

Poetry Series

Sanjay Mehta
- poems -

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Sanjay Mehta(14-03-1967)

21st Century Human Being

Rugged gypsy
Followed
The flock
With those dogs.
Our tread
Did he relent
Subtle
Their snares
Nimble hoofs
Did befriend
Lead to paths untread
Waded
Through the dense canopy
Chirping birds
In its sojourn
Striking the rocks
Caressing the embankments
In this melee
Resultant froth.

Sanjay Mehta

50th Independence Anniversary

With pomp
Will storm
The next century
'Selfless' politicians stake
Fifty years thence
When liberty commenced
Half the populace
Under weight of illiteracy bent
Some lift their heads
The medieval warlord
Snatches their crunch
Under the weight of mighty state
Play truant
Chaos create
Fill their tummies
Which never inflate
In one stroke
Can claim
Precious life
Freely can move around
Corrupt to the core
Jealousy abounds
Stand on the ramparts
To claim
'MERA BHARAT MAHAN'

Sanjay Mehta

A Call

Graced my call,
Obliged me
For a walk.
As we walked
A gentle talk,
No remorse
To my calls.
Obliged me
With the walk.

Pronounced
Our race
Has developed a trait
To berate
The accomplishments
For good of the race
Go placate
Their traits
Crack the shell
For in open air
We all
Harmoniously
Can dwell.

Sanjay Mehta

A Kingdom Derails

A class of people were allowed
To themselves, posh they were
Those, who lived for centuries, were debarred,
An decree imposed on them
But they were not a class apart
From those who could still stroll on The Mall
There physiology was not even a carbon copy
Original to the core it was, and is
From their very sial naked ruggedness flowed
Their very acts were boorish on their part
Elements of Satan were working hard
Dogs also suffered their wrath
Dogs and Indians occupied the same position on their graph
But there was another class
Freelancers they were and are now
Now even dogs have a place to walk
Dogs and Indians and freelancers
Have the same right in Democracy
But where are the so called posh animals
Some are to be found
As if they have been reared to walk
Why is it that we can live in the company of dogs and monkeys
And they only with monkeys
Not progressive but orthodox race it was
As their ancestors they could forget not
An optimistic approach they could develop not
And see the results
So parochial their kingdom has become
Lost the love, Kingdom respect and wealth.
And look where we are
United we stand
Against all odds
Regional superpower we are
Pragmatic we are with ulterior ends
The ends which will never end
But have ended for them.

Sanjay Mehta

Adam's Bite

International culture was the word,
Windswept this Marxian thought.
Here, here to meet the parochial ends
Dumped Marx into foolish thoughts.
In this holy land of ours
Violence was an alien word,
Prejudice was a Turkish term
Paradoxical Marxian thoughts they are now.
But as the saying goes: those who forget history are condemned to repeat it.
Has established and is not symbolic now.
Eve enticed Adam to take the bite,
That struck the stroke of misery right.
The tranquillity has been ostracised by the 'bite'.
O fools! Remember the Adam's bite,
Improvise, and chase the Satan right
History otherwise will rewind.

Sanjay Mehta

Alms

Yes

Today

I will

Give her alms

But only

If she asked

Which she always did

Mysterious cruelty

Not a single glance

As she passed

Hands full of alms

No

Alms full of hands

Yes, My, My hands.

Sanjay Mehta

Ambiguity

Observations

Minute, ought not be made

Galore

Here and there

Though finds

Manly promotion

Of thoughts

In negativity which abound

Here, question I ask

Right for me, right for you

Why then society

Accepts

That which it should not

That which it should not.

Sanjay Mehta

Anarchy

Move
Into the next century
Values decried
System in lurch
Gordian knots
Were our bonds
Find no takers
In our land
That channelized stream
With embankments cracked
Faints in rabble
Will its prints
Be there
A guide in future
Ephemeral objects in sight
Seek pleasure
In any effort
If make
Not seconds
But hours hand accelerate

Sanjay Mehta

Arrested Desires

Mortals
Though mortals
Not symbols of immortal
Why then
Those desires so deeply embedded
With firmly entwined roots
He cannot uproot
Follows there course
To conquer those heights
Which unconquered lie
And then
That evitable fall
Of which he never thought
A thud
Of a huge tree
Disturbing the surroundings that be

Arrested desires
Achieving to meet the needs.
Never falls
And if ever falls
Harmony restores.

Sanjay Mehta

Assimilate

As easy for water
To trickle down
Easier for habits
Bad to be conjured
Once conjured
Easier to assimilate
Not afraid of further falls.
Making sacrifices big and small
Attain heights
Where, vice
Merely in thoughts
Pricks the conscience
Forewarns of fall
Of which
Soul would find
Difficult to absolve

Sanjay Mehta

Barber's Shop

Wait for turn
But deep within
A desire
To be out of turn

Observe
When converse
Very fine points emerge
Earthy dialogue
Earthy, viable solutions
Far from
Quotes of high flying commissions
Which gather dust
And when brushed
Set ablaze
The entire nation.

In the background
Soothing music
Child playing truant with the mirror

Such a populace
Such brains
Why has then the nation
Been in the hands of those
Who have created
Such a chaotic situation.

Sanjay Mehta

Beggar

Quick on his toes
Squats on empty floor
Unmindful
Of millions of toes
Which cross the floor
Shaped the incense stick
Vigorously rolled on that floor
Lit it
Fixed on the bowl
Icon of Almighty
And off
Hands spread
To receive the alms
Not bothered
To have revealed the traits
Of his profession.

Sanjay Mehta

Benghazi Graves -2012

As the light dawns
On knights in graves
Who fought
For cause
Not known
Not known, to them
For whom they fought

And seventy years hence,
On a dark moonless night
Those vivid shadows
Overtook the darkness of moonless night
Razed, ravaged those graves
Whose habitants home had made
Prayed they
Oh Lord!
Direct them
With gumption.
Help them leave their bodies
In environs
Where
Their childhood was not plundered

Sanjay Mehta

Best

Agile body
An agile mind
Is what
Rigours
Of life demand.

Pondered
Slept
Wept
Crept
For rejuvenation
Took rest
And he swept
Me, me
Back.

Me thought
I was the best.
Best when
Put to test
Proved
Was not
The best
No end to this test
No end for the best

Sanjay Mehta

Birth Of A Stream

Exhausted
Cannot add to its weight
Allows the golden rays
Help shed its weight
Gathers courage at its base
Embraces and moves in embrace
Imbibing the qualities of yore
Hopping as a Dear in the Ashram
Free from fear
In joyous mood
Blindly makes a flush
That youthful vigour
Pristine and majestic in content.

Sanjay Mehta

Brain

Lord giveth the brain
To be sane
Which we all
Have profaned.

Made amongst us
Few insane
Mirrored reflection
For the sane.

But this brain
Of the sane
Has become
A source of bane.

Boon!
For him
Who
Lacks the brain.

No I, No my
No boundaries
To restrict
The flight.

Oh brain
Why
Thou has
This animal tamed.

Sanjay Mehta

Bus Stop

Little black strip, meandering through the valley's and dales;
Cut through the huge mountains and meadows lush green.
Lifeline it is—no romanticism
Serpentine it looks through ariel looks
Serpentine it is those who wait in the early hours
Young and old and of course in the age group of ours
Stare eagerly on either side
Wait eagerly for the real lifeline
And when it comes at last
A wave of human race with their lives at stake
Young one's wriggling through the legs
Experience stands at bay
Unwillingly watching the two generations fight

Sanjay Mehta

Catharsis

Stoic my nature.
Plunders
Without a glitch
Ain't be shared
Amongst all.
Power though wields
Snatches the yield
From those
Most deserving
In need.

Warned,
Forewarned you
Didn't bid bye
To this race
Justice
Shall prevail
And those
Whom you have waylaid
Will
Adorn with grace.

You
With plundered wealth
Jaded
On stage
Will rejuvenate
Those
Whom you waylaid.

Sanjay Mehta

Challenge

I had a longing to be up, up in the sky,
Like you with head so high.
Espoused in your cozy arms
Watching the desultory human race
Thou the giver of life
Can't you give some advise?
From the turbulent ocean to your alter.
So boldly it has arrived
In this biased chaos□
Your talks I can hear not.
But you were my only hope
And my chances of hearing you were remote.
My ears alert like Tomboy,
Penetrated through the mist,
To have your glimpse.
So busy you were with the clique
Unnoticed I went in.
The entire white enveloped your might
Which you greeted with a broad smile.
And now I could make a point
Not I, But you were also escaping
But the difference I could see
In the big jolt you gave
Sent a cold wave through the atmosphere
Uniting the particles from strength to strength
Mixed with the advice to be felt
Realities are to be faced
With a cool headed grace
And then make claims for the position you have attained.

Sanjay Mehta

Child Labour

Look

There, the offspring
In natural environs
Enjoying its life
And company too
And parents, proud
Mesmerised.

And here

A wayward state
Waylaid
All those traits
Which attracted
Attention of one and all
Has miserably failed
And our offsprings
Skip the years
In which
A child, child is called.

Sanjay Mehta

Circle

Springing in the spring,
Flickering the wings
Jocund mood
Regale
Even they
Whose eyes
Skip the jocund bay.
Life
Lively
Of flicker
What derived?
There atop, from where thy flows
Heavens have mated
Rush, with a gush
Deluge!
Sweeps the boundaries of bay,
That jocund bay
Where wings flickered.
Flicker,
For another spring
Flicker,
For another deluge.

Sanjay Mehta

City Of Joy

Rich in culture
Vast in structure
Proudly
Boasts of legacy
Which
At times
Overweighs
Its underbelly

In tandem?
Yes
Think its denizens
Times of yore
With present.
City of joy
So much enjoyed
Joy, Joy and Joy
Enjoy
The 'vicious' cycle
Ganges to Hooghly
And the Bay
Look, beyond
The hay
Which has turned grey.

Sanjay Mehta

Clouds

Dragon
From vale
Moves up
White with shades of black
Pours itself
Atop from majestic heights
Embraces the mountains
Carries the embrace
To an end
Where end known not
Infinity
Engulfs those peaks
Invincible which were
Benumbed looks
Between the space
Golden rays.

Sanjay Mehta

Coffee House

Jaunt
Where
Hundreds flaunt
Sipping beverage
Black
Idle
Killing
Not seconds, minutes
But hours hand
Police the system
Judgements pass
Innuendoes at best
System set

Lady luck when smiles
Takes them to heights
Where talents recognised
These jaunts
In biographies
Then reference find.

Sanjay Mehta

Confidence

Men, who man the machines
Repose confidence in them
Which they should
To a limit
Which be ascertained by inner self
Confidence when bursts the seams
Leads to inevitable
Which
Becomes evitable with bursting seams
Paradoxically
No confidence reposed on man
Who can respond
If not for evitable
Can avoid the inevitable.

Sanjay Mehta

Conscience Speaks

Sun is bright in the sky,
The old man walks and sighs.
He walks up the lane, stops and looks for a shade
Stops and takes a cold breadth;
My heart shakes, emotions pour through the eyes:

Why is it so?
Stress should I put on heart or brain.
My body shivers, eyes add to the fuel.
He comes to know of my stress.
Future Past or Present is it;
Ambiguity throws a coat.

FUTURE- Negative capability is the answer
Future and past go hand in hand,
Sins of past drowising in my heart,
Bring the fear of Future.
PRESENT- What is now is because of past,
What will come, a product of present.
Present, past and future housed both in heart and brain.

Sanjay Mehta

Contentment

Content is he
Has tasted success?
Hey!
Success- desire for more,
More, more and more,
No end to this more
More,
Where is this more?
Ponder
Search finds no shore.

Sanjay Mehta

Countryside

Be fast
To visit the countryside
Which
In few years
You will not find.
In memories
Carry
Breathtaking sites
Viewing for hours
New things find
Silence and
Purity all around
Nourish
The body and the mind.

Sanjay Mehta

Curiosity

Tread on
Paths untread
Pleasures! un found you will find
No path
You will have to find
Recall
When in life you looked back
The pleasure and inspiration you could find

Only when,
The darkness in you and around abounds
Look back,
On the untread path you have tread
Pleasure you will find
Which in inspiration abounds.

Sanjay Mehta

Daughter

Witness to
Her jaunts
Others romped.
Undeterred by the glares,
Sailed.....
As no tumult
Was there.
Calm,
Around
Expressions,
In serenity abound
Unrest.....?

Content
No contempt
Relent
No repent
When did she pretend?

Soft palms
For finger searched
That first step
Her own step
Her own
Which
She,
Only she owns.
Still owns
And
Because she owns
She is she
And the world
Around
Deep, deep
In crises of identity
Hounds.

Sanjay Mehta

Dawn

Not yours, He remarked;
Then whose, I asked;
Charged me with plagiary.
Impose decree, He could not.
The course I could see
Not established,
And the Indian air it was.
Soul reigns supreme on Indian soil,
Physical proportions may it assume.
Thus see his work being appreciated.
The work on which improve he cannot,
Arnold's perfection he can achieve not.
Head high wade through the 'subway'
Establish and add to the Indian air.

Sanjay Mehta

Death

Death is a pleasant term!
Yes is normal course
Leave this world for a better world
All the experience pays
The breathing ones always talk of your deeds, but good
For them the void will never be bridged
Normal death is an ideal
In our holy Bharat
In our holy Bharat
Satan is all pervading.
His, His arms have been cut
His senses rust
Then why give him so much thrust
To bear all the brunt
Pray not for him, built not for him
Hypocrisy is all this
Pray for your actions
Pray for your work
Pray for your natural death
So pleasant in the end.

Sanjay Mehta

Death II

Did one and all
In numbers galore
Left their chores
Assembled at shores
Think of throe
Gathered for more
Health, peace, kids, life, money they adore
And his blessings of course
Had something else in store
Inferno at Dabwali, Baripeda
Choked at Mecca
Stampede at Haridwar
Biers
Or beacons of life they are

Sanjay Mehta

Deception

The lull in the dawn
Broken:
Bringing her
Smashing down to earth
Stretches herself in her bed
Hands and feet
Collide with tinned walls
This cacophony
Pulls her
Out of the bed

Chill is still there
Tightly wraps herself
With a tattered shawl
Sweeps the road
To be metalled
For a smooth walk
But herself hasn't
Taken a bath
Nor swept her floor

Throws glances
At smartly dressed
Satchel laden kids
Stops
Rests her head on the broom
Listens to their talk
Smiles
Till the broom pulls her back
Suddenly
Taken aback
Seeing the couple
Hand in hand
Pulls her hand from the broom
Looks at their smiling faces
They come
She looks
They cross
She looks

Away from her they move
She looks
Till she has lost their sight
Stretches herself
Again
A cacophony
And there she is
With the broom

Sanjay Mehta

Did Music Sound

Stillness around
Gently
From somewhere
Notes of sweet music sound.
Sound
From surroundings
Or within
Can't pronounce
That huge peak
With white mantle
Or that mantle
With halo of clouds
Or the chill of moon's light
Or the stillness around
Around or stillness within
Music did sound.

Sanjay Mehta

Earthquake

Young heart was the king,
Puerile was the spring
The bees were sucking to nature's luring.
But suddenly
The dusk came too early
Thundering clouds raced to the field
Played with the sun and wind
White to black and a fight
Then red!
The young ones wept and we slept.
The dawn was clear
There were no tears
It was luncheon
My stomach shook the whole earth
A noise was heard on the white top
The earth hurt in pain
A new earth was born
In holy land of ours.

Sanjay Mehta

Eden

In the hills
Where the slope ends
Huge rocks
As strings of sitar
To the water that flows
Haunted by village lasses
Singing to its tune
Washing clothes
And with awe the water flows
Tempts them to such an extent
Takes a plunge
Swirls
To caress them
Where the slope ends.

Sanjay Mehta

Entropy

Aware
System gone haywire
Voices
Million
Can hear
Proudly
Flaunting the flaws
To clear the clot
In the process
Enmeshed in clot
Ready
Some plunge
Trickle becomes
The mesh
So complex
Under its weight
Succumb.

Sanjay Mehta

Euphoria

After the showers
The sky is clear
Where ever eyes traverse
Everything is crystal clear
The mountains
Look majestic as never before
Fixed where they were
But closer they appear
Mystical air envelopes them
Scattered clouds
Add to the beauty
Rejuvenating the libido
With thoughts travelling not beyond those majestic looks
As just before a baby is born
The mother
Is enveloped
With mystical powers
Each movement of hers
Crystal clear
And majestic in content.

Sanjay Mehta

Frozen Vapours

Heavily overcast sky
With dark clouds
Gentle piercing wind
Rattles oaks, deodhars and pines
Whispers to rodhodendrons
Bloom time not far behind
Birds to safe havens fly
With spring
Again to arrive
Oaks, deodhars and pines
And apple trees
Not far behind
Greet the frozen vapours
With a warm smile.

Sanjay Mehta

Functional Anarchy

Till
It works
For me
Not a curse

Initially
Me
And majority
Smoothly will sail
In compartmentalized world
Regale
Till
My
Responses mute
To situations
Practically, then
Could not relate
Finally overtake
That smooth sail
Then we all
Shall only wade.

This anarchy
So functional
Can ever
Jaded form assume
It is a jinx
Dawn
Or be
Doomed.

Sanjay Mehta

Glee

This age
Has left
Far
Far behind
That age
When pleasure
In glee
Could not thrive.

Pats and hugs,
Display
Of care
In abundance
With flair
And,
All adhere
With derided
Values
Walks
With elan
To bury
His clan
With panache

Glee
Gleefully
Thrives
In parochial minds
Fails to see
The fresh water sea
Whose depth and shores
If ever
Will consummate
With the eyes
He beholds.

Sanjay Mehta

I

So possessive
With this I and my
Waste entire life
In this quagmire
The physical form
Or physiological self
Or the name holds you back
Or the glory of the clan
Deeds misdeeds
Chain the bird
Otherwise
Which higher could fly.
Harsh but abstract reality
With firmly entwined roots
If cut
With rejuvenated vigour
It does reproduce
Let it abound
With no bounds
Some day
Pleasant line it will surround.

Sanjay Mehta

I Equal To You

Till egotism reigns
I is supreme
Not look'eth beyond it
The powers to look beyond it
Will not be gained
Egotistical approach when shed
The I relegated
Caring you become
For those around
When reciprocal this current
A movement becomes
I will be taken care of
Consciously and sub-consciously
By known and unknown.

Sanjay Mehta

Introspection

Drugged
And
Fudged
Always live on the edge
To take
A plunge
With them
Who row
The boat
Without a thought
If ever
Will meet the shore
For this
Fault
The journey
Has become
An eyesore.

Sanjay Mehta

Jakhoo

Tread that peak
Where the deity lives
Courage, conviction, devotion mixed
That meandering path
Amidst huge deodhars
Canopy of oaks
Colour of rohododendrons
Natural abode
For his mates
Provide security till his gate
Jumps on shoulders
Probes the brain
Hands ensure
Pockets are safe.

Sanjay Mehta

Jasmine Revolution

Jasmine bloomed
Arab world exhumed
You, yes you
Holding the reigns of india
Dwell on your ways
Employed to lead
Mend, or
Worse will be your fate
For you have become an embodiment of hate

Sanjay Mehta

Juvenile Earth

What pleasure thou begets by not
Showering traits on those who need not
The brain they desire not
Or is it
To make them realise
The importance of have and have nots

Buddha the apostle of peace
Was born to lead
He ostracised the lead
Disrupting Manu's code
Which established societies bonds.

You have no means
You want to achieve
Desire to achieve
Buried by the meagre means.

The optimum strength of youth
Found a new cradle - the blackhole.
Improvisations they find, in age
And stretch towards the State
That which comes only once
In the blackhole spent
Age, when it comes never leaves
Instead age has to be left behind
Realisations of haves and have nots
Then, left far behind

Arn't we all
Young and old
Living in his laboratory
Code named - Earth
Are tools of his research
The research for an ideal world.

Sanjay Mehta

Library

Drowsing on the chair at six in the evening,
I sat in the library.
Attendant came to put the lights on.
Some chairs after days work were lucky to be empty,
While some were occupied.
I felt the chair feel uneasy.
Uneasiness passed on to the scholars
They moved here and there.
The chair cried in pain.
No one could hear, but I could feel
White dove the chairs messenger came
It shouted, "Let them rest".
Because what they were pursuing was not wisdom but knowledge
There dull minds were unaware
The dove went, I went too, but the chairs suffered there.

Sanjay Mehta

Life As Tree

Both
Nurtured in womb
Take time
To bloom.

Mother
Mother nature
Groom

As shape assumes
Towards independence
A leap
Blurred
With grooming memories
Adolescence
Then
An ripening age
Flowers bloom
Those buds
Which life gave
Shed their weight
Under old age
But memories remain

One with elements five
Clock never rewinds.

Sanjay Mehta

Lucknow

City
Whose mannerisms
A cult
Which
Denizens
Too flaunt
Thrived for centuries
But
Practically
Away, far, far away
Both
From historical rants
The then
City fathers
Battled
Their gums with betel
To culminate
In spittoon
That battle
Continues
And
The entire city
A spittoon.

Sanjay Mehta

Main Kahan Hoo

Bheedh ke is sailab main
Sab jahan hai
Kya hum wahan hain
Ya
Hum jahan hai
Sab wahan hai.

Bheedh ke is sailab main
Tum kahan ho
Sab jahan hai
Ya
Tum jahan ho
Sab wahan hain.

Bheedh ke is sailab mein
Hum dundhte hain humko
Is sailab main
Tum dhundte ho tumko
Is sailab main
Sab dhundte hain sabko
Is sailab main
Hum kahan hain
Tum kahan ho
Is sailab main.

Sanjay Mehta

Mango Grove

Dark green canopy
Of mango trees
On terraced fields
Traverse
In the month
When trees
In romance blend
Butterflies of all hues
In jocund mood
Bright sunshine
In shadow of thick clouds
Buzzing bees
Swaying with gentle wind
Spread fragrance
Of sprouting buds
Below
The field
Covered with
Carpet
Lush green.

Sanjay Mehta

Mechanisation

Trees all around
Animals to be found
Ecology sound
Earth a huge place to live in
Man confined to himself and his clan
Harmonious relationship with nature planned
Utopian conditions existed for peaceful man
But mechanisation has brought comforts to man
And disgrace to human land.
Disturbed the entire gait
Materialism in his veins
Thousands rendered homeless
Millions to follow
Find hard to earn their bread
Thus leading to unrest
Chaos, chaos and chaos all around
Where is that peace of mind.
It's deadly tentacles slowly swallow
The adorable nature
High chimneys spit there.
Through mechanisation alone the effect can be seen
A fire through the hole
Huge deluge- my prognosis
The alter has been laid
Our 'Superiors' kingdom strained
Weather has shown moments
To the graveyard
Yes, it is no nonsense
As temperatures rise
Human values decline
Eliot's 'Wasteland' has set it's stage,
But remote are his chances of Shanti
Ponderous foot has been set on distant lands
There fate-----?
The green I can see
Sound of water I can hear
But Biblical Noah is to be found no where.

Mirage

So boldly though stand there on the precipice;
No shade no wind
Barren they say.

Lack they those looks which beauty see.
Thou conscience I can see
Your garments stripped by atmosphere you see
Mans lust laid your skeleton bare.

Fools look inside the womb;
Its arms hug the mother tight
Which gives you the life
On which you tread, He embraces that.
Proudly he stands there head high.

The ethic more noble than it's height.
Cultivate those looks which beauty see
Insane things may teach you more.

Sanjay Mehta

Misfit

Hit
You hit
Find it fit

Hit
When hits
Is unfit

Gauge
These hits

Will unfold
Hits
Led to being a
Big misfit.

Sanjay Mehta

Misplaced Priorities

Current
Breed
With modified genes
Armoured
Whence
Facilities
Young
Were, to be
Naturally
Nurtured
Exposed
To bear the brunt
Such
That the
Responses
Mature with resilience
Could erupt

Narrow not
The purpose of life
Thrive not on
Targets, goals, professional achievements
For, the values, lofty ideals
Only can and will
Elevate
Our body, our soul and our mind.

Sanjay Mehta

Mist

July August
Waken you up
To the whiteness all around
Which in purity abounds
At a stretch
Few yards
Eyes can travel
Beyond those yards
One himself has to travel
Arousing curiosity
Beyond those yards
A change for the eyes
Those with no desires
Try to disembowel the fog
To look beyond the mist
The mist of their lives
And to their pleasant surprise
Freshness greenery and water find.

Sanjay Mehta

Moon

Wages a war
With borrowed attire
Still looks so gelid
Million light years away
Mere glimpse
Cools the senses five
Prevents
Body and soul
Venture
On those
Directionless flights.

Sanjay Mehta

Mystic Sojourn

Away from the din of the city
In the deep woods
You hear, you feel, you see
That for which you longed so long
This happens so
Because the din you know.

Eden without Satan
With eagle's eyes plays hide and seek
They stretch to achieve the best
Struggle, but with a difference
A difference best known to them

Hey, tread with care
Look
Where?
There where you do not care,
A careless step
May stop the symbiotic process
Gently,
Touch, touch the stone
Yes, yes you will feel the mystic tone
Close your ears
To hear the spiritual song
Shut your eyes
The moksha path you will find
Away, away from the din of city
In the deep woods.

Sanjay Mehta

Nature

Like a chariot all pervading
She is still there
Wading through the stream
Down the hill
In the dale
Chasing the sheep
In the meadows lush green
Sweet scent spreads around
Birds sing in your ears
Even the deaf can hear
Fishes swim to the birds song
Bees provide the gong
And trees swing to conduct the song.
Harmony, perfect harmony
Gives birth to the snowy clouds
That spread the light
Crystal waters touch the virgin land
Sweetened water comes through this land
Stand not here
Pay homage and pass
Carry her in your thoughts
For how long can she withstand 'Cupid's' onslaught.

Sanjay Mehta

Nature' S Kindergarten

Deep, blue sky,
Overcast
With clouds white.
Gentle breeze
Kissing the branches, trees, leaves
And the nascent buds in between
Caressing
The concrete crust.

Stronger it blows
Trees take to the floor
Branches conduct the choir
White to grey
Synergy high
Bang the floor
Dance
To tunes of thunder
Lightening strikes
In the milieu
Pours the virile
The entire show
In silence bids bye.

Sanjay Mehta

Nature's Bounty

Her,
Store
In abundance
Overflows.
The doors
Of which
His eyes
Ignore.

The latch, the lock
And the bolt
Fastened
Fastened where the looted abundance
Rots in the store.
For, it rots
As environs
Foreign
Cannot restore.

She,
He knows
Has powers
To replenish Her store
Still
His desire
To honour Her no more.
Knows cannot restore
Adores his rotten store.

Sanjay Mehta

Non Persons

Creator is supreme,
In atheism, who believe?
Creations
One and all
Even whose purpose
Brains fail to gauge
Bits they lend
Bit by bit
Huge unifying bond
Holds everything in place
On this globe and outer space
Mutely who stand and wait
At times contribute
Far greater than those who participate.

Sanjay Mehta

Ode To Motherland

Thank The
Oh Lord
In lap placed
Where no one dares
High blue seas
On sides
Himalayas keep an eye on the tide
Rich in archives
Culture vibes
My Motherland
Nature revered
Revered are the stones
This my Motherland

Sanjay Mehta

Patient Conspiracy

Drop
Drops
Engulfed
Engulfs
A stream it forms
Aeons of time
River we call
Whose
Embankments
Nurtured
Civilisations
For long
For long
Never riled
A youthful flow
Not tied
Hopped and jumped
Knew not why
They hopped and jumped
Knew not why.

They
Then tied
To enjoy
Vigour of youth
As
When desired
As
When desired
Giving no thought
To his desires
Which
Silently
Forced
To conspire
Forced
To conspire

Peepal Tree

Dense huge peepal tree
With bustling leaves
Provides space
For nests to be
Earthen pot at its base
Succour to generations
Who after a long walk
Graced its base
Overgrown branches
With years of service
Stretch for succour
In her womb
Sprout with vigour
To recreate a dense huge peepal tree.

Sanjay Mehta

Politics

Fight for spectacles
To create a spectacle of themselves
And entire well being
Ears nose and eyes
Latter deserve
Can have
If others relent
Avarice, chicanery
False egos prevent
Nose plays the truant
Helps ears get the prize
Only to sneeze
At the opportune time

Sanjay Mehta

Politics 1999

Saw those lampoons
Lampoon
In near future
They will only lampoon
Society with values lost
It's picture they present
Some say
Protagonist's they are
They are
We never dreamt off
Those who can uphold
Kept at bay
Sacrificing their lives
Settling quarrels they create
Heroic deaths
Do not
Wreaths and condolences
From lampoons deserve.

Sanjay Mehta

Power Of Vigour

Vigour
If
Triggered
With forces
Of rigour
Path
One traverses
Can't be figured
Friends and foes
Quiver
On seeing him
Achieve
Hither and thither

Hither and thither
Rally some
Others
In abundance
Dither
To break the shell
Of their vigour
Envy his life of riley
Silently
For this oblivion
Into history
Where they can't be figured.

Sanjay Mehta

Probe

Loneliness and it's feeling are terms wide apart
All have had the experience of loneliness
If not time will tell
But its feeling!
It throws open all the doors
Provoking to enter once and for all
Never to return
Yes never to return
The birds, the trees, the wind, the clouds, the sun
The moon, the stars, the stones, the earth, the flowers,
The buildings, the windows, the glass, the table all converse.
They converse of knowledge and wisdom flows

But here the talks are so absurd
They make difficult to converse
Search for harmony
Where to be found?
Feelings are to be aroused as harmony in feelings will be found
Yes the feeling of loneliness
There in isolation harmony resides
Conversation there it trickles down

Thus in crowd one is lonely
Far away from self
Try to feel the loneliness
And then search the self
And then we can converse.

Sanjay Mehta

Race

Race
Defaced
What thou create
This mad
Mad race
Strong illusion
It creates
In minds of those
Who participate
In the race
Unnoticed
Themselves
Enmesh:
Penumbra
To umbra
And senses
Benumbed
Reason no place
Still
A desire
Strong
To participate
In the race.

Sanjay Mehta

Recognition

He achieves and strives for more
More more and more
And there is no end to this more
This more has ulterior objectives in store
And there is no end to this more

Just as a donkey needs food
So does a man
Though science may challenge
But a habit to me
Not strange
Mahatama has shown this world
And Buddha penanced to achieve invincible heights
Those whom you worship take no food
Purity you see in those statues
Guided by these myths
You achieve and take food

A step further is the obsession
Of clothing and shelter
This, to me an adaptation
Those creatures without brain
In the Arctic, in Tropics and down in the seas and deserts and there down in the
Antartic
Haven't they adapted?
Why can't we
The brainy creatures
We often change our habits don't we
To meet our ends we often adapt
But adaption and change of habits will not meet our ends
A bit of recognition will change the entire trend.

Sanjay Mehta

Resurrect

Subdued

By

Failure

Hurt

Dirt.

But, it is

Failure

Hurt

Dirt

Which for future

Instruct

And help

Resurrect.

Sanjay Mehta

Rose

Romance was rose
In poetry flowed
Surroundings glowed
Who so ever took note.

Eyes failed
Fragrance
Ensured
Could not be ignored.

Romance
Feeling
Poetry
Was rose.

Grew
In wild
But mine
Was rose.

Adored
Admired
Where
It took roots.

Priceless
It was
For it dwelled
In natural home.

Mankind had
Patience
Let the buds
Bloom.

Of now
Bereft of fragrance, Patience
Call it rose
Surreal Romance, Feeling, Poetry

Is this a rose?

Sanjay Mehta

Rotten Mind Set

The run
Be physical
Mental
Social
In any sphere
Unseen crunch
Vaccum
Filled
With deadly thoughts
Relishing on painful acts
Beast when maims a fellow being
Fellow beings when fight it out
And blood when oozes out
Beast in man
Overpowers the saint
Wins accolades
Even from those
Not remotely
Related with the episode.

Sanjay Mehta

Satchel Days

Making their way home
On days
Sun shining on tropic of cancer
Satchel, on their backs
Sweat on their brow
Thirst in their tongues
Appetite far flung
Jumping and shouting
Against all these odds
Waiving at the vehicles that pass
And a gentle response from the onlookers in vehicles
Shows no bounds of their joy

Sanjay Mehta

Search In Vaccum

Ventured deep
Deep
Into the dark
Away from the rabble
Because of squabble
In search of platter
To find that matter
In daylight
I found it difficult to handle
Hands and feet
I could not see
My eyes
Could see, only
That which I could feel
Miles I trudged
Plenum didn't dawn
Dawn dawned on me.

Sanjay Mehta

Sense

Sense

Which makes some sense

Other than nonsense

Supreme sense

Is civic sense.

Embedded with moral sense

Inject sense

In this universe

Oozing with nonsense.

Sanjay Mehta

Senses

Senses five
Together their might
Dangerous
To cause a fright
Can't be visualised
Always picks tones
And two eyes traverse
Only pleasure where they find
Nose pokes
Fragrance where abounds
Tongue for luscious loathes
Skin for fairy touch
But that which makes
Long for these
Hasn't got its dues overdue for long
And senses five
Longing only for bright
Have played havoc
And ruined his creations.

Sanjay Mehta

Simla To Shimla

Seasons four
Of yore
Predictable
Their store.

Space earmarked for beast and man
Oozed marked respect
From both clans
To the boundaries unmarked.

The flowers in spring
Had space to bloom
Spread the scent
And unblemished happiness.

One and all
Traversed on foot
Paths tread and untread
Embraced the tread

Never alone was that tread
Not, for all who tread
But, for all who tread
But, for all who tread.

For the days untread
The path, the street, the road, the steps
Questioned
Why thou not tread?

Feeling
Of vaccum
Felt
When missed the one on that day who did not tread.

But
Of late
Foot fall increased
Feelings decreased

Boasts
Of a proud feeling
On encroaching
And breaking laws.

And, spring
Plays hide and seek
With a thought
He mend ways.

In the melee
Alone, alone he stands
Looks for space
Which his own, his own can claim.

Sanjay Mehta

Sleeping Beauty

Gracefull face
Lips embraced
Tightly yes
Tightly no
Shining beads
Revealed
When
The embrace
Waylaid.
Lids over her eyes
The sparkle I could see
And the moat above
Checked
The youthfull thoughts
Wander

Doubt
If she knew
The humble breath
Which the nose drew
Lovely hands supported the gait

Deep urge
Lids stretched
And the moat
Let her see
Let her see.

Sanjay Mehta

Snow

Restricted though
Desire to move more

Purity abounds
All around

Pristine white
With all its might

Embraces one
Embraces all

Mountains majestic
And pebbles at your door

Sanjay Mehta

Soldier

Though sleeps
Vigil he keeps
Day in day out
During starry nights
And stormy days
From seas to deserts
Marshes to mountains
That man in olive.

Yes
Yes you
With open eyes
And a closed mind
A call for you
From slumber
Rise
Vote
For a future
You desire.

Sanjay Mehta

Speed

Speed
Knows no course
Though the goals set
But norms
Laid to rest
Displaces
Aesthetics of life
Childhood youth old age ostracised
Scientific achievements
Landmarks, discoveries
And all physical movements
Unnoticed
Pass into oblivion
For that which helps realise an event
Bathed in speed
Beginning or end
Or course being traversed
All wedded together
Oh! Let the honeymoon end.

Sanjay Mehta

Subtle Fight

Unwind
From stone age
To present times
A subtle fight
With the might of time.

As was then
Hasn't changed
Million years hence
Still, a subtle fight
With the might of time.

Has held that state
Which our ancestors faced
A character
Which has
The entire humanity dazed.

Still, a subtle fight
With the might of time
Though
All endeavours
Of humanity have failed.

Sanjay Mehta

Temple Visitors

Some chatter
At your platter.

For others
On that day you little matter

Some with worries come
Otherwise their visits none.

Teenagers glances
In filth abound

Though bows his head in grace
Thoughts clash in his brain

Newly wedded
Seek blessings for continuance of race.

Old couples seek solace
Touching his mace

Crime lord
Desires, his deeds be ignored.

But what he desires
None cares for that anymore.

Sanjay Mehta

Thunder Of Silence

Beckoned
With
Sounds
So loud.
Riveted,
Attention
Couldn't arouse.

Beckon
With silence
On pedestal
Alight
For the thunder in silence
Rivets
Flushes the mind.

Observe
The attention silence commands
A pregnant lady
In trance
Whose silent conversation
With a soul unknown
Unaware of the decibels around which galore.

Sanjay Mehta

Till That Uprising

There he sits
With virtues becoming extinct

Cornered by mausis
Suppressed by vice

His own traits
Hinderance in the race

Finds solace
At the base

The base
Which supports the entire race

When this creed
Raises its head in revolt
Lord
Live me till that plot.

Sanjay Mehta

Trivial Misconception

An event is trivial for those
In whom triviality rests
A drawback
Which drops one back
Like static water in the pond
Budding endemics
But he who has the desire
Looks for monumental in trivial
He sees the lotus bloom
In endemic ponds womb.

Sanjay Mehta

Ulterior View

From where do these thoughts come
Of alienation, loneliness and forlorn
Where do they reside
Like an owl at night
Like an eagle in the day
Search, but nowhere to be found
From mud to starry sky thoughts have swung
But alienation, loneliness and forlorn were farflung
Buddha in search of salvation,
Prophet for brotherhood
Munis for tolerance
Christ preached the same
How come they were different from the masses
What made them move
They all were alienated, lonely and forlorn
Achieved those heights which they did
Not as a owl or eagle
But as a man the silver lining I can see.

Sanjay Mehta

Unmarked Impressions

Heavy downpour
On that full moon night
Huddled together.
When I stretched out
Beaming moon
Shortened shadows
Gentle breeze
Lightning strikes
Thunder bellows
And more it pours.

Washed with water
Branches sparkle
Pebbles in the stream
Gems indeed.

Shadows swing
Stable ones
Provide the ring
And the drops which fall
Leave an impression
Un marked.

Sanjay Mehta

Unprecedented Weather

Weather Gods did relent
After bright morning
Hell bent
Succour to those
Who created space
For the show
To mint the mint
And no more
Kids with naked heads
And office goes on foot tread
Worst in store
For fairer sex
Braving the tempest
And beast in man.

Sanjay Mehta

U-Turn

Whom

He has endowed with traits

Haven't they betrayed his faith

Gave her the state

To recreate the race

Wickedly

Flaunts those traits

In the material race

Head on

Clashes with natural process

Thus ensures

Her lead in the mad rush

Objectives divine which she was to serve

No more than a commodity in lurch.

Sanjay Mehta

Virtues Of A Written Word

Patience

A virtue

Most valued

Through genes

Remitted to offsprings.

Written word

Held the sway

Messages were conveyed

Though delayed

No one could betray

Read and re-read

Several inferences drawn

Assumed art form

For courses prescribed

Pre-cursor for generations to arrive.

Sanjay Mehta

Wake Up Call

His pain
For me
Disdain
Till
It
Touches my grain.

Arise
From slumber
For
His pain
His pain
Can.....
Will be.....
Yes !
Is my pain
Maim
Maim
Maimed
By HIS pain.

Sanjay Mehta

Water Mill

That small narrow meandering path
In the lush green fields
Moving with the stream
Over the precipice
With a gush
The water falls
On the blades which rotate
At speeds
Invisible which makes
To rotate the huge circular rock
Tons in weight
To grind the crop.

Sanjay Mehta

Wayward, Are You?

Lords creation,
Supreme
Realised.
Acknowledged.
Is Supreme.

Hither, Thither, Wither
Goes
Knows Not?
Where he goes
Still goes.

Ambushing paths
Ought not be tread
But
With contempt, treads
As if, else, no one will tread
Else, no one will tread.

Sanjay Mehta

When Evil Reigns

Very thought
Of being at top
With it brought
Images fraught
With death of sorts

On the barren tree
Ropes tied
To direct the fall
Perched
With axe in hand
Strikes
And strikes with force
Till it parts

Fool
Fool with axe
Embraced in my lap
Listens to dictates
Of those on land
Gives me a blow
In all humility
For next I restore

Does he know
A single jerk
And blows will blow no more.

Sanjay Mehta

Women

Vested with powers which thou envy
For this, she bears the brunt
Without retaliation
With these powers maintains a balance of forces
Both of body and soul
A daughter, a sister, a beloved, a wife, a mother she is
And you have made a whore of her
Your roles in life well defined
A child, a son, a brother, a husband a child again
Fit only for this and no more
Living stoically
Has sent shivers down Newton's grave
Bleeding every month
Her fertility cements
But for those nine months
Survives and survives
For a soul unknown.
A man who bleeds
Digs himself a grave
A precursor to many graves
It is thus he treats her such
But shouldn't he realise her powers
Her beauty, her passions, her emotions
Her sense to stand by that where he fails
May this eighth day of March lead her march to heavens
Where the powers be honoured and beauty be adored.

Sanjay Mehta