

AN IMPRESSION



JAGMOHAN MALHOTRA

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MODI

No one had ever thought so, in nineteen sixty-nine
An RSS volunteer shall take over the regime
Rising through the ranks fast, just in decades three
Earnestly through hard work and that too in a spree
Negated he his wedded life for the sake of 'Sangh'
Daringly did he flee from home, while he was so young
Riots, arson, massacre, when Gujrat was in commotion
Attitude still he maintained of calmness and devotion
Destiny had her own plans, when he was selling tea
An ascent to the highest throne, was the God's decree
Morning of 26 Jan in two thousand and one
Oh! The quake that shook his land left him in a stun
Diligent as his nature is, he flew to help the folk
Ahead of those who held chairs, saying 'better act than talk'
Rarely does it happen friends, when tables are so turned
Dealing with the quake hits, name and fame he earned
Astonishingly that points man was made the head of State
Steering clear of all blocks, he strived to change his fate
Man ship is his greatest strength, and data is his tool
Open policy to boost economy, this is his way to rule
Defuelling consanguineous crafts and dumping them to ground
Indian people brought you up with hopes on you profound

The whole world hails today
NAMO's Coronation
The whole world will open doors
For a global escalation
NAMO, son of Hiraben
May you live so long
And longer than you would live
Your portrait through this song

(Written on May 26, 2014, his oath taking day)

And by the time this book is on shelves he would have been sworn in again as the Prime Minister of India, in the role of Capt. Edward J. Smith to carry the Titanic India upstreams steering safely clear of consanguineous icebergs which hitherto made it stuck to the sandy shores with religious crevices.

SACHIN TENDULKAR

Since the day he treaded pitch, while he was in his teens
Abinitio he proved his head was grey on shoulders green
Centuries five scores he hit, and ever enjoyed the game
Held his feet glued to the ground, despite all glory and fame
Innocent like a little angel, are his looks and smile
Never did he feel tired while walking an extra mile
Renaissance of the moments great fills all hearts with thrill
A man who played plus two decades, bubbles with energy still
Matchless matches are on board against the toughest teams
Enjoyment that he derived from game, are like pleasant dreams
“Say not the struggle not availeth, the labour and the wounds
are vain”
He has proved that one can change, in one’s way every game
Team spirit he incarnates and played many a role
Exciting display of the bat or fervour with the ball
No, it was not so easy to leave those twenty two yards
Dedicated though you too had been to mother, spouse and wards
Untamed passion for the game is what makes you so great
Long lasting cricket you have played and put yourself on stake
‘Kudos’ yells the whole world, o you man so sound
A man who lived for cricket alone
Revolving round the ground

THE PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS

A son was born to Jainulabdeen, a simple boat man
Verily mother Ashiamma was happy as one can
Unable to pay school fees, papers did he vend
Like many a famous men, he followed similar trend
Perpetuated his schooling yes, in that village remote
An average student as he was, had to struggle a lot
Keen he was so much to learn, success did he embrace
In the field of Physics first and then in Aerospace
Rocket science he loved a lot, thanks to his intuitions
Alma mater did he shine with his contributions
Baccalaureate as he was from colleges of repute
Defense services provided him missile development root
Unfolding new technologies he created an interface
Largely with the rising world, in field of Aerospace
Ken unlimited he attained, constantly aspiring
An altruist being in nature, worked till end untiring
Let alone name and fame, simplicity does he wear
Attained the highest throne of Nation, carrying a vision clear
May god bless him immortality,
A Bharat Ratna he is in reality

A legal murder

Slain to death in a legal way, by the British Empire

Having fears unknown in minds, of the consequences dire

At the age of twenty he proved himself so fatal

Had killed Saunders in his den, and thus declared a battle- and

Escaped from the scene, which all the men applauded

Especially their courage was pitched so high, when Assembly
bomb exploded

Dispute Act and Public Safety, were the issues of concern

By explosion and slogans, they turned the rulers infirm

His family was of patriots, of an ultimate way and style

And his uncle Ajit Singh, was forced by the British to exile

Grand son of Arjun Singh, followed the family route

And with his revolutionary moves, shook Empire's root

Tirelessly he worked together, with Rajguru and Sukhdev

Shekhar Azaad was their inspiration, which made them all so
brave

India for her freedom owes her debt to you

Never can your country men afford to forget you

Galaxy of the martyrdom stars shines with your fame

Having sung this saga again, we all salute your name

The Iron Man and the Statue of Unity

Son of Laad and Jhaverbhai, whose homeland is Nadiad
An 'Iron Man' they call him, had qualities in myriad
Rising from the grass roots, to skies did he reach
Dare devil as he surely was, unity did he preach
At the age of forty plus to patriotism he just turned
Rising against the Britishers, their hatred he returned
Vision of a free India was his dream and goal
An artificer we can call him, the way he played his role
Leading India to unity by eliminating each estate
Laying a strong foundation for this country to be great
All the way for country, he sacrificed his 'self'
But why by historians his name is put on 'shelf'
His memories have been revived as a tribute to his valor
By raising 'Statue of Liberty', touching the blue in glamour
His story is inspiring for those who love the nation
A man of such mettle, for youth is an inspiration
In the independent India he sacrificed his claim
Parting from the top chair and handing others the reins
Adoration that we give him, may not just suffice
To describe his great portfolio one has to write thrice
Ennoblement by his countrymen as the 'iron man' of mettle
Legitimately now he stands aloft like a warrior who won the battle

SPRING TIME

<p>Verses sweet The off-springs of my brain When they are born I am freed of all the chains A lyric mood Makes my heart leaping darting A creative man Turn me all shocks of parting I then drink From my wounds seeping blood Sit to muse And ideas in my mind flood They take me High up into the vast span And make me altogether a different man</p>	<p>Within me Then I feel wrapped in thoughts Hazy and misty Like a severe winter frost Reeling senses Cause a fever in the veins A slow gloom Shadows me in the rains Winter yes This is year's lovely part But it itches When your love from you depart Summer burning Make our souls and bodies fret Only then Do we winter's demise regret</p>
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The spring time Make me feel young and merry Amidst flowers All my woes I do bury My imaginings Off they race like a horse	Boundless wastes And open fields they all cross In solitude Then my moods weave dreams Then poetry is born Of the weathers and lovely scenes.
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