

Poetry Series

**Santosh Kumar**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Santosh Kumar()

Santosh Kumar (b.1946) is a poet, short-story writer and an editor from UP India; DPhil in English; Editor of Taj Mahal Review and Harvests of New Millennium Journals; several awards; member of World Poets Society (W.P.S.) : member of World Haiku Association, Japan; published poetry in Indian Verse by Young Poets (1980) , World Poetry (1995 & 1996) , The Fabric of A Vision (2001) , The Still Horizon (2002) , The Golden Wings (2002) , Voyages (2003) , Symphonies (2003) , New Pegasus (2004) , Explorers (2004) , Dwan (USA) , Promise (Purple Rose Publications, USA) , Taj Mahal Review (2002,2003,2004,2005,2006,2007 & 2008) . He has also edited sixteen World Poetry Anthologies, and four books of World's Great Short Stories. He is also the author of a collection of poems entitled Helicon (Cyberwit, India, ISBN 81-901366-8-2) , Haiku collection New Utopia (Rochak Publishing, India ISBN 978-81-903812-0-8) , and Critical Essays in collaboration with Adam Donaldson Powell (Cyberwit, India,978-81-8253-110-9) .

# Greater Than All The Treasures On Earth

O Lord! Righteousness, your kingdom's sceptre,  
visible nowhere.

Who'll anoint us with oil of virtue?

Where are your ministering spirits  
to guide me in the hour of temptation  
in the wilderness

to help me

say goodbye to flesh

and bless me with joy of faith

magnified in my body,

to attain salvation through prayer

and gospel of your saints.

Fulfill my joy, O Lord

uniting me with your mind

devoid of strife or vainglory

I decide to do Thy will, O God

to sacrifice myself for the terrorists' sins

to sit down on your right hand

to obey your laws written

in my mind and heart

hoping the recompense of the reward

greater than all the treasures on earth.

Santosh Kumar

# Lament For Terrorist Attack

This time air-borne violence  
Corpses falling and falling  
Was Devil torching the heavens?  
Satan permeated, spread, prevailed, dictated  
Demanding more blood  
Just daybreak!  
And the sky became dark  
All withered!  
All spent!  
All burnt out!  
The red blade of Terror's dagger glinted  
Life's music died  
Nothing was saved  
As Black Tuesday witnessed countless bodies  
Exploded and exploded  
Can the heavens smile as usual?  
Can dust ever settle?  
We've let Holy Witness down  
Help us, save us O Lord!  
Terrified by infinite gloom  
Stench, triviality, stress of Terror  
Golden sunshine I find  
In Prayer at Lord's feet  
This alone reveals hidden rapture and ecstasy.

Santosh Kumar