

Poetry Series

Vedanth Bhatnagar
- poems -

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Vedanth Bhatnagar()

I belong to Him and He to me.

A Blessed Child, To The Worsened Realm

Millenia ago, created, was the Universe,
Which He, with His infinite Love, would nurse,
And, an Orb, of His best imagination,
Of His best creation,
Filled with majestic depths of the sea,
And mountains, as high as could they be:
Souls, His children, departed from His Infinity,
Dispersing from His Singularity,
And in this Orb, after separation, still walked alongside
Their Father, Whom would they perfectly abide.
Now, in this Orb, of materialistic joy,
Lured by this decoy,
Have gradually started to decline
You, and in their ego, started to pine,
Committed crimes of utter fright
To other Souls on the higher realms,
And which was not in sight,
Is now at the helm.
My Lord, please send us Your Blessed Child,
Who, in his conduct, will be simple and mild,
And in this Worsened Realm, would enlighten
The Souls and brighten,
Every dark corner with Your imperishable Light,
To bring You, again, in sight.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

A Death Without Mourns

Thy son hast not comforted,
He lived a life alone,
Now, leaves, as his breath,
To none, shalt it be known,
None shalt be there to mourn.
Thy son, as shalt be gone,
For him shalt be no song of dawn,
None, hath he, to adorn,
None shalt be there to mourn.
As approaches his night,
He shalt be gone, with Thy Light,
That shalt bring Thee, to sight,
To calm his plight,
To none, which shalt be known,
None, shalt be there to mourn.
But, Thy son shalt not regret,
For what he would now beget,
As into death, he seeps,
There shalt be none who weeps,
His life has passed alone,
And he, comforted, hath not,
None shalt mourn,
For it, with sorrow, he is fraught,
There are none left, for him,
As his life now grows dim,
And, his life, was lone,
That with lament, shone,
That shalt not be known,
For it shalt only be, but a death, without mourns.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

A Mirror Of The Past

I glanced into the mirror of the past,
And, in through it, I fell
Into the times old,
I was shown, where once, did I dwell.

And there, stood me, choosing the untrue path,
Tried I, to stop, but I could not,
As it was but my past,
And, there with sorrow, I was fraught.

This glance, now surceased,
My past, away breezed,
What I have now, shall not be,
These memories were, but once, me.

There is none a companion,
As I walk toward my end,
And, there shall be none, a friend
There shall be none, a friend.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

A Question To The Child

Oh my child! My child! I speak to the child!
Me accepts, me accepts the desire mild!

'Thine play'd in the fields of ecstasy,
Thine sang on the roads of dreams,
Thine in morrow the self gleams,
Hath I not been to forgive, foresee? '

Oh my little child! I fear not, for I accept!
Me accepts! For all desires of mine art swept!

'Thine in me hast kindled unto thy birth,
Mine in thou prevails in mirth, bliss and mirth!
Thine in error hast nor erred nor taken,
For life in mine wast not all, but forsaken! '

'Mine is within thine, of thine in me dies
Not; My self as always, away'd, descries,
Thou art my child! I speak to the child!
Myself tells,
Myself urges and yells! '

Do not grieve, my child! Do not!
Thou hast done! My prevailer is fraught!

'Thou shalt be free of thy uncomfoting
Thought; thy deed was an uncurtailed dream;
This realm is no longer mine for porting,
My ship leaves! My mast may not ever seem! '

Oh, death! In death do I laugh!
I was bereft! As is the absence of
a cow to a calf.

'Thine is seen playing, playing o'er
Meadows of green; seen, hidden, unseen,
Thou hast me killed; I nor curse nor ponder!
But mine urges and demands: Will the child in

thou be ever seen? '

Vedanth Bhatnagar

A Wait, A Dream I

I glanced, as the sun withdrew,
Upon the horizon, dusks of broken dreams,
Forlorn, I stand, sorrows afew,
Whence, amongst the pouring water, is felled a dew,
Unto my lament, a tear gleams;
Dreams forsaken, whence once dwelt I,
Unto echt realms, I await,
Which shall again, with a sigh,
I speak, where is all, but a lie,
For abounds all, upon mortal realms, fate;

I, fraught with realities of my dreams,
Plaint over, whence a tear is felled,
Upon misty eyes, woebegone seems,
A forgotten soul, with sorrow, deems,
Ere the dawn, neath twilight, a forsaken dwelled;
For what remains unsought,
Upon earthly realm of high,
By those crestfallen, is sought,
For but a dream, with unspoken sorrows, is fraught,
A desolate dream, a forsaken dreamer, depart, midst an unheard cry.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

A Wait, A Dream Ii

I dreamt of a flower,
Yet, to bloom, upon which, lay dews,
And, at morn's hour,
It swept to none, swept to fews;
For wind, in the cold haze,
Dreamt of a flower, too,
And, in, it wandered, in a daze,
Undid, what years would take-do;
For a dream another, it steal't,
And left it, forsake,
As a tear, fell the bud, dwelt,
Whose bloom, in the wind's wake;
I await the wind begone,
I await, a broken dream,
I doth wait in vain, neath the nightly dawn,
A star adeep, lost, had shone,
For now, of more, I would not deem,
Of more, I shall not deem.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

An Animal's Story

I was born, without speech,
To benevolent Mother Earth,
Feeble, flaccid, ignorant of this cruel world,
That love of my Mother had hid in her kind mirth;
I was cared for, by my fellow beings(humans) ,
The truth, was but hid in veil,
But little was known to me,
That, so bitterly, would I ail.

It is only now, that I realize,
After, in this abattoir, I stood, with quivering legs,
That, tears are of no worth,
When a speechless animal, for his life, begs.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

An Experience Of His Grace

'Twas a night, of shadows,
I walked alone, through a misty breeze,
There were howls and cries,
Of fear, that were not for me to cease;
There, I saw, my brothers in darkness were forlorn,
For days, would they mourn and weep,
And of pain, was not known,
For they lived in miseries deep;
Their plight was of utter fright,
Which I remember, to this day,
They were of the broken might,
And in darkness, they lay;
They would roam the sorrowful plains,
Where rivers were of tears,
And, of mourns, was the rain,
Where life, was but a dreadful fear;
There, I stood, with a broken heart,
Cried, 'O Lord! What hast Thee done,
Is this Thy wish, on their part,
Of this, hope, they hast now none.'
For days, months and years long,
There came no answer, no reply,
And tears, made a lamenting song,
To me, now, joy was but a lie;
With fervor, I prayed,
Uniting the day, with night,
And hope, was, in me, unmade,
As none an answer, came in sight;
There my faith, was slowly lost,
Life felt, like was dreamt,
And, miserable, was I, but most
Was felt void, felt empty;
But, then, there fell on me, Divine a grace,
The Supreme, made reply,
There filled He, in me joy,
And, lit up, of these plains sorrowful, the darkened sky;
There was heard His voice Divine, 'Cry not, my son,
For thy brothers, dost not suffer in vain,
They shalt reach higher realms,

And on them, shalt be, of benediction, a rain,
But thou hast the best of a heart,
Where now shalt I reside,
With open arms, shalt I take thou,
Onto my side.'
With this, reigned on me,
His little, great part,
And, for my brothers, I was in glee,
For on them, was love of His Heart.
There returned, my faith,
And, there was but none a tear,
Of these many a sorrowful wraith,
There was none a fear.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Answer

Thou, in Thy Infinite magnificence, hast fulfilled our prayers,
For now, that we shalt be
Risen by Thy Loving, Blessed Child,
Until we merge into Thee.
Oneself with Thee, The Creator of entirety,
Dreams of our longing, shalt now be true,
Nothing, canst stop our restlessness,
Until us, shalt Thee, accrue.

Our desires of perishable materials,
Shalt now end,
Realised, shalt now, we be,
For Thou, our wishes, will mend.
Gratitude, shalt always pour out from our hearts, humble and mild,
Towards Thy Blessed Child,
For guiding us into Oneself with Thee,
Thy Child, now amidst us on this Holy path, jocund are we.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

As Winter Falls

The sorrow of the night steals
What a morn brings as mirth;
And clouds of dark sweep
What was forever dearth.

Is it the clouding of the judgement of mine?
Shalt the sought be never within grasp?
With sorrow is my day fraught,
And within fear, doth my night gasp.

As winter falls, as summers fell,
The past is begone with a forgotten knell,
What died, shall it return?
Who shalt hath ever a concern?

Vedanth Bhatnagar

I Hence Regret

Where I went astray,
In the darkness of the light's betray,
Where I committed crimes,
Singing of unknown times;

Where my mind did seek,
To comfort my thoughts bleak,
His bliss of reality,
All, but in vanity;

Where lived the only ones whom I cared,
Where the sweetness was marred,
I, in sorrow, accept what I now beget,
For this, I hence regret,
I hence regret.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Ignorantiam

Slumber dwells upon my eyes,
I who see chaos awaken;
Within what mankind has thought,
I see a world shaken.

Who is the maiden, the siren,
That sings of chaos and lust?
Who is she who seeks to draw,
The Creation to mere dust?

A storm brews in the soul,
Of a desert;
Dust blows from the sanctums,
Of ice;
From the windy snow does,
blow dirt;
Of all bizarre things, the mind,
Reeks of vice!

I stand in the eye of the Earth,
Aghast!
Chasms in a solitary Ego wring mankind,
A division cast!
A tale of death, suffering and birth,
A karmic past;
Of peace and conflicts, doth we find,
Solutions that forever last?

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Miseries

Walking with sorrow's load,
That day, as I was passing by the road,
A man lay beneath a shed,
Without an utterance, he, everything said,
His eyes as dark and deep as an ocean,
His face, without a mark of cunn,
It seemed, that he had been expelled from life,
In a bitter strife,
Miseries, drifting through the wrinkles of his face,
And his past, was a shrouded mystery, which I could not trace;

Shivers, ran up my spine,
Because his sorrows were greater than mine,
Torments were expressed through his weeping face,
Help, I could not, as I was busy in my many a case,
I walked away, feeling selfish, pitying for the old man,
Another day, then, would I help him if I can,
Feeling unsure if he would be alive till then,
He faced, I thought, the troubles of all men,
And, as I passed by, he still lay beneath the shed,
And that is all, about this, I could have felt, I could have said.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Nothingness

Rasping doors that open unto mysteries,
The labyrinths that return unto what again begins,
Other-Worlds that look unto our forgotten histories,
Speak of the unknown as it here twins;

I travel the straight that becomes oblique,
I turn the gears that unturn again,
What brings me here to the truth-unspeak,
Doth also force me to accept this bane;

Figures that appear, the colours epileptic,
I lose my calm and unto darkness disappear,
I run along traversed paths, sceptic,
And find again mysteries queer;

Paths that lead to mislead,
Twisted and puzzling, moons that dull,
Suns that never were to heed,
Lost, I reminisce the Null.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Of His Creation

When Thou felt the time ripe,
And Thy forces, all together,
The Creation began, with Thy Holy Breath,
And flowed in knots beneath;
Then began the latent churning motion,
That brought into existence
Your children,
And all matter thence.

Thus the Creation stood fulfilled,
And The Spirit Of Life flowed
Through our world and worlds unknown,
That we made our abode;
From Creatures huge to creatures small,
Bow to Thy magnificence,
Heed to your call,
Crave for Thy Holy Self, in their persistence.

For years long, they have walked by the side of Thee,
Longing to be as close as they ought to be,
Except Thyself, nothing could they see,
And Thy nearness, was their glee.

Thy Children, whom Thou care,
Now, of the path, which they once walked with Thee, are astray,
Deny Thy very being,
Ignorant of the true way;
Thy world hath, now, many a greed,
That were now paid heed to,
Of ghastly thoughts,
Was laid now a seed, too;

Need for time was not,
For the seed promptly grew,
This was the commencement of the first crime;
Saved were only a few.
Now, we remain,
Afraid of the worse,
Our toils were but in vain,

For our brothers, burdened with this curse.
Known was that came all from nothing,
And shalt merge into nothing,
Thy remembrance forgotten in their pride,
They hath, now, placed Thou aside.

My humble self bespeaks,
Thee to bring Thy self to our world ignorant,
In a form befitting us,
And Light up again Thy Knowledge, which lang syne Thou had lent.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Of Sorrow, Of Loneliness

'Thou hast fillest me with Light,
Thy reasons art unknown,
But Thee left me in loneliness,
For alone, now, shalt I mourn.
For what, hast Thee done this?
Shalt an answer, not be revealed?
For Thy child, for Thy part,
Shalt the truth be but sealed?
Regret, shalt I not,
For Thou dost what is right,
But, jocund am I,
For Thy Light, shalt bring an answer in sight';

For a solitary born in felicity,
There art those buried forlorn,
For none, have they, to adorn,
None remain, to be borne,
Attain death, in vanity;
For those who, among shadows, dwell,
For those, who remain in the veil of night,
Whence the twilight utters and darkness tells,
Where, in the bewailing wind, is heard a knell,
Unto those, is achieved, the Heavenly Light;
But for the realm, wherein lie,
The dead, whilst the baying wind's gloomy cry,
Whence the darkness foretells,
'A man shall dwell, a man shall die';

Thence the aurora speaks,
Gleaming, in the twilit skies,
For the forsaken, seeks, what remains unsought,
A chortle heard, amongst mournful cries;
He who walks upon the unbeknownst path,
Toward the night of dawn,
As bespeaks his Will, of what has he,
Upon his pilgrimage, he shall be forever gone;
For a lone man seeks, what remains unsought,
A darkened light, remains fraught,

An unkept tryst with death,
Neath the whispering wind's breath;

For those, who depart, amongst dry tears,
Unto those in Heaven, bless'd, departed,
Whence return they, who keep the forgotten promise,
Unto those, who forever shall stay parted,
For thence, are shed truer tears,
The One, who forever hears,
Of them, who lament, mourn
For once a death achieved, remains forever sworn;
We weep for those, who cease,
To walk upon the earthly boulevard,
For they travel now, in His Light,
Whence life, is sublime, unmarr'd;
The departed seek, what remains unsought,
His Bless, of sublimity, of Light,
What in the earthly realm, shall be forever fraught,
Of ungiven reflections, of gloomy light;

Of their empt, unto, whence shall be felt,
Whence lay their mortal remains,
Upon their graves, unto their life,
And, of their peregrination in Holy planes,
Whence our elders depart,
Unto the realms unknown,
Whilst we lament for their demise,
They, in Holier realms, bemoan;
For whence in grief, a soul,
Is abound, the departed remain not,
Jocund; For those who grieve, seek the unsought,
For life, in mortal realms, is with fate, bound, fraught;

Of darkened light, of mournful day,
I speak, to Thee, of my loneliness,
A forgotten child, dreams his end,
Of a curse, and of a bless;
As Thy child enters,
The shadows of dusk remain,
In Thy world of gloom,

Thy child grows vain;
Of a wreath carried in memoriam,
The twilight sinks into the unknown,
Whence the dawn enters into the night,
A child, shall shed a tear, alone.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Of Virtues And Their Antitheses

Permanence is but a heavenly dream,
Oh, so rare, so pristine, forlorn!
But lasting is not for the mortal stream,
The stream that has life to adorn;

Upon the sad face of Truth gleam Lies,
That Truth that has times to transcend,
And fraught is every word written that descries,
Its author, who has the Truth to bend;

Vedanth Bhatnagar

On Letters And Words

What meaning lies in letters arranged?
Do letters convey the reality of thought?
With what man in greed is estranged,
Is that, of black-ink, the blot?

Do letters signify the act,
And the morality that men lose?
Do their constant twirls enact,
What men on other men pose?

Within their withering time,
Do letters convey forever more?
Do words that frame the crime,
Seal the cruel desperation sore?

Do words soothe the pain,
That their own arrows betray?
Do they regard their own disdain,
For the sad speaker in dismay?

Vedanth Bhatnagar

On The Death Of A Librarian

By torments deep, are left many a scar,
That nor words nor kindness can heal,
And unto our lives are begotten many a mar,
That nor the brightest nor the truest can seal;

Upon dark shelves, are found many a thought,
And words, that depict of ancience and old,
But, minds that with sorrow are fraught,
Dwell uninfluenced, in this deathly eve cold;

A man, old, whose life, noble,
Dwelt once, amongst those words upon forgotten shelves,
And, truth, falsehood, sorrow and joy, were not ignoble,
As he had liven all, all selves;

He was the one, from whom would begin and end,
All days and noons, with Holy Sun upon,
And, a smile, oh! so noble would lend,
Which shall we forever, forever don;

Upon his everly race, from mirthly ground to velvety sky,
He walked and ran, walked and ran, ever,
And without rest, without sleep, without a sigh,
He neither sat nor lay, never!

Upon his greet, ah! Holy Heavens would cheer,
As would his infallible knowledge do, from mind to mind,
And of forgotten books and thoughts would smear,
What was done never by the kindest nor kind;

He remained, remained from birth,
And ill-taken though, never left,
But all memories of him are now dearth,
For he left now forever, us, bereft;

We recall his sitting, sitting upon a chair still,
And by the celebrations and howls and shouts of the world,
He never stirred, never turned unto the window sill,
But now, his lone chair remains as his birth is backward hurled;

Upon a win, upon a victory, his joy lay equivalent,
And, he turned mere words to gold,
But now we curse Death, his assailant,
As his hair whisper among forgotten ashes of old;

One noon, upon a chair he lay,
The one, who never slept had sought!
And suffered agonies upon his stay,
His fiend injury made him rot!

Amongst the ill, ill he lay,
Upon a cot, oh! The sickly cot!
His birth to see the end of his day,
The deathly wraith, had him caught!

And, as our leave, would gradually begin,
Of his departure, was heard to our ear,
Said we, 'A man so noble, without a sin,
Our beloved, is now but a rid-dear? '

Hopes unshaken, for his revival, for his life,
And, we bade and bid, bade and bid,
In our struggles and petty a strife,
In nether realms, he has hid now forever, he has hid;

We saw him carried, carried unto death,
And saw him placed upon logs that cut and bleed,
As he was burnt, in ashes of his breath,
What began as a seed, ended now as a seed;

He burnt, burnt as books on shelves would do,
And flew his remains, unto dark heavens cold,
And he whispered in the wind's dew,
But for whispers were now a lore, a forgotten lore of old;

The worth of a worthy, is not to be,
Until hearts worthy are reminded,
For what is to be, until is no more to be,
Shall ever not be, not be binded;

He is here, in the library, he was here,

From dawn unto night, night unto dawn,
His footsteps are still heard, as our eyes dampen and drear,
But he has left us, he is begone;

He shall be here, forever upon his chair, here,
Farewell, O dearest Librarian, farewell, dear,
Thou shall dwell here, forever shall dwell here,
As our eyes shall mourn forever, and dampen, drear;

His life was but a word, a word that remains,
Remains here, evermore, and echoed throughout his breath,
The word showers, showers upon holy reigns,
His life dwelled, in the echoes of the word, 'work', and he worked unto death;

'Thou, the Great Librarian, in thy memory,
Shall be writ no lore, of infinite glory,
But of hearts wherein ever thou shall dwell,
A sound awakens, of your echoing knell';

He shall be here, forever upon his chair, here,
Farewell, O dearest Librarian, farewell, dear,
He shall dwell here, forever shall dwell here,
He remained here, he was here, he is here.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

On The Hegemony Of The Mind

The mind wanders, toward yonder,
Restless and unforgiving in its motion,
The heart suffers while it ponders,
The meaning of truth and emotion;

Why does one move toward chaos bleak,
Following the trails of the mind?
Has there to be a desire to seek,
For stillness, calm, and peace to find?

Easy to acquire are freedom and lust,
Wherein evil grows the mind,
Order and unity are turned to dust,
Hard to find, easy to rescind.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Rise And Fall

Ponder the rise and fall of times and men,
To null the changes aye sum,
Unto the bright is their rise, and then,
Again becomes their glory whilom.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

The Independence

Choice, as is but ours, is to lose,
They who with burdens are fraught, live free,
For their lives are in ignorance, with no purpose,
They who in service are selfless, prevail in glee;

The choice was not but ours to make,
The hours of our time pass by in vain,
We in our idle folly, deem sanctity vague,
And within this, is our true independence slain.

Independence is service without the thought,
Of self, to That which once belonged,
And belonged by;
That which sleeps in us in its death,
is that which which shall never die;

Belong to the Service, my friend!
The Independence is not ours, nor the choice,
In the sacred service to That, my friend,
In your time, rejoice and rejoice.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

The Night

As the Sun set in the west,
taking away with it, its horizontal crest,
what remained, was the cold, dark night,
even though, not without light, filled in me fear and fright.

The darkness of the night made me sorrow for my plight,
though the stars, wakening far away, promised me of a new light,
Still, my emotions dimmed, my face grew pale,
hoping that soon, my sorrows would curtail.

As passed the time,
the mild wind blew and rang the chimes,
the mist, the fog remained, as continued the night,
the moon comforted me; symbolized the coming light.

As the moon moved through the sky,
the stars, along with it, passed by,
beneath the tree of sorrow, I still lay,
Will I be shown another way?

Brooding over about the coming light,
the thought, that He made the night,
Patiently, everything was made clear,
the same thought filled in me cheer.

It reduced my fears, reduced my tears,
gave me hope, telling that the light is near,
and as the night, moved away,
Paving way for the sun to rise, showed me a new path, a new way.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

The Prophet I

Long millenia ago, ere The Universe, to prevail
There wast, The One, Whose Mighty, Infinite Magnificence,
Wouldst pervade, eall Life, eall matter, but once,
There wast infinite emptiness, wouldst everything come thence.
The One, whose wast the thoughtless thought,
Whose wast the Greatest Knowledge, but was ignorant,
Whose, wert the the greatest powers, but wast impuissant,
Who wast the greatest infinity, but also none,
Who shalt be, in a time to come, present everywhere, and, also absent,
Who shalt have all in Him and Him in all,
From whence shalt the Divine Thought enter,
Thence and there, within, these grey curtains, fillest with empt,
The time were to come, as would The Greatest of All Entities be,
Within that whence His Greatest Creation wert to be,
Wouldst His Majesty enter now, these curtains of grey;
As is His Wish Divine, for eall shalt be, His Thought,
But, the Time, known shalt be to Him and only Him,
For I, who write this, is no more than His wish,
But, within these curtains, entered He,
And, Hiswast but The Thought, The Greatest Thoughtless Thought,
Wouldst, it, bring the most magnificent of His Creation,
His Thought thence wast to be the first Breath of Life,
Breath, that wert to bring eall,
And wast imparted, within these grey curtains of His realm,
Wherein, wast His Light, that hadst parted been,
Through the first Breath, that now
Hadst begun, to flow into the realm of these grey curtains,
Whose flow hadst formed now knots, that wert
The Emergence of Life, of The Great Bond, that shalt be, in time come,
The first of the Form, the first of His image, the first
Beings Of Light, and, began thence, the Latent Churning Of His Energy,
For the time hadst come, for the beginning of His Creation, The Universe,
There His children, flowest upon His Holy realm, that in time
Shalt be to contain His Majestic, Imperial Creation of The Universe,
It wast now to be, for His Children, wert now Souls,
Of His vast embrace, who roamed now in the empt
Of His realm, and now wast the time, for thence The Universe
To be, and with those knots hadst formed the borders
And the matter of The Universe, there wast it, the most magnificent

Creation of His, and there wert the souls, that hadst
Entered into this vast realm of His, delighted by this
Magnificence, and He pervaded all forms of Life and matter,
And there, with those knots, the latent churning
Motion, brought more matter, unto The Universe,
That He wouldst pervade, and thus wast His Creation fulfilled,
And most, of eall, His Love, flowest upon eall, of Forms,
And His Children, who wert in Love, for Him, and who
Departed from His Infinity, longed, and walked alongside
Him, Whose thoughtless thought, hadst now been fulfilled,
And there wert, Souls of His High Realm, that wert now
Appointed, as His representatives, and wert given,
His Breath and the greater part of His Light, wouldst they
Govern the laws, of this realm, that wast contained, within
His and Him; His breath now expanded, that wast to bring
In this realm, realms of small, that wouldst be contained in The Universe; Souls
wert now given, in accordance, vibrations, of Him,
For they wouldst reside, in smaller realms, with them,
And Souls Of Brighter Light, governed them, with His Love
Upon them, and they lived in these smaller realms,
Known to us as Planets, and they wert contained within
Galaxies, which moveth in this Universe, of matter and Life,
Thence His Breath flowed, through and to eall, and He wast present in
Eall; eall wast good and wast filled with His Glorified Traits,
There wast the Essence Of The Divine, in eall beings, of Him,
There wast the Whisper Of His Breath, and, most of all,
There wast Him, in his Children, whom He loveth, and
caressed, and His part wast, in one to all, and all to none,
Here in His Universe, of Pure Thought, eall praised The One,
And, didst good; eall wert jocund, joyous and happy,
For they wert His Children, and their existence wast but of His,
And He, in His realm of grey curtains, encompassed eall His Creation,
And, His Breath, floweth through eall,
Whence, in this realm, The Creator manifests,
And takes form, in His own Wish, into His Creation, and it is He
Who makes, and only He who shalt be the only One, who,
Manifests and brings to Life, His Own Self, of Selflessness.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

The Prophet II

And The Creation, which He hadst created, whence His Breath
Floweth, now rose and expanded, within His realm of Grey Curtains,
And there wert later realms of small formed, realms of utter magnificence,
Of these realms, knew the Souls of His realm of Grey,
And, within these realms wert His Children, who loveth Him
More than their souls, and didst long for Him; but, of these realms, wast one,
younger than

All of the realms of small, but, His Magnificence hadst foreseen
Its glory, and hadst hence, connected His Infinity, of majesty,
To this young realm, for He indeed loveth this young realm,
Of His Love, for eall, is no doubt, but He hadst seen this realm
As the best, of Realms of His Breath; And, in time wert to come, the
Greatest of His Children, and eall Souls of His Realm,
Hadst hence bless'd it, on this realm of small, and wouldst
Those Souls, that wert yet to come, love him the most,
Love of The Divine, wouldst also be shower'd,
O'er these and this, and this realm wouldst be, which is not now,
The Center Of Bless'd Souls, and, also, The School, where eall
His Children, wouldst come, and thence learn, His Ways unknown,
And evolve, and reach Him, the Lord of Eall, but it wast not now,
For this wast not the time,

But those Souls, that wert yet to come, wert present, in this Magnificent Realm
Of His Breath, and wert the Greatest Of the Souls Of His Divine Realm,
And they travelled, to and from His Realm Of Grey, and knew, not eall,
But most of Him and His, hence they wert to come to this Realm of Small,
And, henceforth, wouldst begin the attainment of life,
In this Universe, of His Holy Breath,
And wouldst come, many beings of the glory of His thought,
And reside, in this realm of His thoughtless thought,
And whilst He remained in The empt of His realm,
His Latent motion, of the Creation Of His Energy Divine,
Brought, also, the unknown, the beauty of The Creation,
Whence, the Creator manifests as The Creation itself;

And, henceforth, from the sightless, to the beauteous,
From the gloom, to the resplendent,
Arose a world, of which wast unthought,
By those of His Realm, and wert in delight,
For, they hadst not seen a world, of such magnificence,

In His Own Realm, and this wast the youngest, and
All those Bless'd and to be, wert to come here,
To whence, His Divinity, wast to form all matter and Life,
And, crystallized, to form the lifeless, to Life,
And, this young'st world evolved, where beings of their own consciousness,
Were born...

Vedanth Bhatnagar

The Republic

What deems to enter, within the glory of its day,
Into the fading realms of history may?
Is it not the thought of the joy of freedom, say!
Where order and republic supreme lay!

The flags in their merry swirls sway high,
And remind of the glory that again shall pry,
Our hearts open to that resounding war-cry,
Which without violence made slavery die!

The merry march of our guards unto the end of the road,
Lead us along, to that freedom's abode,
Which neither thought nor action of man could corrode,
And in that heaven is our future sow'd.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

The Search For Joy

You have dwelt in darkness,
For there was your tragedy bestow'd,
And in murky realms of thought,
Was thy life out pour'd:

Of what do you deem as darkness?
What sorrow have you seen?
The truths? Have they not remained unspoken?
As such, all has forever been;

Be in mirth, my friend in gloom,
You have never seen what is mine;
For the joy of all and one,
Is not of joy, the sign;

They dwell in the realities of dream,
Of you, do not concern and believe,
Be in joy, my lonely friend,
In the illusory, joy you must sieve.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

To A Child

O'er the fields of paddy and rie,
And as far as could my vision see,
Where blooms not a rose, not a daisy,
A child walks, with a sigh;
He glares, with his innocence,
For a man unknown tries descry,
A lone child, who treads the bare-land,
Sheds a tear, bears a sigh.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

To Do

They find themselves in misery,
Who stifle every action with sorrow;
But those who continue with hearts heavy,
Fore'er see a joyous tomorrow.

What befalls this world today,
Is only a forgotten memory tomorrow;
What mistakes we commit in this way,
Are but excuses to borrow.

All freedoms begin with dismay,
The dismay of a disciple;
All duties begin with joy,
That glorious joy, of God's Bible.

To do is to create without,
Without a word that exalts;
To do is to let sprout,
A seed that never halts.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Wake Me Not

I sleep, O dearest, I sleep,
Where the dawn has never shone,
I seep, O dearest, I seep,
Where none remain, I remain lone;

I sing a silent song, which echoes,
In the graves of the half-dead alive,
I speak and listen to the gloom, that sows,
A death, which shall ever thrive;

I sway with the flowers, oh! Those in mirth,
And darken their bloom, with ashes of life,
And life, the accursed life, ever dearth,
Which grieves over death and begone a strife;

I rest upon dusts, dusts of a forgotten light,
That with never a spark shone to the truth,
Truth that lied and lied in an unseen sight;
The darkness never left, ever and forever ruth;

I burn over pyres of Mother Nature's twilight,
What man destroys and burns, shall never be,
The wise depart, and leave marr'd a realm's sight,
That in merry sorrow, bitter glee, shall ever be;

I redeem the unthought,
As the cries of my death echo,
When I rot, and forever rot,
And I sleep in the deathly plains low;

The time of the Sun dies,
The light shall never be,
And as die all Suns, cries,
The Universe, for departs all glee;

The dead remain afloat in the empt,
And a drop of the forgotten realm flows,
The dreamed was undreamt,
As death, in glory, sows;

They, who shall cease to remain (along myself) ,
Beg, of their plight, unto Thine,
And they prevail with joyous pain,
In their virtuous sin, they rot and pine;

Our lives play in the dusts of destiny,
That gives not our part and role,
And those accursed Suns of Fate, shall shine,
As the smiles and giggles are lost unto the Sole;

And they walk along, unto the steps of death,
And, what ought was, life never gave,
Theirs and mine, soul creepeth,
And a path, unto eternal death, with our lives, pave;

We do not wish and desire, do not give nor ever gave,
For, we are those good-samaritans, who sinned,
Shall we, can we, do we or ought we brave,
For those who mourn and rejoice, those unkind and kind?

Amongst the ancient, father and brother,
Of old, and into the dungeons of death deep,
Wake me not, sweet mother,
For I shall rest in my Heavenly Sleep.

Vedanth Bhatnagar

Wanderers In Time

Like seasons majestic, we come and go,
Flowing through the waters called life,
Choosing our paths, choosing our way,
Try to make a living here, where people are rife;

To make our lives fruitful,
We struggle and make an effort,
And try to help a person or two,
Try to make him happy, unhurt.

For we are the Wanderers In Time,
Learning, never to commit a crime,
And for all the good deeds done,
We may become sublime.

And, then arrives the day for us to depart,
And, as they say, one closed door opens another,
Entering into the planes mysterious, our deeds may inspire some,
And lighten the life of some other.

As we move into the planes of mystery,
Slowly, as we erode in history,
In this world, of troubles and fuss,
We still hope that you will remember us,
Still hope that you will remember us.

Vedanth Bhatnagar