

Poetry Series

Dr. Ram Mehta
- poems -

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Dr. Ram Mehta(September 30,1935)

(niklal) Mehta, born in Dwarka, had been a professor and Head, Department of English, College, nagar, Gujarat India. After his retirement in 1994, his time splits between India and North visited France on a cultural mission in 1989 and presented a scene of Moliere's La tartuffe in Paris. He also visited UK, Scotland and Ireland. He is a life member of the World Academy of Arts & Culture and attended its convention at IASI, Romania in October,2002. He also attended 4th Encuentro Internacional Literario at Montevideo, Uruguay in April,2003.

He has been published internationally in Australia, Argentina, Canada, India, Ireland, Italy, New Zealand, Romania, Turkey, USA, UK, Zambia and uruguay.

The World Academy of Arts and Culture honoured him with the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature on 10th of August at Los Angeles, Ca for his contribution to the World Poetry.

A Celestial Rendezvous - Free Verse

We are second to Neanderthals to see
The rendezvous of Earth and Mars
Celestial bodies had a date for
Rendezvous on August 27,2003
Though a long way from Earth standards,
But a short distance by the solar system.
Mars is a god of farmland and fertility
That is why the earth is made
Fertile in so many ways.
Earth is relatively young and green,
Mars, a bearded grown man.
A young girl in love with an old man
Age matters the least to be in love
Keeping up the traditions old & new?

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Church By The Ocean - (Quantain)

Watch the low green hills of Windsor
The low sky silver grey
One ashen light and no other color
On tower and one lonely tree sway
I stand there, a little church with no cathedral to display.

But there is HE that woke the sleepless love
With more than mortal tears
And there is grave that has been wept above
Sleeping through many years
Hear the Channel sweep and waves sound off

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Cowboy - Free Verse

Hey, you all new cowboy brides
Listen, what my cowboy is.....
There are no Pizza Huts nearby
So got to cook in great quantities.
Keep in mind what a cowboy wants
Greasy basic foods, pinto beans, potatoes
Beef and homemade bread and
A little bit extra if you know how to make
Cobblers and chocolate cakes for sweet tooth.

You, know he has no steady home
Got to do with 5 by 15 horse trailer.
As there are no perfect cowboy jobs
Don't be surprised if in a new ranch
It is your third house in one year.
When he returns home listen to his tales
Of every drive, every bronco ride
And every spree he has undergone.
If you are tired of this moving life
And he doesn't show signs of settling down
Buy heavy and costly furniture and
A piano or a cabinet and of course
Have a couple of kids to weigh him down.

Take care that his horse never stumbles
Spurs never rust, guts never grumble
Cinch never bust, crops never fail
Boots never pinch and stays out of jail!

I prefer the company of cowboys
Because they have not been educated
Sufficiently to reason incorrectly.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Cyber Shepherd To His Beloved - A Sonnet

Come with me, at leisure,
And let us surf on the Internet.
Like Faustus we shall share pleasure,
Of those websites, , .

We shall log in to desired chat room,
To know how cyber shepherds talk,
ICQ, messengers will help us roam,
To every nook and corner to stalk.

We shall hear the choicest songs,
And shall create our own utopia,
We shall have our own web sites,
And shall ever never face distopia.

If these delights make you move,
Come to me soon and be my love.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Diamond In The Rough - Rhyme

A diamond is born when the rock is unearthed
A child is born when a mother gives birth
Unclear and jagged, it is what already is.
Handle delicately and finely crafted with ease.

Begins to take shape, not transformed on its own
But at the hands of someone who is its owner.
When it's done, it shines for the world to see
Once, just a reason, now it is already real to glee.

It took the one that believed firmly in it, to capitulate
To polish it and show it what was all along in fate
As I believe in you, I know you've what is tough
One day, will shine brighter, a diamond in the rough.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Don Quixote And A Sancho Panza

A Don Quixote and a Sancho Panza

Tough time - the economic crisis for a short period
Sometimes for the five members there'll be few bread.

Mother would declare she'd already her share of bread
"I was soo..... hungry, I had mine" she would add.

Dad, sacrificing his life for my higher education
Worked in a rustic village and living in seclusion.

Scene changed with newly built house quite pleasing
With my name plate 'Dr. Ram Mehta, Litt.D' hanging.

Scene changed with those sacrifices in matured years
Acting Moliere in France, in U.K. visit to bards' houses.

Attending the poetry conferences in three continents
Retired life with kids in USA and India, both democracies.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Drink Tradition

Once Mac ordered for three pints of Guinness
Finishing them, asked for three more Guinness
Barman said, "Drink it cold
I would surely uphold
As you get low, would bring fresh cold Guinness".

Mac said, "See, my one brother's in Scotland"
And the second brother is in Ireland
We made a firm vow to drink
Together with no oink
Right now each one is holding stout in hand.

Mac kept on to visit the bar each week
Gave order for two drinks only one week
The barman was surprised
Asked if one brother died
Mac said, "Both're fine, I quit drink so to speak".

Dr. Ram Mehta

A First Stolen Date - Free Verse

It was a stolen date on a late winter evening
Placing rosy dots on her cheek with a hug
A secret told to the senses instead to ears
Then found the right place for the kisses,
Kisses stamped one after the other like tears.
The real ones that I could not hold them back.
There were brief, swift and before were done
The floodgates open for everything else
Starting with a comma then a question mark
Followed by an exclamation point learning
The basic spelling that all lovers should know.
I began the kiss and she begged more at the end.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Garden Party - A Sonnet

What a pity flowers can utter no sound
A singing rose, a whispering violet around
What a rare miracle would it be if unbound!
And the rarest when my Iris comes around
Not alone but rounded by irises with scent
Of her all pervading round the table laid
Can behold her all-enriched face decent
You are my genus Iris, sharp-shaped maid
Showy colored displaying the rainbow color
Your mesmerizing eyes, green and deepened
Deeper than the depth like those stilled waters
Those eyes felt at break of the day enlivened.
Iris, welcome to the party with heart full of love
Let me feel your gentleness of a dove.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Kiss

If you touch a thing often, it will shine
And things live with love, gets a new life
If you touch them every day.
Yoga combines both physical
And spiritual touch
Giving a new life
To catharsis
Of body,
Mind and
Self.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Lady With Several Passports - Quantain

I met a woman from Charlotte, North Carolina
After attending a literary conference in Uruguay
She claimed that she had passports muchas
Born to a British mother now live in Uruguay
Married to man of State Department Americana.

Changing the aircraft at Buenos Aries Airport
She talking, I listening, standing in a queue.
For the check-in I handed over my passport
The inspector inquired of me, looking into
Is she with you, sir? Where is her passport?

I simply looked at him with casual attention
Till day I don't know which passport she used
Now that we were at the boarding gate in a line
As to why the inspector wanted hers she asked
I replied her because I have Passport Indian.

Wished to offer one more passport, couldn't tune
But if ever she, by chance, in Charlotte she meets
As I have now settled down in her home town
And our ships destined to have favorable winds,
What I couldn't say, have a mind to say it soon.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Little Church By The Ocean (Quantain

There is either obedience
or the church will burn like Hell is burning' - Arthur Miller

The long waves of the ocean beat
Below the minster grey,
Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,
And knees of them that pray.
how twain were one I remember today

Watch the low green hills of Windsor
The low sky silver grey
One ashen light and no other color
On tower and one lonely tree sway
I stand there, a little church with no cathedral to display.

But there is HE that woke the sleepless love
With more than mortal tears
And there is grave that has been wept above
Sleeping through many years
Hear the Channel sweep and waves sound off

I am not a great cathedral stuffed with works of art
With statues carved of saints, cherubims and martyrs
But a simple edifice built to honor God with pure heart
Far from the splendor and squalor of cities' interiors
And do not worry if brief days grow briefer.

I do not have preachers clad in crested, flowing robes
No lofty stained glass windows to draw men' praise
Or the sounds of mighty organs as I'm a technophobe
To lift their voices of Jesus' love, people come some days
I stand just for sinners washed in Jesus' blood to catholicize

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Match Box - A Free Verse

We are all born with a match box inside our body
We need oxygen and a candle to light it to accomplice
The oxygen has to come from a lover's breathe.
Candle can be anything- a melody, a word, a caress.

Anything that pulls trigger and sets off a matchstick
Every person has to discover who will pull the trigger?
It is that very explosive flare that feed our souls.
What happens if there is nothing to trigger explosion? .

Our match boxes become damp enabling us to live.
Then we will never be able to light any of matchsticks.
But there are ways and ways to try damp match box
Light matches one at a time to see the path we forgot.

Desires, achievements and various honors we earn
Are like matchsticks leading us the next stage on
By lighting our path to settle down in corporate life
Here's the crux; after combustion they lose value.

No one keeps used matchsticks, but there's a way
Hey, hey, if the flame goes off, light another one.
There're safety matches, friction and noiseless one
Needing suitable surface or specially prepared surface.

Well, an unstruck match won't show up in pitch dark
Unless lighted up with external source with a surface.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Mermaid And Three Fishermen - Retourne Form

A mermaid met three fisherman
She was pleased to offer a wish
The wish differed considerably
Not happy for wishes granted.

She was pleased to offer a wish
To the first fisherman in line
He asked to double his I.Q
Started quoting Keats with surprise.

Wish differed considerably
Of the second fisherman when
He asked to triple his I.Q.
Started predicting tsunami.

Not happy for the wishes granted
The third fisherman thought deeply
Asked to quadruple his I.Q.
Turned into a woman by her.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A New Drug Device

A new Drug Device
A wife in tough labor pain was advised
By a doctor to try new drug device
To shift pain, a quarter
To the child's father
Husband consenting, she took the pill thrice.

The husband didn't feel pain even then
She felt some pain, the fourth pill remained
Husband gave her the last pill
To take away all the ills
She did and both were feeling great then.

They passed a few hours with great joy
The wife gave birth to a baby boy
Next day they came home
And saw a sight awesome
On the doorstep they found the paperboy.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Picture Of A Sub-Division

My sub-division is called the place of old people
There're no young people in their formative age
With no kids but only single mom or dad in ample
Known as the place of aged people of suffrage.

There're no young people in their formative age
To regenerate returning to their homes in picture
Known as the place of aged people of suffrage
With no ambitions of the present or the future.

To regenerate returning to their homes in picture
No grown-ups with fervent hope and ambition
With no ambitions of the present or the future
But it's place with self-obsessed bohemian.

No grown-ups with fervent hope and ambition
Bothering no more for diapers no happy mother
But it is the place with self-obsessed bohemian.
To take children around to play no happy father.

Bothering no more for diapers no happy mother
With no kids but only single mom or dad ample
To take children around to play no happy father.
My sub-division is called a place of old people.

Rhyme Scheme: ABCD, BEDF, EGFH, GIHJ, ICJA.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Poet's Dilemma

I
was
working
on proof of
one of my poems
one morning, took out a comma
but In the afternoon I added it back again.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Poet's Flight Of Freedom

To fly free is what a poet wants to do
It's possible that it is different
Probably not to the taste of a few
Quite different and many may dissent.
But the poet should continue his ascent.
But the battle should be won by the poet
People may expect this road to arrive at
But his guts and his muse find his own road
Flight is freedom in its pure form to poets
May dance with clouds and storm, it is his mode

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Poet's Obituary - A Tetractys

Death
Per chance
Comes to me
At anytime
Put pen in hand to write verse to soothe soul.

Verse controls my rage to unleash the beast
To release pain
From my veins
I must
Write.

Don't
Forget
Tobacco
To cheer me up
And write The Roaming Poet on my grave.

Dr. Ram Mehta

A Quest Of Love

A Quest of Love - A Petrarchan Sonnet

She was the apple of her father's eyes
Both of them lived in an illegal hovel
Her mother left to marry someone else
Jobless father accepts risky tasks all.
Take tasks often dangerous and not cool
To keep his daughter well fed and clothed.
And then a time comes to send her to school
By a better school she was admitted.

But the child welfare workers interfere
Remove from his care sends to foster home
Can live with mother, legal guardian
None of them can live without each other
Desperate, did all to get her back home
What a quest of selfless love for loved one.

~~~~~`

Rhyme Scheme: abbaabba cdecde (iambic Pentameter)

Dr. Ram Mehta

# A Red Rose

A Red Rose

At dawn I asked a rose bud, "What is the meaning of life?"

Replied red rose opening up slowly with nothing in it

"Earthly I am, always look up and never look down.

Faint and loveliest though soonest will pass away".

"Raised I am with thorns and thorns with me

Offer my beauty to those who respect the thorn".

Said I, "Suppose I pluck you and crush your petals"

"Eradicate me to radiate fragrance, life's aim fulfilled" It replied.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## A Reverie - A Sonnet

Is there any one out there anywhere?  
To help to get rid of this tiring sex?  
Why the pure love with it we mix ever  
Is that not heavenly adulterous act perhaps?

Alas! The death is attached with birth,  
Attached with jealousy is the desire,  
Unhealthy rivalry with success and mirth,  
My God what hidden strings there are!

Things that smell sweet are tasteless,  
Things that stink give good taste chasteless!  
But there is a great ray of hope nevertheless,  
That failure is sweeter of all things hopeless.

Why dark, stinking, hairy part is alluring?  
If proven otherwise I will quit scribing.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# A Sanctuary - Safe And Strong

A Sanctuary-safe and strong

People don't have to migrate to be citizens to this palace,

Over here life burning well CREATIVITY is the ash

Even the poorest gets the best sanctuary

The status not INEVITABLE here in this heaven

Rare INFUSION of mind and heart, not an ILLUSION

Yearning to write and to be read with pleasure

Poets, writers, commoners, dreamers old and young

An African-Asian-European-Australian-American all

Lands are free, homes are beaming with activities

A problem of racism unknown, prejudice, malice dead

Come all sane, insane, to record the best or the worst

EVENTUALLY let the Goddess of the poetry soothe our hearts.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# A Song Of Life - A Sonnet

My life became a song and dance,  
When Iris spoke in her musical tone,  
When I first saw her in her stance  
My life reached a decisive milestone.

My life got an important bookmark,  
When the message came from Denmark.  
My life will become the rainbow arc,  
When Iris will come into my park.

I long for Iris in my garden of bliss,  
Feeling her in my touch to every flower,  
The soil is there, here is the seed,  
What needs be is a single shower.

Sun, moon and stars in her wet hair,  
With a kiss make me mortal & fair.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# A Squirrel - A Tyburn

Whisky

Frisky

Whirly

Twirly

In my backyard whisks frisks on a tree

What a tall tail, whirling twirling free.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## A Summer Night - Sapphic Stanza

That night like a widow moon was in sorrow  
Under dark clouds but was ready to get out  
Then veiled in transparent cloud, ready to throw  
Widowhood garments.

Night like hunter was on her fast speeding steed  
Mane of long cloud fluttered in swashing zephyr  
The stars looked like forever timeless street lights  
Snubbing it men sleep.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# A Summer Waves A Good-Bye

A summer waves a good-bye

Silent fallen leaf is nothing more than  
Ending summer's waving good bye  
Purple, yellow, russet and brown leaves  
Tumbling down and swept in a heap  
Exhausted trees are ready to sleep on  
Multicolored, rich and rare carpet lay  
Blowing soft wind singing the carols  
Even the spring beauty no such grace as  
Resting one autumnal face I have seen.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# A Symbol Of True Love - A Tetractys

Blue  
roses  
don't exist  
though the science trying  
To change the DNA of roses to create blue.  
I wait for that joyous day for rose world  
till then make do  
with white rose  
dyeing it  
blue.  
The  
one who  
find blue rose  
stands for true love  
The legend tells us, will become the king

Dr. Ram Mehta

# A Teacher's Bag Of Tricks

A Teachers Bag of Tricks

Carried three faces  
When I went to take a class  
As a lecturer.  
If noticed sedate faces  
Would take out humorous one.

Stimulating thus  
Would take out the second face  
That of packed-wisdom  
Pouring in the opened minds  
Third face for confirming it.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# A World Of Nature - A Villanelle

A woodland path in the dappled sun hushed and finite  
Look at the wonders of nature that are in front of you  
But woods are dim and dour, so be careful to walk right.

Under the pleasing canopy of the trees, the sunlight  
Filters through the leaves in different colors and hues  
A woodland path in the dappled sun hushed and finite.

Everything may seem tranquil, peaceful and all right  
Bees, snakes, toads, bears the day timers are blue  
But woods are dim and dour, so be careful to walk right.

Raccoons, foxes most active are working shifts at night  
And sleeping during the day though there are quite a few  
A woodland path in the dappled sun hushed and finite.

There are things dangerous that sting, scratch and bite  
Beware before you touch poisonous ivy and nettles too  
But woods are dim and dour, so be careful to walk right.

Remember woods are not as your back yard home delight  
Walk on the carved paths, feel harmony with nature to view  
A woodland path in the dappled sun hushed and finite  
But woods are dim and dour, so be careful to walk right.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Alchemy Love Gods - A Sonnet

First and foremost stands in the hierarchy,  
Testosterone that regulates sexual desire.  
Phenyl ethylamine makes a person catchy,  
Its effect is time-bound but not entire.

A love interest is signaled by Dopamine,  
Your attention on the person is alright.  
Your blood is set racing by Norepinephrine,  
And prompts you for action 'fight or flight'.

The control of moods goes with Serotonin,  
And violent behaviour is almost set light.  
Released at the moment of orgasm Oxytocin,  
Influences bonding between the two alright.

So many gods and so many paths that wind,  
If you don't mind call me in case you find.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Allergic Reaction To Happiness

Exploding coffee machines makes me mad  
Annoyed when neighbour's dog barks in the shed  
The young couple making love with thumping sound  
Rattling like animals, irritates me around  
Margheritta with an egg yolk makes me wild  
When my billionaire aunt died, windfall I had.  
Good happens, the troubles start indeed  
Moving to a house from flat of one-bed  
Of this overdose of happiness, I am overfed.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Allergic Reaction To Happiness (Groom)

Exploding coffee machines makes me mad  
Annoyed when neighbour's dog barks in the shed  
The young couple making love with thumping sound  
Rattling like animals, irritates me around  
Margheritta with an egg yolk makes me wild  
When my billionaire aunt died, windfall I had  
Good happens, the troubles start indeed  
Moving to a house from flat of one-bed  
Of this overdose of happiness, I am overfed.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Almond Cake

Coconut milk custard powder  
One cup each mix well  
Heat in pan adding butter  
Stir adding almond  
Add strawberry mixture  
Till gets thick.  
Cake.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Amore Mio - (Iambic Pentameter)

I am sitting in my Dorchester lair,  
And behind the door I do feel your mien,  
When my poetic muse is in the air,  
You look real as life to me, "Amore Mio";.

When I am surfing on the internet,  
You are there in my click I envisage,  
I initiate to scribe a sonnet,  
And lo! I see you embossed on the page.

Sighing, wry face, the lips as a dried leaf,  
Your greenish deep eyes upraised fully,  
Neither death kills me, nor does lonely life,  
But your silence eats my soul and body.

Numb as a disease, I die of a thought,  
My love, don't you sense the same as I aught?

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Amorous Ameer - Rhyme

Steamy sultry summer night stirring thick air  
Sweet honeysuckle scent spreads everywhere  
It is moonlit night and I sit on the shore alone  
Think about many a loves that have come and gone.

But only one image returns on this cool night  
Amorous \*Ameer came to me as virgin fresh that night  
I laid my head on her heaving breasts.  
On her curvaceous waist were my hands.

Surely not to be missed, her lips were near  
Night thro' we made love without fear.  
Between the dusk of September 30 night  
We caught at a mood as it passed in flight.

And what with the dawn of night began  
With the dusk of day was done;  
For that is the way of woman and man,  
When a hazard has made them one.

Till the early dawn of October first day,  
We succeeded to bade it stoop and stay.  
Goodbye sweat, sting and wavy air  
Goodbye hot love and steamy night fair..

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Amy Glint

Amy Glint

Phone call to Amy Glint  
On her verse book in print  
But seemed to be in great pain.

Calls self a Lamb of God  
In grief by the death of dog  
Couldn't greet her being in bane.

Words turned, dog replaced god  
Saved her life, died the dog  
That's all about her humane.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# An Elegy On A Mattress Maker

By trade he was a mattress maker,  
Living with parents and two toddlers.  
With debris under the rickety shelter,  
The toddlers lay motionless covers with flies.  
The third did not see the light of the day,  
Journey made from mother's womb  
To that of the earth,  
Amalgamating from dust to dust,  
As his wife eight months pregnant  
Died when the house collapsed.

Standing now on the roadside,  
People throwing food at him from trucks,  
The mattress maker without a mattress!  
Brooding over the rigmarole of the politicians,  
Remembering armed gangs with choppers,  
Cutting the fingers of the dead for a gold ring.

Feeling the tremors and shocks of the quake,  
Cries, cracks, quacks fresh in his mind still.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# An Elegy On Fake Heroes

Today is the day, the final deadline for Saddam,  
Be prepared like cattle for slaughter,  
To cause more pains they have more planes,  
To send clouds of grey smokes in the sky.  
If they can do this to their own people,  
What will they do to people far from home?  
They can only lead a Kurdish woman,  
To sell her body to feed her own two kids.

One candidate for heroism lampooned as a clown,  
The other, waging bloody wars, seeks the crown,  
The third, no doubt, is a salesman of used things.  
Are they the heroes larger-than-life images?  
Is there a hero willing to die for a cause?  
Is heroism the good will to self-destruction?  
Is there heroism in crime as well as in virtue?  
The poetry of heroism appeals irresistibly  
To those who don't go to a war  
And even more to those  
Whom the war is making enormously wealthy.

Undoubtedly it is about oil surely  
Who created Saddam becomes a Saddam? .

Dr. Ram Mehta

# An Elegy To A Family House

Why should I remain a family house  
If I am dilapidated, shattered and tattered  
In this summer of old age.

Why should I remain a family house  
If the house garden bears a barren look  
Tearing away its leaves and flowers.

Why should I remain a family house  
If the birds do not build their nests  
Migrating to some other places.

Why should I remain a family house  
If I don't have to wait for birds' return  
In the lonely colourless evenings.

Why should I remain a family house,  
If the inhabitants are in the outhouses  
Dangling like a jaundiced curtains.

Why should I remain a family house.  
If I am not cheered by the chirping  
And joyful songs of my little birds.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# An Emotion In Motion - A Triplet

She stands vulnerable, confident and excited  
Delicate hands, arms deliberately sided  
A soft etching to art and beauty enlivened and lusted.

My love for her is quite stormy  
Like dark drifting clouds of agony  
As her windswept hair lashes my effrontery.

The water falls from the eyes crazy  
And blinds me to her beauty  
Dragged down by a heart heavy.

The heart in a sad sea of terrible tears  
It makes my conscience shivers  
And finally disappears

Dr. Ram Mehta

# An Hour-Glass Mom

I do not like wearing

oversized clothes,  
I am a modern mom of  
21st century. I would like  
To be one of the hour  
glass moms.  
I would hit  
The gym to  
shed of soft

fats that I may put on during my  
pregnancy. I do not like wearing oversized  
clothes. Never depend upon the household  
chores to eat the foods I would rather be choosy.  
I would like to be one of the hour glass moms.

If I happen to be one of the caesareans, will hit  
the gym to heal the stitches safely. I do  
not like wearing oversized clothes.

For a svelte figure I would do all  
all the things, despite having a hectic  
job I would like to be one of the hour  
hour glass moms I would get back to  
socialite evenings and feel great getting  
into my old clothes. I do not  
wearing my oversized clothes  
I would rather be one  
of the hour glass moms.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Anath, The Warrior Goddess

I am Anath, the warrior goddess  
With rippling sand and sinuating curves  
Not a lady, but a woman lawless  
No merciful but set to test your nerves  
My lips are dry, can't cry so always starve  
If ready, I bloom in the dark of night  
Come into me at sunset without fright  
Stand with me and feel my serenity  
Look out with me, feel how my depth incite  
Will show secret spots of eternity.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Aphrodite

Aphrodite

The goddess of love, beauty and sexual rapture,  
Born out of the churning and foaming of  
Severed genitals thrown into the ocean  
Her beauty irresistible, joyous and glamorous  
Was a concern of worry to her father Zeus,  
Who married her off to sooty Hephaestus.  
She loved and was loved by gods and mortals.  
Adonis being the most famous of all.

With her charms Aphrodite still lives on,  
Father Zeus no more worried about her.  
Gods have retired from the earth as they  
Are no longer interested in earthly beauty.  
Adonis is available for the asking,  
Sex - still the only method of worship.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Aphrodite - A Sonnet

The goddess of love, beauty and sexual rapture,  
Born out of the churning and foaming of  
Severed genitals thrown into the ocean  
Her beauty irresistible, joyous and glamorous  
Was a concern of worry to her father Zeus,  
Who married her off to sooty Hephaestus.  
She loved and was loved by gods and mortals.  
Adonis being the most famous of all.

With her charms Aphrodite still lives on,  
Father Zeus no more worried about her.  
Gods have retired from the earth as they  
Are no longer interested in earthly beauty.  
Adonis is available for the asking,  
Sex - still the only method of worship.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Apology - Swap Quatrain

To me, verbal apology is only egotism wrong side out  
The right sort of people don't want apologies to claim  
Mean advantage to blame is taken by the wrong sort  
Verbal apology is only egotism wrong side out, to me.

Crucify none, between regret for past and fear for future  
If realize you have made mistake, make amends soon  
It is easier to eat crow while it is still warm to be sure  
Between regret for past and fear for future, crucify none.

A sad truth I've found, while journeying east and west  
The only folk we really wound, are those we are fond  
Flatter those scarcely know, please the fleeting guest  
While journeying east and west, a sad truth I've found.

Stiff apology a second insult, injured needing no return  
And it is not up to you if the injured will accept it or not.  
As he is wronged, wants to be healed, hurt with a turn.  
Injured needing no return, stiff apology a second insult.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Art And Ownership

People buy art pictures  
They have a notion  
That they are owners  
But pictures own them.

They will outlive  
Or outlast them  
You are only  
Custodians.

You purchase  
Pyramid  
Art will live.

And You...  
Pharaohs:

Dead.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Art Of Music

Music

Voices expire

Vibrations live in

Our pleasantest memories to

Enjoy

Music

Soul language

Shorthand of emotion

Serene, sacred, sexy living

blissful

Painter

Paints pictures

canvasses with brushes

On silence many musicians

Paint

Dr. Ram Mehta

## As I Wandered On The Lake - Free Verse

The park behind our house recently redone  
And a Great Blue Heron has discovered fish  
I saw the heron standing in tattered wings  
Like my tattered skirt and tattered grass  
What scissors have cut them all?  
A graceful neck, curved at rest  
Ready to catch and strike when hungry  
Strolling around the pull to snatch a fish  
And sup on the fine supply.  
Oh, what riches, thinks the Heron  
All to myself, a delectable dinner  
Among the tall grass, a stop to dine.

Oh, Heron, teach me to stand alone  
Without hunchback's coat on one feet  
Show me how to bend my legs  
Teach me how to swallow without chewing  
Show me how to puff down into a secret  
So that only those who know me can find me.  
Teach me how to open wings of six feet span  
Unexpected and perfect, a crone in the sky.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Asian Marriage Tradition - A Sijo

Look out there! Newlywed bride steps out softly from wedding coach.  
Tradition expects the bride to step on lid on the huge pot.  
Would she do? Before entering in her own home to-be then.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Autumn

Autumn

'Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower'

Autumn arrives and trees are brown  
Up comes the wind, leaves tumbling down  
They do not make the slightest sound  
Upon the ground they formed a tapestry of colors  
Merrily furling and swirling as the wind comes puffing by  
No seasons has such beauty as this autumnal face.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Autumn A Second Spring Every Leaf A Flower - A Tanka

Autumn wind running  
It does some magical things  
Twisting and turning  
It gives shadows dancing shoes  
Provides the bright leaves the wings

No spring nor summer  
Hath such grace and beauty seen  
In autumnal face  
Fallen leaf is nothing more  
Than a summer's wave good bye

Leaves come tumbling down  
Scarlet, yellow, russet, brown  
Garden swept in heap  
Making soft comfortable bed  
The trees are ready for sleep.

Carpet, rich and rare  
Content for the work well done  
Gleaming in the sun  
All the trees stand stark and bare  
Wait, like children, for the snow

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Autumn Air

As I walked along the edge of the lake  
And was treated to the soft crunch  
And rustle of leaves with each step  
Acoustics of this season  
Are all different  
And all sounds hushed  
As crisp as  
Autumn  
Air.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Be In Your Elements - Rhyme Royal

Find pleasure in the way less woods  
The trodden ways offer no treasure  
No beau monde exits to intrude  
On the lonely shore find rapture  
Music in roar of sea capture  
Love nature in its elements  
To be loved, be in elements.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Beach Blanket Bingo

Beach Blanket Bingo

Beach I remember of getting wind in my hair  
Eyes were full of tears of joy and not grief  
And to stand on the sand and simply to stare  
Clothes dampening while playing "run away"  
Hear the wavelets at play tickling our toes.

Be seated on the beach with feet in the sand  
Listen to ocean's song to clear the mind  
And watching the crimson sunset at the same time  
Not to bother for any cares, watching God's bounties.  
Kept roaming on the beach to find colored shells  
Eavesdropping to hear the ocean's deep roar  
The tired mind to be refreshed smelling the salt.

Behold the beach! Here I have found peace  
I have found love too, here, here and here  
Nowhere but on grains of sand that blankets  
Graciously and gorgeously offering a bed of comfort.  
Oh, the freedom to run, fall, hold, cuddle and coil.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Beauty, Desire And Aging - A Sedoka

a cuban beauty  
excite her aging teacher  
seduced and possessed by him  
loved her breasts the most  
\*goya's maja desnuda  
blocked by beauty barrier

5/7/7/5/7/7

she caught breast cancer  
took snaps before removal  
inner beauty seen too late  
love possesses not  
it would never be possessed  
love's sufficient unto self

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Blest And Fabled - Rhyme

OH! Phoenix, teach me your ways and means  
How to reproduce oneself unlike beings  
You! The resident of an oak or Palm tree  
Living up to a life of hundred years free.

OH! Darling of Assyrians, teach me your ways and means  
Ye! the depositor of the temple of the sun  
How to lift my own cradle and parent's sepulcher  
And carrying it to the city of Heliopolis in Egypt

Oh! The Sun worshiper, teach me your ways and means  
Ye, the consumer of frankincense and odoriferous gums  
without eating apple or flowers not to remain numb  
And how to come to life from my own ashes.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Brain In Head, Feet In Shoes - A Villanelle

The way less traveled I would like to choose  
The beaten path offers no challenges indeed  
Steer my way with brain in head, feet in shoes

There are no self- help manuals, no formulas  
The right for one may be another's wrong road  
The way less traveled I would like to choose

There are no easy answers, and no road signs  
It is a rocky path going through raveled end  
Steer my way with brain in head, feet in shoes

There is a winding road that never ends  
Full of curves lessons learnt at every end  
The way less traveled I would like to choose

Maybe on one will look at my life's success  
I know may be the weeds grow up behind  
Steer my way with brain in head, feet in shoes

On beaten way the individuality one may lose  
I believe I am doing something worthy deed  
The way less traveled I would like to choose  
Steer my way with brain in head, feet in shoes

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Brave Hearts

Brave-Hearts

Armed infantrymen cross alien dust  
Braving perils posed in on the lands  
Courageous hearts, for the sake of freedom  
Defend our rights with preen and pain  
Enduring duty tours after duty tours  
Fight for the nation, never questioning  
Grateful we are to all those brave-hearts  
Humbly we thank what they deserve  
In deference to sere self-sacrifice  
Just cause resounds in their battle cries  
Kneel we ought to say a prayer for them  
Let love be conferred on them who are there  
Miles and miles they march thro' stride and strife  
Never mind night or day, risking limb and life  
Offer our thanks on this blessed day  
Pray and bow down heads to God  
Quietly render words of respect and reverence  
Reveling in their daring deeds  
See how snowflakes sit on the window sill  
Twinkling stars dole out good grace  
Unequaled peers, each of t

Venting emotions through cheers or tears  
Wish we ought to, for these martyrs  
Xenocrysts set and carved in stones  
Yet their memories will return  
Zeal echoes in each and every house.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Break Of The Day - Free Verse

To me, yea, Iris is invisible,  
the scent of yours all pervading,  
Behold your face all-rich,  
When I close my eyes.  
Wordsworth's daffodils to me,  
Membrane of the eyes,  
that gives light to me,  
Light that misleads the morn.  
You are the genus iris,  
with sword-shaped leaves,  
Showy coloured flowers,  
displaying rainbow colours  
Your eyes green and deep,  
Deeper than the depth,  
Stilled waters at even,  
those eyes, break of the day.  
I see a heart full of love,  
with the gentleness of a dove,  
Feel in her eyes March,  
September in her heart.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Breathe In The Silence

I hear sounds of the wind hissing and rustling.  
I listen on the beach to the waves cascading,  
Slapping, tossing swashing the sand pebbles,  
Something close to eternity within me touches.

I see some gliding fishing boats over there,  
The seagulls soaring, gliding in the air here,  
And Surfers trying to get rides on the waves  
Something close to eternity within me touches.

I watch people running, strolling and sunning,  
Setting sun promise to rise tomorrow morning  
Like the human ambitions and unknown desires  
Something close to eternity within me touches.

I notice the crabs scurry, somewhere hiding,  
Leaving smooth bed of sand, water receding,  
All sounds now receding to its minimum hiss.  
Something close to eternity within me touches.

This silence rubs, softens me, gives a purpose  
I find even my pains are held in this silence  
Surrender my self-importance, my smallness  
Something close to eternity within me touches.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Breeze

Breeze  
Makes her  
Feel fine when  
Curtains swell in  
Air.

Breeze  
Is like  
The blissful  
Love when you are  
Blown.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Broccoli Soup

To shed fat cut calories  
Summer right season  
Salted Broccoli florets  
Chop onion, garlic  
Boil almonds slice them  
Blender it  
Soup.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Buddha - Free Verse

Staring for a while at a handkerchief,  
Buddha started making small knots on it.  
He asked his disciples the difference  
Between the plain one and with knots.  
It is the same but not the look of it.  
Mind of a person is just like that.  
We must know how the knots took place  
Then only we know how to untie them.

If the knot is that of infatuation,  
To untie that knot be steady in desire  
If the knot is that of anger,  
To untie the knot be in peace.  
If the knot is made of enmity,  
To untie the knot be compassionate.  
If the knot is that of miserliness,  
To untie the knot be generous.

At all times, in pain or pleasure,  
To prosper is the only measure.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Budding Beauty Burning

Blue bonnie budding beauty burn  
Ready to receive fluttering butterflies  
Breathing heavy heart not seen  
Glittering dew drops signify all.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## But There's Something More

As the chairman I invited some people for presentation  
Those who didn't get invited wanted to know the reason  
A reasonable thing to know why they were not invited  
But there's something more to it than not as it seemed.

Though paradoxical as it sounds, there's often no reason  
Good applicants get rejected not that it seems bad often  
But there're sufficient number of others that seem good  
But there's something more to it than not as it seemed.

There were physical limits on numbers we met in person  
Not invited wasn't that something wrong for any reason  
But by other stellar applicants they're just down pushed  
But there's something more to it than not as it seemed.

Worse to face were the hints for favors from authority  
Bearing on decisions as Chairman along with committee  
Handed over the post to an aspiring man fit to be deemed  
But there's something more to it than not as it seemed.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Butterfly Counts Not Months But Moments

With a dangerous disease I had been afflicted  
A word went round in terms of cricket tournament  
Of good bowler cancer, the player will be balled.  
A word went round in terms of unemployment  
That there will be one vacancy in the university  
A word went round in terms of real estate agency  
A good house will be for sale in pose area of the city.  
Believe me luckily with Him there was no urgency.

But a word came in from the Greatest Word-Maker  
Time is free, priceless, can't own it but can use it  
Can't keep it but you can use it like a ropewalker  
You can never get it back once you have lost it.  
Keeping Him always with me I followed those words  
And the ancient adage &quot;Drink thy own water with glee&quot;;  
Along with medicines, home remedies and the herbs  
Diagnosed in April'94, on 10th Dec'94 cancer free.

And that day was the happiest day in my entire life  
That was in 1994 and here I'm in 2010 as a family tree.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Capture Nature- A Tyburn

Pleasure

Rapture

Capture

Nature

The woods and beach please, enrapture us

Go once a while, capture nature thus.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Cardinal's Solitary Home - Free Verse

On a chilly Christmas morn  
I looked out of the window.  
Most of the birds have gone  
on this cold dark winter day.  
I saw a Cardinal on the tree  
brilliantly colored Northern Cardinal  
A winter fixture at snow-covered bird feeders  
I ask "Do the birds have Christmas?  
Looking something to eat or  
planning in advance for a habitat  
on this leafless tree  
like the politicians' fake promises.  
When it gets cold, it flies south  
when it gets warm; it returns  
that is what we learn from birds.  
Maybe waiting his girlfriend's message  
About when to bring food to the nest  
A few leaves lay on the starving rod  
Fallen from the ash and grey

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Carnival Festival Of Brazil - A Shadorma

Consumption

Of beer accounts for

Almost as

Annual take

Government gives free condoms

Drive to prevent AIDS.

Imported

Game of holding balls

Masquerade

From Paris

Creolizing elements

From foreign cultures

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Carnival In Goa-India - A Shadorma

Enjoy sun  
Sand and superb Goa  
Carnival  
Processions  
And non-stop festivity  
In February.

Rowdy Festival  
A present of Portuguese  
Throwing at  
Passersby  
Flour, eggs, mud with dirt water  
Or liquids and glue.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Caroline From Carolina - Free Verse

I met a woman from North Carolina,  
On my way from Montevideo to Atlanta.  
She said she has four passports-  
She was born to a British mother,  
She was born in Uruguay,  
She immigrated to the USA,  
She had a political passport,  
Her first husband was with State department.  
At Buenos Aries airport,  
We were standing in a queue talking,  
Caroline was standing next to me.  
I handed over my passport for the check-in.  
The Inspector asked me,  
Where is of hers pointing at her?  
I simply looked at him nonchalantly,  
Either of us didn't say a word.  
When we were at the boarding gate,  
Caroline inquired of me,  
Why did he ask for her passport?  
I said I have an Indian passport,  
Would you like to have one more?

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Catapult- Rhyme

I don't know how, why and from where I got the idea of catapult  
One reason I can think of now is, I got all the parts free of cost.  
From branches of any of the tree could easily get forked stick first  
From the bicycle of my dad's burst tube I got rubber band for it.

Now as for the stones, they were available a-plenty on the sea  
I along with my friends used to play with the catapult with glee.  
With people watching our game, used to shoot on the seashore  
Someone would come and asked us, "Can't you shoot farther?"

One day while returning home, we stopped at a tree with berries  
And started shooting the berries as we were all full of frolics.  
All of a sudden a bird fell down, fluttered its wings with pain,  
Many collected the berries, stuffed into their pockets and gone.

One of my best friend said, Wait I am coming back with water  
Returned with a glass of water, sprinkled on the bird with care.  
The birdie soon was on its feet, walked and flew away later.  
We made for the home, though somewhat sad but cooler.

Next day incidentally the language teacher read a poem of \*Kalapi  
"O birdie, eat happily, sing your songs, I wouldn't afflict injury".  
Next day I nailed the catapult into the back of my home's door  
I found the catapult there, when I visited my house last summer.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Christmas Home Decor- A Wreath Poem

Short and round is our Christmas wreath  
Wreath we made of the tree branches  
Branches are tied with the red ribbons  
Ribbons stuck with berries, ready is the wreath.

Wreath is placed on our door's foot steps  
Steps away is the snow on tree not far  
Far away, look, how He laid His holy hands  
Hands on things He wants us to see and praise.

Praise him, be quick your voice to raise  
Raise your hands his love to receive  
Receive love in your every choice forever  
Forever on Christmas with this decor wreath.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Clarity Pyramid

Time

TIME

And death

Slip away

Like flowing of sand

Nothing can hold them back

Irreversible aspect

&quot;Time and tide wait for nobody&quot;;

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Cleansing Of Body And Mind- The Indian Way

For any Hindu  
Bathing in Sindhu  
Or Ganga thought to be pure  
On fetes, on deaths  
Tilak on foreheads  
To meditate for mind's cure

Indian Brahmins  
In temple domains  
Recite mantras while bathing  
Then a marjanam  
Followed by japam  
Trikal Sandhya with chanting

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Color Cravings - Free Verse

I wonder why something stimulates mental activity  
Why I feel young in the old age?  
Why the Florida people are sunshine and the tropics  
Thanks to the orange color for healthy food and appetite.

Citrus or orange combines the energy of red  
Though it is not as aggressive as red.  
Dark orange can mean deceit and distrust,  
Red orange to desire, sexual passion and thirst.

Red is associated with energy, war  
Passion, desire, love and power.  
Red is a very emotionally intense color  
And it has very high visibility.

Light red represents joy, sexuality, love  
Dark red associated with willpower, courage  
Brown suggests stability and masculine qualities  
Reddish-brown with harvest and fall.

Orange combines the happiness of yellow  
When placed against the black issues warning  
Yellow can be used for cheerful feelings  
It can be used as attention getter.

The supreme creator prefers the blue sky abode.  
Associated with the sea gives depth and stability,  
The blue combines grey for spiritual cleansing.  
Blue makes me dream about love related ideas

Red, yellow and grey are the originals  
Blue-yellow-red is perfect for a superhero.  
Purple is a very rare color in nature  
Black for loss, white onto the heavens.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Colors Of Life-A Tyburn

Zooming

Gleaming

Cracking

Booming

Zooming gleaming colors in the light

Cracking booming in red, green and white

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Come, Help Me

&quot;Come, help me&quot;, those words still rings in my ears  
The words of an old man I used to hear  
He would come daily and stand near my gate  
And I would help him to cross the road straight  
Leading to the post office on the square.

I asked him about this daily routine  
He said, &quot;His son left for job in his teens  
And comes to check mails from him if any&quot;  
&quot;Come, help me&quot;

His neighbor told me that his son was dead  
But the old man refused to take truth sad  
One day he got the post as if from his son  
And he used to receive the post anon  
Living in peace and never heard again  
&quot;Come, help me&quot;

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Cool Withdrawal From Love - A Sonnet (Tetrameter)

Do not think that I love you less  
Than when at your mercy I lay  
But to forestall the sad distress  
Of forlorn love, I keep away.

Pipe dreaming for everything  
Which I have known to be your traits  
Your image to my fancy bring  
And makes my age-old wounds to spate

But I do swear, and never must,  
Your self-dispelled man, trouble you  
In case I break, you may distrust  
The oath I took to love you, too.

I have withdrawn myself from love  
To make both of us safe, my dove.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Cougar Effect - (Quinzaine)

The teachers' affairs with students

A cougar effect?

Who to blame?

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Cougar Effects

Women who date or marry younger men  
Think younger at heart than those  
Spend time with older man.

The survey of a thousand women found  
Toy boy can make a woman  
Feel younger by years four.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Count His Blessings Keep On Stepping - Free Verse

I breathed in this world in Lord Krishna's town,  
Since then I have counted his blessings  
And with his grace have kept on stepping.  
Though born in a family of a poor teacher  
Received all the attention from my parents  
That encouraged me to be in the noblest profession.  
Culminating into . from the most respected  
Organization, World Congress of poets (UNO)  
At Los Angeles, an undreamt honor so far.

Once I have been attacked by Cancer in 1994  
But it was totally cured with clean health.  
Lord, has given me healthy body never to  
Bother how many medicine tablets to be taken.

I am looked after by my four children in North America  
And eight grand children, living with them all the time.  
And freedom to take care of my passions I love  
Other things being looked after by my children.

At 75, all my senses are active and quite in command  
Travelled over four continents and still to travel but  
Ready and waiting to leave any time, my Lord desires  
With no unsolved Karmic problems un-raptured,  
but with atonement, ready to be judged by Him  
I wait but still keep on stepping counting his blessings.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Cozy Kinship - A Sonnet (Pentameter)

People come to tell me your weaknesses  
They come with a list of vices and faults  
When they are done, I laughed out their meanness  
But they make me love you more for your faults.  
Our relationship assigned forever  
The will stamped and signed, never to depart  
We ought to love in fair or foul weather  
We may retract the heart though cannot part.  
Our love is priced more than the world can hold  
A vast reservoir, the rivers can't slake  
We have built such secrecy quite controlled  
Our manners will overcome if there's slack.  
Let's us be patient in love while we live  
When we're no more, forever we may live.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Crackers

Fresh stacks  
Enjoyable  
Fast digesting  
Crispy delicious  
Crackers

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Cross The Bridge Cautiously - Tercets

To the wings of our dove, there is rosy parity

Fated to meet when the light meets the dark

Between us there is a bridge of love of solidity

As excited, I reached the bridge with hilarity

Hovering above me were dark clouds, Hark!

My eyes fixed on the other side with sere anxiety.

Standing on middle of the bridge with vivacity

Over her hamlet saw the firework's sparks

Celebrating a wedding with awesome gaiety.

For the moment I thought it to be in her dignity

Was ready to burn the bridge between us as a mark

But later on learn it wasn't her wedding in reality.

It was a life's lesson not to burn bridge in adversity

Who knows if you burn the bridge in haste and hark

You may have to cross it again in your diversity.





# Crystal Ball

Unlocked the door of my house  
After a tiring long travel  
Straight away opened back door  
To smoke a cigar.

With surprise heard a week voice  
Coming from a crystal ball  
"Make a wish to fulfill it"  
Wished to quit smoking.

The wish granted but life dull  
Asked again to restart it  
Second wish granted again  
Life interesting.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Crystal Ball Ii

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Straight away opened back door  
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Dr. Ram Mehta

# Death Mystery Of Subhash Chandra Bose-1897-1945

## - Free Verse

Described as &quot;patriot of patriots&quot; by Mahatma Gandhi  
His Words, 'Give me blood and I shall give you freedom'  
Are still ringing in the minds of each and every Indian.  
He stood for unqualified Freedom with the use of force  
Meaning quite against with Gandhi's non-violent ways.  
Subhas Bose presumed to have died on 18 August 1945  
On Taipei Airport in a plane crash but with no evidence.  
The mystery of his death and survival haunts the Indians.  
The inability of the three commissions to unravel the truth  
Spawned umpteen conspiracy theories left people in awe.

First commission visited Japan in 1956 and got testimonies  
From army surgeons conducting blood transfusion to Bose  
But he succumbed to death on August 18,1945, at Taipei.

Second commission carried its probe from 1974-78 and  
Declared its inability to arrive on any definite conclusion.

The verdict of the third commission was quite amazing  
It simply said Bose was dead, but didn't die in plane crash  
How and when? No answer in the absence of any proof.  
Concluding report tabled in parliament in May 2006  
Declaring that death was staged to facilitate his escape.

And there are lots of evidences showing that he was alive  
The first being the soviet angle of Stalin and Molotov  
Discussing as to whether Bose should remain in the country.  
In 1991 a letter written by him found in the KGB archive  
dated 1946 that he had safely reached the then Soviet Union.  
And there are conspiracy theories abound on Bose's death  
Allegedly both the Congress leadership and the Government  
Afraid of Bose's possible return to India and his impact  
None to stop him to come to power as worshipped by people.

He was posthumously awarded Bharat Ratna in 1992,  
A highest civilian award but later withdrawn on the ground  
As the Award committee failed to give evidence of his death.

Even the Taiwan Government confirmed of no plane accident  
And U.S. Department of State supported the claim of Taiwan.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Death, A Reincarnation Of The Self - Free Verse

Would write to none if a day to live, talk to death  
Don't tarry a while, O Death, I am ready to die  
All my joys are garnered, all my songs sung  
And all my tears are shed, my wishes fulfilled.

Life and death, secrets of God, never be known  
If told, one day to behold, this beautiful fold  
If I don't die a sudden death, I have this to say to  
My dear ones present when I breathe my last

Let me sleep and rest, my soul intoxicated with love  
My spirit has had its bounty of days and nights.  
Light the candles and burn the incense around  
Scatter leaves of jasmine and roses over my body.

I have no fear of life hence have no fear of death  
I have lived life fully and prepared to die any time.  
Death is neither an end nor a deliverance of the self  
Death a slumber, a sleep-life, a stage in cosmic cycle.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Deeds Are Fruits, Words Are Leaves - Rhyme

Stopped into an old junk-antique shop, found a favorite  
The music collection of famous Ravishanker, the Sitarist  
Just I was going to walk out as I was short of dollar eight  
I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned round with spite  
A man said "The music, too, was his dead wife's favorite"  
He gave me the money, before I thank him left the site.  
Went home, listen through his and mine ears with delight.

There was a celebrated physician with great foresight  
Had an old lady as patient with a hypochondriac sight  
Suffering from all kinds of diseases of imaginary fright  
Once she called him, he wrote a prescription straight  
She confessed, she took the medicine and was alright  
The note was "Do something for someone" to your might.

The trees are known by their fruits, a man by his deeds right  
Man has three friends- wealth, relatives, and deeds to highlight  
First goes with him, second up to grave, deeds beyond Christ

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Descent Of A Beauty On A Staircase (Ekphrasis)

Spy under the baluster a shadowy gold flesh, a spellbind  
With a continuous thrash of toe on toe and thigh on thigh  
Shifting in sunlight downstairs nothing on her or her mind  
Her lips form the swinging air to let her parts go by  
Her slow descent on the final stair, delight of visitors' eye.

Dr. Ram Mehta



## Desires - Terza Rima

A very few people are aware of this color personality  
With strong psychic abilities and such as vivid imagination  
Creating some magical works of art, music and poetry.

People with third desire as a favorite color have varied ambitions  
And prefer to live in fantasy world rather than life's reality  
That makes them intriguing and of mysterious disposition.

Look at the waves of light and the red and the blue in unity  
Making the color a unique color sent from the sun strips  
Give thanks and praise the creator when you see the clarity.

Love is like the color red but passion a burning desire's tips  
When after the conjugation you sleep and when wake up  
See in mirror the stain of kisses tinged on your lips.

Golden days may turn to passion but in this haze  
Heart beats faster as she evokes my passion always

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Die In Love If Want To Remain Alive

I am married to an ordinary woman with an extraordinary talent  
She has an in-built reverse-forward button, others tend to be dull.  
When in good humor forward is on, in bad humor reverse is on  
A Lady Hamlet with no dilemma, to be or not to be- question is off.

There's always forward for outings, if it's missed a reverse ever  
Make an adverse remark and will unlearn the meaning of favor  
But fortunately always get forward button in things conjugal  
Believe me, never disappointed to get what ultimately I desired.

Once we're at a party and her sister looked at her wedding ring  
Her sister pointed out that she wore the ring not on the right finger  
She replied that she's right, because she married a wrong man  
She looked at me but I have learnt to be silent from the talkative.

In case she finds out that I have been cross with some people  
She is tempted to make my enemies her nearer friends  
As impractical husband learnt useful lesson from practical wife  
Keep the friends close but keep your enemies not far than friends

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Difficult Standard - A Rime Couee

Animals are reliable  
Many of them are lovable  
In their actions predictable  
True in their affection  
Soft and friendly to fondle  
Grateful, loyal than men

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Do Not Frown-A Randolet

Avoid frowning

Uses more muscles, to defile.

Do not frown

If smiles are not in stock then frown

One may fall in love with your smile

To cover your frown you may smile

Do not frown

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Doors Into Doors - A Wayra

Her lips pattering  
Forming his name on her tongue  
She sent him word she loved him  
Death, work, art, home nothing  
Her love for him was above all.

And he knew quite well  
That doors opened into doors  
And more doors, no end of doors  
Some jumping at a touch  
Knobs or no knobs, slow or heavy.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Dream Stream- A Lai Poem

I sat in the street  
With memories sweet  
In Dream

Her footfall float near  
Her voice in my ear  
Dream stream

She came on the spot  
But I knew it not  
Her gleam

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Elegy On Cherubic Chap Laloo

I recall, bringing you home, quite small and cuddly  
Bouncing around eyes flashing, ears floppy.

Your passion: chewing all and making mess around  
Put your head down as you heard my foot sound.

But were my security guard in my old age  
Barking at each of passer-by in rage.

When I had hard days at work, you waited for me  
Wagging your tail to say, "Welcome, missed thee";

While I read the newspaper, you hopped on my lap  
Asked nothing more than pat your head to tap.

Old age took its toll, unable to stand on your legs  
Drove you last time to wet like scrambled egg

As the vet led you away, you turned and looked back  
As if to say, "Thanks, for taking care, Jack";

I will always remember you the way you were-  
One lovable, huggable pile of fur.

He waits, not playing, sits all alone in heaven  
For he knows his master will come leavened

I wait out in the dark and cold for hand of death  
He will hear the sound; will bark, at the wreath.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Ellenised

You are the dream of my dream  
Receive my smile to break ice  
Kindle the flame of my wanderlust  
Ye, my coppella madrigals  
And my aurora borealis.

You are my Scandinavian winter  
With encroaching dark evenings up  
Until the snow creates the winter glow  
Oh, some untouched places of Jamtland  
You defy Swanky Girl-Butterscotch Dream.

Rough winds do shake you  
My darling bud of May  
But you stand upright  
The eternal summer will not fade  
You are my sweet, lagom.

Dr. Ram Mehta



## Embers Of Time - Tercet

As a kid I was fascinated to the gold ring of my grandma,  
I used to play with it when she would cuddle me in her lap  
As I grew up, got more introvert sitting alone as if in trauma.

The reason was ardent desire to get admission in university  
Though my father with little means was trying hard with hope  
And to my surprise my father managed even in the adversity.

One day received urgent call from my father to come home  
As I entered, saw grandma on the bed with her palm clap  
With tears in eyes between her palms she took my palm.

She said: "When wind blows, bent down as do the plants"  
I joined her, 'Surrender, ride it, lift your head high still it stops'  
I said, "Since you taught the refrains, they're in my prayers"

She breathed her last before I could further say my words  
Leaving blue sapphire ring- a symbolic message of hope  
That Saturn is a good teacher but bad master for Libras.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Empty Apartment, A Body Without Life - Free Verse

Once a family had lived in this apartment  
where they had happily grown and loved.  
With care, the generation after generation,  
they tended the apartment with good repair.

One day young ones left, never to return  
to build their own nests in foreign lands,  
leaving the old man and his crippled wife.  
Not another generation in it was born.

After wife's death, the old man grew feeble.  
There lived only the spiders of the summer  
and the animals of the winter were hosted.  
The apartment had fallen to such a despair.

One day, a county man came with a bill,  
And found the old man dead in his chair.  
Children came, buried him near the mom  
Locked it like closing well-read family book.

They left putting the apartment on the sale  
Many a buyers came to see the apartment.  
The next door neighbor was interested in it  
So he sent them away calling it a haunted place.

The dark and cold apartment is waiting  
For a family, love, laughter to come to life  
For new memories to nourish by a family  
Not only a living place but home sweet home.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Empty Syndrome - Free Verse

The nest is empty and  
We are lonesome,  
Our birds have left the nest,  
The nest is desolate.  
We seek our own nest.

There was a time  
We never heard other sounds,  
Now we hear our own footsteps.  
We dine in complete silence  
The food containers are full,

We draw our strength from  
The fable of a bird & its young one,  
The bird and its young one  
Captured in a cage even then  
The bird goes on feeding.

The world would not exist  
But of the instinct for young ones.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Enough

And  
now  
the end  
Is quite near  
face final curtain  
my case of which I am certain  
I have lived a life that is full, have travelled each highway  
and more, much more than this as I have done it my way with clear conscience  
ever.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Enshrined

At one time full of life, but just still eerie silence today  
Reminders of something, a beautiful rose that didn't last  
Stooping and quietly smelling, at the petals of the past  
Once what was whole, now is only remnants of today.  
There is a garden in her face where the flowers grew  
She keeps him fresh, some morning he may lift his head  
An alluring aroma held captive by the emotional thread  
Knowing everything is fleeting, emotions so vast to show.

No god in the carved stone, it's just but an empty shrine  
Pink petals of the roses fluttering down on the ground  
Life is like a running stream over which are dispersed  
Petal by petal, the roses of the heart are enshrined  
To the romantic memories to a bath, or a Jacuzzi rebound  
On the bed or on the body or the lingerie or lips pursed.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Eyes Wet On Vets And Vietnam - Free Verse

Eyes went wet on vet and Viet, a tear lingered long  
When soldiers went berserk  
Gunning down unarmed  
Men, women, children and babies.  
Emerging with hands high were murdered  
What to talk of other atrocities elsewhere.  
Women being gang raped  
Those who bowed were beaten with fists,  
Clubbed with rifle butts and stabbed with bayonets  
Some were mutilated with "C" carved on the chest  
A word got back to higher authorities  
And the ceasefire was declared.  
Eyes were more wet, the tear fell and another there.

This time the tear ran down my face  
It reflects the sorrow and pain of the heart  
One can see the boyish fun old buddies now no more  
As I try to wipe it, their gentle hands reach out  
As if saying we are here for you.  
Now my tears say I'm sorry for coming home  
And they stay behind.  
I am longer a boy but now a man crying for lost friends.  
From my dad have heard the tales of cold, hunger and fear  
Now waiting for my son to return and tell his story.

The facts have been blurred on the war in Vietnam  
The war was run by the Government politically  
Whereas our commanders should have been in charge  
The most misreported event let it be disremembered.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Famous Doppelgangers- A Lento

There have been many cases of doppelgangers  
Fair enough appearing to the well known writer  
Per instance, Maupassant saw his own doppelganger who  
Shared and dictated him to write the story &quot;Lui&quot; like a master.

Weird is another interesting case of John Donne who was  
Scared to have seen the doppelganger of his wife who  
Appeared holding a new born baby while he was in Paris  
Heard his wife giving birth to a still born child not due.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Fecundity - Free Verse

I saw two enormous moths mate,  
With five-inch wings swallow-tailed  
The male was on top of the female,  
Hunching with a horrible animal vigor.  
A picture of utter degradation it was.  
They live under the constant pressure  
That hungers & lusts and drives  
And drives one to its own death.  
They eat to fuel the surge to sex  
To pump out billions of births  
A terrible force for birth & growth.  
We, the escapees, of amoral world  
Wake in terror, eat in hunger.  
Our emotions are painful & harmful,  
The animals have a bonus point in that.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Fireworks

Eye-pleasing colors fast appear  
I just hear zoom boom and pan  
Colorful paint drops encroach the air  
I just hear zoom boom and pan.  
With multi-colors the sky stained  
The colors slowly disappear  
My ears and eyes getting banned  
Zoom, boom in me creates fear.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# First Sight Love

Is there such a thing  
As love at first sight?  
Is it possible?  
That is the question  
Used to ask myself

Till I laid  
My eyes on her  
How possible  
To feel so much

For stranger  
Realized  
Had fallen

In love  
At first  
sight

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Fit In Body, But Sick In Mind - A Senryu

"Why are you limping? "  
"I had a back surgery"  
"When will be forward? "

"Why wear dark glasses?"  
"Young eyes after surgery"  
"In grief, for old eyes? "

"Where are you going, man? "  
"Pay visit to Gretna Green"  
"Ah, Greta Garbo"

"Hello, what time is it? "  
"It's time for you to go home"  
"Lights on, nobody home"

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Five Stages Of Music

Five Stages of Music

Learn to

Play instrument

By rules in beginning

Then leave the rules, play from the heart

Like Love.

Music

Voices expire

Vibrations live in

Our pleasantest memories to

Enjoy

Music

Soul language

Shorthand of emotion

Serene, sacred, sexy living

Blissful

Painter

Paints pictures

canvasses with brushes

On silence many musicians

Paint

Music

Speaks the language

What cannot be expressed

Soothes mind, heals heart, gives it rest

Moulds whole.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Five-Finger-Discount - Free Verse

He was adjudged not a man enough  
To make his wife pregnant by a test.  
He was closed, shy, and fearful as if guilty.  
Advised by the doctor to give sample  
Of semen after three years of married life  
Asked to masturbate in an unclean toilet,  
Getting his palm red, milking the bull,  
Shaking the hands with his wife's friend,  
Holding a plastic bottle for the flow.  
Not knowing of any sexual fantasies  
Greatly stressed by 'semen on demand'  
With no erotic photographs, or a jelly,  
Or a vibrator to accomplish an emission.  
Not knowing what he was doing  
Got a few drops of sticky substance  
Known as pre-ejaculatory fluid,  
That comes out before the emission.  
The judge smiled at his idiocy, saying  
&quot;What we all do but don't talk about&quot;.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Flaw And Flawless

## Flaws

There is a crack in every object  
That is how we get precious light.

A diamond with a flaw is better  
Than flawless stone to prefer.

A black spot on the moon is a flaw  
Its absence means beauty has a flaw

=====

## Flawless

Aim for the moon, if you don't get it,  
You'll be heading for a star at least.

An idea can be as flawless as can be  
In its execution mistakes always be.

Flawless is an ideal like stars in the sky  
Can't touch them with hands thereby.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Fleur-De-Lisa - Free Verse

To me, yea, Iris is invisible,  
The scent of yours all pervading,  
Behold your face all-rich,  
When I close my eyes.  
Wordsworth's daffodils to me,  
Membrane of the eyes,  
That gives light to me,  
Light that misleads the morn.  
You are the genus iris,  
With sword-shaped leaves,  
Showy colored flowers,  
Displaying rainbow colors  
Your eyes green and deep,  
Deeper than the depth,  
Stilled waters at even,  
Those eyes break of the day.  
I see a heart full of love,  
With the gentleness of a dove,  
Feel in her eyes March,  
September in her heart.

\*The song is based on Elton John's Amoreena

\*\*The fleur-de-lis is a stylized lily (in French, fleur means flower, and lis means lily) or iris

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Flowering *Fragaria Virginiana* - Free Verse

Strawberries in small gardens sprout

Are plump and pretty fine,

But sweeter so far as sane men see

Spring from the woodland vine.

No need for bowl or silver spoon,

Sugar or spice or cream,

One to taste at the tongue's root,

Terrific taste with scent,

Fancy a full peck of garden growth:

Which points to my point.

Rough like a slave's severe life

A cold soda on a sultry summer day

Sounds like the Sirens deceptive voice

As sweet as the song of a Blue bird

A new rose on a sweet spring day

So sweet like cotton candy at the State Fair

Smooth like the back end of a bowling ball

Smells sweet like the bakery in the bare morning

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Flowers At Sunset

Flowers in Sunset

Flowers

Keep their odor

Till the sunlight dies down

Then let fragrance secret out to

Each breeze

Reddish

Loose piquancy

Embracing quiet tone

Shifting towards the blues in the

Rainbow.

Yellow

Flowers remain

Bright though slightly darkish

White shine like ghostly figures in

Background.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Flying Animal On The Earth

Poetry, a journal of certain  
Animals living on the land wanting  
To fly in the air for the sake of fun  
Without any strings, without a binding.  
Searching for some syllables and rhyming  
To shoot at the barriers of the unknown  
And to get the result with words chosen  
A phantom script telling why stars twinkle  
And how the sky changes its color soon  
Why the rainbows are made and why crackle

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Freedom At Mid-Night - Tercet

Huge crowd of a small town, lighted lamps and fireworks  
No electricity, the only battery radio of my town on stage  
Airing the first freedom speech of \*Nehru sparking thus:

&quot;India made a tryst with destiny with many brakes  
Now the time has come to redeem our pledge  
At mid-night hour the world sleeps, India wakes&quot;

A moment comes, but comes rarely in history  
When we step out from the old to the new age  
As the soul of India, long subdued, finds victory.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# From St. Simon's Island - Idyll

I listen on the beach to the waves cascading,  
Slapping, tossing the sand pebbles,  
Creating swishing, swashing sounds,  
I hear hissing, rustling sounds of the wind.

I see some gliding fishing boats there,  
The seagulls soaring, gliding in the air here,  
On the horizon floating ships still further,  
Surfers trying to get rides on the waves here.

I watch people running strolling and sunning,  
The sun is about to set on the horizon,  
With a promise to rise anew tomorrow morning,  
Like the human ambitions and desires unknown.

I notice the crabs scurry somewhere hiding,  
The scooping pelicans with mouthful of fish,  
Leaving the smooth bed of sand, water receding,  
All sounds now receding to its minimum hiss.

Come, Grace, getting away from the turmoil,  
It is the time for us to be in tranquility to coil?

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Gall Gnat

Nature is as careless as it is bountiful  
The faster the death, the faster is evolution.

I, a female gnat, eat my own fertile eggs,  
When I am hungry while laying the eggs,  
We, the gnats produce eggs within our body,  
When I am hatched within the body  
I devour my own parents.  
The parents die, the next generation lives.

The sea is a cup of death  
And land is a stained alter stone.  
I am the fortunate survivor  
Living on flotsam and jetsam.  
Right or wrong is a human concept.

The nature cares not if I live or die  
It is fixed, blind & programmed to kill.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Gall Gnat - Free Verse

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Dr. Ram Mehta

# Goddess Aquae Sulis

I am the native of interface between this world and the other  
Living presently in my shrine at the Roman baths at Bath in UK  
People used to throw coins into me because of my sanctity  
But no more they do it but have still faith in my medicinal utility.

People used to throw curse tablets requesting my intervention  
I was known as Goddess Sulis till the Romans arrived here  
And they saw in me the image of their Goddess Minerva  
Now Medica Minerva-Sulis because of my healing power.

Known for curse and cure, now I cure but curse nobody  
Pilgrims come from Europe to bathe in my therapeutic body  
And get healed of their rheumatic and gout diseases and ills  
Many a Homeopaths come for inspiration for their clinics.

Women worship me as a Goddess of childbirth and lactation  
A hot beauty, men come for warming their body and heart.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# God's Territories

Men,  
Solve your  
Karmic doings  
Only atonement,  
Folks.

Men,  
Don't question  
HIS methods  
Get benefits,  
Folks

Men's  
Ways are  
Not HIS ways  
HE's mysterious,  
Folks.

Men,  
Be judged  
By His laws  
Higher than man's,  
Folks

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Goethe's Path

A woodland path in the dappled sun hushed and bright

Look at the Wonders of nature that are in front of you  
Under the pleasing canopy of the trees, the sunlight

Filters through the leaves in different colors and hues

Everything may seem tranquil and quiet in the lane of sight

The day timers: bees, snakes, toads, bears are blue  
Raccoons, foxes most active are working shifts at night

And sleeping during the day though there are quite a few

There are things dangerous that sting, scratch and bite

Beware before you touch poisonous ivy and nettles too  
Remember woods are not as your back yard home delight

Walk on the carved paths, feel harmony with nature to view

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Good Shepherd - A Trois-Par-Huit

Good Shepherd

Lays down his life for herd

A hired man can't be as good as Him

He runs away when the wolves snatch and scatter them

I and my own know each one as me and Supreme

Lay down life for mine and other bend

Lead them also as one wad

One Shepherd

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Handful Of Petals

My heart is like a rose  
High and brilliant when happy  
Cry and bleeds when sad  
Nigh forming a puddle watery.

When my heart dies  
Then the soft fragile petals fall  
Keen if you want to be  
Then put me in a vase bowl.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Happily Ever After

Here is the love story of Zhi Nu and Niu Lang  
A romantic ancient Chinese tale of very long  
Zhi was a nymph and Niu Lang was a cowherd  
Cowherd-nymph love forbidden, secretly wedded.

Had two children, but their happy life ended.  
As by the goddess Wang they were detected.  
The goddess took Zhi Nu back to the heaven  
Niu Lang chased them with his two children.

They were blocked by the milky way- sky river  
And the children kept crying for their mother,  
Shouting her name, Niu and children wandered  
By their pain and grief, the goddess was moved.

She allowed them to meet one day in a year  
Could be seen in the sky as Altair and Vega star  
They meet and live happily ever after for a day.  
Day celebrated as Qixi- Chinese valentine day.

Wish I had a beloved like the nymph Zhi Nu fair  
So that I can live in the sky with immortal affair.  
Like William Blake would say 'Death be not proud'  
I would have said unlike Blake 'Life be proud'.

## II

Yet another story of Yeh-Shen, the orphan girl  
A Chinese Cinderella living with stepmother cruel  
She had a friend, a fish living in a nearby river  
Once the fish was killed by her cruel stepmother.

Yeh-Shen was very unhappy for of her friend dead.  
An old man told her that bones of fish were powered  
One day she talked to the bones of her fish friend  
Then eventually Yeh-Shen in a beauty transformed.

Once she visited the king's palace, the king saw her  
They were married soon, lived happily ever after.

Wish I was tiger as friend with cruel stepmother  
So I could enjoy good things at this age forever.  
Wish I was a sculptor like Pygmalion, not a poet  
Make alive ivory Galatea by grace of Aphrodite  
Married her blessed with the happiness and love  
And to have enjoyed long and blissful life to live

\*\*\*\*\*

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Heavy Halloween

Atlanta 1997, my first visit to America I recall  
I went with a friend called joyous Jessica  
With no real intention of "dressing up" at all  
But to see and know what Halloween is after all.  
There came a beautiful girl Iris and asked me  
If I wanted my face to be painted for Halloween play.  
Nodding I consented, I don't know why till today  
She painted my face as nothing in particular to see.

Ah, the experience of looking into her eyes blue  
Touching her alluring body almost to the full  
And she touched my heart while she painted  
It was the beginning of relationship wonderful  
What a sweetheart! What a heavy Halloween fool!  
Wherever you're, Iris, with love I'm still painted.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Helena - A Terza Rima

Make men stretch their arms, to wake in her eyes

Finger on lip, ring not on middle, mouth lovely

With hair like lakes that glint beneath the stars

With the shades of occidental and oriental beauty

Her lips suck forth my soul; ah, see where it flies

There will I swell for heaven is in those lips pouty.

This is the face that can launch a thousand rockets

Burn the topless towers of any earth's location.

She's ready to claim what nature gave her in tons.

See you freshly bathed with glowing soft skin

The flowers like earth, moon and stars in hair

Piercing grey-black eyes alluring to commit sin.

The fuller pouty lower lip, inviting my upper

Making me nervous to touch, increase my beats

Know the tips, beautiful lips sink the ships ever.

Sweet Helena, make me immortal with a kiss.

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

The world without you, everything is dross.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Here And Now

For man, the most beautiful thing is woman's body  
To a woman it is her first child  
Women need a reason to have sex  
Here and now, men just need a place.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# How To Lose Weight

A girl told about her failing marriage  
As her husband was screwing a girl.  
She can't eat and sleep losing weight  
Her friend asked her to dump him.  
She confided her plan  
To dump the bastard  
As she will get  
Down to her  
Desired  
Weight

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Humanoid - Free Verse

Ever since I was a kid, has seen shadows  
Moving past the corners of my eyes always  
Seemed like people walking with demonic speed  
Not affected but felt awkward sometimes.

Once in my room saw a shadow behind me  
Like human watching me play my game  
Though the door of the room was locked  
I could've turned my head but could not.

My dad was a wet and we had rough life  
Had four moms, dad found no right woman  
Negative life, drug used, but don't think  
This humanoid was there for these reasons.

\* Inspired by Spirit or third eye perception contest sponsored by Rick Parise.  
I have written four poems with different thematic approaches interpreted by  
different  
cultures and perhaps may write one more which is in gestation.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# I Am Free, Give Me Liberty - Free Verse

I remember there is a free corner in Hyde Park  
Where many a great men including  
Gave vent to their feelings otherwise not allowed in U.K  
It was their freedom to say anything in the corner  
But will have to take liberty to say it outside it.

I also remember G.K. Chesterton's essay  
Giving an example of freedom and liberty.  
On the eve of the Russia's Independence  
A fat lady stood on a Moscow Square laden with  
Bags in her hands and on the shoulders  
In her enthusiasm of freedom from Tsars  
Stopping the heavy traffics of the I-day.  
Of course, she took the liberty of being free  
Ignoring her responsibility and order.

Again there are two freedoms- I understand  
Wrong, what one free to do what he likes  
Right, one is free to do what he ought to.

Freedom is one's right to steal from a shop  
Liberty would be owner's right to shoot him.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# I Carry The Yoga Safely- Yoga Kchhamam Vahamyaham - Free Verse

Yoga, a Sanskrit word, an abstract noun meaning oneness  
It points to the meeting of soul and the Absolute or Godhood  
To attain this oneness one has to go through eight stages.

Five kinds of mental anguish associated with ignorance  
Ego, attachment, hatred, and fear of death to be discarded  
The way is to practice yoga and total renunciation.

Renunciation is to do away with all thoughts and desires  
That arises out of direct perception or indirect knowledge  
The practice to perfect renunciation is Ashtanga Yoga

There are eight stages of this Ashtanga Yoga of Patanjali  
Yama-moral codes of behavior, Niyama- self-restraint  
Asana-physical postures, Pranayam-breathe control.

Pratyahara-sense control, Dharana-concentration  
Dhyana-meditation, Samadhi-absorb in thought-free trance.  
To attain final \*Samadhi, the Sage Patanjali advises God's help.

If one overlooks the first two stages of Yama and Niyama  
It is a wonderful exercise of the body and the mind  
Hope for the heaven but at least you will reach the clouds

Dr. Ram Mehta

# I Grow Old - A Tanka

"October is near  
I grow old" my garden says  
Colors dissolving  
Leaves grow now paler, then lime  
Yellow and leprous each day.  
The vines wither  
Tubers huddle underground  
Waiting to be dug  
In their weather-proof jackets  
For reproductive storage.  
The last tomatoes  
Ripen and split on the vine  
Take days to grow full  
And a few of the green ones  
Beginning to fall off now.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## I Live Quietly -(Quatern)

I live quietly, do nothing all the day,  
Spring comes and the grass grows itself  
Pity I'm not fornicating on such a day!  
I wait until I could do it in a fine way

Autumn comes and the leaves fall in its way,  
I live quietly, do nothing all the day.  
I want to do it so in a heartfelt way  
Winter comes and lusts me in its own way.

No one would find fault with all the way  
The summer comes and relieves me in its way  
I live quietly, do nothing all the day.  
Knowing no one does it perfectly in a way,

I wishfully do try to cheat my own self  
Wanton away, wearing away without delay,  
Lowering and asserting myself to vouchsafe  
I live quietly, do nothing all the day,

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Ignorance Is Bliss

Once an Eskimo in a doubt visited a priest  
He said if he'll go to hell not knowing Christ  
The priest told him, "Not, if he didn't know"  
The Eskimo said "Why you're telling me now".

Dr. Ram Mehta



# I'm Many Names - A Villanelle

I am never going to accomplish the fame

Sweet of the rose is in the name it bears

Things are not only what they really claim.

Not to be writ on a roster I have a name

It has been given by god and my parents

I am never going to accomplish the fame.

My neighbors have given me a name

By my appearance, walking in the airs

But things are not only what they claim

My enemies have given me a name

Judging me by corporate demeanors

I am never going to accomplish the fame.

I have names by vices, virtues and blame

Given by my love, life, work and death

But things are not only what they claim.

I am never going to accomplish the fame.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Impassioned Heart

With utmost impassioned heartfelt clasp  
He drew her to him with hot grasp  
Dipped and consumed yet cheeks aflame  
Rapid streamlet of fire found way  
Blazed hearts knew not night or day  
A flush with feelings she couldn't name  
It was pain, pleasure, joy intense  
Neither life nor death, men can sense  
Love is not love till it's proclaimed.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# In Search Of A Poem A Tetractys

A  
Poem sleeps  
Into me  
With high traffic  
And I search her noun, verb and images.

Breathe in her mouth, speak in ears and touch lips  
To mould her shape,  
Feel and hear  
In my  
Heart.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Incubus And Succubus - Free Verse

A young girl got the first nursing job in a private hospital  
And was assigned to check the ground floor patients.  
Room 1,2,3, as she got to room 4 the door was opened  
Inside the room a man was lying covered with a blanket.  
But in the patient list the room supposed to be empty.  
She ran to the preceptor to report it in a frenzy state.  
The head nurse and others visited the room, found none.  
She said that last week a patient committed suicide in the room.  
The security was called and then the room was closed.  
But a word went round about its suicidal aspect.

The next day, out of curiosity, as she entered the room  
Was caught by a strong man and forced to sleep with him.  
As the time passed it became her regular daily routine.  
To her surprise, once she saw her boss coming out of the room.  
Slowly there was a decrease in the patients of the hospital.  
Another surprise was waiting as she found dead in the room.  
The whole corner was declared as a haunting place.  
A day was not far when the whole hospital was closed.

A ghost is a person whose life ended abruptly and violently  
Known as a haunting as they are haunted by a life gone.  
Haunting from thoughts and presence becoming testimony.  
If one thinks sensibly about it, the ghosts are just you and I.  
All talk about love, ghost and God, but does anyone see them?

Dr. Ram Mehta

# India

India

I ndia of scenic beauty and sages, booming in globe's pages  
N ever without God's true sons through all the ages  
D read famine may prowl, still social life at all stages  
I am hallowed by its temples, mountains and the Ganges  
A nd would love to live in India with all its shortages.

Thy glorious smile divine and earthly lands  
Showering wealth from well-stored hands

Dr. Ram Mehta

# India, My Mother India - Rhyme

Hail, Mother India, of scenic beauty and sages  
Welcoming God's true sons through all ages.

God made the earth and man made countries.  
I behold India expanding into the world's pages.  
Thy glorious smile divine and earthly lands  
Showering wealth from well-stored hands

Where the mind is free and head held high  
Where the mind is led forward by thee  
Where the Ganges, the Himalayas, men dream of god  
Where I am hallowed, my body touched that sod.

Dread famine may prowl and tear my flesh,  
Yet would I love to be in my India afresh  
Fate may shower scalding drops of sorrow  
Yet would I love to be in India tomorrow.

I dearly love India for its age-old vedic peace  
Now America, too for child-like beauty increase.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Indian Okra Recipe

Melt some butter in large pan

Throw onion till soft

Add okra pieces stir slowly

Add salt coriander

Pepper, ginger, salt

My Indian

Treat

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Indian-American Holiday Home

Sleigh bells ring, do finish shopping, the countdown is on,  
Be kind enough to spare your precious hours two or more  
Being Indians, we're quite new to this kind of celebration  
Welcome to my "Holiday home" at this special time of year

We borrowed two whimsical trees flanking the front door  
A large, chunky garland ready to greet you as you will enter  
With Santa saying "The end of the world is home" as you enter  
Welcome to my "Holiday home" at this special time of year

Our humble dining room features all things traditional  
These \*Laxmi ornaments of gold bring sparkle and color  
Wish I could keep this glittery peacock our bird national  
Welcome to my "Holiday home" at this special time of year

Here is our sitting room is done in a theme musical  
The tree filled with ornaments of gold, green and copper  
We're in the kitchen; here we decided to go whimsical  
Welcome to my "Holiday home" at this special time of year.

Oh, so hard to bypass the yummy treats for our tummies  
Crown Pork Roast, \*Jalebi and ladoos, curry and cauliflower  
Baked brie, prime rib, \*pakodas with Chutney, and cookies  
Welcome to my "Holiday home" at this special time of year.

Bear with me as we are vegetarians we have our dishes.  
And for desserts, peanut butter cookies and candies there  
Fresh snow dripping out, please move to the safe recesses  
Welcome to my "Holiday home" at this special time of year

\*\*\*\*\*

\*Indian name\*\*Indian delicacies,

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Inner Contemplation In Zephyr Winds

The morning zephyr like a cradle at the dawn  
Listen, relax, get lost in the silence' spree.  
It will unfold the brightness of the morn  
Take a breath to hear wind's song thro' trees.

Every flower bud is tossing and swinging  
With the very intoxication of its existence  
Its silence with the petal's tongue saying  
Not experienced florist's jerk even once.

There, from the high flower laden slope  
The brook's coming down singing melodies  
This silence is not only peace and to probe  
Absence of sounds, or to find its remedies.

Silence takes us deep into recesses of heart  
Connects to soul directs us to Yoga's alert.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Inner Contemplation In Zephyr Winds - A Sonnet

The morning zephyr like a cradle at the dawn  
Listen, relax, get lost in the silence' spree.  
It will unfold the brightness of the morn  
Take a breath to hear wind's song thro' trees.

Every flower bud is tossing and swinging  
With the very intoxication of its existence  
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Absence of sounds, or to find its remedies.

Silence takes us deep into recesses of heart  
Connects to soul directs us to Yoga's alert.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Installed Ram By Ram In Ram

Once the name of \*Lord Ram is rammed in your heart  
Everything you've -fortune, freedom, fullness and fame  
To act in the situations of pleasure, pain, loss and gain  
And in every walk of life unfailingly you will get alert.

The Ram is a male of the sheep symbolizing sacrifice  
Representing protection as he protected the herd  
First to be sacrificed, known as Aries in Latin word  
Taken from the Old Testament, a symbol for Christ.

Ram-random access memory- rammed in a computer  
Used by programs to perform necessary tasks  
And equally accessible are all the storage locations.  
That allows information to store and access in any order.

To ram is to strike or butt, to drive through or against  
Ram your mind into focus when in despair or doubt  
To force, to cram, to drive with violence, to thrust  
don't ram this Ram in with foul smocks, socks and shirt.

Ram's a proper noun, a common noun, verb and adjective  
Symbolizing a person like Lord Ram in Hinduism or Christ  
A Zodiac sign, with an attribute of a headstrong activist  
Forcing an action, ramming foundation, rarely destructive.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*Lord Ram, the incarnation of one of the Lords, Vishnu of Trinity in Hinduism,  
Born as a person in India.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Iris

Prized for perfumes and medicines,  
Rainbow personified & God's messenger,  
Resting the souls of dead women,  
Decorum of the graves,  
Delight of the ancient artists.

Blooming on Minoan Walls,  
Sculptured in stone at Karnak.  
Living memories of the French revolution.  
Clovis put you on his banner  
And won over Germanic tribe.  
Louis VII adopted you as device,  
'Fleur-de-lis' the symbol of France.  
Germany suspended you in beer barrels,  
And France to enrich the wine,  
England to give flavour to brandies,  
And Russia flavoured a soft drink.

Then, plucked in a state of chastity,  
Now, relegated to flavour toothpaste.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Is Verse Dying? - A Sonnet

A captive of creative-writing programs,  
It is a specialized job of small groups,  
Handy to a few these frenetic activities,  
Poetry sadly now belongs to sub groups.

We have accredited professional poets,  
Creative writing teachers at all stage  
Composing computer- created poems  
Thus creating illusion of the Golden Age.

These professional poets have secured  
Their own niches in the academic world,  
Like jackals, they cry over the milk spilled  
Over a dried-up well they uselessly snarled.

Success is guaranteed by quantitative work,  
Matters less accuracy, meaning or technique.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## It's Time For A Vacation - Free Verse

It doesn't matter where we go  
as long as we're together.  
Surrounded by kids and grandkids  
Laptop replaced by the kids.  
Going to the land of the Maple trees  
To refresh and revive the earlier visits  
Of Niagara, the Antiope of Canada  
To see the migrating birds in Pelee island  
Humming with cicadas in the summer.

To have the birds' eye view from CN Tower  
The 2nd highest observation deck in the world  
A treat to see the mist across Lake Ontario  
From the renowned Niagara Falls.  
Watching men navigate their way  
Across the glass floor and on nice days  
When the roof is open on the Rogers center  
Watching League Ball game hundreds of meters below.

And never to be missed Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum  
A major point of architectural interest in the city,  
One of the largest museums in North America.  
And how one can miss The Eaton center  
The massive Mall, a home to over 200 stores  
As the evening draws by, a-must for a visitor  
The Distillery District, center for the city's theatre  
The area boasting many performance venues  
And the official home of many theatre companies.  
One can wander freely through pedestrian-only streets  
Exploring the art studios and gallery spaces  
Till the late hours of the night, before going to sleep.

Travelling for me is not just seeing the new  
But the places you can see anytime shutting your eyes.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Jack-In-And-Out-Of-Box - A Terzanelle

The-Jack-in-the-box, a folklore and theory of John  
What is the box after all? Nothing but limitations.  
The message don't limit yourself to others' tone

Giving up the strife they don't step out of limitations  
People settle for things that alright or even good  
What is the box after all? Nothing but limitations.

God wants them to have the best if they could  
Break out of the box like Jack with a spring  
People settle for things that's alright or even good

God promised Abram and Sarai to have an offspring  
Being old, Sarai asked Abram to sleep with Hagar too  
Break out of the box like Jack does with a spring.

God sends out a call or a message with a view to  
Break out of the box as Abram and Sarai did though  
Being old, Sarai asked Abram to sleep with Hagar too.

So, what are you limited by? You got to follow  
The-Jack-in-the-box, a folklore and theory of John  
Break out of the box as Abram and Sarai did though  
The message is- don't limit yourself to others' tone.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# John Keats- Name Writ In Water - Free Verse

Keats was certain of his heart's affection  
What imagination seizes as beauty must be truth

And so he writes in concluding lines to Ode on Grecian Urn  
Beauty is Truth, truth beauty- that is all  
You know on earth, and all ye need to know  
The quarterly review called him a disciple of "Cockney Poetry";  
Meaning the most incongruous ideas in uncouth language.  
And a severe comments on his Endymion  
"Go back to the apothecary shop Mr. John Keats  
Back to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes  
A wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a poet";.  
As he began his career as apothecary, not a poet.

His love for two women Brawne and Isabella  
Remained unconsummated in his short life  
As darkness, disease and depression surrounded him  
And reflected in The Eve of St. Agnes and La Belle...  
In this state Tuberculosis took hold of him  
So he left for a warmer country Greece.  
Dr. Clark declared, the source of illness was "mental exertion";  
And the source was largely situated in his stomach.

When the death came he asked his friend Severn  
"Lift me, I am dying, shall die easy";  
Keats was born in 1795 and died in 1821  
In between the creativities of 25 years  
And poetic career for just six years, too soon to go.  
His grave in Rome contains"; all that was mortal  
Of a young English poet who on his death bed,  
In the bitterness of his heart  
At the malicious power of his enemies  
Desired these words to be engraven on his tomb";  
"Here lies one whose name was writ in water";  
24 February, 1821.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Journey To The West In The Great Tang Dynasty - Free Verse

As early as C.629 a Chinese monk Xuanzang of Jingtou temple  
Motivated by the poor quality of translations of Buddhist scripture  
Undertook a hazardous journey to bring the original from India  
Despite the border being closed at the time due to a war.

He travelled through Gansu, Qinghai and Tian Shan mountains  
And crossed what we call Kyrgyzstan. Uzbekistan and Afghanistan  
Reaching India in 630 and touring Indian subcontinent for 13 years  
Visiting Buddhist sites and studying at ancient University of Nalanda.

He left India in 643 arriving in China in 646 with the scriptures  
Establishing a monastery translating the scriptures he brought.  
The spirit or third eye perceptions of Xuanzang to see the world  
Was the true spirit, his body being the vehicle or craft merely.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Judge The Fruits Or The Leaves Of A Tree

Once there was Brendan Behan  
When he came back to Dublin  
Court-martialed in absence  
Sentenced to death in absence  
Said, "They could shoot in my absence even"

Arbuckle a silent movie star was arrested  
For killing a woman he invited  
Not guilty in third trial  
Career damage irreparable  
Began comeback of heart attack died

Judge Bob gave two options of punishment  
For throwing eggs at women's apartment  
In prison for sixty days  
To walk in wigs and dresses  
Chose the dresses as the punishment.

A man awaiting the God's judgement  
God said, "You're evil but no atonement"  
"So am I", the man said  
"Will send in hell", the God said  
"I lived in hell, can't repeat punishment"

The God thought for a while and announced  
"I will send you to heaven instead"  
"You can't do that" the man said  
"Why can't I?" the God asked  
"Never, in no way it can be envisioned."

One can never judge the lives of others  
Each knows his pains and renunciations  
One thing to feel right path  
Another to think it's THE path  
Judge a tree from its fruit, not its leaves

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Just Remember This Of Me

If I die in India, the following Bhagvad Geeta Mantra will be chanted, as we, the Hindus don't cremate the dead body but we burn it. Below is the summery of my beliefs formed of religious books for the epitaph:

Weapon cannot harm the soul,  
fire cannot burn it,  
water cannot wet the soul  
and the wind cannot make it dry.

=====

But in case if I die in North America, the Epitaph would be thus:

## EPITAPH

Here lies Ram Mehta  
Who took life as it came to him  
And left for the heavenly abode  
Without regrets

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Kanhapatra

Once upon a time there lived a dancer  
Shyama, a concubine of a feudal baron  
Had a pretty girl Kanha, also a dancer  
Quite excelled in playing of the Veena's tune  
Was mortified being Courtesan's daughter  
Sobbing, came to her mother with a question  
Calming her down she pointed to God's statue  
HE is your soul-mate will take you away astute

She took to Lord Pandurangam thus advised  
As her lover, owner of body, mind and soul  
As the classical musician her she was praised  
People came with offers, mother turned down all.  
Sultan of Vidarbh by her beauty was charmed  
Sent order to send Kanha to his serial  
She left town at dawn as she had intimation  
Went to Pandharpur temple for inspiration.

She wrote, composed and sang as blessed poet  
Data was leaked when a man saw her singing  
The Sultan besieged the town and held the priest  
Quite engrossed she kept on Veena -playing  
Chord broke, song disrupted, the statue split  
God came out, carried her, the statue joining  
Merged with God, piece of scarf stuck in a gap  
Kanha got herself in her eternal lover wrap.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Karagam Dance

Hey, hey, I want to dance the \*KARAGAM dance  
\*Hey, Sham, Manu, bring pitchers from archives  
Fill the pitchers with water and uncooked rice  
As rice symbolizes food that sustain our lives.

With twirls bodies move free with intricate steps  
\*Dhotis, jackets furl and the turbaned heads unfurl  
Hands holding peacock feathers of rainbow colors  
While small bells in their anklets and belts swirl.

The vocalists sing and the drum bits pick motion  
And with that the vocalists start singing songs divine.  
As the rhythm picks up, so does audience's emotion  
To invoke the Gangai Amman, the Goddess of rain.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Keep It Under Fedora Hat

I make women sophisticated, younger and softer  
Their voices flutter a bit when talking about things  
Like money, husband, shopping, and power  
Carrying themselves daintily like deer in woods  
It makes clear they are in charge of their lives.

A very few women are able to resist my temptation  
To find in mirror a person they never doubted was there  
In their personalities bringing out different dimension  
The image they have in eyes of others I can alter  
As much as a costume aids in the role of the actor.

I can place people in good humor and get humored  
Let me tell you a humorous story of a fair woman  
Holding me with both hands, wind blew her skirt around  
"Aren't you ashamed of being indecent"? Asked a man  
"I'm sixty years old, my Fedora hat new" replied the woman

So that is what I am, a summer colored Fedora hat  
The linguists have coined the clichés that's countless  
Such as, keep it under you hat, at the drop of a hat  
Hang on that idea, hats off, will eat my hat, the list endless  
But I love and like one the most "He or she wears many hats"

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Keep It Under Fedora Hat - (Quantain)

I make women sophisticated, younger and softer  
Their voices flutter a bit when talking about things  
Like money, husband, shopping, and power  
Carrying themselves daintily like deer in woods  
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Dr. Ram Mehta



## Kumar's Wife - Free Verse

The young Kumar's wife dancing bright,  
Offering to all exciting pleasant sight.  
Making her waist into the vivacious folds,  
Throwing the eye glances to the folks.  
Her neap tide vest and spring tide bosom,  
Unruly, swelling, her case cannot fathom.  
Clicking in each step of her movements,  
Opening up websites for entertainments.

Kumar's mind troubled by whirlpools,  
Maybe a dandy love-lorn in her pulls?  
Leaving his children sleeping uncared for,  
Kumar gets busy to spy for wife's pinafore.  
Desdemona remains still erotic but chaste,  
Why is there no change in Othello's haste?  
What if messy Iago one scarf steals?  
Is there a dirth of scarves in Malls still?

Dr. Ram Mehta

# La Maja Desnuda And La Maja Vestida

Nudes were outlandish and unique in Goya's time  
A harlot asked to paint her nude with pubic hair  
On criticism he refused to paint with clothes sublime  
Instead painted another one with clothes fair  
Clothes make the man, especially woman with care.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Lady Casanova

Some women bring happiness wherever they go forth  
Others bring happiness, whenever they go. I do both  
All the times husbands like to see me come  
Wives prefer to see me go. That's my outcome.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Lady Lazarus

She called herself Lady Lazarus,  
Not solid, but hollow inside,  
A sort of a negative person  
Needing blackness & silence.  
She conjured & invented always  
A woman with her husband.  
She just invited misery,  
Just because of an affair.

She was beautiful with a  
Wonderful mind, a great poet.  
A wonderful pair understanding each other.  
Before their marriage,  
They were two halves,  
Then made into a whole.  
But before she ended her life  
They were not even two persons.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Laughter- The Luxury Reflex - Free Verse

She was a jolly woman in her prime, a beauty  
And she had a crush on the man who made her laugh  
And married the whole man just only for his laugh  
A luxury reflex without having any apparent utility.  
He laughed and made her laugh with silly sounds  
Like a bad actor in a Dudley DoRight play.  
He laughed with the people and at the people  
She then listened to the actual sound of his laugh  
It didn't make her heart go pitter patter  
But infuriated her and weighed on her  
And proved a bad medicine not healing her mind.  
A day came when he laughed her out of his life.  
Now reconsidering proper laughter the best medicine  
Looking for the whole man with a real laughter.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Leave Your Message - Free Verse

Hola, I am Ram mehta,  
I am going out to say adios to the land,  
Where cars are houses,  
And houses are storehouses.

I am going out to say adios to the land,  
Where boy friends are easily available,  
But batteries not included.

I am going out to say adios to the land  
Where the girls are looking for the fun,  
But batteries to be recharged.

I am going out to say adios to the land,  
Where a son is enamoured of his own mother  
And daughter seeks her own father in bed.

I am going out to say goodbye to the land,  
An unmarried girl wants a child,  
Her mother takes her to the city to get pregnant,  
Like a shepherd takes the cows to a bull.

Please leave your message,  
I shall get back to you

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Life Lived Well - A Tail Rhyme

Love begins with smile grows with kiss  
When born, you are crying with ease  
All others smiling.

Live life in a way when you die  
You're one smiling, saying goodbye  
All others crying.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Life One Hour Photo - A Sonnet

Life is to a man, as camera is to an artist,  
Mere words can't compose a good poem  
A good novel a typewriter cannot write  
A big house cannot make a good home.

As life, photography is about deep feelings,  
A simple statement, the clearer better it is,  
Close one is to object, better is the filling,  
Too little is included at a time, better it is.

Life is a moment's pleasure, lifetime pain,  
Life is illustrative, photo is collaborative  
Photo is lifetime pleasure, a moment's pain.  
Life and photo tend to be transitive.

Photo is looked at, rarely looked into like life,  
Liars can photograph, while photos cannot lie.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Life Razed

I was a lone man  
Each face I would scan  
Close gaze

With sick heart turned way  
She won't come today  
Hope grazed

Hours of night went by  
Light slid up the sky  
Life razed

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Life, A Flowing River- A Rispetto

Human life is just like a flowing river  
But what is after all a river in fact  
It is unique phenomenon of nature  
Fresh water added every moment.  
This daily phenomenon is responsible  
To keep the water river ever usable.  
Flow of river water as important as  
To keep health-giving, life-giving property

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Linda Marie, The Sweetheart Of Poetrysoup

Sweetheart, a compound noun made of two nouns  
Used with a difference, I found some synonyms  
The qualities that give joy to senses-BEAUTY  
The qualities that knocks you out-KNOCK-OUT

Drinks are scarcely my DISH  
My neighbor is quite a LOOKER  
My girl friend is a hell of LULU  
Helen of Troy was a SMASHER.

Cleopatra, at an early age, was a MANTRAP.  
Ophelia of Hamlet was STEADY  
Julia Roberts is quite a SWEETIE.  
Ron's favored person TRUELOVE.

She is classy gentle soup woman to me,  
To be diabetic, don't be too sweetie.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Lost Love

I am elderly now  
With weak heart I know  
lost love

I am now crippled  
Partially blind  
Lost Love

I `m an old lady  
Look back, eyes misty  
Lost love

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Love And Attachment

If a person loves only one person  
Means he is indifferent to the rest  
His or her love is that of passion  
It's called a symbiotic bond attest  
Or an enlarged feelings of an egoist  
Even then love can cost a lot more  
But not loving always costs evermore.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Love Is Truth-A Joy For Ever\*- A Sestina

True love never dies it's black and white in books  
Love is not love that alters when finds alteration  
Love stories are fantasies giving joy to the world  
Ideal love is an object set for lovers, for example  
Lust may be without love, but love will have both  
Lust short love eternal, love inner lust outer beauty.

Farhad, fell in love with Shirin, the Persian beauty  
tragic love story looks like a black and white in book  
Love was sweet but to rid pain was sacrifice for both,  
Love was true and both never tried to find alteration,  
Love was only an ideal object to attain, for example  
The love story of Shirin-Farhad is famous in the world.

Story of Orpheus-Eurydice not famous to the world  
Orpheus fell in love with and married, a nymph beauty  
But it is ideal love, for the lovers to attain for example  
Love story is, like Shirin-Farhad, a black & white in book  
Pure love with one mistake of Orpheus with an alteration  
Walk ahead, not to look back, followed not advices both.

Pocahontas-John Smith of Virginia is a modern example  
Of Jamestown, Tidewater, story of love and sacrifice both  
Account of Indian princess and Englishman, in Smith's book  
A great story of unfulfilled love, little known to the world  
Later baptized as Rebecca, married Rolfe, not a real beauty  
Met Smith in London once, though with a little alteration.

Greek legend of Helen and Menelaus is fact and fiction both  
Helen's love for Menelaus-Theseus well-known to the world  
Two versions of this love story point to her love's alteration  
'The face that launched a thousand ships' for Helen's beauty  
Loved Theseus and tricked him to kidnap her as per a book.  
Other says, loved Menelaus, loathed Theseus so not exemplary.

We find in all love stories of world literature, the alterations  
Shakespeare never steady, but changing with many examples  
Romeo-Juliet, Othello-Desdemona, Sebastian-Olivia, all beauties

Sonnet 128, proclaims love as promiscuous, and pure love both  
Pure stories of Marie-Pierre Curie, Queen Victoria-Albert of world  
Neither a folklore nor a legend but realistic love in world book.

We do enjoy the beauty for example in altered love stories  
though bookish but of both worlds of legend or make believe  
The beauty in both the records concerned we feel catharsis.

**\*\*Words chosen are: book, alterations, world, example, both, beauty\*\***

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Love Like Spring - A Sonnet

Love like a spring that never stops flowing  
On arrival at this spring suddenly  
Venture and rush not to drink devouring  
Ease, stop and rest for a while quietly.

Linger on the long road you have traveled  
Into your hands then catch the water  
Keep your palms, like a cup fully folded  
Elevate it to your lips with fervor.

Spring of love is so infinite and chaste  
Panic not, the water will never dry  
Remember never to drink it in haste  
Invariably be grateful to one you eye

Now the person who you love is a spring  
Get it but don't make the spring lowering

Dr. Ram Mehta



## Love Lured Me, Not I - A Senryu

Like moth to a flame  
Eyes deep like green emerald....  
Held me quite entranced

Love lured me not I  
That's why it's called fall in love...  
No force just I fall.

Her skin fresh picked peach  
Petal lips with morning dew...  
Shared the same shadow.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Love Will Triumph

The main hero suffers not extreme crisis  
Love fights love against love in old dresses  
It's a pleasure to view or catharsis  
No great suffering, destruction, or distress  
No crime or natural catastrophe but stress

No great theme and No great characters seen  
The young man seems sober, gentle, akin  
The young girl won't cross over her life-givers  
But the girl, the apple of her father, will win  
And turn it in melodramatic cheers

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Lovely Portals Of Night

That orbed maiden comes out  
With the radiant darkness  
The innumerable stars  
Hymn written in light.

The night walking down the sky  
With the white fire laden moon  
More richly hued than the day  
Makes it more alive.

Lovely portals of the night  
When the stars come out to watch  
Day die giving glimpses of  
Immortality.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Love's Like War: Easy To Begin But Hard To End

To love is to suffer; one must not love not to suffer  
But then one suffers from not loving, to love to prefer.

Passion is defined as an intense emotion  
Both loving and suffering are feelings in motion.

Love is more than a noun, a verb, more than a feeling  
It is caring, sharing, helping and that of sacrificing.

Love is knowing without asking that you have support  
A loyal interdependence no one can distort.

The sun never says to the earth, &quot;Dear, you owe me&quot;;  
Since time immemorial, I have given life and glee.

Your eyes smile upon me like stars from the heaven  
Such blessings are found by two hearts interwoven.

Look what happens with a love of that gorgeous tie  
How amazingly their selfless love lights up the sky.

When we revel in the joy of love's special gift  
Ushered by grace, to a magical place we drift.

The sun in passion, the earth and the sky overblown  
Red sun before sleep blows kisses to the earth thereon.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Love's Umbrella

Care not for the umbrella unopened  
Share the drops dripping down unrestrained  
Fire inside, glowing in smiles shared  
Slumbered by, in the misty rain.

Let love be umbrella to protect you from the rain  
That falls from the clouds of joy or sadness  
Protected you are always from life's storm  
Upset not till shines the sun of warmth and happiness.

Walking then with hand in hand in the misty rain □  
Feeling the warmth, drenched in each other  
Living on moments, surrounded by haze  
Nothing, not even a fraction of the day matters.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Machinac's Gold

By sheer chance visited Machinac's island for a few hours  
October is the time for frosts, blankets and snowflakes  
Where one cannot travel in the motorized vehicles  
Beauty of an island is one of Michigan's pleasures.

Snowflakes, the untouched beauty of nature  
They fall with a whisper that you can barely hear  
Wild horse, wild horse that is snowflake white  
Runs like the wind and glides through the night.

The term meaningful in the world of Appaloosas horses  
The breed with a wide range of color variants  
Having mottled skin on their lips, genitals and eyes  
With striped hooves and thin skimpy manes and tails.

So fascinating and exotic is the color pattern on the body  
Looking like someone has placed a blanket on its body  
With a pattern of spots tipped or frosted blonde or white  
Snowflakes landing on the horses like random spots white.

Swirling and drifting- galloping and skipping motions  
The horses and snowflakes like poetry of emotions.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Make Everyday A Thanksgiving Day

The table is brimming with good things to eat;  
Happily with the family and friends; what a treat.  
A little house our Lord has given to dwell here  
Nose to smell, eyes to see, arms to hug, ears to hear  
Keen sense, the list will make a big book, to share  
Super poets all, single mother, single father  
Grateful prayers for Americans, Africans, Mexicans  
Indians, Asians, Australians, Europeans, Canadians  
Very many happy Thanksgiving Day with best wishes  
Including tiniest houses, churches and institutions  
Near and far all the mates, all the nature's resources  
Great soldiers, policemen, freedom fighters  
Day to thank our lord with sermons of all religions  
And not let our minds take our gratitude away  
Year round make every day like Thanksgiving Day

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Man Disconnected - Free Verse

Who is not going with this fast life?  
Helpless to set his legs anywhere.  
Forced to walk fast, pressed, depressed  
Always on the run, tired, defeated.  
In search of a tree and its shadow  
Eventually he has not walked at all.  
I see the broken hearth- moral breakdown,  
Cold kitchens, cold bedrooms  
Homes with 'absent father' here and there,  
Single parents, unmarried mothers.  
Barren women, surrogate mothers.  
Same houses, same people in the  
Unknown city with nothing new.  
With same pains and same relationships.  
Cannot eat or bathe or sleep with ease.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Many Ways To Eye - Triolet

I know those eyes that look in many ways  
Giving me different shades and faces  
The eyes of my mom, drippings of grace  
I know those eyes that look in many ways  
The eyes of dad, strict and soft always  
A turned blind eye or casted down eyes  
I know those eyes that look in many ways  
Giving me different shades and faces.

I know those eyes that look in many ways  
Giving me different shades and faces.  
Oh, the eyes of my neighbors debased  
I know those eyes that look in many ways  
Green with jealousy those evil eyes  
Looking from the corners of the eyes  
I know those eyes that look in many ways.  
Giving me different shades and faces

I know those eyes that look in many ways  
Giving me different shades and faces  
Eyes like two burnt holes in \*all-embrace  
I know those eyes that look in many ways  
And eyes on the back of head to spy  
Those Bed-room eyes, those feasting eyes  
I know those eyes that look in many ways  
Giving me different shades and faces.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Maple Memories - A Sonnet

My balcony covered by a huge sycamore tree,  
My constant companion of snowy Maple days,  
Memories come as insects around flowering tree  
Turning my gloomy days into glorious days.

The first candid approach in medicine to initiate,  
Hippocrates sat under sycamore tree to explain,  
As Budhha sat under the Bodhi tree to meditate,  
Nirvana or the enlightenment of mind to attain.

Father Cavanaugh called it 'The vengeance tree',  
Othello's Desdemona sat sighing by a sycamore,  
Flying to Egypt Virgin Mary rested under the tree,  
Known as crann ban 'money tree' in Iris folklore.

To demystify health care & known to personalize,  
To me sycamore exists to socialize and to poetize.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# March Madness- A Sonnet

Filched fabulous February cover,  
And I have but seen you scantily dressed,  
I see the buds & flowers all over,  
By the wild wily winter camouflaged.

Cool breeze sends messages to my senses,  
Not to be blamed if March may madden me,  
Sure I shall be in April amorous,  
Adoring you till Midsummer Day glee.

Maybe June can make me unsteadier,  
Dear me, July keep me quiet joyous  
I'm not sure of sensual September,  
Lest I may be way-out but courteous.

Whatever is conceived in March fever,  
Gestation starts from sober October.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Marilyn Monroe- A Golden Lotus In Dull Grave

The new book "Fragments" refresh the  
The image of larger-than-life American.  
The "fragments" do ignite many questions  
Of what turns a human being into a legend.  
Personal excellence, exceptional charisma  
Intellect, strength or beauty? Or it can be  
Unusual capacity to engage the hearts  
And enlarge the dreams of the admirers.

She echoed her rage, discontent and sorrow  
She notes, "Not a scared little girl anymore"  
Her youth was marred by abandonment  
Her three marriages ended in divorce.  
She wrote in her poem when married to \*Miller  
&"Oh silence, your stillness hurt my head — and pierce ears.&"

The most contentious aspect of Monroe's early years  
Is the possibility that she was sexually abused.  
Three years later she wrote, "I will not be punished  
Or be whipped, or be threatened or not be loved  
Or sent to hell to burn with bad people  
Feeling that I am also bad" alludes to devotion  
To faith and her struggle with guilt.  
Millions of words have been devoted to her  
Few of them were written or said by herself  
And the people who knew her well are no more.  
Yet her inner life remains mysterious  
A subject of reverie for biographers and writers.

Oceans churned on her brow, wind swept the leaves  
Of her life into dust storms, flames leapt in mirrors  
Of her eyes dwelling in a penumbra of life and death.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Marriage Is Not A Word But A Sentence

To me there seems to be no point thinking to marry  
Do remember having read two different points of view  
Marriage is not hell or heaven but point to purgatory  
Hit marriage requires always the same person to woo.

I know the point that marriage is a serious matter  
But advice about it to me can be very humorous  
With unusual needs I am surely a good bachelor  
Compare to married man my needs are numerous.

I hope you have by now understood my view point  
If you didn't, then there is no point to explain further  
But still I am ready to put forward my standpoint  
Don't marry for money, you can borrow it cheaper.

I know, on that point you're going to ask me more  
But listen to me about my good as well as bad points  
If variety is spice of life, marriage is a can of leftover  
Like hot shower, as one get used to it, won't feel glints.

Say, in a restaurant you ordered things to as you feel  
When you see what other eats, wish you ordered that.  
Challenge above view points, prove pointing incorrect  
On that point of time, I will break the point of my quill.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Marriage Stages

There are four stages in any marriage

First stage is a successful affair

Then marriage with a happy home

Then children with house and home

Lucky one stops at this.

There is the fourth stage

That of divorce

To know a

Woman

Full

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Measure For Measure - A Sonnet

Her hands full with a cheating husband  
Who answered personal ads on the net?  
Looking for someone for 1 on 1 sex as  
He was in bad relationship with his wife.

She pried & managed to find his password,  
And started answering the ads for him,  
Flooding his mailbox from all over  
Some of the women did fall for him.

She came across a woman from Roma,  
Who was looking for an American guy  
Aspiring to get a green card to quit Italy  
Surprisingly she proved to be trump card.

In the end he thought it a form of adultery,  
He who cheats & be cheated go to purgatory.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Meeting Expectations Of A Realist

Passions for expectations with life were none  
Till the teenage accepted life as it came anon.  
Went to gym, played games, attended school  
Swam in the open sea, life smooth and cool.

Might've been endowed with great expectations  
In gestation to perform later in life like everyone.  
Sprouted while in the university educational zones  
Both of literature and dramatics as milestones.

Both meted out in career as a university teacher  
Not so easy but had miles to go in my endeavor  
Was quite fortunate to meet the inspiring persons  
Who directed me to perform the righteous acts.

I did meet my expectations later in matured years  
Performing Moliere in his own country and theatres  
Attending the poetry conferences in three continents  
And honors in literature that missed in early periods.

Aimed for the moon but reached the sky amidst  
Never complained about the wind like a pessimist  
Never expected the wind to change like an optimist  
But adjusted the sails like a down-to-earth realist.

Dr. Ram Mehta



## Memory, A Diary - Free Verse

A Festival celebrations vacation was on  
And a pleasure to go swimming every morn  
With friends to the open Arabian sea.  
Noticed a war-ship anchored onto the sea.

Hey, buddy, let's go up to the ship there  
And let's see who comes first to the shore.  
As we were about to approach the ship  
Saw some soldiers pointing guns at us.

Fled like a frightened fish seeking the shore  
Forgetting who reached first and who the last.  
A word went round the town as of caution  
As it was the time of the Second World War.

Nothing happened for the next few days  
And the ship had gone one fine morning.  
But we learnt the lesson of how to swim  
Against the tide and also with the tide.

I carry about with me this diary as a treasure  
As the lasting perfume, not as a past pleasure

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Men And Birds

The birds differ more from man than the way  
In which they can build their nests  
Leave landscape as it was.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Message In A Bottle-Sparse

Write in plain, simple language, short words,  
and sentences; do not let fluff  
and verbosity creep in.  
Kill most of adjectives  
as they weaken when  
close together,  
strengthen when  
they are  
sparse.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Mirror Never Tells Lies

There was a sign on the front door in the lunch break  
"A person stopping growth in the company passed away  
You're invited to join the funeral in the room near gym".  
All got curious to know who this person might be.

Employees arrived to pay their last respects to the dead  
They got closer to the coffin and looked inside it.  
Became speechless, shocked and in silence they stood  
As if someone had touched the deepest part of the soul.

There was a mirror inside the coffin, could see oneself.  
The lesson; it's you who is capable to set limits to growth  
You are the only person who can revolutionize your life  
Life changes when you change, you're only responsible.

A road's bend isn't road's end if you fail to make a turn  
Adversity is a lesson like seeing the stars in the dark  
How can you reach the peak unless you pass the valleys  
Look how skillful sailors are made by the rough seas.

To get a blessing of the day, what you scatter matters  
Sing an hour of peace counts many a year of strife lost.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Miss You The Most - A Rondelet

Will miss you the most  
As the September days grow very long  
Will miss you the most  
Looking at the falling light leaves defrost  
And will soon listen to old winter's song  
Finally the winter nights will prolong  
Will miss you the most.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Misty Rain - A Lento

Seeing the misty rain through window  
Flowing water over the inner horizon bright  
Dreaming in a trance of our time  
Casting golden rays of pure light and delight.

How the cosmic frost melting away  
Now the sun lifts the mist  
Allows thoughts lost to search for truth  
Bestows the hidden secrets of the Christ.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Moments

If my muse in the middle is interrupted  
My poem will also remain unfinished.

Calamities would have remained virgins.  
If my birth would have been hindered

I won't know what unhappiness is.  
If my life is not fully shattered

I would only know what awakening is.  
If Ram's glass of wine is not drained,

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Morose Poet - Free Verse

Oh, Morose Poet,  
A maid's breasts  
Haunts you.  
Oh, saturnine poet  
Those roseate lips  
A Stygian hue.  
Oh, embittered poet,  
Life seethes  
And life burns,  
Your pen scratches  
At the center of heart.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Mum, By A Bear I Am Being Eaten

On a mobile phone a distraught mother listens  
How her teenage daughter was being torn and eaten  
Alive by a bear and its three children. In her own voice  
She cried and said, "Mum, by a bear I am being eaten";

A nineteen year old Olga gave almost an hour-long  
Running commentary about her agony all along  
In three separate calls very, very disheartening  
She cried and said, "Mum, by a bear I am being eaten";.

In second call she said, "The bear left and came back";  
With her cubs and are eating me with renewed attack";  
Hearing this any mother would have died there and then  
She cried and said, "Mum, by a bear I am being eaten";

In third call she said, "Mum, it is not hurting anymore  
Now I don't feel any pain, mum, everything is over  
Forgive me, love you so much"; the call cut and deadened  
She cried and said, "Mum, by a bear I am being eat'

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Mum, By A Bear I Am Being Eaten - A Pantoum

On a mobile phone a distraught mother listens  
How her teenage daughter was being eaten and torn  
Alive, in her own voice, by a bear and its three children  
She cried and said, "Mum, by a bear I am being eaten"

A nineteen year old Olga gave almost an hour-long  
Running commentary about her agony all along  
In three separate calls very, very disheartened  
She cried and said, "Mum, by a bear I am being eaten".

In second call she said, "The bear left and came back"  
With her cubs and are eating me with renewed attack"  
Hearing this any mother would have died there and then  
She cried and said, "Mum, by a bear I am being eaten"

In third call she said, "Mum, it is not hurting anymore  
Now I don't feel any pain, mum, everything is over  
Forgive me, love you so much" the call cut and deadened  
She cried and said, "Mum, by a bear I am being eaten".

Dr. Ram Mehta

# My 51st Wedding Anniversary

A hand was put in my hand  
I remember fifty years back  
I still hold that hand firmly  
Today unaltered.

Our wedding was accomplished  
Exactly fifty one years back  
The celebrations of it  
Continues this day.

Anniversary is time  
To celebrate today's joy  
The memories of yesterday  
Hopes of tomorrow

Dr. Ram Mehta

## My Date With Pasta

I had a date with a girl, like me a perfect Libran  
I took her to a restaurant which serves Italian  
I went for my Amori Pasta corkscrew shaped  
Ordering it on a date in fact disaster proved  
I tried the sauce, a tongue tingling tomato base  
While eating it went flying some on my face  
I used my napkin with a hope she didn't see  
Twisting the pasta with fork, slang on my knee  
My date came near me and whispered in my ear  
I have enjoyed our date but your eating is severe  
I would like to see you again, there is no doubt  
But my request, please order the rainbow trout.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# My Father-My Hero - A Sonnetina Rispetto

My dad was a man of honor  
His love I ruminare over  
A godly love he has given  
Power of his hands so secure.

There's nothing we could not endure  
He's my mentor, my friend, my man  
My dad was a man of honor  
His love I ruminare over.

So busy left slushy things to mom  
Someone that I can count upon  
A godly love he has given  
My father, my mentor, my man.

My dad was a man of honor  
His love I ruminare over

Dr. Ram Mehta

# My First And Last Halloween &quot;Dressing Up&quot;; - Free Verse

It was in Atlanta 1997 my first ever visit to America  
I went with a friend to his another friend's house  
With no real intention of &quot;dressing up&quot; as anything  
But to see and know what Halloween is after all.

There came a beautiful girl Iris and asked me  
If I wanted my face to be painted for Halloween.  
Nodding I consented I don't know why till today  
She painted my face as nothing in particular.

But, ah, the experience of looking into her eyes  
Touching her alluring body almost to the full  
And she touched my heart while she painted  
It was the beginning of wonderful relationship.

What a sweetheart! What a wonderful Halloween I had  
Wherever you're, Iris, I remember you and send my love.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# My Grandmother

As a kid I was fascinated to the gold ring of my grandma,  
I used to play with it when she would cuddle me in her lap  
As I grew up, got more introvert sitting alone as if in trauma.

The reason was ardent desire to get admission in university  
Though my father with little means was trying hard with hope  
And to my surprise my father managed even in the adversity.

One day received urgent call from my father to come home  
As I entered, saw grandma on the bed with her palm clap  
With tears in eyes between her palms she took my palm.

She said: "When wind blows, bent down as do the plants"  
I joined her, 'Surrender, ride it, lift your head high as it'll stop"  
I said, "Since you taught the refrains, they're in my prayers"

She breathed her last before I could further say my words  
Leaving blue sapphire ring- a symbolic message of hope  
That Saturn is a good teacher but bad master for Libras.

=====

\*I still wear that blue sapphire gem ring when I am running the period  
and sub-period of Saturn astrologically.  
I hope Andrea reads this as she has deep interest in astrology.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# My Grandpa And Ma

Grandpa breathed his last when  
My father was still in my grandma's womb  
For me it's a distant dream to recall  
What he looked like or what he was.  
But what the people of the town said  
That he was all in one for education of the kids  
A head-master, a teacher, a peon, a caretaker.

But I do remember my grandma with whom  
I lived since my birth to my teenage till  
I left for the university education.  
My grandma widowed at the age of nineteen  
Bringing up my father, settled him for a good life.  
Built a tall wall against all Tsunamies and if  
there were Tsunamies, they're on the other side of the wall.

And then.....  
She got up in the dawn, and knelt and blew  
Till the seed of the fire flickered and a-glow  
And then she had to scrub and baked and swept,  
Went to river for wash and  
Bring a pot of drinking water  
Till stars were beginning to blink and peep;  
And me lie long and dreamt in my bed,  
And her day went over in idleness.  
Waited my return from the school and  
If late by a few minutes,  
Will come half the way to school.  
While she must work though old  
Till the seed of the fire got feeble and cold  
Getting cataracts in both her eyes and  
I was her eyes and her ears and hands later  
I remember my mother as she lay dying,  
What she said of me to my dad 'that Babu,  
He's all the treasure you will ever need'.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# My Name Is Donald Duck

My name is Donald Fauntleroy Duck  
My creator brought me to life as an idea struck  
And he named me Donald Duck  
Which was supposed to bring me luck.

Rather robust, plump and tough  
I often like to strut my stuff.  
Born right with confidence from the start  
Have a big great sensitive heart.

What I don't like is my raspy scratchy voice  
Against my creator I had no choice.  
As I quacked to speak my voice was weak  
And in a school for speech lesson I did seek.

Once coming out of school walking fast  
And ran into a brassy beauty of a lass  
Whose curves smutted me from the start  
Her hypnotic trance captured my heart.

With a warm embrace, proposed to her with feel  
And settled down near an old corn mill  
Have been enjoying life for many years still  
With the three sets of twins, a great deal.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# My Name Is Lelawala

Where sunless river weeps and waves into the deep  
Please awake me not as I sleep very charmed sleep.  
Have many a names in different cultures world over  
Boann, Anget, Mujaji, talaya, Lelawala, & Tsoninar

Native American know me as Lelawala goddess of rain  
My father married me off to a king as I was fair maiden  
But my true love was He-No, the god of great thunder  
Lurking in cave under \*Horseshoe Falls of Niagara water.

Paddling a canoe on the Falls, was swept off the Falls  
Luckily He-No caught me while falling down the Falls.  
Here happily I and He-No live in the caves of Niagara  
That's my story and now is time for me to get to action.

Watch me on my favorite horse Backahasten or Ashrays  
Falling from the great heights clinging to dewy softness  
Lo! My grasp gives way and feel free to fall through air  
My brothers and He-No with me I no longer have fear.

The sun peeks out above, the rays pierce from top to toe  
Amazed to see an array of colors forming the rainbow  
My flight continues on, the wind moves me side by side  
Wait no more to find what lies as I complete this ride.

The earth is near and the air feels warmer all around  
I dance from leaf to leaf and fall softly to the ground  
Hand in hand with buddy drops glide the wet terrain  
A mighty stream I am now and no more a drop of rain.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Myth Fabrication - Monorhyme

Once Jessica Lynch of states army division  
The sweet young soldier girl of twenty one  
Served in Iraq invasion  
Never fired her weapon  
Honored first prisoner of war woman.

Wounded with bullets and in tension  
The doctors paid her full attention  
Knife wounds bullet none  
Only some bones broken  
Fake "rescue" shown on television.

It was nothing but fake history fabrication  
Baking jingoistic cake for nation  
Bogus syndication  
War myth definition  
Jessica, a puppet propagation.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Myth Fabrication,21st Century

21st Century Myth Fabrication

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Dr. Ram Mehta

# Nature

Nature is as careless as it is bountiful  
The faster the death, the faster is evolution.  
A female eats her own fertile eggs,  
When she is hungry while laying the eggs.

Gall gnat produce eggs within its body,  
When the eggs are hatched within the body  
They devour their own parents.  
The parents die, the next generation lives.

The sea is a cup of death  
And land is a stained alter stone,  
We are the fortunate survivors  
Living on flotsam and jetsam.

Right or wrong is a human concept.  
The nature cares not if we live or die.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Nature's Dance

Nature's unveiled screen, as the sun is on fire  
HE bursts everywhere, flowers butterfly flutter

Here' autumn wind running doing magical things  
Twisting, turning, gifting bright leaves, the wings

There, the autumnal beauty ready to go to sleep  
On the soft comfortable bed on the leaves' heap.

Now, It is in-between time, with arrival of winter  
Landscape partly brown, weeds swing and linger

Then, landscapes reawake invoke dance master  
It's spring fever, flowers lean for sun, the dater

Napping in summer's melody, autumn sings feisty  
Winter sings stimulatingly, spring makes us crazy.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Navigation- Free Verse

I saw you freshly bathed  
With glowing soft skin,  
Earth, moon in your hair.

I remember your look,  
Grey-blue eyes piercing,  
Through my desiring heart.

Those eyes leaning down  
The greenest of things blue  
The bluest of things grey.

Your fuller pouty lower lip,  
Inviting my upper to touch  
Ah, it makes me nervous.

I don't need to get the tips,  
Beautiful lips sink ships,  
Increase one's heart beats.

Aren't you ready to claim?  
What nature gave you in full?  
Here I navigate your body.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Neftali Ricardo Reyes Basoato

'A poet goes in search of poetry  
To Neruda poetry came to search him.  
He knew not from where it sprung.  
There were no voices, faces or words  
Poetry touched the man without a face'.

Surrounded by foreign language  
And alien culture, without literary community  
He learnt what true loneliness was  
Turning inward he wrote Residence of Earth.

He was in his true element in Spain  
He wrote love poetry inspired by Matilde.  
Neruda presented woman and nature  
Often passionate odes to love and nature.

To him &quot;Love is a journey thro' waters and stars  
Love is a war of lightning- two bodies ruined  
By a single sweetness - a genital fire  
Transformed by the delight&quot;.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Neftali Ricardo Reyes Basoato (Neruda) - Free Verse

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Dr. Ram Mehta

## Nevaquaya - Free Verse

Nevaquaya, tall, fair and dewey-eyed, was he  
A brave warrior but with an artist like heart,  
The whole village listened when he played his flute  
That he made from the hollow reeds.  
The warriors gathered around, women came to hear him  
His music moved their souls to passion.  
Then their hearts were melted to pity.  
Even the nature borrowed sweetness from his music.

Once in his roaming he met Nokomis  
A beautiful maiden who fell in love at first sight  
Enamored of his melodious music.  
One day she was abducted by some natives  
A captive of their desire's lust.  
But Nevaquaya did not lose the hope.  
When he saw the full moon reflected  
In the still water on shores of Gitche Gumee,  
He played on his flute with alluring tunes  
Of beauty, love and longing, of life undying  
With a faint hope Nokomis will hear his music.  
Even brooks ceased to murmur in the forest  
The wood-birds ceased singing  
And the rabbit sat upright to listen to his music  
Nourishing a faint hope, Nokomis will hear his music.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# New Alchemy Love Gods

Reading a book of Chemical Terminology  
To find some love gods of Greek mythology  
No wife, got drunk, fell asleep, night stormy  
Like Coleridge I dreamt of love Gods alchemy  
Conceived and composed this sonnet uncanny.....

I saw alchemy love gods in the hierarchy,  
Testosterone that regulates sexual desire.  
Phenyl ethylamine makes a person catchy,  
Its effect is time-bound but not entire.

A love interest is signaled by Dopamine,  
Your attention on the person is alright.  
Your blood is set racing by Norepinephrine,  
And prompts you for action 'fight or flight'.

The control of moods goes with Serotonin,  
And violent behavior is almost set light.  
Released at the moment of orgasm Oxytocin,  
Influences bonding between the two alright.....

Suddenly awoke, many gods and paths that wind  
If you don't mind call me in case more you find.

Dr. Ram Mehta

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Niagara

Niagara, the Antiope\* of Canada,  
Amazonian\*, but not breast less,  
Snowy bosom like virginal gems,  
Swelling lips moderately full,  
Savoury odor felt all around,  
Crystalline throat striking the eyes.

Meandering, churning, darting, dashing,  
Transformed from blonde to brunette.  
Here alluring, benign, attenuated,  
There corpulent, colossal, capering,  
Practicing calisthenics all the time.

Raquel Welch\* in 'One Million Years B.C.'\*  
Wily Cleopatra, the Scythian of Ordzhonikidze\*,  
Carnal Marilyn, matured Helen of Troy,  
Venus in Aries\*, Mars in Pisces\*.

Broad bellied, middle-aged, deep,  
Now bulging belle of Detroit\*,  
Encircling the wooing Windsor\*,  
Yet the Blithe spirit of \*Pelee Island.

Dr. Ram Mehta

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Dr. Ram Mehta

# Niagara- A Natural Treasure And Man Made Jewels We Do Take Stocks Of A Natural Treasure

We do take stocks of a natural treasure  
And the man made jewels every year  
Experiencing the awesome majestic beauty  
That nature paints with wind, water and ice  
Over 12000 years on the Niagara landscape.

I along with all the members of my family  
Opt for the picnic during the spring back  
On reaching, the first, very first craving of kids  
Hey, let's go to the Butterfly Conservatory  
Teaching us to learn how to get happiness  
Chase not a butterfly, stand still, will land on you  
As in life not to run after the happiness  
Let the happiness come to you like a butterfly.

Time for the lunch break and to buy biscuits  
For the seagulls and the squirrels a plenty.  
Holding a biscuits in our hands for seagulls  
Hovering over the people everywhere and  
Bold enough to enjoy their lunch from our hands.

Now it's the time for The Maid of Mist boat tour  
Watching eternity, flowing away forever and ever  
Yesterday becoming today, today tomorrow  
Never resting beautiful dream, a stark reality  
A bliss to be there down for to see the beauty.

Now for the tea and breakfast at the Mist Plaza  
Resting in the open, kids waiting for the squirrels  
Here they come whirly, twirly, round and round  
Down scampers to the ground, furly and curly  
Where is their supper, in the shell? No, No  
It's biscuits in the hands of my grandkids  
Holding the hand high to lure the squirrel  
To climb on his body to grab its supper  
Fun for the kids and a treat to all to watch.

Our spirits grieve to say a farewell to thee with  
But with a promise as usual to return next year.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Not Pessimist For Old, And Optimist For The New Year

The month named after Roman God Janus is round the corner  
This Roman god was attributed with two faces in particular  
He could look ahead to the future and the past times to fold  
I have two folders in mind and heart, storage known to God.

Taking inspiration I take stock of the two folders' contents  
Of cheers, happiness and love there are many a good events  
Of 18 birthdays, 5 marriage anniversaries in the family fold  
I have two folders in mind and heart, storage known to God.

Celebrated 75 years of life journey without any major regrets  
And along with it fifty years of marriage with negligible regrets  
Have lived, loved, be loved, laughed, mused and amused  
I have two folders in mind and heart, storage known to God.

Second folder of regrets, hate, anger, pride, prejudice deleted  
Not pessimist for old year to go, optimist for New Year instead  
On the New Year Day will save the new things with same mood  
I have two folders in mind and heart, storage known to God.

Dr. Ram Mehta



## O' Mirror, O' Mirror

Who put crows' feet around my eyes?  
Who put grey in my hair to dye?  
I know you're not prejudicial  
You show images as real  
O' Mirror! It is my father's face I imply

Dr. Ram Mehta

## O' Shepherdess Fair!

O' Fair shepherdess! What a misery swept!  
A lover, a selfless lover you have lost  
Why don't you speak? You haven't yet wept.  
Thus the shepherdess replied, "It's not my fault";

His death hasn't moved you, shame!  
You are unmoved by the loss of your lover  
You treat him as if he were a stranger  
Thus she replied, "I am not to blame";

"Yes, not his love but I grieve him aloof  
He had shared so many other lasses  
They would be sharing the same feelings  
Unfortunately, "I have no proof";

"Ask any shepherdess around any lane  
He loved far and wide, suffice it to say.  
Of his unfaithfulness, I drove him away  
Therefore, 'I will show no shame";

Dr. Ram Mehta

## O' Winter, Ruler Of The Inverted Year (Quantain)

Almost on cue with the coming of Samhain  
I love this time of year more than any other  
My part of the world to transit into late autumn.  
There's more than just a delicious chill in air  
Now the wind has bite and a promise is there.

Of the coming winter's stinging coldness  
There is the breath of ice and frost dancing  
On the windows, bushes, on the brittle grass  
Though much slight, smell of nature's decaying  
The soil hardens and to plummet leaves preparing.

Last night, I saw the moon through the trees  
Rich, ripe, gleaming, golden dripping with color.  
Hail to Mani, God of the moon, and its secrets  
My breath stolen, Hail to the moon of hunter  
There truly is tremendous beauty of two seasons.

It's sad beauty though, but powerful and moving  
But tinged with just a touch of the taste of loss  
It's a beauty that highlights the nature transiting  
Of things and somehow that sense of pending loss  
Enhance loveliness, praise the Gods of dapple things.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Ode To 50 Wives Bred To Worship The Polygamous Prophet

## Strophe

The polygamist had a big house  
Where he chose to warehouse hundreds of girls  
And women including 29 stepmothers, his father's spouses  
56 of the girls were each other's sisters.  
And 24 were under the age of seventeen.  
Some of the young wives even assisted passions  
The pedophile with his sexual assaults  
Telling the girls that if they refused to please his preen  
In what he dubbed the "heavenly sessions"  
They would be "rejected by God's favorite cult.

## Antistrophe

Wives were both the victims of his abuse  
And the accomplices subjected to a cruel  
World of worship and sexual abuse  
And were so indoctrinated and used cool.  
Who cruelly bred them for manipulation.  
Calling himself the 'humble servant' of God  
Asking the girls to please God to atone community's sins  
Oh, the wives of the notorious polygamist's predation  
Into the twisted world of subjugation fold  
With which he surrounded himself amidst the teens.

## Epode

Had a wisdom tooth for his sexual gratification  
Raping the young girls in his big house to make housewives  
The State of Texas has a big house for lamentation  
Where he will spend the rest of his life's cloves  
Well, he will have plenty of time to repent.  
And think deeply on the meaning of life  
Out of the 50 wives none of the parents got relief  
Where are the parents of these young girls tormented?  
Does that mean all were brainwashed for strife?

So scary that pedophilia can be masked as religious belief.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Ode To A Friend's Gathered Pieces Of Life

## Strophe

In his younger days of shame  
He went on undeterred  
Thinking much about fame  
But was not at all envisioned  
To lay edifice of prosperity  
That might properly house  
The glory of his name.  
But failed to see the clear light eternity  
He moved swifter than to push  
His plans ambitious plans to claim.

## Antistrophe

The fair foundation was way ahead  
He began to gratify his desires  
With his frolicsome friends instead  
Dallying in the sun entire  
Scrambling in a awkward way  
And the liquor ran  
As a result he was too late  
To see his vision shape to display  
And to rise in the lofty terrain  
Mind's pieces drifted the conscious strait

## Epode

He was drowned by flotsam-jetsam  
in sluggish current of unruly life  
Later in life his friends him  
And well wishers deceived in his strife  
But now he has no regrets  
Nothing remains unachieved  
Fragments left him  
To collect the pieces together without sweat  
Now enjoying all his time of bliss relieved  
With all smile and no scowl on him



# Ode To Beauty

I stand on the snow covered mountain  
Colorful vase of flowers  
Slopes with flower beds laden  
I saw the snow lotus flowers  
I asked, "Why are you all alone here?  
Beauty is meant to be adored.  
Should give yourself to somebody  
Before your petals fall to dust soon, dear.  
What if I crushed your petals, I asked  
As at these heights, you are quite lonely";..

antistrophe

One of the flowers quickly responded  
"I enjoy the shelter of blue skies.  
I would be too glad  
If you choose to crush my petals  
My fragrance will spread everywhere.  
Fulfilling the purpose and duty  
If destroyed, not admired.  
By plucking my petals, remember  
You won't gather my beauty,  
Beauty is to see, not to be plucked'.

epode

"O' lotus, you teach wisdom to man  
Praise her beauty, don't destroy her.  
It is the gladdest thing under the sun  
Touch a hundred flowers not pick ever";  
O' man, pluck not wayside flower even  
It is the traveler's dowers.  
Silently a flower blooms alone  
And in silence it falls down  
If I am worth many pleasures,  
I think I am too few then";.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Ode To Earthquake

What a day you chose, Grandma Mine!  
To quake, to move, to shiver, to shake  
Thereby to ravage, to savage, to shatter,  
The celebrations of Mother India Republic Day.  
A female snake eating her own children!  
What bad karma those school children had done?  
What configurations of the planets took place  
In the natal charts of those thousand killed?

Million years ago you jolted and rocked,  
Opening up the Atlantic & creating Indian Ocean,  
Delinking India from Africa and Sri Lanka.  
Those oceans are widening & the Pacific shrinking.  
Will North America & Asia drift into each other?  
The twelve plates mate and hate each other,  
Caribbean to Cocos & Indian to Eurasian.  
Your wanton ways to be taken as blessing in disguise?  
Your natural acts as great levelers? Or  
HE made the world to fit best to create & destroy.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Ode To Goddess Pele

Ye, the goddess of flame, fire and eternal love  
From Tahiti you found home in Hawaii Kilauea  
I accessed your gateway with deep feelings of love  
With your Archetypes Kali Ma, Sekhmet and Durga  
You falsify that women are weak and incapable  
That to be feminine to be fragile and helpless  
You're a beauty with dignity & divine power all  
Ability to shape shift woman or crone effortless.  
Known as Pele energy or energy Pele-kino-aha-nei  
Your four sisters using same will Pele-kino-aha-nei.

## Antistrophe

As a young woman you fell in love with Lohiau  
As you left volcano, pining for you & dying nearly  
You sent Hiiaka for him, she fell in love with Lohiau  
You found Kamapua, but allowed them to marry.  
All in Hawaii know your defined potential of fire  
And stories about your many loves & infidelities  
Your father sent you away because of your hot temper  
As you seduced your sister's husband with abilities.  
Finally in Hawaii with blatant infidelities and passions  
Manifested in the Big island's volcanic activities.

## Epode

Because Hawaii sits on the mountaintops of Lemuria  
Lemurian Goddess energy is a still a strong vibration  
Coming to Hawaii, feels good like coming home area  
Within their cellular consciousness with love's vibration.  
Ye, Goddess Pele is surprisingly playful and light  
With three dynamics, well being, play and flow  
You, as healer, love to heal and love to be brought  
If not treated with respect, you have the power to blow.  
All visitors you listen to the Pele archives as I do  
Believe that miracles can come from teachings due.

=====

Rhyme Scheme: ababdcdee



# Ode To Pamela

Now that you have left me for reason,  
I am a man of passed-out desires  
And passed over dreams

I have unlearnt to find safe line  
Between teasing and pleasing you.  
I am yet to learn the difference  
Between bare-breasts & fashionable breasts.

I have crossed to the other side  
And I can't ever go back.  
I caressed your breasts all along the day,  
Planted my affection on your lips  
Surely it will stay there forever.

I never treated you a subordinate eve  
You were only privileged to get pleasure  
You never got the pain of childbirth from me  
I t was I who ate the forbidden fruit of Eden.  
Committing adultery in my old age.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Ode To The People Of Norway

## Strophe

O, the darkness has descended on a paradise  
Of Norway's bounties of nature  
On the people living a quiet life  
Not concerned about the politics ever  
A drug addict, calling himself a warrior  
Taking pride of being a savior of Europe  
Unmindful of the death toll of the young  
Rejoicing in the tears falling from their eyes  
A Hitler has raised his ugly head up  
Polluting the minds of the old and the young.

## Antistrophe

But trying to take a refuge to insanity  
Taking drugs to make himself efficient and awake  
Priding over to start war for years sixty  
Pleading not guilty to terrorism namesake  
Though confessing to bombing and rampage  
But remaining unaffected by what happened  
Thus his plea assures him of future court hearings  
By the attacks Norway is riveted with rage  
By Breivik's paranoid writings stunned  
Hundreds thronged the courthouse proceedings.

## Epode

With tears in their eyes people paid homage  
To the victims laying roses a few feet deep  
While the killer faces 21 years in prison  
The stiffest sentence can be given by a Norwegian judge  
His lawyer says the whole case suggests his client is insane  
The Royal couple consoled people and tears shed  
The prime minister called it a national tragedy  
And summed it up "evil can never defeat a nation"  
The killer may enjoy Halden, the luxurious jail in the world  
Where cells have flat TV and designer furniture facility.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Onam Carnival Of Kerala, India - A Shadorma

With ten days  
Of feasting, boat races  
Song and dance  
Honoring Mahabali  
A mythical king.

Against whom  
The gods plotted to  
End his reign  
Killing him  
God Vishnu allowed to come  
Visit his people.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Onam Carnival Of Kerala, India -Ii- A Shadorma

Pookalam

A flower carpet

Each house-front

Dinner on

Plaintiff leaf

Caparisoned elephants

Kathakali Dance,

Boat races

Of Karuvatta

Like raised hood

Of a cobra

To rhythms of Drums and cymbals

People throng and cheer

=====

Pookalam meaning a flower carpet

Kathakali - an Indian Classical Dance of South India

Karuvatta- name of the boat race

Dr. Ram Mehta



## Oslo Tragedy - A Sijo

Breivik confessed to the bombing in the capital Oslo  
He pleaded not guilty to the terrorism charges he faces  
Claims he acted to save Europe from Muslim colonization.

Breivik took drugs to make himself &quot;strong, efficient and awake&quot;;  
But he knows not of the death toll or of the public's response  
Looks on himself as a warrior, takes pride to start this war.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Othello's Haste For Chaste Desdemona - A Sonnet

The young Kumar's wife dancing bright,  
Making her waist into the vivacious folds,  
Offering to all exciting pleasant sight.  
Throwing the eye glances to the folks.

Her neap tide vest and spring tide bosom,  
Clicking in each step of her movements,  
Unruly, swelling, her case cannot fathom.  
Opening up websites for entertainments.

Kumar's mind troubled by whirlpools,  
Leaving his children sleeping uncared for,  
Maybe a dandy love-lorn in her pulls?  
Kumar gets busy to spy for wife's pinafore.

Desdemona remains still erotic but chaste,  
Why is there no change in Othello's haste?

Dr. Ram Mehta

## P B Shelley - A Tribute

"The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If winter comes, can spring be far behind? "  
The man who wrote the above lines once  
Was himself in winter and never saw an ounce  
Yes, even an ounce of the spring in his life  
A rebel against politics and conservative values  
A pariah of his life style, of radical ideas,  
A student expelled from the college for writing  
The Necessity of Atheism, not only that  
Expelled by his father of inheritance  
Eloped with a 16-year-old girl Harriet  
Living a nomadic life distributing pamphlets against injustice  
Wrote his first poem Queen Mob later named "Chartist's Bible"  
With notes on vegetarianism, free love and atheism  
At least his vegetarianism known and Gandhi.  
Harriet drowned herself in the Serpentine  
Married Mary and a son was born and soon died.

\*'How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother sleep! '  
The man who wrote the above lines forecasted  
His own death by drowning and was drowned  
The man who wrote in Prometheus Unbound  
"Peace is in the grave and the grave  
Hides all things beautiful and good"  
And his body fish eaten was burned on the beach  
His heart was given to his wife Mary Shelly  
Who carried it in a silver shroud in her lifetime  
A stormy mind, stormy life and stormy death  
y lived for 30 years and gone too soon.  
Just one year after John Keats, his poet friend

\*(from 'Ode to the West Wind',1819)

\*(From Queen Mob,1813)

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Panning And Zooming In Life

Like the unconventional light  
Of the photography technique  
Pit multiple scenes on life site  
Leave many doors open to seek  
Success for short distance quick  
Thereby to regain altitude  
Clear an obstacle in a flick  
With panning-zooming attitude

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Passion Pits

My father had a passion to swim in the open sea  
He used to shout, come on, &quot; \*Babu, will teach you&quot;;  
But never had the courage to respect his calls due.  
While I sat on the sand watching his swimming glee.

One day he caught me and threw me in the water  
Splashing hands here and there I learnt it sooner  
Happy inheriting that passion of my father forever  
Those were the days of the Second World War.

A Japanese ship was into the Arabian sea anchored  
We had a bet to swim up to the ship, touched duly  
And came back to the shore with the tide safely.  
I learnt a lesson to swim against the tide undeterred.

Taking part in a speech competition extempore  
Narrating the experience of the successful swimming  
Got addicted to the passion of theatrics unknowing.  
My first stage appearance shedding the stage fear

Head and foot engrossed in the activities of the theatre.  
In Paris's National Theatre my old passion was fulfilled  
After 40 years, in 1989, dramatized, acted and directed  
&quot;La Tartuffe&quot; of Moliere called France's Shakespeare.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Pebble

The river flows and the ocean roars  
The sea sings, tide rises and ebbs  
The sunlight sustains the life  
I ask self who am I?  
A pebble on shore?  
Isn't it enough  
To be of  
This world  
Then? .

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Pet-Sit Panics

Most households have in USA pets  
A hundred million cats and dogs  
Other pet types include  
Aquarium fish and bird  
Most content in home environments.

I got discontent with a content cat  
We turn to friends or neighbors  
For help to short timer  
Or to pet-care giver  
All options, not optimal for each pet.

I became that short timer option  
My friend wished to go to Ukraine  
I pet-sitted for his cat  
Gave me care-taking note  
Of her keeps, her daily medicine.

Giving transdermal med into her ear  
And she bit the crap out of my ear  
Can't call friend back or a vet  
Used third option instead  
Sent her to professional care taker.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Physical Touch

If you touch a thing often, it will shine  
And things live with love, gets a new life  
If you touch them every day.  
Yoga combines both physical  
And spiritual touch  
Giving a new life  
To catharsis  
Of body,  
Mind and  
Self.  
There's  
No love  
Without touch.  
Touch violin's strings  
Music is created.  
A poet to create a poem  
Inspired by things and language  
Things physical to create a poem.  
Strong air create sound among tree branches  
The things touched with love ought to have a voice.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Picking Horizon Apples - Rondeau Redouble

A balanced healthy diet consists of seven food groups  
Foods can be classified by color and taste  
If one flavor, color and thermic, much or little include  
The body will definitely get out of balance in fact.

On the spleen and stomach acts sweet flavored foods  
Like potato, chestnut, honey, pea, milk and date  
Digesting and neutralizing toxic effects to negate  
A balanced healthy diet consists of seven food groups.

On the liver and gall bladder acts sour favored foods  
Like Tomato, tangerine, plum, vinegar and grape  
It tends to control diarrhea and perspiration good  
Foods can be classified by color and taste.

On the heart and small intestine, bitter will act  
Like bitter melon, almond, tea, coffee arrow roots  
Reducing body heat and induces diarrhea in fact  
If one flavor, color and thermic, much or little include

On the kidneys and bladder salty flavored foods  
Like barley, sea weed, pork, crab and millet  
Will soften hardness of muscles or glands too  
The body will definitely get out of balance in fact.

On the lungs and large intestine pungent flavored foods  
Like ginger, garlic, pepper, onion, leek or its extract  
To keep system healthy consider color and taste in cue  
Balance between thermic nature, color and five tastes.

A balanced healthy diet

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Pink, A Fuzzy Blanket - A Sonnet

A person breathes into the world undressed pink  
The lovely pink joy drinks from a nipple that's pink  
An alluring pleasing color that makes one wink  
Pink is the color of the tears running on cheeks.

Pink is the color of girl who wins the heart of a man  
And the pink is the color of the heart that is won  
It is also the color of the newly sprung rose in June  
Pink is the smell of the rose after the morning rain.

It is the color of cheeks of my daughter, wife and mom  
It is also the color of the sunset of my old age balm.  
I wish the life has its own soft pink erasers in my home  
To remove all the mistakes and imperfections' outcome.

Leaving no trace of the misdoings except pink remnants  
Of tears on the cheeks to wipe out all the imprints.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Poetic Justice - A Sonnet

In the dead of the night he came to my room  
I was trying to sleep after finishing my reading  
Touched me everywhere with the lust loom  
Didn't you hear? Mom, you in next room sleeping.

Day after day this went on and happiness faded  
How couldn't you know of things what dad did?  
He tucking beers, I crying silent tears unaided  
Mom, I'm with a child of my own dad indeed.

Hearing her mama went flabbergasted a-reel  
Recalling her visit to a doctor with her husband  
Whispering to advise her to take sleeping pill  
Next day their dead bodies found in nearby pond.

Hey, poets you talk a great deal of poetic justice  
Prove me otherwise of my story of the sacrifice.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Poetry - A Poet's Autobiography

A poet is often bombarded by the meaning of words  
He got to have a physical relationship with language  
With the structural elements like couplets and stanzas  
Using imagery, rhymes of myriad emotions to manage.

Language and structure with imagination and expression  
In my veins like an unfertilized egg I need to feel poetry,  
With traffic-jammed in my thought-polluted brain session  
I strip teased my desire that breathes into the oral cavity.

The things touched with love will surely have a voice  
Touch the strings of a violin, feel how music is created  
Strong wind creates lyrical sound among trees to rejoice  
At the mere touch of love, every poet gets mused.

Poetry is words in best order, best words in best order  
It is language at its most distilled and most powerful  
There is no denying, poetry says more in words fewer,  
If your life is burning well, poetry is just the ash cool.

It is indeed a spontaneous over flow of powerful feelings  
Taking its origin from emotions recollected in tranquility  
Boned with ideas, nerved and blooded with emotions  
Held together by soft, tough skin of words of quality.

One can't give order to a person to write a poem instant  
As much as command birth of a child to woman pregnant.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Poetry And Pottery - A Sonnet

A poem sleeps in my body in an upright state,  
Among the heavy traffic, I lay bare my desire  
Comes unto me in the broad way of my heart  
Search in her body similes, title or metaphor.

I breathe in her mouth with the words proper  
I whisper into ears to hear the echoes of words  
That are in my mind to compose the body fair.  
And feel sound effect reading it aloud for tunes

Touch your curved lips with overflowing ideas  
Deep down in the vault of your soft rosy cave  
I feel you and hear it in firmament of heavens  
Touch heart that heaves and throbs like dove

Like a potter I lay my hand on waist for rhythm  
Balance, proportion, and aesthetic flexible rhyme.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Polytheism

The menstruation,  
Till its cessation  
Makes women to live outside  
Their homes for four days  
Come home on fifth day  
Husbands helping and inside.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Power Play

Dark, alone together moonlight softens the night  
As she stands so sensual gently by the wall site  
A small window, open to the world of golden light  
Silhouettes her hips and caresses the body tight.

There is some magic that binds me to those eyes  
-Witchcraft, born out of sorcery and the guiles  
But yet they do look so innocent all the while  
A necromantic, the star-bright blue surprise.

There is some wizardry in sunlight of her hair  
Casting a spell and leave my heart possessed fair  
She is everything that I have been lately scared  
But will have to keep myself safe and prepared

To send her ghost away, to send her ghost away  
Need a bell, book and candle for her power play.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Putamen And Insula

They whispered and laughed to summer days  
Shivered when the sky told winter to stay  
Along with the roses came the thorns one day  
And the thin partitions did their bounds astray

Like a pressure on the inside they built sensation  
When touched externally, it could be a finger even  
The skin informed soon the mind, via the brain  
No physical contact, feelings of discomfort strained

Hate is a passion that is of equal interest to love.  
Hate can be an all-consuming passion, just like love  
Love-hate circuits shared identical structures grow  
\*Putamen and insula linked to aggression and woe.

Once crossed over, it will determine your fate.  
Once crossed over, it is surely too late to debate.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Pyramus-Thisbe - A Selfless Love

Pyramus was the handsome young man  
Thisbe the fair maiden of Babylon.  
The houses of their parents did adjoin  
Neighborhood brought the two in relation.  
And the acquaintance ripened into love  
And the fire within them burnt with bright glow.  
Would have married, but their parents forbid  
Ardor in hearts of both they couldn't forbid  
They did converse by signs, one can think of  
The fire within them burnt like glow covered  
But Venus doesn't always befriend true love.

They found crack in wall that parted the houses  
In spared passage for tender messages  
Caused by fault in the wall of the mansion  
What will not love find for satisfaction!  
They passed the tender messages of love  
As the night fell they said farewell with awe  
Moving backward and forward through the gap  
She on her side, he on his, kissed the gap.  
One morn the sun put out the stars above  
From the watchful eyes, they tried to slip up  
But Venus doesn't always befriend true love.

Then Thisbe stole forth as agreed upon  
Unobserved, her head covered with a veil  
Out of city's bounds edifice well known  
Waited for Pyramus near a fountain trail.  
In the dim light she descried a lioness  
Nearing the fountain with blood reeking jaws  
With a recent slaughter to slake her thirst.  
She fled dropping her veil out of fright.  
After quenching thirst turned back for her cove  
Renting the veil in bloody mouth on her retreat  
But Venus won't always befriend true love.

Having delayed Pyramus arrived there  
Saw footsteps of the lioness in the sand  
And found the veil all bloody over there

Crying picked up the rent veil in his hand.  
Thought himself to be the cause of her death  
Covering the veil with kiss and with tear  
And said, come ye lioness tear with your teeth  
Let my blood also shall stain your texture.  
He plunged sword into his heart with a shove  
Blood spurted, tingling the tree with red color  
But Venus doesn't always befriend true love.

Thisbe stepped out not to disappoint him  
She noticed the change in the tree's color  
In the agonies of death she saw him.  
A shudder ran as ripple in still water.  
She saw her veil and his scabbard empty.  
He has slain himself for her sake only.  
She said, 'I could be brave and follow thee  
Death alone couldn't prevent my joining thee  
Love and death join us, one tomb be our grove'  
She plunged the sword in her breast near the tree  
But Venus doesn't always befriend true love.

Envoi

Such tale of the self-less love presented  
The two bodies in one tomb were buried  
Pyramus-Thisbe tale our hearts do move  
Berries serve memorials of their blood  
But Venus doesn't always befriend true love.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Quo Vadis Poetry, A Damsel In Distress?

Captive damsel of creative-writing programs,  
Personalized, eulogized job of small groups,  
The frenetic activities handy to very few,  
Poetry now belongs to a subculture hew.

We have accredited professional poets,  
Creative writing teachers at all levels,  
Composing computer- created poetry,  
Creating illusion of the Golden Age artistry.

These professional poets have secured  
Their own niches in the academic world,  
They cry over the spilt milk like jackals  
Snarling over a dried-up well with no aims.

Quantitative work is guaranteed success,  
Accuracy, meaning, technique matters less.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Ram Reincarnated

In this life I have seen beauty  
With its majesty and cruelty.  
I believe in reincarnation doctrine  
Would like to be butterfly divine.

A pure beauty of rainbow colors  
Not as civilized as men who prefers  
To have half of the happiness  
And the longevity much in excess.

Would count moments not years  
Flirting freely around without fears  
Fire is beautiful its beauty kills  
Care not if at all its beauty thrills.

Better to burn up for the beauty  
Than long bored life without a cutie.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Reality And Dreams

Reality

Poignant, touchy, affective

Saddening, moving, distressing

Singer, dancer, poet, artist

Dancing, singing, writing

Happy, rejoicing

Dreams

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Red Lentil Indian Curry

Diced lentils, onion, cumin

Garlic, chili, salt

Turmeric, mix with curry

Paste, boil till tender

Cures tennis elbow

When it's served

Hot!

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Red Rose

Red Rose

Red Rose

Beauty with thorns

Enticing, Elegant

Budding, Blossoming, Withering

Flower

Flower

Enticing, Elegant

Budding, Blossoming, Withering

Alluring beauty with thorns

Rose

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Resurrection

Resurrection

Resurrection of God's son, I'm here to celebrate, Pals

Easter is round the corner for spirituality and fun

Someone rising from the dead is hard to believe

Sciences do not comprehend the phenomenon

Under the condition let me say "Man's laws"; not God's

Require faith to understand and defend the concept.

Remember, friends, it's neither fiction nor fairytales to tell but

Expanding the mind to higher level of belief and trust.

Candidly science only believes in the things is proven

Things unproven don't exist and are quite vain

In fact universe is vast space of gravity and time

Only way to reach out beyond all the sciences

None but those with faith may encounter God's image.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Ring In New Bells To The New Sky

Each year is born like the bright berry from naked thorn  
Take steps back, assess the old, be grateful to new morn  
He who breaks a resolution is weak, who makes is a fool  
We have one life to live, life not a dress rehearsal after all.

Year's end is neither an end nor beginning, but a going on  
Of the wisdom and experience can instill us of years bygone  
Bring no tear to any eye, harm not any heart, be at His call  
We have one life to live, life not a dress rehearsal after all.

Banish worry, doubt, fear and live, love, be loved and laugh  
Laugh with the light and weep not in the night that is enough.  
Woo, wed, right the wrongs, take to wings, software reinstall.  
We have one life to live, life not a dress rehearsal after all.

Ring in true, ring out the false, ring in new, ring out wild  
Let it be said you have played well, lived, loved, labored  
The year is going, you no power to stop, be a happy soul  
We have one life to live, life not a dress rehearsal after all

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Sensuous Apparition

Sensuous apparition  
my lady in the dark night  
this wonderful silhouette  
soft aim of adulation  
and timeless as it would seem.  
Fleeting moment of closeness  
becomes the stuff of my dreams.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Sentimental Senryu

Valentine Card words

&quot;To the only girl I love&quot;  
Would need twelve at least.

=====

Night dark he stopped car  
Moved close, her heart pitter pat  
Whispered tire is flat.

=====

A budding beauty  
Shyly did its leaves open  
Breathing heart unseen.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# September

September

Silent fallen leaf is nothing more than  
Ending summer's waving good bye  
Purple, yellow, russet and brown leaves  
Tumbling down and swept in a heap  
Exhausted trees are ready to sleep on  
Multicolored, rich and rare carpet lay  
Blowing soft wind singing the carols  
Even the spring beauty has no such grace as  
Resting one autumnal face I have seen.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## September Comes - A Tanka

September comes  
Makes me a year older  
I take colours of  
The falling leaves  
In my autumnal days.

See the mid-night moon  
Of September sky.  
How we fornicated  
Till the early hours of  
October Sun.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# September Glory And Grief- A Septolet

Scarlet leaf  
And sorrow  
Sad thoughts  
Sunny weather

My glory and grief  
Agree not  
Well together.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# She

route her  
root her.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# She Fell In Love And The Danger - A Triolet

She fell in love and in danger  
Gathering her wits and her gun  
To break up with dog in manger  
She fell in love and in danger  
He opened the door of chamber  
She fired a shot at her loved one  
She fell in love and in danger  
Gathering her wits and her gun

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Sight, Light, Fright, And Delight - A Than-Bauk

I saw her once  
In the glance and  
In trance I stood.

My heart was light  
Walked with light step  
But light waned out.

Heard her foot near  
Was all ears but  
Oh, fear crept in.

Looked at her face  
Could not place her  
Preface to see.

Then she was nigh  
Heard her sigh still  
Felt pry on me.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Sins On Tv Screen - A Rondel

I want to confess as I have committed a sin,  
Sitting idly in my emotional incapacities.  
Women being gang-raped in large degrees  
Conscious that this is only television screen.

The school kids getting burnt alive within,  
Due to the negligence causing short circuits.  
I want to confess as I have committed a sin,  
Sitting idly in my emotional incapacities.

I am taught not to dwell long on any scene  
As I can view next day's batch of goodies.  
Getting a call for hangout from buddies.  
All of my emotions whirled into the screen  
I want to confess as I have committed a sin.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Sitting In My Dorchester Lair

Sitting in my cozy Dorchester lair,  
And behind the door I do feel your mien.  
When my poetic muse is in the air,  
You look real as life to me, my salvage.  
When I'm surfing on my computer screen,  
You are there in my click I envisage.

I try to scribe a sonnet for relief  
And lo! I see you embossed on the page.  
Sighing, wry face, the lips as a dried leaf,  
Your greenish deep eyes upraised partly.  
Neither death kills me, nor does lone old age  
But your silence eats my soul and heart.

Sitting in my cozy Dorchester lair,  
I try to scribe a sonnet for relief.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Smiley And Roaring

Sea

Dreamy, smiley

Painting, sculpting, sketching

Mirror, diamond, gleam, deep

Roaring, raging, fascinating

Horrible, vicious

Ocean

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Sonnet Written In Optimist Park

I met a pessimist walker in Optimist Park,  
She walked with a walker and a co-walker  
Crippled, stressed, depressed, a fatuous talker.  
Swaying on either side, not in her mark.  
Troubled by winged insects blood sucker in the park  
&quot;mosi-ki-toss&quot; many &quot;mosi-ki-toss as if in utter danger  
Shouted she in her Serbian accented mumur,  
Waving palm to drive away foes & woes to debark.

Immigrants of different nations & cultures,  
Come in search of shades of optimism,  
Culminating in the Old Testament adage,  
'HE hath made all things good in their times'  
Indulging in the mirage of meliorism,  
Things are bad but can be of better advantage.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Sow In The Spring, Reap In The Autumn - A Terza Rima

Grass is green, flowers bloom, bees are buzzing  
The sunshine gleams so bright, warm and golden  
The sky is blue and clear, almost here is the spring.

Here is jolly March wind playing jokes with fun  
Turning umbrellas inside out, fragrant fresh air  
Whispering in each ear to wake up seeds soon.

Never mind March! You are not bad, or in anger  
You are only blowing the winter away for April  
It is the rainbow month of spring time shower.

Lots of pretty flowers bright with lilacs and daffodil  
The shining roofs, summer in light, winter in shades  
The little clouds go by with the windy warm April.

Oh, happy sounds of May! hum of the buzzing bees  
The song of gentle breeze, chirping of birds younger  
The days are warm, by the evening fresh air cools.

Spring- the taste of prosperity, of adversity in winter,  
The twig bare in winter, in spring green with glitters  
Spring is recognized not by men but by plants sooner.

Month of May comes, makes to blossom all lusty hearts  
Like herbs and trees do to bring the fruit and flourish  
Boost lambs and lovers to spring and flourish in lusty deeds.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Standing By The Ocean

Standing by the ocean, I cry  
To be rinsed of my fatigue  
To be laved of my thoughts and aims  
To be rinsed of my hopes and dreams

Then to be drowned in your sameness  
Standing by the ocean, I cry.  
Oh, Ocean, take me from myself  
And let me lose myself fully

In incessant churning waters  
Against the rocks and the clumping  
Standing by the ocean, I cry  
To rinse over and away brain.

Let brain rinse over and away  
Till I am left empty that I was  
All I knew or was or wished to be.  
Standing by the ocean, I cry.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Still Life

In my area there're no children with diapers  
No young people in their formative years  
There are no young people married or singles  
People call it 'a place of aged and aging couples'

No young people in their formative years  
To regenerate no people returning home  
People call it 'a place of aged and aging couples'  
To the past or future they have no eyes

To regenerate no people returning home  
No young people in their formative years  
To the past or the future they have no eyes  
In my area there're no children with diapers

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Surreal Nature

The year was 2007. Our trip was to explore villages deep in the mountains, pristine lakes, rivers flowing fast through the mountains in mind. We forgot nuances of photography in these exotic location, we took enough time in all the locations to let the experience sink in, and come back enriched with tales of a terrain that is much isolated from the modern world.

One of the still unexplored and insanely beautiful stretch of the Indian Himalayas,  
Spiti is a valley of stark landscapes and high snowy peaks stretching to the sky. Gurgling rivers and crystal clear lakes dot the highlands of Lahaul, while an ancient civilization has survived for nearly a thousand years and has preserved its culture  
against the onslaught of modernity in Spiti., .

Short and easy walks,  
Deep in the Himalayas  
Rivers flowing fast.

Exotic Spiti  
Gurgling rivers pristine lakes  
Its culture preserved

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Sycamore Memories

Window covered by a sycamore tree  
Constant friend of my snowy Maple days  
Memories spring as insects on a tree  
Turn my gloomy days in glorious days

Hippocrates got his inspiration  
For research in medicine to begin  
Buddha sat under it for meditation  
The enlightenment of mind to attain.

□

Desdemona sat sighing under it  
In agony to hear willow song treat  
Flying to Egypt Mary rested a bit  
Crann ban &quot;Money tree&quot; in Irish spirit

To demystify health, to personalize  
To me sycamore is to poetize.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Take Life As It Comes To You

"Take and accept life as it comes to you"  
That has been the motto of my life time  
Life becoming simple as aligned to value  
And enjoyed the cup of life full to its brim  
With no regrets and no complaints to ensue.

If today is the last day, tomorrow too late  
I would gladly say good bye to yesterday.  
Turned dreams into reality gasping tight  
Took life as contest, got addicted to sway  
And wrote the poems of life as a gainsay.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Taking Chariot To Chosen Path

he chariot  
is flesh structure.  
The passenger,  
a human soul.

Charioteer,  
is higher mind.  
Horses thus reined  
Are six senses.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Tanya

She stalks the garden looking for a feast  
Once she gets one she can bite or incite  
I gaze into her playful eyes for instance  
Instantly am caught in her magical trance.

As the sun sets, she comes out of her den  
Her cycle of life goes on from dusk to dawn  
Adapted to live by the light of moonshine  
With the nocturnal visits of joy consigned

She's the secondary cavity nester's delight  
And do not excavate her own nesting site  
Managing for her food and warmth for winter  
Taking advantage of other's living quarters.

She's known over the world a flying squirrel  
As the dawn breaks she plays in dim auroral.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Teach Him The Tax Is The Rule

Tax his tractor, tax his cow and goat, and tax his land  
Tax the table on which he is fed, even tax his bed.

Tax his ties and his coat, tax his pants and his shirt  
Tax his work, tax his pay and even tax his dirt.

Tax his tobacco, tax his cigars and tax even his drink  
If he cries then tax his tears, tax if he tries to think.

If he still complains then tax his car and then his gas  
To get him straight find other ways to tax his ass.

If still he's happy, tax all he has and let him know  
You would not be done till he is without dough.

When he screams and hollers then tax him more  
And don't let him go till he is good and sore.

Don't pity even if he's dead, tax his coffin and grave  
Put the words on his tomb, "To him the taxes drove"

Even when he is gone, worry not where he is, don't relax  
Send final reminder, "It's time to apply for inheritance tax".

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Tear

If

I

Were a

Tear in

Your eyes then

I would roll down onto your lips

But in case if I were a tear in my eyes then

I would certainly never be crying because I would be so afraid to lose you.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Tears - The Safety Valve Of The Heart

A woman in rags with beautiful skin  
Rusticity seen all over looking for a job  
To her the village sky was too small to win  
She wanted to soar in a city sky to probe.

Moved to the city so many miles apart  
With her husband & daughter with wishes.  
After some years the life gave a good start,  
Her husband was attacked by paralysis

Lying in broken bed numb as a wound  
Her salty tears deforming tiles of the premises  
A life's funeral procession was on its round  
The man who loved her tore her to pieces.

She was still a beauty, accepted another  
He made her laugh till she was in tears all  
To her soul tears were like summer shower  
She was happy that tears were enthralled.

As the time passed when her beauty doomed  
Embellishing her neck and wrists with jewels  
Used rouge, kohl and hair artfully combed  
No semblance of the beauty with which she ruled

Heard the heavy steps on stairs in the night  
Leading but to the bedroom of her daughter  
Tears in eyes, heart torn, killed him with spite  
Again cure for her was salty sweat and tears.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Tetrad

As the light from the Sun is blocked by our planet earth  
The light refracts differently, hits the moon with mirth  
Like a hot kiss of a lover hits the cheeks of a maiden girl.  
Each time Tetrad brings a significant event in the offing.

It reminds me of God Hanuman who had the power to fly  
The red moon looked like a red apple to his childish eyes  
He flew to the moon, was hit & as a result got chubby face  
Each time the Tetrad brings a significant event in the offing.

In the past, the Tetrad has seen the expulsion of the Jews  
Birth of Israel, the war between Arabs & Israelis in queue  
Now I wonder, what is in the store of The Tetrad of 15th April  
Each time the Tetrad brings a significant event in the offing.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Art Of Making Possible What Is Probable

A boy asked his dad, "What the elections are for, after all, Dad?"  
The dad replied, "I have the money, I'm manager of you all, Lad?"

All money I have, give it to your mom so she is the Government  
Maid, a working class, you the people, your brother commitment"

The boy woke up as baby brother soiled diapers that night  
Went to his mom's room and found her alone asleep tight.

So he went to maid's room, found his Dad in bed with her  
The angry boy banged on the door but nobody did bother

The next day he said to his dad that he has been fully fed,  
You explain it to me son, in your own words, asked his Dad.

"The management is screwing, the government asleep tight  
The people are ignored and the commitment not in sight".

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Art Of Pottery

Molded into the shape as my creator desired of me  
Taking me from the soft clay turning into a beauty  
He put me through fire I never thought I'd endure  
Then pulled me out when I was sure I would melt  
Holding me into his hands and I was so solid a piece.  
Stood proud and envied neither the metal nor wood.

I am who I am, molded from clay, I stand here today  
A life, life-like pottery, worn and old, a fragile piece  
Pottery can clash, crash, shatter and can be fixed  
An analogy quite true, one about me and the life.  
As many cracks as it can have, as many holes gone  
Life is not simple and neither is the art of pottery.

Oh, Potter, why am I broken, my pieces lie scattered  
My heart has been scattered, it's somewhere uncared  
Why am I rejected model, the others are untattered.  
The art of poetry or pottery, same kind of creativity  
Poets write in words and potters make the shapes of clay  
It's transformation, thoughts transformed into clay pots  
O Lord we're the clay thou potter, we the work of thy hand.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Art Of Pottery - A Personification

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Taking me from the soft clay turning into a beauty  
He put me through fire I never thought I'd endure  
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Poets write in words and potters make the shapes of clay  
It's transformation, thoughts transformed into clay pots  
O Lord we're the clay thou potter, we the work of thy hand.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Attribute Of The Strong, Not Of The Weak

To err is human, to persist is the devil's way  
God forgives us, so some act in a godlike way  
Though seems difficult, but a good doctrine  
To err is human, to forgive is divine with option.

Suppose a man slaps you on your left cheek  
Offer the right one? Will you hit him back?  
Perseverance is the diabolical two-way notion  
Err is human; to forgive is divine with option.

Message of the English bard in Measure for Measure  
&quot;Judge not lest ye be judged&quot; of Matthew's Chapter  
The Duke judging Isabella's forgiveness notion  
To err is human, to forgive is divine with option.

Ireland case of wrong breast cancer operation  
Diagnosis of the cancer is hard said the surgeon  
Reacted pathologist, smile, unfair to sue surgeon  
To err is human; to forgive is divine with option.

Laugh when you can, apologize when you ought,  
But let the things go of what you cannot convert.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Beast And The Beauty

Once her tumbled hair was bright with flames  
That her eyes sapphire with twinkling stars  
Never to be missed to kiss were her pouty lips.  
She accepted a man who offered her bounties.

Knowing there was a beast in him though.  
She thought he is now a man changed  
The skin he wore has been sloughed off.  
As the time passed when her beauty faded

Now she combed her hair artfully  
Using the rouge, kohl and whatever else  
Embellishing her neck & wrists with jewellery  
But, alas! No semblance of the girl she was.

The heavy steps in the night she used to hear  
With creaking sounds of the wooden stairs  
Leading but to the bedroom of her daughter.  
She broke loose one day to silence those steps.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Bees

The Bees

The bees make honey, the birds eat the bees  
Help flowers to grow when bees become compost  
Enables the bees collect nectar produced by flowers.  
Bees again make honey, the circle goes on  
Entwined together to the cycle of life and death  
Evidence of extinction they are considered when  
Starting to disappear fast on the earth

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Circle And Cycle Of Life

The birds and the bees is a common expression  
Here and there, birds build the nests  
East and West they fly, and don't rest.  
Birds are men and bees are women  
In fact, birds are free to fly where they like  
Restricted are the bees to single queen  
Do spend entire life keeping her alive.  
Such is an old story of birds and bees.

A bee pollinates flowers, birds spread seeds  
Naturally men impregnates eggs, women give birth  
Damned otherwise, sex is the key for survival.

The bees make honey, the birds eat the bees  
Help flowers to grow when bees become compost  
Enables the bees collect nectar produced by flowers.  
Bees again make honey, the circle goes on  
Entwined together to the cycle of life and death  
Evidence of extinction they are considered when  
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Dr. Ram Mehta



# The Death-Bed Of A Day- How Beautiful

As I try to remember my only love  
When the sunset of life is not far now  
Wild, bright, the colors blended in row  
Forming a magical hue, fading now.

Darkness closing, now time to go home  
Resting in the darkened room quite warm  
Lying in the bed with eyes closed to form  
Images of love residing in mind's dorm.

All in the waning light she stood there  
A perfect beauty with smile sweet and fair  
With her in sight, the life was much fairer  
But the time came to bid her farewell forever.

As my summer eve was to wed another man  
Many a sunset came and faded in life's span  
After many years an evening came again  
In a glance saw her once, there with her man.

That was the last but one sunset of life  
The last being in the offing nearly rife.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Divine Elevation

All I touch I do ignite.  
I am the spirit flowing,  
Fire filling form with light.  
I am brilliant and crystalline  
Dancing and soaring as cosmic breath  
A life's essence infusing time and space.  
The beloved's face I reveal  
The mystic union divine.  
I billow into divine silken sails  
Awakening the dazzling light  
Upon the face of creation.  
I gracefully descend  
Upon the shimmering crest  
Igniting the circuits of potential  
And mirror your potent presence  
Thereby completing the polarity.  
All that I touch or stir to celebrate  
The divine elevation.  
Oh, mortals, hear my laughter  
As the wind passes through the trees  
Let me lift you, free you, fill you  
I carry the very breath of heaven  
Upon my windy wings  
Enfolding the sweetest song  
I am Spirit's fire, the Apollo's lyre  
I am the astronomical solar wind.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Eternity

A BEAUTY CAN'T DENOUNCE EVER FERVENT GOAL, HIGH ITINERANT, JOYOUS,  
KINETIC, LOVELY, MARKED, NEAT, OPEN, PICTURESQUE, QUIET ROAD  
SHOWING THE UNKNOWN VENUE WITH X-RAYED YEARNING ZENITH

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Gentle Dwellers - A Villanelle

In my area there're no children with diapers  
No young people in their formative years.  
People call it "a place of aged couples";

There are no young people married or singles,  
No grown-ups with their hope and dreams  
In my area there're no children with diapers

There are only aging and aged humans,  
Self-obsessed, pretentious, bohemians,  
People call it "a place of aged couples";.

To the past or future they have no eyes,  
People are rather at home and homes,  
In my area there're no children with diapers.

No happy mothers bothering for diapers,  
To take the children around no happy fathers,  
People call it "a place of aged couples";

Feeding and food worries not the parents  
To regenerate no people returning homes  
In my area, there're no children with diapers  
People call it "a place of aged couples.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Glory Of The River - A Rime Couee

O river, I could see you blush  
Yet half of your glory's crush  
No skill of painter's brush  
Nor praise of poet's tongue  
Reveal your majesty and lush  
Still half of it remain unsung..

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Harvest Moon

Moon closes to the fall equinox  
Soon the sun sets in half an hour  
Opportune farmers with no tractors  
Tuned to work in moonlight hours.

To bring the harvest home safely  
View the moon how large it looks  
Through out the night giving full light  
Cool lunar spectacle of the yearbook.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Lighthouse - Rhopalic Verse

Waves around impinging ferociously  
the seashore fiercely anticipating  
To settle personal retribution  
in darkened murderous circumstances.  
Night's sincere sentinel exhibiting  
the water's shallowness environments  
to water vehicles incessantly  
to avert dangerous situations.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Melting Pot- A Soup Pot Of Giants

The United States is a vast country of immigrants  
Each immigrant adds an ingredient and a flavor  
"A melting pot", visualizing a soup pot of giants  
Each and every culture has some fine gifts to offer.

Immigration began in 1607 with Jamestown colony  
Immigrants arriving called themselves pilgrims here  
Where they could practice their own religion freely  
Each and every culture has some fine gifts to offer.

Self-reliance of New England in the north and in Boston  
Almost for two centuries an economic-cultural centre  
And south "southern drawl" the most colorful region  
Each and every culture has some fine gifts to offer.

The West, the last frontier, the move Westward impact  
To find new opportunity, to live a new life in a way better  
The Great Lakes Region, an auto industry stacked in fact  
Each and every culture has some fine gifts to offer.

Now shifting toward multiculturalism, not assimilation  
The old "melting pot" replaced by "salad bowl" metaphor  
Or still new "mosaic" not blending immigrant population  
Each and every culture has some fine gifts to offer.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# The Mighty Faith Healer

Behold me! I'm the mighty faith healer of Nigeria  
Have married 107 times but still going strong  
Out of 107 wives 86 live after deaths and divorces  
God gave me power to give sexual portion to each.

Have married 107 times but still going strong  
But still intend to marry when Miss Right comes  
God gave power to give sexual portion to each  
And add more to 185 children I have fathered

But still intend to marry when Miss Right comes  
Out of 107 wives 86 live after deaths and divorces  
And add more to 185 children I have fathered  
Behold me! I'm the mighty faith healer of Nigeria.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Mighty Faith Healer - Personification

Behold me! I'm the mighty faith healer of Nigeria  
Have married 107 times but still going strong  
Out of 107 wives 86 live after deaths and divorces  
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But still intend to marry when Miss Right comes  
Out of 107 wives 86 live after deaths and divorces  
And add more to 185 children I have fathered  
Behold me! I'm the mighty faith healer of Nigeria.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Mysterious Monuments Of Mars

Attracting either scientific or popular area  
Containing several hills in the region Cydonia  
One of the images taken by Viking on 25th July  
The name Cydonia drawn from classical antiquity.

The image with a seeming look of a human face,  
Let loose the human imagination inborn base.  
To look at a thing is different from seeing a thing  
Until we see its beauty we don't see anything.

A hill, nothing but a space created illusive reality  
Resembling a human face, a logical fallacy  
Wrong speculation, demon haunted world on Mars  
Let the future tell us if it is a real play or farce.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Poetic Justice

## The Poetic Justice

As legend has it, there lived Bai Balkhash, a rich man  
In the North regions of the then Soviet Kazakhstan  
Had a beautiful daughter Ili who was without her Smiley  
So Balkhash held a feast with a contest to win Ili.

Ili, loved a shepherd called Karatal and easily managed  
For Karatal to win the contest of the grooms staged  
But Karatal followed the ancient tradition of love stories  
Wherein the fathers were supposed to oppose the realities.

Now the lovers had no option but to run away and marry  
And the angry father had no options to go contrary  
So he turned them into rivers and himself a lake between.  
Made himself a laughing stock taking water from rivers twin.

Today's reality is Kazakhstan and China using Ili's water  
Poetic justice done, the lake drying, two rivers dying forever.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Rain

Poetry is painting that speaks a lot  
Like rain from sky poetry falls silently  
I'm outside now getting wet on the spot  
Comes the lightening threat intermittently  
See if I can put it in bottle's slot.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Rejoicings... A Tyburn

Dancing

Singing

Poetizing

Rejoicing

Dancer got feet, Singer a voice

The Poet his muse and all rejoice

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Remains Of Gandhi

Mahatma Gandhi came in Sonia's dream  
And asked her about his cap, specs and staff  
That he gave at his death to Congress team  
She replied that the congress shares the half  
My son wears cap in public to rebuff  
Specs with the Prime Minister Manmohan  
Only thing with me is staff to dethrone.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The River Gomati - Quatrain

O ma \*Gomati, I was born on thy bank  
And born of a mother bearing your name  
On all the yesterdays your water I drank  
Am still the part of your pattern and frame.

My blood flows in thy stream meandering  
It's a kind of earthly immortality,  
I stand by you and feel kinship endearing  
Know not much about gods but your affinity

I learnt to strive, to sink and to seek depth ever  
Simply Hydrogen and Oxygen doesn't make water  
Something third is needed to make you what you're  
Nobody knows except, you, Ma and your Creator.

Dr. Ram Mehta



# The Rose Petals - A Rime Couee

The petals may fall from the rose  
With sadness for an unknown cause  
Remember not to watch  
Like life the things sometimes must fade  
Remember not to watch  
Before they can bloom and pervade.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Safety Valve Of The Heart

A woman in rags with beautiful skin  
Rusticity seen all over looking for a job  
To her the village sky was too small to win  
She wanted to soar in a city sky to probe.

Moved to the city in one-room apartment  
With her husband & daughter with wishes.  
After some years the life gave a good start,  
But her husband was attacked by paralysis.

Lying in a broken bed numb as a wound  
She shed me deforming tiles of the rooms.  
A life's funeral procession was on its round  
The man who loved her tore her to pieces.

She was still a beauty, accepted another  
He made her laugh till she with joy me recall  
I gave her the feelings of a summer shower  
She was happy that I was at her beck and call.

As the time passed when her beauty faded  
Embellishing her neck and wrists with jewels  
Used rouge, kohl and hair artfully combed  
No semblance of the beauty she was, Alas!

Heard the heavy steps on stairs in the night  
Leading but to the bedroom of her daughter  
I ran to help, heart torn, killed him with spite  
Again cure for her was my salty taste and sweat.

I'm tear, multi-faceted emotions of heart much stressed  
By happiness, grief, and pain when they are in excess.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Squirrel-My Poetic Prose

Standing in my home's backyard, gazed at the skies  
No poetic prose jumped out, but two staring eyes  
It swapped the branches of a tree by a daredevil jump  
Whirling, twirling, passing in mid air getting the hump.

All the summer on the tall tree bare and brown  
See how the brown leaves are fluttering down  
This squirrel, my poetry, bobbing from eyes so bright  
Busy now hunting for nuts to hoard with all her might

In an old nest of crow or pie in a hole where day by day  
Nut by nut for her winter store explores stores away  
So that when winter comes with its cold and storm  
She will sleep all curled up all snug and all warm.

She looks and again and again after storing there  
So she could remember, she hid the treasure where.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The String

Mounting to wondrous height  
I look at the crowds there on the shore  
And many standing in the balconies  
Wonder what a feeble thing like me can do!  
Alas! Were I but free, would take a flight  
And get into the clouds beyond their sight  
But oh! Me, a poor prisoner string-bound  
Confined to the ground.  
Wish I can take eagle's towering wing  
And I am without the strings  
And lo! The string is cut and am soaring  
High, but how stupid I am  
Having no wings and unable to bear my own weight  
Here I plunged into the sea  
Without any guide.  
O Lord, I am forgetful that by your string I exist  
Ignoring thy wisdom you assigned I die.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Third Element In Othello

The element of handkerchief in the plot  
Becomes its important pivot symbol  
A heritage he got from his mother first  
The Desdemona's virtue sexual.  
Losing or giving away meant her fall  
Was laced with strawberries's image design  
On a wedding sheet bloodstains recall.  
More interpretations one can define.

Iago used it on Desdemona divine  
With the help of his wife stealing it  
And placing it in Cassio's confine  
Enough proof for Othello to excite  
He kissed her, killed her by smothering her  
Then he killed himself too lying near her.

=====

A Spenserian Sonnet: Rhyme scheme: ababbcbc cdcdee, with Iambic five feet

Dr. Ram Mehta

# The Three Women In Othello

The three women in Othello  
The virtuous white ewe of the black ram  
Shifting her loyalty like her mother  
As she wanted to live as she loved him  
Oh, Alas! She has secretly married the moor.  
Tricked by Emilia and pitched sexier  
Both the women differently portrayed  
Contrast between the two is key factor  
The three women are used, abused and misused.

Emilia quite ahead of her time  
Through her the bard comments on relation  
Between husband and wife of a lifetime  
Women as submissive in tradition  
She goes on to suggest wrongs of women  
Are the result of mistreat by husband  
The ills of husband instruct the women  
The three women are used, abused and misused.

Bianca is in great contrast in theme  
Presenting the lowest call of woman  
Something that is most apparent in crime  
The way in which she is treated by men  
Iago plays on great contrast between  
Casio's good treatment of both instead  
The three women are used, abused and misused.

Women in Othello used in number  
Of ways with class of the women differed  
The way men act towards strangely rather  
The three women are used, abused and misused.

\* Rhyme scheme - 'ababbcbC ababbcbC ababbcbC bcbC',

Dr. Ram Mehta

## The Universe Is Maya\* (Illusion)

A bird in hand is worth two in the woods  
Teaches us to take care not to be greedy  
In the air, quite very easy to build castles  
The water and the image are not a reality.

The image of sky and pool, even the wood  
This material world is, philosophically, illusion.  
We know the way to create imaginary world  
We humans cannot dispense with illusion.

Now slowly taking the hands apart or aside  
The water, the image will disappear soon  
It was just an illusion in one's mind created  
We live immersed in dreams and illusion.

"We are stuff as dreams are made on and  
Our little life is, with a sleep, surrounded"\*

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Think It Over

Give a fish to a man  
Will have single meal  
Teach him to fish  
Will have whole life's meal

Dr. Ram Mehta



# To My Mother Gomi Ba

I do feel the presence of God,  
As I feel the presence of my mother,  
Like God she is still a faith, a force.  
She is a god personified.  
Wherever I go whatever I do,  
I feel all of her.  
She is beyond god-  
Indian philosophy calls it Dwait.  
If seeing is believing  
I do not believe in miracles.  
I was yet to experience one.  
While flying from  
Uruguay to America,  
I had some fearful problems,  
Some real, some nightmares.  
Gomi Ba came as a protecting force,  
Giving an edge over my problems.  
If the theory of reincarnation exists,  
My mother exists in spirit and soul.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Touch Me - Dusk

The Touch - Dusk (Godhuli in Indian Languages) □

□

The  
time when  
herd of cows  
return home from  
the pastures in the  
subdued light just as the  
sun touches the horizon  
and the dust rises from their hooves  
known as Godhuli in India  
a time for prayer and meditation.

The bride and the groom enters the Mandap  
the pandit takes their right hands and joins  
feel touch as the earth of the sun  
thus Godhuli wedding starts  
with ulululu sound  
of happy women  
and the blowing  
of the conch  
at the  
dusk.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Trinidad Carnival- A Shadorma

Nothing on  
The earth can rival  
Abandon  
Euphoric  
And stunning spectacle of  
Joyous Festival

With massive  
Masquerade of bands  
Explosion  
Of color,  
Music and revelry with  
Unique stamina.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Twilight

Twilight is a time of intermingling dark and light  
It is an internecine drama beyond the reach of  
Fellini's lens or Picasso's brush or Shakespeare's flight  
It is a time that opens perception inviting thereof  
To see not in spite of the darkness but because its whereof.

It's twilight now and the light is fading touching the sky  
Scarlet red wishing it orange the gentle blue fading  
It's twilight again and the darkness on the horizon spy  
The night is slowly edging  
Ready to take its place on the light it's pouncing.

The sun is hanging between this world and the next,  
Waiting for the last bit of gray to settle in,  
Waiting to fall away in to another time and place complex,  
Leaving the past in its fading rays therein,  
Leaving the present to face the future within.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Two Sad Sights - A Tail Rhyme

Walking in a park with sad heart  
My muse not giving a good start  
Saw two sad sights.

A crippled dancer in custom dress  
A singer with scratchy voice in stress  
Was moved by the sights.

Dr. Ram Mehta

## Under The Spell - A Monorhyme

All of you more than enough for me to woo  
Kids in the nest waiting and I have things to do  
Let me go, it's enough and keep it for night to coo.  
I am under your spell and can't say no to you.

Crave my heart and it's bleeding only for you  
My every need and thirst you satisfy is true  
Take care what you ask me let's not overdo.  
I am under your spell and can't say no to you

Never enough, it's never enough ever anew  
My love for none, one more time all I ask you  
Need one more as I am under your spell too  
You're under my spell and can't say no to do..

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Virgin Of The Rocks

Oh, the Mother of grace, the pass is difficult,  
Hard are these rocks, and the mystifying souls  
Throng it like echoes, blind throbbing felt  
Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,  
Peace in the dark avenue things bitter occult

Dr. Ram Mehta

# We Are Stuff As Dreams Are Made On

A bird in hand is worth two in the woods  
Teaches us to take care not to be greedy  
In the air, quite very easy to build castles  
The water and the image are not a reality.

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The water, the image will disappear soon  
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We live immersed in dreams and illusion.

"We are stuff as dreams are made on and  
Our little life is, with a sleep, surrounded"\*

Dr. Ram Mehta



# Wedding And Marriage - A Roundel

Wedding an event of a married life  
That is a fusion of a woman and gent  
It declares them husband and wife  
Wedding an event.

Some may enjoy as flamboyant event  
But end in unhappy marriage strife  
Know how they are different in content.

Wedding is a one-day event in life  
But marriage is until death do us part  
Wedding some hours' affair, marriage for life.  
Wedding an event.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Wedding, A Special Event Of Marriage - A Rondeau

Wedding, an event is a public sight  
Attended by the people on the site  
While a marriage is a private affair,  
Wedding is a ceremony affair.  
Marriage is life time after wedding rites.

A wedding is a ceremony bright,  
Colorful, flamboyant of overnight  
As husband and wife, a priest will declare.  
Wedding, an event.

The wedding may be successful despite  
Ensures no success of marriage forthright  
Depends how skillful you're in your measure  
To manage marital household affairs  
And to bring up children in their own right  
Wedding, an event.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Wedding, The Preface Of Marriage - A Rondeau

Wedding, an event is a public sight  
Attended by the people on the site  
While a marriage is a private affair,  
Wedding is a ceremony affair.  
Marriage is life time after wedding rites.

A wedding is a ceremony bright,  
Colorful, flamboyant of overnight  
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And to bring up children in their own right  
Wedding, an event.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# What A Beauty! - A Tetractys

Her  
Mouth seems  
To be a  
Honey-blossom  
Any poet will sing about it, no doubt.  
But within her lips, the petals of rose  
Lurks a cruel  
Bumble bee  
Ready to  
Sting.

Dr. Ram Mehta

# What An Autumn Saw - A Rondelet

Autumn day saw  
All colorful flying fabrics.  
Autumn day saw  
The people jumping down below  
From towers on nine eleven  
Their dead bodies on leaves even  
Autumn day saw

Dr. Ram Mehta

# What He Will Die From

A slack-limbed man is attended by two shadows afoot  
One may be his wife, the other a physician as attired  
The physician searching the pulse with a gem in his foot  
Treatment from ignorant doctor may be dangerous  
As the illness from which the patient is serious

Dr. Ram Mehta

# William Blake - A Tribute

Piping loud  
(A tribute to William Blake)

Fighter he was with  
Bow of burning gold:  
Arrows of desire:  
Chariot of fire!

He heard the lamb's innocent call  
And the ewe's tender reply.  
Always remembered who made the lamb.  
Never ceased Mental Fight  
Never allowed Sword to sleep  
To build Jerusalem

In England's green land  
He roamed from field to field  
Tasted all the summer's pride  
In the sunny beams did glide

Craved for love, mercy, Pity, peace  
He turned to the garden of love  
That bore so many sweet flowers  
Joy was his name  
To him Art is naked beauty displayed

Dr. Ram Mehta

# Yellowness

The earth's yellowness is autumn's blunder  
The yellowness of my heart  
Absence of my beloved

Dr. Ram Mehta



# You Were Right, I Was Wrong - A Rispetto

As children, she wouldn't buy us sugary things  
Wouldn't let us enjoy Pepsi or Cola drinks  
Impelled us to drink non-fat milk all the time  
And let us not watch TV after school time.  
I hated all these envious of my friends  
Who grabbed Pepsi, Remote and all modern trends  
She did all without Google,  
I was wrong and you were right all the time, mom

Dr. Ram Mehta