

RANDOM THOUGHTS



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Poem-1

UNDER THE BLANKET



O! Colors, the pretty muses ...
Come and join me –
The Color of nothingness,
– An empty canvas,
Fit for painting
To the will of thy art!

O! Rays, the gliding fairies
Advance and adorn me –
The realm of darkness;
– A naked black-board
Apt for chalking
To the fill of thy craft!

May it not abuse or amuse...
Sing the praise of all,
Pressing on regardless,
– The way they come!
With the heart un-shrunken
With the spirit unbeaten

Life, no more a life – when
None to love and to be loved;
None to wait and weep for!
– What a perplexed phenomenon:
Life – like a flower, ephemeral!
Love – its nectar, eternal!?

Let's celebrate the (glory of) love
Ever juvenile and jubilant
Till tired of loving!
– Let's laugh, only to laugh it away!
Then laugh, laugh and die
When nothing left to love and laugh!

Come and stay connected;
with detached attachment
That keeps relation everlasting
– Free from clash and crush!
Give a sparkle of smile,
A magical fire of inspiration!

Life – an ongoing mono-act
Of unknown themes and climax
Pleasant surprise or pathetic shock
-Fragile, sublime or subtle?
The more the suspense
The greater the anxiety; and charm!!

It's all a premature concept,
Mere poetic conceit
Both frivolous and precarious
– What a whimsical contemplation:
All behind the curtain
All under the blanket...!?

Poem-2

A REALIZATION



Where do fly my prying eyes
Like a pair of rustic birds?!

Where the breeze and lily leaves
Playing game of hide and seek,
Where the glossy twinkle stars
Wearing anklets and bangles,
Where the pretty fairy queens
Weaving airy golden dreams?

It is going dark and night
It is growing risk and threat,
Still in sturdy brisk and brill
Where do fly my fragile thoughts?

Where the world of witch and ghost
Aiding art of foul and fault,
Where the realm of lust and greed
Moulding crown of shame and shock
Where the vaulting ambitions
Leading life to tragic-ends?

Fatigued like an acrobat
Footed on a rope of fate
Realized at a later stage
What I pursued: phantom life!!

(With the mermaids and falcons
Winging hopes in sea and sky,
With the unseen nymphs and sylphs
Colouring dreams in blank and bleak).

What I earned is nothing yet,
But a loss of 'touch of land'
What I lost is nothing but
Walk and pulse of 'human life'!!

* * *

Poem-3

FOR A WHILE



Life – as a whole,
A noble gift of God!
Human's of-course, is
The noblest of all!!
Man alone a
Prototype of God:
All “in action and
Vision”, so....., as well?!

Those who worship a
Creator, in need,
Respect also His
Creations indeed!
God finds rest
Seldom at the height
Nor in the Church,
Temple and the Mosque;
But in the hearts
Of the poor folk,
And the acts of
All the 'goodness' sprout!!

God is above the cast,
Creed, tribe and sect;
He belongs to no
Class, that we know!
Way to please the God
The most, is short:-
Love Nature and its
Creatures at their best

Spreading panic and
Terror is the sin,
As is wilful act
Full of venom in!
Never deserves a
Pardon for this err.
Crime against God? –
Punishment pricks hard!

Snatching right o live
Unlike light to lamp.
Latter re-lit ever!
Former retrieved never!

Life is precious – divine,
None is allowed malign!
Mortal cannot lay
Claim on its sports;
It's the President of
All the immortals –
Whom we sense and call:
“God, The Almighty!!”

Think it FOR A WHILE
Before acting wild!!

Poem-4

A BIRD CAME CLOSER



Dear Bird, my bosom friend,
Preach me thy living-art
Weaned of all wicked craft,
Enable wash filthy taint,
Unveil yet another phase,
My own – still hidden- face!

Thus, living a truer life
-To the content of heart and like!
Free from fear and favour
For a moment, if not much...!
-Boring it in others' mask!!

Tell me thy magic touch
Latent in music pitch
That awakes morning Sun,
So, solace drooping Moon!
Let me sing my own song
-Fiddling own sandy lute
Shunning those fingers out!

It is my maiden song
-Ever I sing of my own –
Nay it a melancholy,
Neither means melodious,
Nor it a psalmody,
Sonnet or Poetry:

But is my in-feeling
Flowing from bowl of soul
Which I sing loud and long
Until skies echo them!
-Not in an inebriate
Manner but – celebrate!!

I want live: “I” as “I”
Like you do still as “you”
Leaving self virtual print
-Painting no colours in;
Plucking no feathers out!!

Flying still far and high
You might feed more in eye!
-Despite all worldly plight,
What excels you delight ?!

(O' my bird, I do know
Not a word – adorn you!)
-Teach me thy life-secret;
Tell me that sacred book!!

I may then join yet
Un-binding joyous flight;
Winging my will and wit,
Winning all gloomy thoughts ...!!

* * *

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