

Poetry Series

SA RE GA MA
- poems -

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SA RE GA MA()

Like A Breeze She Came Into The Hall

Quietly, quite disarmed, with no artificial charms
she gently glided into the room where I sat
watching the landing of a missile in my heart
like a sharp lightning I felt the blood curdle up
there was a soothing pleasure in those looks
I sat with my legs crossed, my face stern,
defiant not to expose my aches and affections to anyone
there was more of music than prose in those affections
the messages were silvery delights and modest passions
the lingering urge to look into my person she pressed into
I did not give in to her voluntary compulsions to enter mine
I responded swiftly by rushing towards the door lest I mess up myself
surrendering to her loosening betrayals and lavishing rubs.

SA RE GA MA

Anarkali Aur Dilip Kumar

He breathed like a baby
our Hero, the Salim of Anarkali
DilipJi went into my heart as Salim
the lover of Madhubala, the celestial queen.
When I was a child, I saw the film end
with the courtesan dancer Madhubala
Anarkali who loved Salim the Prince so dearly
that she was tombed to death with every brickstone
up and up they grew up and we hear her sing her swansong
her charm, her loveliness, her eloquent sweetness,
oh Madhubala was to me the epitome of heavenly splendour
So you guess now what place do I have for DilipJi
who in the film made his sweetheart die breathless
entombed killing us our feelings and emotions
with every upcoming brick that defaced her body
from her danseuse legs, damsel thighs, stingy hips,
sweetness of ribs, swollen hearts made of Jalebis,
her maiden beauty arising from foot to neck to head
and her face lit by the grace of full moons abundant
we see her every being of infinitesimal charm
cut off from sight stage by stage by cold hearted brickers
an image of cold brutality that shall curl the blood of any human finally when the
head and her silky hair is tombed
we no more can hear her sing the song of ecstatic brilliance.

SA RE GA MA

Some Dewes, Some Furs, Some Sweetness, Some Jasmines Just For You

In joy I dance,
I hold in my clutched palms
some dewes from the fresh snow
of early dawn just for you.

in these dewes are wet dreams
of sunbirds and squirrels just for you.
some furs of canary birds
very soft and velvety
i have just slipped into your purse
just for you to feel and enjoy
without any excuse.

Some sweetness ripened with juices of life buoys
some honey from the bee that sucks the best of blooms
I have collected and stored in the wooden box
that you worship inside the heart of yours, for you to taste
and only you to taste it smacking and licking lavishly in haste

Some jasmine flowers, shy and coy, still not allowing their scents to dispel,
holding their fragile petals tight alright
I have disseminated in the golden earth, for you to smile
and smell their fragrances with a delicacy and dimpled chin
just for you are they I have sent them to adore your breasts.

SA RE GA MA

Love's Beautiful Shades

Love is not what sex is made of
but sex is or may be the precursor of love, may be,
may be, if it warrants so, time, person, space provided
freedom to undertake and liberty without guilty to stake
if it goes, it is nice, it is the pleasure of divine entities
when mortals forget each other and mediate into a single unity reaching the ends
of life's purpose and completion
coming back, love is very scintillating when subtle feelings
are so softly expressed, with a grace, with an elegance
with a touch-me-not heart and polite and modest submission
love is heavenly when eagerness to touch the richness of looks does not exceed
any implied vulgarity or mundane sics
love relies on soft virtues and soft pedalled nuances to survive in the land of
paradisical beauty where silent eyes are more like keys to the conjugal bliss of
spirits that eliminate unwanted mess of body business and let the streaming fluid
of molten eloquence flow just like that as if god himself is in the love molecules
and loving is but just his essential poise.

SA RE GA MA

Some Men We Miss In Life, Some Women We Kiss In Life

You miss your schoolmates who have adored you
but you mistook for too much affection meant fastidiousness
and you have ignored the calling of love of innocence
some women you kiss on falling for their protruding mansions
and land up in an oasis of passions pissed up for your legions

SA RE GA MA

Yester Twilight I Saw The Ocean Bed Full Of Goosebumps

It was a sight to see, I quote Tennyson, I beg your pardon
the backwaters were greyed by the gathering clouds of rain
up in the sky they were clustering together their grey bowels
just swollen enough to suckle earth too much for a monsoon evening and they
were too happy that they danced here and there and merrily waved their mirthful
bosoms to earthly beings and down in the water bed, the aquatic bouquets
I watched as I strolled along the corridors of the walk path
they like mesmerised hairs or magnetised iron pins or terrific in love and ecstasy
organs how they stand up, they spoke out of the water bed and they appear as if
fantasies were nothing
they just like a splash of love's goosebumps or mushrooming butterflies in the
heart of a romantic sensuous ardent admirer
they sprouted all over the naked water surface-green breasts
with bulbs of arousing nature, so soft and tender and spongy chests, urging us to
hug and kiss, oh what a surreal beauty it was stealing my senses and such a
glorious magical end to day it was, I was enthralled with my spine filled with
electric sparks that travelled high up the pituitary like some kindle energy that
barged up to highway lands with enormous voltage.

SA RE GA MA

A Little Love Is A Dangerous Thing

Some sighs
some bites
lungs expand
lips redden
that is what
I meant by a little love.

You are stuck up
you cannot speak
as if words are bucket sized
they like baggages burdensome
you cannot utter
they restrain you from opening your heart
heart caught up in the entangling mess of emotions
that is what I call the little love.

We feel loving that is quite natural
human be(e) ings fall in love with blooms in hearts
the more the fragrance the more the attraction and appeal
fragrant hearts expel their smell with smiling lips
and sweet words with fullness rich in life oozing juices
they say all nice things and find only the nicest in others
love is divine, loving is godly, lovely are the memories of love
loveliest are the moments of love emotional currents swam
god is love, so when meditated upon, we feel god, we love
we are humans, mortals, our inner niceties are made up of
loveliest plum cakes, puddings, cookies, icings and ghee cups
honeyed, mellowed, sugary, syrupy-Oh my mouth waters
such is the god's quintessence in us, we cant help but fall in
to the designs of the blind eyed cupid, who is not well trained
being a baby and naughty and mischievous too at times
send to play with his haphazard bows by his mother nature
she is very busy, being doing hydroponics with earth her womb full of fertile soil
and fertility incarnate beings, rooted to universal ends, oh now coming back to
the little love I said,
a little love gives you sleepless nights, you roll over and over
hug the pillows and crush the crispy thighs but sleep never comes, the spirit
inside torments you, you play hide and seek with your own, you know the truth,
yet you pretensions inhale

and exhale hypocrisies and charming acts, mono acts, melo dramas and well practised novel methods of being immune to all nonsense and messy love episodes yet the more you fight the more the temptations circumvent you and you finally succumb to bigger causalities that glutton you in one go.

SA RE GA MA

Lovely Flutters

I could see the sigh of the lungs
that heaved up and down
pushed by passionate emotions
that had some consolation
in my favourite reciprocation
the eyes were like pearls in ocean
they glistened with a gleam of wilds
they were very deep without any external celebration
he was intensely inhibited person, very sensitive about this
that his feelings are not for a show theme or public parade
I could see from his stature and his look that was piercingly prided with stealing
steelness of the eagle, the marvel that is
Oh so subtle emotional changes that I observed and concluded that the chap has
a very finer jewel box
inside his heart which was within the widest chest
you could ever aspire for for his age and choice of life.

SA RE GA MA

Beloved And Lovers

I have a beloved kitten
who had many lovers
some are human, some inhuman
some dotted her for flesh
some for the mess they could create
some for inflicting pains upon
some for insisting upon special gains
some were invisibles and some other notorious
some were men and some women too
some were perverted and some converted
some were intoxicated and some abominable creatures
but whenever the lightning kicks her eye balls out in fright
and whenever the thunder pulsates her throbs in fire
she just jumps into my pocket all nuzzly nuzzly
and I take all night hours to comb her hair back to normalcy
and nurse her with the little feeding bottle that I had juicy
when we return to our normal ease, she licks and licks my love that we giggle
and gayly laugh till early dawn when sun makes us feel that we are lying naked
in the lawn all night fawning alone.

SA RE GA MA

Oh Flying Clouds, Whenceforth Do U Go? ? ?

I have a message, will you carry it?

Nothing big that you can't fly with the breeze

a word or two from heart's depth to my dearest cheese

just an intimacy enquiry, a love quest, a lovely kiss.

Bus, finished am I..can you please carry forward this message of mine, no no, no
name and signature

just msg deliver please, he knows the carrier is not the owner

and that I am pining for him with a yearning of a soul for God.

SA RE GA MA

Fellow Beings Are Both Wise

Some stand apart
from distant itself
you can feel their inner self
they are genuine lakes like
you can feel the air from afar
the breeze that touches the water surface
is cooler and more sweeter even when dont see
the source of water, the atmosphere is full of the lakeness
their heart's fragrance it floats in the air like camphor
you can feel them even if you close your eyes better keener
yes, they are meditated upon by heart and not by bodies
they are men with mesmerizing tantalising immortal beauties.

Some other are I needless say you know, poetry bad, I suffer not they are just
the other halves, dim witted, half blind, frozens with perverted minds and
penetrating ugliness.

SA RE GA MA

Knelt Down At The Feet Of God

The awe in the heart knows no word to express
I was standing in the air, my legs upon the ground
my heart and head were reeling with the blood pounding
I felt that I was kneeling down at the feet of God
anointing his lovely heart with my blessed tears of joy
he de-pained me mind and poured into my soul nectars
of million, billion, trillion and zillion tastes and sweetness
I lost my heart, drowned happily in the Ocean he emitted
Godliness when human beings exalted and rise in glory
in prayers of incessant purity spiced with faith infinite
eternal beauty comes to the soul of that man that he exudes
He to sublime realms charms into every motivated soul that by itself aims at
realising god to liberated be driven by Zest.

The land of love where spiritual souls meet is called Paradise.

SA RE GA MA

One And Only Hearts

Some beings are indescribably beautiful
their hearts are always cheerful
they keep them fresh and alive
for others to be happy
with lovely smiles sticking profusely
in their ever singing lips tweeting mirth musiks
some hearts are divine wonders
they are always pure and purest
innocence dripping from their eye corners
eye lashes honeyed with nature's fragrant emotions
some hearts are god's own temples, JOY ARCADES.

They leave a tell tale upon your paths-imprints gold
they whisper a story in your memory book invisible
they create a charm-land full of Hans Christian Andersen's
they weave a web like the golden world gates oozing pores
you are sucked in by their swamplike sweetness ample ample
some hearts are gentlemen ponds, where you swim and swim
never tiring, never exhausting, you play and play with them
your body charged and recharged, your hours flying past
some men are immortals, they your mortal hearts and minds
immortalise and glide you closely intimacy hands upon laced
to the liberating world of freedom, from where there is no rebirth and
reincarnations, but only spiritual existence in golden light full of auras and
splendors, one with the Father.

SA RE GA MA

Hands That Lit Up The Blues!

Evening was about to close

I saw the last glow in the cheeks of west

her flushed pinkish red emotions all topsy turvy

she was all messy her eyes popped out with passion

yes, the evening sun about to bathe in undressed fashion

she gave up her accompanied fabrics of clouds and rays hot

she dived into the Ocean's swim pool along the horizon

nature, oh nature, is sexy when it comes to night nearing hours, her feelings like soft husky moistened breeze,

the smell of night flowers to lure the aching hearts of bees

blanket of darkness covering the nude corners of gardens

some smoke chains bringing distant food smells into action

as I stopped by my balcony end, I saw them lit up one by one

or like a giggling of stars may I say, they sparkled in sky frock

the sky was frolicking, night was rejoicing, blues were bullying me, such was the

enormous beauty, the glaze, the grace, the immense wealth of beauty that was

betrayed to my earthling mind, my heart jumped out of my bodice, my eyes

literally sucked out to their streamlining silvery luster and laser rays

You have to see them some say fifteen may be may be fifty

just when sun set in the west, when I sighed her setting seas

settling her dues of the day breaking her date to come again

like champagne bottles the cricketers frizzle and frothez up

here comes a splash of bellies dancing upon the blue night sky their breasts with

the sweetest of silvery light em-bra-dled upon, streaming from the core of

delight hooking me are core milk love and cuddliest emulsions fusing my heart

and humble being into an intoxicated madness, OMG, OML, I squealed aloud.

SA RE GA MA

The Beautiful Sky

Joy of heart makes the sky beautiful
the trees a heavenly canopy
the leaves singing hearts
or pulsating lungs full of lust for life
Joy in your heart is suckled by minds of affection
and love and compassion and kindness and divine actions
yester evening, when the rains went for a steeple chase
when the sky was free to look upon, with no commitments
I saw her filled with blue loves, golden spots dotted here and there, the golden
bundles of clouds galloping like bridesmaids
some angels dressed as babies of clouds skated across in skimpish fashions,
there was a current in the sky, that touched my interiors, I felt like flying with
the luminant buoyancy
the light of the sky fell upon my soul and my spirit started to jump like a puppy
at the sight of the affectionate mum
I felt really transparent, my body did not seemed to be existent, my spirit with
divine cosmos spirit of my father
we colluded to bring JOY's sticks from heavens to earth beings who miss the
beauty of living and loveliness of being.

SA RE GA MA

Commemorating World Kiss Day

The first kiss
the best kiss
was implanted
upon my fragile limbs
my fairy tale hair
my still in spiritual world memories
by no doubt my Angel
I mean that is my mum
so the best kiss, the first kiss
was my mother's kiss,
the lovely, sweet kiss

The inseparable kiss
the inevitable too
the Ian Fleming Kiss
the Indigo blue kiss
the Rainbow kiss
the reticent to Fevi-Bond kiss
the Dopamine booster
the Darling Oyster
the KISS OF THE HALL OF FAMES
is of course yet to come in my way
I am yes, waiting, may be when I die
when angels land I enter as Jesus's bride
when I shall burn with the guiltless urge to fly
hand in hand with my Henry Kissinger
I am awaiting to become yet another Baby
when I shall innocently blow a kiss like a soap bubble
and catch it back with a spreading frock full of lovely blooms
KISSES MAY COME AND KISSES MAY GO
the meaning of life is in what they give us lingering till we die.

SA RE GA MA

My Lord Thy Name Be Honoured

I kneel before the magnanimity
with which you touched upon my garb
and made me a satin doll of silky fabrics
Oh my lord, I shall gather my tears and anoint your feet
for thy has saved me from the cravens when I was forsaken.

SA RE GA MA

Baby, Baby Come To Me

Me a baby, you a baby, let us dance in joy and glee
hold my hand and hang from sky, forget what the blind says
ignorant have no eyes, darkness corners in their hearts
narrow views and frozen minds, let them empty out their vomits, baby, baby,
come along let us make homes in sand dunes gold, let us spread our frock in
circles and circle around the galaxies and sing in sweeter lullabies to sleepless
beings in snow beds yonder, me and you, hand in hand, let us light the candle of
love and music, elegantly come on, baby, let us follow the guiding god's light
with a branch of Olive, a dove upon your tender neck, a curl upon your biting
lips, baby baby come let us fly together with the faith uplifting us to heights
beyond the mortal sips that gosses upon moss and messy tits.

SA RE GA MA

Baby Baby Listen To Nursery Rhymes

Me a baby, you a baby, let us dance in joy and glee
hold my hand and hang from sky, forget what the blind says
ignorant have no eyes, darkness corners in their hearts
narrow views and frozen minds, let them empty out their vomits, baby, baby,
come along let us make homes in sand dunes gold, let us spread our frock in
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SA RE GA MA

Some Men Are Divine, Some Live In Vain

Men who are not loved
who have no wife relationships
are not happy in marital lives
who are not good fathers
neither are good husbands
men who are deserted by love
and who fake love to streamline self
Poor mortals, they plead to divine in vain
their lives have not experienced pain
only in excruciating deep agony will they learn
the joy of being men of divine urges and messages.

SA RE GA MA

Some Sweet Things That Never Dies

The handshakes of true friends
the ice creams of Kindergartens
the squirrel eyes and tails
the kitten rubbings and mewings
the warmth it generates and its pink mews
the wagging love of pet doggie
the wonder of a full moon night
its delight, the silvery light, its bright,
some soft nice words that elevate us
from sinks to sublime heights, their magic
the miraculous winnings when we are utterly lost
the ways of faith and prayers and power of god
the exquisite beauty of the spiritual splendour
the drawings in the golden space made of God
in between you and me the divine energies that flow
when they touch you and tickle me, then I fall into you,
your kisses, my wishes, your laughs, my raining halves,
your softs, my crafts, your hot Gulf Streams and my cold Labrador currents,
makes us fishy fishy, jumping out of mould.

SA RE GA MA

Blues, Blues, Blues

Moistening the blues
the Mystics emerge
in vivid hues
Sky is blue baby
birds are blue chirpy
her sarees are blue canopy
to her lovely woven fantasy toffees
my films are bluey
her moods are blue blue
the swim waters are blue green
the seamless dreams sunk in blues
She pulled me out and draped me her blues
from blues to blues, desperacies to dignified entries
from Oceanic blues to Heavenly blues,
blue is an electrifying colour in the rainbow
we fell amidst the arms of her bows, swollen Blues.

SA RE GA MA

What A Marvellous Dream It Was! ! !

The shepherd woman dreamt of her God, the King of Kings
the dream was like that a golden light appears and inside
a golden baby smiles with a laugh of golden teeth and golden rays, she is dazzled
and dumbfounded to quietitudes, Mystery unveiled by insane floods of lustful monsoon
emotions and passions full of creative seeds and creativity of innocent rodents.

SA RE GA MA

The Lute And The Lover

The incessant music was flowing from the Yamuna banks
God the lover was breathing the music-he smiles
and beats are born, he laughs to organs, drumsticks sounds
Love flows from the heart of god, perennial and ecstatic
I am just a lute of bamboo, not even a metallic one, undying
just a clay made one, with the potter having holed me nine
I am gaga over my god's musics and songs infinite and immortal, my clay being
is moistened with his mystic outpourings, a lute am I not really, I just call myself
in pride,
since only when my lord whispers will I drizzle with melody
only if my lord teases me with his most intricate finesses
then I would dance, the clay lute, my spirit soulful, midair
jubilant-Marevelling my faith in God'kingdom that has Kom
so discretely god sends the messages of Messiah and Mary
so lovingly the angels cluster my bed and inform me of coming Easter, they tuck
into my bedspreads all latest sends
and every dreamy layers they butterspread creamy joy red.

SA RE GA MA

I Am A Little Baby Mum

I am a toddler
tinier than the tiny cub
or pup or kitten so soft and tender
why you know, my heart is full of wonders
when we humans are in divine love
when we are cleansed by god
and we are in purest unity with our mate
we behave like a baby, very very tender and delicate
sweet lips, swollen voices full of musical notes tasty tasty.

SA RE GA MA

I Cannot Knock The Door Of The Temple/Church/Mosque

I know god very intimately
he always comes in my dreams
like a baby, full of innocence and love
very cuddly cuddly and hugging sorts of
very divine, glorious lamps he enshrined with
he is so very fond of my simple rituals and silent tears
he is very much in love with my pure pleadings
for the birds, animals, stray dogs, singled orphans, blinds,
old aged destitutes and he listens to all my cajoles and frolics
Yes, I came long way, crossing five continents to the heavenly abode of God, but
now when I am near the Gates of Wisdom,
I am frightened of accelerating voltage of the inner Spirit
I am fearful of losing my balance and I am shaking within
I am not able to do the last act, a knock at the temple door
a slight push at the altar front, a single whisper will do
but I the bravest of commons in my village folks
when it comes to God, lack courage to even say a word
if he sees me coming he would rush streaming screaming
such is his love for me, but I am all misgivings and swimming.

SA RE GA MA

Heart Throbs Vs. Ambulance Van's Beep Sounds

When passion is at its peak
our heart beats sound too audible
we can't the decibels outwitting other noises
it is like the catastrophic beep sound of the ambulances
it needs clearance from traffic blocks to reach the destiny
no time it got, very very urgent, no space constraints it could digest, entertain
too, no energy waste, fuel is finalising,
heart throbs are acutely high decibelled, like pom pom pom
of the patient, the heart carries the nursing love, breathless and anxiety and
shivers making you crazy crazy in the race.

SA RE GA MA

At The Altar Of Divine, I Was Silenced

Till we reach near the altar
and see god standing there
with his eyes all wide open
with love pouring like monsoon dam shutters
we all chatter incessantly, shout prayers, hoot our bands
and mike out all mantras and gospels in decibels sky high.
but when we reach near the Sanctum Sanctorum
our body is electrified, our mind nullified and heart throbbless
just absolutely wordless, we are like the stone Icons templed.

SA RE GA MA

Lyrics And Music

Lyrics are masculine
music is feminine
woven around
melting into
just fusion of nature's divinity
Oh what a lovely song it is
God's creativity is beyond expression.

SA RE GA MA

Wonders Of The World

Like a small baby, I stood at the bay of love and wondered
and wondered till my eye balls fell out as I fell for love boats
like a girl of five I looked up at the Moonlit fullness of those face their grace, the
pace, their timeless beauty and charms
of all the pleasantries in the world, heart of love is the most cherishable of all
sweets, nectar in those hearts never found in any Universal flowers, in milky
ways or cosmetic gardens
sparks of silky, satinic loveliness flowing like the ganga from the curling spiral
hair of heavenly dancer Shiva, the creative vibrating aura emanating from those
looks beneath, Oh, I am stuttering and distracted vagabonding in nameless joy in
this heavenly wonder.

SA RE GA MA

Inhale In And Exhale Out

The blues were painting golden evenings
little by little stars were reappearing
evening birds were reluctantly leaving
Sun was full of red sighs heaving
It was charm to see him evening the Spring
there was a sob in the day as it was leaving
there was a song in the moon's silvery rays
as it was anxiously pacing into the night sky
with my bouquet of flowers, all in budding, cuddly-cuddly
sweetly the air was vibrant with a stretched hand extended
to be inside their clasp I yearned and squeezed within
but only in my dreams and drunken thoughts intoxicant
unmistakably princely, the being was blushes mushrooming
within the very genes of my cells multiplying with Joy DNAs
I was like the Species Girl anomalously expressing my love
inhaled in the being's voluptuous masculinity and intriguing, interfering,
trespassing delicacies, recklessly avaricious
I inhaled the charm of the scintillating radiant royalty
and exhaled my coy, child like, awkward, modest faculties.

SA RE GA MA

Heart's Pleasures Some Sunny, Some Funny

What a sunny morning it was
the house was filled with mirth new
some new soul has entered its hearth and blew
its conchshell full of mermaid loves and merciless doves
Some lives are just magnificent, some men just Kings
their hearts like delicious sweets, ghee voiced watery lipped
they kiss with their whispers, they kneel with their chirpings
they circle your hips that give up to melancholic strips
with a look made of molten steel-chivalrous chaps
like the Knights of King Arthur they float along flirting with gale
they come with a song in their looks and dance in their ties
they dash along lines of light, stroke the weather with spicy lies but sensual and
fondle the damsels in distress with smiles
some pleasures in life are nostalgic, the creativity makes us unforgettable the
moments of beauty and mahogonic splendour, some come into the lives of many
like monsoon rains that dances upon both leaves and garden flowers and alike
upon muddy heaps clutching their hearth of aroma
blending with the mud more tightly and hugging and hanging around the earth
bowls full of artisan springs, the common men they cowardly appreciate with
sinister appeals and sinless repeals deleting painful stabs' imprints upon their
inferior status page marks, soulful laughter, singing voices
spilling nonstop splendour, Oh, the small pleasures that some lives generate are
like monsoon rains that chirp in with sparrows many and parrots and honey
tailed birds that steal our hearts with their princely gaits and piercing simplicities.

SA RE GA MA

The Touch Of Veena Strings

String instrument is a beauty
both for its music and melody
and the art of plucking the strings
disciplines both the body and minds
the strong decibelled voice of the trunk
the metallic clinks and magic spells of music drunk.

The love's trembling desires combed into a body of Veena
the lover hears the moaning sound of lascivious aroma
now, why wait, he enters into a mystic state of meditation
playfully pluckers the lovely ends of fragile soft spots
tenderly he whips up the lingering urge of ruptures in pots
he is a player by destiny, the spiritual body is streamlined dots
all golden he perceives their joyous alignments in tune with his and breezes his
breath into the fragments of dreamy myth.

SA RE GA MA

Those Beautiful Eyes

Take a deep breath
and don't breathe;
you may miss the moment's magic
so many looks of lovely charm it exudes
it is as if the expression includes
the entire cosmic beauty
nectar drops of heavenly love
it drips down from their exquisite arms
Oh, I beg your pardon, no, not all,
it was not about a woman am I talking about
those looks were from the Qutub Minar top
such was his tall stature and stately demeanour
when they descended upon any humble being without armour
they just scathed through the heart's inner recesses
without any guilt it just blazes and desert sands the passions
Arouses Taj in every tamed souls and Valentine Roses bowls.

SA RE GA MA

Mates Of Paradise

The hearts of the inmates of the holy land of god
it is always in jubilation, overjoyed and ecstatic
blissful souls that love deep and unaware of inhibitions
they steal each other's love in secret mystic co-habitations
they fill the Oyster wombs with pearls when they laugh
and spill the coral islands with droplets of blue green pots
of water carried by invisible fairies in light vessels spotted
by kiss and sip of mermaids dancing and jumping watered
Oh to feel the water beauties yearning to touch rock bottoms
and fill them with mossy love, musically adorning conches
Oh the bay sand-duned with moistened joy juices of Tulips
the glued eyes laser into blissfully intertwined into Ocean hips
their creeper arms crew together and sail in the snug calms
oh what more could be said, but the joy that like snail forms
dot dots tracing the gliding paths of fairy embalmed spirits
they are heavenly beings unlike we mortals and men
they just glide into the lower lips like sunlight into lake waters
the two lips open up with gleaming wombs without any stutter
the face lips kiss into each other woven like a satin fabric true
mating in paradise is made of moulds of molten joys
no hindrance of solid forms there need you apprehend
there joy beings squeal and squeeze into one another
without any walls to veil and hands to push away in shy

SA RE GA MA

Your Petals Shall Not Fall Up

He carefully closed upon the heart buds of mine
with a pair of hands as fragile as snow he touched them
held them with delicate precision close to his chest
like a new born baby, he slowly covered my ears and hair
and whispered with a smile of joy, Are You Ok? My Dear.

I was but a grain of sand, after the roller coaster ride from peaks of life down to
the Ocean bed chiselled by passions
edited by disappointments, fatigued by guilt pleasures,
defeated by honesty, disfigured by misgivings, hunted by fantasies and dreams
wild, astray, vagabond, gypsy minded
my hands were even not properly held in the embrace of love

He was a god to me, mortals were cruel in defining my views
men were trying to paint me with the brush they carried
in hues they varied, carried by the wind of their volleying chests and I was shot
by arrows many aimed at my heart
and they settled for my soul that was no match for theirs
yet, I frustrated and roasted and ruined by lack of life vigour

He charmed my heart flower with a magic wand sort smile
and squeezed my pain and wrenched my blood clots in line
with a wave of his hair or wave of his hand, with a coo of his tone or wow of his
lips, chirpy, charming, chiming with aura
there was more of sensuous bells in his voice ringing our
the dead hope and ushering in life music plucking our feels
they he like the magician yonder transforms into swans placing them one by one
artfully in the lake of Mysterious joys.

SA RE GA MA

I Have A Little Hallucination

It flashes across my heart
my being, my soul, my spirit
like a missile or jet across the blue
some bubbly lovely being
it hugs me at times and squeezes my feelings so sweet
that I surrender and yield to the exceedingly nice invite
and I just enjoy the romantic outpourings charming
for a few hours and then it is gone, vanishing behind streams
I love those moments of loveliness, belonging and intimacy
being hugged and fondled by golden lines of eloquence
like a little sunbird it perches upon disturbed emotions
and sunken moods and elevate my poise to sunlit mansions
sometimes it kisses exquisitely my saddening life missions
with its genie like wand and buys me fantasy land visions
could all hallus be heavenly vibrations or nomadic fairisation.

SA RE GA MA

I Have A Little Dream

It flashes across my heart
my being, my soul, my spirit
like a missile or jet across the blue
some bubbly lovely being
it hugs me at times and squeezes my feelings so sweet
that I surrender and yield to the exceedingly nice invite
and I just enjoy the romantic outpourings charming
for a few hours and then it is gone, vanishing behind streams
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SA RE GA MA

On The Bank Of River Ganges

All is well that ends well
when we learn that life is a romance
of the mind and its lady love is the spirit
brain and heart, the boy and girl infants
when really you inhale the breath of truths of life
that life moments are joy celebrations and
elements are nature and birds and clouds and blues
and all charming things are meant for the joy
of the consummation of spirit by the mind
that life is just the nuptial celebration of spirit and mind
every bank is ganges bank, every hour is heavenly hour.

SA RE GA MA

Prayers Alone Can Save Us faith Alone Can Anoint Us

Life is like a joke between two sighs
or cries it is like an Ad between film scenes
Ads are creative demos which we miss
to interval gaps fill things we in busy life should do
hearts come and hearts dies, but humour lingers
memories live, mortals when burnt to ashes hot
memories not short if deep and intense scar us
they impart pain and melancholic stabs
the loved ones dead depressive states deliver
the despised ones numb us to frozen conditions
some mistaken identities also destabilise our existence
some unwanted miscreants scoop up purity's excellence.

Life is though a celebration and joy, a soul searching fun
an exploration of the spirit solemn and spacious
by the mind with its limited weapons digging its way through
we often desperately sit down, finding no friends to give hand
hearts are mostly composed of spirit's beauties and charms
but mind is confused by the societal compulsions and drams
the lover is not outside we only realise when everything is lost
the love is from within we realised only when we are debarred
we finish the bar glasses, we vanish the joy of all around us
or mimic false happiness and false notes self replicas created
pained they also unhappy, disillusioned they also sufferings betray, poor mind
still dreams of findings in lovers cosmic roots and they silence vanish like Bond
Boys sparing whips
whip lashes in heart softs bleed the once budded roses red
now prayers and faith in the inner spirit and what Buddha said
You are What You Think, Think different, Change your thought and ignore the
past, ignore the sting, kick the new Idea hot.

SA RE GA MA

The Heart Of Love Is The Abode Of God

Just love the ants,
the squirrels, the crows
and the country birds
the rain's voice that you hear
upon the longest leaf bed of banana
the cliff hangers that in tips of leaves hung
watch them, their beauty in insecurity
how the window sills have a string of pearl bed
of drops of water as if they have been laced there
just relax, your love for your spirit within
the mind's exploring nature for the excellence of inner charms
that's all-the reason why life was intended on earth at all.

I feel that mind is the male explorer and trekker
and spirit within is the female ever stretching land
mind the path finder and anxious adventurous quest being
and inner spirit the ever widening mythical space infinite
mind have the urge, the need, the inevitable passion to fix
and spirit the ever expanding womanly beauties never ending
the expanse of spiritual mansions and spiritual extravaganzas
are exceedingly delicate and deliberately gracefully Oceanic
So, mind the male is on and on and on in his merciless motions and spirit the
feminine eloquent in her charms and
volatile and voluptuous, chirping and cheese like, balms
life is the sweet pilgrimage of the mind person in search of
his lady in love the spirit ever glorious and lovely with abundant wealth of
elasticity and tenderness, coyness and crowning fantasies, she composes the
entire nature into her twofold aspects of sun and moon, in her tulips and
jasmynes she magic pots, spots of silken softness auras her body
thus, God made mind to enjoy the holy sweetness of Spirit.

SA RE GA MA

Come To Me With Your Wings Of An Eagle

The moonlit night has come again
there in the sky Venus dazzles with a sigh
sweet breeze of night flowers delight
softly whispers my heart as I do respite
the lips air do touch in trembling flight
what memories evokes this silvery love
that huskily kindles your divinely sight
Oh my angel with wings of beauty
give my soul a companion of ethereal bounty.

SA RE GA MA

Never Say Never Again

I knocked his door
and wondered who is indoors
he was fondling a pussy cat
in his heart it sat

I could see the kittens too
were purring and licking his moustache
he seemed to be pleased with cute little things
pet animals and cozy tiny toys giggly stuffs

I viewed from distant door
that he to me did not gave eye any more
I stood with a sigh, a cold sigh, a hot lip without kiss
I withdrew heavy heart made me sluggish slow.

I asked him if he would love
to take my hand and headstrong mind
he eluded his reply pointed to the weather and wind
the cycle of monsoons and sunny gardens and blinds.

I took my cup of tears measured them out in a bucket of fears
my fears crashed and crumpled my existence into shears
my being into hundred pieces of sadness spluttered
my pain curdled in my heart veins, in biting ache I swore

never ever never ever never ever
trample the rose of joy in your heart
never ever judge a man by his chatter smart
god's messengers come late, fake ones land ere deplete.

SA RE GA MA

Only One Love Lasts Forever In The World Of Spiritual Unity

No more to be said
love is ethereal
when heart is sublime
love is heavenly
when mind is divinely
love is pure
when thoughts are clear
love is spontaneous
when the soul's sins are over
and the Caesarian knife is invoked
God by his grace hears your painful prayers
Love is just the gentle perennial flow of ganges
or ever green forest green foliage whose fertility never withdrew when mind is
focussed on faith and Father
the maker, the creator, who mothered the baby souled
within, deep inside the heart's marvels, miracled mystic
The golden egg broke and golden genders took life
the boy and girl from one egg make a circle of Karma
and then meet out of divine Dharma with no drama
inner eyes can see things what outer eyes cannot
why some fall in love incessantly immediately infallibly
with some is that the spirit inside, the soul inside is divinely eyed, it views
through its golden eye its magnetic core
like iron to magnet, magnet to magnet, souls of same energy levels they meet to
unite, unite to ascend into higher synergies.

SA RE GA MA

Golden Cross-It Was My Dawn Vision Of God

I love my dawns
I get up very early
before the sun wakes up
and moon settles down to west
the soft, lovely aroma of coffee
that I sip smells into my heart chambers
the music that erupts from radio embers trigger
as the lyrics say wake up baby, look back winged
yes, when the music and the lyrics of love
they touch upon my heart walls beloved
I am possessed of nostalgic memories of spirit
that like Marley takes me to the lands of distant past
when i was insane, mad and abnormal with drunken love
for nature and all its beauty and living beings chirping aloud
such being the inner vibrations that dawn awakens in my being I was stunned to
see the golden cross upon the tip of a banana tree, its long long plantain leaf
with pointed edge
tapering to beautiful mermaid tails end where stood a drop of water probably
from the previous night rain water
clinging like a cliff hanger it rests upon the breast of the leaf
lest it falls down it hugs and clasps the hairy tip seductive and s-looping and
there I found the morning sun doing the marvel which I could never have sworn
to have fun but a miracle yes, I could only say it is a miracle sent to my eyes by
my god because he knows that me is in pain and despair in life
I melted into naught, my soul upheaved to heavenly heights
my heart felt the blissful thankfulness to the Motherly Father
I saw just like a flash of blissful second, the sight of golden cross that gleamed
when sun lit the dot of moisture embedded in the texture of the greenery like
butterfly life
moments were treasured and preciously precise
I too felt a piercing stab in my awakening consciousness
that I too hung in Time's leaf a dot, a tiny dot just touched by God's gracious
thoughts stirring awareness in my ignorant flesh.

SA RE GA MA

In A Mood Indescribably Sublime

I have deep rooted faith in god
to me god is all
my mother who is in heavens
her love she reflects to me
through the rays of sunshine
and pink of dawn and blooming moonlight
I mean in the sweet breeze,
in the birds that tweet
in every being that my senses retreat
when I sigh and feel the lonely pangs
I feel the touch of my mother's love
I feel she sees me through the stars
there up above in heavenly mansions
there are window holes like inter cloud spaces
through which she could see me,
with her spiritual gaze she in her spiritual lace
but since she is one with god in heaven
she must have now melted into him in one
when pure souls go up into heaven
they become one with god and dance to us
the music of life and sensual pleasures rich
the blessings of souls that have passed away
from the earth planes their love and affection deep
only that makes us live on earth with love and joy unlimited
so to me god is my mother or my mum since blended with him
he is to me supposed to give me my mother's love in excess
God loves me in my prayers when I sob and weep in deep grief I can feel that,
he assuages me with a light kiss upon my soul's light winged lips, he cuddles my
heart made of molten gold gifted my angels and fairies of purity and simplicity
untold
when i wretched and miserable feel with no answering worlds
I can feel a grandeur enveloping my pain and slowly wiping the scar and stain
with a tongue made of silky satin webness of love and sweetness, charm and
unique wetness, I wonder
what is my status? what is my state? what am I to the lover of divine hearts? Am
I one in million drops of water in the Ocean of cosmic love, just one in million
jelly fish that swims up and down the ocean string with jolly rides but nothing to
confide.

SA RE GA MA

In The Corner Of My Soul Is A Twittering Squirrel

I have kept a soft furry squirrel
in the corner of my soul
it loves to be inside me
I have heaped within my heart
for it and only it to crunch
lovely juicy fruits and nuts to crack
but quite often it wags its bushy tail
and reminds me that it should not forget it
in my busy schedules of life and
whenever I become depressed unawares
bored with life and moron mortals around
it makes deep within some lovely noises
and squeals me in delight to touch of its stroke my its
it is very naughty when it comes to hot things
no compromises but it is very soft and tender furry loved
I have to let it out soon the lovely being divine in love
cuddly, cuddly, hugging am I it in thoughts only
as it is so soft and cute and tiny lest I frighten its arts.

SA RE GA MA

Man With The Golden Cross

There was a golden lake
in a golden city
full of damsels
dressed in golden slippers
they all awaited like Cinderella
for the Prince charming to ball
soon a fairy with a magic wand
made of golden stars and lovely roses
appeared and announced the Messiah's forces
there was a ball in the palace that night
and all the ladies dressed in purest gems
and glittering gowns their cleavages glued
with a lovely satinic verse their tender tissues were covered
the smell of the scent they wore the air they went adored
the pink of the lovely roses bloomed prettily spoke from within
such were the glassy fabrics they wore to win the man of gold
the Messiah appeared on the ball room with a golden cross
the only contest was he shall kiss upon the lips of the damsel
who shall hang by the golden cross, all pure gold in dipped
the cross was gemmed with rubies and diamonds all pure
such a handsome cross and such a heavenly handsome man
the music band started playing and the dance was on
electric currents sparked in looks and high voltaged hips
they harped upon, kinetic energies potentially whipped up
the entire environment spoke of mystery and suspense alive
the ball ended, feast was served and maidens bosoms
all unfathomed-the chasms widened with feeling promotions
the prince was joyous, glittering with mischief in his mind
his eyes were suppressing the mirth of cross competition end
Before the prayer that feasted the selection round
he closed his eyes in complete silence and looked around
it was a beautiful vision that he saw that there was just a girl
a lass who sweeps the floor and neatens the kitchen in ball
she was glued to the clueless corner in the darkness to end
her job of servant maid fated to the whims and fancies of all
Its was destiny or fortune or divine wish or nature's fancy
the next moment saw the maid's bodice snap at the tight end
she was seen sobbing insane shaking her head in vain
the hours that beguiled were nonsense, now she sensed

She pinched her crimsoned cheeks and pulled her ugly hair
she jumped up and down to see if she were alive and true
so she was the chosen bride of the man with golden cross
long after the honeymoon lights silvery blanket laid
upon the bodies that covered up with the moon's shade
she whispers into his ears with modest curiosity paid
if he really meant to hang her in the cross of gold
and before she could reply hear, the east arose
with every nectar bud in her aroused sweetly juiced.

SA RE GA MA

The Story Of Two Swans

There was a golden lake
and two swans lived thereby
one was black and one was ash grey
but both were swims in lovely ways
the change of seasons were to them a joke
for they courted each other round the year
days and nights were nothing to the pair
they danced and danced without any fear
in daylight they delighted in sunlight
in night hours they squeezed moonlight dear
when moon failed to appear they circled their feathers
in perfect balls and balleted beak to beak crimsoning lovers
they spoke with the heart that throbs communicated with
throbs were decoded based on the speed of the throb blood
squealing beauties they were pure white in the spirit
hence the golden aura of soul soon plunged into their skins
when the spring blossomed and fragrant airs awesome rains
we could watch the golden swans flying and mating up in airs
like two golden angels dating in midair their feathers in cheers

SA RE GA MA

Every Pain Leads To Heavens Gate

Every time pain hurts me
earlier I used to sob and weep and weep
my eyes will turn red and swollen red
I shall start throwing out my digested food
I shall be smashed and devastated the whole night.
But after a disgusting spell of mania depression
now I know, I have quitted the habit of crying and water works
when I feel the pain of unreplied texts and unanswered queries from friends and
dear ones and love hearts you send
You may sometimes think the other one is your soul mate
they may piss you off you are to them nothing not even waste
but that doesnt matter I have learnt my lesson painfully
during the days of depression in the maniac asylums
that God is the one and only companion you should seek
and god resides within your consciousness, the dweller
of the heart's realms and soul, the glorious incumbent
what you seek is not in the mortal mundane earth person
who according to his whims and fancies answers your texts
ignore the neglecting hearts, shrug them off, they arent worth your love and
affection, pray to god, he is the Ocean of Love and Joy and beauty and affection
and supreme delight.

SA RE GA MA

I Cannot Sleep But For You

He left my body carrying my soul
my spiritual Jewel Box he smuggled out
Inside the box I have kept my god and my heart
My whole life's earnings I have treasured in it
he slowly entered on dreams and smelled the lid
keyless he holed in with his desires and devotion
calmly caressed my face, precisely measured my actions
as I slept in deep heavenly embraces unawares of evolution
he sweetly tempted my inner angels and fairies in guard
by his arduous commitments and chivalrous commandments
he stole my love, my heart, my god and my jewels of affection
my anklets of endearing affection, my banging affiliations
my steaming passion streaming in my necklace of emotions
every little being of swimming lascivious opulence he robbed me of and left me
empty without any inhibition and protests
of modesty and me-you(Meow) adorations in me fissioned
Now, I cannot sleep in the night, my dreams are drugged
my beds are intoxicated, my arms are overloaded with joy
my body is flying, my eyes are surveying, my lips quivers
my voice flirting in inaudible whispers, my tulips trigger
in me an urge to commitments anew, stubbornly refusing to comply with my
Orders and directions of being a Goody, Oye.

SA RE GA MA

The Medium Of Light And Spirit

We speak
voice travels
through ether
the decibels
human hears
limited to end points

Our thoughts speak
through medium of space
you hear I hear
intercellular dimensions

but when we travel through light
we travel swiftly to another sphere
a realm of spiritual bodies glow here
we feel the souls together huddled
like the inseparable monsoon mud in water.

SA RE GA MA

My Heart Is My Fortune

My dreams are my assets
my wishes are my credits
my heart is my fortune
I have no other wealth I importuned.

I am a beggar maid, begging in prayers to god
that I may no longer live in this earth alone
then a flash and a lightning and a monk appeared
flesh and blood saintly he wore a golden cross
that gleamed in a special type of halo in his chest
I fainted at his sight, so strong was the waves of light
that streamed from his inner spirit through his retinae
he was tall like a Roman Ruler, strong like a bear
his eyes pierced my breast ribs and beheld my nude soul
I was appalled at this sight of an unmanly holy creature
I beg your pardon it was not god's creation I supposed
for I have never seen such a beauty in mortal abodes
his looks were made of ebony and diamond blazing
his steps were like of a heavenly mansion's approaching
he was like a Messiah, an anointed one, a Commissioner
he looked as if he is made of fire but with a mantle of wool
shaken and shivering I watched his appearance's reveals
he pointed his arrows after bowing lustfully to soulful borrows
is it the way god operates now a days I wondered fading
my own senses starting giving way to new dimensions riding
he came in like a horse riding Ivanhoe and straddled my heart
and pulled the reins of my being towards his strongholds
then that I said I am a begging maid in this altar pedestal
myself has nothing to partake but heartfelt of faith installed
to this he droned upon with mysterious portrayals stunning
left the way he came and disappeared leaving me insane
but, ere before the idol in the altar gave way to a fairy fair
it took my hands soft and embalmed me in god's own pyre
lit my soul with the oil of sinless mustard seed of Buddha
and poured me some fantasy powder made of visions of god
I am floating now, in the skies like a baby, in laugh's abode.

SA RE GA MA

A Sparrow's Delight

I am happy
I have two straws
to sip one for you
one for me
just to build
our nest for chicks
and live long after
in joy's world
and liberties unfold.

Sparrow has a heart
twittering very sweet
it has two tiny beaks
that speak of exotic streaks
one tail that entails all freaks
and a lovely furry domain
that makes her a mercury queen
I am a sparrow in love
my love she shapens it in night
and sharpen I all day with painted sights
we are two simple souls resting in a crevice
in the altar of the church inside the stone piece
of the holy mother Mary sleeping in her arms quiesced.

SA RE GA MA

Family Of Sacred Trinities

Father, Mother, Child
they are the family bonds
God, Jesus, Holy Spirit
they are the sacred trinities
in a family where peace and love dwells
where faith and prayers reign
where harmony plays upon lively tunes
where mutual chords of love is unbroken
where the music of souls is spontaneous and perennial
there the holy tree of sacred trinities dwell
revealing the secrets and mysteries of god in spells.

SA RE GA MA

I Have A Small Space In My Heart With A Little Jasmine Bud

I have that space you call love spot
in my heart and I hold with my tiny heart
a tiny bud of tender Jasmine flower
very soft and very finely divined
just for you, to place upon your hair
like celestials when you fragrant my bed
I shall softly show to you my small space in heart
where resides my Jesus Christ as Holy Spirit
I just want to show you the love of the Creator's lit.

SA RE GA MA

I Am A Christian, I Am A Chaste Man

Being a Christ man
I am chaste
I don't adulterate
I don't perjure
I don't peep inside
the heart or chest of
wives of others
even at my passions best

I am taught by my priest
that all lives are sacred
I feel all bodies are sacred
body is the temple of gods
body is the altar of gods
I have learnt virtues and manliness
I know manliness does not mean fathering
that manliness lies in fastening to divine powers
and protect the woman with your angelic covers.

SA RE GA MA

I See My Mother In All Women

I am not a rapist
I don't even nurture such thoughts
I don't even feel bad and ugly worms
inside my mind when I see you,
Oh wonderful woman with lovely spaces.

I just enjoy the beauty god given
natural bountiful splendors all gifted
like stars and full moon nights
like roses and jasmines fragrant delights

I have a perfect picture painted by my mother
deep within my soul about a feminine gender
I see my mother in all women

I shall not even think of eve-teasing or evil allurements
I shall not even touch the hair upon your charming hands
if I don't want to win you under a oath under the Bible band.

SA RE GA MA

Family Man

I am a family man
I have only one option
I either marry
and don't tarry
I don't play with emotions
of heart that is palpitating
and is reduced to depression disorders.

I am a family man
I don't torture beautiful damsels
with my hypnotising mind
with the pschyo techniques powerful
I dont rupture the delight of love blissful.

I am a family man
I don't scare and harass the girls
with my indecent mind techniques
I either marry or leave them to tarry
with other secured bonds,
life forever virtuously married.

I am a family man
I see women and girls as my mother
I feel relationships are sacred and perennial
they are god's messages carried from soul to soul
I truly worship divine temples-the damsels in love and haloed.

SA RE GA MA

I Cant Live Without You Dear

You are a stranger
but like the alien being
or Yethi from Himalayas
my heart's hearth is within you
I have been seeking the security
the home of my heart and soul
and by fortune, by miraculous goal
I found the templed heart of mine
blessed in your inner eyes
gleam and glow in your looks revealed
the heart of mine throbbing in you
the rays of astral rays pierced from your eyes
they scorched my inhibitions and insecurities
In silence I have memorized a million Nos
but all the Nos have confabulated against me
I have met my home in you, Now I can live peacefully
whether you come or not, My life's needs are met with awfully

SA RE GA MA

Just Like That

We don't do things always with an intention to do
Miracles and magics, twists and turns are god sent
god in his mercy sees our suffering levels and designs
we know not that around the corner is the diamond stone
we cant be blind to the beauty and brilliance of the Jewel
who can resist temptation when its the message from God
the urge of spirit is only reflected by our actions of heart
we don't yearn or dearly crave after, or beat our hearts
in the barren desert's of rocks for some water from Springs
invisible and never seen before, that's all divine harbingers
before god descends he sends good life, happy days, nice moments, peace and
magnificent jubilant glorious wonders.

Naturally we have to take in the creator's abundant love
hugs and kisses and mortal remembrances are but only
his boons and blissful givings, we are but only his babies
just like the mother he milks us to life, stroking with hobbies.

SA RE GA MA

True Love And Ten Commandments.

Buddha said

Pain is universal

Suffering is your choice.

true love that meets the tens

not even failing one or two

shall please the god above

and heavenly shall be the hearts

that overwhelmed shall overpowered pour

bliss, beauty, loveliness with lingering memories sweet.

SA RE GA MA

Simple Souls And Simple Love

Two squirrels they were too busy
searching for straws and bits
for making nest, lest no loving dates
lovely duos they were so cuddly cuddly
jumping up and down and loving so fondly
they were too much in love that they did not rest
till the nest was made in the flamboyant best
Simple souls and simple loves are more spiritual
than bodily, though we see the act of love is just the same
the body frames are same, but body languages differ
inside flames are made of how much the love is purer
the more you love the God, the more your love becomes superior.

SA RE GA MA

True Love

I could not speak, my eyes were filled with tears
eyes and lips were competing as if it were Olympics finals
the finishing lines when lips quipped it was coated with
salty balls of round round water made up of heavenly care.

SA RE GA MA

We Sat Together Watching The Sunset

The sun was setting
we stretched its passage
a little longer so that
we could linger longer
with our memories sweet.
the waves were speaking
eloquent was the diction
silently they stroked the rocks
of thoughts and mossy beds
we sat without touching
we were carried by
to silky passions
and shampoo and lotions
the moments were slowly hugging us
the moisture of sea wind lipsticking
shivers went down as we sighed again and again
thinking and feeling and ruminating the same moments
from the day we met the moments that were highlighted
in our records in the annals in the archives of hearts
we sat apart with nothing to say and no need to arm
there was no harm, but our feelings were uniquely balmed
we sat in an intoxicated hallucination, idols or petrified statues
our presence like the animals of Night in the Museum movie
stunned by the brilliant excellence in voltages intimacies
slowly I spread across the sandy dunes sky above like mum
sky was protecting my passions like mother with her saree
earth like father was supporting me with ever wielding chest
sea waves were background music beats, We just rested
there till midnight when the moonlight scratched my dreams
and I woke up from my drugged slumber to reality's laptop.

SA RE GA MA

In Your Palace, I Am A Beggar Maid

In your heart's palace made of Mughal King's most fashioned dazzling marble pieces and glittering jewel pieces and gems
I stood with open arms, with simple wearing and stuttering thoughts, my heart ablazed by the sights I see inside the mansion of your body, my eyes bulging out to see the fire
in your soul encased in the spiritual casket all fragrant and fine Oh my dear god, i saw you in the palace in that heart of his royal grandeur, I am but just begging in devotion armed with spirits of genuine mystics and saints adoring my ardour and insanity intoxicated with immense sense of pleasure and lascivious desires all censor cleared by god and his angels all kindly and graciously fond.

SA RE GA MA

Your Eyes Are Made Of Glory Of God

You are masked, like the man in V for Vendetta
I am shaved, clean shaved, like a Buddhist Monk
I look at you, you have no nose and lips now to smell
or kiss or smile and sip the beautiful emotions to display
I can only look at those eyes full of heavenly view
you have now come out of the orthodox boxes and dance
in the open terraces of the eyes, with both arms wide out
legs beautifully stretched, your waist and chest burning burst
your body is singing a son of fanatic urge, mercy be mine,
you were immodest and raging in fury of divine cause in pine.

SA RE GA MA

Only One Can Speak The Dialect That Your Heart Knows

Its a code of secrecy
neither I knew, nor You
but I promise, under an oath upon my god
that only you were able to decipher
the meaning of the dialect that my heart spoke
yes, you decoded the signs and symbols for me
wherever you are, I am indebted to your brains
and the beautiful messages you made to come out
I would have never known that heart is a wonder land
a ocean bed, full of unfathomable beauties, aqueous
Only you could speak my language in heart
artfully, you broke my ice and made me apart though soft
Only you came from the land of my tribes, I understood
only you belonged to the Original holy land of mine I felt
only you and i were there in the holy chosen crusaders
only you and i were commissioned to spread the messiah
only you and i were pained to paralysis to be exalted above
only you and i were pierced and pulled out from the hell
from the penultimate chambers of hell only we were exacted
Oh, that's why you speak my tongue, accent and dialect OML.

SA RE GA MA

In Life There Is Only One Heart That Could Beat With The Same Throb With Another Heart

Soul mate they call it,
may be the golden egg
that the golden eye
of the golden god
it break apart
and two white and yellows
they split apart
yellow became the female charming
and white became the male balming
the golden cross the god of souls
he bore to spill the golden bloods
and so the golden egg with the golden hearts
it broke and spilled the golden lives apart
and then a cycle of generations born and dead
and now they meet and only they could meet to unite
to become the golden egg of the golden god of the golden cross of the golden
souls in the golden lights of paradise.

SA RE GA MA

God In Mercy Granted Us Hearts

God loved his babies
we are his babies new born
be it of man, cow, sheep, cat or dog
all babies are gods most favourite loves.
he gave us hearts immaculate
to love each other with joys unfathomable
god extended his cup of love's share
to our hearts and poured into our souls his delicious care

SA RE GA MA

Soul Bowls Are Overflowing

The cup of spirit is flowing
the flesh is mellowed and mellowed pink
like the dawn that flushes when sun surprises
with a smile as steel as serene god's eyes
the good ones, the simple beauties in life are wise
they just relax and enjoy the wonders of nature
and engage the mind in music and charms of creatures
soul bowls are overflowing in monsoon in aquatic worlds
birds and squirrels and mongoose lands,
they prepare for eating and procreating
what is love, but an expression of the inner spirit
inner spirit is the life consciousness that creates and recreates in high ecstasy
and higher realms visualizing
acts of physic is nothing but a stretching exercise of love
multiplication of abodes for the spirit is the Procreation aim
building more homes for living, fresh homes, fresher homes
thats all thats the will of the divine need, secured resting place
reproducing bodies is for the summer resorts or rest houses
for the spirits, fairies, angels, god's presence to reside it is
physical dramas are but just biscuits for dogs, robber's needs.

SA RE GA MA

Mysteries And Revelations

Secret is that it is in unlearning that we learn
mystery is that in letting go that we receive
revelations are just surfacing and not inventions
or discoveries staggering and mindboggling
what scientists do we think, lab diggers are just finding
what was gods will to show off, he willed us to know off.
Life is a beautiful awareness of happiness and joy
just a consciousness of the spirit, it's antenna is mind
it just explores the beauty and loveliness of its creation.

SA RE GA MA

God Divulges His Secrets And Mysteries To Kalidas

Kalidas was a shepherd turned poet
he was a very very naive and simple herder
he was too plain and uneducated
illiterate without any alphabets of books
and he sat upon a branch of tree
and started breaking the very same branch he sat
ere he landed and broke his chin and knees
a passerby gentleman, Vararuchi, a very learned scholar
yes, in Sanskrit only, he carried him to his destiny
and made him the husband of the princess
who was both educated and haughty
thus ends the nuptials of the fool she calls
he goes to the Kali temple, Kali, the Hindu goddesses
and demands knowledge and wisdom or death
Devi, I mean, the Idol opens, celestial angel or fairy
or as you say Roman Goddess or Greek Goddess
Hindu goddesses she appeared and gave him the acumen
the shot, the stroke of genius thus sparked in his spinal chord
he became Kalidas, the most acclaimed dramatist of Sanskrit
what a magnificent poetry poured when God downpoured
and on meditating upon poetry and music and songs
God revealed to the poet the heavenly stages of sages
and god's omnipresent omniscience, his magics and miracles.

SA RE GA MA

Be Pure, Be With The Light Of God

God is just love,
simply beautiful love feeling,
that's god.

this just and simply feeling
are not but that just and simple
to be one with loveliness
purity of mind is needed

Mind to be pure
it should be aware of the inner spirit
or the watching eye of god within.

Spirit could be the husband
or wife or any better half
or spouse or any complementary
or even supplementary too.

Now, god is the most complicated term
only felt are the most sophisticated feelings
feelings that are so sublime that they defy expression.

We while expressing only redefine the inner spirit
we while dancing and writing and acting and laughing
talking and running and swimming and skating and surfing
only express the inner beauty of living energy within.

God is the universally spread bed of energy
in which the soul of beings sleep upon carefree
in comfort whispering beauties like a lullaby
the mind that has deciphered the unfathomable inners
just a whiff like the tip of ice berg or more just swims in pures.

SA RE GA MA

Meeting After A Long Time

Heart is full, I met him after a long time
no, there was no script to narrate
no film scenes, I did not speak at all
just a look, as simply as a dove
just behaved as if it was nothing new
with an ironing gesture I tucked in my heart
no throbs, no beats, no whispering hisses
no breathlessness of lungs, neither pangs and puffs
just, I took him in like a non living thing
I met him in the parlour of Archives
he was waving with the notes of legendary tales
I know him by the lines he wrote ages before
he was Incognito, which he always used to be
I just whistled deep hot like the milk cooker
my heart was like a iron nail in fire, all red hot
embers were like drizzles of rain pores passionate
they danced upon my inner flesh, dishkoom, dishkoom.
thats the sound of kids fisting in my native kingdom.

SA RE GA MA

God You Must Come

God's kingdom
when will it come
even the toddlers ask
when will Gods kingdom come.

I was pained to see the faith dwindling
to watch how people are decaying
how humanity slowly is worming to insanity
to see new generations of drug and infidelities.

to see the family ties breaking apart
see harmony give way to noise starts
to see more horror film makers and black energy seekers
to receive the messages of dirty invocators of evil motives.

the love of Rumi, Gibran and Amir Khushrao has gone
now meat peelers and flesh mongers are on rampage
life is being build on insecure imaginations and fictions
false money and false love, hate and dishonor- filthy fixes.

Its time the Kingdom of God is established said the saint
but who, how, what, when-all questions have to be filled
so insane and mad ravishing with ransacking instilled
what good could be done to the miseries of mankind? I killed

slowly meditating upon his grace and his gentleness
I was heaping my mellowed faith and prayed strongly
Faith, Prayer, Power-FPP formula raced in pain
what a beauty, powerful visions indicated that God is ON.

The paradise is on earth to those who love gently
who touch the hearts of lovers smoothly to suckle their pains
the presence of god is open to those who truths hold on
and honestly trust him and love the fellow beings in his mercy.

SA RE GA MA

God Has No Religion

God is love
love has no religion
nor gender
neither caste and custom
God is just purest unconditional love

Like a mother, father and brother
like a sister, master and husband
wife and son and daughter
Please I kneel before your kindness
show mercy and love me Oh God.

No words can describe your infinite magnanimity
the way in which you have assuaged my pain and sufferings
your soft and gentle messages and anointments sublime
Oh God, like a mother, you are milking me with knowledge
and wisdom which even after ages I could never gather
Infinite love that is you God, oozing from every being around.

SA RE GA MA

I Have A Little Baby

I have a little baby
inside my heart
its me and me only
it cries for milk when night comes
and sleeps not when I am deep in sleep
it is too naughty to bear up with
it is my own mind that has desires and wishes
it draws and paints too many photos
all of one face with different mottos
I love the baby too much that I cant refuse its demands
i hug and kiss it whenever it innocently tugs my love
I always keep the lions share of my dreams and niceties
just for the baby and baby only all golden silky things
but the baby like a pet dog is too much naughty
and every time it bounces back asking me more and more.

SA RE GA MA

God I Give Up

I am very sad
world is disappointing
no, I did not expect
but I am woken up from sleep
and my dreams are instilled
and promised to heaps
and then I all but Gallows reap.

SA RE GA MA

Who Has Seen The Face Of God?

Did you, did she, did he, did they, do We?
your face is with two eyes, nose, lips and ears
with a forehead, cheeks, dimpled or otherwise
and you expect Jesus to be like your sketch outlined
what a pity, those who have never seen god have drawn
his painting and published it for generations of poor devotees
God appears like golden eyes to some
golden heart to some, golden music and songs
golden shower of flowers and
golden handshake to others
God appears as an inner mother
his love mother's milk
he knows the babe is innocent and helpless
it was not born of its own, though meant to
God knows that you are mean and mischievous
but could be tuned and turned out into chivalrous
God's face is the face of Mother Mary Immaculate
not that you see in the photos that hung in the churches
but it is a mystical mysterious purity's love's stretch
You feel God like a hug or kiss or breath you save
after drowning into deep waters, when you at last sands brave
Gods face is the golden sunlight after doomed days dark
God is not a photo but a photo finish of your ages turmoil
God is not like the painting on the wall, but a gasp of air
a gasp that saves you from death, the sight is not 2G
neither 3D, it is not physical, it is a golden light that pulls to
its heart of golden eye, your spirit made of cleansed feels.

What more could be said about the joy of communion with God, just it is more
than the supreme bliss or excitement
the mortals have experienced within the limitations of body
it is heavenly as there is no full stops to the imaginations
in fact heaven is the space in earth between you and me
where god is residing in the form of golden lights of seas
souls dances in glee around us, we are caged birds
our spirits encased in kindergartens, education is far afar
by his grace, for his space, with his race, of his grace
we love him, with his love
by his love, for his love.

of his love that the spirit is made.

SA RE GA MA

God Is An Ocean Of Grace but God Also Punishes

You worship evil powers, do you
so you think knowing least
that nothing under the sun is related to the beasts

You are the evil monger
yours thinking, the twisted thoughts are evil
you cheat and indulge in backstabs in peril.

God is the graceful ocean that peaks open up
like the Ganges pure and immaculate
god's love and grace flows and flows to valleys endless

But faith and fervour of praying souls
souled in bodies made of saintly halls
never ye tamper with, never ever tamper
either ye quit or the evil in you entrails his wrath
your progeny will meet the fate you destined
your children's inheritance and legacy from you
would be only God's curse and burning hell's fury.

SA RE GA MA

You Whipped My Emotions Dear, I Quipped My God Shall Hear The Lashes In Fear

You whipped me
you were Hitler
you were Mussolini
or any autocratic monster
in the form of a mortal

you did not slap in my face
you gave up Corona contact
you whipped my heart's emotions
what were dearest to me
nature and music and joys
little little funs like tiny dances
and intoxicating singing you forbid
you under fear undid what was in me
you usurped power and prowess
and did not realise I am a swan
and you are an Owl, we both don't cowl
you growled when I was to expand and grow
I was metamorphosing, my sublimities flow
I was uncontrollable, my inner spirits, they came out
in every mortal the mantle, the masked body shrouds
the inner spirit which is safely placed inside the soul
but my mantle was beaked by a bird of Paradise
an angel godsend, a fairy with a cotton swab
took my heart blood stains and scars did she balmed
in the world of god, vocabs of human mortal intellectual
always fail because the glory of God is beyond man's actuals
how can me a silly ordinary humble modest ignorant being
fathom and express, tell you how god elevated me to highers

I expressed my sadness, I sobbed, I flinched, I rebelled, I protested, I was in
deep states of infinite sorrow and misery
but all those were WAS things, belonged to the past
slowly but steadily like the baby about to be delivered
is being helped by the doctors by slightly widening the gates
like the chick being helped out by the bird pecking at eggs
when my being was done, god's soldiers march pasted

now I am dead, god gestured to my spirit and I was uplifted
the body now faces the whips no more, the whipping hand is handcuffed by alien
angels of God, the benign grace of God
I quip now, oh what a delayed intelligence, If only I had not wasted my energies
in resistance previously, God must have landed earlier, the whip lashings if only
they have pained me more faster and in time zones ages past, I must be in
heaven now.

SA RE GA MA

Pain Pain Pain

Injection means inoculation
you are inoculated from Corona
by double vaccination
may be genetic variants
but the basic foundation is fountained.

pain in life leads to the realisation
pain is the key to self-introspection
it makes you understand you are no more
the decider of your own cause,
that your causes were not even yours
that behind the mantle and mask of the face
there lies many a long pilgrimage of the soul
that his story is a legendary history
you are not in short what I see you today
you are a component or final product as it may
be of a series of evolutions and revolutions
of the original creation, it expands and sucks into
the material world into its unfathomable belly
impregnant the invisible eye takes in all the lights
delights it breathes out, inhales solid tastes
and exhales millennium vibrations and dates

pain is the eye-opener
it opens the gates of heavenly kingdoms
where god and his darling sweetheart dwells
we all are in fact gods sweethearts
all souls are gods sweethearts and darlings
but the first one to go up becomes the reigning wife
others just dates, courtships and kindergarten friends

pain brings glory, let them stone, let them backstab
let them say foul words and let them Oscar Wilde you
let them Bertrand Russell you and burn you in the haystack baptising you as
heretics and labelling you as Magdalene
visions and visionaries, revelations and messiahs happen
no one and no body could bring about visions nor stop
anybody from envisioning and prophecying things god opts
man is only a mortal, you can decide even the fate of your thoughts and your

feelings and passions and love's emotions
pain comes when the spirit inside asks you to go by the soul's ways predestined
as per the laws of God and you deviate
because society has its own stupid rules and ethics to obviate

Pain is that cruellest infliction upon body, mind and heart
which when exceeds makes the body numb, mind mad and heart collapse, but he
who is the chosen one, god pulls out
by a gentle extend of his own hands and like Jesus upon the hands of Saint
Antony we snuggle into the arms of sublimes.

SA RE GA MA

Placated Matters

We need to convince self
even when god is committed to ourself
we are the worst creations of god
that we are not even sure of our own abode
we don't trust our own dreams and wishes
we wake up feeling day is the reality
when night, when the spirit was regaling,
was the one.

When you hand over me
your champions trophy
fully gold and goldy godly treasure
I doubt whether my hands are secure
whether I am bedazzled and bean's bride
I mean am I in any play, acting like Mrs Bean
Even the very sun was high in at early morning
and ushered in the day delightful so swiftly
ere the birds singing sweetly forget the melodies
that whole of the night did you sing respite fatigued.

Really the Himalayas are out of my reach, enchanting
you like Hanuman brought the Sanjeevini in your shoulders
you uprooted the entire mountain range just to heal me
my wounds bruised with words of hateful emotions
you applied the herbal wonders and splendid ablutions
I was astonished, may I slap my face tantalising eyes
my eyes are liars now, my mind full of fascinating lies
I love both Storm-spell and Spellbound, both movies nice
yet, after all the effervescence is over, let me sit on the floor
and do some meditation practices and focus my mind core
to calm myself, let me pinch my cheeks, am I alive, Oye Oye

SA RE GA MA

Love Oasis

Distant desert came near
green date trees Ironed my blood
my fatigue and failing energies rebuilt
I love the Oasis in the desert.

When they said god is staying
up above the blue skies trailing
sitting upon the white clouds hailing
never did I dream that he would be coming.

Really stunning was the scene unschemed
unplanned lotteries are gambler squeezing
what a god, he is answering prayers unfailing
how could I thank him, he is hearing and amazing.

the pilgrim was sagging with his baggage in heart
very difficult was the pilgrimage with mind unsmiling
not a bird, nor a bloom, not a breeze did whiskered past
neither the shade of mango trees and rivers cool circled fast

it was purely a magic, purely accidental, god was stern
but me shaking and shivering, I could not perceive the reality
it was baking sun, all the way from birth till bargained death
it was scorched earth and horrifying weather, all depressing

how could prayers yield harvest so swift and sure and aplenty
if faith could restore things so simply beautiful, wah, wah ditty
can toys marry? can angels carry your dreams to lord above
can fairies be so kind to wipe my tears and wake up dreams

how could miracles happen in life, how could god's kingdom buy you so many
surprises just melting heart and soul in rum
how could mortal cravings and yearnings gods approve
and sanction all joys that were just whispered in silences

how could caged hearts be freed? how could, how could?
how could mind be light like a bit of spongy cotton candy
how I be in mirth after life long wait in concentration camp,
how could my body metamorphose into a bird golden winged

Is this a dream or over slept slumber effect or nappy effect of midsummer meal?
Is it some sort of hangover of some bipolar maniac spell that heals never and
reels?

Is it a hallucination or some sort of doping illusion or mid life hormonal
complication?

Am I dreaming, Am I missing facts and figures, Am I a spelling mistake in my life
poetry?

SA RE GA MA

Secrets Of Success

Inhale deep within the silence
and exhale out the charm of essence
air is full of charms and marvels
magics and magical spirits carved
in the golden ether medium science discovered
god is the gold spot, he is inside every being
the same god again and again repeatedly answering
the calls of all minds from within every being bearing
god is within the smooth skin of yours, within your heart
in body as lotion of fragrance and heart as love ripened sweet
secret of success is how to extract the joy juice without sinks
how to enjoy the love of God in the soul bowls without inking
inkling many, but some tips and clues strewn here are funny
just tap the door of skin where there is best touch-me-nots
and insert the key of intimacy the moment the holes float
flout not the rules of gravity and newton's laws of attraction
yes, motion too, watch out for Boyle's floating body filmy ficts
smiles and sweet lips winning champions, sing song voices fit
and silky noises lit are the chambers of successful members
who enter the secrecies of life joys unnumbered.

SA RE GA MA

The Ice Cubes And Scoops I Have Enjoyed In Life

Who doesn't like ice cream?

I too loved it

partly I had no money

it was not my cup of joy

partly it was so beautiful a being

the body of cream was tasty and tender

soft to surrender and fragrant a wonder

I loved to lick till the last the never quenching beauty

ice scoops mounting upon the cones all crunchy

Oh Life is an Ice cream to me, I bit, I licked, I messed up

with the cream upon my cheeks and chewing misplaced

I love the snowflakes and ice skating gymnastics too

what a lovely dash, what a holy crash, what a joy juice it is

I could not resist the temptation but yield, it's all butterfly lips.

SA RE GA MA

Sssshhhhh.....Hmmmmmm

Don't make the noise
life is evaporating
watch the cooker whistle
it is exhilarating
look at the pinking blues
it is simply relaxing.

Please don't make noise
I need time for peace
and rejoice with my mind
with the baby in my heart
who is scrawling new arts
please make no sound
the moment is magic wound
all wounds healed by divine counts

Please if you don't mind
could you please be calm and quiet
my baby needs me sing lullabies neat
its music tongued, its voice aka cuckoo sweet
there is no room for your disturbance and disdain
it is jingle bells from heaven to my parlour wined
the moment is of celebration, champagne froths
and Vodka cloths my little angel inside the hum
I am sitting like a hookah chuggy, a haloed flute
mystical breeze enters my orifices and I am dumbfounded

SA RE GA MA

I Merely Sat And Merry Go Round Did The Mind

I just sat
like cascades of water
the hair in heart imparted
a wavy feel full of enriched softness

The magic in the moments
my heart could not contain
I was afraid, lest my heart burst with joy
some dreamy foam and butter of cream
It made me lie upon the airy beds
I was just floating, my hands and legs
like caterpillars mating, I was weightless
my body did not bother me, nor did I felt its rejoinders
I was just sitting, watching the pit-pat on plantain leaves
the rains were in big volume drops, heart's throbs on roofs
roof sounds and heart's throbs resonance beats sounded
like a jolly ride in an amusement park, my heart glided
down the golden arms of seconds, hugging softness cream
it brushed tender skins of body and made me squeal in charm

I saw a bird, a sunbird sit atop a leaf with a drop of life
it chirped into its beaks the lifestream and me too
with every rain, the sky vacates the blackness and whitens
I, my sadness and sufferings, by peelings layers of sins
signs of joy they basking my ankles and armpits deep rims
I just wondered which is more beautiful, bathing or baby wash
little by little putting hands in hot water splashing the squash.
till date, I have been under the impression that life joys are
made of big travels and busy operas and symphony of money
till like a flashlight joy was poured into my soul cup by cup
and now I find the pleasure of living even in a soup bubble tub
in a hot sip, in a humble clip, in a hand shake kept, in silent mugs with moisture
lips and measured chirps and magic bits.

SA RE GA MA

Little-Little Joys Make Up The Whole Of Life

Little funs

like drops of water

and grains of sand

make up the whole of life memorable.

sometimes we don't understand the beauty of life

we think life happiness relies upon big plans

financial security, shares bought, property owned

qualifications earned and pay packet pursed.

but what we don't know is that

it is not the poodles that make you happy

but the pebbles that you drop in it

and the giggles and circles of motion

the energy that the pebbles awaken

from the sleeping poodle bowls

how it is aroused and how it awakens

like dawn is same for all, but to you how it is

depends on how lovely dreams have kindled

longing themes and yearning thoughts

you wake up laughing and smile in the mirror

when you sleep with the joy of juicy rivers

with the warmth of filling completeness

when you open your eyes you miss the heavenly ardour

that the dreams have endeavoured to whisper into yours

so, it is not really the lovely saree that makes the embrace

but the ends of ecstasy is met by measuring it bit by bit

fun is not in swimming the seas and oceans and winning

the trophies and Olympics, but just to enjoy in a tiny pool

with the shivers of first learner, shy and naive with no skills

fun is in being the novice with no intentions just learning the in-thing and

mushrooming beauties of the art of the trade

like glow worms on rain lit nights the dark life messages

disappear with stars on the evening sky lit up one by one

so beauty of life is in rocking the music bit by bit, tap by tap

like the Titanic beauty learning the country folk dancing.

SA RE GA MA

Love Is Spontaneous

He told me
love is uncontrollable
I was not able to feel
I was looking at the caged birds
they were helpless and calling at me
my passions were their songs
my feelings were their pecking calls
they sharply pecked at the cage walls
they were imprisoned and hopelessly sad
I did not respond to him
I was indescribably depressed inside the caged life
no dreams, no means to escape from the boredom
that chased and messed up all humour and living essence
He came back again and again in my dreams and sleeps
and told me come on break your shell and fly upto the sky
feel the blues of sky and fill your heart with joy and jolly be
I was watching him, he was pulling me, tugging at my dress
slowly I could feel the bed rise up to the heavens height
I was moving without my legs and body, my soul was up
my soul was moving out of my body and startled me
my body was awakening to the calls of my soul oh dear.

SA RE GA MA

God's Desire Is To Unite

When the creation begun
god took some power
made energy eggs
and told his angels
incubate the golden eggs
and let the male bird fly to farther lands
and female chick let it live here till fortune bands.

So he desired and played the games of life
till the chicks of single egg they met
and made the faith oath come into act
inside the cocoon of golden threads
and hibernating as they spread
when they played the game of love
by expanding their beings to others
sharing the living urges and life dear
to the Creator they marched back
from chicks to egg and eggless energy

No one has ever seen God;
but if we love one another,
God remains in us,
and His love is perfected in us.
No one has seen God at any time;
if we should love one another, God surfaces.

SA RE GA MA

French Open And Love Serves

I was watching the long volleys
she the Aces from the opposite
my volleys she gave back Aces unanswerable
but I took my time to fill her with delightful serves
she was hesitant at first to accept her defeat
but I stood my ground firm and first I lost to hers
she won the two rounds of kisses and hugs
but I waited for my turn till she is tired of protests and promises unkept
I know, my standpoint was quite clear to me and her
but she was dilly dallying with signs of fear
So I gave her two chances to win and think she trophy
I took the trophy with my hand and held it high shyless
she glanced and bounced back, rolled on the ground stained
once the last game was served and match point I made
hands up, her tennis balls were in my hand, I championed
but my trophy is hers, I played the game well till the end
intelligently I waited for her to dare and tire, my magic tunnel
entry I have worked in my home works diligently towelled.

SA RE GA MA

A Baby Was Born Again

Don't breathe, be silent
I shall show you the magic charms
of the eluding land of morons
little butter here, little cream there
and make the dough sweeter
by softly caressing the sweater
add some wine and water
let the recipe be intoxicating
come on baby live again
born again was she
when I blended the moon light with my kiss
when I breathed in her the scent of late night air
I took some fond champagne in my chassis
and wonderfully lulled her to heavenly oasis
when the pink of dawn perched into her breasts
she was abundantly clear her milk mouth river-ed.

SA RE GA MA

In Dreams She Came So Sweet

I was waiting in the garden of god
she whispered this is paradise;
I did not know and I asked her what it means
she said it means we could fly and kiss
the fairies and angels will dance us mid air
we can swim in the rivers without soaking
sing to each other without face and fishing
our souls shall lasers unite like bodies mortal
but our brains cant withstand the voltages immortal.

She was so sweetly describing how charming it would be
she softly touched my hair and drew a spell upon its waves
desire me, she said, desire anything under sun and sky
it shall reappear and reappear till the cosmos undries
she showed me the dew buds and let my head rest
upon the tenders with smells of semen and pollens with zest
she waved and came a curlew upon her lap with pink hues
it sang me like a cuckoo and sand like I muttered imbued
she took me to the brooking rivulets that mouthed the garden
to the gateway she led me and full of nectar ponds pristine
milky babies their squealing laughter and sweet tongues feels
as I started sagging her costumes changed in magic blues
she loftily spread her wings of gold and paradise I rejoiced.

SA RE GA MA

Love In Paradise

Paradise is the garden of god
at his feet lies the angels and fairies
the garden is full of greenery and flowers
fragrance of life and beautiful memories
it is a place where all desire to go
where all desires get satisfied
there is plenty of love dew upon the buds
the birds there sing with a tune of heart-breaking notes
lyrics the birds sing are made by nymphs and sylvan fairies
nectar of the blooms brooks perennially throughout the year
air is filled with spirits and genies, babies of genies
their milky scents makes you want more and more
their tender smiles and tempting laughter of angels glory
love in paradise is transported to gods own land
when rains are drizzling at midnight hours
and mind is melodious with wines and winsome charms
hearts are silent, their beats they forget, throbs they shut up
souls sing, with enormous bands and dangerous ballets
everything that souls do is in unison with cosmic fantasies
and magic costumes and miracle merry maids all wanded gold...she is so sweet
in love, her aching soul swells out into her body...it makes her a ship ready to
sail...majestic marvel

SA RE GA MA

I Cant Live Without You, Oh God

You are warm and kind
delicate and gentle
soft and tender
straight and simple
earth is a heaven
with you life is a beauty
heart is simply a melody
moments are unforgivably swift
they carry messages miraculous
memory is tantalising
speech is stuttering
as feeling fall like cascades spluttering
As I inhale deeply
camphor and jasmynes smell my breaths
I am in a Jacuzzi, my body aches to fly
I am losing my balance and inertia
I am pulled out of the mortal body to
high seas and blue skies up and up above
you work upon me such a charm oh God
I am nothing, my body is nothing, the inner spirit is like Rum
Rumi is inside me and Gibran and Osho all are tattooing me
I am writhing with pleasure, surfing in sweet leisure
joy juices, mind confuses, am I in earth,
oh no if a paradise is there, yes upon its heart treasures.

SA RE GA MA

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SA RE GA MA

Sweet Love Thy Rain Too Much

Monsoon delights are really too much
the jungle birds they sing in notes high
like cajoling and cooing and cuddling and hugging
the birds have different tongue when they stranger marks
but when unnoticed I listen to their melodies
they drill into my heart's labyrinths and delicately caresses.

Monsoons are magic swells, miracles spells,
spell bound am I, storms spell inside my inners
I am totally imbalanced by the heavenly Gins
the Vodkas upon the green hearts of Banyan
that curls and curves to my looping ends
all verdure, nature bathes and bathes
her lovely dresses all wet with moisture
the smell of rain and ageless mud, romancing
they make me lick the earth like ice cream and sip ups

Oh, what a sweet love that monsoons predict in beings
rains are too much to bear, oh dear, bodies are soaked seeing
my arms ache and legs fake, my lips shiver, rains are everywhere.

SA RE GA MA

Love's Labour Lost

Sweet love

thy labour did not go lost

it did get to the last

into the unseen hearth

beneath the passions chimney

charming smoke

cigar of e-motions

lovely love's labour

the imprints you have left

the impressions you have crept

in the genes you have encoded

the mark of a true mate in love

for ages to come it shall live

how to enter in a love play

charmingly churning the curd

and whipping up the butter cream

the bride sleeps with her dreams wide awake

her smooth breathe like distillery wines

aromas the pillows and arrows your heart

Oh man, you have carved in her caves paintings

worth a million dollar smiles and made her a whisper sweet

and willow delicately moaning her breezy hair murmurs meets

she lies there in a trance, humbled by her modesty tweets

she was yesterday a curse, now today you have made her hide her blushes and

swimming luses-she trembles in Joy

her moisture laden passions and mysterious looks kneel

you have her caged mansion shutters unbuttoned

there she lies beautifully laced within and entwined divine

SA RE GA MA

Flower Of Rain

It was a beautiful bloom
may be in yester night rains it sprouted
full of nectar and splendid fragrance
sweet pollens and swollen petals
soaked in ageless romance it held
its pristine urge to blissful meditation.

SA RE GA MA

In The Corner Of My Soul

I have a teddy bear
very cute and cuddly
I have carefully kept it
in the corner of my soul.

In its eyes are two pearls
made of my bosom curls
in its hugs are two gloves
made of my lips cloves.

In its belly is a bed of roses
for you to spread your head
and listen to the songs I have made
in your absence to record and play

In its fluffy paws smooth
I have filled with smooches many
when you touch them lightly soft
you will get one million alarms.

I am afraid if I sleep
at night lest somebody else robs
my soul from you
So I dig into your arms
made out of gentleness and charms.

SA RE GA MA

Sweet Memories

Love is a sweet memory
loved ones are god sends
intimacy cleanses living moments
belongingness makes every day worth descend.

Miracles are good relationships
positive feelings and priceless smiles
dear letters and dearest moments in love
all love friends and friendships of souls of dove.

Cannot count the hours that glides by
when you are near, when you feel me,
and me too, with the most purest hearts
that frees us from all human thoughts

There is nothing in this earth so charming
there is nothing in this mortal body so enchanting
as to share the days and nights in intense warmth
immaculately passionate and blissfully close in arms.

SA RE GA MA

Once Upon A Time

Fairy tales springs in life
free spirits fly and flirt with dreams
like birds of blues wishes beam
fairy lights up hearts of purest gleams.

He took my pain and sorrow
and with a magic wand of tomorrow
changed them into jasmines and roses
and pressed a red rose upon my blouses.

He licked my tears and wiped my fears
with his little locks of hope and prayers
with a deliberate move of hands
he caught my arms that refused into falling.

he took a torch that torched my failings
and swept the unwanted messages in my drawings
with some smiles and deceptive laughs
he combed my hair and crumpled my frocks.

SA RE GA MA

Sublime Silences Could Be Heard

Silent hearts echo sweet throbs
when intense is the heart's emotions
intimacy when it rains to peaking heights
words fail, pre-designed moves never entail
any prior decisions and actions beguile
sublime feelings and silences that shelter the secrets
of the moments of heart breaking golden nuances
when souls hugs and strongly strangle the inhibitions harsh
the bodies utterly fail, freed are the inner wings,
freed are the caged birds, freed are the captivated fledglings.

SA RE GA MA

Beauty Lies In The Eye Of The Lover

Beautiful are the hearts of lovers
beautiful are them to each other
beauty lies in the eye of beloved
beauty lies in the heart of lover

Monkeys and donkeys
birds and dogs and kittens
yet who else but man
can in heart draw the woman.

Only man can under magnify glass paint
the picture of love in imagination and find
pleasures in poetries and drawings
what his heart could feel and eyes could fill.

beauty is carried by the beloved
viewed by the lover and visualised
beauty is in the object of the beloved
but more beauty adds to by love of beloved.

SA RE GA MA

I Am In The Cosmic Bed Of Beloved

Moon light has spread into the room
in the bed a beautiful blanket
her room was full of fragrant flowers
and her hands were giggling with bangles dear
the beloved was sleeping without any fear
though the silvery moon rays did arouse in her many cheers
they spells of magic charms did paint
in her virgin heart and soul
there she sleeps the beloved maid
of the man who carried by wind
entered the door and knocked by heart
with his throbs he opened the knob
and visited upon the lady a kiss of love
like the gentle beauties of fairy tales
she blissfully opened her eyes in trance
and he spoke into her looks some charms
as she in sleepy dreams held him around
and pulled his being into her own
fragile was her silky hair and satanic robes
softly and tenderly does he unrobes
there is a singing bird upon her earlobes
and a peacock feather in her belly coves
she wore a blouse of innocent colour
her inner garments were truly chastity's fervour
so he just laid her upon the ground
and with his astral wings covered her ardent founts
to his utter glee the angels danced and fairies sang
he took a handful of moonlight fresh and filled her breasts
with silvery delights and slowly moving down the path
simply filled her heart and heavenly bowls with honeyed darts
soon signs of magic potions opens the lady who lustfully arts
some cool night breeze he whispers in and dew wet airs lips
there he sleeps her in a cocoon made of dreams and wishes
Gods in mercy gave her such heavenly lover,
Thanks to Cosmic beds and Cosmic beloveds.

SA RE GA MA

God Made Me Write And Grammars Are His Own Right

How could I refuse,
my god is making me write.
My emotions and passions
and expressions of joy
are because of the delight
of heavenly intimacies alloyed.

I am my beloved's favourite
and I was blessed
with delights many
heart when it overflows
with loves pleasures
how could I deny.

He makes me write,
he fills up me with love,
he pens me with Ink
grammars were let loose
at midnight hours,
drenched feelings knew no tenses.

what could I do
my dear grammars
have taken leave of me
I am in monsoon mood
that i am in spells of mistakes.

I am too much in love
deeply with the magic of love
my English is failing me,
as I fall into Alice's Wonderland
I am a lady, divinely crazy
my arms and legs do not obey me
I am sensuously insane
I am a soul with drunken Duo-wines.

SA RE GA MA

Blissfully Unaware Of

Grammar and phonetics
oh god I am unaware of
language and poetic dictions
oh god I am ignorant of
I am just a humble being
who want to submissions make
to eagerly awaiting loved ones
who open the page to read my heart
who share their heart to me
in simple ways without any school mistress sways
Oh god, I have memories sweet with loved ones neat
with intimacies like a monsoon weather treat
I have nostalgic hugs and kisses and plentiful shares
I pen them down here with an urgency like passionate lips
my poems I write not upon the pages of the poets of fame
but just upon the heart of my dearest restless for my frames
blissfully unaware of grammatical rules I pen my lines
really like a letter of privacy written to my long awaited destiny
these lines are meant for the beloved who cherishes my says
collects and chests them in her soul's printers like chick-hens.

SA RE GA MA

God Understands Human Needs

We think god is above earthly things
that he does not know
that we need love and lovely memories
that our ache for intimacy and
joy on uniting are our own secrets
that god does not understand
the language of man and woman chemistry

But we have been naive fools
how could a god who created
not know what his babies are born with
how could a god who generated
the world of beings not know what is love
and its projections in the mortal planes
we are too much of an idiot to conceive of god
as a Superpower except that he knows nothing of body love.

After all in his clay, he has built our bodies
then why not his feelings and emotions and dealing
if we are loving and yearning and craving and intimating
it is because God loves intimacies and hugging and being one

SA RE GA MA

How Could You Repay The Gratitude To God?

First you should learn
that you on earth is
but just enjoying
was born but just for fun
your job is just to let the life go
not to restrain the ribbons of colour
constrain the balloons of loveliness that sprays ardour
watch the beauty, watch the glory, watch the time
when you watch your breathing, it stops functioning
when you listen to the music, you become the music
when you dance you lift above the little body and
something pulls out of the limited spheres to sublime heights
repay god with love to your lover by kissing his soul
with unbearable sweetness that he suffers by too much vowels.

SA RE GA MA

Gratitude

I kneel down before my yesterdays
todays and tomorrows
before the beautiful moments of time
timeless they made my heart
my dreams and my wishes
all I realised are made by God
worked out by god
and finally destination reached by god
what I am doing here I thought
is only enjoying those lovely seconds
like a sun dial, like the sands
that drop little by little
I enjoy life joys
like the dye they mingle
with my heart's emotions
I stood single, now I am singled out
I was a shingle, now an Oyster Pearl
sand grains pained notwithstanding, I didn't cry
yes, cried did I, not because of the pain in my heart
but overwhelmed by the power of god, his love and his acts.

SA RE GA MA

Pilgrimage And Pilgrim

Really at the end of the pilgrimage
there was the holy land where god awaited me
he was in the idol I thought
no, he was in my completed circle of thoughts
he was in my fulfilled cravings and desires
he was waiting there to make me happy and full.

SA RE GA MA

Magic In Love

It is the beauty of the godliness within
the glory of the spirit that is in awakened state
the elevated soul, the blessed realm in which
the mind is resurrected and perched like a birdie
love is the pure attraction of the inner souls
spiritually united hearts that swim in divine fields
they cant refuse the magnet of adhesive impact
love is an inside phenomenon, a pull by the tidal moon
a powerful urge of the inner spirits to unite in festoons.

SA RE GA MA

We Come With Closed Fists And Go With Opened Hearts

A baby is born with closed hand
so many secrets of life is writ upon its palm
we live a life of magnificent charms
then we leave the earth with open hearts
when we love deep beyond what words can impart.

SA RE GA MA

He Walks In A Fashion

The language of the body
bodyline movements
how the knees to legs
hips to thighs
they move and
how the shoulder arches
and how the neck marches
all a poetry of mechanics and motions.

putting your hands in the pocket
walk like a blade of steel, straight and steady
with a pair of lips very thin and fine set
eyebrows plunging into the endless corners
looks that speak, that deceives,
hiding many a thing
drillers, lasers, swimmers, loafers looks

hairs that are nomads and gypsies
orphaned kids that are fashioned to be reckless brutes
that loot our hearts attention and affection with a beauty
that could not be created artificially stunning and stupendous
marvels of the body language plenty, plenty, man made and otherwise, women
slides and glides, fishes they put shame to
like an eel, like a snake, like a mermaid, like a plumaged one
really the body speaks of inner spirit's beauty that effervesces

He walks like a peacock, rocks like a true prince,
his hair like Lancelot, he talks with a sweet joy
waves like a billow, craves like a fellow
speaks and says hello, but when he died
he did not even say an Adieu nor heart taking farewell.

SA RE GA MA

Just A Rainy Night

Beating upon my heart roofs
were the incessant rain drops
he let fall upon one by one
I hankered for them and
they he let down from skies

so soft and sensual
tender kisses they floated by
life is a perennial bliss
when you cannot think because of
too much intimacy frothing and fizzling.

the three loves that you meet down the alley of life
one the body, next the mind and then the soul's or spirit's
body ladder's first step which is like the mandatory part
mind is a bonus which only is blessed upon the best
soulmates are born once in a millennium by Miracle wands.

SA RE GA MA

Sweet Melodies Seldom Could We Forget

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Hickory Dickory Dock, Mouse went up the clock
Little Jack Horner, Sat in the Corner,
Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb
Jack and Jill went up the Hill to fetch a pail of water
Piggy on the railway line picking up sticks
all are nursery rhymes that we could never forget
life is like that, sweet melodies are nostalgic memories
sweet hearts and sweet minds are divine born persons
whose hearts aka sanitary pads absorbs our pain and blood
at times of sad sufferings and desperacies as we struggle
all alone, the good jolly days, nice lovely hours
they like Wordsworth's daffodils flash upon our inner eyes
that is the seat of solitude, nature cure and panaceas.

SA RE GA MA

There Is A Song In My Heart

There is a candle in my heart
He came with the light
candle was within
matchbox was his
I could not extend the candle
it would become wet
as waterworks were set
the eyes were crying
with the love streaming.

So candle I bottled
in a solitary shutter
I stood like a butter
with melting speed uttered
His matchbox was ominous
with blow ups countless sinuous
So I withdrew to my shelter
my candle safe and secure belted
He came with the light of my candle
his candle light I could not enter
so I carry this song of the unlit candle
I sing when rains remind me in lonely slumbers
I can see the flash of fire works and heart aches
the gap the candle could not get lit teasing my sighs.

SA RE GA MA

Faith

It is a magic
yes, faith is a magic
it is so simple logic.

what we do in faith is
we tell ourselves
to our memory
our brain neuro transmitters
in the pages of our brain matter
or in our genes, in our DNA
we write with voltages high
of brain current and lightnings
that it will happen, it will, it will.

God created us,
we created faith,
god acquires power
to protect our path
to heal our pains
with the faith that we created
the faith is the medicine
to heal thyself Oh Man-son
every one of us is God' son
every one of us is Jesus
every one of us face the Cross
but we have our medicines at hand
faith of the heart that has realised
god reveals to the praying mortal soul
how the faith-prayer-power formula works
we pray-we don't think-our minds cleansed
we first don't think for few hours
then more, then more and more
like life pleasures faith grows more and more and more
sweetly the heavenly powers increase more and more
mind stops thinking first little then more and more and more
actions are guarded and propelled by the inner spirit
the spirit of holy that sits upon in the innermost heart
hallos the mortal to immortal visions and sights
So F.P.P. exalted resurrected and born again immortalised

SA RE GA MA

My Lord And My God

Revelation of divine being
its presence in your life
Unveiling of divine power
its miracles
when you are an ordinary human
among the multitude
makes you collapse in joy
makes you melt into a flowing Buoy.

Unfolding the glory of divine
by visions of golden balls
flashes of golden lights
that awakens your nights
and surprises you with frights
bursting of glows from airs
blue dots and gold lights
that permeates into your very being
that cleanses and purifies you
more than the baptising fluids.

I kneel before the Lord
who has given me understanding
because even in the night,
my heart warns me.
Lord makes me know that
he is always within my sight
that at any time he is there
that I am within his folded arms
like a baby in the hands of a mother
that i am protected and preserved
with his love and with his power for truth.

He is in every living and every non living
I know now and hence I talk to ants and spoons alike
I shall not be moved by the hurts of any
for I am now not facing the racings of many
I am not hurt or disgraced or even insecure or afraid
my thoughts and thoughtfulness,
my mind and mindfulness

my whole being is being lighted by his glory
I am just his sweet love and glory

For this reason my heart is glad
and my soul rejoices; moreover,
my body also will rest secure,
for thou wilt not leave my soul
in the abode of the evil and cruel,
nor permit thy holy one to be corrupted
Thou hath shown me the path of life,
the fullness of joys in thy presence,
and delights at thy divine feet in compliance.

SA RE GA MA

The Days Of Divine Glory

Basking under the grace of god
nothing is impossible for the mortal soul;
yes, the mortal soul pure and honest
simple and naïve and down to earth
is just vulnerable with compassion and kindness
sensitive to cruel matters and cheap emotions
though weak it is vehement to immoral vultures
though sensuous it is embittered by vulgar brokers.
Divine glory takes its own time but consistently appears
heaven's love is not for the rich but the poor who are wealthy
wealthy to heaven is mercy, kindness, humility and modesty
giving up all the unwanted learnings and bias and prejudices
faith, deep rooted faith, love and sensitivity to the pained ones
be one with the begging mendicant and pained maniacs
to bestow the glory of god by praying in faith for the deserved
the days of glory did ascend, pink of the dawn has awakened
the midnight cock has crowed and the crowning glory poured
the days of glory have come, heavenly compassion has flown
as you sow, so you reap, as you feed the ants and crows
dogs and delicate beings in and around you, so does the God
God in his glory is inexpressible and just an amazing wonder.

SA RE GA MA

Pain And Joy Oh God You Gave

Pain of separation is his
Joy of union is his
really I thought the pain is mine
and I sobbed and sobbed and wined
but i found that the grief that shook me
was not mine but it was God's sorrow
every pain that the soul experiences
is the pain of the holy spirit that resides within
the pain is of the creator who cannot show the creation
creatively the path to creativity- the joy of procreation.

Joy is his, when I found my love
when I fondly coined in my heart's secret dove
all the sweetest moments with soulful relish
whenever I in ecstasy sang and danced
it was his, the joy of the creation's dance
we left in darkness and sadness and silence
we met in glory and sage-d wisdom
in full moon light we met with fervent passion
in bright sunlight did we kissed in fashion
But in joining we realised the makers decision
It was God who combined us to enjoy out of compassion.

SA RE GA MA

It Was His Face

The sun dropped in
rains have wet night leaves
the gleam of joy
it danced upon the tender greens
as the dawn woke up with life
I saw the cross upon the water drop
the light of sunshine it reflected
as it entered the beautiful water drop
in all directions the ray of god spread
with the colour of a rainbow band
I saw his face, the saintly love and heavenly dove.

SA RE GA MA

Who Will Delete The Destiny To Meet?

Will you erase
the memories so sweet?
Will you miss
a concert, an orchestra, a ballet and beat?

Destiny is the fate of things
things happen as per Spiritual orders
Spirit is made up of mind disorders
mind disorders are arousal of inner powers

Mind disorders are spiritual awakenings
some mess up, some massage, some message
Mental disorders are always not defunct neurons
mind is just an outline of the painted picture

when things go out of the way
mind cannot assimilate the truths
and brain cannot suggest the agreeable ways
despair creates depressive maniacs

life is directly proportional to the mind purity
the ways of life and people we meet
is decided by inner purity or mind's exclusion

mind must stop thin-king and a(s) sking
mind must stop being both the above kings
mind must understand life flows as per spirits dictates
and ways of spirits depends on the wealth of purity.

We met, meet, will meet, have met, had met, have been meeting oh, this is the
path of spiritual glory and heavenly journey, who will meet who and whose face
will sink into whose eyes and glued to whose mirror and whose heart will sink
into whose heart well and how many births you need
to meet your soulmate who you miss by your foolishness
who could tell, who could delete the dogmas and comply by.

SA RE GA MA

Saints And Sinners

Ants are saints
bees are saints too
though they steal
from the flower beds yield
yet, they sweetly sip the honey
which nature designed so funny.

Ants are soft hearted loved ones
they are god's favourites
and in plenty are they
in shapes and styles and traits
they are purest and simplest souls
but what about humans who kill both?

We still don't know
that saints are in Ant forms
and in the form of
street dogs cuddly
cute and hugs-worth
Sinners are men
who care not for the ants and bees
and kill the beings, the saintly hearts.

SA RE GA MA

She Blushed Her Fair Cheeks Red

I stood
in the corner
my arms spread apart
to let her come into
my chest my darling best

she was lovely
she knew i will be there
but i was hiding
i can see her sly looks
abated breath and tender heart

she was looking disappointed
me she did not find in place
all stars fell from her eyes
her body like a stack of hay

like a lightning spark in sky
at rainy nights, painted lie
her breast twice went up and down
she spotted me and felt like a clown.

it was enjoy to heart
magic lips melt and felt
pulling strings cored and dwelt
I still smell her in my jacket molds.

SA RE GA MA

Romance-Pooling Love

Bathe suit is a beauty
I fell in love with mine own
it hugged my beauties
I giggled-charms in ease

he came by my side
and watched me glide
the water was wet
blind was my date

my towel he took from the stand
and tugged like a band
the scent of his locks
i wiped my heart and hips.

he was afar
purpose was in his car
towel was in his hand
so I have to walk up far

melodies in life
are memories sweet
he loved my looks
shy and strong hooks.

SA RE GA MA

Romance-We Were Sitting Side To Side

He was holding my hand
and we were watching the movie
his looks garlanded mine
my heart bursting out like a mine

He drew closer in intimacy
and the movie was flowing with same busy
the fan was amused to see us happy
we cushioned the sofa, the shutters more better.

Sipping more life and sweetness
man and woman, tender and wonder
solute and solvent, dissolving he said
don't come near me,
You are an untrustworthy liar.

SA RE GA MA

He Came With A Smile

He smiled in my heart
miles apart
you can see the gleam
and glitter in his eye stream

Masked, yet
lips hidden no flaws
laughing eyes
are birth rights

the space above the lips
are the most emotional hips
the flush of cheeks
tinging up to pinking noses

he spoke softly
caressing my thoughts
whispering eyes
they were singing tunes

masked, little is revealed
but that little was limitless
flowing down the two lolly pops
were promises of Aloha eyes

Priceless precious princely
shall I say, jewels of life
the key to heart's secrets
they were smiling at my Assets.

Restless they grew, me too
fairy tales, fables and parables
all sensual and smacking of sweetness

Cadburys, two milk maid treats
Ice scoops, double combo leaks
he smiled mask saved my delicacies
I lavishly hailed pleased and brailled.

SA RE GA MA

He Came In A Lotus

Buddha animation cartoons we see
when he walks, lotuses sprout
and he walks in those leading lotus beds
what a beautiful imagery and lovely messages

Gods and lotus, some are lotus eyes
some are lotus born, some are lotus hearted
some dwell within and now here comes a man with a lotus

we sat under a sunshade tree, the lotus trembling in hands
he could not pour out his views and usual feels
full was the heart within and fuller the air and greens

I knew, I knew, I did not even shiver my knees
they were trembling with fear of making sly squeals
the tree was watching all we did, our suppressed sighs
our silly lies, our biting lips and baby like laughters

our hands like the roots of banyan trees just stretched out
we did not touch, but the nails and hairs rose up to touch
the air was naughty, it my hair pulled up to his buttons of shirt

the crow was enjoying our quiet reposes and pulled my bites
to its side and still I like a petrified princess stunned by silence
said no to my heart and inhaled the killing ambivalence

You may think we are young, oh no, we are very old for these type of feels and feelings, we are weak at limbs and willing at hearts, soaked with emotions and swollen with passionate in things, but both simply sat like strangers-hearts embedded
but hands outstretched, strongly refusing to the body to awake but plunging to drowning such was the measure of the dopamine, the lotus petals at last he with due care and love
well conceived thought unfolded with soft fingers one by one
that's all the sunset drew, night birds flew in and we watched the nests and signals of birds and how they mapped their ways and signed with amaze, the flower was beautiful really.

SA RE GA MA

The Beauty In Love

When we are pure
I mean when you give up
all attached strings in life
like say I did, I wrote, I made
my money, my home, my status
all glories earthly
whose origin and source
or capability of existence
we credit to our
there also Our
in short
we credit that
we are the men of wisdom
or intellectual gaints
or moral priests
or atleast next persons to saints
or say we are the fathers of ethics
or inheritants of a legacy of codes
we are the moral models and
what not the most choicest of Gods creations
say the Blue Blooded ones like Hitler proclaimed

now coming back to the first lines
when we are immaculately refined
we give up even our urge to money
our idea of love also changes
undergoes transmutation
we know we are not just slippers and low lippers
we become more emotional to the air and sunshine
water and earth and greeneries and the monsoons
our love is elevated to a higher destiny and realm
that no more we are the morons of baby plants
we are fragrant with the beautiful inherent aroma of arousal
that we become one with the godly love rather than bodily
we ecstatic in supreme bliss, we love spiritually reclined.

SA RE GA MA

God And Love

You love
do you?
no, yes,
No, emphatic No.

Everything comes from within
what is within and where are you?
If I may say
there is no you,
you say Boo Boo.

Its like a recipe,
mind and soul
and You are the dish.

So, so what
now, you thought
we were two
you fell in love
I fell in love
but really we don't
we didn't.

So what the hell was that chemistry
what blood surges and accelerating harmones
those heart beats, aches and sighs
All bullshit? No, No, no..

Wait, patience and time are two precious eyes
patience watches and watches like the Swan
for the fishy things to resolve and surface.

Time is a beautiful metaphor for timeless existence
time is a lie, time is a cheat of man, for man, by man
its a cruel joke played upon man by man
clocks and cloaks, all man made inventions
okay, going astray am I, so back to back
the body has three bodies-physical the skin
flesh and blood and seeable things

the mind portion-the brain-the cerebrum and pals
heart and heart related passions, feelings and emotions

last but not the least comes the spiritual body
astral body made of lifetrans
how do u know, how do i know
that is the question and that is the answer
everytime we cannot invent English alphabets
to learn the language,
so whatever is agreeable to our state of affairs
I mean spiritual step in the ladder to realisation
of self and inner self and inner selves of outer selves
we agree upon and proceed, so who loves
the inner body, its made of lifetrans or life energy
your energy attracts my energy, in fact its gods energy
or just god, so in the Cosmic Ocean of Energy
energy atoms or core electrons, protons, positrons, lifetrans
they attract from the outermost shell to become an Octet
for tightness and security, intimacy and companionship
and stability of the mammoth wonder that is God.

SA RE GA MA

God Is The Golden Light

Eyes develop
yes, we see
the divine light
the divine glory
not with the human eyes
but the eye in the heart
or say the inner vision
or say from within
from the inner body
made of light
we start feeling
watching
touching things
we move
in the direction
of spiritual light
decision is made
by the inner being
we dont act
as per the mind
the mind then is no more
you feel one with the entire Cosmos
you know the path and persons
not by the visible eye and decisions
but by the power and grace of god
within, by the prayer and faith of
noble saints and dear ones praying for you
those who have become one with god
or attained holiness by purity of thought and action
they pray for the yearning, longing desirous beings
for the suffering multitude who pray miserably
god's angels are the saints who by austere and pure lives
of them have realised that once mind is calmed
like a transparent mirror god is clear
god is just beauty, joy, ecstasy, loveliness of a child
but innocence and tenderness and sensuality and simplicity
all are powerful because of the wonders lit up in their hearths

SA RE GA MA

I Could Not Suppress My Laughs

I was watching her
there was a beauty
in those foolish blushes

red with fragrance
and green with envy
yet, the coils of black hair
they refused to budge

standing up in the breeze
waving to me teasing
I saw her digging
beneath the sand

a little pond
and lifting up her looks
beckoned me to hand
into the No-Mans land

I could not suppress my laughs
sweetness overflowed from her deliberate flaws.

SA RE GA MA

A Splash Of Monsoon Dance

Monsoon came
with a huge splash
I was really washed away
with emotions vivid and held in a sway

Rains and rainbows
drops of water and dew in green leaves
sunlit gems and sunshine's drums
its a sight to see-amazing rums.

It is Rometry and Movies I love
Every beauty of films with a cup of hotness
Aromas and Aurora Polaris
hot wine inside the brine
sweet smells the lovely combines.

I love the camera and the music
intermittent dialogues and physics
chemistries are magic, biologics are tragic
they diminish my age and I forget I am a cabbage.

Syrupy- yes life is sweet and mellowed
when script and camera, music and messages
all in one dreamy era your eyes sip into
lipping in, tasting the ageless row-mances
Monsoon rains dance from within in rhythmic steps.

SA RE GA MA

No Words To Describe The Pain And Pleasure That Life Gives...

When I am happy
happiness overflowing
I cry, I cry to my heart's content

When I am sad
grieved by the stabbing pain
I sob, I weep, I beat my heart
against the wall of fate and faith.

Pain in life is very very cruelly marked
but the needles and glass pieces embedded
on the boundary wall we have to jump over
very painstaking patience and steadfast determination
yes, that's all that is necessary, they bleed, but You win can.

Joy is stored in every drop of being
in pure elements of nature, water and sky and fire
in air in the pure bliss of inhale and exhale
in dancing and singing and bird's beautiful voices
you find what you seek, beauty you seek, beauty you meet
love you exude, love you breathe in, exotic and esoteric

SA RE GA MA

Life Is A Joy: Inhale, Breathe In

Swim and enjoy
life is lovely;
Inhale and take the dip
waters are also beautiful;
Breathe in
the mountain vale
fragrances flower in
Just enjoy.

Why worry?
You don't decide
your past or future
your thoughts
or abrupt memories
whipped up from hearts
you can do nothing
about your life
in your life
to your life or of.

Be loved by all beings
beloved of some
kind and compassionate
not just the passionate
be kind to the birds and animals
beware of the wicked and crooked
and let your prayers be your weapons
faith be your mantle and armoury
live, eat, pray and dance merrily.

SA RE GA MA

How Would You Know?

God shows us the way
God is the Beacon
God is my ICON
quoth me
but the mind asks
how would you know.

Comments are the ways of god
pain and deprivations
hunger and thirsts
unhappiness and desperacies
failures and famines
all difficulties, all obstacles
that impedes your jolly rides
are roads to the pilgrims progress.

How do anybody know?
By constant application of mind
about the subject
and one fine morning
Eureka-Eureka-
apple fell upon Newton
gravity pregnant was born-ing
meditating upon matters
day in and day out
when the world is asleep
the midnight lamp of some burns
the oil and wicker spent
but knowledge and wisdom suckled
out of memories breast

To know about anything
sit upon the facts
stir up the Pandora Box
all unexpected troubles bees out
you become mad and insane
when your brain cannot contain
the memory buried alive- Phoenix-ed
when you cannot swim alongwith the tide

you struggling opposite has no hands to glide
you drink water, you drown, you drop dead exhausted.

Out of empty airs till yesterday, you watch golden balls
with every new beautiful thought life streams in air appear
you started seeing golden lights and new new theories
and postulates and laws of newton with poetries of motion.

SA RE GA MA

Which God?

I said God shows the way
now he asks which god
Oh my God,
reply I should
as I was the creator
of the question
Did I created the question
or was the question churned out
from the mind of cemented thoughts
How can I be the creator
after all I am a mortal
I dissolving every moment into Nothing.

Yet, from the annals of memory
god answers, willing to reply the question
God like Ocean, is just a water energy
or if it so pleases you, light energy
or wind or sound or any big energy
Bang came the reply.

Now Einstein you trust
you will ask, will you
which Einstein, will you
No, you will not,
since Einstein is a Proper Noun
and God is a Common Noun.

Yes, God is not a Proper Noun
neither a Common Noun
he is an Abstract Noun.
so which god, whichever energy
is swollen with the highest frequency
and wavelength in You,
what is the life energy
that gives you joy and makes you live.

Each according to his need
Your God is that Energy that is maximum in you
or in other words god has personified himself in you

in that form of energy that bestows upon you Joy
and happiness under your own body mind soul relationship
Each one like the blind men
who defines the elephant
ends up the picture of God
as it is drawn in his heart
or mind or brain or his memory

Which God is like which water did you drink?
water in the pond or water in the glass or sea
or water in the river or water in well or pool
schools of thoughts all are, gods are of different types
human gods too, idol gods, imaged gods, light gods
fire and tree gods, serpent and even body guards
God is a form of energy, yes, Einsteinian Energy
he changes and alters, in his forms and shapes
to each mind depending upon his absorbing self
Conan Doyle said you limit the things in an Attic
the more easier way it is to find out the thing you need
Empty hacker things from your mind, You find Your God
At the end of the day, when death nears and breathe fears,
Pain gains and panting overwhelms, fatigue overbears
time to leave the body drew nears, you are short of life
to think, so just let him be to us the golden eye,
Just the Eye that sees us and messages and soothes
that softly touches our heart to relieve our mortal phobias.

SA RE GA MA

Really! Which God? How Would You Know? God Knows

I said God is the Beacon
the question was REALLY! (Bah)

That is the hall mark of genius
honestly amused it shows
what I cannot see
you pretend to see
what I cannot fathom
you have de-veined
I love the comment
first they laugh at you
then they merge and laugh with you.
Every man who invented
was burned to ashes
every martyr sacrificed
even Jesus was crucified.

Buddha says never agree
never accept until and unless
You are satisfied.
In life my dear friend
some are revelations
they are revealed
when you are transparent
when your spectacles are neat
you see clearly
when your eyes are blemish less
your sight is perfect
when you unlearn everything
and pray in complete surrender
the essence of creation unfolds
it is writ upon your own Kabal or Brain
or in short you have been the Creator or God
when the time ticked not-Divine Clock just under cloak.

SA RE GA MA

God God God

Mysterious is wisdom
of the learned and saints;
God is so simple like an Algebraic Equation
or a Magic Trick or any Creative Art at climax
when any Art or magic is learned by heart
when you have mastered any music or dance in full
then you perform it is as easy as the gymnast gold medal
But educating the soul or the mind needs the right language
learn English, Spanish is Foreign, learn French, Jap is Alien
So like plucking the ripe fruit, right language choice is crucial
to read the heart of God, the language is just Submission
Just give up, Say Oh Man, up in the Skies or Heaven
or wherever you are in whatever beings living and non living
I know nothing, I am an Ignoramus International, save me
or shave me, kill me or spill me, love me or litter me
I don't care, its up to you, I give up, I give up absolutely
then when you sink down, fully pulled down by the
heaviness of drowning waters of life weighing upon down to earth ending up into
a bundle of insane nerves and nuts
nothing bothers you, nothing disturbs you, nobody can uncan you, as you into
the vast nothingness just simply bungee jump
without any strings or chords, no worry, neither future or past
he knows now, its his time, now or never, its his own making
God's duty starts where our duties end, his responsibilities
he cannot say No, I will not Do, You do, he do, she do, they do, we should shut
up all out eyes and just relax and relax
Bells in heaven will start chiming, time to act,
Action Hero he is the first 007, he enters the scene
and now he cannot escape from his role and goal
really how foolish we mortals are,
when Father is there, we sons are toiling,24*7
why, why, why, God will come down,
god will come with the light of seeing
seeing the truth of life and things
he will teach us the alphabets of living
and succeeding, he will, why not, he will
after all it was he who started the job
he is the First Start Up Man, the Original Entrepreneur.

SA RE GA MA

God-A Golden Eye

Eye sees
brain analyses
neuro transmitters registers
electric voltages signalled
pre-historic memories whipped up
comparison done
Oh, so this is that, so that is what it is
so this is how it should be, Oh what a beauty
this is how life should be and is now.

To every sensory organ
senses pivots
ear without hearing power
eye without seeing and
tongue without taste
nose without smellers
and skin without feelers
oh no, life is nothing, but empty and vacuum

But all sense powers are electric signals
voltages from brains currently coded
Power of Life is Vision of Creation
pouring out from the Energy International
Omni-potent, scient, present-OM+Ni
Brain like Radio Moscow broadcasts
what has been pre-recorded in heavenly studios
Buddha asked is our life pre-destined
are we born in pre-destined compartments
But he answered, you can redestin
by realisation, by understanding
that there is no You,
Mind transparency allows
wisdom to flow in
You start educating your I
before death, when I leaves to new I
you have finished the treasure hunt
the key to function the whole of a Man's Brain
or.....You become the Creator from the Creation
when you loose your false identity, you become You

the Originator, the blind mortal in you becomes
the Man with the Golden Eye or why Man
its a waste then, You become the Golden Eye
An Eye which has a view as precious as Gold.

SA RE GA MA

God Is The Beacon, God Is The Icon.

Faith, absolute faith
in Godliness is confidence in Self.

Seed is God
You are the fruit

Everything you see
hear, touch, taste and smell
everything that is beautiful
and sensual and beloved
rests in the heart of God

God mothers every being,
living and non living.
You walk, stand, sing and dance
laugh and smile and talk and breathe
everything that is within and without
all your thoughts and actions and their energies
all are the reflections of gods power.

God is the first Communist
he gave everything for everyone
there is nothing that he contained within him
he just spilled and spelled every syllable of life
to the whole universe that originated and expanded
Nature's Law alone erupted the Word of God
flesh and life metamorphized from words of life
even thoughts are living beings, in realms of spirit
actions are zero, if thoughts are zero,
thoughts are energy transformations
all energies cored into the heart of God
the halo, the gold light, the golden eye,
you see with your eyes, vision is God,
he shows the way, paths made of golden light
pilgrim travels to fill in the gaps of gold delight
pilgrimage to holy lands he guides us, he is CPU
he is the Man immortal, he is the Brain immortal
Man is his Idea, Man is his Robot, Man is his Echo
Man is his message, Man is his stories, Manclay his models.

SA RE GA MA

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SA RE GA MA

Mysteries Of God

They want to find the father of God
the atheists want to know
who created God

Well....

now Purusha and Prakriti
that is the Creator
and Creation
or God and nature
are more of untangible
in nature

God,
love energy
the golden light
symbol of purity and energy
origin of every life
and consummator of every life on finish
now, can you tell me
who would father light energy purest

Black hole contain light energy
but do they contain conscious light
will light of love, infinite, eternal and immaculate
come out of black holes?
Mysterious are minds ways
why think and dig up zig zag quagmires?
God is love, pure unconditional love is god,
all beings divinely created, mind mockery plays
God is the pure flowing love beautiful and immortal
found in ants and bees and birds and butterflies and buds
if you submit, god reveals, if you resist and try gods origin
and you a tiny babycorn, sturt up how far, how far can you go?

SA RE GA MA

Destiny Thy Name Is Delicacy

Delicate are divine ways
though we give God a thousand says
god is very graceful and elegant
he is the most subtle of all feelings
soft of all passions
fragrant of all emotions
smelling of all notions
smiling amidst all erosions
god is very sweet
his face is not as serious
and as grave as we present
in the church walls and temple halls
nor is he so pathetic and boring
as the non stop sermons of a church father
or school master who pesters the poor kids
who are born educated with his algebraic instabilities
Bible they read, yet god they dont read,
you by heart know your commandments
but not even the first one you do follow
Vedas and Vedantas, Gitas and Upanishads
mantras and japas and tapas and chants galore
they rant yet they cant figure it out
how lovely the lotus face of Vishnu is
when he dissolve into a charming smile of 007
Bibles and gospels are in head
but heart does not know how to see Christ
within every being of purity refined
so, delicacies are aplenty like Draupathi's fabrics
destiny made of delicacies 'To Be or Not To Be' is Yours.

SA RE GA MA

God Is Omniscient, Why Fear?

The Supreme knows everything
your sins and sacrifices
your offerings and prayers
yours wishes and wicked deeds
the eyes of god are in the sky of hearts
Why fear if you are faithful?
why fear if you are pure?
Why fear if you trust God?

Why fear whether you will be there tomorrow
or that your children will be protected or suffer
god was the original light
which split into you and yours
the beginner was Singular
You split up into plurals
your children are his reflections
you too, then why suffer in insecure terms?

Who created God, did he ask?
Who created You, did you ever ask
Go to the pilgrimage,
find how far the pilgrim in you has progressed
Go to the Center of your heart
take your mind to the core, focus upon Yourself
find the being, search it, find the U in You.

Now, You are one with God,
when you find You,
when your mind finds You,
You know You are the Ray
You are the ray of that big light
Ocean of light God is
your mind you the ray of that Sunshine
may be a speck of throbbing delight.

Again when u reach the core
u become just a combination of your senses
their curd cheesed and melted into Cosmic presence
some things could be explained, some should be felt

some could be told in plain and simple stories
but realisation by meditation and prayer is of finer sense
like the moisture in water, innocence of a new born,
hunger of the summer and calmness of the mountain haunts.

The sheer inner life of joy is God,
Joy has no parents, so does happiness,
sheer inner joy of life is also God,
God is an Abstract body of Abstract Nouns
now who created abstract nouns,
with no hands and legs,
they are energy transformations
so at the beginning was sound or light?
which is faster to travel, came first to sight
who saw, the self created light, light emanating from light
light transforming into sound and flesh and expressions alight.

SA RE GA MA

God Knows What He Is Doing

In the beginning was the Word,
and the Word was with God,
and the Word was God

It is a mystical reflection
as clear as a mirror image
that the saintly shall resurrected be
by God, as was the Son of God.

Word made into flesh
was the message of God
not spoken in Hebrew or Aramaic
but by the acts of Christ

Its a beauty, its a mystical beauty
a spiritual whisper
that created the flesh
from the thought energy of god.

God saw,
God is pained,
God decides

Just a thinking
may be a syllable to save
the creation which has crestfallen

Word of God
is a beauty in itself
silence miracles works to God

Why word of God
took the form of flesh
God is the Super natural Magician.

God loves his children
Earth is heaven
when minds are divine.

Earth shall be Eden
if mankind in purity resides
God loves his children
to save them from pain of fallen.

God knows when he pains us
with pain in thought and body
all pains are eyes to heavenly glory
all pains pierce the blocks in the hearts
and let us see more of the divinely ardor.

SA RE GA MA

Beautiful Hearts And Beauty

Beauty is in Purity
Purity is in preserving
the original as original.

Beauty is in Truth
Truth lies in preserving
the harmony of nature in All.

All beings were once souls
souls were seeds of spirits
spirits were energy cells free

When spirits zoomed into souls
souls boomed into babies new
babies saw and heard, senses anew
senses created their world called Mind.

Mind added and multiplies
the feelings and passions and aspirations
dreams and destinies and fortunes and favours
the Ocean Whirl Pool washed every cloth piece
of thought every day new dirty linen to wash.

mind is beautiful
when the mirror is transparent
the glass that light from soul permits
in full glory and its nature unfolds
like a Lotus with its vivid bounds

when the glass is neat and pure
the soul- the seat of creativity
creation and creator-the Energy
it exudes and beauty erupts
like honey wells filling

beauty is in the inner
it is the dweller or dwelling
that is made of that sweetness
when camphor is lit

room is perfumed
when sandalwood is rubbed
the touch-ed heart is fragrant
likewise when the core is unveiled
or open it emits its inner nature
and the whole word is beautiful.

SA RE GA MA

The Message On The Wall

Every day the angels write
messages on the wall
yet i cannot see them all
and I sigh that I am blind with eyes and all.

The world of spirits they express in silence
what tomorrow comes today in bliss
i am curtained with a mind full of malls
how to read the fortune and fate of mystery halls.

When Corona came, my eyes twinkled
heart wrinkled a little, oh death is not a wish
it is near, so it is true that body shall to ashes rush
that you are but a bowl of ashes grey hot and fresh

That Corona made me think that mine the day is near
was good for mine were nothing, only a buried fear
yet, I wonder deep within my slender jelly brains kind
must there be some wizard fig that could be mine(d)

Just to think that the poor mothers imagine their fate
just lasses of meat and flesh rented and lent, fairy tales end
we born of beings so soft and tender, kind and suffering
then we die for nothing was it that all torments fended.

Why did he create, the creator with the message on the wall
sending his angels to pen upon the prettiest part of us all
awakening us when dreams sweet were hilarious balls
putting us to sleep when we were ready to rush ahead to calls

SA RE GA MA

The Inner Beauty

Quite often
when we see a bird
we wonder
what a bird so tender
with a bird brain
and brief strain
with a little beak
and a stringed feet
could delight us
with marvels galore
and miraculous epoch

A bird tiny
with yellow fur
gives you a satin(ic) feel
though you don't touch
it gives you a hug of cheese
it speaks with those looks
clever and brainy
very expressive and shiny
though it is tiny
and looks very innocent and helpless litany
you know the inners are his highness' glory
Yes, Divine within smiles sweetly, without guile, without style
in simple and seductive purity it stays in our hearts
perched in the branch, it hops and flies and chirps
and goes away without giving a second look to our gasps
but it hooked its memories of silky fabrics into our paths
We snuggle into her cosy beauties and
sweater our hearts with glossy findings.

SA RE GA MA

God's Creation-Jasmine

Jasmine, the flower from the Paradise
smells with the fragrance from Angelic hearts
white as snow, pure as new born, very subtle
in its scent and smooth touch, very soft in texture
elegant and in rapture, like the danseuses of courts
very volatile in arousing the being, very truly flowering
with the inner beauty metamorphosing into ecstatic air.

SA RE GA MA

A Meditation On Beauty

Oh the beauty
that is personified
by every fibre of nature
filled in every element of future
present and past in texture
springing from the little moth
to springs of wilderness
and brooks of heavenly waterfalls
fragrant forests and soul filling gardens

oh the beauty
that is omnipresent
in every thing that love touches
in every being that exudes love

oh the beauty
that is omnipotent
and compels every being
to bend the elephantine knees
and kiss the divine feet of thee

Oh the beauty
that is omniscient
transcendental to normal eyes
visible to the vision of purity
in the form of golden glows
timeless, space less, formless,
speechless you mesmerise
when a sight of your immensity
the eye of luminosity opens

All are in me, but where am I
God Kingdom is within me said Jesus
then Where am I?

SA RE GA MA

Divine Shrines

Oh the beauty
the purity
the exuding confidence
and emerging faith
in love and trust of humans
without any pre condition
without any post condition too
the dogs are divine in love
watch their eyes
the gleam in their looks
the pristine beauty of their expressions
oh dogs are divine, anagrams over shined.

Puppies are Cadbury Chocolates
or Nestle Munch or much more to treat
they are shrines of god, abodes walkie-talkie
they with melting words, heavenly voice, touch us more
cuddly-cuddly that they are, they are gods own children cute
lovely, soft and subtly they message to us that life is beautiful
their innocence, their power of existence, cheering us
dogs are brave, puppies are simpletons, dogs are saints,
puppies are pupils, they are immaculate kindergarten kids.

SA RE GA MA

Dogs Are Divine, Puppies Are Shrines.

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the exuding confidence
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their innocence, their power of existence, cheering us
dogs are brave, puppies are simpletons, dogs are saints,
puppies are pupils, they are immaculate kindergarten kids.

SA RE GA MA

I Was Searching Myself In You

It is just amazing
the way human beings start grazing
we gazes graze and feed upon hearts
lots of emotions and passions we gulp in
to end up either too much light
by fishing too much yielding hearts
or zero in reduced to nothing to anybody
never say ever, we sink heavy and stink to self.

Its just a magic spell
youth and teens are dopamine's swell
the equaliser comes very late in life
you fall for yourself swimming around
searching The You in others blissfully unaware
we don't travel within, we don't love ourselves
instead we fall in love again and again fooling self
I search myself in You, I end up halfway and spew.

SA RE GA MA

Seek God Within You, Time Is Running Out

Every day said The Buddha
treat it as the last day
I say every hour
treat it as the last hour
every moment
treat it as the last moment
because death may delay
your bliss, your home coming
your reaching your temple of God

The Buddha was great
when he said You are what you think.
Be pure, you are pained by what you cling to
Your pain is because of your attached thinking
unwanted thinking makes you feel miserable
time is running out, god's patience is being tested
realise you are your own god, but stoned
a curse or a boon, you are the idol you are worshipping
you are within you, in the form of stone, stoned wisdom.

Can't you see, what the Idol you worship says,
that is symbolic of the stoned god within you
Your God is within you says Kabir like the Musk deer
now why are you in quest of the smell and fragrance queer
Seers and Seers seek you, but why dont you reflect upon you
within you, when the mind is made calm and focussed
just shut out all thoughts, keep on hanging to the golden light
just focus on the golden lamp that burns yonder
just stop that breathe that is the creator of thoughts
just understand that the thoughts are carried in by breathing
Prana Yama is meant to control breathing, you can stop it
and find that the thoughts are no more, they cant disturb you
thought gone, breathing is at your will, then you are the God
of Yours, Each of Us are different Gods, We are Gods hidden
We are stoned gods, cursed by some odd misfortune,
only a pure mind without any Ego could importune the Grace.

SA RE GA MA

Meditation Is Like Washing

You wash
water cleans you
your sweat holes it neatens
and body is neat

meditation makes you see through
the debris and dirt that has accumulated
through ages in this little cheap mind of mine
I shall vacuum clean my mind and dust remove
to see me, myself, like in a mirror
once again as I was, in God's heavens
may my true self effulgent and delight gleam
may my being be calm and spiritually divine
be pleasant and smiling with indulging in cosmic wine.

Meditation is invoking the purity of mind
by taking out layer by layer the mud and clay
and finally the subtle inner vibrations speak of rays
that cleanse all perversions and distractions and doubts
the inner soul all peaceful, all polite and modest, in cheers
when you realise that you were really immortal and eternal
not bound by time, but just as fresh as you were at birth
never tainted, never could be touched by any dirty of earthly minds, never could
be spoiled by sundry mortal thoughts
when you learn that you are the exalted being but ignorant
ignorant of the true beautiful self within you have wasted all
these long long decades in pain and fear and lonely wanders.

SA RE GA MA

Pain Me To Learn Thee

I cry when I am pinned with pain
the thorns of pain when they prick me
I weep with grief, but not more than
when the fear of loneliness hurts
not more than when fear of death engulfs
not more than being alone and weak
I am sad and suffer when pain of body makes me writhe
but oh god, then I pray, pray fervently, till my mind oscillates
till my thoughts crazily races through with they prayers
till i vibrate with the echoes of your prayer
till my being shivers with the force of the sound of my prayer
yes, when pain pierces through me like lightning arch
when pain pricks me like bristling spears
I cry out your name and pray frantic and wild
but oh god, then when i wail at high pitch mad and insane
You come out of my heart and raise your hand and allay my fear, you stoned
deep within me, when I shriek with fear
and shattering all known decibels cry aloud in pain
fear, insecurity and loneliness and agony
then, you come out of the temple of stones in my being
you are extracted by the excruciating pain of my mind
You emerge out, surface, churned out like the Immortal Elixir
Your presence you make known, your light Suns my sky
you ages back at the time of origin of creation stuck into
my stubborn inners, I having lived through adverse ages
bronze, iron, ice, cave, neo, paleo and what else I donno
now, you have just Panda dozed into my inner layers of feel
I when whisper to you, You never bother, I call, no, you care not, I higher and
higher raise my voice, no, you carefully avoid
and when after all these, I, when my ageing flesh pierces like a blade my blood
refuses to flow and blade like cuts my inner nerves and headaches me, my status
reduced to sausages
then, when like a delivering mother, I boldly cry out
banging my heart against the Mercy's Wall,
Now you appear, as if, this is the moment you were waiting for
So you give me pain, I shall cry in full, You come out
so that my fellowmen could atleast live with the faith that
there is this fellow called God, the Creator who slept slyly
after creating the world bound by the word of law of nature.

SA RE GA MA

The Lamp Within The Heart

Deep within
the feel
you can see the glow
glow of light made of golden shade
yes, that is god, the clueless guide.

Deep within
when you meditate
upon beauty
giving up your identity
just enjoying the sanctity
you can view the picture
of power and elegancy
both modesty and sternness
captain seated in the core of fineness.

Heart is the mellowest hearth of feelings
emotions and passions and beautiful affections
don't affected be, let the feelings flow down naturally
like cascades of silk fabrics, let them glide down smoothly,
be at peace, after all dirts and sewages and waste thoughts
finally when all the venom and evil has been thrown out
they are not yours or neither are you the creator of them
You are not what insults and disrespects and cheaps made of
you did not create those filthy intentions and mind analysis
you did not create the ideas of dishonesty and demeaning ills
jealousy, anger, greed and at last the nude cruelties crude
the vortex of shame and viscous volatile viping urges
no, no, never, they are not yours, You just a mortal splurge
but give up them, surrender to joy, pure joy,
what is not yours why cling to those unwanted ploys
you know body dies, Buddha told, man ages, man ills,
man dies and salvage lies in clinging to what you are
what is your origin, that which is steadfast and strong
which will never be burnt by fire and carried away by wind
which will never be timed out by the ruining run of time
which will never be stolen by others and demeaned by value
You are the inner joy, peace, blissful thing, the core value
you have value, you have beauty, you have intelligence

you are not a mortal meaningless silly existence
just come to stay from the pangs of miserable pain of a mom
into this world, a bundle of flesh and meat in blood and pain
You are a jewel in the bundle, you are a gem in the carbon,
you are the music and painting, you draw, you sing, you hear
you are the beauty you worship and view, you aspire and sigh
You are the dot, the golden dot, the tiny lamp, never dying
the golden light flickering day and night, no time can touch it
You are the giver of all Abstract nouns, the origin of all
heal with the power of knowledge all your pains and ailments
your goal is to understand where is your home,
where is the home of the mind that strays
its within, well within, the minutest core of concentration of being.

SA RE GA MA

Steps To Gods Grace

Why rush in
why gush off
why dash to
why hurry
wait
god will appear
where you are, as you are, be you are.
he will come as it is, no change is needed
be truthful, honest, clean and neat, kind hearted.

Pray with faith
hope with dreams
laugh without derisive scorn
laugh with innocence drawn
that's all
god comes in glory
to the soul that is simple
pure, modest, unattached to riches
have riches be colourful be wealthy
but don't think they are yours
they are divine given, divine and blessed
Steps to glory are seven signs
step to glory is in gods heart
he may desire to reduce the steps burden
by just elevating you, exalting you, be innocent
be innocent of crimes and cruelties of mind and body
the way to heaven is difficult, but heavens come down
to seek you if god so wills if you are kind and kindred to all

SA RE GA MA

Enlightenment Is Here

When cool air
eats up the hot sun's cruel waves
and gives the wayfarer
the beauty of relaxed slumber
under the green tree
Nature's wonder
it's nice, it's sweet, it's a pleasure.

God is the golden light
a drop, a speck of dust, an ocean,
what difference does it make?
God is complete and full
even in an invisible electron
God needs no mammoth form
to prove his presence or power
or existence or emergence or favour

When you remove all the waste in the thoughts
when you delete all the mind illusions and imaginations
when you control the monkey mind that is turbulent
with the vibrations of thought and Ego ejaculations
when in simple the mind is silent, when all senses are soothened by simple
beauty of calmness and quietitude
when I sense of looking at things is gone
when I sense of talking and thinking is gone
when you realise you are not the decision maker
nor the authority in charge, but the Spiritual realm is controlled by the Invisible
beauty of Visible inner visions
when you understand that you are in the Physical realm
which is just the surface, the floating body, the superficial
and that beyond and within is the Spiritual Realm
that contains the quality and in thing that the Physic is made of there god is born
just as a jewel's shining, dazzling amazing.

SA RE GA MA

Ten Commandments

One is enough
but stick hold
just abide by
what your conscience says
Conscience is the voice of God
it will never fail you
Don't forget to hearken
to the voice of God.
what else,
everything is contained
in the voice of god
god is just a set of rules
law is god, god is law
nature is bound by law
law creates the forms of nature
laws and rules uniformly creates the Universe
every thought, every minute speck of life expression
every emotion, every seeping reaction of senses
every beauty, every murmur, every vibration, every truth
in nature abides by and is governed by the Acts passed in heavens unseen by
you imprinted in the golden dots around.

SA RE GA MA

An Evening Rain

All day
the hot sun took life
its juicy youth and joy
it took and made man tough
there was a reason for every stage
learn and work and earn and survive
the birth was from worlds unknown
but survival needed skills to the newborn
in the evening like a melody to the moon
rains came, cooling the aged body, eaten by fatigue

life at birth
different to many
rich and cozy
poor and raggy
hunger eating
biting the inner stomach
pins of paining worries
predators preying upon orphans
life is not a game of roses for the streets
life is a game of thorns to blinds and stunted
yet, if you could pray with faith and carry you ahead
maybe in the evening rain of blessing realisations
you could survive and dash to the end, shouting in glee.

I am not in a promising land
but I am part of the Kingdom of God
my air is full of spiritual realms
my outer carbohydrate is physic firm
but as age is catching or past is burning
yester life maybe is deciding my presentiments
present tense is may be the product of bygone acts
yet, as I am mellowed in the heat of truth and suffering
I am metamorphosized into the golden glee
I can see myself seated on the golden throne
in my golden heart in golden soul
all my corporeal things just dress to shrug off

SA RE GA MA

I Am Searching God

When I am searching god
he seems to be after me
but I never turn back to look at him
but he is sweetly after me
he is sitting in the mango tree
like a squirrel, crow and little ant free
Up above he is sky, its blue and beautiful clouds
down beneath he is brown earth, its smell and fertility
as breeze he streams through me his fragrant kiss
he falls upon me as rain and fills my heart with bliss
he is everything | needed and everywhere I heeded
yet I without understanding his true nature
am searching him in books and bibles, sickening rites and rituals, gospels and
vedas and puranas and mantras and tantras.

SA RE GA MA

Beautiful Doggie

It was like a flash of beauty
it came bouncing down the lane
a fully haired, beautiful doggie
very cute black eyes
pricked up ears
lovely tail, full of hairy flairs
long body, black and white
it belonged to the Pomeranian breed
lovely, cute, expressing its love and affection sweet
oh god, yes, it was as if God was doing a roadshow
as if God is dancing helter-skelter just to amuse
his devoted followers searching him in big big things
just a fun, just an amusement by the divine being
teasing us by hiding within the little Pomeranian and
wagging the huggly huggly tail and peeping out from
watery heart through wonders called eyes and bubbly looks

SA RE GA MA

Body Is A Bullshit

Let them flog you
spit at you
shun you
despise you
mock you, bully you
nothing happens
the inner you is you
it is the home of your heart
it is the seat of the divinity
don't worry
all that happens to the mind does not matter
matter is only molecular existence
you are the inner consciousness
which is untainted and pure
just a streaming continuity
a harmonious beauty
did you do any guilt
overcome it by repentance
bear the punishment and pain
pray with faith and healing powers run
but if the tormentor still runs his show
nothing will happen, his access to bodily shows is a shit
as The Buddha said, he will face his own Karma, his Sin
he shall take back, don't accept his insults
to the mortal remains of yours
remain calm and composed, the body is just a bullshit
You are within undisturbed and strong, powerful and dawns.

SA RE GA MA

Currency That Is Worth The Gain

You spent years of life
for money, in dollars and rupees
and euros and pesos and liras
and the whole story ends abrupt
when you are dead
with no leftovers
now, you are an invisible spirit
and what the paper currency spits out
in your world of liquidity and insolvencies
so wasted was your life all tedious and tiresome
all youth and energies spent for just an un-worthy sum

Now, come out of the currency paper and find out
whether Time currency will solve the matter
whether you can purchase your life time
no matter whatsoever, life time is heaven's worth
getting no clue? watch the movie 'In Time'
those in ghettos are those who need time to live
and royal are those who have plentiful bank balance of time
yes, you can have the time currency, its nice and fine
but yet, what is the use of life without any joyful shine
come on bliss, you are my currency, but what if life ends
bliss is only lasting as far as meat is not paining
you need money for the bliss slide shows and side shows
time passes by, pain comes in bones and heart and head
so, bliss also passes by, cannot be trusted with.

So now stop the time with expurging the mind body
now, what remains is the continuum-there's no start or end
no beginning or final, there's only consciousness in full round
in a circle there is no start and stop, so is the heart circle
the currency bank is in the core chest of the heart
it is the finest reserve of purity, the money of god u receive
when you are pure and it permeates through the transparency
that is obtained when mind is done away with or cleansed
without any imprinted thoughts or impressions or gospels
mantras and tantras, japas and tapas, chants and wands
nothing is here, only purity, the stopped thought, you are baby
you know everything but you know nothing, you are before you are born, just

vacant, but complete and full and complete
currency from the cosmic banks easily available to pick up
and double and triple without any loser and losses, but Joy

SA RE GA MA

Purity Is The Way To God

Forget everything
don't remember the books
they ask you to memorize
the volumes of parrot feed
they make you glutton
just be pure, its the way to god.

Don't go for rites
forget customs and rituals
do not kill the poor lambs
and offer their blood with suffering memories
every being has memory, dont inflict pain
in other beings and offer their dead bodies as yours
writ upon the meat are the murders you have committed
just be pure, its the way to god.

Purity is the core of the heart
just above is honesty
being honest you need a person
to tell the truth, the blatant truth
to call a spade a spade, insulting others
though you never have wanted to
not that you insult intended to but they asked it for
whenever sins in rem are committed, you have to stand up
as if you are the one and only in the creator's babies
who should stand up and shine and flash your flag of God
Honesty and things above like greedless, corruptfree
are all things that need a man and that makes you targeted
you become the Martyr, the lame duck to aim at,
the talk of the town, the slaughter pig and the easy ass
for the Lions, the unforgivably soft meated deer
so juicy and fleshy, newborn without any know-how of escape

So never for upper echleons above purity you go,
be pure, be silent, be carefree, be joyful, be smiling
be friendly with even the dirtiest rapist and cutthroat killer
let me go his ways, you yours, your currency is your purity
its in fact the bank you bank upon, it fetches you the arms
the weapons for buying and selling, buying glory, safety, security and selling

others evil doings within you
you buy your protection with purity and sell away others evils
be pure, be pure, in silence heapens your power and wealth
god is not realised by honesty by being a person with entity
but by melting into nothing, but simple purity, a golden glow
you are beneath the apparent consciousness the golden glow
mind is nothing but a mountain of clugging thoughts messy
give up mind, sweep it, erase its smudges, delete the baggages, wash it and
sanitise it, quarantine it, fumigate it,
be pure, no mind at all, walk the road to inner purity
marathon to inner purity, your days are numbered,
winner you be, not looser, give up the sanskrits
give up the gospels, give up the testaments,
you are the testament before you,
your experience in life, you the very you is your Bible,
don't waste time in learning Sanskrit, Hebrew, Arabic
Your days in this mortal flesh is numbered,
fly to your innermost purity, sit and meditate,
unite with the love of living, the lovely essence of all senses
just become one with all the sensibilities and uproot
the separate person that is you from the divine Ocean God.

SA RE GA MA

Like An Onion You Peel And Peel

Mind is the outer layer
within lies the calm inner
mind is made of thoughts
inner is made of subtle beauty
mind is the lyrics
inner is the music
within the music
the third world lies
made of the charm of spirits
in deep silence,
in peace and eloquence
digging down the gold treasure
are worlds below
i am not greedy,
i need only twenty twentys
let me place my heart in the second world
and relax and laugh and smile and freeze into gold.

SA RE GA MA

God I Inhale, God I Exhale

Stop inhaling, you cannot think
stop exhaling, you cannot wink
everything is in, everything is out
but not what your mind is made of
somebody messes up the mind
by slinging mud from drains and sewages
the crowd you meet muddies the mind
don't worry, all stones pelted,
all vortices created
everything that unstabilises mind
will soon be uprooted with the mind calm down
soon, mind will calm down, greeds and lusts
wants and desires, evils of world will stop bother
you will rise above the rest and exalted be
realise you exhale and you inhale only the God
his truths, his compassion, kind acts and melting heart.

SA RE GA MA

My Hobby

I pray
yes, that's my hobby;
my days are numbered
yes yours too,
you are not aware
but I am
I pray, that's my hobby.

I pray to awaken
myself from slumber
to wake up my inner self
to arouse the second world
within me, deserting the first world
that's the mind world,
let me enter the world of divine
I pray, yes, that is my hobby.

I am never bored
i can pray always,
anywhere and everywhere
in pure silence and full noise
in the mob, in the crowding voices
even amidst strangers and enemies
who fight with me as a hobby
who ridicule and bully me with lobbies
I pray, because that is my hobby.

I pray, just to ignore unwanted minds
I pray to indulge in divine kinds
I pray to improve my faith in God
I pray to expand my consciousness
I pray to consummate God's salvation
I pray to enjoy the bliss with the united soul
I pray to please my lord, my creator and my father
I pray to be pleased at the feet of my father

I pray to forget all worries and surrender in seclusion
I pray to be healed and to heal with faith the mortals
who are sad, who are forsaken by hearts, who are in blues

I pray because I love praying as a source of power and arm
I pray because soon the currency of money will have to me
no value or worth and with a body of spirits I cannot see
I pray to accumulate the currency of divine purchasing power
I pray to heap the currency that shall fetch eternal truths
eternal longevity and immortal bliss, Exalted and Blessed
I pray because soon my prayers and words shall be coins
gold currencies that could buy the world and universe

I pray so that every second I could better myself
cleanse, erase dirt of thoughts, delete sins, wash off
my hands from unbeautiful confusions of desires
I pray because before I die I want to realise him,
the one who is called God by one and all in every religion
who is breathing through every pore in every being
who is the vibrant energy which condenses breath to words
to thoughts to essential ideas to core intelligence lit in purity.

SA RE GA MA

Prayers Of Faith

Pray with faith
the spirit is within
pray deeply
first bathe the mind
let it be pure
thoughts may come and go
but thoughts are just thoughts only
they have no permanent abode
in you, you are the calm delight
turbulent vibrations will soon stop
as midnight moon ebbs and waxes

Pray with faith
love is divine
not flesh made bovine
humans are not cattles
that has no self thinking rattles
we know that the Kingdom of God is within
but it should be awakened by self effort and sheer will
by prayer, the master will guide us to lands unseen
pray, pray with desire to realise the cosmic spirit
pray with the knowledge that real joy is deeper than skin

Pray with the faith that life is within
and not without,
pray with the truth upon your heart
that god is within your apparent mind
mind once subdued, soul glistens with light
pacify the passions and realise the real Passion of Christ
power of prayer and power of faith heals
when the healing is perfect and complete
you become one with you only, not anything new
just you like a doggy after bathe shrug the waters of mind
by a strong shaking of the unwanted mental roughages
down within arises the golden temple of God consciousness.

SA RE GA MA

Passion Of Jesus-2

To suffer, bear and endure
with patience the final period
of life well aware;
the Lord of Patience
with the crown of thorns
made of sins of mortals
a week of cleansing
purification by penance
anointing with divine blood
the sins of evil deeds of unholy men

Triumphal entry into Jerusalem
Cleansing of the Temple
Anointing by devotee, Last Supper,
Agony in the Garden by roman soldiers
Arrest, Sanhedrin Trial
Crucifixion and burial
and resurrection of Jesus
are Gospels of Passion narratives

Sorrow of Mary, the mother of Jesus,
Friday of Sorrows also tearful as it is
Seven words of uttering,
first of forgiving,
second of salvation,
third of love for mother,
fourth of painful separation from Father,
fifth man's pain,
sixth the exhilarating joy of consummation of sins,
and seventh the final unison with the Heavenly Father.

May our spirits always remember and recall
that let us not crucify the Lord in our hearts
let us not succumb to mortal sins
and let the holy sacrifice be wasted in vain.

SA RE GA MA

Passion Of Jesus

The week ahead
is the story of Pain
Pain pre-destined
Sacrifice pre-conceived
Creator under blood stains
for the original sin
mortal sinned
because he conceived his life.

God pays the price for his own creating
God's son he laid down his own flesh and blood
he writhed in pain, he wriggled under thorns
he stood with patience and penitence for the mortal's sin
mortals sins, sinned, sinning and will be sinning
till the Satanic minds are uprooted and burnt to ashes
till the demon in man malignant is expunged to naught
mortal will sin, not knowing he sins, when he does so.

Passion of Jesus begins with
entry of Jesus into Jerusalem
he knew that crucifixion is near
he knew that his own dear disciple will deceive
treachery and deceit was well written in predictions
but yet he came, he came in a donkey, not horse
he the King of Universe, of every inch and space
the Creator of every iota of being and being of every iota
he who was the holy spirit, god and himself he entered
in a donkey, to bleed, not stealthily, but openly
in faith, to faith be spread in word and message and acts
to send the word of God to every human being world across
that life is not what body says, does or suffers or puts up with
life is lived in the word, deed and message of faith in God.

Passion of Jesus is the last week just before Crucifixion
when he faces the last throes of mortal campaign
in our combat with the evil and immoral forces, ill as they be
we like Jesus shall fight till the last drop of blood
knowing we shall be uplifted to the heavenly domains
where we, the real we, the inner Spirit of heavenly faith

shall be protected and preserved and to heavenly bliss
be led to in true healing touches our wounds will be done
we should stand with the Passion our lord stood up with
we shall face life not as worldly beings for fame and money
ill bought and ill brought, renting our hearts to falsehoods
but be blessed with immortal faith and eternal truthfulness
let the Passion of Jesus every moment enlighten us
not to simply outshow our prayers, but to be truthful always
obey the laws of divine, not holding hands with evil and wicked and dirty minds
with immorality and adulterated thoughts full of sinful soiled erosions, unclear
and unethical.

SA RE GA MA

The New Rain

Hot summer took a dip
and a quick bathe
in the new rain
that came out of brains
of skies, blue and black
like all new rains
it was full of smell
earth clay filled the air
hugging water droplets delayed
hastily wind rotated the leaves dry
and the fruits plucked awfully ripe
dancing breeze in hurricane mood
revolutionized the air with falling foliage
waterised, wet and soaked feelings vocal
some sang, some banged against the musics
some joked, some bellowed with top laughs
some paper boats took to the kids of my age
some nostalgic filmy looked
wandered with all hungry mouths
hearts heaved
lungs sighed
levers revelled
Rain came after the gruesome summer heat
the heart of passions like peasants Upped
with hopes and dreams and hot felt beats
treat it was treated by angelic charms upbeat.

SA RE GA MA

Tell Me The Truth

Truth is
god is
just a continuity;
a full efflux of energy
a big golden egg
made of visible light
just too transparent in density
to looks whose intensity of purity
is insufficient to divine the beauty;

to eyes that does not permeate
the divine body into and out
the senses does not grasp
the sensory powers don't work
the sensibility is not awakened
the golden light is the Universe
the whole of the world is just
a single expanse of golden light;

in meditation,
the mind is converted
to visioned inner eye
inner eye of mortal
is the cosmic golden dot
your portion of gods wealth
your inheritance or legacy
or baby god within the mortal meat;

when you
on meditation
shrug off the mind sillies
you reach the inner stage
or station or place or home
you are at home,
when your mind is stopped

from chatting
and on un-batting
blabber things

you least know
first thing shut up
the bloody mind
that speaks all nonsense

by first distracting it
to music and drawings and paintings
once completely distracted
it loses its fighting spirit
now slowly imprison it
by love of musical insightedness

slowly dissolve mind
in the original beauty of sound
let the mind forget its rumbling self
in the ocean of sterilised equilibrium.

SA RE GA MA

You Are A Golden Spot

a light drop
are you
am I
is he
is she
they and we all

a golden dust
it's speck
just meditate
upon the thumping heart
they say visualizing the golden delight
but oh no, heart is behind the face
in the pituitary gland
in the brain

but what is brain
brain is the hardware
mind is the software
brain is the matter jelly baby
the electric messages that matters

neuro transmitters
the chemicals in the jelly world
they conductivity ensures
of whats ups to and fro
really everything happens
up up up, in the sky of endless space

are we just chemicals
just the electricity
that passes when discharges occur
in the solution
the chemical expanse in brain
the bowl of jelly
are we just the solvent, solute formula rally
finally, are we just a spot of silly upper hill rally.

SA RE GA MA

The Spiritual Path Is Soft

When I sit before the painted airs
I see the aura of the holy saints
kneeling my heart smiles in glee
softly unflowers the budding beauty of Mystics land.

Mystics land is just in the emotional air
really it is not even emotions, but floating feelings
not feelings but tranquil bed full of dreamy visions
the soft furs of angels they brush my bleeding illusions
with powders of realistic revelations and little pains.

SA RE GA MA

Why I Was Born

Every birth is an expansion
its the metamorphosis
of the energy into a finer form
sensitivity in you
suggests wisdom
beacons of marshy lights
they guide you as you are
your footsteps you walk
your path your heart draws
discretion is mortal's gift
an evolution from ants and squirrels
and sloth and bears and fishes and what not
so many, so many, mortal has within him all animals
birds, aquatic and land, mammals and egging chirpies
we contain all the universe since we have evolved
from the minute speck of sperm to mammoth blue whale
and carbon-dated we are still dating with old memory bales
born to sow the faith in the creativity of creation
inbuilt energy of healing powerhouse vocal
to give a hand to the failing and falling desperacies
to water the parched hearts
off sadness and doom-eyed desps.

SA RE GA MA

Spirit Of Cleansing

Cleanse ye body with water
the colourless beauty;
the clothing
the hugging
the washing
immortality.

Cleanse ye the mortal flesh
the meat of man with water
water the mirror of nature
of multi-dimensioned pleasure
water the maiden form of manly Ice
and Baby vapour, that leaves her
hot and anger, jumping outside her holds

inner spirit is cleansed by prayer
by faith that good act lends god inside
god is not in prayers, but prayers lead us to god
prayers chanted are scissors cutting off
the clutches of mortal from mind fettering
cleansing the spirit is to free the mortal from mind
by turning focus into beyond the mind realms

second step is to just dissolve into the super natural beauties
just to let loose into the beauty of wholeness of Creator
the cleansing causes the spirit to expand and powerful be
give it the throne to ascend and judge the world without
and guide the delicate mortal from within with no stress
but gently wave away the disturbing path crossers
Spirit of cleansing is jubilant and holy, uplifting and ennobling.

SA RE GA MA

Liquid Of Life

Water is for quenching thirst of the mortal
love for the thirst of the immortal
when same is made from the mud of divinity
painted with purity and immortal clay of saintly sanity
the love oils the light of the soul-the lamp in Winter's gravity.

Pure love is
the liquid of life
when pain pinches
the flesh and bones
when heart is parched
of life affections and funs
when there is nothingness
killing the suffering soul
one word, one smile,
one dollar, one drop of love
love makes life melt and move,
mobility to life love facilitates.

SA RE GA MA

Crow Is Sweet

Crow velvety black
or common black and white
its also cute
with its talk show
magical voice
has changing notes
says hello
love your food
or like the taste
or why now you failed
to give me yesterdays bread?
that was better than today's
Crow shows to us
with its beak
that is needs biscuits
or peanuts or some pickables
also lifts the curtain cloth
and peeps into the room through the windows
and looks into, it knows your face you see
memories never fade with crows and squirrels
it has different accent for different emotions
and it shows its love for you by saying hai,
in crow sounds, before putting the beak upon the bite,
what is the most cute thing is it recognizes you from others
and appreciates the friendship with some pattern of voice
which you can understand and crow can counters land.
its look speaks a lot, conveying, asking, answering, nodding
god has created the bird user friendly its brain in complete
but man with a big brain uses only little and thinks to rust.

SA RE GA MA

Some Silly Musings

So silly, yet heart heaves at the sight of a rose
deep brown or pink or butter brown and fragrant hose
it brings nostalgic memories of years past
when u smell the Jasmine wonderfully aghast
when inhale the rain mud's ravishing scent
and watch the boys play in wet weather all spots
when they jump into pools of cool green waters
splashing and splattering heart dreams cups up wines
silly when I see a squirrel its black eyes, pink lips and tail
its a total beauty, the being inside is a fountain perennial
feel nice when baby cats and dogs mew and melt my overalls
in my easy chair or swing of olden wood, mirages of tales
from old lyrics of gods and goddesses they richer and richer
expand my mind, with newer revelations, like soap bubbles mixture.

SA RE GA MA

Thirsty Poet

The poet in me
is very thirsty
my heart is dry
commentless it sighs
beauty and poetry
are reader's choice
whether they get entry
in the beings for Ahoy
its taste and tender buoys
some inner stimulation
that results in a comment
what is in a comment
yet, it is a heart to heart
faceless app
I a thirsty poet
I ache for, yearn for, desire for
yet too much a Ego that speaks not
within I spy the worming urge for a response
who is not on earth for a knot-hot, a cot, a pot of Pub
a dab of Yardley, a dancing belle, a dove lovely, Jolly Hub.

SA RE GA MA

Eye In The Sky

We all think
god is in the heavens
in the abode in blues
in the golden retreat
high above sitting atop
the world watching us hop
we like grass hoppers
from pillar to post
toil for never ending hopes

We think there is an eye
in the sky, the peacock-ed looks,
really golden eyes are everywhere booked
they are to the hearts of faith hooked
souls afloat of saintly hearts
bowls of divine milk in invisible arts
come kneel down and shred your egos
forget you are a earth being, your name and fame
simply sit upon the mud earth and dissolve into the frames

God is neither above nor below but in the feel
the feel of purity, honesty, trust worthiness and compassion
kindness, camaraderie, commitment and elevating profusions
of simple innocence springing deep within your emotions
come on, have faith in yourself not in god, but yourself
the good emotions within you, that decides which god you are
humane feelings you bestow upon desperate fellow beings
that destiny of the god within you sharpens and shapes too
Be honest, don't lie to self, don't enjoy by illegal means
by insulting divine passions and immaculate emotions
God is not eye in the sky, but within your inner heart lotions.

SA RE GA MA

Revelations

Gold lamps
or golden hearts
carried by hands
of divine angels
I see them
stand before my eyes
no, not when I look
or where I look
but above the forehead
between the eyebrows joint
saintly floaters
golden glows flutter
i do wonder
are they divine hunters
in search of good souls in plunder

SA RE GA MA

One Nostalgic Moment

I love early mornings
they are silent
free from mind rumblings
no mortal soul whispers a word
early mornings are like cake and wine
they are delicious and divine.

sip the hot coffee
the aroma
kick starting
your slumber's blues
hotness of the mug
hugs and glides down slowly

sweet sugar
oh creativity's best
whipping up
taste buds-unquinged

dawns-molten,
swollen
with mellowed silences

soft vibrations,
sheer presence
of nature's grace
like flavour essences
the air magical with effervescence.

early dawn
life forms sleep
twinkling stars speak
intelligence
in inter stellars leaks,
me simply molten and meek.

SA RE GA MA

Now Is Yours

This moment is mine
Yes, entirely;
I am happy

laugh like
flowering crackers
cracking apart
heart's silence

with joy
and overjoyed
with nothing
but sheer calmness
this hour is mine

i share it
with you
everything is everybody's
is it mine?
Yes,
and yes well it is yours
and yours is mine
oh no it is all Ours.

it is
like a floating fragrance
brought by the wind
breeze of
sweet smell
carried by physics

it crossed your path
and then comes to me
i catch the balling beauty
of life and spice

that passes your breath
of divine purity
and comes to me

and settles in my soul

This hour is mine,
oh no, yours
its nobody's,
it belongs to itself

it is its,
the fragrance
adheres to fragrance
wind and rain,
soil's smell,
sky's blue
all graceful forms

all nature's bounties
belong to themselves
I am drunken,
intoxicated
with nature's
wine of Joy.

from the fountains
of eternal purity
I dissolved
and solvent
am I no more,

Just a solution's component
or party or molecule or atomic scent
anyway,
time does not flies,
neither escapes my grasp

i care not time's silly, willy-nilly trifles
every moment
that is now, is mine
and mine only
shared with the millenniums
light years or milky galaxies

I am a continuum, you too

we are, together,
a continuously moving divine light
the inter-space
between you and me
is no inter-space
we are mere light materials
full of wisdom and intangible wondrous
we are a single ocean astral light species

in the laps of mother
nature's perennial holy basin
Just swimming, oh no floating
Jolly jolly, just a folly folly
yes, i am just a folly in creative ideas
a rained bow in white universe,
a musical texted in symphony and verse
too luxurious to exist, i just a butterfly brief.

SA RE GA MA

Songs And Songs

Take breathe deeply
and listen to them sweetly
how many, how many
maddening the meaty meaty hearts

so much, so much
tasty tasty like chocolate munch
dripping with cocoa and almond lunge

I love songs
lyrics that are string instruments
music that is wind instrument

winding my emotions and
stringing my passions and imaginations
in the invisible life thread full of hallucinations

what a sweetness
dopaminizing my neurons
coated within with each song

like a Cadbury bar
mellowed and mouth watering
heart's pot jaggerised and Jasmined

sugar, wine, jazz, heavenly musick
makes be sick of overwhelming sweetness
Just, an opened pickle bottle near my food plate

Yes, all i need is a whiff of the lyrical ballads
animation songs of Walt Disney salads
little rum from ruminating rumi like Rafi

Urdu songs full of decoded heavenly secrets
songs of every tongue, they haunt my inner ecstasies
I am done, I am flat, I am impotent before their intricacies.

SA RE GA MA

Be Happy

Relax

look up

stars are smiling

sky is winking blue

buds are butter blooms

dawn is sweet pink

like the lips of lambs

moon is perfect round

like art of finest sound

silvery moonlight

streaming down

shivers run pulling out

your inner hairs

in ecstasy, in joy,

in fantasy-oh Boy

why stress up

when miles could be smiles

if you say S

between S and No

say S and you go go

GA GA goes world

why displeasure

life is a leisure

invented by Good old God

god slept away like Rip Van Winkle

after he blew into life and spice

in every being he kissed into the Universe.

Enjoy, Eat and Joy,

let us dance and sing Ahoy

life is beautiful

see the waves of glory

heavens of stories

angels coming down

in rain waters skating

and surfing in Artisan well fountains

Jump, run, dance, hop, twist, its a must

Life is in living, you must dance and not rust

Be happy live is a poetry, full of lovely lyrics and lust.

SA RE GA MA

Don't Worry

Life is not so serious
don't worry;
if you are ill
there is will
try to distract the mind
come out of the thoughts
that make you focus upon
again and again that you are unfit
and make you feel moody and melancholy
remove and delete these unfit to live words
from your brain and come out and think aloud
that you are the god of your body
you can decide your destiny, fate and future
by being kind, honest, truthful and humane
they are weapons and medicines for healing secrets
come on, you are your god, your inner you can heal you
your ails and ailments, sick as you are, heals completely
by your inner goodwill and growing wealth of niceties
love self, keeping on loving the beautiful flow of life
from you, remember, you are just a speck of light
a sparkle in the ocean of light energy,
a spot in the milky way
a tiniest unimaginable invisible microscopic spot
raise, unlearn all nonsense taught by religions
you are your god, your good things, positivity within heals
be happy, celebrate every song, every music that floats
distract your thoughts to watch how beings survive but man
find how the ant in your house finds its life and love of life
grow, expand, absorb, adsorb, vivaciously enjoy nature
rains get wet, breeze inhale deeply, sky glue upon the blues
earth, smell the mud and flowering plants, their aromatic hues
fire, find the blazing stamina of Agni,
the purifier, your Purushartha-the manhood that stands up
Relax, come alive like the Phenix Bird from the Ashes of sad
be less heavy, let your past not bother your present and pass on baggages of
laddening gruesome bulges of depression
Laugh, smile, love self, love others, enjoy the beauty within
don't frown upon ugliness of nose or eye, lip or skin-deep
Relax, don't worry, who are you to worry, this world is God's

its his job to take care, your throne is within and expand it,
let the mind energy become love energy and forget all frowns
deep within make a decision that brain world shall change
the next moment and rule the YOU with calm, serene stage

SA RE GA MA

I To God

I am dying
of curiously stings
to know god

I am watching
him come and go
temped in and temped out

I count his signals
at dawn and dusk
from skies above and seas afar

I meet him in the hearts of wayfarers and arts
in babies of birds and bards
still am I entangled in his goldilocks.

I have no trump cards
to seat him in yards
to feat him on Yogic lauds

I prayed and stayed
praying till my mind zeroed in
I won the game, now I am dissolved.

the beauty is
when I set on to unveil him
what first revealed was my I-age.

Yeah, I spy
game you know
who spied whom?

Did god spy man first
or did man spy god first?
Mortal man and Immortal Guy.

Erased mind's block holes
Deleted underground potholes
Dis-linked all those spooxy tools.

wipe wipe wipe
sweep sweep sweep
black holes absorbs
the story tales religion cabled.

till in the golden views
in the ethery rares
my eyes found gold airs
faith lensed- purity tears

sucked in
and tucked in
black holed,
metamorphosed

thoughtless I
in purity's pyre
it emptied all tell tale mind impressions
into lovely Phoenix's tears.

Phoenix my own inner Phoenix
my yearning winged and willing to Epics
dripping glow of fiber optics
magic anesthesia-mind energy MC2ed into light

Auras of golden butterflies slips around
Golden spots, Animations of gold souls
God-gelled with ere before

I a wealthy golden weightlessness
no mind, no brains, no grain in my memory
Happy Feet, in hot sips
Purity's luck dips.

SA RE GA MA

Early To Rise

Wake up at four
and four things and more
your precious prizes they are
one is shine in your eye
then sleekly tummy and thighs
third is your finished chores
fourth is the funniest door
yes, the door of divine
that opens to exits
it sagas of ills
saves us by sixes
without any pills
or stocked up piles
forgive me, made it most polish
early risers have natures fresh aura
inhales of mindless divine plethora.

SA RE GA MA

Classic

Some are classic
some are worn out;
some are music
some are noise
some are angels
some are giggles
some are thine
and they are tiny pine
others are wine
and they are fine and ever shines.

SA RE GA MA

Fragrant Hearts

Some are
perfumed
I mean hearts
like candies and cakes
darting us directly
with a jasmint
I mean the flavour
of a Jasmine nostalgia
they are cool and cookery recipes with
they cook any mind with madness rich
or confused, complaining or confession's stuff

fragrant hearts have smiling looks
bright innocence spilling like fountain brooks
sweet lips painted with smelling words
always pleasing everybody around
they have a mysterious aura surround
blue blooded men and women
beings that carry the Drew Barrymore looks
or Charlie's simple funny tricks
that makes your laughter balloon burst open tripped
tipsy with joy you jumble and humbled be,
fragrant hearts are like puppy tails always wagging
with inner wisdom and in-depth beauty, singing
melody of life's humors with lyrical ballads unforgettable
they are unforgivable stealers of gullible hearts honest
genuinely they rob other hearts and disrobe
the cold wall of Airs melting the frozen baggage's stress
relieving a constipated heart with a deluge of non stop mess.

SA RE GA MA

Life Is Blown Into Blues

Life is blown into blues
sanguine eyes
sacred heart
divine imparts
the tidal waves that thrashes apart
are subdued with Buddha's golden quotes.

Never give away:
nothing you did
no guilt is yours
but intention is You
Connivance is You
Dishonesty is You
Immorality that is You
Change You
there is nothing constant
the only constant is Inconsistency.

no past is yours
nor future
You are what you think
if you don't think
You are not what you don't think;
you wont be punished
memories punish mortals
delete and erase mind courtyards
where meeting with elusive hearts
kills the charm and beauty of life's sprouts.

SA RE GA MA

Life And Love

Life is blown into
by divine lips;
by angelic cups
milk is fed
and life born
by nature's designs
opens its eyes
and meets the mother
she teaches the new born
what love is and little by little
life and love like mud and water
beautifully paints the memories wall.

Mother's love matchlessly a beauty
but soon come the Dash puppy
it comes with cuddly cuddly love
cute and cooing, its demands are decisive
it rules your heart the moment it jumps
upon your possessions and person and trophies
your hold it loosens and tightens its grip
tossing your heart from games to bathing tames
Dash pup is divine mother's hub
seen many a pups, but dash pup is aggressive asker
the rascal robs your heart as it robes pull and refuges in skill
Mum and Pup, they are two loves, two lives, duos to pray
there is nothing in life but life milk of mother
and demand of love that a decided pup smothers.

SA RE GA MA

Beauty

A new born puppy
a lisping baby
a jasmine flower
a twinkling star.

A Dolphin loving
a singing Cuckoo
a Jerry mouse mischief
a sun bird nestling.

the mongoose sleuths
babies cuddly cuddly
flying fish schools
funny dolphin darlings.

beauty begins with
when I goes
when mind mirror sees
creator's original beauties.

beauty baby is in blood
in genes, in heart, in passions,
in fashion, in angelic looks,
in gasping sights, in gluing delights.

Beauty is when creator within
sees creation without
when the describing lyrics dissolve
when eye-eyes, heart-sighs, body melts,
when elements of nature mingles without shingles.

SA RE GA MA

When The Roses Bloom Again

It took time
but it ripened did;

the little sapling
was lying hid
beneath the sand bed
behind the mosses spread
and the world did mock
the madness ripened
in the blossom to flower
to laugh a little but laugh deep
to dance a step but artfully skip
to sing a line, but the soul in lyrics.

a little wind
a lovely breeze
a cup of tears
from heavens ears
yes, they did fell
to unfold the bell
that Godly dwell
music was in Spell
Yes, life did cling
tiny dots beats did sing
frozen lips pinks to the wing.

In the soft bud well
its smell smiled
a sprout, feebly spilled
the heartbeats filled
magic air dispels the tragic
Born again- god's wishes
Hands of the divine had the shield
time is done, faith cures, prayer kneels
the trampled rose with wings uncaged
up to blues and high in the heavens aged.

SA RE GA MA