

Poetry Series

**Praveen Kumar Title**  
**Golden Wonder**  
**- poems -**

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# Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder()

PRAVEEN KUMAR with his more than three decades of government service at senior levels and as a poet of thirteen 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, Indian Express, Deccan Herald and Times of India and other periodicals and journals were extremely popular and often sensational by their innovative unorthodox thoughts.

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Born in Mangalore as the eldest son of Shree na and Smt. ini, Praveen Kumar graduated in Science from St. Aloysius College, Mangalore, going on to obtain post-graduate degree in Literature from Mysore 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 Bangalore with his very own Golden Wonder; son, Pratheek and Smt. Jayashree. He is a familiar face in national seminars and TV networks in India as a Poet and thinker.

Stemming from his varied academic background, are the lively far-ranging interests that have impelled him to write on subjects as diverse as matters of public interest and poetry, striking the perfect balance between the pursuance of vocation and avocation.

# 000. Preface

## PREFACE TO "SIMPLY YOURS"

SIMPLY YOURS inter alia is about love and its "sweet misery". Love is like heaven, but sure can hurt like hell. Love as Victor Hugo said, "The reduction of the universe to a single being, the expansion of single being even to God", where, in Bill Wilson's words, "to the world you may be one person, but to one person you may be the God". Francis Bacon says that it is impossible to love and to be wise. Love is also variously defined as being stupid together. This volume of love poetry is about that stupidity.

Love is called as crazy. It grows beyond human senses, perceptions and consciousness. It knows no human laws. Maslow's Needs Hierarchy has no use for it. Neither basic needs nor the highest need of self-actualization can ever stand up to the magical height of the love. The beauty of love lies in the entire sum of existence revolving around the magic of being needed by one person. Love is when hurting her will hurt you more. It is not that you can't live without her; it is just that you don't even want to try. "Simply Yours" is about this madness.

The treasure of love is unique and unparalleled. Felix Adler elegantly describes the nature of love when he says, "that each include the other, each is enriched by the other". Hans Margolius gives expression to the same thought when he says that one man by himself is nothing, two people who belong together make a world.

Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies. It is in this reference that great Kahlil Gibran says that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation. "Simply Yours" is simply a probe to the depth, and comes out with the conclusion in the words of Pearl Baileg that the sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love. Love reminds you that nothing else matter. Love is a light that shines from heart to heart and feels what the other is feeling even if they are far away. All these live and lovely layers of love are deeply probed in the seventy-nine poems of this anthology.

Love in the love poems of "Golden Wonder" is modeled after Priya Chaitra Tapasvini—the paragon of sublime conscience and conscious moral rectitude, most charming and most wonderful creation of pure beauty, devotion, love and sacrifice ever born in this world; most perfect and prettiest in all worlds. This volume of poetry is lovingly dedicated to that exquisite wonder God has ever

created.

I remember Shobha with profound love and regard for being the strength and inspiration of this and all my literary works and life, and coming again in pursuit of the goal. This volume is a small tribute to her resolve transcending all barriers in the Second Advent.

My son, Pratheek Praveen Kumar is my strength in pursuit of my literary activities and seems like carrying forward the avocation. I thank him for his consistent help. I must confess that it is my father Shree R. D. Suvarna who made me whatever I am now. I would have never ventured in to literary pursuits without his encouragement.

My deep gratitude is also due to my wife, Jayashree, who naturally is the first reader and critic of all my literary compositions apart from being the first effective proofreader. I thank her for all her cooperation. Also, my mother, Smt. B. Sarojini, my sister, Pramodini Ganesh, brother, Nishith Kumar, sister, Asha Narasimha and brother, Sushir Kumar stood behind me in this effort. I record my gratitude to all of them.

#### ADDEND TO "GOLDEN WONDER"

"Golden Wonder" is an extension forming the second volume of the collection of love poems, "Simply Yours", and covers seventy-nine love poems composed since the publication of the latter in 2009. Save four poems authored in 2010 that figure at the end, all other poems here were written in 2012 and 2013, first thirty-eight poems composed in 2012 and next thirty-seven in 2013, while last four poems in 2010. All poems in the volume figure in the chronological order they were written in the respective year.

September 1,2013 PK

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## 001. 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.

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## 002. 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 Full moon 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 innocence'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.

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## 003. 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 whatever 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,  
Orbiting 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 offspring.

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## 004. 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.

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## 005. 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 scatters and vanishes 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.

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## 006. 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 drives life to invisible shores.

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## 007. 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.

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## 008. 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.

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## 009. 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 placid 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.

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## 010. 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 can I 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.

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## 011. 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 fulfillment  
In devout homage to our soulful past.

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## 012. 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.

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## 013. 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.

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## 014. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 015. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 016. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 017. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 018. 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 reason 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 there from 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 full moon days,  
I count all stars in new moon 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 019. 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 fulfillment.

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 Title Golden Wonder

## 020. 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'être, 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 fulfillment.



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 Title Golden Wonder

## 021. 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 full moon 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 naught;  
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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 022. 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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 023. 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 transience 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 024. 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 splendid 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 025. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 026. 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 reflectors  
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 naught;  
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 Title Golden Wonder

## 027. 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 moves steadfast.

Though glorious to look, unendingly long,  
Always overflows and full to the brims,  
Spilled from blood and tears is her love,  
New moons most, no full moons 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 028. 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 full moon 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;  
Twinkle in her eyes is full of dreams,  
That spurs 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 029. 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 makes 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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 030 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 fulfillment,  
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 entralls 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 031. 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;  
In-between 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 032. 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 naught  
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 nascence 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 033. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 034. 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 infinity'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 Title Golden Wonder

## 035. 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 full moon 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 focused;  
You're that oxygen that lights my soul  
And keeps it in glow for the aeons to come.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 036. 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 Title Golden Wonder



## 037. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 038. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 039. 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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 040. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 041. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 042. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 043. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 044. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 045. I Have 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 046. 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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 047. 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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder



## 048. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 049. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 050. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 051. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 052. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 053. Bond

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 Title Golden Wonder

## 054. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 055. 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.

Nubile as she was, suitors sieged 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 life  
Of the man of her life, for whom she lived.

The threat truly worked, and she lost her will,  
She begged for time to choose right man,  
Lest her man harmed, though 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 kith and kin,  
Who unkindly forced her to horrendous hell,  
Though in a marriage that helps in the task,  
So no harm ever comes to her dear man.

Ignored she her past, ignored all future,  
Ignored reputation built on sound ground,  
She ignored dear parents, who destroyed her,  
And a flourishing life that beckoned her,  
Above all, her loyalty to the man of her life,  
To protect him from threats of cruel parents,  
And left to a far land with a helpful man,  
And married him there to satisfy parents,  
So, no more those parents harm 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 056. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 057. 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 Title Golden Wonder



## 058. Only Love Is Real

When I dig past time like miners, earth,  
Unearth layers of deposits to ruminate,  
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 Title Golden Wonder

## 059. Wretched 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 060. 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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 061. 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 Title Golden Wonder



## 062. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 063. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 064. 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 Title Golden Wonder



## 065. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 066. 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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 067. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 068. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 069. 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 Title Golden Wonder



## 070. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 071. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 072. 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.

Praveen Kumar Title Golden Wonder

## 073. 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 Title Golden Wonder



## 074. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 075. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 076. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 077. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 078. 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 Title Golden Wonder

## 079. Everything Is Everywhere 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 Title Golden Wonder