

Poetry Series

Savita Tyagi
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Savita Tyagi()

I was born and raised in India. After my marriage I came to U.S. It wasn't until my children grew up that I turned back to my love of reading and writing again. This time medium was a foreign language- English. Though I mostly write in English I still love to read Hindi and also our ancient Sanskrit poetry. To this day this ancient as well as new age poetry draws me with same passion. This fusion and enrichment some time reflects in whatever little I have been able to write and share with you. I am very thankful to everybody who has taken time to read my poems. With out your support I couldn't have done it. A big thank you to all who encouraged me to keep writing with their wonderful comments.

I also have a blog 'When Thoughts Get Wings.'

1/2 And 1/2 Nots

Reading my poem 'Nobody and Somebody'
Bri suggested that I write about 1/2 and 1/2 nots
Of course he probably was kidding!
But it inspired me to twist the numeric a bit.

It has been the dream of mankind to
Close the gap between the 1/2 and 1/2 nots
To create a homogeneous society.
Sadly this wholesome dream floats in a world of fake
Having no real consequence at stake.

Some say this world is also an illusion
But not like that inner world of absurd cohesion.
In dream world the 1/2 nots may be sitting in a palace,
But here I find them sitting on footpaths
Waging a bitter battle of want and agony,
Aghast by onlooker's disdain and fate's irony.

Many would consider them a burden.
Some would sympathize to shed some tears
But not enough to share their precious 1/2s.
Very few would think of making the human life
Whole by sharing their 'haves' with 'have nots'.

Two negatives do create a positive in math.
But in real world 1/2 nots may aspire to have
An enchanting dream of wholeness with their counter half
Or they just might cancel each other out
To create an awful life of zero balance.
And this I write without having
Much of a math knowledge!

Savita Tyagi

9/11- Haiku

Paid by innocent
Civilians the price for war
Government's secret.

Savita Tyagi

A Bird's Chase And Bee's Flight

On one of my morning walks when the
Day felt ignoble and routine, suddenly
A black bird with a coarse shriek came
Flying violently in air above my head.

Her plumage looked wet and unkempt.
She was preying upon a wasp or a bee.
The spunky wasp flew with all its might.
In a duple' time the chase was over.

The distraught bird, probably heavy with
Damp feathers had lost its battle for food.
Today the bee won the fight for her survival.
Tomorrow she may not be so lucky though.

But for now she can be grateful and rest
In the shady crevices of oak branches.
I watched the weary Grackle as she took
Shelter in the opposite cluster of pine needles.

The frenzied atmosphere returned to vacant
And languid idleness of hot summer morning,
But not before it made my regular walk under
Cerulean sky a bit more exciting and of a show wild.

Savita Tyagi

A Blunt Thought

I read so often many post,
Written and shared of unknown hosts.

'Please don't come to my grave,
Tears in eyes and lips trembling,
To say, how much you loved me'.

'Must you say what you have to,
Please say it now when it matters'.

A word to these love hungry souls,
Please don't mind the thought I pour.

If you haven't heard these words by now
Chances are you won't be hearing them
At your grave or written on your tombstone!

So please quit demanding....
And figure out why haven't you heard those words?

May be a change of behavior would help.....
What we say will not go with you
But what you say will surly stay with us.

Savita Tyagi

A Cherub Descends

Lovely day for a Cherub to descend!
Muses get your Cithara out!
Roses bloom and Robin sings
Shaisha stands guard
Where lies the baby Kumar
Parvati shaped him
With turmeric and gold
Silvery dust of moon to adorn
Like a pink cotton candy
His is a beauty to behold
Unmatched in his velour
Pride and joy of his mother
Stands tall with his father
Oh! The waiting grand parents
Not to mention uncle and aunts
So anxious to dole out
A hug and a kiss to blow out
Waiting! waiting! waiting!
An angel is descending

Well! Well! Well!
The bundle of joy is here
May God bless him
With all the love and care

With hugs and kisses
Happy Grandma

Savita Tyagi

A Chinese Proverb And My Thought

A friend wrote a Chinese proverb,
Said 'she strongly believes in it.'

'An invisible thread connects those
Who are destined to meet regardless
Of time, place or circumstance.
The thread may stretch or tangle but will never break.'
(A Chinese proverb)

My instant reply:

An invisible thread connects us
Even with those we are
Never destined to meet.

Her answer 'Hmm never thought of it';
My thought ' shouldn't we be thinking of it.'

Savita Tyagi

A Connecting Outlook

An Individual Outlook

I am an individual
A living, breathing cluster of flesh and bone
A bundle of emotions
Joy and happiness
Misery and sadness
My problem is not that millions are stuck in the swamp of misery
I am engrossed with the thought that
Why am I stuck in it?
Sickness and poverty is global in its magnitude
Yet my tears are only for my being swept away by it
Confined in this body my soul knows only my suffering
How do I know that a being next to me is hurting just as much?
Society is an abstract I am forced to deal with
I accept communion just as my need
I work towards it only for my own self
If not fruit full I will brush it aside as easily
As I weed out the lawn to keep it healthy
So is there anything wrong with it
If every one will take care of oneself
We all could be much more happy
Self-reliance is a virtue we all need to cultivate

Now here comes another out look

A Universal Outlook

We may come and go alone
But we depend on others for our survival
Alone we perish together we thrive
We are part of a whole
Confined in our body
Our soul is part of this vast cosmic consciousness
Obscure is our vision yet it shines and shimmers
Like water shimmers under rays of sun
An illusion it may be but leaves an impression
Deep enough for us to feel a longing
For this universal consciousness

Some time only way to experience it
Is to feel the pain of others
To wipe somebody's tears
Ignore your own suffering
To alleviate pain of a grieving heart
To our surprise often
We help our self in the process
A sense of calm satisfaction
Working like a balm upon our wounded ego
Self-interest in reverse action

This is the secret of our survival
Key to unlock the door of happiness
We have to remind our self constantly
Though we can't follow the highest ideals
Yet don't want to become selfish individuals either
There is a middle ground, a middle out look
Just as valid as a dusk or dawn
A small connecting point
For you and I.

Savita Tyagi

A Day Of Thanksgiving

Thanks for beautiful blue skies
Thanks for fragrant air silently filling the garden
Thanks for colorful fall leaves
Swirling and dancing through air even in their demise
The smell of earth mingled with scent of life
Still emitted from fallen leaves
Thanks for crisp afternoon sunshine
Filtering through bare trees
Thanks for little birds' morning chorus-
Busy squirrel's ritual of nibbling on acorns
And depositing some underground
Thanks for my ears and my eyes to be able to watch
This wondrous sight
Thanks for my family and friends
Most of all thanks for this happy state of mind
Receptive to the simple joys of the day
I need not know whom to thank-
It is enough to know that I have so much to be thankful for.

Savita Tyagi

A Dream Experience And Its Impressions I

Last night's dream was awfully unusual
Some thing I rarely have experienced
Death and destruction not of Nature's
But the casualties caused by humans.

Heartless, robot like cruel humans
Striking adults with black cannons
Smashing babies like clay figures.
Body parts scattered every where.

Amid all that chaos stood my
Frozen, cold face, statue like figure
Devoid of any grief or sadness
Or the slightest frantic awareness.

Though in all honesty I should have been
Trembling and moaning with eyes closed
Unable to wake up from that horrible dream
But nothing like that of sort happened.

Waking consciousness took over eventually
Reconstructing the dream I became fearful
Recollecting my frozen icy expression
How should I think of that mental regression.

Does it resemble our mostly quiet life style
Partly brought upon with advancing years
Where deprived of new life adventures
Calm mind descends into eon collections.

Free and unhindered plays in its own scenarios
Or is it that I have become immune to suffering
Death, destruction, gunshots and bomb blasts
All kind of horror acts known for happenings.

It causes no emotional disturbance or
Personal impact when seen from a distance
Is it emotional maturity or lack of empathy?
A horrible state of mind to be in certainly.

To lose compassion for pain and suffering!
To become a neutral witness of dying babies!
Oh! Lord! Please never never let me become
Such a person not even in my dreams.

Let me remain a human with a grieving heart,
Extending a helping hand whenever I could,
Let me not be without the love and empathy
That connects us all from farthest of distance.

Let this dream not be the indication of what
Lies there beyond the time called golden years
When life transforms me into a heartless
Stone cold figure in a fragile cage of bones.

Savita Tyagi

A Dream Experience And Its Impressions Ii

A child riding his three wheeler
A big truck follows
Wraps the child
And his three wheeler
In the front left wheel of truck
From the back of car window
I watch helpless...not knowing
If the child survived or not
Last thing I remember is his
Smiling face
Getting the thrill ride
On his three wheeler
Dream breaks—
The fear, the anxiety
The sadness persists.

Being helpless is the worst
Thing in life
Back in past my little kids
Have taken many a thrill rides
On their three wheeler
And I ran with them
Or after them in the middle of street
To make sure the oncoming
Traffic saw us
Fear never kept us away from
Enjoying little things
And I never felt helpless
Though it was all God's grace
That had let us live our life
Safe and secure.

Now I sense an aura of fear
All around dealing with news
Of young children, even grownups
Being shot by others
At the slightest of provocation
Some time even without provocation
Be it by the hands of police, gang members

Mentally sick or avengers
What troubles me most is the thought
That the shooters too have lost
Their sense of security
They have weapon, yet fear of having
The other person a weapon makes
Them shoot an unarmed person.

In fear of death one must put
His own survival first-
There is no denial of the fact
But can any body perform
The duty of protecting others
With so much fear for their own life
And how can a citizen live his life
Not knowing which of his action
Would result in altercation with authority
Or other community members
How can one live with so much fear?
How long can we ignore the demand
That give a gun in each hand
Or take the guns away from all
How long can we ignore the distrust
That nobody is protecting here any body
But their own selves
That jungle law still prevails in civil society
How long can we run away from our selves
When we have every thing to fear
And nothing to assure us.

Savita Tyagi

A Flicker In Silence

When searching for solutions
Intellect can be as great an obstacle
As our emotional being
If it prefers to construct its own truth
And regards it as an absolute
A flicker that is experienced
In silence of mind holds
The hints and impressions
For a problem even though
Solution is still at large in mind.

Savita Tyagi

A Floating Cloud

I am like a floating cloud in this
Vast open seemingly barren sky.
Hidden in my bosom millions of tiny vapors,
Formless, colorless, faceless,
Waiting for a chance to get a face, a color, or a form.
In their expression I find a bit of my identity,
But very often I float around
Carrying that mysterious world within.
That veiled mysterious world-
So near yet so unknown.
Every now and then a flash of light escapes from it,
Like a meteor bursting on night sky.
It touches me, inspires me
Illuminates my whole being for a moment-
Then every thing becomes quiet again,
Like nothing has happened.
Mystics call it the world of silence-
Unfathomable.
There all is tranquil, all is calm.
This infinite space within-
The substratum of life,
It holds me, cuddles me, guides me through.
Always pulling me with some magical energy
Yet always beyond my reach.

Savita Tyagi

A Flowerbed!

An abandoned spiderweb
Survived the onslaught of
Winter ice and snow.

The spring came and filled
The spider web with tiny flowers
Shredded from the bush above.

A tiny insect now enjoys
The comfort of a soft white bed!
A tantalizing feast for eyes!

Savita Tyagi

A Friend

Just around the corner is a friend indeed
When called upon in need
Sincere, vibrant, resilient
A flower in the garden
Or a companion in silence
Treading the path of life
Inch by inch or mile by mile
Leaving the footsteps behind
For us to remind
The time that we shared
With the heart that cared
It flew like a feather
Yet falls back from ether
Ever so gently to rest upon memory
Light and soft is remembrance's touch indeed
A listener, a teacher, a friend indeed
Just around the corner
When called upon in need.

Savita Tyagi

A Friendship Quilt

Struggling to survive in a foreign land
I met an old lady, working on a small piece of quilt
"Lovely", I remarked
Proudly she showed me nine more pieces made by her friends
To complete the mosaic of her quilt
Nuance of her wrinkled face were filled with cherished memories of a lifetime
"Do you have friends? " She asked after a pause
A quilt needle pierced through my heart
"No, " I said quietly, " All were left behind."
That night in my cold empty room
Tears rolling from my eyes
I longed for the placid familiarity of my homeland
For the warmth of a friendship quilt
At midnight moon came out smiling from the clouds
In its pellucid light from window pane
A checkered pattern emerged on the wall
The flat white squares on the wall
Were dappled with the leaves and tree branches hanging in the sash
Silhouette of a perfect quilt breathing life in still room-
Made me smile through my tears
I opened the window
Standing in the dark room, listening to the quaint causerie
Of stars and moon, of wind and leaves
I watched the ebullition of benevolence from Nature
Sweeping through my backyard
Clairvoyance?
For a sylph whispered from the woods
"You are not alone"!

Savita Tyagi

A Frightening Dream

A huge python crawls in dream again
Massive shadowy figure of long grey serpent
Moves with tremendous force in cold obscurity
From mythological memory I recall of Vasuki*
Shiva's faithful companion,
A garland of grace and beauty
Wrapped around his blue neck so gingerly.

Tonight he wasn't there
As an accomplice of ocean churning
For seekers of immortality
Tonight he was an ordained employee of death
In cold blooded merciless cruelty destroying,
Devouring all what was built with love and care.

Walls and bricks fall all around
Dust and smoke blind the vision
Choking me out of my breath
I stood there in darkness shaking and trembling
Oh! How I wished to save just a little nook.

A silent prayer, a wishful thinking
Echoed in fearful heart
Hope of a tiny dwelling to be spared
Amid the fallen debris of rocks and iron
His coils and fang will have mercy
For a little room where the most delicate
The most helpless of all
A little innocent life lies
Blissfully unaware of lurking danger.

Just then I break away from sleep
All apprehension of that fateful event stops
A sense of relief takes over
Akin to when an earthquake shakes every thing
But in a next moment of afferent sensation
When the earth becomes still
One feels himself alive again.

Fear grips my heart
A wakeful consciousness
Still disoriented
Entwined with truth and illusion
Haunted by the vivid memory
Of a terrifying, wretched moment
Struggles to regain and recompose.

For now all is calm in dark night
In quiet submission whatever was spared
Stirs back to life again
Cobra wraps in his coils whoever
Or what so ever it wishes to wring
And leaves the rest unscathed.

Savita Tyagi

A Gift From A Friend

Summer blooms with fragrant
White flowers of Jasmine.

A delightful gift from a friend
Making my days so pleasant.

Every day the plant sheds few flowers
Every day I pick up a handful of treasure.

I take a sniff of its delectable scent
And place them in a crystal a bowl.

Every day mentally I think of my friend
And send my love and thanks to her.

A serene morning routine adds so much
Meaning to my small simple existence.

Savita Tyagi

A Heart Full Of Love

Life is wonderful when heart is full of love
It searches not for any object of love
But falls in love with its own being
While loving the world as it is.
Housed in your body is the source eternal
For happiness; likewise It resides in each existence.
Sorrows of everyday life lessens not for It,
The tasteful delight of existence.
Potholes of grief are there to pull you down
But resist the temptation to dwell in there long.
Soil not your heart and soul in that muddy swamp.
Let the mystic river of love wash you clean.

Savita Tyagi

A Hill And A Cloud

On a sunny morning in Colorado
Sun, a mile closer than plains,
Greet me with added warmth.

A silver polished peak against blue sky
Seeks to mate with terrestrial cloud.
The cloud descending on a gorgeous hill
Whispers the bliss of heaven.
Hill in return raves about earthly pleasure.

Held together like body and soul
In rapturous embrace
The ecstasy of their beautiful love
Bursts out to mesmerizes all.

Yet none could hold the other long.

Much to their chagrin
The baleful wind breaks the silvery embrace
And tears the cloud away.

His promise to return soon
Echoes around the hill in thunderous rain.

Hill's gaze as always
Fixed upon its vanishing love,
Waiting, enduring, longing.

Such is sometimes the love's destiny
To keep the beloveds apart.
Though the hill and a cloud's
Beautiful union, however short-lived
Is forever immortalized in my heart.

4.22.2014

Edited 9.18.2017

A Larger Identity

It is not enough to have our own identity.
Our individuality is just one layer, a small brick
In a multilayered cosmic structure.
We are part of a bigger world,
And wish to be part of that larger identity.
To be a mother-father, brother-sister,
Son or daughter or a friend and relative
Is part of accepting that greater identity.
A social activity related to the service of others
Is rewarded by a sense of elation and stimulation.
In an environment where wider consciousness
Of a larger community is overlooked
Sense of oneness is diminished.
A segregated individual starts to
Suffer from malice of loneliness
Holding an insecure place
In a large body of universal existence.

Savita Tyagi

A Lost Verse

In my sleep out of no where
A poetic voice emerged to
Recite a verse melodious
So clear and audible to mind.

The epiphany woke me up stunned
Alas! Memory retained not a line
Quick was its loss in a swift blink
Like a song of impish wind chime.

2.28.2016

Savita Tyagi

A Mom's Point Of View

Here is why Hillary has trouble attracting Millennials!
This is the age group who rebels most from parental authority.
Specially Mom's!
Seeing a mom and a grand ma running for president-
Their reaction- Oh! No! Not Mom Again!

Savita Tyagi

A Mother's Call

You are my first thought of the day
When eye lids open
I see you behind those lids
And send a prayer for your welfare.

Distances are crossed
The day becomes blissful
When offsprings appear
In dream for added joy.

9.10.2016

Savita Tyagi

A New Flower

Upon the grave of the old
A new flower blooms.
Sadly it never knew the
Loving nurturing hands of a Gardner.

The Gardner sleeping in the grave
Left the plant alone.
Yet it blooms to add its beauty to the old grave.

The rising sun gave it warmth,
The rain nourished the plant,
And the protective wind kept it in her watch.

Fighting against all odds of life
With her nature given might
The tiny flower blooms
Upon the grave of the old.

Now it wishes to be plucked
To be part of a bouquet.
Let someone make it part of a lovely arrangement.
Or is it his fate to wither alone?
To be perished upon the grave of the old!

3.9.2017

Savita Tyagi

A Night Before Full Moon And Memories Of Holi

Beautiful is the moon, just before
The night of full moon. Specially if
One can watch it late at night or
Early morning in the western sky.

I opened the back door hoping to
Catch a glimpse of super yellow moon.
Dawn is still in night's cozy cradle,
And sound of traffic is almost dead.

Mystical is serenity of darkness but
Moon is nowhere is to found.
The clouds have stepped in late night
To hide celestial beings in gray sky.

I felt the touch of soft raindrops. By the porch
Light, rain is cascading in thin silvery streaks.
though not violent enough to disturb the trance of
Majestic bare oaks or bloom of slumbering daffodils.

Even in the quietness of night
Sound of rain is barely audible.
I came to bed with an awakened self
Attentive to the mild tapping of water.

Today it is Holi celebrated in India. A jubilant
Festival of splashing colors upon each other,
And sharing of food. Night before it, the bonfires
Are lighted everywhere around neighborhoods.

Aroma of green garbanzos roasted upon
Burning wood and laughter of merry crowd
Dancing and singing around fire signals a joyful
Spirit of community celebrating spring equinox.

all this seeped out of childhood memories
To mingle with fresh and soothing sounds
Of raindrops sliding upon the windowpanes,

Dripping from rooftops and bare tree branches.

I stayed awake relishing the whispers of rain and
Of sweet memories breaking the barriers of time.
Was the magic of night lost before the sleep took
Over against my wishes? I couldn't tell.

Savita Tyagi

3.20.2019

3.30 A.M.

Savita Tyagi

A Piano

Sometime I wish I had a piano
In a long list of wishes may be another addition
Or if my pen was a piano key
On lazy afternoons of summer
When touched softly
Its music would break the silence of this room
The languid humming of air conditioner
Would mellow in its sweet sound
The colors esoteric in nature
Ascending through air reaching to empyrean
Would shower upon me in sweet paeon
I do laugh at the idea though
That sounds so perfect in phantasmagoria
The trill coming out of the keys
Would probably be as smudged and muddled
As the writing coming out of this pen
Backed only with a dull desire or inclination to write
When would I realize that the pen or the piano key
Both are substitute for my inability
To sit quiet and enjoy the stillness.

Savita Tyagi

A Poet's Heart

He had a poet's heart
When he melted with pain at the sight of a wounded bird
Like an ice cube melting in summer's heat
The helpless eyes of grieving bird's mate
Turned his heart's cries into verses of poetry
This famous story is an inspiration
For poets around the world

On rainy days a poet's imagination streams and floats
Like a little paper boat in gushing rainwater
It giggles and laughs with little children
Playing in rainwater
It captures the adventures of a raindrop
Falling in puddles of city streets
Floating through winding alleys
And walkways to settle in creek bed

A poet's eyes notice the forehead of young women
Working in rice paddies
And sees the sweat shimmer like dew drops
To offers cool relief to their sun burnt faces
The flame of life burning in their soul
Registers in his song

In winter his voice slips and slides on the frozen lake
And dances with the moon light beams

Spring brings a blossoming to his heart
Like a bee he goes from flower to flower
Seeking the meaning of life in their tender love
His songs are carried away on the wings of humming bird
He renders his life for the sake of love
Like a moth falling on the burning candle wick

Limitless are the imaginations of a poet's heart
And vivid are sketches unveiling the mystery of this world

This poet's heart hidden in all
Goes unnoticed unexplored

Shrouded in vague thoughts
Like running water under ice
When we relish and rejoice
In life around us
And learn to recreate it in our words
The veil lifts off

If I could catch the flicker of a thought
Dancing in my head
That would touch the heart
Mine as well as yours
And is as inspiring and revealing of my world
As the golden rays of dawn
Longing to pen it on paper
I too knock on poet's world.

Savita Tyagi

A Point

An affable desire rising from deeps of my heart
To search for a point where you and I can meet
A segue from rift to harmony
A soft touch, a moment of peace
A place to rest for restless mind
When bitter redundant passions turn sangfroid
I look around to see sky and earth meeting at horizon
The sanguine dusk embracing the night and day
The river rushing to meet the ocean
All my life I have been searching for something like wise
Never knowing the abscess of sorrow
Needs to be dissolved first to seek joy
The nub of life- the point of nirvana
But I need you to hold my hand to walk with me
Let's walk together in a world
Where mysteries of life still unfold
All those years I have tried to touch you in vain
I will take two steps for your one
But you have to move from your point of isolation.

Savita Tyagi

A Point Of No Return

Riding on wings of imagination I fly-
Fly to catch the colors of rainbow,
To float with deep blue clouds,
To become one with a peck of seagulls.
The soft breeze caress me
A flying eagle takes me under his wings as to
Shield me from menacing rays of burning sun
That is when I look down to see you
Calling me, cautioning me against the perils of
Unrestricted flights of mind.
Walking between the thin line of dreams and reality
I know you to be my lifeline.
The world beneath me is hard and cold,
Its cruel drudgery hampers my spirit.
Even in your loving embrace I flutter
Like a butterfly caught in a spider web.
Again and again I break loose to fly
To catch my dreams-
That bottomless pit of circular motion
Which has no walls to support me.
Merging with its speed I still see you as my lifeline
But wish for a point of no return.

Savita Tyagi

A Prayer

This imperfect vessel made of soft clay
Can't hold all the precious blessings
So gingerly upon my psyche you lay.
Why should I crave for what is not mine?
What is mine O Lord! Is only a gift of thine.
Make me strong! Make me hardy.
You have put a brush in my hand
Let my strokes be any thing but tardy.

Savita Tyagi

A Prayer For Guidance

Lord! Show me the way and I can walk on it
Sting of thorny bushes will not swear me
Lonely silence will not scare me
Send me a guiding light and I will follow it
Let the darkness dissolve in me like night dissolves under the sun
Let me float among clouds to seek thy rainbow
For I know not to pick the color of life
With my heart's desire lost in blue sky
Lord! I wait for your whisper to take over my cries.

Savita Tyagi

A Prayer For Peace

My heart- a little fragile boat,
Filled with love and care, so unable
To deliver of what it holds.

Limited are my means and approach,
But prayers have miraculous power.
Let your love flow in my prayers.

I am a bird of small wings and limited flight.
Let my prayers carry the message of peace
To the farthest shore searching for relief.

Bigger like that of Bar-tail godwit,
Let my prayer make an arduous flight, and
Bring solace to war torn land and blood thirsty sand.

My heart is sadden and full of sorrow
To see the greed and hunger for power
Causing so much pain and suffering.

Indiscriminate is bloodshed of young and old
In callous disregard for human life-
Is there no way out of this strife?

I fold my hands in prayer and kneel
For peace to settle upon myself as much
As upon all the hearts torn with grief.

7.28.2014-

Savita Tyagi

A Senryu For Father's Day

loving and caring
a strong shoulder to lean on
that's what fathers are.

Savita Tyagi

A Short Meditation

Oh! Benevolent spirit of forest
Let me be the resting place of your habitat.
Let me have the honor to enhance your comfort
For tired and desolate.

When the little hatchlings fly out
Of your chamber of greens-
Blind and disoriented-
Their delicate wings too weak
To take them across a long journey,
Their instincts in despair
To measure the depth of earth,
Or the height of sky above,
Let my shoulders be the resting place for their flight.
Oh! How I will cherish to my hearts' delight
The company of that little guest
Even for a split second!

When the morning dew bathes the flowers fresh,
And robin greets the sun,
I see a monarch butterfly take off from a rose petal
For a journey unknown to me.
Please let her rest on my belly just of a moment.
Let her fill me with the wonder of life
Pulsating through her wings.

Let my hand be the one to assist you,
In your burden of forest to grow and to nurture.

And when the time comes,
Let me lie low under those copper leaves
To feel that one last touch of existence.

Let my breath mingle with the breath of forest
That envelops all,
Before I descend into ground,
Or float around the periphery of time and space
Under the luminous rays of sun.

A Small Accomplishment (Sitting On The Wellhead)

It's been more than a year
Since I wrote the poem
'Even In Failure I Feel relieved'
When my book project was halted.
This spring breathed in it a new life
And the old project was revived.
For six weeks I worked diligently on the book
And formatted poems all over again.
Satisfied with the process
I submitted the book again.
I am thrilled and happy to say
That Amazon published it as is
With cover and format accepted.
Can't speak for others
But I love my book cover.
As for poems I am in love all over!

5.20.2018

Savita Tyagi

A Song Of My Existence

Today I sing just for my self
This music as natural as the breath I take
Doesn't belong to pages of poetry
I sing not in memory of past
Or to behold the glorious future
I sing just to make this moment the happiest one.
I sing to feel the taste of life
Like a little child sucking on his thumb
To feel his sweet existence.
Today I find refuge in my words
To seek joy and to cast away the grief
This broken, rhythmless paeon rising from the depth of my heart
Reveals a joyous existence
Like a curtain moving in soft breeze
Exposes the mysterious unknown.

Savita Tyagi

A Spring Like Day In Autumn I

Morning

O! Autumn

What mask have you put on today?

The morning feels like spring

Wind seems tumultuous

And my heart! It just wants to whirl away

With those leaves in blue sky.

Read a lovely poem this morning

'...A spring was breaking in my heart....'

Thought Antonio Machado was picking my heart beat

Like him I also wondered for the source of my joy

' Which secret aqueduct

Oh! water are you coming from...'

This inner feeling of joy

Not the left over hue of a pleasant dream

Just a simple truth of wakeful consciousness

As beautiful as this objective world

When autumn feels like spring.

Savita Tyagi

A Spring Like Day In Autumn II

Evening

By afternoon clouds were racing in grey sky
Sun light colored the western horizon sparingly
In gold spilling out from clouds whenever it could
I decided to seize the last pleasure
Of a gorgeously passing day with
An early evening walk in neighborhood
The earth was still dry and sky colors fascinating
But the minuet of rain drops has started
I kept walking hoping to beat the clouds
Shifting their gear from neutral to go
Faster I walked still protected by my sweats
When was the last time for me to be drenched in rain?
Couldn't remember!
Must be the school days when Monsoon rains
poured in a matter of minutes
Or may be running after kids
To catch them away from their rain play.

This evening it was just me
Still few blocks away from home
Rain didn't spare me but promised to change
The joy erupted since morning into rapturous thrill
How ever it did worry my son
Who went in car to look for me
And was relieved to see me home safe
That evening I stood by the door for a long time
To watch the end of a spring like day
In rain, hail and tornado watch
And treasured it all in my heart
With a wonderful feeling of love's coating!

Savita Tyagi

A Thank You Note To My Fellow Poets

Close to holidays these are my few thoughts of
Gratitude and delight that poets and poetry ignite.

It is like a visit to and from a dear friend of graceful beauty
When Valsa writes a comment or I read her poetry.
She is an icon and mentor by example in world of poetry.

When Bri visits my page or sends messages about his showcase,
Instantly I know there is something to smile about.
He carries a bag of humor and uses it best to bring poets together.

When Akhtarji writes a comment, it seems like a long lost brother
Has sent his greetings. His love poems are some of the best.
His pain for his divided Motherland is as intense and acute
As that of a child bearing the immense burden of an ugly parental divorce.

If Kelly Kurt has read and liked my poem I am confident
To have a stamp of approval from an intellectual genius.

Daniel Brick's kind comments are always a pleasure to read.
His in depth knowledge of classical literature simply leaves me in daze.

Susan Williams and Susan Lacovara touch my heart with their poems.
It leaves me satiated with a bond and kinship of being a poet and a woman.
Many other woman poets are so special for this added reason.

Tirupati Chandraruptala's simple, pure heartedness and Tushar Ray's
Loving translations of Tagore's poetry bring immense joy.
They are some of the few American poets who bridge the cultural gap
Of east and west.

I am humbled and inspired at the same time to see poets
Equally stoic and of scientific background read my poem.
I admire them for their inquiring and sensitive mind, and
To seek cusp of life through science as well as through poetry.

Poets of seventy five plus age group send me positive
Vibes for my own future if their footstep I can follow!
Their flamboyant spirit imbued with humor is an inspiration.

I am ever so grateful to them even if my pen goes into isolation.

Reading poetry of so many talented Indian poets removes the deep sadness
That often pervades me for being so far away from the motherland.
It keeps me connected with my people of this rich ancient land.

Influx of new poets on this site is on rise and continuous
Their high spirit and enthusiasm is like breath of fresh air.

Often I see young poets like Bharati and others address me as
Mam, Madam or Savitaji. Like their poetry their affection is priceless.
After all what can please a mother and grandmother more than
To watch these talented young ones touch new horizons.

I could go on and on with countless names and personalities of poets
Who have impressed me in so many ways through their words.
Some are still on this site and some have moved on in other directions.
Yet they leave behind a lasting legacy of their poetry that still lingers on.

In writing all this I feel less like a poet and more like a person
Connecting with others on a new kind of world stage.

Poetry is more personalized today and reflects multiple colors
Of poets' hearts and minds.
The style and thought of poets change with time,
But this immortal art in various form lives on with readers and writers alike.

To this large family of poets both my predecessor and newcomers
And to PoemHunter and my readers I want to express my thanks and Gratitude
to share my poetry with you as well as a chance to learn from you.

With warm regards wish you all a very happy holiday season.

Savita Tyagi

12.3.2017

Savita Tyagi

A Tribute To Selma

A Tribute To Selma

Today America commemorates
The historic 50th anniversary of Selma
A peaceful march for voting rights
Turned bloody with police brutality
An emotion of gratitude and respect
Arises in my heart for all those
Who rise with courage against injustice
Paving and guiding the way for fairness
Marching, struggling and uniting us all
In an innate, common bond for the
Triumph of shared human spirit
Whether it is Selma for voting rights
Jalianwalla Bag for national freedom
Or Sharpeville rising against apartheid laws
We owe our freedom and liberty
To those fearless souls who without
Any stick or gun, shield or sword
Stood with determination in their hearts
To bridge the gap between
Freedom and slavery by the
Sheer strength of their will and
Righteousness of their thoughts
The power of their soul embedded
In their character so brave and willing
To lay down their life to inspire others
To rise against injustice and cruel humiliation
Of fellow human beings all around the world
Face of evil hidden in each and every place
Crushed each and every time again and again
By their most humble yet courageous efforts
Each of us owe our respect and gratitude
To those who died so we could live
Who suffered so we could be relieved of suffering
Whose vision for us was to have
What they were deprived off
Who fought so we could taste the fruit
Of liberty so forbidden to them

Let those who sacrificed be never forgotten
Never be away from our thoughts
Let their vision of future inspire us all
Let light of freedom shine upon us all.

3.7.2015

Savita Tyagi

A Trip To India

A trip to India

Exhilaratingly, overwhelming
Love of motherland and family
Bonded and intertwined so tightly
In one I see the other
This bond of love sweeping in veins
Like blood enriched with countless nutrients
Nourishment for mind body and soul
Flowing deep and smooth without
Any of my visible effort.
It sustains and energizes like nothing else.
Nothing can replace it.
Moving with life from place to place
This love is like a rock stable and stationary
Around it flows the water of life
Channeling to different directions.
In calm silence this great rock fills life with its sediment
In its fertile basin I plant flowers for myself
Far and wide spreads their fragrance

Savita Tyagi

A Voter's Choice

Can you be strong and not be violent
Can you be assertive and not be demanding
Can you be forceful and not be dominating
Can you be visionary and not be a dreamer.

Can you be a listener before becoming a talker
Can you be an observer and a learner
Can you be appreciative and not critical
Of the foundation laid down before you.

Can you respect diversity
Honor and respect those
Who walked a different path
In search of same ideals.

Can you inspire and not be an obstacle
Can you find a middle ground
In search of solutions overlooked
Not be an extremist and hold on to prejudice.

If you aspire to be all that
Then you are worthy to lead
Be a leader of this great nation
And you have earned my vote.

Savita Tyagi

A Walk In The Garden I

Jungle Jalebi

Under the bright sunshine of early summer
I walk around the villa
My new home of few weeks in the Middle East
The brick pathway was hot and shimmering
Burning my feet through slippers
In a preview of bacon fries days of summer ahead
The wild flowers and ever greens around compound villas
Softened the blow of heat and domesticated the desert in the front garden
I watched the lavender bushes with their mauve-blue spikes
And breathed their delicious mint fragrance
Fanned in the air through palm leaves
Curls of red berries on a native tree
Looked like copper rings blazing in fire
All of a sudden the mind had raced
To the open lands of my native country
Projecting some little images playing underneath the tree
Their coppery faces burning and crackling with laughter
The dusty berries clenched in their sweaty hands
I stood there melting with nostalgia and hot sun
In some ways Bahrain had brought me closer to my roots
The climate, the people, the food and the culture
Every thing was conducive to absorbing
The shock of moving to a foreign land
Once again in trying to understand my identity
I felt like growing constantly
Ready to embrace the world as my own
And being a tiny part of it where ever I go
I walked a little more trying to recall
The name of the fruit still locked
In the paradise of childhood
Finally my anguish from memory loss was relieved
When my husband, provoked by his own sweet memories
Uttered the word 'Jungle jalebi'!

Savita Tyagi

A Walk In The Garden II

Cactus flower

The little garden adventure came to a halt
With a look at the cactus plant and a bright yellow flower
Blooming on the top ridge of a thick wide stem
Its big leaf like green erect fang of a Cobra with flamed eyes
From archaic tale of India
Guarding a gem over its hood
Under the glaring rays of desert sun
The garden was illuminating with its lustrous beauty
The cactus flower blooming and fading in one short day
Leaves a memory behind
That lingers for a long time
The little flower a sober reminder of rise and fall of life
Or the affirmation of its continuity
As another bloom takes place right beside the faded one

The colors of life never cease to amaze me
Some have it for years
And some perish in one short day
Amid the harsh, ardent spikes of sorrow
There blooms a flower of joy
And under the dense comforting shade of happiness
Hidden some where is the moss of suffering

I am still alien to this desert land
But the cactus flower has clicked to become a part of me
Intrigued with its beauty I searched the web to find
Many more vibrant shades of bright pink, violet, orange and even white
I can only imagine the wild desert of scanty vegetation
Decorated with these little colorful gems of nature
An emancipation from the bondage of confined city living
But for now I am just as happy to see
The bloom of one cactus flower in my garden
After all one has to feel the essence of ocean
In a drop of water held in one's palm.

Savita Tyagi

A Waterless Cake (Limerick-No Syllable Count)

When it comes to singing New Year
Grand celebrations on Mars appear
Scientists are holding a convention
Honoring a rare Martian invention
A waterless cake recipe- I hear!

A Waterless Cake (Limerick with syllable count)

Grand celebrations on Mars appear
Their scientists are singing New Year
And hold convention to
Honor an invention-
waterless cake recipe- I hear!

Savita Tyagi

A Wicked Boy's Plight On Halloween Night!

Few little boys played happily with the ball.
An old mean boy kicked the ball high in air,
The ball got stuck in palm's thick green hair.
A woodpecker flew to poke a hole in ball.
She filled it up with grass to make a lair
For winter a warm nest she prepared.

Rain drops slipped from ball's slick skin
Her chicks were safe too from windy blare.
The boy spiteful brought a ladder to climb
On to one of the long tree branch he held
The hatchlings were fearful and distressed
For his cruel intention was to rumple the nest.

It was the evening for Halloween trick or treats!
Witches and goblins were flying above streets!

One of them kicked the ladder down with heels!
This left the wicked boy hanging from the tree!
Helpless to slide on ground or hoist up the nest!
His boisterous howls were drowned in darkness!
Nobody heard his sorrowful plight on that night!
For all thought he was doing the Halloween tricks!

10.30.2017

Happy Halloween Everyone!

Savita Tyagi

A Yard Full Of Leaves

Anemoi are fierce today
Attacking from all directions
Carrying orders from Thanatos
Life must go out alike of
Woods, valley and bower.
Rodents scuttle to go underground
Birds take off on long journey
And men stock their shelters
Anticipating season's change.

Wind shook the tree branches
Like acute cough shakes the
Sick, old skeleton facing life's end.
Leaves that in a spectrum of colors
Once made the trees look magnificent
Graced the vines in arbor
And swept the forest in fluorescent beauty
Flew in all directions released
To have a short taste of freedom.

They danced on streets
Romanced the waterways
Churned silence with nimble cadence
And fell upon earth in heaps.
Filled the ditches
Covered the lawns
And brushed against window panes
Jovial and free spirited.

Submitting to the brutal assault
Of wild Boreas and Notos
They are the harbinger
Of season's change
Almost numinous in their gentle
Reminder of Life's finite moments
There isn't a graveyard
As humbling and serene
As a yard full of dead leaves.

About A Day That Stands Out

Some time in doing simple things
The chain of events that take place
Make me think that
All this isn't my doing alone.
In this multidimensional world
Something else is moving the chips
And my little endeavor
Was meant to
Coincide perfectly
With what ever that working is
To bring an unexpected
Yet a very pleasant result
As if there is an ordain
Of which I am totally unaware
Yet obliged to follow.
There is some thing that makes
A day so perfect that
You couldn't ask for any thing more
Accept look at things filled
With amazement
And wonder.
The One whose hand is behind all that
Is somewhere
In realm of a distant consciousness
Beyond my own.
Yet the various entities here uniting and responding
As one
Colliding to create a friction
Or a rhythm of harmony.
Whatever the out come of such force
It is so visible and powerful that it
Makes the day stand out
As one unforgettable day in the memory.

Savita Tyagi

Adulthood

When one is challenged to be
One's own guide and stirrer
Of his own destiny,
That is a mark of adulthood.

When one enters the world
Beyond the protection of parents,
And the guidance of teachers
That is when adulthood starts.

When friends and siblings move
With their own commitments
And you are to find your own path
That is when adulthood starts.

When one is responsible for
Fruits and thorns of one's decisions,
looks at that grey vacant sky
And screams in pain for why me!
That is when adulthood starts.

When you walk those busy streets
And find not a friendly glance,
Drink your coffee standing alone
And world feels a stranger to you,

And you come to realize that you
Are your best friend and best guide
That is when adulthood starts.

When you have been beaten and
Hammered every step of the way,
Have buried all your frustrations,
Persevered in all your failures and
Still get up boldly to start over,

Not only you have accepted the
Challenges of being an adult but
You have learned the adulthood's

Finest lessons that life has to offer.

Savita Tyagi

An Amazing Flight

Perched high on a tree branch roosts the bird alone
Her flock scattered across the valley
Some flying high in sky, some gathering seeds on ground
Her eyes roll over to green meadows
Her thoughts venture into the largeness of sky
Nothing ties her to the old tree branch except the memories reverberating in her heart.

Her nest once full with chirping sound of her offsprings
Carries the sound of her own voice like that of a stranger
She watched the azure sky and the golden orb
Saw the hazy clouds floating above the solitary hills
Felt the rustle of wind in her feathers
And decided it was time to fly
Across the meadows beyond the sunset.

But the weight of memories
She found a burden too heavy to carry
The bird touched the nest with her beak
Laid her tender memories gently to rest and flew away free
Circling the sky and gliding gracefully with spread out wings
The flight was amazing since the bird flew light.

Savita Tyagi

An Ode To A Doll Maker

Once I saw a little girl playing with a dancer doll.
Her outfit was embroidered with the silk and silver yarn,
And decorated carefully with gold beads and sequins.
Her scarf was as wavy and transparent as a clear mountain stream.

Colorful tinsels were braided in her black hair.
Her bow like brow and nectar dripping lips,
Her round sensuous breast and slender bare waist
Were perhaps an accomplice to its maker's own sensuality.

O! Doll maker! amazing is your skill to replicate
The curves and contours of Nature's stunning creations.
The artistic hands of yours take the raw material and
Set it into the exquisite pieces of your imagination.

An angel in stone seems to fly at your command.
A figurine in porcelain sings the high notes of music.
A Kathakalli dancer comes alive in swirling motions.
The spirit of Kachina doll has the essence of spiritual force.

A silent history of Universe is depicted in these still forms.
Like a writer's verse your doll is just one of a kind.
Like a poet and his poems, you and your dolls are
Solace to each other, united in a single expression of love.

The maker of the doll and the little girl playing with it,
The poet with its poetry and the mesmerized readers-
All are bound to each other with a creative rhythm
Beating in their hearts, surging in the play of ever changing
Ever lasting and ever new beauty of art.

Writer' Note: Kathakalli is an ancient and popular dance form of India.

Savita Tyagi

An Ode To Cnn!

Moon asked
Dear old lady how do you spend your time?
I opened the window to let him in
Offered moon a glass of wine
He took the seat beside me to watch CNN
I think he may never leave!

Savita Tyagi

An Ode To My Poet Friends

Out of thousands of poets read on line, I have
Befriended few for reasons hard to define.
I see them through the eyes of their poetry,
Over a platform in cloud we share stories.

Not much we know of each other's life,
Nor much do we want to say to beguile.
None holds in the vain hope to meet,
Though chance permitted some may seek,

The faces hidden behind the favorite verses.
Some would find then much to converse,
Others would stay hidden and not traverse.
Only for reading writing they want to exist.

Such is this new on line, long distance world
Fingers do the talking and mouths stay shut.
You are here, there or just might be a phantom
What ever it is, there must be some connection
That lures me back to more of your creations.

You not being there is something I would be missing.

Savita Tyagi

An Olive Morning

It rained all night
Slow drizzle like sweet dreams streaming in droopy eyes
Till a thunderstorm bursts with lightning like a bad dream
Eyes open with a shock, traumatized sleepy mind tries to peek in darkness
Lightning provides a terrifying flash of light not to console but to send further
chills
I tried to go back to sleep but thunder keeps me awake
The window was open to let the gentle breeze in
Instead it sends shrieking wind with loud noise
Rain and lightning was making the night sinister
I could hear it in bird's sound
It was not the joyful chirping to greet the morning
But fearful wailing
Were their nests rain soaked?
I wondered!

Birds aren't the only one
Millions of millions have their roofs leaking in a night like this
Some don't even have roofs
We cry out for natural disasters
Yet Man made calamities are creating tent houses
faster than Nature could
Numbers are increasing day by day
Safe areas are barricaded with barb wire
Properties have more value than human life.

All of us struggle to create wealth with hard work and fair earnings
But for some there are no just wages
Only laws to prevent the saturation of wealth
wealth and power concentrated and consolidated among few
Most accept the system
Not all have the fighting spirit
A day goes by just to make their own living
we see, we hear, we feel the hard ship from a distance
Like drenching rain and the wailing birds in terrifying darkness
But dark night and rain is still comforting
Strangely and surely moments of peace creep into suffering.

Life offers much more than what happens

In our day to day life
It Offers an olive morning
Extending into azure sky of mid day
And receding in to a persimmon sunset
A desire and hope to live and enjoy the realm of possibilities.

I drift in and out of my senses
The thunder and lightning disappeared
Sun's rays started filtering from nylon mash of clouds
The cheerful energy of dawn was in the air
Rain soaked lawn was looking greener
In that olive morning.

Savita Tyagi

Ancient Wisdom

Vasudhav Kutumbakam - Universe Is Family

A concept that springs from
Wisdom of ancient saints
Put your faith in it and it is true to its core
Revealing an eternal truth in guidance
Expanding narrow corridors of heart

Just like one puts faith in a deity
With a votive of light and litany
Believe in it and it invokes
Finest emotions of reverence
Don't believe and it is just a stone

Sa Aham (That I am)

You! The abode of Universal Spirit-
Believe in it and its unlimited power.
Not to believe is like being a product
Of some mechanical principle
To be a mere robot sans soul and heart.

Savita Tyagi

Anger

Energy of anger
So intense, so destructive
Grudge and revenge boil the blood
Once the fury builds up in veins
Outburst is continuous hell
Till the flow exhausts it self

Few tricks out there to deal with it
First choose what you prefer
Indiscriminate rage
Managed expression,
Or burn it all inside like a sage

Stay quiet if situation permits you
Remove yourself from the scene
To avoid sudden outburst
Take a walk, open a tap or punch a bag
May be few deep breath to calm yourself
Given enough time it will burn out itself

Have you noticed how some-time
People are energized with anger
If you are lord of this dark power
The three Furies of vengeance with their
Burning eyes and poisonous blood
Might even work in your favor
So long not confronted by
Another ferocious angry bull
Heavens have mercy upon you then!

Savita Tyagi

Animals Know Something That We Don't

When I look at the animal world,
The rule to live and let live is
Followed better than humans do.
We proudly say that their mind is
Not as developed as ours, and only
Instinct they follow is of survival.
Hunger is part of it and the killing
Is done only to satisfy that need.
Animals take only what is needed,
And do not destroy to deprive others.

Humans want to control and accumulate
Our developed mind is making us
More and more desirous of a secure life.
In the processes we have forgotten
That all lives are entwined together.
All are bound by Nature's law.
If we could look past our insecurity,
Our greed and our fears, we will know;
That earth's riches are not to own but to use.
Even with their limited mind animals
Know and follow something which we don't.

I am not the first one to think that way
And certainly will not be the last one.
Would we ever evolve to some better species!
Would enough of us will band together to bring
About a little change of heart to live in love and
Harmony with nature and to follow a more kinder
And gentler behavior towards earth's habitants.

8.23.2016

Savita Tyagi

Another Day

Yet
Another day
Of bright sunshine
To finish the work
Unfinished

Another
Day of
Faith and courage
For new milestone in
Hope

Another
Day to
Work, improve, excel
Change the dream in
Reality

Another
Day of
Blessed life to
Share your laugh and
Tears

Another
Day to
Make amends, forgiven
forgotten mistakes mine or
Yours

Yet
Another day
To let go
Regrets of past gone
Forever

Another
Day to
Pray rejoice care

Brace life in love
Fellowship

Yet
Another beautiful
Day of inspiration
To write few short
Verses

Count
Your blessing
Yet another day
Of gratitude given from
Heaven.

Savita Tyagi

Anxiety

Storm hits the calm waters
Aching eyes get no rest
Unceasing mental conversation
Rolls out scenario like an old projector rolling out images
Past mid night- past three a.m. nothing but darkness
For bleary eyes
Tear soaked cheeks
That ocean of emotions, swelled by the turbulent phases
Impulse of sorrow beats high in stormy heart
Anguished by its own insatiable appetite for perceived suffering
It feeds on my pain and folly
Sinking deep I try to grapple in dark waters
Here endurance loses its face
Moon lit nights and sunlit days hide from reason
Its boundaries as vast and infinite as my imagination
Shattered and broken I am in that underworld
But stop! Collect yourself!
Go ahead and swim
Call upon that faith
The innate light of inner strength
Pierce the icy chain of thoughts
Glide back from that ocean of darkness
And reach for open shore
Miles and miles of sunshine awaits there
In its blessings
Wash yourself dry and hold together.

Savita Tyagi

Apartheid

So we can work any profession
Choose where ever we want to live
Study in any school of our admittance
Travel, eat, play any where with remittance
Love and live with who ever we choose to
Is apartheid really a thing of past
Is it not springing anew?
On a coffee cup that I bought in DC
It says E Pluribus Unum
Out of Many, One
A march of Many towards One
Hand in hand in unity
Look deep inside
Are our hearts united?
Beating as one
Or divided like a split pea
Between the Dark and lighted spheres
A solid yellow line blocking empathy
Despising unity
Embankments of hate and disgust
Greed and profit
Power and its manipulation
Spewing poison like mustard gas
Inventing ever new names
For discrimination
For division
We need to find the broken yellow line
A soft maneuvering within
To cover the distance of you and I
The guiding reflectors
The shimmering little lights of love
A crossing over
A new shade of compassion
Apartheid must end there
With in us
In our hearts.

Savita Tyagi

April Snow Flakes

In a sudden outburst
Snow flakes fall
swirling, dancing, flying
Silently filling the garden
In a dazzling show of beauty
In wonder and amazement
I watch the rare snow fall
For a minute even think of
Flowering buds
Loosing the bloom
And worry about climate change
But the sentiment vanishes quickly
It would be a crime
To let any melancholic thought
Weight upon this wondrous moment
When Nature's tranquil beauty
Spreads in all its glory upon
This crazy April morning.

Savita Tyagi

As The Saying Goes.....

Some say 'Father's sin are visited upon son'.
A very cruel and heartless way of judging.
Still the question haunts!
How far back in time do we go in judging
Our wrong-doings.
Is it just our lifetime or actions of many life time?
Past always seems to come back to haunt us.
Who will judge the sin of others?
Let no sinner cast the first stone!
What if sinners are given power?
Who will be the judge of virtue?
As the saying goes....
Do good to reap good!
Still holds true.....
Faith in goodness is a sturdy foundation
Shaky grounds of evil can't withstand the goodwill.

Savita Tyagi

Assimilation

It takes many generations
To embrace a land
And its a culture
In a global economy
Not even a life time is
Lived in a culture.

Savita Tyagi

Attitude

Show that you care or show that you are not bothered.
Show that you listen or pretend that you never heard.
Show that you belong or believe that you are not one of us.
Show that you can feel or show that nobody ever told you.
Show that you love or show that hate is all you have.
Show that you are involved or be the indifferent one.
Show that you are there for me
Or behave as if your heart is at some place else.
You see it is all in attitude
Which one is of yours?

Savita Tyagi

Autumn

Thoughts swooning under
Autumn chill of afternoon
Flowers loosing bloom
Chirping birds return to nest
Dusk falls silent in night's lap

Lyrical cicadas create music
Crescent moon and I at leisure
Silent listener to the lullaby
Being sung for drowsy leaves
Of black oak

Calm kisses the autumn night
wrapped in sequin of tiny bluets
Earth's robe is still hazy green
Her red and orange dress being tailored
For fall's show by skilled craftsmen of time.

Savita Tyagi

Autumn Joy

Rains have washed trees clean
A coolness spreads everywhere.
Grey clouds above look so sleepy
Like tired comrades after night duty.

A tiny butterfly
Hovers on white Jasmine
Its autumn blooms offer last
Nourishment in service of life.

Butterfly upon flowers
So pure and white
So is my joy watching it
Drink elixirs of life.

10.6.2018

Savita Tyagi

Away

Some day when I am alone
Living in the world of
My own making
And you pass by me-
Just give a nod and a smile.
And when you walk away
Leave a thought of yours
To mingle with mine
Know that I move now
In dimensions
Different than yours.

Savita Tyagi

Barbatos

I don't know
Who the devil is
Or where he lives

What excites him
What makes his face glow

What is the color of his skin
To us humans is he a kin

What language does he speak
To impress his thoughts so bleak

Awry we go in communication
Causing widespread humiliation

I don't know
Who the Barbatos is
Or where he lives

But echoes of altercation
Such as his are heard
In a shiny White House
On top of a hill!

Savita Tyagi

Before You Bid Adieu

O sweet breathe of life
Stay with me a little longer
Be my companion
I still have to find the bird
Hidden among those green leaves
You know the one
That sings every day to welcome the dawn
I still have to walk on green grass
To hold some dewdrops
Pure and cold dribbles
Of night's innocent child
Before you leave me
I do want to have a word or two
With the squirrel
To fix a time to have our tea together
You see Monarchs would soon be coming
On their path of migration
May be some will stop on the roses
For a little rest
O sweet life force
There is still so much left unknown to me
But if it is time to bid adieu
Be kind and gentle
Let my eyes not turn back for once
When you hold me by your hand
To float ad infinitum
Over the rainbow
Beyond the blue sky
Where Muses sing
And Menka dances
In the wide realm of calm and peace.

Savita Tyagi

Blank And Vacant

This empty feeling blanketing the mind
Like back sludge covering
The crystal clear water
Eventually floats away
But while it stays I live
In an unending dark zone
Of sad confusion and where about
Like those moon less and starless dark nights
When all is taken over by the black sky
Darkness all around
Not frightening
Just lifeless and vacant.

Savita Tyagi

Blood Moon

So restless I am!
Perspiring I wake up.
Can not sleep!
Is it summer heat
Or the effect of that
Full blood moon?
The moon that I watched
On breezy last night, so mesmerizing!
How could moon be so calm
When it appears to have stirred
The peace and blood of mine?

9.25.2018

Savita Tyagi

Blues

I scrubbed my heart with
Love's cleansing cream
Spilled in air the gleam
took the hue of blues

Savita Tyagi

Business Of Life

Three thousand taped hours of Nixon era released
Researches will be pouring over them
To judge the history and market their perspective
Some one lives to creates a history in a moment
Others live to know the history of that moment

Money makers will put in attractive package
Even the lies and deceptions of history
Gullible consumers will be duped into buying
Books, CDs,
Entertaining themselves
With films, documentaries,
T.V. talk Shows
Supported by advertisers
Again coaxing us into buying
Their products

A class of politicians and businessmen
Thrive on our stupidity
Upon our desire to know rich and famous
Upon our hidden longing to be somebody
That we are not or couldn't be.

Savita Tyagi

By Gone

I am your past
Bury me alive
Dirge not for me
Envy me not
Mirth and carnality I had
Of youth shines no more
What changes with time
I have no hold
Carpediem is over
Suffering I endure
Quietly I lay in repose
Deep in your thought
A gleam of your eyes
oft I suppose.

Savita Tyagi

Changing Times

People who rejected the
Power of aristocratic pomp and valor
Now worship the insouciant demagogue
Of wealth, and show biz wizardry.

Savita Tyagi

Chaperon Of My Lost Rhymes!

O! Muse! which one of you
Should I invoke as my aid?
In which land, to what place
Should I go in search of inspiration?
She who leaves me at her whim
Like she never was my acquaintance
Making me wonder
Was she ever mine to begin with!

In those playful moments when she
Lingered around me; I held her so close
Not wanting to let her go
But she disappears taking
My thoughts and words with her
And buries them underground
In places of deep dark and
Of depth unknown.

Again she emerges to float around
In blue sky among cottony clouds
Wanders around hills and vales
Chirps like a bird hidden in green leaves
Holding unsung melodies beyond my reach.

From my window I watch her
Cracking a laughter with sunshine
Conversing with bees buzzing on flowers
The big catalpa tree stands amused
Wide eyed yellow leafed
Chaperon of my lost rhymes!

Savita Tyagi

Check Your Stomach For What It Can Hold!

War or peace
Great price to be paid for both
Check your stomach
For what it can hold.
Harmony of peace is not exciting
But blasting cannons of war
Are deafening
It's horrors will make you sick

Savita Tyagi

Cinquain I

Today's
Culture of
Waste and abuse
Of nature's blessed bounty
Incriminating

Savita Tyagi

Cinquain Lx (Free Verse)

Secret of success lies
In one's ability to collect
The scattered energies
And channel them singularly
Towards one focused goal.

Savita Tyagi

Cinquain Twin (In Free Verse)

Desire

Lips sealed with a kiss
Lips parted for more
Don't you know my love
Desire for ever more
The saga of ancient lore

Maya (Illusion) In Nature

I am the Eve of your Garden
Defamed by fate's cruel hand
I bore you in me as a thought beautiful
Carry the energy per your command
I am but the executrix of your deeds.

Savita Tyagi

Closed For Business!

The government shuts down!
Politicians who refuse to negotiate
With hostage takers and pirates
Hold their own president
And country's welfare hostage
To enforce their own will
Demanding ransom beyond imagination
Height of hypocrisy!
Young politicians and their marathon podium high jacking!
What a waste of time and public resources
Ideals of democracy clutched in power hungry hands
The statue of Freedom sheds tears
Above capital dome
Little Red Riding Hood watch out!
Many wolves out there in Grandma's clothing
Your soldier friend is on furlough!
Grandma's house isn't secure any more!

Savita Tyagi

Colorado Snow (March 2016)

Few days into spring it snowed heavily,
Forecast of three inches turns into twenty!
Beneath the snowy peak of mountains,
Snow collects every where like white dust.

It covers the lawns and roof shingles,
Sticks to vacant bird nest on tree tops,
Drapes the bare brown bush stems,
Tall aspen and fallen pine cone shells.

It rests on patio railing and furniture,
Fills the empty flower pot and dog house,
The street, the side walk and garbage bin,
And piles on front door to lock me in.

Soon sky, clouds and mountains,
All merge in a grey panoramic view.
Like the spirit of a bearded master it hovers
Upon the vast and gorgeous mountain valley.

In brooding, towering silence of cold night,
The earth wears a cloak of lustrous white.
A strange, mysterious and comforting thought of
Gray matter seems to reign the entire landscape.

Life can be harsh and foreboding under
Its shadow, but resilient people have learned
To live and enjoy this treacherous habitat.
Here the cold misery hugs the warmth of beauty.

Young and adventurous love and seek
The thrill of life in it's dangerous happenings.
From indoor I admire the whole tranquil view,
But a prisoner of comfort dare not venture out.

Savita Tyagi

Commitment

A million reason to abandon your love
Yet just one to stay
Does commitment rings a bell?

Till death do us part
A vague memory
like a fat white cloud
floats in blue sky
Its visual appearance all but dull
But hidden there are millions of vapors
All pointing to one thing
Water is always there
Its shape and form invisible
Love travels through many channels
To thrive and abide in commitment.

Savita Tyagi

Competition And Co-Operation

If all around us are viewed as competitor,
Than the success lies in destroying them all.
The worst form of means including killing
Is justified to win and is done with cold heart.

If success lies in uplifting and nurturing all
Who share and inhabit this earth with you,
Then love and cooperation are the best means to
Achieve a meaningful and long lasting prosperity.

We don't have to perform miracles to know,
That divine will is there working through us.
Surrender all your actions to Him and trust
And accept his guidance in all your works.

What benefits all to have a better living is a
True devotion and a true miracle in itself.
One who shows us such a way is a true leader.
I offer all my love and all my support to him.

8.18.2016

Savita Tyagi

Conversation With Father (Lincoln, Trump)

Father I can't lie
I have cut the apple tree
Honor your words son.

Father I speak truth
Times changed I must always lie
Honor your words son!

Savita Tyagi

Corrupt Leaders

Corrupt leaders will bring a
Country down faster than
Honest ones can rebuild it.

One who has no ethics to follow
And believes all is justified in
Love and war-
Wins neither love of a heart
Nor victory over countrymen.

A sad and painful saga of moral decay
Unfolds to destroy a society when
Vice takes over virtue.

Savita Tyagi

Cupid Power

See the Cupid to aggrandize love
Want an exclusive right as soon as
The eyes are laid upon its prey!

Heart is ocean of love by any definition
Can an ocean just accept the water of
One river in its ordained position?

Human heart nurtured with parental love
Sustained with siblings and childhood buddies
Dying for country love and its fellow men

Tops it all with love of a beloved manoamano
And all else evaporates into thin clouds!
See no truth, speak no truth but mighty Kama* truth!

Kama or Kamdeva - God of love and sensuality in Indian literature.

Savita Tyagi

Dance Eternal (Haiku 39)

Shiva and Shakti
Dance in growth and decay on
Rhythm of Damru.

Note: Shiva and Shakti symbolize eternal consciousness and force. Damru a small drum symbolizes time.

Savita Tyagi

Dawn By Seashore Of Puducherry

O! Gorgeous dawn
Shining above horizon
To you thousands of Oceanids rise
To pay homage before sunrise.

Small fishing boats
Float on murky waves
Like sleepy mermaids
Stirring at the call of dawn.

The unbleached silence of opaque
morning is broken by a motorboat.
Like a fiend it harasses the tiny boats
Before vanishing further in rising mist.

Radiant rays of orange sun
Tear darkness away from earth.
Life abounds with colors opulent.

Early risers take the morning walk.
Yogis on beach do Surya-Namaskaram
To offer their obeisance to rising sun.

Close to Sri Aurobindo's Ashram,
This small beach offers a sanguine experience
To seekers of higher consciousness
By tether of spirituality.

Simply a curious onlooker
I can't claim any of it in my short stay!
But a solitary look at mesmerizing dawn
And the rising sun reveals possibility
Of a cheerful day.

Savita Tyagi

Savita Tyagi

Delicate Strength

A vine wrapped around a thorny bush
Battles harsh wind and scorching sun
Heart of vine bleeds with leaves pierced
Still it grows and grows till thorns
Can't reach the new growth any more
Delicate strength of growing vine
A moving power in Nature's design
Excels the bushes of thorn benign.

Savita Tyagi

Desire

How peaceful to get away from world
Crouching in your own shell arrears
Not even a thought to trouble
Retiring in silence indifference to memory
But for desire to write pricks like a thorn.

Savita Tyagi

Despondent

Violence breeding more violence.
Spreading from nation to nation,
From continent to continent.
No place, no land, no man
Immune or spared from it.
All bets off, all laws broken.
Just chaos and screams!
Some kill from above and
Take pride in superior air power.
Some inflict it from ground and
Take pride in being a martyr.
Passionate and fearless!
Coward or ruthless!
Praised or condemned!
Depending who writes the history!

In the Garden of Eden all are cursed!

Savita Tyagi

Devious Minds

Devious minds are
skilled in shifting focus
Away from problems
Often caused by their own behavior.

Wise caution us not to let
Our emotions overpower us
When listening to their evil sermons
They thrive on our divides and weakness.

Search for truth and solution requires
Calm and collective heads.
The leaders who exploit our emotions
Are dangerous as wolf in sheep's skin.

Savita Tyagi

Diary Inscriptions I

12.8.2015

On a cold winter night
Instead of book I turned to T.V.
Found a mystery series
Set in Spanish nineteenth century
Watching with English dialogue to realize
Some things in life never change
The eternal human drama of life.

12.10.2015

Nothing to do
Up at two
Bo hoo!

When the goodness is killed
The faith is shaken
Heart devoted to love
Must not and will not
Accept the loss.

12.11.2015

Body tired and mind with out desire
Cynical mood questions the purpose in living.

Savita Tyagi

Disconnect & Connect

In languid surroundings
A sense of disconnect takes over
I sit in aimless complacency
Time floats away in blue sky.

Turned to quiet reading
The soul wings to unknown
But seduces not the wandering mind
Wandering mind does have its own wings
In 'Google' its flight bell rings.

Every field of knowledge has some thing to offer
In contemplative mind all gets connected
To show a clear path of understanding.

Savita Tyagi

Dragon's Mouth

This earth is a celestial gift of amazing notion.
Here the exotic birds chirp in green meadows,
And frothy waves dance in blue oceans.

Fog and floating clouds shroud
Its snow covered mountain house.
Their mystical silence so arresting,
It chains the mind into a quiet standing.

Here life sings its sweet and sour hymns.
In its lap we breath, sleep and conjugate.
Yet what a sinister offspring we have become.
In its heart we have thrust a dagger deep.

We are a monster child wrapped in greed
Sucking the life blood of its mother's breast.
Its lush green forests are becoming a graveyard
Of dead trees and an ecological disaster for rest.

Its waters we have polluted with chemicals.
Smoke filled chimneys spew our black hatred.
Plastic, carcinogens and poisonous gases
Fill our land with filth to tarnish its acreage.

Its grace is crushed under sky rise buildings.
From the smog filled grey sulfurous sky,
Sun's ultraviolet rays pouring through the
Broken shields of ozone, send us chilling vibes.

Our Mother Earth is sending us very clear signals.
We need to understand its angry outbursts.
Those falling glaciers are flooding land and oceans.
Chemical discharge is scaring pristine rivers' bosom.

Oil and coal polluted ether is changing earth
In a super heated dragon's mouth of leaping flames.
Pushed to the edge it would burn and devour us alive.
Our beautiful planet is in grave danger and we are to blame.

Dream World

Mysterious world of dreams
A whimsical pile of volutes
An indulgence in cosmic vibes
Always comforting beyond belief!

Savita Tyagi

Dreams

Dreams often premonition of some memorable event-
One relating to good tidings forgotten easily,
While the ones just before something foul happens
Stay hung in memory like dead Albatross*
Around cursed sailor's neck.

We try to shake them off branding coincidence,
Yet coincidence stands on its own ground
Without interference from mighty intellect,
Mysteriously lighting up and connecting
The distant corners of past, present and future
Containing the blue prints for time
As a whole and single entity.

Note: * The image of dead Albatross around cursed sailor's neck is taken from the Coleridge's poem The Ancient Mariner.

Savita Tyagi

Dumbfounded I Am At The Colors Of This World!

Lucky are the ones
Who get praised for doing right thing.
Luckiest are the ones who do wrong
Yet fate turns it into right and praiseworthy stuff!
The worst of luck have ones
Who do right thing and get chided for it!

This world is a riddle!
Dumbfounded I am
At the colors of this world!

Savita Tyagi

Dumbfounded I Am!

This world is a riddle!
Dumbfounded I am!

It's getting cooler.
Geese are flying in an array.
Stored in their tenacious memory
Is their destination.
No time to waste-
For season is about to change.

Slanting her neck
In polychromatic sky
One of them looks at me
Go home! It's about to rain!

Dumbfounded I am!
For life is a riddle!

Savita Tyagi

Ease Of Being Old

Old is when I go to yard to get fresh Curry Patta to put in Kaddhi (????) ,
Instead of being absent minded I pick fresh basil leaves.

Old is when oblivious to my mistake while making Chanukah (????) ,
On impulse decide to use some basil leaves too.

Old is when instead of going to yard again
I just use some left over dry basil of last year's crop.

Old is when after six hours, while resting
I remember my mistake of using double dose of basil in a dish
That doesn't even require it at the first place.

Old is when I do not worry about it either!

Old is when I can't decide if I want to have
Green or black tea this evening.
Though the water that is boiling have enough spices
To overpower the flavor of green tea.

Old is when I don't care and I still make green tea.

Old is that now I can't decide
If to make it with lemon and honey
Knowing it tastes best like this,
Or make it with milk and sugar the way I make black tea!
Old is when I make it with milk and sugar anyway,
Because now I am wise enough to know

That old ways and old habits are more comforting
For my aging mind than anything else.

Old is when all my mistakes are overlooked
And all my mismatched experiences make me laugh.
Old is when I am at ease with myself. No matter what!

Savita Tyagi

Empty Nest

Drifting in the regions of mind deeper and deeper
Encountering untouched and unexplored thoughts
Rising and falling like sand dunes of Sahara.
I imagine myself alone in the desert
Watching nervously at horizon the edge called year 50th
The sights of endless sand like the sight of my fears and hopes.
Empty nest has left me scrambling and stumbling like a little child
At an Easter egg hunt.
Upon the sandy surface of life
Obsolete patterns leveled by the whirling wind of time.
I tap the substratum for a new mosaic.
Sorting impressions like
Retrieving water from a soaked kitchen sponge.
Recycled thoughts springing back with a squeeze
Winding mazes, unsolved riddles
Yes I am a drifter in the world of shapes and thoughts and forms
Trying to hold on to something
Because standing alone is hard.

Savita Tyagi

Endurance

The sweetest berry
Plucked from vine covered
With thorns reveals endurance.

Savita Tyagi

Environmental Sin

Today's
Culture of waste
of Nature's resources
Abuse of it's blessed bounty
A sin!

Listen!
Her silent scream
In depleted ozone
Disappearing species and ice
Melting!

Glacier
Chunk torn apart!
Penguin's habitat lost.
Listen to poor bird's heart breaking
Complain!

Savita Tyagi

Escape

When mind is just a smoke filled pit
And no thoughts shine through
The hand on work comes to rescue!

Savita Tyagi

Esoteric Half

A life time of happening
My little heart is flooded with
Filled to the rim experiences pour
Like waters in deep ocean
Sweet, sultry multi odoriferous
Away from worldly struggle
When darkness deepens
Behind closed eyelids
And inner chambers light up
With occult lights
Body and senses laid to rest
Mind cajoles for life's forgotten sap
Unique images like glow worms
Crawl from mind's crusty fissures
To create strange concoctions
Upon steep planes of subconscious
Truth and illusion merged at once
crossing over three dimensions
One who enjoys unperturbed
Vision and fantasy undisturbed
Itself camera, light and action
For dreams of sugar plum and evenings of fun
My esoteric half extremely intelligent one
Lighting up the dim corners
Venturing through deep tunnels
Sustaining mental tribulations
Always alert and awake
Commands then all movements
And pleasures partake.

11.4.2013

Savita Tyagi

Even In Failure I Feel So Relieved

Even in failure
I feel so relieved!
Yes! The mega task-
Taken few weeks back
Of creating another poetry book
Ended in total disaster!

It's been almost three years
Since I created my first book.
An adventure it was in self publishing.
Not only it was a very satisfying experience,
With the cost so reasonable, I was thrilled
To gift my first book to family and friends.

It was a milestone achieved in my poetic journey,
Which to this day still continues,
Albeit with bumps and glitches.

The fun of learning and
taking up a new challenge
Is what I thought I could do again.
Specially since blocked inspiration and
Lost creativity is what has been plaguing me.

Not writing any thing has been like
Not visiting my inner most chambers.
Like missing a special friend
Who refuses to meet me again.

Holding and displaying another one
Of my own book, while waiting
For the muse to bestow her grace,
Made the idea so very appealing,
That I didn't mind the hard work
Of doing it with out a guided software.
I was even pleasantly surprised to discover
The level of concentration that kept me going.

Many weeks of reading instructions,

Learning the forgotten use of margins,
Gutters, and indentations,
Editing and formatting old poems and
Copying and pasting to create a PDF file,
All kept me so involved
That even the crisp, bright sunshine
Of gorgeous November weather
Couldn't snatch me away from computer.

Finally the book was submitted for auto review.
But the appearance was not to my satisfaction.
There were issues needed to be resolved.
Auto formatting was a miss match for content.
Correcting mistakes created even a bigger mess.
The whole project now looks a total disaster!

Tired and weary I realized
That if I want a new book
Either I have to take some help
Or start all over again.
Which ever route I take, for time being
My book project is on the hold! For now
I am relishing this feeling of liberation!
A weight lifted from my shoulders!
Even failure has its own rewards!
It brought me back at my writing again!

Savita Tyagi

Experience And Imagination

Is there a difference between writing by
Experience or writing by imagination?

The first will touch your heart...
The second would give you laughs!

One makes your heart and soul melt
The other tickles all your senses.

One touches upon realities of life
The other creates its own virtual reality.

You would tremble at a horrific experience,
Equally would shudder for a horror imagined.

You could be over taken with one or both using
These precious tools for poetic creativity when,

That 'near self' bound by earthly experience
Calls upon 'distance self' to unite in imagination.

So live your life and treasure your experience
Find time to imagine and create a life glorious,

Hilarious, sagacious, furious, serious or curious
Whatever you think hasn't come by way of experience.

5.30.2018

Savita Tyagi

Experiment And Experience

Read a book about rich and famous
And thought so this is what
A life of wealth is all about
Heard the news and wondered
Is that what astir the world
Not a science student
Yet some reading on quantum physics
Was fascinating
Each atom in universe
Each cell in our body
Made up with vortices of energy
Constantly spinning and vibrating
Each one radiating and spreading
With its own unique energy signature
We are much more than
What we perceive ourselves to be
These infinite number of small energy vortices
These quarks and photons
This invisible tornado like vortex of atom
Seen under microscope
Eventually disappears in a void!
The atom has no physical structure!
We have no physical structure!
Physical things really don't have any physical structure!
Wow! This world is made up of thought!
We live in a mental universe
Turned mysteriously into material world
With all its illusion of realty!
All of a sudden ancient mystic practices
The ambiguous Vedic verses
The philosophical Greek writings
Zen and Buddhist teachings
Came together to make a sense
What was once a hidden knowledge
Shines in full view in quantum physics
Questions still remain yet each answer
Creates a new fascination for the unknown
The Spiritual way of teaching goes a step further
In its quest to challenge and inspires us

To experience it all in our own self
Wing the soul to unknown
Seduce the wandering mind to transcend
Beyond this tangible world
To dive deep and discover the truth
' How an observer becomes a creator'!
Where all knowledge gets combined
To show a clear path of understanding
All disconnect of languid surroundings
All various experiences of life
Connect to become uniform
All find their resting place
Upon One shiny platform!

Savita Tyagi

Face To Face

In cold ante-chamber
I face stern darkness of heart
A test for endurance
To dig and polish my raw
Stone-like self that mimics You.

Savita Tyagi

Facial Expressions

There is a kind of smile
A very sheepish smile that spreads across face
revealing to the world how wrong you are.

And in your heart you know it too,
Even though you may be using the best defense
To prove how correct your point is.

This is the smile so often seen today on
So many politician's faces.

There is a snake-eyes charm
That divulges their treacherous heart
Even when their words sound honest.

Then there are some with delusional minds
who construct their own truth as mythical
As calling a sunny day a dark night.

Given the position and power they will display a
Callous disregard for truth and anger on their faces
If their judgement isn't declared and followed as truth.

Truth is revealed not by words
But by facial expressions.

Savita Tyagi

Faith

Faith backed by intuition
Gives us courage to venture
In life's uncharted territories
It cuts through fear and distrust
To break new grounds for reason.

Savita Tyagi

Faith (Expanded)

Faith backed by intuition
Gives us courage to venture
In life's uncharted territories
It cuts through fear and distrust
To break new grounds for reason

It's the luminosity of sun
Brightening the heart
Not the darkness of night
Blocking the aspiration
Faith responds to a silent inner call

Thundering loud in a seekers mind
Not a prisoner of proof and facts
But a hunch rooted in our deepest being
A terra incognita that has yet to be
Seized as knowledge for intellect.

Through faith the knower in us
Walks believing in his steps
Inspired for a journey Ultimo Thule
Worthy of perusing against
All the perils and folly

Faith a gift of finest quality
A shield of each individuality
In the struggle to overcome
Old beliefs and prejudices
To have unimagined done.

Savita Tyagi

Faith And Religion

One and same it's not
Religion is confusing
Faith is comforting!

Religion is man made
Ideology in constant schism
Faith is a gift of divine

Ideology leans on scepter
For realizing higher potential
In faith one finds its own way.

Savita Tyagi

Fall

Nature feels sober
On this cloudy fall day
Sunny morns winding down
For chilled mornings
Colorful leaves roll over ground
Like sleeping ballerinas roll in bed
After a night's performance-
Limp and timid.

Savita Tyagi

Fall Leaves

Of all the seasons fall is the most beautiful in Oklahoma. Sunshine warms the body and soul to perfection like the toaster occasionally toasts my bread. I struggle so often to get the perfect toast but for sunshine we leave ourselves at the mercy of sun. Surprisingly life is really wonderful with out the weight of trying to be perfect or having no say in spread of sunshine and many wonderful things that are gifted to us.

After unusually wet early October, we are now blessed again with sunny weather. It is just so nourishing and heartwarming to take a walk around neighbor hood or drive around town to watch the trees bursting with colors of fall. Sun leaves a golden hue on top of the trees still with leaves. Rain and wind has littered the ground with leaves. I sit out and watch those dry leaves falling and dancing in air for a while before their gentle and quiet fall. Even in their demise they offer beauty and solace to the onlookers. Some of them get stuck in cobwebs trembling and quivering in space like hanging between eternity and mortality.

On those warm, beautiful and quiet days of fall the only annoying thing is the sound of leaf blowers and big monster lawnmowers. We have to bear them like many other nuisances of modern life. I have been delaying to call my lawn mower guy to stretch the lovely sight that my yard, still full of leaves, offers me. I have never bagged leaves accept for once and have stayed away from it because of the strain that it causes to my back. But I am not yet ready to let go of those leaves by those nasty blowers either.

So I surveyed the leaves covered front yard. It was smaller than my back yard. With winds calm it looked like millions of tiny fishes were basking under the bright sun. I had left the scene untouched for as long as I could but it was time to come out of my imaginative state and do some cleanup. Still In my desire to get close to nature's simple beauty I decided to give raking a try but this time with a feminine touch and make my work enjoyable rather than speedy. At my age in figuring out the quality of life, speed is the last factor any way. So I overlooked the big black trashcan and the heavy shovel and picked my tall kitchen wastebasket, dust pan, roll of small trash bags, my step stool, gloves and the lightest wooden rake. Set everything on side and raked a small area. The lawn was so full of leaves it took only couple of minutes to make a big pile. I made few piles knit closely and sat on step stool as close to big pile of leaves as I could. I laid down the wastebasket vertically and with the help of dustpan and some time just with hands filled it up. More than three fourth full I took out the plastic bag and stuffed it a little more with leaves.

The sun's rays warming my face and soft breeze keeping me cool I was amazingly happy to be able to work in my yard and be close to those leaves. Often I took out my gloves to feel them. In their brown color with transparent thin veins they were as alive as I am with my flesh and blood under my brown skin. Kissed by the morning dew some were still wet and moist like my own drippy nose. I worked for an hour interrupted only by a green grasshopper that said hello and flew away. A brown butterfly blended so well with leaves that I almost bagged it. I stopped for few minutes to watch it flutter and fly. While filling the bags some leaves escaped their destiny. I stopped and watched them dancing away to the street. Some settled on the concrete but some flew a little further to destination unknown.

I worked for about an hour and filled about ten bags. A little tired I got up and looked around. The fact that I barely had made a dent in that yard full of leaves hardly bothered me. The pleasure that I found in working every minute of that hour was immense. In next few days I worked few more hours at my slow and easy speed to fill nine or ten bags at a time. Finally the front yard was showing more green than brown but the autumn clouds and cold wind returned. My back yard is still untouched and full with those crisp and tender brown leaves. The trees are almost bare now. As much as I would like to work in my back yard to be close to this soul touching weather I know it would be a bit too much for me. Eventually it would be cleaned up with those monster blowers mercilessly but not before I enjoy few more weeks of fall with the yard full of leaves. In the mean time I have to figure out how to dispose of those fifty or so feather light bags.

Savita Tyagi

Father's Day Fiesta (Limerick)

Father's day sale happens in Glendale
Errs Grandpa, buys cider and ginger ale
Instead of beer and wine
Pretend a drink and dine
Fiesta, Pa and Grand pa on ginger ale!

Savita Tyagi

Feeling Normal

A heart ache surfaced upon from a sleepy memory
And a warm tear shed in silence wetted my cheeks.

In darkness life stirred and I felt wide awake
But the rough remembrance didn't last long.

Like a wave it receded after drenching the shore
To my surprise its after effect brought a strange joy.

The emotional sensation was poignant in dead of night
As of a dry earth with rain shower that comes alive.

I absorbed and felt the soft touch of an emotion
It caressed and left like a passing breeze.

I am alive not because I breathe but because I feel.

Living life with an empty desolate mind is
Like a brain dead patient moving upon wheel.

World is charming when we are healthy enough
To feel in heart the effect of its joy and pain.

It took a little memory to jolt me back
From a physical and mental stupor.

Life is beautiful with all its bumps and bruises
Lose not a moment to recognize this paradise.

5.11.2015

Savita Tyagi

Finding A Way

Every body wants to have their own way
wishing to do something
And being able to do it successfully
Is the best scenario any one can desire for

At the time of indecisiveness
The best option seems like
Seek and follow upon the advise of a sincere guide
and let the events take on its own course

The worst situation to be in
Is haunted by indecisiveness
And in conflict with counsel of well wishers
Mature in wisdoms and life experience

In those moments one either lives in stagnated waters
Or floats aimlessly at the mercy of wind
Luck by your side wind can still take you to shore
If not we just rot among mossy stones or sink in a hole.

Savita Tyagi

Fire In Your Heart

It's the fire in your heart
That keeps the path
Of life lighted.

Light of love glows soft
But the hellish fire of hate
Is wild and scorching.

Savita Tyagi

Fire Pillar (Tanka 11)

Burning with love light
Our lives are fire pillars
Flicker at either point
By death and resurrection
With no beginning or end.

Savita Tyagi

Flash Thought

Inspiration
Knowledge
Bliss
Trio of divinity.

Inquiry
Reason
Purpose
Trio for humanity.

On a clear path
Goddesses carried me through
Now in the rustic corridors of life
Old stones of set boundaries
Getting loose.

A plant on the table-
Back of it hidden from eyes
Its shadow decorating the wall
Seems perfect
Beautiful!
Hidden is revealed there.

Standing upon a red light
Not knowing the direction
Tired
Disoriented
Wishing
Wondering
Waiting
For a green arrow
To appear
To pull
To reveal.

Light
Harbinger of movement
Circled in frozen movement
The treachery of shadows

Forest unknown
So appealing
Drawn to terrifying darkness
I wish to sink deep
The stretched out ambiguity
Irresistible.

Savita Tyagi

Flash Thought II

The world was availed to me
I put my heart and soul in it
Thinking it is mine
It took my heart and soul
And disappeared.

There is freedom in being alone
Loneliness is a curse upon that freedom
Like death few will relish it
To have a partner
Give a bit of your self.

Life is like silent waters
High or low tides of time
Create waves in ocean
A wise sailor enjoys equally
Thrill or tranquility.

Savita Tyagi

Flash Thought Iv (Ritam - Rhythm)

Cooperation!
Domination!
Friction!
How is this vast
Universe managed!

From brevity to elaboration
Runs a mechanism in precision!
A perfect rhythm
Encompassing imperfection!

An absolute extends in division!
Part or whole!
Hidden!
Visible!
Mesmerizing!
Terrorizing!
Loving!
Amazing!

Savita Tyagi

Flash Thoughts III

I am done
Want to quit
Why the idea of quitting is shunned
Favored against a fight to stay afloat
To beat the moment
Knowing fully the ship must sink
At a given moment
Unknown unpredictable
One who wants to quit
Knows fully too
That choosing is not in one's hands
still.....
Race is on
Time floats
I am a moment
With in a moment
My mass destined to shrink
A slow sucking
In a dark hole
Bubbles in a glass of soda
Sliding upwards
To burst upon surface
Not knowing their play
A tryst with destiny.

Savita Tyagi

For The Sake Of Love

It hurts to bend
But the pain of snapping could be even bigger.
It hurts to bend
But bend you must for the sake of love.

Etched in my heart is the story of a bamboo tree.
Some where in a far off land by the river
Grows a small bamboo tree.
Its leaves long and thin
Its trunk delicate and supple.

On a stormy night when rain pours hard,
The cruel blows of harsh wind
Render forth the menace of nature,
And belligerent rain water with no mercy
Slaps the ground from beneath,

On the night like this muddy banks
Slide with the force of water and wind,
Exposing the tree roots to the perils
Of dark destructive night.

On the night like this
Huge trees with heavy upright trunks
Fall helplessly to the ground,
But the little bamboo tree stands intact.

The little bamboo tree knows the trick of survival;
Bend you must when facing the storm.
At a time when relationship in love
Passes through a rough storm
One must bend and reach out for the sake of love.

Possessed with pride and ego
One could stand with a head held high
But the loss of love will break you,
And the rising tide of time
Will devour you inch by inch.

Tender love is the only protection
Against the harsh blows of life
Bend for it even if hurts to do so.

Savita Tyagi

Four A.M.

Clouds move out
Stars move in
Full moon speaks not
The crickets hush not
And I
Just restless!

Sit sit sit
Close my eyes and sit
Void and emptiness
Stretche in night
So calm and serene
Against restive mind

Once time casts us aside
Life doesn't abide in have to do mode
Yet mind gets restless
Passions and emotions
Scattered like grass seeds
Some to germinate in green grass
Others to be washed away in autumn rain

Fate presents us the life
Beyond our wildest dreams
But strips away too
The simplest longings
The youthful energy flies away
Without leaving a trace
Like the little bird on garden fence

Thoughts and inspiration
Lost in blank mind
Like stars hidden
Behind clouds
In autumn sky

Subdued sense detect
Only the breath of life
repetitive motion

comes and goes
Soon to be forgotten
In flights of mind

Weariness-
The only awareness
That lingers on and on
To take over all else
Sleep stays away
Like an unwelcome guest

Eventually mind concedes to quiet sitting
A moment of neutral living
Neither of joy nor sadness
All dissolves
In limit less silence

Orange moon shines on window
Big and beautiful
As in prime of youth
Night moves on unhurried
To give way for another dawn.

Savita Tyagi

Free Verse Poetry

When language is used for expression
Words will improvise
Here comes an expert who is so smart
Devises a complex pattern
And hits us with a baton!
The poet cries....
His heart doesn't abide
The tears guide....
And poetry is revolutionized.

Savita Tyagi

From Delhi To Kanyakumari

Drive on busy streets and highways of Delhi
In rush hour, one can marvel at the
Amazing energy of billion people!
The young human faculty of this subcontinent
Is the greatest driving force for cultivating new progress.

It is like standing at the shore of
The vast sea at Kanyakumari,
That wraps on India's feet in a semicircular bow like fashion.
It always reminds me of a stupendous flow of fresh
And miraculous energy that lies behind its greatness.

From Delhi to Kanyakumari- sea and citizens display
A strong, homogeneous bond of love and unity.
one is stationary, the other always on move
Yet neither letting go of its roots!

They invoke a reverence for Nature's one
Unifying principle like nothing else could!
Like blood it flows in the veins of this
Ancient country's land and it's culture.

3.29.2018

Savita Tyagi

From Destiny's Palm

From destiny's palm
Like a fledgling we eat
Have no doubt or qualm.

An unknown force
Capable of paving the way
In whatever way it wills

Like a light in pitch dark
Pulling us to tread on its path
Our will drawn to its direction

All our efforts in working
To meet the set destiny
At right time in right conditioning

Aided by our sense of fulfillment
We guard life's chosen votive of
Countless passion and desire

As a soldier with all his heart and might
Defends his post in a razing war
Carrying the orders of a knight.

Savita Tyagi

Full Moon (Haiku 12)

full moon orange bright
I went out to squeeze and sip
Moon beams poured on rocks

Savita Tyagi

Garage Sale

An old lady
Sitting on a chair
Giving away memories
For what it is worth of!
Garage sale-
America's sweetheart!

Savita Tyagi

Genus

A seed was planted
Nurtured for years to come
Sheltered from high wind
Protected from storm
In time seed transformed
In a handsome tree that bore
Fruits sweet and succulent
And cool shade abundant
Looking at it asked curious
Ours what species is that
Where did we find the genus
What could be an answer better
Than call it gentry of love
A God's gift imparted to us.

Savita Tyagi

Get Your Fizz Before It's Too Late!

Old age-open bottle of Champagne
Fizz evaporated water remains!
Drink it all before it becomes stale!

Savita Tyagi

Give Peace A Chance

For peace one must
Give up his ego and
Pride of being strongest.

A leader must respect
His supporters as well
As his adversaries.

Nothing is superior than
Wisdom and will of a leader
Seeking peace.

Skill resides in how long
One can live in peace
With out burning his nest.

It is not enough just
To be a well wisher
One must strive for peace.

Give peace a chance.

4.3.2015

Savita Tyagi

Go Ahead And Pray

Go ahead and pray
If you wish to
Even if you don't know
Who you are praying to.

When sound of prayer
Vibrates with all sincerity,
It breaks the mortal mold
Of your heart to become ethereal.

It floats somewhere above the clouds,
Waves through winds under orange sun
Glides high over snowy mountains,
And crosses all woody dimensions,

To return to you thousand fold
In the forms unknown to you.
Your heart opens the valve
For fountain of peace and love,

To flow and harken to woodwind.
It blooms like soft petals of a rose
Under the misty fresh rain of spring.
Isn't that what you wished for!

8.3.2017

Savita Tyagi

God Word Origin

In substance a much adored or abhorred
Praised or criticized is the word God. You
May recall your faith or logic in justification
For your much valued path of emancipation.

Now to put all this path controversy aside
Not siding with any belief to that you abide.
Here is some interesting information complied,
To you, just for the sake of curiosity supplied.

God- The English word is identical
With Good- TheAnglo- Saxon word
So the divine goodness is praised
Where ever the word is spoken or heard.

Some believe to be touched by it in heart
Walking angles they become of sort.
Searching deep something else was found when
Walking back to word's Indo-European house.

Its related ancestor form 'Hu' meant ' Invoked One'
Found in most ancient Sanskrit scripture Rigveda.
Puru-huta and Ahuti the two words related to it, used
In Yagna to make devotional offering to Supreme Being.

Invoking Supreme Being In a ritual worship may
Mark word God of Pagan origin disliked by many
But the essence none the less is of strong benefit
To receive God's grace for all humanity as plaintiff.

No matter what name we give to our deity
Or how we adore It at our place of worship
The prayers we offer must be sincere adoration
Filled with love and affection for his creation.

To me God is the Great omnipotent Doer
Residing in each and every cell of Nature
Working through each of us for higher purpose

In evolution of time It or sh/e is an Absolute Eternal.

Sanskrit- Considered the most ancient of all Indo-European languages.

Rigveda- Most ancient book of Sanskrit language.

Yagna- an ancient Vedic fire ritual for invoking God's grace still prevalent in Hindu ways of worship.

Savita Tyagi

Goodness Sprouts By Evil In Las Vegas Shooting

Las Vegas shooting miraculously restored
Faith of millions in great human spirit.
While the bullets were raining down
On crowd so oblivious to death hounds,
Angels stepped in to show true benevolence.

Evil takes a long time to think, prepare
And execute its deadly plan before it
Succeeds to create unimaginable distress.
It brings upon worst kind of horrific suffering
But goodness responds spontaneously.

A mother takes bullets to shield her little child
A father does same to shield his daughter
A husband shields his wife instantly
With wonder in eyes we hear tales of
Strangers extending hands to strangers.

A young man running to escape stops,
Answers call of his heart, as if guided
By some unknown hands of divine.
He turns back to enter war zone like place
To help numerous people to escape.

He gets shot in process but restores
Hope of so many in works of goodness.
For horrified hearts screaming for help
They are the real heroes answering prompt
Calls of goodness to defeat evil instantly.

Savita Tyagi

Grandma's Advice

When frustrated and stuck in a hole
Pick yourself up with a small goal
Told me my wise old grand mother
Patching a fabric on worn out sweater.

Pick up some small pinning
Make a salad or white pudding
Take a walk, ring up a friend
Fly a kite or do rope jumping.

Simple pleasure and no arrogance
Like zephyr filled with fragrance
Like a blue bird sitting on a fence
Brings beauty and meaning to life.

Staying involved is never easy
Not every company feels cozy
But isolation is more detrimental
Loving life and yourself is essential.

Not every sunrise is glorious
Or each sunset harmonious
Some days are sure lackadaisical
Still life is full of sweet wonders.

Savita Tyagi

Greed (Limerick)

Early bird gets the worm
In her greed eats too much
Gets indigestion
Falls flat on stomach
Stamped on by late comers!

Savita Tyagi

Greetings And Prayers

Merry Christmas and a happy new year
To all my PoemHunter friends.
Hope your day is filled with love and laughter.
May joy and peace wrap your heart in its cozy arms
Like sunshine wraps snow and winter cold.

Blessed are the prayers that give strength
To deal with pleasure and pain equally.
Blessed are the families that pray together
To sail through turmoils of high wind and waves.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 10,11 (Tornado)

tornado spirals
rain dance exhilarating
far out death drum beats

a dog cries and barks
Crescent moon dips in black clouds
Jasmine fills the air

5.9.2016

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 13,14 (Sun And Dew Drops)

winter sun breaking
through glass creating rainbow
shoes for fancy's flight.

sheared tips of glass blades
holding lustrous dew pearls in
back yard oyster farm.

Revised 5.31.2016

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 15

wind and clouds gather
Yellow sick leaves whirl to earth
Rain nourishes strong

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 16 (Flowers)

Pink hydrangeas bloom
Cluster of tiny flowers
Spider on petals.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 17,18,19,20 (Series Summer)

Haiku 17

cows chew on dry grass
nothingness sinks deep in sky
cowboy plays on flute.

Haiku 18

red bird hops on vine
Johnny Cash on radio
soda and root beer.

Haiku 19

tall corn stalks by road
Noam Chomsky on iPhone
Fast movement of cars.

Haiku 20

Orange sun burns earth
grey sky sends mind in stupor
Spider weaves the web.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 21 (Tornado)

Vicious clouds gather
A dark funnel spirals down
Thunder roars death kneel.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 22 (Hummingbird)

on trumpet flower
humming bird flaps wing in air
long beak sucks nectar.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 23

Many moons ago
Harvest moon on my window
And you were with me

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 24

Across the space
A signal comes from a star
Know thy neighbor!

8.30.2016

Inspired by news of getting a strong signal from a star which is about 94 light years away from earth.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 25,26

Haiku 25

Seen without glasses
full moon becomes a flower
Fabulous night view.

Haiku 26

In air a jet flies
Dimming the stars of night sky
Above fuzzy clouds.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 27

My impressions
Appearing on someone's mind
Immortality

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 28

See roses and weeds
swaying In at summer's peak
Kissed by gentle breeze.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 29 (Autumn)

Warm blue sky embraces
Chill scarlet dawn of autumn
Heart bows to prayer

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 3

mid night at window
half moon shines high above sky
bright against my blues

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 30 (Auroras)

sky, earth and planets
O! Auroras you light up!
Come light my mind!

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 32 (Earth)

Spring rain, hail and wind
To give a fruitful summer
Earth bears the birth pain.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 33 (Dawn)

Colors of dawn break
Above the high rise buildings
Tea kettle whistles.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 34

Distracting you
From your focus and goal
Expertise of some

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 35 (Forbidden Love)

Behind bushes of
Intoxicating fragrance
Entwined shadows shake.

Tanka Form

Behind the Jasmine
Love is intoxicating
In the moonless night
Forbidden love is daring
As entwined shadows tremble.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 37 (Love)

Fluid as water
Love changes my value to
Myself and others.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 38 (New Moon)

On night of new moon
I am lost without my friend!
City lights are bright!

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 39

Chilled Winter morning
Pale quarter moon wanes above
Mars and Jupiter

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 4 (Crocuses Revised And Original)

Haiku 4 Revised

feisty crocuses
brutal frost scares not these
bold yellow trumpets

haiku 4 (Original)

Feisty yellow crocuses
Trumpeting for spring in Feb.
Not scared of March frost!

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 40 (Rain)

Rain breaks the heat wave
Like wizard's potion breaks the
spell of wicked witch.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 41- Autumn Afternoon

Under autumn sun
Translucent trees are gorgeous
Leaves fall in silence.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 42 (Spring)

Wind's howling announces
Spring fever to warm chilled bones
Songbird delirious.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 5 And Haiku 5 Revised (Morning)

sun light filters through
city's high rise building-gloom
a tear in despair!5 7 5

Sun light filtering through
Gloom of high rise city buildings
A tear in despair!

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 6 (Snow Patches)

Patches of snow sparkled
On green grass like white flowers
Viewed from fast moving car.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 7

Above frozen earth
Snow flakes dab on bare bush stems
White cotton flowers

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 8 (Spring)

new leaves form lattice
dawn's hue awaits to charm life
peeks from azure sky

Savita Tyagi

Haiku 9

see roses and weeds
swaying in at Summer's peak
to kiss gentle breeze.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku Not So Perfect

Counting syllable 'am frozen in time
Like a little child frozen
At the math table of nine.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku Triple (Winter, Snow And Arrival Of Spring)

Original free form

It snowed all day long
A snow covered ck's day
No green to parade.

Just days away from spring
Winter's last breath is heavy with snow
Palladium earth greets the spring.

Like an unkind master
It inflicts pain with ice and sleet
Life bears and blooms iridescent.

Haiku Form

It snowed all day long
On this ck's day-
No green to parade.

An unkind master
Inflicts pain with ice and sleet
Life iridescent.

Days away from spring
Winter breathed its last breath on
Palladium earth.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku Twin (Eclipse 8.21.2017)

In rare full eclipse
Gentle moon dethrones sun
might submits to meek.

Bystanders greet with
Tears of joy and glee- Nature's
Grand Phenomenon.

Savita Tyagi

Haiku Twin (Fall)

In fall migration
Flying geese quack over head
Blue sky comes alive

Yellow butterflies
Upon white basil flowers
For last nectar drop.

Savita Tyagi

Hail To The Spring

Dawn! splash your colors upon my heart.
Let your aspirations engrave in my words.

Morning breeze! breath life in my despair
I am all but elated with your vibrant care.

Winter tree! I hear your message of hope
Come spring your jovial effect will return.

Morning bird! My valley waits for your crescendo.
For Dawn's rhapsody to burst in your choir.

Spring bulbs! I see your struggle to sprout
From dark frozen womb of Mother Earth.

Listen! The Dawn awakens the grey sleepy earth
Heralds the spring to quicken its colorful bursts.

Black smoke of chimney at last disappears
Frigid cold of winter endured, so it appears.

In life's labyrinthine ways and fervent emotions
Constant are the cycle of dawn, night and seasons.

Dawn! Splash your colors upon my heart!
With pleasure again I greet spring's cart!

Savita Tyagi

Halloween

Halloween a celebration of fun and excitement
Once a year children dressing up
Mimicking up their dreams of inner being
What amazes their little minds on this day
Gets transformed into reality
It is a festival of witches and goblins
Venturing through the alley of fear
Recounting the heartbeat
Catching you by last breath
Seeking the dark corridors of unknown
Feeling the thrill in flash and mind
Oh! The reward of adults for passing out
Those sumptuously delicious candies
Pure joy and happiness bringing back
Memories of what once was theirs
springs back upon innocent faces
In most innovative yet somewhat similar ways
If it weren't for kids
Only the witches would be flying upon sinister thoughts
Now passing out candy
I hear the jingle merry of far out fairy
Sprinkling the stardust lighting up the sky.

Savita Tyagi

Halloween Memories

All my memories
Wander like kite beneath
autumn's blue sky.

It is five p.m.
One more hour and kids
Will knock the door.

Little ones start early
By eight they have to be in bed.
Just enough time to gulp

One candy and wipe that
Halloween make up.
Later come the older ones

In groups they come and
Cross many neighborhoods
To hunt for yearly treasure.

I still remember
The first Halloween.
The doorbell rang

And someone said
Trick or treat!
Puzzled I said what is that!

Seeing my outfit
And foreign looking face
Without a word they left.

Before I could figure out
Doorbell rang again.
This time a child with an adult.

She took time to explain
The festival and treats
The children would ask for.

Of course I had no candy!
Kindly she suggested
To gather up some change

And pass a Penney
Or two as a trick or treat.
That was forty eight years back!

Many a Halloween moons
Have passed since then.
I too have adopted the festival

And joined in the fun.
Walked with my young ones
Till they were old enough

To scrounge it all alone.
My little ones have grown
But others have been born.

I still buy and pass candies
'Cause kids and their festivals
We all need to cherish.

Happy Halloween

10.31.2017

Savita Tyagi

Happy Mother's Day

For My Mother

When ever I think of writing
Anything about my mother
I find the task overwhelming.
Some emotions are beyond expression.
How distant the memory of her feels.
Yet as fresh as rose petals
Washed in spring rain.
Her footsteps are soft
As she enters my heart,
Leaves a faint soft touch
And disappears
As unceremoniously
As it first appeared.
Alone I am left to recall her again
Or let it recede in sea of thoughts.
It is the color of her love
That never fades
It is the miracle of love
That I pass on to my children.

Savita Tyagi

Happy Mother's Day!

Happy Mother's Day to all the mothers and kids.
Life would be empty without this love potion
Passed on from generations to generations.
You are the beauty of garden as well as of wild.

Even a cloudy day seems full of sunshine
With your face bright with smiles.
It hails in defiance of a sunny day
When tears swell your crystal eyes.

To all the sons and daughters I say
I am what I am because of you all.
At one end of my rope I hold the love
Of my mom and mom's alike,
At the other end I am held by your love.

5.12.2019

Savita Tyagi

Happy New Year!

The year two thousand sixteen is about to end
The Crescent moon is peaceful like a baby
Unaware of what goes on around-
Unaware of a new year about to start on earth.
It shines and smiles in his own world not knowing
How it's smiling moonbeams reaching down to millions
Create a festive and peaceful evening upon a quiet home
Away from a loud and boisterous New Year's Eve.
In peace, with heart full of love I welcome
The crescent moon and the cycle of another new year.

Wishing all my poet friends and readers a happy new year
With peace and joy.

Savita Tyagi

Happy Thanks Giving To All My Friends

Much is wrong in the world,
News casters would never
Let us forget it.
But then again
Much is beautiful in this world,
The people who love and care for us
Would always remind us.
Much is always there to bring us down
And feel disappointed.
But then again
Something is always there to bring
A smile on our face.
On this Thanks Giving
I would rather think of every body and every thing
That make life beautiful.
Be thankful to all who bring joy and happiness.
Wishing peace and love
To all poets and readers of this site.
Even from a distance
You have become a part of my life.

Savita Tyagi

Holidays With Mouse

So I bought two big sweet potatoes
To prepare delicious holiday pie.

Busy with other chores, baking
Was postponed for sometime.

As I opened the pantry for some food, puzzled
I was with fallen shreds of potato skins.

The nibble marks were so visible on its red skin
Not knowing the cause I simply threw the vegetable.

But that wasn't the end of story. With bite marks around
Soon other snack bags found its way in trash bin.

On morning of Thanksgiving I opened the pantry
Sitting inside fruit basket the little mouse greeted me.

Shocked I jumped with a scream
The tiny rodent ran up and down the hall.

From room to room it gave me an exhausting chase, finally
The scared mouse took shelter in attic and I slumped on bed

Now shopping for a mouse trap is
On my special winter list project.

Good-news!
Mouse has been caught!
Holiday cheers to all!

Savita Tyagi

Homage To Elements

Earthly, oceanic and ethereal powers of world
What names should I give thee all.
Greatest friend of mankind-
Wounded and bruised you become adversary.
By all means you are superior to us
Yet we hesitate giving you reverence.
Victory upon you is our cherished goal
Ordained are your workings so mysterious
Carrying the weight of this vast universe.
So much older and ancient is your existence
Eternal compared to our short lived presence.
Dependent we are upon you for our breath and bread.
Be kind to us, your enmity creates raze we dread.

Savita Tyagi

Honey Wave

A soft breeze descended from open sky to surf across the ocean.
A honeyed wave surged from the heart of ocean to greet the wind.
For a brief moment wind embraced the wavelet, whispered its undying love for
her
The moon, the open sky, and I were the witness of their tender love.
Before long the tempest, brewing in the darkness pushed the dancing wave down
The breeze swept across the waters,
Sweetness of past moment already fading in its memory
Oblivious of the crushed wave sinking in the dark chambers of sea
It mingled with sand and palm trees.

Savita Tyagi

Hurricane Michael Oct.2018

It is so quiet here after few night's of rains.
Even the breeze blows today without a whisper.
Overriding the calm face of Nature, wrapped
In blissful silence, my thoughts wander upon
Beaches of Florida.

The astonishing images of horrific rampage against
Restive view of my backyard press in awe upon mind.
So terrifying to imagine life and livelihood
Of that area destroyed by Nature's wrath.

The fierce power of nature hurling hurricane and
Tornadoes destroyed every thing along its way.
The world that we call our own, like every thing
Here owned by us, lies crushed and rumbled in
Matter of seconds.

Hurricane Michael goes down in history as
The worst disaster hitting the American soil.
A reminder of Nature's supremacy challenging
Human pride and arrogance in a menacing violent
stroke of one black night.

I stare quietly in my yard rich with greenery
Silvery sunshine spreads a message of hope
My thoughts waver between grief and gratitude.

Savita Tyagi

I Am At Peace

I have aged,
My peer have aged.
Like leaves in fall we leave the stage.

Any day any moment
No RSVP required!
Invitation can't be rejected.

The world has moved
In new directions
Old ways replaced by new ways.

Each passing day
I weave a silvery nest
For my fading memories.

So for each new day
Something old I may find to say
For snowy winter days.

I could spend rest of my time
Sending best wishes to world
Hope a blessed time for new sails.

Or I could curse the waves
Light the world with my hatred
Fume and boil over winter hails.

I prefer to take first option
I am at peace and
Wish for others to live in peace.

Savita Tyagi

I Am Singing Nursery Rhyme

Move over world
CNN and NBC
Don't want to know your trouble
Sports news and Radio talk
Please don't shout and balk
Poet and Poetess
Sorry to miss your recital
Just didn't seem so vital
Watching the baby and his smile
I am singing the nursery rhyme.

Savita Tyagi

I Don't Understand

I do not understand!
When a leader who wants to make
His country great again
Says openly,
We have to take away the
Wealth of others to make
Our country great again!
Then brings the Bible
To proclaim his love for Christianity!
What happened to a true Christian teaching?
Do unto others
What you want them to do to you!
I don't understand!

Savita Tyagi

I Know Not

I know not how the Angels sing in heaven,
I only hear the birds singing in the morning.

I know not the perfumes of heaven,
I only breathe in the scent of flowers in spring breeze.

I know not the One who speaks in silence,
I only know the One who speaks in buzz of creation.

I know not how He touches my heart,
I only know when He touches other hearts through me.

Savita Tyagi

Ice Storm

Icy rain comes with a crinkling sound
Like little silver coins falling on grounds
Tree limbs covered with translucent ice
Channels of pure white gleaming calm.

In icy storm proud oak to earth stumbles
Aromatic bushes are much more humble
Intact is the grace of their ice laden veins
Bowing in reverence for mighty Rummager.

In opaque sunlight plump scarlet berries
And metallic ice enhanced the olive curves
Of bent bushes like crimson cheeks and skin
Luminous adorn a maiden's clandestine arc.

Power outage, phone and Internet gone
Forget about connecting to world for fun
Ponder upon slavery of new convenience
And think of sustaining with bare essentials.

but who would remember the deadly storm
In morning light the heart merrily romps
Transient is the wondrous beauty of icicles
Pain and glee of nature such as don't last.

11.30.2015

Savita Tyagi

Icicles

In a night of icy rain
Icicles jingle on my window
Like musical notes
Of silvery crescendo
For earth's winter score.

The crystal decorated grass
With shimmering rain drops
Is a nurturing gift from the gods
To their distant cousin earth-
In need of heaven's grace.

Affluent with silken pearls,
The crimson berries are
Glowing in Christmas light.
The sky displays an occult
Luminosity at celestial height.

The reflective solitude of
The hazy Christmas night
Spreading calm of Nature,
Is wrapped in a chilled gown
Of amazing wondrous warmth.

This is the holy night of
Pure beauteous calm,
Of love's dripping in
Icicles formed.

May peace be upon all.

12.22.2013

Savita Tyagi

Impatient Youth

How do you reason with a thought
Learned in haste; Work smart not hard!
How do you reason with impatient youth?
Wisdom of time is the lesson not taught in
Class, but with time spent to learn the skill
Coupled with ethics of hard work installed.
The brightest of star have to wait for the
Time span, its' light takes to reach the earth!

Savita Tyagi

In A World Of Poetry

Loved to write as far back as memory goes
Without any thought for a verse to compose

Poetic expressions of innate creativity
So admire the effect and it's sensitivity

Words dive straight to heart like an arrow
Flying through sky piercing at point narrow

Each word so concise of fit and precise
Like a pearl sliding on a stringing device

Tucked in heart the mysterious emotions
Blossoming in the beauty of linguistic notions

Somewhere along the line few thoughts
Started to sprout upon the surface of mind

Needing words for quick expression
Before sinking fast in deep regression

As I attempted to catch those fireflies
Free form for novice was an easy choice

Reading and writing like twin sisters juxtapose
Wandering together in thicket of versification

For a long time my notebook was
A private garden for me to venture

Eventually it was shared by likewise minds
Enjoyed and scrutinized from expert eyes

Now I realize the constraint of writing
With proper rhythm, meter and rhyme

Framing a single thought in mot-juste
For a poetic flow sonorous and dulcet.

Choosing a sonnet or sestina for rhetoric
Lyric, limerick or verse is a tough query

Inventing a metaphor or picking from mythology
To keep secret and covert pain's methodology

Poetry! You intrigue me with your curves and contour
Like a gypsy beauty yodeling with her songs and lore

There lies a world of subtle revelation and intuition
To call upon muses and follow the inspiration.

Savita Tyagi

In Golden Years

Hocus-pocus is life without a focus!
But why worry at all!
With sleight of a hand
I drop my guards to wing wild.
Let the whiff of wind take me
Wherever it may.
Beyond these vales and valleys
Lies a world of my imagination
Far more enchanting than any
Man made goals and deadlines.
Sounds like a good choice?
Of course! But this freedom comes
only past the retirement age!

Savita Tyagi

In Oblivion

Everyday
Life dances
In poetic rhythm
Plain and simple
In front of our eye.

Mind doesn't connect
Frenzied thoughts
Create no cadence!

We wander in our world
Rushed and impetuous-

Oblivious of the moment
So vibrant and alive
Wrapped in fleeting breath of time.

Savita Tyagi

In Pursuit Of Happiness

It has been said and heard by us again and again
That cause of our misery is our desire
To relive suffering we must crush desire
Rooted in our ego sense
Is it really ancient wisdom or
A dilapidated skewed up misconception?
'The nonbeing breathing to become being'
'Saw desire sprouting as first seed of Cosmic mind'
On wings of desire Supreme self flew
To reside in life's bosom
To enjoy and experience
What the nonexistent was deprived of.

The desires that we fulfill bring self pleasure and joy
Equally causing pain are the unfulfilled desires
The blaming game goes around in search of cause
We could blame external factors
Fire, mudslide, earth quake, tsunami
Or any of Mother Nature's calamity
And be angry with whole creation.
Or pick upon bad timings or bad rules
And be despondent and rue
In blaming society and surrounding.

Or we could introspect and blame ourselves
Our poor skills and inability
For aspirations to achieve
What is beyond our reach.
Goaded by others to do of what we have no clue
There by planting seeds potted in sunny ambitions
Watered well with greed and frustration.

Now it is not the desire that needs to be blamed
It is us not discriminating and understanding
Before running after temptations.
So before you try to chase your tail like a dog
Pause for a second and prepare yourself
Of success and failure equally
No desire small or big will have power

Upon you to make you unhappy.

We have this built in will and impulse
Throbbing in our hearts to be joyous
Working through a calm, blissful and hidden entity
An offering and a contract supreme self made
With all of us to pursue happiness unequivocally
Albeit with wisdom and sincerity.

Note: The quote is from Nasadiya Suktam. Thoughts and inspiration also came from recent rereading of this ancient Suktam.

Savita Tyagi

In Search Of.....

When I need a friend I think of you
When I search for you I find all that I need
In truth I know not either!

Still I follow with faith
The glimmer of hope
That you are beside me.

Savita Tyagi

In Support Of Balance

Being over optimistic is
As dangerous and detrimental
As being over pessimistic
Both distort the reality
Grounded on earth one must assess
The words and situation presented
To mind whose eyes set upon sky
An inspirational speech encourages to fly
But doesn't arrange wings for a heart set to glide
In pessimism a burnt forest looks like all is lost
Yet regardless of all destruction
Tender new growth charms us most
One who follows his words with deeds
Has pleasure in each step indeed
And no place for broken dreams.

Savita Tyagi

In The Beginning

In the beginning there was That.
On time's infinite wings it floated.

Some called it atom.
Where did it come from?
None could fathom.

Others called it Brahman,
Pregnant with atom.

In dark vacuum It stayed,
Conscious of Its power,
Stable and content
But tied to its movement.

Darkness was in It,
Yet fused It was, with Its own
Lustrous Light and enormous Energy.

It parted with what was needed
For the birth of Universe.
That too was filled with all of That.

A million eyes, a million ear
A million legs weren't enough
To measure what It contained.

Restless became That vast energy
Eager to burst out from dark hole of infinity.
Timeless chose to become temporal.
Unknown sought to become known.

Beyond Space became the spatial.
Sun, moon and planets were born.
Stars were scattered
Like shimmering sprinklers.

Its indivisible energy parted in all directions.
Chose a place and sphere

Of its own aerial attraction.

Forms, shapes and colors
Came in manifestation.

Seasons were made and life evolved.
Its amazing power and creativity
Was felt by all, in Nature, beast and humans.

To its beauty, bliss and luster
None was immune and
None was denied the rhythm.

A little of Its immortal bliss
Was lent to all worldly activities.

Our human mind became a wonder child of its
Beauteous inlay and intricate design.

In awe we sought to explore
Its marvelous complexity,
Or simply bowed in humility.

Savita Tyagi

In Worship Of Thee

Praising Ram Shree
Even a fool like me
Becomes like a tree

Laden with vice and virtue
Fruit, flower and thorn sharp
All it offers in worship of Thee

Heart is soiled and den light is dim
Still I wait for your footsteps
Saving sweetest of my berries

Frightening is journey ahead
Unexplained is hour of sadness
Lonely and desolate I wander here

When the scorching sun hides
Day recedes into darkness
Half moon peeks from oak leaves

In silence I watch tiny fireflies
Floating like silvery earthstars
Emanating light here and there

The joy it offers in its short life
The winged light of hope lingers
In peace of night to worship Thee.

6.24.2015

Savita Tyagi

Indulgence (An Ode To Poemhunter And All Of Its Poets)

Coming to poetry site of
Reading at random poems of various icons
Like watching rainbow of colors in sunshine
From prism of window glass design
Poetry of young love and vagrant longing
dreams of their love making
and gnawing bites of silent room
Blown so quick the life of that time
Like speck of dust with breezy clime.

Stick to more seasoned writers
If so I desire
Their pondering and contemplation
Poetry of some soaked in tears
Fate's cruel hands and life unfair
Drink it all poison in cup of wine
Philosophical musing and conventional designs
Soothing spirituality with peace of mind
'Calm is all nature' with no care of mine.

Oh! How I love to venture
In classical writer's papyrus shelf
Read Wordsworth, Li Po or Kabir
Rabindranath, Shelly or Emily Dickinson
Marvel at depth of human mind and emotion
Penned so well with skilled imagination.

Transcendental are Vedic sages and Sufi saints
Their poetry eternal going back to eons
Devotional outpouring upon mystical forms
Merge my soul in a complex bond
Free from shackles of triple chain of time
I am transfixed in oneness of all behind.

This hour long luxury and indulgence
Falling in love with rhythm and rhyme
Keeping tuned with changing concept and style

Simple is pleasure of mine in this poetic world
Never a moment of dullness in its blissful charm
Like walking in a poetry garden
With countless poets around.

Savita Tyagi

Infatuation

A dream that never met reality
A hunger never satisfied
A business unfinished
A love never fulfilled
A horizon never walked upon

Savita Tyagi

Insomnia

Insomnia defeated
Joyous feeling regained
Time to relax and be at ease
Till the formidable foe
Returns once again.

Savita Tyagi

Invisible

Stepping back ward
In the world of memory
Here no hand can be touched
No cheek can be kissed
No joy can be relived
No pain can be shared
Those walking, talking, laughing faces
Sparkling eyes and tear stained cheeks
Wrapped in a shadowy curtain of time
I wander among them
Invisible

Savita Tyagi

Invitation

To say that I do not get hurt is to say that I am not human

To say that I do not feel your pain is to say that some invisible thread does not connect you and me

To say that I am mysterious, that you know nothing about me is to say that you really have never tried to know me

I may not be an open book but I have pages waiting to be read.

To say that I have no time is to say- I have no desire or inclination to be with you.

To say that I don't understand you or I am not at ease with you is to say that I am not willing to come out of my comfort zone-

Still if you knock on my door I would greet you with a silent smile.

My silence is unimposing and my smile is an invitation

Come! Let us find some thing to share about even in silence.

Savita Tyagi

It Happens Again

Once again emotions stirred
Grieving hearts cry out for answers
Love is the answer some say
Is there enough love to go around
To remove hate from the cruel hearts
Who don't even care about love and life
Even the house of God couldn't shut the evil away
Riding upon the roller coaster of hope and despair
We search for solutions and pray for calm and peace.

Savita Tyagi

It's Not Easy But.....

When mind is uneasy and arduous are life's undertakings
Repose your mind at Lord's feet
Lodge yourself at the great door
The door that opens for all.
If the direction of life is shrouded in ambiguity
Trust your heart's calling to open a venue
Your own calm self, the tranquil Nature or the inspiration cast upon
All are His guide to walk you through rough trails.
Dwell not in your worries and anxieties
Make your pain and pleasure an offering
Know them as twins born out of Mother Nature's womb
As a serene indweller supreme self transcends it all
The luminous all pervading energy
The eternal free spirit high above this mortal existence.
Enjoy your experiences
With out the great burden of doer ship
If you are able to do it peace shall follow.
If wandering and unsteady mind takes your determination away
Like the wind takes trembling leaves
Make yourself resolute in will with patience
Failing again and again yet doing what needs to be done
Perfection comes with practice and dedication
Put your thoughts to work and enjoy the process.
Like all pervading ether holds clouds and lightening
Embrace your triumphs and failures
Peace shall follow if one can keep the likings and disliking at bay
And repose in joys of working.

Savita Tyagi

Journey From Plains To Mountain

Moving west ward from plains to mountains
Ariel view from airplane's window changes
Ether holds a majestic cumulonimbus above
And a spread of puffed cloud sheet below
I want to wrap myself up in those cottony sheets
And be lost for ever in the celestial serenity.

Earth beneath looks fascinating
Divided in parcels of all shapes and colors
Circles, squares and rectangles of
Green forest and golden farmland
Long serpentine rivers and grey streets
All disappear soon in limitless space.

As the winged big bird ascends higher
The grand panorama of tranquil azure and white
Stretches out to infinity in full view
Towards the end of two hour journey
As plane descends it all starts to change
An intense thunderstorm builds quickly.

Huge black clouds quickly rise
Cascading rain creates a curtain
Of rolling waves at far end of sky
On other side the sun's resplendent rays
Sends spectacular colors of gold
Upon earth's varied landscape below.

Inside we start to feel weather tribulation
A wing of plane takes a dip tilting us all to one side
Young ones shrieked in fear and excitement
The pilot decides to abandon the landing speed
To ascend higher and move away from thunderstorm
The hostess gives us an update to console.

We stayed in air a little longer holding our breaths
Fearful of lurking danger hidden in bad weather
Yet in awe of nature's magnificent splendor
Finally a short distant away pilot finds a safer sky

In a gorgeous view of double rainbow we land safely
Giving our hero pilot a thrilling applause of admiration.

Savita Tyagi

Journey Of Life

Journey of life never offers the same footsteps to every one.

It lets us fly on its wings

Yet sets boundaries for us

It gives us joy of success

Yet forgets to wipe the tears of failure

Its opportunities are hidden in unpredictable situations

Like a spare coat button

That comes to surface only when the visible one breaks

Its rewards show up like a blind corner with great view on a winding mountain path

It allows us to dream and venture in to wild fantasy yet somehow keeps us tied to our own small world.

Moving through all its curves and bends of frustration and discords a longing deep rooted in our hearts keeps pulling us with a hope-

That the end of this mysterious journey will still open new horizon for us like a dark tunnel opens to full view of blue sky.

Savita Tyagi

Kabir's Shabad 22 Upadesh (Spiritual Teaching)translation

Is there any body who will guide my lost mind?
This mind is whimsical and hard to concentrate.

It collects all the worldly valuables and buries it
Deep, away from everyone's eyes, only to reveal
When lord of death catches him by the throat.

It protects all the fake treasure but forgets to guard
The most valuable- the spiritual treasure.

He plants a tree full of thorns but expects to harvest dates.
How can this be possible?

Listen to me you good people!
Reverence to teacher, company of saints and devotional attitude
Is the only way to stay afloat in this world full of discord and strife.

Note:

Translation- Kabir Shabadavali Part 2- 'Teaching'?????'

Shabad 22 (Spiritual teachings 22)

'?? ??? ????? ?? ?????????'.

Savita Tyagi

Kabir's Shabad 33 Prem (Love Divine)

Lift the veil from your heart
To get the glimpse of your beloved.

That beloved resides in every heart
Do not speak ill words to anybody.

Don't be proud of your wealth and youth
This body made up of five elements is deceitful.

In the silent castle of your heart light the lamp of love
Don't expect much from this world.

Uniting yourself with that light
You will find your priceless lover.

Kabir says bliss will follow once you
Hear that eternal sound in silence.

Note: Translation

From Kabir shabdavali part II

Shabad 33 Prem (Divine Love)

????? ?? ?? ??? ??, ?? ?? ??? ??????????

Savita Tyagi

Keep Me In Your Grace

Sitting in quiet
I surrender to you
O! My lord
My winnings your grace
My losses your admonition
Hold me by your hand
Least I fall upon rugged earth
Unprotected like a sky diver
With unopened umbrella
With your light shining
This rotten stinking trash bin
Becomes a sparkling treasure chest
The gloomy shroud torn to pieces
Joy eternal glows on dead face
A blissful sensation arising from no where
Like prettiest colorful mushrooms
Sprouting overnight in blessed rain
So fleeting are these happy moments
Dearth in my humble existence
Keep me in your grace Lord!
Keep me in your grace!

Savita Tyagi

Know Thyself

Know thyself
Rhythm of your body
Like moon's phases
It goes through a cycle
Deep with in your psyche
Rising and falling tides
Of joy and sadness
Vibrant or sluggish
Depressing or sunny cheers
Moving in and out
In rhythmic patterns
Like seasons changing
Overlapping in Nature's
Miraculous field of action
Our bodies mini Universe
Go about with ingrained blueprints
Of high and low energy
Like pendulum swinging
Influenced by outer push
But not subservient to it
Attuned to our inner world
Seeking harmony in mind and body
Reigning our inner instinct wrapped
In duality of conflicting emotions
We learn to deal and let go
Seek a higher ground
Rise above your own violent waves
To move around with more ease
In a world full of bitter discord
And ruthless tendencies.

Savita Tyagi

Krishnajanmashtami

Today is The festival of Krishna Janam Ashtami.
This morning I thought of my eldest brother.
The festival decoration used to be a time of excitement in our home.
My eldest brother's creativity on that day would swing in full force.

The Mathura jail, Krishna's birthplace was made with cardboard box.
He would design the river with actual water flowing
With most up to date electrical gadgets available.
A figurine of Vasudeva holding baby Krishna in basket would be placed in there.
The forest of Vrandavan was created with mango leaves and twigs.
Mountain of Goverdhan was made with pebbles and stones.

We all kept fast, had a fruit and lemonade to sustain us till midnight
And kept ourselves busy whole heartedly with an amazing excitement,
Lending a helping hand when ever we could to set up the Jhanki,
As these decorations depicting life events of Krishna's life are called.

On day of Krishna Janam Ashtami these Jhankis are set at many places
People visit temples and family homes to watch, admire and celebrate.
Since Krishna was born in jail, on this day jails are specially decorated.
At night visiting local jail to watch Krishna-plays performed by prisoners
Were one of the high lights of the evening still reverberating in my heart.

At mid nigh Krishna Janam was done by Amma behind a curtain held by us
children.
Grand finale, Arti, prayers and Prasad with the most delicious food.....
The good old days flash back in mind.....

Happy Krishna Janam Ashtami

Savita Tyagi

Let Winter Snowflakes Fall In Summer

Once in a while let the imagination run wild
Next to being silly it is the best solution
For an Imprisoned soul's nifty restitution.

Let your mind take the flights of sonic boom
Upon the purple fancy's plumage gaudy.
From the narrow confines of human body

Let Big Bang splash rays of violet
Upon the world of its own making
To grow mushrooms for rainbow hacking.

Brew your coffee under lightning while
Moon hides and giggles under sheets
And stars run to tingle the ivory ceiling.

Let winter snowflakes fall in summer
And sorrow's lava extinguish the ocean
In the game of life be a whimsical runner.

Best of all write for fun with no need to rhyme
And no need to excogitate
Let your mind be free and out of cage.

5.29.2018

Savita Tyagi

Life Agrees To Be Your Valentine For A Period Of Time

There is an element of pleasure
In all the workings of life
Be it of joy or suffering to our eyes
It exists independently universally
Irrelevant to our feelings and emotions
Uninfluenced by our experiences
Jovial are the words of grief and happiness
Whose understanding comes to rest
Upon equality in dealing with duality
And believes in simple pleasure of living
Our joy and sufferings are wrappings
Marked upon life's golden box
Sometime dazzling as dawn azure
Or dark as night sans moon and stars
Intense is the touch of these wrappings
Upon our hearts and mind hiding creation's
Secret purpose beyond our understanding
Ambrosia of life drips in movement of time
Death rejuvenates it like hourglass
Reversing it self to start all over
Life agrees to be your valentine
For a period of short time
Enjoy her partnership in these
Moments so blessedly thine.

2.14.2015

Wish you all a happy Valentine

Savita Tyagi

Life Gives Us A Chance To Make It Better

God will not fix the slaughter!
Prayers will not work!
There isn't a body guard for every body!
Love thy neighbor is obsolete!
Mind your own business takes us no where!
Killing machine keeps on churning!
Life keeps on moving! So must we!

Fear must not paralyze us!
Hate and anger must not take over!
There is more to life than black and white.
Beyond Christianity or Islam,
Hinduism or Sikhism,
Buddhist or Confucius,
There is a race called Humans.

We devise ever new notions
In search for solutions.
Unable to find one,
Vent our anger and frustration,
And submit to perilous emotions.
Eventually the storm subsides!
Life keeps on moving! So must we!

Still one is left wondering,
Where do we go from here?
We are taught to believe,
War is not the answer,
But we can't stop fighting!
We know hate is not the answer
Yet we can't stop hating!

We understand greed is not good
Yet we love to control earth's resources!
We realize anger is not good
Yet we can't stop angry outbursts!
We know world is too big to be
Run by just few commanders
Yet we love to command others!

Ironically we are never in restraint of ourselves!
The one and the only answer to rid us of perdition,
Upon which we can work on with some precision.
We can't control the whole world
But we sure can try to control ourselves!
Life gives us a chance to make it better.

Savita Tyagi

Life On An Island

Driving on the streets of island
I take in the flavors of life in middle- east
Buildings are carved with eye appealing geometric patterns
The turquoise window glass and sea water shimmer together against bright sun
Mosque dome shines with gold and blue inlays.
Dates and palm tree lined highways are beautiful, but often jammed with traffic.
Cars move continuously on the roundabouts
The smooth circular motion at roundabouts becomes violent and noisy at times
With a car moving at fast speed.
The small Island is busy and packed with human cargo
The rush of traffic, the haste of human life,
The sound of construction vehicles,
The laborers working under fierce sun with their heads covered-
In the summer heat it can be mind boggling and exhaustive to be part of it-
To detach my self I take my eyes away to look at the calm blue waters of gulf,
It is all around the island tranquil and peaceful
Never bothered by human activity going around its shore.
If one could catch the sight of evening sun
A blazing red ball of fire hanging fiercely above the vast waters
Like an ancient Arabic warrior not willing to go down the horizon with out a fight-
It would sum up the spirit of this island.

*

Away from the busy world, life is quiet with in the walls of my house.
Not that it is a solace to be alone for a length of time.
Peaceful moments last only for few days or few hours.
The rest less mind starts to wander again.
I roam around the house mumbling the old Gazal*
Lagtaa nahi hai dil mera Ujerey Dayar mein*

I look at tall shade trees behind the twelve-foot high compound wall blooming
with tiny flowers-
Walls create barriers between natives and foreigners
But the flowering wines soften the blow of apartness.
I think of those trees and wines
Providing shade and beauty to travelers
Bearing the desert harshness ever so quietly
Some time I wish we could be like them
Existing, supporting but not demanding or inquiring.
In quiet contemplation

All the reasons for existence become obsolete till we find no more.
Dual voices of mind quarreling with in defy every logic and reasoning
And eventually fall in deep silence leaving me even more alone and restless.
As I sit in solitude, atmosphere starts to change-
A tiny bird flies from the lamppost
A cat comes from behind the fern pot where it was resting away from sun's heat
Sky-high trees behind the compound wall sway in gentle desert wind.
Hours pass by,
Hot and dusty evening gives way to cooler night.
The harsh sound of traffic dies down
The full moon rises just above the neighbor's roof.
Often moon here is so close to earth that Michel Jackson could shoot a hoop in it.

Little stars send their silver beams upon my face-
"Scottie beam me up" I smile and answer the call of stars-
All my agitations recoil and drain in tranquil desert night
And leave me to live and rejoice the moment as it is.

*Note - Gazal is Arabic word for a song often with rhyming verses
Lagtaa nahi hai dil mera Ujerey Dayar mein: Translation: my heart is not content
in this desolate place.

Savita Tyagi

Life River

River of life flows calmly `mid plains.
Alluvium of grief and joy settle at the bottom.
An intense emptiness stretches upon surface.
Ripples of memory circle out gingerly to create a stir.
It crashes thunderously at the mouth of ocean.
The deep breast of ocean fragments it to disperse,
On the beach, in the air, under the sunshine.
A new rhythmic motion takes place beyond stars.
The agile Cosmic Energy fashions life
From pliable matter again and again.
My petty joy and grief and stretched out emptiness
Feels so small in this vast process
Yet enormously big to drown me in!

Savita Tyagi

Life! Simple Or Complex!

Some are lucky to be able to live a simple life
While for others it is never without complications.

Maybe it is their complex personality that
Makes everything so damn complicated.

Some waste all their life trying to find a purpose
Others don't lose a minute of sleep over it!

But none can deny its marvelous mystery or persuade
Others to accept life in its simple or complex terms.

Yes! At final departure one can rest assured that
All questions will cease to be for want of an answer!

Savita Tyagi

Light And The Spider

Upanishad says, ' That you are.

'O illumining Sun! The Pursha (The Eternal) there and there, He am I.'

Christ says, ' I and my Father are one.'

Holy Qur'an says, ' God guides to His light whom He will.'

Resting in armchair I ponder over the phrases.

On mantle sits the Buddha statue.

'We are the sum total of few aggregates, says Buddha, void is all left at the end'.

What happens to consciousness?

I am troubled by the question.

Stephen Hawking says -'Universe can and will create itself from nothing.'

Is void or nothingness same as a vast eternal pool of Conscious energy

Capable of spontaneous creation,

Abiding in all yet transcending it all.

It lends its unconditional support for a grand design yet is free at will in its workings.

They say Buddha experienced it.

He is called 'Tathagata'.

I look at the bronze statue again.

His raised hand lifts me in compassion.

He is One with Light.

The night darkens and moon shines on the window.

I put my notebook away and come out to greet the moon.

With a squint I hold the moonbeam in my eyes

The beam reverts to moon as I let go of it.

The soft glow of moonlight spreads calm everywhere.

The summer night is hot, the air still and tree leaves sleepy.

No noisy insects tonight.

All fiery discord subdued with the cool breath of harmony.

Under the bright porch light a silken web sparkles.

The spider crouched in his frail dwelling shines like a gold dime.

His slumber disturbed with my alien figure but not enough to make him run frantically from the web.

His eyes too small for me to look into.

Yet I feel him looking at me.

His little eyes like two lumps of a mosquito bitten flash, weave a silken thread to captivate me.

In the quiet of night with light around me

I stand spell bound

Feeling something yet not knowing of it.

Savita Tyagi

Like A Coin

Like a coin I roll down the path of mortal life.
Wrapped around me my eternity,
A silent Witness, enjoys the partnership.
In Its grace it lets me feel like
I am the one and only one enjoying the thrill.
Unaware of my head or tail
Ignorant of mysterious beginning
Final destination- a blind corner
Still I claim the path's ownership.

Savita Tyagi

Limerick 2 (How She Got Her Washing Machine) !

This auto spell check spells a gloom
She writes Westin to book a room
Spell check writes Westinghouse
It sends a washing machine fast
Her holiday plans are now doomed!

Savita Tyagi

Limerick 3 (Holiday Party)

The old man makes great spicy chicken
Twenty invitations are written
But he forgets to mail them!
Now feasts in backyard with hen
Crows and his buddy kittens!

Savita Tyagi

Limerick 4

In an old town called Sussex
Was a man expert in prefixes
For the names he devised
Someone for him surmised
Trump The Worst as his suffix

Savita Tyagi

Live In A World Of Strife And Still Think Of It As One Family!

How can we adapt to this mysterious principle
Of oneness of universe,
So widely spoken by all leaders in religion
As well as in politics and economics?
Spoken on all social levels
But never believed to be followed.
Really what were our ancients thinking?
Live in a world of strife and still think of it as one family!
So I ponder on it and this is what I stumble upon!

We all expect fights to happen in family
And we expect all to make it up
Simply because it is a family.
Like a river, identity of family is of a continuous change
And so are worldly relationships.
So when you think of world wars
And peace treaties among our leaders
Think of a fight broken among family members
Of greater hierarchy!
Few crack members of family insinuate fight
And the world goes topsy-turvy!
Sooner or later they come to their senses
And talk about peace and
Go on living as leaders of world peace!
But not before millions are made
Homeless and orphaned or
Buried in nameless graves!

Savita Tyagi

Lives Lost And No Answers

Another plane crash
So bizarre and unpredictable
No mechanical failure, no foul weather
No war time weapon's blowing
Just the result of a troubled human mind
When and where crookedness destroys us
There is no telling!
God save us from maniac and evil minds!

Long time back I read Ramcharitmanas
An epic Hindi poetry of love and devotion
Implanting the story of Shree Ram with all its beauty
And grandiose upon the hearts of millions of people
Availed to them in the lyrics of Common's language
To sing, meditate and perform God's descent in human form.

Reading the beautiful beginning prayers and invocations
I came to halt at the prayers offered to people of vice
Asking for their blessings for the completion of epic
I was surprised to read humble prayers offered
By sage Tulsidas in such beauteous way
On account of my immaturity I couldn't
Understand the reason for it
Only way I had seen or heard evil dealt with
Was through wars and punishment!

Long time have passed since my thoughts evolved
Now when I see the harm done by savage humans
I think and admire those lovely invocations
Those are the ways of saints I understand now
How wisely a saint knows the limits
Of mankind in eradication of wickedness
And how wisely he seeks with humility
The blessing of not only God and saints
Full of love and light of divinity
But crooks too, full of malice and cruelty
Capable of wiping out all his effort even
At the expense of their own lives
Like a hail stone damaging the crop

Even though melting itself in process
Like a insane pilot full of rage bringing down the plane
And crushing himself to death with none to blame
God save us from such maniacs and evil minds.

Again and again it happens
Again and again our hearts cry out
Again and again my memory turns
To those lines of amazing beauty
Written centuries back by a wise,
Pious and saint poet of uncanny ability
Into the depth of human nature bringing solace
To tormented hearts when no answers are found
To life's unsolved problems.

3.26 2014

Savita Tyagi

Living On Serried Moments!

With each poem that I write
I think of it now as my last poem!
Finally I have learned
What living happily on serried moments,
One at a time, means!

Savita Tyagi

Longing For A Cool Breeze

No sun and no air
Just sweltering humidity
Like an unwanted thought
Troubling mind and body
And you- like an caged bird
Fluttering to escape
The heat, the sweat, the discomfort
The sleepless night.....
Trying to push it with all your might
But failing to do so.....
Longing for a cool breeze....

Savita Tyagi

Looking Back

A dragonfly came and flew in flash of time
While I looked at flowerbeds filled with grime.

I too flew with her to a distant land back in time
Back then those little beauties weren't that scarce.

Gardens used to be filled with grasshoppers
Butterflies were plenty to be chased around.

Yes many lost their wings between our little fingers
But we knew nothing better in childhood explorations.

In afternoons mounds of dirt in empty fields
Were huge to our eyes for trekking expeditions.

On rainy days upon mossy grounds wading
Through mud parting tall blades of wet grass,

We picked frogs and worms with slimy skins
Jumping in excitement as they slipped away.

Heat or cold we found a way to learn and enjoy
What our surroundings offered in abundance.

Those childhood memories filled with beautiful
Wonders of nature came back looking at dragon fly.

Savita Tyagi

Lost Words

A time in life comes when
Memory starts to weaken.

There can be nothing more frustrating
As a poet to lose the memory of
Precious words building up thoughts.

It is like being deprived of morsels
That nourished you all this time or
Chewing on crumbs of stale words.

Fingers bent and aching
Paused for ever upon keyboard
I stare at half finished thought.

Slowly it too fades from memory
Till nothing remains to hold
I click on the mouse and walk out.

The writing disappears from screen
Computer labels it BLANK!

Edited 6.29.2015

Savita Tyagi

Lost!

Lost on streets of Switzerland!
Green and serene-
It could have been any other place-
My own hometown-
For the mind lost and directionless-
Searching for a sanctuary.

Savita Tyagi

Love At First Sight

Love

Love at first sight
Is a ladder through your eyes
Receding in your heart
Fervent is its downward flight
Arduous is climb up in might.

Savita Tyagi

Love Binds Us All

It was through love
That I was taught to
Care for my self.

It was through love
That I was taught to
Care for others.

I owe it to that love
To care for myself and
To care for others.

It was with love
That I cared for you
It was through love

That I taught you to care
For your self and
To care for others.

Love binds us all
Through generations.
May it always stay strong.

Savita Tyagi

Love Ever Young

Love is never old
Like a wilted rose
It still spreads fragrance
Like a burning incense
It's aura is in the ashes
Like a baby's sweet smile
It lays upon mother's heart
Even when in miles apart
love is ever young for the ones
Who care to love.

Savita Tyagi

Love Find Its Way Around

Love and unity
Ingrained in humanity
Though fragile as glass
And delicate as snowflakes
Can't be destroyed easily.

Heart melts like a snowflake
At first touch of love.
It breaks just as easy
On hard rocks of deception.

Mirror of heart gets
Thousands of cracks
But love finds its way around
Like a wild flower it blooms
Again and again-
Through cervices of rocks.

Savita Tyagi

Love Means Being Happy

No one needs to ask what love is
You know it is there when you are
Happy with each other.

Love is expressed in many little ways.
It is a need and a blessing for mankind-
It becomes a habit when two hearts join.

Love is a can of soda on your sultry days
A touch of soft breeze on sweat-covered face
A burning of desire under wrinkled sheets
Sharing of a pillow and a whisper!
Are you asleep?

Love is quiet comfort with hearts align,
Or a bubbly laughter with beer and wine.
Love is also a heartache
That becomes an elusive dream.

Some say love is God
That I have no doubt about.
Both are as mysterious and of depth unknown
As any thing that you and I have ever known.

But for love there is one sure sign,
Unbreakable in good or bad times.
Love is a commitment of a heart and a soul.
Like an unforgettable line etched in a stone.

It's this commitment that you make tonight.
A commitment that you keep to each other.
In million ways your love will be attacked
Yet there will always be one reason to protect
It's the commitment that you make tonight.

For even when life seems like an illusion
Love's light will remove all your confusion.
Some day when you care for each other in old
Your love will still be a strong bond to hold..

Like a wilted rose
It will spread it's fragrance
Like a burning incense
Its aura will be in the ashes
Like a baby's sweet smile
In your memories it will shine.

Savita Tyagi

Love's Journey

Fragrance of love pervades alike
The breath of young, old and senile
In heart full of emotions, like sky full of cloud
A glance, a wink, a flattery of word
Strikes deep like lightening rod
For love- burnt soul the pain
As sweet a cause for delight
As walking in rain facing crystals of ice
Tonight let her dream for ritual of love
Hold its sparkle in pleading eyes
Let the secret be spoken in shy smile
Intoxicated she is to want it more
In a helpless plight of senses beguile
Suffered in agony when deprived
Blind folded to passion is her mind
Naught know the difference in love and lust
Mingled together like laughter and wine
But bodily needs aren't enough to hold on to
Missing in rituals was the hunger of emotion
Lost communication of intimate soul
Hands touching hands yet miles apart mind
Love's nurturing was beyond her thoughts
She could hardly understand its intricacy
Then one day her love walked out silently
Sadness so visible in his eyes
Goddess of love looked at her disapprovingly
Unable to bear her falsity
She too disappeared hauntingly
Living alone now she searches for answers
What went wrong?
She had forgotten what true love meant
Desperate she went on searching
Once indifferent to world
Now world was stranger to her
Disillusioned she entered a coffee shop
Here is a place one could be alone
Yet not be alone
What joy is there in being alone
No body near to share your life

Her wandering eyes searched for a place to sit
At the far end by the window
Was a lady sitting alone
Sad and weary was her face
Slowly she walked to the table
'May I join you? '
Lady looked at her
Her blue eyes
Misty and cloudy
'Please! ' she smiled
Both sipped their coffee
'Being alone is no fun! '
Abruptly said the lady
No explanation was needed
Blue eyes gave it all away
Her heart knew it all
A smile was building on both their faces
Comfort they received
In companionship
Both had stories of a life time to tell
But nothing of that sort happened
Only a smile was exchanged
Their hearts became featherlight
Taking delight in each other's smile
On cafe window rose
A faint reflection of flying dove
Love had spoken in true form.

Savita Tyagi

Loving

What does loving God means?
I asked the spiritual counsel

Loving God means loving all
Came the compassionate reply.

Why is it then heart still feels empty?
I asked myself in silence of night.

Why is it that love for all fills
The cup of love just half way?

Why is it my love that your presence
Fills my heart to the brim?

With you around love finds its' way
In all shapes and forms.

Savita Tyagi

Lunar Eclipse

Glorious moon round and luminous
Upon the large canvas of black sky
A dark patch creeps in to cover
It on its side as I step out side
Like a gray thought arriving from
No where to cover the jovial mind
Slowly the patch on moon got bigger and bigger
First quarter, then half, soon three quarter
And most was eaten up by earth's shadow
Its radiant life energy being sucked by Ketu
Now looking like a piece of smoldering coal
Covered with soot here and there
Still flaming bright on its thin visible edge
A fascinating sight forever pinned to mind
A phenomena not to be repeated for long
For peace seekers the umber disk of
Exquisite beauty spreads calm and peace
As for passionate lovers apart
A burning fire ignites their hearts
For some its a new beginning
Bringing hope and optimism
For others a transfixed moment of
Ravishing beauty in timeless cosmos
A symbol of love and nurturing-
The celestial Selene.

9 27.2015

Rahu and Ketu are demon of Puranic stories. They attack Sun and Moon during eclipse time to take revenge.

Savita Tyagi

Make A Choice

Takes courage to start
Persistence to finish and
Patience to meet hurdles
But make a choice and
Go after it.....
Only what you pick is your own!

Savita Tyagi

Make Your Mind A Safe Place To Venture I

Make Your Mind A Safe Place To Venture

Our senses hold the world for us.
Beyond senses mind gravitates
In the world of its own making.
Let senses perturb you not. Make
Your mind a safe place to venture.

Evil thoughts are ominous companions
To fuel mental fire like fallen dead leave.
Keep good thoughts and do good deeds.
It works like earthshine to illuminate your
Journey through rough terrains of mind.

All the mysterious inner curves and bends
Can open new vistas for you to experience.
Fear not mind's tremulous peace shaking jolts.
Climb the trek for stable center in your highest
Quest for what lies beyond thought and senses.

Savita Tyagi

Make Your Mind A Safe Place To Venture II

Earthbound View!

My senses hold the world for me.
Mind is not a safe place to venture!
Beyond senses mind gravitates
In the scary world of its own making.
That world still perturbs me.

Evil thoughts are my companions
To fuel mental fire like fallen dead leave.
Good thoughts and good deeds are
Not earthshine to illuminate my journey
Through rough terrains of mind.

All the mysterious inner curves and bends
Don't open new vistas for me to experience.
Fear shakes my mind in tremulous jolts.
Still to climb the trek for better life with my
Worn out senses till I die is my best choice!

Savita Tyagi

Marigold (Haiku Series)

Blooms of Marigold
Nostalgic to my homeland
Still scent the garden.

A nest of green leaves
Above the soft grey carpet
Of dry fallen leaves.

The orange petals
Home of tiny ladybug
Basking in sunshine.

A soft burning glaze
Upon golden Marigolds
Of diamond sun

Splendid creation
Of soft and tender beauty
From Mother Nature.

Savita Tyagi

Marriage

Two partners tie a knot
To live their lives together
The spirit of cooperation
Competition all there
Love and envy play their part too
Anger and distrust is there
So is sense of security
Instilled deep in traditions
Love grows in hearts pledged
To each other for seven lives to come

Life keeps rolling
System worked fairly well
Accepted by many for its assured ease
But nothing is perfect
Time changed the balance
Benefits shifted towards power
Weaker side lost in power struggle
Mutual respect vanished
Love extinguished
Some survived the rocky journey
Yet many had painful destiny.

Savita Tyagi

Maruts

Volatile Emotions
Force magnificence
Accept my prayers
Terror stricken I am
Truly your patron are Maruts divine
Of ancient Vedic lore
Fierce tempestuous energies
I seek your grace
Shelter me from your impetuous bolt
Thunderous roar of yours
Rips through my heart
Your fiery flashes
Burn through my flash
Let this turmoil subside
Purge my mind of darkness
Expunge the agitations
Return to calm
Torch me with your light
Of peace and love.

Savita Tyagi

Maya (Tanka 13)

A woman was asked
Scornfully by an expert
For her expertise.
I am an expert she
Answered blowing in experts!

Savita Tyagi

Meditation

Meditation a practice in
Concentration of guiding
The will into desired action.

Opening yourself for transformation
Through streaming channels of higher
Mental and spiritual consciousness.

Savita Tyagi

Message

Man! O Man! Do not always nurture and protect me.
I am not just a rose delicate to be pruned and cared for.
In my bosom grow the wild flowers of sparkling beauty.
Each one wanting and needing its own habitat.
Do not over look their desire and strength
To face the fierce wind and rain for freedom
To smile and dance under breezy sunshine.

Savita Tyagi

Mid Day Moon

In mountains moon hangs
In clear blue sky past mid day.
Nature's charismatic tool -
A semicircle blotting paper to
Soak up the misery of who so ever
Cares to deposit it there.

Savita Tyagi

Moon Is There To Fall In Love With

Moon! Why do I fall in love with you.
You are as mysterious as love itself.
I will never know for sure if your love
Touches me or touches me not
It's like water trapped in your mantle
Beyond my power of exploration

But you know what
It doesn't matter
If I get an answer or not!
Love's footsteps are soft
And none can transmit it better
Than the silken touch of
Your moon beams
Tantalizing my bare skin.

Savita Tyagi

Moon's Child

Night is stygian sans of stars
Dark mood shares kinship
With black sky of new moon
Moon's jubilant child I am shedding
The gloom under full moon's glow

Savita Tyagi

Morning Inspiration And A Vague Dream

Stepping upon silken layers of dream, with caution
I caressed an injured creature, soft and dark as night
In stony silence of room, a little scared and
Unsure of myself I was, with its presence.

The abstract dream left me
With a strange impression.
But a vague reality was revealed
By sudden morning inspiration.

Love and hate, hope and despair
Anger and calmness, envy and mercy
Like children of light and darkness, forever
Reside side by side in each human heart.

Angry, forgotten thoughts
Being eliminated in endless effort
Still lie wounded and potent
In silhouetted corridors of heart.

Come! touch me, hold me, nurse me!
Like wounded animals so emphatic is
Their plea to bring out the child in you.

With pure innocence it invites you to
Play and caress each one with a
Fearless trust, unaware of any harm
That could fall upon if not vigilant.

But a wrathful, wounded beast is
Still ferocious and still vengeful
Ready to strike with full passion
At any of your unguarded moments.

Savita Tyagi

Morning Inspiration And A Vague Dream II

Defining A Dream

Fascinating is the world of dreams
Experienced by most of us.
Some dreams are quickly forgotten
But some are retained long in memory
With their hard to ignore impressions.

We try to find some way to know more,
To analyze the phenomena, to find some comfort
Or to interpret our confused and disoriented mind.
From reading books, to consulting experts,
From talking to friends to taking solitary walks,
All options we try to put ourself at ease.

Dwelling more, varied explanations we may find
Sometime putting a whole new spin on our thoughts.

I had a dream couple of days back
Instead of getting lost in subconscious
From where it arises, it left an impression.

What is most interesting is the revelation
That a sudden morning thought brought to it.
I found its explanation in my own thought process.
What are our values, our teachings,
What we value most in our life,
How we reach towards our goals,
Be it self improvement or any other worldly gains,
A dream can be defined in any of those ways.

A long process of belief, convictions and
Circumstance influence us while we make
Some conscious efforts to build our lives.

Because a dream can reflect any of these things
In defining it all this needs to be
Taken into consideration.
If understood well it can be an asset

And a guidance of subconscious to our conscious life.

So if you are not satisfied with any traditional explanation
Don't be disappointed or puzzled.
A new clue may light up like a light bulb
Based on your own experience.

You may find a new support, a new guidance
Closer to you own heart and desires.
A dream may help you to return to your choice,
Change it or to improve upon it, according to
Something which you may have forgotten but value most.

Savita Tyagi

Morning Tea

There is nothing more satisfying and soothing than the ritual of morning tea
Now that the movement of time and its connection to outside world
Have lost much of its significance,
I make my tea and a toast with leisure and sit on my favorite chair to enjoy it
I feel the rays of rising sun knocking on my front door
The oval shape glass lets the rays fall on my west wall
It fractures in to rainbow of colors
Two shoes of light with rainbow borders
Riding on those shoes I could reach to the palace of joy
From my west window I look out in the back yard
It takes few seconds for my puzzled mind to realize
That the little mist rising from an empty flower pot
Is nothing but the faint reflection of steam rising from my tea cup
Slowly I detect the golden out line of a shoulder wrap
And an invisible hand with its robotic movement in the air
I felt like a detective who has just unearthed a treasure
Hidden from every body's eyes
Living in the city I can not watch the mist rising from the hill top
But the shadowy view on the window
With mist rising from flowerpot is no less heavenly
After the dead of winter the backyard is coming to life
The tree branches still bare of leaves are adorned with
Thousands of clusters of yellow beady strands
Morning breeze gives them a gentle shake
And they dangle and sparkle like long earrings around the faces of beautiful
ladies
The sun puts a spark of life on every thing
Sitting on my chair drinking tea, my heart dances with the squirrel
Running from tree to grass and back to tree branches again
The music festivals and spring dances of countryside are long lost in memory
But listening and watching birds singing and flying out in the backyard
Is music to my ears now
It takes about ten minutes to drink my tea
Ten minutes of pure pleasure silently showered upon my heart
Fulfilling my most basic need that I wouldn't trade with any thing.

Savita Tyagi

Morning Walk In Spring

Bradford pear petals
Making a carpet on earth
I have a queen's walk.

Savita Tyagi

Mother

So much of her life revolves
Around nurturing her children.

She is the gardner watering sprouts
Delicate with her flash and blood.

Like a lioness protecting them from
The evil and ruthless claws of the foes.

She is the axis silent watching over
Her stars gravitate in the spin of life.

No one knows the weight of her own
Existence she bears to hold balance.

Our world would fall in disarray if
Her stable foundation isn't there.

Motherhood soul's tender expression
'Cause her love is ordained by Nature.

Words I do not have O! beloved mother
To express my love and gratitude for you.

Savita Tyagi

Mountains

In a fast moving world
Mountains make speed irrelevant
Languid afternoon
Emptied tea cup
Eyes closed lazily
I feel the sudden breeze
Entering covered patio
Caressing softly
Mild afternoon sun
Slanted crystal light
Fills me up with warmth!
Colorado! You will be missed!

Savita Tyagi

Mud Slinging - Limerick 2

Two mudslingers got into mud packed fight
Their slip and slide created such a blight
The pot maker ran away to Gibraltar
Now there isn't a pot for the water
They better hide their black faces in night.

10.10.2016

Savita Tyagi

My Chamber Is Empty

Give me back my dreams
Even if it spells nightmare.

Give me back my aspirations
Even if all ends in failure.

Give me back my youth
Even if it meant struggle.

Give me back that passion of love
Even though it causes heartache.

Or if you wish to take it all and
Declare that nothing is mine,

At least give me the faith to fill my
Empty chamber with your music.

Savita Tyagi

My Constant Challenge

The only truth that we know
Is the truth of our own being
It may not be the whole truth
But that is the only truth that
We express and experience.

I have yet to experience
All that I am.
Still unknown to me are the
Layers and depths of mine.

All this sounds too heavy!

The simple truth is-
I live for myself!

My relationship, my wealth,
My travels and adventures,
My successes and accomplishments
Are all hue and shades of my being.

I may not have touched the nucleus
But the outer layer is variegated
And superfluous enough.

I haven't touched the larger truth,
Perhaps because I am only a witness to it
From a distance.
I do believe it encompasses
Not only my being,
But sustains what is beyond me.

It holds both equally in its womb
The unity, the adversity and the
Friction and harmony of our existence.
Creates fractured experiences
For us all yet it remains intact.

May be it is This wider presence

That connects me to others.

If it wasn't like that I won't be
Shedding tears for the broken
Hearts of others or sending prayers
For the healing of their wounds.

It is my constant challenge to protect
And nourish that vital part of my being.

7.30.2017

Savita Tyagi

My Family

Earth is my mother
Father resides in starry sky
Fire and wind are my brothers
In waters reside my sisters and I
Someday when I lie low
Subdued in my lone thoughts
Unable to sense them as mine
Peace! Be there in my existence benign.

Savita Tyagi

My Favorite Prayer

"Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love";.

Rabindranath Tagore

Many times I recite the above words again and again.
When life is so packed with daily pressures
There seems no way to come out of it
Tagore's words come to rescue
To take me beyond life's tiring agonies.

In all sincerity my heart calls upon my dear Goddess
To get me out of this gloom.
Can't do it own my own!
I ask her to shower her grace upon me!
Give me the strength to raise myself up
Beyond the daily trifles.
Give me the strength to surrender my steps to thy will.
Give me the strength to leave my worries at your doorstep.
Give me the strength to take comfort in thy love.
Oh! Dear Goddess! Give me the strength!
Give me the strength.....
And reciting my favorite prayer
I fall sleep.

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Translation of Sanskrit prayer*: The Goddess who resides in all beings in the form of strength, I bow to her, I bow to her.

Savita Tyagi

when I read English poetry and our Sanskrit scripture side by side. I still do! I probably didn't know much about Maya Angelou then. Had not even read the whole poem. Still this small passage was enough for me to fall in love with her. Reading the passage, instantly I thought of above Sanskrit shloka. Today I just decided to share this page of my note book. Rest in peace Maya Angelou. You gave much peace to world.

Sanskrit Shloka and translation is from Swami Chinmayananda's Taittiriya Upanishad.

Savita Tyagi

5.28.2014

Savita Tyagi

Navaratre- Pledge To Clean My Dirty Walls

So many grey and black spots on my wall
When and how they seeped in- unnoticed
Being so busy with world around,
Responsible is my clumsiness-
Of not paying attention to Interior of my house.
A daunting task of over all paint job is required
To remove this ugliness.
How did I let go of it so long?

Like my greed, anger and avarice
It found its way in hard to reach hidden corners.
Finding a best way to remove is my first task.
I look and look and think and think
Grey areas might be easy to paint and hide
But the dark black spots-
How many coats are needed?
Navratre- nine days of goddess worship
To pray for strength, wisdom and good fortune
To transform my dirty walls in a sparkling clean house!

Savita Tyagi

New Year (???)

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Savita Tyagi

New Year 2016

Peace and joy to you
Is my new year's
Chosen fondue.
May it's good taste linger
Through out the year.

Leaping flames of sorrow
And fire works of joy
Mingle side by side
In new year's night-sky
Space embraces it all.

Savita Tyagi

Newbie

World belongs to youth
Ticking of clock
Confirms change
New energy
New ideas
New problems
New solutions
What worked yesterday
Becomes obsolete today
Let support of seniors
Be like a strong tarmac
For new wings to fly
Let past enter gracefully
Like beach sand moving into ocean
Let us not become sand bags
For the roaring waves of tomorrow.

Savita Tyagi

Nobody And Somebody

Who are you?

I am no body.

And who are you

I am no body too

The two nobody joined hands

Became some body.

Rest is history!

Savita Tyagi

Not Too Long At A Fork

If indecisive when roads cross on
Follow the path that you are on

It may not hold the charm of newness
To tickle your adventurous senses

May but holds the comfort of familiarity
To save you from unknown hostility

Once decision made to your heart's delight
Follow the path aimed with all your might

Detrimental is not the fork but standing
Confused and still too long at a fork

A road carries many secrets to explore
Infinite resides in its bosom to adore

Swaggering the road sans hesitation
Leads you slowly into desired perfection.

Savita Tyagi

Novice's Luck

Primitive stone is
my pen being used to scratch
The surface of poesy.

I flaunt the diamond
Found with novice's luck
In unexplored mine.

Savita Tyagi

Nurture Your Desire To Know

This Universe is a classroom of endless teachings.
Spending time to learn about some thing
That we like, gives us extreme satisfaction.
To know is a desire built in us- born with our first breath.
To focus and excel in a choice of learning is a cherished goal.
To help others climb that ladder
With your knowledge is the next worthy goal.
So keep on learning and keep on sharing.

Our mystic saints and fact based scientists
Are also the smartest psychologists.
They stir us towards the mysteries of world.
The desire to seek and know of that unknown source
As an ultimate goal is so compelling.
The One that is so attractive to seek
Yet so elusive to achieve.

Seek It through knowledge.
Seek it in your work.
Sketch it in your art.
Sing It in your songs.
Reach It through devotion
Love it with all your heart.
Be aware of It within- in your body and soul.
Or see It in creation with so much to explore.
It spills in there like jellybeans from a jar.
This Cosmos here and what is beyond your reach- All of it
Is a burning lamp of knowledge to know Its presence.

Savita Tyagi

O! Death! Let Thy Call Be Peaceful!

Winds have been fierce all day
Icy rain beats and moans with it.
Grieving heart wails for a life brief,
Sizzling in anguish and disbelief.

Shock of a sudden life lost pierces all.
Simmering grief boils and boils hard.
How does a father buries his young son?
How does a mother let go of a warm hug?

How does one reconciles with fate,
Life's cruel moments and ugly face?
Whose hand do we hold for support?
How do we pick up the pieces and go?

Life forces us to bow, kneel and submit.
The all powerful authoritarian lord of
This world, demands nothing less but
Meek submission, even though we
Struggle, fight, whimper and squirm.

Summon of death is a stony cruel thing,
Knocking the door with mercy less ring.
No choice but to answer the call,
No place to hide, no excuse to offer.

Life's ephemeral breath embedded
In her lover lord's mysterious being,
None can escape the anchor of it's
Perpetual cycle but to embrace it.

O! Death! Let thy call be peaceful!
Let thy hands be gentle upon us.
Let thy arrows not be poisonous.
Let the tender soul not be in pain!

3.7.2016

Oh! My God!

Oh! My God

What fun it was to read

Few poems and leave a comment

Before the site froze again!

Savita Tyagi

Oklahoma Dawn

If I ever move out of Edmond Oklahoma the memories of beautiful O.K. dawn would go with me wherever I go. In later part of February with unusually mild winter, spring seems to step in early this year as I notice a little bit of light sneaking in from my blinds before my alarm goes off at . Some time I come and stand by my dining room window facing east to watch the colors of sky as it prepares to receive the rising sun. On some days I have seen the most beautiful colors of red, orange yellow and blue overlapping the sky with the utmost beauty that nature has to offer. Against the backdrop of winter dead black and brown trees that are still stripped of greenery and dark brown rooftops that are as sleepy as people living in it, the view offers a tranquil grace before the world beneath it starts to stir up with chirping of birds, the sound of garage door openers and wheeling of cars with their headlights on.

I do not know what combination of environmental facts cause these charming colors in sky but on these special days I have seen the most wonderful rising of sun like a big ball of glowing red that artists long to paint. Sometime I see its full view sometime partially obscured. In my excitement once I have ran down the street in my nightgown to catch a full view. But usually I curb my running out of house desire for fear of being indecent. I do become thankful if my son has to go early to school on one of those days giving me a chance to drink in the intoxicating beauty of o.k. Landscape at dawn as I drive him to school. And I never forget to ask him to look at the sun though I know it couldn't escape anybody's attention.

If I were a painter I would draw the scene again and again. But for now I am content to cherish it in my memories forever. The coming of dawn is like a sweet calling rising in my heart to go on with my day's business with a cheerful vitality. The colors of dawn prepare the sky for the grand arrival of sun and in my humility I feel like bowing to it with utmost devotion as to prepare my soul to receive this divine beatitude. The gifts of nature are as divine to me as the gifts of my senses that are given to me to enjoy this bounty. No wonder the ancient poets called these elements of nature Deva-meaning the one who illuminates. The grand sun is the illuminator of life as we go about our business from dawn to dusk feeling the intensity of life under its varying shades. It is there for us to enjoy, to cherish and to be thankful to god almighty for its blessings. The beautiful dawn and the rising sun at once become a symbol of life for me in so many ways. The life presided by the grandeur of sun that was here in past, is here in its continuity for me to live and would be here long after I fade in oblivion.

Old Age

Winter chill and old bones
require three days of will power
Just to go to grocery store!

Savita Tyagi

On A Computer Screen

Some time when you sit and contemplate
Think of your life as a Word document
Displaying on a computer screen
Your past deeds are words that have been deleted
Thinking about them won't improve the document
Trash them for ever
Time is still there to correct your mistakes
Add some good vocabulary
To polish your dull writings
Let's call them your good deeds
Give your document a supple body
Support of good habits
And positive thinking
If old ideas are not workable
Format is confused and complicated
Goals not reachable
Don't be afraid to revise and rewrite
Devise new format
Change the old script
Countless possibilities are there
All just click of a mouse away
But watch out for limits
Built in for your software
It is not programmed to work
In systems incompatible
Or to by pass set commands
Just learn to work around those hurdles
And be aware of blips and viruses
I believe such a marvelous tool
At your disposal demands
Your full attention
Use it in a best possible way
To create your story.

Savita Tyagi

On The Crossing

On the corner of a busy intersection where six lanes meet,
I waited anxiously for my brother to pick me up on his way home.
The evening was dry and warm, with an acrid stillness in the air.
The cars with blaring horns sped by me on a hot charcoal road.

I moved closer to a small Neem tree for some shade,
And looked at the unfamiliar area with a little unease.
That is when I caught the little girl's eyes scanning me.
She drew my attention with her bright and curious smile.

She and her siblings were sitting on their haunches,
Circled around a copper-face woman, engrossed in
Roasting some legumes on a wood burning fire pit.
The children waited patiently for their meager meal.

I looked past her round figure and quick moving hands.
Down the descending land near a drain channel the space was
Filled with homeless refugees living in and around torn gray tents.
The features of the little girl proclaimed the group's distinct identity.

Her Tibetan smile was as soft, jovial and innocent
As the falling snow flakes at her mountain home.
Here in the land of billions she was one of millions
Making her home on street corners and open lands.

Her eyes displayed no recollection of the memories
Of homeland, that she left behind at a tender age.
She was probably unaware of her home and culture
Being destroyed by systematic ruthless expansion.

She was too young to understand what future held
For her or for countless of young children like her.
Still she was a lucky one to have her mother and sibling (I presume)
And to live in a group that afforded some protection to her.

From snowy peaks to burning desert sands, refugees are
Forced to flee from war, violence and repressive governments.
Uprooted and demoralized, they endure hardship and oppression.
The world agonizes over their suffering but is so unable to cope with it.

We who come across them by chance are stirred
And shook up for a while but offer no answers.
Standing there troubled by my own uneasiness
I too offered nothing but a mild exchange of smiles.

Savita Tyagi

Once Life Was A Firefly

Once Life was a firefly
Oh! The thrill and the joy I had in catching it
On dark nights in the misty thicket of wooded yard
I saw that little light popping here and there as if by magic
Holding my catch carefully in my cupped hands
I was mesmerized by the twinkle emanating from its body
All the mysteries of the world of which I knew nothing about
Were contained in its golden womb
Its accidental flight from my little hands
Was never too far to catch it again
I was a willing player in its game of hide and seek.

In my youth I flew on its wings
An earth star of silvery sheen
Even the sky in its infinity was too small
To contain me
In my grip was the lustrous life
And to catch a phrase from Vedas it felt like
"I am the stimulator of the tree of Universe
My glory is high as peaks of mountain...
Imperishable and undecaying am I."

Today I feel like an ass carrying upon my back
The heavy weight of worn out longings
A weary traveler dragging its feet
Towards the unknown dwelling
Where mysterious fireflies still take birth
With my head bent downward I sense an impeller in me
Moving along with curious out look for the path-
Who sits there watching the spectacle?
Do you feel what I feel?
Or know any thing about the resting place.

June 2011

Savita Tyagi

Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time I was innocent
Once upon a time I was happy
Once upon a time spring came
Once upon a time the flowers bloomed
Once upon a time I heard the buzzing
Once upon a time I saw the bees dance
Once upon a time I felt the summer heat
Once upon a time a child came to me
The child was innocent and happy
Hugging the child I was happy too
Once upon a time child grew up
Once upon a time I asked again
Who am I?
Once upon a time I searched
What happened to blossoms
Where did the spring bees go
Once upon a time I saw a child
Once upon a time I was alone
As I closed my eyes and felt
The child, the flower the bee
All in me
In the middle of winter
All were playing hide and seek
With me.

Savita Tyagi

Our Abilities

Our ability to learn-
Nature's best gift to us.
Nature sharing with us
Its evolving power

Our ability to create-
Nature's best gift to us.
Nature imparting to us
Its creative power.

Our ability to change-
Nature's best gift to us.
Nature bestowing on us
Its transforming power.

Our ability to understand-
Nature's best gift to us.
Nature expanding in us
Its cognitive power.

All our abilities though speck of dust
Are Nature's extensive evolution in us.
Its remarkable making of our personality
From its dynamic, falling matter of stardust!

Just then image of fierce Kali appeared in vision
Laughing loud with her blood spattered mouth!
Foolish girl do you not have courage to describe
The human ability for carnage and massacre?

Petrified I closed my eyes in fear
For I tremble to think of our ability
To mimic Shiva's Tandav to bring ourselves
On brink of extinction with no recourse.

Note: In Hindu religion Goddess Kali symbolizes Nature's fierce powers. She is portrayed both as benevolent and destructive. Shiva's Tandav is an artistic rendering in dance form. It portrays end of a cycle in creation called Pralaya.

Savita Tyagi

Our Lives

Our lives like a leaf
Breathing upon a silken thread
Floating, dancing, quivering
webmaster laboriously
Extends the binding
Again and again
Breeze of time breaks it
With same diligence
Again and again.

Savita Tyagi

Our Roots

Even if one is broad minded enough
To wear a global citizen's badge of honor,

Cherishes the ideals of universal oneness,
And becomes part of a single humanity.

Still one must never ever ignore, forget
Or disrespect his or her ethnic identity.

It's culture and history impresses upon us
Longer than the sense of universal belonging.

In dire times that is what we are identified with
And that is what sustains and carries us.

Savita Tyagi

Out Of The Dream World Into The Peace Of Night!

Dark dense Jungle-
Energies circulating, are wildly fierce.
Weird, frightening images are visible all around.
I am petrified with choked in voice.
My waking consciousness tries to take over
By calling out Hari's name but fails.
In dense darkness shine
Three points of light.
My inaudible voice
Calls out again and again Hari's name.
An Instant shield of protection is erected!
The fear disappears
Surface consciousness takes over
I whisper slowly Hari Om to actually test out my voice
All seems well.
So glad to be out of the dream world
Into the peace of a silent night.

Savita Tyagi

Path To Heaven

Hawkish words from great nations of today
'Our credibility is at stake'
Justifying the euphoria in support of war
More or less similar words
'Our honor is at stake'
Litter the ancient history
Of kings and warrior race
And their antique ways of
Settling the differences
With a quick draw of sword
Different times different people
Same arrogance and same vanity
The real culprit
A desire and hunger
For power and supremacy
Built in and hidden
Deep in human heart
Seekers of peace still called coward
Settling issues by tip of a sword
Or with the barrel of a gun
Not to mention countless barrage
Of new weapons
A bold choice for many
To defend righteousness
To rid the world of evil
An eternally glorified path
For fighters and martyrs
Leading straight to Heaven
A call Humanity can't seem to resist or reject!

Savita Tyagi

Perseverance (Tanks 12)

Tanka 12

A leaf quivers in
a silken gossamer
The breeze breaks it loose
Spider spins the web again
To catch yet another prey.

Savita Tyagi

Pillar Sound (Sthambh Naad)

In sleep from deep with in
Words resonate like a mantra
And disappear in a blink.

Like a sound coming from a pillar.
En echo coming from a mountain,
Or a thunder breaking the clouds.

Awaken I repeat the words,
In lingering bliss full silence,

Soon it vanishes from mind
Like waves returning to sea.
Stirred and fascinated I remain at shore

Mystified and in awe of you
' I see you from my hiding place '
(??? ??? ?? ??? ?????? ??????)

Too weak to know you
Yet you are there
Night and day with me.

You are the (Jyotir Linga- ??????????????)
Pillar of fire that none can see its end or beginning.
You are the lion face Narsingh- ???????.
Coming out of pillar to kill Hirnakashyap (?????????????)
Giving protection to Prahlad (?????????) .

You are there for us all in time eternal.

4.19.2016

Savita Tyagi

Playful Moon

Playful Moon

It is the whole truth and nothing but the truth!
In Middle East the moon feels so close
You could easily make it your friend.

For instance when I took a walk
In warm and dry desert night
Upon brick pathway of housing compound
Moon above played my childhood game.

In a back and forth short walk of about thirty feet
It would change its position three four times,
Jumping from one roof to other in zagged fashion.

I swear he played hopscotch all along!
You know the way we played in our childhood!

Savita Tyagi

Poetry

Countless poems
Like butterflies held tenderly in poet's heart
With colors of joy and gladness
Mingled with grief and sadness
Kindled sketches of subtle thoughts
And obscured imaginations
Abstract philosophies
And obsolete ideologies
Songs of love and vanity
Broken promises
Wounded emotions
War and revolution
Hopes and dreams
Till he decides to reconcile
And let them fly
Upon their delicate wings
To seek new destinations
To be free to meet or merge in new voice
To find its place upon an open palm
Or be caught in the web of a dream catcher
Fly lonely upon a cactus flower
Or be out there to breathe the garden beauty
Some time a poet has to bid adieu to his poetry
Just to be free
Just to be him or her.

Savita Tyagi

Poetry And Language (Senryu Series)

Poetry is not
About perfection but
About expression.

A language is
Using a correct method
For expression.

A linguist strives
For perfection in method
Of expression.

Just like mind is
To work with reason
And heart with love

To heart
Connects the poetry
And mind to language.

In that unity
Lies the harmony for
Mind, body and soul.

Savita Tyagi

Poetry! An Uppity Friend!

Poetry you are such an uppity friend
At your whim you appear and disappear
Like an unscheduled train lost on track
Oblivious to the angst of riders pack
But the crux of happiness I too have learned
Learning to be evenhanded with my sack
Now you are neither my enemy nor a friend.

Savita Tyagi

Poetry! Take A Break!

Purple sage and wild flowers
Scent the pristine air.
Wandering clouds in blue sky
Send scattered signals
To surging thoughts.
Ignoring the poetic messages
I walk the circular trail.

A walking enthusiast, I expose myself
To rough terrains of mountain hike.
First sporting, soon puffing and breathing hard.
I follow the trail a little longer
Stopping midway under cool shades of pine.
I give myself away to fatigue and silence
Wishing to take a nap in nature's lap.

Hills surround me,
Valley view below is fascinating.
I sit on a mossy rock for a long rest.
Words flutter behind closed eyes,
No entry written all over my mind.
Poetry! Take a break!

Savita Tyagi

Poetry's Call

Poetry! Its mysterious call
Am I destined to accept?
Is it her force or my will?
Who knows?
Half way through it disappears!
Frustrated I too withdraw.
Let it ring! Ignore the sales pitch!
Let it dwell in deep caverns of mind!
How peaceful!
No body is there now!
Wait!
Who is tiptoeing in my dreams?
That enigmatic whisper!
Its vibrating echoes!
Badgering of that unanswered call
Lingers on!
Oh! I feel lost!
There is an ocean of joy there.
Why did I not answer?
Afraid of deep dives?
Perhaps!
So much easy to sit on shore!
Watch others play!
Let game of life shift to other players!
Well may be I could wet my feet a little!
Of course! A lost child needs to return
To the loving embrace of mother!
It is the elixir of a poet's life!
Acknowledge the adhesive!
It holds the self together!
Accept the call! However clumsy you are!

Savita Tyagi

Power Of Prayer

All in all would it make any difference
If God is one, many or none at all
I wonder if some body sifts through
Silent layers of our prayers
Or is it our own barrier
Against life's formidable despair
Like every day swallowing
A white little pill of Bayer
Take a Bayer and say a prayer
Or no Bayer and no prayer
Happiness lies in
How we reconcile
You and me with
Creator and creation
Read a little
Write a little
Listen to birds
Sing your own song
Live alone
Or follow the norm
Brahman, Buddha or Ganesh
Moses, Jesus or Mohammad
Pray to all or none at all
Go to Temple, Masjid or Gurudwara
Bathe in Ganges or be mesmerized at Grand Canyon
But bow with reverence and humility
When ever a little ripple of joy
Washes away the agitations of your heart
That is where lies the power of prayer.

Savita Tyagi

Powers Lie In Us

Endowed with knowledge we
Acquire the power of a counselor.

Cultivating equanimity we
Develop power of a negotiator.

Creating wealth we learn to
Value labor of a tradesman.

Building weapons we foresee
The power of a protector.

Resting in endurance is the
Secret power of survival.

Honoring work we cherish
Cooperative power of building.

Imagination is the miraculous gift
Lies in there the power of a dreamer.

Loving each other we know
The responsibility of nurturing.

Love is the foundation to build
Upon all the positives above.

Savita Tyagi

Practice, Faith And Unity

Practice

To collect scattered energies
Behind a single aim
Is a daunting task for a will strong
Where will falters the practice masters
Practice is the anvil for perfection.

Faith

Even though God is supreme
Still have to deal with world and self within
Believing that you and I are sheafed together
In largesse of life by His will
Makes it easier to love and lean

Unity

This sense of unity fragile and illusive
Reveals itself wrapped in diversity
You, me and the world around us
Are made to walk together
On a journey of limits farther.

Savita Tyagi

Pray For Grieving Hearts

In a distant land a little child
A refugee child drowns in sea
Among many others his body washed on shore
The heart breaking news, the horror of their struggle
That little boy's picture glued to mind
I can not shake it out.

Today is Krishna Janmashtami
A day of celebration for Hindus
Krishna who spoke words of wisdom
To guide Arjuna through the chaos and turmoil
In the battle of Kurashetra
War ends-
But battle of grief and suffering
Never ends.

KrishnaJanmashtami a day of celebration
But I am not at peace
No festivities no celebrations draw me today
I will keep the fast not to celebrate a festival
But to pray for that child
To pray for suffering humanity
I will keep reminding myself
Krishna's message
All my anger, all my love
All my goodwill, all my compassion
I surrender to Him
I pray and come to Him
Give us peace give us light
I who am nobody-
Sends a prayer for peace
And love to all.
Pray for grieving hearts.

Savita Tyagi

Privilege Audience

Pushed by the wind a leaf rises high in sky
It dances under blue sky circumventing the trees
Slides through branches and manages to rise again
She is the lone dancer of that evening's performance
I am the privilege audience in time's chosen theater

Savita Tyagi

Rain Drops

Sky opens his cloudy gates
And rain drops slip
Like a little child running to
Seek the world of thrill
As soon as mother slides
The back yard door wide.

Little water bubbles
Float in small puddles
Scattered raindrops
Jump on concrete floor
A show of dancing manikins
Cheering their birth and demise
In a moment of flowing time.

Soothing is rain
For a heart laden with pain
Water streaming in a rhythm
At par with theatrical manikins
subdues my chattering mind
In a calm silence.

Rain stops and clouds move out
Leaving the earth wet and fresh
Sun shines on ivory rose petals
A tiny rain drop flinches
Fights a loosing battle
It's blissful existence
Vanishes in front of my eyes
To become a nebula in amber sky.

Southern breeze shakes the rose bush
The little rain drops slip and slide
Playing the last game of their lives
I put my palm under a leaf
To catch one shivering petrified drop
My love lick becomes a kiss of death
The icy form disappears on my lips.

The cool touch stays with me
Sensitizing my inner being
Some day the little rain drop
Will return to float in my eye
As a warm tear drop to cure my blight.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought (On Autumn)

Grey sky
Howling winds
Swirling leaves
Cinnamon laden waft
From far off bakery
And a sedated mind
Is all that I own.

Of course it is Autumn!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought (Tanka 17)

It is a puzzle
How out of One many came
Now many make an
Effort to get back to One
All but miserably fail!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 31- Morning Moon View

Four a.m. window view
So bright against the dark night
Half moon high in sky.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 32 Identity

I am known to some
Who do not know me
Some claim to know me
Yet do not know me.

Mysterious is the connection
Yours and mine
Like roots of trees intertwined
beneath the ground
Claimed by each tree above
As its own.

Roots understand it all!

Whatever I call mine
Isn't really mine
What I do not think as mine
Embraces me with such love.
Who thou are that walk by me?

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 33 - Home Is A Liquid Crystal

In rushed lifestyle
Home is a liquid crystal
Always on the go.

I ask no questions
Just to spare you from lying
Let silence speak.

Let's not spoil today
With worries of tomorrow
Happiness is not stand still pool.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 34 (Five Lines On Love And Wealth)

Like wealth over the years
Love accumulates
Like wealth it disappears
Leaving behind longing
And a sweet memory.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 35 (Challenge Of Parenting)

Speak with authority
They will obey you.

Speak with reason
They will listen to you.

Speak with heart
They will love you.

Challenge of parenting is
Not only to use all three
But pass it on to children.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 36 (Leaders And Citizens)

If a leader is sincere and decent
But surrounded by crooks
His character will be tainted too.

However removing iniquitous counselors
To find a new set of good advisers
Will remedy the problem.

But if a leader is a crook himself
And believes being a crook equals being smart
No remedy will work for that person.

Citizens have to be vigilant in either case.
This is the demand of democracy.
This is the responsibility of our civic life.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 37 (Mom's Tweet)

With twitter taking over the world
I thought of sharing some of my random thoughts
As mom's tweet!
Even a tweet like a random Thought has
A deep rooted base in our psyche.
So here is the first one!

Excellence has no limit
Constant is comforting
Imperfection has an exotic charm!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 38 (Mom's Tweet 2)

It is easy to apologize
For doing or saying
Some thing wrong.
Much more harder is to accept
That you are wrong.
First scenario requires one to be sensible
Other requires one to be humble.
We take pride in being sensible
But none holds humility in high esteem

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 39 (Conformity)

Social order depends on certain conformity.
Conformity is easy among likeminded folks.
Where is the room here for out of the box form?
Accept by an inspirational word of someone,
Who dares to challenge and go against norms.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 40 (Managing Nature)

Controlled by dams
Rivers are becoming
Trickling streams
A sad scenario!

Here comes the hurricane
And heavy rain!
City streets turn into rivers
A sad scenario!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 41 (Placing A Trust On Ideology)

Betting on an Ideology is
Like betting on a race horse!
Its loss leaves you in mourning.
Angry, frustrated and speechless!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 42 (On Contemplation)

Some time I want to exhaust myself
With drudgery and tell the thinking
Mind to shut up and go to hell!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 43 (On Being A Poet)

I cringe a little
On being called a poet
For all these poems!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 44 (God's Instructions)

I am sure when God made this world
His instructions were-
You may live your life inquiring
How Universe was made
But don't question why!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 45 (Universal Energy)

Acceptance is a process
Requires a change in mindset.
A little elasticity in one's thinking
Goes a long way.

Rift
Between
Good and evil widens
When survival is
At stake.
Try not to
let it rip you apart!

This Universal energy
That we all serve to
Extracts from us every drop of our efforts.
We answer to its demands
According to our passions.
It stays stoic and static to watch
Us execute its dynamic power.

Before receiving
Prepare yourself to give.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 46 (Saint And Crook)

A saint will not hurt you.
His company will give
You pleasure and peace.

But be aware of crooks
They are the ones who
Will gobble up your fruits.

Cheat on your labor so fast
For seeds and all, and
You won't even know it!

However hardest to deal with are the
Crooks walking by you in attire of saints!
Be aware! Be aware! Be aware of them!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 47 (On Happiness)

Learn to laugh without
The world by your side
And you have learned
The secret of happy life.

World laughs with me
When I know
How to laugh alone!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 48 (Fall Leaves)

Looking out into golden morning of fall
I am happy with my silence
Those golden leaves
Raining down with a windy hiss
Want me to listen to them.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 49 (Morning Reflection)

World still charms me as much
As the unexplored caves of self.
Here between faith and reason
Swings my heart and mind.

7.18.2018

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 50 (Reflections-Way Of Life)

So often I write
Like an old woman
Parting wisdom.
Like bread my words
Hang stale in time.

Of rich and powerful
A word is worth a million
Of poor and ordinary
Even million words
Aren't worth a buck.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 51 (Reflections- Instinct Of Survival)

Instinct
Of survival
Doesn't view an action
As good or evil.
It views it
As a tool for our
Survival.

Intent
And outcome
Often decide the
Fate of good
And evil.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 52 (Watch How And Where You Invest!)

To have a stake in something
One must invest in it.
It's true to your own self
True for family, true for friends
True for community and true for nation.
Expecting allegiance without giving back
Is as selfish as expecting fruits of labor
Without actually doing any labor.
Pay your dues first to get your reward.
Don't be a Cuckoo bird and lay your eggs
In other's nest to be cared for and
To steal their nest.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 53 (Despair And Hope)

Beauty is transient!
I accept that and really
Do not care how I look now.
Feeling good is also transient
And that is a hard thing to accept!

O! Despair! Game of solitaire!
Bid goodbye to night, sweet
Morn will again be amazing!
Even after billions of years
Morning sun is still a pot full of gold!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 54

Embrace the dull silence of mind patiently
Before a thought worthwhile germinates.
A long process is in working under earth
Before shrubs are laden with spring flowers.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 55 (Substitute)

Often we don't find what we are looking for
yet hate to get by with substitute
Only to realize later
That substitute works pretty good too.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 56 (Emotions And Poetry)

Effectiveness of a emotion

Isn't in its explosive outbursts.

It isn't there for making a random post.

Its intensity first needs to be coalesced

And lived through a blood boiling, aching heart,

Or in a beautiful heart dancing in rain with joy,

Before it seeps into poetry to captivate

A reader's heart and mind.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 57 (Sardonic)

In the minds of governing class
There is not a peaceful moment!

Yet it holds sacred the goal to protect
And provide peace to world it governs.

What is in store for human potential
Constant devaluation of death or life?

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 58 (Fast Paced Life)

Sunday Morning

Poems fly over front page

Disappear so quick

Like planes running from tarmac

Slipped in horizon!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought 59 (New Beginning)

When all is said and done,
Much is left unsaid
And undone-
For a time comes when all is merged
In a lingering silence
To wait for a new sound to emerge.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought II (A Test For Will)

Fine is to test the will
For courage to take up an endeavor
But testing the patience and persistence
To be resolute for a chosen path
Is a finer test for that will.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought III (On Relationship)

No matter how hard we try
Some desires stay unfulfilled
Some work left undone
Some relationship painfully destroyed
Some pride hurt, some integrity tarnished
Better to be happy and satisfied
With whatever little our gains are
And be thankful for life and its provide

This fear and distrust of fellow being
Encroaching upon our psyche
A parasite amorphous spread wide
Destroying the love and trust
That builds the human life.

Angry words cut cleaner than sword
No tearing of flesh and no blood to spill
Yet heart is cut like grass under scythe

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Iv (On Old Age)

Childhood returns in old age
Every little hurt brings a tear and an 'ouch'!
No mom is here with a kiss and a blow soft,
But time is plentiful to dry those saline drops
Alone, in quiet, without any body looking.

Once the storm is over
Calm returns as usual
Like nothing has happened
Just but the lees of muddy soil
settled deep down in psyche.

No pilgrimage is enough to
Cleanse that soiled and dusty heart
Than an arroyo of love and forgiveness.

Pioneers are sacrificial lamb
With their flash and blood
Paving the way of greater good.

In my old age I need a
No cook required
High tech kitchen.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Ix

One goes to temple in search of peace
Other goes because he is at peace
Third is there to wash his laundry!

And God said:

I have created a song for each of you
Now you have to sing it all alone
Others are there to join in chorus.

And the Devil said:

Fear me! The perpetual fiend
Ictus malicious
Pernicious to your song.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought V (Life Is Transient)

Nature created just one law
What comes into existence
Must one day cease to exist
Man creates thousands of laws
In trying to get away from last half.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought VI (Poet And Emotions)

Emotions are to a poet
What sky is to birds
Of depth and vastness
To venture and explore
In limitless mental flights.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought VII

Temperature

Temperature today

Freezing outside

Sizzling inside.

Talk Show

Fire lit; the kettle whistles

Moist steam sprayed

Even the windows get warm.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought VIII

purpose of reading is not to get away from life
But to derive strength in quiet moments to face life

Search for peace starts from within
When peace descends
It is not for retiring in seclusion
But to open up to the creative process
That aspires to bring out what is best in you.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought X

One who is suppose to protect and serve
Aught to be courageous and compassionate
But a neurosis of fear and distrust runs
Through the veins of governing power
A fearful one in power knows only
How to intimidate, dominate and enslave
With out winning the confidence of their people
Such authority is not fit to govern.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought XI

Look carefully!

Past is pregnant with future

Present is having labor pains

Lo and behold! Future is having twins!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought XII

Climbing Mount Everest is challenging
So is swimming across the English Channel
Crisscrossing the land on foot is tiresome
Flying is nightmare save the destination
But most challenging is to get a good night sleep.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought XIII

No Celebrations

No Expectation

Sunshine and cold wind

Few dry leaves breeze over

Together we greet the squirrel.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xlv

Love makes one thrive
Even in acrid conditions
The highest nutrient for life
Just a bit of it poured at roots
The tree of human life blossoms.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xvi (When The Hell Is Ready To Jump On)

I look at life's happenings
And it feels like hell is ready to jump on.
With a glare I put on my fighting gloves.

The burning fire of hell finds its match
In the raging fire streaming through my eyes.
It stops on its track indecisively,
Like a tiger gauging the strength
Of its prey!

In silence vibrate my thoughts.
Leave me alone!
And I will leave you alone!

A protective shield of love
Descends from heaven,
Wraps me in it's loving embrace.

It's energy reverberates in my being.
En echo whispers,
Fear not child! I am with you!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xvii

Subconscious reservoir
Of words and verses
Shaping the thought
From experience
shrouded in memory

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xviii

Eat, drink and be merry
A great trio of sound advice
Last one being the most complex
Yet if happiness comes your way
Seize the moment before it disappears.

What is the meaning of life?
I asked God in my moments of confusion
God instead asked his own question
Tell me what does life mean to you?
His answer hidden so well in the question.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxix (Life Lessons)

Standing up for myself
Is the first lesson that I have to learn.
However if I wish to stand up for others
There is a second lesson I have to learn
Sit down for myself.....
Each time I fail
I learn it a bit more with humility.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxi (Lost In The Shuffle)

First man and a woman
Competed with each other.

Then came the machine.
Believing survival depends on competition
Both competed with Machine.

Here comes the robot now.
All of us are asked to look upon robot.

Alas the Self our greatest identity
The one that unites us all
Being lost in the shuffle.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxii

Copycats are more headache than real ones!
In authoritarian play of power
The game of cat and mouse is eternal!

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxlll

Sky roared and opened
Out came the word trembling
It shook the world with its power.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxlv

Slamming your head
Against a mountain
Is not a wise choice
A flowing river always
Creates a new path.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxv

When all experiences of life
Become experiences of Divine
One have come to know and
Experience Divine.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxvi

In search for answers
Logic walks for miles and miles
Finds the old man faith with a grin on face
Rest in my arms O! weary one
Your search ends in my embrace.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxvii

Old friends and old memories
Old cloths and old habits
Old habitats and old ways
Provide such comfort
Hard to let them go!

Stop and go writing
Basketful of emotions
Scant time for sorting

First strike and you get it right
You think it just happen might
But the period of trial and error
Is what we need to go through
And perfection becomes marrow.

Time makes sense of every thing
Time makes every thing nonsense
Time leaves no remnant to collect.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thought Xxviii (Clashes)

Like tiny stars in Galaxy
We live in our circles
Imbued with our
Attractions and repulsion
From their place stars
Scan the universe
So do we with news
And information.

Occasionally two mighty galaxies clash
The sky lit up the earth trembles
Undetected many new stars are born
Before the universe goes on to be quiet.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thoughts I

Enveloped with Cosmic eternity
Happy and content is my little self
I walk upon earth
Like a child playing around mother

Evil reigns when trust is lost.
Mind is disturbed with loss of trust.
Disturbed mind creates crux emotions
And crooked reasoning
Love walks away from troubled heart.
One can possess comfort and privilege
But trust has to be earned.

In competition all run yet only one winner
In cooperation all walk hand in hand
Each lending support to other
Strength lies in cooperation.

We all work under the bewitching spell of Nature given Gunas (traits)
These are like spring, summer and winter of life
Rotating and overpowering all our actions
The spring light of Satwa illuminates path with love and joy
The summer passion of Rajas lends its hand in creating and fulfilling the basket
The decay and inertia of winter Tamas forces us to retreat in quiet repose
The mind that learns the balance of emotion and reason
Walks through seasons of life with calm strength
Is the one whose guidance we should seek and trust.

Savita Tyagi

Random Thoughts Xix (Death)

Some one said-
We are standing in departure hall.
Another friend
Takes that one way voyage-
Bold and courageous
Fearless fighter
Loving and caring.
His memory is jovial
Rest in peace dear friend!

6.30.2015

Savita Tyagi

Random Thoughts Xx

Big dreams and high ego
Signature color of youth
Blood red
Lost dreams and worn out ego
Signature of old
In faded water marks!

Want to do but can't do
Can do but don't want to
Summer days floating by

Savita Tyagi

Random Verses

Care

We have to care enough to be our best
We have to dare enough to be that now
Today's work decides tomorrow's outcome

strength

Trees striped bare naked
Of fruits, flowers and leaves
To face the frigid winter
Intense loss gives renewed strength
To start over in life again

Caution

Highway is no ocean
Yet many lives are lost
In reckless motion
Drive your four wheels
With caution.

Fate

Fate can bless you
By default or curse you
By default if it chooses so.

Your Ship

You are the captain of your ship
Steer the wheel with caution
Understand the power and limits
Of what your ship can do
Bear in mind the effects of wind
Current, swell and momentum

Rant Is Permitted

This life is as true as words spoken
Once released becomes a lie spoken

Once relationships were like a rock
A firm support for climbers
Now it feels like a swamp
Still one must wade through

Old love wears out
New ones aren't sturdy

Keep your legs strong
To carry you through
Others' shoulder are strong enough
Just to carry your dead body
In life on a wheel society
Shoulders are just a cliché

learn to spend some time by yourself
However hard it may be
One can be alone even in a crowd
Yet have great company in a shadow loud

If you can pay for services
Social structure is there for you
Hospital, nurses, doctors, psychiatrist
Food, electricity, water and home
It is pay as you go society
No place like home is also a cliché

Love! What about love?
look at chameleon
Love resembles some thing like that
It is always there if you can spot it
If you can't don't worry
life has many riddles to solve
love is just one of it
Move on.....

One more thing
Don't think twice about
What you just read!

Enjoy your summer and your wandering
Summer's delight falls alike
On sylvan and city life.

Savita Tyagi

Reciprocity

Come reign over my heart
You say-
Have you made a place
By giving your heart away?

Savita Tyagi

Reflections

Early morning!

Lucky ones are still cozy in their beds.

Moon in west looks bright and beautiful.

It travelled all night just to cover the distance

From horizon of east to west end of my back yard.

Its silvery light filters through trees.

The spread of light and black shadows

Is soft as silk upon cold grass.

Barefoot I took few steps,

Soft grass and cold earth tickles my feet.

Fall is here-

With short evenings and cold nights.

Night creatures have stopped screaming.

An unfamiliar sound travels from a distant shore-

Could it be frogs croaking by a pond? I doubt.....

I watch moon's descent behind tall oaks.

Soon the grass, the fence the grapevine

all turn dark...trees look mysterious.

Tonight will be a super moon lunar eclipse.

Moon wanders around my house

In endless cycles.

Like life going through a new phase

In different times, at different place.

Stars follow its queen in celestial abode.

Soon all will disappear in sunlight.

Nature moves in cycles for eons.

Life moves only one way for us.

It rises to move downhill-

Where moon descends and descends-

But sun stops rising.....

9.27.2015

Savita Tyagi

Reflections (Election 2016)

As I look back and ponder over the results of election 2016
I find it so ironic that the young generation was so inspired
By Bernie Sanders' idealism.

It appealed to goodness of human heart.
For the same reason they didn't support Hilary
Cause she couldn't measure up to their ideals.
Those same young ones realizing their mistakes
Took to streets to vent their frustrations.

At the other end Trump appealed to worst fears
And dark negative instincts of American public.
So many of them responded to him because
They knew the futility of high ideals.
Their experience taught them
That life is less than an ideal journey.
Self preservation comes before anything.
They won.

11.10.2016

Savita Tyagi

Reflections (On Self, God, And Potentiality)

When I try to search for my identity
I find countless layers of realized
And unrealized potentialities.

Certain paths in life find support from what
Lies potent within and create a challenge
To explore and pursue the vista of my liking.

Search for God ends in search of my own identity.
Striving for God is striving for my own potential.
Realizing God is realizing my own potential.

To me God is another name for my potent energy.
Unknown and unexplored enveloped with in me and
Enveloping this Universe with a fathomless perseity.

Treading along the path of discovery it finds
An expression like an arrow finds its mark.
Some small or big goal, reached with effort
And focus brings in an immense satisfaction.

But so much is unachieved and unexplored
Open for retrospection -
Like the view of universe beyond my perception.

We live our lives with a divided self.
A self that is active and vibrant,
Wants to live life with all its passions,
But there is this silent inactive self
That pulls us for life's quieter reflection.

Behind the dreamy eyelids
Spirit's vision takes hold in inner self.
The active self draws inspiration
From the infinite and immortal self,
To shape and consecrate the vision
Most harmonious to my natural instincts.

Not every instinct can be followed through.

Nor every inspiration capable of fine instrumentation.
But whatever little is achieved is glorious enough
To blow a trumpet of my joy and jubilation.

We are pulled in many directions by
Life's changing demands and pressures
Thinking one or the other life style is
A gateway for peace, pleasure or salvation.

Every step in life need not be
A winning or loosing step.
Many neutral steps are needed
To reconcile the divided self,
To achieve a much needed balance.

Those dull boring moments spent alone
May seem unrewarding and unproductive
To our active go getter self,

But mind and body quietly rejuvenate
In those insignificant moments, preparing
The active self for our next big step.

Savita Tyagi

Reflections Ii (Emotions)

7.8.2016

Whatever split second of time
I own in the cycle of eternity
The last choice I would want to make
Is to let it be consumed by anger,
Hate, avarice and jealousy.
An extreme showing of opposite passions
An intense overpowering of conflicting emotions
Is what people, community, and nations
Seem to be suffering more than ever.
It's seeds ever engrained in us
Have mushroomed in us beyond
The grip of reasoning.
What ever happened to love, care
And feelings of compassion.
The nurturing has died under iron dust
Of distrust.

7.9.2016

Beyond our own self, we identify with outside world.
That dual personality is visible every where.
Looking at nature we know how hard it is to
Deal with mother nature's extremes
We try hard to protect ourself from extremes of nature.
We try hard to protect our self from extremes of our own self.
Cities, communities, governments and nations need to try hard
To protect itself from it too.
These abstract institutions live and breath
Colored with our intense emotions.
When one sees the gulf between love and hate
Trust and distrust getting wider and wider,
It not only breaks an individual it breaks the system too.
Events of past few days show how easy it is to break down
Under the stress of opposite forces.
But we can't turn our backs on each other and walk away.
We need to recognize our differences and find solutions.

Religion And Spirituality

Spirituality is soul
And religion is its body.
Dividing them is like
Snatching soul away from body.
Soul experiences Universe through senses
And mind and body's interactions with it.
How a person expresses spirit's experiences
Becomes his religion.
One's true religion is its own understanding
Of inner workings of self as well as
It's understanding of universe.
How the two get united in one's mind
Is what gets expressed as one's religion.
Impressions are collected and ways from
Family and society are followed since childhood,
But a time comes when questions arise
And each one of us will search and seek
And learn the truth in its own way.
We search and seek the path that descends inward
And we search and seek the ways that branch out in Universe.
We could be in unison with others or
We may clash vehemently among ourselves
In trying to justify our ways as the only way.
There would always be as many paths to follow
As there are humans on earth.
One powerful voice may influence many
To create a million followers
But none can hold an individual voice hostage
Or block his own calling to search and find its own way.

Savita Tyagi

Religion And Spirituality (Reflections)

Religion is irrelevant

If it isn't part of social fabric.

Spirituality is irrelevant

If it is not conscious of unifying principle of Universe.

God is irrelevant

If we can't feel Its influence upon our life.

Savita Tyagi

Rephrased

Concept of sin and virtue
Creation of our own mind.

Hence solutions are too of our kind
Our society, our surrounding, in our time.

Transient are some laws made by us
More lasting are other for mankind.

All Nature is "the structured vision of cosmic Self
Alive with the touch of being's eternity."

None can see the heaven
Who has not passed through hell.

Our ego, the fluid personality
Wrapped around our inner self
Hides from our view it's eternity
Like foam obscures the clarity of waves.

Savita Tyagi

Resilience

I fall I cry
I get up and walk again
As long as I have this child like resilience
Wonders of life are open to explore.

Savita Tyagi

Restless

Peace where have you vanished?
What chased you away from mind?

Summer is about to end-
Autumn breeze tosses brown leaves in air
Scattered on ground wrinkled and curled
Falling acorns break the silence.

Little squirrels chase each other down from a tree
The one on grass nibbles on an acorn - care free
Her cautious eyes looking straight into my eyes
She senses a familiarity in my figure slight
Careful but not fearful is her demeanor.

A monarch came to rest upon rose bush
Wilted and scorched from Summer's heat
A patch of white cloud floats in blue sky
Beneath it a morning doves glides high.

Nature is restive and calm for a down turn
Though restless is mind for no reason
O! Peace! Where have you gone to hide!
Come back and calm this tumultuous tide.

Savita Tyagi

Retired

Mingling with the world
Required no more
Refrigerator loaded
With T.V. Dinner and S'mores
An ever new world
Suffuse in television
Looks and talks like us
I touched the screen
Feel of a deadpan
Yet warm as my own hand
So surreal!

Savita Tyagi

Rhyming Headache (Limerick)

I bought a dictionary of rhyme
She gave me a free bottle of wine
You will chime for a starter
But don't come back to barter
If you think it is a waste of time.

Savita Tyagi

Right To Love

"Knowing you are faithless keeps me alive and hungry.
Knowing you faithful would kill me with joy." Mirza Galib

Fleeting movements of time,
To fill them with your love
Such isn't my luck.
Yet in thoughts you are mine.

I lay no claim but to have a right to love
Independent of reciprocal demand.
In the heat of my heart's desire
It blooms like an evergreen flower.

Obsolete are now the crippling
Shadows of day and night.
Eternal is the memory of your visage
Accosting me around.

You, who are companion
Of my silent hours,
You, who guide my chariot
Till my last ride,
I put my life in your hands
To love you through the end.

Savita Tyagi

Roam Free

Roam Free

This amazing mind like a flowing river
Source of countless thoughts
Lord of inner and outer world
It's currents fed by varied perceptions
Drawn through my senses,
My senses like hungry animals
Always in search of food
Their enormous appetite
Ever unsatisfied
Drives me crazy
Desires have worn me out
Like powerful waves
Cutting on sandy soil and rocks
Time washes faded impressions
Longings create ever new patterns
Worn out knees and shaky hands
Fail me miserably
This body-
Once an amazing machinery
Accomplice in all my joys
Now with parts rattling in each move
Burdened to carry the
Weight of life till last breath
Cluttered with avarice and attachment
Mysterious is heart and
Mind's demand to live
But the misery of body
Like black sludge
Covers the tranquil waters
Oh! How with trembling heart
My intellect pleads me to agglomerate
Beyond the strife of daily nuisance
To set aside this turmoil
And cleanse my heart
To break loose from old cage
To let this mind roam free
Calm and peace full in silence

Like a balloon floats and
Capers in autumn wind
Under the sunny blue sky
Of this fascinating world.

Savita Tyagi

Saraswati And Saraswati

Saraswati dried up
The fertile land where thoughts
Spurred like stalks of golden wheat
Have become barren.....

Saraswati dried up
The fertile land where stalks of
Golden wheat grew like thoughts
Has become barren....

Note: The Saraswati in first stanza indicates the Goddess of knowledge whose blessings have vanished from poet's mind. The second refers to ancient River Saraswati in India that dried up more that two thousand years ago.

Savita Tyagi

Savitri

Savitri was just a simple woman raising her family in a foreign soil.
I met her few times as our paths crossed over in course of time.
Her husband's severe heart attack was an ill-fated blow upon her.
Miraculously he survived, but only to breathe in a motion less state.

For fifteen years she shared her room with his silent presence.
Rollers of time kept moving and pressed harshly upon her.
She kept doing all that she had to do for her family's welfare,
To survive and to keep her family together through rough times.

Savitri went back to school to renew her professional career,
Supported her daughter in her dream to become a doctor,
Helped her boys to become strong and self sufficient,
And watched over her grand kids in time of their need.

In her private hours she sat by her husband's bed to tell him
All about family and of her life's happenings, hoping and praying,
That one-day his brain cells would rejuvenate him to active life.

She endured the suffering of the world in her bosom,
Yet a vast ocean of love flowed from her heart.
From the canvas of her life, time's cruel brush strokes
Could never wipe away her hopes and compassion.

Poised and confident she stood on rocks of love and devotion.
Knowing her was like knowing the Savitri of ancient legend*.
Not only she carried that revered name with pride and dignity,
But had all the love, strength and wisdom that it is linked with.

To me she is the new age symbol of what a woman stands for.
What she endures and offers and what she nurtures and creates.

Writer's Note: * the legend of Savitri is contained in the Epic of Mahabharata.
She was an epitome of a virtuous woman who by her spirituality and wits
brought her husband back to life from the clutches of Yama- The Lord of death.
Sri Aurobindo a contemporary poet, yogi and philosopher has written with new
symbols an epic poem in English named Savitri. It has given the ancient story a
new profound and spiritual meaning. Savitri is a popular name in India for

women.

Savita Tyagi

Science And Religion

Curious we look at universe
It captures our mind
That is science

Amazed we look at universe
It captures our hearts
That is religion

Why is there so much fight
Between our hearts and mind
When both are seekers of
Vale behind the hill

One who unites one's
Heart and mind in devotion
Finds peace.

Savita Tyagi

Scream Of An Old Poem!

Once upon a time
I caught a dull, old rhyme.

Basted it with salt pepper and thyme
Mixed it with onions to use for frying.

I wrapped it in flour coarse
But it turned into a corpse.

All plump and red hot
It screamed from wok.

When old and tasteless
You are all but helpless.

World is a dangerous place
Will eat you alive sans grace.

But the poem tasted so good
While I walked alone in woods.

Savita Tyagi

Seeking For Unknown

In search of You I move around
The quest never seems to end.
A lost soul-
I am knocking on your door.

Worldly challenges I took,
Accomplished what I could.
'A little bit of everything
But a great deal of none.'

Emanating from various forms
And designs is your hidden face
Limited time I have to navigate
Through these million waves.

This seeking placed by You in human mind
Comes in various forms and kinds
Evolves with nature's demand
On place and time.

What mattered yesterday
Matters not today.
What matters today will soon
Become a thing of past.

So I live with what matters to me most
A day spent in peace reading poems.
It's a day where search for You ends.
It has resemblance of Your hidden face.

11.13.2018

Savita Tyagi

Selfie

A picture speaks for thousand words
in a deceptive world
It too deceives a thousand times
Behind an innocent smile
Lie a thousand deceived tears.

When alone
Take a selfie and look
With in your self.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 1

(Senryu 1 revised - 5 7 4)

Story telling a
Trait of salesman and not of
a true leader.

Senryu 1 (Original Free Form)

Story telling is a
Trait of salesman and politician
Not of a true leader.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 10

Loving and caring
A strong shoulder to lean on
That's what fathers are.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 11

Strange Human species
Fighting for frivolous cause
Unite for big ones.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 12

There never was time
When war was not waged upon
And peace was not longed

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 13 (Politician)

For a shrewd politico
Words don't create a promise
Just after election trash!

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 14 (Inspired By Black Hole Pictures)

two black eyes of yours
mysterious black holes
universe sinks there.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 15 (On God)

We color God with
Passion to make a s/he
But it is neither

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 16 (Truth)

Body perishes
Truth is the essence of life
You are that truth.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 17 (Solar Wind)

Night of Northern lights
Vagaries of solar wind
Street wanderer up!

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 18

Curiosity
Nucleus of human mind
To know is to live.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 19 (War Is War)

Presented with glamor
Fire and fury of war
Dark side of our heart

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 2 (Revised)

eternal heaven
hope's final destination
elusive mirage.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 20 (Writing Poetry)

Like old acquaintances
Words recede in memory
Vacant mind at peace.

reading and writing
Poetry requires a
Tranquil state of mind.

Enigmatic is
Loss of that consciousness from
where poetry flows

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 21(Identity Search)

Traditional in
Appearance I am, but looks
Can be deceiving!

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 22 Series (Ultimate Summit)

Inching forward to
compete for perfection I
simply realize

The only person
I have to compete with
Is my own self.

There are no losers
Or winners, just explorers
In unison

Creating a bond
Of deep understanding to
overcome friction

There lies in self's
Unity perfect bliss of
Ultimate summit.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 23

autumn of my life
World doesn't stop encroaching
Bag the fallen leaf!

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 24

Ruled by poetry
I have become her captive.
Indentured labor!

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 25 (On Poetry)

poetry reading

Is dry without heart in it

So is writing it.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 26 (Meeting Failure)

Meet failure head on
It's a reminder to work
hard for betterment.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 27 Series (Victory)

A desire to win
Demands a constant search for
An adversary.

If none is in front
You can find plenty to fight
Within your own self.

I would rather face
My vices as enemy
Than the world outside.

'Cause beating myself
Is in my hands but not a
Beating of this world.

My inner world
Victory offers an outer
Vision to master.

8.18.2018

Revised on 8.21.2018

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 28 (Lonely Leadership)

Leadership training
So much stressed on, not enough
For companionship.

Lack of empathy
Makes a leader most lonely
Person on planet.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 29 (Jaded Heart)

Mixed like mist and clouds
Loneliness and solitude
Bell my jaded heart.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 3

Senryu 3

Strange is life's journey
Here stop overs are cherished
Final rest abhorred!

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 30

If pain could be a
Balm for wounded life, poetry's
jar is filled with it.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 30 (Life And Death)

In death throbs lifebreath
Orange peel imparts fragrance.
Hermit meditates.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 4

I recuse the world
To touch and understand
My own dimensions.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 5

(Revised 5 7 5)

war ills beyond cure
like bacteria it thrives
in our flesh and bone.

Senryu 5 (non traditional)

War is a disease beyond cure
Like a bacteria it thrives
In our flash and bone

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 6

will to dominate
with nuclear arsenal
world fallen to ruins.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 8

Loved ones pushed aside
individual living
Lonely empathy.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu 9

counting syllables
'am a child frozen at
math table of nine.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu II (Non Traditional)

Eternal paradise
Hope's last destination
Electrifying mirage.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu Twin (Free Form)

Angels walk
Upon earth and
We search the sky.

I offer obeisance
To deity in temple
Devil in my heart smiles.

Savita Tyagi

Senryu Twin (Politics Today)

Running the country
T.V. Reality show
In public office

These hyperboles
Of crazy politicians
Must we endure in news!

Savita Tyagi

Seven Lives (Humor)

A Hindu widow died cursing her husband
Met her surprised husband in heaven who said,
With your evil deeds you should be in hell wife!
The wicked woman replied her puzzled husband
Remember! I am to follow you for seven lives!

Savita Tyagi

Siren Went Off

Siren went off
Tried to ignore it
afternoon was floating lazily
Curiosity for outside world at its lowest
still I thought
Tornado forming somewhere
this is the season
Oklahomans cross their fingers
Hold their hearts
And wait
where and what nature's wrath will bring
All watching the gray skies
hoping and praying.....
siren went off again and again
dark clouds were forming
Bright sunshine had disappeared
it was hard to ignore any more
I came out of bedroom and turned
all local channels were active with Tornado news
a big swath of Oklahoma territory covered with bright red
Our town included in danger zone
I was all alert now
Trying to figure out which way it was coming
And where it was going
weathermen trying to keep up with the massive dark gray of sky
Moving, tightening slowly transforming in to grey funnel
A moving messenger of death and destruction
Yet creating a thrill for storm chasers
I felt excitement building in my chest
it was far from us
Weather clock showed the time
It would be hitting Edmond soon
One fiftieth, one sixty four, hundred and seventy eight
Familiar street names repeated one by one
Clock was ticking
I looked at my innermost closet
We would need to hide!
the twister was ferocious
sky became all dark

Fierce wind hundred and fifty miles per hour
Commentators were shouting for people to take cover
I was amazed at the exact pinpointing of locations
How quickly it came and passed through our crossing street
Down the street it went crossing highway
the fear, the thrill, the anticipation
All building and subsiding faster than I could think
but we were spared
a sigh of relief passed through my lips
It passed next town and then next town
Before touching down
Uprooting trees
Tossing houses and trailers
Like Lego blocks
Twisted metal, wood, bricks
Clothing, sofa chairs
Scattered all around
Life was simply a pile of trash
we were spared but others were not so lucky
death and destruction was there with the blink of an eye
with horror and disbelief I watched the images on T.V.
the formidable power of Mother Nature
Its pulverizing might
Against the sorrow and despair of humanity
how quickly life changes
Still we pick up the pieces and move on
building, helping, consoling each other
Offering our support and prayers
There is no other way out
Such is the human resilience.
Pray for strength
O restless mind! Just pray for strength.

Savita Tyagi

Sitting On The Wellhead

When the well dries out
No reflection to see for the eyes.
Just lean in and call upon to feel
The depth of that dark hole.

The pleasure that echo of your voice yields
As it ebbs out to touch your being
And disappears beyond fields,
Where in gentle breeze
Moves the sunflower with ease
And the young cow-herd sleeps
At the edge of mustard fields.

The tranquil heart
Now weary and vacant
Bereft of your visage
Sits on the wellhead
Longing to hear the echoes
Elongating in silvery streaks.

O! Creative urge!
Where have you vanished!

Sitting on the wellhead
In empty stretched out hours,
The vast landscape opens again,
Water from well seeps into eyes.

You become the landscape!
The dawn energizes!
The sunset smiles!
The echoes resign!

O! My love
There I see you!
Floating among bees,
Above sunflower and reeds!
Behind watery eyes
You become I!

Savita Tyagi

Sketch Of A Shared Sunset

Sun was setting on hills
Shadows across valley elongating
Creeping, covering tall stone like figures
A dark light descending-
Miles and miles of hills covered
In a mysterious truth
Held in silence.

Peace covering strife
Close your eyes and follow the shadows!
My arms long and elastic
Wrapped around you in silence-
Stretching, moving
Spreading across valley.

Sun goes down
Sky changes colors-
Not enough clouds around!
sun set isn't that magnificent!
Neither are we...

Stillness soaks in
Small crowd disperses
Shared images locked in a
Promised return of tomorrow.

Savita Tyagi

Sleep Dear! Hold Me Tight

Now that the world has brushed me aside
Ambition to make a difference isn't mine
Plumes of youth fallen to dust
Body frail and longing hushed
I am so willing to fall in your arms
Sleep dear! Hold me tight
Let me wander in a land afar
Where loving hearts still come to greet
Some from the world of light
Others of gleaming earthly delight
All breaking the barriers of time and distance
I thank them all for that glad reunion
When sleep comes in installments
It charges dues from anxious mind
Forbidding entrance to that serene world
Where about of that I only wonder
How rejuvenating to clamp down on clamor
Move beyond REM and sleep spindles
Lose all awareness of thought and feeling
To see, hear or know nothing
To slide in that blissful ignorance!
Sleep dear! Be kind to me
Keep me in your gentle embrace
Let me recede beyond the deepest layers of subconscious
Offer that quiet ambiance of nonexistence more often!

Savita Tyagi

Slipped From Memory! (Inspired By Emily Dickinson's Poem)

Reading Emily Dickinson's poem

'A cloud withdrew from sky....'

I glanced at her time line-

She passed away at the age of fifty six.

A very young age by the standard of today's average life span.

It has been a favorite poem of mine; but today

The thought of poem struck me like a thunderbolt!

Had she lived longer would she have reflected

More upon pain of memory loss.

Memory is not always so hermetic.

It drains through the tulle of aging mind

Like water siphons through sand.

How peevishly I am becoming aware of this

Faculty of mind being subdued or unresponsive.

The tight walls of memory are crumbling

And crumbling fast!

Time is her accomplice and co-conspirator.

Together they are robbing me of all my precious experiences

Steadily and conspicuously.

I try to hold on to it but when reminded of some past tale,

I realize how much of it is lost, never to be found again.

Oh! How I wish to look at a cloud and its auxiliaries,

Be mindful of it and preserve it all in my memory,

But it floats away in oblivion ever so swiftly

To become trapped in dark dungeons of brain,

Like those sought after words of vocabulary

I struggle to find and recall from memory

When expressing a thought in poetry.

Savita Tyagi

Smile Not For All

Friendly smile a lovely gift to exchange
Yet frown is what is found in abundance
Behind their vacant faces and strange look
Prisoners in their hard shell they harbor
A world of anger and suspicion
A mind harden of distrust takes no
Comfort in cheery spontaneous vibes
Coming face to face with such kind
Hold on to your precious smile
Restrain your impulse to be a
Goodwill ambassador for all
You may not be able to understand
The pain of what life stole from them
So never mind the callous looks and move on
Right around the corner is someone
Lonely and desperate for a kind look
Struggling to carry on with the day
Needing support but hoping for none
Him is the one you need to impart
Your smile and your kindness
In the chaotic life of impersonal cities
Among crowd full of strangers
Hard pressed can be one
To find a soul to share a laugh
Be kind to yourself in your silence
Rejoice and succumb not to sadness
Cultivate joy and happiness
A joyful heart sends loving waves
Like sun spreading its light
Across cosmos day and night.

Savita Tyagi

Snow

Snow all around
I dwell sojourn
In its vastness
Emptying my blankness
Upon powdery landscape
The tiny gloom particle
like a handful of coarse sand
gets vanished in mountain of snow
A stretched out grandiosity
spreads serene against my trivial discord.

Savita Tyagi

Snow In April

April storm brings a brush of snow.
Heart marvels at it's pure white glow.

Earth has no means to hold on to it
Cycle of season doesn't support it.

But my eyes gather this rare treasure
To make the heart rejoice in pure pleasure.

Sparse snowflakes smash on the ground
Disappear in warm earth; not a trace found.

Bracing the cold I walk out of the door
And raise my hands to catch some snow.

The short lived stars fall upon my hand
Soon to disappear in a fleeting moment.

But not in vain was my child like game for
Spirit subdued through winter was risen again.

4.7.2018

Savita Tyagi

Snow In February

Morning snow
Serene silent and joyous
Falling with a slant
Like silvery strings of wire
Connecting earth with sky
Soft white snowflakes
Shower kisses upon
Budding daffodils and blue hyacinth
Hopes and aspirations of spring
Dancing in their young heads
In that pure innocent beauty
No bitterness of emotions
Hiding under the icy cold heart of January
No howling winter winds
Screaming with aches and pains of love gone sour
Soft big snowflakes drenching the earth
In quick succession
Hungry dirt becomes soft and plump
Bare tree branches hold the flakes
In loving embrace as long as they can
This will not last long
February snow fades as quickly as it falls
Magic of young love disappears
Yet like a young maiden
Motherhood of earth holds in its bosom
All that love and its fragrant memory
To bring out in blooming flowers.

Savita Tyagi

So I Ran Away

□

So I ran away
Not knowing how hard it would be, or not caring to know
You pleaded for me not to go
We have something good going on
I know there is a bit of ice on the surface
We are under the weather
But the spring will come
The ice will melt
And the stream of love will flow again
You kept repeating again and again
But in my haste I only saw my need to get away
I was choking under the weight of this love forever
Needed to find the little "I";
So I told you
I was going to break away with the past
How?
In that moment of rush I did not stop to find the answer
I packed my things with a pretense of false urgency
Intentionally leaving the things behind
That would remind me of life with you
I stole a glance at your face
Hoping that you would not notice my doing so
I did not want to hurt you
But had to brush aside every thing that would remind me of you
Saying a frigid goodbye, I stole a glance again
To see you standing, leaning against the door
My heart was aching
But I could not dare to turn and watch you crying
Or so I imagined you to be doing as you look at the dust swirls of empty road
We would move on
Again I pretended to be strong and casual about it.

Now in my room alone, with my suitcase open
Why do I see you everywhere?
Honey! You want some water?
I hear you say as I open the door of refrigerator to get the water bottle out
Standing in bathroom, brushing my teeth
I hear you lodge a complain in my ear

I hate this toothpaste flavor
Tomorrow I would buy a new one
Silently I heard myself echoing your words
Changing to my nightgown, I thought
This seems to be getting old; I must buy a new one
I couldn't bring myself to accept that
I can still feel your hands caressing me through the softness of nightgown.

In my dreams I see you again and again
Sitting on the bed holding the phone in your hands
I hear a whisper floating over the planes of time and space
A faint calling touching my heart
Making me restless
I wake up perspiring
In the darkness of my room
I tried to feel your presence by my side
The phone, the chair, the gown over it, the air out side
Every thing was still and shadowed by the darkness of night
But I felt like passing through a storm.

I have spent days wandering aimless on the streets of this strange town
In a daze I walk around stores
Reaching for a dress I hold my hand half way back ignoring the voice stalking me
Why don't you try it honey.
I drink my coffee alone in café, tormented by the screams of my heart
And the deception of my wandering eyes
Trying to lure somebody to join me over my table

In my dreams I feel you beside me.
Despite all my efforts to brush your memories aside
You haven't left an inch of me.
Across the mountains over the oceans
You have found your way to be with me
I can still feel the intensity of your love
Of those sweet tender moments
When we were together.
The passion that you carried in your voice
When you said,
You are mine forever
Not just tonight or tomorrow
Not just in this life but life after life
I would be with you no matter which corner of the world you are in

I had laughed hard on your proclamations
Do you really believe in life after death or reincarnation? I had asked
Why not? Believing in existence beyond the state called Death like believes in the
word called Hope
You don't question its validity- Do you?
In my desire to live for the moment
I had paused only for a second to reconcile with your thoughts

Now seeing you in my dreams
Hearing those endless voices
Coming from the corner of my heart
That I never knew existed
I just wonder, is there such a thing as for ever?
Are we united with each other beyond our physical existence?
What lies beneath the conscious moments of past and present?
Was there some truth in your words?
Are my dreams reflections of my desires?
Or is it a solemn evidence of your love
Crossing the boundaries of time and space to reach me
Am I dreaming of you to clear the confused state of my mind
Or is it the stream of your love flowing to its destination on its own accord?
Sweet and cooling as it ever was
Tonight in the darkness of my room I long for you
Tonight pulled away by some magical energy
The past seems to melt away in present and
Melting away with it are all my doubts and my questions
Alone in my room I feel like I have never been closer to you
That loving you has never been so easy
A dense fog lifted from my mind I want to go back to sleep
Hoping to be with you
The distinction between reality and imagination
Has never been so blurred
Dreams have never been so sweet
There has never been a better place to find solace for my restless spirit.

Savita Tyagi

So The Ancients Say....

Body vehicle of mind
Mind vehicle for perceptive stimulation
Perceptions springing from Nature
Nature a play of Sentient and Insentient
Beyond the confluence of
Matter and consciousness
Light and darkness
Known and unknown
Road blocked.....
There lies an mysterious point for
Science and knowledge to wonder
Logic stops at its sphere
Faith surrenders to its supremacy
Religion and ethics dissolve
Speech becomes mute
None can inquire with reason
It exists and exists not
There vibrates an imperceptibility
In its own golden womb
Radiant with its own effulgence
Force of expansion and contraction
Contrived in its own being
Yet able to shape and manifest
In its eternal cosmic play.

So the Ancients say.....

Savita Tyagi

Social Dimensions

Who ever said
Two is company
Three is a crowd
Simply didn't experience life
To its fullest!
Two is lonesome
Three is fun
One is content.

Savita Tyagi

Some Say Love Is God

Some say God is love
I have no doubt about that
Both are as mysterious and of depth unknown
As any thing I have ever known
You ask me to love you for love's sake
And I am told to love God just for God's sake
Love as a powerful emotion emerges from heart
All existence looks lovable under its spell
Once the spell is broken
Heart is dry as a parched land
It becomes difficult to love
You, God or myself.
If words have any meaning
Enhance emotion with wisdom
And love with care
A wounded heart starts to heal.

Savita Tyagi

Some Time Love Doesn'T Connect

Some time love doesn't connect
Hope is shattered when call of love doesn't resonate in lover's heart
Despair and dejection envelops the soul
Like the gray cloud that swallows the rich blue of sky
Life becomes a streamed line river of muddy waters
But look past that moment!
In due time clouds meet its demise
The jubilant river carries the waters to farthest shores
The river of life flows on a bed of love
Rocky and muddy yet always there
Constant and stable
Mysteriously multilayered
One-minute love touches the heart
At other its depth is beyond reach
It is possible just to take a dip in it
Or be drowned by it
It is serene and it is violent
It is cool exhilarating sand
Or quick sand accursed
Within the heart one holds power to recuperate
Mend your broken bridge
Look beyond the shallow puddles
Yes sometime love doesn't connect
Effort and destiny don't connect
Opportunity and moment of action don't connect either
But life surely has many outlets
Find the one that fits your palm
The richness of life isn't confined to just one point
Radiate a crystal and one bright ray falls upon you
Connects you with thousand rays
Remember! just one sun needs to shine upon a river to create millions of shimmering diamonds.

Savita Tyagi

Spider Web

After two days of welcoming summer rain, morning is cool and calm.
I came out with a cup of tea to feel the warmth of morning sun,
To watch the green grass, the dark, damp, water-soaked tree trunks
Freshly bathed leaves with their rich green color
And the raindrops glistening on the grass.
The street is empty of any walker or car.
Even the birds are quiet, just then I notice the spider web.
The gossamer was suspended in air with all its threads sparkling under the
glorious rays of morning sun.
Some of its filament attached to tree trunks giving it a base unseen by my eyes.

I kept looking at it for few seconds and thought to my self, this is how this
universe is suspended attached with some invisible power string
Giving rhythm to all life.
The quest for gnosis so intense in human heart
Yet to this day we can't understand it.
Some say they have felt it and vouch for it with definite authority.
Some simply brush it aside deeming it immaterial and unnecessary for their daily
life.
Standing there I thought being a seeker or nonbeliever
Is not the concern of that Creative Power
And I think the spider; the trees, the morning sun and the birds flying high are
not concerned about it either.
So I too should put the question aside simply to enjoy and relish this beauty
while I can.

Savita Tyagi

Spirits Of Dark And Angels Of Light

Sometimes I close my eyes and wonder
Was there ever a time of peace on earth?
Was cursed Kaliyuga ever not upon us?
Was this soil ever not colored with blood?
Did only barbarians roam and plunder?

Were oceans ever not ripped apart
By the sound of guns and fires of hell?
When none climbed the mountain
Without a shield and sword in hand!
When forests weren't infested with shrapnel!

As far back as my thoughts took me
I saw Kurukshetra and Hiroshima,
Battle of Niles and bloodshed in Africa!
On hieroglyphics I saw images of crude weapons!
On palm leaves I read war narrations!

Yet it is a miracle that I and many others
Have lived their life in peace and friendship,
Have kept their sanity and emotions in check,
Do believe in the goodness of the human heart,
And its instant gleaming in glory of joy.

Like a shadow sorrow follows joy,
Like night gives birth to eternal sun.
And sunset brings out the glorious moon
Only to be followed by a new moon night.

Many of us are bloodthirsty spirits of dark.
But many more are there to rejoice in light!
All have a due place upon this colorful den
Yes! Man is a wolf to an opponent man,
But also a lamb for his beloved kith and clan.

Savita Tyagi

Stress

Nerves of cerebral cortex
stretched like a yarn
On weaver's loom

Frontal lobes on fire
Eyes smoked like wet log
Ears pricked with needles

Cool breath disappears
Boiling blood gushes in veins
Sigh and moan replace the calm breath

Pour the stressed out sigh!

Savita Tyagi

Summer Afternoon

Summer afternoon is still hot
Sun moves in blue sky
Stinging and biting the earth
Silence drifts in and out of mild breeze
Like Earth's heart beating on ventilator
I wish for heat to go away
But it sticks upon white concrete
With dead worms and skeleton bugs
The spark of life that morning sun ignites
Vanishes in afternoon heat
Nothing seems to be moving
In that pensive and harsh landscape
The only soft touch comes from a pink Hosta
Its green foliage
Limping to survive the heat
A glint of light flicker among leaves
As a patch of cloud
Moves in blue sky to cover the sun
A shadow of dark spreads through
Not so green a lawn
Like a giant merciful hand
To shade the burning earth
A soothing balm for my own weariness
I stand there to watch
A fiery afternoon
Getting subdued
A gladness returning to tired heart.

Savita Tyagi

Summer Annoyance

Broken sprinklers
Mosquito bites and
Uncontrollable itch
Summer's offering
For this clumsy evening.

Savita Tyagi

Summer Evening

Dusk invites summer evening

The sun is getting ready to slip behind the trees, behind the tall buildings and some where behind the hill.

The faint half moon peeking on eastern sky

Like a little child waiting for a chance to play once the mother falls asleep.

Soon the darkness of descending night will give moon a chance to radiate in its own beauty.

Away from the shadow of cosmic giant it plays in the company of shining stars and galaxies.

Beautiful summer night-

Their time to leave a mark upon universe.

Under the celestial canopy life on earth follows a similar pattern.

As older generation moves towards the sunset of its life

The new generation emerges like gray moon still soaked in sunlight.

This meeting point of dusk will last only a little while when commanders of life exchange places.

Soon the new life will glow in its own beauty.

Like moon and stars new characters play upon earth's bosom.

Keeping their date with destiny

Some will shine like full moon all night long.

Some like crescent moon playing hide and seek with clouds.

Some will loose their existence all together to thunder and lightning

From the womb of dark night will emerge the dawn with its golden rays

Sun closes the curtain upon night ending the celestial play

The supreme commander who reins the celestial abode alone.

The cycle of life and time keeps on moving.

Savita Tyagi

Summer In July

In month of July summer burns at its peak
Not a cloud of relief to escape from heat
In dusty sky fiery sun holds like an angry Titan
The earth in contempt and every thing it upon
Ocean boils in tears, the river bed in cracked trellis
Earth's brown breast crusted with pain
Yet endurance runs in all its veins
Her milky nectar flows from snowy mountains
Her ocher green dress vouching for her vitality
The trees laden with ripe and sumptuous fruits
Nurture all in gratis and plenty to replenish
Weary dusk arrives to calm the burning sun
Stygian night puts the lover's quarrel behind
Rising moon drops down some stiff beams.

At distance a memory crosses the seven seas
I see my mother in courtyard round and plump
Cutting the watermelon equally round and firm
I think of my stout grand father holding my hand
Walking in dry orchard eyeing the best cantaloupe
Later sitting by tube well in a shady mango grove
Eating juicy fresh fruit with my bare little hands
Water cooled wind stroking the sweaty forehead
Back home it is corn on grill and lemon rind
Children's laughter and homemade ice cream
Drinking cold water poured from earthen pot
In warm humid nights a court yard full of cots
This is the memory of my grandfather's home
There sun is hot but hearts beat in unison.

Savita Tyagi

Summer Night

Hot and humid summer night
Canopy of post oak and black jack under the black sky
Half moon and a star gazing
Upon leaves quiet
Emptiness as dark as black sky reins
On vacant neighborhood street
There is life in side those houses
But chilling silence makes one wonder
Is it really a community?
Detached housing- detached neighbors
Detached emotions- hearts apart miles
Morning brings a little life
But just for a little while
Soon the sound of garage openers dies
And with it dies the commotion of life in neighborhood
Kids get dropped off to summer camps or day cares
Dusk brings their quiet return
The thrill of hot steamy summer evening is lost
Lost upon tired faces
Lost in the cool interior
Lost in the exciting images of television
The drawing of shades locks every thing in
Locks the mysteries of summer nights out
Suspense and adventure would be found in the video games
Not in a sweaty aimless run around town
The black summer night slithers on city life.

Savita Tyagi

Sunset

Sun was setting in western sky
Leaving crimson streaks behind
I watched those colors for a while
Soon darkness covers myself and sky
Only sporadic verses illuminate mind.

Savita Tyagi

Sunshine

A crackling ray of sunshine
Travelled miles and miles
To mingle with your laughter
May you always keep it!

Savita Tyagi

Surrender

There is peace and joy in surrender,
When a voice rises from within
To ask a simple question.
Why should I crave for what is not mine?
That is the moment when something
Occurs to make me realize,
Is that what I have done all my life?
From that moment onward
I know I am ready to surrender-
To be happy and content with what is mine.
A fountain of joy erupts as I embrace the thought
And go about my life doing what I ought.

Savita Tyagi

Symbols 1

Fascinated by symbols
I embarked upon a journey
To search for their meaning.

Slowly I started to understand
I wasn't just studying symbols
I was learning our ways of understanding.

There is something
Beyond our senses, yet
Very near to us.

We have a fascination to unlock
The secrets of life.
Reaching to what was unreachable
Grasping to what is beyond our grasp
Expressing what was beyond expressions
Pointing to what is non propitious
To our language and understanding-
That is what symbols do best.

Their ambiguity points to some clarity.

The new symbols are devised every day
Adopting to changing circumstances
The symbols are as resilient
As human mind
With no beginning or end.

Savita Tyagi

Symbols 2

Pieces of stone and steel
Turned in monuments of beauty
Through an artist's vision
Decorate public squares.

In turbulent times when
Present burns on ambers of past
History warms up to brutal
Razing passions of mind.

Even in their silence symbols
Become pit of fire where a mind
At peace that nurtures beauty
Is pitted against its hatred blind.

Savita Tyagi

System, People And Family

System, People And Family

Give them a system
And give them a family
What will they choose?

Change the scenario a bit
Give them a system
And give them people
What will they choose?

System is Dharma* in workable form
Unless eternal changeable is its norm
Last it can centuries in modified form

Family is made up of human beings
Living breathing channels of life
Filled with emotions and thinking mind

System is corporation in sentient
A computer program in hard drive
A book of rules and code of ethics

A system not competing with changing lives
Tethered and unviable to innovative minds
It's ink fades upon antiquated sheet of time

Incompatible with new ideas
Fanatic defenders of old system
Become abuser of it's citizens

System run with people impersonal
Without empathy for collective welfare
A mere body without heart and soul

Harsher the system faster it's destruction
Dissatisfied people burn it to ashes
Upon the tomb of old new law flourishes

Unlike system a family founds itself
On love and care for each other
Adopts to changing times quickly

Family a loose unit of individuals
Values its members more than
Laws of impersonal system

The close bond of emotion takes root
From the time of child's first touch
Of smiling mother's sweet breast

It blooms upon father's strong shoulders
Flowers under warmth of sibling hands
And spreads its fragrance in community garden

A system must protect and behold
What a family creates and offers
To nurture the finest of social order.

Note: The word Dharma is used here expressing a collective way of life in any society.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 1

Mosquitos bite flesh
Sultry sweat sweetest to taste
Dirty finger nails
Garden work rejuvenates
Worn out body, mind and soul.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 10

A soldier of peace
Ever ready for just cause
Calm yet acts so brave
Answers to no one but
To his inner voice of truth.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 14 (Creativity)

Inspiration is
What creates a poetic
Outfit, finest from
Imagination using
Language as tool and chisels.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 15,16

One Pointedness

Blessed is the mind
That moves across galaxies yet
To its point of light
Sole in its mortal body
Stays so blissfully aligned.

Robert Murray Smith's comment gave me the inspiration to write it in following way.

It depicts mind's another characteristic.

Tanka 16

Alertness.

Perplexes this mind
That moves across galaxies yet
To billion neurons
Lodged in its mortal body
Stays so blissfully aligned!

11.12.2017

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 16 (Dispose Memories)

In Autumn of life
Old lady doesn't wish to
Hold the memories
She would rather bag dry leaves
To dispose them all away.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 17 (Problems Imaginary)

Lots of smoke, nothing
solid to catch in hands
this is how our life's
Imaginary problems
Creep in unsuspecting mind.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 18 (Moon)

Half moon past two am.
unusual is its hue
Summer air is warm
eyes not used to such colors
soul feasts on glorious view.

8.4.2018

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 2

Autumn blaze maple,
Rushing water rivulets
Laugh behind our car.
we leave Tennessee valley-
Echoes of Elvis's Guitar

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 3

Our leaders want the
Ideological vetting
For immigrants! And
We brag about freedom of
speech to express ideas!

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 4

Neighbor's grape vine
Sans grapes upon my fence.
Kids visiting less
To splash in grandpa's pool.
Spiders reside in tree house.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 5

Writing poetry

A zig zag wavered path

I descend within

To open a new outlook

When flowers bloom by roadside.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 6

You and I
The polar opposite
Meet here only to
Express the essential truth-
Of an obscured unity.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 7

Tabla player
Tightens the cord of tabla
Exotic drumbeats
Through harmonious tensions
Raise hair in audience.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 8

Inside bathtub
Baby plays peek-a-boo
With rubber ducky
Mom stands behind curtain
Her sweet laughter fills the room.

Savita Tyagi

Tanka 9

To die for homeland
Is a choice fearless warrior
Makes in battlefield.
Countless wreaths now adorn
His tomb to pay him homage.

Savita Tyagi

Tea With Squirrel

Squirrel! Come share a cup of tea with me
On a sunny afternoon sitting in the vacant backyard
I watch you coming out of your burrow
Your furry body with beady eyes moving with quick alertness
Up and down the trees before I see you getting settled
On the velvety grass
The sunlight in mild breeze
filtering through the dark green trees
Makes the waves of sunshine
Dance around you.

Are you as alone as I am?
Do you long for a private evening with your loved one
Like I do on a quiet afternoon like this.

Again, I see you running around
Are you busy arranging a party?
Like I do sometime to hide away from my boredom
Smiling and greeting the guest
Often as distant at the time of parting
As they were at the time of meeting
And when the last guest has departed
I am happy to slough off the snakeskin of punctilio
And settle in the quiet assurance of my back yard
Funny I should have a desire
For an intimate smile
Or even a friendly gaze
To be exchanged with you.

To converse further tell me
With little ones gone
Is your nest empty like mine?

Not too long ago
The beats of life were different
I was busy like you running frantically
Chauffeuring children from school to soccer
To birthday parties

Snatching sometime in between
To peek at the yearend clearance
The coupons of sale priced items
Still lying in the old purse pocket!

At times, I felt out of place
For not being able to make it
When all the friends that I knew
Would gather at mall
To exchange community news
And lessen the burden of their hearts
Their faces bright with laughter and excitement
Sharing the secret of life wonderful
At bargain prices!
While I, possessed with some unknown urge
That brings about a sudden change of heart
Turn my car towards home
To get a moment of peace sitting in my backyard
Wishing for you to share a cup of tea with me.

Savita Tyagi

Temper Tantrum

Temper tantrum
An innocent child's expression
Of grief and anger
But not for an adult politician
Blasting on twitter!

Savita Tyagi

Terrorism

Terrorism has no religion, no creed
No nationality, no caste and no heart.

A radical maneuvering of war rules,
Based on poisonous thoughts, masked
In human mind of countless identities.

An acid thrown with vengeance
Upon decency from hands unmarked.

Edited on 8.7.2016

Savita Tyagi

Texas Shooting

All my prayers feel so small
No words of consolation are enough
Against these senseless killings
Nothing to offer
Just an empty sad heart
Filled with grief
For unimaginable suffering
Of innocent victims.
Lives beautiful cut short
For no obvious reason.
It makes one lose confidence
In human goodness
Yet with all my heart
I pray and write my words
To console those
Who must go on living
Bearing the scars of this painful tragedy.

Savita Tyagi

The Aesthetic Protagonist

In this ever so moving world
We have been granted a time
For our short lived presence.
We co exist with certain groups,
By birth, choice or circumstances
And leave one by one on due dates.

shades of past and vision of future
Color our individual canvas.
We push for our influences,
Give extra value to our stamp of approval.
Though transient in nature eventually
Our thoughts and ideas become
Collective product for a good or bad time.

The Face time of a substance and
Its suggested covering is as transitional as
Our own interest and login time to
Rise and diminish in flow of time.

Through all this moves a free spirited being
Guided by some internal divine instinct.
Beacon of an un-judgmental compassion,
S/he is the bridge for all creeds and belief.
Holds a balance for primitive human desires
And its upwardmarch for beauteous attire.

S/he lives to pave the way for a sweeter rhythm.
For a greater ideal of love, light and creativity.
In the evolution of life that free spirit is the one
Chosen to be the protagonist of an aesthetic time.

Savita Tyagi

The Aryans

'Aryan' an ancient Sanskrit word simply meant noble
From time aeon humans took pride in being noble
Suppressing what was evil and destructive in their nature
Love and compassion was valued over hate and selfishness
Brave and honest one took pride in their words
Honored the pledge and commitment made towards each other
Early on fallibility of human nature was recognized
Virtue and vice was known to reside in one' heart
Conscious effort was to be made to win over ills
If humans were to live in peace with each other
All that was negative in human nature
Had to be put aside for the good of all
To strive for higher ideals
To seek divinity within were the goals to be followed
One who was resolute and excelled in that effort
With patience and persistence was called Noble
Fit to be a leader and guide his fellow citizens
On the virtuous path of nobility
But the coils of serpent ego weren't made to crush that easy
Nobles in a moment of pride and arrogance having their guards down
Were easy prey for demonic spell of bewitching vices of human nature
Few escaped with constance watch and discipline
Others who couldn't tried hiding
Behind the affiliation of a virtuous family name
And called themselves 'Aryaputra' Son of an Aryan
Some even thought belonging to a certain part of land
Gave them the right to be called Aryan
Aryavert ' land pervaded by Aryans is what they called their land
Some even searched for the land original
To label the inhabitants of Aryan Race
As if virtues were hidden in that soil
Aryan culture and beliefs spread far and wide
Cherished and divine were their ideals though
The followers lost their vision
Ictus of virtue fell silent in Aryan heart
Straying away from tough discipline
They became corrupt and weak
And the name was lost in history
Now if anything is to be learned from their demise

Is that being an Aryan is a journey individual
Even when followed collectively
No land, no man, no group could own virtues
It is for each human being to cultivate and practice
To watch for and subjugate the lower within
It is a path of one's choosing
To be or not to be a Nobel or Aryan
Is a choice to be made
Not a birthright.

Savita Tyagi

The Aswatha Tree

By the side of a village road was a huge Aswatha tree
Its strong wide trunk supporting numerous branches
Its leaves full of life vibrating with cosmic energy
The roots penetrated deep as well as extending above ground
A rope swing hung from thick branch like a huge garland around Deity's neck
Children swung upon it to catch their dreams from high above
Villagers rested under its shade to descend in to dream world
Even the visitors traveling on dusty village road would admire its strength and beauty
Old as the tree was it inspired awe and devotion
Surrounded by the changing land scape of land
It provided stability and connectivity to village life
Some time village girls would offer flowers and light diyas* in its cervices
To celebrate divine blessings or life's jubilation
Their slender bodies swung at the rhythm of folk music
Sweet prayer hymns echoed the air
On those nights brightened with full moon
The grand tree was transformed into all that is revered as divine

One day the sky started getting dark and ugly
Huge rainstorm covered the village
Clouds raced the sky
Bolts of lightning flashed like swords flashing in war zone
With thunder deafening the ear
The wreath of nature was unleashed upon the village
With an ominous sound a bolt of lightning struck the Aswatha tree
Shrieking birds flew everywhere in darkness
The sky was lit with orange and red flames
Where there stood the mighty grandsire of the village
Only ashes were remained
Villagers watched the burned roots and charred trunk with deep sorrow
Farmers working in the fields
Children playing in the sun
Visitors traveling on the muddy roads
All missed and longed for the protection of Aswatha tree
Its majestic image etched in their memories for ever

The rainy season was over
Fields were crowded with farmers planting new crops

Then one day returning home from fields they looked at the vacant place
Where there stood the mighty Aswatha tree
The ground was full of new tender shoots
Roots from underneath were giving life to many new saplings
The villagers smiled and danced with joy
Some day another Aswatha tree would grow there
What has been taken was bestowed again upon them
The story of Aswatha tree is the story of life and it's full circle.

Savita Tyagi

The Blood Moon

So restless I am!
Perspiring I wake up.
Can not sleep!
Is it the effect of that
Full blood moon!
The moon that I watched
So mesmerizing in breezy night!
How could moon be so calm
When it appears to have sucked
The peace and blood of mine?

9.25.2018

Savita Tyagi

The Doll And A Writer's Verse

Once I saw a little girl playing with the only doll she ever had.
The Doll was made of cloth, and was about eighteen inches tall.
She was dressed in a flared kurta* and churidaar pajama*.
Her small coti* on kurta was embroidered with silk threads
And decorated carefully with sequins, and silver threads.
Her scarf was as transparent as the sky with its blue color.
Her black hair braided with colorful tinsels tied at the end.
While playing the little girl would wrap doll's long braid around her neck,
Giving her a concubine look.
Her bow like brow and round sensuous lips were accomplice to that look.
Perhaps the doll was the expression of its maker's sensuality.
Her body was witness to the slender delicate hands of its maker.
The expression of individual skill and precise attention given to details
Were visible in every inch of that beautiful doll.
Like a writer's verse it was just one of a kind.
Oblivious to her surroundings the little girl would play with the doll.
Her hands twisted in varied gesture to depict the small experiences of little girl's
life.
She would fix her scarf to make her look like a bride
Or put a little purse in her hand to make her look ready for shopping.
At night she would lay the doll down close to her
Her hands embracing the girl's little waist or neck
Like a young love entwined under the blue starry sky.
Like a poet and his poem the little girl and the doll were solace to each other
United in a single expression of love.
The maker of doll, the little girl playing with it and the poet with its poetry
Are all bound to each other with the creative imagery residing in their hearts
Surging in the play of beauty and innocence.
Ever lasting, ever new.

Note- Kurta(shirt) churidaar pajama*(pleated pants) Koti(vest)

Savita Tyagi

The Dream Catcher

I do not know if I have words to describe
Where my dreams took me last night
Saw an stop over in a journey continuous
Some getting ready for a night's rest
Others still jubilant beaming with jest

I stepped out of the inn pulled by the
Irresistible charm of that unknown place
It was like stepping into medley of earth
Green valley and rolling meadows
Spread out as far as eyes could see

Mazes of dirt track umber and taciturn
Dotting the slops and foveal design
Immense and endless was the landscape
I stood there mesmerized drinking with eyes
Calm and tranquil nature spread wide

Luminous burnt sienna was the sky
Scattered upon it were cotton soft clouds
I looked up and saw the heavenly sight
Of a butterfly among clouds in slow round flight
Quick it changed into a bird of wonder to eyes

Before I could comprehend the phenomena
The bird metamorphosed majestically
Into a horse with flying wings
The beauty and wonder of changing shapes
Left me amazed and wide eyed

I called out my companions and felt
Their shadows of whispered delight
The magical view didn't last long
Heavenly though it was
Disappeared in a blink

In the darkness of room
A drowsy consciousness
Surfaced out of the dream state

I closed my eyes to linger a while
On the edges of subconscious

To stay aground it's mysterious aisle
There resides a part of me veiled
The dream catcher who so graciously
Takes me to a journey of unknown
Through murky waters of existence.

Savita Tyagi

The Gray Of Winter

All eyes waiting for spring
But winter is in no hurry to leave.

The gray cement is filled with icy granules.
Air filled with icy crystals stings and bites
Walkers like blowing sand.

Grass blades draped in frozen ice
Brittle like sprayed hair of a woman.
Tiny weed flowers die unappreciated.

Mighty sun is lost in the vast gray sky.
Behind winter's gray veil the earth
Is barren of vibrant colors.

Monotonous is winter's gray.
A dismal blankness towers
Upon all parts of the day.

A red bird sits on the gray fence,
Surveys in silence the gray shingles
And trees devoid of life and leaves.

A gray squirrel holds her tail
Against a gray stem in a momentary
Slumber of melancholic silence.

The gray earth littered with
Gray pine cones and dry needles
Hides in her bosom melic colors of spring.

All this gray eminence wields
An unusual power upon my weary
Old will and pensive thoughts.

3.1.2019

Savita Tyagi

The Hope Of Spring

A disturbed and agitated day takes me away from my happy self
I struggle to hold on to grounds as time gradually gnaws and cuts through every
thing that I hold dear.
Restless I watch with envy the trees standing tall
Its branches swaying in raging storm
Merciless rain pelting the shivering leaves
The tree lost millions of leaves in this fierce violent storm
The leaves that gave it beauty and grace
Bereaved now, it weathers the winter chill alone
There lies in its soul the hope of spring
To fill its lap with new gifts
It bears the pain and joy of parting and receiving again and again
Holding in its bosom experiences of many life cycles
I sit in silence to seek strength and forbearance from that naked tree
The thundering storm lights the luminous path of joy back to myself.
Grief melts to flow away from heart
Like leaves flowing away with rainwater
There reigns peace and calm again.

Savita Tyagi

The Lost Way Of Love

In search for truth we follow many paths
Till the understanding dawns upon us
That all paths converge upon one.
One loving ray prisms through as many,
What diverges culminates back in one.

Difficult is to tread it's mystical path.
Strong is bond of kinship to last,
All is forgiven in that premise fast.
How cruel a man becomes in animosity
To not even spare an innocent lass.

Oh lord! Help me to restrain
My lowest of tendencies bane,
To know and seek you beyond
The walls of dubious multiplicity.
Let your presence shine in all ethnicity.

In dark nights thunder roars to spew venom
Yet the lightning sparks like love's gallium.
Let the rain soften the hard soil of anger,
To sprout the seeds of love in hearts
And wash away the talus of envy tar.

This restless night of hail and storm
Has its end set in soft sunny morn.
Let the golden light rent the veil of doubt.
Let the hope shine through clouds of despair.
O! Mother Supreme! help us find the lost way of love.

4.1.2015

1: 42 AM

Savita Tyagi

The Moon Rise

Love came to me like sunshine
So bright, cheerful, and invigorating
I didn't just open the window
All the doors of my heart were thrown open
It moved freely lighting up every corner
The beautiful luminous mornings
Long intimate afternoons
I thought it would never end.
The spring had come to me
Each breath that I drew in filled me up
With the soft breeze of love
'Hold my arms and we will fly over the clouds'
That sweet unspoken offering of love
I had put all my faith in that
Why one must reject it I couldn't understand.
It's like we opened the bottle to fill our glasses
But couldn't take a sip
I wish I could understand the hesitation
Does a bottle opener knows the pain of humiliated glass
Full to its rims untouched and unsipped
Or does a glass knows the bottle opener's heart
Filling the cup only to push it aside
In any case this is how we are
Drifting apart in confusion with each passing moment
The sun is setting upon us
The black night is spreading beyond smokey evening
The stars come out only to commiserate upon us
It is time to close the doors
Shut the windows tight
The darkness is my silent companion
The sunshine burns my heart now
To my surprise I again see you under my window
I admire your perseverance
Today you asked again for a chance
The love serenade sounds like shattered crystal falling around
My heart screams upon me to open the door for you
But I just lean against it
The feel of hard cold wood
Seeps in my veins

An icy patch upon the burning love
Standing in the darkness
I just wait for the moon to rise.

Savita Tyagi

The Most Important Thing In The Family!

Idealist

"The most important thing in the world is family and love".

Realist

The most important thing in the world is family and fight.

If you have missed one or other you have missed the meaning of family.

Have tasted both!

You have a great family!

Happy Thanksgiving!

Quote is from John Wooden

Savita Tyagi

The New Colossus Closed For Restoration!

A sign in front of Liberty of Statue
'New Colossus closed for renovation
Can not accept the tired and desolate,
Hungry and homeless beaten by fate.
Date of opening to be announced soon! '

Savita Tyagi

The Ocean

Have you ever stood by the ocean at sunset?
When the wind is calm and an orange glow kisses the grey waters.
The tranquil surface deceives its agitated undercurrent.
Have you heard the shrieking waves hitting the wet slippery rock?
It sounds more or less like cries of tormented heart
Hitting the palms curled up around trembling lips.
Have you ever felt the burning sand under your feet?
Like desire burning through pores of lovers' body.
The abrasive wet sand feels as heavy
As a heart torn apart in deceit.
I dig my fingers deep in water to feel the cold, mushy lumps
And watch it being swept away in the sea
Shard of some sultry memory creates a lump in the throat
I let it slip away with sand.
Ocean is the confidant and dossier of all
The waves, the sand, the light, the pain
The memories.

Savita Tyagi

The River Calls Me

In the hours of dusty afternoon when the water is cold and crystal clear
The river calls me.
On the sun baked land the banyan tree stands alone in silent meditation.
Like a mother it seems happy to have some quiet time to itself.
Soon the noisy birds will return in its lap to claim their place for the night's rest.
Till then it enjoys in solitude its affinity with river.
On the other side of river long green sugarcane leaves dance with soft breeze.
Farmers have left the field for afternoon siesta.
The tree, the sugar cane and I, all are happy to be alone.
Sitting under the tree I watch the water hitting its raised roots,
Restless and agitated as a disturbed mind.
But at distance afar river water looks as calm and translucent as the thoughts of
a yogi, Enveloping my mind with its tranquility.
I raise my sari* to my knees and walk slowly in the water.
In the waist deep water the sari cloth spreads like a balloon around me,
Ready to take me on some magical journey.
I make circles in water and hold the cold water in my hands,
Only to watch it drain from my cupped hands.
Here nothing is mine to hold yet every thing is mine for the moment.
I take few steps to sink deep in water to vanish somewhere into its vastness.
The force of water throws me up.
The river laughs-
Lay no claim to the yonder!
For fear of unknown I go no further.
My feet loose the grip of sandy bottom to let me float on the surface.
The cold water takes away all my tensions.
It makes me feel like a child finding joy in its surroundings.
How long I stayed in water- I don't know.
Time the creation of movement lost its value for a while.
Oblivious to the world below, the master of life's rhythm
Moves forward in its westward journey, spreading its' orange glow in the sky.
It must be following a higher command.
Rested and rejuvenated I come out of water.
As I walk towards home holding my wet sari
I watch my sand covered feet leaving some impressions on sandy soil
Knowing fully that in due time my faint footprints shall disappear.

*Note - Sari is an attire of women in India and many south east Asian nations.

The Spring In My Lot

The Spring In My Lot

Spring is in air again.
Miles and miles of daffodils aren't visible from where I live
Yet the beauty of few yellow flowers in my garden
Needs no other accessory.
The sweet fragrance of few blue Hyacinths
Is enough to fill the nostrils.

Cherry blossoms are in farthest land.
Aromatic mango blossom and flaming Tesu
Is in vintage of memory.
Here Bradford bursting with white flowers
Blows the trumpet for spring's arrival.

Cold and howling winds of winter
Disappeared into soft intoxicating breeze of silvery night.
From celestial sphere the crescent moon with shining Venus
And bright Phaethon with its moon rings
Invoke passion and desire in young hearts.

In the secrecy of night
Moon bestows
Its gift of love upon the bosom of its earth bride.
The grace is revealed
With morning dew and mist
Seeping from the gutter.

Love is in the air
Flying on wings of butterfly.
In the tapping of woodpecker.
In the rustling of wind.

The tweeting birds, the faint rings of wind chimes
The clamor of traffic at distance
All create a rhythmic music to greet the spring.
I lose myself in the melodious serenade
Like a Sufi Dervish whirling in communion with divine.

Spring enchants the world with its transient beauty.
With all its vivacity and all its tumults
It is like heart of a youth-
Whimsical, passionate, gleeful and trenchant.

Spring! Your joy and ecstasy knows no bounds for me.
Your vernal gift touches my vertex
Adrenaline rushes in pores
Like snow melting from mountain
Rushes into rivers and stream.

Savita Tyagi

The Terrorist

The terrorist - Raktabeej* malicious
Born of his own spilled blood -?
In wicked human minds, devoid
?Of humane and pious virtues,
?Respects no boundaries and
?Recognizes no barriers in cruelty.

??A terrorist has no religion, no creed?
No nationality, no caste and no heart.
?Harbinger of poisonous ideology,
Masked with countless identities, ?
It's an acid thrown with vengeance, ?
From unmarked hands upon decency.

??He tramples upon nobility of thought,
?Rooted in human mind that nurtures?
Instinct of freedom and compassion.
He longs to extinguish the light that
?Embraces the art and literature to breathe
?Life upon altar where love is worshiped.??

Let us protect the light of altruism?
That burns in millions of kindred hearts,
From a much despised ruthless invader.
?Let us allow wisdom to block the terror, ?
To rise in solidarity with like minds,
?Invincible and strong like a solid rock.?

* Raktabeej was an Asura (demon) . His story is narrated in Ancient Sanskrit book 'Devi Mahatamyam'.

Savita Tyagi

The Tulips

That was the year I planted tulip bulbs.
After a year of eager and patient waiting
The gorgeous red and yellow flowers
Of mellow beauty filled in the garden.

I watched every morning in quiet admiration,
The dew drops and bees circling on soft petals.
The young tulips in mischievous breeze made,
Flower bed sizzle with life, vibrant and aerial.

As morning rays spread to light up the sky
From tall glass windows of my living room
Their exquisite brilliance and soothing aura
of beauteous harmony entered into my being.

But I didn't know much about tulips then.
Soon I came to realize that each stem
Bore just one flower, and their delicate
Flashy bloom lasted only for a week most.

I felt chagrined and cheated for my labor.
A sadness prevailed as the flowers wilted
And the single stem soon started to limp.
This was my first intimate tending of gardening.

Nothing much I could do but to miss the tulips
And endure the hurt of their short span of life.
As spring advanced into summer, the long
Herbaceous plants also withered to ground.

To see flowerbeds devoid of green was a blow.
The intricate planning of nature felt erroneous.
The showy life and the quick decay, that the
Tulips exhibited was new to my experience.

Or should I say that for the first time I was
Touched so deeply by the natural ending of
plant life. Like the devastating loss of my mother,
The saddest encounter- I took long to recover.

But nature is still kind and benevolent.
It takes our loved ones never to return again
But blesses us again with family and friends.
Tulips too bloom every year again and again.

They give me a week of their life filled with
Amorous beauty and post a cruel message
Wrapped in quiet tenderness to accept
Mother Nature's workings at her behest.

Savita Tyagi

The V

At this time of the year, the big oak trees on both side
Of street are loaded with emerald green leaves.
Where the street ends, it creates a huge V in sky.
When the sun recedes into soft evening and birds come to roost,
Walking alone on empty quiet street I made a V
With my fingers to follow that V shape,
In trying to unite with the silent tranquil space's
Vast sketch of peace and spread out grace.

A chain of thought flashed through my mind.
Numerous ancient symbols are buried mystically
Deep in letter V, now shrouded in history of time.
The great God Pan - worshiped by ancient Greeks,
Lord of Shepard, rustic music, and wild of hills,
Or the V for the victory- Churchill's famous hand sign,
Not to mention the Japanese peace sign glittering in
Neon light crossed through my internal eyes.

But all this long history of letter V only had a faded
Presence behind nature's big and impressive canvas.
Here a vernacular design was hung in front of me
Made by an unpretentious and superb artist's
Natural brush strokes and simple lines.
Just as I was about to take my eyes off from the sky,
Few wild geese came flying through that V shape
And disappeared quickly into the dense dome of trees.

Savita Tyagi

The Wolf Is There To Devour It All....

Little Red Riding Hood is hopping through the forest!
Doesn't know the big bad wolf, hiding in Grand ma's closet.
She has no place to hide with her basket full of ideology.
Democracy and Liberty, equal rights and opportunity,
For peace, justice, education, and basic amenities,
O! My angel! Don't you see! The wolf is there to devour it all!

This wolf has many faces with sharp and dangerous claws.
Mega corporations and their greedy financial monopoly,
Arrogant governments with terrifying military supremacy,
Supporting unfair tax policies, low wages, and inequality,
World demagogues pretending to look after little people,
Oh! My angel! How would you face these scavenger of wealth?

The savage wolf has been in grandma's coat far too long.
It has multiple names and hide outs to move around.
It's most cruel face Slavery and Apartheid is abolished,
Cast system much abhorred and despised is outlawed.
Now pride and dignity in human labor must be reinstalled.
A living wage for a honest day's work is time's fair demand.

Yet wealth is being hoarded by too few powerful czars.
Rest are being deprived, their economic growth is barred.
Millions are made poor and destitute in an economic bust,
Stricken by man made disaster toiling for mere bread crumbs
Oh! My angel! How would you survive this betrayal of trust?
Look out! Your precious basket is being robbed by their lust.

Savita Tyagi

This Dark Half Of Mine

This dark half of mine
Its black lava floating through my spine
Burning with fierce intensity everything coming along its way
Its leaping tongue of flame ready to devour me whole
Exhausted in my efforts to escape, I do surrender to it
And watch helplessly as it commands my better half to kneel.
The struggle that goes on within
The storm that I weather constantly
Yet, something tells me this fight isn't new
And its ending is never in sight either
But if I could distance myself just for a moment
And not get involved with either side
The broken self starts to cement itself
The flames subside
The black lava starts to disappear
A ray of sunshine bathes everything
Under the shade of hope, a new happy self is born again.

Savita Tyagi

This Diwali

On this Diwali day why every thing feels just the same
Has the spirit of jubilation left my side?
Autumn winds have left accept that prevailing cold
Morning rain has littered the yard with fallen leaves
Wet brown and yellow leaves want to tell the story of bygone spring
Springing from dirt we reside back in dirt
Life seems to be in remission on this side of hemisphere
Serene autumn moon with its milky halo recedes day by day
Tonight the moonless sky wonders about the twinkling lights upon earth
Is the celebration beneath is in harmony with darkness above
Cycle of nature points towards dissolution of life
Not its victory over inertia
Yet goodness may prevail in submission of soul
The supreme spirit that reins over all seasons
Submit to its celebration is the message being relayed here
Light a Diya to honor it
Let a pious ray of light shine upon heart
To sustain a dark mood
Wish for a divine blessing to fall upon all.
Wish all a happy Diwali

Savita Tyagi

Tickle A Baby

Tickle a baby and watch him giggle
Joy on earth resides in a baby's cooing
Heaven's light brightens the home
where babies are cared and cuddled
All that is best of love and life
Falls in our lap when a baby smiles
People who hurt babies innocent
Have conscience of slimy vile
Wicked and cruel of heart beguile.

Savita Tyagi

Time

Time moves on with it's own speed
What I do is irrelevant to it.
Some how in my folly
I thought of being in charge of it.
Organize my time
Divide my time
Utilize my time
Don't waste the time
Be productive
Move fast
Slow down
Kill the time
Stay ahead of time
Echoes of vacuous mind pertaining time
Now falling on a deaf ear
Which is of my own.

Savita Tyagi

Time And Convictions

No philosophy, no creed, no belief stands alone
In cradle of time are born many circumstances
All influence to develop and shape our thoughts
Changing times give birth to new convictions.
Greatest is the power of time towering high upon our mind.

Savita Tyagi

Time To Look In The Mirror

'The entire world already knows
That we water- boarded the prisoners'
The entire world also knows that
Our police shot the unarmed man
With raised hand
And policeman was not indicted
The whole world knows
Police kept a man in chokehold
Even after listening that he can't breathe
The whole world knows that
Our citizens are getting paranoid
Can't see the difference between
An adult and child's playground activities
The world knows that
Our government spies on
Its own citizens with out permission
The list goes on and on and on
Stirs the conscience even from a distance
May be it's a time for some soul searching
To remember and stand by the great principles
That define us as a nation
To aspire and hold ourselves together
In forward march for life, liberty
And justice for all
It is time to look in the mirror
And point to that ugly serpent
Of lies and deceit drunk with power
Raising its head steadily
To corrupt that loving image of Democracy
Loved and admired by the entire world
No matter how much we boast about
Being a great nation
Setting high standard of values
For others to follow
We are still humans and fallible
With room for improvement
How long can we hide behind
The words like enhanced interrogation
Or collateral damage or self defense

The flowery language of sophisticated intellect
Invented and renewed every day
To hide and shrink from responsibility
Nothing can set us free from the painful truth
Burning in our national consciousness
But to accept our wrong doings
Examine and correct our mistakes
And walk on the path of virtue
With a heart fearless and confident
And recognize with humility
That we are not the sole guardian of values
That arrogance simply tarnishes
Even the most cherished virtues.

The quote is from Senator John McCain's speech on congress floor defending the release of 'Torture Report' on 12.9.2014.

The poem came as a reaction of some recent and old events that have challenged the core values of American life.

Savita Tyagi

Titles

Turn everyday life in to poetry
Every day conversation into dialogue
And every day event into a movie script
And call yourself a poet, dramatist, and producer!

Savita Tyagi

Today's Global Citizens

Talk big, act small
That is what today's global citizens are.

In a market driven economy
Profits supersede all values.

Universities preach global citizenship
Governments bent upon building walls.

Schools but give multicultural message where
Children are forbidden from native tongue usage.

Idealist and moderates talk of open borders
Conservatives want to bar immigrant workers.

'World Is A Family' a noble phrase
Commerce turned it all into disgrace.

Businesses are becoming mutually dependent
Individuals are becoming lonely and subservient.

Lost is sincere humanity in a time broken value system.
Watching the upheaval of old and new tectonic plates.

Savita Tyagi

Togetherness

When you laugh lilacs bloom
When we laugh together
Crystals tingle the silence.

Savita Tyagi

Too Much Rain Drowns The Crop!

All our life we are taught to live by mind of others.
Society calls them experts.
Fake or real they are hard to differentiate.
Like weeds they have learned to grow everywhere.
Find them culling your mind with fear, authority and persuasion.
For its own ease social structure likes to have thousand hands,
But very few minds to rely on.

So if you don't have faith in any higher power
Believe in it just for this reason.
If It wanted this world to be governed by just few minds
It would have made most of us mindless with strong hands.
But it endowed us with a beautiful mind and body
And blessed us with finest skills of survival.

Though eternity it never promised,
It does promises peace and bliss to our soul
That dwells in its eternity,
Don't let the fear exploit you
In surrendering your freedom of mind.
Believe in yourself.
Be grateful for this amazing mind and body
And be kind in sharing your gifts with others
Together we can make a difference.

Savita Tyagi

Traditions

Living with out traditions
Rituals and festivals lost
In memory of distant past
We become nonexistent
What is present but
Built upon yesterday's foundation
Brick by brick
Thought by thought
Ideals by ideals
Yet all is transitory
Struggle to keep past alive
Becomes a fight to keep
Present alive
Life changing so fast
Driving around I feel
I am the walking past
Of this new landscape
In present we host
Numerous ghost of past
Becoming ourselves a ghost identity
In desperation looking back
At traditions and rituals
To rescue an image
Disappearing fast
Like notebooks and cursive writing.

Savita Tyagi

Trance In Imagination

When life depresses
And barriers become hard to climb
Trance in Imagination

When moans and groans
Possess the golden years
Challenging and treacherous
Become old age curves
Play in your imagination

When body is frail and mind stunted
Even a wash of WD 40
Fails to loosen the muscle
And ligament of rustic joints
Run a marathon with your imagination

If eyes peep into blankness
And no perceptions to register
Yet mind is seething with emotions
Let ambrosia drip in your heart
From a cool sieve of imagination

When every day becomes a struggle
Like of a tired soldier
Just walking home from battle field
Not wanting to figure out
What was lost or what is to be gained

Weary heart wishes to have a long rest
Yet there is no rest or peace
Only a dull brooding mind shackled
In misery lone and insane

Know that all is not lost
To that pain and anguish
If one could rant the gloomy mist
And find courage to walk through it
Mind will find an escape route

The gates of imagination will
Crank open with some effort
To dwellings shrouded in fog
Erected above the precipice of time

Let the imagination roll
Like a gush of rain water
To break the fence physical
And release the walled in mental

See what a fascinating sight
Lies in its glorious might
Shimmer of gold upon a rosy dawn
Trinkets of silver on the mountain top

Riding of waves on ocean's breast
Flying with Robin from empty nest
There in the blue sky of air fragrant
The light cures the thought malignant

It is a castle of subtle imagery
Open to all regardless of agility
In its arena what gods can't perceive
Imagination play fully conceives.

Savita Tyagi

Transmigration

Soul

In need
Of an altar
To make sacrifice to
God

Body

Altar for
Soul's sacrificial journey
Of transmigration merging in
Supreme.

Ego

Resides in
Our ambitions but
Not in our humble
Service.

Nirvana

Focused effort
To achieve perfection
Liberating soul in bliss
From triune suffering.

Savita Tyagi

Tulsidas's Doha And Translation

1

'Tulsi Tulsi sab kahe, Tulsi ban ki ghaas
Ho gayi kirpa Ram ki, to ban gaye Tulsidas'

Tulsi Tulsi says every body, (it)is just a jungle grass. (The Tulsi plant is revered as holy grass by association with Lord Vishnu)
It is only with God's grace that (I- Tulsidas)became God's servant.

2

'Tulsi meethe bachan te sukh upjaat chahu or
Basikaran ek mantra hain pariharu bachan kathor'

Tulsi (says)pleasant words invoke happiness all around
Giving up harsh words is the mantra (secret)of power.

3

'Bina tej ke purush ki avshi avagya hoy
Aagi bujhe jyo raakh ki aap chuvay sab koy'

Without valor a man is certainly ignored (disrespected) .
Like fire after loss of flame, is touched as ash by all.

4

'Tulsi saathi vipatti ke vidya vinay vivek
Sahas sukriti sustyavat, Ram bharose ek'

Tulsi (says)companion in trouble are knowledge, humility and wisdom.
Good name comes easy by trusting God.

5

'Kaam krodh mad lobh ki jou lou man mein khan
Tau lou Pandit moorkhou Tulsi ek saman'

As long as one has mines of desire, anger, arrogance and greed in heart
Knowledgeable and fools are equal so says Tulsidaas.

6

'Ram naam mani deep dharoo jih dehari dwar
Tulsi bheeter bahrao jo chahasi ujiyar'

(when)Light of Ram's name is placed on whichever door and doorstep
Tulsi (says)inside and out side (of that heart and world around it)both are
lighted.

Savita Tyagi

Unfinished Task

This strange sense of unfulfilled task
Like some thing needs to be accomplished
Occupies my mind and spare time.
Standing behind a solid wall-
Not capable of breaking the barrier-
Not able to take next step-
I ponder over my inadequacies.
An arrogant will not aware of limited capacity
Heeds not any wise counseling
Flies high on waxed wings!

You who brought that light of life out from your dark womb
My restlessness to receive that light
Peels away the norms of satisfactory life.
Darkness encircles me
My best is never enough
Even to cast a dim light
Upon the dark corners of my heart.
O! World O! life
This search, this cry seems imbecilic
Yet this sense of unfinished business
Lingers in my broken bones.
Like a waterless Cloud with silvery skin
And grey passions, I weather the storm.
This strange sense increases day by day
Even in dreams it doesn't leave.
But a hope I cherish with each breath.
I hear the words inaudible
Inciting me every morning-
Walk on roads unmarked
Stand at the edge of broken clouds
Search for ever new patterns
Touch the faces unrecognizable.
Across each writing that seems ambiguous and ill-legible
Feel the sense implied,
Connect with its synergy
To find a way, to learn and to know what is hidden
Away from eyes.
Get rid of this diminished sense of worth

That vitiates you from living.
Be happy
Be satisfied
That you can still dream
Still walk
And still explore.....
So take the next step.....
And move into unknown.....
In the setting of evening sun
See the jagged clouds
Dazzling like diamonds.

11.14.2018

Savita Tyagi

Upon The Desk Of The Great Writer

Neither saint nor a robber
Acting upon Nature given tendencies
Time and again I try to define myself
These complex layers of personality
A mind full of reason and dual voices
A tangled web of emotions and passions
An ever-active force in work from behind
When all else lies dormant
What I do- right or wrong
Gets define by laws of society
What I receive gets define by fate
Countless opportunities
Countless destinies
Each as unique as mine
Write the stories of life
Some are written on big billboards
Some gets thrown in trash
Some where in the book of life
I labor to write my puny words
Consoled with a thought
That I am not the only reader
Submitted upon the desk of The Great Writer
All have their chance to be read
To be rewarded with prudence
Be it a tale of a saint or a robber.

Savita Tyagi

Vishnu

Vishnu

One
Who creates
And pervades all
The creation by his
Magic

One
Beyond time
Space and matter
Yet he is all
That

Vishnu Sahastranaam

Defining
Vishnu with
Thousand names Who
Absolutely can not be
Defined

Quest
To know
One with thousand
Names who can't be
Known

Savita Tyagi

Void

Through the grey walls and white sheets
Void spreads out
It moves in open circling the snow covered mountain peaks
Settles upon the shadowy darkness of cedar and pine
In quiet it moves among creatures of night and beasts of forest
With thoughts and sensations buried deep
Mind resembles like a stretch of parched land
When void takes hold of consciousness.

The vast blue space
So pleasant to look at
In its void hang the sun and moon
In the darkest hour of night
Stars play upon its bosom
In its emptiness it embraces thunder and lightning
And gives clouds space to float around
The void in my heart appears like a faded tapestry
In the fragile weft of memory
I search for your image.

Savita Tyagi

Vrindavan, Krishna And Devotional Music

Nestled in fertile planes of North India
Is a small town of Vrindavan, filled with much
Revered devotional and transcendental music.
Crossing the town I closed my eyes for few seconds
To transcend street view, dotted with Krishna
Temples, guest houses and meditation centers.
The music that chimed with temple bells
Drenched me like Monsoon rains.

The centuries old Vrindavan at the edge of Yamuna
Was once a lush mystical forest of sweet holy basil.
Here song birds broke the silence of night to greet dawn.
Peacocks danced with descending clouds to welcome rains.
Cows grazed upon lush greenery and
Cowboys weaved their dreams on silvery clouds.
The cool waters of Yamuna murmured a truth of
Nature's spiritual energy echoed in music ethereal.

A man of magnificent and miraculous personality
Was Krishna-an Avatar of Supreme Consciousness!

When the setting sun gathered
His golden rays behind Govardhan Hills
Krishna's flute music floated under moon light.
Waves of Yamuna splashed in glee with exotic laughter.
His childhood sweetheart Radha
And Gokul's Gopas and Gopis gathered around
Their beloved Krishna to sing and dance in delight.
In timeless space jingled the sound
Of their anklets and bracelets.
Brij Bhumi sings eternally
Raas-Leela of Radha-Krishna in hymns dedicated
To Supreme playing with its Divine Shakti.

'In the periods of heightened ecstasy,
United with Krishna consciousness
The poet saint Chaitanya Mahaprabhu wandered the forest
Transcending the physical planes of mind! '
Such are the expressions of legendary devotional music.

"Poet Meera was so taken over by the ecstatic love for Krishna
That she wandered in Vrindavan seeing him everywhere.
She, the princess born and raised in palace
Roamed on streets of Brij, she the queen of a kingdom
Is now a crazy ascetic merged into Krishna consciousness! "

Poet's notes:

Vranda- Sanskrit name for holy sweet basil

Van- forest

Gokul- a small village where child Krishna was raised.

Gopas- cowboys

Gopis- cowgirls

Gopal- caretaker of cows. Another name for Krishna

Raas-Leela- playful romantic gestures often depicted in songs and dance forms.

Brij- The area surrounding Vrindavan and Gokul is called Brij Bhumi.

Shakti- Nature's Eternal creative energy.

Chaitanya Mahaprabhu- mystical poet saint of 15th century.

Hindi translation of song depicting transcendental state of Meera-

???? ???? ??? ????? ?? ??? ???

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Savita Tyagi

War And Peace

An email surfaced from a military post
Request from a high commander
'Urgently needed for the children
Of desolate, war torn areas
Pencils, erasers, notebooks, backpacks'
First Their fathers, mothers
Uncle and brothers are killed
Then orphan hearts are being won
With colored pencils and chewing gum
Supplies pouring in from gentle souls
For there is no choice
But to color the face of evil
And rejoice!

Savita Tyagi

War And Terror

Nature hires man
To do her dirty job
Of death and destruction.

Man beseeched by
Grief and anger
Causes an explosion.

Perpetual saga of war and
Terror defies human will
For peace and love.

Savita Tyagi

Ward Off The Reckless Demands!

It is good to land a listening ear
To someone genuinely in pain.
Even more wonderful is to give
A helping hand to one in need.

But to swallow the venom of
Malicious minds poured upon
Your heart and lose your own
Peace of mind is unhealthy.

Compassion is not a perfunctory
And superficial curtesy. Be genuine
In your speech and actions and strong
Enough to ward off reckless demands.

Savita Tyagi

Waves And Thorns (Tanka Series)

Waves And Thorns

Some time I feel like
Questioning everything,
But find no answers.
Does it reflect my deepest
Hidden dissatisfactions?

Storm churns in ocean,
From a distance the movement
Of waves is serene.
Sunset spreads a ruby glow
I sit in a quiet trance.

I watch a squirrel,
She rolls over in dirt bath.
cajoles a young one!
Their playfulness spreads a wave
Of mirth into my heart.

Learn to live with thorns.
Often it comes from your bush.
This is how it works.
Tired of working to dissolve.
Even a little thorn hurts.

Eat too much!
Stomach Rebels!
Eat too little!
Sugar goes down!
What a nuisance old age is!

Need a long long rest.
Somewhere in oblivion,
On the higher grounds-
Above the slippery slopes
There is a paradise.

8.21.2016

Savita Tyagi

Way Of Compassion

Pain is the worst enemy of free and happy self,
Extend a healing touch to yourself
As well as to others whenever and however you can.
Mysterious are workings of compassion
When used to help others
It helps to relieve your own pain more than anything else.
Evil are the ones who torture their own self
Blocking its ascend to universality.

Savita Tyagi

We Are Being Watched

This is such a creepy and weird feeling
Unsuspecting innocent hearts
Being watched
Not by police or bandits
Or by hunters of bad credits
We are being watched for our psychology
By the unseen eye of technology
What I read, what I watch
Where I shop, where I stop
Who my friends are
Or if I have any at all
All is gathered in by technocracy
I wonder what market price is fetched
With my unique sketch!
It must be high!
Or may be dime a dozen for my kind!
But imagine for them to display it back
In flashing red colors!
Back on my computer
That I should study palmistry
To know my ancestry
Or eat cucumber
To improve sense of humor
And my friend
This is not the only thing to sigh
Look out for that camera hanging high
On traffic lights, stores, and parking space
Some time I feel like making a monkey face
Or sticking my tongue to it!
This is as far as I go in crossing the line of decency!
However I have lot of fun in thinking-
If all the mothers taught their young children
About that camera and its eye everywhere
There could be lots of monkey faces for
A computer genius to handle!
I hope some day Techno eye would know
That we are not just
And we do wear pom-pom!

We Are The Dream That Grew Behind Your Eyelids

Since we gained memory
This is the landscape we saw.
Looked upon these blue skies
With childhood wonder
And lived our childhood dreams.

These whispering waves of ocean
We sailed upon for thrill of freedom.
Mesmerized and captivated
We traced and embraced
The silent falling snowflakes.

Seasons changed, years passed,
And we grew under your watchful eyes.
This is the country we
Love and call home.

We grew upon its soil.
Here we rode bikes and climbed the rocks.
Went to these schools and
Sang national anthem.
Played and studied like all others.

We are the dream
That grew behind your eyelids.
Now as young adults we are
Ready to take our place
To fulfill dreams, ours and yours.

Like all others we will be competing
For each penny that we earn.
For each morsel that we eat.
We will seek and walk on our path
Hand in hand with others.

We will protect and build this country
With our sweat and blood,
Because this is the country we know and love.
Throwing us out is like getting killed

Your young men and women in war.

Our loss would be your loss.

Our empty seats would empty your heart.

Loss of our dreams is loss of your dreams.

Loss of our perished spirit would be

The loss of great spirit of this nation.

9.6.2017

Savita Tyagi

We Have A Choice

When goodness prevails
It embraces all to uplift.
It's nurturing extends to all.
Even the evil finds some solace
Under it's compassion and grace.

Evil's reign of terror has only one aim,
To destroy all for it's deplorable gain.
It is notorious for it's pact with devil
To kill and be victorious upon earth and heaven.

We are the means evil uses for its gain.
We are here to build it's vicious domain.
Our effort is rewarded if in silence we bear
It's authority and rebel not in our pain.

We too are the comrades in goodness' path
To carry the light to shine upon gloomy dark.
We strive hard to make a righteous choice
'Cause choice is our God given birth right.

Savita Tyagi

We The Weaver

A true leader established in wider humanity
Puts forth communal happiness in service mentality
He works in loving spirit of fellowship
For the benefit of all in society
Such leadership guides us to prosperity.

An arrogant leader centered in narrow individuality
Treats others as puppets in maneuvering
Blinded by power mocks wisdom and humility
Uses for his gains public trust and hospitality
Crushing and obliterating all required accountability.

A citizen conscious of community
Performs his duty in sincerity
Ready and willing to help others
In hour of their need and difficulty
An unsung hero of tall entity.

A selfish individual thinks of society
Just to give him an opportunity
With a callous regard for his responsibility
Demanding more but giving little
Hoards wealth for his superiority.

Equally we carry seeds of goodness
And enticing evil temptations
What we choose can sink or uplift
Not only us but the world all around us
'Cause we are never alone in our surrounding.

Patterns of social fabric in continuous change
Above and beyond our lone endeavor
Require combined threads of multiple colors
Conflating strength and imagination of many spools
Together we are the user and weaver of social good.

Savita Tyagi

Weight Of Goodness

Last year we planted some lilies.
In our ignorance drenched them
With excess fertilizer wishing to
Have good flower growth.

With the start of the spring
The plants became green,
With tops covered with buds.

May brought the heavy rains and storm.
I watched lilies bent all the way down.
Once the golden sunshine started to spread
I supported them with extra dirt.

Now the lilies are at full bloom
And bent again all the way down.
I watch the cluster of lovely flowers
And regret giving too much fertilizer.
Wishing and praying for the plants
To not break under their flowery weight.

Beauty and virtue,
Goodness and fruitfulness
Carry their own prolific weight.
Try not to burden yourself or
Appeal to goodness of others
Without giving them time to
Become adequately prepared.

If led upon the path of goodness
Teach yourself to bend humbly
To carry that extra weight,
Like lilies bend with big flowers.

Savita Tyagi

What An Amusing Coincidence!

So couple of days back
I put my profile picture
And today saw my name
Under popular member
Hahaha! What an amusing
Coincidence! Lol!
For what it is worth of!
I hope some day I can see
My poem under member poem!
What charm would I have to use for that!
I am my own limerick today

Savita Tyagi

What Is Love

Love is a habit
Love is a need
Love is a heartache
Love is a dream
Love is a touch of soft breeze on a sweat-covered face
A can of soda on a sultry day
Love is a longing of ecstasy sweet
Sharing of a pillow and a whisper
Are you asleep?
Love is quiet comfort with hearts align
Or a bubbly laughter with beer and wine
Love is hope
Love is illusion
Love is all this and so much more
Most of all love is a promise to self
To submit to life and its urge to live
A continuum to honor and an ending to kneel.

Love is Life.

Savita Tyagi

When A Dream Overlaps Reality

It's been two days since I had a dream
Still I can't shake it from memory's stream
It wasn't about any out of the world activity
Yet morning buzzed with its connectivity.

In my bedroom with sleepy eyesight
I stepped into glory of morning sun light
First awareness was of a loud conversation
Floating in kitchen like small altercation.

What took place between father and son
Soon alerted me to its familiar content
Wait a minute! I thought to myself puzzled
Didn't I just dreamed a similar conversation.

Only it was between mother and a son
All morning I was in amazement
Thinking of that lucid dream
And it's clear premonition.

A muffled play of what was to come
In nature's finest instrument at works
I am no expert on matters of subconscious
Strange is its nonconformity to time's dimensions.

How it comes into shady existence
And why it disappears for reality to begin
I have no answer to all these questions
But to experience the phenomena once in a while.

It's mystique so charming and sublime
Even a confused mingling of two planes
Just leaves me in wonder and dazed
At the mysteries of mind's power untamed.

12.30 2014

Savita Tyagi

When Heart Is At Peace

When heart is at peace
World looks beautiful
Taking a short walk
In calm of night
Spring breeze
Fragrant and pleasant
Oak trees bare and leafless
clouds hide stars and moon
Silence descends from umber sky
Settles upon countless grey branches
Hides among tiny spring flowers
Wraps each cell of body
In bliss of restive quiet
night's calm touches the soul
When heart is at peace
All is beautiful.

Savita Tyagi

When Hope Becomes A Prayer

A friend saddened by
World's perilous conditions and being
Full of compassion for human suffering
Remarked; on account of being atheist
I can not pray...

Still my hope is that we find solutions
To improve this miserable state of affairs
The other friend said
I will pray for calm and peace
Of world and you as well.

Listening to their conversation
Obvious was their concern for fellow being
And also their sense of helplessness
In solving the mega problems
Beyond their scope and reach.

One in lieu of his restrained capacity
Places his hope in others' ability
Other knowing the limitations
Of human effort places his trust
In a supreme anchor.

His hope becomes a prayer to call
Upon divine guidance and assistance
With sincere love and devotion
To light the path and give the courage
To keep working towards new solutions.

Hope and prayer words of great meaning
Both spring from human heart
As a reflection of human desire
In search for a protagonist to lead
And guide for betterment of all life.

And you know what they say
Where there is a desire
A will forms upon a human heart

Strong enough to collectively inspire others
To bring about a massive transformation.

It requires us to let go of our small identity
In terms of being an atheist, or a religious being
A democrat or a republican
A native or a foreigner and
Inspires us to think as one humanity.

When working towards the greater good
Think as one large human family
In a march forward of one human race
Never lose hope and never stop to pray.

Savita Tyagi

When Memory Starts To Fail You.....

If you want to know what my memory is like,
Think of an ocean with its shallow waters and its immense depth.
Millions of fishes living in those dark deep waters,
But for my eyes just a couple of them would surface.
Before I could reach out to touch them all would disappear!
This is how my memory is in catching the words,
Phrases or even a long lost phantom existence.
All arise from no where tempting me to
Leave my work at hand and pic my iPad,
But poor me so slow and careless, desperate to hold any,
Standing by shallow waters just to watch them
Evaporate like my breath.... getting lost in thin air!
What stays with me is just a sigh and an awareness.
An impression of something so dear, so vivid and so pleasant
It seems to say you can't catch or share me with others!
But I am still here like a smile of your face
A happy awareness just to please you.....

12.12.2015

Savita Tyagi

When Old And Young Are Together

Playing around
Little boy and grandma
Talk ceaselessly
Some time to each other
Some time above themselves
Their strings of imagination weave
A web beyond the spheres of reality.

For the sake of old times
Grandma goes on slide
Sitting behind two year old.

Her screams brought by sudden
Fright and sheer joy took toddler
By surprise.....
Scared and distraught two year old
Puts his little hand decisively
On Grandma's round belly.

No! Grandma! No go on slide!
Effectively ending grandma's next round
Of thrilling return to childhood!

Savita Tyagi

When Times Change

A country victorious in wartime
Projects the winning image on society
In short term even a loser feels winner.

Time eventually shatters the myth
To remain victorious in peacetime
Citizens' grievances need to be heard.

In rough times collective wealth
Of society can't assure
Individual's wellbeing.

A system mindful to welfare of all
Implements the checks and balances
And so does a sincere authority.

Savita Tyagi

Who Am I And What Do I Seek?

Who am I?
A drop of water
A wave in ocean
A speck of dirt
A blimp among stars
A poet in making!

How many forces are at work
Were at work, will be at work
And for how long
To make me for who I am!
A time bound traveler
In shifting patterns of Universe
I inch forward, is all that matters.

At times
Will falters
Vision narrows
Aspiration weakens
Memory fails and
Fragile body refuses all commands.

And mind
So scattered and incoherent
Thoughts disheveled
Unresponsive to the call
Of life's higher demands.

The inner consciousness...
Its signals in disarray!
Hidden in the pile of unattended mail
Or sent to spam by some fluke automation!

The search is on!
It's but your saving grace
That I seek.

The tranquility of thoughts
The widening of vision

The rays of guiding light
A moment of stillness
In flow of time!

Its unsettling changes
So hard to accept!

To keep the heart open
For total surrender
So hard to come!

For Thy Will To Be Done!

Savita Tyagi

Who Can Tell

Life is so fluid.
After all the pluses and minuses it is a zero sum in the end.
But-
Try to tell that to somebody
Who lost his shirt in the game of life.
His stares blank as a white paper fall on my face-
The pain revealed through like watermarks on a dollar bill.
His pain comes with a question
If what you say is true
Why doesn't it sink in the heart?
I do not have an answer to it.
I wonder if Creation thought of profit
When it created its vast empire.
So how did it come into mankind's equation?
Superseding all the emotions
All the joy and pleasure
All the pain and suffering
It weighs heavy on the scale of ideology- called Capitalism
Profit is its foundation
Greed its backbone
Is it a seed of destruction with in us?
Or is it a means of survival against all odds?
Who can tell?

Savita Tyagi

Why Do I Write

So why do I write
First answer instantly comes
For a simple desire to express my self.

Of course I would love to influence others
But by now I have come to know
My power to influence others
Is as good as a frog croaking in the well
To site it as another reason is quite futile
Between the two I would choose the first.

But what about pleasure
Isn't it all the activities are about
Even God created the world for his pleasure
He was lonely and needed some company
This is not mine but the thought of ancients
That appeals to me to think of it as a valid reason.

Today the treadmill of life
Rather emotive and intense
Substitutes passion for pleasure
To do something with and for passion
Is the noblest goal for any season.

In youth passions run even higher
Wheels of vigor and vitality
Often transform it into obsession
Like Ego it is centered and complete in itself
All else is there for its fulfillment.

The flicker of dreamy eyes
Not any more in my sight
Some concession can still be made
For its irresistible gaze.

Even in old and fragile
When life goes at a snail's pace
Beguile of strength and agility
It's a reason of dormant category

Like ember seething under gray ash
Or water running under shallow tributary.

I could scramble for few more lines
To scrap all that in my head resides
Wiping and creating rhymes of power
Utilizing the empty stretched out hour
But just because I know how to write
Is it a good enough reason to write?

Savita Tyagi

Why?

A radio host places a prank phone call
Involved Monarchy and well being of a princess
Word gets out
Terrified nurse handling the call commits suicide...

A college student turns his room camera on
Wants to record his roommate's love making
The prank goes sour
Young gay man commits suicide...

A teenage girl gets harassed on inter net
Goes to her room and hangs her self...

Each folly brings an unpredictable fatal tragedy
World hears the news in shock
A senseless loss of life
Falls heavy on human consciousness
Volatile emotions
Stressed out workers
Disillusioned youth
Or stupid prank players

Some answers buried so deep
Dispensing disarray and confusion
All we find is a question mark
An outcry of why... Why?
And a brutal story of life
Repeating it self again and again.

Savita Tyagi

Will, Desire, Altruism And Surrender

Life revolves upon axis of desire
A desire born in thought seeks a rainbow
A will potential carries it through
Key to success is strong will
Or is it that a desire unflinching
Creates an unfaltering will?
Once the desire weakens
Or the impulse subsides
The will to make an effort also dies.

Yet there is another higher principle
That comes to rescue us-
Call it love for others
Or call it a 'Sense Of Responsibility'
When the great moving principle takes over,
The strong will encircles the diminishing desire
Energies of mind and body charged in full force
The ' I ' transforms into ' we ' to elucidate altruism
There are no boundaries but your own
As to how far one can go on this path.

Society thinks highly of men
Going after their desires and dreams
Yet a person fulfilling a responsibility
Is not looked upon same way
Some how the work of responsibility
Portrayed as a forced upon work
Falls inferior to personal desire.

Ironically in course of time the desire
And responsibility both loose their magnetism
Either by frustration of failure or goal's diminutive appeal
A new foundation is sought to uplift the crumbling spirit
To replace our lost desires and lost sense of purpose
To act and move us through our confused state of mind.

In this crisis of soul Bhagvad Geeta graciously
Points Arjuna towards another higher principle
The principle of surrender;

It requires us to surrender all our efforts
Our desires and motivations
Our zealous altruism upon the alter
Of the highest Supreme Will.

It is by it's power that world is created and sustained
In the greater scheme of universal design
It's benedictions impart upon us the marvelous
Creative abilities to make a difference in life
Through faith our will simply mirrors the Supreme will.

Nature has its own way of guiding us towards
These principles at various stages of our life
While in child hood every thing is fun and play
In youth life spins upon our desires and passions
We will our self passionately
To go after what we seek in life.

As we move towards greater maturity
Our thoughts tune in to the welfare of world
Life is balanced with enjoyment, responsibility
And sharing of fortune in concern for others.

Later years often bring a sense disillusionment
And crises of understanding for life's purpose
We struggle to find the sense in our existence
And in workings of Universe
We wander around restless misguided in our thinking.

It is only after accepting the highest principle of surrender
We understands that life's workings designed by Nature
Are independent of our thoughts, passions and desires
Or the noblest of noble goals of humanity.

Sages and saints often point us towards that direction
But peace comes only through our own realization
This is the climax of life's secret teaching
When we understand to live life as it comes.

Savita Tyagi

Winter

At the onslaught of winter stripped of their possessions trees stand in silent prayer.
Grey clouds hang low just above the black trees as if to kiss them goodbye
The milky white glow of moon creates a longing
Is it possible to reach out to unknown?
I get not answer in that cold and still night.
Flowers huddled together still spread their fragrance
Soon the merciless frost of winter will kill the bloom.
Gofers in my backyard have created mounds of dirt to settle deep in warm earth.
From my kitchen I watch a little spider trying to sneak through the kitchen door.
It spreads a chill in my spine.
When and where life will close its door upon us?
In the rush of life the question gets pushed aside
Like the unopened junk mail
I turn my thoughts to burning flames of fireplace.
The warmth of life circulates in room with an orange glow
Come spring life will shower again its grace upon my back yard
Returning with flowers, fruits and leaves.

Savita Tyagi

Winter Afternoon

In snow-covered backyard, garden is without bloom,
Lonely is my heart and silence pervades the room.

Wind is forgetful today,
Who is to knock on door?

Lost in their own thoughts,
Frugal is leaves' communication.

Time is in prison today, hourglass broken.
The bird is caged in here, emotions fenced.

Hearth is cluttered
And burned out is fire.

Dancing shadows of yonder land
Upon television zoom.

But fail to breathe life
In dead-still room.

Yet the crisp cool richness of afternoon
Invites me calmly-

Come! bathe in my hue for once
'Cause I am part of your life!

Savita Tyagi

Winter Cotton Flowers

Snow flakes decorating
Small bush stems like cotton flowers
Above the heaps of snow.

Savita Tyagi

Wisdom Of Time

Custodian of wealth become robbers
Protector of liberty
Spy on liberties
God's representatives can't find God
Commander in chief is not a warrior
Minority tramples over majority
Leaders scratch their heads
Holding rule book of Democracy
Law of life supersedes all laws
Reality and idealism
Flawed concept of human mind
Rotate in sphere of time
Let spirit of time be your guardian
May the wisdom of time be upon you.

Savita Tyagi

Wish Yourself A Happy Valentine

So what if your love doesn't fit with the norm
So what if you learned to love yourself above all
So what if you survived that pain and hardship alone
So what if living alone has become so comfortable
That you do not want to trade your morning silence
And you are happy to watch the glorious morning sun
And the lone eagle gliding in vast blue sky
And feel a kinship with this wonderful world
Without being possessed by one or any
And feel loved and happy without needing
Anybody around for living and being alone
And wish yourself a Happy Valentine day.

Savita Tyagi

Worry Not

We came empty handed
We leave empty handed too
Should we worry about legacy?
I say not!
Leave all your troubles back!
Soar high with spirit free!
Experience new vistas!
Leave behind any thought
Of possession!

This desire to be something
Stings failure painfully hard-
Wash yourself out of its venom
From elements we emerge
To merge back in elements
Pure and luminous aureole
In vast space of blue ether.

Savita Tyagi

Write Less! Connect Deep! Random Thought 39

Every thought of mine
Should I record it!
Every thought of yours
Should I read it!

There is something deeper
Than words that connects
A reader and a writer.

Some time I would rather
Let it all rest.
Let my existence become
A thought invisible
Yet connecting!

Like an uncut diamond
Encased in deep dark caves
Holding potentiality
Of dazzling beauty!
Waiting for diamond cutter
To fashion it all!

Savita Tyagi

Writer's Block

Troubled sleep
Drowsy subconscious
Lost lucidity of
Silhouetted dreams

Creativity itinerant
Like weeds otiose
Wading in idle water

Words labor upon mental
As rain drops drip from leaves
One at a time after rain

Hope clock chimes upon
Sedated mind's will to discern
The thoughts shape less

To seize upon abstruse
Moving images streaking
Across window screen to no avail.

Savita Tyagi

Writing Poetry

A zig zag wavered path
Descending within
Opening out a new outlook
Still and stationary at times
Always spreading it's fragrance
In the garden or by road side.

Savita Tyagi

Yama*

A thought upon wasting time reverses itself under scrutiny that moves Deeper
from surface
Here in its domain we are being wasted bit by bit by its mighty power
The eternal Yama ever so slowly tightens
Its snooze around our neck and
Drags us to the sacrificial alter of time from where nobody escapes
Our body like wick of oil lamp drinking its sustenance
Drop by dropp finally burns itself out
In nature's play energy being created and wasted every second
Life in the realm of Creation seeks continuous new expressions
The enigmatic hands of time working from behind
Give us the illusion of our own invincible power
And as if we own that slippery moment
Creates an urge for us to leave an impression upon next
As a signatory of destiny this and only this is our calling and our joy.

*Yama - ancient Indian deity of time and death

Savita Tyagi

Year End Thoughts

From cradle to grave
Another year has gone
Merged in timeless space

From womb of eternity
Peeks a golden ray
To create a new dawn

With the tick of a clock
The crystal ball falls
To announce a new year

Built of a new calendar
For human mind to tackle
The ever moving time

What once was One
Hidden dark and obscure
Bursts into epiphany of light

Divides itself in sun moon and stars
Condescending days and nights
Create season in epoch of time

Time abides in mortal hearts
In periods of joy and grief
A solemn ending marks a new beginning

Memories of old exit quietly
Life blooms upon a new rose
To make a offering for One beyond time.

Savita Tyagi

Yo! Devil! Depart!

Yo! Devil! Hear me out
This' the season of love and peace
Cries out my heart to bid you goodbye
The pain and suffering that you caused
No more! No more! And no more!
Humanity demands-
Hear the footsteps of Uriel and Aurora
Descending upon my cove
Lighting the glorious flame of love
See the soot of hatred and malice
Curled out in crushing vengeance
Dissipating from my heart
Yo! Devil! Hear me out
This' the season of love and peace
Your departure is over due.

Savita Tyagi

Yoga Of Work

First aim of work is for survival.
Second is to satisfy our ego.
Third is to fulfill responsibility.
Fourth is to enjoy work itself.

In first stage is hidden the path of
Artha or prosperity that is attained
By working towards survival and
Fulfillment of life's basic needs.

The second fulfills the Kama or desire,
Achieved through excellence in work,
And having pride and glory of success.
A luminous summit for ego's satisfaction.

The third path leads to love and righteousness
Goal of Dharma- expressed through work.
Work that is selflessly performed for others
Out of love, devotion and duty.

Work in its final stage brings liberation,
When work is enjoyed for its own sake.
That is Moksha - enjoying life simply through
Taking part in it and enjoying its movement.

The four noble aims of life are fulfilled
By staying on path of Karma or action
This world is the place of action
It is Geeta's Dharmkshetra and Kurukshetra
This yoga of work is the Vedic Yagna
Performed every day by all of us in life.

Savita Tyagi

You And I

My thoughts and I
Clinging together like
Sediment and water
You and I like river banks
Together yet apart.

Pack of birds in flight
Soaring high in azure sky
Love's longing at a distance.

Crescent moon in oak
Your eye brow painted in sky
A kiss in memory.

In drowsy awareness
Fragmented memories
Floating like ice burg
To hit and stir silence
I clasp your hand as my own!

Savita Tyagi

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Savita Tyagi

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12.30.2000

Savita Tyagi

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Savita Tyagi