

Poetry Series

**Vivek Tiwari**  
**- poems -**

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## Vivek Tiwari(23 July 1985)

I'm an English Lecturer.

I love literature.

Poetry is the most enjoining part of my life.

I started composing poems since I was 15.

I write both in English and Hindi.

I want to use my pen to bring a revolution in support of everything that is good and righteous.

Representation is my another desire though I know all these things are very difficult yet 'where is the will there is the way'.

I completed my education from my native place. After completing my education upto PG level I started my teaching career at Saket Girls Inter College Ptatapgarh where I taught for one year as an English Lecturer and then in August 2009 I joined Prabhat Academy where I worked for the same post upto June 2011. This is the institution where I got many many good students.

I joined St Anthony's Inter College Pratapgarh in July 2011 and worked upto November 16 2012 and then from December 2012 I am working at Delhi Public School Bulandshahr.

# A Call For Revolution

Be brave, be valiant, be all violent  
Prided heads and chest widened  
O brothers! O youths! O worthy sons!  
O sisters! O daughters! O wives of nation!  
O saints! O monks! o religion profound!  
Hold the swords and wield them around  
Hold the weapons deathly and terrible  
All firearms, all bombs and cannons. [1]

Turn them all to the heart of Anarchy  
And let them burst and blast at might  
To rid this nation from bleeding afflictions  
To rid her from her ulcerous plight. [2]

The faith, the peace you brag so proud  
The preachings, the gospels you deliver about  
All shall be a waste cacophony  
When monsters shall have their absolute ceremony. [3]

Don` t be dumb driven slave of brutality  
No sin to crush the Devil`s cruelty  
That like the Satan betrays the people  
To fill them with hatred against God`s decision. [4]

If gods of peace don` t listen the voice  
To set at accord virtue and vice  
Be yourself devoid all prayers  
Put all these wasteful ceremonies to fire. [5]

Let you` echo of thundering sound  
Be heard as sound of Change profound  
Let your fury speak your weapons  
Crackling guns and blasting bombs. [6]

Put to death, to the heap of slain  
To those dare tame your mighty marching  
You daughters! You sisters! You wives of nation!  
Be Durga, be Kali to bring revolution. [7]

Fight against your sole degradation  
Fight against your plighted violence  
Stand against the ravishing strides  
Revolt in wrath against malice` molestation. [8]

Monsters young or monsters old  
Shall be monsters  
So put them early to the edge of sword.  
Their growth shall ever but monsters breed  
That shall endanger the human gentry  
As by and by they flourish their creed. [9]

Goodly convictions are falling apart  
Centre is playing the devilish part  
Throns and crowns the worst with honour  
The best are crushed as things of discard. [10]

Cheat, deceit, betrayal and flirt  
Rape, seduction and malice molestation  
Are so well uprising, so well surviving  
Flourishing and blooming under sole protection. [11]

Rise straight and hold upright  
Move dare dominant, trampling the fright  
From the slumber of slavery awake  
From bonds be free, be not afraid. [12]

Stand for Self,  
For your sons and daughters sake  
Against all oppressions  
Stand in the battle like Yama`s image  
Untamed amid the Devil`s numbers  
In the kindling of dire revolution  
Like in true mutineer`s rage. [13]

To set all things goodly at accord  
To help stand and walk the trodden and discard  
To welcome the dawn of new transition  
Of Peace, of Pride of Safe-Region. [14]

Vivek Tiwari

# A Father's Remorseful Lament

They are slain for none their sins,  
But of mine-  
For Mine very sins,  
Their sin was just being my kids;  
Who died before birth:  
Pining, suffocating in the mother's womb.  
He was lonely or they were twins  
Mine complexion,  
Or their mother's kind notion;  
Slain is their mild smile,  
Infant innocence of wild emotions.

Their mother even did share their pine,  
Their endless pain brought them alone  
To the Death's black shine.  
Their pleasures ended without the term (pleasure) known,  
Their wild ecstasy has never been shown.  
If ever those foreheads-  
These lips shall kiss?  
If ever this heart-  
Can have their companying bliss?  
Oh no!  
Vain are these longings,  
Impossible is the bliss.

No love no care,  
No nourishing ever known  
When parental cruelty was all to be done.  
She (their mother) might have her suppressed sorrows  
I couldn't feel those white hues.

Vivek Tiwari

# A Song Of Happiness

Where Glory glows in the glance of Sun,  
Where Spring sprays the stuff of Fun,  
Where Waterfalls kindle the dying Streams,  
Where Valleys profound in chorus rhyme,  
Where the heart of Nature gladdens our bosoms,  
And Flowers of Love throughout blossom,  
In that rejoicing region of Nation  
Let me dedicate my heart and emotions.

Vivek Tiwari

# An Invocation To Mother Kali

O mother Kali!

Once more do that fierce dance  
Your fury born that fierce dance;  
All things ready,  
All needed ingredients,  
All situations favour Your return  
All our prayers do welcome Your come.  
So many vicious heads ready for You to weave in wreath  
To wear Your neck the skulls` wreath;  
And skull`s bowl to bowl the blood  
That need prevented dropping on Earth  
When blood Your dagger`s blade doth spray  
To stop been born those `blood-drop-borns` .

Once more listen our chocking prayers  
Yours faith-born our chocking prayers;  
Consent your come to our hearty invocation  
To bless us with your Maternal affection:  
Come O Mother!  
Dancing upon your thundering sound  
With your dagger and sharp stance  
Thundering upon your fierce dance  
Your fury born that fierce dance.

Vivek Tiwari

# An Yearn For Youth

Innocence hath lost  
Now youth withdraws,  
And rude and hoarse maturity  
Loosing its spell of sensible fog;

Come on-  
O thou warm-hearted fellow  
I crave, I yearn for thy frenzy romance;  
O Youth! O Youth! O Youth!  
I see thee still  
But `tis thy back-  
Thy all withdrawing frenzy.

Come on-  
O my sweetheart beloved fellow  
I call thee back, I long thee back  
I earnestly yearn thy blessing company  
I cry for thee, I crave for thee  
I call for thee from my heart`s intense purity.

O my friends! My youth companions!  
Lo!  
Look inside and feel thy heart  
O this maturity!  
`Tis what monotony!  
Own-ness crubles, friendship decays  
And mean gravity-  
Stretching its claws  
To prey upon our youthful frenzy,  
To feast upon our joys and freedom.  
And thy earnest and haughty person  
Leads steadily to the deserted horizon.

Vivek Tiwari



# Animals Are Not Ours To Eat

Look into the animals' eyes  
Don't see mere an animal feature  
See a friend- A living creature.

They are not ours to eat,  
They are not ours to wear,  
Are not ours to experiment upon,  
Are not ours for entertainment earnings.

They aren't ours to be served in dishes  
To stuff ourselves in meals and supper,  
They aren't ours to wear in clothes,  
In shoes and leathers or skinned robes.  
They aren't ours to test for science,  
In labs and hospitals or medical researches.

They are the truest being to Nature,  
Never wagging the wars dangerous,  
With use of bombs and and fire weapons  
Never defile the earth and air.  
They are truest to ecosystem  
Truest to earth and environmental protection.

The most faithful and never lying  
For when they tell you something  
They mean it ever  
They mean forever  
They love you most for kind affection  
That's a simple but weighty truth.

Go to them with love and affection  
The return you get is beyond limitation  
Beyond all calculations, beyond all imagination.

Up up my friends and change your looks  
To look all creatures as friendly beings,  
Be a heart to touch their feelings  
To feel their love,  
Their truest being.

Vivek Tiwari

# At The Request Of My Students While Teaching Wordsworth's Daffodils

You asked me  
To write for you- for all of you  
Something joyous as dancing Daffodils....!  
When I'm abed or all at rest  
My eyelids closed  
I see a crowd over my inward screen,  
Though not 'ten thousands at a glance'  
But in counted numbers-  
A crowd of my sweet students-  
With golden glitters  
On your foreheads-  
A sign of glory- far more a beauty  
Than of dancing Daffodils;  
So many daffodils bloom  
As I see in your innocence-  
More blither I feel than Daffodils' joyance.  
That wait for Spring  
To get that Glory that's momentary.  
But you make by your own  
So many Springs daily.  
So many daffodils bloom within my bosom  
When I see- Upto the far-fetched horizon of Futurity.  
Then nothing I see but this golden blossom  
The more golden blossom to glow forever  
Than these sprinkled flowers-  
These short-existing Daffodils.

Composed on 26 Feb 2009

Vivek Tiwari

# Baby Thou Sleeping Yet!

Birds do pour their charm and beauty  
In their sweetest tone`s estacy  
And gleams do spark on pearly velvet  
Baby thou sleeping yet!

Wind that wanders in blitheriest gown  
In deck`d golden heaven`s shine  
And stirs to bloom its prettiest pet(flowers)  
Baby thou sleeping yet!

Flow thy mat-lock, smile thy lips  
Blink thy lids and rose thy cheeks  
Lo! thy mate-morn welcomes thy nest(home)  
Baby thou sleeping yet!

Vivek Tiwari

# Battle Of Self And Slavery

A demon dancing upon the sounds of frenzied knell-  
That rings-but beguiling  
Like all welcoming morning-bell;  
Castle of grandeur-beautiful and vast  
With sweet-spoken agents,  
Hearts' construction quite aghast.

Like the severe agents of Evil,  
Who please with fake welcome and greet  
Lures with what you long  
As an open-armed token of meet.

As soon as you're lured to bait  
Accept the offer and sign the fate-  
The bond that asks for devotion and duty  
Is a contract of Self that you sold for upto sixty.

You've to follow then, the commanding voice  
Have to serve with sole devotion  
As then there is no other choice.

Terms & conditions applied so strictly  
Within the folds of unknown mystery  
(Till you're left with fate to accept  
Too late to follow the Self's percept)

Sacrifying your freedom to the Demon's decorum  
And all that sucks you  
At the quite demand of Forum;  
Feeds you enough-  
Enough for your blood and energy  
To suck you daily, to suck your blood and drain you dry.

Pining and wailing like an imprisoned barbary ape  
Your soul cries aloud Escape! Escape! Escape!

To make your soul sing leisurely  
Like a Happy Laurel  
Despise the bait, be self satisfied

And enjoy the happy flourishing floral.

Vivek Tiwari

# Birds V/S Human Beings

An egg of some unknown kind  
By a pair of sparrows did find  
Over the pile of hay  
At the retiring hour of day  
While they returned from their flight  
Enjoying the pleasure of day's delight.

'Let us see', she said 'and find  
This egg is of what kind....'  
'Tis not ours you know my dear  
Why should we bother for fear?  
Both our eggs are safe in nest  
Let us retire for night and rest.'

'Tis not ours' makes not our worth  
Better with us in nest than crush on earth.  
How can we leave it for preying birds  
Or for wild beasts while we have hearts! '

'Oh, a silly notion of crazy emotion!  
We aren't to help all creation.  
It's the duty of its parents  
They didn't care so let them repent.'

'You heartless soul and selfish thing  
You've lost your kind instincts.  
Come and bless it the love of our wings  
Fie for shame!  
No more talks like human beings.'

Vivek Tiwari

# Close Your Ethics Of Ego And Proud

Close your ethics of ego and proud  
And read the lasting sign of time.

A drop I am and ocean's quite expanse are you  
I know though well each and every ups and downs you go,  
And I know well the secret of shine  
Of Illusion's glorious crown you wear.

So many pages of requests are pending  
But you haven't time beyond self tending.  
Still there's world beyond those lines  
To the which you cling circling every time.

Life is not just self expression  
It's also an easy and smooth conversation.

The self-pleasing smile that floats and blossoms upon your bosom  
Hides within its depth a vicious poison.

Though you bloom in hearts like a flower of honour  
But be gentle and not wild to shake off that flower.

Why 'tis dilemma of self realising  
Though you be complete but others have also livings.

Yet 'tis yours self perception, rest others' quite rejection  
So be ready for self-shame end to welcome your chariot  
Returning from defeated vision.

Vivek Tiwari



# Come And Collect The Silvers

Come and collect the silvers  
Over the ground they are delivered,

Over the lawns and over the hays  
At the breaking of the days,

When the rays of Sun do come  
They shine in their best forms;

Come and quickly pick up them  
Otherwise they shall waste in vain.

Vivek Tiwari

# Damned Society!

Society! Society! Society!  
Its obstacle to all liberty!  
Eat if the society allows!  
Wear if the society allows!  
Shelter if the society allows!  
And live even if society allows!

Does it cure starvation and poverty?  
Does it fill degradation with beauty?  
It reins upon with 'Might is right'  
Down with weak and pomp upright!

Helps you till you have enough to spend  
Quits you a rotten meat  
When your crowns to spend is scant.

You yield, you devote, you die for its sake  
The resulted reality is a blunder fake.  
Keep on feeding its bottomless belly  
To deserve its praise, its dammed strategy.

Doth it ever act in reward  
To common, to poor, to Destiny discard?  
No rule, no rod to power and pomp  
All frame is formed for feeble folk.

It preys the meek in tiger's jaws  
Tearing the flesh with merciless claws.

Stand alone, valiant and brave  
To fight against this vice domain  
Rules for freedom should be freely dispersed  
Difference of rank, difference of creed  
Difference of position should all be cursed.

To bring the change  
Be the change  
Then there is the right  
Then there is Change.

Don't be the driven cattle in fight  
Be the hero in the strife.

Vivek Tiwari

# Dance Upon The Hoods Of Horror

When `tis anarchy is loosed everywhere  
Blood dimmed tide strengthens its sphere;

Death`s agents do dance around  
At Destruction`s menacing sound;

Even the Devil sickens at deeds  
Every hour do slaughterings breeds;

Blood-shed, slayings and all violence  
Hovers around and tramples innocence;

Nature-wrathful-angrily frowned  
Clamouring at Disaster`s sounds;

Damned laughter of the Doom  
To every ears doth echo and loom;

And makes the oceans obedient in fear  
To swallow all navigation`s cheer;

All over violence broils violent  
Horror`s ceremony largely extends;

Whole fertility earth do hides  
Upon the storm Calamity strides;

You rise, You rise, You open thy eyes  
Shake thy slumber off thy eyes,

Trample underfoot the being of Fear  
March ahead like daresome Mutineer,

Daggers, swords, all weapons ever weiled  
Can never stand against thy shield,

Thou hath furious Rudra`s wrath  
Indra`s powers do add thy worths,

Thou hast just thy being to know  
Thou hast just thy powers to show,

Stand gallantly against all vieces  
Mountains shall give way, difficulties shall perish;

Dance upon the hoods of Horror  
And let him know a Mutineer`s terror;

The earth shall mighten thy bodily powers  
Water shall give a reviving shower;

Fire shall kindle and blaze thy rage  
Sky shall add boldness and courage;

Wind shall give a breathing vital  
Against those dare tame stormy and fatal;

Let thy powers be wielded right'ly  
With Him within That immortals thee.

Vivek Tiwari

# Death Can Not Frighten Me

O Death!  
Cruel Death!  
You can never object my path!  
The fierce fury upon thy face  
Can't a least afright my race!

Thou art shadow of fright and horror,  
Thou art frantic falcon of fear,  
Fluttering over my head and around,  
Aiming at me your beak violent.

Oh I see thee frantically wander  
Placing thy hands upon my right shoulder!  
But thy furious rage-  
That upon you always pride-  
Can never frighten nor stop me stride!

I remind you devote me rather  
Coz always you serve my Father  
My Father-whose love I'm blessed  
And my Mother-  
Under whose affectionate fonds I rest!

O thou fool!  
Thou bewildered fellow!  
The object thou wishest to prey upon  
Is a shadow,  
A beguiling fancy,  
That thou waste thy labour upon!

I was,  
I am,  
And I shall be!  
Till sun shall shine,  
Till earth shall live,  
Till stars and comets are free  
I was, I am and I shall be!



# Do Something New

Keep on doing  
Always something new  
To rejoice yourself  
With benefits two-  
It will keep you busy in duty,  
A success with pleasure  
Shall worth your beauty.

Vivek Tiwari



# Don'T Expect A Blossom's Day

No sun, no moon,  
No sky is seen  
Under high-peaked towers  
Life (Nature) doth pine for healthy breath.

Life is tamed,  
Life's works restricted  
Or for her shame  
She entertains generation (modern city mongers) .

Fields in fragments,  
Under the roofs,  
Within vase-limitations  
Life chokes and stoops.

All nasty and bleak surrounding  
Doth give a breath of dying Spring.

Sun stranger-  
Sunshine a guest,  
Moon banished-  
Sky in a mist.

No eastern, no western wind  
No breeze of Nature's gay.  
Woods are wood,  
Lawns are hay  
Don't expect a Blossom's day.

Vivek Tiwari

# Faith Betrayed: The Sale Of Love

Jimmy calmed my heart in deep depression  
A balm or physic for sorrow's ceasation  
While I was alone  
With all my hopes in deep despair  
My world has all my mother's care  
Father and brothers  
All climbed early on death's stair!  
Jimmy's affection so fonded me  
I couldn'd escape a love in he!  
He too confessed and promised his love  
My pleasure to him flew as a dove!

Devoted to him  
My being love bound  
He was my angel  
My hope profound!  
He wished with me  
To dine a day  
Enjoying a hotel or a distant cafe.

How could I deny his longings  
A pleasure such as soul's wedding?

I put my labour and leisure away  
To cheer my love  
My love a day.  
All my way my love he fired  
His sparkling eyes me blushed and inspired  
Brought me far-far away from there  
In a large hotel as grand  
We sat together in a lonely room  
Together we sat hand in hand.  
His cheeks looked worm  
And dried lips  
I kissed them soft  
To meet his bliss  
Eyes sportive as playing some trick!  
Right them appeared a stranger

And maliciously uttered 'well you done  
Good piece choosen of many diamonds  
Now take your price full fifty thousands! `  
I was knocked in bed in fear  
To be ravished for demons' fun.  
Jimmy parted with malice smile  
Said, 'Darling thanks well paid'  
And waved bye-bye!

Vivek Tiwari

# Gold

Once a friend proposed  
`Gold is pleasure, gold is joy` .  
I wished earnestly  
Had I gold I were happy  
And pleasures of life I could enjoy.

I met a chance  
My lot seemed to appeared  
Passing my way  
I found a gold coin  
I remembered my friend  
I felt happy and gay.  
Now I could be glad and jovial  
But Alas!  
My prompted pleasure was not sought real.....

Ahead the furlongs some two or three  
Some bloody armed robbers followed at me  
I rushed  
I cried  
I screamed for help  
But none was to help me  
To save my treasure  
With a sudden stumble I fell on the ground  
They surrounded me all around  
In their clutches of terrible grasp  
I felt terrified, I felt fear bound.

They roared at me and demanded the coin  
I being soul-afraid  
Gave them the coin.  
Getting the gold they set me relaxed.  
I felt comforted I felt very glad  
I felt really happy without the gold.

Vivek Tiwari

# Guru

O where has lost the word so bright  
So tremendous and so glorified?  
The storm of modernism- full tide  
Swallowed our cultural depths to hide!  
Depth to the bottom where all malice is made  
Of all our creeds and sacred deeds!

The word 'teacher' may I apply?  
Does this word (teacher) really tells that's (Guru) worth?

Oh no!  
Not a bit in commercial greed.....!  
Still more words are there to apply  
The preacher, the the preceptor or again the teacher I say  
'Pay the money and buy one', they say.

Whether a 'Guru' costs in coins?  
Spending your riches can you buy one fine?

No respect, no honour, no seat  
Use till needed, ignore when done is deed!  
Oh no! Same it! Hell it aghast!  
I dare not insult the post  
No other word His state does worth  
No match, no comparison can stand to deserve.

Vivek Tiwari

# Happiness Unlimited

Let's be festive to drink the cheers  
Breaking the bonds of grives and fears  
Be exulted full in mirth  
Happiness is all our lives to worth.

Find one by one from sorrow and gloom  
Treat them friendly to feel full bloom-  
Bloomed as blossoms in Spring blither  
With pleasant touch of fragrance' feather.

Vivek Tiwari

# Happy Children's Day

As the Nature stirs in joy  
At the break of day  
Breeze of the Nature's breath  
Fragrance of the blossoms  
Smell the earth  
And freshens the whole surrounding  
So You- my children-  
Shall scatter all around  
The best essence  
Of all that's Fresh, Fair and True  
And dignify the world  
By giving it all that it needs.

Vivek Tiwari  
14 Nov 2012

Vivek Tiwari

# Happy Children's Day 2018

As freshly flowers blossom  
At break of the day  
'N' golden beams spray  
Merrily all the way  
We (are)sending our wishes  
Happy Children's Day!  
Happy Children's Day!  
Happy Children's Day!

May you gain the glory  
May you gain the fame  
May joy and mirth themselves  
Greet you ever (and)again  
May happiness meet you  
The way to celebrate  
Wishing our bidding stars  
Happy Children's Day!  
Happy Children's Day!  
Happy Children's Day!

Happy Children's Day!  
Happy Children's Day!  
Happy Children's Day!  
Happy Children's Day!

Vivek Tiwari



# Happy Independence Day / Hoist The Flag Of Freedom And Victory

The Time riding on the mighty wings of cloud  
Floods the world with hails and pours  
Some centuries are swept to ocean  
Some rise with the rise of New Era's sun;  
After the voyage of centuries done  
All the hurdles overcome  
The Fairy is awake shaking off the slavery's slumber  
Standing again in beautiful form,  
Again the mother's conscience awoken  
The fright of heart is dropped and shaken,  
Fanning again the fond wings of maternity  
For a grand advance of glorious futurity.  
Golden birds, though no more nesting  
On every branches of golden cresting,  
The mighty marching of days and years  
Giving her wings the power's cheers,  
Brightening the shine of her sacred halo crown  
Of greatness-love and peace profound.  
She has her wings building strong  
Flapping for the flight far and long,  
Laying her hands on her children's sturdy shoulders  
To stand and leap for far-fetched flight.  
The passing years are healing her wounds  
Some worthy sons greet her march on drumming sounds,  
The lamps of souls of dedicated lives  
Burn brightly to give her light.

Let no her men again burgle her wall  
Of Faith to give her stroke to stumble and fall,  
To break her heart fatally again  
Compelling her efforts to the slavery again;  
Let no betrayal should chain her freedom  
No more treason should pierce her bosom.

Let your devotion should mighten her power  
Your truest service should patriotism shower.  
Broken are shackles of centuries slavery

So hoist the flag of freedom and victory.  
Sing the anthem of nation's dignity  
For all her grandeur, her sole serenity.

Vivek Tiwari

# Happy New Year 2013

As the fragrance of the morning glory  
Mingles with the air  
As birds break into songs  
Sweet, pleasant and fair  
As petals unfold into fragrant blossoms  
And scents of Nature soothens the bosoms  
And as the sun with his glorious reflection  
Fills the world with sweet sensations  
And as the waves dancing frenzy  
Upon the banks wild in ecstasy  
So this new year may bring you achievements glory crowned  
With the meet of your hopes profound  
Nature bestow you charm and serenity  
With gracious essence of wholesome beauty  
She fill your life with her charm and scents  
And vital your life with her five elements.  
And may He bless you a wise spirit  
To honour her Being of mother-deity.

Vivek Tiwari

# Happy Republic Day

Hoist the flag of Triumph and Victory  
To shine India's glorious beauty.

We are Republicans we have liberty  
We are crowned with largest democracy.

With informant of grand constitution  
We are prided sovereign nation.

This is the day to blow the trumpet  
Of absolute freedom and self-reliance.

Hoist the flag of absolute sovereignty  
For peace, for pride and sole prosperity.

Be exulted and offer your hymns  
Hoist the flag and sing the anthems.

Sing for nation's crowned dignity  
For all her men, her sole serenity.

Vivek Tiwari

# Happy Teacher's Day

Teacher! My Teacher! You teach me to know,  
Teacher! My Teacher! You guide me to go.

Teacher! My Teacher! You guide my way,  
Like the Sun that lights the day.

Teacher! My teacher! You are my friend,  
You build me up to help me stand.

You teach me to write, you help me to read  
You help me ever in my need.

Teacher! My Teacher! Please be my guide,  
Show me the way which is right.

Teacher! My Teacher! Don't leave me ever,  
I need your affectionate help for ever.

Vivek Tiwari

# Honour To Women

You plea the women  
For great civilization  
You plea the women  
For great nation  
Why you don` t avail them safety  
Why you let not enjoy their liberty?

They don` t crave your help nor support  
They just need their Self and freedom.

Since you` re born  
Cared and grown  
Since your childhood  
You played accompanied  
Since your youth, adult and more  
Got love unconditional  
And lasting company  
For ever and ever counted beloved  
All those passions  
All those emotions  
All the love and intent affection  
Never are forced nor compelled aroused  
They are burst of fathomless heart.

They` ve power-  
Daring and great  
But passionate compassion  
And loving emotions  
Over all their daring notions prevail.

It` s not their fear  
Nor your so-thought terror  
That they are humble, quite and soft  
They` ve virtue divine gifted  
In their sacred corner of heart.

We` ve great civilization and nation  
All after women, their truest devotion.  
They` re not the beggars of mercy

They are not the caged dove  
They pour for you their sacred love  
The same they want  
They want your love.

Their love doesn` t deserve the malice  
The brutal cruelty, molestation and ravish.  
Feel their love  
Respect their being  
Respect their devotion- a priceless thing.  
Make a world safe for women  
Make a world happy for women.  
To love your mother  
Empower the women  
To love your sister  
Empower the women  
To love your beloved  
Empower the women  
And let it begin from your home.

Vivek Tiwari

# I Crave To Die

Damned this life!  
Damned this life!  
Damned this life of pain and pine!  
Better is Death a hundred times  
Than this endless groan and whine!

I fumbled for a fragment of pleasure  
To keep my relation-a faith bound treasure  
Sacrificed my being  
My self-pleasing notion  
Devoted my heart to faith profound  
Felt and valued each emotion.  
But all I sought is mounted sorrow  
Haunting the heart every eve and morrow!  
Laughing to scorn my faith profound  
Rebuking my genius aching bound!

Sorrow is mounted at the heights  
When close relation your feeling denies  
But better silence than howl to sky  
When ears are deaf to piercing cry!

'Tis better to turn  
To the faithful companion  
Who cures all pain  
A Supreme physician!  
Her pain of friction is still kind  
Than endless aching fits of mind.

I welcome those pangs and pines  
That bring to end all groans and whine!  
I crave She might untie me of teather  
That makes my heart ever pain and shiver!  
I could lie on the beds of bier  
She consume my pains in flaming pyre!

Vivek Tiwari



# I Long To Live In The Eden Garden Of Nature

I long to live  
And live forever  
To live in Nature`s Eden-garden-  
Broad and wide  
And walled to horizon  
Walled with unfenced endless surroundings.  
That region of Autumn and Spring  
Deck`d in Welkin`s vital ring  
Welkin`s blue, bright and silky canopy  
Where my dearest Darling dwells  
Among gladdening priceless precious treasures-  
That heart`s never satiating possessions.

I long to live  
And live forever  
In the ever prevailing soothing peace  
Where the honey bees sing and hive  
Sing hiving honey-sweet songs  
Among the deep-deep happy valleys  
Ever fragrant with Spring`s release.  
Where enchanting melodious choirs  
And blithering sweep of incense breez  
Hails the dawn and night`s retiring  
With heartiest welcome and real adieus,  
Where ceaseless dancing waves  
Upon the virgin breast of rivults  
That floats among the flat-land cheerily  
And cream-grey mountains brim.  
Where the real mistress of love-  
Loveliest, beautiest and prettiest ever-  
Roams pleasantly with love inspired  
And kindle my heart with truest love  
Love whose hue is everlasting.

I want to live  
And live forever  
In the Eden-garden of the Nature  
Where my dearest Darling dwells  
Among rejoicing precious treasures.

Vivek Tiwari

# I Long To Write You A Letter

I long to write you a letter  
A letter of the kind-  
Where on its decent pink sheet  
You may read a song  
A song full charming  
Full charming a love song  
Where too far.... to its very horizon  
Too far away.....  
Starry twinkles and moonlit shines  
Beautiful lawns fringed all around  
Sweet incensing fragrant-fringed lawns.

Where over the petals of blooming roses  
Sweet humming of love-loving wasps  
Hovering, fluttering and sporting  
Intoxicated, love-blither wasps  
In whose beats  
You may listen  
You may listen a song  
My love's solitary song  
That you might murmur  
Murmur heart-bloomed  
Murmur from your quiet tongue  
My love's solitary song.

I long to write you a letter  
A letter of the kind  
That even reluctant heart  
You might sweep  
Softly.....  
With your soft love-shaken palms  
A letter  
That hath only ingratitude  
To kiss your lips  
To kiss your dewy, soft, coral lips.

Vivek Tiwari

# I Saw Humanity Burning In The Blazing Hades

May I know the reason  
Why that harmless died  
Pining by the busy roadside?

People passing to and fro  
Ignoring the misery as usual show  
Letting the life of poor ox go..!

You stony veterinarian  
What made your heart so hard  
To make that Pity's call discard!

And you, so called doctor  
Proclaiming and pretending so pitiful and kind!  
Didn't care to have a look; was your comfort zone so close behind?

And you all residing close by  
Do you humans literally mind  
What is mean by merciful and kind?

Or have ye humans ever thought  
Why has God made you so powerful and wise?  
That you poison the harmless and disdain him while he dies?

My heart bled, as the soul fled  
Leaving this disdainful world behind  
And I stood helpless, ashamed of this world unkind!

I'm sorry, I proved so worthless  
Letting you die, and my dear ones cry  
All humanity I saw burning in the fire of Hades blazing high!

Vivek Tiwari

# I Want To Turn The Pages Of History

I long to turn the pages of history  
Of sound-sound shining days  
Behind the measuring span of time  
Where the vision of Miracle shone  
Not miracle-  
But as the moderns say  
(The world of miracle  
Where divine majesty played)  
That made the nation shine bright  
With bright halo round her head.

Today-  
Too closely to my heart  
Too brightly to my eyes  
Too sweet musing to my ears  
And too enthusiastic to my soul  
Snatches me swift to that region  
That the screens of memory uninherited  
The pages of history all ravished  
Still-  
Still my heart is bending  
To one miracle more  
Miracle- that might transport my heart  
To that span  
Where I could see the Majestic sights  
And talk to Majestic lips.

Vivek Tiwari

# I`ll Put The Plough Of Labour

The seeds of fragrance  
That I sow`d  
In the barren fields of life  
Hath not yet germ`d  
For the soil was not yet rich.  
But-  
I`ll re-put the plough of labour  
And re-sow the seeds of duty  
I shall plough and I shall labour  
Untill it graces the crop of Beauty.  
For my soul ever longs to wander  
In the blooming, flourishing, self-nourished greenery.  
But I need thy gentle showers  
For no stream does pass ever  
Does pass never this land deserted dreary.

Vivek Tiwari

Vivek Tiwari

# If Ever I Be A Teacher

If ever in my life  
I'll be able  
To be a teacher  
On behalf my worth  
Behalf mine own talents  
That's my first liking  
My best amusement  
I shall try  
To find it out  
The heartly emotions  
The brain-wave motions  
Of students  
As what they like  
To be in their life  
What's their own desire  
What's their liking shire  
I'll try my best affair  
To shape them well  
To their long'd sphere.  
Now, how shalt I build my fortune  
Depends upon mine own adventures.  
Yet I, forever, my best shall play  
Their best Fortune  
To clasp day by day.

For everywhere-  
Mine eyes do witness  
The disappointed ones  
With burden'd thoughts  
They look before and after  
To have a breath  
In the sphere of freedom  
But all is to bear  
What they cant  
Beliwered, doubtful and all confused  
By the end at final reckoning  
They come across  
But what is Nothing.

09/11/2005

Vivek Tiwari



# Jindagi Ka Safar (?????? ?? ???)

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Vivek Tiwari

# Journey Of Stones

'Let`s start our journey of fate`,  
Proposed a stone to his mate,  
`We shall have a race to run□  
High or low, rough or plain,  
Let us see how fate is cast;  
For,  
Nothing to gain hanging this cliff  
So high on top, so crag and vast.`

Both the stones agreeing thus parted  
With a splash! They darted  
Off the high mountain  
And rushed speed thro` fussy fountain.  
Had round and round  
Zig and zag,  
Brushing smoother their skinn`d rag.

Through the Spring and splashing around  
They were to reach as fate them bound;  
Duty provoked and Karma built fate  
They were to stand at Different State.

Had many leaps and many tossing  
With many a wounds, scratches of rushing.  
But zest inspired and designed mind  
To yield them fate, Will determined  
Are the ones who earn them Great  
With Duty`s harness carrying back  
Face the flaws and build their fate.

But Tiredness had her spells to show  
And weary souls had their races to slow.  
Next they had now roaring stream  
At mountain verge and water scream.

The former had his loosening desire  
No more heart, no sparkle of fire,  
Uttered the words of self-shamed soldier,  
`I can`t do for`tis too hard for`tis too terrible,

Rest up here, give up the chase  
Fate is ever as is drawn  
Neither to change nor to erase.`  
`No this is but cowards` excuse`,  
Later made a positive refuse.  
Once yourself proposed then why you deny  
Warm yourself: your body, your brain  
Face the flaws and cherish the gain.`

`All I said me worths me credits  
I can`t do but myself unbid (unspeak) .  
I`ll rest and comfort me here  
The like you do to serve you better.`

`No, I`ll keep my race arun`,  
With quite this saying parted the one.

\*\*\*

Now in some sacred sects of Kashi  
Lived there a Holy Majesty  
A heart devotee of Shiva`s worship  
Fain he wished a grand temple of Shiva`s ecstasy.

Many a labourers, many a masons  
Many architects from renown`d stations  
Were called there all for Majestic order  
To design to final the grand construction.

Bricks and stones small and massive  
Brought about to build holy castle.  
Days` and nights` hardest labour  
Restless weeks then gave a favour.

Shilpshastras` architectural design  
Gave the temple a heavenly shine,  
Lofty structure sighted grandly  
Of mere stones set unique and oddly.

\*\*\*

On Mahashivratri`s holy occasion  
The decision of Linga installation taken.  
King comes following some Vedic scholars  
Stands at the temple`s heart  
With innumerable devotees around

All happy and all faith-bound.  
The first Adhivaas, the dwelling ritual  
With twenty items and Mantras of Mangal  
`Om Namah Shivay` and panchamrit abhisheka  
Then thrice round the circle  
Concluding day`s Rudrabhisheka,  
With flowers, fruits, curd and milk  
And high pitched Jaykara  
The beautiful Stone-Shivlinga  
Installed with Pran-Pratishtha.  
Becomes a DeIty of worship and faith  
To protect the faith of Karma.

The sun sets, the crowd of devotees withdraws  
Silence of the falling night itself there draws.  
But as there appears twinkling glare  
Sounds a voice from below the stairs,  
`O you my friend, I recognised  
We two friends that journey designed  
O your fate was thus worship-bound  
Mine to be trample underfoot.`

`No, my friend, fate is always drawn with Karma  
Your self subject to change of erase.  
You stopped your journey amid  
Let not your beauty of Worship shown  
I ran, I ran, I suffered the pain  
And at last I have had this Gain.  
Life is ever just the way yourself you flowed  
Keeping ugly as hell or beauty as God.`

Vivek Tiwari

# Keep The Fights

Self enslaved!  
Soul devoid!  
Break the Bonds  
Keep the Fights.  
Till the Heart feels rejoice  
And the Self gives you voice.  
Though the Tide is tough  
To swim aside  
Sink not, loose not  
Keep the Fights.  
Emmemce Dark is broad and wide  
There is no hope of a Light  
Though feel fighting a lossing battle  
Keep the Fights  
Do keep the Fights.  
Brave men are  
Those who fight  
And fruits can never afright  
For the fate favours the Brave  
For the death is a wreath to Martyrs.  
So dont ever quit the Battle  
Keep the Fights  
Do keep the Fights.

Vivek Tiwari

Composed on Sep 27 2012

Vivek Tiwari

# Let Me Live Like A Man

Let me live like a man  
A man worthy to the land and soil  
I am born, I am grown  
Let me live like a man.

A man whose love is pure and real  
To all those helped me stand and walk  
With duty`s harness upon my back  
Till dancing stops and race is run  
Let me live like a man.

Ever deserving mother`s affection  
Father`s love  
And family relations  
Brother`s care helping me grow  
Sister`s teasing and making fun  
Let me live like a man.

Neither for glory nor pomp I crave  
Of superior heights nor madly craze  
All but human  
Nothing superman  
Let me live like a man.

Vivek Tiwari

# Let The Sun Be Thy Guide

Sun is the best one  
You can find in thy run  
Who can teach you  
Brightly all in one.

Who cant keep the bookish stores  
But who enlightens the cores  
Is really yours.

This very Lighting Spirit of Day  
That lightens all dark spirits  
Along with man  
Heartily fain.

But alas!  
This Brilliantly Gifted Spirit  
Hath no spirit to know himself  
Hath no spirit to chasten himself.

All the wisdom so called crammed  
Yet hath no wisdom to cleanse himself.

Vivek Tiwari

# Let Us Sit And Wait

Why the relation are put to test  
So in rules,  
So in regulations,  
So strict up to evaluations  
That lives are even put to risk? (1)

Though `tis oft` a substance of thought  
(For pride and credit, for social values  
Or for all in the sense of so called liberty?  
Self-pomp, avarice, and self-dignity)  
To put the relations `bove lives` task  
Or wear the black face a white mask.(2)

If dignity consists in the risk of lives,  
If tomb of house shall bear the gong  
The gong of credit of sacred values  
Challenging the liberty of innocent hearts  
Like the God in the battle to Devil;  
Let us then just sit and wait-  
Wait to find what`s dignity  
What`s the honour newly defined;  
And wait and see  
How the lives are supposed to flourish!  
How the hangings shall control the population!  
And how the black-hearts shall shine bright  
Washing themselves in the showers of blood!  
Let us sit and wait.....!

Vivek Tiwari



# Let Your Heart Be Loving And Large

Each seconds, minutes and hours  
That with us we pass about  
Are dominant factors-good or bad-  
To the which our future is cast about.

Positive, smooth and pure thought-spheres  
Influence our being with lasting cheers.

Let your thoughts be lofty and high  
And your influence be lifted to sky.

Generate then selfless and lovings emotions  
And you shall have a renown`d station.

But malicious thoughts and self indulgences  
Impure mind`s vice-veining-functions  
Chill your grace at final reckoning  
And all you to recall is heart straining.

Let your heart be loving and large  
To float soundly in nigh`s barge.  
Sow the seeds of avarice and vice  
And sleepless nights shall pinings release.

Vivek Tiwari

# Life

Life is the other name of Fun  
That honours duty  
And mocks at idledom.

To ride on the golden wings of life  
Just you need to meet few dealings-  
Exercise pure love  
And passionate feelings  
And build a structure  
Of supportive ceilings.

Vivek Tiwari

# Life Is But A Roaring Stream

Life is but a roaring stream  
Where upon this boat is to swim  
This boat of carporal frame  
Now the boatman has to hail is  
To swim and gain the holiest bank  
Where the Light welcomes the voyage  
And the Mightest Sun sparkles the rays.

If his (boatman) hands solec and weaken  
He shall sink in black streams  
For no life, no breathing around  
Far-fetching darkness, suffocation surrounds.

Vivek Tiwari

# Love At The Dagger`s End

You live a widow  
Yet I [your huby] do live.  
Your guish is therefore to tell  
As you might have opined in mind  
That I must not live  
That I must die.

You have no Suhagan`s sign  
No vermillon, no bangals. no marriage bands.  
You broke and threw all things of relations  
Broke them all and crumbled to pieces  
That cracked  
Like innumerable happy worlds did crack.

Yet from the Heights  
No voice did break.  
Devil whether his works did play  
Or You yourself were inclined so?  
Inclined to trample and tread upon  
To trample merciless a Temple of Love?  
I dont know  
Nothing do I know  
I do just see  
You live a widow  
Though I live  
You live a widow.

I saw my feelings  
My world of love  
On high piled pyres  
That you yourself were putting to fire  
Your hands I saw didnt tremble a least  
While you let the flames  
Crackling feed my shire  
To consume my heart  
My love-lored-lyre.

My heart has achings of numbness pains

All bewildered pining bound  
My heart and mind strife confound  
For should I welcome the gifted pains  
Or let the Soul-bird fly anon!

Heart has its broken emotions  
Staked so tight to love and affection.  
And mind appeals  
Your potential freedom-  
That my love, whose bonds you shattered-  
With all your desires you must be greeted.

Oh! I dont know  
What is neigh  
Yet all do I feel  
My heart stunned.  
My heart stunned  
To see my Love at dagger`s end.

Vivek Tiwari  
22-12-2012

Vivek Tiwari

# Love Money!

Love money!  
Love wealth!  
Love property and all her riches!  
Love money  
For she competes her lovers!  
Love money  
For she has lovers in most!  
Love money  
For she-as seems-is quite virgin!  
Love money  
For she will make you quite mad  
Like a true love  
She'll make you feel all sad!  
You shall be all sleep devoid  
Nor have rest at day nor night.  
She'll steal you from your company  
She'll make you feel all lonely,  
She'll demand you devote her solely  
And shall make you think her only.  
Love money  
And be a crazy notion  
To quit all bonds of love and relation.  
She has a tongue of enthralling voice  
That reigns your being  
So well and wise.  
She'll win your heart, your love  
She'll give you-  
You will see-her being in 'turn.  
Her being-for a bed of roses  
Her breast-for a pillow  
For all luxuries.  
Now you are hers  
Hers in all,  
Now she'll stand you  
In a unique state of notion  
With hands blood-stained  
Bloodshed of relations.  
She'll serve you a meal in unique  
Your flesh for food

Your blood for drink.  
Now you have your eyes bloodshot  
Your heart all mettled  
Your hands all daggered  
You and you and you all alone  
A reward for all your devotion  
For your love  
For all your beloved Relation!

Vivek Tiwari  
18/11/2012

Vivek Tiwari

# MAA (???)

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Vivek Tiwari



# Money Makes Man Mad

Money makes man mad  
Power makes man proud  
Post makes man master  
Of authorized crimes.

Adversity is a teacher  
A preacher, a priest  
To teach good lessons  
Gospels and sermons

Experience of life  
Of sweet and of sour discard  
Experience to settle  
The things at accord,

A journey throu' the roughest route  
To expertise patience- sacred essence  
With an Angel of Goodness  
For a guide of unseen presence.

Money, power and post  
With a slight loosening of hold  
Guided by Evil's powerful agent  
Empowered to Evil's smoothed routes,

Experienced schooling of malice smile  
Heart's detach of descent virtues  
Mastery in exploitation and deceit  
From roots to summit in conspired issues.

Vivek Tiwari

# Morning Song

A Virgin from the far East  
Clad in golden bright  
Riding the wings of freshly Breeze  
Awakens the dawn of light.

Frenzied fun sprinkles around  
The hills and rivers and lawns  
As beauteous Virgin walks stately  
Fluttering her lustrous gown.

Chorus sings its sweetest rhyme  
Wind rhythms its song  
And radiant glory gladly awakens  
The darkened souls to dawn.

Awake! Awake thou sleepers  
Shake off Slumber's yawn  
Join the welcome of beauteous Virgin  
Join the mirth of morn!

Vivek Tiwari

# Mother-The Eternal Goddess

None can take the place of Mom  
That loving and fond hands  
That very soothing and that very calm,  
That very love of feeding  
That very care full of charm,  
She knows your heart  
She knows your feelings  
She reads your emotions  
And all mutual dealing.  
She is the Goddess  
The sole Eternal  
A shade of comfort  
Is the love maternal;  
When you've a bruised heart  
She is the doctor  
She is the balm  
When you have a pining brain  
She is the peace  
She is the calm;  
She holds your fingers  
To help you walk  
She keeps you guiding  
And helps you stand upon the rock;  
I love you mom  
I miss you a lot  
Mom keep your fond hands  
Upon my head  
Give me comfort Mom  
Of your soothing lap  
Keep me forever  
Close to your heart  
Love you mom  
I love you a lot!  
I miss you Mom  
I miss you a lot!

Vivek Tiwari  
23/11/2012



# My Dreamland Of Freedom

When the real immense of the day,  
Floats and flourishes on the land of freedom;  
Where the liberty sways throughout,  
No barriers to check or tame;  
All the thoughts are let loose free,  
The empire of freedom is built anew  
And service is made by glory or fame.  
The enemy defeated and with mortal wounds  
Dread himself is frightened  
And drowned in the ocean of fears;  
How beautiful is the world new created  
Happy, cheerly, merry  
Only boss of my empire:  
Such is the sweet region of mine  
Broad and wide my land of dreams.

Vivek Tiwari  
Composed on  
31-07-2012

Vivek Tiwari

# My Experience

## MY EXPERIENCE

My City-  
My Native Region-  
'Tis twenty and seven  
I passed here around-  
Gave me things many to bound  
A name for Teacher  
That I'm renowned.  
Many cheerly, beautiful and cute  
Many-many bright, happy and sweet-  
Like many a morning flower-  
CHILDREN-  
To whom I feel  
My heart delight  
With gladdening thoughts  
Of warmth and affection  
And pleasure in some abundant showers  
As standing in some shady bower  
Sensing around the sweetening showers.

But some cursed, scornsome faces  
That the society and environment prompt  
That like the hounds hound around  
(Hell of those that make them rouse  
Hush! for things of good cant forever accord;  
Moreover the things without remedy  
Should be the things without regard)  
A man (I) ever, not divine!  
Yet I wish them all  
All pleasure and peace.  
May the time soothen all  
All that tangles all things Good.

## EXPERIENCE-

I hoarded  
Both bitter and sweet  
How the Hight plays with the Low  
How the steps are plotted around

How the Prosperity robs the Need  
Exploitation from Post and Position  
Incurred after Wealth and Greed  
Too much! Too much!  
Beyond all calculations!  
Needy are used beyond the ranges  
Like the things of exchange.

FRIENDSHIP-

For years lasting  
More peaceful  
Little exhausting.

LOVE-

For peace  
And life lasting  
For true happiness  
And for all  
That is ever sweetly tasting.

People are Sweet  
But wealth outdoes the people in common  
Poor to poverty and riches to growth.

Mine thoughts are bound  
With this town around  
'Tis twenty and seven  
I passed around.

Vivek Tiwari  
Composed on  
In this very afternoon of 01 November 2012.

Vivek Tiwari

# My First Looking....

Sounding cataracts  
Crystal bright  
With delicate thunders  
Like the image of some Beauty  
Comes alive from the picture  
To smoothen the heart  
Curing of its darkened rust.  
Hills with the heads heavenwards  
Pray of their Love Clouds  
Whose prayers listened  
Fine responded  
Embraced by bewitching Beauty  
Heart to Heart  
Soul to Soul....  
Occasion rhythmmed in chorus  
By the colourful band of innocent singers...  
Spring ever-lingering as  
The best Hostess of youthful Beauty...!  
Should I seek another reason  
To rejoice the occasion  
When all availed in single view  
On first looking of bewitching Splendor...! ! !

Vivek Tiwari



# My Love My Sole Inspiration

My Love My Sole Inspiration

When I think  
Of what I was  
I think of You  
The Love you taught.  
And I think of what I am  
I think of you  
All overwhelm.  
My life-  
That had a limited range  
You broadened and broadened  
To a gladening change.  
That is not all that I owe  
You stepped into my being  
And inspired me as my soul  
And made me feel  
You and I as a whole.  
That now I hope  
The distance of Hights  
Not too far  
To tire my flights.  
I shall never feel despair  
Nor shall ever be failure my share  
While You My Love  
Shadow me ever  
Like my sole being my sole care.  
With you my heart  
Feels rejoice  
As if success  
Gives me voice.  
My heart is thine  
Thou heart is mine  
Come on along  
Let our souls combine.  
Let our souls combine  
Forever to combine  
Upto our living  
And even after dying.

Vivek Tiwari  
07 Nov 2012

Vivek Tiwari

# Naam (???)

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Vivek Tiwari

# Nature: A Faithful Company

Live within the walls of home and office  
Cant ever fill with joy and happiness-  
Except the company of misery and gloom  
That all fills with anguish and pain-  
Expect about the soul-freshening blessings  
Is to expect a never-meeting blessing.

Luxurious joy that seems to appear  
Is just a a cheat fleeting forever  
To think a hold by its shoulders  
Is a dare to tame a floodind river.

Go into the lap of motherly Nature  
And you shall find  
Pleasure over sorrow  
Merry over misery  
Sooth over pain  
And over all depressions  
Freshening joyous rain  
And everything to cheer you up  
To cheer your soul with gladdening delight  
To turn your heart gloom  
Into a bright, broad and everlasting Light.

Worship and serve the motherly Nature  
And She shall heal the wounds of life  
For She is a faithful company of delight.

Vivek Tiwari

# Nepenthe Of Respite

She was frightening  
While I, her name frightened fled  
Now while I wishest her soothing company  
She hurls me live in secluded agony!  
'Tis what regard and reward of love  
To make the love his love unlove'?  
'Tis what decree on a lover's side  
To keep the love his bliss denied?

Love oft-times begins in quarrels  
Grows in feelings and blooms in florals!

When mere her name had me fright and fear  
I fled as far beyond her sphere,  
Seeking vainly helps to live me grow  
Wandered frightened to and fro.

But life is full of pains and piercings  
And all its agonies are soul crushing;

Though I know-  
Ere gain thy love has pain intense  
That sickens the valiants with fright immense,  
That feared the gods to seek protection,  
And threatens the devils to escape collaption!  
Scared the glimmers of charmed blessed eyes  
And perished to dust the prided lives.  
But what be worse when all is worst  
Extremest agonies have no more hurt!  
When dreadening heart-fits have extremest heights  
Thou are remembered to end the plight.

Thou art nepenthe of sole respite  
For the sickening festering frigh  
When the frame is frail to stir  
Bearing the age crushing the might  
When nightmares dost seem appear  
Haunting the heart with lasting fear  
Lasting long to endless heights

Thou art nepenthe of sole respite!

17/01/2013

Vivek Tiwari

# Now It's Time To Prove Ourselves

Passed silently  
One more year of mere thoughts  
Now it's time to prove ourselves  
Now it's time to prove ourselves.

There was a lot-  
A lot buried in the ruins of Past,  
Yet still there's a lot  
Hidden in the Future's Lot  
Hidden in the Future's Lot.

Stumbled a lot,  
Pined a lot,  
Yet, learnt a lot  
Yet, found a lot.

Something drawn in life's sketch,  
Something sketched in Fate's portrait  
Yet there's a lot  
Still chained,  
Still chained in Time's shackle.

These ruins and these mountains,  
These lakes and these valleys,  
These deep rivers and all these barriers  
Shan't prevent our path more while.

Now the day will break  
Now the day will break  
The earth will give way  
All the doors will break.

The sky itself will be glorious lit  
The light shall spread  
Till the edge of horizon shall alit-  
All brightened,  
Quite brightened  
And all our frozen bones will rid  
All our frozen bones will rid.

The body itself will be filled with zeal  
Heart hardened and will steel.

On this changing phase of throne  
Let our dreams be coronated  
And be blessed with reality's Crown  
Our dreams be blessed with reality's Crown.

Too far I wandered,  
Too far I sighted,  
Riding on my Faith chariot,  
Riding on my Faith chariot-

Just beyond these darkened ruins  
A glorious castle temple like  
Visible lofty, greatly and grandly  
Calling with a flag of Victory  
Calling with a flag of Victory.

Though the narrow, rough pavement  
All pebbled, all uneven  
Yet beyond it vital wind  
Just inhaling castle's canopy  
Blowing there vital wind  
Blowing there vital wind.

Now it's time to learn from wounds  
And move ahead and move untamed:  
Now it's time to change ourselves,  
Now it's time to prove ourselves.

Vivek Tiwari



# Options Of Life

Life is full of innumerable Options  
Some full of difficulties and hardships  
Some full of luxuries and comforts-  
Now it depends on Selection of Option,  
You opt the toughest way of Stones  
Or  
Easiest way of sands to go  
But all that makes a massive difference is-  
'Your history written on the stones lasts for ever  
While for Sands  
A gust of wind is enough to destroy.....'

Vivek Tiwari

# Our Love Has Got The Prize

O my Love  
My sweet sweet Love  
Our long awaited days are over  
And our Love has got the prize.

By the Fire and all Divinity  
By the rites all sanctioned  
Our minds and hearts and souls  
Into His inseperable state stationed.  
Like two waves  
Full of passion  
Embrace each to each  
And get into a life of sweet proportion.

My heart is thine  
Thou heart is mine  
In the bond of love and divinity  
Our souls are combined  
For ever are combined  
Upto our living  
And even after dying.

Vivek Tiwari

# Pardon Me My Love

Pardon me my sweet love

I couldn't understand thy heart,

Thy smoothness,

Thy compassionate emotions,

Thy feelings all have a merciful notion:

That enthrall my heart like rivulets' ecstasy,

Born of innocence and smooth humanity;

Thy feelings fathomless full sympathized:

Have all the beauty divine purified.

I couldn't fathom thy Innocence my Love,

Pardon me my sweet-sweet love.

Vivek Tiwari

# Planting The Saplings

These saplings that I plant  
Shall grow in youthful lusty bloom  
With beautiful hues and sweet fragrance  
In My Garden before my door.

Among the plants with laden flowers  
Shall I sit serenity blessed  
Easing in cot or swing or chair  
Viewing the beauty wide expressed.

I shall glance and glare and sing  
To all its heart exulting scenes  
Its ecstasy of melodious musing  
Of wasps murmuring and humming bees;  
Singing birds and cuckoos' rhyming  
Shall teach my heart a divine ease.

I shall be me young again  
Bubbling heart of warm enthusiasm  
To follow the flies  
To hold their tails  
To sing with Nature her throated romance.

Till the veins are tired to sweep  
And the heart is lulled to sleep  
Serenity's serene my brain doth feel  
To reward my soul with grandest peace.

Vivek Tiwari

# Prayer

O Lord give me the potence and power  
To do my duty with dauntless faith  
That no instruments of evil and vice  
May ever sicken my heart with fright;  
Instill with dare to battle `gainst vice  
To overcome evil for Good`s upright  
An ambitious soldier`s heart of devotion  
A righteous king`s love for Nation;  
Devoid of hatrd, jealous and greed  
Riding bravely on Truth`s steed.

Vivek Tiwari

# Prem (?????)

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Vivek Tiwari

## Quotation 1

Every idea that guides the world to the proper way is knowledge.

Vivek Tiwari

# Race Of Life Out Of Track

Sky is hard  
Clouds are heavy  
Soul is limited  
Zeal confined.

Childhood is seized  
And youth imprisoned  
And Nature is thrown without the range.

Moon is strange  
Stars are aliens  
Sun is closed behind  
Day is but a busy postman  
Passes the message and is by.

Rivers hath no quenching thirst  
Flowers no thing of beauty.

Mind is doctor  
Mind is engineer  
Mind is all scientist.

But  
Twinkle of stars  
And fragrance of breeze  
And pleasure of the Spring  
Is a thing of all monotony  
And is counted a wasteful ceremony.

Relations too busy  
Love all devoid  
Nature is wrathful  
Gods annoyed  
And knowledge is cheat  
That devils the mind  
And ruins all ceremony  
Soul is hurried in the heat of hope  
And stands against all peace and harmony.



Vivek Tiwari

Composed on 06 Dec 2012.

Vivek Tiwari

# Revolution For Transition

Turning and turning in the Anarchy`gyre  
Goodness drowned in deep its mire,  
Cheat`deceit, betrayal and flirt  
Are ingredients of Monarchy`s heart.  
Men in power lack moral dignities  
Corruption and oppression their sole duties,  
Honest hands are broken violent  
Goodly voices are suppressed silent.  
Toys of delicacy are gone off the fairs  
Cruelty and brutality are sold at throw-fares,  
Those that humble are surely cheated  
Fakes everywhere are warmly greeted.  
Sole self empowerment is the Power`s aim  
Common motives are subject to disdain.

But patient Patience`patience is broken  
Impatience fury is giving its token-  
Surely a great revolution is at hand  
Surely a great Transition is at hand.  
Surely the courageous hearts are willed  
To way the revolution, passion filled,  
Surely they provoke the rise of a wave  
To swallow Humanity-hunters of their caves.

Vivek Tiwari

# Sahil Se Kah Do (????? ?? ?? ?? ?? ????? ? ??????)

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Vivek Tiwari

# Samaj Ke Deemak (???? ?? ????)

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Vivek Tiwari

# She Shall Come - The Divine Daughter

She shall come-'The Divine Daughter'  
And wait for me in heartiest laughter  
She shall present her virgin charm  
And fan by me coolness and calm  
When her chariot of Love will alight  
She and I shall begin a flight.  
I shall have a comfort upon her bosom  
Listen her beats and feel her affection.  
Her mat-lock of shining black  
Shall fill me with all solace.  
Now she and I for never to depart  
Shall travel on and on thro' peaceful paths.  
Neither tide nor storm nor noise  
Shall ever interrupt our heartiest rejoice.

Vivek Tiwari

# Silent Scream

I though, inclined  
To have a record, but nothing serious.  
My friends agreed.  
As our machine displayed  
On its mysterious screen  
Two and twenty weeks of unborn life  
Playful in the safest chamber  
(Though the keeper played unsafe) .  
All so well-  
Beats normal,  
Good health of cheer,  
Mouthed thumb beautifully seen  
As our machine displayed  
On its mysterious screen.

But as the deathly instrument  
Touched the walls of safest chamber  
-Like the Death that burglars the Life-  
And the cheer turned to fear.  
Beats felt increased,  
Unthumbed mouth  
But still opened  
And we listened some Silent Scream  
As our machine displayed  
On its mysterious screen.

She presumed  
As her heart-I think-did tell  
There some fatal attack she felt  
At the doors of safest chamber.  
So it did.....  
Her fright lifted to heights,  
Her heartbeat over-increased  
We could listen louder the Silent Scream  
As our machine displayed  
On its mysterious screen.

The fatal tool played then deathly  
Chopping the limbs as salad pieces

Legs, hands and body frame.....  
But the Devil stopped not yet  
Though the heights of the scream turned fainting  
As the Death reached her head...  
Smashing it into nothingness  
(As some small loaves of mud  
As a lifeless thing did end)  
In to pieces, countless parts  
To pass through the suction-tube.  
The thing was then thrown to garbage  
And then all Silence of Silent Scream.  
Our machine then displayed Nothing  
On its mysterious screen.

Vivek Tiwari

# Song Of Hope

Let us write some songs and poems  
On the remaining pages of Hope  
Ere the dusty storm of anarchy  
Blows them away to rubbish heap.

Arranging the words of sole motivation  
Resounding like the frenzied drum  
Calling for absolute transition  
Filling the hearers with burning fire  
Fire-  
Kindling hot patriotic inspiration.

Drains of heart are devoid of feelings  
They are chilled in frosty cold.  
No accesses and passes of emotions  
Are there to soften the human ailings.  
(human qualities are no longer seen to exist.)

We have heard the Might of Words  
So let us now try their worth-  
Coining them on pages of Hope-  
Of sole motivation on the remaining pages of Hope.

Songs of Hope for a bright tomorrow  
When warmth of Sun is soothing the veins.  
When the Sun is more a bright  
Bearing the wrath to burn Deceit.

When the anarchy is over-rooted  
And Horror and Fear are hanged to death.  
Hearts and brains and entrails of rapists  
Are chopped to feed the hungry hounds.

When mothers and sisters and wives and daughters  
Are safe and sound and quite protected  
When all evils and vices dehooded  
And Lust and Molestation brutally dethroated.

When happiness welcomes the dawns of joy



Dawns of joy for bettering Hope  
Let's write the songs and poems  
On the remaining pages of Hope.

Vivek Tiwari

# Suicide

Why are they so fond  
To embrace the agoniest death  
Against the leisurely life?

When the convenient being of life  
Is overpowered by intense pain  
When the pain of death is more convenient  
Against the going on of life  
To escape the intense agonies  
They embrace the intense pain of death.

When nothing in life seem more worthwhile  
Than the broken of throwing it aside  
When all of life  
Is covered under the seer darkness  
One is compell`d to commit suicide.

When no spark of light  
Is there to light the darken`d path  
Heart is crammed with sole depression  
One finally embraces the eternal Dark.

Vivek Tiwari

# The Child Beggar

'For the sake of God Babu Ji  
Help me with 2 rupees',  
Cries a child beggar,  
'And live blessed for centuries! '

'You are too small', I said  
'Should attend the school to learn instead.'  
The child kept lingering by me insisted  
To win the heart he well persuaded.

'How these wounds of burn on face,  
And how your plight so poor and distress?  
Tell me the name who did so with you',  
As I guessed he was made an earning instrument in the case.

A long silence and about a burst of tide in eyes  
Spoke more to guess and more to realize  
But the burdened silence still haunting  
Calling for passionate love to wipe his tears and his fear to paralyze.

So did I with the words humbler to melt  
The heart-hidden secrets to outburst,  
'Be sure my child', with a fifty rupee note in hand,  
'I'll give you this and more and help you out from this world misery-built.'

Still silence but almost the burst of tide,  
I patted on his back and made him sit by my side  
To take him in my close confidence  
And to know that threatening secret he was still trying to hide.

'Be quite out of fear my dear  
Tell me the name of that cruel bear  
Whosoever that devil be  
Will sure be brought to the claws of law and an end to his crime-sphere.'

'I am hit for begging less  
With a burning log that wounds my face  
But thanks and keep with you your cash  
How can I help imprisoned my father! ' bursting so he ran back.

Vivek Tiwari

# The Divine Light

Eyes grow dim  
Darkness prevail  
Aghast lightening may dazzle the eyes,  
Whole surrounding be gloomy and dark  
'Gentle Eye of Day' be blind.  
Still be patient  
Still be kind-  
To know thyself and keep in mind  
No light is ever brighter  
No light is more shining  
Than the One thou hast within  
The Light Within, the Light Divine  
That will tear and crumble to pieces  
The gloomy clouds and dark mountains.  
Know thyself  
Open thy eyes-  
The eyes of Faith  
The eyes of Mind  
And look your surroundings  
All brightened  
All brightened with Brightest Sun.  
Thousands of candles  
Thousands of lanterns  
Thousands of torches can't make up a sun-  
The Light of Soul  
The Light of Self  
The Light of joy-  
The Divine wholesome.

Vivek Tiwari

# The Immortal Soul

Be this conch can be confined within great grotesque gate

But the soul that's free fresh fine and part divine

Can't be snared in a snarer's snares nor can burn in flaming shine

Nor can be weighted about by the affection's weight.

Its always a phonex rare winding in angelic state

Soothing and surging itself to its very fanny fins fine

Vitaling the very start of life festing the frame a living shrine

Pushes the pulses and forcing the feelings to rear or retreat.

Neither inevitable end nor ashes is ever designed its goal

Tis all liberty unrestrained freshness-filled a seenless sight

That fills this frame of flesh and bone with senses humble and meek

And proves the life neither beginning nor end nor any waste of toil

But to ever hail with all enthusiasm the gurdon bearing fight

Letting the fools to play in vain the game of hide and seek.

29-9/01-10-2007

Vivek Tiwari

# The Treasure Tree

'Grandpa as ye told  
Once there was a time  
When this tree was blessed with greenery  
Lustrous of its prime. [1]

Sheltering nothing but joy and pleasure  
Sweetest fruits hanging  
Beautiest flowers ever blooming  
Golden birds singing. [2]

Then how now trunk so weak and rugged  
And roots withered and dried?  
Why mere gnarled branches bending  
Flowers and leaves deprived? [3]

Are the roots not so deep  
Where to strength and nourishment find,  
Or the soul missed thoroughly  
The health this tree doth bind? ' [4]

'Yes my child, I stick to the point  
Once it was a time  
When this tree was blessed with glory  
Lustrous of its prime. [5]

Sheltering nothing but joy and pleasure  
And sweetest fruits hanging,  
Beautiest flowers ever blooming  
Golden birds singing. [6]

And it was so strength bound  
That many and many storms it bore  
And still stood quite unmoved  
Among many quakes and disastrous roar. [7]

But all was for well cared and looked  
By unconditional arborists' duty  
With soil and water their sweat did pour  
To enhance its lustrous beauty. [8]

But about some centuries ago  
A western foxy wind did blow  
(Unlike that richening western)  
Of fake comforts and luxuries' show. [9]

Cheated the souls and diseased the hearts  
Quite detached (the people) with love and care  
Poison affected the memory's corner  
To forget the joy beneath they share'. [10]

It shook and shook the neglected tree  
Stole all fruits and shed all leaves,  
Caged away those golden birds  
And chocked the happy lives. [11]

So this tree looks weak and rugged  
And roots withered and dried  
Therefore look these branches gnarled  
Beauty and colour deprived. [12]

But neither the roots are dried dead  
Nor the soil health deprived  
But all that's there is care devoid  
And water of faith is lacking wide. [13]

Roots are deepened to the thousand centuries  
But soil has missed the smoothness softy  
That needs all but turning out the soil  
To enrich its fertility. [14]

That brings strength to the weakening trunk  
To be blessed with muscular might,  
Needs removed unwanted creepers  
(Strangling the tree so tight) [15]

To give our Future the Renowned Shelter  
To live, to grow pleasure abide  
Brightening the Halo with Golden Glory  
That crowns Ancestral Pride.' [16]





# The Wall

I`m the strength and protection of homes  
I`m the unity and division of homes  
I bear the shelter upon my head  
For ages and ages to give you shed.  
When it rains, storms or thunders  
I`m bold, stout and standard.

When your ancestors old and feeble  
Rest comforted to rid the dwindle  
I feel very happy  
I feel my heart a better contented.

When many in numbers your kids infant  
Play hide and seek, laugh and cheer  
I feel the glad of estacy`s charm  
When feels my heart their soothing warmth.

I`m the ears of serious secret  
Serious to rise a serious havoc  
But I`m quiet, series most  
Muted lips for peace` sake.  
I`m comforter, your trusted fellow  
To sooth your heart of bursted emotions.  
(you can burst out your emotions to me  
to feel soothing comfort of light heart.)

When you fight your blood `gainst blood  
When you fight to serious break  
I feel deep down  
I feel heart heart-wrek.

The greater strength me favour you do  
The better a safety I yield to you.  
The more you care to look me beauty  
The more faithfully I perform my duty.

Your mansions, forts, castles and doms  
Your all those temples, mosques and churches

All your monuments and buildings grand  
Are all me powered, me powered stand.

Kings` and emperors` sense of safety  
My strength comforted, my strength protected  
Vast empires fenced large and wide  
Bless`d with victory shared my pride.

I`m the strength of your lofty roofs  
I`m the strength of your lofty mansions  
I`m the strength of your safety  
I`m THE WALL- your through out protection.

Vivek Tiwari

# To My Students

As the golden beams burst at break of day  
I feel gaily showers of your intellects' spray,  
Not mere drops incense still  
Like sweetening breeze of Spring's thrill.  
Now I see you acquire the fire that blazes to glow  
Your child-like thoughts consuming the bright maturity flow.  
The innocent twinkle of starlit shy  
Getting bright sparkle of golden sky.  
Your faith profound of truth and religion  
Floats so sportive in the glittering region.  
I see the Glory waiting for thee  
With ribbons and wreaths at the gate of futurity.  
What joyance do I feel within my bosom!  
My heart btitthers, my soul blooms!

Vivek Tiwari

Vivek Tiwari

# To My Sweet Wife Nidhi

365 dawns rose the sun  
With morning glory, and golden evenings  
Rode away fanning comfort on the back of bright noon  
And reigned her realm of starlit sky  
Every night the empress moon.

Sprouting the seeds, and watering the plants  
And helping them bloom and scatter fragrant  
Four beautiful seasons their races did run  
And blessed us stand here at this point  
With a year's span-United One.

Blessed with joy of every morning  
Warmth of every bright noon  
Peace supplied with every evening  
And sharing dinner at every night  
With love beyond all worrying.

You came into my life like Nature's dearest Darling  
The Mistress Season, to form the life of Nature a new  
Beginning with Winter's planning root  
And handling her task rest to Autumn  
To pass it to Spring's blitherest function  
And Summer to bless with bright perfection.

Holding your hands my Sweetheart Darling  
I feel my heart so overwhelming  
With love you blow, you spray, you shower  
Maddening with fragrance my overall being.

How can I share my heart  
For the treasure that lacks the words  
For words are not worth to share  
All the pleasure heart doth bear!

Vivek Tiwari

# True Love

When heart beats arise sweet pain  
Eyes become thirsty for a dear one  
Love grows there and brings merry rain  
Love becomes young at that moment.  
Grows then more and places to heights  
Never to fade shines ever bright.  
Love is a worship rather any God  
And a true love never it wastes.  
This is the Sangam of two hearts  
Wherein to sink in soul's escort.  
By and by it grows to more  
Love of hearts is a Divine Love sure.

Vivek Tiwari

Vivek Tiwari

# Tu Aaja Mere Dilwar (?? ??? ????? ??????)

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Vivek Tiwari

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Vivek Tiwari



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Vivek Tiwari

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Vivek Tiwari

# Wait

Wait is the most troublesome duty  
For it kills the heart of liberty.

Impatience and restless irritation  
Are the terms to define its notion.

Its the burdened creeping of Time  
To the lovers between ring and Hymen's rhyme-

A sigh upon the midnight pillow,  
A pleasure hidden to keep the glow.

For it has ever a resulted beauty  
For sweet are the uses of adversity.

It is ever a lotus in mud  
Or a poisonous snake with a jewel on head.

It is a system to read the right  
All is well at proper stride.

Vivek Nidhi Tiwari

Vivek Tiwari

# What Is Love?

What is Love?

Neither sorrow nor joy,  
Every joy suffers a sorrow  
Every sorrow has a sense of joy.

Neither pleasure of obtaining  
Nor any grievance for the loss,

Neither time to shed the tears  
Nor the time to flash a laugh.

What is Love?

Neither smile nor tear,  
Each tear bears a smile  
And each smile hides a tear.

Neither matter what is gained  
Nor the care for what's spent.

The sight of Love  
Is quite a Deity  
And all the heart-whelm praise of Love  
Is Love's satiety  
Is Love's quite a true identity.

Vivek Tiwari

# What Men Live By

Men live by the deeds they do  
Men live by the Passion their Self they screw.  
Men live by the Success they achieve  
Men live by the Honour they receive.

Men live by the Name they take  
Men live by the Fame they make.  
Men live by the Achievements they count  
Men live by the Heights they mount.

Men live by the Love they give and take  
Men live by the Affection they interact.  
Men live by the Emotions of mutual bond  
Men live by the Compassion they feel and respond.

Vivek Tiwari

# What The Plants Say

O Lo!

See what the Plants Say

When the winds blow

Waving their heads to each to each

Their embrace is a beautiful teach

'Walk together

Together on a way

With the meet of hearts

Jolly and gay.'

Vivek Tiwari

# Who Hath The Time?

Spring wrote poems  
To the horizon`s core  
But who hath the time  
To admire her lore?

Rain laboured hard  
To decorate the sky  
But who hath the time  
To put there an eye?

Holding one`s hands  
Is love`s formality  
But who hath the time  
To love whole hearty?

Happiness knocking  
The doors at random  
But who hath the time  
To greet her in welcome?

Vivek Tiwari

# Wrong Verification!

Trouble and trouble and trouble all times  
Whenever I try to appreciate the lines-

Lines from my friends' creations  
To add my feelings of appreciation.

They don't let me add my praises  
When I wanna enjoy their pages.

Nor they let me value their creation  
Comes interruption of 'Wrong Verification'

While I know I'm right  
As I'm guided by sense and sight.

Yet it says try again  
Repeated efforts are all in vain.

Disturbs even Hata 500 a bit  
Again problem in clicking to submit.

My heart yet thanks you share your lines  
And let me enjoy your rhythm and rhymes.

Vivek Tiwari





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Vivek Tiwari

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Vivek Tiwari

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Vivek Tiwari

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