

Poetry Series

**Praveen Kumar in Celestial
Glow
- poems -**

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Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow()

Praveen Kumar, a bilingual poet, born in Mangaluru on June 29 of 1949 as the eldest son of Shree na and Smt. ini, with his more than three decades of government service as a senior police officer and as a poet of twenty-four published collections and as an author of five volumes on matters of governance and administration is a familiar face in Indian intellectual circuits. His more than 30 contributions on governance and administration to prominent national dailies like The Hindu, The Indian Express, Deccan Herald and The Times of India and other periodicals and journals were extremely popular and often sensational by their innovative unorthodox thoughts.

Praveen Kumar graduated in Science from St. Aloysius College, Mangaluru, going on to obtain post-graduate degree in Literature from Mysuru University. He also holds post-graduate diploma in Business Management as well as Higher Diploma in Cooperative Management. In his student days he was a prize-winning orator and writer. He lives in Bengaluru with his son, Pratheek Praveen Kumar and wife, Jayashree Praveen Kumar. He is a familiar face in national seminars and TV networks in India as a Poet and thinker and some of his poems have figured in school text books.

His published works include Policing for the New Age, Policing the Police, Indian Police and Inside India in prose; and Unknown Horizons, Portraits of Passion, Simply Yours, Love & Pride, Shobha Priya, Golden Wonder and Celestial Glow in poetry. His published works in Kannada are Divya Belaku, Bhavana, Priya Chaitra Tapasvini, Ananya Priya Lavanya, Priya Geethegalu and Tapasvini. Stemming from his varied academic background are the lively far-reaching interests that have impelled him to write in subjects as diverse as matters of public interest and poetry that struck a perfect balance between the pursuance of vocation and avocation.

A Flagrant Fire

Love is like a flagrant fire,
It consumes all those that stand
Or those it catches on its turf
Without a thought of Self or future
And spreads fatter and faster by it.

Obstacles are its fuel, and oppositions, breeze
That flare it to the heaven's height
And burns itself in its own flare
As you, alas, did unwisely
While you were seized on all sides
And we us lost for each other
And you to that opposition too.

Love indeed is terribly unwise,
A blind force, or is it heavenly force
That sweeps over like tsunami floods
And sweeps away all on its path
Including itself to time's cinders
While hopes hold not a chance;
You fouled over life left for you,
Though good was it by own right,
And rolled over it like a blind mammoth
To shatter it like a smashed glass.

A ruin is now your world,
But no regret ever I notice in you;
While a tree topples, shrubs 'neath uproots,
While wars are lost, stray towns do fall;
Life stirs you not since you lost your soul,
You live to live, live not for life,
In detached sail to invisible shore;
Love indeed is like a flagrant fire
And burns itself in its own flare
Without a thought of Self or future.

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A Pattern

A pattern, a network, behind this world;
Whatever happens, whatever transpires,
Works on some order, on unknown pattern;
A subtle grand plan beyond human grasp
Drags man on to further cause in the loop
In the infinite network that runs this world
Towards somewhere none know where
And so on and so forth runs this world.

All is here caught in billions of forces
That work in network towards an order;
Man, mere straw in the blow of wild winds
Plays like string-doll to the nature's plans;
Each force has its pattern, unseen by man,
Each wind has direction, felt by none,
Though all seems random to the outer eyes,
A pattern shows itself only at the end.

Mere clouds of smoke, visible outside,
An invisible spark of light brings it all out;
The smoke takes shapes, irregular it looks,
But the fire that lights dictates rules to it;
Nothing is accident; nothing, out of turn
In the mammoth pattern worked by nature;
Mere nut in huge network, insignificant nail,
Man serves by his move, meet nature's goal.

Sound and all fury, all confusions outside,
But, cool and steady, and peaceful inside;
Beyond comprehension, uncertainty outside,
Clocklike precise moves, and precision inside;
Man sees only outside, blocked from inside,
Plays appointed roles of sudden fall and rise
And gropes for his self in the blinding dark
And finds there no sense or reason to his chagrin.

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Accidental Life

You are mere straw in time's flow,
No worries or struggle material there;
Relegate your life to the time's flow,
Life moulds to shape naturally there.

World rose from nil and ends in nil,
In-between course, an incidental cycle;
You are mere bubble in this whole
Like dust, amoeba, plant or whale.

No goal or intent you read to life,
For it's accidental, nothing more
In the cosmic cycle towards the nil,
Exhausts left of the forward thrust.

Caught in gale of cosmic process,
Hither thither sways the life's frame;
Acts, thoughts, talks, creative sparks,
Accidents time's flow gives as shocks.

No links anywhere from one to other,
Except thro' time that strings all else;
Yet good and right in conscious realm
Make life worthwhile of contentment.

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Across Time And Space

I'm a bridge,
Between her two lives;
She lit the spark in one,
And flared it to the sky
In another one;
In between, she was nowhere,
But I remained steady
Withstanding time's flow
As a bridge should do.

She was invisible,
But not out of her gear;
She traversed far galaxies,
Riding inextinguishable fire
In unalterable focus;
She found her bridge at last,
Bridge was there indeed,
But old, weakened, in ruins,
But alive to her as ever.

It was desolation for both
In blinding darkness;
No glimmer to trace each other,
No streak of hope to hold –
Both swam against time's tide;
Honest pursuit never let down –
While night was imminent,
She busted from nowhere
Like rain on parched land.

It was two lives,
I was a bridge in-between;
Ravages of fierce time
Touched us not within,
And we blossomed like spring bloom;
Himalayan obstacles did spring
And crippled our sail together,
But we remain what we're,
Across unbridled time and space.

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Across Time's Spread

After frozen in winter 'neath smoky sky,
I yearn for the warmth of spring's colours;
After the nightmares of long starless night,
I yearn for the comfort of fullmoon light.

Post tenebris spero lucem, indeed,
But I know not how far is the dawn's hope;
Post winter, spring's hope indeed comes,
But I know not how long I need to wait.

Winter and spring, and day and night,
A continuum: folds on time's tapestry
To cross across in the nature's pace,
Not to rush or retard for convenience.

But love not counts the nature's pace,
No time can wrap the flares of love;
Love burns in flares across time's spread
And throws mass ruins of hearts and souls.

I see my colours in horizons of future,
While now and here is painful nought;
My eyes are afar on brooding heavens,
While the world I live is dark and vain.

The glimmers that show across far skies
Rouse my spirits to sail to shores,
Where promises of hopes burn steady
And I row my boat in tearing haste.

As I sail, my shore looks farther afar,
And tired am I by my hopeless labour;
Caught in cruel Hobson's choice I sail
With no light in eyes, wild grief in soul.

Lonely sail is it in mass of bleak water,
No soul to speak, no warmth to comfort;
But I know, the sail, my immortal goal:
However far be, I reach at all cost there.

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Adieu, Adieu, Adieu

They say, old is gold,
Really, old, hardly easily sold;
Dusk lacks glamour of dawn,
Long age never stands up to brawn;
Luster of freshness is innately born,
Nascent force perforce is youth's preserve,
And progressions only young age deserve;
Old is cold, excessively in hold,
It tatters life in melancholic mould,
And awaits support in youngers' fold;
Therefore, love, I surrender love,
Bid you, dissociate from me now,
Lest you caught in old age spirals,
And lose life's sheen within its whorls;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

You're freshly blossoming flower,
Fragrant, hallowed, in lustrous sunshine,
In the meridian of youth, glowing abright;
Thousands of miles of joyous passage
Lies ahead to walk, awaits for you –
How I infect you with old age shade?
You're my most prized possession,
My joy, my light, jewel, my pride –
How I pluck you to walk shadowy path,
I'm condemned to passage on my course,
Only to keep me in comfort and warmth?
Though eager, you're, to be near, and tend;
No, my love, life, too precious to waste
In thoughtless sacrifice on sentiment's altar;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Setting Sun and full Moon, algate apart,
They blend on new moon to wane the Moon –
So are we now, to great despair of us;
My heights are over, on descent now,
Nothing of worth, I can gift you now;
I extracted aplenty from the mine of life,
But nothing is left to share with you,

But for travails of care for lowly days;
I'm no pleasure or pride of anybody now;
No, you shouldn't follow, keep own course,
Parting from you, now, my gift for you;
Live life like Queen, and make me proud;
It's the bliss I await at the sunset ahead,
And bid you to give that precious gift;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

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AEONS PASSED

I tied welcome banners,
Fitted lamps in by-lanes,
Laid velvets along course
With flower petals on top.

Exotic plants, fragrant flowers
Lined both sides of the path,
Colours fluttered on all sides,
Buildings around painted afresh.

Day and night, I laboured alone,
And set all things tidy, perfect,
Lest I lose my honoured guest,
Who returns home after aeons.

Far galaxies she passed,
Alien worlds she crossed,
And navigates back now,
To find her world, settle there.

Tired she's, after detour,
Needs peace while at home;
I endeavour to assure,
She's most welcome home.

Fleeting is time, never constant,
Mammoth shifts flooded worlds
Since she crossed far worlds,
Her home now, a changed world.

I await her with unbated eyes,
Wild heartbeats, missed breaths,
Her crossing over to horizons,
Docking back to past world.

I wonder how changed settings,
Lost slots and added fittings,
Mould course at her new berth
And shape life to blissful rest.

While she crossed over worlds,
Like cynosure, I firmly stood,
Guarding her world without her,
Keeping all tidy, open for her.

Aeons passed, now she's back,
To dock herself to my module,
And I'm flustered in anxious fear
As hours pass to minutes, seconds.

Loyal I stood always within,
But forces outside created hole,
Large enough to crack her soul -
I wonder how she handles it.

Hole or no hole, her home, hers
To accept, discard as she chooses;
Though totally she clings as I do,
Flares my fears as time nears.

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All Is A Matching Game

Glorified addiction,
Temporal benediction,
Irrational fixation
As a divine notion,
Always is love.

Panta rhei.....,
No alliance, eternal,
No bonding is real,
Mere vibration of unreal
In the cauldron of time.

All is a matching game
In the jumble of needs
In the glare of novelties
Till interest wears off,
Aye, then back to silence.

Mere ripples in cosmic ocean,
Tides, who in love presumes;
Each ripple, so pollent,
Carries being inside it;
It's true face of love.

It's a huge wave
Of unbound needs
Sprouted on mind's floor,
That loses its height
While spreads on time's shore.

Love is live fire ball
In game of volleyball
Or playing football
Till time blows whistle
And all cools down.

Nothing divine in it,
Though within timeframe,
Supernatural it is,

Beyond confinement
Of grief and bliss in wings.

Shoots of hot flames
All around the horizons
Of the inner world;
Love is a magic world,
Clouded from realities.

Love bloats like balloon
The inner world's space
To fill the other within,
Only to burst one day,
And vacuum everywhere.

Love is expansion,
Love is rebellion
In the realm of grey;
While sun shines bright,
Aye, all becomes only one.

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All Is Beautiful

All is beautiful everywhere,
If not, you doubt your eyes;
All is melodious in this world,
If not, you test your ears;
All is perfect outside you,
Only faults within disturb you;
You're part of infinite world,
Not this world extension of you;
If something, wrong, it lies in you,
Not in the world that created you;
Never judge things beyond your reach,
Those transcend barriers that limit you.

You're a dropp in creation's oceans,
You're a speck in infinite horizons,
How you grasp creation's dimensions?
Unknown and beyond itself is beauty,
Beyond and transcending is the melody,
That created you to judge itself, perfect;
Trust the world that transcends you,
Trust beauty, melody, perfection there;
For, you're its sub-plot, nut and bolt;
Doubts in you is fault in you,
A barrier to fit in to cosmic gestalt,
A call to fall back as immature you are.

Beauty, melody, perfection in truth,
Inside you, in harmony you score;
How you connect and how respond
To wonders and charms exist around
Judge beauty, melody, perfection within
And bestow joys and griefs of life;
Foibles batter in grief to better you
To fit in to the world and live with it,
And find all beauty and joys of it,
And find all melody and harmony in it,
And discover perfection in this world,
In its subtle wonders and charms inherent.

All Is His Craft

All is equal, all is sequel
Of His creative intelligence,
All is His craft, all is His art,
All is His rare creative gem;
Virus in air, human anywhere,
Grass or deer, lion or bear,
All is His craft, creative shaft,
He never grades or ranks them.

Gifts in each, rifts and breach,
Each reflects His creative reach,
All is means for farther goal,
All is His road to distant roll;
None of it an end or fulfillment,
Mere artefact for higher shift.

He's its author, designer, father,
Highs and lows, His creative flows,
His means to reach what He wants;
All is His own, His favourite,
All is His creation, fulfillment;
Sand or plants, mammals or birds,
His rare sparks, His love of love.

Man might claim, he's on top,
God's favourite, His own image;
Alas! No favourite finds an author,
No favourite finds a loving father,
All is His, His creative sparks,
All He devised on special needs;
Eyes or thighs, lungs or brains,
Not less or more in bodily process;
All is equal, all is sequel
Of His creative intelligence.

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All Roads Lead Somewhere

Deviations, deflections, refractions, rebellions -
Seed of basic growth to diversifications,
Enrichment along the course of tribulations,
Bold trials on dark roads to move somewhere,
New directions and goals discovered afresh;
Roads are dark; directions, unknown,
Only blind souls while clouded in thoughts
Hop to hopeless gulf to reach somewhere
While shocked onlookers look wide-eyed;
All roads lead somewhere, winding or straight,
And bring new depths to what already there:
A novel discovery from distress' womb.

Seed of light lies in darkness' womb,
Ladder for height lies in gulf's depth,
Taste of joy hides in distress' spread,
And freshness, in old trite of stillness;
While life stands still, no spur to move,
Barriers are crossed in clouded emotions
In sudden jerks, in long leaps and bounds,
Just to unfreeze, bring life-force to shape
And shed the treaded path for blind routes;
Wherever one goes, he reaches somewhere,
From whatever furcates, joins something new,
Indeed run is long, thorny, full of windings.

Settled and still, peaceful, but stale,
Certain, expected, no novelties anywhere,
No expansions contractions, nor excitements,
No fears of unknown, no shocks from known,
It is all calm, grave peace of graveyard;
Deviations, deflections, refractions, rebellions -
Earthquakes, volcanoes, tsunami, cyclones,
Uproot deep roots, swing to sky heights,
Throw on unknown earth to scatter and rot,
Only to shoot again to a new height
That render world around deeper and richer,
In new layer of growth in old still world.

Amidst Trillion Others

Myriad stars sweep all over the sky,
Of all, only the Moon stands apart and high,
And showers soothing light all over, why?
It's its magic, the spell it stirs,
The whitish glow that spills from it,
The wondrous charm that surrounds it,
Set it divine and soul-stirringly pure,
Like does my love `midst trillion others.

Billions of lives rise and fall a day
In diverse species all over Universe,
Like worms, humans populate the Earth;
Like a speck of light in infinite darkness,
My love stands out `midst throng of lives,
And radiates beauty, truth and eternal hope;
In transience of world, endurance she is,
In survival's struggle, pure grace she is.

Amidst black broth of envy and enmity,
Of pulling leg and back-stabbing dishonesty
That human lot drinks and vomits in turns,
Love and sacrifice, pure kindness she is,
A drop of ambrosia as white as cow milk;
She belongs to all, yet different from all,
Coagulates never, easily dissolves with all,
Selfless she sails in seas of ego strife.

She is so pure that no impurities touch her,
No ugly world around diminishes her charm;
She is life-force that renders life worth
And brings grace and beauty to the life-force;
In the rage of creation's senseless spread,
Seldom comes out a gem like my love
To bring back lost grace to this world
And make this creation a balanced process.

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An Ocean Of Joy

Invisible vibes built between us
Beyond the limits of time and space
Keep us tied in souls to each;
We awaken to each other's distress,
We brighten while the other is high,
What the other thinks reflects in us
Whatever be the distance between us.

An instant's glance; we know each other,
Incomprehensible sweet sensations flood
From past, present and all the future,
Or perhaps transcending all the times;
No barriers, and distance between us
As if we belong naturally to each
From bottomless past to endless future,
Riding the present on the cusps of waves,
Always aware of the impregnable ties
We're bound in, and we're proud of.

Natural odds find in opposite cusps us
While navigate the ocean of rough weathers;
But we're undisturbed in harmony we find,
Gentle vibes in flow from opposite ends
Keep us tied to the source we sprang from.

It's pure world of honey and milk,
It's pure air of fragrance and pollens,
A divine sweet music enlightening both
All times, all occasions, be it odd or even;
Dissolved in each, and holding each bit,
We follow each other by sheer instinct;
Invisible currents of the divine ocean
Carry us forward bound gently together;
We're one world however far apart,
We're one unit though distinct you and I,
A fusion called love beyond ego limits,
An ocean of joy in each other's fold.

As I Reach Her Palace

Along the path I traverse to reach her,
She laid red carpet to soften my tread;
All thro' the passage that leads to her,
She hung a canopy to shelter from heat.

Refreshing green garden she raised on sides,
Lovely blossoms welcome me, she ensured;
She conspired with wind to blow cool breeze –
So I reach her afresh, and seize her pretty young.

Indeed was I hot to reach and seize her young,
To hold in my arms and crush her to my chest,
And press my quivering lips to her ardent lips
Till we forget world and dissolve in each other.

As I reach her palace, loud drum beats I heard,
Fireworks covered sky with red and yellow hues,
Soothing sweet hymns I heard aloud around,
And, lo, her I saw in enthralling grace and smile.

I know not whether she or I ran to reach the other,
But I found we two tightly laced in the other,
Madly probing each other with whatever we have,
And surging deeper within, so, never to part again.

Impatient was I to the depth of my eager soul
To imbibe whatever she is, and store deep within;
I wanted all of her in whatever form she is,
And glided to uncover her to her true treasures.

She yielded her all to my impatient wild moves,
We reached, touched, crushed; unceasingly rolled,
We wanted more and more as moved to crescendo
And burst into togetherness that's unexplained ever.

I filled her with me, and she, always in me,
We laced in soul, mind, heart and eager body;
Yet, we wanted more, much more of the other,
Till us two souls conjoin to form a single soul.

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Beauty Within

What is beauty I wondered often,
Is beauty, there or really here,
Or nowhere, a chemistry perhaps;
It strikes like bolt from anywhere
And shocks senses with gentle sweetness
And fills the soul with rest and peace;
How it came and why it came,
No reflections ever illumed me;
I looked at heaven and inside me:
Beauty whispers in some, not in all,
Beyond logics and rhymes to explain;
Is harmony beauty, I wondered often,
Does forms and colours in elegant mix
Sprouts that beauty, I wondered often;
Disharmony, misshapes do create beauty,
Mess-ups too shock some by its beauty;
Beauty has no laws, beauty has no worlds,
Beauty on freewill appears anywhere;
For beauty is not earthly, beyond material,
Beauty is grace, subliminal light;
Beauty is the truth from the nature's womb,
Nascent and fresh like nature's innocence;
Beauty breeds and grows in nature's cradle,
It feeds on nature and is the nature's soul;
Beauty and nature are inseparable twins.

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Beyond Time And Space

She's his essence; he's hers,
They complement each other
Like light and warmth of sacred lamp;
She's his fulfillment; he, hers,
They together light lamp of love
Like wick and oil in sanctum sanctorum.

She rises like sun in his soul,
Washes gloom from his whole,
In layers she brings colours of hopes;
He's her spirit, cause of life,
Her light, her existential fight,
That navigates her life to endless time.

He's naught in her absence,
She's void without his presence,
Together make world, they truly heaven;
He finds in all, her reflections,
She figures his soul all around,
They find their joy in each other's fold.

Rare lovers beyond time and space,
They find in each other all sense
To their lives that wither without each other;
They feel like birds without wings,
Or plants do without roots to hold,
While left unstuck from the other's presence.

Yet, fate is wild, oft keeps apart,
Her and him from the other's sight,
That tears their hearts, bleeds their soul;
They bear all for the future's sake,
For, they know, it's time's trick
To test their bond that never ever snaps.

They know, theirs, impregnable bond,
That carries them on beyond lives
Without being touched by the mortal shocks;
Yet games fate plays do hurt them

And distress fills here and now,
While find they themselves oft thrown apart.

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Blame Game

Wherever I go, you follow me,
And collect details, she blamed me;
She was far, far behind horizons,
I had no signals crossing over
And I spent years without a hint
While all hell broke on her world
And all light doused around her;
I did struggle, went out of limits,
But alas, I was blindfold by life;
While opened eyes, found wrecks
Scattered around her shattered life;
In inconceivable grief splitting out,
I poured out whatever live within,
For I knew like sun for clouds to form,
I deflected her world to dreadful wreck,
Though she never, I knew, blame me for it.

I fought to light her dark world
With whatever matchstick I possessed;
I struggled to rebuild her wrecked ship
With whatever little tools I possessed
And relaunch her sail on life's safe sea;
Wherever she be, however she be,
In this or any other far away world,
I assured, I'm there, always with her;
We're broken pieces of the same soul,
Awaiting divine ordain to conjoin again,
I claimed to instill confidence in her;
I offered to visit and meet her there,
And this indeed shattered her peace.

She hid her grief, she hid her pains
To draw dark wool over my eyes
To keep me away from her struggles;
The offer to visit and meet her there
Rattled her plans of keeping me out;
She sought from me why I trouble her,
Would I know that she wasn't mine;
It was then my turn to get rattled,

And I withdrew totally struck, confused;
It was then she got in touch with me,
Wherever I go, you follow me,
And collect details, she blamed me.

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Blind Race

I knew, she is in wilderness
In thick forest of carnivores
And thorny bushes and giant rocks
With poisonous creepers weaving walls,
Where seldom day-light penetrates,
No blossoms bloom, or birds chirp;
But I had promises to fulfill
And carry onward to that goal
In sweat or tears on the way
And spilling blood in the endeavour;
I could hear her desperate call,
From million miles distance from me,
Across barriers impassable to any;
No more I could assess and judge
While field beckoned to jump and reach,
So I rushed with soul in rage.

It was blind race till the end;
I fell and rose, and flesh sheared
By thorns and edges of mammoth rocks,
Legs entangled in endless creepers,
And body thrusting thro' walls of woods,
I ran in darkness towards the call,
Ears alert to detect its flow,
So I do no wrong in the line of race;
Years passed in the endless run,
Exhausted and tired, I oft lost sprite,
Recovered while I, about to collapse,
And I ran the race in trebled strength.

No efforts in life ever end in waste,
And I reached the temple she was in,
In utter ruins, cracked, walls faded,
And she was in, all doors locked;
I shouted hard that I had come,
And begged for keys to open locks;
No keys she had, she bitterly cried,
Nor I could break in to thick walls
That stood like demons before us,

And no soul around to help us there;
Exhausted, frustrated, I stared sky,
And stayed put there for all the life,
She is inside, I'm waiting outside.

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Bliss Of Give And Take

You're willing, and I'm willing,
Why then there is delay?
Inherent in nature, negative, positive,
Meeting is procreation's play;
Come my love; open is my arms,
Find your snug nest there;
You love my embrace, those passions,
My desires unlocking on you;
We go breathless together in it
While wild passions overwhelm us,
And cry for new avenues for far more.

When instincts call and nature endorse,
Nothing us restrain, never we refrain;
When you, in my nest, and be my bird,
I go full steam like a flooded stream
And drown you in passions, you seek more;
I lift your chin; press the lips to lips,
Indulge on you in flames of desires,
That leaves you no time while I play my game
And leave no space my lips go untouched;
Lo, warm throbs `neath your young bosoms,
Those beseech indulgence of my yearning hands.

It's unmanly to refuse woman's call,
And I condescend to your dire calls;
Better leave to fancy than to describe what -
It's wildly joyous, it is pure heaven,
Bliss of give and take, and of giving out;
Gently I unveil nature's stunning wonders,
And in heap of shy, you yield all of them;
Then it's warfare of love's gentle violence,
Both willingly shed blood to satisfy the other;
No feet or head we bother in the focused act
Till both in contentment lapse to sweet sleep.

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Blissful Day

Man finds goal, it stirs his soul,
And soul carves path towards it;
Man fixes his gaze, it flares in rage
And pursues to reach at whatever cost.

I in her, find all my visions
Moulded to crystals in perfect form;
I see in her, my transcendent thoughts
Lighted bright to luminous glow.

I see in her, glow of my soul,
I hear in her, beats of my heart
And feel her flowing in my veins,
And feel, she is I, my conscience.

Preposterous that we are distinct,
Same flame lighted in different lamps;
I seek to unite and grow into one,
And flame in flame, glow in harmony.

Once on path and gaze is fixed,
All my visions glowing in front,
Soul spurs, heart pushes towards,
I navigate distance in burning earnest.

Distance reduced, closer we reach,
Both feel the other's subtle warmth;
I shed light on her; she, on me,
We both glow in each other's light.

She is my image, I am, hers,
We add to each in perfect music;
She, my conscience; I'm hers,
We find deliverance in fusing to one.

She is all that I need to exist,
She is all that brings fulfillment;
She lights within, and guides forward,
Constantly whispers what to pursue.

I'm not I without her beckons,
Without confidence she instills in me;
She makes my world bright and sweet,
A life to lead to whatever high end.

She is my whole, soul of my soul,
The warmth that stirs my heart to beat;
She is my breath, deep from her breath,
We mingle in each like milk and honey.

She's flower, I'm her colours,
I'm flower, she's my fragrance,
We together make the world complete
And bring depth to beauty all over.

I'm incomplete, she's incomplete,
Together we're complete, make truth;
We in parts mark unfulfilled desires,
Together, it's divine fulfillment.

Life is long walk to meet her somewhere,
Sweat and tears, to find her someday;
It's hard sail throughout the night
Towards the shore of blissful day.

Though sail is dark, visions she shed
Navigates me on right direction;
I know not when we meet each other,
But hope keeps us alive to the sail.

What more one wants than finding his vision,
Spending his efforts in reaching his goal?
Sweet is what lies ahead; sweeter, efforts for it,
Sweat or tears, life worth, pursuing it.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Blossoming Together

How I yearn to have you in my arms,
Press your soft frame to my eager chest
And drink sweet nectar oozing from you
That me relegates to soft dreamy oblivion
Of absolute bliss I find always in you.

I do desire to suck life through your lips,
Lips to lips I seek always to ravish you,
Tongue to tongue how we blend our juice,
And find our veins streaming same blood,
While holding each tight in unbearable desire.

From crown downwards, I desire to move
To stamp my warm kiss all over your face,
Leaving no space untouched by eager lips,
And wrapping your face with red-hot desires
That flow from my lips from depths of soul.

While you seethe in desire in reddened face,
Slowly I slip downwards to reach your nape
And stream my passions all around your neck;
While in rush of joy, you, oblivious of yourself,
I uncover lovely humps on your lively chest.

Stealthily I do slip to that heavenly sweet twain
That stands erect like mounts inviting me to field;
How can I withstand passions in that live state?
I eagerly take them in mouth and lovingly suck,
Both of us flare in desires' rage in that lovely act.

Then I gently kiss lovely crowns sculpted there,
Grab dark firm globules on it to my eager lips;
While I hide in those soft mounds you possess
I hear wild thumps your heart to me whispers –
Not to stop those wild indulgences I carry on you.

Is it not invitation to let loose from leash?
Is it not call to rush passions in full swing?
What more soul needs to rob what is long lost?

Trembling like dry leaves I slip inch by inch
And unveil in joy sanctum sanctorum of you.

No thirsty horses go still near flowing stream,
No buds ever wait to blossom in spring's swell;
Confounded with joy, and mad to blend in you,
I reach your velvet bunch of fragrant sweet flowers
And shower gentle kisses on navel and around.

Pleasant screams you do while I reach soft belly
Guide me where I need desperately descend to;
Oh, all treasures of the world I find stored there,
Covered in thick cloud of velvets in soft layers;
As I reach there, we go dumb in sweet quiet spell.

It's free joyous act thenceforth for us together,
In arms of each other, exploring wonders of love
While heartbeats in rhyme spur passions within us,
We both struggle to reach other beyond all barriers
And find our fulfillment in blossoming together.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Bond Intact

While I traverse back
Along the vernal of time,
Filled with dreadful darkness -
I come across a dreamy world,
Carved in rosy hues
In the realm of golden glow,
Where I find you in eternal dance
In transcendental trance
To the beats and rhythms of love
In heavenly music of gods;
The spell of smile you spill,
The smell of love there fills
Charms me beyond sense;
The snow-white light that streams
From crystal clear eyes of you,
I find, enchanting the world,
It blossoms the soul of my soul.

You're in divine dance there,
Uncovering horizons unknown,
At every turn I look at -
New depths and heights you show,
New breadths and widths you give,
To the layers of unforgettable frames
In the womb of distant past;
Each layer has its subtle bag
Of a thousand pains and pleasures,
Each over-riding the other
To gain a space in me.

It's a turbulent world
Of whorls of whirling passions
With you in glow in the center
In perfect peace and poise,
Untouched by riotous worlds,
Like a rock on top of a hill;
You sit there like a god,
Wrapped in spotless white
Amidst destiny's turbulence.

You do call me near
To the world of vivid colours,
And I too walk the length,
But, alas, I'm mere a human being,
And can't bridge past and present,
But for stretching hands,
Desperately crying for you;
I know, you hear my call,
But, alas, as helpless as I'm,
You recede back where you were,
And I awaken to present world.

Though briefly, oft, you visit like this,
And fill my world with heavenly bliss;
Though fence of time keeps us apart,
We oft meet and keep our bond intact.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Broken Bridges

Bridges, broken; blinding night,
Dusk decayed to chilling blight,
Directionless in confusions fraught,
Lonely island in midst of naught,
I knew not to cry, or do what.

A fresh and nascent dawn first,
Bloomed thousand dreams of hopes,
Showered colours from blue heavens,
And caught in breeze of joy and mirth,
Sailed me thro' sun shine of warm glow.

Midday saw dizzy heights,
Blinding light and blistering heat
In a land of no trees and shades;
All dried up, and descent began,
All cool again, no cheers of morn.

Time for birds to join nests,
Unroll beds and take rest,
And brood over day's hard work;
It was dusk, dying bright colours,
Diminishing glow of dying day.

Shadows lengthened, tired souls,
Receding light dulled heart beats;
Eyes saw no more than in front,
All was freezing to hopeless gloom,
Night was falling like steel wall.

Desperate for day to see light back;
Endeavour to build bridges to day
Collapsed in frustrations spread around;
No lamp to light extinct dreams,
No strength to lift falling hopes.

Bridges, broken; blinding night,
Dusk decayed to chilling blight,
Directionless in confusions fraught,

Lonely island in midst of naught,
I knew not to cry, or do what.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Broken Dreams

Mansions I for long built in dreams,
Day and night for dear years,
For you, and where I crowned you,
Where lights and colours dazzled soul,
Where milk and honey flowed in floods,
Where dreams and future blurred to new dawn,
Alas, never broke to welcome sunshine,
Never blossomed to surreal fragrance
And faded to dank premature dusk
And withered to tatters of disillusion
In the blinding night to which I woke up
And found me in labyrinth of closed doors.

Dreams are mere dreams, nothing more,
Easy flights of fancies over realities
While senses are shut and eyes, closed;
A jolt to the world - lo, the naked world
Of boulders and rocks and thorns and gulfs
To drag to senses and stunt the flow.

Years it took to break out of dreams
And dawn on me how hard is the world
To us who rode on the joyous crest
Of the make-believe world of togetherness
To fall to the trough of hopelessness;
You sank straight to the bottom of hell
And settled there in resigned grief
While I held to the brink and struggled hard
To rise to the crest and pull you there;
But, alas, man strives but fate decides
And I held to the brink till the end
Till hands failed and spirit flinched.

You saw my fate, you saw my plight,
In kindness you cried, I yield to fate,
And you, befouled, no way rise to crest
To wear my crown and be my Queen,
Lest befoul me by conjoining me;
I vouched, no way you were befouled,

No way gold ever lose noble sheen,
Morn dew you are, pure like child's smile;
I fought, begged, you stood, you feigned rage
Till yielded I and sank to my state
Of gloom and death for both of us.

This is how I lost my dreams,
This is how I lost my world
Of hopes and struggles and joys of love,
But dived to and saw what love really is.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Caught In Tides

Caught in tides of steep ups and downs,
Of crest and cleft in vast love ocean,
In turbulence of storms sweeping over,
I swore not to tumble, toss over and drown,
And repent for not to balance my stead,
And sailed for years with harsh blows
Time delivered when I raised my head.

Each blow unkind, fatal, shattered my hold,
I shuddered, in grief or fear, I do not know,
Yet fastened my grip lest I tumble down
And consumed by the gulf of total ruin
Of neglect and hatred born of ignorance;
Deep in soul, I knew, each storm and blow
Blew from vacuum, unreal, without strength.

She blew hot and cold in rapid turns,
Hot by design to protect my long sail,
And cold from soul to cool my passions;
For I'm her cause, process, raison d'tre,
I'm her life, goal, short and long focus,
Determined to shield from distractions she caused,
She fought like hell to keep me steadfast.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Celestial Beauty

She's heartbeat of my life,
She's drum beat of my world;
She's the flame of my soul,
She's sunlight of my world;
She's fragrance of existence,
She's spring of life's seasons;
She's the relish of my passage,
She's sustenance of progression;
Cool within in sultry heat outside,
She's warmth while cold around.

Steady low lamp of divine fuel
Whetting everlasting wick of love,
She spreads calm light in and out
And makes my life a glowing feat;
She's pure crystal thro' what I pass,
Resolve to vivid colorific wonders
Of love and trust, sincere honesty,
Of divine thirst to drench in her;
She's my strength, she's my breath,
She is that bliss that comes with God.

She's nature's soul and essence,
Its divine form in human frame,
Charm and wonders, pure innocence,
Its celestial beauty weaved into one;
She's simplicity, she's sincerity,
She's transparent like innate truth;
Tall intellect and unbound talents
She holds in leash to serve in time,
Never allows it, usurp her trust
In long voyage of love and life.

She's my light, she's my beacon
To walk the road to my goal;
She whispers oft, guides me a lot
And kindly leads me step by step;
In horizons like daybreak sunshine,
I see her smile while I look up;

She brings confidence, brings hope
That I walk path in right course;
If I trust God, she's my God,
This life and soul a tribute to her.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Celestial Bliss

Though one in soul and mind and body,
In several lives, we consoled each other,
And yearn to sail together to eternal time,
Why unseen hands enjoy keeping us apart?

Time does bring us near, life after life,
But raises oft walls impregnable to scale;
And mocks our fights to scale those walls,
And rejoices failures and falls we suffer.

Fate does ensure that we find each other,
While our bond moulds us for the struggle;
And life since then is mere fear and tears,
Receding hopes, pains, bare dark horizons.

We know, what ahead is like plucking stars -
Jumping to the sky and breaking bones;
But nothing holds back our will to try,
Till even an ounce blood holds us intact.

Sufferings, our fate; struggles, our path,
But tired we aren't in trying our luck;
For, fear or tears, we do meet each other -
It's our strength, sunshine in darkness.

We comfort not each other by our odd fate,
Only add to the grief and make life struggle;
But find in our grief, and struggle we make,
Pure celestial bliss of our impregnable bond.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Celestial Shine

Love is beauty, divine harmony,
Subtle and simple cosmic symphony;
Love is the mother of care and concern,
A fertile womb of the celestial fusion;
It's the truth that drives all evolution,
The thrust that carries pure revolution;
Love is the root, drive and the fruit in one
That carries creation to smooth perfection;
Self comes to knees, it dissolves in love
And finds its goal in love's fluid move;
Though bred and fed, we're its flowers,
We seek it outside in isolated towers;
Love is within in harmony with us,
In peace, contentment; embedded in us;
No rule or law, no social more it suffer,
No pressure on soul, they ever consider;
Love, straight forward; gentle alliance,
A celestial glow of endless brilliance;
Love is the truth, the cradle of creation,
That dawns in soul pure celestial shine.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Chequered Life

I'm different, life is different,
Life is the chess I play in the world,
Life is moves in complicated labyrinth,
Built to the chess-board I inherited;
I have my pieces in my side,
I have game rules to move each piece,
What square I choose, when, how I move,
What rank or file I occupy or leap,
Whom I checkmate, how, why stalemate
Decide life, open further moves
And square by square lead to last move –
The construct I raised by own work,
The niche I carved by my moves
On chequered field laid as playground,
Where I did play my own game,
And threaded strategies for safe moves
With I, in shadow, holding hand,
But never have I become the game itself;
I'm indeed is bedrock, its base,
Whereon is built structure of my life,
But, I'm different, life is different.

Each life is a game on chess board,
Each playing against all others combined;
Some get black pieces, some others, white,
But colours seld make any difference;
While moves are right, castling does help,
But sudden traps, a constant threat;
Skill to steer thro', and other's moves
Decide denouement of the end result
With labyrinth inherited holding true key.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Colour Balloons

They're high rising colour balloons,
Rising high and high to the sky
In thin air in vast unbound sky
In freewill of unfulfilled dreams,
Only to 'dum', burst to fragments,
To bits unrecognisable to naked eyes,
Shattered, scattered, they drop on earth.

Colours rise, go fragments and drop
While air within vanishes in thin air;
Punctured balloons no more hold wind,
No strength to carry high to the sky;
No hold to itself, lost in dust clouds,
Fragments look sky for where it rose
Only to burst, and awaken to truth.

Colours, fragments, itself real states,
No difference it makes, by itself;
Rise and fall like make and break
Shatters and scatters that is within;
It's burst of the building block,
It's burst of cement that holds;
It makes prospects worse than past.

Balloons are meant to burst a day;
Filled in air, and steer through air,
Balloons breathe air, and dies in air;
No realities bind; bound in own weight,
Free fall from sky to earth's dust,
Balloons suffer in devastating pains,
Unsaid to world and hidden within.

Colours render pain impossible to bear,
While ego in fragments turn black;
Rise in vast sky of rarefied air
Make realities in front dumb and hollow;
Back to pulp in hopeless night,
Whether they rise ever again in colours?
None can predict the lure of good dreams.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Come Back To My World

You promised of coming
And glittering my world with golden shine,
You promised of dawning
And lighting my life with heavenly sunshine.

I know, you meant it
And forfair'd to blossom my world with joy,
I know, you dreamt it
And grounded to give me wings to fly.

But, alas, you and I are shallow wells,
Nothing spring out of mere human efforts;
We are silent dolls without divine calls,
A thousand puzzles drown our dear thoughts.

Darkness does now pervade my world,
It's part of the ceaseless cosmic cycle;
But, disintegrated is your lovely world
For promising me that sublime miracle.

No sunshine I ever yearn,
No golden shine, no joy nor wings to fly;
Without you I go forfairn,
Languid, languorous, dry, and all day I cry.

Come back to my world,
You are the glittering sunshine I cherish;
Lo, hold me in your fold,
Or else I'm bound to ever slowly perish.

Darkness or sunshine I never care
Until I'm certain, each other we share;
When I go to lose you, it is all bare,
A life to live then ahead I never dare.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Coming Back

However far I run away from you,
Whatever reasons I spew to do,
However long I stay far from you,
Like migratory birds on nature's clock,
Involuntarily I return to your flock.

You're the temple, where I'm priest,
You're east sky, I'm morning star;
Wherever I wander, you remain my post,
Where I spring back to fulfill my call
And add to bond, and pay reverence.

You're my seed, you're my fruit,
You're the field where I grow and flower;
You're fulfillment I endeavour to reach;
You're my joy, rest, that light I aspire,
How can I go farer than is the need?

Whenever I come, I carry my bags
Zipped to the brim with all I have
And lay on your feet in obeisance;
While away, I never, far from you,
And carry my bags safe for you.

When I perforce move away from you,
Like icy winter leaves I fade and drop,
Only to sprout afresh and replenish you
In new colours, fragrance and blossoms
And deck your world with lively spring.

You're the fulcrum I revolve around,
Breaking that tie is not easy for both;
I feel forlorn, lost and clueless in void,
Incomplete, blind while untied from you,
And grope for dreams we together had.

When beckons reach to rejoin you,
Wings sprout like blossoms of spring
And I flutter wings with dreams in eyes

And fly to heaven you made your home
To take you in arms and forget all pains.

Far or near, we, inseparable in core;
The joy of relief does lie in tension,
The joy of water does lie in thirst;
Indeed my return, great flush of joy,
Built on torn structure of separation.

I dipped and rose from oceans of void,
Breathed you alive in all pains and grief;
Like the lost child that rejoins its mother,
I return to safe fold, you hold me to chest
And feed me with milk of love and trust.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Comme Il Faut

She never expressed,
Never unclothed herself,
Hid everything,
Struggled to cover
Her soft inside
As it's comme il faut;
I knew her soft parts,
How desperate she was
To have, and to hide;
I couldn't leave at it,
Because I saw all
'Neath her elegant cover,
The flush of forceful flows
Of tender feelings
In selflessness.

She's an angel,
Perhaps an insult to so call,
She's an angel among angels
In her look,
More so within
In soul and thoughts,
Sovereign gold,
Crystal-like pure,
Verily Goddess in human form;
As I leave not at it,
Nor different I could,
A dilemma
I couldn't resolve;
Whenever I reached,
Farther she hid.

She is bold,
And pure like gold,
So elegant within,
She can't hurt any;
She was in conflict -
Without stood against
The countenance within,

A rebellion in process
Against the self
For what's comme il faut;
Selfless as she is,
She chose to burn
And shed light outside;
It shattered her within,
She bore it in resoluteness.

I witnessed all,
Could do nothing then,
Save turn analeptic,
Cover her wounds;
Alas, she spurned all,
Lest slip from chosen course,
Banished me from there,
Forcing to run for a cover;
She never retracted,
And broke within,
She threw all her gifts
Left, right, a'where,
And stripped of all,
She lives ascetic life
In devotion to love.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Concordance

Why bee for long
Hovers over flower
Before sucks honey?
Why flower with honey
Bejeweled to entice
Sits still in place?
Why deer pursues,
Why doe distances
Before they mate?
Why one is rich
In what other needs
And both see it?

Who structured these
Innate games
In all lives?
Who built instincts
To complement life
And engineer right pitch?
Sciences dig grounds,
Play circus tricks
And interpret subtleties;
But nothing clicks,
Nor ignites true light
Of inner concordance.

How mother knows
Her child's needs
While others do not?
How adolescent grows
To rebel against
To burrow his fate?
How bird knows
To build its nest
While it breeds?
Who conceived, authored
Grand Unification Theory,
Science suspects answers all.

Confession Of Love

I came to meet you,
Alas, no trace of you anywhere;
I went round and round around there
From front to back and sides both
To trace you there hidden somewhere;
Alas, it was a frozen naught
That froze me too deep in heart
With doubts unanswered still till now.

Sanctum sanctorum perhaps vacant,
Temple around was eerily silent,
No lamps, no bells to stir my soul,
No incense lighted to fill fragrance,
And my prayers had gone simply waste.

I came for peace, to light my soul,
What I got was sheer disturbance
And light around further clouded;
I stood in silence for sometime
In hope you make an appearance;
All doors shut, windows curtained,
And no light shone from anywhere;
Curtain drawn and disillusioned,
I simply slipped from the place,
Knowing not what had gone wrong,
And decided within not to return again.

Can I keep the promise ever?
Can I relegate you to oblivion ever
While every heartbeat is throbbing you?
I made promises several before,
And kept to them for years indeed,
But someday, as today, had to break;
Sanctum sanctorum perhaps vacant,
And uncertainties ruling all in it
Cloud my soul and rattle the heart
Till I know where have you gone,
Whether happy, contented and in peace.

Conflicting Claims

Each time-frame like a running film-slide
In illusion of continuity and inter-connections
Bring to world sense and create meaning
With cause and effect as adhesive between
And builds edifice of an unexisting process
That takes a seed to ripe fruit at the end
For more seeds to scatter to sprout again -
Thus an endless chain from start to the end
Where none has seen either start or the end
Nor the time that mediates between them;
This is how bits here constitute the whole,
This is how bits bring soul to the parts.

Bits and parts piggyback on time's passage
On the endless rails of continuity's thrust
Build this huge world of billion wonders
Of good and bad and right and wrong,
Just, or unjust, and moral or immoral -
Mere illusions of unstable busy mind
Finding sense in fast changing time-frames,
Adding two and two to four or twenty-two;
So innumerable minds of varying depths
Subscribing world to its varying lights;
This is why we have a thousand meanings,
This is why same thing has conflicting claims.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Corruption

Classless is corruption,
Like leprosy, plague and AID
And catches all and sundry
Who comes in contact with
Without the armour of moral spine
To guard their soul from turpitude;
Class sensitive though is it,
And flows from above
Like Ganga, Sindu, Brahmaputra
To fertile the plain downwards
And join the sea of discontent;
Indeed, corruptio optimi pessima,
Corruption from the above
Corrupts absolutely,
Submerges honest lives
In unfair unjust threats
By sieging from all sides
Without a vent to escape,
And perforce all cooperate.

Corruption is sheer corruption,
Outside any frame of law,
And outside honest discretion;
A hydra-headed monster,
A poisonous worm 'neath wraps;
Corruption infects faster than plague,
Corruption does plague worse than leprosy
And spreads a blot deeper than AID
In life and death, in moral fabric;
Corrupt one once, corrupt forever.

Corruption breeds in selfishness,
Corruption feeds on democratic mores
As hidden deals and lobbying at large,
Where supply and demand does mismatch;
Election perforce is its playing ground;
Corruption does live billion repeat lives
And splits pure milk by a single drop;
It leads for survival's sake

Billions from the back like a pied piper;
Like Raktabeejasura,
Thousands it sprouts while one is nipped.

Plague, people fear, leprosy, they detest,
AID, they do keep distant forever;
But, come corruption, they accept it as part
Of life and the people surrounding them;
It gains its glamour from the political top,
It gains its respect from the business class,
It tops all lives by bureaucratic swirls
And fills nooks and corners of all life;
Corruption all hates,
But, corruption most follow;
Corruption is self-seeking at whatever cost,
Corruption, bending low for the fastest buck;
Two hands make clap, renders easy deal,
One in greed lends trust entrusted on him
And one borrows recourse illegally to that.

One distances corruption on own peril,
Or accepts and partakes to lubricate a deal;
Choice is simple if survival is first,
And proves how true is survival of fittest.

All crows under heaven are indeed black,
Birds of the like feather flock together;
Corruption does make one single network,
A religion, a race, a class of its own;
Wherever those belong at their roots,
They unite to protect and attack protests,
For, nothing matches profit the corruption brings
And nothing is more hell than corruption exposed.

Corruption has no mercy,
Corruption, kindless,
A contagion at roots;
Corruption, anti-human,
Corruption, anti-social,
It denies rightful vents to the worthy ones,
And refuses fairness, it refuses equalness,
Corners spurs to ones those who only pay.

Corruption is infirmity born with man,
It builds little walls between human clan;
Corruption is satan waiting on open plain,
To ruin human's rise wherever it can.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Cosmic Dictates

You came twice; I was one,
And you went round all over,
And came back freshly dressed;
I remained same old guard,
But alas, nothing really changed.

It was repeat of old tale -
I forgot, you remembered all,
When I remembered, you forgot,
And our tracks ran parallel -
Pain and grief, no meeting ground.

When goal is same; source, same,
In-between process, tied together,
Discordance why thus choking us?
Symphony is soul, we're tuned,
Why to and fro we do dance?

Nothing in us brought us all these,
Outside world conspired against -
No choice but to crush our souls;
You chose to bend and follow rules,
I sought holes to build a bridge.

Same goal while crossed in paths,
Pain and grief in friendship occur;
Tossed in air, we fell on each other,
Bled in love, we hurt each other -
In joy in grief, and in grief in joy.

Mere tools in cosmic play,
We played our roles to perfection
While kept our souls free, untouched;
Though hurt and bled at every turn,
We, ready to restart and sail together.

It's day and night, and day again,
While in sun I waited all along;
Nothing changed, crisis deepened,

I, in daylight; you, in fresh robe,
Couldn't build bridge, resurrect us.

You're in night, and I was in day,
How night and day ever meet?
A play, dawn and dusk, we played,
But alas, it's dusk that prevailed,
We drowned in night's expanse.

In the womb of night we do throb
And hope to find a vent to dawn;
In fresh robes, and in fresh dawn
We hope to meet, meet our hopes
And sail along cosmic dictates.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Cosmic Focus

Be it in shade in cycles of life,
Or in cloud in far away galaxies,
Or in parallel world outside ours,
Or simply nonexistent anywhere I'm,
By celestial eyes unseen by you,
I watch you grow to sublime heights,
You pluck ripe fruits of fulfillment.

No time or distance deter me from you,
No indulgence of self diverts me from;
Like celestial black hole, I focus on you,
And flow my soul to keep you in shine;
You're hallowed hearth that keeps me warm
On the ceaseless spread of cold cosmic floor;
Seen or unseen, I'm bound to you.

Layers in life flow in opposite streams,
And you know, I'm bid to part ways;
Well, I part; it does regenerate you too,
And opens for you vast space to spread
As high as you can, as wide as you can;
But, rest assured, I part; invisible to you,
But within I do remain focused on you.

You remain inextinguishable bright flame
'Tween my brows of celestial forehead,
As cosmic focus, fulcrum of my soul;
I watch you, rise to higher planes,
And fill in pride while you reach the top;
Remember, I'm naught, unless your flame
Illumes me inside and lights my soul.

I be visible or invisible, irrelevant to us,
For, physical world works on outside terms;
We're closely bound in extra-terrestrial tie,
And invisible currents keep us in touch;
I bid you farewell as outside world needs,
It smoothens our walk on terrestrial path;
But remember, visible, only half of truth.

Behind the clouds of the far away galaxies,
Remember, my goodwill, always with you,
In prayers, ardent will, if they do work;
Though not with you, I'm always in you,
Struggling to light the path you walk
By all sunshines my soul can muster
Till barriers drop and we rejoin in life.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Cosmic Glow

Hidden in clouds, or behind nights,
Sun never loses its heavenly light;
However far you sail through sky,
Inexhaustible is its sublime height.

Count the stars spread all over the sky,
All life not suffices to count them all;
So is my love, and her depthless love,
Beyond all vision of the mortal call.

Beyond all depth, height and breadth,
Spreads unbound on all sides her love,
Like the cosmic glow after big bang;
Celestial she is, her heavenly love.

Selfless, no trace of ego in her,
She is pure bundle of love and grace,
Of beauty and joy, of celestial light –
She reaches and stirs the depth of soul.

She comes as spark and lights my worlds,
Within and without in vivid glows;
She fills and builds bridges to souls -
Parched in thirst of each other's touch.

She's divine spell of magical depths,
That binds soul, mind, heart and body
To single thread of consummate focus,
That glows me within in celestial bliss.

Gentle like moon light, simple in tone,
Fierce like the sun in devotion within,
She burns like lamp, fills light around,
And finds her peace in joy she gives.

In the cosmic law of ups and downs,
She moved to hell and heaven alike,
More to hell, and longer, worse there,
But never had she lost her diamond core.

In the chaos that is made of this world,
In the darkness that surrounds universe,
She is gentle light, glimmer of true peace -
And life is worth it in spite of its hell.

Wherever she be, and whenever be it,
I constantly feel beacons she flares -
Her soothing calls and comforting light
Leads me ahead to destined goal.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Cosmic Music

Stars can be plucked
And threaded to a string,
Poles can be sucked
And forced to cling,
Birds can be flocked
To fly in a wing,
Or winds can be locked
And brought to a ring.

But no words in world can define your charm,
No wisdom of world comprehends your charm;
The magic you spread, expressions truly warm
Captivate all in Universe in a majestic frame.

Beauty is radiance deep within,
Lustrous glow from crystals of soul;
Beauty is hallowed lamp of the temple
Of life built on blocks of conscience;
True beauty, unlike unstable rainbow,
Timeless, shapeless, beyond colours;
It opens third eye, sits deep in soul,
A spring of hope and abiding bond.

You're pure glow of bright divine conscience
That lights this world in beauty's live dance;
You bring hope, sense, promise of deliverance,
You give righteous life its sublime relevance.

Beauty in world is not to pluck,
It loses its life out of habitat;
Beauty does exist to endear all,
It's to look, like, and appreciate;
Beauty grows while out of grab
Lest bad hands harm its flourish;
It thrives in grace in isolation
And withers and dies while in seize.

You're sheer Goddess in pure grace and peace
In golden glitters, oh, cool like the Moon's face

In hallowed temple of great love and reverence;
You came on the Earth to grace the human race.

Harmony is rhythm, perfect rhyme,
Harmony is poetry, cosmic music;
Harmony blossoms grace and peace,
Harmony, true source of all joys,
It's root, life's true fulfillment;
Harmony is beginning; harmony, end,
Harmony is truth; harmony, beauty;
All in-between, mere disturbance.

You're cosmic music in kaleidoscopic colours,
You're divine glow from the Heaven's interiors;
Discord dissolves, notes meet, accord flowers
In world, in soul, in lovely presence of yours.

Nature is simple, truly sincere,
Nature is gentle in all essence;
Nature is beauty personified,
Nature is selfless; nature, sweet,
Nature, honesty, in parts, and whole,
Nature is mother of perfection;
Nature is Queen; nature, Goddess,
All beauty flows from nature's womb.

Then, who you are, and how, you transcend nature?
Whence you bear the beauty that diminishes nature?
Perfection you carry, those gestures simple, sincere,
How built-in in you to zoom above Mother Nature?

In long walk on life's track,
Ups and downs, left, right turns
Disturb focus and lead astray;
Ego leads and greed misleads
And life is caught in spider's web;
Selfless too walks, suffers more,
Only to cleanse the faults in soul
On way to the happiest perfect world.

I know that you're model of sheer right and perfect,
And how you negotiate path by conscience, instinct;

Yet, pains, sufferings, grief why caught you in act?
I swear, they add to pure glow that lights your heart.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Creation

Everything is everywhere at all the times,
All appear only in time and space's frames;
Nothing is new; nothing, old, but for names,
All are nature's throbs playing little games.

All is a wondrous system
Self-contained within it;
Nothing without ever come,
Never destroy or create.

Sculpture in stones, colours of paintings,
Grandeur of buildings, tastes of food,
Fire packed in atoms, manhood in child -
All lurks inside, calls eyes to unearthen;
Thrown on field are materials and tools,
Left to true labour to untie the knots
And extricate the huge treasures within
On needs that sit on neck with chisel
To carve out whatever, hidden within.

Deeper eyes and uncommon skills
Chisel out negative materials around,
Hark, then, what is within, comes out;
Nature gives in tight packs all things,
Calling right tools to trace and brace
And show out to world hidden treasures.

What is seen, muddled sight,
Shallow, gross and indistinct;
Inner eyes open us to vision
To see the wealth, built within.

What words build, not new to the world,
Just discoveries from what, already in mould
In intangential world of thoughts and beyond,
Then recreated in net of right words and sound.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Creation Of Life

Nought exploded to subtle infinity,
Nought exploded to subtle infinity;
A broth of wave particles flowed forth
In time and space and dimensions
Beyond all existential conceptions.

A celestial infusion and diffusion
In violent attraction and diffraction
Broke and joined in wild confusion;
Complexities rose, transitions a'where,
Matter and energy flowered from there.

Complexities constantly in perpetual rise
In endless build of sub-atomic particles
Spawned systems of self-sustained growth;
Molecules and genes and single cell life,
Viruses and worms spawned in the strife.

Water creatures and birds in air,
And wild animals in land all over -
Accidental synthesis of complexities;
Most fell; only a few survived
While found support all around.

Matter to mind; consciousness then,
Complexities saw in succession;
No stop here; what lies then next -
All is beyond human conception,
Nothing can stand up to creation.

We are from nought, go back there,
In-between is mere confusion here;
No high or low, only accidental process;
Fall and rise, time and field accidents;
Right and wrong, mere human incidents.

Is there a subtle design behind all,
A super consciousness guiding all?
We creatures can never know the truth;

No Maths reaches there, Science dodder,
Philosophic mind can't run that far.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Cycle Endlessly Recurs

Beyond senses, beneath the time womb,
She creeps like water in far away clouds;
Like treasure hidden `neath Earth's layers,
She awaits right time to reveal herself.

She's not here, now; I know not reach how,
But I know, for me, she is always there;
Wherever the place be and whenever it be,
She sheds light immortal to guide me forth.

Conflict and struggle always is man's life,
Pulling other's leg is survival's principle;
Different is rule in world she and I inhabit,
Where love and sacrifice alone rule the roost.

We both remain patient for each other's sake,
We wait for each other however long it take,
Counting days and ages by keeping us awake,
Hoping long awaited our times for us break.

Eons we waited, and eons we must wait
Since in uncertain environs she and I met;
We bled for each; shed tears in writhing pain,
Time snatched again apart, all went in vain.

We know it is struggle when we meet again,
It is gut-wrenching pain, but we do not mind;
It's great treasure to be together however short,
Then time snatches, the cycle endlessly recurs.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Dark Dilemma

We live in blind world, no light,
None has any clue or insight
To why, how or what of all it,
Who built and run network act,
For what end and whose benefit?
Has it a root, what is its fruit,
How long, when we will reach it,
No tools we have to calculate.

No created ever equals creator,
Planck's wall blocks push further,
Maths goes blank beyond barrier;
Dark is world, dark everywhere,
But for light dazzling at center,
That blinds sight here and near;
Choked in dark, we grope answer
To know who we're, come from where.

Some call it God; some call, nature,
Dump unanswered to those feature,
Plough the field in hollow adventure
Of religion or science of limited gesture;
Alas, no religious flight crosses so far,
No science's methods survive the fare;
For, we revolve within circular orbit,
Bound by centripetal, escape not to light.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Darkness Does Hold Light

I wrapped her in soul,
And absorbed in whole
For, I'm incomplete without her;
She heard my inner call,
But found around tall wall
And count days in helpless stir.

We're caught in same fire,
Burning alive in same pyre,
But, alas, find in opposite far poles;
We're all for each other,
But mortally we do wither
Without in sight our sweet goals.

I did my bit to reach her,
But no signals reach there,
And I do find her in total collapse;
She, alas, is in deep fear,
She allows none her near,
Torn, to slow death, she does relapse.

I bother not it heaven or hell,
As far as together we mell,
But, alas, nothing worked as we thought;
With shattered, broken will,
Despair's deep gulf we fill
And fade away to naught nature wrought.

Yet darkness does hold light,
All in the end will be bright,
For, I find us both locked together there;
In the womb of all out fight,
In the grief of rising height,
We find us in embrace in grief's fare.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Dawn Is Not Far

In endless wood of blinding darkness,
Wrapped in sheet of blackness around,
Creepers, giant trees on sides, all round,
Stones, wild thorns of shrubs `neath feet,
Thick canopy of branches cover the head,
That allows not a ray to pierce within;
No past or future, no goal to guide ahead,
I bake in the cauldron of merciless present;
No clue of time, space, dimensions to guide,
No wings of motives to unwind life-spirit,
I dither and wither and slither to deep pit
Of irretrievable death of indefatigable spirit.

Winter a day does bloom to spring,
The frozen world does get its wing;
Days and nights in rhythmic swing
To monotonous world colours bring.

Dawn is not far from blinding midnight,
Tender warm light is bound to sweep
Endless wood to blossom, bear fruits
And fill the world with scent of blooms,
Colours aplenty and sweetness and honey,
As dawn blooms to bright warm day
Of vision and direction to lead me ahead,
To bridge the past to future thro' present,
To sprout wings to awaken life's spirit;
It is life's spring to heaven and above
With goals ahead on right time's wings,
Till spring slowly slithers to winter's womb.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Death

Bottomless chasm is death,
Mysterious black-hole,
Where and when of it none know;
Is death an end itself
Or a passage to new world,
Science never understood;
Only death is deathless,
Death is birthless,
Only death is the known eternal truth;
Man discovered atoms, galaxies,
But not death any time,
For, death transcends them all.

Death is black lightning,
Comes in flash and goes,
Leaving devastation behind;
From where it comes,
Where it takes,
No clues left behind;
Death is true equaliser,
Divine road-roller
At time's sovereign call;
Noncorruptible is death,
Money or power never bothers it,
Death swallows all.

Is death naught,
Or death all
Is a philosopher's riddle;
But, death is real,
More real than life
Is everybody's fear;
Death is merciless,
Death is punctual,
None defy the death;
Death is king of lives,
Fearsome to the core,
Yet, loyal to time.

Death is disintegration,
Interpret some;
Death is cleansing cycle,
Orientals vouch;
Truth is, none entered death
And returned and explained -
What really death is;
Truth is, constant friend of all,
Death is constant shadow of life,
Yet, none really know it at all -
Only that death is the rebound of life
In evolution's onward thrust.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Deeply Bound

You need me, I need you,
We come close;
You keep away, I keep away,
We lose touch.

You run away, I pursue,
We're broken mirror;
I build bridges, you break bridges,
Gulf is gaping wide.

You've reasons, I've reasons,
We're in opposite poles;
Notes you make, notes I make,
Give discordant tune.

You're in tatters, I'm in tatters,
We do not make fabric;
You deconsecrate, I reconstitute,
Yet edifice falls flat.

You can't tear, I can't tear,
We continue deeply bound;
You're in me, I'm in you,
Rooted in each other.

Bound innate, torn outside,
It's critical wound;
You bear it, me force to bear,
Is it kind love?

It's life long, no hope to rejoin,
Should it be so stark?
Devices, many, to circumambulate,
Why shatter our souls?

You're at loss, I'm at loss,
Heading towards naught;
Look around, look at front,
Should we lose ourselves?

You drench in grief, enjoy grief,
How justified to hack me with?
You drag me, I'm drawn along,
How long I do not know.

You need me, I need you,
I blindly follow you;
You keep away, I keep away,
I follow your need.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Desire Is Life

Desire is the root of fulfilment,
Desire is the cause of all movements,
Desire is the flash that lights up lamp
That spreads everlasting bright light.

Desire is beauty, desire is joy,
Desire is the stir that spawned universe,
Desire is force, desire is the strength
That carries processes of creation ahead.

Desire, god's will, desire is seed,
Without desires, all void and dark;
Desire, divine stir in the nought's womb
That brought life and world into existence.

Shedding desire is fusing to nothingness,
Freezing one's soul to void and darkness;
No joy or grief there, no beauty nor disgust,
Heightened suicide is it, a shortcut to nought.

Desire is challenge, a run to win or lose,
A game of life that enriches life process;
Cowards those who fear it and hide in void,
And day-dream it as shortcut to attain god.

Desire isn't itch, a diseased compulsion;
But inner enlightened spur to fulfil life;
It spawns in soul and filters thro' mind
To rise in wings to realities' horizons.

Desire is life, no desire, no life;
Desire makes life passionate, poignant;
Grief that it brings is newmoon to fullmoon,
But, worthy a newmoon for glorious fullmoon.

Ask a lovelorn who loved and lost,
Whether a newmoon for a fullmoon worthy;
Confesses he in tears that it certainly is,
And a million newmoons for a fullmoon he face.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Devout Love

As long as we keep each other alive
In place in space in furrows in soul,
No wind or shock wears us from other;
As long as we lend concern and tend,
We feed each other with devout love.

No time can rob, nor distance steal
The bond of love built of devotion,
No ego bubbles, or doubts build up
In the ocean of love ingesting two,
That nourishes both in give and take.

Is love a cage, or freedom of self?
Yielding to other is essence of love;
Who knows the truth better than you?
Flying in free sky as a bird does,
You yielded to me in blood and spirit.

Love is binding soul to a chosen soul,
Love is purging liberty on own freewill,
Love is yielding self to the other's will,
Love is finding self in the other's need -
What devotedly you followed in loving me.

Ages now we met, and dissolved in love,
Nations perished, cultures rose since then,
But the well of love you draw for me from,
And drench me in is inexhaustible ever,
And in gratitude, I worship you from soul.

Selflessness is spark that lights your soul,
That brings love dimensions unfathomed;
The glow you bear does catch me within,
And expand horizons my vision can catch,
And I transcend myself by the devout love.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Dilemma Of Love

It was nineteen sixty nine

October twenty nine to be exact,
She appeared there on the scene
At Asha Sadan in a coastal town
Around two twenty, at the noon,
With her three little lovely kids,
Aged one to four, and husband;
She's she, Shobha of Cannanore,
Young, mere twenty one in age,
Eager, vivacious and pretty like rose,
With zooming myriad dreams in eyes.

He was also twenty one as she was,
Though younger to her by six months,
Yet in college in final year,
Ignorant of life, reserved, and meek,
Lived in family's surroundings,
Parents and siblings made his world.

In different houses they lived in,
Though under one single roof,
Called by the name, Asha Sadan;
She was new to the scene there,
Eager to know the environs around,
Oft looked out through the window,
Saw him plucking flowers, morning,
Everyday in garden in front of house,
For daily prayers and puja, he did.

She was in an age of dreams,
He was footing all her needs;
Naturally caught by his spell,
She drew nearer each day to him,
Though unaware, he was, of it all.

She drew increasingly more to his house,
Most of the day expending there,
Endeared all by her diligent care,

Called his parents as her own,
Was loved in turn by all of them,
Far more than they did among them;
She turned theirs own, one of them,
Wherever on tour, or on pastime,
She is theirs, most valued to them;
She mingled with them, helped daily chores,
In rare oneness, selfless devotion,
Followed life styles they accustomed to.

Her focus was he deep in soul,
And he in college most of the day,
Kept him from her to great distress,
And she looked for him on tip-toe
At times he was expected back;
Lo, she saw him coming from distance,
She knew no bounds to her joy,
She danced in soul, heart bounced in joy,
She run to the door, and there wait,
As if naturally she was there;
She didn't open her soul to any,
She hid her love from others' eyes.

She, her kids with husband
In first week of November
Visited home in Cannanore
For marriage of her next sister;
Though with near and dears there,
Her heart constantly strayed to him,
Every moment he, holding her,
And she could enjoy nothing there,
Kept herself totally distant,
Eager only to be at his side;
She caught next train from there back,
Spent all night in his house,
Lighting crackers, and sparklers,
Celebrating annual Tulasi Puja.

She, in his house
With his mother and sisters
Used to squat on floor and chat
Or play fun games most of the time;

He, reserved as he was,
Seldom joined their fun,
But book in hand for pretence,
Partook in all from distance;
He liked her presence,
She liked his presence,
And oft she called him to join them,
And he gently refused her eager call,
Merely because of shyness within;
Whatever she then talked there,
Though directed to all of them,
Invariably meant only to him,
And he enjoyed all that attention.

Once he approached them there,
While they squatted on the floor;
Lo, she bent on some pretext,
Without anyone aware of it;
Her round and lovely firm bosoms
Exposed to the feast of his eyes,
He stammered in embarrassment,
She enjoyed his wild confusion.

A day while all busy in the house,
And he was busy with a book
In an adjoining silent room,
She in his front fed breast milk
To her little kid on her lap,
Elegantly covering lovely breasts,
After closing door for outsiders;
He embarrassed, pretended not noticed,
But it for him, confirmed her bond,
How intimate, as one, she treated him.

A cinema, 'Sarasvati Chandra',
She saw and liked it from her heart,
And recounted story to all of them,
Of all, that secretly meant to him,
And fancied him as Chandra, its hero,
And herself as Sarasvati, the heroine.

She relished partaking in their works;

Ironing cloths, food for tea times,
Her favorite pastimes in their midst;
She relished to cook food for his tea
And loved to serve by own hands;
He too loved, whatever from her,
Served by her with glint in eyes.

Once while he came back from college,
He found her ironing his pants and shirts,
With gentle sweat streaming on face;
He switched on fan to comfort her,
She refused as it cools the iron box;
He responded, he wasn't aware of it,
'Nothing you're aware, no? ', she replied.

It was his elder cousin, young,
His mother and a sister's most darling,
Most favorite, whom they set in heart,
Visited them once there;
Both prompted her to be close to him,
Served tender coconut through her hands,
To utter consternation of his soul,
Perhaps stirred his jealousy too;
She bided by how they guided her,
But she sensed his great grief in it,
His fear and jealousy festering within;
She bore no delay to heal his wound,
And standing up to both of them,
She snubbed cousin by rude moves,
When visited next after some weeks,
To bring him comfort, soothe his fears,
And douse his jealousy raging inside;
While mother and a sister played against,
And pit their favorite to rob his joy,
It was she who broke from cocoon
To help him from his deep distress;
Later, she narrated in reference to it,
She only obliged, did their biddings,
She couldn't refuse whatever they bade,
And no bonds whatsoever existed in it;
Yet, insecure he remained deep within,
And ember of doubts smoldered inside.

It was nineteen seventy

She was so much one of them
That she was their impregnable part,
While they partook in social events,
Be it a marriage on January two,
Or a marriage feast dated four;
She was lodestar among them,
She was true pride for all of them;
She, held in honor, wherever they went,
Never failed to bring focus on him;
And when she saw distress in him,
She spoke kind words to ease his spirit;
In marriage feast of January four,
Cousin's presence disturbed his mind,
Festered mind connecting to past;
Devastated was he all that day,
And days and weeks thereafter,
No way her words instilling poise;
In irony of nature, that helped both,
As him it turned and tuned to her,
His heart and soul opened to her,
And he began to brood day and night,
About her, and her bond to him;
Is it the dawn of his awakened soul?

Eleventh of January, a Sunday,
Asha Sadan was settled for sale,
And they vacate on twenty nine of March,
No need for her to do the same;
She resented life continuing there,
Sought to move along with them,
To be with them housed, side by side;
Alas, no efforts bore that fruit,
And she settled for what life bore;
After all, at the end, he, unreal for her,
Ultimately she must tread a path,
Her family followed to the end;
Heart and soul, she longed for a life
Of living in joyous company of him,

That seemed ever now impossible to her;
She said, even in cave in a far forest,
She happily settles if he was there.

She brooded day-night about his life,
His future, age, possibilities for him,
Who would come as his lucky wife,
She assessed, around fifteen years then.

Whatever she cooked,
She shared with them,
And enjoyed him eating it;
Even mere rice she cooked in home,
Brought to them and shared with them,
Insisting he also shared from hers,
Assuring he knows, it was hers;
It was her joy, it was her bliss,
Ecstatic that he shared hers.

Often did she wonder about this bond,
Who was he, who was she,
How from unknown far horizons,
Fate joined them in impregnable bond
In a handful short momentous months;
No forces seem like separate them,
No distractions can ever deter them.

She stopped going out with husband,
Preferred going out only with them,
Hidden in soul, to go with him;
But, alas, he, shy, unavailable always;
She offered, a day, all going for a film,
He was excited to hear and join that,
And saved for fare from scarce source;
But, alas, none called him to the fare,
He wasn't bold to volunteer on own;
Crestfallen he was, disappointed she was,
His mother and sisters along with her,
Left him in tears, and went to film.

It was again January eleventh,
Mother, sisters and she squatted on floor,

In usual chat to heart's content,
And he at distance reading a book,
But all his attention focused on her;
They said, he disliked her at start,
When she visited for first time,
He wanted her not to come again there;
Disturbed was she, turned to him,
And queried, did he really dislike her;
He remembered not having said that,
And that said, he added further,
Even if he said so by any chance,
All know now how good and great she is;
This pleased her to heaven and much more,
And she pleasantly mocked him in happy jeer.

His mother and a sister noticed change,
His unexpected slant towards her,
And constant focus she had on him;
They were bitter though they liked her,
For rejecting cousin most dear to them,
And going after him against their wish;
Though couldn't blame in straight talk,
They blamed her ilk of undue charms
Of potions and spells and vile practices
To net young boys and destroy them;
Sensitive as she was, it deeply hurt
To hear such blames from dear ones;
Hurt and bled, she distanced him,
Though she kept as usual close to them.

He soon noticed the sudden change,
Knew not why it happened to him,
Nor she opened herself to him;
He was distressed; she, devastated,
For hurting him by stony silence;
Once he ventured to ask her why,
Is she angry, he innocently asked;
She asked, what wrong he did to her
To be angry with him ever in life;
Perplexed, he returned unanswered.

Day and night in thoughts of her,

Deeply distressed by silence of her,
Tormented within to do something,
He took courage in both hands,
Bought for her some good snacks
And delivered to her at her home
By visiting alone, hidden from all,
And requested her to not reveal to any;
She took it promptly and thanked him,
But told his mother what he brought,
Since they blamed her of distracting him;
This hurt him badly and shamed him,
And she struggled hard to comfort him.

Oft, she shed bitter tears, wiped not,
Flowing in streams through her cheeks
While sitting alone in her house,
For hurting him again and again,
By her silence, and distance from him,
Whenever he tried to approach her;
She knew, they vacate in March end,
And he would be gone forever from her,
No means to meet, no means to reach,
It was soul searing blow to her;
Oh, how she watered the love's sapling,
For months reared with utmost care;
Just in time when the sapling flowered,
Alas, she lamented, shattered all;
She felt like plucking her own eyes,
Rather than see him vacating the house.

As she distanced, kept away from him,
Distressed he, lost appetite for food,
And left food uneaten much of the time;
Keen observer she was, always there,
Watched him eat less and less,
But she could do then nothing for him,
Save keep her presence close to him;
He asked her once, who were her gods,
She replied, her husband was her god;
Puzzled, and not satisfied by that,
He queried further, what gods she worshipped,
She answered, all were gods to her,

Calling him Brahma, others as some gods,
She called herself Sarasvati, goddess,
As her clue to who her husband, she meant.

Whatever was brought to her home,
She invariably carried, shared with them,
But they failed to meet her in equal measure,
This disturbed him at his heart;
When she brought something, next time,
He expressed his grief, sought her excuse,
Called her Buddha, Christ, Basavanna, Gandhi,
Selfless, and generous to those who fault;
She responded in kind, calling him those all.

She saw dazzling light in his eyes
While he approached or talked to her,
And knew her sweat was bearing fruit,
And immensely pleased by this turn;
Whatever he spoke gave unbound pleasure,
Whatever he said looked praise to her;
She said one day in mock grief,
He kills her alive by endless praise;
He agreed, crucifying on golden cross;
She gently refused such similes for him;
She was very happy, it scared her,
For, immense joy led to immense grief,
All her life, she expressed in fear.

She fondly read a renowned magazine,
A half nude female photo therein,
She showed them all in front of him;
When he sought to see that himself,
On the plea, men shouldn't view such photos,
She snatched, hid it under her bodice,
And challenged him to take it out,
And ran to her house, hoping for him;
Alas, shy, he stopped on track,
Said, if she refused its view to him,
It should be so bad, he shouldn't see it;
She wondered, did he trust her so much!

While she having her child on her lap,

He, eager to take it to his arms,
Asked, if she wanted child for her;
She asked, who doesn't want a child,
Subtly him she asked to take it from her;
Later she met and confided to him,
What he asked was perfectly all right,
Though others it read in equivocal sense.

They invited her family for dinner at home,
That went on well till the end;
During the dinner she requested him,
Not to move plates after he completes,
For she wanted to eat from his plate;
Unmindful he mixed that with all,
And she pooled remnants of all plates,
Sure, his plate's included there,
And ate them all with greatest pleasure,
Can ever other loves compare with it?

They planned a tour from twenty three
To reach back home by twenty six;
She couldn't make it at last moment,
And remained back home to the grief of all;
She was in him, all through the tour,
He was in her, throughout those days,
Both longing for each constantly within;
He was in distress, disinterested around,
Without her presence to add colours around,
And eager to reach back at first instance;
They reached home, brought saris to her,
She delighted to see him back in home.

February one, Sunday, saw them on tour,
On temples tour along the coastline;
On the way she saw a grand new mansion,
And fancied of living with him in there,
Intimately sharing life, always together there -
That overwhelmed her with pure bliss and joy,
But, alas, that never to be real in her life;
Wherever found his name on road signboards,
It was pure joy that she shared with all;
On eight, on Sunday, visited sea beach,

She joined them in both in great pleasure,
And wondered who else treat her so well.

She sent eldest child to Cannanore
To free herself from watchful eyes
And avoid talk on what happened in house
In case he visited her home by chance;
But, no day, as his nature, he visited her;
Disappointed, yet, aware of his nature,
She sent husband back to fetch child back,
Requested them for someone at nights
In her house till husband returned,
Hoping against hope, they send him there;
Alas, they sent, but his younger brother,
And she settled sadly for what she got.

Often she opted for cooking for them,
While good in cooking, once messed in one;
Yet he liked hers, and appreciated her;
She said, she knew, he likes hers so,
And felt so rewarded by his words,
All pain of work vanished from her.

On February eight, a busy Sunday,
She knocked insistently his bathroom door,
Where he was busy taking bath,
Called to open that to wash her hand;
He said, he was halfway through bath,
She insisted, she shut eyes, and wash her hands,
And leave from there within a minute;
Confused, he, not opened the door,
She waited for long, and turned back,
Not quite happy for shyness he showed;
Days later while he returned from a bath,
She said, her brothers never shied from her,
And went at her presence without dress,
Adding further more, in playful jest,
That indeed while they were mere kids.

His sister and she were preparing coffee,
And she had her child on her lap;
Coffee was ready and poured for all,

He requested her to give child to him,
So that she could drink hers in comfort;
She insisted, he takes his coffee first,
And later, take child, and she drinks hers;
While he insisted, she drinks coffee first,
Gently she asked in pleasant tone,
Whether her child was his, or hers.

They were with her on verandah outside
In delightful talk with each other;
He just then came home, stopped there,
Joined them then as silent onlooker;
Having deeply felt her closeness for long,
He collected rare courage for once then,
And strayed his eyes on her bosoms;
She felt his eyes fondling her bosoms,
Elated supreme for his first ever reach,
With dazzling glint in her playful eyes,
She covered mockingly bosoms with sari;
Having noticed that she noted his tease,
He moved his eyes from those divine charms,
And she invitingly them uncovered for his tease.

Somebody brought sweet to their house,
And he had his share in his hand
While she came running to his house;
He offered her a piece, she gently said, no,
Disappointed he followed her inside;
Suddenly she turned sensing his pain,
Stretched her hand and opened palm,
Asked him to give whatever he wants;
Pleasantly surprised, he gave her all he had,
Kept just a piece for him to eat;
His mother nearby disturbed somewhat,
Asked him for some, he parted with his own.

That day, her child was sleeping there,
It was past noon, time of evening tea,
She rose to cook evening food for them,
But worried of the child waking up soon;
He, present around at that time,
Assured, he takes care of the child;

With glint in eyes, she said, if it was his child,
He should see to it, it was his task;
His mother then there, questioned her,
Asked her what she meant by that;
Poor she said, meant, he takes child's care.

One day he brought new college group photo;
While found her and mother together there,
He gave her photo to trace him from group;
Lo, she did it straight out of seventy and more;
He said, he thought, she never could do,
She just replied, 'me? ...you? ...in this life? ',
Signifying the depth of their bond.

A day, he met her at window at noon,
His mother too came running there;
She told his mother, 'you deceived me, amma',
By usual address she reserved to his mother;
Any compromise, that she spurns him if he visits,
They in turn stop him from such visit,
But allowed him so soon to embarrass her? -
He never to know, what went 'tween them;
She said, he looked like groom in marriage,
They visited altogether on January second;
His mother retorted, he's better than groom,
Just to checkmate her, her innocent praise.

Jealousy turns man to feral animal,
Cruel, savage, beyond all sense;
They found him devoted totally to her,
Beyond reservations natural to him,
First ever they saw him in that avatar;
No distance by her restrained him,
His love for her leaped long unbound;
Jealousy that crept prompted them to act,
And his mother took lead to poison his mind,
Called her prostitute, loose character,
Wove false canards around her;
But, he knew in him what she really was,
Though meek, and resisted them not,
He totally ignored the web of canards
With absolute faith in her pure soul;

When found no use in maneuvering him,
They faced her straight, said, he wasn't free,
Not yet come out of the parent's hold.

They hounded her hard, ruthlessly struck
To totally cut-off from anything with him;
She met dictates till her heart shattered,
Obliged what they said from depth of soul;
They found, nothing worked to distract him,
As an ultimate tool, they distanced her;
That hurt her badly, yet she kept her bridge,
But stopped visits she was used for long;
Though found painful to part from him,
She forced her will to succeed in it.

In spite of hard struggle, oft resolves breached,
Could not she remain far for long from him,
And came there running again and again,
Alas, to bear rude insults and silence;
He failed to grasp dynamics in play,
Thought, she was angry for odd reasons,
And plays truant at times on own.

She bought ice cream for all in the house,
He gave Volga Thanks for her ice cream,
And all savored that then together there;
In casual talk on vacating the house,
He said, they go up after leave the house,
Reference in half to new house on a hill;
She seriously responded, she too goes up,
Far up after they all go distant from her;
She said, no doubt, he deeply loves her,
And added, her brothers care for her kids;
She said, she wished, he rises high,
Becomes big man in his long life;
Had she then only decided her fate?

On eight of March, Sunday noon,
She came running with her child,
None talked to her, pretended noon nap;
He was there; she talked not to him,
And returned home, pride deeply hurt.

A day, she brought a sweet, she cooked,
With hope, he gets what she cooked for him;
They then prepared a similar sweet,
Gave it to him, hiding hers from his sight;
In a tinge of anger rising deep in her,
She approached him with tears in eyes,
Bitterly complained in desperation,
That they never give him what she brought;
Meek he was, clueless what to do,
He just stared in helplessness.

As days fast approached to vacate,
To test the ground of his love for her,
They sent him to her on a general task,
As he returned from his college that day;
She knew, he returned early that day,
He queried, how she knew it from her place;
She said, she inescapably is tied to her house,
And inexorably present there because of it;
But her mind and soul constantly roam,
Room to room, day, night, in his house,
And nothing there happens escapes her sight.

She had a hen that laid first egg;
For weeks distanced from their house,
In deep urge to meet him once more,
She brought the egg to their house;
They led her to him with black paint,
She wore rough shirt that looked like sack;
They painted her face with the black
In front of him to his utter horror;
She easily them helped in their task,
And they left her there for his sight;
She asked him, how she looked then,
He said, she looked like Jhansi Lakshmi,
The valorous queen who fought the British;
He found true beauty in her that guise.

A day in distress she starkly blamed him,
In spite of huge head, he uses it not,
And understands little what happens around;

She said of his sister, she minds her not,
But his mother..., of all..., his good father,
It hurts, kills, she said with tears in eyes;
She added, she, reserved; never ventured out,
It was her first, and it came to this pass;
She said, she did all and bore for his sake,
If he wasn't there, why she should care?

As fast approached twenty nine, Sunday,
Devastated both, crying from soul,
No way to part from each other,
No road whatsoever to remain together;
Distressed, he lay in dark on floor in house,
Across common wall adjoining her house,
To feel the warmth of her nearness;
She too was there, lay across the wall
In her house to feel nearness of him,
Just a wall then stood separating them
From the dream they destined never to reach;
His mother sensed amiss, called him out,
He shouted a 'no', and continued with her.

It was twenty eight of March that day,
Their last day in their Asha Sadan,
She brought some gifts for each of them;
At night she visited, sat outside,
Alas, none accosted or talked to her;
In deep distress for parting from her,
He tied himself in dark room inside,
Noticed not her alone in grief outside,
And she left that place in total distress.

Next morning at momentous seven hours,
They left the house, he in utter distress,
Saw her nearby bitterly crying;
Car moved from there, and they left forever,
No more the past to catch up with future,
An epic age came to an end forever.

Soul searing grief wrenched them both,
Both knowing not what to do next,
In deep distress, and lowest spirit;

He hoped, she would visit new house,
But, deeply hurt, she ventured not;
Both found life barren, totally dark,
Yet dragged days, day after day;
He trod a day from college to her house,
But ventured not to meet face to face,
For fear how she might respond to him,
And peeped through a hole in the gate,
And found her in distress inside there.

He was to leave on eleventh of May,
For higher studies, far away from town;
On May seventh, Thursday, late at noon,
He visited her with a box of sweets;
She was there with all her kids,
She welcomed him with all warmth,
Yet, restraints evident in her conduct;
On hearing how he peeped through gate,
In fear that she might not open gate,
She asked, can ever she do that for him;
Complimented that he looked handsome,
And promised, she visits their house soon;
He bid her adieu, alas, never again to meet;
While half way on road, he looked back,
Found her yet standing near the gate.

He waited in vain for her promised visit,
And left on schedule on eleventh of May;
She visited them with husband and kids
On May twenty four, a Sunday evening,
On her last child's first birthday, it was,
As promised to him, and kept her words.

June twenty seven, Saturday, at four evening,
After taking bath, while kids on bed,
She soaked her sari in kerosene, set it afire;
Struggled for life for two more days,
And breathed last on twenty nine, midnight,
The day he reached twenty one of life.

Devastated was he on hearing that
On thirteen July in far town from there;

All was over, lost, yet life rolls on
In hope her love, them, bring together;
Thrice he tried to follow her to reach,
But failed each time by fateful turns,
Lived life in endless pain and grief,
And life goes on and on forever
In endless rolls of hope and despair.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Divine Existence

Priya or Shobha,
You're one and the same,
Divine celestial glow
Reaching me from heaven,
And fill with bliss and peace,
Ennobling dear soul,
Enduing insight
To the eternity
That surrounds me.

Glow, yet intense glow,
Indivisible, beyond differences;
Divinity, more divine,
Transcends recognition;
Celestial, from heaven,
I'm certain of that;
The warmth you spread, light you shed,
From different time slots
Sprout joy in me alike
And impeachable peace
That opens new vista to soul,
A new world of fulfillment
Of rare and rich contentment.

Priya or Shobha,
Different or same, I don't know;
But in me, in soul,
You're the same, indivisible ever;
It's same glow, celestial glow,
From same heaven, similarly divine,
Bring same joy, same peace within,
And impart rare contentment,
Brighten my soul;
The source is same; reach, same,
Treasures you carry, similarly same;
Perhaps, I know, you're same
Though in different slots of time,
Reaching me to prove divine existence.

Divine Light

She is my definition of beauty,
She is what a soul should be,
What a mind and heart, intellect and shape
In thoughts and emotions it should be,
In deductions and proportions they should be;
It is the light deep in her soul
That makes her she, the dazzling Sun
That gives life to all the beings
And spawns the Fullmoon from a dark satellite.

She lights up my horizons as only she can
And opens up new worlds of love and devotion,
Of what simplicity and sincerity are all about;
She makes sweetness sweet, charm, charming
And the world richer in content and context;
She is pure like an infant's smile
Or the fragrance of a blossoming flower;
She brings depth to innocences's strength,
That invests her with a surreal halo.

She is serene like Himalayan clime,
Intense like a sage's devout prayers,
Always focused and deep from within
In what she says and whatever she does;
She is clear like snow on Himalayan heights
And delicious like sunshine on Himalayan snows;
She is a pleasure to look, a wonder to hark
And the fount of all solace found on this Earth,
A joy to meditate and bliss to unite.

She is the soul of the soul of all souls,
She is the light of the light of all lights,
The warmth that sprouts all Universes,
The immortal lamp that lights all the worlds;
She is the divine light of my soul
And unknown horizons of my heart
That descends to my time and space
To unravel hidden treasures within me
And sprouts herself anew in its fold.

A wondrous wonder of the celestial process,
A miracle of the cosmic unfolding,
She is my interface to the world around;
A commoner as I am, sheer divine she is,
I feel divine in her haloed presence
And long to drown in her sacred spring;
Alas, our time is not yet ripe
And we have tasks to attend before that
To meet our goals to the common end.

Noiseless she bears all upheavals before her,
Like a soldier she marches over hell-fires,
And never heeds calls to retract to compromise -
For, it is the light deep in her soul
That makes her she, the dazzling Sun;
She marches straight towards my post
Though she knows not how far we must walk
While shadows of dusk are flying fast
And time for us is losing count.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Divine Orchestra

All is subtle music in this world,
A divine orchestra is playing on,
By whom, for what, none ever know,
Nor when it began, why of it all,
Intangible thoughts of billions years
Failed to answer, nor ever answer;
Grotesque is its pitch, but all attuned,
Scattered all moves, but a system in it,
An organic structure invisible to eyes
Make cosmic music incomprehensible,
Only felt, perceived by intuitive minds.

World looks fell bedlam at first sight,
No tools to hold maddening crowds,
No rules, laws, but for inanimate world
And world looks like a battle field,
What Darwin called, survival of fittest -
This is what an uninitiated finds,
Disturbances, noises, disorders all;
Only a trained ear hears cosmic song there,
And celestial laws in atoms and cosmos,
All enwrapped and attuned to perfection
That makes this world a cosmic music.

All is grand harmony in this world,
Spring and autumn, day and night,
How fullmoon-newmoon run for each,
Man and woman, how they match,
Grief and joy, complementing each,
Rose and thorns, creepers and trees -
Each together build beautiful world,
Spawn lovely melody, subtle and godly;
Rise and fall, and crest and trough,
Each tail to head in moving cycles
Bring myriad rhythms and myriad rhymes,
Bring lilt and cadence of celestial depth,
Only a silent soul hears while attuned to it.

Divine Ordain

When I walked on straight course,
From an unknown distant source,
I was struck by a call in loveful voice,
Coming from whence I couldn't trace.

I looked North and South, East and West,
For what divine fair who plays this feast,
I wondered aloud and looked around,
Lo, Goddess, elegant, calling me, I found.

Confounded I was, couldn't place where,
How long back whether knew each other;
I changed straight tack out of fair honour,
Leaving my course, turned, approached her.

She was in bliss, flying in wings,
In gratitude sang melodious songs
When found me turn against my norms,
She came running to take me to arms.

I was wonderstuck by her sheer warmth,
I was so ecstatic, and out of this Earth
By the joy she had by my sheer presence,
I knew we're special somewhere in essence.

I responded to her warmth in all tenderness,
I felt soft vibes rushing forth from within;
I held her in my arms to our total bliss,
In total selflessness, we dissolved in to one.

Then we saw vibes reaching from far,
Who we were, are, what lies in future;
We're one soul, broken to two planes,
We await divine ordain to conjoin again.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Divinely Bound

After all these rapid turns and twists
That sent you over hell-fires
And me to deep trough of sprites,
After all these rolls of fierce waves
That carried you to oceans' dark depths
And me to vacant barren shore,
Harrow'd and obscur'd as you are,
And languid and lost as I am,
We cry from afar from unknown lands
With no hopes in us of tryst anywhere
And no strengths in us to live without.

Who can wrap fire on papers?
Who carry the Sun in his pockets?
We are mere frames of divine causes
And carried at will by mysterious winds;
All we yearn are hollow straws
That fly and fall on wind'd bidding,
All we dream are bleach'd clouds
That scatter and vanish next moment;
Tangled are we in cruel designs,
The nature wove for its own plays;
But, you are you, and I'm I,
We are halves of the one and only one,
Divinely bound, insuperably blent
In the deep core of the celestial truths,
That the nature can never truly tear
In spite of designs it labour'd to weave;
It is the straw that keeps us afloat,
It is the cloud we look for rains,
For, tout vient a qui sait attendre,
And we wait till we truly collapse,
Though no hopes in us of tryst anywhere
And no strengths in us to live without.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Dramatis Personae

Scene after scene you come to the stage,
Act after act you come to definite age
In the cosmic play staged by the Gods;
None is here hero, none is ever villain,
All are buffoons messing up their roles
And set their script for next scene to act.

You're playwright, you script your part
From roles you played in scenes before,
And lessons you learnt from prior acts;
No director's role, none interfere in roles,
Free to drag roles from scene to scene
Or change your role to a different act.

Settings change, and situations too differ,
And you're left with own devices to play
To build to yourself for next phase of play;
You mould yourself, mould on your act
Till trials and errors clear past baggages
And let you rest on God's peaceful soul.

Road is not safe, stage is not smooth
While host of actors race for same spot,
Pull legs, back-stab; maneuver back-stage;
Resolute is the way, focused to the part
Make transitions smooth scene after scene
To elevated higher roles from act to act.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Dream

I saw you in a dream lit by moonlight
As soft and bright and cool as a spring flower,
In halo as bright as flow of milk around;
It was your smile beaming in bright face
Made moonlight look down and dull, low;
It was the fluid charm that wrapped you around
Enthralled my soul, captivated my whole;
I felt like in the presence of majestic Queen
In a mammoth palace lit in golden glitters,
Or is it heaven's temple, Goddess on the throne?

You were pure white as if sculpted in milk
And robed in soft jasmines full of fragrance,
Each curve on your figure like a sweet flower
Lulled my soul to unparalleled ease, comfort;
The flow of black hair highlighted your face,
Bright and quiet eyes emitted grace and peace;
I wondered, can ever a Goddess be so exquisite;
You rose from the throne carved of diamond,
Rolled like waves where I stood wonderstruck,
You took me by hand to sacred sanctum sanctorum.

We stood alone there in sanctum sanctorum
In the glorious dream that seized my soul;
You held my arms, offered you to my hands,
It was like gentle spring blowing in stiff winter,
It was like hot desert drenching in rain water;
I believed not that fate even in that dream,
Yet took you to my arms and gently kissed you,
Held you gently in arms in volcanic hot desires
And we rolled in pleasures till I opened eyes –
Alas, it's dream, but more real than real life.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Dumb Love

From trough I look to the cusp:
Series of memories yet sharp
Pass through mind in vivid colours
Of hopes, fears, grief and pleasures,
Crowding like bees to its hive
And I lose in the past's clutches alive.

Time contrived to bring us so close,
Circumstances strived to blossom rose,
And we were caught in love's cool net,
Nestled together to be caught in its net,
So tight that no time nor fear us part,
Nor conventions nor fate ever split.

But alas, we were against norms,
Like a bolt that falls on placid pond
That stirs waves, brings commotion around;
Should we, or should not we, we asked,
And renounced claim for peace's sake,
We renounced love for love's sake.

It shattered us; kept the world intact;
Seized with grief, it kept us apart,
Willingly we shed pleasures of life;
Though never we meet or interact,
We keep our bridge firm and rife,
Go devoted to each in soul and heart.

It's trough of life, yet cusp of soul;
Though eyes not see, together always,
In soul and heart we intermingle;
Oft we cry for being so apart,
Yet we bloom for being so close,
And do not know it, a blessing or curse.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Dynamics Of Freewill

Born out of infinite zero
And destined to delve again to hollow,
Life and materials in short band
Like insects that come out of hole
Twist and turn in begotten freedom,
Uncoil to dimensions within reach
And spread to space available around;
Like dog in leash that set free,
Wagging tail in moments' glory
Glide about around without focus
To make most of the free time.

No looking back or looking forth,
Anyway they're invisible lengths,
Spin and revolve side to side,
Up and down, and left and right
In automated motion in time's bracket
Before plunge back to the origin of all,
Home of all life and material parts.

It's truly unfocussed run,
Yet directed flow
Along the rails of time and space
From root to root
In uncontrolled spin,
But in absolute leash;
Freewill is momentary illusion,
Free perhaps, but without will;
Freewill is programmed forward move
Along the rails of time and space
In automated motion in time's bracket;
Will is not free,
Freedom has no will,
Only the illusion bridges the twian
To add some more dimensions
To the short band of free flow,
And add to it elusive false glow.

Elections

(This poem considers movements like AAP and Arab Spring as rebellion against general political trends rather than as part of that activity)

Elections, celebrations
To political professionals
To prove their might
To fool en masse
Rich and poor and
Beyond class and creed,
And especially fool
Self-claimed intellectuals.

Voting right,
They say sacred right
To elect them
To loot the country;
Come out, and elect
One of us rogues
And choose from us
Whom you prefer
To rob you this time
They call aloud,
Quote Constitution,
Invoke laws and rules
They themselves laid
As spider's webs,
And await preys
To fall upon, and suck.

Once you yield
And elect one,
It is the end
For that term;
Your lock in grip,
They play the king
And bend you to knee
To recoup what
They spent for vote,
Thousands folds more

In political trade,
They chose for them
And inherit down.

Political trade
Like any other trade?
Certainly not;
They engineer class,
Economics, caste,
Land and faith
And divide citizens
To grab more votes
In election next,
And join hands,
Be they ruling or not,
To cook their broth
And sprout their seeds
In name of rules
They themselves wrought
In rogue parliaments
In contempt of
Fairness and justice
And common sense
And human respect.

Court of law or
Human right works
Or myriad commissions
Their selections
By the laws they spawn;
They let not powers
Outside their groups,
Lest they lose tools
Of robbing the land
Never again to regain,
And claim their crimes
Constitutional right.

They pit one another
Against each
And divide the land
On class and creed

To garner votes
To win elections;
They indulge in crimes
And harbour violence,
And rent out power
For money and muscle
In self interest.

Have unearned money,
Power to bend rules
And commit crimes,
Muster muscle power,
Hard ruthlessness
To shed others' blood
To corner the power
And loot the country
Left and right
To fill coffers
At public cost,
Lo, then you are cut-out
To win election
And rule the country
And squeeze its blood
And foster your kin.

Is the country safe
In such hands
Of political blood-hounds?
Democracy as vision
Sacred and right,
Constitution as measure
Rightly conceived;
Like gold bestowed on
Thieves to protect,
Constitution and laws
In wrong hands,
Full of rat-holes,
Help plunder and store,
And bleed the country,
Its innocent citizens.

What is truth

Everybody knows;
Commoner, hapless
And helplessly yield;
Those in any power
In sync with the whole
Hail Constitution
And hail democracy
To partake in the loots
And fill their belly;
Self-claimed intellect
And media on job
Though know whole truth
Beneath aberrations
Of political claims
Or for minor gains
Hail the process
Of bleeding the land,
And prompt citizens
As democratic process
In Constitution's name
To partake to vote
One among the rogues
To bleed themselves pale.

A few may be there
True to souls
As exceptions
Even in politics
Who serve the land
And citizens alike;
In the hustle and bustle
And the sound and fury
Of millions in cash,
Muscle power to boot
Of rogue's rat race,
They rarely win votes,
Thus venture not there;
Exceptions a few
Of winning the race
Like milk in ocean
Make no impact;
Exceptions apart

As rarest of the rare,
Politicians as band
Deserve no vote,
And whoever wins
Makes no difference
To the hapless land.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Elephantine Wall

Beyond an elephantine wall
In a glorious huge aureate hall
Amidst angels gainly and tall
You sit like Goddess beyond my call.

You know fully well that I'm here,
Desolate, lost, and in nobody's care,
Struggling to climb and meet you there,
However long me may it tear and wear.

You are not unkind in indifference,
You're not the kind to sit on fence;
An aura around of subtle confidence
Rebounds truth how you treat this.

Gargantuan is the wall built by time,
Crossing over it is impossible whim;
Patience helps till the times do rhyme,
Struggle till thn is a gratuitous crime.

In aureole around and angels in tread,
You aren't in peace in your world;
Prisoner yourself across time's build,
You wait endlessly to shed that world.

No aureate hall or angels you need,
Aureole around no more you heed;
You wait for a day to cross over to world
Where we together in love ourselves feed.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Endless Pursuit

The Sun has gone down in horizon
And night thickens amidst dusk;
Settles dust and fades red glow
To brooding pain in departing light.

In cool of night I freeze to stillness,
Void pervades my soul and heart;
Wherever I look, dark and bleak,
Wherever I turn, still and cold.

Layers of darksome seize my soul
Like snake's skin surfaces in sequence
And I stare across the endless void
To discover that light that lost forever.

I know that light that, hidden somewhere,
Bides time to light bright glow for me;
Everything is everywhere all the times,
But in void present, how to sail ahead?

No road to navigate, no light to light,
No warmth within for heart to beat;
I lie on cold slab like frozen corpse
Awaiting a dawn how far none know.

Here midnight, but to her bright light
That she seeks to imbibe to her brim
From the dark world she wrought for her;
But, alas, day and night meet not in real.

Life is a pursuit, not a fulfillment ever,
And thirst unquenched for - beyond reach;
Pursuits do cease while fulfillment is found
In the endless bliss of the immortal world.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Eternal Bond

Wherever I'm
I'm I,
Wherever you're
You're mine.

You're my constant Pole Star,
Steadfast in my soul's core,
The signpost that guides my path
That passes thro' my myriad lives,
That binds all lives to single thread;
You, the Polaris of my celestial tour
Glow my lives in intense candor,
It be in rise or dark steep fall,
And invest trust, confidence in self
That I do truly belong somewhere
In the boundless spread of mysterious world.

Wherever I look
You're not there,
When look within
You always smile.

Invisible vibrations of pollent magnitude
Build a bridge between us,
And I constantly hear gentle whispers
You make all the time to my soul,
And always I feel you at my side,
Consoling me at my grief
And investing joy at my rise;
Though time and place, torn our bond,
Its essence, intact, eternally bound;
Ages may pass and aeons change,
No wear and tear ever affect our core.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Everything Is Evertwhere At All Times

Wherever you be, however you be,
In this or any other life,
We are always with you,
Sharing your pains,
And every drop of tear you shed.

We are broken pieces of the same soul,
Awaiting divine ordain to conjoin again,
Know that patience always pays.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Evil Life

Like rats left in a storehouse,
Like pigs soaked in slush pond,
Hither and thither man madly runs
In evil freedom to satiate himself;
He's blind in spite of sensible eyes,
He's in dark in spite of alert mind;
He loses insight, sense of rectitude,
Engulfed in the hell of selfishness,
Burning fierce in fire of desires,
Caught in the swirl of ill will,
Deceit becomes his life's mode,
Fun turns to his alter ego.

He sees not beyond what's around,
Ideals and restraints lose its ground;
Deep roots those fed as it unwound,
He ends up in vacuum deeply bound.

No values bound him to the Earth,
He shifts side to side in infinite sky;
No right or wrong bothers him,
Right or wrong, illusions to him;
Fun is goal post, his ultimate end,
At whatever cost fun is his call
While unaware what really is fun!
Past he ignores, lives only for present,
And leaves future to the nature's fold;
He lives over shell, hollow at the core,
And brittle like shell is his empty life,
Cracks and breaks at a short while.

Live life deep from heart of heart
In values, conscience and restraint;
Life itself is true fun with right trait
While fun for fun's sake overturns it.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Evolution

Where is this world is heading to?
Forging to the future of perfection,
Or retracting to the past of constant feuds
Of annihilation and destroying itself?
Where is this world is heading to?
Forging in evolution in constant eruptions,
Or delving to hellfire of constant doubts,
Of jealousy and hatred in silence for all?

Fairness and justice, right conduct are
Withering like blossoms in wilderness here,
Uncar'd, unattended in wild hue and cry
Of quelling opponents or who dare to stand up,
And trappling `neath feet who counts not for self;
Love and friendship are manoeuvres here,
Ladders to scale mere false heights
Of temporal gains and ephrmeral pleasures
In fleeting patches along flitting passage
Of bricks, laid uncemented, unmortared,
Where any brick any time may slip one day.

Nothing in this world now inspires trust,
Nothing in this world gives peace or rest;
Wherever one sees, discontent and lust,
That drives man and man, oh, neck to neck.

Nations and nations on warpath,
West and East in unnecessary wrath,
Religions in god's name let blood to hell;
Races and tribes, cultures and sects,
Regions, languages, all fight to swell
By feeding on other and breeding on it;
All against one and all against all,
It's pure mess and ocean of confusion
In sky high tides, sweeping away peace
And tearing the trust that cements the world,
And toppling the pillars of fairness and justice.

Might is right here, weakness is doom,

Nuclear bomb, a virtual god,
And economic might is god's god;
Where is this world is rattling to
In the rocket of time, lifted above ground?
To what horizons without firm ground
Is this bubble-world is lifted to?
Is this doom or evolution's process,
Or a negative shade of evolution's glory?

From early aeons evolved this world,
In splutters and splitters of rising stakes;
How confused is ocean, so evolved is this world,
And evolution is on track without any breaks.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Far Shore

We sail thro' ceaseless cosmic ocean
And navigate wild long falls and rise,
Unperturbed by strong wind and tides,
With prayers within, struggles without
To land on far shore that beckons us;
Path ahead is undefined and endless,
The shore we seek, real only in hopes;
But challenges of sail, real like breaths,
Every moment, day, from start to end;
It's losing fight against fugitive hope.

It's mere blue, all around our sail,
Below and above, on sides, in front,
No colours, rain bow, music around;
Monotonous silence in ocean's breaths
Stifle our dreams of reaching shore;
Yet we do sail with doubled up struggle
And endeavour to run to invisible shore;
For, it's our end, nest, identity we have,
That makes us, us, part of each other;
We're both naught without it to hold.

Wounds we suffered, yet tender, painful,
Fatal oft, yet, no time we lower our sail,
While uncertainties throng, setbacks block;
For, mysterious beckons from invisible shores
Shores us up with dear promises to hold –
Of diamond and luster conjoining again,
Honey, its sweetness, rediscovering each;
The glow we see in the future's trough
Relegates blood, sweat, tears that flowed
To oblivion like fuel in hungry fire's bowl.

Yet, nothing is visible, bare blue around,
Now I'm in for plunge in the life's cycles;
No doubt, I rise, navigate thro' the ocean;
Blocks do rise, far shore remains indistinct,
And we struggle and bleed in false hopes;
Thus we sail thro' endless cosmic ocean,

And navigate wild long falls and rise
With light in soul, and blood, all over us,
Till we reach cherished invisible shore,
Where we find ourselves ecstatically One.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Fatalist Speaks

Man is in maze; his vision, in haze,
He's let out to find his path
And reach target he knows not what;
Unknown turns abound each step,
Time lets not halt, but makes him move,
Only in the hope, it takes somewhere;
Some go wayward; some fall, wayside,
Only a few rise to far dizzy heights
And claim credit for unexisting skills,
Like thunder does for summer rains,
Forgetting it's effect, rather than cause.

Man is in leash invisible to him,
That drags him along the nature's maze;
He slips blindfold from turn to turn,
Helpless, diffident at every stage
And curses world if lost in the maze
Or claims brilliance for accidental rise,
Knowing not he's dice in cosmic game,
Mere nut or bolt of cosmic machine;
Rise and fall in frequency of waves,
The order of nature in whatever it does
To run the world in its manifestations.

Dead-end disheartens, glory uplifts,
They're sweet games nature plays on man;
Root is same, fruits differ with times,
It's difference between man and plant;
Blessed with light, blessed with thought,
Man, destined to know his singular plight,
Best resigned to wherever he is in –
Move with time in whatever maze
In light and thought at his behest,
In harmony with the nature that leads
And find his peace in one with the nature.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Fear

Often I wondered what is fear,
Is it here, or there, or anywhere,
Or is it within self-induced lair
Of uncertainties in fantasy's fair!
Is it receding confidence on war,
Signaling mind to bare and bear!

Casts like shadow, pervades like night,
Fear blots warmth and shine from heart;
Fear is the chill that freezes inner might –
No reasons it bears, nor wrong or right,
Stills it heart, spurs sprite to fight,
Renders trust hollow in pathetic plight.

Why comes fear, and how it works,
Why in its face all confidence shirks,
And fear adds to fear for fatal shocks –
None ever figured those fluid tricks;
Fear is rebound of forward push,
Nature's tight leash on onward rush.

Life is light, and fear, bleak shade,
Twilight that signals darkness ahead;
Life is Moon, and fear, South Node
That restrains and bids to halt and hold,
To think either ways before you proceed –
Fear, true guards who protect and guard.

Life is onward thrust, fear is its leash
That leads on track lest life would crash;
Enforces prudence 'gainst haste and rush –
Indeed a hurdle is fear to wistful push,
A break that saves untoward huge loss
And forces in life rare patience and grace.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Fear Not, O Soul

Fear not, o soul, the vagaries of life,
The rise and fall and harmonies and strife;
Days and nights are the rules of nature,
Nothing of past hold steadfast for future;
Scenes change fast for better or worse,
Befalls from nowhere blessings or curse;
Rise and fall make exciting this life,
Rendering each phase intense and brief;
O soul, this detour in unexpected pitch
Makes life a melody - deep and also rich,
Be that bleeding pain or bliss that unwound
In scary wild dance on life's playground;
Fear not, o soul, the vagaries of life
In steep ups and downs in which it's rife.

Take all in good stead deep within the soul
And learn life's tricks to keep in self whole;
Life throbs in change, breathes its strains;
Vagaries do infuse fresh oxygen in veins
To force life onwards towards end-game,
Where all strive within to dissolve in final flame;
Fear not, o soul, the vagaries of life,
All comes and goes, it is the life's brief;
All is skin deep, nothing reaches core,
Mere slight scorches that in course disappear;
Vagaries bring spine, flows as life-blood,
Rebuilds inner strength, moulds as it ever should;
Life stilled is inner death, stunts further growth,
Pleasure or deep pain, vagaries are life's wealth.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Firmness Bears Fruit

Varium et mutabile semper femina,
How Virgil went so wrong about you!
I saw rocks of Himalayan dimensions,
I live on the Earth unchanged for ages;
But no, I never saw you shifting stance,
Focus and faith, devotion, love for me,
Broader than oceans, Pacific and Indian,
Larger than space of all galaxies together;
But claim, you love less than you should,
For, love you have exceeds human scope,
Its breadth transcends human horizons,
And you feel short, less than full measure.

No, my essence, soul of my soul,
No my breath, the fuel of my soul,
Your love, sacred light, limitless, whole
That lights my world, life worthwhile.

Tout vient a point a qui sait attendre,
No time withstands your rock firmness;
World might be fickle, oft changes face
Like clouds, its shape; colours, lizards;
But you're constant in this revolving world,
Firm in love at the center of your world
In sacrifice, devotion, total faith, loyalty,
Beyond any hurt from random meteors;
Time is time, and beyond dimensions,
Somewhere along time firmness bears fruit
Inherent at its womb all through the time,
And flowers our love to its fragrant bloom.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Fittest Only Survives

Bend not, people bring you to the knee;
Come not to knee, they force to their feet
And further try to trample over your crown;
It is how is made survival of the fittest,
By brain or brawn, who survives, prevails.

Struggle to survive is the throb of life,
Violence, assault, how nature navigates;
Feed on weak, and breed on strength -
They are the rules, inherent to the nature,
Choose to survive, or tread back, extinguish.

Love and kindness, generosity, sacrifice,
Honesty, truthfulness, sincere and fair -
Luxuries of survived, beyond basic needs,
Protective safe sheaths prevent any fights,
Oases of peace in dreary struggles around.

Needs spur the fights, and fights, violence,
Violence steers life to survival of fittest;
No needs, no fist fights, no winners around
Where soft human sides always breed and feed,
And cold quiet peace spreads and freezes.

Needs is the key; and abundance, its key,
Only nature holds all of its master key;
How mortal man can bring nature to its knee?
Survival is at core and nature dictates all,
Fittest only survives to further strengthen life.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Focus

My only need is your joy,
Your peace and contentment;
My creed is your salvation,
Indefatigable fulfillment.

I yearn to give all I have,
Deck you with all my grace;
I yearn to possess rare gifts
Just to decorate your life.

My labour, thoughts and focus
Intercross and meet in you;
Moves and rise and fall I suffer,
Meant to me to boost your life.

Without your cause within soul,
I'm sheer void, mere hole;
You give me goal, make me whole,
Bring to life my hidden soul.

I dream dreams for your sake,
I struggle hard to add to life
To raise your mark beyond all
To reach and cross tall heights.

I care naught for own life,
Yet care for it for your sake;
My fall, I know, how shatter you,
So by need I guard my life from fall.

Joy you feel gives me true joy,
Peace in you brings peace to me;
As you grow, I feel my rise
And pride myself about that.

I desire to stand as sturdy fort
Around and guard you from fouts;
But, no, I desire not to limit
The joy of liberty you value so much.

When I do think of all your grief,
Pains you suffer thro' the life,
My heart loses beat, soul, its shine,
I feel like falling to bottomless gulf.

You're true light of my soul,
You're true beat of my heart,
You're the spark that makes me, me,
That shines my eyes, that lights veins.

I do need pleasure, and joy in life
Only to infuse and enthuse you;
I do need thrills, warmth of life
Only to flow them in your veins.

Without your needs, without your call,
I'm barren land, dry and waste;
I sprout to life whenever hear you
And spring liveliness of bunch of rose.

I know, you call me never to prop,
Lest I entangle in an uncalled web;
But nothing of that stops me on path,
For you're my goal, my moving force.

Helpless, I know, to give all joy,
I turn to God to do my task
As the only course open for me,
Though know not God exists or not.

Days and nights in prayers for you,
For months and years unceasingly,
An almost atheist I turned theist,
And trust the realms beyond sight.

I love to wrap you in my thoughts,
And softly cradle you in my soul;
But shrink from the joy of holding you,
Lest you reciprocate and sink to grief.

I need you, yet keep arm's length,

For I'm dead-weight at this state;
Open is world, choose your course,
Even if you don't, I'm best lost.

Near or far immaterial for us,
The gap of time no way counts for us
While timeless chord binds our souls,
And find our sparks within our souls.

I find my life dissolved in you,
Joy and pride crystallized in you;
I, just a frame, hollow and spare,
Find my treasure firmly fused in you.

How I desire to see you rise
And live all life in endless joy;
Wherever I'm, soul-force innate
Follows steadfast to give you grace.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Footprints

Like fish caught in unsteady hand you slipped out,
And the tingle vanished like a flash of lightening;
I saw all worlds lighted like heaven on the Earth,
Next moment befell horrid darkness everywhere;
Why you came, caught in my hand, and slipped?
Though it's a passing tide in vast spread of ocean,
Rocks my boat all along the sail for an answer,
But, alas, puzzle remains undiminished as ever.

Is it accidental, or cause and effect at the play?
Why one in billion stays like the Moon in night sky?
Is it a building block to raise the mansion awaiting us,
Or a concluding shock of serial faults from the past?
I vouch it is a rude Earthquake that uprooted my life,
It's brute grief that squeezed unknown ecstatic bliss
That flushed me empty only to fill-in in new spirit,
And no more I remain I, as self-indulgent in quietude.

Nations rose and fell; face of world has changed,
Laws and values rolled from the East to West
And tastes rose and fell like timely tides in oceans,
But what happened, and its impact, like pole star
Navigates me along amidst rough terrains I sail;
It is unsteady sail, yet, navigates to right shore
Thro' the pall of mist that stands tall between us,
And specters of fancies break and haunt me oft.

I know that what remains is a blind passage,
Not a clue why, where and when about you;
I know what is must shall be at appointed time,
What you and I know or not make no difference;
Yet an innate stir bespeaks our immortal bond
In how you slipped in and why you slipped out,
As footprints of the past building bridges to future,
And you know such hopes fuel the passage onwards.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Forcing Our Path

It's never like we forcing our path,
It's truly a matter of navigating together;
We sail on same boat to the same shore -
That shore, our temple, fulfillment,
A day and night focus of our prayers;
Indeed a pall of smoke in frozen air
Keeps us miles within the boat's bounds
Though we yearn for each from the soul;
We endeavor to shoot to breach the pall
And thaw the frost crusted all round,
Bring the warmth to our star-crossed sail.

What is evident is not always the truth,
God has not designed so simple this Earth;
Though we sail together to the same shore,
Though bound in diamond, deep in the souls,
Odd tides of world like Himalayan walls,
Impenetrable to mortal devices we possess,
Incommunicado keeps us all along the sail.

North and south though poles apart,
Inescapable parts of the divine design;
No South exists without the North,
And no North unrolls without the South;
Oft light is hidden in the womb of night
And order is instilled from incorrigible mess,
Opposites do arise as norms in pairs;
It's now night, daybreak may not be far,
We roll on tides of hopes and despairs,
While force our path to thaw the frost
That crusted all round and frozen the air.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Forever Together

Distance is far, obstacles soar,
But you and I, always near;
Eyes don't see, ears don't hear,
But joy and grief we willingly share.

We nestle in a nest of vibrations
Beyond normal comprehensions;
Only you and I closely knit together
Feel roused to bliss and blessed there.

Whether others trust that or not,
I constantly get vibrations from you;
Your pains and grief, joy and doubt
Rouse senses to act to comfort you.

It's dumb act on intuition's fold,
No feedback I'm destined to hold;
Yet a joy, comfort that something I did,
Sail me through life's painful world.

I know you're not better than I do,
I know, I'm mirror of all you undergo;
I wax and wane without your touch
With rise or fall of your life's pitch.

We're so close, yet far far away,
Only mutual trust holds our sway;
Held fast in soul, yet far over space,
We wait till time brings us face to face.

How long to wait, we do never know,
Yet know, time can't cheat us forever;
Patiently we wait for the natural law
That ultimately brings us truly together.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Frozen In Shells

Pages turned beyond my count,
Chapter after chapter story flowed,
But the climax is far from horizon;
Beginning was cool; middle, thrilling,
But the story stopped movement there;
Words do flow, and thoughts outpour,
But momentum is lost beyond that;
It's absolute Antarctic now,
Ice sheets stretch beyond eye sight,
Air is so cold, it freezes blood,
It's grey stretch miles after miles,
A feel like in spaceship, totally lost.

Passions and thoughts, springboard,
Yet, pour out in flood all over there;
Walls of waves in Tsunami gush
But recedes back on seashore floor
Like doused fire back to hearth
Or tired bird at dusk fly to its nest;
Huge sparks are there, but fail to ignite
And heat the flow to its just end;
But pages like time wait for none,
And pages turned beyond my count,
And chapter after chapter story flowed,
But the climax is far from the horizon.

Dramatis personae in high prisons
Deeply frozen in shells in their cells
Know not how to make their moves;
Lightening and thunders, huge gales
Rise and die down with passing days
With no imprints made on pages;
Yet fire is raw, live beneath the ash,
A story must find its climax somehow,
And a love so pure cannot go waste;
Though pages turned beyond my count,
And climax is now far from horizon,
End game now cannot wait too long.

God

Wherever I look for the clues of God,
I only find huge contradictions;
Wherever I dig for the footprints of God,
I only find riddles staring at me.

Intellect while finds no God anywhere,
Insight lights God wherever I see;
Reasons while find no need for God,
Consciousness sees no world but for God.

Delved so deep as fermions and bosons,
I found no space for God at all;
Beyond its barrier reasons vanished,
I found no reasons to doubt Him there.

I rose so high as bubbles of universe,
Nowhere I found His supposed abodes;
Beyond those bubbles intellect failed,
God as pure intelligence pervaded that.

Faults of creation found everywhere
Cast doubts on works of the Almighty;
But inherent order 'neath faulty world
Affirms pure intelligence pervading all.

How disorders abound from inherent order?
How sorrows spring from blissful God?
Oh, God is not bliss or order we presume,
God is pure consciousness that stirs all worlds.

Imperfect are my eyes, incomplete I see,
Crippled, human mind; limited, intellect;
Does an ant 'neath foot find human kind?
So, not God ever by a little human mind.

The symmetry of this world, its subtle links,
No common mind evolves, nor understands;
What a super mind designed, and built it all,
But for consciousness inherent in all worlds!

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

God Doesn't Make Mistakes

God doesn't make mistakes,
God doesn't judge actions,
God only lets loose trapped forces
And watches enacted drama on the stage;
Neither he's director, nor he, an actor,
Nor he, an author who conceived its plot,
Nor he has villains, nor a super hero,
Nor somebody good, nor others bad,
For, all are his creations, he created all,
All're nuts and bolts of balancing act
To cruise living world along time's shore;
He restrains none, nor pushes forward,
He created no law, he is law itself;
He bears all forces in clock-like precision,
Whatever he's, he is correctness itself,
And God doesn't make mistakes.

'God doesn't play dice',
Nor differentiates right and vice,
He's straight forward move
Defining time's flow;
No choices in him, no choices for him,
His stride makes the time
With best and worst in its womb;
He gives all, he takes all,
He's source and ultimate end,
And mute spectator of all games
He lets loose for time pass;
No benchmark for his acts,
For he is the benchmark,
No precedence before him,
For he's his precedence too;
No expectations for him ahead,
For he's past and future both;
He's the endless presence
That transfers past to future,
And lords over all three slots;
God sees thro' all times,
'God doesn't play dice'.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Goddess In Human Form

She is not like all,
She is self-contained
And kind to all.

Simplicity is her virtue,
Honesty, her strength,
She is pleasing to all.

She detests none;
While goings are hard,
Silent she keeps.

She built her fences
On inner dictates
And crosses it not.

Though bright like Sun,
Never she fights for rights,
Nor yields to any wrong.

Men or women, adore her,
But she keeps her space,
Yet she is darling of all.

Hard on herself is she
In keeping to her values,
And spares not her faults.

While commits to a job,
She is body, mind and soul
Till her job is done.

No shortcuts she relishes,
Laborare est orare for her,
And strives for her best.

Neither she fights nor competes,
She is gentle to the core
And loves to hide herself.

She prefers to give up life
Instead stealing others' joys,
Selfless is her soul.

Spartan she is in habits,
Never she seeks loud worlds,
Always sincere soul.

Never she ever overstretches,
Nor falls behind in any,
Poise is her strength.

No small joys for her,
Austerity is her life
Though gentle is she for all.

Gentle jasmine smile in her,
Friendly warmth in eyes
Blossom souls about her.

Transpicious like glass,
Nothing hidden or grey in her,
She is an open book.

She bends willingly to the knee
While pressures work from above,
But recoils beyond limits.

Soft in talk certainly she is,
A pleasure to have face to face
And gentle in rapport always.

She yields to all bounds,
But unusually bold she is
While time calls for that.

None has seen her really angry,
She withdraws in right time
An saves good time for all.

No fear ever touches her,

But she never stands to resist
And hurts none anytime.

No leisure she enjoys,
Hard work is her trait,
She keeps always busy.

She is Golden Wonder,
Purest of pure gold;
True gold fears no fire.

In love, she is sheer Goddess,
A metaphor of sacrifice,
Pure devotion is she.

She throttles past and present
And wrecks life ahead
If love calls for it.

Her love is no impulsive act,
A soulful commitment,
Beyond life's limits.

But she wrecks even love,
If it is to steal from others,
And wrecks her own life.

Gentle like flowers she is;
And more fierce than fire
When it comes to that fix.

Hard like coconut shell is she,
Also delicious like its core,
When she faces hard world.

She gives not heart to any,
Once given, takes not back,
And willingly suffers for that.

Twice she comes to life
To meet her man again
Though he is aged now.

In age of women's rights,
While men and women in odds,
She may be an odd piece.

Whoever whatever may judge,
She is God of true God,
My Goddess in human form.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Golden Glow

I wonder at Almighty's unbound skill,
Perfection of work, His seamless will,
When I see you as His creation's model.

An invisible charm beyond eyes' field,
Hallowed radiance in kaleidoscopic grid,
In ceaseless stream, invisid, you spread.

You're true pleasure, soul's valued treasure,
You enthrall soul beyond earthly measure,
In sheer poetry that flows in leisure.

You're pure harmony, silent flow of music,
In curves and shapes of bodily fabric,
In colour, in tone, moves, in ethereal magic.

Beauty outward, you're perfect inside;
Over those worlds, live bridges you build,
And devolve true beauty all over the world.

At times I do marvel at the ironies of God,
Who created you in lofty beauty, rectitude,
How he deigned to give ugly messy world?

You're soul-stirring live golden glow,
Down from the Heaven, on Earth you flow
To lift our spirit, while soul, tired and low.

If harmony and beauty, the nature of God,
You're sheer God, deigned in human hood;
Heavenly music you're, live rhythm of God.

Beauty you bring is life-giving and soothing,
Like fresh water streams, alive and breathing,
And spills, and spells soul in unearthly musing.

Honest and sincere, in simple backdrop,
You raise for world trust's fertile crop,
And make life a pleasant confidence to drape.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Golden Net

I was caught in golden net
With jasmine cushion in velvet touch
And rosy petals hung all over me;
Struggles I did to come out of it,
In turns and twists it held me tight
And filled self with divine fragrance;
I embraced the state as ordained fate
And wrought imageries of sublime craft
As divine will for my deliverance.

I, caught in net, forgot way out,
Thought that world, my in and out
And let my soul hover all over there;
But, alas, net broke, free I was,
Yet divine fragrance held me in trance,
I continued to hover all over there;
Years crossed in faltering hopes
Of I'm again caught in golden net
And flying with it to divine heights.

Decades crossed and old I have grown,
The broken golden net scrambled to shreds
And divine fragrance ebbed to naught;
Nowhere jasmine cushion in velvet touch,
Nor rosy petals once hung over me,
And the imageries I wrought died far back;
Past is past, and future nowhere,
Only present yawns wide to consume me
And I resignedly delve to the dark abyss.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Golden Streaks

I knew not, she is within me,
I thought not, she can ever be
So blended as if one with me
Like honey with hopping tiny bee,
True honey of my tired soul
To render back me hale and whole,
Sought her a'where day and night
Only to find nowhere footprints,
Nowhere trace like shadows in night.

It was then I began to truly melt down
Like Antarctic ice by warming all round
By the heat of truth that she's nowhere -
Nowhere one exists once one departs;
Then in true freeze I abandoned without
And turned inside in meditative mood;
Lo, I found her smile within my own,
Calling me to chase and get hold of her;
Uncertain myself, I doddered at start,
Uncertain where I stood, or where she did,
But gained composure as time ticked by.

I delved deep to catch hold of her,
She ran, escaped as I got her hold,
She teased, challenged at every step
To catch if I can, and have her;
I chased with all spark to pin her,
Alas, my range, too short for her;
She was looking back, inviting me,
She was in my need, as I was hers;
I traced pain in her glowing eyes
As I faltered each time in pinning her;
Desperate she was, desperate I was,
The mouse and cat chase ran for ages
Till both lost steam afore fate's grind.

I was about to swoon in the swink't toil,
She was about to sink to melancholic ebb,
Then suddenly we found a halo binding us

In brightest golden streaks made up of light
So tightened it close, we stuck against each
And found in other's arms clutching each,
A moment had arrived forever to last,
And at the end, what is must have clicked;
We swore to each, we never again part
And remain as one for aeons till the end;
Who wait in patience for right time to come
Reach their posts unexpected of its course.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Golden Wonder

I waited long for her,
But she didn't come in time;
When she came, I was too muddled,
Clouded and uncertain;
But she was crystal clear and firm,
Kaleidoscopic in her elements,
Fragrant like jasmine
And innocent like morn-dew -
Sweet, gentle, sincere and honest,
Ever so simple and obliging;
I was beholden to her sparkling presence
Though didn't know that she was her;
She took me like a royal guest
With flowers and honey and glitters of gold
And immortal light in her faithful soul;
Awakened to the depth of her invocation,
And stirred by the strength of her convictions,
It dawned to me that she is her,
My Golden Wonder coming true.

I wrapped her in my soul,
Lest I may lose her yet again;
Alas, my soul was too short, she, too huge
And she slipped because I was unprepared to hold;
I saw, she slipped as I saw,
Deep and deeper to the life's abyss
Till no more my hands reach there -
She, crying aloud, hands raised
And I, shouting in grief, soul stretched,
To no avail, for time is not right.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Grand Orchestra

All is right at right time,
All is judged by relevance;
Nothing is right, or wrong
Just by innate reference.

Man or matter, all in world,
All events that surface here
Have origin in same source,
All bear similar gene strains.

Time, great glass to look thro',
Refractions make good or bad;
Patience to wait for right time
Makes to things all difference.

Some look small, others, big,
No small or big, relevant here;
All are here mere nuts and bolts
In the machine that runs world.

Time and distance decide norms
And fix values befitting needs;
Look stars, mere dots in the sky,
Each distinct world while nearest.

Killing is crime, deceit is crime,
Killing in deceit feeds carnivore;
Ego is a block, desire misleads,
But, material plan secures life.

Nothing is fixed, all is in flux,
Time and space never stand still;
World evolves, new events arise,
All have its place in the Universe.

Incongruity oft disturbs balance,
Till time distance adjust to it;
Patience is key, waiting is need
Till symphony arises by itself.

All the world, a grand orchestra
While time is right, rhymes with it;
Give time a chance, wait for long,
Time shows, all, grand orchestra.

Nothing is bad in this world,
Needs evolve all at right time;
Violence, terrorism, or the wars,
All low ebbs to take to heights.

All and each is from same root,
All and each is bound to that One;
All symphonies are time's magic
That set grand tunes as per needs.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Greater Than Infinite

You're greater than infinite,
You're immeasurable, invisible,
Yet all pervading around me;
However tall I stretch to catch you,
You remain beyond my grasp;
However hard I strive to withdraw from,
You resurface to prove again
That I'm incomplete without you;
You bubble up from stark void
And disappear in infinite's stream,
Leaving me puzzled what you are.

I called you my golden wonder,
But I realise words too shallow;
No wonders can be puzzling as you're,
Nor any gold be so noble as you're,
Nor a golden wonder has your depth;
The glitter I see is from divine light
That streams out of your subtle charm;
The subtle depth I find around you
Reflects intensities of power you have;
You're present all over me, within,
But I see you nowhere, hear nowhere,
Nor trace you beside, however I try;
For, you transcend me, my fancies,
Beyond my horizons is your depth.

You're greater than infinite,
You're immeasurable, invisible,
Yet all pervading around me,
Leaving me puzzled what you are.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Growth

Roots within, fruits without,
It's how the world is built;
Earth below, sky over it,
It's how elements construct.

Base, both strength and depth,
Buildup on it brings breadth;
Without fount no spring springs,
No birds fly without wings.

Life throbs by pouring out,
Far and wide spreading out;
The growth, in-between process
Makes either ends life's essence.

Growth connects, breathes life,
Balances odds, brings relief
From differences a'where inherent
To flow life-force where it meant.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Happiness

Happiness is the blossoming of soul,
Opening out of the petals of heart;
Happiness sheds light from inside
To share it with the world around;
Happiness is gentle spring from soul,
That fills world with sprinkles of joy;
Happiness is sharing, embracing all
While strains, removed, relief comes.

Rest on the crest of the time's tides,
Happiness springs to dip to trough;
Gentle flame, happiness; sacred fire,
Dips, vanishes when its cause is lost;
Ephemeral indeed, but eternal at core,
It sprouts new life, adds light to life;
Happiness, heaven of transient spread,
But heaven indeed, with immortal depth.

Happiness is release, happiness, rapport,
Happiness in essence is finding oneself;
Shedding outgrowths is true happiness,
Finding oneself in pure natural glory;
Some find it outside, some find inside,
But all as reflections of the inner gestalt;
Happiness is fulfilment of inner dreams,
Sensing one's moves nearer to the goals.

Happiness is joy, and happiness is dance,
Happiness, wildfire; catches all around;
Happiness, piper, leads from front,
All acts and moves, all struggles in life;
Happiness is king who reigns mankind,
To share him with, all struggles to live;
Happiness is fuel that runs life's engine,
All seek its streak from grief's wilderness.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Harmony

All universe is a symphony
Of overwhelming harmony,
All universe, magical euphony
Of discords and cacophony.

Universe, an evolving creation
Of parts to harmonious whole,
Universe is elegant evolution
To harmony as its single goal.

Harmony is love, it's beauty,
Harmony, nature's profundity;
Harmony is peace, it's grace,
Harmony is truth at right place.

An orchestra of unrelated parts,
Harmony is love and true beauty;
Harmony drags on rails all parts
For onward move to divine duty.

Harmony is attunement of souls,
Harmony is synchronised goals;
Harmony, accomplishment itself,
Harmony is fulfilment of self.

Lullaby to soul, lightness at heart,
Harmony blunts disturbances within,
Holds all pulls of strife and fight
In single string of care and concern.

Harmony is rhythm, harmony is rhyme,
Harmony is back to universal truth;
Harmony is blend of essence in time,
Harmony is true god in its right depth.

No mismatch there, no fear or care,
All, easy march in synchronised flow;
No doubts, discord; no constraint ever,
Harmony is the nature's innate law.

Harmony is the divine give and take
Towards sacred goal of good of all;
Harmony is love, it's beauty awake,
Their sole soul that stands it that tall.

No love or beauty, no truth or world
Without the harmony to fill their gap;
Love is love; beauty, to beauty tied
And world is truth in harmony's lap.

Harmony is at heart of the evolution,
Harmony is the holy spirit of creation;
Harmony is solvent that dissolves all
To roll the creation to cherished goal.

The cosmic focus that brings all close,
Harmony is force that binds into one;
Time and space in the universal maze
Bow to the biddance that harmony rein.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

He Fondled Her Cheek

He requested her presence,
And she invited him there;
He with all his jubilations
Carried presents to her presence.

She was there waiting for him,
But contrived a rival's presence,
And huddling close to the other,
She waited his coming there.

Lo, he came, saw her there,
Huddled with another one;
It denied him what he longed -
His precious moments with her.

He felt like cheated from heaven,
Found self in sufferance's brim;
Called, presented what he carried,
And walked away in sad frown.

She loved him with all her soul,
Determined to give him her all;
But, firm ever not to stir him out
Of his secure and peaceful life.

His sudden parting saddened her,
She ran after him in steady stead;
Her sweet pursuit melted his heart,
He stopped, and turned to face her.

Unannounced, he fondled her cheek,
His right hand on her left cheek,
Both glowing in warmth of love,
Though unfamiliar to each for long.

He called her to send him her photo,
To treasure it in family home album;
She readily agreed to his eager call,
But, alas, never sent it that in her life.

She loved him with all soul's might,
But, more she determined not to hurt
Him, his settled life, throw it to wind,
Uproot his life's peace just for her sake.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Healthy Ride

Life is navigation from beginning to end,
A blind straight ride 'tween points of time
Along potholes and humps on long route;
Rise and fall like day and night in the ride
No way disturbs the pre-arranged flight,
But adds to the vision and depths of ride;
Look not to sides and distract yourself,
Do not be infected with attractions around,
Viruses of desires wait to disease your blood,
Run clean and afresh with focus on deed;
Steel your will till you cross across the bridge
Without a strain of infections from the route
Lest quarantined in psyche across your time,
And carry the albatross in next lap of ride,
And ride after ride in multiple proportions.

While inside is clean, ride outside is fair,
And you reach across unhurt and bright,
Well-shod to assume next role to reach
In ceaseless cycles of evolution's march
That carries us onward to the original light,
Whence we sprang to long helpless flight
And continue to run till we reach the spot;
Steady though slow, the evolution's process,
Long and winding is the huge task for us,
But focused honest ride keeps us in health.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Her Absolute Truth

Blown full bloom at dawn, withered at dusk,
What is the truth of these two?
Full of green at spring, bare in autumn,
Both are truths in seasons unfurled.

This or that as times change, opposites surface,
Left and right of the nature's gift;
Refractions all in time's fast changing prism,
Blind man's touch of elephant's parts.

Man lives in spectrums of time's wild spell,
Blind to truth that exists beneath;
Dawn and dusk, and spring and autumn, true,
Partial truths of the complete truth.

Parts are truths, completeness whole truth,
Parts and whole make absolute truth;
Time gives no lies, just magnifies time slots
To navigate time's turbulent ocean.

I saw her young, fragrant, fresh, divine to look,
I saw her at dusk, withering, wizened;
She is both, truths in time's ranging fields,
But intact in beauty as absolute truth.

She's jasmine in fragrance, rose in vivid shades,
Pure as morn's dews and sunshine;
Vivacious, innocent; sparkling diamond, dazzling -
At dawn or dusk, her absolute truth.

At spring or autumn, be it that at dawn or dusk,
Time touches not her innocence;
Time withers and wizens, but glow keeps intact
And adds dimensions of inner spring.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Her Sheer Presence

She's one in trillions in this huge world,
Among those born from yore to this date,
And one in the crowd of the female world -
To the entire world that knows her not;
But, she's trillion worlds, female essence
In its sheer glow of celestial brilliance,
Descended on Earth, to my honest self.

I see the bests blended in her form,
Not a single flaw ever dulls her frame;
She's perfect rhyme in rhythmic flow,
Be it in carriage, mind or shining soul;
Enthralling music, harmonic melody,
She's fluid flow of entrancing dance -
Whatever she does mirrors her soul.

Beauty enwraps her outward world,
And beauty fills her inward world,
And builds bridges 'tween those worlds;
Beauty in her is transcendental truth,
That finds in her its natural geste;
She's beauty's beauty, beauty, her nature,
Beauty finds itself in her deeper self.

She calms my mind, brings me rare peace,
An elation of rare joy enwraps my soul,
When I find myself in her sweet presence;
She blossoms my soul, lights inner core
By her smiling eyes locking to my soul;
I find her as an ocean of pure innocence,
I yearn to drown myself and forget all else.

I feel fragrant halo of glowing white light
Surrounding her world - simple and honest;
No strain of complexes or breached mosaic -
She's tall, single whole, selfless pure soul,
Descended on Earth among wrong crowds
To balance nature's faults by sheer presence,
And hold live hopes of creation's resurgence.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Her Stamp On Me

While I was alone in my sanctum sanctorum,
She opened door and broke in in gentle steps
And stood beside me in silent reverence;
I knew not who this angel from what heaven,
Come for what benevolence on my lonely soul;
She smiled jasmine smile from her rosy face,
Her eyes in benign sunshine kissed me;
I spoke not a word and invited her within,
Like eager Goddess she is, she entered inside,
And filled my Being like sunshine at dawn;
I took her in arms and showered all warmth
In swings of love, reverence all over her face;
Flush with desires, she blushed, liquesced,
I lifted her face, lips to lips, I locked her
And gently sucked love from her parted lips.

Caught in flares of desire, my Golden Wonder
Shed the veil of bosoms standing between us
And proudly stood straight to my eyes' feast;
Lo, purest golden mounds in golden splendent glint!
I swooned by its beauty, its heavenly subtle charm,
I swooned with pleasure of the desires surging inside,
And held her heaving bosoms in my shaking hands
And pressed, played and squeezed to my heart's content
And took my lips there and played heavenly games
While she exposed all herself to my passion's flood
With madly throbbing heart and soul in desire's rage,
Her body clinging mine, and mine joyously hers,
She was begging, more, and I was giving all
Till exhausted we were and slipped to blissful sleep
In each other's arms lest we lose the other.

While I awoke from the blissful sleep,
I found her nowhere in sanctum sanctorum;
The door she opened then, she kept open yet,
That allows cold wind fill sanctum sanctorum;
The bed we used bears signs of passion's acts,
Bringing forth the acts we indulged for the other;
Why did she then come and why did she part now,

From where did she come and where did she go,
Neither I asked her nor did she tell me then;
But I know she is real, we together were real,
More real indeed than before or after then;
Like a shooting star in starless dark sky
She came and lighted my world for a while
And relegated me then back to my dark fate,
And so affixed her stamp forever on me.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Hidden In God's Soul

Beneath thousand layers of memories
You sparkle like fullmoon in night,
Beyond thousand concerns of present
You shine like Sun on crown in noon;
You're future, who blossoms my nature
To its blessed features of right and wrong,
You're my truth, beauty, nobility and joy,
You're my root, goalpost, life in-between.

You're here, there, above, down, a' where,
Yet nowhere anywhere wherever I keek;
I search corners and edges, far horizons
In hope of tracing you in physical form;
I fly high with birds and swim with fishes,
Float with clouds, pour down with rains,
Blow with winds to trace footprints
You leave for me to follow and reach.

You're my guide, direction, road, goalpost,
You're conscience I seek to guide me ever;
You're my fort where I find myself
In colours of my oblivious pristine nature;
Present or not here, always innate in me,
You hold my hand and guide forward;
When I falter or slip, you gently cover track
And shed light, open route for my escape.

A bond of soul tightly holds us together
Beyond the scope of sheer time and space,
Beyond the dimensions of physical worlds;
I need you; you, me; it is all our world,
Where you and me, like light and flame,
Like rain and cloud, like breeze and air,
Add to each other and feed from each
And live for each in love's tight embrace.

Love makes far, near; unreal, truly real;
Nowhere, everywhere; never, always;
Love is true world, more real than real,

Love is noble world hidden in God's soul;
You and I are His dears, guarded assets;
He's not unkind, seeks his right time,
One day bring us near, bind us together
Never let us part from our closed world.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Hither And Thither

You're on the thither shore,
I'm on the hither shore,
A turbulent sea divides the two,
But wild winds keep us in touch
And carry messages between us;
Though eyes don't meet, ears hear not,
We keep in touch by undiminished love
And winged angels run between us
With whispers we carry for each other,
Be it in nights, or in busy days
In intense dreams, and sudden sparks;
Though turbulent is sea; wild, winds,
Infinite is distance separating us,
And we never reach, touch each other,
And endless grief withers us both,
The sense of one never vanishes in us.

We're bound in divine chord
Of bejeweled love deep inside
That built in inviolable mould
Make us one though two outside.

Yet all is not truly perfect in us,
For, we're for each only in half;
Inside only don't make outside,
Only meeting of the twine makes perfect;
Turbulent is sea and wild are winds,
And pain of pining is beyond tolerance,
And life does waste in waiting breakthrough
Somehow someday to see each other,
And hear and talk and we hug in bliss
And relegate in whole to oblivion as one,
Which we know is not destined to us;
Yet hopes are hopes and never die,
And inside fire sharpens heat outside;
We, pleased with grief and grieved by joy,
Look across impassable turbulent sea
That separates, yet connects us ever.

Holy Fire

The flame in kaleidoscopic colours
Stretches to holy heaven and beyond,
And spreads divine light all over the world
With the warmth of peace and contentment;
The heat it brings does dig to deep hell
Of gut wrenching pain and endless grief
To scorch the soul and desiccate its juice,
It freezes life spirit to helpless void.

The fire that gives that flame and heat
Burns from aeons to eternity ahead
In steady pace in cosmic divine hearth,
Oblivious of joy and grief it brings;
The fire is pure; its flame is pure,
The light it gives is eternally pure,
Yet heat emanates from time's riddles,
It clouds the depth of the timeless fire.

The rise and fall are little plays
The fire endures in its long course
In its response to time and space
To oblige nature and bring balance;
Rise and falls stand head on each other,
As recurring tides, reinforce the other
And bring to the fire rainbow colours,
Yet fire by its self, is sheer joy and peace.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Honesty

Honesty is like lovely flowers,
Blossoming in their own trees,
Fair and simple without strains;
Honesty is pure inner voice,
Without deflections by the self;
True to conscience, honesty is;
But, not truth, by itself;
Soft and gentle like full moon light,
Honesty is reflected conscience,
Unlike sunlight of the direct truth;
Honesty is always circumspect,
Revolving around the conscience,
Built in and sprout from integrity.

Quiet and silent,
Honesty prefers to bow and crawl;
It is firm, yet flexible in tone,
Amidst noise, comforting tune;
Honesty never jumps and shouts,
Grounds always to deeper depths
To confirm, reconfirm fairness in it;
Truth is verbal and loyal to law
While honesty, loyal to justice itself,
Honesty is god, the final truth.

Honesty is multi-rooted truth,
Its tentacles spread to depths and breadths,
To widths and heights, in dimensions all,
And blossoms truth in total shape;
Honesty is that gentle light
That spreads out from everlasting lamp
Of consciousness deep inside soul,
In tandem with universal truth;
Honesty is pure satisfaction,
Honesty is the enrichment within,
Honesty hoists confidence,
Honesty is strength in its truer sense
That helps to walk, head held high.

No tinge of doubts ever suffers honesty,
No reasons ever refract honesty,
For, honesty springs direct from soul,
Its roots embedded in Being itself;
Honesty is fairness seen within,
Without manoeuvres souring it;
Honesty sprouts from integrity's floor
And adds to peace and comforts of world.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Hope

What a wonder, what a charm,
The Sun and Moon move apart;
What a thunder, what a storm,
Heaven is black with grief and hurt.

Heaven's eyes like soul mates
Followed each, days and nights;
Stuck together in lows and heights,
Eons they spent in mutual comforts.

Now is the time to bid adieu,
Snap the stitches the times sew;
Bonds tear, blurs the view,
All joys vanish without a cue.

One to West and one to East,
Both run apart without rest;
No time to stop, set things right,
So ordained them, their bad fate.

Lightening speed carries forward,
Every moment takes them outward;
Yet something binds their worlds,
Keeps them tied in cosmic innards.

Blur of smoke howls in heaven,
Shadows of grief drain sunshine;
Yet silver lines on edges of clouds
Proclaim hopes for coming rounds.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Hopeless Wait

I know, you certainly break barriers
And come to my world like a warrior;
You cross hurdles and jump the gulfs
On own steam while decide yourself.

Time is not ripe, dynamics, not right,
Attempts now lead to indiscreet fight;
Rash and negligent drive for present
Crash our world to irretrievable plight.

You do count days with glint in eyes
For A to cross B to form cross-hairs
To pull the trigger and raise war cries
To rush to my world in joyous fares.

Years rolled in silence to longish past,
No mark in sight yet to spur you to act;
Frustrations do set in by fruitless wait,
But we sail through by our mutual trust.

Patience sails best along time's ocean,
We know, time serves in appointed hour;
Let us fully yield to destiny's decision,
For, what comes naturally is always ours.

Never you shirk to fight odds on path,
Nor I hesitate to take on natural wrath
In moulding our world of love and trust,
That spurs us forth for our endless wait.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Horizons Go Dark

I need you more than ever before,
More every day and more every hour,
For, you're my breath, my light within,
The beacon that leads me to my goal,
The spur that goads me to move further
To the far away world that awaits me
From eon ages of the life origin,
Where I become I, and you become you,
Who make our world complete by itself
And fulfill our lives in each other's spell.

You realise not what you're for me,
That you're my goal, you're my path,
That you're the cause that spawned me,
That you're the end I seek to unwind
And blend with and find my subtle end,
That you're my breadth, you're my depth,
You're the spark that makes me I'm;
You fill in me like light in heaven,
That sprouts Universe from endless gloom
And cause the warmth and swell of life.

You're away, and shooting farther away,
Static I'm, looking perplexed and dumb,
With eyes fixed on horizons for signs
Of you emerging back to rejoin me;
Alas, tired are eyes, and horizons go dark,
But, no signs anywhere in unknown horizons
Of you changing mind and coming back
To the world where you do truly belong,
The world that went barren and lost
And awaits your advent minute by minute.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

How I Long

How I long you in my arms,
Like pregnant clouds in sky embrace,
Explode in spurts of uncontrolled lights
Spreading bright lights all over heaven
With refreshing thunders in wild rolls
Sweep the heaven in the gale of joy
And pour cool rain to drench our worlds.

How I long to feel your lips,
Wet and soft like bud of leaves,
Reach and crush in bursts of thirst
While mouths ours locked in wild hunger
And sweep over other in mad madness
While sparks run from heel to head;
We're red-hot in unending desires,
So absorbed in each, eyes do not see,
So focused in each, ears don't hear;
You're my all worlds; I'm all yours,
And long to hide in each other's depth.

How I long to see you as you are,
Simple and bare as nature bestowed
In godly elegance you hide in you,
Honest in itself, in shape and mould,
Rich in warm treasures that stir my soul;
How I long to reach, ravish those treasures,
How I long to squeeze, drink joys out of it
And make them all my own forever!
Each is red-hot in wild desires like mine,
Each invites to reach for self-indulgence;
Why is then barrier between us two?
Why is then distance keeping us apart?
Remember nature's move in creating us two,
Remember why nature sprouted desires in us,
Come, my love, let's oblige what nature wants.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

How Long And Far...

Wherever you go today,
Some day you come back;
Whatever you do today,
You reconcile, join back.

How long the light moves from flame?
How far fragrance goes from bloom?
While we walk together hand in hand,
Some ups and downs, naturally found.

Differences are signs of healthy bond,
Distance signals need of reaching back;
You untie our bond to securely bind,
You move distant just to reach back.

Invisible leash of trillion heads
Bound us and plays hide and seek;
Part and meet in grief and joy -
Fate gifted our life, life after life.

Together, we're, it is world itself,
Separate, we're, less than naught;
We know our plight, but helpless,
Hope of meet fuels us forward.

I know how desperate you're,
You know how I yearn for you;
Caught in the net of mutual care,
We live together, while parted by fate.

Life together, ordained, less and less,
Separation, aye, go longer each time;
Unbearable pain that twists our soul,
We bear the fate to see brighter days.

We know that fate can't kill us ever,
For what we hold is higher to that;
However long time grinds us to pulp,
One day we vanquish the time forever.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I Breathe Those Dreams

While outer eyes are shut, inner eyes do open,
While outer world shrinks, inner world does swell;
It's how my dreams override real worlds
And I do await miracles from the blue sky;
After losing her, my dear golden wonder,
And all left bereft of any value in life
In the vast desert of endless mirages,
I'm staring far heavens for traces of my love.

It is gloomy dusk, breaking now to night,
And birds are flying back to their nests;
Long shadows of dark spread over the sky,
But, like the North Star I stay in her wait;
I know that soon it would be midnight
Without a trace of light, melody or fragrance,
Where a stranger to myself I turn to be,
But I refuse to quit my eternal watch.

I know I'm out of reson or rhyme
And all I do are labour for naught;
Sometimes, inner call is more real than reasons,
And a flame in soul is beyond gain and loss;
I know not what is there beyond horizons,
Is it sheer vacuum or heaven's doors;
Does my girl wait for opportune hour
To break therefrom to reach our home?

I look round heaven to have her glimpse,
I find her in clouds in variegated shapes,
I watch sunrise for a clue of her presence,
But nothing ever worked and I feel all lost;
I search moonlights in fullmoon days,
I count all stars in newmoon nights
To trace her path to reach my hope
And trace time's mansion raised for us.

These are grand dreams beyond real worlds,
And I know I do live in oceans of illusions;
Dreams sustain those whom realities let down,

And I breathe those dreams and feed on them.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

I Came As A Spark

I came as a spark
To light your wick
And ignite our life, full and bright;
You gave yourself
To my warmth,
But vanished afore life gathered light.

Bound in darkness,
Spark without a wick,
Like ghost I linger directionless;
Mere heat, no light,
No place to halt,
I wonder how bring an end to this.

I seek not a wick,
Don't light other life,
You hold my spark all your life;
Where you vanished,
Whence you come back,
No sign anywhere to guide along.

I know how you long
For the spark I bring
To light your life to immortal height;
While allow not else
To light your life,
How I look elsewhere to light other life?

I'm set apart
To light your wick
And ignite our life, full and bright;
You're set apart
For my warmth,
We wait for the other, life after life.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I Cross All Lengths, All Odds, And Reach

Two souls, minds, hearts and eager bodies
So longing for each can never ever part.

Hardships, tears, any little need?
Please just a call, said he;
I cross all lengths, all odds, and reach
To lend all help beyond my reach
And wipe gentle tears of Goddess of my soul.

Have trust in God, trust divine designs,
Things moved right ahead on divine course
Beyond mortal eyes of you and I,
Destinies ordained all beyond our plans;
All will be all right, but out of right age.

Nothing is there to fear, nothing is there to brood,
Only wait and wait, and I wait, I promise,
Till time dissolves two lost souls to ecstatic One
In everlasting sweet bliss of divine fulfillment.
God called him and chided,
You dog, you seduce your prettiest Soul
By pouring out whatever is within you;
He said, god, I never intend to seduce;
God chided, you pig, you break sacred bond
Your noble Soul is committed to,
To meet own cravings deep within you;
He begged, god, I never want to break;
God shouted, you evil, why you ever force
Your perfect Soul to shattered life of grief
By feeding deep loves to her lovely sweet soul?
He cried, never never I do ever again, that.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I H've My Word To Cross And Reach

The path ahead is long and winding,
Fall and rise in the passage is binding,
Mammoth rocks block, tall walls stall,
Wild beasts do foist dread of sudden fall,
Invisd insects suck blood from life –
But I've my word to cross and reach
And take you to nest of love and warmth
To breed our dreams to resounding truth.

Half way you come and half way I cross,
Why half and half do not make full?
Mysterious pulls do stand betwixt us
That thrust us afar and we move apart;
How long to bear this tortuous game?
A quarter mile ahead, full mile pull-back,
Criss-cross passage does drain the soul,
But, firm at purpose, I renew endeavour.

I know, I reach and take you to arms,
Comfort your soul with love and warmth;
The promise me keeps struggling along
Oblivious of pains and disgrace on road;
When I look at goal, where I must reach,
Rough terrains of track stoop to my walk,
And works as springboard, my inner urge,
And I run, again run, in endless surge.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I Have No Access

Who can put a mountain on fire?
Who can take the heaven on hire?
Who can build firm castles on mire?
Who can besiege the Sun and acquire?

It's my state; it's my fate without you,
Standing in void, staring barren view,
Desolate in soul, yearning for hazy cue
That opens passage to run and reach you.

You passed across far to another world
Where I have no access, nor I'm heard;
I know, you're in despair, terminally tired,
Helpless, lonely, circumambient in void.

I know your fears; I know your tears,
I know the wears you suffered for years;
Silent screams of you verily tear my ears,
Why you stop me on track, allow not near?

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I Know Not You're She Or Not

I know not you're she or not,
I know for certain, both are alike
In soul, heart, thought, conduct,
In love you lighted from the soul
In sacrifice of life for my sake.

I know in soul, both, alike within
In routes fate took to guide forward
To meet and part in grief unbound;
But know not what connect you both,
You're same, similar or bare accidents.

No tools I bear weigh you together,
Your times appear light years apart;
Both lighted love first, carried alone,
Stood steadfast in the trough and crest,
And let loose hell while goal unrolled.

Both rolled on fire for rectitude,
Ground own souls for love's sake,
But moved not a bit for self's sake,
Though saw no light anywhere ahead
And braced gloom, why I can't figure.

You thought alike, you felt alike,
You loved alike, you moved alike
In different slots of time and theater;
I know for certain, both are alike,
But know not, you're she or not.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I Love You, I Said

In thousand petals she blossomed that day
In colours, fragrance, divine all the way,
Like cool breeze her smile spelled my soul,
Like moonlight I found soft touch in all;
I called her within and took in arms,
Like honey to hive she took to my folds
And dwelled like a bird in its quiet nest,
All relaxed and joyous, in complete rest.

I held her tight till no more possible,
And sought her lips to feel her warmth;
She yielded herself to whatever my call
And reshaped her self to meet my needs;
Gently I fondled her irresistible treasures,
Endeavored to instill a thousand pleasures
To back by my acts what brought her to this,
That 'I love you', I said from depth of heart.

Though knew for months, no courage we had,
Though longed for each, expressed us not;
I saw her conflicts, frustrations within,
No more could I bear, collected myself,
And declared from soul first ever in life,
'Doctor, I very deeply love you,
I never harm you, just incapable of doing it';
In thousand petals she blossomed that day.

It was my first, for her first too,
Expressing love in so many words;
She balked not, and she sulked not,
Shy as she is, she said, 'I know now';
She brightened up like thousand stars,
Life flowed in her as never before;
In thousand petals she blossomed that day
In colours, fragrance, divine all the way.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I Need You

Wherever you be hiding from my world,
Whatever hide and seek you be playing,
I trace and take you out, for I need you,
I feel spent force, barren, without you;
Aeons, it may take to trace you behind stars
In ever expanding expanse of the infinite sky,
And pluck you from its time-space complex;
But I do it, for it is you, after all,
Soul of my soul, heart of my heart,
You are the mind of my mind, my light;
I can't let you drift in celestial clouds
And burrow myself in darkness forever.

Unbearable is chill that surrounds me,
Impregnable is darkness that wraps me,
While you hide in uncharted regions;
Wings refuse to flutter, carry me aloft,
Winds refuse to sail me thro' on its crest;
But I can't rest, for I must have you back,
And I limp and run till wings warm up,
And winds bend to my will's brute force;
I fly and trace and have you one day;
That flame lights soul and keeps me alive
With hopes as fuel to carry me along,
However far you be hiding from me,
However long be the time I take for it;
For, *necessitas non habet legem*,
And flames can't be wrapped in time's papers;
I move heaven and Earth to reach you one day,
And tear all worlds till have you back.

I know, you lost way in celestial clouds,
Burrowed very deep in unending darkness,
And moving trough and crest to reach me again;
No signals of my probe reach your world,
No signals from you reach my world,
And we grope in shadows to catch the light;
While light is far, its shadow, best bet,
While goal is far, run for it is best bet,

And I breathe my struggles to have you back,
And the flame it burns keeps me alive.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I Wait For Some Rain

It is long since I wrote,
Or utter'd quotable quote,
For, nothing truly troubles within,
Nor birth pangs of new sparks I feel;
No magic of sprouts shooting from seed,
Nor blossoming of flowers from bud
I feel in soul stirring me;
It's all levell'd, motionless, flat
Like endless spread of Arabian desert:
Dry and tasteless, stir-less and still;
No ride upwards, nor move downward,
No pain or pleasure, or live dreams -
Like endless ocean lying around;
What can sprout in this barren land?
What hopes firm up in lifeless sand?
I feel like lost in endless night,
Groping for what I myself know not;
No hunger or thirst reaches my shore,
A spiritless peace envelops all.

I wait for some rain
To drench me from head to heel
And flush out stagnancy stinking around;
I want some thunder
To stir me out
And flash of lightning
To instill hope;
It be winter or summer
Or autumn or spring,
All are welcome
To stir me from sleep;
For, life is not quiet graveyard
Of stillness and complacence,
But a challenge to face, win or lose,
And fill the soul with thrills of life
Those sprout as sparks to write and quote.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I Want Her As She Is

I want her as she is,
Neither more nor less,
Nor florid nor aureoled,
But only as she is -
All and whole of her,
As sprouted in nature's womb
In all natural glory
At its finest hour.

It is not contents alone,
More of they are ratios
And the kind that cements them;
It is all rhymes and rhythms
And the concinnity computing it;
It is her unique blend,
Soul and self, mind and heart,
Her liquid body, that motion
That always spells my soul,
Rouses all fancies
To splendid dazzles.

She is my perfect measure;
Neither she is spilling over,
Nor ever wanting more,
Just to the brim of my cup,
And happily very full;
She rhymes within herself,
And rhymes with me;
Her rhythm with my soul
Flowers inner core,
Spreads pollen of joy;
Her divine sweet fragrance
Is my soulful peace,
My ultimate contentment.

I want her as she is,
Nothing else I want;
She is my light, my might,
Whatever she is, is always right;

She is heart to heart,
More, she is from soul to soul,
Beyond logic and thought;
Ours is the flame of soul
Burning together in us
For eternity and beyond;
We complement the other
Beyond yang-yin needs,
Beyond celestial spreads,
Like love and God ever do.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

I'm Not Alone In This World

I'm not alone in this world,
I know, you're part of my world;
Days, seasons and years change,
Past, present and future too change –
Nothing remain constant ever here;
But, I know, you never change for me,
And remain constant as polar star
In the world I live, to guide me forward.

Clouds may hide you from my eyes,
And I may fail to mark you sometimes,
But never you fail in your presence,
In showering me with all your light –
That much never I doubt in my life;
This by itself is my peace and worth,
Solace, contentment, true fulfillment,
That invests me with deep confidence.

Though I know this truth deep within,
Constantly I seek you all round outside,
And insecure I go by doubts within
When frozen silence stares me all round –
And I implode with pain and frustration;
You do see my state and grieve for it,
But helpless as I'm, in reaching me,
And unravel all truth to comfort me.

Though you are there, and I'm here,
We constitute in consort a constant world –
Each lighting the other for eternal time,
In spite of tall wall that divides us,
That indeed never tall to keep us apart;
For, we're broken pieces of the same soul,
Awaiting divine ordain to conjoin again,
And await that fate however long it makes.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Illusion

In layers we live,
In layers we thrive,
In layers of time and space,
In perspectives, we live;
Nothing is absolute here,
Nothing is right or wrong
But in time and space
And in perspectives.

All is in rapid flux,
World is astonishing mix,
Nothing is steady and firm,
All is in hurry to move
To undefined goal;
Impatient is the entire world
In transit across the past;
No time for us to look back
And assess the path transvers'd,
And digest where we stand.

A race of time and space,
Where we're tiny bits
Struggling to find a spot,
And nothing else counts;
It's what we see,
In layers that we live,
In layers where we thrive,
In layers of time and space.

We're in visible spectrum,
Narrow band in infinite horizon
That does make what we're,
Where lay all our roots
And derive our life, insights –
We constitute real worlds,
Ground in infinite truths,
Evolving to higher heights,
And transcend time and space,
While appear bound by it.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Imbalance Is Life

All is rock still while in balance,
No moves, no force, no impatience;
No low or high, nor left or right,
No goal, pursuit; no wrong or right,
No growth, fulfillment; rise or fall,
No joy or sorrow, still, all, standstill.

Imbalance gives push, brings rush,
Fills holes in Self with myriad wish;
Imbalance is the fuel that drives life,
Makes life rife with harmony or strife;
Balance, nought, infinity, morbid world;
No colours, fears, all alike, cool and cold.

Imbalance is Self, over imposed on soul,
That gives soul colours, makes it whole
To live the life with drive and pursuit,
Or fall short of the goal posted in front;
Soul is seed, static; imbalance breaches it
To hoist life and kick the forward thrust.

Imbalance is life, imbalance is world,
That makes matter, Self, that throbs wild
To reach and breach, achieve something,
Fall or rise, lose, and face up anything
And constantly move to unknown future,
Explore new worlds and discover nature.

Balance is trance; imbalance, wild dance,
Balance does absorb in self-indulgence
While imbalance explodes, spreads beyond,
Gives and takes, spawns worlds around;
Balance is nought; imbalance, deep zealot,
Makes Suns revolve, cause the day and night.

Imbalance did bring explosion in nought,
Imbalance caused matter-energy's draught
To spawn stars, galaxies and distant worlds,
Molecules, genes, cells and myriad life fields

And drive world ahead to unknown horizons
To reach where know not we, its own denizens.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Immortal Love

Timeless you are, timeless, our bond,
Timeless is the course we are to traverse,
Timeless is the desire I suffer for you,
Timeless we live in each other's arms.

Timeless is the yarn that spun us close
In warps and woofs of time's textures,
Timeless am I until I have you for me,
Till I breathe in you, you light my soul.

Timeless is cosmos till we live for each,
Till sunshine and moonlight light for us,
Till springs come back after every winter
To bind us closer every succeeding year.

Nights follow days in recurring cycles
To purge the ennui that wraps the Earth;
Time does very oft snatch you from me
To rattle me in search thro' celestial nooks.

I fly to troughs of far ends of cosmos
And grope for you in celestial darkness
In hope against hope till worn wings fail,
Till heart, shuts, and all lights extinguish.

Voila, you rise from unknown horizons
Like free and fresh dazzling morning star
And you seize me with your divine light
And lays bare worlds once we lived together.

On zenith, I respond, and reach the crest,
Flowers blossom and spring spurts out,
And we strive to reach for togetherness,
Only to find us time, alas, drifting apart.

We struggle and fight to tame the time
And find us bleeding from the struggle
In helpless grief and shattering pains
Till time from me snatches you again.

Like day and night and spring and winter,
This grief and joy goes round and round;
Alas, it is total grief, only half is the joy,
Yet, we move in love, strength to strength.

Life is strife, and life is a long process
To the invisible end where all we move;
Strife and struggle and the grief and pain
But passages to build our immortal love.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Impatience

You are truly kind,
But we can't know your mind;
We plan on wind,
While it blows out like castle on sand,
In grief we go blind,
In rage we curse the protective hand
That us guide and tend;
Rattled and shattered by mortal grind,
We forget where we stand,
And ignore shortfalls that us surround.

Ego and ignorance bring sorrow,
Blind us to truth's immortal glow;
Ego bleeds in failure's blow,
Ignorance hides our flaw;
You remain target for rage to draw,
To blame and curse for our low.

Truth is failures deeply hurt,
Life shatters by the cause lost;
Makes oneself see himself as dirt
While finds unequal and falls short
While lesser ones march past;
No answer comes to harried thought,
Why me in spite of being right!
It is pain that wrenches heart,
That wrings soul in grief's blast,
Turns life to impregnable night.

Truth is all comes in right time,
All conjoin in perfect rhyme;
You, the Almighty, our soul's flame
Does no injustice, does no crime;
But impatient we're in time frame,
Blame you for uncertain nature's game.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

In A Barren Strip

Like wild fire I flared,
Like volcano I erupted,
Like spaceship I zoomed
To rainbow realm of colours
Only to find myself, spent force;
Nothing I spared,
Nothing me interrupted
In the colossal drive to my goal
Hidden beyond human horizons
Only me to find stuck somewhere.

No wings I had to sail through,
No crafts helped to zoom high,
Yet with resolve, born out of fire
From churning deep within me,
Shed barriers to soar to far world;
Nothing counted in the race,
And possessed in impregnable zeal,
Eyes shut, and ears plugged,
And inner world closed to world
I ran my miles without count.

No wear and tear bothered me,
Each hurdle invested impetus afresh,
No looking back in obstacles race
Till I felt I did lose my track
And stopped to view the path travers'd;
Lo, I found me in a barren strip,
Alone, lost, and night hanging low,
A dead-end in front, no sign posts;
Tired, worn out, I found myself,
And resigned to fate, slowly turned back.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

In Aureate Throne

When I scrap upper surface and
Descend down in memory's lane,
I go blind in blinding pure glow
Of billion Suns shining together
In surreal lights, divine brightness;
Kingdom of truth rules there,
Honesty humility pervades air,
Purity is wealth valued above all,
No ego barriers restrain freewill.

I find her there in aureate throne
In midst of fluid divine beauty
Radiating joy all over there,
Installed in sanctum sanctorum
Of the temple I, my soul worship;
In love and trust of ultimate kind
Swelling within to burst out soon,
I fell to knees in honest devotion,
In gratitude for her crystal pure love.

Nothing stood against her pure love -
No self, no ego, no life nor future,
No humiliations her acts her forced;
No safety restrained, status refrained,
She jumped to fire, ignominies of life;
She threw out rare comforts of life
To keep love safe, pure; honest to it,
Never once retracted her beholden path,
And lighted world with unequalled love.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

In Eternal Elegance

A chapter is love in a man's life,
It sinks deep and occupies his whole
And makes him hollow and lost when it dies;
But love is all of life for a woman,
Essence, very being, the light of her life;
It soaks her whole in its huge bulk
And dies with her, parting only at her death;
She does rise beyond and floats in its field,
But never any more can come out of the fold
Till she breathes last and dissolves in the vast;
It is how a man in love is made,
It is how a woman in love is made.

But, you aren't just a chapter in my life,
Nor I die to you while you dissolve in the vast;
You are my essence, the light of my life,
You soak my whole in love's huge bulk
And never I can rise out of your fold.

You rise and set like the Sun in heaven
Beyond the brinks of hopes and grief,
Oft touching the zenith of the mid-day Sun,
Oft reaching the trough of the midnight dark,
Giving me shocks of deep joy and despair
In cycles that shatter confidence in me;
You are my hope, my light, confidence;
The glimmer of advent you ignited in me
Navigates me along long channels of grief
To reach far shore where we meet and live
Like Goddess and God in eternal elegance
Beyond fleeting cycles in true poise and peace.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

In Golden Shell

The nectar of love, safe in protective shell
Of gold reinforced for infrangible hardness
And rolled in to hollow carved in diamond
Of immaculate build that sheds pure glow;
Strifes and shocks perforce the rules of life,
In daily struggles, nothing ever seems safe,
All, in shove, shamble, jostle and scramble,
Ephemeral, environ; uncertainties envelop,
But the nectar, untouched; bright, pure as ever.

Ages roll, new rises from the womb of old,
Changes do roll, sweep, flood and recede,
Seeds grow to trees and trees roll to seeds,
But the nectar we kept is safe in its shell,
Undisturbed, unconcerned of the tides of life
In pure faith and trust in its core strength
Of the immortal values of love and truth;
It grows in its strength in the shell as old ale,
Sitting tight in its trust and confidence in self.

Night is long, all over and stretching far wide,
But no way touches the grandeur of full moon;
Clouds, infinite; come and go all along the time,
But no way reach immortal blaze of the Sun;
Man falls, rises and falls all through his time,
But no way affects divine course of his species -
So is the nectar, our substance, soul's essence,
We kept safe in golden shell of protective soul
In the immaculate glow of our trust's diamond.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

In Grace Of Pure Gold

So tall is your world,
It's beyond my bound;
Never I comprehend
Why what you build
Till someday I find
Structures stood high,
Transcended beyond sky
That you raised from blood
In pristine values' mould
In grace of pure gold
Beyond human mind.

For what heavenly end
Is this uncommon bind
In poor neighbourhood,
Where ego, selfish end,
Strifes, deceits abound;
Where conflict, pulling leg
For success counted big;
For whose approbation,
For what appreciation,
You go for noble things,
You build to heaven wings?

Loyalty, supreme love
Not for where we live,
Where all on other contrive
To stand a step above;
You threw away your life,
Jumped to love's life,
Full of strifes, unsafe;
Devastating earthquakes
Uprooted to virtual hell,
But unperturbed and loyal,
You stood staid in the swell.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

In Memory's Lane

As I dip to the memory's lane,
As depth deepens by days and years,
I find you slipping from my hold.

As shadows lengthen with the setting Sun,
As brooding fireball dips in horizons
I grieve for the transiency of our lives.

Sprites flail, thoughts fail to find you again,
Immortal flames once raged, fading now,
And I grope for you in darkness.

Where has gone that raging fire
That fused us in one in such a bliss,
Now vanished where to what time's womb?

Indeed time is the biggest negator,
The eternal pit of all of the past,
And suffers our bond in the scanner now.

A pall of oblivion thickens by days,
And I feel like you're on run from me,
And I lose light from deep within me.

Helpless am I afore the nature's forces,
Nothing can I do save fear for you,
Alas, I should bear, and continue to walk.

Is it our end or beginning anew,
Only He knows who created as we are,
And binds and unbinds as He thinks best.

Nothing is lost from the cosmic wrap,
So is our bond perchance in fall and rise,
Only to conjoin afresh in a higher plane.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

In Praise Of Death

Death to death, in-between lamp,
Life, light and flame that dithers in wind
That sprouts and ends in stark death;
It's death all round; death, up and down,
Death enwraps, and death unfolds,
Death is goal, and death, origin;
Death is real and death, eternal,
Life, refraction in physical medium;
Life, visible band in the spectrum world,
Life, little bubbles in ocean of death,
Death, invisible; substance of existence;
It dithers not, nor extinguishes,
Death, common bowl where lives gather,
Pours out again lives of different colours;
None penetrates it, nor explains ever
Though it's at left, right, above and below,
It's at source, at end, constant shadow,
No existence exists without the death;
Death is seed; death, god; dark glow,
Death is all levelers, kindest of kind,
That absorbs all to womb and adsorbs all,
And sprouts freshness over and again;
Death is true mother of deep love and care,
Who sends her springs for diversions,
But never forgets to protect, call back;
Aye, all fear death as ultimate fall,
And distance from mother; irony of life;
Love her; obey her, yield to her plans,
Life at her side is peace, a sober joy.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

India - A Universe Itself

India, not a country,
India is Universe itself;
A mini Universe
Of gargantuan galaxies
Running away from the centre
And also from themselves;
And stars within
Collide and merge
Or circumambulate
In show of strength;
Yet, all are bound,
Revolving around distant centre.

India is built
On the bricks of the past,
Laid in unending layers,
And cemented in Indianness
And reinforced steel
Of the cultural bond;
Earthquake proof
Is its edifice,
No volcanoes ever
Annihilate this field
Though eruptions here
Are ever present.

India is kaleidoscopic,
A patch-work fabric,
But, fabric in essence;
A work of stitches
In threads of steel
Of belonging together;
Patch-works do give
Huge enduring strength
That no aggressors ever
Could tear to pieces;
They stuck to its textures
As warps and wefts.

Himalayan fences
Guard its North,
Deep rolls of seas
At East and West
Protect its shores,
Lest India lose
Ingenuous identities
Of height and width,
Of depth and strength
In spiritual light
That illumed humanity
From its very root.

Ups and downs are
But natural rules;
India saw myriad ebbs,
Myriad falls in its soul,
But never snapped;
India free indeed sees
Criminals at the helm,
Public, silent,
While evils do rule the roost;
Be rest assured,
Trough leads to crest;
Await advent of golden age.

India is world's spiritual land,
India holds world's leash in hand;
Evils soon sink in time's sand
To resurface India in moral lead.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Indistinct Force

An invisible light, feeble, indistinct,
Guides us through the clouds all round
From past to the future in constant stretch;
An infinite force, gentle, omniscient,
Drags us on the floor of the ruthless life
From the darkness to light in unkind pitch;
We, dumb and blind, struggle for freewill
With toy limbs the nature provided us with,
Till the toys fail and the will crumbles,
While runs our course on unseen dictates
To where and when, and how we should be.

The path ahead, never straight for any,
Ups and downs, and turns left and right,
Or move somewhere undefined till then -
Yet we move unaided by the obvious in us;
Why this we wonder without right answer
When crisis has passed, and we're fixed;
Decisions we take are sheer straws in air
Unless cosmic force inspires that in us;
Best of acts get swept to nameless gutter,
Most unthought-of steps oft lift to heights
In the measured walk to the cosmic goal.

Indistinct is goal; indistinct, force, light,
Indistinct, why and what happens around;
Some brings grief and devastation's shock,
Some devolves most unexpected high rise;
We, those that trust on the self's strengths,
Shatter by the havocs nature plays on us;
All has a purpose, all has distinct reason,
Why we act that, and why force drags us on,
On the corrugated path, and then lets us down -
To mould us right, and cut the bloated self
And bring all to shape to its original spark.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Indistinct Treasure

All colours my life labours to bid
I locked in treasure I adored most,
All jewels I picked along long walk
I framed in gold and treasured in it,
For, I found my light, temple, roots,
My soul and its values, throbbing in it;
I found my self in reflection from it,
My needs and desires, goals alive in it;
I breathed that, and truly lived for it.

It floated distinct in distant horizon,
Oft moving nearer, oft fleeing farer,
But never set from my ardent eyes
That fixed there its gaze day and night.

As years passed, my eyes lose sight,
I find indistinct, horizon, my treasure;
Deeper I stare, goes horizon indistinct,
Yet I know, treasure lurks somewhere,
And hopes, somehow I pick up my due;
My hands are short; horizon, very far,
And eyes do fail to throw light across;
Time is the key in the short span of life,
All shall go well while time runs right.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Infinity, Naught And Existence

Infinity lies in womb of naught,
Naught lies in infinity's womb,
In-between lies grey existence
In fluid of light spreading around
From speck of light devoid of space
To sprout the field of time and space
That expands till balance is reached,
Where infinity and naught go together
To retract paths to different wombs -
Infinity lies in womb of naught,
Naught lies in infinity's womb,
Grey existence binds again the two.

Existence is a bridge between the two,
Holding infinity with naught in leash
In the endless ocean of pure darkness
As a speck of spark that explodes out
As expanding island of life particles
Like fetus in mother's thick placenta;
A cosmic game of infinity and naught
Exploding outward to reach each other,
And let loose existence in vibrations
Of expansions contractions in cycles;
They're faces of root cause of nature,
They're driving force that runs nature.

Infinity and naught, one, yet different,
Though same, opposite and divergent,
Each hailing from the other's womb,
Each spreading out to rejoin again
And joining back to differentiate away;
They breed existence by cosmic play
By vibrations they create in fluid dark
As unstable light galloping all round
Till loses potency for further spread
And collapses within to dark's womb
Till all freezes and prevails stillness,
Where infinity and naught reunite again.

Inner Sight

However far I stretch my arms
To grab and catch you in my holds,
So fast you snap from failing sight
And I end up ruing handicaps I have.

You're bright light beyond horizons,
You're sacred lamp shedding true light,
You're my vision of timeless frame,
The truth I seek to reach, and plunge.

Left and right and front and back,
Above and below and far and near,
I feel you roam around all over me,
But, sense you ebb when I act to knot.

You transcend time space; transcend limits,
Transcend the bounds of matters, transience;
I falter when I see thro' my mortal eyes,
Undying holy bond you bound me with.

My sight is short; I suffer temporal slips,
Suffer ups and downs those natural to all;
Like motherly womb, you protect from all,
To keep safe our bond for immortal time.

I feel the vibes reaching from you,
I feel your light kindling my life,
I sense the symphony you spread around,
And I know why you slip from my hold.

I should have known, you never err;
Whatever you do is for mutual sake;
But, alas, I'm yet to reach your height,
And act on spur in blind impulse.

In and around my innate self, soul,
Eternally lighting the lamp of being,
You keep watch, you guard our bond,
Infuse oneness in elements, essence.

I can't be I, nor you, ever you,
Without you and I holding each;
You do snap from my failing sight,
Only to light up my inner sight.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Inner Struggle

You're totally in love deep in soul,
But totally stood against in intellect
Lest soul interests harm love's cause,
And walked on rails running apart -
Soul and intellect on fighting mode.

How Earth and sky can remain afar?
Fire and heat how hide from each?
You chugged on those parted rails
In pain, grief and relentless distress
Year after year for decades on end.

Fire deep within in white hot glow,
Intellect's punch in flood's brute flow,
Inbetween caught in unkind claws,
Torn to pieces in both mind and soul,
You sacrificed life on love's altar.

Passive for love, and radical to stand up
While inner glow gorged you alive,
How you bore those relentless pains?
From where you drew endless strengths
To douse those love you longed all life?

You acted tough and behaved rude
To stop your love reaching across;
You tied soul, and bound your heart
To pour insult and have love in knots,
So no harm touches whom you loved.

Nonchalant you acted oft on and on,
Though very next moment repenting it,
And you come running to comfort me;
Unguarded moments displayed rare glow
Of love burning bright deep in your soul.

You said, I'm just commoner to you,
Oft refrained from focus usually paid;
As if you acted it against your will,

Thereafter all day like autumn leaves,
You hide yourself in regret and pain.

You refused to pick messages from me,
You refused to meet while visited you;
Yet always you oozed an aura of love,
An unspoken glow of infinite dazzle
That sparkled in you while around me.

Unaware, you sought my proximities,
Unaware, attempted physical closeness;
Very next, I saw you realize your fault
And resort to distance in sudden moves;
Those swings to and fro enthralled me.

When caught in talk by any chance,
I found you never willing to stop;
Gentle ever and respectful to fault,
Never had you tired in talking to me
Till I reminded how long we talked.

Responses unplanned always kind,
Gentle, inviting, loveful and sweet;
In planned responses, unkind, harsh,
You sought to prove no bonds in us;
Is't love for its sake butchering itself?

Oft distance you kept, snapped chord
To the limited time you acted on it,
As if a ritual you're bound to suffer;
Bright glow and smile on your face
Never parted you while I was around.

Oft I went in expression of love
Beyond all normal decent limits;
Always you welcomed those acts
In glowing smile in warm response,
And replied always, it's all right.

Anger I displayed for indifference
Rattled you beyond all measures;
You wept, then drove where I lived,

To seek my pardon for wrong not did,
Without ego traces anywhere in you.

You switched off mobile days together,
Deleted my numbers forever from it;
Next, threw the mobile to a nearby well
When you found temptations for my call
Too painful to withstand for your will.

I saw at times sudden spurts of acts
To meet me with all your warmth;
Alas, overnight it always changed
To distance, silence, grief, regret,
So fast, I was caught totally off-guard.

Convinced of conflict within you,
One day I declared, I'm all yours,
You thanked me for those concern;
One day I said, I deeply love you,
I found sheer ecstasy then in you.

Once I sent you hidden in a book
A poem live in sexual acts with you,
Let's presume by accident of time;
Not a bit you resented raw desires I had,
Embarrassed a little, not much, you said.

A day we were on job together there,
You bent on purpose in front of me;
Gold chain on neck fell out from blouse
Lovely round bosoms exposed in front
Just to convince me, you value my love.

In days I absented from scheduled visits
I heard you go terribly upset so much,
That silent and distressed all day you go;
I realized fierce struggle raging within,
And the pain and grief you suffer from it.

Not open myself to meet your life,
I found one younger, higher in grade
And declared, you certainly go for him;

You hissed in contempt, resented my act,
Refused my calls for weeks since then.

Soon who withstood parents' pressures
To marry and settle after changes they felt
They saw my presence brought in you,
Allowed parents to search for a groom,
Indeed retracted when they began to work.

A doctor you're, on patient's side I was,
Your interest in us perplexed seniors,
Expressed how deep you're attached to us;
They shifted our case to the chief's daughter,
You wept and fought till restored it back.

Once I said, parting ways, good for both,
You agreed, but deep grief I saw in you;
I said, our parting smoothen your course;
You hissed in response as if never so,
And I felt you in pain, distress and grief.

Time to part for us reached a day
Earlier than we thought it possible;
You were in tears, couldn't speak out,
Avoided my repeat farewell calls,
So I rushed to meet in person there.

You met me, a picture of hardihood,
Refused my offer to sit at my side;
I saw your bosoms kept open for me,
My eyes while strolled all over there,
You pushed it front in subtle offer.

You said, I might visit always there,
But would not be you present again,
I replied, I don't if so visit any more;
I sought your address to keep contact,
Bluntly you said, not necessary that.

I sent a gold chain as birthday gift,
You sent it back without a word
With all gifts I presented till then;

Keep it in my memory, I solicited,
You refused outright to accept back.

I ventured to visit where you were,
And sought to meet you face to face;
You sent a message, you're not there!
I returned insulted and deeply hurt;
I know your love, then why so ruthless?

Through sources I heard all that year,
You refused marriage, withstood pressures;
High ranked suitors of grade and class
You rejected outright, fouled parents,
Who dared not talk of marriage with you.

I expressed love and sent some letters,
But heard not response even for one;
Far later I heard, you deserted parents
And married a doctor in far away land,
I heard it wasn't in any love or need.

The marriage broke from the start itself,
You refused to follow where he moved,
You refused higher jobs where you were
And lived hard life of penury, loneliness,
In possible distance from married life.

Pregnant you became, but avoided it,
And married life, alas, fell to doom,
Divorced in peace on mutual consent;
You lived in far land a very hard life,
A sanyasin's life on minimal needs.

Three years since I learnt of this
When visited where I first met you;
Devastated was I, shocked deep in core,
Collected courage and addressed you,
Expressing grief for what befell you.

I dared a day to make a call to you,
And found you stunned to find me talk;
You asked why I trouble you so,

And did I know that married you were;
Devastated by that I disconnected call.

Soon I heard, you were back in house
Of parents from where you're away;
I tried to call, you refused to respond;
And a day you suddenly called me,
Threatened, insulted for following you.

Long struggle I saw raging in you,
Convinced of outbursts you play on me
As planned moves to save from harms
Your proximities inflict on my life,
I took in good stead whatever you did.

I sent you myriad messages of advice
To mend your life and build on it,
This continued so for a few more years;
You chose to close all channels we had,
And I left bereft of any bridge to build.

I learnt, you failed to reconstruct life,
Pursued not jobs that invited you,
A skilled doctor of good experience!
You live like a sanyasin bereft of needs,
Alas, inner struggle has taken its toll.

You're so there, I'm here, in distress,
All bridges did collapse between us;
Time rolls, and lives unfold to an end;
But the pain and distress consumed us,
And the struggle you fought outlive us.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Invisible Shores

Fresh like the first rose of summer,
You broke on my horizons
And brought flutters of new colours
And flusters of new spring
I never knew exist.

It was dream-like, but bright and real,
With youthful colours changing hues
And breezes humming loveful tunes.

I knew not how to entreat you,
I knew not, were you real or a dream;
But like sunshine for day, you flooded me,
Like lightning in night, you filled my world;
Alas, good worlds live but for a while
And day comes to night, and spring to winter,
And lightning you brought
Vanished as it came.

Dreams broken are worse than dreams undream'd,
And lights extinguish'd, darker than nightfall;
Colours vanished and dews of tears
Lined my life from horizon to horizon.

Why you came and flurried my life
And changed tack to vanish from there?
The horizons you caught in bright colours,
Aglow yet in mysterious colours,
Where no spaceship breaks and stays anymore,
No colours indeed intrude there;
But the dazzling glow in the far horizons,
Brighter than a billion Suns
Blind my eyes and spreads gloom
In shattered life that dreamed heaven.

You changed tack and vanished once,
You may change tack to reappear again
And light the horizons you chose then,
With dazzling sunshine and bright colours,

For, one who goes is wont to come back,
It is a mere matter of time.

The flame of hope is live in me
And sustains me along rocks and thorns
Though bloods drip from the torn flesh
And tears flow from the sunken eyes.

Hopes are dopes of hallucinations
That drive life to invisible shores.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Invisible Thread

Beyond the horizons
You wait for me,
Within the horizons
I seek for you;
How the twain meets!

Horizons mark limit,
Horizons create worlds
To house you and I,
Who march together
In distinct domains.

No bridges pass across,
No struggles bear fruit,
Communications never cross,
Where you're mere you,
And I'm mere I.

I know you're there,
You know I'm here,
In endless struggle
To cross across for each,
But twain never meets.

What spurs us to fight
While in differential realms
To make common goal
Of our common world
Of love and togetherness?

It's common urge,
Heartbeat in unison,
It's soul lights
Adding to love's glow
That knows no horizons.

An invisible cosmic thread
Beyond all horizons
Holds us close to each;

We struggle to reach or not,
We succeed in it or not,
Always we belong to each.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Irony

You may from sky pluck the star,
Stop the Moon on its long track,
Extinguish the flame from the Sun
Or stifle life from the face of Earth,
But never will you, change her track,
Her firm conviction of rejoining him;
For he's her essence, very existence.

She may pluck and throw him out,
Stop her soul-dreams on its track,
Extinguish love flame from her heart
And stifle her joys forever in life,
But never will she lose faith in him,
Never exhausts love's fuel for him;
For he's her essence, very existence.

She refuses to meet and talk to him,
And runs from him miles away,
But keeps in touch thro' invisid track,
Exchanging notes, filling him in soul,
Building new bridge in reinforced steel
That never yields to tremors and shocks;
For he's her essence, very existence.

She lives in fort of sky high walls,
Keeps all worlds, its joys outside;
Lost her light, she relishes naught,
Shuts out sunlight falling on fort,
Spends day night in stark darkness,
And dreams unhindered only her love;
For he's her essence, very existence.

She knows, scattered ruins never restore
And rebuilt structures never breathe soul;
Begins from scratch, she draws blueprint,
And lays bedrock for future edifice
Of her and him in exclusive heaven,
Where nothing intervenes to part them again;
For he's her essence, very existence.

She knows her world, knows her resolve,
And firm to proceed on her laid plan,
Lest untoward sad turns block her path;
What his plans for her, she's uncertain,
Yet allows him not to clear the cloud
For fear that he may disown her plan;
For he's her essence, very existence.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

It's One Tug Of War

It's one tug of war
Between man and nature,
Who wins out here
Decides the world's future.

Nature is generous, nature gives her full,
Nature gives to the nature all in abundance;
Nothing it holds back, nothing it restrains,
Like a true mother, she flows milk and riches
To feed all her creations, to breed happy broods,
So they make the best of what she gives them.

Everything is there, but knows not how to process,
Like a walking toddler, man struggles, and falls,
And frowns upon nature for not holding him.

Nature is kind, but also wise and strict,
It's mother and father combined into one;
Nature wants its brood learn all tricks of trade,
And fall and get up again by its own strength;
It invests with resources, weighs down with rules,
Keeps its distance, watches live processes;
Man slips and weeps, and curses his fate too,
Doubles up efforts to stand up straight again,
So continues the process to the world's progress.

Nature cares its brood, hence hard it works,
It provides, and punishes too hard for wrongs
And drags its brood over red-hot charcoals,
Singes him alive in hellish long flames
And shears his soul with bloody sharp shovels
To furbish him better along the onward progress.

It's one tug of war
Between man and nature,
Who wins out here
Decides the world's future.

It's Sunset Now

It's sunset now,
The glorious light of noon how
Dull'd to still dark red
And spreads gloom of death-field?
It's complete night ahead
Of ceaseless blackness and cold;
Day dug in painful grave
Won't promises now to rise above.

We saw rainbow in sunshine
And blossom'd like heaven in bliss;
Ay, all proved soul-wrenching lie,
Quirk of time drifted apart
Souls twined like day and light
And descends on us fierce night;
Why nature conspires always against
That's noble at its elegant height?

It's now worse than dark night,
For we remain forlorn lights apart
Drenche'd in fierce cold night
That waits to devour both of us;
Lights losing in the fierce night
Like truths badly lose to lies
Fill darkness that's worse than dark
And shatter hopes for all the future.

What an end to what a lovely light!
What darkness from dazzling hopes!
Height furthers hurt a thousand times
While badly falls to irretrievable depths;
We're alive to each other,
Yet lost to each irretrievably forever;
We throb and breathe for each other,
Yet why can't we ever come near?

Tears do stream almost all days
Here and there for each other,
We bring no solace to the other,

For bridges are lost between us;
We need each other more every day,
But wedges of time part us more
And distance keeps constantly afar,
Only impossible hope keeps us abright.

Sunrise must follow algate sunset,
But it's dead-end for both of us;
Neither she nor I seek alternate end,
For no life exists apart from each;
We labour, more labour and do hope
That some luck from the distant heaven
Descends for us and unite us forever
And brings us the dawn of eternal light.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Kalii Kaala Vipareethe...

Kali kaala vipareethe...
Needle of time falls half circle
From twelve to six
And dawn goes down to dusk,
All positive turns to negative
And negative to false positive,
It's Kali kaala, Kali kaala vipareethe....

Incompetence looks competent
While true competence, trampled down;
Evils in robes of high values
Intoxicates conscious souls too;
Those that protect and navigate to peace,
Those blossomed from long experience,
Cursed and crushed as false beliefs;
Demon of freedom seizes human mind,
Fundamental rights, civil rights, buzzwords;
Democracy, the rule of average,
Levels world to strife and mediocrity;
Peaks are leveled; gulfs filled,
Quantity takes over quality a' where.

It is reasons, not inner voice,
It is race, rat race; not harmony,
Convictions wiped out of human mind;
Intellect over deeper revelations
Rules the roost while Kali reigns;
It is turning out from within,
Focus on what, and how of the world,
And that boosts the outward world;
It is outer space against inner space,
Power and pomp, not supreme peace;
It is height, not depth,
Length, not the breadth,
Intensities lost to spreading wide,
It is how the Kali manifests.

Kali, from twelve to six,
An ineluctable stop along the passage

Back to the top midday twelve;
No way right or wrong in nature's design,
It is just an hour of nature's process,
Kali, gateway from the dusk to dawn
To herald the sunrise again,
Where again values rule, quality reigns,
Where depth counts in the passage of life;
Where freedom is feared,
Refrain and restraints, buzzwords,
Soundness, not numbers
Counts, measures in life;
The day shall come, however far it is,
And Kali, the darkness shall herald light,
And brings back truth, health and strength.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Larger Cosmic Act

All the structures I built are now crumbling,
All grand furnishings I provided, falling,
All decorations I heartily did, sadly failing
And what remains is just a frame, a space,
Where I had plans to raise elegant paradise,
A canvas to paint bliss in myriad lovely colours,
A memory of images far beyond horizons;
Now all rattled, and fading, fallen to pieces,
Dawn passed to noon, now caving in to dusk
On way to irretrievably huge blinding night.

Not that I didn't try to save my ground,
I flustered, floundered, and faught hard
To counter the fall, plug holes and save,
To snuff forces those assail from all sides,
But, human is human, limited by himself;
I hit hard roadblocks within and without
And dreams thinned to air before very eyes
And bright soul in noon enswathed to night;
What remains is my heart drowned in gloom
And struggles to float till call comes to count.

Man dreams and plans and bleeds to build
And struggles to guard his uncertain world;
Alas, he's feeble, mere loose nut and bolt
In the overall buildup of the cosmic plan,
A minute tool to boost what leads him forth;
Rise and fall, nudges both sides, mere fate,
Destined he's to suffer without any cause;
No appeal for his state, no explanation ever,
He's to take all and run with dictated act
Till nature calls him back to motherly womb.

I planned big and raised hopes sky high
To paint my soul with nuances and timbre
I discovered hidden in the soul of pure soul,
That is you, the crystal clear glow of fresh dew
That brings unpolluted freshness of gentle dawn;
You were in my grasp, but alas, all went hot,

Evaporated you, where, alas, I couldn't see,
And I was left forlorn like a child in a wild
In shock and grief, looking far and near
To catch your glimpse and reach back there.

It was golden glow flowing like a river,
It was holy flame in sanctum sanctorum,
It was nectar and ale blended in my soul,
Lighting my spirit to the bliss of both worlds
Of purity, nobility, and sweet indulgences;
I thought heaven merely at my arms stretch
And rejoiced in my luck in having both to us;
Alas, just a blink, and you were not there,
Nowhere, anywhere, without a trace to tread,
No why or how to tell, no reason to explain.

No falls from me, or failings from you;
Like honey and milk, or flowers, fragrance,
We blended in desires, needs and dreams,
Matched in notes, tones, rhythms, rhymes,
Nothing within us ever disrupts our build;
We were brought close, unexplained to us;
We were made to play, souls lashed in to one,
And snatched apart now unexplained to us;
We're mere sports in larger cosmic act,
No grief or pleasure real, mere accidents.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Lay Mind In Conscience's Fold

This world is fair and simple,
Everything is here truly ample;
Greed renders life a bad gamble
To reduce world to sad shamble.

One and two do make three,
Fixed solutions are world's key;
Our minds, whatever maths be,
Exceed briefs and jolly run free.

It's damn easy to blame all others
For our slips that fail us hithers;
Those who fail, blame weathers,
Instead of planning their affairs.

Discordance of the mind and matter
Lies beneath all disorders wherever;
One pulls hither; the other, thither,
Our world in-between goes asunder.

Have your mind in tight leash,
Your mind is vast power house;
If you leave it to its wild wish,
It reduces you to cat's poor mouse.

While mind in hold, all goes good,
All clockwise reaches timely threshold;
Equality and fairness become byword,
Peace and contentment rule this world.

Mind is power, and to be in hold,
What is good, roll mind to its mould;
Freedom is base; self-hold is gold,
Lay your mind in conscience's fold.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Let Us Learn To Live With It

You pulled right, I pulled left,
Both fell in the middle;
I walked here, you walked there,
Both met with gaping hole.

Not that we are poles,
We focussed on same goal;
I saw thro' immediate hope,
You viewed thro' distant scope.

Now walls are sky high,
Gulfs stand bottomless deep;
No spur to rise to sky,
No boats to navigate through.

Entangled in wild creepers,
Stuck in inescapable embrace,
You can't reach back across,
Nor feed our common goal.

Nor the path I sought was safe,
Infested with poisonous snakes;
I knew, you dared to navigate,
But feared it for my sake.

I'm saved from fatal snakes,
But caught in entangles,
You're sapped of all charms,
Go dry like Arabian sands.

Opposites take nowhere,
But to bottomless gulf;
Closer we meet our minds,
Better we find a course.

Indeed I was in hurry,
Impatient to call the shots;
But I assure you in certitude,
We would have found a course.

You never gave a chance,
Feared of the impatience
You noticed in my stance,
You went alone to checkmate me.

Now you see where we are,
Neither here, nor there, nowhere,
In insurmountable gulf,
Caught in total naught.

Immediate was difficult,
But worth for pursuit;
Distant scope you pursued
Tied us to different worlds.

Now you have your world,
I have here mine own;
The twine will never meet,
Let us learn to live with it.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Let's Celebrate That

You're the strand of subtle energy,
I'm vibrations playing thereon;
You're the nature, female principle,
I'm the stir that awakes passive you;
We together is light that binds vacuum
And fills and lits vast cosmic creation,
That floats infinite parallel Universe.

You're substance, I give it dimensions,
You're proto-potence, I'm its Tandava dance;
We procreate waves of time-space complexes
In the womb of absolute nothingness;
Only you and I, who sprang from infinity,
Also the love that binds us together –
Truths in the ocean of Big Bang illusions.

Worlds do collapse and expand in shifts,
Like night and day, like breaths in life;
All comes and goes, transient, inconstant,
Only you and I truly transcend illusions;
And only our love that bound us as one,
Transcends us both as the ultimate truth –
Come, my Priya, let's celebrate that.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Life And Joy

Road is long; goal, uncertain,
Walk is a drag unless inspired,
Uneven surface, full of potholes,
Stunted walk unless takes care.

Winding road moves up and down,
Range of sight is hauntingly short,
Unexpected turns shock the sense,
But no scope to halt, rest, recoure.

No signs on road do lead ahead,
How long to walk, none inform,
Day and night and rain or sunshine,
Walk moves onward on time's frames.

Tired or afresh immaterial there,
Past and future count not a bit,
Rise and fall are steadfast rules
In uncertain walk bid to complete.

How to walk this terrible road?
What helps on this thankless route,
Ease the path all along the road
And leads to the end in all joy?

Insight ignited by inner light,
Passion in heart incited by soul,
Heartbeats that spur legs to move,
And strong will make life a joy.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Life Is An Ocean

Life is an ocean,
No shore anywhere around
And I sail alone
'Midst salt water that hounds
Me from all sides,
And I'm shaken like dry leaves,
And rise and fall in high tides;
Nothing really here move by itself,
Nor I know why all began,
Or when and where all finish;
No compass to aid navigation,
No footprints on water make
And I lost all direction;
But I move as waves take
And sail for sail's sake.

It's all salty, salt, salt,
Nowhere from that to halt;
Breeze is salt, wind is salt,
What I perspire is salt,
What I breathe in and out is salt,
Cloths enwrap me are salt;
I sail thro' salt,
Dreaming of sweet
Of reaching the shore.

I'm tired,
For, ocean is rough,
But, whatever may come or go,
I should sail hard and tough
All thro' the endless struggle
Till providence shows up
Along the unending maze
A stop to this blind race;
I'm weathered to bone,
Drenched in salt sweat,
But no rest at sight;
The sun is fiercely hot,
Burning all around,

But clouded is my world
Like lonely ghost in burial ground
And I'm dried out,
And struggling for breath.

How long this struggle?
How long should I wriggle
On this wasteful sail?
Left and right,
Back and front,
All look alike,
Sheer water unto horizons,
No trace of shore anywhere;
Where should I turn,
No parameters to choose;
How far should I sail,
No signboards to mark;
It's tides `neath
And winds above
Carry me forth,
And I like dry leaves
Float anywhere they carry
Till some tides throw me ashore
Somewhere for no reason;
That is my stand in this sail,
That is my stamp on this world -
Mere sweep on the water mass,
No footprint anywhere to last.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Life Is Duty's Clarion Call

What is life after all,
But for enacting appointed role;
What is life after all,
But for duty's clarion call.

Bundled with life is background,
Around it life is closely wound
To play around till time's end
And judge upgrade to next round.

Emotions pad the life's core,
To carry the sail to far shore;
Intellect spurs to invest care
To guard against wear and tear.

Remember lines and act your part,
When time calls, prepare to quit,
Don not roles for others meant –
This does make life easy and bright.

Some shoots high, others fall short
Just to meet the needs of script;
No high or low, or first or last
In lexicon of life at nature's hest.

No passions worth in life's long walk
While walk is meant for targeted mark;
Look around; drape life like cloth of silk,
Enjoy life's frolics from abstract nook.

Life is a light to guide the self
To appointed distant safe shelf;
Have it steady to cover the gulf
That seeks you like a hungry wolf.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Life Is Incidental

Life is a ropeway walk on hope
Above turbulent sea of uncertainties
Between invisible intangential worlds;
None know when ropeway snaps,
None know why or where it snaps,
But life chugs forward where it must,
Unmindful of uncertainties open to gorge;
Sea `neath in seesaw moves of waves
Waits to sink or lift sky-high to clouds,
Or fell again to dark entrails within;
Yet, hope's ropeway built in confidence
Absorbs all fears and shocks of life
Till hopes snap and pack falls to sea
Of uncertainties to swerve life like twigs,
Left and right and anywhere sea takes
Without a tinge of rhyme or reason
Till life forfain without a struggle
Yields to what is cosmic dynamics
Of which it is but a sheer nut and bolt,
A handmaid to serve the cosmic process.

World is a dark endless expanse,
Where rays of life do flash, disappear
From somewhere to somewhere else,
None know why and how of it all;
Unknown force in womb of darkness
In unknown dynamics of nature's rules
Play some games to flash life and douse,
How long, and turns embedded within it;
Hope is a tiny deflected life's spark
That induces visions of sturdy sail
While carried piggyback on life's shoulders
And shifts hues as life changes course;
Life is incidental, mere instrumental
Like earth and stone and wood and water
In the mammoth process of creation's wonders;
No fate is there, no cause and effect,
No right and wrong anywhere in nature;
Creation's subtle rules blindly work

And what and how, and where and when
Fall in place to bring creation to work;
Cosmic conscience is beyond it all,
None knows it, for all flows from it,
And certainly it never reveals its soul,
Nor any of life any significance to it.

Life is ephemeral, life is uncertain,
Life is incidental to huge cosmic process.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Life Is Sound And Fury

Life is furious tumultuous ocean
Of mountainous tides and wild winds;
Life is a mysterious long labyrinth
Of tangled pathways leading nowhere.

It is chess, often ending in a mess,
Where none follow the rules of moves;
All in race to overtake the all else,
And tumbles over flat and lose their all.

It is fierce rat race in undefined maze,
All blindly running to the first opening;
All in the clouds, neither here nor there,
Trying to impress all else everywhere.

Swept by tides and caught in winds,
Life rises and drowns across the times
In unpredictable moods of wild nature
In gross shocks grief and joy bestow.

Time is endless and shoreless ocean
Life swims in where none ever know;
Yet it pushes onward in wild bounces,
And ferociously rolls in ups and downs.

Creeps in ant-hills, traverse galaxies
With nothing in sight to grapple with;
Abundance somewhere, scarce a' where,
Imbalance is the life walking on legs.

Life is a fight, a fight for no ends,
A struggle, struggle without means;
A ruthless process for process' sake,
A lifeless nirvana waiting at the end.

Nothing, certain; nothing, ever safe,
Change to change, how life transforms;
Life is not free, life is never peace,
Life is sound and fury, leading nowhere.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Life Substance

Is it money, power and name
Or merit, contentment and peace
Constitute the triad that stands life.

Money, power and name come
Never but with hard manipulations,
But money, power and name bring
Self-feeding swell of recognitions
In mammoth balloons that rise high
To heaven and do burst very soon;
Money, power and name together
Clothe life with glamour, grandeur
And stop all stigma so not to reach;
They have no root, no content within,
They touch not the core of the life
But fill all life with sound and sight.

Merit, contentment and peace reflect
Inner strengths from deep within,
Add strength to strength for evolved life;
No recognitions here save lateral,
For no inner strength needs pat on back;
Merit, contentment and peace flow
In slow steps to steady target,
In slow growth to fulfilment;
No adornments here, no faux pas,
Dictated from within, straight forward
They flow from soul and build soul,
But live and die unknown outside.

Is it money, power and name
Or merit, contentment and peace
Constitute the triad that stands life.

Merit, contentment and peace bring
Substance and strength to life's carriage,
While money, power and name invest
Shape and contours to the life's passage,
But seldom the twain ever meet in life;

For, each breeds on the other's carrion,
For, each feeds on the other's pain;
World needs each for the other's growth,
Like work and rest or land and forest;
Each leads the other as inseparable twin
Like light and shadow or leader and led;
Both enrich the life in impoverished world.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Long Back

It's so long back
In the annals of my life,
Behind a million layers,
Yet resplendent
As if from yesterday;
Mortal chill was ahead about to seize,
Already deadly tsunami began its rolls,
But I was unaware
Though black clouds were forming within,
And languid I was,
Bleak dusk was blinding me;
I sat under an ancient tree
And immersed in frozen time
In reinforced silence for long;
When I broke out
A cool breeze swept over me
As if you were whispering something;
I believe not in supernatural,
Ignored little whispers
And walked back like a phantom.

It was eighth day,
And rolled to the fourteenth day,
Forty seven years back this day,
Overturning tide of life
That you were no more!
Never since then I'm I,
Never since then ceased grief
And eternal wait in hope
That we meet again some day.

Very long is forty seven years,
Waves of heads rose and rolled,
But the frozen grief within,
As tender as is ever;
I rose and fell in tides,
But you remain intact as ever,
No time could smudge the stamp
You engraved on my soul;

I probed nook and corner
Of every phase of time,
I turned every page
Of every tide of life
To trace footprints of you;
I guess you are back
Already on your mission,
Almost I'm certain,
Yet I'm in doubts
In this uncertain world;
So you creep as ever
Within and without forever.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Long I Travelled

I spared not mysteries of this world,
I scared not to tread unknown world,
I spread wings across far away horizons
I stared endlessly new moon dark nights
To trace footprints you left on the path
While you hurried away on the divine call
And faded from my weak mortal sight.

It's forty and six more full circles since
We met and parted like dazzling lightening
That left blinding dark world all round me
While you vanished as fast as dawned on me.

Years rolled like tides of turbulent sea,
But niche you carved is constant as ever;
Times not withered, shocks no way dulled
The glow you lit deep in soul of my soul,
Or shaken not mansions you built in heart
And lessened not focus to discover you again.

I'm in this shore; you're in some shore,
In-between lies vacuum of unknown worlds;
I stare across vacuum to trace your presence
And receive oft beacons, I think from you,
But, alas, find soon, all not tall as you are;
How long I carry with these ups and downs,
Why not you resurface to save me from fall?

Long I traveled, certainly longer I travel
To trace you somewhere, somehow, sometime;
No setbacks me stop, no frustrations crop,
And I sail through time to reach you somehow;
Past lay in wastes, time shrivels the present,
Yet soul ticks till I get you to waiting arms.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Long Path Is Ahead

Long path is ahead,
Shadows lengthen,
Dusk is spreading fast
And I feel exhaustion;
Bright road has gone dim,
Figures look like ghosts,
I fail to figure pits
'Neath my feet;
Yet I drag myself
Step on step,
For, my post lies ahead
And beckons me forward;
Steps falter,
Legs fail to hold,
Chill enwraps soul,
But, I move forward;
How long this toil,
How far this drag,
No light to guide,
No warmth to spur.

I look back in horror
The path I travers'd,
Full of hills and dales,
Prone to dangerous slides;
How I reached here,
I myself don't know,
What turns I took,
I remember not;
It's now dark there
Like dark curtain,
I just see outlines
Overlapping each other;
Past is locked door,
Nor I retract there,
Bleak is road ahead,
But I can't stay here;
Day or be it night,
My destiny is ahead,

Fresh or exhausted,
I must drag there.

I must steer through
Obscure terrains,
Where what when pounce,
I'm blind, can't figure;
Nor have I strength,
Nor will to stand up
To fight nature's odds,
What love to trap innocents;
The glimmer from ahead,
Too faint to inspire,
Too uncertain and weak
To drag me forward;
How far it lies,
Anybody's wild guess,
Is it dream or real,
I dare not to judge;
I'm bid to move there,
And I crawl to reach there,
Be it pain or in vain,
I have my duty to it.

I reach or not,
I think not least,
I'm bid to move,
That is all that counts;
I grope in darkness
That enwraps me all round,
And I lay uncertain step
Hoping it is right;
So moves the race
To unknown length,
While waiting for rest
To forget all;
I know not when
All comes to an end
And I rest my head
For eternal peace;
The only star in horizon -
That someday I reach

And break this race
Of unfulfilling toil.

Long is this run
From birth to death,
None tell me ever
Why and heads where;
From dark back to dark,
Twilight inbetween
To stalk my run
For nobody's fun;
All hurdles and chains
Like cobra-hoods
In wait to pounce
Disturb my race;
This much I cover'd,
So much is ahead,
Nothing is scored,
Nothing to score more;
Feeble nut and screw
In the colossus of nature,
I run my length
As nature bids me.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Lost Forever

'Neath layers of invisid aeons,
Under invious endless pinings,
I spot you in spotless white halo
With royal robe and golden crown
Adding to the grace you spread out;
The peace and purity you radiate
And instill in the world near and far
Shock sensibilities to pleasant surprise;
You're there in stark shapes and thoughts,
Inviting me back to that past
In its sweetest, most painful tides,
Those shook and tore to shreds our souls
And buried in time's wild ocean floor.

How I desire to burrow deep down
To the ocean floor to reach the wreck
And pick shreds to rebuild our ship
And sail to the shore of now and here;
Winds are wild; tides, mountainous,
Distance to traverse, long and dangerous;
But nothing shall stop me on my track
While you propel the oar onwards.

Remember, it's aeons apart,
And several worlds, standing between,
And night does stretch longer every hour;
Hands are short; memories, long,
What hands can't, mind always does,
And I pine to reach you somehow;
I raise curtains, peep down in holes
To resurrect those worlds we lost forever.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Lost Sweet Days

The Moon I adored is receding far,
And night sky goes darker by hour;
Stars do twinkle and dance in sky,
But touch not the heart, shut to joy;
As I watch in deep seamless dread
Like sees mother her baby drown,
Crystal pure Moon touches horizon
And begins to sink to invisid realm;
Cursed my eyes watch it dip half,
I raise my hands in helpless grief;
Straight on course in degrees it dips
In phantomlike stillness to its grief
Like fallen warrior, to enemy's knife;
Moon dips and dips, I barely see now,
Lo, vanishes Moon, I'm left bereft.

Moon walked in grace to nature's trap
Without a stain on its crystal pure face;
All is dead silence, absolute darkness,
I stare horizons, all frozen in darkness
In tears, brim eyes, for lost sweet days.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Love

Fulfilment of soul is love,
Finding its lost half
From endless counts of human kind;
It's pure joy, it's pure light
That lights soul, mind and heart
Together in a single glow;
It's recurring delightful flood
Of honey and sweet nectar
That enliven souls;
Love is awful surrender of souls
To each other
In selfless devotion,
Where joys swap
And beauty sprouts from each other;
Love is gentle divine lamp
That sheds light everlasting for both;
It blends to a flame
Inseparable ever
And fills them both in bliss forever.

Love is same glow in eyes of both,
Love is same beat in two hearts,
Love is same soul inhabiting two,
Love is same flow in two minds;
Love is shared joy, shared grief,
Love is shared courage, shared fear,
Love is shared dream, shared goal,
All glowing as one in single flame
And create enthralling single world
Of joy and beauty and contentment
That fills paradise in pathos and shame.

Joy and grief go hand in hand,
So love in essence is joy and grief;
Heavenly joy and hellhound grief
Dragging love on its own rails;
Nothing is anywhere like love's joy,
Nothing is anywhere like love's grief,
Both refurbishing soul to glittering gold;

Joy blossoms love and fills fragrance,
Grief deepens love and strengthens it
And enriched is love in joy and grief.

For two in love, nothing else matters,
For no world exists but each other for them;
Together they find all worlds they need,
And divine they are for each other;
He, her God, and she, his always,
Together they make a perfect world;
Though two they are for the visible world,
He in her and she in him, for them
Constitute advaita, the unity of twain.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Love & Self

Love is like a lovely flower,
Dazzles at times
In bright sunshine
And flares like fire
In animated crystal mind;
But, alas, withers
At out of its time,
And falls flat on face,
Decay'd, unsung, abused.

Love is atmospheric,
Rust on soul's face,
A refraction of mind,
Absorbing whole life
And distorting straight vision;
It's demon Rahu
Amidst chaste Gods,
Disturbing real world
In shades of shadows.

Falls to tatters
In the glare of reasons,
Sublimates to naught
In soul's cauldron,
Love is abstraction,
Edifice of desires
Of self to recognition,
Of mind to adoration
On bedrock of nothingness.

Nothing holds it tight,
Nothong mends it aright,
It's its own world;
Appears while it wants,
Vanishes all of sudden
Without a hint of rhyme;
Yet still like steel,
Resplendent in gold coat,
Love gouges out soul.

Love is fulfillment,
Love is true contentment,
Soul's ardent ale
That fills all pitfalls
And raises to divine heights;
In life's harsh world,
Love oils its grooves
In surge to dreamy world
And draws worth to self.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Love Is The Winner

She is the lamp that burns my soul,
She is the throb that beats my heart,
She is the spark that emits life,
The raison d'etre, the cause of life.

Dark `neath light is nature's tryst,
A trough between ridges is its sport;
While she rouses life, spreading pain,
Nature's cruel jest, Newton's response.

The raging flame of love in us
Charred us both to crippled lives;
Life as tsunami rolled over us
To throw us apart on distant shores.

Across deep gulf dividing our lives,
Amidst thick mist enwrapping us,
I see her living a sanyasin's life,
Austere, spartan, lonely, languid.

Broken in self, shattered by loss,
I grieve all day: her distressing state
Cracks my soul, I collapse within
In hapless grief for her pathetic fate.

I strive to reach across the gulf,
Convince that all is all right soon;
So imbued and frozen in grief she is,
She refuses to hear, shuts me back.

Hands, tied and legs, nailed, I
Know not how to tend her back
To rosy life, jasmine fragrance,
Where I love to soak in her nectar.

Past was long, and future, short,
Path ahead is impossibly fenced;
I count days with prayers in heart
For peace, joy and her fulfilment.

But nothing counts in shattered life,
No hopes or future stirs anymore;
Stripped of lights, in midnight she lives,
Post tenebris spero lucem, holds no good.

How long this sojourn of hell for me,
How long should I wait to get her back;
I know, we win if we wait for long,
For love is the winner over all evils.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Love Unseen Unheard

Wherever you be, here, there or anywhere,
It's my abode, my temple, my heaven;
Whenever you smile with sparkles in eyes,
It's my time of fulfillment and pure joy;
However you respond to my earnest call,
It's the course, I do know, that befits me.

You're not you in true sense of the term,
You're more I'm than I ever myself,
With my soul and self truly instilled in you,
That radiates and moulds me as I do;
I'm safer in you than I ever as myself,
You guard me from harm as shield of me.

You're so close, but why remain so far?
Distances are trifle, yet critical sometimes,
Those make or mar structures love builds;
I know your drive, how focused you move,
How safe I go 'neath the sheath you give
From distance neither you nor I could cover.

I'm your vigil; day and night I fill you,
I'm your focus that lights your soul,
And you make me a giant, sublime like god,
Safe and contented, lofty, but what for...?
Alas, nowhere I come up to your height,
And no peace or comfort I'm privileged to give.

You give me all at whatever colossal cost,
But you hate to accept a dime in return,
For fear that that destabilizes the poise,
And harms the state I'm privileged to have,
While you grind yourself in time's hard grooves;
How can any accept, my queen, this illogical move?

I'm in soul, mind, and body obliged to you,
For, I live life as I do by grace and sacrifice,
You imbued me with, in love unseen, unheard;
I do feel wrong, and need to give you myself,

But I know, repayment does insult your height,
Wherefore reverently I wait for whatever you bid.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Loveliest Divine Rose

He and she, young sanyasins
Together served a brahmacharin guru
In an ashram isolated in a wood;
Both virtuous, deeply enlightened souls,
Loved each other from depths of souls;
Inseparable they were, always together,
Devoted alike in grief and joy,
They lived, one soul, in lives two.

The glow of love in their lives,
The bliss they derived from each other,
The bond of love that enlivened them
Made their guru jealous of both;
Her devotion to him created huge hole
In vows of shattered brahmacharin;
In the flare of rising jealous fury,
The guru forgot services they did
And cursed her to part from her love,
Life after life in inconsolable grief,
And endlessly both suffer in their love.

1970.....

Both met each other in nineteen sixty-nine,
At glorious noon of October twenty-nine,
Twenty each they were, going on twenty-one,
Older six months and married she was
With three kids already in her fold;
She fell in love with him forthwith;
He took two months to know the truth,
And loved her back with all his warmth -
She found no bounds to her great joy,
But, alas, her state denied that height,
For, familial bounds shackled her life;
She struggled in vain to distance from him,
And in shabby dress, tried to help him
To disengage him from the spell he was in;
Anyway, fate conspired to separate them,
And parted both, tears in their eyes

On twenty-ninth of March of next year.

She soon died by burning herself
On June twenty-ninth of the same year,
The day he was born many years back;
He learnt of the death a fortnight since,
Devastated he was, in unbearable grief,
Attempted her path in November next
By pills in excess that adduce sleep;
Coincidences unnatural conspired then,
And providence brought his act to naught,
He returned home from medical care;
Fallen and broken, he believed always,
His love went to death to rejoin him soon
As young and unmarried girl for him;
He counted days and years of her
In her new life she assumed for him,
Hoping her advent at age of twenty-one
As in former life, in nineteen ninety-five.

But, alas, years rolled unmindful of his count,
Nineteen ninety-five rolled to millennium next;
No trace of her advent truly shattered his heart,
Perhaps lost path in far galaxies, he thought.

2005.....

They met by chance on March twenty-nine
Of two thousand and four in Bangalore;
She was twenty-four and going on twenty-five,
He was fifty-five, and then married and old;
Past life her stirred, and her soul saw him,
And she found him special on the first day itself;
Unknown of the why, and how of deep stirs,
She loved him from soul as days weeks rolled,
And oft she flummoxed of her passions for him;
Familial rules did reign in her at times,
And she often withdrew to shell of social codes;
But not for long, and she bounce back again,
And this to and fro continued all that year.

He immensely liked her simple sincere soul,

Her honest openness, unbound sweet charm,
Quiet elegance and genial grace she spread,
Her warmth, unfading smile, shine on bright eyes,
Kind and gentle talk, and god-like lovely look,
And special care she showed to his simple needs;
He saw as time passed, she deeply loved him,
But flummoxed why she often withdrew from him,
Why acted as of that he counted naught to her -
That angered him a lot, oft he shouting at her;
But never had she lost her cool to that fury,
Just hung her head sadly as if she was sorry;
While he felt sorry by that untimely fury
And sought her many a time to pardon him,
She replied always, really he must pardon her.

He took ten months to know her inner struggle,
The lonely struggle she fought in her deep love -
Is she his hope from the long lost past,
Coming late to life to fulfill failed hope? -
He believed her advent, second time in life,
And in that lonely strength, in spite of old age,
He declared deep love to his loyal girl.

She remembered not her past or deep love it had,
She only knew her love in present life for him,
And her fear within, how he treats her love;
His talk of deep love brought her to ecstatic bliss,
She found heaven on Earth, her life, pristine gold,
Eager she was to devote her all to him;
But, alas, it dawned, he was a married man,
And her interflow messes up his married life;
She chose to suffer alone to protect his secure life
And keep her fully devoted deep only in her soul
To him, and him alone, all through her life,
Without any man, and interest out of him:
It was her firm resolve, sprouted from her soul;
But, whether she can keep to her own resolve
While living as a part of the societal network?

He was in a fix, knowing past and present,
She was firm on path to follow tapasvini life;
Indeed his heart broke, soul tore to shreds,

While she distanced him, and shattered her life
In the wrench of cruel fate under social pressures;
It is her golden soul and the diamond resolve
That carried her forth in spite of hellish fall;
Like phoenix she rose, my loveliest divine rose,
And lives tapasvini life, in devotion to her man.

She lives always for him, and he, always for her,
She lives always in him, and he, always in her,
Love in hearths of both shining undiminished,
Though never she allows him anywhere near her,
Lest their intense passions harm his family life;
Both in grief live, yearning to meet other,
But, never ever they meet for years and decades;
She cruelly rebuts him while he tries to meet,
And she lives austere secluded life within,
Always in his thoughts, always devoted to him,
As he lives his life in devotion to her life
In soul, mind and body devoted to her thoughts;
Yet the script of their lives, remain incomplete
And Brahman yet to decide how to complete it;
Whether they would meet, and rejoin for all time,
And find fulfillment of their long suffered love,
Or the cycle of that grief continue for more lives,
And old curse they had, wrench them far more,
They certainly know not, but bear all for each other.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Lovely Spring

The rosy hue of lovely bright spring,
The lively fragrancy flowers swing,
The divine joy cool breezes bring,
Songs cuckoos from quietude wring
And delicious feel fresh fruits hang
Vanished where in autumn's bang?

Heaven is now, sheer blank and blue
With cotton clouds in whitish glow,
The wind is dull, still and moves slow
And sticks to sleazy gloom like glue,
Where has gone all joy, none has clue,
Just time drags on and on to blank blue.

From the dark womb of autumn's swell
Dreams of new spring desperately spill
To backup my shrinking fatalistic will,
But, alas, uplift seems insurmountable hill
In convoluted wraps of autumn's swill
And spring recedes farther in pell-mell.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Love's Labour

Universe is an infinite canvas,
Everything of all times in all shapes
Invisible to eyes inherent there,
Like colour shades in light spectrum,
Or delicate curves hidden in stones
Crying for a sculptor to discover them;
Seeds wait underneath the earth
Right time to sprout, flower, bear fruit
While gardener on cue meets their fate
And nourishes and waters to their needs;
It's like the canvas meeting its talent,
It's like the earth fitting in its mould,
It's like tools cutting edges to shapes;
Truths manifest like light from night.

The Earth is thirsty, sky is hungry,
Both desperate to meet and hug each other,
And discover themselves in other's arms;
There lies salvation, their inherent truths,
Natural fulfillment of innate existence;
It's harmony, symphony and procreation,
It's the fuel of celestial progression,
It's how Nature set the world to work;
One is potential at rest to receive and bear,
Other seeks and works to impregnate her.

It's the structure the world is made of,
It's the design how the Universe evolves,
It's the elegance of the light, truth and beauty;
Alas, how then our cursed worlds don't meet,
Why this dichotomy in our love's labour
While we both need and labour for other's arms.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Loyalty

When I heard how her world, shattered,
When I learnt how her life, wrecked,
A promising future, sheared to shreds,
So shocked was I, I began to sink,
And world at large lost sense for me;
I wanted to know more three years since,
But blindfold I was, alas, dark all round,
And found light in soul fast losing shine,
Without me aware, tears rolled from eyes.

Most sensible, sincere, sweet flower she is,
Gentle in heart, simple, fragrant for all;
She hurts none, bears odds of all worlds,
Selfless to the core; sacrifice, her mark,
No jealous or ill will roamed near her;
She soon gave her soul in love to a man -
Married by then and inappropriate in age;
Caught unaware, she struggled to come out,
But, alas, as she fought, it held her tight.

Kind as she is, she resolved to not harm
The pristine bond of marriage of her man,
And drag other lives to disorder and grief;
How deep her man, she knew, loved her,
Keeping him at bay was most painful task;
She hid her pains and sheared her bond
With soul-wrenching pain consuming her;
True as her love, she vowed from soul -
She never give herself to any other man.

Post-graduate doctor, she; suitors seized her,
Parents put pressures to choose from them;
Doctors, engineers and post-graduates all
From apt families of name and honours;
She refused outright to consider any,
And faced the wrath of all in her home;
Parents she loved squeezed her hard,
And threatened of savaging name and fame
Of the man she loved, for whom she lived.

The threat truly worked, and she lost her will,
She begged for time to choose right man,
In fear, her man, harmed; and she sank to hell;
Shattered was her soul, crushed was her life,
She planned her course for a wretched life,
Two thousand miles far from all kith and kin,
Those unkindly forced her to horrendous hell,
In marriage to any who helps in the task -
So no harm ever befalls on the light of her life.

Ignored she her past, ignored all future,
Ignored reputation built on sound ground;
She ignored parents, who brought her to grief,
And a flourishing life that beckoned her;
Ignored her loyalty for whose sake she lived
To protect from harms her parents might cause,
And left to a far land with a junior doctor,
And married him there to meet parents' needs,
So, no more parents bear grudge on her man.

With eyes shut, life ruined, she faced hell,
All dark, she found, in midst of new life,
Shed hidden tears while marriage enthused,
And resignedly threw life to ritual wolves,
Finding no way to save from what came;
She felt herself soiled, unfit for her man,
Nor could she relegate him to oblivion;
Day and night, all time, in his thoughts,
Found she hard to settle to new role.

Sincere as she is, simple, sweet in soul,
She sacrificed self to mould married life,
And struggled she hard to cooperate in all;
But differences over time tore married life,
Yet struggled her best to keep life in track;
Pregnant she became, it hit her as a bolt,
She thought it disloyalty to her soul-mate;
Hated this fall, she eliminated the risk
In perfect silence while in native place.

In three years since she lived in marriage,

The fabric of bond tore to irreparable shreds,
Both separated in divorce on her consent;
Firm to not join parents back in native land,
She lived wretched life alone in distress
In the alien land without friends or help,
Just to go on to live remnant of her life;
She found no hope, no future anywhere,
Thought herself unfit, anyway, to her man.

In three years since she faced marriage,
When I heard how her world, shattered,
When I learnt how her life, wrecked,
A promising future, sheared to shreds,
Though knew not of divorce and her lonely life,
And how unsafely she did expose her life
To risks and hardships in an unknown land,
So shocked was I, I began to sink,
Without me aware, tears rolled from eyes.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Man

Feeble is man's foresight,
Nothing he sees goes right;
White clouds in sky's tray
Change shapes to wind's sway;
Weightless fancies in play
Change shapes in mind's way;
But life runs on solid bursts,
Fuelled by cosmic thrusts.

When waits in west,
East comes to front;
When looks for dusk,
Dawn spreads its glisk;
Man sees black or white,
He lives thro' day or night;
But life is a shade of the two,
Always an unexpected brew.

What's possible, runs impossible,
What's impossible, turns possible;
Factors as waves in billions
Beyond man's feeble perceptions
Relegate plans to waste box;
Takes life by storm in hoax
To new heights out of leaf;
It's how nature reins life.

Dark isn't dark; bright, not bright
In this wild tumultuous world;
No road signs definite here,
And cross roads aplenty a'where;
Grand highways take to wild,
Narrow bylanes to capital land;
Nothing is in man's hand
While he's straw in invisible wind.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Man & Woman

Two faces of the same subtle world
That constitute the complete world,
Two spins of the same subtle force
That generate all works in universe,
Man and woman are god in halves.

Man and woman in pure forms,
Harmony at its most blissful kind;
Man and woman in harmony spawn
A world of love, peace, contentment,
Where god exists in purest form.

Man and woman are gentle flames
Eager to fill to a single flame;
But, alas, clash shadows 'neath flames
To disturb harmony's fluid flow,
Blur creations with shadows' patches.

A magnetic wind fills man and woman
To pull them together and add to each;
Each is other's need fulfilment, bliss,
And there lies the nature's subtle skill
To stir the world with excitements.

No world is world sans man and woman
To fill colours and flow gentle emotions,
To flood the world with grief and bliss;
Man and woman make life live to live,
Barren like deserts without their match.

Man's half is laid in woman's world,
Woman's half is laid in man's world;
World ordained both to keep distance
To struggle to reach the other's world;
Like honey's dropp on a sword's edge.

You play with fire to have your half,
Or cower to be safe and lose your Self:
So is the challenge to mould your life;

Man and woman, a pleasant challenge,
Of precious treasures deep in oceans.

Man sans woman, woman sans man,
Empty like a temple without its god;
They fill the void nature created in each,
They work vital forces needed for each;
They share and bare for common good.

Man and woman are length and breadth
Of the live fabric that constitutes life,
Man forming warps to woman's woofs;
Textures are safe till both criss-cross life
To carry their weights across to the end.

Man blossoms woman, woman blooms man,
Both fill around divine fragrance;
Like sun and moon, they complement
And light all the worlds day and night
And make the life a trapeze of pleasures.

Man is woman's needs built to a mould,
Woman is man's needs built to a mould;
And needs in pursuit excite life's course
To network each other to quench thirsts
By ways and means spared by the world.

Man and woman are eyes of life process,
Man and woman lead each other ahead
To treasures of life hidden otherwise;
Woman lights man's; man, woman's life,
If exists the lamp of harmony and love.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Marriage

Marriage is a long and blind bridge
Of only hopes and nothing more;
Marriage is climbing a messy ridge,
Filled in smoke, for its fresh air.

Marriage is a field of ego fights,
Feuds and clashes for own rights,
Milk of love going terribly sour,
Ennui brooding in stifling air.

Marriage is pull in diverse sides
Unless both pull on agreement;
It's building life, joining hands,
No romances there really count.

It's cooperation and coordination,
An alliance for the common cause;
When minds meet not, brings disruption,
Clashes ensue, and crumbles the base.

Marriage needs refrain, more restraint,
And calls for the glue of commitment;
Sharing together wilderness in sail
Brings them together on life's rail.

In craze for freedom and self's hedge,
Marriage is sheer a huge disaster;
Then, marriage is a long and blind bridge
Of only hopes and nothing more.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Memory

While night is deep,
Moonlight is dull,
Lying on the back
'Neath dark sky,
I count stars,
Scattered around.

As eyes slip
From star to star,
My thoughts recede
To the vast sky
Of the endless past,
And sparkling stars
Of the memories' lane.

A glow there I find
Seizing the sky,
Horizon to horizon,
That lights the sky,
And dulls the stars.

Seeking what it's,
I look within –
Lo, you, I find,
Emerging from horizon
Of the long lost past
As divine light
From all around.

I find deep stir
Awakening me
To the truth of you,
Though from the past,
But transcends it,
And laces times –
Past and present,
Future and beyond,
To eternal glow.

Pain and pleasure,
Joy and grief,
I find in you
Transcending itself
To divine sensation,
And in its presence,
I go to trance.

Impatient as I'm,
I try to grab
The truth to present,
And yearn to bring
The glow from the past
To light the present.

As I stretch my hand
To the ceaseless sky,
I reach nowhere,
And find your glow
Recede backward,
And move nearer,
While I draw back.

Is it hide and seek
You play with me?
Mouse and cat game
Why you suffer me with?

Heavy in chest,
Tears in eyes,
I resign to fate
And shut my eyes
Farer from the sky,
So, no divine glow
Stirs me any more.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Moon

In dark tapestry
From horizon to horizon
From the womb of night
Smiles bright Moon,
Or is it bright eye
Staring over the Earth
As it scans east to west
With benign look?

She is the jewel
Amidst uncertain stars
Lying around
With buttermilk gleam,
Coalesced like butter cream
In cool sunshine
In contrast to thick night
As hope for fallen soul.

It's cosmic eye,
It's cosmic soul,
It's cosmic hole
To celestial treasures,
To celestial truth
And calms disturbed mind
Like rhythms of a music
Or lovely smile of a child.

She's charming bride
Walking on in procession
To the tune of peaceful band
In glittering sparkles around
To groom's abode in west
And descend to his depths
To lull him to wild fancies
By her feminine charms.

The Moon is symbol of hope
In wild darkness around,
Accrescent and decrescent

In wild blanket of night,
And mild charm it spreads,
Moon brings hope to man
That nothing is totally lost,
Gradually all becomes right.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Morning Whispers

She is perfection sculpted in diamond,
She is pure virtues carved in ivory,
She is beauty moulded in sterling gold;
She is beyond all earthly dimensions,
She is beyond all human diversions.

She is malleable like gold, to my hands,
Hard like diamond at the core of her soul,
Precision of ivory, hers, in all she does;
She is verily God in highest conceptions,
She is sublime of Himalayan proportions.

She is the light that glows bright in my soul,
She is the life that flows alive all over whole,
She is my desires that stir all acts of my life;
She is the only direction that I always pursue,
She is the sole passage that I run all my life.

She is my goal, beacon that leads me ahead,
She is my soul, fuel that spurs me forward;
I'm dry leaves, scattered ruins without her,
Defused system sans her props to me to hold,
I'm mere frame; dry, lifeless without her near.

She whispers to my soul, speaks to heartbeats,
She soothes all bruises that ever hurt my soul;
She is my warmth and coolness in all seasons,
She holds my hand and kindly guides forward,
Whether stands in front, or nowhere, she, in sight.

I know not pure sex in life is good or bad,
But it for me is sheer divine joyous with her;
I desire to take her to arms trigger and barrel
And play heavenly tunes all over her body
And stream to her veins joys to inspire her life.

She is my Goddess, my Sun, Moon, Cosmos,
She is my bliss hidden deep inside my soul;
She is fulfillment for what I have come to life,

She is the subtle spur that brought me to my life,
She is single spark lighted me from nothingness.

Pure is her self like bright and clean crystals,
Innocent like morning dew, she's like honey;
She is refreshing like nascent rays of dawn,
It is pure live heaven to have her in my soul,
It is sheer joy to light life from her quiet lamp.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Aphrodite

You are my love, my Aphrodite,
My means and end to fulfillment;
You are the stir deep within soul,
The light that sheds bliss to soul.

I seek you everywhere:
In blossoms that bloom,
In cool breeze of summer,
In dews on green leaves
In early hours of the dawn;
I long to hold you in my arms,
Our bodies clinging to the other,
My lips locked to liquid lips,
Hands on your heaving bosoms
And fires fiercely enflaming us;
Passions overwhelming both of us,
We drink from bowl we share together
Most exciting and sweet nectar
That numbs forever our separateness
So we merge in rising passion's flood;
My hands in excited sweet madness
Cupping and fondling round bosoms,
And gently you, my love, seeking mine
Till I in haste bare all of mine,
And you imbibe me in sheer joy.

You are my colours, my fragrance,
You are soul in its sublime grace;
You are my rhythm, my heartbeat,
You are my depth and true height.

While low is soul and I grieve,
You rise at front from somewhere
And refill my cup
With joyous lilt and dance in heart;
You whisper strength
And carry to me the message of hope;
When I dip to pit of darkness
And recollect my old sad tales,

You break from dark
With lighted lamp in your hand
And comfort my staid broken soul
With kind and nice reasoned thoughts;
When at night I stare horizons,
You swim as moon to my front
In gentle smiles, and I smile,
What sweeps pains from my face;
You whisper thro' chirping of birds,
Reach and touch me thro' cool breeze;
Then how can I say you are not here,
Or we stand across unbreakable fence?

How spring and colours can ever part?
How breaths ever snap from heartbeat?
Beyond the riddle of time and space,
The oneness of us continues always.

Your advent me grants
New dimensions to life,
Just your presence
Spreads fragrance around;
Cuckoos sing and peacocks dance
While we reach the thresholds of each;
Glooms melt, hearts bloom
While we indulge heart to heart;
When you're near, o, my dear,
I forget all else, forget myself;
You gloriously fill and widely spread
All the nooks of my stilled being
With springs of sweet warm bliss
That bathes my life and all of soul;
I feel blooming in your presence
And rising in joy to sublime heights;
In presence of my pretty Goddess,
Before her pure and sincere love
That transforms to god this simple man,
I feel like god in heaven myself.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Birds

Birds, both small and giant
More than all the stars in the sky,
I held in hand and snugly fondled;
Oft I held a few to heart,
But most of it at right length;
Only twine I held on divine throne
Of the glory of my truthful soul
In the golden halo of joy and peace.

Like eager eyes of my inner stir,
Like Sun and Moon for Mother Earth,
Both opened my vista to Nature's truth,
To the mysteries of precious life,
To its inexhaustible depth and strength,
To pain of pleasures, to pleasure of pains,
And the vaulting strength of lives bound
In the selfless glue of devout love.

Birds those carried me beyond heaven
On its fair and soft wings
Filled bright light all around horizons;
But, alas, however far we traversed,
No world we desired ever reached;
It was our flight for flight's sake,
Though one, as two we flew in void
While hope pursued evading light ahead.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Charming Bride

She is
My charming bride;
Births of yore
Saw us together,
Now waiting for in this life.

Bare is her neck,
Waiting for my touch,
To tie mangalasutra;
I tie my queen,
Love's mangalasutra
Of jewels of my pure soul
With pendant of my heart
And take her to eager arms,
Never again to let her out
From my love's lovely world;
I touch her,
Reach her,
And absorb to soul;
She is the crown of my heart,
Soul of my soul,
My darling,
Who makes me, me,
Me, her own.

Kumkum on her forehead
Is my loveful kiss,
My body itself is her bridal sari,
That clings to her shapely body,
And I kiss her all over there,
'Cause she is all mine,
Mine, mine, and mine only;
Do you agree,
My love, my light, my eternal bride?

My hunger for her,
Anklets of her;
My passions for her,
Her bangles;

My exquisite love,
Golden jewels on her -
My girl,
Looks divine bride
To drown me
In ocean of joy
And give me all of her.
By luring my desires
To her wet flower
And keeping them there
Forever and ever.

I take my bride
To my dream home,
Where she and I, we only two,
In tsunami of endless love,
Live divine life;
Nothing more I wish
Than my girl
To keep me in bliss;
I flood her with love,
And fill her body
In passion's tide.

Sad though in real life,
What can I do to her?
Nothing, nothing, nothing?
Though she's mine,
And I, her man,
Bound in cages, alas, we are;
Dream or real life,
She and I,
Together
From our soul, heart and body;
None can stop us from us;
But, alas,
My prime is over,
Best of me are gone with the wind;
I refuse to give only the second best
To my most precious girl.

I know, she,

Broke through horizons
To reach straight to my soul;
Shed tears like rain
For months in end
To clear the mud sticking me;
Her labours worked,
Her grief and woes bore fruit
Though belatedly
And now I know for sure,
She is pure like morn dew,
My bride for all lives,
Together or not.

I need her all,
I need her heart and soul
To keep me alive,
To make my life complete
In dream or real life;
Indeed in dream
I have her all;
I wonder what in real life,
If we ever happen to meet -
She let me take her into arms,
Kiss and fondle in all my love?

I know, she never says no to me,
She yields her all to my arms,
As she does in my sweet dreams,
And let me do whatever I want
On her sterling shapely body;
I never refrain on her body,
I work like demon
To make my girl happiest ever
And lift her high to love's zenith,
Where we two in bliss live forever.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Creative Endeavours

I wrote and wrote thousands of lines
Touching the nuances of our bond,
I created for years stunning arts
Of passions we bear for each other,
But nothing touch'd the real heights;
Whatever I wrote touched elements,
But never the height and depth of the real;
Whatever I created has shapes and forms,
But no colours and scales of the real world.

Words are but feeble reflecters
And fail to catch the real depth,
Colours crack in catching scales
And passions leak thro' colours' pores
And leave all arts high and dry;
No words to heartbeats rhymed ever,
No colours to fancies matched ever,
And no lines I wrote, and arts, spawned
Recreated our bond, nor satisfied me.

Be it lines of words or shades of colours,
I bred in huge packs for years on end,
Mere patches they are sans congruities;
No unity they bring nor touch the chord
To recreate the orchestra my soul aspires;
Sculptures stand-alone truly they are,
But adding up all becomes never whole;
They do touch aspects, but without vision
And fail to inspire contentment I need.

Yet I write and cause profluence of arts,
For, in parts I get is better than nought;
I try to dig deep, draw the water all there,
Though know the limits of the vessels I have
And quench my thirsts from whatever I draw;
The poems I write and the arts I create,
Poor shadows of true heights and its depth,
Of diverse hues and splendid shades
Of the bond we share in Himalayan scale.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Dream

I saw you in my dream,
You looked like milky cream
Lapped in unspeakable halo
Of flow of aureal divine glow;
No more could I remember oath,
No more keep to austerities;
I forgot who I'm, who you're,
What promises hold between us;
I sought, you readily yielded
And I found you melting in arms
And filling my heart to its brim;
Heartbeats of both in mad throbs
Whispered our joys to souls;
Common joys, common desires,
Ribs rubbing, flesh fused in joy
Burning both in wild warmth,
Passions of love raging like fire,
I knew not it was dream or real.

Those lips burning hot like fire,
I chewed it in salacious pleasure;
Domes of bliss heaving 'neath palms
Unclothed I to gorgeous view;
You resisted not my aggressiveness,
You feared not what I do next,
And I splashed my joy all over you
In wild madness nature induced;
You're one throb from head to heel,
You're red warm in wild excitement,
And I moved down and down and down
Till you burst in uncontrolled throbs
And I responded within with all I have;
I had all yours, gave you all mine,
Having it all and tired of the thrill,
You slipped to sleep in contentment;
I awoke, found it's, alas, mere dream,
Found you in me though nowhere near.

My Life

All crows under the heaven look black;
So looks my life indistinct and alike,
A common thread passing till the end
Through falls and rise, turns and bend,
Dragging me along where I never know,
Though conscious am I of the time-flow
Carrying me somewhere to predestined end;
I fought against the tides hard first,
But realise, I'm mere nut and bolt
In the infinite system of cosmic network,
Where I'm just a pushover for cosmic forces,
A speck of dust on Himalayan range,
A mere dropp in the seven oceans,
Where man's efforts, mere boasts of clowns,
Plays of stupids in self-deceptions;
World is wrapped in Planck's Barrier,
The sheath that fixes what is when `neath
And all is role-play in presumed freewills,
Though good for pride, ignorance it is.

I fought my war for most of my life,
Brandishing my weapons of talents and skills
With steely confidence of winning the world
In unalloyed trust that distinct I stand
In the endless pack of billions there;
I looked at the sun and beyond that,
Yearned to pack him and bring on the Earth;
I desired to reach the limits of the sky
And return home with trophies in hand,
And I trusted I do if struggle very hard.

Nothing I spared in day-night struggles,
I sweated like horse and spilled blood,
Leisure and pleasure I shed from life,
And scruple I stayed, relied on my strengths,
For years on end and decades too;
I held head high and walked straight,
Refused to bend against conscience,
For, I thought, strengths win the world;

Alas, how wrong I repeatedly proved!
Blows after blows struck me in sequence,
And blood did spill time and again;
But, alas, that failed to jolt me from sleep,
And I walked steadfast in trust in self,
Holding head high in false pride,
Trusting strengths for good days ahead,
Trusting God's justice in running the world,
While blood and tears continued to flow,
Till I collapsed by injustices inherent,
And awakened to the fact of predestined end.

Shattered all dreams, confidences, I had,
Scattered all labour and talents of years,
I wonder my strengths what did at the end;
Oh, my strengths did give me myriad gifts,
Unintended, unwanted and uncalled by me,
And enriched life where I never dreamed;
No sweat it had, no blood ever spilled,
No tears I shed to reach those ends;
Indistinct hands in leash dragged me along,
And this is what is the predestined end.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Little Angel

Little angel is my girl,
Goddess Sarasvati herself -
Princess of the artistic world,
Darling of poetry herself.

Golden heart is her metier,
The milieu of love for all;
Mother Teresa in an avatar,
She loves all, hates none.

Delightful bright red rose
In heaven's love-garden,
She spreads sweet fragrance
On all who reaches her.

Young and bright like a spring,
Her love rolls like high flood;
Only loves outside, her stalls,
Or else, it's in endless flow.

She is sweet beyond words,
True blossom in sweet bloom;
She is charm wherever reach,
Full moon in smile in dark night.

She is too high for real world,
Rich dreams alone comprehend her;
She too loves to live in dreams
And spurn thorns and pricks of life.

I lay awake on my bed all night,
Awaiting her presence at my side;
How I desire to embrace her on bed,
So tight that our bones crackle together.

Once my lovely girl is in my arms,
I slowly elegantly mount on her,
Seek her mouth, and breasts to hold,
And one by one unclothe her.

My girl melts like fragrant camphor
In my loving tight arms around her;
She never refuses my wild desires
I madly invest on her tasteful shapes.

I love her sweet body fragrance,
She, my unique body fragrance;
We madly sweep on each other,
Like cool breeze in summer night.

Her bosoms, my temple domes,
I want to ever lovingly fondle,
Brush my lips in endless joy
And forget the world around me.

I yearn to lock my eager mouth
On her tender hungry lips -
Tongues sharing inside each,
Probing and sucking nectar there.

My girl is my precious treasure,
My joy, my bliss and pleasure;
My girl is my peace and leisure,
My heart, my love's true measure.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Poems

I want to write, black and white,
All flights of inner fight;
I want to hold random thoughts,
Post them in right port.

Churnings, heavy, burning bright,
Ideas get caught in net
Appear in words in sentences set
As poetry from the heart.

Thoughts deflect in the fog of smoke,
Diffract to diverse shades;
Heart finds the truth `neath the cloak
And dresses it in words.

Thoughts meet words; words, mood,
Phrases spring in speed
In rhythms and rhymes to meet need,
And harmony as its creed.

Poetry like cream melts within,
Delicious and sweet;
No intellectual grind, hard strain,
It dissolves in heart.

Thoughts like ocean in endless waves
Me oft strike to write;
Knowing not why and how it fares,
I choose a streak to indite.

Step by step new flashes strike
To my utter shock;
Invisible eyes guide to look
New angles rock-like.

Word by word and line by line
Thoughts in endless train
Come to life in string of tune
In harmony's fine refrain.

I decide indeed to write poem,
That alone is my task;
Once I begin, contents, frame,
Move on own tack.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Prayers

An insignificant speck in all of universe
Am I, a mere ion in oceans of matter,
And I make no difference to any anywhere;
I exist and vanish by mere chance,
And make no difference anywhere anyway;
I weigh no way in your sweet life
And you navigate along on your own merit;
It's nature's trick and a grand illusion
That you need me, and I guard you,
And you would wither without my cover;
Who guard wild flowers, who guard birds,
Whom need woods to grow and spread?

I fear, you walk alone in vast bad field,
But so is this world and all inhabiting it;
I fear, bad forces seize and harm your charms,
But how, insignificant as I, can rise to guard
While like twigs forces carry me on its whims?
Helpless I'm, and you are on your own tides,
But for my deep prayers to the Almighty
That, protect my Love, truly gem of all,
Most charming and most wonderful girl,
Ever you, Almighty, created in this world,
Who offends none, and you offend her not,
And keep her smiling and happiest forever.

I do daily pray, but doubts do persist,
Whether He exists and prayers Him reach,
Whether He responds and blesses my Love;
I never saw Almighty, nor heard Him promise,
But faith bestows ladder to pass over odd world
And navigate along the course of life;
Yet, I cry from deep that I be with you
To guide and lead and guard and cover,
So, no harms ever reach your lovely world;
I trust not others in protecting you,
Not even the Almighty in doing His fair
In guarding and saving your concerns.

Hollow I feel and vacant all round,
While you walk on own, without my cover;
Fear instills, affrightened I spend days
While incommunicado we suffer all along;
But helpless I'm, at this distance,
Unseen and unheard across impregnable wall,
Across which no light or air penetrate;
That is why I pray for the Almighty's Hand
To guard over, protect and bless you forever;
While all is lost, prayer alone shows,
While all lights fade, prayer alone gives light,
For, prayer is soul-strength focused on goal.

You are on that end and I'm in this end,
Prayer is the lone winnock open for us
Thro' the blinding wall fallen 'tween us;
Days somehow goes, love fritters off
Thro' the intense prayers I do for you;
But, nothing does fill the huge void within
That slowly kills soul and swallows dying spirit;
Prayer is a lame tool to hold intense love,
For, nothing holds love like love on act itself;
Love is truly prayer, but prayer is not love itself,
Love is prayer aroused as floods and gale
In the Heavenly abode brought over the Earth.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Promise

No more I take this liberty,
I promised you;
It was a one time exception,
I confessed, to bring you smile;
And I adhered to what I said,
And brought curtain down
With bleeding soul.

Truth was different why I did,
Truth was hidden from what I said,
For lie serves nobler sometimes
While truth burns harder than sun;
You closed all holes
On what depended my soul,
And I found no way out
But for the exception I invented;
Forced to adhere to what I said,
I brought curtain down
With bleeding soul.

How could I blame you,
While you love me with all you have?
How could I tell you,
You closed doors one after other
Till no holes open to creep in?
Yet I know in all my soul,
Nothing make you bloom
But me, my presence, my talk,
Nothing make you smile
But my nearness;
You knew the truth as I did,
But lie alone was open for us;
You knew, I was helpless,
You knew, I couldn't make a move,
Yet you wanted me somehow,
While willing me not ever
To serve my longer interests.

I knew, you're shattered,

While what you willed met its need;
I padded my acts
With solemn promises
Of simply yours forever,
Of unaffected oneness;
Lubricants do smoothen
But not the wound of souls.

I'm in severe conundrum,
Should I or shouldn't I
Beyond my means;
I know your pains that I can't bear,
I know your will to keep me out;
Where should I stand?
Already blighted for my sake,
Can I drag to arid patch
A live breathing flower?
No, whatever are our pains.

No solace to you or me
Either here or there;
It's all degree of shades
Of pains we can bear;
I reinforce the promise,
No more I take liberty,
This time for real,
Beyond my means
In spite of subtle urge within.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My State

I feel me in chains from all sides,
Yet find like dry leaf in hot wind
Thrown zigzag over time's tapestry
Without a fulcrum to hold me tight.

No bit of space to maneuver my moves,
Yet thrown to new hole at every turn;
Like caged lion I struggle to wriggle out,
Only to bleed and exhaust will to fight.

I looked to horizons and its silver clouds,
Like winged angel I raced to reach there,
While my roots held me tight to earth,
And fell flat on earth, soiled and failed.

Neither East or West, or North or South,
Neither front or back, or above or below
Make any sense while I'm caged like this,
And find life dull exhaust of time's drive.

Time is rugged path, full of ups, downs,
Sudden turns and twists, and rise and fall,
Where I'm mere car, unknown drives forth,
And time bestows fuel to run me somewhere.

Mere farthing dust in colossus of unknown,
Thrown helter skelter in time's wild hests,
Crippled I feel, without my will or mind,
And sail like kite in uncertain infinite sky.

No goal posts to reach, no drive within me,
No dreams to carry and sail me through;
At unknown beckons I do run forward
Like laptops run on Operating Softwares.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

My Sun, Moon And Stars

My sun is now losing halo,
Can it ever become hollow?
Time and space's distances rule
How it shows, not its true soul;
Mammoth are distances,
Clouds, rocks and heavenly bodies,
Billions in numbers in huge spaces
Creep, disturb and cast shadows,
Degrade the glow to distant eyes;
But, sun is sun, never diminishes,
My sun is now losing halo,
But, can't it ever become hollow.

My moon is on to new moon now,
Night thickens, brightness wanes,
Silvery clouds go frighteningly black;
No birds sing, no flowers bloom,
Pleasant breezes, frozen; stillness reins,
Hopes, shattered; dreams, scattered,
Distant horizons look obscure;
A passing phase in cosmic circle,
It's a phase in natural cycle;
Moon, untouched; moon, bright as ever,
Moon, so splendid, cool, pure as ever,
Soon begins to wax to full moon state.

My stars in disarray, scattered around,
No more as bright as it should be;
Twinkles are gone; glitters, vanished,
Nothing now reaches my inner layers,
As unknown fence rises 'tween us;
I lost my count and directions of them
In thickening night that shrouds me over;
My sun is now losing his halo,
On to new moon is my moon,
What more I hope than I have?
Nothing is lost; all is bright, hale,
Cyclic aberrations do scare soul.

My Vow

I remember
Yet that day,
Etched in my gut
With blood,
Frozen in my brain
Like death;
It was July sixteen
In dark annals of my life,
Buried 'neath million layers
Of fall and rise,
Fossilized to dreadful memory
That curdles blood
Even now.

What happened, happened
Irreversibly,
Seventeen days before,
Three days it's since I heard;
It killed me alive,
Turned world upside down,
Never again to reinstate;
I shed no tears
When inner light doused,
I uttered no words
While world blinded,
But involuntarily
Said, I knew it would happen.

It was a bolt from the blue,
It struck like a bolt
And tripped me out of feet,
But took three more days
Till I became alone
In an unknown cell
To dawn all truths;
I saw grief as fog
Descend all over me,
I felt horizons quiver,
I felt world tumble,

No feelings I felt,
I was frozen in grief.

No count of time I had,
No will or desire anywhere,
A living machine I was
Doing painful chores
Neither with nor without mind;
No tears,
Living dead,
I counted years,
Half, one, two, five, ten,
Twenty, thirty, forty years,
Beyond it too, infinitely
Never I see you, meet again;
Suddenly tears gushed from eyes.

Then I vowed,
When I die
In last breath,
I remember you,
Call your name
As my stamp on this life
That you remain live till the end;
It is long since,
Decades rolled over,
And I'm now very old,
You never came;
I remember my vow,
Waiting to fulfill it.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Never Ever Let You Part Again

Need needs no nod at all,
Nor the stamp of any creed;
Necessity knows no rule of law
And moves the world by instinct;
I need you, and you need me,
And we need naught to justify it;
Then why these wait, and hide and seek,
This circumspection and introspection?
Follow instinct and jump ahead,
Honey and milk shall find themselves;
Wear not blinkers, see all round,
World is open and beautiful too;
Step forward on inner light
And take odds by their horns
To reach your light and fulfillment;
While crawl back, thousand doubts
Raise their heads to push you back;
Heed them not, steadfast on light
That burns bright within you,
Tear away wraps that surround you
And emerge like god on winning streak.

I wait for you from the dawn of ages,
Hoping 'gainst hope of reaching you;
You come half way, stir and stop,
Some mysterious leash holds you back,
You turn back from the cherished track
And sail erratic in wilderness
In grief unbound that shatters me -
Why I never figured till now,
Nor you know why, certain I'm;
Forget all past, look forward,
Shore ahead is beckoning you;
Move away from that weighs you down
And swim with resolve to reach your shore;
I wait on shore with open arms
To get you to blend our mutual needs
Those wait not anymore, and tired of wait,
And fulfill our needs of endless time,

And never ever let you part again.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

No Mother Equals In Care

You're pure like dawn,
Its celestial glow;
You're like morn-dew,
Fresh and crystal-like;
I feel jasmine presence
Whenever you're near,
Same fragrance, transparence,
Unalloyed brightness;
You're cool, lovely flower,
Warm like little lamp
That lights inner retreat;
Bright like full moon light
With sparkles in shining eyes,
I wonder on and oft,
You smile by eyes or mouth
That always blooms my heart;
An unexplained light spell
Your presence or mere thought
Always seizes me;
You brightens my soul,
You blossoms my heart
And excites earthly desires;
You lights my path,
Erects hope's signboards
And gently lead forward
Through the maze of future
To my goal post.

You're like diamond, hard,
In its sparkling glory,
In its colour spectrum;
Firm in hard resolve,
Not let me go astray,
You cut thro' hard surface
Even if it badly bleeds me,
To resist me from falling prey,
And you go in flames for that;
You're cool like full moon,
And fierce like summer sun

When comes to my welfare;
You're unalloyed innocence,
Transparent, luminescent,
Like purest of pure diamond;
You're pure love's glow,
You're soul's sole comfort,
No mother equals in care;
Oft I wonder within,
Can one be so unselfish,
Relegates herself to oblivion?
You're pure sacrifice
To your soul's cause,
That inspires to meet in half;
I feel mere naught,
At your lofty presence,
And pine to be one with you.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Nothing Count To Soul

Know that you are not yours alone,
More you do belong to one more soul;
Do not ever plunge to the brink of risks
That kills him alive with fears for you.

I want to reach and comfort you,
But, alas, no coach to carry me along;
Nor I know my Goddess curse or bless,
Or ever can I bring her real comfort.

Three years passed by without a hint
And I shudder in tears while think of risks
You dared to face in unfamiliar world;
Thank God, you are safe, without a harm.

Yet, I grieve for the state in isolation you suffer
Unseen by me from this unfathomable length,
Without a backup to fall on in an unnatural fall;
How can I know and reach to have you in arms?

Tears fill eyes, sorrow pervades all soul
While think of helplessness you suffer with;
No, like phoenix I must rise and comfort you,
For nothing count to soul till happy you are.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Nothingness

Now all is calm and quiet,
No vibrations any more cross across,
Now all is dead still, frozen,
No currents anymore reach across;
No dreams, daydreams, fantasies,
No wild hopes or fears for future,
No more stir weary souls in us;
No lights guide, no gulfs scare,
No fences on path bother us much;
How long is road concern us least
While all is dark and we must walk,
No goal or light at the end of the tunnel;
We fought hard from dawn to dusk
And lost all battles along the route,
Now shadows lengthen, night falls
And we must walk till the path lasts.

How fresh were those days,
How glorious, those rays
Of hope and bright light
When fought for our right!

Now all is in ruins, shattered, scattered,
Fallen and broken, uncared around,
No tears brim eyes, no grief chokes heart,
Soul is locked to inevitable fate;
Road is barren; surroundings, stale,
No past or future offers any light
And we walk and walk till legs take;
How long to walk without each other,
No more aches in this blind state;
Tired and broken from life long battles,
No pitch to fight for the lost cause again,
Too late and dark to do anything;
Hooded prisoners guided to gallows,
We follow our fate wherever it leads,
No struggles, resistance, no murmurs even,
In silence we walk to nothingness.

O, Flower

O, flower,
You're heaven's face,
Pure bliss on this Earth,
You're god's smile,
Spreading joy for all
In enthralling fragrance,
And rush of sweet colours
Of variegated hues.

O, flower,
You're lovely charmer,
Music to my eyes;
You're true poetry
Composed by the nature
In rhythms of colours
And harmony of forms
In thousand little ways.

O, flower,
You're the nature's princess,
Lording over all beauty;
You're nectar to heart,
You give peace to it
In hundred little dreams,
A lullaby to my soul
In your lilting swings.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

O, Goddess

O, Goddess,
You're my light,
You're the lilt of soul,
You're my forward beat
That marches me onward
And gives me purpose;
You're my desire,
You're fulfilment,
You're the track on which
Runs my life's coach.

O, Goddess,
You're my innate Self,
You're conscience,
You're the subtle melody
That sprouts in my soul;
You're my true beacon
For right or wrong;
You're my North Star
That gives direction
And depth to my path.

O, Goddess,
You're my temple,
Its sanctum sanctorum;
You build my bridge
To my silent soul
And fill me with the joy
Of discovering the Self;
Enswathed in halo,
You flood radiance
That enralls my whole.

O, Goddess,
You're my heaven,
Life, existence;
You're inner voice,
I seek to decipher;
Though you're within me,

You're beyond me:
My essence and salvation,
The end I always strive,
Only striving I remain.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Only Love Is Real

When I dig past time like miners, earth,
Unearth layers of deposits to ruminant,
I need to process them in heart and soul
To make it the jewels, they naturally are.

But, thoughts you left, memories, strewn
All over memory-field across horizons,
Constantly dazzle and shine themselves,
As embedded they are, within my soul.

In lonely moments of grievous despair,
One by one, I pick and keenly tap them;
Each feeds in sunshine and infuses solace,
Though soul-tearing pain and grief each is.

They're deep pains transformed to solace,
They're dark worlds breaking to sunshine
In the grind of time that brought insights –
That pains they brought confirm our bond.

I thought then, we lost forever ourselves
In the lingering darkness that seized us;
Now in the soul, long ground by time,
I know for sure that closer we have moved.

We dipped hard in time-space complex
And slid bottomless then in deep grief;
It was for us, reculer pour mieux sauter,
And rejuvenated we like fabulous phoenix.

Past is past, always, present is more real,
We throb in each other in memory's wombs;
Memories, more real than faded real world,
And we find tightly tied in emotions and soul.

Only love is real, and all else is unreal,
None can ever touch true love in two souls;
Transient world's hazards, illusions of time,
Love transcends illusions, flourishes in truth.

Rise and fall are nature's innate attributes,
But the spirit at the core is constant algate;
Rise and fall we feel in the transient world,
But innate love of us, safe always in god.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Our Love Is Safe

Far high in the sky blazes the Sun,
Unmindful of clouds far below down
In his mysterious celestial long run.

Waxes and wanes in rhythms, the Moon;
Day or night, nor dusk or dawn, noon
No way affects his recurring sojourn.

Cosmic elements run the Universe,
Deviate not from appointed course
In evolution, or devolution back to source.

Air or ether or water, earth or fire,
Follow in diligence their innate nature,
No forces block their processes ever.

It is how love too builds its castle,
It is how two souls in love do nestle
While blend in love's diamond-dazzle.

Thousand road-blocks along the path,
Gaping cracks threaten from beneath,
But love never shrinks from sworn oath.

It's hollow, now blindingly dark around,
Not even hear a whisper of crackling sound
Swearing your presence anywhere on ground.

Yet I know, you're close, on my side,
Groping for me near, and far and wide
To trace and reach me in love's hard ride.

Ups and downs are bedrocks of life;
No way it ever touches our love's brief,
I assure you, my love, our love is safe.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Our Reward

You are the hot spring of my cold heart,
You are the deep root of my life's spread,
You are the tall fire of my soul's prayers,
You were my past and you will be my future;
But you are mere shadow of my luckless present.

I know how you traversed from frame to frame,
From scene to scene behind the stage
Like a trapeze artist or monkey's trail
In pursuit of goal common with me,
In direction direfully opposite of me;
I know your breath, heartbeats, cry deep within,
I know your fears, nightmares and those pains,
Your resolve to reach and courage to fight
And abandon to throw life to waiting wolves
In the long traverse to our cherished goal.

You are immortal light without a fire,
A pure progression sans obligatory reactions;
You are the light without shadows,
The might without challenges in a frightful world,
Because you are always pure like fire
And sublime like sky beyond common calls,
Untouch'd like gold, and glittering like gold
In purest of pure shine deep within your soul;
You never focus on yourself,
Only seek your post day and night,
Though you know, you never lose that ever,
For, it is your life and soul put together,
It is your light, you are beholden to reach
Thro' sojourns of myriad rise and fall
We are condemn'd to traverse before we meet.

Clarior e tenebris;
Beyond whatevr we harked or saw,
Or fancied as our fate together will be -
A hard labour'd and earn'd reward together,
Sweeter than honey and brighter than sunshine,
An immortal sprout of our tears and blood,

Of devout yearn we suffered for each
In helpless grief of shattering pains
Life after life in several lives
Awaits to greet and unite forever
The forlorn parts of the same shattered soul
That saw the parts as her and me,
Orbitting each other in endless circles
In mad endeavours to conjoin again;
It is our fate, it is our reward
For all our grief denser than oceans;
Post tenebris spero lucem;
All is all right at the end under the heaven
If one awaits long enough for God to intervene,
For, Gods never cheat their own offsprings.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Passion

Passion is hot track on which runs life
To reach and breach steel gate of success;
Passion is flares those catch soul in fire
To rush and crush obstacles on passage.

Passion, hot steam that drags you forward
To impossible blocks those shut your walk;
Passion, tsunami that rolls like thunder
And sweeps road-blocks in unkind fury.

No barriers stand, no reasons withstand
Onslaught of passions in blind wrath;
It itself, its truth, justice, right reason,
It itself, its light, insight, raison d'être.

Passion is push; passion, direction,
Once let out, it knows not to stop
Till it reach or itself there breach
Like Martian satellite cruising space.

Volcanic, passion, erupts like lava,
Flows like river of hot liquid fire,
Burns the world that stands on path
And carries onward till passion cools.

Passion, demon, Rahu, of hundred heads,
Rolling in stead of thousand mammoths –
Eyes stuck on post, to meet at all cost,
No means ever count, end is all left.

Passion, road-roller; passion is creative,
Passion is might, passion, always right;
Passion, desperation; passion is talents,
Whatever passion does, right on own right.

Buds blossom by inherent passion,
Fruits ripen by infusion of passion,
Birds build nests while passions rise,
Passion unites poles, procreate world.

Passion, nature's glue, it is God's will
That revolves all planets around suns,
That burst out Universe out of naught,
Nourishes world to expand and contract.

New rain's smell of wet earth is passion;
Passion lights soul, passion stirs heart,
Passion, true life that makes life, the life;
Life is mere robot without passion's spice.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Poetry And Poet

Poetry is poet's inner world,
Churnings of Self in distinct words;
Poetry is not black and white,
Grey, nuances of diverse hues
In kaleidoscopic word-networks
That capture all formless clouds
In the deep sky of the poet's world.

Poetry is poet's outer world,
His expressions in proper norms;
Bare thoughts, his rogue fights within
Dressed well for the popular nod;
Poet's world, a messy snake-pit,
A burrow of rats, snakes, insects,
Fighting to spring in riotous words,
Filter'd for world in elegant words.

Poetry is never a judgement,
Sheer whispers from heart to heart
Beyond what words do transport;
Words in lilt and dance, poetry,
Links they bond, cadence they ring,
Makes a poetry, a true poetry,
A mirror of poet's inner turmoils,
His hopes and strengths in right words,
Indecisions he suffer, his deeper Self.

Poetry is release from inner cauldron,
Stems from within in guise of words,
Quiet flames of the inner hearth
That flared for long finding a vent;
Poetry, a relief, a joy of sharing,
Sharing the Self with the world outside,
Back to the source from where all came;
Poet is the priest, poetry, his hymns,
Offered to the world for peace and grace.

Poetry sprouts from the morass of soul
And grows out of poet like pipal tree

And outstays him;
Fleeting is poet, but not his poems,
Poetry is the poet universalised;
It sucks his thoughts, sucks his force,
Spreads outwards to enrich the world
And leaves the poet richer and strong
Like fire and good deeds always are,
How much you share, so richer you are.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Poetry As Inner Sparks

Poetry is a splendid jewel
Moulded under talent's flame
By tiny tools of inner sparks
Out of bright aureate strips
Processed thro' life's trials' ore
Extracted from innards of mine
Hidden within the human mind.

Poet is an architect, finest builder,
A blessed sculptor blended in one;
Sculpts, builds, designs in concert,
He raises elegant edifice of words
Held on pillars of deep insight
Reinforced with talent's sparks
Based on the base of inner wisdom.

Poetry is a flight in endless vacuum
Of fancies, fantasies and dreams
Held to the Earth by reality's thread;
Poetry is a wild colourful kite
Roaming over horizons all round
In rhymes, and rhythms of charm
Those carry it afloat to the sky.

Sensibilities in magical rhythms,
Poetry implodes to diverse senses
In fertile minds of connoisseurs;
Poetry is mine of hidden treasures,
Poetry is field of scattered diamonds
Only brightest talents do lay out,
Talented word-smiths only construct.

Poetry flows like Himalayan streams
Freshly melted from the talent's warmth,
Flows in dance thro' valleys and drops,
Turns and twists over rising peaks
In crystal waters of bluish white hues
In salubrious air that freshes mind,
And warms within by flashes of truths.

Poetry's lightening, poetry's thunder,
Poetry is the gale of uncovered truth
Packed in words of musical rhythms,
Delivered in verse as stanzas or parts,
But held in one in its hidden soul
In sense and rhythm and sensibilities
Those build a bridge `tween poet and world.

Not a handmaid of poet is poetry,
She is Queen, his inspiration's key;
She traps him, taps and decides when
And how to rush and mould herself;
He can't her stop, nor force to start,
He is in her labour and works for her;
Poetry is supreme, poet is at her feet.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Poetry Is Not Poet's

Sometimes.....

However I labour
Whatever nuances I harbour,
No sparks flash,
No thoughts clash
To inspire a poem,
To enwrap me in a dream.

I look around the world,
Try to structure a word,
But, alas, no bridges are built
From word to heart,
And I grope in void,
Stillness within pervade,
And I fall asleep,
Frustration all over creep.

Some other times.....

Wherever I be,
Whatever time be,
On bed or road,
In home or wood,
With friends or alone,
I feel the pain
Of thousand flashes
In violent gushes
Fighting to be heard
In engraved word,
Oft, I myself do not know what,
Certainly on I never sought.

On the crests of giant waves,
Riding as glows on sparks of eaves
Of ephrmeral lightning,
Illuminating,
Insights, new and fresh,
From within unleash

And words flow
Like mighty blow,
Brisk and fast like winter snow,
From where, none ever know,
Sprout new poems
Of vivid frames,
And I just write down
As my own
Deep insights,
Discover'd lights.

Always.....

Poetry is not
On reasons built,
But, deep insight
On its right
Flooding outside
In violent ride,
Oft breaking barriers
In verbal carriers;
Thoughts lie low,
Reasons shout, no;
Yet, floods roll nevertheless
That's poetry's bliss.

Poetry is not poet's,
Beyond his mind's limits;
Yet, poetry is poet's own,
Where inner churning's crown
From deeper subtle soul
As truths at its whole
To the poet's shock,
Beyond his common look;
The baby is his very much,
But beyond his empirical stretch;
It's he himself,
But transcends his ephemeral self;
Poetry is poet and plus,
His fusion with universal flux.

Polar Star

Lost forever, or poised to sprout,
Wherever you pass off, hide from me,
I never let you pass away from me;
I turn up down far worlds all over
To bring you back to my pining soul;
I traverse across expanding Universe,
I search for you in clouds of Galaxies,
Pierce fires to trace your presence,
And implode naught to bring you out;
Rise up; dip down in endless giant waves,
Traverse Universes, exceeding light speed,
Scan for traces that radiate from you.

For, you're the essence, the truth of soul,
The spark that ignites light in my soul
From whatever distance, difference of time,
For, time and distance, no factors in us;
Wherever you be, and however you be,
Whatever distances us separate from each,
You remain focus of my pining soul,
True solace within by existence anywhere;
In worlds of feuds and conflicts of selves,
In show worlds of deceptions, theatricals,
You're pure like nascent Mother Nature,
Always unchanged, translucent like God.

I receive your beacons from far away port,
From where, faint faculties can't comprehend;
I installed billion antennae to catch the signals,
In directions all round in the ship I sail
To reach your port and embrace you in soul;
But, alas, I fail, no radar comes to help
And I navigate blind in blinding darkness;
Lose not courage, my love, trust my love,
I blast darkness, the night, the naught around,
And traverse Universes by the wings of resolve
And reach you some time, however far it be,
And live like Polar Star forever together.

Raise High Your Banners

You're your standards,
Bearer of your banners;
It's your foundation
On which you build on;
Never for anything's sake,
Sacrifice your standards,
Topple your banners,
Undermine foundation.

Thousands wait to hawk your core,
Thousands wait to dilute your fare,
Shear your resolve to shore up self,
Lade you with undue loaf and pelf
To distract focus from your fare.

If weak and torn within you are,
You do yield to lick the offer,
Or out of fear of the harm ahead,
Quit standards and tear banners
To join the herd of spineless lots,
Alas, only to lose what you are;
You lose your steam, your sheen,
Aye, a born horse turns to an ass,
A cute cuckoo crows like a crow;
It's what most of you there are,
Neither here nor there, dumb alike,
One among many, stripped of life,
Living dead, not truly what you are.

You're what you're truly within,
Not somebody you try for gain,
Nor the mask you wear to compromise;
Whatever easy life entice you out,
Is it worth to replace your true self?
You're your spine, your true limits,
Whatever that comes must feed to it;
None but you alone make yourself,
None but you alone mould your self.

Yield not to pressures,
Yield not to pleasures,
Force your focus
On what you stand for;
That's your salvation,
That is the true solution
To uphold your banner,
To hoist your standards
At whatever cost it be;
'Cause it's you yourself,
All else is a mask.

World loves to interfere,
Loves to raven you,
Pollute you from pure you;
Corruption is its stake,
Pollution is its flair;
Yield not to the game,
Do not bring on self shame;
Wearing other masks,
Prostitution itself;
A bear as bear is a bear;
In whatever other skin,
You can't so hold forever.

Going on own isn't easy,
Though it's the life's way,
Though it's the honest race
And it's the straight path;
Moving left and right
In alien skins and masks
Relegate you to oblivion
From what you really are,
And what is your road;
You end up all mixed up,
So inebriated in life,
Lose your natural fare,
And end up in total loss.

Hold high your standards,
Raise to sky your banners
For whatever is its worth;

It is self-respect,
It's honouring self worth,
It's living your own,
Honouring the Mother Nature
And living for self's worth.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Real And Unreal

What is truly real, darkness or light?
Is it void or space, real in essence?
How timeless and time compare as real?
What is real, ignorance or knowledge?
What counts as real, unreal or real?

Nobody knows, who started, and when,
What did constitute the earliest world –
Darkness, void, timeless, ignorance;
Has unreal nothingness preceded all of it?
Whence dimensions impinged on unreal?

Who how fathered the real dimensions
In inviolable unreal pervading everything?
Reality that transcends unreal nothingness
And darkness, void, timeless, ignorance –
Fathered dimensions and lighted creations!

Darkness is real, light creates that real,
Void is real; space makes that real, real,
Timeless is real while time, intelligible,
Ignorance is wick that knowledge lights up,
And unreal is shadow lurking `neath real.

Nothingness is frame, reality builds on it,
Darkness by itself illumines to eternal light,
Void is eternal bowl; space fills to its brim,
Timeless, an impulse, finds direction in time,
Ignorance breathes life while knowledge lights it.

Unreality does exist, reality too exists,
Reality hides in it unreality as its sport,
Both complement each to create Universe;
While awakens unreal to reality's spark,
All worlds light up as glorious realities.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Relief

A cloudburst,
A relief from oppressive heat,
A rise up in the sky
Like a hot balloon
In a celestial melody
Rising up from within
From Mother Earth's womb
In ripples from unconsciousness
Gathered my enthusiasm.

I, weighed down
By heavy sandbags
Of emotions and intellects,
Tieing me down
To the Earth's wilderness
Of infernal illusions,
Find my inner freedom
In wild enthusiasm.

It is a thunder
Rising from nowhere,
It is a wonder
Seiging from everywhere,
A I' improviste
In nature's primordial rhythm
That fills my soul
And spurs me to take
Rock-like little steps,
One at a time
To chisel my path
To right balance.

It isn't rebellion,
It isn't revolution,
It isn't leap to high sky,
Mere crawl to right spot
In aftermath of delusions
To set bedrock aright
And build on it

As it should be.

Views seen in refractions
Fall flat now unclothed,
Gimmicks played by mind
Now unveil in black
And truth stares straight
To unburden me,
For truth is true relief,
And truth's passage is safe,
And I find relief
To fly high in the sky
In rock-like enthusiasm.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Rolls Somewhere

Layers of time buildup human life,
Series of experience builds his self,
Knocks from all sides, its rude shocks
Heat his self and beat him to shapes;
Only then he shines like sovereign gold,
Soft and bright, pure like crystals,
Fluid and ripe like fullmoon brilliance,
Like a gem in midst of broken glasses.

What he sees expands his vision,
What he hears embeds in his self,
Pains and joy widely stir his life,
Each enriches him inside his self;
Grief like hot flare blunts his edges,
Red-hot heat softens hard faces,
Melts impurities, saves inner core
That shines in glow natural to his self.

He rises and falls, rolls left and right
In all directions like waves in ease
To reach and add to wider wisdom,
To learn the ropes to navigate life;
Some are painful, some, truly joyous,
All of them tools for goals ahead
To reach and build his farther goals
In the endless sail of self somewhere.

Life is hard sail full of rough hurdles
To build hard sinews for farther sail
To reach the shore across the channel,
Where none but the fittest only reaches;
Nature gives time, and nature, patient,
It waits for each to learn his rope,
So each at his pace keeps his hope
And rolls with time where he must reach.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Rough Terrain

When I dig deep into memory's lane
And unlock layers from dark stacks,
I wonder whether you're humankind
Or the very soul of love in human form,
Come in avatar to bless me with bliss,
Not once, but twice in my single life;
It is blinding flash when you break out,
And lingering deep blindness when fade out;
Inbetween is pure bliss transcending lives,
Transcending deep blindness that succeeds that.

The passage I traverse in memory's lane,
An ocean of tears of grief and pain
Of turbulent tides rising to heaven,
Only to bring bliss everlasting to soul.

As I dig deep down in memory's lane
To the sanctum sanctorum of my soul,
I find you on throne sitting like queen
Amidst golden halo surrounding you,
Deep in the passage of memory's lane,
Resting like Pole Star in northern sky;
Volcanoes, cyclones, torrential rains
Touched not a whit your grandeur;
Like cream in milk and moonlight in moon
In concinnity you sit in peaceful abode.

The road you traversed to reach the abode,
Riddled with terrains of rocks and thorns;
You fell and rose, you cried and bled,
But ran steadfast to reach your throne.

I watched you across the rough terrain,
Bled while you bled, and cried, while cried;
I fell and rose while you fell and rose
And followed in anguish progress you made;
You lost your way for three decades once,
Shattering confidence ingrained in me;
Resurfaced again while I lost all hopes

And instilled confidence that it is you
And ran your race on the merciless terrain
Till reached your goal and installed there.

The bliss it all brings is immortal for both,
Though grief and pain lingered `neath
And shattered our lives for endless years;
For, no bliss is bliss but for bitter tears.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Sacred Light

We like one's twine eyes
Began exploring the paradise
Of intimate world
Of each other's colours and light
And pulsations that radiate from each,
That makes us, us –
The colour and fragrance of same flower,
The light and thunder of the same cloud,
Inseparable light of the same lamp –
And wind ourselves to closer bond
Of spirals that never unwind
And glow as one to divine heights
And give golden glow to the God there
By our love
That exceeds His scope.

We were true
To passions we had,
We were right
To what we sought from soul,
And walked ahead in right earnest;
It was a cruise in coloured world,
Of lovely dream-world beyond bounds
With winged fairies serving us both
While higher we rose in togetherness,
And sucked honey milk from each other
On the soft bed of lotus petals
And drugged in joy
In joyous embrace,
We forgot the world outside us,
Embedded ourselves in each other.

It was a pure ecstasy then,
But lost in it,
Insight wrapped in each other,
We lost our path to the God's world
And found ourselves directionless;
We're for each, no doubt in it,
All ecstasy floods roaringly there,

We belong to each beyond all time,
But lost in space and time's cauldron
In endless void around us
With no hope of God's world for now,
Ecstasy coexisting with fear and sorrow;
We know, the time is hard now,
But the light we bear deep within us
A day us leads to the divine height.

In ecstasy, in fear, in grief and pain,
We navigate the void hand in hand,
We bear the loss, we, hurdles cross,
And trace our path ahead together
To reach our post however far is it,
And give golden glow to the God there
By our love
That exceeds His scope;
Love gives hope, hope gives strength,
And strength spurs us to walk abreast;
Love is light, immortal and bright,
Hurdles and grief only stoke its flame
And spread its reach and give it strength;
Those bound in the flame of love in soul –
Not two, but one, shedding sacred light.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Science

Science, omniscience; science omnipotent,
Science, omniparous; science omnipresent,
Yet the science as it is is more an ignorance,
And science as it is is uncertain life course;
Whole is all; nought, a not, self knowledge,
Anything inbetween is uncertain, unfair risk,
An illusion of truth, mirage, false confidence,
More on wrong path, right only by a chance.

Live by science is a universal rightful call
While science is total in knowledge's scope;
Science is nature; science, truth; true bedrock,
Science, perfection; leads life to its height;
But, alas, now, science, just out of horizon,
Dawn, more dark, sheds less light around;
Refracted dim light spawns freak figures,
Better look within, rather than on false light.

More and more world, dark to human sight,
More of world violates now man's calculus;
Not more than one tenth science man knows,
Why follow one tenth to violate nine tenth?
Ignorant most calls to live science at all cost
That changes like chameleons colours a'day,
That denies at noon what it claimed morning;
Yet definite true gems science throws out oft.

Science is a process in man's advancement,
Science is the evolution to the ultimate truth;
Science is not goal; science as is is not whole,
Science is true light to find one's life course;
Science spurs eyes to see what all lies ahead,
But eyes are eyes, and the discretion is yours
To beat illusions and distinguish truthful light
And lead right life in the light of inner sight.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Selfless Love

You don't know how deep I carried within
When I came with flowers and lighted lamp
And offered to you in silent prayers;
But you knew, in grief I was falling apart
And no way you add fuel to that flame;
After all we share same joy and grief,
After all we bear same life and soul;
You know, role play is woman's might,
Selflessness, her strength, original self;
Like lightning you feigned blinding fury
And bore like thunder and broke like rain,
Flooding my soul and drowning spirit
In threats and insults unkind to the core;
Shatter'd by the shock and confounded in heart,
I begged like child to pardon my faults,
Knowing not what hurt you so much;
Finding a spot to relieve me from pain,
Flaring like the Sun, you in total control,
Raised decibel to rattle my peise;
You called, I follow you wherever you go,
And go for all details there about you;
It was a third force while intervened, you stopped,
And I tacitly vanished from the spot.

No fury you feigned, no threats you posed,
No insults you heaped unkindly on me
No way detract me from deep faith in you,
No way change tack deeply carved in soul,
For, I know, who and what you really are,
What is your call, why this desperate act;
You figured to snap the bond that held us tight
To save my grace and save me from fall
From the fall you fear you are destined to
And save me from grief for your foul fate;
But I vouch, I love to accompany you,
It be heaven or hell, we sail together;
But, alas, you refuse to harm my cause.

The fury you feigned and threats you posed,

The insults you heaped unkindly on me
Though no way detract my deep faith in you,
Does stop me on track from reaching you
And a blinding wall is rising up;
A desperate message I passed across,
'Not angry, I understand, whatever you are,
The Almighty looks ordinary before you';
And that is the last that gone between us;
An insoluble darkness divides us now,
Though bound we are, and yearn for each.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Sequence Of Accidents

What a design, precision, perfection everywhere,
What an engineering marvel in its subtle process!
Sheer music, orchestra of the matching resonance!
Wherever you look, or wherever you intently hark,
What an order, discipline from beginning to the end,
In life, lifeless, vacuum, elements or celestial stars,
In all Universes and without, to quarks and within,
In time, in space, in dimensions and nature's laws
In uncanny processes that run everything forward –
All meet in sublime orchestra of the surreal kind
And tie all into one huge synergic grand whole
Of celestial grand music that transcends creation.

In shares, proportions and distribution of kinds
In the rise and fall, in all growths and deaths,
In waves of thoughts, and vibrations of souls,
In flows of emotions, and sparks of insights
Invisible calculus does carry a sublime justice
And makes everything here a balanced vehicle
That runs in right speed on befitting right rails;
No nut or bolt of the system loosens ever here,
No slip of false steps affects the process here,
No fall in volume of power or the short-circuits
Or the leakage of fuel, accidental wears and tears
Ever block the run of the supernatural marvel.

Look at a lovely flower in the spring's colours,
Look to woman's changes in the child-birth,
The tricks of the breath, and digestion of food –
What sequence and symphony works out there!
Billions are humans lived for thousands of years,
But no two is alike in their sole look and traits,
What records and figures keep them all distinct?
Night and day roll for the rest and long work,
Winter and summer in pursuit follow each other,
The body blossoms while pollination is in need,
And gender is worked to complement the other,
And attractions do limit only to specific species.

Wherever there is need, nature does feed there,
Following the rise to top, downward fall starts;
Oceans are huge, while land mass is far short,
Water from oceans rises to cool sky as steam
And fills river beds, ponds and sinks into ground
To bear life on the land, and sustain life there;
Dawn rolls to noon and the noon changes to dusk,
Childhood grows to youth, then to withering stage,
Comforts to indolence, and indigence to hard work,
Struggles all through life to reach impossible goals;
Water anywhere runs downward and keeps level,
So everything in nature maintains balance in the end.

All is in balance here, in irresistible unique beauty,
In order and discipline, in perfection in every detail;
We're its minute parts; we constitute its nuts and bolts,
Creations of its balances, we, see beauty in the whole,
Everything that beyond us looks marvelous naturally;
We're its child; in hindsight we find order there,
Everything that succeeds is part of that preceded,
And we're sweet fruits of whatever the nature was;
Whatever accidents in sequence created all of us,
As part of that sequence, we feel an order in all!
Is it the subtle reason why we see order everywhere?
Truly I know not, for I'm only its insignificant bit.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

She Bides Time

'Neath myriad layers of cosmic tides,
She patiently for endless aeons bides
For right spur that her far overrides
Over grief that in her passage hides.

She bore assaults, fell to steep falls,
Found against her stand tall walls,
Pulls and pushes, threatening calls
To follow, or face life's dire galls.

She stood steadfast in love for him,
Refused to surrender to other's whim,
And found woes flood life to its brim,
And found her sink, unable to swim.

She took her fate in graceful stride,
And did her job as a dutiful bride;
But never in acts hurt love's pride,
And in right time, she moved aside.

She lived alone in dangerous hell,
Never calling help in the pell-mell,
Until her love gave vent to his yell
That she must rise, live really well.

She loved him well, heard his word,
But refused to rebuild broken world;
She bides time, awaits right mould
To rejoin her love, build their world.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Bloomed Like Blossoms

She bloomed like blossoms, spread fragrance,
Brought heaven of spring to winter world.

Like parched Earth drinking from rain's bowl,
I steeped in luxurious colours of dreams.

When dreams broke and colours faded,
Sweltering Sun blazed in flagrant hell-fire.

Winter was out, and hot summer was in,
Spring melted like treasure in delusive mirror.

No more I sleep, no more dream, just sweat,
And blankly stare across thick uncrossable night.

Those hot sweat and tears in salty streams
Drench my night, wet uncomfortable bed.

Somewhere she is, in midst of thick night,
Frozen in harsh darkness surrounding me.

I stretch my hands to feel her comforting touch,
Alas, bare naught mocks me from all sides.

I know, she can't ever be far from my side,
Somewhere, hear, near, she's roaming around.

However I try to gather her in longing arms,
Alas, she slips, and I end in endless tears.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Blossomed My Soul

It was dark around,
When she came
In silent tiptoe,
Crossing barriers,
Moving curtains,
To sanctum sanctorum,
Where I secluded myself
In deep meditation.

She came like lightning
And shocked my soul,
She came like fragrance
And soothed me within,
She came like fresh breeze
And fluttered my being;
I remained calm in the state.

More as of dream,
Like a gentle flame,
She caught me in arms;
Beaming sweet smile
That melted my soul,
She gently spread in me.

Awakened from inner calm,
Stirred by vibrations,
I opened eyes
To her glorious realm –
The gift of meditation,
What I sought all life,
Now in human form,
In glow of billion stars
Stood clinging to my whole,
Sending vibrations
That made me part of god.

No divisiveness persists there,
No dimensional restraints;
It's infinite,

It is unity of all –
Of soul, mind and body,
Of need and fulfillment,
Of timeless ecstatic state.

I took my wonder to arms,
I took my charm to soul;
Rearing for unworldly unity,
I led her to wild passions;
It was two true wild fires,
Catching up with each other –
Feeding passions to other,
Breeding desires in other,
We raged wild in passion's fire.

She, in my arms, I, in her,
We rolled on bed in mad desires;
Reaching for her in joyous pleasures,
I indulged on her silken curves,
Probed deep till satiated soul –
She enjoying the joy,
I derived from her.

Be it her face in fullmoon glow,
Or the jasmine-like fragrant lips there,
I couldn't resist my lips from it;
I ravished in passions all of it
And turned it to pink –
Glowing in bright unquenched thirst.

I spared not her fragrant nape,
Or the silken texture of lovely neck;
But in mad haste to reach downward –
To move the veils
From her chest,
And descend to vale
Between bosoms,
And reach the bright temple towers
Standing in shape above Priya's heart
And squeeze it in joy with palms,
And nibble tiny nipples
Standing there erect,

By my teeth rearing for that,
Oh, I moved downward –
I raised her state
To pure ecstatic height,
And that pure bliss
Blossomed my soul.

Imbrued in pure contentment,
She receded from me step by step,
Leaving back the light to my soul,
Transforming deep meditation I do
To truly focused on soul and god.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Crossed Back

Long since we both met and talked,
Five years since we heard each other -
I forgot since then how she looked,
Nor could I recall her gentle voice,
Nor I knew what toll time invoiced
On her life in-between those years;
I did come across some months before
Distressing news that she walked across
To a distant land and settled there.

I gathered some tidbits hither and thither,
That threw me to throes of gross despair
That all is not well truly there, for her;
I knew, she wanted me not to intervene there,
And soil my name in confounding muddle;
After all, she did all to save me from fall,
How then she let me drown in a worser hell?
But no more could I bear where she stood,
And decided to confront with all my might.

I talked to her, that presence shocked her,
'I'm fine' she said, 'why you trouble me? ',
'I'm married, you know? ' she asked me;
It was unlike she can ever in life for me,
Resolute in message that I'm unwelcome;
Shattered I went by that unkind onslaught,
Mumbled that I never do that again to her,
And slipped and dropped from that stage,
But certain within, I never leave her at that.

I took the matter straight in my hands,
Addressed her parents in clear details,
Who caused it all and now grieve for that,
And begged them to take her to their fold;
It did work then and they tried it again;
She softened by the hurt she caused me,
Agreed to cross back to the relief of all;
It was daybreak for my darkened world,
And I knew, she did again just for my sake.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Fought Like Hell

She meant all good for me,
All in pure love she did -
She abused me,
Acused me,
Humiliated as never any did,
Called me a disgrace,
Kept in distance,
Hurt herself in it
Far more than she can ever me;
For, she loved me
Far more than she ever herself;
She toiled to raise
An unscalable mound
Around my castle
To protect from harm,
To protect from shame
The state I reigned;
She minded not a whit
To burn herself alive
To light my world,
She hauled herself straight
To hellish fire,
Harrowed her life
To protect to the hilt
All I stood for,
Disfigured all she had;
When I struggled to safeguard,
She pounced on me
Lest I despoil her efforts
And expose me to risks;
She abused me,
Acused me,
Humiliated as never any did,
Called me a disgrace,
Kept in distance,
Hurt herself in it
Far more than she can ever me.

I was her soul,

Own soul was mere support,
She wooed me to her port,
Day and night struggled to click
Against my stolid stance
In lonely fight to win
For inhumanly long time;
Awakened to seamless piety,
Astonished by its depth,
I surrendered before her.

It was the turning point,
Unexpected evils sieged,
We're caught in the middle,
No way to proceed further,
Nor to get out;
I chose to fight evils,
She feared I would be harmed,
Alas, it turned to a fight
She against me;
I was running ahead,
She was thwarting me,
So it went for long,
None of us compromised;
I had to grace her love,
She was to safeguard me,
And we fought like devils
With love bristling within
For each other, against each;
She was in absolute love,
Far above me in thrust,
Committed to protect me;
She fought like hell,
Sacrificed golden life
To thwart me on the way
On injurious course;
She abused me,
Accused me,
Humiliated as never any did,
Called me a disgrace,
Kept in distance,
Hurt herself in it
Far more than she can ever me.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Is Beauty's Soul

She is the lovely princess of all beauty there,
She is the reigning queen of all charms there;
Bright she looks, as fragrant white jasmine,
Of everlasting fragrance of gentle sweet smile.

Like sunshine of dawn of rising Sun she is,
Calm and pleasant, and stirs grand hopes;
She is godly spell of divine benevolence,
Goddess on throne, she radiates reverence.

She is dazzling halo of beauty's lasting spell,
Of its cosmic depth and its celestial scale;
Shock of contentment, she spills and fills around,
And subtle joy pervades in her sweet presence,

Elegant are her moves, soothing, her words,
Like the fullmoon light, she flows thro' hearts;
It's soothing love desires, uncanny sweet dreams
She inspires in soul by her lovely radiant look.

Bright are her eyes like the Sun in twain,
Profulgent of sunshine in lily-like white,
Or is it jasmine white liquesced as her eyes,
Spotless and clear, but gentle to look at.

What is true beauty, you know by her look;
She is beauty's soul, liquesced and instilled;
Her curves and shapes, gestalt and tones
Perfect in bearing, and perfect proportions.

Fluid is her beauty, deeply imbrued in nectar,
Spills divine spells wherever you look at her;
Lighted lamp, her beauty, sacred, low, slow,
Spreading pleasant light, ceaseless for aeons.

Peace in elegance is infused in her face,
Warm smile is her mark, like shine in eyes;
Silence is her front, humility is her wealth,
Gentle at her core, she mingles with all.

She is unclouded beauty, bright always,
Blossoming like flower, full of fragrance;
Pure like morning dew, she is spotless,
She is beauty's essence, extracted, instilled.

Her smile is honey milk flowing all the way,
Her smile is rose blossoming with nectar;
Twinkles in her eyes is full of dreams,
That spur her worlds to drench in colours.

She is live orchestra of rhymes and rhythms,
She is godly melody from the finest chords,
Those lines and curves in concinnity with soul
That ring live harmony and hatch that beauty.

Like fragrant flame of camphor and sandal paste,
Pleasantly mild and gentle and soothing she is;
Like milk and honey, and the nature's grand rhythms,
She is the innate harmony of beauty and charm.

She is gentle passions wrapped in concinnity,
She is selfless love liquesced in her soul,
She is sacred light that scatters darkness,
She bestows true peace and contentment on me.

She is beauty's beauty for all shapes and forms,
She makes beauty, beauty, and lights joy from it;
She is beauty's soul, its sanctum sanctorum,
Its essence, its light, spring of my happiness.

Priya is my spell of divine happiness,
Priya is my fount of beauty in the world,
And beauty is the fount that springs happiness,
Happiness is the root that sprouts all beauty.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Is Charm Irresistible

She is verily Goddess on this Earth,
Came in birth
To reinvest truth
Of elegant simplicity, its worth -
How is it the nature's only wealth;
She is simplicity herself,
She is elegance incarnate
In whatever she did or said;
Gentle and temperate
Inside and outside,
She never hurt any,
Raises not voice to present her,
And accept what's her fair share;
Patience is her strength,
Contentment, her wealth;
Selfless to the core,
Self preservation unknown
To her pure soul,
She's charm irresistible,
Fresh like morn dew
Or melting ice flow
Of streams in Himalayan heights;
She is a pack of jasmine wreaths
With roses overlaid,
Fragrant, elegant,
A feast to discerning eyes;
She springs music to souls,
Spreads colours a'where,
Brings brightness all round
By the halo around her.

In the crowdwd mass of lives,
She's Moon amidst stars;
In ocean of turbulent waves,
An island of tranquil shores.

She is unlike all,
Never manoeuver for gain,
Nor play games

To share higher stakes;
Always charming smile
In her moonlike face,
She is kind to all,
Yet keeps in arm's length
Unless accepts her soul;
Talented and wise,
Alert to world around,
She loves to look within
And decides how to act;
She's a chaste diamond,
Brightest of the bright,
Yet hardest of the hard
And crystal pure
With billion colours
Flashing out of her;
A pack of thousand sparks,
She keeps warm all
By her sheer presence
And sensible talks
In spite of reticence;
Unlike crowd norms
Keeps away popular craze,
Enjoys no virtual worlds -
Unlikely fete of the age,
A blessing for this age
Had descended to cleanse it.

She is blessed model to this age,
Sacred light in its darkest maze,
Descended to show life's truths,
What are wrong and right paths.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Is Love In Its Divine Glow

She is rare gem embedded in
Medallion of pure pristine gold,
She is diamond perfectly carved,
Fullmoon, crowning cloudless night.

She is flower of divine fragrance,
She is cool breeze of hot summer,
She is the glow of the early dawn
That floods life to my still world.

She stirs soul from slothful slumber,
And bears beauty and joy around;
She is music in the noise around
And soothes soul to divine fortitude.

She is love in its divine glow,
That lights soul to consciousness,
That floods peace deep within life
And makes my life divine sensation.

She swallows strains that shoot on course,
And leaves sheer joy of life for me;
Can selflessness be ever that absolute,
Never, I'm sure, save in my golden girl.

Quiet is she like roses `neath leaves,
Fragrance she spreads only reveals her;
Silent always, rare pearls of her words
Brighten my world to fulfilling life.

She is light that lights my soul,
She is the force that stirs my life,
She pervades me and transcends too
And wraps me in halo that makes me, me.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Is My Truth

Sweet, sincere, simple, selfless, she's,
Heaven's dazzling pure glow in human form;
Kind, honest, warm, and modest in soul,
She brings peace, ease, comfort by presence.

Sunshine's pure brilliance in her conscience,
Full moon's soothing glow moulds existence;
She is trust, sacrifice, heaven's sheer grace,
Builds happy bridges in souls in confidence.

Like early pregnant spring, she blossoms my soul,
And spreads sweet fragrance unexisting before;
Those spell of divine feel, shower of pure grace,
Transcend physical feel to cosmic calm and peace.

She's not of here, of impure disturbed world,
She's not like all, self-seeking, low and weak;
A star in messy cluster of unruly mad meteors,
She's guiding light to lead the faltering world.

She's morn dew, the dawn's promising glow,
She's the hard diamond of billions of colours;
Though stands on the Earth, transcends heaven,
She cracks the truth of truth by her own form.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Lights My Soul

I carry my queen in every heartbeat,
She whispers in every breath of me
And dazzles in the shine of my eyes;
She blossoms from smiles rise from soul.

She is horizons of all my thoughts,
She is my spring of all emotions,
Etched in gold in every cell of blood;
She, exists in every pore, all over me.

She is in me and I am in her always,
We are two faces of the same soul;
We think and feel in perfect unison
Like fragrances do in lovely blossoms.

She is my concept of beauty and love,
She is benchmark for honesty and truth;
She is simplicity, the nature in true form,
She is life-force that guides my dreams.

All things of beauty reveal her presence,
All truths bear her stamp and signature;
Honesty how valued and deep in love
I discover'd from her sincere gentle ways.

Elegant she is within, and without too,
And inspires subtle joy in one and all;
How much can be one selfless in life,
I found in her, in devotion of her soul.

She is confluence of the nature's charms,
Unpolluted by the twists the evils force;
She is the divine light in its sacred glow,
Unlike sunlight, fierce; full of gentle grace.

I honour womanhood, because she is one,
I regard humankind as she is one of them,
I love this wretched land as she is born here,
Everything she is for me, worthy of worship.

Not crazy I'm ever of anything worldly,
I know how angels and evils exist together;
She is an exception without an evil match,
An oasis in unexceptionally barren world.

She is joy and elegance in a lovely blend,
She is grace and peace in a pleasant mix;
She blossoms my heart and lights the soul
And makes all toils of life worthy to bear.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Must Prove

If she is true
She must prove;
She should win,
Only then
Prayers will begin;
Until then and that
All is totally down.

Ups and downs
Till then
Remain open;
I take all
In good stead,
Remain stoic,
Leaving inner world
To judge what is right;
What I did till now,
Be it in outlines,
Or long patience,
Or surrender of late
Protect her side
However long it may take
If she is true;
If not true,
Like late dusk,
She fades to naught;
Not to worry;
If she is true,
She shall come back,
And prove herself
Beyond my doubts.

I go care-free
In spite of rise and fall
For I made it doubly clear,
She will be welcome
When she decides in favour,
And I'm in total love,
And no stigma on her;

I'm truly best,
Yet bore all insults
For the love we bore
For so long;
If she spurns me yet,
Unreasonable is it,
Fit to snap.

I'm not crazy,
I'm not mad,
And seeking not gain;
If it's pure love,
What I thought it's,
It's divine boon,
I hold more than soul
And fought for long
To protect with soul
Bearing grief and pain
Till a day I satisfy
It's not that;
Then all will see
How determined I'm,
Ruthless how much
Distracting unfits.

Freely I can now
Leave it to the time,
For if she's truly true
She can't fail the test,
So I devised the final test.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Radiates Pure Grace

She's sheer beauty carved in golden sheen,
She's sweet magic of fragrance of jasmine,
She's radiance of pure polished diamond;
She refreshes like morn's tender sunshine,
And comforts like cool breeze in hot day,
Just by presence that radiates pure grace;
Celestial charm that surrounds her as halo
Commands reverence and deference for her.

She's furthest limit my visions ever stretch,
She's exquisiteness nature rarely conceives,
She's ultimate beauty, bliss and perfection,
She's that end I yearn to mould into myself;
She is my aspiration, she is my inspiration,
And instills life to the faltering steps I walk,
And makes worth falls and struggles I face,
For, it's she, who is the stake I strive to win.

She's in unknown horizons far beyond me,
Yet drumming her presence deep within me;
I hear her in heartbeats; feel her in my breaths,
I feel her gentle flow in blood streams of mine;
I find her shadow in dreams and fantasies too,
In hopes and fears those seize me in cycles;
She's my future, my present, my past too,
She is fulcrum, around what I circumscribe.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She Walks Alone

She stood firm like the Sun and Moon
In their bond of billions of years –
No shift of a degree in mutual tie,
No change of rules in following each,
Year by year for aeons together
In spite of ice age devastations oft;
She saw holocausts, horrors of fall,
Bottoms of abyss, she was driven to,
And burning of soul by infernal fires;
But deterred not an inch from chosen course,
She rose from the hearth in blazing white,
Pure as sterling gold hallowed by fires.

Commandeered to quit committed course,
Or else face horrors of grave havocs,
Though defenceless, she stuck with grace
To dictates of own honest soul,
And threw away life to wild wolves,
And found life shattered, broken, scattered;
Forlorn, forsaken, her goal, demolished,
But no way, her walk on course deterred,
She walked alone through the ruins around,
In spite of no hopes of reaching anywhere;
Her devotion, selfless resolve, her led
To walk her course on the demolished path.

No pain or suffering or grief, her touched,
Grave crash of past or horror of future
Stirred her not in navigating the void;
For, nothing she valued more than her goal,
That laid waste on ground afore her eyes,
And nothing bothered her, but to live till dies;
Beckons aplenty were calling her to quit,
And rejoin their fold to rebuild her life;
She scoffed them all, walked the path –
She knew, without him, no life is worth life,
And no resurrection on his ash, makes her, her;
She lives in her ash, rebuilding lost bond.

Golden is her soul, diamond in its strength;
Kaleidoscopic glitters of colorific glow
As spellbinding halo adorns her around;
Her life, shattered, but not her sterling soul,
That filled with him, breathed him always,
She sailed through ruins in the glow that flared
In soul by enlivening thoughts of him –
Whatever be this life, forever he's hers,
From the inception of age to its very end;
He is her strength, light deep in her soul;
He's guiding spirit, leads her across lives,
And never she's alone till time-space exists.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She...

Can you ever divine jasmine's fragrant soul,
Can you truly figure the cosmos as a whole;
Can you ever surmise subtle designs of flowers,
Those robe in for world's wildest pleasures -
You see in her, these heightened life's truths
As natural as that for Beings their breaths.

Not like all, as common here and there,
She's rare jewel that adorns God's crown;
She's the simple grace full moon radiates,
She's real dignity rising Sun spreads around;
She is the spread of peace dawn carries along,
She's enlightenment refrain brings with it.

She's salvation to my withering soul,
She's divine spur that lifts spirit high;
She carries within her remedies to my grief,
She stirs the ale of joy from my head to toe;
She's my soul's nectar, immortal sweetness,
She's raging fire that awakens to life's treasures.

She's the masterly craft of God's own hands,
Moulded and shaped in His simple sincere art;
No complexities complications He devised in her
And designed her in own celestial mould -
Unlike any of us, yet one amongst all, pure,
She's surreal light, lighting all worlds around.

She defines beauty; defines right and wrong,
Makes words, a lyric; a lyric, a lovely song;
She's rhyme, rhythm; symphony, true harmony,
She is the cream hidden in the truth's subtle core;
Just her thoughts stir my whole to ultimate bliss
That wrapped in total peace of joy and contentment.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

She's Pure Pleasure

She's jewel, I'm its shine,
She's Moon, I'm moonlight,
She's blossom, I'm fragrance,
She's source, I'm its spring,
No way we exist ever in parts.

She's Polestar, I'm the pole,
She's pearl, I'm oyster,
She's light; I'm its wick,
She's beauty, I'm mere form,
She brings wind to my lungs.

When she stops, I feel choked,
When infuse, I brighten,
She's the smile of my soul,
She's the beat of my heart,
She makes me, me; I, her, her.

Here or there, she's forever,
Now or never, we're together,
No space or time disturbs us;
Forces beyond big-bang blast
Knit us together in cosmic trance.

She's pure pleasure, ecstatic bliss
Creeping in veins all over in me;
Grief or joy, whatever outside,
She still springs overwhelming joy
Deep within the shattered cage.

She's spell, beyond my will,
She's method in wild pell-mell,
She's answer beyond reasons,
She's the spark that lights world,
She's wisdom, my enlightenment.

She's pure glow that warms heart,
She's focus that brightens soul,
She's the thrill that illumines life

And spur to fly above the sky,
Reach and mingle with all the Gods.

While alone in brooding world,
She reaches by her magical wings,
Carrying potions of soothing potency,
Dances around; she tickles thoughts,
And gently leads to brighter world.

I know not, she's inside or outside,
I know, she's constantly with me;
She feeds, guides, sheds kindly light,
She warms soul while world, freeze,
I'm truly safe in her loveful hands.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Shut Or Open

These days you remain shut or open,
Oft you vanish from mind's horizon;
While open, divine, it's sheer heaven,
While shut, I stay unceasingly sullen.

You know, mind sustains in live contact,
It flickers in absence of sustained thought
And slips to naught while contact is lost –
Yet constantly you light my soul bright.

You are at root, shedding divine light,
Making my life truly sweet and quaint;
Roots are intact, but growths, do blight
In time we go without right contact.

Sometimes I swell, I know not why,
Like flagrant fire, mind flies sky high;
You break out from all, from air and sky –
Oh, in benign smile and impatient sigh.

Like ocean waves, you endlessly roll
And seize my heart and kiss my soul
While I rest in deep contemplative lull;
And you stir my mind in poetic swell.

But some days, shut, no waves roll,
Though I do feel you kissing my soul;
While I rest in a contemplative lull,
No stir in mind, I find, no poetic swell.

Indolent is mind sans your presence,
No spark, sheer blank, dumb in essence;
I grope in darkness to find your presence,
Alas, hands tire, and I relapse to silence.

All will go right when we shall meet,
Come to contact and closely interact –
Senses stir mind, memories us incite
And soul and mind shall march intact.

We live in void in different worlds
Without a bridge connecting heads;
No signals pass, no bond moulds –
We bind while we cross the bounds.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Simple Life

Know your world,
Look around;
Where you stand
Counts always.

Hark heartbeats,
Try to intuit;
What are buildups
Constitute world.

Build bridges across,
Irrespective of class;
Never you know,
Who will be what.

Delve to depths,
Dig out wealths;
Hidden, prove treasures
At crucial hours.

Decide your strengths,
Your strategic breadths;
Nothing is like
Knowing yourself.

Hide your pride,
Freely you ride
In and out
To win confidence.

Have all facts,
Then plan acts,
Decisively move
To carve a niche.

Be discreet always,
Right restraint pays;
Step in right time
To clinch a deal.

Excess never helps,
Shying away topples;
Whatever you do,
Moderation is best.

Set highest goals,
Burn in coals
To light your goals,
But detached inside.

Depend on self,
Seek not pelf
Others have,
For respected life.

Discipline brings grace
Discipline brings peace;
Limit yourself
By thoughtful fence.

Doubt not others,
Trust not either;
Give long rope
To hang themselves.

Have right friends,
Friendship mends
Invisible faults
Innate in you.

Read and read,
Always read
Books that breed
New horizons.

Don't live aloud,
Spilling life around;
Hiding and low
Have its benefits.

Right or left,

Does not fit;
Golden mean has
Most of gifts.

Why you compete,
Competition is fight;
Do your best
To reach the crest.

Be good to all
And stand tall;
Goodness, lubricant
That lubricates bonds.

Wherever you be,
Kindness is key
That unlocks in kind,
Sprouts true joy.

While facing evil,
Necessarily be civil;
Just remain back
And stay afar.

Go for little,
Attend with mettle
With all focus
To achieve height.

Live like yourself,
Live own life
Of own stamp
That distinguish you.

Measure the sky
To fly that high;
But never ignore
Where you belong.

Lower and poor
Plenty are there;
Share their grief

If you have soul.

Never divide man
By groups and clan;
Divide and rule
Leads to doom.

Never loose courage,
Nor show rage;
Cool courage wins
On own merit.

Death or life,
It's one life;
Dignified you live
Till the end.

Fell all wall,
Give your all
For all time,
It's true love.

Beauty, truth merit
Beyond time spirit,
Never flare up,
Never extinguish.

Descend from height,
Follow time spirit
Exact, accurate,
It's Kolaveri Di.

Nadi promised four,
One proved false,
One proved true,
As for two,
Chances are bleak.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Single Sudden Strike

You fell from the Heaven to the hell,
No more you are divine and Goddess,
Now amidst fell worms and vermins
With chief occupation of likes and praise,
And fell crushes and attachments you've.

It took me no time to discard, throw out
From the highest pedestal I installed any,
For, you're no more what I thought you're,
And I'm totally convinced of the truth now.

You now certainly know the truth,
And I left no scope to you to recover from,
Making sure that it's the decisive stroke,
Without a warning that's needed any more;
It was fourteen and half years of trust
That you're the prettiest Goddess on the Earth
In midst of all upheavals in a myriad kind
Now blown to shreds in a single stroke;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Sole Pursuit

Virgil in Eineid universally declared,
Varium et mutabile semper femina;
How foolish and biased is his verdict,
I realize while I think of your world;
Yet he is great, he's right when he said,
How and why vera incessu patuit dea.

You rose and fell, and caught in wild tides,
Rose to clouds and fell to hell's entrails,
But never an inch yielded from course;
Sunshine when lured to heaven's bright world,
You dipped deep to dark depths of hell
Lest world's tricks trip you from your course.

You thought not a while, thought not a whit,
What is truly must to protect your world;
You threw left and right everything out,
Whatever that threatened your sole pursuit,
Name, fame, future, and treasures of past,
Comforts, glory; and embraced penury worst.

You knew, you never reach your course,
You accepted hurdles, and abandoned goal;
Then why stuck to that course at that cost,
Threw out safe life to pursue that course?
What is that sacred in that course you pursued,
While world teems with worthier than myself?

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Soul Of My Soul

Full moon night with its buttermilk light
Set in the west arresting dreamy eyed rest;
Smiling creamy moon with tears in eyes
Bade farewell to the world it long traversed.

Million stars that shied away from the sky
By the splendid lustre of the smiling moon
Killed by the rush of the direct bright light
Cast by the sun in pursuit of the moon.

Moon treaded night sky like goddess in grace,
Like the gentle queen in royal accoutrement,
Graceful in her smile and splendid in night,
Shedding kind light far, near and for all.

All longed for her, for the dreams in her fold,
For the lissome indulgences she did inspire;
She loved her world, loved the spell she cast,
But couldn't stop tread, couldn't change tack.

She knew her post, where she would end,
How her lustrous halo dip to nothingness;
But conscious of path, conscience in throes,
Pursued what's must with self immolation.

She's lost for now, sun showed in pursuit,
Sleepy dreams melted and realities dawned;
Truth is always harsh, realities are thorny,
Day's light opened eyes, travails seized me.

In full moon night's fold, I was in dreams,
Totally lost to day's glaring petty travails;
But she knew her spell holds not for long,
And she had her path carved out to cover.

Smiling moon in tears did set in the west
With all the grandeur of lustre and dreams
Hiding horrid pains silently deep in soul
In self immolation to rouse me to the truth.

Full moon light, gone, aroused from dreams,
I wonder where has gone my smiling moon;
Wherever the moon is, I know, I am in her,
And she is in me as the soul of my soul.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Soul Transcendental

You're not heard, invisible and distant
To my mortal life and its simple needs;
You unkindly rebuff when I build bridge,
You constantly endeavour to fly far, far;
Yet I know, I constantly dwell in you,
And brighten your life, light your soul.

You refuse life without vibrations I give,
You refuse moves without beckons I give;
My thoughts do keep you carefree on path,
Without me as goal-post, you run not course;
Yet, you do firm struggle to avoid me near,
And build unbroken walls to keep us apart.

You're my soul transcendental, soul of soul,
Guardian angel, goddess, spiritual guard,
And protect my world from assaults of life;
I know, like North Star, constant you stand,
Protecting my world from harms that fall;
You know, from distance you protect me best.

I need noble concerns you have for me,
But, more, comforts and safety of you;
Tell me, quis custodiet ipsos custodes?
I'm here to protect and give you comfort,
How dare you desert my protective net,
And stand alone far to protect my world?

While safe, in peace you lead your life,
I'm most safe and in blissful state;
Insecure state you suffer far from me
Fills me with fear and writhe my soul;
You're best safety I ever can have
For contented, safe and blissful life.

I know your pain in keeping distance,
I feel flow of tears you constantly shed,
And it indeed serves my mortal need,
But shattered within my immortal soul,

And rendered me dead while alive outside;
Do you call it, my dear, protecting me?

While twain faces of same life, we're,
How you protect me by hurting yourself?
True life we can have in coming together,
In the bond we have, in binding ourselves;
Parting, illusion, as solution to problems,
Come out, near, my dear, let's rejoin.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Sunset

I know, it's sunset spreading about,
Long shadows invade every nook on earth;
The peak of noon is slipping from sight,
Dusk in air is filling from sides.

Tired and frustrated, I stare dark sky
And try to figure you in shapes of clouds
That float on winds unfathomably far
And change shapes in failing light.

The path you coursed along my life,
Thro' cruel terrains in rough weather
Wallows in layers of falling night,
You look distant, from another life.

The breeze is cool, oft freezes me,
And I dip to sleep oblivious of you;
As carpet of darkness smothers me,
I see you through it and bitterly cry.

My memories fail, tired body quails,
Night only spreads larger every hour;
No hope: I ever give you due light,
Nor morn and joy of pure sunshine.

Those sights, songs you sang for me,
Mere strains in the womb of night now;
I try to stretch, grab you from night,
But, alas, mere air I find in my hands.

Across the nightfall, somewhere I know,
You sit desolate with tears in eyes;
No strength I have, no light anywhere,
To reach to wipe tears from you.

Long night ahead is in front of us,
How long is this night we have no clue;
New dawn how pit us in coming world,
Never we know, nor anybody else.

How love, loyalty, devotion, sacrifice,
So laden in blood, tears and toil,
Vanish in night and dip to nought
And snap the chord we built in blood?

Nothing is lost in this god's world,
So is your love and total sacrifice;
Be it day or night, survive somewhere,
And bond our lives at right time.

High and low strengthen our bond,
Bring dawn's nascency at intervals;
The dip of dusk is prelude to dawn,
We emerge like sun in stronger bond.

Lose not, o, my love, your courage,
We are dragged on a testing ground;
I assure, we rise with divine laurels
And teach all worlds what love truly is.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Supreme Conscience

Wherever I look there is some sense,
There is some purpose in every move,
In every turn, run, leap, rise or sad fall
As if a conscience hidden is guiding all.

One leads to another as cause and effect
While causation itself is conscience' act;
Changes are spurred by structures innate
While, innate by itself is conscience' art.

From strings in loops to superclusters
Or 'neath and beyond all over universe,
All acts like soldiers on allocated tasks
On exact dictates flowing from above.

No faults or slips anywhere even once,
No excuses or complaints to cover lapses,
No negligence laziness anywhere here,
All clocklike work ticking as it moves.

All is structured to divine perfection,
All flows without rest to destined end
In faultless network from heel to head,
Whence and whither, none ever know.

All in exactitude to the nano-seconds,
Springs from all sides to the exact spot
To make things occur as it should do
At multiple planes as leads for ahead.

Systems within and outside the systems,
It is systems network of the infinite scale;
What conscience is that that conceived that,
How tiny human conscience perceives that?

All is with sense, and an ultimate sense,
All is in rapid move to an appointed end
At the behest of grand supreme conscience
That takes forward in a worthwhile cause.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Symphony Of Life

When I woke up from a peaceful sleep,
I found you lying at my side,
Your velvet body luxuriously stretched
Along my height in deep sweet sleep;
Bare you were like golden cupid,
Afloat in ocean of swelling desires;
Liquescent beauty dipped in lucent halo,
Radiated thro' contours flowing all over you;
Those heavenly bosoms and flowery lips
And parted thighs with blossoming winnock
To the sanctum sanctorum of your Self -
Each sculpted on you with perfection,
Each moulded like heaven in rhyme and rhythm,
Invited me to possess and play them all.

I turned aside and moved nearer
And laid my hands on those golden mounds
That spoke what you meant deep in heart;
The warmth it gave me made mad with joy
And I pulled you closer and held in arms
And gave free vent to surging passions
In enflamed body and aroused mind;
Awaken'd by the floods and fury and gale,
You turned and twisted in ecstatic joy 'neath'
Absorbing what I gave and begging for more.

We flared in turns, feeding each other,
Fire of each enflaming the other
And engulfing us like the wild-fire;
I flared and spread all over you,
Making you my own and taking for own;
We rolled in pleasure in unbound measure
In give and take of body and mind;
No refrain I had, no inhibitions you had,
Indulgences were heaven, pure heaven for us;
We desired no heaven, no God beyond us,
For, we found true God, salvation together.

Harmony is God, harmony, salvation,

Harmony is beauty, harmony, happiness,
Harmony is ease, harmony, progression;
Harmony in us, harmony deep within
In soul, mind, heart and eager bodies
Brought heaven to us on this very Earth
And carry us in symphony life after life
Over Earth and heaven and beyond that.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Temple Of Love

I lay on her body in perfect peace,
Our hearts throbbing in unisonance,
Our souls craving for more of each,
My hands probing delicate contours
Along the length of mound of roses,
Her alluring body beneath me made,
And together we tied in absolute bliss.

She was pure love all along her body,
Benign radiance of love and sacrifice
In the silent joy of offering herself;
She is holy shrine of love and worship,
And I surrendered myself to her beauty,
Reached and touched offerings she made,
With tender love dripping from soul.

Her gentle warmth was consuming me,
And I reached rosy lips with hard lips
And drained all joy universe can have
From her parted lips that invited mine;
A tender fire of live gracious passions
Consumed us both in one single sweep,
And we lost count where what we do.

I flared in desires like unbound wild fire,
Like camphor she liquesced beneath me,
Spreading sweet fragrance all around us,
And lighting love lamp there and near;
We, consumed in love and desires alike,
Alternated in tender love and passions;
Only passions in love brings fulfillment.

I moved from mouth downward in steps,
Stamping soft marks on mounds and vales,
And stripping veils that inconvenience us;
I yearned to give, and she yearned to have,
And we prayed that time passed not out,
So we remain together undisturbed forever,
Worshipping each other in body and soul.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

The Truth

Am I coming to senses?
Do things fall to places?
Curtains do slide to sides,
Pellicles move from eyes
And I see splendid sunshine,
Never I imagined ever exist.

Human ken is limited,
Blindfolds in bright glare
Of immortal naked truths
Beyond its limited depth,
And I alas, went berserk,
Coated all worlds in pitchdark.

I fought like false warrior,
Put to sword sprouting doubts,
Day-night in tireless pursuits
Bloodied my wrong hands;
Alas, truth was in shambles,
None to plead for its cause.

For aeons in mad craze,
Sunk in hell's nightfall
I ran helter-skelter,
Butchering all in front
Till truth itself stood straight
And dazzled before eyes.

Now I know the truth
As bright as thousand stars
That blinded me in soul
And blindfolded my eyes;
Alas, the onslaught I fared
Redeems not inner peace.

Yet truth is always truth,
And I'm always I,
And there's always a bridge;
Disservice I did to truth,

Truth itself manifested
For truth's own sake.

Truth never faults,
Truth never falters,
For truth is truth itself;
Truth guides on right path,
Oft in painful course,
Ultimately to truth itself.

Truth brached darkness
It itself brought on me
To broaden my ken;
Then revealed herself
In all her grandeur
And thrilled me by her spell.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Time Failed Me To Take

You came twice in diverse versions,
Invoked love, evoked my soul
To join in in divine designs
To mend pieces of our broken soul
To reconstruct as our single soul,
A mansion in heaven's divine garden;
Sunk in clouds, blurred in sight,
I refused to see crystal clear light;
But you settled not to leave me alone,
Sent beacons till I finally awoke
And reckoned you as my soul's soul,
And raced to meet to sink and drown.

Alas, I was late, bridge was snapped,
Bottomless gulf stared between us;
Hands stretched, we called each for help,
But no human endeavors overcome it
And we settled in grief for what we had,
And you chose both times course for us -
Once jumped to deep gulf; once fled back
To willingly burn in self-made fires
While I looked dumb-found on other side,
To distract me from the impossible spell,
Stop me from mad race to embrace you
And end up in vast gulf forever to rot.

You came twice in diverse versions,
Invoked love, evoked my soul
To join in in divine designs
To mend pieces of our broken souls
To reconstruct as our single soul,
A mansion in heaven's divine garden;
It's our home, where I belong with you,
All else is false, alien, unreal to self;
Huge gulf in front; darkness ahead,
But I must cross to reach our home;
I hang on time to swing me across,
But, time, too short, failed me to take.

To Be On Truth's Crest

I may be single man
With thoughts in single train,
But never do I remain
Sticking to one decision;
Life is multi-layered,
Chameleon-like, thoughts frayed
With time and inner growth,
Nothing stays steady at length;
Stars move, all plants grow,
Oceans wash in high and low,
Once born then moves to death,
No stand eternally sticks to truth.

I may be single man
With thoughts in single train,
But never do I remain
Sticking to one decision;
I move with time onward,
And turn and bend on time's need
To keep in touch with truth
That kindly leads me forth;
For what I stand is not all,
They do fall on time's call;
Truth, perpetual; time, transient,
I must alter to be on truth's crest.

I may be single man
With thoughts in single train,
But never do I remain
Sticking to one decision;
Road is not straight; zigzags abound,
Scenes rapidly change; turns, all round,
Navigating on irrelevant strait,
Invitation to lose my sight;
I run with the time pursuing truth,
Focused on goal for whatever worth;
Chameleon-like I change, run abreast,
Lest time clouds truth, I lose its sight.

To Our Soulful Past

She pulled the weeds with its roots,
She brushed aside ingrained instincts
And rose beyond feminine boundaries
While throwing away all her easy gifts
In devout homage to our soulful past.

She thought not twice nor reflected over
Leaving her nest to whomever it fits
Or nip little bud in intolerable pain;
True sanyasin she was in soul and heart
In devout homage to our soulful past.

She knew not where she was to reach,
Night it was and dark everywhere;
Though wings were weak, eyes, bleak,
But she flew away from snug own nest
In devout homage to our soulful past.

No light in soul, no throb in heart,
No desire in her to live any more;
Though no place she had as her own,
She fluttered wings and flew from there
In devout homage to our soulful past.

Broken was her post, shatter'd, goal post,
No course ahead to reach and meet,
So ordained to her her cruel fate;
She refused snug life anywhere 'neath Sun
In devout homage to our soulful past.

She was plucked from her soulful past
And securely then tied to that nest
By the golden thread of compromise;
No more could she bear and snapp'd the knot
In devout homage to our soulful past.

I was her past and I was her post,
I was her dreams day and night;
But, alas, me irrelevant rendered fate;

She threw out herself to the dark night
In devout homage to our soulful past.

I witness all through soul rending sights
With tongues tied and legs, paralysed,
With bleeding heart and crying eyes;
She knows my pain, but silently bears
In devout homage to our soulful past.

No hopes for us anywhere in sight,
Only pains and grief for the other's plight,
While far glimmer of hope do I dream;
None for her, she does make up that loss
In devout homage to our soulful past.

All is gone, blinding dark everywhere,
No flowers bloom, no sunshine anymore;
But she digs her thoughts and finds her light
In unfulfill'd rare gem of fulfilment
In devout homage to our soulful past.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Togetherness

I entered her world with passions unbound,
She received me in joy with passions all round;
She, her wings apart, tightly seized my girth,
I, swollen and big, dipped deeper inside,
Feeling warm flows drowning me in her;
She was like honey, enlivening my passage,
She held me inside in flood of passions.

Every move I made, stirred her to higher state,
Flooding her well with more and more streams,
Every stir I had, had joyous onrush in her,
Every push I gave had her tremble in joy;
I could feel her plea not to come out of her,
Nor did I want to root out me from her treasure:
Sweet passions of her held me in warm comfort.

In ceaseless sweet streams that flooded her world,
I joyously swelled and swam in unbound pleasure,
As if I'm the regal head all over inside her;
Every brush I had on her delicate walls,
Sent her to frenzied joy of our togetherness;
I soon moved to her limits, and fused our cores,
And saw the souls of us blossoming as a whole.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Too Late Now

It's too late now,
I have crossed the barrier,
You too gentle fence,
And prospects are hazy for both,
No crowded pressures,
No solicitations,
All is placid plateau ahead
For straight run
To the brink
As far as legs can take.

You drew around you
Rigid Lakshman Rekha,
Fierce resistance
Awaited across it
Against your needs,
Against your soul,
A Hyde and Jeckyll dichotomy
Playing fierce,
But you, stuck to resolve,
Vestigia nulla retrorsum.

You closed all doors,
Shut every window,
No air could penetrate any;
I was left in cold,
Virtually froze
While throbbing within for you,
But tied out helpless;
I knew, it was time
To recede to the womb
To accept what I have.

It's two halves
Breathing each other
And forming one world;
Connected, yet unconnected,
Belonged, yet not belonged,
We hold no hopes

Of retrieving what was lost,
Burning ourselves hot
In deserts of our lives,
Yet longing for impossibles.

It's final breach,
No more paths to reach,
Nor any desire
After all these set-downs,
Tired to the core,
Swink't in efforts,
I long for long peace
With you or without you,
Enough is enough in life,
And ready to wear new gear.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Travails Of Love

Peace sprouts from the womb of war,
Love flares from the hearth of conflicts
As lotus sprouts from befouled ponds,
That is how the world balances itself.

Bud ruptures sheath to become flower,
Love ruptures the Self to light its lamp
As Sun scatters night to advene daylight
That is how the world moves forward.

Diamond is hard, gold, firm and stable,
True love like them is hard and stable,
Like all the love my love bears for me:
Splendent, lustrous, full of bright glow.

Ganga does spring at Himalayan heights,
And jumps to plains to conjoin the sea;
So is her love, uncertain, all rise and fall,
No end in sight, for her an unending wait.

The course is long, coarse, oft lean and dry,
Full of curves and turns and falls from high;
Rogue boulders stand there to stop the run,
But she takes no notice and movs steadfast.

Though glorious to look, unendingly long,
Always overflows and full to the brims,
Spilled from blood and tears is her love,
Newmoons most, no fullmoons between.

Diamond is hard, gold, firm and stable,
That is how she courses her coarse course
To the far away grand sea that beckons her
To conjoin it forever and unite to one.

The beckons are no help across hurdles,
Labyrinths she is in tightens her noose
And takes her farer from the love she bears
And all is now dead silent between us two.

She broke from past, and future is dark,
Now and here is sheer blood and tears;
Diamond is hard, gold, firm and stable,
That spurs her to sail blindly forward.

How long is night, so sweet is dawn,
How hard is shell, so lush goes core,
How long her travails, so joyous is future;
But, alas, the chimera no more holds her.

Love is travails, long road to traverse,
Love is innate mission she pursues in life;
No end to reach to reap gifts, celebrate,
Love is her lives, innate light of her soul.

Love is she herself, her nature, elan vital,
She is pure love in immaculate form;
Love is not outside to travail and reach,
But travails itself, long mission for her.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

True Love

True love is like infinite void,
Beyond the peripherals of time and space;
It's nowhere, yet it's there,
And blasts to innovative worlds
While sparks ignite;
It is mere point as it is,
No breadth or length, no volume it has,
No bounds while it begins to spread;
Love sprouts its own time and space
To quantify its own terms and needs,
But never it itself subjects to it.

So, my Queen, never lose your heart,
Never cloud soul with irrelevant thought;
Let time pass, though in age spirals caught,
I assure, our love forever glows bright.

Love is single flame lighting two souls,
Love, immortal glow hopping 'tween souls –
Irrelevant is look, youth, bodily shape,
It transcends all odd twists of life;
Love glows on devotion life to it brings,
And grows with pains life takes for it;
And burns to naught the stains fate made;
Love is beyond life, love is beyond limits,
Love never concedes man made codes.

So, my Queen, never lose your heart,
Never cloud soul with irrelevant thought;
Let us grow old, our love stays intact,
And the stains fate brought bothers us not.

True love is a passage from life to life,
A struggle to rejoin against life's odds;
Rise and fall is game of the struggle,
Bitter tears flood souls in the middle,
But true love never concedes defeat;
It grows in strength amidst struggles
Till souls conjoin in ultimate bliss.

So, my Queen, never lose your heart,
Never cloud soul with irrelevant thought;
I assure, no more we suffer long wait,
We conjoin soon, though age is not right.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Truth And Reality

Reality is truth; truth, reality,
This is how the world is made;
Truth is cause; reality, becoming,
This is how the world operates.

Nothing is unjust; nothing, sudden
On the rails of the nature's course;
All is fruit of the truth's churning,
Some, visible, or invisible to eyes.

Reality is trunk; truth, its deep roots,
Those suck sustenance out of time;
Reality is truth, truth's flowerings,
Trust realities and find peace inside.

No injustice anywhere in this world
When reality and truth, seen together;
Like plant that cut out from its roots,
Reality is warped without truth's depth.

Meeting is reality; and love, its truth,
Separation, reality; imperfection, truth;
Sufferings, in-between, purifying process
That brings the love to abiding bond.

Once they meet, fall deeply in love,
World around raise tall wall for them;
Both crash heads on demoniac wall,
Truth is, both immature in their love.

Phoenix-like they rise again from ash
And yearn to find in each other's arms
While natural pulls pluck to far poles;
Truth is, balance, yet distant for them.

Truth sculpts within to elegant shape
To sprout the reality of exquisite love;
Wrecked love, by itself is the truth,
Immaturity manifests as wretchedness.

Truth never faults, reality builds on it,
Reality stands erect on truth's pedestal;
Truth is true soul; reality, physical form,
Reality is truth; truth is that and more.

Truth is true; reality, its shadow,
Truth is light; realities, spectrum;
Truth is truth; reality, reflection
That brings to truth reality's shape.

No accidents anywhere in the world,
All is manifestation of truth inside;
Nothing, wrong; nothing, out of time,
All rises in truth's precise calculation.

Key is truth to the reality's treasures,
Nothing, out of place in the treasure;
No heartburns or frustrations there fit
While truth constructs reality's edifice.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Truth And Untruth

Truth has but a single straight path,
Multitudes are courses unto untruth;
Truth like light lights all the times,
Flickers untruth with time's whims.

Flight of truth is short and straight,
Untruth does wind in circuitous route;
Truth in essence is light and firm,
While untruth is fast, but lukewarm.

Slowly creeps, truth embeds in soul,
As gentle light, awakens inner whole;
Like lightning untruth flashes eyes,
Later sinks world to lightless abyss.

Truth is like trunk set in ground,
Untruth, branches, spread all round;
Truth oft meets untruth at times,
Untruth can't bind to truth's realms.

Truth is cosmic, untruth, sporadic,
Truth, realistic; untruth, sheer optic;
Truth sublimes to everlasting light,
But untruth wraps blindfold insight.

From naught to bloom, back to naught,
The celestial play is what truth plays;
Manifestations we find matter wrought
Along the course, that untruth claims.

Oceans, its depth, its vastness is truth,
Mirages in deserts, ephemeral, untruth;
What strikes insight beyond all sense
And glows within is truth in essence.

Truth is peace, and truth, ultimate joy,
Truth is fair course to reach right goal;
Untruth, false course, does it destroy
Thro' endless baits to pathetic deep fall.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Tsunami Of Joy

My palms perfectly crowning on hers,
I gently contracted my hold on it
To the joyous choking of her long breaths
While moving harder and deeper inside
Her warm wetness in volcanic eruptions
That seized mine in uncontrolled bursts
Of pure pleasures of wild quivers within.

Full and fit, and thick, hard like rod -
Mine held like vice in lizard's grip,
It was thick joy soaking me alive,
And I moved in and out uncontrolled
While seeking lips to fill the cycle;
Caught one to one for wilder moves,
Nothing counted then more than we two.

It were us as the nature made us,
Free and wild as nature spawned us;
No shores anywhere for emotion's floods,
We played on each, we rolled over each,
We heard not else, we saw not else,
As if sunk in pleasure's wild spring,
We quivered in thrill like leaves in breeze.

Vibrations both ways caught together,
No veils between to stop the reach,
It was free mingling all over for both;
Curves met curves, warmth met warmth,
Emotions over-flowed to tsunami of joy;
No more then we remained distinct beings,
But one in soul halved for our pleasures.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Twilight

As years do roll to their shore,
Less and less fierce they become,
Heights fall, and widths shorten,
Waves lose their former thrust;
Huge waves cool to minor sweeps,
Roars dwindle to low murmurs
And lose the weight of the start,
Disconnect from where all began.

The race is from dawn to dusk
In the spectrum of day and night;
Freshness hots up to tiredness,
Cool dew's sublimate to nothingness
In the sultry air blowing around
As day does reach vaulting heights;
Then unbroken slow fall begins
Till twilight thrusts its own claims.

Twilight is the joy of refraction,
Of past passed thro' memory's prism
While no hot light stirs the world;
Blinding night stares from front,
Midday heat mocks from the past,
Inbetween trapped is a tired space
Knowing not it needs rest or thrust,
Tired, yet rolls from long past habit.

It's an engine in need of fuel,
It's unclean with accumulated carbon
In its exhaust blocking fresh air;
Engine rattles, whole body shudders,
No mechanics fixes the problems there;
Not fast ride, not even steady ride,
Yet drives along to next goal post
As years do roll to their shore.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Twin Towers

Her exquisite warm twin towers,
Delicious, shapely and tasteful,
Like hungry eyes stare stealthily me,
Invite to field its explosive charm;
Those lively bulbous pinkish buds
At lower berth of the holy temple
In mysterious rhythm of tiny moves
Sprout desires to seize and squeeze.

Smooth like velvet, soft like rose,
Those jasmine towers alive within
Breathe my soul in its deep swell,
Turn world to kaleidoscopic colours;
Drugged and caught in its fragrance,
Stilled and swelled by its sweet fire,
I climb over towers, hold them in hands,
In joyous magic, I hide in them.

I feel them melt in my hands,
I feel them breathe in my hands;
Caught in swirl, impossible to break,
I take in mouth those dark buds,
Play with tongue and seize with lips
And gently bite in insatiable relish,
Take each of them in unsteady hands,
And kiss them both in furious passions.

They're hidden temples, sacred spots,
Gateway to soul through the heart,
Sanctum sanctorum devoted to one,
Closed all times to worlds outside;
When it spills, it spills great desires,
And swells unbound across to reach;
It gives and takes by the throat,
It gives itself in full abandonment.

They're true temples built for soul,
They're holy temples built over heart;
They're twin lamps lighted for soul,

They're fleshy forms of Gods within;
They're winnocks to whisper to soul,
Magical bridge that meets desires;
What a wonder, what charm, those towers,
They stir oceans of unbridled desires.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Two Lives

You saw two lives
In single of mine,
Two leaves in the same stalk,
Two layers of the same stock,
So similar,
Yet so different,
Both ran parallel to my life,
Moved me up and down the hill
In different frames,
The same portraits,
Both raising me to real heaven,
Only to let down to grievous hell;
Showed me what I'm,
From where did I come,
Added me worth unfound anywhere,
Showed I'm not alone in this world.

You came like God
At unexpected times,
Caught unaware in pleasant surprise,
Rendered me dumb in happy shock;
When I opened eyes
You receded far,
Leaving me forlorn and badly desolate
In inconsolable grief and horrid pain,
Me groping in dark
For a streak of light
Till I notice you cross horizons
And eternally in time dissolved,
Only to recycle again
With its rise and fall;
Why this game of mouse and cat?
How long I should endure this?

You are helpless,
Like what I'm here,
We both sail on the same boat,
Desperate to reach and blend;
But, alas, odds stand,

Topple our plans;
You're what you're, scared soon,
Vacate own seat to ease my sail;
I am left alone,
Badly torn between
Grieve day and night for the fall,
Wait for the advent you do make;
Lo, then you come,
The cycle goes round,
Our world then revolves around,
How long none know in this world.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Unequals

You flared to heaven and drowned to hell,
I merely tore mind and sculpted emotions;
You disfigured your life to unfamiliar shreds,
I walked very regal with what I have intact;
You spilled freely blood, I only cried aloud,
You roared like wild-fire, I fed it with breeze,
You tried to flee far, I pursued till the end;
Though actors we're in same celestial play,
Though we played roles complementing each
And moulded human story full of upheavals
And pushed farther stones of human endurance
To redefine the strength of soul in human bond,
Can we ever be equals in our painful roles?
No rolls of ocean waves compare to cup's ripples.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Unkind Insight

You were caught in two,
Uncertain what to do,
You blindly ran amok;
Worlds at left and right,
Inbetween tightly caught,
You lost your clear sight;
One appealed to intellect,
The other to deeper heart,
Both pulled you far apart;
In true feminine sentiment,
You moved with intellect
While stayed in heart in heart.

Intellect is broken glass,
Scattered on road ahead,
You plodded on bloody course
In blood and sweat and tears;
The weight of heavy heart
You left now in far heart
Dragged in each step back;
You fell and rose again,
But stuck to course ahead;
For the track you traversed,
Filled with sombre smoke,
Blinded you all together.

Heart is an open world,
Indefinite and uncertain,
No road is built for it;
Walked long on bloody world,
Lost path to open world,
You lost it for all times;
Walk straight on your path,
Be it blood, sweat or tears,
It is your chosen world,
And walk it to the end,
Lest lose that world too
And hang on in the middle.

Unknown World

Fragrant breeze of destiny carried her to me
Like moonlight carries full moon in east -
Bright and white, fresh, innocent like moon,
Dazzling in youth, lush, soothing to soul;
I got her on both hands and laid on my lap
And gently brushed lips on her lighted face;
Ecstatic was she by the warmth I infused,
Smiled like sunshine of gentle sun in east
And threw arms round and pulled me close,
Whispered, she found what she sought for aeons;
Yet in blinds, no light flashed to my soul,
Though I longed for her as she for me,
And I carried endearments in my own ways.

She, bundle of jasmine, bunch of red roses,
Scattered fresh dew on eon green leaves,
Pure and fresh and innocent, fragrant, sweet -
I drew her very close and inhaled elegance,
Let loose my love all over her irresistible spell;
She took my acts to the brim of her soul,
Buoyed in joy, she in love held me very tight,
And she brought her face in front of mine;
Shocked, I saw her eyes filled with tears,
Puzzled, I sought what caused her grief.

She raised her head, distress all over her,
Kindness and love pouring out from her,
Said, her wise master had contrived her path
To meet me, her goal, though for a short while
And set her on breeze to meet me for a while,
And come back soon to not distort our fate,
Lest she and I lose our destined good days,
Settled, everlasting, in sacred Akashic Records;
She recounted in detail, she distanced from me,
I stretched my hands in utter despair, disbelief,
She stretched her hands in utter hopelessness,
And distance 'tween us increased with breath
And she melted from eyes to unknown world.

Unlike Little Flowers

Like Mahamasthakabhisheka is your love,
Profuse, variegated, colorific, sublime and sacred,
Deeply cleansing ablution of milk and honey,
Of vermilion and sandal paste, curds, coconut juice,
Refreshing and sweet and rich, pleasant to the soul;
Like sunrise after dark is your love,
Quiet and bright, reassuring, transparent,
Full of sunshine, hope, and new beginning,
Promise of new worlds of huge rainbows,
A surge of spirit to vanquish world;
It's your love, heaven on Earth to my soul.

I was a broken bridge,
Standing alone on a ridge;
But you chose me from all
And loved me by all soul.

You are sweet ambrosia to my soul,
Giver of eternal health and youth;
Your love is light of light of my soul,
My heart's rhyme, rhythm and melody,
And sparks of mind, and youth of life;
You bring peace and peise, joy, contentment,
Zeal for life, hopes and fulfilment.

I'm always with you,
The sky from its blue
Even if changes hue,
Our love always is true.

Just a sweep of your bright eyes,
What a surge of joy I find in heart!
Those innocent smiles you throw at me
Blossoms my soul with unbound joy;
In a world of girls fighting for rights,
You love to devote to me in sacrifice
All you have and have not too,
And give up your roots, past and present,
And burn the bridges to the future.

I was a lost cause,
Without a right face;
But nothing held you back
And in love you ran amok.

Like vast ocean is your deep love
With subtle treasures hidden in womb;
Like unbound heaven is your love
With worlds after new worlds wrapped within;
However I grab, lots more you show,
However you give, far more there awaits
And you stripped bare to shocking bones
In devotions none knows exist in world;
You gave all for nothing in back
And, alas, nothing I have to give you back.

You blossomed once
And withered soon;
But unlike little flowers
Fragrance you gave
Remains forever.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Vibrations In Void

Life or matter,
Earliest siblings,
Nothingness has caused;
Vibrations in void
In loop of strings
Fathered Universe,
Descended this world;
You and I,
Everything in Universe,
Live or unlived,
Rooted in void.

Yang and yin
In void too
Created bosons and fermions
By dance of notes
In vibrations of void;
Lo, colours and rhythms
Out of void's womb
Blossomed outward!
Bosons brought colours,
Fermions carried force,
Gender differences
Came to existence.

Quarks and leptons
With fermion forces,
In cosmic dance
On the back of time
On expanse of space
Sprouted matter;
Permutations wild,
Combinations unbound
Spread diversities;
One added to two,
Two added to five,
Forces brought spirit,
Spirit and matter
Created life,

Diversities filled world;
Thoughts, actions,
Inventions followed
To unravel the root,
That is void absolute.

We're all cousins,
Matter or plant,
Virus, human life,
In us carry void,
Vibrations in void
In loop of strings
Deep within us;
Broke out of it,
Destined back to it,
To void, nothingness,
To its vibrations
In loop of strings,
It's what we are.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Vision

Give me wings,
Give me strength
And let me free
To fly to heaven,
To spread all over,
Inhale its flavour
And blend with it.

Push me ahead,
Invest right sight
Of obstacles ahead
And enthuse to fight
And rush onward
To reach my goal,
And never to halt.

Hold me back
From fatal faults
Of selfish jumps
Of hurt and grief
To innocent lives,
What blackens soul
And flinches merit.

Draw me down,
When I fly high
In sound and fury
In flashing colours
In ego's realms,
Flat on earth
Amid humble dust.

Stand me erect
Amid wild odds,
Invest in patience
To bear all pains
Till odds vanish,
Adsorb wide swings
As it befall.

Freeze me hard
To commitments
Like air and breath,
Never to flinch
And never to break
From what is right,
For what I swore.

Feed me aplenty
With deep insights
To right and wrong
Of complex world,
Not to go wrong
In judging world
And harming good.

Warn me oft
Against my haste
In running life
To destined end,
Lest I falter
To irretrievable web
Of endless struggle.

Guide me gently
To nuances of world,
Mysteries of nature,
No sciences revealed,
And invest wisdom
To employ them
For the good of all.

Raise me above
From common faults
Accepted by most
By faith or reason,
Those deflect vision,
And block progress
To cherished shore.

Vision: 2

Keep me still
And graciously full
In gentle ways,
And never waver
From regard to all,
They be all evil,
Unkind and wild.

Teach me skills
To handle evils
And turn to angels,
Turn their focus
To right and wrong
To see themselves
Why they are wrong.

Suffer me oft
And draw on dust,
Lift me up
To float on sky -
To know in full
What life is,
Its depth and height.

Gnaw me unkindly
To consistent paste
That rhymes to all,
Attuned always
To left and right
In perfect symphony
Of divine music.

Fight me hard
Till I give up
Unfair desires
That hurt others,
That unjustly invests
Me with booties
I do not deserve.

Call me towards
While oblivious I go
Of what and why
Of life's course,
And run rat-race
To wrong goal-posts,
And bring me to path.

Lift me above
Common faults
Almost all suffer,
Give me sight
To discern merits
And keep steadfast
On right moves.

Feel my beats,
The truth inside
Of my moves,
When I err
While seeking good,
Show me mercy
And kindly guide.

Resist me always
And bring to knee
When I do wrong
And pursue the route
In undue logic,
Give me insight
Why I went wrong.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

Vision: 3

Drift me afar
From worldly ties
Those lead in leash
To irretrievable gulf
Of pain and grief
To those I care,
And ruin them.

Have me close
To values within,
The life I cherish,
To visions inspire
To run to reach,
Those make me, me
And give me peace.

Hurt me grievously
Till I awake
While slink to sloth
Amid aplenty around
And forgo my path
Of adding mite
To treasures of world.

Get me wherever
I truly benefit
And turn-out best
Happiness around,
Where what I have
Meet crying needs
Of the fulfillment.

Wind me with
Hunger for truth,
With inquisitiveness
To know the world,
Its inner layers,
So ever I unwind
For knowledge's treasures.

Grab me within
To love's realms,
Where binds love
All fellow beings
And animals alike
To single network
Of concern, kindness.

Take me kindly
Along sufferings,
Pains and grief,
Without let down
To total darkness,
So I reach across
On own gifts.

Sweep me roughshod
Up and down
On life's tides
To toughen myself
For all seasons
And withstand vagaries
The life offers.

Deviate me not
From the love of life,
That fount of joy
That invests confidence
In all hurdles
To walk abreast
To reach across.

Alert me always
When I go wrong
Or slip on path,
Hold my hand
And guide me ahead,
I assure, I never
Intend to do wrong.

Warm World

You're sweet lake in my barren world,
You're warm spring in my frozen world,
You're sunshine in my gloomy world,
The power of hope in the fast losing field.

Come, my flame, you light my dreams,
Change nightmares to sweet bright dreams,
Light my path with unfailing hopes,
Show me how to reach where joy keeps.

You're cool bower where I rest in peace,
You're subtle spell that fills me in fragrance
Of lust, sensual desires to spread my wings
To fly high in sky of wild plays and songs.

You're magical wand that thresh all gloom,
That fills bubbling spirit, makes me a game;
You rush in wild rolls of endless colours
And lift me to sky with tsunami's features.

Sensual you're to senses that kept alert,
Yet, grace, elegance and silence in knot,
That stirs my soul to unquenchable thirst
To indraught and infuse deep to my spirit.

You made barren world a glowing bower,
You made withered straw a blooming flower,
You brought bright spring to frosty winter,
Sprinkled new hopes all over for future.

You made my life worthwhile to live,
Brought it rare glow of immortal love;
A niggard at soul, never enjoyed to give,
I found my goal in act of love and give.

You're the sail that moves me forward,
You're spur that stopped moving wayward;
You gave me goalpost, an object of desire,
Life is huge void without this fierce fire.

It's nature's trick to keep you so away,
So that all life endlessly I endeavour;
I stretch my hand to grab on the way,
You slip, and I try again for the sway.

Praveen Kumar in *Celestial Glow*

We Blended In Bliss

I held her in my arms,
Lips to lips I gently kissed;
A fragrant fire caught us both,
Yearning then for more of each;
I pressed harder on her tender lips,
Her lips welcomed my fervid tongue;
Maddened by her sweet and wet warmth,
I moved all round inside her,
Hide and seek I played, and suck'd
Her juicy soft tongue seeking mine;
A tsunami of desires swept us both
And carried us together in its womb
To the limits of restraint of loveful acts
And volcanic heights of eruptions.

In unbearable desires I held her tight,
My throbs, her heartbeats rose in unison
Across her fragrant jasmine bosoms,
Crying aloud for my indulgence;
I slipp'd shaking hands to her heaving bosoms
And streams of hot waves spread all over our limbs;
I ripp'd covers and uncover'd temples
Of heavenly joys on this very Earth;
Warm and tender, heaving in great spasms,
Those lovely birds easily took to my palms;
I touch'd, fondled, pressed and crushed,
I kissed, rubbed and played all games;
Yet I found raw desires, wanting more
And fire within is aroused more.

I pulled her on bed and roll'd over,
She, easily yielding to my wild commands;
Was I gentle or wild I do not know,
And we roll'd and roll'd over each other
With thumping hearts and joyous screams;
I reached her crown and kissed there,
The tip and sides of her delicate nose,
Cheek and chins and neck and nape,
And the lovely bumps of tender bosoms

And down and down and down and down,
She, pleasingly yielding to all my acts
Of streaming passions and steaming desires,
Till I ripp'd her all and enter'd deep
And we blended in bliss only Gods can have.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

We Drift Afar By Days And Hours

Time and distance, physical counts
That rational world itself mounts
To network and define outside worlds;
Rhyme and sparks are inner founts
That from soul oft joyously haunt
Mirror our soul and inner worlds;
Fences are fat and walls, gigantic,
And oceans `tween us do flow erratic
And we drift afar by days and hours;
But a chord of light, invisible, magnetic,
Unite our souls beyond our sense
And we sense absorbed in the other.

When look outside, strangers are we,
Far distant and pulled apart by age,
Strangers we go, so never twain meet;
While dig within deep, new world opens,
Where networked and bound in basic roots,
Inseparable we go, and united in essence;
It's nature's play of balancing act,
In opposites world moves is indisputable fact
That tests and deepens their internal chords;
We feel adrift `cause we're one within,
And distance outside does writhe our souls,
But, remember, within, united we go.

Tribulations outside part grain from chaff
And reaffirm resolve to mutually commit
And refurbish our bond to golden sheen;
Pains are acid solvents that test motive force
And give new strengths to genuine ends,
So, let us bear pains for our inner sake;
I know how it hurts to stay torn, apart,
But, it is that fire that purifies our bond,
And endows dimensions beyond perceptions;
We indeed lost all out each other for now,
But know that it's key for the higher plane,
Where, you and I never ever part again.

We Endeavour All Our Lives

We dreamed heaven together on this Earth,
Heaven in each other's arms, lips to lips,
Your bosoms joyously pressing on my chest
And heartbeats like hammer pounding together
While my hands probing all delicate curves
That made you prettiest girl in all worlds
And you swooning in joy in my loveful arms;
But, alas, what man weaves, nature does bereave,
Our dreams, what we cared, were all laid bare
And we lay on opposite shores of the life's stream,
Staring across to shores with eyes full of tears,
Shattered indeed we are, and shattered our dreams.

I see you all alone in hideous wilderness,
Stripped of light and lilt, stripped of joy, cadence,
That make life, life, and you frozen to the fate;
No signs of life in you, though alive indeed you are,
And that itself adds salt to my soul's cracks;
I made right signs to spur you back to life,
But no more you look across to the opposite shore,
Crying for our fate that dragged us so apart;
Sinking am I in this shore in my own grief,
I long to find signs that you are back to life;
But years are gone by and hopes are fading out,
Eyes are losing sight, other shore is blurring now.

You certainly are aware, *similia similibus curantur*;
The fate that dragged us apart for no valid cause,
Why not unite us back without another cause?
This is the only glimmer I hold in my blind world,
And I breathe and live days to see the wonder come,
However far be the day, I wait in all patience;
Indeed that wonder-world is out of right time,
But time and thrills of life are not the dreams we have;
Wherever, however we be, we belong to each other
And we belong always as one in our own abode;
This is our dream, hopes, the prize of all struggles,
This is for what we struggle, endeavour all our lives.

We're One Soul

Veil of distance between us,
Wall of unending blindness
Like the smoke that palls eyes
Of soul and truth and cheat us;
And we in illusion of total loss
Struggle to regain lost closeness.

Like a flame searching for light,
Like the moon searching for night,
We in ignorance lost our sight
And search for the truth never lost,
That creeps within clear and bright
That snarls our souls in iron-fist.

Eyes may not see; ears, not hear,
For world around, we're not near,
Mirages spawn fear that we're far;
But, o mate, never yield to fear,
Inseparable we're, and eternally dear,
So we remain forever, and anywhere.

We're one soul, therefore one whole,
Parted we're has no meaning at all;
World has its rules to play its ball
And we might be caught in this roll;
Lose not heart, lose not your soul,
Truth is forever we're one soul.

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What Is Love?

What is love in essence?
Love, sublimation of self,
Yet self in essence,
But, beyond self;
Love is transcendental process
That binds in and out to one
And fades barrier in between;
Love is metamorphosis of soul
To emotions of Himalayan heights,
Where Heaven and Earth meet horizons
And Shiva and Gouri in ecstatic tandem
Indulge in sacred cosmic dance,
Where Earth or Heaven, vacant and hollow,
No more temptations hold.

Love is world beyond world,
Where common rules hold no sway,
No time or space really counts;
Love is ethereal, but very real,
Elevates soul to surreal colours
Of intense pains and intense pleasures
And reveals God in bond it creates;
Love knows no limits,
It grows with time,
It lights bright in togetherness,
Flares wild in separation's pains
And loves to rest in its own space;
Two souls throb in unison in love,
Two eyes see same colours in love,
Two hearts speak same language in love
And flows same blood in their veins;
Love, divine glue for willing souls,
And pulling apart disfigures both;
Once in true love,
Lost in it forever,
Like delved to ocean of divine treasures
And shocked by its joys and pleasures,
Indeed unless jealous real world
Pulls the rug from `neath the feet

By awkward rules it throws at it.

Love is hard and diamond strong,
It yields not to dictates outside,
Do or die, it fights to the end;
Love loses not, love sinks not,
Love hops worlds when hurdles bolt;
Love loves to give and takes to fold,
And transforms two to heavenly bliss;
No prides there, no differences
No you and I interfere there;
She is his world, he is hers,
They live for the other if it's true love.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Wherever I Look

Wherever I look I see your pleasant face
In the vapid world that surrounds me
Like the full moon in the midnight sky;
Wherever I look I see your sparkling eyes
In the clouded surroundings around me
Like the twinkling stars in the newmoon sky.

I see your smile in every live blossom,
Graceful tread in floating silver clouds;
I hear your speech in immortal rhymes
Carried piggyback on rhythms of music;
Everything beautiful reminds your presence,
It transcends my present to immortal past.

Wherever you are, it is a beautiful world,
Your presence itself brings there golden halo
Like the sun brings light to light the day;
Wherever you are, there is peace and bliss,
Your presence itself flow rare elegance there
Like full moon spreads milky light a'where.

I see your presence in this imperfect world
That emwraps me for all grief day and night
To soothe old wounds and enliven my soul;
No bridges I can build across to your world
While ocean of fires flows between our worlds,
So I discovered my ways to recreate you here.

Like ant-hill is raised to bridge Earth and heaven,
Noway worn fancies meet colossal needs I have
To reach, meet, blend and forever we dissolve
To one in peace, bliss and absolute contentment;
Famished soul does seek you in bright things
I discover in vapid things breathing around.

Truly tired I'm of this wholly imperfect world
And more and more I need your face and smile
To lull my soul and quiet the bruised heart;
Your thoughts like a lullaby does calm my life,

Enlivens me within to face more odds around,
But, none of it is like finding you where you're.

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While Fight Is Lost

As life runs on rails of time,
I see the world receding back,
Its distance from me increasing fast;
Frames of scenes I lived then
Come to eyes in nostalgic strains
And I delve deep to forgotten past.

Is it sweet or bitter, I can't say,
Is it hell or heaven, can't decide,
But it is life alive beyond time's frames;
Is it fulfillment playing vagrant,
Or breach of soul, I can't figure,
But it is wild fire that rages my soul.

Sequence of scenes like noon light
Focus on eyes, eyes lose its shine,
Unbearable pain fills my heart and soul;
Tears fill eyes, but refuse to spill
And recede to soul for some warmth,
And I smile for all ironies life brought.

I know not ever I return there,
Partake in scenes I recede to,
How cruel life is if the breach turns decisive!
Time like space moves in orbit,
I hope a day rails take me back
And past meets future and sprouts future.

I know, past scenes are framed now,
Past always finds balance somehow,
Life recovers all peace that it lost in the past;
Though burrowed deep in pains and grief,
The hole past found is its home now,
And life slowly sprouts with fresh green shoots.

I wonder should I backtrack there
And stir again pains of the past
And block the life from shooting to heights;
What is lost in past is lost forever,

I reaching back now serves no goal
Like belated justice court of law delivers.

I'm old, descending from top,
No way I add and enrich now,
An unwelcome burden around the neck;
While tears of years subsided grief,
How I pester the healing wound
And draw back to riddles we can't resolve?

If I'm true, my soul is true,
I leave the past to heal by itself
And help relegate me to deep oblivion;
As the life runs on rails of time,
I let the world to recede far back
And times heal wounds, invest new life.

Time is ripe for compromise now,
Wraps of years dried our tears,
And enforced distance fully unwinded us;
While strip is hot, best to strike
And bring all peace, bits of joy,
And leave her alone to recoure on her own.

It is deep pain to part this way,
But worth if it gives her true peace,
And stalls her agony of endless wild flow;
While fight is lost, no hope ahead,
Stepping back to bring her comfort,
What I yearn for, do with all my might.

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Who Is He?

He is the fulcrum
Who holds all together
In perpetual revolution
Around him in leash,
While he's in still silence;
He gives his force,
He takes all force,
Thus maintains balance
By being in all,
While nowhere he's.

He's eyes of all,
And gives and takes light;
He's weight of all,
Renders intangibles, tangible
By endless motion
While static he is;
He's all dimensions,
But dimensionless himself;
While all is in flight,
He enjoys change of colours.

He's neither mass,
Nor he's spirit,
He's beyond both
And runs them in ratio
To bring movement for all;
He's in all,
Yet involves in none,
And loosens all around
To take on own course
Within three sixty degree.

It's chaos around,
Each competing on own
To carve own course
Like ripples in ocean
Of perfect peace of him;
He enjoys little games

Of things in his leash
Struggling back and forth
And falling to his line
To revolve around him.

He's fulcrum, essence,
He's spur and will,
He's cause and effect
That sprouts existence
In fabric of time and space;
He's mere ripple
In things around him,
Connecting everything
To every other thing
In time and space fabric.

He's law of laws,
He moves laws to act
And decides direction
Of quantum of effect
To mould this world;
He's the string
That holds all times,
He is the net
That catches all space,
And brings unity a'where.

All comes from him,
Yet distinct from him,
Though naught without him;
Sum of all of them,
He transcends them;
All ends in him,
All finds in him
True peace and solace,
Their innate abode
Of salvation.

He's mere stir,
No shape or form;
Sheer intellect,
No desires he has;

Pure consciousness
He's cosmic light;
He works in vision
To take all with him
From orbits around him
To the core of fulcrum.

He's neither kind,
Nor he's cruel,
He's natural law
That on programmed vision
Drags to goal post;
Who follows his law,
Runs faster to reach;
Those apostatize,
Caught in corrective spirals,
Suffer to reach there.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Why Hide From Me

Why hide from me
While one you and I?

While eager to drown
Me with seamless love,
And I'm eager to have it all,
Why this hide and seek
And endless grief to both?

You certainly erred
And dishonest in
Hiding sterling love,
Infusing falsehood;
Untruth brings no peace
And in turmoil we live;
Alas, how a minor streak
Of harmless falsehood
Deluged innocent souls
In endless struggles of grief!

Why alienated yourself
To hide your sterling love?

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Willpower

Willpower is the fuel that runs human life;
Like a driver in a computer application,
Or Operating System in cyber programme,
Willpower works life to performances;
Life is deadwood; life, robust carrion,
Without willpower in bright flame within;
Willpower is spine, willpower gives strength
To stand life erect to heaven's height;
Willpower is steam for life's locomotion,
It takes life to places on the time's rails.

However robust the life's engine be,
What steel and rubber constituted it be,
Sans willpower flowing on its hidden tubes,
Life's wheels never move an inch forward;
On the plinth of willpower does build life;
Willpower gives depth and breadth to life,
Willpower is breath and heartbeat of life;
Life blooms in the girdle of taut willpower;
Like wildfire it spreads; like wildfire, consumes,
But unveils the joy of reaching goals.

Willpower is prayer, willpower is toil,
Focused destination is willpower's field;
Willpower is tapas, willpower is struggle,
Willpower is consuming obstacles ahead,
Willpower is commandeering life's passage
To the distant goal set out for life
Along triple jumps and long obstacle runs
Along the path riddled with setbacks
With falls and rise, fatigues, frustrations,
But never veering away from the glow in eyes.

It turns vital force to focused works
And sheds distractions from mind and soul;
It leads from front and drags from distance
In blinkers and slogs to destinations;
Will is great life's passport to success,
Will is life's gift's forces to work;

Willpower makes gifts worthwhile in life;
Willpower is the key to the lock of life
To bring out treasures hidden deep inside
And display to the world what the life is worth.

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Wonderful World

Wherever you look,
However you look,
Sheer charming,
Sheer wonderful
Is this world.

Look to the sky,
Look seas, oceans,
Look around,
Look life in it;
Entrancing all.

Hills and dales,
Birds on wings,
Fish in water,
Rain, sunshine,
Wonders all.

Blossoming flowers,
Its sweet fragrance,
Milky fullmoon,
Quiet of dawn,
Charming all.

Look sun or stars
Or atoms or below;
What order in it,
Accuracies all,
Beyond our sense!

Be it human body
Or billions genes;
Enormous works,
Timely precisions;
Who clocked it all?

See he and she
In all of lives;
Who match them,

Who enfire them
For survival's task?

Day and nights,
Seasons all years,
Tides in oceans,
Age and death;
Who planned all?

Right meets right
At time and place;
No inconcinnity,
No disturbance;
It's this world.

Balance is hallmark
Of this creation;
Good and evil,
Joy and grief
Perfectly balance.

Love and hate
Here alternate;
Both spur the world,
Both build the world
To higher levels.

It's open world
Till Planck's Barrier;
None know beyond,
Darkness all there;
Subtle is world.

All think all know,
All unknown to them;
A hoodwinking game
Of hide and seek
Marks this world.

Physics and Maths
For this world
After millenniums

Not fully solved;
Who engineered it?

Layers `neath layers
Is this world;
You dig one,
Hundreds raise heads
To excavate!

Fireflies to the sun -
Physicists, biologists
Scratch surface,
Feel near the end
Of universal truth!

Groping in dark,
Philosophers dream
Discovering light
From stark night
By sheer logic!

No right and wrong,
Nor height and depth
Really exist;
All imagined
By diseased mind.

Thoughts never help;
Silence leads to truth
While look within
And grasp the soul
Of the world.

The soul of the world,
The truth of the world,
So sublime, profound,
None discovered it yet,
Nor discover ever.

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World

I often wonder who created this world,
Why, how, when and whence that occurred,
For what great end the process started,
None ever answered, nor ever any could;
Insight and reasons delved deep to probe,
Millenniums they struggled to define source,
But found no more than scratching surface –
No less in smoke than, they, millenniums back.

Several self-claimed great souls spoke
The truth of the world in religious books,
Each pulling apart in defining one world,
And dupe gullible man with lies, half truths;
Science dug deep with all senses kept open,
Brought out myriad secrets hidden in nature,
But found the rock of Planck's Barrier upfront,
That no senses ever break, nor penetrate ever.

I find the world in several sheaths,
Uncover one, larger appears in front,
Universe after Universe in bubbles spread
And exhausts mind by its sheer spread;
On delving deep, again unending layers
Of quarks and colours, and who knows what –
Invisible mysteries that build the world
Lock the answer to the source of the world.

Who brought mathematics' rules to nature?
How physical nature evolved in nature?
Who brought to exist what causes it all?
Who caused cause and effect to rule this world?
Why the author never ever bothers to surface
And pride himself in his supreme work?
Where does he hide from his creation's eyes,
And why he does evade labours to trace him?

Whatever be that, and whoever it be,
Unparalleled supreme consciousness works
In end to end perfections of this world,

In designs, processes, in minutes and scope
And guides and leads to somewhere unknown;
Like a lonely fish in ocean of unknown,
Lost and involved, we move all round
Without a clue to the secrets of this world.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

World View

World is an infinite field
Of God in expanse of silent energy,
An unending ocean of peace and balance,
Where impinges Maya as Higgs Boson,
The infinite field's creative face, force,
Brihman, Prikriti, the nature itself,
Causes ripples of cosmic disturbance
In the silent ocean of uniform energy
By giving weight to weightless world,
And coagulates particle packets
All through the field of aroused energy.

No more balance, no still silence
While Prikriti stirs up Purusha in slumber;
Uniformity broke, balance is lost,
God in energy awakes from sleep,
Sees his world in active ride,
Playing cosmic games by particle rules
Inherent in Higgs Boson's heart
To move from sheath to new sheath
In time's line in bubbles of space,
Spreading far out in gigantic speed
Till God exhausts, and Higgs Boson shrinks,
As Brihman and Prikriti opt for rest
And sinks towards the center of field.

Higgs Boson in rest, all weight shrinks,
The spreading ripples in reverse tack
In unending ocean of the infinite field;
God finds himself drowsy again,
Particle packets devolve back to field
And peace and balance return to space
In time's line as bubbles burst;
Sheaths fall, all return to soul,
To unending ocean of peace and balance;
No disturbances more, nothing coagulates,
No ripples more in cosmic field,
No time, no space, no dimensions exist;
So exists as a point, zero, infinite too,

Till rises again Higgs Boson within
And coagulates field with differential weights.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Wreched Life

All was at her grab,
But she opted out of the trap,
And chose to live at soul's dictates –
Forlorn, wretched and wrecked life
In a far god-forsaken land,
Alone, and extinguish soul's light,
And open her to inner violence.

She had no choice
In the scene she was caught –
Her gentle soul bade sacrifice,
And willingly she deigned to it,
And forsake her life for its sake;
But violence around punctured soul
In pursuit to force her against will
To choose crumbs she never would;
Finding no course open to her,
She quit the home altogether,
Discarded life, security, future,
And chose a wrecked life for self.

She loved him dearly,
But his life and peace more than that,
And refused turmoil by her presence;
Living his memory, her only goal –
She stood like wall, withstood gales
From uprooting from the solemn goal;
Tricksters while caught her unaware,
She found for her no way to get out;
It was darkness at the tunnel's end,
And she broke out from the dark tunnel,
To live and suffer a wretched life.

She yielded there to most unkind grind
And bore the wrench of her ideals crash;
She threw herself to the vagaries of wind
And treaded life like a piece of trash
In alien land distant from soul;
No mates to bespeak or empathise,

No soul to stand while in distress,
A hand to mouth bare life it was;
But none of it disturbed her
While losing goal, her driving force,
And degenerates self to total chaos.

She bore the crunch,
'Cause no alternate she had,
And lived in darkness
Of past, present and endless future
For survival's sake,
Dragging her along uncertain path.

She knew, she lost her life's course
'Neath the weight of criminal force,
That weighed her down to hell's choice
And shattered soul's core and peace.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

You Remain You

Wherever you go, whatever you do,
However changes distort your face,
You do remain you at your core,
That is you are, your true nature;
Thunders roar, lightnings strike,
Wild gales may sweep over Earth,
Rains that pour may drench its floor,
But remains itself irrespective of all,
That is the true nature of every soul.

Tall tides sweep you out of foot hold,
Carries up and down in rapid turns,
Strong winds raise to dizzy heights
And let you down to steep free fall,
Knocks from around breach sheaths
And expose entrails to utter shocks;
Soaked in tears, drenched in blood,
Wasted in sweats of efforts to protect,
But, you remain you in spite of it all.

You spare no efforts to protect hold,
You fight like hell to rise from fall,
And dig deep to guard your roots,
But nothing help in the tumult around;
Wild fires catch and wilt your soul,
Floor you stand breach to suck you in,
And you find stuck in den of lions
To be torn to shreds alive in pain,
But, you remain you in spite of it all.

You remain you, crystal clean diamond
Of infinite glow and cosmic strength,
Where none can reach but you, yourself,
Where no strains from outside ever reach;
Upheavals do shatter the sheaths around,
But does stop short of reaching diamond,
Its glow blind folds the intruding world,
Its strength rebounds whatever inflicts,
And you remain you, whatever you hurts.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

You Will Come In Golden Glow

I know, you will come one day,
And shed inhibitions you carry,
That, alas, enwraps you like skin;
You will come on own steam,
Stirred and moved by inner stream
In clear sight and deeper insight;
You realise not now who you're,
Why and what of what you do,
And hide yourself in false shadow;
You cannot hide from what you're,
You can't refuse the light of truth,
You're bound to come clean very soon.

You will come in golden glow,
Refurbished from endless sorrow,
That seized us for ages on end;
You will come on will like free bird
To fill my sky with golden hue
And dissolve and merge therein;
Barren and void our world is now,
Filled with gloom and dark despair,
Awaiting the light your advent brings;
The day, I know, is not very far,
But, every day is deep pain to break
Till you come back to your home.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

Your Love

You had all the worlds at your feet,
Fawning upon you for your favours;
You had all bright stars in your eyes,
Sparkling the glitters of life ahead.

Majestic as you are, you walked upfront,
In strides only Gods stead in their grace,
Neither up, nor down, nor right, nor left;
True indeed, vera incessu patuit dea.

Nobles of varied hues lay scatter'd around
On the course to the goal you pursued,
Begging to attend, none stirring you a bit;
You saw, fell, chose, caught me in a whit.

No reasons you had and no grounds I had,
But I accepted the call for its subtle depth;
Like lightning it struck, pour'd torrential rain
Of love, warmth, peace and contentment.

From billions afield, what you found in me
So stirring to heap your devout love;
You laid me on throne, laid golden crown
And offered yourself in unparallel'd love.

How deep I clawed, inexhaustible I found
The measure of love you so bore for me;
How high I rose to match your noble love,
Trifle I found the brim of love I bore.

Ocean, your love, in depth and breadth,
In strength and treasure hiding `neath;
I stand in awe in its Godlike presence
And bow before you, worship like God.

You made a thunder from a very clear sky,
You spewed a tsunami from a quiet pond;
You brought immortal fire on a placd soul
And roused cosmic flame out of a nought.

The ambrosia of love you chose me for
Imbues my whole in the draught of joy;
But, alas, human joys are but impure
With strains to strive to keep it afloat.

The nature never bears true beauty to last,
The nature never bears true joy to last;
True love you flowed can never exhaust,
But the nature tricked, I find you nowhere.

The ambrosia of love you chose me for
Turned to vast ocean of sad bitter tears
And imbues my whole in draught of grief
In never ending languor of getting you back.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

You're My Truth

Jasmine-like fragrant
And rose-like sweet
You're divine like heaven;
Silk-like elegant
And velvet-like soft,
You're jewel of human race.

Simple and graceful,
Refreshing like dawn,
You flow and fill my soul;
You spring spring
And invest wing
To carry to lovely dreams.

You're my soul's hymns,
You're my joyous peace,
You're my fulfillment;
In front or anywhere,
You're my lasting joy,
You're sunshine of soul.

You're my truth,
Direction and goal,
I'm a fish, you're water;
You're my breath,
Invisible strength,
I lay waste without you.

You're my mirror,
I find me in you
And sense my inner depth;
You smoothen wrinkles
As it shows up
And keep me in bright cheers.

You're my treasure,
You're my pleasure,
But, alas, in another world;
No bridge can I build,

No bond can I mould,
Yet you remain mine forever.

I grieve day and night,
And yearn for your sight,
And remain devout to you;
Distance is infinite,
Barriers, umpteen,
Yet, you bring me joy
Unseen elsewhere.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow

You're My Wonder

You're my wonder, Golden Wonder,
Golden kaleidoscope of magical world;
You're live flashes of enthralling love,
Yet, calm and firm like Himalayan heights.

Simple and sacred like spiritual shrines,
Lights my soul your memories within;
Stirs fragrance of blossoming jasmine,
Very call you bear, O, Priya, my Queen.

You're that spring of layers of love
In vivid spectrum of wondrous colours;
However much I drink, inexhaustible you're,
Like Ganga's flow from Gangotri's bowl.

You're simple strength like mother Earth,
Soothing yet harsh in your protective folds
To feed me in love to elevate my soul
In unseen hands from your distance.

Selfless you are, selfless your love,
Selfless your acts and moves for love;
You rupture steel sheaths enwrapping you
To rise to the needs of whom you love.

Spotless pure white in wondrous colours,
You're fullmoon light in relaxing night;
You're stark reality in wakeful dreams,
Though feel and know, alas, I reach you not.

Pure like dew, you're sweet like honey,
Soothing like morn and light like jasmine,
You sit gently on soul like child on cradle
And dawns thousand dreams of bright smiles.

I know, I'm etched in every contour
Of life and thoughts you build for you;
You bear my stamp and subtle signature
In every twist you ever decide to take.

Wherever you be and wherever I be,
You're my peace and you're my solace;
No time or distance stand between us,
Our love has divine strain at its core.

An invisible knot binds us into one,
To bond our thoughts, share inner worlds
And tie into one in soul, mind and body -
Inseparable till time and space ever last.

You're the deity in the sanctum sanctorum
That lights and sanctifies the love in my soul;
You're golden light that keeps me abright,
Now and forever, many births after birth.

You're my essence, you're my presence,
You're that string that keeps me focuss'd;
You're that oxygen that lights my soul
And keeps it in glow for the aeons to come.

Praveen Kumar in Celestial Glow