

Poetry Series

Thinker Shah

- poems -

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Thinker Shah()

An Indian Taxpayer's Pain

Sucked in a vortex by fate, I often sit back and think

To how many more nadirs can the life actually sink

Will every struggle for truth end with a hemlock drink?

Those who turned Indianmarkets into a swindling den

Fraudsters, looters and goonsare now gagging my pen

The apathy of the powers that be remains beyond my ken

A billion Dollar fraudster struts around with unfettered glee

One who duped gullible investors in a wanton looting spree

Protected by ill-gotten pelf this man doesn't even need to flee

The abominable criminal pulled off a brazen daylight fraud

Thousands cheated and the loot was easily siphoned abroad

Cops, regulators and media all still worship the crook like god!

Widows, pensioners, senior citizens - all looted by the knave

Even the Khaki cheated poor victims it was entrusted to save

Thirty pieces of silver bought all and every soul turned a slave

The luckless lot has been running from every pillar to post
Money is gone and now even the faith in the system is lost
Hoping in vain -Karma will some day make him pay the cost

Taking it all on the chin we yet stand firm and very proud
Jaded by bludgeoning of fate I may be but am still uncowed
Facing scoundrels my head may be bloody but is unbowed

The Soul - collective conscience of this nation is nearly dead
Old victim couples selling jewellery to buy their daily bread
But nobody gives two hoots or cares even a small shred

The system which tolerates thugs and such buckets of slime
Where they protect villains and authors of a heinous crime
Trust me such decadent society is living on borrowed time

Thinker Shah

An Ode To Panipat 3

When India in suppliance bent, was shivering seeing Abdali's scourge
From distant Deccan land a brave and dauntless people did emerge

While 'great' Mughals trembled seeing invincible Durrani's power
There were hardy-heroic Marhatta men who just refused to cower

The Swaraj seed that Shivaji raje sowed had grown into a huge tree
True to Raireswar oath, Marathas always fought to keep India free

From Udgir marched Sadashiv Bhau with his squad of Maratha men
To take on the ravaging brute who looted India, every now and then

Joined by some Gardi brothers who were true to their country's salt
Prepared to thwart on mother India looter Afghan's vicious assault

Rajputs, Jats and Sikhs, support Bhau found from absolutely none
Najib, Waliullah and Shuja, a traitorous net for Marathas was spun

At Kunjpura the Decannis made early gains and did beat Afghans well
The delay and wait cost the Indians dear and life slowly turned to hell

Bereft of help, deprived of food the Marathas still chose to bravely fight
For Dev, Desh and Soil on a distant land they did golden history write

At early hours on that Sankrant day the Marathas made their wild charge
Gardi's booming guns worked wonders with thunderous cannon barrage

Brave Bhau struck into Shah Wali's formation just like a bolt of thunder
Dazed, stopped dead in tracks, Afghan army was almost split asunder

Marathas piled the ground with Durrani's men, they still wanted more
Some Afghans even started to flee and Abdali was shaken to his core

Just when it looked the invaders were done and a glorious victory was earned

Fickle fingers of fate worked against Bharat and the winning tide was turned

Wishwasrao fell by a stray shot and commander Sadashivrao lost his mind
Jumped off his howda and went after the Afghans in a fit of rage very blind

Evil Afghan had his plan and unleashed reserves on tired Marathas brave
Tables were turned and heroes fell, results for Bharat were dark and grave

A tumultuous battle, a pyrrhic victory which even Abdali would regret
Sacrificing all for motherland, gallant Marathas paid off their filial debt
'2 pearls dissolved, 27 gold coins lost, of Silver-Copper there's no count'
In these coded words Nansahaheb at Pune got the battle's final account

Who actually won and who lost, we can today always dissect and debate
The brave men who selflessly died for Bharat we must admire and adulate

Every house in Deccan lost a man, of broken bangles was many a heap
Like phoenix but Marathas rose, in a decade they did most of India sweep

Even Abdali sang paeans for Maratha bravery but we've forgotten it all
Those who forget their past are condemned to repeat every historical fall.

Thinker Shah

Fighting Corona Virus

A rogue nation aspiring to wear a new crown
Turned the entire world totally upside down

A tiny pesky virus which none of us ever sees
Has brought mighty countries on their knees

Though there's pestilence n death all around
From this misery too we shall soon rebound

We have in the past seen many an onslaught
And come up stronger after each battle fought

The country named after counter of lion's teeth
Can be down now but will rise from underneath

Nurses, doctors and helpers, treat them like god
God or health-carers, both are two peas in a pod

Science and medicine, will for us save the day
But hope the world makes the perpetrators pay

The road ahead is quite tough and seems uphill
But we've beaten many foes and this too we will

When darkness is abound and our fears amass
Remember it's all transient, this too shall pass

All hands on deck and each must hold one's own
The darkest hour they say is just before the dawn

Thinker Shah

Limericks

Limericks are poems pithy and punny
Short, terse and always on the money
Some are bawdy and some are neat
The bawdy ones you cannot tweet
And the neat ones are seldom funny!

Over whiskey Vodka rum or beers
I prefer the hot cuppa that cheers
The same job it does
Gives you a good buzz
And keeps you sane between the ears!

Pappu and party acted too clever by half
In Kerala they in public slaughtered a calf
While in Amethi Pappu turned Janeu-dhari
And Pappini dumped jeans and donned a sari
Electorate is now having the final laugh!

Limericks are never third-rate
It takes a true genius to create
Those lovely AABBA style rhymes
And move from mundane confines
Of usual poetry which does stagnate!

We have a country so renegade
Known for deception top-grade
After shortening world's lifespan
Wants to hide where it all began
A spade must be called a spade! #ChineseVirus

A tyrant called Winnie-the-pooh
Tried creating a bio weapon new
His labs were ill-equipped
And the pesky virus skipped
World now calls him Winnie-the-Flu!

I occasionally write limericks for fun
Covering everything under the sun
I try to use poetic power
But my pen is a little sour
And hence not liked by everyone!

A short but really pithy ditty
Named on an Irish Viking city
Handy at a time of crunch
As it packs a solid punch
Limericks are a tool very witty!

Limericks-considered poetry's armpit
Aren't liked by highbrows even a bit
Those who at AABBA fret
Actually do easily forget
That brevity remains the soul of wit!

Thinker Shah

Owed To Shivaji Maharaj

It was dark and gloomy 17th century, India's fortunes were on the wane
Mughals, Sultanates, Portuguese had carved the country writhing in pain

Loot, rape, plunder and pillage, every village was in a state of chafe
Gods, wealth or their daughters, not a possession of Indians was safe

Indians under the jackboot of oppressors, their liberty and rights denied
Deccani Sultanates were in full bloom, in shambles lay Maratha pride

Land of Satvahans, Yadavs and Chalukyas had turned to a living hell
Adilshah, Nizam and Qutbshah had on Deccan cast a pestilential spell

In this turmoil lived a Maratha warrior, Shahaji Bhonsale was his name
Married to virtuous Jijabai, her folks killed by nobles of Nizamshahi fame

Every Indian under foreign yoke, not even a soul could breathe easy
Jijabai could not take it any more, such servitude made her queasy

India's knees were in supplication bent, the invaders were running wild
During such dire days at Shivneri fort, Jijabai gave birth to a radiant child

She taught her son all about dharma, Dadoji Konddev became his guide
Bright and brilliant Shivba trained well, her Joy Jijamata couldn't hide

Swords, daggers, shields and lances became Shiva's childhood toys
Every hill of Sahyadri Shivba would trek with his band of Mavala boys

Shiva ands quad scanned every hill, every pass, every gorge and glen
Tanaji, Suryaji and Yesaji as pals, Shiva was a natural leader of men

At the tender age of 16 at Raireswar temple the young Shiva swore
Tyranny and torture of foreign invaders my people shall suffer no more

"The days of those who loot, rape, maim my folks shall now be
numbered"

"India shall be ruled only by us Indians", the young leader thundered

A spark was lighted to rekindle and awaken supine India's dead soul
The arduous journey commenced with Hindavi Swaraj as its final goal

Cobblers, blacksmiths, carpenters rose, took up tools of a different kind
Each brave Marhatta man readied arms with only Swaraj on his mind

With his rag-tag hill-men squad Shiva found a firm and loyal support
The battle for Hindavi Swaraj kicked off with the capture of Torna fort

Hardy austere Maratha warriors were a valorous and spartan breed
No greed or possession save for their whetted sabre and battle steed

Kondana, Purandar and Jawli, Bhonsle territory now grew pretty fast
Spunky Shiva was on a winning spree, whole Adilshahi stood aghast

A gauntlet was thrown at Bijapur court, tame and bring Shiva who can?
Assuring Adilshah-Badi begum, arose Afzal Khan-a mountain of a man

A wicked zealot, a mammoth man, Sambhaji's Kanakgiri killer was he
"I'll swat this mountain-rat"; said Afzal, of this pest Adilshahi shall be free

With this promise the giant set out, a huge armed contingent he led
Shiva was now living on borrowed time, most gave him up as dead!

On his way Afzal ravaged and pillaged, defiled every shrine he found
Unperturbed Shiva did not budge, firmly stood his mountainous ground

"Meek Shiva, scared of you wants to surrender"; said emissary to Khan

Peace meet was held at Pratapgad, brute was unaware of Shiva's plan

Shiva departed for the meet, after mother Jijama and Bhavani's blessing
Though with warmth both foes met, real intentions each was guessing

True to form, Khan cheated, with his dagger he attacked Shivaji first
Shiva was saved by chain armour, had come prepared for the worst

Agile Shiva brought out tiger claws, swiftly into Khan's belly he tore
David had slain the Goliath big, in a dauntless feat unheard of before

Khan's guard Sayad Banda charged, Banda was a swordsman grand
Alert Jiva saved life of Shiva, in a stroke lopped off Banda's hand

Jijama saw Afzal Khan's severed head and it was a sight to behold
Finally Shiva got an eye for an eye, the trophy was as good as gold

Kanhoji/Netoji swooped on Wai camp, Afzal's men saw utter defeat
The killer of her son was finally killed, Jijama got her revenge sweet

Astounded India saw this feat, with Ganimi Kava they came across
Bijapur was shaken from the core, Badi begum lamented Afzal's loss

Panhala, Wasantgad, Pavangad, Shiva's juggernaut rolled fast ahead
Desperate Adilshah called on Johar-an Abyssinian whom all did dread

Sidi laid a tight siege around Panhala, the situation for Shiva was grave
Food and luck both running out, Maratha position was difficult to save

Astute Shiva busted out from Panhala with Sidi Johar hard on his tail
Veer Bajiprabhu held the rearguard, Shiva in grim danger, should he fail

Ghorkind consecrated by blood of the patriot, Bajiprabhu kept his word
Kept death at bay till Shiva reached Vishalgad, a cannon sign was heard

Events of Deccan sent shock-waves around, Shivaji's stock soared high
The mighty Mughal in Delhi was spooked, conflict with Shiva was nigh

North India was ruled by Aurangzeb, a cruel, fratricidal and despotic king
A revengeful man, a thankless son, more venomous than a cobra's sting

Saistakhan was sent with huge army, to subdue intractable Maratha chief
Outmanned, outgunned Deccanis, were on the back-foot for a period brief

Kalyan, Chakan and even Pune, Marathas were driven out of their land
Shiva scripted a surgical strike on Khan with his selected incognito band

On Mughal camp at Lalmahal Shivaji struck in a daring midnight raid
Khan chickened and scooted sans a few fingers lost to Shiva's blade

Banished from Deccan was Saista Khan, to distant Bengal he was sent
Mughal dignity was now in tatters, Mughal reputation Shivaji did dent

Surat the rich Mughal port was sacked, Maratha army was on rampage
The Mughal now was badly rattled, Aurangzeb was seething with rage

Mirza Jaisingh was sent to Deccan, with orders to wipe out Shivaji fast
Maratha winning tide had turned and at Purandar a deadly net was cast

Dilerkhan launched a vicious attack, Maratha resources about to drain
Murarbaji showed steel of his blade, piled the ground with Afghans slain

Shrewd Jaisingh's incessant booming cannons simply did not cease
After sacrificing heroes and heroes, Shivaji helplessly sued for peace

With a one-sided treaty signed, of myriad forts the Marathas lost control
To save his men from decimation, Shivaji had to accept a subservient role

At Agra court Shivaji was spurned, faced the back of coward Jaswant Singh
The hero couldn't take it, threw a tantrum demanding treatment like a king

Perfidious Mughal put Shiva under house-arrest, his life was now in danger
Clever Shiva thought of a plan, to such calamities he was hardly a stranger

Shiva pretended to be ill in Agra, called baskets of alms for many a sage
Empty baskets were put to good use, the bird had now flown the cage

There was racing and chasing all over, but Shivaji they just couldn't find
Shiva and son reached Raigad safely leaving Mughal pursuers behind

World saw daring escape in disbelief, from the Mughal ball of slime
Peaceful Shiva now consolidated his kingdom and bided for his time

Shivaji found an erudite Guru in Shri Ramdas, a great spiritual master
With strong character and Rajdharma, Shiva's glory now spread faster

Aurangzeb grew more fanatical, the iconoclast put many to sword
Chivalrous Shiva a virtuous and just king, all his subjects he adored

Neither women nor children of enemies, were allowed to come to harm
Religious men were untouched, afar extended Shiva's chivalrous charm

Prataorao Gujjar, Yesaji kank, Moro Pingle-Shiva's army was now ready
Shiva struck again at his foes after making his administration steady

Things were settled but the loss of Kondana rankled Jijamata hard
Capturing Kondana was not a joke, a brave Rajput stood there guard

Tanaji led stealth attack on Kondana, an impregnable Mughal fort
Fierce fight ensued with Uday Bhan, Shelarmama gave great support

Tanaji's shield broke halfway but he fought fiercely till his last breath
Shiva's lion captured Kondana fort but kissed the bride called death

Resurgent Shivaji was unstoppable, every Mughal gain he did erase
Purandar, Mahuli, Lohagad were back, of enemies there was no trace

Afghans, Mughals, Uzbeks and Turks, known for their military power
Tasted the the Steel of Maratha sabres, heroic hill-men didn't cower

With Surat sacked once again, Aurangzeb's face was smeared black
Mighty Mughals were easily looted their edifice had now begun to crack

A tumultuous battle at Salher was fought, Mughals saw their utter rout
Shivaji's writ ran far and wide, about his prowess there was no doubt

With riches gained, sea-forts were built and a brand new navy prepared
Now it was time for Shivaji's coronation, an auspicious day was declared

In a grand ceremony at Raigad, sacred mantras many Pandits did sing
6th June 1674, Pandit Gaga Bhatt anointed the Maratha warrior as king

From Shiva he became Chatrapati, his glory spread wide on every mouth
With Mughals under a firm check, Shivaji's attention turned to the south

Ponda, Ginjee and Vellore, southern cities were now under Maratha belt
Triumphant Shivaji entered Hyderabad, and servile Qutbshah almost knelt

Be they Sidis of Janjira, wily Portuguese or British- he chastised them all
The rough and taxing life of the Chatraparti finally had to take its toll

God likes the company of good souls, at only 52 Shivaji breathed his last
Grim reaper silently scythed the hero, a pall of gloom at Raighad was cast

A valiant warrior, a meritorious king, a huge protector of dharma was lost
A benevolent ruler and fearless fighter who held the Saffron banner afloat

The Swaraj spark that Shivaji lit at Torna, later amplified into a huge fire
From south of India till Attock and Peshawar, extended the Maratha empire

Shambhu, Bajirao, Sahu and Scindias, Shiva's ideas inspired them all
Palkhed, Vasai, Udgir, Panipat and even Delhi, Marathas stood very tall

The idea of Swaraj continues to live, to hero Shivaji today we tributes pay
India to be ruled by Indians- the maxim is very much relevant even today!

Thinker Shah

Pulwama Massacre - Pain Of The Nation

Home they brought our forty six warriors dead
Most carried home after piecing shred by shred

The nation watches in shock and impotent rage
Proxy war that our uncharitable neighbors wage

'Kadi ninda' and 'dastardly act' make us all sick
A dagger in the neck, country is cut to the quick

Besotted with Gandhian ideas not worth a dime
This nincompoop nation lives on borrowed time

Legacy of Shiva, Pratap and Guru Gobind is lost
Emasculated nation keeps paying exorbitant cost

Invitation to the prime minister of neighbor hostile
While death by a thousand cuts remains our style

Article 370 keeps creating a state within a state
Quislings massacre us at will, maim and mutilate

A soft nation becomes for every vile a fair game
We've returned terrorists to hijackers sans shame

For long we have tried being all things to all men
Unjust peace with enemy remains beyond our ken

Emulate Savarkar and forget Gandhi for some time
Retribution and revenge for each abhorrentcrime

The time is for 'Gagan Damama', not 'Vaishnav Jan'
Rest not till the foe is totally dismembered and done

The nation wants its vengeance quick and complete
Stop living on knees, we would rather die on our feet

Thinker Shah

Pulwama Revenge - Limerick

'Sic semper tyrannis' said twelve souls brave
Paid back to the neighbour nasty and knave
Traitorous bleeding hearts call it an act of war
Untouched by 40 deaths and a river of gore
By a 10000 cuts we'll keep reaching the grave

Thinker Shah

Random Diwali Ruminations

The cradle of civilization, a teacher to the human race
There was a time when world's centre we did grace

The glaciers hadn't melted, world crawled on all fours
My sages then wrote texts and opened wisdom's doors

Truth is one, my forefathers once profoundly said
Call it by any name, no matter what path you tread

Noble ideas from all sides, I had perennially sought
Philosophy, medicine and math, to the world I taught

Peace, love and charity, I offered to every sentient soul
Goodwill for all, the world I perceived as a family whole

Things changed a little with the shifting sands of time
The wheel of fortune turned, I lost my position prime

Those who enlightened the world face days now dark
Counters of lions' teeth now see a new low watermark

We keep trundling down on a vicious slippery slope
It's all doom and gloom sans even a glimmer of hope

Change is the only constant, we have very often seen
Will the clouds dissipate and the sky again be clean?

Thinker Shah

Seven Brave Souls

My poetic tribute in ballad form to Prataprao Gujar -the trusted Commander-in-Chief (??????) of Shivaji Maharaj's army who on this day (24th February) died at the battle of Nesari charging at the army of Bahlol Khan whom he had pardoned earlier.

When Shiva launched his Swaraj fight,
Most heroic that the world ever knew
There were umpteen unsung heroes,
With help of whom Raje's dreams grew

One such braveheart we reminisce today
Born at Bhosare, Kudtoji Gujar was his name
Through gallantry he rose through the ranks
Called 'Prataprao' given his glory and fame

While captain Netoji Palkar was sacked
Shivaji, from Mughals faced a lot of grief
During such trying times, Maharaj made
Prataprao-the Maratha commander-in-chief

A fierce warrior and a motivating leader
He fought valiantly against every odd
Mughals and Adilshahi were awe-struck
Among his foes he struck the fear of god

At Salher, mighty Mugals were vanquished
After a blood-soaked and tumultuous fight
Fewer Marathas made Mugals bite the dust
And Prataprao's glory soared to a new height

Bahlol Khan, an afghan warlord at Bijapur
with a huge army left to capture Panhala fort
Raje Shivaji got the wind of Bahlol's moves
Sent Prataprao to cut the Afghan's plans short

At Umarani near Bijapur, both armies met
Prataprao's battle tactics carried the day
Khan's army was encircled and trounced

The saffron flag of Marathas held the sway

Thirsty and dying without a drop of water
Bijapuri army begged Prataprao for peace
Bahlol promised his Maratha adversaries
All his attacks on Swaraj shall now cease

Carried away by Indian traditions of chivalry
Pratprao fell for Bahlol's treacherous plea
Based on his promise - not to fight again
Marathas allowed duplicitous Khan to flee

True to his style, Bahlol Khan cheated
And broke every word of peace he gave
With new vigour he attacked Marathas
Who paid for showing mercy to a knave

At Raigad, Raje heard the news of idiocy
Seething with blind rage he lost his cool
In a stinging missive he rebuked Gujar
Asked him how could he be such a fool

Scathing letter from Raigad Shivaji wrote
"You've been a fool and such a disgrace
Now till you capture perfidious Khan again
You should no more show me your face"

Prataprao now was in deep remorse
Hearing his leader's brutal reprimand
His heart now ached for a quick revenge
Each word of Raje felt like a blazing brand

Prataprao learnt it the very hard way
Misplaced charity shown to an evil snake
Comes back to bite back the generous
And turns out to be a humongous mistake

When dolorous Gujar was so dismayed
And in sea of contrition he was drowned
It was just then he heard the big news
His antagonist Bahlol was just around

Now Bahlol had his full army with him
And Prataprao had soldiers only a few
A frontal assault would be a sheer suicide
And would mean decimation of his crew

The lips of the warrior twitched in fury
His hand touching the hilt of his sword
This was the chance to get at his foe
And to set straight ignominious record

Anguish engulfed the body of the warrior
Sense of revenge gripped his entire frame
This was the time to hit out at the snake
And for history books to clear his name

Unsheathed his sword from the scabbard
And in a rage Gujar mounted battle steed
Six of his valiant friends joined the hero
Who knew no fear nor any lively greed

Seven brave souls charged at an army
Even the gods came to cherish this sight
Afghans-Bijapuris were by hundreds slain
In perhaps history's most unequal fight

Seven warriors fought like men possessed
But in the end perished all frenzied seven
World took notice of the unparalleled valour
And the gods opened the doors of heaven!

At Raigad Shivaji raje heard gloomy news
And lamented the loss of his brave lion
Maharaj in his small way tried to make up
Wedded Prataprao's daughter to his scion

All seven reckless fighters will always live
Their reputation etched in history with gold
Immortalized by their supreme sacrifice
Will be remembered till our history is told

Many such brave men died for Swaraj
And for Maratha empire paved the way

A huge debt we owe to those who perished
So that India can be with Indians today!

Thinker Shah

Tribute To Isro On Chandrayan 2

We can't win them all, we may end up losing some
Interim failures shouldn't make you gloomy or glum

Once in a while, we may not be able to hit our goal
Let that not dishearten you or make you feel small

Though the mission has come under a small cloud
We're indebted to you and of your efforts very proud

Whole nation today stands with you resolutely firm
Success or failure is always measured long term

Haters and traitors will with you find many a fault
Ignore these jokers, take 'em with a pinch of salt

Setbacks like this shouldn't wreck you or shatter
Your efforts count and the results just don't matter

During this crucial hour of transient grief and shock
Even the PM stands with you like Gibraltar's rock

Every small reversal will deject you and depress
However failure's next step invariably is success

This is not the end or time for the song of the swan
The darkest hour they say is just before the dawn

Learn all those lessons that this experience brings
Show the world it is never over till the fat lady sings

Your next attempt -which we know will be very soon
Will make India proud and we will be over the moon

Thinker Shah

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