

Poetry Series

Amrit Rathi
- poems -

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Amrit Rathi()

A Tribute To My Boss

Some men see things as they are and say why,
I dream that never were and say, why not?

— Rober F. Keneddy

†

How often do you come across the one
who leaves an indelible mark on you?
For me, he was my boss, the CEO
of my company: its charm, its glue.

He was the leader who'd tell me to take
the driver's seat, 'n' would sit in the back,
knew how to praise, and make me run,
and throw the challenge in a way that was fun.

I'd have an illusion as if I were the CEO,
and he would give me the latitude and power.
Even before the Board he'd vividly raise
my achievements, with a shower of praise.

I was too fast; he was reflective and slow.
All often said, it's a deadly combination to go.
Together, we can achieve a lot, he would say,
and we can overcome the hurdles on the way.

A carefree guy the worries couldn't touch.
while I thought: without being really serious,
we certainly cannot ever do much,
he said: "Work smart, not necessarily so hard!

Make the people feel important, they'd do
for you what you can't even imagine.
Give generously but make a difference
between good and bad: that makes a sense.

Always look for the talent one has,
more than the skill sets that one can acquire.
If one has passion, long way one can go,
experience's not always what you'd require.

The promotion upward is not necessarily good,
what's the use of promoting Picasso to a manager! "
We tried his offbeat ideas and saw the results:
imaginative, innovative, and successful as they were.

In the tight bureaucratic government's structure
nothing seemed to move—but not for me ever.
I had reputation to manage somehow or the other.
This was India, but I got his full support and favor.

In a short time, we set up the big plants;
seven times we expanded beating deadlines;
I rushed the equipment against all odds;
motivated the team, and ignited their minds.

We traveled around the world on business,
building the company, enjoying the challenges;
life flew like a deeply gratifying dream;
we left behind a trail of rewards and successes.

By leaps and bounds, the company grew,
and it made a name with tremendous growth.
But then there was a sudden change in the Board
that proved short-sighted, attracting the sloth.

Most affected and sidetracked was this man,
my boss: he bore this all with a heavy heart.
Too old to restart a new career elsewhere,
he looked to me for that he wished to share.

I was still young; I certainly could have changed,
but didn't want to leave him alone to suffer,
I adored him; for me he had a special love, regard,
so I stayed on though the situation got rougher.

He was thirty years older than me but as if
he was a buddy, a guide with loving kindness.
Twenty-seven years, a major span of lifetime,
was a rainbow of joys, sorrows, and togetherness.

Gradually he lost his health, and was one day gone;

his wife told me he was calling me while he died.
O, I can only but cherish his long company, his love,
and a deep bond, enjoyment, thrill, and pride.

O heart, what do you after all so much grieve;
for in the memories, he shall always live!

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Amrit Rathi

Committing Suicide Is A Fad

We have met the enemy, and they are us.

—Walt Kelley, Pogo

†

In major national newspapers
very soon, you will see my ad:
thanks to years of research
and cutting-edge technology
a wonderful product, I've made,

for committing suicide.

And I say

"Committing suicide is a fad."

I'm Dr. Bulggard.

My idea's going to shake the world.
Since many people seem to commit suicide
of one sort or another, I thought,
there must be a big demand out there.
So I commissioned a marketing survey
and the stats we got were astounding;
nothing fell within the gray.

And all companies in this business
had only but one thing in common:
ever-rising growth!
Cigarettes, junk food, or the like,
that makes them each multibillionaires.

I say my product compares,
at anytime is better than theirs!

I wonder in this rapid age of technology,
we do everything faster,
why then does suicide remain so neglected?
In the matter of efficiency and fastness,
it seems sheer carelessness!

Let's examine the inefficient ways

of committing suicide we see at present.
People smoke,
and know they may get cancer.
They take drugs
and know they may end up worse than dead.
They eat junk food
and know they may have a heart attack.
They don't walk or exercise
although they're forty pounds overweight.
Just keep counting...

What is the use of slow death?
Here is my product
with a new way to embrace death!

It looks like the world too is mad
bent on a collective suicide.
Irregularities in the weather and frequent storms!
Melting glaciers and rising sea levels!
The pollution and radioactive waste!

What does this all go to show?
Committing suicide is really a fad!
Now all of us know.
By now it should be clear
how useful my product can be in any case:
for an individual,
or for the entire human race!

Now let me briefly explain
what my product is:
it's a very high quality
high-tech balloon
to fly into space,
with it, no rocket can race!

To help you commit suicide,
we give you a money-back guarantee first,
halfway if the balloon doesn't burst,
and it'll disperse your body pieces evenly
among all heavenly bodies,
and the soul as a light rises—

a merry suicide, indeed!

You can also buy an add-on package
for a small additional price,
if you wish to go to any planet of your choice,
and disappear there
as per your preferred religious rites.

And that's not all;
we give many light years' warranty,
you need not in any way fear.
In suicide also I assure you,
you would cheer!

One more thing, somebody recently asked
if my product can be made multipurpose?
Well, to this suffice it to say,
NASA is in touch with us.
We might pick up a few deals;
they too want to cut their costs
in light of the turbulence their economy feels.
The savings, I hear,
would partly go to Africa or Palestine,
to boost their image,
or buy peace from Al Qaida for a while!
See how my product is so versatile!

For more details,
refer to the brochure or our website.
About this revolutionary product,
trust me, you'll find everything you need.

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Amrit Rathi

Criticism

Don't mind criticism. If it is untrue, disregard it; if unfair, keep from irritation; if it is ignorant, smile; if it is justified it is not criticism, learn from it.

—Unknown

†

Nobody likes criticism,
it may be me, you, or they;
everyone tries to defend, without seeing
truth of what you say.

You may pull your hair
why he unnecessarily feels attacked,
you are his well wisher- he is aware-
still, why he can't see
you won't say a thing but fact.

It makes him angry; it makes him sad;
he feels disheartened; he feels bad.
It doesn't matter if you are wrong or right,
criticism you should always avoid.

There are many better ways to deal
with human beings than to criticize.
Ah. Animals are better: they don't that way feel!
Humans, very few take criticism unaffected, as a prize.

First, avoid criticism,
or at least water it down,
or do it indirectly,
such that it doesn't make him frown.
Or you could start first from yourself:
that you used to made much worse mistakes,
and that his mistake was but quite small:
he may open up with no offence at all.

Nobody kicks a dead dog,
you can bring home this point;
all limelight if only he does hog,

it's normal, then people will criticize.
So if criticism's not genuine, just ignore it:
this is difficult but yet it's most wise.

Or in your mind like an impartial judge,
let the pros and cons of criticism plead.
Objectively attack the current issue,
than one who criticizes you.

Or have an attitude of being always thankful
to one who criticizes you undeterred,
for at times some aspect you do miss out -
but the wheat from chaff you do sort out.
As water wears off even the rocks at sea,
in his company your bad habits will gradually flee.

And what about the opportunities
you would otherwise miss?
So criticism is something
you shouldn't miss.
As a matter of fact,
you should always welcome it.
And in your heart if you feel it's true,
you should instantly admit it.

Amrit Rathi

Eq -The Emotional Intelligence

He who knows other men is discerning;
he who knows himself is intelligent.

—Lao-Tzu

†

Recently I saw in the newspaper
an interesting ad,
"You need not be Intelligent,
To succeed in Life,
Just enroll for our course,
We'll tell how and why"

As my IQ is low,
the ad looked particularly attractive.
and since most people are like me,
I thought I'd better enroll,
before it's booked.
So I did enroll,
though the fee was hefty-
as I was damned serious,
about life.

But when the course started,
I noticed a peculiar thing:
other than me, none of those attending
looked like dumb guys with low IQs;
I wondered
what could be their problem?

The Coach started.
This is a course on EQ,
Emotional Intelligence.
You'll learn
how to be aware of your emotions,
how to manage them,
how to be aware of others' emotions,
how to deal them in others,
and how to be responsible?
But I could not make

heads or tails out of it,
so I asked him to give
a lot of examples
so a dumb guy like me can understand.
And he agreed.

“When you’re getting angry
do you see you are getting angry?
Or when you are talking,
do you see you are talking? ”

Simple stuff
I already do, I thought.

Next, “When you see you’re getting angry,
can you control your anger?
Or when you are talking,
can you adjust your tone? ”

Yes, I can.
What’s new? I thought.

Next, “Do you feel sad when
some of your pals feel sad?
Do you really listen to others?
Or are you just too busy in thoughts
to reply when others talk? ”

Yes. I feel sad; I just listen.
So, what’s new? I thought.

“And then what do you feel like doing? ”
Of course, I feel like helping.
I just want to listen and understand,
and he nodded, “Right! ”
But what’s new, I thought.

Thus the course went on for two days.
But there was nothing new I found.
Isn’t it funny?
This was pure commonsense.
I was already doing all this.

So I thought it a total waste of money.

I told the expert all about my doubts.

He said, "You know
only 25% of success is achieved
by the guys who are genius, those with high IQ,
as the others are quick to anger or blow a fuse,
and they don't comprehend, nor can they control.
They fight with friends or don't fit in on the team;
they don't understand how others feel,
taking no responsibility for whatever happens."

Who are then the 75% who succeed?

"People like you, who do not
necessarily have great IQ
but do what you do-
great EQ.
and, by the way, why do you feel
you are less than a success?
It's your sheer humility!
You should be glad."
He said.

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Amrit Rathi

Handle With Care!

Make the other person feel important-and do it sincerely.

— Dale Carnegie

†

I'm Doctor Atkinson,
recently I had a tiff with my son;
actually my son got annoyed by his assistant
and wrote to me in his temper.

My reply was very simple:
maybe your assistant does not feel trusted;
maybe he is shocked as
though he is trying to change but you don't;
and there may be other psychological reasons,
not the real ones,
so certainly they can be overcome
if only you care to look into it,
and solve it as we are humans—
not robots ready to act on instructions!

Further, can you throw away your wife, son,
your mother, and me?

We are also at times
a bit of a nuisance, reacting, angry,
and bothersome,
not always loving.

We are also humans;
you need to understand.

But you know we love you,
it is another matter,
we become possessive,
demanding too much of you.

Still a few sweet words can be so soothing;
each of us always keeps craving,
and we are all like delicate glassware
you need to HANDLE WITH CARE!

and love,

Beware!

you have your own problems
always lined up,
demanding an immediate solution,
but what I am saying is this: those
are just mutually exclusive:
that you can certainly do together.
This is an art—you need to learn fast!

We all are flowers of different colors,
and different smell;
you have your preferences no doubt,
but when you reflect, you will see:
we are all the same,
waiting to be cared and praised.
You can be all-embracing,
reflecting, and enjoying yourself
in everyone's aspirations without fetter:
how does your preference matter!

This approach is so pregnant,
with possibilities you can't even imagine;
you need to take a bit of risk and start
to trust us all from the bottom of your heart!

So it is all in your hands
how you deal with this or any situation;
for, you are responsible for everything.
Yet once again let me remind you:
HANDLE WITH CARE is a time-tested formula;
I think it's nothing new!

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Amrit Rathi

I Give You The Mirror

You wonder who inflicts on you such pain,
as if playing some sort of dirty game,
not you in any case, but it can be anything else,
a person, situation, or just a thought,
a sort of a villain, whom you always blame.

I tell you,
it's only you, yourself
who does this all,
though it may look entirely insane!

From the memories come all the thoughts:
who did you wrong, what gave you pain?
and filled up your nonstop sense of good or bad.
The undercurrents of emotions play havoc,
you feel angry, agitated, and sad.

I tell you,
it's only you, and your choice
that can make you free,
as you give your awareness a voice.

Who will watch like a rock without any passion,
the noisy waves of thoughts and emotion,
that storm and thunder if we resist them,
will calm down if as such we accept them,
losing then all the fury and commotion.

I tell you,
it's only you, your awareness
that brings the joyous silence to you, the ocean.

Nothing shall ever have the power
to hurt you, your thoughts, or your emotions,
'cause when you just watch, don't resist,
you're completely calm whatever the situation.

I tell you,
it's only you, yourself

who creates all the pain,
though it may look entirely insane!

Neither anger, nor regrets, nor insult of any kind
can ever hijack your awareness to the past.
No ambitions, no longings, no fear of the future,
can even bring any of the worries ever to last.
Let the residues of old times' emotions depart,

I tell you,
it's only you, who's responsible,
just witness, and do not fear.
Don't perpetuate pain, I give you the mirror.

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Amrit Rathi

I'm The Happiness

After the exercises, I often feel,
when sitting lazily, slightly tired,
that the stream of my thoughts
has come to a halt,
drying up flow of the worldly cares,
spreading a strange stillness there,
I would forget myself then, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

Sometimes when I listen to music,
rapt in the beats and melodious tune,
totally unaware of worldly affairs,
then, all the thinking begins to fade,
and Life looks just like sunshine;
I would forget myself then, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

Of all my hobbies, I love cooking-
trying out various ingredients and spices.
And as I'd put my heart in the process,
it seems precious and timeless,
turning into a passion of heart,
and don't know, if it's
a labor of Love, Creativity, or Art!
I would forget myself then, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

Traveling to the unfamiliar places,
my senses relish the new experiences,
awareness intertwined, in curious web;
and only what I feel now comes alive,
where Past, or Future couldn't survive;
I would forget myself then, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

The beauty of clouds moving across the sky!
The sound of rain and the songs of birds!
A starry night and snow-covered ranges!

All this stops the thinking mind,
What a solitude, peace
I would forget myself the, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

Often in meditation, in corner of my house,
I watch my breaths coming in and out,
sensations, dripping like dewdrops from leaves;
no thoughts, no emotions, just deep seeing,
when joy arises in every pore of my being.
I would forget myself then, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

I feel sad when I dwell in the Past,
and anxious when I run after the Future.
But to the truth of this moment,
when I give whatever I have
I would forget myself then, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

Do I feel happy with riches and fame?
Could power or wisdom ever satisfy?
When I don't care and let go worry,
Like a prisoner, it seems I'm set free;
I would forget myself the, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

Here is my work, I love and adore,
weaving in a meaning, a purpose
giving all attention to its full complexion,
I would forget myself then, for a while,
riding on the wave of joy- alive `n' agile!

Dive deep into an experience,
Then you would get into 'flow'-
to see what a bliss and freedom glow!
Be present to this moment,
for that's life, and its most precious prize,
"I'm the happiness"-
then, you'd realize.

In Stillness

"It's common sense; you shall always
be able to think better and feel deep inside,
with a calm mind, not a disturbed one, "
said my teacher, "when you abide in stillness."

To look for stillness, I went to the woods.
As though in a trance, everything calmly stood:
beautiful flowers with colors and smiles,
plants and trees hovering, enchanted all the while.

A silence that I could touch and feel!
A unique stillness: witnessing came upon me,
no thoughts! No noise! Only alertness, alive;
here the conditioned mind couldn't survive.

Stillness and alertness overcame my being,
and made me one with all things in the world.
When I am not separate, where is the fear?
In oneness with the world, love and beauty appear.

Twitterers of birds, mellow noise from the barns,
once in a while silently came and merged.
'As background stillness, you look past the noise.
It too will dissolve, ' says the teacher's voice.

Awareness, a laser beam, straight from the top,
witnessed my problems; solutions, like a crop,
waving in creativity and inspiration, I found.
The world stood still; joy abounds, all around.

Nature, like a mother, can immerse you in love,
with the healing touch of stillness beloved.
But how do we manage in this world full of noise?
How do we maintain a peaceful poise?

On the way back, I passed by a blacksmith's hut,
and the hammer rang to dent my peace.
Slight irritation crept up on me; I didn't resist,
and it gradually melted away, you see.

When insulted, hurt, or attacked in some manner
by yourself or another, remember these words:
don't put up resistance or become antagonistic,
but imagine yourself as a transparent body.

'Amidst the noise, you'll see this is the way.
Don't resist and resistance won't have a say.
You can win the world by embracing the world.
The Almighty's in stillness, ' are the teacher's words.

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Amrit Rathi

In The Dark, I Learned To See

I'm restless, and the night is quite dark.
For solace, I've come down to the sea,
feeling the gloom of my lost hopes,
like the roaring waves deep inside me.

The waves struck against the rocks,
gliding as wild notes on a distant harp.
Everything looked like shadows or ghosts,
and I saw my fears much clearer and sharp.

Though the sea was but very calm and quiet,
and the darkness made me alert and fresh,
my heart was heavy with the intense pain,
like after exhausted storm, the silence came.

Come on, fear! I'm not the least scared of you,
and am assuming what's the worst can happen.
The worries are gone-what a turning point!
Improving upon the worst, remains only question.

The vast, still, open sea pacified the nerves;
the mind like a laser beam deadly focused,
what all I could see I saw, could feel I felt:
I'm amazed how silently the gloom had left.

In the dark you become more alert and sharp;
without the colors, distraction doesn't stay.
How I could see more in the dark I wondered-
what was not visible in the light of the day!

I looked at the beach and a small sand house;
some kids in the day might've made it anew;
kids make it here; we first in imagination do,
our dreams like roses drenched with the dew.

I kept on watching the time fly like a hawk,
and resolved to rebuild the house of my dreams,
the contours clearly flashing in the dark
to turn a new leaf, the agenda and schemes.

The dead of the night hides the life of a day;
and the despair hides the future hope.
The direction is what the approach decides:
the shape of things to come I can now find.

The mind became clearer: I didn't realize;
the first ray after dawn came down on the earth.
My dreams flew in the sky like birds quite free;
I wondered how, in the dark, I learned to see.

Light we take for granted: effortless and free;
we focus not as we have many things to see.
Some great truths that night dawned on me,
and what a paradox! In the dark, I learned to see.

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Amrit Rathi

Isn'T It A Bit Strange?

I go for a walk in the morning
with my friend, the psychiatrist,
Charles Heim.
About some of his cases,
he tells me at times.

“One day a lady came
and told me her story, ” he said,
“of continuous mistreatment
by her husband:
he would come drunk and beat her.
The poor woman! ”
I thought, but then she revealed:
she had already divorced him twice.
“Why do you go back to him? ”
I asked her, surprised.
“Oh! He calls me very lovingly;
I feel, he seems to have changed! ”
she said.

“Later I discovered a peculiar thing:
she endures all the mistreatment,
even often seeks it out
for the pleasure of
talking about.
Isn't it a peculiar pleasure?
As she is happy that he is wrong; she is right:
it's a pleasure of self-righteous fight! ”

“Isn't it a bit strange? ” he asked.
“It's quite common, ” but I find,
“Most of us never seem to mind
to win this battle of 'I'm right, you're wrong'
to dent our relationships, marriage, love,
business, or jobs.
Maybe we are either not aware or are simply snobs!
Though we too are thus constantly beaten,
yet this game we won't give in.”

The other day he was talking about another lady.
She goes to her church and office,
But never socializes with anybody.
If anyone tries to talk to her,
she makes an excuse and goes away.
s a TV set but no phone, and stays
alone, not to be disturbed in any way.
Perhaps, the load of the past,
and broken dreams and trust
stopped her forever
from taking a fresh look at the world.
Is she a walking corpse that survives?
No change, no growth, no pain—
in living, she forever dies.

“Isn’t it a bit strange? ” he asked.

“It’s very common, ” I declared,
“How many of us everyday
do not carry the ghosts of our past
or impose on ourselves their pain,
not bothered if that indefinitely last?
How many of us trust the world
and meet people with open hearts
unlike that lady?
And most of us are not even aware:
that’s the tragedy! ”

The essence of life is
change, growth, and decay,
that is the thrill, trust and let go.
But we prefer to stay
in our comfort zones,
and as is the case,
we are avoiding the very life,
waiting out there to be embraced.

Though most of us behave,
more or less to some degree,
like these two ladies,
how rarely is it true
that we are able to see.

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Amrit Rathi

I'Ve Fallen In Love

I have fallen in love
with a girl—a very beautiful girl!
Her face is just like the moon;
her eyes shine like the stars.
The touch of her hands—
or is it a feather?
Her words are a melody.
Books and books of love poems,
I can write for her.

When we meet,
the moments are like a hive of honey.
I feel we are one soul.
What an ecstasy!
Moving around in our fantasy land,
beyond the shadows of sorrow, everything
looks ecstatic, lovely, and grand.
Let the realities not peak
into this enchanting world of dream.
Let me be lost in her eyes that gleam.

Yet at times I still fear, like falling from the sky,
and wake in the grips of a nightmare
with an abrupt scream.
When we are together, I'm happy
otherwise a great deal restless, even sappy.

O I like her smiling face!
She admiringly praises my sense of dress.
Her perfume, her style, sharp and attractive nose!
She looks very cute in every pose.
My sense of humor, she says, is good,
and my body is handsome, as it should.
But why am I so cautious with her,
otherwise anxious? I can't gather.

All this, I told to my very close friend
who said, "This is not love."
For your beloved sake

when you extend your self
and willingly give whatever you can,
not as sacrifice, or looking for in return,
and all this just spontaneously happens:
this is love! You must learn.

And look what they do:

a mother to her baby,
and your dog to you?

I said, "Maybe now I can see."

Then he said insightfully,

"Love is not feelings, nor is it desire,
but it is a will to act, real action like fire.

Mother to baby and farmer to crop,
each serves and helps without any ego
so that the baby and crop can grow.

But unsatisfied desires are just what you show;
you've never tried to extend your heart
by borrowing her joys as well as sorrow;
and you are cautious in your words,
in your deeds, you know why?

Lest your real face
the other should be able to find.

Or did you tell her she needs to cook,
attend to the laundry and housework?
But you talk the imaginary, undoable, farce,
and the concrete, unsavory you always shirk.

How long this relationship based on lies
do you think can survive? It has to die.

When you start with false promises,
untenable hopes,
unbearable pain is the fate;
in the dark you'll certainly grope.

In infatuation, like under the effect of drug,
both of your egos' walls are shrugged:
that gives a temporary feeling of joy-
as usually happens when egos disappear-
but in real life, the life's ego's toy.

Can you tell her all your truths,
and have the guts to bear hers too?
Still if the loving feeling is left,
then you can be a hero;
possibly building on love
your castles, starting from zero.

But normally nothing is going to happen,
as the attraction of the opposite sex
gives rise to, what we call, the falling in love.
I have never seen any parent
falling in love with their kids;
or the kids falling in love
with the parents, although they love.

With great expectations
without real concern or heart
what could happen
you could have imagined from the start!
Don't waste your time.
What is your relationship?
I have told you precise.
Instead share with somebody your sorrows and joys:
that is exactly my sincere advice.

Love is truth. Love is trust.
Love is open but it is not lust,
not just feelings,
but the effort for your beloved's good
to do anything you are willing.
Not outward beauty that always fades;
it's the beautiful heart that it timelessly treads."

I was impressed by what he said,
Yes, this is not love! I decided;
let me seek love elsewhere instead.

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Amrit Rathi

Life Is A Celebration

Life's a celebration,
if lived each moment.

Each moment is then golden,
glorious, always shining and gay,
bubbling up and sparkling,
like a bright and sunny day.

Through the sunshine of joys,
the shadows of sorrows,
bereft of Past or Future's traces,
as it evolves and grows.

Our longings, like bees,
gather love and beauty,
in a swarm of zeal,
from the world, wide and free,

and fill up our soul,
with ecstasy and pleasure,
we are honeybees on the hive,
children on the mother's bosom.

Resting in her lap, secure,
feeling a thrill to stretch
to heights of the sky, depths of the sea,
what wonders this may fetch!

This moment's only to relish
and solve what comes its way,
and without any blockade,
accept or ignore, without sway.

For we can't change a bygone moment,
a moment to come we can't touch,
this moment's the only that shapes,
and our dreams must adopt it as such.

So what's life?

Life is exhilaration,
if lived through each moment.
Life is a celebration,
if lived through each moment.

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Amrit Rathi

Look Through A Wider Lens

A slight adversity like a storm,
one small problem like thunder,
terribly shakes us and makes us wonder:
what could I do? How can I cope
with enormous pain,
and the dwindling hope?

The more I feel the worse my pain,
the problems look much more, bigger
than they really are perhaps,
and bouts of panic they eventually trigger.

One friend told me, "There is a way.
At the world, look through a wider lens,
and I bet you won't ever be tense."
And he told me a story that
makes a whole lot of sense.

One student,
restless and quite disturbed,
approached his teacher, who said,
"Put a tablespoon of salt
in a glass of water and drink.
Is it salty? " the teacher blinked.
Replied the student, "Yes, I think! "

"Now pour the same quantity
of salt into the water,
bubbling from that spring
through the ground in the front,
and drink it and tell me how it tastes"
asked the teacher.
"No taste! " was the student's reply.
"Ah, the problem is not the salt,
but the container, " said the teacher,
"So make it bigger."

How aloof and self-absorbed
you often feel with your problems

in your utter dismay entirely sealed?
Just look at the world and sufferings
before your eyes with a kind heart;
your own problems will look so meager.
Your body chemistry, your life will start
to change, and you will learn
to live with your problems.

If you feel down, just step outside yourself
and in turn devote a few hours to help
every day a person or an animal:
you will know its immediate effect-this is a fact.

So look through a wider lens,
and you will create incredible resilience.

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Amrit Rathi

Love's Nothing But Your Basic Nature,

In rare humility, the tree stands still,
and gives the shadow to one and all.
No matter if one's good or bad,
its kindness is there, to equally fall.

The cool shadow in the scorching heat,
that attracts us all, what a gift it is!
A tree never asks a thing in return,
neither imposes conditions nor time limits.

God gave the tree its basic nature!
It showers freely without reserve.
God has given us abundant Love,
the generous heart: a boon to serve.

Do we freely love every person we meet?
Or carry a grudge against someone?
Spread the splendor of Love like a balm,
like crimson sky on the setting sun.

Whatever you give, you receive for sure,
from the heart that receives it from you.
We often only want from others,
and in giving are stingy, that is the issue.

But Love asks nothing in return, dear!
nor does it use us and throw us away,
nor imposes conditions or limits in time.
It gives and gives, as it grows and grows.

Love is simply our basic nature,
a sharpened image beyond Ego's layers.
Love is something we give to a baby:
We wish him love; we sing lullabies.

Egoless Love! Spontaneous Love!
Selfless Love! All are God's gift free!
For Love is truly our basic nature,
soothing us like the cool shadows of trees.

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Amrit Rathi

Meditation

I am a thief,
a professional thief.
But despite my great expertise,
somehow
I'm not able to make both ends meet.
My existence—
what would I say? —it's the worst:
like everyday digging a well,
to quench an inescapable thirst.

But today when I returned home
from the end of the world,
I had a vision I could clearly see,
and my future was just dancing before me.

I need simply to sit on the terrace of my room,
maybe on the floor or in a reclining chair,
beyond any worry or any care,
and do my stealing leisurely from there.
"Run your faithful imagination before; "
the vision said, "the treasure of the whole world
would be yours! "

From the heart of the wonderful moonlit night,
I steal the stillness into my mind,
stuffing into the bag the twinkling stars of my breaths,
coming in and going out that I watch incessant
at the tip of my nose
with the moon of my awareness- like a torch!

Then I snatch the clouds floating around
of the sensations coursing throughout my body,
until I have collected all the clouds from the sky,
and the moon of my awareness
brightly shining by and by.

Finally I put the moon of awareness into my bag as well,
and a miracle happened, difficult to be believed,
love, beauty, and joy overflowed throughout my being,

what a sigh of relief at last I heaved!

And I thought:

“Does this treasure require any thinking?

No. None.

It is a dance! The whole being is singing! ”

I have collected enough of the treasure,
and should make now for home,
but, I realized,
I’m already in my own room,
so why bother? Just relax in leisure.

And it was an incredible transformation!

I’ve changed. Lo! I am absolutely changed:
no more shame!
But now, I’m a clean man;
no longer a thief, I can claim.

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Amrit Rathi

Mindfulness

In the warm embrace
of your beloved when you rise,
like a spring tide of the sea,
splashing currents of surprise,
and you hug and kiss,
not a moment you miss.
Like on a delicate flower,
the whole world's love you shower.

Oh, her beautiful face
shining like the magnificent moon!
And in her deep inviting eyes,
unfathomed yearns you see soon,
and let it go, you can't resist—
the two bodies, heart pulsating,
move closer to a splendid feast!
Once more you kissed, and lo!
The flame became a golden glow.

The two souls, opposites, lovingly meet.
Two hearts, but as one they beat.
Wonderful—what a splendid treat!
Oh! Where've egos' boundaries gone?
Love flowers when such joy does dawn.

You explore each other
in reckless in-ning-
no past, no future,
only this moment's meaning.
Awareness is filled
in every moment that strives,
Mindfulness meditation comes alive,
if it's not mechanical, with the tension,
but is with love and total attention.

Like a downpour on the scorching earth,
you rain down like a smothering volcano,
full of lava and with a sigh of mirth,
feeling free though both in a bond,

and the souls spread their wings across
the ecstasy and its far beyond.

In the moments of sheer pleasure
the thinking mind's absent, along with its logic,
and only awareness's present like a laser,
so in any form the mindfulness,
near the divinity can be placed.
"Sex to Divinity"—what Osho said—
seems to make sense
though often it was wrongly played.

In mindfulness a normal activity
is a means to an end,
with our fullest attention,
becomes the end in itself simply.

In the garden smell the fragrance of flowers,
behold their beauty, movements, and so on.
Or while eating, experience the grub,
its chewing, juices, tastes that flow on.
Why bother once you've set the destination!
Living through the journey is celebration.

Moment-to-moment awareness-
what we call-is the mindfulness;
any activity- walking, making love
or exercising -for this you can take.

Away from your thinking mind,
when you create a gap in the stream of thoughts,
this is the awareness that divinely shines
in mindfulness meditation's shrine.

Amrit Rathi

Mother

Far down this memory lane of mine,
I see the young face of my mother:
radiant and smiling whenever I smiled;
painful when I cried as a very small child.

She would sit beside me all the while,
and tell me stories, sing many a rhymes,
help me with my homework day and night,
and if I didn't do it, get angry at times.

Judiciously giving is the basis of love,
yet judiciously withholding can also be love.
If a pat on the back is obvious love,
a reprimand for one's good is also love.

Holding my hand, she—in all of my moods—
throughout school days and childhood,
like an angel walked with me as my shadow.
How can she ever from my memory just go?

If you feel your love is a sacrifice- it's shallow,
for love is spontaneous and naturally abounds.
Its pains, its tears are but as much the bliss
as mother's all laughter and smiles sound.

She's the love that knows really no bounds:
deep like the sea at ninety-the advanced age;
anxious and ready, she is there to shield,
as still she thinks me of a child's age.

I remember my grandmother who was tougher,
and all were scared but not my mother.
She won her heart without a reaction ever,
and kept her cool, earning her favor.

We can win over others with the flowers
in our hearts: tender smiling, giving away joy.
A mother sparkles with the beauty of the flower
but love needs the intense will to employ.

O what a photogenic memory my mother has!
And she loves to be in touch with everyone,
taking her sunshine wherever she goes;
so for her passing the time's not a problem-it's fun!

Self-absorbed and gloomy as we mostly are,
our problems look much bigger than they are.
Merge with the world, its problems as she does:
you'll learn to live; with joy your life will buzz.

Her lips on my cheek, still I feel like a child,
whispers in my ears, soft fingers on my neck;
and the hugging me in her arms at 61 I miss.
O how to pay your debt? What I can do for your sake?

For all that my mother did how I can forget!
She always extends herself in love for my sake.
If you ask where is really my mother's abode?
My heart's the one, and the other is next to God!

Let us mother our spouse: lend her an ear,
give her time, take all the troubles for her
instantly with no expectations, like a mother;
likewise let's mother our parents and others.

Mother your job, your life, and the human spirit:
you'll be a change, basking in her glory like this!

This is the message of love, and the one
of a mother you can always carry like a torch.
Life can be far different, glorious and gay,
like a mother, if only love you source.

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Amrit Rathi

Search

"Why don't you commit suicide? "
asked doctor Frankl to his patients,
those who suffered from multiple torments,
great and small, desperately,
with a glimmer of hope so faint.

One said, "I love my kids,
I want to live for them."
Another said, "I have talents,
I wish I could muster some fame.'
A third said, " What wonderful memories
of the past I have! Them I cherish and claim."

Even in their broken threads of life,
they found meaning in life-staggeringly rife.
Thus life has meaning for every one of us
and is calling us to search for it,
look passionately for it,
and face its challenge.

To live is to take responsibility.
To live is to embrace passion.
To live is to claim freedom.
Like a baby that falls before he learns to stand,
sufferings and freedom go hand in hand.
As all of us see:
he falls but gets up and then finally stands!
Thus, freedom is never ever free.

And we love this suffering
if we see in it a purpose, a dream.
For growing and success,
such troubles like troubles hardly seem.
They say, he who has a why to live
can bear with almost any how.
Let us claim our life's meaning now.

But we have lost that animal instinct,
in our pursuit of the fake culture,

that we now follow.
Our traditions have crumbled,
else what to search we could know.
Now we do what others do,
or they wish us to do.
We haven't sought anything
of our own, new.
So Sunday may be boredom,
depression—vacuum!
Of life and time, this is the sum.

Yet then some hidden conflicts,
lying under the heaps of the unconscious,
make us about-turn, that's the fuss.
So where to search for meaning as such?

You will find it in your work,
standing beneath the oak tree, like shadow;
or what you see in the work of a farmer-
toiling in sweat with his plough;
or in turn of a spinning wheel,
what we call, you're in 'flow.'

Or you will find it in your experience:
How beautifully the nature walks,
with the sunshine, moonlight, smiling flowers,
and how sweetly the one whom you love talks!
How your heart throbs
in the company of your beloved!
Joys and tears you take in stride,
you are fortunate that you have loved.

Or you can find it in your resolute spirit,
in the face of inevitable misery and suffering.
If you must suffer,
you suffer bravely; you don't think,
and transform a personal tragedy into a triumph,
finding meaning in human potential's swing.

Day by day, hour by hour, we must search.
Life has meaning, up to the very last moment.
Let us inflame our desire and urge.

Nobody can take away our freedom to think—
not in prison or the most trying situation—
or our attitude to respond to it
with a judicious action.

So this is the tryst with our destinies,
not waiting for the last moment to arrive,
and to make it sharper, like on life's canvass
what we did, alas what we should have done!

Let's search and figure out
Life's meaning- the real thing!
Doctor Frankl is surely looking down from the clouds,
at humanity's search for life's meaning.

Amrit Rathi

The Choice-Less Choice

O poet!

What should be your poem like?
How will you find your melodious voice,
on the feathers of imagination singing and rhyming,
beneath the blue sky of a choice-less choice?

One said,

“Where will the pain and joys blink?
Where will desire and longings dance?
Where will the day and night sing?
Where will the earth and sky meet?
Where will the dreams take up wings?
In the poems, of course.
Straight from the heart and ever flowing,
the poem is spontaneity of emotion.
What is its format? What is its length?
Such things hardly matter.
In the air like a freely floating balloon,
can a reader relish without any bother,
in wit, humor, drama, or action,
weaving fantasy, full of attraction? ”

The Other said,

“No elaboration, no explanation!
Leave it to the reader’s comprehension,
engage him to figure out the hidden meaning,
the thoughts and emotions subtly ringing.
Brief and succinct, mysterious or abstract,
less said is to be better, providing much more impact.
The poem is suspense, subject to many interpretations,
engagement of the mind and heart in one session.”

O poet!

What one or the other says, you shouldn't care,
from the millions of shades come your notes like a flare.
Consider them rushing naturally and be wise.
Just try, adjust and synchronize.

O poet!

How will you find your melodious voice?
on the feathers of imagination singing and rhyming,
beneath the blue sky of a choice-less choice:
what is not imposed from anywhere,
but rather automatic, spontaneous, bursts forth in the air.

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Amrit Rathi

The Dance Of The Opposites

Between the storms of sorrows
and rains of happiness,
you stand like a mountain rock;
savor both of them with equanimity;
do not cling to one or the other.
That's the essence, that's the key.

Between the glistening tides of success
and slipping ebbs of failure,
you stand like a deep, calm sea;
contain both of them with equanimity;
do not cling to one or the other.
That's the essence, that's the key.

Between the sunshine of hope
and the darkness of despair,
you stand like a day well aware;
fill both of them with equanimity;
do not cling to one or the other.
That's the essence, that's the key.

Between a freshening friendship
and throbs of enmity,
you light a candle of Loving Kindness;
win the hearts of both with equanimity;
do not cling to one or the other.
That's the essence, that's the key.

Between the glitter of riches
and shackles of poverty,
you open your contented heart;
enjoy both with equanimity;
do not cling to one or the other.
That's the essence, that's the key.

Between the rush of anger
and a glimpse of quietness,
you witness your alert awareness;
sense both with equanimity;

do not cling to one or the other.
That's the essence, that's the key.

Between the high notes of music
and the lower, whispering tones,
the dance of opposites shines,
creating melodious, musical harmony;
do not cling to one or the other.
That's the essence, that's the key.

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Amrit Rathi

The Fisherman

I went to the sea, as I often do
when I have certain problems I can't get through.
With a smile of compassion from the waves and surfs,
he greeted me graciously, and I told him my mind,
"I tell you something that you may find",
he blinked and said, "To get some clue, "
from what happened at the break of day
to a fisherman: it's something new!

It was still dark before the daybreak,
a fisherman was coming towards me,
talking to himself, he said, "Dear me!
Let me cast my net early into the sea.
By the grace of God, I would say,
perhaps a big catch would come my way."
He cast his net into the sea in the dark,
and, lo! felt a big load on it in a spark.
He jumped with joy, "Wow! Such a big catch! "
He pulled it out fast, excited to see this batch.

But when he opened the net, he started crying:
"Nothing but stones—O God!
What a cruel joke!
I'm a poor man.
Why for me such a rude shock! "
He sat with a stern face, throwing the stones
back into the water, one by one,
his heart full of moans.
The last stone, when the first ray of sun
fell on the water to make it shine,
was pure—so gloriously pure!
The shine of a diamond, anyone would be dazed!
As the fisherman stared at it, totally amazed,
But the hand of the fisherman had nothing to plea;
the diamond was already thrown into the sea.
"What a mistake! Forgive me, O God!
These were the diamonds and precious stones
that I threw down, I'm such a moron."
He became crazy and mad. He got angry; he got sad.

Many good things of life,
like these diamonds, come our way:
whether love, friendship, joy, beauty, or any other valuables, one can say.
We don't see they're important, and throw them in waste
in our foolishness, ignorance, or haste,
until
it's too late to be realized and faced.

What about your talents, unexplored, unattended?
What about cast-away love and relations?
Would you throw away the pearls of your experiences
along with the net of limitations and taboos,
always lost into do's
and don'ts?
Drowning of your ambitions, could you ever think?
Your dusty dreams would you trade for anything?
We don't count our blessings;
care not what we have;
just keep complaining about
something not there-
something we crave.
And that's the human problem—very, very grave!

So care what you have with all your love
in the fabric of compassion for yourself and others:
you will certainly enjoy and rave!

I thanked the sea,
and hurried back home.
Perhaps just a mile!
I will light a candle,
and look for a while
at all the treasures I have in the house:
all the gems in the dust, unnoticed, uncared;
I would carefully browse everywhere,
for these precious moments like a tide of time
are going, never to come back again while,
to make my days laugh;
and the nights to quietly smile.

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Amrit Rathi

The Love Story Continues

I have a Relationship.
I fight
with Arrows of Blame,
with Stings of Criticism,
with the Storm of Arguments,
with the Charge of Anger,
with the Phantom of Suspicion,
under the Weight of Ego,
for Self-centered Ends,
to score a Point,
on False Assumptions,
on Confused Notions,
with Pangs of Possessiveness,
with the Mentality only to take.

Never mind what I get,
I continue.
And the Fallacy of Love continues.
This is I. This is me.
I can't bend means I can't.

I have a relationship.
Instead, I care
to Understand,
to Listen,
to Love,
to Trust,
to Give,
to Converge,
to Share,
to Devote,
to Surrender,
to Care,
to Lighten up,
to Count my Blessings.

Never mind what I get,
I continue.
And the Love Story continues.

This is I, the Humble Me.
Love is Life, only Love I can.

The Relationship has to make sense,
and from the two options I see
what I choose,
makes all the difference-
makes it fallacy or fact!

Thus how I approach it,
decides what I make from it.

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Amrit Rathi

The Problems Give Meaning To Life.

Problems can be the sunshine.
Problems may be a cloud.
As they come, they will go,
quite normal it should sound.

Moan about it, or try to solve,
what's the attitude here to go?
That'll decide if you remain stunted,
or instead learn and grow.

Can you forego the present need?
So a better future you can have,
"I am responsible, " can you say
for all the things, to act and behave.

All your assumptions and beliefs,
the ideas, thinking, and plans of yours,
as close to reality can you keep?
This undeniably opens success' doors.

This the discipline you always need;
and if fully applied, you fully succeed.
A secret of success, it is that.
no other formula will you ever need.

But to enjoy, say, the moonlit night,
certainly discipline this discipline:
your judgment is always required
to know how much to apply just to win.

Do we appreciate the beauty of the moon?
The galaxies and their infinite wonder,
flowers, butterflies and the dewdrops,
Do they stir us, rainbow or thunder?

How to love, and not react,
How to live, and not worry,
When to smile and when to laugh,
these problems remain always blurry!

How to score and get the grades?
How to excel in career or job?
How to develop the tastes and hobbies,
these are problems we need to probe.

Like the currents of a mighty river,
problems in life flow all the time.
So drop all fears, be bold and alive,
they're there till life's bells chime!

Problems give meaning to life,
else we are dead, and not alive.
All our joys and our sorrows,
only by solving problems, we find.

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Amrit Rathi

The Process Of Change

Nothing is permanent.
Everything is subject to change.
Being is always Becoming.
— the Buddha

§

Life's but a process of change —
things by nature don't last.
It may be joy or sorrow,
It may be anger, pain or laugh.
It may be wealth, power, or success
— Everything's fleeting fast!

What goes up would come down;
and things just come and go.
Though we can't figure it out
like the frames in a movie show.

Just like water yet we try to hold
the things in our wriggling hands;
In the face of storm why we wish
to leave our footprints on sands?

Though it's futile and suffering,
that attachment to the flow of life.
Yet from the mirror of our mind,
the dust of delusion, we don't wipe.

So flow with the things and just bid
Good-bye when parting as friends.
Want to live life or cause suffering?
The choice is entirely in your hands.

Happiness is precious, this moment
while it lasts you enjoy— no fears!
Pain or Sorrow—that, too, will pass,
just watch your poise without tears.

Life unfolds its richness, don't strive.
And you get your gifts, isn't it strange?
'Grasping' is the cause of all sorrow:
you can't stop the process of change.

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Amrit Rathi

The Rainbow

Leaning over the earth
from the windows of my heart,
I looked at the sky,
the sky mysterious and vast,
the sky of Love.

Sometime like the clouds,
like lightening, like the rains,
all sort of confusion I found
in what the poets said
of the sky: the love around.

One poet said,
'You think it is to be so crazy
that you're unmindful of your chains,
or to be so intoxicated
that it's the light-headedness plain!
Or to be so innocent and attractive
that the world gathers around you!
Or you reach so deep,
like a teacher, a head, or a leader leap!
But you still don't belong to this sky of love;
your ego, as your presence still speak of.
For love you ought to be a servant,
A servant to all,
and heaven will fall
at your feet; an right then
you will become for everyone
the sun of light.'

Another said:
From a sweet red rose on the spiky thorns,
the lotus flower into the murky water,
how their beauty and grace are born
on unlikely support, tough and alone!

Like these flowers,
love endures through all,
like a tide it would spring after every fall.

It's worth the pain, the legitimate pain;
it is better to have loved and lost
than never to have loved at all.
All this the lover takes in stride,
and from tears, too, great satisfaction derive.

Be a part of this world and always believe,
your love is ultimately what you give.'

So the essence is same!
I look at the sky again,
through the windows of my heart
at a distance when
the sky had cleared;
and everything looked calm
for me to clearly see
the various colors of the sky,
as the rainbow of love
revealed to me

So I too sang,
'Love is truth. Love is trust.
Love is open but it is not lust,
not just feelings,
but the effort for your beloved's good
to do anything as you are willing.
The outward beauty always fades;
it's beautiful heart that timelessly treads.'

The world goes around,
can you hear me?
Just outside the windows of your heart,
the rainbow of love could you see?

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Amrit Rathi

The Ray Of Hope

Through the vales and hills, the sky and earth,
I look for thee everywhere,
but thou art with the peace there.
Day after day, I dropp in your lap
the radiant flowers of thy prayers O lord!
And I can see the ray of hope
for the growth and success in thy care.
Through the shadows of the dreams and desires
I look for thee everywhere,
but thou art with the love and relationships there.
Day after day, I dropp in your lap
the radiant flowers of thy prayers O lord!
And I can see the ray of hope
for the growth and success in thy care.

Then around the problematic world
of money, success, and achievement,
I look for thee everywhere,
but thou art with the work and people there.
Day after day, I dropp in your lap
the radiant flowers of thy prayers O lord!
And I can see the ray of hope
for the growth and success in thy care.

At last in the eternal world
of thy glory and grace,
I look for thee everywhere,
but thou art with the freedom there.
The freedom that rests into whatever I do,
surrendering my 'doing', the results of that 'doing, '
and I can see that I'm free.
Day after day, I dropp in your lap
the radiant flowers of thy prayers O lord!
And I can see the ray of hope
for the growth and success in thy care.

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The Stag

As usual, with my legs in the water,
I sat chatting with the silvery river,
that mirrored the moving blue sky
like a fleeting dream
in its rolling currents and the gleaming stream.
"I'll tell you about an incident of today.
It's about a Stag, the deer
with the beautiful spiraling horns, "
said the river.

"It was the morning, a beautiful deer
came to me and started drinking water.
As into a mirror, he looked into the water,
and he wondered: 'what a beauty are my horns!
Is more beautiful anybody ever born? '
He couldn't believe.
But just then his glance fell to his legs,
his heart burst with pain, too hard to relieve.
With tears in his eyes,
'O God! With so beautiful horns, '
he cried,
'this is quite unfair;
you gave me such ugly legs;
are you aware? '

Just then nearby he saw some hounds
barking and running towards him he found.
He ran for his life with lightning speed;
on his legs, he seemed to fly in the air;
the hounds were left quite behind there.
I saw him getting into the forest at last,
with the hounds still chasing after him very fast.
What a wonderful was his speed!
I thought he'd be safe, indeed.

After an hour or so I saw in the sky,
a luminous object was speedily flying by.
It surprisingly called me and said,
'I am the stag, you remember?

sometime back, chased by the hounds.
My legs were marvelous,
and I left them far behind,
but alas!
my horns got stuck into the bushes.
I tried and tried but failed to unwind
and I was killed:
finally the hounds could find.

Of the horns I was so proud, so conceited,
and they became the very cause of my death;
the ugly legs that I despised, I hated,
up to the end, they saved my life.

O how foolish!
It's loving the peripheral, and ignoring
what is a really valuable thing!
What an anti-climax!
What a wrong thinking!

In intense pain, in a flash, I realized
the real beauty is the beauty of our heart.
All other things are nothing but undoubtedly scant,
and I am an absolute God's part.
I saw God and me instantaneously as one;
at that moment, he appeared before me,
and he called me to heaven.

So I am going to the heaven,
Good-bye dear friend! '
with a luminous trail of light behind,
he then spiraled up in ascent.

"Very interesting"
I said, and thanked the river,
and made for my house,
a lot many thoughts wobbling like fever.

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Amrit Rathi

The Synthetic Life And My Circus!

I am very excited,
since I read about J. Craig Venter,
and his achievement
that they created a replicating species
whose parent is a computer!

A great breakthrough! They say
for greener fuels, born-again chemistry, and medicine,
designer foods to feed
the eight billion souls every day!
Or is it fraught with unimaginable horror,
if hijacked
by cracks, fanatics for terror!
It may yet certainly herald
a Brave New World!

But I'm not the President of the United States
to think at such a macro level.
I'm a small businessman
in the circus business,
so I need to think at the micro level:
particularly when
I am looking for some viable solution,
so that I can remain afloat.
And here is one
that can rocket my business to success.

Lately we feel an acute shortage of
humans interested in joining the circus.
Even the lions, elephants, and monkeys
have refused to play their tricks,
and this I wanted to discuss.
So I must open a dialogue with J. Craig Venter,
to collaborate with me and enter
into an agreement
to provide me with the technology.
Since I have at the moment a cash crunch,
on profit sharing basis I think it should work out:
that is my hunch!

One Bio scientist, my friend, easily said
that what they have done in a cell
is replaced protein with synthetic material,
and took out the DNA, genome.
Now what genome, DNA kept the parental instructions,
a computer outside does it with fun!

What an idea!
Now I too can make humans and animals
and other living forms
that I need in my circus, with a storm.

I would feed the synthetics in the empty cells,
and infuse the life into the chemical proteins,
by giving parental DNA instructions,
through a powerful computer in-between.

As for the repetitive tasks
the computer will excel, the natural genome;
the motions of synthetic performers will be ever finer;
better tricks animals too will play on.
My circus will be the first with such excellence,
and so it'll be the best in the world, in a sense.

So this will be a mutually beneficial deal,
I'll earn—and Venter's Institute will too,
that's how I feel.

I am keen.
I keep looking for new possibilities
in the business, relationships, and other things
and give it a shot in light of the change:
this will keep them finely tuned.
And that's what I read somewhere—I forgot
which book let me muse?
Oh! It was *Who moved my Cheese?*
Let's handle the change with ease!

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The Toolbox Of Success

Today we will open the Toolbox of Success
and examine each tool,
so as to succeed in everything
using it to the very full.

Ok. You're getting angry, but can you wait?
Or switch off this TV, to study even if it's late?
Or forego the burger to save your health?
Or try to be humble in spite of your wealth?
You need the patience
to forego something minor now,
to achieve something major in the future:
this is the essence.

So patience is the most powerful tool
to fool around
for success in everything;
it lays the ground.
It is a bit difficult, though a rewarding journey:
from instant pleasure to efforts for the future,
from temptation of now to wait and nurture,
and you're in control all around.

Again—are you grumbling or blaming others?
Or do you take full responsibility for your affairs?
Either you won't see what's that bothers
or you'll be able to decide and take all the cares.

So assuming responsibility's another powerful tool
to fool around
for success in everything;
it lays the ground.
It is a bit difficult, though a rewarding journey:
from shifting blame to accepting your faults,
from defense mechanism to confidence-vault,
and you're in control all around.

Again—are you constantly updated with reality?
And use new ideas to fuel your imagination?

Either you're open with all options, possibilities,
or stuck in the old rut with knee-jerk reaction.

Determining what applies to a situation is a powerful tool
to fool around
for success in everything;
it lays the ground.

It is a bit difficult, though a rewarding journey:
from the rigid outlook to a flexible approach,
from sheer stagnation to change is brought,
and you're in control all around.

When and how much of these techniques but to use:
to enjoy the beauty of a flower should you choose?
or when and how much even anger can be shown?
or take responsibility that's not yours even to muse?
or how much the new from the old is to be drawn?

This is called balancing, another powerful tool
to fool around
for success in everything;
it lays the ground.
It is a bit difficult, though a rewarding journey:
from strictly applying tools to modifying for need,
knowing how much discipline, the discipline needs?
And you're in control all around.

Finally, what is the toolbox of success that holds
all these tools, creating an urge in you so bold?
Love—that's what contains them all into its fold:
for his brighter future, a mother makes her son—
though it pains her—study hard and to slog on.
So from the Toolbox of Success, the love,
pick up these powerful tools
to fool around
for success in everything;
it lays the ground.

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Amrit Rathi

The Unique Resort

In the lap of nature's breathless beauty,
on the foothills of the mountain's snow crest,
surrounded by the stretch of lush green forest,
like a gateway to heaven,
is The Unique Resort
on the bank of
the Silvery River, Gang-Hort.

And you won't believe that it is absolutely free.
Your stay here—an extravaganza of a dream, eternity,
with the latest and best amenities that can be.

Still, not many travelers dare to come and try.
Do you know why?

Well, you need to keep these clothes of yours
just outside its stately gate,
and you must go inside absolutely naked!
"A peculiar condition, " you'd say,
Yes. That it is.
Do you want to stay?
Enter the gate like an innocent child,
leaving the baggage of your soiled clothes behind.

"But how can I leave this longtime friend,
my stained dress, outside? " you'd contend,
"Stitched with the colorful fabric of my memories,
and with the linings of the hopes and fears hand in hand?
My dress contains all that I've acquired-
O how can I leave it just like that!
I don't think such extreme step is required.

And in my big pockets many a things I carry:
the teachings I've jotted down and obeyed
what my parents, school, church, and others have said,
even the details of my bank account,
property papers and toys,
like cars and the house—all that you can count.

Though I've lost my freedom because of this dress
but it's also true, without this I would be like the dead.
Although the dress's heavy,
and I've been carrying it like a slave,
I am puzzled for my freedom
such a heavy price I ought to pay? "

And I would explain to the travelers like you,
"Since you'd keep this baggage out at the gate,
and go in as a child with countless possibilities,
blooming like a flower, trying to stand straight,
freedom's never free, it's a will to take responsibilities.

Moreover, our resort has got one unheard of facility:
when you enter, a wonderful thing will happen:
your mind and heart will instantly become transparent.
Everyone can see what's going on
in others' minds and hearts,
your communication at a much deeper level will start,
and you'll understand others, and appreciate;
love and compassion will be your soul mate.
Free from the loads of conditioned self,
enveloped in a new and real freedom,
your awareness will be dancing
on the silent beats of a drum!

Break away from the stale
life you were living like a puppet;
a quantum leap awaits your will,
in our Resort, you see, all is set!

Like an eagle you can fly across the sky,
or experience the caterpillar-to-butterfly change,
or like a flower you will bloom with beauty,
free from your limited range.
How high can you fly or shine in this fashion
depends upon your unlimited imagination.
You will be love, a servant, the growth,
a dynamic solution,
it'll a big step
in the direction of human evolution! "

Let me tell you,
"When you come out and return home from here,
you will go as you are, naked into the world,
without a bother to take back your soiled dress,
as the world will look at your face, at your radiance,
and that resonance of mind and heart!
Your love and service will rock and reverberate;
a dream of human freedom will start! "

I would again tell you to visit our unique Resort,
I bet nowhere else provides an experience of this sort.

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Amrit Rathi

They'll Do Anything For You!

Some friends often tell me
the world is unfair.
But I have different views,
I'd like to share.

Let's not grumble but trust them.
I did this with 100 guys.
What were their aspirations?
I looked into their eyes.
They must win, I ensured,
and their moral support I procured:
The eighty guys proved my trust.
80% success rate! Is it not a feat?

So trust you must: it's a powerful rule.
You're taking calculated risk- it's simple and plain
and if you aptly tackle the 20% who failed,
they too will not give you chance to complain.

The thundering clouds even burst into rains
on the sweet touch of cool passing breeze;
human heart is softer, can be handled with ease.

We all have a unique role to play,
despite our weaknesses and constraints;
the mother earth still sustains us well aware.
Let's be generous, learn how to care.

So, if some of them are cross with you,
inferiority or superiority complex may be the clue,
or there may be some other reason,
What is right figure out the one.
Solve the situation with loving kindness
with win-win strategy for both,
and mutual dignity and grace.
So you can touch anybody's heart,
and show that you really care;
then you can be sure: they can't be unfair.

What they want from you is
just make them feel important,
and give them what's their due:
they will do anything for you.
This is not rocket science but a simple thing,
yet how miserably we often fail in its understanding?
It is humility, sheer commonsense, let's do,
and they will do anything for you.

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Amrit Rathi

Things Will Fall Into Place

In the morning, I went to the garden,
but the presentation was on my mind,
and how I would face my boss.
A flower tickled me and asked,
"Are you not here? You are there! Where?"
"In my office", I replied.
"When you walk, just walk;
when you're here, be here.
Life's brief, still I spread joy everywhere."

On the way I saw the old dog, Tommy,
looking in my eyes, wagging his tail with love.
I wondered and inquired,
"How do you remain upbeat all day long
with everyone you meet? "
"My secret! " the dog said, "One at a time I greet
with full attention and incessant zeal without wait.
People love me, I love them, and it's great! "

I took the nine-twenty train and grimly sat
when the train whispered in my ear,
"Why do you look down? Any problem I can help? "
and I explained it all.
With a gust of wind it said,
"Simple! Just play an imagination game.
Captain Aim! Please come,
let the teams of ideas play; you video shoot the game;
make the presentation from the stills of video, chum! "

I reached the office,
opened my laptop all in a hurry
with a smile it greeted me:
"Good morning, any order for me? "
"Oh! Call the PowerPoint—
today we've a lot to do, friends! "
The PowerPoint pulled out from the bag of my mind
the images of slides, all brilliantly arranged.
"Make a printout, please printer! I'm tense."

With a leap in my step,
I rushed to my boss's cabin,
frisking with the laptop in hand
with the presentation I'd made.
"Wow! " He jumped three feet in his chair,
"You've done a great job! I'm glad,
but how could you get these damn ideas? "
with a strange look, he stared.

"You would be surprised!
This morning I met the flower, the dog,
the train, and tuned in to what they all said."
"What do you mean? " he looked puzzled.
"They're my friends, teachers,
also the source of ideas for this accolade!
When you work, just work,
one at a time, with imagination
the things will fall into place, ' they said.

I came back home quite late from the office,
took dinner, and was lazing, looking at the ceiling.
Ceiling! Where's it gone? It was there!
I see the sky of my mind
with stars of ideas twinkling bright.
What a wonderful day of creativity and joy I had!
I think, now I must go to bed.

In your sweet caresses,
Oh night! I would die for the day,
until the morning and resurrection
when afresh I'd come alive and kicking,
"Another presentation you've got to make! "
agitated the mind.
"Remember, " I nonchalantly said,
"When you sleep, just sleep,
the things will fall into place."

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Amrit Rathi

This Is What You Do To Your Life!

A blonde in a sports car cuts off a large truck.
The angry driver pulls her out,
draws a circle on the ground,
and threatens,
"Stand in that circle and DON'T MOVE! "
then goes to her car and cuts out her leather seats.
When he turns around,
she has a slight grin on her face.
"Oh you think that's funny? Watch this! "
He breaks every window in her car.
But when he turns and looks at her,
she has a smile on her face.
"What's so funny? " he demands of the blonde,
who replies, "Every time you weren't looking,
I stepped outside the circle!
Ha, Ha, Ha..."

This is what you do to your life.
You do all the things
to make somebody ruin
your relationships, life, love, and dreams;
yet you are not aware
as you think you are very smart in doing that.

You don't open your heart, you don't think;
and you never see what you are missing,
as you consider yourself,
too smart or
too rich or
too wise or
indifferent—
or some other selfish thought.

When someone loves you, you pretend to love.
When someone is honest, you try to fool.
You do just the opposite of what is needed:
an absolute negative cycle, in fact,
thinking we are so very smart in doing that.
You may win a battle, but lose the war.

What are you? You are conceited,
not knowing how false the successes are.

This is the irony!

If you care
with open heart and mind to share,
your happiness, your sorrows,
your humility, your cares,
your compassion,
and help,
they will give you unlimited love,
they will certainly understand.
And your life will smile—
you can't imagine such a lovely flare—
and successes will come along,
like a very close friend.

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Amrit Rathi

Touch The Heart

If you touch the heart
of a person,
of your work,
of an experience,
of an action,
you wish it to become the best,
and you'll strive for it sure,
not as a matter of just feelings,
but merging yourself with it,
embracing it,
becoming completely lost within it,
until the Means look like the End.

And what do you strike?
It's gold!
It's beauty!
It's glory!
It's wonder!
It's climax!
It's pleasure!
That's what comes out
without a thought or expectation,
in the flow, with the least effort,

This is Love,
or a mindful meditation-
all embracing, beyond the self-
a gentle step for Human Evolution!

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Amrit Rathi

We Want

We want people to behave,
be courteous, humble and suave.
When it comes to us,
we are proud, complaining, irritated,
and always with a sullen face.

We want people to be cooperative,
obedient, helping, and proactive.
When it comes to us,
we're so selfish, thinking only of the self,
and unmindful we never care to help.

We want people to love beyond skies,
and look through others' eyes,
When it comes to us,
we want to heedlessly lead, not serve,
blaming others for all the fuss.

We want people to be honest, upright.
Can we tolerate in it a variance slight?
When it comes to us,
we are over-smart, manipulative, cunning;
others are watching, it doesn't ring.

There are two standards:
one for ourselves and one for others,
though hardly ever we agree,
we stick to our guns and rather
help them to continue further.

What we do for others,
the others will do for us.
This is a very simple equation:
can't we understand?
"I'm too smart"; yet we always think;
our acting as dumb, however, doesn't sink.

But for a change,

On a scale of 10, you yourself rate,
On the basis of what you want to give, and get;
and be what you want others to be-
and a great breakthrough in life
you will undoubtedly see!
You will never regret I bet;
this is undeniably a powerful fact.

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Amrit Rathi

When Many Failed, I Always Succeeded!

I look back in wonder on my life
how differently I trod and proceeded!
When most people failed, I always succeeded!

As if sleepwalking, they don't try to know
what it takes to do something, be something, or have something,
and such ignorance they all so often show!
As one can get by on ignorance for a while,
I made a list of what I don't know, must know,
and should change;
I must learn what works—it's relevant though strange;
I explored myself, what others said, heeded.
When Many Failed, I always succeeded!

Even if they know what they should be doing—
perhaps exercising, spending less,
earning more, working or reading—
they do just the opposite and wonder why they're ruing!
Call it a sheer stupidity, as they don't do
what they know is right.
So I made a list of what's important to me,
but I'm not doing anything about;
and see what works, what doesn't,
and act never to flout;
I planned and do all that I know is needed.
When Many Failed, I always succeeded!

Or like the lazy hogs who don't move or ramble,
won't walk or study but watch TV, sports
or just eat and sleep;
it's nothing but laziness, plain and simple!
They do what's easy or what's not required,
though life's on fire;
I take all the pains, work smart, and a bit hard
to realize my potential wherever is needed.
When Many Failed, I always succeeded!

Or they don't care; don't see the future or dream:
like the sand they get carried by the wind

wherever it takes them around.
No care, no vision, no goals! I would say;
this is a puzzle only they can solve—
strange as it looks, but it is the fact!
I'm all serious. Plan my life;
monitor whatever goals I set;
to propel life, care, vision and goals are needed.
When Many Failed, I always succeeded!

They need to burn and glow and flash,
like a candle highlighting such success.
Like a mighty tree life succeeds. Or it fails
if they've got the usual excuses for all its mess!

I made it clear; I put it straight—what worked for me,
I hope works for you.
Do whatever by your life is ever needed,
When Many Failed, I always succeeded!

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Amrit Rathi

When Will You Be Happy?

"Why do you work so hard? "

I asked the young folks,

"What's the reason? "

"Cause I want to be happy, "
replied one.

"When will you be happy? "

I inquired further.

"A million dollars in my account,
that's what's I need, my friend, "
he shot back
with a glimmer in his eyes.

I asked another guy
the same question.

"I want to be number one
in my profession, "
he too replied
with a smile so wide.

I asked many more
but the reply that came,
was always in the same vein:
money, success, and achievement
were all that they could say.

I wondered why none of them
talked about love, children, relationships,
marriage, community, or friends!

But how does your soul feel
when you have an overflowing bank account,
or a résumé, perfect and real?
As a matter of fact,
from mother's breast to a big house or car,
we grasp to be secure-it's an unhealed scar.
Just under an illusion of security,
we keep on craving more and more,
unsatisfied like the movement
of waves rising and falling,

until finally exhausted, spent.

As a matter of fact,
real security comes only when
you are in relationships that ring
bells of real love and understanding.

So find someone you love and feel
love in every pore of your body.
Tomorrow, love that person with even more zeal,
and the next day, love one additional person,
and every day increase the number of people you love.
And you will have heaven here, not above,
full of happiness for you and others.
The sun of true success shining bright,
you shall have whatever life can gather:
the fragrance of happiness always alive.
Doctor Gottlieb, my friend, is the person
who gave me this wonderful prescription.

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Amrit Rathi

Why Don't You Listen?

I'm 52, Mathew Arnold.
I'm successful; I've seen the world!

I told my son, "You need to be tough
with your employees—discipline
does not come on its own.
Take it from me,
and learn from my experiences.
Job enrichment, employee empowerment,
to me is all crap!
Why don't you listen to what I say? "
He'd often discuss, contend, and leave
very much disturbed and peeved.

When my wife comes home complaining,
about her boss or assistant or peer,
I give her the solutions,
but she says, "You just jump to conclusions.
and don't understand."
I contend unhappily
"Why don't you listen to what I say, my dear! "

In the office, my assistant's getting on my nerves,
coming up with strange ideas and marketing stats—
these days everybody wants to do new things,
and experiment at my expense.
This guy is also that type.
Though I have told him,
"Why don't you listen to what I say,
and do the work I've assigned? "
he looks at me amazed,
and never really cares.

I went to see my friend, the psychiatrist, Dr. Sean Paul,
and told him everything,
and what is wrong with them:
particularly that they don't listen,
though I have much better knowledge,
and good intentions.

He listened to me carefully before finally saying:
"As a matter of fact,
they are mostly right—it's not them,
it's you—you don't listen!

Why don't you see the things from their eyes?
Why don't you be a buddy?
And feel their heart!
If you do, they will certainly listen.

Your son and assistant might find
your ideas too old or obsolete!
Your wife just needs you to listen;
she wants support, not solutions.

"Because you've been successful,
are older, you throw your biography at them,
and don't try to understand
what they want and what will work for them.
But rather impose yourself unaware.
Give them space; see things from their eyes,
they will come to you for your advice.
So just learn to listen to their mind and heart.
For your problems, only that's prudent and wise."

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Amrit Rathi

You've Got To Live Through The Paradox

You don't always have freedom
except one type of freedom- one
which nobody can take away from you
whatever situation you are into.

A freedom of choice-this is your own,
for the challenge that the situation has thrown
to either explode or coolly diffuse what's there
with no reaction but calm consideration.

So when you think of each choice, you
think of its consequences and the payoffs,
and how your heart feels from deep inside,
what your microscopic mind is asked to guide.

So you've got to think through your mind,
and tap your heart, too, for the correct decision.
And what the heart would say needs to 'sync'
with the mind's facts, as also the reason.

Looks Simple? But it's not so. It's Art,
for you can't listen that easily to the heart
against the incessant noise of the mind:
you've got to get really, really smart!

What can you think in an utterly noisy and downright clamored street?
What can you hear but the tumultuous din except
the inaudible signals slipping in?

To put off the noise of regrets, anxiety and fear,
kick out the ghosts of the past and future;
The past is to serve as a sober guide,
the future is to take on the planning sphere.

You've got to live through the paradox
of non-doing the noise of thoughts, emotions,
but intensely doing only the present action
with no traces of any type of reaction.

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