

Poetry Series

C. P. Sharma
- poems -

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C. P. Sharma(July 12,1941)

Chandra Prakash Sharma (b.1941) worked as Head, Department of Economics at M. M. Modi College, Patiala (1970-01) . He was nominated to the Academic Council, the Board of Faculty and the Board of Studies of Punjabi University, Patiala several times during this period. He was guest faculty at the Punjab School of Management Studies of the University (2004 - 07) . Prior to this, He was General Manager of International Medical Devices, Gurgaon, a Company manufacturing ophthalmic devices in India that found its market many countries the world over.

He obtained his first Postgraduate Degree in English from the University of Rajasthan as student of now BITS, Pilani. After working as lecturer in English in a college in Haryana for a couple of years, he took his second Masters Degree in Economics from Punjabi University, Patiala in 1969. and later his Ph.D. in Business Administration from the same University in 1987 under the Faculty Improvement Program of the UGC, India.

engrossing Dance

To be alone isn't easy
God ever walks this way
Bountiful are His gifts
In love He ever sways

Self-bound worldly men
Don't allow Him to be alone
Keep captive in temple walls
Throng in moan and groan

The universe hangs in balance
Attraction and repulsion repose
The beauty buds and flowers
When the seeds decompose

The union of opposites
The mighty magic create
When Eternity mates Time
Engrossing dance recreates

*Inspired by Ashok K. Bhargava's poem 'Walk Alone'.

C. P. Sharma

***invisible Painter**

Who is this painter
sketching on the canvass of Time! ! !
He paints ever new
wondrous too
mostly joyous
sometimes blues
his wandering mind
has changing hues.

Thunderous clouds
dark and deep
out pour heavily
parched land's thirst meet
we the people
rich harvest reap.

On trees and plants
new petals grow
on pastures and fields
green grass grows
new seeds sprout
crops hopes hold out
flora and fauna stand
in sprightly dance
all around
the freshness flaunts.

In verdant meadows
shady grooves
hear nightingales'
melodious koos
in the morning
birds fly in flocks
the lovely scene
in blue sky rocks
the birds twitter
the hearts flutter.

The starry sky

happy moonshine
in dreamy looks
lovers'meet
Cupid greets
on sea beach.
His paintings excel
creations dance
in them have
the bliss of trance.

In weird moods
he paints doom
the earth quakes
the buildings shake
they tumble down
as house of cards
misery scenes
all over abound
homeless cry
stay in open grounds.

Floods and droughts
havoc play
no food, no fodder
life in disarray
under water volcanoes
shallow and deep
erupt more often
than eyes meet
outside volcanoes
moulton lava sprout
render region lifeless
ejecting clouds
of stones and fumes.

Ever new scenes
the painter paints
evokes new feelings
diverse moods
innumerable thoughts
his mind broods
in ever new color

the painter paints
sometimes demon
at other the saint
original his paintings
inimitable paints
we worldly beings
have our constraints.

C. P. Sharma

*jacaranda Bloom

Returning from my morning walk
Me jacaranda bloom love locked
From a distance it caught my soul
Purple hue my mind clean bowled

With it now my soul entwined
Its pure glee captured my mind
Walking fast, soon i reached there
Standing there for long I stared

Like Jacaranda I have shed leaves
Bliss is now my mind's creed
Thoughts just crisscross my mind
It made me just reason blind

In worship it showers its flowers
I just bow to its flowering power
Life is not for power and pelf
For bliss surrender ego of self.

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*love?

Cupid's arrow
struck so deep
She came gasping
asking me:
What is love?
I want to know!
I want to know! !
Cupid shot me
his floral bow.
Her impatience
couldn't wait for words
I touched her mind
conveyed through
my glance and smile
to let her know
Love's true profile
My fingers moved softly
on silken skin
Caressing her
the love evoked
Submission in
its thrill invoked
She asked for
more and more
All that there was
in love's store
I gave a kiss
on red rose petaled lips
In deeper dives
of love she dipped
Her heart throbbed
with pleasing prick
She had felt love's
first strange grip
She said,
'Open up sweetheart
I don't want our lips to part
Tell what is love?
Tell more, still more

The freaks of lovely
Love Store.'
I gave her hug
Tighter it grew
Her fragrant tresses
Into my face flew
Panting for breath
In faint voice she said:
'In its bondage
I feel free.
I am the violin
You are the bow
Your bowing skills
over my bridge rove
As on my fingerboard
Your varied grips hold
Musical symphony
from me flows
And in orgasmic
bliss I glow
My feminine glory
My love bestow.'
Her face blushed
with bliss in mind
She asked for more
that was in store! ! !
I told her, in love
there is much more
It has roses and thorns
sensual smell, and
fragrance of flowers
Bliss of union, and
suffering of separation
The labor pains, and
joy of new birth
Waving mustard fields
and parched lands too
It is an incessant stream
flowing down mountains
to valleys and meandering
through plains merges into
all inclusive vast sea

It is impetuous as the sun
and soothing as the moon.
In love our universe
holds balance
In love the planets
Carry on their dance
In love the heaven
And earth meet
In love the nightingale's
Sweet tweet.
It is the soul of religions
The essence of scriptures
Devout and divine realization
Result of penance and meditation
Source of inspiration and freshness
The Ultimate Law of Universes, and
The supreme prayer of life.

C. P. Sharma

***my Boat**

Soul shines in pure white
Holds hope eternal
World a net of colors bright
Entices in joys diurnal
Tears trickle down, joys fly
Azure Ocean reflects on sky

Kites fly high in the sky
Echoes of loud laughter
Soon kite gets cut
All that follows is disaster
Roses and thorns together go
In search of shore my boat I row

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***rosy Rose**

Lost in rosy scent
Delicate as rose petals
On rose bed relax

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***soulful Silence**

Hours passed in silence
We sat beside each other
Not a word transpired
Eyes told of several births

Like the sun and the flower
Sitting at mysterious miles
But when the sun shines
They spontaneously smile

On the full moonlit night
Sea bares bosom to the moon
Howling winds turn into music
As they pass through bassoon

Word of mouth might slay
Soul silently surges its way

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***we Are Born Dressed**

How ignorantly I say, we were born naked!
While exquisitely His creations He dressed

Beautiful fur coat to the reindeer provide
Pinkish fawn is the spotted deer's pride

Colored feather coats the birds adorn
Fearsome stripes by the tigers worn

Chameleons can change their dress hue
Each living being's color code safety imbues

The civilized dress code is a trademark
While even the trees wear leaf and bark

In Nature's dress lies beauty and health
The civilized 'burqua'* is waste of wealth

Made up dress is a commercial term
In made apparels the being squirms

*burqua is an enveloping outer garment worn by women in some Islamic traditions to cover their bodies when in public.

C. P. Sharma

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Life
re-linking
a broken chain of
lost pieces of memories
of pleasures, pains, losses, gains
Scattered here, there, everywhere
And I know not from where
It is busy in its repair
In wiping tears
Taking care
It steers
clear

C. P. Sharma

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A Bubble

A momentary bubble
puffed up with ego
in myriad hues
I glow through
years of span
memories
millions

I appear and reappear
until the drop dries up
into nothingness
into thin air
whence I
came

A haiku
of seventeen syllables
I read like an epic
with heroic saga
of wars that is
storm in a
tea cup

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A Bumble Bee

A Bumble Bee

This, my body is made of clay
It sheds off a gram each day
It started its journey as a lump
On the watery surface bumped

I gave it the fabric that holds
The beauty of mind and mold
Made it up in radiant colors
Lighted with grace and valor

Nurtured it with flesh and blood
Stunning ornate gems in it I stud
I made it my favorite doll
Rolled up into pride scroll

Since it lost the link with me
It turned into a bumble bee.

C. P. Sharma

A Divine Feat

From God's belly button
a lotus sprout
On it sat the creator
God asked him to stretch out

He found him helpless
in doing the job
In utter despair
His heart throbbed

He knew no other
Therefore, he was sad
He meditated
He needed a launchpad

He himself into two split
A man and a woman in kit
You are free to give a name
A picture in your mind frame

They could be the Adam-Eve
Or may have been Manu-Satrupa
As the stories religions weave
At stages in diversity the life loops

At first cooled down mother earth
Prepared bed for rest and food to eat
To the early couples, it gave treat
To procreate, and dance, a divine feat

Code for regions and seasons devised
Flora and fauna for them designed
A different lifestyle to regions assigned
Keeping in mind the land and clime

With the passage of time
Now we have cross breeds
With engineered gadgets
Sort out the religious weeds

Fatherhood of God
And brotherhood of man create
Let there be religion of mankind
And life set straight

C. P. Sharma

A Feeling

I have a feeling
that this material being
made up of five elements
is preparing to disintegrate.

It is time to dissolve into
The Earth
The Water
The Fire
The Air
and
The Sky.

This decaying body
made up of the matter
is losing its halo

Once again
the immortal calm is
descending over my being.
A state of perpetual bliss it would be! ! !

C. P. Sharma

A Film Song

O! Queen of flowers
you ride on spring
When you smile
many hearts are tossed
Neither my heart is wakeful
Nor I am in my senses
Seeing into your eyes
devastates my being
O! Your lips
rosy lotus clips
In these two petals
love's poetic dips
Telling me of
our love-laden talks
from your luscious lips
inebriates me
Sometimes tight embrace
sometimes hesitating grace
Going off the way
sometimes being naughty
That lifting and dropping
dropping and lifting
of the eyelids veil is staggering
The cool ambience in the air
the youthful clouds
your flowery offer
all your grace
In each your twist
hundreds pubs
In your stumble
many hearts crush

I listened to the following song at the Ram Sangeet Sabha yesterday evening. It prompted me for this a humble English rendering of the theme of the song. Knowing that a song can't be transcribed I did for those who don't understand Hindi. There might have been many more attempts, I am unaware of them. Enjoy with its Hindi track.

A Fool

I write no poetry
I sing no prose
I simply quack
Like balcony crows

I was divine
I am born a fool
I am ascetic
Know not my school!

I crave freedom
Slave of desires
My clay mold
Me backfires

In utter confusion
I make noise
Foolishly play with
Perishable toys

C. P. Sharma

A Haiku

Body, a mud pool
It's your choice how to emerge
Bloom as a lotus

C. P. Sharma

A Jester

How strange it was when I had birth
I cried, around me was joy and mirth
Childhood at others hands was a toy
As toddler, prattler danced to their joy

Boyhood to parental dreams did yield
Youth yoked in ploughing fertile field
Now, when I am of age, I concentrate
On self-dialogue and to contemplate

Before this, I knew not my worth
Around me worldly joys were girth
Those have now left me one by one
I know now how they made my fun

Now for all my follies I laugh at me
A jester, I sang and danced in glee

C. P. Sharma

A Lighthouse - For Yoonoos Peerbocus

In Muse's Ivory Tower sits
Wisdom and wit transmits
Filigree of imagery knits
Golden hue from there emits.

On budding poets first glance
His short bits courage enhance
He sings with soulful romance
At his tips musical words dance.

His poems his nobility reflect
Metaphysics eternity connects
From ocean's depth gem collects
Weaves them in garland perfect.

Boats on the surging sea
He intact holds the key
Often he sits at sea shore
Just like a tall oak tree.

On PH he sits as lighthouse
The poets' conscience arouse.

C. P. Sharma

A Scenryu

Kind to animals
For abandoned her heart beats
My noble friend Claire

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A Senryu

Love asks sacrifice
It is not a mom sis house
Your ego renounce

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A Sparrow

one fine spring morning
sitting in my chair
newspaper in hand
basking the sun
in front of my eyes
a scene thus run:

a sparrow perched
on nearby neem tree
sailed to my verandah
and sat on the sill,
in front a looking glass
a while she sat still
a little thoughtful
a little perplexed
finally she was
bitterly vexed.

her own image in the glass
she couldn't tolerate
to beat it with her bill
at the glass she knocked,
so madly she did drill
as if 'the other'
she would kill.
in doing this
she broke her beak
all over the beak
the blood did spill,
ignorantly her own
she couldn't bear
mercilessly her own
with her own beak tear.

frequently she visits,
she now understands,
she comes with her company
but I never saw the repeat,
she and her company

seem to have known
the harmony in Nature
to places they have flown.

WE 'the roof and crown of things'
spill blood of our brothers
some times on 9/11
in US and fly
again in Jaipur and
Bombay high.

How long will go on this bloody trail?
When will the harmony in man prevail?

C. P. Sharma

A Wish

As stream of consciousness
Changes the course,
Its infinite dimensions arise,
When we rise above this body,
Only then, this truth we can realize.

So, you should know it well,
I am not going to die.
When I depart from the body,
In a new dimension I shall rise.

Call not the people from far away,
Let not there be any hue and cry.
I am immortal, I cannot die;
A simple funeral you should try.

Waste not the time in wailing and waiting,
A peaceful departure I would wish,
My blessings shall be with you, my dear,
You should always in life flourish.

C. P. Sharma

Abyss Of Ignorance

Hiding and revealing
Both are charming
The one is attractive
The other is seductive
In the whole TRUTH lies the bliss
Ignorance is an abyss.

C. P. Sharma

Ads Game

God gave men
the Garden of Eden
To be carefree
and be its warden

Satan came with
his ambitious plan
He was the first
of the textile clan

To cover the naked truth
he secretly met Eve
with colorful samples
diverse textures and weave

Satan was the first
big business tycoon
He knew very well
on what the woman swoons

He also knew
the value of ads
So he designed
the artifact fads

He created brands
and brand names
So as truth gets lost
in his ads game

Now we have branded
water and air
Branded food
now stares everywhere

The truth and values
are now lost
Fake and false are
valued most

Media and magazines
are their tools
People their victims
Time's fools

Ads alone now sales boost
Health and hygiene pollute
Brands today rule the roost
Brands compete in open loot

C. P. Sharma

Advice - 4: Write Your Destiny

Contemplate at your hands In the morn
At their front resides the Goddess of Wealth
In the middle dwells the Goddess of Knowledge
At the root is the abode of the Lord
Write your own destiny

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Karaagre Vasate Lakssmih
Karamadhye Sarasvati |
Karamuule Tu Govindah
Prabhaate Karadarshanam ||

C. P. Sharma

Aham Brahmasmi

The world is because I am
In darkness, I am aberrant

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C. P. Sharma

Allah-Ram-Jesus – The Same Flame

Anjali+,
Your words come out from the soul,
If you know the story as a whole;
Or let me tell as I have known it,
Accept or reject as you deem fit!

God in His oneness didn't enjoy,
He couldn't relish what is joy?
Of its monotony he was cloy;
Garden of Eden He employed

Duality of mind and heart ploy,
Satan and Eve, He there deployed;
Civilization was His intellect toy,
So joy happiness he could enjoy.

The civilized man a crafty crow,
Out of the game Him he throws;
To worshipping Him confined,
In inert objects Him enshrined.

For some temples for other the books,
Mosques and idols devised the crooks;
From the equipoise, the men deviate,
His miseries and misfortunes aggravate.

O man, for peace your soul search,
It lies within not in temple or church;
In it the mind and heart combine,
The unity in diversity's feast dine.

Anjali+, an eminent poetess at

C. P. Sharma

Allurement

The alluring world
Tramples the eternal soul
People fall victim

C. P. Sharma

Am I God!

Often I see me alone
Sometimes the whole universe in me
There is nothing without me
May be, I am God! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Am I My Mind? Or My Mind Me? For Ivor. E. Hogg

Mind wanders all around,
It never needs a ground;
Its nature defies control,
It's used to rock and roll.

When it finds the fertile ground,
It takes you on merry-go-round;
All impossible looks so possible,
You feel all in life is Rosabelle.

It is the apple of all discord,
It makes people draw sword;
Into abysmal hell it throws,
You bear barbaric blows.

Like cowards everyday I die,
And in infernal fire I fry;
And the parting pain we feel,
It deems life a difficult deal.

I am not mind nor mind me,
Mind plays see-saw with the sea.
Ultimately the heart consoles,
Eternal rest-house is the soul;

C. P. Sharma

Amazement!

(I met Kabir)

This morning when in trance,
At my body I had a glance,
Me, its composition amazed,
How deftly are the elements caged! ! !

I met a potter, the Earth,
At the wheel she had berth;
Carving the pots so fine,
No artist can ever design.

Its every piece was unique,
Built with a perfect technique.
She had designed a cage,
Nine exits she did stage.

The Fire provided it the fuel,
The Water did keep it cool,
The Sky did its limit provide,
The Air bird was there inside.

The Air fanned them all,
Them in their places install.
The world suddenly became alive,
It was at the Marine Drive.

The bird inside cluttered and danced,
Its all activities I glanced.
Finally, Life bird flew out,
From my trance I came out.

C. P. Sharma

Amazing Drug Store

Our body is an amazing drug store
Brain, the doctor, health restores.
Administers drugs & dosages accurate,
Without side effects vital force generates.

Proper temperature and pressure maintains,
Resists health hazards & informs the brain.
For requisite standards the brain is referred,
It orders the pharmacy for drugs preferred.

It uses the Sun, air, water and food inputs,
It converts them into various salt outputs.
Glands secrete serous, proteins and enzymes,
Surpluses and wastages of the system cleans.

Take a few exercises and regulate breath,
Of food, fruits and milk in Nature no dearth.
Health, beauty and body's glow attain,
All Divine Grace you yourself can retain.

C. P. Sharma

Amazing Lord Shiva

One of the Trinity of godheads
Wedded to 'Shakti'¹ with Sati² treads
Churned out poison of oceans sipped
Hence His throat is still blue stripped³.

Several His qualities, many names
For dancing skill Nataraja⁴ claims
In spiritual innocence He astounds
Easily pleased, with boons abounds.

Smearred in ashes He lives in trance
From His hair pile Ganges⁵ bounce
Serpents Him as ornaments entwine⁶
On forehead the curved moon shine.

Trident in one hand in other the drum
Sits on tiger hide Nature's spectrum
Power to destroy vilest of the vile
Truthful innocence is His profile.

Nandi Bull⁷ always by His side
Spirituality in Him takes strides
Garland of human skulls⁸ He wears
Metaphysics in His glance steers.

Butter soft heart in dreaded looks
Endless blessings devotee hooks
God of gods He is Mahadeva
Innocence incarnate is Lord Shiva.

Among Hindu deities most unique
Meditates on Himalayan peak
In temples sits as a phallic emblem
At centre under the spire as 'lingam'⁹

He is the deity with the 'third eye'¹⁰
With it He burnt all Desires awry
In fun and frolic Bhole abounds
In His meditation He is profound.

1. Shiva is 'shakti' or power, Shiva is the destroyer, the most powerful god of the Hindu pantheon and one of the godheads in the Hindu Trinity. Known by many names - Mahadeva, Mahayogi, Pashupati, Nataraja, Bhairava, Vishwanath, Bhava, Bhole Nath - Lord Shiva is perhaps the most complex of Hindu deities. Hindus recognize this by putting his shrine in the temple separate from those of other deities.

2. Parvati is nominally the second consort of Shiva, the Hindu god of destruction and rejuvenation. However, she is not different from Sati, being the reincarnation of that former consort of Shiva. Parvati is the mother of the gods Ganesha and Skanda (Kartikeya) . Some communities also believe her to be the sister of god Vishnu. She is also regarded as the daughter of the Himalayas. Parvati when depicted alongside Shiva appears with two arms, but when alone, she is shown having four arms, and astride a tiger or lion. Generally considered a benign goddess, Parvati also has fearful aspects like Durga, Kali, Chandi.

3. Churning the ocean produced Amrit and several other precious objects. The last object to emerge was the Kalkuta poison which threatened to destroy the entire universe. Shiva drank this poison and stored it in his neck. His neck turned blue and hence he was acknowledged as Neelkanth Shiva.

4. The depiction of Shiva as Nataraja is popular. The names Nartaka ('dancer') and Nityanarta ('eternal dancer') appear in the Shiva Sahasranama. His association with dance and also with music is prominent in the Puranic period. The two most common forms of the dance are the Tandava, which later came to denote the powerful and masculine dance as Kala-Mahakala associated with the destruction of the world, and Lasya, which is graceful and delicate and expresses emotions on a gentle level and is considered the feminine dance attributed to the goddess Parvati. Lasya is regarded as the female counterpart of Tandava. The Tandava-Lasya dances are associated with the destruction-creation of the world.

5. Ganges: Ganga (river Ganges) is associated with Hindu mythology and is the most sacred river of Hindus. According to tradition, one who bathes in Ganga (revered as Mother Ganga) in accordance with traditional rites and ceremonies on religious occasions in combination with certain astrological events, is freed from sin and attains knowledge, purity and peace. Ganga, symbolically represented on the head of the Lord by a female (Mother Ganga) with a jet of water emanating from her mouth and falling on the ground, signifies that the Lord destroys sin, removes ignorance, and bestows knowledge, purity and peace on the devotees.

6. Around his neck is a coiled serpent representing Kundalini or the spiritual energy within life.

7. Nandi: the bull is associated with Shiva and is said to be His vehicle. The bull symbolizes both power and ignorance. Lord Shiva's use of the bull as a vehicle conveys the idea that He removes ignorance and bestows power of wisdom on His devotees. The bull is called Vrisha in Sanskrit. Vrisha also means dharma (righteousness) . Thus a bull shown next to Shiva also indicates that He is the eternal companion of righteousness.

8. As the story goes, it is the garland of skulls of Parvati in her different birth representing eternal existence of Shiva.

9. Shiva, in temples is usually found as a phallic symbol of the 'linga', which represents the energies necessary for life on both the microcosmic and the macrocosmic levels, that is, the world in which we live and the world which constitutes the whole of the universe. In a Shaivite temple, the 'linga' is placed in the center underneath the spire, where it symbolizes the navel of the earth.

10. Third eye: Shiva is often depicted with a third eye, with which he burned Desire (Kama) to ashes.

C. P. Sharma

An Apology

O Mother Earth
The oceans your garments
The mountains your bosom
Consort of Lord Vishnu
I wear and tear you
Pollute with squalor
Innumerable ways
Touch with feet
I bow to you
Forgive me

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Samudra-Vasane Devi Parvata-Stana-Manndale |
Vissnu-Patni Namastubhyam Paada-sparsham Kssama-Svame ||

C. P. Sharma

An Eternal Epic

My life is the greatest epic,
The grandest than any ancient
or modern ever written.
Gilgamesh, Iliad and Odyssey don't match it.

Acheles, Gilgamesh and Odysseus surrendered
and rest in the grave;
I am still the living protagonist
battling in the field.

Homer sang heroic tales,
now written in ink;
my actions sing mine
written in my own blood.

Rama and Ravana are in me,
I am in the battle field;
Arjuna and Duryodhana
appeasing and opposing me.

My friend and philosopher Krishana
sets my chariot in the middle;
prompts me to act righteously
lest I should be condemned by posterity.

Krishana lighted up my paths,
He gave me free will too;
which way I have to go,
my discretion what I woo.

Democracy is Divine Right,
for democracy I fight;
it will be praise or slander, depends
on the judicious use of my right.

Citizens of the world!
Innumerable epics will be written;
You, united or divided,
how you chose your way! ! ! !

Universe is a composite unit,
give all its aspects what is due;
shunning hatred and distrust,
Divine symphony in self-imbue.

C. P. Sharma

An Hour's Dream

I was at my Home
At the fall of night
I slept and dreamed
I was born in a new world
On a new curvy moon
In the lap of mother fairy
Innumerable faeries to greet

I went to school
As weeping school boy
Rubbing my eyes
Sometimes caned
At other coaxed
Reaching there
I opened lunch box

I grew up
As Prince Charming
Flocked by girls
Like Lord Krishana
With my curls
I had all fun and romance
With them I just dined and danced

With one of them
I had a crush
At my knees
I held her hand
Be my wife
I her proposed
Her yes, my life transposed

Then there came
A bogey of kids
Under family burden
I had several skids
In symphony many
a notes were missed
Seldom jarring notes were kissed

At the end
When I grew old
Many senses grew cold
Then the prisoner got paroled
From my slumber I got up
At my own Home I stirred up
At the dream I just smile up

Nowhere I go
From nowhere I came
This life is a
All a dream game
Even at 75
Craving Hall of Fame
Waiting for the house of flames

Life is just an hour's dream
In perpetual bliss I beam

C. P. Sharma

Animation

I am empty
Expand me with devout faith
I shall become God

C. P. Sharma

Art And Literature

The real beauty lies not in your painting of a scene but in the scene itself. You exude your happiness through it so as those who are unable to reach there can also feel a bit of it. But they are twice removed from the Truth. This is true about all fine arts and literature. These are the reflections of reality. The skill of the artist lies in the sincerity of its portrayal and perception of the viewer. The criticism is the gap between the sensitivity of the two, the bliss of all art lies in their oneness.

C. P. Sharma

Ashvins*

O Ashvins, sacrificial offerings claim,
Luster and well-being you proclaim.
Folded hands we pray you came,
For amazing deeds you have name.
Heroes, worthy of mammoth praise,
Accept our songs with thoughts ablaze.

Nisatyas, the miracle makers,
Be clift grass libations takers.
Your path radiant with flame,
O Indra, you incredibly beam.
These libations for you wait,
By fine touch purity permeate.

O Indra, respond to the prayers,
Of the libation pouring sayers.
In musical chantings they invite,
Bay Horses' Lord come swiftest flight,
Come fast to the libations site,
And in our libations take delight.

O Visvedevas, deities of the Universe,
The mankind you reward and nurse.
Fingers in worshipper's drink emerse,
You are swift to act and traverse.
Come fast, like wind-speed react,
As milch cow towards its calf attract.

O Visvedevas, changing shapes as serpent,
Yet fearless, free from guile, never repent,
Torch bearers! on my pure drinks descent.
O Saraswati, spoils of time you richly scent
Enshrined in numerous hymn-strings,
Eagerly attend our sacrificial offerings.
O Saraswati, my speech be thy seat I long,
All knowledge and music to you belong.
You are the melody of sonorous songs,
From you the piety of thoughts throngs.
Illumine every mind and mould,

May you my offerings accept and hold.

*Inspired by Rig Veda Book1 Hymn 3

**The chief gods of the Rig-Veda are Agni, the sacrificial fire, Indra, ... the Visvadevas, the Maruts, the twin-deity Mitra-Varuna and the Asvins....

C. P. Sharma

Aum Namah Shivaya

(Shiv Panchakshar Stotram)

Serpents are whose necklace
Who is three eyed, and
smeared with ashes,
the Lord of lords
Never wrapped
ever purged
To that Shiva with syllable 'NA', I bow.
He who is bathed in Mandakini waters
and anointed with sandal paste
Who is the lord of Nandi, and
the goblin-like spirits
the Lord of lords
Who is offered
Mander and
many other
flowers
To that Shiva with syllable 'MAH', I bow
He who is propitious, and
promising like the rising sun
for the full bloomed face of Gauri
Who destroyed the oblations of Daksh
Who is blue-throated, and whose flag
bears the symbol of the Bull
To that Shiva with syllable 'SHI', I bow
He whose head has been
worshiped by sages like
Vashisth, Augustya,
Gautam, etc, and
gods like Indra
The moon,
the fire,
and the sun are
whose eyes
To that Shiva with syllable 'VA', I bow
The embodiment of yajna,
with matted hair locks,
the trident in hand
who is God with

eternal natural
halo of divinity
around Him
To that Shiva with syllable 'YA', I bow

C. P. Sharma

Autumn

I am the autumn leaf
dyed in mellowed colors of the youth.
I flaunt like a fragrant flower
with sun-burnt crispy mirth.
Frolicking with the winds
I shall fall on the ground.
My rustling music will
hum a message
of new spring,
new scenes of
green foliage
and bloom.
I zoom

C. P. Sharma

Autumn Lamp*

Autumn lamp bugles the change,
Lace patterns go off mind-range.

The cool moon drops upon window panes,
Evince abating wild fire's smoke in lanes.

Moments come and go, Time goes on forever
Man's measures melt but Nature's music never.

The hide and seek game is over,
Sing the eternal verse for ever,

You see new light at the other end,
Mocking at moments you firmly stand.

* In appreciation of Sandra Fowler's poem 'Bare Panes'.

C. P. Sharma

Autumn Leaf

I am the autumn leaf
Once the pride of the spring
Now crest fallen on the earth
Waiting for the wind to uplift

C. P. Sharma

Awake

This life is a dream
I am the prisoner
My body is the prison
The sun, the moon,
The stars, the sky
The perilous seas
The summer's warmth
The winter's chill
The bloom of spring
And the autumn's
Dried up leaves
Rustling through the winds
Are the physical extension of
My dream world

In it I groan, I cry,
I am happy and sad
I worship or commit sins
I am devil or God
In dream I wander
When I wake up
For the world
I am dead

But I wake up to eternity
In perfect peace and bliss
In ONENESS of me
Smiling at the
Fake tormenting reality
That was the real dream
Victim of time and space
I was gasping for the Truth

But it is the mind that helped,
Extension of the dream
From body to universe
A stepping stone,
Taking a quantum jump
I know the TRUTH

I am realized
I am the BLSS

C. P. Sharma

Awake, O Man, Awake

When I am on Polo Ground
Many a poem I have found
Friend Krishana there I meet
Him with a new query I greet.

Today, on my morning walk
I had with him a hearty talk
I put him two questions straight
Cows eat grass & man meat ate?

In turn on his face was a smile
He said, 'it is all a past profile'
In 'Karmic' cycle he revealed
Seeds of the next birth sealed.

Cows were 'Gopis' in the past
In devotion they were ever cast
Of my pure love they had vibe
So, charity & kindness imbibed.

Man was a ferocious beast
On animal's meat did feast
Tooth & nail stained in blood
So, his brain has violence stud.

Now he is the cleverest beast
From a distance on blood feasts
Satan's friendship harbored Hell
Around the world is terror spell.

Like Yaduvanshis he is cursed
His own race he will traverse
Means of destruction he found
In a nuclear supersonic sound.

O man, still there is time, awake! ! ! ! ! ! !
Give up ego and the nuclear stake
This is Krishan's last peace plan
Of self-annihilation save the clan.

C. P. Sharma

Balancing Act

Face is the index of mind
It tells the story of years
Our whims toss and turn
Between fears and cheers

The body has a sense of sin
Under its weight, it crumbles
Born of insatiable desires
Coping with them it fumbles

The soul sings of its youth
Of sins completely unaware
Like an ever blooming lotus
It ever says sooth prayers

The balancing mind has tough role
On razors edge between two poles

C. P. Sharma

Banyan Tree

I am the banyan tree
I have seen ages
I am the eternal bard
That heard the sages

My long flowing beards
Have sagas written in them
They saw many springs
Many an autumn suffered

I tell you for sure, sapling
out of sufferings sprouts
Frolicking fawn on lawns
Also felt the birthing bouts

The languishing evening flowers
have something to say
That the old yields to new
Freshen with cock-a-doodle-doo

Be in East or West
When tired of the quest
Under my shadow rest
Think of what is the best

C. P. Sharma

Barack Obama

Barack Obama you are great,
I am amazed, US celebrates;
So long show piece statue,
Liberty's soul you liberate.

People are rejoicing victory! ! !
Perhaps them you liberate;
Of the past home misrule,
And wayward policies spate.

You have a dauntless task
Of all problems over-ride;
The economic home crisis
And the peoples' lost pride.

May you restore the brotherhood of man!
May the whole world become your fan! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Bask In Beauty

From Your unseen beauty
the bliss flows
From unknown place
You sprinkle grace
Pain springs up from my distrust
Of it in You there is no trace
Why don't I bask in Your beauty and grace! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Battle With Yourself

Satan and God in us reside
It depends on us in whom we confide
Our self is God, the other is Satan
Kill the otherness if you can
Throwing pebbles stones
no piety is attained
Drive him out of
your brain
Understand Allah's motif in spirit
Sacrifice not others
but the evil in you
Befriend world
and peace
imbue

C. P. Sharma

Be A Lamp! ! !

Either be a lamp
Sitting at a place,
Emitting light beams
For swarming moths' solace.

Or be a moth,
Dance around the flame,
Forget your being,
Claim oneness with the flame.

Either be a forest,
Vast vividness embrace;
Lion and lamb live in it,
In diversity do their food trace.

Or be a seed,
Vast forest in embryo;
Get lost into the soil to see,
How does eternity mop & mow! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Be Gentle And Patient*

Have faith in Allah
Choose not the wrong
Else face the fire
With consequences dire

Allah's most faithful servants
Walk humble and sedate
When fools address them
The gentleness their trait.

He is with the submissive
Who with patience pray
Those steadfast to Allah
Ultimately have heyday

For a while, Allah puts you to test
Hardships and miseries might fest
Pray Him forgiveness of your sins
Have patience, you finally win

* Messages from Koran

C. P. Sharma

Beating Retreat

Desires upsurge like waves to the beach
Theirs recede comes as beating retreat
On disillusionment, why depress, bemoan?
Celebrate it as blessings of the divine zone

C. P. Sharma

Beauty

My heart leaps when I behold
A beauty like you
So was it when I was young
So is it now when I am old
So be it when I go to the grave
Beauty will follow my funeral pyre
Beauty is what my heart desires
Beauty is truth none can deny
I see beauty through third eye

C. P. Sharma

Beauty In Black

In black and white
the life summarize;
Day's white in
trouble and toil sighs.

In nights black beauty
dreams chime;
In black rose
ravishing beauty sublime.

In black cascading hair
and deep eyes,
The beauty of woman
ever surprise.

In black clouds there
all hope rains;
Hear beloved's sighs
on window panes.

*In the pond of
black night blooms
a thousand petal lotus;
my dream divine

Black complexioned Krishana
in beauty shines,
For Him snow white
Radha pines.

O man, the beauty's wrapped in black
Why on black the apartheid plaque?

Inspiration: Melvina Germain's 'Black is Beautiful' on facebook.

* This stanza was added later from the comment of Mrs. Indira Babbellapati with her due permission.

Become The Universe

I am a dot
I want to be the universe
But ego clashes disintegrate me
Fear of losing my identity, I label as
Hindu, Muslim or Christian
Bearing tattoos I break
My being scatters
I weep over it

If I want to be the universe
The dots have to join full circle
Disintegrating identities must drop
The true religion knows only duties
The rights automatically follow
Milk Nature for subsistence
Accumulation is sin
Distribute it
Among all
Beings

Respect Nature and its creations
Beware of mutual fear
There is purpose in all
Live and let live
It enthralls
It attracts

In unity lies
BEAUTY, LOVE, and
UNIVERSE

C. P. Sharma

Beloved Me

Eager to see bride
In veil the beloved lured
Unveiling saw me

C. P. Sharma

Between The Soul And Science I Sway

Body believes in science of senses
Steps forward to decay;
Soul claims its eternity
But to laws of science a prey.

C. P. Sharma

Between You And Me

Flowers and trees
Butterflies and bees
The sky and the seas
All beauties, I aspire and see
Are attempts to make a complete Me

C. P. Sharma

Beware Of Sham

Egret on one leg
A saint in meditation
The fishes fall prey

C. P. Sharma

Bhangra Dance

Drum beats and bhangra dance
The heart of marriage and romance

C. P. Sharma

Bing And Soul

Body and Soul

The soulful stream flows
Relations like bubbles blink and blow
The being bereaved
The soul heaved

C. P. Sharma

Bird That Sings Measures Yet Unheard

All praise to the gardener who keeps Eden
Caresses each leaf with fondness and love
Taps the window panes of the sleeping soul
The dawn wakes up with fresh fragrant lyric

Deep within the grove tree is the bird
That sings the measures yet unheard.

C. P. Sharma

Birthday

My dear friends,
Each day a new sun,
New moon and stars
In the firmament shine
Each day is a new birth
Each day is a new birthday
In three sixty five days
Why do limit your joy
To one day only
Celebrate life
Everyday
My fb friends
I wish you
A happy birthday
Everyday
Stay blessed

C. P. Sharma

BirthDay Wish For Pari*

O dear grandpa,
you don't strain,
She comes with
her lovely brains.
Please don't beset
her on all sides
Just allow her to
take strides
As she grows up
vistas change,
Allow her space
to out range.
May she bloom
in a world quite new,
Around her fragrant
happiness strews.
* NK Sharma's Grand Daughter

C. P. Sharma

Blasphemy

How funny my claim?

He gave me frame

I give Him name

Of blasphemy

others blame

C. P. Sharma

Bless Us Lord Shiva

O man,
You too can become divine
Like Lord Shiva, you can glow
If you read the scriptures
That in Nature perpetually flow

O man,
The perennial rivers hark you
Let frozen minds melt for waters new
You too can wear the crescent crown
If in Time's illusion you don't drown

O man,
Let not the serpentine ego wind
Controlling, wear as ornament assigned
Let the purity of Rudraksha be your creed
Tiger skin, your seat of fearless deeds

O man,
Make the knowledge within a rational tool
Let not ghost desires make you fool
Their implementation delivers the fruit
Let the words from your drum alert the pollute

O man,
Know the funeral ground as ultimate home
Dwindle away the sky-scraping domes
Nature truly caters to all your needs
Try to read the Nature's symbolized creed

C. P. Sharma

Bliss

Bud has bliss within
Blooms as flower for others
Shares its bliss and joy

C. P. Sharma

Bliss Dance

Bliss Dance
(A Haiku)

In bliss the winds dance
Circles and swings, it's romance
True lovers glance

C. P. Sharma

Bliss Of Being

Do we write for prize or pleasure?
Isn't it sweet emotions treasure?
We come here to enjoy our leisure,
Each of us sings one's own measure.

Like sparrows some chirp and tweet,
Some like young ducklings squeak;
Some sing their songs at low pitch,
Others in variations of notes are rich.

No two of us God made alike,
Why foolish comparison strike?
Some are crafty with curved beak
And have designed the way unique.

Let us be far from their mud sling,
Let us sing the bliss of our being.

C. P. Sharma

Bliss Weaver

Memories take you far too long
Sometimes you feel weak
Sometimes they make you strong

Some make happy
Some make sad
Put off those that make sappy

Living is loving
In it take strides
Let not agonies be its Eumenides

Life ever flows fresh
As a perennial river
Wash away your grief
Be the bliss weaver

C. P. Sharma

Bloom

A haiku

The sun is afire
Nature blooms, smile everywhere
Runs away the gloom

C. P. Sharma

Boast - A Haiku

I am hero
I boast of my bravery
I kill only flies

C. P. Sharma

Body And Soul

Body hunts for food and lust
Soul churns up love and trust.

C. P. Sharma

Body Bereaves

The sun never says, 'Be it the night.'
The world turns its back
to show its other side.
Things happen
as you wish
Even then
you are
selfish.
Soul
sings immortality
in melodies unheard.
Frail body its music can't rejoice,
Rapt in sensuousness we ever grieve,
Bereaving, the divine bliss it fails to kiss.

C. P. Sharma

Bonfire ?????

Today is the day of bonfire
The day of fulfilment of desires
After arduous work on field retire
Bask in the warmth of bonfire

Jealousies and ill-will cut across
The Dulla Bhatti's spirit emboss
In goodwill each other embrace
Of malice let there be no trace

Today is the day of dine and dance
Play you have lots of chance
Getting married, have romance
Waiting, fall in love at first glance

Let drum beats your heart enthrall
Be happy, let your joy excel

C. P. Sharma

Boon!

(A Senryu)

He gave the whole world
With sword and rosary swoon
We forget His boon

Inspiration: Audley Hitchins's picture.

C. P. Sharma

Bosom

Bosom heaves heart quake
Emotions pious limits outbreak
Sensuous desires surge

C. P. Sharma

Broken Boat - 1

Broken Boat - 1

I am happy in my broken boat
Many dream lands in it I sailed
On some landed through gales

C. P. Sharma

Broken Boat - 2

Broken Boat - 2

The boat, my infancy's cradle home
When hungry, I used to cry for mom
Smily remninance of the divine dome

C. P. Sharma

Broken Boat - 3

Broken Boat - 3

An unwilling school boy
In the boat sailed to school
Chiselled, and made cool

C. P. Sharma

Broken Boat - 4

Broken Boat - 4

Strange adolescence, toiling youth
Cupid's arrows young heart shoot
Sailing together, illustrious truth

C. P. Sharma

Broken Boat - 5

Broken Boat - 5

Mature man, multiple duties
Sailing through life looks droopy
Haunted by home and hearth

C. P. Sharma

Broken Boat - 6

Broken Boat - 6

Eh

The oars of knowledge and faith at core

Sailing for the last ride

To meet the Pilot at the divine shore

C. P. Sharma

Buddha

Siddharth searched Buddha
He dived deep within himself
He got enlightened

C. P. Sharma

Bullock Cart

How joyous the journey

On bullock cart,

Bracing breeze cool

And Nature gaze.

How nostalgic is

That life's phase! ! !

Over the time

All has changed,

Now we are

In win-win race!

C. P. Sharma

Caged Mind

Mind caged in body
Circumscribed by the senses
Perceives partially

C. P. Sharma

Can You Be You! ! !

Be you,
But do you know,
Who are you?
You try to be civilized
You hide you
Dress as a lady
Look new
On dinner table
Imitate manners
Eat Chinese food
Drink R. O. water
On pointed shoes
Topple and tumble
Many a time stumble
Where are emotions
In office or at home
On road or abroad
You follow a code
A painted face
You ever wear
You ever hide
Your wear and tear
In many masks
You ever bask
To be you
A difficult task
For everything
There are standards
Originality squander
Is that you?
In this age of make up
Be you will shake up
* Inspiration: A post on Vijay Laxmi's Timeline

C. P. Sharma

Candle

I am a candle
I burn to illuminate others

C. P. Sharma

Captive Soul

I was in heaven before I was born
At my birth, my body so tightly chained
I wept so loudly for my loss to mourn
Family and society restrained

A Pandit was called to christen when born
On growing up I got a sacred thread
My head clean shaven of hair fully shorn
In age-old customs was brought up and bred

On going to school new religion taught
Me by the country's constitution bound
Attaining adulthood country's laws caught
Throughout me in multifold chains astound

A free soul is now captive everywhere
Of right and wrong, it is not well aware

Note: This is a revised version in sonnet form of one of my earlier post.

C. P. Sharma

Castaway Shadows

Life seems unending rosary of breaths
In each bead magical message spreads

In each breath we have a new life
On time scale all struggle and strife

Clinging to past in the present grieve
In future worries the present sieves

In one breath one thought, one action
Oneness is the life's sole perfection

Each breath is for something new
Enjoy new order's brilliant hue

In each breath life is a new boon
Cast off shadows just as at noon

Just like mid-noon sun you shine
Enjoy union with the spirit divine

C. P. Sharma

Catacombs

In unknown realms, my mind roams
My ancient soul rises from catacombs

C. P. Sharma

Celebrate Christmas Everyday

Celebrate Christmas Everyday

Why Christmas comes only once a year,
In December alone it brings new cheer?
Why not Christ's words ever reverberate?
Why everyday of life we don't celebrate?

Momentary are joys of luxury in life,
They also entail the struggle and strife.
Why don't we make Christ our mast?
Rejoice the bliss of God's Grace vast!

Stand by the suffering for a while
Give the poor just bread and smile
Offer the disabled a helping hand
And make the mankind our friend

May Lord ever enlighten our heart!
Our each day with celebration start! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Change Man Change*

Everything changes
The sun, the moon
The sky and the earth
Each moment they have a new birth

The sun comes softly in the morn
At noon it's fiery and burns
In the evening it's in pensive mood
At night it turns its back and broods

The moon too is not all the same
Some days curly on others round frame
Some days it plays hide and seek
On others it gives cupid's beep

The sky too is not ever the same
With it the oceanic hue change
Sometimes glimmering sparkles reflect
At other the sombre grey connects

The earth too has its seasoning moods
At times blooms, at times lewd
When in fury, the earthquakes
In all joy the green crops wave

Time is great tamer, change man change
Extinct are those who don't interchange
Why not by the law of Nature abide
Change is the law of Nature worldwide

*Inspired by Sirjana's poem on fb about Change.

C. P. Sharma

Child Of Eternity

Child of Eternity

I am an eternal child
I come of bliss
I know no gloom
Innocence my nature
Alien to craftiness
Like lotus I bloom

C. P. Sharma

Childhood

Memories of childhood prattle sweet,
Strange, funny utterances incomplete;
Toddling walk on the faltering feet,
Falling down, the same to repeat.

The fondly fight among the siblings,
Pulling one another's strings,
Shielding us to mom we cling,
Affectionately she sweet kisses flings.

Later through sweet sour we wade,
Asking mom for sweet lemonade;
Never bothered about sun and shade,
All the day with friends we played.

When came back in game hurt,
With all sort of soil on shirt;
Silently and stealthily came in home
Dad's scolding on us large loom.

Passing away of grandpas
Of great grief it was a cause,
Of saving grace they were straws,
That day our grief we couldn't gauze.

The memories of childhood sweet or sour,
Make a person bloom as crimson flower;
When I think of the affectionate bower,
I feel as fresh as if I just had a shower.

C. P. Sharma

Choose? ? ?

Some porter of body
Some roam in faerie lands of mind
Some soaked in soul
Their ultimate salvation find

C. P. Sharma

Christmas Fervor In My Bar

Christmas Fervor in My Bar

Christmas fervor
is now on
Crowds to Tel Aviv
have flown
It's no time to
be alone
Why don't you also
come on?

Let's together
dance and drink
Let all our
differences sink
Let all faiths
in Oneness link
In Lord's praise
let lip sync.

It's a Merry
Christmas fair
Music of the spheres
in air
In it mingled
love and care
Why not to Lord
your bosom bare.

C. P. Sharma

Christmas For Peace

Christmas comes only once in a year
To everyone, Santa brings gifts and cheers
In every heart, let there be light
Each one free from fear and fright

Hatred from your minds erase
Let every heart for love have craze
The message of Christmas is 'Kingdom of God'
Empowering the oppressed, free from fraud

Christmas carols for peace and joy
Sung by shepherd and cowboy
Let us all in innocence bloom
Nowhere there be an iota of gloom

The Kingdom of God for goodness and peace
Neither for militancy nor for caprice

C. P. Sharma

Christmas Romance

There is heaven in rosy looks
Hell lies in gloomy glance
There is sunshine all around
Why not make it a romance! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Our life is a ballroom dance
Enjoy it you have a chance
Tired! See how others dance
Be happy in their love trance.

Time and tide wait for none
Why don't make life a fun
Calumny and anger shun
Others hearts will be won.

If jealousy you nurse
Smoldering fire traverse
Life becomes a curse
Can't sing love verse.

This Christmas let's dance
Let's take a chance
Harmony & peace advance
Hatred from heart distance.

C. P. Sharma

Christmas Spirit

Christ's
cross
Tomb's
moss

Christmas
tree
Glow
glee

Sing
carols
Santa
apparel

Distribute
gifts
Soul
uplift

C. P. Sharma

Christmas Time

If you ask me what is love?
I would say, watch the peacock
While dancing to his dove

When it comes to shades of love?
Watch your lady love blush
when you say her, "I love you."

What is love's fragrance?
I say, it's intoxicating
In its scent the lovers swoon

Words come jingling
Like sparkling anklet's sound
In love, there is meaning profound

It's Christmas time
Love is in the air
Time for Santa's gifts and to say prayers

Like God invisible
Love steers clear
Ring out the old and ring in the New Year

C. P. Sharma

Clay

The clay glows
Myriad frames shows
Illusions net throes
The Truth transpose

In the houses of clay
Clay toys play
Colors display
Find food in clay

The clay entertains
The clay sustains
Clay meets clay
In different lanes

At the end a storm
The forms deform
Go awry all norms
Shrunk to basic form

Clay's several births
In ego find mirth
When divinity dawns
The earth unearths

C. P. Sharma

Colors And Songs Of Silence

The eternal Truth
shines in its crystal white
When comes alive
it sprinkles colors bright

Songs and color of silence
concealed in our soul,
In hurly-burly of life
it is difficult to extol

The divine glow passes
through the prismatic soul
Life's truth and beauty
in spectrum unroll

Dive deep into it
In colors of silence smear
The unheard melodies
Of soul's silence hear

C. P. Sharma

Colors Of Bliss

In diverse hues life is dyed
Crystal white, the divine bliss
Spectrum of colors, it screens
Colors sprinkle in love kiss

Ongoing festival of colors enjoy
Colorful are the worldly toys
Love and hate are life ploys
Fall in love with our Cow Boy

In joys and sorrows with Him swing
You will not feel life's prickly sting
From them, love's fountain springs
Tie with Krishana your well being

Colorful is the relation's convoy
Ever sweet and sour of life enjoy

C. P. Sharma

Colors Of Eternity

I met you in sunshine and shade
As dewdrops on grass blades
Cupid sharp soft arrow shoots
In moonlit my heart love roots

Sometimes bliss as lotus blooms
Now and then weeping willows loom
Lovely rose in all its colors winks
Many a time touch-me-not blinks

The rushing river fills me with youth
It's winsome vibrant vitality sleuth
Placid lakes in sobriety reverberate
In them my ripening age celebrate

At last, I meet the boundless sky
The colorless paints in diverse dyes

C. P. Sharma

Colours Of Love

Paint brush was in my hand

White canvas was in front

I sat aghast for hours

My mind was void and blunt

All paints were by my side

But the mind was unaware

All Imagination had chilled

Eyes were still and stared

The fingers were numbed

The colours never filled

Short an angel appeared

My heart with love thrilled

The senses came alive

The void disappeared

Fingers moved on the canvas

Colours of love appeared

Jet black were her hair

Marigold on her hairdo

Rosy red her cheeks

On her face the joy strew

In her eyes dreams divine

On her lips the pearly smile

Diamond pin on her nose

In her looks there was no guile

Wrapped in blue green sari

She walked to me with grace

Her bosom swelled with love

We had the first embrace

Now, I mix new colours

New pictures I do paint

Words now have new meaning

Come flowing without restraint

C. P. Sharma

Companion

You are the spirit of the words
that the soul pours out;
Soaked in the music
that from your lips
flows out.

You are
the joyous scent,
the essence of being.
You are the eternal consort
in your companionship, all dream.

C. P. Sharma

Confused

Soul in pure white shines
World throws its net of colours
Man confused in between

C. P. Sharma

Consort

You are the ocean
Of millions of oceans
I am an audacious drop
You are the fire
Of a million suns
I am a tiny spark
In me pride barks

I boast of my mind
Try to assimilate you
Trapped in imagination
I rue, with you don't glue
In many a ways
On canvas paint you
But miss the real beau

I try to capture you
in my musical notes
I claim divinity
Still the nightingale haunts
From the den lion taunts
In your perfection
My being doesn't flaunt

When I am knowledge drunk
You ever evade
Submerging into you
I become the ocean
The eternal fire of devotion
Lights up my being
As your Radha I swing

C. P. Sharma

Contradictions

Contradictions

In the nectar of bliss
All impurities dissolved
In it contradictions resolve

C. P. Sharma

Copyright

The first poem was written in the ball of fire
The divine flames blew higher and higher
Kindled lust free by chaste desire
Hatred and ill-will can't conspire

The second poem was written
when divine grace rained
It gradually cooled down
so as the life sustained

Next poems were written
on snowy mountains and vales
on the nectarine rivers, and
Trees kissed by freakish gales

Many in dancing golden daffodils
that many a heart with pleasure fill
From hidden bower fragrance spills
Original poems wrote bird quills

Poetic gems in deep oceans lay
Our being conceived in a poetic way
People like me copy- paste play
Originality is Nature's mainstay

Plagiarists one another blame
How glibly copyright we claim! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Correction Senryu

The soul is stoic
Above the mind and the heart
Detached observer

Promptings of the mind
Heart emotionally feels
Poetry outpours

C. P. Sharma

Couplet

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C. P. Sharma

Criticism

Criticism is an objective or personal response of an individual's likes or dislikes on the creations of others.

C. P. Sharma

Crowning Glory Or Vultures?

We are out of rhyme and reason,
We have lost all sense of season.

We can digest only dressed food,
Now we are ever in sexy mood.

All water and air we pollute,
We are on destruction route.

Now rivers are flooded by gutters,
Chimney soot, hearts can't flutter.

We are out of Nature's tune,
We say we made our fortune.

Forests and fields are days of past,
Wildlife is with the gloom overcast.

We have robbed them of their homes.
Ohio streets treat them with bombs.

We are given to robber's culture,
Are we crowning glory or vultures?

C. P. Sharma

Crows

Crafty crows are great in skill,
How with pebbles water jug fill?

You know they sit in curved rows,
Coz they are meant to be C rows.

They are as clever as seagull,
Stony looks keep vigilance full.

They also read your psyche sharp,
They come fast if them you hark.

If on the balcony a crow croaks,
It foretells a guest you will host.

From the far off branches of oak tree,
They also won't make your home dirty.

They fly away if thud sound you blow,
Farmers frighten them with scarecrow.

Harbingers of ancestral souls,
The metaphysics in them rolls.

Don't fear them, they do no harm,
Take it easy, you needn't alarm.

Note - It was written as rejoinder to poetess Nyla's (on My Space) fear of crows.

C. P. Sharma

Cultivate Love - A Haiku Trio

Lust coerces and plucks
Love nurtures to feel the bliss
Love blooms as flower

Gardener loves bloom
Keeps and cares for beloved
The lover's delight

Long live the keeper
His garden eternal bloom
Evil eye escapes

C. P. Sharma

Cultural Fete

It will be an open cultural fete,
In it a lounge for tete-a-tete,
Don't mind if there be debate,
Debate is the Truth's soul mate.

Let not our beliefs be blind,
Be all faiths in love entwined,
Let us not narrow axes grind,
It's equality-liberty combined.

Violence everywhere abhor,
Peace and harmony adore;
Beauty in diversity galore,
Unity is diversity's shore.

Each day will add a new stall,
Also a stage for the cultural ball;
Global village here explore,
It might take us to love-shore.

Truth in white eternity shrouds,
Rainbow colors make it proud;
Let us not behave as crowd,
Weave the unity and be proud.

Everywhere climate is not same,
Why do we black color blame?
If the blacks have suntan game,
Polar whites live in cold flame.

Everywhere the same sun shines,
For moon everywhere love pines,
Why show big reading between the lines?
Why we on One earth and sky draw lines?

Note: The and its messaging system is the wonderful forum for this fete.

C. P. Sharma

Cup Of Tea

Many a time at sea
Sometimes under bo tree
Mostly, I see you in cup of tea

C. P. Sharma

Dance, O Man, Dance

Dance, O man, dance
The life is an eternal trance
In it, there is music and rhythm
In it, all images and poses
Follow its rhythm
It proposes
Disposes.....Dance, O man, dance
Know
You as dancer
Become the dance
In dance lies the real romance
Step by step make silken soft advance
Let every step its beauty enhance
Mixed notes, give a chance.....Dance, O man, dance
Creation and destruction
Follow the rhythmic devotion
They follow Yogic rules
Each other hold
A mystic move
Their worth
prove.....Dance, O man, dance
The sun
The moon
The million stars
In rhythmic motion move
The seasons spreads wings
Day and night unfold
Cosmic dance unrolled.....Dance, O man, dance
Its rhythmic beat and music
Nightingale, in shrill voice sings
Birds' flapping of wings
Symmetry in flight
Dolphins jump
Hearts stump
Love pumps.....Dance, O man, dance
Rhythm
Of our life
Work by day
Sleep by night

Health its mainstay
Follow body's rhythm
For healthy life pave way.....Dance, O man, dance
Zigzag of rivulets
And their broken notes
On joining the river Granges
Sing in full throat
Merge into sea
Sing loud
In glee.....Dance, O man, dance
Gentle
Breeze blows
Lovely is the rose
Sprightly in joy zooms
The gloom it always spurns
On its twig, it tosses and turns
There is music in forests and ferns.....Dance, O man, dance
All bodies and mind are perfectly tuned
Why you alone feel marooned
Don't play a discordant note
Join the symphony
Tune your mind
Yoga's bliss
Find.....Dance, O man, dance

C. P. Sharma

Darling Dove

A duet

Cast away all anguish, moist and dew
It's springtime, shine in sprightly hue
Come darling dove, alight into my arms
With hugs and kisses cast your charms.

Will you build for me a nest,
So on soft moss we may seek our rest?
As limbs and lips and love entwine
Will your heart beat as fast as mine?

In your silken curls my heart twirls
On your rosy red lips my joy furls
When my body your curves meets
Warmly my heart my love greets.

So, on our bed, beneath the sky
Together we contented lie,
Just as the birds who fly above,
We are free to express our love.

By I C S Clark & Chandra Prakash Sharma

C. P. Sharma

Dattatreya Baptized Twenty Four Gurus - I

First, the earth with mountains & rivers,
Though people dig, tread and set it afire,
It deviates not from the vow of patience,
It feeds & houses them, doesn't cross fire.

Second, the air that is pure and odorless,
Takes on a while the surrounding smell,
So, a spiritual aspirant should be pristine,
On joys and sorrows he shouldn't dwell.

Third, the sky maintains its colorless self
At times dusty, dark, bright or blue in look(s)
A sage should be free from fear or favor
To emotional network he shouldn't hook

Fourth, the fire ever present as latent heat
It burns all its impurities and purifies gold
A sage should reject illusions of the body
And know pure essence of mind & mould

Fifth, one Sun reflects in water vessels many
So the images of self reflect in bodies diverse
The Sun illumines many bodies in Nature
A sage should in light devotee's mind immerse

Sixth, a pigeon pair & chicks in hunter's snare
Met their end bound to illusive relations' flair
I learnt not to be caught in web of possession
Lose free will of self, weep & wail in despair.

Note: He was an ancient Indian Sage. The poem is split up into four parts for convenience of the readers.

C. P. Sharma

Dattatreya Baptized Twenty Four Gurus - II

Part - II

Seventh, the python, lying in its lurch
Content to eat whatever comes across
He learnt from it to live in contentment
And refrain from the pleasures as dross

Eighth, the sea crosses not beach mark
What if innumerable rivers may join it
He learnt from it not to trespass morality
If the pull and pressure of passions hit

Ninth, the moth dancing around flame
Jumps into its fire to burn itself down
He learnt to fall in the fire of wisdom
So, illusions of ignorance burn down
Tenth, wild tusker duped by cunning humans
Goes to stuffed cow-elephant its fetters finds
He learnt from it to be free from lust
Debased men in sex their fetters find

Eleventh, the ant dauntless, tireless worker
Accumulating food inviting the invaders
Taught him persistence in seeking the truth
Avoid accumulation to keep away raiders

Twelfth, the fish never gives up her home
Greedily swallows the bait to meet doom
He learnt from it to be true to his Self
Avoid tongue taste to be away from tomb

C. P. Sharma

Death

Hail to thee! O harbinger of new life,
You tide over all stress and strife.

Why do people defame you?
I know, your name is so true.

Why are you associated with blues?
Why do they have your horrific views?

You bring all the freshness in life,
Better half, you are my real wife.

You get me rid of all my stink,
Once again you paint me pink. .

With the cosmic power you link,
My illusions disappear in a wink.

All the dead wood is shed off,
New twigs and leaves up crop.

You daily smile with fresh flowers,
As if you are fresh after the shower.

I become a child once again,
Grand child takes away my pain.

I shall once again be a child,
Then I shall have new profile.

Once again I shall be free from guile,
Again, I shall have my innocent style.

"Life is but a sleep and forgetting"*
You take us to life's real setting.

* Wordsworth

Death Perpetrated

Pink roses for love designed,
In pink city kindness intertwined,
Here no place for hatred you find;
Then why was it with terror maligned?

Perhaps the terror loves not mankind,
It is the product of Satan's mind;
Never ending stream of blood unwind,
No godly consent in it you ever find.

God is great, God is kind,
God is always in love Christened,
Leaves not untimely wailing behind,
Lord is the Savior of mankind.

O Lord, let good sense in bloody mind prevail,
Nowhere repeat Jaipur like dead bodies trail..

C. P. Sharma

Defeat

Victory, be not proud!

Had I not lost, you couldn't have won,
If I were not there, life wouldn't be fun,
It is amazing, why I am being shunned?
Twin sister, why I am being gunned?

Without sorrow, you know not the joys,
In man's life these are two toys,
When we behave as wanton boys,
To guide our way, the other He ploys.

The sum total of the Truth is ONE,
It is half plus half which makes one,
Without me, half truth is known,
In my absence you feel alone.

All through life we make noise,
Gita's message is to equipoise.

C. P. Sharma

Delusion

The earth, the waters,
the sky and the fire
to whom belong!
God gives them
for a song.
How dare
we own!
Why we
groan!

C. P. Sharma

Delusions!

I saw a dream within my dream,
I found Ravidas loudly scream.
'O Lord, I am caught up in illusions,
The world as I see is full of delusions.' 1.

He saw an emperor napping on throne,
With begging bowl he found him groan.
In dream lamented parting of empire,
So are we now, in begger's attire.2.

As mistaken identity of rope for snake,
Lord revealed him the mystery of world fake.
Mistaken identity of bracelets and gold,
Now, not at all he could behold.3.

Now, in all places the Lord conforms,
He enjoys Himself in diverse forms.
Ravidas says, He is as close as limbs,
The world simply exists as He whims.4

*Inspired by Bani Guru Ravidas

C. P. Sharma

Devahuti - I

When Muni Kardam¹
Left for forest to live as recluse
After Devahuti² had given birth to
Nine daughters³,
All married to sages, and
A son, Kapila Muni⁴,
Who propounded Samkhya⁵;
She asked Kapil Muni
What she got?
What was her fate?
How could she rid of bondages?

Kapila, by now a Vedic Sage
Revealed the secret of Salvation⁶ thus:
This body is perishable, never free
The soul is immortal, it's ever free
Connecting the two is our mind
That binds or liberates
Connecting with the body
As a slave you grieve
Connecting with the soul
Redeem and live in bliss

Notes:

Source: Mainly Wikipedia

¹Kardama, Brahma's son, was a great yogi and a sage. Prompted by Brahma to create progeny, he engaged himself with severe penance for a thousand years on the banks of the Saraswati to reach his aspiration through His grace. He was married to Devahuti under only one condition, that the moment a son is born to them, who will be a ray of Lord Vishnu, Kardama will go away and undisturbed perform penance for self-realization.

²Devahuti, daughter of Manu and Shatrupa, mother of nine daughters and Kapila Muni was married to Kardam Muni, who left for forest after the birth of Kapila to lead an ascetic life.

³After many years of penance nine girls were born to Kardama and Devahuti who were beautiful and virtuous maidens: Kalaa married to Mareechi , Anusooya married to Atri Rishi, Shraddhaa married to Angiraa, Havirbhoo married to

Pulastya, Gati married to Pulah, Kriyaa married to Kratu, Arundhatee (Oorja) married to Vashishth, Chitti married to Atharvaa, and Khyaati married to Bhriгу.

4Details about sage Kapila's life are described in Book 3 of the Bhagavata Purana. His parents were Kardama Muni and Devahuti. He was also the brother and teacher of Anusuya. Kapila is considered an incarnation of the supreme-being Vishnu and listed as such in the list of incarnations in Bhagavata Purana. After his father left home, Kapila instructed his mother, Devahuti in the philosophy of yoga and devotional worship enabling her to achieve liberation (moksha) .

5The idea of evolution in Samkhya revolves around the interaction of Prakriti and Purusha. Prakriti remains unmanifested as long as the three gunas are in equilibrium. This equilibrium of the gunas is disturbed when Prakriti comes into proximity with consciousness or Purusha. The disequilibrium of the gunas triggers an evolution that leads to the manifestation of the world from an unmanifested Prakriti. The metaphor of movement of iron in the proximity of a magnet is used to describe this process.

Some evolutes of Prakriti can cause further evolution and are labelled evolvents. For example, intellect while itself created out of Prakriti causes the evolution of ego-sense or ahamkara and is therefore an evolvent. While, other evolutes like the five elements do not cause further evolution. It is important to note that an evolvent is defined as a principle which behaves as the material cause for the evolution of another principle. So, in definition, while the five elements are the material cause of all living beings, they cannot be called evolvents because living beings are not separate from the five elements in essence.

The intellect is the first evolute of prakriti and is called mahat or the great one. It causes the evolution of ego-sense or self-consciousness. Evolution from self-consciousness is affected by the dominance of gunas. So dominance of sattva causes the evolution of the five organs of perception, five organs of action and the mind. Dominance of tamas triggers the evolution of five subtle elements—sound, touch, sight, taste, smell from self-consciousness. These five subtle elements are themselves evolvents and cause the creation of the five gross elements space, air, fire, water and earth. Rajas is cause of action in the evolutes. Purusha is pure consciousness absolute, eternal and subject to no change. It is neither a product of evolution, nor the cause of any evolute. Evolution in Samkhya is thought to be purposeful. The two primary purposes of evolution of Prakriti are the enjoyment and the liberation of Purusha.

6Samkhya considers ignorance (avidya) is regarded as the root cause of this suffering and bondage (Samsara) . Samkhya offers a way out of this suffering by means of discriminative knowledge (viveka) . Such knowledge that leads to

mokṣa (liberation) involves the discrimination between Prakṛiti (avyakta-vyakta) and Puruṣa (jñā) .

Puruṣa, the eternal pure consciousness, due to ignorance, identifies itself with products of Prakṛiti such as intellect (buddhi) and ego (ahamkara) . This results in endless transmigration and suffering. However, once the realization arises that Puruṣa is distinct from Prakṛiti, the Self is no longer subject to transmigration and absolute freedom (kaivalya) arises.

Other forms of Samkhya teach that Mokṣa is attained by one's own development of the higher faculties of discrimination achieved by meditation and other yogic practices. Moksha is described by Samkhya scholars as a state of liberation, where Sattva guna predominates.

C. P. Sharma

Devahuti - II

Transcendence

Meditation, the way to transcendence
Starts with the company of holy men
Chant His praise in earnest faith
As God, Allah, Shri Krishana,
Nanak, Buddha or Mahavir
Coz in human form you reach
Only from the known to the unknown
You might belong to any country
You might wear any dress
Irrespective of the situations
Following your faith
Sing songs of His praise
In any name or form
The lotus will bloom
This will divert your course
From body bondages to the soul
This is the initiating step

Next, conjecture Him
With divine beauty
From His feet to head
His each body part emitting
Radiance and fragrance
Enshrine Him in your mind
Empty the darkness
Illumine your mind with purity
In outlook and conduct
Establish a relationship
With Him as your father
Or as you brother,
Or as your son,
Or as you're beloved
Dedicate to Him
With devotion and faith

You will see yourself in Him
And all universes

You will love all
Have charity for all
Hatred and violence towards none
Difference between Mandir, Masjid,
Church and Gurdwara disappears
A new life dawns
He protects and shields
A sense of unity in diversity
A feeling of freedom from bondages
An atmosphere of peace and harmony
A complete transcendence
Where diversity doesn't torment.

C. P. Sharma

Dew Dropped

Dew Drop

I am a dew drop in love,
I melt into my beloved
like the morning dew.
I lose my identity
to feel love in
its fullness.

C. P. Sharma

Dilemma - A Ten Word Poem

Dilemma - A ten word poem

Rosy lips
dimple chin
advertise,
soul's serenity
flows to
eternity.

C. P. Sharma

Dirty Picture - A Ten Word Poem

Dirty Picture - A ten word poem

'Dirty Picture'*
Box Office hit,
In our minds
Satan sits.

*One of the Bollywood's recent releases.

C. P. Sharma

Divine Domain

Tanka - 6

Light the flame of trust

Again make the world robust

Yamuna*, come live

Let here the golden dust rain

Make the earth divine domain

* The river of divine love, nearby Krishna had the Divine Dance (Maha Raas)
overcoming all worldly illusions.

C. P. Sharma

Divine Love Song

You
are
so awesome
a
sweet
love song

You
are
a rose
where
have
you been
so
long

You
are
a smile
fresh
as
the morn

You
are
my
heart-throb
my
heart
you adorn

For
your
winsome
smile,
I
am
ready
to die

For
just
your
one
kiss
I
can be
Yours

In
just
one
kiss
the
eternity
endorse

From
your
sweet
voice
the
nectar
flows

In
your
beauty
the
divinity
glows

You
are
my love
to
you
I pray

Sing
for me

with
you
I shall
Sway

When
you
sing
a
song
the
lotus
blooms

In
your
worship
are
there
divine
perfumes

C. P. Sharma

Divine Manifestation

Sans moaning in life
Living life to its last lease
The art of living

C. P. Sharma

Divine Trophies

Divine Trophies
(A Senryu)

Made us His trophies
But inclined to go sloppy
We are His copies

C. P. Sharma

Divinity Kiss

Divinity Kiss
(A Haiku)

Like Mahadeva
Poison of seven seas sip
For nectar of bliss

C. P. Sharma

Diwali

Happy Diwali to all

C. P. Sharma

Doppelganger

The scriptures say
You are the cosmos
The eternal consciousness
The illusive forms come and go
I am your supreme creation
Roof and crown of things
Only I can know You
Not in the Maya
But within

Peeping within
My being splits:
The possessive ego of body
The invincible providence
The convincing senses
Ever ready to sin
The mundane
Rationality
Wins

Doppelganger
Between the devil and the divine
I am hung, being two I pine

C. P. Sharma

Double Fest

Basant!

Time for autumnal romance
Feel its color and trance
In the ambiance of valiance
Lovers meet, dine and dance

Valentine!

Valentines know no age
Love is all ages craze
Love is an eternal blaze
Valentines Day its stage

Color!

Yellow are the primrose
Warmth of love it toes
Valentines love propose
Souls in union juxtapose

Divine!

The unity of hearts divine
Their faces in its glow shine
Tell the world she is mine
She is my glass of wine

Blessed!

Valentines are doubly blessed
Love's color and fragrance fest
Winter is over, now it's spring
In life joys and bliss it brings

C. P. Sharma

Drama

Drama is a classified stage presentation of the psychoanalysis of episodes through a gallery of characters interacting to knit a preconceived comic, historic or tragic plot in changing scenario.

C. P. Sharma

Dream

Our life is a lovely dream
Within the dream we dream
Victim of our nature, we pine
With Nature we don't beam

C. P. Sharma

Dream Glory

(A Chain Senryu)

I am not I
Universally busy
An immortal guy

Birth ceremony
In burial ground, I sleep
End of one day dream

No time for your cry
Busy with another dream
Why for me you fry?

Live life as it comes
Flow or swim against the stream
Make the dream glory

Why do you beat breast?
Why not make you dream a fest?
An eternal jest

C. P. Sharma

Dream Seller

I am a dream seller
I have dreams for
young and old
sadhus and household
of french marigold
in mosaic gold
with trance untold
above sevenfold

I am a dream seller
I have dreams for kids
fun, frolic, and dance
joy ride freelance
all universes in a glance
fear has no chance
of time no sense
mind knows no pretense

I am a dream seller
I have dreams for young
Love haunted souls
Infatuation rolls
Life's fuzzy goals
Searching new roles
Beware of potholes
What is life as a whole?

I have dreams infinite
You can fly high as a kite
Weeping willows and delight
In them mighty fight
In some, you are in spotlight
Lovers in moonlight
Pauper turns king overnight
In them jealousy, pity, and blight

C. P. Sharma

Dream Within A Dream

I have seen a dream
what i call life!
In wedlock with lady
i call my wife!
When dream shatters
Where is life! ! !
Where is wife! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Dressed Chickens

We are
dressed chickens
sizzling chilly red hot
in civil dress
with bow
and coat

Ready to be served
at a grand feast
but within, we
are worse
than the
beast

Flora and fauna
we have destroyed
Now our own race
is in the briefcase
if we don't
care for
chicks

C. P. Sharma

Duality

we are two pieces
me and the rest of the world
we play hide and seek

C. P. Sharma

Dujiyan Te Hasna Changa Nahi

tun dujayan te hasda
tun ki hasda, tun ki hasda
jadon vi haso
khud te hi haso
dujiyan te hasna changa nahi

dujiyan te hasan vich garoor hai
khud te hasan vich sharoor hai
dujiyan vich kamiyan labhan do than
apniyan kamiyan labho
makhaul udaun di tha
khud te hasso
te sudharo

tun dujayan te hasda
tun ki hasda, tun ki hasda
jadon vi haso
khud te hi haso
dujiyan te hasna changa nahi

eh jism jinawar hai
ek jinawar duje te ki hasda
apne ap te hasan te purukh hasda
khud te hasan te nikhar aunda
apne ap te hasan te
rab hasada

tun dujayan te hasda
tun ki hasda, tun ki hasda
jadon vi haso
khud te hi haso
dujiyan te hasna changa nahi

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C. P. Sharma

Dwapar-Treyta

Dwapar-Treta*
(A Senryu)

Monarchy curtailed
The sorrows and joys alloyed
Trinity deployed

*Emanation of the Invisible into the Visible.

C. P. Sharma

Eid Mubarak To All

hai Eid bhi hamara
jumma bhi hamara
bhagwan ne hi khud ko
sarvatra pasara
ye kya insaan hai jisne
khuda ka bhi kiya batwara

C. P. Sharma

Either

I am either
Each bit a divine ego
Drunk of water-air

C. P. Sharma

Elections

When elections come
Leaders like a donkey bray
Wisdom on holiday

C. P. Sharma

Empower Nature

Nature nurtures
if you empower,
beauty and utility
upon you showers.

Gives your life
a fragrant touch,
diverse shades
sooth life so much.

Instead of cutting
plant a tree,
and live a life
totally worry free.

Why don't you
'Live and let live';
in Nature's blessings,
and bliss dive.

Empower Nature,
don't exploit;
live with it,
Its gifts rejoice.

C. P. Sharma

Energy - A Senryu

Life is energy
You can create or destroy
It is your free will

C. P. Sharma

Engrossing Dance*

To be alone isn't easy
God ever walks this way
Bountiful are His gifts
In love He ever sways

Self-bound worldly men
Don't allow Him to be alone
Keep captive in temple walls
Throng in moan and groan

The universe hangs in balance
Attraction and repulsion repose
The beauty buds and flowers
When the seeds decompose

The union of opposites
The mighty magic create
When Eternity mates Time
Engrossing dance recreates

*Inspired by Ashok K. Bhargava's poem 'Walk Alone'.

C. P. Sharma

Equipoise

Beauty and bliss in equipoise
All else is just a stage noise

C. P. Sharma

Eternal Abode

My permanent abode is funeral ground
Full many a truth there I have found

Fake relations in the world I feign
From them springs my painful gain

When the caged soul is set free
All relations for its last rites hurry

Garlanding photo, phoney love exhibit
Then for blessings once a year revisit

How proud I was of my dressing sense
Here truthfully naked, no pretence

Perishing beauties I ever picked
Their parting pain I ever miffed

Here all my sin and painful gains
Purgatory fire expiates all chains

Here I am eternal beauty and truth
In ashes I bathe, I am Shiva's sooth

C. P. Sharma

Eternal Consort

My eternal consort in each birth
Each time she sacrificed herself
Our shadows never stayed apart
In human form for each other pine

United monolith we lived in bliss
Unaware of independent identities
The world knew not that we exist
Within beauteous universes bloomed

For ages we didn't see each other
Blessed in oneness free from pain
The diversity danced in eternal joy
Shadows of separation never toyed

Being so close we are so far away
The bodies meet but not minds
In mutual temporal search of ours
We search new pleasure in pain

C. P. Sharma

Eternal Game

Eternal Game

Being, the game
Eternity plays
The board spread
Pieces' positions set
The rules to move laid
Captured or promoted
As time tends to zero
Some fiddle like Nero
Some become hero
Defeat, kings shame
Pawns get fame

C. P. Sharma

Eternal Rhapsody

When the instrument is not tuned
The notes don't glow
In eternal silence,
the music ever flows

The eternal melody
of Krishna's flute
will tune the settings
and discordance mute

Maha Raas* of Nidhivan**
my soul will join
Free from all sins,
the soulful bliss rejoice

Free from the bondages of body
The soul will sing its eternal rhapsody

Inspiration: Dr. NK Sharma's pic through messenger in the morning.

*The divine dance of Lord Krishna with Radha and Gopis.

**A very mysterious conception is associated with this temple i.e. after the sacred process of ARTI, not only human beings, but any kind of single animal also can't live in the periphery of this temple. In case anyone remains during the night in the compass of the temple, either he/ she becomes dumb, deaf, blind, lame or dies. He/she is not found hale and hearty in the morning to disclose the spiritual secret of the lord Radha-Krishna, as it is said even now that the priest puts two toothbrushes, some holy water in a jug with four sweets (LADDOO) and ready bed after Arti in the night, but in the morning everything is found and seen as if someone has used it because everything is found at sixes and sevens. It proves that Lord Radha Krishna who are known as PRIYA-PRIYATAM, they appear in the night to perform their spiritual activities (Lilas) .

C. P. Sharma

Eternal Spring

Through white curtains as I peep into your soul
In the crippling chill of this January winter night
The warmth of your words melts the frozen ice
The silken sound of sweet words behind them
Reminds me of the joys of the eternal Spring.

In the background of white shadow of eternity,
In the warmth of love the icy glaciers melt
The budding leaves bring the hope of new romance
Away from West Virginia Hills beside Yamuna

Where ecstatic music from Krishana's flute flowed
Pulling soulful Gopis to Great Divine Dance
With Him as nucleus danced around in madness
Losing identity into Eternal Spring of Bliss

C. P. Sharma

Ethereal Womb

Tanka - 4

My mind a gadget
Links to ethereal womb
In it all knowledge
I collect the golden eggs
Till the tomb epitaph tags

C. P. Sharma

Eyes

Sip from her eyes
Patiala peg of wine
Feel bliss divine

C. P. Sharma

Faith And Patience (???????? ?? ??????)

In the glory and the gale
Life's boat sails
Many a time you lead
Sometimes trail

Trust yourself
The divine within you
The Satanic verses
Ever eschew

Vanity and infamy
Pull you down
Beware of them
Be not a clown

Faith and Patience
The keys to succeed
Sai says, ever recount
The two rosary beads

C. P. Sharma

Faith Is Truth

hi, Despair
I am your Faith
Why do you feel lonely?
I am still with you, my dear
I am ever ready to patch up
But you are ever mumbling, grumbling
ever complaining something
ever blaming somebody
that makes you suffer

Your problem is
your courting Distrust
You don't trust even yourself
with such an attitude how can you enjoy
Why not entwine with Trust vine
In confidence with me shine
Cast away the gloom
In good faith bloom

Shed all despair
Breathe fresh air
I am your faith
I am your truth
Why not say sooth

Water the plant of life with faith
Don't allow it to die in despair

Inspiration: While browsing on fb today morning my cursor went on a friend in the section just above friends and a beautiful poem on despair popped up before me. I was just typing my views on it that it disappeared from my computer screen, might be a wrong click from me, naive as I am about computers. I could not read the poet's name but his poem inspired me to write the above lines. My heartfelt thanks to the poet for this inspiration.

C. P. Sharma

Fake Conceptions

Conceiving is silent
It doesn't advertise
As the stage advances
The world comes to know its size
Post delivery all, celebration and prize

In our polity, the tables have turned
It conceives much publicity
Without lump and growth
Photo sessions are done
The credits are won

The delivery is an iron rod*
And the public feels defraud

*As per scriptures and the ancient historical texts, after the end of the Mahabharat war, Rishi Vishwamitra and Narad Muni came to Dwarika. The Yadav princess, in order to trick the rishis, wrapped Samb with cloth and took him to the rishis for their blessings so that he could beget a son. The rishis were already aware of this by their sheer knowledge and cursed him instead. The curse was that during Bharya time, the Sambh, turned into a lady, would beget a 'moosal' (iron rod type weapon) , which in turn would be used by the Andhak, Vrishni and other Yaduvanshi to kill each other.

C. P. Sharma

Fake Connections

Only you and you and you alone
All in you and nothing unknown
No time, no night, Sun shines always
Tomorrows and yesterdays melt into eternal today

Strong are the snares of five senses
Colors, music, taste, smell and touch bind
With them, we are deeply entwined
In them, we see our life's defenses

No pleasure, no pain and no disdain
All transparent, colors don't feign
Rumi was One with the Pilot in him
My fake connections, my being trim

The eventful life reflects the turbulence
Deep below lies the soulful silence

*Inspired by Dr. Alka Arora's "Fall in love in such a way".

C. P. Sharma

Fallen Off Chips

You are the universe
We are your fallen off chips
Some dust particles
Some appear as meteor strips

Seven continents
And the seven seas
Mountainous breasts
On planes colorful flowers and trees

Life sustains on them
Almost everywhere
On land, water
either and air

Above all
wonderful roof designed
In it the sun, the moon
and the stars entwined

The rivers your veins
You are our heart
You pump the blood
You gave a kick start

In thankfulness
We bow to you
For music and fragrance
that you construe

C. P. Sharma

Far From The Maddening Crowd

The maddening world

Muddled up in vice

Stuck up in wealth

Takes more than due slice

Robbing Mother Earth

Of its treasures finite

Ignoring future generations

Self-annihilation slight

Neither pure air to breath

Nor pure water to drink

No healthy food to eat

Of all junk foods we think

Hearts are now maligned

New vultures on living prey

Satan has possessed our spirit

We are on destruction's way

Before the Earth is barren

A mild voice within I hear

Make tree-house by river side

Tune to birds' melodies clear

In its dense green foliage

The peace of mind flows

Nearby fresh fruit groove

Pure and gentle breeze blows

C. P. Sharma

Farewell 2008

(Agenda 2009)

This year I sang songs of body,
Its love and beauty's rhapsody,
Passions long trail they embody
With their rhythm slip shoddy.

Next year I shall alternate
Oldest Scripture and illusion spate;
From where the life originate,
Grandiose of the passion's gate!

The story of the Divine Womb
How from the chaos tomb?
Desire of creation aplomb
How heaven earth did bloom?

From above great waters flowed,
There the flame of spirit glowed;
There the first word was heard,
Later faith and knowledge gird.

Then five senses devise:
Ears and beautiful eyes,
Sensuous feel, smell surprise,
Sensuality without vice.

Later came the great divide:
Time and distance's slide,
The sun-moon seek and hide,
The earth adored as bride.

Forest of goodness for food,
On the divine spirit to brood;
Nature's beauty stood nude,
The world today calls it rude.

This starts the satanic fights
The tirade of human delight

Decision about wrong and right
Clash between right and might

Sometimes we die for right!
Sometimes power death invites!

C. P. Sharma

Feel Him

I know Him
But I can't tell
Snuffle His scent

C. P. Sharma

Feel Life's Bliss

Eternal soul unbound energy percolates
The body consumes, turns it into wastes

The universal soul our body inhales
Cleaning it, all impurities exhales

Soul by nature lives in zeal and jollity
Body ever suffers in its fear and frailty

Born with bliss, to spread it you came
For fun and frolic look out of your frame

Live not by your mind but go by heart
The heart is innocent, the mind is smart

Mind tries to scissor the impenetrable soul
Heart's sanity keeps intact the soul as a whole

Sharing with others make the universe yours
Mind not, if a little discomfort you have to endure

In thankfulness the joy of your being enjoy
Pray a little for others, join the divine convoy

Mould life, giving it a little mystic touch
In ecstasy of life, Nature plays role much

C. P. Sharma

Feel Your Being

Be the water and flow down a stream
Be the heart of sea and, in its unity beam
Losing the identity become the ocean
Feel its magic, power and commotion

Be like the wind in all its attires
To burn the evils fan the fires
Whisper its song to restless souls
Rush to parched lands clouds rain-rolled

Be the land with diversity of life
Be the part of their struggle and strife
Nourish the needy wherever it be
On earth, sky or inside the sea

Be the fire, the world inspire
Warmth of love, the world aspires
The engine of new growth
Of dead and waste, light the pyre

Be the ether echo all life
Spectra of stars and planets rife
Being all, its nothingness feel
Of steady motion be the keel

C. P. Sharma

Fiction

Fiction is an elaborate perception of sense and sensibility in the everyday life of a society reflected through an imaginative mind capturing the curiosity of the reader for minute details.

C. P. Sharma

Fit In The Kit

Love is the religion of life
Friendship adds colors to it
Diversity is its complement
Compete not, but fit in the kit

C. P. Sharma

Flower - A Haiku

I hide me in bud
Bloom exposes my inside
Fading I whither

C. P. Sharma

Flower Valley Girl

In flower valley her heart she sings
Perhaps the happy songs of spring
Or some divinity to her being clings

Surrounded by the flowers pink
Pearly eyes serve nectarous drink
In bliss with distant love she sync

Flowery fragrance around her flings
Her heart a happy memories swing
The whole cosmos is under her wings

Beauty with dreams in her eyes
In her happiness is baptized
God at leisure her improvised

Lilies ever in her heart bloom
She knows not what is gloom
In her youth the romance zooms

Artist par excellence in her style
Silently share her heavenly smile
Silently watch or just pass awhile

Photo courtesy: Aleta Michaletos with gratitude.

C. P. Sharma

Flowers

O flowers divine,
I read scriptures in you
You are lovely in every hue

O Cassia fistula
Your golden shower
Depressed hearts empower

Life is full bloom
No space for gloom
Happiness its costume

Flamboyant Gulmohar
Heart's love outpour
In life love adore

Giving a rose
Hearts come close
Giving others. favors win

Learn to live with thorns
They shield
Rose never scorns

Living in mud
The lotus blooms
Rise above muck

When weary cavalcade
A sigh heaves
Purple Jacaranda relieves

Flowers with short life
Give a message to man
But we don't learn with long life span

C. P. Sharma

Flowers' Sacrifice

The garland flowers
Sprightly glee at sacrifice
Making you happy

C. P. Sharma

Flowers Speak

She asked me,

'Teach me about flowers.'

I said,

'Go to them, they are the best teachers.'

She said,

'Teach the language of flowers.'

I said,

'No school can teach. Identify with them, become a flower and they communicate.'

She said, 'What? '

I said,

'Blooming with love and happiness. The bliss and joy of giving. The rosary of bliss. The momentariness of life.'

Inspiration: Hela Tekali's message.

C. P. Sharma

Flowers! ! ! ! ! ! !

Reshama,

Who says they die?
they transfigure into
lingering fragrance
no sighs
and the seeds
for the posterity
to multiply.

it is not a flower
it is a flower forest,
an ocean of fragrance,
it is on birth, it is on death
in all shots it is girdled girth.

Why say red flower
have the red of
thy bleeding feet?
It blushes in love
and its warm hue
The love greets.

Why say they are
Wet with tears?
The dew drops
on them bedeck them
with sparkling jewels
scattering the golden hue.

*Please read with reference to 'Lap of Love' by Reshama Ramesh

C. P. Sharma

Follow Divine Dictates*

A million cleansing of no avail
If piety in mind doesn't prevail,
Being quiet restores not the peace
If we vibrant conscience fleece.

Delusive hunger doesn't satisfy
If ever explosive desires tie,
A thousand crafty attempts made
But out of mire I couldn't wade.

By His laws the forms compose,
By His laws the life flows,
Obeying His dictates life glows,
But decoding them none knows.

By His order are good and bad,
Some are happy others sad;
On some shines His Grace,
Others in death-birth's circle race.

All pervading is His law,
Nothing is beyond its claw;
If one comes to know His Law
He gets rid of ego's flaw.

Source: Japuji Sahib

* Only discordant notes are mine with due apologies.

C. P. Sharma

Follow Your Heart

People search you in temples
mosques and churches
Sit eyes closed
Meditate
On hill tops,
In caves and forests
Perform ritual in many ways
Pour libations to him
Paint your beauties
In diverse forms and hues
Associate you with musical instruments
Percussion, woodwind, stringed and brass
Read scriptures to know you
But get no clue

But I just bow
And peep within
There sits the Master Painter
Who dyes me in ever new hues
His temple there in rose red color
For Him made in heart shape bower
Right below it the belly shaped fire place
The sacrificial fire is ever present
Accepts oblations of seven sins
My body is His lyre and lute
I, become Lord's flute
I know not rituals
The conch blows
Gong echoes
One feeling
With Him
Bliss
Bliss
Bliss

C. P. Sharma

Food

O Food, your glory is so great,
Strength of limbs you generate.

It should be of our own choice,
Or with guileless friends rejoice.

O delicious, sweet luscious food,
Come; see all health it includes.

All guile and ill health elude,
Keep away bad mood & feud.

Nature everywhere food provides:
In plains, on plateau and hill sides.

Just as wind blows everywhere,
Savory juices all over supplies.

Food for creatures of all types,
Of high, low neck and stripe

As the food Nature assigns,
Teeth, beak & mouth design.

O food, you boost great gods' spirit,
Morale of the brave you ever uplift.

Helped to kill nefarious Dragon,
Glorious victory over it was won.

The juices of watery food fresh,
Dissolve all superfluous flesh.

Milk & grain protect the frame,
So as I muscular power claim.

Creation, around food galvanized,
Ever wraps up and rematerialize.

Note: Inspired by Rig Veda (1/187)

C. P. Sharma

For The Master's My Heart Beats

FOR THE MASTERS MY HEART BEATS

In the verdent shade of great masters
my youth styled
Their dazzling brilliance I couldn't gauze
at them I smiled

How Kalidas, a foolish wood-cutter
rose to literary heights!
How Shakespeare, a stablemate
stole lime lights!

How people used to set watches
when Samuel Johnson was out for walk!
How he taught the gentry in theatre
when to laugh!

How Byron tamed a bear as dog to accompany for walk!
How the handsome bad boy with club feet was ladies' talk!

How in the tiger's
burning eyes John Donne's metaphysics awake!
How Gray wrote epitaph
for the common men's sake!

How did Coleridge's wedding guest
as a 'sadder and a wiser man' mourn!
Wordsworth wanted to be a pagan
than suckled to a creed out worn!

How Keats fell victim
to the critics cruel pen!
How in Adonais, Shelley
on Keat's critics pans!

How life's measures
Change their tunes
Eliot measured out life
in coffee spoons

When student, they were my unrest
With the age now in me they rest
When within I hear their soulful songs
In silence my heart their company longs

C. P. Sharma

Freaks Of Mind

Existing in myself
I am full of pain
Sometimes betrayal
Drains my brains

At times separation
Pound of flash claims
Live-in, also blame game
Ever dance as divine flame

Living alone reminds
Of pains of frame
I am searching my domain
Love alone my life sustains

Life isn't about loss or gains
Win or lose but guns don't train
One without the other can't play
Like a child the toys enjoy

As a bird, I fly too far off coast
I am now hung on goalpost
My freak mind strangely boasts
When you play me a host

C. P. Sharma

Friends

Friends are like old wine
Made from the choicest essence
Oblation to soul

C. P. Sharma

Friendship

(I saw a picture of a child feeding a sparrow on her palm.)

Seeing this picture I went into trance,
I saw in them sweet innocence dance.
I approached a flock in month May,
They just fluttered and flew away.

I just sat down and on it reflect,
What was it that we did deflect?
By what magic they were friends?
And what sorcery made us strand?

Soon a murmur from within replies,
Them innocent trust as friends ties.
Our mutual distrust's repelling waves,
In imagined fear we fly as knaves.

Be friends with Nature, trust create,
In bliss of innocence all beings date

C. P. Sharma

Funeral Ground

Funeral Ground

The funeral ground
All peace, no sound
The truth profound
Divinity resound

No anger, no greed
Sex doesn't breed
Body doesn't bleed
The infinite seed

No trouble, no toil
Power doesn't spoil
The purity uncoils
Life's doubts airfoil

The duality dissolves
The ONE resolves

C. P. Sharma

Fusion

Supreme Intelligence
Everywhere it's presence
Ever busy
Eternally creates
Unconcerned It permeates.

Alluring creations
Tempt the mind
Favors find
Call it religion
Follow blind.

Temples build
Treasures spilled
Sculptures carved
Scriptures served
Seeking reward.

It has its pace
It knows no race
Follows no religion
That is confusion
Struggle, no reason.

We create delusions
In life no reason
Ever out of season
Uncertain decisions
Devoid of fusion.

C. P. Sharma

Ganges Water

Water of the Ganges merges with the ocean
The dancer appears on a new dance floor
It is ever fresh and never once more.

I saw Alakhnanda at the foot of Badrinath
The future overlapping the present
Hastening to reach the shore.

The ignorant sinning animal knows not
It is rushing towards the shore
Redeeming self for a new door.

C. P. Sharma

Genial Current

When on our couch we lie
In the stillness of the night,
The soul from its slumber arise
It expresses its deep surprise:

On our follies of the dream day
On sand dunes the castles of clay,
Crafty crow mean business joins
It is busy in amassing clay coins.

Dedicated life of luxury and lust
Grind own axe in charitable trust,
Worldly grandeur goes with gust
Starts journey of the dust to dust.

From there a genial current flows
The world says your poetry glows.

C. P. Sharma

Gentleman

Hiding the dirt inside mind's eyes
In gentleman's dress I disguise;
Bosom to the moon can't bare
In fleeting fast love I despair.

C. P. Sharma

Glory Of Life

There is no coin sans head and tail
So in life and death the truth entail

Either way life is full of romance
All depends on how you glance

Some even in the face of death dance
Some in spite of wealth get no chance

Some drink the cup of life to its last lease
Like Ulysses ever ready to search new seas

Tired lotus eaters just languish on the shore
For them, life doesn't have much fun in store

Glory of life lies in dying like a hero
Else life means nothing, its absolute zero.

People, on the pyres of heroes throng
Celebrations and fairs are held life long

C. P. Sharma

God

As I swell
He withdraws,
When I withdraw
He takes the charge.

C. P. Sharma

God And Satan

God is my extended self.
Satan is self-centered.

C. P. Sharma

God! ! ! !

God is One,
He is the Truth.

He manifests in Nature:
In diverse sounds,
in myriad forms:

The birds from the sky
sing His praise,
In hedges the wailful
sound of gnats,
In waters the squeaking
of fish tail,
In oceans the sonar
of the whale.

In innocent look
of the deer in graze,
The fear in tiger's
eyes that blaze,
Majesty in the
elephant's walk,
Timidity in frog's
hidden croak.

On the mountains
Sages in trance,
Fun and frolic
in flowery dance,
By the riverside
eternity glance,
resurging into
the sea.

Millions of suns
and moons
in Him shine,
Innumerable stars
in them fly high,

Immeasurable
are their skies,
In unfathomable
caves of oceans
He lives,
Unseen from there
the tapestries He weaves.

Timeless is
His existence,
Un-begotten is
His being,
Self-existent is
His substance,
The Guru is
His cradle,
Him in Guru's Grace
you seek.

Note: The first and the last verse are inspired by the proem (Mool Mantra) of
Sri Guru Granth Sahibji

C. P. Sharma

God's Plenty

In the garden of God
there is plenty,
Through invisible hand
He governs humanity.
When man tries to force his law
he might solve one with ten flaws.

Accumulation a net of miseries casts,
shortages and inequalities vast,
An appeal for Nature's empowerment
Economic planning is beyond government.

C. P. Sharma

Gold Turned Dust

Tanka - 5

Gold Turned Dust

There was gold in eggs

Fertilized with earthy sperms

Turned gold into dust

All true knowledge we misread

Instead of love there bloodshed

C. P. Sharma

Golden Gift Of Life & Love

I am in love with my life,
What if it is full of struggle & strife!
In life I never had a sense of loss,
Though all my life was tumble toss..

I avoided being crafty wise,
So, I lived my life king size.
My life's boat never capsized,
My faith always won me big prize.

In my life love has a proud place,
I enjoy love with all His Grace.
I see all that is beautiful in life,
I don't see any ugliness in strife

Play soft sweet music on life's strings
Why the plaintive numbers of sing!

C. P. Sharma

Golden Sunset

Golden sunset is the Nature's best,
So the age with clarity blessed;
The dazzling sun blurs the vision,
So the youth can't self envision.

Train of thoughts, of battles fought,
Many won and a few I lost,
Of the victory bouquets got,
But the brickbats leave me frost.

After the life's long tiring quest,
I can at last retire and rest;
With old friends now I can have jest,
Make new friends from east & west.

From beaming faces to haggard looks,
Ripened sweetness the sunset hooks.

C. P. Sharma

Gong Song

God gave us all we need
Fresh air to breath and food to feed
Why don't we His praise sing
The temple bells sound ding ding ding.

C. P. Sharma

Gong-Sound Divine*

'As always' you are warm and elegant
Sing sweet songs from a shore distant,
Handwritten notes vanish in the wind,
Soul's dialogues leave indelible imprints.

Passing phases of the sun and moon
Unveil the transient facets of beauty,
Old panes of soul never get blurred,
They ever reflect the radiant eternity.

Your signature's lingering scent
Our souls will exchange in trance,
World from its sweet fragrance know
'Spring bower' of your musical flow.

Your and my thoughts will entwine
With the gong sound's echo divine.

*In response to Sandra Fowler's 'Afterthoughts'.

C. P. Sharma

Great God! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

In the poorest of the poor I live,
In their miseries I do peeve;
With them without meals I sleep,
Their company in all modes I keep.

Company of tiller on the field I kept,
With them on work I have sweat;
In winter nights I share their shiver,
No roof overhead, no clothes to cover.

The rich ever ask me for more gold,
But I have never been to their fold;
All dainty dishes to them forbidden,
At last they lead the life bed-ridden.

Take it true, I ever live in your heart,
Captive in their temple, over-smart! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Grieve Not While I Bid Adieu

I am I the flicker of a dying lamp
to light new place dark and damp,
Eager to be One with light source
Great Nature's nourishing new course.

Once again to be the part
of the sun and the soil,
Downpour again from sky
as wind gust or water spoils.

In deep dark caves of ocean
I might rest in unglazed cover
till a gem cutter comes and
imparts luster, fire and color.

I have the options to shine in myriad hues,
As singing bird, a fragrant flower or morning dew.

C. P. Sharma

Haiku

Who taught rose to bloom!
In spite of all thorns it zooms
Of his own one swoons

C. P. Sharma

Haiku Trident

Rose Bed

Lying on rose bed
Thorns of roses deeply prick
I profusely bleed.

Fake Comfort

The rosy red blood
Camouflaged in rose petals
Fake cool comfort flicks

Sinful Sea

Inebriated ego
In turbulent sinful sea
Seeks pleasure in pain

C. P. Sharma

Haiku Trio

Life is a river
It perennially flows
Memory is pond

Mind populates pond
With lily, lotus or weeds
Makes it scent or stink

Make it flower bed
Mind with colors and scents blooms
Your soul bathes in bliss

C. P. Sharma

Handle With Care

Love knows no logic
Of bliss, it is treasure trove
A bloomed lotus yogic

Enjoy love's beauty in entirety
With its fragrance loom
Fully bound by trust and duty

Love knows no give and take
It knows the bliss of giving
Else know for sure, love is fake

Love in its white brilliance shines
But its colorful spectrum lures
Yoga all of them in one combines

In partial perception love distorts
The lovely love is lost
Conflicts arise, foundations thwart

Love is delicate
Handle it with care
It doesn't replicate

C. P. Sharma

Happy Holi

Clouds of colors skim
All through Brij's* land and mid-air
Happy Holi** cheers

*It is considered to be the land of Krishna and is derived from the Sanskrit word vraja. The main cities in the region are Vrindavan, Mathura, Jalesar, Bharatpur, Agra, Hathras, Dholpur, Aligarh, Etawah, Mainpuri, Etah, Kasganj and Firozabad.

**The colorful festival of Holi is celebrated on Phalgun Purnima which comes in February end or early March. Holi festival has an ancient origin and celebrates the triumph of 'good' over 'bad'. The colorful festival bridges the social gap and renews sweet relationships. On this day, people hug and wish each other 'Happy Holi'.

Holi celebration begins with lighting up of a bonfire on the Holi eve. Numerous legends & stories associated with Holi celebration makes the festival more exuberant and vivid. People rub 'gulaal' and 'abeer' on each others' faces and cheer up saying, 'bura na maano Holi hai'.

C. P. Sharma

Happy New Year 2017

Message for all my friends and the world.

C. P. Sharma

Happy Teacher's Day

(A Senryu)

Truth illumines mind
The Guru guides to the truth
The teacher teaches

C. P. Sharma

Happy Valentines

Idakka*

Love is in the air
Love doesn't anyone spare
For each other love we swear
For some, love becomes a prayer

Idakka

Love is in the air
Sans love life is not fair
Love ever shares and cares
In love, our hearts we bare

Idakka

Love has different flairs
On Valentine they declare
On their knee, they bend
With roses in their hand

Idakka

This rose is meant for you
To say that 'I love you'
Just give a flying kiss
So I feel divine bliss

Idakka

Love is in the air
Love doesn't anyone spare
Sans love life is not fair
Let our life be debonair

* The 'idakka' (Malayalam) is an hourglass-shaped drum from Kerala in south India. As for the origin of the name of 'idakka', it is believed that it came from the sound 'Dakka'. It is well known to people who have an idea of Hinduism that this is the instrument which is tied on the 'Trishool' of Lord Shiva. The use of onomatopoeia by Keralites is also well known. Thus, the 'Dakka' sound transformed into words like 'Edakka' and 'Idakka'.

It is also believed that once when Lord Shiva and Parvathi stopped their dance, the Dakka tied onto the Trishul of Lord Shiva produced 14 different sounds.

According to Patanjali, it is these sounds which later became vowels and consonants of our language.

C. P. Sharma

Haridas

Tansen, among Akbar's Nine Gems,
He enriched the Indian music stem.
His music with magical topflight,
Of its own the lamps could light.

He was the crowning music laureate,
Music of his sort none could create.
Akbar said, 'none could you surpass.'
Tansen said, 'Yes, my Guru Haridas'.

He said, 'he sings like a free bird,
He sings only when his soul spurred.
At his pleasure he sings his measures,
He sells them not to other's pleasures.

In his songs Nature sings & glance,
He sings only when peacocks dance.
In groovy ambiance along the river,
Among the bird's sharp shrill twitter.

Opus of the symphonies of soul,
Bliss of the existence he unrolled.'

C. P. Sharma

Haridas: Tansen's Guru

Tansen, among Akbar's Nine Gems
Enriched the Indian music stem
His music with magical topflight
of its own the lamps could light.

One day, listening to his music the emperor said,
'You are the crowning music laureate,
Music of your sort none could create.'

Akbar said,
'None could you ever surpass.'
You are the musician top brass

The Queen said,
'It takes me back to my days of teens'
Playing with siblings and merry scenes
For Goddess floral garlands seamed.'

Maid sitting there said,
'To me his music reminds
Parting sighs of my sis pensive mind.'

Still another maid in joy's ecstasy cried,
'It makes me feel fresh like morning dew.'

Akbar asked Tansen,
'Who taught you this singing art?
Heavenly touches to your voice impart.'
And further added,
'None could you ever surpass? '

But Tansen retorted,
'Yes there is, my Guru Haridas.
If once you listen to his voice
My poor voice you won't rejoice.
Like a free bird he sings his songs,
He sings only when his soul longs.
At his pleasure he sings his measures,
He sings not to the mundane pleasures.

In his songs Nature sings & glance,
He sings only when peacocks dance.
In groovy ambiance along the river,
Midst of the birds' sharp shrill twitter.'

Unwilling to accept Tansen's blurt
Akbar asked to arrange a concert

But Tansen said,
'Your Majesty, He is a hermit saint,
He won't respond to your plaint
His divine voice you can peep
By going to his cottage in forest deep.'

Agreeing, the emperor disguised
As a commoner went there.

On the way Akbar asked,
'Tansen, a question stares in my mind!
How did you this saint singer find? '

Tansen said, 'I shall let you know this fable later.'

When they reached Haridas's cottage in Vrindavan
He was there in deep trance
Tansen whispered, hide behind the bushes
You might have chance to glance

In reverence, Tansen sat near his feet
And started singing a hymn
That he had learnt from him
Wilful jarring notes up brim

This Guru's contemplation marooned
He said, 'Tansen, you are out of tune,
It's messed up sounds' disharmony
You have lost all sense of harmony
You are out of Music's fold
Have you bartered it for gold? '

Tansen begged,

'Guruji, sing this strain for me again
So as the purity of tune I attain.'

Then Haridas collected his voice
Heavenly music from it flowed

In it the song of the stars emerged
Union of earth and ocean upsurge
Heaven and earth in love submerged
Time and shapes in eternity merged

In it creation's blissful trance
All life and love in it danced
In it lay Nature's inimitable laws
Perfect symphony without flaw

Akabar on hearing,
Opus of the symphonies of soul,
Bliss of existence in him unrolled.

Drunk in blessedness Akbar fell on ground
Tansen in its beauty and sweetness astound

Coming to senses, Akbar fell in Guru's feet
Akbar said that he was there, 'him to greet'.

While returning to the palace Akbar told:
'You were right, you are brass, and he is gold
He is the sun and you are simply his shadow
I hold you in high esteem but tell why it is so?

Tansen replied,
'Your Majesty, the reason is very simple
I sing to the pleasure of an earthy king
He sings his measures to the King of kings.'

Note: There are many versions of this story. I have tried to narrate one of the versions in verse.

C. P. Sharma

He

He is unknown
Though He is omnipresent
Why do I wander! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Heart Adore

Tanka - 10

The world is a shrine
The abode of love divine
Here our heart adore
Piety to it assign
Let our hearts be not maligned

C. P. Sharma

Heart Is A Rose

Mind dyed in blood red

Heart is a rose

Fragrant bliss within

Mind doesn't endorse! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Heart's Unity

Our heart is not just muscles
Light and color in it chuckle
Sparkling love and lust in it
In purple emotions it is knit

It is soft and brittle
Handle with care
Once it is broken
Difficult to repair

In heart heavens and earth lie
Feelings of heart don't defy
Your heart with others unite
Give up hatred and gun fight

Let our hearts in honey sip
Let us not in poison dip
We all are children of God
Let us all God's unity laud

Inspiration: Gina Ancheta Agsaulio's "My Heart is Beating For You" on fb and accompanying heart pic reproduced here.

C. P. Sharma

Her Smiles

Her smiles

When in true love I am lost

Lyrics on my heart emboss.

My pen sketches her smiles

From far off nautical miles.

C. P. Sharma

Hide And Seek - A Senryu

When alone we weep
The joy of searching lies in
Hiding and seeking

C. P. Sharma

His Word Prevails

True is the Master, true His justice
In language of love find its bliss,
We ever beg for more and more
The Giver more and more restores.

What offering to give Him?
How to see Him face to face?
What words to use for prayer
So as on me He showers grace?

Meditate at dawn on true Name
And sing songs in His praise,
By His grace all forms attain
By His grace salvation gain.

Nanak, know it to be true
Universally His truth* prevails.

*The truth lies in abiding by His Laws, not in thwarting the Laws of Nature.

Source: From Japuji Sahib with due apologies for discordance, if any.

C. P. Sharma

Holi - A Festival Of Colors In India

Giridhari* in Holi's playful mood
Charming color patterns exudes,
With divine music on his flute
To happy drum beats, joyous hoots,
joined by Braj* ladies cute.

All around with his hands
Saffron and sandal he strewed,
Handfuls of red rose powder
on his beloved he threw,

In the air fragrance flows,
Singing in Char Dhamar*
Clapping hands the joy bestows.
Dark complexioned, the honeycomb,
Playing, the color clouds zoom

There in Braj you see love plume
In honey and nectar divinity blooms
Meera* feels the beloved bliss
In Mohan's company and soulful kiss.

Source: One of the songs of Meera rendered into English not literally but in spirit.

*Holi festival has a mythology behind it but it is widely known as the festival of colors in India.

*Lord Krishana, known by several names such as Giridhari, Mohan, Kanhyya, Shyam, etc.

*The place where Lord Krishana was brought up.

*A variant of Dhrupad Dhamar Raga in Indian musical tradition.

*A princess from Rajasthan spiritually wedded to Lord Krishana who sang songs of her love with Him

C. P. Sharma

Holi Revellers

Festival of colors Holi
Shines brilliantly
In regions differently

Bulle's Holi dyes soul
Colorful soul's scroll
The spectrum whole

Colorful is Brij soil
Radha consciousness coil
Bright colors on voile

Gujarati gals
Play Holi with pals
Nosepins colors enthrall

The colors of flower
Multi-color bowers
Float as towers

Myrtle colors
on ladies palms
fragrant Sandal psalms

Music and colors
Forerunners of summer
Unite mankind as lover

In Avadh Ram Lala
In Brij Nand Lala
Holi blessings for followers
Of Ishwar and Allah

C. P. Sharma

Holi* – Festival Of Colors

Giridhari¹ in Holi's playful mood
Colorful patterns exudes,
Divine music on his flute
drum beats & joyous hoots,
joined by Braj² ladies cute.

All around with his hands
saffron and sandal he strews,
Handfuls of red rose powder
on his beloved he throws,
all around fragrance flows,
Singing in Char Dhamar³
clapping hands his joy shows.

Dark complexioned,
the honeycomb,
When playing Holi
clouds of color zoom,
And the Braj is flooded
With love's honeyed juice,
Meera⁴ feels the bliss
In Mohan's company lives.

One of the songs of Meera rendered into English not literally but in spirit.

*Holi festival has a mythology behind it but it is widely known as the festival of colors.

1. Lord Krishana, know by several names such as Giridhari, Mohan, Kanhyya, Shyam, etc.
2. Birth place of Lord Krishana.
3. A variant of Dhrupad Dhamar Raga in Indian musical tradition.
4. A princess from Rajasthan spiritually wedded to Lord Krishana who sang songs of her love with Him

C. P. Sharma

Hollow Me

Your being beautifies the Universe
The melodious music of your flute
Echoes in the stillness of my soul

It imparts the angelic look to all
That I see around and in Nature
Bathed in peace and celestial bliss

Take away my ego to hollow me
Make me thy lyre and play on me
The notes outpouring divine melody

C. P. Sharma

How To Live? A Senryu

The past, tormenting
The future glares into eyes
Can't hold of present

C. P. Sharma

I

Why can't I be I?
Copying others strenuously try
In the fire-pan I fry! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

'I'

I am not a letter
In me all epics
I created Time and Space
In me lie all edicts
You don't understand my silence
You misrepresent my word
You take delusion's path
Your vision has got blurred
I am the burning fire
All Maya to ashes I reduce
Out of airy nothing
Diverse beings I produce
You too are in me
You too have my traits
Just realize your worth
Why pine in illusive states?

C. P. Sharma

I Am A Fluttering Consciousness

I am a fluttering consciousness
Wandering to different sites,
Once on the shores of Nile
Now stranded on the Ganges.

I am not sure about tomorrow! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

May be on the Himalayan tracks
Might kiss the Appalachian bliss
Wherever I might be
Your company I shall never miss.

C. P. Sharma

I Am A Raindrop

I am a raindropp
I arise from the ocean,
I ride over the cloud
For hugging the sun.

On moonlit nights with
The moon I romance,
Saturate with love is
My dazzling drizzle dance.

On the cloud nine
I wander over hills and vales,
My vanity has a fall
In new lives I entail.

On the fertile ground
I grow as golden corn,
In the mouth of an oyster
As a pearl I adorn.

In the mouth of a snake
I turn into poison,
Ever keep good company
Bad one always shun.

Through rivers once again
I travel unto the ocean,
Thus goes on my journey
With bitter sweet emotions.

C. P. Sharma

I Am An Eternal Child

I am not aware of my age
Of it, often sing the sage
I have never ever grown old
I am a child seven-year-old

Radha eternally my heart holds
Keeps me ever young and bold
In perfect oneness, we are rolled
Our bond of love, life's true gold

My complexion jet black, like soot
I play my music on hollow flute
When I strike my metrical foot
To exotic universes, soul boots

I am ever an eternal child
My thoughts sometimes go wild

C. P. Sharma

I Am Civilized

I am a complete hypocrite,
I can hide Truth with ideas bright.
I am cunning, I am civilized,
Counterfeit truth I have baptized.

Naked truth I can't face,
I believe in stylized grace.
Of body's beauty I feel ashamed,
It conceals in tinsel attire framed.

Honey tongue and a heart of gall,
The world to me an easy prey fall.
Season's sense the sex has lost,
Its Nature assigned role is frost.

Nature's gifts I have moved to zoo,
From top to bottom artifice I woo.
Craftily the flora and the fauna effaced,
Them Teddy bear, fake flowers replaced.

On weekends the gardens don't attract,
For sunbath the beeches are not the tract.
Of time for these I am hard prest,
Casino culture is my sole interest.

For singing birds I can't pause,
My ears are now tuned to jazz.
Morning's freshness I forgo.
I am used to late night show(s) .

I am more ferocious than the beast
On Nature's burial I do feast,
Human bombs are my new feat,
All cruelties I now beat.

I don't look at my balance sheet,
How long shall I myself cheat.
I would better be a pagan now,
To nudist culture I shall bow.

The Buddha, the Mahavira and the Christ
With the naked Truth they had a tryst;
All embellishments they threw off,
The so called civilization they scoff(ed) .

C. P. Sharma

I Am Drunk

I see churches
in the mountain peaks.
I hear the gongs
in the sounds of sea
dashing against the stony shore.
I smell incense in the wind
from jasmine flowers
somewhere around.
I enjoy the wealth
of morning dew
that like gems
on grass
abound.
If the world says
drunk, yes, I am;
I drink His Grace
in juicy fruits
nectar in them I found

C. P. Sharma

I Am Hollow

I am fire
I have desires
Perfection I aspire
A petty vassal
I go haywire
You inspire
I perspire
Tired, I
retire

I am hollow
You breathe into me
I become your lyre
You air the fire
You admire
The ashes
become
live
wire

I simply know
In union, I glow

C. P. Sharma

I Am Love Struck!

Why of now, I sleep less, I dream more! ! !

Don't know! I want to know! !

Why of now, I sleep less, I dream more! ! !

God seems to have an implicit intent,

In it some goodness, He adore(s) .

Yesterday, a pauper at heart, ☐

Today, my heart is a prince;

God seems to have a good intent,

The words I do not mince.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Path that was stony, full of thorns,

It seems laden with roses today;
Since you met my outlook changed,
All hues under the sky look gay.

The dreams that had melted away,
Have come alive for u again;
All the time you are in my mind,
All my way your fairy freshness rain.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Why come to my dreams only at night?

Silently someday into my arm alight;

I dream about you only, be it day or night,
Clasp me firmly, be my beings sole delight.

Your winsome eyes have magic divine,
Have exhilarating effect of the wine;
You have captured all my dreams,
From you all worldly radiance beams.

All my questions arise from you,
All my answers lie in you.

Secretly I steal your being,
And bring it into my dream.

In all my dreams of love,
You are my sweet, sweet dove.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

Am I struck with Cupid's arrow?

Yes, I am,

Am I love intoxicated?

Yes, I am.

C. P. Sharma

I Am The Bloom

I was never born
nor ever I die;
I come from times immemorial,
till infinity I fly.

Each moment I unfold,
each moment I am new;
I am the moving spirit,
the past I eschew.

Not a museum of relics,
not a history book,
the living reality,
I exist in my new looks.

Untouched by sorrow,
I am all aplomb;
ever inspired,
I don't live in tomb.

Future doesn't frighten,
I don't live in gloom;
It's my own creation,
my bliss in lotus bloom.

If you paint the dark,
you miss my spark;
you make your own choice,
my boat you disembark.

You weep and wail,
The darkness prevails.

I Am The God

It is I
It is always I
In diverse ways
I unfold
But to today
I am sold

I forget
I was a child
When prattled
In my youth
Romance bloomed
With a girl settled
Now, when I am old
I am aches and folds
I would get rid of
This garb
Then I shall be
A bird, a flower
A fish or a star

I like change
Hence I am ever new
I am my own mind
My mind makes me
Of changing convictions
I am the prey
If I cast off illusions
As God I stay

Rejoinder: Rajesh Joshi's post 'Always try' on fb.

C. P. Sharma

I Am The Monarch

My first birth
All alone,
Monotony in it
Multiplied my clone.

A monolith now
Split into two,
The other half there
A woman to woo.

In Eden Garden
Abundance grew,
Fruit and flower
And Gracious dew.

Without villain
No suspense,
Satan came
Made life tense.

Turned Garden
Into a Ltd. Mill,
All around it
The dirt spill.

Of money and gold
A temple built,
For worshiping
The God of Guilt.

My Creation
Now at risk,
It seems now
Me Satan will frisk.

C. P. Sharma

I Am The Shiva

Land, water, sky
fire and air
from me sway;
in my matted locks
the crescent moon
and from them
the Ganges flows,
with Rudraksh¹ and
serpents I glow;
my cooperation
and touch with Nature
ever grows.
I am the Shiva.

I am Neelkanth²,
worldly poison I drink,
my Trident guards
against all constrictions of
body, mind and soul.
Innocence is my nature,
I am easily pleased
I am the Shiva

Smearred in ashes
I live on Kailash³,
I appear strange,
unique is my form.
My garland of skulls⁴
symbolizes immortal love
for my consort, and her
memories unforgettable
as Sati, Sadhvi, Bhavpreeta, Bhawani⁵
me ever haunt.

All beings
from me diverge;
they once again
unto me converge.
I shower my blessings

standing neutral between
demons and gods;
I am the unimpeachable Shiva.

When my pallet drum
starts its beats
my third eye opens,
my feet tip tap for Tandav
lighting funeral pyres everywhere
for readying new canvas
to paint anew

I am all inclusive,
I am the Truth,
I live in eternal bliss,
I am the Shiva.

Notes sourced from Wikipadea:

1Rudraksha, also rudraksh, Sanskrit: rudrakṣa ('Rudra's eyes') , is a seed traditionally used for prayer beads in Hinduism. The seed is produced by several species of large evergreen broad-leaved tree in the genus *Elaeocarpus*, with *Elaeocarpus ganitrus* being the principal species used in the making of organic jewelry or mala.

Rudraksha, being organic, is preferentially worn without contact with metal; thus on a cord or thong rather than a chain.

2Lord Shiva consumed the poison Halahala that originated from the sea during the Samudramanathan (churning of ocean) and held it in his throat that turned blue. Hence, he is worshiped as 'Blue Throated God'at Neelkanth Mahadev Temple near Rishikesh.

3 Mount Kailash (also Mount Kailas; Kangrinboqê or Gang Rinpoche; simplified Chinese: Gangrénboqí feng, Sanskrit: (Kailasa) is a peak in the Kailash Range (Gangdisê Mountains) , which forms part of the Transhimalaya in Tibet. It lies near the source of some of the longest rivers in Asia: the Indus River, the Sutlej River (a major tributary of the Indus River) , the Brahmaputra River, and theKarnali River (a tributary of the River Ganga) . It is considered a sacred place in four religions: Bön, Buddhism, Hinduism and Jainism. The mountain lies near Lake Manasarovar and Lake Rakshastal in Tibet.

4 The garland of skulls (mundamala) around Shiva's neck consists of heads from the bodies of Mother Sati, in her previous incarnations. She left him as a widower

for at least ten lifetimes. Shakti's incarnations kept dying although Shiva lived on and on forever due to his Yogic practice.

5 The 108 names of Lord Shiva's consort are: 1) Sati, the daughter of Dakṣa; 2) Sādhvī, the Sanguine; 3) Bhavapriya, loved by the universe; 4) Bhavani, the abode of the universe; 5) Bhavamocani, the absolver of the universe; 6) Arya; 7) Durga; 8) Jaya; 9) Adya, the beginning reality; 10) Trinetra, having three-eyes; 11) Suladharinī, holding a monodent; 12) Pinakadharinī, Who holds the trident of Siva; 13) Citra; 14) Candāghanṭā, having mighty bells¹; 15) Mahatapa, with severe penance; 16) Manas, mind; 17) Buddhi, wisdom; 18) Ahankara, pride; 19) Cittarupa, thought-state; 20) Cita, death-bed; 21) Citi, the thinking mind; 22) Sarvamantramayi, possessing all the instruments of thought; 23) Satta, above all; 24) Satyanandasvarupinī, eternal bliss; 25) Ananta, infinite or beyond measure; 26) Bhavini, beautiful woman; 27) Bhavya, future; 28) Bhavya, with splendor; 29) Abhavya, improper or fear-causing²; 30) Sadagati, always bestowing Mokṣa; 31) Sambhavi, consort of Sambhu; 32) Devamata; 33) Cinta, thoughts; 34) Ratnapriya, adorned or loved by jewels; 35) Sarvavidya, abode of knowledge; 36) Dakṣakanya, that is Sati, daughter of Dakṣa; 37) Dakṣayajñavināsini, destroyer of the sacrifice of Dakṣa³; 38) Aparṇā; 39) Anekavarnā, having many complexions (for example: Kali, Gauri); 40) Patāla, red in color; 41) Patālavati, wearing a red-color apparel; 42) Patṭambaraparidhana, wearing a dress made of leather; 43) Kalamañjirarañjini, wearing a melodious anklet; 44) Ameya, immeasurable; 45) Vikrama, fierce; 46) Krura, cruel (on demons); 47) Sundari; 48) Surasundari; 49) Vanadurga; 50) Matangi; 51) Matangamunipujita, prayed by Sage Matanga; 52) Brahmi; 53) Mahesvari; 54) Cāndri; 55) Kaumarc; 56) Vaisṇavi⁴; 57) Camundā; 58) Varahi; 59) Lakṣmi; 60) Puruṣakṛtī, taking the form of a man; 61) Vimalotkarsinī, providing joy; 62) Jñāna; 63) Kriya; 64) Nitya, eternal one; 65) Buddhida, bestower of wisdom; 66) Bahula, numerous in forms; 67) Bahulaprema, generously benevolent; 68) Sarvavahanavahana, sits or rides all vehicles; 69-72) Slayer of Sumbha and Nisumbha, Mahiṣasura, Madhu and Kaitābha, and Candā and Mundā; 73) Sarvasuravināsa, destroyer of all demons; 74) Sarvadanavaghatini, causes injury to all the demons; 75) Sarvasastramayī, deft in all theories; 76) Satya; 77) Sarvastradharinī, possessor of all the missile weapons; 78) Anekasastrahasta, possessor of many hand weapons; 79) Anekastrasya Dharinī, possessor of many missile weapons; 80) Kumari; 81) Ekakanya; 82) Kaisori; 83) Yuvati; 84) Yati; 85) Apraudha, who never gets old; 86) Praudha, who is old; 87) Vr̥ddhamata, old mother (loosely); 88) Balapada, bestower of strength; 89) Mahodari, gigantic abdomen which stores the universe; 90) Muktakesa, having open tresses; 91) Ghorarupa, having a fierce outlook; 92) Mahabala, having immense strength; 93) Agnijvala, poignant like

fire; 94) Raudramukhi, having a fierce face like universe-destroying Rudra; 95) Kalaratri; 96) Tapasvini; 97) Narayan?i; 98) Bhadrakali; 99) Vis?n?umaya; 100) Jalodari, abode of the ethereal universe; 101) Sivaduti; 102) Karali, fierce; 103) Ananta, immeasurable; 104) Paramesvari; 102) Katyayani; 106) Savitri; 107) Pratyaks?a; 108) Brahmavadini.. Source: Durga Saptshati ||2—16||

6Ta??ava or Ta??ava n?tya is a divine dance performed by the Hindu god Shiva. Shiva's Tandava is described as a vigorous dance that is the source of the cycle of creation, preservation and dissolution. While the Rudra Tandava depicts his violent nature, first as the creator and later as the destroyer of the universe, even of death itself; the Ananda Tandava depicts him as enjoying. In Shaiva Siddhanta tradition, Shiva asNataraja (lit. 'Lord of dance') is considered the supreme lord of dance.

The Tandava takes its name from Tandu , the attendant of Shiva, who instructed Bharata (author of the Natya Shastra) in the use ofAngaharas and Karanas, modes of the Tandava at Shiva's order. Some scholars consider that Tandu himself must have been the author of an earlier work on the dramatic arts, which was incorporated into the Natya Shastra. Indeed, the classical arts of dance, music and song may derive from themudras and rituals of Shaiva tradition.

Some of the 108 Karanas ofNataraja at Kadavul Hindu Temple, on Kauai, Hawaii. It is one of the few complete collections in existence, commissioned by Satguru Sivaya Subramuniaswami in the 1980s. Each sculpture is about 12 inches mbaram Temple is also known to have a complete set.

The 32 Angaharas and 108 Karanas are discussed by Bharata in the 4th chapter of the Natya Shastra, Tandava Lakshanam. Karana is the combination of hand gestures with feet to form a dance posture. Angahara is composed of seven or more Karanas. 108 karanas included in Tandava could be employed in the course of dance, fight, and personal combats and in other special movements like strolling.

The dance is a pictorial allegory of the five principal manifestations of eternal energy:

?Srishti' - creation, evolution

?Sthiti' - preservation, support

?Samhara' - destruction, evolution

?Tirobhava' - illusion

?Anugraha' - release, emancipation, grace

Thus Tandava symbolizes the cosmic cycles of creation and destruction, as well as the daily rhythm of birth and death.

I Have Found My Valentine

Both of us by love chord bound,
End to end eternity surround(s) ,
In all births I have Him found,
Howsoever strange, it may sound.

Meeting of lips,
Love nectar sips,
All doubts clips,
In Oneness dips.

Since several births I am in His heart,
From birth to birth we never part,
In each birth new role we start,
But the truth is, we are One heart.

Waiting and yearning love waves generate,
Kisses and embraces its rhythm create,
Sense of duality in us eliminate,
Thus, we go on from date to date.

Dear, we are One, we shall ever be One,
None can ever break our union.
I have found my Valentine,
All His fragrance is now mine.

My Valentine has so big heart,
You also can be His sweet-heart.
Ambrosial feast my Valentine will host,
You are welcome to present Him a toast.

He will bless all those who come,
Patiala peg of bliss will be your rum.

C. P. Sharma

I Know Not

I know no meter I know no feet
I just wait for my heart to tweet

I just know where my heart links
At the meeting point, my pen inks

My heart with all beauties glows
Machiavellian intervention, it slows

Diction simple, I don't twist words
I am the lover of hummingbirds

In higher echelons, I don't soar
What I say comes from heart core

Of all embellishments I am devoid
I know not how people feel annoyed

I know not, I write poetry or prose
Drooping clusters of musky rose

C. P. Sharma

I Look To Eternal Spring

Blue can be the fragrance of the dusk,
Golden is the color of the radiant soul.
Smoky images of winding autumn dusk
Promise a new dawn after the last post.

I look for spring across worn door sills,
Falling leaves remind of verdant growth.
Shadows fly past across the dreary way,
Beyond death lies eternal blissful home.

C. P. Sharma

I Sketch Your Smiles

I am in the river Nile
In the Ganges water that never defile,
In me there is no guile
Perfect clean is my profile.

In the snow flakes from you
I am the scent of snow,
I am their soothing grace
With my warmth they glow.

Earth and sky are my home
In love bower I bloom,
I shine in all shades
My brightness never fades.

Just in a blink of my eye
I cover countless miles,
When I sit down to write
What I sketch are your smiles.

C. P. Sharma

I Still Love, What If I Am Old

I am your age old lover
since I was Adam
my beloved Eve
there was
plenty in
Eden

loving was living
Loving was joy
Unmixed joy
sans any
cloying

Then,
I was young
and handsome
bubbling muscularity,
you were blooming beauty,
the mistress of charm
with a heart
warm

For me,
your charms had
eternal glow, but in you
the ripening self-susceptibility grew
Taking advantage of this
Satan approached you
with beauty aids
to sell his
wares

Though
I am now old
my hair now grey
my haggard cheeks
of wrinkles prey
the wily smiley
denture,

I have
shed

Yet
love is never old
it is evergreen as teens
I cry from roof top
don't trade love
I still love you
what though
I am old

if people laugh
I care tuppence
I won't stop loving
Let the whole world stare
Love is what I really need
Love is really the perfect feed

C. P. Sharma

I Wander With You

Sometimes here
Sometimes there
Sometimes I see you everywhere

Sometimes in him
Sometimes in her
Sometimes you are my charioteer.....Sometimes here

Sometimes in stones
Sometimes in crossbones
Sometimes I see you in golden domes.....Sometimes here

Sometimes in beads
Sometimes in books
Sometimes I read about you in brooks.....Sometimes here

Sometimes in bubbles
Sometimes in troubles
Sometimes you make my joys double.....Sometimes here

Sometimes on earth
Sometimes in sky
Sometimes on air, connection WiFi.....Sometimes here

Sometimes in mind
Sometimes in heart
But from my soul you never part.....Sometimes here

C. P. Sharma

I Would Rather Be A Gypsy

I love gypsies wandering vintage lands,
With Nature they are perfectly blend.

They may not have read the scripture,
Their vision civilization hasn't blurred.

They see the light at the tunnel's end,
They are the realized my dear friend.

Robustness is their hidden wealth,
They worry not about health stealth.

We may pride on our scholarship fake.
Them the genuine Nature educates.

What is our freedom with all strife?
With fettered feet and shattered life.

I would rather be a gypsy who sings
Of all the wealth that Nature brings.

C. P. Sharma

Ignoring

??? ?? ?? ????? ?? ????? ??????????,
???? ??, ?? ????? ??? ????? ??? ?????.

C. P. Sharma

Immortal Kiss

If music be the food of love
In your beauty I shall sing
In ecstasy of love for you
Sweet love song from my heart would spring

When lips meet the lips
In harmony in honey dip
On rosy hue of immortal kiss
We together will write lyrics

All organs in perfect tune
On beach sand in full moon
Our love will be a red red rose
Our bodies its music compose

Such a symphony we shall sing
Heavenly blessings it will bring.

C. P. Sharma

Immortality

(A Senryu)

My immortal self
Lured by the mortal morsels
Feels miserable

C. P. Sharma

In Chorus Oddities Dissolve

My dear friend, life is a show
In life each one of us is a beau
Earth revolves at its axis and around the sun
Strange interactions make life a real fun

If we all were the same
Fitted in the same frame
Without fame and blame
Life would be a dull game

Music also has eight notes
Their unique pitching ragas float
Diverse instruments a symphony create
Bass and treble are life's musical traits

No one is ever out of tune
Diversity is life's blessed boon

In response to K.C. Ford's poem 'Odd One Out' on PoemHunter.

C. P. Sharma

In Krishna's Consciousness I Glow

In Krishna's Consciousness I Glow

If I have to live, I must love
Be my Krishna's darling dove,
Meet Him in forest out of the grove
Beyond base passions rove.

If I love, 'I' has to die
In true faith on Him rely,
In harmony with Him ally
All sins will then bid good-bye.

Love is not my mom sis house
Its entry offering of my head suppose,
My identity I have to lose
In turn I own the whole cosmos.

His love is pure as crystal clear
Cupid's arrow cannot spear,
In His love if you shed tears
Symphony of His flute can hear.

All His charms on me bestows
I also in His halo glow,
Grazing cows with Him I go
Stolen butter of Gopis enjoy.

I am with Him in Divine Dance
He alone is in my glance,
He is the essence of my romance
He is ever in my trance.

Now-a-days I do not sow
But a rich harvest I mow,
All things for me He grows
In His consciousness I glow.

In My Shoes*

I feel
I would look much prettier
in someone else's shoes.

I think
I would do better
in someone else's shoes.

Since then
my life is helter skelter
as I am never in my own shoes.

* Instant response to Ms. Linda Robson's poem 'In Your Shoes'.

C. P. Sharma

In Poets' Praise

O you dear dame la belle,
Poets' tools you use so well,
Their design in you I smell,
On your excellence I yell*!

Ivory towers the poets select,
In tranquility emotions recollect,
On incongruities of life reflect,
From impending disasters protect.

Pleasure and pain they introspect
And a worthy life style suggest
How to make our life a jest?
So as our life becomes a fest.

Perfect lines and perfect rhymes,
Become the life's real enzymes.

* in joy

This poem was written in praise of Rani Turton's poetry.

C. P. Sharma

In Self Confidence Ever Shine

If someone asks from you a gift,
Specially, a belle,
So promising and so scholarly,
A lady like Lele;
Could it ever go unheeded,
So, hesitantly I agreed,
Coz writing for askance is tough
For a free bird of my breed.

I took up the cudgels,
Albeit she had to wait for days;
I fumbled and tumbled,
At last I found, what one says:
The memorable moment of life
That made me happy and gay
After a lasting struggle & strife
The coming events portray:

It was at the dawn of career
After my studies were over;
I faced a block barrier,
I was a little lazy rover.
A little over confident I was,
Career problems I couldn't gauge;
Made submissions for a couple of place(s) ,
I had an interview call by God's grace.

Their promise of my joining them
After the summer vacations
Made me relax myself,
My efforts were slower.
The vacations were to be over
But they didn't call,
To me my future seemed
Come to stall.

I got a lot panicky,
I was on a running spree,
Most positions had already filled,

But I was yet at sea.
It was by God's Grace,
A Principal I came across,
Who advised me
To rush to another place
Where only a few hours later
Interview was to start;
I had no time for second thoughts,
Immediately I had to dart.

As I reached there
It was tea break,
The members were
Served with milk shake,
Only ten minutes for interview to start.
Losing no time I just implored
The official at the door,
If my name in the short-listed
He could kindly explore.
Scanning the list he said,
My name wasn't short-listed.
Amazingly I said, "Make doubly sure."
(I just glimpsed through the list,
There were forty three in row)

He asked my qualifications?
I said, "Double Masters."
He too was astonished!
"How I was left? "
Perhaps divine goading,
He went for records.
I had not communicated them
The final year result.
He was kind enough.
He asked me,
"Please fill up now."
Immediately I did that,
In thankfulness I bow(ed) .
He went to the Chairman
With the records file,
My name was listed last,
He returned with a smile.

We were asked to sit
In a nearby hall,
There I found my friends
And senior pals.
After mutual interaction
A clearer picture emerged,
There were gold medalists,
Close relatives of the panelists,
Their selection was assured.
It was a rumor all around,
The show was only an eye wash,
We seemed not on a fair ground.

Anyway,
The burden was off my mind,
In friends' company I enjoyed.
As per list each one had turn,
Last of all I had my turn.
After brief prelims from members,
Subject experts put me to task.
I had no fear of rejection in mind,
Selection to chance I had resigned.
This way, God's Grace I had skimmed,
Self-confidence in myself had brimmed.
My competence, them amazed,
Volley of questions the way I faced;
My answers satisfied them all
From their faces I could trace.

When I came out,
Me, my friends cordoned,
Asking how everything
Inside board-room went on?
Beaming with confidence
I said, "wonderfully well!
They may, may not select,
But their faces happiness reflect."
When thus I was said, a peon came,
He then announced my name,
Saying, the Board wanted me again.
I went inside, the Chairman said,

"Congratulations, you are selected."
I was jubilant, I was elated,
All the rumors were deflated.

Lele,
This narration has a message fine:
Never lose heart, have faith divine,
All your talents it will refine,
In confidence you will ever shine.

C. P. Sharma

In Sympathy Melt - For Jen Walls

She ever shines in God's grace
Knows no calumny towards any race
Her face with eternal peace glows
Love's fountain in her heart flows

In divinity she everyday dips
Prayer always sits on her lips
Sympathy in her looks
Charity in her outlook

In her ears Geeta, Gurbani and Bible ring
Her tongue the songs of wellbeing sing
Ever in blessedness her soul abounds
Her mind a rosary, love beads counts

Butter soft her heart, in sympathy melts
Jen Walls' knees in prayer ever knelt

C. P. Sharma

Incomplete Story

Age old is this story
In all ages, people heard it
It remains yet incomplete
An endless epic it is

Bliss lies not in its completion
In small doses the life fulfills
Life's philosophy I knew not
As monolith, I felt the chill

Even the gods crave for it
Its absence upset Shiva
God incarnates as human
In it seers and peers view

In its smallness are packed
Ripened life's juicy gains
Waste not these moments
Bathe in the bliss it rains

C. P. Sharma

Inebriated

Inebriated by love of friends
Often my heart does sing
Imagination flies to the Hebrides
With the nightingale, I ping

She sings to soothe others
Sympathy in her strain
Blessedness of love pangs
My song's main refrain

In love is life
in love all strife
It cuts all pain
Live life sans strain

In love toss
Get head or tail
Never grieve
Always, enjoy the sail

C. P. Sharma

Inimitable Dev Anand - A Tribute

Inimitable Dev Anand* - A Tribute

He:

Chose colors from the rainbow
Stole the fragrance of flowers
Mixed them with love
Singing songs of life
Molded them into his acting
He was ever young Dev Anand.

*Icon of Indian Cinema who left for his heavenly abode recently.

C. P. Sharma

Innocence Never Dies

Who says the Christ was crucified?
Who says the innocence ever died?
Christ just came to be our guide,
After the message he did hide.

Innocence is her Master's bride,
Let your eyes be open wide;
San innocence life takes not stride,
San a villain the drama doesn't glide.

Pleasures and pains are lighted fools,
They are just life's drama's tools;
Its stage is just a duality's pool,
That is why Trinity our minds rule.

Nothing dies, nothing ever crucified,
The fault is with us, we are two eyed;
Unite with the One and ride your pride,
Let us be Radha, Lord Krishana's bride.

This poem was composed in response to Vaibhav Shah's composition
'INNOCENCE CRUCIFIED'

C. P. Sharma

Insignificance

I look out of tune
In the assembly of poets
I am pigmy

In the midst of giants
I poorly bleat like a goat
As dispersal note

When Macros have left
Micro's company I crown
The virtual clown

C. P. Sharma

Interlude

Nothing ever of my own I sing,
What you read from soul does spring.

So it was when the Sages sang
From hill tops or river banks.

So it will be when I am no more,
Life can't reach the soul's shore.

The Truth is One, The Vedas sing,
Same Truth my soul does out bring.

The Truth is not anyone's copyright;
Let's all sing in its praise and delight.

The Bible,
The Quran,
The Gita,
sing the same,
They differ only
in language and script,
Like the living beings
in different hues & frame.

Beauty is Truth, with it unite,
Love mankind, why do you fight?
Your truth and my truth, doesn't it divide!
In songs of Beauty and Truth take pride.

C. P. Sharma

Intimations Of Immortality

An humble tribute to William Wordsworth: (1770 – 1850)

When I was young Wordsworth hood-wink(ed) ,
At his deep delved ideas I couldn't drink.
When of this Priest of Nature now I think,
His dazzling depth just makes me blink.

The Truth in all its nakedness he saw!
Lesson's from Nature he could draw!
Guide to child and youth, to age a straw,
Narrated awesome beauty without a flaw.

Now I can proclaim aloud,
I am out of the sordid crowd.
I wander lonely as his cloud,
The meanest flower now makes me proud.

Now I love the Sun and Shower,
Now I am in the Nature's bower,
Now I know who is a lover,
Now I know life is for ever.

C. P. Sharma

Invisible Visible

When I was God
I was self-ordained
All things mixed up within
Its bliss I couldn't enjoy

So colossal was my ego
All universes enveloped in it
Incorporeal were the creations
So these I couldn't enjoy

There was no sense of time
It followed my commands
Neither birth nor death
Neither pleasure nor pain....Sans these, I couldn't enjoy.

Couldn't enjoy
The bliss of lonely self
So I ideated me
And I proclaimed myself

ONE emanated into many
In varied hues and guises
Many tunes and tones
The symphony I enjoy.....All this I enjoy

I marvel in hues and molds
In passions and scents unfold
Through the cycle of birth-death
What is within, all that I let out.....All this I enjoy.

Discombulated by diversity
When I bitterly suffer
I come to know
The value of my eternity.....Immortality I enjoy.

Repeatedly I turn inside
And enjoy its bliss
To know new attributes
I reborn in new forms....All this I enjoy.

C. P. Sharma

Invitation

Day and time
the Christmas Eve
the wonderful place
is Tel Aviv
divine drink
and soulful dance
ambiance
a filial fragrance
chief guest Santa
in rose red clad
its menu manna
to heart fill fed
I invite all
gals and guys
Santa will
give away the prize
have the music of the spheres
together friends
sing Christmas cheers.....

C. P. Sharma

Irony Of Fate*

The birds fly free everywhere
Food, water and air too are free
Free land provides shelter unbound
Life in fun and frolic abounds

The whole universe is free playground
Self-regulated growth astounds
Scenic beauty is the background
In Nature, all solutions found

Mountains stand with head held high
From hot and cold protects the sky
The Sun promotes the healthy growth
The rivers seldom go off their course

For all seasons are the crops
Seldom heavens bombshell drop
The whole creation lives in bliss
Why don't we, the Nature kiss? ? ?

Look at the irony of our fate
For everything, price and freight
For all sort of freedom we clamor
Boundary all over is our glamour

*Food for thought in the New Year on the infidelity of human institutions and laws that talk of freedom and equality but draw boundaries on everything and everywhere supporting capitalistic growth trying to subvert Nature.

C. P. Sharma

Irony Of The Silvery Years

Love of life lies deep within,
Not in tinsel attire;
If silvery years didn't learn,
On life it is a great satire.

It is the irony of the silvery years,
Still in the tinsel frame he gears;
Shakespeare made it very clear,
The lighted fools are yester years.

Tomorrow and tomorrow he wander in time-space,
Why truth of life he couldn't trace?
Perhaps with himself he had no dialogue
He continues as his body's frog.

Come out of this muddled pond,
With eternal-ocean have your bond.

*Thoughts stirred up by Yoonoos Peerbocus's poem 'Silvery Years'.

C. P. Sharma

Is Obama A Christian? Debate

We claim to be supreme,
At heart so mean;
Liberty's statue harkens,
But liberty is a dream.

Obama is elect,
His credentials suspect!
Muslim or christian?
Could you rise above sect?

The religion is written,
The body is its kitten;
The spirit is free,
Liberty has no religion.

Why give it a new twist?

Liberty doesn't bother
About color or creed;
His election answers
What is his breed?

His election resolves
These issues for ever;
Americans, strengthen his hands,
Harmony and peace he endeavors.

C. P. Sharma

Is This I?

(Part - I)

He is this,
He is that,
Raji's hubby
Ankur's Dad.
Bittu's inspiration,
Titu's devotion,
Susie's emotion,
Siblings' ambition.

His house number's fifty-three,
Across the road there is Neem tree,
Opposite Polo ground,
The Stadium around.

Slim in constitution,
Wheatish in complexion,
Five feet nine inches in shoes,
All his life's been boo boos.

He lost most of his teeth,
He has gaps in speech,
His profession is to teach,
Most of the things beyond his reach.

He is qualified a lot,
But is not a big shot,
Marx, he agrees not,
Trade unions him boycott.

He has no sense of humor,
In his brain he has some tumor*,
He is cool as cucumber,
In temper he is somber.

His latest fad is Internet,
There everything he forget,
He has diversified interest.

He is an old man,

Of ladies became fan,
Has he gonna madman?
He has a short life span.

* bees in the bonnet

C. P. Sharma

Is This I? - II

(Part - II)

Born of the parents
With noble life style;
Devotion to divinity,
Living life with zest
Giving life the best
Was their life's fest!

Born in sand-dunes,
Its sand never clings,
It cleans, is pure as gold,
Impurities doesn't hold,
Weaves waves of eternity
In your mind and mould.

Played in heat wave's
Burning fume,
In all sternness
My boyhood bloom,
In an oasis my study resume,
A new life role I was to assume.

Literature, my first love,
Won't last even when I die,
Later came Economics,
Bread and butter of life,
It helped me waging war,
Against sweat and strife.

Then came a pretty gal,
To take care of my life
Softly she took me
To the land of rivers five
Since then into love
I had deep, deeper and the deepest dive.

There bloomed lotus
In the pond of our life,
Three sweet daughters,

A son sober and sonorous;
I had in life values all pious,
I set on life without any bias.

Thus started smooth sailing
On the ocean of life,
Reached many dream lands,
Many cross roads divide,
But always a Light House
Right direction to provide.

I am now struggling
To reach the shore,
I have all hopes,
Still I am not sure,
Whether I shall sink
Or arrive the shore!

Waiting for the chariot
To take to new land,
Where face to face
My Pilot does stand,
He will be my counsel,
My actions will defend.

I shall once again
With my pilot unite.
This will be the end
Of my long, long flight.
ONE with Bliss I will be,
The otherness won't bite.

C. P. Sharma

Ivor Hogg, We Are Woven In The Eternal Thread

We are the woven beads

When I joined that camelcade,
You emerged to me mermaid;
From the top of Oreb or Sinai,
Or arose from the oceanic high.

Muse's message U so well recite,
Raptly we listened to it that night;
It was for the co-traveler's delight,
The flame of dignity in them ignite.

With me there came into that inn,
New faces numbering twenty nine;
On their faces they all had grin,
They were not yet touched by sin.

Everyone about you talked tall,
You were the cynosure of all,
Your words did everyone enthrall,
We all were at your beck and call.

Our pilgrimage to Muse's shrine,
All the themes in one intertwine,
In love and faith we all did shine,
We all surrendered to your regime.

Old guys and beautiful belle(s) ,
We had varied wares to sell;
On the way raw material collect,
To them we added value perfect.

Tireless striving was our test,
Whether we be in east or west;
For eventualities you arm(ed) ,
No one could ever do us harm.

Some of us roamed with the clouds,
Far away from the madding crowds;

Culled gems from the earth and sky,
In their imagination they flew high.

On our way we all enjoyed,
Fragrant flowers filled the void;
Sweet lullaby of the stream,
Composed the melody of dream.

With the birds we all did sing,
With the Nature we had ping;
Golden glowworm lighted our path,
On our way we had no wrath.

I joined U near the greener land,
Risks and hazards came to end;
To silken road you put us on,
So, for us it was new dawn.

Grass looked greener that day,
All of us were making hay;
We weren't afraid of any rage,
We were under safe patronage.

Ivor we won't let you go,
Upon you God good health bestow;
Many more travels we have to tread,
We are now woven in eternal thread.

C. P. Sharma

Jacaranda Bloom

Returning from my morning walk
Jacaranda bloom me love locked
From a distance it caught my soul
Purple hue my mind clean bowled

With it now my soul entwined
Its pure glee captured my mind
Walking fast I soon reached there
Stood there for long at it I stared

Like Jacaranda I had shed leaves
Bliss was now my mind's creed
Thoughts just crisscrossed my mind
It made me just reason blind

In worship it showered its flowers
I just bowed to its flower power
Life is not for power and pelf
For bliss surrender ego of self.

C. P. Sharma

Jadon Mai Rab Si

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jadon mai rab si
mai swai wich samaiya
mere wich sarab samaiya
menu eh nahi bhaiya

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meri haume si inni viraat
ki is wich sagal brahimand samaye
inah diyen rachanawan si nirankar
mainu eh nahi bhaiya

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n samaa da si koi vichaar
samaa mere wich si
n jamman maran si
n khushi te shok....mainu eh nahi bhaiya

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ikkale swai nu

eh anand nahi bhaiya
ate sankalp litaa
te swai nu pragtaaya...Mainu eh sabh bhaiya

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ek to upjiya anek
anant rang ate bhekh
shabad ate rekh
mainu sangeet suhaaya.....Mainu eh sabh bhaiya

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roop, rang, raag ate gandh
innah wich baitha mai shrikant
jaman maran da chkar chalaya
jo bhitar si bahar aaiya.....Mainu eh sabh bhaiya

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anekta wich jag bharmaaia
mai jado dukh pawan
tan mainu pata lagagya
aanand ki si! ! !Mainu eh sabh bhaiya

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phir mud bhitar jawan
te anand manawan
swai de sarab gun janan

mai mud mud aawan.....Mainu eh sabh bhaiya

C. P. Sharma

Jai Mata Di

The nine days and nights
Goddess power at its heights
Woman's might highlight

C. P. Sharma

Jaleshwar

Together we share the whole Truth

The earth, the sky, the air
the water and fire
These in various realms afire
As per their nature
in different forms arise
Some live on earth
many wander in skies
Some prefer to float
and swim in water
Some in dark cavities
of the ocean squatter
Sans fire and air
they don't survive
Airing the fire
throughout they thrive
until the forms
turn into the ashes
revealing the futile struggle
of ego and its clashes
Merging into the formless
Ultimate whole Truth
The strutting soul
to the body says sooth
Arising like Phoenix
a new drama begins
Revealing to the world
a new partial truth
We are just a chain of beings
Hey Ho, we think very big, the little-known things
*Thank you, Jaleshwer Jeanwall, I feel honored.

C. P. Sharma

Journey

Enjoy the journey
Immense pleasure in its pain
Its end is the end

C. P. Sharma

Joy

Joy*

I sing my joy
My joy unalloyed
When it meets pain
Extra strength gains

*Inspiration: Dr. Jernail S Aanand's song of pain.

C. P. Sharma

Kaleidoscope

My senses are kaleidoscope
Life makes beautiful patterns
I live in bliss.

C. P. Sharma

Kalyug

Kalyug

(A Senryu)

The age of machines
When human values at stake
All comforts are fake

C. P. Sharma

Khidki

Is khidaki pe likhe bahut se
bhari jawani ke afsane
kuchh bachpan yaaden judi hain
jo ho gain hain badi purani

is khidki se dekhi maine
ugte suraj ki dhoop niraali
is se hi dekhi thi maine
hari tahaniyan chidiya waali

ismen basi hain sabhi kahaniyan
barsaaton wali chhaton wali
pahile thi ye kaanch ki khidaki
fir ban gai ye aanthon wali

ab to man ki khidaki se dekhun
main apni ye prem kahani
aaj kah raha hun tum ko
in lafzon men ye baat purani

Inspiration: Saba Rahil's status 'is khidaki se aankh ladaai'.

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C. P. Sharma

Kiss Bliss

The soul attuned to bliss
The body miseries kiss! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Know Thyself

Keshav in Gita about karma makes clear,
So long doer, we are in death-birth gear;
Surrendering all actions, with Him we unite
We rise above the body for eternal flight.

The illusion of triangle in us disappears,
A free consciousness moves in all spheres;
Tsunamis don't distress, storms don't tear,
You can always smile as Keshav's peer.

Storms and cyclones become rocking cradle,
On thunder and lightening be Muse's saddle;
The ticking of time doesn't torment,
Seated on lotus you spray your scent.

O dear this Truth not so easy to digest
You realize it only when you r blessed.

* In response to Kesav Venkat Easwaran's poem 'Beyond Human Reach'

C. P. Sharma

Krishna

He said,
"I was lifeless,
scrap of matter
sold for a little money.
I came alive the moment you saw me
you became mine.

You are my worth
You are my soul
Sans you, I pine
I can't align.

You are my Radha,
my conscience,
precaution.
With you I am divine."

Inspiration: Rajesh Joshi's poem, "I knew I was beautiful"

C. P. Sharma

Lament

Insatiable ego I expose
To me not lovely is the rose,
In my luxuries I am engrossed
For the hungry I feel not crossed.

Smoke and stink in actions lewd
Limitless pollution I exude,
On Nature's beauty and
Freshness I do not brood.

Now children crave not
For lovely moon,
Now romance to
5* room attune.

Love with sordid
Boons binds,
In body's pleasures
Wrapped up my mind.

When of age
I see the setting sun,
In the dawn of life
Didn't enjoy its frolic and fun

C. P. Sharma

Last Beeps For Peace

Ah! For those ancient days of yore

The shepherd on secrete hillside glowed

Grazing his sheep, the divine adored

The cow boy Krishana cattle grazed

Playing on flute was his craze

There flowed celestial music unfazed

Nanak from his wanderings decode

And sang the songs of one God

Holy Guru Granth from his squad

Believing the unity of universal soul

Stoning 'otherness' the prophet's goal

Some misconceive it on a hate scroll

Dark minds of the worlds they illumined

Limits of the heaven and the earth defined

And flowed the symphony of verse rhymed

They taught the chosen seed to be kind

They taught lesson of duty to mankind

In love and worship the world twined

Verses of Geeta and Bible flow

Guru Granth and Quran also glow

When all knit the prosperity grows

But the arrows of desires go deep

Malice on humanity heaps

Peace under its load gives last beep

C. P. Sharma

Let Lotus Bloom

Sporting mind delights in celebrations
The eternal soul flows peacefully in bliss
Often the mind keeps busy in celebrating
Allows man no time for kissing the bliss

Man, a unique combination of the two
Between the mind and soul oscillates
The confused man agape and aghast
Opposites, the heart in love collates

The Truth in lily-white soul resides
In rose, the scent of love perfumes
When the heart finds life's equilibrium
Lotus, the fusion of lily-rose blooms

In innumerable ways, life looms
Tuned the Kundalini lotus blooms

C. P. Sharma

Let Love Be Innocent

A primordial monolith in first birth,
All around did dullness girth,
It needs more to have the mirth,
I split into two for home and hearth.

I had none with whom to play,
All around me boredom lay,
All alone life couldn't relay,
Life's drama couldn't portray.

As a monolith I had half view,
My other half I never knew,
Other is better half I had no clue,
After separation knew it is true.

In Eden Garden her I perceive,
I was Adam, she was my Eve,
All around the harmony weave,
In faith and trust we did live.

There was happiness all around,
We had our new heaven found,
Somewhere near the Satan hound,
Tree of Knowledge he had found.

Gullible Eve he had seduced
Fruit of knowledge he introduced,
The sinful distrust was produced,
And for Adam, Eve was spruced.

Hide and seek they did play,
All the built up trust betray,
To Satan's designs, they fell prey,
It put their life in disarray.

Selfless love had disappeared,
Selfishness as love appeared,
At true love it always jeered,
All our life now it has cheered.

Love has its mathematics found,
'I love you' is love unbound,
Love is now measured in Pound,
Love is make-up all around.

Love is now in market sold,
You can now buy it for gold,
Love is now out of love's fold,
Money is in our mind and mould.

We have now a made up face,
Beauty's truth we cannot trace,
For artificiality there is race,
We have lost our natural grace.

Our own spouse we don't trust,
Given to other's wife and lust,
Mongrel pleasure is the trust,
Marriage is a great disgust.

Lesson of love, children don't know,
Their basic culture has a blow,
Their parents' identity is in row,
Seeds of discord we did sow.

Marriage and family will be past,
If we don't make amends very fast,
The social fiber it will blast,
If body's ego we don't lambaste.

Let us life's balance restore,
Life has swung the other shore;
Let attachment to body retrieve,
Let us spiritual fiber reweave.

Lest it should be too late,
Lest we meet the Satanic fate,
Lest all around there be hate,
Let us settle issues straight.

Let us recast our love,

Let not the body be its bane,
Let it come to its natural fold,
Soul is its home say people sane.

C. P. Sharma

Let Peace Have A Chance

By peaceful coexistence
The world is bound
In love and faith
Prosperity abounds
In the name of Jihad
Don't mankind fleece
Sans love and care
The life will cease
Be it Belgium, be it France
The world wants peace
Not the frenzied dance
Stop innocent murders
Let peace have a chance

C. P. Sharma

Liberation!

The world glorified my birth
But I cried in your girdle girth;
Lady Life you are great flirt
You wear a mini flirty skirt.

You trapped out of my free bower
You offered me your captive tower;
Now with it I am finely tuned
Without, the death is my fortune.

Of dreadful death I am afraid
Caging now is my sole trade;
The cage is my complete profile
Death liberates I can't reconcile

Beyond death in liberation shine
Why in vicious birth-death pine!

C. P. Sharma

Liberation! ! !

The world glorified my birth
But I cried in your girdle girth;
Lady Life you are great flirt
You wear a mini flirty skirt.

You trapped out of my free bower
You offered me your captive tower;
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The cage is my complete profile
Death liberates I can't reconcile

Beyond death in liberation shine
Why in vicious birth-death pine! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Life

Life is butterfly
Picks up diverse shades and scents
Eternal spectrum

C. P. Sharma

Life - A Live Poetry

Life, a poetic brook
It is an incessant flow
Senses know its rhythm
Eyes know its beauty
Ears hear its jingle
Aromas tingle
Tastes mingle

Heart pounds
Eyes astound
Bodies tweak
Silence speaks

Languages artifice
The feelings miss
Quivering words
Haunted herds

C. P. Sharma

Life - A Ten Words Poem

Birth

.....Cradle

Childhood

..... Schoolbag

Adolescence

.....Infatuation

Youth

.....Multiply

Age

.....Grave

.....Cradle

Childhood

..... Schoolbag

Adolescence

.....Infatuation

Youth

.....Multiply

Age

.....Grave

C. P. Sharma

Life And Love

What is life?
Love to its last lease
Or else freeze

C. P. Sharma

Life Gives More And More

We live more in the company of dead,
The life itself we abhor;
Life's essence is the living reality,
It's ever in search of new shore.

Attachment breeds stagnation,
Likely to muddle up life's stream;
Life like fresh stream of water,
Ever it from the old redeems.

Empty your vessel each moment
Time has something new to give;
Assimilator will assimilate the Truth
Let us more and more receive.

C. P. Sharma

Life Is 3d

Past
Present
Future

I
You
She

Birth
Growth
Death

Imagination
Time
Space

Length
Width
Depth

Creation
Nourishment
Consummation

Ego
Illusion
The truth is Fusion
The Trinity in One

C. P. Sharma

Life Is A Gift - A Senryu

Ever question life
Fear of death ever haunts me
Never try to live! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Life Is A Triangle

'I' am the reflection,
'You' are my mirror,
'He' is the substance.

C. P. Sharma

Life Made Mess

Dress undress
Skin and flesh
Bones compress
Lust and stress

As long as body
These depress
Eternal love is
Never hardpressed

You think of breasts
Me, spirit impress
Bare your heart
Take away this dress

With ageless bliss
Let the soul kiss

* Inspiration: Olfa Philo's 'Untouchable'.

C. P. Sharma

Life Stream

Tanka

The stream of life flows
Weird relations come and go
A man never knows
The eclectic mind wanders
In nothingness finds the source

C. P. Sharma

Life Style - A Senryu

In love globe is light
A straw of hate is heavy
Ever travel light

C. P. Sharma

Lifestyle

Some eat to live
Some live to eat
Some eat corn
Some eat meat

For some life bitter
For some it's sweet
Some cry, it's foul
Some just sweet tweet

Some fly in the sky
with hollow bones
Some crawl on ground
and miserably groan

Some sing songs
of all that He gave
Some grumbling
go down to the grave

Between the two lay
the real lifestyle
In muddy waters
the lovely lotus smiles

C. P. Sharma

Lily

Lily lives for a day,
multi-million hearts are happy and gay! ! !
Why human heart alone
ever goes astray?

C. P. Sharma

Lips

Luscious lips tempt
I sip sweet nectar from them
Become immortal

C. P. Sharma

Literature

Literature is the language of alphabets that makes the human senses speak.

C. P. Sharma

Little Budding Stars

Little budding stars
Innocence rules their faces
Win over world's heart

C. P. Sharma

Little Pawns

Pretty brides make us happy and gay
Like children, dolls game we play
Jealousies, fights go on
Chess board's little pawns
We never grow up till doom's day

C. P. Sharma

Living Present

Dreams construe at night
I pine not for the past
Present starts with dawn
It lights up my future and past

Burnt out candles I don't count
These can't blaze up my path
Day dreaming is self-fooling
On the bank and shoal of time I act

Time hides locked up treasures
The present holds its key
Bald headed villain with forelock
I won't allow you to flee

I write my own fortune
With the present I am in tune

C. P. Sharma

Logo Satan

I knew not the pain
As long as I used not the brain
I felt the oneness of soul
In me everything rolled

The Sin my mind seduced
Duality in me produced
Split me up into pieces
Heartbeat has several misses

Now I know not myself
My own images cheat
Victim of my illusions
Wrath and calumny defeat

Pain of separation haunts
My mind me ever taunts
My heart and soul are frosts
Logo Satan is embossed

C. P. Sharma

Lotus

(A Haiku)

Lotus knows to bloom
Though there is mud all around
Doesn't blame the mud

C. P. Sharma

Lotus Bloom

(A Haiku)

When the lotus blooms
Bliss emanates, not the gloom
Let your soul full zoom

C. P. Sharma

Lotus Heart.

(A Haiku)

Mind like river flows
The thoughts in new freshness glow
The lotus heart blooms

C. P. Sharma

Lotus In Muddy Pond

Marriage, a civil code by man
Sex, a divine gift to multiply clan
It's fun and frolic meant for fest
Sperm and eggs romance in lust
From it love flower sprouts
Love in it has sunken roots
Lotus, the divine love flower
Ever in muddy pond boots
Mating season, a lioness in heat
Hungry lions chase her in up beat
Nature pervades with romance
In its sex lies the bliss and trance
In pollination lies the secrete bloom
Color and fragrance in air zoom
For mating pigeons together make nest
Hatching and parenting they are at best
Nature's disciplined seasonal sex amaze
But men for nonseasonal sex has craze!
Why in man males' much dominance
His rapist mentality and arrogance! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Love

With love in the air all around,
Cupid's floral arrows hound,
My love at first sight I found,
Now my feet are not on ground.

Magic fragrance girdled round,
In spring time my love I found,
With its chord I am now bound,
I am deep delved in love profound.

Silently, it has captured my being,
I don't want to loosen its string,
Like love birds to its tune I sing
My heart as dancing peacock fling,

I have now only one shore,
All the time my love adore,
All my heart on love I pour,
Parting love can bear no more.

My love is now my honey comb,
Lotus ever in my being bloom,
Now there is no place for gloom,
I am in bliss in love's red room.

C. P. Sharma

Love Affair

Who kisses whom!
Not you I assume.
For whom the flower blooms!
Not for you I presume.
For whom in dance I zoom!
Surely, not for them.
The other is unbearable,
Him I always condemn.
So long you and he are there,
There never is a love affair.

C. P. Sharma

Love And Care

Instead of blaming darkness,
light a lamp
Instead of spreading hatred,
print a kiss
Instead of accumulating wealth,
help the needy
Life is loving and caring,
feel the bliss
Wipe the tears of the tillers,
don't frown
Sympathising the oppressed
wear the crown

C. P. Sharma

Love And War

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C. P. Sharma

Love Flower

Love is not flower
that fades away,
Love is its fragrance
that ever holds sway.

C. P. Sharma

Love Flower For Anjali Sinha

Have you ever seen love flower?
Have you ever known its power?
She grew in its shade and shower,
She now lives in emotions' bower.

Her love blossoms in all hues,
Pink sometimes at other blues,
Saffron valiance in her fuse,
Blushes in modesty profuse.

The golden luster of youth
Olive green in war & ruth
Milky white is love's truth
Marigold around her girth

With red rose she welcomes love
Her wrist wears a Jasmine glove
Yellow roses for friends' love
Her thanks in carnations trove

A love flower & fragrant musk
In childlike innocence she shines
Youthful belle in gait brusque
In her fragrant verses combines

C. P. Sharma

Love Gems

The ocean of love
Surface full of vain turmoil
Dive deep to fetch gems

C. P. Sharma

Love Is Crazy

Love is crazy, love is blind
In it no ugliness you find
In love body and forms sink
Land air and water into one sync
And the soul at eternal bliss drinks.

C. P. Sharma

Love Is Our Creed

In this parched life
Sow the love seed
His grace will rain
In life bliss breed

C. P. Sharma

Love Knows No Rules

Love knows no boundaries,
it knows no race.
In it of malice
there is no
trace.

Love
knows no color,
even black is beautiful.
Loving is worshipping,
true love is dutiful.

Love is secret
bower of fragrance
overwhelms foul fumes.
All roughness melts away
and the mind is fine tuned.

Call it madness
Or call it a dream
Of clear consciousness
A flowing stream
Bliss flows in it

It knows no rules
It makes not fool
The lotus within
The divine pool

C. P. Sharma

Love Lamp

I am the light
of the lamp
All malice
and hatred
I burn.

I have a feeling heart
I know not what is mind!
I am love, my eyes are blind
My ears hear soul's music
My tongue utters peace
My senses immersed
in love's coziness.

I know no pangs of separation
No pains of birth
No fear of death
No hunger,
No thirst
Love alone
nourishes
ME.

In me
God's plenty
Equal sharing
Know no scarcity
Just light a lamp
and feel its
fragrance
blessings

* Inspiration: Dr. Alka Arora's post, 'Breathe in me the way to LOVE YOU...'

C. P. Sharma

Love Lord's Word

What use is the rosary?
What use is the sword?
If heart doesn't enshrine
The Name of the Lord.

Knockings of conscience
You never heard;
Wealth, woman and wine
Your vision blurred.

Let compassion be the beads
And contentment its thread;
Let the Truth be the shield
And fearlessness spread.

Embrace the life with open arms,
Let love be the sword;
Its mighty tsunami waves
Will win to you the whole world.

So, don't desecrate His temple,
Let your heart enshrine His Word.

C. P. Sharma

Love Lorn Moon

(Chain Haiku)

The bright misty moon
Tipsy in beloved's love
On brink of blue funk

After full glory
The swooning moonlit recedes
Waning in its gloom

Hiding its black spots
Limping loses lusty sheen
In its fifteen slots

The doting earth learns
Of her lover's deep remorse
Towards him, she turns

Cherubic lover
When in crescent moon appears
The earth wipes its tears

Moonlit burgeons
With her glance, he smiles and glows
Sorrow mops and mows

Love knows no distance
It has enormous wavelength
Know its tensile strength

C. P. Sharma

Love Of Spring

Some love through eyes
Some's lips on lips
Nature lovers' bosoms bloom
In hearts the real beauty clicks

Inspiration: NK Sharma's EYE-LOVE.

C. P. Sharma

Love Story - 2

Tanka - 9

Our love doesn't end here
It takes us to unknown shores
Love's treasures in store
A chain of beautiful bliss
Eternally we in kiss

C. P. Sharma

Love Story -1

Tanka - 8

At this shore of Time
Sun and sea each other kiss
Valentine's pink bliss
Glory of the setting sun
Tells our love's complete story

C. P. Sharma

Love Tickle

A little love tickle
Infinite love ripples

C. P. Sharma

Love Tweets

In many ways true love tweets
It listens to beloved's heartbeats
Language is no barrier in love
Hearts from alien lands meet

In love the eyes of lovers wink
Invite the hearts to establish link
Connected once link is not lost
Worries not about wintry frost

In warm embrace the ice melts
All blues like the snowfall felt
Love's ubiquitous scent smelt
Snowballs at each other pelt

Sometimes, love comes
As a gust of strong wind
Eyes hand shaded, messy hair
You have a crush blind

Start loving with just a smile
Smiling in love go many a mile
Love is the real safety glove
Mind not a little push or shove

Saying you love needs no words
In love, even the silence speaks
The face communicates to heart
Hearts listen to all unheard notes

C. P. Sharma

Love Unbound

Love rules

Ocean unbound

Cold hatred left behind

Ego rushes to ocean for

Life's brew

C. P. Sharma

Love Waves

Where were we so long, my dear
Why did we stay far, to me not clear
You have come now in beauty bathed
In each other's heart, we are caged

We have met now heart to heart
We know now we shall never part
Love knot ties two hearts, one soul
Their love infinite universe unroll

My vision extended, now I can see
Past capricious action, its reason be
Tale of eternity I told, you missed
Hence, the pangs of separation exist

Below the turmoiled surface of love
Serene gems of eternal purity dwell

C. P. Sharma

Love You

Is this is my craziness or
the glow of my intense love!
If you don't discern it
the fault lies in how you view
Is this my craziness.....

You may be halfhearted
but I am proud of my love
You may or mayn't agree
people will surely approve
Is this my craziness.....

You are my real heart-throb
my love heartfelt and deep
You may or may not come
but I shall wait till doom.
Is this my craziness.....

One day in this loneliness
I shall suffocate and die
Your cry to any extent
won't call me back to life
Is this my craziness.....

*Spirit of 'Ye Mera Deewanapan Hai' song in Hindi movie YEHUDI

C. P. Sharma

Love! Love! ! Love! ! !

Girls and guys
Momentary life flies
Love, love, love
Life's treasure trove
Neither money nor gold
With you forever hold
This truth for ages
The sages have told
So, love, love, love
Life's treasure trove

Loving is bliss
Each other kiss
In love is grace
Of hate no trace
The other is Pilot
Him embrace
Love is soothing
In it find solace
So, love, love, love
Life's treasure trove

Young and old
Come to love's fold
Love sheds no blood
Love is rose bud
Don't fret and fume
Let your love bloom
Get rid of all gloom
Dance with a peacock plume
So, love, love, love
Life's treasure trove

C. P. Sharma

Love! Love! Love!

Love is love
Sans love no life
It showers like rain
Not alone for wife
Not alone for the rich
Equally for the poor
It bestows blessings
On civilized and boor
There is love
Even in tearing pain
Delivering the baby
Joy of the strain
It is innocent
In it no color, no creed
It travels fast
All speeds supersedes
It knows no barriers
Of seas and shores
Its sonorous music
Harmony of hearts restores
Love also takes
The areal route
Cupid arrows strike
The stars shoot
All universes are in
love's music drowned
Don't limit it naming
Life's roof and crown
Love, love and love
Don't give it a name
Love God's creation
Name dims its flame

C. P. Sharma

Love's Ambience

Cupid comes unawares
We never know when he shoots
Its arrows pierce deep
And nourish being's dormant roots

We hear the unheard
And see the unseen
Love's scent so strong
It crosses Byzantine

Its music is soulful
Uplifted is our being
No autumn there
But the eternal spring

Religion and breed
Color and creed
Knows no taboos
Sows love seed

Miles
Styles
Mingle
Jingle

True love never pines
Always intermingles
Even its pain soothes
All worldly trifles tingle

C. P. Sharma

Love's Hues

(A senryu)

True love gets richer
As we stretch out on time scale
Love's hue never fades

C. P. Sharma

Love's Language

Words are poor to say you love
Just coming closer heals the dove
Give her just a warm embrace
Print kiss, read her blushing face

Words can't invoke the bliss
All the excitement of love they miss
The grammar, love and lust mix
Love's forms and beats are Tixylix

Lovers have their loving ways
When love has its moony phase
Expressions differently ablaze
Words can't capture lover's craze

In love, eyes dance, heart melts
Love loosens all social belts

C. P. Sharma

Love's Light

(A Sonnet)

O my love, in your gait lies all the grace
When on the earth, for you the angels crave
In its warmth, heavenly charms interlace
When heaving breast kisses my true love waves

On a moonlit night, we walk hand in hand
Sharing our dreams along the beach we walk
We do not know not how many miles spanned
Dancing sea waves our hearts secret unlock

As we grow old with wrinkles, hair go gray
Children grow up and busy in the nest
Seahorse as a blizzard will come with sleigh
To Pilot take, over will be the quest

Then we shall see the Pilot face to face
Merging into Him true unity trace

C. P. Sharma

Love's Nectar

The being lives in bliss as butterfly
Hops from flower to flower
In love's ecstasy

Dances in glee
Sucks its elixir, takes its hue
Its fragrance carries through

Identifies with it
Makes no noise
In oneness poise

Love pollens scatters
New love flowers
Lives in love bower

In diversity beauty dwells
In pure joy our passions quell
Let in all hearts lotus bloom
For hate in life there is no room.

C. P. Sharma

Love's Nest - A Ten Word Poem

Love's Nest - A ten word poem

Birth,
of sperm and egg's
lusty fest
builds love nest! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Love's Philosophy - I

Love is not a kiss or sex,
Love is not a muscle flex;
It is just a heart's reflex,
Distrust always love annex.

Don't tax too much your love,
Don't make it a greedy dove;
Love's nest is treasure trove,
Love's integrity is all above.

Love is not a craze for car
It's steadfast as pole-star;
Love doves are never at war,
Real love is never bizarre.

Don't make your love complex,
When in love you never vex.

C. P. Sharma

Love's Philosophy - Ii

True love is virtual heaven on earth,
When you lose, you know its worth;
Around mutual trust the love is girth,
Distrust can mar its music and mirth.

In your love I am soaked so much,
That everywhere I feel your touch;
The magic of your love is such,
Your love is now my life's crutch.

I see you now in flowers that bloom,
With you now in the wind I do loom,
Now all around is your perfume,
In your absence I feel the gloom.

Come, come my love and me saturate,
You alone are now my life and fate.

C. P. Sharma

Lust

When on Vedas I concentrate,
Human passions come in spate;
From the Vedas take me away,
On my mind they hold sway.

Lust comes to me as a wild fire,
I am astounded with base desire(s):
Like a savage it lives at the root,
Am I a man or am I a brute?

But sapling of life from it sprout(s) ,
On its maturity love is the fruit;
Lust as seedling dissolves in dust,
Soon my love flowers in trust.

Its sweet fragrance removes disgust,
My whole world brightens up robust;
It is the basis of home and hearth,
In it lies all my mirth and worth.

Then it builds new castles of trust,
Thus I pass on from trust to trust;
Call it vicious or girdle girth,
Thus I wander birth to birth.

C. P. Sharma

Macrocosm

I am the microcosm
A forest seed
The sun in a ray
The moon in its beam

A twinkling star
Cycling ocean in a drop
Rainbow colors in light
The rhythmic beat

In the sky tweet
The earthen pot
An eternal knot
Mark time's slaught

C. P. Sharma

Mahadeva

MAHADEVA

The onset of Ganpati Puja
reminds of Mahadeva
His phenomenal lifestyle, marriage and children.

Sitting on Kailash
He eternally meditates
Flora and fauna surround
The Divinity awaits

From His matted hair
The Ganges flows
On his forehead
The crescent moon adorns

Wrapt in lion hide
With trident walks
Smearred in ashes
With weired flocks

His marriage a freak
Groom's dress unique
Riding on the Oxen
Marriage party antiique

Among his sons
Kartikeya rides on
The peacock's back
All earth and sky tracks

Other son's vehicle mouse
Wearing elephant head
To first worship roused
Above all divinity treads

Perfect blending of Nature in Shiva
He is the God of gods, Mahadeva a go

Man's Misery - 1

Nature every where in plenty abounds
Ego haunted man in his grief astounds

C. P. Sharma

Man's Misery - 2

Nature provides fresh food free of costs
Fridges turn it stale, man supremacy boasts

C. P. Sharma

Man's Misery - 3

Nature provides fresh free water every where
Man pollutes all rivers, we stand and stare

C. P. Sharma

Man's Misery - 4

Nature gave all beings fresh air to breathe
We are not far when the sun dies, cities seethe

C. P. Sharma

Man's Misery - 5

Soft sweet music in Nature all around
Man in noisy drums and hoots abounds

C. P. Sharma

Master Painter - I

Painting - I

The Master painter
paints all universes.
Among them He painted
the world so beautiful.
The earth wearing
snowy mountains
as silvery white crown
that turns golden
as the Sun climbs down

Rivers embrace her
as necklace,
waist-lace and anklets,
nurturing her dress as
forests and fields green
washing her feet
merge into seven seas.

When day dawns
dew drops on her
as diamonds shine
At night, the moon
with its starry sky
creates ambiance
Cupid ever pries.
From the seven seas
like a mermaid
she rises with lusty looks
mothering millions of lives
in love's sweet emotion
on earth, sky and ocean

When His paintings marvel
in beauty all excel! ! ! !
How awesome will be He! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
In His beauty
I just try to see

Where am I?
Where are you?
Where is the tiger?
Where is the lamb?
Thinking of Him
I am dumb!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

C. P. Sharma

Master Painter - II

Painting - II

His paintings are live
In them the world moves
He claims no credit
Neither copyright approves

We paint on paper or canvas
Lifeless and still
Use His colors
All His paintings copy
Claim copyright and
Put price tag

He paints the Sun
In diverse moods
A red hot ball of fire
Leaping flames around
Removing darkness
From all nooks and corners
Leading to light the earth and the sky
Each one satiates, never discriminates

He painted day and night
Positioned the Sun and the moon
For work and rest
Paints ceaselessly to provide
Each one a nest
The beautiful starry sky
PDS* perfect and powerful
Providing wherewithal
Each life regulates

Ego drunk man
Asymmetrically paints
Spoiling His symmetry
Smudging aesthetic sense
Irrational use of brush
Makes future tense

*Public Distribution System

C. P. Sharma

Master Painter - Iii

Painting - III

My Master Painter
Knows many a fun
His all creations
The whole world stun! ! !
Ever unique pots He designs
He is a potter class one

When He works on potter's wheel
His fingers' magic on it dance
Molding clay at different points
Wonders figures he stream lines
Minute details in each one defines

Fit for water, earth and air frame
In all worlds to play their games
Paints them in colorful synergy
As Pisces, plants, animals and birds

Finally sprays the pollen and seed
Showcases the interaction
Of Prakriti and Purush
(Of Matter and energy)

The world suddenly comes alive
With a new sense of colors
fragrance and muse
The world with new
Celebrations enthuse
When outdated
New paintings produce

In the recycling
Nothing goes waste
The sum total in Nature
Ever interlaced
There is no fear of death
But perpetual regeneration

with new roles
Neither big nor small
But a composite scene
Isolated from it
We grieve
Into His painting
Interweave

C. P. Sharma

Matter And Energy

A Senryu

Matter is dead weight
Energy prompts it to move
The world animates

C. P. Sharma

Matter Or Nature - A Dilemma

(A Senryu)

Matter ensnares man
Immense romance in Nature
Man misses its kiss

C. P. Sharma

Maya - A Haiku Pair

Maya's colors tempt
Trample the spotless white truth
Drunk with them I sway

A few like the truth
Dull drab and so colorless
Overlook easily

* Inspiration: Seema Devi's post 'Truth' in her blissful poetic drizzle.

C. P. Sharma

Maya Jaal

????????????? ?????? ?????????????? ??????
????????????????????? ??? ? ? ?????????? ? ?????: ? / ??

Large is the mountain
Larger is the ocean
Immense expanse is the sky
Innumerable systems
There are in rotation
Still larger than all is God's notion
But the largest is the Maya's squad
Emotions, commotions, and solutions
The frittering Maya entices everything
Handle with care, stay in safer range

C. P. Sharma

Maya's Net

(A senryu)

Maya, spread out vast
When God personates on earth
In it, He is perched

C. P. Sharma

Meditation

Tanka - 3

A worshipping mind
Sprouts innumerable boons
The bliss of the soul
Body, mind, and soul align
Life finds its long lost coastline

C. P. Sharma

Meet Me At Crisscross

My friends
My vanity,
My family
My insanity,
For money
I don't bargain,
Except me
All others are sane,
They might laugh at me
Why I care not for loss or gain,
Why the world isn't my terrain.

Neither a warrior nor a priest
On the dead I don't feast
Beasts and priests are in me
I am their honeycomb
Like bees, they get stuck to me
Sans honey, they don't feel free

Sanity, vanity, gain and loss
Beyond them, if you cut across
There you meet Me at crisscross
There you feel yourself your boss
Beyond revolutions and explorations, I live
Meeting me is a blessed blissful dive.

C. P. Sharma

Mellow Fruitfulness

Season of abundance
in Nature and life of man
after the raw mirth of summer
attaining maturity in juicy ripeness

Equinox of seasonal mix-up
reaping the fruit of summer's labor
preparing for the coming chill of time
to hibernate before rejuvenation

In its fall is the message:
After the worldly humdrum
cast away the superfluous foliage
To travel light for the journey of life

A maturing sweetness to reap the best
Of both the world's corporeal and spiritual

C. P. Sharma

Melody

The crow doesn't take away our world
And the nightingale gives us nothing,
But her melody wins over the world.

C. P. Sharma

Merry Christmas

At my bar today
His Grace
showers
Valentines
rushing
to His love bower.

Valentines of
all faiths
have come
with musical
instruments
and steel drum.

Hindus, Muslims,
Sikhs
all greet
With love
to this
Christmas treat.

Symphony of
colors and creeds
tweet
With warm hugs
and kisses
meet.

C. P. Sharma

Message Of Koran

When people asked Prophet Mohammad
What is his perception of God?
Reply was direct from Allah
In the form of holy Koran
He is the only ONE
He is not begotten
He begot none

The only Creator
His no beginning
He knows no end
Universes His will
He created none in vain
In everything His trust ordained
On us bestowed dignity and favor
He seeks neither obedience nor prayer

In absolute oneness the universes dip
In perfect harmony they move
Subsistence for all ordained
His language, He knows
It reflects in hearts
It is very easy
Harmony
Peace
Love
Bliss

C. P. Sharma

Millionaire

(A Senryu)

What if I am a millionaire
As a porter, load persecutes
He carries a quintal of luggage
I carry two quintals of repute

??? ??? ?? ????? ??, ??? ? ? ??????
?? ?? ?? ????? ??, ?? ?? ?? ? ??????! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Mimosa Pudica

She is a woman
A Mimosa Pudica
Treat delicately

C. P. Sharma

Mind Plays Puck

Mind moves slowly
Its distrust vast
Soul's trust and faith
All-embracing fast
Crafty mind
with myself plays Puck
The accepting soul
never passes the buck

Inspiration: Only Love... - Poem by Richard Wlodarski

C. P. Sharma

Mind Power

Mind has the power
Can grow lotus in the mud
You too can blossom

C. P. Sharma

Minds Entwine

There is no language of love
No words can ever define
Emanating from soul
The universes align
Bodyline designs
Minds entwine
Smiles shine
It's divine

In love,
Flowers bloom
Lovely seasons zoom
Colorful fragrance charms
In sky, the flocks of birds swarm
in happiness, birds sing songs
Love, the essence of beings
Not to humans confined

Not confined to region
It has no religion
It is duty bound
In heart found
cascade bliss
Hug and kiss
Never miss
Be divine
Feel fine

C. P. Sharma

Mnd

(A senryu)

Mind for ever glows
Let thoughts naturally flow
Stagnating stink grows

C. P. Sharma

Mohabbat

Phoolon se mohabbat ki to kanton se bhi karlo
is ki chubhan ko ishq ka mazmoon samajh lo

?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ??? ?????
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C. P. Sharma

Moony Romance

As the sun sets
The moon stealthily appears
The sea bares its bosom
Gets ready for romance
In nightly romance
The waves advance
In gleeful dance

As full moon approaches
Emotions rise high
For kissing the moon
Waves rise to the sky
As the day dawns
In celebration
Flowers smile

C. P. Sharma

Morning Walk

Morning walks in the Polo ground
Ever-rich in experience profound
Heath, spirituality and life crisscross
Gather here the diamonds or dross

Laughing veterans, blooming youths
Jogging ladies with music say sooth
Sundry players in surrounding grounds
Shouts of victory are heard around

After walk, I sit on a bench awhile
Positioning myself in Yogic style
After a few initial aerobic exercise
My being and body are energized

Eyes closed, I focus between brows
Vistas of colorful universes grow
Pitch dark into several colors flows
Master's timeless works view glow

In minutes many a year I live
Hundreds of 'rosy-fingered dawn'
The white shadow of eternal noon
Blazing twilight a blissful boon

Starry skies in heavenly gleam
Lunar tides and moonlit dreams
A million colors appear, submerge
Whirling vortex of images emerge

Festive finale of older versions
The genesis of new stars I see
Past and future in me up beams
Out of nothing pop-up scenes

I know not, is it trance or I swoon?
But in its beauty my heart blooms

Multimedia World

O man
In this multimedia
Diverse beings are seen
Enlightened you see One in all
An ignorant sees many

In all of them is my hue
I am in love with floral frill
In waywardness, I am lost
Searching me in them I am frost

Caught up in the forms
Constrained to see my real self
Living together through life
I never interact with myself

Acknowledgement: The accompanying picture captured by Swaraj Raj, stolen by me.

C. P. Sharma

Multitude Reflections

Multitude Reflections*

One God

The timeless truth

The eternal creation

Knows no fear

Knows no enemy

Timeless being

Unborn of womb

Self-illuminated

Guru's Grace

*Inspiration: Mool Mantra

C. P. Sharma

My Abode

O Krishna,
Where the music of your flute flows
There in bliss my heart repose
Your aura spreads as peacock's wings
Deific dignity around me flings

When inebriated I dance in trance
Rest crave just for your one glance
Charmed by your divine presence
They too join me in gleeful dance

Come to me with your baby looks
Sages sing your praise in holy books
Religions give your myopic view
You in different carvings construe

Your benevolent heart is my abode
Blessings on me you have bestowed

C. P. Sharma

My Autograph

My Autograph

I am in water
I am in ether
I am in fire
Yet they are not my attire

In all temples* I adore
Thin like air I know all shores
Matter wants me to be its pick.
Yet to me all these don't stick

My being hoodwinks
Better don't goof
I am omnipresent
Yet I keep aloof

Self-existent
I need no proof
Above all reasoning
I can't be spoofed

Forests, flowers,
Ants, giraffe
Lamb and lion
My autographs

* earthen and celestial bodies

C. P. Sharma

My Bar

My Bar

My bar is unique
A bar-less bar
Whoever joins it
Becomes a star

The rich or the poor
The Civilized or boor
Feelings don't injure
Equal treat assure

Color or the creed
Country or breed
Such ideas don't feed
Serves without greed

Bathed in divine light
Its visitors don't fight
In their drinks delight
Here Santa's gifts blithe

Bar girl in divinity shines
Serves the 'Soma' divine
Come here, dance and dine
Ill wills to Krishana consigne

C. P. Sharma

My Bar Dance

My Bar Dance

ha! ha! !

In my bar dance

Perpetual is romance

People from home and France

In dancer's eyes spirituality glance

ha! ha! !

It is an eternal dance

It's not a game of chance

You fall in love at first glance

Vast its dancing floor's expanse

ha! ha! !

In dance the divinity glitters

In dancers drink bowls no bitters

The dancers' lives without jitters

Their hearts are divine transmitters

ha! ha! !

Come and join my bar dance

This Christmas joyous trance

C. P. Sharma

My Bar Girl

In her eyes
There is glow
From her gait
Divinity flows

In her hands
The Soma bowl
Serves with love
Greatly consoles

Rose in her cheeks
will never fade
Her honeyed lips
Soul capturing shade

In her smile
The serenity sails
She sings like
Sweet nightingale

In her looks
Infinity trace
In her heart, no
dearth of space

She welcomes all
With open arms
In her embrace
The Divine Charm

C. P. Sharma

My Beloved

My beloved is by my side
Million miles I take in a stride
Heaven and earth together meet
Even gods envy our union sweet

Together many an oceans we cross
With colorful flowers in valley toss
Fragrance laden breeze there moves
Even Nature our love approves

Our coming together was chance
In it there was some Godly stance
It was our love at first glance
We are still in youthful trance

Like the youth on Grecian Urn
Never will our youth take turn
So was it, in our earlier births
So it will ever be girth in mirth

Bodies only to time fall prey
Wrinkled faces and hair grey
Love decays not, nor gets old
With time, love turns into gold

C. P. Sharma

My Bloom

Tanka - 7

As I reach my doom
Why near and dear dip in gloom
It's my blessed full bloom
On mind, self-interest looms
With time, the memories broom

C. P. Sharma

My Boat

Soul shines in pure white
Holds hope eternal
World a net of colours bright
Entices in joys diurnal
Tears trickle down, joys fly
Azure Ocean reflects on sky

Kites fly high in the sky
Echoes of loud laughter
Soon kite gets cut
All that follows is disaster
Roses and thorns together go
In search of shore my boat I row

C. P. Sharma

My Body

About my body I am crazy,
Besides it, all else is hazy,
Amazed of its looks glazy,
In its make up I am busy.

I boast of my body,
I consider it great;
Inside and outside,
The dirt accumulate(s) .

I clean it everyday,
Can't get rid of it;
It claims supremacy,
Me, its ego outwit(s) .

Body's muscles always flex,
I don't have check my reflex,
I am obsessed by the other sex,
I am always between the decks.

The sun, the moon, the stars,
All the heavenly bodies it bars.
Busy in money and muscle power,
I miss the scent and hues of flowers.

Who am I? This I don't know,
I am ever busy in body's show,
All name and fame to it I owe,
Who don't praise it, are its foe.

When I leave the body, others know:
I am not it, disregard to it they show,
For ultimate disposal with it they go,
Take it for burial or into the fire throw.

I see it happen everyday,
Never meditate and pray,
I am in complete dismay,

Riddance from the clay betray(s) .

Thus, from body to body I jump,
On this body the dirt I dump.

C. P. Sharma

My Confused Mood

A lot on my mind but the words I don't find!
Thoughts come and go, what to choose, I don't know?

On the mercurial mind images don't fuse,
My train of thoughts is a confused Muse.

C. P. Sharma

My Cosmic Love

MY COSMIC LOVE

My love,
You have a panoramic look
In you Nature's infinite hue
In you lie earth and sky
In your looks all heaven lies

Your hair do marigold flaunt
On head floral crown you wear
Serpentine hair locks on temples fall
Fragrance around it profuse

Your face, a heavenly garden
Oceanic depth in your eyes
In your cheeks roses bloom
Fiery red lips have glossy shine

Twinkling stars your ear rings
The pole star is your nose pin
Your face is my honey moon
Divine Nature is your saloon

Curves and cleavage of bosom
Are the beautiful vales and hills
Nightingale sits in your throat
Heart drums like Ruffed Grouse

Below waist line lives all the lust
Between the thighs lives growth
Bumble bee picks up the pollens
And on the fallopian tube sprays

My love has a cosmic look
Nature's awesome picture book

C. P. Sharma

My Countrymen, Awake, Arise And Act

We worship woman in various forms,
From her seek strength so life transforms;
We call our country our mother land,
On our forehead we wear her sand.

Without mother we couldn't have born,
As a source of strength her we adorn,
When in the womb her we have torn,
When she dies we grievously mourn.

As our sister she ties knots to protect
From worries and vexations in all respect
When we grow up she is better half
She strives to keep up our life's graph

When she tries to come as our daughter
Why her in the womb itself we slaughter
Or when born, why throw away as lump
And make her a part of wasteful dump

Why have we forgotten our culture
Why have we taken role of butcher
Why are we blocking our own future
Else humans will be in Jurassic Park tour

My countrymen, awake, arise and act,
Learn at the earliest girl child to respect
Come to your senses, don't annihilate the race
Else like Yaduvanshi's you will have no trace

C. P. Sharma

My Drink

The whole world says,
I am drunk
yes, I drink
from the tree trunk
my drink has the rainbow shades
it is dyed hard
its color never fades
intensely steeped in fragrance of flowers
made at bay side by the rovers
served with love by the divine bar girl
Why don't you too give it a whirl! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

My Father Used To Say:

"My son,
Even with the pettiest can extol
In its role.
Give your best to the role.
The world would say,
Either you or none.
The world you can stun."

Wordsworth too said:

"To me
The meanest flower that blows
Can give thoughts
That lie too deep for human tears."

Ben Jonson

"In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

()

The beautiful pic
From my friend
Prof. Swaraj
I STOLE

C. P. Sharma

My Fault

The universe is ever ready
To cheer me up with open arms
The sea heaves its bosom to embrace
Glitters in glee in full moon shine
But I hide my face in shame
Searching pain in pleasure
Where it is not there
The fault is in me
In my mind
I weep

C. P. Sharma

My Love, Will You Be Mine!

On this day I express
My intense love for you
Kneeling on one knee
Today I make this plea
My love, I love you! My love, I love you!

My love, I love you! My love, I love you!
You are my love dove
I promise you love
As token of my love
I present you this rose
My love, I love you! My love, I love you!

My love, I love you! My love, I love you!
My heart with this rose
To you I propose
Will you be my Valentine!
Will you with me dance and dine!
My love, I love you! My love, I love you!

My love, I love you! My love, I love you!
In this love fragrance divine
My love, will you be mine!
Will you with me dance and dine!
My love, I love you! My love, I love you!

C. P. Sharma

My Mind

My mind whips
And makes me roam,
Doesn't allow me
To sit at home.
It tempts me to taste
Many a love brands,
Dejected I come back
To my old friends.

C. P. Sharma

My Mother

On this day when I remember
Of mother's love and care;
I can feel her sweet soft touch,
And lingering fragrance in the air

A mother's love has no match,
From infinity to infinity stretch;
She heard my beats when a scratch,
When I was to fall she would catch.

C. P. Sharma

My Mother - 1

She is my mother
I owe her my being,
Her musical lyrics
To me she still sings.

She taught me scriptures
When I was in the womb,
With me they will go
Even after I go to tomb.

C. P. Sharma

My Muse - Senryu

I become listless
When you are not there with me
The spark of my life

Vacuum around
Strange meaninglessness astounds
I lose my being

I become alone
Power of my pen is gone
You amuse my Muse

C. P. Sharma

My Origin

My expense is infinite
My origin is formless
I communicate with self
My existence is timeless

The wheel of time moves on
Shapes and forms spin-off
Derivatives determine the rate
The wings of fire take off

The reference points to places
Integrate colors and creed
The flora and fauna amuse me
They determine the feed

Time and space make me scream
Beyond them, I eternally gleam

C. P. Sharma

My Real Home

Good morning, Good evening, Good night
Creep in this petty pace from day to day*
To the last syllable of time it cascades
Till we cross its barriers for eternal sunshine

I am the Monarch of Time and Space
There is no wailing and weeping of separation
Hunger, hatred and pain don't exist
Such is the aura of my permanent Home

Where all the identities dissolve
The orchestra of music plays one tune
Never ending bliss of AUM prevails
All worldly issues get resolved

In its utter ignorance the world weeps
Whereas in my real self I glow

* A parody of lines from Shakespeare.

C. P. Sharma

My Religion

My religion perpetually flows,
It never loses its sheen & glow;
My religion never binds,
It always opens up the mind.

Love lesson is at its heart,
Anger and violence depart,
Sympathy & coexist impart,
It never sets the hearts apart.

My religion has least rules,
It has always kept me cool;
It has never made me fool,
With me it is a rational tool.

It is a great uniting force,
Time-space changes its course;
It doesn't give feeling of remorse,
Of strength & peace it is great source.

Hindus and Muslims all embrace,
Buddhists & Christians have face;
Love for all religions at its base,
From it descends heavenly grace.

I won't give my religion a name,
Name always has brought blame;
Ever it was and ever it will be,
Its stream overflows perpetual glee.

Come and in love religion dive deep;
All Heavenly blessings on you heap.

C. P. Sharma

My Silence

In the library of Silence
Stacks of books
Consult the catalogue
Worries overlook

Thoughts accompany
In shades diverse
Shakespearean drama
In blank verse

Here meet Wordsworth
Beside the bay
Keats pines in love
Shelley with Westwind sways

In my silence, many moods roam
Classic, romantic and Boehm

C. P. Sharma

My Story

A crying birth.
A faltering toddler.
A playful child.
A dreaming adolescent.
A yoked couple.
A groaning grown up.
A tottering old age,
Waiting for the tomb.

C. P. Sharma

My Valentines

Valentine is not for a day
My Valentine in my heart resides
The mystic love in soul abides

My Valentine is my heart and soul
Always comes to me
Ever revealing in infinite new roles

Sometimes comes as Radha
Sometimes as Krishna
Names are diverse, his prasada*

I won't give my Valentine a name
My Valentine might blush and shy
I love her in ever new shades and dye

I and my Valentine are ONE
He live in many bodies
But in all, except me there none

* blessed boon

C. P. Sharma

Myrtle

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

Inspiration and courtesy: Himali Narang's Mehndi pic.

C. P. Sharma

Mysterious Pain

While departing from the Kuru Kingdom
after the victory of the Pandava's
Lord Krishna said to Kunti,
'Ask me for a boon.'

She chose pain as
happiness is
shrouded in
mysterious
pain.

All the rest is but
the brain drain.
Sans pain
nothing
attains! ! !

Inspiration: Sai Geetanjali

C. P. Sharma

Mystic Love

I am the dust
from dust I arise
In the dust lies
all my fight
In the dust are
all my joys
From dust arise
all my foes
In the dust
God plays game
Grinds and moulds
gives it name
In the dust is
all blame game
The mystic love
pines in dusty dames

C. P. Sharma

Name

I pray Him
He has no name
When Name misspelt
There is brain drain

He is light
when He is face to face
In dazzling Truth
No name I trace

He sees no other
All are in Him
Figment of mind
Let's our minds clean

I searched my mind
Read many books
No name I came across
That all HIs virtues looks

How ignorant I am!
Him in name I frame
He who created me
I call Him by name! ! !

His message eternal
Writes on heart each day
Mind reads own books
Let heart hold sway

He sees no other
All are in Him
The other is in our minds
Let's our minds clean

C. P. Sharma

Nature Cures

Nature everything provides,
Let us in Nature take pride;
Nature is our friend and guide,
Let us in Nature confide.

Nature for you has best treat,
Fruits of sorts sour and sweet;
For herbivorous rice and wheat,
Carnivorous have variety in meat.

Beauty ordained in diverse forms,
On earth, sky and in sea storms;
The earth with flora-fauna adorned,
Get protection in thorns and horns.

Some found abode in nests and caves,
Others in burrows & under sea waves;
Pretty clothes in skins & hides,
In fur the shield against icy tides.

Every minute care he takes,
Prior arrangements makes,
As soon as a child is born,
In mother's breast milk adorns.

Value of mother's milk understand,
All pediatric medicines in it canned;
Ladies, of breast feeding be proud,
Let not mothers in fashion shroud.

In sacred rivers take pride,
Elixir of herbo-mineral tied;
O man, them do not defile,
Keep on your face a smile.

Our body has its own drug store,
Its own health it can restore;
Use Nature's herbal cure,
A little discomfort endure.

He who has the herbs at hand,
Thousand Horse Power command;
He stands amid a crowd,
Like a Prince powerful and proud.

Roots, trunks, leaves & flowers of herbs,
Endowed with healing powers superb;
In them nourishment and strength packed,
The deadly spirit of disease is hacked.

For each part of the frame,
A plant that relief can claim;
Let fruitful and fruitless plant sustain,
Bloom or not can health reclaim.

Wherever the plants pervade,
There men all evils evade;
Soma, the sovereign herb
Is the savior of man superb.

Don't suppress disease,
Strength of body increase;
Why a new disease invite?
Why not control your diet?

Why desensitize the body?
Why spoil its rhapsody?

C. P. Sharma

Nature Is Red In Tooth And Claw

Cleansing ten million times
Me of my sins can't purge,
If with base desires I merge
Serenity in mind can't surge.

If whole world of wealth I amass
Mirage like hunger can't satisfy,
Millions of crafty ways I devise
But none of them gets justified.

How to purge me of my sin?
How to rid of delusion's din?
Abide by the Nature's Law
Nanak, none ever eluded its claw.

Note: From Japuji Sahib with due apologies for discordance, if any.

© C. P. Sharma

C. P. Sharma

Nature Is True Guide

They say civilized society needs rules
They who don't follow them are mules
The civilized the laws of Nature flout
Try to knock them out with foul bouts

They sleep by day and work at night
Nightlife appears to them very bright
The perennial rivers are their bane
Them with dirt and, squalor they stain

The lion and the lamb live together
and fly together birds of the feather
But men, the enemy of own race
Deadly weapons their doom trace

The forests rich in varied wildlife
Forests, the very breath of life
The ruthless victims of Kal age
Rousing Nature's wrath and rage

Ghost of global warming stands
There is time to make amends
You can make peace with Nature
Give up pride, Nature is true guide

C. P. Sharma

Nature Smiles

Nature smiles in abundance
More and more it gives,
Man filled with ego
A miserable life he lives.

C. P. Sharma

Nature, The Poet

The poetry is written
On the dew drops of the dawn
In the frolicking of
the flora and the fawn

On the moods of the rising
and the setting sun views
Reflecting on the ocean
golden and crimson hues

On the colorful freshness
of the flower that blooms
Projecting anthers spray pollens,
that on its stigma lustily loom

In the stillness of the night
On the crescent moon
As lone lady love's breasts
heave high and swoon

On the wings of the birds
Getting ready to fly
Singing songs immortal
Outpour from the sky

I simply read their verses aloud
Of their rhyme and rhythm proud

C. P. Sharma

Nature's Laws*

Nature's Laws none can convey
By them forms and frames sway
Conforming living beings sustain
Acclaims are by its laws obtained.

Its laws ordain the high and low
Its laws pleasure and pain plough
On some the laws bestow salvage
Others trapped in birth-death cage.

By them universes move around
None can go beyond their bounds
Nanak, he who knows the laws
He is free from ego full of flaws.

* I owe this to Japuji Sahib. All rendering blemishes are mine and all praise to Him.

C. P. Sharma

New Dawn

When the dream is over
from the sleep I shall rise,
Death will bring new dawn
In myriad colors new guise.

Here epitaph will be written
A sad requiem will be sung
There red carpet will spread
Saluting march past swung.

Uniting with the Divine
In His glory I will shine
Time-space won't torment
I will be on the cloud nine.

C. P. Sharma

New Year Wish

My ardent wish for the New Year
There be unalloyed joy everywhere
There be no darkness anywhere
In every heart, there be love flair

There be no malice in any heart
Let war in all its forms depart
Let peace and prosperity kickstart
Hostility everywhere falls apart

Purity of water and air avails
Respect for all religions prevails
Matter and spirit balanced scales
Man in sacred duty never fails

With health and happiness, all be blessed
All the problems of the world be addressed

C. P. Sharma

Nidhivan

To Vrindavan Dham, I was away
In Radha consciousness, my heart swayed
On Nidhivan trees, I sat as a bird
The soulful tunes of Krishna's flute heard

The divine music there went on
Heavenly bliss to Gopis' descend on
The devotees' being was lost in dance
All were there in divine trance

The monkeys busy in acrobats
Hiding here and there in trees sat
Stealthily took away the specs
Some other with their purses vex

In all, there was perfect bliss
Where the soul to soul did kiss

C. P. Sharma

Night

O Goddess of Night,
Made up in perfect beauty
Roaming on diverse planes
Casting your cosmic planetary looks
In graceful gait you come.

O immortal Goddess,
You first fill the sky
Then, the low and high grounds
Through the shining stars in the sky
You illuminate the darkness.
You set forth the stage
Of arrival of your sister Dawn,
She comes dispelling thy darkness.

O Goddess Night,
Your arrival signals birds
To take shelter in nests on trees
And for us to take rest at home.
Bestow favors upon us:
In thy sheltering shield
All villagers safely sleep
All that walk and fly take rest
Even the falcons restrain to prey

O Goddess,
Keep the wolves away from us
Also take away the thieves
Guard us against all evils
The darkness is denser in hue
O Dawn, write it off as debt

O daughter of the sky,
Accept our offering of hymns
We brought to you like kine,
And with new vitality energize us
So as in new victories we ever shine.

Rig Veda (X/127)

No More Wars

All our life we struggle to compete
Glibly we talk of equality and peace

For sake of peace, don't compete
If God gives more, share with the weak

Try to win the hearts not the wars
Just for sympathy make the world yours

The world has seen enough of wars
Why can't we rid off its gory scars?

C. P. Sharma

Not Two

You are a kaleidoscope,
In you patterns ever new
You are the rainbow,
You paint with dew
You are a bouquet
Scent inebriates
On moonlit nights
Love's arrows shoot
I feel pleasure in pain
In your sweet company
I am free from strain
Above mundane
I feel no shame
I do not blame
I go insane
I am you
Not two

C. P. Sharma

Now To Gold Heart Is Sold

How strange the world has turned!
Of virtuous values not concerned
Interests change, penchant demeans
No moral scruples for evil scenes
Loving is now just a trading
Its divine halo is fading
Living today is forgetting past
Devotion is now not love's mast
Wonderful were those dove
Who were dedicated to love
Who had the feel of others heart
Where has the loving heart depart
Now a days the old is not gold
Now to diamond heart is sold

C. P. Sharma

O Fire!

O Fire God,
Mankind's Lord,
Upon the earth
From the sky you board.
You illumine fast,
Purity around you cast.
You emerge from water
As hydro power,
In clashing stones
Your sparkles flower.
You come to the forest
As fierce fire fest,
In drugs you vest
Sweet sour acid jest.

In the process of Yajana**
You are the chief deity,
All through it
You maintain piety.
You maintain Divine Grace,
Its process you trace.
It is your desire,
For it you inspire.
You coordinate at core,
As its supervisor adore.
You are the worshipped
Oblations are to you tipped.

You are the gentlemen's guide,
All pervading nourisher tried
You are the worshipped
O knowledgeable Fire,
You are the creator
In glory attired.
Versatile knowledge
From you flows,
So, all genius
In you glows.

In you the worshippers
Their glory find,
All their prayers
To you are signed.
You are their friend
You are their fraternity,
You uplift the oppressed
To glory and sanity.
From you all power yield
You are the mankind's shield.

Born of the Brahma's*** breath,
You infuse life on the earth.
Granary's width and length,
You are the Marut's# strength.
You ride over the horses
That run as fast as wind,
You visit the households
Seeking their welfare kind.

You are the nourishing God
You shield him who
Comes to your fold.
To those who invoke you
You provide wealth,
You are the Sun god,
All precious stones
In you dwelleth.

O nourishing Fire,
The owner of all riches,
You are the god
Whom oblation reaches.
You protect him
Who ignites you,
You are in homes
As illumining hue.

O beautiful Fire,
O knowledgeable Fire,
Come here in flames attire.
Lord of the world

Show kindness soon,
You are the giver
Of the billion boons.

Note: Inspired by Rig Veda II/1

**It is not an act of immolation as usually misinterpreted. It is an act of replenishment of elemental forces which man tries to harness to his advantage ignoring the natural balance.

*** God of creation, one of the trinity of Indian Gods.

The power of the wind

C. P. Sharma

O Life! ! !

O life,
You are strange
So often you change
Infinite is your range
Hot and cold exchange
Oceans turn into mountain range

Love and hate
With both you dare
Your tête-à-tête
But you never hate
Your path is straight
It is we who ever bait

Perhaps we enjoy
Good and bad our toys
Diversity employ
When calamities destroy
Here Nero fiddles
With Helen of Troy

Life and death
Walk hand in hand
Strange are the people
Own no-man's-land
Who are they?
They don't understand! ! !

Ugly and beautiful
People brand name
Name and fame
They ever claim
For them life becomes
A blame game! ! !

Life's path is straight
New life comes
Beats its drum
New rule of thumb

Chewing bubble gum
It becomes dumb

C. P. Sharma

O My Love

O my love, love's treasure trove!
My crazy mind has fancy flights! ! !
From where I picked up this spirit! ! !

O my love, love's treasure trove!
The air waves weave
Fabric with love spindles
Even the rain drops don't restrain
What if, the world against us conspires?
Each particle of me for you aspires

O my love, love's treasure trove!

What the heart wants
The eyes reveal, the world judges
Love invites and aspires some storm
O storm, come gently
It's first love promise we made

O my love, love's treasure trove!

San you I walked bare feet on fiery coals
As if I lived among aliens
O love, take me to your land
Me from cruel world defend
Dear, let us walk hand in hand

O my love, love's treasure trove!

English adaptation of O Re Piya (Rahat Fateh Ali Khan)
(Copyright: C. P. Sharma)

C. P. Sharma

O Rose

O Rose, you never go
Enfolded in my book of life you lie
You fragrant the pages of my life

Oft when on my couch I lie
You flash upon my inward eye
You are the bliss of my solitude

C. P. Sharma

O Water, The Benefactor! *

Hail to thee, O doer of fair deeds,
Come and assist us in our needs.
As a cow comes its calf to feed,
So accept extract of Soma reed.
For Soma you have attraction,
As felicity rich's kine donation.

So let us have generosity chaste,
Do not consider us lying waste.
Come this way and make haste,
Go to Indra, his power prostrate.
Wise and unvanquished he stands,
In singing skill he all outstands.

Bother not, who condemn and say:
Get lost, you take some other way,
You serve Indra, none else you pray;
Those who praise him hold the sway.
Weather God, you miracles perform,
Your blessings tide over the storm.

The swiftest among the swift,
Grace our sacrifices and lift,
All friends, winged joys gift,
Satakratu, Vrtra** slay split,
You help the warriors in the fray,
Come, taste our drink, we pray.

O, Satkratu, you are powerful in fight,
We strengthen & support you in spirit right.
Indra is the source of wealth and blight,
Win his favour, seek wealth, him not fight.
Praise him, from whom the nector flows,
To his pleasure let your songs compose.

*Inspired by Rig Veda Hymn 1: 4

**In the early Vedic religion, Vritra was an Asura and also a serpent or dragon, the personification of drought and enemy of Indra. Vritra was also known in the

Vedas as Ahi ('snake') , and he is said to have had three heads. The myth involving Vritra evolved over time as Indra's prominence at the head of the Pantheon faded and the Brahmins sought to glorify Vishnu.

According to the Rig Veda, Vritra kept the waters of the world captive until he was killed by Indra, who destroyed all the ninety-nine fortresses of Vritra (although the fortresses are sometimes attributed to Sambara) before liberating the imprisoned rivers. The combat began soon after Indra was born, and he had drunk a large volume of Soma at Tvashtri's house to empower him before facing Vritra. Tvashtri fashioned the thunderbolt (Vajrayudha) for Indra, and Vishnu,

when asked to do so by Indra, made space for the battle by taking the three great strides for which he became famous. Vritra broke Indra's two jaws during the battle, but was then thrown down by the latter and, in falling, crushed the fortresses that had already been shattered. For this feat, Indra became known as Vritrahan 'slayer of Vritra' and also as 'slayer of the first-born of dragons'. Vritra's mother, Danu (who was also the mother of the Danava race of Asuras) , was then attacked and defeated by Indra with his thunderbolt In one of the versions of the story, three Asuras - Varuna, Soma and Agni - were coaxed by Indra into aiding him in the fight against Vritra whereas before they had been on the side of the demon (whom they called 'Father') .

Some modern Indian geologists interpret the Vedic story as a description of the breakup of glaciers. B.P. Radhakrishna writes: 'Geological record indicates that during Late Pleistocene glaciation, the waters of the Himalaya were frozen and that in place of rivers there were only glaciers, masses of solid ice. As and when the climate became warmer, the glaciers began to break up and the frozen water held by them surged forth in great floods, inundating the alluvial plains in front of the mountains.... no wonder the early inhabitants of the plains burst into song praising Lord Indra for breaking up the glaciers and releasing water which flowed out in seven mighty channels (Sapta Sindhu) . The analogy of a slowly moving serpent (Ahi) for describing the Himalayan glacier is most appropriate'.

C. P. Sharma

O, Atheist!

Seeing is believing is a transitory truth
You miss the real things that say sooth

Of color and forms, the body might boast
But one day, your own will call it a ghost

They won't be able to bear its stink
When death through stony eyes winks

When the invisible bird takes flight
The burial will put you out of sight

Sans Him you are but ashes and bones
Into the running waters, they are thrown

You are God, in Him your truth realize
O atheist, in your clay body, Him eulogize

C. P. Sharma

O, Energizing Wind! *

Hearken to me, O Wind!
I look to you in obeisance signed.
Here the Soma drops you find,
Just taste my little offering kind.

When the singers come to know
Of the days of the Soma¹ flow,
Hymns from their lips would flow,
Trumpets of glory they would blow.

When through worshipper you flow:
Elevate his being, blessings bestow,
The undercurrents of Soma deeper go,
Enthuse his being with divine glow.

O Wind! O Indra²! Soma drops we offer,
Await your touch for ambrosial coffer,
O Wind! O Indra! Come swiftly imbue,
Rich in spoils of time, my libations view.

Mitra and Varuna³, my source strength,
Mitra, Hero of Holy strength at length;
Varuna, my mighty foe destroyer,
My oil-fed rites completely cover.

Cherishers and protectors of the law,
Come here with your allmighty claw,
With wisdom and strength without a flaw,
From you for goodness strength we draw.

*Inspired by Rig Veda Book 1 Hymn 2

1. Soma (Sanskrit) , or Haoma (Avestan) , from Proto-Indo-Iranian *sauma-, was a ritual drink of importance among the early Indo-Iranians, and the later Vedic and greater Persian cultures. It is frequently mentioned in the Rigveda, which contains many hymns praising its energizing qualities. The drink is prepared by priests pounding the stalks with stones, an occupation that creates tapas (literally 'heat') . The juice so gathered is mixed with other ingredients (including milk) before it is drunk.

2. Indra is the chief god of the Rigveda (besides Agni) . He delights in drinking Soma, and the central Vedic myth is his heroic defeat of Vritra, liberating the rivers, or alternatively, his smashing of the Vala, a stone enclosure where the Panis had imprisoned the cows, and Ushas (dawn) . He is the god of war, smashing the stone fortresses of the Dasyu, and

invoked by combatants on both sides in the Battle of the Ten Kings. " He under whose supreme control are horses, all chariots, the villages, and cattle; He who gave being to the Sun and Morning, who leads the waters, He, O men, is Indra." (Rg-Veda 2.12.7) . "Indra, you lifted up the outcast who was oppressed, you glorified the blind and the lame." (2: 13: 12) .

3. Mitra and Varuna, the Two exceeding wise, the Sons of Daksa, whom the gods ordained for lordship, excellently great. Guardians of our homes and us. True to Law, born in Law the strengtheners of Law, terrible, haters of the false, In their felicity which gives the best defence may we men and our princes dwell

C. P. Sharma

O, Glorifying Fire! *

I chant thy praises, O Fire,
The Sun is thy supreme lyre,
You are in benefactor's attire,
Accepting oblations and purifier.

All metal gems you materialize,
New plenty every day arise,
In you God's grace fructifies,
Courage and glory you finalize.

O Fire, the oblations unto you,
Ultimately basic elements woo.
Sapient minded priest me show,
Grace of God's Truth bestow.

I invoke you Dispeller of Night!
For Eternal Law you ever fight,
To all sacrifices you have right,
You ride the radiant Chariot of Light.

O Agni**, I sing hymns for your grace,
Let your blessings be my brace,
Let our life no misfortunes trace,
Like a father in miseries embrace.

*Inspired by Rig Veda Book1 Hymn1

**Fire

C. P. Sharma

O, Woman Awake! ! !

You are woman
Woe to the man
who says, you are weak
For all universes, you speak.
For you the Sun and the moon shine
Sans you, who would have them acclaimed
Sans you, could the world be alive
Could the life on this earth thrive
Cosmic beauty incarnates you
You are the nightingale's coo
In you all fragrance imbue
The senses get their due
O, woman power
Awake, arise
just realize
regain lost
prize

C. P. Sharma

Oblation

OBLATIONS*

I am the poet
I am the priest
To me oblations
Within me the beast
Sacrificing it everyday
On it I have a sumptuous feast

*inspiration: DrNk Sharma

C. P. Sharma

Ocean Of Bliss

Ocean of Bliss

On the boundless ocean of bliss
We mark our share
We say, 'This is mine.'
We make it alkaline
We draw lines and pine!

C. P. Sharma

Ocean Of Emotions

Ocean of Emotions
(A Haiku)

Be vast as ocean
Surge to shore with emotions
Recede with squalor

C. P. Sharma

Ocean Of Love

If you are the ball of fire
I am the ocean of love
I turn it into rosy hue
The voyagers on ship
Near the crescent moon
Dance to the Piper's tune

C. P. Sharma

Oceanic - A Haiku

Oceanic soul
Emerges into diverse forms
Rejoins the ocean

C. P. Sharma

Oceanic Love

I am the infinite ocean of love
Rivulets merge into rivers
The rivers to me flow
meandering dance
in the sunshine
glow.

From
there I rise
as a cloud of love
to kiss the sky far above;
there I roam over vales and hills
and then my heart with pleasure fills
I downpour love with loud drum beats.

C. P. Sharma

Of Old Age Now I Am Fond *

Of old age now I am fond,
With it now I have firm bond;
Silvery hair and shrunken cheeks,
On eyes a pair of specs antique.

I am now for the world showpiece,
Through sudden slips tongue often fleece;
Of old age now I am fond,
With it now I have firm bond.

* A rejoinder to Ruth Walter's 'Old Age'.

C. P. Sharma

On Children's Day

On Children's Day*

Empower the childhood for bright future,
Let not penury their geniality butcher.
In them our future make secure,
Lest disease and disgust them devour.

Let the child bloom with pride
If man wants to take big strides.
Let not the child by hunger damned,
Let child labor everywhere be banned.

Let us amend the law of land,
For joyous childhood take a stand.
Free knowledge enlighten as they grow,
Let the stream of happy humanity flow.

'Child is the father of man' we know
Let childhood bound in piety glow.

*In response to Dr. T. Ashok Chakravarthy's 'A Prayer' on Universal Children's Day of UNICEF observed on 20th November.

C. P. Sharma

On Leo Tolstoy's Birthday

(September 9th, 1828)

War and Peace
The life's hot spots
Ages have passed
But the battles still fought

Since times immemorial
Good and Evil go to war
The conflict not resolved
It lingers on in minds so far

The Kauravas and Pandavas
Their differences never shed
In the divine presence of Krishna
Blood of their own widespread

Sumers and Elam
Fought fierce battle
But terrorist issues
Yet have not settled

The mighty minds
thrashed the brains
But wars still continue
though nobody gains

ContempoTolstoy and Gandhi
Two apostles of peace
The one an intellectual
The other with mass appeal

Today Tolstoy's birthday
Reminds of War and Peace
Of his Anna Karenina
His last letter to Gandhi
How the peace fleece

The LAW OF LOVE

So long as child we know
Conditioned to loyalties
We just forget as we grow
The LAW OF RIGHT IS MIGHT prevails
Hence all our life is meant for fails.

Peace needs an approach
With childlike innocence
Gun tottering can't bring it
Nor deadly weapons of defence

This will be our true homage
To Leo Tolstoy on his birthday
If we listen to his sagacious words
And act as he earnestly says

My inspiration:
link sent to me by Annie Davison in message box,

:

C. P. Sharma

On The Rock Of Faith

On the rock of Faith

Sitting on a rock of the peninsular tip
Watching the waters of the Seven Seas
Rushing from three directions to embrace
The rock of Faith in Vivekanand's name.

Brothers and sisters of the world, I invoke
The Faith by which the Sun rises and sets
The mountains rise, the snow melts,
Rivers of faith flow sustaining life
On the earth, in water and the sky above
Vying each other in self-sacrificial oblations
Spreading the message through fragrant air:

Love isn't asked for, it comes back by giving.
The oblations of water to the Sun and Wind
Come back to the seas in refreshing showers
With varied flora and fauna to regale life
Wolf and lamb drink from the same stream
Ferocious wild life disappears from scene
Vestiges of life carbon cycle rejuvenate
Photosynthesis abundant oxygen generates.

It is crisis of faith that Nature we distrust
Openly man kills man and terror outbursts
Many innocent lives are cut short each day,
Garden of Faith harbored terror of alien port.

Come, O Faith, with firm trust
Come and all miseries combust
Overcome the darkness of mind
Enkindle the hearts of men
Reconstruct the Brotherhood of faiths
To reverberate the Nature's music in man
Restore the harmony and peace of his mind.

C. P. Sharma

On Woman's Day

For creation's sake
God split into two
Adam to work hard
And Eve to woo

In the Garden of Eden
Her hearth and home
The creation became
a game of chromosomes

Each in the process
one's role assigned
The complementarity
of the life defined

Satan insinuated Eve
in name equality, it defied
Career conscious ladies
For childhood landslide

No two things are equal
The grass grows low
The date palm is high
Mountains in their height glow

The beauty and charm
of life lies in its diversity
Equality divests us of it
In complementarity lies its real integrity

C. P. Sharma

One Eternal Sound Frame, The Truth Is Its Name*

He is the One,
The Truth is his Name,
He is the only creator,
Him no fear ever claimed.

He has no enemy,
Uncaptured by time frame,
He is self existent,
By true Guru's Grace claim.

He was the primal truth
Unfolding through the ages,
Uncontested truth at present,
His truth will future blaze.

*Refrain of Sri Guru Granth Sahib

I accept rendering blemishes, might be many, with due apologies.

C. P. Sharma

One Eternal Sound Frame, The Truth Is Its Name* - Revised

He is the One,
The Truth is his Name,
He is the only creator,
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C. P. Sharma

One Letter Poem

I!!

C. P. Sharma

One Truth

Truth is ONE
It can't be many
Different at surface
Undercurrent is harmony
Our petty minds
See it in parts
It appears discrete
Unity departs
A Yogi's mind unites
Them into whole
Only he understands
The unity of soul

C. P. Sharma

One World, One Love, One Community

I was free before I was born
At my birth, I wept to mourn
To my body, I was chained
By family and society restrained

A Pandit christened when born
Of my hair, I was fully shorn
I was given a sacred thread
In age-old customs, I was bred

On going to school I was taught
By the country's laws, I was caught
By the country's constitution bound
Manyfold chains here, I have found

The latest fad is human rights
I find their violation in highlights
What is freedom, where is it?
Why is man in narrow loyalties split? ? ?

Let us in Fatherhood of God bind
Let there be brotherhood of mankind

C. P. Sharma

Oneness

Where is the heaven! ! !
Where is the hell! ! ! !
All-pervading
In absolute bliss, I dwell
The other is Satan
Alienates the soul
His clever designs
Distort the truth whole

C. P. Sharma

Our Body

Our body is God's abode
Keep it clean, and
Meditate on its divinity.

C. P. Sharma

Our Garden

Our garden, though old
still it is a cheerful archive
of the orderly beds we once laid.
Beautiful blossoms bloom even now,
cross pollination by bees and butterflies
changed their strain bit by bit.
But in them we can still enjoy
Our extended scent and hue.
Product of modified seeds
But the same main strain
will grow into trees.
Birds and winds
carry seeds,
sow them
in new
lands.
The beauty
of our soul
will ever shine
in ever new molds.
Under the moon and the stars
the jingles of love would be heard
through the flowers on our
verdant grassy grave
for the lovers
to feel the
sweet
music
of our
love.

C. P. Sharma

Our Life Goals

Our Life Goals
(A Senryu)

He scolds and cajoles
He sets each being' s life goals
This is how Time rolls

C. P. Sharma

Owl

OWL
(A Haiku)

Hooting during day
Victim of cruel eagles
Owl, the wisest bird

C. P. Sharma

Pain

The drama of life is scripted in pain
In pain lies its loss and gain
We feel birth pangs when we are born
Life full of tears we feel torn
At the end when we depart
A pathetic scene that tears the hearts
Whatever is born must die
Worldly existence ends in a cry
In the oceanic sorrow we ever swim
Grim fills the cup of life to its brim
All true lovers wept throughout life
Wisdom and valor pass through strife
If there is pain in life's all domains
Why make it hell, seek pleasure in pain

C. P. Sharma

Paint Brush

You deftly sketch the falling golden sun
My brush is used to paint its rising hue
Truth remains it neither rises nor sets
In make belief we to earth-shadows glue.

Shadows sooth the dazzling glare of truth
Life in dawn and dusk finds its safe refuge
Perhaps in the silvery silence I respond
Your elegiac notes of warm grey amber.

My firm faith epitaph needn't be written
As the morn sees the light of another day
As ever again the nightingale will sing
Luscious songs from groovy western isles

C. P. Sharma

Painter's Brush

Be the paint brush
Let the life be canvas
Choose the colors of love
Give it silky soft touches

C. P. Sharma

Paper Boats

Much has changed
We are not the same
The child in us
Still remains

When it used to rain
We made paper boats
They used to float
You floated your boat
From across the road
I floated mine
From my side
Two boats used to meet
Somewhere midway
Touching two hearts
Perhaps never to part

Rains again and again
Now come every year
But I know not
Whose boat you now steer
It reminds me of you
And of blissful innocence
We never thought
The paper boats
Couldn't take us far.

Much has changed
We are not the same
The child in us
Still remains

C. P. Sharma

Passion's On Fire

I am burning
Passions are on fire
One after the other
there are desires
Simmering in
the vow like
Franciscan
Friar

Like a
hungry hound
By passions bound
search hunting grounds
On molten flesh, I prey
The path of salvation
I have strayed
Divine trust
betrayed

C. P. Sharma

Peace And Bliss

I am calm and sedate
The bliss in me ever resides
Its perpetual under current ever flows through me
In eternal meditation is my real self
I see only One
I am the eternal gong
All pervading is my fragrance
The bliss is my being
I am the beauty of all beings
Their music and scent
From their asymmetric perception
Arise pleasure and pain
Duality torments them
Their triple nature fuels desires
They are pulled out souls
Their senses set the world afire
Know your real self
Be One with me
Stay in the middle
Feel my peace and bliss

C. P. Sharma

Peace Craze

I joined the cavalcade,
to dive deep into life.
but in the thick of it
I am alone.
Searching
humans
Am I chasing shadows?
Their guns trotter
Innocents slaughter
I say, there be love
Their hate speech
I say, be peace
They violence
preach
Where will end this bloody trail
Will harmony in man prevail
Rope the violent whale
Man is on the sale
Is it our tale?
Is there bail? or
Am I crazy?

C. P. Sharma

Peace Our Creed

Earthen bond
Gets so strong,
Spiritual spurring
Goes ding dong.

Racial ties
Burden of our song,
With war weapons
The whole world throngs.

This bleeding spree
Man gone wrong,
Humane spirit
Never gets strong.

When will end
These sordid deeds!

When will we
Get rid of greed! !

When will Peace
Become our creed! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Peace Process

Peace is our heart's deep desire,
But the wishful mind backfires;
The bridge of trust it can't build,
The heart's desire is not fulfilled.

The sense of 'otherness' breeds distrust,
The mutual peace process disrupts;
For safeguard the boundaries we fix;
Brick by brick new barriers we fix.

Initially, man and Nature were one,
Adam and Eve in the Garden Eden;
Fruit of Knowledge brought first fall,
With honey tongue and a heart of gall.

The first split of man and Nature,
A civilized man's first caricature;
Condemned Nature as jungle rule,
He himself became gradually cruel.

All flora and fauna destroyed,
World now is of wildlife void;
Now a few forests are found,
Global warming is all around.

Now victim of religion and race,
Narrow boundaries we embrace;
Boundary's sake wars are fought,
In micro ego's net we are caught.

Mighty nuclear power command
Self-annihilation we have planned;
Everywhere the peace is at stake,
Why our conscience doesn't wake?

Awake! Arise! Give Nature due place,
Rise above the religion and race;
Use safe power for peaceful ends,
For damaged ozone make amends.

With forest & wild life make friend,
Let not inflated fake ego pretend,
The boundary barriers transcend,
For coexistence don't apprehend.

Let this world be one place,
From it all miseries efface;
Let us learn the lesson of love,
With Nature let us be hand and glove.

Let us open up our minds,
Towards the animals be kind;
Citizens of the world unite,
In man's brotherhood take delight.

C. P. Sharma

Peep Through

Peep through the scriptures
written on the sun rays
not in the madness
fanatic fire ablaze.
Read them in
moonlight's
lovesome
lays.

Hear
His errands
in the chirping of
love birds' morning tweet,
in the lowing of cows whose
heart for their hungry calf beats.

The meanest being on earth
that turns and twists
a purpose exists
message lists
that you
miss.

Everything
is duty bound,
in fulfillment there is
entertainment profound,
the earthworms that live awhile
selflessly make your fields fertile.

A million micro beings make the SOUL.
You never know the perfect whole.
Each being a microchip,
functions assigned,
just do your duty,
fruit don't mind
.
Administer,
be not your judge,

He has made a system
with a self-adjusting fudge.
Its infinite knowledge ever beyond you,
doing your duty to His commands subdue

C. P. Sharma

Peep Through Vedas

Science of age
Sing the sage
In realm of spirit
Their soul graze

The basics of life
Not a cup of tea
The lure of glamor
ever complex be

Life's philosophy
in stories weave
so as to masses
minds they cleave

If you can't read
scriptures in Nature
Read the Vedas
Nature's portraiture

Nature gives you
all that you need
Enjoy them free,
grabbing is greed

Use its free gift
but don't waste
It's ever renewable
empower, don't lambaste

Offering prayer
just reminds, of
our sacred duty
to Nature binds

Science of age
Sing the sage
In realm of spirit
Their soul graze

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our sacred duty
to Nature binds

C. P. Sharma

Pigments Of Mind

The whole creation is a mind game
Trinity exists in mind frame
Mind creates, nourishes and erase
Each passes through several phase

Many light source it generates
Earth, ether water and air creates
Five elements diversely mixed
In each wonderful species fixed

Different systems it ever designs
Animals, amphibians and birds fine
Herbivore and carnivore food adores
Cow and goat, eagle and boar

Mastermind all features designed
Each species tuned to a petty mind
Opposites mindsets are jumbled
Into one another they crumbled

Lately it has invented new game
Technology has assumed new fame
For wolf and lamb there is no place
Ready to annihilate human race

Now man's mind is heading for doom
Working for new system I presume
Now for man machines will think
Machines now will love and wink

Nature now will have no role
Machines will now take its toll
Robots will now walk on the road
Man's mind will be in Jurassic mode

C. P. Sharma

Pigmy People

We are crazy: we are crown
Pigmy people of earthly town
Some are white, many brown
On each other we do frown.

Some in West, many in East
East and West: different treats
Let us enjoy the life's feast
Why do we each other cheat?

We are One in motley gowns
Let us color and creed drown
Pigmy people of small town
Why so restive have we grown?

A step forward is the golden East
A step backward is West, the best
Rightwards South's warmth crests
Leftwards North in majesty dressed.

We are crazy we are crown
Pigmy people of earthly town

C. P. Sharma

Pilgrims Of The Soul*

Pilgrims of the soul

Poets' journey through body to soul,
It has no scope for a double role;
A common platform PH provides,
All colors and creeds in One confide.

All of us are on a pilgrimage,
Different countries, variant age;
We all come here with our tales,
One another with bliss regale.

We are the pilgrims of the soul,
In One Soul our bodies roll.

* A rejoinder to Meggie Gultiano's MY POETIC JOURNEY.

C. P. Sharma

Pillars Of Eternity

There is something
that I feel I should say
I don't know what is it?
Some imperfection betrays

I feel, I am still a child
For perishable toys, I crave
All pomp and glory I value
Await, but for the grave

Soul knocks to dive deep
Listen to whispers unknown
The ever eluding immortality
In the mortal forms is sown

Lily that blooms only for a day
On a million hearts holds sway

C. P. Sharma

Pipe The Christmas Cheer

There is only one kingdom
The Kingdom of God
All others are blasphemous

His Kingdom is boundless
Plenty of everything
All provisions are flawless

He distributes generously
He levies no tax
His Santa does not advertise

The truth rules the roost
The Satan downfalls
The honest gets the boost

Christmas comes every year
Reminds us the rules
And to pipe the Christmas cheer

C. P. Sharma

Place Of Worship

This body
A place to worship
Designed with perfect skill
No men can match
Original scriptures in it
It is a wonderful mansion
Encompassing all symbols
To meditate on the ONE
The only Divine Spirit
I won't give it a name
It becomes blame game

There is only one religion
Its name is LOVE
Deeply resides in heart
Winds of Time and Space
Try to ruffle it a while
If our faith is firm as rock
The narrow boundaries of
Caste, creed and tribes
Get repelled and resolved
I name my religion as LOVE
In it lie worlds treasure and trove.

Beelzebub,
Revolted against the divine
Banished Him from ourselves
Made mud mansions
Gave them many names
Studded Him in gold
Seated Him in them
Filled hatred and anger in hearts
The LOVE now departs
Made us blood thirsty
For our race there is no mercy

Dear friends
Once again our glory restore
Enshrine God in hearts once more

Forget hatred, LOVE is the shore
We are lovelier with our lore

C. P. Sharma

Plagiarist - I

Yes,

I am a plagiarist, I don't lie

From the rooftops, I cry

I steal messages from flowers bloom

in the morning breeze, sermons loom...I am a plagiarist.....

I listen to what the sparrow says

I share her illusive mirror image

I hear the parrot's divine tale

The running rivers with scriptures regale...I am a plagiarist.....

Stories are written in marble on the Taj

In the blood of labor and love for Mumtaz

In flora and fauna, real fictions lay

In oceanic depths the poetic soul sway....I am a plagiarist.....

I stole this from Anandita's* two lines

A sweet little girl, in her poetic mines

I steal from anywhere my mind reads

Wandering mind threads the rosary beads....I am a plagiarist.....

The classicists were the original plagiarists

We all give them just a new twist....I am a plagiarist.....

* Anindita Dash

C. P. Sharma

Poetic Romance – For Irene Clark Hogg

Come my dear friend
We shall walk hand in hand
In the new flower valley
Let's announce our poetic band

As lovers we shall sing
The songs yet unheard
Let the whole world learn
How to fly high as love birds

When icy blizzards blow here
We shall migrate to new vales
Crossing the mountain tops
To places where music regales

The mutual flapping of wings
Will inspire for poetic heights
New poetry will take birth
Filling the world with delight

The distances will melt away
When two shores will meet
We shall prove Kipling wrong
Showing east and west do meet.

Our bond will teach the world
How to romance at this age
From the gloomiest moments
Like a mermaid rises a sage

C. P. Sharma

Poetic Thoughts

(A Senryu)

Brim up lyric cup
Moving the inert poet
Haikus are start-ups

C. P. Sharma

Poetry

Poetry is the music and rhythm of feelings picked up by senses, filtered through the heart and soaked by the soul.

C. P. Sharma

Poetry Is Life Not Strife

In mad rat race
The life goes waste
Craving to compete
I copy and paste

The originals of life
I utterly miss
In fake ego and pride
The life I don't kiss

In illusive rivalry
Mud slinging goes on
Indecency can arise
Event at Pentagon

The facebook groups
Used stepping stones
When purpose served
Each other crossbones

Play best your role
Please don't compete
In life never try to
humiliate and conceit

Let love and joy
from your poetry flow
In cooperation lies
life's originality and glow

C. P. Sharma

Poetry Of Universes

Unfathomable beauty flows through life
Infinite joys in Nature's struggle and strife
When with unbound joy and beauty I dance
In ecstasy of love, sex and Gothic romance

From there the poetic images overflow
In their fragrance, poetic beauty glows
Wanton destruction is pruning game
Weeding out all that is out of frame

People unequivocally curse darkness and night
Sans it, could moon and stars shine bright
All universes are so well planned
In them the melody and music canned

On little knowledge, don't plume and pride
Sing Nature's glory, in life take strides

C. P. Sharma

Poets

Poets are prophets
Their intuition sharp
Lotus blooms in them
On the Truth they harp

Winged instrument in hand
Their imagination roams
Citizens of this world
But live in their mystic domes

They are above caste
Color creed and race
Emotionally surcharged
All living beings embrace

Life and Nature are their books
In their appearance a freakish look

* Inspired by Kuchibhotla Sarada's poem "We are poets"

C. P. Sharma

Poet's Cry

Poetry, the soul's outpour
In joy, it sings
In pain the poet's cry

C. P. Sharma

Ponder Over*

Go to the temple
With your flowery heart
Fill it with heart's fragrance
Make your heart a temple
Light little candles
Of knowledge
Fumes of love
Enlighten
Hearts

Kindness impart
Hold hands of the poor
Fragrance share
Wipe their tear
Them from
Treachery
Steer
Clear
Make it your prayer

Make the downtrodden
Your virtual temple
Their service
Your worship
Spread smiles
Uplift their
Profiles
Sans calumny or guile
Really worshipping style

* Some reflections on Rabindra Jayanti.

C. P. Sharma

Poverty And Rape

Animal hunger knows its cap
But human mind with it tip-taps

Human mind, a hungry hound
Its desires are unbound
that makes the world
a virtual battleground

Generations have rolled
fooling people all around
But the poverty and rapes compound
Solutions have yet to be found! ! !

Ads are adding fuel to the fire
How will human mind come round?

C. P. Sharma

Power Of Pen

(A Senryu)

Progression of pen
as ink flows through on paper
sketches awesome pics

C. P. Sharma

Prayer

Worshiping ancestors I become Tao¹
Ardaas² seek Wahe Guru's blessings Wow!
As Shinto³ I scribble my wish on ema⁴
I bow to you `om mani padme hum'⁵

I was born a pagan by prayer
In Nature whole universe prospers
Joining the Sunday prayers in Church
I acquired a Christianity poster

By praying Namaz and visiting Masjid□
As staunch Muslim, I am perched
Every religion is strictly duty bound
Give it any name, duty is profound□

Invoking all elemental powers
See all existence is in One God
The goodwill and well-being
In diverse rituals and prayers soaked

(c) Dr. Chandra Prakash Sharma

Notes:

1 The term Tao means 'way', 'path', or 'principle', and can also be found in Chinese philosophies and religions other than Taoism.

2The Ardas is a Sikh prayer, a supplication to God (Wahe Guru) to support and help the devotee with whatever he or she is about to undertake or has done.

3 Shinto has no founder, no official sacred texts, and no formalized system of doctrine. Shinto followers are supposed to live in harmony and peaceful coexistence with both nature and other human beings. Shinto, also kami-no-michi, is the ethnic religion of the people of Japan. It is defined as an action-centered religion focused on ritual practices to be carried out diligently, to establish a connection between present-day Japan and its ancient past.

4ema are small wooden plaques on which Shinto whippers write their prayers or wishes. The ema is then left hanging up at the shrine, where the kami (spirits or

gods) receive them. They bear various pictures, often of animals or other Shinto imagery.

5It is said that all the teachings of the Buddha are contained in this mantra: Om Mani Padme Hum can not really be translated into a simple phrase or sentence. Tibetan Buddhists believe that saying the mantra (prayer) loud or silently to oneself, invokes the powerful benevolent attention and blessings of Chenrezig, the embodiment of compassion.

C. P. Sharma

Priest In Nature

I heard the flowers talking
Their message was quiet
But vibrant and visible
The scriptures ordained

C. P. Sharma

Prism Of The Soul

Prism of the Soul*

Through a prism, san color Soul
Reflects into a rainbow on the sky,
The sky reflects into the river
To give it its deep blue,
Mixing up the surrounding green,
The river rushes to the Ocean
Waiting for the sunset's fiery hue,
Breezy night beneath the starry sky
Rejoices the placid elemental dance
'A Master's Stroke' of submerging Unity of the Soul.

* In praise of Patrick Martin's poem A Master's Stroke

C. P. Sharma

Prisoners Of Photo Frame

I have no name
No aim
No domain
No claim
No blame

People tag me
with ever new name
fight for domain
make their aim
my claim, and
play blame game

I am above
slander or fame
I wander freely
without domain
I brood on bliss
I make no claim
Name has ever
brought me blame
I am I
I have no frame
People are the prisoners
of photo frame

C. P. Sharma

Promise Of New Spring

Sans autumn spring looks stale
The promise of a fresh spring vale

C. P. Sharma

Prose

The prose is the everyday language of the people, news agencies and historians to share information and to reflect upon the immediate or far-reaching consequences of the socioeconomic happenings in a nontraditional style.

C. P. Sharma

Puppet Show

Puppets to the Puppeteer
He pulls their strings
Dreams have wings
The fingers swing
Dance and sing
Actions spring
Fights in love
Separation
Cries

Clay
comes live
elements five
Its ego inflates
Dates after dates
Clay searches mates
Knows not its own final fate
Finally, comes the coup de grace
Of heraldry, pomp, and power no trace

C. P. Sharma

Rainy Romance

It rained heavily today
soaking my soul
You too were here
Every way each other cajoled

For awhile we rock and rolled
You and I in arms enfold
Two bodies fitted into one
You composed of gentle mold

The passion set our hearts afire
We had no check on our desires
I rained kisses on each inch of you
To each other we then glued

All taboos we put aside
Soulful oneness was our pride
Not two bodies but one soul
We each other in praise extol

Such was rainy wave of thrill
Heightened heart beats uphill
Time and space stopped awhile
Until heaven on us smiled

C. P. Sharma

Rape

My heart chills
at the brutal realities
we call civilized nuances
when half naked girls dance
on social ceremonial stages for money
to the pleasure of a selected aristocratic audience
in the name of progressive society, and
advancement of art and culture
setting afire the brute passions
rousing to rapes
My heart chills
when box office hit film one after another
flaunt men and women with bodies exposed
dance to the erotic tunes and vulgar songs sans check
polluting the social fiber, and
inciting the base passions
ultimately leading to
rapist culture everywhere
In the market ruled society
men and women too
are commodities for sale
where human emotions are at stake
love, honor, relations and charity
are openly sold for money
we are pawns, market players
make the moves
No laws will help
until we stop human trafficking
mind our basics
by setting right all
socio-economic intricacies
else better for us
to go back gypsy

C. P. Sharma

Rape Of The Lock

(A Tanka)

Caught in curly locks
Arabella's lock got raped
Close kinfolk ties broke
Swirl not foolishly in love
Make little soft moves to dove

C. P. Sharma

Ravana

Ten sensory receptors
when they go astray,
the devil in you
holds sway.
Mortify
them.

C. P. Sharma

Read Me

Read me every moment, each day
Full many a blossoms bloom every day

C. P. Sharma

Reality Of Relativity

In relative terms
the universes exist;
observing relations
is the worldly gist.

Seeing, hearing,
smelling, tasting,
and feeling we go around;
diversity in them is our background.

Through these senses
we know our race;
members of the race
live in herds, kiss and embrace.

The sun, the moon, the stars
by relations bound;
observing relations
mutual existence astounds.

Gender relationships
the race promote;
in it lies Nature's
true existence note.

Each lineage divides
into small dots;
without some name
we can't spot.

Even mother earth
we call by names;
fighting one another,
we brutally blame

The world is victim
now of name game;
such that man gave the Creator
several names

Now, the God, and the Mother
we mercilessly divide;
The law of Co-existence
we blatantly defy.

The absolute Truth is not
our cup of tea;
respect mutual relations
ordained in Nature and feel free.

Surrendering to Nature
your salvation seek;
else our future
seems very bleak.

C. P. Sharma

Reasoning

Worldly existence
A circular reasoning
An idiot's tale

C. P. Sharma

Reflectionsû

Reflections

Within lay divine codes
Language decodes
When senses outside react
The soul's unity disect

Scriptures arise
On paper treatise
Churn for nectar
Poison our prize

Shadows fight
One another surmise
When shadows die
Raise hue and cries

Salvation try
In cauldron fry

C. P. Sharma

Rejoice Valentines' Day

Idakka*

Love is in the air
Love doesn't anyone spare
For each other love we swear
For some, love becomes a prayer

Idakka

Love is in the air
Sans love life is not fair
Love ever shares and cares
In love, our hearts we bare

Idakka

Love has different flairs
On Valentine they declare
On their knee, they bend
With roses in their hand

Idakka

This rose is meant for you
To say that 'I love you'
Just give a flying kiss
So I feel divine bliss

Idakka

Love is in the air
Love doesn't anyone spare
Sans love life is not fair
Let our life be debonair

* The 'idakka' (Malayalam) is an hourglass-shaped drum from Kerala in south India. As for the origin of the name of 'idakka', it is believed that it came from the sound 'Dakka'. It is well known to people who have an idea of Hinduism that this is the instrument which is tied on the 'Trishool' of Lord Shiva. The use of onomatopoeia by Keralites is also well known. Thus, the 'Dakka' sound transformed into words like 'Edakka' and 'Idakka'.

It is also believed that once when Lord Shiva and Parvathi stopped their dance, the Dakka tied onto the Trishul of Lord Shiva produced 14 different sounds.

According to Patanjali, it is these sounds which later became vowels and consonants of our language.

C. P. Sharma

Relations - Haiku

Strange, the relations
Some are known and accepted
Some unknown puzzles

Known are possessive
The unknown are Valentines
Life swings in between

C. P. Sharma

Rest

Reaching the dead end
God says, 'Dear, now rest a while.'
I run throughout life

C. P. Sharma

Resurrection

The charms of youth
caged the boundless soul
Its beauty and glow
the whole world extolled

You, the soul of music
Fragrance of being
The glow of beauty
of the Lord Supreme

Now, this cage
Time's tattered page
Can't accommodate
Discordance amaze

The bird grieves
New groove perceives
For next new nest
for the dating and zest

C. P. Sharma

Reunion

A Senryu

We are scattered self
Ever clamouring in search
Pheromones unite

C. P. Sharma

Revelers

We are revelers
We are heart-throbs
We are crazy
Roses in our life, we never sob
We are nomads
Our life is dance
Bliss in our hearts
India or France, we are free lance
We roam around
We are a big band
We dazzle with colors
Nuances of music we understand
We are musical notes
That in the air float
Our perfect steps
Win people's hearts, on us dote
We are Nature lovers
Open fields our stage
Blooms in our hearts
We, the musicians of golden age
No sagging in life
Life is for revelry
Give up inhibitions
Come, join us in our music dance

* On Sanjaya Kala's invitation for Pankhudi Art Group.

C. P. Sharma

Ride The Chariot

Prurient angels possess the body,
Mysticism is the realm of the soul;
Sensuous mind tip taps the body,
The bliss lies deep down the soul.

Open eyes see the Body's Chariot,
Ten stout Horses take its command:
Anger, avarice, pride, sex in the fore,
The nobler senses cannot defend.

All that we hear is the jazz of body,
Sweet lilted song of soul is lost;
Honey dips from the good men,
Freeze deep in body as winter frost.

Ride over the Chariot, command the horses,
Dive deep within to strengthen nobler forces.

*Prompted by Lamont Palmer's poem 'Day of Relative Rest'

C. P. Sharma

Righteousness

Today the ends justify means
Righteousness is little concern;
Machiavelli now rules the roost
Gandhian austerity they spurn.

C. P. Sharma

Ring Out 2015 Ring In 2016

We have talked much of
Good neighborliness
Live and let live
War and truce
Boundaries
Squeeze
Minds
Freeze
Turnaround
Solutions not found

Talking doesn't help
The more the talks
More the tensions
Mankind's tomb
From cold wars
Nuclear bombs
To terrorism
Sky-scrapers
To global
Warming

Going down water tables
Rising pollution levels
Money, the servant
Becomes master
Swelling desires
Big smoke fliers
Difficult living
Concrete jungles
Hearts don't mingle
Nature almost crumbles

Go back to Nature
Think over once again
How much land I need?
How much food I eat?
Clothes that I wear?
How much we use?

How much waste?
How much dirt
I accumulate?
Rivers stink

Befriend Nature
Stop war against it
Land belongs to all beings
Don't deprive them of living
Empowering Nature
Have a just share
Live in harmony
With love and care
Learn lessons from 2015
For 2016 prepare

C. P. Sharma

Romance

the bud firmly holds
the ecstasy of the kiss,
in fast bloom
it doesn't want to miss.

but in the bloom
hug-warmth's
new heights are told,
bliss within
to the world is unfold.

the Nature is filled
with romance all around,
the parallel of its blissful romance
is nowhere found.

C. P. Sharma

Romantic Muse

My soulful Muse
Under the starry sky
You just ride on blue moon
Fire my heart
Inspire my thoughts
I just can't live without you
Make me thy lyre
Touch of lips I aspire
Let harmonious madness flow
Fill the earth and sky
With melodies sweet
The world wants more and more
Fragrant flowers in hair
Playful ocean at feet
Romantic ambiance create
Fire my heart
Inspire my thoughts
I just can't live without you
Inspiration: Jagjit Singh Jandu's 'WITHOUT YOU' and accompanying painting..

C. P. Sharma

Rose

Rose bud enfolds love
Lavish bloom doles out fragrance
Acquiescent enjoy it

C. P. Sharma

Roses For Valentine

Gift a rose to your Valentine
Rid off worries, dance and dine.
Rosy rose for lips divine
Blushing hue on her face shines.

Yellow rose for warmth of love
In its warmth lives lovely dove.
In it lies love's treasure trove
It brings blessings from above.

In it blooms the lovely spring
All the sweet memories bring.
Purple lush with luxurious life
Get rid off all struggle and strife.

With white roses live in peace
Free from mind's all caprice.
And within love lotus blooms
With sweet cadence mind zooms.

C. P. Sharma

Rosy Fragrance

When I come, love you swear
On my going, you shed tears
I neither come, nor do I go
I am oceanic love my dear

I just unfold petal by petal
Soon within you, I settle
I am a bud, for you I bloom
For you, I ever change costume

Merging we turn into perfume
Into thin air we dance and zoom
Tickling lover's heart, we heirloom
We know not the parting gloom

The rose and the fragrance never die
The world never heard their parting cry

C. P. Sharma

Round-About Of Time

Strange is this life,
a round-about of Time!
sometimes climb,
at others dropp down

On the climb up
it rings in the new
and rings out the old!
but as the wheel turns
the fortune twirls
from top to the bottom
on its downward swing!

At the peak of glory
I am the top brass,
my portraits decorate
the city walls,
people flock to me
with garlands of flowers
their heads bow down
before my powers!

When out of office,
among the masses
unnoticed I pass;
I am an empty glass,
my portraits pull down,
utter disrespect show
them to the dustbin throw.

On the round-about of Time
life is a see-saw game,
ever in transit,
nothing stays.
I seem to have gripped,
it turns out ill fame.
I have reached the end,
I don't know the aim
Still don't know true Name!

C. P. Sharma

Rumi Speaks

With passion pray.

With passion make love.

With passion eat and drink and dance and play.

Why look like a dead fish

in this ocean of God?

Doing as others told me, I was Blind.

Coming when others called me, I was Lost.

Then I left everyone, myself as well.

Then I found Everyone, Myself as well.

C. P. Sharma

Sahil

bhatak raha tha apne bahar
sahil ko dhoondh ne mai
jab mila to pata laga ki
wo to tha khud hi ke andar

meri hi samjh ke taane baane me
ataka hua ek khayal hun me
mai hi samundar, mujh me hi sahil
trigunatmak dwand me fansa hun

maine hi chuni hain ye seemayen
nahin to hai aseem astitva mera
khud ko hi vibhajit kiya maine
ban laharen sahil se takara raha hun

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C. P. Sharma

Sailing To Byzantine

Victim of illusions
We are three
You, I and he
You are divine

I am body line
He is sans skyline
In three, I pine
As two, foul line

The One enshrines
I am in all, or
All in me
I streamline
Sailing to Byzantine

C. P. Sharma

Sailing To Byzantium

Sailing to Byzantium.

When human science and technology fail, the winds of heaven sail; the captive soul gets bail! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Salutation

Salutation

I salute the Guru, who creates, nourishes and finally dispels all illusions of being.
I bow to him in complete obedience.

C. P. Sharma

Satan

Dear, I had a strange dream last night,
Adam and eve were in bliss in Eden,
Innocence all around was scattered,
In Nature shelter and trees fruit laden.

In perfect innocence they bathed,
Faith and trust its soothing shade;
Between them there was no secret,
Here love and joy could never fade.

Mutually nothing would they hide,
In all bareness they would confide.
Personal egos could never collide,
They plumed each other with pride.

From UFO, Satan alighted,
Out of fear he felt slighted.
He had a mischievous mind,
He had his own axe to grind.

From God a little wisdom snatched,
A little more he himself stretched.
His scientific temper machines made,
Textile & cosmetic mills he had laid.

He had set up his mills in Hell,
Eden he came his goods to sell.
He knew of Adam's firm will,
He knew how Eve could thrill.

He approached Eve in Adam's absence,
Saw Tree of Knowledge to her suspense.
Thus, in her he sowed seeds of distrust,
Deep rooted greed, lust and disgust.

Eve hid in ever new clothes,
Satan was happy in his loathe.
Everyday Eve made up new face,
On Satan's face grin I could trace.

C. P. Sharma

Satyug

Satyug*
(A Senryu)

The Monarchy rule
The truth everywhere prevails
In happiness sail

* Age of Truth

C. P. Sharma

Save Environment

Enjoy

Nature

Value

Its

Richness

Overlook

Not

Maintenance

Energize

Nerves and

T cells

C. P. Sharma

Save Mother Earth

At the slightest pinch the worm turns
At a tiny spark we feel the burn
A word of abuse raises concern
Why to mother Earth we are stern?

Digging mines her ribs we dig
Building dams her blood flow rig
Blasting mountains her bosom swig
Cutting forests made her guinea pig

No long will she our atrocities bear
Through tsunamis she made clear
Our plans her turns and quakes tear
When shall we come to senses dear?

Many of our actions she condemned
She gave many a judgments rem
Stop! Stop! All this science drunk men
Else mother Earth will cut the stem

C. P. Sharma

Scent Of Love

Redolent love flows
As scent from secret bower
Of Night Jasmine

C. P. Sharma

Scriptures

I wonder,
God ever wrote scriptures! ! !
He posts them over
land, ocean and sky
where animals wander,
fish swim in water, and
birds fly to far off places
for food, shelter and breeding.

He pins His ever new errands
on the pearly dew drops,
the cool morning breeze,
the flower's bloom,
the hums and hoots of fish,
the chirping of birds,
and beetle squeaks.

Knowledge flows
in the melting ice
from snow capped hill
trickling through seepage
turning into rivulets and brooks
gathering its momentum into the river
passing through vales and hills
spreading its verdant hue
maturing into planes
to nurture life
finally
close to the basin
meanders to merge
into the ocean
where it comes full circle.

Gather you the wisdom
O saint, scientist and soldier
knowledge is not in analyzing
it is assimilation and integration
by the time you reach conclusions
life and knowledge move much ahead

the bliss lies in living, loving and supporting
that is all you need to know and you must know
come out of your meditation cells and labs
see, feel and celebrate life's beauty that is Truth
the more you try to regulate it
the more you complicate
books don't help
just dedicate

C. P. Sharma

Sea And The Shore

I wandered lonely all around
In search of shore for shelter
Penultimately, I found it within
I had been running Helter skelter

I have woven the web around
Cleverly caught in, I clamour
I am the ocean, it's my shore
Triply regressed duality adore

I divided myself into million parts
Else eternally infinite is my being
All the boundaries are my choice
Oceanic waves, crash with shore

C. P. Sharma

Search

He is all permeating,
I search Him in forms,
His gigantic body
Eyes can't conform.

Beyond narratives,
He evades all diction;
He is ever new,
Alludes invention.

I see Him in temples
Mosques and churches
He is Duty bound
Beyond religions.

He is unbound,
Yet bound in Love;
Feel One with Him.
Find the treasure trove.

C. P. Sharma

Search Or Shore!

On the white canvas of eternity
Float images alluring and strange
Breaking its long dull monotony

In the images of joys and sorrows
Emerge fleeting hopes and despair
Weaving intricate patterns infinite

Puddles and pools on the way
There are flower valleys too, relieving of
The stresses, strains and smudge

Converging, diverging and submerging
Winding the way through pleasure and pain
Continues search for peace and bliss

The charming images overtake me
Search is more interesting than shore
Now I crave no more for the shore

C. P. Sharma

Second Childhood

I am once again a child
My second childhood I enjoy
Grand children with me now play
I am now their golden toy

My children for me have no time
Minting money their life's prime aim
Family duties to them part-time
Evenings busy in dance and dine

I too have found new pastime
With grandchildren I sing rhymes
With them I tip tap my toes
Crawl on knees and knock nose

With grandchildren my firm bond
Quickly to my calls respond
I play with them hide and seek
On being caught they loudly squeak

Sans teeth, for clear speech I struggle
As an infant I totter and fumble
Now I need comfort and care
My grandchildren well take care

At night when it's story time
Around me on bed they entwine
My stories paint faerie dreams
With them in dream I also gleam

C. P. Sharma

Seeing The Infinite

Aspire to see God!
Your eyes have range of vision
Open the third eye

C. P. Sharma

Seek God's Grace

Gentlemen, this mind is unfathomable
With mercurial mirage it lives
So it wanders remains not stable.1. (Refrain)

Violent Anger possesses the body,
So of all good sense it has forgotten;
Of the gem of wisdom it is robbed,
Nothing can withstand it since then.1.

'Yogis' tried their ways to no avail,
Sages have sung His virtues in vain;
Nanak, when the Lord is kind,
Then all sort of efforts obtain.2.4.
Gaudi mė hlā 9.

C. P. Sharma

Seen God?

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You asked,
Have I seen God?
I say, yes
I saw Him in lotus
In mud and squalor blooms
He comes as a rose
in the midst of thorns
In color and scent zooms
I saw Him in the footsteps of camel
Dancing on the burning golden sands
He comes everywhere duty bound

I wonder!
In all comforts
You don't feel Him
Me it astounds! ! !
Why you don't feel Him
In the sun and shower?
You are God's
Loveliest flower

C. P. Sharma

Self Reflection

Self Reflection

I know not
heart and it's will!
how meet the bills! !
I know only that
you are my pep pill! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Self-Realization

As clouds of glory we do come
From God who is our real home.
Attached to karmas we descend,
By their riddance we can ascend,

Our karmas 1 to world in threefold bind:
Accumulated karmas to world rewind,
In planned karmas new birth we find,
The destined karmas follow as blind.

Let karmas your soul unwind,
Then only your salvation find.
As first step yourself detach,
To this world do not attach.

As second step know thyself,
Rise above the power and pelf.
Consider the gold as dust,
In yourself create the trust.

Submit ego unto the lord,

On the divine boat board.

Only on ONE meditate,

Your trust in Him create.

Rise above this body,

Get rid of music shoddy,

Give ears to His melody,

The world is His parody.

Go slow step by step,

Never try to overstep,

Let Guru 2 be your guard,

Give him your kind regard.

Inspired by the message of Swami Brahmailidyananda Saraswati: Sadhana Panchaka (Five Verses on Spiritual Practice) : PART-V dated Octobe 22,2007 on sant_santati

1 Actions arising out of the desires and cravings that condition the mind.

2 The teacher, the guide who is our friend and the philosopher.

C. P. Sharma

Set Life Straight

Pen, paper, and books the people teach
Taking away from life, these don't educate
They learn not the sermons that Nature preach

God equipped with aids to self-educate
With ever live senses to watch, hear, smell and feel
Using conscience equipoise and modulate

Man learned nothing from books but copyright
Books have made man plagiarist
For copyright, they misguide and history full of fights

Nature teaches, it governs and, educates
Man's sham ego has him ever frustrate
Giving up ego set your life straight

C. P. Sharma

Shadows Of Life

Standing in the Hall of Fame
As the dark shadows of life
Through its latticed windows
We peep the patterned eternity

Through the multi-color glasses
Of its dome we see the light
As the Truth trampled into
Our choicest patterns and hues

The Hall of Fame collapses fast
Patterns and hues submerge at last
Suddenly the shadows of life blast
We awaken into white radiance vast.

Are we alive or the shadows of life
Or the programmed toys with struggle and strife?

C. P. Sharma

Share God's Plenty

There is God's plenty
with gifts free
Use wisely and conserve
Like a honey bee

Water is precious
Do not squander
How much you need?
A point to ponder

Land too is vast
But meant for all
Take a just slot
That in your lot falls

Forests and beasts too
have their share
Let's not be selfish
Their rightful due spare

Inebriated by ego
neither usurp nor waste
Even a morsel or a drop
A thousand lives reinstate

Meditate how much we need?
More than due share is sin
The law of complementarity holds
Existing together we win

C. P. Sharma

She

I am a canvas
on it she paints,
at times the warmth
of the morning sun
with golden glow
of glamorous love.

At times her kisses
with rosy lips
into the red red
love me dip.

Sometimes,

In red-hot mood
she comes,
the very base of
my being she dumps.

Sometimes,

She comes
in moonlit silvery shades,
all my anguish
in her fades.

Sometimes,

In her bluish eyes I
eternity beseech,
as if on the
Colangute beach.

Some times,

The starry sky
around her she wraps,
my soul at her

beauty gasps.

Sometimes,

She paints her
like sweet spring,
in flowery boughs
the Kuku sings.

In rainbow colors
my life she paints,
she is my life
without her I faint.

She is fairer than
the day
And darker than
the night,
she can be non-else
she is my life,
she is my wife

C. P. Sharma

She – The Mahakalikam - 1

Her soot like radiance
With ten mouths and ten arms
Ten feet and thirty huge eyes
Teeth and molars glistening in grandeur
She looks awe inspiring
But showers on her worshipers
Blessings, beauty, luck, radiance and abundance
Her hands adorned with
Sword, arrow, club, spear, conch,
Wheel, trident flagon, bow and blood dripping skull
Embodiment of all divine powers
Effulging fire to kill Mehishasur, the devil
And restore the glory of heaven and earth
I bow to the divinity in her

C. P. Sharma

She – The Mahalaxmi - 2

She, the fair complexioned with
Beautiful built
Snow white breast and waist
Sapphire thighs, lotus feet
Four spread out arms
Sits poignantly on full bloomed lotus
Wearing red saree embroidered
With golden threads
With her spectacular garland
And divine ornaments
She carries lotus in her two hands
Cascading gold coins from the third
And nectar pot in the fourth
Two elephants on her either side
Owl her ride
I bow to her
She, the active energy
Embodiment of beauty,
Grace, purity and fertility
Her four hands represent
Righteousness, desires,
Wealth and salvation
Elephants symbolize
Work and strength,
Rain and prosperity
Riding over owl symbolises
Keeping under control
Blindness and greed
After acquiring wealth
I bow to her for her grace

C. P. Sharma

She – The Saraswati – 3

Dressed in white
She rides white swan
Sans jewels with sober colours
Symbolizes purity and discrimination
Rosary in one hand, scriptures in another
With her other two hands she plays
Redolent music of love and life
On stringed instrument Veena
Her four hands represent
Four human aspects
Mind, intellect,
Alertness and ego
I bow to her
The goddess of knowledge
The mother of Vedas
All wisdom and art
From her flows
Her perpetual stream of
Serene and clear consciousness
Irradiates rays that dispel darkness
Remove chaos and confusion
Transcend the cravings of the flesh
Imparting sublimity to Nature
Predicting doom of the world
On unscrupulous use of Nature
I bow to her

C. P. Sharma

She Is My Love

(Rondelet Sequence)

She is my love
Companion in my joys and strife
She is my love
With her, I have ever felt strong
She never ever let me down
She is the burden of my song
She is my love

She is my love
She bears all my whimsical moods
She is my love
My love for her each one astounds
We disagree on occasions
Always, we find some meeting ground
She is my love

She is my love
With her, I have sailed my life's boat
She is my love
Parents love withstood in first part
Later she stole away my heart
Now my sweetheart is my bar chart
She is my love

C. P. Sharma

Shiv Tandav Stotram

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Shiv Tandav Stotram

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Matted hair dense as woodland
Water flowed anointing the land
Around the neck ever serpents surround
Forming garlands lofty and profound
Dam dam dum dum hand drum beats
Shiva's fierce Tandav, O blessings cascade.1

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Swirling through matted hair
From head the sparkling waves
of the holy river Ganges stream
From forehead fierce, fiery flames flare
Forehead the crescent moon shares
Each moment Shiva's love in my heart pours.2

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He, who lives
in the blissful thoughts of
His eternal consort*,
the daughter of
the mammoth mountain King**.
In whose mind floats

the glory of the whole universe,
directions are whose dress,
whose compassionate look overcomes
all miseries of the worldly siblings,
in him, I seek my delight.3

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

He, in whose matted hair
like a creeper snake coils its hood
studded with lustrous gems of
saffron and reddish hues
coloring the maiden face of all directions
whose apparent dress made of
skin of the huge intoxicated elephant
He, who sustains life
In Him, I seek my delight.4

* Parvati
** Himalaya Mountain

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

He, whose footstool
is grayed by the fragrant dust
of the flowers decorating
a thousand godheads like
Vishnu, Indra, and others,
who has plaited hair
heaped on his head,
who wears the garlands
of King Cobra* and others,
on whose forehead sit
Partridge pair and crest moon
May that Shiva grant
everlasting prosperity.5

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

He, who annihilated Cupid
with the glitter and glow of
the fiery flames from
his broad bright forehead
To whom the celestial chiefs bow
Whose beauty enhanced by the presence of
the ambrosial rayed crescent moon
May I get the Siddhis wealth
from that Shiva's pile of matted hair.6

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???????????????????????????????? ?
????????????????????????????????-
-???????????????????????????? ? ? ?

He, whose formidable broad forehead
with fire emitting flames
dhagat-dhagat,
to reduce to ashes
the powerful Cupid,
who is the only architect
of artwork of presumptive
lines on the fore breasts of
the daughter of the Mountain King,
who is three eyed,
in Him my endearment
be ever sustained.7

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

He, whose neck is darker than
the midnight of the new moon
overcast by a host of clouds,
who bears the holy Ganges,
bedecked with elephant skin

and crescent moon,
who bears the
burden of
universe,
Him I beg
for prosperity.8

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

He, whose neck and strong shoulders are
adorned by the dusky lustrous glow of
the full-blown blue lotus coils
hanging on his temples,
who honeycombed
mnemonics, cities,
worldly ties, and
sacrifice*;
who destroyed the demon,
the killer of the elephants,
who controlled the God of death,
Him I pray.9

????(????) ?????????????????????????????
???????????????? ???? ????????????????? ?
???????????? ???? ????? ???? ?????
???????????????????? ???? ????????? ? ? ? ?

He, who has bees hovering over
as the honey drips from
the beautiful bunch of
auspicious Kadamb
flowers;
who wiped out
mnemonics, cities,
worldly ties, and
sacrifice*:
who destroyed the demon,
the killer of the elephants,
who controlled the God of death,
Him I pray.10

* The symbols of demons.

??-
-?? ?
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?? ? ? ? ?

He, on whose large forehead
spread out the whirling and swirling fire
of the breath of snakes
sauntering in the
blazing sky;
whose fierce
Tandav dance is in tune with
the rhythmic beats of his hand drum
sounds of dhimiddhi, dhimiddhi, dhimiddhi.
He is the Shiva.11

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

He, whose
lotus eyes touch
the assorted world:
a snake and a garland,
both friends and enemies,
a precious gem and a lump of dirt,
an emperor and a blade of grass, with equal concern.
When shall I worship that Sadashiva*! ! ! 12

*Eternally auspicious Shiva

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

When will I enjoy
the bliss of living in the bower
in a thicket near the celestial river*

Thus ends the Shiv Tandav Stotra
written by Ravana.

© in English, Dr, Chandra Prakash Sharma

C. P. Sharma

Shiva

Shiva

Connecting with all cult and occult I become Shiva; cutting off I am shava*! ! !

* Inert body

C. P. Sharma

Shiva-Shakti

Matter is dead weight
Energy prompts it to move
The world animates

C. P. Sharma

Shrine

(A Senryu)

God says, 'You, my home, '
Making shrine, Him, you disown
Imprison in gold

C. P. Sharma

Sigh

A Senryu

The first saddest song
A Sigh of separation
Unwitting poet

C. P. Sharma

Significant Seven

Seven planets around the sun revolve
Seven are the days of struggle and strife
Seven colored spectrum in light dissolves
Over seven continents, humdrum of life

Through seven body centers, energy flows
Meeting the seven seas, rivers don't regret
Seven rounds around fire, marriage glows
Seven-tone scales, the soulful music set

Sabbath, seventh day of rest and review
The seven deadly sins, keep them away
With alchemy the seven purifications glue
Seven sages showed the righteous way

In astrotheological significance, 7 shines
Vagaries of the natural world it entwines

C. P. Sharma

Silence

Silence

(Love's Language)

Emotions know no words
For them, the silence speaks
Love doesn't say, 'I love you'
Just blushing of the cheeks
When hurt, it doesn't curse
The tears trickle down gently
Love's ecstasy of embrace
The eyes close instantly
The world dissolves,
The being resolves
Two hearts meet
Hear the beat
Of divine seat
The hearts
Tweet

C. P. Sharma

Silhoutte

Silhouette

So long as the being
The light is my face
Darkness my shadow
My own face I cannot see
The silhouette weaves and grieves
The enlightened detachedly perceives

C. P. Sharma

Silken Weaves For Satyanarain Mvs

In Miltonic gait he walks,
like Alexander Pope
in couplets talks,
in free verse
he is well versed,
all poetic forms
well traversed.

In rhyme and rhythm
he always rocks,
of them he has
a good stock,
like heroic
Rape of the Lock.

His meter has a
variant mix,
with great care
it he picks,
sweet and somber
music clicks.

Rich imagery
he culls out,
from Nature, society,
court room bout,
a beauteous tapestry
spreads out.

Kaleidoscopic themes
he weaves,
misery, sorrows, terror
he grieves,
harmony and joy
conceives.

He can shed
the crimson tears,
on his sleeve

his heart he bears,
others grief and gloom
him tears.

He is Prem Chand's
'Salt Inspector',
Social irresponsibility
detector,
Sensitive sensor of
justice sector.

In all philosophies
well read,
he cares for the poor
man's bread,
his themes are very
widely spread.

To him the meanest
ant can churn,
lessons for the life
to learn,
incongruities in life
he spurns.

Read his poetry
I recommend,
Life in him is
finely blend,
as a poet
he outstands.

C. P. Sharma

Simple Truth

I am the Truth
All else my dream
In it the rivulets
Of my thought stream

A drift away cloud
From the ocean arise
As drops, I come
The world surprise

Meandering on the plane
I play my game
Merging into self
End all the blames

As simple as that
The truth of being
Enjoy your dream
While you are skiing

C. P. Sharma

Songs Of The Divine*

Some sing His powers, their heart His swing,
Some sing His grace, coz they got His ping.

Some sing His virtues, His praise adore,
Knowledgeable sing His complex core.

Some sing His creation and destruction,
Some sing birth-death-rebirth circulation.

Some sing His distance, difficult approach,
Some sing His omnipresence a ready coach.

Countless tale-tellers, unending tale,
Millions tales fall short of Glory trail.

Since ages from Him beings partake.
The Giver gives, receiving we ache.

The Lord always shows the righteous path.
Nanak, the carefree is ever on growth path.

*From Japuji Sahib with due apologies for discordance, if any.

C. P. Sharma

Soul - A Haiku

The visible world
Surface waves of the ocean
Soul beneath at peace

C. P. Sharma

Soul Extol

Mind and heart
Gadgets of soul
On Time's shoal
Both of them roll

Ambitious mind
Wants to rule
Loving heart
Emotional pool

Soul, the pivot
Around they revolve
The frisky soul
Of sins absolves

Let the soul guide
With it take stride

C. P. Sharma

Soul Mate

You come to me
When none is there
And play sweet tunes to me
You comfort my body
Relieve my stressed mind
My being you console
Wrapped in green foliage
With floral tiara, marigold band
Of magnolia and jasmine your bra
You come in heavenly aura
Paint me in bright colors
And fragrant my soul

C. P. Sharma

Soulful Rhythm

Poet's imagination in higher echelons flows
With awesome images, his mind glows
His reader, its soulful rhythm knows

C. P. Sharma

Soul's Supremcy

I am stoic
I feel not pleasure or pain
I am detached
I carry no strain

I come naked
I wear no apparels
I am free from sins
I know no morals

I am weightless
I freely float
I am eternal
Stateless glow

Free from blemishes
I remain unhurt
Neither fire can burn
Nor sword can cut

People call me God
I am life source
I am pure soul
A catalytic force

C. P. Sharma

Sow A Seed Each Day

Yesterday I sowed a seed
I saw it sprout today
Tomorrow it will grow into
Plant and tree
For fruit and shade day after

I mayn't enjoy
Its fruit and shade
But it will make
A green arcade
For generations to come

Let us sow a seed each day
It will be a forest one day
God's grace will rain from above
Fruit laden boughs will bow down low

Sow good Karmic seed each day
For generations a spiritual bouquet

C. P. Sharma

Spider Web

Spider like web
all around I weave,
in it entrapped
I heave and grieve.

C. P. Sharma

Spring Time

It is spring time
Love in the air

Love bells ring
Heart's joy they bring

Flowers bloom
Butterflies on them loom

Swaying floral bells
Love's music dwells

Through her song sweet
My loving heart tweets

C. P. Sharma

Station Bliss

Stationed at station Bliss
I am in search of bliss,
Waiting with ticket in hand
New destination to kiss.

Seek it in glitter and gold
I am to them sold,
As sand slips away from hold
They leave me in cold.

Seek it in woman and wine
Pleasures web I weave,
Chased by their hangover
Sooner I do grieve.

Wander over vales and hills
The tired body aches,
Fed up of all the wanderings
The world appears fake.

Let me return to station Bliss
Enter the city of Bliss,
Lotus bloom in the city lake
Why not kiss the bliss?

C. P. Sharma

Steadfast Spirit

Steadfast Spirit
(A Senryu)

Name or fame, a game
Steadfast spirit it can't tame
It never fears blame

C. P. Sharma

Stony Heart

Stony heart and stony looks
In stone images I see books
In phantoms of mind I delight
In our dreams we love or fight.

C. P. Sharma

Stop Grieving Start Living

In gratitude, we come on earth
To repay we wander birth to birth
This our birth to redeem the debt
In selfishness, why fume and fret

Dedication to others in life matters
Let not be birth- death your fetters
Else all this life is meant for fails
Nothing in it but to weep and wail

Life is not to live for yourself
Wipe others tears become the elf
Sacrificing joys live for others
Treat all humans as your brothers

Living for others salvation seek
In life, don't feel the fits of pique

C. P. Sharma

Strangers*

What a strange relationship?

My body and the spirit lived together the whole life,

But couldn't dialogue! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

* I owe the thought to the Urdu poet

C. P. Sharma

Stray Thoughts

On the dark canvas of night
I paint full bright dreams
In the brilliance of day light
They wash away, I scream

He is the lover who kisses you,
I am His lips.! ! !
He is the painter,
I am His brush! ! !

Struggle and strife of the world I know
Will be over when ends the puppet show

I erred a thousand times, did I ever hate myself!
When others err, why hate at the moment's spur! ! !

When I look within, the Universe is mine
Outside world is beyond control, I pine

C. P. Sharma

Stream Of Consciousness

You were there in the first birth

Death had a thousand rounds

Each time the skull exchanged

But the truth you never found

You and I were never apart

Ever inside I hugged you

Gentle and fragrant was my touch

But the alien in you never knew

You made me deliberate sinner

But the sin has never touched me

I ever roam in bliss eternal

Since there was no Aegean Sea

The pure stream of consciousness

Ever flows unruffled by sense of guilt

C. P. Sharma

Supreme Creature

Supreme Creature

I am supreme
I am the best
My score is the highest
In all pollution tests

I inhale pure
Exhale impure
I doubly pollute
My creations galore

Creatures clamour for
Pure water and air
Nutrition is lost
In fast food flair

I invented money
Created an illusion
Humanity is reeling
Fear of nuclear fission

Love, relations, friendship
All for money sold
Little is left in Nature
Created wealth blindfolds

Money rules the roost
Corruption boosts
Disparity induced
Sex seduced

I am supreme
I am the best
I have Stolen
All beings' rest

C. P. Sharma

Supreme Ego

The Supreme Ego

I write on the earth and the sky
What I write can't be a lie

Rays of the sun are my pen
Oceans, ink supply chain

I am the wander lust
I am the constructive trust

The winds carry my commands
As prize and reprimands

Secretly, I am with you aboard
All your happenings I record

Not only of this birth
All that birth after birth you girth

I am your eternal friend
From me matter and spirit expand

I am the supreme ego in you
Identifying with me you get your due

C. P. Sharma

Supreme Soul

Behind many images hides
The One Supreme Soul
That One in them all, I extol

C. P. Sharma

Sweet And Powerful Flow Of Poetry For Sandra Fowler

Your words so powerful
carry a message deep,
take the reader
to the farthest of Hebrides.

Let me tell the world
what you sing:
You take the reader away
from the blood red scene
to the game of peace
where the mirth of
white snowflakes flings.

From the 'Bower of Bliss'
like nightingale and cuckoo
plaintive numbers too, you sing
'for old, unhappy far-off things'

May on this peace parched world
Your sweet soft words be ever heard!

C. P. Sharma

Swing On Love's Wings

In love no religion, no boundaries, no age
Love is a free bird, it lives not in cage

In love no color, no caste, no breed
Love is pure heart's true creed

Of its own love makes a nest
It stays away from power or pelf

Love is all about giving away
Love above life and death sways

Trees don't eat their own fruit
Out of love they distribute

In love all relations melt
Love is something in heart felt

'I love you' might lead to sighs
Mother's oozing breasts never belie

Love is eternal, love is God
Satan temporarily plays fraud

True love enlightens our hearts
Hallucinations and illusions depart

Love is pure, give it no name
With lusty looks don't love defame

Treatises on love never end
Every limit love transcends

Let true love our hearts enshrine
Let us not desecrate love divine

Love is supreme prayer divine
Let our heart's in love entwine

Tanka - 15

Life: Maya and God
The two choices for being
Maya wraps in births
God is the ageless abode
But Maya lures, God endures

C. P. Sharma

Tattered Cloak

I heard a knock
at the door this morn
I asked, 'Who is there? '
There was no reply
I turned my back
I slept again

A knock again
I got up this time
I opened the door
Saw my body-cloak in front
Of its strength shorn
Tattered and torn

I asked him,
'Come in, have a seat
'Where have been all these years
'How did all this come about?
'You are in tears and jeers
'I see you out of gears! '

In exasperation he said,
'I have been with you for long
'So many years I have sung your song
'Now it is time for my swan song
'You have overstayed with me
'Please find another home.'

I assuaged him
A little of his grief I trimmed
I said, 'Me you can not enfold
'I know you are old
'In sacrificial row
'Your salvation toe.'

C. P. Sharma

Tea Cup

Dip, dip, dip
Rich tea brew sip
The more and more we dip
Add more color and flavor to sip
There are storms in tea cup
Add up color and flavor
In life ever be one up
It hurts and favors
It has gears
In tea cup
life steers
clear

C. P. Sharma

Teacher

We grope into dark
Teacher illuminates path
Tread to know the Truth

C. P. Sharma

Temple! ! !

I reside in Your heart
How dare I keep You captive in a temple! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Thankful

In each breath, thankfulness flows
With roses and thorns, the life glows

C. P. Sharma

The Basil Plant

The Basil plant is gods abode
Trinity's blessings in it endowed
Blessed the place where it grows
Air purifies where its fragrance flows

Among all herbs, juices and medicines
Appeared first on 'Churning the Ocean'
Panacea for ills of physique and mind
Softens speech, prompts actions kind

It cures all cold, coughs and hiccups
Purges of impurities, the spirit ups
Regulates the body's temperature
Blood circulation and bile profile

Ample of oxygen Basil plant generates
Let your life with divinity venerate
Have Basil plant in your compound
Worship, nurture for health profound

C. P. Sharma

All in Nature their
food found,
smallest grains
to big grass ground,
a few for hunting
went around,
all remedies
in Nature found.

For enjoyment
wandered day round;
at night their homes
they found,
in ocean boroughs,
tree tops and caves
to make love
and procreate,
in His Own Illusion
to Celebrate.

The purpose of life is
Celebration! ! !
why crumble and groan
under the ego's weight?
Why don't read the
Golden Rules?
Why do you make
yourself a fool?

The Sages from grey
mountains sing,
the burden of the songs
of rivers and spring,
everyday in
flowers bloom;
why you alone live
in gloom?

All the books in the
sea submerge,
Why don't you
your life purge?

Why don't you read
the book of life?
and get rid of
the stress and strife.

Sing songs in praise
of the sun,
make love under
the moonshine,
keep water and air
pollution free,
everyday grow
a new tree,
your ego a bit
subdue,
keep away from the
nuclear hue.

Note: Inspired from Rig Veda (X/121) .

C. P. Sharma

The Braj To Whole Cosmos Extends

Particles of Braj¹ soil divinity sing
Radha's² foot chain's jingles ring
On the grasslands divinity grows
In its cow's milk nectar flows

Particles of Braj soil sing...ring

For butter theft Gopis³ still wait
So as behold Krishana, soul mate
Yashodha's heart for her son beats
Eveready with special treats

Particles of Braj soil sing...ring

Braj temples gong sound echo
Banke⁴ in ever new dress deco*
The priests like Veda Vyas⁵ recite
Devotee's dance in blissful delight

Particles of Braj soil sing...ring

Braj Gopis' with Krishana still dance
They still enjoy the cosmic romance
On their senses complete command
Lust and greed them can't strand

Particles of Braj soil sing...ring

My soul loves the Govardhan⁶ Braj
Under the bushes on its ridge
Where the Krishana grazed his cows! ! !
Where the senses spirituality brows! ! !

Particles of Braj soil sing...ring

*deco for decorates

¹Braj or Brajbhoomi is a region in Uttar Pradesh of India, around Mathura-Vrindavan. Braj, though never a clearly defined political region in India but is

very well demarcated culturally, is considered to be the land of Krishna and is derived from the Sanskrit word *vraja*. The main cities in the region are Mathura, Agra, Aligarh and Mainpuri.

Krishna, the dark complexioned cow boy of Brij. Yashoda and Nand's foster son. The eighth and principal avatar of Vishnu, often depicted as a handsome young man playing a flute. He appears as a charioteer and advisor of Arjuna in the Bhagavad-Gita.

2Radha, also called Radhika, Radharani and Radhikarani, is the childhood friend and lover of Krishna in the Bhagavata Purana, and the Gita Govinda of the Vaishnava traditions of Hinduism. Radha is almost always depicted alongside Krishna and features prominently within the theology of today's Gaudiya Vaishnava religion, which regards Radha as the original Goddess or Shakti. Radha's relationship with Krishna is given in further detail within texts such as the Brahma Vaivarta Purana, Garga Samhita and Brihad Gautamiya tantra. Radha is also the principal object of worship in the Nimbarka Sampradaya, as Nimbarka, the founder of the tradition, declared that Radha and Krishna together constitute the absolute truth. Radha is often referred to as 'Radha'; or 'Radhika' in speech, prefixed with the respectful term 'Srimati' by devout followers. Radha is one of the most important incarnations of Goddess Lakshmi.

3Gopi is a word of Sanskrit origin meaning 'cow-herd girl'. In Hinduism specifically the name *gopi* (sometimes *gopika*) is used more commonly to refer to the group of cow herding girls famous within Vaishnava Theology for their unconditional devotion to Krishna as described in the stories of Bhagavata Purana and other Puranic literatures. Of this group, one *gopi* known as Srimati Radharani (Radha or Radhika) holds a place of reverence and importance in a number of religious traditions, especially within Gaudiya Vaishnavism.

4Krishna, Banke is one of the most widely venerated Hindu gods, worshiped as the eighth incarnation of Vishnu and as the supreme deity. Many Krishna legends are drawn from the Mahabharata and the Puranas. His earliest appearance is in the Mahabharata as the divine charioteer of Arjuna, whom Krishna convinces that the war Arjuna is about to fight is just (see Bhagavadgita) . In later works Krishna was a slayer of demons, a secret lover of all devotees, and a devoted son and father. He also lifted the sacred hill of Govardhana on one finger to protect his devotees from Indra's wrath. In art Krishna is often depicted with blue-black skin, wearing a loincloth and a crown of peacock feathers. As a divine lover, he is shown playing the flute, surrounded by adoring females.

5Veda Vyasa, Hindus traditionally hold that Vyasa categorised the primordial single Veda into four. Hence he was called Veda Vyasa, or 'Splitter of the Vedas,' the splitting being a feat that allowed people to understand the divine knowledge of the Veda. The word *vyasa* means split, differentiate, or describe.

6Govardhan is a hill located near the town of Vrundhavan in India, considered as

sacred by a number of traditions within Hinduism. It is especially important to those traditions which worship Krishna or Vishnu as the Supreme God (Ishvara) such as Vaishnavism and Gaudiya Vaishnavism, which are popular around the Govardhan area. A great number of pilgrims visit Govardhan each year and perform parikrama, circulating around the area of the hill whilst praying, singing (bhajan) or performing japa meditation. The hill and surrounding area are believed to be the sites where Krishna and Balarama performed specific pastimes (lilas) during their last incarnation on the planet Earth. Known as Govardhan or Giriraj it is the sacred center of Vraja and is identified as a natural form of Krishna.

C. P. Sharma

The Buddha

When the sun shines
my mountainous ego melts
trickling like stream-lets
turning into river
rushing hurriedly to be one
with the oceanic soul
and I become the Buddha

C. P. Sharma

The Child In Me

The child within me
scorns alphabets
neither knows them
nor wants to learn
they vitiate thinking
give name to everything
distance man from man
giving each a different name
label fauna calling it wild
dub its behavior as jungle law
They write scriptures on papers
The Holy Books but unholy acts
Trees and grass are cut
They turn us nuts

The unwilling lad
satchel on his back
goes whining to school
unwilling to learn alphabets
that write constitutions
create several claims
over land, water and sky
limiting the fish to swim
and the birds to fly
they make fish fry
and birds die
Nature cries

Alphabets
gave fake names
such cast and creed
such language and land
Hindu, Muslim and Christian
vying out we fight one another
with ghastliest weapons ever known
when the child in me awakes
asks me to unlearn alphabets
that brought all our woes:
violence and hatred

made Nature part
polluted piety

In its cry, asks me
to read the book of life
sermons of love and care
cooperation and coexistence
and feel its beauty and bliss

C. P. Sharma

The Cosmic Dance - I

The Divine Dance - I

(This is a dance with the sublime) #

Mistake it not for a cabaret dance
With sex and lust in dancer's glance,
It was at Lord Krishana's stance
For routing Cupid's lusty lance.

At the end of Ashwin* cool night
When the moon shone full bright,
Ecstatic melody from Flute flowed
Woods and valley with it glowed

Hearing it the **Gopis' faces gleamed
Eternal bliss in their being beamed,
They left their chorus and dough
Dress unaware towards the Flute go.

They left their hubbies and babes
Left their homes, relations webs,
They forgot all the social contracts
In madness ran to the Yamuna tract.

In divine trance forgetful of being
Dancing formed a circular ring,
Lord Krishana to their centre bring
Tied to Nucleus by spiritual string.

Their overwhelming ego He discerned
And their mundane love He spurned,
The Lord asked them, "Go back,
And in your household duties rap? "

Gopis with the souls tethered to Him
Very thought of separation was grim,
He felt they are possessively mean
So Krishana disappeared from the scene.

Based on Bhagwat Mahapuran

*Ashwin, is the seventh month of the lunisolar Hindu calendar and sixth month in the solar India's national civil calendar, where it is the second month in Autumn. It overlaps September and October of the Gregorian calendar.

**According to Hindu Vaishnava theology the stories concerning the Gopis are said to exemplify Suddha-bhakti which is described as 'the highest form of unconditional love for God' (Krishna) . Their spontaneous and unwavering devotion is described in depth in the later chapters of the Bhagavata Purana.

To be continued in Parts - II and III

C. P. Sharma

The Cosmic Dance - II

The Divine Dance - II

Then, in sky rending hue and cry
Gopis repented why Him they defied! ! ! ! !
In a frantic search they ran around
If beloved Krishana could be found! ! ! ! !

Gopis roamed through grooves and woods
If somewhere Lord's footsteps stood! ! !
Amazingly they saw two footsteps pairs
Beside Lord's a woman's steps stare! ! !

On this their jealousy knew no bounds
Privileged one in their flock astounds! ! !
They considered her to be fortunate
That she alone with the Lord had date! ! !

On the other side,
The Gopi who with the Lord had date
With puffed up pride of being intimate
Instead walking along with the Lord
She aspired to be on shoulders adored.

Lord poses, "Alright, get on my shoulders"
As she tried, the Lord vanished from there.
Thus, came to end her possessive pride
Soon rest of the Gopis joined by her side.

Then she related the tale of her woe
And how her false pride got a blow
Lord on her intense love bestowed
How from honor she stooped so low! ! !

Now together they all set out to search
As far as moon shine in forest stretch
But when in the pitch dark they plunged
Retrieved as no farther their steps clung.

Gopis came to river Kalind's bank

On Krishana's virtues deeply drank
Union with Him their hearts longed
Dedicated Gopi's sang a sweet song*.

Sweet was the song, pious emotions
Souls submerged in divinity's ocean
Butter-soft hearted Krishana appeared
For Great Dance the stage prepared

* Song sang by Gopis in praise of Lord Krishana praying Him to come back for the sublime dance. It is well known as 'Gopi Geet'.

To be continued in Part III and IV.

C. P. Sharma

The Cosmic Dance - Iii

This attraction Shiva couldn't resist
He wanted to have with it a tryst
Vrinda, who was managing the show
Denying entry to Shiva she said, 'NO.'

Krishana there, no other male could go
Only ladies could be other part of show
Tempted to join by the irresistible desire
Shiva agreed for lady's make up and attire.

She asked Shiva for a dip in Mansarovar
After dip He was in woman's make over
In perfect woman's dress so well veiled
In corner in Krishana consciousness sailed.

When the cosmic dance began
There were two great dance men
One, the Beloved of the Dance
Other, the King of dance in trance.

With every Gopi Krishana danced
Shiva in unique dance entranced
In spite of the elegance of the dance
Krishana had some missing glance.

Out of the dance he had a pause
He said, "I feel violation of laws."
He felt in the dance a missing bliss
He said, "Here another man exists."

He said, "Lalita, go and check
If a man attired as Gopi on deck! "
Lalita went round lifting the veils
But finding a man there she failed.

Puzzled about a Gopi three eyed
Lalita told what her surprised! ! !
Krishana said, "Bring her here."
When saw Shiva had hearty cheer.

He said, "O Gopeshwar I am pleased.
When I see you as Gopi dressed
Your desire to partake in dance fulfilled
As Gate Keeper of the dance now you drill.

Upon you I shower my Grace
You will Gopis' obeisance trace
They in turn my piety embrace."
Still Shiva in Braj has Gopi face.

Then again the dance advanced
Gopis were in bliss and trance
Krishana with every Gopi in dance
That their dance in divine romance.

All base passions in the dance purge
All the Gopis in Krishana merged
Cosmos in the dance submerged
Cupid's wings there didn't splurge.

In Brij land since then till date
In Krishana consciousness they wait.

C. P. Sharma

The Dawn

Hail to thee, O Glorious dawn!
Lady of the Light thou art
daughter of the Sky.

Dispel the dark gloom of terror,
depression and freewill
repression. allay

Yoke steeds of good intents,
dawn on us piety, peace,
and prosperity.

With your resplendent rays
bring to reeling hearts
hope and clarity.

With auspicious abundance
refreshing food to the
hungry impart.

In Nature's beauteous garb,
draped in diversity,
harmony at heart.

Sooth the dying Earth's sore! ! !

Let on man the wisdom dawn,
Let man love the flora and fawn;
Awake to environment concern,
Air, water and sky don't spurn.

O Glorious dawn, we you adore,
Equilibrium of universe restore.

* Touches from Rig Veda, the golden book of knowledge (1/48)

Happy 2009 to all poet friends at

The Divine Abode

*The Divine Abode

I live neither in heaven nor in the Yogi's heart;
My abode is musical chanting, a piece of art.

When I felt elated the first tune was set;
Now, its sweet cadence is love's secret clarinet.

It sent many a sages and emperors into trance;
Rhythmic beats took them to divine clairvoyance.

Divine euphony has the power to light up lamps;
Its music can satiate parched lands with rains.

Without His rhythm the hearts cannot beat;
It is his word that the whole world tweets.

When all universes sing the divine euphony;
The Nature dances to a soulful symphony.

C. P. Sharma

The Divine Blessings - For Jen Walls And Kaushal Lovesmith

All my friends
In eternal love glow
Specially in two
Poetry overflows

Jen Walls in devotional love's
warmth basks
Kaushal Lovesmith, divine love's
Blessings asks

Beauty in their minds
Love in their hearts
In their poetry
State of art

In their poetry
we invoke
The divine blessings for
Our earthen cloaks

C. P. Sharma

The Divine Paradox

The Divine Paradox

(Sā dho rachnā rā m banā ▫ ī .)

Gentlemen, it is Lord's creation game:
Temporal and the eternal in one frame,
Difficult to know His marvel's aim! ! ! 1. (Refrain)

Under the sway of Lust, Lure & Anger,
Detached from God's image we wander.
We consider this false body to be true,
As the dream during the sleep construe.1.

All that is visible is transient,
As cloud's shadow evanescent.
Nanak, know the world as illusion,
Faith in the Lord removes confusion.2.2.

Gaudi Mahalla 9.

C. P. Sharma

The Eternal Sound

O man,
give up your grey,
let us go to the funfair
to listen to the song eternal
where ageless musical organ
ever plays the tune to the soul
that unrolls itself into the ceaseless sound
melting into a myriad musical shades
harmonizing the discordant notes
into a universal symphony
where all differences sink,
where the sense of being is lost,
only the song remains
and the soul awakes in peace

This eternal melody is
not so easy to recreate;
perfect your guitar,
tune up your mind chords,
make His love its scratch plate
and vibrate the soul
till the ego vanishes
and only the immortal sound remains.

Inspiration: Bulle Shah

C. P. Sharma

The Flickering Flame

I am the flickering flame
Of an earthen lamp
As a gust of wind blows
I might decamp

I dropped down as
A divine spark
As funeral fire, I go
As home harks

Ashes shall be bed
Eternal space my home
Bondage free there
I shall roam

No passions and possessions
No transgression or aggregation

C. P. Sharma

The Flute

You! Daughter of Hollowness,
Born of bamboo tree,
Sing songs of happiness,
Keep me melancholy free.

When I am swelled with ego,
I breathe all fire in you,
You turn it into music,
With gladness me imbue.

You are never tired of
Channeling my mellow thoughts,
Singing melodies sweet,
You take to charming spots.

When I am Time torn,
You sing songs of eternity.
When I feel forlorn,
You are my fraternity.

You bring me message of Grace,
Immortality I embrace,
Music Divine you showcase,
To show my Master face to face.

You, Lord Krishana's Miss,
His lips you always kiss,
I enjoy the ambrosial sips,
When He blows music through your ribs.

Play on, play on, to you salute,
You become my lyre and lute.

C. P. Sharma

The Game Of Fools

We live in the world of fools
Political parties are their schools
Cleverer fools make the rules

Wisdom is sold here tuppence
On silicone chips as muffins
No more than bluffing

In the fools loud doodle do
You are just boo booed
Minds technologically screwed

The government of fools
In fact, makes no rules
Just makes us stupid mules

The cleverest fool
The King of Fools
Knows not how long will rule! ! !

Thus time smiles on us
Many a time it laughs at us
We just play the Time's fool

C. P. Sharma

The Girl

(A Senryu)

Girl set on fire
Now has different attire
She is highflier

C. P. Sharma

The Grass Is Greener Today

The grass was pale yesterday,
It looks greener today;
Tomorrow the flowers will bloom,
Day after trees have fruity costume.

Last night it was pitch dark,
It is lit up a little today;
As days pass by they brighten,
Finally, the full moon enlighten(s) .

Yesterday, here was the sunset,
Then there came the night;
Today, it is all sunshine,
Tomorrow will be my soul's delight.

Today is the day of self-resurrection;
Tomorrow is the bliss of perfection.

C. P. Sharma

The Great Fall

The Great Fall

Beholden to the temples' carvings

I forget God

I fall from being

THE GREAT

to

His perishable creation! ! ! To

C. P. Sharma

The Great Fsl

The Great Fall

Beholden to the temples' carvings

I forget God

I fall from being

THE GREAT

to

His perishable creation! ! ! To

C. P. Sharma

The Joy In Creating

When the mind is pregnant
the self silently blooms
The sense of new creation
in the heart looms

The creative minds feel
its beauty and zoom
The very delivery of it
the deserts perfume

What is the joy in creating
Only the creator knows
The pangs of delivering
too he alone enjoys

Peacock on his plume
and wings takes pride
But his ugly legs save
from the hunter's strides

There are traps in beauty
Saving grace in ugliness
The perfect beauty, ever
in its monotony suffers

C. P. Sharma

The Joy Of Giving

'Light of Heaven for ever shines'
Shadows on the window pane fly.
What if autumn sheds the leafy life?
Life stands tall with head held high.

He who has known the joy of giving,
Knows not the fear of vanishing fame,
Dear friend, the world owes you much
Immortal are imprints of colorful wings.

* Dedicated to the inspiring spirit of Ms. Sandra Fowler

C. P. Sharma

The Key To Salvation

(Sā dh o man kā mā n t i▫ ā ga▫ o.)

Gentlemen, cast away the ego of mind,
Anger, lust, company of the wicked
Ever flee from the passions of this kind.1 (Refrain)

The pleasure and pain one toner
And so the honor and dishonor,
One detached in joys & sorrows,
He knows the life's mystical glow.1.

In praise & slander who don't digress,
The key to salvation they possess;
Nanak, in complex game of passions
Guru's Grace begets revelation.2.1.

Gaudi Mahalla 9.

Note: The Divine Symphony (Hymns of Sri Guru Tegh Bahadurji in English Verse)
translated by me was published in 1977. After more than 30 years since then,
with a little better grasp of the philosophy of Gurubani and of the English
language, I am trying to revise it a little.

C. P. Sharma

The Last Post

The whole life the body boasts
The truth reveals the last post

C. P. Sharma

The Law Of Being

The Law of Being

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

By

Dharma*

the sun,

the earth,

the moon,

the planets hold;

the seasons unfold,

day and nights rolled

the vegetation foothold

the lion and the lamb behold

The water cleans and cools

the fire burns to purify

nightingale sings

the snake stings

Man made religion

might mislead,

but Dharma

our natural

ally

Abide by righteousness

get protection, and

the eternal bliss,

peace and

harmony

never

miss

*The Law of Being

C. P. Sharma

The Life

The truth is dumb
the Maya beats drum,
wraps melodies in words
sings measures unheard

sometimes in ragas
sometimes in jazz,
it rocks and rolls
illusions galore

its visual snares
play musical chairs
sometimes the tongue
for taste betrays

sometimes the smell
has fragrance craze
sometimes in a kiss
you feign a trance

The truth appears to be
just crying for the moon
strong seductive Maya
becomes life's real boon

C. P. Sharma

The Matter

Mischievous matter prides in blaze
It lures, attaches, the world amaze
Flip flop flickers, fume, and zoom
In self-consuming tunes, costumes

The lion and the lamb play the game
Made for each other, none to blame
The world is a light and sound show
Its real meaning is difficult to know

Celebrating birth, we grieve death
Knowing that life is a servile breath
It frets, fritters, and heard no more
Death is the ultimate worldly shore

You play the role you are assigned
Let not the real self in it entwined

C. P. Sharma

The Mother

The golden womb
Omnipresent mother
You are in all: energy,
intelligence and wealth

I bow to you O Primal Force
Worldly existence you endorse
In you all beauty enshrined
To the evil you are unkind

You are worshiped in nine forms
The world with love and beauty
Peace and prosperity, you adorn
Stern with devils, them you scorn

Four times in a year we worship
In nine days devotions dip
In nine hues your dress glaze
Your blessings flow in nine ways

Black beauty, you kill the boar
Peace and harmony you restore
Blood red are your bright eyes
Fiery breath in howling cries

Your nine appellations we adore
Your blessings in them we score
Emerging from the mountains
Protect flora, fauna and fountains

Practicing devout austerity in life
You liberate the posterity from strife
Riding the lion, you empower women
Fight against the treachery of men

Hatching the cosmic egg love sown
Seated on lotus you grant boons
As Katyayani, you shower grace
In Gauri the devotees purity trace

Sans you the world cannot exist
Sans you we cannot sail through the mist

C. P. Sharma

The One

Oval Earth

We make cross sections;

One simple Truth

Splits into imperfections.

C. P. Sharma

The Original Bard

Nature is the original bard
All else is just a report card
Rhyme, rhythm and music in it
All feelings, colors, and scents fit

What we write is a sensuous fest
Colors, curves, scents, and tastes reflect
Body, food, and nest are our quest
In all these matters Nature is the best

Poetry flows through what we eat
Nature hosts a very rich feast
Colorful kernels, fruits, and seeds
Decorated on the baker's yeast

Artistic nest the birds weave
Den and burrow animals cleave
On living bodies find the curves
Feast to all senses it serves

In Nature, the musical symphony flows
Soothing senses in it, your poetry glows

C. P. Sharma

The Other

The other is your mirror
In him you see your image
You see your own beauty
You see your own hate
While fighting with the other
You are stabbing yourself
Like my sparrow in my notes*
With her bleeding beak
But her flock didn't repeat it
When it revisited my place
Why wisdom dawn not on man?
Why this repeated blood shed?

*Please read my poem "A Sparrow" with it.

C. P. Sharma

The Painter

The two canvases
The earth and the sky
The painter painted
The day and the night.

In between painted
The dusk and the dawn
The painter smiles
From behind the sun

The painter twinkles
From the stars
As moping owl weeps
Ascending moon peaks

C. P. Sharma

The Parrot

While going for morning walk, today
I met a pair of parrots chatting
on the gate-pillar of
a nearby park.
I listened to
their chat
awhile in
unique
style.

One
had come
from Mt. Kailash
after listening to the
Story of Immortality there.
.Afraid of Lord Shiva's chase,
from there he had disappeared.

In soothing tone his counterpart consoled
Now, he was with sweetheart, she told
She would beg his pardon
if Siva comes here,
him from all his
sins steer
clear.

Of love
for each other
I was overwhelmed
Perhaps, my presence
was not welcomed by them
They flew away to another tree
where they felt more comfortable and free.

Tomorrow,
again when I go for a walk
I shall try to have with them a
friendly talk. If the Story of I immortality
with me he shares I shall share the same

with you bit by bit in its true letter and spirit.

C. P. Sharma

The Parrot - 3

The soul seems to communicate
The pair of parrots came to my gate
For my coming out of room did wait
And the Immortality Story relate

The story was long, as you too know
About the garland of skulls, Shiva wore
Sati's new skills were added in each birth
The soulful thread them eternally adore

The substance of story lies in the fact
Sans duality the world doesn't exist
The one appears the other disappears
In fact, in duality lies the reality's twist.

Sans Shakti, Shiva is a corpse
Sans Siva, Shakti doesn't endorse
In duality each other reveal
Loving opposites, get good feel

Opposites ever attracted each other
The monotony of oneness break
Sore day's labor, night relieves
So, why do people for death grieve?

Death is a sort of homecoming
Once again feel free from sufferings
In it, once again, the eternity taste
Sans it, blissful soul seems waste

Life and death, the truth unfold
Else for the half truth, we are sold
Lovely is the struggle and strife
In diversity lies the spice of life

C. P. Sharma

The Parrot (Continued)

As per promise
I am here today
to tell you about the
story of the pair of parrots
that I met yesterday. It's raining
so I didn't move out. However, from
my gate gallery towards the park
I looked out. But they weren't
there, perhaps some
shady shelter
found.

Perhaps
in some hollow
tree trunk, they hid them
to enjoy this rainy romance
in kissing and hugging
enjoy love's trance.
Let's enjoy this
interlude until
the curtain
lifts

C. P. Sharma

The Perfect

He is perfect,
Perfect is the creation,
Its perfection flows from Him.
Knowing the perfection of the perfect
Be in unison with the perfect

C. P. Sharma

The Playboy

In a myriad forms I bloom,
Every day in new costume;
Passions everyday consume,
I know not how them I tune.

On musical notes I large loom,
I am ever in love's red room,
In its company feel no gloom,
With perfect bliss me it grooms.

On sweet scented air I zoom
In its flair myself I plume
I have tried every perfume
My smelling sense is out of tune

Delicious dishes and drinks enjoy
I am now my tongue's ploy
Sometimes blunt at other coy
Now I am of junk taste playboy

In sensuous waywardness I wander
In sensuality my strength I squander
In this body I fret and fume,
I am crazy of gold dunes.

Detached from these, I observe
The way base passions I serve

C. P. Sharma

The Real You - A Senryu

This body is pawn
The chess player in inside
He is the real you

C. P. Sharma

The Rose Invites

(Rondelet Sequence)

The rose invites
Come and share my joy in the bloom
The rose invites
To dance in its joy with the wind
Positive about prickly thorns
With a purpose, they are entwined
The rose invites

The rose invites
Everything in life has purpose
The rose invites
The sorrows generate the strength
Without it, life looks dull and drab
Don't enjoy monotonous length
The rose invites

The rose invites
Selfishness is not the life's end
The rose invites
To share the sweet redolent scent
Happiness all around it spreads
This life for others joy is meant
The rose invites

C. P. Sharma

The Seed

(A Haiku)

In seed lies the tree
With sprouting of embryo
The seed self-dissolves

C. P. Sharma

The Seer

I came from nowhere
A conceived bubble
Of water and air
Into them
disappear
Know not
where to reappear?

I am the product of Nature
The conceived universe
hides inside me
I feel inside
movements
and kicks
Nature permeates into me

Why I search me outside?
All efforts to know astound
A birth with ascertained death
The world appears a funeral ground
The world disappears
The sky clears
Ether steers

Earth, fire, water and air
Reappear
Smear
Cheer
Jeer
Veer
Be the seer

C. P. Sharma

The Soul

The soul
like the sun
forever shines
Embraces life in all kinds:
Flowers smile
Life cheers up
Birds set out
on fresh
flights

In mad race
tired, life retires
But the soul's intrinsic nature
like the sun, it neither tires nor retires
It fills all forms as they aspire
Time, quantum, place, and
relations, the vessel's
action determined

The life
comes, and goes
but the eternal, invisible,
omniscient soul stately walks
unruffled throughout
embracing ever
new changes
A catalyst
it never
taints

Yet,
It paints life
It scents life
It vibrates
Life levitates

C. P. Sharma

The Sun On The West Virginia Hills - For Sandra Fowler

The Sun on the West Virginia Hills

Autumn basks under the Golden Shower Tree
Paddling softly over its flowery bed below,
Away from crazy jazz of the perfumed night
Mild sweet scent scatters the fragrance of soul.

The fragile weathered leaves on the ground
Produce rustling music that in bliss abounds,
The light brown leaves reflect the radiant light
All is well packed in your poetic brilliance bright.

Setting sun behind the West Virginia Hills
Sounds the bugle of a new morn tomorrow,
The Buddha's Banyan Tree still stands erect
To enlighten many more minds san sorrow.

C. P. Sharma

The Trinity

He is the creator,
You are the nourisher,
I am the destroyer.

C. P. Sharma

The Truth

Truth is one
But in one no fun
Life needs zest
Therefore, God
opposites blessed
Adam and Eve
love thread weaved
Day and night
for work and respite
Plenty bloomed
There was no doom
Satan changed fate
In life brought hate
the distrust create
And there came
pleasure and pain
Thus the dullness
turned into fest
Created In life
a new interest
Discovering anew
the unity of life
Wading through
diversity and strife
Naked truth we cannot know
In the light of one another it glows

C. P. Sharma

The Universe

The Universe

The universe creates
Neither for censure
Nor for praise
Creation is its natural craze
The old changes for a new birth
In death and birth all creations girth
Nature is never in mourning mood
It is ever with freshness glued

C. P. Sharma

The Word

AUM*

The Word,
the eternal Axis,
the awesome dome
of beauty and truth.
Surrendering to it
the being attains
Salvation.

C. P. Sharma

The World

The sky

The earth

The water

The fire

The air

I am

All

In me, the world sways

C. P. Sharma

The World - A Ten Word Poem

The World - A ten word poem

How long the world exists?
As long as body breaths!

C. P. Sharma

The World Be One Family

Poetic gatherings
Meeting of hearts
Happy-go-lucky
The masters of arts

These great gatherings
Spread love and joy
Create musical harmonies
Brotherhood enjoy

Seedlings of new
poetic forms sprout
New cultures meet
Peace message spreads out

May the poets
of the world unite
The World be One Family
Let us not fight

C. P. Sharma

The Zaz

I am the denizen of universes
I wander all around
It takes no time
I am the crown

I am not bound by forms
In all forms I adorn
Busy in creation
I never mourn

I wrote no scriptures
I assign duties
In all that you see
I reveal beauties

I am the light
Night my nap
Maya entertains
It is just life's wrap

I never die
I shed the crap
Ever in bliss
Life is my rap
Neither friend nor foe
I am not attached
Life in all forms
I have hatched

I am the puppeteer
All strings on my paws
The world of straws
Enjoys its Zaz

C. P. Sharma

There Goes A Saying

(A Senryu)

Be afraid of God! ! !
He is the ocean of love
Love Him, fear evil

C. P. Sharma

This Christmas Eve

The truth is so bitter,
it people don't like;
conscience is muffled,
artifice holds the mike.

Christ, they crucified,
for Socrates a bowl;
the truth they can't bear,
show off they howl.

we are in capsular
compartment air tight;
of Nature's fresh air
we are always fright.

with new ideas
we keep the truth at bay;
the plastic money rules,
all over hold the sway.

false inflated ego
discovers nothing new;
it imitates Nature
in funny freaks few.

our own actions
pushing out of the race;
Incapacitating us
many machines trace.

on this Christmas eve
let us all celebrate;
with Nature's potential
our life calibrate.

let not plastic money
its false ego inflate;
like a house of cards, it will
crumble under its weight.

on equality, harmony and peace
sit together and deliberate;
the monstrous menace of terror
from the world eliminate.

C. P. Sharma

Thoughts

It is a thought
That we are born,
It is in thoughts,
We feel forlorn,
It is in our thoughts
That we feel happy,
It is our thoughts
That will make us lucky.

Think of a flower,
Its honey clover:
It will always brings the joy,
Converse with it, you will enjoy.
It will answer your every query,
It takes to new lands in a ferry,
Charmed magic casements it will open,
In your life new chapters reopen.

Think of its thorns,
You will feel torn,
Of happiness shorn,
Whole life mourn,
All curses horn,
And think why born?

Think of a river,
Get rid of fever.
It has its music and dance,
In its backdropp eternity glance.
In its music there is trance,
Its twists and twirls have romance.
In and around it life sustains,
Prosperity all along maintains.

Think of the Sun,
And have a ton:
Comes with its majestic radiance,
Fills all thing with new brilliance,
The world enthuses with resilience

Moves the world to long distance(s) ,
Carry with you all warmth and love,
In your life with success move.

C. P. Sharma

Threads Of Love

The endearing threads of love
Got entangled with your fingers

The endearing threads of love
Got entangled with your fingers
Now there is no way out
to untie these knots!
Each follicle is a star
Passing through the cloud

The endearing threads of love
Got entangled with your fingers
Now there is no way out
to untie these knots!

You are a little crazy
That I am your choice
You are a little crazy
That I am your choice
You said all unsaid
All unsaid you heard
You are a little crazy
That I am your choice

You are the dawn
I am the night, come together
As evening meets the sunset
The endearing threads of love
Got entangled with your fingers
Now there is no way out
to untie these knots!

But all the lies you tell
I am willing to accept
But all the lies you tell
I am willing to accept

Your eyes betray the truth too
To tell the truth just now

But all the lies you tell
I am willing to accept

As a luminous lump
We float aimlessly
Come on, breath here carefree

The endearing threads of love
Got entangled with your fingers
Now there is no way out
to untie these knots!

*My attempt to translate Moh Moh Ke Dhaage Lyrics from Dum Laga Ke Haisha:
A beautiful melodious song composed by Anu Malik,
Singer: Papon | Monali Thakur
Lyrics: Varun Grover
Music Label: YRF Music

Read more:

C. P. Sharma

Tightly Tied To Illusions

O man, Why this apathy for Lord's praise!
Day and night, lost in the world of illusion,
How can songs of His glory in you blaze! 1. (Refrain)

Sons, friends, illusions and attachments
So tightly you have girdled around;
This world as deceitful as the mirage,
Its glitter takes you in merry-go-round.1.

Pleasures & salvation from Him flow
Only the fools forget the Lord;
Nanak, one among the millions glows
Singing hymns in the Grace of God.2.3.
Gaudi mė hlā 9.

C. P. Sharma

Time

Past is history
Present scribbles victory
Future is misty

C. P. Sharma

Time Or I

Am I the victim of Time?
Or the body with time entwined!
Why at times I find all gloom?
Sometimes like a rose I bloom!

Is Time boyhood, youth and age?
Set for variant worldly stage!
Or I shuffle up Time in phase?
In the process muffle up cage!

Is Time my mind?
Or my mind Time's game!
Or with fame and shame
Goes on time game?

Is time liquid?
Like money takes shape!
It in a moment
A king a pauper makes!

While I win the game,
Crowd full throated cheers!
While I lose the game,
The same crowd jeers!

For all these questions
Life plays Puck,
On each other
We pass on the buck.

C. P. Sharma

Time To Reflect

That was the spring of life
Colorful blossoms bloomed
Hearts swooned

Now autumn's
pale falling leaf
with curls and crease
waiting to be lifted by the wind
another shore to find
propitiously inclined

Time to reflect on
actions circumspect
apologies for neglect
meeting the Architect
with a mature smile
clear the waters defiled

C. P. Sharma

Time's Fool

Time smiles on us
It also smiles at us
We are Time's fool

C. P. Sharma

Tiny Identity

I am in love with my tiny identity
that cuts me off from my whole.
There is concealed pain of separation
the lurking desire to know the rest.

Incomplete I cry and weep
I go to the fortune teller to know
wherein lies my happiness?
Decaying identity haunts

Takes closer to the tomb
I am caught up in illusions
I search pleasure in pain
At truth my guns train

Limits do not break
Continuity I can't take

C. P. Sharma

To Err Is Human

I erred a thousand times
Did I ever hate myself!
When others err
why hate at the moment's spur! ! !

C. P. Sharma

To Goddess Of Wealth

O Light, the true Goddess of Wealth
Bless mankind with progress and health

O festival light, fill our hearts with love
You are mankind's real treasure trove

In dark ignorance hatred dwells
In the light of love prosperity swells

In the light of lamps let the life regale
Colors of love sprinkle, peace prevail

Be it India, Afghanistan, Iraq or France
Let everywhere peace have a chance

Let nations join for love and peace
Let all hostility in the world cease

C. P. Sharma

To Mother Prostrate

Mothers are the nursery of mankind
Sans mothers we couldn't be designed
This world would have been desolate
Know not what could have been our fate

She, the gateway to this grand world
Vistas vast before you unfurled
Though umbilical cord was cut at birth
Feels your needs nourishes your mirth

Your heartbeats were her heartbeats
She cared for your wetted bedsheets
When you felt hungry her breasts knew
Till last breath she for your aches rues

Mother, the real Goddess on earth
To her sacrifices I prostrate

On the occasion of Argentina celebrating Mother's day.

C. P. Sharma

Toast To A Friend*

I wish you land in a spring valley
On a bed of roses made for you
And there be all flower petals
Not any thorn to prick

The clouds so heavy dark and deep
Downpour the waters of the seas
Quench thirst of the arid land
Flora and fauna to please

I don't wish you to fall from heavens
I wish you all the worldly joys
What if, they are short lived
In it reality, grace and poise

The life on the earth is divine gift
Solemnize, celebrate and rejoice

*For Munnazah Chaudhary on her incomplete poem 'I wish'

C. P. Sharma

Toast To Indra*

O dear, come here with your friend(s) ,
With the hymns that Indra commend.
Sing his songs that can transcend,
Among the rich as prince he stand(s) .
He, with all precious treasures brim(s) ,
Outpour your Soma juice to him.

Sing his songs who in need attend(s) ,
His gracious support to us he lend(s) ,
Bountiful wealth to us extend(s) ,
May he in strength join our band.
His horses yoked in chariot attend,
In battle field none them withstand(s) .

Soma mixed with curd is made,
For him we have this cascade.
Oblige the Soma lover's brigade,
In perfect strength you here parade.
For Soma born and designate,
You are in strength and eminence great.

O Indra**, by songs you fascinate,
Pray, our Soma formulation permeate.
O Sage, accept our offerings and rejoice,
We sing hymns in your praise, of choice.
Let our songs be thy strength and lyre,
This is what we earnestly desire.

O Indra, your shelter never fail(s) ,
Pray our food-offering kindly avail.
Thousandfold power in it prevail,
So, let no one our bodies assail.
O music lover, save us from sword,
You alone can protection afford.

*Inspired by Rig Veda hymn 1: 5

**Indra is the chief god of the Rigveda (besides Agni) . He delights in drinking Soma, and the central Vedic myth is his heroic defeat of Vritra, liberating the

rivers, or alternatively, his smashing of the Vala, a stone enclosure where the Panis had imprisoned the cows, and Ushas (dawn) . He is the god of war, smashing the stone fortresses of the Dasyu, and invoked by combatants on both sides in the Battle of the Ten Kings.

The Rig-Veda frequently refers to him as ऋक्रा - the mighty-one. In the Vedic period, the number of gods was assumed to be thirty-three and Indra was their lord. (The slightly later Brihad-aranyaka Upanishad enumerates the gods as the eight Vasus, the eleven Rudras, the twelve Adityas, Indra and Prajapati) . As lord of the Vasus, Indra was also referred to as वासवः sava.

Indra is an important god in many Hindu mythological tales. He leads the Devas (the gods who form and maintain Heaven) and the elements, such as Agni (Fire) , Varuna (Water) and Surya (Sun) , and constantly wages war against the demonic Asuras of the netherworlds, or Patala, who oppose morality and dharma. He thus fights in the timeless battle between good and evil. As the God of War, he is also regarded as one of the Guardians of the directions, representing the east.

Modern Hindus, however tend to see Indra as minor deity in comparison to others in the Hindu pathenon, such as Shiva, Vishnu or Devi. A Puranic story illustrating the subjugation of Indra's pride is illustrated in the story of Govardhan hill where Krishna, avatar or incarnation of Vishnu carried the hill and protected his devotees when Indra, angered by non-worship of him, launched rains over the village.

C. P. Sharma

Trance

Trance
(A senryu)

Loving is his substance
Loving him is divine trance
In trance we all dance

C. P. Sharma

Transcription

She writes on my soul
My pen simply transcripts it
You praise and extol

C. P. Sharma

Transience

A Senryu

The spirit divine
Knows no use, misuse, abuse
The transience suffers

C. P. Sharma

Transient Love

Transient love leaves a weeping trail,
Promises of togetherness ever, fail;
Call it destiny or call it chance,
Or call it delusion's live dance! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Transmutation

There was a time
when human values prevailed.
Life with all leisure
its boat sailed.

There were emotions
of love and regards
Relations were regarded
as life's coast guards.

The life moved slowly
but it ever glowed.
The values that matter
never did erode.

There was warmth
in every heart.
Peace of mind did
never ever depart.

New values were put
to the test of time.
There was in life
the rhythm and rhyme

In life, money had
a very little role.
With barter system
the life extolled.

How to tell,
how much the world has changed
The world has changed
beyond all range.

The man's money hunger
knows no bounds.
His crafty mind
even to God astounds.

All flora and fauna
now found in gardens and zoos.
Even the human brain will
now have screws.

Time is not away
if all this goes on,
when man will be
an object to amuse.

After all brain drain
in the robot's chain,
programmed mountebank
in show window pane.

Babies in test tubes
incubators will adorn.
Marriage will of its
charm feel shorn.

In markets, the pigmy
couples will sell
Then in showcase
The archaic humans will dwell

C. P. Sharma

Tribute To Women

O woman
The mother of the universes
Could we be there without you
You are in alpha to infinity.....I salute you
Assimilated knowledge
Growth and progress
Comes through you
Shiva is senseless
Sans you.....I salute you
All treasures in you
You are the power
Creator and destroyer
You are the Durga and the Chandi.....I salute you
You are the Ghosha
Your dedication creates
Health awareness
You are the Lopmudra
Who taught Agaustya
The positional protocol.....I salute you
You are the Maitreyi
Who revealed
What is immortality!
You are the Gargi
Who revealed
The knowledge in its finality.....I salute you
You are the flame
You free from worries
You are the Jawala
You are the Chintpurni
You are the Vashnavi
O Mother.....I salute you
You taught me
The protocol of relations
What are my duties towards
Wife, daughter and sisters and
The relativity of worldly conduct
O Mother,I salute you
If you were not there
Could there be Krishana or Christ

The divinity of all universes
Lay in you, O Mother.....I salute you

C. P. Sharma

Tribute To Yayati Madan Gandhi

I bow to Yayati Madan
In heartfelt thankfulness
Through his poetic pourings
Guides the world to blessedness

His very name suggests
The twofold path
The one has aftermath
The other liberates

The path of passions
In indulgence sways
But in conquering them
The divine bliss plays

Yayati's indulgence
Knows no end
Madan's austerity
Divinity blends

May his message
Spread far and wide
May there be love
And peace worldwide

C. P. Sharma

Trio Senryu

You are the mirror
I am the reflection
He makes the mirrors

You show what is true
I see the other in you
He ever haunts me

You are not to blame
I am chasing mirage
He is my conscience

C. P. Sharma

Triple Jump

(A Senryu Chain)

Huddled in puddle
In congestion we puzzle
A futile struggle

Take a triple jump
If you find there are big bumps
Be the Donald Trump

Get victory kiss
Let target never be missed
In regret don't hiss

C. P. Sharma

True Is My Master*

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

True is my Master, Truth His name
Sing in devotion His name and fame

We beg and ask for more and more
Giver gives in plenty from His store

What can we offer Him in return?
So as to glimpse His divine Court

What utterances should I invoke?
So as His love and favour evoke

In the fragrant hours before dawn
Of His true name and fame be fawn

Past deeds determine bodily form
By His grace salvation conforms

Japji Sahib; Pauri.4.

*All glory to Him only the blemishes in rendering are mine.

C. P. Sharma

True Love

(Senryu)

Boast not of body
It's momentary existence
Love is soul's substance

Inspiration: Bobita Saikia

C. P. Sharma

Trust

Tanka - 1

Body is temple
The abode of sacred soul
Love is its worship
Worship needs no offerings
Infallible trust of self

C. P. Sharma

Turn Tears Into Cheers

Christmas comes but once a year
When it comes, it brings new cheers
Christ's sacrifice our sins atoned
Blessings upon us the Lord ordained

Remember the Lord's 'only-begotten Son'
Warmth and humility in His heart spun
Let's all make a little sacrifice for those
In wintry chill who live, sans food and clothes

Come, this Christmas to cheer them up
Let us fill drop by drop the loving cup
Let not chill penury repress their noble race
And the cheerful current of the soul they trace

Wiping others tears, feel the bliss and cheers
Celebrating this way, in life steer clear

C. P. Sharma

Two Gardens

I love the dawn, the whole garden blooms,
Watch the gardener equipped with tools
Digging beds, pruning for better health
Weeding out the irrelevant and unfit.

I love the dusk that lit-up the sky
Millions of stars, cool moon light,
Harbinger of sore day-labor's bath
Schedule for my next dreamy flight!

Thus, between two gardens I soar,
One bound by time and space
Other, with galaxies infinite
The mortal end I do not sight!

C. P. Sharma

Two Homes

I am mix-up of opposites
Life and death
I play see-saw
After each breath
Between two breaths
I see a gap
When the body sleeps
But I am awake
From worldly worries
I take a break
I just transgress
I change my dress
Between the two realms
Every moment I roam
My dear friends
I have two homes

C. P. Sharma

Two Worlds

There are two worlds
The one in which I am
And the other from where I came
Is this what is life
Or was it in that One unite! ! !
The one from where I came
There was perpetuity
It was eternal youth
No time, no age
No suffering
Nor death
I was the God
Universes danced to my pleasure
That was my life
There I was alive
The one in which I am
Time torments, ever haunting
Suffering, servitude and decay
Pangs of birth and death
What if occasional happiness
In general drama of pain
But ultimate grave
This is my life
Am I alive?
Wherever I am
It's my own choice
My split ego
Chooses the grave
Reunion to
Divinity pave

C. P. Sharma

Uncivilized

Uncivilized

I know no language
I can't read books
I am uncivilized
I have rustic looks

I am regular birdwatcher
With them on trees I sit
I smile with the flowers
Nightingale's melodies knit

Mountains taught me
To hold head high
Rivers tell me
To flow down the isles

From trees I learnt
To bear fruit for others
Honey bees never
Get glued their feathers

I am better uncivilized
Civilized of money stink
It's Satanic mischiefs
Always full of fake jinks

Its intricate language
The whole world tricks
The divinity of Nature
Its secret moves eclipse

C. P. Sharma

Undressed Truth

I am the attired truth
Ever conscious of dress
Dressing sense is my life
By dress, people assess

Naked, I am unwelcome
I am ever abhorred?
Whenever I am not dressed
People draw sword

I am so possessed by dress
My truth is doubly dressed
In one, the life ingrained
The other, chameleon? dress

San the first, I am ghost
Of it, I so much boast
Other, the roller coaster
People don't play host

Wandering between two posts
My undressed truth is lost
A leap into the infinite
Inner being is my signpost

C. P. Sharma

Unity In Diversity

Unity in Diversity

Early in the morning
I was out for a walk
Surprisingly, God joined me
As a gust of cool breeze

He whispered to my ears
The secrets of His being
He warmed me up a lil
As the sunlight appeared

Night's hangover was over
Grassy dew drops scattered
Story of His nightly romance
Lawns of the garden uttered

Soon in fresh flowers He smiled
Gave me an aromatic embrace
His splash of soothing colors
My old tired eyes could trace

Revealing His diversity
His unity to me unfold
The ornaments are many
Ultimately all is gold

C. P. Sharma

Universal Unity

Facebook is my poetic pad
Here friends sing songs
happy and sad.
We wander
all over as
nomads.

Remiss of
age and breed
the color and creed
bound to one another
as multi-hued rosary beads.

We are ever free from greed
Love is all that we need
Love is our sole creed
mutual respect seed
every heart for
other's grief
bleeds.

We are
ever on guards
We keep away hatred
more than hundred yards
We are not a house of cards
that by sheer ill-will can fall apart

Our friendship bond is very strong
Universal unity is our theme song

C. P. Sharma

Uplifting Bougainvillea

In front of my desktop

I sat in an indolent mood

All at once in its window

Your Bougainvillea hues

Burst forth the joy in heart

All indolence was gone

And their colorful redolence

Brought freshness of the dawn

Flocks of birds in the sky

Have left their lovely homes

In search of food and drinks

For their babes they roam

The birds fly so high

Coz smog of the earth stifles

Hatred rules the hearts

Somehow love has been rifled

All around in Nature

There is love's free play

In love life sprouts

Its cultivation san love strays

Listening to wind's music

My heart now for you melts

Love the burden of bird's song

Let love all around be felt

*Inspired by Eshita Singh Chahal's post.

C. P. Sharma

Valentine In Pensive Mood

My Valentine is motley fool,
His cap studded with wisdom jewel;
He is seen in dual mood,
It swings between the kind & cruel.

The wise love his cruelty
And in his kindness rejoice,
In both of these they hear
His message in a clear voice.

Today, He has nothing to offer,
Empty are the union coffers.
Borrow a little less from banks,
With plastic cards do not prank.

With the poor share your weal,
Third world with sympathy deal;
Let the poor have two meals,
Slow the self-amassing wheel.

Let some roses to unprivileged go,
Their unhappiness mop & mow,
There find world's pleasure-trove,
Repression & disparity give a blow.

My Valentine is in pensive mood,
Spare some time and on it brood.

C. P. Sharma

Valor For Welfare

Mutual fear births
Prejudices corrupting mind
Debasing beings
Prejudice becomes
Precursor of suspicion
Sprouting violence
Victim of hatred
We erase our own brothers
Self annihilate
Selfish cruelty
The weapon of the weaker
Valor for welfare

C. P. Sharma

Vanity

(A senryu)

Vanity is stag
Mind unhinges and maligns
Sanity it blinds

C. P. Sharma

Vedic Advice - 1

Welcome others with embrace
While departing pray for grace

Be there happiness everywhere
May all be free from pain
May all feel His grace
Our thoughts free of strain
Pray Peace, Peace, Peace

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

Om Sarve Bhavantu Sukhinah
Sarve Santu Nir-Aamayaah |
Sarve Bhadraanni Pashyantu
Maa Kashcid-Duhkha-Bhaag-Bhavet |
Om Shaantih Shaantih Shaantih ||

C. P. Sharma

Vedic Advice - 2

Live and let live, be at peace
Harmony, life's rule master-piece

Let all coexist, in harmony sing
In one accord our mind's setting
As primal Gods unanimity attained
In sharing of the divine offerings

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

?? ?? ?????? ?????? |

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

????????? ?????? ||

sa? ghachadhva? sa? vadadhva?
sa? vo mana?si janatam |
deva bhagha? yatha purve
sa?janana upasate || (Rigveda 10: 191: 2)

C. P. Sharma

Veil Of Ignorance

I am all pervading,
Absolute is my being;
Surrounded by ignorance,
I wander in forms and dreams.

C. P. Sharma

Victims Of A Strange Profile

Victims of a strange profile
Our prince charming within us smiles

We just run from pillar to post
Searching his smile our life is lost

Life becomes a see-saw game
A puppet-show in wooden frame

Unaware, I shatter myself
I hardly know my real self

I am a perfect monolith
Eon slew, we grow as myth

His charms ever tickle to see his smile
But we are victims of a strange profile.

Inspiration: Saba Rahil's pic and post.

C. P. Sharma

War And Peace

The world comes alive
When war and peace kiss
In the absence of noise
The worldly charms miss

Even the god-heads
Coming to the world
Wage war against evil
Victory flags unfurled

Our existence itself
War and peace combine
While the fittest survive
The weak below life-line

In the absence of noise
The worldly charms miss
Somewhere in the middle
The war and peace kiss

C. P. Sharma

Wayward Mind

Many a scripture
I have read
Many a time
I have been stampede
Full many a saint
I have served
But the base passions
I couldn't curb
Passions made even Narada blind
How to tune this wayward mind?

C. P. Sharma

We Are Pawns - A Senryu

Life is a chess game
The player within makes moves
We are just the pawns

C. P. Sharma

We The People

Many a time I pity myself
God sits within me
I know not my strength

He says the world is mine
I am jealous of others
In utter loneliness, I suffer

The whole cosmos is mine
I chose a tiny home
Beyond it, my corpse roams

All that is beautiful
From me flows
In my beauty, I don't glow

I am the ignorant governor
I consider me a slave
Governments cheat for a change

Ages have passed on
This simple Truth
We failed to understand

We are two cats
The monkey sits judge
The cats starve

If we change ourselves
We need no Government
The world would change

Victims of the 'otherness'
We all weep
And slavery reap

C. P. Sharma

What I Need?

What I need?

Two meals a day,

Desiring more and more is Sin!

What I need?

A healthy life.

Desiring without perspiring is Sin!

What I need?

Peace of mind,

Mercurial mind is soaked in Sin! ! !

C. P. Sharma

What Is This Life? *

A walking shadow?
A poor player?
A stage for drama?
Full of strife?
A tale told by an idiot?
Sound and fury signifying nothing?

Full of fails?
Lotus eater?
Penelope's web?
Maya's lab?

Coffee spoons?
Aflatoooons?

Sin against sinning?
A steady revenge?
Unconquerable will?
A nine days fall?

A life on thorns?
Full of mourns?
A dream within a dream?
A bubble on the foam?
A mid-summer madness?
A general drama of pain?

Musical Chairs?
Unmatched pairs?
A split asunder?
A nine days wonder?
A sweet, sweet rose?
Love's music feast?

A perpetual prayer?
A soft sooth-sayer?
A Garden of Eden?
Bliss and happiness?

Eat, drink and be merry?
A creation of brain?
A journey by train?
A living beings' chain?

A soft murmur answers:

Matter is the body,
Energy is the soul;
These two together,
Make it roll.

Stream of consciousness,
Perpetually flows;
Scattering un beholden,
Its multiple hues.

At its bottom,
All's calm and composed;
The tormented surface,
Is deep equipoised.

The joys and sorrows,
Can reconcile;
If we can subdue,
Split ego's profile.

We suffer in body,
Not in soul;
The body decays,
Eternal is the soul.

'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul'*

* Many of the questions about life have been borrowed from the great literary works.

C. P. Sharma

When I Am No More

When I am no more
feel not sad dear ones
After the mortal remains
have been consigned to the funeral fire
find me painted on the flowers
in your backyard garden
as forget-me-not
violet cowslips
and primrose
very close

When sad
I shall delight you
as love bird on a twig
to see you later at a gig
as drum beats to dancing tunes
in the ambience of love around
with fragrant fumes profound
When you feel lonely
always find me
around

* Inspired by Gina Ancheta Agsaulio's poem, 'Paint Me'.

C. P. Sharma

When I Kiss You

When I kiss you,
my whole being is vibrant with the music of
the Alaknanda gushing down the Himalayas
rounding the angularities of my mind
to move in unison with you
passionately eager to mingle
into the oceanic depths of serenity.

When I kiss you,
I feel, I am a butterfly
hopping in joy from flower to flower
coloring my soul in your color
gathering honey from flower cups
softening my soul in your arms
feeling the bliss of eternity.

Note: Alaknanda is a Himalayan river in the state of Uttarakhand, India that is one of the two headstreams of the Ganges, the major river of Northern India and the holy river of Hinduism. The other headstream, Bhagirathi, which is longer, is the source stream.

C. P. Sharma

When We Met

When
First we met
Our eyes crossed
Your inviting eyes
My heart tossed
Winsome your face
Music in your voice
Honey in your words
Heaven's glamour rejoice

At first glance
Your soul I glimpsed
When we conversed
I heard your verse

Fiery red lips moved
Rose petals fell
From your lips
Fragrant honey dripped

Then
First time I heard
Your heart beats for me
I carried you in arms
With a touch warm

Hugs and kisses
Opened the doors
Of heavenly joys
Our life adored

Distances disappeared
Together we dreamt
Our nest we built
Our dream fulfilled

Both of us
Our boat sailed through
Sorrows and joys

Kids our toys

Now

Birdies got wings

Far off they have flown

Life of prayers

Waiting for final shore

C. P. Sharma

When You And I

When You and I
Waylaid in wilderness
And the path is lost! ! !

I shall shower
My love on you
Everyday, in new ways
Love dainties host.
My soul into you
I shall pour.

Each part of body
Will be an island tour
With loving glance
My heart will click
The choicest kisses
In silken shades flick.

On every island
An age will be stake
In each age love's
New flavor and shade
Sometimes as lotus
I shall bloom
Sometimes as
Jacaranda zoom.

Panorama shots
Of love arcades
Flowers and trees
Make cavalcade
In it love's sweet
Fragrance blows
Love birds tweet
Lilting music flows.

From age to age
We shift our stage
We shall bind ever

To new cage
Where pain and hunger
Do not strike
Life unfazed
By price hikes.

C. P. Sharma

Where Is Death? *

Where is death?
There is decadence
It is revival.

Who has tasted death?
Only others raise hue and cry
Paint ghastly and scary!

Life rooted in soul
Its roots never ever dry
New saplings sprout

Sword can't cut
Fire can't ever burn it
It's eternal.

Time tormented
We live under illusions
Ever frightened!

Inspired by Sarada Kuchibhotla; s poem 'Everything under this Sun will die'

C. P. Sharma

White Eternity

O my rosy love
My heart goes out to kiss you
Break monotony

C. P. Sharma

Who Am I?

Part - III)

I am a dew drop,
On lotus petal,
I shine like a gem
In the morning cool,
As the sun climbs
I disappear in the pool.

I am a drop,
I am in a tear,
I trickle down silently
When the life steers,
And the soul smears
In joys and jeers.

I am a drop,
I am in a river,
I am a river,
I am in the ocean,
I am the ocean
Of sweet emotions.

C. P. Sharma

Who Are You?

You come
heart overflowing with love
and merge into me
you self inspire me
as if you are my own
Who are you!
Awesome! ! !
the way you express
When I read you
I want to read
more and more of you
I feel as if it is for me
with perfect submission of
Radha for her Krishana
I feel as if I am he
whom you dedicate
Your recitation
my heart strings vibrates
It dances as a peacock
in torrential out pour of love
You steal my heart
and I search me in you
Who are you! ! !

C. P. Sharma

Why Do We Wear Shoes? *

Someone asked me,
'Why we wear shoes? '

Sensing the trick, I said,
'So that thorns don't prick.'

His ingenious response,
'It's a new weapon found.'

When asked how? He replied,
'Throw on leaders, alarm sound! '

*Light heartedly, needs a serious thought.

C. P. Sharma

Why It Happens To Me Alone? *

Why the flowers fade in a day?
Why the sun sets the same day?
Why the youth fades away so soon?
In all these is Nature's boon.

Why the lotus blooms for a while?
Why beauties after a while beguile?
Everything has its own profile,
Nature gives everything a trial.

Winter is always followed by spring,
Music mixes up low notes and zing;
There is always a monotony in One,
Change and diversity create all fun.

When the sun sets in the East,
It rises in the West,
So that we can have the rest,
And they have the zest.

It was composed in reponse to Abha's poem: 'Oh God, why me?'

C. P. Sharma

Why Shed Blood?

Born of love,
brought up with love;
as trailing clouds of love do
we come on this earth,
to rain peace and harmony
and harvest rich crop of
Harmony and Bliss.
How did we
the hate and violence kiss! ! !
On Mother Earth
an evil eye fell,
seducing Eve, her bosom
with poison swelled.
Disobedience and Selfishness
prompt us to accumulate;
we are now victims of
Violence, Calumny and Hate,
Money on our minds dominates.
O man,
Why have you gone berserk?
Why shed blood in name of Jihad?
Kill the calumny and hate within
Snatch not the others bread
Capture not his shelter
Our religion is mankind,
Accept His fatherhood that unites
Eliminate boundaries that divide,
Overcome the darkness of mind
Let science not be maligned
Make not the weapons of war
Man and Nature empower
Ecological balance maintain
Sanctity of Nature retain
From evil designs abstain
May sanity on us reign
Love and Truth guide our domain
For love and peace we crave
Killing brothers we can't be brave
Fighting we lose whole world

Uniting our fag is furled
In peace and harmony bind.
Enjoy the peace of mind
Let mutual cooperation grow
Let soulful harmony flow
A prosperous world will glow

C. P. Sharma

With God's Grace Groom

We are born with a trance
Of eternal glory's glance.

As a child we play with toys,
Their possession we enjoy.

Puppet bride and puppet groom,
Give us joy in glittering costume.

They never fight, they never fume,
Of life's worries there is no gloom.

When we grow up the toys replace,
Bride and groom are face to face.

New possessions in life we find,
New relations make us blind.

New roles are to us assigned,
This is the fate of all mankind.

We chase them as a mirage,
Later they become our barrage.

Now in life no peace, no joy,
We want to get rid off new toys.

In this game we are consumed,
Ultimately we are led to tomb.

Thus we shuttle between
The womb and the tomb,
Why not be wiser
And with God's Grace groom.

C. P. Sharma

With My Life, I Am At Strife*

Neighbors come
Neighbors go
But life, an epic
It ever flows

The closest self
My best beau
But I hardly
Its line toe

So many years
With it I grow
Seldom my looks
On it I throw

Others hubby
Others wife
Eternal fantasy
Of my life

Ever interested
In neighbor's life
With my life
I am at strife

* Rejoinder to Vanessa Hughes' poem 'A Neighbor's Plight'

C. P. Sharma

Woman

O, woman! you have a multi-myriad hue
With you, people forget their blues

C. P. Sharma

Woman Power

(A Senryu)

Now she rules the roost
Man's morale she ever boosts
Woman is power

C. P. Sharma

Woman, Know You!

Vedas held women in high esteem*;
In equal rights with men they gleamed.

Our women have been mighty and bold;
Never to evil designs had they bowed.

As Goddess of Learning and Power she glowed;
From her the learning and power flowed.

Many a demons life she had claimed
Through ages she uplifted the social frame,

She was free to choose her own man;
But in the Eden fell victim to designs of Satan.

Since then continues her great fall
O woman, Awake! Arise!
Redeem from Satanic designs
Your glories reinstall.

You are the foundation of knowledge
And the Hall mark of true valour
Material and spiritual growth you don
In you lies all the social flavour

C. P. Sharma

Womanhood

Woman, the treasure of mankind
All secrets, God in her confide
Curves and cleavages designed
She can take men for joyride

Minute details delicately made
Soft fine touches God her gave
God to her made accolades
She may be delicate but brave

Soothing balm for man's mind
In anger sets everything afire
Her powers are ever undefined
In fact, she is pneumatic tire

She may be young or old
Gods are powerless on her threshold

C. P. Sharma

Words Build Bridges

The mind itself can't enjoy alone
Clamors to share it with others
Words build the bridges over souls
Paper birds with the message cajole

Eternity, through our minds' prism,
Reflects into Nature its myriad hues
The sunset offsets its glamour glare
From heart the beautiful poetry flows.

Though the paper birds now fly bit slow
Messages are soothing as flakes of snow

*Inspired by Ms. Sandra Fowler's poem 'Paper Birds'.

C. P. Sharma

World Family

Boundless sky innumerable universes
Countless species on them traverse

Some see the ocean in a drop of water
Some across the oceans fly for shelter

All beings in diversity their coexistence seek
Flying birds on earth have bubble and squeak

The roof and crown is the human race
Forgetting their race men enmity trace

In narrow loyalties of boundaries bask
Above it they wear the religious mask

Everywhere, ego drunk men run amuck
In muddy regions and religions stuck

Fatherhood of God men don't accept
The laws of Nature here are not kept

Seven continents are the picnic spots
Sans envy or malice tie not love knot

On them all beings have equal claim
In all beings glows His spiritual flame

Why kill man as Arabs or Jews!! !
Become one, the situation diffuse

Indo-Pak were once one nation
In two nations there are aberrations

Such wrangles the world over are sores
Give up egos, live in love's sweet bower

Let all regions and the religions unite
World be a family with peace and delight

World Wide Web

On World Wide Web
My friends abound
Their immense love
Everyday astounds

Each dawn they
Twitter like love birds
Sing out their hearts
In sonorous words

Some sing of love's
Saddest thoughts
Some hum suckling
Their honey spots

Some vibrate music
With stringed grace
Some play small drums
With treble and bass

Some blow trumpet
Of beauty and grace
Some share dreams
Of kiss and embrace

On some sorrow looms large
Some with happiness surcharge
Some come here in motley mood
Come here as show off dude

Carefree their life enjoy
Pessimists ever sorrow ploy

C. P. Sharma

Worship The Cosmic Power Within

Cosmic bodies in Shiva reside
Cosmic energy (Durga) is His bride
Sans Her, the cosmos is a corpse
Of life everywhere, She is the source

Seeking Her grace I wandered for years
Visiting Her temples to allay my fears
Today, the Mother herself appeared
All my doubts She herself made clear

She exhorted me to awake from dream
Asked me to watch my conscious stream
All the devils within me are ever present
With easily pleased Shiva's grace augment

She silently watches their passions deep
As pride, anger, lust and greed they creep
When alarming dimensions these attain
She comes riding a lion with a mane

Within me, She arises with all Her alarms
Ready to kill Mahishasur with Her firearms
The whole life I consecrated Lord's Lingum
But never purified my conscience, Her kingdom

Navdurgas come every year for nine days
To awaken my conscience, my mind ablaze
Worship the Cosmic Power residing in you
In your mind and heart give Her place due

C. P. Sharma

Worship The Infinite

O, don't give my religion a name
As fanatics with it bring all blame

He incarnated Himself in the cosmos
Whence came from name's Albatross?

Everything here works by default
Satan defames Him and assaults

Stop all holocausts and bloodshed
Don't defame; all over, love spread

Name is an illusion, true is the flame
Program love, no hate in mainframe

All inclusive existence, why exclude
Why as Bakasur, annihilate in delude?

Religion is duty for the good of beings
The UNITY underlying diverse things

C. P. Sharma

Worshipping Mind

Tanka - 2

The worshipping mind,
Sprouts innumerable boons,
Man of sins it prunes,
Body, mind, and heart align,
Feels the blissful soul divine.

C. P. Sharma

You

You are the mirror,
I see my own reflection in you,
Why this intolerance! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

C. P. Sharma

You Amuse

I don't enjoy One mood
So diversity is my food,
Whenever I am confused
You come and amuse.

C. P. Sharma

You Are Divine

You are the divine pens
God ever writes something new
on the sands of time.

The irrelevant is blown away
by the strong winds,
the steadfast love sustains.

He is the Allah, He is the christ,
He is the eternal you,
The universe is Your abode

Of love bonds we are born
Love is the Ultimate of life
Futile is the struggle and strife! ! ! ! !

You are divine
The world is your shrine
Why do you desecrate? ? ? ?
Why don't celebrate? ? ? ?

C. P. Sharma

You Are My Own

You sing my songs
you seem to be my own
you tickle my being
Who are you?
I don't know
I want to know! ! !

You come as a flood of
loving emotions
in its gushing speed
I flow in your stream
that moment I know not
whither are we going! ! !
I lose the sense of
Time and Space

Who are you?
I don't know
I want to know! ! !

In your melodious voice
in praise of my love
you sing my song
like a love bird
in thirst of my love
you hark me
to sip nectar
from your lips
to be one with me

Who are you?
I don't know
I want to know! ! !

I am your choice
your are my voice
the power of your love
your devotion's adoration
and your love's divine touch

turned this stone into 'Lingum'*

Who are you?
I don't know
I want to know! ! !

Sacrificing your royalty
you accepted Mt. Kailash's
struggle and strife
loved my weird form
with band wagon odd

You sing my songs
you seem to be my own
you tickle my being
Who are you?
Now I know
for ages we have known
in different clones
you are my own

*There is a mysterious or indescribable power or 'Shakti' in the Linga, to induce concentration of the mind, and helps focus one's attention. That is why the ancient sages and seers of India prescribed Linga to be installed in the temples of Lord Shiva. For a sincere devotee, the Linga is not merely a block of stone. It is all-radiant - talks to him, raises him above body-consciousness, and helps to communicate with the Lord. Lord Rama worshiped the Shiva Linga at Rameshwaram. Ravana, the learned scholar, worshiped the golden Linga for its mystical powers.

C. P. Sharma

You Are My Paramour

The truth is that I love you
You are my veritable beau

Your lips to the flute are ever glued
I kiss your ambrosia to it strewed

I am hollow, you vibrant my being
Through me your sweet melody springs

Carried away by your beauty and scent
To your rapturous vales I often went

Your awesome paintings me allure
You are my eternal paramour

C. P. Sharma

You Are The Time

I wonder when
my friends wish:
Good morning
Good noon
Good evening, and
Good night
I am an eternal flow
I AM THE TIME
I don't know
whether you do or don't
but with you, I always rhyme
Merging into me
As bells and gongs chime

I never tire
I never retire
I am ever flowing
Wheel of fire
Become me
Not the friar
You are the living
ageless lyre

For Jaleshwer Jeanwall

C. P. Sharma

Your Breath

Your Breath

I am the flute, when your breath flows through my hollow being, the enrapturing melodies fill the skies and fragrant the air.

C. P. Sharma

Your Choice

The Lord is with us
He is democratic
He dictates not
Gives options
We choose
Karmic rule
Sets in
Determines goal line
Pine or outshine

C. P. Sharma

Your Love Is With You

You peeped not into my eyes
Dipped not into my soul
Your heart touched the surface
Deflected from the goal

I am ever unfettered
You made me prisoner of eyes
I wander everywhere
Your dream to stale images ties

Your desires blinded you
Your vision narrowed down
The broken mirror of mind
Seeing multiple images, frowns

Had you been deep in love
You would have found
I am ever in your company
But you to frozen image bound

Ice melts in the warmth of love
In valleys the daffodils glow
In Nature's beauty, I am found
In fragrant freshness, I am around

Paint not your love in gloom
In my company you ever bloom
(c) Chandra Prakash Sharma

* Inspiration: Seema Devi's 'Love Poems'

C. P. Sharma

Yourself Explore

Yourself Explore

Body, the chariot
Mind, its horse
Desires whip it
They passions endorse

Hold fast its reins
Let the conscience direct
Calm down the turbulence
Let soul balance

Regain the lost glory
The victory restore
The divine is within
Yourself explore

C. P. Sharma

Zindagi

ek aseem dariya
pal pal wahinda rahnda
is wich chhoti chhoti machchhiyan
ate vishal kaay magarmachh wi
is wich sapp wi te mermaid wi
inha da jeevan sandesh suno
shikayar shikwa di than
muskura ke jio
iho hi jeevan
jee bhar jeeo

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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Pic courtesy: Bobita Saikia

C. P. Sharma

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Prem Pallav

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jab jayenge yahan se tumhara saath chhod ke
milenge hum zarur fir se kisi mod pe
to jee rahe honge phoolon ki bahaar odh ke
jab mulakaat hogi
to fir se baat hogi
fir se pyar ki nai
ek shuruwat hogi
fir se sang sang jeene marne ki kasam khayenge
fir se prem bagiche konav gandh se mahkayenge
preet ki reet ka na koi adi ant hai
prem na mare kabhi, prem sarita anant hai

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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*Gurneer Sahni ji ? ???? ??????? ??????? ? ???? ?

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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muphlisi me hale dil ka likha tha jo hum ne kalaam
lo vo to yon kahna lage, ise padh ne ka kya doge hume?

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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Pic courtesy: Bobita Saikia

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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Lagata hai

Lagata hai

Panchmahabhutaakriti ke vighatan ka

Wakt aa raha hai.

Phir se

Prithvi

Jal

Vaayu

Akaash

Agni tatvon men

Vilay ka wakt aa raha hai.

Is
Bhootaakriti ka
Garoor jaa raha hai.

Phir se
Shivatva prapti ka
Suroor chhaa raha hai,

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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Sant aur Basant
Trigunatmakta me
aadi, madhya aur ant hai
jo jahan jee le
wahin basant hai
jo in se uper uth jaye
wahi darasal sant hai.

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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subhaanallah

inshallah teri mai kaise tareef karun! ! !
tune insaan ko jashan ke liye
kya kuchh n diya
dil baahlane ko
dariyah, jungal,
maidan diye
phul, patte,
mausam
me rang
bhare

har
khushi di
aafat diya
mahakti hawa di
khula aasmaan diya
chaand sitaare bhi diye
zannat ke sab nazare diye

Insaan ne tujhe kya diya
teri banai duniya ka
tiraskaar kiya
sab kuchh
ujaad
diya

jangalon ko
kankreet ki unchi
imaaraton me tabdeel kiya
mahakti hawaon me zahar bhara
ganga, yamuna ke pani ko napak kiya
tera sab kuchh loota khasuta, aur vyapar kiya

tujhe har tarah se jakhm diye
insaan ko bhi nahi baksha

tere naam pe insaaniiyat
ko bhi nakara, insaan
ab hai be sahara
bechaara

phir bhi tu hai
meharban
subhaanallah! ! !

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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kadaun mitegi eh bhukh?

pet di bhukh tan sabh nu hondi hai
pashuan nu vi sataundi hai

par unah di bhukh di
ek seema hai
pet bharan taun
uh vi tik baith jugali
karde ne, dusriyan di
khurali vich muh marde ni phirde

duje pase manukh hai
usda pet hi ni bharda
usdian ichchhawan da koi ant ni
dusariyan di khurli wich muh maran to hatda hi ni
bina lod vi navian lod dhundh lainda hai
saathian te hor jeevan di koi prawah ni
amir sabh da hissahadap lende ne
garib lai kujh chhad de hi ni! ! !

ladai da maidan ban gai e dunia
amir te gareeb wich ladai
garib di bhukh nal ladai
saiyan beet gaiyan
amiran di bhukh
aje teek ni
miti

ishtiharan ne tan
agg wich ghiu pa dita hai
bhukh nu bhadakaun da kam kita hai
kithe lai jaugi e amiri di bhukh?
kadaun sunega e manukh
Guru Gobind Singh ji nu
nam japo, kirat karo, wand chhako

This is for Nargis Tabassum who found it difficult to read Punjabi script.

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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?? - Delhi Poetry Festival ? '?? ???? ?' ? ? ? ? ? - ? ? ? ? ?

C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma

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C. P. Sharma