

Love sick

Had you been at the same
Depth of my chronic malady
Of passion, my sweet heart

You would do away with
The deceitful glittering
Of earlobes and make up

Made beauty and curl round
Like sleep in my lovesick eyes.

yoonoos peerbocus

Love tear

Love tear

Love is loveliest
Embalmed in tears
To become a babe
In eternity.

yoonoos peerbocus

Love thrill

Love thrill

The throb of life
Is in love
Inside love
In love
With love

Dear love
I'm in love
So are you
Whole not in part
For ever not

Without pain.

yoonoos peerbocus

Love, that's life

Love, that's life....

Love, that's life in its fulness
Arrived at not by cunning
Thoughts but mystery
Of creation, made me
Endless, ever fills me

With fresh life, eternally
New, carries my desire
To brink of unknown
And eye to heart of ultimate,

Holding every planet
In its place, generating
Energy that causes all
To move since grace

Is vaster than gravity.
Love worships from afar
Shielding me with aloofness,
wraps me with fond arms

Of eternity, alters my insight
binds me with a form of
Liberty, beyond awareness
Of body.

yoonoos peerbocus

Love's agony

With your touch
Though i can't see your hands
My heart is pulsing with passion
Like waves on the ocean.
I've become a stranger to myself,

I've lost the way to my home,
I've fallen unable to rise. What
Kind of trap is this? What chains
Have manacled my heart beat
And breath flow. It's so aweful

This loving helplessness of mine.
The wailing of hurt heart
Is the doorway to God and i stand
Mute with the agony of wishing
In my heart.

yoonoos peerbocus

Love's enigma

Love's enigma

Love is life in its fulness
Radiance without light
Holds dust alive.

Its message read wrong
And emphasis misplaced
Becomes the unreal,

Alike to a dumb, love
At a meal spree
Just smacks the tongue

For want of
Earth made language
To tell the taste

Infinite made.

yoonoos peerbocus

Lullaby for mother's day

Lullaby for mother's day

Hauled out
From inverted pocket
To inverted cups

Words made flesh
As life split grows
Two from one, within-

Pearl prick of knuckles
Fist newly clenched
Yet soft and feminin

Be it mere prattle
Or babel of yours
As you suck

Is sheer elation
To mother's ears
And hearts.

yoonoos peerbocus

Lust

Lust as old as mankind
Simulates love
What's in reality
A broken world within
Whose want
Bottomless bottom
Flesh fails to feed.
This incompletion
Seems more real
As all acts of love-
The essence of creation itself-
Closely resemble lust.
The twin-ness of love and lust
Alike to heart's Jekyll and Hyde
Are two sorts of desires
That should not mix,
Cannot be kept apart,
There's a rift too deep to fix
Between a stop and a start
At love's and lust's
Levelling crossing.

yoonoos peerbocus

Memories

Memories

Memories misted
As of a dream
Like birds
Came home to roost

In the dusk of my evening
Making no sound
As they settle to sleep
Yet smouldering with passion

Joining our tears of joy
To make a single sob,
Heads leaning against each other

As if we are hiding within ourselves.

yoonoos peerbocus

Mind made maiden

Like the wind driven clouds
My heart won't settle,
Through the long night
Black as leopard flower

Until the red russet,
To the pit of my heart
I pine, my breast bruised
Helpless how to jettison

The flotsam labelled 'love'.
To love a mind made maiden
Is to offer a prayer
To a devil's back

In a huge temple.

yoonoos peerbocus

Mind your tongue

Mind your tongue

Guard the golden asset
Of silence where tongue slips
whose rebound causes you
to lose yourself-
Prune first, then restrain
The slightest sign of growth
Short enough not to back bite;
Bear evil tongue
Forbear devil's tongue
Wounds slashed
By knife's cut
Heals with scars
But wounds notched
By tongue's cut
Bleeds raw under scars.

yoonoos peerbocus

Moaning

Moaning

Moaning whose reality
Escapes eternity-
Wordless, web throated
As inscrutable sound
As unexplainable authority,
Giving vent beyond control
To bottled pain
When words not in tune
With the rhythm of agony

yoonoos peerbocus

Mother

From her lap as her new toy
In earth's nursery
She dolled me with doll's eyes
Tickling ribs and throat
As with claws of a new born pigeon
Till my first smile
Brought down the tip of her nose
Rubbing me all over passionately.
Away from the unending pursuit
Of a livelihood
She hugged me to her inverted cups,
Tailored for my teat size mouth.
The suck became an
Incommunicable intimacy
More experienced than thought
More beautiful than
A baby show shows.
Holding your finger I learnt
How man should walk,
Treasuring your advice
I moved along life's winding ruts
Carrying the hug and lap for
The one to come. Today you are no more
But I need only to close my eyes
To feel your presence and bed time stories
That transported me to another far off
Unknown yet familiar world.

yoonoos peerbocus

Mother's day

Mother's day

Mother's day is every day
Of the week, month, year
Throughout the world and life
Holding mother in highest
Esteem, whose womb perpetuates human
Race from time immemorial
'Saving us from extinction
Despite war and mass slaughter-
Amazing love in feminin form
Young as ever, mother's day

yoonoos peerbocus

Mother's meal

Mother's meal

Be it thin
Watery gruel, it brings
Water to the mouth
All relish smacking tongue
Though soup supped from cupped palm
All eating to their heart's content
When cooked in cooking pot
Of motherliness, spiced with
Love and leavened with devotion.

yoonoos peerbocus

My desire's biography

My desire's biography

What's essence assume
A semblance of shape,
Shape reshaped by thoughts
Into a mind's world

Where flourishes the world
That has failed
In free space vacuum
Cross spining blood and

Breath into a clotted zone
Of true escape. Desire
Is an infinite sphere
Of many faces, an

unstoppable experience
At once real and dream like.
Who love me in this world
Claim ties, my desire

Let me free as my dream,
Moves my heart in tides of
Pain and pleasure...at whose
Touch, i forget myself,

Move above daily trifles
Out beyond all bounds.

yoonoos peerbocus

My dream

My dream

My dream was
never more at home
Never more more free
Than keeping me awake
As it built castle in the air
Scooting up down town
Magic carpeted
Landing the moon rhythm.
It went deeper down'
Down gold mine and flew
Far away my dream
Past even the stars. I t
Past my past and flew
Right past and then it
Passed away fading
In the distance etched
With silence, when i slept.

yoonoos peerbocus

My heart

My heart beats her waves
On the shore of desire
And scribbles with foam
Her signature
' i love you.'

yoonoos peerbocus

My home

My home

M y home is
Where i am
Where life communicates
Where every body lives
Where nostalgia is,

Memories are created.
My home is bedless
Without dining hall
Without want made beauty.

Home is what eveyone
Looks for-light of reality,
That nobody can buy
Mere blessing,

Laboured for many years
Before mind becomes
Home in the heart
As thirst becomes water

Looking in my own mirrow
Each smiling at the other's
Welcome, the ignored stranger
Who knows me by heart.

yoonoos peerbocus

My home land

My home land

I've worn out my shoes
on all roads of this
Hard, hard hearted earth
As if perfect ending

Is in the endless
But my feet still ache
For the real path
Of my home land

For my dust
In my own soil to lie
For all those who leave it
Yet love this dusty earth

So heartily
That in its embrace
For ever lie.

yoonoos peerbocus

My mind

My mind

My mind
Though not life
Puzzled
What makes it think
Assumes many bodies

Ever caught
In battles of dreams.
Ensconced in skin
Of thoughts, grows
Faith as head

Truth as left hand
Righteousness as right
Meditation as heart
That drops the veil

Of logic and reason
To move out of the
Revolving door
Of birth and death.

yoonoos peerbocus

My mirror

My mirror

My mirror
Is a lie
telling the truth

Of a distorted truth
Real in
My mind.

yoonoos peerbocus

My pain

My pain

How pain limps up
Where the thrust
From the root of
My body is

Shuffles through the
Corridor of my life
Thumping on the floor
Boards of emotion

Shakes flesh walls
Cracks all peace joints
Raising dusty desires
As if i'm falling apart

But when morning glances
In , he is no more, cleverly
Absconds in body's fog

Its pain dart tucked in.

yoonoos peerbocus

My wish

My wish

my wish is mere
Autumn cloud
Empty of rain,

See my fulness
In the desire
Of ripened

Awareness,

yoonoos peerbocus

My friend

Ours is a love we never speak about
Have never needed to. We both know
How precious our love always is
And so we mean each word
That tells of sharing and hurts not
But repairs griefs with understanding.
We have the gift to reach each other's
Unspoken mind, even see through.
Being with a friend is intimate and helpful
Like a cure you do not notice
 happening and teaches as well
Love is often richer when it need not touch
Or feel. It need not sense even, being
But mild mental bout- two kittens at play,
Glamour of childish days ever upon us
Always full of shared excitement. It is a
Tenderness tampering the flesh. Between
Love and disgust hate most of all our own
Distrust. Its root goes deep down. It's a
Code of life lived by spirits, vital for a world
Sunk to force, hatred, selfishness. Friendship
Is a marvel my friend which can somehow
Daily grow

yoonoos peerbocus

My neighbour

My neighbour

My neighbour
Is he with whom
I share a gate of hello
And a hedge of smile
Regularly trimmed
With scythes of friendship
Whose ship we pledge
To save from stormy seas,
Piloting the wrecking bark
To safe port, sharing cargoes
Of pain.

yoonoos peerbocus

Myth of dream

A dwarf on a giant's shoulder
With moment's insight
Worth a lifetime's experience-
The very eye of the soul

That rules mind's universe
Uncovers even by moonlight
Light what future hides
Scans dawn still in creation's veil,

Worn new again and again
Moonlike, real when asleep
Unreal when awake.

yoonoos peerbocus

Night's face

Night's face
To me has been
A mother like bond,
More familiar than that of man

And in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary ecstasy
My soul naked as silence

Blissfully listens the crooning
Of the eternal mother
In the language of another world.

yoonoos peerbocus

Nostalgia

Nostalgia

To be nostalgiac
Is to live not
Here and now
But where
All happened once-
The lighted room

Inside your head
Where you are
Yet being here
Although the tree
You sat on is no more
The night you sang gone too,

It shows nothing and is nowhere
But is endless love
That survives all.
They can't come again
But remain a pain of
Undiminished somewhere.

yoonoos peerbocus

Not minding

Not minding

Even if it be
Going out of one's way
Not minding cooking
Grain of seeds
Eating the last

Help not weighed by gain
Though pin head in size
Laced with love and smile
Given to a friend in need
Worth heaven and earth

Is greater than the world in kind
Out weighes the sea
In quality and good effects.

yoonoos peerbocus

Nowhere

Nowhere

Wherever i cast my eyes
Rarely met one
Whose sight made me cheerful

Or one who does not defame another
Or ever felt pain for other's pain
Or has ever killed attachment

Or ever been eager to scan mind.
Whomsoever my grief i told
He moaned and told me his own.

All pomegranate buds colourful
But dark inside.

yoonoos peerbocus

Oh my love

Oh my love

You are my azure
Where my gloom vanishes
You are my spark
Where my hope glitters

You are my shore
Where my longing ends
You are my horizon
Where my dream wanes

You are my only trust
Where safe is my life
You are the silent one
Where tight is my hold

Wary the chain breaks off
My raft like the last
Glimmer of sunset
Vanish in the night.

yoonoos peerbocus

One view

One view

I live in my red room
Immense without walls
But nothing to look through
Save a slit ego made-
Prisoner of one view.

yoonoos peerbocus

Oppression

Every stone whispers
You are not made of truth
but raised with worker’s
wealth who at dawn
as invisibility itself came down
the path of oppression,
built without understanding
in manual poetry
their own gallows of slavery
and melted away at dusk
into the obscurity of their
shacks, symbol of unevenness,
as if a human echo
without real substance

yoonoos peerbocus

Our past

Our past

The past as the only
Birth source
Where nobody dies

Is the only dead thing
That smells sweet
In nostalgia's nose.

yoonoos peerbocus

Our patience

Our patience

Patience is wisdom personified,
Other format hollow sounds. It's
Righteous perception using your eyes
In immortal ways

Seeing nowhere but everywhere
Pupa like opening your ego
You can now truly see
With mind's eyes

Conquer mountain passion-
A panacea to all round sores
Of life. But patience is despair
Turned inside out too.You give credit

To drivers following you but curse
The one infront of you.

yoonoos peerbocus

Pain

Pain

A presence
Without substance
Like secret
In a lover's heart.

yoonoos peerbocus

Parents

Parents

However we were loved
However long they loved us
It's never long enough

However strong we are
It's not strong enough
To grow up enough

To bear how dear to us
Are things that die
Like father and mother

Who are our real dolls
Not we to them
Not our children.

yoonoos peerbocus

Passion oars

Passion oars
Pilot my surging self
Towards truth made home
Dimly lining

Soul's horizon
Not a habour
To dock but
Awareness's landscape.

yoonoos peerbocus

Patience

Patience

Camel like
I learn to kneel
Even upon sharp rocks
Knowing even if i
Reach the sky
Difficulties will be
Numberless stars.

yoonoos peerbocus

Peace

Peace

Mooring my care
To the shore of my body'
Rid of the bruise-
The only clothing
I've ever worn

Looking alternately
At me and through me,
Down the deep ocean
Of myself, my self shelves

Solely to the soul
At that hour when peace
Has a right to be there.

yoonoos peerbocus

Peak time

Peak time

To be on time
Before future takes off
Rush everywhere gun run
Be it high ways or the heart

Going nowhere fast
But to a land called
Lost of peace of mind
Inside our head

Where speed bullets
For fast food
For fast tomorrow
For fast fast

Fast encircling
Posthumous
Dates
In a calendar.

yoonoos peerbocus

Perfection

Perfection

All is
A born child-
Brittlest of heart
Frailest of breath

Chance bullets kill
Chance words thrill
Only time water
Down life river

Moulds as pebbles
Character crag
Into perfection
Ceaselessly

Negotiating
Falls and rapids
Till mishap planet size
Fails to daunt

Makes pain suffer
In course
Its own woes
As ultimate.

yoonoos peerbocus

Pleasure for us

Pleasure for us

We grudge life moving on
But we have no redress,
Rather than worry
Without result,
Knowing all creatures
That live
In the end shall die
Well then- while we live
Is n't it pleasure for us?

yoonoos peerbocus

Power

Power

power that boasts
Its greatness as echo
Mocking her origin
to prove it is original

Ignores greatness
is a born child
Whose power
Is the power of growth

And becomes great
when it is great
in humility and
Awareness

Recuperating
Its childhood
In wisdom.
The false can

Never grow in truth
By growing in power.

I

yoonoos peerbocus

Power of touch

Power of touch

Ants touch to greet
The blind touch emptiness
To find direction
But clouds touch to spark

Pour, muttering thunder,
Water touch itself
Thinning into seashells,
Bees and flowers touch

To become food and words
In the mouth, the departing one
As legacy leaves a touch,
Light sculpts itself with its only

Sense of touch but aids' touch
As untouchable wounds worse
Than a razor's deepest touch.

yoonoos peerbocus

Puberty

Puberty

How we rubbed
Cheeks against cheeks
Nothing between
Save innocence

In the playground
Of our childhood
When as fated
A wind of change

Blew in the spring
Of our youth
budding in us
A tassel of desires

Red oven in gusting embers
Touching a nerve locked up
Where shyness and coyness are
Two hearts beating fast

Like a scared pair of pigeons
Startled but awaken, touch
Hitherto mere pet stroke
Exudes lustiness.

Body privacy becomes
Real.

yoonoos peerbocus

Rain

Rain

Rain like desire
If failed or in excess
Is destructive
Although
An elixir of life

yoonoos peerbocus

Rain so much

It’s not so much
How it rains so much
As how the sky remains dry so much
And harbours indifference so much
And then shakes its clouds so much
Every where, anywhere
All over so much
And then remains dry so much
Though still holding rain so much.

yoonoos peerbocus

Real really

Real really

Feeling its way among wishes
The mind wishes its choice
Overrules heart's desire
But nothing is more undesirable

When heart and mind go
Against each other
Against my will
To-ing and fro-ing

Unconscious me
Is real really.

yoonoos peerbocus

Really real

Really real

I look at you mother
And see myself-
As in a room
There's a mirror

And in the mirror
There's a room
Unable to say
Who is really real

We both bear
Same eyes
Same nose
Same mouth.

yoonoos peerbocus

Regret

Though it's the attempt
Of the inner man
To return home
Too late

It's the echo of lost virtue
That breaks the edge of guilt
And leads the way
To proper understanding

To live life all over again
See what a child
Must love-innocence's beauty.

yoonoos peerbocus

Relic of spring

Relic of spring

The lilac unveiled whitest washed
By spring but too heavy
With meringue coated blossoms
Wearing her strength away

Bent to ease the weight of
Terrestrial beauty
Stooping to her humble origin-
The earth where fallen, dust laden

Could rise no more but smelled
Their sweetest as relic of spring
Alike to real beauty defrocked
Of its form of peacock's plumes

Exudes as essence of aroma.

yoonoos peerbocus

RENEWAL

Renewal

Landscape puts out
Its green mask of vastness-
Trees are coming
Leaves laden
Twigs holding baskets

Buds loaded
Sniffing the infinite
In the air.but the risk
To remain encapsulated
In the buds is

As pain cargoed
As the risk
To tear open
The veil
Of blossom.

yoonoos peerbocus

Revenge

Revenge

To hit back scratches
Wounds green-
Often an error millet size
Seen pumpkin wise

Inflated by revenge
Sparking transcient joy
Of petty minds
For wild justice

But grieved by grief
As anger from ember
Dies sleep in cold ash.
Forgiveness alone-

The noblest revenge
Blossoms a-bloom for ever
When we pardon flaws
And love truth with

Heart of forbearance.

yoonoos peerbocus

Roots

Roots

The tree owes no gratitude
To roots underground
That make the banches
Fruitful, throwing up flowers

In a ceaseless outbreak
Of essence delivering
Constantly forms of life,
For its longing is

For the unseen flame
Of darkness underearth
Held by a lamp holder
Standing in the shade.

With constancy of patience.

yoonoos peerbocus

Sad Thoughts

Sad Thoughts

Sad thoughts
That feed themselves
With their own words
And grow unnoticed

Are desires read wrong
Faith misplaced
Fame peak
bubble made scaled

Myself astride on my back
As heavy burden
Of peacock's tail
Lantern back, shadow infront

As foolish
As the lameness
Of my wishes.

yoonoos peerbocus

Secrets

Secrets
Are arrested
History in mind

Unless well caulked
Would seep out
If too wine drenched

The lips.

yoonoos peerbocus

Sharing

Happiness loses not
Its wreath of foam
When shared poured
In your neighbour's

Glass. Little deeds
Of sharing, little words
Of love help to make
The world happy

Like heaven above.

yoonoos peerbocus

Shopping

Outside no one bothers,
Inside-heart, mind, body
And soul have good reason
And need check closing time.
They want discretion, secrecy,
No hint of what they want to share
But pool together their dreams
With prudence, into common
 Want. They are for highest things
Hungry for finished faith and gracefully
Move from shelf to shelf, with one
Purpose to make the best choice,
United as one self with balance
Of desire.

yoonoos peerbocus

Silence

Silence

The coldness
In the space
In our togetherness
Is so icy cold
Each word of ours
Freeze as frozen
As our hearts
Swaddled as if
In a shroud of silence
Our conjugal existence.

yoonoos peerbocus

Silent one

Silent one

Of all the languages
In our language torn world
Silent one
Silence
Is the most vocal

Save language
Of the heart
Sparks off
Illusion into
Illumination

Makes me glad
With a gladness
Indifferent to the
Value of this world
but what you left unsaid

I die to know it.

yoonoos peerbocus

Silent, but...

Silent, but...

I may be silent, but
I'm thinking.
I may not talk, but
Don't mistake me for a shrine
Whose walls kissed by pilgrims

For a miracle in vain
For i'm a flower, silent legacy-
The very mystery of creation
Roots underground, dumb earth

Opening the buds into flowers
That keep themselves blooming
All your way as whispers of thoughts.

yoonoos peerbocus

Skin Beauty

Skin Beauty

Skin Beauty
As summer season
Blossom

Wears and tears
Dew. like
Before it bears.

yoonoos peerbocus

Sleep

Sleep

Birth dowry
Primal tryst
Mind homeward
Bound

All alike
Unlike like
Archtype
Original of things

You are what
Is constant,
Nothing real
Threatens you.

yoonoos peerbocus

Sleep awake

Awake, drunk sleep
With wish brewed wine
From mood's mug
Veiled in mind's universe.

Asleep, ever awake seeking
Behind the curtain of dream
Footprints of lost home.
Empty handed each night

At dawn, unbolt gate of senses
Breathing anew the cow calf
Love lust world.

yoonoos peerbocus

Sleep's puzzle

To know who invented sleep
We must understand sleep that
Therapeutically closes sorrow's eyes
Complacently shuts lies' eyes

Soothingly close shut cares' eyes-
By remaining ever wild awake
But how hard to ever awake
Those fast asleep

Or insomnia that never sleeps.

yoonoos peerbocus

Solitude

Solitude

The solitude of my heart
Unlike the sky's solitude
Like the vast desert
Burns incandescent

For love's dewed drop,
Stranded derelict wreck
On a deserted..shore
Inaccessible to even

Waves' whisper
In the evening of life
Or like the startled
Love's road of my heart

Sobbing lonely
In its crowd
For it is not loved.

yoonoos peerbocus

Sorrow sharer

Seeing me breavement clad
The widowed evening veiled
In sleet and mist
As a sorrow sharer

Came to the wake
For a moment
Nodded to me eyes moisted,
With a heavy heart

Went off lamenting,
Leaving a sob of condolence
In the solitude
Of my heart.

yoonoos peerbocus

Spotted legs of crucified law

Spotted legs of crucified law.

Where money paid beneath
So many tables
Unsuspected as a passing yawn,
Pretenders pretending
Not knowning who's who
In the what's what
Of where each thing must be
Truth, justice and so forth
Are mere ghost face babies
Swarming every nook
As mere spook
Under the sky, a skyless life
And there be no one to blame
Save law long dead buried
In the book of law
Lawyers and judges daily paid
It's requiem daily to attend.

yoonoos peerbocus

Spring

Like spring
The buds spring
Amidst springs
Dew dripping
Bees polliniating
Celebrating
Season of spring

yoonoos peerbocus

Spring part 2

Spring part 2

The morning gown
Of mist
Worn by spring
How thin the weft
By a spring breeze
So soon ruffled.

yoonoos peerbocus

Spring-the green finger

Spring-the green finger

Roofed by bowers
Floored by turfs
Leaves as curtains
Flowers as walls
Spring the green finger
Speaks with one
Feeling of voice
Through the scented blossoms
Brought from exiles
That have no need for names-
Full moon staining with silver
Nature's green resort
For every citizen of the green.

yoonoos peerbocus

Stick

Although it can’t see
He cannot see
For as his eyes blurred
His territorial sense grew obscure
And gait halting, groping
The stick, the smooth one
With the rubber stop-
An extended foot
Feeling, inching
Across each kerb, pavement, gutter
Teaches him to use
His effeted feet as Braille.
He thus reclaimed walking skill and will,
 Getting his own back. He could see
Now where he is going.

yoonoos peerbocus

Stray temptation

Stray temptation

Stray temptation
Like milk takes time
To turn sour

As alluring bait
Tasty grows to
Preys' palate

Until its hook
Tucks out.

yoonoos peerbocus

Stress

Stress

Stress less
Is not in the mess
Where riches reach
Only the rich
But where the less rich
Richer becomes
Being contented
With even less
Than they have now.

yoonoos peerbocus

Suffering

Suffering

Being born in the suffering
Of others
I am when i suffer
Only a heart beat
From eternity
Enjoying truest life
For then i'm
In dream awake
With a wakeful heart.

yoonoos peerbocus

Summer

Summer

Summer as the perfect
Decks herself in beauty
For the love of the imperfect,
Like a passer-by
Stops for a moment

Ringing bells of all birds
S inging dedication of life.
She wears veil of mist
Carrying rural baskets of fruits,
Infants flowers with kitten tongues,

Wearing a smile sunsize. There's
A scattering of colours-
Butterflies holding the brush
Against a dancing parade
Of green grass that give

You guard of honour
With caressing fragrance.
To be in such a moment
Is to feel the human idea
Of God who reveals himself

By creating.

yoonoos peerbocus

Sunshine

Sunshine

Sunshine
As desire
As essence

Everybody
As all our body
Hungers for

But if failed
Or in excess
Ends in distress

yoonoos peerbocus

Surprise

Surprise

that we exist
Is the greatest
Surprise

Which is life
Bestowed upon us-
By power unknown,

Surprisingly
Tough it rests
With us

And of us
We earn it
Only by giving it.

yoonoos peerbocus

Sweet is pain

Sweet is pain

Pain is sweet
If we learn to prize it
Considering life a peacock

With fair feathers but foul feet
A web of mingled yarns
Made ugly or pretty by thinking.

It's natural to die as to be born
But death is as painful
As the pang of birth.

yoonoos peerbocus

T o oppose

To oppose

Are we not born to oppose
Oh life, for to oppose
Is it not to get a grip on
The very self?

To oppose is to wrestle
With griefs and fears,
To bear the ordeal
Of dreams shattered years

Clawed open by wild desires,
Weather beaten by life gale
As credentials for this life
And rights to tear open

Befogged life by veil
Of transcience
To enjoy the unspent joy
Of all the unborn years.

Life is thus peace among
Opposites and death is strife
Among them.

yoonoos peerbocus

Taj Mahal revisited

Heedless of the spray from the steaming Jamuna
And smoky chimneys' lungs
That would take three coats to be whitewashed
Taj Mahal as love's history in stone, lies in silt
Rolled by the earth shifting as gravity shifts.
This love's pilgrim's tomb knows, some day
Earth heart made ceramics, the earth crust shifting
May turn into another Harappa or Mohenjo Da Ro,
Softened by moss, being one again with wild nature.
Huge nothing in strict stone rhythm , chiselled cut
Beauty, death glamourised mausoleum, Shah Jahan's
Immortality's vision, when Taj's love bite to his heart
And military carnage proved not lasting,
Sought in concrete sheds, a dream
Immortalised by visitors eternal presence.

yoonoos peerbocus

Tear

Tear

The tear holds
Like a secret
In the lover's heart
A world of secrets.

yoonoos peerbocus

The blind man

The blind man

Touching walls
Tap tapping pavement
Holding emptiness,
Eyes mere bruises
My stick a cardiogram

Marks as direction of
Hope. I miss distance,
See not fear or death,
Sky reduced to mere
Idea. I'm myself, feeling

My way and not just
Feeling myself, where
I am. I miss darkness
Short of anything to see
Through. Without walls

It's enormous place
Oneself. It's life itself-
The earth, the time
The omnipresent.

yoonoos peerbocus

The cobweb of life roads

Light in my heart
The evening star of rest
I'm in the cobweb of life roads,

Day is making room
For the night. Open
Your gate

World of the home.

yoonoos peerbocus

The fire

the fire

The incandescent coal
Glowing in your eyes
sparked, off and on
From your heart

Has no form
Knows not its body
As if touched
By world of life

Whose wider circle
Moves among the planets,
extravagantly
Frisking, romping

Yelling for attention
As the flame grows intense
to be led blindfolded
Across the channel

Of puberty
Into the wet dream
Of restless adolescence.

yoonoos peerbocus

The giver

The giver

The worth of the giver
Is greater than space
As in the very ditch
Of his need plants trees
For those born later.

yoonoos peerbocus

The Infinite

The infinite

A flesh coat in rags
Upon a stick,
Legs tattered
As tyres on life's road,

Content in my poverty
Wonderfully rich in spirit,
Little goods, less care
Malice towards none

Charity to all,
I move through perception's
Door to look at the infinite.

yoonoos peerbocus

The myth of suffering

The myth of suffering

Joy with its meaning read wrong
And emphasis misplaced is
Mistaken for suffering., squats in
Mind as roadblock to enlightenment.

The greatest teacher of human nature
Is the groundswell of a new tide of life
That splits open the shell of insight
As a fruit stone
Cracks open its heart-the vast earth

Shaped centre to the sun for a kiss
Of the eternal. Grief season is what
Sourness and bitterness in infancy
Sizzle boil to ripeness, mellowing
To the core with understanding.

yoonoos peerbocus

The past

The past

Though past imperfect
To nurture seedling
For real growth
For heart hastens
To forget old yearnings

To fulfil new desires,
The present perfect only
To explore and understand
What's still fluid, guessing
Glimpses of future

Behind the veil of tomorrow.
The past as a treasure
Chids not my possessing
Its memory in depth. Though

Departed, not quitting my
Mind...ever reborn and
Re-lived, made me
Her other half,

Without her
I am incomplete. So
Thoughts of the past
Conjure nostalgia

Through which
The present calls
To me.

yoonoos peerbocus

The puzzle of life

The puzzle of life

Life is
An emperor's table
Piled laid
With delicious
Dishes of desire

But the delicacies
Not yet dished out
Makes the mouth
Water more,
Causing bitter pang

Of want.

yoonoos peerbocus

The cave

How often a sudden down pour
Has started me to seek for shelter
In a cave ensconced as in a womb
Without time without history
Breathing warm, I the centre
The walls the sphere
With space to share
That never wears away.
You feel a feeling not in words,
A love that roughest mood
Would melt, a rapture of the heart
That nothing could explain
But known at once that you belong here-
You are home.He will never be happy
Whom such pleasure could in way, cheer.

yoonoos peerbocus

The painter

The painter

The painter paints
Through the prism
Of light and shade
What's in me
Wasp waist and bee breast
Touching and staining
Parts taboo
To non painter-
Still life revealing truth
By imitation.

yoonoos peerbocus

The rose

The rose

Wail not i
As the vase cracks
Shared i only the clay
That mud drips,
Fare i
Deeper down, down
  where all roots root
Where life grows
Real as truth.

yoonoos peerbocus

The seed

The seed

Like rain
The seed falls
Without guilt
To die
In new life

yoonoos peerbocus

The value of four seasons

the value of four seasons

The tree is now unattractive
Twisted, bent without leaves
All naked branches and twigs

Winter battered but turns to call spring
Which dresses it with green buds,
Full of promise, smiling future.

Before long it is laden
With summer's blessing
With blossoms, sweet in smell

Lovely to look at what cherishes
The heart creating the feeling of
Joy. Autumn crowns all hanging

Clusters of ripe fruits. Now matured, it
Droops, blessing earth its humble
Origin and its fulfilment. Evidently

A tree or person cannot be judged
By only one season. The essence
Of who they are and the pleasures

And joys that come from that life
Can only be measured at the end
When all seasons come to an end.

yoonoos peerbocus

This life

This life

This life
On life planet island
Veiled and unveiled
By night and day

Is the crossing
Of the ocean of time-
All, on board
The same small boat

Called death
All bound,
Beyond bound
To homesick shore

Shorn of all earthly
Desire.

yoonoos peerbocus

Time

Time

Time, to fear
And best measured
By tears, though

The only physician saviour
With power to heal
All hurts, inner

Amputation, , stays
All patients go.

yoonoos peerbocus

To be

To Be

Not to be born is past
All prizing best
But better be,
Attempt the end,

The best is yet
TO be. Be still
And have your will
Still achieving

Still persuing
With a heart
For any fate
Learning to labour

And wait,
All passes
Save life.

yoonoos peerbocus

To be in love

To be in love

To be in love
Is to be emotionally
Weather beaten
Stretching within yourself
To see with her eyes.

She is not there
But feel like sensation
You are tasting together
Mist veiled sunrise.

Stay not firm eye brows
So lightning lance like
Her gaze where two hearts
Beat in a single pod

But all hidden what must
Be sensed not said. She
Is the precious half of
A beautiful wound.

How you covet love in flesh
And want to plunge drown
In love to wake where love is.

yoonoos peerbocus

To own

To own

To own ourselves
To have a grip on the self
Best choose what life wills-
A gigantic idea;

Next best, strive for its
Implementation,
Dig out a passion
An ultimate

Worthy of soul investment
Marrying a conviction
Tied up to the love
Of humanity,

Ever doing one's best
For its fulfilment,
Live and love life
The only stuff we are

Made of and possess.

yoonoos peerbocus

Today

Today

Yesterday is today's memory
Tomorrow is today's dream
Today holds the scale
Between memory and dream.

yoonoos peerbocus

Tossed

Tossed

Tossed in life ocean
A boulder of confusion
Tied to my feet

And a log of awe
To my neck,
What's down wreck like

Won't let me float
What's up grace like
Won't let me sink.

yoonoos peerbocus

True love

True love

True love is how to desire
But not to possess
Yet what we call love
Is hope for satisfaction

Of our desire
Without having love
For other's desire.
Love becomes true

Only if we could love
In others their desire
Then could we love
Them as ourselves.

yoonoos peerbocus

Two birds

Two birds

In my mind cage
Flap and flutter
Two birds-
One cooing
The other crowing

Or cooing/ crowing
Together
Both pecking
Simultaneously
One seed

My heart...
One with beak of love
The other greed
Each competing
For lion's share

As criterion
To become my pet.

yoonoos peerbocus

Untie pain

Untie pain

Let me
Dig inside
Dig down
Down where the deep
Down is, till I dip
In the heart of what
Screams like reams of
Screams
And untie pain
Sandwiched in grief
To make it forget
How to complain.

yoonoos peerbocus

Virtue

Fugitive and cloistered virtue
Untouched by the touchstone
Unlike gold undergoes fire ordeal
Unbaited by its adversary

Through dust and heat of life
Knows the way
But can't drive the car, misses
The immortal garland.

yoonoos peerbocus

What is huge?

What is huge?

What is huge
Be it life, ocean
Or earth
Is made of
What is little

As little
As a snot of spawn
As a dropp of water
As a grain of sand

Kindness no mattter
Millet size
Love no larger
Than a smile
Generosity

Thank you size
Is what make
The world happy
Mind nobler
Life eternity.

yoonoos peerbocus

What is beautiful?

What is beautiful?
Beautiful is the ‘thank you’
Wrapped with gratitude
Offered to someone
Who goes out of his way
Sidetracking his own priorities
Nay, his very survival
To help a lame dog
Over the hedge.
Beautiful is he
Though without tomorrow
Enjoys the heat of the moment
Or the cold stare of fate
Without sorrow
Cultivates good feelings
In the teeth of adversity
Notwithstanding in a second
His breath could be taken away.
Beautiful is he who nurses
The victims through the thick of war
Carrying his humanity
Quietly and humbly
In a bloodthirsty world

yoonoos peerbocus

What is it?

To live in dreams
Is to be never awake
To a dimension more lasting
And more real, raised
To permanence;
To live outside dreams
Is to awake to broken dreams
Shaken by nightmares and insomnia-
Why you are here
Or what to think about
Or how to look at
What you see-
But dreams though void
And unexplainable its authority
And at odds with our wishes
Ever prick us awake in sleep
As in waking life
As if we are made of dreams.

yoonoos peerbocus

When i was a child....

When i was a child

When i was a child
Self becoming man
I understood pain
And studied suffering

Too gentle to kill
Even a bug, being too hurt
By other creatures' wounds
Or birds that cry for crumbs

Or even hurt crows cawing. I grow
Up slowly amidst
Dirt, disease, destuction
Observing the annual mother love

Earth mother extant for all
En route to the world, an oasis
Charred to ashes by man's greed.
I smelled cyanide's almond taste

In cakes, napalm flooding shower
Bath, with repeated blood shed
The whole world oozed a wet
Crimson paint. When i was a child

Wisdom was my quest. Now that
I have bleached hair...know nothing.

yoonoos peerbocus

Where is home?

Where is home?

Home is the nest
Where life is lived
Where cradle prattles
Where joy wreathes in steam
Where everybody belongs,

Memories are created.
Home is love made
Without dining hall
Without want made beauty
Each seen in soul's mirror.

Home is what every one looks for-
Light of reality, nobody can buy
What's a hard earned blessing
Laboured lifelong before roof
Becomes home in the heart.

Today our take away, throw away
Rat race humanity reduces home
To a mortuary for whom and to whom
We owe our life.

yoonoos peerbocus

Whom i dote on

Whom i dote on

Whom i dote on in love
Will she return me the same love
In case she is not in love
With me?

Whom i dote on in love
Has an eternal abode
In all my thoughts, all the time,
Do have i any room left

For me in her heart? Cupid
Blind folded aims his arrows
Unmindful of my pain and pallor.
Love's lust is sweet when poised

Even on both sides of shoulder poles-
One sided infatuation sucks life out
Of me. Sea deep in pangs of
Unrequited love, eyes tears loaded

That never dry up, i have no way
To meet my love save like the sun
Burn for ever alive as if self
Immolation.

yoonoos peerbocus

Whom i long for

Whom i long for

Whom i long for in love,
My love
Is like a small tidal stream
Giving itself to the estuary
Of lust
When the strong tide

Of passion turns
Or like the full moon of desire
Giving itself to the pitch night
Of lechery

Or like the night of instinctive
Craving to create that flows
Into the golden eye of sun
To conceive the life of day

But cupid is partial to his pals
As he aims his arrows of love
Unmindful even if onesided
Infatuation pains in despair.

So doubtful i pine will he
Return me the same love
In case he is not in love
With me.

yoonoos peerbocus

Whom to trust?

The surgeon can bury
His errors,
The architect
Cunningly advises
His clients

To plant vine,
Nature hides wisely
Every wrinkle
With wig wreath
Of roses. violet

And morning dew.

yoonoos peerbocus

Why seek....?

Why seek, .., , ?

Why seek only in heaven
Behind the curtain of death
Or desire made idol
What 's never absent
What's infinite

Visible even to the blindest
On earth right inside our eyes
In the innermost thoughts
What are we but two lamps
Shedding a single light of

Immortality, veiled to mud made
Eye but unveiled to who understand
The nature of existence itself
For knowing the physiology
Of drunkness is not being drunk.

yoonoos peerbocus

Window

Window

As on the geometric
Hinges of the mind
I open both ways
Looking forward
Looking backward

Simultaneously
Wary lest truth
Be shut out
Be shut in
And miss the real.

yoonoos peerbocus

Wisdom in brevity

Wisdom in brevity

True ease in brevity
Comes from art not chance
As those write the briefest
Who have mellowed the craft.

Words are like foliage
And where they most cluster
Much buds of wisdom
Below rarely blossom.

yoonoos peerbocus

Without fear

Without fear

Gloomy is the night
And the moon light
Behind the sulking fog
Is like a scolded waif's
Grief struck cheeks

Scarred with tear stain
And the recurrent stormy
Gusts alike to a world
In throes of agony. Without
Fear i plod ahead putting

Aside - light, bed, warm talk,
Before dawn comes, before
I sleep , knock open my
Friend's door of eternity.

yoonoos peerbocus

Woe war

Woe war

Wary women and wights woe war
Wrought by weak witted warriors.
Warring world wantonly
Wreaks wrath on the weak
Wastes wealth on weapons
Wrecks weather, water, woodlands
Widens wickedness, weakens wisdom.
War weary world wails and whines to
Weld war wounded world into a
Wheel house worthy for work and
Weal for everyone's welfare.

yoonoos peerbocus

Won’t stop falling

Earth heaves,
The roots underground
Are stretching. Spring
Breaks upon the world
Without the help of man.

She is now in the newly returned
Meadow where all looks
Like winter still, winter battered
But as she goes the buds spring
Open, nobody knows how.

Look up –there’s divinity
Coming down
In the here and now of spring
Shower, with one or two
Thunder clap. Every season

Is nothing but shunted
Nostalgia- called
Spring, winter, summer, autumn
Just to unbundle from our mind
Our moods and give them

What’s tangible touch. But
Petals’ time is brief as our earthly life
No matter they hold the present fast.
They won’t stop falling
Though its sap still rioting flowers,
Unstoppable -a drift of change
Across a changeless time..

yoonoos peerbocus

Worries are...

Worries are
Mere five mind's robbers
Thoughts littered
Fiercer than wild wolves

Ever preying upon
Heart's peace
When will prey like
Crawl withdraw

In the bush of fear
But recoil all
Within themselves
When eye of ultimate

Desire, beam flash
In their eyes.

yoonoos peerbocus

Yesterday

Yesterday whose pupil
Is today
Is a sundown dream shell
A night gone time train
You can't go anywhere
Save sing its song
In our chain, like the sea.

yoonoos peerbocus

Your mirror

Your mirror

What you are
In me is absent
What you see
Is reflection.

I'm empty-
False my depth
Falsely i possess you.
search not for things

seek not to know anything
I simply respond. Being
Not clairvoyant, powerless
To reveal the real

Or something not allowed
Before or show the flowing
Movement of fear in your mind.

yoonoos peerbocus

Your Love

Your Love

Unconsciously
Shrouded in its effulgent halo
The butterfly dies

Rocking in the hammock
Woven by the spider
Like that butterfly

But knowingly
I crawl up the fatal hammock
knitted by your love

To go rocking
To my death.

yoonoos peerbocus

Your smile

your smile
Your own flowers
Of your own garden
your voice
Your own rustle

Of your own stream
But your heart
Was the woman
We all know.
She shines inside us-

Visible- invisible
As we trust
Or lost trust
Feel it
Start to grow.

yoonoos peerbocus

Your face

I drew your face on the white clouds
The blue as the frame
But out of the blue
The blue glow of plutonium
Radiated your blue blood,
I carved your face on the white beach
The green as the canvas
As a green horn
But washed to the watery grave
By the green eyed greenish tide,
I sculpted on my iris your face
As a kaleidoscope
The whole world cross reflects your face.

yoonoos peerbocus