

Poetry Series

**Vidya Pandarinath**  
**- poems -**

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# Vidya Pandarinath()

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Interested in watching Nature and the intricate problems of Life in general.

# A Rubaiyat

A valid sim in a phone smart  
Installed Twitter, Facebook, WhatsApp  
A running data with hotspot, apart  
Wilderness were paradise enow  
.... Yep;

Vidya Pandarinath

# An Ideal

Speech worded and toned well  
Can always work a real marvel;  
Silence refrained and seasoned tough  
May ensure lofty pleasure enough;  
Both aptly alloyed proper yield,  
Perhaps the best cover- shield;  
Yet is there a weapon more -  
Prompt duty to do and adore;  
A cool wide smile for sneer  
And an eye-brow lifted leer,  
Suit the best, perhaps for fun  
And show, only Robots can run...!

?

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Looking Glass

A choice companion close and dear,  
To find oneself and confide in zest,  
In pursuit of Socratic revelation test,  
And be ready for the ensuing veer;  
Crown and tiara aging, crashed in fear,  
When provoking pride pricked like a pest;  
The lapsed reflection of Lancelot in the gest  
Caused cracks of curse in the mirror clear;  
The quest then: is it a flaw, fair or foul,  
To the perverse dotting fancy of Narcissus  
That engrosses the feeble faces to scowl  
Or be doomed eternally like Sisyphus;  
Reflections are not to rejoice or howl  
But to know the order and avoid fuss.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Beyond Existence....!

One would rather never believe  
That the uneasy cough could ever  
Communicate thoughts and relieve  
Strained emotions intense and sever  
Sprouting ill-will and bring in cordial  
Reactions all through the dual ordeal

The couple lived by, just two  
In a large full house all aloof,  
With no borne relations, but a few  
Remnants scattered beyond one roof;  
Yet they lived with liberal amity,  
Exchanging no words, harsh or flinty  
Their plain life had no whit nicks:  
Full, long four score plus years now,  
And a cool couple for decades six;  
Love pure and serene twined somehow,  
Never disabled nor mute but they spoke  
In smiles, frowns and tuned cough

The many who knew them well  
Have stories uncoloured and sane  
To relate in pieced details and spell:  
The couple was pious and humane  
Sharing all they had in good prime,  
Aiding freely all those in needy time

They spent their whole span to plod  
Among the lot, serving their cause,  
With smiles, gestures and pleasant nod  
Giving away belongings with no pause;  
Death had his reach, leaving the house  
Void of the man and his neat spouse.

Intricate are the weary ways of life -  
A centre with its surrounding, loose  
And an over-charged nucleus in strife,  
Encompassing the acute and the obtuse;  
Soul's journey along a tangent quaint

Touches the cosmic whole only at a point.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Guilt

In the deep vault of the strange castle  
Of the mind, ensconces the conscience,  
Entrusted with the task of equity-defence;  
When whims whirl in the impulsive hassle  
Of urges, allures and ill-ridden in the puzzle,  
With crude, savage and eager impatience -  
Pursue the forbidden things in vile dalliance  
And overwhelm the super -ego in the tussle;  
Faustus, for power sold his soul to the Devil,  
As Jekyll did, only to end in damnation;  
Lady Macbeth could not sweeten her hand  
And rid of the guilt which did, in awe, spill  
Invisible stigma on her hands, sans salvation,  
A fissure in the soul, beyond all reprimand....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Azaleas - The Imperial Flower

Spring morning sunshine, cool breeze blowing through my hair  
Blue sky high up, chirping birds, dancing clouds, oh..portrayed with the gloss;  
Golden light walks along the path, aroma of fresh thoughts,  
Feeling Mother Nature's Love, brought a smile to my face, I swear..!

Green lawns, tall trees and bell-shaped swaying Azalea flowers, glimmering at all;  
Splendidly scented, vibrant, velvety, sparkling..a treat to vision;  
Proudly dazzling in the terrain are the colorful blooms, with pure precision  
Go along with shade, three seasons spring, summer and fall

Deep green leaves in between dancing blooms projecting  
Overlapping rounded petals, stamens jutting out on prongs, so delicate!  
Hearty feelings full of love, gentleness, simplicity, certainly the queen of elegance  
White, red, pink, purple, orange, beautiful flowers instantly connecting

Everlasting royal beauty, I shall always cherish thee, oh..love you honestly  
Indeed treasured memories of your noble essence  
Virtuous azaleas, you made my moment special, feel the divine presence  
With optimistic, pure thoughts I choose the path of modesty

Vidya Pandarinath

# Tears And Laughter

Both by troth are hard and uneasy to control -  
Seated in the face though, one in the eyes;  
The other, undulates from the lips to despise,  
Condemn or enjoy spreading over the facial whole,  
Gliding across the cheeks, wrinkled or plump,  
Down the contour in queer giggles and shake,  
Taking out on the stocks of feelings fake;  
Or at best to enjoy, endorse, and gloat-lump;  
Just as withheld tears set gloomy clouds afloat  
And released, send forth tremors down the body  
In sobs, gasps, wry-faces and spasms unsteady;  
Onions and the laughing gas have their utility-coat;  
Agony supposed to squeeze tears, tickles laughter  
While ecstasy fills the eyes wet with tears softer...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Invincible Enticer

Death is the end of all pick -  
Real, inevitable and abrupt;  
Great fancy and undue rhetoric  
Often glared with attributes inept  
Call him a tyrant or killer  
For the bold, just an apt thriller

Some, lured, go searching for him  
While others are being sought  
By the crafty, delusive gamestar grim,  
Closely following and unawares caught;  
He needs no reason nor act smart -  
An ultimate pull, finished with a dart

Agony, whine or gloomy groan of pain,  
Cuts, pierces and blood on the rope;  
Ailments, disorders and disasters remain  
Listed ever in the grey book, sans hope;  
The bio-span begins with a puzzle - cry  
And ends with delusive indexes on faces wry

Awaking and sudorific dreams of death;  
Obsession, fear, losing possession of the dear,  
Wreck the sapless soul and stifle the breath;  
Percepts clear, and deduced thoughts not queer,  
Render existence into an innate, natural course,  
Accepted as cosmic and free from remorse.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Fret, Fury And Calm

A soft, smooth breeze can make,  
A right streamlined flame dance,  
In silent, fancied tunes, and rake  
All-around quiet objects to prance ,  
On the wall-screen, blown up in oversize

A harsh ruthless and crude gale  
Slaps down a rampant, radiant flare  
Causing gloom and disaster to ail,  
Those hopeful and comfort-seeking, in scare,  
Whom Fate is all set to traumatize

A desperate river turns agile,  
Gliding down the stiff, rocky gash ,  
Incites a blooming, beaming floral smile,  
With arched spectrum from pearly splash -  
Buoyant and blissful, beyond all surmise

A raillery -turned rant or smirk  
Works better where rebuking shouts distort;  
Even the cool nod or a smiling jerk  
May transmute a haggard, hard heart;  
Where a push is ample, hammer can jeopardize.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Prominent Paradoxes

Old memories brewed for long,  
Leaven, tending to be sour;  
Preserved, become acid strong,  
And caustic under cover

Cosy thoughts in warm brood  
Hatch into birds strange;  
Cuckoos among the crows good  
Causing havoc to the nest - range

Sly secrets buried deep  
Send forth waves of tremor;  
And without any warning beep,  
Ooze out with the lava of horror

Vaulting ambition to cross  
The margin of moulded merit  
Can incite evil crimes gross,  
Prompt and outwit the fit,

Things cherished as dear  
With craze and fervour,  
Might scorch and sear  
All blooms in the bower

Greedy pelf, unshared morsel  
And a tyrant's dismal power  
Are lost tracelessly in the waste well  
Futile at the needful hour

Vigour and braced brawn  
Often letdown a win  
While the subtle, fragility-drawn  
Finds the Fortune wheel spin.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The True Elixir

Blessed and charm-favoured planet is the earth,  
Unique with the blessed grandeur of water -  
The true elixir of animate, existential mirth,  
Charging and enlivening things lying in scatter,  
Along the geoid fancy line of the vast blue,  
Or the interflowing essence of all in green hue,  
And the ever-seeking forms in bones and thew

In a speaker's neat tumbler for verbose roll,  
A random sprinkle on a scared faint face,  
Or a lip-wipe for the weary, sun-beaten soul -  
Are but discreet modes of borrowed grace;  
Ablutions and all such wash are only for gain,  
To abandon or rid of the unbearable stain;  
All these, the divine liquid obliges sans disdain

Reviving Hope on the vanquished tiller's profile  
Or drenching the arid throat of fiery vale,  
Are real the beam of Heaven's benevolent smile;  
While adamant discord only leads to a fossil trail;  
Every droplet is an intense packet of boon:  
Be it the large, roaring sea or a cool lagoon,  
Receiving the showers or the drizzling bliss of June

A marvel to watch all pachyderms in game -accord,  
And rodents, sprinters, crawlers and creepers in quest,  
Of even the remnant drip on a surface hard....  
Oh..the quintessence of hold and the survival zest;  
The urge and ritual of living is a condensate -  
Vital, clear, pure, free and aye, fluent in state;  
Stop it not, nor desecrate, nor ever contaminate.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh..Lily - The Nobel Flower

Ethereal beauty, moment of sparkle  
White, yellow, orange, pink, red and purple  
Large, delicate scent, summer or winter blooming truly  
Silky refined petals, authentically a divine beauty  
Elite is my garden with your presence..oh Lily  
Seeing you blossom, good fortune really  
Priceless is the moment of pride and confidence  
Such is your charisma, Oh flower of purity and opulence  
Epitome of devotion, promise of goodness  
Simple yet momentous, enlivening one and all, explicitly innate pureness  
Truly a treat to see, feel, inspiring to be self, full of gratitude and love;  
Nurtured by the love of Mother Nature, shining like the stars above;  
Elegant, a Divine connection of Truelove..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Basking Fear

The great grand lady Fear Scruple  
Sat cringed, basking in the open air  
Now caressing her short grizzly hair  
And holding back on purpose the dribble  
Of ruffled anxiety and tremulous fit,  
As her daughter, Canny Superstition  
Seam-joined the old one as a bastion  
With all the gathered progeny gambit -  
Enough for the stable solace to split,  
With whimpering Insecurity, the fickle child;  
And beggarly Loss, the older one wild ,  
All irate and querulous with fast grit;  
Thoughts and feelings go dry and mute,  
Dissolving all in the name of Fate;  
While inane stupidity does precipitate  
Spoiling both the solvent and the solute.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The White Lilies In The Pond

Sometimes one wonders if they are proud,  
But no..! they are well poised in state,  
Waving and dancing together in breeze-rhythm nod  
In grace smiling on the green float, cognate ;  
Surfacing water birds wade through with express beak  
All around are slopes and mounds, hostile and coarse -  
A solace -bowl of retreat and seclusion to seek  
And commune with ease, the long restrained remorse,  
The modest bashful lilies do make any such  
Elated, downcast, vigorous or the feeble, indeed gain much.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Liberty

## (A Sonnet)

A great propriety of infinite value,  
Most sought for by one and all,  
Hard, soft, bright, dull, big or small,  
Is Liberty, Nature's gift divine and due;  
Men of power, thought and seekers anew,  
Have carved, garbed and decked it tall  
In feminine form, and manifesto scroll  
Have encased in acts and embossed in gold hue;  
Yet Just Equity and feelings are blasted often  
By self-centred and desperate zealots cold,  
While the breath and bearing form the essence  
Of prime freedom in all acts that soften  
The hard grimace and hold the divine mould  
Of Creation, monitored within Nature's fence.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Monolithic Menhir

Segmented and enclosed with greenery all around  
Except the top stands the serene rock,  
Large, brown, solid and all alone  
In that some what coarse, hard-bound  
Oval tract with a little or no livestock;  
Being an aged entity is firm and stern,  
Messaging to all posterity with concern

Tracking trekkers perchance encounter  
The secluded plot and its strange charm  
And bring out their intrinsic pleasure  
In snapshots, for 'memoirs' of a place-hunter,  
To generate a feeling -cozy and warm  
With a flash-back of past adventure-measure;  
An activist and his friend artist sought  
And found their way into the hamlet spot

Each spell-bound, had his own wild whim:  
The one gave a touch of photomontage  
Showing the virtual heaven of the covetous place;  
The other designed a task, hard and trim  
To cut and carve out cascades down the footage,  
For all seekers to crave for some dominant grace,  
And causing men and money to flow for good  
While the decadent, wounded, menhir weeping stood,  
Seeming all through, puzzled over its being and stance...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Tree Of Nobility

Nobility- tree grows straight and tall  
Yet with sheltering foliage green  
Branching out at the top clean,  
Into Trust and Goodness for all

With worthy choice and out of season  
Buds of essence and virtue embellish,  
Shaping into fruits of great relish,  
Which nourish the crest -fallen, needing reason

Words distilled and gestures of amity  
Form miracles effecting the intrinsic bond  
Among all the diverse lot - averse or fond;  
And for sure it never needs any whit pity.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Stray Little Mouse

Peering out with his shining snout  
And uneven bristles projecting outward  
The little mouse was just reluctant  
To move out and venture the instant; ;  
He was not impulsive nor a coward,  
Yet he always had his own doubt:  
May be there was a Tom there about....?

Assuring himself of all safety  
He sneaked out and gaining confidence  
Jumped on to a long idle table;  
In his next feats gripped a lean cable,  
And using his natal skill and prudence  
Reached a well positioned jack fruit hefty  
Yes...there was something delicious and plenty..!

With a ritual like close circling run,  
Round the tempting target, came the resolution  
To fix the locale of the surgical burrow;  
Unable to gnaw he did whimper in sorrow,  
Having tried every bit and all devolution;  
Kicking the hard, spiked fruit he did shun,  
Grumbling: the selfish bipeds have all this done

Preparing himself for searches new, and jump down,  
Found the spacious hall had everything, yet nothing;  
Feeling lonely, lost, ruffled and reckless a little  
Had the fond urge at least to prove his mettle;  
Facing the ever lazy, over-doted Tom gloating  
With eyes closed, which when opened with a frown,  
Squealing he retreated, seeing the trimmed paw drawn.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Exorcist..!

In the chosen corner of seclusion  
Chanting resonant incantations in reclusion  
Mincing the red calcified turmeric  
With her left hand uttering words of magic  
The sorceress sprayed a fistful  
On the possessed girl who sat in a pose wistful;  
Smoke rose like a spirit and diffused leeward  
Changing shapes and symbols wayward  
Over the head of the helpless victim,  
Commanded to keep up the posture prim;  
Shining sweat gathered on the former's face  
Laced with red and patterned ash trace;  
With a stiff body and a louder scream  
And a swathful of branches of neem  
She patted flat on the other's head,  
And sprinkled powders white and red;  
While the latter begin to swing,  
As if controlled by the spirit on the wing  
And stopped stiffly as the other did flick  
Her body with a crooked snake-like stick  
Uttering eerie words with a horrible sound,  
As others stood in reverence, and spell-bound;  
The powered one instantly sprang  
And wrenching, danced wildly and wrang;  
The timid onlookers were awed and cowed,  
Helplessly baffled at the screech loud;  
The old magician swiped her back  
Bringing off a scorpion, big and black  
Which evidently had stung her with venom pack;  
Wriggling, yelping, she rolled on the ground  
Her hands and legs turning on pivot round;  
The rest were gasping, bewildered and shocked  
With her subject like an exorcised spirit  
Neared her to pacify with words albeit  
A little kid, hardly a lad, in playful mood  
Darted across and with neat fingers two,  
Held the fierce intruder by tail without ado;  
He enjoyed it with an open mouthed grin  
And waved his little body with a victor's win;

Concern made the anxiety-favoured few,  
Rush the convulsing hag for treatment due.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Spring...The Season Of Rejuvenation, Renewal, Refreshment

My favourite season spring is here  
With equal length of day and night..!  
Nature is so pleasant, cool, bright and all clear -  
All in all on the planet looks delightful and light..!

My heart full of hopes, hearing the birds twittering  
Buzzing bees, butterflies merry and the coo of the cuckoo  
Smell of the soil, green grass and the blue sky glittering..!  
Truly the season of festivals, happiness, marvel can do..!

Sorrows vanish with the moment of the murmur of stream,  
Feel fairly confident at the blooming daffodils and the rose  
Carnations, lilies, crocus, tulips....feels like a colourful dream  
Trees full of new leaves, are the signs optimistic  
Nature full of aroma, greets the spring with a juxtapose  
Of divine blessings with bestowed gifts colouristic.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Ritual Of Sacrifice

Dark ignorance causes fear  
Crystallizing spasms into credulity mere  
And such other notions blind  
Stronger than any trained mind;  
Hale reflexes get meddlesome  
And unwilling acts turn gruesome  
Pleasing the deity unknown,  
Or the evil with images blown,  
Yet projected with attributes eerie  
And assumed thoughts dreary  
The primitive sought animals easy,  
And sacrificed in a way choosy;  
The plaintive or the mute cry  
Of the dying, and the onlookers ' faces wry -  
Was the scenario of the ritual  
With offerer's access to claim mutual;  
Vain attempt to turn the wheel of fortune  
Hoping to render the remedy opportune..!  
A morbid chill down the spine  
Moves strainingly to think off the line:  
If all big cats and the wild lot  
As in the ' Animal Farm ' thought,  
Or believed in such an odd blessing grace,  
For offering oblation with menace,  
From the world of victuals and fodder,  
And of their own choice broader.....! ?  
A disabled tiger doth into a man-eater turn;  
Anarchy everywhere would in horror burn,  
Scattering the finesse of Nature's Order  
Urging wickedness to play beyond the border.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Good And The Evil

Of the likes and aversion,  
The impact of the latter's incursion  
Though a minor faction and self gained  
Grows intenser and strained  
Ensuing dissent and retort;  
There was a parley - dialogue sort  
Between the twain, the promoter mild  
And the other, the dissenter wild;  
The soft one found the good spill  
As the obverse of every thing evil;  
And so there is no need to dole.  
The wild one refuted on the whole:  
The surmised right cannot be true  
For the deemed wrong in lieu;  
While the one seems to pay a gain,  
The other clings to stay aye with pain;  
Tolerance is not forgiving  
Cowardice thrusts the being  
To manifest a shameful retreat,  
And if larger, a submissive defeat.

The poised ruler declares firm:  
All brawl, beat, blaze and blast  
Cause havoc and victory aghast;  
The prowess in Herculean task- pack  
Or the burden of globe on Atlas's back  
Were the outcome of feats penal,  
Perpetuating all goodness, nominal;  
The paradox of values antithetical,  
With changed space, grows hypothetical.

Vidya Pandarinath

# King Vikram And Betaal

Super Ego , the dodging corpus spirit  
Of the mind - an ancient tree,  
Contrives to be evasive and free  
From the bearing active shoulder , to quit  
Escape and resume hanging upside down,  
Always to perpetuate and foil  
The inner turmoil , task and toil  
On purpose, of the ruling crown  
Committed to conscience rational and strong;  
The ego puts in efforts invincible  
Though is occult horror evincible;  
With patience all dictates doth prolong  
And conclude with judgments just:  
Firm is the spirit of the dead  
And formal goes the corporeal head:  
Both foster Equity in unison most,  
For all that the ethical values stand;  
The dead world is not lost to ignore  
Nor does the extant complement adore;  
May it be Hades, Heaven or the mid-land.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Little Lena And The Cockroach

Lena, thumb sucking, was disturbed a little  
To see a cockroach, extra -long  
Waving its antenna, super and strong  
Surveying the ambience on its mettle,  
Had set out to perform some feat tall,  
Somewhere in that grandiose ceremonial hall

Gripping on the left, the stuffed pampering pup  
And with concern and eyes wide open,  
She watched the brown troubler on the run,  
Presently land on a sideboard - laid cup;  
Thrilled, the little one watched in awe  
As the fond creature proceeded with random gnaw

Now the move was faster and decisive;  
From the rail top into the cauldron,  
Least sensing the fire that kept boiling on;  
Returning from a diverting call the chef pensive,  
Went on to finish the large tray of fries:  
The sad little girl sent out her plaintive cries

Reluctantly putting out her dear thumb  
Waved her hand with an alarming shout;  
The old one only thought with no doubt,  
He was greeted, while the fact remained dumb;  
She left running to her mother to know  
About what she believed to be a suicide bow.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Mosquito Nightmare

It was a dozer's strange dream -  
Yet vivid and formal in each detail  
Images of the scenario stream  
Began with a droning hail

And turned and grew into a hum-waft  
As a huge venturesome mosquito,  
Circling, hovering like a winged craft,  
Finally closed in and muttered low

As it landed on the soft arm,  
Reflexes ordered defensive withdrawal;  
Duly sensing the imminent harm,  
The twin hand launched a slap-brawl;

The cunning invader eluded aloft  
And was lost in the spacious room;  
Smug victory lulled disturbance to sleep soft  
In the glad, glade of the enclosing gloom

Yet again was there an attack silent;  
Dark lid-less eyes stared into the face  
As the pipe-like proboscis was bent,  
The twins sent an alternate slap-trace

Oh..! scandalized was the poor little sibling  
Who had on behest, tried to awaken;  
She still now remembers with a sting  
The favour of a wake-up task, mistaken.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Sensors To Commune

Implied symbols, signs and figures  
Drive the thoughts to reason  
Ruffling the latent vigours  
Within to settle and season

Things glittering and bright,  
Chromatic and gathered well  
Are comely and infuse delight  
While decorous crystal ideas do jell

Noise formed in rhythmic beat  
Unison and in order does often  
Touch the soul -the intense seat  
And disturb hardness tends to soften

Mingled cuisine sour, sweet and hot  
Drench the tongue insipid and dull  
While saline pinch waves the pot  
To appease the palate and belly in full

The rival foes cold and heat  
Harnessed proper and on time  
Make the soft, cordial touch greet  
With cosy, sedative feelings prime

The jutting meddlesome proud nose  
Receiving aroma, odour and fragrance,  
Besides lending fancied charm to pose,  
Makes the haughty bearer trot and prance

These innate gifts are sensors great,  
Promoters of social and natural commune:  
Need all hold and modes to regulate  
And all dead impervious wraps to prune.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Amrapali - The Arahant

Boarding a palanquin, it was her choice  
To be carried through the grove  
And the busy streets full of row;  
Slackened and remote became the noise;  
Now she stood on the outskirts of Vaishali  
Facing a single rotunda peaceful and pally

The Buddha in trance, poised like a holy statue  
The saucy dancer beaming out her unique charm  
Stalked in composed gestures and stood in form  
Before the enlightened master in hallowed view;  
With folded hands and palms clutched, bowed  
More in reverence than in hospitality she owed

With futile rhythmic movements and mudra drill  
She did all she could to entice and hold  
And even ventured to be redundantly bold;  
Yet with all her best, she felt lost and shoved  
And the Enlightened paragon blessed the defeat  
As the vanquished knelt and touched his feet

Gracing her palace, he sipped only the gruel  
And heard her narrate her data -natal:  
From the mango-grove to be the city bride fatal;  
Inciting killing and battle by the Magadha, cruel;  
'Destroy, Greed, Hatred and the infinite Delusion:  
'The Eight-fold path attains Nirvana, the conclusion '.

As he left, the covetous parvenu bloomed anew,  
Bequeathed all she held - riches and their source;  
Sans wants, draped herself even in clothes coarse;  
With every moment passed, she enlightened grew;  
Great indeed is the renunciation way of life:  
To achieve Nirvana discarding all mundane strife...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Shiva -The Protector Of Universe

Divine protector, the supreme god of scrupulous rightfulness,  
Adorning crescent moon on his head as an ornament, shine in the  
darkness

Holy Ganga flowing from his heap of matted hair, eternal feeling of  
piousness

Represent goodness, benevolence, righteousness

Master of time, consciousness and energy

Acknowledged by copious names and appellation, all expertly

Exemplifying His quality of self-sacrifice, inspire every

Innumerable forms and appearance, capricious, furious, amiable and  
generous

Epitome of calmness, Lord of simplicity, cosmic dancer, symbolising pureness

Power of desire, implementation, knowledge, my lord Your faithfulness

Removing ignorance, filling the power of wisdom, mercy and forgiveness

Opens His Third Eye to wipe out immorality and reinstate goodness

Oh.. my beloved God, destroyer of vicious

Blessing me to be happy with whatever I get, the moment very propitious

Guiding me to be fearless in life, passing wisdom to others, surely being  
ambitious

Let go the self-pride, illusions of this world, so fictitious!

Oh..my Divinity, pray to get your love, since as I am your creation

Lead me to light from murky ignorance in life, chaos and confusion

At times of hardship to make better resolution

Never shall, prostrate oneself in front of unrighteous persecution

Oh..my lord bless me to be calm and composed , without a sense of  
misconception

I am your favourite daughter, lead me to your knowledge with absolute  
perfection

Face any problems, with a vision of perception

Without apprehensions, connected with eternal Nature, truly prized  
possession

Realize true Love is equal respect, timeless and consistency  
Worldly possession renounced by concentration, innovative brilliance  
Real happiness is to accept probabilities of existence  
Speak out against injustice, ascertain ultimate reality of life's insistence

Vidya Pandarinath

# Woman

Since He found man -His Creation,  
Incomplete, diffident and aye in tension,  
Mother Nature intervened and framed  
A perfect, comprehensive doll named  
Woman, with a large emotive bearing,  
Disguised as her specific style -raring;  
Truly she can play her multiple roles,  
Far beyond the erudite purview of mobile souls:  
A family -nucleus, a creative home-maker,  
A future frame and caressing care-taker....  
For all the modest yet noblest bestowal,  
Glory be to God for the complement - pal..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Royal Stag

A long -legged, shinning -bodied stag  
With imposing antlers did trot  
Gently and negligently to near the pond;  
It was not a casual but a deliberate bond  
Betwixt the urging thirst and the spot  
But Oh! there was a lapse and a lag...

A lonely wicked and puny sly - fox  
Bit into the gazelle's left thigh,  
Urged not by hunger, but by instinct;  
Escape was possible - it was distinct;  
Futile were the intricate horns held high  
And useless were the powerful hocks

It was an indecent, vicious canine grip,  
And the gullible creature palsied fell  
Within the least fractions of the ill - time;  
Deep went the bite and the victim prime,  
Yielded to the unequal as if under spell;  
Petty cruelty caused the harmless beauty to trip!

Alive still remains the righteous quest:  
The pard, the tiger or lion, the big cat  
Would pounce, catch and instantly kill,  
Not tormenting while the prey stays still  
With the head- load, defenceless as it sat;  
Are Nature's gifts only to pose them best..?

Vidya Pandarinath

# Sweety And Granny

Indeed they both are saliently alike  
In look and in gestures more;  
One is old by long hike  
Of years, a half and four score,  
The other, by days just as many

One is laden with the living game,  
The other is a novice and callow:  
The toothless smiles are the same -  
But one is wrinkled and hollow  
The other, a dimpled full bloom

Little sweetie cannot choose,  
And is fed on honey and lacto-cool;  
Granny's freedom has no use:  
Since she cannot chew and drool  
Oddly they drivel alike on occasion

One stretches an intimate arm  
To reach the thoughts and feelings fit;  
While to grasp the things warm,  
Opens the soft little clenched fist;  
The mini halo encompasses the withered charm

Laden sap-less with a heavy back,  
Unlike the little tender and unstable one,  
The contented accomplisher is lost and slack,  
And the rosy, chubby cradler awaits fun:  
Each is at the extreme of the Line.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Quietude....!

Shores are never silent;  
They may change the din,  
If the waves are not violent,  
Into a discordant spin  
And ease the infinite blue stress,  
Of the unsteady thoughts that rove,  
Hover, haunt, flaunt and digress  
In vain, unlike a riverine flow....

Deep though the waters glide,  
Seeking a course and end  
Drenching and quenching on either side  
And in falls music and beauty blend  
Sweetness and order stay back  
In quietude and purpose set;  
Salty roars and moves lack,  
Often, the essence of bearing outlet.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Endless Needs

A slaking glass of water for the thirsty  
Is the radical essence of survival;  
But for the drowning loser, a travesty  
Of complex human needs and wants rival

Fire unduly ignited, can scorch and char  
As it may enliven, warm-up and comfort;  
A hungry morsel that feeds, by far  
Sates better than a feast of grand sort

A desired toy for a craving child  
Means infinite pleasure to possess,  
As the grown-up are lost in the wild,  
Pursuing impulsive wants which obsess

The Space is remote and infinite at large;  
While Sanity holds back and asks to bar,  
Diffused vain pursuits get lost in the surge;  
The inner dictator, if well-taught, will mar;

How eerie and endless are human needs  
Every fulfilled one, a new one breeds.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Curator

Memory is a massive museum-mansion  
And the mind is its reluctant curator,  
Classing and preserving with apprehension;  
And if well designated, is a master porter

Harmony, percepts and senses delicate,  
And thaws tactile, slurred or smothered,  
Simmer down into the deducing predicate:  
Even those which, pricked, or never bothered.

A caretaker, well-trained and disciplined hard,  
Might turn into a great prompter of ease  
Guiding, dictating to avoid, skip and discard  
All that is profane, yet misleads to please.

All those for whom life is a set game -  
Much matters if it is one of dice  
Or of chess, since either chance -frame  
Or choice, deduces the result to rejoice.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Guru

He turned cruel and savage  
Because of his prejudiced preceptor  
Who drove him into the world of ravage  
Ruthless impenitent, maiming - collector,  
To wear the trophy of a finger wreath  
And panic all on the highway or heath

A committed enthusiast mastered archery well,  
Though the royal trainer denied to impart knowledge,  
The former chose him for a mind-set model,  
And lost his thumb for the fee-pledge;  
Despite being an achiever, self-styled  
Knelt before the latter, all lost, deprived and beguiled

An epic hero true to his word and dedication  
Was vanquished and killed by the curse  
Of a self-centered tutor and his predication  
Withdrawing all power and learning, to turn adverse  
And for all this the reverent yield,  
Futile turned his prowess and the divine shield

Finders and inventors do venture hard  
On the seas or deep down the dark mine,  
Seeking the bright gems and stones to be starred  
Or proclaimed as possession great and fine;  
Yet what they find or gain is all abstract  
Since, changing hands, things reach the eventual tract

Those who dive into the depths of the main  
In quest of the riches and lustrous pearls  
Cull with greed and amazement, but in vain;  
Escaping the reach of aquatic beasts and whirls,  
Bring in only baubles to exchange  
With various other articles of motley range

A choosy task-master can only charge  
The latent facet with labour or stoic deal

And the real search remains endless, at large;  
True Guru's like the Buddha do heal  
The soul-wounds of the crest-fallen and forlorn  
With Elixir-like preachings of enlightenment: a paragon..!

May the sacred tradition of imparting Learning  
Abound in such Great Masters timely returning.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Cat - Mind..!

Unlike all her cousins, the cat  
Belongs to a complex dual world  
Of wilderness and the formal theocrat;  
Untamed, the evil is unfurled  
In nocturnal darkness wild,  
All let loose, wantonly, to wander  
And in memoirs to get piled,  
Or prowl about craze and plunder.

Yet the brightness of the day  
Makes her mild and sober  
Evincing the dubious conscientious way  
To recoup with apt, noble labour;  
Composed, musing in sly seeming sleep  
With closed eyes and curled up body,  
She ruffles the cravings rooted deep,  
But gets the mould of righteous trait set ready.

Though a miniature descendant  
Of the leonine-tigris and savage lot,  
Feels homely with bipeds as a pet-dependant  
Balancing the 'fair and the unfair' in a pot.  
Hear a violent roar of the terror - creed:  
Truly, a communing mew is better indeed..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Curious Cat..!

Curiosity brought a meddlesome cat  
Stealing into a ramp - walk show;  
Lazy and content, she curled up and sat  
Yawning and watching all movements and glow

The select watchers gathered in full pack  
And the judges adorned the smug row;  
Tunes were played to keep the back;  
'What was on?', the intruder wanted to know

As she felt drowsy, dull and stale  
Came out frail dames in deliberate outfit,  
Pacing down the proudly lit trail,  
Heels on point and flank in flit

The onlooking gazer felt amused now,  
At the echoing claps and clamours tall;  
She could make out and sense somehow,  
The puffed up glamour in that strange hall

Crestfallen, the quadruped neared the casement,  
With the lost, last look at the alien scene;  
Sad and sarcastic, she rushed to the basement  
Thinking how different human form would have been..!  
Considering the fact that things mimetic  
Are better fostered than the bearing, pragmatic.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Flag Of Love...!

Despite all verbose attributes vast,  
Mused, figured and enacted a lot,  
It still remains famished and distraught  
While on the victim a weird spell is cast.

Minstrels and wanderers in Parnassus tract,  
Keep over-claiming and make a fuss all over,  
Seeking the unreal with senses, on ivory tower  
And in their own chosen Utopia of artefact

Latent and lost in crust like diamonds, is love  
Which is culled, shaped and polished with care  
And then it radiates the glow of feeling fair,  
With spectral dispersion of empathic know-how

Distance secures and fosters the lofty feel;  
While the stigma of obsession and possessive ego,  
Like hemlock paralyse and stifle the amigo  
Hurting deep and leaving naught to heal

Just as a gem set in proper design,  
Befits and wins over the associate outfit  
Love has its elite bearing and needs to admit  
Along, concern and regard to fly the amity ensign.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Escapism..!

In a frenzied fit  
A drunken sot squealed wild:  
'The world is so small  
'Just turn around after all  
'And you are beguiled....'  
He fell into a close by pit,  
Ecstatic, yet foiled  
To find that sleep  
Was due to him now

In his own trance  
He kept his smile -  
A blind, empty glance  
As if on him, the while  
Revelation did dawn  
To transmute the being

If none sought him  
He would still be there  
To be in line and prim,  
And drivel and grin  
As if the world is his win..!  
Often one finds in surprise  
How infinite is compromise...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Saint Valentine's Day

Three cheers for Love this day  
In memory of Valentine, the martyr  
Love is not a game of any satyr,  
Nor a cliché-pattern for a damsel brought to bay

The senses choose to imprint  
What the inner mind sets as norms;  
May there be divers picks and forms  
The soul passes love with a stint

To possess and hold for ever,  
Or to enamel with words and poise,  
Manifested riches and choice toys  
Is alluring in selfish fervour and fever

A moment is rendered immortal  
And all 'self' is condensed into live-hold  
While true love, in candid mould,  
Neatly steps out of the cordial portal.

Vidya Pandarinath

# A Silver-Case For Altruism

A fair mind caged in sanity ,

Disciplined and trained by conscience,

Seeks only the righteous humanity;

Has all the graceful nobility hence;

True it is that in a heath, a good seed,

And and a bad one in a rich land,

Are but the worthless and wan weed.

Oh! the cordial chain of human hand..!

Genuine fellow feeling does generate

A charismatic aura around one and all

Prompting perceptive good-will to venerate;

Pomp and prodigy within real import fall.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Red Rose..!

Of all Flora's vast spectral domain-  
Briar's, bells, blow and bloom strain  
The Red rose is the prime choice  
Be it an infant's chubby face nice:  
Or Love's fancy lips and cheeks new  
It is the real freshness and fast a hue  
Burns with no harm culled it for his love  
An immortal simile for pleasure all above!  
Now is an implicit token -- a billet- doux somehow

For his valentine in the mid of second month due  
Master Goatee and Mr Balding and his lot  
And even grand old Grizzly Grey Pot -  
All seek it desperately at all cost  
Poor lovely thing to be so martyred and lost!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Drunken Revelation

Back to senses the sot  
Muttered stretching at the glass  
'Forgot the draught oh..! '

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Cat And The Mice

Once a curious cat  
Saw a mouse couple run  
All round for fun

The puff fur fat  
And the provision for more  
Made him ignore

Not long before  
Was there a litter large  
With a shocking charge

'Well I did not do  
'What was fit and due '  
Snarled he a mew  
A trimmed thread

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Needle And The Thread

A trimmed thread  
Got through the needle eye  
Patched up the shred

The cute baby doll  
Slipped into it and gained  
Ninu's favour stall

The proud girl thought  
The world is not too big  
If all is well wrought..A haiku poem

Back to senses the sot  
Muttered stretching at the glass  
'Forgot the draught alas..! '

Vidya Pandarinath

# Why Love..?

Love is not any give away music  
To be fascinating, atonal, programmed illusion

Love is not any verse forgotten  
To be forsaken, passing thoughts in mind so often

Love is not any sudden fancy  
To be a verity of act, devoted, quite chancy

Love is not any unproven fact  
To be ascertained by a specific pact

Love is not any game  
To be played for the sake of superfluous name

Love is not any mystery  
To be acquired knowing detail history

Love is not any disguised pride  
To be realized at the moment set aside

Love is not any play to hurt by revenge  
To be analysed by avenge

Love is not any rule of thoughts  
To be emoted when sought

Love is not any selfish ego  
To be set off, to go

Love is not any constrained connection  
To be full of optimization, restrictions, lacking affection

Love is not any promise of time being  
To be forsaken, broken on disagreeing

Love is not any right to surpass  
To be held and gone as time pass

Love is not any dirty bargain  
To be purchased in market for fair margin

Love is not any reason of feelings  
To be felt without a bit of concealing

Love is not any secret knowledge  
To be accessed by intellectual courage, true acknowledge

Vidya Pandarinath

# Ambition

Though amusing and absurd it seems

Ambition is but best fulfilled in dreams -

Wild, wicked, fair and square - all alike,

Float on high, light clouds and strike

The abstract note on the zenith top,

Never reached but is sure to flop

And the excited unreaching, unreal mind,

Falls down into the baffling bottomless find,

Like the slackened echoes from a distant valley;

And the darkening beams from the rally

Fade like remote reflections from the sky,

Covering all with russet patch and golden dye;

Movements and efforts helpless as of palsy struck;

All incite the raging, floating seeker to duck -

Down into the dismal, disturbing and delusive wake,

Gasping, lip-licking and seeking the aqua-slake....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Divine Wand..!

Fresh and new

Drops of dew -

Spray of spectra

So variously, extra

Form countless beads,

Sampling Nature's deeds;

Far beyond thoughts

Scattered in lots;

Truly is wonder

Manifest even asunder

In all bent-bunches

Gathered in hunches;

Everyone and all

God's gifted scrawl

Be a charged grain

Or Life's multi-strain

Things petty or grand

Do well-formed stand

Oh..! infinite indeed

Is His Creative -heed..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# A New Year To Come....!

Sabre-blizzard here and the cold- wave somewhere,  
Quakes, flood, fire elsewhere and the microbial scare;  
Greater falls and stumbles than one could withstand,  
Did the space of Time in the mind brand;  
Sweet thoughts and friendly words rattled  
All through as Fear and Uncertainty settled  
In the curtailed mode of free-will and move;  
Things went wrong and even the sane did rove  
Within the walls and the bounded track;  
Rudeness seems to set in, the primitive life back;  
What else could a masked face feel or mean  
when: 'avoid, escape and be ever keen '  
' To wash away from everything - 'were the agenda  
Which rendered the social-animal into a tree-panda...?  
So harsh and cruel was the parting year:  
Ticking grows tense as the hour gets near...  
Janus is looking on, but not far beyond;  
His back eyes over look the grave mound  
And those viewing the imminent typhoon  
Alarm the stretch to reinforce and get ready soon;

The battle of life is not truly lost until

The rationale of Death be traced, in the kill.

Vidya Pandarinath

# A Winter Solstice Night

The deep -dark, rough blanket of the night

Covers the world over, rigid and tight

With chill outside this room compact;

Closed and withdrawn senses intact,

Choosing to set into a frozen state,

And gain the cosy sleep though not late;

A little away the salient, orchestra bawl -

Of the frogs, cricket sand the restless owl -

Charges the nearby pond and all around,

With a strange blend of pain, vein and sound;

All reluctant restraint turns futile indeed

And the unbeaten quacks and croaks, the hoot-heed

Supplant the tired sleep and goad the fancy

To gallop across the unseen land of portent chancy;

One often wonders why cold gloom and weird muse

Obsess the sane, hale mind and confuse

The mass of fear, loss and the harm covert

Lies amidst the cold darkness and the defence, curt..! ?

□



# Struggle, Reward And The Destiny (The Bhagavad Gita)

The sight of the army of all kindred,  
The imminent cause and effect of the war,  
Made him bring down his Prize bow  
And withdraw, in penitence from his vow  
To smite the Kurus and avenge on par  
With the humiliations and incessant ill-will bred.

The Divine charioteer delivered the interlocutory mass  
Of revelations to Arjuna, the retracting warrior:  
&quot;Do your duty, I am the reward dispenser&quot;;  
&quot;When the mundane crimes and sins grow intenser&quot;;  
&quot;To protect the righteous and punish the evil -carrier&quot;;  
&quot; I Incarnate in every Epoch, to restore the religious loss&quot;;

&quot;Birth, Death and Rebirth a cycle make &quot;;  
&quot;Inevitable is death to the one that is born &quot;;  
&quot;Death for the Living, only Liberates the Soul &quot;;  
&quot;Sensuous, the elite and the spiritual on the whole&quot;;  
&quot;Sufferings or success are the outfit which never adorn&quot;;  
&quot;Any claims to ratify or rectify the Destiny-stake &quot;.

In one of the three ways -Work, Knowledge or Devotion -  
Work implies duty without contemplating reward,  
Knowledge is getting to know the Cosmic reality  
About Creation of all things great and of triviality -  
Choosing any of these pursuits, disciplined and hard,  
Everyone can seek for one's Soul, the Salvation.

**\*\*Note:** The BhagavadGita forms part of The Mahabharata, Indian Authentic Epic in which Lord Krishna admonishes Arjuna (The third son of Kunti) on the issue of waging war against the kith and kin (Kurus were the kauravas, sons of Dhritarashtra and Pandavas were the sons of Pandu, Dhritarashtra's brother, Hence being cousins they formed the kith and kin including the elderly people and the common teacher Dronacharya) .  
Kunti was the first wife of Pandu. In the preachings of Lord Krishna, one finds relevance to Life in all Ages.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Saree..A Woman's Charm Drape

Flowers in a bouquet draped and covered

Find a conquering sweet charm

With irresistible feelings warm,

Cosy and inspiring, ethnic powered,

Beauty lies in concealing the facets salient

And this perhaps is best done

Even with lent make-ups none

With well designed and woven sarees radiant:

Colours, texture and interwoven lace

Motifs and features sure to attract

The mind and strong composure to distract -

All scenes real or in play instance and trace

Movements slow and fast bloom in drape - style;

All hypo and hyper feelings profuse

Flow in to please and sanctity: to infuse

No care nor deliberation, yet Grace all the while;

Folds, crease and the hanging end

Indeed a method in many a manner;

Spectrum from prismatic scanner;

Age-marked apparel in common blend,

For idols or dolls, brides and the slide -model,

The three -fathom long fabric does it all too well..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Butterfly Musings

The amazing world so full of life and profuse,  
So various and avid is the voracious mind,  
Fondly feeding incessantly on a peculiar kind  
Of thoughts, real, formed and framed to muse;  
Full blown-up is the over- browsed worm  
At last, seeking a grip somewhere in the nook;  
And when incited, weaving fine thread stook  
From within, a coloured shape in the cocoon to form;  
Exotic symbols and strange features big and small,  
Mincing, mixing and moulding with in the surreal border;  
Finally emerges the butterfly -thought in order -  
Stimulating and simulating feelings of warmth and gall  
Hostile thoughts and obtuse feelings of sloth  
May yet bring out even a dull, morbid moth.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Florist

She would always at the threshold sit  
And truly I never missed her  
On any of my regular temple visit;  
With native content and warm offer,  
Of wreaths, garlands and floral  
Basket for the devotees to buy,  
As pleasing was she with her oral  
Talent as with the dexterous tie;  
Poorly dressed, yet impressive in bearing,  
Ever mindless of the business or profit,  
She attended on all and many caring;  
While other sellers muttered a bit;  
Dropping the tendered cash in a box bland,  
She quickly proceeded cordially to me a sure  
A profuse length of well wreathed garland  
And with good-will and blown-up pleasure.  
As fair things happen unforeseen  
She ran in to me off her usual place;  
In full breath and voice she was keen  
To break the news of her wedding grace;  
The man was now by her side  
And they were leaving for a distant land  
And he promised to be with her far and wide;  
Happy and impressed as ever with the stand,  
I pulled out a handful of currency notes,  
Refraining me with tearful glittering eyes  
&quot;Only your wishes madam, and memory quotes&quot;  
She said, in a sincere, full heavy voice  
Waving the hands, they vanished in to the crowd;  
Like the full strange thoughts that glide  
Leaving me behind forever to ponder a loud  
In recollections as the positive surprises slide.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Apprehensions

Inclined looks often are erroneous and deceptive,

Prompting thoughts and deductions that are dogmatic;

Unless the Inner Eye is just and perceptive

Enough to decipher and presume as being pragmatic;

A flower, a tiger or a distant steep cliff

Feel more to the view of the bare eyes

Then they are to apprehend or otherwise

Things roll over in store with every sense and sniff

Choice view, delighting taste or a pacific touch or sound

Oh..! how and where then can the Truth be found..?

Vidya Pandarinath

# Rain..An Enigma

A dry, husky breathless and boundless shroud  
Envelopes the tract all round the plain,  
Parching and scorching the uneasy, proud  
Fields of rich living tufts of grain;  
An eerie, evil enclosure gasps for breath  
Choking and peeling even the modest weed;  
The smiling, saviour- drizzles drag them out of death  
Infilling cheers and make them dance indeed..!  
Twittering and popping creatures hover about  
Feeling and pecking with love, the chosen lot

No one ever avoids the sporting beat  
Of amorous pairs flaunting in ecstatic content;  
Yet all hope and scope withdraws into retreat  
As the spasmodic giant bursts out of the celestial rent  
To dislodge, uproot and overthrow the poor human  
Excesses and limitless acts of greedy duplication;  
Tossed things drown, sink, float and in disorder run;  
The agnostics curse, while the believers bend in supplication;  
Perhaps impatience makes her brother- duo, Lighting and Thunder  
Often threaten the exploiting humanity to tear asunder...

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Anatomy Hall

With my dear friend of the kid -days,  
Now she is a doctor and surgeon,  
I once paid a casual visit in grace  
To the huge Anatomy hall, akin to dungeon,  
Awfully smelling of imprisoned death  
And choking the pink smiling breath.

Grinning skeletons at once on the left  
Hanging on their skull or what was head  
And all bones joined and reset along the cleft  
No ill-will, despite being in a glass -case laid;  
Yet across, was a large enclosure encircling a platform  
For all amputated ones, never a warm dorm.

Slackening, hesitant and curious steps to near  
The scatters and spread -overs with a pointer each,  
Names and labels pinned in a skew;  
Be an insider with no inhibition to reach  
And know the complex machine of life....  
Which self-recouping, puts up an endless strife.

Out of system and order, gruesome is all Creation:  
Rivers, mountains, trees or a flower in animation.



# The Lost Old Woman

You could often see her hardy

Beneath the big old banyan tree

Inclined on her side with folded body

As if she were on a feat or spree;

Only a loud human sound would raffle

Her petrified pose and make her cast

A mortal look at the intruder with her muffle;

Raising a crooked bony, complaining finger:

snivelling out sounds from her drooping lips;

Time and patience were lost to linger,

Making sense out of the prate -slips;

This was a snap common any day

For all who chose to bypass the way

And look at her fora moment's stay;

Years have gone by now -away spent

And I have sometimes in discomfort recalled

Trying to seek purpose, sense in the stigma

In her eerie seclusion and intent:

The Fall of Life, it seems is a puzzle, and enigma.



# A Virtual Eden

Wheels, engines, wings and the rocket

Have dragged Life across Time and Space

The gap is rendered well within the enclosure;

Yet are distant the stars in the infinite socket;

Newness and thrill fills the restless human race

As the sense of conquest spurs the pleasure;

Man has long back discovered the inevitable fact

That Death dwells as the soul in the body,

Sensing varied struggles and yields to taste;

Between the yester and the morrow the pact -

(Findings and possessions are but vain and gaudy) ,

Of the present is condensed and moulded in haste;

In strange forms and sizes may the colossal life stand,

Yet for sure things will end up -be lost in the Grand

New Creation of colouration, amity and order:

Would nothing ever be Forbidden with brackets

and border?

Vidya Pandarinath

# Failures

The mind just woke up after a nap,

Snarl-yawned and sat on a bale,

Composed like a cat with its tail

Close-drawn, furled to its left lap,

Easy, casual, overlooking sight,

Nothing specific to ruminate or toss

There was nothing for gain or loss,

In the fresh gentle wind and broad light.

From a remote latent, dumping recess,

Crawled out a scorpion - thought ready,

Posing a like a six -pack builder, to sting steady,

And prevail over the failures of Life- access;

Anon, the mind brought down its thumping paw

On the vying intruder and fed the prey bird

Chirping: "leave it for me and stay undeterred"

Zeal renewed, the former sat easing the awe.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Existence, A Drive

The great planet of infinite mirth  
Is this mystery and miracle filled earth,  
Wonder packed and towards resource bound,  
Hanging and moving all around,  
The wriggling Soul seeks sublimation!  
Queer charge fills with novel animation  
Everything lying about at ease;  
Wanton gentle breeze doth tease  
And caress the free locks of hair  
Pampering the senses to form and flair;  
The bitterness of cutting blizzard  
And the ravaging hurricane though hard,  
Doth vanish into the cosmic complacence;  
Cheering drizzles enliven with incense  
Every tract so long ignored or hid  
And a Divine spark kindles up the grid  
Of warmth, and cozy feeling of being  
A something for a moment in the Time, fleeing

Vidya Pandarinath

# Thinking View..!

Vision obstructing the Sky;  
Flock of colour-colour birds flying sky-high  
Eye catching a piece of scenery, merely comply  
My thoughts joining the momentary, Forever I shall glorify

Clouds showing uncertain way, a picture flick  
Moving hastily away from the blue sky, lively and quick  
Depicting to going too faraway from bright clear blue, become overcast spread  
too thick;  
Erratically, feel is it real or just deceptive impression, conjuring trick

And where the dim vision is over, the shade of present hour  
The bright stars begin their magical power  
Luminous point in the sombre sky, silvery starry flower,  
Make me feel splendid, endurance to act on one's belief, really high is the  
willpower.

Up and up the clouds inflated with pride bloat  
Where the glittering stars at night leisurely way afloat  
Darkness encircling, seems thoughts lost in this gloominess, forgot to emote..!  
Starlight saying there is no one like you, ascertain your inner power

Thence everything appears to self golden, treasured up the whole  
Deep-freeze is the wind of Love, oh... moment to extol  
Heartbeats in rhythm with the song of the thrush, inspiring thoughts just roll  
Melodious moment, unquestionable pleasing to soul

Promising are the Nebular sound, A Feeling of Contentment, serenity, and glee;  
The pictures of unusual land of dreams., a fantasy  
Intense gratitude for well-being, happiness, enlightened thoughts..vision I see  
High be the view, high be the eternal bliss, high be the reality.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Face - A Book To Read

Pride and vanity, the twins often render

The genial face into a cold, chiselled rock;

All inner goodness and the nobility stock

Goes in-effectual and is an ample offender;

Though significant and cordial, yet are unread

The feelings and gestures of a blank look,

As invalid, senseless data from an alien book,

Inane and trifling despite all efforts instead;

If the mind could exact words and gestures

Making ethical comfits of selfless thoughts and plea,

Treat on par other's common equity and glee;

Thus turn all Life's dry tracts into green pastures;

Mutual harmony and compassion enliven the dead

Both body and spirit more than all done and said.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Minu's Granny

With fair complexion and long braided hair

She was a model, tradition bound

A paragon, in all she did and found

From apparels to mantic mantra blare

Her six decades had gone away

When her amiable spouse died;

Since, draped herself in cotton, crimson dyed,

Distant, she sat citing maxims and obtuse say.

In dismay at all happenings in Nature;

Little Minu quite early came under

Her foster-care and ever clinging caress,

Intently following her in pleasure, pain and stress,

Absorbed in tales and concoctions in wonder

Till she out-grew 'granny' in size and stature

Casually, yet conventionally happened the marriage

And minu found a soft faced and cool analyst

Who, ever smiling, knew only to nod in gist  
As he did with systems, projects or barrage;  
Metamorphosed was the old soul boarding the flight;  
Waving her hand and leaving her own land,  
On a larger and strange soil she did stand,  
Baffled and nervous, across the Seas, in delight

Time -lag is made up now, and granny  
Has come out of the cocoon with changes new  
Bobbed hair, tights and tops in chosen hue,  
Bonnet, outfit and coated lips canny...!  
A colourful portrait has replaced the Sepia one,  
The happy grandchild is now amother;  
And nobody has anything to bother  
Smiling at eachother and railing at none.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Vain Pursuits

Eerie and absurd are the ways of Man,

And stranger still are his prime thoughts;

Tangling himself with the worldly knots:

His Soul- agrain threshed off from bran

He snaps the pictures of his collage -world,

Chasing invanity, lustre and spectral gadgets -

Sybarite pursuits in fits of frenzied fidgets,

Unaware of the spiritual gusto within him furled

Yethe seeks the mirage and illusive charm,

Relinquishing the profuse manna of greenery and water,

Feels febrile wading through the scorching sandy scatter;

While the yogic Restraint and ruling Conscience form the norm.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Snail And The Tortoise

The crawling snail met the idle tortoise

As it fell down a tree, large leaf

Venturing to conquer-its hanging brief,

Beyond its limit and vague choice;

Laughing loud said the latter:

&quot;You are too small for such a feat

&quot;Dream not of what you can not beat

&quot;Nor fancy you would spill and shatter&quot;

The other cocking its sensors said

'Yes I know, but how better are you

'Size apart can not better prove,

'It is the same burden that saves my head

'As you do sans any choice to move

'Wonder how the mankind manage to manoeuvre

'To hide and carry their Sin -tower

' And yet be proud and relentless in all they do! '

Vidya Pandarinath

# Riding On The Wings Of Fancy

Those who ride a Pegasus, into the wilds of Fancy,  
May get to know the spectral images motley;  
Thrilled by the gallops and giggles of the latter  
Far, across and beyond the expansive outlay,  
And procure the treasure of all virtual matter,  
Be a run-away dreamer or be master of necromancy.

Boarding a vessel or crafts, may reach,  
Land or be marooned, like the Greek Epic Legend;  
Perform little feats, fights and carry back -  
Being home-sick, exhausted and aged, towards home bend  
With the memento and trophies for their memoirs - pack,  
Away from the sought El Dorado or the Utopia beach

One may as well land in a rich valley,  
Flying on the back of Sindbad's bird,  
View, all vicious creatures and the huge, scarce lot;  
Find mellow, varied edibles in the sham orchard,

Lift and carry the riches in the dreaming plot,

And yet be longing, like Crusoe to return, and not dally.

Omni - present is the kingdom of happiness and content,

From the rocky caves to the defiant sky-scrapers towering high,

Vigorously living in, man has schemed, made and found -

And designed everything he liked to possess and ply,

In water, the sky, or up and down the ground....

And needs no vehicle, carrier or vessel of portent.

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Notes: 1) necromancy reference to Marlowe's Dr Faustus

2) Utopia - Thomas More

3) Robinson Crusoe - Daniel Defoe

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Beak Of Pride

Perhaps all human pride dwells in the nose form;

Found in itself and in its own place

It lends set identity and close charm

To the corporeal index of the face;

It leads the Being to the feel drag,

Search and class the senatorial sniff,

Besides filling the inner vital breath-bag;

It goes complexioned red and hostile stiff,

In indignant scowls and angry mould;

And more, it turns scurvy and mean

Poking itself in others ' affairs unseen, untold;

In its variety there has no one been

So large or small, extra long or short,

Flat or stubby, upturned or beaky twist,

Or whatever...., still deciding the smart

Gestures with the eyes and the lips in combo betwixt..!

Spill - beaming from the vision and the words heard or to utter

The inordinate proud Nose gets caught in the guillotine cutter.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Discordant Explorations..!

Rare, lustrous metals are traced and sought,  
Purified and shaped into desired forms;  
Sleeping gems and valued stones are caught  
In greedy hands, cut and ground to fancy-norms;  
Amiable woods are sliced, or crush-squeezed,  
And carve-wounded for log, plank and perfume;  
All such Nature-bound things are lifted and teased  
To, destruction for pleasure, treasure and power-plume;  
When The Creator retorts with wiping extremes,  
How awkward and tiny man looks in his greed:  
Scandalized, pricked and pinched out of dreams!  
How and when will he find the Balancing Creed..?  
The Power of Order and Discipline, always on guard,  
Makes good the foils, lapses and cracks of discord.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Miss Vanity And Mr Dolittle...!

Miss Flamingo Vanity and Mr.Penguin Dolittle  
Got to know each other, fair enough  
On the social network trying to grasp the nettle  
Their approach was neither ornamental nor rough,  
Yet had all the modern touch and flair  
Virtual pictures and high flying thoughts  
The ideals that they did colour and declare  
Made up the similitude of an Eden with synthetic flower -pots;  
They drove away Time and settled down  
With whims and fancies all beating wings  
Impelled the neighbouring old -couple to frown  
From behind their ajar casement in watchful strings;  
Not many days had gone before each found  
The other was hard and odd: incompatible  
So was the bonding dispatched to the burial ground;  
Away went the one with a cat walk, the other remained susceptible..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Transcendental Meditation

Shaking off the daze of sleep  
At an intruding, inward suppressed beep,  
Like a cozy, slothful, sly cat  
Poised and charging its dorsal slot compact,  
The mind leaps into the domain  
Of complex, weird and confused thoughts again:  
Scratching and biting the prey  
Pawing and thumping down all thoughts grey;  
Gliding down the memory dale,  
Tracing along the winding vale  
Into the distant lands long lost,  
Covered up with smoky haze aghast;  
Those firm, dogmatic, penitent sages went  
Renouncing and withdrawing into the sacrament;  
Chose their task, posed beneath a bower,  
In sheer trance, con-centred, grappling for power  
Holding up all cosmic, elemental prime;  
Breath, beat and sense- waves in unison- time;  
Anon, the Duo- soul and the Divine tool,  
Between them transcribe and set the Rule;  
Thus the mole with the Whole in all norm,  
Evolves its completion and doth conform.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Uncertainty..!

Mind full of questions, curious to find them;  
What? Who? When? Why? Where? ..you're from? &quot;  
Thoughts running fast without any reasoning, what be the outcome?  
Emotions lost in the fear, of time to come

Certainly its the outburst of nature, unless stopped, it will be again and again  
Mother Nature's freebies so priceless, her unconditional Love, care totally  
misused, then and now;  
Avaricious man, has damaged the nature's resources, surely  
immeasurable pain  
Lesson to mankind to respect, safeguard; not to take for granted only for  
lucrative gain

Its Nature time, now human being needs to payback, account for credibility  
Nature reserve utilized rashly, never learned responsibility  
Money nor position can save from this invisible virus; affecting tranquility  
Fate in future existences, depends moral accountability

Uneasy feeling of new outcomes so horrendous  
Change of life, modified version of lifestyle, very extensive  
Fill with fright to avoid the risk of, dreadful and senseless  
State of being well of body and mind is utmost momentous

Sense of realism, materialist luxurious are for the time being

Learned to regard things in their true nature, dealing with them as they are; oh  
face-to-face

This gloomy clouds of fear, uncertainty shall also pass by Divinity's grace

Silver lining...., Antidote will come soon, in this novel race

Unexpected situation shall end with new terms, now time for self brace

Adjusting to new conditions, starting life a fresh, rise in a happy place

Darkness shall vanish; we will thrive again, with a stronger faith embrace

Yes; by all means with more regard towards all living beings..!

Vidya Pandarinath

## " Trina " , The Grass

Even in tiny things is manifest,  
The Creator's intent and design best:  
Perfection in oddity and stray,  
Parting the night from the day;  
Among the omniferous creations gross  
Lies the trifling cute little grass,  
Token of veneration and regard  
Showering incantatory submission to Lord  
Small, yet great is the swinging thing  
Fine and fresh concurs with the ding  
Of the holy chimes and sublime trance!  
Sages ' and tantrics'lofty resonance;  
The complete touch to scripted oblation,  
Ritual, and all Soul-felt elation!  
And yet it can feed the cattle too  
If they relish and choose so to do.....

Vidya Pandarinath

# Srikrishna..Divinity Of Love..!

Oh Divinity of Love, truth, harmony;  
Eighth descent of Vishnu's incarnation  
on the earth, purposely  
Depicting as a God-child playing along Cows and Calves..heartily  
Yashomati maiya's dearest child is fond of butter, sweet innocence, cheerfully  
Playinghiscelestiaflutethegodlymelodyof  
DivineLover,certainly  
Beautiful delicate peacock-feather on his crown, the  
divine ornament..shimmering so perfectly

Magical song to rejoice, dancing to the tune of Divinity  
The creator of cosmos the supreme Divine Being..feel the pure affinity  
Always arrives to protect his devotees at times of hardship instantly  
Just chanting his Name with pure intention all  
difficulties are gone minutely  
Renunciation of self-pride and dedication  
with utmost faith, ambitiously  
All unfavorable times of life resolved in  
minutes explicitly

Strong belief in You my holy, whenever there is decline of  
righteousness  
Youmy God yourself will come to earth to enlighten,  
eradicating evil through His graciousness  
Goodness reinstated, faith winning over uncertainty with  
cosmic consciousness  
Disciplined mind free from desires, possessions sheer pricelessness  
Pure Love without any attachment or expectation is the precious  
gift of holiness

The Divine song, uttered by my beloved Lord  
Heavenly perception, realize the peace, gentleness, supreme  
bliss conferred  
Verses state all have equal right to  
God-realization, utterance I heard  
Self-realisation is the innate to the noble truth,  
most adored  
Reverence, rejoice the feeling of eternal love,  
the ultimate reward

Divine source of inspiration  
Vast ocean of ethereal knowledge, real  
motivation  
Power, essence of reality, illuminating thoughts of  
my imagination  
No fear of outcome, just doing my own  
natural duty with full dedication  
Getting what I deserve in this lifetime, the  
values, truth, purpose of my life, pure realisation

Absolute oneness with my Lord Sri Krishna, only wish  
your godly assistance  
Endeavour of lifetime shall be with devotion,  
compassion, humanity with humble persistence  
Not with envy, greed, ego, self-conceit; invaluable time is  
worth living not wasting on things that's inconsistent  
Eternal life is to live significantly not  
indulging in perishable enjoyments, pride and insistence  
My beloved God, you are the embodiment of knowledge, bliss, existence

My firm belief in you my God, the  
sacred essence  
Always there for me in one form or the

other.., feel your divine presence  
You are my friend, philosopher, guide, protector  
seeing me progressing  
My thoughts enlightened by you my Lord, I  
shall always fearlessly expressing  
You are the Divine Power showing me the path of knowledge, through the  
heavens  
Oh..Srikrishna I am your chosen daughter  
to get your love, grace and divine blessings..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# It's May...! !

Weather is so pleasing., Orange Flowers Smiling all the way  
Making my drive so overwhelming, enjoying my holiday  
Mother Nature surely blessing me with a perpetual day  
Needless to Say.....!  
Oh...Yeah.. it's May...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The View.....!

I am the favourite daughter of Mother Nature  
My belief guided by her, as I am her happy Creature  
Teamed the thoughts of this wordly Mart  
Till it thrusts this increasing span, positivism Start,  
Let me heighten them Art  
To the level of Heart  
It's rational thinking, essentially to be Smart

Springs blend with the small River;  
That copious natural stream flowing to the Sea  
The sweet -gentle breeze melds with feelings, sense of strife Free  
Scent carried by the wind mixes with the fresh air, certainly breath Giver

Noone is at all in solitary in cosmos I Knew  
Each entity is essentially bound by Divine Law of Nature  
Its a correlative world, concord with Fellow-creature  
Why not I with You..?

Mountain top enfolds with utopia of Righteous  
Tides clasping each Other  
Flora and fauna does not forgive, if it disregards Another  
What purpose served if there is no harmonious relations, definitely its Lifeless

Sun's rays touches the earth.. liveliness Arise  
Moonshine lead to the rising and falling of ocean Tides;

Creek, streams connect with each other to form Watershed  
Trees and birds have real mutualistic link, unite for well-being and  
Harmonize

What are all these mutual concept Worth..?

If your genuine thoughts are not connected with Mine

If my thoughts are not in your mind, definitely not Fine

Healthy feelings form life happier, all things here and now only, in this divine  
paradise called Earth

Friendship, gratitude, trust.. shall be mutual..not one Way..!

Life is interdependence, to live in perfect harmony, ultimately Divine

If not expressed nor connected in this Lifetime

Why hold-on..? it's not worth it.. I Say..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Saraswati - Mother Of Supreme Knowledge..!

Oh..Goddess of Knowledge

The Deity of Intellectuality

Emblem of purity, perception and Morality

Crescent moon shining with the essence of the self, godly Acknowledge

Triune Divine of Wisdom

Infinite Erudition is the ultimate Goal

Connecting mind, body and Soul

Eternal oneself of leaning with unique Vision

Yellow colour chosen by divinity, imply the arrival of full bloom, the season of Joviality

Sagacity of nature, festivity of fifth day of spring, , sense of Speciality

Confidence, consciousness, competency, creativity, given by goddess of intellectual quest, a vigorous Personality

Aiming for possibilities that formerly seemed as complication, test to beat the true Reality;

Grace of the Divinity for utilization of gained Knowledge, at times of Individuality;

Only with true Determination

Can get divine guidance and Affirmation

To become the Daughter of Goddess of pure knowledge, there shall be complete Dedication

Without any Expectation

Regardless of any hardships, , motive is acquiring immortal knowledge, the real Aspiration

Intelligence of handling situation Fearlessly  
Decision making by reasoning not by impetuously nor Ramblingly  
Reliable knowledge purpose shall always be for the benefit of Humanity;  
Where there is no self-pride, Goddess resides in us Certainly

Bestowing on me the prime Principle  
Of Life's insight for intrinsic peace, good- will and Heartily  
The strength to deal in times of Uncertainty  
To resolve the fear of novel materialistic happenings, sometimes that seems  
Invincible

My words shall always be skillful for well-being of mankind, consistently to be  
Optimistic  
Sharing and passing of Expertise for prosperity of all Creation  
True feeling of achieving the path of self-realization, spirit so Simplistic  
Thankful to The Mother of Supreme Knowledge for the Inspiration  
Enlightening my life to be benevolent and Idealistic..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Corona - The Invisible Enemy

Neither the creatures, in heavy huge form  
Nor the Elemental havocs of Fire, water or windy storm  
Could so much mark the panicky horrors of Death;  
Invisible as they are, a morbid, chill choking breath  
Runs through the spine and the Doomsday  
Seems to advance trampling and blowing over the hay  
Of existence; all valued tokens small or big  
Lose their specific place in the span for a fig;  
But No..! it is only a greed -powered chaos, man-made  
By transgressing the limits of Life and its shade...  
The World for sure, is no more a Cacti Land!  
Yet, Eliot's words in loud echoes linger and reprimand  
&quot; This is the way the world ends, Not with a bang but a whimper&quot; \*\*  
Faith charges Hope: Man as ever will win the war  
And then, restore the anthropos ' supremacy on a par..!

\*\*Note: Eliot's ' The Hollowmen ' ends with the lines

Vidya Pandarinath

# Colours Inspiring Life.....!

Living life from birth till death with purity, youthfulness as the colour White  
The attitude to as certain what's not right and what's Right..!

Focusing Life as multidimensional signifying that there ways to realism as the colour Black.

Dealing with things with objective existence, true nature has the exceptional knack

Facing Problems with intensity, invocation as the colour Red  
Divine inspiration, strength at times to strive Ahead

Leading Life with attitude, dignity, enthusiasm, balanced as the colour Orange  
Sensible point of view no prejudice, with my explicit Knowledge

Climbing fortuitous of Life with happiness, good spirits as the colour Yellow  
Utilization chance as a enlightened Fellow...!

Handling situation intelligently, vigorously, generously as the colour Green  
Ambience and introspection shall always be Clean

Enjoying prosperity of life with pride, wisdom, power and royally as the colour Purple  
Simple gratification of actuality as a virtuous Person

To be introspective of one's own thoughts with self-confidence, stability, calmness as the colour Blue

Accept imperfection, positive attribute of realization, essential You

To be optimistic, sophisticated to achieve victory and be a winner as the colour Gold

Firm belief in oneself, elegant, truly noble to Behold

Appreciating little things in life as the colour Teal

Remarkable attribute, at no time be pessimistic for things you Feel

Open-minded, hi-tech, sleek, organizing, responsible in way forward as the colour Silver

Accessing to new aspiration, rational conduct, pursuit is rightful purpose in life to be a generous Giver

Approachable, practical, sensitive, down-to-earth, Yet foremost seek utmost security, protection, comfort as the colour Brown

Based on facts rather than fantasy, self confidence is the inestimable Crown

Preparedness of mental attention to be novel and creative as the colour Magenta  
Thankful for all acquired wisdom, life's attitude caring and Gentle

To have friendly association with others with the a intention of morality, sincerity as the colour Pink

Purpose to do good never bad to other's, if not possible never to hurt credence,  
impact on other's life to Think

Freedom of choice, to be self sufficient as the colour Cyan  
Enduring life's moment given by the Divinity, enjoy the precious Span

Treating all alike, determined, time-honored as the colour Gray  
Not affected by the passage of time, dependable at difficult life's conditions on  
any Day

Happy-go-lucky still not easily influenced by other's as the colour Aquamarine  
Welcome change as and when required, forward-looking, precise and Keen

Unique, full of positive zeal as the colour Coral  
Connecting and mixing with everyone, willingness to help other's surely Novel

On all Occasions, whatever the circumstances may be, to be proud of our  
femininity, grace, delicate beauty as the colour Lavender  
Motivation certainly not demotivation, kind-hearted and good Balancer

Dynamic, powerful, giving self more importance, first than rest as the colour  
Crimson  
Frankly expressing one's thoughts, proud to be an opinionated Woman

Standing firm and handling predicament until its solved as the colour Lime  
Connecting oneself with Mother Nature resolves all life's problems, the essence of  
nature is Prime

Straight-forward and being acquainted of surroundings entity as  
the colour Bronze  
Exceptional and ethereal affection, no repentance, thriving like  
vigorous grassy Lawns

Willingness to take risks and facing consequences as the colour Maroon  
Being oneself, cherishing to the rhythm composed by Divine Tune

Analysis in accordance with reason or logic as the colour Tan  
Intelligent selection rather than on sentiments, No greater supposition, Than

Loving self more than anything, loyal to those worth it as the colour Turquoise  
Due regard for the feelings, choices of others, without unnecessary Noise

Contend not only for self but also for other's moral rightness as the colour Indigo  
Partiality, unjust, indifference.....No..No..No..No

Perseverance to achieve goals set with humbleness, gracefulness as the colour  
Taupe  
Creating good ambience for self fitting to accomplish the dream, certainly it  
comes to the Top..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# My Childhood Friend: The Memorable Guava Tree...!

Childhood memories are memorable to Me  
Even now sitting at my desk, gazing into lovely Pictures  
Smiling at all the funny Adventures  
Most treasured, playing with friends and with the ecstatic Guava  
Tree;

It was the big guava tree in my grand-mother's house, beautiful garden it was  
Such,  
In the backyard, there were many greenery..yet my favourite play area was near  
guava tree, circling around It.  
Spending much of joyous moments under, its shade to Sit  
Certainly the guava tree is my best friend, I miss it so Much.

Embracing it..a feeling of freedom, forgot my school schedule..sing, dance and  
Play  
Swaying to the song of nightingale....slowly... Slowly  
Watching the butterflies, dragonflies on leaf Closely  
Trying to hold its wings.., it was just quick and fly Away;

Climbing from trunk to the uppermost branches with Tact  
Standing on top, my favourite spot just to see, already at top most  
are the parrots eating Guava  
Holding firmly the bough, carving my name on it, ha.. my childhood Saga  
Later realizing of hurting it, felt sorry for the thoughtless Act

Swinging on its branches, breathed the breezy spring Air  
Relaxing and enjoying the top view of the surroundings..oh.. fascinating,  
Breathtaking

Plucking the pretty white floret from twig, smelling and Making  
Circlet of white guava flowers, delicate floral crown for my Hair..!

Unforgettable is the smell and taste of fresh fruit, certainly rare Kind  
Plucking directly from branches of the guava Tree  
Sometimes unripe.., at times ripen fruits..no look-over, right away pulling them  
as soon as I See  
Everlasting flavour leaves eternal fond memories in my Mind.

Silently listening to my chattering serenely There  
Cherishing each moment spend with my noble friend, natural bond it was Such  
The marvelous guava tree..my friend that give me so Much  
But never expected anything in return.., only generous love and Care..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# A Thought For The Moment...!

Beneath the blue sky of the Divinity  
Besides green leafage of wonderful Serenity,  
Knowledge sparkling in white just like the pearly white clouds floating high with  
sheer Simplicity  
Shades for the sunshine, ray's perception of promising thoughts of Purity

Bird hovering, sweet floral scent spreads optimism, peace of mind and natural  
Tranquility  
Cool breeze brings the reminiscence, grateful to the divine  
nature with utmost Sincerity  
Connecting self with Nature..discovering the essence of Humility  
Believe in self...truly a source of all Nobility;

Learning genuine worth of Life with novel Clarity  
Real bliss is to Love oneself, follow and do what inner self guides to best Ability  
Nothing matters more than own intuition and capability  
Do what makes self feel-good with instant Positivity  
Tiny things..Yet very inherent..that brings joy, self power of eternal virtue and  
Dignity...!

Thought for the moment are surely Sentiently  
Being true to own belief is the upmost Priority  
Gifts of Nature charismatic, so many times unseen, truly an epiphany moment....  
realization of Rarity  
Live each moment as special...its the moment to relish.now and for Eternity..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Dawn Moon..!

Fresh smell of the Lilies  
Musical shrill of birds, song wishing Well  
Weather so pleasant, gentle breeze brings sweet memories of Spell;  
Fast-flying amethyst dragonfly, swing-wing its transparent wings,  
verge..oh...golden Frilly..!

As Luck intend it, saw the clear blue Sky  
Surprise moment of lifetime caught the glimpse of the pearly-white Moon  
Dawn moon..a etiquette moment in time, wriggling to the Nightingale's Tune;  
Crescent Flying- High..!

Outshining the Sunshine, like the prince of celestial Sphere  
Distinguish at dark and clear sky, bright yellow at night, white at day,  
Ray of moonlight is always guiding to dream big...I feel it Say..!  
Essence of purity, modesty, heavenly cheer

Time does not restraint the Crescent  
Dawn or Dusk always at its Best  
Spreading happiness at all times, divine cover of the Blest  
The Hope of realization, until last breathe, the path is Destined..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Sun- The Antique Burning Star...!

Burning Sun in the silvery -blue Sky  
Blazing since morning... bright till noon, adoring  
at a Distance;  
Out of pleasure and light in tune..dancing up High..!  
The star of the Solar System

From dawn till dusk..sun is shining, symbol of purest Delight,  
New Rise, aspiration and prosperity, gloomy thoughts Disperse  
Origin of power, energy and Light  
Perfectly circle..., creator of the earthly Universe

The emblem of truth, knowledge and Tranquility  
Countless stars burning upright, but you are the only  
one, the luminous Thing  
White, red, orange, yellow..at each twinkling you look distinctly., Pure Nobility  
Yellowish Sun is the ultimate celestial being in the Eternity Ring

Birds move behind in the same direction as Yours  
Sun's rays are in.. Sun's rays are out.. oh...Everywhere  
Glory of past, present and future.. real moments that Endures  
Of happiness and sadness, laughter and tears, lucky self to  
get Nature's Care

Moves silently and vanishes from sight..no longer illuminates the sky..its  
Sundown  
Alteration makes me thank Mother Nature  
Feeling you will come again and greet me with sunshiny hello  
as morning, and dawnchorus is Around  
The Earthy life starts, full of zeal..I am the happy Creature....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Honey Bee Honey Bee..Oh Little Bee...!

Wandering in my flowery garden, dancing to its own murmur Tune  
Beating its tiny wings, firmly and Frenzy  
Incessantly Humming.....Buzzing, Wiggling, in the Afternoon  
Little bees in the sunshiny day, bee's swarm many so Many

Autum or Spring lovely ditty to Sing-song  
Pleasing with nosy Sight  
Certainly not to Please none, truly eye's Delight.  
Possessing the sweetness of the flowers...moves Along

Busy flying all around the Yard  
Capturing my Attention  
Personality that's winning my heart with supreme Regard  
Gathering the nature's reward, great insect grateful for your  
sweetish Invention..!

From bloom to bloom, passed from bee to Bee  
Collect the sugary sticky yellowish fluid in sweet Mould  
In natural honeycomb is a boon, exquisiteness all for Me.  
Elixir, a divine bestowal..truly precious to Behold

Sharing, caring, ingenious and a genuine team worker..intrinsic Meaning  
Queen bee classify and empower's each bee duty to carry out with Solidarity

Qualities not found in we human beings, profess to be of fully Parity;  
Who often waits for opportunity to backstab another Being..;

Most sparing valuable Insect  
Contributor to the Environment  
Surely cannot gauge your effort's and divinely Enlightenment  
Can only thank you oh...Noble Little bee for the luscious  
Honey, with utmost Respect..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Brahmapushpa Flower -The Midnight Bloom

Oh..Flower Created by Divinity  
My Faith you will fulfill my Aspiration  
Royal blossom of darkness, genuine Adoration  
Gifted by the Almighty, with Love and Sweet Serenity

Princess of my elegant garden, unique and delicate Truly  
Waiting.. waiting..for you..Oh..Efflorescence  
As the clock is ticking..tick-tock...tick-tock, Moment of joy  
As it glitters like Florescence  
Slowly..slowly the flower bud opens up Fully

Sparkling and dancing in the Moonlight  
Snow-white star-clustered flowers with purple disc-florets,  
Reddish brown Pedicel  
Goodly, Reminiscent of Lotus, breeze of magnificent Festival  
Thriving annual in the rainy season, around Midnight

Lucky self to see you Blooming,  
Cohere with Nature through you, oh nobel flower..this heavenly Charismatic  
Time..;  
Closing of petals at dawn..sunshine is Booming  
Lasting only for a moment..Yet your lovely essence and rare sighting, will cherish  
for Lifetime..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Parijat..! -The Divine Flower

Pearly White Petals

With sprightly Orange Centre

One and only flower with rare colour and Gentle,

Sweet-Lovely fragrance.., making the ambience exotic and Gloriously Splendor

The elegant flower fill in my Garden with Aroma

Covering the green lawn are the pearly -white petiole, like  
the White-orange Sunstone, shade of Divinity

The myrrh of Parijata is so strong outspread to entire Vicinity

Poised, Placid and Precise is the Persona;

The Coral floret efflorescence at dusk Twilight

As Moonlight falls on the floret, at eventide of Spring

Drop's down on turfgrass..one by one, yet used for the  
Divine Offering;

At the fall of first ray's of Sunlight..!

Supersensitive sacred clusters, True symbol of Heavenly Love

Spreading Happiness everywhere, the act of gratefulness is Supreme.

Delight to senses, Full hope it will fulfill dream's...

Epitome of devotedness, saw natural paradise in the

Ethereal Flower Above..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Madam Vanity...!

Born a cute baby, and grew into a child  
Doted, caressed, fondled, ranted and taught  
Amid all things curious and distraught  
In the playful world, sensitive, sober and wild

Hectic days glided, nay flew fast away  
Before some composed, false serenity  
Took her over and shaped with vanity  
She felt she would outwit Venus any day

So was she neat and perfect in all  
Beauty, wit and wisdom put together  
And to fly high needed wings of feather  
" Angel " that was how they chose her to call

She inclined to live a recluse-all alone,  
Centred in Self, caring for self and power;  
Smiling at all the challenges, blooming like a perfect flower  
Bluffing and flattery make her put up a face of Stone

Obscure and gone into the distant oblivion now,  
She has flourished and vigorous, up in the latest Fashion  
"Glory and Glamour "are her Worthiness, living a life of Compassion  
Confidence is her jewel, straightforward, dare not tell anybody why And how.?

Truly some attribute lives deep down  
In the recesses of lively human form  
That can make others feel warm  
And comeback to smiles, casting off frown.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh..Jasmine..!

Most enshrined flower

Loved by deities

Oblation it, feels like all my wishes will be fulfilled, blessings of The Trinity

The eternal beauty shall bring Good luck and willpower

Redolence of the blooming Jasmine the Exquisite..so Divine a Thing

Mesmerizing unique essence with optimistic thoughts that's Righteous

Apotheosis of Love, gratitude, perfection, purity, honesty, and Kindness

Sunshine beautify the blossom in Spring

Gentle petals so opulent and Fortunate

Oh..Jasmine...white, pink, yellow or red in colour, Precise and

lovely luster

Truly a noble Cluster

Touching the feet of God..A Real Ornament..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Shades Of The Rain..!

Arid, hot and lifeless Soil  
Waiting for longtime, drops Missing  
Here arrives the rain god, making land Dripping  
Smile of Hope, respite from sizzling heat from the well-wisher, those That Toil.

Silence, beating of rain droplets...Sprinkle  
Brings nostalgia, lightens mood instantly is shower of Rain;  
Enjoying the company of self..whistled and whistled Again.  
The drizzle bring confidence, and realize my place in Nature's Signal..!

Gray Sky is gloomy, gushing sound of Rainstorm  
No birds flying, sunshine has Disappeared  
Thought that dreams are washed away by the drops,  
Taken away the things I've Feared  
Go away is the song of moment., A magic to Perform.

Sudden downpour Unexpected  
Starts and stops...Mysterious  
Play and annoy with tricks is the shower so Curious  
No Rain Gear..wet..wet... standing Unprotected.

Lightning, Thunder and copious Cloudbursts  
Seems Nature is fuming for wrongs done by Mankind  
Wake up and save Mother Nature before it Hurts  
Enough of destruction..is the sound of the Spell of the Wind.

Moment to enjoy the ride, drizzle that never Stop  
Go out door if you can..such is the motto of the wet stuff,  
Try to go On;  
Revenge for the harm to essence, until you Drop  
Controlling the goings-on, wingding Gone.

Sprinkle of rain water from Sky  
Cleansing dirt of deeds Done  
As water washing away under the Sun  
Mind and Soul ethically very High..!

Shades of Rain...each have there Feeling  
For some it's..Relief from Dryness;  
For some it's....Romantic....Brightness;  
For some it's...Melancholy..Timeless;  
For some it's...Playful pour..Finest;  
For some it's...Wrathful...Silence;  
For some it's...Sadistic...Biased;  
For some it's...Ethical..Pious;  
With a novel Meaning...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Eternity...-The Endless...!

What is the End of Being..?

Where each second is struggle to be Well-being

Leading only a abbreviated Spell

None can Tell...!

What end can a endeavor Reach..?

It's must only be a impartial Outreach..?

Where does the cosmos end..?

Only The Divine has Penned..!

What end can a fear be..?

It's triumph over it and affliction free

What end the sea way have Got..?

You nor I, nobody has ever Thought

What is the end of the Solar System..?

None can predict nor know's it.., heavenly Mystic

What end the stars have met..?

You nor I, nobody know's not Yet.

What end has the critter Saw..?

Definitely.., not amaranthine., evidently Nature's Law..!

What is the end of deep blue Sky..?

You nor I, anyone know's... whence and Why

What is the end of the Sun in the Milky Way..?

You nor I, no one know's...unto the Day..!

Why mumble about the End  
Until and unless it's Godsend  
End is beyond Human Perception  
The quest you chatter of.., is for Redemption  
It's the Moment to Commend..!  
Regardless of it.., appraise the precious lifetime,  
At all to Spend.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh....Snowland...!

Snow snow here and there, Pointing towards the blue Sky  
Pure whitest crystal touching the Heavens;  
Soft, Lanky, Frozen cloud droplets in The mackerel Sky  
Lucky self, the glimpse and Blessings;

Bright sun combining the horizon to look Exceptional  
Dawn begins with the fall of Pines of snow with a Glow  
Enliven snow makes the air pure and Splendid  
Immense Mountain's covered with the flames of Snow  
Snow-wrapped Mountaintop changing there routes to and fro, Elysium in the  
snowland. Oh.. it's Incredible,  
Divine creation, Magical and Splendour.

A brief Moment of glory and beauty of such lovely Sight!  
Nature listening to falling snow flakes for some Reason  
Sense of feeling that dream is All-Right  
Fragrance of the breeze, bestowing the fusion Of joy and such a pleasing Season!

Truly a Visual Treat.., The Moment you Cannot afford to be Lost  
Materialistic entity comes with a Price  
Nature's Goodness available at no Cost  
Scenery serenely sweet and so Nice...!



# Joy-A State Of Mind...!

Joy is the instinctive Notion  
By all means exhibiting our Attention

Joy is the Divine Expression  
Full of hopes, Love and Affection

Joy is the courteous good Will  
Shall never embitter pricking ill will

Joy is the readiness to return kindness  
Without Concerning about outcome., Surely goodness

Joy is the Fondness  
Orientation of emotional, conscious and Calmness

Joy is the Compassion  
Forgive and forget..living life in fashion and great Satisfaction

Joy is the Contentment  
Not having any ruffled resentment

Joy is the service of Humanity  
With freedom from all partiality..surely the power of Unity

Joy is the basis of Righteous  
Living life with genuineness and Pious

Joy is the Acceptance

No fantasy, only real Essence

Joy is the Living each Moment  
Regardless of Consequences, believing in the path chosen

Joy is the Willingness  
Utmost sincerity and diligence..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# What Is Love...?

Love is not what I thought...know it's something More  
Love is not what I felt.... Concealed within Enclosure  
Love is not what I read...puzzle at times in Store  
Love is not what I heard...deep blind faith with time Exposure  
Love is not what I Assumed...thunderstorm that strikes  
unexpectedly Thunderbolt  
Love is not what I Presumed...Process of understanding until there is Fault

Love is not what I watched.. sure intentions of fact and Funky  
Love is not what I sensed.. Realization of secured Lifetime  
Love is not what I saw.. Some ethereal but few Yucky  
Love is not what I overheard..dreadful trickery of Time  
Love is not what I fantasied. reality of over Expectation  
Love is not what I speculated....Quest of cryptic Glorification

Love is not what I anticipated.. destiny is the Ace  
Love is not what I liked...contingent probability of Favour  
Love is not what I said.. unreliable Chase  
Love is not what I smile for..Fake with pride, lost it's  
original Flavor  
Love is not what I cried for..Vigorously prevail over Jolt  
Love is not what I ejected...popup with Revolt

Love is not what I rejected...Choice of Worthy  
Love is not what I respected...manners not Ego  
Love is not what I want...not illusion but values, Curtsy  
Love is not what I rant... waste of time, let Go  
Love is not what I acquired....learned Oneself  
Love is not what I emoted...pretending Self...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh... Autumn...!

Luscious and majestic Leaves

Leaves..Leaves...Leaves....wholly around, true to my believes

Guise and tint distinct, silently falling Down

Glorious unfolded like a frond tapestry on the ground,  
so quirk and renown.

Green, Purple, Red, Orange, Yellow, Violet, Brown

Sight that makes me Sing

Season of dimness and Joyous

Rainbow foliage on the terra firma Swing

Oh..crunching sound of leaves under my feet, Autumn is here with touch of  
Royal..!

Warmest summer, coldest Winter

Altering their usual Monotony...Modestly

Indicating change from summer into wintertime, most colourful point of  
time..gentle wind whisper

Autumn Equinox, cooling Oddity;

Blushing tress, smiling at the divine Ease

Birds welcoming it by their soft Mumble

Bloom dancing with the mist, in away they Please

Rustling shrubs, Nature of life..divine and humble

Wisdom, regeneration, care, grace.. inspiring my willpower to appease.

Path of silence, sweet dreams of harmony.. so natural and Whole

Breeze in well worn path of Perseverance

Flourish down the cheerful thoughts of Coherence

Unassuming moments bestow lofty delight to Soul..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh..Kashmir.....!

The crest of an ancient hallowed Land,  
Abode of happy smiling river- crease,  
Where blessing, tall reflecting cliffs stand  
Caressed by enlivening cool breeze...  
This is a true heavenly dream- vale  
But what would one choose here:  
Make honey out of nectar: be a bee,  
Or Dragon-like blow out fire of malice free  
And devastate the Eden-like Elysium glee?  
For Disobedience threw out even He,  
The Man and the Woman of the Forbidden Tree.....  
Will humanity regain the lost pleasures now in the dale?

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh..! You And I

You are the Sunshine  
I want to follow.. as your Mine

You are the Aspiration  
I want to accomplish with full Dedication

You are the Music  
I want to relish the essence of it Exclusive

You are the Starlight  
I want to always walk along with you, as you make me feel  
Alright

You are the Moonlight  
I want to arise from murk,  
shall never be out of Sight

You are the Heart's Delight  
I want to cherish this source of calmness Outright

You are the Voice  
I want to hear again and again to Rejoice

You are the Feeling  
I want to have belief,  
that trust has not lost its Meaning

You are the Heart Beat  
I want to sincerely treasure, you're so  
pure and serenely Sweet

You are the Mysterious  
I want to puzzle out the entity,  
certainly not in the style of imperious

You are the Thought  
I want to behold to feel, reasons, destiny Brought

You are the Song  
I want to hum for whole life Long

You are the Dance  
I want to jump about, forthwith in Prance

You are the Moment  
I want to honor eternally, as the  
divinity has already Chosen

You are the Words  
I want to listen and look Towards

You are the Dream

I want to wish for wonderful perspective and Self Esteem

You are the Daylight

I want to thrive and shine very Bright

You are the Bond of Amity

I want to value, care and live Happily

You are the Colours of Bliss

I want to glow and celebrate each and every minute  
as sweet as.. like This

Oh...Yeah...You are the One

I want to Promise and have faith till life is Done..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Days Pattern.....!

Days are like Music Set it;  
Rhythm, will give melody to your Life  
Strength to confront, in times of strife  
Direction to lead as your intuition thinks fit..!

Tomorrow will be literature that's evergreen  
Unfolding our imaginations, thoughts so honest, realistic and clean  
Yesterday was mathematics, Counting our acts done to other persons  
Recompense...as God feels you deserve it..for certain;

Today Is Information Technology  
Data of our Virtue is stored, retrieval at the time of  
payback for Actions done, with utmost modesty  
Principles of Life guided by Laws of Nature  
Really get what you are worthy, as a Creature.!

Living Life with utmost Nobility  
Not for fear of others, but for own self Essence  
Our goodness follows our coming days, exemplary Presence  
Thanking the Divinity for showing the Path of Humility..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Unfortunate Fly.!

The restless fly had a bad day  
Flying here and there all hay;  
It choose to land nowhere  
And escaped every waving hand there,  
But was incessant in his feat

He then got frenzied in flight -rip,  
Choose to sit on the tippler 's nose tip,  
Even on his careless unclean lip,  
Mingling the slaver with the sweat;  
He slapped himself rather rough and oddly

The playful fly now choose the boy  
Who had long been droning for a toy  
He slapped his son's left cheek  
With all malice against the freak;  
The little one shocked, stopped his obstinate cry

The victor then made him dance  
Around and instantly in a prance,  
And jumped into the tea cup hot  
Lo..! ecstasy dawned on his wry, face -knot  
And he powered his hands in a serial clap

His watching wife knew so well  
That He had nothing to door spell  
For such a thoughtless, disowning sot;  
Crackle - easing her mind with fingers a lot

And withdrawing, she muttered: Oh My God..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh Nightingale...! - My Unseen Friend

Afar across Hearing a melodious voice  
In the Dawn of June...The unseen friend  
chirpy..! chirpy...! is the tune..I hear you and rejoice.  
Kuhu...kuhu....brings smile on my face with thoughts contend..!

The songster from thick green bushes  
Singing only for me.. such is the feeling  
whistles, quavering, warbling, in way a.. granting all  
my wishes..!  
Is this real or am I dreaming?

The Unseen Friend goes with a promise to return next  
morning  
Oh..Nightingale...! will eagerly wait for your natural  
Song Of Epitome...!  
Your sonorous tune subjugate all other noises... making nature's  
purity more adorning  
Motivating me to jump through all the obstacles.. skillfully, brilliantly and with  
dignity!

Vidya Pandarinath

# My Niece Naina And My Nephew Neil..!

Two Diamonds Sparkling

Their Sweet talks fill the ambience with Happiness

Miles apart from me, Yet very much Heartening

Their love cannot be estimated.. that's my Niece and Nephew, I am the Happiest..!

Lovely Smile with Dimples

Both are Good, Kind and Generous

Genius Niece Naina...Smart Nephew Neil..Genuine and Simple

Active and Eveready for any adventure with cleverness

Both are the real Treasure

Gifted to me by God, True Friendship for Lifetime

A bond that's beyond any measure

A Feeling that brings joy to my life..All the time

Pretty, Intelligent and Tech-savvy Niece

Smart, optimistic and Charming Nephew

Combination of champions, sportive and Nice

Always Proud of you both.... God Bless You...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Moment This Moment...!

Silence isGold

Tune into this Precious Moment

Eternal bliss...., TrulyDivineto Behold

Serenity is the most inestimable Bestowment...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Divine Voice..!

In set forms and shapes in order,  
In ordained expressions and gestures small,  
Lies the real treasure of pleasure;  
Conduct of restraint and discipline in normal measure  
Words soft, clear and never so tall  
Mark the ideal life well within the border.

If the mind could be all clear  
About the actions, ideas and their choice  
All pursuits hard and soft, or null  
Find their traces and are rendered full;  
And a timely, just and bold Voice  
Is heard patting the back and calling you: "Dear"!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Toiling Mother....!

This morn I saw her as ever  
Wrangling with her rather slack son  
Asking him to join hands  
With herintilling the lands;  
She believed in work- - real hard one,  
To exact great yield for all;  
He flatly refused and left to sever  
From her shouting from behind  
She lost not her hope nor mind,  
Nor even her Will to do it in full,  
Clinching her hands she brought  
To gather her flying hair in a knot,  
Creased the loose end of her coarse saree  
And fastened it up and set out to carry  
The work-load with her latent strength  
All alone in the field of stretched length.

At sun-set on my way back round  
The curious mind just found her  
Reposing against a rugged tree;  
She sipped some drops of water in spree  
As I held out my friendly bottle  
And casting a lively smile  
She said "What a good child"  
I did not mind her hands soiled  
Though they caressed my face;  
Then she stretched out her left arm above  
And waved on the other side;  
She broke in and added now:  
"Don' t you worry dear I will finish"  
"That up by this time tomorrow"

She paused and said with a sigh:  
&quot; Mother Earth needs love and attention &quot;;  
&quot; But her children let her down &quot;;  
She was content with my smiling nod  
And I left turning round  
While a few drops rolled down  
My cheeks: I wonder why.....?

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Prism Of Intention..!

All shades are, for sure  
Lovelier than their base colour  
Silent thoughts are demure  
Until disturbed by psychic valour  
A smile, meaningless and dull  
And an act which is stupid  
Are yet complacent and full  
Despite being null and insipid;  
All gestures and modes of being  
Come up comely, sane and lucid  
While honest goodness does spring  
Through the prism of intent placid.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Brave Soldiers....! Salute To Our Soldiers.

Protecting the MotherLand

As guardians of all citizens, Ever strong to withstand

Flood, disasters in feats and yatras, Ever - ready to combat

Regardless of their strain or format;

Always on duty, committed duly

For them the Nation is first truly

Leaving behind their loved ones

For the sake of everyone

Hot, cold, wind, enemy nothing can stop them

Brave Soldiers of our country, a real Gems

Long Live their selfless Love

Sacrifice far beyond, and above.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh...Anthropos..!

Indeed...! This is a noble sphere  
With all lot-water, fire and air;  
Creatures visible or not find here  
Their place, form and mode dear;  
Everything is ruled under Divine Flare  
Of Nature's Laws to work forever...!  
No discordance, nor defiance blunt  
Can ever take the silly human, beyond  
Splinters and shatters; but diffuse  
Him to be lost in the dust stunt;  
How strange that such a non-entity  
Aye poses to be the master divinity..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Divinity...!

In the Early Dawn upsurging Sun  
I See You...!

In the Grazing Cows., one by one  
I See You..!

In the Blooming, dazzling coloured corolla matching none  
I See You...!

In the Dew drops on the edges of the green grass;  
Crystal clear thoughts has begun  
I See You...!

In the &quot;chirping&quot; and &quot;singing&quot;of Birds..one-on-one  
I See You...!

In the small stream moving indirection,  
Competing with me to Run  
I See You...!

In the colour colour Leaves of Trees,  
Beholding it is the blessed one  
I See You...!

In the breath of fresh air,  
Motivating all challenges can be won  
I See You..!

In the zigzag moving clouds.,  
Teaching me to achieve my goal with fun  
I See You...!

In the shining Moon peeping through the window  
Saying with a smile, the day is done  
I See You...!

In the Twinkling Stars, blessing from sky  
Saying &quot; You are the Most &quot; Loved one

I See You...!

All in All Divinity is in oneself,  
Happiness of each and everyone  
I See You...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Golden Rays Of The Sunshine..!

Sun emerging from dazzling Blue Sky  
Staring at Me..but I cannot dare to out stare the sparkling Sunshine  
Delightful of the day, so Divine  
Mounts my confidence so high

New Aspiration brings the aureate Rays  
Impel self to dream, try to attain with sincerity  
Cosmos.., blessing the moment of fortuity, for eternity  
Go along with upshot, with a promising path Always

Glistening.., is the heavenly being Sun  
So many things all around  
Grace on all richly profound  
Although... sense of feeling.. I am the Most Loved One..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Little Bliss...!

Not in minutes, hours or a day  
Is life splendid and great  
But in moments rare and short  
With impact vivid and smart  
Left behind to linger and stay  
Content and snug forever, for long;  
Things are charming and lofty  
Not in blatant bulk, size or load  
But in grains, pinch or slice- mode;  
The beauty of an ocean hefty  
Lies set in its raging droplets little  
While every rock and boulder brittle  
Shapes up the grandeur of a hill  
Goodness sprays out of all actions  
That are earnest, noble and divine  
Despite being trivial, little gestures.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oh!The Reviver Morn

The oriental golden beam  
Caresses the slumberousearth  
Sliding slowly the darknesssoft  
Chirping andtwittering muse  
Fills and overflows thecorporealseam  
Charging all thingswith sensuousmirth  
As ifsome Magician 's wandis aloft...!  
Infusing live-lustre in the dew -dipped hues  
Living freshness oozes outalike  
In the big and greator, a tiny spike....

Vidya Pandarinath

# Days Bygone..!

Counted days have gone by now  
True it is that moments stop not,  
Mottled are the ways of the world;  
Scenes change with the mood and hurled-  
Thoughts as they are all around shot;  
Newness shrouds the Dead - old, somehow

Miss Time Hauteur in all her put uppride  
Flashes cat walk downandacross  
The Cosmicstageof luring Infinity,  
Which finally tendsto destination Vanity;  
Things are caught up in the toss  
To face the test of the tide....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Oneself With Nature...!

Clouds..oh.Clouds.. silvery and in specific contour with grace  
Moving in the blue Sky... at their own pace  
Self - feeling, moving along with me  
Mighty, guiding with prompting virtue and glee

Running behind green trees informs, proud  
The coconut tree touching the shattered cloud  
Along my journey, point to point from afar, yet so near:  
Thoughts of hope, ease, all clear

Dancing clouds have the brightSun smiling-  
Hide andseek.. a moment there and here..with silverlining;  
Magical Nature beholds the zeal  
Indeed a dayofpure, splendid to feel!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Mind...! !

A calm, and Disciplined mind  
Is perhaps second only to God;  
It is housed in a Divine pod -  
Ready, with seeds of noble kind,  
To permeate promptings sane,  
Beautiful, true and honest;  
Brightness that emanates blest;  
Thoughts and happenings do ordain  
Every slight, simple corporal movement;  
Seeking Him elsewhere is being stupid -  
A pursuit - void, profane and insipid  
Concluding in disillusion and lament....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Dawn Scene..!

First Sight..!

Bunch of cows along with their calves..spread out

Grazing..Sparring.. Truly The Moment of Delight

Slowly..Slowly...they go the other route..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The' Umbra '

The sleek shadow of woe  
Hangs on the sneaky back  
Like the heavy cloud rack  
And darkens the hope-glow

Doubt and suspicion chase  
Stealthily into the domain  
Of Peace, drive and drain  
All mirth out of the mind-base

The mobile shadow of fear  
Possesses the empowered whole  
And prompts the escaped Soul  
To bow down before Fate's sneer

The huge shadow of death  
Hides and haunts the being  
Tossing the cherished greed sling  
Across the puffed image of breath.....

Vidya Pandarinath

# Shadow..! !

It Begins with an Inspiration  
With aillogical connection  
It speaksfor one's diligenceand Actions  
It follows thethoughts Silently  
Gloomy layer between the Light  
And Shade withimprovedPerspective  
Heighten the illusion as Prospective

The ConsciousMind.... murky vision  
It Reflects the Real from Superficial  
Like the Fame going along with the Goodness  
It is the Mirror image withoutModification  
It is theDivinePerfection  
OfPast,Presentand Future  
ShadowAloneresides in the globeforTimelessness..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Divine Berry.....The Jamun..! !

Oh Berry...Oh Berry...Summer Exquisite  
Colossally shiny bluish-purple colour  
Waiting for the season to arrive as a Requisite  
Awaiting Just as a True Lover...!

Ovoid shaped....pulpy pink mellow flavor  
Leaves, bark, seed, pulp.. A pious feature  
Bestowed fruit by Mother Nature  
From Decoration, Medicine to Ritual offerings.. Natural Elixir  
featured....!

Pleasure of eating, sense of purity and rejuvenation  
Feeling Blessed to taste the fruity berries nobility  
Worthwhile and full of gratification!  
Truly a symbol of prosperity, perpetuity, stability..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Colours...!

Colours of Freedom  
Colours of Wisdom  
Colours of Selfdom  
Colours of Blossom

Colours of Inspiration  
Colours of Aspiration  
Colours of Motivation  
Colours of Innovation

Colours of Celebration  
Colours of Satisfaction  
Colours of Creation  
Colours of Gratification

Colours of Prosperity  
Colours of Sincerity  
Colours of Solidarity  
Colours of Eternity

ColoursofPurity  
ColoursofVerity  
ColoursofIntegrity  
ColoursofSimplicity

Colours ofDevotion  
Colours ofAppreciation  
Colours ofDedication  
Colours of Acceptation

Colours of Victory  
Colours of Divinity  
Colours of History  
Colours of Tranquility

Coloursof Viability  
Coloursof Jollity

Coloursof Humility  
Colours ofLiberality

Vidya Pandarinath

# Hippocrene

It rained and rained and rained  
Heavily in pursuit setting purity  
With ablution, serenity and quietude- -  
As though there was a real wash;  
Things looked true and neat,  
Every bit of dust and excess heat,  
Cornered turmoil and weird bash,  
Fearful gestures and withdrawn solitude  
Like some phenomenal rarity  
Had all been to a Deep, drained;  
The mind like Pegasus spurred  
Gallops and floats atop the peak  
In the wilds of mountainous fancy - -  
Perfection, poise and pensive buoyancy  
In all thought sand forms to seek;  
The Soul is then expressively heard;  
The Divine abode of Inspiration  
Lies in rectitude, freshness and sublimation

Vidya Pandarinath

# Reward And Regard

The slow rising sun spills out bright,  
Lively colours and shades, across  
The distant spongy, gliding greenery;  
Birds and bees enliven the scenery,  
Dragon- flies, like war planes toss  
But mean no death and destructive fight!  
The pathway wind sand is lost  
Beyond sight and behind the deep dell;  
Early toilers seek sense in living;  
Men of sloth in comely dreams bring  
Fate and Luck with in their cozy shell  
Of chosen sleep, and freeze like frost  
Urging that God love those who accept  
With Patience anything showered on them:  
Strange it is that they with content rest  
With what they find and what they get  
Or that their sloth on them is bent  
Rather too heavily with set phlegm  
To retract from vision and in dullness be left

The weaver -bird doth pick and twine  
With vigour, hope and measured skill  
Shaping his warm hand confident offer  
Into a strong hanging home and swing proper;  
A real wonder with his powered bill -  
The all-purpose turbine so...divine!  
She hop sand flies round the abode small  
Reasons not, nor cares for his behest  
And cocking her beak chooses to desert  
Rejecting him in wholeness, and in pride, hurt  
So deep that he untwines the nest,  
And with greater agility devastates it all....  
The vessel of Life is driven by Choice and Pick  
But Chance pilots it with his dexterous flick..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# To The Stars.....! !

Oh! Thou Glittering Objects in the Sky;  
May I know when you came and why?  
Oh! The Bright Twinkling Luminous Object in the Space  
Quicken thy pace in Ethereal Milky Way, with a special grace

Oh! Thou Distinguished Creature  
Don't peep through the window, surmised to know my future...!  
Let ME be in an Unseen Shadow  
Which makes ME think of my Dreams with glow;  
And Know the way to cross allHalo, deep thoughts of Right and Wrong  
And the Stars shall Sing a Soothing Song.....!

The Soft Stars giggle at every pause, Blessed with the Look  
That Touches ever, the life of every nook  
And Promises the mood as never to swerve  
A genuine.. &quot; The Good Life &quot; I Deserve.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Faith..!

Lost and latent  
Within the uneasy crust  
Dark and deep  
Some where lies the hard-stone  
Of lustre: yet to be  
Scooped, chisel led and cut,  
Shaped best to be am out  
The lumina of Faith  
Driving out all fear  
Sorrow, arid breath and drear;  
The miner Soul awaits  
To burrow down and grope  
Around with daub  
Scratch and choke....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Greed

They dug hard and deep  
Down the grabbed ground plot  
To raise a selfish structure -project;  
Source and resource all set  
To squeeze riches out of the common lot;  
Showed up bones dry and loose -  
Silent and helpless, hollow grin  
And stare of the bare skull  
Sneak impulses and feelings dull  
Of some lost pursuit and vanity null  
Persisted beyond the burial recluse;  
Questions simple and complex  
Kept raiding the restless Reason:  
Everything gained or made is lost -  
The beginning and the end;  
Man can smite, kill a thousand  
Thousand living shapes and tear a sunder  
Yet it is a helpless wonder:  
How a distorted human skeleton  
Could perturb all quietude.....  
In time, place and purpose..! !

Vidya Pandarinath

# Sunflower - - Ode To The Giant Flower...! ! ! ! !

Oh..! The Symbol of Constancy  
Shining and Assigning the treads of Sun  
With Pride, Glory and Novelty  
The Path of Golden Light..matching None

Yellow Petals with Green Leaves  
Standing Tall a Joy to heed  
Oscillating Softly in the breeze.... lofty believes  
Making the Garden Elate of its Presence, Indeed..!

Dancing and Blooming by its Own  
Intensifying its Disk of Golden Rays  
Faith, Progressiveness, Happiness and Well-known  
A Treat to Vision, Godly Praise

Greeting Everyone with Shimmering Smile  
Awesome Reflection of the Sun  
Nature is complete with You and Your Stupendous Style  
Oh..! Gigantically Golden rayed flower, you're cherished  
by everyone....! !

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Peacock....! ! ! ! !

Mother Nature's Creation Striking Loyally;  
Decor, Land, Seawith the Belief of Serene andGlee  
Afar across I see a group of Peacocks pose Royally  
Majestically moving.., Spellbind shouted I.. &quot; Oh My God  
&quot;;....Whoopee..!

The Proud Bird withOrnamental Royal BlueCrown  
Black Eyes, Blue, Green and BrownPrismaticFeathers...!  
The Symbol of Grace, Immortality, Heavenly Down  
Divine Powers of Knowledge, Purity and Protection Together

Thyselffeel Lucky, Thoughts of Fancy Rain Dance  
MesmerizinglyUnfurls its Thousand Opaline Eyespots, Heavenly Arch  
Refurbishing Faith in Oneself, NobilityandJoy Enhance  
Overwhelming Jollity, Virtuous and Veracity Emerge.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Prayer To The Creator.....God.....!

Oh my Creator, My prayer shall be to face Angst, not to runaway from it  
My prayer shall be to over come grief, not to surrender to it  
My prayer shall be to enjoy freedom, not to the fear of losing it  
My prayer shall be to the harmony of Mother Nature, not to imbalance it  
My prayer shall be to come out of dilemma, not to yield to it  
My prayer shall be to gain knowledge, not to conjecture it  
My prayer shall be to rescind ego, not to enforce it  
My prayer shall be to goodness confer, not to disgrace it  
My prayer shall be to overrule limitations, not to confine to it  
My prayer shall be to genuine and just, not to fake it

God Bestow me with the determination  
To stand-up for all that is ethical,  
And with complete dedication  
To be fearless and equable...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# A Percept Of Death

Sorted event spurs the trotting thought  
Rippling out numband mute a feeling;  
Excerpted scenes in shreds and patches  
Form the collage in motley matches;  
Fear sends the bravest, kneeling  
And broken-down into non-entity and dust;  
Virtual and real images combine forth reeling;  
The Pastruns in to the presents lot,  
Things broken, and spilled blood,  
The dry skull and the dislodged bone,  
Resonantly chime around the weird knell  
Yet, the strange breeze brings forth  
The delicious aromaof the living wild bloom  
A new form emerges and shapes itself into Hope..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Snail..... The Fearless

Intense weather, cool and soggy

Composed smell of Soil

Sense of exaggeration, quietly moving snail, gliding in its style sloppy

On the Wall, with Sluggish pace, facing Nature's Turmoil

Tiny form, fearless of falling

Sure of its sticking ability,

Taking its time and enjoying crawling

Slow yet resolutely moving with humility

Come what may be , is its attitude

Struggling against all struggle

Intellect nor ascendancy, mere focus of this solitude

Gutsy fellow tackles the trouble

Protecting self from antagonist

Lazy but certainly handles the transition

Timely withstands the Challenge, true agonist

Purposefulness to Live in any condition...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Sin

The Mind out of Satanic filth  
Composes itself into a lost beast  
To giggle and chase to infinity ,  
The sensuous sins sensing foul ;  
The heavy and seedy movement  
Of the hyena reaches the unaware prey,  
And the biting and chewing frenzy  
Blows up into a wild, satiating feast...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Frog And The Moth...! !

A Frog sat on a floating,  
Spread-out lotus leaf  
Croaking , quacking and musing  
As it meditated in grief  
Over its escaped prey - -  
A funny moth, dull as its colour  
Flying criss- cross, chose a grey  
Spot to spread its wings in valour.  
'Try again 'said the hunter fond,  
Jumped with a calculation  
And the want -wit, lack- lustre gall  
Was just missed - - the emulation  
Favoured the prey as the pond  
Received the lump of the fall...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Breeze..Oh....Breeze...! ! ! ! !

Stormy winds blowing high  
Bunch of parrots hovering in the Blue-sky  
Red-whiskered Bulbul, Robin, crow, Nightingale., Owl.....fly..fly  
chirp...squawk...caw...coo.chirrup..tu-whit tu-who..!

Rock 'n' Roll of green grass, leaves and tress  
Dancing to the tunes of blowing breeze  
Anything and Everything full of zest and ease  
chirp...squawk... caw...coo..chirrup...tu-whit tu-who..!

Sun shower, Rain drops touching landscape  
Birds orchestrate at background, Whiff of the soil so refreshing, fairly Dreams  
cape;  
State of Supreme bliss and renovate  
chirp...squawk..caw....coo..chirrup..tu-whit tu-who..!

Bushes moving to and fro  
Shaken by giant wind, yet it remains unruffled and glow  
Serene and composed, teaching me to be focused, upgraded  
and let it go  
chirp...squawk...caw...coo...chirrup...tu-whit tu-who..!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Dew Drops..!

Cock-crowing moment, jiffy thoughts of Silence  
Sun peeping amidst the silvery clouds hovering across the Blue sky  
Sparkling dew drops on green lawn, like little diamonds  
Sense of freedom, perceptibly flying High

Cool breeze of jollity, gentle touch of stability  
Smell of soil, Crystal -Clear thoughts of divine nature  
Rainbow flash on the dew drops, Classic Tranquillity  
Lavish Sight of fortune, a earthy picture....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Crow....!

Early Morning, Sun and half moon Raising high in the blue sky  
Standing at the window i see a crow.... Caw..Caw..Caw...!  
Picking small sticks, flying in straight line..ply..ply..ply  
Deftly carry through its task with gambol, Without any Flaw..!

Hopping, Sliding on the Awning  
Playing, full of energy, Smartly Cheering oneself  
Feels like its saying Good Morning.....!  
Visual treat to see this Intelligent divine creature, blessed self...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Purple -The Colour

Purple the Colour So Vigorous  
Makes Every Moment Feel So Gracious  
A Tangible Expression of Ingenuous and Virtuous  
Draw forth Caprice that's Royally Glorious  
Exemplifications of our Profound Ideas Perspicaciously  
Team up with Knowledge and Power Sumptuously  
Benevolent Amethyst Colour Manifests the SOUL  
With Sensitivity and Humility without any FOUL  
Promote Aesthetic Quality of Emotions and Ability  
Unsurpassed my Favourite Colour PURPLE  
Having Great Influence time after time to GIGGLE  
Ultimate Aspiration of GODLY Creativity...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Gold.....!!!!!!!!!!

Glittering Lively Reddish Yellow, Oh GOLD....!  
Luxurious Nobel Metal , Soft And Pride to Hold  
Unaffected by most Bases, Reliable , Light to Mould  
Oh GOLD..! Oh GOLD..! Valuable, Dazzling and Bold..!

Power of Resisting , Easy Smelting , Distinct Colour;  
Resists Acids , Dissolved by ' Royal Water ' .....!  
Generally desired Precious Metal , Extravagance of Jewelry Lover ;  
Oh GOLD..! Oh GOLD...! Often in Style from Mother to Daughter...!

Transitional Wealth , The Mark of Prestige...!  
Quest for Divine Love, Refined and Eternity ;  
Emotional Bond, Advance with Time to Each Legacy Elite ;  
Oh GOLD..! OH GOLD..! The Symbol of Victory : The Winner Certainly.

Vigorous Equalizer , The Cultural Asset..!  
Pure and Sacred , Great Pious Essence ;  
Investment for the Future, A Valid Bet;  
Oh GOLD..! Oh GOLD...! Embodiment of Faith and Heavenly Presence...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Rose... The Epitome Of Conspicuousness....!

Distinct Colours and Class

Silky Petals, Feeling of heavenly Pass;

Sweet-Smelling bloom

Oh...! Rose the Epitome of Conspicuousness, out from Gloom;

Perfection and Love is Red

Genuine, specified depth of esteemed thoughts Unsaid;

Grace and Royalty is Purple

Magical first sight , direct path to the Soul for being Eternal;

Gentle and Contented is Pink

Free from Pretence, Point out the Sensitive Worth of Sole without any blink;

Vigorous and Foreseeable is Orange

Harmonious way to divulge the Willingness with full knowledge;

Pristine and Diligent is White

Refined Style to reliving thoughts in Quite;

Good Will and Gladness is Yellow

Pure Life-Long Friendship with the Loyal Fellow ;

Simplicity and Perseverance is Peach

Gentle token of Realization , for been their at time and within Reach;

Fascination and Magnificent is Cream

With Intention of Concern , Amity being Supreme;

Without Exception, Unique Colours with Exquisite Message

One, Two , Twelve or More Roses, Is Highly Impressive;

Truly the Goddess of Flower, Generating a Rosy Smile

Timeless Bloom of Faith, Equity, Pious and Versatile....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Rose..Oh..Rose..!

Flora's prolific, luxuriant child Rose  
Dear to the eyes and the nose  
Among all feelings to pose  
And mediate, the least said  
Yet the best expressions made  
Single or in clusters laid  
Redness renders all so easy and perfect...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Rose...!

Unique in colours, form and order  
Pleasing the mind, charging the eyes  
Euphonic note of haunting flies  
Transcending the spirit yond the null border;  
Olfactory impulses petrify the corporal flux  
Juicy smack of virtual, gustatory delicacy  
And the tactile bliss of cool - warm efficacy  
Takes the pentagon of senses to flight de luxe,  
As the half-open, curves of the Rosy-smiles manifest !

Vidya Pandarinath

# Hello Moon....!

Amidst the dark sky, shining is The Full Moon  
Feeling so Lucky and Blessed  
Oh.....! so Big, Shiny and Boon  
Gentle breeze of rarity, Moment Evidently The Best

Un-get-at-able, Yet Very Much Wishful  
Luminous Rays of Hope, Confidence and Divine Veracity  
Fear of Darkness Vanishes, Seem Blissful  
Inspiring to Fulfill Dreams with Vivacity....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Cycle Of Change....!

Cracking flashes , roaring thunder and the rain,  
Tickling drizzles , shower or the heavy pour  
Rinse the corroded hill and the earthly gore,  
Dressing all man made wounds and stain;  
Sprouts, and all greenery greet the smiling Sun  
Diffusing the weird lingering and pleasing smell,  
Sensuous Flora blooms in the vibrant spell,  
The vigorous essence of life finds its robust run.  
Cruel winter, wrinkled, grey-eyed has her sadistic way  
Hanging fog, cutting blizzard , choking breath  
Ever eager to tick the chart of death;  
The fall of withered leaves or the snowy lay,  
The denuded boughs and the shrunk dry life ,  
Inscribe depression: Yet will the Victor Strife  
Ensure to bring back and restore the loss!

The essential Spring brings forth sweet  
Breath, incense and colours of bliss,  
To charge and rejuvenate with kiss,  
Entities big, small, shabby and neat;  
Cool breeze pleases the senses matching the odd  
And the even thoughts and things,  
Like the avian flights flapping their wings  
To float, balance, dive and plod;  
The earth and the Heavens know no bounds  
As the base bubble of joy blows up into infinity  
And the agreeable, with the irksome finds amity,  
While worded music is tuned out of signal sounds !

Vidya Pandarinath

# Love - Path Of Divine Purity

Love is a Song of Devotion  
Feeling of Cherished Emotion  
Thought of Notion Without Division  
Bonding of Natural Affection

Love is a Charisma of Esoteric Delight  
Reasoning without any Justification  
Giving Soul a Sense of Sight  
Courage to defeat any Demarcation

Love is the Starlight  
Conquest of the Silent Darkness  
Connecting Hearts with an Unseen Light  
Enlightened by Virtue of its Smartness

Love is the Path of Divine Purity  
Sincerity, Reliance, Endearment  
Only Reality not a mere Temperament  
The Utmost Truth that Ensures Surety

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Uneasy Painting

It is a painting hung  
On the obvious wall in an eating place:  
The deer, in the air sprung  
And the heavy tiger in close landing  
On it with playful paws ,  
Sharp teeth and eager jaws ;  
Beneath and around the tease,  
Is all greenery and breeze  
Inclining the tall grass tender  
Leeward, to mark the surrender !  
Perchance the painter hails the victor  
In all freshness, colour and sector;  
Yet is there a lost moment  
Of hope, terror and lament  
Against wild sport and winning ecstasy  
Innocent, harmless beauty  
Would be a warm prize bounty!  
Oh.. the immortal moment of terror  
And the latent vision of horror -  
The wild feast that is to follow.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Avarice

They fought - loud and foul,  
Single and the family - all;  
And even their pets barking loose,  
Offsprings frowning and twisting nose -  
Digging the greed of possession !  
None was wise enough to believe  
That those who build without His Sanction  
Gain naught but end in vain.....  
Each asserted , he was right  
And the land on which he stood his height  
And gazed across with infinite din,  
Belonged just to him and his kin;  
The wind blowing, the pouring rain  
The hot sun and every strain  
Raged them and they fought hard  
With hands, sticks and sharp steel  
Till one day they were found with cheek-weal,  
In the court boxes, bound by the Law;  
Word for word, and the see-saw,  
Someone else got what they claimed;  
All their content and peace was maimed  
Possession changed for sure as ever ;  
On everything stood a newly set tower;  
Now visitors tread on every spot  
Where each litigant forbade the other's blot  
Great lands and boundless an empire  
Have found dilapidation and fire,  
Erasing and re-marking on the chart  
Of amoebic map on the whole or in part.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Agony And Ecstasy

Sorrows seek a hide-out sly,  
As the clouds of pain gather  
Over the irritant craggy land  
Of lures and, of...failures;  
A shaking inner quiver  
Cracks open the lava.  
Pleasure fountain springs and sprinkles  
A like a strange elation -  
Tears gleaming ecstasy  
While robust dry laughter  
Peals out of the cynic mouth.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Nose

True it is that the nose  
' In its place and in itself'  
Lends identity and charm  
To the face.....  
Of course it leads the bearer  
To the place  
Of search, classing the sniff,  
Besides filling the breath-bags;  
Its greatness and redness appear  
Only when one gets cold  
Or disturbed  
And it is mean  
When it is being poked  
In others ' affairs.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Water, Oh Water....!

Little dew drops toss  
On the blades of grass,  
Dance with pearly sheen ;  
Roaring cascade spills clean  
The colour-bow to adorn  
The deep vale beneath borne;  
The rustling playful water  
Enlivens, flowing along with splatter;  
Falling from the laden skies,  
The droplets soothe and slake  
The tired, thirsty soil flake;  
Being the only last feed  
For the dying mouth in need -  
Yet in excess and out of the way,  
May presage the allusive Doomsday....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Tree

Carried by a bird or the wind, the seed  
Might have found its desolate way,  
On this invincible weird, hill-top,  
Chance spray led to its sprout;  
Then found the life-force stout,  
Stood its ground piercing the rocky chop -  
Through its crevice and crack stay,  
Unyielding in its strife with a huge lead,  
And finally stand fast as a life-module,  
Housing and sheltering the transient avian lot;  
Strength and trophy are, in action manifest  
As numerous eyes and mouths enjoy best  
Striving against the hostile, not losing to rot  
Being of essential use is concordance with Nature's Rule.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Form And Harmony

Clay finds its desired form  
And use on a potter- wheel noddle,  
Lustre metals are molten  
Cast, moulded and beaten  
To yield desired rich charm;  
Rough rock is chiselled, cut  
And ground to make an inspiring idol;  
Colours, fragrance and inner sweet  
Make a fruit the pick of choice;  
Inner bruise is healed with soft-worded voice  
Harsh admonitions and punishment  
Fail where effects the pricking sarcasm;  
Between the coarse outside and the modest in side  
Dwell s the strange rhythm of harmony;  
Enclosing darkness might inwardly enlighten,  
And binding space may lead to infinity,  
As the Soul reaching Perfection  
Concurs with the cosmic source.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Jumbos ' Day

Amidst Sparkling Spell Arrives  
The Festival of Prosperity and Conquest,  
Filling Each Soul with Divine Joy of Surprise  
Wickedness Triumphed, by the Virtuous is the Longest

The Royal Palace, filled with audience to View the Jumbos' Excellence;  
Folk Dancers, Music Bands, Dance Groups, Colourful Tableaux  
Vigorous Jumbo Carries, The Idol of Goddess in the Golden Howdah with  
Elegance;  
Other Jumbos , Camels, Horses follows it in a Flow

The Procession Proceeds in a Lengthy Way  
Applauding Crowd at Each Circle and at Steeple  
Majestic Pachyderms Accomplishes its duty in a Array  
A Visual Treat, The Victory of Good over Evil.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Fear.....!

Beneath all thoughts and feeling,  
Deep down, at the bottom of all  
Dwells the obsessive shadow called Fear-  
Of losing something, or getting the unwanted;  
It keeps the incongruous mind haunted;  
Things real, noble, elite and dear  
Are rendered awesome, sickly and gall  
Senses are lost beyond all healing  
Faith is shattered and righteous prompts recede.  
Oh God's chosen Creation, let this not lead.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Miss Gingerly And Mr Capsicum

They knew her for pretty long and well  
Fair and lovely, fit and obstinate,  
Long legs, comely smile and measured gait,  
Managed never to cross the average weight,  
Not exactly beautiful, Yet could cast a spell  
On all men between teen and the grave .

Some soft-ware lad badly did handle  
His own project, seeing this brisk lass -  
Chance meeting and glances over spectacle-glass,  
Came his love appeal in a dramatic bass;  
She smiled and nodded as the candle  
Flickered on her face and shinning eyes!

Not many days passed and they began  
Shouting, clawing, posing and pecking ego;  
Each was wrong; but none thought so.....  
Something was missing , but how to know?  
Who had to yield- the wife or the man?  
Gestures and shouts turned into fights !

Throws and wild sporting, with pillows or pots  
And the sleepless hours, days dry- - -  
Things toppled and did scattered lie;  
Frowns, lip curves and cry and sigh!  
Then, set apart and joined the singled lots,  
Never again to seek peace or pleasure !

If ties be enlivened with a cardinal smile  
Honouring the opposites that effected the attraction,  
Integers would not then be a fraction;  
Content is sought in such a queer concoction  
Of the strong and weak, the lofty and the vile :  
Moments make life, as droplets form an ocean!

Disobedience apart, Reason poses anew : who is to blame  
For the Fall - Adam, Eve, the Fruit or Satan?



# A Graph For Aunt Betsey

Aunt Betsey (R. I.P) was once neat -  
And all lovely charm and form  
Before she got into wedlock;  
Soon all was lost in a storm  
When her man took his stock  
And vanished never again to meet.

There was unwilling flesh and weight  
And her lovely gait, people praised,  
Changed into an odd waddle;  
Her lost glamour could never be traced,  
Long neglected face was a raddle -  
She was polite and never did slate.

She worked for him through all,  
Doted and cared for his comfort;  
His cruelty and all lavish deal  
Never did her touch or hurt:  
The blows had left many a weal;  
Beside her he stood, evil and small.

Now she is gone beneath an epitaph;  
Beauty may be marked on either side  
Of cipher: all charm and amorous nodes  
Dotted against each of the axes glide -  
Me an and base gestures of all modes  
Stipple a sullen concurrent linear love- graph!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Existence...!

Across the field of millet's,  
Beyond the range of vision  
There is an infected hill-  
A rocky mountain torn  
With gelatin and powder  
And eaten up with hammer,  
Chisel and wounding crowbar  
Or with giants pounded and crushed.  
Yes! it goes on as ever  
Man has to roll on a flat road,  
Breathe safely in a vertical block  
So kill this long - standing entity!

Centuries have receded in to oblivion,  
Gone are those moments of ecstasy  
When a human soul found  
Some divine shape or purging sanctity  
That urged the hands to carve  
A charming statue or set  
The sanctum of sublime art  
With the scattered rocks and the very  
Hammer, chisel but sensing fingers!

Remorselessly grinning greed,  
And coarsely tamed breed  
Of existence have blotted the liquid  
Of feeling and dried up the root;  
The huge Tree of Life creaks

Balancing it self awfully where it stands.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Spider Mind....!

In a select corner  
Far from the common reach  
The creature jumps and scuttles  
To secrete and weave  
A formal web of charm  
To allure and lure the prey  
And end up beating in vain;  
Often unwieldy, big  
Things get entangled  
And carry down  
The dreamy deceptive design;  
Oh! .... if it were to be  
Like a neat, sweet bee  
Culling out of the elite flora  
The best, only to give out honey!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Smiles....!

Index of the facial nod,  
Just a gesture or a prod ?  
Like ripples gliding  
On the surface form -  
Gentle thoughts hiding  
In the mind's abstract nook  
It appears and vanishes ;  
Toothy and toothless  
Chubby, the wide-eyed ones,  
The conceited or the deceitful  
Or the smirk of disgust -  
The smile rumples the face.  
Petty, enigmatic bloom  
Of an infant misleads  
And tends to please  
An affiliate onlooker.  
The comely content and relief  
On a child's fused face,  
The sly conceding gesture  
In a youth's affected leer,  
The measured pragmatic grin  
Of the business lips prim!  
And the blankness in the jeer  
Of a cold, stiff corpse!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Circle

A Shape curious and neat,  
Space of even - expanse from the centre,  
Key to cosmic content and form,  
The circle is always the mind's delight,  
In infinite numbers making a sphere;  
Petals have a choice of colour,  
Fruits and nuts of various flavours - -  
All are set in a regular ring;  
A whirlpool or a growing surface ripple,  
Is like a lover's rave going around,  
Yet only a closed curve makes it complete .

Vidya Pandarinath

# Water, The Marvel.....!

Little droplets of rain  
Sprinkled from the sky  
Enlivens things that scattered lie,  
With permuted spectral hue and stain.

The horizon opens up the bow  
Of neat and infinite make,  
Leaves and grass blades shake  
With pleasure and bend low.

Brown water runs in rills  
To fill little pits and ditch,  
Dark shrubbery looks green-rich  
As the heavy clouds cover the hills

Strange, but it is true -  
Water is Nature's implicit miracle,  
Elixir, revealing the complex oracle,  
That doth the rare planet life, strew.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Snake - The Satan

The cloud-laden sky,  
Above the dark land  
With an occasional shy  
Flash of lightning band,  
And blooming huge thunder  
Had left the black snake  
Homeless and without a bite;  
Being huge and a horror-fake,  
Blew up the terror night;  
The motley throng ran about,  
Shouting in panic  
Men lean and stout,  
Strong, hale and sick -  
All in one voice  
Of fear, loss and death;  
The terrorist long and dark  
Curled up with a hiss  
Widening the distance mark  
Yet stones and a log  
Finished the poor creature  
And dumped in the bog;  
Fear, the abhorred feature,  
An abstract child of Death,  
Can without timely eviction  
Stop the Divine breath  
And devastate the Holy Creation!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Dance Of The Peacock

The blue, green and gold  
Of the pleasure peacock  
Flying down the rock  
Cocking the loop neck ,  
Something obtuse to reck,  
Lifted toe, supple stride  
Movements of pride,  
Just to honour and hail  
The lofty clouds that sail  
High above the Cosmic fold

Measuring a light tread,  
Then posing, stopped short  
Gathering again to dart,  
Spreading out the feather-beam  
Vast and of tri-colour gleam,  
In a fit of frenzied craze -  
Prompting him to praise,  
The elite and decided faction  
In a moment of perfection,  
Quiet with things spread !

May be, the bird of charm  
Reveals the blent splendour  
Of rhythm, beauty and grandeur  
Of micro - movement in trance  
All meant to be a vivid prance  
Breath and beat are one  
As the numerous eyes are spun !  
Nature can excite ecstasy divine  
In a soul reaching out the sublime  
And concur with her, sans any norm.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Resolute Hag

She is an old Woman , past  
Some eight decades of hard toil,  
Doing everything from labour to fast  
To exact from the unyielding soil,  
Random greens and grains to sell  
With greater words to push and promote  
The trifle things she grew in the spell  
Not by choice or plan but by rote.

It was a different scene -  
Some years ago when she,  
Dressed tight and looking lean  
Ran about and worked like the bee  
Feeding her crippled husband and son,  
Farming her land alone within the twilight,  
Return to hut, the wide work done,  
Only to carry on the backlog at night.

She made baskets and little toy  
Least feeling tired all the time  
Finding comfort for her man and boy  
Thus living, she spent her prime,  
One day to lose both the tick -  
One deceased , and the other ceased  
To be her old-age aid stick;  
The lonely creature remains neglected and teased.

The wrinkled hag is not still lost - -  
Life for her has a found sense,  
Neither fear nor senility could cast  
Tiny tense effect on her life dense!  
Yes! She has chosen utter destruction  
For a mockingly helpless, ductile defeat;  
For sure : it is not an easy yield,  
Life's battle is fought in an unmarked, invisible field!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Divine Dawn

Twilight Morning view  
So splendid and new  
Cool breeze and vision light  
Renewal and rejuvenation delight  
Busy grazing cows and horse  
Lovely lake and Gulmohars endorse  
The feeling that nature with the sun  
Playing hide and seek hind silver-dome  
Scattered clouds and promising dawn  
Is n't it true that Nature reveals the Divine..! ?

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Conscience

Vast, scorching , sandy stretch of a desert,  
Deep disturbed chaotic waters of an ocean ,  
Limitless fake-blue expanses of the sky,  
Mock at the trifle humans ' assertive cert  
Of endless ventures and crafty motion  
Chasing the unknown - distant and neigh .

Moments and spells lost and gone  
Forever, into the abstract Eternity recede ,  
Death and decay brew new order and form  
Time is measured between the Dawn  
And the Dusk: celestial spheres in the lead ;  
The change that drives darkness is called morn .

All that is black and dark is weirdly viewed -  
Sin, Sorrow, Din and Horror in shape diffuse  
As classed Tempters of Satan and Beelzebub  
The inner Entity needs to be changed and renewed,  
Not by God or Angel but , by Conscience obtuse,  
That culls the Right and Just from the hub hub .

The mind is both a Jekyll and a Hyde ,  
Dressed feeling and tutored thoughts placing Self  
In else's plight and plaint, brings out a soul  
Which will command man, by all discipline to abide;  
When fail all - Religion , Law, Power and Pelf,  
The Conscience can prevail and subdue the foul !

Vidya Pandarinath

# Elemental Life

The cool, pleasant, tickling friendly breeze  
Caresses and lifts the hair to tease,  
Bringing forth a kind of pompous joy  
Of breathing freshness in the gale ploy ;  
Stale things look comely and new  
Tall and short, light and shadow skew  
Truth is what the kind tends to form  
And beauty is but its abstract norm !

The gusty storm and the blizzard cold,  
Bring down things hard, strong and bold  
Giant trees uprooted, mansions neat and fast  
Are carried away and scattered aghast  
Potent prowess and wildness in the act  
Mock at human strength, patience and tact ;  
Music of weird horror and insanity is at play  
Blatant echoes pervade the ravage stay!

Yet is there manifest the latent fact -  
That man should seek his need exact  
And stop with the essence of life;  
Puff is what he needs for breath-strife  
Good and evil are resolved from limit  
Boundless and excess are to purge and vomit  
The essence of living lies but in order  
Death and destruction beckon, across the border.

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Mosquito And The Bee

Whining from across a slum,  
A large mosquito had a day out;  
As he neared a private garden  
He chose to sit upon a large leaf;  
Seeing a busy bee kissing a flower,  
Envious he said: 'Look you hey!  
' I can fly and suck blood,  
' Move about and carry things dreaded most;  
' Darkness and shadow are my accomplice  
' I scare them all like a war - plane! '  
The buzzing bee stopped his suck  
And blurted out: 'Hey you little devil!  
' Your flight is short and bound;  
' Light and breeze are your fierce foes  
' I live with my swarm, and alone  
' I am not chased out, but sought  
' What I produce is sweet and choice  
' Everything dear is but compared to it!  
' And, remember I am better shaped and coloured  
' Why take pride in being such, then? '  
As he was about to land on the leaf  
A mistaken chameleon, closely rolled out  
His long tongue and took in both  
And closed his wicked eyes;  
The Cunning Statesman overlooking his casement  
Laughed dryly and muttered: ' I like it '!  
' He is like me, unknown and indeed smart '!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Day And Night

The easing day breaks with birds  
Twittering, often punctuated with the crow  
Mastering The orchestra that girds  
The little vale down which the drove  
Of livestock moves seeking the green and the flow.

The Sun smiles fondly and the breeze  
Caresses the living and the inanimate alike  
Berries, flowers and foliage show off on trees;  
Creatures big and small run about or hike  
Harmony and vigour merge into hectic sloth .

The quest begins : tillers, artisans and all  
Idlers and gamblers over-trusting their luck  
Professionals right and wrong , short and tall  
To try their old stuff and get stuck  
Indeed money is the measure for the biped !

The teasing dusk ensnares Corpus Dins  
Twinkling stars and the infirm moon hoodwink  
Sinister crimes born of the Seven Deadly Sins  
Innocent art thou unless proven guilty, and stink!  
'God saves those who save themselves ' !

But it was on a dark night  
The Buddha left, and left for good  
All pelf and coveted cosy delight,  
Sought revelation under the Enlightenment Wood :  
'Crave for naught, nor cherish any Desire! '

Vidya Pandarinath

# Love

Those great bards in gifted flight  
Visited with the winged flirt Muse  
Unknown lands at the zenith and the nadir,  
And worded pompous stuffy feelings, complex  
About Love - the cryptic human flaw;  
Other confused mid-way Beings nod-head  
With null thoughts they have for aught,  
Blowing up with conviction fantasy pictures of abstraction  
Yet the villainous virus in the teenagers  
And even in some chosen stupids aged ones too,  
Slackens and thwarts all immunity: a pronounced  
Sickness takes over the poor vanquished  
Routing Affection, Gratitude, Patience and Prudence!  
And seek obstinate compromises of self - centered nonsense!  
All is not over yet: someone, someday,  
Some maker might come out sure  
With an antidote or vaccine for cure!

Vidya Pandarinath

# A Dream Of Civilization

The weary sceptic Ego rather overslept  
In the wilderness like Rip Van Winkle;  
Things have changed and lost all form,  
Nay, shapes and structures of colossal norm  
Have come down sans a warming tinkle;  
Arid haze pervades the vale cleft -  
The distorted splinters of the lost world!

Blown up giant Saurians and creatures eerie  
Have run about and vanished hind the rocks,  
Up hill, the bipeds dance round the prey,  
Yond the mark, form the open field-fray;  
Echoes clang of swords and gunstocks,  
Clouds form droning metal birds fiery:  
A shroud of smoke envelopes all devastation!

Darkness slowly creeps in here:  
Life is paralysed, voice rendered mute and still;  
And Yond the horizon tall structures vie  
Pointing like spikes to the infinite sky;  
The Past is all lost in the fossil  
The New - born one, cold and hard, does peer  
Through the air of dense, frenzied anxiety!

\*\* (Note: The poem has abc cba d rhyming and has a surrealistic touch. It is a poem intended to describe modern man's conceptual evaluation of human progress in 'civilization' through the ages, including the Wars. The question remains as to whether man has intrinsically changed, despite his so called technological innovations and progress - Vidya Pandarinath, ..author)

Vidya Pandarinath

# Sanctity In Order

Random things set sans order  
In an undefined savage expanse,  
And scattered within a wild border  
Strike up awe and a cynic glance;  
Choice of form and a pattern-band  
Lends a sure charm to an abstract entity  
Hard rocks or loose dunes of sand  
Beam forth lovely beauty in sanctity,  
If chiselled or heaped in a chordal Discipline;  
Sounds and beats void of symphony,  
Croaks and quacks or a timid trace -  
All become the balm of inner agony,  
And chosen words in right time and place  
Restore a radiant smile on a lost face !

Vidya Pandarinath

# Lotus....The Thrive

Oh! The Flower of celebration  
Cultural Significance of sacred ornamentation  
Instinctive, Divine Conspicuous creation  
Mark of Enlightenment, Consciousness, Motivation

Unpretentious by the Quagmire, Place of its Birth  
Nor by the Aqua that lugs it in the Earth;  
Blossom in the Squalid, Yet so Pure and Poised  
Modest Elegance with out effect reaches its Aim without Noise;

Unkempt all over it, Yet rises from the Perplexed Times  
Imbue to over come Negativity, Emerge as a Winner!  
Cling to a mere possibility, Resilience Climbs  
Drive thyself to Never Quit, Dream Bigger.....!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Rain

The dry and arid ambience  
Had become husky,  
Sweaty and irksome!  
Herbs, blades of grass  
Showed the last signs of death;  
One found fault  
With things mobile or static;  
The crow somewhere  
Made a languid, coarse croak;  
Quadrupeds near about put  
Their defeated snout  
Into the dry base;  
The young ones in the outfield  
Sat beneath the undefeated tree  
And moistened their lips  
With bottled water ;  
Life was drying up fast  
And everyone around  
Was sickly and pale;  
The sun went down the West ,  
Dusk and darkness covered  
All the range with no limit.  
There was lightning  
Followed by thunder....  
It rained as never before  
And life was washed out  
Indiscriminately for the next morning!

Vidya Pandarinath

# The Puzzle Of Life

The sprouting little seed found free  
Grows into a huge, gigantic tree  
Across and around its own domain  
Feeling and making others feel or gain  
The power of water, air, the sun , and soil ;  
Its majestic stand and profuse coil  
Assure the explosive power of life :  
The little beings hatching out  
Of a modest hidden lay, form stout  
Shapes of symmetry , order and rule :  
The huge, great, strong and the cool ,  
Blow out of the puff and husk of unknown lot  
Things minute or huge, are just alike in structure and strife -  
An enigma, a wonder and a puzzle of life

Vidya Pandarinath

# Visit To The Lake

Walking along the bank of the lake  
I chanced to see things amusing :  
The calm water reflected the bright sky  
But the white birds constantly flew over  
Searching for their favourite prey

There at a corner was the fruit - seller,  
Who constantly waved away  
The swarm of flies lingering between  
His hand and the juicy fruit,  
Not knowing which makes a better taste

Hiding half behind a tree  
Was an unlicensed love-pair;  
Neither of them was certain  
What was being sought:  
Both seemed to be in an outside world

An old couple, beyond age ,  
Sat on a stone bench:  
The woman beside, pulled in her man  
As a mistaking beetle tried to drone  
Into his toothless, open mouth

A croaking crow hopped on the branch  
OF the banyan tree, not sure  
Which way to fly: All seemed  
Uncertain in a frame of certainty  
I think I heard the lake whisper:  
' What errand brings thee here ? '

Vidya Pandarinath

# Man And Nature

Man is perhaps , on Nature,  
The worst parasite - fast and hard  
Selfish, and a paradox of values barred  
Loud and Cunning in every nomenclature

His links and kin, all alike  
Varying in degree: tints of colour  
Choosing the wrong for the right valour  
Picking the evil and fatal to strike

Feelings are but funny and fake,  
Knowledge in a bucket from the Cosmic well  
Stories and admonitions, only to tell  
For gains, ever - ready to strike

Laws and rules here do vary,  
Unlike as in Nature, with Person and Pelf  
All based on gain for self !  
Even the innocent rocks are sliced off the quarry.

Vidya Pandarinath

# At The Temple

He sat there his back  
Inclined to the stray  
Weather-worn pillar  
His rags - a dirty torn  
Loose top he had worn -  
Looked like an old miller;  
Scarce did he look to pray  
Or regard anyone along the track

Bright eyes, ofcourse:  
And a hidden nose  
Were all one could view  
In his whole being;  
My eyes casually fell  
On the old-man; I can tell  
He could have been seeing  
The world across dark hue;  
Pity prompted me and I chose  
To stretch a coloured note by force

' Nay! ' said he with his full palm,  
Rose and shook his head  
' I have left everything and everyone  
' Much far behind and beyond '  
I stood gazing at the pond,  
He slouched towards in the parching sun.  
Were all his people, for him, dead?  
And yet he is so firm and calm!

Minutes passed as I stood  
Between the temple and fading him;  
It dawned on me: crazy act  
To offer money - nay coloured chit:  
He least cared for or wanted it.  
How sad and bad a fact  
It is to feel pomp and overbrim  
With some gold, and rich hood!



# Law

When MOSES Came to HOLD  
His People Together, Was born LAW  
Things that were, and as he SAW  
Out of centre, LOOSE, in TERROR- MOULD  
Needed to be Under the THUMB.

FOOD, CLOTHES and REST for MAN  
Which once were ENOUGH and ALL -  
Made humans embrace the SEVEN SINS and FALL  
Causing Chaos and so did the burden of BAN  
Slide ONTO the Shoulder of human LIFE

FEAR is the BASE for RIGHT and WRONG  
POSTHUMOUS DEAL never Scares MANY  
The dual Present for them is Apt and HONEY;  
Where the RELIGION -GRIP is not STRONG  
And LAW Fails, MAN is JUST an ANIMAL.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Living Hypocrisy

Likethebeamoflight  
Peepingacrossthesilver -lining cloud,  
Sweet happenings escapetheshroud  
OF sad - greyplight - -  
The mass of sorrows and numb pain  
Which try to tease out of suppressed strain;  
Leastbelievedisthefact  
Thatit isapassing, deceptive lead  
With changingshapes and a wanton mead  
OF boundless, baffling exact.  
Yes, they call itHOPE!  
The coreofalllife-driveforce  
The absurd glue oftwistedremorse  
TO pullalong the ' broken-down 'dope:  
Everybodyaroundrunsabout  
Searching for the same with chosen names  
Masking up hypocrisy andgreed in' Smiley 'claims  
TenderingReligion andCreed toabout.

Vidya Pandarinath

# Mysore The City Of My Pride

CITY OF THE BUFFALO DEMON, MAHISH  
KILLED BY THE GODDESS OF THE HILL -  
DOES ANYONE SAY STILL  
THAT A WOMAN CANNOT ACCOMPLISH?  
THE SILENT YET SALIENT  
GLAMOUR, PRIDE AND LOFTY HERITAGE  
OF WARMTH AND COMPASSIONATE PLUMAGE,  
OF ART AND CULTURE, RADIANT.

WITH THE SUN JUST BENEATH THE EAST  
BREATHE THE LAKES, THE GREENERY AND FLORA  
THE FIRM HILL HOLDS OUT THE LAURA  
THINGS LITTLE AND BIG BEAT THE BEAST  
OF SLEEP AND MOVE OUT IN QUEST  
OF THEIR WORK - BIG OR SMALL  
TO FEEL THE TASTE OF LIFE SWEET AND GALL  
AND URGE THAT IN THEIR PLACE ARE THE BEST

OH! THE WIDE AND FREE EXPANSE!  
THE PALACES, PARKS AND THE ZOO  
OUT THERE IS THE RIVER SWEET AND NEAT TOO  
AND PROMINENT IMPOSING TEMPLES FOR FANS  
MARKETS OPEN AND IN ENCLOSURE  
MOTLEY SELLERS AND BUYERS POSING,  
HIGGLING WITH A GRIN OR BAGGING IN CLOSING  
SHOUTS AND DIN, HEAPS AND PICKS IN EXPOSURE

JASMINE LOT, BETEL LEAVES, SANDAL INCENSE STICKS  
SILK COLOURS, TOYS AND THE FESTIVAL OF EVIL DESTRUCTION  
THE GREAT PROCESSION OF THE JUMBO FACTION  
THERE IS EVERYTHING AND A LOT TO PICK  
OLD AND MAGNA ABODES OF LEARNING  
THE ROYAL ROADS AND STATUES TO REMIND  
THAT ALL HERE IS CLASS AND A FACET - FIND  
WHEEL OF CULTURE STOPS NOT SINCE SET FOR TURNING....

Vidya Pandarinath

# Knowledge

Acquiring Knowledge is like relishing oneself beneath arms of GOD  
HE takes you to the path of regeneration

Enlightens your soul with Goodness, Peace and TRUST.  
Confidence is thy name Knowledge

Trust the Path of Knowledge.  
Knowledge shall never Die

Traces are left in the UNIVERSE  
SOUL may NOT EXIST in the REAL WORLD  
BUT VIRTUAL Presence is felt  
FOREVER and EVER...!

Vidya Pandarinath

# Independence

FREEDOM they Say is One's BIRTHRIGHT  
To LIVE in the Chosen World of LIGHT  
ENJOYING the Elements in NATURE  
Man's Freedom is Sensing Past in FUTURE

Loud Voices and SHOUTS SHRILL  
Do not Mean LIBERTY Warm and STILL  
Nor can anything, any Spirit encage  
Within Containers of Metal of any Gauge

TRUE FREEDOM is INDEPENDENCE  
INDEPENDENCE: OUT of FENCE -  
Moving BOUNDLESSLY Concurring with NATURE  
Which is above all RELIGIOUS STATURE

Vidya Pandarinath

# God - The Creator

GOD, First through skies  
And then through the starry ken  
Widening his Lovely Shape;  
Yet he through all ways grew

Magnificent Self! Power of the power!  
The Wholeheartedness. thus Sank under him  
Who of Knowledge, Goodness and Truth is a Trinity  
He is a Symbol of all Joy's, Harmony Ocean of Weal

Come what may my God Strength be me to denounce Everything  
With threads of unknown Strength and folds of an unknown Length  
That I may not Fight my NOBLE GOD!  
I am one of the you - Created Batch  
Join not the world nor even Rebuke

Reinforce me, Enlighten me my Lord  
Thanking wholeheartedly  
My Lord for the TIME'S ROD.

Vidya Pandarinath