(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
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 capitate
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 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
A t dawn I asked a rose bud, "What is the meaning of life?"

R plied red rose opening up slowly with nothing in it
&quo;E arthly I am, always look up and never look down.
D ainty and loveliest though soonest will pass away&quo;.

&quo;R aised I am with thorns and thorns with me
O ffer my beauty to those who respect the thorn&quo;
S aid I, "Suppose I pluck you and crush your petals&quo;
&quo;E radicate me to radiate fragrance, life's aim fulfilled&quo; 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   (Grook)

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 Amee - 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 *Amee 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
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 the things, despite having a hectic job I would like to be one of the 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

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
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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
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 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

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 "Drink thy own water with glee"
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 &quot;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 Aires 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

"Time and tide wait for nobody;"

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

"Come, help me", 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, "His son left for job in his teens
And comes to check mails from him if any"
"Come, help me"

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
"Come, help me"

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.
Dr. Ram Mehta
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

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
Death Mystery Of Subhash Chandra Bose-1897-1945
- Free Verse

Described as "patriot of patriots" 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
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 "Lui" 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
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
"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
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
"What we all do but don't talk about".

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
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:

"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"

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
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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
India of scenic beauty and sages, booming in globe's pages
Never without God's true sons through all the ages
Dread famine may prowl, still social life at all stages
I am hallowed by its temples, mountains and the Ganges
And 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.
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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
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.
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 Jingtu 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)

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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
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 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

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
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, "Dear, you owe me;"
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 skimpymanes 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

www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
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
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
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 &quot;Fragments&quot; refresh the
The image of larger-than-life American.
The &quot;fragments&quot; 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, &quot;Not a scared little girl anymore&quot;
Her youth was marred by abandonment
Her three marriages ended in divorce.
She wrote in her poem when married to *Miller
&quot;Oh silence, your stillness hurt my head — and pierce ears.&quot;

The most contentious aspect of Monroe's early years
Is the possibility that she was sexually abused.
Three years later she wrote, &quot;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&quot; 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
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"

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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 ruminate 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 ruminate 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 ruminate 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, Anqet, 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
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.

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The doctors paid her full attention
Knife wounds bullet none
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Jessica, a puppet propagation.

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
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
'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 "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;".

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Dr. Ram Mehta
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 melodiuous 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.

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Dr. Ram Mehta
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 whirlly, 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.

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Rhyme Scheme: ababcdcdee
Dr. Ram Mehta
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 “strong, efficient and awake”;
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, "Babu, will teach you".
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
"La Tartuffe" 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
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
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
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 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
R  esurrection of God's son, I'm here to celebrate, Pals
E  aster is round the corner for spirituality and fun
S  omeone rising from the dead is hard to believe
S  ciences do not comprehend the phenomenon
U  nder the condition let me say "Man's laws" not God's
R  equire faith to understand and defend the concept.
R  emember, friends, it's neither fiction nor fairytales to tell but
E  xpanding the mind to higher level of belief and trust.
C  andidly science only believes in the things is proven
T  hings unproven don't exist and are quite vain
I  n fact universe is vast space of gravity and time
O  nly way to reach out beyond all the sciences
N  one 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
&"To the only girl I love";
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 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
"mosi-ki-toss" many "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, 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 "Money tree" in Irish spirit

To demystify health, to personalize
To me sycamore is to poetize.

Dr. Ram Mehta
"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
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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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
"Judge not lest ye be judged" 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
Starting to disappear fast on the earth

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

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Dr. Ram Mehta
The Mighty Faith Healer - Personification

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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

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 - 'ababbcB ababbcB ababbcB bBc',

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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"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 lifetime 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  
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
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 frabics.
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 ass
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