

Poetry Series

**Prayash Gupta**  
**- poems -**

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## Prayash Gupta(26-10-1989)

Prayash Gupta is an Indian author and biographical note has been included in "Asia Pacific Who's Who (Vol. XV) , "Famous India: Nation Who's Who,2017 and "Learned India: Educationalists Who's Who,2017. He has been awarded "Best Indian Golden Personalities Award" 2017 by Friendship Forum, New Delhi.

# A War With Negative Forces

When I have time to free myself  
From the hustle and bustle  
of my rather beautiful monotonous life,  
I half-willingly lay down on my couch-  
Close my eyes partially that  
has genuinely become tired  
watching at the harsh realities of the world  
and have gradually started  
losing its power of Vision,  
Wandering tirelessly  
in search of better region;  
my mind is then attracted by my conscience  
that compels me to examine at my inner self.  
The moment instead shows me  
The vague vision of the bloody war that  
is perennial like the evergreen forests  
or like the immortal sonnets of Shakespeare.

The thoughts deepens and the vision  
of the devastating and ruthless battle that  
was fought in the minds of the first human being  
becomes more vivid;  
The negative forces temporary won the battle  
and brought mortality in the world-  
The clash continued in the primitive or the stone age-  
The time when Man was extremely close to Nature;  
Ignorant of materialistic development-  
I suppose-  
Still stretched its impact in the Middle Ages;  
When man was busy to be the owner  
of a small pieces of land -  
Where they broad- minded to acquire more lands?  
Or a narrow minded to possess it at the lives of other  
innocent persons?  
The answer went along with them-  
When they breathed their last  
and their bodies actually got mingled with Nature.  
Still, it is being fought at the brains of the modern or  
post-modern civilized people,

Who are at continuous threat of Earthquake, landslide  
or Natural calamities-  
Gained at the profit of technological and sophisticated  
world;  
And the never ending war shall continue  
in the near future-in the age of complex complexity  
and apex materialization - I suppose.

'Unseen in its existence',  
Yet so powerful and mighty  
'The horrifying Mental War',  
The battlefield that comes along  
With the new baby born  
Out of Mother's womb.  
Unknown and unprepared  
about the approaching threat,  
the small guest will be lost  
in the 'world of innocence',

So naive, fragile and tender  
Still untouched by the harsh realities,  
Being acquainted to  
whatever comes before them -  
Whether good or bad  
'A short lived paradise', in a simple language,  
Carefree from all upcoming responsibilities.  
But how long the world of innocence  
continues is uncertain  
as they have brought along  
a battle field with them.

Slowly and unexpectedly,  
When the receptive minds  
becomes bit mature and  
the vision clear-  
'A deadly battle' begins  
Without drumming its trumpet,  
Without challenging- Uncertainly.  
The disguised forces comes forcibly  
in the world of Innocence.  
'The Reason, ' being Commander-in-chief  
of the approaching opponent.

Spreads like a slow poison  
Trying its level best to slaughter  
Innocence in a disguised form.

Carrying the powerful sword of 'Doubt'-  
It strikes at the minds of all-individual  
In the transitional phase from innocence to experience,  
Doubt increases so the battle intensifies;  
'Hope' the chief positive force  
finally comes forward with his  
mighty sword 'Faith'.

The positive general attacks Reason  
with his sword- faith  
and controls over battlefield  
for a certain point of time  
While Reason attacks Hope by Doubt,  
And becomes powerful in due time.  
Both the generals  
and the swords are powerful,  
but is seemed like  
the battle would never cease,  
In the millions and billions of battles  
Only thousands and thousands would end  
When not the armies but the battlefield,  
itself would disappear;  
but again reappears at the same moment  
when double the death gets birth;  
making the war never ending on this Earth.  
The time comes when Hope will have  
Partial-full control over Doubt,  
Hoping against hope  
of the better tomorrow.  
But till then Innocence is killed  
by the hypocrite Reason.  
The positive forces becomes weak  
But still Hope continues the battle.  
Again 'Fear', the powerful knight  
comes in the battlefield.  
It tries to make Hope extremely weak  
by attacking him by the realities of life.  
Innocence being killed by the Reason,

Being forward the image of Death,  
Which strikes man with the realities  
Of mortal life.

'Horrible and terrifying' reality  
Challenges Hope every now and then.  
Faith tries to counteract with Fear  
With the help of Religion,  
The medium that shows  
the right way of life and tries  
its level best to keep Hope alive;  
But again the so call witty reason  
Tries to play a game with religion,  
It forces some person to do politics  
in its name-  
Some innocent ones are fooled  
as they are given fake consolations  
of life after life,  
Without any actual self-realization.  
The war is intensified and is fought  
In the different parts of the world.  
Faith again counteracts with Reason  
With the help of Hope that  
'Good deeds will surely assure  
Good after life'  
After life being unknown,  
Is controlled by negative forces  
for some time.  
Again opponent warrior 'Sorrow'  
comes in, with its sword 'Inequality',  
Negative becomes stronger  
When inequality strikes the mind of a man.  
A handful of them extremely rich,  
While majority poor-  
Starving for food and existence,  
And 'Darwin's theory'  
'Survival of the fittest'  
becomes apt for the majority.

It emerges as a powerful knight  
When it shows the disparity

in social status, caste and creed,  
The position of positive armies  
Becomes extremely weak and feeble;

Just then Philosophy enters the battlefield  
And tries to make their position stronger,  
He consoles the positive armies by saying that  
'Inequality is world's reality'

The world of equality is just an imagination,  
Philosophy boost the morale of his fellow men  
And the battle continues...

'Separation' comes as another important  
Knight in the negative side,  
It too becomes powerful by separating  
Conscience from the heart,  
making it available only to mind;  
separating man from their  
near and dear ones.

Again philosophy tries to manage the situation  
By making his team mates aware that  
Separation is yet another reality of life.  
The battle continues...

Negative force tries to corrupt the mind,  
While positive counteracts with it.  
Now, failure comes in the battlefield  
Which further intensifies the war.  
Failure is disguised in the mask  
Of Success,  
Success a tool that  
Easily played with the positive thoughts.

It introduces an endless chase  
for money, social status  
And inclined towards the materialistic world  
Which really changes the color  
of the battlefield.

It even tries to hypnotize Hope  
By its power of attraction,  
It forced people to run after it  
Like a mad man demanding  
his dead wife to be alive again.

Success uses its greatest Sword  
'Materialism' that tries to slaughter  
All the armies of positive side.  
The lust for money continued  
that made the mind corrupted,  
Forced people to be a murderer,  
Engaging themselves in corruption  
Where truth becomes lie  
And lie truth,  
It made negative side  
a positive warrior  
The idealistic world of  
peace, equality and humanity  
is thus supplemented by the  
realistic world of  
inequality, chaos and inhuman activities.  
Success makes magical spell  
Over positive side by showing  
them the realities of life.  
Even Hope is hypnotized  
By the hope itself,  
In the hope of better  
Future and successful life.

Where success counted at the  
Competition of others and  
Materialistic achievement but  
Not on the self achievement and  
Inner satisfaction.  
Futile run after never ending Success  
Introduced 'Stress' and 'Anxiety'  
in the scene.  
Stress plays the vital role  
In weakening the positive forces,  
While anxiety tries to disintegrate  
The faith by making it helpless.  
All the positive forces  
Are lying on the ground  
Of the battlefield  
In the next to surrender situation,  
Almost killing man of



His identity and existence.  
The Negative forces are about  
To blow the trumpet of their victory  
While Hope and its army have lost  
All its strength and faith.  
The war is almost over.....

Just then a bright ray of light  
Comes from the Horizon,  
Everyone in the battlefield  
is attracted to it  
deep at a distance  
they could see a white horse  
and a warrior riding on it.  
Finally, when the warrior is identified

Negative forces changes their  
Facial expression  
While positive tries to smile  
Even at the moment of their defeat.  
The greatest force 'Spirituality'  
Finally arrives at the battlefield  
The reason and its army steps aside.  
Spirituality, at first, tries to give  
A new life to Hope by making  
Him to think beyond the  
Narrow mindedness of human-mind,  
And beyond Success and Failure  
Life or Death.  
Hope is strengthened and  
Again Faith is waked up.  
Positive forces now becomes  
Powerful when Spirituality  
Finally arrives on its side.

Negative force capitalizes  
The situation and gets united  
For the last battle.  
Reason, doubt, anxiety, stress  
Failure, success, materialism

Combines itself into one  
And comes for the deadly attack.  
Spirituality with its deadly weapon-  
Faith chops the negative forces  
Into small pieces,  
And is thrown in the different  
Parts of the Universe.  
Some of which were lying  
In the deep Pacific,

In the forest of the Himalayas,  
In Kalahari Desert and  
in the arctic region.  
The positive forces has total  
Control over the battlefield,  
With only the few negative pieces  
Lying shattered on the ground;  
Still the broken negative pieces  
Comes to challenge the positive force  
But is easily defeated by them;  
Positive forces occupies  
The battlefield but still  
The negative pieces came time to time  
To challenge the positive  
And the battle continues.....

Prayash Gupta

# Albert Have Many Friends On Face Book.

Albert have many friends on Face book.

(But I always wander, how many true friend he has in reality.)

He showed me his thousand and thirteen friends from different places.

(He smiled and told me-'just look at their faces.')

In a while, he uploaded his Image expecting many likes from his rather stranger friends.

(Oh my God! I was surprised, some of them really raised their thumb, making him numb)

He felt happy looking at the likes he got.

(But I thought do they really mean a lot.)

After few days, I met him empty pocket and sad.

(Hmm! I guessed he may not be using his Face book and was really going mad)

'My friends might be worried about me, ' he said as he was looking desperate and lonely.

(I got the point-he will be connected to his friend only if he has money in his pocket.)

So I gave him money looking at his mood.

(He took it at once and in an hour logged in the Face book)

Hmm! My friend Albert has many friends in Face book.

(I really wander how many true friends he has in reality.)

Prayash Gupta

# An Aesthetic Experience At Chawrasta

Cold winter day,  
nippy wind chilled my bones;  
I glimpsed at the Sun and its faint rays,  
that was toiling hard to come through the shattered Clouds,  
A handful of people had circled themselves in front of dying Fire;  
Very few moving around- might be for some purpose.  
I stood at the midst of 'Chowk Bazar', wandering  
where I should go next;  
as I tip-toed out there Alone, without any companion.  
Just then I eaves dropped a couple talk  
'Let's go to Chawrasta, '  
Even I made up my mind that now I shall go out there;  
my destiny less day got destination.  
In no time-straightaway, I marched upwards making  
my veins stronger;  
The Chilling wind blew against me, making my walk difficult  
but I moved on purposelessly....  
Finally I reached the Heartland 'Chawrasta'-  
the ambience so joyful;  
Some people, mostly couple I suppose were sitting at the benches enjoying the  
view and the moment;  
Others walking- chatting with their friends or soul mates.  
The atmosphere made me happy  
However, no one was there- with whom I could share my happiness.  
As I moved forward, my eyes were attracted by the statue of our  
'Adhikabi'-'Bhanubhakta Acharya',  
No sooner-I looked at it, the creative imagination over  
flowed throughout my veins.  
Words and subject matters organized themselves on my mind;  
I felt as if he is telling me  
'Come on man, you have a great deal of work to do before you die.'  
I was awestruck as I pondered-  
Did I really heard the voice or am I reminded of his famous poem 'Ghasi',  
Whatever the case is;  
He inspired me and I spoke slowly-  
'Yes, I will make it happen.'  
The wanderer of the day finally got his destiny as  
Once again I was made aware of the purpose of my Life  
But it would be great

If I had a mate out there to share my feelings.  
I moved forward towards the 'Mall Road',  
On the way, small kids were riding horses;  
Tourists were capturing beautiful images-  
Lovely couples were walking along the way.

Partly comforted-other part unease,  
I reached in front of Mahakal Temple,  
Bowed down and closed my eyes-  
The self-introspection led me to yet another Spiritual Quest.  
I chanted mantra for the betterment of the world;  
in a short while, I felt as if I was filled with divine energy.  
Slowly I opened my eyes,  
felt more comforted even in cold weather and moved forward.  
The level of my happiness increased  
but it would be better if I had a mate out there to share my happiness.  
I moved on - where  
I could get the glimpse of the beautiful aspects of Nature.  
People were busy capturing images in their electronic device.  
I beheld at the rare view of beautiful mountain;  
Green world with human settlement on its lap,  
The clouds were wandering tirelessly without any want of destination.  
I tried to capture the image on my mind  
and thought that I would refer it afterwards  
in my pensive mood as 'Wordsworth did in Daffodils.'  
I was over inspired by Nature's beauty  
and was prepared for longer flight.  
By the time I stood there;  
I had found the inspirator 'Adhikabi Bhanubhakta',  
the creative power 'In front of Mahakal Temple'  
and the subject matter- 'The Nature and its ravishing beauty.'  
I was at the climax of my completeness;  
but it would be better if I had a mate to share my feelings.  
I really needed a person who could boost me up and help me in the greater task  
of life.  
I stayed there for a while,  
the time ran quickly-  
I was then reminded of  
Frost 'Stopping by Woods'-  
'The woods are lovely, dark and deep.....  
but miles to go before I sleep.'  
How badly I wished,

If the time would freeze out there,  
If I had a loving mate along with me at that moment.  
But the reality overpowered me as I was wandering solitary out there,  
So I left the place because I knew....  
'I have a greater task in life  
And I have to fulfill that task.'

Prayash Gupta

# An Angel

Pulsating lines of mine endeavors to portray the beauty of yours,  
But hand genuinely trembles.....

When I make an attempt to visualize the real you in me,  
Mind is emptied of all the known beauty when you come,  
You only you are complete in yourself; the divinity of perfection,  
Comparisons are futile - as all other lovely thing fades,  
Melts like an ice in the Antarctic and gradually disappears like a low tide,  
I, then try to invoke my creative muse, he too refuses to come  
Least he fears that he might make some mistake while giving me  
instruction-

I can only witness the unseen light  
More than ten thousand of glowing sun, I guess - in the face of yours,  
Your fascinating eyes... No less than hundreds of stars glittering together,  
To make an eye contact with you, my sight are struggling every now and then...  
Like Arjuna trying to see Bishwarupa of lord Krishna....

I pondered...

A little glimpse of yours may be more than enough to glorify you in my verse,  
But the reality shakes..... As shaking of an earthquake felt by my hand.....

Few interconnected words disappear.....

Like drops of dew in the morning.....

When the bell rang to overflow my verses...my poetic self stood still...

No longer have I had the courage to keep you in my loitering lines...

Simply I love and felt blessed to watch the eternal beauty of yours...

Selfish I have become as I don't want to share your beauties

To this temporal world ...

All I want is to seize you in my imagination...

Feel the sublimity..... the resistless splendor

And be a sole witness of the never witnessed beauty of the world....

Prayash Gupta

# Child Labour Should Be Abolished

Dear Children, child labour is a very bad thing, it should be abolished.

(But Sir, why do you keep one at your home)

You cannot categorize him as a child labour, but my helping hand.

(Sir, Names are different but work is same)

Please keep quiet, small children should be provided with a good education.

(Why your helping hand is not going to school sir?)

I'm teaching him at home, small kids should be given proper care, guidance and clothing.

(Yes sir that we can see in your helping hand-torn Clothes-dirty face and long nails)

I repeat child labour should be completely abolished from society.

(Sir, why don't you start the same right from your home?)

Prayash Gupta



# Hey Man! What You Have Made Of Me

Hey man! What you have made of me,  
I can't recognize myself, just see.  
(Don't you know, we are the master of the World)

When I was born, I was pure, uncontaminated and lively.  
(That's great! But at that time, we were not modernized)

But now, you have taken my identity, I'm lost in myself.  
(What have we done? Don't blame us without any purpose)

What have you done? Just think what you have not  
done, constructed dams, obstructed my way, changed my  
course...  
(Oh yes! We did it for hydro electricity; we gave light  
to the world)

Not only that you have contaminated me very badly  
with all your wastes.  
(We have no other options, please try to understand)

Not only my identity, the life of entire sea-creature is  
in serious threat.  
(Threat-sometimes you'll be threat for us-Tsunamis,  
hurricanes, cyclones)

Dear, I'm not responsible for it; it's your own actions  
being diverted to you.  
(Oh just keep quiet, we are civilized and we know very  
well what we are doing)

Hey man, what you have made of me,  
I can't recognize myself, just see.  
(Don't you know, we are the masters of the world)

Prayash Gupta

# I Found You Inside My Heart

And again the trickling of holy bells,  
Overwhelms my discomforted heart,  
Step by step, I proceeded towards the great soul,  
Knitting the bonds of relations, floating apart.

Thousands of your disciples and lovers,  
Pushing and rushing to be first,  
Losing patience, ignoring the person begging,  
Disguising, I gazed for the fake lust.

I stood there for the quest of love and peace,  
My conscience filled with remotest ease part,  
I closed my eyes and muttered your name;  
Tears rolled down as I found you inside my heart.

Prayash Gupta

# I Saw Myself Burning In The Pyre

I saw myself burning in the pyre  
People gathered around  
Families beating their chest  
Priest reading their texts  
My body was lying motionless,  
Lifeless and painless.  
The more the fire burnt  
The less the number of people become  
I felt as if the fire is helping me to meet someone  
Someone  
who actually made me  
Someone  
Who actually made us  
Someone  
Who actually made all the human being.  
I couldn't wipe out the tears of my dear ones,  
How can I console them when I can't speak?  
How can I tell them that relations are temporary  
In this world?  
How can I?  
How can I?  
I could see half of my body  
Being consumed by the fire  
The particles of the ashes being  
Mixed with the Air,  
Time froze; Moment seized  
Still more the fire burnt  
All my body was finally  
Consumed by one of the elements of the Earth.  
Everybody bid me goodbye and Left me alone  
My whole body was converted into ash  
And finally got mixed with Nature  
Nature  
The creator of all creatures  
Finally,  
I could find the real peace  
To be a part of the elements  
That I am made of...



# I Want To Wear Clean Clothes

How badly, I wish I could wear clean clothes.  
(I want to live in a peaceful world)

How measurelessly, I wish to wear clean clothes.  
(How measurelessly, I wish to live in a beautiful world)

But what to do, dirt sticks in my clothes from everywhere.  
(But what to do inequality and violence spreads like a plague in my peaceful world)

How rapidly black spot made their impact on my clothes.  
(How rapidly the time of destruction came in my world)

That's why; I want to wash my clothes every time to keep it clean.  
(That's why; I try to spread the message of peace and non-violence to make my world beautiful)

To clean it further, my hand comes forward to remove  
all the dirt's and black spots.  
(To spread the message of peace, my every step goes  
against inequality, discrimination, violence and corruption) .

Even if the dirt comes to attract my clothes, thousand times,  
I shall wash it one time more.  
(Whatever the circumstance arises, every single moment I shall struggle to  
achieve truth of heavenly bliss for my peaceful world) .

And definitely,  
One day I shall wear clean clothes without any dirt.  
(And definitely one day I shall live in a world, where  
there is equality, tranquility, peace and beauty) .

Prayash Gupta

# I Wonder How Beautiful The World Is!

I wonder how beautiful the world is!  
(The world is beautiful but...)

People may be living in close harmony with each other.  
(If you could see, you would be surprised)

Extending love for other creatures.  
(Ya! that's why most of them have extinct and remaining  
are disappearing one by one)

There may be no hatred and only love.  
(Conditions are just opposite)

No rich; neither poor.  
(Gaps are further maximized)

With no distinction of caste, class or race.  
(Ha, ha! Politics runs on this face)

What are you talking about. I can still imagine the  
close harmony between Man and Nature.  
(No, no. Believe me, former is trying to dominate the  
latter)

How badly I wish, I could see this world with my open eyes.  
(You will cry once when you come to vision because your imaginary world is  
different from the real one)

I wander how beautiful the world is!  
(The world is beautiful but....)

Prayash Gupta

# Jonny Found A Thousand Rupee Note

One day  
Jonny was in his way to School  
Late, as usual  
Speeding his steps every now and then  
Walking fast, in fact running  
Tensed  
Again he might be subjected to scolding  
And punishment  
As he had already become  
a sample piece  
to get regular punishment  
in his class;  
On his way  
A black cat crossed the road  
He thought  
Today was bad luck for him  
So he crossed his finger  
And moved ahead faster.  
Finally,  
He reached  
in front of School gate,  
The warning bell rang  
But he stood still  
He heard the bell  
But still it was unheard  
In his ears  
As his eyes fell  
On a thousand rupee note  
That was lying  
Only a few steps forward.  
We was thrilled  
The thought of school,  
Class or Assembly was out of his mind.  
He was happy,  
Now he thought  
How he is going to  
Pick it up  
But  
It can be a duplicate note

He thought again  
But to give up looking  
Checking it would be  
A foolish thing to do  
Thought his bad self.  
Again to pick up others money  
Is against the morality,  
Thought his good self.  
But to let it go in some other  
Person pocket is most foolish thing,  
Thought the bad side.  
But what if some one  
Caught me picking up the money  
Thought the better self.  
Come on, move forward  
Or else you'll lose the money  
Insisted the bad side.  
In the mental battle  
Between the good and the bad side  
The negative carried more impact  
So  
Hesitatingly,  
He moved his trembling  
Step forward  
And yet  
Another step  
He was just two steps  
Away from his days fortune  
No sooner, he took another step.  
One man came fast,  
And picked up the money.  
He was disappointed and energy less  
He was so close to his unexpected money  
Yet it was made far at the last stage  
He thought  
If I had picked it up  
A second earlier  
That thousand rupee note  
Would be inside my pocket  
he cursed the black cat  
and Came back to his sense,  
From the school gate



He could listen at  
The voice of his teacher  
Indicting him to come fast  
He again became prepared  
For another scolding,  
He stepped forward  
But turned his face towards  
The man  
Who had picked up the money,  
To his surprise  
He found that the man  
Threw the note on the road  
He became happy  
As he was confirmed  
That the note was not a real one.  
Partly happy, partly carrying fear on his mind  
He stepped forward for the day's punishment.

Prayash Gupta

# Journey From Earth To Heaven And Hell

Raj was sitting at the bank of a river,  
Sad  
Because he was lonely;  
Lonely  
Because of his bad deeds;  
Deeds  
He learnt from his friends  
Friends  
Who left him when he became a killer  
Killer  
Made by circumstances  
Circumstances  
That took everything away from his life  
Life  
He was fade up of it and wanted to die  
Die  
He didn't have the courage to face it;  
So he didn't know what to do next,  
Where to go, how to repent?  
Fade up of friends, family and society.  
Friends- who were with him only in his high time.  
Family- Who used to talk about money every time.  
Society- Concerned less about the better society.  
Sick and tired  
Tired and Sick  
He started wandering  
Wandering, what to do next  
Where to go?  
Whom to plead?  
He thought and thought  
But his thoughts didn't find conclusion  
So he thought that now he would die  
But again he lacked courage  
He started shouting like a mad man  
Or  
Like a politician demanding vote  
But no one was there to listen to him  
He needed an escape  
Escape

May be from his life, family, friends or world  
Escape  
He got it  
He got it  
Because he was outside a beautiful palace  
Palace  
He had never seen before  
Ambience so quiet and peaceful  
Different from the world he lived in  
One beautiful girl  
'Angel' he supposed; welcomed him  
'Welcome to Heaven, ' She said  
He was surprised, shocked and scared.  
And wondered  
How I came to heaven?  
But felt guilty  
Do I deserve it?  
I didn't do good deeds on Earth  
So how I came out here?  
Questions that came in his mind  
But not on his lips.  
'What are you thinking gentleman? ' Said the Angel  
'Nothing, ' said he and was about to  
Enter the palace.  
Just then someone stabbed him from the back  
The knock so hard,  
So hard that he didn't get time to shout  
But came back to reality from his dream  
Dream which he didn't want to miss it  
A reality that didn't want to face.  
He could do nothing but slightly  
turned his face  
And he sees the vague image of his own friend  
Stabbing him repeatedly and he could feel no more;  
Pain seized, time seized, everything seized.  
In a short while  
He could see his own body  
Being thrown into the water by his own friends  
He shouted, protested and tried to harm them  
But in vain  
In a short while  
He was in a dark dungeon

Where he could see dangerous monsters  
Monsters  
Huge in shapes and sizes  
Blood flowing out of their bodies  
Continuously- without a stop  
They chained him and  
Was about to throw him  
In a large boiling vessel.  
They threw him inside  
And he could feel the irresistible pain  
Pain  
That he had never felt before on Earth  
Earth  
He wanted to go back again  
Again  
He wanted to repent his sins  
Sins  
He would never commit again  
Again he wanted to go back to heaven  
Heaven  
Which cannot be easily gained  
Gained  
Only through repeated good deeds.  
&quot;I want to go back to Earth, &quot; he shouted  
&quot;I have to repent, &quot; he screamed  
He screamed, &quot;Repent, repent.&quot;

Prayash Gupta

# Madam Lalita (The Goddess Of Learning)

Gone are those days when Women had to fight for their  
Right,

Gone are those days, when man of little knowledge  
dominated the entire society,

People are now conscious about "ShivShakti",  
The fact that Universe runs and living creature exist  
on both masculine and feminine powers.

We learnt about great women's who changed the course  
of history-

Mother Teresa, Indira Gandhi, Kalpana Chauhan;  
but never had an opportunity to see them before our  
eyes.

But we are lucky to see you "The living legend,"  
A woman who have already spent 33 years of her precious  
Life in shaping the future of her student,  
Without feeling tired or exhausted, still moving forward  
with more energy and enthusiasm.

How curiously I wish I could listen to your motivating  
and inspiring lectures.

Still I can remember one incident

The day I was on my way to college-fatigued and tired-  
Just then one vehicle stopped near me, and a known  
voice called me, "Come in";

I was surprised to see "The Principal of my College giving  
me a lift."

The Day always remains in my mind not because I got a lift  
but because you always remembered your student  
even if they are hundreds and thousands in number.

I feel myself blessed to be a student of such a Charismatic,  
Literate and beautiful teacher.

Really mam,

You are living Goddess of learning and wisdom.

Prayash Gupta

# Martyr's Call

Our soul cries,  
When we see your fragmented self,  
Our soul weeps  
When we see you negotiating in small breads,  
Was it for this day we sacrificed our lives?  
All martyrs want to know.

All these years we have been waiting to see you all  
Shine in world with distinct identity and land of your own.  
But, what happened to you?  
Speak up; speak up dear least it's too late.  
Were you hypnotized or led astray?  
Tell me, why were you sleeping all these years?  
That too in fragmented self, negotiating in small bread,  
Was it for this day we sacrificed our lives?  
Speak up; speak up dear least it's too late.

Do you know who you are?  
You are an INDIAN GORKHA,  
This world knows your BRAVERY,  
The pages of history are filled with your SACRIFICES,  
But where is our LAND?  
I see you shattered all around,  
I can see your fragmented self, negotiating in small breads,  
Was this for this day we sacrificed our lives?  
Wake up, speak up least it's too late  
Brush up your small Ego; put aside your personal  
materialistic gain.  
Wake up for your identity; See your real self,  
Come to your fullest, know your potentiality  
Every Indian must know the SACRIFICES of  
The BRAVE INDIAN GORKHA  
This message should be enough for the identity we are  
demanding for.

If not,  
Again, let me remind you who you are,  
You are BRAVE INDIAN GORKHA  
And sons and daughters of Gandhi,

As he is our Nation's father,  
You are Gorkhay Gandhi  
Oh! Sons and daughters of Gorkha living in every nooks  
and corner of the world,  
Wake up, Speak up least it's too late  
Bring out your Gorkhay Gandhi self,  
Let the world know the SACRIFICES OF  
THE BRAVE INDIAN GORKHA.

Do Tandav with your PEN  
Remember, &quot;Pen is mightier than Sword&quot;;  
Raise your voice, Put forward your arguments.  
Do you remember?  
Gandhi and his Non- Violence overthrew the colonial rulers,  
So, the time has come  
My Sons, My daughters  
Bring out your Gorkhay Gandhi self.  
Love the ones, who are opposing you,  
They are IGNORANT; or acting to be,  
They don't know your real self  
You are Gorkhay Gandhi,  
Everyone must know the SACRIFICES OF  
THE BRAVE INDIAN GORKHA.

This world must know the sacrifices of The Brave Indian Gorkha.

Dear Gorkha,  
You are an ambassador of Peace and Love,  
So Get up and walk,  
Oh! Dear if everyone speaks,  
Who can stop the Earthquake?  
Who can stop the volcano that has been burning in each self?  
Who can stop millions of Gorkhay Gandhi?  
Who can stop common voice of the infinite cry for IDENTITY?

Prayash Gupta

# My Heart Bleeds

My heart bleeds when I find Our Home in a dilapidated condition;  
My heart bleeds when I see my Brothers and Sisters migrating for foreign in search of better prospects;  
My heart bleeds when I find my own family members fighting amongst themselves;  
My heart bleeds when I see my youngsters being victims of frustration and circumstances;  
My heart bleeds when I find my people decorating their own rooms, ignoring the fact that the pillars of our home are being cracked;  
In this state of total confusion and chaos,  
I think without coming to the conclusion -  
What will happen if our Home is completely broken down?  
What will happen if all youths are compelled to migrate from their native land to earn their livings?  
Who will run our society in near future?  
Who will look after our soil? ? ?  
The answer are being more complicated,  
As the burning circumstances are creating more and more questions.  
Seriously we have to look into this matter,  
So that the 'Brain Drain' of our beautiful place  
Is controlled and freezed in near future;  
Let the opportunity arise;  
When all can be able  
To serve our land, happily satisfied;  
Even if one gets a better room,  
Let us stay united  
To make our Home Strong and Beautiful.

Prayash Gupta



# Our Friend Rahul Earned Lots Of Money

Our friend Rahul earned lots of money.  
(Still, he was not satisfied)

When he was small, he used to be penniless.  
(So he was not happy and satisfied)

He grew up and earned money.  
(Yet he was not satisfied)

He toiled harder and earned handsome money.  
(Still, he was not satisfied)

He adopted unfair means and made huge bank balance.  
(Yet his craving did n't stop)

Every moment he ran after money, but never enjoyed his life.  
(But was still unsatisfied)

At last, he grew old, earned a lot of wealth for his generation  
and died.  
(My God! Still, he was not satisfied)

Prayash Gupta

# Please Don't Cut Me

Please don't cut me; I'll serve you throughout my life.  
(No, no we will cut you; we have to earn lots of money)

See, I'm giving you shade and fruits.  
(We don't need it-shade we can find at home, fruits  
we'll buy from market)

I will give you Oxygen and take your Carbon dioxide.  
(Who cares - you take both of them)

Just think if you cut me, the habitat of birds, ants and spiders  
will be disturbed.  
(Don't worry about them, they will find some other  
places to live in)

You can cut my twigs and branches.  
(No, our profit will be minimized)

Please let me live, I'll serve you throughout my life.  
(No, no. We'll cut you; we have to earn lots of profits.)

Prayash Gupta

# Pyaro Pulbazar

Contemplating none but you my love  
At our Pulbazar Bridge  
On the 1st of Jan'15,  
7 billion people yet all alone right now  
On this lovely blue planet,  
My only wish-  
Let me be with you for the rest of my life,  
But wish remains a wish -  
Murmuring of the perennial Rangit  
Distorted my vision  
And I concentrated on his waves  
Calmly flowing at its own pace,  
Making a swift movement often  
To meet his love Teesta in Triveni  
Together they flow the rest of their journey  
But when he is angry- lets pray he want be,  
A horrifying story I heard from grandma  
The flood of 68, a massive outpour of his wrath  
Had enveloped all the living creatures  
And took along with him- don't know where  
Most probably in the world of unknown.  
So when he is calm- he has got a better charm.  
My love came again on my engaged mind,  
But this time I couldn't control my feelings,  
So it came out in form of a tear  
From my left eye unintentionally-  
Rolled down through my cheeks,  
Dropped on the wounded stone and  
Finally got merged in the mighty Rangit,  
I gazed at the river foolishly trying to  
Figure out if I could separate my tear from him.  
I got it - the colour of my pain and his colour are colourless.  
But why this invisible colour of caste, creed and religion  
Seriously hampers the true colours of human happiness.  
I was then distracted by the lovely tune being played by  
The picnickers at the nearby field.  
So I stepped a bit to enjoy the sight.  
All dancing singing and most importantly  
Living in the present.

A little bit of happiness was added to my pensive mood  
No one is tensed out there - I thought,  
Blissful ambience all around;  
Suddenly, I was attracted by the Fire of the picnic party  
The image of blaze took me back to ninety plus one;  
Yet recalling another story, my villagers had told me.  
The destructive hour had once again consumed  
All the settlements of our people,  
Making homeless to many of them.  
Such tragedies had tried to destroy our village several times  
But still our people were brave enough  
To sustain against the adversities of the Nature's fury.  
As we struggled every bit to resettle on the same mud- same land.  
The similar kind of blaze I saw at the parting year.  
Fire once again gave a try to challenge our peaceful place  
It could have done much damage but  
The joint effort of our people;  
The united cry and the love for our mud-  
Call of Humanity - all people  
Battled every moment and at last  
&quot;The Fire&quot; had to be passive and situations normalized.  
The horn of the passing vehicle brought me back to the present,  
So Unitedly we can nurture and beautify our born soil- I pondered  
And walked further capturing the sights of  
Beautiful tea bushes-  
Some green, some withered leaves and cut off branches;  
Finally I reached the resting place &quot;Tawli Godam&quot; (as we call)  
And stood there to get a clear view of my native place,  
Lovely people all around-  
Just a little bit of Ego we may create,  
Let us take a deep breath and throw it in the vast existence  
Making sure that it does not come back  
To create a rift between us  
So that we can laugh, live and love...  
Once again I looked at the view of my lovely village,  
Kept the sight on my mind  
Prayed for the happy life of my people,  
And moved on...

Prayash Gupta

# Raju Is Going To Be A Saint

Hey, friends! Did you hear Raju is going to be a Saint?  
(Ha ha "All of them", he has gone mad)

What is wrong with him, every time he will be talking  
about Spiritualism?  
(Before he was a cool dude, use to sip a bottle beer at  
a single breath)

And have you noticed, these days; he will be speaking  
Of Middle path and the right way of life.  
(Ha ha, was he our friend, who use to speak slang words in every sentence)

My God! He goes to temple every day and listens to  
religious sermons and lectures.  
(Is he the one who criticized God and never went to  
Temple before?) .

Before, he enjoyed his life and was a real man-drunk,  
fought.  
(But now speaks as if the volume of his voice has been  
lowered down)

Na! something is wrong with him, I think he will be a  
saint.  
(Ha ha! "All of them", nothing is wrong with him, he  
has simply gone mad.)

Prayash Gupta

# Reincarnation

Oh God! Thou give the power for my feeble attempts  
To immortalize your soul through my trembling verses...  
Thou, greatest incarnation of God of our time,  
The living legend-perhaps the living God,  
No one has the power to glorify your deeds,  
But today people are saying that you are no more,  
Oh lord! You tell me how can I believe this?  
Why should I believe them?  
I know that you are immortal soul that has conquered  
Death,  
But then, millions of your admirers are weeping at your  
Death;  
Oh lord! How can I believe that you are no more...  
I know that you are super power that has transmigrated  
the soul,  
I know that you are always with us,  
Oh Lord! Please give power to all of us  
to know about your miraculous creativity,  
I know that you are with me right now-  
Giving me the power to create these verses,  
O lord! Thou art abode to heavenly wisdom,  
You have to come back again in human form,  
Reincarnate on this world,  
To love and heal all human family.

Prayash Gupta

## Sir Irshad (The Sun I Suppose)

Never before had we met such a towering personality,  
Powerful Orator and a great Scholar.  
The way you taught us was like Wordsworth defining poetry -  
&quot;Spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.&quot;  
And we were really blessed to listen at your  
Spontaneous overflow of poems,  
Spontaneous interpretations and loved to hear  
Your play with words and synonyms.  
The ambience seemed as if we were in Paradise  
Listening to unheard melodious tune,  
That had the power to change the course of the life of the listener.  
If I had a permission to compare you with a candle,  
that melts itself to give light to others;  
the simile want be matched  
because the Knowledge of light which you give,  
brightens the life of your student and is never ending.  
If I ponder you to be twinkling stars,  
again it want to be justified because the stars may fade  
away with the morning dawn  
but the wisdom which you give shall inspire all and  
twinkle forever in our souls.  
Again if I imagine you to be a flower,  
my rationality would win over my imagination  
because flowers can only spread the fragrance  
but your aroma has the power to change a perspective of a man.

Your eyes would be filled with tears of happiness  
When you would listen that your students have become  
Doctors, Teachers, Engineers,  
Professors or Social transformers.  
And I'm sure;  
Your happiness would be multiplied to hear that  
You have inspired me to be a Spiritual Seeker.  
You are my role model and I shall always follow your Path-  
The task to enlighten the minds of the budding students.  
Oh yes! I guess, I can imagine you as a Sun,  
Burning itself every single moment  
Just to give heat and light and life to the entire Universe.





# The Ganges

Contaminating, decontaminated contamination  
Polluting, control of ceaseless pollution  
Spontaneously, not identical the sail of stream on the sand storm  
Ceaselessly I flow from my motherly womb of Gangotri,  
Executing my deeds- 'Karma yoga'  
Without blinking my eyes like that of an Owl in the frozen night  
Time has witnessed my actions....  
And I have witnessed the action of men  
You constructed The Wall in my course...but still I dribble  
Through those nine and twenty cities  
Tying knot with the evergreen trees, pure gentle breeze  
The mesmerizing solitude of the meadows  
Silently I move on ....whispering millions of  
Unspoken words in the mood of gay.  
Ay, Where are they now.... where are they?  
Did they disappear with time or  
The controller of time consumed them...I know not...  
But....Behold...  
The factories in their place  
And from their chimneys...the endless smoke  
Evocating me of my lovely dear breeze...  
Oh! I forgot to mention about a gift I got...  
'Industrial Effluent', They call it...  
Making me blackish brown,  
Contaminating, they call it  
Decontaminated contamination  
Polluting, they call it  
Control of ceaseless pollution  
But what about my Dolphin?  
What about thousands of marine creatures who live with me?  
Are they going to survive? I know not...  
But still they do not protest for their survival...  
Rather I see their number subtracted...  
With the flow of Time or rather the flow of me...  
Are they in the mood to disappear....  
Or were compelled to disappear like my dear trees... I know not

Oh dear lord! Where are my friends?  
Please bring back those Trees and Dolphins...

So that I can flow once again  
Whispering millions of unspoken words  
In the mood of gay.  
I pray every single moment I flow...  
Are my prayers answered? I know not  
It might be in a long queue  
As hundreds and thousands of people  
Come to bath in me and pray...  
Even if their body is contaminated, they care not  
Some pure Spiritual seeker, some soulful contaminated body  
Some soulless life, Some fire consumed ashes after funeral pyre  
Floats on me... Takes bath  
To purify their past deeds, they say  
Did I come to purify you?  
Oh yes, I came from The Shivji's hair  
At Bhagiratha's call....  
To purify the ashes of his ancestors...  
And from then, I have been flowing on  
Witnessing all that I have witnessed

Oh! Just let me flow my way  
And silently sleep along the lines of bay...

Prayash Gupta

# These Days What Is Wrong With Man

These days what is wrong with the man, they won't ride on me.  
(Just open your eyes and see the comfort they find in me)

But they know that I'm Environment-friendly.  
(But I'm people friendly)

I know you can travel fast, but you create pollution.  
(So what, people prefers me, they tolerate pollution as well)

You make many accidents every day.  
(It is not made by me but by the reckless driving)

In the primitive times, they rode on me and fought battles.  
(So what, now they can travel with me to battle for their existence)

Fly high in the sky, one day your pollution will kill man.  
(Let it be, they are the one to prefer me)

What is wrong with the man, they won't ride on me.  
(Just open your eyes and see the comfort they find in me)

Prayash Gupta

# Tiger Hill

## TIGER HILL

Thundering....

In the Deep- dark night of Amavasya,  
And the furious roaring of The Lion,  
Echoing in the sacred forest of Tiger Hill.

Shivering, Trembling,  
Shuddering out of extreme fear,  
I screamed, "Aama"

Lightning...

The vague image I saw at a distant-  
In the hide and seek of Nature's light,  
Someone with a long hair riding on The Lion...  
I could capture only the half-bloomed lotus in one of her many hands.....  
The Lion roared...  
The frightening call,  
But the fear of sweat on my forehead  
Came out as a tear of calmness...  
Pacifying my heightened anxiety,  
I felt as if my soul was spiritualized...  
Who was She? I wondered...  
Was She The Adishakti? (The mother of the entire Universe)

Lightning...

I found myself tip-toeing on the peak,  
With my curious eyes wide-open  
Might be to visualize the nascent rays of the new Sun,  
The oozing of the calm-cold air chilled my bones  
But the mesmerizing view of the Baby Sol  
Lifted my low spirit,  
That had become tired from mundane activities...  
The maturing rays then embraced Mt. Kanchenjunga,  
The amalgamation of the ripening heat of the Sun  
And the freezing cold of the Mountain.

Lightning...

I then saw Green -White Pines...  
The partially White carpeted boulevard  
As the flake of Snow was making its journey  
From The Heaven to the Earth.  
What a beauty it was!  
A joy, peace and beauty that was complete in itself.  
(Without any need of artificial ornamentation)

Lightning...Thundering...  
I then heard the sound- more powerful than that of thunderbolt...  
The not so familiar voice...  
Coming from the lone roads of Tiger Hill  
Or perhaps from the green white Pine Trees...

Lightning...  
I saw the image of The Dozer,  
Marching forward to bulldoze our sacred land...  
The voice not so familiar- Screaming, Shouting

Thundering...  
The whole Earth shaking at the tremors of quake,  
People praying for help...  
&quot;Trahimam, Trahimam&quot; everywhere

Shivering, Trembling  
Choking out of extreme fear,  
I screamed once again, &quot;Aama&quot;  
I don't want the vision of dozer  
I don't want the vision of the quake.

Prayash Gupta

# Tom Wants Peace

Tom wants Peace.

(No, no-he wants money)

My fear friend Tom wants Peace.

(No, no-he wants money) .

Don't you listen, he'll be praying early in the morning.

(Haha! he told me the thoughts of money always comes in his mind before prayer)

Don't you know, he helps others to find a sense of satisfaction.

(Na, I know; ha does so to get something in return)

But he goes to temple every week

(Don't you see, he wants to cure his Mother-sick)

Ya, but we can see him constructing roads for villager.

(Haha! Right now you wont understand the underlying corruption my friend teenager)

Everyone says he has good fame in society

(That fame is made by money)

I believe, it is earned by his selflessness

(I bet it is achieved by his selfishness)

Whatever you say, Tom wants Peace and Fame.

(No, my dear friend, he wants money; but yes fame is included)

Prayash Gupta

# Voice Of A Mad Man

When I talk about idealistic world,  
Am I mad?

When I say our Earth is a paradise  
Am I Mad?

When I view all countries without boundaries  
Am I mad?

When I see all human without titles  
Am I mad?

When I can find peace every where  
Am I mad?

When I can see rich serving the poor  
Am I mad?

When I can see all love and no hate  
Am I mad?

When I can view of casteless society  
Am I mad?

When I see only right and no wrong  
Am I mad?

Or

When I speak the truth  
Am I mad?

When I raise my voice against corruption  
Am I mad?

When I say, we have to live in reality  
Am I mad?

When I give spiritual lectures to youth  
Am I mad?

When I go against the inequality  
Am I mad?

When I say God dwells in heart,  
Am I mad?

When I say labours should be properly paid  
Am I mad?

When I say all men are mortal  
Am I mad?

When I say Excess run after money never ends  
Am I mad?

When I say every second we are dying  
Am I mad?

When I shout for the freedom of individual  
Am I mad?  
Now You say  
Am I mad?  
Or the one who.....

Prayash Gupta



# Where Are You My Love?

Where are you my love?

You stole my heart and disappeared in the lap of Himalayas,

Wondering not,

How can I lead my life without you

Your absence makes me the morning dew

That loses its identity with the early rays of the Sun

Or that of Forest owl

Living in an constant threat of extinction

Do not make me motionless and still Mountains

Melting continuously at magical flute of Environment depletion,

Without you, I am counting the days of doom

At this apex age of deforestation and materialism,

Where are you my love?

Come back to me...

Afforest my life

Let our soul mingle forever with the serene beauty and lost glory of nature.

Prayash Gupta