

Poetry Series

**Vidi Writes**  
**- poems -**

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## Vidi Writes(17-04-1969)

I write poems to get pleased that my feelings are out on going through this site for sometime, i felt to post some of mine and watch the response. oops.... Hope it will work fine.

Writing my experiences to the outside world is not to get the fame but to make it known as to how differently or similarly all of us feel in this amazing, wonderful LIFE. If my poems inspire any that will be the gift to me, from this 'LIFE'.

To write the true experiences of one's life, one needs sincerity. Also there is a doubt in many minds 'why to', 'how to', 'what to', 'where to'express. I have found the reasons for most of those questions and thats why i want to share my writings with all.

I am into software development where time is very precious thing to spare for my literary work. But i will not give up the hope to create my own time and space to write.

## \* Upbeat To Reach To That Light

Give my ordained stage of Dance  
To the best of my abilities, I can choreograph

Give me your Song  
To the best of my vibrations, I can Dance

Give me your Music  
To the best of my vocal power, I can bring a Song

Give me your Tune  
To the best of my notations, I can craft Music

Give me your Note  
To the best of my instrument, I can coin the Tune

At the least, give me your Whisper  
To the best of my pitch, I can write the Note

If nothing I can be given with  
Still, my best smile can transform life into light, devoid of a Whisper.

Vidi  
13/12/2009

Vidi Writes

## \* Yet

Tiny remote village then, now it's a town  
I was born, yet not buried down.

With Mothers, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, Lovers and children  
Among all relations I grew, yet with seclusion.

Soul yearned to touch all lives around with a plea  
Devotion sky high, yet not as deep as blue sea.

Actions, reactions and precincts  
Had my troubled times, yet knew my relentless clouts

Refused to melt in emotional stunt  
Touched by the Fire, yet not being burnt.

Expectations and experimentations, part of being bold  
Took my calls, at times being called, yet not being sold.

Learnt to love life, it's but own self  
Deep within found a powerhouse, yet to get hold of

Be with that inner voice, shut door to outside  
Taunted to be different, yet things get subside

Matter of days, months and years, to reach to divine  
Live life of intrepid, yet to kill that ultimate concern

The one who has healed himself is blessed  
Can then touch the lives of others yet not being touched.

Villages don't remain stagnant over years  
Towns to super towns change vital, yet only a few withhold with gears

Vidi  
10/12/2009

Vidi Writes

# A Game Between Two

Standing beside the window of my room  
I was watching the scene on the roadside  
It's the time where I get the grass to eat  
It's my observation that clings on the beat.

This time I was watching a play on the road  
It's just a game of ball between the two  
It's not play that attracted; it's manners of kids  
Both from different privilege groups.

One was throwing the ball in all directions  
The other running all around to collect it  
The affluent not willing to shed his sweat  
The other was behind the action-full treat.

The stronger the other was in his collection  
Severe were the attempts thrown to him  
It seemed the other ever willing to pick  
But affluent was losing strength to stick

The game took a different turn in a swift  
The one who threw stopped his throws  
Couldn't stand more in the scorching heat  
Found a place to throw himself to rest.

The picker without action still wanted more  
Tender muscles had enough food for the day  
Unwilling to rest, eager to continue the game  
Still standing in wait for next throw to come.

The affluent though started the throw as a game  
Carried it with an intention to make own mark  
Without knowing the fact that marks are made  
By those who put steps firmly down on the road.

At the end of the game, it could be seen that  
The affluent was carried home with a lift in arm  
Where the other ran home with full spirit

And energy, which is charged to his merit.

-vidi-

01-02-2008

Vidi Writes

# A Human Touch

I am the best to you  
When you are good to me.  
I am the worst to you  
When you are bad to me.

Worst, I just go silent into the woods  
Best, I just be in blind love with you.  
This is not a Love Poem by me  
This is a human touch of mine.

Vidi Writes

# A Long Walk

## A Long Walk

I have carried this wish since my childhood that  
I should have an adoring pal to hold my hand  
And walk up to a distanced land with bundle of talk.  
Warmth of esteemed hand and melody of whispers  
Should ease arduous of terrain and bumpy streaks  
Avoid slippery and tumbling in the unknown land.

In that age of coiling blood and dreamy hood  
Clout within had given vent to all sorts of shudders  
It was a wish of baby bird that found new wings to fly.  
Infancy filled with might of muscles and mentality  
Would have led this walk to precarious curves  
Thank 'Him'! He didn't allow me find a crony at that age.

Stumble, get hurt, then healed and again stumble  
Walking alone with those many falls has taught a lot!  
What can he learn the one who never stumbled, never hurt?  
Those horrid shows, rolled tears, spicy walks and pierced soul  
Nothing can be labeled 'Bad' as they were the guiding light  
During the entire walk, search for an idol was the escort.

Each forward move were not put with caution and care  
There was 'he' who had solid stick to strike and herb to heal  
On the way, there were many mounds on which soul could rest.  
As the footsteps fell on the ground of confirmed realities  
The effort required to put in seems lighter and firm  
The pricks on the foot had left deep marks to be evoked.

Walk, hike and sink all put together are my arrows in bow  
I want to shoot with fine grip and the target is mankind  
May be now its time for me to feel the pinch of an associate!  
It's prime to get boost up and to hold on to the tireless path  
Now it's time that I make this voyage with a luminary  
An enduring collaborator may come in aid to get set.

It's a long walk and a long distance yet to be covered  
'He' carves, the ideal time for me to look aside

The same old wish of childhood, ripe with experience  
'He' would decide when its proper for him to grant me this bliss  
Along pathway, I have to have the warmth and the hold I need  
As long as 'He' wishes I will stride this long blessed walk of life.

-Vidi-

28-01-08

Vidi Writes

# A Man For All Reasons

He who caused a break on religious authority  
Through his draft emerged an Empire, mighty  
Trusted ally of Emperor exerted singularity.

Played his role in decapitating Boleyn  
Confident of king behind the slain  
Earned enemies through Booty gain

An alliance of matrimony, miscalculated  
Wrath of king called and got executed  
En era of that man ended, without being exonerated

He, the villain, in – 'A Man of all Seasons'  
Cromwell – his death, marks his king's treason  
Bookies favourite – 'A Man for all Reasons'.

(For the full story of Thomus Cromwell minister of Henry VIII... pls go for Wolf  
Hall - Booker - 2009)

vidi  
08/10/2009

Vidi Writes

# A Marathon Run

In this stadium of life  
I see everyone busy running  
Not, all are athletes  
No ghost chasing at back  
Not part of morning jogging  
Still are running  
A marathon run.

Run behind  
Those who praise.  
Run behind  
Thos who make use of.  
Run behind  
Ideologies impractical.  
Run behind  
Death processions.  
Run behind  
Glamour of world.  
Run behind  
Demonstrating flags.  
Run behind  
Power, status and money.  
Run behind  
Senseless rituals.  
Run behind  
Cultural extravagance.  
Run behind  
Popular institutions.  
...

Run, run and run  
During this marathon run  
Somewhere you loose company  
Accomplice, not able to keep pace  
Thus left behind  
Never knowing, you run  
It makes you tired, exhausted  
You need to get a cup of water  
Need a bowl of rice

To gain energies and calories  
At a juncture, you don't find  
Means satisfying those needs  
And start blaming those who  
Couldn't keep pace with you.  
Ultimate, where you reach  
In this Marathon run?  
A blame game! A loss! Waste of time and energy! ...

Running is not bad  
But run with purpose.

Take some time to think,  
Take some time to be with accomplices,  
Take some time to introspect and change,  
Take time to run with purpose,  
Take some time to watch other's run,  
Take some time to advice those in need.

-vidi-  
24-04-08

Vidi Writes

# A Philosophy On 'use And Throw'

Don't ever complain –  
They use me'  
Let them use.  
What are you born for, else?

If a time comes,  
They plan to throw or throw!  
Take your position  
Now, it's your theater.

Show is on - you are a performer  
Since beginning.  
It's up to you, how much you reach  
From that stage, to the audience.

The more you make sound  
You will be read  
The more you are silent  
The show is on and you can read.

-Vidi-  
13/06/2009

Vidi Writes

# A Rendezvous With My Pal

On that kind note of invitation  
I held my curiosity kite in aviation  
Shaded with bright Bluebell embroidery  
Set out to meet my ideal visionary.

Bright morning, burgeoning exuberance  
Surge got diluted in calm sea of reverence  
At the very sight of my venerated bard  
Alas! Both of us black-maroon colour clad.

Drizzling gaits, warmth in seem  
My kite heeded to balance in air-stream  
Height of esteem, absence of pretence  
Confirmed our bond of alliance.□

Heartening view of presiding deity  
'Rhythm of Life' with vivid variety  
A witness to profound rendition  
Visuals on Tapestry found attention.

Knitted genial wool  
By means of penchant needle  
Rendezvous fabric gleefully tinted  
Pragmatic acquaintance printed.

(I met 'Mamta Agarwal' my beloved poet  
At Poet International Meet, Bangalore on 27/01/2009.  
A dream come true.

An upfront step forward  
We can tie relations with sugary trace)

Vidi  
30/01/2009

Vidi Writes

# A Simple Portrait Of Talk

Talk, we all talk, we have to talk  
Talks are expressions of self  
Talk, talks about life's walk  
Talk brings out inner belief.

Talk blooms sunrise to sunset  
Talk, restless even at sleep  
Talk can share one with all at best  
Talk can break one from all into steep

Talk silk, cotton, ice, thorn, blood  
Talk takes shapes from one's heart  
Talk can bring all into one, a breed  
Talk can chase all from one, bankrupt

Talk, a noise can bring pollution  
Talk, in silence to bring out the best  
Talk never to prove a point of vision  
Talk forever to fill love to its crest

Flock, block and then check your prologue  
Sweep, creep and then leap your tongue  
Peek, seek and then leak your talk  
Mount, surmount and dismount your talk.

-vidi-  
10/04/2009

Vidi Writes

# A Writer's Concern

All I need is a few minutes privacy  
Let me write to my heart's content.

Once my writing is published  
It becomes public.  
Where I have no control over it.  
All I need is a few minutes privacy  
I can write with care.  
Let me pen my views to public,  
Let my life not become public.

I don't crave for name or fame.  
Emotions and opinions form my life  
Whether they are kept inside or out.  
All I need is a few minutes privacy  
I can write with care.  
Let me inspire, caution the public,  
Let this sincere portrait, an asset to public.

I owe an excuse, if my write hurts.  
Can't be slipshod often see my own back.  
It's not a platform to impress the benefactors.  
All I need is a few minutes privacy  
I can write with care.  
Let me not write with a spokesman behind.  
Let Logic of life override the magic of words.

All I need is a few minutes privacy  
Let me write for the cause of many lives.

-vidi-  
19-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Aching Heart - A Wealth

Not being loved  
Other hand, Love betrays.  
Disgust for lust  
Suicidal Hearts.

Not being cared  
Other hand, Care spoiled game.  
Fury for callous  
Sullen Hearts.

Not enough to spend  
Other hand, Money buys atrocity.  
Terror of hunger  
Frail Hearts.

Not being healthy  
Other hand, strong hits to wall.  
Agony of sick  
Ailing Heart.

Not being a winner  
Other hand, winner loses composure.  
Jealousy of looser  
Burning Heart.

Pains are thrillers of Heart  
Makes one rich in inner Art.  
Tales they reveal are lessons in Life.  
Wealth of all, Aching Heart.

Whether poetry or prose  
Prominent is pain.  
Take the best out of it,  
Else, you will loose the wealth.

-vidi-  
18-04-08



# An Exception

I am born – born as a girl child. Yes a girl child!  
The birth of who is not perceived as revered.  
But as responsibility that has to be chucked out.  
Burden that had to be loaded off from shoulders  
Blessed are those who are an exception to this.

I had smiled at all who peeped into my cradle  
And was senseless to know the serration in those eyes  
Later when I was told about the contempt in their faces  
I regretted for that smile which I had thrown at them  
Blessed are those who are an exception to this.

Along with gender the colour of skin also mattered  
Wealth of the family and beauty of baby were tallied  
From the day one calculation triggered the sparks  
Unknowingly the child felt the heat under the cradle  
Blessed are those who are an exception to this.

Girl in infant never knew the insolence showered on her mother  
Which took away a piece of texture from mother's heart  
Who in turn aspired for an opposite gender to heal the pain  
After all the shelter of Love and Respect is what everyone seek  
Blessed are those who are an exception to this.

Colour of blood, curves in body and nerves in brain all are same  
Whether I am a girl or boy. Is this realization so hard to grasp?  
She talks, walks, nocks like others. Cry, shy, sigh - the same.  
Prejudice, is all man made, after all her womb inside is insecure  
Blessed are those who are an exception to this.

Ability, personality, dignity, liberty not comes through embryo  
They are fabricated after birth, with virtue of social setup and scope  
If that very virtue is snatched away, there is no range to blossom  
Equanimity is what needed and not equality, which makes us humans  
Blessed are those who are an exception to this.

Nature has provided all fair means to entire species on the earth  
Where Homo sapiens enjoy the power of brain over all others  
Still, in Gender Issues - egoism has masked the brilliance of brain

Which pulled down man's supremacy lower to animal instinct.  
Blessed are those who are an exception to this.

Life of human is a great gift of nature where you are 'he' or 'she'  
Don't indulge in self-prestige and prejudices that will ruin your fate  
Forgive and foresee the life with humility. Give and take love and respect.  
When we cannot conquer 'Death', who is supreme after all?  
He or she, learn lessons from mistakes and be an exception to above all.

-vidi-

07-03-06

Vidi Writes

# An Eye Opener

No one to hear, no one to heal  
Life seemed never unpeel  
Prose, poetry lost zeal.

Climbed the hilltop to shout  
Amplifier fitted into gullet  
To make the heaven heard.

"No love, no mercy  
No peace, no life"  
Felt, my voice reached sky high.

Amazed at the sight below  
He, she and them – all present  
Felt, at last I am heard.

Murmurs of bottom  
Reached cliff top  
Felt, all were concerned.

Saw a pool at bottom  
Wondered, what the source was  
Felt, all were crying below.

Handicapped, still  
Someone was climbing  
Felt, trying to reach to console.

A blind with deaf  
Were also present  
Felt, 'heart listens and directs'

A few four legged  
Scrolling and hopping  
Felt, they too were moved.

A desire to reach them all  
Arose in mind  
Legs, took me to descend from top.

There is love, mercy, peace and life  
When we are below with one and all  
Pinnacle opened my eyes.

-vidi-

07-06-08

Vidi Writes

## At A Glance – Ipl T20

Cricket and Bolly Wood  
Two fascinations of Indians  
Minced no words in making money  
Invited hot debates on market economy  
Solemnized themselves into IPL-T20  
Glamour and Game into a cocktail  
A meet called 'Globalization of Cricket Culture'.

Corporates pledged their crores  
Bidding could buy human players  
Heroes and heroines logged in an opera  
Sponsor agencies up in arms  
Local lads exposure to international masters  
Revolution in ground infrastructure  
Threat of ICL to Cricket Board yielded.

Some said 'its an innovative idea'  
For others it's a humiliation of human trade  
It's said – 'IPL to Cricket is what Page 3 to Journalism'  
A harmless hilarity and money-minting machine.  
It's an entertainment at its best to the mass  
It's a colorful makeover in Indian Cricket  
Heavy bucks to unknown treasurer of cricket board.

All eyes focused on flow of money into few pockets  
Lot of hue and cry on the negligence of national games  
Some say it's a threat to Test Cricket and One Days,  
Forgetting the debate in 1971, when 'One Day Match' coined.  
It's not a cakewalk to the organizers and players  
Who have to prove at all cost - Invention and Incentives  
Squashed cheekbones, bruised fingers – says its hard cricket.

Passionate Indian ready to spare time and money,  
The investors ever satisfied with the day's returns,  
Technicians, media persons, magazines, at hot spot,  
Players elsewhere raring to come to India and play,  
Chapter opening of Regionalism and not Patriotism,  
Rejoice at one end, mixed reaction and jealous at other end.  
Farmer suicide cases have taken back page coverage.

Test – One Day Match - same movies cannot sustain long  
Change is debatable but inevitable and irreversible.  
At the day end, game should be interesting and pulsating.  
Blame game take us no where when all enjoy this game.  
There is no look back in this game of fashion and speed.  
IPL – T20 is here to stay and cannot be pulled down  
Whom to point, when same 'Farmer' buys a ticket to watch?

-vidi-

30-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Beauty

Beauty

It's the wish of one and all in their lifetime  
To look beautiful and behave clever.  
To hear the eulogize of one self is to bloom  
Equal to hearing a zooming river.

All are not fortunate  
To possess the blonde skin  
Beauty in curves and cuteness as feat  
But to be heard as 'lovely', is the yearn

There is strength in beauty  
Power in being handsome  
Life offers splendid scope in plenty  
Even at the cost of some being loathsome

It's amazing to be beautiful  
When mixed with goodness it's splendid  
Deficits and limitations are acceptable  
As long as the beauty mesmerizes mankind

Beauty has become the concept of markets  
All ready to pour currency into it  
Those shows worth not losing the pockets  
Appeals when it comes by nature's gift.

Physical charm tends to perish along with age  
Beauty of manners, survive till the end  
Still, beauty is the measure of ones image  
Perception doesn't change in this showy trend

One who is intellectual always looks inside  
Rates oneself through ones wisdom paradise  
Evaluate the self and enjoy with pride  
Beauty within oneself is for all to realize.

-vidi-

01-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Boban And Poetry Meet

Oscillation, a swing of rational twist  
A delayed decision to go to the Poetry Meet  
Landed me in the Railway's Waiting List  
Unease mixed with anxiety, I set out  
One among the to be audience and poet.

Positioned myself on the railway platform  
Outright fear gripped my tender form  
Question, 'What! If, I can't perform? '  
Heartburn, fraught for a transform  
Train just in front, I, side by, is to deform

TTR, nowhere at sight, time is running  
East and west end, I kept walking  
It's all at the cost of all, at me, watching  
Tea Stall boy, dashed at me, in cashing  
Hapless feature, could do nothing but waiting.

Last resort, approached an onlooker, at side seat  
Boban, named, casual boy, big beautiful eyes set  
Alas! He too held a ticket numbered in waiting list  
Managed himself, inside the compartment to sit  
Said, 'jump in, can manage, have some grit'

Whistle blew, the train gathered momentum  
Withdrawal mindset, I knew, a bad symptom  
It was my final call I jumped in with decorum  
Just in, mobile showed my RAC allotment, an epitome!  
Astonished, Boban had same RAC seat, fortune spectrum.

Sun comes out at the face of dark moon, a decor  
Cuckoo sings at winter's withering maroon, an encore  
River cuts into the desert's cordon, a succor  
Boban's like, outshine same aged Tea vendor, an exemplar  
Fortune-fed, me attends the poetry meet, a fluky performer.

-vidi-

15/09/2009



# Cognizance

Since I was cognizant about Life and Living  
My contemplations took all spins and leap  
Deeds took a long haul of transformations  
Introspection took me to great serenity  
And I reached the level of equanimity in Life.

My experience of discontent and distress  
Which I presumed with 'self-sympathy'  
That's where I went wrong in my judgment  
It's 'self-respect' that showed my 'self esteem'  
Turned those sympathy to empathy in Life

I am not what the world construes me to be  
My ecstasy and grief are not exterior made  
I perceived my inner voice and its power  
I have someone inside to guide me  
I am the blessed one who hears voice within.

Living beings eat, move, sleep and die  
We, human beings who can think in addition  
But do we think as much as we eat, move and sleep?  
If we are pensive, we know how exceptional we are!  
Employ this virtue, contribute to mankind and be a Man.

-vidi-

01-02-08

Vidi Writes

# Compromise

Thousands of new ventures  
Took birth with Expectations  
Twisted to fit into self-images  
Reflected - own perceptions.

Never compromising  
No looking beyond  
Want of absolute value  
Is this the cause of impediments?

Thousands of failures  
Fell on the combat zone  
Swept away remnants  
Reflected – protuberances

Whether to compromise  
How much to look beyond  
Extent of approximation acceptable  
Will it bring ecstasy?

Compromise calls mutter  
No Expiry Date Label  
Itching causes abrasion  
Where is the elation?

Pick possible over ideal  
Essence of endurance as cover  
Valor to swallow tears, Optimism the shower  
Keep compromises at bay.

Compromise is business  
Business is commercial  
Ventures aimed at Trade Center?  
Then go for compromises.

-vidi-  
02-05-08



# Cost Of Food

World reels  
Food shortage  
A great crisis  
Turns the wheel

Rich cry  
Middle class eat in galore  
Poor cry  
Cost is more.

Green lands  
Disappeared  
At the cost of  
Global developments

Kith and kin  
Left to towns  
Farmer suicides  
At the cost of moneylenders.

Stocks on hoard  
Food prices sore  
Steel price reduced for  
Construction boom.

Take over happens  
Motor Car and Mobile Phone - flourish  
Technology bids  
Crores spent in trade.

Price index high  
Inflation at rise  
Global search for -  
'Consumption Index'! !

Articles written  
'Chocolate' good for health  
Companies' relish  
At the cost of a report.

Hands in mud, Sweat in head  
If reported, – 'A bonus to health'  
Countrymen may take up agriculture  
I am searching for a reporter! !

-vidi-

09-05-08

Vidi Writes

# Dolphin

Dolphin

[ 2007 is the International Year of Dolphin  
I took inspiration from that fact to write this poem]

□

It's you, dear dolphin, I am fond of since long,  
From the very beginning I knew you are different.  
You are considered to be the most brilliant being,  
Friendly, playful and gentle creature on mother earth.  
You give us unconditional love and affection.

You are acute with your sight and strong at hearing,  
Though you cannot smell, you are good at your prey.  
Those acrobatic postures draw thousands queuing,  
Your ride and surf along the waves is an amusement.  
You are a good omen to the sailors at sea.

You mimic, you understand, you adore humans,  
You stay at locations for years to be loved by people.  
You are close with a few and that's your relations,  
You are a universal appeal, symbolizing joy and love.  
Uplifting the spirits of people all around the world.

When you figure out your own reflection in the mirror,  
It's your sense of individuality, which is at disclosure.  
Warm blooded and a helper to swimmers at horror,  
You fascinate fishermen by driving fish into their nets.  
You are a symbol of protection and blessing to mankind.

You are considered to be the goddess of love 'Aphrodite',  
Respected like 'Deity of sea', music-loving sun god, 'Apollo'.  
You are a natural healer to those who are desperate,  
By imparting intense happiness and excitement to them.  
Your voice is used in compositions for meditation.

You can dive to great depth and leap to great sky,  
This strength of yours is a great lesson to be learnt.  
You can swim with your partner in synchrony,

Twisting, turning and swimming in perfect harmony.  
This life of yours has a great preaching to the world.

Since ages wherever you are found, in bay or in ocean,  
You made friendship with localities and tourists.  
People throng from far away places with many notion,  
And I wonder how you understand the human behavior.  
Many a times, those same humans are your destroyers.

I end up with sincere and humble prayers to almighty  
'Save the life of these endangered soul mate mammals'.  
I fold my hands and kneel down in front of humanity,  
'Be human and kind with these wonderful pals'.  
How can otherwise, ever anybody call us humans?

-vidi-

01-04-2007

Vidi Writes

# Don't Be An Uprooted Tree

Seed is sown and the embryo is formed  
Legitimate or not, radicle develops into root  
Root penetrates into the surface of the soil  
Absorbs water and food, turns seed into plant  
Inherits the culture of the earth beneath.  
It's in root science that, it moves in  
Right direction to fetch the exact need.

Stem gives the support and balance to stand  
Branches form the vitality of the plant  
Leaves prepare the food to survive  
Bearing even odds the plant grows into tree.  
As long as deep roots embraces mother earth  
The tree shows confidence and attracts.  
Location and depth are the might of the tree

Flower, fruit, shade, firm soil, H2O and CO2  
Vary from tree to tree, but all owe to root  
Never there is an existence beyond this means.  
Still human trees surrender under the pressures  
Try to get uprooted from the surface and means  
Hoping for better flower, fruit, soil and breeze  
Truth is, an uprooted tree, a timber, put to ablaze.

-vidi-

22-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Exploring The Marvels

When I think of you,  
I feel an awesome sensation  
I tried strewing them all with you,  
Pearls picked from heart's adulation.

All attempts failed to make it a trinket  
I still try dropping those gems  
In this poem of my heart  
To explore those marvels of art.

Massive fall of Niagara Falls, straddling the border  
Grand Canyon gorge created by Colorado River  
Zoom and length of White and Blue Nile River  
Diversity of life, Coral Reefs System at Coral River.

The Smoke that Thunders at Victoria Falls  
Buffeted water turning into Mist at Angel Falls  
Love of 'Naipi' for 'Taroba' and creation of Iguazu Falls  
Hiram Bingham's exploration - Lost City of the Incas.

Study of Charles Darwin at Galapagos Islands  
Shield Volcano - Emi Koussi, of Tibesti Mountains  
Four faced peak of 'Matterhorn' Mountain at Alps  
Elevation and weight of Eiffel Tower at Paris.

Quarry stones and wonder of huge Great Pyramid  
Art and Culture, renowned applause of Bali Island  
Stone Plateaus of Sahara, Salt Flats and Dunes of Sand  
Fortifications of China Wall, an architectural surround.

The Forbidden City - a Collection of wooden structures  
Mountains of Ifugao and its carved in Terraces  
Elliptical amphitheatre of 'Colosseum' at Rome.  
Sacredness of Emerald Buddha at Thai Temple.

Thickness of Amazon Rainforest and its Moist  
Classical style, Khmer architecture of Angkor Wat  
Endless Plains and migration of Serengeti  
Cold, wind, arid of Antarctica Continent.

Ladakh - Sparsely populated, land of high passes  
Great valley of Kashmir and Great Himalayas  
Religious harmony at Golden Temple  
The secrets at Konark Sun Temple.

Blessings of Goddess Ganga and Gangetic plains  
Ajanta, Ellora and Badami -The cave temples  
Ahmed Lahauri's dedication to Taj Mahal  
Countless enormous beaches of Arabian Sea  
...

Beloved, the list is unending  
The flow of rhyme is evaporating  
Forgive me for not adding all of them  
My ardent feelings are still at their helm.

Now, one last snippet please,  
Here it is, I have to put the best grease.  
My deep thoughts on you, take their shapes -  
When will we set off to explore those marvels? : -)

-vidi-

21-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Girls Please Listen

Girls Please Listen

It's since a long time I am watching  
There is a lot of difference  
In how the girls and boys behave  
Difference still continues  
Even after becoming Man and women.

I would like to share my observations  
What I learnt could be a guide to you  
I want you girls to retain your charm  
Want to help those who are confused.  
Girls, you deserve good for what you are.

Girls, you are so sweet and charming  
Boys, you are active and energetic  
Girls you are not much sought after  
Boys wherever you are you highlight  
This is the dominant difference by nature.

Nature has already designed the craft for you.  
From the day one of your birth, you live  
Through all differences and indifference  
Its better to realize the gifted qualities  
And fill the void with self achievements.

You always yearn for the attention of other  
Want to be pampered like your newborn brother  
Care makes you sky and pomp makes you scare  
You crave for the warmth and secure  
At times, sad to feel the knock by own kinfolk

It's from that tender age you admire the 'boy'  
An innocent adulation towards his grace  
Wondering why not possible for your self  
Try and match things with him to his state  
Its better you know, that's all hormone trends.

As you grow old, the adulation turns into craze

Boiling blood and changing bends call the shot  
You wait every minute to be taunted and hunted  
Efforts go into becoming the centre of attraction  
You forget that you are born not to go after someone.

You think, you dream, you aspire and you do  
The most of things, which please him  
You just forget to set a path in your life  
But seek to be carried by someone to heaven  
Forgetting even the strength within to stand.

You melt with those ice creams offered  
Turn into brown with those chocolates  
You try in vein to get attached and pampered  
Just think for a while, is it due to  
Prolonged desire to be cared, since childhood?

Girls you dream about softy touches and feather  
Conceive the fairy tale princess in you  
Desire to be carried by the prince of a state  
Dream about sleeping on flowery bed  
But when you reach there, it's just hard to feel.

There is nothing so charismatic about boys  
Human being like you, with different hormones  
You are tender and they are powerful  
You should join together only when the time is ripe  
All early efforts will spoil the joy of life.

Take some time to hear the story of other girls  
Who lost their mood behind the charming princes  
Is it worth wasting the time and energy?  
If they say 'Yes' look into those eyes  
You will find the lost shine and lost balance.

Male and Female magnetism is all by nature  
It's not just in humans but also in entire species  
It's the logic of proliferation of living creature  
Humans apply romance to this logic  
Worth, but don't loose your balance over it.

It's the healthy society where things are framed

Girls you should first find a space to stand  
Learn to be dependable and not to depend  
In Today's age of science, try reasoning  
Than becoming a reason to be bothered.

Girls don't get derailed in the fantasy world  
Compensate your low power with intelligence  
Don't get carried away by creams and sops  
Once you are sound, you can reach what you want  
But if you become hollow, sure, you will tumble.

Girls, I know it's breathtaking to be enfolded  
Exhilarating to be in the company of lover  
Soothing to be pampered and taken care of  
But anything beyond limit will be of sour taste  
Learn the limits and then score the pleasures.

You watch out the behavior of those boys  
They do have a broad scope and support  
Most of them don't chase but are getting chased  
They are excellent in their balance and traits  
Keep options and are in pursuit of a set virtue.

A few words with today's mothers  
Who already underwent those hectic experiences.  
They should make effort to enlighten their girls  
Tell them – the heat under the belly is not 'LOVE'  
The craze for sharp gazes shouldn't be their dreams.

Mothers, I know you are also coiling your blood  
To make both the ends meet in the family.  
Still, take time to walk and talk to girls and tell them  
What you have felt before and what you aspired  
Tell them whether you could enjoy those desires.

Girls listen, many mother are shy and skeptic  
Don't know - their experiences will be your lessons  
Many a times there is generation gap  
A bottleneck between mother and daughter  
Girls, be intelligent enough to gather her experiences.

You deserve greater respect in society and home  
When you respect yourself and have self-confidence  
During the young age, build your personality  
Let the boiling blood have a vision to reach  
Than to hang around, into the erratic emotions.

If you waste your energetic time in parlours  
Try to show up and stand waving to the crowd  
You loose your force in the days to come  
Those temptations take you only into deep desert  
Where mirages will cheat your eyes and soul.

Dear girls, when you set your goal and reach it  
When you have command over your senses  
When you live within the frames and scales  
You will be self content, happy and beautiful  
Life will then play its melodious romance with you.

(This poem i have written with great concern  
watching the day by day trends of our girls  
their confusion, their crave for identity and looks  
their misconceptions and many more.

I really want to reach them through this poem  
Hope i will succeed... and  
Request readers to make it reach... will you please?)

-Vidi-  
31-03-08

Vidi Writes

## Gowri – My Grand Mother (Ajji)

She, no more, but forever with me  
My grand mother, my proud deity.  
Clad with black sari and white blouse  
Long black hair! Only a few silver lines.  
She is the icon of humbleness above all.

My first memory with her is just a fade  
She had come through a travel I guess.  
I only remember ever, it was her radiant smile  
To which I got hooked from the day one.  
Its the first such smile I saw in my life.

Since my first togetherness with her  
I had my queries to my mother  
Perception behind black and white clad around?  
Wondered singularity in between our colors  
I came to know she lost him while twenty four!

Born on October 2, I equated her to Gandhi  
With innocence, I uses to ask, is she his sister?  
That brilliant smile with shyness in face  
She replied a negative in reply  
But I still believed there should be a relation.

Since I could make my own judgments  
I rushed to native place during vacations  
Just to roam around with her in her yard  
Pick up the cashew and mangoes grew around  
They were, her inner and outer sources.

It's great notch, as a drizzle outside  
When I used to sit on her coat and listen.  
Her talks were whispers, she was scared  
Enquiry about my mother is all she cared.  
I never understood ache in her belly.

I had heard she sobbing and crying  
I never knew what was her agony  
But I always felt a stab in my stomach.

In my prayers, I asked joy to her feet  
Not knowing, she was owner of many acres.

All she had with her was a small trunk  
Peeping inside I could see folded papers  
A prayer book and black and white clothes  
Also a few silver like tumblers and plates  
I didn't see her treasure having a lock and key.

Daughter of the then police officer  
Who fought against Englishmen and lost glory.  
She was well educated and well coached  
At times taught me the grammar of languages.  
I owe my gratitude to her 'I am able to write'.

I had a great consolation in her company  
Which was so soothing and bright  
Delicious cooking and gracious serving  
Forever not complaining except some tears  
Unknowingly she is my prime teacher.

She always advised my boiling mother  
To realize ones own ground before the hop  
She had great respect to male gender  
Taught me the essence of harmony.  
I believed her truly, a victim in her life.

For me she is a great sage of life  
Loosing her man, living in fathers shelter  
She never complained, with we children  
Took the pain to her stride and shared the joy  
I realized through her, to count the steps in life.

No one advised me, when I got into my family  
Except for her words to me "he is your man".  
She told him "she is good to good".  
'Implied' in it everything, if anyone could listen  
'A great preach', so much to listen from our elders.

A treasure of living notes I obtained from her  
Is the present generation so fortunate?  
Amidst fight for survival, placement and wealth

Only few spend time to value 'human trends'  
Lets sit and think, 'what are we passing to next kin? '

Her sudden demise, formed a layer in my mind  
I was told, she lamented a lot before the end  
Neighbors could hear her cry for secure and care  
I wondered whether she broke control at the end!  
Not worth a wonder, when youth is loosing control.

Her fragile body on the last bed opened my eyes  
With plump hands, I held her hands and compared  
A day is set for all, to fall on the same line  
'End is an end', only at the end, not everyday  
That's the last lesson I got from my divine Granny.

Today, I completed 39 and fallen to my 40 (17/04/2008)  
Four decades of my life, more than thousand steps  
How many more decades? I have no control!  
Valuing all values I learnt from many, especially 'granny'  
I can climb a few more such steps, if so fabricated.

-vidi-

17-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Gratitude

My venture an impulsive start  
Unfastened into water and looked around  
Appeared a calm ocean from above  
Hidden beneath countless treasures  
My voyage in PH, an unnoticed debut.

The first push was a dewdrop  
My creativity got decorated  
I owe a devotional acclaim  
Engine got geared up for the next  
Rudder greased for best tune

Amazed by the huge vessels  
In company with boat and yacht  
Great and moderate doggerel  
Incessant inward flow of rivers  
Ocean full of themes and thesis.

Relations set on the floating water  
No fear of sink or wreck  
Adoring pals around my little ferry  
Pulse by pulse they filled my heart  
Bit by bit, I gathered momentum.

This ocean takes us to prehistoric  
Current, future explored in generic  
Unknown no one, everyone one  
Never seen, never met in person  
Emotions shared with equal zest.

Monsoons shower over shippers  
Beacons guide and detect trails  
Pleasantries melt Icebergs of hearts  
Prolific professionals make layouts  
Ocean shelters amateur and connoisseur.

My 'Gratitude', a tiny eulogize  
My gain is an innumerable hoard  
Free high open sky to breathe

Deep blue ocean water to discover  
I simply say, 'Thank You PH and Mates'.

-vidi-

23-05-08

Vidi Writes

# Here I Start Again

Here I start again  
With a new zeal  
Never know how far it will take me  
But i am more stronger now than before

The feeling is same  
The words are same  
The need is the same  
What more do i need?

Let me start with full faith  
though there is a fear at the side  
after all it is one more experience  
which i take up with care

If not anything  
it will be another story  
I will add it bit by bit  
to this start i make.

-vidi-  
02-02-08

Vidi Writes

# How Much We Inflate?

A child is born, carrying over gene  
Love surrounds him with its arms  
Child wants to reach every corner  
Up in the air, flies a Balloon  
Child cries to get one for its own  
Carries it with delight, runs around.

Grows to be a mesmerized Teen  
Love grips him at his belly  
Lover just wants to meet a partner  
Spends money, buys a Balloon  
Puffs a lot, Fills it, just to be blown  
Balloon has to fly; lover has to be on the ground.

Another gap of years passes on  
Love becomes a quest in mind  
Restless Lover looks for a mentor  
Collects the pieces of burst Balloon  
Sarcastic laugh emerges from frown  
Mockery, Mystery and History surround

Middle age, inner vibration cools down  
Bow set Love penetrates the heart  
Pain, when balanced, kills the predator  
Emancipated soul looks at the Balloon  
Smirk with acumen, not to mourn  
To love from within becomes the bond

Silver lines twinkle thereafter  
Love heals the whole self  
Insight resonates unto the creator  
Tied at one end, flies the Balloon  
Hilarity reaches the top to crown  
Learn to Inflate, in its scope, not beyond.

-vidi-

15-01-2009



# I Love Them All. Do You?

After a long haul of nights slumber  
I get up with fond thoughts on them  
Even under the brief shower I think of them.  
As a priest enters into the sacred sanctum  
I enter into my kitchen to meet them all  
Who knows, they also may be awaiting me.  
Though I never saw them breath like me.

The first one I fondly carry from the shelf  
Tiny copper bottom queen for boiling the milk.  
Shines and smiles thorough my care and gentle wash  
She just awaits me pouring the content of packet.  
There she is on the fire, braving the heat for me  
Even the milk within wants me around, else tips out with plea.  
Who says 'they don't have life', I say, 'they are very alive'.

Then I go for my cute little teapot and the sieve  
Many more years of service and toil to me,  
They have turned a little brown here and there.  
Pot gives a stimulation fragrance that never fails, unlike a lover  
Pot has no relevance without tealeaves and vice versa  
May, they know each other well along with sieve.  
I love their harmony, a morning lesson to learn.

There comes my most favorite benefactor of the day  
Who takes the pour from teapot to its brim.  
She, my special choice to pick, that sea blue porcelain.  
Never she knew, my tears rolled for her sister who broke  
I take extra care of her, her infant kiss is my day's delight.  
A strong dose, I take through her, she gives the care I need  
Unlike focusing on futile grieves, I try a share with my cup.

I arrange all of them, my companions, in a neat row  
Never leave them here and there like waifs  
Whether it's a cooker or a pan or a tumbler or a spoon  
I am an enthusiast of all and their welfare  
I await Jagdish Chandra Bose to take rebirth and prove  
Like the plants, vessels also have a touch and feel.  
Then, I can know, they never felt me tough and cruel.

-vidi-

15-04-08

Vidi Writes

# In The Air Pocket

From all pressures of worldly mission  
Suddenly got into an Air pocket situation  
It's in that local region and space  
I lost my height and pace.

I tried to find that radiation  
That caused my up and down motion  
Is it to cull on, in a swing time?  
Why to say, it happens only in summer time?

I blame mine, that great oaf  
It caused turbulence lurch, to be a deaf  
Airborne, alas! It's only my fervour driven  
Ought to oscillate electronica realm, a heaven!

It's common to lose altitude but not magnitude  
Its life's greatest moment to have gratitude  
Air Pocket lesson, a quick wit of life  
Born in search of corn, descend at times, to get relief.

Vidi  
23/09/2009

Vidi Writes

# Innocence-Lost

It's my all time favorite repose-compartment  
Open the pages to see my ingenuous chapters  
Wonder why I have lost my innocence supplement  
Once, that stance was part and parcel of all my matters!  
Excavation can help me, I take this dig.

Cradle to grade one, infancy free verse at recite  
From there a saga of tutoring, a phase of delight  
Forever forgiven, naive menaces, a period of elite  
It's time then society norms dictate man's plight.  
Exclusive shots of this dig.

Its now, the virtue lost from face and it's struck at throat  
Costless thrillers, pastime, under the vigilant scanners  
Salt water couldn't heal the pain, but it did pivot  
As a proof of living, had to hold pre-printed banners.  
Extensive damage, reports my dig.

Discolored utterances played havoc, gullet to blame  
Etiquette pushed into belly to help in digestion claim  
Fed with indigestible cereals, system hanged in shame  
The so called Innocence departed under the foot into the drain.  
Exhibit of my dig -'Innocence Lost'.

-vidi-

17/04/2009

Vidi Writes

# Intruder – A Boon Or Blow!

Definitive attack

New looks, a hijack

Multi Mode radar rack

On board computer click

Self Ruling delegate

Laser guided bomb plummet

Crack moving target

Use of Offset aim Point.

Unseen object hooked by slump

Precision guided artillery bump

Crew ability, naught cramp

Non afterburning version triumph

Burnt nose, slender tail

Iron tadpole, Double ugly trail

Nicknames numerous prevail

Load carrying fleet, great Ariel

Low flying power stupendous

Payload delivery tremendous

Weather withstanding fabulous

Synthetic display of terrain, meticulous.

Interloper, an impostor – boon at a war

Countrymen blown, foray aimed, polar

Wanton – burglar symptom at jugular

Intruder, an attack aircraft, a jaguar.

Super power crash crop

Dig deep, ruin and croop

Boon - bane, victory droop

Skepticism, Intruder's soup.

vidi

16/10/2009



# Journey From Offspring To Peter Out!

Fetus to offspring, forever vigorous  
Natal chart fills with flow of fortunes  
Glacier melts into life and flows.

Grown through infancy episode  
Reverberation heard from distance  
Making alleyway to flow on

Roaring and bashing with youth  
Distinctive diction empower  
Potential energy crafts cascade.

Maturity to mate on the pathway  
Sediments deposit, fertile land  
Slow slope forms a delta.

Flow routes around and stay  
Deposition takes long channel  
Distribution network lay down.

Life breaching natural levees join ocean  
Rest get consumed and peter out  
Individual call, a choice to make.

-vidi-

Vidi Writes

# Life Of Life

I always wonder what the life of this Life is  
Some may say its being good and true to life.  
Other may agree there is nothing called 'Bad'  
For a few, life is gift for others it is a curse.

Common man says he isn't blessed with wealth  
Affluent says he is not blessed with time to enjoy.  
Unemployed says he has no luck to get a job  
Employed says he is not paid worth to his work.

Black, who suffers humiliation aspires colour  
White struggles to maintain the cost of cosmetics.  
Terrorist blames the culture of moderate  
Moderate struggles to keep pace with the terror.

He utters, his life is ruined after he got married  
She says, she lost all freedom after tying the knot.  
Child cries, it isn't blessed with good parents  
Senior citizens wobble for not getting enough care.

Society cries that its morals are getting abandoned  
Sects are furious that they cannot tolerate traditions.  
Torn into hundreds of factions of different beliefs  
Most of us have left behind the concept of Life.

Still there is a beautiful truth behind all these juggling  
Only a few sit to think for a while as to why we are living.  
Some one said, 'Life' is to live with a balance of mind  
But how, everyone looks everywhere but not within.

Whether it's problem or pleasure, nothing to be kept  
Beyond the tolerable limit of the individual concerned.  
Limit may vary from person to person, mind to mind  
But the concept of balance remains the same to all.

Life of Life is, every day's struggle, errs, tears, failure  
It is, achievements, appreciations, amusements  
Don't try to find it in the outer space or archives  
It's within one self to feel the balance of his own self.

-vidi-

01-02-08

Vidi Writes

# Lowest Point

Vulnerability sets in  
Winter cold rubs in  
Silver lines drove

Swathe rich and poor  
Arid breeze staples rudder  
Cataclysm brow

Amnesia crunch  
Nippy season ankles rust  
Languished move

Seclusion sarcastic  
Frost Bite throat clot  
Survival in awe

Universal symptoms  
Arctic zone inevitable  
Implore supreme, demise as bestow

Vidi  
27/10/2009

Vidi Writes

# Magic

Existing, brings boredom  
Reachable, reaches saturation  
Accessible, kills adventure  
On hand, attracts apathy  
Obtainable, loses credentials  
Available, no more in need.

Now self delve for a MAGIC.

Nonexistent, illustrates a landscape  
Unreachable, apprehends succinct  
Inaccessible, loads thrill  
Dearth, yearns for gluttonous enthusiasm  
Distant, appears magnanimous  
Mirage, burnish soul with a demand.

MAGIC spell eclipses substance of life.

Magic has no power to heal  
It's an illusion of impossible  
An entertainment not a solution.  
Sleight of hand hides secrets  
Countless enigma strains life  
Can't we live with tangibles?

Don't jeopardize life for sake of this MAGIC.

[Sleight - is the set of techniques used by a magician to manipulate objects such as cards and coins secretly]

-vidi-  
13-06-08

Vidi Writes

# May Day

'May Day' – an auspicious day.  
Internationally it is 'Workers' Day'  
A victory for Labour Revolution  
Otherwise too, it has many facets.

It's a 'MayPole Day'  
Pole erected with traditional grace  
Colorful ribbons welcomes spring  
People dances around with striking patterns.

Its also Fertility goddess – 'May Queen Day'  
Energy of earth, femininity are celebrated  
Welcome ceremony to spring season  
Symbolizing purity, strength and growth.

Its observed as 'Mary's Day'  
A Roman Catholic tradition  
Exchange of May Basket full of sweets  
A celebration of Virgin Mary.

It's also a 'Loyalty Day'  
Army, Fire, Security departments gather  
Celebration with parades  
Reaffirming loyalty to United States.

It's marked as 'Law Day'  
Attention to practices of Law and Justice  
Distraction to International Workers' Day  
Established by presidential proclamation.

It's a 'Bank Holiday'  
Originated to watch cricket match at UK.  
Motorists go on for a May Day Run  
Banks are shut, payments deferred.

It's a 'May Morning' event in Oxford  
Choir singing a hymn at dawn on this day  
Followed by Morris Dancing  
A party time at Magdalen Tower.

'Obby 'Oss day' – 'Hobby Horse' celebrated  
Dancing with stylish recreation of a horse  
It's a worship day of horse deities  
Greenery, Flowers and Flags are the focus.

It's also 'Lie Day' this day at Hawaii  
Celebrating Island Culture  
Invented by a Poet  
Spring Celebration by All.

...

There are still several names and reasons,  
With which this day is celebrated.  
Among other celebrated holidays,  
This is a promising day.

-vidi-  
01-05-08

Vidi Writes

# Miles To Go

In his "Snowy Evening"

Robert Frost says –

"But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep"

In our Shiny morning

We laymen say –

"But this life so vulnerable to reap,  
let me sleep well before I leap"

In our Sunny day

We laymen say –

"But this life is unconquerable, so steep,  
let me sleep well and give up.

In our Shadowed Evening

We laymen say –

"But this life is no more to be lived, no hope  
let me sleep my last and end up.

We find most of us in last three clauses!

When will we find ourselves in the first?

Resting will rust you

Struggles will strengthen you.

Let this be a chorus from all of us

Let this stimulus of melody melt our laziness

"But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep"

-vidi-

30-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Mistakes

Since the days of crawling  
A part of my life  
Intentional, inadvertent  
A Beginning of learning cycle

Stars determine  
Home makes difference  
Blood Group matters  
Consciousness questions

Brain fear clasps  
Tongue twists  
Blood stings  
Demises countless

Grades - minor and major  
No frames, quality not defined  
Society assess as it wished  
Magic mirror of life

Reputation at pledge  
Ego bruised  
Honesty taunts  
Pain at option

Is it a yardstick?  
Dignity bond?  
Highway to hell?  
Setback to salvation?

Take as stepping stone  
Frank with disclosure  
Listen to inner voice  
Ego at check.

Mistakes I adore them  
With each pinch I blush  
Temper succumbs and I consume  
Moisture in lips, I love life.

-vidi-

20-05-08

Vidi Writes

# Money – An Encounter With You

My acquaintance with money for the first time  
When I saw it in the shape of a few coins.  
It was just put in an open box belonged to my father  
Due to the power of curiosity in my mind  
I took a few without making an effort to tell anyone  
Obviously I never knew the value of it in that age.  
I could spend it in the Pen-Mart to buy a few toffees

It became my habit to peep into the box for those coins  
And I was never stopped or enquired about this.  
That made me still be ignorant about the value of it  
A free access to those few coins made all the difference.  
My relation started with money, having a soft touch  
The power to take it spend it the way I liked.  
I never wanted to know the purchasing power it had.

I grew older having a little power in pocket at all times  
Never I needed more until one day for my school trip.  
Father was convincing me, he couldn't spend more  
He wanted to spend it on the forthcoming festival  
To buy flowers, sweets, new dresses and crackers  
Tears rolled down from my cheeks, melted him  
I had money in the shape of a few notes and I set out.

On the whole tour I had very uncertain thoughts  
I knew, now, the difference between coins and notes.  
My father's pale face disturbed me during the entire trip  
I didn't enjoy the trip thinking about the value of 'MONEY'.  
That trip opened my eyes to think of money power  
Visibly very apparent what I could spend and the others.  
There I missed intensely, those pals who missed that trip.

I got enlightened about your strengths and also learnt the  
Weakness of those who had the dearth of you in stock.  
Still wondered, how would my father celebrate that festival?  
Full pomp, he bought everything needed, had a glorious face.  
I was running behind him to see was there anything missing  
I was happy to see those beautiful notes within his hands.

I thought my father is a powerful man who rejoiced that festival.

It was then I could find the children on the pavement  
I could see the dry skin and faint face of our maid.  
Watched the rates for living index and price index  
Read especially about plight of people in Kenya, Uganda.  
Astonished to see the tax-waving request of industrialist  
Worried to see the pour into drug and alcoholism markets.  
Mine was a small encounter but it changed me enormous.

Thereafter, every time I had a look back at that encounter  
With that beginning, there were many more such stumbles.  
I was strong enough to stretch within the carpet and adjust  
At times complex got built into me, which I had to shed off.  
Its all about how much you earn and how much to spend  
Cannot say, I am an encounter specialist but I know my strengths.  
It's better to know the power within than the power of MONEY.

-vidi-

12-04-08

Vidi Writes

# More Than A Hundred

I returned from that poetry Meet  
People asked me eagerly ...  
'How many were present? '  
I told them... 'a hundred'.  
They replied... 'that's all? ! '  
Inner, I murmured...  
If you could also take apart in it  
Wouldn't it be more than a hundred! !

-vidi-

07/07/2009

Vidi Writes

# Mother

Mother

It was during my days of utmost innocence, I met you  
You had come to see me for nuptial knot with your son  
I knew the reason why you had come to that house  
No one told me so, but I had overheard the talks of elders  
Still I was not shy, no expectation, I was just blank  
That was what I was when I met you for the first time.

I cannot exactly say now, what was my opinion about you  
Because I never thought of observing you on that day  
It was just a formality and I had no dream of marriage  
I was not much disturbed also though I was not in favour  
Those were the days I used to take life as it came  
It was just another day of my life and nothing more.

During days that followed, I never thought about you  
I was busy spending the days in my hand for the current  
Here and there, I knew things were moving towards knot  
Until that day, when I had to give my consent to marriage  
I had not thought about how to react or how to reject  
But of course I knew I was not ready for it at that age.

With a very little fuss I agreed to take that turning point  
Hearing all the reasons put before me to give my consent  
Lot of family drama and trauma were enacted before me  
Amidst curse of parents whose daughters yet to marry,  
Jealously of those for whom your son was a virtue, missed  
I wed to your son, not knowing the stock I had in store for me.

In that house everyone looked matured beyond his or her age  
That frightened me a lot with the idea of reaching to that stage  
Among those intelligent looking people, I liked you, mother  
You were kind enough to accommodate me with your smile.  
Though I was confused towards your conservativeness  
I gave full point to you to rely on during that new venture.

It was during those days, I heard from you, a lot about your life  
I could understand, you were brought up in an orthodox way

God fearing, ghost fearing, many a times fearing the humans too  
All through your life, from child hood to adult, you were unguided  
Didn't had any understanding about relations and traditions.  
Until that time, in my life, I had not met a person like you.

Mother, you were loved by your man and got married to him  
You gave birth to his children; all were the nature's conceptions  
Struggled and labored though those days to bring them up,  
You had true devotion in your work, though not recognized  
Women, in those days were devoted to family and nothing else  
No one thought of likes-interests and advancement of women.

.....

The poverty, the negligence, suppression, disrespect, hard work,  
Humiliation, suspicion and suspense, worries and wars of hell  
All were the part of your chronicle, which melted me fast  
I was slowly coming out of my cocoon, to the world outside  
I was totally disturbed; my wings protested to unwrap in the open.

I also started reasoning great part of your narrations and feelings  
Natives and relatives made use of your hard work and limitations  
Kith and kin could never understand your struggle for existence  
There was no one with you to bring you into track of normality  
No self interest protection, no self quest, no recreation, nothing.

In between knowing all your goodness and struggle in life  
I also saw, at times, some unusual crackles from you and unwanted  
I wondered whether it was due to your frustrations and losses  
Your reaction towards negligence and wrath shown to you  
But its very later I could come to know that you were sick.

With a few glimpses of your attitudes I could guess and reason  
There was something seriously wrong with your perceptions  
In spite of all goodness you had, there was violence in your mind  
I was shocked and surprised and gone into total confusion.  
But none was there who could console my troubled heart and soul.

Slowly I too become the part of all those happenings of days  
I was a witness to all those indifference, in fights and tears  
Roses were out of the garden and only thorns were seen by then  
Each day ended with a lot of petals brushed under the foot  
All natural colours started unfolding before my eyes.

The family needed no reasons to quarrel it uses to get erupted  
At the sight of a guest, with a joke, with a letter, with a phone call  
With a talk, with a weep, with a tease, with almost all things.  
I wondered, why at all we have a family and relations set to us  
All that we did everyday is picked a stick and started beating.

I kept on asking myself, why so, what's wrong, who to blame  
I could fix all for all reasons as all were involved in the show  
Hatred for that life style of people who appeared enlightened folk  
Crept into my mind slowly but firmly and I wanted to react to all  
I had seen turmoil in life but not everyday disasters like those.

Sometimes when started reasoning the happenings around  
I felt all those who were at home had their own reasons to call  
Though they had their own reasons for the good and bad  
Self-sympathy had its head high along with the boiling blood  
Much talked about love for each other had no real strength.

Mother, everyone talked much about your arrogance and violence  
In fact everyone made use of your hard work to ones own advantage  
Very little patience anyone had to look at you and to find a way-out  
Somewhere, somehow all had lost tender approach towards you  
All were busy in framing their own futures, an escape from you.

Still I laid my trust on you mother, continued with all care for you  
But your sickness bothered me much more than anything else  
It was not a matter of trust but it was a case to be cured  
You had gone a long way into a vicious spherical world  
I guessed inch by inch you would have slipped to that state.

I could visualize between all odds that living had to be planned  
Nothing will go hand in hand unless one has time to hold hands  
Ideologies are good to be read and they are like guiding lamps  
But life has to be lived with not Lamps but by the Light of it.  
Lighten the Lamp and see the life in the Light of its wisdom.

I was too tender, sensitive and full of dreams in that young age  
Sometimes I felt you are jealous of my unlimited sportiveness  
Sometimes I felt, you like me more than your children  
Other times, I saw same harsh in-law, I have read in books  
All I wanted is to cure you, using my permitted limits.

I saw you bringing the roof onto floor for reason of your own  
I felt your jealousy unwrap at any love showered on me  
I understood you were sick at the sight of me enjoying the life  
I realized you had built a strong circle around you  
Where you always felt alone, oppressed and suppressed.

Mother, I was not as matured as I am now, to face you straight  
Above all I had no space therein where I was treated an outsider  
My acts were under suspicion and my words were not heard  
I too was lonely and absurd still feeling your pain and vein  
Nothing I could do to prevent things from how they happened.

As the days went on, you had understood my weakness  
My consideration and concern towards your narrations  
You could call the shots and I was there as a listener  
You knew that I was not much sought after by people at home  
Slowly I was engulfed by my sympathy for you and by you.

It was time then that I too reacted to situations in my own way  
I was not an expert like all but tried my best to stand firm  
I had tried to put my viewpoints on the floor of the house  
But I was so disappointed to see all those were just swept way  
Along with all dust particles and waste papers of the house.

My case was mostly considered as a fate written on my forehead  
The much, I shrugged to say no, the more it was branded as luck  
At this time, I decided to fight against this fate fallen from sky.  
Still I was sincere beyond measure, but I was mistook beyond faith  
I never knew, one day my sincerity would take me to my destiny.

My spirits were dwindling between the hatred and sympathy  
My efforts to pull you out of your circle was with no support  
My strengths were limited, my energies were getting dried  
Instead pulling you out of the circle, I was being pulled into.  
Horrible scare crept in me of becoming another 'Mother' like you.

It was during this tussle, I got my emancipation bell ringing  
I minced no words in putting my last desperate will on the floor  
This time, it's not the broom but the wind made all the difference  
It took me to the far away land of fairy tale into a glorious shrine

That sheltered me with its warmth and strength but away from you.

.....

I don't blame you mother for all that 'WE' did or didn't do  
This was the way to me to be out of your 'circle' and not get into it.  
Your illness has masked your love for all others, and me, I know.  
Mother, I love you always and I know you love me too as your child.  
Though miles apart I think of you and I cry for your loneliness.

And this is the only possibility left with me then  
To keep my love for you - 'alive' beyond all doubts.  
And it's too late to find any other possibility now...!  
I never believed that things would have been different  
If opted to stay with you, instead it's better as it is now...

.....

Beside this entire interesting tale, I am a 'Mother'  
Never ever letting that tender soul to be a pray  
An ardent female 'Mother', had gathered grit to survive.  
Away from you mother, at a distance land, I do realize  
I am a passionate and determined Mother.

(This poem is ever growing...  
as the days pass i have new realizations to add  
with passion for my life)

- - - - -

Mother, you are an important person of my life  
Being mothers, we need courage if not convictions  
That bit of lesson I always treasure from you.  
Its not about how do we live and what do we speak  
Its about how do we feel and why do we feel so  
Rest of the conceptions remain behind veiled perceptions.

(Today I learnt  
Sometimes you dont get chance to write forever...)

-vidi-

01-01-2006

17-04-2007

24-02-2008

05-08-2016

Vidi Writes

# My Dear Buddy

These problem... complexes are not just yours  
We all have witnessed and sailed through those mess  
Now we sit and laugh... 'hey... why was that low? '  
May be blind with too much of desires and moved slow.

We do perfectly understand your plight  
Can't advice you or tell the truth in a slate  
Its you to handle and fiddle those problems  
Tricks and wits of life can save us a lot, plums.

Varieties and verity helps... a great to be alive  
There are so many too much vulnerable... live  
Just breathing the polluted air...and grieve  
Why don't u see them... you are better, believe.

Life, takes its call on you as long as you run  
Stand and face it and shake a bit of your read in turn  
In question.. whattt? ? 'Han... I know to manage my burn'  
Let thousand problems fall, I am stubborn.

Attitude... dear boy...  
That gives us self confidence, a ploy  
But of course... to have it you have to walk and play  
Take a look, stand and watch on a clay

Try to get into that silent moment  
Where you don't make noise but observe other's lament  
You will see all those around you have same comment  
Are sailing in somewhat same boat, with fashion art.

So little buddy... nothing is wrong  
You feel odd and low is a song  
But never think its only odd gang  
Try... up... up... and... there you belong

Ladder surely there...  
Its time you reach upto there.

All well wishes with you, beware  
Waiting to read your sweet song, I swear.

(This poem written to my dear buddy in mail  
Later thought, its wise to post, so all to sail)

Vidi  
18/10/2009

Vidi Writes

## My Pulse (Re-Posted)

Onset of this phenomenon is with very little initiation  
Each gait has its elegant look and depth to be submerged  
And there are no qualms and no vacillation in the heart  
My Pulse quivers to come in contact with this alluring dawn.

The luminosity is such that it exhibits the forgotten past  
It reveals the intensity to be hooked to the tip of iceberg  
Darkness starts melting and the flow seems incessant  
My Pulse has the glance of radiance and gets fine-tuned.

Every pulsate of mine has its high and low like ebb and flow  
And I am not an exception in this trendy world of sensation  
Rise with new dawn and fall to dusk is quite natural affair  
My Pulse knows its limit of apex and the base in each whip.

Life is in between this enormous strength of beating pulses  
These pulses should be tuned to the prevailing situations  
Joy of the zenith and pain of nadir to be grossly balanced  
My Pulse discerns this truth and thrives to be at equilibrium.

-vidi-

01-01-2009

Vidi Writes

# One Of My Days

## One Of My Days

Alarm at sharp five brings me into new day  
Can't open the eyes fully, they keep still shut.  
Mind still masticating the endless dreams  
Winter's magic spell and enchantment is at blame.  
Sympathizing for those who sweat with heat of dawn  
My body, still resists to be lifted itself from the couch.

The thought of domestic chores gives a twitch  
Eyes are opened still blinking with unease.  
I can hear the sound of speeding vehicles  
Already people with mission are on the road.  
Thought of same mission sets me on my heels  
But not in that hurry like those who are in transport.

Relishing a few moments under the shower  
I refresh my energy and get perfumed and fresh.  
When one could not get water to cook his food  
Is this pouring water on my head is a luxury?  
I recall a glimpse of those dried and died taps  
Interrogation is of short span, a lightening in daylight.

Routines get started with a timetable in air and in that,  
I have my time for sipping a cup of hot tea in balcony.  
Wondering how many can have this sip of the morning  
Cost of sugar and sigh of deprived gets dipped in tea.  
Trembling hands with miniature glasses are still better  
At the end of last sip, I can feel only my sweet and hot tea.

Hands at work but mind at a stream of thoughts  
I realize everyday; these chores only spin my blood.  
The spice and the rice give me the strength  
Each bit I taste, push me to think of those who starve.  
I cannot avoid my wastes at the cost of palpitations  
Clearing vessels and emptying the bowls are my routine.

I take my time to seek into my wardrobe and mirror  
I do have my collection and preference for the wear

Each set I take and put on, I remember the naked skin  
Which trembles at the street against the endless breeze.  
My look in the mirror gives me a gloomy stature  
When I am out to work, somehow, I feel I am the queen.

Office desk provides clear picture of my current load  
AC room, ceiling Fan, mineral water are support systems.  
A peep from window shows queued up laborers, for a contract  
I take a swift turn to my table not to bear those painful looks.  
Grumble for load lost credence against the hoots of jobless  
Boss calls for a demo, agony vanished, pride shoots up.

Back home when the sun already shining at other land  
Thinking of ice creams and chocolates in the fridge.  
Switch on the computer and start writing a poem  
With full vigor, magic of words with dictionary beside.  
Somewhere maid washes vessels and girls got raped  
But I am on my soft couch with sweet dreams calling.

-vidi-

02-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Outlook

Deep red, gradual transformation to Orange then Gold  
Follows the yellow, then spread the color blue  
Color of the Dawn, pure and cool  
Moisture of Blooming love, Outlook -Splendid Clever.

Direct, indirect day light of sun above the horizon  
Diffused at length and breadth of the sky  
Color of the Day, calm and charm  
Fragrance of life, Outlook – Aesthetic Cipher

Deep red, gradual transformation to Orange then Gold  
Follows the yellow, in the absence of color Blue  
Color of Sunset, arrogant and dark  
Aridity of withering, Outlook – Crystal Clear.

('Attitude' is the Intent here)

-Vidi-  
05/05/2009

Vidi Writes

# Path

## PATH

Life has for us enormous thrills and excitements  
One should have to set a path to enjoy life.  
Take enough caution, courage and insight  
Pick the most approachable and suitable  
Peering one's strengths and weaknesses  
Also edify the young and make them choose.

Humans are born with similar mental strengths  
Difference comes through the path they are put in  
And the path had chosen ignorantly or unwillingly.  
Elderly, first has to understand about the path  
Inculcate the astuteness and wisdom to young  
Together walk towards the elation and bliss of life.

Don't say 'I don't know why I am living and how'  
We all have been given with enough intelligence  
Human life is so precious that you can think and act  
But are we thinking, are we making efforts to live?  
Unless otherwise you are born into conditions adverse  
You can think and teach the young to think and act.

When Life is led without thinking, without the set path  
We don't remain humans, but only living beings  
Unrest, frustrations, failures become part of ones life  
Without knowing where to go, will collapse somewhere  
Or end up, where one has to do things against his will  
And they pass on this hollow life to the next generation.

Don't blame the god or fate for your failures in life  
When you set a path to live, you will know the difference  
Between failures and set backs, loss and shortfalls.  
When set backs come in the set path, you have options  
As you know where you want to go and what to achieve  
Else on failures, you just crumble not knowing what next!

There is no age bar or final call to set a path in life  
Even on the death beds, people have set goals to reach

It's the duty of the enlightened people to guide the rest  
Especially it is the duty of parents to steer their children  
It's the responsibility of all to help each other to set path  
Its together we can enjoy the path better than alone.

As one grows into the enormity and treasures of life  
One should be inspired to think about life of this life  
Wonder and wisdom of this life should catch ones eye  
One should be able to reason his internal stances  
Relate every little texture of his thought to this life  
Forever one should thrive to understand this life.

When the 'Life' thrills the human, he ought to set a path  
To explore and explode the secrets of this life  
Brilliancy of brain doesn't pass through genes  
But through ones perceptions and perseverance  
Now, don't wait for someone to shake and wake the self  
Set it for yourself and for the generation to come.

-Vidi-

01-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Phoenix

I wonder why a trustworthy  
Seldom trusted!

Is a trusty so enigmatic to you?  
Is his honesty a zoo bird?  
Is the Candor so tough to trail?  
Is his truth a stodgy and you discard?  
Is his glory, unbearable to the sight?  
Is it your inferiority put on the desk?  
Is it the fear, you can never pursue?  
Is it you don't have truth inside to trust upon?

You try to crush him, so the rest are equal! !  
He is a phoenix, ever emerges from his own ashes.

Bear him  
Follow him  
Learn from him  
Honor him  
Savor the shower of his monsoon.  
Dark sky dares to decorate  
Stars and Moons on its surface  
Else, could anyone see those shines on the sky?

-vidi-  
04-01-09

Vidi Writes

# Prayer

I can recall that first prayer I made  
I learnt it from my father indeed.  
For me its was uttering 3 stanza  
In front of the statues plaza.  
Eyes closed, hands folded.

I still remember  
I did my prayer  
To the utmost satisfaction of my father.  
There was a kind of fear  
With Father and not with God.

3-stanza utterance continued without fail  
As I grew it remained just a customary sail.  
No fear of father or God  
Prayer still a part of daily guide.  
Impatient to complete.

Youth fell on me in due course  
It's like a ride on the horse.  
Even forgetting routines  
Flew behind all fantasies and thrills.  
Prayer totally lost its credence.

Then came litmus test of life ahead,  
Acid and Base to be distinguished,  
Cried for help and hands raised,  
For all odds god was cursed,  
For all good he was not thanked.

Then came the time, life at close sight  
Peak and recession implicit.  
Learnt, even to pray mercy for other's evilness  
An itinerary to seek into consciousness.  
Prayer has become a healer to my soul.

Prayer is not to get the virtues with plead  
It's thanks giving for the virtues enjoyed.  
Prayer is not a bargain between offering and blessing

It's a hope within, pledged with musing.  
Prayer is to awaken the self and to be refined.

-vidi-

28-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Pulse

Onset of this phenomenon was with very little initiation  
Each gait had its elegant look and depth to be submerged  
And there were no qualms and no vacillation in the heart  
My Pulse quivered to come in contact with this alluring dawn.

The luminosity was such that it exhibited the forgotten past  
It revealed the intensity to be hooked to the tip of iceberg  
Darkness started melting and the flow seemed incessant  
My Pulse had the glance of radiance and got fine-tuned.

Every pulsate of mine has its high and low like ebb and flow  
And I am not an exception in this trendy world of sensation  
Rise with new dawn and fall to dusk is quite natural affair  
My Pulse knows its limit of apex and the base in each whip.

Life is in between this enormous strength of beating pulses  
These pulses should be tuned to the prevailing situations  
Joy of the zenith and pain of nadir to be grossly balanced  
My Pulse discerns this truth and thrives to be at equilibrium.

-vidi-

01-02-08

Vidi Writes

# Pursuit Never Ending Never Yielding!

This life, engrossed with bewilderment  
Several bygone years standby supplement  
A glimpse glitters here and there but evaporates  
Essence glanced here and there, literates  
It's the core issue binding human tribe  
A burnished edition to which all subscribe

Child to Old surrender - I meant, 'Love'.

Is it behind those laid up fragile faces of my grandparents?  
Is it in the yarn of my mother's silk sari?  
Is it spread in the fractured tones of my father?  
Is it cradled under the cushion where my brothers rest?  
Is it twisted between the gossips of my sisters?  
Is it popping up at photo frames of my children?

Relations meant to repose.

Is it resting under the wooden creaking cot?  
Is it customized to hang in the wardrobes?  
Is it blooming in the colors of tulip garden?  
Is it decorated behind glass covered showcase?  
Is it floating in the ice filled beer glasses?  
Is it propelled in the crowd pulling summits?

Gimmicks meant to grab.

Is it hidden within the tolerance torrent?  
Is it a passion driven emotional charge?  
Is it a glittering pledge of truth and triumph?  
Is it an innocence clad childish flavor?  
Is it a prose of profound visionary?  
Is it a verse exercise of rhymester?

Demeanor meant to dream.

It can't sprout where its - 'Seed not planted, water everywhere'  
It doesn't dwell where it is - 'I am right, you are wrong'  
It may not yield when it is - 'Plant Parthenium, need sugarcane'

It will not survive when its - 'Vision is mine, I see what I want'  
It's human to look everywhere but within  
It's superhuman to penetrate and trance within.

Human's yell - Pursuit never ending never yielding!

-vidi-

24/03/2009

Vidi Writes

# Rain - You Make Me Reborn

Those mounded murky clouds, which move with frenzy breeze  
Enlighten me on your influx, your shower on my desiccated soul  
Aroused to get drenched in the drops, which melts my freeze  
Aids to roll down my tears without letting anyone know its pool

The first dropp of you on the earth makes my heart hop  
With an aspiration of meeting my cherished pal  
I never need any acquiescence to greet you in unwrap  
I need no arms to be in your enfold to get into tranquil

I stand facing your cascade that slake my zeal for adore  
Seldom bending to see my anguish getting banished  
You begin with sprinkle and turn into down pour  
I sense that rhythm and the music in me gets pulsed

My creative thoughts wait for your gentle but firm touch  
Sensation of being wet by you unfolds my veiled yearn  
Covering me in full you whisper that you know me inch by inch  
You nourish me with nectar and that makes me reborn

Vidi Writes

# Robust Life

She is born  
Not with silver spoon  
She gives us a life of Gold.

She is brought up  
Not in a state of aristocracy  
She gives us a life of nobility.

She is educated  
Not being pampered  
She gives us a life of astuteness.

She is honored  
Not being humiliated  
She gives us a life of transparency.

She is left happy-go-lucky  
Not being left loose  
She gives us a life of blend.

She is bound with commitment  
Not being fickle  
She gives us a life of accountability.

She is very compassionate  
Not being boorish  
She gives us a life of passion.

She is certainly living hot-and-sweet  
Not being in heaven-like  
She gives us a life of reality.

She is our daughter  
Not being treated as a weight  
She gives us a life of 'Robust'.

This poem is dedicated to my dear daughter - HAVYA on her 18th Birthday on 24/04/2009.

-vidi-

23/04/2009

Vidi Writes

# Saga

## SAGA

'Saga' in words or in twisted beep  
Not known, whether I should narrate,  
In hoot or in Chuckle, but with spice and pizza  
And then I meet you, a listener, on the shoreline  
It's this turn of life, where I have you in sea  
An elite ear of the moment, beside me.

Not very humble, but yes, I was polite  
Strong, though had all quivers of that age  
Not a genius still very popular high flier  
Not a pampered, yet a bit derelict I was  
Cherished by all, little at own shelter  
Never knew the sway within to gain.

My flair in read and write took me somewhere  
But never ever textured the whiff of what was read  
Uncertain, unapprised about those poetries and stories  
Still craved to reach here and there but nowhere  
No backup, no promoter, still dashed forward  
With all zeal to reach those aspired heights!

Playing at shore, still scrutinizing the ebb and flow  
Never saw a silent wave amidst the roaring sea  
Ever craving to watch a mute wave of the surf  
No longer I could wait and watch at the shore  
But I was sent to a colonized land of guerillas  
All I read about the oasis never came in aid!

There was no disparity between day and night  
Tide was still stronger than I saw prior to  
Forever hurricane in the sea and I was sinking  
By no means I could climb the wall of ebb tide  
Poetries and stories read had lost their credence  
Veracity bite had its strong hold upon me.

Looked around to grab a grip of adoration  
Alone in search of deal to be occupied with

Ran around with hopes to hold a tip of support  
Cried over spilt milk, groused over static peak  
Begged with folded hands to take a look at  
Gap grow to an extent where other end not seen!

Relations lost its credence while came under stress  
Altruism was met with blows from self-absorbed  
Taught a lesson in disguise to take care of self.  
Against odds, stepped out with sturdy determination  
Struggled with sigh, might in mind, I realized  
'It's my life' after all, I should make it worth to live.

It's the blessings of 'Supreme' I had strength to stand  
Found a serene shrine to take shelter against all rigors  
I started all again with full devotion and enthusiasm  
Uphill struggle took me far from my state of dejection  
I realized the worth of self-respect and self-confidence  
Now, there is no turn back, no wavering and no remorse.

Smiling at all odds from this point where I stand  
Showing my head to those, in front of whom I bent  
I am able to explore the beauty of this wonderful land  
Where, now, I can tie relations with sugary trace  
Perceive things and envisage coloured frames  
I do draw on canvas, the past, present and the future.

When I stand in front of the same roaring sea  
Now I hear the melody of surf and it's influence  
Its delightful to find the silent moves at sea coast  
Dipping my feet and slowly moving with confidence  
I find a nourishing pal in the midst of the water  
'Saga' of me meets its listener at the same sea!

-vidi-

01-04-05

28-01-08

Vidi Writes

# Saying Sorry ...

Saying Sorry ...

'Sorry' is used apologetically  
Apology is the admission of guilt  
Guilt can be referred to Fault  
Fault happens due to imperfection  
Imperfection is a result of weakness  
Weakness occurs due to limitations  
Limitations put one into captivity.

Now, let's read this in reverse...

Being in captivity I had my limitations  
Limitations acted on my nerves and made me weak  
That weakness brought into me imperfection  
When I was imperfect I committed a fault  
Everyone said fault is guilt  
Advised me to admit the guilt and apologize  
As an apology I had to say 'SORRY'.

Now, let's see things as the crow flies...

While saying this 'sorry '  
I just talked to myself, "It's too difficult to say this! " -  
If I want to avoid 'saying sorry' -  
Then I should be free from captivity  
Freedom will free me from saying sorry.  
I started listing all those causes  
Those put me in captivity in this world.

Now, let's see the item in the list.

"1. My EGO"

I wondered. Is this only 'one' in the list?  
I realized, 'this one is equal to thousands'.  
For all those who find it difficult to say sorry,  
I have a humble word with you.  
"Fight for your Freedom from 'Extreme Sense of Self' "  
Thus you may avoid saying sorry.

Still, if you have to say so... You can say it with extreme ease.

-vidi-

12-04-08

Vidi Writes

## Small Things

You get up in the morning  
Still sit in the bed with a mood, grieving  
Not had enough sleep, still yawning  
Reasons are many ...

At the same time, you never notice  
The maid who had already entered  
Your kitchen to blink  
What you had left in the sink.  
You don't have patience to see  
Her swollen eyes... cracked feet.  
Oh! You are asking me -  
'Where is maid, in this house'?

I hope you can still see her, if you want to  
In the bungalow, next to  
Maid, would have finished the sweep  
And now, putting the 'Rangoli'  
Decorating with devotion, her holder's porch.  
Oh! How can you see her?  
When there is a 'Mercedes Benz'  
Standing behind her!  
Now you sit and curse your fate  
Without the slightest knowledge  
The bungalow owner too  
Sitting in the same pose in his bedroom  
Thinking about the "Robinson R22"  
His partner had taken off.

(Now please don't ask me -  
'What the partner would be doing at the same time')

My dear worrywart, this is the plight of  
We strange human beings  
Who always aspire for big things  
And get into great disasters.  
And ignore the small things  
And loose those tiny pleasures.

(If you could show a little sympathy towards the maid,  
Gratitude in her eyes would have brightened your day.  
Now you still grumble... These days maids are xxxxxxxx...)

Now please get up from that bed and boredom

Bring in the milk packet from the door,  
Grateful to the vendor for his chore.  
Hear the bell of cycle bringing newspaper  
Today also you can read in time, an opener.  
Smell the mud just got watered  
Thanks to water supply that's is metered.  
The flower just bloomed in the pot  
You do have aesthetic sense, that's a fate.  
Color of rising sun and 'hide and seek' of moon  
Watch the sky, it's a boon  
Put on your coat, (of woolen ware)  
Go for a morning walk, your health takes you there.  
Get ready, you duty calls  
You have a pocket that rolls.  
Share a gossip and a joke  
You have people to talk.  
Go to grocery shop  
You can buy and get gift vouchers and hop  
Tired, you are back home  
Food to eat, roof to shelter, that's your 'Rome'.

My dear one (and all) , now please let me know  
Whether your attention is drawn to these small things?  
If you get consoled and convinced  
I can have the might and temperament  
To talk about 'Small Things' to those on the pavement.

-vidi-

20-04-08

Vidi Writes

# State Of Affairs – Past And Present

Those four sights (Old Man, Diseased, corpse, hermit)  
Brought contemplation  
Man became 'Maharshi'  
An attempt to escape from sufferings  
Story of the past.

Thousands of sights  
Brought confrontation  
Realms at war  
Violence vital, earned ordeals  
Chronicle of the present.

Deliverance at 'Middle Way'  
Sacred Fig Tree, a silent witness  
Birth of a founder of ascetic clique  
'Life and the Next' - at core scribe  
Love and passivity preached since past.

Concrete captivated 'Eighth Fold Path'  
Sacred Fig Tree, a noisy participant  
Delusion delivers cloned clan  
Attached to helm of affairs  
Carnage carnivals décor streets at present.

A Black stone featured a remote shrine  
Prodigious statue 'Karumadikuttan's'  
Rested at solitude  
An epistemology at exhibit  
A sculpture erected in the past.

A half remnant, a question of preservation  
Solitude at stake, on reconstruction  
Statues can be rebuilt can we rebuild dogma?  
Things of past, gets resurrected  
Cults hanker to exterminate in the present.

A note please:

This poem takes its shape on seeing the photograph of half remnant of Buddha's

statue named - Karumadikuttan - a black granite idol.

(For more details on this statue - search in net for 'Karumadikuttan')

'Karumadi' is a village in Kerala State and 'kuttan' means beloved person or son. In those days - Buddha's statue was named as Karumadi's beloved person. But it is strange to see its present condition.

Vidi

02/03/2009

Vidi Writes

# Symphony

Together lets walk, hearing the temple's beep  
Lets watch each and every step we keep.  
Hear the birds around whistling with cheer  
Trees shedding the dewdropp crystal clear.  
Wind draws our path over the sky  
Using blue clouds that are so shy.  
Side by, the river flows with gentle gesture  
And colorful fishes give us beautiful posture.  
Together, lets walk with harmony  
Singing together a melodious symphony.

Together lets walk, whispering the rhyme  
We write for each other, with passion and prime  
Lets have the warmth of those clasping hands  
Strong enough to soothe the storming winds  
Let it rain, the nectar falling from sky  
A drench in the holy water strengthen our tie  
Let this walk take us to the shore of roaring sea  
To learn the mystery of ebb and flow at glee  
Together, lets walk with harmony  
Singing together a melodious symphony.

-vidi-

09-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Terminal Bleed?

Cradle swings, in its own motion  
Graveyard wind seems to have its spell.  
Killings instincts, disgusted look  
Pierce the heart accurately, derisive at sword.  
Since the point of cord separation  
Mother weeps to see her she-baby  
Flash back reflects in lightening speed.

Remotest memory takes back  
Where the stain stuck window  
Not yet rusted not yet painted  
Reminds painful peeps through  
Glimpse of brothers freely flying  
Muscular noises reaching sky high  
Dearth of freedom, tears rolled down.

Plates were scrubbed watching those still eat  
Mopped footprint of those who ran around  
Watched those body builder's movies  
Read comics whose pictures already cut  
Instructed how to sit, eat, sleep and at times to hide  
Pushed to edge to be ready to send out  
Tears on notebooks flushed the writings

Assets grew, itching insiders and out  
At times brushed and taunted  
Created vomiting sensation, no cure  
Why only earth sheltered 'Seetha'?  
Fear gripped psyche, still tried to reach  
Inferiority grabbed all opportunities  
Still smiles erupt, lava swallowed inside.

Pursuit of love ends with those knots  
Uprooted though confidence roots itself  
Next only to know the devastating truth  
Its all not tender, an engulf of hot iron.  
Much pressure to penetrate roots beneath  
An effort to settle, but becomes a battle  
Cry with nostalgia, just to attract aversion.

Unfortunate, tears should flow, else  
Behind themes, frozen tear cause cancer  
Survival, social responsibility and sensibility  
Brings pouring tears, an escape from disease.  
Philosophy only helps, can't change bias  
She weeps incessant flow of tears not blood.  
Still, do you prefer to call it a Terminal Bleed?

{ Females are more prone to situations which strike tears,  
Due to nature's law, no one can change it.  
At times its heartening to see those helpless cries  
Interpreted as Terminal Bleed, a fatal end.  
This poem is to say that - those tears are for survival  
Its not a disease which take us to the extinction }

-vidi-

01-06-08

Vidi Writes

# The Day - Lesson

The Day, recur every year  
To consolidate the past  
And foresee the prospect.  
I regard it to the core.

I don't prefer any pageantry  
Need no candles and guest entry  
Still I need one thing  
I regard it to the core

I don't ask for gold and diamond  
Forgo even the warmth and hold  
Still I need one thing  
I regard it to the core

I accept all excuses and pleas  
I ignore even the absence  
Still I need one thing  
I regarded it to the core.

Let me break the suspense related  
It's a Rose all I need!  
Never any can grasp, gives all excuses  
I regard it to the core.

The vibrant color, its essence  
Hallucination, its fragrance  
A touch of sensation from Rose  
I regard it to the core.

When invested in worldly affairs  
The loss brings melancholy  
Silence teaches to willing, a serenity  
I regard it to the core.

Now, if I am not offered with the rose  
When the 'wait' yeilds no result  
This day at last, teaches me tranquility  
I regard it to the core.

-vidi-

19-04-08

Vidi Writes

# The Little Champion

It's my great pleasure to write today  
16th April, birthday of 'Chaplin, The Great'.  
The Little Champion of Hollywood  
Whose silent movies talked in assortment  
With combination of Satire and Grief  
'The Immigrant' of silver screen, of those days  
Brought him in International - 'Who is who'.

A healthy comedy of romance in 'City Lights'  
Which showed the pathos of poverty  
Dedication of the lover to his blind girl  
Masterpiece of comedy with reality, at show  
This movie, a delight to everyone's eyes and soul  
Those who have not yet seen, get into video center,  
Worth spending on a treasure like this.

In this era of tough faces and less emotions  
It's difficult to bring laughter to one's face  
Bring those faces, to watch Chaplin movies  
Laughter will enclose the face and the belly  
The twisting and turning actions of his body  
Will forever bring a cheer of heaven to viewer  
People will learn to laugh and sustain it.

'The Kid', 'The Little Tramp' well known.  
In oversized shoes and baggy pants  
Wearing undersized coat and a black hat  
He is the hero of past, present and future  
Showing the comedy mixed with social cause.  
World is yet to see such a personality, reborn  
This poem is a reverence to this great master.

-vidi-

16-04-08

Vidi Writes

# Trek

With my baggage and courage I had set out for a trek  
To those mountains land about which I had read in book  
Lot of preparation and dream were part of the program  
It was a journey away from home to feel the curriculum.

Poet had described this land of mountains as paradise  
Where you will taste the nectar in every step you place  
He said 'the one who visited this land is fully sanctified'  
For this bless is what I wanted everything to be sacrificed.

I knew that – 'to get something good, one has to be good'  
Fitness of physic is one criterion along with power of blood  
With all these set I was out with determination and will  
Never thought, 'what would be the momentum at hill? '

Days of journey took me to the foot of the mountain  
Everything was stable and all dreams seemed to sustain  
Cool breeze at the bottom enhanced the vision of mind  
Phantasm never revealed the stock, which I was yet to find.

Lyrical sense had stuff to get blossomed at the very foot  
The height and beauty of ascend was brought to the script  
I was writing on and on with passion, concern and curiosity  
Still no clue or no jiggle, was there in the sense of elasticity.

Whistle blew and all in-group set to the destiny of height  
Silence of jungle was disturbed with so much of chat  
Purity of river was at stake to wash the feet of all with woe  
I felt, life which took shelter at mountain were at toe.

Those who had ears could hear the song of flies and birds  
Trees and creepers talked to each other with strange sounds  
River flew to the tune of jostling wind and moving clouds  
White marbled shining shrine at top waited to embrace all.

Midst of entire hubbub, I was walking with silence  
Watching and studying whole concept with glance  
Could not find many who respect the serenity of peak  
Very few smiles found in return, by the accompanied flock.

Mount exhibited its true stature in the further stretch  
What looked green from far had some other colored sketch  
Writing started losing its track when I was on real tract  
All got engrossed in medicating their wounded body part.

It was difficult to gasp though there was abundant air around  
Couldn't hear the music of river though it was silence beyond  
Pulling the ailing body, all seems to have lost much of the best  
Celebration could be found with few that too only at rest.

By now, the softness of rough bed at home was remembered  
Recalled the taste of food they had and still complained,  
The prick of thorn while plucking the rose, for which they cried,  
The dust and pest about which there were worried.

Those who harped on their bulgy muscles and tough skin  
Now realized that the power of brain and tolerance will win  
To conquer the height, all we want is sheer will power  
Mainland also applies same rule to all the lives it cover.

At last, the top of scale was reached to the sigh of hikers  
It was time for celebration and all looked matured trekkers  
The reluctant also started enjoying the height of the mount  
Taste of life and its achievement was worth to count.

Invisible lessons took themselves to preach in absolute muteness  
There one could see real textures of different shape and class  
Yelling voice, grumbling face, lost energy, shattered looks  
Still there were helping hands, smiling lips and lifted heads.

It's the mixture of enlighten folk and baffled ones carried ahead  
Because of this blend of strong and weak, trek was guided  
Mountain had literally whispered the truth in obscured narration  
He, who heard this verity, is the one who surely had his salvation.

-vidi-

01-12-04

28-01-08



# Value Of Loss

Forgive me if I say the demise of your father  
Brought me back to my writing once again.  
But it's also true- I had stopped writing rather  
Since silence between us, grew like a mound within.

Now, I have no words of consolation to shower  
Can only feel and share your pain with shiver  
We know, a precious gift is lost in life forever  
It was to happen one day or the other but for sure.

Though I could suffer the silence of till date  
The muteness of today is unbearably a fate  
I want to talk to you but still I hold it and wait  
For the reason, that it's time, you want to be quiet.

I cannot bring 'Solace', though I wished I could  
I cannot stop tears rolling down because it should.  
I only wish a monsoon on you, to hide your tear  
So you cry to your hearts content, without fear.

Take this grief into your stride with plain fact  
River get dried or joins the sea to reach the bliss  
Flow has to stop, as the boundary is already set  
Else humans will never know the value of 'Loss'

-vidi-

01-02-08

Vidi Writes

# Wait

When I feel poignant for something and someone  
I prefer to shed it with words than with tears  
When I ardently await for a dropp of nectar  
Stances are put on paper through my thoughts!

When I give vent to my wait for the bliss  
The bird inside me gets its melody of moist  
May be the song may loose its sound track  
But the emotion inside will be fervently strong!

All bumpy puzzles linger as if it's a swirl wind  
Routines take away the sway of pounding bangs  
At the background the mood twists like a toast  
Still looks calm and cool with the sight of cloud!

I look at dark sky, which awaits rise of moon  
I ponder over the cuckoo's zeal for string  
I know the fruits yield after a tough winter  
I realize planter's yearn for a cloudburst!

Its true, flow of river never forgets to join sea  
Wind never awaits anyone to get its move  
Clouds hover over the sky without stop  
Lightening ever comes with beaming shine!

With all the quiver and shiver I pursue  
I hang around with mind and heart at it  
I prefer let it disembark on its own  
That's how I take this 'WAIT' in my stride.

-vidi-  
03-01-08

Vidi Writes

# Weightless Crow Dances

Is that crow sitting on the leaf or branch? !  
I take that far sight and wonder.  
Wah... Crow is dancing!  
With each blow of the wind.

The branch is at strong sway  
Crow is not giving up.  
At last, wind stops  
And the crow flies away.

Weightless Crow Dances  
On that swaying branch.

-vidi-  
07/07/2009

Vidi Writes

# White Oil

A Roadblock  
The cause -

Public Distribution System  
Unloading the Blue Oil  
Through a Tanker.  
Huge gathering  
Rich and poor  
Already present  
Claiming their stake.

A Confrontation  
The cause -

Vehicles eager  
To pull on to destination.  
No time to see  
Fear of white oil  
Reflecting in those eyes.  
Police called to clear the way  
With strength of their gun.

An evil - Starvation  
The Reason -

Cost of cooking  
Costlier, the huts bear,  
Cost of vehicle oil  
Most owners don't care.  
Among all pains  
Lone, love, lust ... a big list  
Cost of white oil, is the worst.

(Blue Oil - Kerosene (cooking oil) sold at ration shops - cheaper  
White Oil - Kerosene sold at open market - costlier)

-vidi-  
10-05-08

## Vidi Writes

# Widening Gap

Gap is widening between Young and Elder  
Young are tied and hurled into survival opera  
Elders hang around the concluding era  
Without fire heat not felt, ashes won't remain  
Problem serious, only a few bother, why triggered  
Fixing the 'Who' the favorite call, becomes.  
Blame game is a professional hobby of all.

Nation is progressing, developing  
Scale of Education and job index are at peak  
Opportunities are heaped at pointed locations  
Even an inch of land is not be spared  
Young man and woman are leaving the home  
Elders rejoice the state of financial affairs  
In between they forget the gap in between.

When stage is all set and elder tries to enact  
He finds hands and legs short to act  
The grandiose of the stage only remains  
Without the show on, spectator too leaves  
Elder remains alone, reluctant to leave the stage,  
Now, forgetting the 'why', he reasons the 'who'  
Senior citizens are left alone, the gap is felt.

Far away from the stage, young toils his youth  
Finds a sound and matching mate towards growth  
There is no time to take rest but still gives birth  
Newborn creeps over the floor of commercial sitting  
Poses with posh mall suit, feeling the dearth of warmth  
'Cry' for all needs fulfilled except clock pulses of parent.  
Gap between child and parent unseen but up cause.

Childhood spent waiting near the gate then door  
Tossed between TV and home work, no story time  
Tight hug and a kiss on forehead, once in blue moon  
Children learn to mourn along with the alphabets.  
Whom to blame? Parent, who sweat to spend on home,  
Needy child, who crawls to hold the pace of the feet?  
Depth of gap, slabs deep, a price to pay for development.

Hard earned money gets poured into education trusts  
Departmental stores, garment houses, restaurants,  
Amusement parks, medicine and households  
Except love and care getting into proper channel  
No time for moral supports, sharing experiences  
Child – a tool to fulfill unattained dreams of elder.  
Unbridgeable gap, wide and visible, still ignored.

An independent child labeled a boon in the abode  
Brilliance and smartness are leaders in the race  
Parent thrills in the trends and success of young  
Allows full winged bird to fly away from nest  
Everyone busy settling the debts and accounts  
Civilization masks the need for bounded life  
Gap is felt visibly and accepted irreversibly.

This cycle repeats generation by generation  
No solution is at sight during this globalization  
Everything is for life and for living, they cry  
Something to be paid for moving toward progress  
But then why is this cry for mercy at the old age?  
Don't wait for the bridge, don't play blame game  
Widened Gap is all you have earned at every stage.

Gap is widening between Young and Elder  
Who should think and act?  
Elder?  
Young?  
Or the society as a whole?

-vidi-  
15-04-08

Vidi Writes

## Winner's Scope

A winner is always at hunt  
His shot hits the nerves  
Divulge – 'Tough as Odd Boots'  
'Truth' explodes, bitter forever  
They tease 'you are different'  
Unaware that they are 'indifferent'  
Clad in the name of creative critics.

Winner proves he prevails over  
Ready to face the wrath with a prize  
Rides on the loser's enigma  
Whether literature or culture  
Winner is seldom the favorite at home.  
Home gets exposed through Winners Surf.  
Exception if prevailed, a priceless honor.

vidi

04-01-2009

Vidi Writes

# Writer's Feel

Writer's Feel

Instead of  
Cascading the  
Tears through eyes...  
Exploding the  
Laughter through gullet...  
Bombarding the  
Anger through muscles...  
Quivering the  
Adoration through heart...  
People write  
Feel each pulse of it...  
Then realize  
Their strength.  
A 'Writer's Feel' in all.

-vidi-

08-04-2008

Vidi Writes

## X -Account

Those sparkling ornaments  
Which I had forgone  
With least sense of being a donor  
To save the prestige of someone  
Never bitten me, until -  
I received its Account.

The mighty receiver's pledge  
Hurt me at my palm  
I gave it without any noise  
It seems it will return with clamor,  
When prestige is no more at stake.  
Donor is at the mercy of receiver.

The crown firmly placed on head  
Balance grown at coffers  
There is urge in mind to repay  
With a statement in public  
Want to be a reliever.  
Settler of scores, at givers cost.

It was prestige at pledge, then.  
It's indebtedness that stings, now.  
From all the angles, you have cause  
A bookkeeper of valuable's accounts.  
Some givers don't expect returns  
But all receivers enjoy the 'take'.

Don't take for the sake of take  
Don't return for the sake of return  
Give and take is not a game  
Give and take, not all can be accounted  
Give and take, not all can be settled.  
Many a times, it's part of relation.

Givers, please beware,  
You give and they take  
If you didn't, they have others  
They also know to keep account

Whether you keep it or not.  
Account - is also a prestige issue  
Never knowing who will audit.

-vidi-

23-04-08

Vidi Writes

# You And Me

You were born with a cry  
I too cried, may be with pain  
Than to join voice with you  
A great relief, with a sigh  
Never I would knew  
You would confer me,  
Support and sublime life.

Day, Months and Years  
You and Me, grown together  
You grew inner and out  
I grew within myself  
Dear to dearer to dearest  
Nothing could stop  
Strong force of this relation

I relived my childhood and youth with you  
I discovered courage with you  
I learnt to stand by you  
I learnt to forgive and forget  
I sang and danced to tunes of life  
I enjoyed the warmth of clasped hands  
I understood life with you.

There were stories to narrate with fun  
Stick to beat with anger  
Love to heal with compassion  
Preaching to shower with concern  
Teaching to bring out the best  
Secrets to disclose and share  
Forever you and me, together to stride.

You have my blood and traits  
Still you are distinct with your persona  
You have my kindness and care  
Still I too get your tender share  
You tumble and get up, holding my hands  
Yet sometimes you lend your hands to me  
Who are you to me? A friend, then a daughter!

You and Me in this beautiful world,  
You and Me, explore in the years to come  
You and Me, forever to share and bear  
You and Me, look up to each other  
You and Me laugh and cry together  
You and Me, learn from each other  
You and Me, a relation of this era.

(A tribute to my dear daughter on Daughters Day)

-vidi-

28-09-2008

Vidi Writes

# Zip Of Zilch

He has great appraisal for poets  
Neruda, Pushkin, Eliots'  
Kalidasa, Tagore, Keki...  
List is on and on  
Reads on and on  
Keeps a heap at store  
Displays and describes with silky talk

I wrote a few small poems  
Gave him for a read  
Reader read and silently left  
I waited for days together  
Then someone said –  
'Silence speaks louder than words, sometimes  
But not everybody listens'

Lightning struck  
I gave ear to that silence  
Tagore has written –  
'Man has in him the silence of the sea'  
Learnt to respect the silence  
Today I am happy  
Writing and reading my work.

-vidi-

28/05/2009

Vidi Writes