

Poetry Series

Ramesh Joshi
- poems -

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Ramesh Joshi(25th. December,1948)

Ramesh Joshi, resident of Vijayapur, Karnataka, India, is an Indian English Poet and literateur. Born on 25th December 1948 in the family of five generations of teachers at Savalagi, now Bagalkot completed his primary and secondary education at the birth place then joined S.B. Arts and Science college in Vijaypur and completed B.A. With English as major subject in the year 1970. With a year gap in studies, worked as the teacher of English at Sakri High School, Bagalkot in 1970-71. In the year 1971, he rejoined for further studies at the Department of English, Karnataka University Dharwad and completed M.A. With English and Sanskrit in the year 1973. In the same year, he joined Degree College at Akkalkot, Solapur district in Maharashtra. He also worked as a faculty at the P.G. centres at Solapur from 1986 to 2007. After taking voluntary retirement, he joined

B.L.D.E.'s S.B. Arts college Post Graduate centre as a faculty from 2008 till date. He published more than 35 literary articles in reputed journals in Maharashtra. For the aesthetic satisfaction and not for fame, he translated from Marathi to English and Kannada and made a good headway for his own is an Indian English Poet, one amongst the aesthetic poets who write to please the Lord and establish his relation with the Lord and derive aesthetic satisfaction and not fame and money. Presently, he is contributing regularly, articles and poems on varied subjects under his name RAMESH JOSHI OR JOSHI RAMESH. He is the author of 'Fragrance of Contemplation' 'Academic Mirror' and Stooping Towards The Absolute. The books are available at retailers Notionpress, Educreation, Google, Amazon and others.

' Reap As You Sow '

Change of work is rest, they say,
Work you do, till you breathe last,
Work you do, leaving the rest.
Do thy work, leaving fruits to God.
How childish are we to work for fruit?
What, we forget the fruit follows work?
It is shadow following work ever,
Work, not expecting fruit,
Fruit, the cause of worldly greed,
Leave it says Gita, to the cause work,
Yields fruit when work done,
Without motive, nor expectations high,
Men work for fruits not minding
Work is the mine, of all its fruits.
None stops the fruit after work,
Paid thou art wages when labored,
Work is binding, work liberation,
Work without hurdle for liberation,
Attach not for fruits, but to work,
For tree bears fruit when planted.
Plant good tree to reap good fruits,
Reap bad fruits when bad plant you have.
Why cry while planting the bad one,
Cry for bad fruits tasting it bitter?

Ramesh Joshi

A Prayer To Father In Heaven

PRAYER TO FATHER IN HEAVEN.

WHERE THE MIND IS FULL OF WORLDLINESS,
WHERE, SENSES DRUNK ASTRAY MOVE ROUND
CASTING GREEDY EYES ON SENSUOUS PLEASURES,
SURVIVING ON HOPES IS HELL FOR ME INDEED.

WHERE NOBLE THOUGHTS SHRINK IN DREARY SANDS
ARE LOST, REASON BE SLAVED TO BURNING PASSIONS,
DESIRE FOR ENJOYMENT BLURRING THE LAST LIMING LINES,
IS VERILY HELL INDEED! , SAVE ME, I PRAY EARNEST TO, THEE.

WHERE THE TRUTH PREVAILS SUPREME, VIRTUE HONOURED
GOODNESS A PRESIDING PRIEST, AT THE ALTAR OF TRUTH,
OFFERING SELF SACRIFICE, WORSHIPING THY DIVINE IMAGES
ON EARTH, IS TRUE HEAVEN, LAND ME IN AGAIN, MY DEAR, AGAIN.

Ramesh Joshi

A Waking Dream

A WAKING DREAM.

Awaking from sleep I felt it was a dream, an illusion
Not a reality, all I saw and experienced, a mind play.
It was shadow without figure, a stuff, no substance
That forced me to believe illusion, a reality thatint?

I saw life in sam coloured water to vanish soon
With single stroke by the indisputable reality,
That it is not true, believing the dream a reality,
illusion conspiring to embrace a dubious maid.

What's real and what not is a time tested experience
That dawns remorse that am thralled to doom alone.

Ramesh Joshi

Ashamed Of Greedy Monsters

Ashamed, pained, see nation burn,
ashamed, witness communal force,
Hijacking security held hostaged
millions of innocent countrymen
in name of religion, sinister design
By the Sefish political class hungry
seeking power, the greedy monsters,
from Kashmir to Kanyakumari flaming
fumes of communal fire flaring up day
And night reducing harmony to ashes.
Disgusting disturbance, distrust divide
Hearts of people, is there no end or is
endless no one has any guts, stop?
Shoot them at sight, burn them alive,
Drown them in Arabic ocean, enemies
Of people, so as to live safe and in peace.

Ramesh Joshi

Aurangzeb's Tomb

Faisalabad, the place of pilgrim
History, religion, combined,
Moghal emperor Aurangzeb
Lies here, simple tomb, uncovered.

He was last Moghal emperor
Known to world the cruel,
Known for taxing Hindus
Known for cruelty, leaving children
Why choose to rest this place
Leaving Delhi empire,
came south, conqueror
Killing, plundering destroying
Forts, Kingdoms, of worship.

Then came, end as to every one
Before death passed decree,
wherever he dies, his body be
brought to this place for rest.

He made provisions, burial,
Religious, was in mind,
Loved Islam, than life
His preacher, he loved, rest with.

Ramesh Joshi

Awake Mother India, Awake

Fostering divergent faiths
Mother India, we pity your
Predilections, threaten thy
Identity by none but thy
Perverted bigotic fanatic clan.
You embraced as children
Close to your bosom, your own,
Now, they they are hell bent to
Undo thy secular fabric, fanatic,
Divisive forces, separate identity,
Ready to breakaway, communal
Land within mother land, different.
You witnessed treason, backbiting
In past dividing your limbs in two
Now in many splinter groups demand.
Mother, whom to blame Meirkashims
Within conspire, support, crackdown,
Create creaking noise of breakdown.
Mean Politicians, crack contour,
Dividing innocent hearts to hell,
Nation, now, insecure to live and lives.
Mother, dear awake from slumber,
Strike the discordant voices down,
Unite children to divide no further any more.

Ramesh Joshi

Be You A Lion And Roar

BE YOU A LION AND ROAR.

Why vilest thy time in vain gain leading
To loss, that never returns in life again?
Eating and drinking and sleeping again alo!
Shortening thy life, already short, unspecified?

Morning and evening, light and darkness remind
You cutting u short in the spelling of life forcing
You to the edge that, all fear not to tread, forced
At last to the solitary journey unheard ascertain.

Life in this world as human, is rare gift by chance
Superior in hierarchy in Nature's magnificent make.
That bestows thee with opulent grace understanding
Right from wrong, from good to bad, path to traverse.

You have glory of spirit divine, but suppressed within,
In the dark veil of ignorance, lion sunk in sheep apparel
Bleating instead of roaring manliness that perfect thou
Art, by nature; a wealthy king within, a crying beggar without.

"Na ayam Aatmaa Balaheenena labhyaha, " uttisthata, jaagrata,
Praapya varaan nibhodata, " the weak (minded) have no access
To realisation of true nature of soul divine; awake, arise and stop
Not till(your) goal is reached, the echoing voice within and without.

Ramesh Joshi

Bird's Song Stops

Birds of same plumage singing
Silent song, shocked, slighted,
By sight, Death, hunter arrow,
Flee hither thither, Time hunting.

Silent melody rumination turn
Horse scream, life threatened,
approaching end, sure and certain,
Forfeiting, dream unrealised.

Buried passion amour sour,
Sweet warm turn cold, pulse fail,
Panting gasp shudder sense
Wait, last moment fast approach.

Nothing remain, only ashes last,
Bubble bursts abrupt moment.
Mountain crack, thunder deafen,
Dove fallen, dark devour and out.

Void mind, senses blurred, damaged.
Death, invincible, unquestioned, silence!

Ramesh Joshi

Bleak Mirror

We See bleak picture in mirror
not certain whether mirror at
fault, or our face is, as shown,
jump claiming mirror wrong.

There, we go wrong as others,
Pass buck, hide truth, point
accusing fingers, exonerate the
self, when dark sheep hide within.

' Aham nijo parovetti gananaa laghu
Chetasaam...' We harp repeate lie
hundred times, trying falsity a truth,
peacock feathered Crow dancing mad.

Life, a mirror, see our face within,
poor actor, complains faulty stage.
Eyes, jondiced, see world yellow, true?
Why complain while we, at dock stand?

Ramesh Joshi

Bombay

Bombay, they say are proud of it
It is the capital of advanced state
It is a place, where foreigners visit
It is a place where business takes up.

It is a place of trade & commerce
It is a centre of culture & education
It is also a place know you for what?
Oh Shameful! for the trade of human flesh

Women are sold and purchased in Bombay
Women are nuded in open day light
Women are wantonly wicketed for sex
They are fielded for balling the male sex

Where is the honour for women in Bombay?
Where is the saneness of man in night?
The Red Light Street sees the read breasts
of women oozing the shame of man in night.

Like cattles sold in market,
These wretched women are sold for money
Pimps and agents to join the flesh
They eat the filth that both have left.

This is the night in Bombay
You have not seen? See it and feel sad.

Ramesh Joshi

Book Lovers

BOOK LOVER.

Who are book lovers be seen
search light, for they become
Rare, a rare commodity found
Wit, men now, almost forgotten.

A time was, then, book lovers
found in plenty, reading books.
Now lovers, plenty without books,
They eye not on books but, on....

Books are ancient, the life blood
of master spirit embalmed and
Treasured for life beyond life,
Pointing eternity, readers blessed.

Now books in plenty but none, or few
look them, leave, purchase
Books last, although plenty
no money to have them.

True, they say is true
peak truth, they hate or dislike them
Hatred they have, loving forums
Hatred is loves perversion.

Yes, I for one, am mad after books
People label me mad,
fool, I love books
Books, my life, life indeed.

Ramesh Joshi

Bound Headlong

Bound headlong.

Bound by headlong desires
mind plays monkey trick
searching allaround objects
to quench thirst insatiable.

Senses dance in tune to
it, inconsolable monkey
Pursuit, unrestrained bride
like falling in line with groom.

Each one wedded to unholy
alliance to enjoy fruits desired
conspire against conscience
forlorn cries of doom declared.

Thus desires debate, debunk, die
with mind to be born again to die.

Ramesh Joshi

Carpenter

Carpenter makes chairs and tables
also makes Cots to sleep, and
desks to write, what does not make!
makes everything except himself..

Who made Carpenter, God or Man?
Carpenter, God things he makes,
whoever makes a God for things,
who made the Carpenter? God indeed..

God is maker, this mad world
is its maker, strange things
seen or not seen,
Lookable and unlookable.

For him work is worship,
wood, trees, logs, and logs,
No table, chair nor cot made
them all to live.
Carpenter, where are you?
The divine carpenter Where you?
Are you hidden in things you made
or tools the world searches?
I search round every corner.
Yes, you are, you are in me ever
You before me, eyes don't see,
are before ears, but ears hear not
You in me in everything like me.

Ramesh Joshi

Catching Star

Catching Star who does you know?
They do who are in love's madness
You are so, for thou does that now
Instead of catching it you catch what else?
Mad as you are since in love
Love breeds madness as human being
Moves in the sky to shine in light
'Love is blind, but lovers are successful in night, '
You are a successful love blind beloved
Sharing the heart of thy lover like lady
Who catches the fish in water sore
Knowing it well that serves her well
Thou art in well of loving romance
Now you are the fish in lover's catch
The rod is locked, thy mouth is caught
Where do you go without falling in embrace?
Mad lady, fish dark in colour thou art
You though wise in yourself so true
To yourself to find hooked in thy
Lovers embrace waiting for Honey is moon
Wait, wait, the day will pass, the night dawns
The fisherman will come with embracing brumes

Ramesh Joshi

Change Of Work

Change of work is rest they say
Work you do till you breathe last
Work you have to do leaving the rest
Do they work, leaving its fruits to God?
How childish we are to work for fruit?
What we forget that fruit follows the work
It is its shadow following it ever
Work not expecting fruit always
Fruit is the cause of our worldly greed
Leave it says biota to the cause of work
It gives its fruit when work is done
Without motive nor expectations high
Men work for fruits not minding
That work is the mine of all its fruits
None can stop the fruit after your work
Paid thou the wages when labored well
Work is bondage, work is liberation
Work it without bondage for liberation
Attach not thyself to work for fruit
For the tree bears fruits when planted
Plant the tree of goodness to reap good fruits
You reap bad fruits when planted the bad plant
Why you cry after planting the bad tree?
For its bad fruits while tasting it bitter

Ramesh Joshi

Chosen To Be Beggars

We have chosen to be beggars
Although seated on box of gold,
Unaware of worth concealed, sit
Crying beggarly before Almighty.

At temple, mosque and church,
Pray 'Duaa', wealth, wife children
beg, all in greed for gratification
doubly compounded commerce.

Nay, not heaven descend down,
Supply demand on gift conditioned,
the inner spirit bestows bounty by
prayers, if behoves thy sincerity.

Beggars have no choice, but accept,
without murmur what comes to lot,
'Seek thou gettest, knock it opens
pray, it's granted' crave, nothing comes.

The spirit, not corrupt nor corruptible,
granting boons for considered gifts,
gifts, not negotiable instruments, for
gratification, demand deep devotion.

Rituals, sacrifices, wishful offerings,
symbolic gestures, not at others cost,
pleasing to please oneself with evil
designs in the name of charity of self.

Ramesh Joshi

Christianity

Christianity is a religion largely practiced
on larger part of this world as true
Jesus fathered Christianity after his name
Now Jesus is gone leaving Christianity
Before Jesus, Jews ruled the land
As shown in Old Testament as true
They went to synagogue and prayed
Heathen Gods with blood and sword
Jesus was born in Shepherd's cell
Came there the Wiseman of Gotham
To the tiny manger of carpenter
Saw the child, blessing themselves.
Jesus Dayquil new religion to masses
Peace, Mercy, love and grace are
Four golden paths on the German mount,
It made people love him mad for him
Orthodox heathens opposed dislike
They thought new religion was a
Blasphemy to utter even the name
Hence, they conspired to kill Jesus
They led Jesus to their supreme monarch
To deliver judgment against their heathen
They mailed Jesus by kneeling down
They preach his religion unlike his mind

Ramesh Joshi

Citizen Of The World

Who is the citizen of the world?
He who loves himself and hates others
Or hates himself leaving none?
He is, who loves all including the self
Then why he is a citizen of the world?
He is so because he does so
So much love that it drowns the world
So much so that none knows it so
Who is not a citizen of the world?
He who loves not his fellow citizens
He who loves himself more than else
Loving himself more than all citizens
Make your mind to love others more than the self
And teach one and all to love as yourself

Ramesh Joshi

Crazy Man Crying

When Evening comes,
We remember morning,
When winter comes, summer
remembered, wonder of wonder.

When pain pinches, pleasure
remembered, plenty in scarcity.
At death door, love for life springs.
Absence of joy, sorrow manages.

' We look before and after and pine
for what is not, our sweetest songs.,
those that tell our sadest thoughts.'
Poet sings pointing human tragedy.

Man ever crazy, never content, what
what has at hand, than one in bush,
dangling carrot held before greedy
mind, making life miserable, himself.

Ramesh Joshi

Death Ready To Devour

Day and night, month after month
the greedy mind in madpursuit run
after pleasing senses that thrall at
last, deceives, leaves in forlorn state.

New charms enslave the senses leave
Senseless last, robbing life's Precious
time that runs non stop waiting for none
Uncertain Death ready to devour, anytime.

Empty hands we exit as entered the world
Stickfast attachment glued to ground pull
and pushed, crying, unwilling last snatched
forced to terrain, that no reason expounds.

One hope assured, company it continues
beyond life, isHis grace abundant protects
insulated, of the fearful horrors torture the
perdition pounces preventing peace prevail.

Ramesh Joshi

Devgiri

Oh! Devagiri now Doulatabad
you are trapped up by Moghals
A Hindu bride in form of treasury
was rapped by Mohammad Ghajani.

You had suitors from many sides
Tughalak was one who made queen,
He made you queen making a kingdom
He lived with you till you left him.

You are strong fort in seven phases,
Six thousand and odd steps you have
climb on thy breast to kiss face
Wonder is still you be young to look.

Who climbs you now daily?
Travellers Indian, foreign,
They come and go in wonder,
None dares touch you now.

Why so? reasons I know not,
you are Devagiri, the mountain
of Gods dwell where men dare not,
They know so and take thy rounds.

you live long in History
you live long in memory love
May you live in treasures of wealth
you live long in the laps of the land.

Ramesh Joshi

Dine With Daughters

Dining with Daughters is a delight
Dining with them is true divine
Lovely they are more than sons
Lovely they are in heart and soul

By the divine grace dangerous are berry
Brought they are to greed their clan
Bless them where they are learn and where given
Blessed are those who have only daughters

Dangerous are the mothers of men man forgets
Treats them ill and with willful negligence
Cursed are they who treat them so them
Dangerous curse them to the highest hell

To dine with them is divine bliss
Not to be found in worldly pleasures
Search men pleasure where is not it
Leave them to their word to leave ever

Dine with them doubly blessed thou become
Delight them they will delight you forever
Do them good loving them dear
They will love you and lead to Heaven.

Ramesh Joshi

Earth Bears All

EARTH BEARS ALL

Earth bears all its children
Children good and bad
Earth bears men and women
Who make it a mess always
Earth bears all filth of men
of women, animals and class
It bears all sins that spoils things
That men do in their undoings.
Earth gives water to clean
The dirty linen of men.
Earth blows winds to make
Fresh air to make room for all.
Earth gives air to all to breathe
So that its children live in cheer
Earth gives light to the eyes
So that darkness is dispelled.
Earth gives ether to us
To make sound to sense
Earth gives sense to sound
So that men talk and talk.
Earth bears all that is good and bad
So that good be increased in its tribe
And bad be extinguished to bottom
So that all may live in peace

Ramesh Joshi

Examination

Examination, Examination children are
Bothered of KG to University exams.
It is an annual ritual, and also an
Unavoidable ordeal to face it true.

What Examinations give in turn, to them
Certificates of no merit or market?
They are thrown to winds like feathers
Floating on chance and others favours.

God bless, no examination as in
America, you pass if qualified.
True there, not in India; for in
India with exam Certificates more you want

Is money, influence, caste, religion and favour,
Students should do it to please them all
Including examiner, moderator & university as well.
Hell of a job it is, God, save them from it.

No problem, if exams are thrown to the
wind like our merit in the

Ramesh Joshi

Fat Body And Light Soul

Fat bodies are bad physicians say so
Fat bodies invite death very lightly
They say they die quick and instant
They say they die quicker than death

Fat bodies have a lighter soul
Light souls light lighter in weight
They die quick quicker than wind
Who wants not to die quicker than ever?

Light souls are truly delighting
For lighter than the air they pass
Leaving everything being with all
May I die early for life is fat

Ramesh Joshi

For The Sake Of Life

FOR THE SAKE OF LIFE...

For the sake of livelihood, all struggle
Day and night, months, years, till the end.
All beings in frenzy, pervasive, perspiring
Purturbed pursuit they continue to survive.

In restless mind, each one eager to fill
The bottomless pit, moves earth and all
To share their turn, run hard in madness
Crying, rejoicing, tearful eyes in joyful sorrow.

Strange are the rules of life that the Nature
Has ordained one and all; : to live is to die to
Rejoice is to lament, to gain is to lose dear, to
Do is undoing, mixing all things, is life symphony.

In the endless life cycle, in the whirlpool of all
Changes, transformation continues, nothing to
Create and nothing destroyed at the eternal
Presence, unchanged spiralling up, HIS sport dear.

Ramesh Joshi

Fragile Man

Man, thou in fragile frame plays monkey tricks
A parasite sustaining on the rotten senses
Day dreams are your food, hope a dirty water
You play traunts with burning fire

Endless bundles of desire bind you
With tender tethars to tomb
You a frog under serpent's hood
Struggle in vain to save thy skin

Leave thy wild goose chase where
Thyself a goose chased by might
Time will hang thyself by
The self made noose, whose knot is tight

Ramesh Joshi

Gandhi Vandana

Vande Mahatma, the father of nation,
Birthday greetings, prayers, blessings
We beseech apologetic, being unworthy,
Callous, contemptuous contradicting thee.

Truth, Ahimsa, used weapons, vanquish
Opponents, worst oppressors white regime,
Now, your land crying help, cross bearance
Values massacred, Violence dance wild.

Intolerant bigots claim pound of flesh.
Pinprick conscience, pain to nation pride
moral corruption rampant, evil force let lose
Crush life-force, shaming national pride.

Thy name now high jacked, political pronoun
Tarnish, used unscrupulous scamster gang as
Cap, political crown hereditary, he'll bent usurp
Breed sycophants perilous to national honour.

Mohandas Karamchanda Gandhi, speak your
Heart, You approve your name being demonised,
Defamed, derided, drenched in dubious fame?
Speak out thy mind, you approve, and abate error.

Ramesh Joshi

Good Morning, Pilgrim Soul

Good morning pilgrim soul
Wish you all good morning
For know not when the day
ends and new leaf turns.

Good morning to you, for
life journey you did till now
day today, for none knows
how long, our sojourn here.

How many mornings you saw,
remember, not exact on fingers,
need calculator, ur poor maths?
Spent days nay, not how worth.

Reflect, simple presumption
half life, spent in oblivious sleep,
Pillow companion in dreaming,
which you recollect right now?

Rest half in waking dream gone
eating, drinking, frolick chatting
wayword, unaware, not knowing
Time slipping silently below feet.

Life, fast turning, nearing end,
demand audit of gain and loss,
not terms of fiscal budget, worldly
life, so unmindfully squandered.

Beware the account book at store,
closely monitored, scrutinies done,
delayed justice, but never denied
Day labour and light, never denied.

Ramesh Joshi

Gyaana Vaani

GYAANA VAANI (VOICE OF GYANESH) .
(Excerpts from BHAAVAARTHA DEEPIKAA) .

- 1) All that is created, should one day be destroyed,
and all destroyed, bound created back transformed.
- 2) Move on relentlessly resolved further in light divine
Arjuna, move on doing thy duty discharging dutifully.
- 3) Rejoice in pleasure, and cry in pain be not thy
Mind be entangled, same in profit and loss be.
- 4) Mind be involved tranquil in duty preordained,
Be it enlightened bright in scriptural commands.
- 5) Arjunaa, fruits of reward of work done by thee aho!
That follows like shadow when expectation curtailed.
- 6) Mind in concentration divine, continue discharging
Duties diligent, behoves thee, enhancing thy grace.
- 7) Discarding thine natural aptitudal duty, be not bound
Embraced, however attractive, a sure a bondage will be.
- 8) Do thy duty with devotion in concentration a worship,
At His altar, a floral offering submitting in sublicense.
- 9) Equanimity of mind, know it a path to perfection,
An ultimate unison of mind and body a way forward.
- 10) Faith in self is faith in Divine true, that ultimately
Saves thee free from bandages that have bond.

Ramesh Joshi

He Wants Her True

He wants her true is not
A Love song of false lovers
It is the gospel of true love
That lasts long without decay
True love does not decay it knows
It knows no loss for has no gain
It gives everything not wanting
Anything, for it takes pleasure to give
Give me they hand to kiss it smooth
Give me your face to make it read
Give me they heart to make it warm
Give me they love to make it true
I live in this world for they own sake
Love, I know other than thy true self
Meet I have knowing none to come
Come on my love and make it true
Hearts of lovers are sealed by love
Lips of lovers are sealed by words
Bodies of lovers are united by love
Unity of eyes indicates their love
Thus he wants her true to him
False he wants nor to make him fool
He wants her to be like his shadow
For beloved is the shadow of her lover

Ramesh Joshi

Human Relations

OF THE HUMAN RELATIONS, LESS TALKED IS BETTER
THEY ARE DRIED UP WELLS THAT PILE UP BROKEN TIES.

THE SURVIVING SPINACH IN MORNING TWEETS
GOOD MORNING FROM THE UNKNOWN GREEN BOUGHS,
OVERWHELMS AND MOVES THE HEART TO SEARCH WHERE.

THE VOICE UNFOLDS THE SLEETING PASSIONS OF SUBLIME.
THE HUMAN RELATIONS LONG STRAINED IN WORLD,
LONG FORGOTTEN, VALUES OF DIVINE NATURE IN MAN, GODSPELL.

IT'S MELODIOUS VOICE RAISES THE HOPE ALL IS NOT LOST IN THE WORLD.
SALUTE THEE, THE IMMORTAL SPRING, THE SOUL, KEEPING RELATION WARM.

#A MORNING SONG DEDICATED TO THE IMMORTAL VOICE..

Ramesh Joshi

Is There No End

IS THERE NO END...?

our hearts ready to dance to the tunes
Of transitory sense pleasures, abide by,
Stand tempted, abducted and disillusioned,
Crying vain, the fox's wry 'grapes are sour.'

Every moment, hour and the new year, we Barkis'
'Willing' Peggoty's sweet hand, despite hard face
that no bird ready to peck, so dear, sweet to suck! ,
Yet, all isn't lost, we hope against hopes ransacked.

Eve, tempted of enjoying the 'fruit forbidden ',
lost paradise, mothering us, her greedy children;
now rules supreme keeping our unending desires
bound hand and foot under her lock and key now?

Ninety nine of us out of hundred, are slaves of senses,
drowned in the murky quagmire of the hopeless
hopes, dreaming, that some thing turns tomorrow
better, daydreaming of that unending tomorrows'.

O! God, is there no end to the endless desires?

Ramesh Joshi

Islam

Islam is the best religion but
The worst followers for its fall.
Swami Prophesized in his inspired
Talks to the world that true it be.
What is Islam? You ask an Islamite
He says that he knows not nor his
Islamic forefathers. We know to kill
He who is not an Islamite to death.
Islam was born amidst storming violence.
Mohammad was born to preach message
The peace to mind, the peace to the world.
Islam is peace in meaning & in sense.
Paigambar the prophet founded this
Religion to provide peace and fraternity.
Fraternity provides love of others
Make on self with others as your own self.
Crusades are wars in the name of religion
They have destroyed religion than religion
Itself putting blood to spill from swords
Kefir's they called those not of their faith
Karam says that by two thousand A.D.
Islam will be no where even for medicine
Nostradamus a French astrologer
Testifies the fact in his Islamic future

Ramesh Joshi

Kailas Caves

Kailas, the place of Shiva,
lives in peace with Parvati,
cares none, kept nothing,
Half naked he lives in skin.
Man wants Shiva, Parvati,
wants, live with, as well.
he carved stones, on earth.
Ellora Cave, known.
Yadavas, Chalukya loved,
Carved carve, single stone cave,
Shiva has forsaken, the place,
now the travelers rush there.

It's Stone carving, top to bottom,
They tread on, the crest,
Kailasa, paradise for travellers
seeing, Lord is there, my friend,

Ramesh Joshi

Knock, The Divine Door Opens

Pingala, the courtesan, Vidisha street
night waits for suitors visit, ready sell
beautiful flesh for the money greed,
Passers, dreaming , her customer come.

Hours wait, none visit, to quench carnal
Desires, no fortune, no gain, late night.
Waited, waited, weary, cry, curse fortune.,
Ashamed, reflect foolishness in vain greed.

wisdom, dawns last, time wasted in misery
forlorn, hoping against the hope for money
never breeds happiness, but miseries in life.
Instead, why not wait for the Lord, the Master.

Realisation now, the greedy knot, snapped,
Chose to wait, midnight vigil, continued prayer
Longing for the Lord to serve Him day and night.
Draws lesson in life that none but God is our Master.

He knows to give what, or not, we deserve,
Like greedy courtesan, man spills the beans, cry
Foul when not reached un reachable, impossible
not be possible, waiting life long in vain strife.

Abhor greed, keep avarice at distance, be true in
His trust, lead life in contentment, ask you get,
Knock the door opens, pray He will be pleased

Ramesh Joshi

Lead Noble Life

LEAD LIFE NOBLY....

LIFE, WE LIVE IS RARE AND SHORT, PRECIOUS
THAT WE NEED KNOW MAKE IT MEANINGFUL.
LIVING FOR SELF IS COMMON TO BRUTES, NAY,
FOR OTHERS TOO, MAKES A SENSE OF THE BEST.

WE LEARN TO LIVE EARNEST, LET OTHERS SO
DOING, IS WHAT LIFE MISSION DECLARES, ALL
THAT EXISTS, BELONGS TO HIM, HE PERVADING,
ENJOY UNCOVETINGLY WHAT NOT BELONGS THEE.

ENJOY WITH GRATITUDE TO THE MASTER PLENTY
GIVER, ALL YOU DESERVE, RIGHTFUL CLAIM OVER.
SHORT IS YOUR TENURE TO STAY MAKE BEST A SHOT.
LIVE WITH LOVE FOR MEN, BRUTES, CREATURES PLEASE.

ABOVE THE HEAD IS DIVINE CANOPY GRACE, FEEL IT
EVERY MOMENT OF BREATH, THAT BREATHES WITHIN.
DO DUTY WITH GRACE, OFFERING IN DAILY WORSHIP TO
HIM, THE MAKER, PROTECTOR AND DESTROYER ALL IN ONE.

Ramesh Joshi

Lesson Of The History

What lesson of history has man learnt?
Of wars, conflicts and mutual mistrust
Of catastrophic strategies to thrall all
To the dust and kill others in innocence
What lesson did we learn from good?
Of man's birth on this fine planet
Of good nature and the art of living
And letting others to live like himself
History also taught us to avoid war
The war that brought ruins to the world
That divided the beautiful parts on
The race and religion base
It also showed the fact of survival of
The fittest and elimination of the weak
The success showers to the truth
And not to the untruthful spending time in killing others
It showed that man is man and should be seen so
So that man lives on this planet
Beautiful as it is and worth living
It also taught to preach truth
As eternal solutions for all problems
Lastly it showed that it itself is short
By recording man's goodness and badness
It showed that man lives on earth even if
It goes with book of history in hand

Ramesh Joshi

Life Dreamt Like Beauty.

'I slept and dreamt that life is beauty,
I awoke and found that life is duty..'
sings the poet amazed, adoring life beauty
as glory; a beauty that surely rests in the duty.

Earnest souls, are those that make their
life a beautiful page, to one and all declaring
loud that : the beauty lies in duty discharging,
in a sincere offering, to the Maker with gratitude.

' You have no right over a morsel of bread
to eat without day labour'; eating which you
steal and make ur self a usurper and sinner,
worse than brutes, who sweat their labour for it.

Man is sinner; but not the brutes, for, they do duty;
shame the mankind, for eating what is not, not
meant for the self, but for others, rightfully reserved
and owned. If done so otherwise, life will be beautiful.

Doing duty without demanding rewards, is our
might, that makes our life beautiful to one and all.

Ramesh Joshi

Life In Death

Life in Death.

Night I slept late to awake
early morn to see reverie
where I saw the self tied
fast, ready to funeral pyre.

People gathered, were busy
piling up dry fuel logs in a
pyramid shape to place my
body on the terminal ground.

I saw few gossiping groups
sideliners in dead silence, know
not what they whispered ears
couldnt decipher, what meant.

I knew not I am in dead or living,
certain, should be dead, am here,
to last resting place am brought.
feeling life breathing in me, now.

My mind in speed ran to house,
where silence prevails, polls, pell_
_mell scattered in strewn garlands
with broken earthen pot bewailing.

my house? where my family seen?
In bath, were they busy sprinkling
water to heads, self purificatoryrite,
neighbours waiting, tea fulling kettles.

I heard them say in consolation to the
embittered kin, ' all ends, with departure
now to snap all ties, only fading picture
fast vanish in hours, months and years.'

Now where am I? where to go? with
whom to traverse with logs or men

who have now turned wet fuel to burn
me, ready for next pyre, on shoulder.

Now I know it not reverie, a reality,
senses refuse, the mind reluctant
reversing reality in incredible reverie.
Death, as true as Life in life we die.

Ramesh Joshi

Life, A Beautiful Rose

LIFE, A BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

Life, beautiful like rose is
colourful, fragrant, tender,
blooming, gracefully exit
Shorlived, in hours years.

Under canopy of sublime
Care, man breathes, shares
pleasure and pain, through
out, this temporal sojourner.

Behind the bed of roses, lie
the prickly thorns, bleeding
Pain, perplexing fountains
Of pleasure mingled sorrow.

All pleasures, endurable pains
follow, reincarnated in pleasure
again, confusion worst confound
the paradoxical logic, mindboggle.

Man, little man, dressed with brief
authority, mocks himself of what
the heaven bequeathed to survive,
to ruin the self, by his ignorgance*.

(Note * ignorance and arrogance combined) .

Ramesh Joshi

Life, A Reverie.

Life is a reverie of the past, present, future
Combined, writ large on the mind canvas a
Coloured imprinted video shot uninterrupted,
A trailer of soul in its prolonged journey, a reverie.

It knows no beginning, nor end of its cycle that
began its course with Time immemorial compeer,
that in whirl pool, moves on and on to the endless
Shore, storing intact impressions to unknown shore.

They say the immortal soul in personal_impersonal
Form traverses endlessly towards the unknown shore
With short halting stations that the soul transforms it's
mortal coil time and again, an old wine in new bottle.

Where does it move? And with what mission? , where ending?
Is a story told by an idiot, full of fury and sound signifying
nothing, waiting for rows tomorrow unending,
A Skelton ship on the water, the spirit of life in death aroving.

Ramesh Joshi

Love To Live In Harmony

Buddha's heart India wants,
A vedantic head India wants
Shoulders of Islam we want
Wanting now once possessed.

Religion is Its generic physic,
Spirituality her inner strength
United in single fold, as one in
thoughts in pious heart alike.

We are an element, diverse in unity
Embracing the best that universe
Offers, like sugar dissolved in milk
As parsi faith symphonied in spirit.

A foster mother, for all faiths, nourishing
At her bosom, feeding milk of human
Kindness, sheltering in distressful perils
Proclaiming all faiths leading to oneness.

Lo My brotheren! , why distrust, disharmony
At heart while breathing, drinking, eating in
One bountiful divine canopy of one mother?
Forget and forgive frailties of weakened links.

'Love thy neighbour like thyself' did Christ insist
Insist? , to bleed hearts for others distress, Pious
Merciful, sacrificing in love's abundance you be.
Our father in Heaven is one, not protecting thee?

Fight not for caste, creed and faith and practices,
For He wanting His children alike divine sparks
To live, let live, harmonious loving, trustful fraternals
Casting off differences; , you and I as one teens.

Ramesh Joshi

Man Awake, Arise, Come To Senses

Man by nature is monkey qualities mixed,
Absence of back fix exit, evolution bless
Retain quality mischief, master tricks free
Has chosen perilous path to pursue, mock
Maker's magnanimous design; wedge tail
Betwixt edge of doom sport bomb hang on,
Ready to push fatal button at finger tips on.
Lost in moral force, anger, avarice, abnormal
Unnatural demonic propensities speak free
In his thought and action obsess perversion.
Man, little man! thou dressed with little power
Make angels shame and the Maker remorse,
For Force, what vested, pull back the powers.
Eden, invaded by the rascal man, Satan reduce
Earth to absurd theatre, Pendamonium, stage
set to suicide.
Awake, arise come to senses, restore sense lost.

Ramesh Joshi

Man, The Proud Man

MAN, THE PROUD MAN.

Man, the proud man, how great you feel
For ur want of learning and wanton living
Inferior to the core realisation and animal
creed superior that u are intoxicate, living.!

Born with mortal coil fragile, drowned in endless
Skyhigh greed and forlorn hopes u offend noneless
The Heaven's biddings, decrying, disdainig, discarding,
Disrespecting, devouring the life elixir emptying in full.

Forgetting the true nature of the self divine mock
You yourself, wound and bleed yourself crying in
Pain complain callously against the graceful heaven
Of the charges, unfounded, unsubstantial unholy.

The merciful father in heaven finally saying 'thy will
Be done, and what you deserve will surely be granted, '
'For, know it certain that you are shown the place, that
You are paid in the same coin, you paid to Me and world.'

Ramesh Joshi

Meditation

MEDITATION.

Meditation, , the most welcome,
practice that solitude, at heart
is the royal path to the blissfulness,
that seek Him that we aim and rever.

Meditation is distorted, when worldly
Matters creep in, when worldly thought
enters the mind, and destroy inner bliss,
alas! turning the heaven's bliss rotten.

Meditation is the strength of mind,
Soul unravels the nature to mind
Makes mansion, a Yogic postured
Psyche divine, a doubly blessed life.

Welcome meditating mind that mediates,
The undivided self, unite me with Thee.

Ramesh Joshi

Message Of The Upanishad To Mankind

Message of the Upanishad to Mankind.

Kenopanishad says: 'Who is the director of the mind? Who impels the mind to alight on its object? Brahman.

At whose command does the Prana proceed to function? The command of Brahman or the Absolute.

At whose command do men utter speech? The command of Brahman.

What intelligence directs the eyes and the ears towards their respective objects? The Intelligence of Brahman.

Behind the Prana and the senses there is Brahman or the supreme Self. He who knows this attains immortality.

Ignorant people identify themselves with the body, mind, Prana and senses on account of nescience or Avidya.

They mistake these false, perishable limiting adjuncts or vehicles for the pure immortal Atman, and so they are caught in the round of births and deaths.'

Ramesh Joshi

Money And Moral

Money and Moral begin with 'M'
They are both from letters fixed
'oney' makes money 'oral' makes Moral
Both are same in word and content.
Moral is the money for society
Which is born even before money?
A master of money and moneyed
Moral bank make money in Millions
Days there were in the past Morals were
measuring counting the greatness of man
Days have changed now the greatness
of man measured by the Money
he mints Money was a means
for the moral life It was a token to give
and take, They took love and gave money
to poor, They lived with morals, no love
for money.
Changed are the days now
Changing the role and meaning
of Money and Morals money
Money is first and the last.

Ramesh Joshi

Morning Song

OF THE HUMAN RELATIONS, LESS TALKED IS BETTER
THEY ARE DRIED UP WELLS THAT PILE UP BROKEN TIES.

THE SURVIVING SPINACH IN MORNING TWEETS
GOOD MORNING FROM THE UNKNOWN GREEN BOUGHS,
OVERWHELMS AND MOVES THE HEART TO SEARCH WHERE.

THE VOICE UNFOLDS THE SLEEING PASSIONS OF SUBLIME.
THE HUMAN RELATIONS LONG STRIANED IN WORLD,
LONG FORGOTTEN, VALUES OF DIVINE NATURE IN MAN, GODSPELL.

IT'S MELODIOUS VOICE RAISES THE HOPE ALL IS NOT LOST IN THE WORLD.
SALUTE THEE, THE IMMORTAL SPRING, THE SOUL, KEEPING RELATION WARM.

#A MORNING SONG DEDICATED TO THE IMMORTAL VOICE..

Ramesh Joshi

Mother In Memoriam

MOTHER, IN MEMORIAM.

Mother o! Mother where are you?
Where are you? Where are you?
I search you hither and tither, no,
You are not seen, to my mortal eyes. (1)

Year's have passed, my passing days near,
Still I recall, yet you hide ur self in my
Memory compact, continue, haunting my
Eyes searching around, round and round. (2)

Once, , as if in dream now, you were waiting
Eagerly for my supper and dinner, now none
Alas! Is left for my fate to fill that gap that
Place a vacuum, none to fill in your absence. (3)

Yes, true, strange are the ways of children
They don't answer when mothers call, but
Continue to cry when not seeing their mom
Beside, only to realise the worth after departure. (4)

" KUPUTRO JYAYETA, KVACHIDAPI KUMAATAA NA
BHAVATI" ignoble children are found always on earth,
But never a mother ever found unworthy and ignoble,
On the surface of the earth, for SHE is mother of all mothers. (5) .

Ramesh Joshi

Mother India

MOTHER INDIA.

MOTHER India, salute thee,
seventy first years freedom,
no smile, your face grim
and wrinkled yet.

Political freedom realised,
heart Not united, Discord, large,
Ugly heads, conflict, coverdise
Disgrace nation pride, head in shame.

Voices of Separatists howl loud
Raising fear, second partition
Sketch ready, Kashmir dark clouds,
Thickened, breakaway demonstration.

Traitors, criminals, Nation breakers
Bigots, united ready to disfigure
Thy limbs, join hands enemy camp,
Appeasement, vote bank politics.

Crime ascending, women insecure,
Corruption rampant, communal force
sheltered in minority, human rights
Violation, Mandir Masjid politics raked.

No place, Rama, Rahim live in amity
Unwilling fanatic clerics, not willing
respect national anthem, unwilling,
Salute tricolour, symbol, pride of land.

Mother, they refuse, shame, shame,
That's why you are sad and grim?

Ramesh Joshi

My Darling Soul

My darling soul.
(An ode) .

Salutations to my
darling soul, thou,
sojourn within more
fleshy mansion, of late
Coming, filling colours,
capturing attention till,
divine pleasure prevail,
shining permeates state.

One entity many forms
shape, size, complexion a
magic wand moving on,
never leaving senses to
pounceon, to relie on, thy
invincible escape, a safe
, female, baby, a
child or old tattered body,
all in one, confounding thy
nature none deciphers bold.

What you are none knows,
only conjecture, nay not real.
Shrouded in mystery, thou,
Untouched, unseen, only but
sensed in pulse, thy departure
from mortal coil, escapest last.

Love thee all, my darling spirit,
the lifeline, all desires, passions
to prevail amidst uncertainties,
mocking life with death mask
desiring ever, to be wedded with
thee, Thou makest no difference
between birth and death, only thy
entry and exit they know or not.

My Dear Lotus

Dear lotus, where have you gone?
Gone back to thy place where you
Were bornThou art not born for this
world you are born for me forever.
You came from the lake luster
Full, Now, no water, only lake
is there Water, water everywhere,
no water in now, my lotus, you are
in no water, I am the water for I made
it then I am the ether to live in it

I am the light for I shine it, I am the sky
for I dwell in, You are my love to live
with me, Your eyes I made round
to surround thee, I made your nose
straight for I enter in thy breathe,

I made your face lotus like, for I want
thee where are you going my lotus face?
Why do you turn your vault face to me,
Your face shines when mine shines,
You smile when? I smile to see you.

Ramesh Joshi

My Heart

O! My father dear, dwell at my heart
Dwell in it, otherwise who dwells?
In your absence desires occupy, and,
Spoilt within and without.

In childhood, sporting spirit stayed,
sporting day and night without rest,
In youth, love lurked in,
eyes to wander everywhere.

Then, the marriage, desire to enjoy
stayed strong, day and night pursued,
The body and bed,
that got children as result.

Now again the venom filled, another
Lady pleasure extra marital, of name
And fame, tastes sweet desired,
Day and night spent without rest.

Remove her from bosom forever,
Father, stay you stay in my heart.
Make the mind pure and serene,
To stay with you long, forever.

My Father, shape my mind,
So that none enters next time,
None dares to lurk in to stay,
longer than your presence felt.

Ramesh Joshi

Nataraj

Nataraj of Ajanta where are
You, in paintings? faded now,
you be traced by thousand
travelers, surrounding thee?
Shiva, the lord of destruction,
Now subjected, destruction true,
should die, already half
dead, living form alone.
What, mad world after thee?
What pursuit! , has broken mage,
you dead down to dust,
love, they want you to die.

Ramesh Joshi

New Religion, We Want

Buddha's heart India wants
Vedic head India wants
Shoulder of Islam India wants
The religion for India's future.
Vivekananda viewed new religion
A universal religion to all
He dreamt to make reality
After he left, India wakes now.
Vedas are realisation of truth,
Are experiences universally found
Upanishads, appendix for all
Makes a religion vedantic
Buddha's heart melted
See bleeding pains hearts
Desire, mother of sorrow
Forsake, and feel freedom.
Buddha said death, inevitable,
Asking, widowed mother bring
Sesem from house, where, none died,
Was lesson he taught the world.
We learn from Buddha.
Love humanity, unfettered,
Forsake desire, forsake pleasures,
Makes you Buddha

Ramesh Joshi

No Backward But Forward

World moves no backward but always forward
It moved so in the past, still moves and will move
It moved in past, present and future to go on
Where does it move, the mover knows and not moved

Move on my dear world, darling world move on
You move with me to move by movers hands
The mover is ego under at distance with moving hands
The hand that moves in invisible fast moving

I see both movement, mover and moved still
Others see no mover nor moved for they know nothing
In movement they are formed, in movement live
And in movement die being moved on by the mover

What a wonder awaits the movie to not know being marked?
What wonder that moves the movement being moved?
What wonder that movement brings in the mover and the moved?
What wonder that moved, moving, mover and movement go?

This is the world that the seers saw
This is the world that the truth they saw
This is the world that moved the wonderer
This is the wonder that mover moves the movement

I am the part of the integral whole
You are the part of that integral whole
All are the part of this integral process
This is the truth that needs to be known

Ramesh Joshi

Noble Souls Live Only To Help Others

NOBLE SOULS LIVE ONLY TO HELP OTHERS.

???????? ?????? ????????? ????????? ?????? ? ????????? ?????? ??????????
???????? ?????? ??? ????????????? ????????????? ?????? ???????????

The rivers don't drink their own water.
The trees don't eat their own fruits.
The clouds don't eat the crops grown from their water.
The lives of the nobles are only for helping
others.

???????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????, ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????, ?????? ?????? ??????
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????? ???

Ramesh Joshi

Obituary To Father

Thirty years have passed in silence
Amidst turbulent time after the death
of my father dear to me and to all
He left us in childhood all us alone

What he left us was his blessing in disguise
Outside it was hard and challenging time but
In truth it was a challenge to spirit of us
All to stand on our own legs with religion in mind

Now thirty years have passed with him
He is still very much with us with blessings
To his children to live happy and free
Now he lives with us to see us happy

When, he left, he left nothing but courage
In dubitable mind free from very pelf
Poverty we faced with bolder face even
Life we led in courage and crusade

Now things he has settled with blessings great
Now he wants no to live like him for others
His life was great for he had his greatness
What you do he says in waiting to see

Prayers to father dear Dada we called you
Dada you were for people who came to you
Sent you now without tea, food and bread
Gave thy own apparel so that they be happy.

Ramesh Joshi

Ode To Buddha

Buddha arise from monastery,
Thou sleepest in sixth cave,
On bed, beneath awakened lovers,
Romancing, mocking thy sleep.
You attracted young lovers,
Perhaps, thou are still human,
Love spares none, thee free,
Are mad for thee, in world.

Your message carved, distorted,
Should have left, leaving teaching,
Still you linger in lovers' midst,
Tranquil, smiling, romancing game.

Ramesh Joshi

Ode To Sleep

ODE TO SLEEP.

Oh sleep! sweet daughter of nature
bless me in in full embrace,
make me forget worries,
cast off shadows of overcrowded head,
You be dear and loyal more than any one.

You come and force me sleep with
embrace strong till next morn.....
I get up fresh from sleep,

Force me to retire to
leave me fresh and free.
A day you visit not, dead am I,
One moment you come late, restless,
An hour you stay, blest am I.
Medicines they use to welcome you,
Doctors recommend thee as rest.
What they know you, not?
bless those lucky soul to rest.

Ramesh Joshi

Ode To The Rising Sun

Good morning, you bid to every being, bird, beast or man
Awakening them by the tender beams of twilight hour,
Forcing to open their eyes to the shining hues of golden
Glitter o! U, the morning sun, the punctual servant of the day.

The scriptures invoke thy favour in panegyric with folded hands
As " PUSHAN APARUNU SATYA DHARMAAY SHAASVATE "praying,
Beseeching the favour to enable to part take the Truth hidden in
Thy golden casket, o! , " SURYA"to realise the unrevealed mysteries.

Thou art the eternal witness of all transience of the mortal life, U,
being addressed, "YAMA ", the supreme controller of the universe
Forcing order on the movement of the words, a knit garland in single thread.
You, the supreme governor, every change, goes under thy nose and thumb.

" ASATOMAAM SADGA MAYA, TAMASOMAAM JYOTIRGA MAYA, MRUTYOR
MAAM AMRATANGA MAYAYA" thrice the peace invoked for thee regions
Where the pilgrim soul turns transformed shining in the multiple golden hues
That dwells within all, without allowing them to dwell within Its golden cask

Ramesh Joshi

Of The Life Relationships

OF THE LIFE RELATIONSHIPS.

Relationships in life are valuable
Sacred, cementing the bonds are
Beautiful, oozing affection, comfort
Soul within humans, graceful divine.

God's children the fraternity encircle
breathing, bleeding, sharing affection
In veins so wonderful above words,
Warm, close, rocklike strong binding.

Turned Godward, opening ocean, serene
Gates of Bhakti, leading to Gyana Viragy.
Leading to sublime station of attainment
That makes life noble grand and sublime.

Ramesh Joshi

Paradigmatic Shift

PARADIGMATIC SHIFT...?

A PARADIGMATIC SHIFT WE LEAP INTO LIFE
TO THE VALUES MUNDANE, LEAST NATURAL;
MORNING PRAYERS REPLACING FINGERS TO
MORNING TO MOBILE TUNES HALLO CALLERS.

REVERENCE TO FAMILY ELDERS REPLACED
BY MECHANICAL HEARTLESS MUNDANE
GOSSIPS, IN COLD-BLOODED CENSORING WORDS
THAT SURE TO HURT REPENTING AGED ELDERS.

AGED IN FAMILY CIRCLE, ODD INCONGRUITY TO
PAINFUL AVOIDABLE NUISANCE AWAITING ' SHUT
UP' BY ANY YOUNGSTER AT TIME OF SWEETCHOICE,
THAT SILENCES SAGE COUNSEL, UNSOLICITED MINUTE.

SELF SACRIFICE AT THE BACKSEAT, PERSONAL GAINS
SUPERIOR; , ALMS AND CHARITY REPLACED BY GREED
AND BEGGARY LIMITLESS IN SHAMEFUL ABUNDANCE,
SHIFTING TO PARADIGMATIC SHIFT OF VIRTUES BY VICE.

Ramesh Joshi

Playing Children

Playing Children are playing heaven
Play with them for play they like most
To heaven they take while on earth
Play with them forgetting all in them
Children are innocent, insane they make
Playful in mind and sportive in make
Play with them playing thyself
Play with them loving them as thyself
Plays various they have in their
Childish fantasy too fantastic indeed
Foul they know not while in play
Grown up play to limit their venom
Children like most playing in game
They play games making life a joy
They forget the world making to forget
Everything in play to young and old
Child I wish to be, a second childhood
Childhood is divine in divinity's self
Children you be while playing with children
Childhood is grace divine, dwindling all old age

Ramesh Joshi

Poison Of Politics

Politicians, on the viral abuse,
Mudslings, beat below the belt.
No subjects under the sun spared
from public to private shames.

Nation burning, flames of hate
Fume, communal fire, consume,
Hearts divided, distrust darken, in-
-secure victims hacked to death.

Politics, degraded below belt, cross
Credible heights, insensitivity looms
large, detestable beyond civilised term,
hang head in shame, limitless uncivility.

Nation crying for the security, safety,
Innocent men and women, thrilled,
Who live, gasping in poverty, fear of
dignity, death violence embroiled.

Plunder public money, toilets not spared,
treasury garrisoned, all in name of poor,
lynch Human modesty and excellence, o!
We want them? Nay never, nation survive.

Ramesh Joshi

Prayer For Enlightenment

Under the banyan tree, sits the radiant
master, knowledge embodied, in silence
Serene mood, full of grace profound, watch
ready to shower the words of grace.

Pupils gaze at the sublime visage in
admiration, ready seek doubts, quelled
Of subtleties of knowledge of the divine
means, cross deep waters ignorance.

Questions raised of creation, which,
the caused the matter transformed
from primordial power, the life sprung
shaping the form from void shadow?

What mystery the death hides from
mortals, where It leads to unknown
regions and transform and transmute
It's booty back or not to earth, snatched?

Where does the spirit dwell in or out? from
Its created wings outspread, dove like sits
hovering around hatching it's fresh creation.
None knows for certain what it does about?

How to know the unknown known, a means
to realise the self, that unlocks the locked
mysteries all staggd, stringed, linked in One
Whole, the master nay! Pray ur grace reveal.

Ramesh Joshi

Prayer To Dakshinamurthi For Enlightenment

Under banyan tree, sits radiant
master, knowledge embodied, silent
Serene, , full grace, watch profound,
ready, shower words of grace.

Pupils gaze, sublime visage admire
ready, seek doubts, dispelled,
subtleties, knowledge of divine
means, cross deep ignorance.

Doubts raised, of creation, the
cause, the matter transformed,
From primordial force life sprung
shaping form from void ?

Mystery, death hides from
mortals, leading to unknown,
transform, transmute
booty back not earth, snatched?

Spirit dwell, in or out?
created wings, outspread, dove sits
hover round, hatch fresh creation.
knows no certain what about?

know, unknown means
realise self, unlock locked
mystery, staggd, stringed, in
One master! Pray, reveal.

Dakshinamurti, Lord Shiva,
Yogi, bless devout devotees,
Pray, true at heart, His name.
Salutations Dakshinamurti.

Ramesh Joshi

Prayer To Goddess Urania

PRAYER TO GODDESS URANIA.

Urania, the Greek muse, the goddess
one among nine counted, worshiped,
by bards in the realms of gold, whose
grace shape the spirit's silence speak.
Pray be settled on thy tongue ever.

Sing the glory of heaven, of His master
command that His progeny be playful,
prayerful positioned under His command.
Blessed are they, sing His song succinct.

Ramesh Joshi

Promethean Struggle

Promethean Struggle.

Prometheus bound in
grips of tender love pray
the mighty coil, to release
the tight embrace awhile.

Love replies, no, I am face
Divine never free you till the
morn, Self realisation dawn,
In thee that You and I are one.

That's divine grace usher in
Ignorant man unwilling to call,
conscience forces on and on
to open eyes of sleeping giant.

The struggle to losing battle to
win, man fights, serving ignorance
no reward, Self obtaining nothing,
empty beggar dream, insignificant.

Ramesh Joshi

Ratha Saptami

Ratha Saptami is day an which
Lord sum rises Northwards to
Make his journey to Makara
Salutations to you, my sum the father.

This is the auspicious day for men
and women to worship the well
Thou art light giving to all
Bless me with blessings of heart's desire

I love the well as you do for me
You give all everything we want
Give me my love which I have lost
It is I crave from bottom's heart

She is virtuous as also beauteous
She loves me well as I do for her
Now she is love alone in crisis of her
of being one with me as I wish so
Bharata is her lover called Bharati
Colourful she is as her changing face
She is the motherland where thou shine
That is Bharati, the love sublime

May she be happy wherever she be
May she love me as I do for her
May she remember me as I do
May she unite as I desire .

Ramesh Joshi

Restrain Mind, Thy Mad Pursuit

RESTRAIN MIND, THY MAD PURSUIT.

Butterfly mind, why you hover round flowers
Searching one after other in greed unsatisfied?
Know you not that flowers live in hours as men
Live in years to make a final exit sure and certain?

Flowering sense pleasures intoxicating, strip you off
Of all temporal pleasures you struggle to embrace,
In moments before wink of eye, still you pursue nay
Not that they are not forever to please thee pleasing.

The fruits of poison tree enchant mind blinding the
Senses, bar the reason, arouse the passion, end silently
Thy forlorn hope to live in sweet dreams of life in naught,
Make you mad slave, a bonded labour, never free again.

Restrain, mind thy mad pursuit of building castles in air
For they remain in air, never on earth, ever fooling thee
To perplexity, more confusion worst confounded pushing
To the deeper darkness, never to see the light of heaven again.

Ramesh Joshi

Romeo Calls

Romeo calls, Juliet come
Juliet come on, come in.
Juliet heart broken in grief,
Has dug her grave lie along.

Some one told, seems, that
She dead, and placed in grave
Romeo runs, thinks Juliet dead
she lived, he risked life.

True love lives not together
True love separates searching
union in grave, have place
In Heaven, who knows's?

What he wants of Juliet?
love to live with, live, in love.
fickle by nature, a butterfly
moves from flower to flower?

Sells smiles, smell through others?
Flowers, visits in vegetation
Romeo, not for, he a rose for her
forever to love, alas! She a Serpent
beneath flower, flowering body.

Ramesh Joshi

Salutations To The Heavenly Father

SALUTATIONS TO THE HEAVENLY FATHER.

Salutations to the father, the light of heaven,
Circle round, the celestial light circumabulating
The circumference axis round the universe.
Pray thy grace to shine in cavity of this mortal coil.

My father, you are my light, radiance that shines
Within, the mighty spirit, keeping body warm,
Breathing in my breath, living life, moving, joining
Crying, feeling, thinking thoughts inspiring lovely.

With you my life begins and ends, with you my fate
Sojourns in prosperity and adversity, both linked alike,
A mirror, that shines your reflection, a spark out spread
In all animate and inanimate things, dove like wings around.

What need I more than the fortune you favoured dwelling
Within this mortal coil free from worldly bondage to escape?

Ramesh Joshi

Sixes And Sevens

Sixes and sevens of life, no end,
Keep life on boil, forlorn hope
fights lone battle, holding carrot
Before the cart, tears of sorrow,
Joy mingled make broken mirror.
Changing Waves, moment perplex
Drive cart fast to destined moment.
Life Beauty bloms in withered leaves
Drop down slow, still hoping hopeless.
Twilight hour, semblance of bright light
Probable impossibility, inadvertent stupidity.
New born cry why born in insecure world
Where hope, hopeless, living death embraced.
Strange, the ways of world, mystery shrouded
Fair is fowl, fowl fair, life 's statement, accept.
Life, waking dream, an idiot story full of fury
signifying nothing, an epitaph, grave open.

Ramesh Joshi

Sleep

Oh sleep! The sweet daughter of nature
Thou bless me in might in full embrace
You make me forget the worries of day
You cast off my shadows of overcrowded head
You are very loyal to me more than wife
Sometimes wife refuses to lie with me
But you come and force me to lie with you
In embrace strongly held till the next morn.
I get up fresh from embrace
With wife you gets dirty embrace
That forces to retire to toilet
But you leave me and everyone fresh and free
One day you come not, dead am I
One day you visit not gone am I!
One moment you come late, restless I grow
One hour you stay more blest am I
Medicines they take to welcome you
Doctors they consult to sleep with you
What do they do knowing you not?
That you bless those lucky men

Ramesh Joshi

Souls Sold To Satan

We have sold our souls to Satan?
(The Obverse side of the reality) .

As we think of human relations today,
It reminds of Dr Faustus who one day,
Sold his soul to Satan to enjoy pleasures
Of senate life, sinning senseless leisures. (1)

World's getting hollow and dry, mad in pursuit,
Is turning slowly an empty vessel of distrust.
All our relations tied up to bartering straight
With ATM transactions drying day and night.

Children forgetting, distrust parents, wife no
Longer trusting her husband while at ATM no,
So Is our state of distrusting relations break
Down today leaving no clue what is yet to break.

For Friends I the silver line, lost in dry gossip
Faith and fidelity dried up at heart gupchip.
Friend in need is no longer seen surfacing,
Fearing the imminent dupe fast approaching.

What's every thing going fast vanished all's well
That ends well? the world bereft of values nil?
No, never so, for all isnt lost, the silver line amidst
Dark clouds exists, no need for forlorn cry abreast.

May we kindly beware, our Father in Heaven,
If He decides to break His relations with men
And women, what horror awaits worse than
Hell fire that chokes all breathing relations then?

The world retains, the remnants still, that assure
The unseen hand ready, to revive things assured.

Ramesh Joshi

Speaking Silence

Day of time it was night, I awoke
Started looking round what it was
Saw the beaming face smiling before
silent mood speak words never heard.

I am your inner self, eternal witness
Sole lone companion in your solitary
Journey unmasking dark deeds done
Docking in guilty state that ever hide.

I know dark deeds you try hard hide,
you thought and did practice, preach,
broke hearts, conspire, committed
omission and commission betrayed.

The waste land, hollow, within know
know secret except, no better self.
Dark Trojan horse, Lady Macbeth,
Othello-Hamlet, combine dormant lie.

Oasis, strength, weakness gain ground,
Ascend ladder, Spiritual path, often derail,
Boostcongenial substance, crown glory, attain
Be true to self, humble in path, progress push.

Ramesh Joshi

Sri Ramkrishna

SRI RAMAKRISHNA.

Ramakrishna, my Thakur come,
Come to me, my soul's call myself
Come quick for, suffocated as am I,
Come within my breath, save me

Your name be on my tongue and in
Mind and shines ever in my eyes
Like fire ball to bless my soul,
Ramakrishna, come, save my self.

I wander like a rich millionaire with
thy name on tongue and glory of your
glory my capital rich, Inexhaustible
treasure, name sacred, forever, save me.

Without thy name, where am I?
No where, am a feather blown to
Wind, living without thee is to build
house on sand that will collapse soon.

Blessed are those, remember thee,
Blessed are those keeping thee at
Heart, repeat thy holy name divine
Blessed are, those meditate thy name.

Ramesh Joshi

Strange Are The Ways Of Life

STRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF GOD!

Strange are ways of God,

Of the silver ties He bid

Mingling milk with honey

Sealing hearts so many.

What ways are they so nice

Are mapped? , what the price

Of past obligations charged,

Sercharged, so sweet discharge?

Hopes of past, dreams of life

So struggled in the divine life,

We mortals know not the why

And how, but only to bow down nay!

Ramesh Joshi

Strange Ways Of This World

Strange are the ways of this world
All selfishness, all hypocrisy
Is there no place for honesty and truth?
No, certainly not for none is in its need

Sacrifice no value, goodness no chance
Virtues discarded in this strange world
None cares, no time to think a moment
That this world, they stay in temporary

Each one wants to live in happiness
That flees leading to endless misery
None feels this world is absurd and abstruse
To be born is to die, to live is short

What a mad pursuit after pleasures?
What a short sightedness in this world?
What endless struggle to live in
A fantasy, false propensity and pelf?

None cares others, none loves others truly
A false pretension, a mask of self delusion
Struggling, suffering, hankering are life
pursuits
On the pedestal of selfishness in sacrifice of self

Strange are the ways of world
Still strange is human life
A boat wayward, a body heedless
A breathing carcass, a sinking ship
To sail to the land an unknown destination

Ramesh Joshi

Student Life

Who is model student now?
he is hard to be found now.
Where is he? Nowhere found
Why alas! Lost are days now.
Reasons, known more ever,
is result of free education,
public lost to train youths
useless, cowards in life.
Ask not what they do,
Copy exams, their teacher
write,
Copy exams, they like to pass
Exams, covet degrees at case.
They know art of passing
Passing without writing, at proxy
handwriting out of exam centre
or at e xaminers house, read news.
Strange are the ways of youths of
Getting jobs without merit, money
caste, base without Personal charm
for it is in guide books.
Such enter politics, be our rulers
Such man get jobs in offices for
Corruption well known,
Such men business dishonestly.

Ramesh Joshi

Sweet Are Thy Words

Sweet are thy words my darling
When I said darling you be angry
For being a darling not to be
Named so, for thou knowest what is in name?
Sweet is thy face like shining moon
Sweet are thy eyes round as they are
Like lotus exposed to tear-waters
Sweet is thy nose, straight as it is
Tall are you to fit thy darling
Fat are you at the breast to embrace
Light are you as feather to
By your darling dearer than thy soul
What do you want now? Lovers embrace?
Missed you the chance when it came
Missed it to kiss him that grace
That he made you everything thy self
Fare thee well, evil days like dream
Bright is the light in thy beady eyes
Like St Agnes you pray in might
Fast you be to fasten thy escape
Fare thee well, the place you after
Fare thee well kicking the job
Kick the bucket that kicked all days
Ready is Romeo to make you queen.

Ramesh Joshi

Sweet Words

Sweet thy words are
say darling, not angry
For being, darling,
Name, knowest what?
Sweet shining moon
Sweet eyes round,
lotus exposed tears,
nose, straight as is.
Tall, fit thy frame,
Fat body frame to...
Light feather to
darling soul.
What Love whispers,
Missed chance,
Missed thy grace,
made everything.
Farewell, day dream,
Bright light eyes,
St Agnes praying,
night fasting, escape.

Ramesh Joshi

Teaching Or Cheating Army

Teaching, once, a noble profession
for knowledge, love for teaching,
changed now, days changed, teaching a last resort for good for nothing.

In olden days, teachers, loved ,
gave knowledge, loved students,
teaching, a mission, God worship,
took nothing, gave everything.

Degradation cropped in,
Teachers poor in learning,
teaching, still teaching,
started, cheating in teaching.

Increased is the tribe in number,
decreased quality, and standard,
Salary better, still greedy, they,
do worst, least concerned in self.

Now herd, sheep heading, blind,
Ignorant, a public parasite, dreary
Race, unconcerned of social debt and
Responsibility, open your eyes, do well.

Ramesh Joshi

The Child's Play

THE CHILD PLAY.

A child am I, playing on the Sand of time
Knowing not what I do on sand, building
Castles in the air, darkening the white canvas
of life, of a precious kind awhile.

What a childish play in the grown mustache?
Beards have grown grey on the child's face.
Still there is no end to its foolish sport, the
time is taking the wind out of the sail, abreast.

A child as I am, in mind not grown, only flesh,
with no brain grown to make me matured
on the sand I, playing with the fleeting time,
that shames me growing old, insane, ungrown.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

The groan of gloom of sensate pleasures encircles
my mind, making me sick and sad day and night.
The shining self veiled within, and without, full of
ignorance, the mind witnessing, lo! , mad monkey trick.

Uneasy and sick are senses, in intoxicating delirium,
Of licentious raptures, and malicious pleasures within,
Like suiciding bee, howevering round the poisonous
flower, heralding the march towards the doomsday.

I pray my God, the heavenly father, shrunken in
soul within, to save me of the tormenting hell
to lead kindly light amidst the encircling gloom,
towards the path of perfection and forgotten glory.

Ramesh Joshi

The Colour, Catalyst

The Colour, catalyst.

Colourful is life
as colourful mind
that sees coloured
world, self pure itself.

All colours of mind
are stored, svabhaav,
is colour subtle pot
that, makes difference.

Be not blurred by colour
dear soul divine; no colour
complex binds thee down.

For thou art purest colour
Divine, mixing all colours, a
Catalyst, unknown to colour.

Ramesh Joshi

The Cuckoo's Cacophony

THE CUCKOO'S CACOPHONY.

A lone cuckoo utters Cacophony anguished
Of being lonely, the crowded crows' ambushed.
Looks hither and thither for comfort
Calling some to extend safe escort.

'Come some one, to my escape, where You
Are, who you are, how you do, mind not yaar! '
Life's precious, priceless that yarns survival
Sings heart's sorrow expecting urgent arrival.

Other of its kind tweets in symphony,
Exerting friendship above disharmony,
ready, for the heart's unison, deep aspired,
Awaiting, determined, searching sanguine.

#(Based on the the touching scene of suffering in real life.)

Ramesh Joshi

The Day Labor, Light Denied

THE DAY LABOUR, LIGHT DENIED.

(An episode from Bhaagavat.)

A PIGEON COUPLE lived in nest on tree top
With siblings, pretty as they were to parents.
From morn to evening parents moved out in
Quest of food returning to feed their kids dear.

Life in family with off springs indeed is pleasant
They dreamt, beloved and got attached in bondage
Blinkered by ignorance, not knowing that all a naught
Lived in paradise, short as life spins surprising shock.

Morning dawned the parent couple left nest in quest
Of food as daily schedule it ! , the fatal moment,
Unforeseen of Time made ugly presence in pigeon life
That a fowler cast death trap beneath the tree to hunt.

Finding grains out spread on the trap, innocent siblings
Jumped down to eat and got trapped; the mother foul
Saw children in distress, broken hearted, it jumped in trap
Knowing not what to do, when the darling young in distress.

Miseries multiplied in sequel, as in life they do, when male
Returned home, saw the family on verge of ruin, thought no
Way out survival, hopeless as it was, chose the path they trod
Jumping in trap to live and die with dears, for whom life he lived.

The fowler Time, packed them all in basket leaving the world
To reflect that the family holders struggle hard for happiness
Ending up with exchange for sorrow, pain and anguish a final
Reward for the day labour, light denied to murmur vain in life.

Ramesh Joshi

The Drum Beats

THE DRUM BEATS.

The drum beats, the world alarmed,
When, voice echoes, beings panick
sticken, beat hearts for survival, fall
fearstruck, wailing, wondering praying.

It is death call, none knowing when and
Where and how and why, all rapped in
mystery leaving none, struggle to escape,
eraging the name from the mortal registry.

None but, Nachiketa dared Death and sought
It's secret, Its, nature returned to proclaim
that it's simply like casting off the old apparel
and wear new to the Soul in relation to body old.

Fear is the death, courage is life; cowards are they,
who die twice before the death lays it's icy hands.

Ramesh Joshi

The Elegy Of Life

THE ELEGY OF LIFE.

A honey bee caught up in lotus petals
Was dreaming of dawn to come, lotus
To open petals with the rising sun to
Shine, and fly free from the lotus jail.

It dreamt and continued in the reverie
That with sunrise, getting out of bondage,
To visit another flower for suckling sweet
Fragrance and enjoy unlimited pleasures .

Alas! The poor creature unaware of strange
Laws of life, continued dreaming unreal real.
"None knows the next moment what the life turn
To take fair or foul to be, unpredictable as yet".

Before next breath taken, it's dream shattered,
The mighty elephant at lake uprooted the lotus
Plant to pieces drowning in water! ending dreams
Of bee to the thousand shattered pieces unseen.

This is life we live like bees, caught up in pleasure dome,
Hoping fresh hopes to enjoy life pleasures unlimited,
Within ever contracting life every moment unaware,
Deceived by senses, hoping forlorn, shunted out at last.

Ramesh Joshi

The Fair Is Foul, Foul Fair

' THE FAIR IS FOUL, FOUL FAIR'?

He shuts eyes on, when the rest see
It with with greedy eyes, their night
his day, lo! their night, his waking day,
it makes him uncommon in common.

What makes the difference is that matters
between the sadhu and 'saadaa shidaadaa '
man, busy in the worldly matters in darkened
world of illusion, to struggle hard to still darkness.

True is false, false True; fair is foul and the foul
fair, is paradox, we worldly men are faced with,
that scapegoats us all, traverse endlessly in vain
pursuit of thorns that bleed mouth so sweet.

Ramesh Joshi

The Grand Saga Of Life

WE the humans, are destined to short sojourn
In this mesmerising world with uncertain life
Day after day moving inch by inch to the last day,
A Heavy luggage of unending desires and cravings.

Dreaming days pass unnoticed, hoping against
Hopes, in oblivion blindfolded crying, rejoicing
With changing fortunes, craving more pleasures
Unmindful of the transience, ending with pain.

What a mad pursuit and what magnetic attraction
Like dumb wild animal rushing in wildfire to survive?
Upward twisted lips towards the sky in forlorn cry to
Enjoy life in eternity, a daydream, beggar's hobby horse.!

Mine, what we think, is not ours, what's real, well forgotten,
West ward moving, aiming eastward goal post, all in vain the
Journey continued unabashed and unabated; we the helpless
Are struggling a heroic battle, unwept, unheard and unsung.

Ramesh Joshi

The Living God

HE LIVING GOD (?)

You are verily a living God in thyself, why searching
Outside? Your life itself is a long prayer to the inner
Selfthegrandglory, breathing, chanting, sleeping, meditation,
eating food a consecrated offering to Him.

See within and without to find yourself in all pervading
Self; He is here, there and everywhere wrapped in thy
Ownself reflected differently as in broken mirror pieces.
His eyes shine through all eyes as in you and of others.

Million mouths eat through your mouth; , hear consort
of the musical symphony through thy ear; breathe air through your nostril
breathing in million bodies, one breath, one body, one soul, in all and one eternal
self. HE LIVING GOD (?)

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self.

Ramesh Joshi

The Love And Friendship

The LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love and friendship are they one
Or different? some minds remain
Constantly reflect adoring in vain
Undecided Hamlet view retain.

They, the reflecting Hamlets' Burning
The midnight oil bemone of being
Or not being friend or loving hearts reading.
For certain are their are their true moorings.

Love and friendship are indeed twin faces
Of the same coin altered ego's prefaces.!
The one is the driving propelling force,
The other reasons glittering mirror enforce.

The one sustains not, not able to breathe free
Without its alter image of being mirror image..
The one is chariot, the other driving force
Glorifying the divine soul's twinkling face sublime.

Ramesh Joshi

The Perils Of Sense Slavery

Sense attachment, suicidal effects bring
destroying consequences, doom assured.
the elephant, moth, fish, deer and blackbee
of single sense attachment what
fate of man while a slave, of all fivetogether?

Ramesh Joshi

The Pilgrim's Predicament

The pilgrim's predicament.

We the pilgrims, are in predicament caught,
in the snare of sense intoxicating pleasures
holding the mind in hostage, whirling around
the tempting satanic lure to the five senses.

Each outdrawn gang of thieves,
five in number, caste wistful trap on lushful
green grassy lawn, tempting, teasing, tilting
the mind to fall prey to the invincible enemies.

Greed, anger, envey, the subtle enemies within,
feed fat on, betwixt the garrison infighting lo!
regain strength, fortifying the portals of hell,
dismantling lighthouse of conscience within.

The paradise perished the, anarchy prevail within,
the light gone, the darkness dancing, ignorance
rule, a blind emperor, drunken, playing piano at,
times, when the kingdom of heaven burn within.

What predicaments? How to overcome? question
the weakened conscience, in fear of lost paradise.

Ramesh Joshi

The Power Of Mind.

POWER OF THE MIND.

Mind, a friend, enemy, slave,
mysterious, power, packed,
beyond gauge, , prevails the
senses, master empowered.

It's speed above (sup) sonic,
not scanned in anatomical space,
works wonders, none able predict,
functions, a remote control device.

Mother of dreams of night and day,
controls three membrane layers most,
in perplexing grip, shaping all fancies,
strange fancies, giving real semblance.

Death lays no icy hands on, for, it
travels birth cycle, unbroken shape,
twisting past, to make new present
Storing records, in super digital form.

Retrieves the past in present, forward
next future to shape, shuttling amidst,
moves, subtle bodyshape, claim the
abstract science of life rebirth, aloud.

Sustains strong on starvation, burning
on dry stacks of cozy desires unfilled,
a boiling conundrum filled, in flaming
insatiable cravings fully tightened top.

Enjoyment, the past time, frailty, its nature,
moves earth and heaven, at will, able to
make heaven hell, and hell a heaven at
will, mark well, safeguard, control it well.

Ramesh Joshi

The Silent Pilgrim

One night I awoke from a terrible dream
Where, witnessed life structure collapsed
Disintegrated, centre lost, the decentered,
Order in disorder, death dancing all around.

Amidst the den, I saw a pilgrim silent, serene
Marching motionless in commotion all alone.
How is that? Where to he ' going? why profound
Silence in shrill reverberating around echoing?

Sudden, his steps slowed, paused awhile, looked
Around in benign benevolence grace surrounding.
In silence was his message the world should read
That ' u are That and That am I' know thyself that'.

'You and I are one, only one, nothing else is true, a
Blinking semblance, a figure without substance, a
Spirit divine, dispersed pearls from the common string.
Struggling hard to get united in divine pearly garland.'

His silence is His command that all should abide,
Feel blessed His grace, all merciful, the father, us all.

Ramesh Joshi

The Silent Song Of The Heart

The silent Song of the Heart.

When two hearts contact, speak
A silent language that the weak
Minds decipher in signs or symbols
That the commoner delights carols.

Different are rules of strange domain
Where reality melts in, fantasy remain,
Blushing passion in strength commands
The cool reason to make new demands.

Mother's voice children heed some times,
Not for their balishness, make thing betame
For sober soul in the instinct bound retain
Love lorn song singing echoes unheard remain.

Ramesh Joshi

The Song Of Life

THE SONG OF LIFE.

'The strength is life, weakness death ' said
a sage once, 'strength, strength strength' is
the clarion call of scriptures: Naayamaatmaa
Balaheenena labhyaha 'weakness never wins
the empire of glory and liberation of the self.

Struggle hard with strength to survive and win
the life battle to enjoy the divine glory spread
around you my brotheren, doing thy duty ordained.
Surrender thyself to His will that 'Thy will be done'.

His blessings will be showered like the assured
gentle rain from the heaven making thy whole life
is neither in temple nor in any place of worship,
but, shines supreme in the strong cavity of thy heart.

THE LIVING GOD (?)

You are verily a living God in thyself, why searching
Outside? Your life itself is a long prayer to the inner
Selfthe grand glory, breathing, chanting, sleeping, meditation,
eating food a consecrated offering to Him.

See within and without to find yourself in all pervading
Self; He is here, there and everywhere wrapped in thy
Ownself reflected differently as in broken mirror pieces.
His eyes shine through all eyes as in you and of others.

Million mouths eat through your mouth; , hear consort
of the musical symphony through thy ear; breathe air through your nostril
breathing in million bodies, one breath, one body, one soul, in all and one eternal
self.

Ramesh Joshi

The Song Of Silence

Mountain peak once
asked sky, where are
You, my dear where?

No reply, the peak got,
Perturbed by silence,
further it upscreamed.

The serene sky remained
silent, further rousing the
Passion profound in peak.

The forlorn mountain peak
cried in pain, in tears eyeful
silently prayed for the union.

'Silence is the sign of union,
Sound separation in forlorn,
Love sings song of silence '.

Atman is silent, empty calling
not responding, empty words
high sounding be, of no avail.

The sky that embraces mountain
Peaks, speak in silence to break
the senseless empty sound silent.

Ramesh Joshi

The Sunrise

THE SUN RISE

Thou sun risest in the east
Daily and move along the path
Like mad with love to the world
Man is mad not for thee
Oh! Moring sun thou risest all before
Man rises from his idle bed
He is late to rise for wants not you
to see with his eyes and be blessed
Thou awakenest birds from nest
They chirp and sing thy song
Thou awakenest beasts of pray
They thank you for the more you give
Thou awakenest Man too from slumber
But man cursest thee for early rising
Thou givest light and heat to the world
They give life to all forms of beings
What thou gettest in return my friend?
All hatred, venom and malicious signal
Where is the man going along your
Path to reign and doom, but not the good
I am mad for thy sight in morn
I am mad to both thy sights
But mad is the world that pulls me
It pulls me to separate me from you

Ramesh Joshi

The Temple Said

The Priest" said, temple to me,
"Devour me; rob me of myself once".
He is my enemy, number one, once
Myself, my enemy marrows
He lived on me, and I on him.
He worshipped me and I support,
For livelihood and maintenance,
Now he has fallen back to hock me.
There is no worship, worship there
squander the wealth and plunder faith,
They want money from devotees,
no love for me nor for anyone.
For litting lamp, oil is kept,
They lit houses, keeping me dark
temple self for they are in dark,
heart never knowing light within.
See me how they reduced me I stand
Publicly they are shameless men,
Naked they made me a woman now,
they are lo, to husbands, own mothers.

Ramesh Joshi

The Travesty Of Justice

The Travesty of Justice.

Themis, goddess of Justice,
uncermoniously, driven out
citadel, her robes stripped
honourered veil, one respect.

stripped off her power, once
conscience prevailed, once, it
now seems dead, and eye, ear
blind and dumb, silence bewail.

Men, now beasts, lost in sense,
sensitive to insensibility turned.
'foul is fair and fair foul', the voice
OfJustice mocked, murderedmourn.

Truth, honest sincerity, kindness
now convicted, in dock stand for
mercy petition, to save their soul
from danger waiting in for appeal.

Ramesh Joshi

The True Nature Of The Self

THE TRUE NATURE OF THE SELF.

The true nature of the Self strange
To understand, is none we believe
our body, senses, mind to be, are non
Self, its serving satelights sustained.

The vital breaths are it's indicating signs
That herald the presence of His majesty's
Entry and exit at Its pleasure depend alike
Waves, beneath it, the magestic ocean hiding.

All servants at His sweet will, discharge duties
Waiting supreme commander, convoy following
His shadow, sustaining on, surviving existence at
The mercy of that mighty Spirit, the bliss supreme.

Ramesh Joshi

The Twilight Time

The Twilight Time.

When I look at my window
outside, feel the twilight time
looking bright growing dim
slowly yielding to darkness.

The day on the closure note
declaring the sunrays falling
heralding the eventful drama
entering last scene fast ending.

They cling to opening scenes, the
charming events of youth prevail,
dreaming abundant pleasure retain
enjoyments, sense pleasure ending?

Lo! pity, desperate struggle to retain
the powdered face in paints exposed.
dwindling in the wrinkled face withered,
lost in perpetual decree ends in despair.

When sunrise shine we welcome, rejoice
why to lament when sunset shines sublime?

Ramesh Joshi

The Wheel Of Time

Time Machine moving fast
Crushing waves up and down,
Replacing old by the new.
Things above the wave down,
The fast fading memory gone
Down to oblivion.
Kaalam Harati sarvam Nimishyat...
Maayaamida makhilam, Swapna
Vikaaram.
The Mighty universal mind moves
The spokes of the Time wheel move
Round, up and down, in giant speed ,
Old and new, new and old transformed,
Nothing created, nothing destroyed, the
Pastness in the present revived, need all
We need to know.

Ramesh Joshi

What Is Mine?

When, I see thousand thing,
people Surround, say, mine,
House, land, spouse, children,
Think, all belong to me.
What, mine truth, seven
To seventy? , not mine. Vain
struggle, mixed smile tears,
Tease belief, mock, mince no
Words, false, What belongs.
Beggars, millionaire one; none
Own, no master, a slave to
Illusion.
What, chariot, I ride till death,
Mine?
No, five elements combined
Dissolve.
Nothing belong, nor I, to any,
All illusion, daydream false.
Short sojourn, illusion survive,
Leave, nothing go, lone, journey.
Wise proclaim, 'nothing belongs thee.
Even thing His, covet not what's others'.
'Enjoy, grateful to Him, the Master.'
Wise fool, as, we be, compelled fall in line.?

Ramesh Joshi

What Vedantin Says

What Vedantin says, world knows,
Voice heard above, "I am Brahman, rest illusion, "
"Caste cowardice, be fearless."

Vedanta lost in dreary sand,
Of dead habits, priests preside,
Provide religion, keep under thumb,
Chaos and killing prevail,
Spirit passed in dark days.

Ganges flow, at Haridvar, Kashi,
Brahmins chant mantra,
Not knowing meaning, senseless,
Sound resulting, priest pests.

Pests, sucked the blood of faith,
Got fattened by believers,
Make Vedantin great,
Leaving spirit in lurch.

Buddhism, light of Buddha
Went in oblivion, Buddha left,
Came Jains, spread non-violence,
Non injury in speech and action.

Down, they went in history,
Darkness to rest of world.
Again, Vedanta grew tender creeper,
Now in truth, says still I live.

Ramesh Joshi

What's My True Possession

WHAT IS MINE?

When, I see thousand thing,
people Surround, say, mine,
House, land, spouse, children,
Think, all belong to me.

What, mine truth, seven
To seventy? , not mine. Vain
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Who Am I?

The voice within asks me
Asks aloud ' who am I ? '
In no time the ready made
Answer I spin ' I AM BODY.

' You say ' IT IS MY BODY'
' IT IS MY BODY, POINTING
TO MORTAL FILTHY COIL,
Which part you claim self?

Eyes, ears, nose hand, foot
Are not your body organs?
Each has its name, function
Distinct discharge, is it not?

You claim them yours, not
Your self, are your organs.
Mind masters their function?
Then, you mean you are mind?

No, you claim mind is yours,
Admitting mind not your self,
It is your agent, guided missile
To launch attack on sensory world.

Mind, is satellite navigater under
The light of thought controlling
All powers of mind control body
Still subtle and all powerful in thee.

Deep goes enquiry of finding answer
Still deeper in the realms of spirit,
A giant blackhole that engulfs the
Whole universe standing above things.

Ramesh Joshi