

Poetry Series

Mahendra Bhatnagar
- poems -

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Mahendra Bhatnagar(26th June 1926)

DR. MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's is one of the significant post-independence voices in Hindi and Indian English Poetry, expressing the lyricism and pathos, aspirations and yearnings of the modern Indian intellect. Rooted deep into the Indian soil, his poems reflect not only the moods of a poet but of a complex age.

Born in Jhansi (Uttar Pradesh) at maternal grandfather's residence on 26 June 1926; 6 a.m.

Primary education in Jhansi, Morar (Gwalior) and Sabalgarh (Morena) : Matric (1941) from High School, Morar (Gwalior) : Inter (1943) from Madhav College, Ujjain; B.A. (1945) from Victoria College, - at present, Maharani Laxmi Bai College - Gwalior; M. A. (1948) and Ph.D. (1957) in Hindi from Nagpur University; L.T. (1950; Madhya Bharat Govt.)

Places of work — Bundelkhand, Chambal region and Malwa.

High School Teacher from July 1945. Retired as Professor on 1 July 1984 (M.P. Govt. Educational service) .

Selected once for the post of Professor of Hindi Language & Literature, in Tashkent University, U.S.S.R. (1978) by UGC & ICCR (NEW DELHI)
Principal Investigator (U.G.C. / Jiwaji University, Gwalior) from 1984 to 1987.
Professor in the IGNOU Teaching Centre of Jiwaji University, Gwalior in 1992.

Worked as Chairman \ Member of various committees in Indore University, Vikram University, Ujjain & Dr. Bhimrao Ambedkar University, Agra.

Worked as a member in the managing committees of 'Gwalior Shodh Sansthan', 'Madhya Pradesh Hindi Granth Academy' & 'Rashtra-Bhasha Prachar Samiti, Bhopal'.

From time to time, poems included in various Text-Books of curricula of Educational Boards & Universities of India.

Worked as one of the members in the Audition Committees of Drama / Light Music of All India Radio (Akashvani) - Stations Indore and Gwalior. Contracted Song-Writer of All India Radio \ For all Radio Stations (Light Music Section) .
Broadcast many poems, talks and other programmes from Indore, Bhopal,

Gwalior and New Delhi (National Channels) Radio Stations.

Conducted and directed many literary societies in Ujjain, Dewas, Dhar, Mandsaur and Gwalior.

Appointed as one of the Award-Judges by 'Bihar Rashtra-Bhasha Parishad, Patna' (1981 & 1983) , 'Uttar Pradesh Hindi Sansthan, Lucknow' (1983) , 'Rajasthan Sahitya Akademi, Udaipur' (1991,1993,1994) & 'Hindi Sahitya Parishad, Ahmedabad, Gujrat (2001) .

Poems translated, published and broadcast in many foreign and Indian languages.

Eleven volumes of poems in English:

- [1] 'Forty Poems of Mahendra Bhatnagar' [Selected Poems — 1]
- [2] 'After The Forty Poems' [Selected Poems — 2]
- [3] 'Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's Poetry.' [Selected Poems — 3]
- [4] 'Exuberance and other poems.
- [5] 'Death Perception: Life Perception'
- [6] 'Passion and Compassion'
- [7] 'Poems: For A Better World'
- [8] 'Lyric-Lute'
- [9] 'A Handful Of Light'
- [10] New Enlightened World
- [11] Dawn to Dusk

Distinguished Anthologies:

- [1] ENGRAVED ON THE CANVAS OF TIME
[Poems of social harmony & humanism: realistic & visionary aspects.]
- [2] LIFE : AS IT IS
[Poems of faith & optimism: delight & pain. Philosophy of life.]
- [3] O, MOON, MY SWEET-HEART!
[Love poems]
- [4] RAINBOW
[Nature poems]
- [5] DEATH AND LIFE
[Poems on Death-perception: Life-perception & Critical Study]

One volume of translated poems in French ('A Modern Indian Poet: Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar: Un Poète Indien Et Moderne'.)

Works published in seven volumes in Hindi - three of Poems (comprising sixteen earlier collections) , two of Critical articles, one on Premchand (Research work) and one of Miscellaneous writings.

Published research & critical studies:

(1) **Living Through Challenges: A Study of Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's Poetry**

(2) **Poet Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar: His Mind And Art.**

(3) **The Poetry of Mahendra Bhatnagar: Realistic & Visionary Aspects**
[forthcoming]

Received awards, four times (1952, 1958, 1960,1985.) from Madhya Bharat & Madhya Pradesh Govts.

Edited literary magazines 'Sandhya' (Monthly) and Pratikalpa' (Quarterly) from Ujjain.

Member Advisory Board: Indian Journal of POSTCOLONIAL LITERATURES [Half-yearly / Thodupuzha-Kerala]

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[1] Death And Life

DEATH AND LIFE

DEATH-PERCEPTION: LIFE-PERCEPTION

Poet: Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar

50 Poems & Criticism

- 1 Gratitude□
- 2 Gratitude; Again□
- 3 The Wheel of Death□
- 4 Free from worry□
- 5 Contemplation□
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- 43 Truth□
- 44 A Proclamation□
- 45 I Bow Thee□
- 46 Good Bye□
- 47 Preordained□
- 48 An Ascetic□
- 49 The Last Will□
- 50 Kritkarma□

ARTICLES

1 The Motif of Death in the Poetry of Mahendra Bhatnagar —

An Assessment /

Dr. D. C. Chambial, Maranda (H.P.)

.

2 'Death-Perception: Life-Perception': A Dialectical Study

Mrs. Purnima Ray, Burdwan (W.B.)

.

3 Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's 'Death-Perception: Life- Perception': An analysis

Dr. (Mrs.) Jaya Lakshmi Rao V., (Visakhapatnam) (A.P.)

.

4 'Death' in the Poetry of Mahendra Bhatnagar

Dr. D. Murali Manohar, Hyderabad (A.P.)

.

5 Revealing Reflections On Death And Life

Dr. Atma Ram

.

[1] Gratitude

Death is;
Death is imminent,
Unavoidable -
That's why
Life is so desired!
That's why
There's such a semblance
Between life and death!
Death's given
Beauty to life
Such
Endless — vast!
Death's given
Man
Life - art - efficiency
Such
Embellishment - adornment!
Indubiously
Transience,
Death element / feeling
Minute by minute death - tension
Are acceptable,
Gratitude
To death
Life's gratitude!

[2] Gratitude; Again

Death's made life
Very beautiful,

Transformed this world,
in fact,

to a pleasant heaven,

We learnt
the meaning of love,
only then
true's true,

Transformed man
into higher beings
than immortal god!

[3] The Wheel of Death

Cruel is
The wheel of death
Very cruel!
Under which
Lifeless - living
Gradually grinding and changing
Every moment, every minute!

This earth rocks horribly!

Invisibly
Silently
Continuously moves
This wheel of death
Uninterrupted... unchanged!

Before it
Stability has
No existence
Its motion
Always controls
Life and death,
Earth and sky!

[4] Free from Worry

Fearing death
will make
living

futile!
weight heavy
dry onerous
pleasureless heart.

So
Life
only meaningful,
when every moment is free
from the dread of death.

It is ill-ominous
to talk about
the fear of death,
or cataclysm
for this reason.

[5] Contemplation

Death?
A question-mark!
To know the mystery
not only difficult
but also
all unknown
for man.
Body
merges into five-elements
everything scatters
and ends.
Life's
not to return;
impossible
to revive again,
and know the mystery.

□

□

When there's no self
death — a puzzle
queer puzzle!
Uninterpreted to-date,
A wonderful puzzle!

All efforts futile —
to explicate
the meaning of death;
it's very intricate difficult
□to contemplate.

[6] A Puzzle

What?
Body
Not worth living;

Therefore...
Soul!
You left.

In quest of new
On an unknown path;

Where?
But where? ?

Unknown,
Everything unknown!
A pitch dark night,
Everything
Mysterious!

Who questions?
Who answers?

[7] The Truth

If there were no death,
God wouldn't have any existence,
man
would have never reconciled
with his fate!

God - a symbol,
God - a proof

of man's helplessness
of readiness after death.

The whole philosophy
of hell and heaven
is an imagination.

Man
at each moment
is afraid of death, and
horripilant again and again!
He knows —
'death is imminent'!

So, his each step
is fraught with suspicion.
Not only this
he is also
absolutely ignorant
of the so called
Yam's¹ world.
That's why
he takes refuge
in God
for eternal peace in death!

That's why
he sings the long song -
'Ram nam satya hai! '
(God's name is the only TRUTH)
O, birth and death
is nothing
save for his cruel-amusing act!

[1 God, dispensing death in Indian mythology.]

[8] Forms of Death

Be death natural
or accidental
conclusion is the same -
end of a conscious life,

to change into a senselessness
active life
to sleep for good
palpitation of heart!
Both are the so called
writs of Providence,
the script of fate: invisible, indelible.

But
an act of terminating life
by suicide
or
by murder,
or destruction of the ferocious
in self or social defense,
isn't death,
but, a murder.
Though the end, the same
death!
True death or untimely death.

[9] Conclusion

Death?
A question-mark?

Stable
Unanswered,
adamant,
stands
as an adversary.

But, man
accept not defeat,
not a bit
think of God
defense,
in an answer to the question,
no, not!

The mystery of death
to be unmasked... revealed

sure
sure
some day!

[10] Life-Death

Death:
An unbreakable string
Tied to birth,

Birth:
One end;
Death:
The other extreme end!

Birth - a shore
Death - an opposite bank;
Birth:
Why a jubilation?
Death:
Pain...!
Why?

Birth - death
When equal?

One / well shaped;
The other / completely invisible!

Birth -
A beginning,
Death -
Destruction: an assault!

Birth... known,

Death... un-known!
Birth: beginning
Death: end,
Birth - initiation
Death - an earthly end!

Birth: yes, a being,
Death: ah! a non-being!

Birth: a new dawn,
Death: a horrendous night!

[11] A Pair

Sandy desert spread
all around
like the dying lamp-flame
brown
yellow
Palish-green
waterless
Slipping age
At the verge of death!

But
countless
waving... green
oases
Thorny
Leafless
growing trees -
flags
of life!

Lake —
a resting place... life giving
Infusing life!

[12] The Opposite

Life: a jubilation
Death: the last breath
A melody / a cry!
Eloquent action / loud lamentation!
□

[13] Equal

Morning is red
Evening is red
Morning-evening are one.

Wail on birth
Wail on death
Birth-death are one.

It is
the true wisdom,
the real knowledge,
every other consideration
is in vain.

[14 Sakhi1

What makes you so sad?
Why do you lose your wits?
Life - very precious; true
Death - eternal, why do you rue

[1 A detached saintly statement.]

[15] A Desire

May all children and young live!
Heart-rending is untimely death!

[16] Reality

"Death —
a birth
over and over again
of soul."

It's untrue
to consider this idea true?
A blind faith
an irrational faith!

Life / blends in five-elements,
the end / of a creation,
the end / of a person,
being.
No where
here... there.

It's true
there be an eternal fusion.
Neither there is any Hell,
nor there is any Heaven,
this manifest world is the only truth.
Death — a truth,
Life — a truth!

[17] The Philosophy Of Life

External motion —
physical vibration,
Internal motion —
life.

The transporter of life-motion
□

Ceaseless controller —
□
as long as
life is in flux
History will be created by
□
human-mind
human-body.

Never there be catastrophe;
Life ever be full of melody,
Every particle be in motion.

To fuse is
To lose internal motion.

[18] Excelsior!

Struggles and strifes

Lead to life,

to be inactive,

an indication - of the approaching death,

to stop - the end of life.

Life: only a flux

Ceaseless flux!

To grow,

to change

Is to be alive!

Stasis

an established trait

Of the lifeless.

Life has a thrill, a throb,

a continuous palpitation in the live hearts!

To stop —

De-existence

Invitation to ill-ominous death,

Excelsior... excelsior!

The only 'mool-mantra'¹

to prove life!

[1 Key principle.]

[19] Experimenting

In man

Wish for life —

Eternal and strongest,

Whereas

The final truth

About every life

Is death!

Yes, end is certainly,

□

Unavoidable!

But / it is also true -
impatient passion for
Immortality and youth

□

Will never wane,

Man's queer valour
Longs for melody,
Not for tears!
Every time
Continuous struggle
With the eternal challenge
Of death is welcome!
He will be
Immortality; he will be!

[1 victorious over death.]

[20] Meaningfulness

Mere living
isn't a proof of
life's meaningfulness,
Living -
only helplessness
like death - an exit.

Which is natural
in adopting it
without any specificity,
'Living-being'
doesn't mean
to be 'a human being.'

Declaration of
human glory only when
there is perfect peace of mind -
when we give
a new meaning to life,
in pitch dark
open doors
to a world full of lights.

Know the mysteries of life,
Talk to the moon and stars.
Let selflessness
be the motive of our living,
let's devour materialistic hurdles
at every step.

Let's acquire
such capabilities,
then
life may be
dedicated to death.

No regret,
no sorrow.

There isn't
the least difference of opinion.

This life is successful
this life is rare.

Blessed is the Earth!

[21] A Prayer

I long
not for immortality,
I long for
youthfulness.
Perfect health, diseaselessness,
absolute peace
of human mind and body.

This desired boon
is sought
not from any god.

Self-achieved by self-efforts
not by any prayer.

Body free from pain
mind free from torture.

Yes,
May
we live for
125 years!
For ourselves,
for others.

[22] A Mirage

Self-willed and ambitious
Man
runs after money
after pleasures
at the cost of life.
How strange
at this queer, dirty intention!

If there is life / money must flow in,
If there is life / pleasure must dog in!

Shattered and disorderly life
malady-stricken / frustrated wounded life
Momentary
eager to fall into
the death-pool!

Blind, perplexed, ignorant
Man
Construes money to be supreme
thinks pleasure all in all!

He'll spoil / the precious life,
and will lose life / the gift of God!

[23] A Vow

Absolutely loyal
We,

have descended in
the formidable duel of
life and death!
being soldiers of
an immortal army of life,
will not be surrounded
by the deceitful trick of
any adversary!

May be vanquished,
but, will never admit the supremacy
of death a bit,
won't let our right
to live
be snatched away!

The triumphant-call will echo
till the last breath
struggling
life-strength will fight
till the last edge of hope / effort!

[24] The Call Of Conquest

The whole world sleeps -
who weeps
in the dead of night?

It's heard -
in the house hard by
death has suddenly charged,
it's true —
someone has died.

The sharp dagger
of the Yama-doot¹
has once again
touched the man!

Reach
with ambrosial heart-felt condolences,
may this man

live again and again!

Let life-drum sound
every moment

though
biers be laid!

[1 Emissary of Yam / God dispensing death in Indian
mythology.]

[25] A Call

They who sing Alakh¹
have come,
who sing the sweet beloved song
of new life
have come!

Singers of Sohar²
have come!

Players of life-song
on every string of the violin of heart
have come!

Mentally vanquished!
Awake!
Strike by stretching!
Awake!

Jump
into the live sea
of life
divers!
Stir the stupor!

[1 A word urging inspiration.

2 An auspicious song sung at the birth of a child.]

[26] One Day

Have faith
Life
will be victorious,
fear not the wicked,
fear not!

Let's destroy
every doubt!
Have faith
Life will be victorious!

Deep darkness
of dead death
will surround / frighten;
have faith in

the sun's strength / firmness
Let's unmask
every particle of it!

Let's floodlight around!
Have faith
life will be triumphant!

[27] Purpose

We
who are the artisans of life
should talk only
about life,
discover
the meaningfulness of life,
and know
about the essence of life!

If death
destroys us
let us
strike back at it,
let us
sing the glory of life,

let us
strike a severe blow at
Yama, death!

[28] A Wish

let there be
no existence of death-serpent
in the garden of life,
let human self
not be terrorized
of death scare!

let every person
enjoy life
without any doubt,
let his each moment be
mellifluous!

Let a lover of life
play with life,
and live life fully
by embracing
every pleasure!

[29] Longing

As long as
I wished

to live,
I lived heartily!
Imagine
the lamps burnt on
even in rains!

None
was kind,
struggled -
with firm faith in

self potence!

[30] Proved

With a wish to live
one won't
wait for death!
Gold
pure, drossless:
why should it take
a fire-test?

End the illusion,
Bend the kaal-chakar!
Associate with life!
Give up this stupor!

[1 Cycle of death / time]

[31] Healthy Vision

Live
by thinking self
immortal,
laugh and sing
without any concern,
eat and drink
without any worry;
Should it
be termed
true living?

When face to face
with the end
Or
Should remain ignorant of it
Should
we call it
true living?

[32] Compatibility

I sing
I sing the songs
of victory!
I sing

about the triumph of life
over death!
I sing dauntlessly
the triumph of life-bud
of the dearest thing!

I sing
again and again!

The sounds that echo
in the sky of the graveyard
of the liberated-selves of carefree birds
are translations
of my
life-sentiments!
The compatriots
of my
life-adorations!

[33] Dreadful

Beware!

We have
hoisted the red flags,
on every house, in every village,
in every town,
of life, new life!

In every locality, at every cross,
here, there -
everywhere!
Hoisted
red flags!

Now
the demon of death

won't be able to carry out
his terrorist, fatal, men-devouring
maddening trick!

Ambushes
on entering into the body,
proclaims himself
an unvanquished doota¹
of Yama²
lays down
within the body
explosives,

and...
remote-controls
by hiding
in invisible places!

Let's see,

where from he comes now!

[1 Emissary. 2 Lord of death.]

[34] The Philosophy of Death

Death:
When a certainty,
In vain
Why
□
☐ doubt,
☐ fear
☐ much!

O, tell death -
'Come; when you please.'

At this time
Come,
Let's sing and dance!
Play on varied musical instruments!

Let's end this silence;
Who cares
for death?

[35] An Invitation

Death
come,
do come one day!
And take me away
in your flying-chariot;
away... far away
into hell!
That I may
unite all those
living in hell,
urge on them
for a revolt,
□
prepare them
for a change in life!
I don't acknowledge
any Chitragupta¹
any Yama;
I challenge them!
Just, let me jump
into the hell-pond!
Just, let me mingle
with the huge crowd of
hell-denzens!

[1 According to Indian mythology an official in the court of Yama who keeps record of righteous and unrighteous actions of living beings.]

[36] To The Fairy of Death

O death, come
I am ready!
Never think,
I am helpless.

Won't you
Inform?
Won't you
□
Oblige me?

You'll come —
On tip-toes,
Surprising
Like a clever girl.

Alright,
Accepted!
My beloved,
Your this game
Is welcome!

Come quietly,
Come, o death
I'm ready!

I know
It well
That of the book of life
Thou art the end!

Therefore,
For me
Thou art the good news
Of totality!

Come
O death, come
I'm ready!
Awaiting you
I've bedecked myself,
I'm ready!

[37] A Request

Death -
it hardly matters

if you are feminine,
I can befriend you!

Why do you feel shy?

Come
be my comrade!
If not a cohabiter
be my neighbour!

You beautiful like the moon,
from the opposite window
peep out,
evaluate —
and one day
all at once
make me accompany you
to the land of the dead!
Just
taunting and teasing!

[38] The Mode of Death

Death might be overtaking
while dreaming,
Prana
might be out from the body
just then.

A dreaming man
passes away!

What does he know?

Ask those living
who
have covered the dead body
with a sheet of cloth!
what happened?
What happened?
At last?

[1The life-force]

[39] A Comparison

Between Shiva
and shava¹
the difference lies only in the 'I'
(the first vowel sound)

Shiva —
is goodness,
gives comfort!
Shava —
ill-ominous,
only decays!

Shiva has three eyes,
Shava is blind!

A great imbroglio!

[1Shava — a dead body.]

[40] The Distance

You remembered
Thanks!
Gave a sweet pain
Accepted!

How strange the coincidence
That the last farewell
O, the first love!
Came
On the disappearing path,
With a wish -
Never to be fulfilled,
Sometime with a true physical touch
Our co-feelings
Never to be distanced!

I go -

Go with memory,
Go with pain!

[41] The End

Strife
Where is it now?
Journey -
Where is it now?

Everything stood still
The running, jumping, the liquid river water
Everything frozen —
Like blood in veins!

All bones of body
Continuously
Crackle with pain,
Who'll press them
Now
Till the dying breath?
Dark surrounds
While none is around!

Now there is no flutter
Only a stasis,
Now life -
A fatigued filament;
A scatter!

[42] A Blow

I...

kept you alive -

☞

□

☞I carry

☞our living but decayed corpse!

☞arry it silently, helplessly!

You

murdered
the faiths,
you
burnt the wishes
in a flaming furnace,
sham, hypocrisy
well enacted
and filled every moment of life
with unbearable pain!

Never became a loved one;
never became a murderer!
O, never snatched the right to live -
though the doubt was unmasked,
every doubt!

When kept alive
I'll burn in the hell-fire
bear all by
being insensitive!

Early or late
all
in an eternal sleep have to fall,
dust unto dust!

O unfortunate!
Then, why to weep?

[43] Truth

Life-bird
will fly,
fly away!
Life-bird
will fly away!

Why you try so hard,
sing hymns every morn and eve,
nothing is in your control
you bow in every temple,

one day from the body
Life-bird
Will fly away,

that will
never return!
Fly away
Life-bird
Will fly away!

[44] Preordained

It is preordained that
you
one day
will sleep
in the lap of death
silently!

It is preordained that
you
one day
will be lost
in the pitch dark
of the death!

It is preordained that
you
one day
renouncing name and fair form
will be reduced
to ashes!

[45] A Proclamation

Tell
the world -
now
Mahendra Bhatnagar sleeps!
Sleeps in an eternal sleep!

What

is to happen
happens;
O Man!
Why do you weep?

Life
that is one's own,
one has no right
over it too,
wealth - wealth
that is one's own
that too
in fact
has no essence!
You've no claim
over that!

Becoming
silent - stoic

set out
leaving everything

set out
severing all relations
new and old!

Everyone
has to experience
this moment,
death's eternal
then
why to fear it?

O immortal death!
You may consider me
helpless,
and,
I voluntarily
accept you,
accept you from body and mind!

I sleep
on the comfortable
soil-bed!
I lose my identity
by fusing with the particles
of this soil!
I bow a new life!
As I have accepted life
likewise
O death
I do accept you!

I go,
I go from this world!
I go from this
lovely home, lovely world!
I go
for good... for good!
I go!

[46] I Bow Thee

Adieu!
O the springs of the world
Adieu!
O, the shining moon
The twinkling bright stars
Adieu!

Hills... valleys
Slopes... marshes
Adieu!

Adieu
O, the high waves of the sea!

Fluttering
wings of illusion,
Eyes

Profuse with love
Adieu!

The strings of
An inextricable knot
The unrealised hopes
Adieu!
Adieu!

[47] Good Bye!

We
Beaten by fate,
We
Defeated
In the game of life,

Ah!
Tortured by dears,
Hurt on heart,
With a bowed head
Silent
Go for good —

Never
Remember,
Even today
Listen,
Do not light the memory-lamp!

[48] An Ascetic

To overcome death
one more Siddharth1 — an ascetic
has set out!

Who at each step
trampled the elusive moves of
Yama's legion!

Wasn't trapped
in any vyuha2
tied his noose hard
on death!

He who sings
songs of life
at the edge of doom,
one day —
he will attain
an immortal place
by changing his shape,

preserve this
heritage
by making it a stupa³

:

1 initial name of Buddha. 2 phlanx, the war movement arrangement of an army to surround or capture the enemy. 3 a Buddhistic tope/sacred spot.

[49] The Last Will

Never weep,
Never be disinterested!

Bear a blow
Never lose temper.

Let the last act be
free from rituals
let mind be set
only on the mystery beyond death!

Life after death
when none has known
when none has seen...
All established systems:
imaginary,
illogical.
To follow them - not desired!
O never be a blind-follower,
Let refinement of worship be
in the splendour of knowledge.

Follow -

good faith and good feelings!

[50] Kritkarma1

Why bewail?

Why bewail

On the renunciation of body?

End —

a sign of perfection,

a successful stage

Why to bewail?

The end of life —

A stage

Why to bewail?

Let us

follow in the footsteps

of the departed

to attain the meaning of life,

glorify it.

Take the last salute!

:

One who has finished one's duty/karma.

ARTICLES

[1]

THE MOTIF OF DEATH

IN THE IPOETRY OF MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR:

AN ASSESSMENT

– Dr. D. C. Chambial

Life is poised between the two antipodal points of birth and death. Where there is birth, there is death. Where one begins the other ends. Birth is welcome and rejoiced. Death is considered terrible and is, therefore, mourned. Enmeshed in the enigma of existence man has been trying since time immemorial to dive into the mysteries of life and death. All metaphysical systems of world are the outcome of man's endeavour to find truth in this regard. In the modern age of science man has toiled hard to lay bare the mystery of death. However, it still remains beyond the domain of science. Where the domain of science ends, the domain of metaphysics outside the physical world is left for the philosophy to explain. Mahendra Bhatnagar has, in his book, 'Death-Perception: Life-Perception', tried to perceive the mystery of life and death. In this paper my endeavour shall be to explore Mahendra Bhatnagar's views about death.

In order to answer the question: What is death? The poet has nothing to say different from the commonly held notion about it that death is 'an earthly end' and compares it to 'a horrendous night' ('Life - Death': 22) . What the poet calls 'a horrendous night' is the state of existence after death. However, this 'horrendous night' begins with death. As the one side of a coin cannot be severed from the other, similarly, birth and death are also integral and cannot be separated: 'an unbreakable string / tied to birth' (Ibid.) The poet declares the Vedic truth: 'Death - a truth' (Reality': 32) . It is also the truth of existence. Where there is life, there is death.

Man, ever since he began to speculate and meditate about the fate of life after its termination on this terra firma, has found death an enigma to explore. It was, and still is, an enigma for him.

There is a lot about death that one wants to know: what is death? What happens to the individual on death? If body is the dwelling of soul, as the Hinduism and most of the other world religions maintain, then, what happens to the soul on and after death? What would happen if there were no death? Etc. The poet also believes in this arcane nature of death and states: 'Death? / A question-mark! ' (Contemplation: 10) . He, once again, repeats this mystery of death in his poem, 'Conclusion', with the same words and is staunch in his faith that man is ever engaged in unraveling and unmasking the secrets about death. He says though 'death', at present, is 'a question-mark', but a day will certainly come when 'The mystery of death / to be unmasked... revealed' ('Conclusion': 20)

Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar, the poet, opens his discourse about death and tells the readers about its imminence. He says: 'Death is imminent / Unavoidable' (Gratitude': 2) . It is very much intone with the Hindu philosophy that states: 'Jatasya hi dhruvo mrityu...' (the Ghagvadgita: II,27) . He further expounds that death which is the end of life on the earth '... is certainly / Unavoidable! ' (Experimenting': 38) . The fact that whosoever has life and is born on this earth is bound to decay or die. An individual's life is limited. One cannot go beyond this limit. None can abjure the verity that one day this life on earth has to come to an

end. There is no way out. The poet sings:

One day from the body

Life-bird

Will fly away,

That will

Never return!

Fly away!

Life-bird

Will fly away!

(‘Truth’: 94)

Here the poet, with the help of the symbol of a bird, tries to explain that one day JIVA or PRANA will have to forsake this body. It cannot live in for good. This body is subject to the laws of destructibility and transience.

Death has never been a welcome. The very origin of death, according to Christianity, is cruel, for it is the result of Adam and Eve’s disobedience to God: they disobeyed the God, ate the forbidden fruit and the God, in turn, not only expelled them out of Eden but also inflicted death on them. Death has been with man since his first disobedience and the original sin. The poet calls death a cruel wheel that spares no one:

Cruel is

The wheel of death

Very cruel!

Under which

Lifeless - living

Gradually grinding and changing

Every moment, every minute!

This earth rocks horribly!

Invisibly / Silently

Continuously moves

This wheel of death.

(‘The Wheel of Death’: 6) .

This wheel always goes on like the wheel of time and one and all fall prey to it without any distinction.

The termination of life from the physical body is termed as death. Death is death whatever be its kind or form. The philosopher poet, Dr. Mahendra also declares that ‘Though the end, the same death!’ (‘Forms of Death’: 18) . Nonetheless, he differentiates and recognizes two kinds of death: one, natural or accidental death; two, the unnatural or suicide or murder. In this regard the poet writes: ‘Death natural / or accidental /... / end of a conscious life’ (Ibid.) These both kinds of death, natural and accidental, are so called because they are the ‘writs of Providence’ (Ibid.) But, about the second kind, ‘suicide / or / murder’, the poet says that it ‘isn’t death, but, a murder.’ (ibid.) Thus, the poet

acknowledges two kinds of death with clear difference.

The poet is of the view that one should not fear death. While living one should be free from its fear. Living constantly under the fear of death will make the individual a coward and one will not be able to accomplish anything in one's life. Thus the whole objective of life and living will be defeated. One is supposed to live and, while living, do such acts that are helpful for the progress of humanity. With this motive in mind, the poet says that 'Fearing death / will make / living futile! / weight heavy / dry onerous / pleasureless heart.' (Free From Worry': 8) . Under the constant fear of death, life loses its meaning. In order to make life meaningful one has to be free from the fear of death. So, the philosopher poet says:

Life

Only meaningful,

When every moment is free

from the dread of death. (Ibid.)

The poet seems to echo what the Hindu philosophy says:

What should not be worried about you should not worry say the wise

Whether one lives or dies does not bother the pundit.

(the Bhagvadgita: II,11) .

The poet, in his poem 'The Philosophy of Death' (72) posits:

Death:

When a certainty,

is vain

Why

to doubt

to fear

so much?

Oh, tell death —

Come; when you please.'

There is no need either to nourish any doubt about death or fear it; it is imminent. In another poem, he says:

It is preordained that

You

One day

Will sleep

In the lap of death

Silently!

× × ×

In the pitch dark

Of the death! ('Preordained': 96)

And then talks about the destruction of the body after death by consigning it to fire: 'fair form / will be reduced / to ashes!' (Ibid.) The JIVA forsakes body; body becomes dead because it is senseless to all external stimuli of the physical world, and finally the body joins the five elements - fire, earth, water, air, and sky, the PANCH BHUTA — out of which it had taken shape.

All this happens, the poet argues, when body becomes unsuitable for the soul as it's dwelling. Then the soul leaves it and looks for a new one that is befitting for it, the poet says:

What?

Body

Not worth living;

Therefore...

Soul!

You left

In quest of new.' ('A Puzzle': 12)

As if the soul unfolds the secret of its leaving the body, that is death, to the poet.

The poet's philosophy seems to echo the Vedic philosophy:

Old kafa; Fkk fogk; uokfu x`g~.kkfr ujkss•

Fkk 'kjhjkf.k fogk; ; kfu la; fr uokfu nsgHAA

As a man discards the old and worn out clothes,

likewise the soul discards old body and enters new one.

(the Bhagvadgita: II,22) .

In the absence of death there would have no God nor the need for any such supreme divinity. The poet continues his argument that 'If there were no death, / God wouldn't have any existence' ('The truth': 14) . It means that in the absence of death man would have thought himself to be the Supreme Being and the God were to be something non-existent. It is the existence of death that makes human being inferior to God and man needs some super power to attribute to that power all the enigmas of physical and metaphysical existence that are beyond the human ken. In the absence of death, even 'The whole philosophy / hell and heaven' (Ibid.) would have become redundant. But, there is death that necessitates the existence of God, before whose will the man bows. Therefore, the man realizes the ultimate truth that 'Ram nam satya hai / (God's name is the only TRUTH) ' (Ibid.) In other words, the poet contends that only God is the Reality.

It is not that death has made the existence of God feasible but it also has a purpose. The poet maintains that death is not without purpose. It also has its utilitarian value and makes life not only useful but also beautiful for existence on this earth. He posits:

□

Death's made life very beautiful,

Transforms this world, in fact,

Into a pleasant heaven,
We learnt the meaning of love,
Only then
True's true,
Transformed man into higher beings
Than immortal god!

(`Gratitude; Again': 4)

□

Whatever man tries to achieve in life and art is also death's gift to him; so, the poet firmly holds:

Death's given
Beauty to life
Such
Endless - vast!
Death's given

□ Man

□ Life - art - efficiency

□ Such

□ Embellishment - adornment!

(`Gratitude': 2)

□ It is a fact that death has some objective. But, the poet not only encourages the mankind to shed the fear of death but also suggests to betittle death by finding a purpose of living because:

We

Who are the artisans of life

Should talk only about life

Discover

The meaningfulness of life.

And know

About the essence of life.

□ (`Purpose': 56)

His panacea for belittling death is:

If death

Destroys us

Let us

Strike back at it. (Ibid.)

But, how can we strike back at death? The poet has himself answered this question successfully in the poem itself that it can be done by discovering 'the meaningfulness of life' and by singing 'the glory of life' (Ibid.) The 'meaningfulness of life' suggests a purposeful life so that he is remembered even after he is dead.

Death is imminent. It cannot be avoided. It is the fate of all living beings on this earth. It can only be relegated to pettiness. Then there is no need to fear death: 'let human self / not be terrorized / of death care' ('A Wish': 58) . The living ones should always be ready to welcome death. There is no alternative to it. Therefore, the poet has debunked death of all its power and fear and and welcomes death to

Come,

Do come one day!

And take me away

In your flying-chariot

Away... far away

(An Invitation': 74) .

Perhaps, like the persona in Emily Dickinson's poem, 'The Chariot'¹

To conclude our discussion, we can say that the poet comes out with some very concrete suggestions to tear off the hitherto much significance attached to death. He does not believe in any type of ritual, because these do not form part of the eternal truth; these have been devised and followed by the survivors. He exhorts the mankind: 'Let the last act be / free from rituals' ('The Last Will': 110) . What is more important. in order to find the ultimate truth, to unmask the enigma of death shrouded in the mystery, is to approach the hitherto unsolved riddle of death single-mindedly. For this he suggests: 'let mind be set / only on the mystery beyond death! ' (Ibid.) He also consoles those who are left behind wailing and bemoaning in these words: 'End - / a sign of perfection, / a successful stage / why to bewail' and should

Follow in the footsteps

Of the departed

To attain the meaning of life

□ glorify it.

□ ('Kritkarma': 112) .

It is 'the meaning of life' that has not been found yet and the quest for which is ever going on like the journey of life as propounded by Aurobindo Ghose².

Mahendra Bhatnagar, the poet and philosopher, has very deeply studied and experienced, in his imagination, the concept of death and has made some very radical observations that make him stand all alone as a sedate thinker in the contemporary poetry.

□ .

Notes:

(1) In the Dickinson's poem, Death is one of the occupants in the chariot. Death asks the poetess / persona to accompany him. The opening lines of the poem are:

Because I could not stop for death,

He kindly stopped for me;

The carriage held but just ourselves

And immortality.

Dr Mahendra Bhatnagar's poem, the poet / persona invites Death to take him / her with himself, because he is not afraid of death and ready to go with him.

[2] In his poem, 'Is This the End? ', Aurobindo Ghose says that death does not put an end to the journey or quest of life. The poet refers to soul that is immortal and continues its journey ceaselessly. It goes on even after the goal has been achieved. The last two stanzas of them poem, that have relevance to the argument in the present article, are:

The Immortal in the mortal is his name! □

An artist Godhead here

Ever remoulds himself in dimmer shapes,

Unwilling the cease.

Till all is done for which the stars were made,

Still the heart discovers God

And the soul knows itself. And even then

There is no end.

□

[2]

Death-Perception: Life-Perception

— Mrs. Purnima Ray

Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's 'Death-Perception: Life-Perception' is a collection of fifty beautiful poems translated from original Hindi into English by Dr. ial. The poet, and the translator are already well-known figures in the literary arena, both in India and abroad. The Appendix 1&2 published in this book help us to know their achievements in detail. In short, their bio-notes are as follows -

Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar is a leading Professor of Hindi Language and Literature, guides scholars, has several published books, and received many awards. His major poetry-collections include 'Forty Poems' translated by Shree Amir Mohammad Khan, and Prof. a, 'After The Forty Poems' translated by Dr. Ramsevak Singh Yadav, Prof. Vareendra Kumar Varma, and Shree Amir Mohammad Khan, 'Exuberance and other poems', translated by Dr. Ravinandan Sinha, and 'Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's Poetry' translated by Dr. .

Dr. ial is a Professor of English, a widely published Indo-English poet and critic, has several published books, poetry collections, and on criticism, and edits an international journal 'Poetcrit'. At the outset the translator in his note makes clear to us the most important features of Mahendra Bhatnagar's poetry, which we have to recho in our discussion from time to time in our own way. And we will see that Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's poems are deep, intense in feeling,

suggestive and thought-provoking.

The title of this present collection is very important. One should notice that 'Death-Perception' comes first, then 'Life Perception'. The 'Death-theme' is a very common and universal one, but the fact is that we sometimes are aware of it, and sometimes not. Most of us know that it is inevitable and certain, and we are eager to know more about it, and want to escape from its clutches, but we do not know how to do it. It is here the utility of Mahendra Bhatnagar's poems on this subject. He explores all the possible ways with his extraordinary creative spirit, and he succeeds to satisfy our quench for the thirst of knowledge of this kind.

Poet Mahendra points us to see the fact that we are standing on the backbone of 'Death', so that our desire for life is being stirred again and again:

□ Death is;

□ Death is imminent,

□ Unavoidable —

□ That's why

□ Life is so desired!

Although we get scared by it every now and then, yet it is acceptable, and for that 'life' itself is grateful to 'Death':

□ Death element / feeling

□ Minute by minute death-tension

□ Are acceptable,

□ Gratitude

□ To Death

□□□ Life's gratitude!

Because Death's contributions to Life are unnumbered:

□ Death's made life

□ very beautiful,

□ Transformed this world,

□ in fact,

□ Into a pleasant heaven,

□ We learnt

□ the meaning of love...

And the most important achievement of 'Death' is that it

□ Transformed man

□ Into higher beings

□ than immortal god!

This poet has seen 'Death' in the best possible ways, yet he admits the impossibility to define it: □

□ All efforts futile -

□ to explicate

□ the meaning of death;

It's very intricate difficult

to contemplate.

He does not ignore its dark sides:

Cruel is

The wheel of death

very cruel!

He defines finely in a word:

A wonderful puzzle!

Poet Mahendra can establish a truth that man's all philosophy including the idea of God revolves round 'Death':

If there were no death,

God wouldn't have any existence,

man

would have never reconciled

with his fate!

For he is always led by this fact:

'Death is imminent'!

So his idea of God is nothing but:

a proof

of man's helplessness

of readiness after death...

Poet Mahendra Bhatnagar equates the relation between Life and death through a fine imagery:

Death:

An unbreakable string

Tied to birth..

So he rightly poses the stoic question:

Birth

why a jubilation?

Death:

pain..!

why?

Birth-death

when equal?

He can justify what he says regarding this by a logical fallacy:

Morning is red

Evening is red

Morning - evening are one.

Wail on birth

Wail on death

Birth-death are one...

It seems that he wants to say as one cannot detach death from life, similarly life cannot be detached from death:

Death -

birth

Over and over again

of soul...

Like the ancient Greek philosophers the poet says:

this manifest world is the only truth...

Yet he confirms:

Death - a truth

Life - a truth

The poet gives us the key-principle to overcome death:

Every time

Continuous struggle

With the eternal challenge

of death is welcome!

He will be

A mrityunjaya; he will be!

At the same time he makes us aware of meaningfulness of life:

Mere living

Isn't a proof of

life's meaningfulness...

and his 'meaningfulness' finds its expression in humanistic approach to life:

Let selflessness

be the motive of our living,

let's devour materialistic hurdles

on every step.

Let's acquire / such capabilities,

then

life may be

dedicated to death...

So in 'Prayer' poet Bhatnagar does not want any ascetic attainment, but leads the mankind in time of need:

I long

not for immortality,

I long for

youthfulness.

Perfect health, diseaselessness,

absolute peace

of human mind and body...

He shows us where 'death' takes place:

Shattered and disorderly life

Malady-stricken / Frustrated wounded life

momentary

eager to fall into

the death-pool!

and the victory of life over death:

Have faith

Life

will be victorious,

fear not the wicked,

fear not!

Like a Miltonic hero the poet discloses the way:

If death destroys us

let us

strike back at it,

let us

sing the glory of life,

let us

strike a severe blow at

Yama, death!

Here also revolution takes place, one has to utter these words:

That I may

white all those

living in hell,

urge on them

for a revolt,

prepare them

for a change in life!

It is only then we can realise what he says:

With a wish to live

one won't

wait for death!

He does not want the Epicurean way of living be termed as 'true-living':

Live / by thinking self

Immortal,

Laugh and sing

Without any concern,

Eat and drink

Without any worry;

Should it / be termed / true living?

Poet Mahendra Bhatnagar sings paean of life, but there is something more special in his singing:

Sing

About the triumph of life

over death!

Like post-Tagorean Bengali surrealist poet Jibanananda Das he admires the wealth of life:

Sing dauntlessly

The triumph of thru life-bud

Of the dearest thing!

Sing again and again!

One may compare the words 'again and again' quoted above with Jibanananda's abar asiba phire (I will come again) . The words which poet Bhatnagar used are different, but the total effect is the same:

The sounds that echo

In the sky of graveyard

Of the liberated-selves of carefree birds

Are translations

Of my life sentiments!

The compatriots

Of my life - adorations!

Here he establishes one truth that poets from ages to ages sing life in there unique ways.

Perhaps for that reason poet Bhatnagar can romanticize 'Death':

(1) You'll come —

On tip-toes,

Surprising

Like a clever girl.

Alright,

Accepted!

My beloved,

your this game

is welcome

(2) You beautiful like the moon,

from the opposite window

peep out

evaluate —

One should notice that the poet attaches femininity to a beautiful object.

Poet Bhatnagar's creativity finds its fullest expression when he uses the word 'passing away' instead of 'death':

Death might be overtaking

while dreaming,

Prana

might be out from the body

just then.

A dreaming man

passes away!

Yes, the dreaming people are active and creative, they dream before turning themselves into creativity, as Lord Vishnu sleeps and dreams before the creation of the Universe; they do not know the word 'death' while engrossing in their way of life. The last lines of this poem makes us thoughtful, leave us in a whirlpool of suggestions:

What does he know?

Ask those living

who

have covered the dead body

with a sheet of cloth!

What happened?

What happened?

At last?

It seems that poet Bhatnagar accepts indirectly the will of God behind death:

It is preordained that

you

One day

Will sleep

□ in the lap of death

□ silently!

So he says to himself and at the same time to us to renounce all earthly attachments:

Never

Remember,

Even today

Listen,

Do not light the memory-lamp!

He does not forget to remind us the most precious things of life, and he puts all this so masterly in the tongue of a dying-person:

Adieu!

□ the springs of the world

□ Adieu!

□, the shining moon

□ the twinkling bright stars

□ Adieu!

Hills..... valleys

Slopes... marshes

□ Adieu!

□, the high waves of the sea!

In a way, he values most the Nature surrounding us, as

Mrityunjaya in Rabindranath Tagore's short-story 'The Hidden Treasure' exclaimed: "I want sunlight, air, sky" etc. wanting to live.

For he knows that ultimate truth is, he makes a goodbye to an illusory world behind him:

Fluttering

Wings of illusion,

Eyes

Profuse with love

□ Adieu!

□

□ the strings of

Ah inextricable knot

□ the unrealised hopes

□ Adieu!

□ Adieu!

'An Ascetic' is an important poem, in the sense that the poet gives here a message to the strife - torn world we are living in:

He who sings

Songs of life
 At the edge of doom,
 One day -
 He will attain
 An immortal place
 By changing his shape,
 Preserve this / heritage /
 By making it a stupa.

The suggestion is if we sing songs of life, then there should be no hankering after life-killing desires and efforts; again the poet's spirituality lies in humanity, and man's religion in his 'Kritakarma'. The poem 'The Last Will' can be seen as his consolation for us as well as a clarion call:

Let mind be set
 Only on the mystery beyond death!

X X X X
 Let refinement of worship be
 In the splendour of knowledge..

Here he gives more emphasis on 'mind' which controls all body-organs, and on 'knowledge', the purest of all things in the world, as we find in The Srimat Bhagavat Gita.

Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar is, no doubt, an avant-garde Indian poet. Dr. Chambial's excellent rendition extends the readership of Dr. Bhatnagar's philosophy and poetic ability. Dr. Chambial has done his job well, for his transcreation has retained all the literary qualities of the original poems - e.g. 'the economy of linguistic expressions', lucidity etc.

.□

[3]
 Death-Perception: Life-Perception
 An Analytical Study

— Dr (Mrs) Jaya Lakshmi Rao V.

DEATH PERCEPTION - LIFE PERCEPTION is a sensitively rendered volume of 50 poems, originally written in Hindi. The poems retain their natural flavour to a great extent, thanks to the versatility of the well-known poet of national and international fame Dr D.C. Chambial. As the title indicates the mysterious entity of death and the magical polarity called life occupy the mind and art of Dr Mahendra Bhatnagar. The theme of death and life has ever been source of deep contemplation often verging on to obsession for creative writers from times

immemorial. Yet it never lost its freshness and vigour due to the mystery that surrounds it, the magnetism it generates and the manifold wonder it evokes. Dr Mahendra Bhatnagar's poetry bears witness to all the above observations.

Dr Chambial kept the translation as close as the linguistic boundaries between the original Hindi and the foreign English languages have allowed. Praise is to him, who, despite the language constrictions was able to carry and convey the poetic preoccupations of the well-known Hindi Poet with life and death.

The volume begins with a difference. In the first poem 'Gratitude', the poet gleans a reason to be grateful to death. It certainly is a new perception. The poet says: "Death's given / Man / Life-art-efficiency / Such / Embellishment - adornment." According to the poet, it is death that makes life beautiful and therefore desirable. Death's imminence makes life all the more attractive. So, he offers "Gratitude / To death / Life's gratitude." The fact that death equals all is mourned in a poem entitled 'The Wheel of Death / Time'. Death tramps the white radiance of life. Death is relentless, inexorable: "Before it! Stability has! No existence! Its motion! Always controls! Life and death! Earth and sky."

Dr Mahendra Bhatnagar's poems are not for those who seek the romantic, who look for the sensational. They do not jingle either. There is evidently a deep contemplation, a firm conviction in his poems. Written in free verse, some of the lines remain clearly etched in the reader's mind. Lines such as: "Invisibly / Silently / Continuously moves / This wheel of death / Uninterrupted... unchanged! " make a mark because in spite of simple terminology the poet has used memorable imagery. When he captions a poem as 'Wheel of Time' (kaal chakra) , the poet is using a native metaphor. In the cultures of India, time is compared to a wheel, a wheel that is conceptualized with the elements of birth-growth (life) - death that repeat themselves ceaselessly. It is a cyclic process that is inevitable and unavoidable. So, says the poet why grieve over death and spoil one's peace of mind? —"Life! only meaningful, / When every moment is free / From the dread of death." Despite the scientific advancement, death is a 'wonderful puzzle' for the poet. He sees death as a conundrum in poems such as 'Contemplation' and 'A Puzzle'. It is the fear of death that urges man to take "refuge! In God! For eternal peace.." Yet the poet firmly believes that man's invincibility will make him see "The mystery of death / To be unmasked... revealed / Sure... some day" in 'Conclusion'.

His poems such as 'Life-Death' and 'The Opposite' the dividing line between the polarities of life and death are brought to focus. To the poet they are not separate but intrinsically interconnected. One cannot be without the other. They are the beginning and end of a unique cycle. Why then are feelings generated by them different? questions the poet. "Birth: Why a jubilation? / Death: Pain...? Why? " the ironical fact however is, "Wail on birth! Wail on death! Birth-death are one." ('Equal') According to the poet it is futile to think of Hell or Heaven. Suffice to know that "This manifest world the only truth / Death - a truth, / Life -

a truth! " The common everyday thought of life and death attains a special significance in the poems of Dr Mahendra Bhatnagar because of the complexity of human emotion and intellectual activity. Although the theme of death is glaring enough, we are especially made to take notice of it due to the rhythm the poet used. It successfully indicates the relative value of his individualized perception. For example in a poem entitled 'The Philosophy of life' the poet says that life is " External motion / Physical vibration / Internal motion - / Life. Real death is to lose 'internal' motion, the spiritual death. Now we know where the 'fuse' lies. The poetic thought continues on to 'Excelsior'. If - "Struggles and strifes / lead to life" then "to be inactive" is "an indication - of the approaching death, / to stop - the end of life."

Here is a rediscovery of the Vedic observation that our life is a pilgrimage and that man is an eternal traveler on the move. Life is an adventure. There is no resting on the journey and there is no end to it either. In the Aitereya Brhmana there is hymn, which ends with the refrain: 'Charaiveti, Charaiveti' which means "Hence O traveler, march along, march along." One finds an echo in "Excelsior.... excelsior! "

Now that we do not have a key to the puzzle of death, why not we unravel the 'mysteries of life', which in turn equips us with the ability 'to talk to the moon and to the stars' thus achieving 'meaningfulness' of life. In other words, the poet exhorts us to keep in touch with the unseen presence of the cosmic power by its physical manifestation in various forms of nature. True, nature is our guide, friend, and philosopher. It gives according to the poet "Perfect peace of mind /... a new meaning to life."

'A Prayer' is an insightful poem on the secret of leading a happy life. In the poet's opinion happy life is an outcome of self achievement. He says: "We live for / 125 years" only when we have a "Body free from pain / Mind free from torture." So that we live as much for 'ourselves' as of 'others' because according to the Indian thought the whole world is a family - Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam. The foregone thought is entirely in opposition with the feeling that "Blind, perplexed, ignorant / Man... construes money to be supreme / Thinks pleasure all in all." ('A Mirage') In 'A Vow' the poet depicts death as an adversary whom we the human race fight like soldiers because life is too precious to lose to "a deceitful trick of / Any adversary! "

'A Call' is a unique poem in which the poet uses a number of sensory images to celebrate the carnival of life. In a Tagore-like lyricism, the poet hails the singers of Alakh and Sohar who play on 'every string of the violin of heart'. Their songs are mainly meant for the 'mentally vanquished', to awaken those whose life turned into 'stupor'. A number of poems expound the value attached to life, a rare gift. Poems such as 'One day', 'Proved', 'A Healthy Vision', and 'Compatibility' sing of Shanti (peace) , victory, glory and pleasure of life. He envisages life wherein all will laugh and be merry. Death is compared to a terrorist in the poem

'Dreadful' who "remote controls" life - "By hiding / In invisible places."
In 'The Philosophy of Death', 'An Invitation', 'To the Fairy of Death` and 'A Request' there is a new challenge, a new welcome to a hail-fellow-well-met attitude to death. There is neither fear nor fascination towards humanity's foe i.e. death. But one finds camaraderie, bonhomie, open, and candid. Death is treated as a friend, "a clever girl", "a cohabiter" and "a neighbour." Thus, we witness a metamorphosis in the poet's notion of death as it passes from the stage of being the fearful and the awe-inspiring to that of a much-awaited welcome guest. Finally an agreeable compromise is reached. Peace at last! The pilgrim realizes his futile fencing with an invincible enemy. What cannot be cured must be endured. This endurance is not born of frustration but out of wise realization. that makes a world of difference.

In 'Comparison' the poet juxtaposes Shiva, the three-eyed Godhead with shava, the lifeless body. A single vowel shift from 'i' to 'a' brings in an irreplaceable difference in consciousness i.e. from spandana to jada. 'A Blow' shows the futility of involvement because says the poet: "Early or late / all / in an eternal sleep have to fall / dust unto dust! " thus after being enlightened that every one "One day / renouncing name and fair form / will be reduced / to ashes! " ('Preordained') , the poet proclaims in 'Proclamation': "O Death / I do accept you.../ I go / For good... for good / I go! "

Now there is loveliness all around. Nothing but peace remains. Not, that which is a result of impotent stupor but the peace one arrives at after experiencing the vicissitudes of life, like the peace one finds in Eliot's Waste Land, which is the result of understanding the human world. Now the poet avers: "Mahendra Bhatnagar sleeps / ...an eternal sleep." He desires "I lose my identity / By fusing with the particles / of this soil! / I sow new life! "

Like Euripides of yore, the poet also sees wisdom of attaining peace in keeping one's self-above hate, and in being good. He bows out of the stage of life in 'I Bow Thee' seeking release from good as well as bad. After going through. the purging experiences of life, wisdom dawns on the traveler, which we witness in 'An Ascetic'. The poet is Siddarth with a wish to remain immortal. He attains it by singing songs of heavenly bliss he "wasn't trapped" in "Yama's region" any more. Fittingly enough his 'Last Will' is not to follow "established systems" but to follow "good faith and good feelings! " in the last of the collected poems 'Kritkarma' the poet depicts the man who does duty successfully, whose end is a "sign of perfection". There is no room for regrets in such a life. It is a life which is a "circle of light" encompassing the whole universe, forever glowing, forever guiding those groping in the darkness of ignorance.

This commendable collection merits praise on its linguistic novelty too. It is a well-known fact that the world view of the speaker of one language is entirely different from that of the another. A person's cultural background and understanding, religion and environment play an enormous role in the shaping of

his imagination, and expression. Yet owing to the fact that human feelings and sensibility are much the same throughout the living world, Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's poems appeal to all, to the speakers of both English and Hindi. Myth and metaphor lend strength and character to the poems. The poet has his own intensities, pauses and quiet places. Yet there is nothing vague or confusing. The rhythm follows the poet's thought and emotion. We should not forget the flexibility of the living language in which the poems were originally rendered. In good poetry, says a famous critic "the sounds of words, the suggestiveness of simple words and of word sequences are linked organically with the rhythm."

as for example, in 'A Call':

□ump / Into the live seal Of life / O divers/ stir the stupor! "

□he sea of life can be a mere amorphous mass if it is not made to yield the treasure of wisdom by thinkers and visionaries. Note the imagery and force of rhythm in it. Look at the colour of imagery the poet uses to bring out the facets of life in 'A Pair': "Sandy desert spreads / All around / Like the dying lamp-flame / Brown / Yellow / Palish-green... / Slipping age / At the verge of death! "

□ good poetry one finds "clear and vivid utterance to most subtle and ambiguous feelings and it is the union of clearness of vision and profound ambiguity of the poet's attitude that gives the poem its power." This observation is true of Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's poesy. To cite an example from 'A Proclamation': "I sleep / on the comfortable / soil-bed! / I lose my identity / By fusing with the particles / of this soil! " The vision is fired with the thought, which in turn is implied in the images of 'comfortable soil bed' 'sleep' and 'particles of the soil'. In spite of being personalized, the poems appeal to all, mainly because of the broadness of the theme, the poet has chosen. The duplicity of human behaviour is diagonally opposed to the brutal frankness of death, the inevitable and logical end of the drama of life. attaining peace in keeping one's self above hate, and in being good. In addition to a lasting theme, economy of words, effective imagery and haunting word music, the poems of Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar collected under the title Death-Perception: Life-Perception impress the readers also on account of attractive graphics and special spacing and a symbolic cover design.

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[4]

'Death' in the Poetry of Mahendra Bhatnagar

— Prof. D. Murali Manohar

□he word 'death' is so intimate and at the same time it intimidates every human being. Even if some one were to say that he/she is not apprehensive to death., I

don't agree with that person be him/her a spiritual person or a materialistic person. Every one is panic of death internally and externally, implicitly and explicitly. Philosophers of Greece, Buddhist, and Indian may have discussed on the issue of death.

However, I would like to say that I have been impressed by Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's dealing with the issue of death in his poetry originally written in Hindi and also the translator Dr. D.C. Chambial who has translated the poems into English. I am not an authentic person to comment on translation work, however, the translator seems to be clear, intelligible, retaining the originality and above all making sense with the poet's profound ideas. When everyone knows that 'death' is inevitable, why should one be apprehensive about it? What happens if one has fear of death? Mahendra Bhatnagar says:

Fearing death

Will make

Living

futile!

Weight heavy

Life onerous

Pleasure less heart.

If one is preoccupied and obsessed with the fear of death, then he/she will have a miserable life. The living itself becomes futile. He further says that life is meaningful only "when every moment is / free from dread of death."

Some of us fear about death and some of us contemplate death. Is one successful in contemplating what is death? According to

Mahendra Bhatnagar:

Death?

A question-mark!

To know the mystery

Not only difficult

But also

Still unknown for man.

Several people have tried to know the mystery of death, however, it has been very difficult to know what it is. It is quite interesting to see the combination of death and God. As one cannot predict how the death embraces a human being, the human being has started believing in God. The feeling is that if one believes in god, the god can give strength to lead a life with out apprehension, fear, and panic of death. Thus, man has started believing in God. As a result, Mahendra Bhatnagar in his poem 'The Truth' he says:

If there were no death,

God wouldn't have any existence;

Man

Would have never reconciled

With his fate!

The poet seems to suggest that the existence of God and faith prevail, motivate, come into being, enter, only because of the 'death' to human beings. The words 'death' and 'faith' are interrelated. The death of a human being links with the fate. If one were to die in an accident, due to ill health, after a long illness, death-in-life, he/she is associated with the 'fate'. It is because of his/her fate so and so has been dead in an accident, suffers with ill health and does not die early; some people neither die nor recover from the disease/illness and the feeling develops that it is better to die rather than suffer this way; some people lead a life which is almost like a death.

After having expressed his feeling on living the life with fear is a futile, contemplating of death, existence of god arising due to the concept of death, now he turns to the forms of death. Some of the forms of death here he talks about in the poem entitled 'Forms of Death':

But

An act of terminating life

By suicide

Or

By murder

Or destruction of the ferocious

In self or social defense,

Isn't a death,

But, a murder.

Though the end, the same

□ death!

True death or untimely death.

While talking of forms of death, he is interested in pointing out the difference between 'death' and 'murder'. Ultimately both of them lead to the end of life of a human being. In what way the person's life ends, that is a different matter. In other words, the poet wants to show the difference between 'true death' or 'Ultimate death' with that of 'suicide/murder'. He seems to suggest that 'true death' is a natural process unlike suicide or murder. Whether one faces hardship in any form or not, one has to face a true death. Though the end of a human life is same but there is a difference in true death and suicide/murder. In other words the poet seems to be in favour of true death rather than in the other forms of death.

After the forms of death, he moves on to the two extremes of human life. If one extreme is life, the other extreme is death thus the title of the poem is 'Life-Death'. The poet has deeply thought about life and death, the two extremes, and has expressed them in the poem and I would like to show in the following table:

Birth

Death

One end

□ the other extreme end

āshore□ an opposite bank

Why a jubilation? Pain....! Why?

Well shaped□ completely invisible!

Known□ unknown!

Beginning□ end

Initiation□ an earthly end!

Yes, a being□ ah! a non-being!

ānew dawn□ a horrendous night! □

To continue with the extremes, the poet goes on to dwell with the ideas in yet another poem entitled 'Experimenting' with the life, he says:

In man

Wish for life -

Eternal and strongest,

Whereas

The final truth

About every life

Is death!

Yes, end is certainly,

Unavoidable!

Whatever may be the truth of one's own life, the man always tries to lead and live his life with utmost wish to live 'eternally' and 'strongly'. He/she knows the ultimate truth of one's own life is 'death'. The human being tends to forget the 'truth' of life. The end of human life is 'certain' and 'unavoidable'. However, the experience of the life is that:

□ it is also true -

Impatient passion for

Immortality and youth

Will never wane,

Man's queer valour

Longs for melody,

Not for tears!

In spite of knowing that one has to end up his/her life surrendering to the death in whatsoever form it may be, yet we have impatient passion for 'immortality' and 'youth' which will never be successful. The poet also says that man's queer valour longs for a melody but not for tears. Not only that there are few people who:

Every time

Continuous struggle

With the eternal challenge

Of death is welcome!

He will be

Amrityunjaya; he will be!

The bold, the brave people always struggle continuously with the eternal challenge, the death. The poet welcomes such people. Generally, people are afraid of death. They do not even talk of it. Even if some one were to talk, they are found fault with talking in such a manner. Those who challenge and fight the death are considered as 'mrityunjayas'. Some people escape the death very closely and narrowly. Such people are also called mrityunjayas. Mrityunjaya can be seen from accidents, drowning, falling from heights and speeds and fire, to mention only a few.

▣ some people experiment with life. the other people try to find a meaning in the existence of life. The poet in his poem entitled 'Meaningfulness' the poet says that:

▣ mere living
▣ isn't a proof of
▣ life's meaningfulness,
▣ living -
▣ only helplessness
▣ like death - an exit.

▣ Any human being irrespective of his caste, religion, creed, colour, social status, rich and poor has his/her own life. Can every human being lead a life with meaningfulness? There are human beings who have a mere living without any undertaking of any kind of social activity in their lives. One can't say that so and so has lived which is a proof for life meaningfulness. He further says what he means by meaningfulness of living a human life. In the same poem he says:

▣ Declaration of
▣ human glory only when
▣ there is perfect peace of mind -
▣ when we give
▣ a new meaning to life,
▣ in pitch dark
▣ open doors
▣ to a world full of lights.

▣ The only reason Mahendra Bhatnagar seems to have a meaning to life is to have a 'perfect peace of mind'. If a human being has this perfect peace of mind then he can declare that it is a human glory. The peace of mind also results in opening doors to a world full of lights from the life of pitch dark. The poet also says that life shall have selflessness and dedicate one's life to death. The lines go thus:

▣ Let selflessness
▣ be the motive of our living,
▣ let's devour materialistic hurdles
▣ at every step.

▣ Let's acquire

Such capabilities,
then
life may be
dedicated to death.

□
No regret,
no sorrow.

The poet seems to suggest that the life of human being is to be led with selflessness and dedicate the life to death. The motive of human life is to be selflessness but not selfishness. It is easy to preach but it is very difficult to practice. However, this is a challenge to human life. Moreover, he also asks the human beings to devour materialistic hurdles to lead a life of selflessness. The selfishness arises when one is running after materialistic things. He ought to become selfish if he is running after the materialistic things. One can't be selflessness if one is after the materialistic things. If one were to lead a selflessness life, one has to devour materialistic things and hurdles at every step. This phrase 'every step' is very crucial here. While one is trying to achieve selflessness life at every step, one is lured, tempted, influenced, biased by materialistic hurdles. One has to overcome these hurdles at every step. It is not impossible, however, it is extremely difficult. Thus the poet is pleading one and all saying that 'let's acquire such capabilities'. If we acquire such capabilities of selflessness, devour materialistic hurdles then the life may be dedicated to death. One will have no hesitation in dedicating life to death. He/She will be very happy to surrender to death and will have 'no regrets' and 'no sorrow'. In other words the life will have fulfilled all the requirements and he/she will have unparalleled happiness even after his/her death. After talking of selflessness, the poet now talks about the self-willed persons in the poem entitled 'A Mirage'. He says:

Self-willed and ambitious

Man

Runs after money

After pleasures

At the cost of life.

Unlike selflessness persons, self willed and ambitious people run after money. Their whole and sole aim is to earn money as much as they want. They go to any extent in order to earn money. Ambitious people like Macbeth in Shakespeare's Macbeth goes to the extent of killing his own uncle in order to attain the throne. This is one of the best examples of ambitious persons. These people run after money and pleasure at the cost of their own lives. They do not realize that they are taking the risk of their lives themselves. Thus the poet says: 'How strange / at this queer, dirty intention!' This is absolute strange and the dirty intention of people who run after money and pleasure. He calls such a man:

Blind, perplexed, ignorant

Man

Construes money to be supreme

Thinks pleasure all in all!

He'll spoil / the precious life,

And will lose life / the gift of God!

The ambitious people naturally become 'blind', 'perplexed', and also 'ignorant' in order to achieve their goals. They consider money as supreme. It is a known fact that money is not everything. Money is not supreme. There are several things apart from money in life. They think money provides pleasure. They forget that the same money can spoil the precious life. This precious life is lost due to longing for money pleasures. It is a gift of god that is lost. Instead of running after the money and pleasure let the man accept the inevitable thing of one's own life that is death, The poet in his poem entitled 'The Philosophy of Death' says:

Death;

When a certainty,

In vain

Why to doubt,

To fear so much!

O, tell death -

Come; when you please.'

He talks about the philosophy of human being. Death is a certainty in any human's life. Why should one be in vain to doubt and to fear so much of death? It is an ultimate end. There is no doubt about it. Moreover, he welcomes death whenever it pleases. He is showing his maturity and crystal clear truth on human life.

After welcoming death, the poet expresses his readiness to face death in his poem entitled 'To the Fairy of Death':

O death, come

I am ready!

Never think,

I am helpless.

You will come -

On tip-toes

Surprising

Like a clever girl.

O

Alright,

Accepted!

My beloved

Your this game

Is welcome!

Come quietly
Come. O death
I'm ready!

He is convinced about death, thus, he says all right and accepted. He is ever ready to face death. He even considers death as his beloved. At the same time he calls the death as a game player. He welcomes this game and expresses his readiness to face death.

After expressing his readiness to face death, he poses an important and pertinent question of believing in god when there is no guarantee of escaping death. He says:

Life-bird!
Will fly,
fly away!
Life-bird will fly away!
Why you try so hard,
Sing hymns every morn and eve,
Nothing is in your control
You bow in every temple...

He uses the bird imagery for life. When he says life bird will fly away he means to say that life of human being ends with the death. When that is so why human beings try so hard to retain their lives? In order to safeguard their lives. He further points out that nothing is in human's control with regard to death. Although one prays and bows in temple one cannot control his/her death with morning and evening prayers. Whether one prays or not, life will fly away. However, after questioning the people who have faith in god, ultimately he makes his last salute to death in his last poem of this book entitled 'Kritkarma':

Let us
follow in the footsteps
of the departed
to attain the meaning of life,
glorify it.
Take the last salute!

The poet at last acknowledges and requests the humanity to follow the footsteps of the departed humans in order to attain the meaning of life. Moreover, we have to glorify the life by accepting the death and offering a last salute to death.

All in all what the poet is trying to do in his poetry with regard to death is that one has to be bold in accepting the ultimate truth of death with out fear, not to try to chase the mystery of death, believe in god, believe in natural process of death rather than in murder or in committing suicide, realize the difference between life and death, not to question and long for immortality, some may fight with death and become mrityunjaya for a period of time, however, on one or the other day he/she has to face death, pleading to lead a meaningfulness and

selflessness lives, never run after money with materialistic comforts and death is certain to all human beings; and be ready for it and make a last salute to death.

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[5]

'Death-perception: Life-Perception'

Revealing Reflection

s on Life and Death

— Dr. Atma Ram

Life and death have been a great enigma and mystery for man from time immemorial. Right from the earliest time he has been interested in understanding his existence on the earth as also his departure from here for good. An area of ceaseless adventure and exploration for mystics and common persons — since the two are basic and essential for all.

□ 'Death-Perception: Life-Perception', Mahendra Bhatnagar, a veteran academic and mature poet reflects on various aspects of life and death. The anthology comprises 50 poems. As the very titles suggest — 'The Wheel of Life', 'Free from Worry', 'Contemplation', 'Reality', 'The Opposite', 'Life-Death', 'A Mirage', 'A Vow', 'A Call', 'Purpose', 'A Wish', 'A Longing', 'Dreadful', 'The Mode of Death', 'Good-Bye' — to mention a few — Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar recollects or recreates various moods, scenes, sights of life and death in a simple and poetic ways and conveys to the readers their meaning and worth — in his own way, he tries to unravel the enigma of life and death. He begins with a happy note, reveals the struggle and strife, and finely ends with poems of hope and optimism. And more importantly, perceptions of death meaningfully point to perceptions of life. He urges the reader to voluntarily take the last salute, as life has to be lived:

□ The end of life —

□ A stage

□ Why to bewail?

□ Let us

□ Follow in the footsteps

□ Of the departed

□ To attain the meaning of life,

□ Glorify it.

□ Take the last salute! ' ('Kritkarma')

Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar tries to understand death in relation to life, and life with reference death. Hence the apt title — 'Death-Perception: Life-Perception', the

use of a colon in-between; the abundant use of signs of exclamation and interrogation in the entire volume. The 'collection' characteristically begins with 'Gratitude', and 'Gratitude: Again'. Says the poet:

Death is;

Death is imminent,

Unavoidable —

That's why

Life is so desired!

That's why

There's such a semblance

Between life and death! ' ('Gratitude')

So he has no fear, like say, Keats, when he thinks about his final exit. Death seems to impart beauty and relevance to life. He asserts:

Death's made life

Very beautiful,

Transformed this world

In fact,

Into a pleasant heaven.' ('Gratitude: Again')

He holds that life is not mere living. It should constitute a positive, forward outlook to go in for sweetness and light.

When we give

A new meaning to life.' (Meaningfulness')

Indeed, Dr. Bhatnagar presents in these short songs numerous worthwhile perspectives on life and death, in a style marked by pace, precision and simplicity. He prays for a long, active life dedicated to the welfare of all:

Yes,

May

We live for

25 years!

For ourselves,

For others.' ('A Prayer')

As often said, it matters not how one dies, what matters is how one lives. Dr. Bhatnagar thus, wants to live meaningfully with zest and zeal, and finally leave the world silently and peacefully — in a way, to make the best of both the worlds. He implies that death is welcome since it is inevitable, life should invariably be led without any fear or doubt, since what is, is. The poet is naturally prepared to embrace both of them. And as the time comes, he contentedly calls it a day, bids happy good-bye to life:

Adieu!

On the springs of the world

Adieu!

On the shining moon

The twinkling bright stars

Adieu! ' ('I Bow Thee')

It is a somewhat new kind of approach to life as to death. In general, poets tell about joys and sorrows of life as fears and darkness of death. Or they adopt a philosophical view to delve deep into the labyrinth to extract some viable pattern. But Mahendra's treatment of life and death is unique — he dwells on the usefulness of both and trusts most his own vision and experience. The English-knowing world may find his point of view interesting and enjoyable. No intricacies or complexities referred to; no fear or obscurity to obsess one with. Direct and simple poetic observations, embracing both life and death as they come. The poet knows and knows what he knows — so he is wise and heart-whole. He accepts facts, ripeness is all. And his last will is at once relevant to one and all: 'Follow — good faith and good feelings! ' ('The Last Will')

Some may find the oriental approach to life and death too complex. But the poet here reflects on their numerous aspects so vividly and joyfully. He does not tremble to think. He exhorts and persuades the reader to weigh and consider his viewpoints. Although it is always a challenging task to render Mahendra's poetry in English — we all know, English and Hindi belong to different groups of languages. However, Dr. D. C. Chambial, himself a highly perceptive and discerning poet in English and Hindi, has done a very good job. All along, his endeavor is to embody the spirit of the songs. He has explained, briefly yet adequately, meaning of some Hindi words or ideas in footnotes. His translation gives the flavor and feel of the original. The English version is often as interesting and gripping as the Hindi text. In fact, Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar is quite fortunate in getting competent translators for all the seven volumes of his poems. They finely introduce him to a wider readership, nay the world audience; on the subject of eternal and vital significance. At times, the 'translation' may tempt and good the readers to go to the original — so poems and their translation are given side by side. The poet's creative art thus may contribute much to mutual understanding and international peace. After all, all life is one, and the theme dealt with individually concerns one and all. Surely, 'Death-Perception: Life-Perception' is an excellent anthology of poems on motifs that concern us all. The poet's treatment of the subject is both fresh and original. Beautifully printed and impressively brought out, it is a book to be "chewed and digested"; to be read over and over again. I am confident the English-knowing world will appreciate and welcome this literary venture.

[6]

Reflecons on Mahendra Bhatnagar's Philosophy of Death
— Dr. A.K. Chaturvedi

Mahendra Bhatnagar with eighteen published collections of poems to his credit occupies an important place among the distinguished contemporary Hindi poets of India. A poet of high stature, Mahendra Bhatnagar has been widely acclaimed as a versatile genius and literary luminary gifted with in-born poetic competence. A number of his poems have been included in the curricula of a host of Indian universities and school education boards. This article is exclusively based on the contents of the poems that constitute his seventeenth poetic collection titled Death-Perception: Life-Perception.

Death is the last reality of life and marks a great final change. It is conceived as a bitter and ineffably painful experience of life that no living being can escape or avoid howsoever powerful he may be. Like other knotty problems and riddles of life, the riddle of death has occupied the attention of a host of thinkers, poets and dramatists across the globe. Regarded as a serious subject, death has been treated by them in different ways. Some of them have treated it as a cruel enemy, while others have regarded it as a gateway to the other world. Mahendra Bhatnagar's perception of death is worth attention. In his poem Gratitude he holds that there is a co-relation between life and death. If the transience of life makes death acceptable, the inevitability of death increases the beauty and desirability of life. Swayed by the attitude of gratitude the poet in his next poem Gratitude: Again gives credit to death for the metamorphosis of this world into heaven and of men into higher beings.

One of the important features of Mahendra Bhatnagar's philosophy of death is a blend of pessimism and optimism. In the poem The Wheel of Death the poet has expressed his pessimistic views about the ferocity of the wheel of death that indiscriminately destroys all animate and inanimate things. The following lines of the poem reveal pessimism:

Cruel is
the wheel of death
very cruel!
Under which
lifeless — living
gradually grinding and changing
every moment, every minute!
This earth rocks horribly!

The poem Contemplation represents poet's pessimistic approach to the riddle of death. The poem begins with a question mark on the rationale of human efforts to know the mystery of death and ends with the pessimistic revelation that:

All efforts futile —
to explicate
the meaning of death;
is very intricate difficult

to contemplate.

The poet begins the poem Conclusion in a pessimistic mood, but he grows surprisingly optimistic in the last lines of the poem quoted below:

The mystery of death

to be unmasked.... revealed

sure

sure

Some day!

The poem Free From Worry reveals poet's keen awakening to the impact of the fear of death on human mind. According to him, talking about death is considered ominous for the reason that the very thought of death makes life dull, burdensome and unworthy of living. While the poem Contemplation represents his negative approach to the enigma of death, the poem The Truth shows that he is very positive in his perception of death. Here (in The Truth) he regards the fear of death as a boon in disguise. He is of the view that if it had not been for the fear of death, the divine attributes like the fear of God and faith in his benign power would have been conspicuous by their absence in human mind. Haunted by the fear of Yama, man turns to God for succour and seeks relief in belief.

The poem Puzzle is interrogative in both form and sense. The universal question as to where soul goes after leaving the body perplexes poet's mind. Under the spell of perplexity and puzzlement the poet utters:

Unknown,

Everything unknown!

A pitch dark night,

Everything

Mysterious!

Death has many forms. It may come in any form at any time. In the poem Forms of Death the poet talks of two forms of death — natural and accidental. Natural death signifies the endless sleep, the cessation of active life and stopping of the palpitation of heart. Accidental death, on the other hand, means the termination of life by suicide or murder. But the final result of both forms of death is always the same. As the poet puts it:

Be death natural

Or accidental

Conclusion is the same —

End of a conscious life.

Birth and death mark the extreme ends of life. Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar has drawn a contrast between them in the poem Life-Death. Questioning the propriety of jubilation at birth and lamentation at death he asks:

Birth:

□ Why a jubilation?

Death:

□ Pain...!

□ Why?

Birth-death

When equal?

Drawing a line of difference between birth and death he writes:

Birth — known,

Death — unknown!

Birth — beginning

Death — end,

Birth — initiation

□

Death — an earthly end!

Dr. Bhatnagar's views about birth and death are, at places, paradoxical. In his poem *The Opposite* he holds the view that death is different from birth in that it brings forth a cry or loud lamentation as opposed to birth that causes jubilation. In the next poem *Equal* the poet puts forth the view that true wisdom lies in treating birth and death as equal.

Extreme pain at the death of a dear and near one is a natural phenomenon. Humans have no option except to bear it. Through his poem *Sakhi* he suggests reconciliation to the game of death as a palliative. But, this palliative proves ineffective in the case of the untimely death of a child or a young man. That is why the poet in his poem *Desire* wishes that all children and youngmen should live long. The poem *Philosophy of Death* presents the essence of poet's perception of death. In the beginning lines of the poem the poet questions the very logic of being afraid of death and suggests that instead of fearing from death man should remain prepared to welcome it with gaiety. He says:

O, tell death —

'Come; when you please.'

At this time

Come,

Let's sing and dance!

Play on varied musical instruments!

In the poem titled *An Invitation* the revolutionary in Mahendra Bhatnagar wakes up all of a sudden and invokes death to come at its appointed time and lead him to hell so that he may unite the victims of the cruelties of Yama and hoist a flag of revolt so as to prepare them for a change in life. How can the dictates of Yama bend those who did not learn to yield to the dictates of the earthly rulers? With his indomitable will the poet vows to lead the sufferers of hell in a fight against the cruel rule of Chitrugupta, an official in the court of Yama who keeps record of righteous and unrighteous actions of living beings. His confident and indomitable spirit manifests itself in these lines:

I challenge them!

Just, let me jump

□

Into the hell-pond!

Just, let me mingle

With the huge crowd of

Hell-denzens!

The poem To the Fairy of Death presents death as a naughty girl who always prefers to surprise her lover by her sudden appearance. Here, the lover in the poet shows his preparedness not only to welcome death as his beloved but also to happily accept its sudden arrival as a part of its game. Not only this, he restlessly waits for the point of time when he will enjoy the blissful company of death. The following lines show the poet's preparedness to face death gladly:

Come

Death, come

I'm ready!

Awaiting you

I've bedecked myself

I'm ready!

Having regard to the femininity of death the poet in his poem A Request extends an offer of his friendship to death and requests it not to be shy of responding to his offer. Here, the poet has personified death as a female friend who likes to be teased and taunted while being accompanied to the land of the dead. The poem titled The End describes death as the cessation of all struggles and activities associated with the journey of life. In the first stanza of the poem the poet raises the question as to where the struggles of life have gone. The following lines of the poem provide a solution to this question with the use of simile:

Everything stood still

The running, jumping, the liquid river water

Everything frozen —

Like blood in veins!

Each and every moment of our life leads us to death. No living being can escape the mighty hand of Yama. Human efforts can effect miracles. But when death comes, all efforts fail. The only thing that we can do in the face of death is to reconcile ourselves to its game and it is only herein that true wisdom lies.

Weeping over death is absolutely foolish. To bring this fact home the poet writes:

Early or late

□ all

□ an eternal sleep have to fall,

Just unto dust!

□ unfortunate!

Then, why to weep?

In the poem Truth the poet compares death to the flight of a bird and declares all human efforts and prayers meaningless in view of the impending disappearance of life-bird with no possibility of its return. In the next poem Preordained the poet espouses the universal truth that the departure of the life-bird is predestined and no power on earth can protect the body from being reduced to ashes. As he puts it:

It is preordained that
You
One day
Renouncing name and fair form
Will be reduced
To ashes!

Man's fear of death stems from his ignorance of what may happen to him at the time of death and where death may lead him. It is for this reason that he does not want to register in his mind the bitter fact that one day death will detach him from the worldly things that he fears to lose even in dream. But the great saints and poets happily accept this bitter truth and mentally adapt themselves to the conditions death may lead them to. The following lines reveal Mahendra Bhatnagar's inclination to accept death:

O immortal death!
You may consider me
Helpless,
And,
I voluntarily
Accept you
Accept you from body and mind! (A Proclamation)

There is no denying the fact that truth eludes in the beginning and dawns in the end. In the first few poems of 'Death-Perception: Life-Perception' Mahendra Bhatnagar's perception of death is marked with fear and perplexity. Here he regards death as invincible, 'uninterrupted... unchanged' (The Wheel of Death) . Towards the end of this poetic collection poet's fear and apprehension, doubt and delusion disappear and are replaced by the conviction that death can be defeated by following the path taken by the great ascetics like Gautam Buddha. In the poem An Ascetic the poet vents his determination to overcome death by singing 'songs of life at the edge of doom'. Thus, his poetic competence is a weapon in his hand that he intends to use in the fight against his impending death so as to defeat it in the manner a successful warrior defeats his enemies in war.

□

□
.□□

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□

Mahendra Bhatnagar

[2] Engraved On The Canvas Of Time [1]

ENGRAVED
ON THE CANVAS
OF TIME [1]

Poet: Mahendra Bhatnagar

POEMS OF SOCIAL HARMONY & HUMANISM:
REALISTIC & VISIONARY ASPECTS

[i]

- .
1 The Good
- 2 Sensibility
- 3 Two Poles
- 4 Distressed
- 5 Victory Celebration
- 6 Surprise
- 7 The Dream Of Equality
- 8 Surpers
- 9 Vision
- 10 Change In Environment
- 11 Transition
- 12 Pleasure Giving
- 13 Change
- 14 Escape
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- .
18 Error And Anxiety
- 19 Experience-Proved
- 20 Attention
- 21 Indomitable
- 22 Relevance
- 23 Response
- 24 Greetings
- 25 Realistic Ideal

26 Going To The Kargil Front
27 Utile
28 Radiance
29 Determined
30 Welcome: Twenty First Century

31 A Welcome Moment
32 The Pleasure Of Triumph

[iii]

□

33 More Of Struggle
34 Inhuman
35 A Victory Story
36 Torment
37 Someone Unknown
38 To The Hawker
39 Suicide
40 People
41 Emergency
42 Keep Awake
43 Essential
44 A Page From History
45 Whole World A Family
46 Corruption
47 The End
48 Protection
49 A Show
50 Trickery Of Votes
51 Meaningfulness
52 Possible: 1
53 Possible: 2
54 Liberty: Self-Restrained

(1) THE GOOD

The feeling of love and affection
Alone
Is the best choice in the creation!
The feeling of love and affection
Of man
In the world of men
In the all human society!

Let the entire compassion
Of man remain
Amidst all living beings!
It alone
Is the great best worship!

Let every man
of the world
Indulge
Always / ceaselessly
In this pure best worship!

Let only this desire,
Simple, candid, innocent, guileless
Spring
In each and every man!

(2) SENSIBILITY

Alas, had I cleansed my face with tears,
Had I sown the seeds of love in my mind,
Had I lost my joy and wealth
For the well being of the unfortunate humanity!

(3) TWO POLES

Human society
Is clearly divided into –
The competent / And the helpless!
On one side –
Are corrupt political parties
And their wicked followers,
Enriched by comfortable facilities
And they are happy
Amassing gold and riches.
They are easy going,
And masters and sycophants!
They have bungalows, / Brothels,
Undergrounds and bunkers;
They are enjoying
All sorts of rare gifts,
Amazement, astonishments!
On the other side –
There are people,
Thirsty and starved, weak, dispossessed... scared
Illiterate,
Oppressed, unorganized
Busy in work
In the fields and villages, / On the roads and in cities,
Exploited / Deceived / And suspicious!

(4) DISTRESSED

The rain
Does not stop
Even for a while,
Never gives
Even a bit of relief
To those villages and localities
Submerged under water!

As a matter of fact,
A calamity
Has befallen this year,
Deva, stood aloof,
Calm and dumb-founded!

His mud-hut,
Thatched roof collapsed,
Only, his household goods
Turned upside down!

Flour and pulses
Were swept away,
Deva, remained hungry!

Firewood soaked,
Earthen hearth will not light up
In the kitchen
Other things remaining
Were floating..
Roaring aircrafts in the sky
Like flying vultures!

Perhaps
The leaders / ministers
Have arrived
To have a stroll!

Mourning spread all around
In the North and the South
And in the East and the West!
Grievous is that
The rain didn't stop!

(5) VICTORY CELEBRATION
The fondling leader of the party
Has arrived at the airport
on a special plane.

The favourite leader

Of the congress party
Has arrived at the railway station
By 'Shatabdy Express'¹,

The victorious leader
Of the party
Has arrived by
'A-C Ambassador'

The crowds in thousands
Shouting
Hurrah-hurrah!
Have arrived
To take part in triumphal cheers
And to blow singa²,
to beat kettledrum, to play tom-tom
vigorously!

They are the herds
Of useless domestic 'goats',
Of the harmless stupid 'sheep'
Traped in shawls,
Of stout wild 'boars',
And of scared and coward 'jackals'.
Uttering 'mae-mae' like goats,
Growling like pigs,
Crying like jackals!

They shout -
'Loot'-'loot',
'Shoot'-'shoot'
At the opponent!

They celebrate the victory
Of their 'Gabbar'³ leader!

1 Name of a train.

2 A musical instrument.

3 A dacoit in the Hindi film 'Shole'.

(6) SURPRISE
How much the man

Has become selfish!
He is happy
Getting a little profit
By selling his integrity!

He has voted
For Satan
Taking a few bucks,
He didn't know
The meaning of 'self-respect' –
And happily swallows insult!

To please the ministers
He stands in front of them
Like a puppet lifeless,
Looks like an unfamiliar one –
He lost his
Human identity!

(7) THE DREAM OF EQUALITY

World history
is the witness –

In every age only those,
Who offered their lives
To the blazing flames
Of deficiencies,
Had burnt their youth
Since generations
In fighting injustice
And in changing the system,

Only they
Were deceived
In every age,
And were crushed
Continuously
In every age
Caught
In the cruel wheel of exploitation!

Inequality
Went on
Increasing
More and more,
The economic gap
Went on widening!
The rich became more resourceful,
The poor became poorer
Having no monetary importance
Losing more and more
Became nervous
And miserable!

But
The world history
Is the witness –

The sense of equality
Among men,
Will not be dormant,
And never admits defeat!

It never falters
Without reaching its goal
And the man,
Even for a moment
Will neither go astray nor move away
On the path of equality
Being hindered
And becoming helpless!

(8) USURPERS

Rascals –
They are ready
To deceive,
To cheat the weak
And the straight-forward!

Rascals they are –
They hide
In an ambush

nearby
To deliver deadly assaults!

Rascals they are –
Frauds, hypocrites,
Vigilant
Ready to grab,
To loot, to steal,
To show cunningness

Or

to indulge
to direct fist-attacks!
Rascals they are –
They grab property
Legally inherited
from ancestors
And other belongings
Squander wealth
Squander wealth
Using their polluted mind,

Turning arrogant,
impudent,
And fearless!

And are preparing
Fake documents.

□

What a wonder!
What an amazing wonder!

(9) VISION

O you, the vanquished
to the bitter struggle of life!
O you, beaten by misfortune
At every step!
Don't mourn
Helplessly,
Dense darkness spread all around.
Don't lose your spirit!

Treat your defeat
As a prior intimation to your victory,
Treat the darkness
As the background of sunrise!

Let this dam of faith
Not crack!
Let this dream of new age
Not break!
Let this thread of feeling
Not be loosened!

(10) CHANGE IN ENVIRONMENT

How much
The season has changed!
New looks
All around!

The dream
Which was foreseen
Has become true,
We have our grip
On our life
And on our fortunes!

The measure of equality
We have adopted
Has flourished
And expanded beyond limits!
That laid the foundation
For a new socio-economic order!

Those exploited and oppressed
Have awakened,
And have become the architects
Of a new age!
The sky echoed by the slogans
Of the feelings of equality!
How much
The season has changed!

(11) TRANSITION

Now

The earth is ours,
The Sky is ours!

Look

The sun rose
And the light has spread
All around!

Have full confidence,
We will be free
Forever!

This wheel of human-progress
Never turns back
History is the witness!

This

Metaphysical knowledge,
Testified by experiment,
Is with us!

12) PLEASURE GIVING

In lands far off and nearby
I have searched and found
My co-believers and co-workers.
And in a mysterious way
Every limb of my body
Is tied to them naturally
By unbreakable strings,
From all the four sides
By strong threads!

Now, am I alone?
Today, how big
My family has become
All of a sudden!

While departing

In what measure
This love, pure and intense,
Has showered on my soul
Giving it a splendid bath!
In abundance!

The empty lake of my heart
Is brimming full with ripples
From all the sides!

(13) CHANGE
Change the direction
Of the wind!

Blowing towards
towns and villages,
Carrying the stench
Of decaying carcasses!

Beware of it
And change the direction
Of the blowing wind,

Burdened
By poisonous alcoholic gases
And hangs around in the sky
Above the towns and villages!

(14) ESCAPE
What wind is blowing!

When everyone
Thinks only
of his own interest,
Usurps
the share of others,
Whatever they may
suffer agonies!

When everyone

Cuts off
the bones of others
And snatches them,
To enrich himself!

Is there any medicine
For this
Contagious social
disease?
What wind is blowing!

(15) INITIATIVE

If –
It is desirable
To have a softly
flowing stream
Of patience and peace
In the nervous,
Scared and tormented
Localities / Cities / All countries,

If –
It is desirable
To have bonds of affection and fraternity
Between man and man,
Then –
The man,
Caught and lost
In the caves
Of irrational blind beliefs,
Has to become a modern human being,
He has to create
A new sociology
Suited to his age!

He has to build
A new and lofty
Human civilization
On the ground of scientific thought
Forsaking
All irrelevant and hollow

Religious owls
And their ostentations.
He has to advance
In a new direction
With full dedication
In the new light!
He has to mould himself
In his natural form
Accepting the best
Human relations.
With utmost confidence
He has to move forward
Continuously and tirelessly
On the path
Of eternal peace!
He has to establish
'The eternal truth of humanity'
In the place of
Imagined divine power!
Men have to live
With mutual understanding
Knowing and accepting
That the entire universe
Is a single family!
Struggling with
The contemporary challenges
He has to opt for
The reality of life!
He has to brood over
The passionate feelings and thoughts
Of each and every man!

(16) MARVELOUS

Why a man –
With love
and affection
Never looks at a man
Belonging to other religion?
He considers him as an alien
And very often
Treats him as his foe!

Oh, finding an occasion
He never hesitates
To trouble him
And wants
To uproot him!
At his very sight
He feels
Tension,
A dense cloud of malice
Spreads
All around!

How it happens?
Why it happens?
What a sort of man is he?
O, a wonderful man
How is he?
Well, Ah! Miracle
He belongs to an unique religion!
Really
Like death,
He is dreadful and abhorrent!

He who believes
And thinks
The people of other religions
Merely
Insignificant!

(17) DREAM
Some Bhatnagar,
Insane and crazy,
Has killed
The honourable Prime Minister.....
By shooting at him! !

When the news spread
Suddenly
People gathered around me....

'He is Bhatnagar,
Kill... kill this bloody fellow!
He is a murderer... a murderer! '

I explained them very much,
I explained to them
In a screaming voice –
'Brothers, I am not 'The Bhatnagar'
Of that kind!
O it is my actual name,
But not my surname!

I am
'Mahendrabhatnagar' or 'Mahendra',
I am not 'Bhatnagar' or 'Vatnagar',
Brothers, never!
Just, you think
And understand me a little!
But, when the crowd thinks?
When it listens to truth or logic?
All the people pounced on me
And turned my house into ashes! !

Let history testify
Who
When and where
Has suffered this horror?
Has endured this tyranny?
When and where
In such a mood of beastliness
The human society
Losing its way
Has gone out of bounds?

Why
Our dynasty, / Our religion
Is linked to names,
Pen names or nick names?
Let someone say in a natural way –
I am a Christian or a Muslim
Or a Hindu
[One of the 'karyasthas' 1

'a great fool – a shudra'2]
Let him say
That 'my name is - Mahendrabhatnagar',
In which is hidden
Neither my clan nor my religion!
[No secret whatsoever!]

So it is not right to say –
'What is there in a name! '
Or
'Don't ask the caste of a Sadhu3
O Kabir4!
Will someone will comply
With your word?
After all,
When someone will accept your word?
In an 'educated' society,
In a 'civilized and well cultured society'
How much secure is the man?
How much insecure is the man?

O all knowing Almighty,
Give the witness truthful!

(18) TERROR AND ANXIETY

Extreme constriction
has palsied lips,
hands and feet have been immobilized,
angst reigns,
humanity seethes with anger.
Holocaust haunts around,
Terrorism looms large everywhere.
This callous climate has to be changed.
To save mankind
every one has to be alert.

The inflammation is immense
the heat is rigorous.

Every horizon is obscure
and is shrouded with smoke.

The fire is intense,
its flames are flaring,
rippling sky high.
It must be doused.

(19) EXPERIENCE-PROVED

Undoubtedly,
This night will be pitch-dark,
This night will be ghastly,
And each hurting knock
Will fail,
And defeated will this night pass!

Undoubtedly,
We shall be free
From the agonising dark circle,
We shall stand before
A golden morning,
A morning
Tinted with vermilion!

Undoubtedly,
Light
Will conquer darkness,
Yes, undoubtedly!

Birds shall twitter,
And men
Shall sing the morning choir!
From the sky,
Shall descend
The sunbeams with dancing steps,
Smiling brightly!
It is certain
That the torturous, difficult, distressing and dark
Night shall pass!

Teeming
This sky shall rain fury,
And the wounded life of man

Shall heal!

(20) ATTENTION

Darkness and despondency pervade!
Intense melancholy!
Utter hopelessness
has seized the entire universe,
and bogged it down
completely..

But don't be alarmed!
Overwhelmed, don't be diffident
even for a moment.
Do not relax
for it is certain
festoons
light will prevail.

Come
let us sing songs of hope
to blight the blues
and snuff out gloom.
Surely darkness will die!

(21) INDOMITABLE

Afar
Is over cast dense fog -
Piercing the fog
On path
We march on!

Rocks whensoever
Blocked our paths -
Breaking rocks
New paths we pave!

Of winds
Bitter chilly
Cyclonic blows

Confronting tempestuous cyclones

Chests dilated

On each step

Are we unbudding!

Against sea-shore

Dashes

The mountain of terrific tides -

Riding raised waves

With full might

We fight!

Floods of rivers

Breaking banks overflow -

Stopping

□

Whirl-pools / pressures;

Security-ships we sail!

Dark blind night of doom

On earth

Whosoever envelops -

Illuminating the skies

Suns of hopes,

And faiths

We raise!

Jewel-lamps we light!

Whosoever volcanoes

Vomited fire horrendous —

On lava wide-spread

Our abodes dauntless

We make!

Whosoever earthquakes

Towns and villages

Razed —

On heaps of stones

New habitations

Every time

We populate!

From blasts of
Atom-bombs / hydrogen-bombs
On devastated lands
O behold
Flag of life
We unfurl!
On all sides
Lush vegetation afresh
We grow!

How will you break their heads?
Oh how will you crack their heads?

Indomitable are they
Wonderful bend they have!
On time-tablet is inscribed
'Life is invincible! '

(22) RELEVANCE

Come,
Let's step out
Of the circle of these walls,
Of these ramparts!
Let's rise above
Our pleasure seeking
And change the world's lament
Into music!

Let's gift smiles
To pale, weeping faces,
Let's clear the mist
Hanging over life's path!
Let's paint
This pitch dark world
With a resplendent brilliance,
With merciless attacks
Of miseries and wants.
Let's cover
The defects and the helplessness
With victory-garlands

Laden with yellow and red roses!

Let's visit each home
And give the frightened children
Lovely laughter,
Let's raise a colourful garden
On this gravelled and thorny barrenness!

(23) RESPONSE

From the nuclear explosion

Rose

The voice of Lord Buddha —

Let assured
Be peace,
Let everywhere
Be the glow of goodness!
Let secure
Be the civilization, culture and humanity,
Let evil disappear from the world!
Let the world be free
From violence and cruelty,
And be full of love and kindness!
Let not
Animal power
Celebrate now the festival of death anywhere!

Only then will meaningful
Be this great invention
Of knowledge and of science,
This matchless and wonderful
Gift of man!

(24) GREETINGS

May the ultimate year of this bloody century
be the year of the worship of Shakti
(the goddess of gallantry)
of devotion and prayer!
May the coming century
be the period of mankind's certain triumph

over savagery!
May the flush of accomplishments
be flashed on every face!

May the human race
be weaned away from wickedness,
animalism, ferocity and tyranny!
May the arrogance vanish,
and the milk of human kindness
suffuse the human heart!

May every person discard vileness,
have mutual love and fellow feelings
and be an intellectualist!

May pure human consciousness
be the main aim of every soul!
May the new year be full of
graces great!

(25) REALISTIC IDEAL

We have delineated life and the living
only objectively in letter and spirit.

Equality of man
has always been our guiding principle,
our dream to see every man
thriving excellently.

We are resolved to rid society of abuse.
We are determined to transform
the world into a paradise.

We have modern bent of mind
to create history,
to make the new age most developed
and superb all over.

(26) GOING TO THE KARGIL FRONT

O the brave saviours of our borders!
Pounce on the enemy posts and devastate them.
Let the barbaric killers of our motherland
Be strewn everywhere,
Let the boom of your guns
Strike terror in their hearts.

(27) FUTILE

Proved it is
That those who have
Privilege and wealth
Are powerful.

Selfishly
And in gratification of lust
The strong constantly
Plundered the weak,
Were masters of time
The way they liked.

Their islands of opulence
Are everywhere,
And from end to end stretches
Their mighty empire,
They are hailed everywhere!

How difficult it seems
To create a fresh world
Of equality,
Free from exploitation,
Why does the superman
Not incarnate
Into a figure of justice
And fame!

(28) RADIANCE

Life-long
It burns

Consuming itself!

It destroys
Darkness
Spread over faraway paths!

It fills
Each house with glow
Born out of an inner flame!

Its representatives we are,
The best and the fittest,
We the destroyers of darkness
We the guides to light

(29) DETERMINE

Shiny, glowing
torches we are.
Lofty
glowing lights are we.
We are the lighthouses
flashing permeative glares.
We are the lodestars.
Calm and composed,
firmly resolved
we are:
to shatter
the intense, painful
all pervading gloom and
to scatter
overwhelming lustrous brilliance
all over, everywhere.
Our radiant aura
infuses confidence
and defuses
all misgivings of mankind
lock, stock and barrel,
eliminates every nagging doubt,
and in a jiffy
suffuses pleasure all around,
removing all hurdles.

We are determined
to elute deep rooted
despondency and dejection
from every melancholy heart
and to rejuvenate it
with optimism.

(30) WELCOME:
TWENTY FIRST CENTURY

May the coming century
imbue
the human mind
with the fresh rays of
tutelary genius!

Rising above
the blind faiths,
trite beliefs;
renouncing fanatic,
puerile and primitive creeds
may every man
be the ardent follower of
a nouvelle culture!

May the whole world
be well versed in a
thoroughly propounded
universal religion!
May it discard
hollow traditional ideology,
rotten slough, fatal,
decaying fungivorous dungaree
so that only truth
may shine!
During the ensuing hundred years
may kindness, affection and compassion
rule the roost!
May the sanctified, refined and
cooling waters of piety douse
the mind and body of
the mankind inflicted by intense

hatred and violence.

May the earth be
suffused with
lofty feelings, fine emotions
and be managed
under standardized and judicious plans!
May barbarism
cruelty, rancour, and restlessness
be vanished!

All may become
good and tolerant
and become Godlike protectors.

(31) A WELCOME MOMENT

Waving the benign pennant,
the gracious emblem
of pious intentions
the new century
the twenty first century
has begun
on the earth.

Very graceful,
flying like a fairy
flaunting white remains
of a new era,
for establishing
peace and prosperity,
promising beatitude,
has set in
the new century
the twenty first century.

To materialize
man's long cherished
dreams on the earth;
to imprint
his greatest creations

on humanity
the new century
the twenty first century
has arrived.

We welcome it
with dedication
whole heartily!

(32) THE PLEASURE OF TRIUMPH

I had wished
to flourish
till the beginning of
the new century!
I had wished
the throbbing pulse
not to stop
till the beginning of
the gay and glorious
new century!

Fulfillment of
this wish is
astonishing.
Human faith
is indeed
very efficacious
and wondrously potent.

I had wished
to live till
the advent of the new century.
At last
it has come
the reveling new century.
In fact
the rollicking new century
has set in!

Death stands vanquished.

Life is triumphant.
My penance is fruitful
and my soul will now
don the new raiment
at its own convenience!

(33) MORE OF STRUGGLE

The dream
To realise which -
A whole generation did
Struggle
Ceaseless struggle,
Life-sacrifice unreserved
That
Is come!

Left imprinted
Joy on each lip,
Shone summits - sublime!
Inflamed
In each individual's conscience
Fire,
Novel gusto filling fire!

Sense bereft stricken country
Full of new vigour
Was awake,
Their dense desperation darkness covered,
blackened guise
Directions changed,
Each person was in motion
Vibrant each atom!

To make helpless
Tyrannical unkind
Imperialistic Power
Beaming with new faith
Drew on time-tablet
The outline of which dream
That,

Ay, that was realised!

But then...

Unexpected-sudden

An imminent / rumbling / tumbling all

Full of selfishness-lust

Earthquake

Demolished -

Toil-made

Sky-scrappers,

Dreams of peace and happiness

Of man tyrannised age after age!

So; again

Firm pledge we have to take,

Have to keep word,

Have to fill new colours

In dreams disfigured and dim,

Girding up our loins

We have to struggle hard again!

(34) INHUMAN

Today again

Faith is broken,

Today again

Bedimmed

Is the hope of life new!

Razed are

The fancy-palaces

On the verge of realization!

Swept are

Too fast retaliatory

Swelling tide

Gathered for ages

Splendid-life mountains of faiths!

Overcast today; again

Are clouds of doom,

The sun -

Of culture and civilization

Again is eclipsed,
Conspiracies beleaguered
This country of mine!
Today again
Is wounded to the core!

In every town is spread the smell
Of gunpowder, poisonous and fatal,
From combustibles
The earth is overlaid
Security-forts have fallen
And every rampart
Is demolished!

Racial jealousy born
Religious hatred spread
Regional-linguistic jealousy barked,
Dirty is environment!
Giant's garb everywhere!

Breaths choked
Polluted air,
Poison-mixed water
Restless life!

(35) A VICTORY STORY

Terror wails!
Riddled \ gory
Innocent corpses,
Corpses scattered
In fields and farms,
Corpses strewn
On roads.

Powerless,
Mother, wife, sisters, daughters,
Father, brothers, friends, neighbours -
Impulses checked,
Fury held back,
Bent heads
Mute, helpless!

In the house of worship
Celebrations
By the followers of the Guru and God,
By the theists!

      
    

(36) TORMENT

Terror: noiselessness
A hush spreads everywhere

Scared dogs
Frightened birds
Are tongue-tied

It appears
Once again
The cruel barbarians
Have killed innocent people,
Have killed them mercilessly!
They have been snuffed out
In the dead of night,
Strengthening the silence
Once again have rung
Many slogans of religion!
Danger waits
Extreme danger!
When the night ends
Nervous dogs will wail,
And frightened birds will cry!

We,
Bearing the pain of the wounded age
Will carry the garbage of history!

(37) SOMEONE UNKNOWN

A man / bent / dejected
Moaning in pain

Carrying a ruined life
Passed away.

A man / bent / desperate
Hurt and bleeding profusely
Screaming / asking for succor / just a moment ago
Passed away!

(38) TO THE HAWKER

What is this?
Everyday
You throw a blood-drenched
Newspaper
Into my house?

Full of all kinds of accidents
Is each column,
Marks of indiscriminately fired bullets
Showing clearly on each page!
One is afraid
Of touching it... of reading it,
Flaming
Poison throwing
The newspaper comes to bite me!

Although
Every night I go to bed
After having heard the news
That nothing unpleasant happened anywhere,
There is tension
But everything is in control!

(39) SUICIDE

We ourselves
Are destroying us!
Strange
That we do not feel the pain!
Because

Our hearts and mind
Are drugged
By the primitive and savage insanity
Of religion.

We ourselves
Are throwing hand-grenades on ourselves!
In madness
Are laying mines of fire
In our own house
And are attacking our own people!

We ourselves
Have abandoned the shape of a man
And have put on animal hides,
We growl
And snatch away the lives
Of our own descendants!

(40) PEOPLE
People only walk behind
The crowd!

Their destination
They don't know,
They are vacuous,
Completely thoughtless!

Or wander
Near their nests!
There
Is a noise,
Has a man-eater
Come?

In the susurrations
Of pine forests!

(41) EMERGENCY

The storm
has not yet subsided,
much havoc
has been wrought,
destruction is still continuing.
The ominous night
is not yet over.

Be vigilant
about every footfall.
Remain alert!
One cannot be sure
when somebody might knock
at the door to seek refuge!

Throwing out venom
snarling
like a stricken snake
the hurricane
will die down ultimately.
Consuming every thing
the dense dark night
will also vanish.

Every moment
awaits a fine morning
for existence!

(42) Keep Awake

Keep awake, in this world till dawn!

There is terror all around,
The wounded humanity weeps
Bear the strokes, till people are united!

Let each man be free from bondage

Fight against the current
Till the people's strife to victory rages!

Fight death,
Do not give up
Move towards the goal, do not stop
Till the savages are broken and defeated!

(43) ESSENTIAL

Change this order
that a man be afraid of another,
Remove such a state
that a man has hatred for another.

That our elders give us counsel like this —
"Son, don't be afraid of snake
every snake is not poisonous,
listening to its hiss you can save yourself easily.
Don't be afraid of murderous lion too
every lion is not a man-eater,
listening to its roar you can save yourself easily.
Love without wiles animals and birds,
let them gather around you,
let them cling to your body.
Try, they are not afraid of you,
seeing you they do not run away,
fluttering their wings they do not fly away,
may it be a bird, a squirrel, a mongoose,
simply by your touch, the beerbahooti¹
in self defense, does not show itself as lifeless,
hearing sound of your foot-steps
a rabbit does not gallop in vaulting motion.
But, remain aloof,
vigilant and cautious of this creature — man!
Who doesn't hiss or roar
but stings straight for its ends,
it attacks your hind,
at times it tears to pieces this or that —
may it be a man, an animal,
a bird, a flower, a leaf, a butterfly, a fire-fly!

To attain its, only its selfish motive
this man speaks very sweet,
tries to put down sugar-coated words in the hearers' ears!
But, keeps its poisonous hood suppressed!
Respectfully gives knock at your door,
pays homage, praises you
and then destroys all / breaks you from all sides
leaves you in turbulence to lament!

Be your own shield before this man,
Remain hungry and unclothed,
but don't fall in its trap!
If you perform like this —
you will survive a century and will pass time happily! "

We have to change this situation —
Why a man plunders a man
and makes him blood-stained,
Why the mighty commit an outrage with the weak,
cruelly assault him unopposed and tyrannize him?
And afterwards
attend temple or mosque or church or gurudwara,
bowing before God sing a devotional song!
[MB]

1 A typical small red insect which appears when first rains fall.

(44) A PAGE FROM HISTORY

It is true -
Beleaguered are we
On all sides
On each step
In the Chakra-vyuh¹ of cannibals,
In piles
Of corpses and bones
Staggering we stand!

It is true -
Besieged are we
On all sides

On each step
In net laid far and wide
By cannibals
In their heinous moves
Of treachery!

Fastening with gunpowder tunnels
Have made inactive
Our iron feet
Our mighty stout arms!
Filled with fatal poisonous smell
With foul smell
Winds from the directions four!

It is true -
Their cruel claws
Have suffocated throat
Have suppressed
Blazing blood-red lips
Make every injustice known!

Each nerve of brain
Is bound to burst out,
Astounded we are!

Cracked prowess
Existence / Ego of entity!

It is true that
Of aggressive-retaliatory powerful hands
As if capability agility were snatched
Neither do we challenge any more
Nor scream,
Voice strangulated
As if it were the sunset
Of hope, of movement, progress,
Of humanity, victory, confidence!

No more in our wit
Does the thundering quick lightning flash
Of revolutionary faiths and feelings
As if consciousness

Were inert like matter!

We were effortless / Are helpless
Are stupefied,
Are overpowered by excessive tiredness!

But
No more now
Shall stable remain
The course of violence and cruelty
Of man against man!

We take a pledge firm
To make sturdy strife
To come out of this plight!

1 Circular labyrinth strategic deployment of army.

(45) WHOLE WORLD A FAMILY
In today's progressive and civilized new world
segregating man from man
on the basis of
castes, households, creed or wealth;
calling one the low
and the other high
calling one our own
another one other's
is a serious crime
an unpardonable crime.

Such individual or a society
who believe in creating a wedge
between man and man
or
want to perpetuate poverty
will have to be annihilated.

The end result of
the centuries old struggle
and common thinking
is that:

we will have one caste - human
our family is one - human love
Descending from Manu-Shraddhaa
our creed is one - humanity
our community is one - toil.
The difference of colour and features
is variegated nature's versatility.
We are amazed at it.
We are proud of it.
Long ago in the hoary past
distances and the lack of communications
made us speak in different tongues
and have different alphabetical sings.

But today
with the grace of science
we have changed these distances
into neighbourhoods.
The restraints of language and letters
have been eliminated
with mutual interaction.
The sanguine spate of desire for love
has broken the barriers and bars
which divide us
in different castes, families, creed and sects.

(46) CORRUPTION

How well it spreads
All around
Like weed!
Every moment
It has been pushing the country
Into the abyss.
Has played a cruel barbarous game
With the precious lives of millions!

Mean and unwanted
Is this behavior,
Polluted is
The character!

(47) THE END

A crowd of swindlers
Sing full-throated
Each other's praise!
Flourish
In air-conditioned houses,
Sing songs of victory
And enjoy a comfortable ride
On the merry-go-round!
Let you be successful,
Let all problems be solved soon!
Wealth is all, it is supremacy,
The scoundrels know its glory
They know
Its unlimited and invincible power!

But, all were caught
In the bind of the law
Great sawamis, all politicians
Cunning ministers, hypocritical religious saints!
□
Wonder of wonders!
This is Hidimba³, not Rambha⁶!
The false masks have fallen away,
The real faces are visible!

(48) PROTECTION

Let's tear off
And throw into raging fire
The countless leeches
Stuck on the new body of the nation,
Blood hungry,
Greed-guided
Ravenous,
Are these leeches -
Let us prevent immediately
Their all consuming lust
From devouring everything!

Let the new body of the nation
Not be destroyed thus,
Let a handful of selfish people
Not plunder the wealth of the developing nation!

(49) A SHOW

You too offered fake coins
And came back?
What a pity!
We were deceived even this time!

See -
Is not 'secularism'
A fake coin?
And 'social justice' too?
These are not the only ones,
There are many other
Completely worn black coins -
Those of 'national unity'
Those of 'constitutional protection'
Which you threw even this time
On a show of a joker!
You who were the maker of India's destiny!
One expected
Gold and silver coins
From you,
What a mess you have made!

It's a strange and absurd show
There is complete hopelessness,
What kind of democratic structure is this?
Rather it is just the raining of slaps
On the people's cheeks!

(50) TRICKERY OF VOTES

Meandering through
the lanes and alleys,
ghettos and slums
of the down trodden
treading on the pock-marked, uneven,

raising loud and sky rending slogans,
a grand procession of the oppressed
is advancing.

They are not chartered,
aping, throat croaking sloganeers.
They are real, all factual,
corpulent, robust,
paunchy, roly poly,
sand boy intimidators
donning expensive sloughs.

All are watching the pranks
of the raggle-taggle, tonsured
dark, black urchins
of the Dalits wearing
soiled and torn
briefs and vests.
And standing outside their shanties
the veiled women
of the oppressed
make a striking scene.
Single-minded they are watching
the gradually advancing
grand procession of the oppressed.
Saviour of the poor
promoting their concerns
and hailing them,
shooting photos, gulping juice
the procession proceeds.
Tomorrow the public will watch
on the T.V. monitors
the same, the very same
fine procession of the Dalits.

But it is regretted
that not a single soul
of the Dalits is among them
and none of them expresses
the voice of the underdogs!

(51) MEANINGFULLNESS

The day
Man loves his fellow beings,
Rises
Above each division
Forgets
The difference
Between the familiar and the unfamiliar,
And welcomes all -
Dreams
Will become true,
And the world
Will appear friendly!

(52) POSSIBLE - 1

Come
Let's strike
Strike hard -
Things will change,
The belly of the earth
Will shake,
Rock layers
Will crack,
And will gush forth
Fountains!

Come
Let's strike
Strike together -
The situation will change,
Rocks will sprout,
And will dress up
In verdure!

(53) POSSIBLE - 2

Come
Let's ram in
Ram in with all force,
Ultimately
The shape of iron

Will change,
The closed fortress-gate
Will open!

Holding flames of freedom
Everyone will walk in,
And in each corner
Will look for his life's treasure!
The bugle of a new age will sound,
The sun will rise!
Come
Let's ram in,
Ram in together
Our lives will be made,
Each needy and suffering person
Will find his feet!

(55) LIBERTY: SELF-RESTRAINED

The blue is omnipresent
For every living being,
gives full opportunities to all!

Birds!
Fly,
fly with set-free wings!

Accomplish upwards flights,
flights high —
far out and away,
having maximum potency,
Birds! perform.
Uprise with confidence,
reach your destination,
reach up to your desired aim!

High, higher, still higher,
fly speedily —
like super-sonic sound-waves!
Fly fearlessly!
This blue is omnipresent

☐ for every living being!
In limitless empty space
take turns where ever / as you desire,
fly where ever / as you prefer!

Take turns like this; like that,
fly like this; like that,
fly with comfort, with convenience!
Attain your goal!
Self-willed, unobstructed;
rise above with head held high,
far off
touching the sky,
birds, perform flights!

No one
should come in any body's way,
should be an obstacle
in fulfillment
of any body's will!

Let all be free-willed,
self- disciplined-bound,
controlled and balanced
fellow-travelers!

[CONTINUED]

Mahendra Bhatnagar

[3] Engraved On The Canvas Of Time [2]

ENGRAVED
ON THE CANVAS
OF TIME [2]

Poet: Mahendra Bhatnagar

POEMS OF SOCIAL HARMONY & HUMANISM
REALISTIC & VISIONARY ASPECTS

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□

(55) IN THE CIRCLIP OF TERROR
Our country is in the grip of
a deep - rooted full of conspiracy.

It's caught
in the snares of
clever and cunning gangs;
is stuck in the quagmire of
vile bigotry and despicable caste-ism.
It is grappling with
a menacing savagery.

A country
which cultivated interpersonal relations
and friends,
indulged in dreams and aspirations
is now enmeshed in
horrible terror.

Engaged in

cultivating newish culture vultures,
devoted to
peace and nonviolence,
this country is now
caught in tough mortification
and tortuous troubles.

(56) THE BIGOTS
In the modern world
what is this obsession
in the name of religion?
In the civilized states
gruesome
brutality prevails,
there is manslaughter
everywhere!

Rational men
hope for the best
and face the bigots.
Perverted religions
should be boldly ridiculed
(even in the likelihood of
widespread devastation.)

Man
is human
and not an animal.
Endow him with wisdom
he will understand,
amend himself
and shall stand altered.

(57) WISHFULNESS
How nice would it be
when
this world
would be inhabited by
only agnostics

but loving people!

There would then be
no temples
no mosques
no gurudwaras
no churches!

How astonishing would that be!
Who will kill whom?
Who will hate?

There would then be
only love
and diffidence!

All perfidious persons
would then belong to one brotherhood.

(58) IN 1986 A.D.

This man
shot dead
that one
with a bullet,

because
he
spoke

a different
language!

(59) ORDEAL

Black terrible night,
Storm
All around,
But,
Be ever lit -
Lamp....
A jewel lamp

Of goodwill: of fellow-feeling!

Growing youth
Of the country
Shan't go astray!
Luminous country's
Awakened youth
Forgetting the Age's end
Shan't go astray
Not in the least ruined!

Wipe him off -
Who is taking recourse to violence,
Wipe him off -
Who in religion-frenzy
Is spreading hatred,
Ambushing
Shoots bullets
On wayfarers
On the guiltless!
To wipe off -
Who turned
A shrine!
Into a flared up gun-powder magazine!
From these intentions ill
Youth of the New age
Not in the least
Shall go astray!

No matter
Night were blacker still,
No matter
More fierce were
Cyclonic attacks,
But,
Of goodwill: of fellow-feeling
Stable lamp
A jewel lamp
Unshaken
Be ever lit!
Saintly life's
Incessant devoted youth

Modern,
Shan't go astray!

Though
Bolt-bearing cloudlets overcast,
Though
Violent storms came,
Camp of goodwill
Camp of righteous resolve
Being doubt-free
Non-stop
As usual
Be ever lit!
Not for an instant
Will be broken
Light-flow!
Being shaken,
Youth of the country
Shan't go
Astray!
Destructive powers
Whenever emerged,
Humanity
Suppressed 'n' crushed them
Every time!
Undying —
Victory confidence!
History is
Eye-witness!
Enkindled youth of the country
Shan't go
Astray!
Conspiracies to breach
The unity
Shall fail,
We shall remain
One nation undivided
Mighty power!
Bear
Can't we in any case
Against the country
Fraud 'n' treachery / treason

Guilt!
My country's
Science-enlightened youth
In dry wells
Shall never go astray!

(60) INVOKING MODERN MEN

First
we think about
our house, our family,

then about our religion,
our caste, our state,
our language and our script.

Faiths narrow
Convictions: circumscribed!

We,
for upholding
our such thinking
shed copious human blood,
riddle with bullets our neighbours;
we become savage, more fiendish
than the man eater carnivores;
we attain
extremely horrifying stature
because we assume that,
that is the only channel for
becoming great and
for attaining martyrdom.

Generation after generation
this thought process
has become a part of our consciousness
and we can't be weaned away from it.

Again and again
our God incites us
to kill other's God

to destroy the symbols of their faiths
and thus feel that
paradise
is secure only for us.

History testifies
that we ignore our country
and the concept of world community
does not appeal to us.

On this earth
only we will live.
The followers of our religion,
people of our caste,
citizens of our state
those who speak our language
and know our script only
constitute our country
and form our universe.

Who will undo this brand name
and annihilate this polluted world?

Modern thinkers
come, draw near us
and for the sake of humanity
let us create our society
having no religion and no caste,
and eradicate geographical boundaries of nations,

consider different languages and scripts
as the accomplishments
of human intellect.

Modern men
now don't remain mute
and fence sitters!

(61) THE OTHER AGE
When will that age come
when a human
will simply be called the human?

How long will his identity
remain linked to a country, a religion
a caste and a sub-caste,
a language and a dialect,
colour and race?

When will the primeval face of the human
be presented graphically?
When will the human be addressed
as a human being?

His world is one,
his species is one,
his attributes are the same,
his needs are the same
his birth is the same,
his end is the same.

How long will he then
continue to be differentiated?
After all how long will he
bear hundreds of stings
of the savage mind?

Break

the artificial boundaries of the nations.

Break

The irrelevant, superficial, and orthodox
faiths.

Break

the divisive regimes
of castes and sub-castes,
the differences of
languages and dialects
are acquired,
but nature oriented
are the physical features,
colours and races
of various humans.

All these should not impede
coming together
of human beings

and should not become
wedges to hold them apart.

May a new seraph, a new prophet,
A new archangel
incarnate in the twenty first century
and establish
a sublime human religion!
Before reaching other worlds
Human identity
should become confirmative!

(62) O HISTORY-CREATORS!

Without changing

Man's destiny -

Man

That -

Is accursed

Is tortured

With life's wants,

Man

That -

Hacked rebuked agitated afflicted

With torments, with tensions;

Without changing

That

Plagued man's destiny

Without changing

The world's image -

The world

That —

Full of violence,

Reprehensible,

Wicked, nude beastliness-ridden

Blood-besmeared

Rife with cruelty

Fatal arms-might pride-frenzied,

Without changing

The picture of that
Ill starred world;
O History-creators!
In pleasurable haunts
Sleep not, sleep not a wink!
Reluctant to struggle-strife
Be not, be not!

Without demolishing
The rampart of each division,
Without shattering
Shackles fettering legs,
O History-creators
Attainable by labour non-stop
Decisive winning chance
Hey, miss not, miss not!

Without changing
Man's destiny,
Without changing
World's image,
Sleep not, sleep not!

(63) THE DESTITUTES

For those who
are not able to make both ends meet
life is not a bed of roses
or a pleasant dream.
For them life is just a struggle,
a day and night drudgery,
a treadmill that grinds life
till its end.

For those bereft of fine potentials
of what significance
and use are culture and art?

Everything is worthless
for those lacking in skill.
Despite

ceaseless, life long toil
they remain despondent and melancholic.

For those who
do not have leave
for leisure,
dance, drama, literature
and all the exhibitions
and television
are just ironic.

They are mere foils
to our hollow and mean ego!

They first need
deliverance from abuse,
and then
gracious dignity,
respectful two meals a day,
security and education.

They need no
kindness, pity or alms
Neither from the State
nor from an individual.

(64) ATMOSPHERE

The so-called saviours of the nation:
the leaders, bureaucrats and contractors;

the grabbers of nation's wealth,
the standard bearer patriots!
Their stratagems galore
render the administration helpless
and the common man hapless.
These notorious swindlers
are wicked crooks
the condemnable rogues!

Ah!

Whose catcall is it?

Eh

The public has awakened!

Let us buzz of!

(65) CONFIDENT OF VICTORY

Our strife

will not lie in limbo,

it will not stop midway.

The struggle of

the diligent, able, fearless fighter

called the labourer,

will not stop

till the ultimate victory.

It will be fiercer

more predominant

in the world.

It will continue to spread

continuously.

It will never be crushed

by demonic suppression.

It will neither weaken nor slow down.

We are confident that

this battle against maltreatment

will not be impeded.

Eradicating every obstruction

our struggle will continue

ceaseless,

without fear,

without a halt.

(66) DICTUM

May equality

among humans

be set up,

the equality wanted and wished for

since ages!

May this world be cleansed of

sub-caste, castes, sects and religions!
There should be
no discrimination in and obstruction
to the unity among people.

Human recognition
should not be due to
the states and nations,
languages and dresses.
The human being
should only be known by his
body and mind,
sagacity bred of
experience and deep thinking.

May love germinate
among human beings,
the opiate, infectious, loyal love!
Destroy
blind orthodoxy,
brutality of man towards man.

O, man
don't go astray now.
don't get bogged down in
imaginary deals of destiny,
and don't brook impediments!

Folly, mere folly,
ignorance profound!
Set free
life and man from it;
mankind be saved from
the wicked, spiteful
religious zealots!
May the hiatus
vanish once for all!
Let invincible and rare aptitude
be endowed upon
the oppressed!

Among the mankind

let there be prosperity,
economic equality,
all round permeable social equity!

(67) OPPOSITION

Path of progress obstructed,
Caste-war.
Family-pride
Has become the frightful fatal snake.

Bite / fierce bite,
Bottomless fall of creation's grand creature.

Mean narrow heart vomits poison,
Creating disaster!
Humanity blood bedaubed,
Devil singing –
Senseless malicious caste-song.

Cruel / Vanity-overridden,
Manner sless
Self-indulged.

March, march ahead!
To break
Bestial horns grown on man's head
And sharp teeth!
To snap
The inhuman casteism!
To concatenate
In one string
The society and the individual.

(68) THE FALL

In the country
Rising, overflowing
Caste hatred, religion hatred
Class disparity, birth disparity
Filth! Filth! Filth!
Dust! Dust! Dust!

Acute mental tension
enmity!

Every direction is full of poison
swallowing wisdom.
Ill-ominous deep-dark
night of hatred.

Wary and afraid
Man of man
Seems –
Past is returning.
Wild beasts
are growing
by leaps and bound
in the society,
the so-called
noble, caste-vanity
mischief.

Man:
Divided by caste-creed-religion-birth
helpless oppressed.
Dying away the weak
Shame! Shame! Shame!
Opprobrious! Opprobrious! Opprobrious!
Antagonism
Fraud
Hypocrisy.

Beware!
Patient young man!
Of flow of caste-hatred-sentiments,
Of the cruel caste-based crime.
Beware!
Of the impact of
Faith in birth-based-caste,
Destroyer of unity
The feeling of segregation.
Beware,
The young man!

(69) STRANGE

How strange it is!

Even after three decades of independence,
Even after the completion
of five Five-Year plans

The common man of my country is poor!

Very poor!

How strange it is!

Everywhere

Rule the money, the rank, the animal,

What kind of self-rule?

Money, rank, animal

Makers of the destiny of Bharat,

These being applauded everywhere, all around,

Their vanity

Abounds / surrounds

And all other things

are gone to the winds!

Administration

Blind, deaf

Dense is every man's trouble

(Our bad luck!)

Seems –

Change is not far off,

Very near!

But today

how strange it is!

(70) A TRAGEDY

Was poor

Was untouchable

Fared!

Of starvation
Of beating
Died!

From suffering
From this world
Freed!

(71) A HERETIC

Corpse
burning
in creation-ground
of someone poor,
someone unfortunate!

Family
stunned... shocked
the priest very happy
for death-feed
a time to enjoy!

But O! the young man
deceit,
all gone evades,
puts an end
to purohiti (priesthood) ,
is changing Garuda-purana¹
and the rituals of the dead.

The priest annoyed
shouts:
Kaliyugi! kaliyugi!
In fact,
this is
the vast sensibility
of the new society!

1 One of the eighteen Puranas in which are given the descriptions of different Hells and the rituals of the dead.

(72) A CALL
Don't be silent,
You've never
committed any mistake.
Speak –
Impartially,
Call a spade a spade.

You've always
called truth
the truth.
There is
no crime of yours.

But who stubbornly
proved truth
a falsehood
and slighted the reality,
embraced the religion
of deception –

Don't be silent
before that knave!
Thunder
expressing your anger,
thunder aloud!
Against injustice
O, full of astuteness!

(73) CONFIDENT
Ever struggling the proletariat
life didn't change.
Adamant, intractable, alone proletariat.
Condition the same,
neither improved, nor recovered.

The down-trodden
will challenge the system
till his last breath,
remember –
hurt, crying

bleeding public
never sleep!

The determination
of revolt
never wanes
with horrible assaults,
one committed
never mourns the loss, the defeat!

The flood
of fury
will follow!
Which will raze to the ground
the strong forts
of beastly inhuman class!

(74) UNHURT

Man
surrounded by the punches
of cyclones,
has become
a rock!
Struggles
again and again
with high courage
subject to firm faith!

Tries to recognize
with assaults / attacks
with roaring fires,
not at all amazed.

Faith in final victory
Increased,
to make
new history.

Of invincible life's
formidable

Strong
Morale,
sets the forest afire,
creates
new surface for life.

(75) LEFTIST
Won't do injustice!
Won't endure injustice!

O! blind with power,
the authority wielders!
Won't let
your successful knavery
succeed any more.

Won't be cheated
any more
in the name of
paraloke1
or
public welfare.

Man
will not burn
in hell-fire of malpractices.
Autocratic
willful
won't be alive
any more
in the new world
decidedly.

(76) UNITED
We will
always win,
when we march
together

side by side!

The supporters
of equality
the proponents of socialism
will fight to the last,
will never
yield!

Will march ahead
taking
each step together,
when united in strength
the faith
won't wane.

(77) BEGINNING A CHANGE

It won't be—
bullet should
oppress truth,
honest be forced to
prostrate before
the tyrant,
I won't be!

Several centuries
have endured
the slavery of barbarity,
but now
I won't be!

Bayonets of tortures
have become blunt,
don't you see —
the foundations
of lustful plans
of the brutal are jolting?
Every country
the cell of death
is getting air and light of life!

The curtain
from horrendous conspiracies
has been raised,
the entire atmosphere
is now anew!

(78) WORKERS' SONG

Let us march together
Victory then it be of the Left!

Exploited masses have from slumber risen
Oppressed masses are rebel
Come, come on to the roads
Why to worry for the home!

We won't let this chance be wasted
We'll turn the wheel of time
Change the faces, O comrade
Of the dumb morn and eve!

The slogan booms in every hearth
Equal are one and all
One will eat one's bread
Won with one's sweat!

Let's bear the bullet on the breast
Drenched with blood and sweat
Never dwindle will the honour
Of the name of the 'worker'!

(79) THE VALIANT WORKERS

We are the ones
To bring new dawn to every home,
To paint the world in rainbow colours,
To give fragrance to the buds,
To fill voices with new songs.

We are the ones
To give music to fee
To pour nectar into life,

To put dreams into eyes,
To fill the dawn with spring-bloom.

It is we who make life worth living,
It is we who believe - work is valor.

(80) AT YEAR'S END

"Congratulations,
dear friend!

May the new year
be good and fruitful
be fortunate,
full of happiness,
boundless prosperity
abundant name and fame,
Bestow a pitcher of
Sweet sentiments! "

These
real or formal
good wishes / sentiments
of friends
continued to beguile throughout the year,
continued to trample the good fortune!

Yearned for happiness,
pined for prosperity,
withed for name and fame,
and heart longed for gold-bowls
full of sweet sap
to the brim overflowing!

Farewell to the year
is not as it was the welcome!
What else I should say,
dear friend!

(81) INCOMPATIBILITY

We aren't Modern,
but the Age is!
(The saying is peculiar!)

Though
the body wears the ultra-modern dress,
yet our mind is gripped
by orthodox dogmas
blind-faiths, ancient traditions
irrelevant meaningless customs
primitive rites,
lines on hand
and stars!

Our mentality
is pre-historical,
but the Age is 'Modern'!

Modernity: mere mask
on our old-fashioned faces!
Modernity: shiny silver hemming
on houses
on mansions.

Our old orthodox thinking
our fatalistic philosophy
pushes us
back... back... back
in the past
far in the past
in the untimely dead past.
We have scientific achievements;
but not scientific foresight,
neither scientific angle of vision –

(This situation
is not minor
to be overlooked,
is queer,
is unheard of.)

We are blind-followers of faith

and walk closing eyes,
by calling ourselves Modern
we deceive ourselves!

Where is
the New Man
of the New Age?
Our sense is stupefied
to see the stupid priests
being worshipped!

(82) DEMOCRACY

One who has nuisance value
is worship able!
The greater one's nuisance value
the more he is worship able!
And worthy
of being followed!
Has more organs! !
And all others handicapped!

He is adorable!
One who is mad after power
mad after lust
cruelly lusty
is respectable,
posted high
well-bedecked superb reverend!

The more one is talkative
and blockheaded
the more one is abusive and rustic
is surrounded by a crowd!
full of hustle and bustle!
His glory
beggars description!
and what else about him
is worth saying?

(83) A LONGING

We
don't eat,
only
fill our belly,
graze.
(This is our fate.)
You eat
all best things
of the world
(for us
all meaningless!)

All the boons
of the God
you have amassed
for yourself,
by depriving us.
(It's your
nature.)

No flute,
No music!
No money
No serving of tasty dessert
by mother!

Either
we'll only see
or
hear
in stories dumb,
helpless –

(Almonds and cashew nuts and pistachios,
grapes,
Kheer-mohan², Rasgulla³, Rabari⁴
Far from us!)

1 A proverb.

2 Kheer-mohan – a kind of sweetmeat made from milk-cheese.

3 Rasgulla – a kind of Bengalli sweetmeat.

4 Rabari – thickened milk and sugar, a kind of sweetmeat.

(84) A STATEMENT OF THE PROLETARIAT

People

Speak our language,

It's true!

All those offensive words

echo

in Parliament

in statements of leaders,

It's true!

O!

You shout

our slogans?

Strange

But, true!

Commotion

readiness

today all of a sudden

people

unfetter

our chains,

It's true.

The big, big officers

Today

visit

our dark huts

to know our sorrows

for the first time,

It's true.

It seems –

'Revolution' has emerged!

People's army

has come down

in the villages

in the towns!

What a wonderful

mass-movement!
Power-hungry leaders
have changed
overnight!
Or
for self-protection
only a hypocrisy
full of falsehood
a deceptive
sympathetic-voice.¹

1 During emergency / 26th June 1975 and onward.

(85) IT HAS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE

It
Has never happened before -
That words
Have been so crippled,
Words with feet,
Words that walk and run,
Not one,
But so many of them!

It
Has never happened before -
That words
Of myriad expressions,
Of various intents

Have become hollow,
Ineffective,
Mere signs!

Words
Do not walk on crutches,
Their feet
Are winged,
They rise in the boundless sky
For hundred of yards,
They cross
The deepest ravines,

Time and again,
They bring back
Bundles of precious rubies!

Such words,
Such swift words,
Such darkness destroying words,
Such fire-like scorching words,
It
Has never happened before
That they have become lame,
That they have fainted,
That they have cooled down!

Words,
Pregnant with
The condensed pain
Of an entire life
Have become
So bare,
Have been lost so completely
In the air.

(86) A SOLACE

A dense fog
has veiled the sky,
the dense fog
has enveloped the sky!

All roads are closed,
life is motionless!

How much
has contracted the horizon –
of our vicinity,
the wide horizon!
We're shut up
in the hazy environment,
how odd
the sequence of time's eternity!

Sound-waves obstructed,
entire consciousness
enveloped in the horrible atmosphere,
all around
only one
inert dumbness reigns supreme,
the whole society
is stunned and afraid.

Listen —
I come,
I come like the Sun!
The halo of sight is with me,
inexhaustible faith of self-power!
I'll raze
the mountains of darkness and mist
to the ground!
I'll sweep away
all the blockades of path!

The sky will once again reverberate
with multiple sounds!
Once again there be light,
rising,
moving,
non-stop light will spread!

(87) UNFETTERED VOICE

Who is it
That stops you
From telling the truth?
Who is it
That prevents you
From laying bare
The reality of life?

Who keeps in check
Your consciousness?
Who has chained
Your inspirations?

Who
Strangles
Your voice?

Lined with despair
Is your face,
Tearful are your eyes,

Screaming
Impotence.
How long
Will this throat remain dry?

The voice —
The hoarse voice
Speaks,
How clearly
It expresses everything.

No,
Let this bondage
End,
Let it loosen
With each heartbeat.

Let the voice be free,
Unbound!
Speak —
This stiffness will end!
And each word
Will become radiant!

(88) CO-OPERATION

Let us
convert distances
of countries / of men
into extreme proximity.
Let us build
every strong
bridge!

Let us transform
the strangeness
of heart / of feelings
into consolation
and promise of protection.

Let us raise
a sky-scaling flag
of mutual amity!

Let us change
the ignorance / the lack of intelligence
of religions / of different faiths
into well-defined thorough perception.

Let us
aim at the welfare
of all humanity!

[89] THE SABOTEUR

.
Who —
Who is that
interrupts our dreams,
That deforms and change
our decorated pictures?
Make dwarf
their largeness,
Fill depression
in their freedom?

.
Who?
Who is the impudent?
That gives inconsistent shape
to each relevant line
by breaking at places?

.
Robbing the meaning of the whole scenario,
Decorates it with absurd specialities!

.
Removing from the right context
hang topsy-turvy,

in ridicule,
on walls
spotted.

.

Breaking
the live idols of our faiths,
turn them into mimicry,
coloured in coaltar¹!

.

Whose horse-laugh is this?
Rippling all-round
snakes' nooses!

.

Be cautious —
I won't allow history to repeat,
Don't allow oppressors
to sing a victory song,
crushing down dead bodies of mute!

.

The dynamic attributes of
these dreams,
these pictures,
and experienced reality
will break
spreading far and near
numerous invisible
nets of spies!

.

The true relationship will develop
first time
between man and man!

1 Black sticky substance.

(90) NOT ANY MORE
Not a step more
On the path
Of age-worn principles,
Today lies uncovered

Each deception
Of this exploiting system.

No longer possible it is
To be caught in the beliefs of the past,
And to stunt
The ever expanding consciousness.

Uncovered is the banality
Of all old rituals,
No longer possible it is
To destroy
The new creation
Of the ever-changing social life.

A new peak of human respect
Rises,
The earth and the sky are bathed
In a new light,
The crushed life
Glow,
The hard rock is moulded
Into beautiful sculpture.

(91) MY COUNTRY
In all directions
Beyond hope
Taking progressive long strides,
Taking 'Vaman-steps'¹,
My Country
Constantly on and on, goes non-stop!

Of a global man perfect,
Of a happy, well cultured rejuvenated man
Round the clock chisels
Icon!

My country
Constantly on and on, goes non-stop!

Ever wary
Of ideals great,

Of reason-tested
Beliefs!

My Country
Amidst all nations
Of lots of co-operation and mutual welfare,
Lays
Foundations strong!
Darkness shrouded
A great many horizons
Illuminates!
Giving amity definitions new!
Unfamiliar
Numerous paths
Of equity
Inaugurates!

It has battered all
Distinctions of ethnicities and colour,
And of breeds and creeds.

In the real sense of the term
My Country
Man's glory
Establishes top-most!
Human grandeur
As good as dead
In all hearts
It resurrects!

My Country
To begin with:
Owns
Nations with government systems diverse!
Proposition non-parallel
Of peace and love
Resonating the world over
Faith-abiding
It makes humanity
Scorched with fires of wars horrendous!
Piercing thro' dense fog
Of doubts

She raises suns
In the sky
Of devotion and dedication!

Ascending
Stairs of progress
My Country,
Constantly
Variedly
Marching
My Country!
Pledged is -
To annihilate inequality,
To drive poverty!
To take salutary
'Ganga'² to every house and home!
To bloom blossoms of smiles
On the lips,
To make life
Worth living!

1 Long steps of Vaman — one of the several incarnations of god Vishnu; in Indian mythology; though a dwarf he covered the whole earth in three strides.² A famous holy river in northern India.

(92) OR ELSE

If
In country mine
Persons as Gandhi and Nehru
Had not taken birth
Then -
Clamps of beastliness
Round our hands and feet
Would have been fastened!

Here
There
Everywhere
Death-dealers would have been living!

We
That today

Advance apace,
To new strong and beautiful Bharat
Unbent like steel
Give shape,
Emitting
Rays of new enlightenment
Waging war
Against darkness ignorance -
Should have been bogged
Knee-deep
In quagmire of communalism,
We all
Should have been defiled,
Should boundless
Have been narrow-minded!
All our dreams of unity
Would shatter,
Supporters of jungle law
Would plunder
All prosperity!

(93) OUR AMBIENCE

In my country
O ye crores of the oppressed!
Ye
Are not rid of
Foot-paths still,
Swimming
In the sea of boiling blood
Got not the shore!
Even in this eighth decade
Of twentieth century
Overhead yours
Is the open sky
Beneath
Is the bare earth!

Desolate looks
Cold sighs!

Crippled helplessness

Winter, rain, storm!

In the mouths of
Rotund and fat
Khadi-clad
Evil character
Businessmen-capitalists
House-owners, colonialists
Pleader-leaders
As before
Abides - 'Gandhi'

In bungalows and palatial buildings
On walls
Is hung Gandhi!
(Or on the gibbet is suspended Gandhi!)

Of manoeuvred brain
Ill-tempered
These 'destiny-makers' of new India
In 'Ambassadors'¹
Blowing dust
Spitting on the oppressed
Trampling on humanity
Loiter carefree
Those desirous of petty conveniences
Touch their feet! ²

Amazed is my whole generation
How dishonest leadership is!

1(Here) Name of a car.2 A highly respectable Indian mode of salutation.

[94] CRIES OF A CITY AND NIGHT

.
The bells in temples ring!
Numberless devotees
might stand folding hands,
their foreheads stooping in reverence!

.
The darkness

wearing mist spreads
on trees, domes, buildings,
tiled roofs, tin-sheds!

.

The Winter Eve
deepens at seven o'clock sharp!

.

Doors and windows shut!
On roads —
electric pillars
emit dim yellow light,
one or two scooters or bikes
pass away making harsh noise!

.

Sometimes the drums play!

.

At bus stand
loud-speaker still announces,
alarms the passengers
to go at different places.

.

Cold, at night, increases,
Night's desolation increases!

.

'This is All India Radio!
it's quarter to nine.'

.

The lions of circus
began to roar!
(surely it's ten at night!)

.

Before sleep
and lying in carelessness
A beggar cries —

'Roti and Daal,
the need of the belly! '
Is there any
in the big houses
to give roti and daal?
I am hungry! '

.

No door opens,
No voice heard,
Beggar becomes perverse—

'I will not leave
without Roti and Daal,
from here! '

.
He continues to cry —
'Roti and Daal,
the need of the belly! '

.
His cry makes all tremble,
and shudders the pleasures and comforts!
(If beggar becomes bloody,
and hurls in breaking the door!)

Impact of terror
appears on faces,
Lights of houses off,
Locks on doors start hanging!

.
Beggar continues to cry,
Out of his power continues to cry!

.
When —
The door of a kind person
made him a little quiet,
solved his question
for a single night,
Desolation grew more,
on trees, domes, buildings,
tiled roofs, tin-sheds,
mist fell more and more condensed!

.
The night
became more cold and dark,
Night
had become more shameless and bare!

(95) BLIND AGE

Be cautious
Oh, watchful guards!

Many demons are surrounding
to snatch the freedom of man,
Darkness spreading swiftly
to swallow each ray of future,
Be cautious
Oh, watchful soldiers!

Today, overcasting
dense blood-showering terrifying clouds,
Thundering in the sky
destructive cruel thunderbolts, impatiently,
Be cautious
Oh, saviours of world peace!

1 Red farinaceous powder which Hindus throw on each other's person during the Holi festival.

[96] LET US BURN

Let us burn
Sin instigating desires!

Let us become a new perfect human,
Completely free from inferiority, peerless,
Let us rejuvenate
The emotions of universal liking!

May there be no mutual antipathy,
Love for individual freedom may bloom,
Let us abolish
Trampled devilish servitude!

Life may not be hard at every foot-step,
Storm may not persist on sky all times,
Let us shed
Villainous, demoniacal, calamities!

[97] SONG OF EQUALITY

Let us bathe today
In the colours of human equality!

The light of those bright colours —
which is inherent in everybody's body and heart,
Mingle in the them
your dull shining twilight, now,
And just throw away
the collected age long concealed dirt!

Forget all differences of the world
of colour-caste, of money-rank-age,
Only echo in all directions
the sounds of victory of human glory and greatness,
Demolish today
the pride-fort of false dignity!

[98] HOLI

Holi, came once again, with varied new colours,
Holi, brought once again the intoxicated raptures!

Holi, once again came showering gold in the day,
Holi, hovered once again diffusing silver all the night!

Holi, Oh, when did fasten the tinkling bells in my feet!
Holi, being well executed the tune, has filled dancing gestures in body!

Holi, poured out in the heart forcibly intoxicating liquor,
Look, how our step-motions have become peculiar now!

Holi, we are playing drum in your welcome,
Holi, having intoxicated we are spreading Gulal¹ all round!

[99] BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

Let the independence of each and every country

remain intact forever!

We love independence limitlessly —
more than our own existence,
No eligibility is laid down anywhere
to be a patriot,
Let the feeling of democracy remain keen always!

Innumerable people of the world
are undivided and equal,
The feeling is same, though
there are several National Anthems,
Let the feeling of equality remain burning every moment!

Abandon: That throw
the humanity of man to flames,
Adopt: That bears
high-minded humanism,
Let ever flow the waves of enthusiasm for secularism!

[100] FAITH IN DEMOCRACY

Quarters echo with the proclamation of democracy!

Now each man is the part of the government,
The value of life is enhanced,
Feelings are dedicated to the Independence!

Darkness will not raise head now,
The sky will gleam with light,
Our notions are inspired by resolute object!

The tune of sorrow will be silent,
The desire of pleasure will materialize,
Inequalities of every kind will end, now!

[101] REPUBLIC - RELIC

Fill the golden rays
of Republic day in the heart!

May the inner-self, enlighten
And echo the entire gamut like warbling,
Give sweet voice to
the splendid feelings of Republic day!

Equality may reflect in the eyes,
And spill the sea — full of love,
Do resonate the faith of Republic day in each particle!

All brutality may pass away,
Dignity may come in each man,
Remove your sin
in the compassionate-Ganga of Republic day!

[102] RESOLUTION

Dignity of human may ever be secured and respected,
It's our resolution!

We ourselves be the maker of our fortune,
The power of people may not decrease,
The freedom of man may not be least snatched,
It's our resolution!

Having tied in the thread of unity,
All may proceed on the path of progress,
Nobody may be reproached
in the name of Religion, Language and Caste,
It's our resolution!

Illiteracy and poverty may eliminate,
Humanity may be free from class difference,
Earned money may not be limited to selected people,
It's our resolution!

(103) PRESENT

It's an age
of chaos, insecurity,

of expression
of incessant enmity,
full of bitter tortures,
daunted by ill-wills!
Obsessed
with dark roaring whirlwinds!
Every moment
terrified of dearth-difficulties!

It's an age
of pitiless assaults,
intolerable insidious talks!
Of inexperienced pain,
lost human sensitivity!

Of unseen pitch-dark gloom!
Of queer
hullabaloo,
bloody cruel deadly
morn!

(104) SWEAT-EARNED
Hard-work
will realize our dreams!
Will strengthen the base!

Freely
we'll live
in the new world of prosperity and peace,
adapting to civilization, culture
live every moment
in the halo of knowledge!
Suppositions will materialize.
If we work hard
mountains continuously emitting fire
will turn to ash!
All our dreams will materialize!
If we work hard
the deepest chasm

of deficiencies will end,
by crushing each weakness
the toil-wave will sanctify the life!
If we work hard –
for the present imminent,
for future to arrive.

Let's be
the invincible controllers,
regulators
of present and future!
Let's the farsighted founders
of the longed-for life!

(105) DETERMINATION
Let there be vigour,
worship full of lights!
Stipulations of dying Ravana,
layers of dense, dark night
will dissolve, dissolve!

Ram-like faith
of determination
arisen in the hearts of men!
Wielders of missiles
pilots of MIGs and Pushpaks
are borne in every family!
Are sentries of boundaries
as the invincible Himalayas
verily victory be to Man!

Let there be Diwalee!
let there be Diwalee!
Let there be the light superb!
Every time
the electric-halo
will glisten
on gloomy ages!
Let there be strength,
and be the worship of lamp!
Every particle of proud Amaa1 will scatter,

the face of lamp-lighted-earth
will brighten!

1 moonless night, amaavasya

(106) ASSURED

Be it a crossing of four / or seven paths
not at wit's end,
fear of straying away
does not obsess the mind.

I admit, not so much familiar with the path,
and deficient in sufficient knowledge
to reach the goal,
but, if the view point is clear,
then will read the distance
written on mile-stones,
and names of all cities
situated in east and west, north and south.
Then– it's not difficult
to go beyond
crossings of four or seven paths,
then – be not sad
at these crossings of four or seven paths.

Varied faiths, varied forms of rules,
varied ways,
innumerable slogans – flags
countless mutual strong oppositions,
but, if one has the potential to assess the age,
if heart is in consonance
with the pulse of the people,
then there is no ground to doubt,
faith will not be false,
and turnings at the crossings of four or seven paths
won't lead astray!

(107) WEIRD

How much so ever may be

the area of the Earth,
we have for living
this sepulchral cellar!
Which gives
an illusion of being alive,
in which
it's difficult even to live
by thinking oneself dead!
How weird it seems
to think so
in rainy nights –
the graves of the dead
are better
for their roofs
do not leak,
the dead quietly sleep
in the lap
on the mother-earth!
We wake on wet beds
for whole nights
and silently shed tears
like the philosophers!

(108) CONSEQUENCE

Life-long
insulted, hated
life if had drifted away
from the track –
ēasy,
nō surprise.

Life-long hopeless
always moving in the eddy of doubt
defeated life
is continuously aflame –
ēasy;
nō surprise.

Life-long
lived in wants
life dragging in dearth,

if all at once
it burns –
~~e~~asy,
~~n~~o surprise.

(109) COMMITTED

We'll give voice
of challenge
to the dumb,
of victory and faith,
of cheerful light of future,
of new hope!

We'll elevate
the life of all
equally and liberate this earth
from exploitation,
by abolishing the disparity
of colour and creed
free the people of the world
from extortion!

We're committed
to a righteous system,
ready to alter
the horrified world!

(110) CONTRIBUTION

For the new crop
are dedicated
life's a few drops of toil-sweat,
for the veins of the earth
are dedicated
a few drops of blood pure!

Let it be
sappy
full of strength!

Let every sown seed
sprout for the desired world,
let it bear fruit!
Let every heart
be filled
of sentiments... desire
like sweet relish.

So –
offered
in the accomplishment of creation
the exalted tunes
of new sensibility!
Dedicated are
for the weal of the world
the innate tunes
of prayer!

(111) NEW LIGHT

O! crushed shattered
life!

Raise head.

I've come

like your victory

the Himalayas

of meaningful

instinctive faith!

Full of faithlessness
lost in dark dejection

wearied

desolate life!

Raise head

See

the lustrous sun

of your fate,

knock at the door!

Life will not split

like this!

Life
will not disperse
like this!

(115) KINDLE THE LAMP [1]

Kindle lamp in every courtyard,
Celebrate the festival of lamps!

Golden light may spread in every home,
Visage may be attractive, each particle may be bright,
Sea of lustre may fluctuate!
Adorn the pitch dark night!

Filling roli¹ in the night's lock of hair,
The glimmering innocent rays may dance,
Clouds of light may come overcasting,
Bathe, forgetting all remembrance!

Remain full with fresh love every heart,
Earth — wept for ages, be blessed,
Come O, fortunate wives! with worship plates
And flow lamps in the celestial Ganga!

1 The red powder which is used by Hindus in worship or in filling the maang of a married woman.

(116) GARLAND OF LAMPS

Enjoyment is spreading in each home, today!

With sweet exciting music
And with love brimming heart
Flamy lamps are dwelling in each home, today!

With youthful golden body
The glittering night
Is distributing laughter-gift in each home, today!

With lovely decoration
With raptures of recreation

Lamps are performing circular dance¹ in each home, today!

¹ A dance performed by Lord Krishna.

(117) INVESTITURE

Agreed, it is the dark Amavas! night,
But, why to be terrified?

Assume — in a moment
I kindle the bright radiant lamps,
Agreed, the appearance of dear earth is not graceful,
But, assume — in a wink,
With quite new art, I adorn a brand new bride again!

Tell darkness that now it is the rule of light,
Crown is adorned on the head of every lamp,
Assume — in some moments
I convene investiture in all quarters!

¹ The last day of the dark half of a month.

(118) PUT ON LAMPS

(Girl) Friend! Put on lamps!

Dark night may not come now,
There may be no downpour of darkness any more,
In extinguishing lamps
Friend! Fill sneh¹, quietly!

Face of lover may shine with laughter,
In the hope of coming suitable new time,
With reddish lips
Friend! Talk, gently!

Wet years of separation are passed
Blessed new passionate songs may echo,
Friend! the husband has come
Win his heart, silently!

1 Love, Affection / Oily substance

(119) LIGHT

May the future of man —
From the darkness,
From the ever-spreading fear of cold war
Be free!
Be absolutely free! !

May the rays of pure reason
Spread far and wide,
May the forces hostile to progress
Be torn to shreds
May the society from class and colour distinction,
And the man from man's bondage
Be free!
Be absolutely free! !

Let not the new mental horizon
Be overcast
By whirlwind, dust and lightning
Never
Oh Never! !
Nor let the crest of the new order
Crash and crumble down!

Let the pious divine efforts,
And the yearnings for world peace,
Adorn the Earth like golden dawn,
And redeem the world afflicted
And caress with love and affection,
Let not the pollen of new feelings
Be scorched and consumed by fire!
From the destructive power of various weapons
From the venomous and the devilish hate campaigns
May the modern civilization
Be safe!
Be absolutely safe! !

(120) GOOD WISHES

To the nations fighting against
imperialist forces,
whose brave people have
resolved to martyrise themselves,
I send my good wishes.
May they be victorious!
I convey my conviction
o, dauntless!
Final victory will be yours!

The entrenched fortifications
of your tyrants will be shaken.
The selfish
and the expansionist empires
will crumble down!

The liberated and the fearless masses
from a position of power
will proclaim
the victory of their motherland!

We know
and you as well
that the most coveted aim
in the world is
the individual's freedom
in his own behoof.

On the earth
not a single soul
should be deprived of
the foremost right
of individual freedom!
So the struggle you are waging,
infusing the youthful vigour
in the nation's arteries,
I too am partaking of the same
and am humming
the song of country's freedom!

(121) NEW BHARAT

Amidst strifes' flames
Sportively,
Songs of new creations
On cords of ecstasies
Sings one and sing all!
Bharat
Her dreams realises!

With intentions strong-willed
Toils each man - each woman,
Steel from Bhilai¹ shall overflow
And each flower-bed will sway to and fro!

Changed is each and every particle of Bharat,
Changed is the very life-style of Bharat!

Fled have shadows of dumb depression
Suns of raptures have come up
Dejected oppressed from ages
Withered faces are radiant!

Now lies misfortune buried,
Now is the sky liberated!

Buds that pined for bloom
In overladen mango-groves
The innocent cuckoo, that
Couldn't pour out its heart in wistful songs,
Henceforth —
What a season greets each courtyard
Buds dance
Cuckoo sings pleasant songs!

Life has fresh thrills,
Like sandal-wood, buoyant bubbles
Are spattered!

Furious Chambal²
Laughs-babbles
In arms of dams
Like a damsel
Enfolds herself!

Lo! from Indian Ocean
A cloud sprang up,
Dressed in sari³ green
The Earth waved its veil!

Life-seeds new
Now Bharat sows,
To the welfare of mankind
Devoted is Bharat!

1 A town in Chhattisgarh province; the site of a famous steel-plant.² A river in northern India.³ Length of cloth worn by Indian women.

(122) ASIA

Organised, striving, the whole Asia new
Awakened, enlightened each man of Asia
From the clutches of imperialism is now being freed
Having civilisation-literature-culture-wealth-grandeur Asia!

The lamp of China-Bharat amity in all hearts is lit
Which this era with love flame illuminates
Situated in valleys, inaccessible mountains, forests and deserts
Made each village-community a gods'-habitat!

With strong security sense, on foundation of Panchshila
With head raised sky-high, stands unshaken uniting all
With peace, with co-operation, non-stop up to its destination!
To be true, the caravan of new age architects shall reach.

No more shall the dream of man's love shatter
And confidence of his victory shall grow and grow
No more shall the ruler of tears snatch away
From women-inmates melody-tunes of
shraawan-song! ¹

¹ Songs (mostly folk) sung in Shraawan, one of the 12 months in Vikram calendar, a rainy month.

(123) TO MAO AND CHOU

Did we
With great eclat,
Your emancipation celebrate,
For this return?

Did a sea of joy,
On your proud out-cry of victory,
surge here too,
For this return?

Did we,
Like a comrade-in-arms,
Welcome you,
As the symbol of new resurgence of Man,
For this return?

□

That you -
With aims brazen
And motives of expansionism
dirty
May commit on us an aggression
Cruel, barbarous and sudden,
And rain on us a savagery
Abominable, primitive, and
ferocious;
And that you -
May occupy our land thus?

That you —
May forget our age-old friendship
To turn a cruel traitor,
And annihilate humanity from your hearts?

□

That you —
May turn merchant of tears
And bring us gifts of death?

That you —
Coming from East,
May bring us,
Darkness dense and smoke thick,
Enveloping vast expanse?

That you —
In the garb of communism,
May cast greedy eyes,
On the whole of south-east Asia?

□

No such hopes,
History had of you,
That you will add to it
A chapter so bitter!

No such hopes of you,
Had the resurgent communist world,
Never did it expect,
So pitiable a help from you!

Change!
Still there is time,
Change your policies;
Still there is time,
Change your stinking ways
Of behaving with friends!

Or else
The power of World's humanity
Shall smash into dust
Your empty false pride!

The lover stubborn,
Of war suicidal
Just retrace your steps,
Or else!
World civilized
Shall turn your blow
On you yourself! !

(124) THE FIRMAMENT WILL CHANGE ITS COLOUR
No more shall the dark shroud
Envelop our heads!
And within moments

The firmament will change its colour!

The 'Malay breeze'¹ is beckoning
Capering and dancing!
On every bough
On every leaf
A new awakening is blazing
And world's history takes a turn.
Gone are the paths of dreadful darkness
And gone are the pain ridden tragic ages,
Descends on Earth an age of light golden!

The musing Earth is moving,
The inert world vibrates with new song
Every corner resounds
The night is over,
The night is over!
The long awaited golden morn
Stands at the door
And offers to every heart
Presents of zeal and joy!

From the world will banish
The dense darkness of sufferings,
And the close atmosphere of dejection heavy!
Surely will the firmament take a new colour!

1 A breeze coming from the direction of mountain Malay — a mountain of India, out of seven main mountains.
There is a luxuriant growth of sandal trees on Malay mountain.

CONTINUED

Mahendra Bhatnagar

[5] Life: As It Is (1)

LIFE: AS IT IS [Vol.1]

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POEMS OF
FAITH & OPTIMISM: DELIGHT & PAIN.
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

POET: Mahendra Bhatnagar

[i]

- 1 Reality
- 2 A Moment
- 3 Continuity
- 4 Nay
- 5 Expectation
- 6 Ever Deprived
- 7 Lively
- 8 Violation
- 9 Premonition
- 10 Ascetic
- 11 Substance
- 12 Conclusion
- 13 Comparison
- 14 Experience
- 15 Prayer
- 16 Awakening
- 17 Realism
- 18 Player
- 19 Attribute
- 20 Enlightenment

[ii]

- 21 The Delectable
- 22 Destiny-Defiance
- 23 Desired
- 24 Life
- 25 Response
- 26 Courage
- 27 Contradictory

28 ☐nely
29 Solitary
30 The Final Curtain
31 Wonder
32 Hurt
33 Broken Hearted
34 Renunciation — Consciousness
35 Relationship
36 Companions
37 Advice
38 Agony
39 The Final Request
40 Arrogance
41 Frustrated
42 Unaffected
43 Self Observation
44 Actually
45 Before End: 1
46 Before End: 2
47 Enlightenment
48 A fact

☐

[iii]

49 Cyclical Occurrences
50 Self-Experience
51 Acceptance
52 Confrontation
53 Intolerable
54 Ah Incomplete Idol
55 Helpless
56 Aspiration Sun
57 Truth
58 A Special Thought
59 A wish

□

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(1) REALITY

No end

Of the path

We keep on walking!

Darkness

Spread out on far off lands

Never becomes less

Even a little!

Like a flickering lamp

Day and night

We keep on burning!

Only a few moments

Are left for me

All of a sudden on any day

The throbbing of the heart will stop!

Knowingly all

We keep on deceiving death!

At each and every step
How can one find his goals?
In life
There are only heaps of pebbles,
Where are pearls?

(2) A MOMENT

A moment
Only a moment
Snatches away
Life
All of a sudden!
Yes, only a moment!

Every moment
Has its own mysterious meaning,
It creates
Its own whole history.
Again and again.
That is why it is essential –
You live every moment to the fullest
Before
It crushes your existence!

Proclaiming its importance!
Every moment
Slips away silently
In a similar measured pace
Inscribing
Countless mishaps!

(3) CONTINUITY

Becoming indifferent...
In seclusion,
On the experiences of my life
When I brood on peacefully –

I peep through
My inner past
Extinct –

Hazy pictures,
Relevant or irrelevant
Devoid of any harmony,
Order broken
Emerge disorderly!

Then all of a sudden
Taking a turn on my own accord
I return
To the present!
To the entanglements of earthly life!

(4) NAY
Well,
How one can be
A stranger
In a crowd!

Well,
How can one bear
The sting of loneliness
In a surging crowd!
Well,
How one can say
His word to anyone
In the noise
Of countless voices!

(5) EXPECTATION
Now and then at least
Someone shall love us!

In a life of loneliness
Absolutely desolate,
In a life
Thrown out forcibly

In a deep well,
In a life that suffered
Merciless blows and assaults,

At least
Someone shall like us,
Applaud us!

At least let us get
Good wishes
Or goodwill of someone!

In curse - scorched world
In sorrow spread all around
Someone should be sympathetic
Some time ever!

In an intense electrified
Suffocating atmosphere
When the unrest resounds
Heart rending
Shriek and scream,
Burning in flames
The ruined life
Confined in a prison!

In those disastrous moments
A desire springs up
That someone shall like us,
Well,
Now and then!

(6) EVER DEPRIVED

All my life
I was alone,
Unseen -
Ever neglected,
Totally ignored!

All my life,
On my own strength

I have borne
The raids of storms!
All my life
An imbroglio
Remained stationary
As before!

All my life
I bore unbearable
Agony and pain!
To anyone
Never I did say
Any word for help!
I burnt myself
In the fire of curse!

I could not find anyone
Who can soothe
My oozing wounds –
Even for a while
The rapid hailstorm
Never stopped!

Alone
I wandered
In the realm of dearth –
In home,
In cities and in villages!
Here and there
I don't know when and where!

(7) LIVELY
I stay on amassing pain!
O, I stay on
Amassing how much grief!
I stay on
Amassing pain and grief
Of many-many years!

I was awake throughout nights
I was awake throughout days

I was awake throughout my life
I stay on
Wrapping up my body
With much dirt and brownish dust!

My feet got stuck in the mire.
Serpents coiled around
My neck and ankles,
I am bound by cobras
Black and venomous!
I stay on
Spreading fire on my bed!
Dhain-dhain
Shooting out flames of fire
Keeping it ablaze!

(8) VIOLATION

Faith in perpetual relations –
Yes, the faith of many a birth
Turns meaningless
All of a sudden!
O the sense of belonging
Piled up for many an year
Vanishes in a moment!

When the dam
Of ethical self-restriction
Breaks down
Like playing cards,
The charged electric wires,
That wind
The self imposed boundaries
Suddenly become lifeless!
Boundaries vanish,
The legs resting,
The legs trembling and faltering
Begin to leap forward!

Pure worship,
The hard acquired devotion
Is breached!

The virtuous actions
Turn shallow,
The so called truthful pledges
Get falsified,
All the pledges and promises
Become meaningless!
And –
Love becomes a synonym
For extreme selfishness!
Definitions of sin and virtue
Change
Their opinion,
Deception –
Of the union of souls
In its naked form,
In its real form
Descends!
Iron pillars of restraint
Break and tumble down,
The girders of discretion
Displaced
Are swept away
Like blades of grass!

When the seism of lust
Or of 'ardent love'
Makes whole body tremble,
Every strong pivot
Of the mind totters!

Then, the man forgets
His past, present and future!

(9) PREMONITIONS

We have left
Far behind
The half burnt corpses
Of love-relationships
And enmities!
Screaming
And rolling restlessly

For ages
The dying sound
Has become silent.

By this time –
The dried up remnants
Might have been lost
In the air!
Swept away
In countless
rains!

I didn't return
Since my departure!
Then
Why the
ghostly shadow
Stares at me?

Perhaps,
It is
the ultimate end
Of my whole existence!

Every volcano
On one day
Has to cool down!
Has to disappear
Forever!

(10) ASCETIC

The people –
Are dejected so much that
They commit suicide
In the state of their restlessness!
Or
lose the balance
Of their body and mind!
And in their perturbed mood
They weep – without a reason!
They laugh – without a reason!

But
Until now you are
Steady, self centered, calm, alive
And balanced!

In fact
For him, who had lived asceticism
There is no difference
Between dying and living!
For him
There is no difference
Between
Drinking poison or nectar!

(11) SUBSTANCE

O
Why you are wonder-struck
When you are of no use
To anyone
Why should anyone
Come to you?
Keep quiet,
Bear everything!
Lie down
Suffer patiently
Here or there!

Let someone listen to
Your experiences
Let someone listen to
Your tale
No time is there
For anyone!

Useless –
To expect it
From anyone!

It is better
If you write

On the walls of an empty room,
If you portray
Your heart
In different colours!
Perhaps, someone at some moment
May read or ponder over!

Or
You put
Your tragic tale
In any recording deck
In your own voice!
Perhaps, someone may listen
At sometime!

But
Be assured –
The stink
May not spread anywhere
Hence at once, be assured
Surely the people
Burying you in pit
Or entombing you
Or
giving you a pompous burning
Orderly
Turn you into ashes!

Orderly
They will complete
The last ritual
Certainly!

(12) CONCLUSION

Logical thinking
On pros and cons
Is essential
(As far as possible) .
Discussion should be mature
Whatever time it may take.

For judging substance
Profound thinking,
Logic and investigation
Are essential
From every angle desired.

For whatever happened
In life –
Is stable forever
Not even a chance given
For the rectification of mistakes.

Impossible to change
The past deeds
Even a little.

It's true –
You yourself are
The doer and the judge
But not the controller
You are detached
From the outcome or result
(Helplessness)

Proved it is –
Life: a test difficult,
At every moment
A test, difficult.

Keep on observing
Count every breath
Accept and adopt
That lies before you!

(13) COMPARISON

Life
Is not a book
So that
It can be written / composed
In a planned way
After profound thinking!

Its contents –
May be divided into
Successive chapters
Carefully,
Heart touching contexts
May be sorted out!

By self-experience and practice
It may be moulded
Into beautiful and artistic form,
Making it radiant
In the glare of craftsmanship
Devoid of laxity
And burdensomeness!

The tale of life
By itself accomplished or gets spoiled
And never links the preceding!
Who knows
What is going to happen
What is going to be moulded
And mended
When everything
Gets spoiled with a jolt!

In the tale-flow of life
Nothing is pre-planned
Nothing is desirable or undesirable
No premonition,
No effort and no exertion!
Well thought over
Moves of chess
Begin to move
Like a defective computer,
And deceives
Even the controller,
Then the stake won almost
Turns into defeat!

Or at once
The vanished present

Descends from that very sequence
Once again
Like the result of an earthquake
Like its very form as before!

(14) EXPERIENCE

What have I done?
Throughout my life
Except doing
Strange foolish things,
Except paying
The debt imposed
By society?

Mistakes done
Plenty of mistakes done,
I missed
I missed every time!

Let me say like this –
I lived;
But
Have I learnt
the way of living?
(Have I practiced the style of hypocrisy!)
And now
when everything happened
And perished –
I am wonder-struck,
Too much wonder-struck!
I am a destitute of wisdom!

I trusted
people,
Close to me
Blindly I trusted them!

And the rascals
Have looted
My entire home and hearth,
And destroyed

The beauty and embellishments
of life!

They were hypocrites, masks,
They were spurious
In the garb of truth,
Strange and wonderful!

At the fag end of my life,
At the stage of catastrophe,
Nearly at the end
of the play,
When I stood face to face
Before the truth
Hung on the cross –
I have experienced
Countless electric shocks
Dangerous sparks!

My body and mind
Crushed
By twisting pain!

All are amazing
Everything is peculiar!
Where is my existence?
Only is my statue
Dumb and lifeless!

Now
What is left out
except
Tasting the bitter juice of repentance?
The world
Does not possess
Even a little
shame and modesty
Either in the past
Or in the present.

(15) PRAYER

O sun,
The blazing red sun!

Fill
My dejected heart
With the fire of life!

Give smartness to my body,
Inactive and tired,
And make it move forward!

Remove
The spread out
Snow and thick darkness
With your dazzling golden sunshine!

O sun,
The blazing red sun!

(16) AWAKENING
Neither I was disappointed / nor dejected!

It is true –
All my efforts were useless.
I could not succeed,
But I am
Not at all restless!

At every time
Let the blows of defeat
Become a source of your strength,
Let your mind, engaged in work,
Be filled always
With virility and vigour!

Let your heart
Be in high spirits
And your search for
Your goal not stop!
Let your search for
The object of your longing

Should not stop
At any time, at any cost!
Certainly, doomed you are
If you are dejected!
Ruined you are
If you are frustrated!

(17) REALISM

Living life –
Is difficult, unbearable
And burdensome!
As if
It is a dreadful ride
On two boats!

There is a saw,
Poison smeared and double edged,
There is a sharpened dagger
Close to the throat!

There is a noose around the neck,
Bewildered at every time!
Running and fighting
All around!

The full-moon night
Has vanished,
And only the dense darkness
Has spread everywhere!

Living life –
Is a compulsion!
Too much burdensome!

(18) PLAYER

I am running
Without a pause,
I am running
Untiring and constantly!

Day and night,
Night and day
Panting and bewildered,
Now and then
Falling
And rising,
Yet I keep on running
In quick succession!
[with a crash!]

It looks –
Keep on running ceaselessly
All my life
Is my fate only!

I am running constantly
Breaking the limitations
Of the time fixed!

Without competing with anyone
Absolutely alone!
Look –
How I am running
Fast
And faster!

I am swimming,
Swimming without a pause
Day and night
Night and day
Jerking and pushing
Both my hands and legs
Here and there
Without giving up,
I keep on swimming
Disgorging foam
Again and again!

It is not a cool
Olympic swimming pool,
But a boiling hot water tank
Emitting fumes!

On its chest
Look
How I am swimming
Disorderly
In utter disarray!

No other swimmer
Is there nearby,
I am swimming alone
In a wavy motion
Like a fish!

Now it looks –
It may not be safe,
My legs and hands
May turn stiff and stiffer!
Yet
Still, surely
I keep on swimming!
Keep on swimming!
For
I have seen very well
Corpses were afloat
On the fleeting waves!

Jumping repeatedly
High and long,
I keep on leaping and jumping
Day in and day out,
Like a ball
I keep on rebounding
Again and again!
Like a blockhead
I keep on jumping and leaping
Returning
Again and again!
I have broken
The earlier records.
It looks
The scales will be small!

I am lifting the weights

One after another,
Weighty and weightier
And taking them
Here and there
To far off places—
From one room to another room,
From one house to another house,
From one village to another village,
From one city to another city,
From the blazing deserts
To the icy lands
And from plains
To the high mountain terrains!

Yet
The realm of high heavens
Shudders by my roaring,
The world of the dead
Is scared to see my form!

Certain it is –
Every heart attack
Will be defeated
And every paralysis
Will be crippled
By the soul immortal!

Industrious am I
Will keep on living,
Will remain
Brim with life
Free and liberated!

(19) ATTRIBUTE

It is
The man -
Who can face
Any disaster!

He plays fearlessly
With the strong blows

of hostile storms
And with dreadful reverse currents!
The fast moving
chariot of his life
Never stops,
Though got struck
Or caught somewhere!
He, at once,
With the power of his intellect
Or with the might of his arms
Pushes it aside
Without getting tired or defeated!

It is the man
Restrained,
Who can face
All calamities!

(20) ENLIGHTENMENT

Bitter experiences,
Have given me
Maturity!

The meanness of man
Has taught me
How to live rightly!

Ingratitude
Has revealed to me
The secret of life
Liberating me
From the spell of fascination!

Then alone
I could sing
The song of pain
When the age
Tormented me ruthlessly!

Then alone
I could know

The secret of life and of the world
When I was badly hurt
By my own-selves and by others!

(21) THE DELECTABLE

The faith-lamp / Be ever lit
A dream / Be ever cherished
Enough is this much for self-cognizance!

The wheel of life / Be ever moving
Yama's noose / Be ever eluding
Enough is this much for breath surviving!

(22) DESTINY-DEFIANCE

Every instant when move
Construction-loving hands,
When feet give
Momentum-making company,

Image is then made!
Destiny is then made!

(23) DESIRED

I have roved so much
In the murkiness of clouds,
I have wandered endlessly
In the darkness of my mind!

Carrying
My sable-ashen body
I have rambled unceasingly,
Day in and day out,
I have wandered!

Now is the time
To bathe to the full
In the stream of light,
To get into the radiant waterfall of truth

And bathe for the rest of my life!

I will sink in light,
And I will swim in light,
I will let my body float,
And I will let my mind float,
I will bathe to the full!

(24) LIFE

Each arrived moment
Is welcome!

Holding my hand
Rises the day,
Riding on my shoulders
Grows the day,
Out of my mind
A new piece of writing
Is shaped by the day,
Out of my body
A new creation
Is sculpted by the day,
Fighting on my strength
Has the day been victorious,
On my living from moment to moment
Lives the day,
My pace gives meaning
To the immortal time,
I am
The unconquered, ceaseless fighting,
Before me bows
Each mountain-obstacle
Each approaching moment
Is welcome!

(25) RESPONCE

From the nuclear explosion
Rose
The voice of Lord Buddha —

Let assured
Be peace,
Let everywhere
Be the glow of goodness!
Let secure
Be the civilization, culture and humanity,
Let evil disappear from the world!
Let the world be free
From violence and cruelty,
And be full of love and kindness!

Let not
Animal power
Celebrate now the festival of death anywhere!

Only then will meaningful
Be this great invention
Of knowledge and of science,
This matchless and wonderful
Gift of man!

(26) COURAGE

It's true, man is powerless
Before chance,
However capable a person might be
It's only destiny that wins,
It takes only a moment
For man's creation to crumble down
So potent is Nature.
And yet, each challenge is welcome,
Come what may,
Incessant will the progress be
Of human knowledge and science.

(27) CONTRADITORY

In desolate forests,
A warm welcome
To the blooming flowers
Raining on beds of thorns,
Flowers-mute in agony!

A joyous, hearty welcome
To the multi coloured
Nectar raining
Blushing flowers!

An ardent welcome
To the succor giving flowers,
Lying on gravelly
And difficult
Thorn-filled path!

But, there is only
The feel of pricking thorns
On each step,
Everywhere rings their cacophony,
Hurting the body
And the mind!

O creator!
Do not create
A one-sided life!

(28) LONELY
In this city
Of glorious buildings,
Of reflections of beauty
Floating in luminescence,
Who is known to you,
Who indeed is familiar?

Someone with whom
You can talk easily,
Anytime,
Some with whom you can share
The secrets of the heart!

Someone who is
Close to your heart,
And reliable!
Someone to whom

You can write a letter,
And talk on phone,
Unhesitatingly!

Someone whose door
You can knock boldly,
Or call out his name!

Who is such
A friend of yours?
All are unfamiliar,
All are strangers
In this large, sprawling city!

Not anywhere in sight
Is someone
Who can be called your own!

(29) SOLITARY

Now, O!
No one remembers me.
No one ever visits me!

Life lies mute
In the arms of death -
Now, O!
The heart does not make songs,
Nor does it sing any!
Silent are the instruments,
No tune
Is played on them
Nor any rises!

Those who were there -
Have been lost on the way,
Those who are there -
Tired-defeated / bored
Have gone to sleep!

Whom would one call,

Whom would one wake up?

The world has grown strange
And we have become aliens!

Whom would one visit
Who would be drawn close to the heart?
Each is lost
In himself,
In his joys,
In his sorrows!

No one is with me,
All colours have fled from life!

(30) THE FINAL CURTAIN

It's evening now!
No one will come
Forget
All names!
It's evening now!

Do not light the lamps
Soothing is the darkness,
Let me dream
Of one
Who has always
Deceived me!
The one who has grown
In the helpless silence of my mind!

Nothing remains
To be done!
It's evening now!
Let me go to bed
This early in the evening,
Unhappily!
Dimensions....
Dimensions!
Do not light the lamps

(31) WONDER

Who stole the laughter of flowers?
Who gave us a harvest of thorns?
Who Oh! torments again and again
Cruelly reminding me of long forgotten lapses?

(32) HURT

The mouth has a bitter taste,
How can I drink?

Living on is a compulsion,
Heavy is the heart,
How can I welcome someone
With a false smile?
Desolate and sear is the garden,
Withered and mute is life
Where are the flowers now?
Only the yellow leaves fall!

(33) BROKEN HEARTED

When faith
Is lost -
There is an earthquake
Inside,
Within,
A massive blood-tide rises!
But uncomplainingly
A man
Bears the hurt
Of harsh fate,
Lying silent and half dead
On a bed of embers,
He is burnt each moment!

He lives and dies
Against the backdrop
Of shrieks and moans,
And drinks poison
Laughing insanely!

Faith
Is lost when
A companionship
Ends!

(34) RENUNCIATION-CONSCIOUSNESS

When a simple and believing man
Bears
The cunning and infidelity
Of those near his heart,
Then...
He weeps in pain
Alone,
And laments over
His misfortune again and again!

But
He does not become a murderer,
Nor does he commit suicide,
Alone
He burns silently
In the hell-fires of his mind,
And consoles himself meaninglessly,
Again and again wandering in delusion
And thus deceives himself
Repeatedly!

Do not think him a coward,
It's known to him
That nothing will be gained
By cursing anyone!
Why should one run away
From the act of living this life!

(35) RELATIONSHIP

When the fortress of trust
Crumbles -
The crippled man
Bears silently

The deepest agony...
He gets ready
To live
A meaningless life,
And to taste bitterness
Everyday!
His remaining days are singed!
When the fortress of trust
Crumbles!
Or else,
Annihilating himself
He floats noiselessly in emptiness!
Destroying his identity
He quietly says -
O, do not break
Anyone's trust -
Trust is the bond,
Trust is life!

(36) COMPANIONS

O waves of pain!
How much and
How long
Will you tickle me?

How much and
How long
Will you make me laugh
Uncontrollably?

Holding me in your arms
How long
And how far
Will you make me
Your loving companion?

O waves of pain
Cruel
Waves wounding the consciousness!

(37) AGONY

Had my life
Been a waste,
I'd have endured it,
In a sorrowful voice
I'd have sung poems
Now and then!
But
To bear this painful experience
Of septic wounds,
To be scorched from moment to moment
In this flaming furnace of life
From birth to death
Is killing,
Is cruelly destroying!

The entire ocean
Has gone muddy,
Who knows
The sins of how many births
Visit me!

(38) THE FINAL REQUEST

Poor,
Extremely poor I am,
While leaving
Give me also
Something to live on!
Something which is
Truly mine
Something which is
A pleasant sweet, dream!
Thirsty,
Very thirsty I am,
While leaving

Give me also
Something to drink!

Let that be the clean Ganga2-water,
Let that be overflowing honey!

I know
I have to burn
Till the last moment,
A deep darkness hangs
Over the road on which I travel!
A curse has been
This lonely life,
Strictly prohibited are laughter and tears!

(39) ADVICE

O body, you are so tired,
O mind, so weak and defeated are you
Go to sleep!

□

This living
Has been hard,
This living in the howling
Of violent storms!
□ my sad and hurt soul,
□ my deeply wounded body,

Lose your memory,
And feel a bit better!
You are very tired
Go to sleep!

(40) ARROGANCE

To me
You gave a roof
And security
And respect
And a beautiful name
Of a relationship -

Should merely for this
This statement be justified -
'Hate
The sinful act
And not the sinner? '

What is sin?
What is virtue?
What is truth?

(41) FRUSTRATED

When -
That which was wanted \ desired \ longed for
Was not gained,
What was the sense in living?

When
In a green garden
Spread over miles
The desired, loved,
Fragrant,
Thrilled rose failed to bloom:
When life's struggle went waste,
When the heart
Was tortured by misery
Each moment,
What was the sense in living?

Agreed that
Many precious gifts came my way,
And diamond necklaces too,
On countless successes
Innumerable throats sang
My praise to the skies,
I received the high-test awards,
And blessings at each step!
But
I did not get what I desired -
It seems that this precious life
Was a waste,

As if almost complete
Difficult austerities
Failed at the end!

The flames of want rose,
Each dream was reduced to ash!
As is no one's blessings touched
The poor, frustrated, indigent beggar!

(42) UNAFFECTED

For years
I have lived this life
Alone
And will go on living quietly
The rest of it!
I drank poison-water
Day and night
Helplessly,
In the eager expectation of death!
In watching the annihilating future!
Everything poisoned
I'll drink gladly
Unbidden,
Living my remaining days!
Do not worry -
I am the resident of a house of poison,
I am the great
Pilgrimage of Shiva⁸
Of my time!

(43) SELF OBSERVATION

Throughout my life
I did not do
A good deed!

Like this
All live their lives,
I did not have an extraordinary life!

I was lost
In myself,
O Creator!
Be merciful and forgive me!

(44) ACTUALLY
While observing caution
Time flew fast.
Every thing tidied
went awry.
All that was in hand
slipped away suddenly
at every cautious step.

Every strand tore away
while sorting out
or got twisted tediously.
Every thread
became taut in the process
gradually at every step
of seeking solution.

Life has been spent
learning life.
Vocal scores were lost
at soprano pitch
in learning the art of music.

(45) BEFORE END — 1
Memories are flowers!
Multi coloured,
Laughing flowers!

When memories
Wake -
It seems each door is decorated
With buntings of mango leaves
All around!
Life becomes fragrant

With scents.
Life overflows
With sweet, intoxicating nectar
Life glows
With bright fresh colours!

At such moments
Man immerses himself
In the sweet world of dreams
Forgetting the present!

Everywhere, everything
Looks favourable,
As if branches are laden
With flowers!
As if flowers of pleasant feelings
Swing everywhere!

(46) BEFORE END — 2
Memories are thorns!
Piercing, pointed thorns!

When memories
Awaken -
It seems as if
All around a dust storm rages,
Life burns
In painful hell-fires,
Life stumbles, cries
In wilderness,
With a stricken heart!

Man
At such moments
Crumbles and falls
In the dark, deep cave
And is uprooted completely!
Everywhere, everything
Appears hindering,

The sharp piercing thorns
Enter the heart!
The thorns of painful
Unwanted experience.

(47) ENLIGHTENMENT

Strange it is,
Days... weeks... months... years
Pass in strife
A wonder it is!

There is nothing one can control!
O, nothing indeed,
Does life
Mean
'Helplessness'?

One day
Just like that
Suddenly everything
Will vanish!

Do we see a dividing line
Anywhere?
Then what can be said about
Meaningfulness / futility?

Existence -
It's something that will disappear,
Birth and consciousness
Are something to be dissolved,
Then
Why this strife?
Let
Night and day
Day and night
Pass each moment,
Unbroken is the passage of time,
Through obstacles and felicity!

(48) A FACT

As life began
the end followed,
just when it dawned
darkness prevailed.

In the sky
with ceaseless diffusion
the rays vanished,
so that far and wide
an endless stream
of bright light
was visible no more.

Here, there, everywhere
there was a loud noise.
Till every limit of the horizon a
crimson morning had shone.

The lyric, the song
the love, the beloved,
had all ceased to exist.

But wait
light will come
it will gush in
a new morrow.

(49) CYCLICAL OCCURRENCES

We wished not
That in golden-silvery azure sky
Of this home
Rained fire dense,
We wished not
That ignorant-innocent childhood
And immature simple youth
Of this abode
Longed passionately for love!

We wished not
That sweet melodies
Of this abode
Be silenced.
On this land
Some one
Poisonous seeds
Of hatred, revenge and violence
Sowed!

We wished not
Clouds of doom should overcast
And wash away everything,
Roaring storms should come
Shake and ravage
Glittering rainbow
Dream-palaces
In a moment!
But
All undesired
Went on happening before us;
And we
Could only see,
All before us
Successively
All battered, shattered, demolished!

(50) SELF EXPERIENCE

Everyman
In his calamity
 Is alone!
All the aggregate of misery
Solely is his!
In moments of pain
Man is all alone!

The night of distresses
Lonely has he to pass
In pitch darkness
Ray of hope has he to generate!

Is aberration!
Only accepting it
Is a boon!

Therefore
Accept this willingly,
Respect this whole-heartedly!

(52) CONFRONTATION

The stones
The more I hurled
The more each sprang up!
The stones
The more I crushed
The more each leapt up!
The muds
The more I washed
The more clean each was!
The soots
The more I mixed up
The more I smeared
The more it cleared up!
Glittered becoming pure gold!
With fetters
The body whenever
I tied tight
Untied it freed-flowed
North - south
East - west
Flowing scattered!
Waved
Becoming weighty nimble mercury!
Against each danger
Supported firmly
Your blow
Marching forward I bore!

[53] INTOLERABLE

Very sad heart
Tired body
Very sad heart!

Sky — full of sultriness
Air — stand still
Suffocation, Suffocation, Suffocation!

Overcast dense darkness
No where any ray
Eyes gone astray!

Very disappointed heart
Very dejected heart
Burn, Burn, Burn!

[54] AN INCOMPLETE IDOL

It is decided, now
this life will not give you any grace!
Now, life will not give you,
any more spare time!

Remembering the passed days,
how long would you burn?
Entangled in the opposite currents
how much would you flow?
Oh, how long would you tolerate the strokes of the storms?

Life will not give you any more turn
to play such a way,
Life will not give you
now any more vitality!

May all impossible fancies materialize,
May all warbling desires get shape,
May we experience all leaping loving passions,

The life will not give ever
such heaven,

The life will not give ever
such fortune!

(55) Helpless
If life is pain,
Then bear its pangs
We must!

If life is a secret,
Then remain silent
We must!

If there is no harbour
Then row on
We must!

If life is a calamity
Then be washed away
We must!

If fire surrounds us,
Then burn constantly
We must!

How terrible is truth!
Then utter every falsehood
We must!

(56) ASPIRATION: SUN
(1)
May every person be a sun
full of energy
and pure as heat!
May every person blaze like the sun,
be a flame
impartial and unblemished!

(2)

May every person be like the sun
bright,
punctual and
a plume of light!
Wherever he may go
let every particle shine,
uproot dilemma and gloom
from the room!

(3)

May every person be like the sun
radiant,
full of warmth,
and resplendent!
May every person seem
shining like the sun!

(57) TRUTH

Bondage
Rises-as a challenge
As refusal,
And raises always
Rebellion / force / resistance
Blazes / anger.

Bondage
Rises - as love's achievement,
As acceptance,
And raises -
Infatuation / permanent binding / graceful offering
The fire of living.

(58) A PARTICULAR THOUGHT

Dreams do not come true just like that,
It takes generations to realize them,
Dreams do not turn into reality
By mere words of manav1- incantation,
The patience and diligence of generations

Actualizes them!

1 Maanav-Mantra: Words of incantation — for fulfilling the dreams.

(59) A WISH

Let life flow freely,
Let it lead to victory!

Let each one find solace
Under the tree-shade of blessings!

Let there be songs played day and night
On the harp of the soul!

Let sweet dreams ever come
And bring pleasure and laughter!

Let no one be sad
Let laughter ring!

Let each man become gold
Made pure in the inner fire!

Let each one bear bravely
The knocks of the unknown fate!

CONTINUED

Mahendra Bhatnagar

[6] Life: As It Is (2)

LIFE: AS IT IS [Vol.2]

POEMS OF
FAITH & OPTIMISM: DELIGHT & PAIN.
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

POET: Mahendra Bhatnagar

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108A Solemn Pledge
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110Self Liking
111Fragmented Personality
112Biography

□

(59) TO LIVE
Terror fills the skies,
Hot are the winds

With sulphur, with venom;
But up to the destination
Braving storms
Ceaselessly,
We have to move!

□

Like a flood of fire
The flames shoot up
Again and again;
But up to the destination
Over crackling embers,
On lonely paths,
We have to walk,
Bearing the heat,
Getting singed and
Being burnt!

Mines of gunpowder
Are laid all over,
In the rivers, the mountains and the forests
But up to the destination
Solitary,
We have to walk,
Our iron feet pounding
The pits, the trenches
Again and again.

(60) INSISTENCE

Compel not
Man
So much that
Undergoing injustices -
Beast he became!

Or
Having borne the unending
Experiences of painful sufferings -
He collapsed
And a relic he became!
Compel not

Man
So much that
Life to him
Became
A sharp pricking
Ever oozing
Gangrene!

Compel not
Man
Thus -
To such an extent!

(61) WELL WISHER

If evil wishes
Efficacious were,
Desolate
This world
Before long
Would have been!

It would have provoked
On each step
Man's Durwasa-*vanity*¹!
Eternal
Fountain of love
In netherworld
Before long
Would have been lost!

Where are you
O pious Shakuntale²!
Of curse
Live muddy reaction
Oh, where are you?

1 A great Rishi of ancient India, notorious for his anger and his cursing nature.²
Wife of Dushyant and mother of Bharat; the renowned heroine of Kalidas.

(62) A LONGING

Were it but once

That we
Felt ourselves risen to eminence;
Tho'
For moments a few.

Were it but once
That we might live
Life natural
Putting off the mask
 of smile artificial,
Pining boundless is
Man
For hearty boisterous laughter!

Were it but once
Face to face
With the self's expansion,
How narrow minded is
Man
Unfamiliar
With benevolence!

In darkness filled mind
Once at least
Lightning could flash,
How costly
Has become
Cost of light!
Only playing is
Each man
A jester's role
Of a miser money-lender!

If only once we
Our dwarfishness
Our meanness
Could abandon
And could experience
Jubilation
Of getting on the summit!

If only once just once we

Though
For moments a few,
Had sensation
Of being atop!

(63) A POEM-PRAYER

Wedding man
With man,
Turning direction
Of brewing hurricanes
Of cruel violent passions,
Going forward
To break their horrific
Blind fury and on-rush
Poetry powerful
Is hymn, prayer it is!

Its voices
Freely reverberate in the skies
Its meanings
Be resounded
In innocent
Full of sweet melodies
In heart-passions ebullient!
May man love man
May all the world
His own family be!
Ours is this
Invaluable ideological inheritance!

Poem composed
In this transcendental mentality
Is hymn, prayer it is!

(64) DUTY

To love
This life, this world
Is what a man must do!

To love
People,
Mute animals, birds, sea-creatures,
The forest creepers,
The trees,
 Is what a man must do!

To love
The buds and the blooms,
The myriad hues
Butterflies
 Is what a man must do!

To love
The miracle-studded,
And wonderously
Incoherent
Dreams;
To love
The dainty fairies
Floating through the sweetest
Fancies
 Is what a man must do!

(65) RECOGNITION

How ugly
Is the reality
Of these sky-kissing
Rainbow-rimmed
Buildings
 Known to us!
How petty, fragmented and dwarfish
Is the face of these heights
 □
Is known to us!
How beautiful
Is the unreal and false attraction
Of these fairy-world-like young women
 Known to us!
How pleasing, soft and enthralling
Is the lotus leaved

Fair-skinned touch
Is known to us!
Familiar are we
With the prick of
These fragrant nectared
Moist flowers;
With the primeval burning of the body
Scented with the wine of lust,
How inviting
Is their bed
Is known to us!

(66) CLIMAX

Only a moment
Marks the difference -
Between happening
And non-happening!
A fine border line stretches
Between being and non-being.
Only a thin line
Lies Between laughter
And tears!
A little change,
And the expression
Of our innermost feelings
Changes.
It is not possible
To draw the boundary
Between living and dying!
Conditions -
Are almost the same,
A desire kept alive
For ages
May take shape one moment,
And may disappear the next.
A blink in time
Is enough
To change gain into loss.
Only a moment lies
Between being
And non-being.

(67) SIGNIFICANT

Phenomena -

Must in some shape appear
After all take some form!
We reach at least
(Right or wrong)
At some conclusion
Some abode.... door
Some destination.

Thus in wilderness
How long shall we stray?
Thus in fire furnace
How long
Shall we sizzling, writhe?

Phenomena —

Must some shape take
Take some shape at long last!
Lines of contrivances
Defined or dim
Must some embodiment have
At long last, have some embodiment!
That we could know
Directions
Distances
Expanses!

Thoughts —

Abstract thoughts
 Be concrete,
In depths of thought-sphere,
Be concrete this way or that
Abstract thoughts,
So that we could make up our minds,
And could dress
Them
In some language-format.

From this where or that
Some ray of light must shoot
Darkness must diffuse
And we from dry-well
Should come out
At least come out,

Phenomena -
Must assume some outline
Be exposed to wind and sunshine!
Phenomena -
Must some body-form assume!

(68) BUILDING

The walls rise
Like the sides of a well.
Rooms are small
Like narrow streets;
In it -
There is neither a garden
Nor a courtyard
Is this
A picture of modern architecture?
Or,
An image
Of the cramped heart,
A mirror
Of self
Trapped in itself!

(69) FREEDOM-SPREE (1)

It looks -
Altered a great deal!
Unfamiliar!
It looks -
Yoke borne from years
Unharnessed all of a sudden!
For years -
From long narrow
Gravelled-stony

Undesired roads
Bearing heavy burden
On body, on mind
Passed and passed
Like an acrobat
Day after day
On one and the same pole
Climbed up and down!

Thanks -
Free I am now
Like the wind -
Can go anywhere,
Can fly, dance, sing!

Thanks -
I am all-free,
Like a wave!
When I please -
Can ripple - twist,
Lie on rocks
Jump from hills
Can slip on verdures
Run
Run breathlessly
Or
Stretch in a pond
Drop by dropp scatter!

Free I am
Somewhat thus
As if
The door of cage
Opened all of a sudden
The parrot flapping wings
Should soar high in the sky
Amongst age-group co-mates mingle,
Should fondle with life-partner
Enfold it
Peck and kiss!
Whatever it pleased
And whenever

Should speak -
High or low
Agog or stealthily!

It looks -
Entwined serpent-traps of years
Were cut
Clouds of poisonous rains
Scattered off!

Now
On sandalwood trees
Will blossom musky-flowers
Mahua¹-like
Flower clusters will appear!
What never happened
It seems -
Shall happen now

Because -
A lot
Looks
New
Changed!

1 A tree with orangish-pink edible flowers.

(70) FREEDOM-SPREE (2)

Now
Carefree shall I sleep
Carefree shall I walk
Up to the Janak-tal I walk,
No hurry shall there be
Shattered are shackles
All chains!

For hours shall I bathe,
Singing tuneful-tuneless
Songs numerous
Shall I bathe!

Where are

Mine

Recordings of 'Pakiza'² and of
Gitadatta²?

In night's stillness

Shall play on them again and again

Hum now and then!

O plants of my orchard!

No complaint shall you now have,

I shall see to my heart's fill

Shall water

Shall enfold ye in arms!

O Kaner⁴, Kachnar⁵, Guava tree!

Be sad no more

O Rajanigandha⁶! O Jasmine!

Feel frustrated no more,

Your smell

Will be felt in every pore,

Every breath as if

Flower-born were!

Even in deliberately

Shall I not trample ye

O mine orchard's

Green grass!

I shall live nearby,

Shall lie on velvety body

Full of primitive urge,

With hands soft shall I caress

O lush texture!

Hey-Ho

Gay faced!

Every moment is ours,

Realised

The dream is!

1 ¹ tank in Gwalior — a historical town of northern M.P. State.

2 ² Name of a famous Hindi film.

3 ³ well-known playback cine-song female singer.

4 ⁴ plant of white, yellow and red flowers.

5A tree, its leaves and flowers are used as medicine & buds used as vegetable.
6(Tuberose) A flowery plant blossoming at fall of night emanating sweet smell.

(71) UNREQUITED BESTOWAL

Now,
what can I give you
except a carved
stationary statue;
except dispersed dust?

Whatever I am,
I have become
been cast.
Have used up
many a breath
from the assigned stock;
have attained fruition.

It is not possible now
to indulge in
experimental hewing, carving
what would be left incomplete,
the rest will remain unexpressed.

At the present stage of life
and its fag end
me, a rising and setting
sun,
what can I give you except
the warmth
of a known
cuddly feeling!
You are like
the deep sea on high tide;
your burning, sizzling
lusts are like
the infinite sky,

what can I give you
o, passion incarnate
except intense fancies and

an unassuaged excitement!

(72) ONE SUNDAY

The whole day
passed away in waiting,
waiting for all sorts of men.

No one unexpected came,
none unwanted too encountered.
The whole day passed away
moment by moment

this Sunday.
None brought any tiding
good or bad,
interesting or disheartening.

The whole day passed away
in cogitation,

in desiring to see
one or the other,
strolling to and fro
in the rooms.

Early in the morning
only
came the newspaper,
the milk vendor
rang the door bell
rang the door bell
in the morning and the evening
as his wont.

Otherwise
not a leaf rustled,
even a bird did not fly
over the sky
around me.

the whole day passed away

as a long wait
in mute helplessness!

(73) REALITY

Life was a longing, but a yoke cumbersome became
Life was a firmament, but a well dry became
Fancy-formulated, feelings full, beauteous form
Life was an amatory ode (Gazal) , being distracted a curse became!

(74) HELPLESSNESS

Thrust upon, undesired life, I lived
Every instant, every step, shame I lived
History, now you ask me what
Folly and dirtiness of the world, I lived!

(75) SELF-BEGUILE

Reality we concealed; life-long
Lies we told as truths; life-long
Related self-experience, as a tale
Went on humming in pain; life-long!

(76) 'DESIRE-FULFILLED'

Hey, Ho! What an applause I got,
Life-long only deep distress I got!
There remained a lot of wealth of pain
Sure enough, life burdensome I got!

(77) ANALYSIS

All debit
No credit
Life's balance nil!

The remainders
Are thorns pointed
What we picked up
Are flowers colourless stale
In our possession

Lo! dust
Dust and dust confineless!

On the way
On each turn
In or out
In market
At the hands of faith
Were ever plundered
From inmates
From outsiders
Ever
Under too sharp edged daggers
Of treachery and fraud
With boundless simplicity
Oh, were being cut!

People's
Created-weaved
Trickeries and machinations
Of all sorts
From their inferiorities and mean nesses
I much desired
To escape!

But
To see through
Blanketing gentlemanliness, civility
Put-on masks
Difficult
Too difficult
To understand
Designs
To escape their fraud!

There survives not
Any inheritance
Razed is -
The structure
That
With sweat of our brow we had built!

(78) A WISH: UNFULFILLED

I wish

This day

Avoiding

Life's strugglesome strife

In a door-closed room

Slumbering I should pass!

□

For years countless

Being carefree, insentient

Feeling

Primordial lust and love

Slept not!

I wish

This day

Lying inactive inert still

In the art-gallery of the past

Being lost I should pass!

□

For years countless

On the ways of villages deserted

In arms of towns left

Strayed not!

I wish

This day

All promises, assignments, pledges

Forgetful -

In Gangetic billowy

Your remembrance-

Weeping I should pass!

□

For years

Countless

Confronting

Your face

Wept not!

(79) GRATEFULNESS

O, my mind
quit
this place!
Whom to wait for here
more now,
o, my mind!

The day has declined,
it is evening,
Deep darkness
is surrounding
on four sides!
My mind
accept wholeheartedly
this solitariness
with pleasure,
O, my mind!

O, God!
I am grateful to you
extremely
grateful!

(80) INCOMPLETE

Something remains
un-said!

Shall I add an appendix
or hold back?

Something unendurable
persists!

(81) TUG OF WAR
For years have I not seen
Sunrise,
Sunset!

The sky full of the moon and stars,

I have not seen,
For years, have not seen!

Buds bursting
Flowers fragrance-exhaling
Frantically dancing
On twigs,
Kissing
Butterflies and bees!
For years I have not seen!

For years I have not bathed in rains
Neither have I sung any song full-throatedly
Nor for years,

Have I seen
For a single moment
Mehndi¹ -fragrant hands plump,
Dyed with Mahavar²
Jingling
Two - feet
Strayed
I have not seen
Ah, for years!
Somewhat to such an extent
Was I entangled
In life's struggle -

Seeing,
Feeling,
As if not in the least
Were under control!

¹An evergreen shrub, its green leaves are used for dying hands and feet by women (excepting widows) invariably on the eve of marriage or other auspicious festive occasions.

²An auspicious red-coloured liquid used by Indian ladies to decorate their feet.

(82) BIRTHDAY
And now turns
One more page
Of this book of life.

One year
More
Of
Living.

Lucky I was,
Death
Spared me.
Even
In the storm,
The lamp
Kept burning.

(83) FAILED
The wave like
Bouncing hopes in my heart
Died down.
Suddenly,
The twittering branch
Of the evening
Went deaf and mute.

The waiting,
Sleepless
Eyes
Wept helplessly
In silence.
The mourning night
Washed the whole creation
With droplets of dew.

[84] COMPANIONLESS
Cold night
desolation!
Now and then somewhere
Some tree trembles,
when... then
sighs the wind.

Or cries
with pain a chakwa! 1

None to talk
deep
a very deep silence
complete
unbroken unconsciousness
senseless
wounded.

Blunted mind
trembling body
sorrowful
pitiably palsy
Desolation!
Naught to say,
cold night!

1 A cursed Indian bird; which is separated from his life-partner during the night.

(85) WAITING

The night
Is cold and endless -
How long

Can we keep awake?
The night
Is wet,
Dew-drenched,
The curse
Of winter
How much more -
Can we bear quietly?
The shivering body,
In the fog
Leaves droop,
How long
Can we tell
The story of our agony?

[86] ESSENCE

Life –

Deserted like crematorium,

Life –

Accursed

Burdensome and solitary

Like a banyan tree!

Life –

The another name of gloom,

Life –

The painful result of

Past lives'

Ominous sins!

Life –

An experience

Of noon's scorching heat,

Life –

An experience

Of throat pricking needles

Acute thirst!

Life –

A stasis

Source less

Sore wound!

Life –

Unwanted sannyas

(renunciation)

Mere tension!

[87] PERPLEXITY

Colourful dreams seen

in the kingdom of mind,

engrossed in the erotic fancies,

false, lustful violation of propriety.

Considered it

a world of happy heaven.

The great boon of the Earth
an optimum staircase
of possible desires.
Birth meaningfulness –
Ever utilitarian-lust.
Endless joy-creation
Life-vision.

But
World a reality
How much different!
A world formed in dreams
Silken soft patterns of fancies
Lost in a moment!

Some one
Fortunate / powerful
Could materialize a few moments
By chance or by abduction.
For others
Mere
Irrelevance
Narcissism!

[88] UNDERSTANDING OF DESTINATION

That day
we
started our journey
before dawn
had started an incessant journey,
thinking
that we'll reach our destination
definitely.

That day
we
in the darkness of the night
with great faith

had started our continuous journey,
thinking
that we'll reach
the shore
and reach without any doubt.

Passing through
an uneven path
fathoming
the deep ditches
had set on our journey
with resolute will.

Admitted
that our path
was beset with several hurdles,

stood,
there was rupture
there was slipperiness.

Hurricanes
tried to stop our speed,
lightning and thundering clouds
time and again
But, we didn't stop
didn't bend before opposition.
Gradually
our path became clear
and one day
with pulsating heart
we reached the halting place.
Badly tired
languid
helpless
inert.

Gradually
awareness dawns:
destination isn't the end,
is foundation
is gate to enter

is the stage of life – is the land for action!

Why blundered

to consider it a dreamland?

It was better

to be at the same point

from where the journey was begun.

□

[89] STOP

Life

long distances

has covered!

Screaming

panting

life

innumerable

steep heights

abysmal depths

has covered!

The resounding echoes

of dawn and dusk

have stopped,

stopped

on the path

of life past,

turning into

a sigh,

has disappeared

into the void!

Life

its journey

of destinations

has covered!

(90) CAPABILITY

Life –

a mere journey,

endless journey

on an infinite path!

To stop momentarily for rest
is the mere
prelude of marching ahead.

Destination –
far,
very far,
time –
little,
too little!

[91] SITUATION

Despite best efforts
there is no order
all at sixes and sevens!

No knowledge of direction
straying away!

From complex
to more complex
has become
the complication!

Has not decreased,
instead increased
the isolation!

[92] MAN

Today
from the horrible
savage, man-eater wild beasts
is safe
Man!

Not at all
feared, suspicious and worried,
of the devastating
angry expressions

of the seasons,
Man!

Knows
how to save himself and other creatures
from the various furious acts
of nature
Man!

It's easy for him
to reach
the heights of the void.
It's easy for him
to fathom the deeps
of the seas.

But how strange
man is the most unsafe
from man,
absolutely ignorant of
the man's psychology.
Afraid
of mutual
trickery.
Blood in eyes
hurt
angry
with mutual
venomous satirical remarks.

Man gives in –
to the cruel
heart-touching
assaults,
man loots –
man
with tricky
sentiments.

Man –
miles away today
from man,

devoid of
intimacy
each step hollow
only full of vanity.

[93] ANSWER

I'll not at all be
humble or sad
Acknowledge the loss.
Knaves –
stealthily hatching conspiracies,
waiting in ambush,
how did you
strangely decide
listening only
to one party's arguments?

No entreaty
to you
Condemn you!
I can never be
inferior thus!
Acknowledge the loss!

Just to the nefarious satiety
of your flatterers
you devoid me
from my temporary right,
I hate and snub
your facetious shameless,
evil wicked backbiting and
odious character!
Know
identify well –
it does not enfeeble a little!
Acknowledge the loss!

(94) EXPLORATION

All this while:
How we lived —

We alone know!
How horrible was
The billowing-boiling-breaking
Overflow -
We alone know!

Signification:
Of life: of the world
Was mysterious
Eb-date
Now we
Know that well
Yea,
Very well
We know that!

Wrapping folds countless
Man
Now transparent is,
Inside and outside
We
Rightly
Quite rightly
Recognize him!
Come, let me -
The saga of
Panting, dying storm
Relate!

Striving against life on fire
The saga of man relate!

(95) HINDRANCES
ARE CHALLENGE

Hindrances —
Leave us not desperate,
Every moment makes us
Energy conscious!
In confrontation with difficulties
Legs
Waver not,

Instead
Having electric wings
Measure the earth-sky expanse!
Hindrances
'Terrible, insurmountable, invincible'-
It is sheer nonsense!

Hindrances -
Dependent make us not,
Hindrances -
Make us not in the least miserable
Unlaborious.

They evoke
All latent capabilities inert
Neither fear nor helplessness remains!

Lightning flashes in mighty body
New resolutions rise in mind!

Hindrances: challenges are
To accept them -
Synonym:
Of humanity-greatness!
To accept these -
Clarion call:
Of life's transcendental force eternal!
To accept these -
Cognition
Of the prowess of man
Magnanimous, ever moving!
To accept these -
Feel:
Of tireless toil
Long familiar
Human history-evidenced!
Hindrances -
Never leave dismayed
Hindrances-killers!
They make
Beliefs even more firm.
Intelligence

Confronting the difficult
Is never defiled,
Instead
Full of emergent urge
Sharper it becomes!
Each hindrance
Shall be feeble,
Destroyed
Shall in the void vanish!

(96) AS BEFORE
How should we know
Our
Capacity-power?

·
How we guess
Our
Possibilities?

·
We live
in conditions
fruitless, neutral, unfit!

(97) AWAY FROM STATIC STATE
Situations
when don't change —
Mobility
gets restrained,
Being static,
Loses exhilaration of fringy!

·
Change / break
Of situations
is must,
Whether
New situations
be altogether against, or
be doubtful!

(98) IN EXPECTATION

Let the desert of deficiencies
bloom into prosperity,
a life

full of new sentiments
may come again!

Let me sing

A strong impetuous song!

Let the peaks
of dense dark fall down,
let the flags of light
wave everywhere
on the surface of earth!

Let the lamp

Of sensitive sentiments
be lighted in every heart!

Let me sing the song!

The paths beset
with several distresses
be freed,
the circle of barbed wire
will break from every side
of electric obstructions,
of life ending extensions!

On the bored strong
mental horizon of man

Let me put forth

Shoots of belief!

Let me sing the song!

(99) UNEXPECTED

Each movement / fate
of static, lifeless objects
is logically fixed,
Each vibration of creation,
slow or gigantic,
is accomplished by the rules of nature.

.
But,
The mutual
harmony
closeness
relationship
of sensitive creatures
is a mere coincidence!

.
That's why —
In the vast universe
in the world of billion people;
millions of people are alone!
Are anxious
impatient
to get company of someone,
to have a co-traveller!

.
Necessities stand
but not fulfillment,
Prayers made
but not idols,
Wanderings are there
without ways,
Rivers are
without banks!

.
Search is on
Everywhere
Life —
is a moving
corpse!

.
Gold in hand
turns to dust,
The close and dear
found — adopted
becomes alien!

.
Then it appears —
Life is without logic!
The man

is miserable, surely!

.

Wait,
for sudden happenings,
Wait!

Live contacts
are not made,
they develop!
Desired dreams
not invited, they
come voluntarily!

.

O, cursed people
of the world!
Wait.

.

Wait,
for 'sudden'!

(100) DESTINY

Keep on watch the shores
Flowing in midstream!

.

They will not support
even a day
to you,
tired and lonely!

.

Because
they are already occupied,
Unwanted you,
Keep on flowing,
Endure adversities as usual!

(101) OPERATION

How many flowers
left unseen,

The shooting pain rise
in heart
unknown!

(102) AUTOBIOGRAPHY

What life!
Drink the bitter everyday,
The sweet ocean ripples
But —
How much empty am I!
Really,
Do I live?

(103) UNWANTED

I never wanted it -
That the nimble feet
Of coloured dreams
Should not reach the horizon!

I never wanted it -
That the rain should not fill with song
The heavens of this life!
That the lightening should not flash
In the lap of the nectar-raining
Dark clouds!

I never wanted it -
That the tiredness
Of failed fancies
Should break wings,
That youth
Should not kiss
The riding tides!

But,
Things kept happening, unwanted,
Dreams became cripple,
Lost was the pleasant dewiness

Of saavan6
When the sweetness
Of a loving heart
Turned to poison!

(104) EPITAPH

None is for you
None is for anybody
The world utterly selfish is!

At our death -
Someone being aggrieved should
Sing pathetic songs
And shed tears
In sweet memory
(Lifelong!)
Light tearful life-lamp,
Do think thus -
In disease sheer
The world is very selfish!

Give not yourself
In vain
So much importance
Should understand
Due -
Being disillusioned -
Significance
Of self-existence,
No harm in it there is!
Whilst
The world is all selfish!

(105) MISUNDERSTANDINGS

To our reciprocal bonds
To our prosperous ever-growing relationships
To our closeness and intimacy
Misunderstanding
Often shakes violently
Shatters

Us opposite each other

Turns!

The past of our amity

False, meaningless becomes

The history of our goodwill

Having proved a mere farce

All the past happenings

In the background of unimagined strange contexts

Establishes!

We

Convinced of the otherwise

Explanation of truth

To change

Are compelled,

In darkness

In deeper darkness

In still deeper darkness

We are lost!

Misunderstanding —

The implication of human faith

Constantly tramples,

One and many misunderstandings

Constantly making hollow

Absorb

Sap of life!

Falling a prey misunderstandings

Really

A curse is,

To suffer misunderstandings

again and again

Really

An acute curse-fever trouble is!

Who knows, as a result of which curses

I have got

Gifts of misunderstandings,

Gifts of false charges and scandals

Applenty,

Carrying which on life's back
Wander!
The bundle of misunderstandings
In its bulk
Still will how much bigger grow?
The gusto of my life
How longer shall it check?
Should I breach all relationships?
This burden of misunderstandings
All at once should throw away?
Free from worry
Of the individual and society
Should adjoin life with lifeless matter
Should I compassion strangle?

(106) THE ART OF LIVING

The grammar of life
I didn't read,
It is perhaps,
That
I didn't know how to live
in real sense!

.
In self-display
like an unsuccessful expression
remained non-effective!
Hence
Day-night
Inside-outside
I remained out of sorts!

.
I did not know
the world-life practice,
meanings
and their uses,
That's why
the so called world
didn't absorb me!

.
I did not learn
to discriminate

man to man,
The scientific differentiation of
coarse material and minute
I understand not!
Whatever said
didn't fit
in the field of explanation!
So, perhaps

my statement
was not liked!

I didn't read
the grammar of life,
Perhaps,
It is, that
I didn't learn
to lead happy life
like others!

.
I lived always
in the simplicity of life!
Didn't display
the allegorical,
mysterious metaphorical expressions!

.
I kept on burning
like a commonly used lamp of mustard oil
in a small recess!
I did not light
the idiomatic mercury tubes
on the walls painted,
It is perhaps this
that society got no entertainment,
and not delighted
to its expectations!

.
I didn't plunge
into the show of the world!
I didn't sing
in evasive expression
with connotation accomplished!

I didn't know
to taste the life in style
in the metaphorical decorated pot!

So, perhaps,
I didn't learn to live
like tactful experts!

(107) REVIVAL

I live
in a deserted dense forest,
Bear, day and night
intolerable pain
of utter loneliness!

.
I do not willingly
opt this torture-cell!
I never desired,
this companionless cage
to lead lonely life!

.
Doubtful stillness lives,
And life seems useless causeless there!

.
Timely-untimely
fire mountains of brute cruelty
burn in me!
Lava-river of retaliation-revenge
pricks
my injured wounded consciousness;
Then
this deserted dense forest
seems only safe!

.
(Certainly
how helpless
is the past
to man!)

.

The dense forest
The loneliness
Is my helplessness!
Let me bear
the pain of it!

.
Let me burn,
Let me burn!

.
Forests will extinguish,
Iron cages will get melted!

.
I will come,
Return back,
Will abandon my 'self',
Will become a part of collective consciousness,
Will merge in the endless crowd!

.
Where personal stings
will be lost
or
will sleep
in the depths of unconsciousness!

(108) A SOLEMN PLEDGE

Let the mountains of pain
Fall and break
Again and again,
Immortal, I
Will remain uncrushed!

.
Let the rapid dark clouds
cover the sky,
Let the furious storms thunder,
seizing all,
An iron man
Will be invincible!

.
Lacs of

scorpions' stings,
Let arise
The poison scorched tide in body,
Pledged to endure
Will remain unshaken!

(109) EVEN IF

I don't mind —
your fraudulent looks
hurt my conscience,
like a sting of jealous
disregard!

.
I don't mind —
your ridiculous satires
pierce my heart
like arrows of fire
cruel torments!

.
Unattractive images —
lie before
I know them,
know their history from the beginning!

.
I have healing cure of them.
Nothing goes wrong
today if
they stay
enclosing the horizon!

(110) SELF LIKING

In photo
I didn't like my face!
I got my snaps again,
with great enthusiasm,
Gave different poses,
as the photographer directed
smiled lessening seriousness also,

and drew passions on face, too,
But,
In those pictures, too
I didn't like my face,
They were not, I desired,
not at all!

But, are those figures
Not mine?
Are those multi-coloured photos
Not mine?

We do not want to see
the real shape in photo, in fact,
We want to see ourselves
according to our own perception of beauty,
to see our deformities
hidden or confined!

(111) FRAGMENTED
PERSONALITY

In childhood
If somebody —
Saw not
With affectionate looks

With craving
And caressed not
Hugging
With vatsal1 feeling
Then a man's personality
Does definitely
Crack!

In youth
If one couldn't
Get some
Beloved
Partner's
Love:

Unfraudulent
Undivided
Unshaken!
Life -
Dry
Burdensome
Sheer desert
Lust-born!
Then that man's personality
Inside and outside
Certainly
Cracks!

If-
Being old
Is not heard
Speech reverential-honourable,
None is willing to hear
The tale of self-experience
□
Dumb
At this last step
Man's personality
Really,
Creaks
For ever breaks!

1 Affectionate.

(112) BIOGRAPHY
The picture that drowned
in darkness of past —
To draw it
again and again.

.
The thing that scattered
at places
on the trodden path,
To gather it
thoughtfully —

.
The things to expire,

Wishing
to keep, carefully
again and again —

.

Is not the custom and aim
of poetry!

.

Biography:
Is a sequence of past,
lived.

.

Poetry:
Instant,
Flowing,
Alive!

CONTINUED

Mahendra Bhatnagar

[7] Life: As It Is (3)

LIFE: AS IT IS [Vol.3]

POEMS OF
FAITH & OPTIMISM: DELIGHT & PAIN.
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

POET: Mahendra Bhatnagar

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(113) THE PATH'S BEND

The bend of the path

is dear to me.

A rather too long way

makes me bored,

For no reason

I get plunged into the

sluggish weariness

without knowing anything.

When I fail to see
anything new on
the oft-beaten track
I'm unable to walk.

Therefore, a hearty
welcome to every
new bend, a welcome
over brimmed with deep emotion!

What's there,
if the turn of the path
is so dear to me,
so close to my heart!

(114) MOST WANTED
May there be
on the sweet lips
a smile like a
blossomed lotus flower!
Or there be a
lovely song full of
rapturous feelings!

A smile
A sweet song —
are rare to find
in this cursed age!
Infinitely
hard to see them.

Only there is a
very deep layer of
snow on the quiet
blue-hued lips.

In every heart is a
rattling crop of pain,
The seeds of joy
exist no more, except

these tingling limbs!

Man —

Lifeless like a portrait,
Looks for rainbow hues!

(115) UNEXPRESSED

Man –

himself a well-known periphery
of his own
every unimagined anguish.

Somewhat uncontrolled violation
for oneself and others,
meaningless,
averse meaningless!

Experienced life-pain,
only
confine
to the predetermined limit,
in man's environ,
in the state of the sub-conscious.

(116) QUERIES

Who,
has scattered the countless seeds
of faithlessness
on mind's stratum?

Who,
has scattered
the rare and highly valued gems
of our firm faith
on the horrid path of suspicion?

By pricking the thorns
of a sheer ir-reverence
in our feet,

has seized
the inexhaustive legacy?

Who, suddenly
with hollow philosophy,
has undermined
the weighty wisdom
of truth and experience-proved
life beliefs?

Who,
has with devastating hurricane's speed
deflected
the sky-scraping high summits
of our iron faith?

(117) A STATE OF MIND

My desires are oppressed
And restive
To find expression!

My lustful desires
Are carefully preserved by me
In a lone, hidden place,
In the hope
That they will find
Their fulfillment.

My lustful desires
Are restive
And oppressed;
Yet, they are keen to actualize
Themselves
In all experiences.

But, somehow,
The atmosphere is laden
With tear-gas,
Leaving me to weep
Unto myself; Or,
Suffer wrath of the unfulfilled desires!

(118) UNEXPECTED

Like all times
arrived Asharha¹
with a flood of gifts
of clouds anew!
but,
the intense thirst-stricken chatak²
said nothing,
only stared
with vacant eyes,
neither welcomed the newcomer
nor drank life-giving nectar!

Like all times
Savana³ rained in torrents!

With lusty shaky breasts
black clouds
gathered thick
hankered restless,
begged –
spreading their green, wet border! 4

But,
peacocks didn't dance,
Bhadon⁵ went away sapless,
the silent sky
didn't give voice to kajali⁶ songs.

Like all times
came the wintry-moonlit nights
chilly!
to remind
about young moon-faced beauty's words!
But,
'Shuklabhisarika'⁷
didn't move from her home,
pathway –
desolately awoke every night,
no morpankhi⁸ ever stirred

in the tranquil lake!

Like all times
sweet-flourished Spring came,
with new leaves
and bracelets of colourful flowers!
But jasmine didn't bloom
nor was heard
the dolour of koel⁹!

A year
of burdensome dates
of obscure memories
came.... to.... an... end!

- 1 a month from mid June to mid July.
- 2 an Indian bird supposed to drink only rain water during 'Swati' constellation.
- 3 a month from mid July to mid August.
- 4 greenery.
- 5 a month from mid August to mid September.
- 6 folk song sung during rainy season.
- 7 an adolescent woman who often comes out to meet her lover in the moonlit night.
- 8 a boat of the shape of pea-cock's wing.
- 9 Indian cuckoo.

(119) NEW YEAR
O New Year
I could not
welcome you
despite willingness!

Thought of planning
varied celebrations
before your auspicious arrival,
God knows what
peculiar new ideas
assimilated in mind,
but,
could not put a little of that
into practice!

O New Year!
How
Have you come
without any pomp and show?
And, despite willingness,
I could not embrace you
in my love-laden arms!

O New Year!
How sad you must be feeling indeed!
I could not dedicate even a single line
to welcome you,
despite willingness
this time
to write not one: but many poems!
O, what happened?
Something memorable outstanding
must have happened –
the prologue
or
the epilogue
of the drama of life!
But,
nothing happened,
only
a sensation of rehearsal!

O New Year!
I slept and woke up
with a longing
to give you an important place
in the index of life!

Despite willingness
could neither live
nor die!

(120) FOR ME ALONE
A cold

silent
night of winter –
for me alone!

All unknown stars
trees slept
before me only one —
a body of darkness
for me alone!

God knows
of what unpardonable, exceptional
sins' result!
All lost
in a world of dreams,
but,
I alone –
tired and restless!
This dumb-founded
heavy snow cold
shivering night –
For me alone!

(121) EASY: DIFFICULT
It's easy
simply to pass a day,
difficult to live!

How easy
to spend life,
difficult —
to manage
to set
to stitch
the threads, the fibres
of a fractured personality!

Poison only to vomit
timely – untimely,
difficult to drink!

It's easy
simply to pass a day
difficult to live!

(122) DAY- END

Today —
like ever
silently went away!
Undesired intolerable
rang the harsh alarm
of early morn,
not even a single bird chirped
to rejoice the day!
The dawn distributed the golden sunshine
to every house, every door!
Neither anybody
knocked at
my closed doors,
nor gently called
my name!

Noon —
a matured experienced woman
wrote moments of rest
in every body's diary,
but boredom, only boredom
to me!
Idle and lethargic
I look at
the approaching
Evening crimson,
what at all can you offer?
A silent answer —
'darkness... dense darkness! '
□

(123) RETROSPECTION

Flew away
Eh, many a year

of life
devoid of rejoicings
full of dearth
yes,
fluttered away
several years
of life!

The time
will not return
lost in dust
and sun,
slept
in darkness!

In the uproars around
life continued to scream,
helpless
at every step,
more helpless
in endeavours!

I could not sing
even a single song
of joy,
even a single song
of pain!

Sound
continued to resound
only:
struggle... struggle... struggle!

All the directions
of comfort
were turned round!

Eh, many a year
of life
fluttered away
before long!

(124) REPENTANCE

Lo!

I've spent life
laughing and weeping
But could not live!

Spent the day
by waking,
by sleeping the night,
yes, I've spent life,
But could not live!

Being in senses
or senselessly

how have I
spent the life?
But could not live!

By getting a little
but losing all
Oh, so spent the life,
But could not live!

In longing — in turbulence
maintaining-spoiling
remaining mute-speaking loud
if one relevant –
irrelevant another,
have spent the life
dreaming, dreams a few
But could not live!

(125) DESTINY

The smoke of doubts abounds
how
to breathe!

Lips envenomed deep
how to drink
the honey!

When the tide

of repentance rises
in heart
how to sleep
on cosy bed!

On the stony soil
of barren land
how to sow
a new life!

(126) ALMS

Hey!
who has filled
the compressed gloom
in my precious life-vessel?
Give me
a handful of light!

Oh!
who has hung
the serpents numerous
of suspicion
on the sandal-wood-natured
body?

Give me
bit of trust,
fragments
of faith!

Give me
a handful of light!

(127) FAITH

Defeated
in life
but not despondent!

Where is fidelity?
Faithlessness has ever

embraced me,
not sweet fruit
only ablaze poison
meted to my ill fate!

I am cursed,
deceived at every step,
not despaired!

Momentary –
Remorse
Pain
Suffocation!
Think it a blessing
no other fetter
of attachment!

(128) LIFE AS BESTOWED

Golden days of life
worth living –
like a sacred boon,
like a comforting song,
lovely-enchanting-words-echoing-days
Ah! Worth living!
Each moment
joy worth drinking!

The days of life's
continuous contrariness,
the burdensome days
full of despondency, depression
and extreme emptiness –
inauspicious like a curse,
difficult days like a fang fever
bitter, prickly!
Ah! Worth living!
Each moment
forbearance
worth drinking!

The life as bestowed –

good
bad
to live constantly!
To live inevitably!

(129) DISILLUSIONMENT

Perhaps
which was never acceptable
to you
if a fallacy of that claim
has appeared
in mind
today
It's good,
It's propitious!

Instable
deceived mind!
Think not —
highly precious
very rare heritage
of life is lost!

Not faintness
but certainly
awareness.
Not the mist of temptation
true knowledge
the reality of life.

Life will now get significance
in a new lustre,
be not worried at all
in despair!

(130) POINT OF VIEW

Be not allured to the past,
past — is dead!
Let it turn to ashes,

do not bear its burden
Be not a bier!
The worshippers of the dead
one day
in present itself
will themselves become passive
useless / unwanted / uninteresting!

What is past—
Is extinct!
Why should it be the controller of the present?
Why should it overpower the present?
Free the present
from the past,
live it with full fervour,
enjoy!
with this knowledge
of reality —
every future moment
will adapt itself
to the present!
The future —
Is infinite!

(131) HOW TO SUFFER PAIN: A POINT OF VIEW

Smile
If the heart aches.
If, however, the pain
Finds its expression
In the slightest wrinkle on the face,
Or, when its expression

Is even half-consciously
Disallowed —
It is only condemnable
Fie it!
It is unmanliness!

Sing
If the heart aches;
Sing with such an ease

That none can ever get at it,
Sing with the honey-soaked voice
The mirths of life!
Let not the dead, pale leaves of autumn
Even slightly rustle,
Oh, sing
The songs of spring!

Sing,
Burying sobs and sighs,
The tinkling, reverberating melodies
Of the ankle-bells;
Sing —
Being oblivious of the sad and painful moments
Of a lonely life —
The never ending laughter
Of a boisterous life!

Sing
The songs of love
Love, that is a great boon,
Love, that is priceless,
Love, that smells like Life's
Sweet scented shrubs!

Smile
If the heart aches:
Smiles that are milky white,
Smiles that are immaculate white,
Smiles that are silver-like,
Smiles that are moonlight-like!

(132) HORRIFIED
Always horrified
from the faults of vision,
heterogeneous, strange,
affected with
hundreds of prejudices
and surrounded by
the dense dark of doubts
we look at one another

as strangers!

And in the unwanted
venomous strangulating atmosphere
when we restlessly writhe,
the ocean of extreme
wicked meanness thunders
full of innumerable
horrible creatures!
Free from the shackles
of all humbleness
becoming man.

(133) REALITY

Bitterness
everywhere available,
Sweetness a rarity!

Panic evident
everywhere,
Courage rare!

Everywhere
annoyance display,
Stasis lost!

Everywhere
affectation, meretricious ness,
Reality a very long way off!

(134) ACHIEVEMENT

Could not achieve –
what was ever desired,
No sorrowing.

Under innumerable covers
of so-called noble glory
exposure of such a
naked meanness!
Achievement of failure!

∇b sorrowing.

Easily manifest
invisible drama
of so-called great personality –
labelled as impartial-neutral,
∇chievement of failure!
∇b sorrowing.

(135) FARCE

I hate artificial smile!
When some people
smile in this manner
I feel, they will bite!
Trap
in their snake-noose!

When
such an unpleasant smile
becomes a part
of etiquette,
how dreary it looks!

I hate this
artificial dry smile,
I hate it
boundlessly!

(136) MISAPPREHENSION

We,
the beings of the Science age,
got the zenith of intellect
great / highly developed / omniscient!

Permanent principles
Eternal values of life
are meaningless
for us!
Our dictionary
defines 'heart'

as merely a mass of muscles
that purifies blood
provides fresh blood to all the arteries,
the mystery of its palpitation
is quite clear to us,
on its weakening or decaying
we can also change it!

Related with heart:

Primeval man's
passions,
all the feelings,
delicate sweet emotions of man –
are nothing
but ridiculous for us!

For us primeval man's
sentiments of mutual love,
his physical movements –
due to pangs of separation,
all
childish / unhygienic / meaningless!
It is for us
in the history of man
the utmost waste of time!

For us
Attraction –
Synonym of
lust for sensuous pleasure!
Womanish postures –
Simply acting of limbs
learnt by practice,
easily attainable
by getting admission
in the dramatic theatres!
Love-dialogue –
Artificial,
miraculous voice luxuriance!
Mating: Lover-beloved –
Only for the sake of sensual pleasure!
Memory –

Another name of hypocrisy
or pain of paucity!
Love –
Illusion / fraud
non-existent,
mere word of a single syllable!

(137) ENVY

Don't envy / Don't fear Envy!

Other's expression of envy –
whether symbolic / spoken / through actions
spells your success!

A cleanser of self-profundity!

Why timorous of it?

why so confounded?

Envy – as neural
equally necessary – its suppression.
Destroy / not embrace the envy!

Equipose the envious
encourage him to advance,
give him a chance to develop,
fill his little self with glory.

Then none will envy,
then none will fear of malice.

The day –
Man will tolerate assaults of envy,
thence – it will become
only an insignificant topic in poetics,
of describing the short-lived¹ emotions.

1 Sanchaari-bhaava: in Sanskrit Poetics there are 33 short-lived emotions. After strengthening the potential emotions; they subside.

(138) SELF-REALISATION

We are human beings —
created from soil
the best
most beautifully bedecked,
life sign
best expressed,
heart
purest,
mind
mature!

Smallness —
let it be dear to us,
with the glory
of dust particles,
be well-informed,
well-tried!

Bound to die —
Why should be afraid of death?
Why should senses be insensate?
Why should become dejected?
Judges of good and bad
why should become bull-headed?

(139) ARGUING

Questions —
static as usual!
Handicapped
all reasoning,
smothered
imagination!
Questions buried
under the rocks of incertitude!

Lack of clue
east... north... everywhere,
all stasis!

How long

this tugging?
How long — still
helpless mental-state?
How long— still
will you put on the questions
on the rugged complex surface? □
All as usual
standing-still on its place.

(140) TO THE ENVIRONMENT

The sky
full of biting sultriness
and with the waving fire-flames
the world is heated
too much!

Too much
disturbed pressed
the crushed human mind!
The entire atmosphere
of life
worn and wearied
incarcerated!

Let's change it,
make it dynamic
and fill the firmament
with the cloud
and malaar-1 melody!
With windy whiffs
write finis to environ burning!

(141) WHIRLWIND

Whirlwind
approaches
overflowing / roaring
with great speed
full of dust!

In a few moments
it'll also envelop your sky!
Awake, arise
firm intrepid mind,
be wary!
Vow to bear the jostles
now
at once
resolved in your inner-self.

You've to measure the strength of storms,
let aplomb
proclaim control over plights,
sensitizing
the slumbering
unknown strength of intellect!

Before the Himalaya-strong disposition
the roaring
cruel storm will change its path!
The harbinger of death
blind dust-storm will
change its way!

(142) LIFE-CONTEXT

Let's give
new context to
the Geeta of life!
When man's environment
has changed
let's create new hymns!

By establishing new values,
let's give new shape
to internal and external forms
of life-oriented poetry!
Let's give aura of new living ideals!
And bedeck with
the glistening golden ornaments!
Let's bedeck the statue of life

with new build
and with novel expression,
by completing the man's
long-standing desires of the glory of relations,
let's glorify the age! □

Let's
by becoming
the discoverers of new routes
set out rapidly
toward the new horizons!

(143) DIFFERENCE

Every person's life
is not a highway
garden bedecked / full of plants
expansive / unhindered / clean
plain smooth and lovely!
It's not possible
that every person should get
such ease, so much convenience!

In the same direction / on the same ground
not situated homes of all,
when the same goal
is not desired!
Some will have to cross
the narrow / stunted
full of turns / uneven
populous
dark footpaths, streets
each step mud-smearred!

No,
every man's life
is not full of facility
well lighted highway!

Path will change
when the ground changes!

(144) O WINGED STEEDS OF DESTINY

O Winged steeds of Destiny!

Holding thy reins
With confidence
And with firm hands,
We will pull them
To give ye direction,
Every time!

Lustrous and indomitable,
We are the sons of the soil
We stand by the toil
We cherish the youthful vigour;
We will pull
Thy bridle — mind you —
To give ye direction,
Every time!

O ye, the sentinels and the stars foretelling!
Our labour is marked with brilliance,
We will pull out
Thy light undecaying;
For, we can reach
The inaccessible Space
Through endurance and steadfast endeavours.
O ye, our stars!
We will, forsooth,
Take away from ye
Thy brilliance!

O ye, the moving invisible hand!
Thou art the invincible citadels
Echoing the distressed cries
Of the ill-fated ones!
Bathed in sweat
We will wash
Thy ominous lines,
And singing sweet the inspiring music
Of hard work,
We will break through

Thy citadels
Of distress and destruction!

O winged steeds of Destiny!
We will hold thy bridle
And give ye direction!

(145) FAITH

Water!
Water each particle!
Give water to each dry plant,
To broken uprooted shrubs
Give renewed vigour
Fluent flow to grow again and again!
Give water to each dry plant!
Give naked branches
Ornaments of dew-dropp pearls,
To ever barren land
Give water-embrace
Give cool embrace!

Maybe, under deep - deep layers
Life lay asleep,
Lost in the by lanes of murkiness
Water
Water with dedication of the core within,
Maybe, breaking rocks some where
New sprouts sprang up,
The womb of earth barren
Were vibrant with life new!
Water,
Water each particle!
Each land has warmth
Each land is issue-oriented!

(146) GIFT OF A LIVELY FAITH

Lots of Love — love
That I have treasured all my life —
To each of those

Who are distressed
Either by Fate or the ways of the world!

I throw open the gates
Of my small habitation
To give shelter to the life and honour
Of those who are hit
Hard by Nature's ironies,
Or, by worldly ridicules.

O ye,
The downtrodden, distressed, dejected ones!
I welcome you
With the fragrant gleeful bouquets
Of new hopes and a lively faith!

Covet your life with beauty
And fill your heart
With an earthly fragrance!

(147) MAN AND DREAM
Man's love of dreams
Is eternal!

Even facing death
He, rapt, dreams on!
As if,
Dreaming
Were life's emblem;
Were a tale of Yama's¹ defeat!

Dreams to man
Give smile and eagerness,
Give him tears and sighs!

Filling heart with moonlit-tide,
Creating craving for living,
To autumn
Colourful scenes of spring
A fresh present give!

Victory laurels, give!

Cherish gift of dream
Costly!
God-gift bestowed
Deck it in eyelids
Day and night!
The term 'Dreamer'
Is definition of being 'Human',
Of movement and progress
Inspiration-fount;
In trouble-sea
Of world-boat
A mighty rudder!

Glorious most beautiful attribute.
Dream-craving and attraction
Is eternal, is eternal!
Love of man for dreams
Is eternal!

1 God dispensing death in Indian mythology.

(148) LIFE

Our life
Like a Harsingar² flower
That blooms today
Shall tomorrow shed!

As such,
Each moment rare
Be full of
Merry-making,
Of honey-love!
May each heart ceaseless swing
With overflowing tide of raptures!

One day,
At last
Each shining ray
Shall flicker away....
And

On all sides
Sheer
Pitch-darkness shall prevail!

Our life
Like a Harsingar¹ flower
That blooms today
Shall tomorrow shed!

Close not
The lip-doors
On glowing milky smile,
Be there no restraint
On life-song
Being played on breath-veena²!
□
One day
Everything shall fly;
To return no more!

Our life
Like a Harsingar flower
That blooms today
Shall tomorrow shed!

1 A famous flower (Parijat) 2 Indian lute, lyre.

(149) RETALIATION
O heart!
Respond
The world's bitter bite
With tune-gladdened
Nectar-fragrant breath!

Acceptable -
On life-path...
Pang of each disregard
With calm bright laugh!

Worth receiving -
Clouds of darkness

At door,
With golden rays
Of doubt-free hope!

Worship able -
Thunderbolt god
With the music of heart,
With love outburst
With sportive love-dance!

O heart!
Respond
The world's cruel fraud
With loving feeling,
With faith!

(150) BREAK NOT
O heart wounded,
Break not!
Bear calamity's dire hammer-stroke!
In blazing
Mighty cauldrons of pain
Constant calmly burn!

Alone
In the bubbling river of whirl pooling poisonous
Hot-currents
Non-stop, unyielding flow!

Slighted heart,
Break not!
Dark and dusky clouds,
Strong noisy winds....!
Fiery waving,
Pent up stunned atmosphere!
Cruel,
As though presently, there were
Yea, presently,
Ram1,
Sita2-kidnapping!

O heart!
Break not!

Not distant any more
New coming morn,
Might it not be
By dry, sad, pathetic, black shadow
Eclipsed!

Smiling
March on,
O heart!
To make reconciliation meaningful,
New undawned Morn,
Close by!

1 The incarnation of god Vishnu. Eldest son of Kaushiliya-Darshrath.2 Wife of Lord Ram; daughter of Janak, king of Mithila.

(151) AN AWARENESS WITHIN

Fill deep the heart
With anguish
and the compassionate eyes
With tears!

Agony is your only fate
Why, accept the hand
Whose lines foretell of a tragic life;
Accept the ice-benumbed, yet lovely, hand,
It has fallen to your lot
Accept it cheerfully.

Why, accept the grief-stricken life;
The tiring moments —
The dark, dirty and tearful moments
Of a darksome life,
Accept them cheerfully.

Yea, fill your iron-heart
With anguish,
And fill your barren eyes
With tears!

The clouds
With the deep salty sea
And the destruction beaoning storm
Have knocked your doors,
Extend them
A hearty welcome.
Accept them gladly
Who have brought for you
A gift of pain!
Sustain on your weak shoulders
The great mountains!
Fill deep the heart
With anguish
And the compassionate eyes
With tears!

(152) THE IRONY OF FATE

In the flower-beds of my heart
I caused the fragrant flowers to bloom
All, all my life
The flowers of feelings!

All, all my life
I caused the bewitching birds of fancy
— like silken slips of multi coloured cloth
To fly free in the immense sky!

I wished I could
All, all my life
Bring the sun and the moon
To the deep most valleys
Of my heart
To kill darkness!

But, why this error,
Oh, Providence!
That the body is tightly tied
With countless snakes
And is encircled with sharp thorns;
That the persistent strokes of the gale

Give gifts of vain venomous dust!

(153) RECOGNISE YOU CAN'T

Even routine, monotony
That is what life means,
As though poisonous serpents entwined
Were the sandalwood tree!

Morning comes
With troublesome rays of depression,
With flared up suns of wants
Having troubled unsuccessful rays,
Body slack, languorous, wounded
Unattached, wraith-like mind, slack,
Bygone, mangled

Day, cripple-like, trembling
Riding dismantled chariot
From wilderness listless
Bearing pain unbearable, unending
When evening, in night's cave
Is sunk
You will not realise
How bored accursed life feels!

Night comes
As though cruel mirage
Embodied as bride were
From colourful, shot-silk
Dream-curtains
The newly-wed peeping
Gifts of biting swindling
In arms just drops!
Untouched feelings, like fluid waves
Dashing against a hard rock
Bring a flood-tide of pain!

Thus passes away life
With just
Pitiable world of
Even routine, monotony!

Rare -
Music cadence
Sounds thrilling
Joy fragrant
Love rainbow-like!

(154) LIFE
All is being lost;
Nothing gained.

Life is like
An ill-arranged and lonely closed room
Or, like a yacht
On the distant sands with its bottom-holes.

Knotty problems
Tightening their grips all around
Evade solutions.

Life is nothing
But an unwanted comet;
Life is like Sita¹ —
Stigmatized and distressed;
A vast river with great whirlpools
And full of swelling waves accursed,
How to cross it?
How to bring peace to the restive mind?

Life is like
An ugly canvas
Full of mud and dust
No world of flowers blossoming it is,
For, that is all a dream.
Destiny always takes us on the wrong path
Leaving nothing for us to cling

Yet I live
On the bed of fire;
Yet I live
Holding a mountain on my head!
Yes, I live in the manner of Siva²

Drinking poison unto the neck!

Life is intricate, complex, too
It's not so easy, not that easy!

1 The wife of Lord Rama.

2 Lord Shiv is known to be the destroyer as well as the preserver of this world.

(155) AN EVENING [2]

Life

denotes stillness!

Today too

nothing unusual came about
and the day slipped away.

The vagrant sunshine
did come.

I longed to spend

a few moments with her.

But alas

only gloom befriended me!

Migratory birds flew in

but completely perplexed

I simply stared at them!

No one lingered,

the usual monotony prevailed.

The doleful heart

kept forbearing!

Life

connotes dullness,

grimness!

(156) NIGHT SHALL PASS AWAY

Darkness

Night is inveterate

Night is deaf!

Exhorted [heart] passionately

To sleep!

O heart
Tired sad heart
Defeated in the game of life
Misfortune-stricken
O heart destitute
Sleep!

Night is for sleep
Dreams to cherish
For moments few
Existence is for being non-existent
Starletful this night
Is for lying in bed with fairies
Sleep!

There is pain
And desolate night is cold extremely!
Life no more is mine,
There remains no dream any longer to realise!

Night....
To keep awake is

.... In cauldrons of restlessnesses
For smouldering again and again!

Night....
Night deep
Night deaf
We spent
Keeping awake!

This same shall morrow see
Darkness will descend
Calm
Slow
Dead slow
Shroud-like
Darkness shall descend again!

O heart
For keeping awake

All silently
Close your eyes
To smoulder inside
Life-long ashes keep!

Night
Black night
Shall pass away.... shall pass away!

(157) UNWANTED

Sweet and sanguine
virgin, surging longings,
nestling in my heart
since ages
are now abandoned!
Naïve and innocuous
they seemed
warmly snuggling in my heart.
Affectionate, they lolled
throughout the day!
At night
luridly lurked
like rajnihasa
or rajnigandha.
Today they have
all evaporated!
O, Rajnihasa!
Extremely discontented I am!
The consummation of long cherished desires
the coveted festivities of golden future
are all facing fruitlessness.
The night of crystal dreams,
the honeyed talks
are all renounced and
mute!
My mind gathers wool,
my eyes blear!
The sweet spring has passed,
O sweetheart,
the golden era is over!

(158) WHO COULD FORESEE
The sunrays seemed suffusing
the pinnacles
and the nethermost limits
of the universe!
The life appeared clothed in
new enlightenment.
The earth seemed adorned
with rare golden grandeur
and all sides resounded
with the sweetest songs!
We could not be foreseen
that one day things would have
such a sudden turn for the worse
causing a great havoc,
leaving us stunned
in our tracks, directionless!
That destiny would snuff out
all splendour from our world
by decaying all fragrant flowers
to seethe us with virulence!
Ah, that
wretched submission
would devastate us
so ignominiously!
And that
crestfallen, with heavy hearts
we would consign our faith
to the flames of negativity
and trudge home alone
to sing dirges
throughout life!

(159) WHAT IS THE SECRET?
The wind is cold!
The night is still
Listless like your lips!
What the matter is?

What the mystery is?
That asleep is each ripple!
Slumber keeps vigil,
Harrowing darkness deep,
Shooting pain is afoot!
The wind is cold!

(160) THROUGH THE UNWANTED MOMENTS

O giver of life,
Give me love,
If you have given me thirst
Give me nectar to drink.

When the soul is blessed
With a physical mould,
Give it shape, give it beauty;
And fill the heart
With the tidal waves of feeling!

Oh, deny me not the natural emotions,
For, that would make a hell of life,
Or, mean the passing of years without a song
Of love or beauty.

Oh, deny me not the happy Savan¹
If you have opened up the eyes to light
Let them rock the countless dreams;
Let my consciousness enjoy
A whit
Freedom from pain or sighs
Oh, tighten not the strings of helpless moments
Let the broken wings of desire play
For a moment before they die.

Oh, do not fix the nail of vile hatred
Into the throbbing heart
Do not reciprocate the fire of anger
For the fire of love.
O giver of life,
Let me taste the sweet smell
Of every flower,

If you have given me life
Let me relax on a creeper's lap
Free from all inhibitions.

1One of the months of the rainy season.

(161) PRAYER

Bestow melancholy,
grant derision of defeat,
confer morbid hopelessness,
but
do not take away
the hope of triumph!
Do not smother the whiffs of dawn!
With the prop of newfangled aspirations
we shall drag on with the dismal life
the life of deficiencies!

Let there be betrayal,
let disloyalty haunt us
at every amorous step,
bequeath faithlessness, endless like the mirage,
but do not still the songs on lips!
Do not rub out the moving music
from the dulcet throat!

On this planet earth
imbued with the sensibility of faith,
indulging in fancies
we shall while away
our listless youth!

We shall live through every wet monsoon
and spend our dreary, lonely life!

(162) THE INCREDIBLE

Inside the auditorium
There are no spectators
It's only me —
The actor,

The hero!

Whose life —
Far from being delightful —
Has been most woeful and tragic.

It's really me
Who lives up to the main story
And sings

In broken voice
It's own requiem:
It's so pathetic, monotonous and uncharming.

I am the 'Bhojak'¹
The 'Bhojya'² too,
Soaked in sorrow,
Made of blue tendons,
Tediously and slowly grown plot;
The introduction, the middle, and the end!

But
Who are you
Like an intoxicating side-plot?
Are you 'Rambha'? ³
Are you 'Urvashi'? ⁴
Who deviates so sudden
From the main plot?
yes, its all too sudden
So out of place
So unnatural!

- 1 A person that rouses an emotion. [A technical term in Sanskrit poetics.]
2 The comprehension of a sentiment. [A technical term in Sanskrit poetics.]
3 A divine damsel.
4 A divine damsel of the court of Lord Indra.

(163) SECOND BIRTH
Initiation of life
once more
without any intuitive percipience

or the prenatal connectivity!

Is it necessary to link
'present' to the 'past'?
even when it is difficult to fathom
the depth of real life?

Life: not an enigma?
Its significance may be simple
its connotation profound
without any sub-plot
or predicamental queasy wounds!

Deeper the quest –
agonizing propensity,
closer search for relevance-link –
more bewilderment!

Is the present overborne
by distress and gloom?
Is the glossy citadel of faith
targeted by the missile of suspicion?
No, never!

(164) VISION

Indeed attached to the earth though we are
Yet the bond of love for the moon and stars
Is unbreakable as ever,
In dreams and ideals we do indulge,
Yet no less significant is our pledge
To make them real!

(165) THE WORSHIP OF ART

Why, the worship of Art
Fills each heart
With love!

Sing,

The stone will turn into wax,
The hot desert into a tidal sea.

Sing,
The whirlwinds will calm down;
The dark night
Will turn into a golden day.

Sing, O sing,
The birds of life will chirp
In the lonely valleys of death
And the desolate, dreary faces
Will gleam in moonlit smiles!

The worship of Art is meant to lit
Candle in each heart,
Or, fill it with the fragrance
Of sandal wood.

The worship or Art is meant to fill
Each heart with love!

O sing,
The world shall excel the Heaven in beauty,
No man will suffer old age;
A man will only an angel be
And a woman,
A divine damsel she will be!

Sing, O sing,
That the spring may come
To the distressed life;
The boughs and flowers may dance
In mirth;
The eyes may cherish
The sweet dreams.

O sing,
Playing on the world's harp;
Stir each mind
With the priceless tunes of love.

The worship of Art is meant to rouse
A sense of beauty
In every man!
The worship of Art is meant to fill
Each heart, with love!

(166) SING

Sing; so that life a lyric may become!

Man is helpless at each step,
Each silvery love-dream is shattered,
Sunken in sea of tears
The sun of hope is far, far away,
Sing, so that each particle a friend may become!

□

Surrounded on all sides is darkness dense
Hurt is each heart, full of pain,
Shall mute cover of troubles life-long
For ever remain thus overhead?
Sing, that defeat victory may become!

Breath is overcast with helplessness-suffocation,
Smouldering is life smarting-burning fed,
Full of poisonous dense-dust particles
Is sky of man's wishes,
Sing, so that suffering a music may become!

(167) THE OFFSHOOT

The forward moving force in man
Grows. The offshoot breaks
The hard crust,
Withstanding the onslaughts
Of the whirlwinds
The brilliant sprouts into a new life!
As it grows into a plant
And dances with the winds

In arrogance,
Ominous forces of destruction
Lay down their arms
With a sense of frustration;
And those that wished to sap the energy
Of life — abundant, though —
Give their way.

So do not come
in the offshoot's way,
Do not interfere
With their growth;
Let them sprout and grow
In the sun,
In the open sky!

CONTINUED

Mahendra Bhatnagar

[8] Life: As It Is (4)

LIFE: AS IT IS [Vol.4]

POEMS OF
FAITH & OPTIMISM: DELIGHT & PAIN
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

POET: Mahendra Bhatnagar

[ix]

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[168] LOSE NOT YOUR HEART!

Do not lose heart!
One day the heart-rose shall bloom
In the midst of impediments galore!
So, lose not your heart!

Sport with the fury of storms,
If they rage and roar around you.
Stand up to the heavy rocks
They fling at you!

You know well enough
The weather is rainy;
There's rough and tumble in the sky,
The dark clouds hover and thunder above
Let all that be a song sonorous to you!

True,
Flashes the lightning, again and again
But to you a crackling of firework it is!
If you tread your track unmoved
Your destination itself will arrive one day
And meet you half way!
Do not lose heart!
One day the heart-rose shall bloom
In the midst of impediments galore
So, lose not your heart!

[169] IRRESISTIBLE

I shall not bow down before misfortune,
Though remained unsuccessful in life, today!

Not even for a moment kept dormant
the feeling of devotion,
No matter, if I am defeated,
I shall not get tired on the lonely paths,
Away, how-so-ever away may the destination be!

Today, the darkness alike Amavas¹ is overcast all-round,
But, just tomorrow, the dawn will smile all-round,
I shall not stop in the crippled dilemma of mind,
Though I may not have any support!

1 The last day of the dark half of a month.

[170] SUFFERING

Youth you are of the up coming age,
Shedding tears
In remembrance of the beloved,
Or for her betrayal
Behoves you not!
Clouds are gathering,
Breeze vernal blows slow,
Sky is lit up with moon-light!
Far away are you from beloved!
Or she has broken your trust
Simple and sentimental you are,
Enshrined in your heart is love,
And desire lurk there,
And longing too for happiness,
And dreams of a fresh, golden smiling life!
But, today they are shattered,
As if a thermometer slipped
From the hands on a stone,
The tears roll like mercury,
As though lost now is all your control!
Heed no more that
The candle is burning out,
And like sharp thin thorns

The memories are piercing the heart!

These pigeons
Calmly sitting on the roof
Do they too,
So remember some one?

[171] DILEMMA

What's is this weariness?
That leaves inert every limb, every nerve!

Deadened is the mind to sensations all,
Heavy and tired are the eyes with sleep!

How is it,
That fatigued out is my soul
And the vault of heaven resounds not
With the melody of my soul?

Wax-like melt the convictions firm
Oh! why hope of future too
Is receding fast like a star
Away and away from sight?

Thorns lie concealed in the dust
On life's road difficult
And strewn with impediments is my path.

How is it,
That my soul's lamp flickers fast
As these storms rage in the skies?
Ah, a reality, it is too grim
An illusion it can't be!

Forget it! shall I?
Or shall I weakened by weariness,
Sleep and swing on the chords of dreams
In the quiet woods of calm breath?

Or, abjectly surrendering to stark reality

Shall I rein in the soul?
(Which dormant lies already.)

Or shall I,
With all the might of the soul
Fight every movement of reality?

[172] UNSTOPPING FEET

In the dark night of despair no ray of hope glows!

Nowhere, now the stars in the sky shine,
All horizons of the earth invisible, afar somewhere,
But, I keep on going support less somewhere, constantly,
All the birds of heart are not tired, still,
The rugged way difficult and full of thorns,
but feet not stopping anywhere!

Constantly vomiting poison — every story of the path,
Storms continuously demolishing
all secured eminent structures,
But, constantly progressing, free and powerful life,
Not least unsuccessful became the devotion of my soul,
Extinguished the fast kindling flame
of inauspicious rival time!

Lightening and roaring dense clouds are frightening,
Becoming rough and complicated continuously each way,
Encircled darkness enhanced each step like smoke,
Due to terror, signal-lamps of the road extinguished,
It's the night of annihilation, but even at this dreadful time
My eyes did not fill with tears!

[173] SUPPORT

I don't want to go along with you
Even if move away the support of life!

If lived, begging somebody's mercy

Then, for what?
I shall feel no anxiety, even negligently,
For myself,
Not least regret, whether extinguish
This only shining star in the sky!

Will laugh and live
Without success,
Human life doesn't brighten up
Without futilities,
I have great confidence that
This flowing stream of life will not cease

[174] NO LIFE

Is it life? No, not at all!

Good fortune is not the only wish of heart,
To weep on misfortune is a crime here,
To forget —
Moments of distress are indications of great future,
If, having no so much faith
Then, that can never be an outlook of life,
No, not at all!

Dreams only overcast in the sky of eyes,
Who sing songs for only themselves,
To forget —
Excellence, service-rendering
are the basis of humanity!
If so much is not acceptable
Then your breath is tied up,
And in the heart there is no palpitation,
Not at all!

Not only flowers bloom in the garden,
Dust also spreads at every feet,
To forget —
Ever revolt against hindered and imprisoned life,
If you have so much attachment with life,

Then, what's the frenzy of might,
Is it youth? No, not at all!

[175] WE KNOW IT WELL

We'll march removing hurdles,
Cleaving the dark
We'll march!
For, we know it well —
That lightning flashes not in the blaze of noon!

Awake, incessantly shall we proceed
Erecting an edifice anew.
For, we know it well —
That youth falters not — no, never!

The opposing gales will gaze in wonder,
And the adversities will then quickly end;
For, we know it well —
That the breaths of the undaunted
are wasted not — no, never!

[176] COMPANION

Those who suffer the calamities of life laughingly —
Are my only companions!

Dense darkness on the
thorny, rugged, stony and lonely way,
But, those who set out,
having enlightened new dawn in their eyes,
Dauntlessly which play with life and death —
Are my only companions!

When angry fast winds roar on head,
When failed all hopes and desires of future,
Then in that utter disappointment
those who endure many hardships in life —

Are my only companions!

Dashing against obstacles
those who could not know ceasing,
Before getting the destination
those who could not know tiring,
Throughout the life
those who concord with the youthfulness of life —
Are my only companions!

[177] THIS IS NOT DESTINATION

This is not your destination!

You have to go further,
You have to burn more,
You have to struggle hard on the path of life!

You have to drink more poison,
Then only is the living successful,
Today, it is the time, surely, for your test!

Storm is before you, .
But, man is mighty,
Who whipped all the creation of calamity with feet!

This is my faith,
History speaks,
I am the same that makes the body of destructive designs
□ shiver!

[178] DEVOTION TO SONG

Tune of hope and belief
I have been playing on the lyre of time, constantly!

The dense darkness surrounded on the way,
Terrible is the whole atmosphere today,

Clouds gathered and sky roaring,
Have been singing victory-songs
In front of death / at funeral pile!

Collect, Man! Life-courage everlasting,
Burn in the fire, which is sharply flamed,
The youth will be brightened up thus,
Giving performance of powerful songs,
Have been awakening the world!

[179] LAMP OF LIFE

This lamp of life kept on burning alone
the whole night!

Wind came with a destructive force,
Sky roared in the madness of power,
But, the lamp was engrossed in burning without repose,
Till the new golden time didn't come in the world!

It has been constantly burning laughingly
the whole night,
It has been reared up even amidst the storms,
Has been crushing the vanity of tyrants,
It gave gleaming light
to mute, ruined and troubled men!

[180] INTRODUCTION

Sweet stream of love I am!

Those who came not close to me,
Kept distant acquaintance only,
Thought me devoid of feelings,
Laughing ridiculously, neglected me,
Ebw they came to know,
Ocean of love I am!

Seeing mine frail body, with a bird's eye,
Turning their face, became aloof from my way,
How they came to know,
The axis of power I am!

I didn't smile a little,
Because the life was much perplexed,
So, the people who think me the mute stone,
How they came to know,
Thinking of harp I am!

Leaving me alone on the bank
Those who went away on their boats,
Now, entangled in the waves of tide,
And the ocean is roaring on them,
How they came to know,
The elm of salvation I am!

[181] NEW LIFE

[On the stage, a young man sings in a pathetic tone. His hairs are dry and dishevelled. His face is dark on the stage; the young man's face is, however, dimly lighted. As he sings, soft melody of an instrument — quite in tune with the song — comes from behind the curtain.

Man's life is filled with helpless moments;
The days and nights are all dark and dreary
And the stale talk of those dire needs
Raps my heart —
How long will it take the rains to come?
The song of life is left half-sung — never done!
My life is given to helplessness!

The same old dreams deceive as yet,
And the heart is filled
With those very lusts, throbs and commotions —
How long will it take a new world to bear?
My life is filled with dreary moments!
My life is given to helplessness!

[The background music becomes a little high-pitched and a female voice, as yet subdued and indistinct, is heard, also echoing the tune of the song. The young man continues to sing...

The hot winds blow
Howling at the nests,
Scaring me to wonder —
How long will it take the spring to bloom?
My life is fading amidst autumn's dead leaves!
My life is given to helplessness!

[The approaching sounds of the ankle-bells accompany the melodious voice of the lady and the instrument. The voice of the young man becomes soft; but all the same he goes on singing...

My fatigue-intoxicated body aches
And my heart is rendered
Weak, helpless and demoralized —
How long will it take to beam a smile?
My life becomes a show of skeleton!
My life is given to helplessness!

[A young and vivacious lady appears on the stage. She is basked in colourful light. She is the symbol of a New Life. The young man looks at her in amazement and his song abruptly stops. But, the background music becomes somewhat sharp...

Man's morrow is bright and gay,
Be it though not a better path,
Strewn with thorns, an intractable path,
But he tramples down the thorns
Alleviating adversities comes then
The New Life beaming smiles!
Mitigating darkness comes then
The New Life showering light!

[As soon as the words, 'beaming smiles' are heard her face beams with smile. The young man, singing the background music, approaches the Lady of Life. His dry hairs wave in the air; and the Lady of Life holds his hands into hers. Then the melodies of the instrument, the song and the ankle-bells linger to reverberate for a little while.]

[182] TIDE AND BOATMAN

The boatman is rowing the boat!

Tearing the heart of ocean
run terrible waves, nonstop,
Winds rustle with angry tone
right on the head,
Dense darkness overcast in the sky
from this horizon to that,
Some murderous creature is taking long breath nearby!

Each moment, coming from afar
dark clouds of annihilation are amassing,
Suppress, with horrible roaring,
the voice of powerful hope of victory,
Gloating last time, assisted by death,
but constantly forwarding, with steadfast courage,
he is challenging the adverse circumstances!

[183] SITUATIONS AND SUSPENSE

Not worried; nevertheless afraid too!

When life is at stake,
Facing struggles at every step,
New Bhairvee¹ is being resounded,
Not at all possible to stop anywhere
There is defeat; together with victory!

We are feeling all passions,
Desires and renunciations,
Someone calls — 'Come back',
Someone adorn, saying — 'Good-bye'!
Weeping and wailing; as well singing too!

There is reflection of bad in good,
Where is deception; there is faith too,

Even curse is with bliss,
'Human' is weak, moreover is truly great,
Unholy; is sacred too!

Who is challenging like this?
Who is caressing like this?
Man — is drenched in hostile conflicts,
Man — is always present in moments of enjoyment,
He is a foe; as well a friend too!

1 A tune which is sung in the early morning.

[184] WHERE IS REST?

Where is rest for us?

We have fought even the death,
Each moment progressing ahead,
All the thorns of the path
See, are thrust into the dust by now,
Moving forward, we have to destroy the darkness hence on!

We haven't cared for troubles moreover,
We haven't seen dust too,
We haven't seen
the smiling sweet flowers in the way,
We haven't known what is love and ties of affection!

We are not what we were yesterday,
We are marching at our own pace,
Whether it is defeat or victory
We remained alike at every moment,
We have strange and firm faith to change the world!

[185] VALUE OF TEARS

When was it possible for the world
to assess the value of my tears?
It simply kept on gazing,

the unwinking flow of tears,
Looking with two merciless eyes; that's all,
as if, lamps devoid of affection,
Which human being sang the song
in tune with my agony?

Is there any fellow-traveler of life,
just matching one's heart's desire,
When one is facing and suffering
sobs, mute sighs, and death?
Is there any, who is protected
by the intricacies of heart?

[186] LET RUN DOWN

Let run down the tears of mine,
But don't confer the gift of love!

On the path, as I stop,
On each step when I bend,
Fighting with the storms
Get tired, entangled in the whirlwind,
Let me move in a tottering manner,
Don't give me support for a moment!

Whether the tide rises in the ocean,
No matter, the boat caught in the whirlpool,
Looking the thick rainy clouds gathered
the heart palpitates in quick successions, even though,
Let me move forward
Don't give helm in my hands!

On the dark path of life,
On the bushy and thorny path of life,
Support less and alone,
Enlightening my heart
I shall go stumbling and rising,
Don't give me the world of easily obtainable light!

[187] DESTRUCTION

I am fading each moment!

Stars envelope in the sky,
Waves merge in the ocean,
Tunes of the lyre are lost
In the sound of blowing wind,
One day in the stream-trend of time
Agile; I will also vanish!
The youth of flowers is of short duration,
The song of the black-bees is short lived,
When their heart-beats of desires
are so transient
Lasting for a short time, my mortal body
Will also become feeble!

The day declines and the dust diffuses in air,
The night rolls every moment
The ages are passing with their own pace,
The world is changing continuously,
I also move on the path of life
With internal uneasiness!

[188] EVOLUTION

I keep glowing every moment!

Buds on the branches of trees,
Row of stars flickering in the sky,
Little by little, look in full perfection
With the new lustre of life!

Dry river receiving water up to the brim
The desert being full with dripping drops,
When each particle gets life
Too fill vim in my heart!

Infusing sweet joviality in the world

Came fresh spring on the earth,
My words also getting tunes
When cuckoo started cooing!

[189] FLOW OF PASSION

Today, passions are in full sway!

Vanquishing the ocean of tears,
The heart gets rid of pain,
The burden of ages
became light,
Heart has sung a song;
Reverberating its clank!

Heat of the sun has gone,
Burning sensations of soul are calm,
In the shades of clouds
Prevailing the cool wind!
Got the love of beloved
In her silent acceptance!

Merged, within the blink of an eye
All the hardships of night and day,
The heart became happy,
Like the leaf of a garden,
Attained now everlasting happiness
Materializing the paradise!

[190] SING THE SONG

You say, "Sing the song, today! "
It's a union-festival — auspicious and sacred!

You, forcibly fill the vibrations of pleasant waves in life,
And just then, come quietly, steal the heart's wealth,
Feelings of sadness are lost,
you make me forget past-sufferings!

You are sweetish cool spring of my life's stream,
Influencing the tune of my life's poems, every moment,
At the time of utter defeat,
Looking towards you, I feel myself victorious!

[191] YOU

You are tender shoot of my life's tree!

You give distinct recognition to my youth,
Lustre lost face got brightened, due to you,
Your movements prove my living existence, yes!

I admit, during the stormy-rainy season,
I shook from the root,
Yet, I sing your song,
thoroughly from the depth of heart,
Only, on your strength, I fight fearlessly — unceasingly!

[192] DESIRE

Desire of mine!

Just as sky,
Restless shivering,
Can't contain itself in the heart,
Imagination of mine just as — dense fresh clouds!

Candid lamp,
Constant brightness,
Trilling voices of pain are imprisoned in the heart,
Complete life-worship of mine is well adorned, today!

No burns,
Sink in nectar,
The unflickering flame of heart is burning constantly,
Always object-oriented is worship of mine!

=====

Mahendra Bhatnagar

[9] O, Moon, My Sweet-Heart!

O, Moon, My Sweet-heart!

[LOVE POEMS]

POET: MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

POEMS

1 ~~P~~assion And Compassion / 1

2 ~~A~~ffection

3 ~~W~~illing To Live

4 ~~P~~assion And Compassion / 2

5 ~~B~~bon

6 ~~R~~emembrance

7 ~~P~~retext

8 ~~T~~o A Distant Person

9 ~~P~~erception

~~C~~ Conclusion

10 ~~Y~~ou (1)

11 ~~S~~ymbol

12 ~~Y~~ou (2)

13 ~~I~~n Vain

14 ~~O~~ne Night

15 ~~S~~uddenly

16 ~~M~~eeeting

17 ~~T~~ouch

18 ~~E~~ace To Face

19 ~~C~~o-Traveller

20 ~~O~~nce And Once only

21 ~~T~~ouchstone

22 ~~I~~n Chorus

23 ~~G~~ood Omens

24 ~~E~~ven Then

25 ~~A~~n Evening At 'Tighiraa' (1)

26 ~~A~~n Evening At 'Tighiraa' (2)

27 ~~L~~ife Aspirant

28**T**o The Condemned Woman
29**A** Submission
30**A**t Midday
31**A** Accept
32**W**ho Are You?
33**S**olicitation
34**A** Accept Me
35**A**gain After Ages ...
36**D**ay-Dreaming
37**W**ho Are You?
38**Y**ou Embellished In Song
39**Y**ou Smiled
40**O**, Destiny
41**A** Attachment For Beauty
42**I**llusion
43**T**he Night Is Passing
44**T**he Night Of Aghan
45**Y**ou Are Away
46**T**o The Beloved
47**B**irhin
48**W**aiting
49**L**earning
50**F**ill With Love
51**V**igil
52**D**eception
53**N**o More
54**L**ight The Lamps
55**D**ust For Life
56**T**he Man
57**W**ho Are You?
58**Y**ou (3)
59**D**on't Be Hard-Hearted
60**T**he Beam
61**T**o the Moon
62**T**he Beauty Of The Sleeping Moon
63**W**ho Says ...?
64**C**louds Have Hovered
65**R**equest
66**I**n Moonlight
67**T**he Moon And You
68**W**hat Wrong I Did?
69**S**tay A While

70 Conviction
71 Expectation
72 Grievance
73 The Song Of Separation
74 Light The Lamp
75 Thanks
76 Sleep
77 Restless Within
78 My Moon
79 We Had Met
80 Eclipse
81 Helplessness
82 Attraction
83 A Mirage
84 Moon And Stone — 1
85 Moon And Stone — 2
86 Don't Know Why?
87 Down The Memory Lane
88 Company
89 O, Moon My Sweet-heart!
90 Concealment
91 Don't Realize Lie This
92 So, To Meet You
93 Self-Confession
94 The Blessedness Of Man
95 The Saffron Of Your Maang
96 Your Reminiscence
97 Remembrance
98 Awaiting
99 The Result
100 Welcome

(1) PASSION AND
COMPASSION / 1

All things are forgotten...
Except
Those moments of passion
Soaked in intimacy
And those experienced moments
Of the blazing flames of relationships!

The bonds of affection
Among men
Are the living commitments
Which bind them together
In their common path.
They are only remembered!
Forever.

Now and then
They shower upon
An awakened lonely moment of night
Caught in the grip of pain,
And in the sinking weary heart,
Heavy and detached,
Turning into tears
Divine.

(2) AFFECTION

They are neither rare
Nor precious
Not at all available
On earth or in heaven
Tears... of unique love,
Of the soul
Of expanse unfathomable!

A dark cloud of tears surges
From the deep undiscovered
Pilgrimage of the heart,
And then...
At that moment when
The splendour of holy feelings
Spreads on the face –
Both eyes filled with tears,

The edge of the sari¹ wipes them away!

¹ Length of cloth worn by Indian women.

(3) WILLING TO LIVE

Suddenly

Today, when I saw you –

I want to live further!

Passing through

The solitary path of life

Long and difficult,

Burning every moment,

In the reality of life

And in its blazing flames,

Suddenly

Today,

When I saw you –

I want to drink

A bit more of poison!

In this life

Brimming with bitterness

I want to live further!

Until now

O worldly delight!

Where were you?

O you the lotus -blue!

(4) PASSION AND COMPASSION / 2

You –

Create music [rhythm]

in heart,

I –

Will sing

The song of life!

In this way

Let our age go on

and dwindling,

Let the throbbing breaths
In our hearts
Move on!
Let the waving wick of love
Go on burning
In both of our hearts!
Let the mutual emotion
And compassion
Of our living souls
Go on cherishing!

You –
Tell a story
Of enchanting love,
Listening which
I –
Can sleep
Peacefully!
For a while!
And lose myself
In sweet and charming dreams
Forsaking my
Entire grief!

You –
Make your tears of love
Overflow towards me,
I –
Will make
The splendour of heaven
To stoop down
At your feet!

(5) BOON
Reminded I am
Of your love!

On one day
You, on your own accord
Bestowed upon me
A world of silvery beauty and charm!

Eye-catching festoons!
Were decorated
At each and every door!

Reminded I am
Of your love
A gift, life-like!

(6) REMEMBRANCE

Reminded I am
Of your words of solace!

Broken
By fatal blows of misfortune
I came to you
To get consolation
In your lap!

O My sweet maiden
Brimming with compassion
And with unbridled emotion
At once
On your own accord
You have fallen in love with me!

You have filled
My wounded and poisoned heart
With your sweet
Sugar-candy like words of peace!

Now you stand before me
And look at me
Opening the doors of your heart!

Beloved!
Reminded I am
Of your charming words of consolation!

(7) PRETEXT

I am reminded of
Your fake sulkiness!

To feel the happiness
Of persuasion
To fill the boring moments
Burdened by monotony
With ever new
Matchless
Colours of life,
I am reminded
Of your fake sulkiness!

To behold
Again and again
The past love
Of many a birth,
And through this pretext
To keep the auspicious lamp
Of our spiritual union
On the threshold!
I am reminded
Of your fake sulkiness!
Like very much
Your fake sulkiness full of love
Of bygone days!

(8) TO A DISTANT PERSON
Your recollection
is enough
For spending the rest of my life
Happily!

Never
Diminish the feelings
Of your remembrance,
The pangs of your separation
Are enough!

Until today
I have kept with care

The trust-treasure of your feelings
In my mind.
For living long
It is enough
Only to render them
Into sweet songs!

(9) PERCEPTION

Forget that –
We met
Ever!
All the pictures painted
Were mere dreams!

Forget –
The colours,
The blooms,
The streams of desires
Experienced
Gushing through
The body and the mind!

Forget –
Every past moment,
And the music and the song
Sung and heard!

(10) CONCLUSION

In this life
There is nothing,
Nothing indeed
More beautiful than love,
Anywhere!
If birth is a blessing
It is because of this,
Indeed, because of this!
If the fragrant life is more bewitching
Than even fascination,
It is because of this!
In this life

There is nothing,
Nothing indeed
More comforting than love,
Anywhere!

Because there is love,
So this life has the scent of a flower,
Or else, it is a thorn in the heart,
Burning its way each moment!

In this life
There is nothing,
Nothing indeed
More difficult than love
Anywhere!

(11) YOU ...
You are the sparrow
Of my courtyard
You will fly away!

Now my house rings
With sweet harmony,
The nectar of love rains
From all sides,
Fear
Who knows when
You will leave and be lost!

As long as
We are together,
Let's hold hands,
For a few days at least,
Let's live together
As partners
In pleasure and pain,
Let's love each other,
You are the pathway of my life,
Who knows where and when
You will branch off.

(12) SYMBOL

Who knows when
You kept a bunch
Of entwined flowers
In my room
And left!

It is as if
You placed a mirror
Reflecting rays
Of myriad unfelt and new
Feelings
In my room
And were deceived
By yourself!

O!
The meaning of life
Suddenly changed
As if
Someone stumbling
Regained balance
With new feelings of love
And rising like huge new waves.

(13) YOU

Whenever you smile
you look more pleasing!
Why do you smile
over trifles?

Whenever you face the mirror
beau ideal
for make up
to put a bright moony dot
between your bow like eye-brows
on your hair free bright brow
you gloat
and look more pleasing!

Far away from the town then
lost in the memory of some one
when you float the lamps in the river
you look more pleasing,
gracile enchantress
you look more pleasing!
Time and again
when you hum
dulcet poignant tunes
of lovelorn songs
or sing sweet hymns,
you look more pleasing!

(14) IN VAIN

Day and night went astray, in every place,
To attain the world of happy heaven!

The buds bloomed or half-bloomed
When, swung to captivate the Madhup¹!

Pined, in a lonely place
To get the gift of pleasurable aromatic body!

In life, what did and what not,
To get your love for a few moments!

Remain absorbed in perplexity continuously
To get the base-point of faith!

By putting the life at stake
Continued to play, knowing defeat as fore-decided!

1 A large black-bee

(15) One Night

Like a flash of lightning

You came in the dark sky of my life!

In my arms you swung

When swayed freely the month of saawan⁶!

Like a shruti⁹ tune you rang

When the kajali⁴ was heard outside!

Like the music of anklets you chimed

When the tri-yama¹⁰ became fragrant!

Standing near the tulusi¹¹ in the courtyard

You shone resplendent, O the only one!

Like a flame you glowed

Coming in my forlorn home and courtyard!

(16) Suddenly

Today I remembered you,

My heart resounded with song!

As if the sound of Anhad¹ echoed in my heart!

After years,

After years!

Your company was the only truth,

Your hand the only protection,

Everything has disappeared, but

The ecstasy of each lived moment remains!

Ages have entered oblivion,

Sowing dreams in nights,

But those sweet images

Have always inhabited my life!

(17) MEETING

Since

We knew each other -

Involuntarily,

Sweet songs began to flow
From my mute lips.
The first time
I saw you,
My eyes were lost in you,
Hope soared
The heart spread wings
And wished
To touch the sky.

(18) TOUCH

O
Innocent!
Your soft cool
Fingers
Touched
My forehead -
That moment,
Thought no more
Of my problems.

In my heart
Suddenly burst forth
Thousands of
Morning fresh flowers ~
And faded
The countless thorns
And desert bushes
Of my path.

[19] FACE TO FACE

We'll talk
to our heart's content,
in one another's embrace
will talk
throughout the night,
we'll utter words
to our heart's content!

On the simple honest surface of faith
we of alike characteristics
will open the complexes of inferiority
the sloughs of doubt,
easily with open heart!

We'll live tonight
to our heart's content,
drink the vessels
of nectar!

(20) CO-TRAVELLER

Crossed the rugged
uneven path of life
long path
together as one!
Footpaths or highways wide
chasms or circular heights of mountains,
traversed
together as one
the path of life!
even for a moment no sigh or moan!
Far from misery / far from inferiority
howsoever helpless!
Not even a wrinkle on forehead!
Travelled the horrible path,
the path of life
together as one.
With the dust of whirlwinds
or foot prickling thorns –
Never stopped!
In scorching sun,
in deep descending dense dark well
were never tired!
Drenched to the bone kept on traveling,
holding hand in hand tied hands
together as one.
Traversed
the unfamiliar

path of life
long path!

(21) ONCE AND ONCE, ONLY

Loving wandering eyes two
Should see me -
Once and once,
Only!

Two

Love-shaken hands
Should take hold of me -
Once and once,
Only!

Serpentine arms two

Should enfold me -
Once and once,
Only!

Two

Inflamed blazing lips
Should kiss me -
Once and once,
Only!

(22) TOUCHSTONE

Were some sweet-scented
Warm-ray of love
To touch
Me -
Wax I am!

Were some 'Mugdha'¹

Chakori²

Innocent

Impatient

Stray

Eyes two

Glanced
Me —
Moon I am!

1 Straight-forward youthful girl.

2 Red-legged partridge. According to the poetic lore, 'chakori' loves the moon.

(23) IN CHORUS

Come, you sweet-throated
Songstress, sing out
the life's thirst.
May the whole creation
resound with seven notes,
the lonely path may
become an orchestral board!

Bring various instruments
of melodious music,
play on them;
bring the solemn drum,
the lyre and, the divine surbahar¹.

Sing, ye, O! Sweet-throated one!
Sing out the life's thirst.

[¹ A musical instrument like guitar.]

(24) GOOD OMENS

What unknown does
make my heart
fill with delight today
Since morning!

All of a sudden
A melodious note,
the right eye throbs
intermittently perform!

At a far off crest

there spreads a strange
deep golden glow,
A red rose has
bloomed for the first
time in the flower vase!

God knows to what
unknown self-good
this is a pretty prelude!

The body-jasmine
laden with flowers of thrills!
Possibly, we may meet today!

(25) EVEN THEN
As an unexpected guest
you came to mind
suddenly!

I know –
I wasn't preprepared for your
overwhelming welcoming
with garland of buds,
and affixing festoons on every door,
eager every moment
awaiting!

You, the dear one,
a visitor!
Say –
have I not been
a receptionist of yours
as ever?

I'm overjoyed,
appear
on my unsophisticated heart-land
simple one!
Ominous moment,
am thankful, grateful!

But,
Why this coyness?

Stay a while
let me feel
these extremely invaluable moments!

I know –
you're a roving,
a guest
how could you be tethered
to the tender trap
of human love?

Eh! even then...
a little... supplication
even then!

(26) AN EVENING AT 'TIGHIRA'¹
(Sketch: One)

In the placid water of
the Tighira dam
your fair face
mysteriously, floating unblinking
looks at me!

Lifting sturdy, fair, muscular arms
the circle-tipped fingers
moving on the red palm
of your hand
invite me from
the far off span of the Tighira dam!

I,
who on the bank.
Look at the beautiful image
wearing a binoculars
on lusty, heavy eyes!

1 A drinking water reservoir in Gwalior town (M..P.)

(27) AN EVENING AT 'TIGHIRA'
(Sketch: Two)

On the narrow bridge of the Tighira
bowed-eyes
hesitant
you!

Waving hair
in the blowing strong wind,
silhouetting
the sturdy limbs,
fluttering
end of kanjivaram¹ saree,
what an unsuccessful strategy
of two smart hands!

Slowly, gently
move
naked, flabby, fair feet,
a queer, dream-like,
pleasant, romantic walk!

1 A town in Tamilnadu, where these sarees are manufactured.

(87) LIFE ASPIRANT
Dense darkness
heaving sighs the wind
horrid sky spread like curse,
very chilly moments!
But, live on this hope –
some one may light
like sun-ray
love-laden
golden lucky lamp!

On a desolate path

silent solitary heart you
body like burden
futile life!
But, move on, on this hope –
at some moment
long-awaited stranger's feet
may create music!

Lost is the Spring,
Autumn merely Autumn,
flowers turned into thorns
dreams drenched in dust!
O suicider!
Shut not the doors and windows,
some equally tortured
wandering soul
may dye the room
by reciting
a heavenly nectarlike song!

(29) TO THE CONDEMNED WOMAN

O fallen woman
Condemned by the world
Come!
Me would give you cinnabar
To wish you blessedness!

O you,
Who have only known
Deep sighs and wailings
Me would bless your voice
With sweet melodies!
O you,
Who are rich
With the ironies of life,
Come,
Me would bless you
With the mirths of life!

O you,
Who are drooping

Being excommunicated,
Come!
O come,
Me would give you
The abode of lotuses blue!

O you,
Who are deprived of every-thing,
Mocked-at woman!
Come,
O come,
Me would feelingly
Tickle my fingers
Into your rugged locks!

(30) A SUBMISSION

The flowers that fade away
Without beaming full smile
On the branches of the earth
Stir my questing spirit!

O my love, forgive me,
If I cannot sing these days
In thy praise.
Forgive me
If I cannot appreciate
The fragrance or the golden beauty
Of the physical mould.
Forgive me
If I cannot smile
At your enchanting beauty!

O my lovely love!
When the flowers are fading
And the world looks like a widow,
What meaning could there be
In the beauty-aids, or
The jingling of the ankle-bells?

Pray, Oh, Pray

That the buds may blossom
And the branches quiver with love!

(31) AT MIDDAY

At midday
despairing and crestfallen
I bemoan
I am not
by your side!

Lonely,
drowsy and dreamy
I peer constantly
at the path
through the door ajar!

The searing sun
blears the eyes more.
The sizzling, striding
wind herald
conveys your tidings.
Mute!
Perceiving your arrival
instantly springing up,
I enfold her in my arms
and clasp her
in a soothing, comfy embrace.

Alas!
With the waning noon
my agony
deepens more and more!

(32) I ACCEPT

O Large-eyed
The Khanjan1-eyed
Pretty one
The curse
That you have inflicted on me
..... I accept.

O bestower of benedictions!
The life-giver
The poisonous gift
That you have given me
..... I accept.

1 Wagtail; often used as a simile in Indian Literature for depicting beautiful, playful eyes.

(33) WHO ARE YOU?

In the solitude of this darksome night —
Who has poured
Into my poisonous, bitter self
The sweet words of great consolation —
Sounding like a charming musical note,
Coming from a distance,
Springing a pleasant surprise?

Oh, who is it
That opens the closed windows of my heart
To peep in
Like a spark in the dark clouds
Of a gloomy life?

Who is it
That moves
Into the charred sky, or
Into the sultry suffocating world,
Like the moist-laden east wind?

Oh, who is it
That stirs my consciousness
To mitigate my sufferings?

(34) SOLICITATION

Like a carved cameo
you are
having well chiseled limbs
and feature glowing profusely
with youthful glamour!

When the golden rays of dawn
smooched the spasmodic heaves
of your voluptuous body
your entire epidermis
got rejuvenesced
and the pulsating heart
suffused you with love
from top to toe.

A soulful onyx you are
flush with spontaneous love
and douched with intense emotions!

Please bestow on me
my cherished wish
of minimal pleasure of your lavish love
and a brief hug of your body!
Kindly fill my eager heart
with your surging love!

(35) ACCEPT ME

My wishes:
Like the twinkling stars
On the breast of the blue!

My passions:
Like the bright streams
Of the fast-flowing 'Bhagirathi'!
That rises from the Himalayas!

My feelings:
Like the most beautiful garlands
Of red roses
Fresh, fragrant and blossoming!

I offer these to you
In adoration;
O celestial Beauty!
Every little bit of my heart
Is filled with
Your beautiful golden rays!

Accept me,
O accept me,
Even in my life of mundane existence
I offer to you my purest love!

1 Name of the river Ganges.

(36) AGAIN, AFTER AGES

After ages,
All of a sudden isn't you?
Lost in the world of dreams
Head, pillowed on arm
On the berth, you sleep!

Won't you wake up?
My journey's almost done....!
Open your eyes
Open your eyes,
Utter not a single word
To me, tho'
Have a look at me
And then
Feign sleep again.

After ages,
Now again
Getting new colour and sap fresh
Will bloom
Sun-withered flower!

After days numberless
Suddenly, so you are! !

(37) DAY-DREAMING

From morn till night
Nothing could I do
But set afloat in fancy's ocean
Lamps of long-long cherished dreams!
And draw living Ajanta frescoes
On the canvas, my heart!
How intensely I've been seized
By your beauty!

From morn till night
Nothing could I do
But wander in the Elysium — my thoughts
Like a traveller free from bonds!
Like a love-lorn bee
I've only kissed and kissed
The buds, bright, ravishing, drunk
And drenched in honey!
How tormented am I
By your beauty!

From morn till night
Nothing could I do
But release the innocent doves
In the firmament — my feelings
And soothe a heart
Ablaze in the raging fires of want
I wandered — wandered all the time
Engrossed in thoughts of you
How strongly seized am I
Body and soul
By your beauty!

(38) WHO ARE YOU?
Like redness of dawn
overcast the heart-sky,
who, you are?

Coloured the dull world with love,
Filled the mute world with sweet song,
Offered the golden world, so easily,
which is found only, in having a great fortune,

Like spring, perfumed the mango-groves,
who, you are?

Roaming in the lonely galleries of heart,
Swinging, embracing with fresh rays-arms,
Awoke my dream-beguiled deceptive life-conscience
by the act of caressing,
Allured me so much, like a sky-fairy,
who, you are?

Filled my void, dejected heart-lake
Gave tune to passion and compassion,
Shining new peaks of desires,
Made my love honest-auspicious-beautiful,
Charmed me so much,
O, pious!
who, you are?

(39) YOU EMBELLISHED IN SONG
You embellished my look in your song,
I'll embellish you in my heart with love!

Hue of tender feelings is filled,
Seeing it, fields light-green are blooming,
Don't give so much love, sustain a little,
When you inhabited me in your song
I shall stay you in my thoughts for ever!

You gave your arms to unsupported life,
You gave cloud-like shade to heated body,
And filled new desire to live,
You confessed your love in song
I shall express my heart — singing that song!

(40) YOU SMILED
You smiled, the lotus of my heart bloomed!
Seeing you, I rejoiced, I attained my attainable!

My moon! why did you raise
Tide in the ocean of life in such a way?

O, Beautiful lady! my ages' homeless love
Got support in you!
Now, a novice dream of love, inhabited in eyes!

O, charming cloud of Sawan1!
Why did you wet me like this?
O, Lightning! why you did so restlessly
embrace me in your arms with love?
May we never be detached, O, destiny! be kind!

1 The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (Rainy month)

(41) O, DESTINY

O, Destiny! the plant of my courtyard may not be dried!

It is the symbol of first sweet acquaintance,
May swing, wave and remain ever-green,
O, Destiny! the heart of my lover may not be hurt!

On the long rugged, lonely path
The life may pass joyfully,
O, Destiny! the heart of my heart-dweller
may never remain indifferent!

The world may never look us with ill-will,
The darkness of pain may go far away,
O, Destiny! my youth may never remain separation-burnt!

1The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (Rainy month)

(42) ATTACHMENT FOR BEAUTY

Glittering beauty of someone doesn't allow me to sleep!

Enchanting last quarter of the night,
The world is covered with dense darkness,
With lively cold waves of love
Smiles, attractive simple face of someone!

Heavy pain that I got

Is a diamond for my poor heart,
Collyrium, with tears of pleasant love,
Glimmering, inexperienced simple life-time of someone!

Charmed peacock-like delighted heart,
Restless arms eager to embrace the sky,
How hard-felt is the fire of separation,
Disturbing, sweet fragrance-memory
of someone!

(43) ILLUSION

Like magnolia-perfume your memory is impregnated my breaths!

Jasmine-like elegant, delicate-bodied, where are you?
Where is your rainbow-like glittering coloured appearance?
Mesmerizing¹ me, your charming beauty is overspreading!

You, are like Kalp-latika² for all human imaginations,
Made life a garden, full of Java³ flowers,
Losing all, I only silently flowed the celestial Ganga of my soul!

Where are you, my illusion, true?
Aasavari⁴ of my heart, dhoop-chhanh⁵ of my contentment
I have adorned my way of life-gallery
with your life-paintings!

1 Madhumati-mad (Trance-state / Half-conscious state)

2 According to Indian mythology, the tree of Lord Indra's paradise, which yields anything desired.

3 A red flower used in worship the idol of goddess.

4 A musical mode.

5 Cloth in which wrap and waft are of different colours.

(44) THE NIGHT IS PASSING!

Your memory is haunting,
The night is passing!

Today, in such a solitude of life
I awake in your thoughts,
The whole creation has slept,

Earth is singing a lullaby!

Many sights swing in the eyes,
Your each past talk seems alive,
Even, your casual looks of bygone days
Are appearing pleasant this day!

We are flowing in the stream of time,
But, O, sweet-heart! have faith in love,
Tomorrow, creeping-plant of heart will flourish,
Which is fading how much, now!

(45) THE NIGHT OF AGHAN¹

During this cool night of aghan; Oh, I missed you!

Since evening, the lonely heart is very cumbersome,
Somewhat faded is the lotus of life —
helplessness of what sort!
Not known, how far is the golden morn!

Losing the riches of dreams,
eyes are helpless, heavy and empty,
Looking the course of destiny, with drops of tears,
Heart is throbbing like the leaf of peepal² tree!

The hem of Rohini³ is far; silent moon weeps,
Wide-spread moonlight-sea is searching every corner,
Whom to tell the secret of heart!

¹ Ninth month of the Indian Calendar (Margsheersh)

² A holy tree of Hindus.

³ According to Hindu mythology, wife of moon. Fourth amongst twenty-seven constellations.

(46) YOU ARE AWAY

Dear! far way you are,
my heart is immensely restless!

Environment somewhat is strange, today,

As if somebody has snatched the essence of life,
Am I so unfortunate
being myself is the cause of separation-pain!
Simply, regretting silently,
Life — a gloomy night!

Missing somewhere the luminous-garland,
Disturbed sawan¹ is showering at the door,
All alone am I
During the extreme end of the night,
Although, awakened, but forgotten every thing,
Eyes don't fall asleep even for a moment!

1 The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (rainy month)

(47) TO THE BELOVED

Otherwise, to remain far, like this
Why did you live in my heart?

Way of life is unknown
With provisions nil,
Storm is raising in the sky, in the heart,
No peace even for a moment,
Otherwise, to bear the burden alone
Why did you so fix thyself in my thoughts?

Oh, the fire — of life's dearths,
Is burning all around,
Depression is enclosed in my spirit,
Tired is the peacock of heart,
Otherwise, to burn so mutely
Why you impressed so much, the soul of my songs?

(48) BIRHIN¹

O Dear, when will you spread
your innocent rosy smile!

Heart is out of sorts, lonely and very heavy,
O, merciful, touch my heart-beats,

This Birhin is waiting for you,
with heart full of life's burning pangs!

The vine of youth is fading in the sunlight,
Tell her about the sweet sensual love,
Wearing silver anklets
I wish to dance like a peahen to my heart's content!

Night is sleeping with her heart-stealer — Moon,
Every direction, like an emotional woman,
is vibrating with songs,
Hey, How to bear such an unknown sweet pain of heart!

1 A woman who is separated from her lover.

(49) WAITING

How many days passed
Dreams didn't come!

Entire night I remained wakeful,
Upset heart is unsteady like a peepal¹-leaf,
Secret desires gathered and disappeared,
Dear husband didn't come!

Clouds making noise in the sky,
Peacocks dancing in forests — this and that,
My heart-stealer, Alas! has forgotten me,
Home didn't come!

Filling buds-flowers in the hem,
Set afloat lamps at the river-bank,
Longed eagerly to get the foot-dust,
Feet didn't come!

1 A holy tree of Hindus

(50) YEARNING

How much sweet dreams you bestowed,

But, arranged not the least love on earth!

Alone, I am searching in this world, for ages,
But, didn't get desired intimate friend anywhere,
Helplessly, time of life passed in hue and cry,
Couldn't hear charming music for a moment,
You poured the milky oceans of smiles,
But, didn't drench a single heart with compassion!

On one side, you spread well adorned
colourful merriments of hundreds of springs,
And distributed, with both hands, in gratis
Jewels like Sun and Moon; bracelets of Star-flowers so,
But, on my prolific life-course
You didn't sow a single seed of sweetness!

(51) FILL WITH LOVE

O Dear, fill Sneh¹ in my silently extinguishing lamp, this day!

The wick may shine, and splendour spread,
World of mine may turn into a fresh golden appearance,
Everlasting smile may play on tear-drenched visage,
To the life — silent-troubled-cursed —
Give love-boon of worldly pleasures!

The door of my heart is closed for ages,
Strayed away and wandered in darkness — my love,
Every string of my life-harp is broken,
Sinking in the worldly ocean,
Give him arms, give him voice of faith!

1 Love, Oily substance

(52) VIGIL

Far somewhere, continuously
Sweetly, the harp is being played!

Intoxicating night has come,
Every quarter is intoxicated,

Remembrance recurrent in the mind,
Consciousness immersed in the thoughts of beloved!
The world is sleeping silently,
Lost in sweet dreams,
In absence of water-like look of the beloved
eyes transfigured themselves into fish!

Filled with hope and despair,
Infused with thirst of life,
The heart is restless, silent and sad!

(Every moment is weeping,
Oh, what sort of calamity has fallen down
As if everything of mine was snatched!

(53) DECEPTION

Whom I thought boon
Same became a curse!

New moon had just glittered,
Clouds, at once, spread in the sky,
As soon as the garden became fragrant
Thunderbolts flashed on the head,
Whom I considered propitious and sacred
Same became a bitter sin!

Getting whom I decorated dreams of life,
They became only ironies of fate,
On whom gold reflected bright light,
Same are smeared now with ashes,
Whom I considered the essence of pleasure
Same became more and more painful!

(54) NO MORE

On my sky, no more, the moon will rise!

In your memory, the whole life will pass,
Ought to cross the dark lonely path,

How this load of sad life will be sustained!
Losing the raptures;
calm, helpless, mute, fruitless heart,
Losing the waves of emotions,
perpetually immersed in sadness, poor heart,
The tide of excitement
will not remain in the ocean of life, any more!

Love-delighted, joy-filled, rainbow-coloured Holi,
Passion-drenched Pancham Rag¹, echoing in the garden,
Never known, destiny will swallow, this way!

1 The fifth note in music; acknowledged as the note of cuckoo's cooing.

(55) LIGHT THE LAMPS
The storm is petering out
Now in the new abode
Do light up a lamp — anew!

Dreams - their dome
Once lit up with moon and stars
Lies deflated — torn!
The harp-strings, all pieces
The ones that emitted melodies once!
I want to forget all
So please sing me a song
Fresh and sweet
In a new strain!

Ask me not
How many times
Did I fall and rise
On the stream of life
Many a time
My emotions lay dead in dust
And often soared in the blue,
Yet do I know —
I have drained the cup of poison to the dregs,
Sure do I know —
Unshakable is its effect!
But why don't you

To my lips bring the flask of nectar!

The desire still burns,
And the portals of heart
A tide of laughter knocks,
Dear! the love is still alive with all its aspirations,
Steeped in the flowery sweetness of spring
Several nights of enchanting mad moon still remain,
Talks of faith and betrayal
And thousand other trivial things!
Smile and smile a little
And be with me, my company!

(56) LUST FOR LIFE

The man lives on
By the cravings of love!

The lightning crash near him,
The tornadoes roar and rage around him,
But a faith mysterious
Overbrims his heart,
And sleeps he cosy and comfortable
In the shade benign of dreams and visions splendid!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!

In front of him mountain peaks dizzy,
Around him yawn chasms deep
But fired with faith divine
The man moves on
To get comrades genial
On his way eternal!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!

The death's orchestra plays on,
The mango-groves once jubilant and gay
Are silent and deserted now;
But with faith divine
In the midst of tears and sighs
The man laughs on!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!

(57) THE MAN

Finding the beloved's lap
Where is the man, hasn't fallen asleep!
Where is the man hasn't lost himself
Having got the beloved's love.
Hero is he, who hasn't shed a tear
And has treasured the anguish in the heart!

(58) WHO ARE YOU?

Who are you long-lost in waiting,
So awake in the dark mid-night?

Clouds of darkness are fleeing fast
From end to end of universe,
The atmosphere is calm and quiet
And without a wink
The stars stare in sky
Who are you, sweet! so awake
In the company of galaxy of stars?
Whose lamp is it burning
With light new at the door?
It is illuminating the path,
Light is reaching out far beyond,
What is this lamp, flickering alone
In the face of the furious wind?

Again and again to-day
Strikes somebody the chords of heart-lyre
And from black lustrous eyes now and then
Flows down love on both the cheeks,
What is that agony
Twitching the heart of lotus full awake at night?

(59) YOU

Truly, how innocent you are!

Gestures are beyond your comprehension,
Sweet feelings of your heart can't be perceived,

Engrossed in yourself, indeed you are
The companion of supernatural fairies!

You are not formal in the least, for a moment,
Even then, heaven knows, how you remain in my mind!
Becoming a spring-air,
You loiter — forest to forest!

(60) DON'T BE HARD-HEARTED
Dear! don't look towards me
with such extraordinary large eyes!

Don't reflect so much lunar-attraction,
on flooded heart,
I touch your feet, please take aside
the lustre of your beauty,
Or, throwing tie of silky rays,
arrest me in your eyes!

No more shower the pleasant love-nectar
on the surface of my mind,
This is not proper, after enchanting,
pine the heart, like this,
Allow me, at least to touch
your sparkled flower-marked hem!

In this rainfall of beauty,
impressed-wet-heart is forgetting the way,
Mind, you shall be responsible,
if overflowing ocean of youth breaks limits,
Will you come nearer,
don't be so hard-hearted!

(61) THE BEAM
The innocent beam of the moon
is descending with joy!

Seeing the whole creation slept,

On the unhindered silvery sky-route
Taking upon body-parts,
cautiously putting the speedy footsteps!

Remaining free, trampled the route,
Every village, house, street and city,
Neither remained a little calm-quiet,
nor performed her routine night-sleep!

(62) TO THE MOON

Please smile not and tempt me thus,
Or else I shall kiss your cheeks!

Yes, lavishly endowed with beauty you are
Your graceful eyes reflect the dream world of happiness
Where dance the naked damsels
Where new beauties enter and add to glamour
Go and join the beauty parade
Please shed not your lustre here!

How stealthy are your steps
Like a thief you traversed the sky
But no sooner the golden sun withdraws
All your lustre bewitching spreads out,
Cover not your limbs with attempt so vain!

For ages past I have seen you so mute
Tell me please, I ask, "Who are you? "
Now never shall you escape from view
Strewn is the entire court-yard with your treasure ě-day
Please pause in your path and enshrine me softly in yyour heart!

(63) THE BEAUTY OF THE SLEEPING MOON

Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

So care-free physically,
Mentally so free from worries;
And so content with life
Holding somebody's loving 'Anchal'!

Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

With feelings all anew,
With imaginations all novel,
With desires all maiden;
And with a heart full of a world of dreams!
Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

With happiness oozing out of every breath,
With hopes nectareous
And thirst eternal;
Clasping light luminous to his heart!
Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

1Hem, Lap.

(64) WHO SAYS

Who says, my moon is not a living being?

My moon laughs and smiles excellently,
Plays and then hides herself far off,
Who says, my moon's heart doesn't palpitate?

Throughout the night she also remembers someone,
Observe, she also sighs in separation, often,
Who says, my moon is not in full youth?

She ever gives to the world coolness,
She ever showers dense nectar-rain,
Who says, my moon is not able
to give sandalwood-like soothing sensations?

(65) CLOUDS HAVE HOVERED

Looking your intoxicating smile, clouds have gathered!
Feeling your eyes thirsty, clouds have hovered!

O, Young lady! your anklets are jingling,
Always, swing each pal¹, your well-built, beautiful, delicate body,
The charm of your appearance is now no more tolerable,
Seeing for a blink only, eyes are arrested!

Jhumer² shines on the span of your bright-red-fair forehead,
Your curly hair are flying frou-frou in the air,
Each limb of your beautiful body, bent with its own load,
Your flowered hem slips from the breast, over and over!

Hearing your song, the whole world faints,
Settling a world of much pleasure, it sleeps care-free,
Sinking in your song's tune, the ship of heart lost,
You overflow the stream of love — unknown and straight!

Indelible is, from my memory, your that meet at Panghat³, ,
O, beautiful-faced! being restless when I said, "You are very naughty! "
At that very moment your veil of shyness opened,
Your those wile less words were very charming and intoxicating!

1 Equal to 24 seconds.

2 An ornament worn on the head.

3 A quay from which people draw water.

(66) REQUEST

Dear, come and buzz
the chord of my dormant heart!

Resplendent moonlight is spread in sky and earth,
Night, as if lost in herself, is silent,
And how lovely you are — O, exciting lady!
Bring me under control
and fill intense passions in me, for a moment!

Intoxicating red are the beautiful lips.
Eyes are more innocent simple than a doe,
Body is fair-skinned — like lightening, glass and water,
Arms are like branches — new and fleshy,
Just now, hum a sweet new song
Full of life!

The world is more beautiful than heaven,
Every quarter is echoing,
Hey, this love is acceptable to the world,
O Dear Partner! long-awaited
sweet union-festival, now celebrate!

(67) IN MOONLIGHT

Bathe in new moonlight, bathe!

Today, stars slept, shutting their eyes,
A few are running towards the horizon,
Untied now our hearts' knots,
On the bed of beam, celebrate the love-night!

Gusts of wind singing union-songs,
Sweet notes have moved the heart,
New dreams are staying again,
Laugh and remove the curtain of hitch!

Youth awoke moving and smiling,
Unfolding and shying, came nearer,
Brought many respectful-persuasions,
Beautiful-faced! Don't hold yourself forcibly, any more!

Somebody embraced the black-bee,
Passionately slept in the odourous embrace,
Caressing with love, swung in the cradle,
O, bashful lady! Capture me too!

(68) THE MOON AND YOU

Standing on your roof
You, too may be gazing at the moon!

You too may be bathing
in the showers of the rays cool,
Looking with your eyes large
You may be comforting your restless heart,
And at times may be singing lightly

in a slow voice,
You too may be remembering someone
Ceaselessly at this moment!

You too may be talking sweet to yourself,
You may be embracing
someone unknowingly
And then may be smiling
at the frenzy,
You also may be full of intense passion
Of those loving moments!

You too may be making light
Your life so burdensome,
You too may be trilling
this lonesome youth,
Lost in yourself, restless
you may be longing for a bond,
You too may have habitat the world of dreams
In such a blessed moment!

(69) WHAT WRONG I DID
Tell, what wrong I did with you?

You were half-bloomed tender bud,
When you met me first by oversight,
I too had an experience insufficient,
It was difficult to control myself for a moment,
That's why, I accepted you as mine forever!

In panorama of life, the night was dark,
Both were lost in themselves, had no aim,
When I was standing alone and confused
Love! I found you surrendering yourself,
That moment, you offered me all your love,
Preserved through ages!

You did not stop my embracing hand,
You were free from any anxiety,
surely, there was no deception,

You came in my lock-up, without uttering a word,
As if I got the boon in its body-form,
How simple, mute, innocent, crazy the heart was!

(70) STAY A WHILE

Pahar after pahar come and go
But, O, night, you
Stay awhile!

I love you most
You can ask the twinkling stars,
I have kept awake
with dozy, heavy eyelids,
For I have become one
With your beauty's charm!

I am the very one
To whom was one day dedicated
the beauty's wealth by someone
In your presence!

That's why I love you most,
For you have, along with me,
Drunk the nectar of beauty,
That very intoxicated fervour
Seems to have spread
Here, there and everywhere!
So — Stay awhile, O night,
You leave me not,
Leave me not!

1 Duration of three hours.

(71) CONVICTION

Full well do I know
A day is to come
When before my eager eyes
With a pitcher of nectar you will come!
As comes a rain-laden cloud

And hovers in the sky!
You would open the door
With hands as fair as mirror
And stand in modesty
With your innocent cheeks
Blushing red and rosy
Your eyes would tell me
Who-knows-what in language mute!
The moon thrills 'chakore'¹
At dawn, lilies open up
So your face glamorous
Shall make some one restive
And he will be lost
In dreams sweet and bygone!
But soon he shall beckon you
And ask, "How are you?
When did you come? "
What shall your answer be?
Perhaps none, except two deep sighs
And then you may put
Your 'Anchal'² on your eyes!

1 A bird enamoured of moon according to Indian myth.

2 Hem, Lap.

(72) IN EXPECTATION

Until today
I sang for your love
and spent my life
throbbing in your remembrance,
In your expectation shall I bear this pain ever?

Whenever I saw you in a dream
spoke out 'you will come today'!
The day passed, the night passed
but the clouds of happiness never cast,
Will I ever flow restless
only in imagination?

Soul impatient, life vanquished,
dumb is my voice now,

Recollect that very happy tale
of gone away days,
Shall I only narrate fable
of the thirsty wants?

(73) NO GRIEVANCE

No grievance have I against you today!

The helpless eyes conceal the whole secret
The pleasant pictures of our meeting
Are enshrined in the heart,
I think over and over again think I
Far far away a new path search I!
No habit though have I of forgetfulness Dear!
No grievance have I against you today!

Willingly or unwillingly sweet dreams
I sometimes enjoy;
Thus intoxicated I conjure up your image
No harm if I smile,
And create a new world of my own;
No mischief indeed is this!
No grievance have I against you today!

Sometimes even a tree embraces a creeper lone,
The tired Lotus also takes the Bee in the cosy petal-fold
When she shield and shrank
Your memory tormented me all the more
Beauty of the universe is nobody's pawn!
No grievance have I against you today!

(74) THE SONG OF SEPARATION

Your devoted love is now with you!

The life of mine is the night of Amavas¹,
It's only a matter of repentance,
Today, my home is deserted,
Humming on silent lips is the song of separation,
But, happy I am —

A pleasant world is now around you!

I was destined for the mirage,
Even the dainty nectar turned sharp poison,
Near acquaintance has now become tentacles,
Previous meetings became painful, at this moment,
But, happy I am —
Auspicious adornment is now in your lot!

Life is full of tornadoes,
Without sneh², how long the lamp will alight,
The terrible tide is advancing
The helm, which was in hand, has fallen,
But, happy I am —
You stand on firm foundation, now!

1 The last day of the dark half of a month.

2 Love, Oily substance.

(75) LIGHT THE LAMP

In my desolate home —
Darkness of ages is overspread,
Life-lamp was lighted — it's a dream,
As much affection is in you
I'll know — it is mine
If you kindle the lamp in my distressed heart!

What's this life from ages? — a desert,
Exists on the earth like a furnace,
Lonely path, again with full of waves of mirage,
I'll accept — there is a ocean of passion in you
If you bathe my sterile heart!

Each moment, coming and going
only of sandy storms,
What being built? — even the remaining collapses
I'll understand — the value of your songs
If you amuse my heart — a dry-pond!

It'll not be possible to remain alive
Even for a moment, for the body and heart,

of the wax-like vein,
No remedy, only to bear assaults silently,
I'll realize — the magic of tenderness
If you tickle the wounds of my stony heart!

(76) THANKS

You bestowed
blooming-lotus-like transient smile to closed lips,
End of you, thanks!

Full-blown spring was scattered
On every branch of the world,
When each whit of the earth played fresh Holi,
Echoing my heart's silent space, you sang a melodious song!
End of you, thanks!

Dense-open woods covered in cool rays of the full moon,
When new lamps of hope used to flicker,
in the hearts of everyone,
In my darkness of ages,
you brought that glimmering gold morn,
End of you, thanks!

When, full of intense passions, lovers play flutes,
for beloved persuasions,
Echoes of songs and jingle sound
when come from each house,
Your presence, for only a short duration,
inhabited my deserted heart-home!
End of you, thanks!

When the evening comes with life and love,
On every crossroad, fair of lovers'-meet followed,
Crushed with the aspersions of the world
You awake again my broken ego!
End of you, thanks!

(76) SLEEP

At this moment, my eyes are becoming sleepy!

Night — coming from the sky, is patting;
like mother's gentle hands,
The hem, engraved with bright stars, is spreading,
Drowsy eyes feeling comfortable,
Ripples of shining nectar
are trickling from the moon-like face!

The resonance of your affectionate melodious song
is being heard, in the shaking of flowers and branches,
That very music is reverberating
from the side by stones, rivers and rivulets,
Melody is soothing the heart with delighted feelings!

The gates of eyelids have closed, but dreaming as —
I am sipping cool milk from someone's new breast,
Yes, well in senses too; know where am I,
A healthy fleshy, swaying-body-shadow is covering me!

(77) RESTLESS WITHIN

The heart is restless, today,
to talk something, Dear!

The monotonous prolonged silence
is burdensome, now,
When cool, wet, silvery ocean
is waving, continuously,
The heart is restless
To meet freely, Dear!

When young sprouts have overcast
in dry insipid creation,
Oh, I destined
only a solitary place,
The heart is restless
To unfold some secrets, Dear!

(78) MY MOON

My moon is away from me!

Solitary night is crying in empty sky,
The darkness is pouring down from all directions,
That's why, the brightness of lily is without glow!

God knows, in which loneliness writhes The Innocent!
There is a great risk to her life — Oh, she might have not taken poison,
Since, she is imprisoned in a towering mansion, and helpless!

These eyes are looking continuously, with joy, hope and trust,
to each and every ray of light, rising in the horizon,
Because, it is true, she has certainly the yearning to meet!

(79) WE HAD MET

We had met, for some moments,
on the path of life!
The heavy burden of monotonous silence
had been lessened!

The deep dark smoke of tiredness and melancholy
had been emitted,
Acquiring you, pleasure waves waved
on the deserted heart and mind!

But, did the way of life
ever become man's destination?
Could ever remain overcast
cloudiness in the sky of happy Saawan? 1

Just found out, how rare and valuable
are the moments of love,
Time and again, still resound
pieces of your song!

1 The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (Rainy month)

(80) ECLIPSE

Which eclipse has afflicted
My simple-hearted moon today?
In what a hardship
The sky's bird is caught?

The dejected beams
Spreading in the silent atmosphere,
The hue is changed
As if the cloud has risen to envelop the sky, !

The distance thick darkness
Approaches nearer and nearer,
The wind sings the pathetic song,
Of deepest pain!

All the stars are standing
being speechless and eyes filled with tears,
Deeply distressed thinking constantly
to whom they should call!

O, moon! I am with you,
Let me know your agony,
I am yours, will ever remain yours,
Do not conceal anything!

(81) HELPLESSNESS

Far, from the sky, looking the Moon!

Being awakened, passed the mid-night,
But, couldn't express indistinct heart's desire,
With tearful eyes, looking the Moon!

Though, heart is appearing calm outwardly,
But within, is suppressed intense storm of youth,
Feeling the pain of separation, looking the Moon!

The smile is spreading in the whole sky,
But, how helpless, unfulfilled the yearning is,
With heavy body, looking the Moon!

(82) ATTRACTION

As nearer I come to you, Moon
The more you move away, cautiously!

Tell me before, will you not let me reach?
Oh, say already, you will not accept my love,
The more I need you O, Moon!
The more you change and move away!

Will you not ever come in my lonely life?
Will not like smiling in bonds of love?
The more I try to bind you O, Moon!
The more restless you become and move away!

Why do you look continuously, standing,
from the above?
Why do you throw your silken well-arranged rays?
As soon as, I, the wretched entangled inadvertently,
In same manner, you the Simple one! move away!

(83) A MIRAGE

One who loves the moon
heaves a sigh alone in all his life!

If it were not so,
why should one call her blemished?
Have a heart like a honey-bee
That's why never remain faithful to someone,
One who loves the moon
Ruins his happy world!

If it were not so,
Why should you be far from human being?
Have a heart dry
never utter even a word sweet,
One who loves the moon
Garlands himself with thorns
as if, of his own accord!

(84) MOON AND STONE — 1

Oh, Moon, you are stone-hearted!

There's no sense; loving you,
It's vain effort to persuade you,
It's useless to invoke one's tender feelings of life,
□When you are not kind at all!

It's good for nothing to talk to you,
Only, passing the whole night awake,
Lethal, betraying, lie is your bond of love,
You want self-victory — that's all!

Self-absorbed, throwing the bright string,
What you see, at this side?
Supremo of Heaven! free inhabitant of the sky!
Oh, how does it concern you —
Whether there is creation or destruction?

Your attraction is not true,
Your showering love is not true,
True is not, your refreshing silvery smile on lips,
You are engrossed in yourself, at present!

(85) MOON AND STONE — 2

Moon, you are not at all stony!

You have also a tender heart,
The affection is overflowing in full,
Very much emotional and agile, you are,
That's why, you are at close quarters, not outside the heart!

You are progressing on your path,
You are nourishing amidst storms,
You are facing the winters' cold, smilingly,
So, it is wrong to say, you are not a companion of man!

You are in the bonds of someone's love,
You are hope of somebody's life,
You are the tune of song in someone's heart,
The only regret is — Ah! you are not on the earth!

(86) DON'T KNOW WHY

I know, I can't associate myself with this moon,
As she cannot move from heaven, even by omission!
Her steps always move on the sky,
She favours only the silvery world,
Still, love her, with the core of my heart, don't know why!
Remember her again and again, don't know why!

I know this moon will not come in my arms,
Never, even by mistake, devote me,
Her imaginary world is everlasting,
It's beyond anybody's control, to seize her,
Don't know, why I show meaningless right, on such!
Still, love her, with the core of my heart, don't know why!

I know, this moon, will not speak to me, in any manner,
Never will untie her heart's knot, even forgetfully,
Her eye-language is not easy,
Outright disappointment, in understanding her,
With her only, I behave so emotionally, don't know why!
Still, love her, with the core of my heart, don't know why!

I know this moon is the worshipper of grandeur,
Is the roamer of charming, intoxicating, imaginative world,
And innumerable thorns are lying on my way,
The winds of deprivation come always and howl,
Still, I adorn the path only with her appearance, don't know why
Still, love her, with the core of my heart, don't know why!

(87) DOWN THE MEMORY LANE

Sweetheart mine!
My heart is full with your charming attraction this day!

Which shall neither fade
nor will it ever lessen,
Even before temptation
it will never vanish,
Sweetheart mine!
Only your attachment shall live!

If I could have own your smile sweet
and could steal your lovely grace,
for sure, in this cosmos
my world will be a unique one,
Only you have made this day
My desolate life filled with the lustorous rays!

May your love
never trickle away from me!
The days spent with you,
true, will ever haunt, forever haunt,
With my heart brimmed with love
Ever welcome you!

(88) COMPANY

Do the company of moon ever be left?

Where-ever we go and live, this moon will also be there,
The frenzy of our life will also survive there,
Do tell, does anyone, up-date
has plundered the beauty of moonlight?

She will smile with us in the days of happiness,
Will show compassion and shed tears to see us sad,
Living far, in separation, has never
broken the bond of love!

She will come in our sleep and decorate sweet dreams,
Will tap the weary body with exceedingly cool breeze,
Will flow ceaselessly and with same pace,
Since the fountain of love has spout!

(89) O, MOON, MY SWEET- HEART!

O. moon!

Your glimpse

spontaneously reminds me too much
of an innocent face!

I know not, why so!

Then comes this thing to my mind —
that, perhaps, you are
the same moon. my sweetheart!

This is the very face

kissed by me a thousand times,

at times by soft kisses,

at others, like the lustful Adam!

This is the very face

that smiled before me again and again,
sometimes blushed extremely!

Never mind,

if today you escape my reach,

reflecting a strange anew delight on your face,

seems to tease me,

as if you have never to meet me again!

What do you say?

Speak a bit louder:

That — 'I didn't understand! '

Hush! I can no more bear your pranks of love,

aided by your beauteous beams,

I must garb you into my clasps,

Let me see how far you run,

For sure, I know

that you would never favour me

until I resort to act like this!

(90) CONCEALMENT

Always glanced the moon stealthily from the lattices,

And thus avoided catching moon's eye!

Sent always false messages to the moon,
And thus hid heart's secrets from the moon!

When I looked at the moon, I smiled knowingly,
And thus concealed the pang of my heart from the moon!

I tried hard to comprehend the moon, but in vain,
And couldn't for a moment say the golden dream to moon!

Continued to make mistakes, without thinking good or bad,
Committed love with moon — a someone's perpetual trust!

Ages are passing on silently, I am also silent,
Since, on which support, now I talk to the moon!

(91) DON'T REALIZE LIKE THIS

Don't think, I am on the shore now,
I am still in the mid-current of life's stream!

□

Wave is lovely to me,
Love its each blow,
Have love with each
string of the wave,
Don't think I dwell in a secure abode, now,
Still am I in the open space!

Forgotten songs remain in my mind,
Have attachment to every hurt sentiment,
For each unseen storm
likely to come at each step in life,
Don't think I have found the garden of heaven,
I am still in a desolate place, amidst autumn!

Search for altogether a new ray,
A colourful and bright firmament,
Want to enjoy a lovely dream,
Don't think, the moon is now in my possession,
I am still in darkness all round!

(92) SO, TO MEET YOU

So, difficult now to meet you!

How many ages have passed in silent waiting,
The clouds of long thirsty eyes are emptied-out,
On the deserted path of lonely life,
there is nothing, except a vast expanse of autumn!

Before me, all are strange and new,
Oh, well acquainted dreams have gone where?
Have searched out continuously with vigilance
Each corner of sea-land-sky!

(93) SELF-CONFESSION

Don't be so mad!

Whom you consider, each moment,
a straight rapid fountain,
That's a burden-some, painful, deprived,
ever lonely, void unfertile land,
Keep your heart under control,
Don't be so feeble!

Why looking so attentively —
it's stone not wax,
O, Chakori! it is a morning sun
not the moon,
Before any stranger
don't be so innocent!

It's not a cloud pleasant and cool,
Only a cloud of hot smoke,
O, Ignorant! don't search in it
again and again life's support,
All is a mirage,
Don't be so unsteady after that!

The deserted garden that you are adorning

with such great efforts,
How will it flourish,
try to understand a bit, the helplessness of heart,
Remaining in the tearful eyes
Don't become collyrium of grace

1 A bird enamoured of moon according to Indian myth.

(94) THE BLESSEDNESS OF MAN

A glamorous marriage procession life is
For the man having love as God's gift,
Lucky is he; for him alone there is
Spring in nature; rains in the world!

(95) THE SAFFRON OF YOUR 'MAANG1'

How is it, this day, diffusing out
the saffron of your 'maang'!

I saw you very closely,
There was no where, any sign of joy, on your face,
Don't know why, you kept on standing, with fixed feet, self-absorbed!

When you are bestowed with such a lyrical life,
Tell me, then why is so restless
the state of your body and mind,
Don't know, which ideas of uncertain future
causing you distress!

The bright moon-like face is appearing depressed,
Each breath is cumbersome, getting unnerved,
Don't know why, today the flowers of each garden are withered away!

1Parting line of hair (on a lady's head.)

(96) YOUR REMINISCENCE

Only, your reminiscence is with me!

Today, why this, a very old incidence
is taking shape in my thoughts?

Today, again like that night of farewell,
Why tears are running down in the eyes?
When only the frenzy is with me!

Chatki¹ is saying this painfully —
"How difficult is the path of love,
The obstructing world can't see,
Remains the burns only, to be forgotten,
Only this complaint is with me! "

But your reminiscence, a life's wish,
became that ineffaceable line of vermilion —
Before which, not a little,
life is worried now, for your remote presence,
The moon is with me to look at!

1 A mythological Indian bird. Drinks only the rain-water during the 'Swati' constellation.

(97) REMEMBRANCE

Years' old memory is just recollecting in my mind!

The tree, in front of me, is as much old
so much is the incidence,
The day when the sky
was drizzling continuously,
The moon had hidden behind darkened clouds!

Standing on the roof,
Feeling thrills in darkness,
You were singing the song,
Just then, I also came nearby,
Met two lovers with love,
Frenzy of that very day alone is saved in the eyes!

(89) IN AWAITING

The stars disappeared, in waiting for someone!

Counting them, passed the lonely night,

They were strong support for the heart-beats,
The rays from the east are fetching the day,
The hem of hope and despair has blown away,
Continuously with the streams of tears
They have washed away the overcast darkness of the sky!

Eyes, seeing the path, remained awake the whole night,
The innocent lamp of heart, kept on flickering with sneh¹,
All the forthcoming moments, appeared as if full of burns,
The heart has been worshipping continuously since ages,
O, Dear! rising in the heart, non-stop,
such unusual thoughts — good or bad!

Walking from the path, spreading towards the horizon,
When sometimes, you will be nearby, smilingly,
It's my belief, O, companion of life!
You will never forget me like this,
O, Papeehe²! say — all the wretched kalps³ of the Viyogi⁴ have been
completed!

1 Love, Affection, Oil substance.

2 Papeeha (Chatak) — A mythological Indian bird. Drinks only the rain-water during the 'Swati' constellation.

3 A day of Brahma (one thousand 'mahayug' — 4,32,00,00,000 years of mortals)

4 Man separated from his wife or beloved.

(99) THE RESULT

Is this the result of ages' long devotion?

I am a devotee of your attractive form,
Always look unwinding your grace-glory,
But the morn of happiness has vanished,
it's the evening of life!

I have called you in dream,
Decorated the room of heart,
But the fountain of love is simply flowing
Incessantly from the ages!

Ears are attending to the sound of footsteps,
My both the eyes are eagerly awaiting,

But there is seen not even a glimpse of yours!

(100) WELCOME

The blooming orchid in my yard
strews a multi-shaded grandeur sweet.

Her soft and silky tangled tresses
have a perfect shiny gloss.
She has snugness in her arms
and an insight in her eyes.

Naively she squeaks like a sparrow
and warbles dulcet notes.

Lanky and fresh
as if dangling from a tree twig
she feels bestowed upon the riches divine
and seems gloating over all her lot.

She appears thoroughly satisfied
adorned as she with trinkets fine.

The orchid is blooming
the beautiful blossom in my yard.

(To my grand-daughter baby Ira)

=====
=====

Mahendra Bhatnagar

10] Rainbow

RAINBOW

[NATURE POEMS]

POET : MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

Poems

1 Delight

2 Attachment

3 Bewitched

4 Breeze

5 Earnings

6 Spring Air

7 Foggy Sky

8 Winter-Wet

9 Winter

10 Awareness Of Joy

11 Charming Flowers

12 Festival

13 Before The Rains

14 Gburaiya (Sparrow)

15 Exuberance

16 Fascination

17 Imperceptible: Untouched

18 Kachnaar

19 Loving

20 Dawn [1]

21 Biased

22 From The Valley Of Paataalpaani

23 The Wintry Sun

24 Onset Of Winter

25 Spring Lived

26 Gift Of Gold

27 Song Of The Dawn

28 Batman

29 Queen Dawn

30 Pleasant Morning

31 Short Life

32 Merriment Of Holi
33 Rain
34 Dawn Just To Appear
35 Throughout The Night
36 Dawn [2]
37 The Dusk
38 Tide And Boatman
39 Spring
40 Saaawan Has Come
41 A Rainy Day
42 Cloud And Moon
43 Moon Light
44 Poonam
45 The Beauty's Glow
46 A Surrender
47 Too Difficult
48 In The Darkness Of Amaavas
49 Song Of The Rain
50 Banyan Tree
51 State Of Night
52 The Splendour Of The Earth
53 O Wind
54 Night
55 Dense Clouds
56 Ah Evening
57 Rain
58 To Stars
59 Darkness Fellow Stars
60 Awakening Stars

□

(1) DELIGHT

Clouds have overcast
Clouds have overspread!

Lightning flashed
All around,

The earth
Emits sweet fragrance!

Since ages
The earth
Was alone
In separation dry
Bored and restless,

Became Suhaagin¹
Blessed with union
With her dear cloud,
And the empty sky
Reverberated
With the roar of clouds!

Rain has started
Rain has started!

The thick clouds
auspicious
Began to surge,
The bright blackish beauty
Spread all around!
A bride,
Swinging in joyful mood
Visited each and every house
And sung Kajlee² folk-song
In tunes melodious.

Clouds have spread
Rain has started!

1 Woman whose husband is alive.

2 A folk-song sung in an indigenous month of Bhaadon by village-women of India.

(2) ATTACHMENT

As the day breaks –
Little and gentle birds
Wake and get rise me up

Flying, peeping curiously
And chirping melodiously
Through doors and windows!

When the night falls
Now and then
Crickets and frogs
Make me sleep
From ponds nearby,
By their incessant singing,
Make me wander
And take me to those
New realms of fancy!

Throughout the day
The blue sky, formless and infinite
Bewitches me
Through its colourful scenes!

Throughout the night –
How much
the moonlight
Sleeping on the bed of the sky
Covered by a bed sheet
Imprinted
with beautiful silvery-golden stars,
Charms me how much!
She invites me to sleep in her lap.

How I can run away
From such a beloved?
How can I leave the earth
So charming and captivating!

(3) BEWITCHED

You are a deep puzzle,
O, creeper – jasmine!

From where
you brought

Such fascinating fragrance
In your flowers / in your body!

O the fair coloured!
O the glittering coloured!
O my companion,
Soft and delicate!
From where
you have snatched / stolen
Such bewitching beauty!

Whenever
I experience
This fragrance,
Outer and inner
Of the body and soul –
I forget
Worldliness
And my own existence!

For some moments
I lose myself
in this world
I submit myself
Before you
With devotion utmost!

The fragrant one!
The beautiful one!
You the creeper – jasmine!

(4) BREEZE

O My dear Breeze,
Pleasant, fragrant
And intoxicated!
Flow towards me
Slowly and gently!

Sprinkle
Cool water showers

On my
body and mind!

O My dear Breeze,
Waving
and intoxicating!
Without any hesitation
You advance
And get a warm touch
of my body!

O rustling breeze,
Pouring forth
Sweet utterances and melodies!

Convey to my ears
An unheard secret
Of your mind
Calmly and silently!
Come!
Overwhelm me!
Now
Come to my embrace
Breaking the bonds of shyness,
And get attached to me
In a life-long bond!

(5) YEARNINGS

The whole day long -
The solitary
Rover played
With the silk-smooth
Grass lying on the ground,
With the bright
Gold like sun
Stepping into the courtyard,
Self-willed and free - this alone
Played abundantly,
The whole day long!

The whole day long -
In the shade
Of fresh heavy laden flowers,
In the embrace
Of greenish thorns,
Caught
In the inebriating fragrance
Was lost!
Swung
In the branches
Of shy innocent buds,
Of long, thin pods!
Swung arm in arm
With each branch, each leaf,
Swung the whole day long!

The whole day long -
Loved
The butterflies
Wearing pied printed sarees
And the spring-yellow
Love-mature and talkative mustard flowers,
Loved abundantly,
Danced together from field to field,
The whole day long!

The whole day long -
On the tamarind
And on the guava tree
Secretly moved
From branch to branch,
In the ears of the berry-bush
Whispered
Who knows what!
Played,
Played the whole day long!

(6) SPRING AIR

Smooching my body
blew the sensuous,

capriciously cuddly breeze.
Never I had felt it
so pleasing ever before.

Blowing my mind
blew the indolent air
captivatingly.
Never I had felt it
so pleasing ever before.

Fully familial
pulsating with love
the beguiler got beguiled.

Clinging and clasping,
rocking on the arms,
swinging and swaying,
elated,
swished the clothes
ruffled the hair,
tingled the limbs
and God knows
how flippantly
hallucinating it had been!

(7) FOGGY SKY

Foggy and smoggy
lies the sky!

It is late in the day
yet the sky is lolling lazily,
simply snoozy
it betrays no stimulus.
Feigning excessive cold
it drools like a dunce!

Warm midday now holds sway
but the sky seems dusky.
Far off in the horizon

even the smog seems sulky
festoons it will wane!

(8) WINTER-WET

Slowly descended
The dew-drops
All through the night!
An ice-cold silence
Shields the sleeping earth,
On leaves and flowers danced
The love-puppet night,
The artist mist
Constructed a canopied dwelling!

Here, there and everywhere,
Like scattered diamonds are drops of
water,
Stealthily prowl about
The gusts of wind,
Like a guard
Woke the waterfall ringing!

Lively is the gathering
Presided over by the night,
Her lover tightly held in her arms,
Wakes and sleeps the beloved,
Hidden somewhere
Is the frightened dawn!

(9) WINTER

Wet and heavy is the night,
And far away is sleep!

A deep murkiness is all around,
And a long way off is the crimson morning,
All sounds are still,
At such a time, why are you silent,

Do share a secret with me!

The fog rains quietly,
Cooled has been the sky's heat,
Silently meet the earth and sky,
At such a moment be with me,
Or else, the cold body will shiver!

Only the silence reigns
Trees sway beyond the fields,
Unexpectedly do the doors rattle,
Do not open the window and peep out,
There is intoxicating wind lies in wait!

(10) AWARENESS OF JOY

After a long wait have bloomed
Flowers in the pot,
Yellow joyous flowers,
The thickly-petalled
Fresh marigold flowers!

After a long wait have bloomed
Flowers in my life,
Soft, delighted flowers
Of exhilarating feelings,
The luscious flowers!

After ages
Have I received
The gift of saawan and bhaadon7.

After ages
Have the doors been decorated
With buntings of mango leaves!

(11) CHARMING FLOWERS

These flowers have perfumed
my entire dwelling thoroughly

and have suddenly taken away
the loneliness of a listless life.

Let these flowers bloom
and sway on their stalks
and imbue my frail body
and dismal mind emotionally.

These flowers
have permeated the whole world
with a sweet smell
and have made it resplendent
with their spectral hues.

Let these flowers bloom
and rock on their stalks
to have a pleasant crush
with the world's people
hilariously, clingingly.

These flowers have made
this terrified terra firma
delightful,
yes, have filled it
with romances galore.
Let these flowers bloom
from hill to hill, over all deserts,
in all jungles
myriad habitats,
every home
everywhere.

(12) FESTIVAL

Bloom!
Bloom, O colourful flowers!

Bloom in each pot,
Bloom in each bed,
Bloom in joy!

Bloom!
Bloom, O colourful flowers!

Swing on each branch,
Swing playfully
In the soft breeze!

Bloom!
Bloom, O colourful flowers!

Graze the young buds,
Touch each leaf,
Touch the green veil of the earth!

(13) BEFORE THE RAINS

A dense black cloud,
a sable cloud
has overcast the sky today.

After months of heat
intense, searing, ceaseless heat,
lulled by air
the humid tortuous weather
has turned pleasant.

Some one, it seems
has laid on the human body
the silky sheet of gray cloud.

Its lustre lures.
The cloud enamours
the black cloud
enchants!

(14) GOURAIYA [Sparrow]

Gouraiya
Is obstinate great

Does aught of its will,
Gives little heed
To me!

Entering my room again and again
It chirps: it hops
I drive hither
It perches thither,
Not prepared at all
To go out!

At its will
In the sky
It flees instantly
At its will
Into my room
It flutters instantly!

To shut the doors and windows?
To fix paste-boards cover on ventilations?
But, how long should I shut
Even the doors and windows?
How long shut out wind
From these ventilations?

Gouraiya is adamant!
It, this time again,
In my room
Shall nestle,
Little nestlings
Shall breed,
To them
It shall give life....feed!

I
Said and said to Gouraiya —
Man I am
Fear me
And flee away from my room!

But,
Wondrous is its faith

Afraid of me, it isn't
Bringing straws one by one
It has piled up
In one corner of the ventilation!

No pile,
With each straw
It has constructed
Labour-room.

Surely, Gouraiya!
How skilled architect you are,
Experienced engineer you are!
This nest
Is your great art craft
Built with co-operative
Beak and claws,

It is the outcome of your dedication!
What patience
You have, Gouraiya!
In this nest
It seems -
Life's
Joys and jovialities
To congregate
Are impatient!

But;
This -
Decoration and cleanliness loving man
Civilized and well-cultured man
How shall he forbear, Gouraiya!
Your
Day after day rising-growing nest?

One day he
Will throw it off
Into the dustbin!

Gouraiya!
It is man

A great lover of art, he is!
A connoisseur, he is!
On the walls of his room
Are hung your pictures
Pictures -
In which you are there,
Your nest is there,
Your playthings are there!
Gouraiya
Flit off,
Flit off from this room!
Or;
This man
Shall devastate your brood!
In an instant
Shall end up
The world of your dreams!

And you
Seeing all this
Can't weep even!

Only -
Shall chirp,
Flit in and out,

Crazed
Deranged
Thirsty and hungry!

(15) EXUBERANCE

The evening,
Caught between light and shade
The rain falls,
The sky drizzles!

Repeatedly,
See how
The eager wind
Knocks the door-
Expected, unexpected!

Far and near,
In fields, in market places and on the crossroads,
Impassioned,
And knowingly getting trembling-wet
Is the beloved's body!

(16) FASCINATION

At the outset of spring
Honeybunch
do not be pompous!
Don't trust so much
the fascinating spring;
do not zoom
with song-cycle
from earth to the welkin blue.
The duration of its melody
is of a short span
and its pleasure is transient.

Don't remain so complacent
by trusting its fragrance
o, my mind!
Don't be carried away
by the strong waves of emotions
dear me!

This brief season will soon end
and you will not be able

to hold it for long.

This charming fragrance
of spring, is a thing
rippling,
soaring sky high
indolent and spoony,
twin ally of
languid, cool breeze!

It is a deep riddle insoluble,
try not to know it.
Be not enticed or mesmerized
by it unconsciously, even by mistake.

Don't get infatuated
or become loyal
just with the mere touch
of the spring month,
or its loving
sweet scent!

(17) IMPERCEPTIBLE / UNTOUCHED

O,
rollicking, soporific
winds of spring
don't touch me like that
touch me not!

Full with fondness
the Saawan's serenades echo;
neither stop nor pass this way
you winds of spring.

Rambling dazing winds of spring
don't swamp me
in the swelling, brimming
wells and pools
of emotional strains;
in the wells and pools of
sweet, carnal passions
don't touch me like that
touch me not!

O, winds of spring
you exciting, cheerful winds of spring
come not towards
this cursed area
out of bounds
since ever.

This helpless,
quiet and arid mind
is given over
since ever;
don't come this side
you winds of spring
o, fragrant, rustling winds of spring
don't touch me,
like that
touch me not!
in the lustful, pining wells and pools
don't soak me
like that
soak me not.
In these unrestrained limbed
lasciviously longing since ages,
wells and pools
don't thus
soak me,
soak me not!
O, winds of spring
you fidgety, profuse winds of spring
don't touch me
like that
touch me not!

This area
is imperceptible, out of sight, untouched
since ever.
Don't come this side,
this is neglected, unseen, unknown
since ever!

[18] KACHANAR1

For the first time
at my door
so bloomed Kachanar
overwhelmed with joy,
every branch overloaded!

So sparkled
So excited
Kachanar descended down
to the deeps of my heart!
Glowing rose-apple-coloured
enamoured my detached mind
on balcony and parapets
tightly anchored Kachanar!

For the first time
at my door
so swayed Kachanar
As if heart and soul
full of love!
A world of innumerable longings!
For the first time
such a wonderful largesse!

1 a tree of genus Banbinia (banbinia variegata) the flowers of which are used as vegetable.

[19] LOVING

In this season of joviality
Rose!
Why sad?
Sighing
time and again.
Why not spread
the fragrance of dalliance?

O Rose!
Today
don't be sad
So sad!
Give sweetness
to life
restful mind
being commodious

with pious love

with recreation-nectar
be full of joy
side by side!
When full is growth
be not sad!

[20] DAWN

Uncovering
the blanket
of the cosmos
coming
the dawn!

Opening
the slept
naked hills,

Confounding
the embraced / engaged in intercourse
shaggy
blinking bushes!

O,
where should
they go
which side!

On this
child-play
of the naughty dawn
all animals and birds
are in commotion!

[21] BIASED

In the veil of leaves
covers utmost
herself
the fair cauliflower!

Is ruthlessly
severed
by the greedy Kallu! !

Preserver
the destroyer
what a deceit!

Says –
I sell
in the vegetable market 'morrow!

Do, do your job
O, my scythe!

1 Name of a cultivator.

(22) FROM THE VALLEY OF 'PAATAALPAANI'1

I,
a wanderer strayed
have come to seek solace
in your lap!

To come down insitinctively
on open breast-slopes,
support with
your arms, strong as hills!
Give the cool shade
of ungauged deep!

Give pleasant touch
of refreshing current of water
to my burning lips,
grant joy
to the mind
silent for ages,
give a happy sense
of love-confluence to the unsatiated soul!
In this solitude
with murmur melodic music
give the rainbow abode of dream!

O deep dale!
I've come —
your life
an everlasting companion!

Let me hold
for a few moments
the helpless emotional tide
with your innocent flow!
I may,
or may not come this side
in this birth again!

Have I,
a wanderer
not even this little right
to leave behind
a few prints...
signifying
love?

1 A resort in Malwa (M.P.)

(23) THE WINTRY SUN

How pleasing
the wintry sun!

Heart never feels content
even after bathing in it
from morn to eve,
mind never wills
to part with
and get away from it,
Oh, how sweet
the wintry sun!

Let us sleep
in its lap
as of a beloved,
and be lost
for the day!

How desirable
how charming
the wintry sun!
How pleasing
the wintry sun!
㜽

(24) ONSET OF WINTER

True, not now!
On oath, I
not now!
No more disdain-disrespect
no, not at all!
Glittering
pleasant
golden sun
come!

Do not knock,
all doors, ventilators, windows
are open,
no more neglect
on oath, I
not now!

Waiting for you,
accept the offering,
sensitize,
impart heat
to every part of body!
O auspicious sun
fold me in your lap
and gild me!

Let me
cover myself with you
till the cold breeze blows,
let me be lost in reverie
till mind's fill!
let me be warmed, heated;

Fill the body with rays!

Golden sun
come!
Now, no more
d disdain, disrespect,
not at all!
On oath, I!

(25) SPRING LIVED

I too lived
the spring!

I had heard –
Blossoms bloom in spring,
every bough bows down
with sprouts, new leaves,
is full of new sap!

Flowers
of sweet and intoxicated feelings
bloom in spring,
the whole earth
is bedecked with
varied hues, wear,
various melodies
of their own
ring in the heart.
On all sides
unknown echoes of jingle
flow and overspread
in the air!

Each isolation
is excited with new vibrations,
each darkness
glistens with
the golden light
of hope!
Each sloth-inert heart

spurts, squirms with
unknown ecstasy!

Each lip
Sings, flutters with
the feeling of unexperienced pain! □
Hands touch
the highest summits of fancy!

But, I did not experience
all this,
did not see any thing!

Spring flitted away
in the struggle of life!

I, too,
lived the spring!

(26) GIFT OF GOLD

Dawn brought the gift of gold!

O, buds! wake up and get up,
fill the gift in anchal¹,
Get decorated in golden appearance,
fill sweet feelings in red-roses,
Filling new brilliance in body,
Swing in new gusto,
In odorous cold ripples,
Every love-laden vein is heart-stealer!

Open the inner oriels-doors-windows all,
Now, never surround the visage in such darkness.
O, bathe in golden sea,
O, decorate the body with ornaments,
O, sing song of a new morn,
Let the heart-peacock dance lustrously!

1 Hem, Lap

(27) SONG OF THE DAWN

Ruddiness of the dawn infused love in the heart stealthily!

When fresh first ray fell on body
Ignorant playful heart became — a deer,
With the guileless raptures of love,
And the overwhelmed emotions of modesty,
Came cold breeze of dawn and made
the body aromatic!

Seeing dear dawn, when little lotus bloomed,
It appeared as if the gift of heaven was found,
Swinging branches wearing new ornaments,
How joyful is the atmosphere!
Filling golden tint, the dawn made earth fresh!

(28) BOATMAN

Evening is accumulating around, Boatman!

Filling tears in the eyes
now, somebody might have kindled the lamp,
And balancing the anklets
somebody might have sung the song,
Echoing the secret of the life,
continuously calling the sandy bank of the sea!
Splendour of the dawn is spreading around, Boatman!

Reddish-west-ward-direction-bride-like
Somebody might have decorated herself
in saffron auspicious,
Somebody's silvery love
might have dazzled like moon,
Turn the helm
towards the returning colourful birds,
Creation is entirely an illusion, Boatman!

(29) QUEEN DAWN

Simple-hearted pretty young queen-dawn is bathing
in blue sky-lake, delightfully!

Bound in love-act with Moon
she drank the lip-nectar whole night,
And redeemed it with her sacred love,
made the world fragrant
with fresh sweet-scented paint,
Thinking love-gestures, flows the reddish silky threads!

Whose face is filled with new hue of lotus,
As if carrying the feelings of satisfaction,
Blessed pleasing heart delighted
in sweet thoughts of her lover,
Without any purpose, diffusing water-drops,
every quarter in cheerful mood!

(30) PLEASANT MORNING

Every morning of life may be refreshing!

Stuff the laughter of spring,
of rivers, shores, moist banks,
of flowers, bracelets and garlands,
Every particle's tale may be a comedy!

Sweet songs of birds
Crazy love of raptures
Innermost waves of modesty,
Illusive world may not be strange!

With pleasing looks of love
Fill the world with desires,
with enfolding loving arms,
May youth be exciting and loving!

(31) SHORT LIFE

The world of flowers is ours!

We spend lavishly the bright laughter,
Fly sweet nectar of flowers,
Likable to us; the swinging of the wind,
Every thread of jingling heart is ours!

Take us to make garland,
Collect us to adorn the 'Maang'¹
(of your beloved life-partner)
To inhabit your lonely dwelling,
Too innocent love is ours!

Don't shy, seeing us,
Don't express deceptive feelings,
Oh, don't tease so much!
The adornment of short duration is ours!

1 Parting line of hair (on a lady's head)

(32) MERRIMENT Of HOLI¹

It's the month of 'Fagun'², joy of Holi is all round,
Delightful ardent passions seen every where!

Beads studded in ears of corn, golden fields,
Unitedly are dancing merrily all around!

Showering love, East Wind is rambling,
Showing its green beauty, mustard is standing with unfold face!

Tabor, cymbals, drum are being played on in every village,
Accompanying are intoxicating new melodious words!

Wearing silver Payal³, O, girl-companion dance,
There has come desired lover, playful girl-friend, dance!

- 1 A Hindu festival.
- 2 The last month of the Indian Calendar..
- 3 An ornament for the ankles.

(33) RAIN

(1)

Embracing fresh slaty clouds
Love-laden rain has come!
It gave, at ease, every dejected heart
the gift of sweet feelings!

(2)

Breaking the continuous monotonous sound
when creating a tune, clouds shower drizzling showers,
Then secret beauty of new-creation
Spreads uncovered to the far horizons!

(3)

Bearing new stirs in the pond of heart
Waves are dancing amorously,
In indistinct current of sweet sap
Oh, which drenched my life like this!

(34) DAWN JUST TO APPEAR

Don't shed tears more,
The dawn is approaching!

All lamps are extinguished
Came such a hurricane,
All supports are demolished,
Browbeat the clouds of annihilation,
Being defeated, O, Traveler! Don't stagger,
The dawn is approaching!

Stream is overflowing, leaving its course helplessly,
Horrible darkness is overcast —
Intoxicated... unrestrained,
Don't relinquish the hope in the advent of Sun,

The dawn is approaching!

(35) THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT

Throughout the night
snarling wind, like a drunkard,
kept rocking the thatched roof
and mud walls of the hut!

Morbid terror
surged round the hut.
Throughout the night
four eyes
could not have a wink of sleep.
Utter gloom poured copiously

Yet
hope for the bright dawn of future life
could not be covered
for a single moment;
although the wind howled menacingly
throughout the night!

(36) DAWN

Is a bit of night remained till now?

Silence, felt as if the dawn slept,
Eyes looking towards the horizon,
Why not the creation is changing its guise?

The dawn is not giving any boon,
The song of birds is silent still,
But, my consciousness awakened,
As life is listening a new message!

I have no love for dreams,
Have searched for a man of dutiful heart,

May my new country remain awaking!

(37) THE DUSK

On that hillock —
Hesitatingly sprawls a massy stone,
Black and nude and crude.
Hesitatingly — yes, perhaps,
Someone may now come
To lie on it.
Someone — yes,
May be a lover of heavenly bodies,
May be a poet,
Or, a deserted lover,
Or, someone fretted with the world!

All around the hillock
On the dark soil
Spreads a big velvet;
May be a blanket, if not a velvet,
That covers the one who 'sleeps'.

Nearby, there is the lake:
The rays of the setting sun
Weaken their embrace of the soft ripples,
Reassuring them to visit them the next day,
Say —
'Like the home-bound birds of twilight sure
We'll visit again,
Now you go to sleep! '

A soft breeze blows
As if dame in georgette sari
Crossed this way. Oh,
What a charming scene! But
Before I could enjoy it,
A rustic painter slowly but callously —
Painted it black!
It can't be redeemed —
May you, however, smudge the white

Several times
On the blue sky
It can't be redeemed!

(38) TIDE AND BOATMAN

The boatman is rowing the boat!

Tearing the heart of ocean
run terrible waves, nonstop,
Winds rustle with angry tone
right on the head,
Dense darkness overcast in the sky
from this horizon to that,
Some murderous creature is taking long breath nearby!

Each moment, coming from afar
dark clouds of annihilation are amassing,
Suppress, with horrible roaring,
the voice of powerful hope of victory,
Gloating last time, assisted by death,
but constantly forwarding, with steadfast courage,
he is challenging the adverse circumstances!

(39) SPRING

Today, Dear! every limb is full of gusto, as the spring has come!

Far off green fields are waving,
Full with fresh odour breeze is roaming,
Experiencing strange feelings birds are singing,
Today, Dear! genuine feeling of love occupied the heart!

The garden bloomed with varied flowers and leaves,
Silently, sky is singing the song, moving to and fro,
Dawn is blushed, being an auspicious moment for union,
full of newness, freshness, oddness!

(40) SAWAN1 HAS COME

Sing, Dear! the songs of love!

Lively sawan has come,
Clouds of love are pouring down,

Far away, in the fields
watery, contented, grand greenery smiles,
On the branches, agile buds burst into laughter
Spilling cups full of ambrosia,
Don't go far from my presence,
Come and persist in my life!

Cool breeze is blowing,
Whispering something in the ear,

Musical notes, during bird's union,
are reverberating in the garden,
The heart of the earth is palpitating,
Influenced by the silent and loving attraction of the creation,
Particles of the world are being in motion,
With the feeling of disinclination,
You please don't go, avoiding me like this!

1 The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (Rainy month)

(41) A RAINY NIGHT

In darkness are the directions hidden, [concealed]
So the earth has quietly embraced the sky!

The earth has taken off
Her stars-studded saree,
Love-lorn she has stretched her
Fair and hale [sound] arms for a warm embrace,

With a delighted heart and a carefree body,
Is becoming one with her heavenly male

Like a blessed bride!

On the rising breast of the cool waves
The heart unawares persists,
The frenzy prevails here, there and everywhere,
A guileless simplicity pervades the entire grandeur,
□
The heart's strings get tightened
Perceiving attraction without repose
As if numberless heavens are present before!

For quenching the parching thirst of ages
This priceless meet has come about,
To quench the fire of separation
The thick clouds from the sky are drizzling,
The life's stream is flowing
The vigour of youth is rising, at this time!

(42) CLOUD AND MOON

Moon is playing hide and seek
with fragments of clouds in the sky!

The moon is beautiful, charming, attractive and fair-bodied,
Why is so absorbed; while the cloud is ugly and black,
Can anyone tell, how happened such an improbable, this night?

Both are constantly flying
But as the cloud laughs, intense passionate moon
Then, caught himself, in both the arms of the cloud,
Who can say, who'll lose the chance!

By running, both have approximately measured
The sky with footsteps,
Both have a bit taken and a bit given, today,
May this pretty pair live long and remain ever youthful!

(43) MOON LIGHT

Giving herself airs the moonlight approaches me,
Knowing me alone, the moonlight beguiles me ever!

Slowly on the parapets comes down the moonlight,
Lovely and sweet song sings the queenly moonlight!

On my roof and tin-shade spreads the moonlight,
With my hands and face openly plays the moonlight!

Sleeps not herself nor allows others, the moonlight,
At dawn, nobody knows where flees the moonlight!

This moonlight speaks not to me none knows why,
Fills the heart with strange nectar of love this moonlight!

(44) POONAM¹

Quietly from behind the peepal² tree
Peeps out the Poonam's moon!

So guileless is she that she can hardly
Suspect of being watched by someone else,
All round, filled with its new glow floating
Like the cool sea's waves,
Far on the horizon, the fair face of the
Suspecting moon is glittering!

So restless and perplexed
That she opened the doors of the sky so early,
She even didn't let the dark night come
Appeared before all,
And no one knows as to why is she
Withholding the darkness's falling veil!

1¹The full moon day, plenilune.

2²The holy fig tree of the Hindus.

(45) THE BEAUTY'S GLOW

The veil of the clouds is on the Moon!

The veil is so thin
In which the bashful modest face reflects,
Two crazy collyrium applied eyes
Aiming at the mark,
Remained not within bounds
The honey-vessel overbrimmed and spilt!

Overbrimmed so much
That droplets-stars spread here and there,
As if from the heart
Have sprung up new emotions unnumbered,
Or, as if it be the gold-decorated hem
Waving in the sky!

(46) A SURRENDER

O, the night's lord, the moon!
In your presence all the maidens
With their beauty's pride
Feel ashamed!

When you appear in the sky
Their charm loses all its glow,
You spread your splendour in the sky,
As if, it were cool, and bright as silver new,
God knows, how much heavenly grandeur
Your heart and soul possess!

Only upon your smile's ray
Sacrifice one can the whole world's riches,
O, the beautiful dweller of the sky!
The poet's heart is proud of you
O, the night's lord, the moon!
Having a look at you
Even the smallest particle of this earth
Feels boundless joy!

(47) TOO DIFFICULT

It's very difficult to avoid looking the moon!

When she spreads her splendour new
in the lonely sky,
the ocean of an emotional heart
is filled with the waves of happiness,
But even for a moment
it's very difficult to call the moon nearby!

When playful eyes lie
on the cradle and go to sleep,
in a moment the wealth of the entire Self
becomes alien,
Even then, in fact
it is very difficult to forget the moon!

(48) IN THE DARKNESS OF AMAVASI

Behind which curtains of sky,
concealed is moon, at this time?

I am asking you,
O, silent glittering stars!
I am asking you,
O, incessantly flowing streams!
Beneath which depth, concealed is moon, at this time?

I am asking you,
O, free and slow gusts of wind!
By whom my moon is stolen
Run and stop him swiftly,
Beyond, too far from the eyes, concealed is moon, at this time!

I am asking you,
O, Trees! guards thousands,
Why are you standing quietly?

Call the name, with your full voice!

Away somewhere from my world, concealed is moon, at this time!

1 The last day of the dark half of a month.

(49) SONG OF THE RAIN

.
Clouds appear with flowing-thunder,
The sky covered, the storm blowing,
Dark of night appears on the earth,
Smiling clouds call flying!

Rain pauseless, on burns O clouds!
Heated and scorching the earth, the whole day,
Make the dust calm and cool today,
Nature feel fresh beauty today!

.
The rain pour water nonstop,
Spread grace and beauty on the world stage,
Rain from sky, drizzling, O clouds!
The rain pour water, as chain of pearls!

.
Gusts of wind smell water,
Signs of heat, removed all,
The walls, old and new, appear bathing,
Currents flowing here and there on the path!

.
Neither perspired the farmer,
Nor sowed new seeds on earth,
Nor ploughs on the fertile land,
Nor tasted fruits fresh and ripe!

.
Raising the eyes, staring the sky
Constant with love and emotion,
By heart, ears, eyes, and body,
Surround and fly clouds on the world!

Strange beauty, lightning flash,
Darkness dense spreads all round,
The rain clouds sing new melody,
The message of free love!

Solitary dry land gets greenery,
Be youthful, the suhaagin¹ earth,
Fickleness slips, simplicity shy,
With love shine eyes, tilled with life!

1 A female whose husband is alive.

(50) BANYAN TREE

.
Stilled deserted / Lonely path,
The eternal blue sky!
On dusty land
Banyan tree bends
like an ancient testimony!

.
Weak like exhausted old,
irregular breaths,
Spread the roots on the land
And on death-moment of fall,
a fearful dream
shattered it — made tremble,
made it stand,
posing fear!

.
The rising dust wants to say —
'O Skyscraper! Come down,
Your desire is unfulfilled,
Come to me,
and fall helplessly!
Not valuing the smallness,
ridiculed it!

.
Near the roots
broken and ugly,
coloured with holy vermilion
a stone like Hanumaan¹
sat on the lap.
Worshipped by men —

they salute and circumambulate it in reverence!

While at mid night

dogs come and lick it!

1 A mythological Hindu god, the monkey who acted as a messenger in Raamaa's march against Raavan.

(51) STATE OF NIGHT

Cooler is growing the night!

The faint sound of mills echoes at intervals,

From a source unknown!

The distant whistle of an engine

Stabs the tranquility,

Somewhere the swarms of mosquitoes

Spin the queer buzzing din,

Sometimes come out the rats

And run a competitive race,

The clock strikes the hours!

The world to a stop has come

And static, inert, dull and calm,

And senseless lie the souls who

Breathe unawares in state unconscious!

The porters, the watchmen and the workers

All are under the spell of sleep —

As if a woman casts her spells

And beckons to her lord for a close clasp

Of body and soul

For a calm and complete merger

Of identities in state relaxed!

Waking from the dream

One laughs on oneself!

Wondering at the irony of repeated errors!

Boundless is the dreamland

And matchless the whole funny affair.

But tangible truth is night

Growing calmer and cooler,

The wind drenched in moonlight

Constantly blows humid and heavy,

Dew is in the making above

To make the night frosty!

Oh Dear! Only the morn,
Would lift the silken veil
From the charming face of a bride-nature!

(52) THE SPLENDOUR OF THE EARTH

Green and all green and 'Sonfia'¹
Oh Dear! are the boughs,
The laden boughs!

Rows after rows are rustling
Thousands, millions, rows innumerable!
The lavish caresses of the breeze,
Have filled the air with a joyous outcry.
Oh, on our earth descends
A green youthful fairy!
With blooms new on all her curves.
Green and all green and 'Sonfia'!
Oh Dear! are the boughs,
The laden boughs!

Suffused with dim red are the skies
Smeared as if with 'Gulal'²
Are the spacious cheeks of Heaven.
Bedecked with fineries,
A bewitching beauty every branch to-day,
Carefully adorned with foliage patterns.
Oh Dear! enveloped is every branch
In a captivating green 'Chunary'³!
Green and all green and 'Sonfia'
Oh Dear! are the boughs,
The laden boughs!

1 A light green colour similar to that of aniseed.

2 A long piece of cloth loosely thrown over the blouse, shoulders and head by Indian village women

(53) O WIND!

O wind!
Come, tuning a song,
Come, sweeping,
Shaking the boughs
Come, raising the dust!
Lovely fragrance filled
O vital Eastern Wind!
Come skipping
Over the distant mountain-peak!

O Wind!
Mad and over-brimming with youth
Come, kissing
These new green leaves
Come, humming a tune,
Come strewing the shreds of cloud!
Drunk and forgetful of mind,
Drunk and forgetful of body,
With laughter bubbling
Sweet and vivacious,
Vibrating the heart strings
Come, dancing!
O Wind!

(54) NIGHT

Limitless moonlight has spread,
Heart-peacock is dancing,
Entangled with the eyes, the sleep has gone away!

Life — has materialized in eyelids,
a happy new world,
That's why the splendour of silent eyes is increased!

The silvery night is very alluring,
The wind has blown from the far east,
The intoxication of night is fully overcast in sky!

How lovely is the song of night,
Listening to which one loses one's attention,

Some secret of creation is hidden somewhere, certainly!

(55) DENSE CLOUDS

Fresh dense captivating clouds gathered
and overcast the whole sky!
This day, they are giving thousand blessings
to the distressed earth!
Look, how much dark is the mass of clouds!

The sky is roaring
In a grave voice, alike a musical instrument,
As if, wanted to perform all the musical notes,
Look, these clouds are female attendants of the sky!

Let drops of water fall — non-stop
With intense speed; not mildly,
Rain in the whole world
So that all the calamities be far away!
Look, how compact are these clouds!

(56) AN EVENING [1]

In sky blue there are clouds dark!
It's the aura of evening,
Courtyard of the world is desolate!

Buffaloes are grazing in the lawns,
Some in the fields and at the fences!
There is the sweet toll of bell
Which is ringing at the state of speed!

The clouds are playing hide and seek
Reaching nearer the sun!
The groups of herons is flying high
In a long row with pomposity!

The poet sitting on a high mound

☒ watching the setting of the sun!
Observing secretly, changing of body-clothes
☒ Nature-bride!

(57) RAIN

In the smoky dense dark atmosphere of evening,
Even in such a dry season,
like in winters, the day concealed so early,

The flooded clouds are overspreading on heated earth,
Flowing are the cold fascinating winds
from the sea shore!

Now, do not pass time in heat any more
Being troubled, do not fix your eyes towards the sky!

Fresh rain has approached from the distant south,
That's why lightning is flashing in the sky!

(58) TO STARS

Why are the stars shivering in the sky?

Are, now-a-days, their feet being arrested?
Restrained breaths are suffocated,
Are they also facing oppression of weapons?
Are they also being scorched by the fire of exploitation?
Looking sufferer, perturbed, weak.
Some, every moment, remained only shivering,
Some are shooting, as if measuring sky's limit!

Are the worldly people faulty?
In life's dreams — of happiness and sadness,
While the world is sleeping and unconscious,
And has been engulfed from head to foot
in the shadow of night,
Feeling bored in loneliness,

When every particle is sad and heavy-hearted,
Then whom they are cursing?

Is shivering their life?
Appearing full of happiness from ages to ages,
Is their youth perpetual?
Falling, hiding continuously
Are they playing hide and seek?
Sowing vine of nectar like affection?
Laughingly, they are jumbled together
in their own world!

(59) DARKNESS-FELLOW STARS

These stars are the perpetual partners of deep darkness!

When bright new dawn descends
and grimy night extinct
They also immediately and silently go
with their bag and baggage somewhere!

Seeing the fascinating evening near
When the eternal indestructible moon arises
They also return; though remained hidden in the sky
throughout the day!

When comes dense darkness day
These numerous stars come and surround the sky,
They want the extinction and extinguishing
of the full moonlight!

The affectionate union of light and darkness
Denotes the happy and painful sides of life,
The life becomes enjoyable when
rise-fall and laughter-tears mingle together!

(60) AWAKING STARS

It's midnight but the stars are awake!
When all habitants —
persons, trees, animals, birds — of the world sleep;
Only they awake!

Like watchmen, they remain vigilant
say fables silently
Oh, not felt drowsy even for a moment
Continuously sparkled and flashed!

Jingling voice of the cricket too,
Wailing voice of the distressed woman too,
Become fusioned in the free wind
reaching the doors of these fickling stars!

Slumber comes equipped with its army
and says, "Dear! take a nap! "
So that I may seize all your glamour;
but they didn't surrender to such verbal temptation!

Twinkle all night without becoming dim,
Never closed their eye-doors,
Never attained dreams of life,
Poor helpless!
Remained aloof from pleasures and pains

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Mahendra Bhatnagar