

Poetry Series

**Swami Jeevan Ekin**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

# Swami Jeevan Ekin(30/05/1960)

Hello! Friends

(Please keep Mr. Barak Obama in mind while contemplating my poems)

Soon.....

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&#2375; ||

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&#2344; &#2368; &#2325; &#2368; &#2361; &#2376; &#2348; &#2342;  
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&#2340; &#2352; &#2346; &#2381; &#2352; &#2325; &#2366; &#2358;  
&#2361; &#2379; &#2332; &#2366; &#2351; &#2375; &#2340; &#2379;  
&#2348; &#2366; &#2340; &#2348; &#2344; &#2375; .||

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Conjugation Redefined

## Conjugation Redefined

All the roads lead to the Rome  
Lust for it make it a home  
Solace and contentment are a dome  
dare not to feign that much Ekin  
Perilous is the very path my dear  
From a puritan to a dreadful cheer  
Looking the gaze in to the mirror:  
A profound cause for a trull  
Concubine adornment is an invitation  
Brittle and corrosive are the limitations  
Fatal nexus of a pimp and a whore  
Know not you; what for the more  
Invitations are all for the confluence  
All is a manifestation; penury or affluence  
Conjugation lured lesser Gods to beckon  
Wisdom is just but prosy to reckon  
Justify not the knots made in Oasis  
Muse not the ironically designed institution  
Nearing of two effigy calling for affiliation  
Dare not ask Ekin; what makes a prostitution  
Ekin the Pimp

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Dried Mire Grave (To Mr. Barak Obama)

(To Mr. Barak Obama)

Dried Mire Grave

Spuriously even is the floor  
Dried mire lies beneath  
Studded is the opportunist cyst:  
Waiting for a favorable wind  
Mire is treacherous and engulfing  
Mire dries to form a grave  
Grave in making has the footprints of the guest  
The floor is uneven with prickly fervor  
Dexterity and adeptness of the old dancers were  
Beyond the flair of scrutiny  
Not that the dancers were novice  
Reciprocate the dancer to the swaying shadow of a subtle whip  
The dome has a volatile cluster of desiring ones outside of it  
Mesmerized you are to be o! Chief with the blinking signals  
Harlot imbibed strumpet is the controller  
Hair width disregard brings agony  
A troll is ever hungry for the penny and the power  
Life is paradoxical Ekin  
Ekin speaks gloomy often  
Make not your almond shaped corners wet with brine o! Chief

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Eclipsed Cottage (To Mr. Barak Obama)

(To Mr. Barak Obama)

Eclipsed Cottage

The sun is half curtained

The pledged cottage is eclipsed

Fear in the cottage is bait for the voluptuous vampires

Tribes of the self-segregated province were once shadow eaters

Proud yesterday are now frightening obscure silhouettes today

The tribal chief at the altar knows not it all

Smoldering ambers reluctant to warm the chilly cottage

The dampened walls of the cottage are deafened too

Chief's groan fall uninvited on the indifferent walls

The Chief strolls midst the dark listening the howling of the stern muscles

Ekin

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Ekin's Poem: 2330; 2354; 2319; 2325; 2367; 2344;

Ekin's Poem: 2330; 2354; 2319; 2325; 2367; 2344;

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Displaying the only post.

Jeevan Ekin

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Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Excuse Us Please!

Excuse Us Please!

Extended is an apology from a little fluffy heap  
To ever voracious and stinking greedy sheep  
To ever leaking sapful horses which love to peep  
Sheep are pressed aching enough to squeeze out  
The horse lays aground to sneeze the culprit sap out  
An abortion, as all the horses are to enter the hell  
The Desert dog is around, now who will cat the bell  
Waiting half the life to fill the tempting and oozing hell  
Knowing nothing the horse wastes all the precious jewel  
Rendered now they are, fatigued, emptied and hollow  
Virtues are staked and the heinous sins are to follow  
Repeated invasion of the beasts is in offing and inevitable  
Mistakes are repetitive to be stubborn and are not amendable  
Starved the horse is nothing much valuable to gain  
The luxuries are expired and insipid leading to a pain  
Shackled is the stallion asking for a nourishing rain  
Choked are the passages to escape nothing much to drain  
Insanity took the toll now claws must be aware and sane  
Pendant is lying the unwilling and a alienated sapless log  
Playfully galloping horse is now a miserable pooch for a jog  
Libido is locked and the vibrating vigor is no more  
Thrown are at the periphery, who were once at the core  
The chief is busy playing with the geese  
A horse is a horse, excuse us please!  
The life is strange Ekin, down at its knees  
Ekin

reference

hope• kiss• life• loss• love• music• nature• rain• school• sleep• soldier•  
• sun• war• africa• alone• america• angel• anger• animal• april• autumn  
• baby• ballad• beach• beautiful• beauty• believe• birth• brother• utterfly  
• candy• car• carpe diem• cat• change• chicago• child• childhood• children•  
christmas• cinderella• city• courage• crazy• culture• dance  
• dark• daughter• death• depression• despair• destiny• dog• dream  
• education• elegy• evil• faith• family• farewell• fate• father• fear  
• fire• fish• fishing





# Fallible Guard

Life is strange Ekin  
Being intrigued at the intricacies of the destiny.  
Fate and the plight spare no hollow for a mutiny.  
The ego is on the guard to deprive me of the self.  
Ambrosia waits inside to inundate me to be nobody.  
You are their within enticing me; why the guard then.  
Bemused and stern mind lulls me with the logics.  
Falling prey was what happened to me too to cry later  
The troll and the enigmatic trap were incomprehensive.  
A glimmer was there to transcend the mind and its ways.  
I know that mind won't allow "I" to enter the realm.  
Daring the transparency disillusions the manifestation.  
Life is strange Ekin

Swami Jeevan Ekin

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Gestation (To Mr. Barak Obama)

( (To Mr. Barak Obama)

Gestation

Long awaiting impatient tidal shore  
Ahoy! Yelling wanderer was what the shore bore  
A peering hollow was what the shore bore more  
A waiting womb was conceived with....  
Untrained and innocent was the womb  
Womb bore only one facet of life  
Second to be born when an Adonis is in the echelons of power  
Gusts of strong desires and wisps of ardent ambition  
Thus carved and adorned a waif for the coronation  
Waif proliferates to become a prince  
Prince culminates in to an emperor  
Destiny had a revolution: actually part of process Ekin  
Ekin, life is strange and by chance  
The emperor expands the physical senses to dare the thresholds  
Darkened corners are lightened....  
Inaudible are audible....  
Far is no longer farther...  
Legs get airborne....  
Vast round shaped is a tiny town...  
Memory gets deepened and atomized...  
Pitiable remain the taste buds and the nostrils  
Morality remains for the destitute only  
The sun and the moon two hand of a clock ticked by;  
Bliss and torment...  
Divinity and suffering..  
Privileged and trodden ones  
Ethics and rationales...  
Logic has had them as fossils at the sand of the time  
Practicality beats the drums of aloofness and loneliness  
Trumpet of professionalism blows away  
The stringent of affection  
Mendicant vultures and trashy savages;  
Ogling and daring the once conceived womb  
The life is strange Ekin  
The womb is slyly crying to get conceived yet again

Alas! The emperor is unmindful of;  
the groan and cry of the womb still meandering

Ekin

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# I Loves You

I loves you, you loves I  
I loves me, I loves I  
I love mine, mine loves I  
I love Myself, Myself loves I  
I is I, I is not You  
I loves Iself, I loves you not  
I is I, not you  
You is I, not you  
I is, when you is not you  
when I is, I is a reflection in you  
I sees I in you  
You is An I, I is an amoeba  
proliferate to become another I  
I is the world,  
I is not the beginning;  
An I is an end but  
The life is strange Ekin  
I is paradoxical and ludicrous  
Irony has it, I has a gender too  
I knows not any hue and creed  
I knows not any hue and breed  
I knows not any border

I is arduous in ambit  
All the conditioning is in I  
Spurious is I, so is the conditioning  
If I is, where is the you then  
If You is, where is the I then  
I contemplates I in you  
I is not when you is not  
I is shadow of a man under the sky  
Shadow is a fake identity  
All the shadows are same Ekin  
Ready to bear the scorching heat  
Ready not to sneak into the shade

The shade where the shadow of I is not  
I is not when the shadow is not  
shade is calm blissful divine and eternal void

I has a face I lessness has no face  
The shade is shadow less  
Being shadow less is a blessing  
Having shadow is Iness os servility  
Being in the shade is I lessness  
The shadow is isness  
The life is paradoxical Ekin  
Face book has many I, and melting I  
Tears on the facebook;  
Tortoise sneaking into the shade  
Tears on the facebook;  
Tortoise knows not the path to the shadow  
Every one has I  
I belongs to no one  
Why should everyone belong to I then  
Having and I is agonizing  
Leaving I is pleasantly agonizing  
Death of I is not;  
Death of the mind and body  
Presence of I is sub-human;  
Absence of I is human and humane  
Wow! Ekin's poem has many I  
Life is strange Ekin; really  
The I is cosmological  
The I is a cosmic joke Ekin  
Ekin is a label; I loves you too Ekin  
Fear not the shade dear

Ekin The I

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Replacement Is Not A Change (To Mr. Barak Obama)

(To Mr. Barak Obama)

Replacement is not a change

Lest the change be replacement only  
The change yet far and beyond  
Replacement is not a change o! chief  
Hopes are from the old mindset  
A heart is to change not the regime  
Wearing old shoes further tightens the spiral life  
Old one is to lead to catastrophe  
Compensation with ability is just inevitable; for the  
Novice older ones  
My beloved chief  
Intoxicated demand more toxicity  
Know not it all  
Curved life is desperate for a straight breathing  
Let the arrow be in two directions simultaneously  
Arrow of filling and the arrow of solace  
Redress invites further decay only  
The life is by chance  
The life is strange Ekin  
Your majesty must walk on the two edged sword  
Love you my chief

Ekin

(Please keep Mr. Barak Obama in mind while contemplating these words)

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Soluble Arrow Of Hopes (To Mr. Barak Obama)

( (To Mr. Barak Obama)

Soluble Arrow of Hopes

The life is by chance Ekin  
Life bow of coincidences shoots;  
multifurcated arrow of hopes and consolation  
Tightened string of audacity is still quivering  
Randomly chosen is the chief sitting on the edge of the arrow  
The jubilant chief is apparently jubilant  
Invisible money mongers are soon to make their presence felt  
Life is strange Ekin  
Arrow is no exception to succumb to the eddies of expectations  
Visible is controlled by the pertinence of invisible  
Ekin; concern is yours too  
For the plugged ears, blind folds, chocked nostrils and shackled limbs  
Ekin wishes the arrow to incise the thorny and strangulating snare  
The change was at the discretion; acceptance is to be dared

Ekin

Swami Jeevan Ekin



# Swami Jeevan Ekin's Poems On America, Americans And Barak Obama

Swami Jeevan Ekin

Excuse Us Please!

Extended is an apology from a little fluffy heap  
To ever voracious and stinking greedy sheep  
To ever leaking sapful horses which love to peep  
Sheep are pressed aching enough to squeeze out  
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Libido is locked and the vibrating vigor is no more  
Thrown are at the periphery, who were once at the core  
The chief is busy playing with the geese  
A horse is a horse, excuse us please!  
The life is strange Ekin, down at its knees

Ekin

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Thus Spake the Audacity

The space limitless borderless and self-contained  
The space eternally futile, meaningless and purposeless  
The space studded with planets and stars for no cause  
There hung a scene afloat and adrift  
A pendant podium embellished volatile and hollow  
Withered yet gleaming and glimmering masks all over  
Seemed a pompous and redundant ostentation  
All the celestial bodies behind the intimidation  
Standing there was a two-legged creature  
With a clowning grin and a lustrous mask  
Varied emotions frequenting the mask  
His hind limbs shackled with grey promises  
His dwarf forelimb clutched but mesmerizing  
His mask qualm and scruple and spinning  
His stout contour dark and tender  
The mask engraved with an obstinate lined dimple  
His eyes unmatching the posterity and silky path  
A safari legacy and a candy in the mouth  
The tongue thick yet agile and brisk  
The eyeballs oscillating up and down  
An alacrity and swiftness called as audacity  
Utterances brimmed audacity was prone;  
Prone to prove the hidden beyond the imprudence  
A tamed bird bearing a gloomy carcass in its beak  
A pertinent insecurity fenced the whole scene  
Before him was gathered a look alike fauna  
Pairs of eyes outnumbering the stars;  
Glow in the eyes lightened the whole place  
Hands handcuffed with brittle consolations  
Their heads pivoted on an abyss of hopes  
Their bodies reinforced with perilous ambitions  
Guarded they were with newly born;  
distention, altercations and fray  
Undestined foresightedness led the this way  
Their tongue acetous and teeth tart  
separated the were with apathetic invisible walls  
Pungent was their cavity and obnoxious was their breath  
Hapless eyes waiting for an immortal miracle  
Elongated were their years desperate for:  
The old repetition of the dissuasion pattern

Their legs firmly anchored in the rotten and ruined grave of;  
morality, affability, infelicity, fraternity love and motherhood  
there reigned the wisps of delirium and swoon  
Corpuscles of discontent, infliction, torments,  
misery and apprehensions with their cousins;  
thrusting the crowd to stagger Their hearts still invisible to be called as stoned  
Infidelity and disloyalty were on probation with them  
Betrayal was also awaiting its turn  
Having had a famine of tenderness and love  
They were to be threaded to the crust of chaos  
Capped savage and barbarous clouds looming over them  
Rambling to pour the hatred and wet the people with fear  
Moaning and deploring they were for nothing  
The life is strange Ekin  
The audacity was prone and aptly prompted  
So was ready the gathering knelt and squatted  
The space witnessed the tongue tickled and;  
Threats beguiled cheers and applause  
The ambience was filled with sound  
Thus spake the Audacity;  
My fellow citizens: I stand here today humbled by the task before us....  
The life is paradoxical Ekin

Ekin

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I LOVES YOU

I loves you, you loves I  
I loves me, I loves I  
I love mine, mine loves I  
I love Myself, Myself loves I  
I is I, I is not You  
I loves Iself, I loves you not  
I is I, not you  
You is I, not you  
I is, when you is not you  
when I is, I is a reflection in you  
I sees I in you

I is a loveless life  
You is An I, I is an amoeba  
proliferate to become another I  
I is the world,  
I is not the beginning;  
An I is an end but  
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Presence of I is sub-human;  
Absence of I is human and humane  
Wow! Ekin's poem has many I  
Life is strange Ekin; really  
The I is cosmological  
The I is a cosmic joke Ekin  
Ekin is a label; I loves you too Ekin  
I is an ego, shade is the love  
Fear not the shade dear

Ekin The I

-----

A Random choice  
A Random choice Ekin's Poems  
The life is by chance Ekin

Life bow of coincidences shoots

multifurcated arrow of hopes and consolation

tightened string of audacity is still quivering

Randomly chosen is the chief sitting on the edge of the arrow

The jubilant chief is apparently jubilant  
invisible money mongers are soon to make their presence felt Life is strange Ekin

Arrow is no exception to succumb to the eddies of expectations  
Visible is controlled by the pertinence of invisible  
concern is yours too Ekin;  
For the plugged ears, blind folds, chocked nostrils and shackled limbs

Ekin wishes to incise the thorny and strangulating snare

Ekin

-----

## Gestation

Long awaiting impatient tidal shore  
Ahoy! Yelling wanderer was what the shore bore  
A peering hollow was what the shore bore more  
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The sun and the moon two hand of a clock ticked by;  
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Logic has had them as fossils at the sand of the time  
Practicality beats the drums of aloofness and loneliness  
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Mendicant vultures and trashy savages;  
Ogling and daring the once conceived womb  
The life is strange Ekin  
The womb is slyly crying to get conceived yet again  
Alas! The emperor is unmindful of;  
the groan and cry of the womb still meandering  
Ekin

-----  
Replacement is not a change

Lest the change be replacement only  
The change yet far and beyond  
Replacement is not a change o! chief  
Hopes are from the old mindset  
A heart is to change not the regime  
Wearing old shoes further tightens the spiral life  
Old one is to lead to catastrophe  
Compensation with ability is just inevitable; for the  
Novice older ones  
My beloved chief  
Intoxicated demand more toxicity  
Know not it all  
Curved life is desperate for a straight breathing  
Let the arrow be in two directions simultaneously  
Arrow of filling and the arrow of solace  
Redress invites further decay only  
The life is by chance  
The life is strange Ekin  
Your majesty must walk on the two edged sword  
Love you my chief

Ekin

-----

Vulnerable Anvil

Stinking are the corners  
Repulsion sees connivance  
Obnoxious is just to intimidate  
The fragrance gets mixed with it  
Adversary only not a foe; to be grinning soon  
Anvil is lava hot and molding is tough  
Pretensions are from the both sides  
The brighter one is better at concealing  
A single dropp in the cluster of drops  
Onerous is the stirring  
Reluctance is the manner initially  
Prevailing one is blurred; tribe is confused so is the chief  
Life is strange Ekin  
Pathetic to see you maneuvering o! Chief

Ekin

-----

### Soluble Arrow of Hopes

The life is by chance Ekin  
Life bow of coincidences shoots;  
multifurcated arrow of hopes and consolation  
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Ekin; concern is yours too  
For the plugged ears, blind folds, chocked nostrils and shackled limbs  
Ekin wishes the arrow to incise the thorny and strangulating snare  
The change was at the discretion; acceptance is to be dared

Ekin

### Eclipsed Cottage

The sun is half curtained  
The pledged cottage is eclipsed  
  
Fear in the cottage is bait for the voluptuous vampires  
  
Tribes of the self-segregated province were once shadow eaters  
  
Proud yesterday are now frightening obscure silhouettes today  
  
The tribal chief at the altar knows not it all  
  
Smoldering ambers reluctant to warm the chilly cottage  
  
The dampened walls of the cottage are deafened too  
  
Chief's groan fall uninvited on the indifferent walls  
  
The Chief strolls midst the dark listening the howling of the stern muscles



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hope• kiss• life• loss• love• music• nature• rain• school• sleep• soldier•  
summer• sun• war africa• alone  
• america• angel• anger• animal• april• autumn• baby• ballad• beach•  
beautiful• beauty• believe• birth  
• brother• butterfly• candy• car• carpe diem• cat• change• chicago• child•  
childhood• children• christmas  
• cinderella• city• courage• crazy• culture• dance• dark• daughter• death•  
depression• despair• destiny  
• dog• dream• education• elegy• evil• faith• family• farewell• fate• father• fear•  
fire• fish• fishing

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# There Is No Way To Go□

There is no way to go□

Life is strange! Ekin

Let your contemplation be endowed with this prayer.

There is no way to go. There is nowhere to go. There is no one to go.

Myriads of paths to traverse to the translunary home.

There seems be no way to escape from this callous dome.

The manifestations has you this ignorable captious vain.

Your acquiesce and consent for heeding the vacuity to gain.

Getting swayed away with the caravan shackled in chain.

Acrimonious is the draught waiting for the lapful rain.

Abroach and transient is the invitation to accept.

Ready you never were for ademption of this addle concept.

Deafened were your ears to hear the serenade of the divine concept.

Wearing a veil of oblivion and expecting a clarity and candour

Now a sentinel over your sentience for sepsis to be more.

Buried you are Ekin in your sepulcher to be transfused.

You have ignored the ablution enough which was not to miss.

You were never acephalous to burn yourself in the alcove of bliss.

This would not have been a transgress, had you chanced.

You are no exception sitting on a caldera to be pranced.

Senility is prodding you now hinting you a valediction now.

The Valhala was never distant with its distinct frou-frou.

If there is now way Ekin- jump out of the fen at once.

You have enjoyed more than enough of foreordained falsity.

Bow down before yourself Ekin and let it go.

You know the friend now that which was once a foe.

There is no way to go.

There is nowhere to go.

There is no one to go.

Ekin

21/02/2010

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Thus Spake The Audacity (To Barak Obama)

Thus Spake the Audacity (To Barak Obama)

The space limitless borderless and self-contained  
The space eternally futile,  
meaningless and purposeless  
The space studded with planets and stars for no cause  
There hung a scene afloat and adrift  
A pendant podium embellished volatile and hollow  
Withered yet gleaming and glimmering masks all over  
Seemed a pompous and redundant ostentation  
All the celestial bodies behind the intimidation  
Standing there was a two-legged creature  
With a clowning grin and a lustrous mask  
Varied emotions frequenting the mask  
His hind limbs shackled with grey promises  
His dwarf forelimb clutched but mesmerizing  
His mask qualm and scruple and spinning  
His stout contour dark and tender  
The mask engraved with an obstinate lined dimple  
His eyes unmatching the posterity and silky path  
A safari legacy and a candy in the mouth  
The tongue thick yet agile and brisk  
The eyeballs oscillating up and down  
An alacrity and swiftness called as audacity  
Utterances brimmed audacity was prone;  
Prone to prove the hidden beyond the imprudence  
A tamed bird bearing a gloomy carcass in its beak  
A pertinent insecurity fenced  
the whole scene  
Before him was gathered a look alike fauna  
Pairs of eyes outnumbering the stars;  
Glow in the eyes lightened the whole place  
Hands handcuffed with brittle consolations  
Their heads pivoted on an abyss of hopes  
Their bodies reinforced with perilous ambitions  
Guarded they were with newly born;  
distention, altercations and fray  
Undestined foresightedness led the this way  
Their tongue acetous and teeth tart  
separated the were with apathetic invisible walls

Pungent was their cavity and obnoxious was their breath  
Hapless eyes waiting for an immortal miracle  
Elongated were their years desperate for:  
The old repetition of the dissuasion pattern  
Their legs firmly anchored in the rotten and ruined grave of;  
morality, affability, infelicity, fraternity love and motherhood  
there reigned the wisps of delirium and swoon  
Corpuscles of discontent, infliction, torments, misery and apprehensions with  
their cousins; thrusting the crowd to stagger  
Their hearts still invisible to be  
called as stoned  
Infidelity and disloyalty were on probation with them  
Betrayal was also awaiting its turn  
Having had a famine of tenderness and love  
They were to be threaded to the crust of chaos  
Capped savage and barbarous clouds looming over them  
Rambling to pour the hatred and wet the people with fear  
Moaning and deploring they were for nothing  
The life is strange Ekin  
The audacity was prone and aptly prompted  
So was ready the gathering knelt and squatted  
The space witnessed the tongue tickled and;  
Threats beguiled cheers and applause  
The ambience was filled with sound  
Thus spake the Audacity;  
I stand here before you humbled.....  
The life is paradoxical Ekin

Swami Jeevan Ekin

# Vulnerable Anvil (To Mr. Barak Obama)

(To Mr. Barak Obama)

Vulnerable Anvil

Stinking are the corners  
Repulsion sees connivance  
Obnoxious is just to intimidate  
The fragrance gets mixed with it  
Adversary only not a foe; to be grinning soon  
Anvil is lava hot and molding is tough  
Pretensions are from the both sides  
The brighter one is better at concealing  
A single dropp in the cluster of drops  
Onerous is the stirring  
Reluctance is the manner initially  
Prevailing one is blurred; tribe is confused so is the chief  
Life is strange Ekin  
Pathetic to see you maneuvering o! Chief  
Ekin

(Please keep Mr. Barak Obama in mind while contemplating these words)

Swami Jeevan Ekin