

Poetry Series

**Mohabeer Beeharry**  
**- poems -**

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## Mohabeer Beeharry(23 November 1937)

I was born in Mauritius in 1937. I am married and have two children, one son and one daughter and two granddaughters. In 1964 I came to London to study law. I studied at the Lincoln's Inn. I also did (hons) . I love writing poems, mostly on philosophical and spiritual themes. Most of my poems come from intuitions obtained in meditation. I do not demand a lot from life. I am very satisfied with what I have. However it breaks my heart to see so much of blood shed and hypocrisy around the world. There is hardly any knowing who to trust. Still I love this humanity. There may be a little fire or storm going on here and there. But humanity is a glorious state of being.  
God bless this humanity.

# A Dream Of The Lost Past

One early evening  
Long ago,  
As the sun drifted over the belt  
Of the wood that skirted my birth place,  
Heavy hearted  
I made my way towards the village lake,  
A serene but sad place,  
The last vestige of a disappearing panoply.

There the hills drifted,  
Rose and fell away towards endless  
Undulating fields of young sugar cane  
A riot of green,  
Laced with streaks of yellow sheen.

As I strolled my eyes around,  
Choked by an explosion of sobs  
And tears,  
My heart broke and I cried.

For those fields,  
Those woods and that lake,  
Wrapped up in an ominous shroud of dark shadows  
Waiting for the hanging sword to come down,  
Had all a halo of unsystematic destruction  
Suspending on their heads.

At the thought of what is to come  
I shuddered.  
Soon they would not be there.  
Gone,  
Gone for ever  
And ever,  
Something like the old locomotive,  
Dead,  
Frail and hypocritical memories in brilliant colours  
On the wall.

How time goes,

A river of no return  
And with it those things,  
That are most precious  
And dear,  
A battle for change  
And for modernity.

One morning the village well  
Succumbed to the bulldozers roaring violence  
The relentless hunger of modern time.  
The brook  
That had for years  
Perked up the joys of the village children,

The old cemetery,  
Decked with annual carpets of multicoloured crocus,  
And the thatched houses,  
Symbols of love, simplicity  
And dedicated hard work  
Had all helplessly eased into the dumb graves of the past.

Now and then  
When in my being the weather is calm  
And my sleep deep,  
I see their souls  
In their old garbs  
Wistful eyes laden with unshed tears.

I see the sugar cane fields,  
The old cemetery,  
The hibiscus in pink blooms.

I see my old peach trees  
And my clumps of the queen of the night  
Lifting billows of inebriating fragrance  
To the moon.

Like my own youth,  
Those things are not there anymore,  
Replaced by whitewashed giants.  
Why oh why has time got to change?  
Why have we got to be so drastically modern?

Mohabeer Beeharry

# A Family At War

I was born in a family at war.  
No guns, no fighter bombers  
No submarines or booby traps,  
Only long wordless and awkward situations,  
Silent and hurried breakfasts.  
At the dinner table, it was a game of chess  
One was always moving at the approach of another.  
I watched.  
I rued the cloistered evenings,  
The telltale stories and the frozen smiles,  
And the low whispers,  
All wrapped up into a pinch of jealousy.  
A cold war.  
Where evening prayer  
Was a competition:  
Who could first attract God's attention.  
And they did!  
They were all graduates and experts.  
Overflowing with education.  
High posts and expensive cars.  
God they say, gives you  
What you ask for.  
But I was sure there was a missing link there,  
Wasn't there?

Mohabeer Beeharry

# A New Grace

Oh song, grieve not, the noise is everywhere,  
This world is in the mood to play.  
You are fated to be buried alive in a swath of dust.  
Your life may be short  
And your message never be heard.  
But grieve not.  
Even the loneliest flower tucked away  
In the harshest desert sand has its importance  
In God's eyes.  
Nothing goes unnoticed.  
This world is a busy market place.  
Forgive it,  
For somewhere, sometimes in the future  
When reason and silence have their own,  
Someone, craving for comfort,  
Tears in his eyes  
And emptiness in his heart,  
Someone will lift you from your bed of dusts.  
You will then live again, rising from every word  
Every note  
Shivering into life like a tender flower  
From the bud at the break of dawn.  
Your voice will ring in the wind.  
Those hills will again echo to the morning sun's adoration  
and in their hearts sing the songs  
That you sing to them.  
The village will resound.  
The world will dance.  
Rain will fall.  
Green grass will grow.  
And dark clouds will turn gold in the embrace of passing moonbeams.  
You will rise fresh from the ash  
And fill the aureate air with joy,  
That knows no religion, no hatred, no demarcation,  
All will be joy.  
Nothing but joy.  
The world will be young again,  
And innocent smiles will blaze  
Like sunbeams.

Darkness will fly.  
You will sing.  
I will sing  
We shall all sing.  
For we will be blessed with a new grace:  
The grace of a golden age.  
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Mohabeer Beeharry



# A Place For You To Rest

I cannot stop cursing myself  
For not giving you  
A better place  
To rest your head  
Than this frail frame.  
What rest will you get from it?  
Assailed by storms of endless desires, envy  
Worries, aches and pains,  
Heir to only a meagre slice of joy,  
It grows old and weak,  
Itself seeking a shoulder to cry on.  
In my weakness, I fear to lose the will and love  
That hold me to you:  
The light in my hour of darkness,  
The armour when I am besieged by doubts,  
And the resting place when all hope is lost.  
But you said once, that you will be happy  
With whatever I can offer you:  
Old, weak or ugly,  
A leaf, a flower or a road side blade of grass.  
I have therefore made of this heart  
A temple,  
A place where you can henceforth  
rest your head.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# A Prayer

This my prayer to you, Lord.  
I come to give,  
Not to ask.  
I bring you my love,  
My faith and my trust.

This is all I have.  
And they are mine;  
Many a time misplaced,  
Deposited in the bank of delusion,  
Managed by the marauding senses.

This place is full of gifts and marvels  
Freely given,  
Like myself, pilgrims on the journey to eternity.

How little I understand my goal  
And loiter on the way,  
Victim to illusions,  
Losing sight of the goal.

Nothing is permanent here,  
And impermanent toys can only give impermanent joy.  
Little I realise  
That nothing is mine.

What I call mine  
Has never been mine,  
Borrowed pleasures.  
Borrowed earth

Borrowed sun  
Borrowed hills and mountains  
Borrowed breath.

Reclaimed everyday;  
And yet this mind  
Fails to wake up to the reality  
That they do not belong to me.

Pain and tears lie in attempting to possess them.

Lord teach me  
How to use your gifts wisely.  
For attachment is the source of all my tears

Let me share those gifts  
With the neighbour who may not have them,  
So that he can be as happy  
And well as I am.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# A Sad Parting

Many a moon has passed  
Since last we saw each other,

Since last I held your hands  
And whispered into your ears  
Many a sweet nothing.

Why did the night grow darker all on a sudden?  
Why did the sun cease to rise?  
Like light skiffs,  
We drifted  
Lost in the fog.

The stars have since ceased to shine,  
And your gentle footsteps  
That had always lingered on till the next sunrise  
On the evening seashore,  
Had long ago vanished  
In the flying sand.

As I gaze at the stolid sand,  
I wonder if those footprints  
Will ever come back  
To fill this heart  
Now as parched as the acres of wilderness  
Passed the rugged hills.

Come love,  
Come back to the old place  
At the village well,  
Where birds frolicked,  
Flowers bloomed,  
And where once our hearts  
Sat in loving forgetfulness.

This is my song,  
The plaint of a forlorn heart  
I shall fly it to the sky,

Perchance it will reach you,

Why did the sky go dark all on a sudden?

Why did the sun cease to rise?

Neither do I know

Nor do you.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# A Touch Of Light

Let us for a moment  
Dare to hold our books to our hearts,  
Invoking some sincerity.  
Their wisdom is timeless  
Made to lighten our way  
On the path of life.  
For life is not merely  
A means to glorify our needs and our greed.  
But a way, a chance to evolve,  
Perchance to see the reality we came from  
And in time we go back to.  
The messages in there are  
Shoulders to cry on,  
Sticks to lean on,  
Water to cool our dry throats  
And shelters at night  
When gripped by fear of death.  
They teach love,  
We understand hatred  
They teach truth and honesty  
We understand greed  
They teach oneness,  
We understand division  
Where they teach peace and good conduct  
We preach war and bloodshed.  
Before those books  
There were them who said the messages.  
Call them back,  
They will tell us that  
We are defiling what they said;  
That the faults are not with the books  
But with us  
Who in our hearts make new copies  
To fit our shortsighted and selfish visions.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Actions And Reactions

Actions and Reactions.

I know that one day I must shed tears;  
That the time will come  
When this heart will break,  
And no comfort will be balm enough  
To make me forget.

This is the way life is.  
The way of the flesh,  
Dying every minute it lives.  
Some happiness,  
And a lot of griefs.

This is the way the world is,  
A ferment of perpetual change,  
At no time still,  
Unmindful of exultations or joy,  
Plaints or heartbreaks.

Peace, happiness, tragedies,  
Are all currencies of this life:  
The notes and the changes.

Bound by her own rules,  
Even nature, in her limitless bounty  
Cannot do favours.

For there are more laws governing this place  
Than all our flying bullets,  
Hypocrisy and argumentations can tell us.

What I get  
Is measured by what I did,  
What I do  
And what I do in the future.  
Nature dishes out  
What comes of my own actions.

The actions are mine;  
And be they sweet or sour,  
The reactions.

In there lies the secret of this great mosaic  
Called life, the transcendental dream  
Of the maker:  
An escape, a cosmic relief,  
The subtle state of mental equilibrium.

Between this eternal battle of actions and reactions,  
Floods of heartbreaks and happiness  
Night and day  
Sunset and sunrise;

Between the restless mind  
And the joys of tranquility,  
Between the storms of grief  
And the short-lived contentment,

Unaffected,  
Untainted by the fruits of their actions,  
Wise men sit, single mind,  
Watching the eternal play of those relative forces.

Mohabeer Beeharry



## Are We Different...?

You think we are different  
Because we look different?  
But who knows what unseen forces had moulded us, age after age?  
Have made us fruits of different trees?  
They have made me sour and you sweet.  
They have made you sour and me sweet.  
Yet both our lives hang on the precarious swings of that fleshly pendulum.  
When the sun sets, we both look for comfort  
In the arms of the nightly slumber;  
When our throats are parched,  
We both look for the fountain to quench our thirst;  
At the vehemence of the nightly nightmares,  
We both sit up in bed, dearly wishing for the day to break.  
And when finally the frail pendulum ceases to swing,  
We both are forced to tug our tails in  
And ease out into that same immense and blind  
Nothingness, leaving behind the pampered pride and hoarded wealth.  
We are like the waters of the fabled well,  
Who knows where from we come,  
And where to we go.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Awakening

To wake up  
To the feast of that bird singing  
As the sun,  
In a dazzling aura of bristling rays  
Rises from the embrace of the receding night,  
Is a rare blessing.

Tucked between closed curtains  
I celebrate in silence,  
Leaving my mind  
And my heart to wander freely,  
Drinking from that chalice of passionate warbling.

An explosion of newly found freedom!  
A soul entranced.  
Bathed in divine light,  
A soul in ecstasy.

Rising from the age old ignorance  
To the bloom of a new reality  
And scattering fragments of thousand fettered lives.  
Till now unknown.

New visions, unrestricted;  
Who says that creation is merely a handful of scattered stars,  
Hills and mountains,  
A mug full of oceans and seas?  
Not any more;

Here consciousness is not a prisoner  
Tucked behind the prison bars of seeming reality.  
Here freedom is free.

A flutter  
And a dance in the heart,  
An explosion of songs,  
And a wanton exhilaration.

New skies bloom

And Nature dances,  
A soul is enlightened!  
Untrammelled,  
Wisdom has at last blossomed.

Who can read that singer's outburst?  
What poet, strumming on the lyre of his poetical inspiration  
Can match this extravaganza of melodies?

Oh love, words fail  
To paint this explosion of gaiety and sounds,  
Lights and colours.  
Transcendental!  
Ineffable!

Lost in listening,  
Inebriated,  
I shudder.  
I freeze.  
I give up,  
Happy  
To be drowned in that outpouring  
Of love, freedom and bliss.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Believe

I wake up happy.  
I look at the sun  
It says  
I am here to make you happy.

I look at the flowers.  
They say be happy,  
We are here to make you happy.

The hills, skimmed with strolling mist;  
And decked in blue and purple,  
The mountains gently looking down from their high perches:  
Don't you know us?  
We are here for you.

Yes I know you all.  
You are all close to my heart;  
You are here to make me happy.

I looked at man  
Eyes roving, restless and grim  
Lips darkened with a cynical pride,  
Occupied, ambitious and selfish,  
And passed me by, unconcerned,

I dare not stop him.  
I dare not stop  
To ask him if he were there  
To make me happy.  
The one I loved  
Died in a spray of gunfire.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Come With Me

Come with me  
I will take you  
To where poetry like fire flies  
Lark in the smooth exuberance of the tender night.

Where the serene village lake gleams  
In pageantry of morning sunshine,  
Where in wild freedom flowers bloom  
And the lone wood pigeon  
Explodes each morning in endless ditties of love songs.

There freedom is free  
And God is God,  
Not a weapon  
Bullet or bomb on warpath,

Or a selfish fabrication  
Set in the arena of sultry hatred  
To battle it out against himself.

I will take you  
Where the machinery of this life  
Is run with faith and devotion.

Come with me  
To the warm and lush belts of sunshine,  
Abandon yourself to the warm pour of the summer rain  
Soak soak soak!

Where no brutal wind howls  
Or like hungry wolves  
Fear stands on the other side of the door.

There life beams of light sublime  
And cascades tumble from on high  
Scattering sprays of ceaseless joy and hope.

There you will live on the human level,  
Still not found by many.

To know that you are human  
Is to know that you are shaking the shackles of ignorance,  
A God in the making.

Come with me  
To where no harsh words  
Shall cause your heart to ache.  
I will fill your uncertain sky  
With abundance of ineffable peace.

Together we shall brave the night  
And wait for the sun to rise.  
He who made the sun  
Did not make it for a day.

For those who wants it dearly  
The sun will always rise.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Deep Inside

Now and then  
At dusk, as the sun  
Eases down towards the colour drenched horizon  
I seek the shelter of the darkening shore  
And wait.

I wait for myself.  
My eyes close in peace.

And in the silence,  
On the sands of time  
As soft as the fall of autumn leaves  
Hovering to the ground,  
I hear the sounds of my steps.

Little I know  
How far away I was coming from:

Across areas of faded history  
When this world was new  
And sages round holy fires  
Sang cryptic chants  
That still like gentle morning breeze  
Ring in my ears.

And I wonder at myself,  
Who am I?  
Ego or purity?  
Light or darkness?

Loitering down the lanes of life  
Slaves to the marauding senses  
I left myself behind.  
I lost sight of my immanent light.

I was deep once.  
Since then, caught like a fated fly  
In the web of ego  
I hover

Like a lost butterfly.

I was light once.

Still I know I am not lost.

Light is never lost.

It only recedes

Temporarily hidden by the thickness of darkness.

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Mohabeer Beeharry



# Dream Is Only Dream

At the top of a tree  
There was the last fruit,  
And it was rosy, luscious and tempting.  
I watched the tree,  
And gloated on the fruit.  
The fruit did not come down.  
I sized the tree up,  
It was too big for me to shake.  
It took me a while to decide  
What to do:  
I finally decided to climb.  
But by the time I reached the top  
The fruit was gone.  
A monkey had got it first.  
I swore I would wring the neck of that animal.  
Only that it had disappeared with the fruit.  
There are some who like me  
Spend their lives building dreams  
But do nothing about them,  
Ready to tear the world to pieces  
When the dreams fizzle.  
There are others who make dreams work for them.  
Success is the end result of a concentrated  
And sustained chain of actions.  
While dreams are important,  
It is as important to make them come true.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Fake Heavens

It takes a tiny shaft of sunlight to shatter  
A thunder cloud;  
A small attempt  
Like I love you guy!  
To thaw a heart.

Why then do we build mental prisons  
To fit ourselves  
And others in?

Our kindness is infinite,  
Our heart large and deep.  
We are human,  
The great race set to watch over this beautiful place  
Endowed with the power to tame stars  
And oceans!  
And create possibilities.

But we make coffin holes of these gifts  
Into which we bury our humanities  
And grandeur,

The same love that God in his infinite kindness  
Like the ultimate gardener,  
Grew into our hearts.

We could be free,  
But we choose to fetter our freedom,  
Trussed up with philosophical trash  
In shrouds of educated ignorance.

Freedom is a tender bud,  
Always at the mercy of storming ignorance  
Brash and insane fabrications.

If we cannot be humble  
And loving here  
On earth,  
The chance of being a saint in heaven is remote.

Our pride will only end this side of the grave.

It is from those same small acts of kindness  
That the most spectacular heavens are made!  
If we can build our own heavens  
Why live in hell?

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Find Me

If you cannot find me outside  
You will not find me inside  
If you cannot find me next to you  
In the thousand faces around you:  
Sad, hungry, vile or happy,  
Visiting a thousand holy places  
Will not help you see me

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# Forget Me

I do not want to be remembered when I am gone.  
If when I needed love and empathy,  
I found hatred and hostility,  
When I gave everything to make others happy,  
I received false love in return.  
Doors were shut on me,  
Treated as stranger,  
Left to find my own survival kit;  
What then would I do with love or a statue  
When I am not here to enjoy them?  
Those I have fed with the sweat of my labour,  
Who having gone up the ladder of achievement,  
Look down, unconcerned, leaving me hungry,  
Victim to scurrilous lies and gossips.  
On these foundations of pain and tears  
Have I at last built my castle of peace.  
Those who know me as the person I am,  
Will shed some tears, and they are few.  
They will remember me whether I leave a poem or a book.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Glory To Thee Oh Mind

Blaze, mind,  
Blaze forth your radiance!

Some day in the future,  
Our mortal tryst will end  
And I will then witness your ineffable resplendence.

Not this vagrant instrument  
Of fake and relative attractions,  
Of doom, fear and short lived joys.

I will see  
The same  
That was never seen by me,  
Not till this soul rises  
To its cosmic bonfire.

Caught at last in the mellow  
Sweetness of tranquility  
You will merge into the serene lake of meditation.

Heretofore, slave to the restless senses,  
You made a slave of me,  
Ignorant of my true identity.

I followed, blind  
Leaving behind eternal heritage of happiness  
For valleys of temporal pleasures.

Little I realised  
That I existed in a ceaseless flux,  
A transfiguration,  
A prisoner to pain and pleasure  
In areas of ceaseless uneasiness;

A mere shadow,  
Now here  
Then nowhere, that made of me  
A fated moth

In the web of mortality.

Still,  
However insatiable  
And indomitable  
You were,  
However much you made me  
Run

However unbearable the pain  
I suffered at your hands  
I hail you as my master.  
Blaze forth your primordial effulgence, oh mind!

I needed to taste the fruits of bitter tears,  
Reactions to my own actions  
To understand the depth of this creation  
Hidden behind a facade of perpetual movement,  
That hides the reality.

For time untold  
I wandered in delusion  
In order to taste undiluted wisdom;  
Through the drops of my tears,  
I could see the glory of my own immortality.

You it was who made me weak,  
To realise my strength,  
To know that I can, like the mythical Phoenix  
Rise again from the ash of my despair  
To the radiance of my derelict self.

You it was who taught me  
That pain and hopelessness  
Are strength in disguised,  
And initiated me into the secrets of calm equilibrium,  
Non-attachment.

And that when on my journey,  
Surrounded by delusions  
Confused,  
And darkness abound,

You it was  
Who taught me to seek inside this heart  
For my very own light.

Glory to thee, oh great teacher,  
Glory to thee!

Mohabeer Beeharry



# Have Me If You Can!

Once I faced my life  
And asked  
What is your command.

And life stretching to the other dark end  
Replied  
There is no command.  
You are free

You are a boat  
Flow on the crests of my rise and ebb.  
In putting your effort to succeed,  
Give a thought to potential falls.

You are a bird,  
Challenge the blue sky from down below,  
Open your heart to this beauteous expanse.  
It is yours  
No one will stop you.

No one can,  
Only yourself,  
Spare your wings the singes  
Of the sun's darts.

There is fire in you  
And there is earth.  
There is the boundless ether  
Mystical and infinite.

There is air in you  
And there is freedom.  
Befriend yourself  
And the voices you will hear  
Will be of wisdom,  
The eternal chant of eternity.

Eternity is not a dream  
It is a reality,

A perpetual state of being  
Of which you are made.

Outside,  
The earth is the path  
Teach your feet,  
Your senses to tread softly  
And with wide embrace conquer me.

I am life  
I am yours if you can have me.  
Failures and success are but thorns and flowers.  
Even they die drowned in my depth.

But remember  
You will pay for the thorns  
You leave behind.  
You will reap glory for the fragrant flowers  
You spread on others' way.

I am for ever yours  
If you can have me.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# He Is Always Passing By.

Let me be  
This exuberance of blue  
And sun drenched sky,

I would take you  
Into my heart  
And fill you with the magic of ceaseless happiness.

Let me be the serenity of this cosmic extravaganza,  
This sweeping panoply of lushness,  
Hills and mountains  
Birds and flowers  
Light and stars,  
I would weave for you garlands of exalting freedom.

Let me be the brook,  
Drifting through the fall of autumn leaves  
Singing songs of glorious days gone by,  
I would with transcendental music  
Fill your ears with ripples of love.

Long have I waited by the road side of life,  
Sad at heart,  
Yearning to catch a sight of you.

Like the vagrant breeze  
Laden with fragrance  
You are constantly passing by.

But I am a slave  
Inebriated by the futile chase of the restless senses.  
I see you not.

Every hill,  
Every mountain sings your praise.  
Every flower blooms but for you.  
Every bee seeks you in the honey of the multifarious blossoms.  
They have a message for me.

They say you have gone by.  
I miss you.  
Again  
And again.

Free me from the tangles of these enslaving senses  
And let my eyes see what I ought to see,  
Let me hear your noiseless tread on the green grass  
And gentle patter on the straggly pebbles.

You move like the tender morning shadows  
Drenched in aureate sunshine,  
Like the butterfly  
Drifting on the wings of the breeze.  
There is no catching you.

They say  
Only by love can you be stopped,  
If only I could empty the chalice of this heart  
And fill it with love!

Mohabeer Beeharry

# He Was Born Free

He was born free a long time ago  
When his mind and body were young.  
He loved the village lanes  
And the busy market towns.  
He loved the river walks, the trees and the wild lakes,  
The secret haunts of the mountains.  
There he created dreams and destroyed them in thousands.  
There it was where his dreams grew wings;  
Like the frolicsome morning shadows,  
He raced the breeze to the foot of the hills.  
He flew to the gilt land of moonbeams  
And bathed in the mellow lakes of sunshine.  
There he rode the fast wind horses to the clouds,  
Free from prejudices and dogmas.  
Like the birds in the trees, he was free,  
Free to sing the songs close to his heart,  
To fly and plane dangerously in the wind  
And dare the vehemence of enigmatic storms.  
Who cares what the books say?  
As long as his mind was free to dare and explore  
And bring home sweet treasures,  
Untarnished by short-minded confinements.  
But since, he has lost his freedom,  
Gradually circumvented by inveterate bookish weeds.  
He was imprisoned by many a belief and superstition  
He would rather live behind prison bars  
With his mind free to wonder and wander  
Free to love  
To reason and to understand  
Than his body free to rove  
And his heart and mind condemned to vegetate in educated darkness.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Hope Will Survive

That morning  
The sun rose early  
And drove the rowdy spates of cold shadows  
That like tattered shrouds  
Haunted the lonely village wood.

From the pages of the new born day  
I read hope.

Strange how the days run.  
I am old now  
The sky is not the same  
And the sun rays hurt.

Those lovely hills  
And mountains,  
Once treasure troves of endless inspirations,  
Have lost their exuberance.  
Patches of ugly dryness hurt my heart.

Some rise with thunder  
And lightening too.  
Others are welcome with lush sunshine  
And smiles  
And hope blossoms.

Still others,  
After a searing night of warring despair  
Wake up with threats of bloodshed  
And songs of flying bullets.

Shrivelled in buds  
Peace writhes in pain.  
This is the language of the new world.

This the time  
When tender flowers bear thorns,  
And love spawns heartless hatred,

Outcome of educated trash  
And ignorance,  
When behind screens of vague and suspicious knowledge,  
wisdom cries alone

Once we grew flowers.  
Once we grew love.  
Now morphed by spiritual liars  
They wane in confused hearts.

This is not your world  
Nor mine.  
It is his who made it.

Despite songs of bullets  
And thunders of empty haranguing  
Cows will continue to bear milk,  
Lambs to be born

Humanity is here to stay.  
The sun will continue to rise  
And the moon to call the night in.

As long as light of faith burns in this frail frame  
Hope will survive  
For one candle is enough to light a thousand more.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# I Am No Bubble On A Vagrant Wave

One little wave  
Wets my bare feet  
And leaves behind traces of white foams;  
In the homing evening, they scintillate,  
A thousand suns vying.  
I watch them burst, one by one,  
And wonder what it all means!  
For nothing passes without reasons;  
A certain message tucked somewhere  
In the folds of this ever changing vista.  
Releasing my mind from its local shackles,  
I tread strange lanes and unknown pathways,  
Heaving deserts and seething seas  
In search.  
We are they say like candle flames  
At the mercy of inscrutable destinies!  
Children of accidents,  
Moths destined to end in burning lamps  
Bubbles bandied on the crests of vagrant waves!  
But not me!  
I am neither a moth nor an unfortunate candle flame!  
Neither an unfortunate bubble nor a creature of accident  
I am me!  
The one who is unborn  
And who never dies  
Who cannot be slashed  
Nor be destroyed!  
One to whom the past, present and future has no meaning!  
One who even time celebrates;  
For whom this universe was made,  
The sun shines  
And the light of the stars burns!  
For me the rain falls,  
And the flowers bloom,  
Rivers run and the woodland brooks sing!  
For me saints and avatars descend from their heavens!  
He who understands this truth,  
Understands why this beautiful universe was bestowed unto man!



Mohabeer Beeharry

# I Am The Watcher

I am the watcher  
I am not born.

From land to land  
I travel  
Different climes and different people  
Different dress and different custom.

Unattached, I watch the world go  
Like a merry go round.

I have seen joys  
I have seen tears.  
I have seen unions  
And I have seen separations too.

But I am unattached.  
I am the watcher beyond time  
And death.

Many names have I had.  
Always as per my master's order  
I live in different house  
At different time  
Till he calls me back.

I join not in the travails of this earthly body  
I live in  
Nor am I affected by its joys  
Or pain.  
I am the watcher.

Born of the five elements  
A bundle of bones and flesh  
Tied up with loose end of the senses

And slave to the gullible mind,  
Ignorant of his own glory  
The body loiters;

Lost in the alleys of this earth  
This body is bound  
And pays a high price for its ignorance.  
It loiters for a short time  
Building dream castles in the sands of time.

I am beyond fear  
I am beyond time,  
I am beyond this body  
I am the watcher,  
Eternally untainted  
Attained only by love and devotion.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# I Celebrate

I celebrate the cosmos with its infinite  
Multitude of suns, moons, stars and planets.  
I celebrate the lovely and exuberant world  
With its blue sky, and oceans,  
Its dark thunder clouds, mountains and rivers,  
Its flowers, brooks and hills.  
I celebrate the known and I celebrate the unknown.  
I celebrate he who made them all,  
For he who made them, made them into one whole:  
An inseparable mosaic.  
I salute the greatest of all the marvels:  
Man! the home of the infinite; of infinite beauty.  
For to him was given the gift  
To comprehend the infinite,  
To see, to hear, and to love the whole.  
To him was given the gift  
To seek the eternal home of wisdom,  
And having found which, time ceases to scare,  
Barred and cooped up in the house of gross matter,  
A non-existent toothless chimera.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# I Know What You Look Like

I have never seen you before.  
But I know what you look like.  
In my heart, passed all the hurdles of confusions  
In a little bower  
At the foot of the hill  
There is a special place  
I have made for you  
Decked with flowers  
Profusely scented.  
From there comes the reflection  
Of your face.  
You look like me.  
For from there only comes  
That special joy and peace.  
I have never heard the sound of your voice.  
But I know what it sounds like.  
It sounds like my own.  
Somewhere in this frail frame  
Where the river of life finds its source  
The sounds of your chanting has not stopped,  
That single syllable chant!  
A ceaseless flow.  
Still resounding in this earthen vessel,  
Becoming my voice  
Since time began its dance  
And stars first shone  
And nature in ecstasy  
Exploded in fruitful abundance.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# I Need To Know

I have eyes,  
But I cannot see what I need to see.  
I have ears,  
I cannot hear what I need to hear.  
What I see and hear  
Have got me no further than  
From where I was in the first place.  
Stunted!  
I need to see where the road of my life is leading;  
Beyond this perishable  
Piece of flesh and bones,  
Where the senses,  
Pretentious and ignorant cannot reach,  
dying a natural death.  
I need to know  
What is that light burning in the distance  
Telling me of subtle places,  
Where immortality is never too far,  
Always is.  
I need to know  
Who speaks in the silence of the night  
Reproaching me,  
Wake up, I am here, the one you are looking for.  
And you are sleeping?  
Nothing seems real here,  
Dying before I reach them.  
How can I trust anything?  
Or hold to something  
That cannot hold itself?  
Wisdom lies somewhere,  
Beyond the fringe of this handful of mortal dust.  
I need to know the way.  
It's all around me, calling.  
Yet I cannot find the way.  
Cloistered, I die to rare off  
Like the grounded peacock.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# I Salute You Artist

I salute you artist  
Who can bring my master home to me.  
Love they say has no language,  
And no time to bloom  
A single flower blooming in all the hearts  
Always waiting,  
Be it sun or storm.  
I salute the heart that guides the hand  
And the hand that guides the brush.  
At the command of love,  
The universe freezes in transcendental joy;  
The heart thaws and the land is flooded  
The heart, the mind, the brush and the oil  
All merging into a perfect marriage.  
No mortal can rise up to this miracle.  
For perfection is only my master's own exclusivity.  
So I salute the hand  
That could so faultlessly play the games of my master.  
With a few sweeps of your paint brush,  
A universe is born.  
Limitless space blooms  
Earth, moon and sun adjust  
Million of stars twinkle in the dark sky,  
All locked into an unimaginable and motionless speed.  
I salute you artist.  
Given a little more inspiration,  
The river would be running,  
The trees swaying in the wind,  
The sun rising  
Behind those unruly skeins of clouds.  
These birds are raring  
To abandon themselves to the blue sky  
From their colourful and exuberant oil perches.  
I could feel  
Their will to break free from this condemned immobility.  
My heart swells  
I warm up.  
Unshed tears prick my eyes.  
I cry in joy at the marvel

My master has made of this place!

Mohabeer Beeharry



# I Waited...

I waited all day and night for just one word of love.  
I waited for a week,  
I waited for a month.  
A whole year.  
But it never came.  
The cold winter nights came  
And dragged their feet in the wet windy darkness.  
I waited.  
All night my nose to the cold window pane,  
Tearful and heavy hearted.  
Night turned into day,  
As the mellow beams of the young sun  
Kissed the bedewed garden slabs  
And shivered into thousand smithereens of sparkling candle lights,  
Waking the flowers from their slumbrous torpour.  
I watched the tiny robin skip perkily, chasing butterflies  
And squirrels scuttling deftly on the wooden fence.  
I waited.  
Night again.  
The same old silence. Heavier, more unbearable.  
A garland of led. I slept.  
Shaken by the old wise man,  
I woke up trembling like from a nightmare,  
On fire, burning with despair and shame.  
His last words resounded like a whip on my conscience:  
Child, life is like mathematics.  
You get from it what you put into it.  
You put nothing in, you get nothing back.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# I Want You To Forget

One day I shall not be here  
To sing this song to you.  
You will be alone.  
The nights will be long and tearful  
As the stars shed tears of tender light.  
Your days lonely and endless  
As long as the candle of memories  
Burn in your heart  
Remembering me;  
This song I will leave for you.  
This writing will remain  
Braving time, life and failing memories.  
This writing will bring me back;  
And unseen, in the tender of the night  
I will wipe your tears.  
I will breathe comfort into your failing heart  
And light the candles of happy smiles on your lips.  
The night will be short again  
You will not miss me then.  
You will dare the tyranny of time.  
This is my promise to you.  
From the grave of sadness  
The sunshine of gentle life  
Will rise again.  
You will forget.  
You will forget  
I want you to forget.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# In Search Of Loneliness

I long to be alone.  
But I do not even know  
What is being lonely.  
Surrounded all my life,  
I get so hot  
And cramped:  
Too much love.  
I am overflowing.  
Attached, I have become blind.  
My heart closing  
Like a flower at night,  
Dormant.  
The same music  
Different sounds.  
The same faces  
Different looks.  
I think and speak like them  
I look and walk like them.  
Nothing of me, I am a stranger to myself  
The one I am looking for,  
The reason of my desire to be alone  
Is not here.  
He is playful and  
Chafing the heart is his favourite pastime.  
He likes loneliness.  
Not the one  
Where you are dismayed.  
But where you play and are happy,  
Where you shed those old useless  
Chattels and pride,  
Where the chest heaves and  
Sobs beg to explode;  
That loneliness I am looking for,  
Where like the lotus  
I am in the world  
But not of it.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# In Search Of The Truth

I seek the truth

From where the ideation of this universe  
Shivered into a spectacular existence;  
Where rivers of wisdom flow unabated  
And cascades of ineffable joys drench the air  
With unceasing sprays of love and sunshine.

I seek the truth

Where life is not time scaled,  
Two-sided or relative,  
Where untold symphonies are born  
That would deluge the atmosphere with flood of unsurpassable music.  
These I find by diving into my own self,  
Following the mystic lamp.

I shake the tree of superstitions  
And cull immortal fruits of wisdom.

I churn the frail mind's ocean  
And reap rich and multifarious pearls.

I befriend pain and shirk ephemeral pleasures  
That like fearsome shadows shroud the treasure-troves of truth that twinkle at  
the bottom.

And all decked, I come  
From where the mind ceases to maraud,  
And the proud breath sacrifices itself  
At the altar of the all encompassing truth.

## POEM 3

Title: I celebrate

I celebrate the cosmos with its infinite  
Multitude of suns, moons, stars and planets.  
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With its blue sky, and oceans,  
Its dark thunder clouds, mountains and rivers,  
Its flowers, brooks and hills.  
I celebrate the known and I celebrate the unknown.  
I celebrate he who made them all,  
For he who made them, made them into one whole:

An inseparable mosaic.  
I salute the greatest of all the marvels:  
Man! the home of the infinite; of infinite beauty.  
For to him was given the gift  
To comprehend the infinite,  
To see, to hear, and to love the whole.  
To him was given the gift  
To seek the eternal home of wisdom,  
And having found which, time ceases to scare,  
Barred and cooped up in the house of gross matter,  
A non-existent toothless chimera.

#### POEM No 4

Title: A remembrance for Renuka

And when the morning dawns at last,  
The first arrows of the young sun  
Gently drenches the hibiscus in light purple blooms,  
Gilding the front courtyard,  
She opens her eyes, glazed and jaundiced  
And takes a long troubled look at the flowers  
At her bedside and gives a sigh.  
I watch, helpless, depressed and disorientated,  
Crying in silence  
And praying.  
Who was she who once came into my life,  
A stranger, heart full of love,  
And stayed close ever since?  
Now stands alone between two worlds,  
A frail frame battered by the relentless rigour  
Of a terminal nightmare.  
Strong in mind; alone in her pain.  
She reaches for my hands  
And though not by words of mouth,  
Lets her love flow, telling all she has not  
The years gone by.  
A smile, faint, distant, and inscrutable,  
Lights her face and lingers awhile  
Like the half moon on a cloudless night,  
Gradually waning,

Sinking back into her own lifeless self.  
For ever, for ever.  
The curtains have fallen, the eternal silence  
Between here and there,  
Between here and no where.  
All was said that was needed to be said.  
What was left, was never intended.  
A certain fleshly heartache endures,  
A certain lonely candle burning  
Till the kind hands of time  
Dry the tears.

#### POEM 5

Title: Where is the difference?

You think we are different  
Because we look different?  
But who knows what unseen forces had moulded us, age after age?  
Have made us fruits of different trees?  
They have made me sour and you sweet.  
They have made you sour and me sweet.  
Yet both our lives hang on the precarious swings of that fleshly pendulum.  
When the sun sets, we both look for comfort  
In the arms of the nightly slumber;  
When our throats are parched,  
We both look for the fountain to quench our thirst;  
At the vehemence of the nightly nightmares,  
We both sit up in bed, dearly wishing for the day to break.  
And when finally the frail pendulum ceases to swing,  
We both are forced to tug our tails in  
And ease out into that same immense and blind  
Nothingness, leaving behind the pampered pride and hoarded wealth.  
We are like the waters of the fabled well,  
Who knows where from we come,  
And where to we go.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# In The Heart Of Tears

A star runs across the sky  
And plunges headlong into the infinity  
And is lost for ever.  
It looks simple.  
A star less.  
But the universe goes on,  
Locked in its own speed and committed glory,  
Unmindful of anybody's pain or pleasure  
Loss or gain!  
A star is lost, thousands are born,  
To join the race for the space.  
One goes, and is replaced by thousands.  
I wonder why it is all happening.  
Why then do we have to feel the separation,  
And the loss?  
Why are tears our immediate refuge?  
Why are our hearts so tender and sensible?  
Why could we not have been hardened at source?  
There would then be no pain, no tear, no heartbreak.  
Are we not mistaking this life for a field of tears?  
Maybe yes!  
But then, we would not be human.  
There is a price to pay  
For being human!  
And that is the everlasting beauty and glory of it:  
To be made in the image of the maker himself!  
For tenderness and tears are the other names for love.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# In The Wilderness

Once in a dream I was in a wilderness,  
My life and heart as barren as the rocks,  
That lay scattered around;  
A colourless moon looked down behind a veil of mist.  
No stars to grace the night's freezing shroud.  
It was an endless place,  
So silent, my heartbeat sounded like great thuds on the solid surface of the  
gloom.  
But why was I there, I wondered?  
There was no answer, for none existed:  
I was myself the enigma, and the solution!  
The wilderness, the moon, the rocks,  
And the vegetations were what remained of me: the debris  
Of my feelings, my thoughts, and my aspirations.  
Speak, said a voice and it was indulgent and deep,  
But mightier than the forest torrent.  
I have nought, I made reply.  
And it laughed, loud and long, a little mocking  
But profoundly compassionate.  
This is what is left of you, child!  
You are so full, and yet so empty!  
Your journeys and your joys have been as many  
As the pearls of dews that cool the virgin earth.  
Many a river have you crossed, and mountains unknown,  
And you brought me nothing?  
No flowers, no songs of yore, no story of our eternal companionship?  
Will you turn me back, sad and empty?  
On my knees I cried in remorse,  
Forgive oh forgive, in my joy I forgot thee  
And stop not to see that thou art waiting!  
I promised thee flowers from the valleys of my heart;  
Garlands of love from where smiles reign supreme.  
Selfish, I forgot thee, alone braving the nightly storms.  
Rise child, spoke the voice again,  
Life is a circle. You always come back to what you left behind.  
So saying the wilderness disappeared,  
A new sun is born  
And a new life blazes its entry into this phenomenal world.





# Know Yourself

Let the sun shine,  
You can shine brighter;  
And more,  
For you are the child of the eternal,  
Born from light,  
A thousand suns combined.

Let the night be peaceful.  
Peace is your birthright.  
Look in your heart,  
Land of inexhaustible peace.  
Therein is more peace  
Than all nights can conceive.

Let the birds sing and be happy.  
You are the source of all songs  
And gaiety,  
Heir to eternal happiness.

Let the mountains in conceit lift  
Their giddy and snow-crowned heads  
Wooing the passing clouds,  
And the oceans roar.  
Why fear when he is there.

Know you not that he watches over you,  
Ceaselessly?  
That in time of uncertainties and doubts,  
Surrounds you with the fortresses  
Of his messengers' love?

Tears will come  
And tears will go.  
Laughter does not come to stay either;  
They are the hard cash of life.  
Without them,  
Life has very little to be remembered.

This universe

And these stars,  
This earth  
And this sun.

These blooms and these mountains,  
These seas and these oceans,  
Are there for you.  
You are not here for them.

Tied in a bouquet of priceless marvels,  
They tell you  
How great is his love.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Life Eternal

What do I care if mountains topple and rivers flood!  
This body falls and disintegrates!  
I was not intended to last for a day.  
I was here before the planets,  
The mountains, the rivers and the waterfalls!  
Before the first flower that ever bloomed.  
I have seen many a day rise, their sheen,  
Like the will- o'-the-wisp, disappeared into the dark nights of hopelessness;  
Rivers swallowed by the thirsty cradles of the parched earth.  
Here is but an hour or so,  
Nothing more than a sunrise and a sunset!  
I know of suns that never set,  
Of flowers that for ever deck the locks of timeless valleys,  
And songs of love that echo through the panoply  
Of unchanging and multifarious sceneries.  
Shed no tears on passing pleasures.  
Like the shivering beams of the midnight moon,  
They vanish in the relentless whirlpool of time.  
My life stands on its own, fearless,  
And eternal, unpropped by the frail presence  
Of recurring phenomenas.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Life's Enigma

Who cares  
Whether I live  
Or die?

Beyond the crests of the first few seconds  
Your care will linger  
Till on my lonely grave  
The colours of the flowers have faded,  
The flights of my ashes have from this lovely place Wiped all traces of my fragile  
existence.

Do not blame yourself  
This is the way  
The world is.

Like the blossom that builds its whorl of petals  
Life weaves garlands of hope  
Trussing them with filaments of love  
Dearly but vainly  
Wishing for them to live on.

Here immortality is a false dream.  
Here the river runs a short race,  
The brook sings a short ditty  
And the bird's flight does not last long.

Still somewhere, love  
Tucked into this very fragile existence  
Wait a wise secret:  
The same immortality denied us here.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Look Back

Look back

The fear that you sowed  
And the war that you caused,  
The blood that you shed  
And the cities that you destroyed

The children that you forced in hunger  
Pain and homelessness  
The lives that you destroyed  
They will all one day claim their price.

Run as far as you will  
This earth that you bled  
Will be right there..  
Under your feet  
To claim the price of her tears.

All actions have their reactions  
Nothing is swept under the carpet here  
A cosmic law.

And when it comes,  
It will flood.  
It will quake.  
It will be an eye  
For an eye.

Nowhere for you to hide.  
Chased by your own destiny,  
Hills or mountains will hide.  
And death will wait  
Till you are cleared.

This is not your world, my friend.  
The sooner you realise  
That you are only a tenant here,  
Not the landlord  
The better it is.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Lost Love

Winter has come.  
This body has grown old  
My bones ache and my knees knock  
And my heart  
Cluttered with chattels  
Niggardly hoarded  
A burden.  
Sinking into uncertain lands  
Terrified  
Lonely lonely lonely  
Groping for the warmth of a welcoming shoulder.  
This world is empty.  
Oh my friend, the fog has thickened,  
I cannot walk to your house,  
The place I once refused to come.  
The air heavy with the smell of incense  
Drenching the winter breeze.  
I can hear the sounds of bells  
As they vanished on the wings of the fading moonbeams  
From a distance,  
Behind a thousand or so acres of wilderness  
My last faithful friend,  
I can hear you call:  
I curse myself for not heeding you  
When this frame was new  
And the strength renewable.  
Now I must leave alone  
Bereft of the love  
I once turned my back on.

Mohabeer Beeharry



# Love Your Freedom

I am bird.  
Like all creatures  
I value my freedom.

Having been imprisoned for so long  
I have forgotten what freedom tastes like.

My wings have hardened  
And my sight shortened.

There is no outside.  
The inside is limited,  
An eye sore.

Gone the blue sky  
And the warm sunshine.

Gone the chirps  
And the cool taste of the woodland brook.

Once freedom was my birthright  
Now a shrivelled dream,  
Turned into a recurrent nightmare.

Who my mother and father were?  
Through vague screens of folding mist  
Glimpses of their faces  
Fan pass.

I hardly remember the village  
I came from  
For I was plucked from my father's home,  
Except for a great river  
And a sprawling field of wild flowers.

Freedom was my twin brother.  
We were born together  
Raised together.

For the loss of it  
I have died many a time behind these bars.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# My Kingdom

In a dream I was a king.  
No kingdom  
No queen  
No ministers  
And no horse  
I was a king.  
I surveyed my kingdom:  
Wisdom was my first minister;  
Love and peace, beauty and honesty  
My subjects.  
Plenty and happiness  
My closest friends.  
Surrounded with barbed wires  
Under tight surveillance  
I gave my prisoners no reprieve.  
All powerful, irresistible  
Vindictive and surreptitious  
Perpetually ready to subvert  
My prisoners,  
Anger, dishonesty  
Lies, violence and greed  
Were kept under lock and key.  
Thus the story went  
My kingdom was affluent.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Mystery

The more I think of you  
The less I understand myself.

Like the gentle brook  
Keen on reaching the river  
And the river the sea  
And the ocean  
I seek you.

Does the brook know  
What the river looks like?

Does the river know  
What the sea looks like,  
And the ocean?  
I wonder.

And yet that chase is on.  
Unceasing,  
Never once forestalled.

Do I know what you look like?  
I do not.  
They say you are the Truth  
The Consciousness  
And the Happiness

They say  
You are in everything I see.  
Still it is all mystery to me.

Like everything I see  
Dropping away one after another,  
Bloom today  
To wane tomorrow,

One day it will be my turn  
To tread out into the unknown  
Going to I do not know where.

My way is chartered.

Will I ever come back?

Some say I will.

Others that it is all dark

At the end of this lane.

Mystery!

Who could unravel this mystery?

Even if they do,

It would have been their revelation

Not mine,

Not his,

Soon drifted into unbelief.

What is left is the same old mystery.

Mystery of who you are.

Mystery of who am I.

The sun will continue to shine,

And set.

In its old way the night will follow.

Children will be born

And grow up to be man

Evolution will marshal on.

Where to?

Mystery!

Today you are like sunshine

Bright and transcendental,

Breaking from the womb of straying cloud

And your smile like the blossom of the new rising moon.

Yesterday you were the storm clouds

Rolling across the valleys of this life

Raging

Squalling

And bent on destruction.

Like a paper boat  
Sailing on this ocean of change,  
My mind wrestles to understand the mystery  
Of this perpetual transfiguration.

It is a mystery to be me.  
It is a greater mystery to understand you.  
The rest is silence.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Not A Tear More

If by accident  
I hurt you, love,  
I beg you, hide your tears from me.  
This heart cannot take one tear more.

Around me, in these valleys,  
Decked with flowers  
Where love and beauty once bloomed  
And childlike joys gambolled  
I can see only tears and tears:

Frightened, the sky is silent,  
Eyes bloated with unshed tears:  
Thunder clouds, ominous  
Gathering, and the half moon  
Shedding a frail sheen of lurid light.  
Where shall I save those tears?

From dark and clammy dungeons  
Where flowerpots spawn deadly bullets  
Fear, nurtured and terrifying  
Stalks the innocent souls,

As this poor old world bleeds,  
Face and body scarred,  
Groaning, splitting  
Struggling to hold on to its own endangered breath:  
Where shall I save those tears?

He who was made to be the best,  
The flower of this creation,  
A storehouse of unstinted love,  
And a well of wisdom;  
Fashioned to be tender and loving,  
To lighten darkness  
And spread joy and gaiety,  
Is himself sinking into a trauma  
Of heartless change.

When hurricanes strike,  
Floods threaten  
And earthquakes rend through our hearts,  
And I raise my eyes to the sky and ask,  
Why, why?  
And get no reply,  
Where shall I save those tears of despair?

Oh love,  
This heart cannot take one tear more.

Mohabeer Beeharry



# Oh God Why...

As the sun makes its descent  
Behind the bamboo grove,  
A thin veil of darkness roams  
Over the river and the village;  
The temple bells ring for the last time.  
Soon the doors will be closed,  
And Lord, you will be all alone  
Within the four scented walls,  
All night,  
Away from me,  
Are you happy?  
They say you are in my heart.  
A small and cramped place, isn't?  
I wonder how do you fit your infinity in there?  
Where the machinery clicks  
Till the day it runs out of steam.  
I myself am a stranger to my own heart,  
For behind the teeming and unruly mass of useless garbage,  
Not even I can see you.  
Are you happy?  
When my wife spread  
Great mouth watering dishes on the table  
And I forget to invite you,  
And say a hurried sorry Lord later,  
Are you happy?  
Like all others  
I am an expert at saying sorry,  
A lip service, a flower of my hypocrisy.  
Oh Lord, tell me why,  
Why do you still remain in my heart,  
That clammy, uncaring and selfish place?  
And bleed for me,  
and face heartless tortures and insults?  
All for me?  
You are omniscient, you know everything:  
The greed, the hatred and the selfishness  
And the useless violence.  
In this darkness,  
I wish I could fathom the depth of your love.

For the love of me,  
You will go hungry.  
You will pardon my hypocrisy,  
And welcome torture and insults.  
For me,  
You will descend a thousand times from your heaven.  
I have one small prayer, O Lord,  
Give me just one tiny drop of your love  
That I may bring peace where there is war  
Love where there is hatred  
And hope where there are despair and frustration.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Old Age

Old age has come to roost  
And time does not seem to have time for me.  
I am left behind,  
A fated fly caught in the web of perpetually shrinking strength.

Time  
Has more dare now  
Which I cannot confront  
As when this body was young  
And thriving.

Through tired and glazed vision  
I watch it pass,  
Giggling at my helplessness.

This body is old,  
The hair hoary  
The bones surrendering to a ravaging weakness,  
I watch life with a vague and wistful nostalgia  
Slipping, slipping  
Like grains of sand.

The will that was once my brace  
And armour,  
Dodders like a child's steps.

There is no going back  
To those beautiful days  
When I was young  
And the sky so blue.

Every little tremor  
And pain is fantasied.  
A scare.

A scare  
That one day very near  
That door will open  
And I will not come back.

I look back  
On life i left behind:

A tinge of wilderness,  
Thorns and sores  
That I spread for others  
And I shudder.  
Perhaps I could have left a little more flowers.

Life now laughs back at me  
And says they are yours,  
Your own legacy  
Those thorns and sores  
You left behind.

Life has a message for all of us.  
We read it differently  
And live it differently.  
But at the end  
The message is the same for all of us.

If you cannot do good to someone,  
Spare him the venom of your wicked heart.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# On The Way Of Life

I have no battle to fight  
Nor victories or defeats,  
Anger or frustrations to collect.  
No wrong to vindicate.  
These, like birds of ill omen  
Have long left.  
I write not of hatred  
Nor of recriminations for those hands  
That abuse the love and friendship  
I shower;  
For I expect nothing from anyone.  
Whatever happens, happens for the best.  
I only seek to know who sustains this place,  
For I often wonder how thoroughly familiar  
He is with the most hidden secrets of my heart.  
And when I least expect,  
Like subtle whiffs of light,  
Flitting across dark and starless nights,  
Replies to inveterate worries surface.  
They say some fruits of life are bitter  
And some are sweet.  
There is logic here, and wisdom.  
If everything were good  
Then the boredom would be too much.  
I need challenge and motivation.  
If we were all prophets,  
Who would teach who?  
If all the lakes were oceans,  
Where would the land be?  
On the way of life  
There are soft tufts and straggly stones.  
I get bored always treading on soft tufts.  
Now and then I need hard ground,  
To know, not only what I can endure  
But also what he, who made it all,  
Wants of me.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Remembering Renuka

And when the morning dawns at last,  
The first arrows of the young sun  
Gently drenches the hibiscus in light purple blooms,  
Gilding the front courtyard,  
She opens her eyes, glazed and jaundiced  
And takes a long troubled look at the flowers  
At her bedside and gives a sigh.  
I watch, helpless, depressed and disorientated,  
Crying in silence  
And praying.  
Who was she who once came into my life,  
A stranger, heart full of love,  
And stayed close ever since?  
Now stands alone between two worlds,  
A frail frame battered by the relentless rigour  
Of a terminal nightmare.  
Strong in mind; alone in her pain.  
She reaches for my hands  
And though not by words of mouth,  
Lets her love flow, telling all she has not  
The years gone by.  
A smile, faint, distant, and inscrutable,  
Lights her face and lingers awhile  
Like the half moon on a cloudless night,  
Gradually waning,  
Sinking back into her own lifeless self.  
For ever, for ever.  
The curtains have fallen, the eternal silence  
Between here and there  
Between here and no where.  
All was said that was needed to be said.  
What was left, was never intended.  
A certain fleshly heartache endures,  
A certain lonely candle burning  
Till the kind hands of time  
Dry the tears.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Remembering The Indian Ocean Tsunami

Who knows when the flowers bloom  
And why they go?  
Having done their time,  
They leave, quietly and bravely:  
An intrinsic law,  
An unbreakable tenet.  
Who knows for whom the knell toll?  
Who wakes up after a satisfying slumber  
To confront inexplicable disasters?  
What the next day brings is a mystery.  
Sunshine or showers  
Tears or pleasure  
War or peace.  
Ignorant of the cause,  
We know the effects.  
Fateful yet inevitable!  
Fruits of our own actions and reactions.  
Others call them accidents, dear children of our own mistakes.  
My house was blown away  
My baby drowned  
And my mother,  
Buried under rubbles!  
These are not my doing, nor my mistakes,  
Nor the things I wanted!  
Why then do we need  
By certain inexplicable force,  
To lick our wounds,  
Hopeless and broken, helpless  
Waiting for the disoriented hope,  
And strength to return, our achievement destroyed,  
Our self confidence and courage battered?  
Why, like the many civilisations  
Gone before, obliterated,  
Do we find ourselves stuck on the verge of disasters  
Forlorn, deprived, broken and in despair?  
Face, drenched with dusty tears,  
Locked in internecine wars,  
Bones shattered by loads of fallen debris?  
We are human, sometimes too vainly blowing

Our supremacy over the environment!  
Maybe we need to search deeper!  
Maybe the secret of our strength and survival,  
Is still there to be uncovered!  
While we continue to glorify ourselves  
In having appropriated it,  
We forget that nature is infinite!  
That we are only a minute part in this universe,  
Smaller still without this earth;  
There are far more things, innumerable laws and forces,  
All unknown and beyond our limited scan,  
Out there to be reckoned with.  
We are not permanent residents here.  
Nothing is eternal, neither us nor the things  
We build or the things that surround us.  
Pain and pleasure are the threads  
That bind our existence to this place:  
Frailty, in spite of our manufactured security,  
Is at the base of this phenomenal fabric.  
If we have what we want, we are happy!  
Short of them, we are unhappy. This is delusion.  
Still however great the pain,  
Those changes have never ceased to occur,  
Again and again  
The same as it had happened from time  
Buried in the dark past,  
when time sprang from the great void  
Into which all our civilisations were swallowed.  
This is the way nature evolves: there is no sentiment there,  
No change of mind and no waiting,  
One mighty juggernaut,  
Ruthlessly ploughing on.  
In it love and patience, tears and happiness, strength and hope, dangers and  
devastations, war and peace  
Are all intermingling and building elements.  
The greatest justice we can do to ourselves  
Is to be aware of them and accept them  
As part of our own existence,  
We are all part of a constantly recycling reality!  
Remember those civilisations, towers and castles  
That had once claimed eternity as their own,  
They had crumbled and turned into dust.



Many a star and planet have disappeared  
And many are those we held dear and close  
Have had to succumb to this self-same  
Onslaught of passing time  
Who is there brave enough  
To withstand this change?  
Who dares to be permanent or eternal here?  
Nothing is permanent and pretending that it is not so  
Does not change anything.  
Change is the natural nature of this place  
A guarantee to its own reality and continuity!  
It brings pain and sorrow,  
But it also brings hope, joys and happiness in its wake.  
To be here is to be at the mercy of these conditions.  
The sooner we learn to live with them  
The sooner we will be happy,  
For happiness itself is relative.  
Where there is happiness, there is bound to be sadness  
This is where our strength as human beings is.  
Knowing this secret and what is real,  
We rise above the ash.  
But who can replace my baby!  
Who can bring my mother back.  
Who could wipe off the pain  
That gnaws at my heart?  
Who could bring my old peaceful sleep back!  
To wipe our tears and bravely march on, to continue with our life,  
Is our fortitude, and  
Our justification to survive as human.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Setting The Mind Free

Setting the mind free

This place has far more things in it  
Than you and I  
Can ever cognise.

Still,  
Cloistered  
In our mind  
We are happy to live in a mental bungle,  
Just round the village,  
Safe within the confines of our religious inhibitions.  
The rest is false.

Some like it this way.  
Slaves to short-lived glitters  
And baubles,  
Terrified of what lies beyond  
The familiar boundaries,  
The search for themselves  
Has yet to begin.

When you tell them  
This is light,  
They tell you it is superstitions,  
Darkness,  
Perdition.

The radiance and the glory  
Of this universe  
Reside in its ceaseless flux  
Embellished with frills of wisdom,  
Happiness, beauty, love  
And truth.  
It is not a child's play.

In there  
In the lotus of transcendental serenity,

Where you  
And I  
Wait  
For the realised consciousness  
To come back,  
Immortality is not a fiction,  
But a lasting reality.

Nature changes  
Trees and mountains change,  
Sceneries change  
And so do stars.

Brooks become streams  
And streams rivers;  
Rivers become seas  
And seas oceans.

No argument,  
No suspicion  
And no fringe.  
Just a profound and placid cosmic communion.

Like them,  
The mind dreams of its own splendour  
A consciousness that knows  
No fear

Of shattering stunted barriers  
And merge with its Creator  
At last to surrender itself  
To that transcendental serenity.

Bound behind bars of false values,  
Sparse light  
Sparse darkness  
Stale air,  
It recycles itself.

Stale bread of yore  
Becomes new feed  
Setting out untimely tombs for sprouting aspirations.

Thus, God makes wisdom  
We make nightmares.  
God makes peace  
We make terror.  
God makes beauty  
We make the beast.

Besides bubbling founts of wisdom  
We live on age old rags and tatters  
And musty thoughts,  
Memories of lost happiness,

Making bedfellows of our nightmares  
And ending into the seething cauldrons  
Of searing pains and suffering.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Seven Days

Many a year  
Has drifted by  
Since last I saw her.  
Age has now caught up with me.

She was once queuing for a train ticket.  
So was I.  
I do not remember  
How the conversation began..  
And do you know what?  
We became friends....  
Just a trifle little more than that perhaps!

Love is like a butterfly,  
Subtle and elusive.  
It hovers,  
It tempts and it frisks  
And when it lands,  
We are willing prisoners.

Something tender slowly crept in.  
A throb or two in the heart,  
Timid flutters  
Sprouting dearly little yearnings.

All of a sudden she seemed to be unbearably far.  
Strange  
How human beings  
Make dreams of sleepless nights  
And flowers of unborn buds.

Six days we had together  
And on the seventh  
I saw her off at the station.  
She said thanks  
And cried.

As she got into that train,  
I knew that with every rail track clatter

The train made,  
She would be swallowed into a whirlpool  
Of growing distance,  
Trapped into the fog of an irretrievable past.

Years later,  
The memory of something tender,  
The curious seven day love story,  
Emerged from the flow of time.  
Alive.

An unwritten play,  
We are blank sheets,  
Time the writer.  
You can never tell  
What comes next.

Like children  
Engaged  
In playing on the shores  
Of tears and laughter,  
Unguarded,

We exist from one moment to another.  
Some memories recede into forgetfulness.  
Others vanquishing the buffets,  
Rise again,  
And the pen goes on.

They say  
If the love is true,  
Distance and storms  
Are but trifle scares.

My words are my flowers;  
Of them I make a garland  
Which I float on the river of time.  
Perchance it will survive the storms  
And outwit the distance.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Begging Bowl

Why can't I ever have peace?  
Or be happy?  
I have given away almost all I have.  
Sometimes when this heart grows weak  
And my conscience strong,  
And I cannot sustain its repeated demand,  
I am tempted even to give away  
What I have left, locked away.  
Will it satisfy the insatiable hunger  
Of those who are always pestering my conscience.  
Will it give me peace?  
Will it make me happy?  
Shall I see a world  
Where man has not stooped so low?  
With nothing left to feed myself,  
Having given everything away  
I will have to fit a begging bowl  
Out for myself.  
Who is genuine,  
And who is fake  
The line is very thin between.  
In this complicated world the old conscience  
Is dying an untimely death!  
God's names and hypocrisy have become close comrades in business.  
And charity another name for living shamelessly off another's sweat and labour.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Bird And The Man

Tired of chasing each other, a bird and a man settled down to a conciliatory conversation:

I have two wings, said the bird.

I have two arms, replied the man.

I can fly to the top of this tree, easily.

So can I.

You cannot fly!

You cannot climb!

Yes, of course. We are quit.

No, said the man. You cannot swim in that river!

True again, the bird replied, mortified,

An awkward silence followed

Well then I win, said the man, I am better than you!

The bird, fidgety, thinking as hard as he could.

No, he replied, coming back with determination.

How is that? asked the man, surprised.

Can you fly up there? Indicating the open sky.

No, replied the man, feeling cornered.

The bird continued, patient but determined.

You are very proud of your ability to swim, eh?

Certainly! the man interjected. Try it!

I don't need to, said the bird. I know I can't!

So?

So, tell me for how long can you remain under the water?

The man retreated into another uneasy silence.

No more than a second or two, yea? I can stay for hours up there, the bird continued. As long as I like.

I can dive into the water too for fish! Can you do this?

God has made me stronger! He loves me more!

Said the man, a wee bit hostile.

Love, my friend? retorted the bird.

If you had it, it won't be long before you lose it!

Love is pure. Love is smooth. Love is edifying.

At the call of love, the moon shines and the sun rises,

the breeze blows and the brooks run

the rivers are filled with life-giving water;

trees bloom and life blossoms.

Love has neither beginning nor end;

neither religion nor colour. Love is giving, sharing, expecting nothing in return.



But you are always at each others' throats,  
You have turned this place into a killing field.  
Hungry for power! Is this what you call love?  
And the bird added,  
You said God loves you more. He does, I am sure!  
That's why you are endowed with so many extraordinary gifts.  
But think of how you are misusing them!  
Besides what have you done for him, eh?  
You are driving him not only from this place,  
But also from your heart, his last resort.  
Defiling and ransacking his place of rest?  
Turning his holy places into rented apartments,  
And grounds for unholy conspiracies  
A last pitch from the man  
I have got more brain than you, see?  
Brain? asked the bird. But to what use have you put it?  
Your history books run with blood, murders, jealousy  
and conspiracy, but you are still not learning!  
You have raised great edifications and filled them with tinsels of pride and greed  
Still I admit you have made things a lot better for many.  
But have you not destroyed the homes of many like me?  
And made the weather warmer, causing floods and devastations?  
The man gritted his teeth.  
Yes, for self preservation!  
No, for selfishness!  
The path you are taking to preserve yourself is leading you to self destruction,  
can't you see?  
What about us, the ungifted, who live our lives  
precariously dangling at the tops of trees,  
Facing storms and fires?  
Who roam parched deserts for a drop of water?  
Who year after year, are forced to watch our feeding grounds turned into tinders  
and wild fires?  
Even in the jungle, our rightful heritage,  
We are not safe from you!  
You catch us and stick us in the zoo for your pleasure.  
You are thrown in prison for committing crimes and find it unbearable for being  
cooped up between dumb walls;  
Have you ever thought how painful it is for us?  
And yet, we committed no crime against you.  
Are you accusing me of being heartless?  
And the chase began again.

I can shoot you with a gun! The man threatened the bird.  
I can destroy you with an arrow!  
There you go again!  
Said the bird, immensely sad.  
Is this being intelligent, eh?  
Is this love?  
Then, in a voice heavy with emotion, added  
I wouldn't want to do this to you!  
I wouldn't want to shoot you with a gun,  
Nor aim an arrow at you!  
We are both important to this place. I am no better than you,  
nor you than me.  
He who made us intended us to compliment each other, see?  
You can't replace me and I cannot replace you.  
We are both fitted with the things important for the conditions we live in.  
God gave you more love and intelligence in order to protect  
those who are weak and helpless.  
But you are not only destroying what he gave you,  
but you are destroying yourself.  
Go on, one day there will be nothing nor anyone left to talk about,  
Neither me nor you.  
We'll be merely a torn page from the history book of time.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Cross

I stood before the cross.  
I saw my father,  
Smiling.  
I said to him  
It is your will  
That I am here,  
A fragile thread of mortal coil  
Bound to these rowdy senses;  
A cross on my forehead  
And love and knowledge in my heart.  
I fear not the whip.  
And I fear not the hammer and the nails,  
The crunching march of the soldiers  
On the cobbled way.  
This body will bleed, since it is your will.  
I forgive them  
Who bear the whips  
And them armed with hammers and nails,  
Because they are all you:  
Different attire, different history.  
You are the one who inflicts the pain,  
The one who feels the pain,  
And the one who shed tears of comfort.  
How strange are your ways!  
We are children, playing on the shore of time,  
Picking little flowers and polished stones  
By the road side,  
Engaging in petty squabbles and useless warfare,  
Blind to your subtle and transcendental play.  
Little we know what a great show is going on around us.  
In which you are the director, the producer  
The actors and the viewers all in one.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Death Of A Man

That man,  
Tall, wiry and strong,  
Charred for constantly operating in the sun;  
Gentle and eyes on the ground,  
You would think that he was in deep thought  
Not so, he was just a quiet person.

He left early,  
Long before daybreak.  
I used to think  
That it was him who woke the sun up  
And opened the book for the new day,  
Carrying on his left shoulder  
An old and heavy army knapsack.

In the late afternoons  
Just before dark,  
I watched him make his way back  
To his place just opposite,  
A reflection of my own father's house.

I was always touched by his smooth  
And gentle ways,  
Unlike the rest of the villagers  
Who were grumpy, rude, selfish  
Almost lousy.

As the day's work ended,  
From morning to sunset  
Chasing leaking underground pipes,  
He slouched back,  
Head bent.

I wondered  
Whether it was the loads of foul words  
That he collected in the day  
For not delivering water in time,  
That bended his back.

As he arrived home  
And sat in his habitual place,  
On a low bench outside,  
His back to the wall  
Facing the setting sun,  
He seldom showed signs of stress,  
As he waited for his wife to bring him tea.

One evening  
I heard a scream  
And saw his wife in a state.

He had come back as usual,  
Sat on his bench,  
His back to the wall  
As the sun,  
In a glorious array of multifarious colours  
Was sinking in front of him.  
And he had gone down with the sun.  
His life had also set.

That was one of the greatest occurrences  
That I know of,  
Which taught me a great lesson in life,  
Even death sometimes could be beautiful.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Flower Of Your Heart

I brought a flower to him.  
The wise old man shook his head.  
Child, he said  
I made the trees and the flowers;  
I made the sun that gives warmth,  
I made the rains that water the trees  
That give flowers and fruits.  
These I have given to you,  
And you bring them back to me?  
Give me something that I do not have,  
That I cannot create myself:  
Your love, your faith, your sincerity.  
I want the flowers of your heart.  
These I do not have.  
On these I live.  
For these I come again and again  
Knocking at your door like a mendicant  
Accepting tortures and insults  
And welcoming the crown of thorns.  
For these in my lone and scented  
Places I cry in silence.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Frozen Rose Bud

The frozen rose bud

And when at last  
After a slow march across a starless night,  
The dark drifted,  
Restless  
I gently moved the curtains.

My heart sank.  
The frozen shroud of an ugly frost  
Extended beyond the fruit trees.

Whipped by the chill of the early morning breeze,  
A single yellow bud on top,  
The rose bush shivered.

A frozen bud,  
Was all it had to offer  
To the rigour of the unconcerned winter,

A missed summer's bloom,  
Frozen in time  
That could neither face the future  
Nor turn to the past.

Gone the sunshine  
In the train of time,  
Leaving behind a cold, wind-swept and deserted station.

Like winter  
Our hearts freeze now and then,

We judge,  
We hurt  
Little bother to think  
Of the trails of pain and heartbreaks,  
Left behind.  
A little thoughtless pride too much, maybe!

Why oh why then do we want  
To be like the frozen rose bud  
In the winter of our unfriendliness,  
In an unfeeling world of chilled values?

Mohabeer Beeharry



# The Knowers Of Wisdom

The knowers of wisdom

We think we know what wisdom is.  
Those who know remain silent,  
Humble like a fruit-laden tree;  
Their words few,  
Their followers fewer,

Their hearts large,  
As large as the oceans,  
All there to give  
Never to stint.

Like shooting stars  
They glide across the skies of our lives.  
Catch them, whoever can  
For they are the embellishers of our souls  
The inexhaustible founts of wisdom.

Reapers are few  
And far between.  
Prisoners to the senses  
We live like fated flies  
In the webs of ignorance,  
Reluctant to be reprieved.

Like poppy eaters  
We loiter aimlessly in sweet delusion.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Lost Song

Lord,  
I have made of this life a blank sheet of paper,  
Write on it.

Write on it  
Those old songs  
That like my earthly father  
You sang,  
When in the sunless light,  
You first thought of me

When this dome  
Swathed in starless dark  
Lay still in the womb of infinity.

When from your dream  
Like a flower  
From the bud, I rose,  
A flicker of your own glory.

Only us two were there,  
You and me.  
And I loved you with all my heart.  
I prayed  
That you never let me go.

Why then did you let me go?  
Oh why?

Little I realised oh Lord of the senses  
That having been alone  
You also wanted to enjoy your creation,  
Through me.

That song  
Had remained unsung,  
For together with sending me down below  
You also gave me a free will,  
To love you ever

Or to forget you.

Since then,  
Attracted to this world  
Tied to the frolicsome senses  
I forgot.

I forgot  
Those songs of love  
You wrote in my heart,  
Till the secret of free will dawned.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Man And The Violin

That man, he plays the violin  
At the end of my road.  
No shelter for his white haired head,  
Rain washed, sun burnt.  
Eyes sunken and haggard, a lone figure.  
Like a radiant sun behind a still veil of darkness  
His face shines with patience and a mystic smile.  
He does not bother whether as you pass-by  
You ring his bowl with a coin.  
He does not ask to know how big the world is,  
Nor how small is his town.  
Every now and then, a piece of newspaper passes him by  
Driven desultorily by the wind.  
It does not stop.  
It does not toss a coin into his bowl either.  
It flies pass wild, buzzing non-stop  
A flighty language, conflagrating with spits and venom.  
At the end of the day,  
When with weakness and pain, the knotty hands shake,  
Tears in his old eyes, his chest cramped,  
The violin squeaks and shivers, uncertain  
He lays down his instrument and picks his bowl.  
Empty! And yet the whole world has passed by.  
The mystic smiles broadens:  
Stronger, braver and more illuminating.  
A smile of resolution not to lose,  
To live above the ash and play on.  
Life is a whirlpool, no one can tell  
What comes from the churning of it,  
He has taught himself.  
The bowl is empty, that is his victory.  
No heart break! That is his freedom, his strength.  
He is the master  
Both of the music and his life.  
He is the music, he is the violin  
And he is the listener.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Mystic Sounds

Often as I sit  
My back to the silver-leaf tree,  
And letting the silent chanting  
Of the evening sea lull me to a quiet,  
Leaving the robust world behind,  
My eyes quiver to a peaceful rest.  
And another world is born,  
Teeming with new imageries and new sounds.  
I hear strange and unknown music in my ears;  
Sounds of harps and flute;  
Of ceaseless choirs of birds and church bells.  
Smaller bells tinkling,  
Vying with one another  
a symphony mellow, sweet and inebriating  
Rising from places far beyond my understanding.  
And when the peace deepens,  
At the back of my head  
Rise a roar of the ocean and a roll of thunder.  
Then, the most spectacular of all  
The sounds of running water,  
Gradually easing the breath to a mystic stop:  
Death comes and death goes,  
Leaving me unbruised,  
Drenched in the mellifluous arms of an ecstatic peace.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Night Visit

Sometimes at night fall  
I hear your steps.  
Quiet and childlike  
And your breathing,  
Like a naughty child sneaking up the stairs.  
I would run  
To catch a sight of you.  
You are very mischievous  
I know that.  
Everybody knows that.  
The least noise I do,  
You would start your eternal games of hide and seek.  
And it would take me a long long time again to find you,  
Although you would be no farther from me  
Than my own self.  
That night the door banged closed  
And you are gone.  
Broken hearted, I sat  
Cursing myself for being noisy.  
In the morning I found  
Traces of butter  
All over the floor.  
And I thought  
No one could even guess how happy I was.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Old Fisherman

Who says  
That the sea has no emotion?

The old fisherman laughs,  
For he knows better.  
His life is a tissue  
Tumultuously woven with threads of ripples and billows,  
Rise and fall  
Fall and rise.

At day break  
When the first ray of the sun glimmers  
Through screens of warm vagrant mist,  
He stands on the shore,  
Scanning the horizon once visible,  
calm  
And friendly,  
A safe invitation.

Now old,  
Limbs unreliable,  
Eyes sunken, glazed like the waning moon  
Face sallow and scrawny,  
And scarred by the relentless rays of the midday sun,  
He watched the sea,

Not the same,  
Not his sea.  
Now restless, threatening  
Over-flooding, chafing  
Unfriendly  
Like an old friend turned hostile;

That had in one night of screeching anger  
Shattered his boat,  
A sad relic  
Lying back up under the almond tree  
Shelter for stray cats.

The sea has no religion  
No colour  
No hate nor love.  
He knew it.  
But he still wonders where has all that calmness gone

Mohabeer Beeharry



# The Old Woman

If I could be the warmth  
In the blue sky  
I would gently rest your head  
On a pillow of golden sunshine.

I would free your limbs  
From the restless uncertainty of old age.

If I could be the cool in the early morning breeze  
I would waft over your old body  
And like balm, bring comfort to your shaky bones.

I wonder at those hands  
Now knotty and wrinkled,

The water they had carried from the village well  
The daily search for fire wood,  
The clothes they had rubbed at the river.

I think of those scars  
Left by the sickle,  
The dry stomach  
And the hungry mouth  
Now thin and leathery,  
All for others

Alone in your hut now  
Singing songs of love  
Affection and sacrifice,

In these last moments,  
The birds  
The beautiful sunshine  
The blue sky,  
And the hills and the mountains for friends,

You watch the tumultuous rush of the new era,  
One of arrogance and hypocrisy,  
Heartlessness and greed settling in.

You know your time is done  
And you are not worried.

The smile continues to blossom  
No heart aches.  
You grew no thorns.

You only came to grow.  
The fruits are for others to reap  
And enjoy.

For once in this old world  
You came empty handed.  
There is nothing now you want to take with you,  
Except God's love.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Place Where I Was Born

Across acres of land, mountains and oceans  
Comes the voice of my mother,  
The call of an endearing heart,  
The place where I was born:

A flower of ineffable beauty,  
Born from the torrid embrace of amorous billows  
She dances in the laps of churning ripples;

Where the sun never sleeps,  
Sunshine like woven garlands of gold  
Lay gentle on slumbrous eyes,

Young sugar cane heave in gentle breeze  
Hills and mountains vie to kiss the blue sky,  
Where birds yodel, trill and choir, merry;  
Where the air throbs with the sounds of tambourines.

Full bosomed,  
Dressed in eternal green,  
Lined with a frill of white sand  
And turquoise sea, she blooms  
in her sprawling shawl of embroidered flamboyant.

Whose face still haunts me,  
After forty years of absence,  
The same that cries now and in the past.  
Little I knew, when as a child,  
I romped down her rivers,  
Climbed her trees,  
Picking her wild fruits,

Enjoying her hills and mountains  
And clinging to her frills of white sand  
Little I knew that I would one day leave her  
Shores and folds.

I remember my long walks  
Lonely and scary through

Furling curtains of thick fog,  
After the battering of a marauding storm,  
And the pain still lingers.

Remembering the joys she freely gave me,  
Here am I now in these lines  
Offering my love and devotion at her feet  
For no mother was ever born to be like her.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Poet's Land

The song I sing  
Does not belong to me.  
I did not write it  
Nor did I copy it from someone either,  
It belongs to them  
Who like me,  
Love to fly their minds to the fantasy lands:  
The poet's land,  
Where imagination and experience  
Joys, delusions, dreams and heart break  
Beauty, love, music and reality  
Dance a most transcendental and occult dance;  
Of subtle beauty  
Finer than the gauzy veils of early morning mist,  
Soaked in emerging sunshine.  
A shelter for songsters like me,  
To indulge in peace and visions.  
There I abandon myself to the endless dance of my imagination.  
I shiver in auspicious and ecstatic freedom,  
And thaw in the embrace of overpowering longings;  
There I merge myself in those multiple and formless existences,  
Which open my eyes to the end of infinity.  
Is this a sweet delusion  
Or dream maybe?  
Or is it the ultimate reality?  
I know. For there I am happy,  
Just disarmingly happy,  
No language, no sound and no movement  
Just an interminable existence.  
So, drunk, I catch the wings of flitting songbirds  
Which like fireflies  
Swarm in the aureate air.  
To those who do not know,  
the haunting tastes of delusion  
Soaked in honey  
Last long after the turmoils  
In the mind and body have subsided.  
But to those who know:  
There is no delusion,

There is no reality,  
Just the labour before the birth of a song.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Robin

I wake up to a gleaming carpet of snow  
In my back garden and a cold shiver runs down my neck.  
Yet enthralled, my heart fights to feast  
On the rich and flaky white canopy.  
I stroll my eyes around.  
The camellia, darker in the cold embrace,  
Laden with more than its fair share,  
Objects openly and gives a discontent shake  
As a brisk breeze swoops down on it.  
My heart warms up.  
Life has not all come to a stop, I think.  
For lo! There is a brisk movement  
On the top of the frozen pansies.  
Undaunted, a little robin is busily pecking,  
Skipping, strutting as it challenges a mound of snow.  
It stops suddenly and peers down.  
All frenzied, legs apart and wings wide open,  
It begins to drill, deeper and deeper.  
Victorious, it brings out the tiny morsel of a wriggly worm.  
Oh man, what dance follows!  
As if hearing my thoughts, it jumps up  
And lands near my window, on a rose stem.  
And sings, a gentle metallic sound:  
I wonder how big is this world.  
In shine and shower I dig for grubs.  
But I am terrified at night though,  
In my nest dangling at the top of a bush  
When the wind blows and shakes.  
And I cry in the morning  
When I see my young ones dead on the ground.  
In this small body,  
There is a big heart that loves and desires love.  
We are all the same, big or small, see?  
Cry not for me, for I know what life is.  
There is the flower and there is the thorn,  
He is wise who lives happily with both.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Song Of The Mystic Song Bird

It sings.  
Ceaselessly.

Night and day  
Day and night.  
A continuous and uplifting hum.

Now of a conch sound  
Then church bell  
And trickling water.

Now a rolling thud of thunder  
A roar of the ocean.  
And a prayerful chirp of homing birds.

But stop it does not.  
It changes.  
It furls  
And it sprays like a fancy cascade.

Still I can hardly tell  
From where it comes.

Not from the wood.  
Not from the bush of bougainvilleas  
That decks the village well  
Where children play  
And women laze.

Neither the hills nor the mountains  
Have known song  
So honeyed  
And inebriating.

Astounded  
They sit still.

Sweeter than those strummings in the trees  
Ditties of the breeze in the morning



As it strolls from far and wide,  
An enlivening mystery.

It stirs.

It soars.

It creates.

As like the sprays of a waterfall,  
Reality and fantasy tumbling out.

Like the string  
That passes through the hearts of the flowers  
Holding the garland,  
It holds the past and the present  
The present and the future.

All on a sudden time seems to be only  
A ridiculous piece of unclocked chase,  
An unbroken horse.

They say time does not stop.  
But it does  
When I am drowned in that song,

A mellow and transcendental strain  
Which thrills me.  
And I say to myself

The sky would not be so blue,  
The air so light and aureate  
The flowers so exciting  
If that bird had not been there.

As I sit quiet  
And drink from it.

And in the serenity  
Hills and mountains  
Blossom.

Breeze blows  
And rivers run  
And endless garlands of creation rise

Still the mystic song pipes on, never to end.

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Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Tastes Of Despair

Have you ever met with the guy called Despair,  
Who loosens all the sustaining screws of hope,  
Crucifies the fabric of your will, leaving you choking:  
that darling spawn of a traumatised and ransacked heart?  
I have!

In a nightly fit of intense fury, the sea  
swept my child and my home away,  
and shattered my boat on the coastline rocks,  
all in one heartless swoop.

And despair set home in my life: like a cobweb,  
A debilitating invasion,  
Like life suddenly gets seized in loose mud,  
Sinking, sinking, sinking!

When the strength of the mind suddenly collapses, grooving into the shifting  
sand,

Disorientated, disillusioned and choked.

No place to rest the head at night!

No evening mending of the nets and lobster pots,

Or evening bash at the local Chinese shop;

Nothing, only the anguish of a shattered wife's face,  
and the morbid stare of starvation.

My boat was my wealth, turned into flotsams.

It was nice to hear friends' encouragements:

Everything was going to be all right.

Still, a prisoner to that dismantling feeling of void,

At night fall, no child's babbling laughter;

No wife standing on the front door to hail my return;

Her overshadowed face, her unfathomable silence,

And her unceasing whimpers, like a distressed moon  
wrapped into a skein of thunder clouds!

Except for my own emptiness, I had nothing to give her.

Life is a mystery; I wonder what lies at the back of it,

ready to bring down the darling little sand towers of happiness  
we manage to assemble together.

But for those who have seen despair, face to face

And survived; whose minds, bodies and souls have been fragmented,

their names are for ever carved on the plaques of life,  
deep and indelible:

Them life hails as heroes, for they never give up

Mohabeer Beeharry

# The Traveller

Stop awhile traveller  
On the way of life.  
What are you looking for,  
Peace, happiness?  
Many oceans have you crossed  
Many a parched and severe desert,  
Many verdant hills and mountains  
Where thousands of birds sing  
Have they told you  
Where to find  
What you are looking for?  
Great towns and cities have you passed,  
Visited a thousand holy places,  
Where gods could be bought by the dozens.  
Have you found what you are looking for?  
What a fool you are.  
Your own heart is the treasure house of peace  
And happiness  
And you do not know it?  
Stay still,  
And peer into the infinity of it.  
You will have more peace and happiness  
That you can use in a thousand life times.  
For in there, is the fountain of all fountains.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# This Life Is For Real

Who says  
That this life  
Is a fabricated dream,  
A harrowing deception,  
That spawns unjustifiable suffering?

Treat not the Lord, love  
As sadistic,  
Even insensible.  
Not a sparrow falls from the tree  
That does not break his heart.

In his consciousness,  
This cosmic extravaganza is even less than the size of a mustard seed,  
Trusted to man  
Handed on an unrequited plate,  
He did not house man into a fateless bubble  
Rolling across the uncertain space for selfish glee.

Think of the innumerable dangers,  
This earth encounters;  
Comets, black holes, meteors  
Are but a paltry few.

Yet love,  
The sun continues to rise  
And set,  
Rain to fall  
And from barren soil life to rise  
Birds to sing  
And man to prosper.

All  
With wondrous,  
Effortless and meticulous ease.  
Suffering sometimes makes fools of us,  
And turns us into implacable judges.

We build fortresses in our minds

And set our freedom prisoner,  
And make a weapon of our dreams,  
A subtle tragedy.

So seek not to ignore this place,  
Where buds beget flowers  
Bees honey  
And the soul learns to excel.

Seek not to possess it either,  
As elusive as fireflies it is.  
Be guided by the ancient wisdom,  
But seek not to guide it.

This is a renewable reality,  
A cosmic idea in perpetual modernising,  
A perfect fit  
For all who live in it,  
Every time,  
Every season.

Dormant now;  
On waking up  
After feeding this fragile frame to the cosmic flame  
That we rise from the bud,  
And know that this temporal life is for real.

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Mohabeer Beeharry

# Truth

Who knows what truth is?  
Do you?  
Do I know?  
I don't.  
Like all of us,  
I could only hazard a guess.  
Maybe it is a flower.  
Maybe it is someone  
With a prodigious charisma.  
But who is he?  
Or what is it?  
It is anybody's guess.  
My heart tells me  
Truth is formless and infinitely creative,  
Not only not of this world  
But also in and of this world.  
Both in and out.  
In every existing thing,  
At the same time, at all time.  
For there is no time  
When truth is or is not.  
It is eternal.  
Since nothing in this universe lasts for ever,  
Least of all anything in this world,  
My guess is that  
Truth is  
That which creates and sustains,  
and when the time comes  
Withdraws this universe  
And everything in it.

Mohabeer Beeharry



# Undemanding Love

I long to meet  
Someone who needs my love and closeness.  
I have a lot.  
I want to share.  
But everyone has a string attached:  
I have nothing.  
Only my love.  
That much, I can give.  
All mine.  
It's not made of wood  
Nor of dusts or stones.  
Pure gold lying unwanted  
At the bottom of my heart  
Like gems on the bed of a clear stream,  
Shimmering.  
These I will pick myself  
For her who comes.  
A dream they say.  
But I am not afraid.  
Love has stood the hacking of more inclement weather before.  
I am like the flower.  
It bears no grudge.  
It is open  
For whoever cares to admire it.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Wait!

I waited for the rose bud to bloom.  
And the flower, like a butterfly  
Rose from a field of ineffable mystery.

An explosion of indestructible beauty  
Tender petals  
Weaving garlands of happiness  
Love and hope in the heart  
And mind.

I waited for the sun to rise  
And suddenly  
The pale sky lit,  
An exuberance of multicoloured light,  
A glow that shattered the thunder clouds' threats.

I waited for the summer rain  
And it poured  
And poured!  
An endless fall from the sky.

And I abandoned myself to the warm  
And immense shower of love,  
A transcendental bliss.

To wait is not always to waste time.  
Things come in their proper time.  
To wait is to have faith  
In the cosmic happening.

Neither you  
Nor me  
Can force the sun to rise  
Or to set  
Or force the breeze to blow.

Waiting is to reach out to the infinity.  
You realise that life  
The chores and the sores

The blossoms and the thorns are all the same,  
Both bred and fed by the bush.  
We are the bush  
The pains and the pleasures our own creations.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Wake Up!

Let me be.  
Just be,  
Nothing more.

There is war in time,  
Trapped into a funnel  
Where life clogs,  
And stinks of warring smog.

Some like the smell of spilled blood,  
And the shrill laughter of flying bullets;

Others,  
Like me more gentle,  
In the bower of life  
Seek a tender shade  
Where sweet smell of incense hovers in the air  
And love blossoms.

This world has changed, love:  
A seething turmoil now  
A restless place  
Caught into the sticky embrace of a mad configuration.

Blessed is he then  
Who finds peace in the eye of this uncertainty.  
I raise my eyes  
And find the withered blooms coming to life  
And rejoice.

Colours blaze trails of hope,  
And divine fragrances weave tissues of new life.  
Your hatred  
And your bullets lie buried in the filth of shattered venom.

There is joy,  
New gentle joy.

Crestfallen,

War squirms defeated.  
From the vigour of the eternal love  
Life has vindicated itself.

You can shatter the stars  
And shake the moon.  
You can dry the ocean  
And obliterate the sun,  
But I still am  
The eternal am!

Still the same old vessel of love  
Which neither you nor I can destroy  
I am and know I am.  
And you are  
And know not that you are.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# We Are One

If there were no me  
Where would you be?  
If there were no you  
Where would I be?  
Child, you and I are one,  
Except that I know it  
And you don't,  
Not until you wake up to your own reality.

Mohabeer Beeharry

## What Can I Ask?

You often ask me if I wanted something.  
I have never asked you for anything  
Because when I came home  
After a long travel  
Away from you and this place  
And those I love,  
My larder was already full  
Brimming, no place for further replenishment.  
This place was new, furbished and wondrous  
The trees full of fruits,  
The river running with pure water  
The land fertile, always expecting  
And the harvest was plenty.  
Beautiful birds grace the blue sky  
With their songs.  
And I met my mother and father  
And so many sweet smiling faces.  
You made it all happen  
Before I ever set foot here.  
What more can I ask?

Mohabeer Beeharry

# What If....

What if...

We like to pretend to forget.  
We like to think  
That whatever we do,  
Everything will go on the same old way anyway.  
This cosmos will never fold.

We are right,  
Everything will go on,  
Just the same.  
Not because of our will,  
But his.

Look back down the avenues of our history,  
And see how many times  
The Maker could have closed the book on us.

He came down to lead humanity  
From darkness and ignorance  
To light  
And He had to deal with the demons in us.

He came as a king  
And we banished him  
For fourteen long years  
To one of the toughest forest in the world.

He sent his Son  
To save us from greed  
To show us the power of love

We tacked Him on two poles  
On a hill.  
Stop a while, love  
Stop a while.

Remember the tsunamis  
The quakes



Remember the volcanoes,  
And the floods.

Repercussions of our own actions,  
The blood we shed  
The tears and the groans  
Of disembodied souls  
Lost in the ether.

Remember one more thing,  
Everything on this earth  
Be it you  
Me  
Or this earth,  
carries in itself  
The seeds of self destruction.

What if The Lord decides  
To close this cosmic book again?  
It has happened before.

We know the answer.  
But we pretend to forget.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# What Shall I Offer

When the canal dries  
The ground hardens  
And the greenery around shrivels and turns yellow  
And dies.  
But which one is more important,  
Tell me oh wise man  
Tell me  
Which one is more important?  
The canal or the water?  
When my heart is dry  
And no songs of love rise  
No joy  
And no prayer for this sad humanity  
Swallowed by illusions and ignorance  
Drowned in pride, greed and inhumanity  
Painting pictures of tender life  
In flood of morbid red  
What shall I offer them?  
Tell me what shall I offer them?  
What shall I offer the dismembered and dying baby?  
What comfort shall I give the distraught mother?  
How shall I efface the spots  
Of blood from the face of this mother  
From whose bosom  
We have drunk clean and undiluted milk?  
I need the canal and I need the water.  
I need the heart and I need the love and the understanding  
For they are the only sustaining panacea  
In this darkening place.

Mohabeer Beeharry

## Where Is The Difference?

You think we are different  
Because we look different?  
But who knows what unseen forces had moulded us, age after age?  
Have made us fruits of different trees?  
They have made me sour and you sweet.  
They have made you sour and me sweet.  
Yet both our lives hang on the precarious swings of that fleshly pendulum.  
When the sun sets, we both look for comfort  
In the arms of the nightly slumber;  
When our throats are parched,  
We both look for the fountain to quench our thirst;  
At the vehemence of the nightly nightmares,  
We both sit up in bed, dearly wishing for the day to break.  
And when finally the frail pendulum ceases to swing,  
We both are forced to tug our tails in  
And ease out into that same immense and blind  
Nothingness, leaving behind the pampered pride and hoarded wealth.  
We are like the waters of the fabled well,  
Who knows where from we come,  
And where to we go.

Mohabeer Beeharry

## Which Side Of The Mirror?

I wonder what game we are playing with life.  
I am one  
And life is another.  
Life does not end, at any time  
For it never began.  
Like the sun  
It appears and disappears,  
Playing an eternal game of hide and seek.  
It was here when I came  
And will be here when I leave.  
I only disappear from the mirror  
Those who know,  
know that they are still there,  
Unreflected,  
More alive than this side of the mirror;  
Free from the shackles of ignorance  
In the cosmic infinity,  
Untrammelled, free from the fear of being lost,  
slashed or exterminated.  
The real self.  
We are born,  
Attached,  
We cry a lot in ignorance.  
We play and laugh a little  
Picking pebbles on the shore of time.  
And then plunge back into the eternal wisdom

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Who Am I?

I am light,  
I am darkness.

I am the way  
And I am the glory.

In wisdom  
Like the radiant sun  
I wax in light.

In darkness  
Like the pale moon  
I wane,  
And this fragile frame suffers  
Victim to consuming distresses.

Like the wonton waterfall  
Tumbling from on high  
Spilling showers of gleaming sunshine  
I am happiness.

In patience  
I am a fortress  
Of rock and stone,  
Fearless  
Treading the path of self-realisation.

And in ignorance  
I am a shack of straw  
My mind a tinderbox,  
Slave to the marauding senses  
silently  
Consuming myself.

At the dawn of wisdom,  
In the heart of the transcendental light,  
I see myself  
As the glory of the One  
Who made me.

No light,  
No darkness  
No wisdom nor happiness,  
I see myself as Him  
And Him as me,  
The ultimate reality of the infinite consciousness.

Mohabeer Beeharry

# Wild Laughter

Strident laughter of guns in the dark  
Lit a sinister bonfire in the night  
As behind restless screens of flying dusts  
The stars hid their faces.

Tucked behind a shattered wall  
Reeking of wet blood and bullets,  
My eyes itched.

Across a pall of ugly darkness,  
An area of bombarded stones,  
Once a busy road,

A thriving market place  
That rang with children's frolicsome laughter  
And women's haggling,

Behind that smallish mound  
There was a clatter of gunfire  
And a shaded figure fell.

Was he dead?  
Was he bleeding?  
He groaned.  
He moved.

And then,  
There was a quiet,  
Devastating  
Eerie and cold.

Dry as a barren rock  
My stomach heaved,  
Hollow with fear.

Life has become a desperate animal  
On the run,  
To be torn apart,  
At the mercy of heartless maulers.

As light finally dawned,  
Above the knoll of stones,  
My eyes rested  
On the cold hand of that man  
Pointing towards the heavens.

In a rage of despair  
I laughed,  
I cried  
And I screeched.

Sometimes they say  
Even love spawns scorpions.

If this is what life is all about,  
Like a grounded lion  
Hemmed round with a ring of ruthless fire,

Then glory lies  
In facing the fire.

Mohabeer Beeharry



# Your Names

Not all the stories  
That I have heard  
Will make me change my mind about you.  
The wise man says  
You have many names.  
I can change your names  
A thousand times  
A million times,  
Moving from one house to another.  
But I cannot change you.  
Names are like tags,  
They only tell you of the make  
It takes more than a tag  
To know the thing itself.  
I cannot change you.  
Changing you  
Is like trying to make the oceans sweet,  
Or turning this dome of the sky  
Upside down.  
Whatever your names I love them.  
Give them all to me,  
I shall make a garland of them  
And wear it till I die.  
For I seek nothing more than to be able to sing  
Your names night and day.

Mohabeer Beeharry