

**Poetry Series**

# **Tribhawan Kaul**

## **- poems -**

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# Tribhawan Kaul(01-01-1946)

I was born in J & K State of India on 01-01-1946 to a Kashmiri Hindu parents. Having been brought up and educated in Delhi with diverse cultural moorings; writing poems, both in hindi and english, has been my passion and I became a freelance published writer-poet after my superannuation from Indian Air Force/ CGO(EQ) in December 2005.

I am a bilingual freelance writer-poet. My published works include three anthologies in hindi viz Nane Muno Ke Rupak (1959) , Sab-Rang (2010) , Mann Ki Tarang (2012) , Bus Ek Nirjharni Bhawnaon Kee (2016) besides ' Children of Lost Gods' (2013) & Refreshing Writes (2015) which are anthologies of my english poems/short-stories.

How to Prevent Rape & Molestation/2010, Bhelpuri/2013, Acerbic Anthology-protest poetry/2013, Inklinks/2013, In Our Own Words/2013, Wordsmiths in Their Verse/2013. Lamhe/2014, World Healing World Peace/2014, Poems From Third World/2014, Safina/2014, Mandela Tributes/2014. Intercontinental Anthology of Poetry for Peace/2014, Kavyashala/2014, World Anthology of Poems on Global Harmony and Peace/2014, Purple Hues/2015, Just for You My Love/2015, Resonance-? ? ? ? ? /2015, The Gust of Wits/2015, ? ? ? ? ? - 2/2015, Melange/2015, Significant Anthology/2015, Women in War/2015, ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? /2015, ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? /2015, Vihag Priti Ke/2015, Umbilical Chords/2015, Clours of Refuge/2015, World Regugee Day Anthology/2015, Pushpgandha/2016, Timeless Love/2016, Blues Under the Silver Hues/2016, Dae Akhar Prem/2016 & magazines like e-Fragrance, e-Creative Ecstasy, Kashur Samachaar, Aagaman-the arrival, Business Sandesh, etc.

Number of his poems have also been translated into French by none other than Vantchev Athanase de Thracy, World President of Poetas del Mundo and one of the greatest poets of contemporary French.

He writes poems on vast range of subjects which bring his readers close to nature, love compassion and spirituality. He writes short-stories & poems on contemporary subjects about which he feels very strongly.

My poems are basically a journey to the kingdom of poetry through the inspiring feelings absorbed and observed of the happenings within my country, around me and in the world giving wings to my creative imagination. My poems are not too complex to comprehend as facts can never be too complicated. My poems have that curiosity factor which is the culmination of interweaving of thought processes into words after observance of action and reaction in nature and day to

day life. Whether my poems are subjective or objective, direct or indirect, simple or complicated do not concern me so long as my poems give my readers the desired thought provoking entertainment. I have always maintained that writing makes one a complete human being, as it brings out the true person behind the physical facade, besides having a calming effect on the writer or a poet in particular and readers in general.

As much as possible I always try to portray facts in my poems as Plato, the Greek philosopher had said, "poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history."

I am an Indian and proud to be an Bhartiye.

Tribhawan Kaul  
Freelance writer-poet  
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I blog at: -

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blog:

# A Big Question

Love

bears progeny carrying blood  
colour red, only red  
without any religion and caste to tow  
till initiation.

A life takes shape,  
living becomes mandatory  
measuring up not to the reality  
water starts flowing down the veins  
filth fills the brain  
actions contrary to religious beliefs  
take center stage  
inhuman behaviour with hatred  
shatter the peace  
bloodsuckers having a ball,  
"should there be religions at all?"  
A question raised by sufferings.  
Oh! Why a Gandhi, King, Mandela  
too take birth in this world insane  
facing ups-downs and challenges  
living through neither hell nor heaven  
proving time and again  
'live and let live'  
motto, what the God ordained.  
Why are they far and few between?

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

# A Cinquain

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# A Couple On The Beach.

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

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

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

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

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

---x-----

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# A Date With.....?

Screech, bang, crash, living dead  
Giant SUV turning turtle painting road red  
Animals and creatures come in hordes  
Ready to gulp bait, crocodiles at crossroad  
Goose bumps appearing and disappearing  
Out of line ants and deer falling  
Snakes, trying to wriggle out  
Lizards getting sudden bout  
Angles and demons flying around  
Cries and groans of dead abound  
Banging of doors and clanging of bells  
Shattering of silence frozen in hell  
Sliding down a black hole  
Please God! Save my soul  
Losing faith, breaking down  
In my seat shrinking down  
Wide eyed absorbing the brutal shock  
"Is she alive? Why wearing white frock?"  
Want to scream and shout  
Run run but bolted out  
Dreadful chill through the spine  
Someone whispers, "you are miiiiine"  
Sweat sprouts fountain like  
Watching my ancestor holding the mic  
"Come out of stupor my poor child!"  
Forget the damn accident and don't rewind  
Frenzied activities slow the pace  
My wife's love only saving grace  
Am I possessed? No. Let me tell you fair and square  
Just having another date with this stupid nightmare.

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# A Girl Child

Foeticide, infanticide, sex-determination tests and malnutrition to which the a girl child is subjected to is not uncommon in India though the things are fast improving now.

-  
A female form  
when comes out of womb  
is questioned  
on her existence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# A Grand Mother

Wearing the bark facial, she searches for her eyes  
to read her destiny written somewhere on the wall  
invisible from her.

Creates ripples of laughter sans dentures  
she is not the one, to mind  
like a banyan tree, she stands tall  
to give shelter to each and every kind.

Branches broken, leaves blown away  
yet happy is she  
as seeds grow and transmigrate  
into flowers and fruit laden trees  
though beyond her reach now, far away.

Like a banyan tree, she still stands  
weathering the storms of the time  
providing shades to guests to take rest  
to enjoy in her nest from time to time.

Cruel is the time but she has seen the worst  
will power sustains her mind and soul  
not the body though, now lives with anxiety and agony  
time not far off to wear new clothes  
and to say good bye to her uncaring progeny.

Soon she will also feel the heat like that banyan tree  
from the builders, land mafias  
and insensitive rascals of her own  
bulldozing the very roots of hers  
not waiting for her natural nirvana  
to reap the benefits.

Tribhawan Kaul

# A Memorable Love Affair

Like  
moths with candle light  
sunflowers with the sun light  
waves with the beach  
an artist with the smile of Mona Liza  
a movie buff with Marline Monroe  
someone romancing with Italian pizza  
I too had an affair  
feeling love in the air  
this lady of voluptuous charm  
embraced me like a lover in the arm  
dressed to kill, she taught me the basics  
in colourful shapes, sizes and jackets  
seducing me to feel, head to heel  
dating me over coffee, breaking the seal  
offering herself to be caressed  
giving me pain, laughter, thrill and shiver  
playing on my innocence  
providing breath of life fast  
initiating me to knowledge vast  
I had an affair  
with printed divas  
at the world book fair.

Tribhawan Kaul

# A Metropolitan City

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

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

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

This is a metropolitan city  
where  
everything can be sold and bought  
animals to mammals from the black kity.  
Clubs, theatres, Cafe Coffee Days  
youngsters enchanted by American ways  
busy but distressed/distraught public  
fed up and always feeling sick  
of

unemployment, strikes, and riots  
extremism, terrorism and separatism  
death lurking every nook and corner  
politics being major donor  
scamsters and crafty not paying price.

This is a metropolitan city  
where  
some are uncivilized  
some are thieves  
yet no one bothers to see  
and who cares  
as this is a metropolitan city  
much bigger in name than a normal city  
being showcased to wondering visitors  
as a world class  
cheers ... cheers!

Tribhawan Kaul

# A Morning In An Indian Village

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

--o--

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# A Park Amidst Highrise

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

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

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

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

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# A Relationship

Love likes not  
showing off relationship  
smile on face or tear drops,  
both make my heart rip.

Ever waiting eagerly  
for her appearance  
when confronted,  
mind becomes an hindrance.

Comes like a fresh air,  
away she goes a hurricane  
tolerate she will not,  
me going great pains.

Yet, loves me so much  
as a princess of yore  
always cursing the boat,  
can not navigate to shore.

Nothing is physical  
in our love  
wagging tongues  
all hand in glove.

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

--x----x----

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# A Simple Poem: - Poems

Poems are like flowers  
Seed sowed in the mind  
Inked through heart  
Flowering in different ways  
In themes, essence and shapes  
Catering for creative minds  
Direct, indirect,  
From the heart or intellect  
Soulful or poignant  
A loner's lament,  
A lover's moan  
A soulful tone  
A happy reunion  
A false illusion  
A thought divine  
A visit to shrine  
A solitary pain  
A wife's disdain  
A dreamer's dream  
A heart's scream  
A love profound  
A trust abound  
A soldier's sacrifice  
A pet's demise  
A mother's love  
A poet's dove  
Anything you name it  
A poem will tame it  
Fractured texture  
Or with a rhyme  
Under the shelter of vast universe  
When words begin to shine  
Luring every creative mind  
Like a bee to nectar  
Extracting honey of its own kind.

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# A Soul Never Dies

Her eclipsed face devoid of emotions  
near his bedside staring into blank  
going through the motions.

His fixed eye staring back  
with heavily bandaged head  
declared brain dead.

Nurses glancing expectantly  
watching her trembling hands  
signing on dotted lines  
she nods in approval  
a tear drop rolls down  
watching poignantly  
all life support removal.

Not a good sight for a mother to see  
yet she wished to felicitate  
the flight of a soul to be  
till caged in the body  
for another birth  
a myth  
she believed.

Tears refusing to stream, clenching her fists  
pulling her own body, a physical wreck  
holding her emotions in check  
lest her courage gives away  
watches his body carted away.

Clinical strategy taking over physical ethos  
She reconciled soon with the loss  
but could never take off the albatross.\*

One afternoon,  
strange but smiling faces  
descended like angels from heaven  
at her door with the Dean  
young and not too young,

all were terminal cases  
but lived to see the day  
through harvesting her son's  
different tissues and organs.  
She believed in the myth  
A SOUL NEVER DIES.

-----x-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# A True Lover

I love you  
I love you too  
says every Mr. A, B and C  
to every Ms. E, F and G.

Significance.....few know  
Substance.....a few care  
Semblance.....the few realize

Love is killed at alter of love  
an eagle mulls killing a dove.

Acronym of love bares it all  
L.....for lust  
O.....for orgasm  
V.....for virility  
E.....for ecstasy  
Any one absent heralds showdown  
whites, wheatish, yellows or browns

Affection, concern, longings  
caring and sharing  
passengers of backseat  
bodily attributes only subjects,  
left to treat.

I forbid self to say  
I love you  
I rather prefer to say  
I miss you.....I miss you  
If I truly love you.  
----- X -----  
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Tribhawan Kaul

# A Wish For All Poemhunter Poets

Dear All

Namaskar/Greetings

Wish you and members of your family: -

Happiness and good health be your companion always  
Avalanches of awards/ rewards and success be your gateway.  
Peace be always with you  
Prosperity must walk hand in hand too.  
Youthfulness be seen in your deeds and actions

Negativity be banished from your bastion.  
Entertain everyone young and old  
With you go with no barred hold.

Yogi you become not bogeyman/woman  
Experiment with truth and let you shine.  
Absorb the respect from classes and masses  
Respond smilingly to every crises.

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

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Aakaar ??? (In Hindi)

Antheen  
Arthheen  
Aakankhshayen liye  
Apne hee bune sapno se ghire  
Aakaash tak ko seema maan  
Aaj ke yug kaa Aadmi, manuanshi  
Ashuntusht aur aparikshit  
Aviveki  
Asaadhy manorongan se grasit  
Any ko tuch maan  
Andhkaar se trast  
Avinaashi hone ke praytan mein  
Aapna aakaar itna badha raha hai ki  
Apne hee  
Aakaar ke neeche daba jaa raha hai! !

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Addiction - The Poem

I leave a scar, may heal, may not be  
Addiction I am and be afraid of me

Relationships in doldrums  
And denial becomes the norms  
Wow! I am powerful  
Not one to be merciful  
Wandering to find preys in different forms  
Get youths to abuse and transform  
Holding sway over senses, I play with brains  
Illusion, delusion, delirium all in the game

I leave a scar, may heal, may not be  
Addiction I am and be afraid of me.

Blood on my hands, whom to blame?  
Mercenaries are out, there is no shame  
Allowing youths to take on loopholes  
Basking in ignobility having no soul  
Signing death warrants, I wait and wait  
Disguises are many, I am just a bait

I leave a scar, may heal, may not be  
Addiction I am and be afraid of me.

Oh! I hate braves who dare to fight  
I marvel at their courage and their might  
Going to rehab makes me shudder  
Framing their own opinion and fighting fear  
De-craving process, keeps me on toes  
I become victim, they heroes  
Coordination, perception, concentration regained  
Setbacks, bumps, pitfalls thoroughly drained  
Spring season bring ecstasy to blooms  
Enjoying new world banishing gloom  
A new beginning has been made  
I, the 'addiction' has been caged  
I no longer then leave a scar  
Ultimately they win, its bizarre

Ultimately they win, its bizarre.

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Adolescence

Student power ventures, taking risks head on  
adolescence is grace, gaining experience hand on.  
Straying from the path is not an abnormality,  
yet glow on the righteous pathway of age  
teachers guide them with great knowledge of a sage,  
pathfinders find it sooner or later automatically.

Lording over, becomes a part of young egoistic attitude  
hurting the feelings sometimes and acting like a brute  
but furbished with new ideas the youths make sense  
forgiving & forgetting is a child like countenance.

Youths listens to heart and may be unkind  
growing up make them consider with a sane mind  
sets the goals to achieve by hook & crook  
for help and guidance, to teachers they always look.

Adolescence is in mind  
should we mind this age?  
Let hopes, dreams opinions  
imaginings and observations,  
be part of that life and not in cage  
So let the adolescence and  
knowledge be comrade- in- arms  
ushering peace, love and charm.

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Afraid?

Air journey commences with bonhomie  
Chatting, talking, surfing, eating  
Check-in brings smiles  
Boarding cards, glee  
Security checks wrinkles the faces  
Food courts presses these free  
Anticipation gives way to curiosity  
A child seeking answer to a query  
Why, how, what, where, who? ? ? ? ?  
Papa's mind gropes for answers  
Mama indulges in shopping spree  
Shuttle bridges the gap  
Between hope and realty  
Boarding the craft in luxury  
Settling down with great warmth  
Hostess's smile soothing the nerves  
Quietness envelopes everyone  
Captain's words cautions  
To take precautions  
An eric silence follows  
Taking off and landing  
Feels like mourning  
In a crematorium  
Why so? I wonder!

----- x -----

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# After Death

Amidst  
Whispers of 'rest in peace'  
vibrating entire cosmos  
a departed soul watching  
curiously from the above  
a body below  
surrounded by wailing people  
mournfully  
spelling out all the words  
available in praise  
staunch opponents  
eulogising white deeds  
ignoring the black ones  
wiping crocodile tears  
and laughing in sleeves  
friends, foes and family  
come to remember  
a departed soul  
which  
wishes to be the whole  
but for its KARMAS.

Tribhawan Kaul

## An Etheree- Living Dead

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# An Ode To 26/11/2008

I salute those  
massacred at CST  
martyred at TAJ  
felled in the line of duty  
facing military type attack  
composure retained  
inspite of barbaric brutality.

I salute  
the brave commoner  
saving lives, though horrified  
the fire-fighter, the bravery personified  
local policemen, who dared to fight back  
seeking to pay back  
the nanny who saved the child  
when at Chabad,  
terrorists had gone wild.

I salute  
a widow watching her dreams shattered  
“ India should survive, ” she thought  
“that is what most mattered.”

I salute  
the day 26/11  
withstanding the carnage  
when everyone jumped in  
to limit the damage.

I salute  
the never die spirit of Mumbaites  
for resistance shown  
making every effort to comfort  
known or unknown.

Giving befitting reply to  
sinister designs of Pakistan  
India has always survived  
because my country is known as

Bharat i.e Hindustan.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Aum

AUM

Emptiness in me creates spirituality  
beyond the realm of physical entity  
creating a space, for my vibrations  
breaching vastness of space and distance  
reaching out to my beloved  
I so cherish to mingle with  
an invisible binding force  
eternal and never perishable  
thriving in my body  
when I create a sound 'AUM'  
humbled I feel  
as I become sound and distance both.  
Sound in space, piggy back distance  
distance, carrier of the sound  
a link between Atman\* and HIM\*\*  
and between  
jeevatama # and Paramatma ##,  
I become aakash, the sky  
so eternal, ethereal and so subtle,  
the sound that invokes me spiritually  
through vibrations travelling to universe  
pushing me nearest to my beloved  
uplifting and mingling with Paramatma##  
showing me the path  
the highest and the brightest  
giving an spiritual experience  
in luminous emptiness  
through the cavities working wonders  
while feeling the presence of  
only THE ONE, my beloved.

---

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\*Atman=Self. \*\* HIM= God, ?#?Jeevatama = Individual Soul  
## Pramatama=Cosmic Soul/Consciousness/Supreme Being



## **Autumn (Acrostic)**

Autumn livens the spirit of nature  
Ultimate artist to reckon  
Turning maple leaves scarlet  
Up above the sky draped in azure  
Making the greens blush with vibrant shades  
New colourful canvass spreads all over

-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Awareness

Conscience  
Thou art mystery  
Love thy yet  
Whisper out loud  
Open sim sim  
Thou allow one  
Knowing the code  
Thou feel to open  
Thou fly  
Thou dance  
Thou swim  
Thou play  
Thou thrive on Truth  
Truth nothing but the Truth  
Discarding worn coat  
In oblivion  
Thou merge  
With infinity  
For the time being.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Bad Company

Fatigued and exhausted home coming makes me restless  
As if I am swallowed whole by the emptiness  
Stacked famous ones whirl around, pity me  
As termites start digesting me  
Spider webs decorating walls  
House lizards playing ball  
Bed-bugs play hide & seek  
Rats sprint on rugs  
Mosquitoes sing  
Buzzing  
flies  
Melodious  
Cricket's chirping  
Frog's croaking, all keep me  
Awake whole night yet fill my emptiness  
With their presence without which my life  
Would have been one of emptiness and loneliness  
Getting rid of them from the core threaten my existence  
Yet I am bent upon driving them out to be with HIM in ONENESS

-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Banyan Tree

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God blessed us with banyan tree  
heat absorbing banyan tree  
has healing powers this banyan tree  
banyan tree, banyan tree.

---- X -----

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# Battle Hardened

Battle Hardened

We, the women with lot of resistance  
Can't be cowed by your persistence.

You demand sacrifices from our men folk  
Forgetting, we are not far behind to take the yoke.

We fight side by side whenever you strike  
In kitchens yet we keep the flames burning bright.

Country looks up to us to serve and die  
Perceiving us weaklings is now a far cry.

Baton is passed to us by legendary past  
Moulded in toughness we are cast.

For peace our men fight at the front?  
But oh...WAR! we only have to face the brunt.

"What you do to us", it has to be realised  
Winner or loser, we only get brutalised

Pain, anguish, longing take its toll  
Impact on mental and physical strength is not small.

Subject of subjugation, exploitation and humiliation  
Burying our kids who die of starvation

Do you understand magnitude of our sufferings?  
You Brute, refugees we become in our own dwellings.

A game for warlords and you play in their hands  
Testing their wares infusing adrenaline in their glands

Like dogs you allow them to fight for territories  
Thrusting upon us insurmountable calamities

Women in war suffer the most

Victorious yet raise bloody toast

We pray, you to be guillotined before raising your head  
Peace, love, compassion and service then be our bread.

-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# **Beautiful Mind**

Dwelling in the crown  
creating illusions through imagination  
raising hopes and expectations  
causing perplexity and confusion  
an illusion as real as the truth  
and the truth subject to perception  
good and evil both vie for the supremacy  
like the tortoise and the hare respectively  
thoughts and actions playing in their hands  
abetting the fight sometimes  
clouding the sunshine  
but not always.

Righteous  
ultimately seeking the right path slowly  
casting away the seven sins  
the mind wins  
like the tortoise.

---x---

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# Benevolent

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Birth Of A Poem

Making impact  
Inspirational cosmic beauty  
nature's grandeur  
God's benevolence  
then one writes.

Going through  
miseries untold  
sufferings galore  
human degradation  
then one writes.

Having  
pain in heart  
rejection in mind  
or feeling betrayed  
then one writes.

When  
love embraces  
with beauty and grace  
no strings attached  
then one writes.

Passing of the dearest  
divorce from the nearest  
uncontrolled emotionseyes becoming ocean  
then one writes.

Penning the thoughts  
in black and white  
absorbing the essence  
of feelings & sensitivities  
day and night  
expressing emotions  
heart turns into ink  
intellect the holder  
making known  
in succinct way  
but bolder and bolder  
one writes  
with sadness or mirth

a poem takes birth.

-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Blessed

Even HIS hatred made me  
to worship HIM more,  
had HE loved me  
it would have been  
an awakening  
unifying me  
with the SUPREME

- - - x - - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Buffalo Cow

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

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

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

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

Everyone who matters should have pleaded  
and when asked who she was?  
Arrogantly she should have flaunted  
her connections  
that the transporter of Yama

is her maternal uncle  
but nothing happens  
since her existence  
she, equipped with horns like weapon  
produces milk for our kids  
nourishing our progeny to growth  
yet she is tied to a post  
as ordained for her  
and she frightfully  
asks a question to the Ordainer  
how long she has to suffer.

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Children Of Lost God

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

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

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

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

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

Aquiring all vices  
no saviour in sight  
in time of crisis  
abused and used

have no emotions of their own  
ocean of tears not to be shown  
children of lost God.

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

Oh God Almighty  
help them find the lost God  
free them from this bondage  
now act and spare the rod  
let them recover  
lost childhood, innocence  
and battered image  
children of lost God  
children of lost God.

-----0-----

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kaultribhawan@

Tribhawan Kaul

# Colours Of Love

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

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

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

# Companion

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## Concerned (A Story Poem)

He loved her, so was concerned  
as counseling did no good to her  
about her mental agony  
so deciding to bring her out of shell.

He brought her to bridge on the river  
sat on peripheral parapet wall  
hand in hand trying to console her  
he was at her beck and call.

But she was in oblivion  
mingled in her thoughts  
Why me? why me? Oh God! Why me?  
her gibbering came to naught.

When water splashed on her face  
out of stupor she came  
she had heard a noisy thud  
now she was a frightened dame.

Stunned, not finding him  
frantically she looked into the river  
negative thoughts filling her mind  
blank she went triggering her to rewind.

She saw floating with him towards the crescent  
The honeymooners making merry  
And the life of fulfillment was so decent  
She thought herself a fairy.  
Sweet nothings and love bites of better half  
His lovely jigs like a monkey to make her laugh  
His sweet talks turning into birthday gifts  
Teasing each other with genuinely looking fake tiffs.  
Sitting near her bed when hospitalized  
Bringing her cheer with roses at her bedside  
He was love, caring and affection personified  
How could she undermine what he sacrificed?  
Recent miscarriage made her a depressed soul  
But was he to blame?

Nooooo

To keep her happy was always his goal.

She became alive with tears rolling down  
she shouted his name time and again.

Io, she saw him coming out of the bush, laughing  
blushing, she ran to his arm sobbing.

"Threw a big stone in the river to create a splash."  
continued he, " sorry dear, wanted to bring you  
out of the crash."

She held him tightly never to let go  
"Forgive my love, I shall forget the loss."

She promised him so  
both went home to live happily ever after  
story ends here  
nothing more to write, hereafter.

- - - - - X - - - - -

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## **Creation Of A Joke**

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

(05-08-2011)

□

Tribhawan Kaul

# Cruise Control

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Death

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

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

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

Death  
inherent and visible in  
overboard authority  
merciless terrorists  
brutal naxalites  
mindless arsonist

misguided egoist  
deadly adulterist  
drunken rich brat motorist.

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

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

-----  
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# Death Of An Activist

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

-----x-----

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# Deepawali

Awestruck and wondering  
twinkling, bright and shining  
stars above  
in absence of moon  
rejoice  
look, we got company below.

-----

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# Dementia

Age never bothered her  
She never showed her age  
She was a new age women  
Never to mind her age.

Proudly she went to a plaza  
Fond of shopping home away  
But came out just eating pizza  
It had made her day.

Body searched her purse  
Could not find her key  
Also did not find her car  
Nothing to giggle and glee.

Wrinkles showed on her face  
As she approached a PCR\*  
Was directed to the police station  
To file an FIR\*\*

She returned home with satisfaction  
Informed her hubby with some reservation  
Shocked, he stood with a mug of beer  
' But honey, didn't I... dropp you there?

' did you dropp me? Oh God!  
Oh Yes! I forgot; ' stunned as she was  
Then where is our car? exclaimed she  
beckoning him to the window for the testimony.

Rushing out, found the gate open  
dazed, both now looked aged  
car was nowhere to be seen  
thought they, finally it has been stolen.

Soon they were surprised  
and had a hearty laugh  
they saw their own son  
driving in, to park.

Age do takes its toll  
As one tends to forget  
Kudos to those  
Who laugh at the malady, without any regret.

Tribhawan Kaul

## Destiny Of A Flower

World of spring blesses me  
Sadness diminishes with blooms  
Blushing brides dancing with grooms.

Flowering into flowers, life draws full circle  
Prayers accepted yet happiness eludes me  
Plucked now and then, the habit, floors me.

Places sacrosanct, lap my presence  
Hair adore me to lure its men  
Yet crushed and mutilated in my own den.

Lack of anonymity leading to despondency  
Human nature crosses the bar  
Hope survives me as spring is never too far.

Time remains dominant  
Spring just confusion in mind  
Transmigration, a soulful grind.

Clock wheel turns ushering blooming season  
Shudder to think of bygone misery  
Seeds of present again shaping my destiny.

---

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# Destiny Of Flowers

Approaching spring season  
Bring ecstasy to blooms  
Creating a new world  
Banishing gloom  
Blossoming into flowers  
Sadness then overcomes  
Shortened life, boon or bane  
Getting plucked, time and again  
Killing a living one for personal gain  
For temples to adore  
For deities to proffer  
For hair to beautify  
For bonds to testify  
None can justify  
Acts of fingers  
Fragrance still lingers  
Through the seasons  
Waiting for a new beginning  
Or the end  
Destiny of flowers.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Dilemma

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Dreams Unplugged

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Earth: First Mahapanchbuta

Earth: First Mahapanchbuta

---

I am the earth  
a planet to dwell  
producing greenery & vegetation  
sustaining all livings, everything  
which is HIS creation.

I am earth  
distinct from the earth  
one of the mahapanchbutas\*  
grossest of all elements  
an element of life  
perishable and eternal  
anitya and nitya  
manifest in livings  
in physical and subtle form  
dwelling in senses  
in perishable earthlings  
everything that is solid  
in nature and body  
skin, bones, organs  
solid, stable and heavy  
permanent like the earth  
boasting of density  
and resistance  
traits in living  
to live till  
dust meets dust  
birth of an atom  
I am earth

I am earth  
non-perishable atom  
ethereal and subtle  
I am  
perishable once dead  
yet not dead

disintegrating into atoms  
souls or atman  
in atom mould  
or suspended conscience  
metamorphosing in life form  
to be earth again  
like a flower dead  
living again through seeds  
all spread over  
completing the vicious cycle  
I am earth  
providing shape, solidity and prosperity  
I am earth.

-----

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Mahapanchbuta: Five elements as described in Hindu philosophy.

-----

Tribhawan Kaul

# Ego

Silence

she  
does not  
break.

Pretence  
I do not  
shed.

Love  
becomes  
casualty.

Mind  
goes blank.

Heart  
remains  
unread.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Egoistics

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

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

everything went topsy-turvy  
as lover did not come.

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Energetically Dynamic

(an etheree+ reverse etheree+ an etheree)

Let  
go life  
to enjoy  
shedding  
all inhibitions  
getting together  
on any pretext  
kites soaring above  
the sky not the limit  
rainbow behind snow clad mountains  
welcome the generation next. Minds  
showing arrogant attitude  
blind to pros and cons  
taking the plunge  
losers become  
winners to  
rustle some  
feathers  
to love  
and  
to  
be loved  
embracing  
love at first sight  
but at the alter  
perplexed both  
I do, do not. Life on fast  
track like internet browsing  
boot, re-boot, copy, paste, shift, delete  
brains get famished, remains discrete.

---x----x----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Environment

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

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

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

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

# Examination Center

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

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

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

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

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

# Expectations

Expectations

-----  
Expectation. a human trait  
Always injurious if not fulfilled  
Love knows not give and take  
Asset to conquer the world  
With Share and care  
Happiness blooms  
Mind sprouts vibrations  
Of successful union.

----- -X-----  
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Tribhawan Kaul

# Father Dear Father

Father dear father. (Father's day special)

-----  
Standing tall at the horizon with an aura around  
Wrapped in the mind emotions abound  
Eyes talk but not the lips  
Pain and laughter take the dip  
Watching the waves touch and go  
Children get blessed when he bestows  
Tending the future with utmost care  
Not the one who would share  
The pain.  
Absence of rustling of leaves  
Sportingly watching a broken tree  
Branches scattered or blown away  
Seeds carried far away  
Love and affection now much in demand  
Never felt let down, still in command  
Satisfied he feels and laughs at the time  
Conquering smile is noble and is sublime  
Payback! Can't think but just a prayer  
Should father me in next life, if GOD cares.

----- X -----

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# Fiery Love

Love knows no boundaries  
Fire it is, engulfs all and sundry  
Illuminating, providing warmth  
Generating heat  
Breaking the myth  
Burns and destroys only.

No, fire in love fires the passion  
Purifying and killing the toxins  
Burning ill will, hatred and malice  
Helping other elements  
Overcome anxiety and ailments  
Of body, heart and soul as well.

Fire of love, power personified  
Transforming perceptions wrong  
Of violent ways into non-violence  
Like fire burns, creating a new substance  
Radiating light of knowledge  
Burning ignorance

Invoking movements flowering with grace  
Converting matter into non-matter  
Bringing peace and harmony  
In a jiffy  
Fire of love brings glow and colour  
Fire I am, love I am.

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Tribhawan Kaul

# God... Where Are You?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# God's Wrath

HIS benevolence knows no boundaries  
but incomprehensible is God's wrath  
thinks not twice while taking away all  
forewarning always never to cross HIS path  
but none heeds and who cares  
nailed to cross one who dares  
"never blame me," thunders HE  
blame the elements  
wrecking the havoc  
humans invited the wrath  
what a pity!  
Raping the nature's generosity.

----- X -----

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# Hamaara Tiranga ?????? ?????? (In Hindi)

Maaatam manaonge kab tak, kafan pr  
Padhta rahega hamaara tiranga  
Desh ke naujawaano sambhlo ab to  
Kaandeh pr utha lo apna tiranga.

Chipe ghaaton ko sahe naa tiranga  
Kare paar sarhad ab yah tiranga  
Aantankiyon ko chun chun kr maaro  
Tumse kahe, pukaare tiranga.

Dosti kee zubaan samjhe na ab tak  
Sangyan leta ab yah tiranga  
Khanjar ko bhonke peeth mein koyi  
Rishta kya rakhna kahe yah tiranga.

Hamaara hai Kashmir hamaara rahega  
Samjhaye kitna usko tiranga  
Kashmir kee pingen sapno mein le lo  
Adhikrit Kashmir bhi maange tiranga.

Odhne ko mile naa, kafan tumko dushman  
Ek baar jo thane hamaara tiranga  
Na shah do unko jo bhedi hamaare  
Naasoor na banne dega tiranga.

Taa yah vatan ka sartaaj hamaara  
Chetaye humko hamaara tiranga  
Suraksha iski, dharm bhi karm bhi  
Prn lene ko, kahe yah tiranga.

Utho naujawaano dharmo ko tyaago  
Dharm tumahara bus yah tiranga  
Dushman ko sandesh tum bhejo  
Aatankiyon ko naa bakhshe tiranga.

Tiranga Tiranga Tiranga Tiranga  
Jaan se pyara hamaara Tiranga.

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## Heartbreak-2

Silvery rays from the sky  
will have no meaning now  
never same will be the dawn.  
Waves shirk to embrace beach.  
Day sobs, night weeps.  
Breeze no longer rustles the leaves.  
Flowers robbed of their magic.  
Fragrance no more validating their love.  
Cuckoo loses her voice and  
wait becomes redundant for dusky eyes.  
Heart is drained of emotions.  
Mind in the process of evaluation.  
Body limited to the motions,  
as some one dearest  
to the heart, mind and soul  
first loved, then left  
never to return.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Hope

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

Hope, don't overpower me  
Clutching, I overestimate

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

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

-----o-----

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# Hospital

-----  
Unlimited sufferings and miseries  
Taking shelter in this abode  
Helplessness fighting  
Tooth and nail with despondency  
Not easy to gauge  
The depth of patient's emotions when  
The life takes an escape route  
From the clutches of death often.  
A new world it is  
Boasting of to- letting pain  
Hung between hope and despair  
A winner takes it all  
and smiles  
Loser might have blessed the Death  
for end of one's misery.

----- X -----

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# Hypocrite

A page from the age  
Gives you smiles  
How you played dirty and naughty.  
Now, how you stand like a good old watchman  
Caring for coveted morality  
You hypocrite!

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# I Am A Delhi Woman

I am no more in cage  
Flying with fire and rage  
Freedom expresses my actions  
No more tagging subjugation  
I am a Delhi Woman.

Wombs no more silenced under duress  
Moon, stars not afraid of the Sun's ingress  
Grace is the path I tread along with heart in motion  
I love my body defining respect in HIS pet creation  
I am a Delhi Woman.

Metro, DTC, autos make me explore and wander  
Fashion, movies, hangouts craving rejoinders  
Arrogant yet confident, feminine yet gritty in notion  
Strong feel of self and I sail through men's ocean  
I am a Delhi Woman.

A real teacher Delhi and I am a learner  
Tricks of the trade where soft is no tender  
Poetry in stones of love, romance, passion  
CP, GK, malls, wings of shopping imagination  
I am a Delhi Woman.

Girl, wife, mother, I am embodied in these three  
Empowerment, liberation writ large on my personality  
Soaring high, I am adventurous with ambition  
A Delhi woman creates opportunities for self with tradition  
I am a Delhi Woman.

Determination personified, holding fort, I swing to top  
Politics, corporate, sports, academic or crime fighting cop  
Sky is vast and clear is my vision  
I am a Delhi woman  
I am a Delhi woman.

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# I Am Not A Poet?

I am not a poet?

I am not a poet, mutated in womb  
I am not a poet, born with a silver spoon  
I am not a poet, left with poetic legacy  
I am not a poet, boasting of a dynasty  
I am not a poet, honed in workshops  
I am not a poet, lined up in bookshops  
I am not a poet, dissected in seminars  
I am not a poet, enjoy backing of poetic czars.

I write poems, as I feel like expressing  
in verses,  
my emotions and my feelings  
rhythmical or free, I worry not  
to the poesy tenets, I stick not  
my fault,  
being sensitive to ongoing happenings  
forth comes creativity in my writings.

Whenever and whatever touches my heart  
words take shape in rainbow arch  
with different colours and different shades  
the form of poetry begins to shake  
poetfriends always encourage me a lot  
reading my poetry, not so hot,  
don't want to be the judge, so let it be  
this is so far my poetic journey

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## **Infatuation (An Acrostic Poetry)**

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# I-Pod Oblivion

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bothered none  
technology won  
caution thrown to wind

in the process of unwinding  
cuts short the life, so promising.

Tribhawan Kaul

# **It Is Raining Now....Wow!**

Dense clouds pregnant with rain  
Welcome some, others disdain.

Under the spell of monsoon  
Some cry and others croon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harvesting rain makes some sense  
providing water during dry months.

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

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

□

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Kabaadiwala

Kabaadiwala ka aagman  
Mujhe sochne par majboor karta hai  
Bekaar ki vastuon ko jab  
Ghar ke bhaahar ka rasta dikhaya jaata hai  
Ek prashanchinh chod jaata hai  
Manthan karne ko  
Kaam, krodh, lobh aur moh  
Mere dilo-dimaag roopi ghar mein basa kabaad  
Bhaahar kyun nahi nikaal sakta  
Kab mein khud kabaadiwala ban gaya  
Mujhe pata hi na chala.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Kashmir: A Fire Within

Kashmir: a fire within

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

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

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

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

Let saviour  
be our language

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

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

Let us build Kashmir of our dreams  
wherever we are  
whenever we can  
we lost one  
let us create ten.

-----x-----

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# Kavita ?????

Jo mn mein hai  
Vh likhti hoon  
Jo likhti hoon  
Vh bolti hoon  
Jo bolti hoon  
Vh sty hai  
Jo sty hai  
Vh nirvivaad hai  
Jo nirvivaad hai  
Vh Ishwar hai  
Jo Ishwar hai  
Vh anashwar hai  
Jo anashwar hai  
Vh main hoon, main hoon, main hoon  
Main kavita hoon  
Jee haan, main kavita hoon.

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## Lamenter

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

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

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

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

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

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# Liberation Seeker

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

--0-

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

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

Suddenly  
twentieth century smiled  
an aura surrounded it  
springing new hope  
why? why?  
after all why?  
twenty-first century be birthed by it  
why it shouldn't allow 21st century  
to stand on its own foundation  
let 21st century build itself de-novo

without the crutches of 20th century.

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

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# Life Graph

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

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

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

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

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

--xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx--

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Listen To Me

My subconscious irritates me  
A child upside down at a beach  
Or in the lap of a shipper  
Dead and abandoned.

Jhelum has not spoken to me too  
The mountains haven't shown its bright side  
Still reeling under the spell of doom  
Oh! Am I seeking asylum in the pall of gloom?

Conflicts have taken its toll  
World society acts bizarre  
Dignity, honour and survival at stake  
Perpetrators have their own cake.

Hounded, threatened and forced to flee  
Shores don't help ethnic cleansing to endure  
Yet I am looking upto the community  
Saving some grace for humanity.

Ah! I do have become vulnerable  
Hope yet brings some respite  
Wake up, wake up to humanitarian tragedy  
Let you cultivate some international solidarity.

Visible becomes the scars on humanity  
Refugees, humans too and belong to humanity  
Dawn does not wait for darkness to flee  
Let vision empowers all to make life easy  
Let the peace, love, brotherhood spread positivity  
Let me not feel totally abandoned  
Listen to me! Listen to me!  
O! World community.

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## **Lonely Lover**

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Love Love Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love is not give and take  
Love is what you do for other's sake  
Love makes you feel stronger  
Love is God makes you live longer.

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## **Love Poem-1 Shine O Moon! Shine.**

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

Shine O Moon! Shine brightly now.

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

Shine O Moon! Shine brightly now.

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

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

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

# Love, Peace And Harmony

Seeking sacrifices for a great cause and goal  
No one dares to search one's soul  
Thorns do not thrive in isolation  
Picking up some roses deem not the consolation  
To actions vile, nations should never bow  
Conflicts make peace to elude  
While reaping as we sow.

Make love count  
The peace mount  
Let shores seek waves to reach  
Let waves touch the beach  
Let us work at ground zero  
In all of us there is one hero.

We bear the violence with eyelids closed  
We pay for it through our nose  
The system is poisoned through and through  
The time is ripe to plan its Waterloo  
Put the nail in the coffin now  
Let the peace take a bow

Diamonds are to be found deeper  
One of us has to be pathfinder  
Pluck the lotus out of the mud  
Pray shedding no more blood  
Applying balm on the wounds  
In unison the world must croon  
Love, peace, harmony.  
Love, peace, harmony.

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# Luck

Luck

-----  
Luck, dame luck enters backdoor  
Disguised, knocks the door  
Opportunity swirls around  
Chances abound  
Why feel cheated  
When you don't  
Grab it.  
Missed,  
Blame game starts  
Luck, time and stars  
Not in favour and one cries foul  
Why me? Why me? Do I hear a growl?  
One who dares to catch bull by horns  
Luck smiles on the brave as on a new born.

-----X-----  
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## Lure Of Tinsel Town

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

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

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

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

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

Her ambitions, desire and aspirations  
to make it to the top  
dashed to ground  
she takes to vices

or compromises  
mentally and physically  
gets unsound.

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

-----O-----

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# Madiba, An Angel Of Peace.

Madiba, an angel of peace.

-----

The Sun sets always to herald a new dawn  
A dove freed from cage, flew relentlessly  
Setting those perceptions right, gone awfully wrong  
After 27 years of quarantine  
Oh, the dove is now no more.  
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Set free from silence with unbroken spirit  
Metamorphosing into human strength  
Wielding courage  
To challenge brute force and injustice  
Oh, the dove is now no more.  
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Sufferings in privation  
Taking bull by its own horns  
Symbol of people's struggle and aspirations  
Lighting candle of peace, love and compassion  
Oh, the dove is now no more.  
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Those limestone shine on your calloused hands  
Shaping the castle of hope for millions  
To build a society sans raciest and discriminatory thoughts  
Shepherded the flock to ultimate freedom  
Oh, the dove is now no more.  
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Basking in sunshine, rainbow nation rejoice  
Absorbing rays to burn thoughts of the dark  
Emerging multi culturalism raising hopes  
Inspiring life, a lesson written in golden ink  
Oh, the dove is now no more.  
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

Pray your soul be always at peace  
Yet it is not the end  
The world owes to your masterly investment skills  
Let the world pay you back now the rich dividend  
Oh, the dove is now no more.  
Long live Madiba, an angel of peace.

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# Meditation

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

Energy vibrating  
creating immunity  
against any negativity.

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Mine Kashmir

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

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

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

Whose brain, heart and kidneys

have undergone transplant  
with precision  
by an unknown surgeon.  
leaving  
bloody & scarred face  
bruised lips and bashed body  
blank eyes  
amputated hands.

Kashmir  
like a man in coma  
wakes up and then sleeps  
Or just watches blankly lying on operation table  
'desertion of the truth'  
'desertion of the essence of kashmiriat'\*\*\*  
Ah! mine Kashmir  
some one give me back  
mine Kashmir.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Misconception

Not leaving  
footprints  
on the sand  
since  
getting washed  
away  
now and then  
and to be  
construed  
as having none.  
Leaving those  
on the  
core of  
our lives  
are enough.  
What for  
our hearts  
exist then?

--x----x-

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Misguided

Born  
with  
clean slate  
and  
flattering  
innocence.

Flowering  
homo-sapien  
succumbs  
to  
vices.

Conscience  
fighting  
tooth and nail,  
fail.

Pleasure of  
senses  
prevail.

downfall  
begins.

Grave.

-----x----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Morning Newspaper

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

Crimes of passion  
Vagaries of politics  
Sporting brilliance  
Business frolics.

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

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

--0---

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# Mother

Happy Mother's Day

-----  
Mother

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

---0---

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# Musing Of An Autistic

Love knows no boundaries yet lacks conviction  
Wondering why the sea is noisy yet so calm  
Shore allows waves to touch and back they go  
Sand watch helplessly as none applies balm.

Thoughts merge misreading thoughts  
Natural are weird ways to reverse actions  
Mind seeks answers through hidden potentials  
Ready to take off sans pretensions.

Ah! Can't beat the blues which come free  
Hand me something to play and let you see  
Acceptance makes me accepted, energizing me  
Let the river flow why build dam over me?

Grappling with my mood swings, I enjoy  
Look into my eyes and say 'ahoy'  
Learning curves may be like ECG  
Life can't be smooth, so let it be.

Oh! Come now, let you understand  
Reassuring touch make me stand  
Complexities are boon and not to abhor  
Open your arms and open your doors.

Fields ploughed, seeds grow emotions  
Nourishment through parent's devotion  
Watch me cross barriers of all kind  
Sky is the limit for a beautiful mind.  
Sky is the limit for a beautiful mind.  
=====

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## Musings

Beauty is fire, flame its youthfulness  
novice if you are, will burn your fingers.

--x--

Silence has its own tongue to stress  
lips move not, for love to express.

--x--

Hate has no takers, omnipresent is love  
Some crazy always try to breed hate though.

--x--

One sows another reaps, a human nature  
Alas! None feels for the actual creator.

--x-

Live life lamenting or laughing  
Choice is yours, go weeping or singing

--x--

Useless for the boatman to row with an oar  
if never one wants to reach the shore.

--x--

Throughout life Oh GOD! searched for you  
soul left the body, only then could I meet you.

--x --

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# My Past

Oh! My past. Oh! My past.  
Dwelling in you, crowning my present  
Flooding with memories, never I resent  
Mirror images flash through mind  
Beholding acts of my own kind  
Regretting never acts of commission  
Feeling yet for few omissions  
Some lessons learnt  
Where fingers I burnt  
Memories sustain life, while I fight  
Future is drawn with only white  
Enjoying the fruits, seed I sowed  
Before the almighty I always bowed  
For future, the present I cast  
Oh my past! Oh my past!

-----

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## **My Poetry Book ' Children Of Lost Gods'**

With ink flowing from the heart  
mind endorsing a thought  
poems after poems  
a stream it brought  
in the shape of a book  
' Children of Lost Gods'  
Thoughtful entertainment  
never is lost  
with good wishes form all you poets  
I always sought.

-----

Tribhawan Kaul

# Nagging

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

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

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

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

No chance for atonement  
These word invented only for harassment.

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

-----0-----

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## Nano Poetr - Dreams

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## Nano Poetry-10

Tuning of a dew drop  
With the earth and a leaf  
On leaf, it is a pearl  
On the earth, it sobs.

-----

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## Nano Poetry-11

Craters decorating moon  
Taunting, laughing at the  
Indiscretion of a lover  
Calling his beloved, MOON!

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## Nano Poetry-12

Wrong to say love is blind  
Has it been so,  
God would not  
Have been so kind.

-----

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## Nano Poetry-13

Friends I befriended,  
were never ungrateful  
It was I, who couldn't  
appreciate their feelings.

- - - - - X - - - - -

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## Nano Poetry-14

Two extremes shaking hands  
over bodies, dead  
brokering peace at a price  
for public consumption  
to enhance their own stature.

- - - - - X - - - - -

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## Nano Poetry-7

Nano poetry-7

Blood, not thinner than water  
Yet boils in equal measure  
Waste brings untold miseries  
Death, hunger, thirst.

- - - - X - - - -  
Whenever my heat beat for someone  
I feel I have opened the door  
To be blessed  
By some unknown.

- - - - X - - - -  
Descending fireball  
Receptive ocean  
Horizon exults in  
Creating illusion.

- - - - X - - - -  
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## Nano Poetry-8

Life is a gamble  
Like toss of a coin  
Faith is in your hands  
Destiny not.

- - -x- - - - -

This world never cares  
Whatever care is,  
Is for show  
To axe one's own grind

- - - - -x- - - - -  
Glow on the face of morning  
Galvanizes livings to action  
Pay some, reap some  
BY the end of glowing evening.

- - - - -x- - - - -  
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## Nano Poetry-9

Unknown, unseen, unexplored  
Challenge to take plunge  
Exist, not the one who stands on shore  
Pearls finds their way only with a brave one.

- - - - - X - - - - -

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## Nano Poetry-Time

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Nature's Lament

Mother assimilates cloud's offerings  
The womb delivers nature's bounty  
Hope rejoices as its rays spring joy  
Streams reveal and energise in glee.

Greeneries breathes with effortless aplomb  
Blossoms muster courage to bloom  
Shining Vasundhra\* beams with pride  
Bosom stretching lifting gloom.

Oh! Is it now history?

Afflicted by human carnage  
Waiting impatiently for the balloon to burst  
Check your zodiacs and the day you cease  
Mind the day, you die of hunger and thirst!

Extolling beasts of devastating minds  
Fuelling the desert with various kinds  
Ways of fidayeen not for adoption  
Behave my children, no more caution.

Oh! To whom am I addressing?

Come, toil does wonders fostering lives  
Karmas get paid walking razor sharp knives  
Threatening our world is global warming  
Kill all pollutants, before the monster thrives.

Desperate causes need desperate measures  
Surgery needs embrace inherent dangers  
Donate cheers for future generations  
Come, save this planet for regeneration.

Oh! Hope I am listened.

-----  
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# Nirbhya

Chatna shoony maansikta ko  
Jagrit kar  
Mashaal jala  
Vileen ho gayi  
Panchtavt mein  
Anant shoony mein  
Jakjor kar anterman ko  
Safutit kar nav chetna ko  
Chod diya hum sab ko  
Chintan aur manthan karne ko  
Ek karz laad  
chali gayi  
kaise utaaren  
is soch mein karodon ko duba gayi.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Nirhya (English Version)

She lit a torch  
While getting consigned to flames  
Awakening dawns on  
Numb consciences  
Shockwaves shaked the mindset  
Ensuring brainstorming sessions  
Leaving us contemplating  
And with a debt load  
Gone for ever  
How to repay her for such an awakening?  
A million dollar question  
She left millions brooding.

Tribhawan Kaul

# O! The Woman! I Beseech You

O! The woman! I hail you.  
an embodiment of  
Lakshmi, for ushering prosperity  
Durga, for the courage you show  
Swarswati, for the knowledge you bestow.  
Seeking the powers from trinity  
you create, preserve and nourish  
yet made to walk over fire  
era after era, time and again  
by those whom you created! ! !

You are not Sita, so why to carry on the legacy?  
Wear robes of identity and individuality  
Take up the mantle of a knight and fight  
for your honour, dignity and rights  
time is ripe to strike  
put a nail in the coffin  
of servitude, hostility and exploitation  
take on the world and seek anointment  
fighting for amelioration  
truly, to the status of Trinity  
O! The woman!  
I beseech you. AMEN!

- - - - - X - - - - -  
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Tribhawan Kaul

# Oh God! Oh Ishwar! Oh Allaha!

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

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

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

bless them with YOUR heavenly hand.

(03-07-2011)

Tribhawan Kaul

# **Oil Slick**

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

-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Old Is Always Gold

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## **Operation- An Acrostic Poetry**

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

-----xxxx-----

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## Out Of Shell

Out of shell, fully hatched empty handed  
propitiating goodness; robe pinkish spotless.  
Black spots commence controlling the crown  
directing body to crave for pleasures mean  
senses turning to cranking franking machine  
eyes, ogling at shapes of colour balloons  
each dustbin desires for more boons  
anger management untaught in schools  
pulling legs & rugs becoming norms  
couch potatoes celebrating loss of form  
looking down upon others for self pride,  
cues that likes of Alexander, The Great  
too came out of shell empty handed  
and went away; the same way, goes waste.

Kill kill kill. Be the hunter not the hunted.  
Kill kill kill. The satanic senses within you.  
Let flower of anti-desire bloom  
spreading its fragrance granting boon,  
"be a homely saint not for unworthy worldly gains".

----- x -----

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# Papulation Control- A Cinquian Form

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

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## Parents (A Poem To Sing)

Owning lands  
moist soil  
farmers  
vow to sow.  
Spreading seeds  
all over  
for healthy plants  
to grow.  
Watering the saplings  
fertilising  
good  
for the health of plants.  
Pruning them  
and then  
amidst the Godly chants.  
Buds blossom  
into flowers  
fragrance  
spreading  
to and fro.  
Farmers happy  
rejoice flowers  
blessed by  
HIS graceful show.

---x---

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## **Passing Year (Written Last Week)**

Passing year, an oxymoronic sweetly bitter folklore  
turning life topsy-turvy sometimes happy, sometime bore.  
Acts of terrorism, religious fervours, bullying politics  
keeping on toes grisly accidents and anguish of masses.  
Devastating floods, nuclear proliferation, natural calamity,  
environmental degradation and avoidable human tragedy.  
Civil societies taking up causes, of eroding mentality  
disillusioned commoner clamouring space for individuality.  
Soap opera acts overshadowing life on the street  
mixed bag of fortunes favouring few, some take their cut neat  
Life goes on year after year and this one is no exception  
Hope the New Year does not stick to bloody past tradition.

-----x-----x-----

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ps: -Dear PH Friends

Let the NEW YEAR 2013 unfold like a lotus bloom heralding decades of happiness, good health and richness in thoughts with pious connotations furthering the cause of brotherhood, peace and love. HAPPY NEW YEAR 2013 to you and members of your family.

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Patience

Sky is dark  
Clouds mar the show  
The sun is brought down on it knees  
Out of the blue  
Rainbow brings some solace  
Life is bound to sustains itself  
With positive thoughts  
And outlook  
Darkness proves to be momentary  
Only Momentary  
Those who are not in hurry  
Sky gets clear  
And the sun shines bright again.

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

# **Peace At Work**

Understanding and love make peace work  
Human DNA though cannot be banked upon  
War mongers keep selling their wares  
Will to survive too dares hawks to strike  
Fire unable to differentiate  
Hate taking over the senses  
Visible become the scars on humanity  
Yet dawn doesn't wait for darkness to flee  
Love makes survival a better option  
Understanding paves the way for smooth transition  
War becomes the casualty, peace rejoice and fly  
Like a dove flees from the cage of inhibitions  
To soar in the vast sky.

-----x-----

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# Poems Unveiled

Poems are like: -

nursery rhymes  
music on lips  
simple and sublime.

bananas  
under the skin  
a delicious snack.

coconuts  
pleasure to sip  
sometimes hard one to crack.

puzzles  
churning the mind  
welcoming to the grind.

essence of feelings  
metamorphosed into  
a poetic gem.

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

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

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

skeletons of words  
walking the ramp  
dressed by ingenuity.

abstract paintings

craving for appreciation  
open to different interpretations.

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Politics

Cruel is the world  
No substitute for mercy  
Moon is paying for its deeds  
To sleep only with fading stars  
The universe is not made of moon alone  
Planets gather to conspire  
To keep the sun always in good humour  
Bright is eclipsed too, forget not  
Caste, creed, sex, notions always matter  
Statutes are burned by insiders  
White and black painting the town red  
In born nature of a man coming out in open  
Progressive and regressive thoughts fight it out  
For the supremacy.

----- X -----

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# Published

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

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

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

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

---X---X---X---X--

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## Purity Of Love

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

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

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

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

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

# Pyar (?????)

Pyar na vaasna hai na trishna hai  
Na hai kisi chahat kaa naam  
Pyar ek kashish hai  
Bhavnaon kaa mahal hai  
Jisme  
Ehsaas kee eenten hon  
Vishwaas kee neev ho  
Samvedna kaa gaara ho  
Garima kaa jaala ho  
Tab pyar kee bhel  
Aakaash ko chooti  
Panapti hai  
Yahi srijan hai  
Aur  
Srijan  
Srishti kaa janmdaata hai.

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## Quatrain (?????????)

Ahm aade aa gaya beech hamaare  
Kami pyar kee varna koyi naa thee  
Shabdon kaa bus raha tha akaal  
Zubhan ko bolne kee aadat naa the.

??? ??? ? ??? ??? ?????

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- - - - -

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Raajniti (????????) - In Hindi

Kaisa hai vyapaar  
kyun hain hum laachaar

Raaten hain ujdi see  
khote hain kirdaar

Kab kaise den dhokha  
saade magar ayyaar.

Le vishwaas kee aut  
rchte prapanch hazaar.

bharat mange khoon  
sulgo mt bn angaar.

???? ?? ???????  
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Tribhawan Kaul

# Rac

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

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

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

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

----O----

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kaultribhawan@

Tribhawan Kaul

# Rain

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

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

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

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

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

Overcast sky sieveing light  
far in the west rainbow bright  
puddles of pool in the street  
roof top cries, oh kite, oh kite

water authorities needn't rake the brains  
rain when comes, it only rains.

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

-----0-----

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# Random Poetic Thoughts

## Life

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

## Peace

everyone wants  
only some,  
foot the bill.

## Death

disguised serial killer  
striking at will.

## War

game of politicians for business promotions.

## Tribhawan Kaul

# Ravishing

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Realization (A Senryu)

Gatecrashers  
Senses and self will  
Conscience, acting as bouncers

Tribhawan Kaul

# Reincarnation Of A Flower

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

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

(2010)

Tribhawan Kaul

# Remembrance

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

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

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

Hoping to meet her beloved,  
she blossoms like a flower of mustard  
song of separation makes love deep  
her love erupts when separation seeps  
all bringing me your remembrance  
in the solitude of night  
under the moonlight.

Putting me in trance  
resonance of your voice  
watching me in this state  
you glow and rejoice  
casting a spell, who deserts me at dawn  
remembrance comes again then  
under the moonlight  
in the solitude of night.

I adore the rise of moon  
and the stars shining bright  
bringing me your remembrance

in the solitude of night.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Sachin, The Gladiator

Standing alone,  
a alone warrior, a gladiator  
pained, anguished and dejected  
helplessly watching  
his herculean effort go in waste  
one after another his team mates  
crumbled like nine pins, in haste  
fathom not his own agony in the din.

He stood alone to salvage  
the honour, the prestige  
almost did the impossible  
making up for other's sins.

The hush itself was in hush  
he fell, short of victory  
he proved his mastery in the field  
yet the fate was sealed.

God never fails  
Humans fail HIM  
Conditions get created  
So no one can blame HIM

Sachin remains the best  
Engraved in minds  
everywhere in the world  
east or west.

- - - - - X - - - -  
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Ps: - Cricket may retire from the God  
God of cricket will never retire./TK

Tribhawan Kaul

# Salvation

A bite from the sun  
A slice form the green  
A piece from the ocean  
A handful of soil  
A feel from the sky  
Weaving a robe of mortality  
Stitched to imperfection  
But wearing it to perfection  
realising its utility in  
selflessness and universal love  
hidden in its sleeves  
triggering immortality  
discarding the robe  
giving back a piece, each to  
fire, air, water, earth and ether  
redeeming self for another life.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Satisfaction

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## Scams

Truth is buried somewhere  
Dares none to enter black hole  
Mirror reflections too adding to face value  
Whirlwind gulps the truth  
Or throws it up battered  
Either way the truth suffers  
To be salvaged, decades later.

Tribhawan Kaul

## Second Mahapanchbuta Water

Life form sustainer, dear I am water  
Destroyer as well, fear, I am water.

Human cleanser, physically and spiritually  
"Purifier of souls," says seer, I am water.

Infusing life in biota\*, of every strata  
Vanishing element bring tear, I am water.

An element sacred, liquid amongst the elements  
Eternal and perishable, O dear! I am water.

Moist, cool, transparent, lubricating, cohesive  
changing shapes year after year, I am water.

Keeping bodies cool but warm, glowing with charm  
Symbol of fertility, every mother cheers, I am water.

Harbinger of energy and carrying away wastes  
Life line on the earth, putting life into gear, I am water.

Evaporation starts vicious circle forming water bodies  
Hydrate, dehydrate keep the balance clear, I am water

Creation of Lord Indra\*\*, omnificent, an element important  
Tribhawan sprinkle to purify dear and near, I am water.

-----  
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\*Flora and fauna

\*\* Lord of rains

Tribhawan Kaul

# Seek Within

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## **Senryu Series-1**

Mother crying  
blood all over new born  
father celebrating.

-----

Sun shining bright  
Children starving  
Twinkling stars fading fast.

-----

Highway crash  
Brain dead  
Dead men walking.

-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

## Shaero-Shayari-1

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

&#2344; &#2366; &#2326; &#2369; &#2342; &#2366; &#2325; &#2381;  
&#2351; &#2366; &#2330; &#2354; &#2366; &#2319; &#2327; &#2366;  
&#2344; &#2366; &#2357; &#2330; &#2346; &#2370; &#2323; &#2306;  
&#2360; &#2375;  
&#2361; &#2350; &#2361; &#2368; &#2332; &#2348; &#2344; &#2330;  
&#2366; &#2361; &#2375; &#2325; &#2367; &#2360; &#2366; &#2361;  
&#2367; &#2354; &#2325; &#2379; &#2312; &#2350; &#2367; &#2354;  
&#2375; .

(Nakhuda kya chalayega naav chappuon se  
Hum hi jab na chahen ki sahil koyi mile)  
Useless for the boatman to row with an oar  
As never I want to reach the shore.

&#2326; &#2364; &#2347; &#2366; &#2361; &#2379; &#2344; &#2366;  
&#2340; &#2379; &#2350; &#2375; &#2352; &#2368; &#2347; &#2364;  
&#2367; &#2340; &#2352; &#2340; &#2350; &#2375; &#2306; &#2341;  
&#2366; &#2361; &#2368; &#2344; &#2361; &#2368; &#2306;  
&#2395; &#2350; &#2366; &#2344; &#2375; &#2325; &#2368; &#2327;  
&#2352; &#2381; &#2342; &#2344; &#2375; &#2357; &#2361; &#2349;  
&#2368; &#2360; &#2367; &#2326; &#2366; &#2342; &#2367; &#2351;  
&#2366; .

(Khafa hona to meri fitrat mei tha hi nahi  
Zamane ki gard ne vh bhi sikha diya)  
Not my nature to become angry  
Harsh world desired, me to learn that too.

&#2340; &#2375; &#2352; &#2368; &#2340; &#2354; &#2366; &#2358;  
&#2350; &#2375; &#2306; &#2326; &#2369; &#2342; &#2366; , &#2360;  
&#2366; &#2352; &#2368; &#2332; &#2367; &#2306; &#2342; &#2327;  
&#2368; &#2354; &#2327; &#2327; &#2351; &#2368;  
&#2350; &#2367; &#2354; &#2375; &#2340; &#2369; &#2350; &#2340;  
&#2348; , &#2332; &#2348; &#2357; &#2361; &#2346; &#2370; &#2352;

&#2368; &#2361; &#2379; &#2327; &#2351; &#2368; .

(Teri talash mein khuda, saree zindgi lag gayi

Mile tum tab, jab woh puri ho gayi.)

Throughout life Oh GOD! searched for you

Soul left the body, only then could I meet you.

-----  
To be continued.....

Tribhawan Kaul

## Shaero-Shayari-5

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

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

Nothing was physical in our love  
relationship left tongues wagging.

-----X-----

???? ?? ? ??????, ?????? ?????? ?? ???  
?? ?????? ?? ??? ?????? ?????? ?? ???.  
(Hoti thi na guzar, hamare deedar ke bina  
hum paunche to nazaren churane lag gaye)

Ever waiting eagerly for my appearance  
when confronted, she tried to glance away

----- X -----

????? ?? ??? ??? ?? ??????, ???? ???? ?? ???  
????????? ??? ?? ?????? ?? ??? ?? ??????.  
(husn ke paas jane se phele, uska shabab to dekh  
noasikhiya hua to yunhi aag mei jal jayega)

Beauty is fire, flame its youthfulness  
Novice if you are, will burn your fingers.

-----X-----

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## Shaero-Shayri-2

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

&#2342; &#2379; &#2360; &#2381; &#2340; &#2350; &#2367; &#2354;  
&#2375; &#2319; &#2360; &#2375; &#2332; &#2379; &#2309; &#2361;  
&#2360; &#2366; &#2306; &#2347; &#2352; &#2366; &#2350; &#2379;  
&#2358; &#2344; &#2341; &#2375;  
&#2361; &#2350; &#2375; &#2306; &#2361; &#2368; &#2332; &#2364;  
&#2332; &#2381; &#2348; &#2366; &#2340; &#2379; &#2306; &#2325;  
&#2366; , &#2325; &#2342; &#2381; &#2352; &#2325; &#2352; &#2344;  
&#2366; &#2344; &#2310; &#2351; &#2366; .

(Dost mile aise jo ehsanfaramosh na the  
Hame hi zazbaton ka, kadr karna na aya.)

Friends I befriended, were never ungrateful  
It was I who couldn't appreciate their feelings.

&#2348; &#2368; &#2332; &#2348; &#2379; &#2340; &#2366; &#2325;  
&#2379; &#2312; , &#2347; &#2354; &#2326; &#2366; &#2340; &#2366;  
&#2325; &#2379; &#2312;  
&#2332;&#2364; &#2350; &#2368; &#2306; &#2325; &#2379; &#2346;  
&#2370; &#2331; &#2344; &#2375; , &#2325; &#2380; &#2344; &#2310;  
&#2351; &#2375; &#2351; &#2361; &#2366; &#2305; .  
(beej bota koyi, phal khata koi  
Zami ko poochne, kaun aaye yahan.)

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

&#2352; &#2379; &#2325; &#2375; &#2327; &#2369; &#2332; &#2366;  
&#2352; &#2379; &#2351; &#2366; &#2361; &#2306; &#2360; &#2325;  
&#2375; &#2327; &#2369; &#2332; &#2366; &#2352; &#2379;  
&#2351; &#2361; &#2332; &#2367; &#2306; &#2342; &#2327; &#2368;  
&#2340; &#2369; &#2350; &#2381; &#2361; &#2366; &#2352; &#2368;  
&#2361; &#2376; , &#2340; &#2369; &#2350; &#2381; &#2361; &#2368;  
&#2360; &#2306; &#2357; &#2366; &#2306; &#2352; &#2379; .

(Ro ke guzaro ya hans ke guzaro  
Yeh zindgi tumahri hai tumhi sanwaro)

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## Shaero-Shayri-4

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

&#2346; &#2381; &#2351; &#2366; &#2352; &#2325; &#2379; &#2352;  
&#2367; &#2358; &#2381; &#2340; &#2375; &#2350; &#2375; &#2306;  
&#2348; &#2306; &#2342; &#2344; &#2366; &#2344; &#2361; &#2368;  
&#2306; &#2354; &#2327; &#2340; &#2366; &#2309; &#2330; &#2381;  
&#2331; &#2366;  
&#2348; &#2360; , &#2313; &#2344; &#2325; &#2366; &#2310; &#2344;  
&#2366; &#2354; &#2327; &#2375; &#2349; &#2354; &#2366; &#2324;  
&#2332; &#2366; &#2344; &#2366; &#2348; &#2369; &#2352; &#2366; I  
(Pyar ko rishte mei bandhna nahi lagta accha  
Bus, unka aana lage bhalla aur jaana bura)

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

&#2346; &#2381; &#2352; &#2375; &#2350; &#2319; &#2325; &#2346;  
&#2367; &#2306; &#2332; &#2352; &#2366; &#2360; &#2369; &#2344;  
&#2381; &#2342; &#2352; &#2340; &#2366; &#2319; &#2325; &#2332;  
&#2366; &#2354;  
&#2347; &#2306; &#2360; &#2340; &#2366; &#2361; &#2376; &#2347;  
&#2367; &#2352; &#2349; &#2368; &#2346; &#2306; &#2331; &#2368; ,  
&#2351; &#2361; &#2368; &#2361; &#2376; &#2325; &#2350; &#2366;  
&#2354; .  
(Prem ek pinjra, sunderta ek jaal  
Phansta hai phir bee panchi, yehi hai kamaal.)

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

&#2344; &#2347; &#2352; &#2340; &#2325; &#2368; &#2349; &#2368;  
&#2340; &#2379; &#2320; &#2360; &#2375; , &#2325; &#2368; &#2350;  
&#2375; &#2352; &#2366; &#2342; &#2367; &#2354; &#2354; &#2375;  
&#2327; &#2319;  
&#2332; &#2379; &#2346; &#2381; &#2351; &#2366; &#2352; &#2325;

&#2352; &#2340; &#2375; , &#2340; &#2379; &#2325; &#2361; &#2352;  
&#2338; &#2361; &#2327; &#2351; &#2366; &#2361; &#2379; &#2340;  
&#2366; .

(Nafrat ki bhi to aise, ki mera dil le gaye  
Jo pyar karte, to kehar deh gaya hota)

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Shame Of The Sin

Shame of the Sin

--

Ashamed to be shamed  
by cruelty and brutality  
perpetrated by RAPE  
sorry!

Not my offspring, such  
dishonour to bring,  
as scriptures defined  
only seven sins  
in the family  
why blacken me?  
Who is it then?  
Perhaps  
an illegitimate son from  
malicious thoughts of modern man  
under the garb of famed Illiteracy,  
illgotten wealth, pornography or booze  
must be hanged till death, by the noose  
until then I shall remain ashamed.

--x--

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Tribhawan Kaul

## Shy (An Etheree)

He  
Loves me?  
Loves me not?  
Rose petals cry  
then laugh painfully.  
What a way to decide!  
Lover's fate rests in plucking  
the petals, counting one by one  
as one shuns to disclose intentions  
matters of heart no game of pretensions.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Silence!

Silence is golden  
hush being the buzzword  
noise gets frozen.

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

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

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

Silence is routine  
scams after scams  
yet none loses sheen.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Six Decades Of My.....Life

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

Six decades of my..... life

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

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

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

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

Fourth saw me rise in esteem  
was loved by everyone like an ice-cream  
learning by mistakes and making amends

world was merciless, knew the trends  
path I trod was simple and straight  
pondering at crossroads was not my fate  
was on high during this decade.

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

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

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

Journey of life not yet complete.....?

---

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Tribhawan Kaul

## Six Seasons In India (In Senryu Series.)

Spring  
Love in the air  
Festivals galore

Summer  
Blazing hot  
Except thoughts

Monsoon-rains  
Few harvest  
Rest going in drains.

Autumn  
Golden, yellow, brown layers  
Naked and bare. □

Fall  
Death and decay  
Of fiery brilliance

Winter  
Icy cold  
Everything but heart  
-----  
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Tribhawan Kaul

## Sky And Darkness (A Mirror Oddquain)

Sky  
Kissing earth  
Face glowing amber red  
The sun yet to take plunge  
Horizon

Darkness  
Watching the magic of nature  
Reluctant to douse fire  
The sun obliges  
Moonrise

Tribhawan Kaul

## Sorry! Dear Vayu\*

Breezing through rustling leaves, signs of a life commence  
I adore you as cut on umbilical cord signals your presence.

Most precious of all, you sustain me through vitals  
Pran Vayu, the life force to which I am entitle.

Breathing in and out, kriyas\*\* make me feel you near  
What is in name if they call you O2 or CO2, my dear.

May be eternal and perishable, what an elixir you are!  
Taming you through pranayama#, some think it bizarre.

No weight, no gait but invincible when mobile with force  
Unending seems to be the plight when you are on course.

You elude shapes yet shapes elude you not, beauty omnipresent  
Purifying livings of toxins by ventilator natural, none to lament.

In balloons or bloated bellies, Air, you do fascinate me  
Tornadoes and cyclones fueling energy, also scare me.

Let me revere and proffer flowers, boon for mankind whole  
Sorry! polluted we made you, actions injurious to our souls.

Air air, you are everywhere yet no purity to breathe  
In balance our lives hang, wake up or bring me a wreath?  
-----  
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\*Vayu: Air/ Lord of Air in Hindu mythology.

\*\*Kriyas: Actions while doing exercises/yogic exercises

# Pranayama: Regulation of the breath through yogic exercises.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Soul Searching By Peace

Standing before the mirror gazing self  
twin one croons,  
&quot;history of wars, fights, skirmishes  
have already taken toll of you  
terrorism of every dimension  
now becoming sin number eight  
what is to expect now from you? &quot;  
It questions simple and straight.

&quot;Sometimes you are scarred  
Sometimes you are battered  
Sometimes you are crossed  
Sometimes you are martyred.

So  
Are you dead?  
Nay, I dread  
you are not yet, &quot;  
whispers my mirrored friend.

&quot;eighth sin has no place  
war has no grace  
let more sunshine be there  
for everyone and everywhere  
undoing mean human mentality  
let darkness not prevail  
blinding us till eternity.&quot;

&quot;Rise, rise, rise once again  
show your prowess  
hold tightly drooping reins  
peace, humility and harmony breeds  
great civilizations  
don't dump into dustbins  
God's own beautiful creations.&quot;

&quot;Alias love, compassion and brotherhood  
you can't be dead  
wake up and change the mindset

for the sake of entire humanity  
make violence to shed violence  
apartheid to shed bias  
states to terminate conflicting ways  
with false vanity  
and embrace you  
with heart and soul  
global peace be only your goal.&quot;

Could withstand no more  
allowed it to merge in mine  
my conscience ready to take on  
all the violent ways head on  
for peace and harmony.

-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Spin Of A Coin

Spin of a coin

-----  
Analyse a coin smiling on our stupidity  
Infusing positivity or negativity  
Our mind absorbs the rays  
Mental attitude holds the sway  
Actions initiated accordingly  
Myth of a coin busted  
Loser blames the luck  
Winner praises the luck.

----- X -----  
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Tribhawan Kaul

# Stone And Pain

Stone and Pain

A dam allowed not to be built  
Till opposition decided to be so  
Thinking it will stop the flow  
Agitated protesters gathered in mass  
But invain  
Daily routine went to toss  
Rolling stones, I was told  
Gathers no moss  
But gathered it, for sure  
There seemed no immediate cure.

A 6 mm stone threw the life, out of gear  
Piggy back was pain  
Turning the sane Govt., insane.  
Mob swelled applying pressure  
Threatening barricades, blocking the lane  
Testing the endurance with excruciating pain  
Govt. gave up, signalling a truce  
Allowing opposition to play their malicious game  
Supporting its agenda yet with disdain  
Waves after waves, it waxed and waned  
Hitting the shore  
Back and forth, time and again  
Absent were nausea, fever and vomiting  
That was some silver lining.

A foreign hand intervened  
Dictated a policy expertly framed  
Road map was drawn for prosperity  
Of an aging but agile entity.

You dear stone and dear pain  
Owe, it to you as I  
Came to know  
My body better than before  
And its governance  
Which you tore.

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Swyamnaashi

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Swyamnaashi

shiv tandav ki roop naya yeh

प्राकृतिक आपदा का सवृ़ोप नया यह  
त़ब्हाहि का मंज़र, कुद्रति कहार है  
मान्वि भूलोन का प्रतिशोध नया यह.

मौसमिबारिश भला ऐसे रोधर कन्हान थी  
माद, भूसक्खला जैसे त्रास्दि कन्हान थी  
मृतिको की संख्या हताहतों से जब अधिक हो  
केदरनाथ, गौरिकुण्ड की ऐसे दास्तान कन्हान थी।

खंजर सीना मैं खुद भॉन्क चुके हैं  
झंग्लों को कंक्रीट बना चुके हैं  
भू-ताप वृदि के कारन भी हिम हैं  
ताप मैं अब, सब जुलास चुके हैं

व्यापरिक कारन जब प्रधान हो जायें  
तिक्रमनों का सामन हो जायें  
पर्यावरण की जब करते हुम हत्या  
इसे श्रप से कैसे बच पायें।

श्वर को अब दोष क्या देना  
जो बोया है वहि कतना  
सम्भलो सम्भलो, अब भी समय है  
हश्क उपरांत यह तो ताय है  
वालिवेदि पर तब देश यह होगा  
माए प्राकृति का आरोप यह होगा  
जिसको जनाम दिया था मैंने  
उसके ही संहार किया है  
अब मुझसे क्या आशा रखते हैं  
खुद तुमने अपना नाश किया है  
खुद तुमने अपना नाश किया है

— — — — —

सर्वाधिकार सुरक्षित/त्रिभवन कौल

Tribhawan Kaul

# Tamasha (The Show)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Political fallout was great  
putting in turmoil every state

demos, rampage and destruction  
hartal#, rioting and arson  
taking heavy toll  
with no rhyme or reason.

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

WHAT A TAMASHA!

Ps:

Accidently  
after six months of lull  
a man caught  
in a cheating case  
owned responsibility  
having killed her  
BEACAUSE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY! ! !

-----O-----

\* Secret service agencies of India

# Strike

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## Teachers: -Mentors And Guides

Moon when ceases to exist  
stars shine brightly  
negotiate universal maze  
choreographers end assignments  
dancers take centre stage  
or gardeners water the thoughts  
trimming the plants  
and cutting the rough edges  
for smooth growth  
within the periphery  
of social hedges, buds bloom  
sure, legend are not made in the womb  
discipline, values, responsibilities  
inculcated to be tools of anti-wrongdoing  
no gratitude is enough  
thanks giving makes one weep  
as investors far off  
watch their money grow  
in the building of a nation  
a nation reaps, they sow

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# Tears

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

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

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

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

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

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

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# Terror Balloons (Seneryus)

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

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

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

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

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

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# That Was My House

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-----xxxx-----

\* dancer/singers and singing of wedding rhythm.

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# The Conqueror

Deep insight into our complex mind  
and one finds

I  
dominating our lives  
hub  
around which revolves our existence  
touch, taste, hear, see and smell  
senses  
like crossroads  
creating diversions  
difficult to navigate  
a path straight.

In the maze of selfishness  
mine, yours, ours, theirs  
nothing matters but  
I.

Once perception of reality  
and realization dawns  
that  
I and you are not  
we  
but ONE  
one becomes the conqueror

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# The Desire

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# The Fading Clouds

The fading clouds

-----  
Oh, the dweller of 'Vijay Top'  
Thine downy appearance hath a mystic path  
Your angelic grace is born of  
A mate less mother, celestial froth.

Fumes that arise from a fathomless deep  
Sweep through the cosmos and merge within lights  
What errands do you mystify and why do you creep?  
Over sun-smitten cliffs, and sunken heights.

I explore the waterless oceans  
Winged by a crushing will, over-burning desire  
Break through the mystery of life in cherished fire  
And melt off my own nature and traditions.

Your fading frame over wading cries  
Beyond the skies and where souls' habitation lies.

-----x-----x-----  
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# The Lost Love

Quote

'Behold me not  
with your lovely wide expressive eyes  
I have no words for appreciation  
you may be divine  
withholding your desires  
I am a mortal  
yielding to  
basic intentions.'

Unquote.

Remember the day  
when we had met  
I had said so  
and you  
blooming like a lotus  
opened your arms.  
I remained a mute witness  
to a ravishing storm.

We never knew  
what had struck  
a volcano of possessiveness  
or a love bug  
both destroyed us  
before we could shrug.

Ego made us discrete  
pride to tweet  
on cross, we put our relationship  
space, we never wanted to yield.

Trust we lost  
faith never gained  
post-mortem we did  
but it was never the same.

Where love has gone?  
Where should I find?

Alas!  
we have forgotten our way  
In our daily grind.

-0-

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# The Martyr

Lotus blooms only in mud  
bleeding wounds do give solace  
colour, caste, religion matter not  
flag of pride and ownership do.

Nectar and poison drawn  
from churning a rouge entity,  
for everyone to reap  
gruff of a lion is enough for sheep  
yet clever is fox in numerous garbs.

Poison of hatred everywhere  
drink like Neelkantha\*, spare the nectar  
for those, who need it the most  
heaven is hidden somewhere there  
raise the bar there is nothing to fear  
your body may be consigned to flames  
But not YOU, never ever.

---

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# The Mind

My mind  
Oh! my mind  
can't understand you  
my mind.

Oh! my mind  
What are you?  
The Human?  
The Devil? or  
The God?  
How can I find  
your inner side?  
What are you?

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

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

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# The Resolve

You wretched human dogs  
Have a hearty laugh  
Lying over the top  
Perverted act has not broken the resolve  
Likes of you are not deserved to be called  
Human!  
Not even dogs?  
But sub-humans  
With extra- perverted mind  
Mind you; you may or not, pay  
I won't pay for the act insane  
Neither my courage will drain  
I am now ready to train  
My guns again  
Doesn't life exist after tsunami?  
Ravaging rains dare not stop  
Rainbows to appear  
Besmirching, stigma, indignity  
I am ready to bear.  
Cowing down  
Thing of the past, now  
Humanity may be aghast  
But I am not  
The life I start de-novo  
Which in your dreams  
You could never have thought.

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# The Size

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# The Women

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is the story of the woman, full of anguish  
Plight of a woman is because of another's wish

Exploitation of the woman could not have taken place  
Had a woman given the other a little more space.

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# The(Her) Curse

Modesty outraged  
perpetrators unmindful of pain  
flame fighting to sustain.

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

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

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

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# Time/Opportunity

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## To All My Poet Friends Of Ph

May the Spiritual Light lead and guide Ye  
to the inner state of Divine Love  
Love that heals  
Love that adores  
Love that serves humanity  
and Liberates everybody.

This boon!  
I beseech Thee  
O. Lord of Divinity for my  
Relatives, friends, kith and kin and all.

Wishing you all the joy of  
a Happy Diwali  
a Happy Bright  
New Year.

Tribhawan Kaul

# Toss

Perceptions are deep rooted  
Unacceptable are challenges  
Roadblocks greet changes  
Weak are not to throw tantrums  
But to tow the lines  
How long? There are asking signs.  
Why decisions are made with the flip of a coin?  
Strange are the ways to leash the future!  
Head or tail an opportunity to decide  
Devising the ways  
To counter or to chalk out strategy  
Yet the destiny does not recognise  
Power of currency  
That is the beauty.

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# Trauma

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

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

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

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

Tribhawan Kaul

## **Tree (Children's Day Special)**

I have a friend  
Its name is tree  
It gives me oxygen  
Just for free.

I have a friend  
Its name is tree  
In my colony  
provides greenery.

I have a friend  
Its name is tree  
Lets plant one  
It is a necessity

I have a friend  
Its name is tree  
Earth now looks  
Beautiful & lively

I have a friend  
Its name is tree  
Rains make it  
Green and flowery

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# True Love

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

Tribhawan Kaul

# Truthfulness

Allow the dreams to make castles in the air  
Truth always bare the truth behind a ruse  
How much illusions try to circumvent  
Rainbows always have the last laugh  
After clouds bring rains and deluge.  
Peeping into self, awakens and  
Zero gets power to bounce  
Shaping path of its own  
And goals to achieve  
Hitting bulls eye  
Truth trounce  
Falsehood  
Ultimately.

-----

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# Underprivileged (A Butterfly Oddquain)

sad  
unhappy  
making mockery of  
humane humanity  
light  
fight for existence and rights  
breed revolutions  
change course  
dawn

---x---

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□

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# Undying Hope

The grandeur visible to the naked eyes  
solidified through the very essence  
Kashmiriat yet had cracks appearing from nowhere  
Shedding its leaves it had owned since eras together  
Silky dawn was never the same  
Nor the murmur of small steam below  
The sound of yakho- yekh and hako-haak  
Still resounding like a sonic boom  
Kandur, navid, and barbuz vaan, the meeting rooms  
Silence greeting with garlands of doom  
Someone crooned.

'Kashmirat can't be dead? Long live Kashmiriat! '

Hope sustains life and mankind survives  
Pillars strong enough to withstand onslaughts  
Religious ethos and social tenets interweaving the brotherhood  
Let it smile through tolerance once again, it should  
I see then, trout jumping out with sheer joy  
Chinars whistling welcoming change in the wind  
Shikaaras dancing to the tune of the Divine  
Birds soaring high scaling unimaginable  
Auspicious peaks holding up the avalanches  
Sufi singing touching the hearts  
Kashmiriat has to be born again the world over.

---

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yakho- yekh: - raw ice Hako-haak: - green leafy vegetable  
Kandur, navid, and barbuz vaan: - bakery, barber and baked channa/peas shop

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# Valentine Day

Rose  
You offer me  
Sans thorns.  
You  
Propose me!  
Why should I accept?  
Yes, I do love you  
And you love me too  
I know  
Tide is changing  
So  
I propose you  
Will you accept my rose?  
With THORNS?  
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# **Valentines Day-A Tide Of Love In A Time Of Thorns.**

You came to me like a proposal of red petals  
on a swelling tide of rose water.

You love me and I love you  
no more time for rituals  
for time is a fickle thing  
and over your lovely shoulder  
the tide of time is turning  
bearing only the thorns  
we did not see before

- - - - -

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# Vicious Circle

I

seeking to redeem actions of goodness  
like candle flame, eating moths and darkness  
slowly turning self into melting drops  
the warmest, warmer, warm and cold  
getting erased steadily till the last drop  
adding to sculpting snowy gold 6'x2'  
horizontal statue.

The END. Is it so? No.

Life after death,  
goes beyond comprehension  
as a soul wanders in oblivion  
to light other one, somewhere.

Again I

seek to redeem past actions of goodness  
like candle flame, eat moths and darkness.

-----x-----

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# Wait

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

Waits.

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

Waits.

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

Waits.

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

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

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# Water (Children's Day Special)

Drink water  
Which is pure  
It is healthy  
That is sure.

Waste not water  
It is life  
Harvest it  
Sustains life.

Wasting water  
Is no no  
Preserve water  
Wise say so

Water is elixir  
Flushing toxins  
Nutrient carrier  
Water has been

Drink water  
3 liters a day  
It is living  
In healthy way

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# **Ways Of Love**

Descending darkness breathing down the living  
Shadows of silence becoming monstrous  
None dares to challenge rogue elements  
Breeze of love seeks passage through everyone's heart  
Wading through the waves of emotions and actions  
An aura of tranquillity and serenity lift up spirits  
Bringing much need solace and comfort  
Trying to cement the path glimmering with sunrays  
Leading to ultimate calmness and happiness  
Wonderful are the ways  
Of love.

-----x-----x-----

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Tribhawan Kaul

# Worried

Our heart reaches out to them through our eyes  
Now blood, not tears oozing from our eyes.

Few human beasts devouring a girl  
His head in shame, a butcher too cries.

Debating in their comforts.' What 's going on? '  
Dejected, depressed, helpless but why?

Now none fears to dehumanize humanity  
Usher Kalyug\*, signs for sure, fear I.

Hurt and shocked at the continuing monstrous acts  
Worried for blossoms, are they fated too to die?

Oh my country! Can you be alive when soul is dead  
Lawmakers, time is running out for remedies to try.

"She neither belonged to me nor she was a concern"  
Thought, turning blood watery, don't ask why.

Her honour & respect is ours, wake up citizens all  
Shamed Mother India sighs 'Hang them' give a call.  
----- X -----  
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\*. Kaliyug, in Sanskrit scriptures, is the 'Age of Downfall'

Tribhawan Kaul

# Writer's Nightmare

(Senryu+ an etheree+ free verse + senryu)

Ideas

fearing cloudburst  
dejection takes over

Mind

full of  
thoughts  
to dress pages  
in shades, shapes, colour  
watching disappearing images.

My laptop, which used to dance  
on ITs tunes now have sunstroke  
doctors advise open heart surgery  
Can't afford as I am totally broke.

Enjoy the off season  
and a long break  
in this state  
or refill pen  
as paper mercifully  
reconsidering another date.

Laptop quarantined  
write on good old forgotten paper,  
in one hand Parker or pencil  
in another marker and eraser.

Missing a mate  
worst nightmare  
writer's fate.

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X

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# You March On

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

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

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

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

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

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



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AAS

Kisaan  
Hariyali rahit  
thunth se khade ped  
aur koma mei gaye un vyaktion ke saman  
Jo jindho mein hain na maron mei  
Sanson mei dadkan liye  
ek aas jagrit kiye  
ji rahe hain  
unke liye  
jo unke sath sath dharti se jude hain  
Jab bhi meh barsega  
Jevan mein naya sanchar hogा  
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Tribhawan Kaul

## ????????? (Quatrain) -1 In Hindi

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chahre kee aabha, mukhrit ho kuch kahti hai  
keshon kee bhasha, pulkit ho kich kahti hai  
saundry ko taraash seerat kee aankhon se  
aasha naiyno kee, romanchit ho kuch kahti hai

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Tribhawan Kaul

## ????????? (Quatrain) -2 In Hindi

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yah tanhai, akelapan jaane kyun achcha lagta hai

prem kaa koyi beej uga yaa jog kaa rog lagta hai

rang mein kiske rangna hai to pyar ka rang bura nahi

bura to hai badrang hona, pyar phir sauda lagta hai.

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Tribhawan Kaul

## ????????? (Quatrain) -28

Chaurahon pr dekhiye kuch chahre sataaye

Maasoom bachpan bhi hain sab ve bhulaaye

Smaaj kee hain ve kuch bujhi shamaayen

Chalo mil kr chand shama jaalaayen

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Tribhawan Kaul

## ????????? (Quatrain) -30

Tere bagair veeraana, sansaar lagta hai  
pyar bus tera, baaki vyapaar lagta hai  
zindgi rah gayi, teri yaadon ke sahaare  
isi mein mere karmo kaa uddaar lagta hai.

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Tribhawan Kaul

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kaun kahta hai hum gazhal likhte hain

bhav kaa fairan hum zabr seete hain

vishy to hain bahut, ganit ke siva bhi

anubhutiyon kee garima ko hum bhee jeete hain.

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Tribhawan Kaul

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Tribhawan Kaul

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Nav Varsh

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Naya saal bahut bekarar  
Udan bharne ko hai tayaar  
Achche swasthy kee kaamna kiye  
Safalta, smridi ke khole dwar  
Sakaratmak soch liye  
Harshit Yaatrigan hon swaar  
Sankat jo aaye kabhi kabhi  
Muskura, Karen har badha paar  
Ateet itihaas ban jaata jab  
Swarnim bhavishy karta namaskar  
Nav Varsh ke le balaayen  
Shanti, anukampa, prem kare satkaar  
Do hazaar solah ho  
ahinsak, pawan, karmadheen  
Karen prathna eesh se barambaa.  
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Tribhawan Kaul

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Tribhawan Kaul

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